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Number 76

Little known facts from Spider	5
Praise and piss from our readers	6
Ramblings from other bike rags	11
Some old belts that have taken a lashing	12
A story about gettin' outta town	18
Bear comes off the mountain with his cruiser	20
God does ride a Harley	27
A nightmare ya don't need	28
Two tech tips for the price of one	31
Knockout broads of the Loners' run	32
A badass shovel for all seasons	36
Nothin' like a family squabble	42
Space Filler rides on Nightwing	44
Bikin' info to keep up on	45
Mutha's back, rank as ever	49
Sweet singin' señoritas and The Boyzz	50
Make them helmets work for ya	52
Crystal ball gazin' with Dusty	54
In the Wind with our great readers	55
Maybe ya can identify that itch now	62
East coast pot-hole puttin' Sporty	66
A new romance for an old broad	72
Brothers give a last goodbye to their own	74
A myriad of messages, ads and other drivin'	76
Here's a doll babe with a dyno bod	86
A new pack of pretties to vote on	92

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Cover photo of Cherie and Woody by Billy Tinney.

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale September 25th.



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...most would rather do it our way

Drunks sleep in strange places—right? Well, consider what good ol' James did. He decided to call it a day by lyin' down between the rails of a railroad track. He zonked out, and while he was noddin', a three-engined train, with 47 cars, rolled over him without even wakin' him up. When he finally did get his unscratched bod awake, the cops busted him for bein' drunk in public.

How about the dude who had had enough of his ol' lady's shit, went out of the house, jumped into his skip loader, and spent a half hour goin' methodically around the entire house, slicin' through every upright support? Wham! The entire house smashed to the ground in a mass of rubble. No charges were filed against him, since it was his own house and property. (No twat's gonna leave him and think she's gonna get half ownership of a house.)

File this under "determined": When Tony decided to go to the local police station and turn himself in for some old narcotics and weapon possession wants they had on him, they wouldn't take him! (He didn't have any I.D. on him.) So he went home, got his wallet, returned to the station, and was promptly arrested. (Musta been pinchin' some of your shit, eh, Tony?)

Didja read about the farmer who, with his goat (no, not his ol' lady), had stopped at a railroad crossing to see if he could help out at a fender-bender between two cars? He tied up the goat and was helpin' the people when a railroad train flashed by. After the train had passed, the railroad crossing barrier swung up, draggin' along the freaked-out goat that had been tied to it.

And did you know that your common old garden-variety dog can sort out a half million different scents as he goes sniffin' and pissin' around? (My dog story of the month, folks.)

How about the outta uniform cop who, in his personal car, shot a biker? The biker performed an alleged "overt act" when he reached down to his bike's side-shifter. The biker claimed he got into a word beef with a motorist who had cut back into the lane too close after passin' the bike. Catchin' up with the car at the next stop light, the biker kicked off its rear view mirror. The driver (cop) whipped out a gun as the biker reached down to put his scoot into gear (the "overt act"), shot the biker, and ran away from the scene, leavin' the biker and his scoot on the ground. The biker managed to get himself to an emergency hospital, but they wouldn't treat the wound—he didn't have enough cash on him to pay the estimated repair costs. They did call an ambulance and had him trucked to a county hospital in the next city.

At that point he (biker) formally made charges against the motorist (cop), not knowing the motorist (cop) had turned him (biker) in for "criminal mischief." He (biker) said he left the scene to find a cop. (Whew! Did ya get through all that?)

Are ya ready for this? Three cops walked out of a bar at 2:00 a.m. They spotted three creeps pokin' around the cars in the parking lot. The creeps were also cops, and they, in turn, thought the other three were questionable characters. Pretty soon they were all fightin' and shootin' each other. Eight shots from a .38 and a .357 were fired. Two cops were shot in the leg. One got a gashed eye from the first fight. See, booze (whatever) fucks up their heads, too. Seems like cops could tell if another guy was a cop—I can.

Don't say I didn't warn ya. In Lebanon they now want camel herders to paint the critters' humps with fluorescent paint to reduce the number of fender-benders cars were havin' with the camels at night. Now if they just take that good Lebanese hash away from the herders . . .

A midwest police force recently had a weird problem. A married couple were found in their apartment after neighbors finally decided they hadn't seen the couple for over a month. So what? Well, when they found the pair, both dead, the dude was half missin', his ol' lady apparently havin' sustained herself by parin' away and eatin' his flesh. But they can't determine whether she stabbed him to death first and then decided to eat him up. She showed signs of a severe case of malnutrition. The cops were puzzled as to why she cut off his legs, put them in a box, and stored his guts in the family freezer. (TV snacks?) ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Tank Photo

□ I just wanna thank you guys for finally puttin' the picture of my tank in your "In The Wind" No. 2. It's the one with the guy with the red hair and the cobra coming outta its mouth. I've been waitin' over a fuckin' year to see that pic in one of your rags.

Joe Sherlock
Flushing, N.Y.

■ Great art, Joe.

Strokin' It

□ In the course of human events I perchance viewed the ol' lady photo contest in a recent issue. As the blood drained into the tent that was forming in my crotch area, I realized that this was the most beautiful batch of ass I've ever seen in my entire life.

I grabbed a pair of scissors and began cutting out the photos, one by one. Carefully, I pasted them on the walls of my shack. By manipulating something back and forth I was able to get off on the entire thing—and don't knock it till you try it.

Shitheel
Santa Ana, Calif.

Great Tattoo

□ I finally got off my dead ass to say "thank you" for keeping your word about putting me on the cover of your **Best Biker Fiction** book No. 2. It took ya long enough to get it out, but it sure is worth it—I see my back everywhere in the country. Stay high and party hearty.

Fred
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dumb Letter

□ Now I've seen everything. A magazine for and about dirtbags. I'll try and remember the faces in your rag.

A Southern California Cop
Los Angeles

Inside Readin'

□ All of us here at Camp Pellston would like to extend our thanks to all you brothers and sisters on the **Easyriders** staff. We have received our first complimentary issue here and are looking forward to each future monthly issue.

The undersigned thank you for making it possible for bros in the pen across the nation to obtain your rag free of cost.

Chuck Edwards, Ed Herndon, Garrett Clark, Eddie Calvert, Gary Hensley, Bob Nutter, Al Fernandez, Roger Schwartz, Tim Malbaryl, Earl Youmans, Andy Grindsclaff, Emory Clark, Ron Hardy, Robert Cox, Harvey W. Hill, Jr., Norm Bear Cassavoy, and J. E. Delany.
Pellston, Mich.

Won't Sell Easyriders

□ Tell the pussy-whipped 7-11 store owners in the Pocatello, Idaho, area and other assholes who refuse to sell **Easyriders** to piss up a rope. Tell them also that they're more than welcome to continue selling gash books 'cause they aren't obscene.

Oz
Chubbuck, Idaho

Hotline

□ I thought you might be interested in a bill that has been introduced in the Wisconsin Assembly (#329) to reinstate the old penalty for failure to wear "protective headgear." It is currently in the Committee on Transportation, Kevin Soucie, Chairman. The sponsor was Rep. William Broydrick, Milwaukee, and there is a legislative hotline against it. For more info call 1-800-362-9696.

Guy Gooding
Berlin, Wis.

Will Do Anything

□ Boy, I just saw the most beautiful woman ever: Jana Banana (Aug. '79).

Jana, if you read this rag, please contact me. I fell madly in love with you at one glance. The more I look at your picture, the more I love you. If there's anything you want, anything at all, I'll get it for you. I'll do anything for you.

Glenn Solomon
Vienna, Ill.

■ Talkin' like that to a chick will get ya in trouble, Glenn.

Sweet Harley Sounds

□ I ain't a biker's ol' lady so maybe my word doesn't count for a sweet fuck, but I read your rag and ride when I can.

All I know is, I read this and that and all sorts of shit about Harleys makin' too much noise. Well, for their information, Harleys don't make noise compared to some damn ring-dingin' dirt bike that comes whinin' down the street like a lawnmower gone crazy, or some fuckhead in a cage doin' burn-outs goin' around corners, tryin' to prove to himself he has balls.

Sure, a Harley makes a "sound," but not a "noise." And it's a good sound—rich, deep, and mellow. They sound like the way I feel after a good fuck.

Acid Queen
Anaheim, Calif.

Why? Why?

□ Listen—ever since I saw the layout on Frank's 74 in the Aug. issue, this has been buggin' me so I just hadda ask. Does the "Lion's Head" in the throttle grip mean anything in particular? I see it's not in the left grip, just the right. Why?

Mad Mike
Green Bay, Wis.

■ It's just there for looks.

A Warning

□ I am writing this to all my bros out there who wear Don't-Fuck-With-Me wristbands. If you happen to be puttin' through New Jersey and are wearing one of those wristbands, beware. Because another bro and I are sitting in jail for wearing them. My brother got a \$250 fine, and I am still waiting to go to court—and I expect the same for me.

Muff Diver Jim
Cape May, N.J.

Well, Shit

□ I've been riding since 1967 and I love it. As a result of that I've tried to keep up with any efforts, by anyone, that might destroy my opportunity to ride.

Presently I work for a Washington, D.C., television station that produces a daily live talk show. Due to our being located in this particular town, the show is frequently used by bureaucrats to expound on their efforts to protect citizens from themselves.

Recently, a department head from the EPA used the show to enlighten the public about noise pollution. I anticipated his getting into motorcycle noise so I provided the host of the program with data from some motorcycle magazines concerning our point of view.

When the issue of cycle noise finally came up, he laid out some outrageous shit that we're louder than 18-wheelers, jet planes, and jackhammers.

He did for me what **Easyriders**, **ABATE**, and others never did—he got me off my lazy ass—and from now on the letters and telegrams and my presence will be felt wherever they're needed to stop this kinda shit.

Blue
Bladensburg, Md.

■ Hang in there, Blue.

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



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It Happened

☐ This really happened about two years ago. I had been locked up about a year when my cellmate was given death in the chair. Well, one of the fuckin' guards asked him what he wanted for his last meal. His reply was "The warden's ol' lady."

Crazy Wolf
Columbia, S.C.

Long-Timer

☐ I'm a 38-year-old downed bro presently residing in the federal joint at Marion, Ill. I just received issue #74, featuring Frank's 47-74 and I wanted to take time to compliment Frank on one of the cleanest scoots I've ever seen, and to congratulate your rag for recognizing it for what it is. However, what is it? The frame is 1974, the cases are panhead, and the heads are shovel. Did Frank actually start with a '47, or did he just happen to have a set of '47 papers handy?

Bullet
Marion, Ill.

■ No comment, he says—but he also assures us that it's all perfectly legal.

We Get All Kinds

☐ Let me make a point perfectly clear. I hate bikers; they look and smell like shit. They usually have a pot belly that could smother anything they tried to lie on, unless it's one of those ugly mutts they call ol' ladies.

River Rat
Trenton, N.J.

A Reason

☐ I don't wear a helmet simply because if I ever do get into a smash-up I don't want 'em picking my brains out of the damn thing—I'd rather make 'em look for the parts to my gourd alongside the road—whatdafuck?

Kenny
Emmonak, Alaska

Thanks, Gov!

☐ I wish to express my deepest thanks to Gov. Hughes for his signing of the helmet law repeal bill in Maryland. I'm not sure if he has received many letters of thanks, but in case he hasn't, I want to make certain that more people are aware of it and do write him.

Rags
Wheaton, Md.

A Spider Trip

☐ Tell Spider that he got that blurb on MSF's \$200,000 helmet campaign screwed up (May '79). The Motorcycle Safety Foundation's campaign pushes the **voluntary** use of helmets. MSF neither supports nor opposes mandatory helmet use laws; that's been Board-approved policy since September 1977.

We sure don't believe NHTSA's insistence on mandatory laws is the answer. I said so in my column in the Foundation's newsletter in February and in our submission to the NHTSA helmet study docket in May.

How about getting the word out to your readers that MSF supports **voluntary** helmet use, but isn't tangled up in mandatory laws. There's a very important difference between supporting mandatory laws and supporting voluntary use; it's wrong to bunch MSF in with the mandatory law crowd.

Charles H. Hartman
President
Motorcycle Safety
Foundation
Linthicum, Maryland

■ Spider's item was gleaned from another publication. He should have checked with your organization—and then he should have decided to watch the campaign to see for himself if there was any real vested interest in the ad promotion campaign's thrust and direction.

☐ Hey, tell Spider to shape up his act with some facts. Harley-Davidson has never supported mandatory helmet laws. We think they are unconstitutional and just one more example of government meddling in individual rights.

Furthermore, the \$200,000 "propaganda campaign" of the Motorcycle Safety Foundation is promoting the **voluntary** use of safety helmets. And that's a helluva lot different from mandatory use. The main efforts of the MSF focus on rider education in high schools—trying to reduce the accident rate of kids with their first bike—so that our new bikers don't get wiped out before they have a chance to learn the tricks of survival in a world of blind four-wheelers. Pretty hard to argue with that objective, isn't it?

In an interview in the May issue of **Wisconsin Regional**, John Davidson stated "We have . . . felt that the constitutional question of forcing an individual—under a mandatory helmet program—to wear a helmet is not appropriate. We think there should be freedom of choice as it relates to helmets. I think that question is a lot broader than just referring to helmets . . . how much government should enter our lives. I think they shouldn't enter our lives, forcing us to protect ourselves from ourselves. So, we have supported voluntary use of helmets. And we will continue to do so."

In addition to being president of the American Motorcycle Association, John Davidson has also been a member of ABATE for over a year. On the subject of biker rights, here's what he said in **American Motorcyclist** magazine, last year: "I think we need to talk to the ABATE people, Better Bikers Association, all the people working on land use, everybody. We need to unite as motorcyclists, en masse. We shouldn't splinter our efforts . . . Get everyone united and you can say to the politicians, 'Hey, we've got 5 million or 7 million or 10 million people and all of them are into bikes.' That will be really meaningful all the way to Washington."

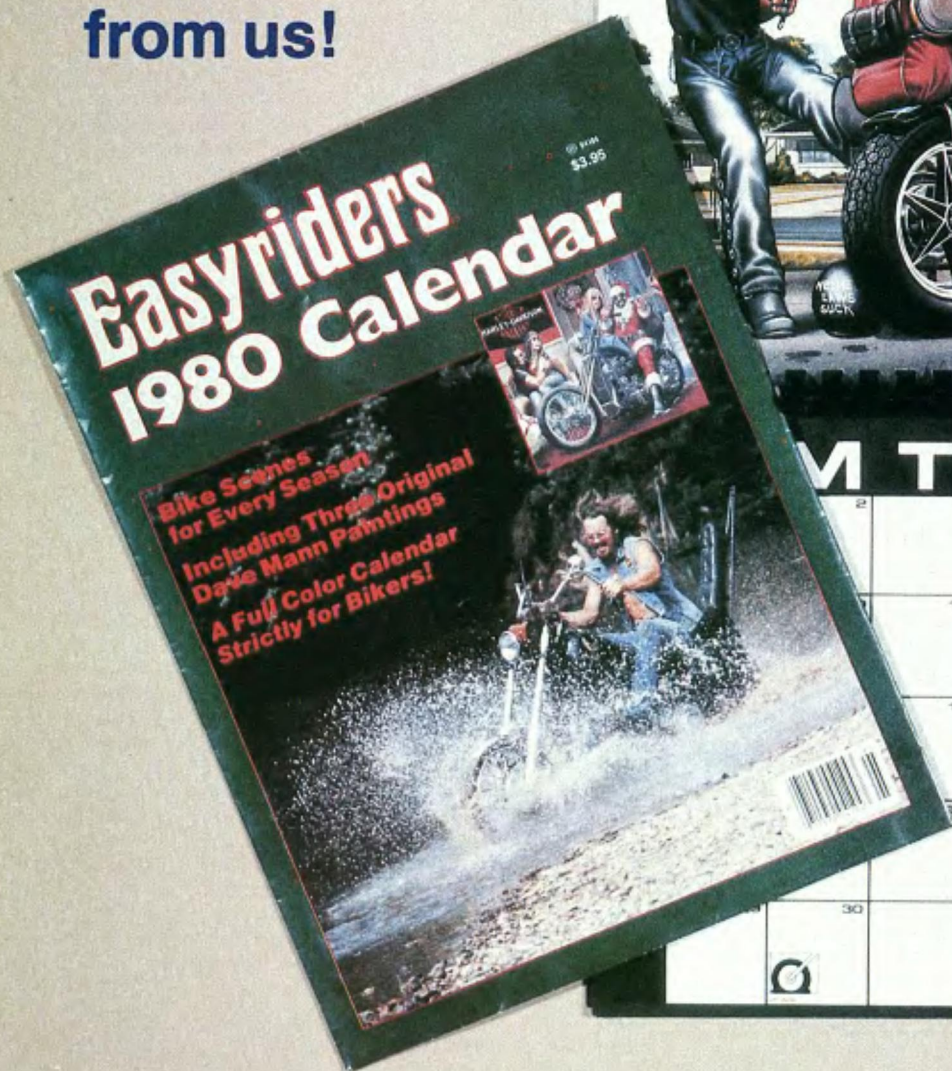
"I recently listened to the lady who heads up NHTSA, and my observation of her address is that she would just as soon see motorcycles off the road . . . that simple. When we have that kind of a battle on our hands, I think that's really the key thing for the organization. Protect our right to ride."

Also tell Spider the fact is that Harley-Davidson is an American company dedicated to motorcycling for over 76 years. In addition to being professionally involved in motorcycling as we all are, almost all of us have been personally involved in bikes for most of our lives. And we don't want it fouled up—either by government bureaucracies or by misleading editorial statements.

William M. Dutcher
Director,
Public Relations
AMF/Harley-Davidson

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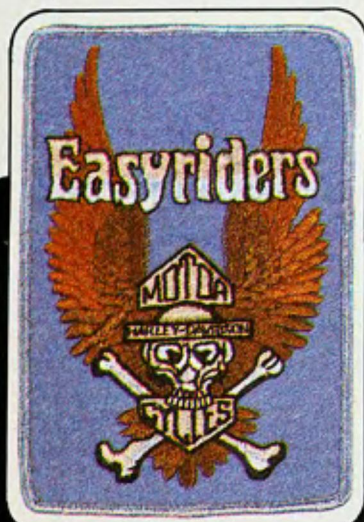


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Not available in Canada



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.

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Bike Stolen

☐ My ol' man recently attended the bike races in Laconia and some no-good, low-down, fuckin' asshole stole his '76 Harley-Davidson Superglide. I thought all bikers were decent beer-drinking, pot-smoking people. I'm not saying that most of them aren't, but what the fuck kind of person or persons would do something so low?

Sweet Pecky's Ol' Lady
Norfolk, N.Y.

■ Just remember that there are a few low-lives in every city.

A Ton Of Bikes

☐ I've been a reader from way back, and I've seen tons of articles on bikes from "Berdoos." Now I'd just like to know how many fuckin' Berdoos there are.

Snake
Fontana, Calif.

■ There's only one Berdoo—as you know—but there hasn't been "a ton" of articles in our rag on bikes from any one particular city.

Lost Marbles

☐ I just thought I'd send you a line tellin' ya something ya probably know by now—you guys are fuckin' nuts!

Buzzard
Canton, Ohio

■ No—many people have said that about us, about us, about us.

MMA Fan

☐ The MMA is fighting for the rights to let those who ride decide. And that's what it's all about, letting bros ride in peace and harmony together. Sounds a little corny, but it does make a lot of sense.

Kamakazi Ken
Monterey, Calif.

■ Can't argue with that.

New Biker

☐ In Feb. of '79 I bought my first Harley, a '57 pan, and I got to admit that after only three months of living and riding with the beast, I'll never ride anything else again. In June of '79 I bought my first copy of *Easyriders*. H-D and *Easyriders* forever!

The Lizard
Sierra Vista, Ariz.

She Lost

☐ Here I am sitting stoned and I see my new *Easyriders* on the table. I pick it up and see "69 Contest Winners." Naturally, since I did stay awake for a week counting 69s, I find the results, only to learn after counting and recounting 69s, after seeing 69s in my sleep, and 69ing my boyfriend to death, that I had the number exactly right, but it wasn't selected outta the barrel. I can handle that, but if you sleazy sonsabitches think I'm gonna sit here and fuck up my whole time schedule counting 74s—you're fuckin' right.

69in' since 74
Harrisburg, Pa.

If Ya Feel Crazy

☐ I met a beautiful bro at the Laconia bike races, and I figured the only way to get in touch with him is through your rag.

You see, we never crawled out of the sack long enough to exchange more than first names, and the friend who was supposed to bring me back to him finked out and I never saw him again.

Now I believe in one-night stands and no ties and I'm not trying to hold this guy up. All I want to do is thank him for being so good to me and let him know where I'm at, just in case.

So, Mike, somewhere in Connecticut, riding a beautiful Harley with a big bird painted on the gas tank, thanks for everything, and if you feel crazy, contact *Easyriders* for my number.

Beth Langley
Concord, N.H.

■ If we haven't got to her first, Mike.

Wait Until Stateside

☐ I'd like to comment on the letter from Gary Price (July '79) for the bros overseas who want to buy a scooter. Wait till you get back to the States. The military sales people are a bunch of scumbags. They tell you about the so-called big savings buying from them, but when it comes to warranty work, where are they? The reason they sell for less is because they'll never have to do any service work on your putt.

Big Ed
San Diego, Calif.

Iron-on-Beef

☐ In a recent issue I read about the free iron-ons in a letter by Shorty. Says it'd be nice to get a free one in each rag. Well, I'm sure he never meant anything like the ones you're giving away. They are crap and I'm sure there's a lot of our American bros who agree. Iron it on, go out for a run, and if it pisses with rain, what happens? The fucking design thing washes almost off. Man, you gotta whole lotta nerve pushing them fucking transfers on us.

Hammerhand
Leicestershire, England

■ We contacted the iron-on ink manufacturer about your beef. He said ink works best on a T-shirt made up of 65% polyester and 35% cotton instead of the 50-50 they had given us to tell you readers earlier. It costs bucks to do, Hammerhead, and we want them to work perfectly too.

☐ I just got your May issue of *Easyriders* and I thought the iron-on was cute. But I gotta question. How do you make the kid hold still while you apply it?

Crazy John
Phoenix, Ariz.

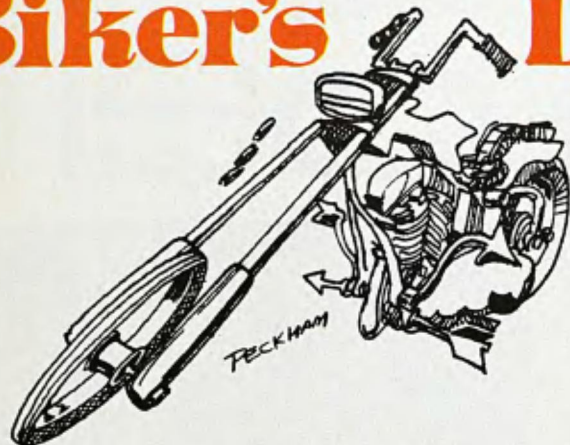
Solari Humor

☐ Last night I was just sittin' back readin' issue #74 when all of a sudden the neighbors came bustin' in, tied me up, and called the guys in the white coats. After a lot of slick talkin', I finally got 'em to understand that the hysterical laughin' was on account of Solari's 74 story. Next thing I knew they'd ripped off the rag and were laughin' too. So I called the guys in the white coats on them—the fuckin' nuts.

Shithead
Chicago, Ill.

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

Pride vs. Progress

We have emotional relationships with our machines. I talk to my bike, I rely on it, I take care of it, and I expect it to take care of me.

This has been going on for years. Bikes are the most mechanical form of motorized transport, and the simplest, and the only form that's more sport than transport. We are used to understanding our machines, and taking care of them.

And we're used to coping with them.

What we're not used to is not being able to cope. When a fancy new bike turned into a 500-lb. lump of iron, it really bothered me. When I won the game by using my old bike, I felt in some obscure way as if I had beaten the system.

Even if I never use the kick starter, it comforts me to know it's there, and I take some pride in being able to work it right.

Progress seemed to me to be a threat. As motorcycles become more complex, with more cylinders and miles of wiring and air injection and recirculation, as they lose their kick levers and adjustable carb settings, many of us have the feeling that we're losing as much as we're getting.

If progress means complication, and complication means I can't fix it, but that I won't have to fix it . . . If instead of patching by the side of the road, at night, in the rain, I can maintain it when I want to, then I vote for progress.

(Of course I can afford to take the chance, I still have my old bike in the garage.)

—Allan Girdler
Cycle World

Seeing Bikers

Does an attitudinal construct exist in which some motorists are unconcerned about coming into contact with a motorcyclist — either because the driver is convinced he will not be hurt himself, or will not be punished after the fact, or will actually be rewarded by his peer group for having eradicated an undesirable element in society? Specifically, if these attitudes exist, what is their relationship with how well a motorist "sees" a motorcyclist? How many motorists, currently driving automobiles, are psychologically blind? How many motorists, currently driving automobiles, are functionally blind?

—Road Rider

Responsibility

My motorcycle was delivered to me with a toolbox and a set of tools tucked under the seat. It occurred to me at the time I bought it that no other machine I am likely to buy in my lifetime will be delivered to me with the implicit understanding that I'm supposed to take care of it.

Automobiles come to you from Detroit with a bumper jack. That's it. Some of the foreign cars may include a tool kit, but the prevailing direction right now in American manufacturing is to prevent owner access, not encourage it. The social climate today looks upon human error as an opportunity to go to court and seek a windfall. If you encounter some disappointing episode with some product, there are lawyers in sufficient number who will encourage you to blame the design of it.

If a design allows access to adjustment and service, the company that sells it has less control over what will happen to it in the hands of the user. Get the picture? Better to seal it up in a box and warn the outside world that legal responsibility is null and void if the seal is ever broken.

Try to imagine an emissary from Washington telling Ducati or BMW or Honda to seal the toolbox. I can see the 1995 models now, with their vestigial tool kits still in place, a memorial to times past. Inside, some scrap, just for effect, maybe a cotter pin or so to give off a little nostalgic rattle, and on the outside, a placard warning "Do not open. Breaking seal voids warranty."

In Washington, some career freak will pivot back in a padded vinyl chair, smugly satisfied at another threat squashed. And inside each of us, the quiet pleasure we take at the sense of our responsibility for ourselves, that our machines bear our pride and our attention to their well-being, the knowledge that it's not just the gasoline and the engine that carry us down a road but our own skills . . . all of that will very slowly and painfully pass away.

—George C. Larson
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.

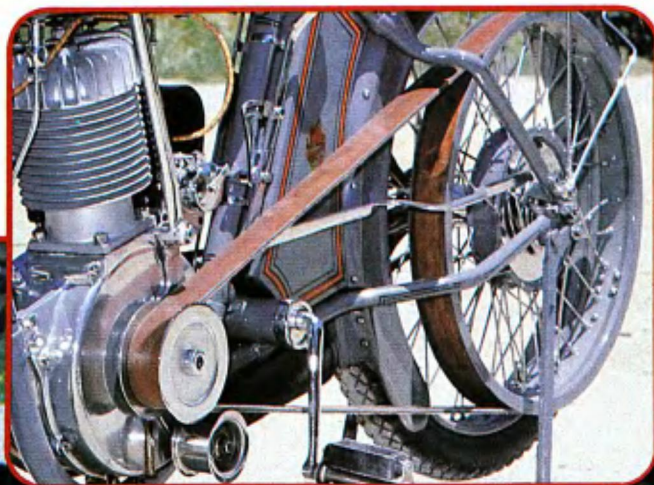


Send money order or check for \$7.95 per pair to:

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Belt

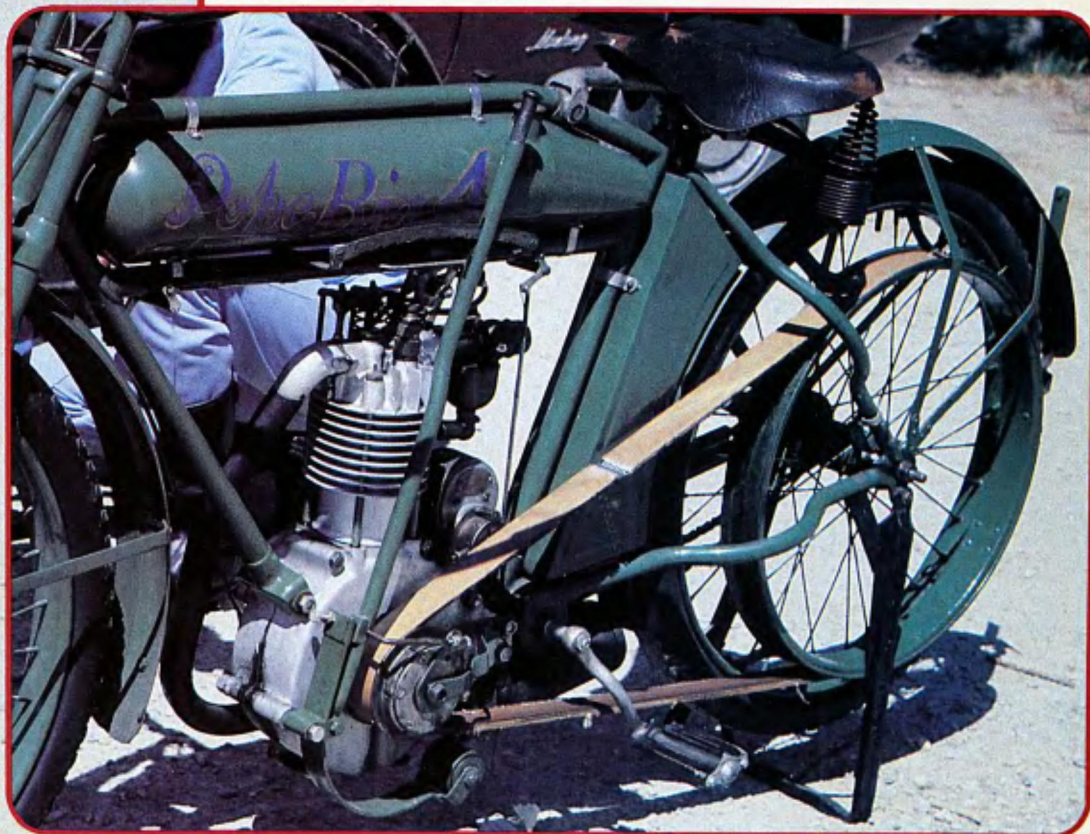


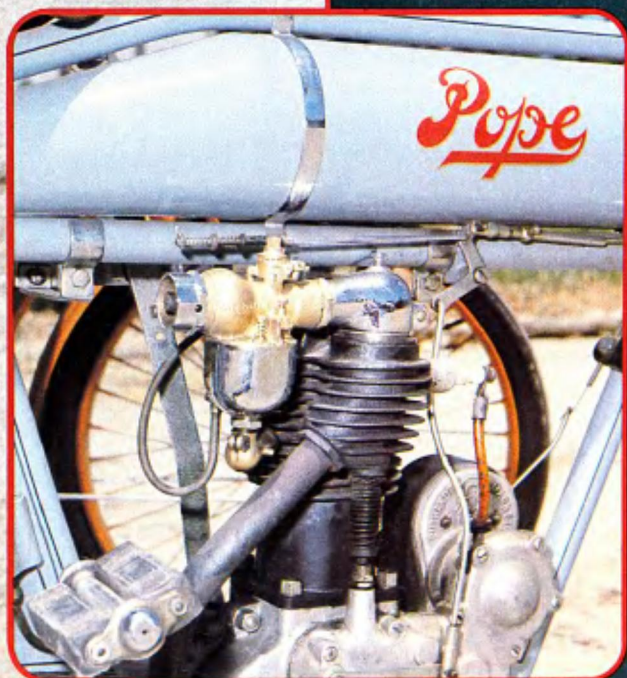
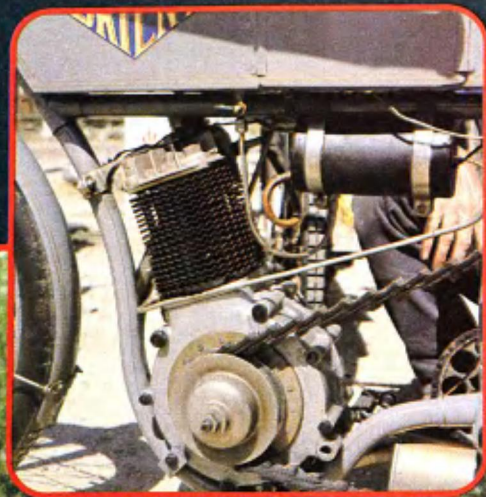
Drive Run

Sutter Creek — Bikers Invade Almadore Day Parade

Look closely at these flicks. It may be that the newest bike you see is not any younger than 1914. Look again and you'll discover that the belts aren't the latest products used in the primaries of seventy-fours, but riveted rubber, and sometimes leather, belts used to drive early cycles, even before there were chains.

What could be more difficult and restrictive than a belt-drive-only run? How many riders could be brought together, in any given state, who have 1914 or older belt-driven motorcycles? Not many. But Lyle Parker of Volcano, California, smack in the middle of the Mother Lode country, decided that it would be a novel thing to do. And damn if it wasn't! It challenged every antique bike builder/collector in the state to dig out his best-running belt-driven motorcycle, go to Volcano, and show his stuff.





Volcano, the home base for the run, is a small town (pop. 125) lined with old buildings and cornfed women. The nearest town with motels is Jackson. Once through Jackson, headed into the hills and over a winding mountain road to Volcano, you're on a twilight zone trip into the past. Entering an old gold searchers' town and finding twenty-five or so older dudes hanging out and drinking beer while surrounded with about the same number of bikes from the teens is enough to make anyone check a calendar.

The run began with suds and shootin' the shit under a big ol' pepper tree on the main drag. The men and their machines then began a series of events like any other run. One such event was sort of a drag race. The owners stood a few feet from their machines, and when the flag was dropped, quickly mounted their scooters. But belt-drive bikes in the early 1900s were not electric-started or

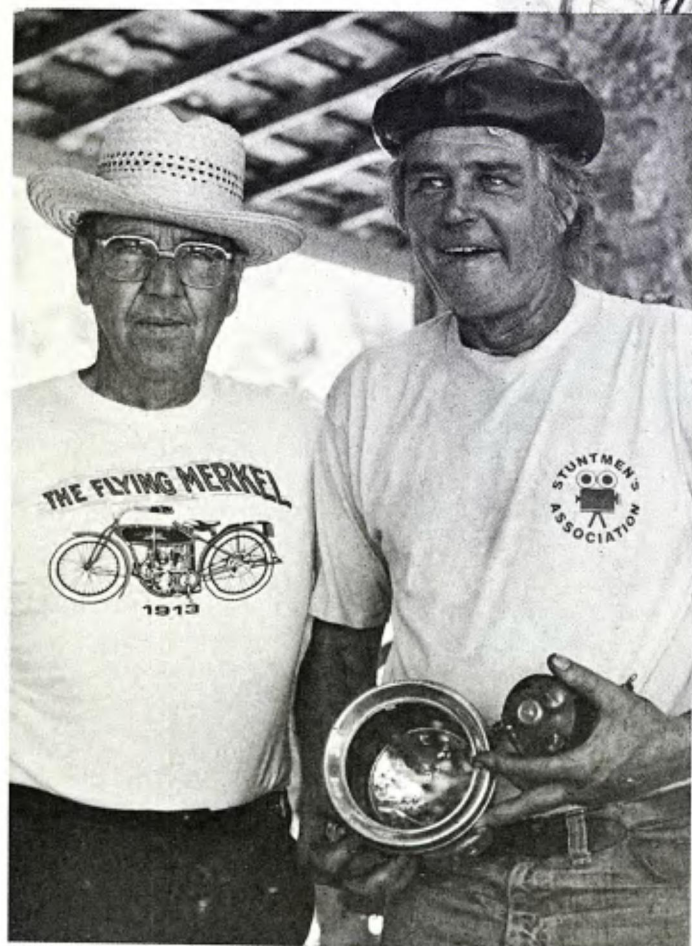


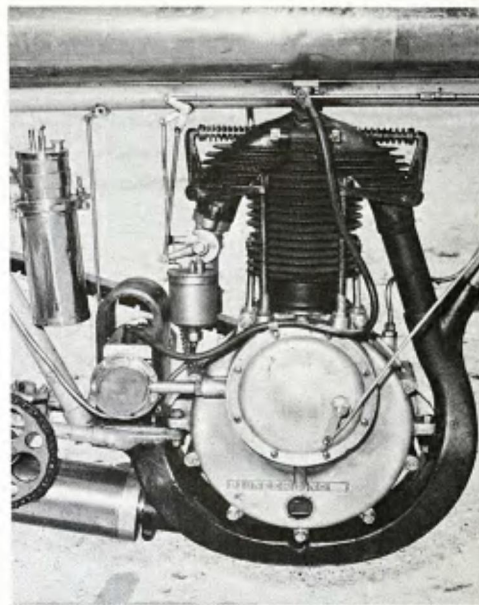
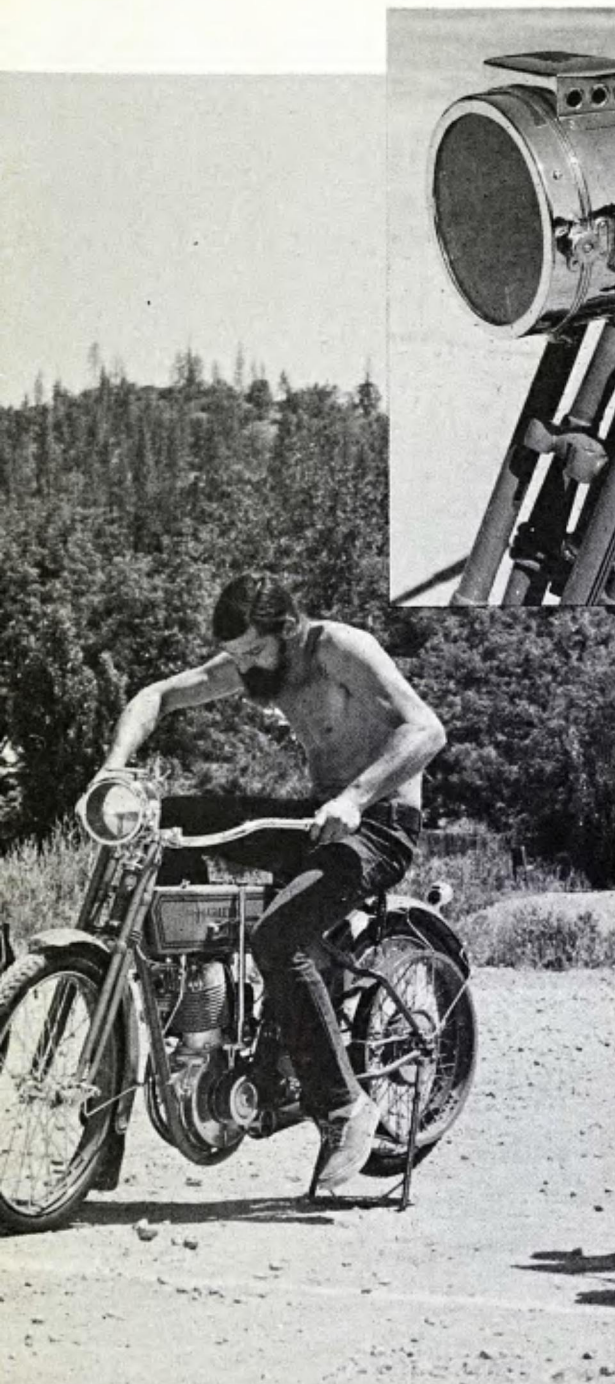
even kick-started. They were pedal-started, often with not so powerful magnetos for spark. The riders busted their butts pedaling as fast as possible, with compression releases pulled. The rear wheels spun, held awkwardly off the ground by feeble centerstands. The choked carburetors hissed while gas flooded the cylinders. The bikes began to pop and wheeze, chokes were opened, throttles twisted, engines cleared in billows of grey smoke—and the riders pushed their bikes off the centerstands to a rolling, lurching start.

