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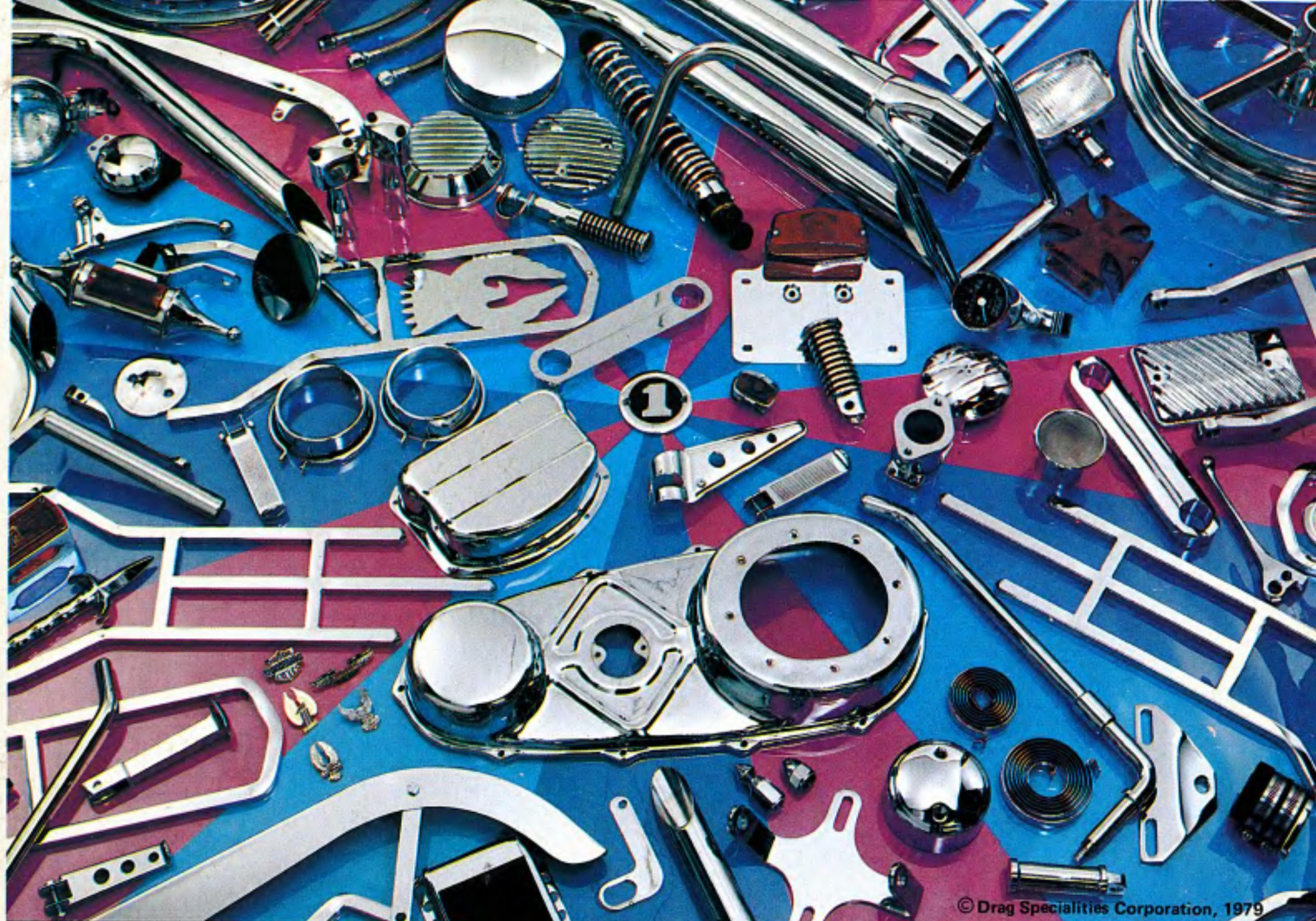


Three Brothers Wed in One Hot Day



Bizarre Halloween Night Fiction





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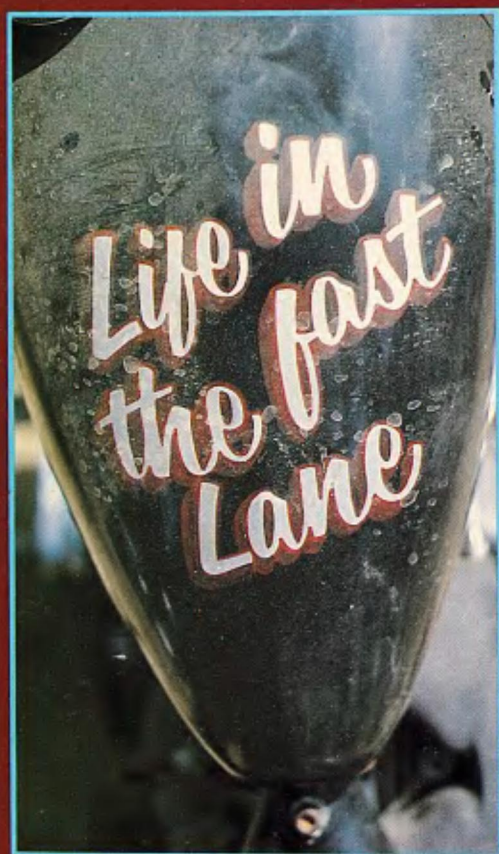
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Easyriders®

Entertainment
for Adult Bikers



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FTW



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Cover photo of Michelle and Larry by Billy Tinney
Tank Art photos from bros around the country

The next liver-quilverin' issue of this rag goes on sale October 23rd.

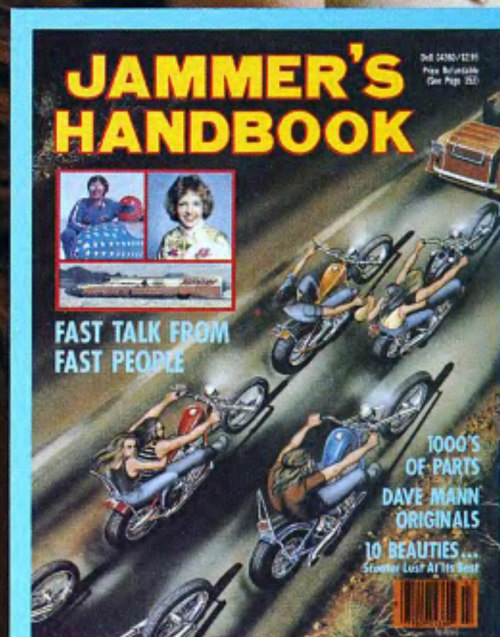
some people like
doing things
the hard way...

...most would
rather do
it our way



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Make our way your way. Grab the all new Jammer's Handbook Number Seven. It'll convince ya. Thousands of ready-made, finished parts...ten dazzling bike features...more Dave Mann originals...talkin' speed at Bonneville. All in all, it's scooter lust at its best. So put the hassles aside. Your cure-all has arrived! If your newsstand's been picked clean, send \$3.95 (a buck of this is for postage) to Jammer Cycle Products, 801 (ER) S. Main St., Burbank, CA 91506.



Man, I tell ya it's a plot! Them women are out to get ya. Did you read where men run a greater risk of losin' their marbles than women do? Yep, it seems we males inherit some special chromosome shit from our dear ol' muthas that females do not inherit, and as a result, we (us males) are more likely to go insane than women are. That's to say nothing about all the other shit they lay on ya that drives you insane after you're born. It's called the "Fragile X Syndrome," and it means you can be now, or get to be, retarded just because your dear ol' mom did a number on ya while she was manufacturing ya. They always wondered why there were more male nuts than female nuts, so they investigated and came up with this plot against mankind. (It was Hitler's mom's fault—not his—ya got that?)

And how about the chick teller in a bank who, when presented with a note by a bank robber that read "Give me all your money or I'll blow your fuckin' head off," got so upset about the robber usin' the foul word "fuckin'" in his note that she hauled off and whapped the poor sucker over the head with the wooden cash drawer. But wait—he was wearing a motorcycle helmet, so the drawer bounced off it. He freaked and split out the door, running so fast that he ran right past his getaway car and was caught hidin' in the weeds around the corner. (How about that helmet savin' another life, DOT?)

If you've ever been called a turkey, here's an example of why: Did you know that turkeys are so dumb that while bobbin' up and down, drinkin' water, they hypnotize themselves and as a result drown—they forget whether they're up or down. (Sounds like some of the bright people we have in the back room.) That's also the definition of dipshit.

Our dog story this month involves two friendly neighborhood pit bulldogs who attacked a policeman in California, forcin' him back into his patrol car. As he drove off he thought he drove over one

of 'em. He said he felt and heard a "thump," so he stopped. But by the time he had gotten outta his car the dogs had chewed on all four of his tires! They were flat, so he cited the owner of the dogs with a city leash law violation.

Ever wonder where most of the cars are? Well, outta the total 138,120,893 licensed drivers in the U.S. of A., the state of California has the most cage drivers of all—14,579,000 of 'em! No wonder the state's cat population is down.

This is certainly not my idea of justice, but you could say this guy doesn't know when to keep his mouth shut:

The judge had just reduced his bail from \$7,500 to \$2,500, but the dude didn't think it was low enough, so just outside the court he started yelling, cursing, and making threats. He was promptly hauled back in front of the judge.

"What's up?" inquired the judge.

"If you want to speak to me, mail it to me."

"Okay, I sentence you to one year in the county jail for contempt of court."

"Why not make it five years?"

"I'll do better than that—you're hereby sentenced to ten years."

"While you're at why don't you raise my bail to \$50,000?"

The judge raised the bail to \$100,000 and sent the dude off to the slammer for ten years. The beef against him before he ran off at the mouth was car theft!

Legal file: As you know, law enforcement officials are barred from wiretapping or listening in on telephone conversations without getting a warrant. But the Nixon Supreme Court has just decided that officials can now obtain a list of every call you make through your friendly telephone company. All they do is add pen registering equipment to your phone (at the phone company office) that records all the numbers you call without intercepting your conversations.

Did you hear about the drunk who wandered into a junkyard and crawled into a partially flattened car to catch up on some z's? The next morning someone saw his hand hanging out of the window—just as the wreck he was in was about to go into a shredding machine. It was the second car in line, and if he hadn't been discovered, he would now be part of a scrap metal shipment to Japan and—who knows—maybe a part of a Honda someday. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Pissed-Off Libber

☐ In case you didn't notice (I'm sure you did), one of your (many) sickening ads appeared in the "No Comment" section of the literally acclaimed publication *Ms* magazine (it was submitted from Minneapolis). The ad was like **Easyriders**: sexist, exploitive of women, B-grade, low-class, putrid, revolting to all intelligent persons whether they be "bikers" or not. I think it's great to see that the truly bright people in this country are exposing your filth and degradation. *Ms* magazine is read by intelligent women and men all over the world, and it's great to see you creeps that uphold violence against women get put in your place.

It makes me sick to see the crap you print, and I wonder why God allows you to continue.

A Feminist Biker
Minneapolis, Minn.

■ Ya got us wrong, babe. We love female types—although we do seem to piss off some butchy types at times.

Be Glad For Whatcha Got

☐ All these ol' ladies that're pisin' an' moanin' about their place in their ol' men's lives should do something about it. Leave the poor fuckers! Yeah, that's right, give their ol' ears a break. If ya can't handle where ya stand with 'em, then let 'em go git someone that won't bitch so fuckin' much about it! Just be glad ya got an ol' man an' a putt—some ladies ain't so fortunate.

Spanky
Santa Ana, Calif.

■ You tell 'em, Spanky.

A Doctor's View

☐ I work in the medical field and also ride a motorcycle. I recently had an opportunity to work with a doctor who specializes in paralysis. He sees many motorcyclists who have broken their backs or necks and have permanent paralysis below the fracture sites. Today he told me two things I thought might interest you: (1) He said that it seemed

that most of the accidents were caused by cars. He felt that a bike would be lots safer if there were no cars. (2) He also said that if he were a biker, he would never wear a helmet: That if he were ever in an accident where he broke his neck and was paralyzed from the neck down, living in a nursing home, having people take care of him and feed him, and pissing and shitting all over himself—he would just as soon be dead—or have so much brain damage that he didn't know what was going on.

David A. McCulloch
Marshfield, Wis.

Chimps Come Through

☐ I subscribed to your rag, but due to some current mishaps in the mail system here (I'm in the joint), my first two issues didn't get to me. I wrote you about it, and damned if you didn't send them to me again. Shit, I don't know of any other rag that would have done that.

Dirty Dan
Mansfield, Ohio

Soup Sandwich?

☐ I've been reading your mag for about a year now, and the ol' lady and I really enjoy it, but we also think that you guys are as fucked up as a soup sandwich.

Crazy Dave
Belle Plaine, Iowa

A Bet

☐ I need you to settle a bet for me and my friend Mike. He says Peter Fonda rode a panhead in the movie *Easy Rider*, and I say he rode a Sportster. We've had a hard time finding positive proof, so we'd really appreciate your help. It's going to be worth some money to one of us.

Lynn Englebert
Atlanta, Ga.

• His "Freedom Machine" was a panhead.

Pissed Off

☐ I really can't recall the number of times I've donated a beer can of gas or a pint of blood or stopped to turn wrenches in

the middle of the night for a downed "bro." But I can tell you how chapped my ass gets every time I'm down and the only help I get is the breeze in my face as a "bro" passes with a stupid look on his face. Or all the horseshit you get when you try to get a part or some simple service work done, and not just at your H-D dealer's either.

It seems that this don't-give-a-shit attitude comes from everyone and everywhere these days, and more and more, everyone thinks he is the most important person and you ain't shit unless he can make a dollar on you.

Kenworth
Marietta, Ga.

Write Letters

☐ You guys bitch about helmets, lights and freedom, but I ain't heard too much bitching about the government *not* including bikes as a major gas saver. Use your head for something other than choking your chicken. Write a 15¢ note to the DOT. Tell them the facts of life.

E.B. Fitz
Richmond, Va.

She Digs Us

☐ I love your rag more than I love mine.

Badger
Columbus, Ohio

Fightin' Dirty

☐ One thing: If it's worth fighting for, it's worth fighting dirty for. The Best 666
New York, N.Y.

A Hot Bike Is A Hot Bike

☐ A while back a dude I know bought a shovelhead at a government auction. Already you're saying, "Feds don't ride Hogs, right?" That's right, but this Hog was latched onto in a drug bust or something, or the feds were using it for something such as getting next to bike people, for whatever reason.

Anyway, the bike must have gotten too well known, 'cause they sold it to my bro. He took the thing to the California Highway Patrol to get it tagged, and I'll be fucked if they didn't say it had hot

parts on it! Needless to say, they confiscated the bike, and my bro got shit.

So beware, 'cause you can't even buy a bike at a federal auction without worryin' about it bein' hot!

Jerry "Wolf" Shaw
Sacramento, Calif.

■ The feds probably ripped it off a busted biker in the first place and weren't as hip as the eagle-eyed CHP.

Biker Image

☐ Everyone's got to remember that John Q. Public can't tell the difference between bikers (poor eyesight). If one badass steals, then we all steal. If one murders, then we all murder, and the real sorrow is that it's the true bros who suffer—the ones who do it only get what they have coming.

So as you travel around, remember you represent us all. The face you show is our face, and the things you do are what we all do.

Tonto
Parry Sound,
Ontario, Canada

Sneaky Ol' Ladies

☐ Went for a ride on my 74, and the next day my ol' lady accused me of fuckin' around on her. Come to find out later, after I copped to it, she had sprayed "Sure" anti-perspirant on her seat. So, bros, watch out—ol' ladies are sneaky.

Maggot
Lebanon, Mo.

Perfect Broad

☐ You assholes finally found the perfect broad (Ricci, Sept. '79 issue). I've looked at that picture spread for 24 hours and I can't find anything wrong with her. If there was ever genuine Harley ass and genuine Harley tits, Ricci has got them. I'd give my left nut to stand her on her head and eat my way to the floor.

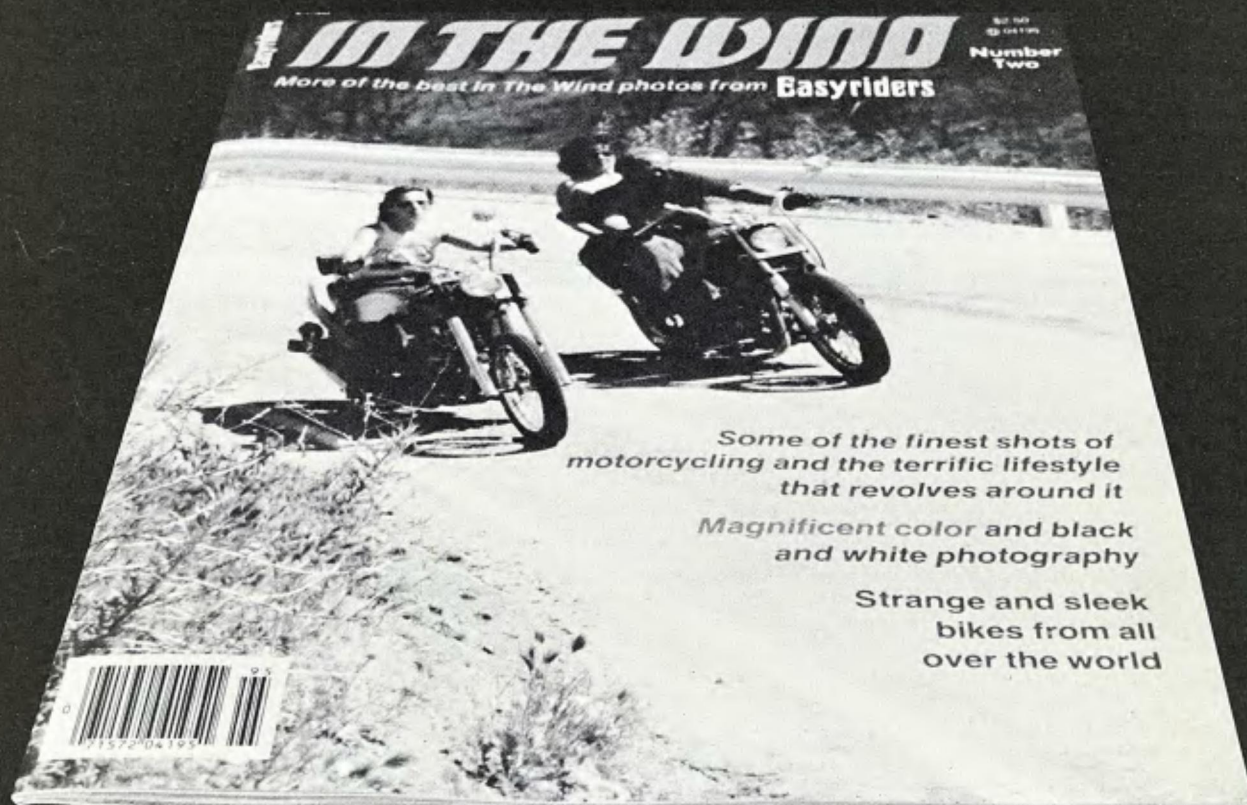
T.C.
Mankato, Minn.

Biker Fiction

☐ I just finished *Best Biker Fiction* #2. What a work of art! So

WIND

Number Two



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!

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Silver



Enlarged 300% to show detail

Man, you've got to hold these to feel and see the quality! They're for pierced ears and each earring is solid bronze with either 22K Gold or Sterling Silver electroplate. That means quality like you gotta have. It's far past the governments dumb specs.

The very intricate detail is damn near unreal. You can even go down on these with a glass and find more. They're available in either post or dangly, so when you order specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly and how many. The post type even makes a bitchin' lapel pin or tie tack, or add a chain to a dangly and you've got one trick pendant.

Cost is only \$9.00 each or \$17.00 per pair. Yup...you read it right. That's so cheap for real Gold or Silver I tried to get 'em to raise the price. I got told to shut-up an' just do my thing, that Bare Essentials wasn't rippin' off scoot folk. CA res. add 6% tax.

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



**ACTUAL SIZE
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where's #3? I guess I'll have to start over and read #1 again. The guys who write those stories have their shit together. It's too bad that Reno and the Boozie Fighters are not real, 'cause they sounded like righteous bros.

Dave's Not Here
Coshocton, Ohio

Guns In Post

☐ In this month's *Saturday Evening Post*, just as soon as you get to the last page of the John Wayne article, you turn to the next page and there's this big Interarms sixgun staring you right in the face, taking up the whole page diagonally and leaving a little room for print.

Now this is big news as far as I'm concerned. I ain't never seen no regular, high-dollar gun ad, lifted right from the pages of a gun magazine and planted right in the middle of a sedate, quiet, easy-to-get-along-with, homey, uncontroversial magazine before—especially in the "No, No! Don't say that!" *Post*. But then—ya know?—you've gotta hand it to the sons o' bitches. When the chips are down and the whole country's goin' nuts, the ol' *Post* hitches up its drawers and says: "Boys, dump a sixgun ad in the middle o' the book. And lay some bullets around it so they'll know the damn thing's real."

Can you imagine some poor overcoated Russian thumbing through a copy of *The Potato* and running across an ad like that? Why, he'd crawl up the Kremlin steps on his knees and weep, "Thank you for assuming that I have some small smidgen of responsibility!"

J.J. Solari
Panorama City, Calif.

Green Slime

☐ What's with these stories written by cunts who keep oozin' in your rag like a green slime? The last one I read, "Cap," has got to take a prize for "Story Most Likely to Con Some Miserable Shithead Into Gettin' Hitched."

I'll tell ya the truth: That was the first story in yer mag that I ever hated—really despised. It made me feel like a fool for allowin' myself to be told some bullshit like that. Ya better print more respectable stuff there, ya buncha love-struck assholes. Everyone knows a woman ain't 4-D—no way, no how, no time.

Crazy
Chicago, Ill.

☐ Thanks for the story "Cap." It hit home.

Willy
Alvin, Tex.

☐ I checked out "Cap" and "Eagle and All." All I can say is them cunts must be treatin' ya all real fuckin' bad to get ya to print shit like that. Ain't no mutha-fucker wanna read no snivelin', sentimental bullshit like that!

Big John
Santa Fe, N.M.

Citizens in Biker Clothes

☐ You dipshits ain't nothin' but "citizens" in biker clothes. I don't like the title "Hates Cunts" you put on my letter in the Sept. '79 issue.

Let it be known I love cunts and am man enough that my women stay women. You weak fuckers need to stop lettin' people think that real bikers let their cunts ride.

Lee E. Seiber
Columbus, Ohio

☐ If a woman wants to ride, she has every right to do so just as a man does. We women sometimes want more between our legs than a man!

J. Hopper
St. Joseph, Mo.

☐ I think that Lee Seiber's head's been up his ass too long. Barbi Winters, Calif.

Foolproof Method

☐ In issue #75 on page 63 you'll see that righteous bro in the middle of the page with the panhead tattooed on him backwards. Ooohh, I get it! It's just that you shitheads fucked up again. If you were as high as me, you'd find these little mistakes.

Pigface
Littleton, N.H.

☒ No, no. If you were higher, you'd make such stupid mistakes without even trying.

Male Anti-Rape Law

☐ In your 74th issue, along with counting all them little bastard 74s, you have a bit about us bros who are lucky enough to get raped in Massachusetts can have the bitch busted. Now my question is, What stupid bastard would have the bitch busted for that?

G.R.
Shelton, Wash.

☒ The dudes who wrote the law.

Shook Up

☐ Thanks to your July '79 issue I'm so wired that I'm shakin' like a dog shittin' peach pits. I've been down for two years now, and the

photographers who did the Daytona feature managed to capture three of my street people in one flick. Thanks for joggin' the ol' memory and makin' this hot fuckin' day in the joint a little better.

Mark "Lightnin'" Logan
Jackson, La.

Radar Rip-Off Comment

☐ Having read "Radar Rip-off" in your August '79 issue and having followed the Dade County case closely, I submit the following.

Despite the continued use of the same type of moving radar that has now been held to be absolutely unreliable in the Dade County, Florida, courts, Wisconsin motorists face an additional threat to their freedom. The Wisconsin State Patrol recently instituted a quota system that is directly related to promotion and higher wages for certain categories of highway patrolmen. Presumably, demotions and wage decreases threaten those troopers who fail to maintain certain "job performance standards." This is despite section 345.55 of the Wisconsin Statutes, which prohibits traffic officers from being "paid any remuneration upon the basis of number of arrests made, convictions obtained, or amount of fines collected."

Under the quota system "hazardous moving violations" such as speeding are given far greater weight than a "motorist assist." Having been stranded on the Interstate this past winter with my family for over two hours would seem to bear out this new emphasis.

Now that the majority of motorists are driving at the speed limit for reasons of energy conservation, it will be interesting to see what inventive new measures will be adopted by troopers who find themselves caught in the quota crunch.

Michael T. Solovey
Attorney and Counselor at Law
Lake Geneva, Wis.

☒ It's becoming more of a police state all the time, isn't it?

Media Message

☐ If you really want to get an insight into how the media works in your state, just listen to your TV news people. Here's a couple of examples I heard on the tube in the last few days: "A motorcyclist was killed today when a pickup truck turned left in front of the cyclist. The police turned the matter over to the county prosecutor for investigation."

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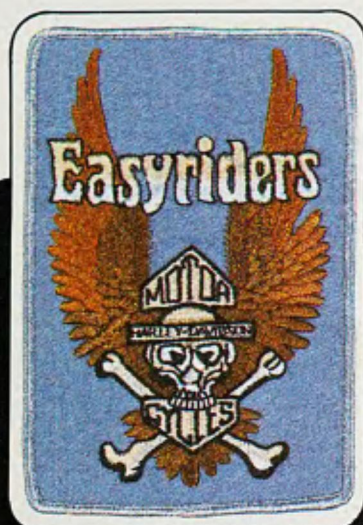
Red _____ Blue _____ Green _____ Yellow _____ Smoke _____

Colored Plastic - \$5.00
Send cash, check, or money order

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ROLLS CHOICE Check style desired.

Brushed Aluminum - \$6.00



Easyriders Patch

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

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

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

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

California residents add 6% sales tax.

"Today a motorcyclist was killed when a car pulled out in front of him. The cyclist died from chest and neck injuries. He was not wearing a helmet." Next report: "Today a stunt motorcyclist was killed when he attempted to jump over some vehicles."

Somehow I fail to see why it was necessary to make sure to say one wasn't wearing a helmet when it had nothing to do with the fatality. I got the impression that I was in a cheap restaurant and they were pushing the week-old oyster soup on me.

The Rev.
Kanehoe, Hawaii

Short Story

☐ Hey, I bought this old Harley from this dude for 50 bucks and all it needed was a coil. I put one on and it took about 500 kicks to get the bitch started. Well, I rode it around a while to get the feel of it, and I congratulated myself for making a good buy. While I was in my house later, smoking a joint, I heard my ol' Harley start up and take off. I ran out after the dude but couldn't catch him. The next morning I found it out in a field with the transmission stripped! Ain't that a bitch?

Mike McCrary
Los Lunas, N.M.

☐ Into each life some rain must fall.

A Friend

☐ Hey, just a word or two to say thanks for publishing your rag. It's more a friend to me than my radio.

Strawberry
Lebanon, Ohio

An Offer

☐ Tell Spider that I would love to fuck his heart out someday. Just let me know when.

Rhonda
Knoxville, Tenn.

☐ Spider says anytime and anywhere. Just send your address.

Anti-Biker TV Show

☐ Well, freedom just got another kick in the ass. I just got done listenin' to a bunch of shit comin' out of the idiot box on a show called 20/20 till I was up to my ears in it.

Seems some judge in Texas got dusted, and the only thing this jackoff reporter could figure out is that a bunch of bike riders down there must have done it 'cause they don't work and they do drugs and they ride motor-sickles with ol' ladies that love

'em. The reporter then went so far as to dig up some old film clips of *The Wild One*.

Then, after terrorizin' every fuckin' idiot soakin' up this shit, they turned around and stood behind every Jesus freak in the country, sayin' they shouldn't have to open up their financial files showin' how much money they made for pumpin' their shit talk over the air.

When's this kinda shit gonna stop?

Hitch
Onalaska, Wis.

☐ Although I'm not much for the tube, we as a group don't need that kind of shit being thrown on us. In this part of the country Shell Oil is being boycotted by the labor unions, and I suggest that all bikers across the country boycott ABC TV.

Trotterjockey
Grand Rapids, Mich.

☐ After watching the ABC show "20/20," I was disgusted and amazed at the low opinion the reporter Geraldo Rivera has for what he called "motorcycle people." The show involved the activities and life style of a motorcycle club here in Texas, and I'm afraid that if a good portion of the general public who watched that show fell for it, the average loner scooter rider like myself won't stand a chance on the highway.

The show points out every alleged illegal, immoral, and unsavory act involving that club. Unfortunately, they did nothing to separate those people from most bike people like myself. They led everyone to believe that anyone riding a bike is a drug-crazed, killing rapist. I know better, but what about all the gullible citizens who are just looking for another reason to run every biker they see off the road? If this type of negative media continues and reporters like Geraldo Rivera are allowed to voice their personal low opinions of us on a nationwide TV show, it will give Big Brother and all the biased, brain-washed public that backs him up an unremovable wedge to use against us in attempts to legislate us off our bikes and off the highways forever.

I am frustrated and confused. I feel certain doom for us, but I also feel that my hands are tied. I don't know what I can do, but I'm willing to do anything in my power to stave off the inevitable attack by the government and the public at large on my freedom to ride.

R.A. Knapp
Copperas Cove, Tex.

☐ Write an intelligent letter to the ABC people who produced the show and the local TV station that ran it in your area. Be certain your letter sticks to facts and isn't abusive. Keep street language at a minimum, or they'll use your letter as evidence against you.

Wrong Guess

☐ Since I guessed there were 7,969 69s in your 69 issue, I was off by only approximately 2,500. For that I think you should at least send me a free subscription.

Skid Kid
Palm Bay, Fla.

Match Maker

☐ I just wanted to write and say thanks. I answered one of your "Male Call" notices and wrote to a scooter bum for a year and a half. He's out now and he's the best ol' man a girl could want. Shit, with the latest copy of your rag, a great ol' man, and this joint of Colombo, I'm doing all right. Thanks again—we owe you one!

Sandi
Henryetta, Okla.

That's Love

☐ In a recent issue I saw the finest chick in the whole world. She's got to win the Ol' Lady Contest—just gotta! If she was my ol' lady, I'd eat the peanuts out of her shit.

Gary Reichel
Jackson, Mich.

☐ All the chicks you've printed in the last three months in the Ol' Lady Contest are really ugly, sleazy-lookin' things—they look like they've been run over by a truck. I hate to think what the judges must look like.

Juicy
Miami, Fla.

Outrageous Idea

☐ Hey, you lazy, mind-warping fuckers—I was just sittin' here stoned outta my bra, when this totally outrageous idea hit me. Since your rag is so hot, why not get on radio? There's gotta be at least one person out there who could handle you guys on the air a couple of hours a day.

D.A. Walters
Santa Ana, Calif.

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



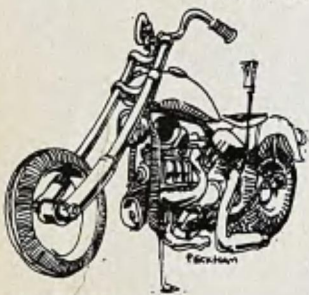
Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Women and Bikes

Motorcycles still have a bad name in some sections and they don't deserve it. The idea of a young, obnoxious teenager racing through town on a hot motorcycle is very, very far from the truth, yet it still hangs around in the minds of some.

The MIC feels that women riding motorcycles can do a lot of indirect PR work for the industry. Although the MIC is already involved in spending sizable advertising dollars in a campaign promoting the "nice guy image," they feel women riding motorcycles could do just as much good for the industry. It is felt that the influence of women in the motorcycle industry could have a very positive effect on the industry's reputation.

—Dealernews



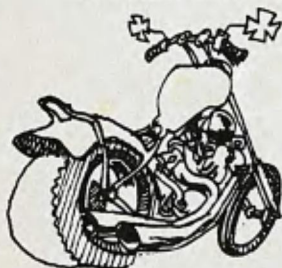
NHTSA "News"

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) has renewed its strong pressure upon states to retain or re-enact mandatory helmet laws for motorcyclists. That announcement was made by NHTSA Administrator Joan Claybrook in a Washington press conference timed to exploit the release of data from four new state helmet use studies and preliminary findings of a major University of Southern California study of motorcycle accidents.

The press conference also served to deliver the NHTSA message to the 96th Congress. In addition to urging states to maintain mandatory helmet laws, press reports indicate, Claybrook will seek reinstatement of NHTSA's powers to withhold federal highway safety funds from states without such laws, an authority removed by Congress in 1976.

In an interesting contrast, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Joseph Califano unveiled the latest report on tobacco and smoking the same day. When asked about possible regulation of tobacco users, Califano said his agency's job is to educate and that users should have the right to make their own choices about personal welfare.

—American Motorcyclist



Why Things Don't Fit

Things Don't Fit because it's part of the fun. We are presented with these challenges, this confusion in the catalogs and the microfilm, the holes that don't quite line up, because we can meet and defeat them. Having it right is fine. Making it right is twice times too much better.

I wouldn't trade the feeling of making my old engine right for two new bikes.

—Allan Girdler
Cycle World

Front End Difference

Question: How does a raked-triple-tree front end differ from a cut-frame front end? Will it change the handling of my bike on corners or at freeway speeds?

Answer: The handling will change slightly. At high speeds, you will find that the handling is light and nimble, with a considerably faster response than the stock front end; while at slow speeds, you will notice that more bar pressure is required for slow, tight corners. The light, responsive front end is really a pleasure when riding at higher speeds, and the increasing pressure for tighter turns creates an ever-increasing stability, creating a certain degree of safety.

—Tom Gaul
Street Chopper

Impact Journalism

When we first heard that "60 Minutes" had sent a crew to visit the Mojave Desert and do a story about off-road recreation, we were pleased and hopeful. "60 Minutes" is probably the best known and most respected television program in the U.S. The men who write, direct and produce it have good reputations.

Then the segment appeared on the tube.

What we got goes under the trade name of Impact Journalism.

The program wasn't inaccurate. Or false.

Instead, it was unfair.

Impact Journalism is where you select the exciting parts.

"60 Minutes" showed us the shocking side of a problem. They didn't show us the plodding side of the solution, the scores of people: bikers, drivers, government groups, working to balance the needs of a recreation-minded public against a shrinking outdoors.

They didn't lie about us. They told some of the truth, the sensational side of the truth and enough of the truth to make the truth into entertainment.

A few hundred thousand off-landers saw the show, and know who did what to whom. While millions of people who don't use the woods and have never seen a desert saw the show and now think they know what we're like.

—Cycle World



MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

Big, wide, old-style tire-man'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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Box 807
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California residents add 6%
Sorry no C.O.D.'s. All foreign orders add \$1.00





Don't Let The Fancy Labels Fool Ya

By Rick Sandack

Wouldn't it be a rush if you and your ol' lady could rumble up to the side of an Alpha Beta supermarket in LA, or a Safeway in Detroit, or a Tony's corner Market in Brooklyn and buy a lid?

But alas, you can't. So let's look into the current pot situation, how much it costs, where it's from, and what we can do about the price.

Pot's not like 60 wt. oil, cotter keys, and Bud. It's illegal, illicit, and abhorrent in the eyes of the government, and hence doesn't warrant FDA approval. And you can't buy it with guaranteed THC levels, a breakdown of active marijuana ingredients, and an approved high—even though marijuana may be the third largest industry in the U.S. behind Standard Oil and General Motors.

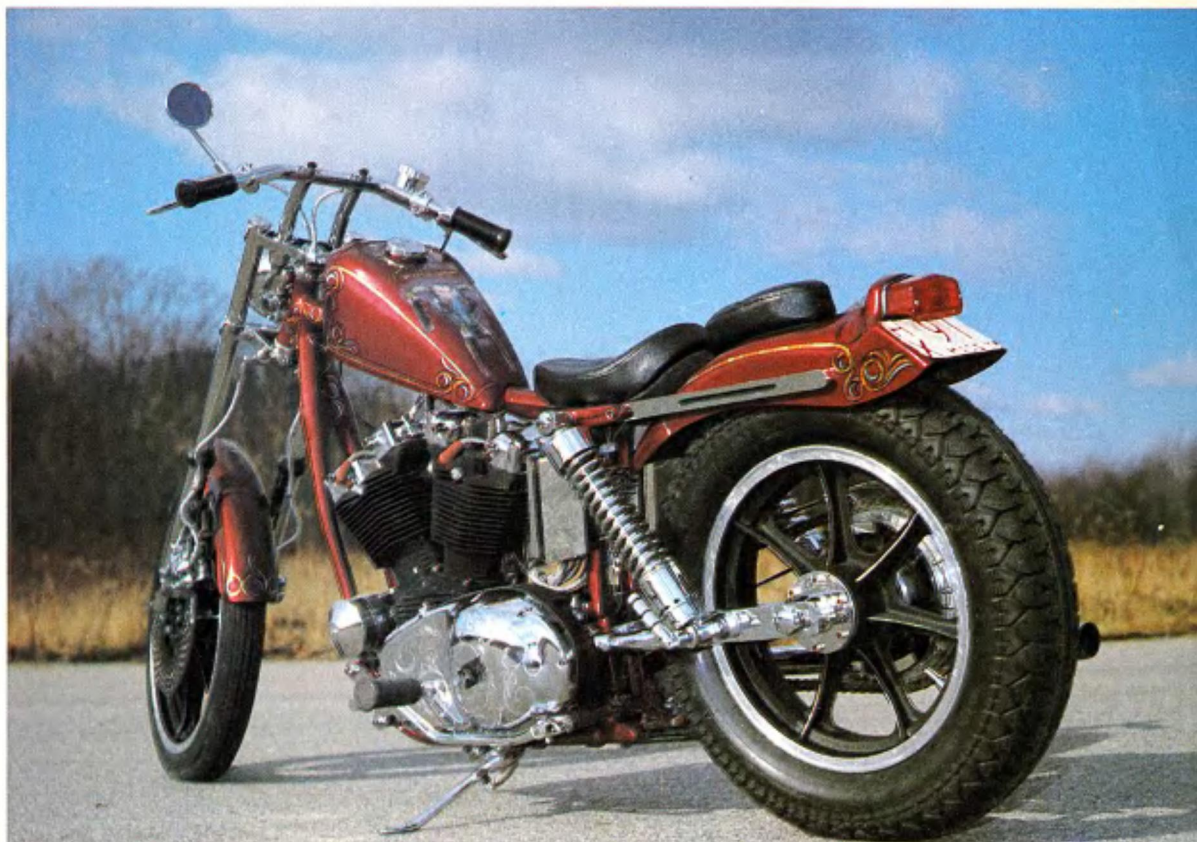
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Photo by the Cub



IT'S RIGHT

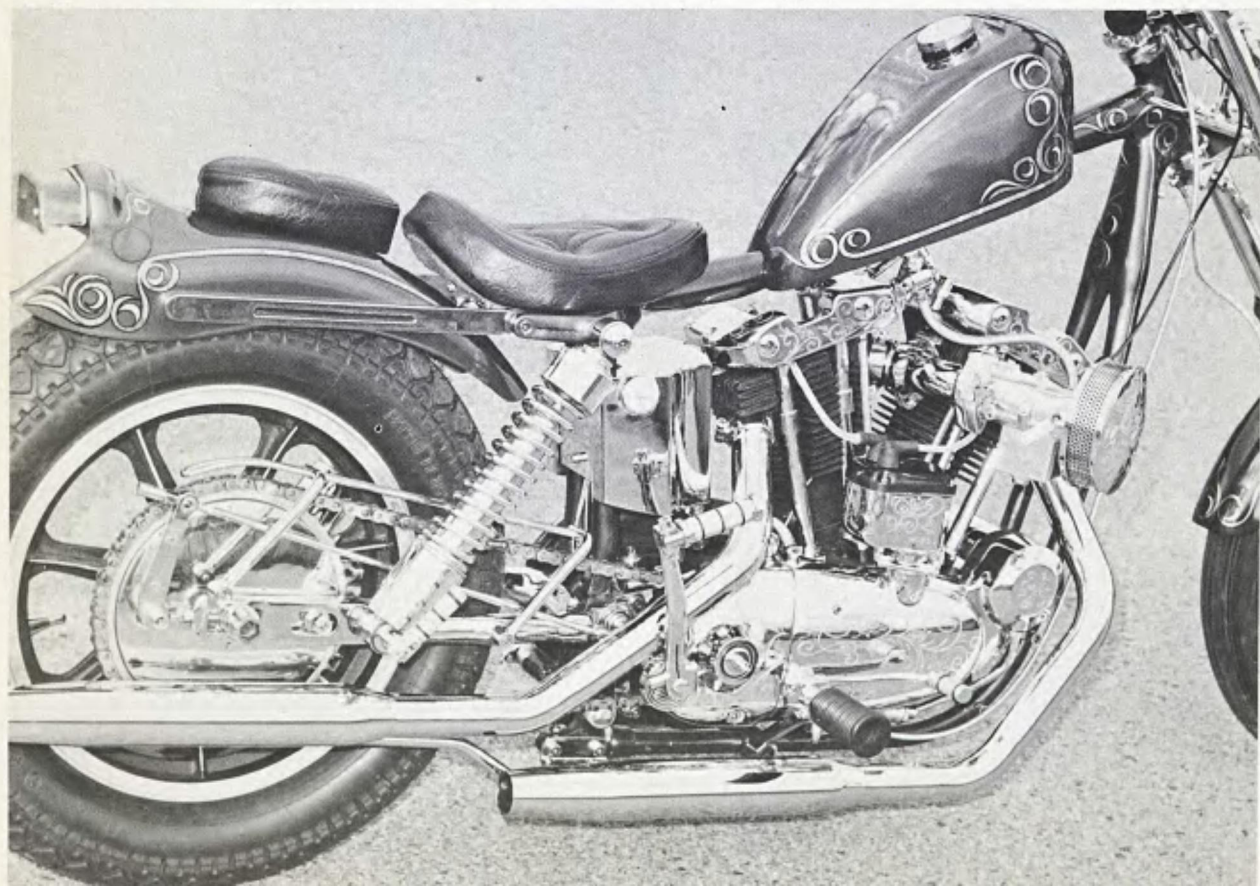


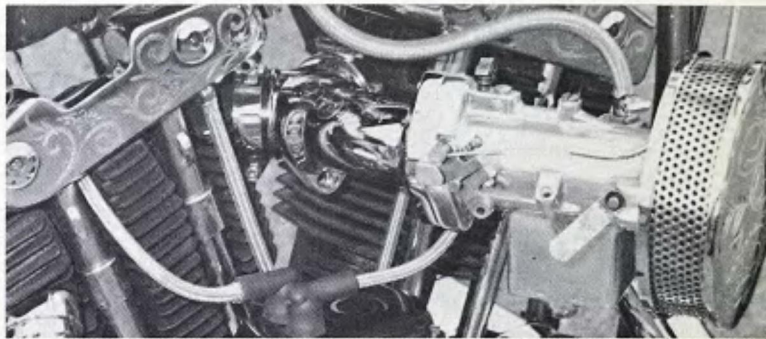
But built the hard way

A Brockton bro we know, Dave Nye, has never been known to do things the easy way. He claims that when you do it the hard way, at least you know what you're up against. It may be a hard road to putt, but at least ya won't get any unpleasant surprises waitin' to nab ya around the next bend.

