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January, 1980

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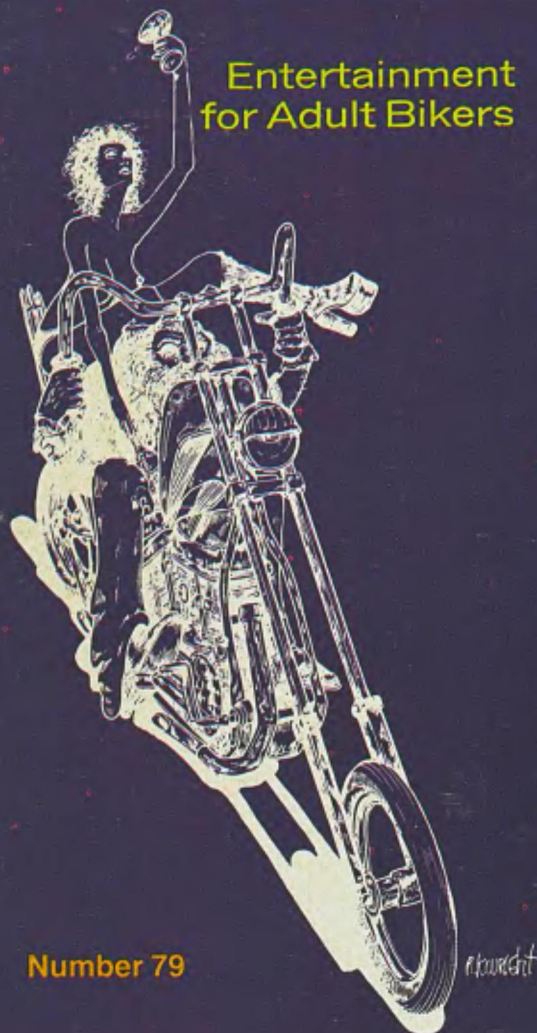
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Entertainment
for Adult Bikers



Number 79



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with special thanks to Harley-Davidson of New York City, and J. Cravotta

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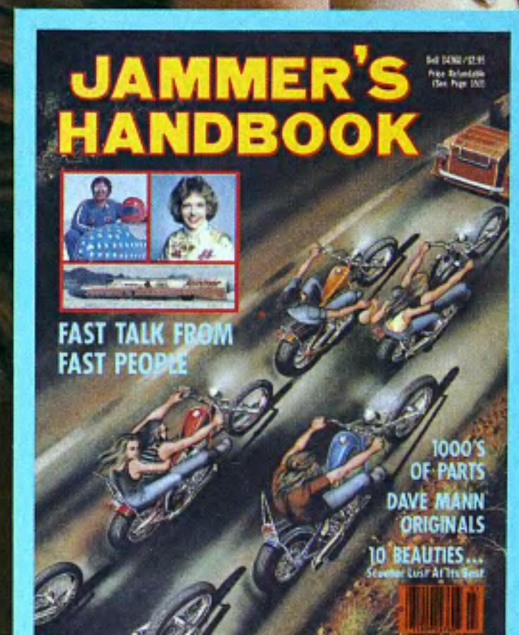
some people like
doing things
the hard way...

...most would
rather do
it our way



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This won't come as any big surprise to ya, but the feds have just discovered that women account for two-thirds of the 200 million prescriptions made each year for tranquilizers, sedatives, pain-killers, and stimulants. (No wonder they're dingy all the time.)

How far can you spit? Well, the record has just been set. It's an unbelievable 31 feet 9½ inches (8½ inches better than the old record). A chick spit 16 feet 8½ inches to take the women's title.

As any rider knows, there's more to riding a horse than just getting on one. Consider the inmate at a minimum security prison in California who couldn't resist hopping on a horse that had wandered up to him. Making like a cowboy, he headed south but was caught ten miles away, standing beside the horse holding his sore ass.

Did you know that when Henry Ford built his first internal combustion engine, he intended it to be used to propel motorcycles—not automobiles? Did you also know that the average man has twelve shirts (neither did I—nor do I)?

There's a 12-foot-high fence that was just erected at a prison in Alabama, but it surrounds bare ground because the building that was supposed to have been built for the prisoners wasn't—but no one told the fence people, so they slapped up the \$16,000 fence around where the building was supposed to be anyway. (Didn't anyone think to tell them to stop?)

This chick and her ol' man were bouncing around on their bed when all of a sudden the chick bounced off the bed, crashed through a glass window, and croaked after hitting the ground 18 floors below. The police said, "They were just kidding around like a honeymoon couple might."

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



The cops were playing the sheriffs at a night baseball game in Tennessee, when a name-calling contest started, and it wasn't long before guns were drawn and shots fired. No one was arrested—who arrests a cop?

Trivia file: Remember when some people felt they were ripped off when Evel Knievel failed to jump the Snake River Canyon in '74 (and burned up a bunch of rent-a-toilets and other things in their disgust)? Well, Evel Knievel just had to pay for the damages done by the crowd. (Couldn't happen to a nicer guy.)

Did ya read about the cop in Arizona who was busted for molesting two 9 and 11-year-old boys? He said he was drunk and thought the kids were two chicks he had picked up in a bar. He got two years probation. (He must dig really small-titted women.)

A new record: A dude in Ohio who didn't have water in his house for eight months stacked his shit in his back yard. When it was discovered by the health department, it was 28 feet long, three feet wide, and one foot high. They're still looking for the dude, who split when the health department put a notice on his door saying that he had to clean up the shit within 24 hours. They also advised neighbors not to have outdoor barbecues in case shit-eatin' flies might land on their food. Eight months? Didn't anyone smell anything?

Dipshit of the month: This robber went up to the store clerk and told him he had a friend across the street with a rifle aimed right at his head. The clerk told him "No" and that he wasn't buying his story. Then the robber switched stories and told the clerk he was down on his luck and had payments to make.

The clerk didn't budge—so the robber suggested that he hand over the money and that he'd pay it back later.

"No way," said the clerk.

"But what about just \$5.00?"

"Nope."

The robber shrugged, walked out, and disappeared.

It's bad enough to pile into a car that hangs a left in front of ya—but consider the dude who recently hit such a car and found out later that his ol' lady was driving it. ■

WORDMONGER

A Word of Thanks

□ Thanks for printing the article about us in your recent issue. It was good that everyone saw what kind of shit we had to go through to pull off our latest swap meet. We had over 4,000 people attending, and they maintained as well as any group, while still having one hell of a good party. The locals were surprised, and after they realized that we were just good people and not like the bikers in the movies, they came out and joined in selling food or whatever and had a pretty good time. We presented ourselves so well that we may be invited back next year. There were no unusual problems, and we really changed a lot of people's opinions. Anyway, thanks again for the coverage—every little bit helps.

Greg Crist
Vermilion, Ohio

Warning

□ I got busted in Rhode Island for wearing a "Don't Fuck With Me" wristband. I was charged with carrying a concealed weapon and was given thirty days for it. Watch out, bros!

Ace
Cranston, R.I.

Needs More Gum

□ Read a letter from a Shitty Smitty, Baltimore, Md., in your June '79 issue. Could ya put this letter in your mag? We lost his address, have his nickel belt buckle, and Joey needs more gum.

Annal the Animal
San Bernardino, Calif.

Tall Dollars

□ Why the fuck do you sell your mag in England and never give us a fuckin' mention? There's plenty of Harley bikers over here, too, and lots more of us would love to own one—but an H-D over here costs the equivalent of \$8,000.

Glen-of-the-Den
North London, England

Wrong Tank

□ The tank on the bike and the tank on page 41 (Oct. '79) are not the same. Are you guys really that fucked up or do you think that we readers are too fucked up to notice your mistakes?

The Skunk
Plymouth, Mass.

■ You mean the tank on the bike is not the same tank as on page 41? Bullshit.

Jesus As A Bro

□ Hey, you burly fuckers finally maintained. Your story "Blessed Harley" (Oct. '79) was really righteous! My ol' man and I don't like labels, but we're God-fearin' and respectin' sorts—kinda dig Jesus as a bro. After all, he preached brotherhood, fought for what he believed in, and stood up for a good cause—Love.

Alley Oop and Sweet Thing
Redmond, Ore.

Finally

□ I just couldn't believe that you assholes could put two great stories in your rag at one time. You finally earned the extra 25c you charge for your rag.

Peanut
Dearborn Heights, Mich.

Fuck-ups

□ I don't wanna bring back ancient history or anything, but the other day I was checkin' my stash of back issues and readin' all the business-like shit you gotta put on the first page of the rag.

How come issues #40, #42, and #44 are in volume #6 and issues #41 and #43 got stuck in volume #7? All the rest are in order. Did you guys just fuck up or what?

Dave Miecznikowski
Riverdale, Ill.

■ Who? Us?

□ Just copped my **Easyriders** November '79 and I'm beginning to think that you cats

are always fucked up—or I ain't fucked up enough!

Thumbing through, I get to page 16 and without turning a page I'm looking at page 19. Further on down the line, I come to page 110, which is followed by pages 17 and 18, then back to normal with page 111! Now maybe I ain't never went to school and never been nowhere except in the joint, but I don't think that's the way the numbers go.

J.C.
Waupun, Wisc.

■ Our printers are fuck-ups too.

Cop Bikes

□ I've got one for y'all. How many cycle cops are there in this country? Could y'all tell us out here in rag-land the overall number of cycle cops that were involved in accidents resulting in injuries and deaths this year?

I wonder why cycle cops don't get hit. Do you think that cars have open eyes for them and closed for us? I ain't never heard of a cycle cop gettin' hit, but surely out of all the riders hit in the past five years, at least one of them must have been a cop—something to think about.

Crazy Dave
Marion, Ill.

■ It's proven—people *do* see cops on bikes.

Whatta They Up To

□ I'm in the fuckin' army, and I think those fuckin' assholes higher up have something up their shitty sleeves. Here at Ford Hood they told everyone that they can no longer park those fuckin' cages in the main parkin' lot—it was to be used by motorcycles only! Either those dipshits are givin' us some long overdue rights or they plan on makin' dung out of our sleds with one swipe of a fuckin' tank. So the rest of ya biker Gls watch out, 'cause they sure are messin' up my fuckin' head.

Biker Mike
Fort Hood, Texas

Another Warning

□ This is a word of warnin' to all bros goin' through Columbian, Ohio. I was busted for wearin' my Harley wing patch on the back of my cutoffs. The officer said it was *illegal* to wear club colors. I told him they weren't colors, that it was just the name of the best bike in America—or the world, for that matter. Well, he must hate Harleys, cause I got stuck with a \$45 ticket for harrassment of a police officer. All I can say is that rednecked, hick town is totally fucked up.