Some of the makes in attendance were Harleys (natch), a 1909 Reading Standard, a four-horsepower 1912 Pope, a 1912 Marsh Metz, a 1912 Flying Mercel, a 1913 Excelsior, a 1914 Triumph, a 1909 Royal Pioneer, and a 1903 Orient. Most of them survived the first day's events.

The games and events kept everyone entertained most of the afternoon, but the run to Sutter Creek the following day wasn't going to be so pleasurable. The late afternoon was spent preparing for the run, downin' brews and tellin' war stories in a local pub. The next morning, the bikes were lined up in front of the only hotel in town—the St. George. The riders tuned, adjusted, and messed with their bikes right up until time to wind 'em up. A warm, sunny atmosphere surrounded the antique bikes and their riders as the three- and four-horsepower engines strained and coughed, pulling







Photos by Pete Chiodo



the classics along the winding mountain road. Sutter Creek is a mere twelve miles from Volcano, but disaster struck early. Less than five miles from the start, a safety screw on the rim of the powerful Pope four loosened and the tire spun clear of the rim. The Pope was out of the run.

From the five-mile mark, the tree-covered hills began to lift and dip the two-lane road. The threatening grades began to take a straining toll on the old scoots. Even with only a scant three or four miles left, the crucial challenge lay ahead. Three-eighths of a mile of steep grade was a mild description of the angular hill. The crest of the hill wouldn't even be the end of it, because 'way back sometime, the road builders had seen fit to add a sharp curve. Once at the top of the first grade, the remaining riders were forced to make a sharp, inclined left, and then the steeply sloped grade increased. The momentum lost in the curve backed down a few more bikes when they were less than a mile away from cool ones in Sutter Creek. The last stretch brutally punished the few surviving big-inch, low-compression antiques.

Five Harleys and Bud Ekin's Triumph, tired from the twelve-mile endurance run, loped into Sutter Creek and found themselves in the midst of the Almadore Day parade.



—Bandit

Tales of the Greasy Bunch

By Mick Carr

“Goddammit, Charles, get your fuckin’ ass off the street—you’ll never find that masterlink crawlin’ down the freeway in the middle of the fuckin’ night.” Smitty was screaming. Big Charles had just thrown his rear chain on an uptown freeway at three in the morning.

“Hey, well, fuck you, Smitty,” Charles replied, his nose to the asphalt. “I don’t have no more of the muthafuckers on me, so I gotta find the one I lost.”

Smitty shook his head in disgust and walked toward his scooter. Smitty was short, about five-five, and partially bald. He wore black leather pants and a well-oiled green army jacket with a zig-zag emblem on the back. He shuffled over to his bike, sat down sideways on the seat, found a joint, and lit it up.

“Fuck,” Charles said, standing up, still staring at the dark freeway as he rambled disgustedly toward Smitty and the bike. Just about then he heard the sound of another bike coming up behind him. He looked over his shoulder and, as he had hoped, the bike was pulling over to see what the trouble was. The unknown rider rode past the two guys and the bikes and off the freeway. Charles jogged past Smitty and his bike toward the rider. As he passed Smitty, Smitty tossed the joint into the weeds and picked up the jog behind Charles.

Charles was a big dude, well over six feet,

235 pounds—sort of a lumbering slob. He wore greasies, black engineer boots, a grimy white T-shirt, and a cutoff. His hair was long, and a full beard camouflaged his entire face. He just naturally looked mean, especially when he smiled and his uneven teeth came into view.

The stranger, riding a stock Moto Guzzi, turned around but apparently decided that the two cats jogging his way were beyond help and started easing his way back onto the freeway. Charles spotted a masterlink on the cat’s boot and started pouring it on, like a tank increasing its speed from five to seven mph. The guy on the Moto Guzzi hesitated and looked back. Charles was closer now—too close, evidently. The stock-bike rider hit it onto the freeway.

“Hey,” yelled Charles, still trying to run. “Why you pig-suckin’ muthafucker, come back here!”

“Goddammit, what the fuck you starin’ at?” Charles asked, glaring at Smitty, who stood there laughing his ass off. “Did you know that asshole had a masterlink on his boot?” Charles panted.

Still laughing and not thinking much, Smitty said, “Yeah, so’ve I.” He continued to laugh, but from Charles there was only a grim silence.

Then: “Why you simple fucker!” Charles lunged at Smitty. “Gimme the fuckin’ thing!” Smitty stopped laughing and turned to elude Charles—but too late.

Charles tripped him and Smitty crashed to the cement. In an instant Charles had yanked off Smitty’s left boot.

“Goddammit, that’s for my bike, fucker!” Smitty squealed. “I ain’t had a new chain in three years.”

Charles took the masterlink and threw Smitty’s boot out into the second lane of the freeway—right in the path of a south-bound semi.

“Hey, that’s my boot, you sonuvabitch!” Smitty yelled at the truck driver as the big rig passed over it. Smitty, still watching the truck fading out of sight, dashed onto the freeway after his boot—and was almost snuffed by a VW doing 50 in the slow lane. “You almost got me dusted,” Smitty grumbled when he got back to the shoulder.

“Why don’t you look where you’re goin’, bright-eyes?” Charles replied, hooking up his chain.

A few minutes later they were on the road again, rumbling along toward town. About a mile before they intended to get off the freeway, Charles was suddenly startled to see a muffler lying in his half of the lane. Attempting to miss it, he veered into Smitty’s half of the lane. Smitty leaned hard to avoid a collision, hit the off-ramp, and was gone. “Wooo, Jesus!” he screamed, braking hard as he just barely made the off-ramp turn.

—Continued on page 103



Van der Linde



Mountain Cruiser

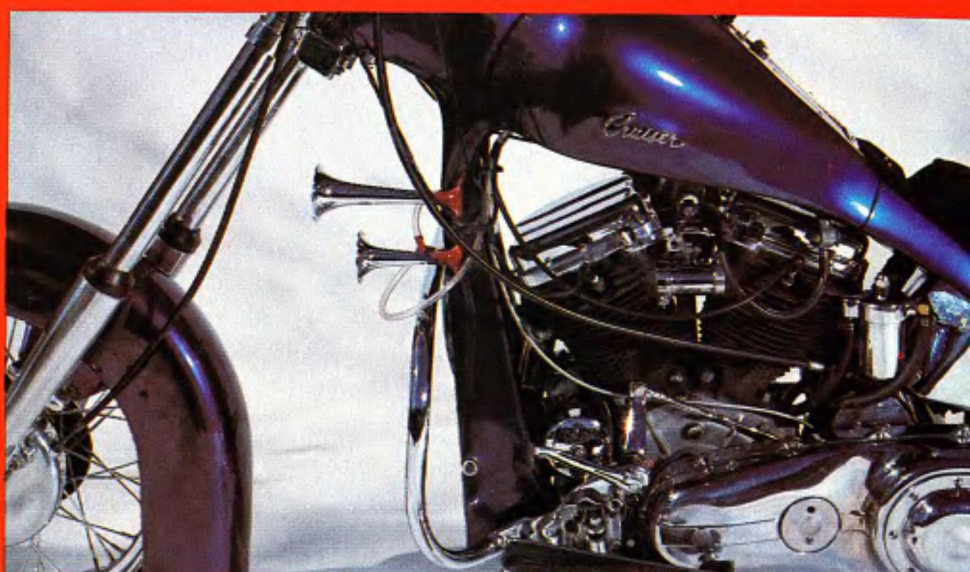
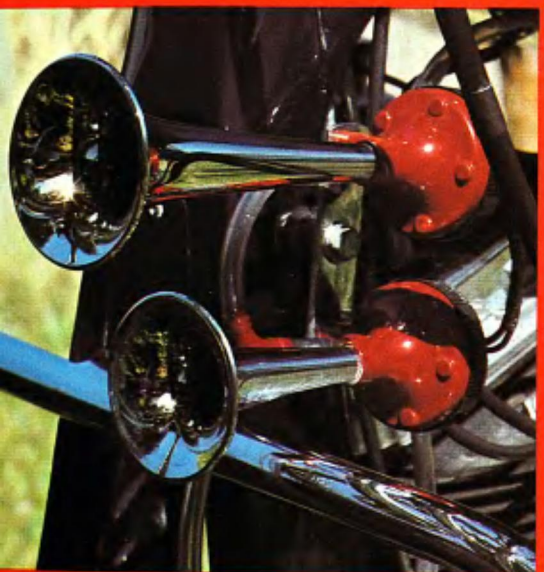
Rides Like A Hawk Soaring Through A Wooded Valley

Born on a mountain top in Tennessee, Bear ate nothin' but pine needles offa the trees. Fightin' and chewin' with all the rodents he met, ain't had enough junk food to get his brain straight yet.

Livin' in caves and sleepin' on rocks, he didn't need no fancy motorcycle to cover the steep, rutted paths he traveled on. But Bear was a man. He needed more outta life than squirrels and buzzards, poison oak, deer turds, and timber rattlers. The man needed a piece of ass. He needed to see the asphalt and city sights, long legs and cleavage.

He stumbled outta the mountains and into a bar where he was introduced to the bros and drugs that







made his young mind see stars. Ol' Bear got to swiggin' that juice, smokin' weed, and takin' in every goddam thing he could see or feel. He found the women soft and the bros' scoots the only way to deal with the concrete jungle.

It was that very night, when the bars closed and the wind whistled along the city's vacant streets that Bear, while shakin' off the effects of the mood elevators in a sleazy edge-of-town diner, concocted the plans for this scooter on a soiled paper napkin.

That was several years ago. He called it a chopped-out dresser, a bike he could ride from one end of the country to the other as comfortably as ridin' on the thick fur of a bear. 'Bout a year ago, he began to build the cruiser. And like trimmed logs cut and cleaned for a log cabin, he fabricated each piece by hand, made it fit, and then tested it. It was made to function like Mother Nature in the woods—efficiently and able to satisfy every need of those who inhabit it.

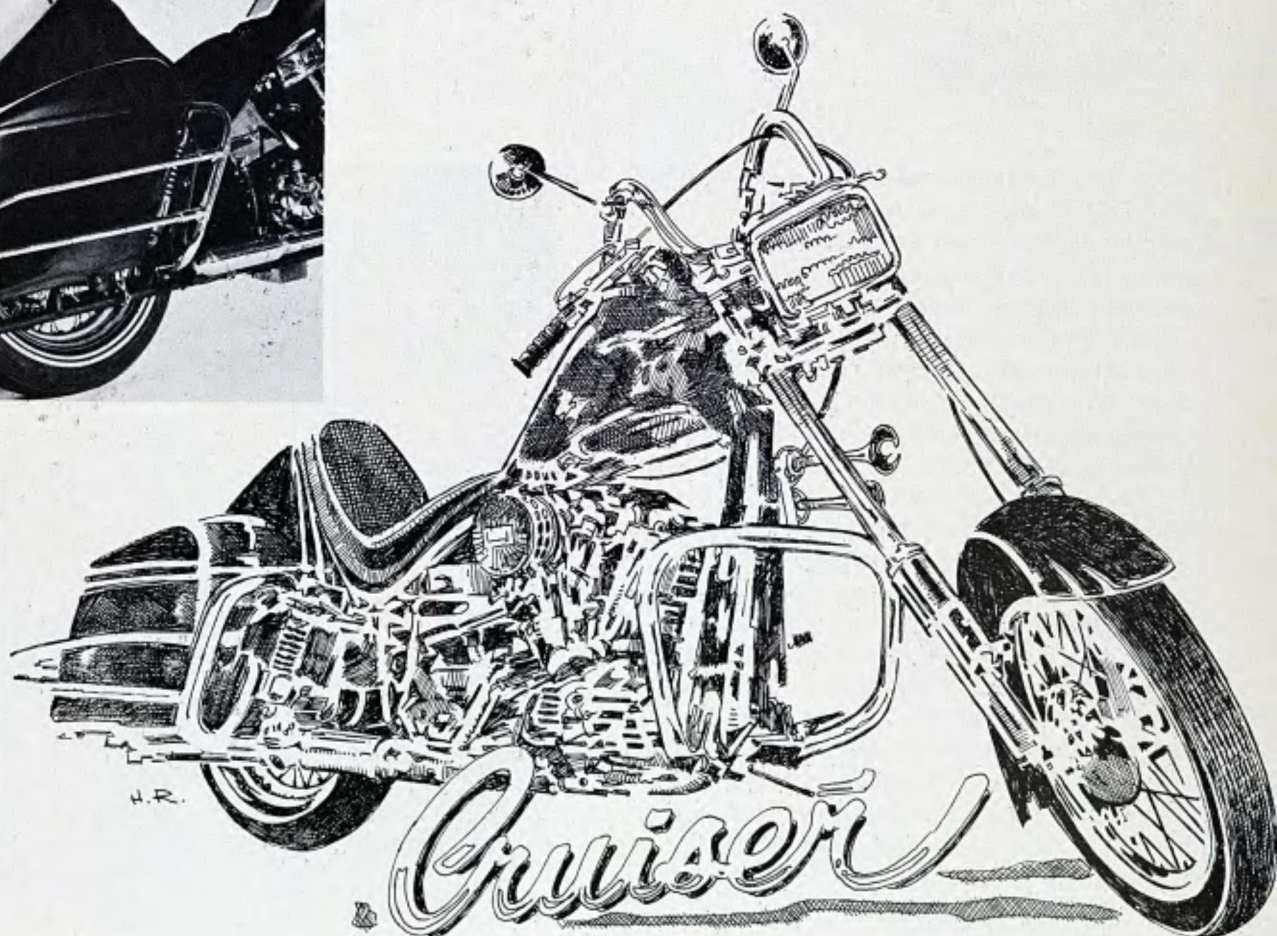
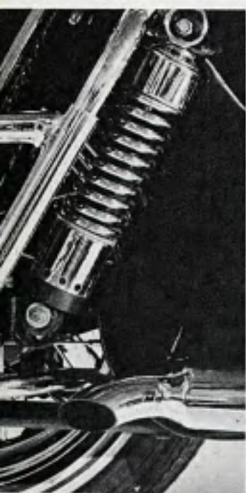
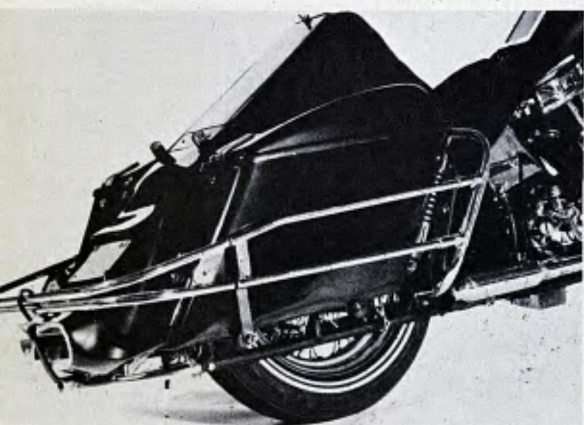
Now Bear lives on the road with everything he needs beneath and always with him—on his own personal mountain lion that takes him any fuckin' place he wants to go.

—Renegade





Photos by Barry Gillette

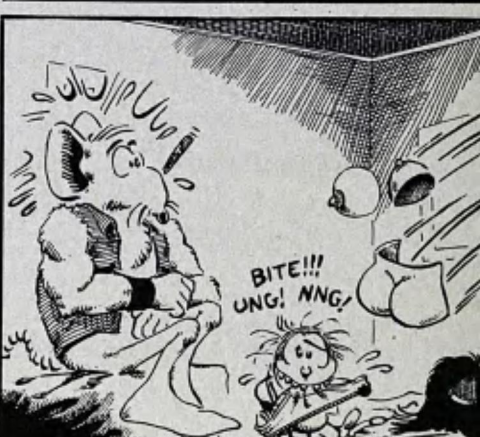
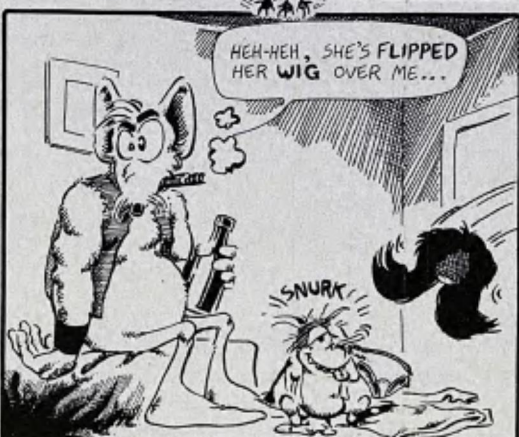
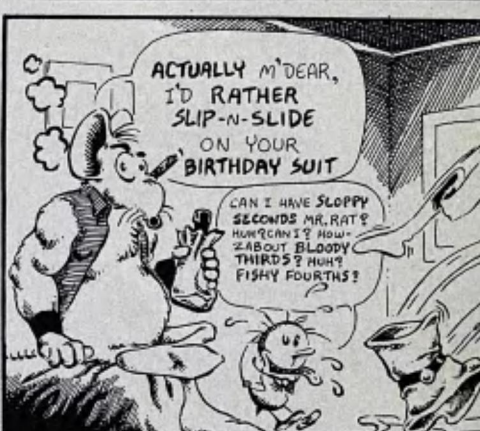


Owners: Bear		City: Salt Lake City, Utah	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: special construction	
Year and make: 1978 Cruiser		Builder: owner	
Model: panhead		Type: swingarm	
Value: not for sale		Rake: slight	
Assembly: owner		Stretch: 3 in. in downtubes	
Time: 1 year		Other alterations: stretch swingarm	
Chroming by: Chrome Tech		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: owner	
Year: 1962		Risers: stock clamp	
Model: XLH		Fender(s): both altered	
Rebuilder: brother Kyle		Headlight: owner	
Ignition: battery		Taillight: custom	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: custom	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: cast H-D		Electrics: battery generator	
Cases: clean		Gas tank: 3½ gallons	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: 5 quarts	
Cam: stock		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): S.U.		Seat: custom	
Air cleaner: S.U.		Sissy bar: custom	
Pipes: altered dresser		Height: 14 in.	
Muffler(s): yes		Material: steel & crushed velvet	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: chrome parts		Type: 1962 wide	
Year: 1962		Extension: 10 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: 23 compensator		Special features: everything strange	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front:	Rear:
Painting		Size: 19	Size: 16
Molding: owner		Hub: star	Hub: star
Painter: owner		Rim width: 3½ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: multi-colored blue		Tire: 3.75 Gdyr.	Tire: 5.10 Gdyr.
Type: lacquer base & polyurethane		Brake: H-D drum	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: 3 dimensions of candy-apple blue pearl			
Other special modifications: none			

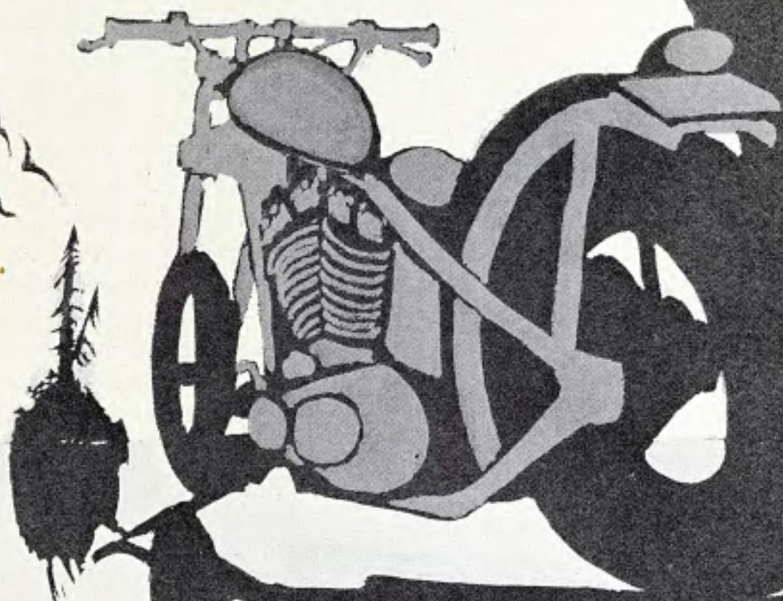


STREET RATS

MAY I
TAKE YER
ORDER?



BLESSED HARLEY



For twelve minutes I was dead. No pulse. No nothing. While the medical team pounded on my chest, shocked me and injected me, I had a rendezvous with God. We met behind the municipal incinerator where the garbagemen park their cars. I paced a painted yellow line, trying to swallow a lump of peanut butter stuck halfway down my esophagus. A Man arrived rather raucously, with a clatter and a bang, on an old, stripped Harley 74. He looked very much like Jesus. When He rolled up next to me I tried one last time to swallow the peanut butter and then when He shut off the motor I asked, "Is Your Dad on His way?"

He replied, "This is It, man—metal flake, chrome, and then this son-of-a-bitchin' oil film. Something's really out o' whack. I mean I could weld this whole thing up and I'll betcha it'd still leak."

"Looks like the primary chain cover to me," I said squatting down to check it more closely.

—Continued on page 84

HEAD GAMES

by Robert M. Clericuzio

Sometimes, awareness can be a bad thing for a body. In a state of subconsciousness, it handles itself very well; better, in fact, than when it is fully awake. Without any input from the senses, the slumbering pile of flesh and bones feels its limitations and measures its ability to function. It hangs in there, assessing damages and letting time make the repairs. All in all, the human body, without the trappings of lust, desire to get a buzz on, and mental miscalculation is a pretty gritty customer for survival.

In the chain of command of the conscious human being the body sucks hind tit. It's under the direction of all mental functions. One particular body knew it would be in real trouble if it were to leap to the command of its ego-partner this day:



Ego: Time to rally, bro. Rise and shine!
Ready?
Ready?
Hey!
Body: Z-Z-Z-Z

Ego: Hey!
Body: Fuck off, pal.
Ego: What? It's me, partner.
Body: You'd better check. Sounds like demon rum talking.
Ego: Look, Charlie, I'm ready to start up. You're supposed to be ready, too. Come on, let's get in gear.
Body: Hey, psycho, you're gonna have to trust me on this one. We're in real trouble, shit-for-brains. You've done it this time. You're gonna be sorry and I'm gonna hurt like hell. Go back to wherever you go when it's lights out and stay there for a while. It can only be better later.
Ego: Body! Buddy! Listen to me! This is insubordination, treason, desertion while supposed to be on duty. I'm the honcho around here.
Body: Consider it a temporary takeover. You were out. You've been semi-out for far too long. You've put this whole operation in jeopardy. Cool it for a while.
Ego: Okay, you asked for it. I'm gonna have to pull rank. We'll get this show on the road



Photos by Pete Chioldo

without your cooperation. You'll have to function. It's in your blood. I'm gonna signal the fire-up now. Get ready. Hey, nothing's happening. What the hell's going on here?

Body: Heh, heh, heh.

Ego: Must be a bad connection. I'll try it again—nothing. What the fuck?

Body: I told you. I'm taking over for a while. This organism is in danger of joining the Snail Darter. You're supposed to know how to take care of me. You're supposed to be in charge of remembering. Remember?



Ego: Yeah, well, sometimes it's my job *not* to remember, dipshit.

Body: Don't give me that Freudian bullshit. You think it's cool to shine me on, but where would we all be if I didn't do my job? You'd be in some rest home for feeble bodies. Check the Help Wanted columns for egos sometime. Then take a look at the Situations Wanted. It'll be a real eye-opener. Except you wouldn't even have any eyes if it wasn't for me!

Ego: Well...shit. You talk like you've never been down before. *You're* the one that caught that killer cold last month. Damn, near turned to pneumonia. We could have bought the big one.

Body: You sonofabitch! I'm not the one who thought it would be so fuckin' clever to go skinny-dipping at two in the morning with good old Marilyn what's-her-face.



Christ! And it wasn't even worth it! As a matter of fact, I've been meaning to talk to you about that.

Ego: What?

Body: How come any time after midnight, the Ego Handicap goes into effect? Sixes become Eights, Sevens become near-Nines. You get lucky with a basic Six, convince yourself she's a hot Eight. . .and we all freeze. . .I freeze my ass off. . .and you end up with your dick in your hand because she passed out.

Ego: Well, ah. . .

Body: Listen to me. It's nasty out there. If I let you talk me into waking up, we're gonna be in for it. I can't block consciousness for long. If you weren't so out-to-goddam-lunch, you'd know that. I'm stalling. . .hoping for a glimmer of memory. If you're that determined, pigface, you'll just have to overcome my mental block device.

Ego: You're full of shit. That's cake for me and you know it. I can't stay in this suspended state once I'm ready.

Here goes.

Hah!

I'm getting there.

Here we go!



Body: I. . .can't. . .hold. . .out. . .much longer. You're gonna regret this! Aarghh!

Ego: There. Oh my God!

Body: What'd I say? You'll pay plenty when you start remembering how we got this fuckin' hangover.



... you asked to wake up.

Tech Tip

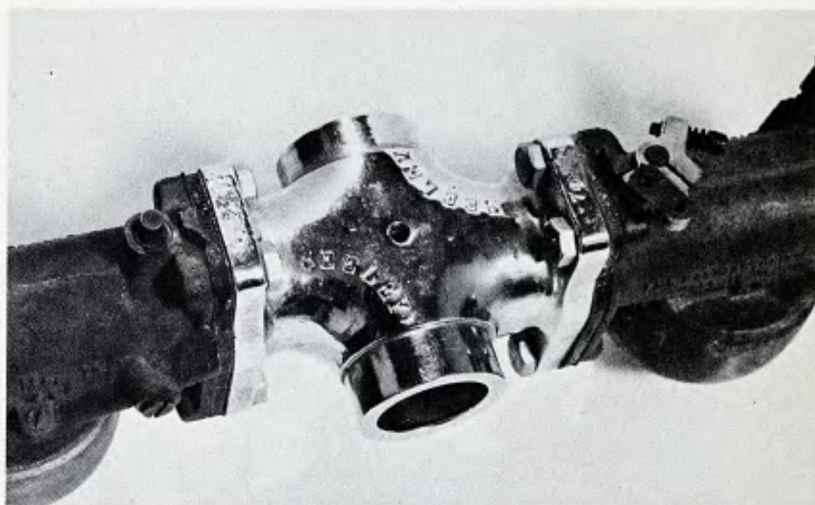
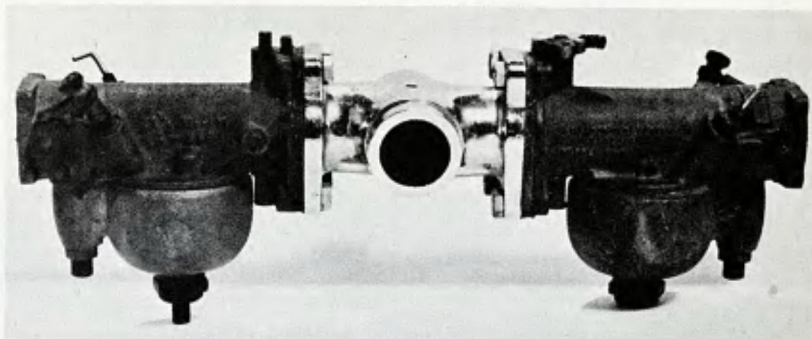
Innovation

Good or bad, this country offers somethin' that anyone can try—inventin'. The inventor may make a million, or he may lose every buck he slipped into the project.

This here is one of those racin' inventions for Harleys that someone dreamed up a few years back. Designed for V-twins, this device would allow a rider to run dual carburetors without extensive modifications to each head. But like any supposed bolt-on device, it had its problems. The inlet ports were smaller than before and not any closer to the intake valves to take advantage of the increased carburetion. And one of the carbs had to stick out on the left side of the 74 or 61 even past the primaries.

But on the other hand, this is the only manifold of this sort we've ever seen. Once dialed in, it may run like hell. Then again, if an invention such as this were successful, sure as sparkplugs need changin' there'd be bikes mounted with dual carb manifolds from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Seen one lately?

—Weed



—Photos by Pete Chiodo

Never Seize

No, this shit don't go in the oil tank instead of oil. If you ever had to wrench on your scooter and had the unpleasant surprise of removing a bolt or screw and finding that the internal threads came out with the bolt, then this stuff is for you. Never seize is a silvery goo that usually comes in a 1-lb. can, much like your conventional axle grease. But it doesn't harden up, it can't be washed off by water, and it's not affected by heat. Sounds too good to be true? Well, it isn't. Just dab a little never seize on things, like timing cover screws, tappet block screws, trans top screws—even a little on the axle and on the inside of wheel spacers.

Never seize is the hot tip for any steel bolt that threads into aluminum. It resists rust and corrosion on any metal



surface. By now, you're probably thinking that if never seize does all this, it will let the bolts come loose after a lotta miles of riding. No way. If, when you put your sled up, you make sure everything is torqued right, it won't come loose. What this stuff does is coat the metal of the bolt, or whatever, so that rust and/or corrosion won't form and weld the two metals together.

We're not trying to tell you this is a substitute for Loctite, 'cause it's not.

A can of never seize costs between eight and nine bucks for a 1-lb. can, and should last ya about a year, unless you're into a lotta teardowns. It can be bought in most automobile parts stores or plumbing supply houses.

We're not claiming this will end all of your maintenance worries, but it will sure help in keeping your downtime to a minimum.

—Frank

Loners And Ladies

They all came together at the Memorial Day overnighter



Some title, huh? Well, it all started in November of 1978 when the SCMA and the SRRRA couldn't get their shit together to put on the U.S. Jamboree. The Loners M/C decided that if they didn't want to do the job, then the Loners would put it together. The brothers didn't want a lot of scooter people and sweeties wondering where to go on Memorial Day. The work began and all the usual bullshit, fuckups, and problems with a run were encountered. But the bros wanted everyone to have a helluva time.

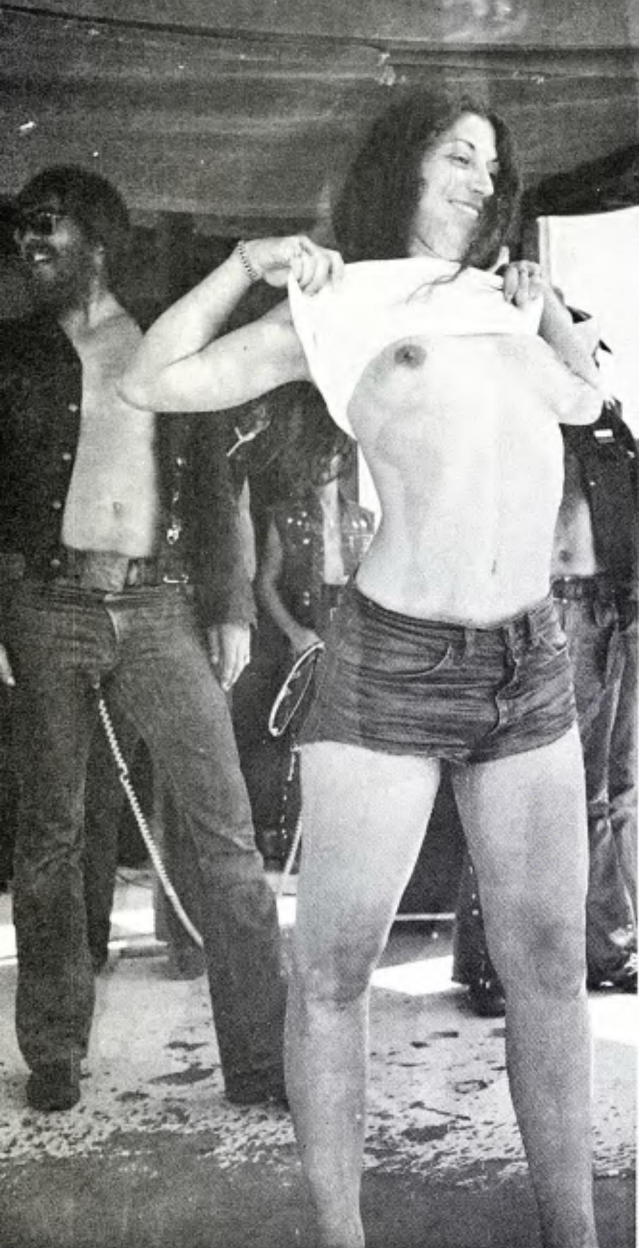
The putts and foxes started showing up as early as the Wednesday before Memorial Day weekend. Clubs and riders came from as far away as Quebec,



Canada. A couple from the Outriders came from Wichita, Kansas, to get married with two other couples. Trophies were given away, 139 of 'em, to show appreciation for those who came to the run.

Dances Saturday, featuring Heavy Rain, and Sunday, featuring Bobby Cahill and the 6-host Canyon Band, provided everything from hard rock to country music for everyone's enjoyment. And some of the bros from Hardriders M/C, Kern, gave us some good biker jam music on Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

The jam sessions with Hardriders, and High Voltage, got swinging into high gear Saturday with the traditional





Photos by Animal



Loners wet T-shirt contest. P-Vert T-shirts were given to every pair of tits that entered—and man, some sets should have gotten two prizes! I know all of you bros enjoy a run and seeing the putts and all; but all the downed bros and dirty old men really dig the ladies, who don't get into these mag articles too often.

When the final figures were tallied at noon on Monday, they added up to 96 different clubs, who had partied for four righteous days and nights at the Kern Country Fairgrounds, Bakersfield, California, with no major hassles. Dozens of vendors had sold everything under the sun from T-shirts to tattoos, and several thousand bros had partied till they were blind and burned out.

—Animal



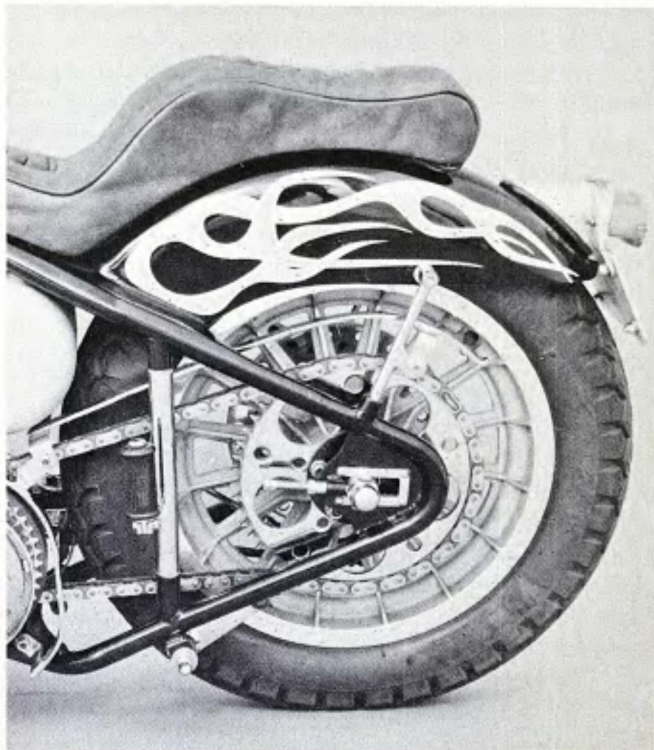
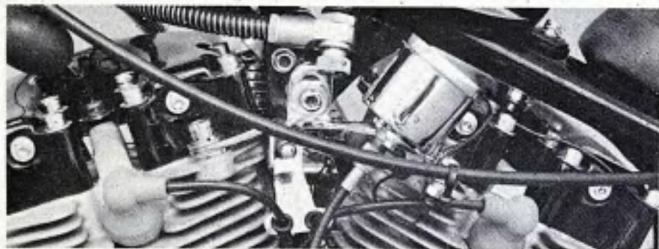
Messin' With The Kid

Even custom parts
can be modified



Customizing a bike can entail a mass of custom parts. But the builder doesn't always have to be satisfied with another manufacturer's assembly line or production creations. Although it may require more green, even a trick item can be improved, strengthened, made to fit tighter, or even made unique by the builder.

If you take a close look at almost any component on Jesse's bike, you'll find uniqueness or improvements on almost every production, custom part used. Even the single-loop frame has stress bars, which Jesse had chromed and then welded into place before the frame was painted. The exhaust pipes were clamped securely, then safety springs were attached to hold some of the weight of the exhaust system from the heads.