Now, bein' a lazy cuss myself, I have always favored the quick and dirty method—ya know, don't force it, jes' get out your ten-pound sledgehammer. But I gotta admit, Dave's latest sled is a perfect example of doin' things the hard way—and the right way. He built it last spring, summer, and fall while everybody else was ridin', whorin', and generally partyin' their asses into the next county (or sometimes the nearest local correctional institute). And then, when the bone-chillin', beard-frostin' winter set in, he was all ready to take the thing out for its first putt. As weird as it may come on to ya, I think he may have somethin' there. In the ridin' season when most people are out on the streets, the parts, chrome, paint, and machinin' tend to be cheaper and faster because of the drop in demand. And because Dave could build this sled at his own pace rather than racin' other dudes to get to the parts counter first, he was able to do a lot of far-out details the hard way.

He wasn't satisfied with just allen-head cylinder-head bolts—they had to be countersunk into the heads. Likewise with the tappet guide bolts, the



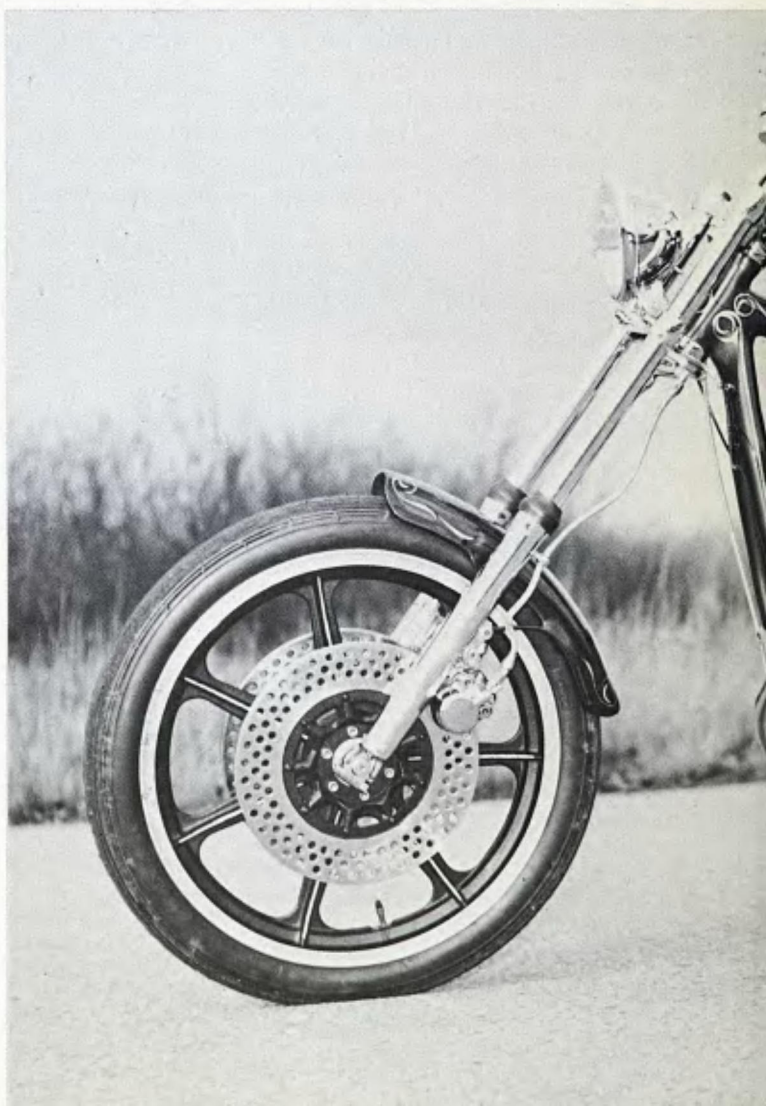
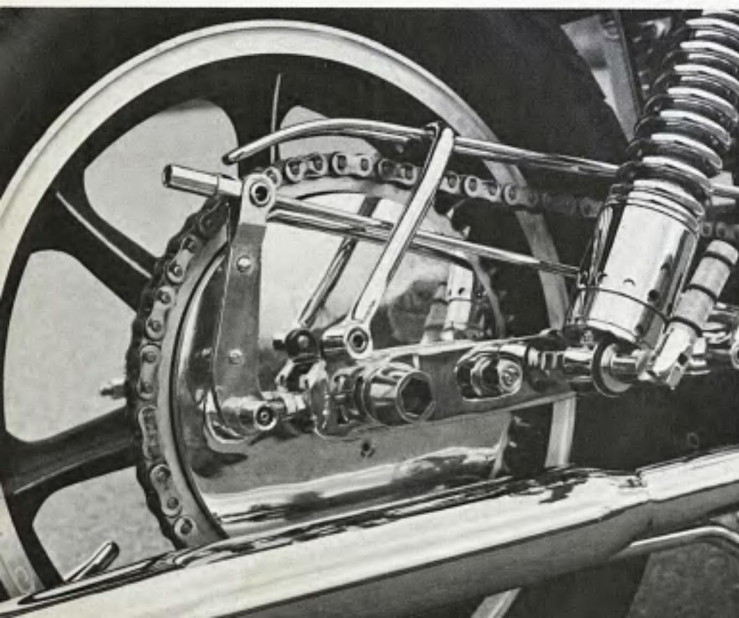


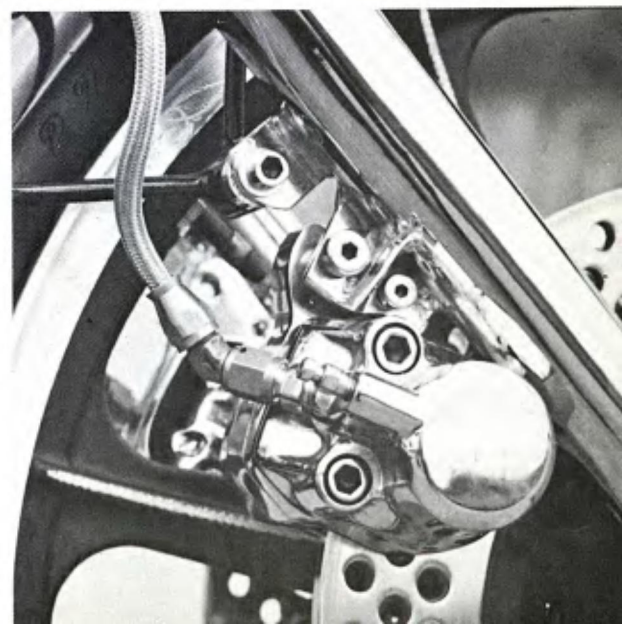
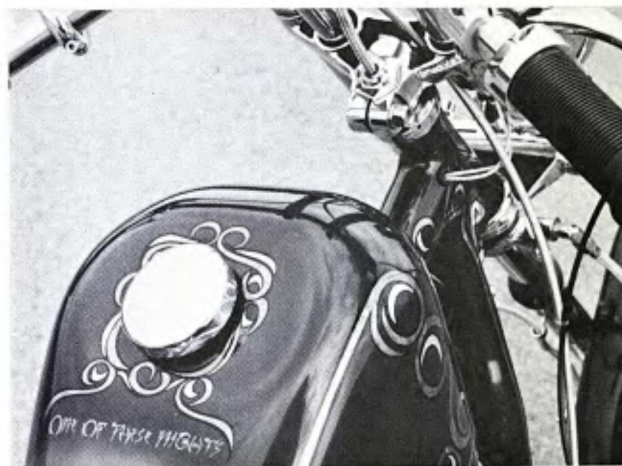
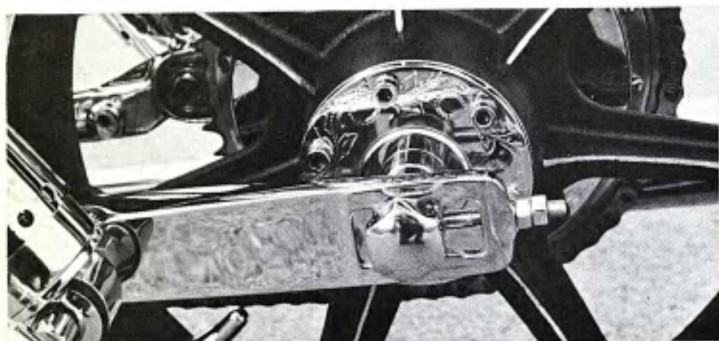
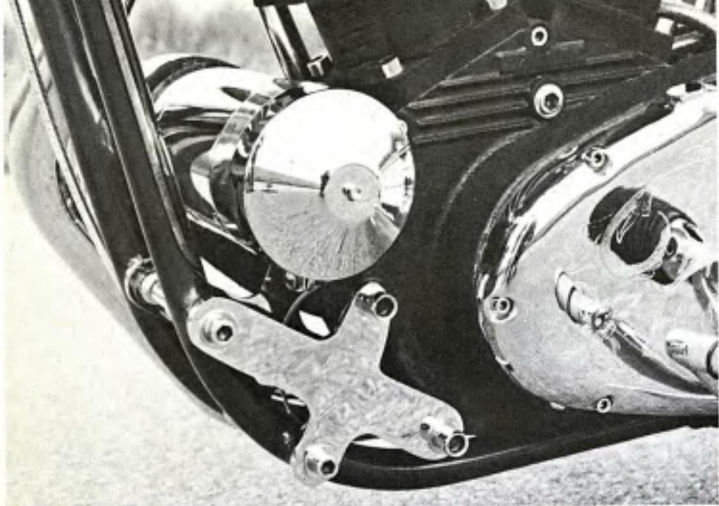
crankcase bolts, the rocker box bolts, the caliper bolts, the handlebar clamp screws, and the engine timing cover screws. In fact, as I bust my eyeballs over this sled, it's goddam hard to find a single stinkin' fastener that ain't an allen-head bolt or an allen nut. Another example is the top motor mount that looks like somethin' from **Star Wars** and connects to special ears on the rocker boxes, or the chain guard, which ya might mistake for an instrument outta some nuclear reactor or the space shuttle.

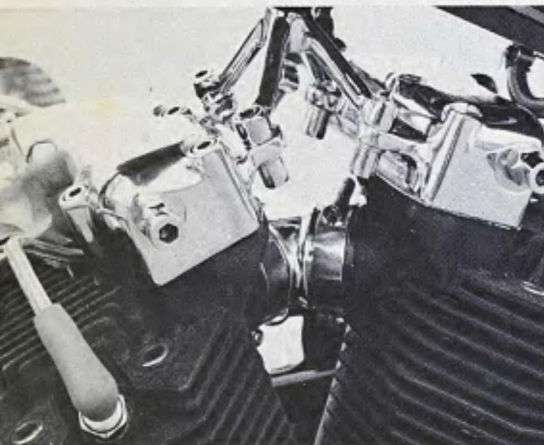
So, much as I hate to admit it, at least for this mean hunk of two wheels, the hard way looks like it was the right way. Now don't spread this around, ya hear? It could wreck my reputation.

— Half-track

—Continued on Next Page







Owners: Dave Nye

City: Brockton, Mass.

General

Fabrication by: owner/Cycle Fab.

Year and make: 1968 H-D

Model: Sportster

Value: \$5,000

Assembly: owner/Cycle Fab.

Time: 7 months

Chroming by: South Shore

Frame

Year: 1968

Builder: H-D/Cycle Fab.

Type: swingarm

Rake: stock

Stretch: 2½ inches

Other alterations: cherried fork stops

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1968

Model: XLCH

Rebuilder: Bob Vaughn

Ignition: mag & aircraft wires

Displacement: 55 cu.in.

Lower end: blueprinted

Balancing: stock specs

Pistons: H-D 9:1

Cases: converted to allen bolts

Heads: fins hex milled

Cam: P's

Lifters: solids

Carb(s): S&S Cycle

Air cleaner: Drag Specialties

Pipes: Cycle Fab.

Muffler(s): one piece

Bars: Arlen Ness

Risers: one piece with bars

Fender(s): Ness/Cycle Fab.

Headlight: mini

Taillight: molded to fender

Speedo: none

Front pegs: Sportster

Rear pegs: Ness knurled

Electrics: Ness hidden reg.

Gas tank: shaved 1½ in.

Oil tank: Arlen Ness

Oil system: braided lines

Primary cover: Jerry Magnuson

Seat: Arlen Ness

Sissy bar: Sportster shocks

Height: stock

Material: coil springs/shock

Transmission

Modifications: none

Year: 1968

Shifting: Ness pedal

Engine sprocket: stock

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: early Sportster

Extension: 4 inches

Builder: owner/Cycle Fab.

Special features: external seals

Wheels

Painting

Molding: Don Perewitz

Painter: Dave Perewitz

Color: candy red

Type: acrylic lacquer

Special paint: gold and silver leaf, striping and mural by Mason.

Front:

Size: 19 in.

Hub: Honda

Rim width: 3 in.

Tire: 3.00HC.S.

Brake: dual discs

Rear:

Size: 16

Hub: H-D

Rim width: 5 in.

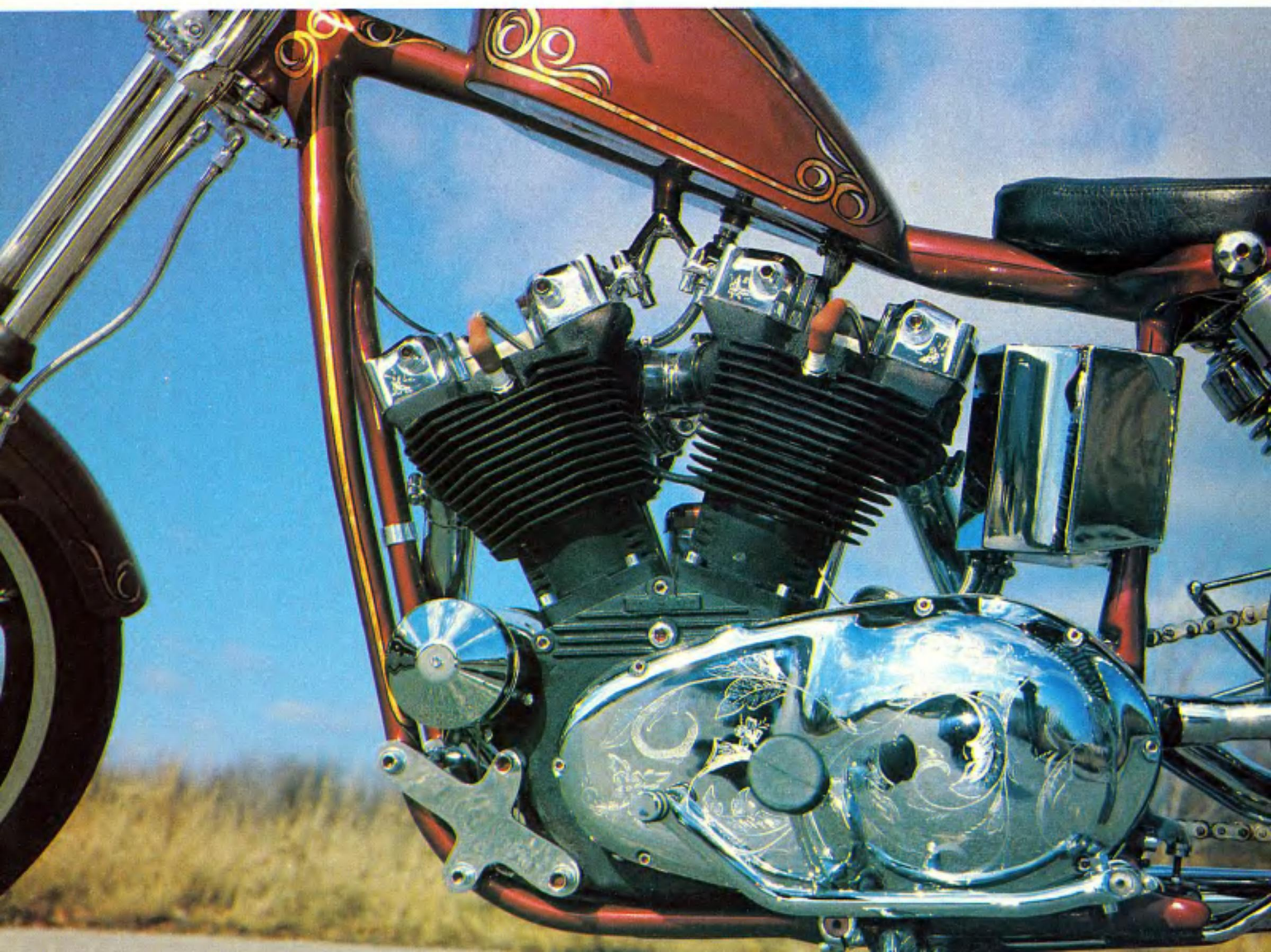
Tire: 510H Con.

Brake: drum

Other special modifications: special top motor mount bolts to reworked rocker boxes, brake line stand-offs and caliper mounts welded to lower fork legs, braided brake hose runs thru fork stem, countersunk cylinder head bolts.



Photos by Jake



Triple W Pedding



Photos by Kim Peterson, Pete Chiodo and Kathey Walsh





In an old desert town in the sizzling sun

It had to be a good party. The Monks, a sixteen-year-old club, had three brothers gettin' hitched on the same day. And the sealin' ceremony wasn't to be held in a bro's garage or back yard. They carefully picked the most desolate spot in the burnin' desert to pull it off—Pioneer Town.

Pioneer Town has to have been built almost entirely from sand. You can tell because there are no trees, except for cactus and yuccas, no water, no people, no fast food chains, no neon lights, no phones, and no cement mixers. Aside from the old western buildings, maybe twelve, there are no houses and almost no other goddam thing. But whatta ya expect inna desert? The town consists of a righteous post office, a one-lane bowling alley (no shit), a likkerbar, the OK Corral, and the Cantina. Shit, I forgot the tattoo parlor that opened up the week before the run. The buildings are constructed from adobe brick and mud, some from railroad ties and mud, some wood, and some just mud (desert sand and water).

Sounds bleak, huh? But it's a fuckin' beer drinkers' paradise. It's a partyers' haven and the city scooter tramps' escape. Add around a hundred scooters to the Sahara sandscape suite known as Pioneer Town and the village explodes into one of the best party atmospheres available in the West. No cops, no citizens, no street lights, no highway patrol, no left-turn lanes, no intersections, no DMV—just sand and beer. 'Course, if the bros could run all the sizzlin', suntanned citizens outta Palm Springs or Lost Wages—but ya know how that goes!







We waited anxiously, and finally the Friday before the wedding creaked onto the calendar. We split from the ol' grind and putted through the city and into the mountains. We stayed at a bro's house on Friday night and tried unsuccessfully to hide from the heat. And before the sun could get high enough to renew Friday's smoldering atmosphere, we were back on the highway into the granite hills and sparsely populated valleys. As the scenery changed from green to brown, the traffic went from crowded city commuters to an occasional popped hood and steamin' radiator. As the trees became nonexistent, dried-out hulks replaced by sun-lovin', prickly yuccas and cactus, it grew hotter.

Hotter until we thought the paint would blister on our tanks. The sun was so bright I thought I was arc welding without my weldin' hood. The asphalt seemed to melt into long black rivers before us, and the round, rocky mountains turned into clusters of 500-watt light bulbs—all turned on. Just as our tires began to sizzle and our brains started to fry, we pulled inco Yucca Valley. That's right, Yucca-muthafuckin'-Valley. The people were scorched, the Gila monsters thick, and yucca trees flourished as if a fuckin' river ran through the town. Our eyeballs felt like hot ball bearings as we singed our hands on the diner's door handle. We sat smolderin' with a half-dozen torched truck drivers who were forced to drive into this godforsaken hellhole. We drank the

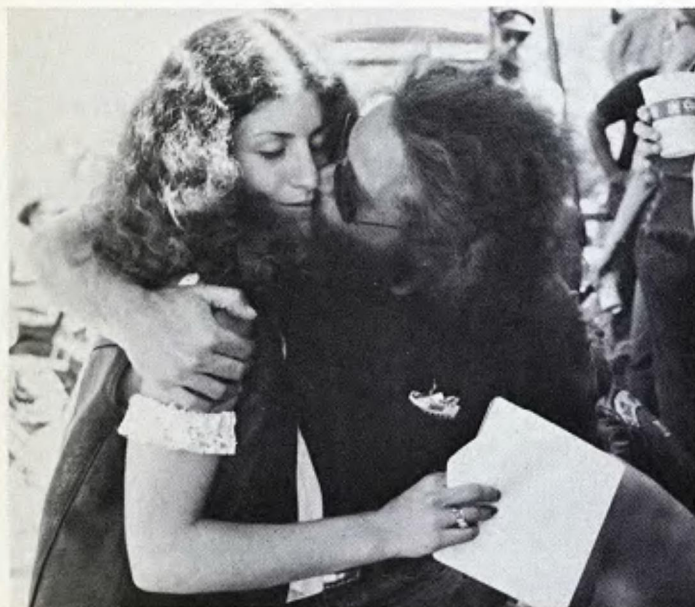


cactus water, tamped our blistered foreheads with the 20-grit paper napkins, and read the menu: chili (super hot)—fiddy cents; large (super hot) tacos—fiddy cents; Mexican (super hot) tamales—fiddy cents; and for dinner, stuffed (super hot) Gila monsters—three dollars, fiddy cents. Every selection came with hot coffee—no iced tea. The only other drink they had was warm milk.

Just as the old Indian waitress came at us with our steamin' orders and I could swear I saw smoke risin' off the gnarly, sculptured face of one of the truck drivers, in strolled this brightlookin' blonde lady. She had hair like Cinderella, a face as bright as fresh-fallen snow, and a pure white blouse that looked like it was straight out of a laundry soap commercial. And she wore a cutoff. On the back it read "Cantina." With a smile as bright as a politician's, she greeted us. We responded with jalapeno breath and steam pourin' from our nostrils. She stayed just long enough to have a hot cup of coffee, which we watched her drink in awe, and she left. As she went, she turned and said cheerfully, "See ya at the Cantina. Never eat my own food, but there's tamale pie (super hot) and chili (you guessed it) ready when ya get there."

We managed to force a smile through our cracked lips and broke out in a fresh wave of sweat. It was hotter when we left the restaurant. Our bikes kicked over easily, as if the fuckin' pistons had melted in the furnace-like cylinders and left only the wrist pins to create some compression. We started into the stone hills toward Pioneer Town.

Through the mirages created by the extreme heat and unrelentin' sun, we somehow worked our way into the white, sandy,



vacant desert until we came to the Cantina on the outskirts of Pioneer Town. Viewed through the sweat drippin' into our eyes, it was a twilight zone trip into the past—an old western town created in a desert mirage—except that a hundred scooters were parked out front. After the over heated ride, the Cantina was an oasis of ice cold beer and brothers partyin' in the sun. We had arrived on our steamin' seventy-fours before noon. The weddin' was to take place at three.

But there was no hassle to waitin'. Shit, there were brothers to meet, beer to drink, bikes to check out, beer to guzzle, drivin' sun to avoid, drugs to alter our thinkin', and more beer to drink. Before our bikes quit creakin' as they cooled, we were engulfed in the brotherhood and party atmosphere we love to see our people sharin'. In attendance were many a long, hard-ridin' loner, the Monks—of course—Bravados from Santa Barbara, Sons of None from a different part of the desert, Diablos from Berdoo, Ravens from Oakland, Righteous Ones—and lots and lots of women just dyin' to get out of their flimsy clothes to avoid the heat. And there was a sizzlin' band, The Deep Cross Cowboys, brought all the way from Santa Barbara. But the atmosphere was cool, with frosty beers, bouncin' boobs, Harley-Davidsons, and brotherhood.

At three o'clock, brothers married their brothers to their brides: Will Jr. married Tat, Monk Dust married Erin, and brother Ed married Pat—a celebration of love amongst a gathering of brothers.

It was a special occasion well worth the sunburns.

—Bandit



Trick? Or Treat?

By Alex Furie





The four headlights sliced through the pitch darkness of the western Kansas prairie.

Ahead, just as flat and straight as an airport runway, ran Highway 70 East. It was a frigid night late in October. It was also a very bad time of year to be riding to New York, but all four had business there, and business is business.

Ahead and to the left rode Mad Mike, a heavily muscled giant resembling an offensive lineman. His long, blond hair waved from beneath the bandana tied around his head, and the long hair of his Fu Manchu moustache was pressed flat against his cheek by the tearing wind.

To the right rode Cheater, a five-foot-eleven-inch, two-hundred-eighty-pound beer belly with arms, legs, and a head attached to it. His scraggy brown hair was sticking out from under a World War II leather flying helmet and his long beard was pressed against his neck.

Behind Mad Mike rode Fast Eddie, his long, lean frame draped loosely over his scooter. The strap of a pair of goggles held his long, wavy hair, which was prematurely gray at 30. Finishing the circle around his wind-reddened face was a gray Captain Ahab beard.

To the right of Fast Eddie was Sneaky Pete, the last of the four. Even though he was only five-foot-seven and weighed a hundred and fifty-five pounds, many a bigger man had good cause to regret fucking with the dark, wiry little man. Somehow he didn't look out of place on his huge 80-inch chopper.

Mad Mike and Cheater were riding from Los Angeles to New York. Fast Eddie and Sneaky Pete had come up from Albuquerque and were going to New York, too.

It was going to be a long, hard ride, and the chance meeting of the two groups at a truck stop just east of Denver had been a lucky break. There is safety in numbers. When they met, they immediately decided to ride together. They were all late and decided they would go straight through—no stops to fuck around.

It had been a chance meeting that would never have come about if not for the fact that Fast Eddie and Sneaky Pete had decided to go north from Albuquerque to visit Eddie's brother, Tom, in Colorado Springs, coupled with the fact that Mad Mike and Cheater had lost fourteen hours riding time farting around with a flat that Cheater had picked up in the mountains west of Denver. Even together, the trip would turn out to be rougher than they thought.

As the four men on choppers tore through the night, there was one thing that was as clear as the frigid air they sped through. They were going to have to stop soon. Mad Mike and Cheater had pissed away two days in Vegas on some hard partying, and then hadn't slept worth a shit on the side of the mountain last night with Cheater's flat tire. Fast Eddie and Sneaky Pete had spent three days at Eddie's brother's and had slept a total of six hours. They were fast becoming four exhausted men pushing themselves to the limit in the icy cold. Promises made in the daylight are forgotten in the dark. The whites weren't working any more. They were all beginning to weaken a bit. Sneaky Pete was nodding out. He almost

Illustration by Paul Vauchelet

—Continued on page 104

Give It A Try

While I was in the hospital recuperating from a broken leg, this foxy chick walks into my room and puts the make on me. First she told me she was a hooker, but then she confessed she was a transsexual, and she made it very plain that she wanted to fuck me. I am really horny, and I don't mind fuckin' this broad. Do you think I should pass up the opportunity, or should I try every kind of sexual experience at least once?

Dick Behrends
San Francisco, Calif.

- By all means, have at it.

Her What?

Me an' my bros have been arguin' about how you lost your virginity. One of 'em says you lost it horseback riding, but I say you lost it fuckin' the horse.

Schwabish Emund
Berlin, Germany

- Rigid frame.

Ohio Pussy

You can tell that Spaceball from Youngstown, Ohio, who said that Ohio pussy tastes like snakeshit, that he obviously has never had the privilege of trying any of the fine, tasty morsels that come from the south-eastern part of the state. We sure haven't had any complaints about our sweet stuff, and there are plenty of bros from around here who'll testify to that. Could it be that he meant snakeshit is really something?

Fuzzy and Boogie
Athens, Ohio

- Could be that if Ohio is a broad and if she has a pussy that is located in the south-eastern part of the state, then she would also have an asshole that could be located near Youngstown.

Powder Puff

I love you, babe, and I want to take you away. I want to put my face between your thighs and sniff the baby powder, or whatever you've got down there.

Mike Rhamey
Jefferson, Mo.

- No time to powder it.

Lost Lover

The dudes in my part of the country turned out to be old pussies, so I went to Colorado for some new action. While there, I met the wildest, pussy-suckin' 1%er in the world, and when his tongue couldn't do it, his cock would. Now that I'm back home, he ain't writing to me, and I think I love the fucker. What should I do?

Cocaine Katy
New Galilee, Pa.

- Forget him. I'm keepin' him pretty busy nowadays anyway.

Surprise!

They just locked my ol' man up for carrying brass knuckles, and he isn't allowed any visitors, so I can't inform him that I'm pregnant. He's sure gonna be surprised when he gets out.

Stardust Smith
Detroit, Mich.

- You too pregnant to write?

A Winner

In issue 65, you published a picture of a beautiful hunk of woman named Tish, the seventh winner in your Ol' Lady Contest. My question is, can I beg, borrow or buy a copy of that picture? She's so lovely I don't know what to do.

Eutiquio Castano
San Diego, Calif.

- Sorry, the dudes on the staff have "used up" her pictures long ago.

Hot Dawg

Every time my ol' lady has the rag on, our dog runs around with about eight inches of pink, drippin' cock stickin' out. It's embarrassin' to take him out in public because he's always stickin' his nose in her crotch. Last week she had the rag on, an' when she bent over to pick up my dirty shorts, the dog jumped her an' tried to fuck her. She ain't no beauty, an' since I don't like that kinda messy fuckin' do you think I oughtta let the dog have a crack at her? Also, can she get pregnant?

Jay Walker
Montello, Wash.

- So don't take him out in public. Let him stay home with your wife and she'll be pleasantly surprised . . . unless, of course, you're afraid of being thrown over for a dog.

Big Mouth

I got your number, you sleazy bitch. Someone I know knows a dude who knows someone who is friends with one of the editors of your rag, and he told me that you're really a chick, but that you're a straight school teacher who teaches school in Arcadia. He also says that you ain't fat, but skinny, and ya ain't even got any tits at all, and that Spider is really your father. He also swears that you wasn't in jail at all, a while back, but that you was takin' a refresher course in Jesus-freak bullshit at a convent in Okmulgee, Oklahoma. What's the scam, bitch?

Stanley Myron Lipshitz
Brooklyn, N.Y.

- Some guys'll believe anything.

Go For It

I just got through looking at **Easyriders** for the first time in my life, and your picture caught my eye. I don't know if it's your mouth, eyes, tits, or ass, but I'm in love, and I want ya. I could never have ya for myself, I know, 'cause Spider must feel the same, but I wanted you to know how I feel.

Bobcat Wallace
Tulsa, Okla.

- Tell me more, tell me more.

Dangerous Head

My ol' lady gave me head while I was driving the other night. I had the seat tipped back, the steering wheel tilted up, and it was just great, but when I climaxed my arms went numb and I had trouble steering. Do you think a head job while driving is a traffic hazard?

Brother Bob
Dayton, Ohio

- Yeah, but isn't that part of the turn-on?

Bad Allergy

My ol' lady says no head until I take a bath, but whenever I get close to soap and water I break out in hives. Should I convince her it's a new sex trip or should I just hammer out her teeth and smear tuna on my pecker?

Chico Blintz
Esko, Minn.

- Maybe if your ol' lady broke out in hives a couple of times, she'd understand.

More Than One Way

It's my ol' man. He can get his dork up nice and hard, but just before I get my rocks off, he comes and it's all over. I never have an orgasm. What can I do, fuck myself with the douche bag nozzle or what?

Betty Graves
Imperial Beach, Calif.

- There's more than one way to reach a climax. And if your ol' man won't help you out, I find that a cucumber, a banana squash, or a plastic dork will do the job just fine.

—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha.

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



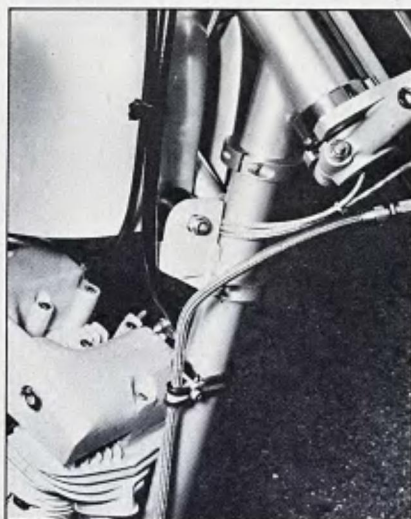
Tech Tip

Frame Clamps—from Freak to Far-out

There are a lotta ways to attach things to your scooter's frame—and most of 'em look worse than a vulture's hangnail. One of the sorriest sights you'll ever lay eyeballs on is a sled that some bro has busted his sweat glands over, buildin' it clean and solid, only to blow it at the eleventh hour in a blizzard of black tape, bungee cords, muffler clamps, and bailing wire.

If you're a serious plan-ahead type, you can weld tabs on the frame where you know you're gonna need 'em to attach your exhaust pipes, footpegs, fenders, or whatever. But there are a coupla problems to this route. First, at some point durin' the assembly, ya end up needin' a bracket where there ain't one. Second, a lotta weldin' here and there for tabs doesn't exactly do wonders for the grain structure, the ultimate strength, and other technical characteristics of the metal in those areas. If you're reworking a stock frame, don't go bananas hackin' off the brackets—particularly if they're not highly visible anyway. You might just end up usin' 'em. And, try to attach new ones with high-strength, low-temp brazing instead of welding—some brazed types are just as strong as welded ones, and because they work at a lower temperature they hassle the original frame metal less.

Thanks to the good ol' military-industrial complex, there are a variety of



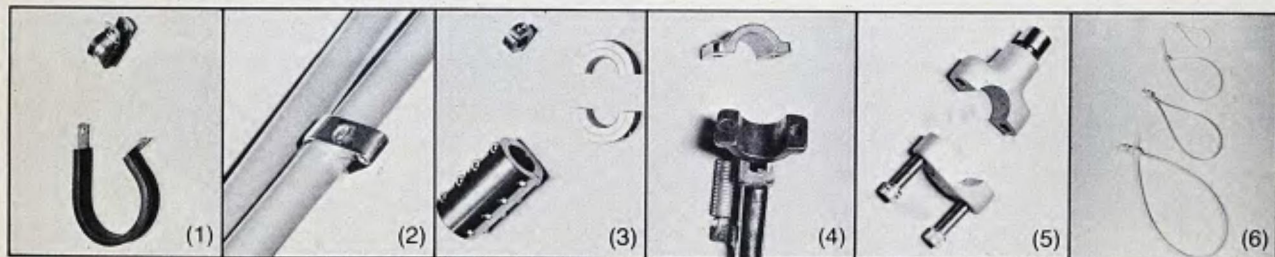
Usually called Adel clamps, they are available in a wide range of sizes (1) and consist of an aluminum band with a rubber cover—not too bad for protecting your paint. Once it's on the frame, you can attach the cable or line with a second Adel, all held with one cap screw and nut. For high-temperature areas, Adels are sometimes available with a heat-resistant rubber (Viton). They're clean and simple, but not meant for high temps or a lotta weight.

Stuff your nose in some accessory catalogs and you'll also see a whole passel of cable routers, wire looms, and

around the entire circumference of the shaft (or in our case, the frame tube) for a much stronger, more uniform connection. Clamping collars are normally available in one-piece, two-piece, and even multiple widths, from under 1/2-inch diameter to over two-inch (3). Ya can get 'em in a choice of cold rolled steel, stainless, and even high-strength aluminum for weight-reduction freaks. Sometimes the bros at the bearing counter won't know what you're looking for until you tell 'em a brand name, so ask for Ruland, Clamptite, Maxwell, or Macit, among others.

The bodies of these beauties are thick enough for you to file a flat on one side and then drill and tap them from an attaching point. A mounting tab can also be attached where the collar halves join, if the ends are filed or ground back to compensate for the thickness of the tab. Shaft collars can be easily moved and adjusted while you're in the dial-in stage, and they eliminate welded-in mounting sleeves in the frame for bolts or studs.

A couple final suggestions before I go off to soak my whiskers in some cold suds—or a warm bush. Some accessories like handlebar master cylinders, universal kickstands (4), or short handlebar risers come with a clamp integral with the body of the piece. If you score these for low bucks at a swap meet, you can sometimes ravage



Photos by Jake

clamp-on frame brackets that can also help ya hang things off your set of wheels without makin' it look like a hang glider. These doohickies range all the way from metal strapping that holds up cold water pipes (and rat bike exhaust pipes!) to special designed-for-the-job shit that will tie up a whole machine shop for a week just gettin' it made.

For light-duty work like juice brake lines, oil pipes, or wiring, one of the best alternatives can be copped easily at many surplus, aircraft, or industrial supply houses (particularly those specializing in hydraulic components).

the like. Two that come to this worn-out mind are Jammer's clutch cable stand-off and an aluminum control cable mount from Cycle Fab (2).

Weightier items like gas tanks, gorilla bags, and girlie bars need somethin' a taste stronger. Another easily purchased clamp that does the job like a bandit on Wall Street is the clamping-type shaft collar. This is commonly found on industrial machinery, and is usually in good supply at most bearing supply houses. Unlike the normal shaft collar that is held with a keyway or setscrew, this type actually squeezes down

'em and use just the clamping section for other purposes (5); or, mount the whole ball of wax on the frame if it's still good and your frame tubes are the right size (7/8 inch or 1 inch).

And, although I don't personally cotton to Ty-wraps, Snap-tys, and the like, for low-temperature spots they definitely do the job and are available in many more sizes that ya might think (6) from electronics, industrial, and hardware supply outfits. Jes' don't try to hold up your exhaust pipes or tie down your motor mounts with 'em—right?

—mystery man

The Greatest E

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Indian wins 25-mile National Championship, Springfield, Ill., four consecutive years. Also, new 5-mile record, Art Hater, winner. New 5-mile record, Lee Hittink, winner. Indian wins 100-mile National Speedway Championship, Langhorne, Pa.

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There was a time in our motorcycling past when, for their tremendous feats of endurance, the men who rode Milwaukee and Springfield, Mass., big-twin motors were known as iron men. So great were some of their feats, such as Cannonball Baker's L.A. to New York dashes; Wells Bennett's 24 hours on a board track at Tacoma, Washington, that produced 1,564.54 miles; and Fred Hamm's incredible rides, that a call went out across the land for all the iron men to gather at Columbus, Ohio, for a national test to see who was the endurance champion.

Sixty-odd entries lined up at the Ohio State Journal Building on Saturday morning, October 4, 1941. At one-minute intervals the riders rolled out of town on a two-day grind covering 500 miles of southern Ohio back country.

Heavy rain began falling during the day and the course was turned into a quagmire. From a point just an hour or two out of Columbus and on into

the night, the muddy course was strewn with exhausted riders. The next morning only six solo riders and two sidecar entries were still in the run.

What happened next will go down in history as one of the all time fuckups in motorcycling. Two country yokels, their brains pickled on 190-proof moonshine, decided to change a course marker and direct the riders over a cliff into a swamp. Near the town of Tucson all the townsfolk waited for the sound of motorcycles, but the Harley-Davidsons and Indians were motor-deep in mud. The two good ol' boys had one hellava laugh and went off to shoot up some stop signs with their twelve-gauge.

After hours of struggle, the weary riders wrestled their bikes from the muddy gully. They searched in vain for course markers. At this point, a young Harley rider named Bill Muehlenbeck refused to quit. He backtracked up the ravine to the bogus marker and examined the nail holes

ndurance Run



closely. Satisfying himself that the marker had been moved, he began scouting up and down the trail, looking for trees along the way. Suddenly his search was rewarded. There was a tree with nails in it that apparently had held the disastrous marker originally. Bill turned onto a path and soon another marker flashed into view—then another—and another. He had found the right route.