Nomad
N. Lima, Ohio

Road Gravel

□ You'll never believe what they just did here. Some limp-dick cage driver complained about the bumps between the joints in the concrete—so the government throws a half inch of loose gravel on top of 25 miles of paved highway! When a bunch of us went to complain about the gravel, they told us to drive slower. Obviously, they never tried to panic stop or pick gravel outta their skin. If they want us off the road that bad, they should be able to come up with something better than trying to murder us outright.

Stickshift
Grand Rapids,
Manitoba, Canada

Questions, Questions

□ Regarding your **Easyriders** calendar, we find that the month of April is quite impressive. Bein' ol' ladies, we would like to know if: (1.) you would consider an ol' man contest; (2.) you intend to make a calendar for ol' ladies; (3.) you'd give us the address and phone number of the biker who posed for the month of April on your calendar; and (4.) provide us with a picture without the wine bottle.

Mom and Critter
Grove City, Pa.

■ 1. No. 2. No. 3. He's long gone. 4. No.

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Smart Dog

☐ My mutt just took a shit on issue #73 and I can't figure out whether he's got good taste or he knows somethin' I don't.

Radar

Rancho Cordova, Calif.

■ Better watch that mutt—you know what d-o-g spelled backward is, don'tcha?

Not All Bad

☐ Yesterday I was ridin' up the main street in Albuquerque, N.M., where I live. There was all kinds of fuckin' traffic on the road because the state fair was in town. I decided to split lanes to get ahead of the mess. When I got ahead of the traffic, I began to get on it a little. I looked in my rear view just as a cop on a 74 pulled up behind me. He pulled me over and I was given two tickets—one for speeding and the other for no speedo. When I split, I forgot to get my license back. Realizing this, the next day I phoned the cop station. They told me the officer would be notified. Well, get this—I'm sitting around this dump and up rides the cop on his scooter. He returns my license and reduces both tickets to warnings. I couldn't believe it.

Phill Rindge
Albuquerque, N.M.

New Invention

☐ I truly believe it's the beginning of the end. Have ya seen the October '79 issue of *Popular Science*? On page 121 there is a small article about a Triumph 750 model ESM1. It's got something that looks like a sissy bar mounted on the gas tank! Turns out it's a deceleration pad. It's hydraulically dampened. Supposedly, in a head-on crash at 30 mph it will slow the rider to 8 mph. Joan will love this thing if she ever hears about it.

Wolfman
Columbus, Ohio

Copies Ripped Off

☐ Dammit, I'm pissed off. Today, the boys in blue broke the monotony of this fucked-up jail with a little shakedown. I didn't really mind if they took the only joint in here and the stale biscuit I had saved from breakfast. But did the bastards have to take all my copies of *Easyriders*? If they wanted to read them, I'd have rented some out to them.

Pissed Off and Fucked Around
Gonzales, La.

Recognition

☐ I feel you should be recognized by someone for the effort

you are making in the prisons—not everyone gives copies of their magazines to prisons.

Hansy

AP0 New York, N.Y.

Slow Reader

☐ Your rag is drivin' me crazy! Ya see, my ol' man and I have been readin' your rag for quite some time now and we think it's great. I got but one complaint—when my man gets to readin' it, he doesn't want to put it back down again till he's read the whole thing. Nothing wrong with that, huh? Well, with a third grade reading ability, he ain't any speedreader and that doesn't leave much time for anything else.

Eon's Ol' Lady
Hackensack, N.J.

Laconia Downer

☐ Some scumbag ripped off my bike at Laconia this year. In addition, I found out that the fuckin' London police didn't even report it. They just shit-canned my report.

Please print this for anyone else who lost his machine and wants to call to check on it.

The Big I
Pittsfield, Mass.

Gettin' Better

☐ Your ol' lady photos seem to be getting better—or I'm getting older.

Fronz Von Bayros
Ybor City, Fla.

Wind Lash

☐ I was sitting at a stop sign when I saw this motorcycle with a fairing and with the headlight on coming down the street. I thought this guy must really be into safety. Then, when he was directly in front of me, his helmet—complete with visor—blew off his head and bounced across the pavement, much to his swerving surprise.

Edcan
Mary Esther, Fla.

Do-Gooders Still At It

☐ The Maryland helmet law fell on July 1, 1979 after five years of bitter fighting. Now a bill to reinstate the lid law has been pre-filed in the Maryland House of Delegates.

Please tell your readers to get busy and write letters telling their elected officials that we like freedom better than what we had for ten years.

Freeway James Elkin
Gaithersburg, Md.

Hairy Problem

☐ I planted a whole load of pot seeds and only one came up. The sonovabitch was doing great—eighteen inches tall and as bushy as the hairiest cunt I

had ever seen. Then this pot-eating rabbit came along and ate the whole thing except the stem. I hope the furry little fucker got good and stoned and enjoyed it, cause I didn't.

Hawk

Chincoteague, Va.

Another Fuck-up

☐ You guys sure got your heads up your asses. I just picked up your 1980 calendar and was in the middle of breezing through it, when decided to check out my birthday. I turned to March and saw that there is no 7th—I went nuts. So what gives, bungholes?

Tom "Mush" Masvaulli
Bronx, N.Y.

■ Give the boys in the band some slack, will ya?

Digs Cherie

☐ Just fuckin' hafta hand it to you—you really outdid yourselves on your October cover girl. I'd give both my left and right nuts for her—pardon me while I eat pages 86, 87, 88, and 89.

Caveman
Palmer, Mass.

Gas Rationing

☐ This letter is written in response to the proposed gas rationing program that may be implemented in the near future. If rationing has to become a reality for valid reasons, so be it. But I for one (as well as the silent millions) am outraged by the implications of the program as proposed. Lest we deny the rights of the many for the whims of the few, I submit that all licensed drivers be allocated the same amount of fuel (with the exception of businesses reliant on fuel) to do with as they see fit regardless of the type of vehicle. Also, all unused personal rations should be accumulative for an indefinite amount of time. If a person is frugal enough to save natural resources, great. But why should that person be punished?

This inexcusable and biased attempt to allocate gasoline unequally to fuel-efficient motorcycles is the epitome of illogic. Should this injustice be perpetrated upon the public, the ramifications would be serious. Moreover, it would have an adverse effect on gas rationing. The only realistic alternative for a motorcyclist would be to acquire a much less fuel-efficient car, therefore contributing to the squandering of our already rapidly disappearing natural resources.

Dana A. Roberts
New York, N.Y.

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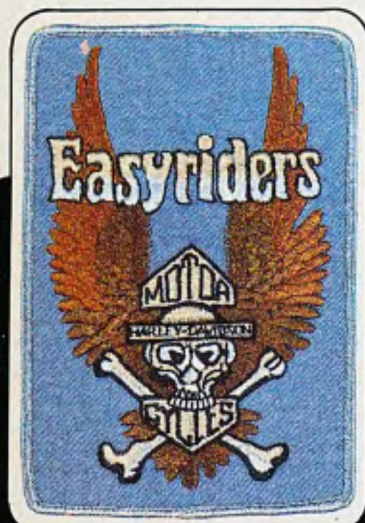


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Easyriders Patch

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.

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

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Are Women Extinct?

☐ Where have all the women gone? The home-cooked meals? The ruffles and ribbons? The soft smell of flowers when a woman crosses the room? The gentle sway when she walks, and the light in her eyes? Are they gone forever with women's lib?

We now have women climbing telephone poles and bucking for president. Women are in the armed forces. The government wants to draft women for combat duty now.

I enjoy being a woman. I enjoy turning a man's head and getting a long look of approval. I enjoy the whistles and wolf calls. I enjoy being my husband's other half, not his equal. I enjoy being something special, not just one of the boys.

Think about it. Women are soon to be extinct.

Angel
San Bernardino, Calif.

Zits, Zits, Zits

☐ You guys said that fine chick Cherie (Oct. '79) had zits. Where the fuck were they? I looked for a fuckin' half hour and couldn't find one. What did ya do—remove 'em with H-D gunk? Think I'll go to Texas and see for myself.

The Happy Pale Kid
Ellwood City, Pa.

☐ Ya oughta see an eye doctor.

☐ I think I'm in love. Hell, man, I *know* I'm in love. If this ain't love, then why is my dipstick covered with oil?

Topper
Helena, Mont.

Digs Mann Art

☐ What a great fuckin' centerpiece in the November mag. Guys people thought were dead, who even *they* thought were dead are gonna be writin' in about that one.

J.J.S.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Stands By His Ol' Lady

☐ I just want to say a few things to that Renegade on your staff. Man, you got some fuckin' strange attitude toward small-frame babes (Nov. '79). You apparently have not had a small-titted babe before. I just want to say that my ol' lady has a small chest and ass and she is someone to respect. So when you cut down small-chested babes, you are cutting down my ol' lady and my way of pickin' babes. So when you're around my way, stop by so I can rearrange your fucked-up attitude and face.

Edgar "The Nose" Hurd
Concord, N.H.

☐ Give 'im some slack—he's just hung up on big jugs. Other than that, he's okay.

☐ Go fuck yourself. Renegade. And right on, Billy Tinney. I'm referring to the choice photos of Michelle (IBTC) in the November issue. It's about time you guys printed some photos of a sweet-lookin' chick like Michelle (yeah, little tits and all) instead of those big-titted sluts like Renegade digs. Keep up the good stuff, Billy.

Bro Gypsy
Roseville, Md.

Cartoons Help

☐ Ever since I first started reading your fine rag, I dreamed of seeing one of my cartoons published in it. The first batch I sent you were rejected. I thought it was 'cause I was an amateur. You said to keep on trying, so I did.

Then I fell on hard times, legal hassles, court, and lawyers. Just as things were looking pretty grim, I got an envelope from you with a check in it. Not only did it raise my spirits, it helped to pay my lawyer's fee. I kept a dollar of it though, and hung it on my wall for good luck.



It musta paid off, 'cause not only did I win my case in court, but I got a nice chunk of green to boot.

Ed "Bottle" Skokowski
Westville Grove, N.J.

Who's That?

☐ I would like to know if the man shown on the second page of your *In The Wind* #2 book, sitting on top of a red or burgundy colored Indian is Steve McQueen.

Joel Townsend
Harrisburg, Pa.

☐ It's him—he's a bike freak, too.

Good Senator

☐ I live in Florida and I'm sick of wearing a helmet. I wrote a few state senators and representatives, but I didn't expect much to happen. Well, damned if Senator Holloway didn't send me a short note in reply. He was in favor of the bill to repeal the helmet law. But it died in the House Committee of Transportation, and since it didn't have a senate companion bill, the helmet issue never came before the Senate Committee on Transportation (of which he's chairman). It's good to know we have at least one senator on our side.