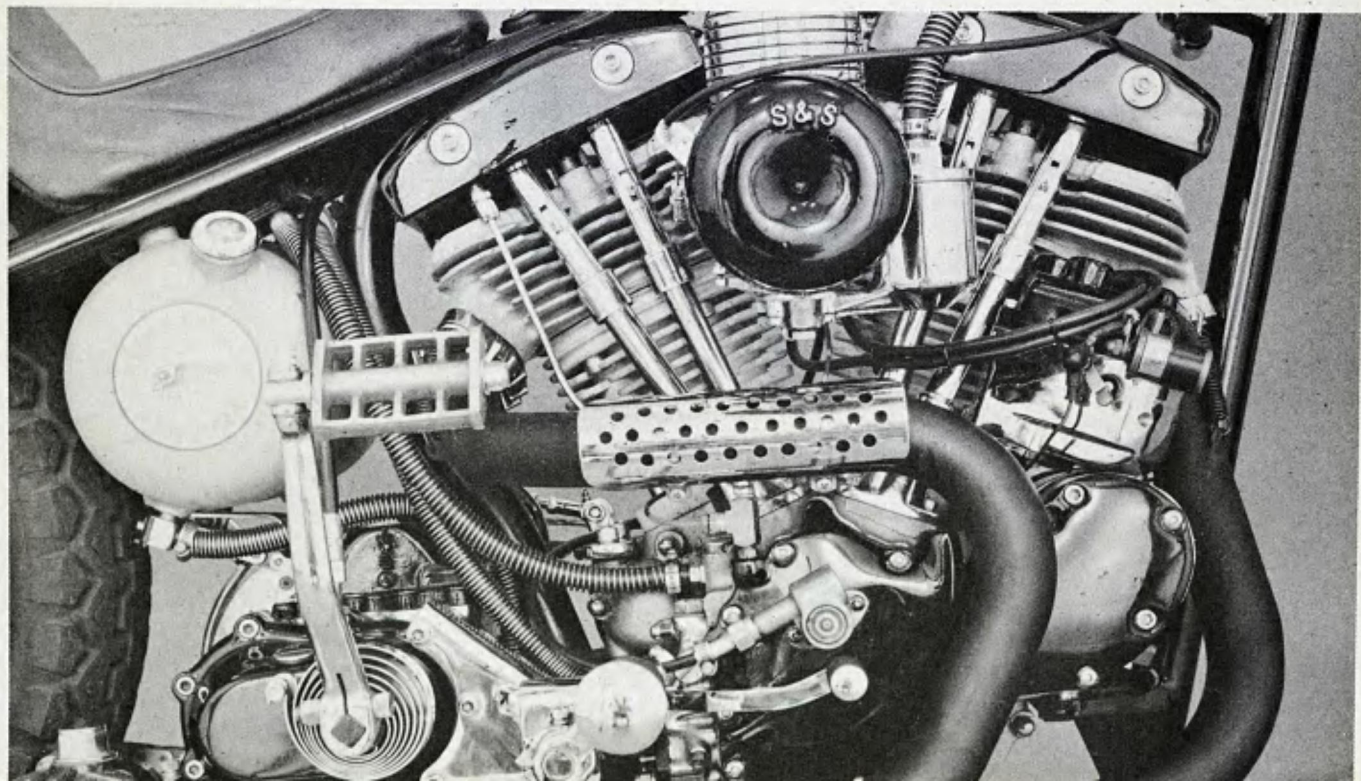
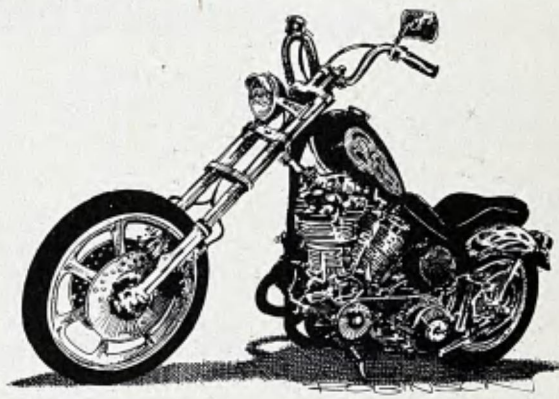
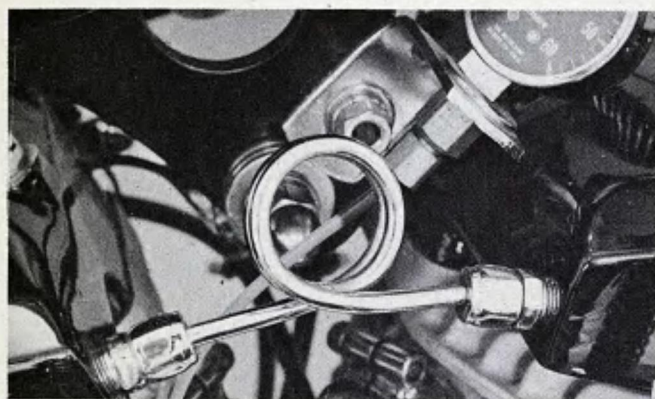


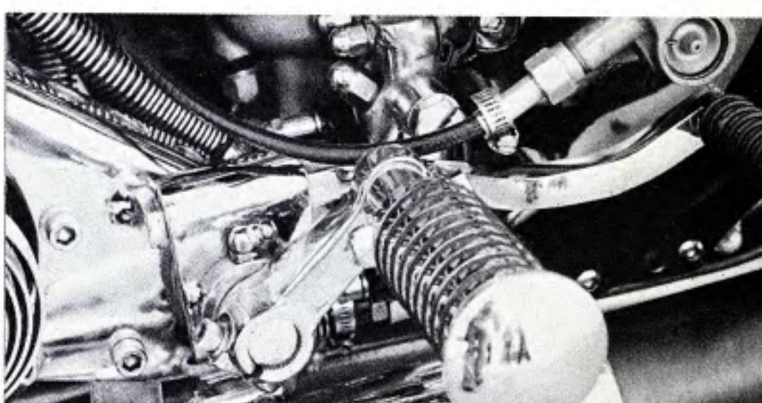
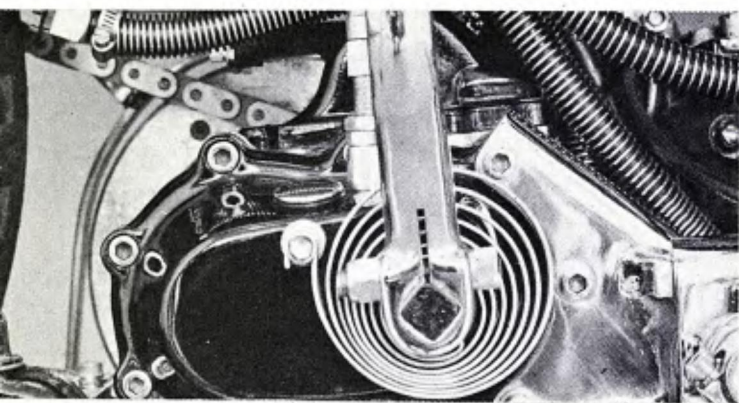
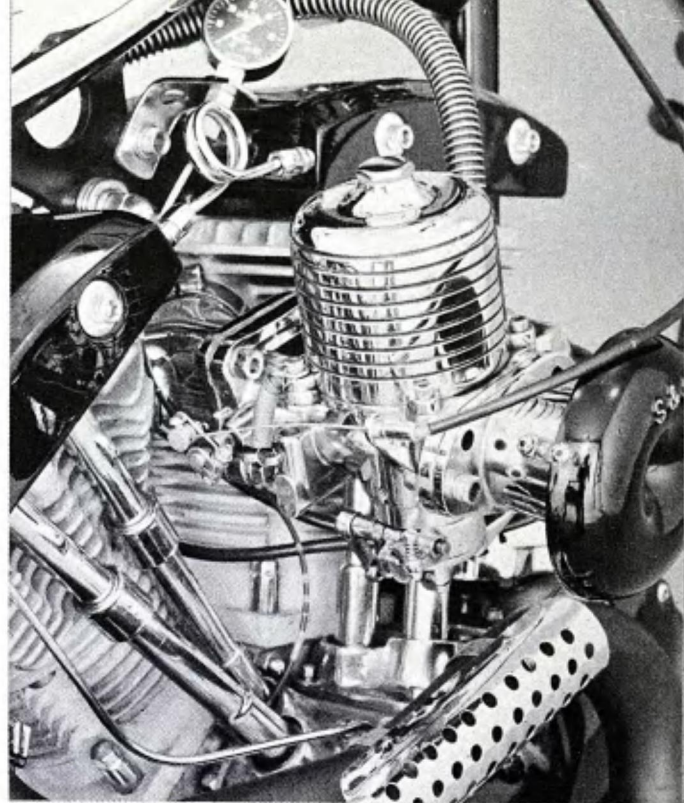
The standard Bates headlight was used only after a quartz halogen lighting unit was installed. A twist throttle was installed after a kill button was attached as a safety device. A hydraulic fork damper was mounted to the frame and forks to enhance stability and double as fork stops. Two types of risers (glide and springer) were mated to afford strength and padding from vibration.

Wire protected by braided stainless steel was run through the frame. The owner designed and fabricated his own clutch, fender struts, shift, and brake linkage. The rear chain has a spring tensioner to eliminate rear chain slap, and he went to just as much trouble on the engine's internal components.

This blither could continue all night, but the point seems clear. Not only does this show that Jesse went to a lot of added work, trouble, and expense to build a mechanically tight and unique putt, but it also illustrates that just buyin' custom parts and boltin' them on need not be the end of the job. With some additional detailing and modifications to already custom parts, a scooter can be improved in more ways than one.

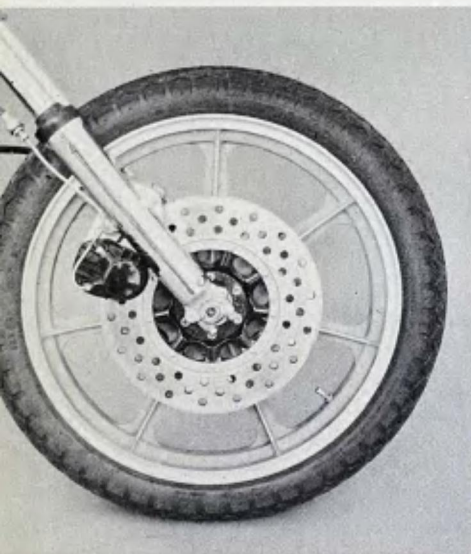
—Bandit





Photos by Pete Chiodo





Owners: Jesse

City: Ventura, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1975

Year and make: 1954 H-D

Builder: owner

Model: 74

Type: single loop

Value: lots

Rake: 10 degrees

Assembly: owner

Stretch: 3 in. in downtube

Time: lots

Other alterations: tranny raised 1 in.

Chroming by: Supreme

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Flanders #1

Year: 1954

Risers: Hybrid

Model: FL

Fender(s): Hydra-Glide

Rebuilder: owner

Headlight: quartz halogen

Ignition: magneto

Taillight: Lucas

Displacement: big incher

Speedo: tach

Lower end: S & S

Front pegs: Drag Specialties

Balancing: Automotive Eng.

Rear pegs: H-D

Pistons: Venolia 9.5 to 1

Electrics: 12v., 65 amp

Cases: modified H-D

Gas tank: Paughco

Heads: modified 1974

Oil tank: Don's Cycles

Cam: Jim Leinweber

Oil system: dry sump

Lifters: solid S & S

Primary cover: owner

Carb(s): Rivera 2 in. S.U.

Seat: Karen Yeager

Air cleaner: leg guard

Sissy bar: fender straps

Pipes: owner & D. Ortega

Height:

Muffler(s): open

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: 3 speed/foot shift

Type: Honda

Year: early

Extension: 8 in. over

Shifting: modified ratchet

Builder: owner

Engine sprocket: belt pulley

Special features: fork dampener

Trans sprocket: 26

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front:

Rear:

Painting

Size: 19

Size: 16

Molding: owner

Hub: Morris

Hub: H-D

Painter: owner & Lindy

Rim width: 2 in.

Rim width: 3.5 in.

Color: black

Tire: 3.50

Tire: 5.10

Type: lacquer

Brake: 2 discs

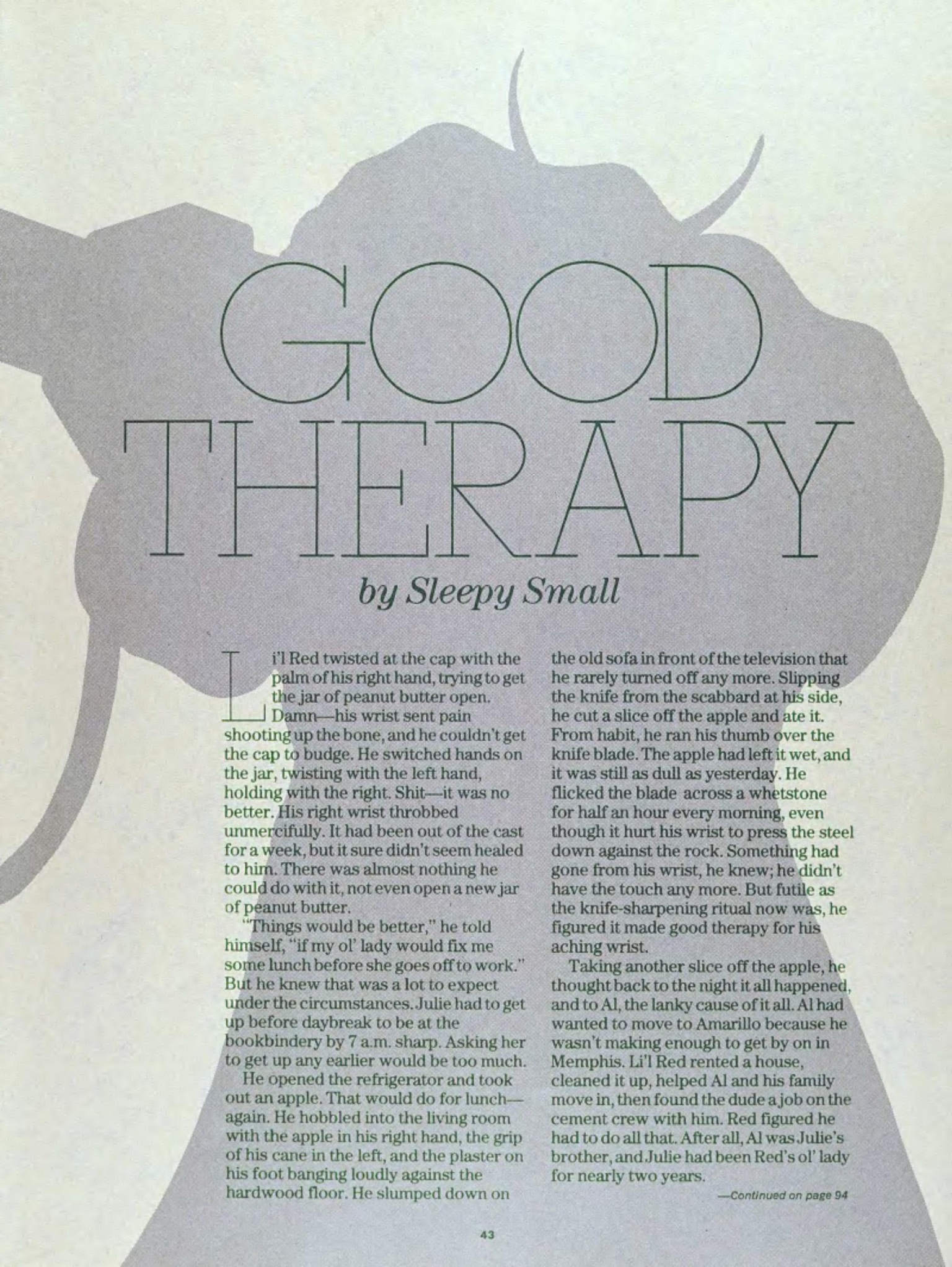
Brake: disc

Special paint: engine paint by D. Ortega

Other special modifications: bunches







GOOD THERAPY

by Sleepy Small

Li'l Red twisted at the cap with the palm of his right hand, trying to get the jar of peanut butter open. Damn—his wrist sent pain shooting up the bone, and he couldn't get the cap to budge. He switched hands on the jar, twisting with the left hand, holding with the right. Shit—it was no better. His right wrist throbbed unmercifully. It had been out of the cast for a week, but it sure didn't seem healed to him. There was almost nothing he could do with it, not even open a new jar of peanut butter.

"Things would be better," he told himself, "if my ol' lady would fix me some lunch before she goes off to work." But he knew that was a lot to expect under the circumstances. Julie had to get up before daybreak to be at the bookbindery by 7 a.m. sharp. Asking her to get up any earlier would be too much.

He opened the refrigerator and took out an apple. That would do for lunch—again. He hobbled into the living room with the apple in his right hand, the grip of his cane in the left, and the plaster on his foot banging loudly against the hardwood floor. He slumped down on

the old sofa in front of the television that he rarely turned off any more. Slipping the knife from the scabbard at his side, he cut a slice off the apple and ate it. From habit, he ran his thumb over the knife blade. The apple had left it wet, and it was still as dull as yesterday. He flicked the blade across a whetstone for half an hour every morning, even though it hurt his wrist to press the steel down against the rock. Something had gone from his wrist, he knew; he didn't have the touch any more. But futile as the knife-sharpening ritual now was, he figured it made good therapy for his aching wrist.

Taking another slice off the apple, he thought back to the night it all happened, and to Al, the lanky cause of it all. Al had wanted to move to Amarillo because he wasn't making enough to get by on in Memphis. Li'l Red rented a house, cleaned it up, helped Al and his family move in, then found the dude a job on the cement crew with him. Red figured he had to do all that. After all, Al was Julie's brother, and Julie had been Red's ol' lady for nearly two years.

—Continued on page 94

Coming home early from the club one afternoon, the biker found his ol' lady naked in bed, breathing heavily and clearly distracted.

"Linda, what's the matter?" he asked.

"I think I'm having a heart attack," she gasped.

Quickly, he rushed downstairs to the phone and was dialing a doctor when his son hurried in and exclaimed: "Daddy, there's a naked man in the front closet!"

Going over to the closet, the biker opened the door and found his best friend cowering there. "Fer chrissakes, Frank," he said, "my wife's upstairs havin' a heart attack and here you are sneakin' around scarin' the kids."

—Jim Coates
Fresno, Calif.



"Okay — that's no more wishes for you, dipship!"

As the young couple parked in a crowded lover's lane, she sighed romantically, "It's lovely out here tonight—just listen to the crickets."

"Those aren't crickets," her date replied. "They're zippers."

—S. Bassett
Lancaster, Calif.

"The trouble with Charlie," said the girl to her roommate, "is that once he starts kissing you, he never knows where to stop."

"That's funny," her friend said. "I went out with him last night, and he found a great place."

—Harry Smith
Albuquerque, N. Mex.



"Warden, it's your wife. She wants her conjugal visit now."



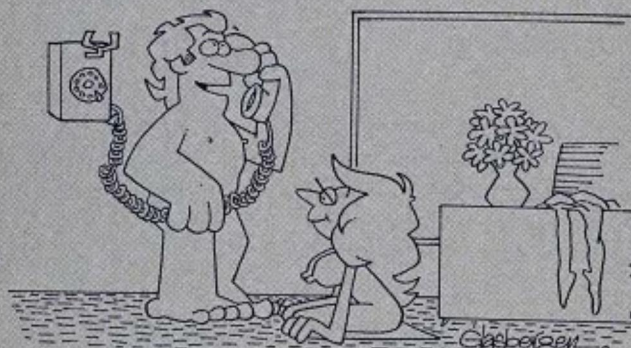
Space Filler Rides on Nightwing

A policeman stepped into the precinct station and told his superior that there was a dead horse on Kosciuszko Avenue.

The sergeant said, "Well, make out your report."

The policeman, a poor speller, disappeared. After an hour he came back, disheveled and out of breath. His superior demanded to know where he had been. The policeman replied, "I was moving the horse to 90th Street."

—Frank Louis
San Jose, Calif.



"I'll be home late, Ma. I made an obscene remark in class and Ms. Milton's about to give me a tongue-lashing I'll never forget."

What do you call a six-foot-four biker who has a Buck knife in his hand?

"Sir!"

—J. B. Rupert
Anderson, Ind.

A middle-aged biker was becoming increasingly irritated by the constant ribbing he received at the hands of junior bikers who couldn't resist making fun of his baldness. One morning a particularly brash prospect had the gall to run his hand across the older man's pate while loudly exclaiming, "Feels just like my wife's ass!"

With a look of genuine curiosity, the aging biker also felt his gleaming pate. "You're right," he said, "so it does, so it does."

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

"I think my wife must be going crazy," said the worried little man to his insurance agent. "She's terribly afraid that someone's going to break into our house and steal her clothes."

"Would you want me to cover them in a policy?" asked the agent.

"She thinks she's got a better idea," replied the man. "She's hired a guy to stand in the closet and guard them."

—Jerry Cooper
Denver, Colo.



"That was the most disgusting movie I've ever seen."

"Darling," said the young wife one morning, "do you remember those trout you spent a week fishing for, back in January?"

"Sure do," mumbled her husband, as he read the morning paper.

"Well," she said, "one of them called last night to say you're going to be a father."

—Jim Crocker
Tallahassee, Fla.



"Great news, Mr. Yomp — I got your wife to quit cigarettes."

"I always worry when you leave on a bike trip," murmured the biker's ol' lady.

"Don't worry about me, honey," he answered. "I'll be back before you know it."

"I know," she said. "That's what worries me."

—Tom Arcari
New Castle, Pa.

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

National

 Abate
Easynews

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



House Panel Approves Bill On Cycle Helmets

Ohio: Motorcyclists, permitted to shed protective headgear only a year ago, would once again be forced to wear helmets under a bill approved recently by an Ohio House committee.

The legislation was passed out of the Transportation and Urban Affairs Committee after one of its chief opponents succeeded in inserting an amendment calling for a comprehensive motorcycle education program for riders and stiffer licensing requirements.

State Rep. Thomas Pottenger, R-Cincinnati, the only committee member to vote against the legislation, questioned changing the state's helmet law after the present law had been in effect for less than a year.

But proponents of the mandatory helmet law cited statistics indicating the death rate for cyclists in Ohio doubled after the state's repeal of helmet legislation, saying the helmet was "one of the most effective means for reducing injuries and fatalities."

The issue, said Stephan Jupinko, lobbyist for the Department of Highway Safety, "is the saving of lives by the most expedient means possible."

In a final blast against the bill, American Motorcycle

Association lobbyist Gary L. Winn said the bill was not a safety issue, but was solely politically motivated.

Winn maintained there have been insufficient data since the repeal of the helmet law to mandate its reintroduction. All of the states surrounding Ohio experienced fatality increases last year, he said, even though three of them still have helmet laws.

If the committee were really concerned with safety, he said, it would pass legislation calling for the mandatory use of seatbelts.

With committee approval of the legislation certain, one of the bill's harshest critics, State Rep. Charles (Rocky) Saxbe, R-Mechanicsburg, worked out a compromise this past week with bill sponsor State Rep. Frank Mahnic, D-Garfield Heights.

Under Saxbe's amendment, adopted on a voice vote, a special motorcycle education program would be developed along with tougher testing for motorcycle licenses. Under the Saxbe amendment, a cyclist would have to take a road test as part of his examination rather than a five-minute test that critics say amounts to little more than weaving between pylons and honking a horn.

EPA Update

According to the "Regulatory Calendar" the EPA regulations are now due for release in October. The estimated price tag to enforce these proposed regulations is \$224 million per year, which is an increase of \$24 million over their 1978 estimated cost factor.

The EPA decided to delay action on their proposed regulations because of the heavy heat bikers and the industry placed them under; but the EPA is still not backing away from trying to get their original regulations passed (78 DBA by 1985 for street bikes). The EPA still hasn't got the message, it appears!

With all the heat the Carter Administration and our federal government is under, they certainly don't want to look even more ridiculous by spending more tax dollars on an EPA program that can't accomplish a damn thing; and they certainly can't afford to put motorcycle manufacturers out of business at a time when fuel economy is of utmost importance. Of course, unless we as good citizens tell our Congress people about the EPA's planned attack upon us, they won't realize they're being made to look like fools again by the EPA.

Write your U.S. congressmen and senators — this is important, and lay it on the line. Point out that, with all the energy - environmental

problems facing us, the last thing on earth we need to do is spend \$224 million a year on motorcycle noise emission regulations that can't accomplish anything but harm. Explain that the manufacturers are being punished for 12% of all the motorcycles that are the offenders, and the EPA's regulations won't even stop the 12% doing the damage. Let them know that you as a motorcyclist (not biker) can see the need for a reasonable noise emission standard since we don't presently have one, and wouldn't object to a standard set at 85 DBA maximum. Also justify the reasonable standard by letting them know an 85 DBA is obtainable without the price tag involved with the ridiculous 78 DBA. Also be sure to stress there are existing laws in every state that could be enforced to stop the 12% offenders without the meddling of the federal government.

Can you believe it? The EPA really wants to spend \$224 million—that's millions of dollars, folks, per year to accomplish nothing! Write your federal reps today—we can't afford not to! The addresses are: Congressman—The House Office Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20515; Senator—The Senate Office Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20510. — from ABATE of Indiana, 54290 Northwood Dr., Elkhart, Ind. 46514.



Four Wheeler Aware

Many of the traffic accidents that cause more than 1,800,000 disabling injuries each year result from a lack of awareness between drivers of large and small vehicles.

Cars tend to crowd—even run right over—the smaller vehicle on today's busy streets and highways.

For example, drivers often don't even know a motorcycle is on the road. Why? Because drivers are not trained to be on the lookout for motorcycles. They also do not know how to mix with motorcycles in traffic.

Motorcycle registrations in the United States have increased 150 percent since 1968; over five million are now registered. Statistics compiled by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation show that for every 10,000 registered motorcycles, 333 are likely to be involved in an accident.

What can the motorist do to help reduce this tragic toll? He can heed these hints from the Motorcycle Safety Foundation:

1. Be especially cautious at intersections — even on quiet streets—where 40 percent of motorcycle accidents involving another vehicle occur. Motorists, not cyclists, are at fault almost 70 percent of the time.

2. Yield the right-of-way to motorcyclists. The left turn poses the most substantial risk.

3. Respect the vehicle space of a motorcycle and its position in traffic: avoid crowding or passing a motorcycle in the same lane, and when you do pass, allow as much space for a motorcycle as for another car.

With A Helmet On

A 22-year-old Amarillo man died of complications from injuries suffered when the motorcycle he was riding collided with a car.

Mark Allen Price suffered massive head injuries in the accident, police said.

Hospital authorities said Price died of coronary and respiratory arrest caused by brain damage.

Police said George A. Der-



Kansas Bike Laws

What kind of brakes do I have to have on a motorcycle in Kansas? You don't have to have any brakes on the front wheel or on a sidecar; but you do have to be able to stop on a clean, hard, flat surface in 30 ft. at 20 mph. (This distance is measured from the time you start to move the brake pedal.) What kind of light adjustments are required in the state of Kansas? They have to light a person or car at 300 ft. at 35 mph. Lamps or lights shall be so aimed that when the motorcycle is loaded, none of the high intensity portion of the light at a distance of 25 ft. shall project higher than the center of the light from which it comes. All passengers must wear eye protection! If you are caught without it, the driver of the motorcycle gets the ticket. So if you plan on picking up any sweeties this summer, make sure you have an extra pair of glasses or goggles on you.—from ABATE of Kansas, Box 6236, Kansas City, Kansas 66106.

ryberry, 64, driver of the car, was southbound on Washington, stopped for a traffic light, and attempted to turn left onto 48th into Price's path.

Police said that Price was wearing a helmet at the time of the accident.

A Randall County grand jury returned a no bill against Derryberry.

War Memorial Returned

If the big stone eagle disappeared from the top of the town's war memorial, who do you expect would recover it before the Memorial Day Parade? The police? The Federal Bureau of Investigation? The CIA?

How about a group of motorcyclists?

Yep, that's who recovered the missing statue.

At first look, the dozen or so cyclists look big, hairy, and rough. They are. They wear bandanas around their heads and T-shirts that show their muscles. Most of the group have beards, mustaches, or long hair. All have nicely polished and clean motorcycles.

A spokesman for the group said the dozen or more cyclists are not a gang or a club. "They're all individuals who sometimes ride together," he stated.

A total of seven of the cyclists are Vietnam veterans. Four were wounded in the war, some seriously.

The cyclists have been looked down on by many townspeople because of

their appearance and the belief that "all motorcyclists are bad."

Said the spokesman, "We're proud to be part of this town. Our rough appearance keeps outside gangs out." He said the group of riders have occasionally "forgotten" to wear their helmets or "accidentally" gone over the speed limit. "Who hasn't ever gone over the speed limit?"

When they heard of the eagle's disappearance from the top of the statue, members of the group "put the word out on the streets" to find out who had stolen it. Within 10 days, information came in that two youths from another town had taken the American symbol of freedom. Not saying by what method, the cyclists "convinced" the two youths to give up the bird.

One Saturday morning the eagle was returned to Turtle Creek Mayor Dave Harper and borough officials. Today the eagle sits proudly atop its roost in front of Turtle Creek Area High School.

Colorado Helmet Law Killed

Although the helmet law was killed in committee by a 6-2 vote, the feds prevailed upon Senators Hugh Fowler, Don Sandoval, and Dennis Gallagher to sneak a helmet law onto a roads and bridges bill.

But we won by only one vote. Why? There are two fed DOT offices in Denver—very heavy pressure and meddling, etc. The poop has it that Reuben Valdez, former state rep and now a \$45,000 a year fatcat bureaucrat in Denver for DOT, swung the entire Chicano delegation over to the feds' side. Most were on our side two years ago. They were coached well. Senators Polly Baca-Barragan and Don Sandoval even used the same words and phrases in pro-helmet-law, tear-jerker speeches. It will be interesting to see who gets fat federal jobs after the legislature adjourns.

Anyway, 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. — from ABATE of Colorado, Box 2991, Grand Junction, Colorado 81501.

Motorcycle Size Limits In Quebec

Motorcyclists applying for a first permit after June 1 will only be allowed to drive a cycle with a maximum 125cc engine capacity for the first year, the Quebec government has said.

After the first year, a permit allowing machines up to 400cc can be issued. In the third year, a cyclist may drive a machine of any size.

The regulation doesn't apply to cyclists already licensed.

Missouri Repeal Underway

In a fit of anti-big-government fervor, the state Senate has unexpectedly agreed to abolish the requirement that all motorcycle drivers and passengers must wear helmets.

The proposal was added by the Senate to an obscure measure regulating use of mopeds—motorized bicycles—on state roads. No final action on the combined measure was taken. It must be returned to the House for acceptance before adjournment.

Motorcycle groups have regularly demanded an end to the helmet law, but the legislature has shown little interest in its repeal until now.

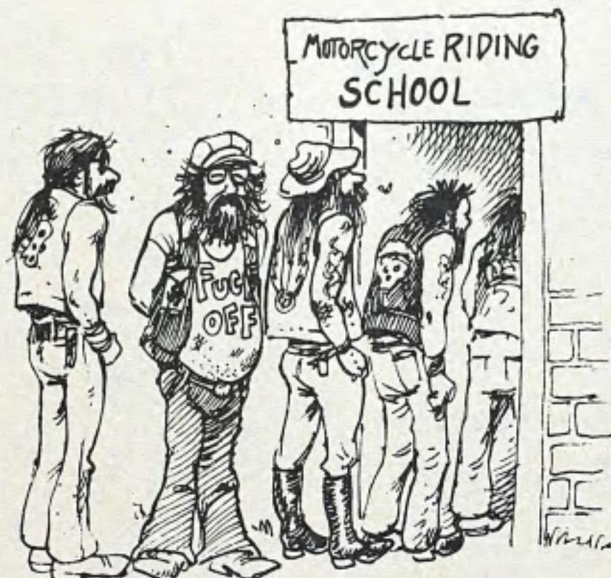
But the Senate quickly warmed to the idea of repeal when it was presented an attack on "Big Brother" government by Sen. Joe H. Frappier, R-St. Charles, and agreed to it on a voice vote.



Louisiana Helmet Threat

The Transportation, Highways, and Public Works Committee recently voted 7-6 to reinstate the helmet law for adults. In order to become law, this must be voted on by the full House.

It's now up to Louisiana bikers to voice their opposition to the restrictive legislation. Write your state representative now.



Claybrook Clarification: Education Available Only To Riders Looking For It

Dear Mr. Kuchler:

Chuck Livingston has talked with me about the misconception on the part of some motorcyclists regarding my position and that of this Administration on motorcycle safety education. I want to clarify our position for you and I ask that you help clarify our position with members of the American Motorcyclist Association (AMA).

As I stated in my discussion at the Motorcycle Safety Foundation's (MSF) Board of Directors meeting in April, we believe that a quality motorcycle safety education course should be available to every motorcyclist who wants one. We have developed curriculum specifications for such a course and the MSF has used these to produce the Motorcycle Rider Course (MRC).

We are now conducting an administrative feasibility test of the MRC in Colorado under a federal contract. Later this fiscal year we will award a contract for a crash reduction evaluation of a motorcycle rider training course.

Additionally, this year the states are spending 1¼ million dollars of federal matching funds for implementation of motorcycle safety programs. Much of this money is being used to de-

velop and conduct motorcycle rider training courses.

I believe these activities show clearly our commitment to motorcycle rider education. However, we believe that the training can and should be presented in such a way that it does not entice people to ride motorcycles who would not ride if the courses were not available. Motorcycle driver training will have little or no effect on total accidents, injuries, and deaths, if such courses substantially increase the number of novice riders. For these reasons, we do not believe that motorcycle rider education courses should be required or part of the curriculum in high schools.

The crash reduction effectiveness evaluation I mentioned earlier, for example, probably will be conducted as part of a motorcycle driver licensing program. This method of presentation has a substantial economic impact as well as an accident exposure reduction impact. Of all persons trained now in MSF programs, 40 percent or less go on to get an operator's license. Thus, the money being spent for training 60 percent of the students is wasted. This attrition and its cost will be much smaller in a program conducted for people who

have already chosen to ride motorcycles and who have demonstrated this intention by applying for a motorcycle operator's license or endorsement.

In closing, I would like to again emphasize that we are working to develop and evaluate motorcycle rider training as an accident countermeasure and that we think a quality rider training program should be available to each rider who wants one.

Sincerely,

Joan Claybrook

—from *The American Motorcyclist*.

Institute Petitions For Motorcycle Lighting Rule

In the interest of stemming the current flood of motorcycle deaths and injuries, the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety recently petitioned the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) to require that all motorcycles and mopeds manufactured for sale in the U.S. have their headlights and taillights wired to shine whenever their engines are running.

In its petition, the Institute cited the work of Leon S. Robertson and of P. F. Waller and L. J. Griffin, which is based on the experience of states requiring motorcycle lighting during operation. This research indicates that deaths and injuries are substantially reduced by such laws.

The Institute pointed out that the requirement of such lighting is practical, since a large proportion of two-wheeled vehicles now sold in the U.S. already are required by state law to have headlights wired through their ignitions. Also, many manufacturers now voluntarily wire their motorcycles in this manner.

In view of both the practicality and public acceptability of this step, IIHS also requested that NHTSA adopt the lighting requirement effective within 60 days and without prolonged rulemaking.

Taking Care Of Business

The Spokesmen MC in Amherst, Ohio, scheduled their 8th annual swap-meet for the weekend of July 21 at the New London recreational park, only to run into flak from the citizens. After eight annual swap-meets, the citizens have now complained. Next, the New London village council got into the act by threatening to cancel the meet. But when the village council ran the order down to the recreational park board, they were informed that a legal contract had been signed, and cancellation would mean a lawsuit for breach of contract.

A meeting was set between the Spokesmen, the park board, and the village council. When the Spokesmen showed up with a lawyer and their contract, the village council was at a loss. They were forced to drop their high-handed cancellation pursuits and negotiate for the most livable agreement.

The Spokesmen handled the business properly from the start, which afforded them the legal ability to prevent any abuse or destruction of their event.



Motorcycles Aren't The Only Noise Makers

Just how much noise do your household appliances make?

The Environmental Protection Agency lists these levels of sound in decibels for someone close to or operating these items: floor fan, 38 to 70; refrigerator, 40; electric shaver, 47-69; washing machine, 47 to 78; dishwasher, 54 to 85; clothes dryer, 52 to 72; hair dryer, 59 to 80; vacuum cleaner, 62 to 85; sewing machine, 64 to 74; food disposal, 67 to 93; home shop tools, 72 to 110; an electric lawn edger, 81; gasoline-powered mower, 81 to 98; gasoline-powered riding mower, 90 to 95; chain saw, 90-120; and stereo, up to 120.

Indiana Motorcycle Statistics

As all of you know only too well the Indiana state police and news media played the increase in 1978's fatalities over 1977's fatalities to the max. Every time you turned around there was something being broadcast about the terrible increase in motorcycle fatalities since the helmet law was repealed. And frankly, folks, it didn't look good at all for us. So how did we handle the situation? Really quite simply. But first, here are the statistics we had to face:

	1976	1977	1978
Registrations	139,564	152,997	154,012
Total Accidents	3,494	4,838	5,130
Total Injury Accidents	2,764	3,874	4,022
Total Fatal Accidents	74	98	127
Total Injuries	3,310	4,212	4,905
Total Fatalities	77	101	140

Looks bad, doesn't it. It not only looks bad, it is bad; but don't panic like everyone else did.

During the ten years Indiana enforced its helmet law there occurred a number of such increases in total fatalities from one year to the next. In 1973 there was a 41% increase over 1972. In 1969 there was a 55% increase over 1968, and there are increases of this type

that could be shown all during the years the helmet law was indeed enforced. This was the first thing we brought to everyone's attention at the State House.

The second thing we did was to divide the twelve years Indiana has kept motorcycle statistics in half. Within the first six-year period of time (1966-1971) the average number of total fatal accidents was 54. The average number of total fatal accidents for the second six-year period (1972-1977) was 84. Between the two periods of time there was an increase of 56% in the average number of fatal accidents. Assuming (as everyone else does) this type of increase could be expected during the next six-year period, the projected average number of fatal accidents would be 131. Of course, keep in mind that a helmet law was enforced for all but two years (1966 & 1967) of the twelve years used for these figures. Now look at the 1978 total fatal accidents of 127. Even with the increase over 1977, the 1978 figure is still below the projected increased average number of 131 without a helmet law enforced. It's called playing the game of twisting statistics to meet your needs! —from ABATE of Indiana, 54290 Northwood Drive, Elkhart, Ind. 46514.

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.

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.-----

New York Helmet Repeal Strategy

The status on helmet law repeal looks better. But as it stands we could lose our fight this year by one vote. We urgently need your help.

This is our strategy. There are two helmet law repeal bills lingering in the Senate Transportation Committee. One is sponsored by Senator Johnson (#1791) and the other by Senator Warder (#148). We need 7 votes to win in that committee—to date we have 6 confirmed votes and 4 undecided. It is important that you write to the following committee members: Senator Anthony Gazzara (Long Island City), Senator Martin Connor (Brooklyn), Senator Carol Berman (Long Island-Nassau), and Senator John Daly

(Niagara County). Be polite and send your letters to: Senator—, Legislative Office Building, Albany, New York 12248.

The helmet law repeal bill has been guaranteed passage in the Assembly Transportation Committee by Assemblyman Graber, chairman of the Committee, and by Assemblyman Fink, Speaker of the Assembly. Once the repeal bill passes out of the Senate Transportation Committee it will then go to the full Senate (60 members). We will need 31 votes to pass the bill out of the full Senate. To date we have 23 confirmed votes and 10 maybes.

Every letter helps.—from ABATE of New York, Box 44, Marcellus, N.Y. 13108.

D'm back. And it's fuckin' good to be back, too.

Ya see, what happened is, I fell in love. No shit. I'm human just like the rest of you slobs. I mean it was the real thing. No messin' around except with my man, unless he had some special request. I walked the straight and narrow, and enjoyed it, too, all the fuckin', passion, sweet words—the whole tamale.

But, like a biker, he hit the road. I tried to follow for a while, but couldn't hack it. Shit, he really couldn't keep it up enough anyway.

So here I am. I'm not only back, but I'm on my back and messin' around with anyone or anything.

—Mutha

Missin' Mutha

How come no more Miraculous Mutha? She was a high point of your rag, and we miss her very much.

Bob & Martha
Newport, Ore.

Will you please get off the rag and come back to your loyal readers (me)?

Love,
Your Son, Pig
Victorville, Calif.

I really dig readin' your column, and I really do miss you.

"Mad Dog"
Pittsfield, Mass.

Hey, what's happened to Mutha? Without her advice my ol' man and I are lost. I can understand she might need a break once in a while, but what are her faithful followers to do in the meantime?

Shooter's Ol' Lady
Diamond
Atlanta, Ga.