While the other riders wandered around the autumn countryside, Bill roared on—the only rider left in the event. After reaching Portsmouth, Ohio, and the Milner Hotel at Second and Market streets, he gunned his Hog toward Columbus. The other riders were still wandering aimlessly in the thick mud and woods.

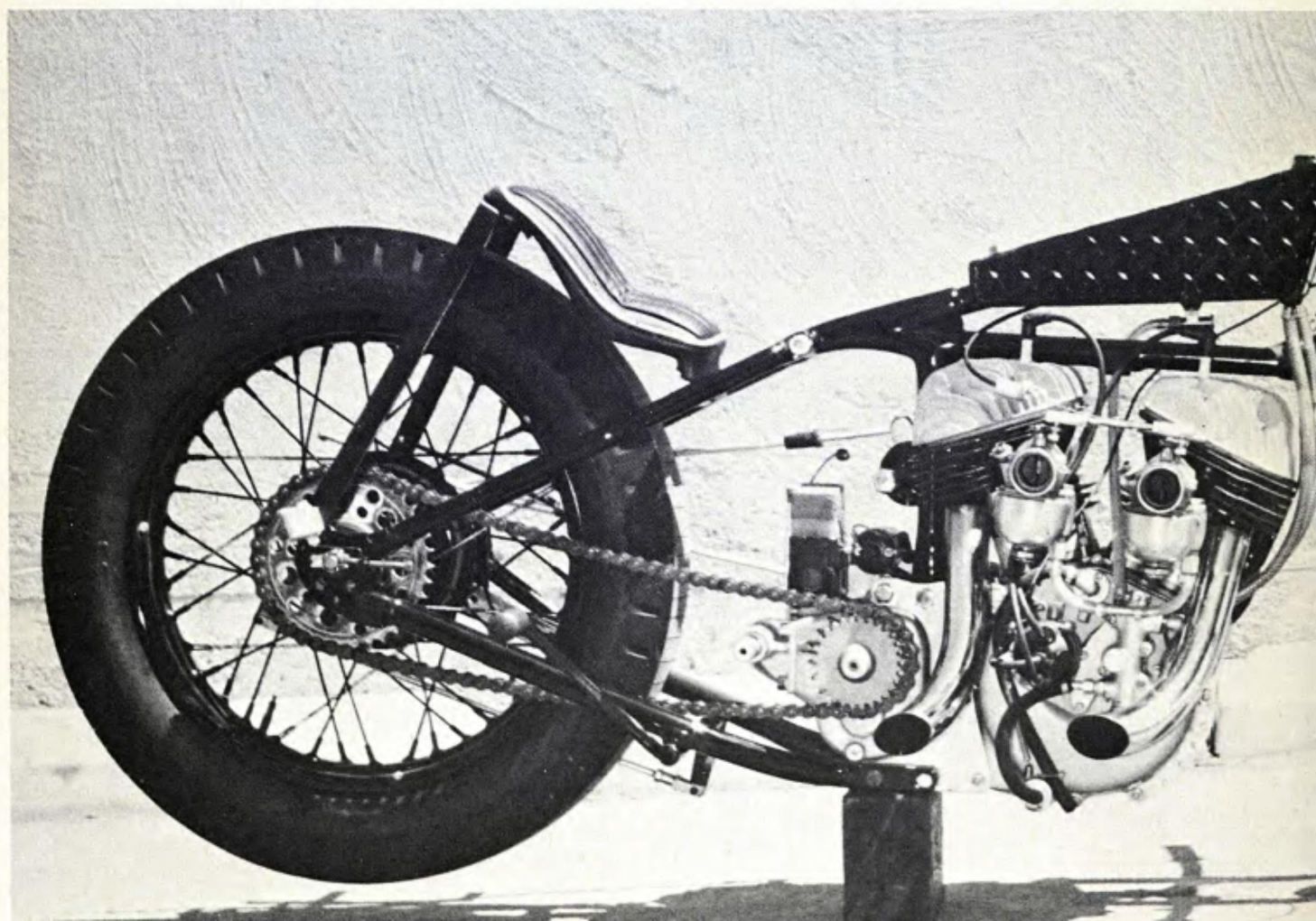
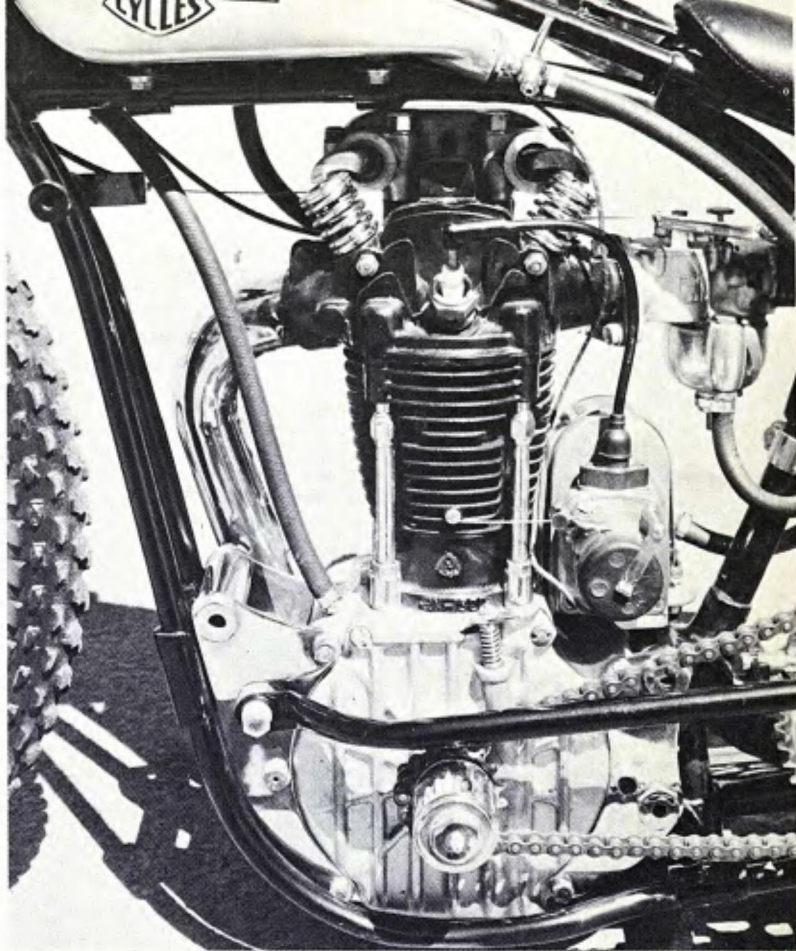
Two-thirds of the course consisted of gravel roads and the rest was dirt—more accurately, mud—axle deep. Duke Goodwin, on a 4-cylinder Indian, was the pathfinder who had laid the

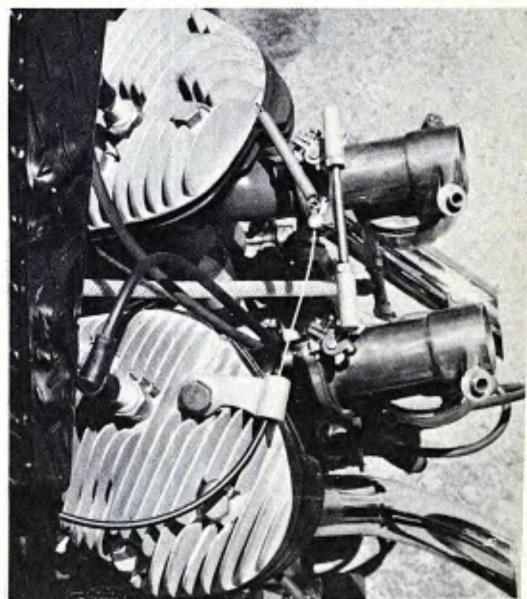
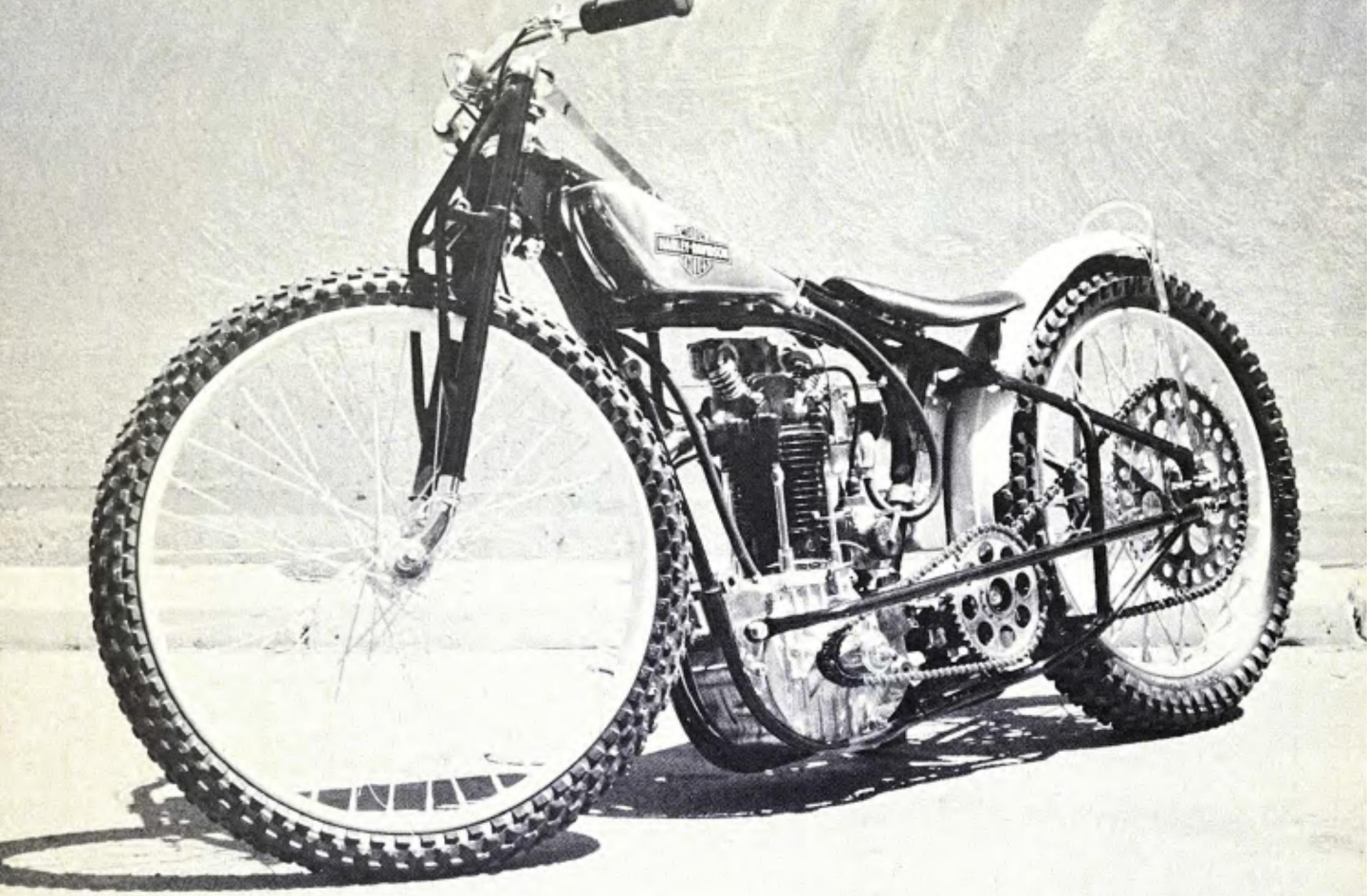
course out and had urged the riders to keep on plugging and not to get discouraged when the going got rough, but this impossible path, mud, and steep terrain were ridiculous. Some riders, not knowing where they were, crossed the Ohio River into Kentucky and headed south toward Florida. Others got lost in the hills of West Virginia and were never heard from again. Young Bill forded Moccasin Creek and headed up Sawmill Hill on his way to the finish in Columbus.

I.W. Schroeder checked him in on October 5 at the Ohio Journal Building and waited for the others, some of whom never returned. When the run was finally finished and the scores were computed, the referee announced Muehlenbeck as the only rider to complete the course and hit every check point. Immediately a protest was lodged by Joe Gee, the Indian dealer in Columbus. On October 14 the run was ruled "No Contest."

—Big Jim

MAKE
'EM
AND
BRAKE
'EM



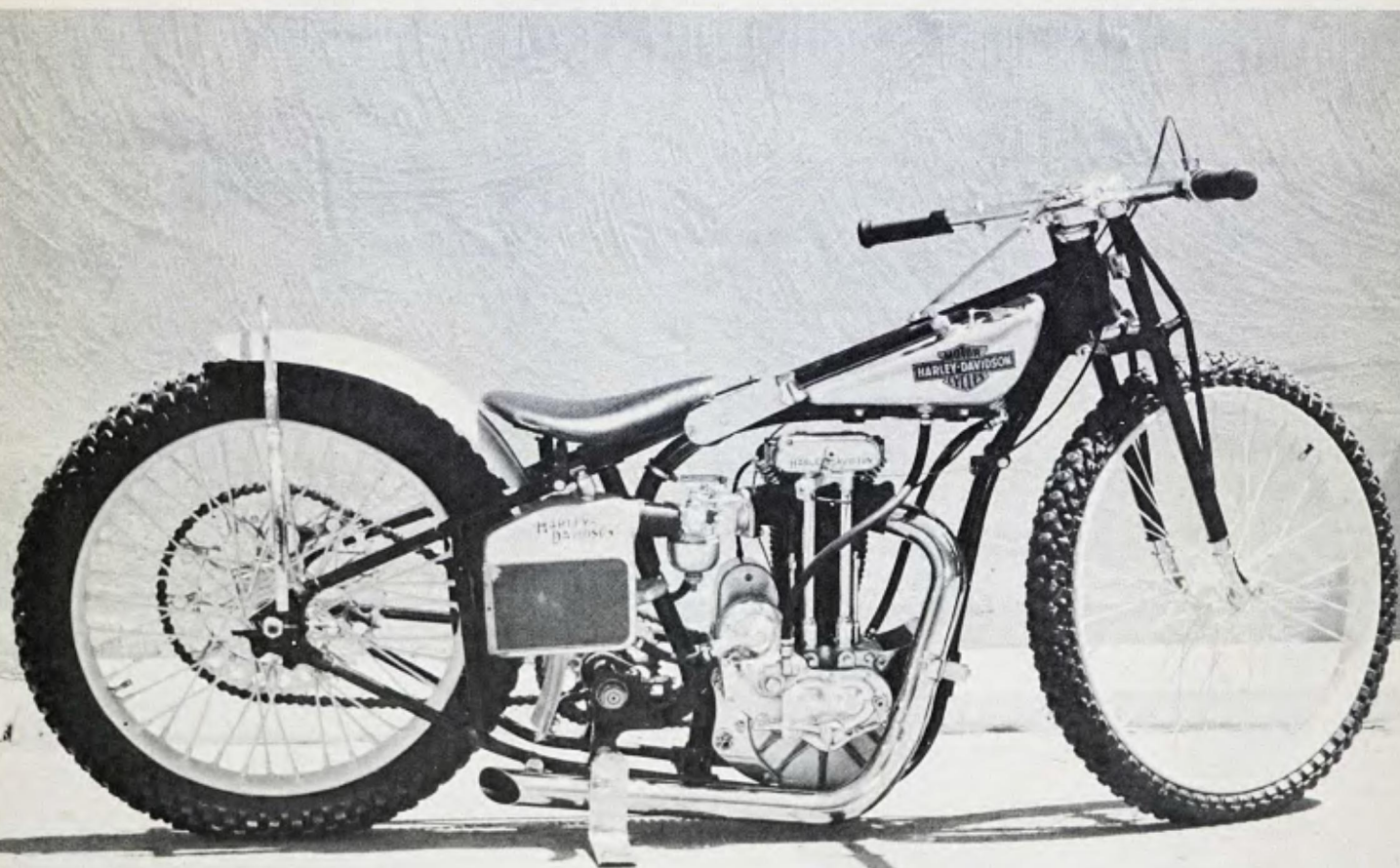
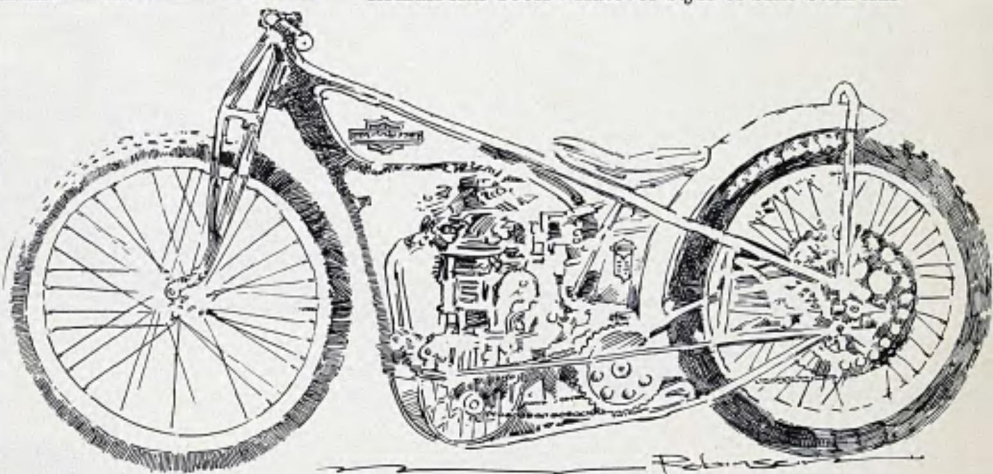


Before we get too confused as to which bike this story is about, let's make a few clarifications. This particular feature involves two bikes: a stock 1934 speedway Harley-Davidson and a 1937 45-cu.-in. Indian Scout modified into the drag bike you see here with the waffled tank.

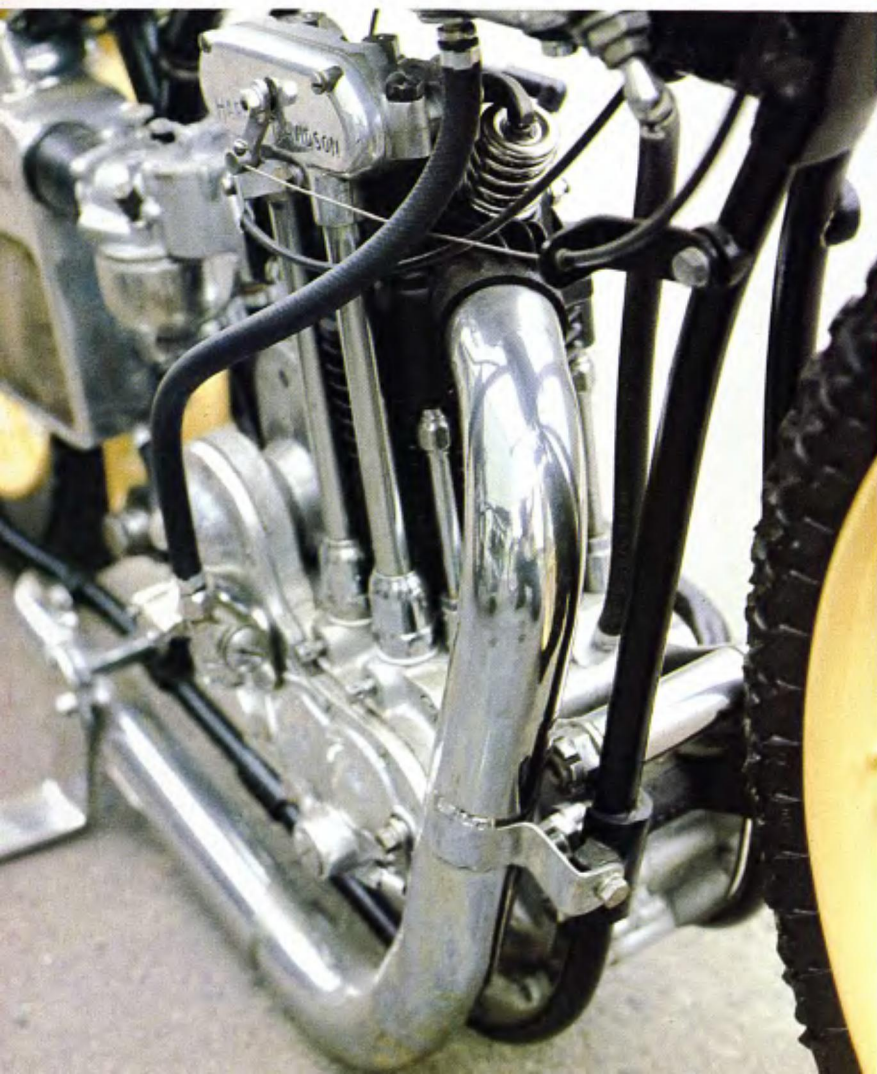
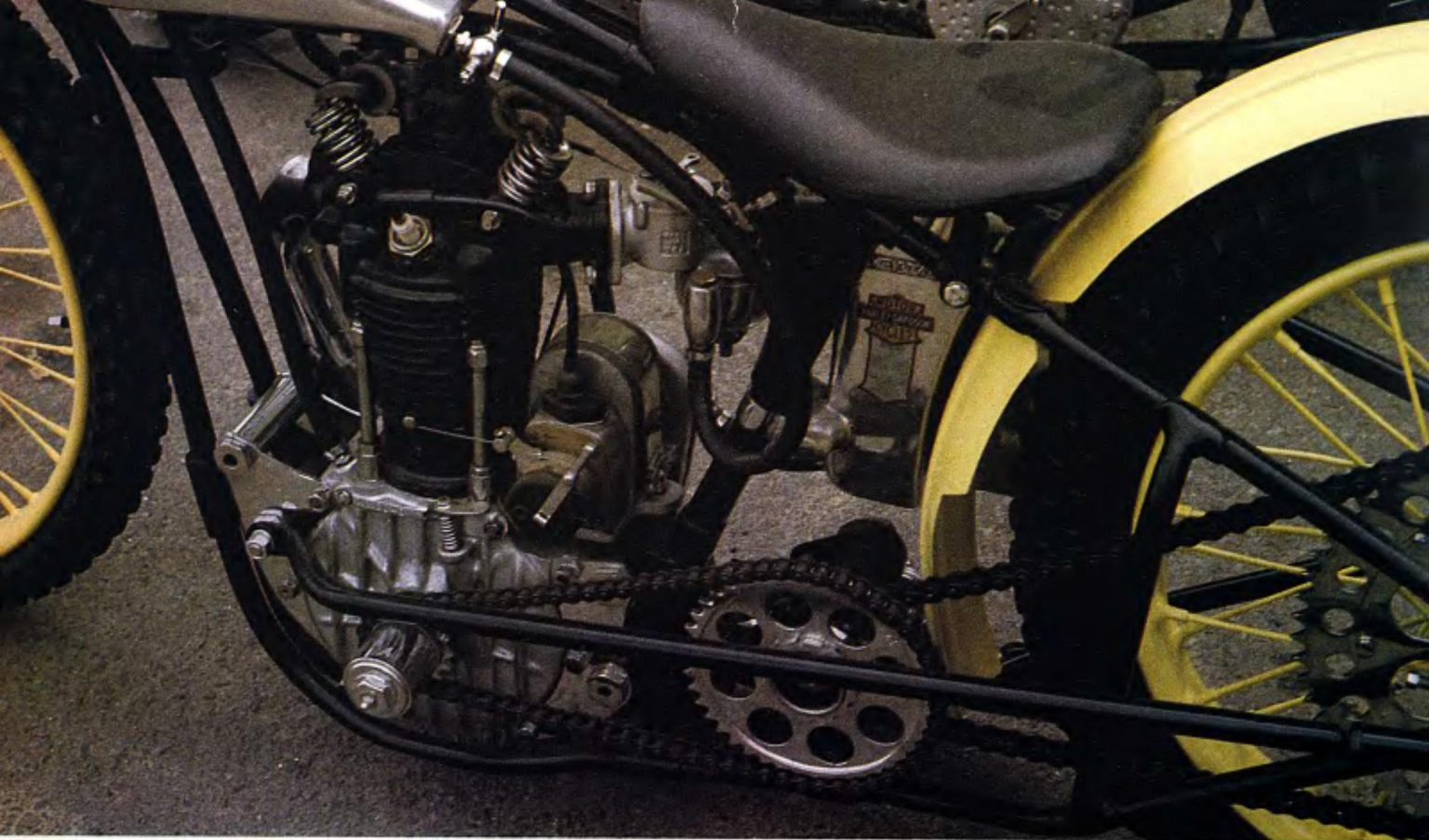


There were perhaps twenty or fewer Harley-Davidson factory speedway 500cc bikes built in 1934. Like the speedway bikes of today, they had no brakes. The H-D had no clutch or transmission—it was direct drive. The small factory Harley ran on straight alcohol. Stan, the man who owns both of these racers, bought the H-D ten years ago, restored it, and has run it only occasionally to flex its Harley muscles and keep it in tune.

But the Indian was no restoration. Stan bought the Scout in 1947. Since then, the Indian has been whatever style of bike Stan has





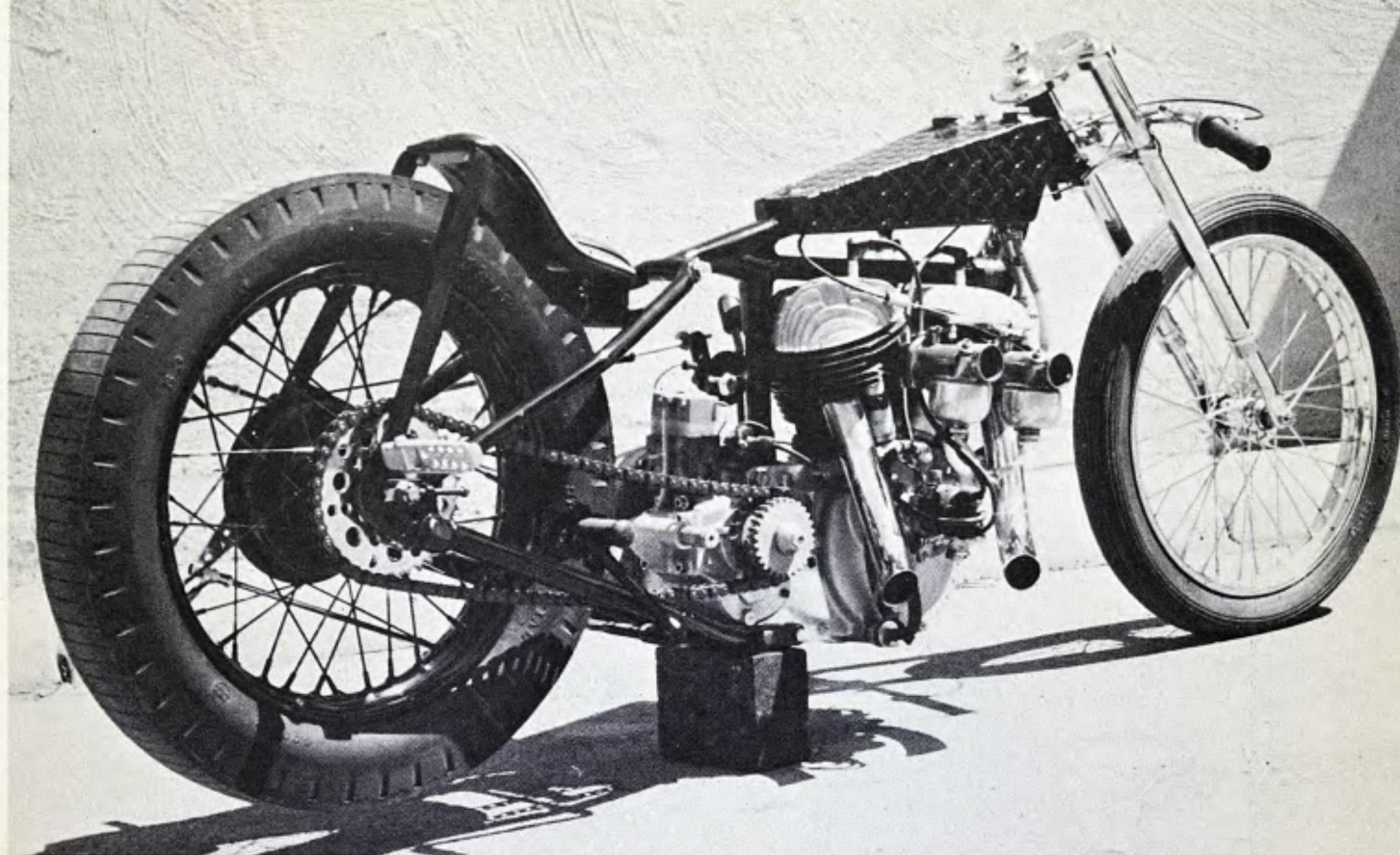


needed. It began almost stock, but in 1948, Stan got something racy running through his blood and transformed it into a dirt bike. And not long after his bout with the dirt, he began working out at drag strips. The Indian has never been beaten.

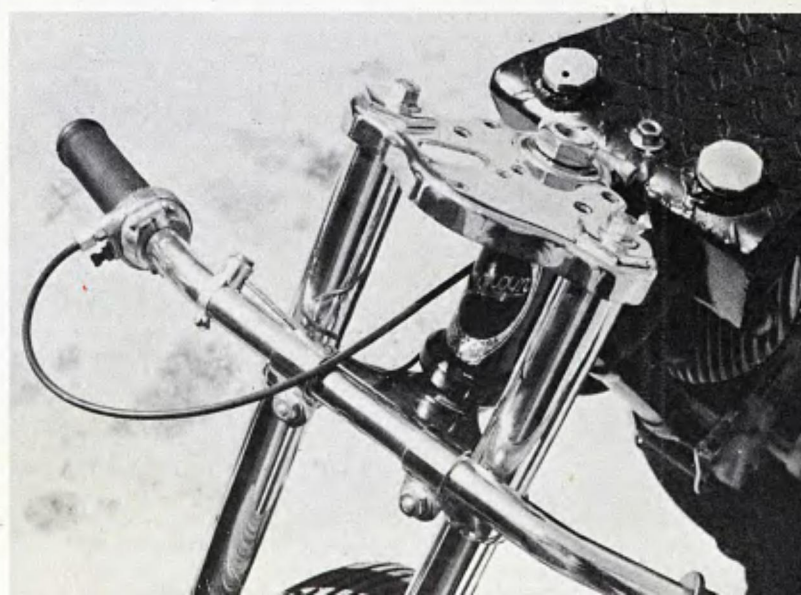
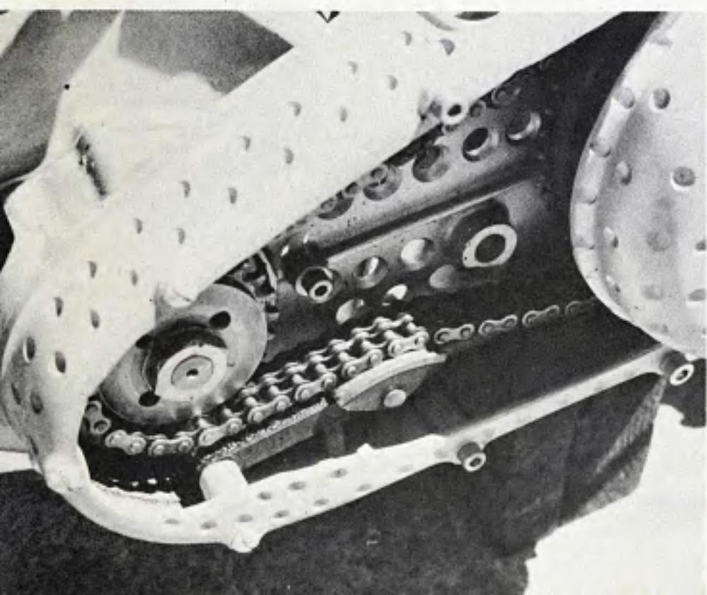
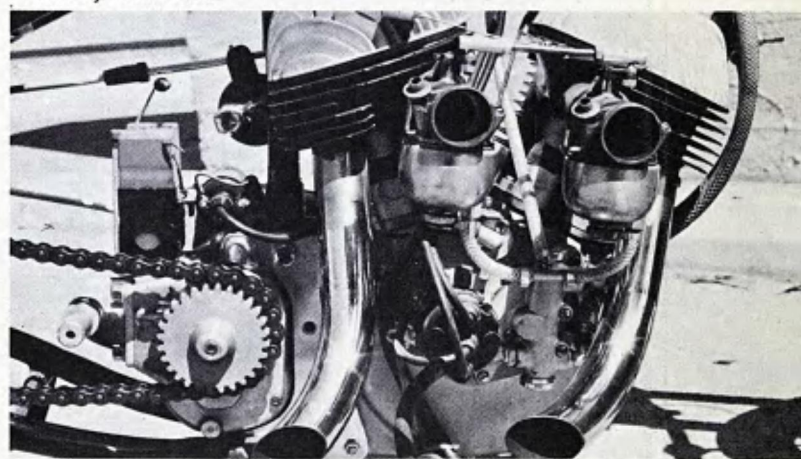
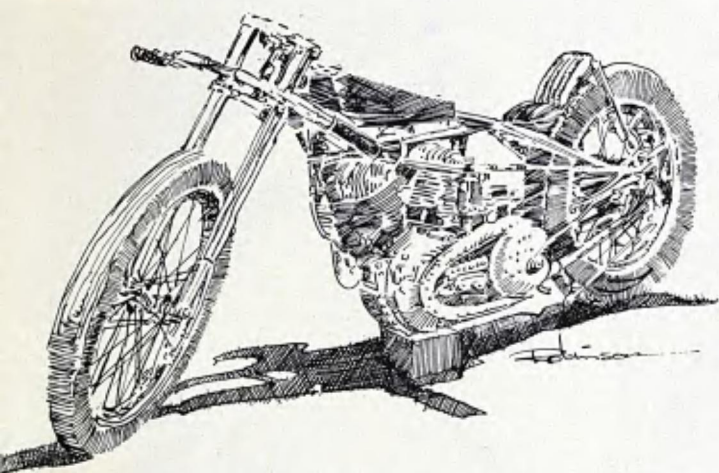
He built it up from 46 to 72 inches, and it would do 116 mph in 11.5 seconds, on gas in the quarter-mile in those days. At that time, it ran in the "B" class against 40-inch Triumphs and Beezers. From what Stan says, the bike has, mounted on the rear rim, the first slick ever made. He took the rear tire to the Pope Rubber Company in Tulare in 1953. And they modified it by vulcanizing another strip of flat rubber onto it—voilà! a slick. It took a solid second off his time. Stan built that waffled tank to look heavy, but the material is actually aluminum and weighs only two pounds. The front end has only one inch of travel; it's part handmade and part BSA Bantam.

Ya got to admit that they're a couple of rare, even unique scooters, one factory and one handmade. For Stan, Harleys and Indians were meant to race, and he did a helluva job of it.

—Weed



Photos by Buck Lovell



Did ya ever know anybody like this—I mean, mostly a normal type dude, but kinda nuts when it came to certain things? Well, Willie was just like that.

Willie and I went back a long ways; we were partners, sorta. He and I liked to do the same things, party at the same places, try and pick up on the same chicks. Like I say, he was a fairly normal dude, and there wasn't anything really outstanding about him except for maybe one thing—the way Willie went fuckin' cuckoo about his bike.

Like a lot of us, Willie had been into bikes for a long time. He went the usual route of fuzz-nutted bikers—a small first bike (450 Honda), and from there, highballin' sleds, Kawasaki Z-1, Sportsters, until finally he bought the bike that sorta

changed his act, permanent like.

It was a 1975 Harley-Davidson Super Glide that was in absolutely mint condition. The dude who owned the bike was one of those rich assholes with more bucks than brains, and he bought the 562-lb. thumper for his ol' lady, who was a little bit shorter than a munchkin.

Since Harley doesn't make training wheels for Glides, and there's no place to pack a step ladder on the fuckers, the fireplug told her dollar-heavy dipshit to dump the Glide and buy her something she could handle, like a raked and lowered skateboard.

So the Glide was put into storage, and after two years of havin' to push all that iron back and forth to get to his tennis rackets and ski equipment, the dummy decided to sell the Glide, and ol' Willie

was the one that bought 'er.

At first, Willie treated the bike like any other sled, ridin' the piss out of it, and washin' it when it really got scummy, but then he began to change. He started washin' the bike every time he took it out, whether it was dirty or not; and he'd wash the sonuvabitch *again* when he rolled it in the garage. He'd do this after a night of stone-heavy partyin', comin' home fucked up to the gills and ready to puke out his stomach lining. Most dudes would say fuck this, throw the bike in the garage (if it was lucky), and scrape the puke off the tank the next day, or whenever they got tired of sittin' in pieces of carrots and dried nasty tacos.

The task of keepin' his putt polished up never went to Willie's ol' lady, like it does with most everybody. In fact, Willie got

Love Story

by Rollin' Cone



damn near rabid if his ol' lady even got near the bike with a polishin' rag. He allowed no one but himself to put the shine on that heavy fucker.

His garage began to look like a goddam massage parlor for robots, with all the metal care shit he had lyin' around.

Wax—about twenty-five different kinds of car wax and polish were stacked on the shelves like colognes on a French whore's dresser; dozens of cans of aluminum cleaner and polish; silicone spray cans for the leather, to make it shine. De-greaser and kerosene lined his walls by the gallon. Pounds of steel wool lay in readiness in the wall cabinets, and brushes, hose nozzles, chamois cloths, and turkish towels were spread around like hot sluts in some Arabian harem.

Willie had that thing gleamin' to the

utter fuckin' max. He even had a box of wooden toothpicks he used to dig wax buildup out of the fender seams and spoke nipples. You could never find a water mark or a lost pubic hair on the thing. It was *always* spotless.

One time, me, Willie, and Summerteeth (we called him Summerteeth because somer'green, somer'cockeyed, somer'gone) were out cruisin' and packin' these foxy bitches, and got caught in one of those surprise summer rainstorms that can drench you wetter than a gang-fucked pussy.

We hauled ass through this torrential shit, to this bitch's house who was packin' with Summerteeth, where we hoped to get rid of our sappy dudes, smoke some herb, and go at it with the sluts we had with us.

We blew into her front yard and up to the house, out of the fuckin' monsoon. Everybody except Willie, who pushed his Glide through the mud and onto the porch where he spent a fuckin' hour wipin' the thing down and dryin' it off, for God's sake, shiverin' his ass off all the time.

After this, we started thinkin' that maybe Willie wasn't playin' with a full deck, to stand out in the fuckin' cold, towelin' down a drippy Hog, and riskin' pneumonia, knowin' all the time that some steamy crack was waitin' for him inside.

And that wasn't all that was fuckin' weird about Willie and his Harley—he musta put thirty thousand miles on that bike, with *never* a breakdown, not even fouled plugs. That sonuvabitch never leaked a drop of oil either, not one. I've seen guys with brand-new sleds, and there's always 70-weight teardrops under where they've had their bikes sittin'. That's somethin' you just figure on when you own a Harley, oil leaks—well, not Willie's Glide.

But the spookiest thing of all was the way Willie lucked out all the time. One night, he and I were out jammin' on this curvy-assed country highway, drunk as muthafuckers, and wasted to our asses on Colombian. I was supremely fucked up, and Willie was damn near in a coma. We hit this monster curve doin' sixty-five, and I immediately lost it, bike laid down, and plowin' up this field like some kinda looney-tune manure spreader. I tell ya, Spider Man couldn't have handled the curve at that speed, even if he was ridin' on web wheels. But Willie, that fuck, made it through. The bike took the curve like it was on roller coaster tracks, without even squealin' the fat rear Goodyear. When I finally got my dung together and crawled back on the road, there was his bike, up on the kickstand, thumpin' its heavy Harley riffs, with Willie sittin' on it passed out, for crissakes. That mother had pulled him through the curve all by itself. That thing *protected* Willie.

After this, I asked him what the fuck was goin' on with him and the Glide, and all he'd ever say was, "I take care of the bike, and it takes care of me." Yeah. Sure.

Even though he appeared to be a little nuts, with the way he damn near worshiped the Glide, it always seemed to pay off for him. While the rest of us were lickin' our road rash, Willie just kept on cruisin'.

About two weeks after all that twilight zone shit went down on the country road, Willie was sittin' in the garage workin' over the front wheel spokes with a can of WD-40. He had just finished puttin' an eye-searin' gloss on the entire bike,



Illustration by Duffy Duggan

—Continued on page 100



Das Kettenkrad

(The Chain-Driven Wheel)

Sorry, folks, the game is over. Put away all those torches, bending jigs, fiberglass molds, and air brushes, 'cause whatever you come up with won't be half as radical as this ugly mutha. And to add insult to injury—this one is a stock factory model!

Face facts: Even the most spaced-out, dope-dreamin' bike designer could never put together anything that would come near the WW2 German Army-issue Sd. Kfz 2 Kleines Kettenkrad (small-tracked motorcycle) for sheer weirdness that works. All the goddam multiple super engines, rocket bodies, dragon mouth headlight housings, and Day-Glo trike hulls are mere two-bit sideshows. This bike is the end of the rainbow, the cat's pajamas, and the world's best fuck all rolled into one.

Yeah, it's factory stock vintage 1941-45 and, of course, it's the product of flipped-out Nazi war machine designers. Ya see, they needed a ride that could grind through three feet of Russki mud while towing artillery. It had to be light enough to be carried by glider or transport plane, along with blood-crazed paratroopers, yet still be rugged enough to stand up to the ravages of war.