Jim Johnson
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Bigwig Fan

☐ I just read a letter in the October issue from William Dutcher, Director of Public Relations, AMF/Harley-Davidson. First, he tells us what a turd Spider is. Then he tells us we should all organize against Washington and the bullshit laws they shove down our poopchutes. I agree with him on the fight against Uncle Sam, but I think he should get off Spider's case. Hell, Spider never told us he was perfect. If *Easyriders* is such a dirtybag rag that AMF/H-D won't advertise in it, why is one of their bigwigs reading it?

Mark Hartman
Buffalo, N.Y.

☐ They secretly have a thing for Spider.

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

Helping the NHTSA

We're here with a small, though potent, collection of ideas that ought to reduce the killing and maiming on the highways to a dull roar.

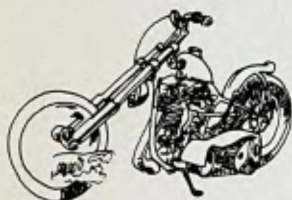
(1) I'm sure this will come as a big surprise to the NHTSA, but the most significant open road murderer is not quartz-halogen headlamps, and it's not substandard brake hoses, and it's not door ajar buzzers gone amuck. It's *drunk drivers*. That's right! The NHTSA could not possibly have known that (even though it seems everybody else did), or else we would have seen legislation designed to persuade the drunks to stay out of their cars and off the streets. Now, if drunk drivers fall beyond the scope of the NHTSA, then perhaps they'd be so kind as to pass this information along to whoever can do something with it.

(2) If the NHTSA insists on helmets for motorcyclists, then it should likewise insist on helmets for automobile drivers, and helmets for pedestrians.

(3) There really should be some stiffening in the driver's license examination procedure. When I recently went in to renew mine, my exam paper was copied carefully by a cheating old coot in his seventies. I passed. The old coot passed. We had taken *different tests*.

(4) Any automobile driver found guilty of colliding with a motorcyclist and then saying, "But I never saw him!" shall be sentenced to one year of motorcycle transport, or one collision with an automobile whose driver says "But I never saw him!", whichever comes first.

—Cook Neilson
Cycle



Fingering The Fakes

Since early 1977 and primarily in the US of A, all of the Jap manufacturers have been making a heavy pitch for a segment of the market by mass producing "customised" bikes.

Aimed at fat American cats too damn lazy to customise their own scoots and yet looking for something with an element of appeal, these bikes have sold in tens of thousands. Indeed, so successful was the Yamaha Special range, that last year they very nearly toppled Honda from the numero uno position. What they boil down to, though, is cosmetic changes for a complacent market, a nod in the direction of Harley-Davidson (albeit like Goliath taking on David) and the projection of some of the image that used to sell Triumphs.

—John Cutts
Superbike (England)

Different Strokes

An English motorcyclist recently won a court settlement in excess of \$5000 relating to an accident which he claimed impaired his sex life. The motorcycle accident in question caused a wrist injury.

—Cycle Guide

Different Folks

No doubt we are different. I have said before and will happily say again, we *are* different. Motorcycle nuts are, I believe, more adventuresome and more skillful than non-nuts. We are not as conventional, we aren't afraid of what the dreaded They will say about us. We travel through the world, rather than see the world from within a box, and yes, I suspect we have more fun.

But we aren't that different. CW gets letters, which is mostly how I get to know what sort of people we are. We are all sorts. We hear from executives, mechanics, long-haul truckers, librarians, house-

wives, servicemen, and students.

I like being different. I like knowing that just about any biker I meet on the road will lend a hand if asked.

—Allan Girdler
Cycle World

Togetherness

We bikers are in this gig together. You and I may not agree about the music on the tape player, or even whether the tape player belongs in a road bike fairing or a racebound van. But those are nickel-and-dime differences compared with all the things we have in common.

Let's take just one example from the world of government relations: the Environmental Protection Agency's hocus-pocus noise regulations, which would run up the price of every new motorcycle, dirt or street. At a cost of up to \$200 per bike, to foot the bill for a worthless program certifying already-quiet new machines.

A year ago this issue, AM blew the whistle on this EPA scam. You folks got upset, wrote a slug of letters and delivered a swift constituent kick to some bulbous bureaucrats. You also tagged the noise regulation scheme as the most important government relations issue of the past year, and thus gave our troops in Washington some additional fire with which to keep the heat on the EPA.

Last year's July issue kicked off the 1978 Legislative Supporter Program. Despite the popular view that bike people are too independent (or too dumb) to ever get organized, that program raised \$60,000! The money was used in part to demonstrate that though we may not be geniuses, we are certainly not dumb enough to roll over and play dead for some federal Humpty-Dumpty who wants to flesh out his job description with meaningless and expensive motorcycle make-work projects.

—Dave Despain
American Motorcyclist

MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

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

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

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



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

Good Products
Box 807
Yucca Valley, CA
92284

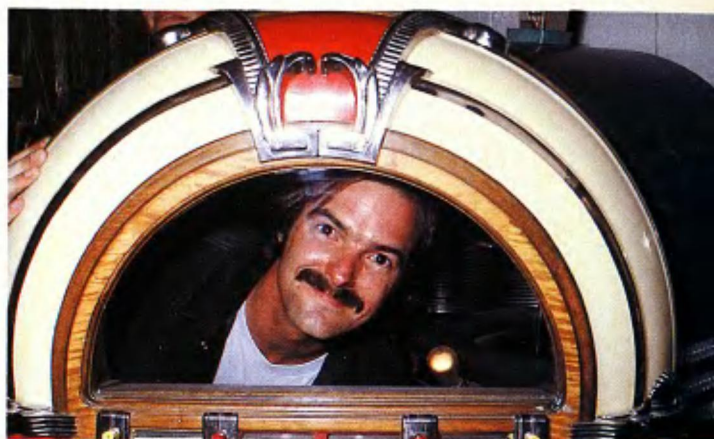
California residents add 6%.
Sorry no C.O.D.'s. All foreign orders add \$1.00





ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH

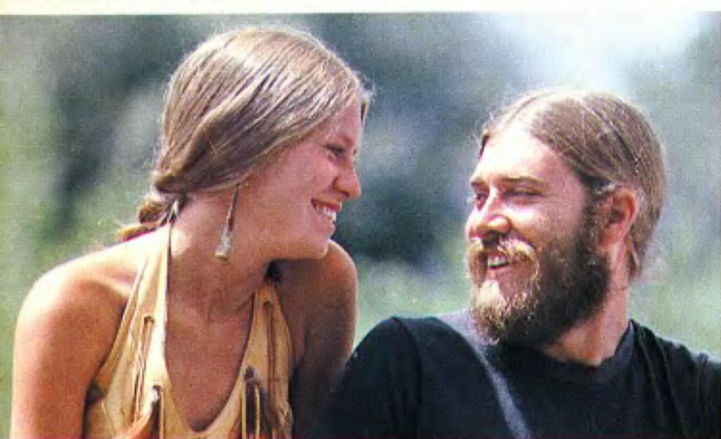
Not so. But think back to the time you and your scooter were buzzing through an odd state (ain't they all?) and the weather switched from tank-top times and beers to rain-soaked saddle and drowning vision—time to stop. Or, remember coasting into an unfamiliar burg with a broken clutch cable, two pounds of air in your rear A/T, or a noise screaming out from the engine as if the lower-end bearings had decided to torture

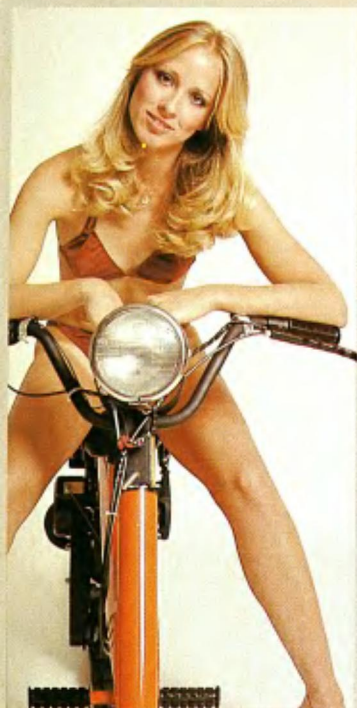


**Thought it was a hassle
to find scooter people
in a strange town?**

the rod races? There can't be a lonelier feeling for a bro than to raise his tingling butt outta the saddle of a brokedown scoot after a thousand miles—with another grand to go. As his right leg creaks over his saddle, he stretches and takes in the unexplored city streets. Instinctively he looks for a phone and checks the jingle status in his Levi's—four pennies and a five-dollar bill.

That's exactly the instant when the downed bro







Photos by Billy Tinney and Woody



needs to see the flicker of chrome on an approaching long springer and hear the heart-filled roar and pop of a seventy-four headed his way. Even if the unknown scooter jockey is in a hurry, he will probably slow and yell to our downed bro. If it's serious, he'll stop—that's brotherhood.

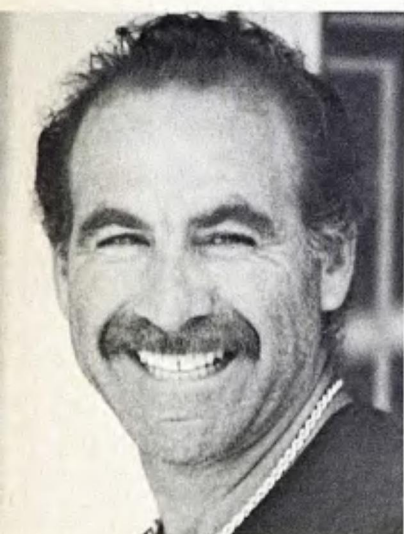
A couple of our people were in the Littleton/Denver area of the Rockies recently and that's exactly what they found—brotherhood. Scooter people all over the place went out of their way to lend a hand. In fact, at the time of this writing, brothers of the Invaders MC have contacted us regarding additional assistance in the Denver area. Our people are going back.

Assistance meaning more girls. Originally, a couple of our stranger crew members were trapped in what was to them a strange city. They weren't in the best of spirits; so, to feel at least somewhat at



home, they hunted the streets until they found the local Hog farm (Rocky Mountain Harley-Davidson) and stumbled right on in. In no longer than it takes to adjust a clutch cable, our bros felt more at home than at Thanksgiving dinner at the folks' pad.