Missing

I had a fight with my chick six or seven months ago, and I haven't seen or heard from her since. She was the foxiest chick in town and her name was Rosie. I wish I had her back 'cause I really love her. Do you know how I could find her?

Tim DeShazo
Beaumont, Tex.

• Yes.

Ripe Farts

My ol' lady's been fartin' loud an' ripe lately. I made her drink baking soda an' water, but all that did was make her farts louder an' smellier than ever. What should I do? The hairs are already burnt offa my chin.

Joe the Sleaze
Dover, N.H.

• Hold onto the grocery bucks until she stops or starves to death.

So Great

I came home early last week and caught my ol' lady sittin' naked on the couch. She was jackin' off our Great Dane, and he was lickin' her snatch. The thing that surprised me the most was the size of his cock. It was the biggest thing I've ever seen.

Michael Bonsley
Chattanooga, Tenn.

• What's the darlin' doggie's name?

Hidden Talent

How did you get started at bein' Miraculous Mutha? I'm not knocking you, because I think it would be kinda fun. You don't hafta tell if you don't want to.

Frank Volle
Beattie, Kan.

• Okay, I won't tell.

Hang In There

Don't let all the bros put ya down, cuz they don't know good pussy when they see it. Keep your juices runnin', and don't let the fuckers wear ya out, if that's possible.

Crazy Dave
Leavenworth, Kan.

• Push it to the limit.

Help Wanted

My ol' man wants to fuck day and night. How about comin' back here and helpin' me out with him?

Carmen Pearman
Chesterton, Ind.

• Send the fare an' I'll be there.

The Test

We have a good one for you. In order to be good biker ol' ladies, do we have to eat pussy? The reason we ask is 'cause our ol' men's brother told us that we ain't no biker chicks if we don't eat pussy.

Love ya
Diana & Julia
Columbus, Ohio

• Could be.

Big Deal

I have this real problem, Mutha. I want to fuck some chick in the ass, but I have a 17" cock and as soon as I try, they freak. Can you take it, Mutha?

Unsigned
Nowheresville

• No balls.

Really Loose

When I fuck, I get into it and get very loose, and sometimes I shit when I come. My ol' lady says I got a problem, but doesn't everybody do that, once in a while?

Shitfaced Willie
N. Hollywood, Calif.

• Yeah, when ya die.



Miraculous Mutha Returns

Water-logged

I work in a waste water treatment plant down here in New Mexico. I've always had the urge to fuck a chick in the activated sludge tank. Whud-ya say ya get your ass down here, and we go at it in the shit water?

Septic Slumpicker
New Mexico

• What the hell for? I can get the same sensations by gettin' it on with Spider and I don't have to do any swimmin' to do it.

Hand Job

My best friend's ol' lady gives me good head, but when it comes to unloadin', she takes it out of her mouth and finishes the job by hand. Her ol' man and I have tried to get her to finish the job right, but she won't listen to us.

Shotgun Rider
Robinson, Ill.

• Maybe she used to work in a Chinese laundry, an' just can't get outta the habit of wringin' it out by hand.

DOWNTIME

By La-De-Da

At a recent, late-summer, scooter-trash bash we found ourselves philosophizin' an' theorizin' about everything down to the nut. It had been about a two-hour jam through the hottest part of the day, not long enough to get three seventy-fours in too much of a lather, but cookin' enough to raise a thirst for brews aplenty, as well as anything else for a thrill.

As we sat swillin' an' swappin' tales of rides and adventures encountered, a record player was skippin' over old Canned Heat, Marshall Tucker, Earl Scruggs, and the like. The host, Skip's, ol' lady, Fawn, got a notion to fill our ears with some female music. The first gut-level reaction to this was "Fuck you, get the barbecue goin'." However, this slightly sour attitude changed drastically when the air became sweetened with the voice of Emmylou Harris. Hours passed. Some neatness freak thought it would be a great idea to gunk down the putts. Damn if they didn't need it. All the while the chicks had control of the juke box, and they

weren't gonna waste their chance for showin' us where it was at, musically that is. Besides Emmylou's excellent "Blue Kentucky Girl," which features tunes by none other than Willie Nelson, along with her "Hot Band" lead by guitarist Albert Lee, we got treated to three other doll babe singers who could pretty well give ya a dose of the wants.

Later, when stumblin' back toward the beer stash, I noticed the album covers of the ladies in question. Stone foxes, each of 'em. First observed was this gal Carlene Carter, who happens to be the great Johnny Cash's stepdaughter. I wanted to hear that right now. Too bad though, 'cause as usual the record was nowhere near the cover. Lying on the floor a few feet away was one by Nicolette Larson. I'd heard cuts off this, notably Neil Young's "Lotta Love," but a quick glance at credits kinda threw me. She had everyone but Johnny Carson on the fucker. I mean half of Little Feat, Linda Ronstadt, Valerie Carter, Jesse Winchester's song

"Rhumba Girl," Mike McDonald of the Doobies, and once again, Albert Lee. Listening to it was no disaster either.

Finally the magic crystal rock arrived and it looked like a long one was in the offing. I'd say there were maybe twenty people hangin' around the old house that originally was a church, back in the thirties. The joint's condition was that of a prayer unanswered, a hovel. The good thing was that it had a long and wide wood floor, normally a combination shop and house for Skip, but tonight it was a dance floor. Some of the ol' ladies got into sashayin' an' swayin' out there to songs by yet another doll, a new one I'd not heard before, Ricky Lee Jones. A song called "Chuck E.'s in Love" brought the dudes back from the mirror long enough to see Knife's ol' lady do a perfect rendition of mouthin' the lyrics, while spillin' a plate of chili on the floor. (I told ya it was a hovel.) That didn't get her any bonus points. Someone finally tripped over that

Carlene Carter record and put it on the spindle. Whew! Can she sing! She's got an English group called the Rumour backing her. As her eyes melted me, songs like "Never Together But Close Sometimes," "Love is Gone," and "Smoke Dreams" were proof aplenty that this cutie has it all—a class effort that compares to the new 80 lady from H-D.

Into the night we burned. It seemed like only minutes till the sun was startin' to peek over the distant hills. So just to be an asshole, I grabbed this record with a buncha scooter tramps standin' around a pan on the cover. It was The Boyzz. From Illinois. Hah! You don't think that raised the roof? It's called "Too Wild To Tame." And it takes up right where Steppenwolf left off. It's gotta be the greatest alarm clock known to man. One more packin' of the nasal cavity, an' over to kick on the beast that is my putt. The Boyzz were still crackin' the dawn to bits. Brothers were wakin', moanin', an' diggin' an invigoratin' mornin' after a helluva good night. ■

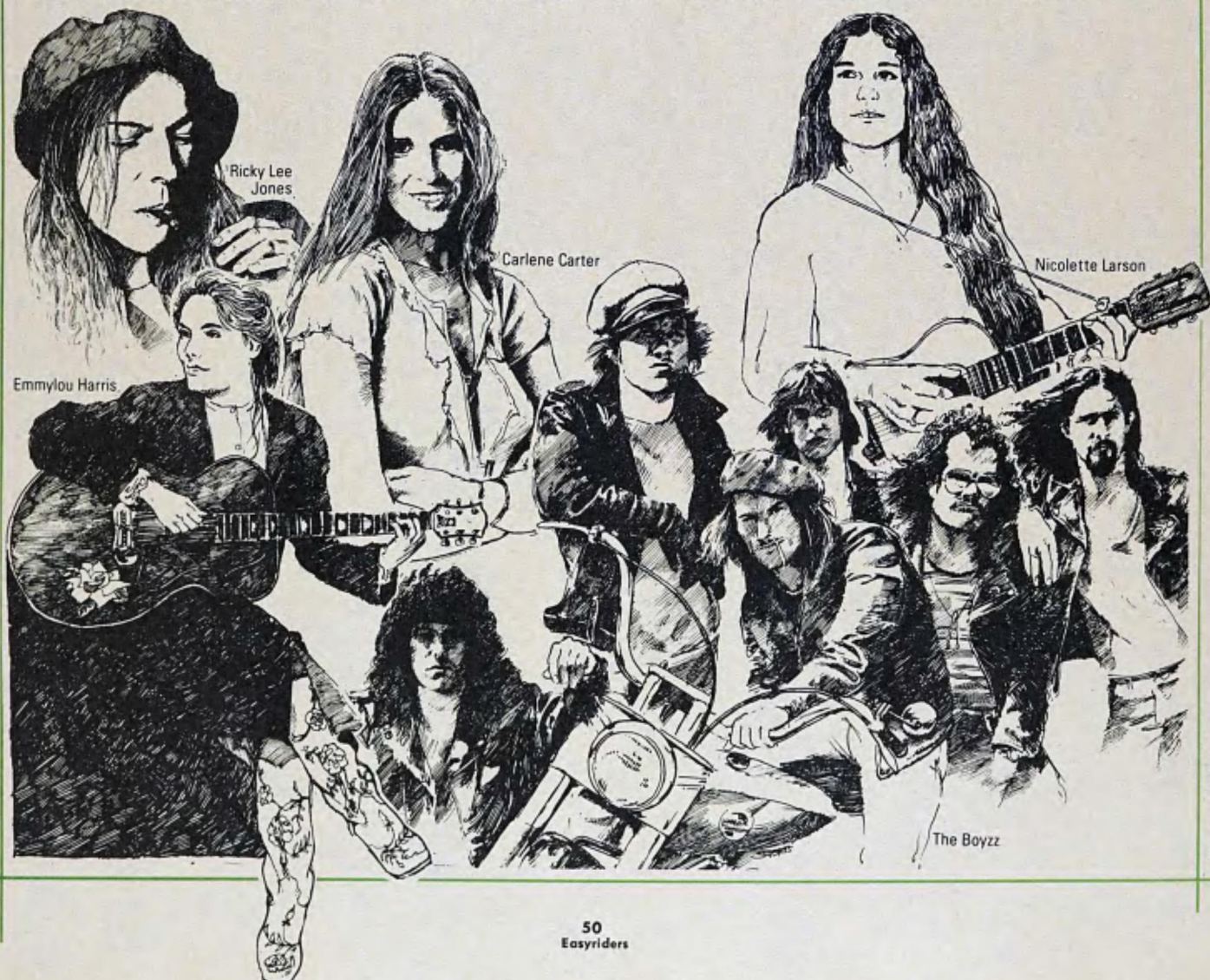
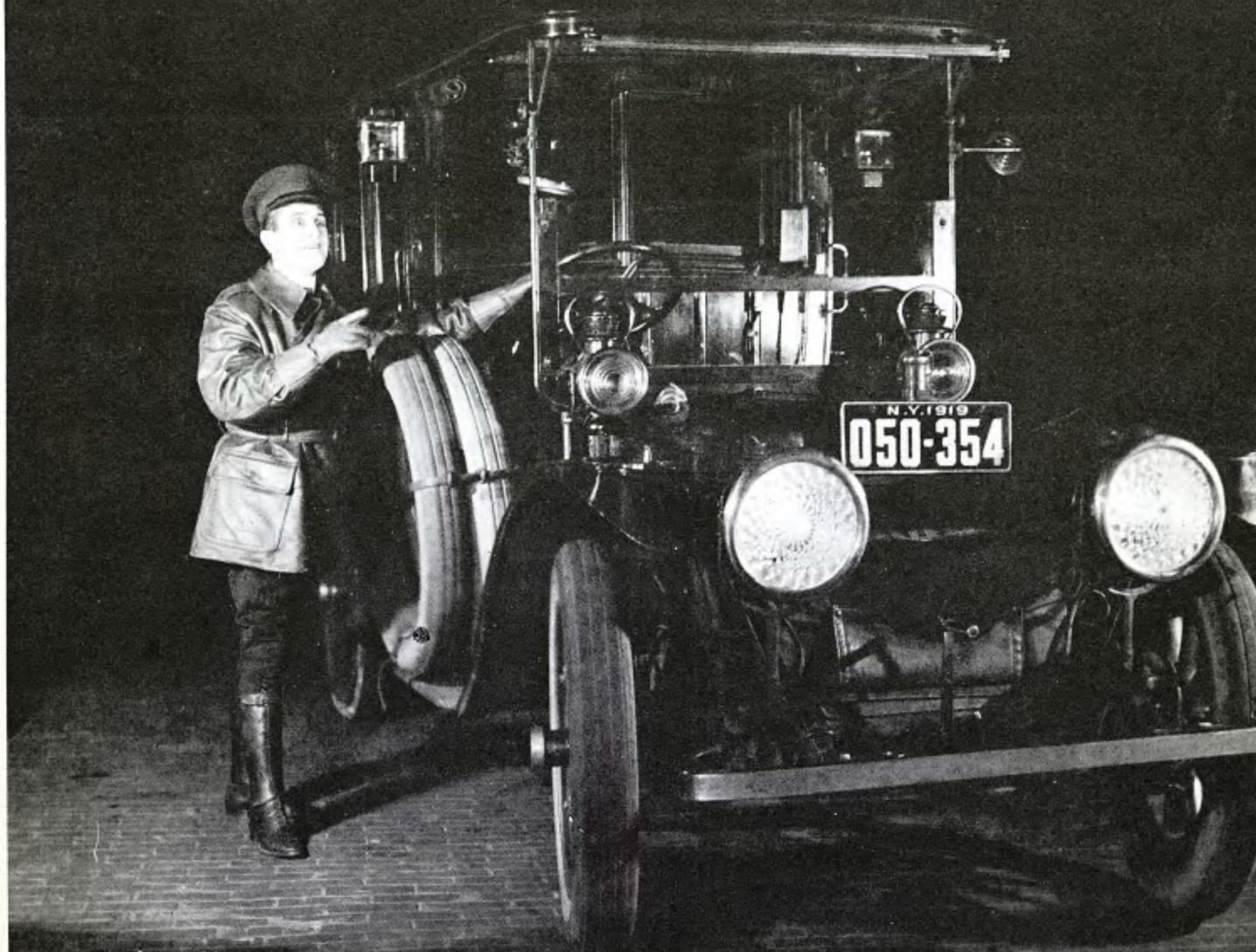


Illustration by Jody Roberts



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

HELMET USE



Or how to dispose of extra skid lids

If you happen to be fortunate enough to live in a state where the helmet law was repealed, then you just might have an extra helmet or two hanging around. We all know how the AMA, the MSF, the NHSTA, and the DOT are pushing people to wear helmets—and this is not to say that you can't keep one around for wearin' or sharin'.

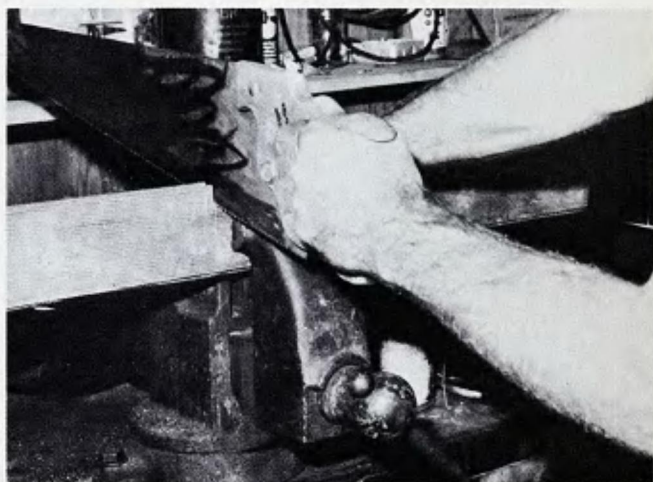
But we did come across a useful plan for those retired helmets no longer being pressed into service. We've taken 'em off the mandated front lines, so let's give a few to the chickens. Literally, they could put a few good Bells to work.

And so, you see before your very tired and very blurry eyes the way we put slightly used, slightly abused skid lids back into a more secure, active life.

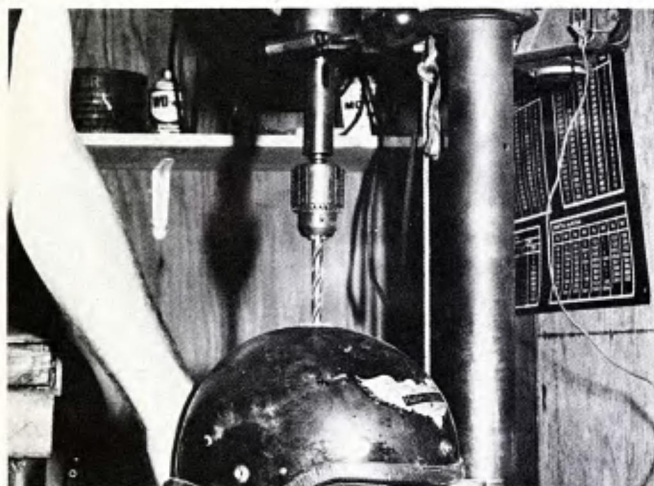
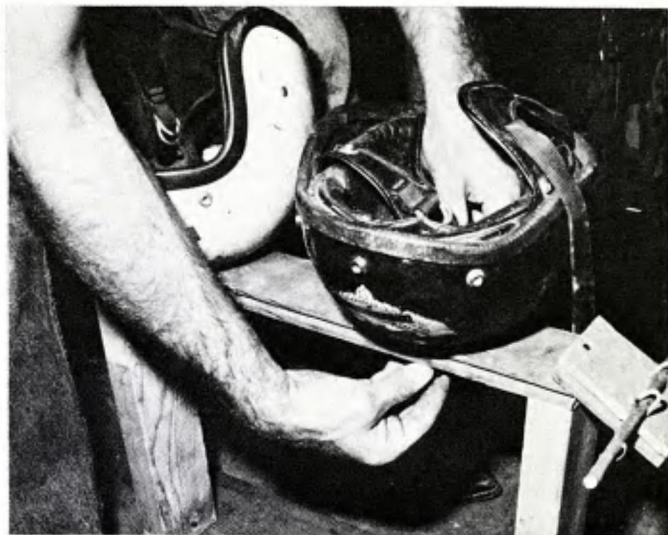
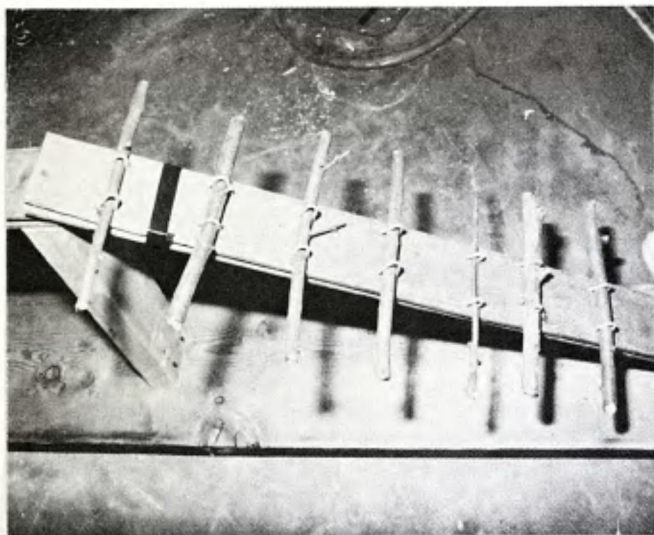
The life of a helmet as we've known it has been a precarious one—burned by people forced to wear them while being held up as the epitome of protection by government officials. But the insecure helmet cannot hide its feeble abilities. It is still forced to ride aboard novice or experienced riders in some states. To some people, it represents a false sense of security from injury. And it may be witness to this abused sense of security, knowing that it may protect or it may kill. If there's only a glancing blow, the helmet's dream, the supposed protective device might assist. But in the face of direct contact, extreme deceleration, or neck-snapping impact from the rear, the insecure helmet bobs and weaves from its assigned category of protective clothing and becomes a vehicle that adds more weight to the skull, cuts down a man's vital senses, and may just delude another rider into thinking he's indestructible.

We have removed the helmet from its threatening position on a rider's head. Now it's in a comfortable, secure position as a chicken roost in the warm sun, free from negligent motorists and enforced laws. One thing, though—we couldn't force the chickens to use 'em.

—Eggs



Photos by Kim Peterson





Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Libra

You Librans are the aristocrats of the zodiac. You're basically sociable and communicate easily on most levels. You're the peace-makers who hate arguments. (You'd much rather fuck than fight.) Your sense of fair play is so strong that, despite your peace-loving nature, you often hassle over the rights of others. Sometimes you even find yourself rooting for the underdog. Your sign is noted for its lawyers, judges, and social workers, who strive to see that everyone receives his rightful due.

Some famous Librans are Eleanor Roosevelt, Brigitte Bardot, Suzanne Somers, Angie Dickinson, John Lennon, and Charlton Heston.

Librans have an enormous ability to see both sides of a story and still remain detached personally. This makes it difficult to stick to any clear-cut course of action. Librans are softies and don't really

want to put the blame on anyone; but if they are forced to, they will sugar-coat it.

Most Librans have a special need for companionship and dislike living alone. They desire popularity and the approval of others. However, they also have a great need to maintain their own individuality.

Most Librans are prone to kidney problems and diabetes. They should make it a point to drink plenty of water in order to flush out the accumulated poisons in their systems. They also have a tendency to gain weight later in life.

Librans rarely express their anger, but when they do, it's like having a tornado blast through. They'll leave nothing unsaid and even tell you exactly how you fucked up ten years ago! Once they get it off their chests, it's quickly forgotten.

They are affectionate, compassionate, and satisfying bed partners. If you want a lay with a guarantee—look for a Libra.

anyway. Maybe you'll receive a wild around-the-world gift certificate from the nearest motel, or ten complimentary muff-diving lessons. With a little luck, your partner will turn you onto some of his private stash; and your ol' lady will let ya get on top for a change. Better yet, buy yourself a year's subscription to a certain motorcycle mag. Party hearty—but don't overdo!

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

This month accents behind-the-scenes negotiations connected with travel. Use all that famous Scorpio intuition to keep one step ahead of competitors. Shine on those lames who are trying to jump on your gravy train. The latter part of the month could put you under some pressures and cause accidents through haste or impulsiveness. Don't let the mindfucks at work get you crazy on the road.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

Things should be easing up at work. You can slow your buns down so long as you don't loosen up on cash. Just because things are looking up, don't backslide into one of your get-crazy acts. Basically you are healthy and horny all month. As long as you don't over-party and out-poke yourself, this should be a smooth one. In fact, the last week could bring unexpected repayment of a long-forgotten loan. Enjoy!

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

This is a real wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am kind of month. Some on-the-spot, strange encounters are headed your way. This whirlwind period can have you going at both ends. Keeping a positive mental attitude is important now, or your old brain could short circuit an' blow a fuse. Remember, good things often come in small packages, and a seemingly small break received now could turn into a gold mine. Keep alert.

favorable and profitable. Even if you've only got three wishes, don't sell yourself short now. It pays to advertise. You're in a great position for getting ahead (or head).

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

You're finally getting a boost in your confidence. After the sleazy luck ya been havin', your nuts are dragging. About the only way you can hold onto the bucks or fucks is with epoxy glue. You won't win the orgy-of-the-month award, but you can put away your out-to-lunch sign and lock up your seeing eye dog. You'll have to work your balls off just to keep your head above water; but at least you're rid of a few mindfucks.

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

Since it's your birthday, I'll cut ya some slack—ya got it coming

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Right now you could be tempted into some underhanded methods involving a get-rich scheme. No matter how sure the deal seems—forget it! You're going through a period where brushes with the law could prove hazardous to your health and pocketbook. Unless you want to go directly to jail (do not pass Go, do not collect \$200), keep your dealings legal. Save any important projects you've been investigating till next month.

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

You may be in the money, but you're out of honey right now. You'll feel like you've got two heads and have to use them both on a blowup dolly. Even though you're low on blows, your attitude should be upgraded. Partners keep you busy all month with a few of their own head trips. Don't be stingy with your moral support—you'll be paid double. It's your turn to play Good Samaritan and earn a brownie badge.

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

This month you really have the world by the balls! The only fly in your pie comes from eyeballin' your bro's ol' lady. Stay clear of this hairy situation, or some big mutha will derail your tail. Otherwise, ya got so much recognition comin' your way that ya can't bend over without hearing applause. Even your health is super—and you're tripping full speed ahead. Lots of chances to keep your dipstick well lubricated.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

Don't toss any bullshit this month or it could land in your own lap! Ego-tripping now will leave you with a big arrow on your back, pointing to your own big asshole. Use all the tact and diplomacy you can muster up, otherwise you might as well stick your head in a hole until next month. Legal contracts are in the air and papers requiring your signature are to your advantage. Think twice an' stay mellow.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

There's a super-glide smoothness guiding you over the humps now. It's time to let the good times roll. Your built-in aptitude for mind-blowing works to your advantage and clears the way for some extra cash. You're looking up—both in bed and at the bank. You're playing all the right mind games and coming up a winner. Get it all together before mid-month, though, 'cause after that you begin to peter out a taste.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

The wheels in that old noggin of yours are turning. Even though they might be a hair rusty, inventive ideas will soon be spinning out. Some of you will come up with a ball-bustin' idea for earning extra bucks at home. Just be sure to keep your mug shut until your ideas are perfected, otherwise it could be tough-titty time. Dust the cobwebs off your rug rats' piggy banks rather than borrow from partners.

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

You're roaring and scoring again! There's a chance for a short trip or vacation combined with business. As long as you keep your act together, and don't go overboard showing off your shit, your judgment is first class. Anything to do with communications is both

IN THE WIND

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 1 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 Dan Richards, Martinez, Calif.



—from The Grinch, Clinton, Md.

—from Billy Naylor, Memphis, Tenn.



—from Mark Wyman, Marion, N.Y.



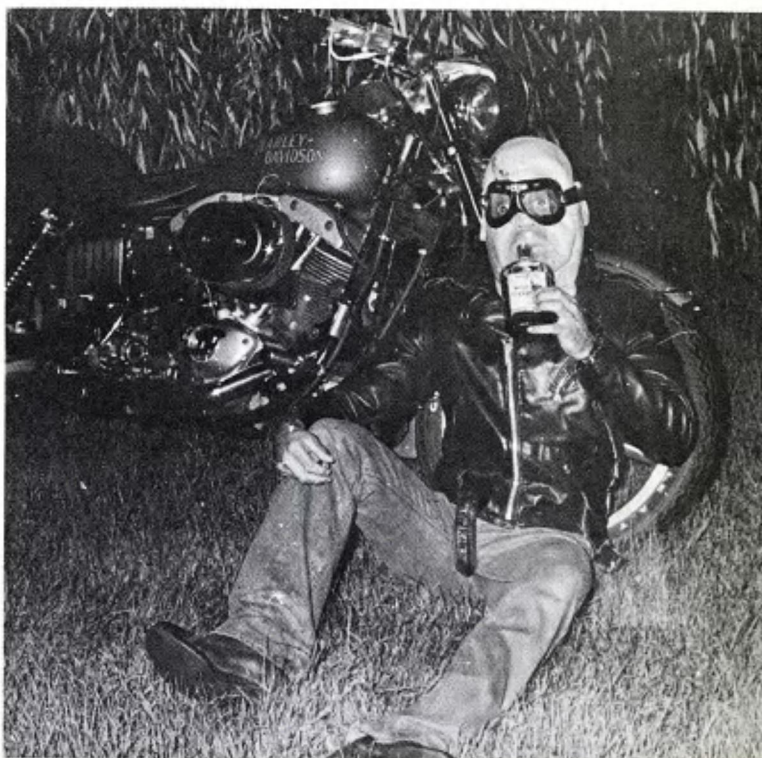
—from Big Steve, Ellwood City, Pa.



—from Barney Barnes, Riverside, Calif.



—from Joe Winter, Orland, Calif.



—from Jim Klatt, Denver, Colo.



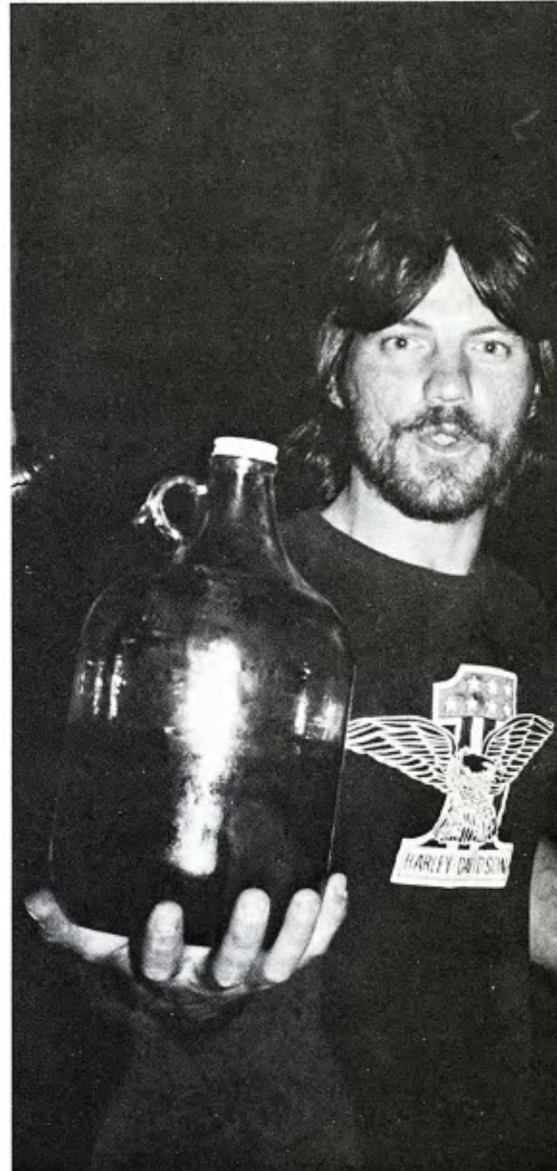


—from Rod J. Eggerling, Ft. Bragg, N.C.



—from Gwyn Viers Brier, Dallas, Texas

—from Big Steve, Ellwood City, Pa.

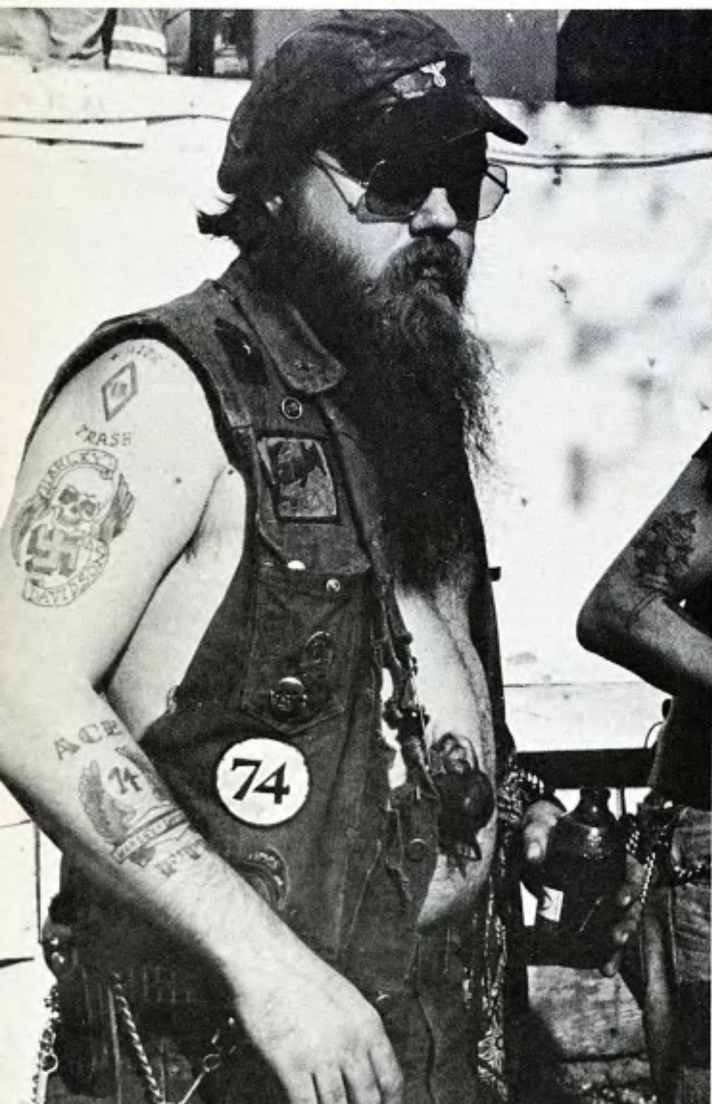




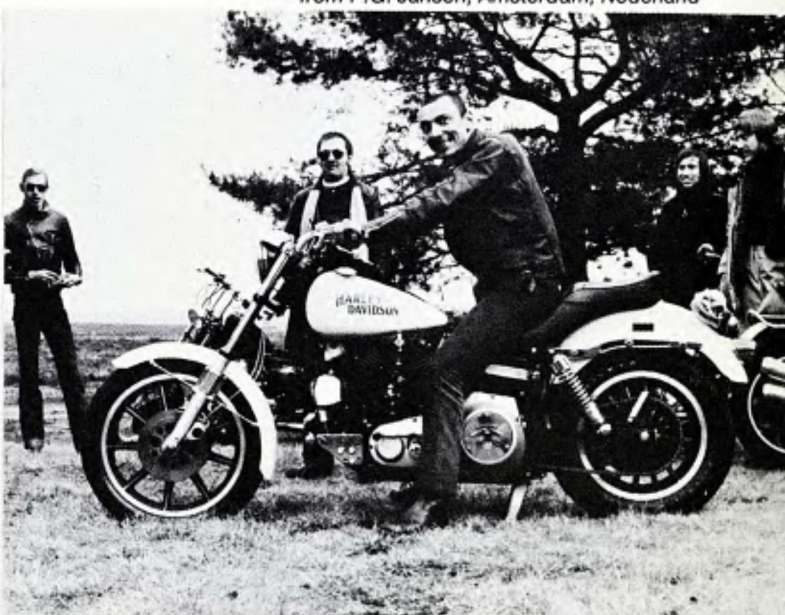
—from Charles Gatewood, New York, N.Y.



—from P.G. Jansen, Amsterdam, Nederland

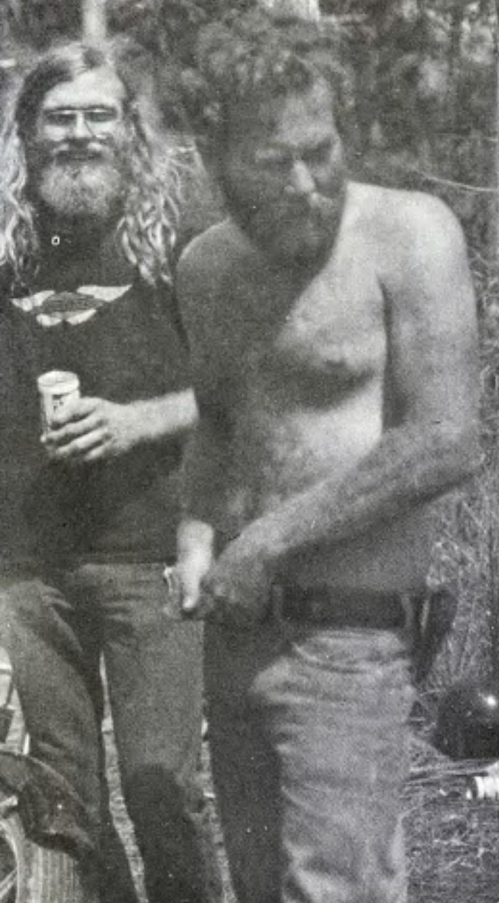


—from Ken Miller, Mechanicsburg, Pa.



—from Greg Shipe, Knoxville, Tenn.





—from Joni Kosakoski, Miami, Fla.



—from Andrew Trzynka, Hillsboro, Ore.



—from Ken Gunderson, San Diego, Calif.



—from Krispy, Minersville, Pa.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

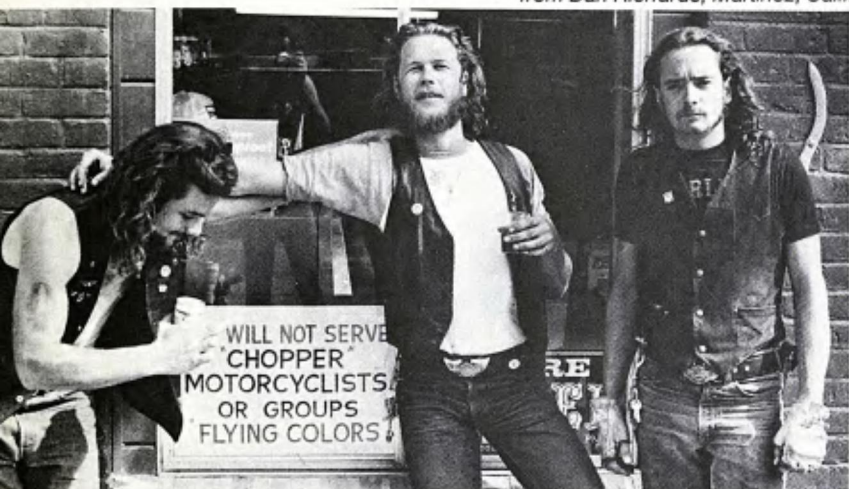
—from Johnny Moe, Forest Grove, Ore.



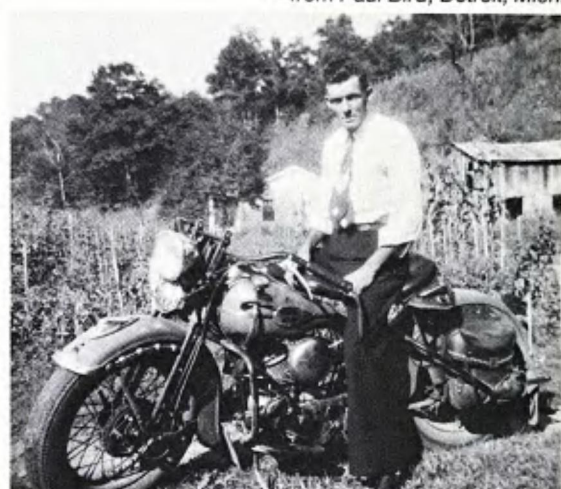
—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



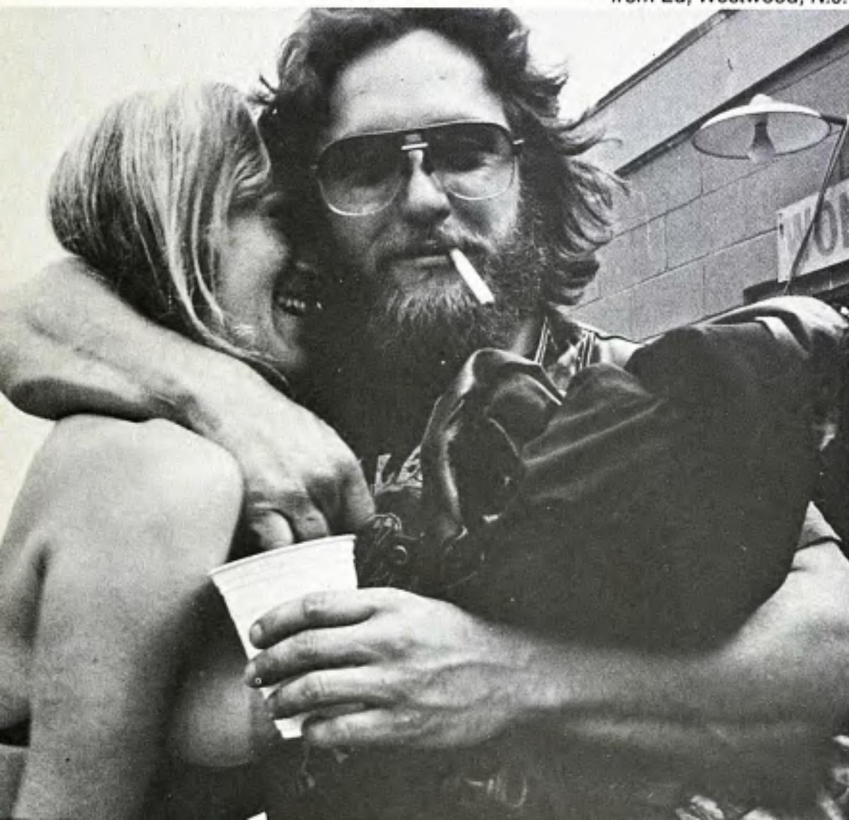
—from Dan Richards, Martinez, Calif.