As the legend goes, a designer in Albert Speer's munitions ministry stumbled out of a beer hall one night to take a leak in the alleyway. While draining the tenth liter of suds from his lizard, he noticed a BMW motorcycle parked in front of a military light halftrack, and the obvious combination blazed into his brain like a 20mm tracer. Somewhat sober the next day, he was able to convince his superiors of the merits of such a combo, and designers went to work with technicians from the NSU motorcycle plant.

But seriously, folks, the real story is probably that the Germans observed the French experiments conducted in the mid 30s by the Schneider firm. The Frenchies had the original idea but they couldn't quite get it to work, which could be

termed typical. Anyway the Krauts weren't above stealing a good idea, and General Kurt Student wanted only the best gear for his elite Fallschirmjäger (paratrooper) units.

In a little more than a year, the first production model half-track bikes (HK-101 was the factory model number) were pouring outta the NSU factory in an endless stream, bound for SS units in Russia, paratroopers hitting Crete, and all points in between. The damned things proved to be so handy and hardy that new production was added by the Steower company, and by the end of the war more than 8,300 units had been built.

The bike's layout is nothing short of mechanical poetry. The front wheel is a solid disc with a heavy semi-girder springer, and it acts like a roller for crossing logs and ditches. Steering is accomplished by a braking differential on the tracks—the driver merely turns the handlebars five degrees in the direction he wants to go and the track on that side slows down while the whole thing caterpillars around. It will cut a doughnut in fourteen and a half feet, which ain't half bad, considerin' the bike itself is ten feet long!

The controls are familiar to any straight-shift driver: twist throttle grip, left-foot clutch, brake pedal on the right, and a three plus one floor shift lever with a high-low range for a total of six forward and two reverse combinations. The pilot sits on an honest-to-god bike seat with springs, and there are a couple of rubber pads on the front bulkhead to cut down on knee jammin' from sudden stops.

For cold weather, the engine has a heat exchanger that allows hot air to blow around the driver's jack boots, and the rear-mounted radiator intake shutoff allows quick engine warmups on -30° Siberian mornings. The entire ensemble weighed in at 2,800 pounds dry and was pushed along by a water-cooled, four-cylinder, 1500cc Opel "Olympia" auto engine developing 38 bhp at 3400 rpm. The clutch housing



Vordergabel



Draufsicht in Fahrtrichtung auf Lenkung, und Anzeigergeräte.





Das Geschäftssymbol der Neunten SS Panzer Division.



Anbild der verschiedenen Rader des Kettenkrafz



and transmission ran forward under the driver's seat, and the drive differential split power to the two front track sprockets in a neat little package.

All this engineering translates into a maximum of about fifty mph on the Autobahn and twenty-five mph or better across country. It was designed to operate with a driver plus two passengers, and could pull a trailer or artillery piece in the thousand-pound range. It will climb a 60% grade, ford a stream up to eighteen inches deep without preparation, and span a four-foot ditch without dropping. The cross-country ride is remarkably smooth because each road wheel has its own torsion bar suspension—but the track noise and vibration are a bit annoying on the pavement if you're a candyass. With two 5½-gallon fuel tanks built into the sides of the sheet steel body work, the Kettenkrad can roll for more than 120 miles through the boonies without refueling.

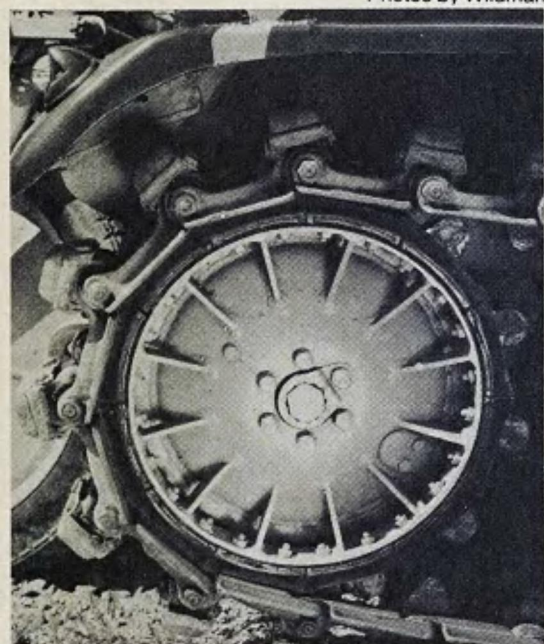
There are a couple of nasty things that can bring the unwary driver some real grief. High-speed turns have to be executed very carefully with a series of short pulls on the proper handlebar, or the whole damn thing will roll. Also, if the mill stalls out goin' up a steep hill, ya damn sure better keep the steering dead center while she rolls back down or you will find yer *Stalhelm* jammed about two feet into the turf and

quality of the slave labor. ("You just can't get good help these days," the NSU foreman was quoted as saying.) After the war, most of the surviving machines disappeared into Mother Russia, but a few were saved in barns and haystacks or held back and turned over to the Austrian Forest Service. As the memory of the "Second Global Misunderstanding" faded in Deutschland, the Sd. Kfz 2s came out from the closets and can be seen at veterans' get-togethers all over Germany. A few even made it to the USA.

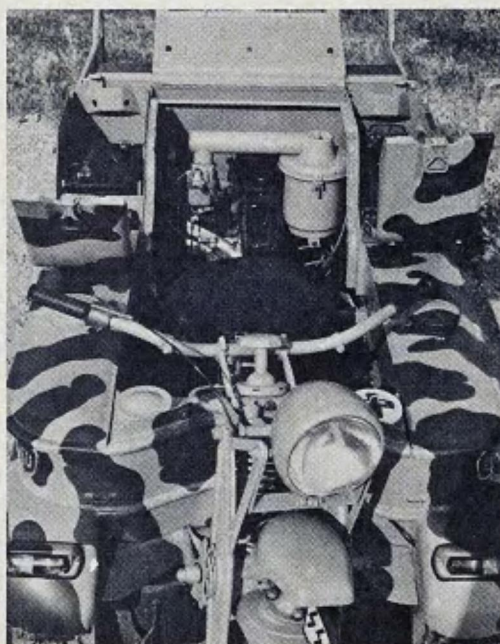
This particular Kettenkrad is probably the finest restoration west of Germany and one of less than an estimated thirty in running condition left in the world. Owned by the American Military Historical Association, it was lovingly restored from a pile of junk by a multi-talented, half-crazy scooter wrench by the name of Mike Wolstenholme. "A perfect match of man and machine" says his buddy Warren, who helped from time to time.

While Mike has done a lot of classic bike restorations as well as a custom or two, he is quick to point out that the Kettenkrad was totally unlike anything else that he had ever encountered. Working in his spare time for more than sixteen months, he had to decipher the original manual (it was in German of course), scrounge replacement parts from col-

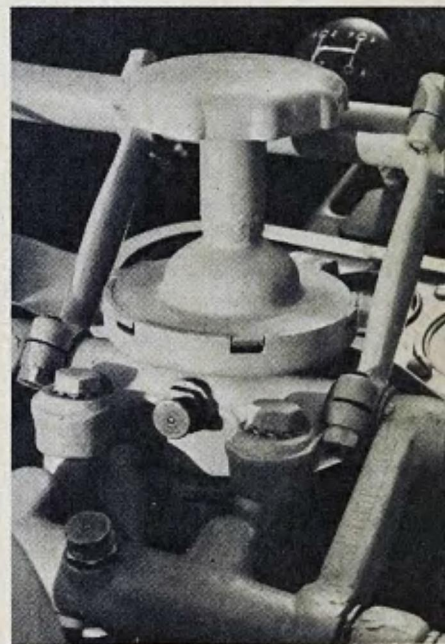
Photos by Wildman



Das Leitrad des Kettenkrads.



Vogelperspektive des Motors mit Sitz.



Drehknopf des Lenkungs-dämpfers.

three thousand pounds of hot bike on top of you. Embarrassing.

The Krauts used the Kettenkrad for anything and everything—running vital ammo and supplies through the Russian mud and snow, layin' telephone wire in the dense forests, pullin' out bogged-down vehicles, and haulin' Benzidine-wired paratroopers and antitank guns around the drop zones. Besides being damned useful, the things were great looking (honest!) and a helluva lotta fun to drive. The Allied armies had a ball with captured specimens, and for a time the British seriously considered producing them in jolly ol' England.

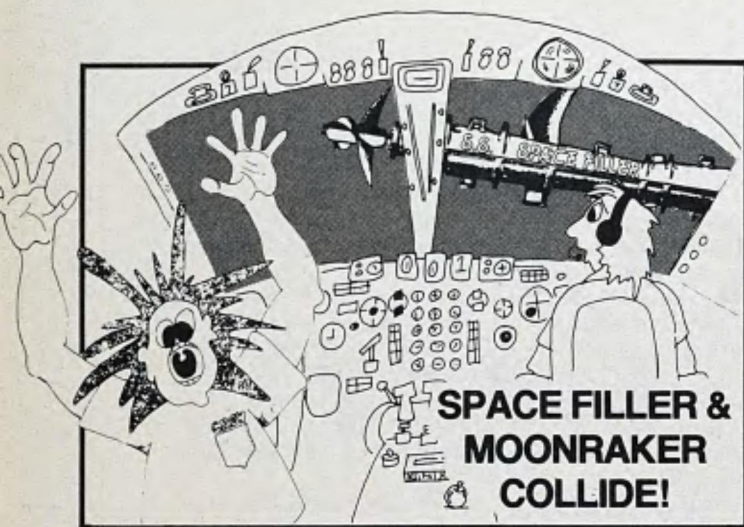
While the basic NSU HK-101/Sd. Kfz 2 remained virtually unchanged throughout the war, there was an attempt to boost the engine size to 2000cc, but only a few were equipped with this larger mill. Standard model production continued as best it could, considering the allied bombing and the

lectors in Europe, research colors, markings, and data plates, and fabricate a bracket or two from existing funky old pictures of the originals.

It was a serious restoration. The track pads were re-vulcanized. All the needle and roller bearings were rehabilitated or replaced. And all of the gaskets, seals, fittings, filters, belts and what not had to be fabricated from scratch (ya don't get Kettenkrad stuff at the local auto parts place). Also, the entire machine had to be rewired by trial and error. Amazing dents and holes had to be dealt with, and the whole goddam mashed front end had to be straightened up and realigned! This was obviously no job for an average BMW or Zundap dealership.

If you happen to stumble across one of these creatures at a garage sale or swap meet and dream of restoring it you can write to Mike, care of **Easyriders**.

— by Wildman



Easyriders



"Ever notice how much better things taste outdoors?"

A bro took his nymphomaniac ol' lady to the doctor for treatment. "This is one hot potato of a lady, doc," he said. "Maybe you can do something for her? She goes for any man, and I get very jealous."

"We'll see," the doctor said. He directed her into his examining room, closed the door behind him, and told her to undress. Then he told her to get up onto the examining table on her stomach.

The moment he touched her butt, she began to moan and squirm. It was too much for him to resist, and he climbed up on top of her and began to screw her.

The bro suddenly heard moans and groans coming from the examination room. Unable to control himself, he pushed open the door, to be confronted by the sight of the doctor astride his ol' lady banging away.

"Doc, what the fuck you doin'?" he asked.

The flustered doctor said, "Oh, it's you. I'm only taking your wife's temperature."

The bro opened his Buck and began to hone it very deliberately on his sleeve. "Doc," he said, "when you take that thing out, it better have numbers on it!"

—Dave Maryall
Merced, Calif.

A lot of bikers wake up in the morning feeling like an 18-year-old, but where are you going to find one that early in the morning?

—Ben Tucker
Evanston, Ill.



"I think the first ten are great—but number eleven—'No Fuckin'—is a bit heavy."

"I must insist on knowing one thing," said the groom as he lay beside his bride in the darkness of their honeymoon suite. "Am I the first man to sleep with you?"

"You will be, darling," answered the bride, "if you doze off."

—Henry Plante
Lancaster, Calif.

Sally and Jane, two hookers, were strolling down Fifth Avenue. "I just love working this street," said Sally. "It's always so exciting."

"You don't have to tell me about it," replied Jane. "I'm sold on it myself."

—G. Lee
Wheeling, W. Va.

A man was standing on a train platform seeing the train off when he heard a biker near him shouting at one of the departing passengers, "Goodbye. Your ol' lady was a great lay! Your ol' lady was a great lay!"

The man was stunned. After the train pulled away, he walked over to the bro who'd done the shouting, and asked, "Did I hear you correctly? Did you tell that man his ol' lady was a great lay?"

The bro shrugged. "It wasn't really true," he said, "but I didn't wanta hurt his feelings."

—Tom Jones
Trenton, N.J.



A bro went to have plastic surgery on his penis. The surgeon examined him and asked, "What happened?"

"Well, doc, I live in a trailer camp," the bro explained, "and from where I am I can see this lovely chick next door. She's a blonde and she's built. She's so horny that every night I see her take a hot dog from the ice box and stick it in a hole in the floor of her trailer. Then she gets down and masturbates herself on the hot dog."

"And?" prompted the doc.

"Well," said the bro, "I felt this was a lot of wasted pussy, so one day I got under the trailer, and when she put the hot dog in the hole, I removed it and substituted my dick."

"It was great and everything was going real good, too. Then some asshole knocked at her door, and she jumped off my hot dog and tried to kick it under the stove."

—Dave
Calabasas, Calif.



"Not only does it have ten forward speeds, but it also has up and down."

Sex is one of the few businesses in which a man doesn't mind starting at the top and working his way down.

—Tom Heartless
Denver, Colorado

Two members of the face-lift set ran into each other and one gushed, "Darling, it's been ages! And you look fabulous! You're so slim and trim! Tell me, what's your secret?"

"I exercise, dear, to the point of treating my body as I treat my house," replied the other woman.

"I don't quite understand the comparison."

"It's this way: I have a cleaning-service man who comes three times a week."

—Ted Uhecktins
Fayetteville, Ark.

Two stoned hippies were staggering along a railroad track when one tiredly complained to the other, "I sure wish we'd get to the bottom of this flight of stairs."

"The stairs aren't the worst of it," grumbled the second. "It's the low handrails that bug me."

—Biker Billy
Salt Lake City, Utah



"Life, my son, is like a shit sandwich—the more bread you have, the less shit you have to eat."

National
Abate
TO THE ROAD

Easynews

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



Claybrook Attack

Speaking of which, if St. Joan's reported dislike of motorcycles is true, her attitude couldn't have been much improved by what happened to her in Paris. Claybrook, walking with four other NHTSA officials, was mugged. The guy didn't get her purse but he wrestled her to the pavement,

skinning her forehead and chipping her teeth in the process. And you guessed it: the assailant arrived and departed on a motorcycle! Demonstrating true esprit de corps, Joan's four companions fled, leaving her to her own defenses. — from the AMA Government Report.

Fix It Yourself

At a recent press conference, Brock Adams, former Secretary of Transportation, released a study showing that 53 cents of each dollar spent on auto repair was needless. The

seven-city survey reported, "We found we had only about a 50-50 chance of getting a car fixed right and for the right price." — from the AMA Government Report.

R.I. Helmet Law Rejected Again

To the applause of leather-jacketed motorcyclists who packed a Statehouse hearing room, a legislative committee killed proposals to bring back Rhode Island's mandatory helmet law.

The Joint Committee on Highway Safety heard less than an hour of testimony before voting unanimously against bills to restore the law, which was repealed in 1976. But the panel delayed a vote on a proposal to repeal a helmet requirement for cycle passengers.

Sixteen people died in motorcycle accidents in Rhode Island last year. Twenty-one died in 1977.

"With the fatality rate dropping, all four of these measures relating to the helmet should be tabled indefinitely," said Sen. J. William Inglesby, D-Warwick.

Helmet law backers pointed to national highway statistics and argued that the law saves lives.

"Helmets do save lives. There's no question about it," said Jim Williamson of the U.S. Transportation Department. "In the twenty-six states where the helmet laws have been repealed, the fatalities have increased."

Williamson said statistics show the fatality rate for non-helmeted motorcyclists is three to nine times higher than for those who wear helmets.

The motorcyclists disagreed.

"There is no real difference between the safety records of law and non-law states," said Paul San Pietro, Rhode Island Motorcycle Association vice president. "The helmet law had its turn and failed to deliver."

Most fatal motorcycle accidents involve "someone who's young, drunk, and hits a bridge abutment," he said. "I don't care if you put a suit of armor on this guy. He'll kill himself."

Japanese Safety Record

While America's traffic-death toll continues to climb in spite of federal safety requirements that have cost consumers billions over the last decade, Japan's has been halved in the past eight years through government emphasis on traffic safety and stiff penalties formulation.

Said a Tokyo newsman, "Our feeling has been that it is better to reform men than machines. I know that approach may sound simplistic, but it works."

In 1978 Japan had 10.7 traffic fatalities per 100,000 population. America has 22 per 100,000. Great Britain had 11.8 per 100,000. Yet, Haddon and Claybrook keep thinking in terms of "socially responsible vehicles." — from the AMA Government Report.

Radar Fight

California: Assemblyman Jim Ellis announced he will revive his attempt to win Assembly approval to outfit the California Highway Patrol with radar.

The San Diego Republican said he will ask the Assembly Transportation Committee, which had killed his resolution (HR12) April 24 on a 7-3 vote, to take another look at it in view of the state's fuel crisis.

In addition to the Modi-

fied Motorcycle Association, chief opponent of radar has been Assemblyman Lou Papan, D-Millbrae, who described himself as receiving his share of speeding tickets. He complained that it would only help the CHP issue more tickets without necessarily reducing the number of speeders, fatalities, or injuries—or increasing help to distressed motorists. He said what is needed is more officers on the road.

Machine vs. Man

Dr. Dino Boni Jr. has won the right to face his "accuser" in a speeding case—the radar equipment that clocked him going 73 miles per hour on a highway.

Boni, 35, was cited for speeding by state police using radar.

Judge Emil E. Narick ordered state police to bring into court the radar in question.

Boni argued successfully that under the Sixth Amendment he has the

right to "face his accuser"—in this case not only the trooper but every piece of evidence used against him.

"These units are being used not to deter speeding but to raise revenues, and citizens are being intimidated and they're getting fed up with it," Boni said.

Assistant State Attorney General John Kennedy said bringing the equipment into court "would set an unbelievable precedent . . . our radar would spend more time in court than on the highway."



New York Helmet Fight Continues

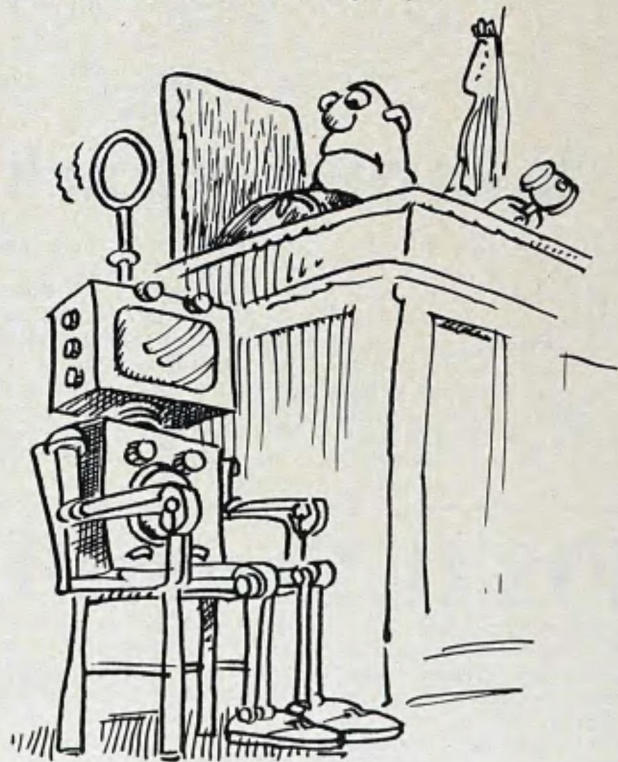
Our volunteer lobbyists did their job and, with the canceling of the Albany helmet law protest, we were able to confirm 26 votes in the full Senate and 10 maybes with a guaranteed passage in the full Assembly and its transportation committee. Only six people opposed its passage in the Senate. This would have assured its passage through to the governor, had it been voted on.

Senator Caemmerer put a star on our repeal bill again this year and refused to even let it be voted on in committee. Due to politics, our own sponsors would not override his star. A sponsor of a bill or the majority leader can override a star. We will continue our course of action in the legislature. ABATE is letting you know that the only reason our helmet repeal bill didn't get passed this year is due to Senator Caemmerer, 11 Post Ave.

East Williston, N.Y. 11596.

A lawsuit against the state of New York is being put together and we will do everything possible to challenge the constitutionality of this law in an attempt to have a court order placed on it forbidding its enforcement. Twenty-five state high courts upheld the law's constitutionality. Illinois has declared it an unconstitutional law. Nebraska placed a court injunction on it forbidding its enforcement.

We need your help! A special interest-bearing savings account has been set up as of June 11th, 1979, for the sole purpose of challenging this law in court. The initial battle will cost \$3,000. If we win and the state does not appeal, it will be the end of the mandatory helmet law. If the state appeals the decision, it will cost an additional \$15,000.



Motorcycle Helmet Law Loses On Final Vote In City Council

Gary, Indiana: Bikers can rest assured — there won't be a helmet law in Gary.

The Gary City Council unanimously defeated a measure to require motorcyclists and their passengers to wear protective headgear while within the city limits.

Motorcyclists attending the meeting let out a cheer when the sponsor of the proposal, Councilman Roosevelt Haywood, D-at-large, faced with overwhelming opposition, said he would vote against it himself.

Most of the crowd of about 70 bikers, some with girlfriends at their side, then streamed from the council chamber. While councilmen upstairs explained their votes, the bikers, many with long hair, beards, blue jeans, and all the other insignia of motorcyclists, mounted their machines and roared from the city hall parking lot where they had lined up their bikes.

The final action on the city's proposed helmet law had been pending since last year, and the last vote drew the biggest crowd of bikers.

They had been to city hall several times before when the measure was on the agenda for public hearings or floor debate.

Haywood said he still felt strongly that helmets were needed to protect motorcyclists against injuries. But faced with the overwhelming opposition, he said he wouldn't "force his will" on the public, and he urged defeat of the ordinance he had proposed last year and pushed for about the last six months.

One councilman, Gerald Hayes, a motorcyclist himself, cast the only vote in favor of the measure, but then switched to a "no"



Bikers Ltd. —Australia

Bikers in Australia are probably better off than anywhere else in the world. The only existing legislation that imposes any unjustified restriction on bikers is that relating to mandatory helmet-wearing laws. These laws have been enforced in each of the states and territories of Australia since 1971; however in New South Wales, at least, it is not at all difficult to get an exemption from complying with the helmet-wearing requirement on medical grounds; and in fact, the majority of the members of our club hold such an exemption.

At the present time as noted above, there are very few restrictions on bikers; but most Australian states have advisory committees, financed by their respective governments, that advise these governments of ways of reducing traffic accident fatalities. In New South Wales, for example, we have the T.A.R.U. (Traffic Acci-

dent Research Unit), and unfortunately that body is composed entirely of people who have no comprehension of what biking is all about. Most of them are do-good medical practitioners whose primary concern is justifying the existence of the T.A.R.U. Some of the suggestions made by them to the state government so far would have to be seen to be believed—compulsory wearing of an iridescent orange vest with yellow crosses by bikers when riding; compulsory wearing of air bags that inflate on impact; restriction of modifications on motorcycles to the extent that no modification would be allowed unless it complied with the original factory specifications for that particular model. They have also made suggestions relating to the banning of pillion passengers, restriction of motorcycle engine capacity so that no motorcycle over 750cc could be used on a

public street and, of course, the compulsory use of motorcycle headlights during daylight hours.

To date, none of these suggestions have become legislation, and the primary objective of Bikers Limited is to assure that they never do.

Like most of your organizations with similar ideals, we feel that if the proposed legislation is introduced it would have the effect of imposing severe restrictions on the freedom of motorcycle riders that would outweigh the effectiveness of any intended safety measures. We aim at improving license testing standards for motor vehicle drivers and motorcycle riders and campaigning to educate drivers of motor vehicles to be more aware of motorcycle traffic. One of our mottoes is "Education, Not Legislation, Saves Lives." — from Bikers Ltd., P.O. Box 209, Randwick, N.S.W. 2031, Australia.

vote before Clerk Barbara Wesson recorded the tally.

Haywood had been ready to amend the ordinance to require only those 18 and under to wear helmets. He cited three recent deaths on motorcycles in Lake County and said research showed that helmets provided protection.

But as he made the motion for the council to vote on a helmet law for Gary, Haywood concluded by saying he now opposed the proposal, and the bikers jumped to their feet.

The council's public hearings already had been conducted, but Council President Thomas J. Crump, at the request of Haywood, allowed three minutes for each of about a half-dozen speakers.

Sonny McGhee called the ordinance "a bunch of crap," saying it would be "a hassle" for people who come to Gary to put on a helmet.

"Gypsy Red" told the councilmen a helmet law, regardless of what age group it affects, would infringe on personal rights.

A Sin City Disciple who called himself "Rooster" said he thought it was his business, not the council's, if he lets his 4-year-old daughter ride with him without a helmet.

And a biker from Denver said he thought Indiana should educate car drivers about motorcyclists if they want to reduce accidents. "A helmet doesn't stop an accident," he said.

When the councilmen cast

their votes, Haywood and Hayes were the only ones to debate in favor of the measure. Among opponents, Eugene Kirtland, R-6th, said he objected to government inviting itself into the lives of persons.

Attitude Change

Representative Seth Hammett of Alabama, the sponsor of a bill that would require lights-on for motorcyclists during daytime operation, has reported that he has decided he might not continue to promote that legislation due mainly to the amount of information he received from GRD concerning the problems of mandatory lights-on laws. — from the AMA Government Report.

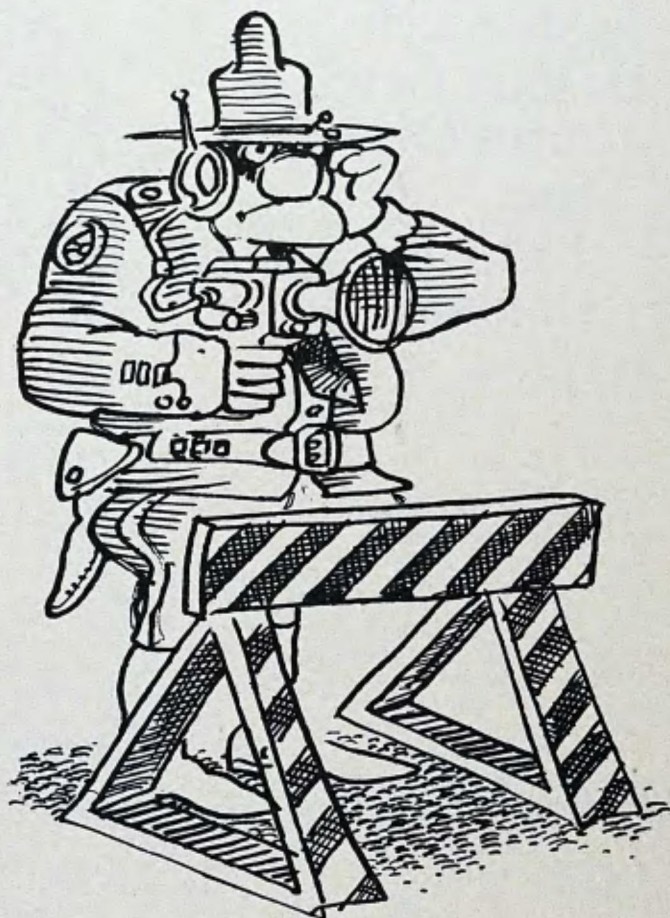
Study Finds Helmets Nonprotective

Rhode Island: There can be no absolute certainty about the value of protective helmets in preventing or mitigating injuries sustained in motorcycle accidents; they may in fact be associated with a greater risk for some neck injuries, say Drs. John M. Losee and William Q. Sturmer, of the Brown University Program in Medicine. Of thirty motorcycle accident fatalities that occurred during 1975-1976 in Rhode Island, twelve took place in 1975 and eighteen in 1976, the year in which the state repealed a law mandating the use of helmets. The cause of death most often cited on death certificates was "multiple injuries" (seventeen of the thirty fatalities); craniocerebral trauma was next with five. Autopsy findings revealed that all but three of the victims of "multiple injuries" had at least superficial injury to the head and neck. Twelve of the twenty-one who had fractures of the neck, head, or face had been wearing helmets, as were nine of fourteen with significant visceral trauma. Three of four persons with fractured necks and all three who had facial bone fractures were wearing helmets. Moreover, about one in ten

helmets broke on impact and were insufficient to afford any protection to the rider in some circumstances, they say. Although evidence from nonfatal accidents is needed, the present study suggests that helmets are either nonprotective or in fact possibly contribute to this type of injury, the investigators say (R.I. Med. J. 61:333-40, 1978). Dr. Losee is at the University of Colorado Medical Center, Denver. — ABATE of Pennsylvania.

U.S. Can't Handle The Noise

The European Economic Community (Common Market) has taken a far more realistic attitude toward motorcycle noise standards than our own Environmental Protection Agency. EEC has recommended that by October 1, 1980, its member nations enforce 78 decibels for bikes up to 80cc, 80 decibels for 125cc bikes, 83 decibels for 350cc bikes, 85 decibels for 500cc bikes, and 86 decibels for motorcycles over 500cc. EPA wants to go to 78 decibels for all motorcycles. — from the AMA Government Report.



Noise Vigilante

Evansville, Indiana: It's 3 a.m. before the lone lawman finally gets his man within range.

He springs from his wooded hiding place and before the outlaw can make a move, he draws and aims.

Zap! Eighty-five decibels at 50 feet records the noise detector that is the lawman's weapon.

"Sorry, buddy," drawls Deputy Sheriff Buster Gordon. "You are gonna hafta get you a new muffler."

So ends another suburban showdown between Gordon and the enemy—the faulty mufflers, wailing stereos, and clanking machines that keep his neighbors awake at night.

With his visored helmet, dusty boots, and police motorcycle, the 45-year-old Evansville native looks like a California highway patrolman who has taken a wrong turn somewhere.

But Gordon would feel out of place along Califor-

nia's roaring freeways. He'd be the first to tell you that there's nothing he loves more than peace and quiet.

In the nine months that Gordon has been enforcing Vanderburgh County's ordinance, more than 300 offenders have been brought to justice, and Gordon has become a hero to local in-somniacs.

"Go get them, Buster," crowed a local newspaper editorial. "Buster made me a believer," pronounced Mayor Russell G. Lloyd. "We need more Buster Gordons," extolled one radio station.

By night, he's a volunteer vigilante in this southwestern Indiana county's war against noise, deputized by local authorities.

His dedication is unwavering, and his law is simple: "Thou shalt not make noise." If thou dost, thou shalt pay through thy nose—from as little as \$25 up to \$1,000 for a single violation.

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.

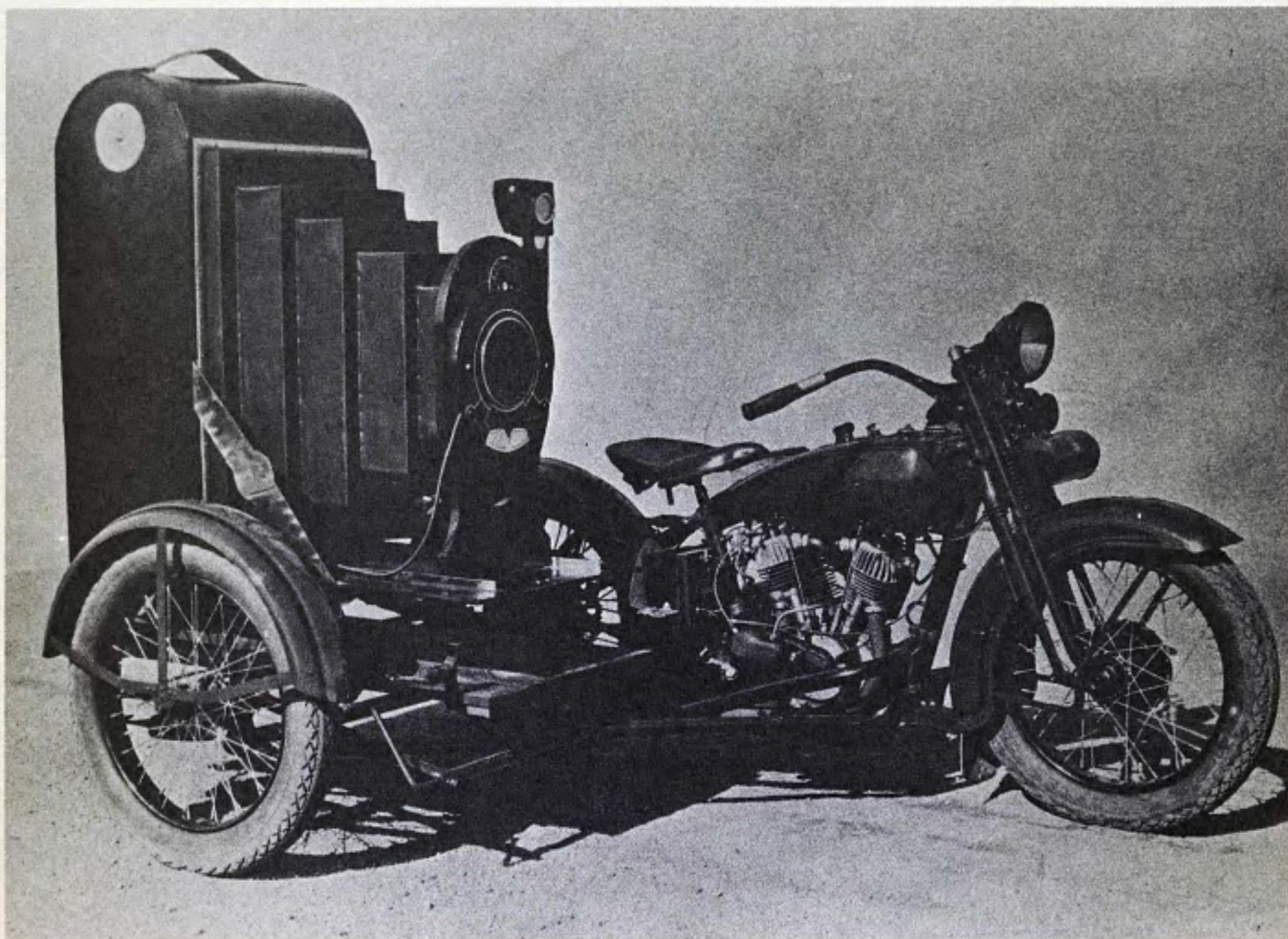
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-----Thanks for not giving up—We never will.-----



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- ☐ Here's **\$12.99** for a one-year subscription.
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And quit flopping around on the damned floor, it's only a lousy penny.

Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,

- ☐ Here's **\$13.00** for a one-year subscription.
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Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

- ☐ This is a new subscription ☐ This is a renewal
☐ Please extend my present subscription

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Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____
Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do you like
best about Easyriders magazine? _____

Ass, Gas and Grass

By Jody Via

Out in the country, late in the day,
On a windin' road near the eastern bay,
A long way from town and farther from home,
Stood a low-cussin' biker, broke down and alone.

With his sled gone dry and his stash mostly seeds,
He watched traffic pass while he pondered his needs.
Just a gallon of gas and a doobie to burn
Would put him back in the windin' turns.

But hours went by and so did the cars,
Till day turned to night and dark brought the stars.
Still no one stopped to offer him aid,
And he swore at the tricks that Lady Luck played.

A road-weary traveler down on his luck,
In the middle of nowhere, sober and stuck,
Waitin' for nothin' but more time to wait
For somethin' to happen by chance or by fate.

He smoked his last number down to an ash,
Whistled a tune and scratched at a rash,
Heard an owl hoot and watched a star fall,
And reckoned there might be no hope after all.

Then out of the darkness a vision appeared—
A leggy hitchhiker with rings in her ears,
And shimmerin' hair that picked up the light
Of the moon overhead in the silvery night.

She was dressed in a T-shirt tighter than skin,
And cutoffs so short he could almost see sin.
She stepped closer till she reached his side,
Where she tossed back her hair and asked for a ride.

Her voice dripped honey, so soft and so sweet,
His head filled with visions of a rich carnal treat.
The very same thoughts crossed both of their minds,
'Cause the biker grinned and the chick almost shined.

He blamed the gas shortage for strandin' him there,
And she said she'd wait, if he didn't care,
For mornin' to come before goin' on
To whatever waited wherever she roamed.

Then they rolled a fat doobie out of her bag,
And rapped about things till words sorta lagged,
The moon and the stars rode high in the sky,
And once in a while headlights zoomed by.

Stars lit up the progress the pair of them made,
As they moved from the road to a nearby glade,
Where they lay down together on a cool grassy bed,
And went on to things that needn't be said.

In the shadowy moonlight the whispers and sighs,
And soft murmured mouthin's and gaspin's and cries
Replaced conversation, for words can't express
Some of the things that mouths do the best.

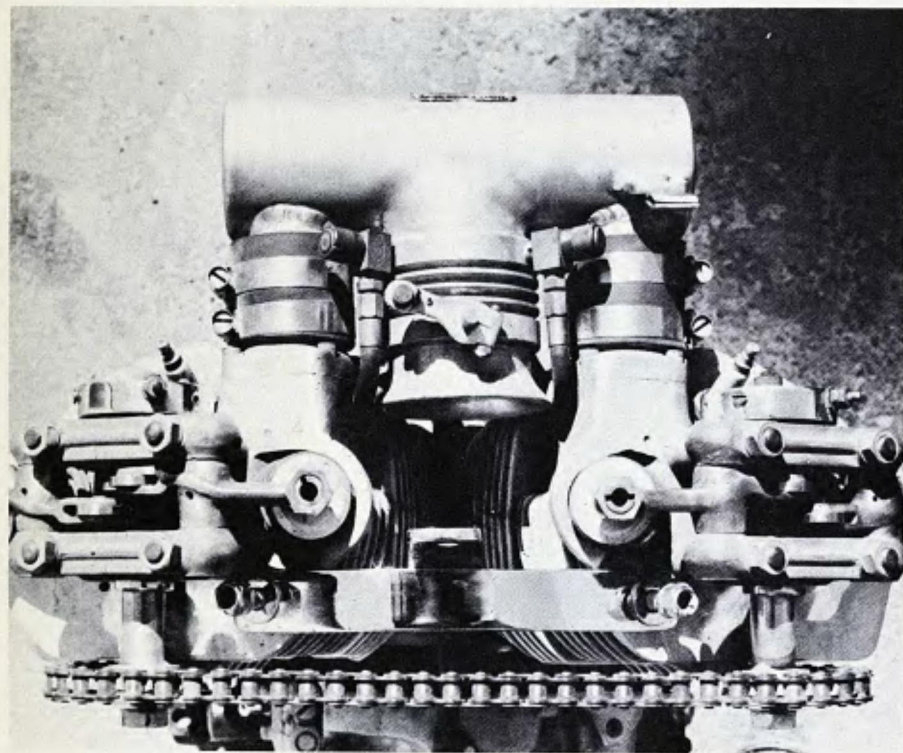
They lay till the pale sky heralded dawn,
And they rose sleepylaughin' to pull their clothes on,
And strolled hand-in-hand back out to the road,
Where the biker stood and watched the chick go.

She gave him a hug and a long goodbye kiss,
To hold him until she returned from her trip
Down the road to a station, then back with a can,
To fill the gas tank of the sled of her man.