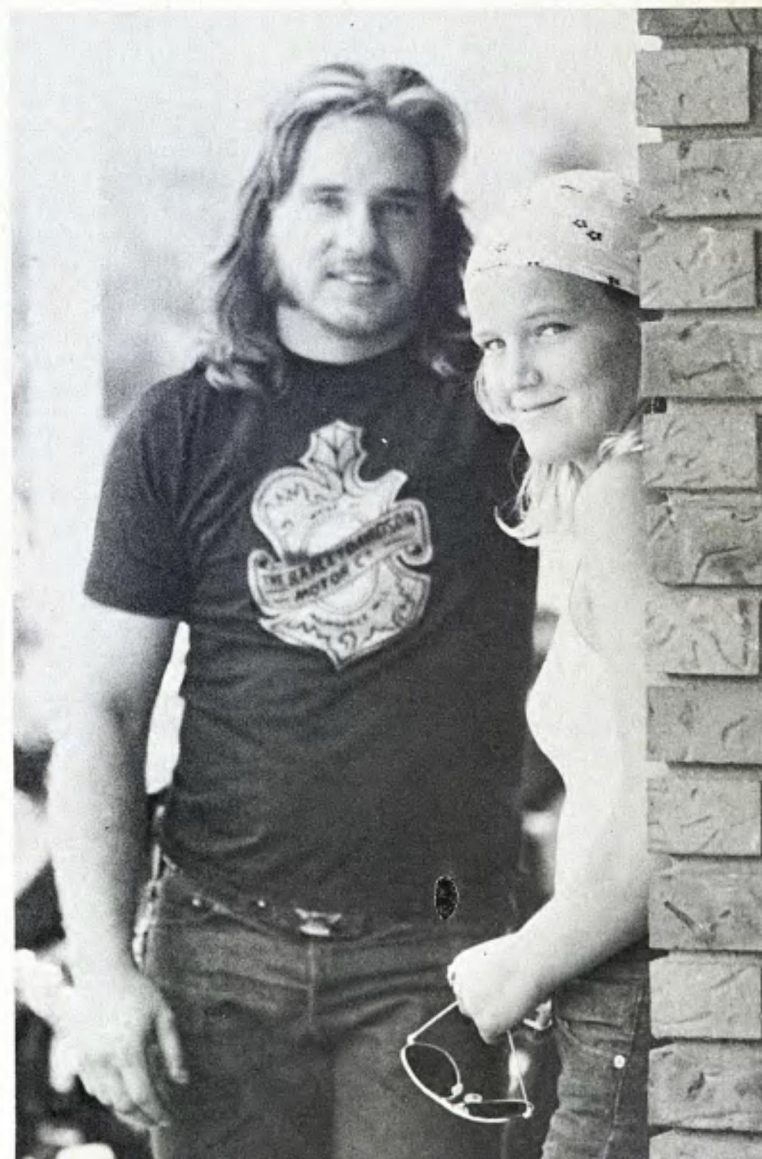
With all the brotherhood flowin', our photographic people decided that a photo feature of the scooter sweeties of Denver would be a rush. The word spread, and sweet, sexy, sensual motorcycle ladies were poppin' out of pads, garages, bike shops, and off the back seats of several scooters to show their pride in bein' scooter people. The sisters were fantastic. Some posed without threads, some with, some with their rides, and some with their riders—they were fantastic!



But as the writing of this article progressed, something stronger than the sweet appearance of these lovely ladies emanated from the mounds of photographs. It was a love for our people—a love for a life-style most of us depend on—a kinship that wouldn't quit, with the brothers, with the sisters, and with our two-wheeled friend Harley-Davidson.

It became apparent that the sisters are lovely, but they wouldn't be into scooters without the brothers, and we'd all be in the shits without our scooters. So we're as proud as any new 74 owner to present the good people and a few of the sharp scooters of the Denver/Littleton portion of the mountain-packed state of Colorado.

—Bandit



THE STORYTELLER

by Rabbit

The aging mailman eyed the white frame structure for several moments before cautiously approaching the front door. He dragged his feet in hesitation, and his eyes searched warily for the big Doberman pinscher that he knew lived at this particular address. Obvious relief flooded his ancient face when he heard the bark of the Dobie, and his ears informed him that the dog was secured *inside* the house. Wiping the sweat from his forehead with the back of one hand, the postman rapped lightly on the front door, drawing back in spite of himself when the low, menacing growl came from inside.

"Who is it?" asked a female voice.

"Postman," he replied. "I gotta special delivery letter for Mr. Lucky Cochran. Does he still live here?"

After a long hesitation, the female voice spoke once more. "Can't you just leave it in the mailbox?"

"Sorry, I can't do that. I has to be signed for."

A few moments later, the front door was opened slightly, and a pretty blond head poked through the opening. "I'm Lucky's ol' lady. . .uh, I mean wife. Can I sign for it?" Before the carrier could reply, the big dog finally succeeded in forcing the girl to one side and shoved his nose against the screen, with a gnashing show of long fangs. Fortunately for the old man, the screen was reinforced with iron scrollwork and held the Dobie back. The girl let out a long stream of obscenities, all of which were directed at the animal. "Goddam you, Nazi! I'll break your fuckin' neck if you pull that shit again!" With that, she brought her fist down on the top of the dog's head and continued to yell. "Now get your fuckin' ass back in that house, or I'll rip your goddam throat out!"

The Doberman hunched down like a whipped pup and began whining. Pointing toward a room in the back of the house, the girl went on yelling fiercely. "Go on! Get your ass in the other room, and *stay* there!"

The mailman watched in disbelief as the huge animal half-crawled and half-ran into the other room, stopping only to

peer back with hate-filled eyes at the old man who had caused his mistress's anger to be directed at him.

"Don't pay no 'tention to Nazi, man. He's okay, as long as nobody tries to come in the house," the blonde said with a smile.

The mailman failed to hide his doubts, and when he extended the letter to her, his hand was still trembling. "Just sign this letter, and let me get away from here!" he quavered.

The girl smiled again, signed the receipt, and took the envelope from his shaking hand. "Thanks," she said sweetly.

Without another word, the postman quickly retreated to the safety of the sidewalk, wondering why he hadn't chosen a nice, safe desk job 'way back when.

In the meantime, Lucky had come staggering into the room, sleepily rubbing his aching eyes. "What the fuck is all the noise about?" he asked, angrily.

Michelle offered him the letter. "Postman brought you a special delivery and I had to sign for it. That goddam Nazi tried to tear the screen door down so he could get to the old guy." She chuckled as she went on, "I thought the old man would have a fuckin' heart attack right there on the front porch."

Lucky reached down and gave the big dog a pat on the head. "So, ol' dog. You was gonna try and eat a mailman, huh?" The animal looked up, and loyalty flashed brightly in his wolf-like eyes. Lucky chuckled several times, then turned the envelope over in his hands. "Wonder what's in it," he mused aloud.

"Why don't you open the fuckin' thing and find out?" Michelle suggested tartly.

Anger filled the biker's eyes, and he stared intently at the girl before speaking. "Tell me something, cunt. How'd you like to serve as club mama at the next patch meeting?" Michelle dropped her head and failed to respond to his question. Lucky smiled evilly. "Yeah! That's what I thought you'd say." As he spoke, he tore open the yellow envelope and studied the words on the single sheet of paper: "Dear Mr. Cochran: We are sorry to inform you that your grandfather, Mr. Jessup Delanore Cochran, died this

morning at two fifteen a.m. Urgent that you contact our office at your earliest possible convenience to expedite the settling of his estate." The letter was signed Whitehead & Franklin, Attorneys at Law. At the bottom of the page, there was an address and a telephone number. Lucky shook his head in awe as the name of the town and state registered in his mind—Medford, Oregon.

"Sonovabitch!" he yelled happily.

"Medford-fuckin'-Oregon!"

Michelle shook her head in disbelief as she finished reading the letter Lucky had handed her.

"Damn, baby! Do you know what that means?" he asked her.

"It means your grandfather left you something," she observed lightly.

"Right! And that means moo-ney-to-the-max!" he yelled.

Michelle shook her head again and interrupted him, "Yeah, but how much?"

Lucky threw his hands in the air in a disgusted gesture. "Who the fuck knows how much? *Any* is better than *none*, you dumb cunt!"

Michelle watched him dance happily around the room. At last she could stand no more. "Hey! Rich kid! Why don't you call and ask them?"

The biker crossed the room with long strides and picked the receiver up from its cradle. He pushed the appropriate buttons, and after several whirrs and clicks, a voice spoke softly in his ear.

"Whitehead and Franklin, attorneys at law. May I help you?"

"Yeah, mama!" replied Lucky, excitedly. "Get one of them lawer dudes on the phone. This is Lucky Cochran, from California."

There was a moment's pause, and then a male voice spoke abruptly into the receiver. "John Whitehead here. May I help you?"

"Yeah, man. My name's Lucky Cochran, and I just got a letter from you about my old man's old man—you know, my granddad."