—from Paul Bird, Detroit, Mich.



—from Ed, Westwood, N.J.



—from David R. Frazier, Boise, Idaho





—from Barney Barnes, Riverside, Calif.



—from Big Steve, Ellwood City, Pa.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

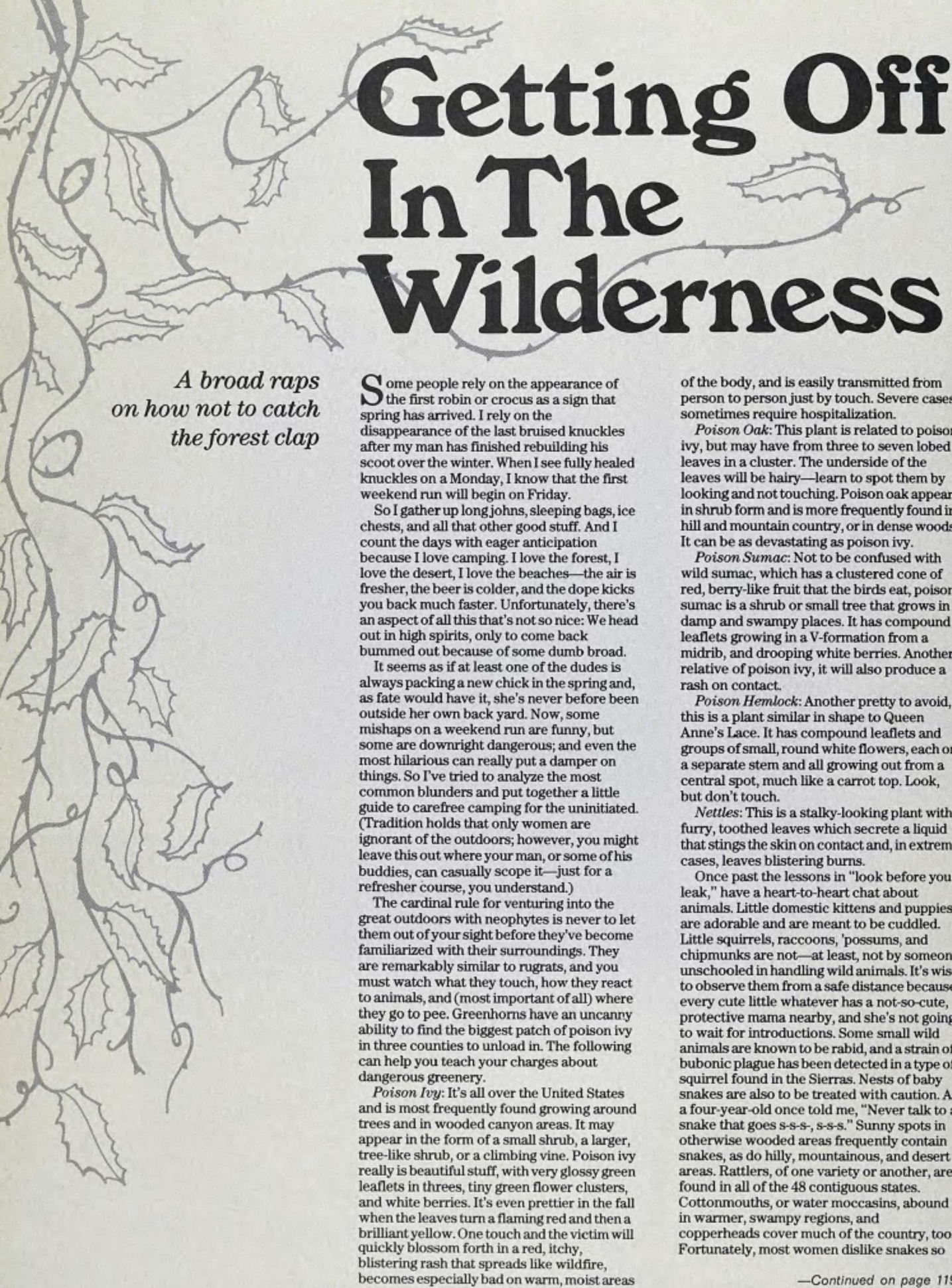


—from Bill Davidson, Newburgh, Ind.



—from Doug Funkhouser, Broad Run, Va.





Getting Off In The Wilderness

*A broad raps
on how not to catch
the forest clap*

Some people rely on the appearance of the first robin or crocus as a sign that spring has arrived. I rely on the disappearance of the last bruised knuckles after my man has finished rebuilding his scooter over the winter. When I see fully healed knuckles on a Monday, I know that the first weekend run will begin on Friday.

So I gather up long johns, sleeping bags, ice chests, and all that other good stuff. And I count the days with eager anticipation because I love camping. I love the forest, I love the desert, I love the beaches—the air is fresher, the beer is colder, and the dope kicks you back much faster. Unfortunately, there's an aspect of all this that's not so nice: We head out in high spirits, only to come back bummed out because of some dumb broad.

It seems as if at least one of the dudes is always packing a new chick in the spring and, as fate would have it, she's never before been outside her own back yard. Now, some mishaps on a weekend run are funny, but some are downright dangerous; and even the most hilarious can really put a damper on things. So I've tried to analyze the most common blunders and put together a little guide to carefree camping for the uninitiated. (Tradition holds that only women are ignorant of the outdoors; however, you might leave this out where your man, or some of his buddies, can casually scope it—just for a refresher course, you understand.)

The cardinal rule for venturing into the great outdoors with neophytes is never to let them out of your sight before they've become familiarized with their surroundings. They are remarkably similar to rugrats, and you must watch what they touch, how they react to animals, and (most important of all) where they go to pee. Greenhorns have an uncanny ability to find the biggest patch of poison ivy in three counties to unload in. The following can help you teach your charges about dangerous greenery.

Poison Ivy: It's all over the United States and is most frequently found growing around trees and in wooded canyon areas. It may appear in the form of a small shrub, a larger, tree-like shrub, or a climbing vine. Poison ivy really is beautiful stuff, with very glossy green leaflets in threes, tiny green flower clusters, and white berries. It's even prettier in the fall when the leaves turn a flaming red and then a brilliant yellow. One touch and the victim will quickly blossom forth in a red, itchy, blistering rash that spreads like wildfire, becomes especially bad on warm, moist areas

of the body, and is easily transmitted from person to person just by touch. Severe cases sometimes require hospitalization.

Poison Oak: This plant is related to poison ivy, but may have from three to seven lobed leaves in a cluster. The underside of the leaves will be hairy—learn to spot them by looking and not touching. Poison oak appears in shrub form and is more frequently found in hill and mountain country, or in dense woods. It can be as devastating as poison ivy.

Poison Sumac: Not to be confused with wild sumac, which has a clustered cone of red, berry-like fruit that the birds eat, poison sumac is a shrub or small tree that grows in damp and swampy places. It has compound leaflets growing in a V-formation from a midrib, and drooping white berries. Another relative of poison ivy, it will also produce a rash on contact.

Poison Hemlock: Another pretty to avoid, this is a plant similar in shape to Queen Anne's Lace. It has compound leaflets and groups of small, round white flowers, each on a separate stem and all growing out from a central spot, much like a carrot top. Look, but don't touch.

Nettles: This is a stalky-looking plant with furry, toothed leaves which secrete a liquid that stings the skin on contact and, in extreme cases, leaves blistering burns.

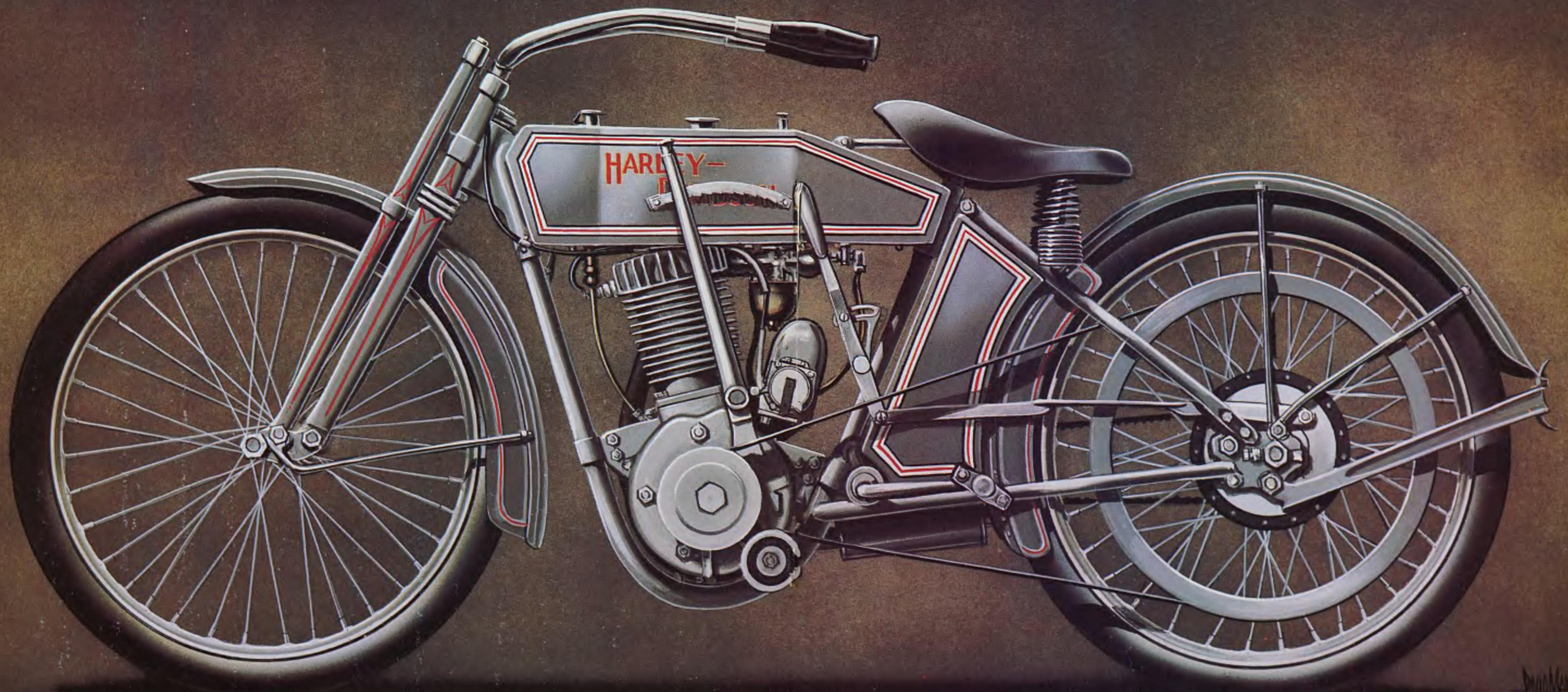
Once past the lessons in "look before you leak," have a heart-to-heart chat about animals. Little domestic kittens and puppies are adorable and are meant to be cuddled. Little squirrels, raccoons, 'possums, and chipmunks are not—at least, not by someone unschooled in handling wild animals. It's wise to observe them from a safe distance because every cute little whatever has a not-so-cute, protective mama nearby, and she's not going to wait for introductions. Some small wild animals are known to be rabid, and a strain of bubonic plague has been detected in a type of squirrel found in the Sierras. Nests of baby snakes are also to be treated with caution. As a four-year-old once told me, "Never talk to a snake that goes s-s-s, s-s-s." Sunny spots in otherwise wooded areas frequently contain snakes, as do hilly, mountainous, and desert areas. Rattlers, of one variety or another, are found in all of the 48 contiguous states. Cottonmouths, or water moccasins, abound in warmer, swampy regions, and copperheads cover much of the country, too. Fortunately, most women dislike snakes so

—Continued on page 119



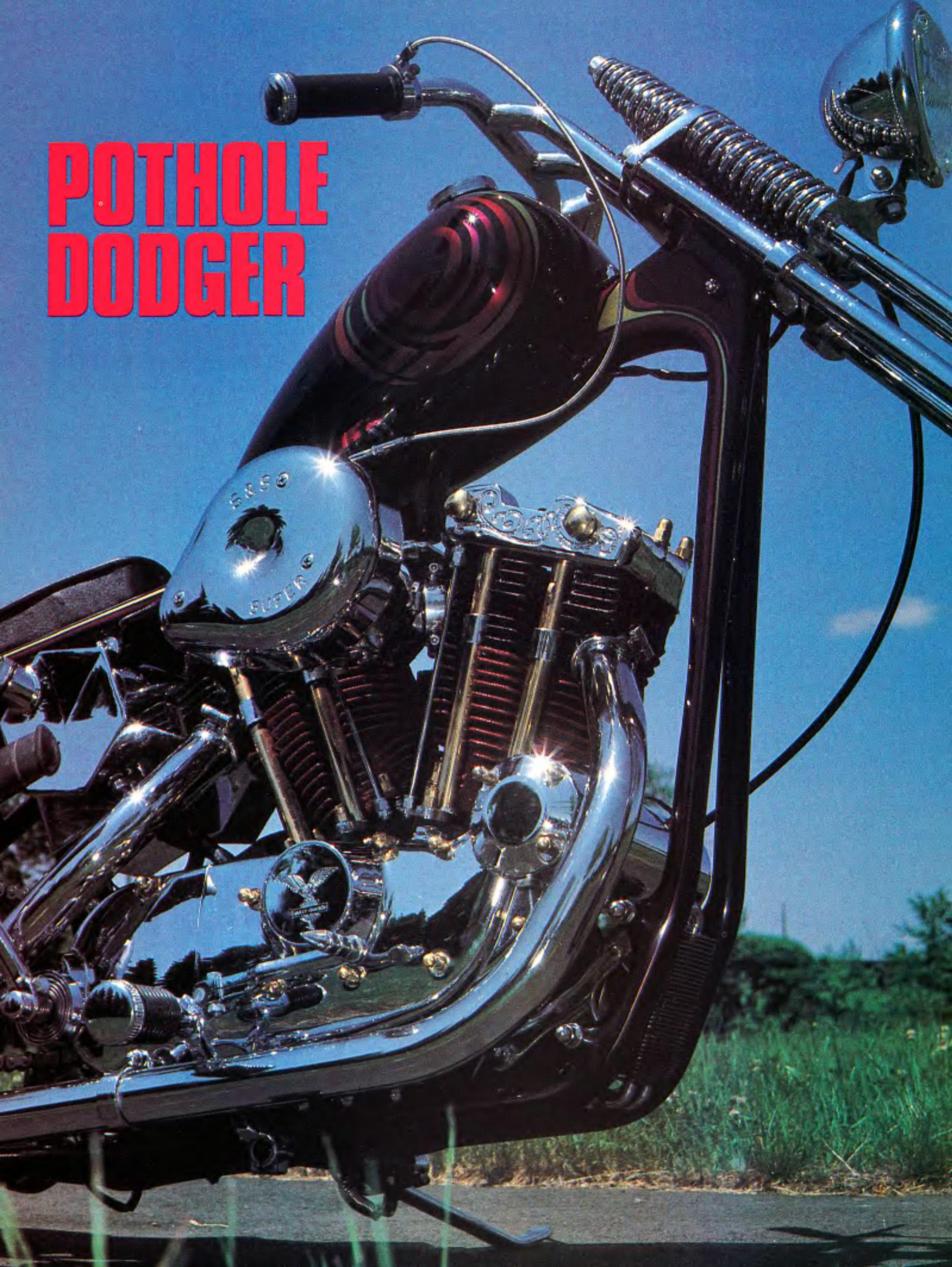
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Easyriders

POTHOLE DODGER



Some roads don't deserve the bikes that roll on 'em

If you believe what you read in the papers about the East Coast, then the weather is as squirrely as a rat in a maze, the astronomical tax rates are drivin' everybody to the poorhouse, the traffic laws are out of the Dark Ages, the buildings are run down and dingy, and the potholes gape as big as Death Valley.

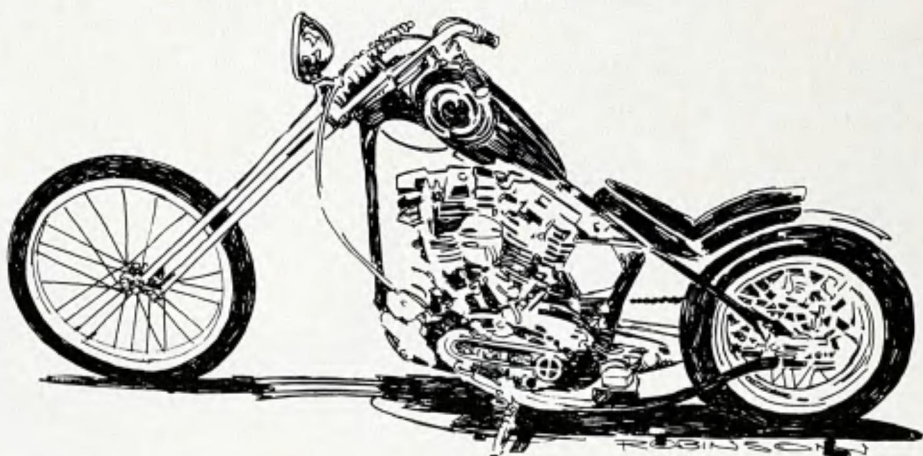
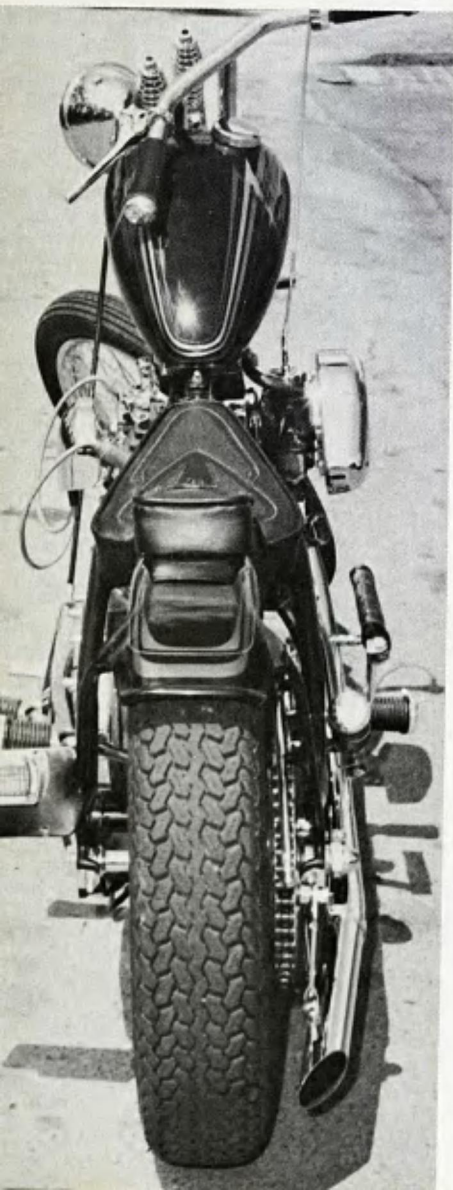
Well, that's a load of outright bull pucky. The potholes are *only* as big as small Cadillacs. And, believe it or not, a lotta bros out there wouldn't have it any other way. 'Cause when they put together a jewel of a scooter, the surrounding trash makes it stand out all the more. I mean, it can really blow a citizen's mind to see a \$6000 rigid-frame





scooter, like Pat Cibotti's here, cruisin' a stretch of senile asphalt that's just one winter away from turning into a dirt bike track.

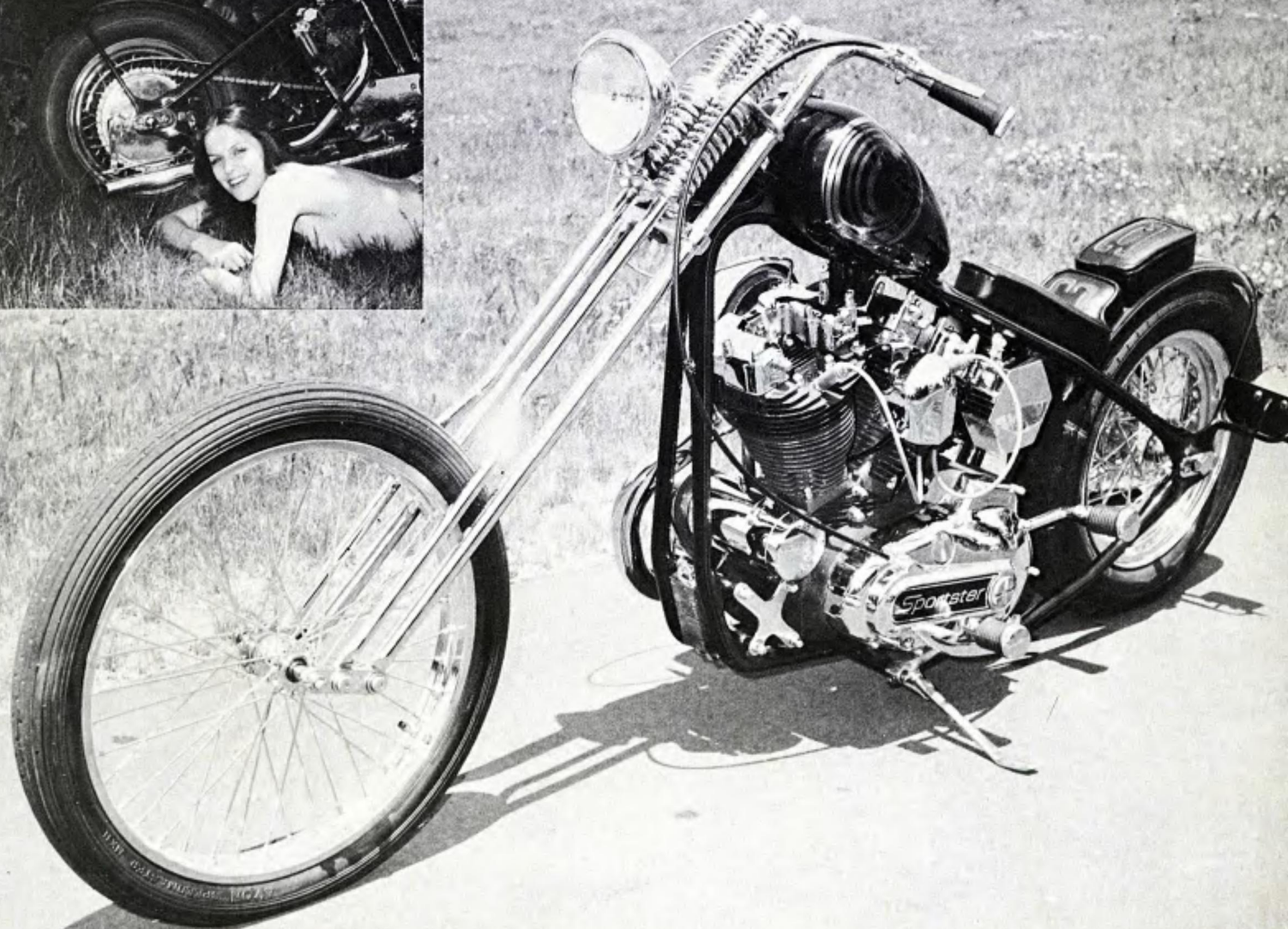
There are other advantages, to boot. All that pothole dodgin' is bound to keep the biceps in shape for any head crushin' that might be necessary later in the day. The fact that you can't turn right on a red light means at least twenty percent more profile time per mile; it can be *real* handy if there's a pair of jogglin' beauties under a flimsy top right beside you



on the sidewalk. And the rain and snow leave some time to perfect the scooter in question with things like the one-piece fender-brace-license-plate bracket, and chromed axle slot plates you see here on Pat's sled.

It just goes to show, you can build and ride the motorcycle you want anywhere on this planet if you set your head into the right gear—even if, as you'll notice here, the only decent paving in your town is a sidewalk through a park!

—tape-leg

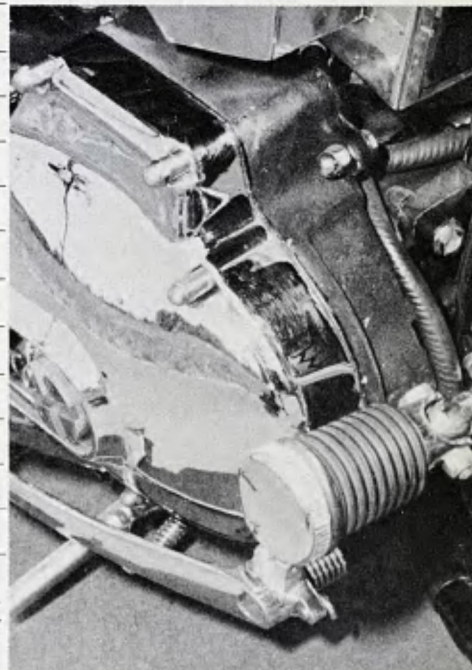




Photos by Jake



Owners: Pat Cibotti		City: Boston, Mass.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1972	
Year and make: 1972 H-D		Builder: Jammer	
Model: Sportster		Type: rigid	
Value: \$5,500		Rake: 42 degrees	
Assembly: Sportster Specialties		Stretch: 4 inches	
Time: one year		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Waltham Ind. Labs.		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: pullbacks	
Year: 1972		Risers: integral 4-in.	
Model: 1000cc XLCH		Fender(s): Mike and Richie	
Rebuilder: Pat Cibotti		Headlight: bates	
Ignition: batt. coil		Taillight: knight lite	
Displacement: 61 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: shortened H-D	
Balancing: stock		Rear pegs: shortened H-D	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: Michael Pazuk	
Cases: black wrinkle		Gas tank: Paughco	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: A & J hex	
Cam: P's		Oil system: Andrews cooler	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: aluminum	
Carb(s): Mikuni		Seat: Linda Rifler	
Air cleaner: S & S Super		Sissy bar: none	
Pipes: straights		Height:	
Muffler(s): none		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews guts		Type: goose neck springer	
Year: 1972		Extension: 8 inches	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Arlen Ness	
Engine sprocket: 21		Special features: none	
Trans sprocket: 17		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front:	Rear:
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Warren Alessi		Hub: Sp. Spec.	Hub: H-D
Painter: Warren Alessi		Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: black w/overlays		Tire: Avon	Tire: Gdyr. radial
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: spool	Brake: H-D
Special paint: pearls			
Other special modifications: engraving on rocker boxes by Warren A., x front motor mounts, chrome axle slot plates, tubular chain guard.			





Older Woman

That your new man, honey?" It was the big, brassy one in the gold talking to her. She didn't feel like talking—just wanted to hurry up and get the hell outta there; but she was too polite just to ignore the question, so finally she said, "Yes," trying to let the word fall as nonchalantly as a leaf off a tree. It didn't work—never did with Goldie's kind. It was just encouragement to jaw and pry a little bit more.

"Not bad." Goldie nodded, appraising him. "Not bad. A little skinnier than I like 'em—but then it's not me he's taking home, is it?" She grinned. "You know him long?"

"He's been coming in for a couple of days."

"Fast mover—for a kid."

"He's almost twenty-five," she said shortly. Hurry, please hurry, she thought. He had promised to sign, formalities, red tape. The waiting was beginning to wear on her.

"Almost twenty-five." Goldie looked her over with a hard eye. "Honey, I hate to say it. You wear it well and all that; but, sugar, you got to be at least—"

"Forty—in February," she finished the sentence. Before, the number had always made her think of empty years ahead, sitting alone looking back in time until time stopped her heart and froze her into stillness like a rusted clock. Crazy! Then he had come in last week and it took her breath away. She had never expected to feel that way about



by Rose Kast

any man again. It was like the first time with Richard—a long time ago when both of them had been young and had seen nothing but forever stretching out of sight like a summer road. Five years. So little time together. There had been a couple of men in her life since Richard's death. They had been pleasant and kind to her, but she hadn't felt any hurt when it was time for them to part. In all that time she had learned two things—to wait, and to hope for nothing. But he had walked in and all she could do was stare. It wasn't that he looked like Richard. It was his movements—his walk, slow and easy, graceful for a man so tall, that stirred up memories. She trembled. It was

—Continued on page 79

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A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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

In memory of "Lenny," cut short by a freak fire. You're with us when we ride. Glen and Gwenn and Bob.

In memory of Monte "Tiny" Taylor, who died of nineteen stab wounds. Your spirit lives on in the hearts of those who loved you. Little Fawn.

In memory of Duane Loe. Rest in peace. You're sadly missed. Jim and Mom, Mohawk, N.Y.

In memory of prospect Don. Sundowners San Fernando Valley.

In memory of Dick Craddock. You're riding high now, bro. Bug, Akron, Ohio.

In memory of "Rat." A more righteous brother we'll never know. Blue and Gypsy.

In memory of "Boyd" Grizzle, a bro never forgotten and forever puttin'. Mack and Bubba, Gainesville, Ga.

In memory of Steve Castleman. We'll remember ya, Mike.

In memory of "Goph," a true biker to the end. Gone but not forgotten. Satan's Cavalry MC, Victoria, Australia.

In memory of Eddie Adams, one helluva bro. He'll live in the hearts and minds of those who knew him. From Chuck and San Jose Mike, Indian Wells Valley.

In memory of Wheelchair Margie, a lady full of love that nobody knew how to share. Sportster Debbie and a lot of other people care.

For "Chaos." Sorry it was murder, babe. It shouldn't have happened. Tiger.

To Gary Hall and Ray Pinotti. See ya in Harley Heaven, sweetie. Sorry it happened the way it did. Redwood City.

In loving memory of John "Grosby" Grassie, who celebrated life every day to its fullest. Tammy, Candy, and the bros in Brunswick.

A good brother gone. Wally Kleckner. You'll be remembered forever. Russ, Sydney, Australia.

In memory of Eddie Lyn Leavell, from his family and all friends who loved him. Jewell and Nina.

In memory of Allen Batty. We shall always miss you, Ray Newbridge, Australia.

In memory of Darren Patterson, killed in front of the Cue Haven. Dusty and the bunch in Las Vegas.

In memory of Charles "Tree" Sembert, a brother lost but far from forgotten. Blue Knights MC, N.J.

In memory of "Crazy Red," a very loving and righteous brother. Kitty.

In memory of "Tiny Jack" Jones. You can't be replaced. Ride on, Pam and Honey Bear.

In memory of "Red Eye." We'll ride together again, some day. Miss you terribly and love you forever. Levi Dodie.

To Mike Redmond, who went down young when hit from behind. We haven't forgotten you. Your bros from Des Plaines, Ill.

In memory of Terrence Mark Anderson and David E. McLendon, Jr. A drunk driver parted us, but you'll live forever in our hearts. Bonnie Burkett and all your family and biker bros, Winchester, Va.

Male Call

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

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

Hey, young ladies. write and put a smile in my life. Ed Bobkowski #K-4445, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Like to hear from hip mamas. Will answer all letters. Ed Phillips #153423, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Good-looking, lonely ex-biker needs letters from a nice, foxy lady. Larry Wilkins #44232, Unit 23, Parchman, Miss. 38738.

Bro, down and out, needs to hear from women with their shit together. James Hayes, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Could really dig getting letters from some together foxes. Sonny Jewell #89037, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Down and alone. Need some loving lines. David Patno #76-D-0001, Box 367, Clinton Annex, Danemora, N.Y. 12929.

24-yr.-old, blond blue-eyed, healthy biker wants to hear from ladies. Steve Thum #B-94363-2360, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I'm 34 and doing time. Need correspondence and photos from foxy ladies. Picture on request. Billy Kelly #104503, PCC, State Farm, Va. 23160.

I'm in prison with no one to write to, so will someone send me letters and pictures? Ronald Faulkner #01317, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

8 to 80, blind, crippled, or crazy—write and send a flick. Richard Baske #C-64129, Box 99, Poniac, Ill. 61764.

Indiana dude needs letters from chicks for some rap. Michael Munsey #82751, Station A-West, Unit 5 7/8, Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

If you're right and like to write, let's get together and correspond. Michael Lamb #70015, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Ladies, this 31-yr.-old inmate could really use some letters. Jack Fennell, Box B-20563, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Help me. I'm in the joint and need letters from chicks to lighten my load. Tom Garrett #34041, Box 7-3C-822, Moherly, Mo. 65270.

Down bro needs letters from chicks any age. Carl Wines, Box 2834, Deland, Fla. 32720.

27-yr.-old man, in for twenty, needs letters and visits from ladies. Poncho Hill #3707, Indiana Reformatory K-6, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

I need to hear from free chicks in the biker kingdom. Will answer all letters. Wesley Clark #A-011226, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Mont. 59722.

Lonely biker in desperate need of some letters. All will be appreciated and answered. Ray Mays #151-302, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Down outlaw biker wishes to hear from ladies who are sincere. Larry Wroy #141353, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

I'm lonely and need someone to write to. Send letters and photos and make me happy again. Lon Wesner #151-770, CCL 15802 State Rt. #104, Box 5500, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601.

I'm 20 yrs. old and want to hear from ladies of any age. Will answer all letters. Terry Britt #31265, Box 72-D, #594, Moherly, Mo. 65270.

A lonesome kid of 25 asking to hear from dudes and chicks if they care to rap by mail. Jack "Rabbit" Garland #142-644, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

I'm down and out and could get off on some mail from chicks. Send photos, too. Elmer D. Field, Box 37489, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Federal prisoner needs mail to help pass the time. Ladies, send letters and pictures. Randy Hester #66-148-131, Box 888, Unit B, Ashland, Ky. 41101.

How about letters and pictures from you young babes out there in the free world? I'll answer all. Wally Wroblewski #141-665, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Okay, ladies, here's your chance to send some nice hot letters to help warm up a cold place. M. Garver #107005, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Chicks, write and send pics and I'll answer all letters. Charles Wilkerson, 1831 Blue Ridge Blvd., Raleigh, N.C. 27607.

Mellow, good-natured Pisces male would like to correspond with mellow ladies. R. Soliz #275687, Rt. 1, Box 1, 5 Tank, Huntsville, Texas 77340.

Polack Charlie from Illinois is down and out and doing forty years in Texas. A helluva trip with no lip, so send me some rap. Will answer all who send letters and pictures. Charlie Joe Pacholsky #243210, Ellis Unit G-13, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

I'm 20 yrs. old and doing time. Need letters and pictures from ladies. Sam Peck #00482-131, Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

Down and lonely. Would like to hear from ladies who like to party. Rich Lunsford #13428, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Bro down and in need of ladies to correspond with so I can get back up. George Hakes #78-B-1703, Box 8, Apt. 121-I, Ottville, N.Y. 10963.

Young man, 26, sentenced to death, needs a chick to write to. Need visits, too. Dan Snook #627618, Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362.

25-yr.-old inmate needs ladies to write to. Any woman interested in writing and visiting with marriage in mind, get in touch. Conjugial visits for married inmates. Mark Vargas, Box C-01034, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

29-yr.-old inmate doing life needs ladies who will write and send pictures. I love dirty letters. Roger Brown, Box B-96996, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

22-yr.-old would like to hear from any lady out there. Age no hassle. Dan Turner #065268, G-7, Box 221, Raliford, Fla. 32083.

Blond inmate needs letters from chicks. Will be in 1981. Fred Mueller #B-93672, Box AE-A1111, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I'm 25 and a long way from home. Need some letters from foxy young chicks to help me keep my head on straight. Ray Gager #130095, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Harley brother down and in need of mail from chicks. John White #382450, Box #H-97, Box 699, Sneads, Fla. 32480.

29-yr.-old blond Leo needs letters from chicks. Charles Burke #10749-08, Box 155, Bunn, N.C. 27588.

24-yr.-old animal needs letters and photos from ladies. Lee Godden #31618, Box 2500, Lincoln, Neb. 68502.

Doing time and in need of letters and pictures from sweet honeys. Martin Rowe #18079, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Lonely, with plenty of time to write, so if you've got the time, drop me a line. Age not important. John Branham #12920-P.V., Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Downed bro doing lonely time. Letters and photos from ladies will make it easier. R. J. Howard #B-92503, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Together dude, doing hard time, needs letters from foxy ladies. Johnny Flores #267742, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Texas 77340.

Lost everything. Doing time in Texas. Drop a line and some pictures. Conrad Keey #287518, Darrington Unit, Rt. 1 Box 59, Rosharon, Texas 77583.

Be out in a year and need some freaky chicks to write to. Victor Corda #A-71936, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.

Would like to hear from a foxy chick. Tom Isabella #148-833, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Doing time and need marriage-minded ladies to write to me. Gary Gouvea #C-97, Box 497, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Would like to hear from all you big-butt girls. Will answer all letters. David Jones #138-288, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Down but not out. Write Patrick Bitner #262457, Robert Ramirez #254170, and Benjamin Sanchez #251895, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Texas 77340.

29-yr.-old inmate graying fast because of no mail from the ladies. Write and send photos. Larry Bryant #1253, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

I'm 18 yrs. old and would like to hear from a chick from Columbus. If there's one who won't mind writing to a jailbird. Tom Fadden #107-432, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Retired member Satan's Souls needs mail and pictures from 15+ers and chicks. Will answer all. Richard DeJesus #78-245, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

A 23-yr.-old man would like to hear from ladies of any age. Keith Edwards #B-95736, Box 2000, J-342, Varaville, Calif. 95688.

24-yr.-old San Fernando Valley lad would like to hear from sex-loving chicks. Send pictures. Jim Aldridge #B-95007, CTFN, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 95060.

Lonely guy doing time needs loving letters and pictures from girls. Victor Folks #10394964, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

All you ladies out there, stop what you're doing and write to this Florida biker. Richard Martin #1339-120, PMB Box 1000, Englewood, Colo. 80110.

Extremely well-hung, very handsome, will answer all who write. Carey Ray Fought #C-30271, RR 3, Box 1000, Lincoln, Ill. 62656.

I'm doing life at 35 and need letters from ladies from 16 to 35, with photos. Ralph Duonoho #41288-133, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048.