96~Inch Overhead Cam Panhead

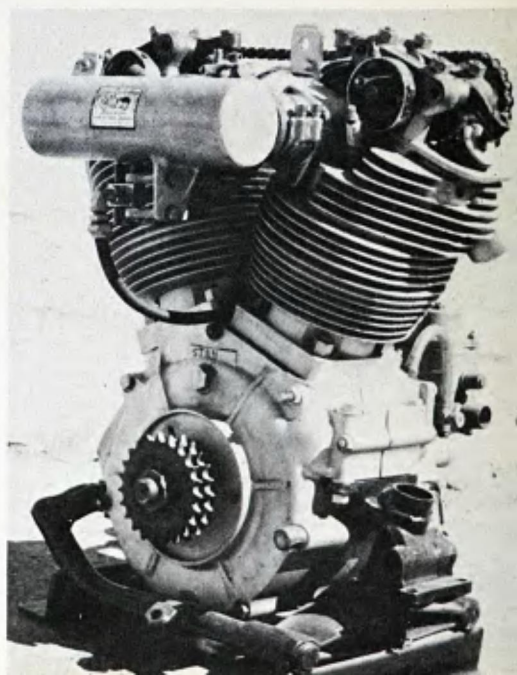
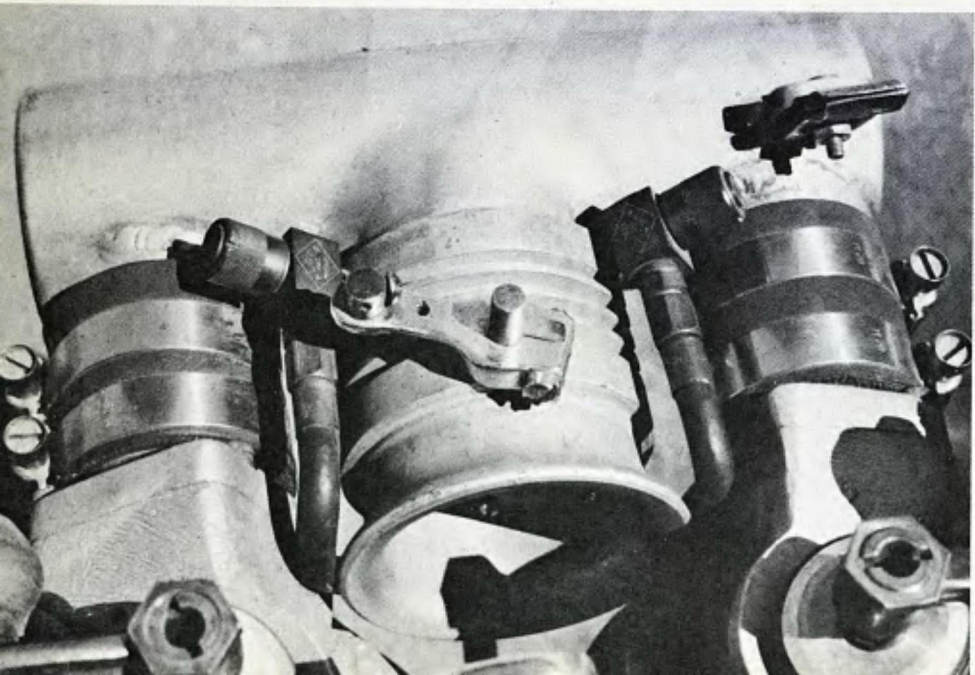
The things people do with panheads

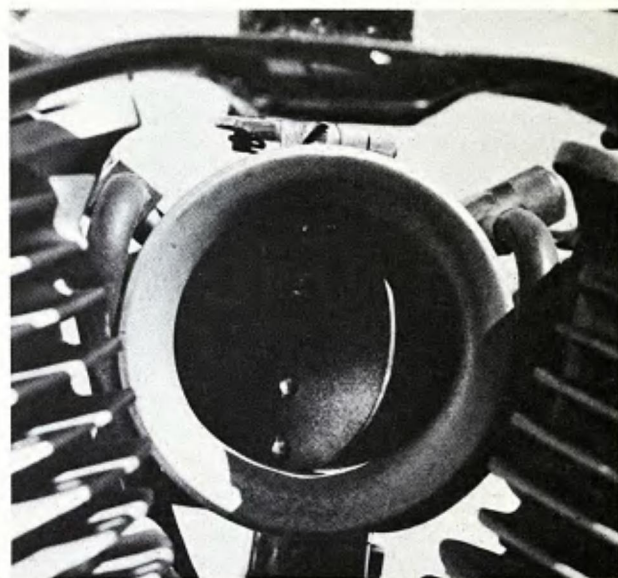
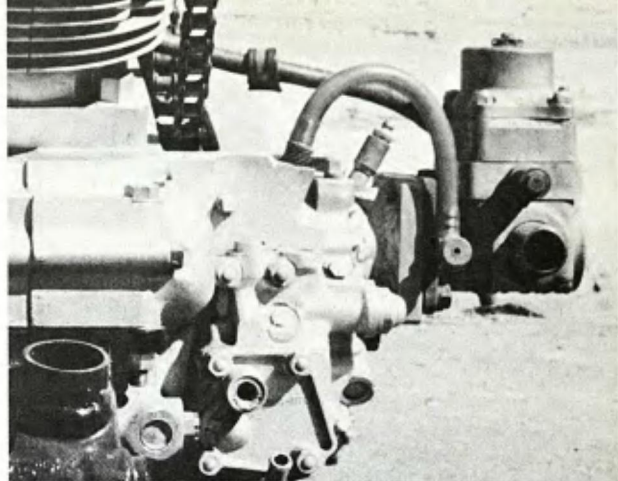
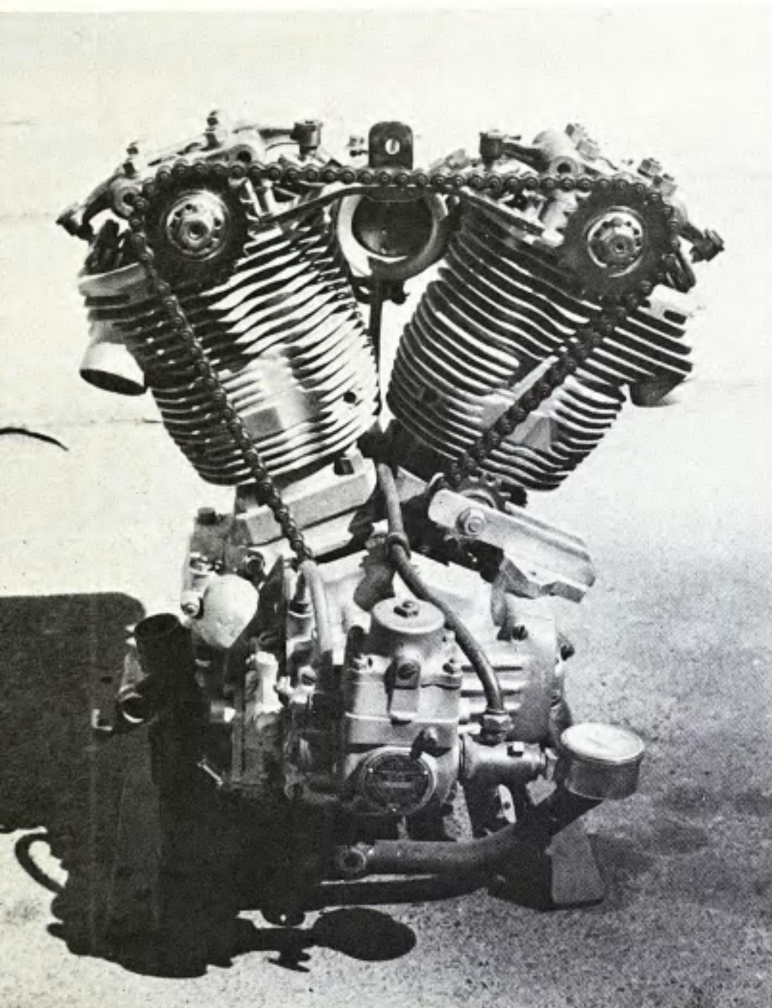


Dual manifolds, stroked, enlarged barrels, shovelhead top ends—you name it, it's been done to those close to our hearts, the panheads. The factory also made a number of changes and modifications to the 61 and 74 engines that lasted through 17 years of Harley-Davidson history.

Stan, at Stan's Cycle Shop, built the 96-inch, stroked, overhead-cam pan twenty years ago. It was equipped with one quarter-speed cam in the center of each head, driven originally with Gilmer belts. But the belts would give and stretch, so he replaced them with chains. Each head has its own distributor driven by its handmade and then professionally ground cams. Each chain turns once to every four revs of the engine.

Stan cast and machined the 5-



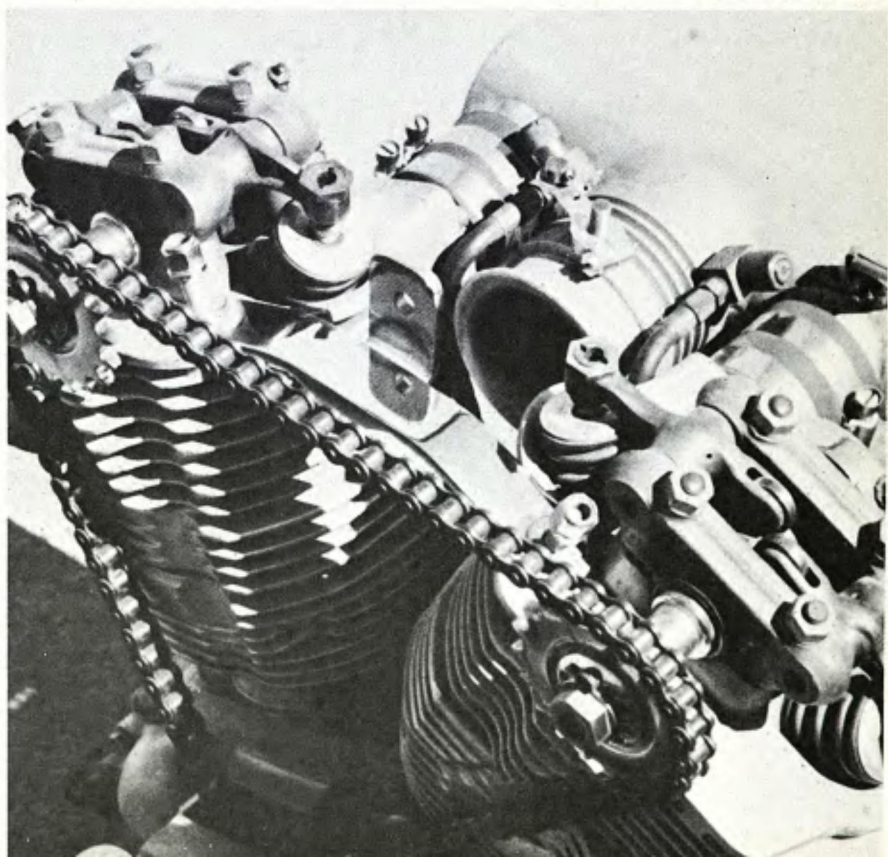


Photos by Buck Lovell

inch stroked wheels. He also cast the barrels and cooled them with finned aluminum sleeves, which look similar to today's water jackets. The handmade carb was injected by the fuel pump extending out from the side of the cam cover. And during the six months he ran this unique 96-incher at the drags, it ran 132 mph in 10.5 seconds in the quarter.

One more bizarre feature to stick in your mug and chew on for a while—the oil pump contains only feed gears. Stan says that the Harley lower end is basically a pump; consequently, the lower end works as the return portion of the oil pump. What the hell can I say? I'm still as astonished as I was the day I first set my eyes on it!

—Weed



DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

Waylon: Greatest Hits/Waylon Jennings. The idea of a collection of Waylon's best stuff is such a natural that you can only wonder why RCA didn't do it much earlier—he's been cranking out great material for quite a spell. But then RCA has always had trouble deciding what to do with Waylon, the rowdy hillbilly from Littlefield, Texas, who became a DJ at the age of twelve, then went on to explode into one of the biggest names in popular music. Some years ago, RCA promoted Waylon in a half-ass fashion as if they never expected a greatest hits release. But those days are long past and you couldn't find a better album to pipe out to the garage while adjusting your valves or to plop on the turntable when the bros drop by for a brew.

Any collection like this has a certain jumbled collage quality to it, since it's the popularity of the various cuts, not their compatibility, that dictates what goes on the record. But Waylon's albums have always displayed a together characteristic, an eclectic quality most eye-poppingly obvious in the variety of songwriters whose material he chose to record—from Kris Kristofferson to Gregg Allman, from Tom Rush

to Mick Jagger—check out an album cover. This new album shows off a number of songwriters (including Waylon himself) but maintains a comfortably together atmosphere. That consistency stems largely from the personality and image Waylon presents in his songs—a world-weary and wise misfit who knows his trip in terms of good times and bad. But yet this same bro is never driven to a serious bummer—there's always a wry grin, an ironic joke, another lady somewhere down the road.

The album includes Lee Clayton's "Ladies Love Outlaws," the tune that, in 1972, gave the new sound in country music both a name and an identity. And there's Waylon's own "I've Always Been Crazy," his autobiographical rundown of his life as the square peg society wants to stuff into its round hole. It's a tune that will hit home to any bro—one of those songs that throws a solid punch right at home base. Waylon's recent workouts with Willie Nelson are represented on this album by "Good-Hearted Woman" (a tune a lot of ol' ladies identify with) and "Luckenbach, Texas," the song that chronicles the effect riches can have on brotherhood.



There's a bunch more besides those—and no bad cuts on the record. It would be unfair not to mention that this album also makes one of the best backup bands in country music really shine—the Waylors. They provide the solid bass line, the lean, mean guitar-picking, and the plain ol' raw bite characteristic of Waylon's best efforts.

Serving 190 Proof/Merle Haggard. Over the years, few country performers (or pop, for that matter) have been as consistent as Merle Haggard. He seems to be true to some inward standard of his own, some rock-ribbed sense of what makes country music honest, vital, and unique. Never a glitter twitter, Merle Haggard has always seemed slightly uncomfortable in the role of country star. But his fans know Merle for what he truly is—downhome, just like the bottle of 190-proof whiskey on the cover of this album.

The same gettin' down in the dust and dirt characteristic of past hits like "Today I Started Loving You again," "Mama Tried," and "Every Fool Has A Rainbow" are clearly ringing out of the speakers on this new album. Many of the songs deal with a theme Hag had a handle on in previous releases—

individualism or lonerism. Take, for example, "Footlights," a tune about a performer who fully understands the crap, make-believe essence of show business and who now can see the bullshit of his own behavior. The singer laments the necessity of again returning to the stage and generating the excitement he knows his audience is expecting. But, just as he does each night, he'll once again kick out the footlights and throw his guitar across the stage, and the fans will go wild. In "My Own Kind Of Hat," Merle makes a statement about his own kind of lonerism: "There's two kinds of lovers and two kinds of brothers and two kinds of babies to hold. There's two kinds of cherries and two kinds of fairies and two kinds of mothers, I'm told. But cowboys and outlaws and right guys and southpaws, good dogs and all kinds of cats, dirt roads and white lines and all kinds of stop signs, and I stand right here where I'm at, 'cause I wear my own kind of hat."

And of course there are songs about women and loneliness. "Got Lonely Too Early This Morning" pins down that situation in which the blues hit you before you even get out of bed—there's no defense when you first wake up, no chance to



avoid the downer by losing yourself in the day's activities. It's Hag's ability to capture such experiences that makes his blues hit hard in the chest. One of the highlights of this record is "Heaven Was A Drink Of Wine," a tune that details the encounter between the singer and a psychologist. The shrink runs down his bullshit analysis of the singer's mental problems and Merle replies with a serious but amusing explanation of his need for another drink.

A lower-keyed album than many of his previous releases, this record is still a fine addition to Hag's past work, especially if you love the blues. Studio albums such as this seem a taste flat when compared with the best of his live recordings. But he's one of a kind and his music hits you where you live—like a slug of that 190-proof booze.

The Sun Story, Volume 4/Roy Orbison. It's amazing that albums like this one are today crammed into the cut-out bins in the record stores, marked down to a couple of bucks in hopes of unloading them on some collector. Anyone interested in country music should keep his eyes open for these Sun recordings because no other single company had so much to do with shaping country-rock and lettin' the people know it was there.

Formed in Memphis in 1952 by Sam Phillips, Sun Records occupies a unique position in the history of both country music and rock. In only three years, between 1954 and 1956, Phillips signed and recorded some of the most legendary names in

the business—Elvis Presley, Carl Perkins, Johnny Cash, Roy Orbison, and Jerry Lee Lewis. From the Sun studios came a new sound—rockabilly—that gave both country and popular music a new direction.

The Sun Story is a six-volume series of these early recordings. (Elvis Presley isn't represented, since RCA owns the rights to his work for Sun. His Sun recordings are available in an RCA album titled **The Sun Sessions**.) This album, Volume 4, shows off Roy Orbison, who combined his country music roots with pop music's themes to become a helluva popular rock or country man—depending on your bag.

Orbison's often-ignored guitar ability can be heard on tunes like "Ooby Dooby," "Rock House," and "You're My Baby." The edgy, cutting guitar style, borrowed from Scotty Moore and Carl Perkins, complements the singer's thin, high voice to create that sound only Orbison can bring to life. The album also contains three ballads—"Devil Doll," "It's Too Late," and "Tryin' To Get To You" (also recorded by Elvis Presley.) These tunes clearly bring out Orbison's country music heritage.

The music on this album isn't famous and will appeal primarily to people who appreciate an older, even more primitive kind of country sound. But the importance to country music of Sun Records and artists like Roy Orbison can't be overstated, and this music provides a serious link between today's slick, multi-million-dollar C-W industry and the raw, distinctive sound that began it all.



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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.)

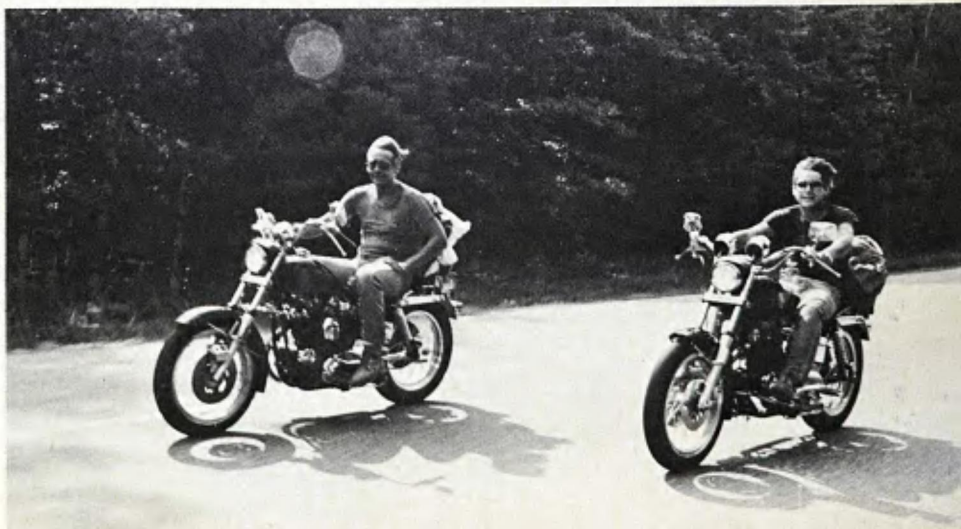


—from J. E. Greyzck, Carleton, Mich.

—from John Seginski, Reno, Nev.



—from Cyclops, Holliston, Mass.





—from Nancy Durell, Davenport, Iowa



—from J.J. Shays, Jupiter, Fla.



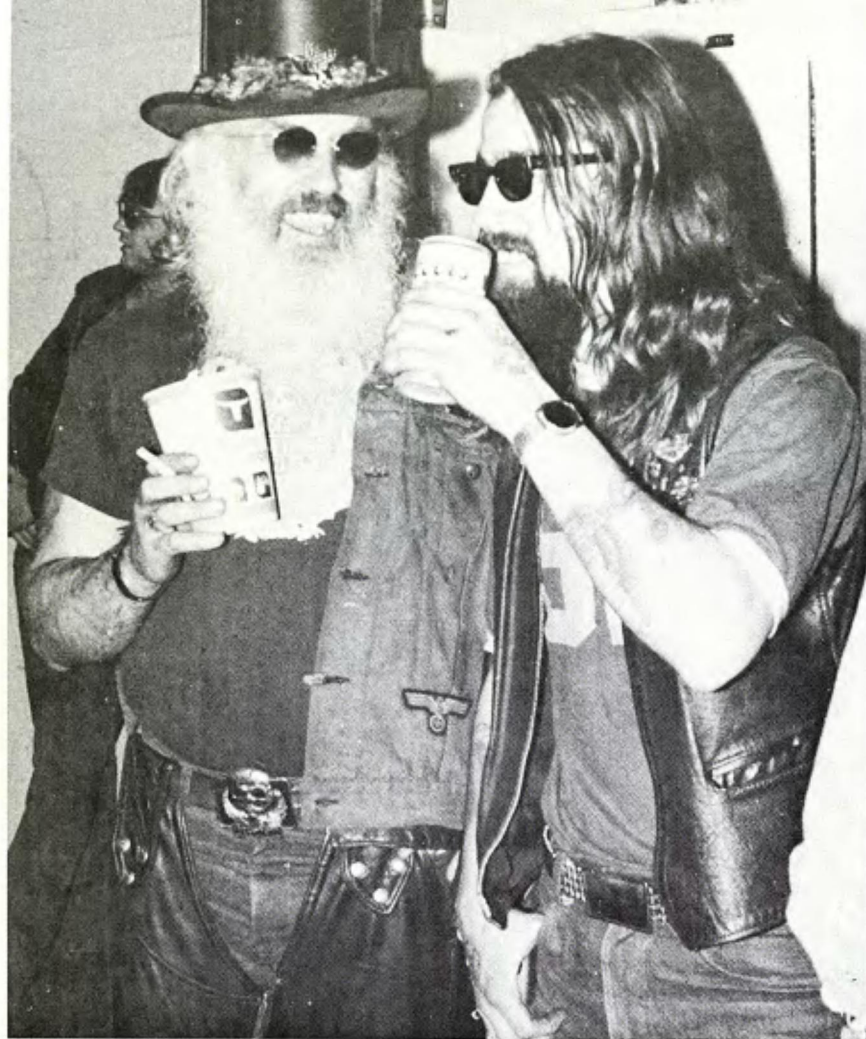
—from A. R. Burrows, Santa Rosa, Calif.

—from Reklis, Westminster, Calif.

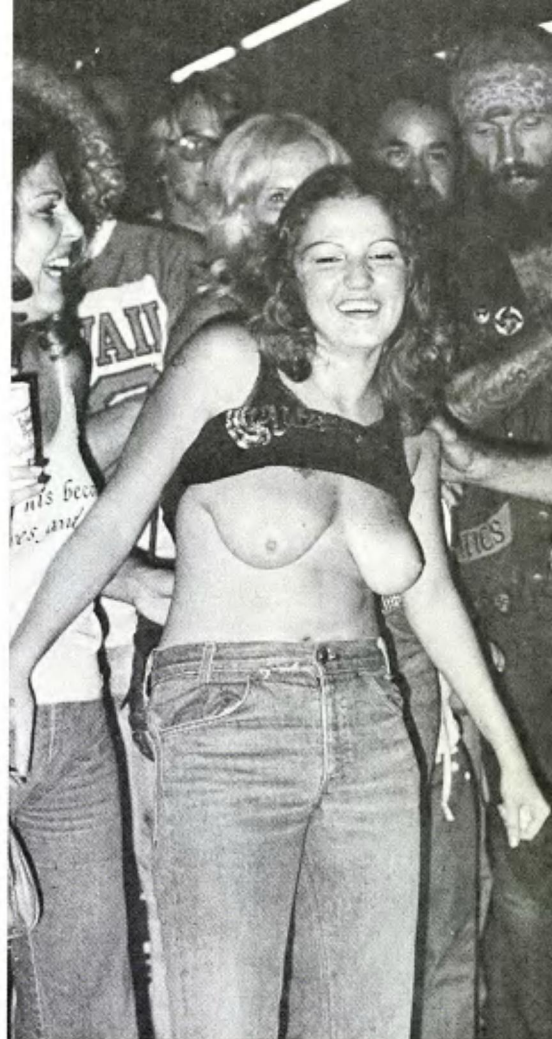


—from Lipps, Chicago, Ill.





—from Buck Lovell, San Jose, Calif.





—from Frank, Malibu, Calif.



—from Billy C., Falls Church, Va.





—from Mike Manall, Huntington Beach, Calif.



—from Linda Livingston, Oklawaha, Fla.



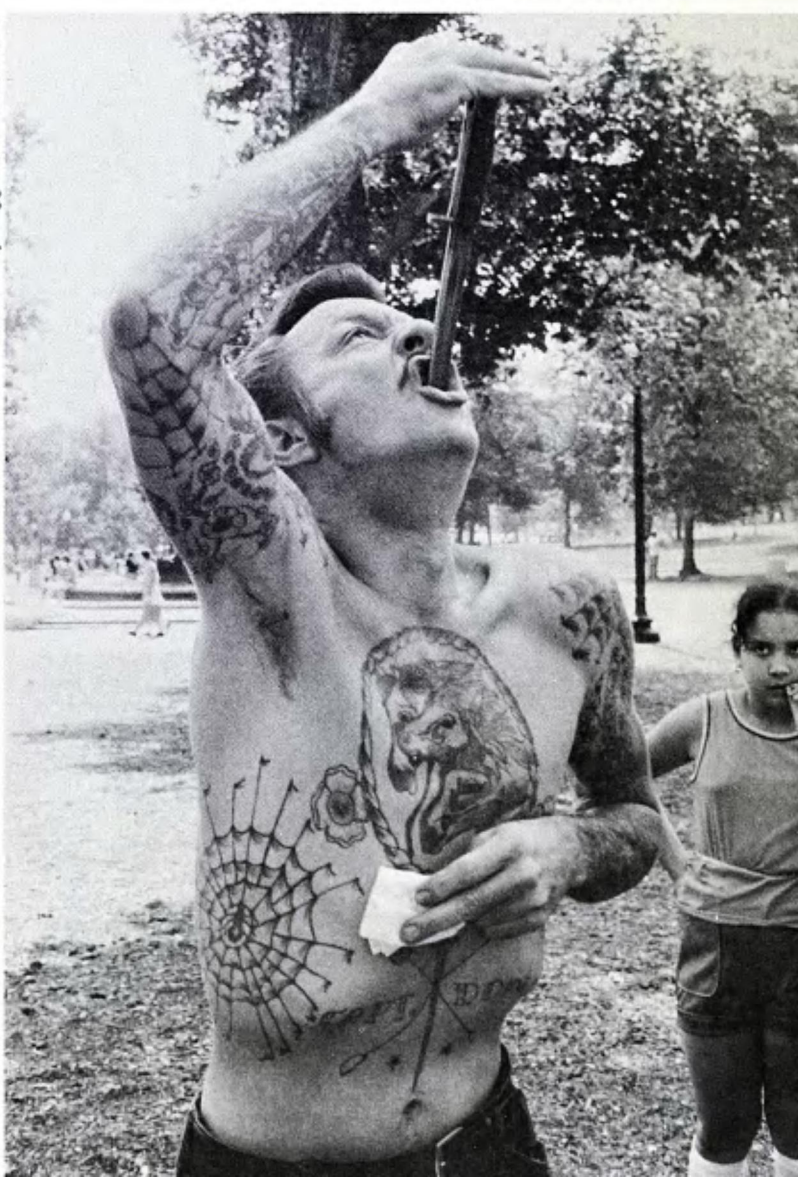


—from Richard, Louisville, Ky.



—from Mangler, N. Hollywood, Calif.

—from Tony Higgins, Boston, Mass.



—from Dan Richards, Martinez, Calif.





—from Crazy Matt, Thornton, Colo.



—from Richard, Louisville, Ky.

—from Kwik Karl, Hawthorne, Calif.





—In Memory of Gary Miller



—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.



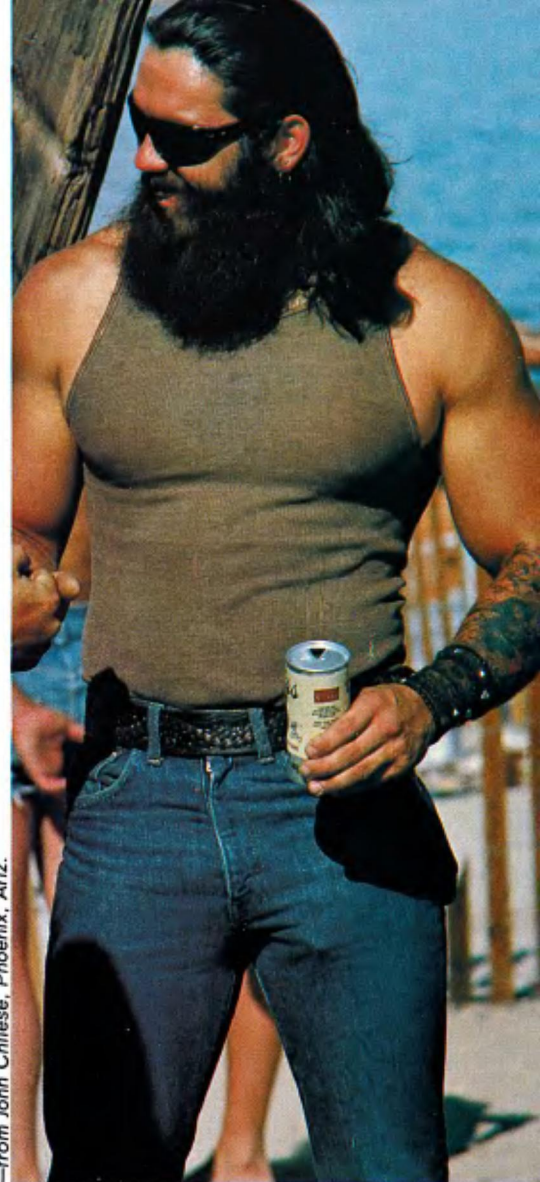
—from Barbara Smith, Cardiff by the Sea, Calif.



—from C. M. Banas, Twin Falls, Idaho

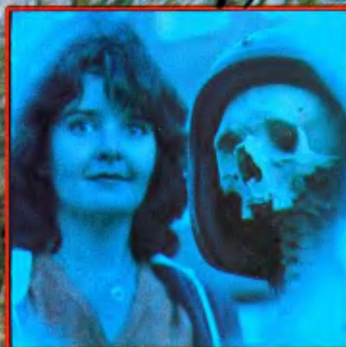


—from Randy Buschman, Pacific, Mo.



—from John Chiles, Phoenix, Ariz.

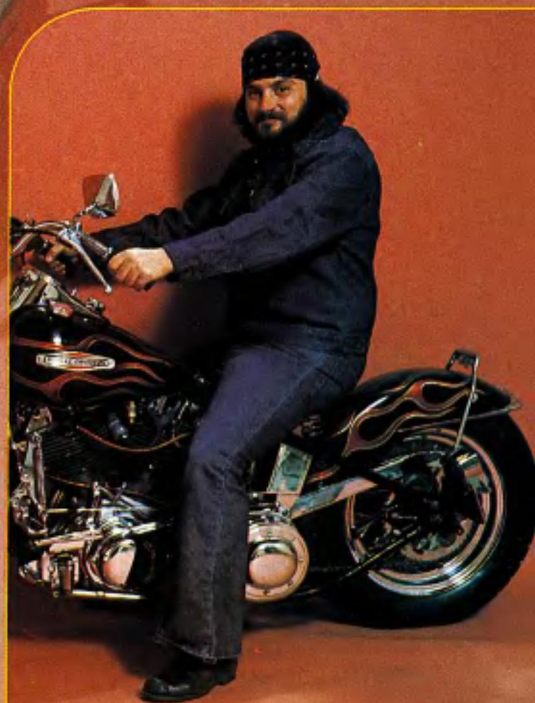
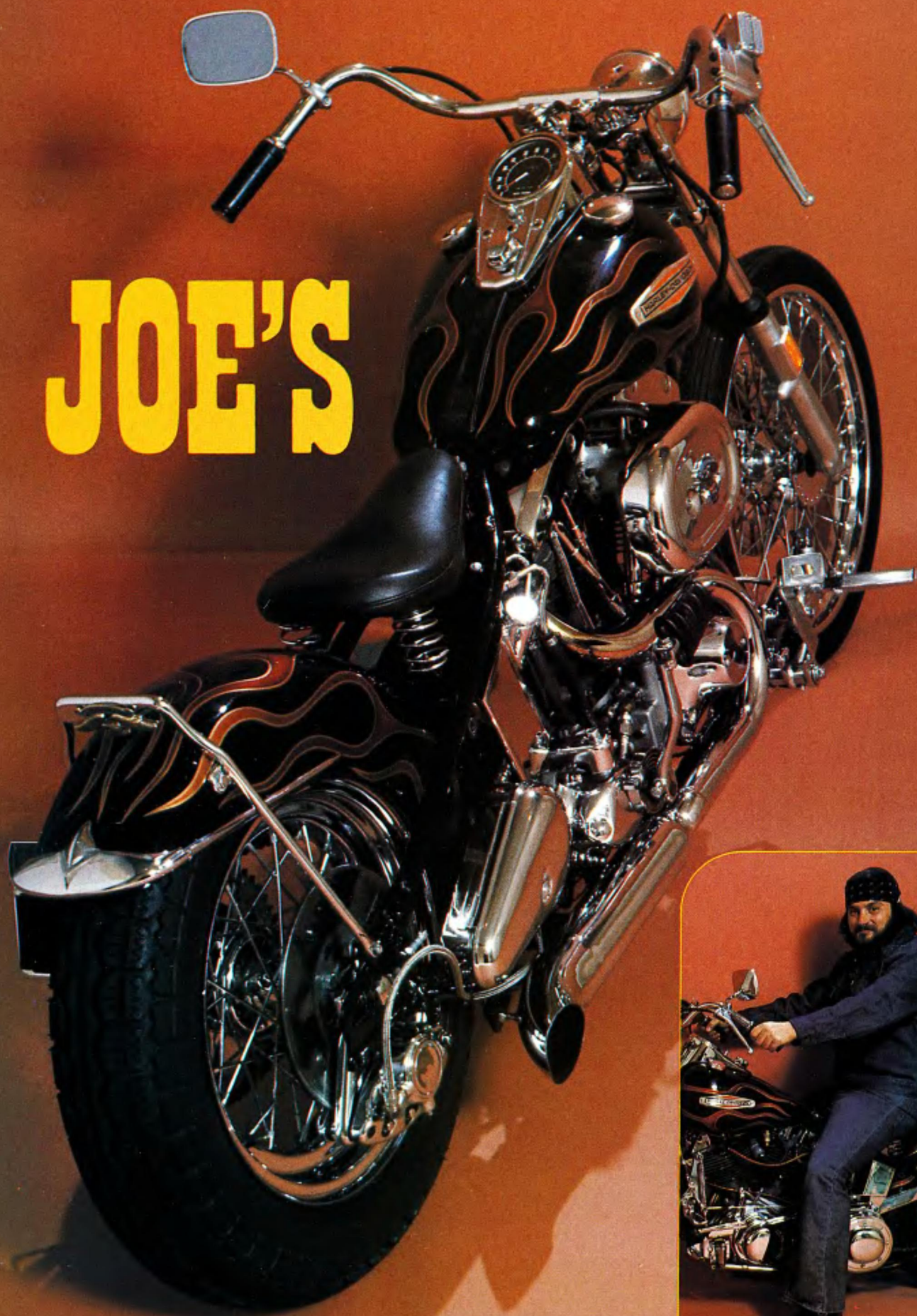
—from R. W. Morgan, Colbert, Okla.



—from Be-Bop, Philadelphia, Pa.



JOE'S



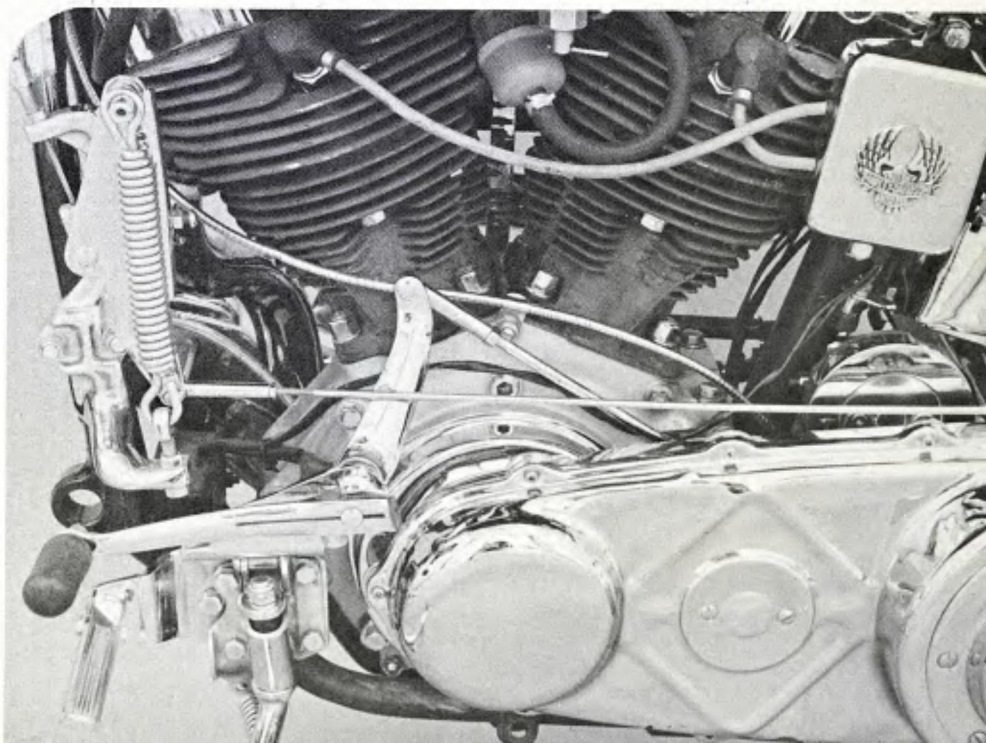


Tryin' to be cagey

I've got this problem, ya see. Seems that whenever my bros here have a tough time screamin' at their pens to write somethin' devastatin', they come to me. I was in the cool an' cozy midst of adjustin' the shiftn' forks in the Cub's tranny, tucked away in the quiet hideaway of a miniature shop we've got, when Bandit yanked the door open and allowed five thousand overheated, buzzin' flies into the cool shed.

"Hey, Turkey, would ya write somethin' for this bike feature?" And he handed me this dogshitlookin' stack of frayed photos and a crumpled bike chart.

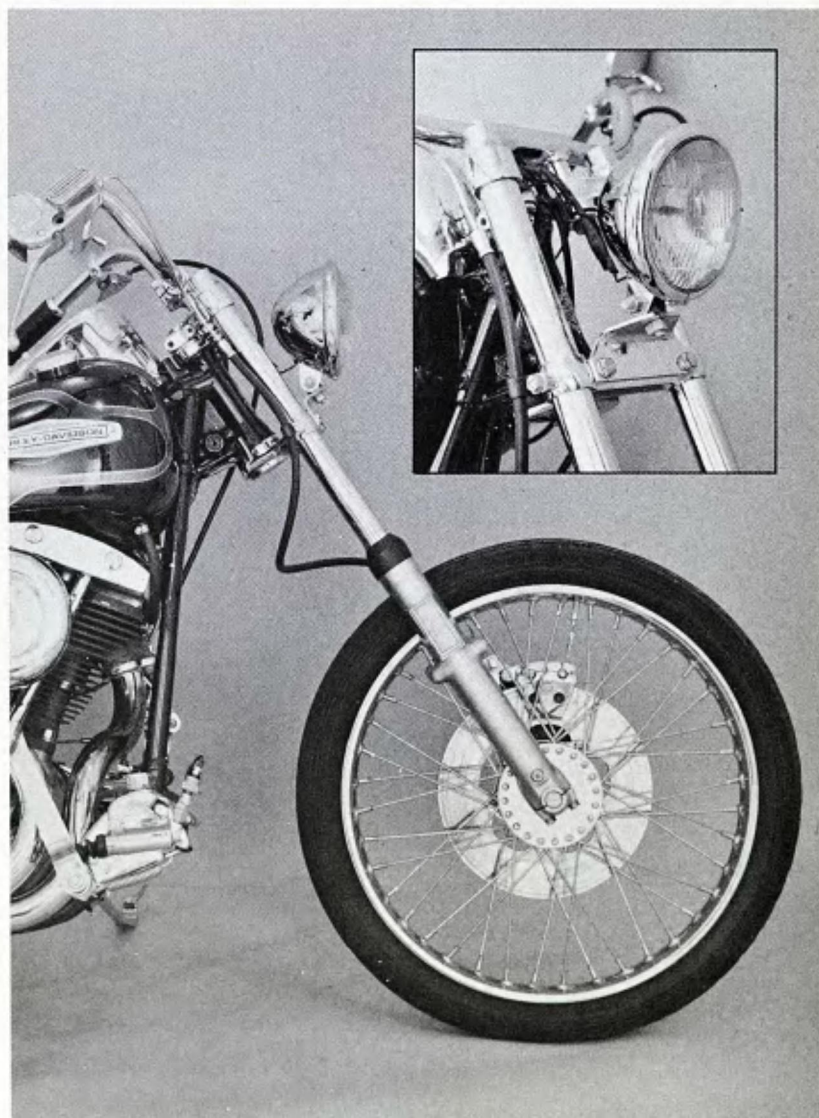
Before I could ask him to shut





the goddam door and prevent the 100-degree heat and the freeway-flyin' flies tryin' to escape the heat from stormin' this oversized closet, he left. He also left the door open. I threw a box of empty beer cans at him and slammed the door. As sweat beads exploded on my forehead, I stood in the center of the shop floor, cramped between two 74s, with the photos and chart in my oil-coated mitts.