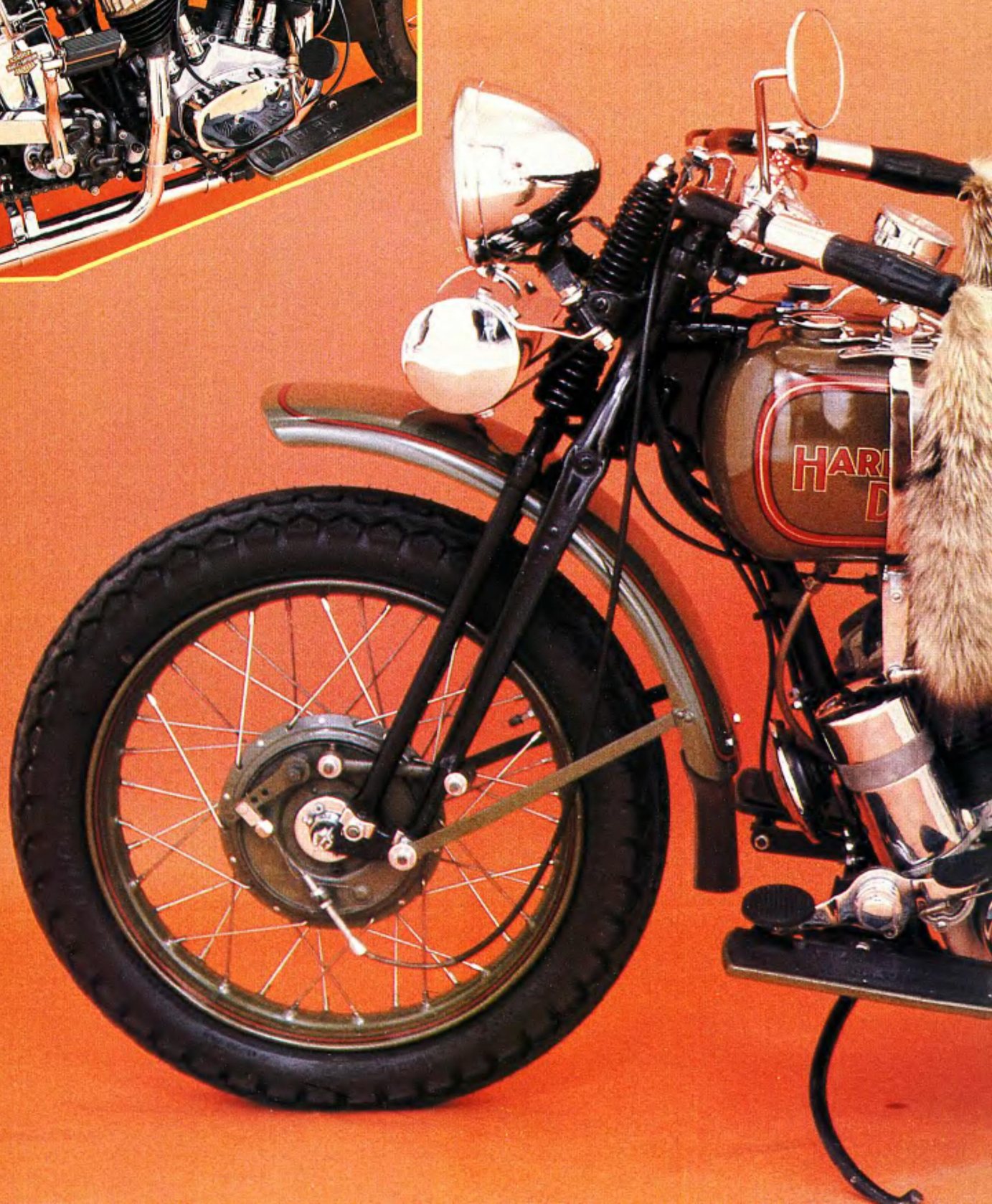
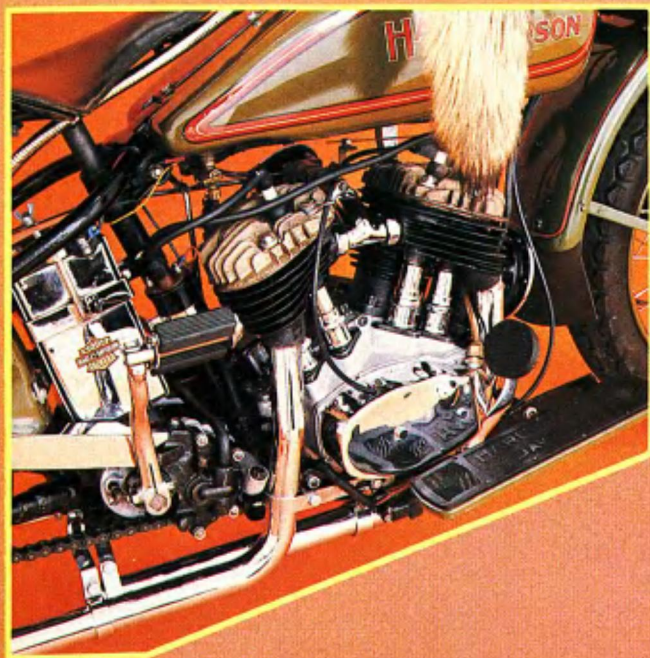
"Ah, yes! Jessup Cochran."

Lucky laughed into the receiver. "Yeah, well, this is the old man's number one

—Continued on page 103



FOX



TAIL

Where's all the chicks?

I've been hanging around here for only about ten months. To the naked sweetie—I mean eye—this appears to be a somewhat loose operation. But these muthafuckers care so goddam much about what hits the pages of this rag that they keep everything right underneath their powdered noses until it's fuckin' perfect or it has to go to the printer's. It's a bitch trying to prospect for this bunch of close-mouthed detail freaks.

For instance, I thought bike features were like ridin' in a cool breeze—no way. I was under the dope-haze-induced impression that I could shoot the shit with the

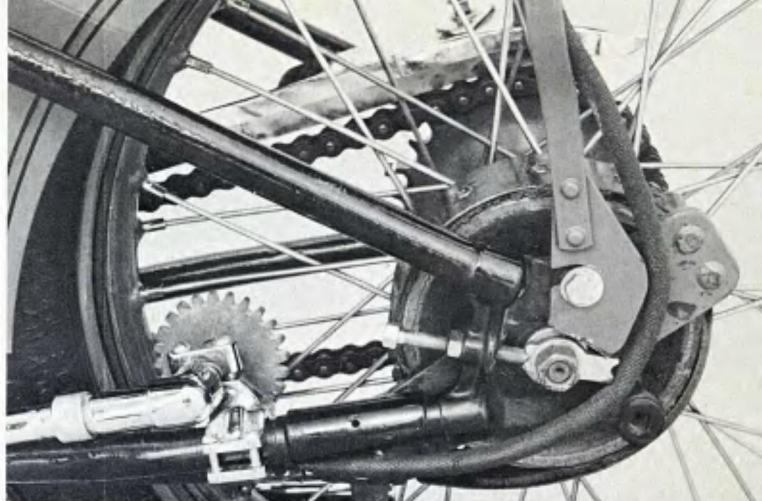




owner while the tit man shot a roll or two of film in the general direction of the scooter and the job was done. I also hallucinated that chicks were flocking to these shootings as if we were photographing large mirrors strewn with healthy lines of coke. Again, I was wrong. Many, many hours go into the setup and photographing of each bike feature. Sorta like paintin' a bike, it's all in the preparation, material, tools, and skill behind 'em.

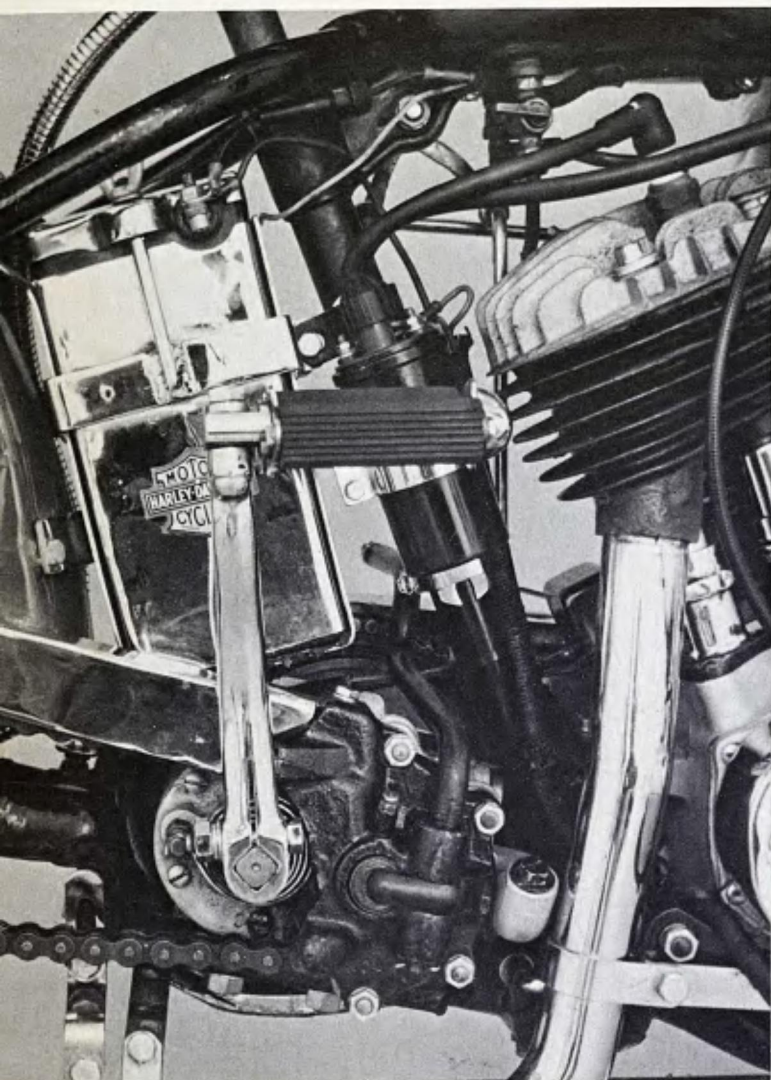
As the months slipped by, my brain absorbed something besides motivating drugs. And finally Renegade assigned me to solo a bike feature. My seedy little mind was immediately filled with visions of naked little honeys in every nook and cranny. As I hit the door to Pete's studio, my palms were itching to get at any young lovely who had the good fortune to be there. But as a leaky oil tank would have it, I rounded the last corner into the studio and it was empty. I found the bike owner and one of his riding buddies, but no chicks—not even somebody's mother. I discovered that Renegade had intended it to be this way—there was a lesson to be learned. I hadn't studied properly; my motivations were misplaced. But one look at the DL we were about to shoot and I discovered my feeble error—priorities.

Broads are nice—couldn't live without 'em. But the bike was what it was all about. A goddam bike feature, right? No shit, serious business. Here was one of the finest bikes I'd ever seen, the builder was sitting right next to it—a craftsman and collector—and my mind was directed toward tits. I wanted to slap myself. Renegade was right. **Easyriders** means bikes, and bikes are **Easyriders**—first, last, and always. As we began to set the scene for Pete to shoot the feature, I began noticing all the small, intricate details on the sled. What really blew me away was that Mel had