Need women to write to, or anyone who will help my ass out. Johnny Longaker #017701, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Have been down a long time without any mail, and would love some letters and photos from sweet, understanding ladies. Bill Kunkel #89428-132, Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

I'm 27 yrs. old and want to hear from young ladies. Charles Peterson, Box 4000-R, Fort Grant, Ariz. 85643.

I need some ladies to write to this lonely bro. James Donaldson, Box 250, Somerset Prison, Somerset, Pa. 15301.

Two bros in desperate need of mail from chicks. Anthony Jennings #36689 and O. D. Barnes #38629, Box B, Central Unit CB2-B-26, Florence, Ariz. 85323.

Arizona inmate needs letters from sweeties. Clyde Harris, Box B-36334, Central Unit CB2-B-26, Florence, Ariz. 85323.

I'm 22, doing eight years, and all my friends have amnesia. I need letters and photos from chicks. David Bender #A-80669, Box 38, Sheridan, Ill. 60551.

Blue-eyed Harley rider needs letters from foxy chicks. John Waper #79-C-225, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Downed bro needs letters and pictures from ladies of any age. John Dobzieski #69374, 900 Milldale Rd., Cheshire, Conn. 06410.

Good-looking 28-yr.-old dude wants to hear from a real, sincere woman. Chris Hinds, 212 W. Wesley St., Jackson, Mich. 49201.

Help a southern bro by sending letters and pictures to brighten his long days and nights. Charles Clark #A-023194, K-58, Box 488, Polk City, Fla. 33868.

Green-eyed party man needs letters and photos from sweet ladies. Timothy Baker #92438, 4344 Broad River Rd., Columbia, S.C. 29210.

Time getting harder every day. Would love to receive letters and revealing photos from chicks of any age. Terrell Weedman #12904, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

I'm lonely and could really dig getting some mail. James Guy, Box 68432-C1, Reidsville, Ga. 30453.

Doing five years and need to hear from open-minded, healthy ladies. Brent Wilson #A-041423, Box 1100 (1475), Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

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Crazy Dave 7880 Old Redwood Hwy., Costa Mesa
Harley-Davidson 15151 Arroyo Rd., La Puente
H.O. of San Gabriel 15151 Arroyo Rd., La Puente
Little Maria Custom Cycle Parts 11501 La Puente Ave., Oxnard
Harley-Davidson Acc. 927 Grand Ave., Spring Valley
Whiskey Fabrication 3105 Francis Blvd., Sacramento
H.O. of San Gabriel 15151 Arroyo Rd., La Puente
Jimmie Cycle Products 801 S. Main St., Burbank
Merced Harley-Davidson 1745 Yosemite Pkwy., Merced
Motorization Leather 1269 Contra Costa Blvd., Pleasant Hill
Street & Custom 1810 E. Alameda Blvd., Berkeley
Rich's Cycle Parts 12060 E. Elgin Way, Sunnyvale
Central Valley Eng. & Fab. 615 N. Church, Los Angeles
Custom Motorcycle Works West 301 E. Fremont Blvd., Palmdale
Zach's New & Used HD Parts 4075 University, San Diego
Cyclist's Pro Service 310 19th St., Richmond

CANADA

HD Cycles LTD 595 Glenview Dr., E. Toronto, Ontario

COLORADO

Platons Harley-Davidson 2685 Pearl St., Boulder
H.O. of Denver 1119 S. Broadway, Denver
Custom City Cycles 3322 Washington Blvd., Westcliffe
D & C Enterprises 725 Fifth, Grand Junction
H.O. of Colorado Springs 1005 North City Blvd., Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1323 N. 30th Ave., Denver
Dave's Auto Shop 2201 Santa Ave., Alamosa
Howell's Harley 3165 W. Harvard Ave., Denver
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 2700 W. Bowles, Lakewood

CONNECTICUT

Fire Line Speed & Cycle 37 Main St., Danbury
Brother's Harley-Davidson Inc. 347 Forbes Ave., New Haven
New London County MC Sales 1415 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 1B, Goshen
D & C Cycle Specialists 1475 Wadsworth, New Haven

DELAWARE

Herbs for Health and Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle

FLORIDA

H.O. of Miami 1770 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
H.O. of Fort Myers 1119 S. Broadway, Fort Myers
Harley-Davidson of Palm Beach 131 N. Milpita Trail, West Palm Beach
Medford Joe's MC Repairs 5555 Lee St., Hollywood
Frederick's Harley-Davidson Sales 209 Semcoke Blvd., Largo
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 501 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 501 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
C.C. Cycle 316 S. Dixie Hwy., W. Pensacola Beach
C & L Log Shop 1111 Orange Ave., Ft. Pierce
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3300 Palm Beach Blvd., Ft. Myers

HAWAII

Motorcycle Alley 1342 Kamehameha St., Honolulu
Iron Horse Den 510 Auahi St. Bldg. 44, Honolulu

GEORGIA

Blue Gator Inc. 1886 Chestnut Bridge Rd., Atlanta
H.O. of Clayton Co. 13146 Chestnut Bridge Rd., Morrow
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1554 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
H.O. of Marietta 1554 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Phoenix Cycle Accessories Inc. 2545 Cascade Rd., Smyrna
Choppers Emporium 4124 Ave. Ave., Oconee

ILLINOIS

House 2117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Blair's Candy Shop 2608 Lombard St., Lombard
Cycle Service & Sales 3111 R. 60 Grand Ave., Lake Villa
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine
Cyclist's Goods 1620 4th Ave., Morris
Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet
House of Cycles 1108 S. Main St., Moline
R & H Choppers 1108 S. Main St., Moline
Chicago HD Inc. 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston
H.O. of Chicago 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston
Triumph MC Services 434 W. Armitage Ave., Chicago
Villa Park HD 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
H.E.L. Sport & Cycle Inc. 1040 South Dixie, Chicago
Motorcycles & Supplies 805 E. Locust St., Joliet
H.O. of Chicago 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston
Perry's Choppers 202 W. 63rd St., Chicago

INDIANA

Head Hunter Customs 210 E. Main St., New Albany
H.O. of Indianapolis 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston
Brother's Harley-Davidson 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston
The Chopper Shop 746 E. Wabash, Evansville
Donk's Motorcycle Shop 2719 S. Calhoun, Fort Wayne

IOWA

Harley-Davidson 1316 Cleveland, Des Moines
H.O. of Des Moines 1316 Cleveland, Des Moines
The Bike's Candy Store 2608 Lockwood Rd., Looson
Brother's Harley-Davidson 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston

KANSAS

Blackwater Vap. & Cycle 413 Jackson St., Topeka
Fire Wheeling 624 N. 6th St., Topeka

KENTUCKY

Appleton Harley-Davidson Sales Inc. 1246 Industry, Lexington
Custom Cycle of Danville 524 Fries Lane, Danville
H.O. of Danville 524 Fries Lane, Danville

LOUISIANA

Motorcycle Shop 2400 Bayou Blvd., Bogalusa
H.O. of Bogalusa 2400 Bayou Blvd., Bogalusa
J.R.'s Cycle Shop 118 W. Butler, Sulphur
Custom Specialists Inc. 4523 North St., Baton Rouge

MAINE

Page's Machine & Cycle Works 200 Lake Ave., Bangor
The Chopper Factory 470 Post Rd., Portland
H.O. of Portland 470 Post Rd., Portland
Dixie Cycle Shop 506 E. Chestnut, Kennebunk

MARYLAND

Harley-Davidson 700 Gales Road, Baltimore
Joe's Cycle & Sales 318 E. 1st St., Baltimore
H.O. & W. Leather Co. 7214 Hubbard Ave., Dundalk
Floor 'N' Smoke 4402 St. Bernard's Road, Marlow Heights
Eskel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Fulton Hwy., Edgewood
H.O. of Edgewood 1841 Fulton Hwy., Edgewood
Schaumburg HD Sales Inc. 10020 Riverside Rd., Rockville
Eskel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Fulton Hwy., Edgewood
Desperado Cycle Supply 128 B. Mayo Rd., Edgewater

MASSACHUSETTS

Joe's 14 Shop Euston Ave., Framingham
H.O. of Framingham 14 Shop Euston Ave., Framingham
California Chopper Specialists 105 Coggeshall St., New Bedford
Cape Cod Choppers & Custom Bikes 2476 Carberry Hwy. Box 624
Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton St., Weymouth
J.R. Cycle Parts 1400 W. Main St., Weymouth
Triumph of Weymouth 1400 W. Main St., Weymouth
Chopping Block 5015 Broadway Rd. 28, Lynnwood
Harco Harley-Davidson 80 Franklin St., Framingham

MICHIGAN

Dean's Custom Machine Shop 601 Lafayette St., Bay City
Sally's 12088 Grand Ave., Detroit
GM Cycle 2242 W. 4 Mile Rd., Farmington Hills
Warren Cycle Creations 25445 Ford St., Dearborn
Warren Custom Painting 1415 East 6 Mile Rd., Warren

MINNESOTA

Cycle Supplies, Unlimited 1430 McCormick, Duluth
D.H. Cycle Shop 423 10th St. N.E., Austin
Specialties 2833 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis
Parish HD Inc. 1001 S. Hwy. 65, Faribault

MISSISSIPPI

Coastal Springs Kustom Cycle Hwy. 20 E., Ocean Springs
Laid Service Custom R. 4 Box 477, And Over, Hattiesburg

MISSOURI

Cycle & Rider Arts, Co. 4444 Truman Rd., Kansas City
Westside Choppers 1715 W. College St., Springfield
Don's Cycle Parts 4554 St. Charles Ave., St. Charles
Doug's Choppers 3020 Hwy. 10, Arnold, Kansas City
Cuthbert MC Parts 7433 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
John's Custom Painting 7020 E. 67th St., Kansas City
Harley-Davidson of Kansas City 10250 E. 40 Hwy., Independence

MONTANA

Quality Custom Cycle 2023 Belknap, Billings

NEBRASKA

Recycled Cycle 1285 Rourke, Omaha

NEVADA

Harley-Davidson 2525 S. Vegas Blvd., Las Vegas

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Brother's Harley-Davidson 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston

NEW JERSEY

H.O. of Trenton Inc. 1093 S. Broad, Trenton
H.O. of Point Pleasant 645 Ocean Rd., Point Pleasant
Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Hightstown
H.O. of Hightstown 1301 U.S. #1, Hightstown
G.T. Cycle Specialists 4 New Market St., S. John
Competition Cycle Inc. 240 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Custom Cycles 1594 Rt. 3, Dover
H.O. of Dover 1594 Rt. 3, Dover
Englewood Cycle 75 South St., Englewood

NEW MEXICO

All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold N.E., Albuquerque
Big Twin Cycle 103 Glen, S.W. N.E., Albuquerque

NEW YORK

H.O. of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
NEK Cycle Inc. 211-19 Jamaica Ave., Queens Village
Brooklyn HD Inc. 1325 Conover Blvd. Ave., Brooklyn
J.R. Cycle 1220 7th Ave., New York City
A.C. Cycle Parts 315 E. 10th St., Buffalo
Locomotion Choppers 141 E. Main St., E. Ithaca
Brewster Harley-Davidson 122 South Rd., Binghamton
The Sportster Shop 327-17 Jamaica Ave., Bellerose
Tompkins Inc. 1430 First St., Binghamton
V-Twins 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville
Custom Cycle Inc. 1995 Newbridge Rd., N. Babylon
Parts World Cycle Shop 1316 N. Goodman Plaza, Rochester
Harley-Davidson of Buffalo 17 N. P.O. Box 2, Getzville
North Shore Cycle Shop 182 Depot Rd., Huntington Station
Physics Chopper Shop 1415 Rt. 30, Saratoga Springs
Woodstock HD Inc. Rt. 212 Box 7200, Saugerties

NORTH CAROLINA

Deal Harley-Davidson 3610 Yaskin Rd., Fayetteville
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Canal St., Fayetteville
T-Bird Cycle Shop 3735 Wakefield Blvd., Charlotte

NORTH DAKOTA

Bernie's Cycle Service P.O. Box 983, Minot
Fores Fantastic Frisbees P.O. Box 122, Minot

OHIO

Custom MC Sales 4014 East 131 St., Garfield Heights
Cycle Kraft 129 N. Summit St., Akron
Freemont Harley-Davidson Inc. 299 S. E. Massillon
J.R. Cycle Rt. 6 & 524, Rome
Kustom Kromer & Van 2017 N.W. School Rd., Akron
Astrand Cycle Supply 1241 U.S. 4270, Findlay

OKLAHOMA

Donkey Sport Shop 224 E. Cherokee, Nowata
K & N MC 6105 New Saraland Rd., Tulsa
Wild Bill's 3735 S. Harvard, Tulsa
Tom's Cycle Shop 324 S. Robinson, Oklahoma City
Harley-Davidson Acc. 927 Grand Ave., Spring Valley

OREGON

Freemont Cycle Works Inc. 407 N. Water St., Shelton
H.O. of Portland 2525 S. Vegas Blvd., Las Vegas

PENNSYLVANIA

Cycle Works 1000 W. 30th St., Philadelphia
Cyclist's Shop 1302 S. Locust St., Philadelphia
Cyclist's Shop 1302 S. Locust St., Philadelphia
Cyclist's Shop 1302 S. Locust St., Philadelphia
Cyclist's Shop 1302 S. Locust St., Philadelphia

RHODE ISLAND

Harley-Davidson 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston

SOUTH CAROLINA

Harley-Davidson 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston
D.C. Cycle 700 S. Main, Lancaster
John's Cycle Shop Inc. Rt. 45 Box 3 Teja City Rd., Fort Mill
Physics Chopper Shop Rt. 501 S., Spartanburg
C & L Cycle Acc. 705 Sycamore Dr., Sioux Falls

SOUTH DAKOTA

Harley-Davidson 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston

TENNESSEE

Bundy's HD U.S. 11 W. Knoxville Hwy., Knoxville
D & D Southern Cycle 1191 Ft. Campbell Blvd., Chattanooga
Harley-Davidson 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston
Custom Cycle Rt. 1005 W. Broadway, Newcomer
Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Knoxville

TEXAS

Larry's MC Services 217 S. E. Houston
Harley-Davidson 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston
Austin Motorcycle Co. Inc. 1611 Goodspeed St., Austin
American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killeen
Vance Cycle Accessories Rt. 1 Box 278 Bay Blvd., Houston
J & J Choppers 2210 Grand, Winters Falls
Harley-Davidson 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston
Avery's MC Sales 1601 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
San Antonio Custom Cycles Inc. 13821 San Pedro, San Antonio
Temple Salvage & Custom 204 S. Main St., Temple
Dane's Salvage & Custom 204 S. Main St., Temple
Bunch's Shop Shop 2809 A W. 9th, Amarillo

UTAH

Quality Motorcycle Parts 3201 South State, Salt Lake City

VERMONT

Harley-Davidson 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston

VIRGINIA

Trophy Custom Paint & Cycle 2715 Pinter Creek Rd., Roanoke
Cycle & Head Boutique 50 River St., Petersburg
Lilly H-D Inc. Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 West, Arlington
Dependent Blue Works 3000 Hill St., Richmond
The Harley Shop Rt. 1 Box 118, Fiskeville
Don's H-D Broadview Shopping Center, Staunton

WASHINGTON

Sanford & Rowley Custom MC 4302 S. Union, Tacoma
D & D Cycle Inc. 1151 Tacoma, Spokane
Tacoma HD 5501 S. Tacoma Way, Tacoma

WASHINGTON D.C.

Harley-Davidson 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston

WEST VIRGINIA

Mike's Cycle Rt. 1 Box 57 A, Delaware
Dennis Harley-Davidson 1504 McCaskey Ave., Charleston

WISCONSIN

Rich's PH Shop 5711 W. North Ave., Milwaukee
Tri State Cycle 3200 W. Lakeshore St., Milwaukee
Bill's Cycle Inc. 2405 Racine St., Racine

WYOMING

Trade Winds Wine Art 1935 Denver Dr., Rockinghams

Choppershopper

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

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

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

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)

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)

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)

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: 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)

Stainless steel BMW mufflers. Stock appearance, sound. Unused. \$275. Murph, (517) 845-6632. (78)

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)

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.

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)

John: Remember, I'll always love you. You're the best ol' man a lady could have. Your ol' lady, Kelsey. (76)

Wanted: Easyriders, Aug. 71, Oct. 71, Feb. 72, Oct. 72, Jan. 73, June 73. Let us know how much you want per issue. Krause, 602 Packard St., Tomah, Wis. 54660. Phone (608) 372-5305. (76)

Want 1958 FLH buckhorn handlebars, undamaged. I can rechrome. Call collect. (206) 577-8097. (77)

X-biker and road racer finally settling down. Looking for girl 22 to 28 for marriage and to start new life. Originally from NYC but now living in the Caribbean Islands enjoying the sun and holding down great job. Only serious minded need apply. Send photo, address, and phone no. Write to X-biker, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (76)

All new & different Harley T-shirt designs. Free catalog. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, Pa. 16041. (76)

Money making opportunities: Earn extra money at home! No experience necessary! Details, send stamp. Jantz-EM, 1721 Westgate Ave. #6, L.A., Calif. 90025. (76)

Stan: Happy 1st anniversary 6/30. A beautiful 18 mo. together 7/13. You're the greatest. I'll love you forever. Sherry. (76)

Free-spirited Texas lady loves puttin'. Houston, Tex. 777-9385. Jan. (76)

Wanted: Easyriders December 1971, April 1972, and October 1972 issues. Will pay \$10 for each magazine. Clint, 6354 Terrell, Groves, Tex. 77619. (76)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (76)

Swede: Happy birthday, babe, 9/18/79. When are you coming home? Love ya. Billy Joe. (76)

In memory of Bobby Reed, 5/20/76. I know you're riding the winds in class. Billy Joe. (76)

Wanted: Shovel or panhead Harley basket case, with papers. Send information to Dennis Allhands, 561 East Rosslane, Apt. A-6, Danville, Ill. 61832. (76)

Will pay top price. Need service or shop manual for '77 shovelhead. Send info to Bubba, 3302 Ashland, Memphis, Tenn. 38127. (76)

Danny: Happy 25th (10-28-79) to the best ol' man in the cosmos. May you always run as good as your knuckle. Love. Punkin Boobs. (76)

Mannitol, 100% pure, best anywhere! \$60 per pound. Quantity discounts available. Not intended for illegal use. Schuman, Box 388, Stafford, Tex. 77477. (78)

Buy the best and buy right. Through my network of local producers and distributors, I purchase huge quantities of X-rated films, books, magazines, and marital products. Send \$1 for full info, or \$10 for a 200-page, full-color catalog (completely uncensored) that sells for up to \$25 in the stores. David, P.O. Box 442, Agoura, Calif. 91301. You must state that you are 21 years of age or over. (86)

Hello to the guys in West Boyco-ston—Lower right, maxi block. Special hi to Wayne. From Leo, Joey, Meatball, and Theodus. (76)

Convict wants easyriders. You, don't have to be foxy. It's performance that counts. Help me. Robert Sheley, Box 747-037726, Starke, Fla. 32091. (76)

Be legally ordained. Perform marriages and other rites. Start your own church, worship your own way, tax-free. Reverend Marshall, c/o Faith Gospel Church, 855 West Tenth, San Bernardino, Calif. 92410. (78)

Scarecrow's Chris: Had a girl 4-24-79. Lost your address. Call if possible, collect if needed. Portland Star. (76)

Jail or wealth! The answers are in this amazing book on dealing marijuana. Send \$2 to Box 1354, K.C., Mo. 64141. It could keep you out of jail. Count dollars, not bars. (76)

Tom Root: Happy 1st anniversary and 22nd birthday! I love you more than ever, babe. You've made this lady very happy. Love you. Jen. (76)

Bob Hiligas, Johnstown, Pa. Call me, please! Diane of H.B.G. (76)

'T' Boiz, drop a line, 28 Cincinnati Ave., St. Augustine, Fla. 32084. Harry-O. (76)

Leo: Happy #1 (8-79). It's been a great year, but the best is yet to come. You're the only man for me. I love you. Jude. (76)

Cliff (my "Boo"): I love you forever. Happy 31st birthday. Love, Linda ("Boo"). Also, happy birthday from Rommel and P.A. (76)

Happy 25th birthday. Ratso! To the sexiest guy I know. Love you always. Brenda. (76)

Watercolor of your bike. Send photo and \$20. Sue, Box 480, Island Hts., N.J. 08732. (76)

Steve E. Tapia: Happy birthday, baby. April 7th was the best day of my life. Renee. (76)

Jim Carroll: Happy birthday, babe (8-15). I love you. Lynda. (76)

Kim: I love ya, babe. It's just a matter of time and I'll be with ya for good. They can lock me up, but can't lock up my love for ya, babe. Love ya till death. Your ol' man. "Shorty Hitler." Coffin Jokers MC Nomads. (76)

Change identity. obtain authentic alternated ID, disappear, create new past with the book "The New Paper Trip." \$16.50. Catalog \$1. Money order. Survival Books, Dept. ER, 11108 Magnolia Blvd., North Hollywood, Calif. 91601. (213) 763-0804. (76)

Crabs: Happy birthday. You're #1 to me. Love you forever. Your ol' lady, Gayle. (76)

Mangus Colorados (D. Cox): The lioness loves and needs you. Whatever your status, I must talk to you, please! Call (916) 452-4824, or write me at work. Pat Jolly, c/o 6011 Folsom Blvd., Sacramento, Calif. 95819. (76)

Dun: You are a special lady. Happy birthday. Always there. Dupe. (76)

Biker and chick, both 29, would like to correspond with other biker couples. Photos, please. Bill/Helen, Box 9893, Atlanta, Ga. 30319. (76)

Hazel (Disco Mama): October 1, 1979, three years of friendship and inspiration and love. Here's to many more! Fast Freddie (Perfessor), Brooklyn, N.Y. (76)

Suntan Lake, Riverdale, N.J. (Swap Meet): A brown leather jacket was lost. It's very important for me to get it back. It was my deceased brother's jacket and has a great personal value. No questions asked. I will pick it up. Reward \$150. Any information call (609) 358-8477 or (609) 451-6347. (76)

Ron Smith: Please contact Chuck Marentette from Royal Oak, Michigan, as soon as possible. Call (714) 684-8884 Mon.-Thurs. 8:00 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Ask for Mary. (76)

To Keg, Stropp, Doug, Tinker, Swab, Berit, Sonny, Peter, China, Boris, Rhino, Snake, and Noz, who was outside polishing his car in Perth, Australia. Thanks for calling David. (76)

Street Fighting, America's martial art \$14.25. Anarchist Cookbook \$9.85. Lock Picking Simplified \$4.45. Catalog \$1. Money order. Survival Books, Dept. ER, 11108 Magnolia Blvd., N. Hollywood, Calif. 91601. (213) 763-0804. (76)

Radar: Beat it without a radar detector, no gimmicks. Informative booklet tells you how. \$3. Fuzz, Box 3474, Providence, R.I. 02909. (79)

Floyd Micah: I can't live without you. Please call. Chryste. (76)

Blue Gap: L.A. loves you. Call (213) 370-1480. (76)

Tattoo designs: Top quality, unique new designs. First time offered to the public. These are top-grade designs, done by professional artists. Send \$2 for catalog to Pro-Flash Co., 30 So. Main St., Manville, N.J. 08835. (76)

Pen that won't photocopy or microfilm! Keeps checks, documents, everything private! \$2.50. (824 dozen). Atlantic-ER, Box 12627, Charleston, S.C. 29412. (76)

3rd Annual Free Riders MC Septemberfest, September 15-16. BBQ chicken, sweet corn, beer, bands. Contact Free Riders MC, P.O. Box 484, Eau Claire, Wis. 54701. Ph. (715) 834-6615 or (715) 832-7114. (76)

Duck, the world's best ol' lady. Happy birthday 10-23-79. Your ol' man forever, Freewheelin'. (76)

Rodger: Can't wait to give ya another fat lip. Love you. Until September. Sugar Magnolia. (76)

John Dillinger "Public Enemy #1." Copy of his authentic death certificate! Morbid conversation piece! \$2. Atlantic-ER, Box 12627, Charleston, S.C. 29412. (76)

Terry Bergeron: More love from your beautiful wife, Cathy. (76)

—Continued on page 126



Show 'Em How Ya Feel

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 65% polyester-35% 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. **Easyriders** does it again.

C & G Manufacturing Co.



FRONT DRUM BRAKE

16" - 17"
and 18"

\$169.95

19" - 21"

\$189.95

KIT CONTAINS: STAINLESS STEEL HUB • CHROME BACKING PLATE WITH HEAVY DUTY BRAKE LININGS • CHROME SPOKES & NIPPLES • CHROME RIM • TIRE • TUBE • BRAKE LEVER • CABLE • BEARINGS • SPACERS • LACED & TRUED.



FRONT FIVE SPOKE DISC BRAKE
KIT CONTAINS: HURST AIRHEART HYDRAULIC CALIPER • TIRE • TUBE • LINER • MOUNTING BRACKETS • BOLTS • LINE & FITTINGS • DISC • BEARINGS • SUPER FIVE SPOKE SHOW CHROMED HELI-ARC WELDED PRECISION STEEL WHEEL. DUAL DISC ADD \$90.00.

\$259.95

FRONT DISC BRAKE

16" - 17"
18"

19" - 21"

All

\$209.95

KIT CONTAINS: HURST AIRHEART HYDRAULIC CALIPER & MASTER CYLINDER • HUB • DISC • CALIPER MOUNTING BRACKETS • CHROME RIMS, SPOKES & NIPPLES • TIRE • TUBE • SPACERS • BEARINGS • LINE & FITTINGS • LACED & TRUED, DUAL DISC AVAILABLE, ADD \$80.00.



15" & 16" SUPER STOPPER DISC BRAKE

KIT CONTAINS: HUB, SPROCKET, DISC, HURST AIR-

HEART HYDRAULIC CALIPER AND MASTER CYLINDER • 15" OR 16" HOG RIM • CHROME SPOKES AND NIPPLES • 15" OR 16" TIRE • TUBE • NUTS • BOLTS • LINE FITTINGS.

Add \$40.00 for Chrome Master Cylinder, Caliper, Sprocket & Carrier, Laced & Trued. \$20.00. With 15 x 5 Rim, Same Price List Time.

15 x 5 SUPER WIDE RIMS

\$45.00

Fits H-D 74 Swingarms, and will work on most other bikes. Rims are made in the U.S. from heavy gauge steel and show chrome plated. Get the new California superwide look on the back of your scooter now!



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5" Overstock — 100% Guarantee — 35 or 10" rate. All H-D 74's • All Sportsters • 1 Honda 350-350-450-500-550-750 • Triumph 83 to 79 — 850 & 750 - 2 cyl. • 814-71 & later • Yamaha 550 • Kawasaki 500 & 1000 • Norton 80 & later - 750 & 850.

PRE-UNIT TRI. **\$229.95**



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Made of high quality 1010 solid steel • Helix welded • Show chrome plated. Available in sizes from stock to 18" overstock. We have Springers & Girders to fit all bikes!

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Heavy gauge steel.

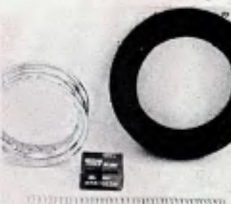
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Hi-flow Pinion Shaft Bushing for Harley 74s (1936-1972)



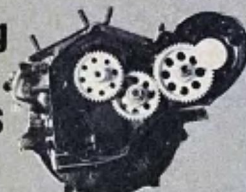
Add miles to your lower end with a continuous oil flow to your lower end. With stock pinion shaft bushings you will get one squirt of oil every revolution. But, with H.E.S. pinion shaft bushings, you will get continuous oil pressure to your lower end, which will mean longer lower end life.

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

When ordering, state year:

- a. 1936-1953 (splined pinion shaft)
- b. 1954-1972

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1. These gears will lighten your timing gear train by 33.3%. If you've put in light valve collars and pushrods, these are a must.
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Attention shovelhead engine builders: Available now are .005 rocker arm bushing shims. If interested, give us a call.

The entire set of lightened gears goes for only \$39.50 exchange, plus \$2.50 postage and handling. 1970 and later cam gear only \$12.50 exchange, plus \$2.00 postage and handling.

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Older Woman

—Continued from page 73

insane, feeling like fifteen instead of forty. Turn around, she wished, please turn around. He turned and drew a short hard breath when he saw her. It felt like the floor had suddenly tilted under her and for a few seconds she thought that she would go down. The desire in his blue eyes was instant and fierce. It had been a long time since anyone had wanted her so badly and just as long since she had felt anything in return. She wanted to say that she was too old. . . that he was too young. . . that there were too many years between them. But she could see that none of it mattered to him. He stood in front of her, not yet daring to touch her. "I've been looking for you for a long time," he said.

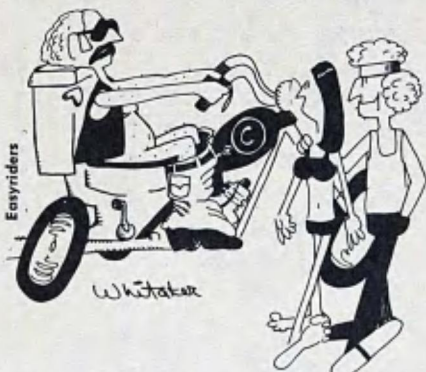
"Hey, honey!"

She jumped and the room came into focus again. Goldie was frowning at her.

"I realize, honey, I ain't the world's greatest conversationalist, but don't go to sleep on me."

"Sorry, my mind wandered. . ."

"Yeah. You got it bad for him. I can see it. You might as well wear a sign. It don't sound like you know this dude too well and you're almost hitched up and



"When 'Crazy Charlie' goes cross-country on his trike, he don't stop for nothin'."

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Cover up yer ugly hog nut, '58 and later. Installs with set-screw in seconds. Only \$4.95!



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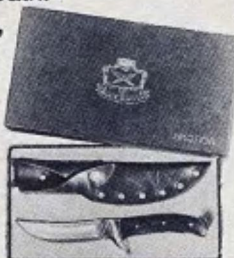
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Model #110, the traditional biker's knife. Blade (4-inch) has positive lock in open position. Handle of golden-grain Macassar ebony wood with solid brass bolsters. **\$24.95 plus \$1.75** for postage and handling, includes leather sheath.

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,

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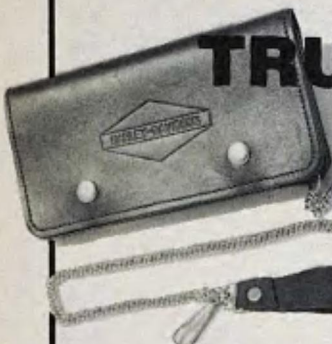
SCOOTER WALLET

A rugged wallet, **hand-made** from thick cowhide, small enough to fit into your Levi's, and it has brass rivets around the outer edge to hold it together for a lifetime. It also comes with a gold-finished chain and clasp. Upon request, we will stamp the Harley emblem or "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" into the tough leather—no charge. Only **\$11.50 & 75¢** postage and handling



TRUCKER WALLET

Here's the original trucker's wallet, made extra wide to fit checkbooks. **\$15.75 plus \$1.00** postage. It has three pouches, including one with a heavy canvas zipper. It's made from thick cowhide, put together with strong stitching, and comes with a double-link safety chain. We'll also brand Harley-Davidson, "Ride to Live," or I.R.S. lion into it —no charge.



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ready to go! He may look good to you, but looks ain't everythin'. Me, I don't care what a dude looks like just as long as his pockets are well-lined. I want somebody that'll take care of me, dress me up real pretty, and take me out a lot. Yours don't look like he can even afford to dress himself, much less take care of you. Don't get me wrong," she added, catching the sudden flash of anger, "he's a good-looker, no doubt about that, but you'd never mistake him for a millionaire. . ."

"I think you ought to mind your own business."

"Honey, I'm just trying to save you a lot of heartache. A kid like that don't know his own mind. Sure, right now you're hot for each other. But you're from a whole different era—you're a novelty, so don't be surprised when he trades you in on a newer model. It's just the way men are, especially young men."

"He isn't like that!" she hissed furiously. Dear Lord, please get me outta here—now! Before I lose my temper and knock this bitch over. Please!

Her prayers were answered. He came down the hall, tucking the folded papers into the pocket of his faded chambray shirt. "We're ready," he said softly, and his hands trembled just a little as he touched her for the first time. They went out through the wide door into the sunshine and she pulled in a long draught of sweet air. Dear God, she prayed, I wouldn't ask for anything else—except—I love him. Please don't let me outlive him. We knuckleheads are so long-lived. . . it would break my heart. . .



"Bitchin' cheese, ain't it!"

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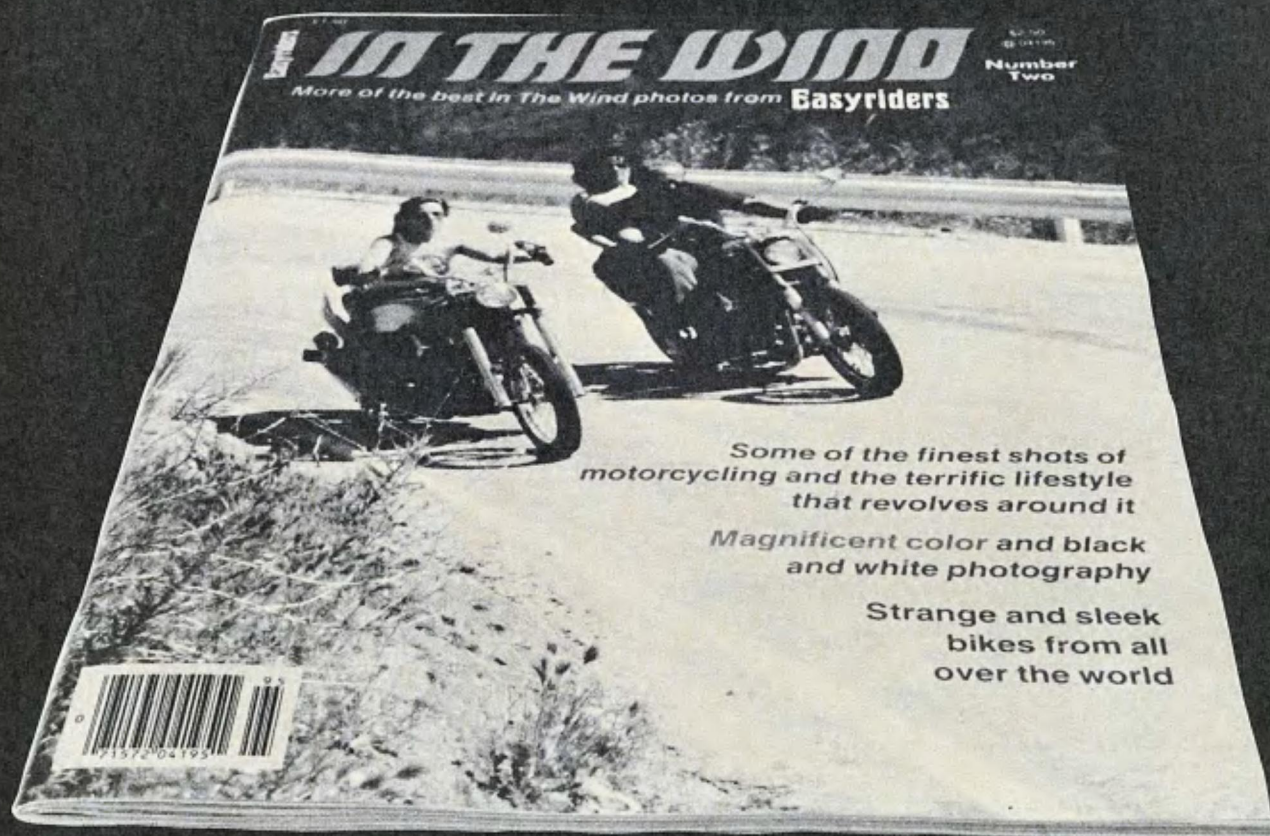
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WIND

Number Two



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

Magnificent color and black
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Strange and sleek
bikes from all
over the world

This is not your ordinary garden variety motorcycle magazine. This 197-page mutha has over 178 mind-bogglin' color photos of bikers doin' their thing. Over 243 black and white photos of bikers doin' other things! Everyone happy with their faces into the wind. Now you can buy this liver-quiverin' masterpiece directly from the animal farm. Just send \$2.50 to Box 52, Malibu, California 90265 — and we're such good muthas we'll pay the outrageous postage and fondling costs. Do it right now before your mind wanders. Now, we said!



Buy The Very Best!

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

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

Send \$14.45 plus \$1.00 postage, along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

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Photo shown is actual size

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It's rank, it's gross—and it's great!

Order Robinson's
Trash now.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Easyriders Magazine

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

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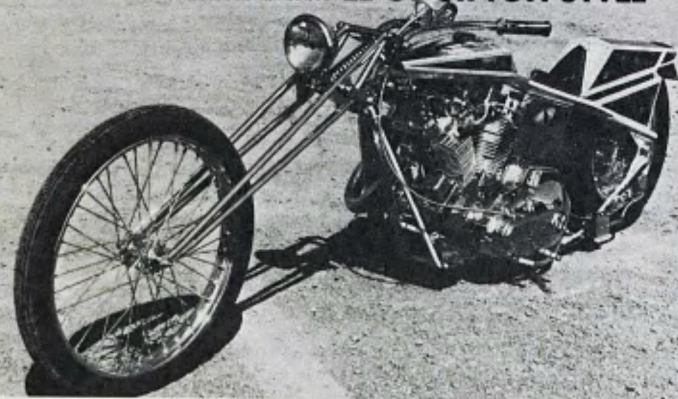
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BLESSED HARLEY

—Continued from page 27

"Yeah," He said, "that plus about a thousand other things."

I perused the engine—the old knucklehead variety—and rubbed at the base of my sternum with my fingertips.

"A heart attack?" He asked.

"Huh?" I replied, glancing up. "Oh, oh yeah, chunk style," and I quickly turned my attention once again to the bike. Then I stood up and stepped back to look over the thing.

"Nice molding job on the frame. Who did it?"

"Friends," He said.

He pulled a fifth of apricot brandy from the seat pocket of His greasy jeans. He took a swig and passed it to me. I took a hearty swig and passed it back.

"I'll bet You've got a lot of friends," I said.

"You said it, man. Stiffs are at My door like crabs, day and night. And nowadays nine out of ten are there asking for the ultimate fix." He stretched, spreading His arms in the air, pinching the open bottle between the forefinger and thumb of His right hand.

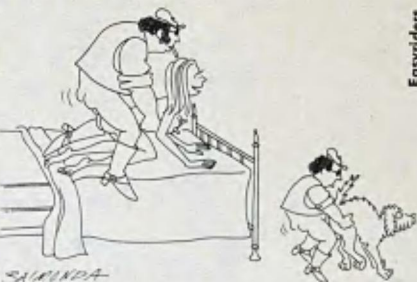
I noticed a tattoo on His upper arm that read: The Old Man's Begonia Patch—Milwaukee Chapter.