"God-fuckin'-damn," I mumbled as I moved back to the bench. I shoved the flicks to the side of the cracking, two-by-four bench and tried to return to the Cub's tranny. But the bike in the flicks wouldn't let me rest. They kept callin' to me, "Hey, Turkey, ya gotta write somethin'," over and over. I couldn't concentrate, I couldn't work. All I could do was sweat and bat at the flies, now stirred into action by the absence of the sun. They dug the cooler air and wanted desperately to lap up last night's beer still caked

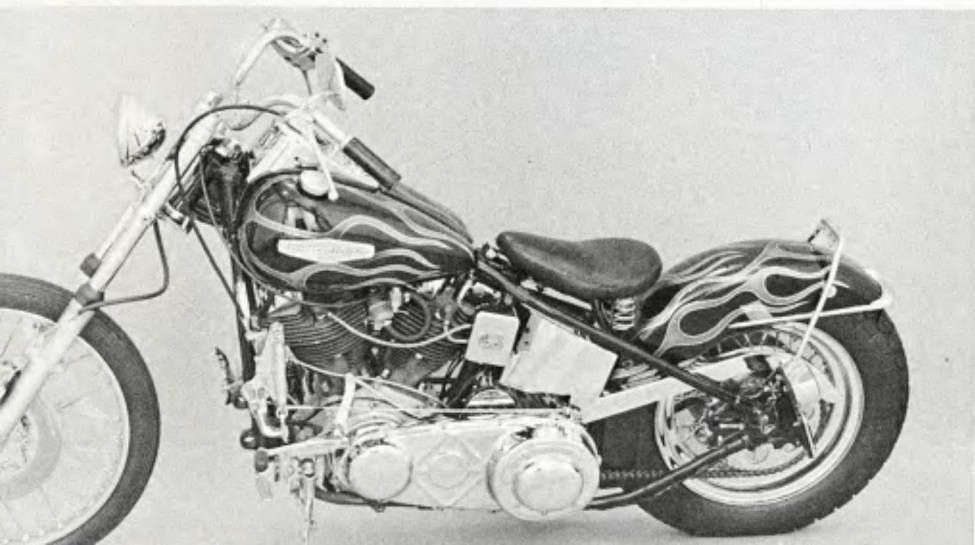
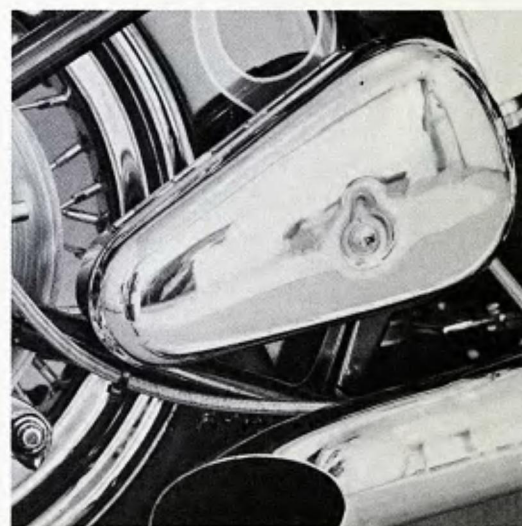
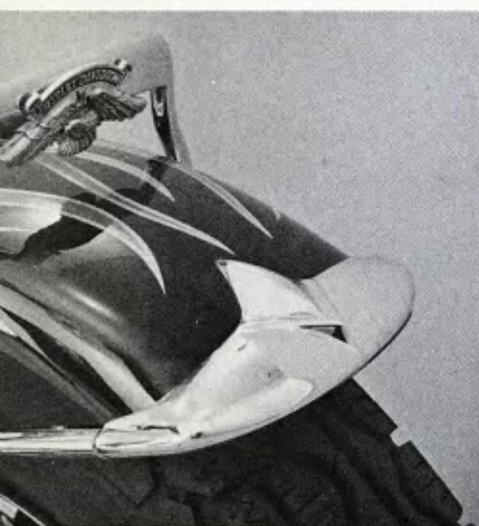




and sticky in my beard. Bananas! I had to escape.

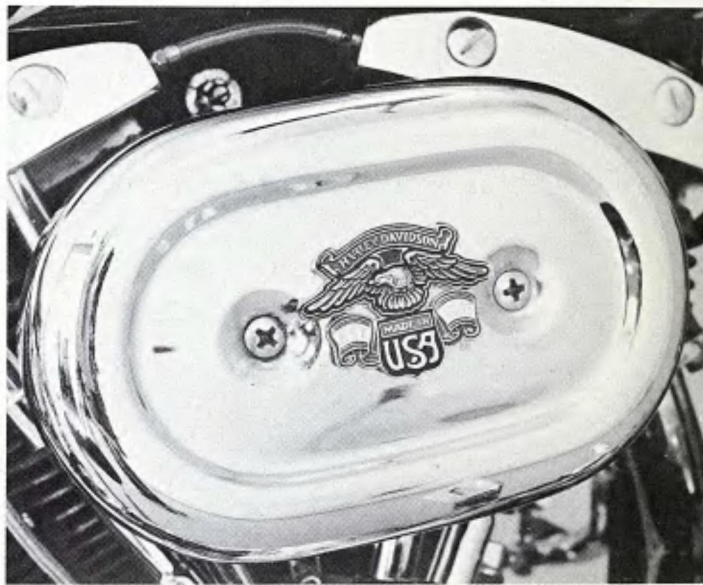
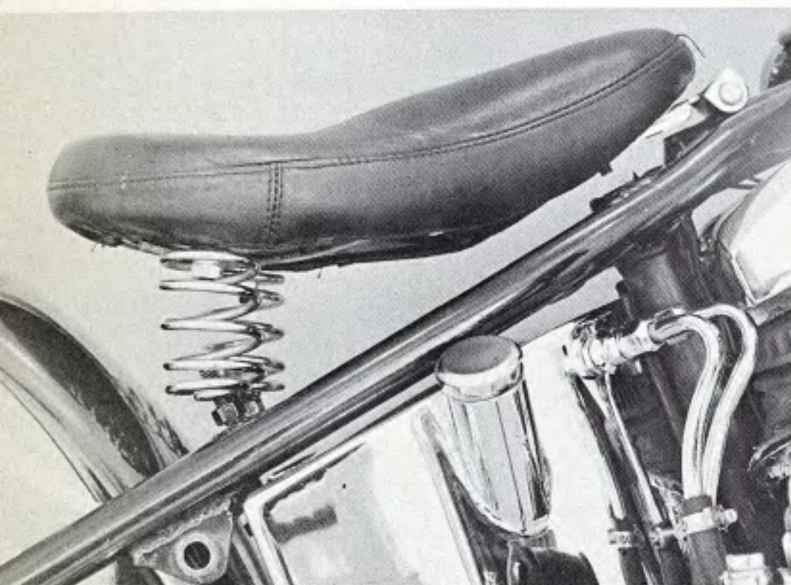
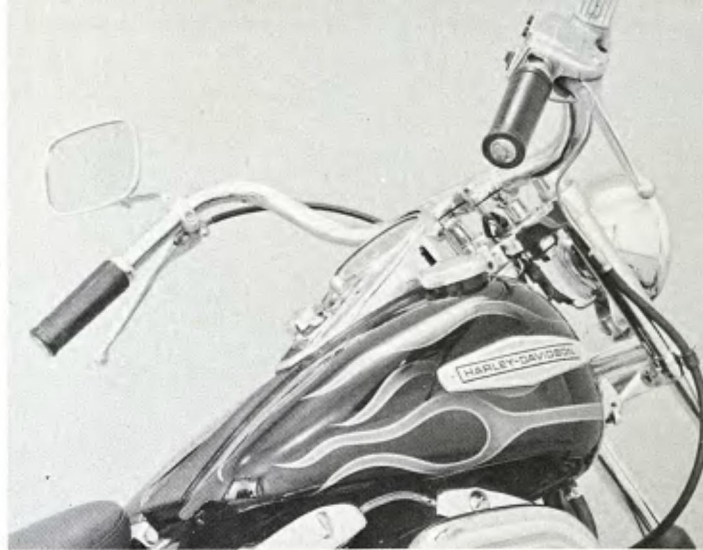
I grabbed the feature and sought shelter away from both the burnin' sun and the flies. I ended up shovin' the flicks and chart under my T-shirt and puttin' to an air-conditioned restaurant. Within a half-dozen large iced teas, I discovered the problem with the story. There weren't no story.

That wasn't all. The owner owns a fucking bike-related pin, patch, and geegaw business. Maybe he was a rich dude and only built the bike to get a little free publicity. How the fuck should I know? And it's a strict rule around the shop not to hype any manufacturers for any reason. We figure that if a company builds good-quality, dependable shit, then word of mouth takes care of the rest.

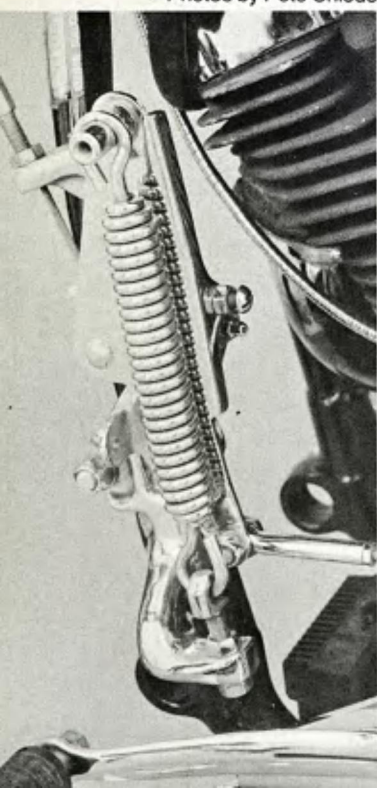


So I made a few calls—had to find out how much Joe rides. And I came to find out that the dude rides quite a bit. That may not mean a whole helluva lot; but as far as the road bike ya see here goes, it stays covered with a substantial coat of road grime. What else can I say?

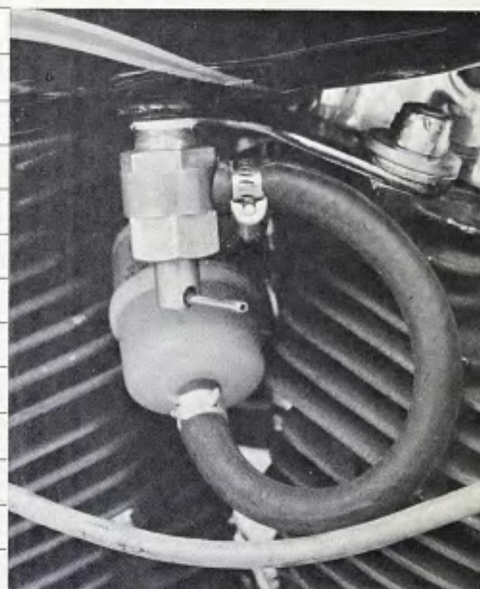
—Turkey

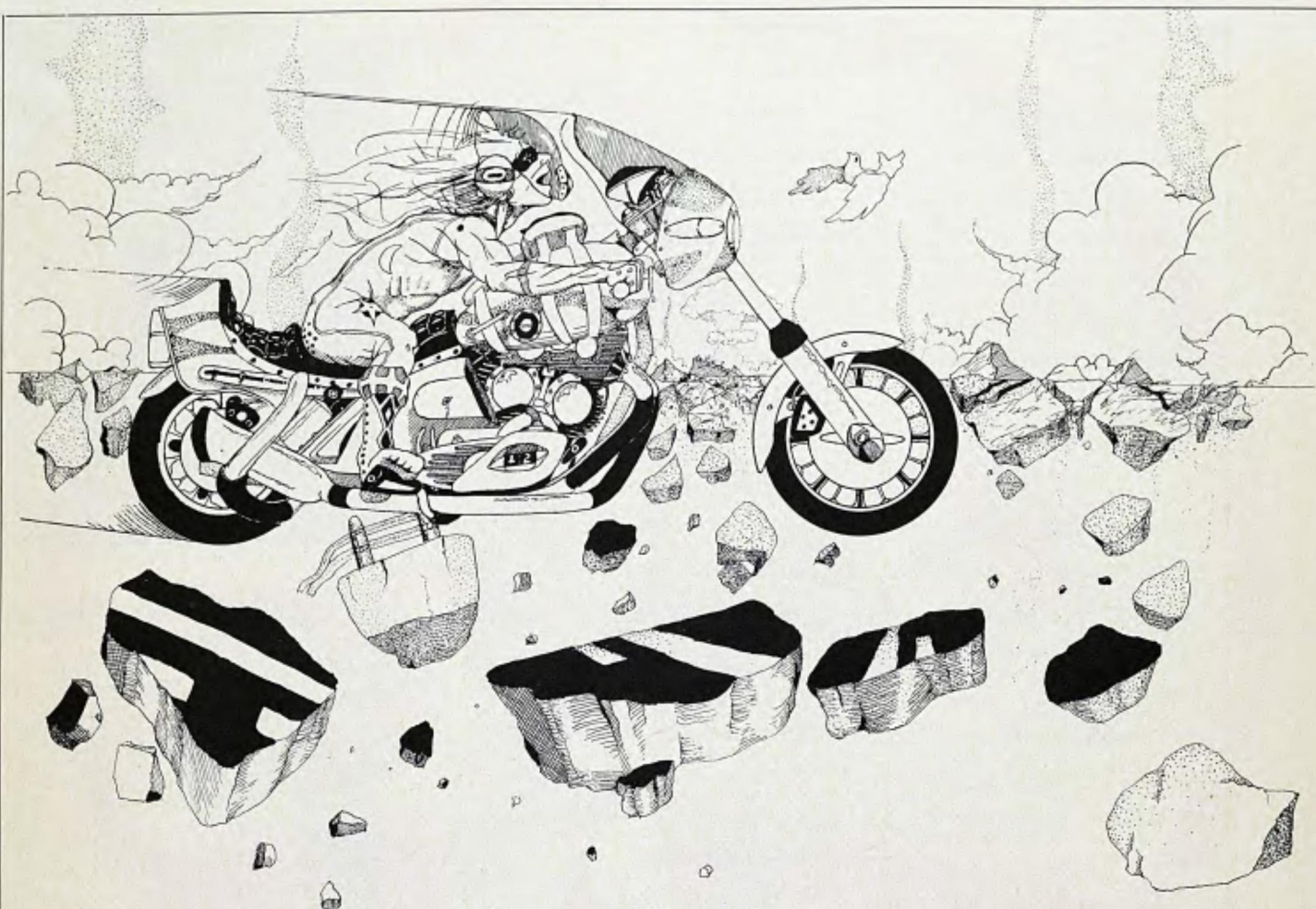


Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owners: Joe Troy		City: Chatsworth, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Joe Troy & Bill Joseph		Year: 1953	
Year and make: 1976 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: special construction		Type: cradle	
Value: \$4,000		Rake: 30 degrees	
Assembly: owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: welds reinforced	
Chroming by: Astro Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: stock	
Year: 1976		Risers: stock	
Model: cone		Fender(s): early H-D front	
Rebuilder: Williams Motors		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: coil		Taillight: Drag Specialties	
Displacement: 84 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: S&S wheels		Front pegs: steel	
Balancing: S&S		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S stroker		Electrics: battery elim.	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: ported & polished		Oil tank: 6 qt. Paughco	
Cam: Andrews B		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: diamond	
Carb(s): S&S 1 7/8 inch		Seat: solo	
Air cleaner: stock		Sissy bar: custom	
Pipes: custom collector		Height: 4 inches	
Muffler(s): none		Material: round stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: Super Glide	
Year: 1976		Extension: none	
Shifting: ratchet top		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase III pulley		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front:	Rear:
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: none		Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Painter: Tink		Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Pirelli
Type: lacquer		Brake: disc	Brake: H-D disc
Special paint: flames and urethane clear			
Other special modifications: here and there, bolt-on MCN doodads.			





Shakin' Loose

by Carl Kohler

I had to face it: my cherished California Dream had finally bummed out.

Sitting on the sagging porch of the Las Flores Canyon shack, I stared dully into the darkness reviewing the shitty facts. I was flat broke because I hadn't worked in a couple of weeks—not since being fired for stomping the living hell out of a welding foreman who hated bikers and had finally punched the right button after weeks of needling me. There was no way of hunting another job because the knucklehead had blown a piston. The only other sled-tramp who lived in the canyon had moved, so there went the freebie-rides to the coast highway and over to Santa Monica. None of the other canyon residents would pick me up—not even if I was sprawled on the edge of the road in a pool of blood. Several times I'd tried hitchhiking and had ended up

walking the four miles to the highway. Trying to thumb into Santa Monica had worked once before the heat started spotting me. After that, it was a hassle and a half.

Thunk! A stone hitting the shack yanked me back into the crappy present. The crazy old bitch who lived across the canyon road was letting me know she still wasn't afraid of big, bearded men who wore dirty clothes and disrupted her loony's peace with noisy machines. The demented old granny-type had been throwing rocks at me, at the putt, and at the shack ever since the first day I moved into the place. She was a scrawny, wild-eyed hag who weighed maybe eighty-five pounds, dripping wet, with heavy rocks in both claws. I admired the old poop's spirit but the constant barrage of pebbles, stones, and pieces of brick were a pain in the ass. Fortunately her aim was

usually lousy.

"Yer gittin' better, ya old fucker!" I shouted into the darkness, standing up and moving toward the battered, torn screen door. "Ya only missed me by a mile!"

"Go away!" shrieked a thin, quavery voice.

"I wish I could, ya poor, dried-up kook," I said softly to myself and went inside the crummy shack that was costing me three hundred and seventy-five bucks a month. Checking my last baggie, I found it still held a pinch of seeds and stems. Well, that went nicely with the two overdue payments on the downed sled, the rent that was going to be overdue in two more days, the three cans of beer left in the refrig, and the half pack of butts in my vest pocket. Hell, yes, at least the whole fucking scene was a matched set of shitty details.

Thunk! Another rock bounced against the shack.

"Bullseye, baby," I murmured, popping open one of the Coors and carrying it out to the tiny block of concrete that constituted a back porch. Parking my ass on the edge, I tilted the can, letting the chilled suds cool my throat in four generous gulps. Lighting a cigarette, I sat there in the weird heat and silence that had been building up for the past few hours and had another look at the choices facing me.

I could make a collect phone call from the inn on the highway to my old man in Forth Worth, Texas, but I wouldn't because even if I forced myself to endure his gleeful lecture, I knew I would be unable to go home and work among the goddam rednecks he hired. No way I could hack that drill any more. And he wouldn't send any money until I agreed to his terms. If I hadn't inherited his love of cows and hogs and old-timey Texas customs, at least I had his stubbornness for basic fiber. I grinned, seeing his weatherbeaten, craggy old hatchet-face. I loved the old coot but I just wasn't cowboy material. If nothing else, I had the satisfaction of knowing that those first years of learning to handle a bike I had bought with money earned by working for others, right up to the day I split for California, hadn't cost the old man anything except maybe the worry I knew he suffered. What he had been at age twenty-three and what I was, were two different dudes entirely.

Okay, I decided, scratch that plan.

Wiping sweat from my face with my free hand, I gulped another mouthful of beer just as a slight tremor rippled through the ground. It was gone almost as fast as it had come. The eerie stillness deepened.

Clunkity-clunk! Rocks spattered onto the shack's roof. Either that old cunt was trying to lob her barrage over the goddam house or the tremor had loosened a few rocks from the canyon's wall rising directly behind the place, just past the small creek flowing quietly in the nearby darkness. By now the moon was high enough to throw pale highlights on the water where it rolled mutedly between smooth boulders.

As I drained the can I let another choice seep into my mind. Although I'm a loner's loner by nature and had made damn few friends since reaching the coast, I might try hitchhiking through Topanga, Coldwater, or Malibu canyon into the Valley where the three or four people lived who might loan me some cash. But did they know me well enough to make the loan more than a few dollars for food or

—Continued on page 80

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A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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In memory of **L.A. Eddie**, lived a Vagos, died a Vagos. You will be remembered always. Vagos MC-So. Calif.

In memory of **Don and Brian Sullivan**, two bikers and two good brothers. Diane, Janet, Denise, and Theresa.

In memory of one of our new brothers, **Peter**, who punched a cage in Lehigh Valley, Pagans MC.

In memory of **John Morrell**, whose life ended before it really began. Terry, Dave, John, and Steve.

In memory of **Paul Possum** and **Zennon Mendala**, remembered by your brothers, Los Bravos MC, Canada.

In memory of "Monkey," wasted by a drunk driver on the wrong side of the road. Ride the sky forever, Greek.

In memory of **Willie and W.C.**, done in by a drunk, Greek.

In memory of **Jeremiah**, a brother we'll never forget. Frank, Debbie, and all the West Side tramps.

In memory of brother **Garr**, Death is certain. Life is not, David.

Brutus HAMC Berdon, You'll be in our hearts forever. Your brothers HAMCB.

For **Jeannene "J.J." Roberts**, a fine lady, sadly missed, Denise.

In memory of "Alley" **Pritchett**, a true biker and friend. Warlocks MC.

In memory of "Rabbit," a super Pagan brother. We miss you. Frenchie, Florida Pagans.

As you would have wanted, "Gunner" **Rick**, our love is eternal. Sha Leah, Reno, and the Sons of Satan MC.

In loving memory of "R-2," the best of lady I ever had or expect to have, Norton.

In honor of "Skitter Meat," You lived and rode hard. Stay hard. Tank, your ol' lady, and your boy.

In memory of "Mosephus," a true brother to the end. Doc, Hawkman, Hawks, B.B., Natty, and all.

In loving memory of brother **Bill "Skid" Cruz**, a little guy with a big heart. Ride on. Dirt Bag, Hippie, Sleazy, Pete, and Wolfman. Lawmen MC, Germany.

In memory of **John Zell**, the nicest kid in the world, who died on his Harley. Love, C.C. and Paula.

In memory of **Henry Dominguez**, Prez of the Bravados MC. All your friends will miss you. Fat Kat.

To "Mr. B." **Brandon Schofield**, whom I'd love to ride with. John Charles Chandler.

In memory of "Mad Dog" **Bruce**, a true Renegade. His legend will live forever. Claire.

In memory of six of our bros who have died during the past few years. "Crazy Ray," Dennis, "Amp," Jim, "Serge," and Mike. Gone but not forgotten. Philthy Phil, RFRs MC.

You'll always be loved. "Wild Bill" **C. Ride** on high. Your brother, Crazy Mike, and friends, Redding, Calif.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easysiders** 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 \$9.00 for twelve issues (\$9.00 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easysiders** 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.

Inmate needs letters to help ease away this time. James Winters #278048, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Did a crime and don't time. Now I need letters from ladies to help it go fast. Jack Stephens #26539, Box 1059, Santa Fe, N.Mex. 87501.

Need an open-minded woman to be my wife for a long time. Good-looking and open-minded dude. Kyle Davis #F-9162, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

Stone biker will be hitting the road in one more year. Ladies, write and send pictures. Royal Pearson #11751, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

I am a lonely biker in need of correspondence. I fell on a hummer and got five years. Joseph Bentley Jr. #049977, Box 221, E-56, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Good-looking inmate wants attractive females to write and send photos. Roger Duplechon #24520-149, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

What's happening out there? I'd sure like to know, so write and send photos. Keith Crawley, Box 37849, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

30-yr.-old con could dig loving letters and sexy flicks. Nudes are righteous, too. Craig Lieb #37345, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Lonely convict needs fe-mail. Could dig photos. Thomas Perry #37408, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Stone outlaw tramp doing time needs letters from all nasty ladies. Send flicks. Max Miller #C-02012, CTF-North, W.A. 146, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Horny red-headed devil needs hot letters from chicks who'll send flicks. Ron Hogan #B-73721, Tamaul, Calif. 94964.

35-yr.-old bro needs fine, petite chick to help begin life anew. Dave Drake #100663, Rt. 4, Box 40, Stafford, Va. 22554.

Downed bro interested in open-minded chicks for friendship to pass this idle time away. Matt Chappell #150,801, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

I need some mail from foxy females to help the time fly. Don Hellis, 1 North Court St., Orlando, Fla. 32801.

I've got class if you've got the ass. Moonstruck scooter tramp needs foxy lady to write to. Steven Charles Womble #273558-A, Box 16, Eastham Unit, R-11, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

Righteous Indian brother needs letters from ladies to help pass the remaining three years. Timothy Jackson #B-92889, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

A downed bro looking for a righteous mama to put and raise hell with when I get out. Jeffrey Moon #831671, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

I have no one to write to and need pen-pals age 19-48. John Hunter #052375, Box 221, S.W. 71/115, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Lonely 36-yr.-old con would like to receive letters from ladies. Will answer all letters promptly. Marvin Smith #77454, Box 188, La Grange, Ky. 40031.

A good tramp needs letters from foxy women. Send photo with letter and you'll get one back. Floyd Eckman #B-86533, Rm. 2318, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I am looking for sincere, lonely ladies who are looking for a serious relationship. James Perrin #27656, Box 1059, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

Desperado on a lonely trail needs a warm campfire. Kevin W. Gellenfeldt #B-83937-C, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Incarcerated lumberjack just dying for letters from ladies of any age. Jack Mathis #115315, St. Brides Corr. Ctr., 701 Sanderson Rd., Chesapeake, Va. 23322.

19-yr.-old, brown-haired, blue-eyed biker looking for sexy chicks of all ages. Vernon Richard, Del Norte County Jail, 650 5th St., Crescent City, Calif. 95531.

30-yr.-old inmate facing a lot of time needs letters and photos from foxy chicks. Barry Weistrot, QHDM, 126-02 82 Ave., Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11415, Cell 3LC13.

21-yr.-old with 30 years to do. All letters cherished and answered promptly. Send photos, please. Jack Jirik #289354, Coffield Unit, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

In dire need of correspondence with a woman who wants to be a part of my life. Marshall Tullman #57231, 1515 Gist St., CB-3-28-1, Columbia, S.C. 29202.

I would like to correspond with anyone. Dave M. McGee #149-516, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

My nickname is Rahib and I'd like to receive letters from foxy ladies. John Marciwicz, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Young bro doing time, so all ladies who write and send pictures will get an answer. George Turnbaugh #4359-D-1, Box 700, Jessup, Md 20794.

Young man locked down would like letters and pictures from ladies who like sex. Odie Paul Horner #152-978, 6000 Maute Rd., B3, Grasslake, Mich. 49240.

I want to hear from sincere, crazy, and honest chicks who want to share, be cherished, and be lust after. Charles D. Jones #843600-E, #218, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Letters from ladies wanted. Any ladies will do. Dennis Wright #254161, Rt. 3, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Inmate needs letters and photos from ladies, foxy or not. James Phillips #051896, Box 221, 73-103, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Ohio is my home, and I'm homesick for letters from ladies who live there. Give me a break. You won't be disappointed. Cory Louk #01520-190, Box 4000, Springfield, Mo. 65802.

Calif. tramp needs sweet honey to parole to for a righteous, no-hullshit relationship. Bob Ballie, Box 212, Delta, Colo. 81416.

I want to hear from all females. Robert Hiles #061236, Box 340, Sharpes, Fla. 32959.

A downed bro wants to meet a righteous ol' lady to settle down with. Photo a must. Donald Schell #K-3579, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Young scooter tramp needs a strong-minded woman to help pick up the pieces. Mike Correll #B-98785, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Lonely inmate would like to hear from some foxes with marriage in mind. Kirt Morrill #C-00612, Box 497, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Tennessee boy away from home in prison needs some girls to write and send pictures. Johnny Armes #14690, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Incarcerated dude will answer all letters from you foxy freaks. Greg Pollack #76-A-3245, C4-8, Mid-Orange Corr. Facility, 900 Kings Highway, Warwick, N.Y. 10960.

22-yr.-old Libra biker needs a fine lady for letters and visits. Alden Wilson #40700, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

In desperate need of photos and letters from young or old females. Bob Riley #F-9388, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

Artist-writer looking for foxy, artistic, free gals to correspond. Chester Morris #B-95491, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Young Sagittarius needs letters from nice ladies. Will answer all. Wayne Griffin #81020, Camp J, Shack 2-R-7, Angola, La. 70712.

Could use some mail from a righteous lady who wants to help a downed bro. Jesse Hilber, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Good bro in the pen looking for marriage or female friend. Lane Hoyt, Box B-84187, CTF-North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

27-yr.-old painter would like letters and photos from ladies in California. Mike Bailey #B-57275, Box D, Camp Cuesta, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Tweety Bird is in the cage and needs mail and photos to help him fly the coop. Randy Simpson #100270, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Good bro is in the slammer and in need of mail. Tommy Tramel #286931, Box 1500, Angleton, Tex. 77515.

Texas bro down and in need of letters and photos of chicks. Joe Weaver #274231, Rt. 4, Box 1500, Angleton, Tex. 77515.

36-yr.-old inmate could use mail from any ladies. Duffy Hart #37906, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

So. Calif. bro downed in the desert. Help with some mail from you females. Chuck Clevenger, Box B-37635, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Downed bro would like to correspond with all ladies. John Pelissier, Box B-86183, CTF-N. LB 251, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

This downed scooter tramp needs to hear from some righteous, pistol-packing' mamas who dig puttin', partyin', and gettin' down. Cliff Harp #156039, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Native American boy who laid his pony down, but not his heart, needs correspondence. M.G. Neol #12864, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Lonely convict wishes to hear from warm and interesting ladies whose hearts have been broken or lost. Vincent Harris #74-B-113, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

I need a lady who loves to be loved and cherished. All mail answered and photos welcome. Paul Talmor #78-B-1116, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

I'm a southern belle and a sweet bird with clipped wings who needs mail and photos from some good-looking' dudes. Frances Lowery, D-5, Box 26, St. Gabriel, La. 70776.

Always waiting for letters from kind and considerate ladies. Looks and age no barrier. Charles Riss #76-C-264, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

I need to hear from foxy females ages 17-30. Send pictures so I can dream while I write. Chris Brock #107-551, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Downed young Italian stud seeks sex therapy by mail from good chick. Paul Cannistraci #75-A-1582, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Only fifteen years left to do, but I need mail to help them pass quickly. Jerry Bohannon #23555-149, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

I'm a brother in need of letters from all women. Michael Price #26540, C.B. #3, Box 1059, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

Looking for a chick who isn't bashful. Photo requested. Nathaniel Allen #63209, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Brooklyn brother could use some letters to make the time go faster. Steve Pease #10241-158, FCI, B-North, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

25-yr.-old bro with two years to go needs letters from young ladies. Ben Sanders #39618, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Lonely male would love to correspond with ladies of any race. Alonzo Williams, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53983.

Sicilian super-stud wants to hear from all fine ladies. Joe Cannizzaro #441-78-4182, 126-02 82nd Ave., Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11415.

I love to write and receive letters, so will some lovely chick send me correspondence and photos, please? Randy Serna #30992, C-347, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Downed in New Mexico since 1976 and need a few lines from nice-hearted chicks. Randy Pilon #25484-C-B-4, Box 1059 Santa Fe N. Mex. 87501.

You got it—just make any purchase of fifteen bucks or more from any of the bike shops listed here, and walk away with a free copy of the best bike rag in the world.

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—Terrible 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)

Want 1968 FLH buckhorn handlebars, undamaged. I can rechrome. Call collect. (206) 577-8097. (77)

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.

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

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)

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)

Sonny: This red-haired lady in Iowa is crazy in love with you. Molly. (77)

Looking for righteous, foxy lady who likes to ride, party, and take good care of her ol' man. Must be open minded and willing to dance her way to the top. Send age, phone no. & recent photo to Look-in', Box 55731, Houston, Tex. 77055. (77)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (77)

Jim Whitlock: Baby, I haven't forgotten you. See ya when ya get out, you sexy hunk. Me, A.W. (77)

Uncle Shay Shay and Tilt: Call me! P.E. (813) 626-2571. (77)

White male, 31, needs ol' lady to putt, party, and share. Pete, P.O. Box 2253, Huntsville, Ala. 35804. (77)

Tattooing bargains (used). Needle bars 12—\$3; Tube \$3.50; 11x14 sheets 12—\$12; complete electric outfit \$99. Postage extra. Steele, Box 242-EP, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (78)

'51 Indian original 750 cu. in. Fair condition. No title, motor good, will trade or sell. Randy Davis, Rt. 2, Box 196, Coeburn, Va. 24230. (703) 395-7124. (77)

Tommy: Hope you're better off without us. Say hello to Chris for me. Love, Roseanne (Jake). (77)

Norman Crowell: Happy birthday, you fuckin' tease (9/29/54). Wherever you may be—ride free! (77)

K-Model 1954 Harley - Davidson, KH. No miles on engine; rebuilt by K-Model and antique Harley expert Jack Turner. New paint, 99% original. Excellent overall condition, \$3,500. Also, a 1955 KH 100% original with windshield, saddle bags, early type turn signals, original K buddy pegs and original rare optional exhaust system. Rare collector's item, \$4,500. Call Eddie Boomhower, Richmond Harley-Davidson Co., Richmond, Va. (804) 262-2381. (77)

Looking for sincere biker with class. Must be 6 ft., over 180 lbs. Harley man only, 21-25. Must be a one-woman man. Send picture with first letter. I'm 5'5", excellent shape, and very pretty. Darlene, P.O. Box 744, Madera, Calif. 93639. (77)

Animal: One of us is no good without the other. We made it two years, wanna make it forever? Love ya. Just Jo. (77)

Mike: Happy birthday! Enjoy your freedom. You will always be my #1 man. I love you, Patti. (77)

Italian, 6', 185 lbs., grey/blue eyes and curly hair. Down awhile and need to smile. Hope some real lady can make my days. Neal Giraldi #75B1049, Box 367, Danemora, N.Y. 12929. (77)

Danny Mayo, out of Visalia, Calif. Was with B Co. 2/35th Infantry, Pleiku, V.N., or anyone knowing whereabouts, contact N. A. MacDonald, P.O. Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851. (77)

Woman, 33 yrs. old, 5'6 1/2", 123 lbs., waist-length brown hair, has one child. Seeking loving biker who's into rock, high times, loving, and riding. Can relocate with help. Send photo to Get it On, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (77)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs! Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (81)

I'll show you how to get a sexy, obedient ol' lady. Photo-illustrated details \$1. Suzie Q., Box 501, Eureka, Calif. 95501. (77)

Gaylen: Happy 24th (11/13/79). We love you. Janice, Tish, Zorra. (77)

All new and different Harley T-shirt designs. Free catalogue. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, Pa. 16041. (77)

For sale: Complete collection of Easyriders, issue #1 to present, with 6 binders, \$315. (219) 277-0494. (77)

Clean: My 1%er, happy birthday and happy 2nd year we're together. Love ya always and forever. Joanne. (77)

Lookin' for a foxy lady to do some partyin', puttin', and fuckin'. Send personal info and photo to Duke, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (77)

Dutchman, 22, looking for a woman to build a future together. P. Fokkema, Loopplakbo, Groningen, 732 EC, Netherlands. (77)

Ben: Happy birthday (23). I hope we have more years like the past. They'll be finer, wait and see. Love ya always. Terri. (77)

Need Easyriders issues 1-17 and #26. Top price for top condition. Brian Ellsworth, RD3, Box 275, Jackson, N.J. 08527. (77)

Ironman: I could really get off on hearing from you. Same address and number. Tanya Suffolk. (77)

Biker, songwriter and guitarist in prison. Single. Would like to correspond with supportive women. Will answer all. Kasey Capps #153821, P.O. Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302. (77)

Sportster owners: Two pistons with rings and pin, along with a top overhaul gasket set for 900cc motor. Std to .070. State size. \$44.75 pp. Similar savings on 74 parts. Price list 50c. Monroe's Discount Cycle Parts, P. O. Box 210066, Dallas, Tex. 75211. (77)

Joe: Miss you more and more with each day that passes. Happy birthday, babe (10/1/79). Loving you. Your ol' lady, Anne. (77)

Good man wants ol' lady. Must be 18-25 yrs., 100-125 lbs. 5'7", foxy, intelligent, and obedient. Write me with photo (nudes answered first). Guy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (77)

Make \$45,000 in three weeks. Guaranteed and legal. Send self-addressed, stamped, long envelope. And \$1 cash. N.P.C., Dept. E, P.O. Box 4552, Riverside, R.I. 02915. (78)

In Iowa? Dan Hoefler, Debbie Feistner, Jim Weinrich, scribe a few. GMG West, USS San Diego, FPO, N.Y. 09501. (77)

Grizzly Otis: Thank you for being my friend and lover. One year 9/1/79. I love you, and always will. Sexy Shirley. (77)

Youngblood (M.F.T.) Born 3/16/60. Died: 6/23/79. You will always be remembered, not because you're gone, but because I can no longer walk beside you, or slip my arm quietly over your shoulders. Love, Tracy. (77)

Doing time in Texas. Need a good chick to write. Send photo. James Waltman #283751, Ramsay Unit #1, Rt. 2, Box 1100, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (77)

Happy birthday, Dave, 8/23/58. Your ol' lady always, Stefanie. (77)

Photos and films of fights, violence wanted by collector who will pay. Also want heavily tattooed (especially prison tattoo) pix. Dave, Box 5927, San Francisco, Calif. 94101. (80)

"A whimpering bird sits in a whimpering willow and weeps." (77)

1940 Harley flathead '74. Stock & original, complete. Runs good. Lots of extra parts. \$5,000 or best offer. Phone: (801) 445-3381. (77)

Avadio: Happy Anniversary to the greatest man around 11/2/79. Love ya always. Linda. (77)

Joe Joe and "The Bear" were there, "Campaign 79." Where the fuck were you? (77)

If anyone knows who ripped me off or where my black, leather-fringed jackets, H&R 32 cal. revolver, 303 rifle, tv, etc., went, I'd appreciate hearing from you. Call Charlie after 6 p.m. (313) 385-4062. (77)

Wanted: All girls, ladies who know how to write, print or even scribble a few lines to this downed biker who will be up and running next year. Want to hear from all biker ladies to weekenders who have their heads together. Anthony "Turk" West, Box-C, M-25, Wau-pun, Wis. 53963. (77)

—Continued on page 126



A Fair Warning Iron-On

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



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Scorpio

Scorpio is the hot-to-trot sign of the zodiac. You're famous for your sexual stamina. You always take second helpings and then desert when it comes to sex. And female Scorpios will take it all and still want a few more inches.

Some sexy Scorpios include Jaclyn Smith and Kate Jackson, from Charlie's Angels, Loretta Switt and Tatum O'Neal. Count Dracula was (is?) a Scorpio who really sank his teeth into it. Then there's The Fonz — Henry Winkler — Michael Landon, Jonathan Winters (no kidding!) and Dan Haggerty, who does it better with bears.

Scorpios have enormous willpower and intense emotional desires. Their life is likely to be a constant struggle to conquer desire and not let their strong sex drive ruin their health. When a Scorpio gets out of control, he is over-possessive, jealous, and violent. No sign can be so potent for good or evil as Scorpio.

Scorpios have tremendous strength and endurance. Most Scorpios do not get sick easily and have great recuperative powers. They are, however, prone to sore throats and venereal disease (sorry!), so they should take extra precautions in those areas. They are not inclined to fear death and

often take dangerous chances.

You can usually recognize a Scorpio by the penetrating look in his eyes and his strong aura of personal magnetism. His intuition is keen and well developed, giving him the ability to tune in on the inner thoughts of others and even wheedle secret information from them.

Scorpios tend to be secretive about themselves—and look out for blood if you give away their secrets. A fight with a Scorpio is a fight to the finish. They won't fight fair, either—it's no holds barred.

Scorpios are not always diplomatic and they believe in express-

ing their feelings quite bluntly. They'd rather not say anything than sugarcoat the truth. So if you ask the opinion of a Scorpio, be ready for the truth—even if it hurts.

Although Scorpios despise weakness in themselves and hate seeing it in others, they are often compassionate and generous with friends who come for help. Once they help, though, they don't expect people to become pests — when that happens, their friendship disappears fast!

Scorpios make powerful friends and dangerous enemies. So if you've got a Scorpio friend, value him highly.

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

It's time to put your old schnozzola back to the grindstone—and best sharpen your tongue while you're at it. Some lightweight bitching at home base can snowball into a heavy hassle over bucks. Someone you're in competition with gets a case of the ass 'cause you've been hoggin' the spotlight. You may have to give him the boot—or at least let 'im try it on his ass for size. (If the shoe fits, let 'im wear it!) Your hectic schedule can lead to accidents.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

This month is a real eye-opener. Some mind-boggling insights on partners or key contacts will make you think twice. There might be a weirdo ya want to weed out — you've cut 'em slack long enough. You could discover a little backstabbing or cheating in the air. With friends like that, who needs enemies? Keep your eyes peeled and your lip zipped until you're sure who's kicking you in your goodies.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

You've got to buckle down on the job or risk losing out. The heavy work load gives you a case of mental diarrhea. Hang in there 'cause the shit slows down after the 19th of the month. Good news should reach you from a distance to cheer your ragged ass up. Just don't go to extremes of any kind now, or it could be risky. This includes stuffing your face or boozing until it runs out your ears. Go ahead and terrorize the neighbors once in a while!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

It's still time to hold your mud or you'll end up holding your own pud. Those sarcastic remarks won't earn ya any raisin pie—or a piece of anything else. Just 'cause you're on the rag, ya don't have to share it! Dealings with employers or authorities can set off a time bomb, unless you mellow out a taste. Gettin' your ass in an uproar will make matters worse. Relax, smoke a doobie, and take a second look at the situation.

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

By the end of the month, you lions will be purrin' like pussy cats. Good vibes and righteous partners ease you through any bummers. Traveling could bring about a minor problem with your machine, but lucky Leo will be helped out by some horny honey. You'll be sporting a big grin and an even bigger bulge in your britches. The only fly in your pie now is overindulgence. Slow down on the suds.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

This month is full of minor setbacks and delays. Stash new projects with your dirty socks until next month. If possible, get an extension on a pending court date. Communications with legal undertones are damned tricky right now. Fuckups with paperwork could cause you to mouth off at the wrong time. Keeping a low profile and taking shorter strokes will ease ya on through this one. Otherwise, grab onto your gonads and keep on grinnin'.

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

Personal finances boggle your brains now. While your bill collectors are at the office throwing darts at your flick, your dog takes a hunk out of the postman and he threatens to sue. Your rugrat catches the measles and your machine takes a crap. Your ol' lady loses her IUD at an office party and you lose your temper — and end up paying for her dental work. Keep a philosophical attitude (that's easy for me to say!) and hang in there.