Photos by Pete Chiodo





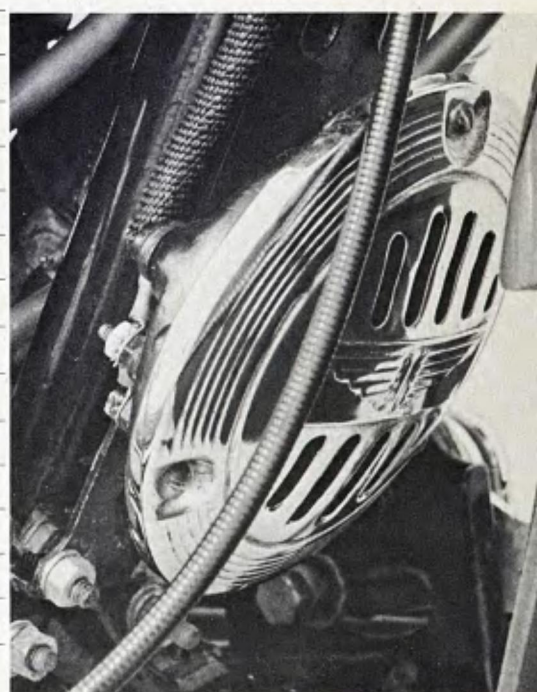
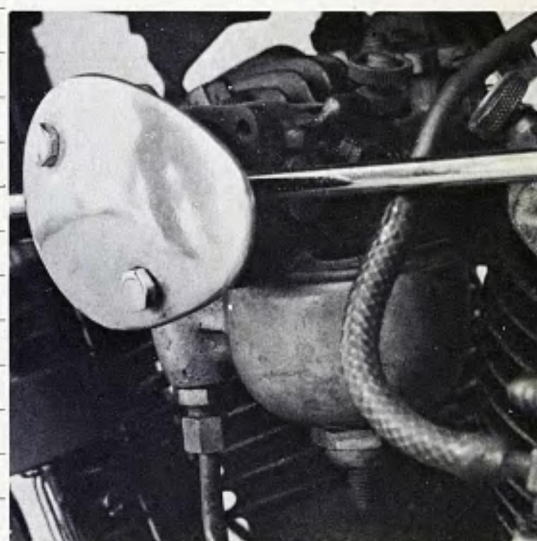
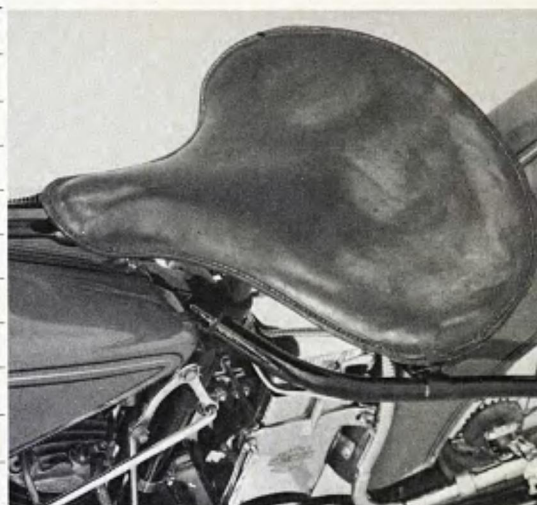
bought the bike a couple of years ago at a junkyard. To top that, he said that he had bought this one and another 1930 DL for \$385. Mel showed me flicks of the DL as it was when he bought it—it was destroyed. But looking at Mel, I noticed the caring in the man's eyes as he described what he'd gone through to create and restore this fine putt. The man was aware of every nut and every wrench it took to make this ride what he wanted it to be. I lost my lust and learned a lesson in caring for what really matters.

—Hangaround



Owners: Mel Thornton		City: San Diego	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1930	
Year and make: 1930 H-D		Builder: owner	
Model: DL		Type: rigid	
Value: \$6,500		Rake: none	
Assembly: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 3 yrs.		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: San Diego Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: racing	
Year: 1930		Risers: none	
Model: 45 DL		Fender(s): bobbed	
Rebuilder: The Shop in Ventura		Headlight: single	
Ignition: battery		Taillight: Crocker	
Displacement: 45 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: rebuilt		Front pegs: running boards	
Balancing: yep		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: standard		Electrics: 6v.	
Cases: glass beaded		Gas tank: H-D	
Heads: high-compression cast iron		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam: four		Oil system: total loss	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: stock	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissy bar: none	
Pipes: straight		Height: fender straps	
Muffler(s): none		Material: stock strap	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: springer	
Year: 1930		Extension: none	
Shifting: tank shift		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: none	
Trans sprocket: stock		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front:	Rear:
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Pacific Beach Auto Paint		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 2 in.
Color: olive drab		Tire: 3.50x18	Tire: 3.75x18
Type: enamel		Brake: drum	Brake: external
Special paint: striping by Fisk			

Other special modifications: Special thanks to Dave Hansen, Bob Stern, Lyle Fisk, Joe Duncan, Ed Ward, Bob Owens.



DOWNTIME

By The Austin Animal

Sounds for sore ears. I was over at the Cub's house the other night and he tried to kill me. Well, that's not altogether true—he just didn't understand that I was dying. In fact, he thought I was having fun.

You see, the Cub's as big a rock and roll fan as they come, so he pumps every dime he makes into buying records and sophisticated audio gear. You wouldn't believe this guy's lifestyle. He lives in a dilapidated hovel whose floors are eight inches deep in grimy laundry, beer bottles, half-eaten chili dogs, well-thumbed copies of *Sports Illustrated*, and marijuana he scatters whenever he drunkenly overturns his cleaning tray—which is often. But in his living room, smack in the middle of all this squalor, is a gleaming, state-of-the-art, four-channel music system.

"Check it out," the Cub crowed loudly as I entered, gesturing at the bank of dials, switches, meters, and knobs. "Top of the line, all the way."

Thrusting a beer into my hand and stuffing a joint into my mouth, he gave me a shove in the direction of a mangy chair leaning awkwardly on three legs. "Sit down," he said. "Lemme play ya somethin'."

He filled me in on his new equipment while he searched through seemingly endless rows of albums. "Got rid of them Brain Squasher X-14 speakers," he said. "Traded 'em in on these Paralyzer Z-27s—27 speakers in each cabinet."

Warily, I eyed the huge units behind and in front of me.

"I'm still usin' my old turntable," he continued. "But I mounted it different to eliminate vibration."

Four 21-inch aircraft bolts ran through the base of the turntable and into the granite pillar on which it rested. "That column goes down to bedrock," the Cub remarked, removing a record from its jacket. "No more goddam needle jumpin' the groove when I crank 'er up."

My palms began to sweat as I watched him expectantly. He held the tone arm poised above the spinning disc as he pointed toward an enormous brushed-steel box bristling with knurled knobs and radiating a menacing green glow from its dozen or so meters.

"But the amp there's my pride and joy. A brand-new Sumbitchi Eliminator Phase Three—two hunnert an' fifty fuckin' watts per fuckin' channel. Just what ya need to get the most outta the Voidoids—listen."

I attempted to stop him, rising halfway out of the chair—but it was too late. The blast of sound hit like a bouncer's sucker punch, slamming me back into the seat. The

intensity of the noise drove every thought from my head and I slumped deep into the chair's moldy stuffing, at the mercy of those unbelievably loud sounds. The Cub, unaware that he had scrambled my brains, spent a moment making subtle adjustments on the amp, then flopped down on the floor, twitching happily to the thunderous din he'd produced.

The sounds rained down on me mercilessly, like blows from a jealous boyfriend after he's got you whipped and helpless. I gritted my teeth and hoped I'd still be breathing when the record ended. Abruptly, the Cub leaped to his feet and snapped on the TV, instantly adding the confused racket of a football game to the unbearable noise. He bent down so that his lips were an inch from my ear.

"Wow," he screamed, "I almost forgot. There's a great game on tonight. But no problem—I can watch and you can still listen to the music."

With that, he jammed an enormous pair of earphones on my head, lifting the edge of one of them long enough to bellow, "These are new, too—Earbreaker Mark VII's, developed especially for rock at max volume."

My brain shrank to the size of a golf ball and quivered from the attack. Luckily for me, some deep-seated survival instinct took over. Summoning what little strength remained, I clawed the earphones from my head, leaped from my chair, and ran screaming into the night (though I couldn't hear myself, of course).

That near-fatal encounter led to this month's column. Now, understand that I like pounding R&R as much as the next guy, but I OD'ed that particular night. While the following three albums would be classified as rock, they're nonetheless mercifully quiet on the whole. So when you've finally had enough of the Talking Heads at 97 decibels, turn the volume down a mite and consider one of these for your blistered eardrums.

Pink Cadillac/John Prine: This is the fifth album from one of pop music's most important but underappreciated talents. While this record isn't the best showcase for Prine the songwriter (he wrote only half the tunes), the familiar gruff whine of his voice has never sounded better and, as always, he sings with a conviction and understated power that come as a welcome relief from the current disco-spawned trend toward total investment in production at the expense of all feeling. Indeed, it was surely Prine's admiration for the raw emotional power of the old Sun recordings by singers like Elvis Presley and Jerry Lee Lewis that

led him to record this album in Memphis. Moreover, the record is produced by Knox and Jerry Phillips, sons of the legendary Sam Phillips, founder of Sun Records.

There are both hits and misses on the album. "Chinatown," "Automobile," "No Name Girl," and "Ubangi Stomp" are good-natured rockers, the latter two dating from the '50s and the former two being new compositions by Prine. But "Cold War," a Floyd Tillman tune, is given an uninspired, sluggish



rendition, and "Baby, Let's Play House" suffers from the inevitable comparison to the definitive Presley version. Perhaps the best cut on the record is Roly Salley's "Killing the Blues," a gut-wrencher about emotional wounds. Reminiscent of much earlier Prine songs like "Clocks and Spoons" and "Souvenirs," this tune is such a perfect vehicle for him that it's hard to believe he didn't write it.

Pink Cadillac is an album worth checking out.

Volcano/Jimmy Buffett: No surprises here. Buffett dishes up another album of pleasant but unremarkable folk-rock undisguisedly aimed at the middle-of-the-road pop market. It's enjoyable fluff for the most part—nothing heavy, but the music will keep your toe tapping and the lyrics provide an occasional chuckle.

"Fins," "Stranded on a Sandbar," "Lady, I Can't Explain," and "Boat Drinks" are all typical Buffett, cut from essentially the same pattern as "Margaritaville," his single that went gold in 1977. These tunes feature catchy rhythms and wry, tongue-in-cheek lyrics, though sometimes Buffett's words seem chosen more for the sake of the rhyme



than the thought. "Volcano," the title cut, is an infectious calypso tune with inspired, daffy lyrics. The only real clinker on the album is "Chanson Pour les Petits Enfants," a fairy tale fantasy that Buffett should have sung to his daughter but left off the record—it's just too precious for words.

5/J.J. Cale: Hardcore J.J. Cale fans will probably be pleased with this latest batch of bluesy trifles delivered in Cale's distinctive raspy whisper. But the record lacks the energy and fun of his earlier albums—**Okie** in particular—and the sameness of virtually every cut makes one wonder if Cale has run dry musically.

The music, for the most part, is easygoing blues-rock and comes across best in cuts



like "I'll Make Love to You Anytime," and "Don't Cry, Sister." The lyrics, however, are generally empty and predictable, the most notable exception being "Boilin' Pot," about the effect a "wanton woman" has on a man: "She keeps me hot/Like a boilin' pot./She whispers in my ear/Let's do it right here."

J.J. Cale is capable of originality and style, but he fails to display much of either on this record. It's not really a bad album—soft blues can be perfect if you're in the mood—but Cale can do a lot better.