"What's this?" I asked, pointing.

"My arm." He took a swig and then pushed out the kickstand with the heel of His boot, leaned the bike over and drew His right leg up resting it on the gas tank.

"I mean, 'The Old Man's Begonia Patch'."

More or less to Himself, He muttered, "I'm gonna have a rose or something tattooed over that," and then with interest, "but anyhow, that's a defunct motorcycle club. Most of the bikers worked at the Harley plant. Trouble is they all got fat on beer, with the exception of a few. Eventually the whole thing just lost its flavor."



"Like father, like son."

Easyriders



THE ZIT-FACED KID

Some young broads ya just can't pass up, zit-faced or not. And Billy Tinney just couldn't let this sweetie go.

Imagine if you had a camera and were partyin' down at a bro's house one night when in strolls this cutie. At first, ya rush the eminent possibility through yer scorched brain cells that this tight-lookin' honey belongs to someone else. But no sooner do you let yer hopes slide under the rug to be stomped out of existence by her petite feet, than she scoots her sweet buns up alongside yer schemin' bod and says that she's just got to pose in the nude for yer radiant lens or she'll die a young and wasteful death.

So what the hell would you do? Push her rounded ass off the couch, to bump and bounce on the hardwood floor, and say, "Listen, baby, you ain't got enough cash to make me shoot no broad with a rash"?

Fuck no, you wouldn't. You'd attack that broad like sun on naked flesh. So did Billy. He went after that chick as if he'd been stranded somewhere for a helluva long time—and it weren't in no whorehouse!

So what the fuck were we supposed to say?

"Yeah, Billy, the chick is neat. Yeah, man, she's got a nice ass, a nice tan,







nice tits, nice smile, she's a nice blonde. Yeah, bro, she looks good, all exce—, yeah, man, so she's good people. Okay, so the shots ain't bad, either. But goddam it—she's got zits."

"They ain't zits? Well, what the fuck are they? It'll go away inna week? Okay, that's great. Yeah, she'll look like **Playboy** material then, sure. Wait, wait just a goddam minute, man. I don't care if she's got some rare tropical disease that'll cause us to shit rubies when the rash goes away. It ain't ever gonna leave the film!"

"Sorry 'bout that, Bandit. Ain't nothin' else I can do." And then he hung up.

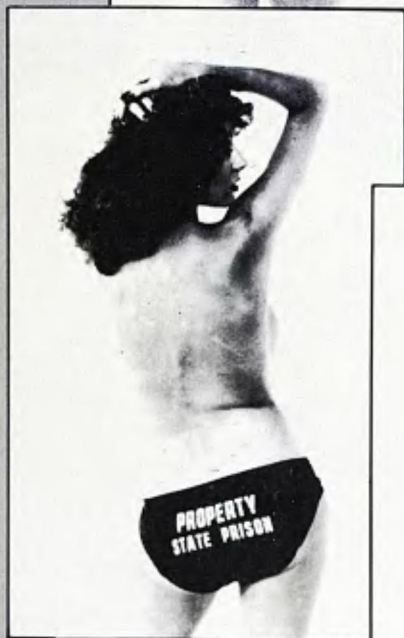
"Thanks, brooo," I said into the dead receiver and dropped it into its cradle. So what the fuck were we to do? Fly her out here from the heart of Texas to find out if she was really good people? Or fly. . .not bad. You look at the flicks—I'm goin' to Texas.

—Bandit



Photos by Billy Tinney





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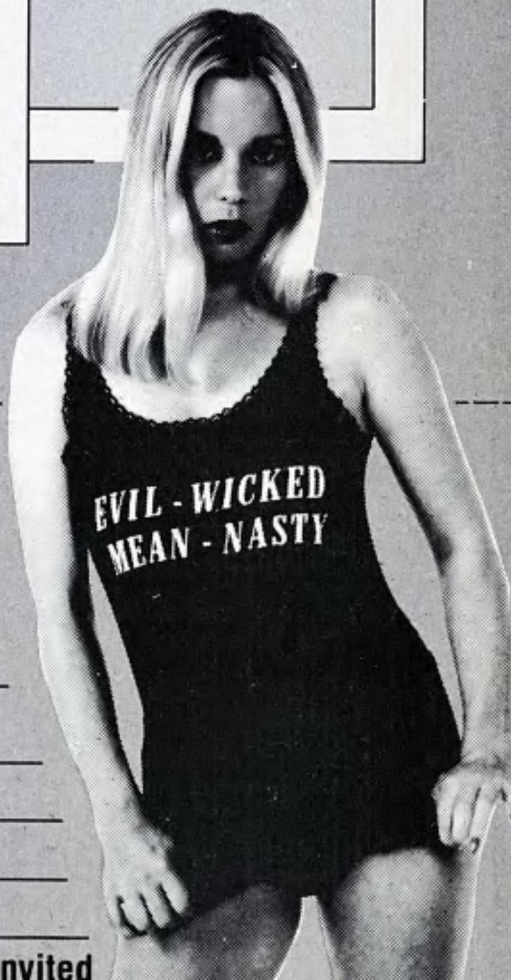
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the ol' lady photo contest



Susan Fox



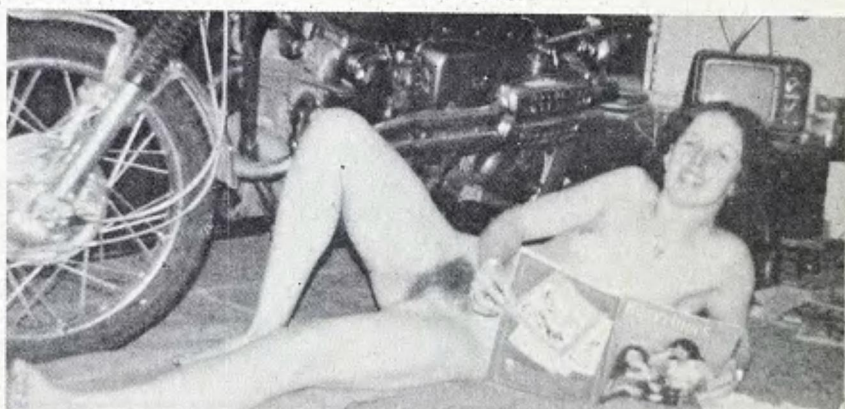
Rebecca Jane Day



C.C. Rider



Dorothy J. Padilla



Wendy Ann Harrelson

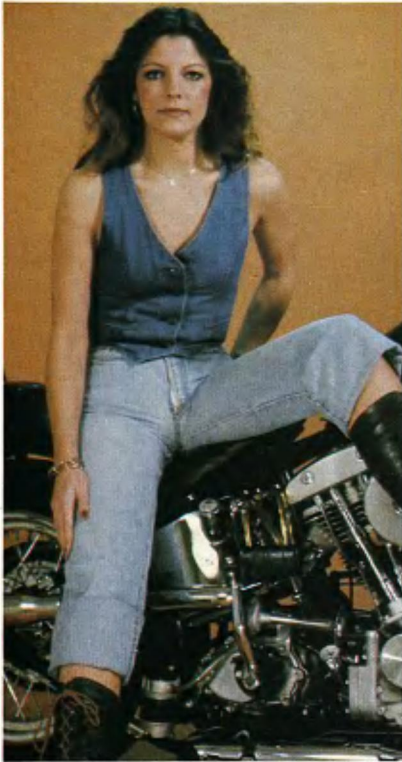
heck 'em out—this month's batch of sweeties in **Easyriders'** Second Annual Ol' Lady Contest. Again this year, the entrants will be competing for a grand prize of one thousand bucks and a fun-filled visit with the disgustin' editorial staff.

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

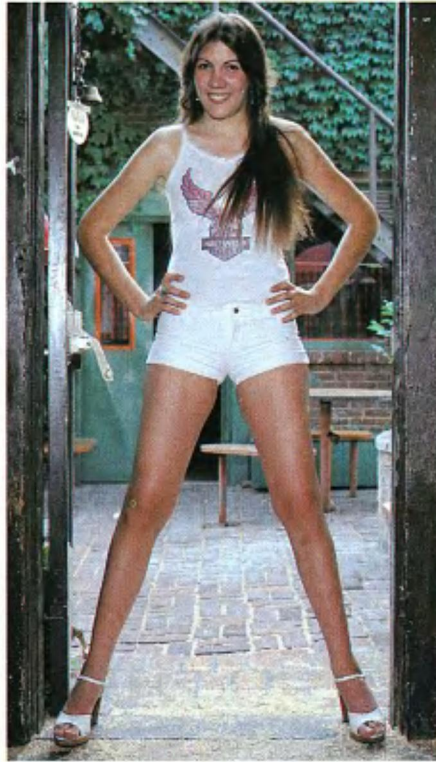
ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if ya want, but it's not necessary to win.

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

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is September 30. We'll print the winner in the January issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #76 Ol' Lady Contest. **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Natasha Misamore



Linda Ericson



Sheila D. Nichols-Haywood



Rebecca Blaze Graham



Here she is, folks—Vernetta Hooker, the fifth winner in the 1979 *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Cyn, Wendy Harman, and Jane Braido.



Raschida



Snake's Lady



Rainbow



Muffin



H-D Banner

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

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



Money Clip

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



Marble Plaques

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

The price for this everlasting marble image is \$26.95. Because of its substantial weight, you'll be asked to pay postage C.O.D. The beautiful plaques are a solid 12 by 14 inches.



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Li'l Red and Al didn't hit it off. Clean-shaven Al was 25, four years younger than Red, and though maybe that wasn't enough years to matter, the two were worlds apart for other reasons. Al had a wife—a blonde, fat, blue-eyed, Bible-beater named Rose, a broad with two sniveling kids. Red drank beer, wine, gin, whiskey—whatever was around—whenever he could. Al got drunk every time he drank, which was whenever Rose's back was turned. Both Al and Red were muscular, but Red had never paid any attention to what Al called physical culture. Al lifted weights three times a week and pretended to be a champion. Red wore a Harley hat sometimes; but Al always wore a cap, one of the dozen he kept scattered around everywhere—baseball caps, gimme caps, golf caps, Ike caps—any and everything. Red owned one pair of black boots, and didn't see a need for more. Al had a trunkful. He had jogging shoes, combat boots, loafers, cowboy boots in pointed and rounded toes, even sandals of different kinds. Red rode a Sporty. Al was a car and pickup freak and kept fender skirts on everything he drove.

After Al had known Li'l Red for three weeks, and without buying a bike for himself, he appointed Red to teach him motorcycling. "Li'l Red, why do they use cable? What do you call that little switch under the gas tank? Where's your starter button at? Red, what is a master link?" Al's curiosity was endless for a guy whose ass was always sitting on top of four fat wheels.

Red put up with Al's questions as patiently as he could. He figured he had to. After all, Al was his ol' lady's brother.

What pissed Red no end was Al's insistence on hanging out with him after



"I wish you'd quit watching them TV cop shows—it's probably only the damn paper boy."

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work and on weekends. Off the job, Red wanted to ride with club brothers or pack his ol' lady, not attend family reunions, complete with rug rats and fried chicken. Red got to where he didn't tell Al what he had planned for the weekends, but it was tough evading Al's pointed inquiries.

On a Friday afternoon two months ago, just as they were getting off work, Al strutted over to Red in his usual smart-aleck way and asked what was up for the weekend. Red had planned on a run to Lake Meredith, about 20 miles northeast, with some of the bros. "Al, if I wanted you along, I'd have invited you already," he told the dude as politely as he could. Al slunk off, shoulders sagging with resentment. He was taller than Red and, from the way he swung that sledgehammer on the job, he was probably a bit stronger; but something always kept him from taking a punch at Red. Maybe he figured that Li'l Red was almost a brother-in-law, after all. It didn't matter to Red. What mattered was the run.

Red spent most of Friday night getting his putt in shape. The next morning, when he got up to go, Julie was chattering on the phone with Rose, Al's wife. He signaled her to hang up, and in minutes, they were gone. The run was fine, really fine. It was early springtime, and the morning air was crisp. That afternoon, the sun glinted off wavelets on the lake, and later the sunset lit up the sky with orange. All day the scoots had hummed around the lake and its canyons like bees around a flower bed. Now, as night came in, Li'l Red, Julie, and the others sat around a campfire, heated up steaks, and cooled down beer. Red and Julie lay in the grass, beside Li'l Red's Sporty, taking in the fresh scents of cool green nature and warm golden motor oil. Li'l Red raised his right hand to the sky, feeling the evening breeze and, maybe, trying to reach an early star.



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Then, from the edge of the circle of bikes, there came a rough zooming, and jeering, and the bleeps of a horn. Red sat up, listening close. Sure enough, he recognized the drunken, jeering voice that was audible between revs of the motor. The voice was Al's. Shit—there was no losing him, even here. Al had driven out in his '69 Chevy pickup. Its straight pipes gave off a deafening thunder.

Red leaped up and strode toward the source of the roar. Julie dogged behind, scurrying to catch up. When she got near, she grabbed Red by the wrist.

"Take it easy," she implored. "This is a public place. You can't tell him to go away."

Li'l Red jerked his arm forward, so swiftly that Julie lost her grip, lurched off balance, and fell down. Red turned away and stomped over toward Al.

"Your shissy Shporty can't zound like dish," Al yelled. "Dish kinda noise takes a real motor, eight shyinders ish what."

"If you don't get the hell out of here, I'll whip your ass," Red warned as he neared the driver's side. Red watched Al carefully, for he knew the guy kept a .38 in the glove compartment.

Al flopped his left arm out the window, raised his hand a little—and gave Red the finger. Li'l Red flung open the door, yanked Al out by the shoulder, and threw him against the pickup's rear fender, backside first. Al rose on unsteady knees, trying to collect his wits. He blinked, looking over at Red. Then, with a single, swift action, he reached back to the bed, came up with the sledgehammer and swung it down. Red jumped back. There was a thud as the hammer caught a corner of Red's left boot and hit the pavement. Li'l Red winced and bent in agony, still keeping his eyes on Al, who seemed dazed by what he'd done. Wide-eyed and weaving a little, Al dumbly eyed Red's foot. Pain flashed through it, all the way up to the ankle. Then it eased a little, and Red straightened up, pushing his left hand out, ready to swing with the right.

Something had hold of his right arm, and there was a weighty sensation on his left shoulder, like somebody's hand resting there. It was the cops. Two park rangers in brown uniforms and Smokey Bear hats were behind him, holding him back. Red said nothing.

"It looks like you boys have a little misunderstanding," one of the rangers drawled.

"I'd call that a pretty heavy misunderstanding," the other one said, taking a hand off Red to point at the sledgehammer, now leaned up against the pickup.

"Offishur, it shan't, shan't nuttin'," Al drooled, as drunk as a fish in a brewery

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tank. "Jush a little fambly sphat."

"This your pickup?" the cop asked him, getting serious.

"My very own," Al slurred.

"You drive it out here?"

"Me, myshelf, an' I."

"Well, we're going to have to take you in. We can't be having you drive that thing back into town, not in your condition."

Al rolled his eyes around, looking down at the pavement now. Drunk as he was, he had remembered what the cops couldn't know—yet. Al had jumped probation when he left Memphis. Red knew it, and remembered too.

"Just a minute, will you?" he barked. "I know, me and this guy were having a few words, just like you saw. but I don't want to press no charges. He's my brother-in-law. I'll drive him home." Red was mumbling by the time he said "I'll drive him home" because if it hadn't been for the cops, he would have punched Al out.

The two park rangers took a couple of steps aside to look Red up and down. Red was wearing his colors. By his patch they knew what kind of man he was. His club was not the favorite organization cops dealt with, but it had a reputation for shooting straight, for honesty, if not for cooperation.

"Look, I ain't drunk. I ain't had more than two or three beers. My ol' lady can vouch for that," Red told them as Julie walked up.

They looked Julie over. Her straight, long auburn hair was neatly pinned with barrettes at the sides. Her blouse was spotless, though a little wrinkled from the run. The cleavage of her tits—the rangers looked closely at that—was milky white and luxurious, with no tattoos they could see. She smiled at them through full, sensual lips, revealing a perfect set of white teeth.



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"Come on," she teased in a giggly voice, "don't take my brother to jail. We'll drive him home for you."

The rangers looked at each other. Here was a couple who, though obviously not of the all-American variety, were straightforward and charming enough to be let go. After all, there were plenty of drunks around the lake, too many for all to be taken into custody. They nodded, then stepped aside while Al climbed into the pickup with Julie beside him. Red took the wheel and waved as he drove off.

Red's foot throbbed, and it gave him pangs when he pushed it down on the clutch pedal, getting the pickup on the road. When the rangers were out of sight behind them, Al pulled a bottle of whisky out from under the seat, sipping it as they drove back to Amarillo. It was nearly eleven o'clock when they got in. Red pulled up at the curb in front of Al's house, then motioned for him to get down on the driver's side. As he scooted across the seat, Al pulled the keys from the ignition.

"Where you goin' with those?" Red asked as Al slid out.

"You ain't goin' nowhere wish my pitchup," Al challenged.

"Look, motherfucker, I saved you from the cops, not half an hour ago. Now I'm damn sure goin' back to the lake in your pickup."

"Fuck you," Al spat, raising the whiskey bottle. Before Red could respond, Al swung out in a drunken motion, missing Red.

Red stared at him for a minute, then stepped back. Al raised the bottle again. Li'l Red didn't wait. He threw his right fist at Al's temple, with all the might and speed his arm could muster. Al hit the dirt hard, falling on top of the bottle. He didn't move. Without thinking, Red laid his left hand over his right wrist, touching it lightly. He raised it nearer to his face. The light from the street corner post was dim, but Red could see that skin was peeled back from his knuckles, which were bleeding. He'd hit Al harder than he'd intended. And that wrist—it stung like fire ants. He knelt down and picked up the keys from the ground. Then he turned back, knelt again, and pulled the whiskey bottle out from under Al, taking it with him so Rose wouldn't find it.

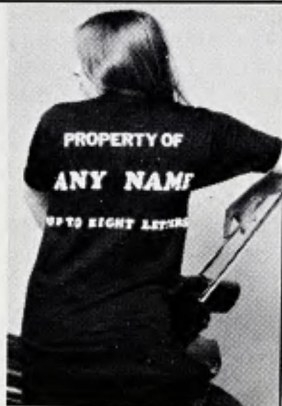
Inside the pickup, Julie was sobbing hysterically. Red ignored her. But he couldn't ignore the pain. His wrist hurt when he turned the key in the socket, and he couldn't close his hand around the steering wheel, either. There was too much pain. His left foot felt dull and heavy, and a sharp sensation shot through it every time he depressed the clutch pedal. Awkwardly, he guided the pickup back to the lake with his good

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hand and his good foot. Julie had stopped sobbing by the time they arrived at the campsite. Red turned and looked at her.

"All I can say," she blurted, "is that Al was drunk. He didn't mean any harm."

Red jumped out and slammed the door. Damn! That right hand really hurt when he did it.

"You may have killed him," Julie screamed as he walked away, not looking at her. She slept in the pickup that night.

Red pulled off his boot before sleeping. In the morning, his foot was too sore and swollen for the boot. There was black, dried blood all around the big toe, and the whole foot was blue and bloated halfway up the ankle. When he tried to push himself up from the ground, his wrist sent a chilling pain up the arm.

There was no sense in riding back to Amarillo, he knew. He had to get to a hospital. His bros loaded the Sporty up in the pickup bed, and Julie drove him into town. She waited obediently as he was examined in the county hospital's emergency room, and stood by in silence while two technicians wrapped his left leg in plaster, from the toes all the way up to his knee. After that was done, they put a cast from the joints of his fingers on the right hand almost up to the elbow. It was past noon when he was released.

"Take me to Al's place," he grumbled as he crawled back into the pickup.

Julie drove in silence. She was so nervous she changed lanes every half-block and overlooked traffic signals at intersections.

Al's car wasn't in the driveway. The kid's toys were gone from the yard, and the family dog was nowhere in sight. Li'l Red peeped through a tear in one curtain. In the kitchen he could see a short gas stove, a stove that was the



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landlord's and came with the house. The white refrigerator he and Al had brought in was gone, along with the rest of the furniture. There was no mistaking it. Al had gone on the lam.

"Well," he muttered to Julie, "if we can sell his pickup, we'll at least have something to pay off the hospital bill with."

Neither Red nor Julie mentioned Al or the incident again, and two months had passed already. On weekends, they partied with Red's club, wherever they could. But even at blowouts Julie dozed off by midnight. She seemed perpetually exhausted now, and she was losing weight. Red knew something was eating at her, but he wasn't sure what. Maybe she was on a downer because he couldn't ride or work any more. He didn't say anything because, in his own way, he was nearly ashamed of his semi-invalid condition.

Julie came home at four o'clock as usual. She had a harried look on her face and there was hurry in her motions, as there had been ever since the incident. She warmed up leftovers, and Red, turning off the television, sat down to eat with her. He was going to ask her to open the peanut butter jar after supper, so he'd have it the next day at lunch. But then the phone rang.

Julie got up to answer, and Red went on with his meal, paying little attention to what was being said. It sounded like gossip to him, probably about the straw boss at the bindery. It usually was, he thought. He had learned from listening to stories Julie told that people at the plant complained all the time about everything, but did nothing to help themselves.

Julie came away from the phone stiff and puffed up. The skin on her tanned face seemed drawn back, dry and tense. She put her fists on the table, leaning forward a little on her wrists.

"Red, that was Rose on the phone."

"Rose—you mean Al's wife?" Red asked, incredulous.

"That's right."

"Hope she's a widow. Did the dude up and die on me?" He chuckled.

"No, he's alive. They've been back in Memphis ever since the morning after you hit Al."

"He'd better stay there," Red grumbled, picking up a greasy beef rib from his plate.

"Red, Rose says Sunday is her birthday. She wants me to fly out there for the weekend."

Red pulled the rib from his teeth and let his hand drop by his plate.

"So what?" he asked, a little suspicious.

"So I'm going, that's what."

Red suddenly realized that Julie's

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It was quiet in the house. Darkness was coming on and Red's faltering steps echoed against the walls. He hobbled to the back door, turned on the porch light, laid aside his cane, and with his left hand on a wooden rail, eased down the stairs into the back yard, where the shed was. Inside, he untied the tarp over his Sporty, throwing the canvas aside. For the first time in weeks, he tried to mount his machine. He put his right hand on the bars in front of him. Pain shot up his arm as he threw his right leg over, putting his weight on the bum wrist. The cast on his left leg was heavy, but he raised it to rest on the foot peg. True, he couldn't clutch the bike yet, he couldn't get that kind of control over the cast. He knew there was no sense in planning to run the Sporty. He clasped his hand on the throttle anyway. It didn't hurt. He clasped tighter. Slowly, he turned the throttle grip. Pain shot down one side of his

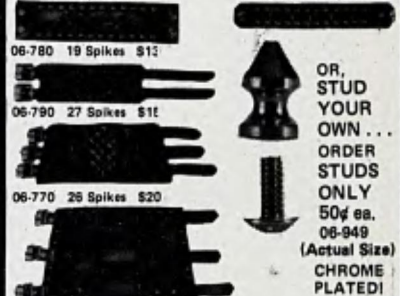


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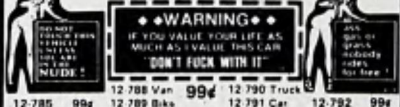


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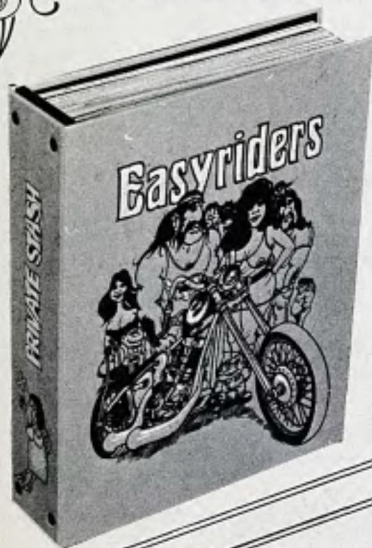


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wrist. He let go of the grip. It returned to place, and he twisted down on it again. It hurt this time too, but maybe not so much. He let go, twisted again, let go, and twisted again. Then he put his right foot on the peg, leaned back, and resumed the twisting exercise. Sure, it hurt him a little, and sure, it was futile as far as going anywhere was concerned; but Red kept twisting. It was good therapy for his wrist, he knew.

* * *

Ten days later, he was sitting at his kitchen table, sharpening his knife, when the phone rang. When he picked it up, he heard the tinkling of dimes and the clanging of quarters on the other end of the line. It was Julie, calling from a pay booth in Memphis.

Things were bad there, she said. Al had become a raving alcoholic, and Rose didn't do anything but preach the Bible to him all day. Julie had to stay in the house, putting up with it all, because she couldn't find a job in Memphis. She asked Red to take her back.

"Well, I don't know about that," he drawled.

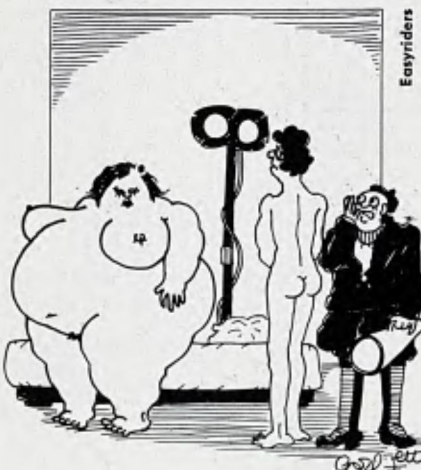
"Red, why?" Julie pleaded. She was desperate now.

"Well, you see, yesterday I got that Peter Pan opened up."

There was silence on the other end of the line. Julie was puzzled. She didn't know what the hell Red was talking about.

He clunked the receiver down in the cradle on the wall. Then he turned back to the table, to his knife, which was sharper now, and to his peanut butter sandwich.

"That throttle twisting sure is good therapy," he told himself.



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Greasy Bunch

—Continued from page 18

Ten minutes later, Charles pulled into the driveway of his brother's dilapidated house, looking at the cloudy windows for any indication that someone was home. He didn't notice the two bikes parked beside the house. He slammed his right foot to the brake pedal, causing his bike to slip and go down in the damp grass. His scooter slammed into the rear tires of the two parked bikes. Both scooters were jarred, rolling a couple of feet forward and toppling over on each other. "Goddammit," Charles mumbled, trying to squirm out from under his pan.

A clamor erupted from the house and two dudes in their skivvies came out the front door at the same time, one brandishing a shotgun and the other pointing a revolver that went with his hand and arm right through the screen door. The rest of his body connected with the door and tore it loose from the hinges. Struggling to get free from the door, he stumbled and fell off the porch into the garden—if you could call it that. It looked more like a weed forest.

Jake, totin' the twelve-gauge and wearing boxer shorts, rounded the corner of the house and leveled the shotgun at Charles who, struggling to lift his bike upright, stared in astonishment.

Jake was the bright one of the bunch. Well, maybe he wasn't actually bright, but he had the edge on Charles. He was about as tall as Charles but not so bulky—about 210—with long brown hair and a bushy moustache.

"Hey, shit, man," Charles squawked, turning around, "that thing ain't loaded, is it?"

"No, it ain't loaded," Jake replied. "I'd rather beat a dude to death with it than blow him away. See, dig this." Jake aimed the shotgun at the house next door and snapped the trigger of the sawed-off he held loosely in his right hand. The gun went off like a cannon, the sound reverberating between the two houses. The load blew a good-sized hole in the wall of the stucco house next door and wiped out a window. The shotgun kicked and smacked Jake so hard in the chest that it almost knocked him over.

Immediately, lights flashed on next door and a woman screamed, then shouted to her husband to call the cops.

"We best get the fuck outta here," Charles said.

"Yeah," Jake replied casually. "We ain't been payin' any rent here anyway." They both headed for the house.

Frisco, the brother hassling the screen door, managed to tear himself loose. Then, because he was so pissed and embarrassed, he popped off two rounds into it. When he was satisfied that the door was dead, he headed back toward the house. Frisco had



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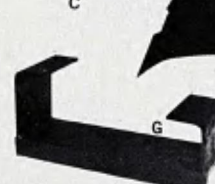


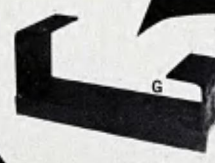











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earned his nickname by attempting five or six times to go to San Francisco—and never making it. He was average height, a little stocky, with long black hair and one of those hard-to-trim Chinese moustaches. Most of the time he looked like he had skipped shaving for a week to avoid detail work on that moustache. The three were in the house gathering their belongings when Smitty pulled up, left his bike in the driveway, and entered the house. He discovered his friends dividing up the reds, weed, and beer.

"We havin' a party?" he mumbled as he headed for the bedroom.

Somebody mumbled, "No, you dumb-ass," but nobody really paid much attention. Undisturbed, Smitty went into one of the dark bedrooms, unraveled his sleeping bag on the hardwood floor, and crashed.

Within five minutes the other three had completed strapping all their belongings to their bikes. Once they had all rolled their bikes out to the curb, Jake turned to Charles, "Okay," he said, "where the fuck is Smitty—we ain't got all day. The Man is gonna be up our ass."

"Don't look at me, asshole—I ain't his mother," Charles replied gruffly as he began kicking over his bike. Jake casually reached over and undid the bungee cord holding Charles's sleeping bag to his sissy bar and then turned and headed for the house. Charles's sleeping bag slipped off with the next kick. It unraveled as it fell, dumping all his gear into the gutter.

Jake searched the house and found Smitty sacked out in the bedroom. He kicked the sleeping biker but got only a groan in response. Smitty was a lightweight, so Jake picked him up and shook him, shouting, "Wake up, fucker—goddammit, forget the reds and wake up." Smitty groaned again but once more slumped to the floor. Disgustedly, Jake dragged him into the shower stall, turned the cold water on him, and split. Jake returned to the bedroom, gathered up all Smitty's stuff, and bumped into the drenched biker coming out of the head.

"You do that, fucker?" Smitty yelled, drawing back to slug Jake. Jake merely threw Smitty's belongs into his chest, knocking him backward.

"The Man is on the way—we gotta get the hell outta here," Jake said, heading for the door. Smitty stood there for a moment in the doorway, sopping wet, the shower still running. Clutching his sleeping bag and all his worldly possessions—including his good conduct medal from the service—he headed after Jake.

"What the fuck did we do?" Smitty asked, mounting his scooter. "Goddammit, we've only lived here a month. Shit!"

"Goddammit," Frisco snapped at Smitty, "The Man is slow, but it ain't gonna take him no two hours to get here!"

Jake's shovel started first. "Well, take your time," he said to Smitty. "Charles

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here ain't ever gonna get his meat machine started."

"Fuck you," Charles growled under the sweat and heavy breathing.

A few minutes later they were lined up at the stop sign at the end of the block. Jake was about to pull out, but quickly clamped on the brakes when a black-and-white roared around the corner. As soon as the heat passed, all four bikes shot forward, turning immediately down a back street like a freight train trying to be sneaky.

Splitting up, they met forty-five minutes later in a gas station, two on either side of the pumps. Jake jumped off his scooter and grabbed the adolescent attendant's arm. "Listen, man," he said, walking the dude back to the office, "do you know how to get to Trabuco Canyon?"

"Yeah, I think so," answered the wimpy-looking kid. "I'll show you a map." He ran down the directions, Jake thanked him, and they both went back out to the bikes. "Well, how much you guys got here?" asked the teenager, eye-balling the pump.

"Like it says on the pump, twenty-five cents," Frisco lied, tossing the kid a quarter. The kid looked at the pump incredulously. Sure enough, the pump, run back to zero after each tank had been filled, read a mere quarter.

"Those machines don't hold much, do they?" asked the suspicious attendant.

"Nope—great mileage!" Smitty beamed as he kicked over his bike.

All four got rolling, sped down the block and onto the freeway. Jake and Charles took the lead while Smitty and Frisco got a bike length or two behind them, then they cut across the freeway into the fast lane and leveled out at 65. They had covered about thirty miles before they were pulled over—for them, almost a record. To keep everyone from getting a ticket, Smitty was left behind while the rest pulled off the freeway at the next off-ramp. Smitty took the beef as the only one of the bunch who knew for sure he had no outstanding warrants. A month earlier he had spent five days working them off. He pulled to the shoulder, got off his bike, and dug out his license.



"I haven't eaten a woman in three weeks."



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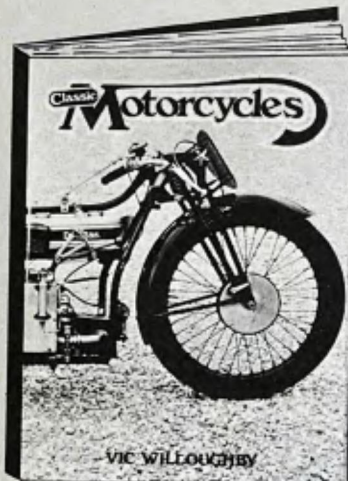
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"Where'd your buddies go?" the officer asked.

"They just pulled up ahead so's not to be in the way," Smitty replied with a straight face.

"You know how fast you were going?"

"No."

"Well, you guys were doing about 65."

"Yeah?" Smitty replied, pretending surprise.

The cop stared disdainfully at Smitty's bike. Once yellow, it now was a pale brown. Just as he flipped open his citation book, the cop heard the patrol car's radio squawk out the unit's number. Snapping the book shut, he turned and walked briskly toward the black-and-white. As he walked he looked back over his shoulder and said, "Well, keep it down. If you run over sixty you'll get pulled over again."

Smitty waited till the cop split before he fired his scooter. He enjoyed rapping off his straight pipes—but right in front of the highway patrol ain't too cool.

Smitty rejoined the group and they hit it on down the highway. Another 35 miles and it was time for gas. They pulled off the freeway into a rundown independent station. As Frisco went for the pump, a voice behind them snapped, "Don't you go touchin' those pumps!"

Frisco was mildly startled, but the reds in his system kept him from comprehending. He continued toward the pump.

"I'm talking to you, boy!" The voice was louder now, angry.

Charles spoke up quickly, "Hold it, Frisco, the bitch has a gun."

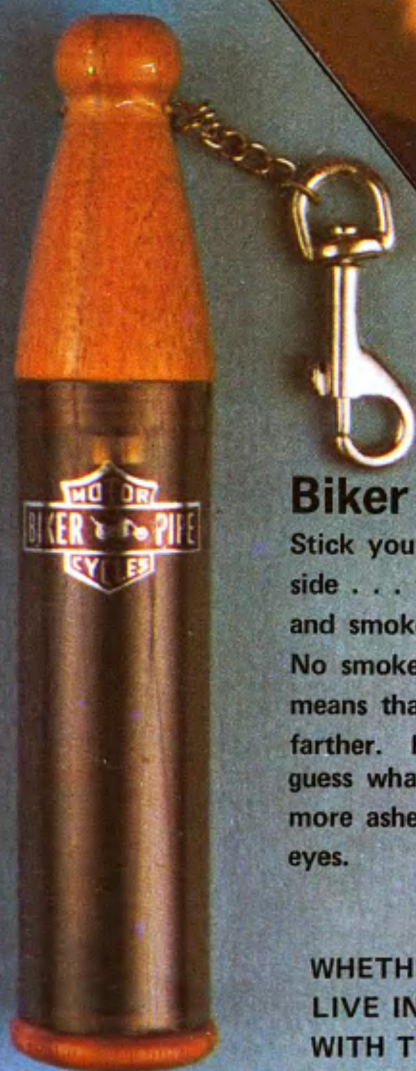
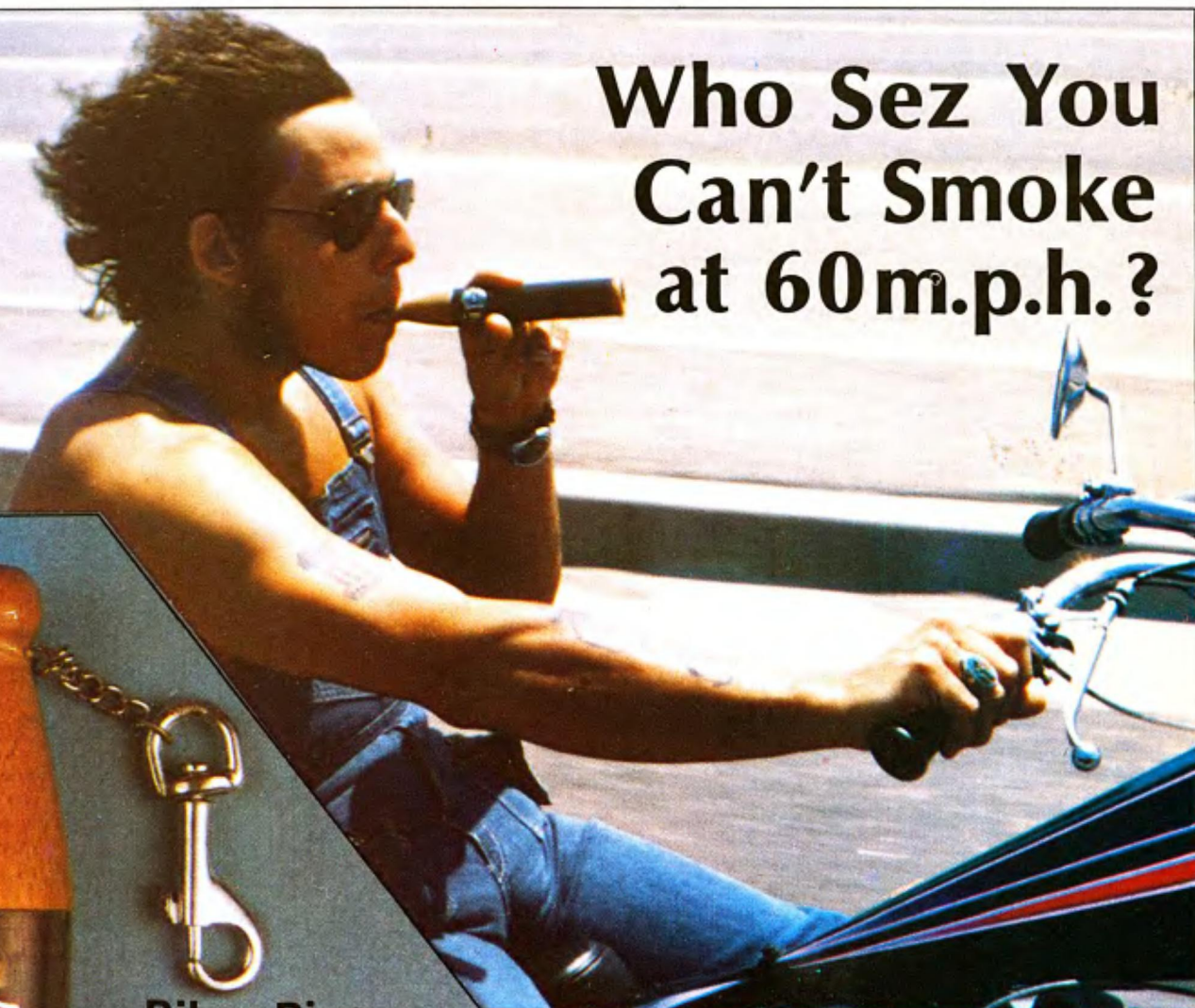
Frisco turned about to see a fat old woman standing behind him. She was reaching for a long-barreled six-shooter in her belt. At the same time, her husband—a stocky, half-bald redneck in overalls—waddled outside to double the army.