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

Happy Birthday! It's time for party-throwing and going. You're in a favorable financial period, so long as ya don't count your chickens before they hatch. Gambling is a losing trip for ya now—stick to sure deals. Go ahead and get a little loose and gross out your partners. You can even stop storing your nuts for the winter and grab yourself somethin' strange. Just be sure it's still moving. Have yourself a good one!

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

Until the 13th, you're accident prone. Get your head out of your ass and watch where you're going! You're also a taste too generous with your cash. Tone down that urge to splurge—you can easily blow your bucks on worthless bullshit and be left snivelin' in your brew. You are a bit lucky now. You could go to a raffle and come home with a turkey—then throw a big party and let your partners pluck it and stuff it with some homegrown—whatever!

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

You're still ridin' on top—just don't drop your guard. You tend to be over-confident during this period. You're ambitious and hot to trot. Be realistic, 'cause some important gains are comin' your way. On the lighter side, your ol' horny honks are tootin' loud. Head on out to fantasy island, where anything goes. Turn yourself into a one-man gang bang. While you're pole-vaultin' yourself dizzy, don't neglect biz, 'cause if you snooze, you lose.

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

This is prime time to show off that famous Aquarius originality. You'll have VIPs bustin' their balls to help you get ahead. Your personality is a salable commodity if you utilize it in important encounters—so polish up your act and brush buns with people who can promote your ideas. Even a weekend putt could hold the element of good news where success is offered to you. 'Course you'll have to earn it, but some hot help is yours now. Be ready!

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

If you've been lookin' for a change or promotion at work, push for it after the 15th (gently, or you'll blow it). Before that, steer clear of gossip or politics on the job. Outside information is unreliable and can get your ass in a sling. Cash might be a taste tight—so loan out bucks at your own risk. (Lady Luck will take a dump on ya there.) At least your sex life is still finger-lickin' good. Bottoms up!



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clutched between travel-grimey hands. "Hell, I'm hot in three states. Gotta keep ridin' for a while, anyway."

"He's not shittin' ya." The little blonde's slanty eyes flickered around the room's cluttered mess. "We damn near didn't make it this far, y'know?"

"Look," I said evenly. "I've clued ya to my situation. I'm not shittin' anybody, either. Christ, when ya turned in at my place, I was hopin'..." My voice faded out as I watched his dour expression dissolve into hardfaced disbelief. In a way, I didn't blame him. To be hot and have ridden all the way from Texas, figuring me and the money I owed him as a last resort, was reason aplenty to feel pissed.

"Ya ain't gonna pay me?" he demanded quietly.

Little bleachheaded Debbi studied my face as though every answer she craved to hear was going to ooze through my pores any second.

"When I have it," I told him.

"Geez, man, I thought we were bros." Anger ebbed from his features, replaced by desperation as he rubbed them with a mammoth hand. "I'm too wiped out to kick the shit outa ya. Hell, I guess I'm licked."

"You miserable bastard," hissed Debbi coldly.

"Ya kin stay here," I said, talking fast. "You'll be safe here. Lemme use yer sled to see if I kin find some dough fer food and booze to hold us until..."

"He'll hock yer bike, hon," sweet Debbi assured Augie.

"Then leave her here while ya pack me over to the fuckin' Valley where I know some people," I insisted, feeling a new blend of frustration for the first time. "Ya jist caught me at one hell of a bad time, Augie."

His bloodshot eyes met mine.

"Kin ya git me my hunnert?" he asked flatly.

I hesitated, knowing damn well none of those people were likely to pony up a bill. Maybe twenty. Ten, for sure. But not



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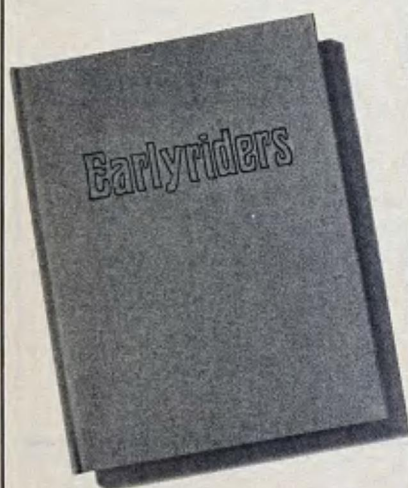
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more than thirty or forty. Not to a guy they barely knew who had only partied with them once or twice and wasn't the easiest dude to get to know.

"Not tonight," I admitted.

"Fuck that old shit," he groaned.

"There ain't enough fumes left in the tank to git us more'n a mile or two at the most. See why I counted on ya, ya bastard?"

"My scooter's tank is half full."

"I g-gotta think about this." He scrubbed at his face with both hands, letting the empty beer can thunk to the floor. "Gimme another beer."

"Can't. I'm out."

Debby uncoiled herself and went into the tiny kitchen. I heard the refrig door open and close. Then I heard her checking cabinet doors and drawers.

"Yer goddam kite said ya were doin' good out here," Augie mumbled accusingly. "Shit, ya sent all the bread ya owed except that last hunk so I believed ya, and now this!" His eyes mirrored anguish.

"Listen, dammit!" I stood up. "You and me go back clear to snotty-nose days, man. I ain't plannin' to burn ya. Not fer no lousy, fuckin' hundred. Not fer ten cents of it. But I'm in a bind. I need some time to see what can be done."

"How about yer daddy?" He smiled shrewdly. "He owns half of Forth Worth!"

"Fergit it," I snapped.

"Ya phony fucker," he mumbled tonelessly, averting his gaze. "I knew ya was shittin' me. Ya jist ain't gonna help none at all."

"Nothin' much but some stale bread around this dump," announced Debby, emerging from the kitchen. "No more suds, either. Maybe he's cluin' us straight, hon. He sure ain't got this place stocked, that's fer sure."

Jamming my hand into my back pocket, I pulled out my flattened wallet, spreading the empty billfold section and holding it open for them to see. Then I dug the small change up from another pocket of my worn dungarees.

"Forty-seven cents," I said, adding it up.

"Shit!" grumbled Augie.

"Uh—other people have troubles, too, Augie," said Debby, smiling at me for the first time. "Maybe we did time this trip all wrong."

"Shut yer fuckin' face," growled Augie.

"She's right, man," I murmured.

"Oh, yeah? Go call yer rich daddy, ya phony—"

The ear-splitting jolt as the earthquake struck drowned his words in its steady grinding roar, and the whole shack started quivering. Augie tried getting to his feet from the couch, then toppled awkwardly as the place swayed in

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the deafening noise. Debbi's mouth was open in what I knew were screams, but I couldn't hear them over the blasting earth-howls as the quake worsened.

Staggering against the violent movements of the floor, I grabbed Debbi's arm, pulling her to me. Shouting into her ear, I told her: "Get under the kitchen table!" She stared at me uncomprehendingly as I shoved her toward the kitchen door. Dropping to the floor, which was now bucking and rippling with sharp explosive poppings, I shouted the same advice to Augie, who nodded, crawling toward the kitchen.

I stumbled into the bedroom, literally diving under the goddam bed as the windows tinkled into flying shards of glass. I'd only been through one shake since arriving, and it hadn't been anywhere near as scary as this one. Beneath me, the flooring rose and fell in regular waves as the ground under it became a sea of pressurized agitation.

Suddenly, it stopped. The roaring faded away. All I could hear was Debbi sobbing hysterically, Augie swearing steadily, and things still dropping from shelves. Another intense tremor swept through the shack but it, too, died out swiftly into total stillness.

I crawled out from under the bed. "C'mon," snarled Augie's voice. "We're gettin' the fuck outa here right now!"

"Naw!" I protested, reaching the front room just as he was dragging a still-sobbing Debbi through the ruined doorway. "Stay put until we're sure it's over, man!"

"Go ta hell!" Augie spat over his shoulder.

"Don't do it!" I begged. "The next one might be even worse, and yer a dead dude if ya git caught out there in the open!"

"Bullshit! Safer out here than in a goddam house that's falling to pieces!" He helped an unresisting Debbi onto the bike, threw a leg over it, and kicked it to life. The scooter mill revved up as they went unsteadily in a wobbling half circle and headed for the canyon road, steering

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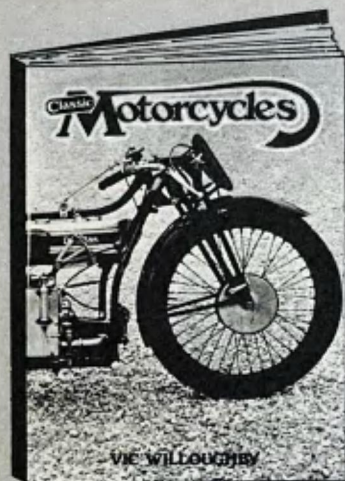
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around immense boulders and smaller rocks that had fallen from the canyon's walls. I stood watching them until they vanished around the first bend and could no longer be seen.

A tremor vibrated under my feet.

Hope the poor frightened dipshit makes it, I thought, eyeing the canyon in one direction and another. It was some sight. Up-canyon, two houses had tumbled down from their hillside moorings. One had apparently become kindling the minute it hit the road. The other one had half-disintegrated onto it. Tons of rock and dirt had piled around them and were still bouncing sporadically into the wreckage.

I swung my attention over to Koo-koo's shack.

That's as far as my survey got because the second jolt hit, immediately sending me inside my damaged house and back under the bed. Lying there, trying to grip the rippling, splintering floor while the leg-wetting thunder of the all-out quake beat through my eardrums into my numbed brain, I kept seeing Koo-koo's shack as I'd glimpsed it briefly: a huge boulder had plunged completely through one side of the building, flattening it and causing the remaining structure to collapse away from the point of impact. Somewhere under all those broken beams, beneath all that rubble, lay my feisty old nut of a neighbor.

If I live through this disaster, I vowed, closing my eyes and gritting my teeth as I heard portions of my own shack rending and ripping into smithereens, I'm never again gonna be a goddam loner. And I'll start with old Koo-koo for openers, just as soon as this quake quits and I can get over there to her.

With that settled, I concentrated upon maintaining sanity despite all the racket.

* * *

Well, shit. Poor old Koo-koo was wasted.

Bending over the crushed body of the woman who lay face-down on the shredded flooring—the lower part of her frail carcass hidden by the gigantic boulder that had dropped right through the roofing, probably snapping her brittle old spine instantly—I peered sadly at the peaceful face. There was nothing spiteful or defensive about her now. Just an old, old lady who had been snuffed with merciful swiftness by something one helluva lot bigger and more deadly than either of us could really handle. I wondered vaguely how many earthquakes she had experienced and survived in her life. Well, this last one had shook her loose from being trapped in an aging bod and a bent mind. She was free now.

Then I noticed money spilling out of the

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ruptured wall beyond her remains. Tens. Twenties. Ones. Fifties. *Old* bills exposed to the sunlight streaming in through the gaping holes in the last section of roof. Stunned by the sight of it, I stepped carefully over the body and began gathering up the loot. The more I collected, the more I found. Hell, it seemed like every wall in the wreckage was stuffed with cash.

Pausing, I looked at old Koo-koo. She had been an accomplished miser. I hadn't known that, of course. What I did know about her were two facts strapped on me by the gabby owner of the convenience store down the canyon road. She had no kin, no relatives. And nobody ever came to visit her. Koo-koo had been a loner, too.

Continuing my treasure hunt, I searched every inch of every broken wall until I couldn't find another tattered bill. Then I sat down and counted the hoard. It came to seventeen thousand, four hundred, and sixty-one bucks—all in small bills except for the handful of fifties and hundreds.

So I hunted some more until I found an old bag in the rubble. Stuffing the money neatly into the ancient leather satchel, I sauntered out into the sunlight and stood thoughtfully eyeing the now-mostly-destroyed shack I had been renting. There was nothing I owned that was worth grubbing around for in that shambles. I decided to let the badly dented, somewhat twisted knuckle just go on rusting right where some boulders had flung it.

Picking up a little stone, I heaved it at Koo-koo's wreckage, hearing it *clunk* against the tomb.

"Thanks, neighbor," I mumbled.

And began walking down the canyon road toward the highway, ready for the fresh start even if it included gettin' hitched.



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Photos by Billy Tinney

V.I.D.E.O.

Yeah, and it ain't easy. Take a dozen strong-willed bros, sit 'em down in a room, and ask 'em what kind of broad they want for the next feature sweetie. You'd end up huntin' for a beautifully plain-lookin' woman/little girl. Half of her hair would be blond, long, and straight, the other half would be brunet and wavy. Half of her mug would be clean and natural, the other half would sport flashy eye shadow, long eyelashes, and heavy makeup. She'd have one football-sized tit and one visible only because of its large, protruding nipple. She'd have a slim waist (unanimous). She'd also have one petite bun and one big, supple ass cheek. Below the unique butt and bod would extend one long, shapely leg and one not so long, but more muscular.

There has to be more difference of opinion regarding women's looks than on the best oil to use in a Hog. And we hear about it. And Billy Tinney hears about it. This month, while he was creeping about Texas looking for that ultimate broad, the sexiest sweetie, or the most sumptuously seductive woman in the whole fucking world, he stumbled into the Miss Nude Texas contest.

Ya gotta understand that after all the complaints Billy hears—the broads who are endowed with model mugs and should be in recipe rags, the ones who are too short, too tall, too fat, or too small—our bro is under a lot of pressure. So he ripped off the first runner-up to Miss Nude Texas, thinkin' he had it made.

The bros in the Itty Bitty Titty Committee congratulated him and took the fucker to the local taco stand for dinner. He was grinnin' from ear to ear, thinkin' at last he'd found a cutie everyone liked—small, comfortable tits, nice ass, great tan, pretty face, beautiful long, shimmering hair.

But he's fulla shit! And the next time he's in town, I'm gonna beat his ass. I ain't into no broad who has a chest like a guy. And if he thinks this chick is where it's at, he can start shootin' five-year-olds for suntan commercials. We pay that sonuvabitch to shoot *women*. And when I say women, I mean tits—big tits, football tits, big bazooms—something a man can rest his head against, not some damn rib cage. Wait until I get hold of that mutha...

—Renegade







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Fancy Labels

—Continued from page 13

So what're ya supposed to do when you've got \$65 burning your jeans and you're looking for a high? The same old shit? Buy it from whoever is fortunate enough to have some. The marijuana business has become as complicated as finding parts for a Hog. That fuckin' business is getting so wise to improved commercial techniques that it's scary.

Look at some of the shit people do to pot in the name of business:

Pounds and kilos have been known to be weighted. They should always be split open before they're purchased.

Sometimes you can spend fifty bucks and end up with nothing more than shake, stems, and dirt.

Bunk pot has been known to be laced with THC or PCP by spraying, to give it some kick or a fancy label—so natch, the price goes up.

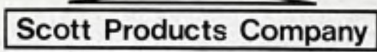
Sometimes the seeds are removed (a difficult task) and it's then called sinsemilla and is sold for \$80. But usually, it's just immature pot that was harvested before it seeded, and it's weak in THC content.

The Mexican market was damaged by the spraying of weed fields with the herbicide Paraquat, and in addition, the substantial emphasis on busting across-the-border importers has dented the supply of decent Mexican weed.

The Paraquat fiasco was, in essence, the oil shortage of the weed trade. It stomped the Mexican market nearly out of existence. It also had an immense psychological effect on the American market. People no longer wanted mere Mexican weed, on account of the Paraquat threat. Consequently, they were willing to pay more. They decidedly wanted to pay more for the assurance that the smoke wasn't from just south of the contaminated border. That, in turn, opened the door to inflated grass prices.

A shipment of marijuana may come from the inner regions of Mexico, but street folks don't like the word Mexico these days because they fear the stuff has been sprayed with herbicide. So what's a holder supposed to do? Call it Colombian, natch, and jack up the price. But look out—if you can't identify Colombian marijuana, you could be buying pot sprayed with Paraquat. (Unless you know the farmer who produced that crop!) And 12% of the commercial weed that is coming from Mexico into the Southwest has been sprayed with the herbicide.

About Paraquat. It may or may not be harmful, depending on how sensitive your lungs are. The best way *not* to find

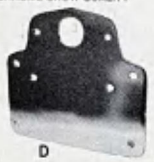


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Lisa Bowen

LADY

PHOTO



Ginger Reed



Aurea Brown

CONTEST

Look over this month's crop of cuties 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.

Model release forms must be notarized, but don't freak out over this requirement. If you are not familiar with having your signature notarized, all that is required is that you go to any bank or real estate office. They will do it in a few minutes, and all it will cost is 50¢ to one dollar. Your personal bank usually performs this service free of charge. All they are doing is guaranteeing that your signature is yours—so you must sign the form in their presence.

Now here's how the contest works. 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 \$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 October 30. We'll print the winner in the February issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #77 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Judy Henderson



Monica Starr



Cindy Betts



Here she is, folks—Sarah Evans, the sixth winner in the 1979 **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Sandy Kane, Twinkle, and Sandy Redinger.



Scooter Baby



Robertal Weatherford



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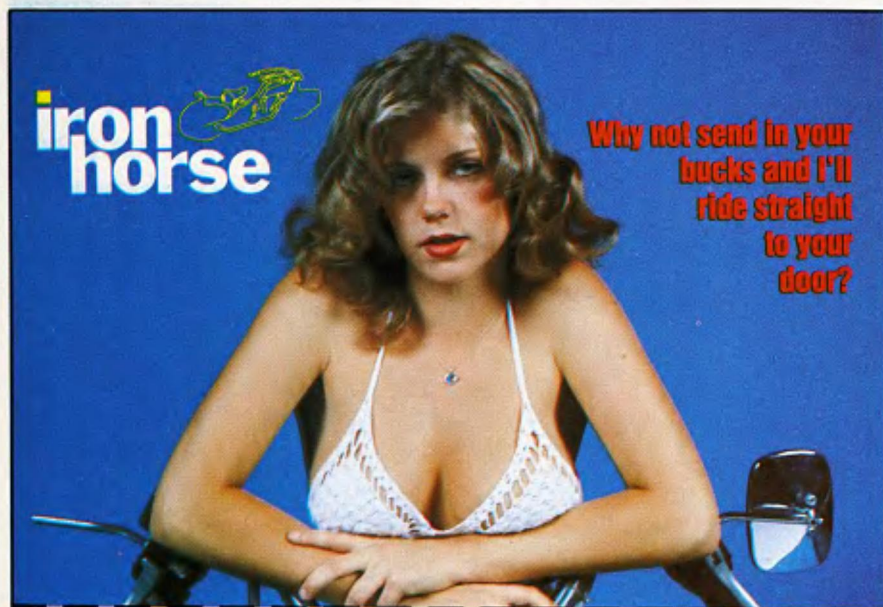
out would be to try smoking pot sprayed with Paraquat. Consequently, the Mexican government, in association with our own big-hearted government, put us into an unhealthy cross. We can't identify Paraquat-contaminated pot. And we can't confirm or cop to smoking grass without risking a bust.

Some communities opened labs to test weed samples, but most of them have been closed down. There is one lab left open, though: Shonfeld Labs, P.O. Box 8291, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87108. Their phone number is (505) 268-7026.

To have grass tested, send a gram and \$7.50 to the lab. Don't send a return address or your name. Don't write your name on, or use, a personal check. It's still illegal in most states and the lab doesn't want to know where or from whom the pot came. But put a code in the package and in approximately three weeks call them, give them the code, and they will tell you whether or not the weed is contaminated. But they can't tell you its degree of potency or where it's from.

Too many deals have gone down lately where the buyer has purchased a low-grade lid because he or she was told it was high-grade Colombian. It may even have been a low-grade, contaminated lid. It's as much on the buyer as it is on the dealer, though. Like those of any other big business, pot prices are determined by what the market will bear. If people will pay half a C-note for a lid, then what's to keep anyone from sellin' it at that price? And it will continue to be sold at the current level, or higher, until enough people balk and the industry feels a severe enough drop in the market.

It's a seller's market. We talked to Gordon Brownell of NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws). He told us that 50 million Americans have tried cannabis once, 20



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million are regular users, and that more people smoke it every year. Consequently, with the increase of busts by the DEA, the supply remains somewhat stifled while the demand continues to increase substantially each year.

Also, you probably know that it's easy to deceive people because people are grooves and they trust. We like to know that we're buying in on an exclusive shipment of Oaxacan or Afghanistan weed. The exotic brand name turns us on. Kona Gold—it's salivating! We can lay some on our pals, dig them digging the label, and do a Dow Jones Industrial jig. We think it's a better high, more euphoric, sexier, friendlier, and it's worth the additional expense.

Actually, a portion of the expense may be justified. Importers who smuggle in large quantities of foreign pot to this country have an awesome job. They must harvest it, or purchase it from a reliable grower, weigh it and package it, somehow transport it to an airport or a hidden landing strip, or pack it on board a ship. Somehow, through very clandestine means, it must end up on the shores of the U.S. From there, it has to be picked up by some trustworthy soul and be stashed, repackaged, distributed and sold, all of which must cost a fortune and entails a massive amount of risk. The oil crisis is felt here, too, because anyone transporting large quantities of pot from docks or airfields to the next stop can't be playing "odd-even" and waiting in lines. He must always be assured of gas for his tank and more where that came from. The next time you purchase a lid of Lebanese pot or some other exotic brand, think about all the hands, legal risks, and vehicles that smoke went through to get to your stash.

The real thing may justify the cost, but let's get back to the local bunk that costs so much. And the power of persuasion. There's enough hardcore data on the subject to stuff a small party pig. Sociologists call it set and setting. They've shown that when people have



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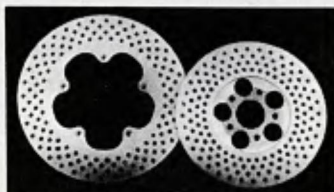
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been preconditioned to expect a high, they'll get it, with or without the good stuff. Anyone can obtain a mild buzz after a dry spell and be deceived into thinking they scored some exotic shit. In other words, a joint composed of shake and dust can have the same effect as high-powered dope, if it's presented right.

But we knew this all along. In high school we knew it when we told our prom dates there was sloe gin in the punch. There wasn't; but she believed there was and those salivating glands started working overtime, and so did the decontrols, and pretty soon that fat party dress came off and those prom panties and she broke out of her bra and she started moaning and groaning and then she expressed the full being of her blissful little self in the back seat of your cage. There wasn't a drop of alcohol in that bowl.

Well, it works the same way with pot. Give someone a hit off a well-rolled joint of trash weed and tell them it's Ethiopian Gold, and buddy, you just may have won yourself a score.

What's in a name? Everything.

This is one of the holder's strongest selling points—name brand ID.

It doesn't work on everybody, but it works. And it's used heavily on Mexican, homegrown, and American natural bunk weed.

Christ, even oregano spritzed with patchouli oil will work on some unsuspecting first timers.

Look at it this way: If you think you're too much of a weed intellectual to be put on, how much do you know about the physical appearance of various strands of pot? Now think about the last time you bought a lid of foreign smoke. Were you straight when you left on your cannabis-seeking run? Or did you have a healthy buzz on? Did you make a couple of stops along the way, smoking a number at each terminal? And when you arrived at your dopey destination, did the host or hostess share a doobie with you out of a private stash before you actually rolled one out of the baggie you purchased? About now the message should clearly infiltrate the gray smoke rolling out from your last joint. You may not know how great or disappointing that fifty-buck lid was until the next day, when it's too late to get a forty-buck refund.

So don't let the fancy labels fool you. There is probably no way of confirming the alleged source of the dope.

About now, you need a solution. Possibly, the cost of exotic hemp is justified. But how can one identify it? We've listed some basic criteria below. But there are no hard lines to follow:

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Hawaiian is mostly tops, usually has a fine fur or fuzz on it, and a deep purple tint to the bud leaves.

Colombian—tobacco brown Panama Red—golden, reddish tint.

You know now that Mexican weed should be inexpensive—if anyone will admit to having it. Also, stateside homegrown smoke has relatively no overhead; consequently, it does not deserve the inflated price it's tagged with or the exotic name it has perhaps been branded with.

If the kick is unusual and you suspect it's been spritzed with PCP because you're reacting abnormally, having tried to fuck a lawnmower, you may want to ditch that lid. Most laced weed has a chemical flavor.

What to do? Find a tight, honest connection for homegrown smoke. But if you can't get it at a decent price—grow it yourself. That's right, grow it, share it, and don't buy it. The demand is too high for the prices to be reduced substantially because you become skeptical of its origin or potency. Gordon Brownell recommends that smokers support (NORML 2964 Fillmore Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94123) legislation which will allow a plant or two to be grown at home. If it could be grown at home, we could avoid high prices, lousy grass, being busted, unknown strands, and Paraquat contamination.

Even Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti said so recently when he stepped out on a twig and suggested legalizing mild forms of marijuana.

The price is just out of hand.

Is it worth it?

Let the buyer beware of some incredible inequities in this business.

"Grow it," advises a dude with the LA Street Drug Analysis program.

If not, don't let the fancy labels or the price fool you.

Remember, good, cheap weed and your brain make a beautiful couple. ■



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model release

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I hereby give **Easyriders Magazine**, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to

such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization

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I am _____ years of age. _____

Witness to Signature _____

Model's Name _____

Age _____ Phone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Photographer _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Love Story

—Continued from page 39

layin' down a film of car polish over the fresh wax job. It was one of those golden summer evenings, when the air is as still and clear as a lake in an underground cave. There hadn't been a cloud in the sky all day, and the settin' sun reflected in the deep paint of the Harley as Willie rolled it out of the garage in readiness for a little night jammin'.

His thumb grazed the starter button and the Glide crooned its Milwaukee music into the quiet air. Laid back and cruisin', Willie tapped the shift lever into fourth and heard the solid thunk of well-lubed gears engagin'. His pipes blastin', he made the effortless turn toward the first stop of the evening, The Cabaret Bar, where a few cold Blue Ribbons would get his head set for a night of cruisin', of feelin' the power he held in the thick lock throttle of his Harley.

As he passed the side road, he didn't see the old Chevy pickup sittin' there, catchin' the laser-like light beams the settin' sun cast off the deep polish of Willie's front forks.

"Hey, man! That's the bike I been tellin' you about," yelled Brock, smackin' the driver of the pickup in his skinny ribs. This yellin', punchin' asshole was Ernie Brock, the meanest, ugliest scumbag that ever walked. Brock was as dangerous as a dick-trapped grizzly, and was about the size of one, too, standin' six-five, and weighin' around two-fifty.

What made Brock the repulsive loin-licker he was had to do with the way he made his livin'. He was a lower-than-snakeshit bike thief.

"Follow that fucker!" he yelled to his buddy, Lonzo Walters. Lonzo was the punk of punks. If you drew a picture of the punkiest muthafucker you or anybody else could think of, that picture would be a Polaroid of Lonzo Walters. He was a scrawny, sickly, stringy-haired, nose-pickin', booger-chompin', zit-poppin', slimy little prick. He was the kind of jerk who likes to drive around in his jacked-up fuckin' pickup truck lookin' for stray dogs he can swerve on and splatter all over his redneck front bumper.

Bein' an obedient little shitball, Lonzo yanked the pickup onto the highway and honed on down the road after Willie.

With the ignition shut off, they coasted into the Cabaret's parkin' lot as quiet as death, and sat waitin' in the rapidly gatherin' darkness for Willie to get into his beer and get down to the Lynyrd Skynyrd blowin' from the juke.

Inside the bar, Willie suddenly jerked upright, feelin' a strong sensation of somethin' bad about to happen. His only

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thought was Oh, Christ, the fuckin' Glide, and he hauled ass for the door. As he threw the door open, he caught a glint of light from the bolt cutters that had just finished cuttin' the lock off his rear sprocket. He had the .32 automatic half-way out of his belt when he felt the cold kiss of the six-inch blade that Brock pushed between his ribs and into his heart, stoppin' his clock but good. Willie sighed and collapsed into a heap of black leather on the oily parkin' lot of the Cabaret.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" Lonzo wailed, still bent over the rear wheel with the bolt cutters. "Jesus Christ, you killed him!"

"Quiet your fuckin' mouth down," Brock panted, eyes shinin' like pools of blood from the fresh kill.

"Help me throw this prick into the truck, and get the bike keys out of his pocket. Do it, asshole!"

They quickly threw Willie's body into the pickup, and yankin' the Glide's keys out of Lonzo's shaky hand, Brock said, 'Take this shit over to the pond in the gravel pits and throw him in—where it's deep. He won't be found for a while, and by that time this sled'll be nothin' but spare parts. Just make sure no one sees you do it, fuckface. Meet me at the shop when you're done.' And with this, Brock turned his back on the slimy weasel.

Lonzo, bein' only too happy to get the fuck out of there, had the truck roarin' out on the highway toward the gravel pits faster'n a five-dollar fuck.

Brock watched Lonzo's taillights fade into the distance, and then walked over to the Glide. Throwin' his leg over it, he felt the slickness of the siliconed leather saddle, and gripped the bars that seemed to fit his reach perfectly, like the bike had been set up just for him. He didn't even seem to touch the starter button, and was amazed at the quick response as the Harley throbbed into life. He eased the bike onto the highway as quietly as he could, headin' toward his shop in the opposite direction from the one the pickup had taken.

Safely away from the bar, he opened the Glide up a little, and couldn't believe the smooth power it showed. To Brock, it rolled like thick, heavy cream, the pipes blatin' a thunderstorm song into the night. Highway 32 runs straight as a string and seems to go on almost forever without any side roads, and bein' a rural route, it doesn't get a whole lot of traffic. With no cars in front of or behind him, Brock opened the Harley up all the way, high up and wasted on the V-twin racketin' of the exhaust poundin' its insane drum concert into the asphalt, makin' Brock think he'd maybe keep this bike for himself, doin' a little paint and number work on it.

The speedo read 110 mph, and Brock

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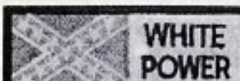
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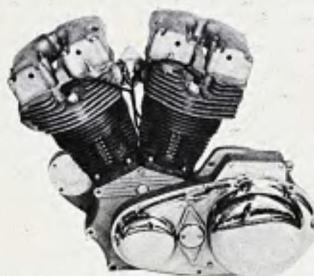


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thought he had reached the limit of the Harley's lopin' power. But he was wrong. The Glide flew faster yet over the two-lane blacktop, and was still climbin' when Brock knew that he'd reached *his* limit. The clockwise pressure he put on the twistgrip was gentle, since he didn't want to shut the Glide down too quickly and lose the rush of deceleration, but this pressure had no effect on the thunderin' iron between his legs. The Harley continued to pick up speed by the second. Tearin' his eyes away from the speed-blurred highway in front of him, he glanced at the speedometer, and fear gripped his belly as the needle wavered at 140.

He threw all his weight against the throttle, tryin' to shut it down, but it was like the throttle was welded into position, and the Glide wailed on into the darkness.

His terror-stricken stabs at the brake pedal had no effect. His lips turned into white threads of horror as his numb fingers broke off the ignition key, and the Harley pounded even faster down Highway 32.

Suddenly the Glide decelerated, and Brock's bowels blew their terrified contents into his petrified pants as the Harley threw itself into a long sideways skid, the Goodyears howlin' against the pavement like rubber wolves. It seemed the skid would never end, but all at once the bike righted itself and was blastin' again down the highway, back the way it had come, with Brock grippin' the bars like a power vise, his pants a shit-drenched sponge. The Harley screamed back down the highway with Brock riveted to the bars, his face pressed to the instrument cluster, his mouth wide open in an endless shriek.

Then the headlight clicked off, and simultaneously, Ernie Brock, ace asskicker and never-to-be-fucked-with bike thief, found out what absolute terror was. He felt the same fear as the scuba diver who, while spear fishin' along the sandy bottom, turns to stare into the dead-black, empty eyes and the slack, grinnin' jaws of the shark as it turns on its side and whips in with bowie-knife teeth. The diver knows he is about to become an underwater cold cut, and he knows there's not a goddam thing he can do about it.

Brock knew he didn't have one chance in hell. The last things he saw, just as the headlight died, were the speedo needle buried at 150, and the headlights and cablights of a pickup truck headin' toward him in the darkness.

Lonzo Walters, havin' disposed of his cold cargo, was haulin' ass down 32, thinkin' of how Brock might kick his ass when he got to the shop because he'd taken so long findin' a spot to dump the biker's body and get the fuckin' blood out

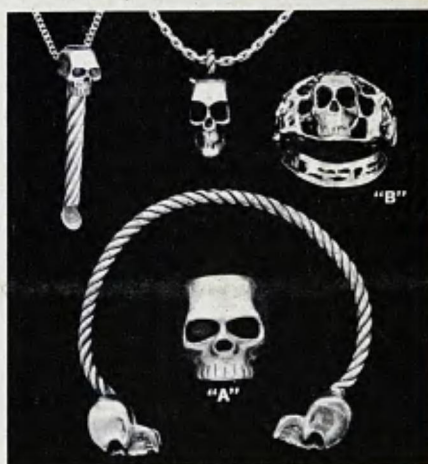
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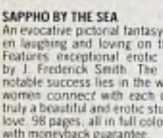
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of the truckbed. Crankin' the truck down the midnight-black highway, intent on savin' his ass, he sensed somethin' flashin' and howlin' into his headlights, and then he didn't even have time to open his putrid little mouth for one short scream as over 800 pounds of bellowin' madness, consistin' of a steamin' FXE and his bike-thief buddy launched themselves through the windshield of the pickup, shearin' off the truck cab and transformin' Lonzo into a shattered jar of strawberry preserves, except that strawberry preserves don't have clumps of hair and an occasional intact tooth floatin' in 'em.

The truck skidded to a smokin' halt, the echoes of the crash sailin' away into the heavy night air, leavin' only the hissinn' of hot metal and the drippin' of bloody meat to await the sad songs of the ambulance and police sirens when they came to try to put together the bloody puzzle of men and machines.

All this shit went down last summer, and here it is almost May and I've got a new bike built and ready to putt. I bought the remains of Willie's bike from the junkyard his ol' lady had sold it to.

The frame and everything else was wasted, of course, but don't you know the engine wasn't even fuckin' touched. Like it had never even fallen off the kickstand, forgettin' the fact that it had been in a colossal goddam wreck. I built one helluva beautiful sled around that engine, if I do say so myself. But I'll tell ya somethin'. I been feelin' kinda fuckin' weird since I got the bike together.

Like my ol' lady—I just ain't interested in the bitch any more, and I kinda feel the same way about my friends, too. Oh, I like 'em, and all that shit, but I just don't seem to have time to fuck around with 'em any more.

And how do I know what happened with Willie and his bike that night? Hell, I wasn't even there for chrissakes. Aw, what the fuck am I tellin' you all this shit for anyway? Just forget I ever told you anything. I'll see you later, man, I gotta go out and put another coat of wax on the Glide.



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—Continued from page 27

"Amen," said the wiry Sneaky Pete.

Across the bridge on the right, past the cottonwood trees lining the bank of the river, was the perfect place—an abandoned farm. The windowless house looked out over a yard littered with junk. A gigantic cottonwood tree dominated the front yard. Mike didn't even have to signal. With the precision of a drill team, they all turned into the driveway and up the rutted road. Parking next to the ancient cottonwood tree, they climbed off their bikes and shut them down.

They all stood still for a second in the overwhelming silence. After five hours of the constant roar of the motorcycles and the screaming of the wind, the silence was sudden and complete. The only sound was the crackling of the pipes as they cooled quickly in the frosty air. The night was crystal clear. It seemed they could see for a million miles. The blinking of the stars only added to the air of silence and isolation.

"Kansas sure is a great place," said Cheater, finally breaking the dead silence. "Two miles out of town and you're in the middle of fucking nowhere."

"Let's get in the house," chattered Fast Eddie. "I'm freezing my balls off."

Mad Mike spoke. "Okay, let's check it out. Then we'll move the bikes inside."

"Inside?" asked the groggy Sneaky Pete.
"Out here in the middle of fucking nowhere?"

"Yeah, inside. One, we don't want Farmer Jones, chugging by in his Model A pickup on the way to milk the cows or something, to get curious. Two, I always sleep near my chopper. And three, if you're smart, you'll do the same. Comprehend?"

"Okay, man, okay. Don't get uptight."

"Well," said Eddie, "let's check this place out. It ain't much but at least it's horizontal."

Pete unhooked an AWOL bag from his bike. "Hey, I got somethin' here. I stole it from some guy's camper." Rifling through the bag, he pulled out an emergency lantern—the kind with a big flashlight on one end and a red flasher on the other.

"Hallelujah," said Cheater, grabbing the lantern. Following his lead, they all examined their cheapie motel. It looked better in the dark, but times being what they were, they'd have to make do.

The bikes were quickly rolled up a plank into the front room. Off to the right was the parlor. It had a fireplace. They cleared the floor of junk.

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sleep. The snapping of the fire and Cheater's loud snoring were the only sounds to be heard in the still, clear night.

Then the world exploded. The four men leaped to their feet instantly, Sneaky Pete holding a stiletto that had magically appeared from concealment.

The house was groaning and sagging. The floor was moving under them. Plaster and wood were falling everywhere. The beams in the walls were screaming in protest as they were twisted and broken like match sticks. But even greater than that was the sound of something else, like a cross between a freight train and a bulldozer. The house trembled as if it were surrounded by pile drivers. The noise was deafening and the once-clear air was now filled with choking dust and falling objects.

Suddenly the whole house gave a lurch and there came a sound so powerful that it brought the four men to their knees. They tried to cover their ears and block the awful noise, but it did no good. The last time Mad Mike had heard a sound like that was when he was down in Long Beach and they had blown the foghorn on the Queen Mary. You could hear that for six miles. This was coming out of the pitch darkness and flying wreckage that used to be the front room.

The front wall of the house began to bulge inward and collapse on top of them. Unable to hear or speak, the four men scrambled through the window and got clear.

Shaking their heads to try and stop the ringing in their ears, they gathered by an old watering tank. Fast Eddie was the first to speak.

"Jesus H. Christ, what the fuck was that?"

"I think it was an earthquake," said the panting Cheater.

"Sounded more like a freight train," said Mad Mike.

"Wow" was all the glassy-eyed Sneaky Pete could say.

The four men gathered their wits about them and dusted themselves off. Then they realized that once again the night had fallen into dead silence. Not even a cricket was chirping.

Picking up pieces of pipe and lumber for weapons, they cautiously circled around to the front of the house. There was none. Instead of a front room full of choppers, there was only a large, gaping hole, surrounded by broken beams and ragged plaster. The roof was sagging down at an awkward angle. The gigantic cottonwood tree had a large chunk missing from the four-foot trunk, as if a bulldozer blade had gashed it in passing. The four men just stared, their weapons hanging limply at their sides.

"Holy shit," murmured Fast Eddie.

"Let's check the bikes," suggested Mad Mike.

"Suppose it's still in there," quavered Cheater.

"Stop the shit," growled Fast Eddie. "Whatever did that is probably bigger than the house."

They stumbled into the darkened wreckage of the house. Fast Eddie got the lantern and lit it. Luckily, the flashlight still worked; but he couldn't get the red flasher to shut off.

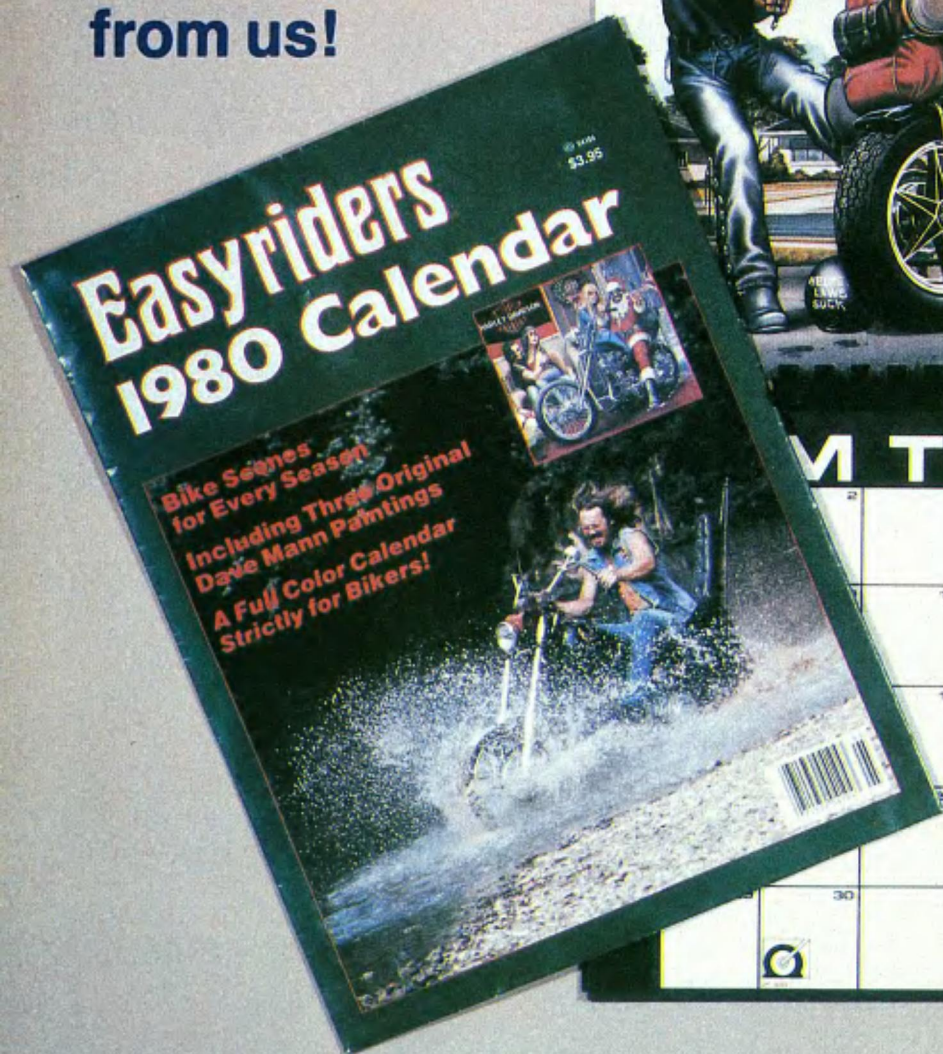
"Wow," said Sneaky Pete as they surveyed the damage.