Dirty Christmas Cards

HERE IS A LITTLE
SOMETHING
FOR YOUR SOCK!

HO!
HO!
HO!



**Outrageous Cards to
be given only to your
closest friends!**

We wanted to come up with some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out—sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow their minds.

To be different we decided to create some really rank cards—something heavy—strictly for guys. So gross that even some guys would groan when they saw them.

To get in a creative mood we decided to hold a juice-and-smoke session, after hours, with all of the strange ones in the office attending. As the session got loose, the card ideas got dirtier. It wasn't long until the chicks left. Finally, when Weird Harold came up with a particularly gross idea, complete with rough sketch, even Miraculous Mutha decided she had to go take a leak. She didn't return.

What we came up with is six different cards. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad—but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. They're not for the squeamish. **Remember, you've been warned.**

\$5.00 per set Two sets \$8.00

Price includes postage
and handling costs.

Christmas Cards

Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Set (A) is the same set of filthy cards as last year.

Set (B) is entirely new and even more gross.

Please send me _____ sets of Set A (six different cards and envelopes per set).

Please send me _____ sets of Set B (six different cards and envelopes per set).

I realize that they are outrageous. I also state that my age is _____ (You must be 18 years of age to order these cards.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

The Motorcycle

Ridin' in the New Year

The New Year is comin' on fast. Imagine—1980! Remember the scooter you were ridin' in 1970? If you've been at it for a while, try to remember the bike you rode in 1965 or the late '60s; remember the styles and fads.

Well, since we're breakin' our way into a new year and another decade, and we were fortunate enough to score some photos depicting the bikes and broads of the late sixties and early seventies, we decided to review styles and scooters from the last 15 years before we get crossed up and slide into another year.

Among the flicks you see here are shots of the Indio runs of 1967 and 1969, the Yuma run in 1969, Death Valley run 1967, Lone Pine or High Sierra Run, the Hemet tour 1970, Elsinore run 1968, Visalia Antique rally 1972, City of Hope Spring tour 1970, and a couple of the Classic Antique Motorcycle Association rallies from the early '70s. Although the shots are predominantly based in California, they are an eyeball trip into the general past of biking. The bikes that riders were building and riding, and even some of the bizarre innovations people were puttin' their scooters through are illustrated here—and check out the chicks.

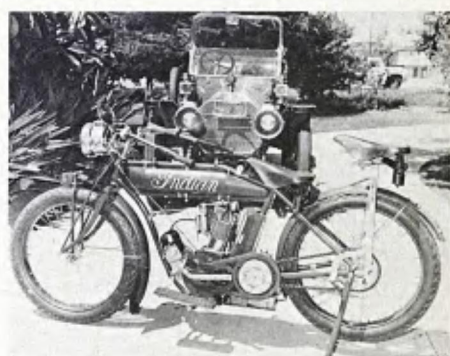
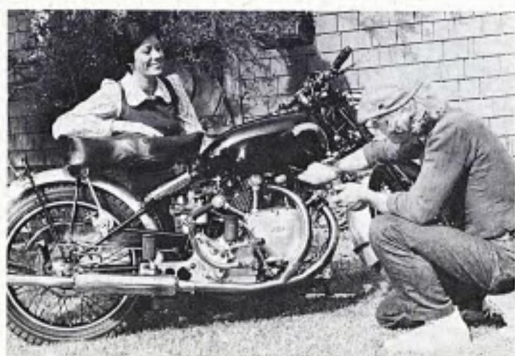
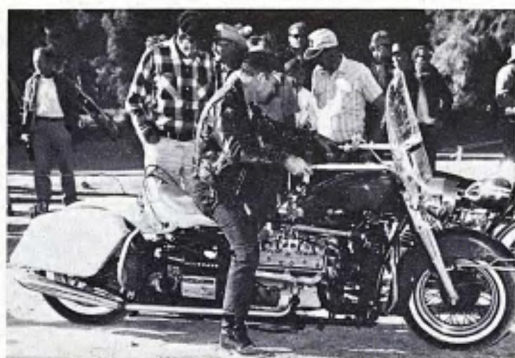
Ride Safe in 1980.

—Weed



Wheels of Time

Photos by George Hays



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!

Sunny Weekends

Now that you're back in circulation, you can answer a question I've been wantin' to ask. Every time a sunny weekend comes along, me an' the ol' lady putt down to San Diego to visit the zoo. When we go past this one cage where there's a great big ape, she stops an' talks to the fucker, an' he always gets a big hardon an' starts jackin' off. I know the President admitted he was guilty of mentally cheatin' on his ol' lady, but what about my ol' lady? Is she cheatin' on me or what?

Tom Legman
Oceanside, Calif

- Probably.

Menage a Trois

My boyfriend is a biker, and I love him, but he is suggesting that I allow him to get another girl friend, then all three of us go to bed together all the time. I won't be able to stand the bitch because of jealousy, so what the hell can I do?

Li'l Rep
Salem, Ohio

- Maybe if you ask him nice, he'll let you pick the lady.

Fuckin' No. 1

Now what the fuck do I do? My ol' man spends so much time in the garage workin' on his scooter that he never has time to fuck. When he does, he don't even wash up, he just comes in with his greasy hands an' rubs 'em all over my tits an' wants to fuck. So I told him to go fuck his motorcycle instead. An' ya know what? I looked at him last night when he was sleepin' an' he had soot all over his cock.

Jan Kazlwoski
Detroit, Mich.

- Better fire up your box.

Incest

This may sound disgusting to you, but it really happened and I'd like to know what to do about it. I got drunk an' passed out when I got home a while back. Durin' the night I woke up with someone givin' me a blow job. I kept quiet an' peeked, and discovered it was my fourteen-year-old kid sister. Now she does it every time I come home an' pretend to pass out. I don't want our ol' man to catch us, but I don't want to give it up, and if I let Sis know about it, she'll stop. What should I do?

Bob Rogers
Ypsilanti, Mich.

- Drink more.

Fuck a Dane

What'll happen if I let my Great Dane fuck me? Will we get hung up, like dogs do? He's got the biggest, juiciest-lookin' cock you ever saw. I'd hate to have my ol' man come home an' find us stuck together, but I'm dyin' to try the dog out. I keep beatin' him off, an' he really likes it, but I'm gettin' horny as hell for a taste of his dork.

Wendi Walker
Hammond, Ind.

- What'll happen? You'll probably have one of the best times of your life. And the only stuck you'll get is on fuckin' him.

Onion Rings

I was fuckin' my ol' lady the other night, an' when I pulled out my dork there was an onion ring stuck on the end of it. Can ya beat that?

Dirtbag Rawlins
Toledo, Ohio

- The onion ring?

The Spirit of 69

Last night we held a seance and were calling on the spirit of Mutha to appear when all of a sudden the lights started flashing on and off, it began to rain piss, the house was shaking like hell, and then this goddam huge excuse for a woman appeared and started slapping the shit out of all of us and saying, "You crazy bastards, I was down at the fire station taking my annual douche. Now I want to know which one of you fuckers is gonna pay for this twenty feet of hose and brass nozzle that're still up my snatch." When I woke up, I was still in the joint, but I want to know something: Where were you last night, Mutha?

Crazy Elmo
Leavenworth, Kan.

- In bed.

Athlete's Cock

I'm doing time in the federal pen, and while I'm horny as hell, I don't want to fuck the sissies they've got here. Lately, I've been floggin' my meat in an old pair of socks, 'cause I don't like sticky sheets, but all of a sudden I've come down with athlete's cock. When the doctor examined it, he puked on my shorts. What the hell can I do about it without hurtin' myself?

Jimmy DeLock
Leavenworth, Kan.

- Try mixin' Desenex powder with water and puttin' that on your cock before you jack off. It's a sticky, gooey mess and should be fun.

Cherry Pie

My ol' man says that eatin' my pussy when I got the rag on is like eatin' cherry pie, but when I ain't got the rag on all he wants to do is fuck. Do you think somethin's wrong with him?

Charlotte Gould
Klamath, Wash.

- They sell cherries in stores all throughout the month.

Super Tongue

When I went up to Sturgis on last year's run, I met a dude named Holly who had a ten-inch tongue, but he got away before I could give him my address. If I send it to you, will you put somethin' in your column so he'll see it an' get in touch with me? I love the bastard.

Trixie Dakota
Boston, Mass.

- Sorry, I'm keepin' him too busy to write.

Welcome Back

I missed you. That bro you tripped out on didn't know what he was doin' when he split on a fine lady like you. If you're ever in Ellwood City, look up the Happydale Kid and I'll eat your pussy till you can't breathe. Do I got a deal?

The Happydale Kid
Ellwood City, Pa.

- You better have a tongue.

Modest Ol' Lady

My ol' man is bitchin' 'cause I won't send him a nude photo of me while he's locked down. Will you please send him a good beaver shot of you for his fantasy trips? We'd both appreciate it.

Mrs. Alley Oop
Salem, Ore.

- Send me a stamped #10 envelope and his address and I'll be happy to. But what's the matter with you? If my ol' man was incarcerated, I'd do everything I could to make his life a little less miserable.

—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



A SLICE OF PRIDE

"It's got sumthin' to do with pride and stayin' up on two wheels, doll." The semi-good-lookin' greasy-spoon waitress wrinkled her nose in puzzlement, thereby displayin' a full overbite of buck teeth that was more'n likely the main reason for her employment in this scagghole of a mud stop, where I had the misfortune to be sittin' an' airin' out a full night's worth of acid farts on the dingy red, crackin' plastic seat that put me eye-to-eye with this miniature bitch. I guess her curiosity was aroused by my none-too-pretty looks and the fistful of rings that I wore routinely.