None of the bikers liked being told what to do, but under the circumstances they remained silent. While the old bag filled the first tank the stocky dude, an identical pistol in his belt, covered her. Jake got off his bike and went to the head. In a minute he reappeared, walking up behind the old man and asking casually, "What time is it?"



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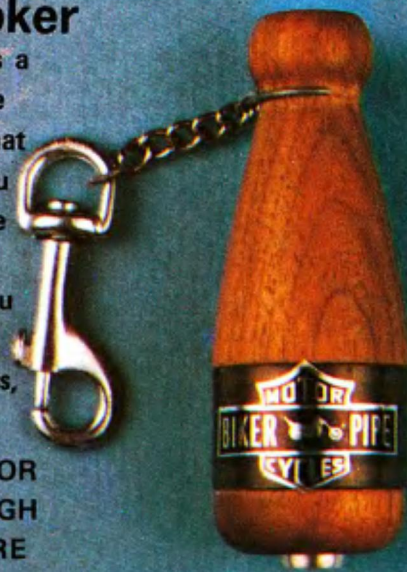


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Startled, the old man turned, and as he did, Frisco jerked the revolver out of the old woman's belt while she was holding the nozzle in Smitty's tank.

Frisco cocked the revolver and pointed it at the old man. "Say, boy," he said, trying to fake a southern drawl, "you wanna give my brother there your six-shooter?" The old man's eyes got as big as gas caps and his face suddenly went white. Jake lifted the piece out of Pa's belt and nudged the old man with the barrel. "This what you people call the Spirit of 76? Sit down." Jake's voice was harsh.

The flabby wife filled all the tanks and walked to stand alongside her husband. Jake and Frisco unloaded the pistols, laid them on the pump, and threw the bullets into the weed-choked lot next to the station. "You know," Smitty commented sarcastically, "we shoulda stopped at Texaco. At least you can trust the man who wears the star."

Charles just glared at the old couple. "Fuckin' rednecks," he spat. Without paying for the gas, they remounted and headed back to the freeway.

Another 50 miles and Jake led the way to an off-ramp adjacent to a Big 6 Motel and a Denny's restaurant. They pulled into the Denny's parking lot. Smitty, daydreaming, got off his bike and forgot to push out his sidestand. The scooter crashed to the asphalt. Feeling extremely foolish, Smitty cursed wildly. His companions ignored him.

"Hey, you guys go in and order and I'll get a room," Jake called as he started for the motel.

"What the fuck for?" Charles asked, getting off his scooter.

"Goddammit, do you wanta ride up that canyon at night, fucker? Shit, you couldn't make it in the daylight," Jake snapped back.

"Fuck if I'm goin' up that canyon in the middle of the night," barked Frisco.

Smitty, grunting against the weight of his scooter and sweating his ass off, panted,

—Continued on page 111



"I flunked my urine test."

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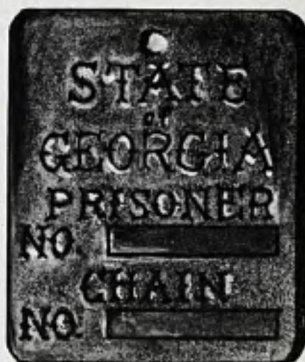
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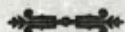
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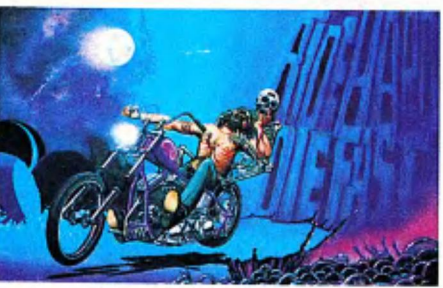
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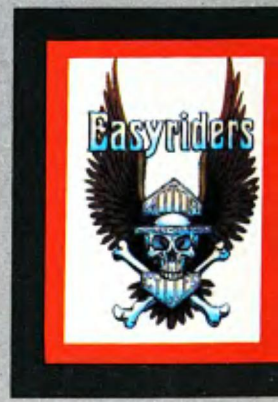
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"Somebody wanna give me a hand?" The bike was about halfway righted when Smitty glanced up momentarily to see Charles and Frisco walking into Denny's and Jake crossing the lot to the motel.

"Fuck it!" Smitty grumbled and dropped his scooter back to the asphalt and followed his partners into the restaurant.

"Would you like to order?" the skinny waitress asked, uncertainty in her voice, as she stood a little back from their table.

"Yeah, baby, I'd like—" Frisco began.

"Shut up, asshole!" snapped Charles.

"We want four orders of fries and four coffees."

The waitress nodded and dashed away. "But I wanted somethin' else," Smitty complained.

"Got any bucks?" Charles asked, already knowing the answer.

"No, but..." Smitty paused.

"But what? Where do you think we're gonna get the fuckin' bucks for the fries—sell your bike?" Charles asked. Frisco stood up and headed for the men's room.

"Fuck you. Sell your own bike, asshole—but I doubt if you could get enough change to cover coffee for that scroungy piece of shit," Smitty said as he sat down.

Jake came in and joined the others. "I got us a room. Sure will be nice to get some sleep."

The fragile-looking waitress brought their order and scurried off. Frisco, returning to the table, waved to the waitress, "Say, I could dig a swiss steak with hash browns and Thousand Island on the ol' salad."

While taking the order the waitress eyed Frisco curiously and then allowed her glance to cover Smitty, Charles, and Jake.

"Well, what happened in the head, fucker—you blow a millionaire?" Jake asked.

"Look, fuck you, asshole. There's this rubber machine in there that's doin' a whale of a business," replied Frisco.

"Well, how about sharin' the wealth—or you plannin' to sit here watchin' us starve?" asked Smitty.

"All right, dammit!" Frisco said grudgingly, "Order what you want. I'll cover it."

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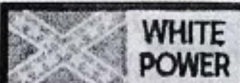
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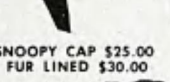
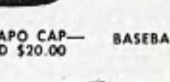
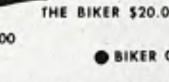
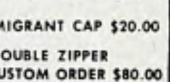
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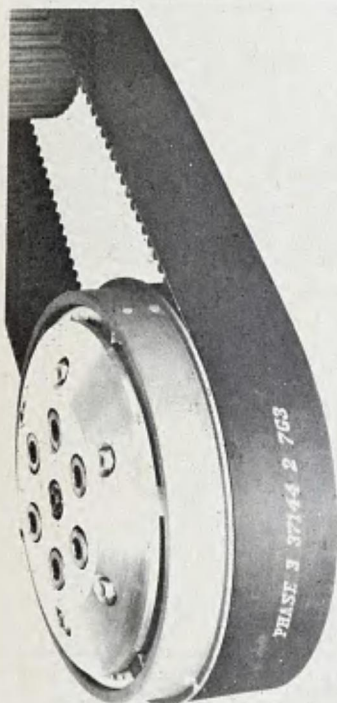
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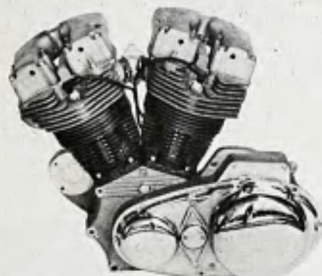
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The four of them proceeded to order almost everything on the menu. No sooner would the waitress arrive with one tray than she'd be sent bustling off with another order. They had entered the restaurant at 2 a.m. At 4, Frisco stepped up to the cash register. The waitress tallied up the bill, "That will be \$27.33, sir."

Frisco dug into his pockets and produced a handful of dimes and quarters. He counted them out, then emptied the pockets of his cutoff. They left the waitress visibly dazed. They pushed their scooters over to the motel, then strolled into the single room, each with a mind to being the one to sleep in the bed.

"Well, where's your bags, fools?" Jake didn't waste any time staking his claim. "I got the room, I get the bed."

The single bed was just barely big enough for Jake. While he readied himself to crash, the other three stared glumly at the bed. Then, as if none had ever been in a bed, all three dived for it at once. Smitty landed first, with Charles a close second. Frisco hit the pile off center and crashed to the floor. Jake reacted instinctively, yelling, "Wait just a fuckin' minute," as he pounced onto the bed to protect his claim. The weight was too much for the bed and it collapsed. But the beef continued uninterrupted. Jake grabbed the cheap plaster lamp on the nightstand and nailed Charles behind the ear. Smitty, stumbling backward as the result of an engineer boot in the chest, tried to break his fall by grabbing the drapes—and succeeded only in ripping them from the wall. A fist pounding on the door brought the scrap to an abrupt halt.

Jake took advantage of the sudden pause to jab Frisco in the gut before leaping from the bed and shouting, "Can't a guy get a decent night's sleep? Who the fuck is it?" Jake tore open the door to reveal the manager. When he saw the devastated room, the manager's beady eyes began to glow and his bald head was instantly covered with tiny drops of sweat.

"Well, whattaya want?" snapped Jake.

The manager, unable to take his eyes off the wreckage, mumbled something about his room. Turning to leave, he said, "I'm going to call the cops."

"Goddammit," Jake shouted, "Why don't you call my ol' lady instead—she's meaner than any cop I've ever seen."

Within three minutes they were back on their bikes. Cruising the freeway at 70 and getting very close to the Laguna Canyon road leading to the mountains, Jake suddenly had a strong feeling that The Man was somewhere close. A glance over his shoulder instantly confirmed his hunch. The Laguna Canyon road was a mile ahead. Jake motioned for the group to move over to the right-hand lane, cranked open the throttle, and made for the off-ramp. As the four headed off the freeway, Charles heard a siren.

"Hey, you guys—The Man's on our ass." None of the four even considered

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stopping. They knew by this time that The Man was looking for them for the motel scrap, and when they boogied for the off-ramp, the cop had picked up the scent. They had too much shit on them to stop and rap their way out of this situation. Experience told them that one patrol car wasn't going to pull four suspicious-looking scooters over without calling for all the assistance within twenty miles. So, if a beef came down, they'd be way outnumbered.

The sun had just turned the darkness into a grey haze, and visibility through their dark glasses improved in the damp dawn. A hard left and they hit the mountain canyon road. Jake's and Frisco's rear Avons slipped slightly on the damp pavement as they rounded the corner. Jake's bike, a beefed-up early shovel, took the lead and Charles's red pan followed, puffing a little blue smoke from a loose valve guide as he nailed the throttle coming out of the turn. Frisco, astride his knuckle, was close behind Charles when they straightened out and headed up the canyon.

By the time the patrol car slid to a stop to see which way they had gone, they were a mile into the canyon, doing 80. The cop couldn't see them, but the thunder of straight pipes blasting up the canyon and the tire marks on the street told him all he needed to know. The lumbering Plymouth burned out in a slide, speeding in pursuit of the elusive bikers.

The Laguna Canyon road was not a hard one to maneuver through. For the most part, the curves were gentle with only an occasional sharp corner. Nonetheless, it wasn't exactly the ideal road for giving the cops the slip.

Farther into the canyon the four spread apart in order to have more room to navigate the corners. In a tight situation each man had his own speed. There's no time to maintain the pack. For five or six miles they widened the gap between them and the cop. But they knew the Laguna Canyon road ended abruptly at some campgrounds. After that, there was only Trabuco Canyon's dirt road, the trail bike rider's dream come true, but not a road for a rigid-frame Harley to speed on. Dusty and full of potholes, the road had claimed many a vehicle.



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Deeper into the canyon the road became sharper and steeper. At one corner Charles slid into the shoulder and almost lost it. Another two miles and they were closing on the campgrounds. Jake, still in the lead, knew he couldn't go on to Trabuco, a mile past the campgrounds. As they passed the campgrounds the decision was made for them. In a tight corner Frisco cut it too close and his scooter bottomed out. Out of control, the bike threw sparks and chunks of primary as it spun off the pavement onto the dusty shoulder. Frisco and his scooter were invisible in the dense cloud of dust as man and machine slid into a small ravine created by a dried-out stream. Jake turned into the campgrounds and he, too, lost control when the bike hit the dirt entrance. Staying on the shovel, he slid sideways into a forestry truck. Smitty and Charles, seeing Jake's near-disaster, slowed as they entered the grounds. Jake, unhurt, spotted Frisco climbing over the cement and granite wall into the campgrounds. He jammed through a few campsites to meet Frisco on the other side of the fence, followed by Charles and Smitty.

"Haul ass—we've gotta get outta sight before The Man shows," Jake ordered. He led through the campgrounds away from the canyon road. The campers were waking up as the bikers sped through the grounds. The men hoped to find a hiding place in the interior of the campgrounds.

Charles spotted two chicks climbing down a ramp protruding from the back of a large step van. Without hesitation, he made straight for the vehicle and rode the big machine right up the ramp and into the van.

Feminine screams erupted from the van's interior and two more chicks came scrambling out. Jake and Smitty went around to the front of the truck and parked there, in hopes of concealing the scooters. They had no sooner shut down their bikes than The Man came screaming around the corner, nearly sliding off the road where Frisco'd lost it. The car's siren continued to wail as the cop sped on up the road toward the other canyon.

"What's the big idea?" shouted a chick whose floppy tits bounced beneath a dark blue T-shirt. She stood with her hands on her hips as if she intended to punch someone. Charles lumbered out of the van as the chick tried to blow her long brown hair out of her face. Her female companions took up the cry.

Charles's hair-trigger temper flared. "Listen, bitch!" he began, lunging at the chick who had come down on him.

"Now hold it, fucker!" Jake quickly intervened before Charles created more hassles for them. Jake ran down the whole hassle to floppy tits while the other chicks listened. Smitty broke out a few reds and started rolling joints while Charles stood behind Jake checking out the broads. Soon they were all in the back of the van getting fucked up and listening to Frisco fretting about his scooter in the stream bed and his road rash. The van was big—a little grubby,

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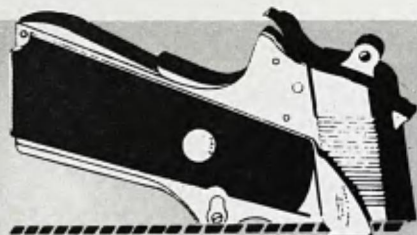
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but it looked good to the four bikers.

Jake watched for the cop. Two more patrol cars blasted through the canyon. Jake knew if they got much more wasted Frisco's bike would become a permanent part of the stream bed. "Let's get your scooter before some kid turns it into a trail bike," he suggested.

Frisco, removing his hand from the front of floppy tits' blouse, grunted in agreement.

The whole group hiked down the hill and helped Frisco get the bike on the road. Its primary was smashed and the handlebars and pegs were bent—light damage for a downed scooter. It started with a little coaxing. Floppy tits climbed on the back and a little chick with blonde hair that had attracted Smitty's attention got on between the tank and Frisco. The chick Jake was scheming on climbed on Frisco's front end. A husky chick with frizzy hair draped herself around Charles and watched Frisco rumble around to the entrance with all his passengers and on up to the van.

The group had begun to crash in the van when Charles spotted a cop coming slowly out of the canyon.

"The others will be comin' out soon. We best get the fuck outta here before they come in the campgrounds," Jake said as he started for his scooter.

Jake's chick, a tall brunette, stumbled over to him, slightly loaded on reds. "Say," she suggested, "why don't you guys load your scooters in the van and we'll smuggle you out?"

"Sounds like a plan," Jake agreed—as if he hadn't been waiting for just such a suggestion.

In five minutes the four scooters and the chicks' trail bike were securely stashed. The step van squeaked in protest as it rumbled out of the campgrounds and down the canyon past two patrol cars obviously waiting for four scooters they couldn't find.

By the time they reached the freeway, Jake had negotiated a new home for the bunch.

"Say, fuckers," he asked with a grin, "could you dig livin' in Colorado?" ■

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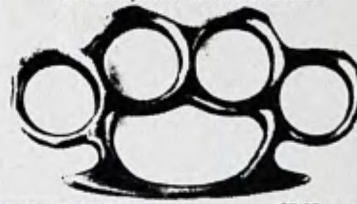


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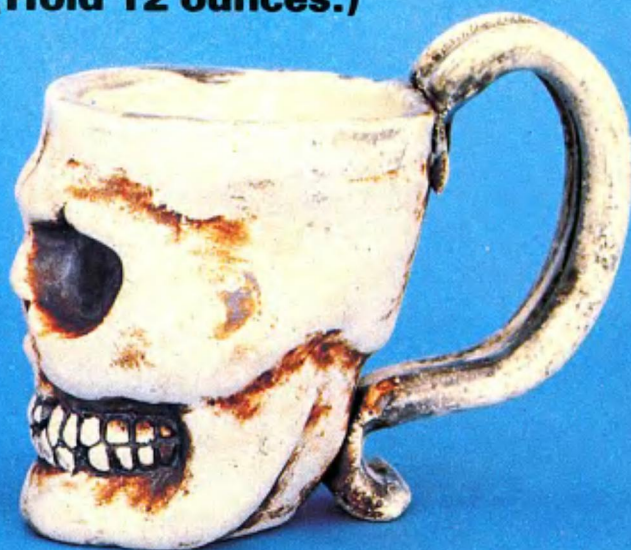
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All High Pockets products are made in America by Americans, using heavy duty rawhide leather from the finest American cows. All leather goods can be ordered in either black or brown. (Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.) California residents add 6% sales tax. Canada and foreign (APO and FPO included) add an extra \$2.00 for postage.

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Starwars and Survivor gloves with a built-in liner and gauntlet measuring 5" from the wrist—high enough to tuck your jacket sleeves in. \$20.00 plus \$2.00 postage & handling.

Corps Gloves

Short summer gloves without the lining or high gauntlets. Protect your knuckles for only \$17.00 plus \$2.00 postage & handling. All three (3) glove styles come with a free 5" safety pin. You may have any four (4) letters or numerals stamped on it just by asking. Glove sizes small, medium, large.



Liners

Even though our Starwars and Survivor gloves already have lining, we have liners to give that extra warmth that some folks need. \$2.00 plus 50c postage & handling. One size fits all.

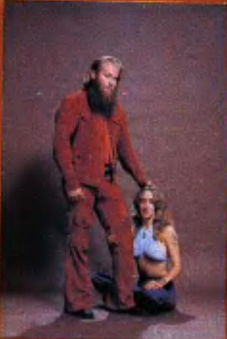
Chaps

There are snaps down the out-sides of the legs making them easy to get on and off, and a snap-down crotch for easier whatever. There are rivets at all the stress points like the old style Levis. Keep your knees in the wind, but keep them warm for only \$89.00 plus \$3.00 postage & handling. Send waist and inseam measurements.

Dealer inquiries welcome.

Kidney Belts

Another high quality product from High Pockets. Help support your back and close that gap between your jacket and pants. Like your daddy or granddaddy wore! Leather is 12 to 14 gauge, about 1/4 inch thick. Completely hand made. You can have 15 letters, stamped in. Extra letters or numerals are 50c each. \$39.00 plus \$2.00 postage & handling. Sizes: S—22"-32" M—26"-36" L—32"-42" XL—40"-50"



Jackets

Four (4) pockets on the front and two (2) larger ones on the inside. There is a flap down the front and straps on the sleeves to keep the wind out. A real bargain at only \$70.00 plus \$3.00 postage & handling. Sizes 38 to 48.

Hero Gaskets

Why didn't someone think of this before? Recyclable H-D primary cover gasket set made from neoprene rubber to keep the primary sealed like it's supposed to be. Can be used over

and over again. Covers all H-D 74 primaries from 1965 to present. Sportster owners: state your model and year, and we'll send the right size. H-D 74, \$6.00 plus 1.50 postage & handling. Sporty, \$4.50 plus 1.50 postage & handling.



Order today from

High Pockets
Box 294
Cypress, Calif. 90630

Wilderness

—Continued from page 62

much that they aren't even attracted to pretty ones, like the vivid red and yellow coral snakes, much less any of the others.

Remind your fellow campers that the animals had the land first and have set up certain areas of habitation and patterns of behavior. No one is likely to miss big paw prints or trampled brush. But you should suggest to your companions that they look for more subtle signs of wildlife activity. I once had the company of several nice, but naive, ladies as I was setting up camp in a grove of redwoods. They handled finding a spot for all the sleeping bags while I took care of building a fire and getting supper together. They were delighted to have found a nice, smoothed-out spot to sleep in, and I was too involved in my chores to question that marvelously wide, smooth area going across the thick stand of trees. Late that night, after many bowls of bodacious weed and a goodly amount of cold brew had led us down the long, long trail to oblivion, I was jolted awake as *they* marched over my back, all four thousand of them. We were sleeping in the middle of the main raccoon run, and all the mamas, papas, babies, and visiting firemen were pitter-pattering their way out of the woods, over our bobs, and down to the creek. They were not about to be detoured off their established route by a bunch of sleeping humans.

That same creek, actually a small, springfed lake, added another chapter to the weekend's lessons in survival. It was beautiful—crystal clear and filled with tiny, darting fish and other water creatures. Flat, clearly visible rocks formed a string of stepping stones across the narrow end. It was a nice spot to gather 'round for a bit of mellow smoking in the afternoon. The water glistened, the stones beckoned, and one of the ladies decided to tiptoe to the other side. One step, two—we pulled her out by her ponytail! Very clear water can be very deceptive. That particular spot was close to ten feet deep.

Desert areas have their own special attraction for weekend campers. The nights are quieter, the stars are brighter, and all the strange desert plants take on a certain mystical appearance in the moonlight—especially after a taste or two of your own mystical plants. One night, the moonbeams shone down on some pretty little puffballs, and my grizzled-out man just had to pick one for me. "Look what I brought you." Hands outstretched, cradling an amazing sphere of silvery fuzz. A couple of hours later, on his way down, he roared his awareness of the eighty-seven jillion hairlike spines stuck in the palms of his hands. Yep, that pretty little puffball had been a cactus. That moonlight will con you every time.

By no means should these hazards scare you off. Weekend runs (or longer trips) to a secluded spot can be very warm, sensual, and can add a lot to the party mood. And with a little friendly guidance, even the greenest of campers can go one-to-one with Mother Nature and not get decked.

—Wildflower

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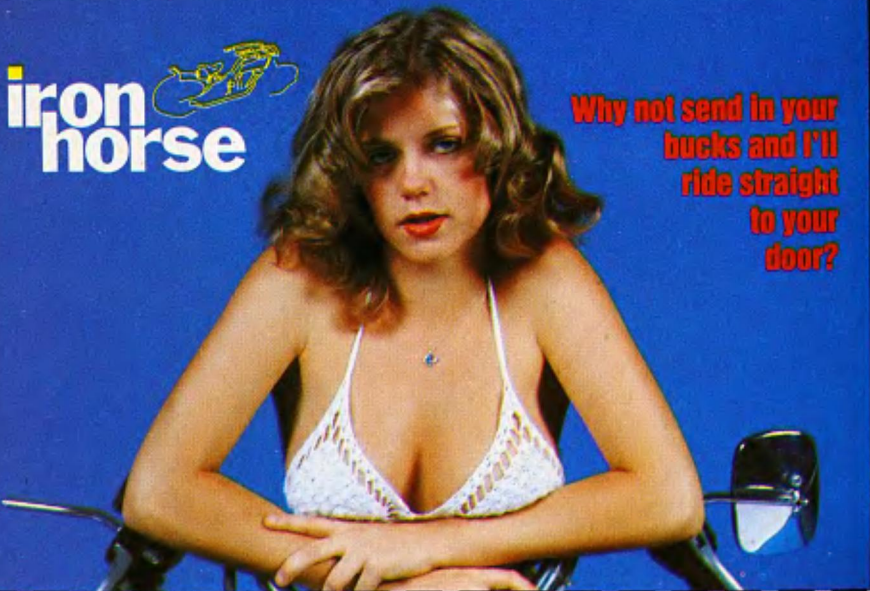
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THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE

Each and every one of us has a say about the way it ought to be. Call it being proud, being an individual, being selfish. Call it whatever you want. In the end it all boils down to this . . . doing what feels good.

For us, doing what feels good means livin' for and lovin' motorcycles. Jammer is a feeling born and bred over long years, a feeling that has come to reach out and touch millions. If you're one of the many who know this feeling we say hello again. If you are new to our world we commend you for doing what feels good, getting involved with the way it ought to be.

Check us out over the next several pages. Remember, this is just a mere sampling of all the goodies we've got waiting for you. Grab a new Jammer's Handbook, stop by your nearest stocking authorized dealer or give us a call and get with the feeling!



Seats



LE PERA
ENTERPRISES, Inc.

When you buy a seat from this section you're buying pure comfort. A Le Pera seat is backed by people who are not only experienced but manufacture seats that are top notch in quality, stylish and above all, comfortable. We think they're the finest seats your money can buy. Each and every Le Pera seat is individually handcrafted using genuine Uniroyal Naugahyde, braided dacron thread, molded 4 lb. high density foam, and steel base plate. All seats mount like stock—no modifications are required. Invest in comfort and style. Le Pera ... the only way to sit!

Super Glide Seats



Naugahyde®
vinyl fabric

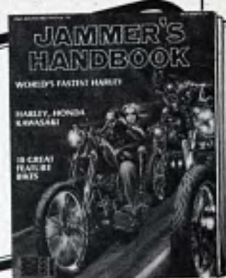


Super Glide seats include all brackets to assure mounting like stock and provide easy access to oil filter. All of these seats have steel base plates and carpeted bottoms.

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115032 Black	67.75
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115034 Black	78.00
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D. Super Glide Duke I	
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116031 Black	99.95
F. Super Glide Monarch Touring I	
14" back. Built-in sissy bar.	
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Double bucket styling provides that snug cushion support for the avid rider.	
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(See Order Blank on Page 124)



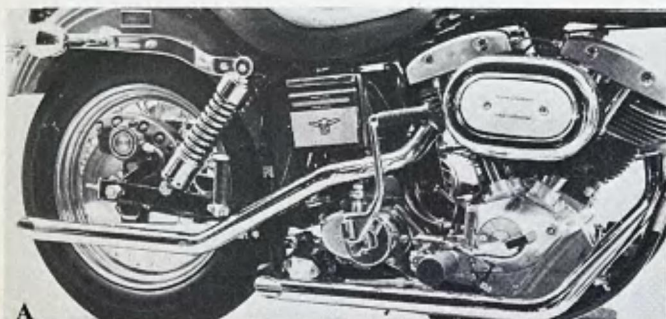
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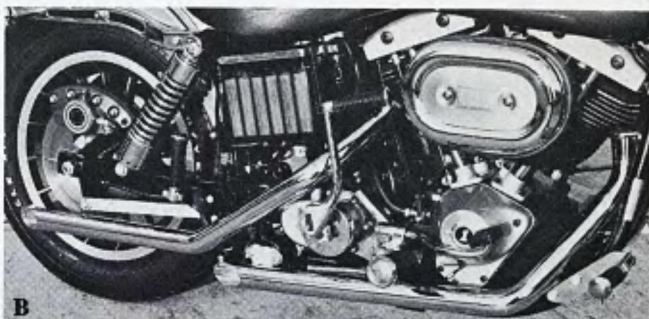
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1³/₄" Harley & 1¹/₂" 45 Pipes

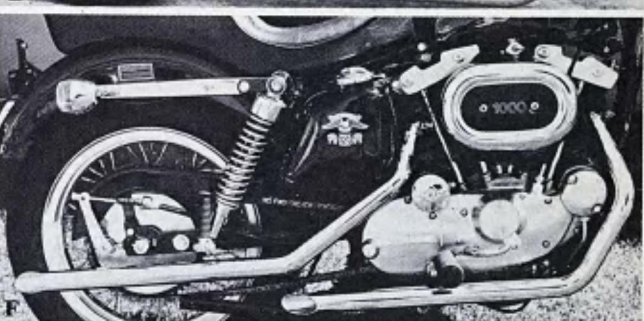
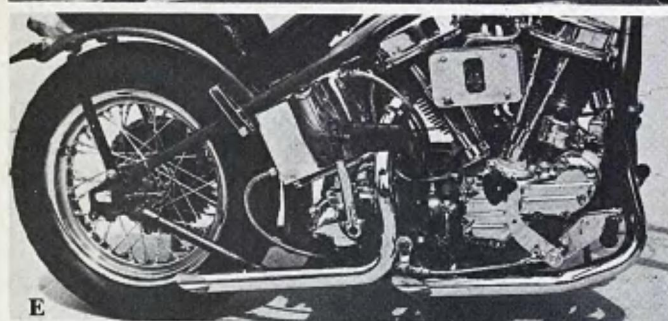
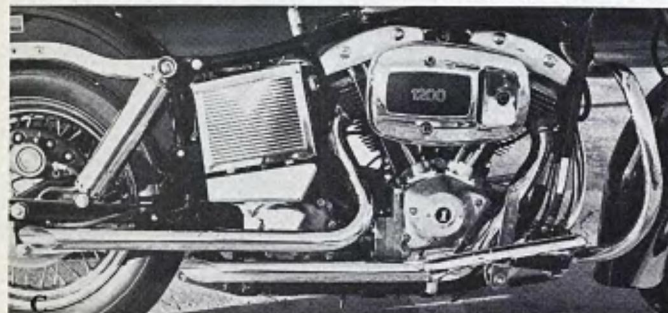
Drag pipes have always been a widespread winner when it comes to customizing. Since they seem to blend so well with all Harleys, there's always a need for upgrading and updating current systems so that your bike is assured the best. All the 1³/₄" drag pipes on this page reflect that concern for quality.



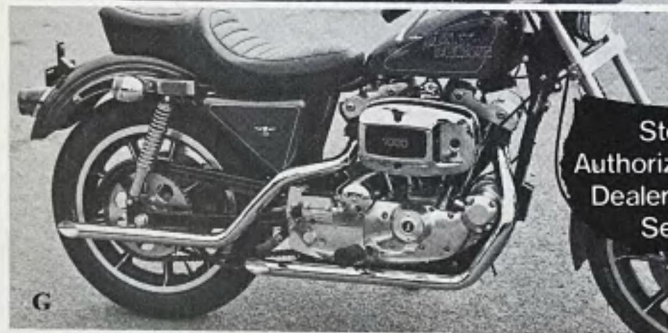
A



B



E



F

E. Panhead Drag Pipes

Fits all Panheads, 1948-1965. Features an outside the frame front pipe and an under the transmission rear pipe.

15003 34.50

F. Sportster Drag Pipes

Fits Sportsters 1957-1978. Features that extra long look for sleek styling.

15002 34.50

G. 1979 Sportster Drag Pipes

Fits all 1979 Sportsters. Features that extra long look for sleek styling.

15003 34.50

H. 45 Drag Pipes

Customized 1¹/₂" drag pipes for solo or servi-car mounting. Works well with shorty mufflers.

15106 34.50

A. FX Drag Pipes

Fits all 1970-1979 kick start models. Features an inside the frame front pipe and a rear pipe designed to tuck in around the smaller kick start batteries.

15001 36.00

B. FXE & Low Rider Drag Pipes

Fits all 1972-1979 FXE models including the Low Rider. Features include an inside the frame front pipe and over the transmission rear pipe allowing clearance for the larger electric start battery.

150025 36.00

C. Late FLH Drag Pipes

Fits all 1970-1979 electric start models only. Features an inside the frame front pipe and a rear pipe designed to clear the larger electric start battery.

150034 36.00

D. Early Shovelhead & FLH Drag Pipes

Fits all 1966-1969 Shovelheads, FL, FLH and Police Specials. Features an outside the frame front pipe and an under the transmission rear pipe. May require re-routing of oil lines on some late model oil pumps.

15005 36.00

Stocking
Authorized Jammer
Dealers For Your Area
See Page 124



SU Carburetor Kits

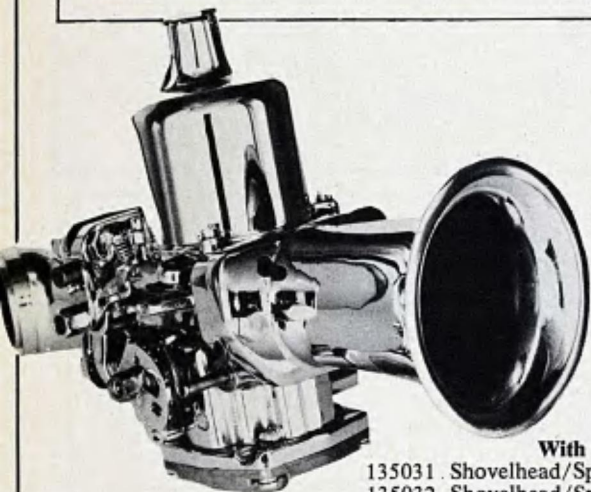
The one of a kind, classic looking carburetor that's known and respected for its dependability and superior performance. If you spot a great bike, chances are you'll spot an SU as its carburetor.



Rivera Engineering

Rivera Engineering—A name that has been synonymous with quality & performance products since 1973. Recognized internationally as specialists in "high performance" carburetion for the Harley, Honda, and Kawasaki motorcycles.

On these pages you will easily find the right carburetor for your needs. All of the Rivera kits are designed for making sure you get only the maximum in performance and efficiency from a carburetor.



**"Eliminator"
SU Harley Kits**

With Air Cleaner

135031	Shovelhead/Sportster	Short Manifold	199.95
135032	Shovelhead/Sportster	Long Manifold	199.95
135033	Panhead	Short Manifold	212.50
135034	Panhead	Long Manifold	212.50
135035	Knucklehead	Manifold Adaptor	199.95

With Velocity Stack

135036	Shovelhead/Sportster	Short Manifold	199.95
135037	Shovelhead/Sportster	Long Manifold	199.95
135038	Panhead	Short Manifold	212.50
135039	Panhead	Long Manifold	212.50
135040	Knucklehead	Manifold Adaptor	199.95

Stocking
Authorized Jammer
Dealers For Your Area
See Page 124

All Rivera kits offer highly polished manifolds and piston domes. The body is cast aluminum. Included is either a breathable air cleaner or velocity stack. All carburetors will be set-up and ready to bolt on. The jetting will be for stock Harley engines. Included in the kits will be two extra needles, one slightly richer than installed, plus one slightly leaner to cover any installation from stock to highly modified engines, such as cams, head work, special exhaust. There will be no jetting for stroked engines included in any kit.

The hardware kit will include manifold gasket, all necessary nuts and bolts, leveling bracket, plus 2 separate cable mounting brackets. Any throttle cable may be used with the "Eliminator" SU, push or pull, front or rear. There will be no necessity of changing throttle cables. All Rivera kits have a special 3.5 mm Viton tipped needle with oversize brass seat for adequate fuel flow.

Each carburetor is tested for proper fuel level, needle seating, and primer pump operation.

The primer pump, manufactured from brass, using an automotive type accelerator cup manufactured from Viton has been tested over 1,000,000 times with no wear factor. It is a press fit into the body, and will require no service. It will insure one kick starting for most machines that are in tune. Also featured is a choke system with an automatic kick down for easy cold weather starting.

Tuning instructions are included in each kit. We offer complete mounting and tuning information complete with pictures detailing most critical adjustments. Normal installation is less than one hour. Also included in the tuning instructions is a complete needle guide listing all needles available and their proper use.

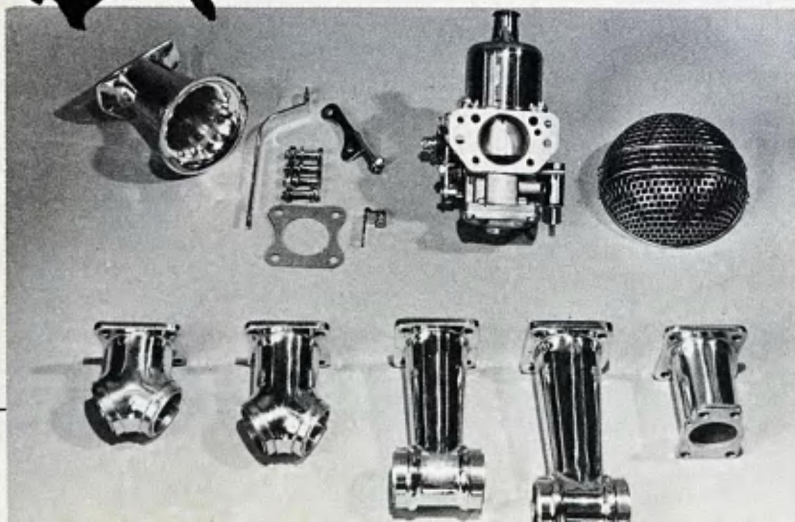
Choose the proper kit for your bike by first finding the appropriate manifold from the listing below. No manifolds are available for 5 gallon tanks.

Shovelhead & Sportster—Short Manifold
For use on all XLCH and FX style tanks. Will fit all machines using a fuel tank of less than 3 gallons and most custom mounted high tanks.

Shovelhead & Sportster—Long Manifold
Designed for 3½ gallon fat bob tanks and all XLH 3.8 gallon tanks.

Panhead—Short Manifold
Designed for use on custom tanks. Will allow close to engine mounting on all high mounted fuel tanks. Makes for maximum leg clearance.

Knucklehead—Manifold Adaptor
One length adaptor designed for use with existing Linkert style manifold. Bolts directly on Linkert manifold.



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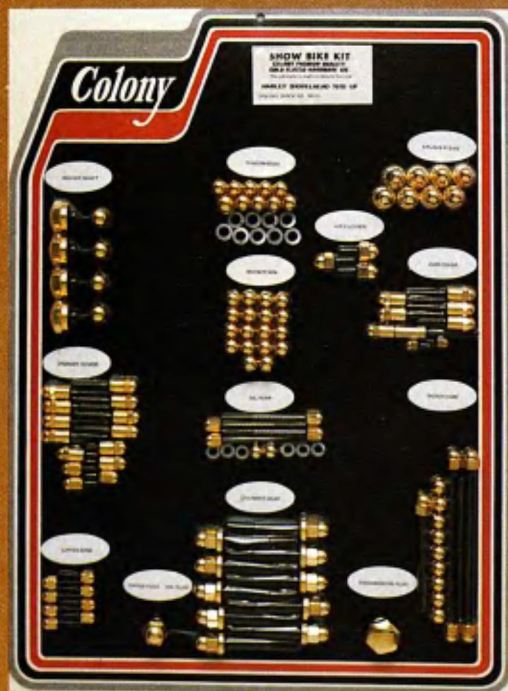
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Attention Renegade Breed MC members: Contact "Shorty Hitler" at National Headquarters right away. We are now merging with the Coffin Jokers MC out of Maryland. (76G)

Attention Coffin Jokers MC members: Thanks for welcoming us of the Renegade Breed MC as brothers in one club. Special thanks to "Big Bear," the national pres. I am sure the Coffin Jokers MC is rich in brotherhood and I am proud to wear the CJMC patch. Your bro, "Shorty Hitler," president Coffin Jokers Nomads. (76G)

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