There, in what used to be the front room, three choppers lay like fallen dominoes. Mad Mike's sled was missing.

"Muthafucker!" screamed Mad Mike. "That sonofabitch stole my sled." His rage was building. "I'll kill him. I'll find the bastard drivin' that thing and kill him!"

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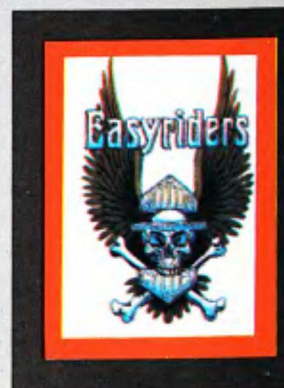
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While Cheater, Eddie, and Sneaky Pete untangled the twisted mess of fallen motorcycles, Mad Mike went hunting, and as the trio finally got the bikes outside, he returned.

"Whoever it was drove over into the grove of cottonwood trees," Mike announced. "I want him. You guys can have the machine, but the driver is mine."

He picked up a length of his heavy security chain. It had been cut in two like a piece of spaghetti. Cheater got a six-foot length of angle iron. Fast Eddie picked up a four-foot piece of two-by-four, and Sneaky Pete had his always-faithful stiletto.

The four men stalked their prey. The look in Mad Mike's eyes said that someone would pay for this, and pay, and pay, and pay. . . Mad Mike had lived up to his name before, and this night was going to be another bloody page in the book.

They entered the cottonwood grove quietly, following the path of broken trees and uprooted bushes. Off to the left, down by the river bank, they could hear some thrashing in the bushes. Forming a half circle, they trapped whoever it was backed against the river. They closed the trap around a clearing in the trees down by the riverbank. At Mike's signal, they charged in howling and screaming, smashing and swinging their weapons at everything in their path. They all smelled the scent of blood and the kill. They broke into the clearing, howling, cursing, and swinging. They all froze in their tracks.

"My God!" What was it? There before them was this thing. It looked like a combination armadillo, turtle, and Sherman tank. It was immense, the size of a small semi, all covered with a dark-green, scaly, metallic skin that glittered in the faint moonlight coming through the trees.

It looked up from its task, and a pale blue light shone from its eyes. It looked at them, saw no threat, and continued about its business.

There, between its front legs, were the remains of Mike's chopper. The creature turned the bike with its paws, and with a mouth like a giant shear, bit off the front cylinder, half the engine, and the frame downtube. It slowly began to chew its kill. A black, hose-like tongue snaked out of its mouth and greedily began to slurp up the oil as it spilled out of what was left of the engine.

Mike went berserk. "Muthafucker!" he screamed as he attacked the thing. Running straight at it, he hit it with the heavy security chain right across the neck. It rang like an empty railroad tank car. The creature turned its head to look at Mike without a break in its slow, methodical chewing. Mike hit it again and again. It shrugged its shoulders, as if to chase off a fly, then turned back to its kill and bit off the rest of



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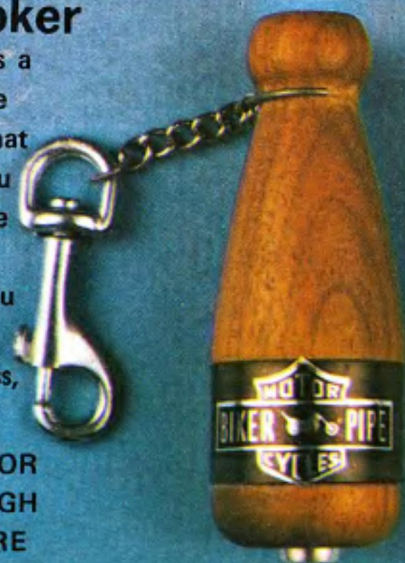


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the engine and transmission.

By now the three others had run in and were taking shots at it. Nothing. Mad Mike grabbed the six-foot length of angle iron from Cheater's grasp and went around to the side. Swinging a mighty blow, he struck the creature with every sinew and muscle in his powerful body. It sounded like Big Ben. But Mike had dented it. The creature leaped to its feet. Its legs were as big around as the trees surrounding it. It made a sound like a hundred-car freight pulling Donner Pass. All but Mike fell back a couple of paces. It turned toward Mike, whose rage was beyond all fear.

Mike swung the angle iron like Reggie Jackson putting one out of the park. He struck it right across the snout. The monster stamped its front legs. The ground and trees all around shook like an earthquake. The creature opened its mouth and again came the Queen Mary's fog horn. The powerful blast of its angry voice swept Mike from his feet. They all dropped their weapons and covered their ears as best they could. Mike scrambled to his feet and they all fell back to the edge of the clearing, while the creature went back to its meal. The monster's warning had brought some sense back to Mike. It killed his madness but not his rage or his determination.

The four men headed back to the house to figure out what to do next. The thing seemed in no hurry. It was calmly finishing off its snack. As Mad Mike turned back, he saw the creature eating the front wheel and lower half of the forks.

"I'll get you, you muthafucker! You sonofabitch!" Mike screamed, waving his arm in defiance of the giant. "I'll kill you, you bastard!"

Walking toward the farmyard, Cheater and Fast Eddie chattered back and forth about what it might be. Pete simply kept repeating "Wow!" over and over again. Mad Mike was lost in thought as he fingered the broken piece of security chain. His wily brain was trying to figure out a plan of action.

"I'm gonna kill that fuckin' monster, if it's the last thing I do," said Mad Mike as they entered the yard.

"It might be," said Fast Eddie. "You'd need a bazooka for that thing, whatever it is."

"Yeah, man," said Cheater, "maybe that thing's got the munchies. Maybe it'll come back for more. Maybe we should just split."

Mike grabbed Cheater by his cutoffs and lifted the 280-pound man right off the ground. "And I say we're gonna stay here and kill it!"

Cheater had ridden with Mike for three years. He knew better than to cross him when he was like this.

"Any arguments?" Mike asked, looking around at the other two.

Fast Eddie gave kind of a shrug. Sneaky Pete just smiled as he cleaned a fingernail with the stiletto. "Let's kill it."

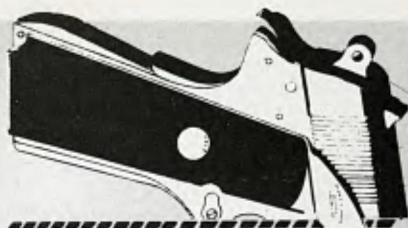
Mike put Cheater back down and slapped him on the back like an old friend.

"Now, let's get to work. We've got to have a plan."

They all turned back toward the farm, with Cheater following a little bit behind, shaking his head slowly from side to side.

"You really think we can kill that thing?" Fast Eddie asked.

His rage boiling, Mike exploded. "Kill it? I'm not only gonna kill it, I'm gonna take that muthafucker apart and build a new chopper out of it," he said, wrapping the length of security chain around the handle of a broken, rusted plow to make his point.



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"Now, let's see what we got around here to do the job with."

After much scrounging around in the house, yard, and a crumbling shed, the men gathered up what they had to work with. It wasn't much.

"Well, one thing's for sure," said Fast Eddie. "We can't go after it with this shit. We'll have to make it come after us."

"Well, we've got the bait." Mad Mike pointed to the three choppers that were left.

Cheater started to raise his hand in protest, but thought better of it. "Okay, what do we do?" he asked reluctantly.

A plan evolved. They would set the bikes up so that the creature would walk directly under the gigantic cottonwood tree in the yard.

"Wait," said Cheater. "Suppose it circles around."

Fast Eddie answered: "That thing don't act like it's used to goin' around things. It goes through things. Besides, if we start the bikes up, what with the noise and a whiff of the fumes, it'll come runnin' like Rover when he smells a bitch in heat."

They had found a block and tackle in the shed. They chained the broken plow to an anvil and, hooking the whole thing to the block and tackle, hoisted it to the top of the cottonwood tree. It took thirty minutes of hauling and straining. The four exhausted men were dripping with sweat and panting in the frosty moonlight. They weren't a minute too soon. The sound of something thrashing about came from the cottonwood grove.

"Okay, let's do it," said Mike. He scrambled up the rope that was holding the heavy missile in the tree top. He could hear the thick branch groaning under its weight. He clambered up next to the massive projectile and eyed the jagged edge of the broken plow pointing straight down, the heavy anvil chained on top of it for extra weight. With one hand holding the straining rope that held the whole thing up and the other hand taking out his folding Buck knife, he eyed the patch of cottonwood trees down along the river.

"Trick or treat, muthafucker," he said under his breath.

The three others climbed aboard their sleds, started them up and turned on the lights, revving the engines. They didn't have long to wait. Here it came. Mike shouted the word down to the others, but he needn't have bothered. They already knew.

The three bikes lined up at the edge of the yard were all in gear. Holding the clutches, the men flipped their throttles and waited, Cheater and Fast Eddie looking at each other with "I sure hope this thing works" looks on their faces.

Sneaky Pete just giggled with glee as the strange metallic beast thundered straight at them.

They had lined up the bikes perfectly. The monstrous creature rumbled on a beeline toward lunch, directly under Mad Mike. When Mike saw the gleaming green, metallic back through the branches beneath him, his powerful arm made one quick swipe with the razor sharp blade. As the rope parted, he repeated, shouting this time, "Trick or treat, muthafucker!"

The missile plummeted through the branches like an express train and struck the creature dead center. The jagged edge of the plow tore its way through the armor-plated hide, burying itself deep inside the body.

Then all hell broke loose. At the base of the tree, the creature started rolling and snapping, trying to remove the weighted piece of steel stuck in its back. The three choppers all started circling,

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trying to confuse it or draw it off, the bikers shouting and yelling. The blue light from its eyes, now like laser beams, scorched everything it touched. Its cry could have awakened the dead.

The tree shook like a bull whip. Mike hung on with all his strength. He couldn't tell if it was blood running from his ears or just sweat running down off his forehead, but he didn't dare let go to check. In the wildly swinging tree top, he held on for his life, screaming, "Die, you cocksucker, die," at the top of his lungs.

Rubbing against the tree, the Thing finally managed to pull the deadly dart from its back and, righting itself, shambled off toward the grove of trees, leaving a trail of green, oily liquid pouring from the jagged hole in its body. It paused by the edge of the trees, turned, and gave one last blast of its deafening voice to the men. Then it disappeared into the dark thicket.

The three choppers paused while Mike swung wildly down through the branches like some avenging Tarzan.

"Mine! Mine! Mine! The muthafucker is mine!" he kept shouting as he swung out of the broken, twisted tree onto the roof of the house. He jumped down off the roof and climbed on behind Fast Eddie.

The hunters were going in for the kill. The bikes charged off, roaring across the overgrown fields toward the wounded monster's lair. Halfway across the field, a blinding blue light exploded from the grove. It made the sun look like a flash cube.

The bikes started wavering from their course and finally staggered to a stop as the bikers tried to hide their eyes from the blinding brightness. The light silently rose above the trees. When it was twice as high as the trees, it shot upwards at tremendous speed. In less than a second it was out of sight. Except for the sound of the idling machines huddled together in the overgrown field, peace and quiet had returned.

"Wow," said Sneaky Pete.

"If you say 'wow' one more time," growled Mad Mike, "I'll tear your fucking throat out."

"All right," said Fast Eddie, "it's over. Let's go back and lick our wounds. Let's see what we can salvage."

"Yeah," said Cheater. "This trip ain't gettin' any easier."

The three headlights cut a semicircle in the tall grass and the hunters cut back toward the farmhouse. As their beams fell on the house the hair on the backs of their necks rose.

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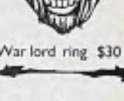
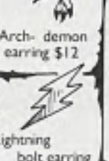
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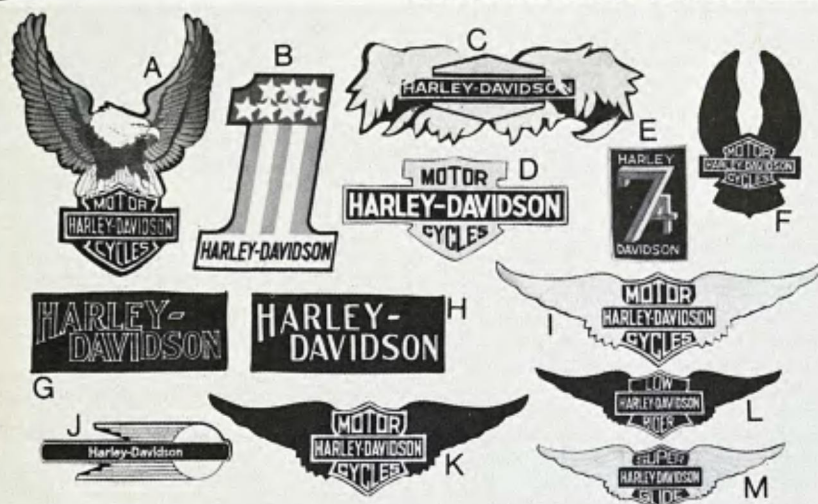
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First Class way to show yer colors. Get one fer yer Ol' Lady too. A) Classic Harley Eagle 13" high \$17.95, 10" \$9.95, 5" \$3.95 B) Harley #1 10" \$8.95, 8" \$5.95, 4" \$1.95, 2.5" \$1.50 C) Harley Logo Silver Feathers 15" \$9.95, 9" \$4.95, 6" \$3.95, 4" \$2.95 D) Harley Orange & Black Logo 11.5" \$5.95, 7.5" \$3.95, 4" \$1.95 E) Harley '74' 6" \$4.95 F) Harley Bad Black Wings 8.5" \$4.95 G) Harley Gold Outline 9.5" \$4.95 H) Harley Gold Letters 9.5" \$4.95 I) Harley Silver Wings 17" \$7.95, 12.5" \$4.95 J) Harley Silver Wheel 9.5" \$4.95, 5" \$2.95 K) Harley Gold & Black Wing 16" \$7.95, 12" \$4.95 L) Harley Black Low Rider 12" \$4.95 M) Harley Super Glide Silver 12" \$4.95



Class Small Patches to cover holes in yer rattiest trous Bro, or sew on yer arm or yer Ol' Lady's ass, whadafuck? 1) Skull-knife \$1.95, 2) Skull-bike \$1.95, 3) Skull-13 \$1.95, 4) Skull-helmet \$1.95, 5) Super Glide #1 \$2.50, 6) Sportster #1 \$2.50, 7) '74' #1 \$2.50, 8) Ace Spades \$1.95, 9) Harley 80 \$1.95, 10) Harley '74' \$1.95, 11) Bikers \$1.50, 12) #1-80 \$2.50, 13) Low Rider #1 \$2.50, 14) Old Harley Logo \$2.95, 15) Shovel Head \$1.50, 16) Pan Head \$1.50, 17) Low Rider \$1.50, 18) Harley Davidson \$1.50, 19) Flying Wheel \$1.95, 20) Wing Wheel \$1.50. All orders sent UPS/COD. Foreign/overseas orders prepaid only. No Fuckin' checks!



Key Rings. Give yer hog a "distinctive" key. Specify "balling" medallion or Harley Logo. \$5 ea.

2 WHEELER'S M/C SHOP, INC.

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allow. All was just as it had been when they first rode up less than an hour, but what seemed like four lifetimes, ago.

"This is weird," muttered Cheater.

"No shit, Sherlock," said Fast Eddie.

"Wow," said Sneaky Pete, and glanced over at Mad Mike.

But Mad Mike just stared at the scene. The three bikes pulled up to the now-resurrected farmhouse. The walls were filled with dancing shadows, made by the glaring beam of the still-burning emergency lantern, aided by the steadily flashing red beacon.

Pulling up in the yard, they got off the bikes and cautiously approached the shaft of light in the doorway. Only more shock awaited them. The four faces peeked around the chipped and peeling door frame and beheld four motorcycles, all standing in a row. All four turned around together. The yard was empty. The bikes they had just ridden up on were gone.

"Wow," said Sneaky Pete. Mad Mike glared at him.

Cheater started banging his head against the door frame.

"This is just *too fucking weird*."

"All we need now," said Mad Mike, "is Dorothy, Toto, and the fuckin' Wizard of Oz."

"Look," said Fast Eddie, pointing at Mad Mike's chopper. A white card was lying on the seat. The four scrambled through the door. Mad Mike picked it up in a slightly shaking hand.

In small black letters it read:

We are sorry about your machine and your dwelling, but Spike got out when we left the door open. He got lost and was a little hungry. We wish you well and leave you in peace.

"What's it say?" asked Cheater.

"Don't ask," said Mike. He walked over to the doorway and looked out over the empty yard, peaceful under an empty sky. He looked up at the stars, then down at the card. It had turned to powdery dust in his hands.

Sneaky Pete exploded with laughter. He fell against the peeling wall and kept on laughing.

Mike turned in the doorway, dusting his hands. The other two just stared.

"Just what the fuck is so funny?" challenged Mike.

Sneaky Pete held up one finger to tell them to wait a minute. Stumbling into the parlor, he returned with the second joint. He lit it and took a hoot. "I told you this was some asskickin' shit, didn't I? If you think this was bad you should have been there the first time I smoked this stuff. I almost wound up gettin' committed."

Mad Mike just glared at him. "You mean it was *that*?" he said, pointing to the joint. "This was all just a..."

"Trick? Or treat?" Sneaky Pete grinned as he offered the joint to Mad Mike.



"It wasn't a bird... it wasn't a plane... it must have been Superman."



Nasty Feet...The Biker's Boot

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

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

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



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Style See Photos	In Stock Sizes 8 1/2 9 9 1/2 10 10 1/2 11 D Width Only	Special Order Sizes—Allow 8 Weeks All Other Sizes 6-14 B, C, D, E, EE Widths
A	\$69.95	\$ 81.95
B	\$69.95	\$ 81.95
C	\$79.95	\$ 91.95
D	\$79.95	\$ 91.95
E	\$89.95	\$101.95
F	\$89.95	\$101.95

Style _____ Size _____ Width _____ Easyriders Logo Yes ☐ No ☐
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Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead



Show up in the streets with an Easyriders T-shirt

No shit, we've got t-shirts and tank tops to flash, dazzle, get ya picked up, put down, held up, ripped off or make ya look down right ritzy. And we've got patterns to show what ya ride, smoke, where yer from, yer birthday, the women ya like or the proud magazine ya read-*Easyriders*.

If yer interested, they're American made, the finest quality we could find and sizes to fit every bro and his ol' lady or all the sweeties he hangs out with.

Finest Quality, Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mugs.

Heavy! (Weigh two pounds!)

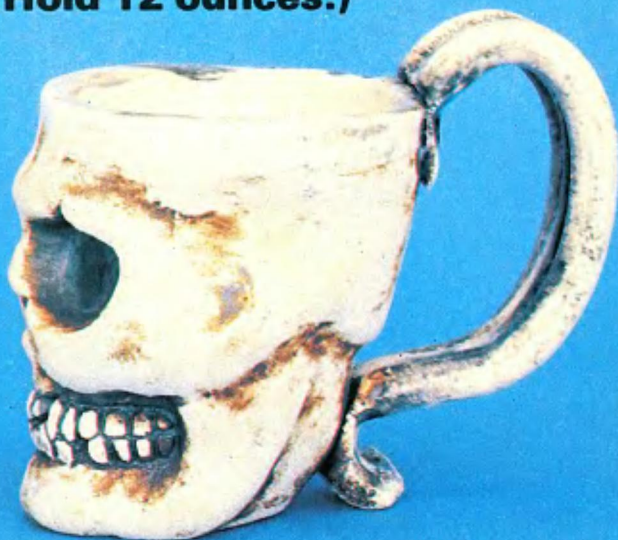
They're Big! (Hold 12 ounces.)



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



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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.

Gloves

Starwars and Survivor gloves with a built-in liner and gauntlet measuring 5" from the wrist—high enough to lock your jacket sleeves into. \$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 outside 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.

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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 1/2 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.



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Did you ever lose your wallet while riding or lose it on the john floor?

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We're very proud of the fact that when you go Jammer you're dealing with a winner in so many ways. It's taken years of hard work putting it all together, but every minute has been worth it . . . worth it because of all the good people we've had the pleasure of pleasing. Knowing that you're getting the best for your scooter, backed by years of proven experience, assures you that you're runnin' in good company.

Speakin' of winners, the Jammer Streamliner is now the world's fastest Harley. Pick up a copy of the new 1979 Jammer's Handbook and read all about it. Then head over to one of our stocking authorized dealers (see p. 125) and start ridin' with a winner!

Supercarbs

Mikuni Smooth Bore Kits

These "high performance" carburetors are just the ticket for the rider who wants the maximum in "total" response without sacrificing economy and ease of operation.

Among the features that'll set you apart from the rest are quick starting, instant throttle response and built in idle circuit. Coupled with instant bolt on horsepower and unrestricted air flow these smooth bore kits might just make your hair stand up! Remember too, that all necessary hardware is included.

Harley



Velocity Stacks Shown Not Included



Harley "Dual" 29mm Kits

135015	Shovelhead and Sportster	225.00
135016	Panhead and Knucklehead	230.00

38mm Mikuni Carburetor Kits

Jammer now has Sudco-Mikuni carburetor conversion kits for Harleys. Complete kits include: 38mm Mikuni Carburetor, high quality cast aluminum manifold adapter with press fit o-ring, rubber flange, necessary clamps, throttle cable, chrome air cleaner and extra jets for fine tuning. These easy bolt on kits are available for Harley Sportster 900 and 1000, Shovelhead 1200, Knucklehead 1200 and Panhead 1200.

Harley "Pumper" Mikuni Kits

With accelerator pump installed.

135019	Shovelhead and Sportster	145.50
135020	Knucklehead and Panhead	145.50

38mm Mikuni Accelerator Pump

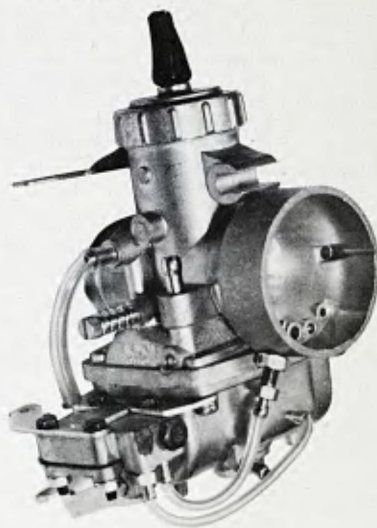
Accelerator pump only.

135024		34.95
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Harley Mikuni Kits

Without accelerator pump.

135021	Shovelhead and Sportster	99.95
135022	Knucklehead and Panhead	99.95



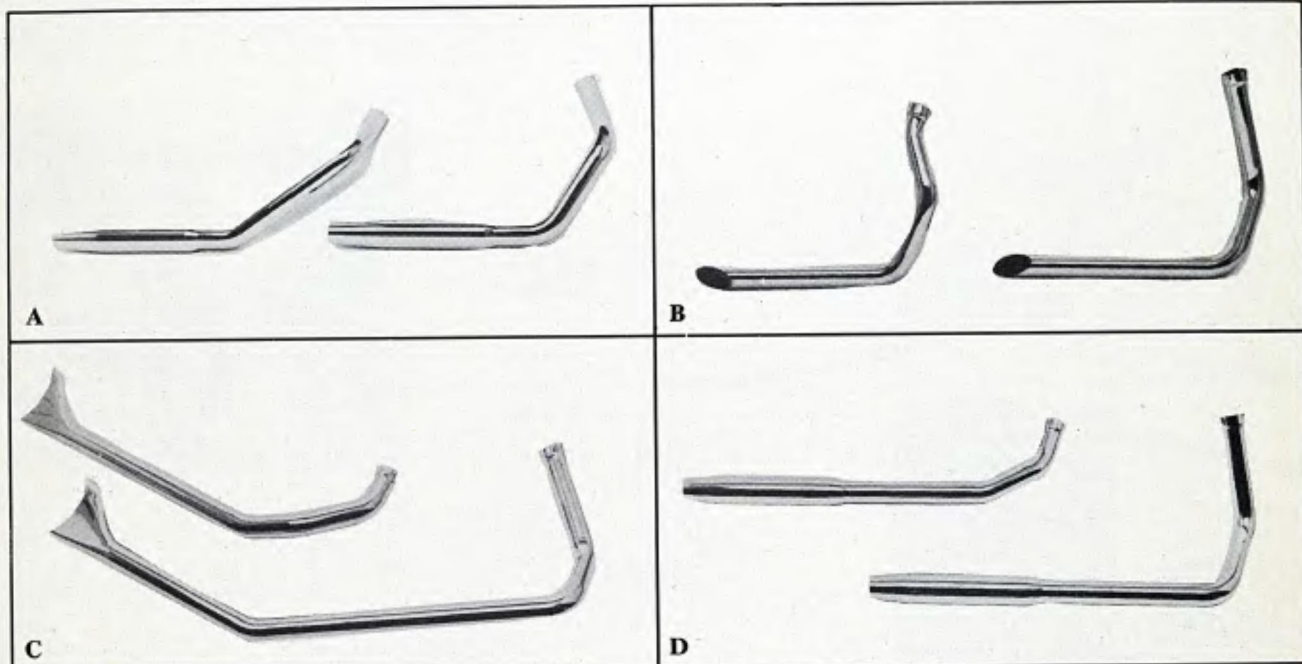
Accelerator Pump Installed



2" Harley Pipes



Santee, long known for their quality and trend-setting exhaust systems, has developed what we feel is a great representation of contemporary custom pipes. From drag pipes to fishtails and shotguns, any custom creation can come alive with new style, sound and performance. Manufactured and triple nickel chrome plated by meticulous craftsmen, Santee pipes are backed by a reputation that has successfully kept exhaust systems in tune with the demands of all riders.



A. Muffled Drag Pipes

Sleek tapered 2" drag pipes with Sportster-type baffled mufflers. Designed to fit all models listed below in a rigid, swingarm, or velvet ride frame. All bracketing and mounting hardware included with these pipes.

151043 . Panhead, All Years	87.35
151044 . Shovelhead, 1966-1969	87.35
151045 . Shovelhead, 1970-1979	
(Except FLH w/Stock Batt.)	87.35
151046 . Sportsters, 1978 & Earlier	
(Only Swingarm Frame)	87.35

B. Drag Pipes

Clean looking 2" drag pipes custom crafted to fit all models listed below in a rigid, swingarm or velvet ride frame. If baffles are used, our #147018 are ideal.

147013 . Panhead, All Years	38.20
147014 . Sportsters, 1978 & Earlier	38.20
147015 . Shovelhead, 1966-1969	38.20
147016 . Shovelhead, 1970-1979	
(Except FLH w/Stock Battery)	38.20

C. Fishtails

Superb classic looking 2" fishtails. Constructed with built-in steel baffles. Easily installed on all models listed below in a rigid frame only. Keep in mind that on 1970-1979 Shovelheads with a cone motor the front head pipe will route outside the frame.

150031 . Shovelhead, All Years	87.35
150032 . Panhead, All Years	87.35
150033 . Knucklehead, All Years	87.35

D. Shotguns

Ever-popular 2" shotgun pipes that add that extra dimension to those models listed below in a rigid frame only. All bracketing and mounting hardware included with these pipes.

150020 . Shovelhead, 1970-1979	87.35
150021 . Shovelhead, 1966-1969	87.35
150022 . Panhead, All Years	87.35
150023 . Knucklehead, All Years	87.35
150024 . Sportsters 1978 & Earlier	87.35



Stocking Dealer List . . . Page 2

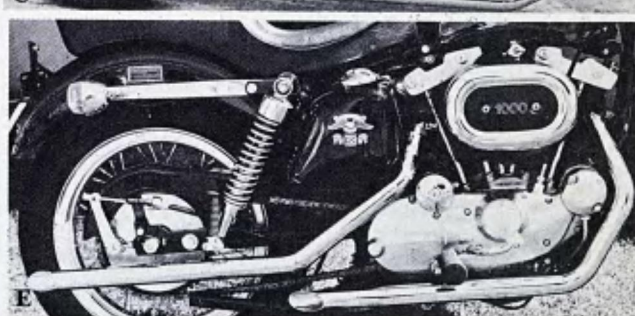
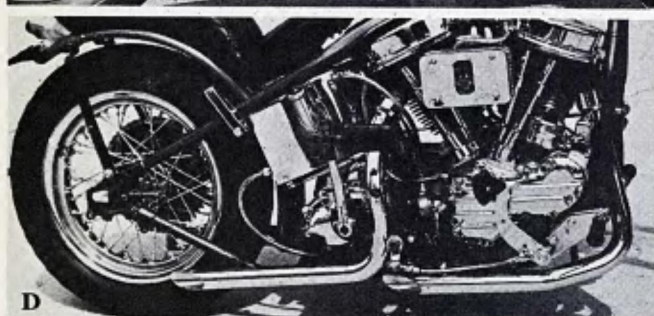
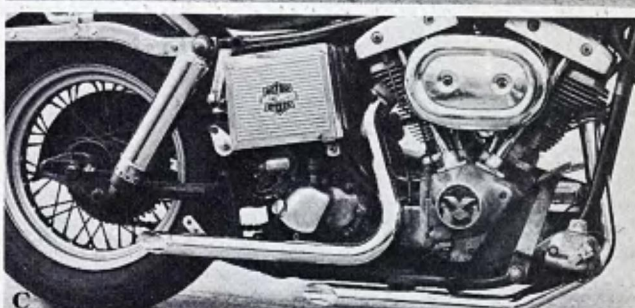
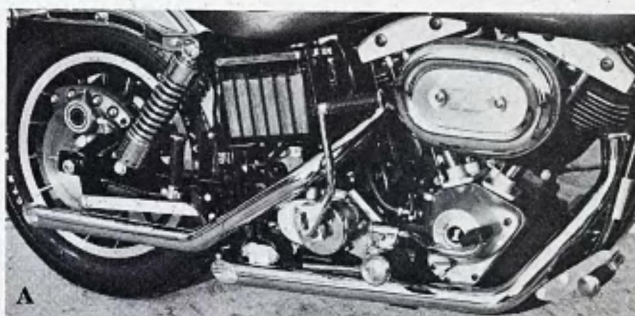
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213-843-1522

1³/₄" Harley & 1¹/₂" 45 Pipes

Cycle Shack, Inc. 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 and style.



A. FX, FXE & Low Rider Drag Pipes
Fits all 1970-1979 FX, FXE and Low Rider Models. 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

Stocking
Authorized Jammer
Dealers For Your Area
See Page 125

B. 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

C. 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

D. 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

E. Sportster Drag Pipes
Fits Sportsters 1957-1978. Features that extra long look for sleek styling.
15002 34.50

F. 1979 Sportster Drag Pipes
Fits all 1979 Sportsters. Features that extra long look for sleek styling.
150037 34.50

G. 45 Drag Pipes
Customized 1¹/₂" drag pipes for solo or servi-car mounting. Works well with shorty mufflers.
15106 34.50

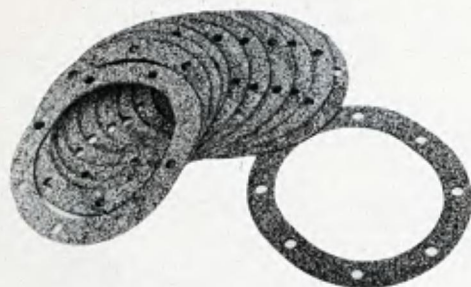
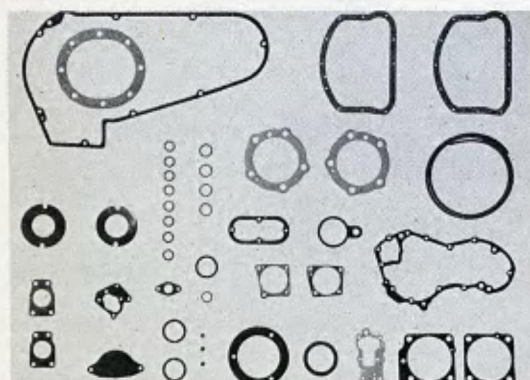


Gaskets, O-Rings and Seals



Milmeier precision gaskets are designed to replace original manufacturer kits. They meet or exceed factory specifications and are guaranteed complete and without defect. Endorsed by Joe Smith, a household name in drag racing. Milmeier precision gaskets are the result of manufacturing from expert advice and premium grade materials such as copper, high temperature asbestos-steel and asbestos copper laminates, nitrile asbestos, resilient silicone, neoprene-cork, acetate and a few trade secrets. Knowing that your gaskets are a product of all these materials insures high performance protection in areas where gasket failure is most common. Problem areas such as blown head gaskets, oil pump seizure and leakage become a thing of the past. Since all material is compression resistant, bolts will stay tighter. Avoid trouble, avoid failure—team up with a winning combination. Each and every gasket, o-ring and seal from Milmeier will make you famous . . . for staying out of trouble.

Jammer #	Description	Price	Jammer #	Description	Price
Complete Kits					
8401	Harley Shovelhead '66-'79	19.30	84024	Harley Sportster '72-Early '73	8.07
8402	Harley Panhead '55-'65	15.00	84025	Harley Sportster '57-'71	8.07
8403	Harley Panhead '48-'54	12.69	84026	Honda 750 K1-K5-Auto	23.00
8404	Harley Knucklehead '40-'47	13.97	Bottom End Kits		
8405	Harley Sportster '77-'79	14.64	84037	Honda 750 K2-K5	12.50
8406	Harley Sportster '73-'76	13.97	Transmission Kits		
8407	Harley Sportster '72-Early '73	12.46	84043	Harley Shovelhead/Panhead '66-'79	13.77
8408	Harley Sportster '57-'71	17.88	84044	Harley Panhead/Knucklehead '41-'64	7.10
Top End Kits					
84019	Harley Shovelhead '66-'79	9.25	Oil Seal Kits		
84020	Harley Panhead '55-'65	9.28	84050	Harley Shovelhead '66-'69	9.62
84021	Harley Panhead '48-'54	8.64	84051	Harley Sportster '73-'76	10.51
84022	Harley Knucklehead '40-'47	9.68	84052	Harley Sportster '72-'73	13.85
84023	Harley Sportster '73-'79	8.13	84053	Harley Sportster '57-'71	25.38



Jammer #	Harley OEM #	Description	10 Pk. Price
Cam Cover			
84059	25224-52	Cam Case Cover '57-'79 Spst.	9.00
84060	25225-70	Cam Case Cover '70-'79 SH	8.10
84061	25225-36C	Timing Cam Cover '36-'69 OHV 74	9.60
Cylinder Head			
84064	16769-72	Cylinder Head '72-Early '73 Spst.	13.50
84065	16769-57	Cylinder Head '57-'71 Spst.	9.00
84066	16770-66	Cylinder Head '66-'79 SH	11.70
84067	16770-48	Cylinder Head '48-'65 PH	13.80
84068	16769-73	Cylinder Head '73-'79 Spst.	12.80
Intake-Exhaust			
84071	27060-55	Intake Manifold O-Ring '48-'79 74, '57-'79 Spst.	5.70
84072	65834-68	Exhaust Port '66-'79 SH	3.30
Primary Clutch			
84075	34955-67	Primary Cover '67-Up XLH, '70-Up XLCH	16.50
84076	60540-65A	Primary Cover '55-'65 PH, '66-'79 SH	18.50
84077	60540-36	Primary Cover (Steel PRI) '36-'64 OHV 74	11.30
84078	34955-75	Primary Cover '77-'79 Spst.	17.90
84079	60565-36	Clutch Cover '36-'64 OHV 74	11.80
84080	25416-70	Clutch Cover '66-'79 SH	7.70
Push Rod			
84083	17955-36	Push Rod Seal '36-'79 Upper OHV 74	1.90
84084	17955-48	Push Rod Seal '36-'79 Lower OHV 74	2.00
Rocker			
84087	17536-70	Rocker Arm Cover '57-'79 Spst.	4.50
84088	17540-69	Rocker Arm Cover '66-'79 SH	4.50
84089	17541-48B	Rocker Arm Cover '55-'65 PH	6.90
84090	17541-48A	Rocker Arm Cover '48-'54 PH	12.80
84091	11101	Rocker Arm O-Ring Shaft '57-'79 Spst. '66-'79 SH	2.40
Transmission			
84094	33295-36	Starter Cover '36-'79 74	3.80
84095	35231-36	Cork Mainshaft Oil Seal '36-'79 74	3.30

Third Reich photos in Heinrich Hoffman's photo catalog! Hitler's personal photographer sold photos and paintings of all the top Nazi brass. Now you can purchase a top-quality reproduction of his entire catalog. A 9x12 book with 480 pictures of posters, postcards, photos, paintings, and more, of all the leaders of the Third Reich. A collector's item, and so authentic it can be used as a reference book. Perfect reproduction on top-quality paper. Not a cheapo book—this is it! Send \$7.95 to Deon & Co., P.O. Box 604E, Burbank, Calif. 91506. (80)

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

Chokers from Greece for only \$5.95 & \$1 postage and handling. Gleaming Greek Chokers, of gold- and silver-toned metal curves adorned with colorful Grecian beads. All threaded on a leather thong. Choose a color, and send a check or money order to A. Ball, P.O. Box 592, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740. (80)

My ol' man: We found each other and it's beautiful. Happy birthday, babes. I do love you. Your bitch. (77)

Confidential reward for anyone with information on our daughter, Amy, then 17—taken by Outlaws, Coconut Grove, Florida, March 5, 1974. Please contact Confidential, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (77)

Calif. Mike: Found who really put your shit on the streets. Please believe me. Have proof from M.J. and others. Get in touch! (213) 344-2745. I'm true blue to you. I love you now, always and forever. BunBuns. (77)

Chicks 21 to 35: If you want to play games, go to Disneyland. If you have your shit together, write Larry "Rabbit" Cole B90706, Box 2000-N-164, Vacaville, Calif. 95688. (90)

Los Hombres or Invaders, Gary, Indiana, chapter: Anyone of you bros remember the spring run when Ray Regal drowned? I'm the dude who saved Vickie from going down with him. Before I left Indiana, for Florida, a few of you said if I needed you, to get in touch. I'm getting in touch now. I know it's been a while and I never made it back to Indiana, but if I ever needed a bro, it's now. Revern, Sarge, Big Frank, Manny, or anyone from either chapter, contact me if you can. I'm in prison in Florida. The help I need won't cost but a stamp and a letter. Write Frank J. Lucas #067617, Box 628, Lake Butler, Fla. 32054. (77G)

Looking for a house mouse 18 to 30 to help me finish out this number. You take care of me till 8/80, and then it's my turn. Dell Hasty B-79102, P.O. Box AE, Rm #3174, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (77G)

Hey, Lawson and Rusty: Howz about gettin' off your canz and givin' a ring? Angel. (77G)

Pretty Wendell is sad, lonely, and unhappy. So ladies, put a smile on my face and write me a little line. I'm 24 yrs. old, long brown hair and big blue eyes. Only 10 months to go. Wendell R. Hall, P.O. Box 500, B-53919, Chino, Calif. 91710. (77G)

Guaranteed state photo ID card. Full color Polaroid process—the best there is. Send photo, signature, birthday, height, weight, eye color. Rush \$7 each. Your ID free if you order with two friends who pay. Bonus: 3 blank IDs free with each ID order. "No-Bull" money-back guarantee. Jeno Chevron, Box 1033-EZ119, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (77)

Ladies: Age and looks not important. Righteous, good-lookin' downed bro with two years left to serve. I'm lookin' for a little sunshine in a dark place. Write to Jew Boy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (77)

Silence: Wherever you are and whatever you're doing, hope you're living and riding free. Drop me a line to let me know how things are going. Box 264, San Ardo, Calif. 93450. Love ya always. Quiet. (77)

Rick Bradley (Dino): Still waiting for your call. Love, Brandy. (77)

Biker's ol' lady would appreciate correspondence from bikers and their women—am writing a book on outlaw clubs and the biking life. Pam Masuk, Bantam Lake Rd., Morris, Conn. 06763. (77)

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

Happy birthday, Richard. Kim.

Hawkeye: I received your letter a few months ago, asking me to send you money. Did that mean you'd be getting out soon, and we'd be together? I have been working hard at my job, so I could send you money to fly home. I have been reading the Easyriders magazine and I said, "Bullshit to all the money I've put into your ass." You're a fool, because you adore someone's name like Shay. Damn, it really hurt my feelings so deep. Lost your lovely ol' lady.

Secrets of Modern Knife Fighting 10.95; Classic Mail Frauds \$6.55; How to Open Handcuffs Without Keys \$5.45; Street Fighting: America's Martial Art \$14.25. In store or by mail. Catalog \$1. Money order only. Survival Books, Dept. ER, 11106 Magnolia Blvd., North Hollywood, Calif. 91601 (213) 763-0804. (77)

Guy from N.C.: Couldn't make the party. Address: Rt. 4, Box 18, Floyd, Va. Come back and do some fishing with your Harley. Jan Hicks. (77G)

Bikers with cold heads: I make quality sheepskin bomber hats guaranteed to keep you warm while riding. \$22 to Sharyn, Box 1976, Salmon, Idaho 83467. (77)



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