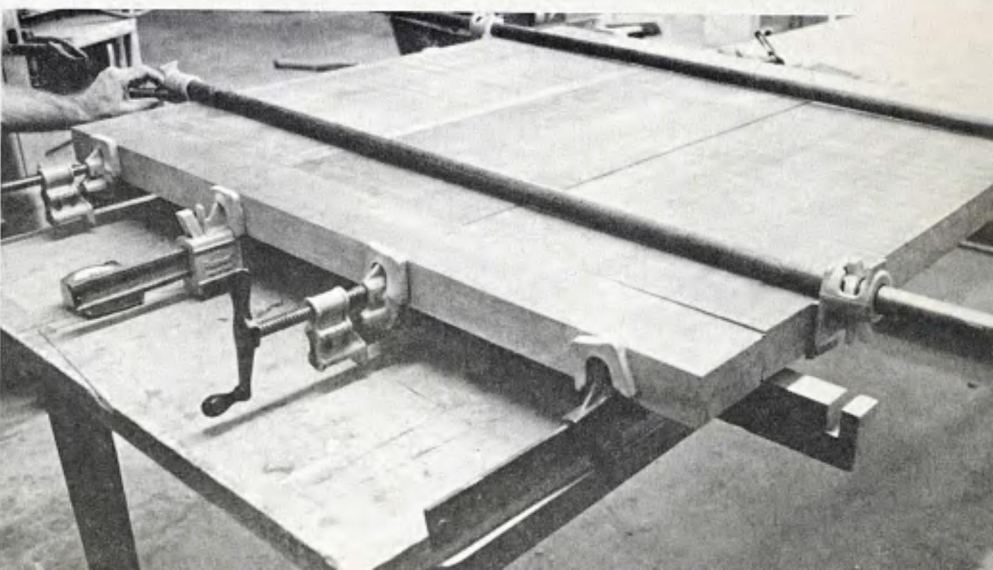
Anyway, after a night of total revelry with my brothers, an' ol' ladies yankin' the wanger till clear through the sunrise, I had deposited my drained an' withered carcass on my pan for the crosstown trek to work—but not before all systems were fortified with large doses of Mrs. Olsen's coffee beans or whatever fuckin' java shit had enough mileage in it to give me a shot at recovery. Then, I hadta go in an' do my bit at the drill press. Well, in the middle of the third cup of black, tongue-singein' mud, I was turnin' to the box scores, unaware of this dizzy broad's fixation on my hand.

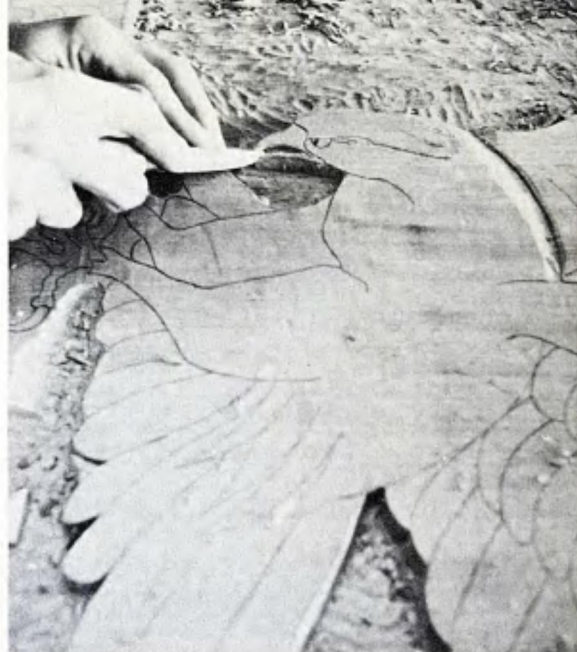
"So, do ya think you're some kind of badass with all those rings?" she snidely remarked.

"What?" I returned in a snap.

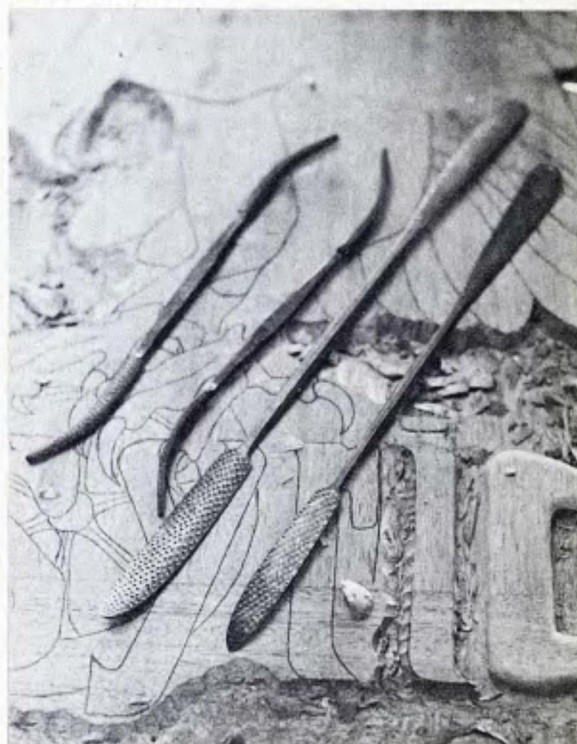
"Those rings. Don't ya think they're a little gaudy?"

It sorta floored me. The skulls, reaper, wings, and gargoyles that I'd worn unabashedly for years were once again gettin' attention. So I laid the "pride" line on her. "Listen, sweat-breath, have ya got pride in anything? Well, I'm a biker and I got pride in everything associated with bein' a biker—and that includes every god-





Photos by the Cub



dam ring on these claws!" I stopped just short of givin' a full-blown lesson that might have ended up with her gettin' a silver skull delivered to her bleak mug. She was saved by the short-order cook handin' over a plate of gruel.

Well, after I'd gotten the ol' stomach off to a full house burn of caffeine, an' split, with no more word exchange with the mutt an' no tip, either, I hit it off to the sweatshop. And that brought me face-to-face with what we got on hand for you on these grizzled pages—a sweat-filled, blister-turned-to-callus hunk o' hardwood pride. That's pride, p-r-i-d-e, period.

To the brothers and sisters who ride motorcycles, an' bust knuckles to stay

in the streets, an' enjoy this rag as a home when four walls won't do, this woodcarving is dedicated. For all you Easyriders, this carving will take its rightful place on the rag's wall of fame.

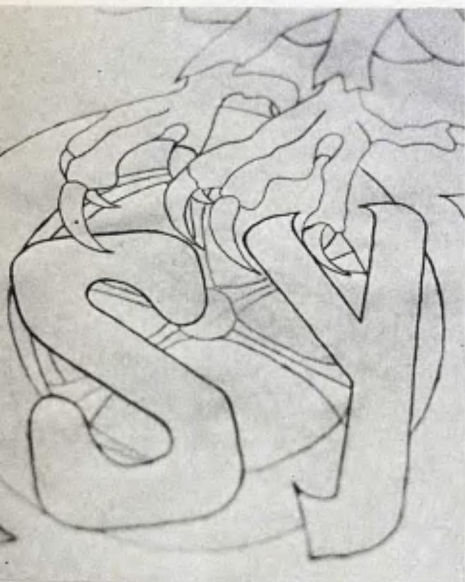
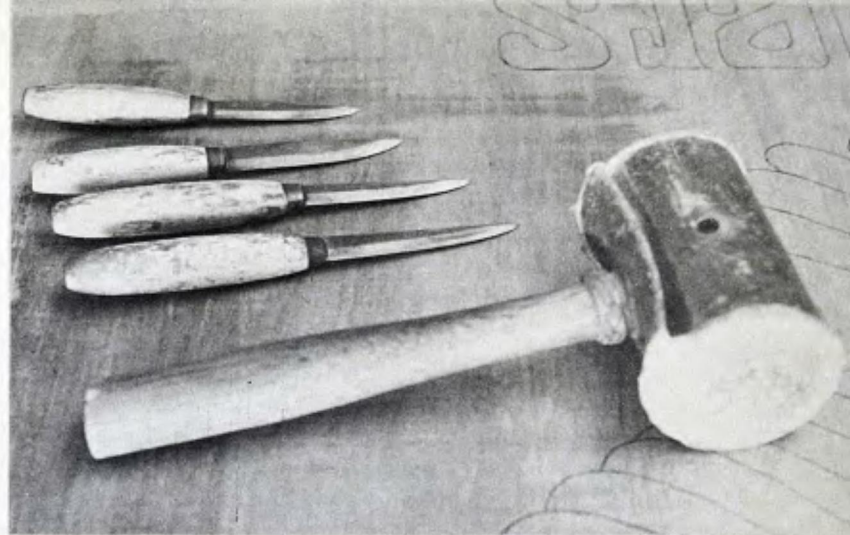
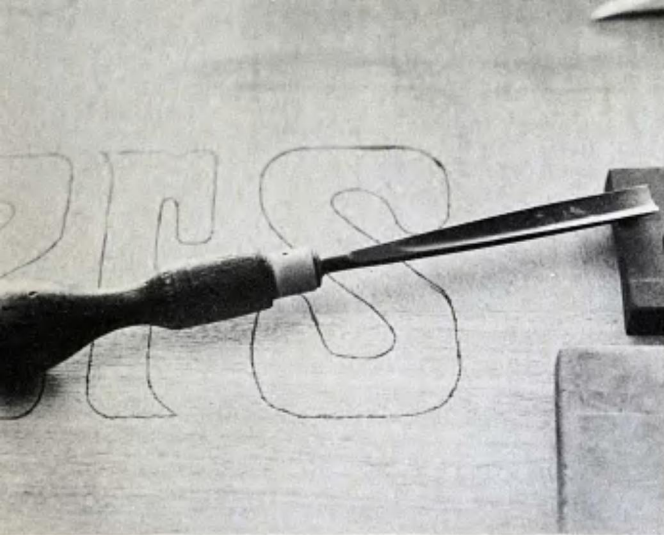
Hey, but the thing didn't just pop outta the sky, or materialize in a burnin' ball of flame. Nope. It took a craftsman of the highest order for us rubes to be satisfied. In fact, a crafty-type craftsman, to be T.D.C.

The carver-arteest, or as he calls himself, the village woodcarver, got in touch with us. And there was no tellin' if he'd be thrown outta the window into the ever-growin' mound of trash that resides next to Bandit's door. Or, he mighta gotten purloined of any an'

all pot he coulda been holdin' when he struck up a conversation with the Austin Animal. Hell, how would he know what kinda mood Spider might be roundin' into? I tell ya, it was risky business, and cold water if he slipped.

But he came bouncin' in bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, a regular Little Mary Sunshine. Under his arms he held a plank of wood an' a set of blueprints of what he thought would get our ears pricked up, our tongues salivatin', an' our gonads thumpin' for sumthin' hot, sweet, and sticky. In two words—he succeeded.

The plank was a righteous Harley eagle carvin' on a healthy chunk of wood about two feet square. We



drooled at that a while, then the dude produced the blueprint of an **Easyriders** carving he had conjured up. That set us in motion. Bandit started makin' a couple of changes to the design, as usual (he's always changin' sumthin').

It's some kind of a rush to be involved with a dude as creative, energetic, and down-to-earth as this Eric Zeiler, henceforth to be known as The White Crane, or village woodcarver. I tagged along next to him for six weeks as he went through all the phases. We started with buyin' the lumber, Honduran mahogany that had been held for four years, just waitin' for the proper buyer to come along—someone who respected fine wood. I went on to photo him in his workshop-garage, where all sorts of good people dropped by to witness the progress.

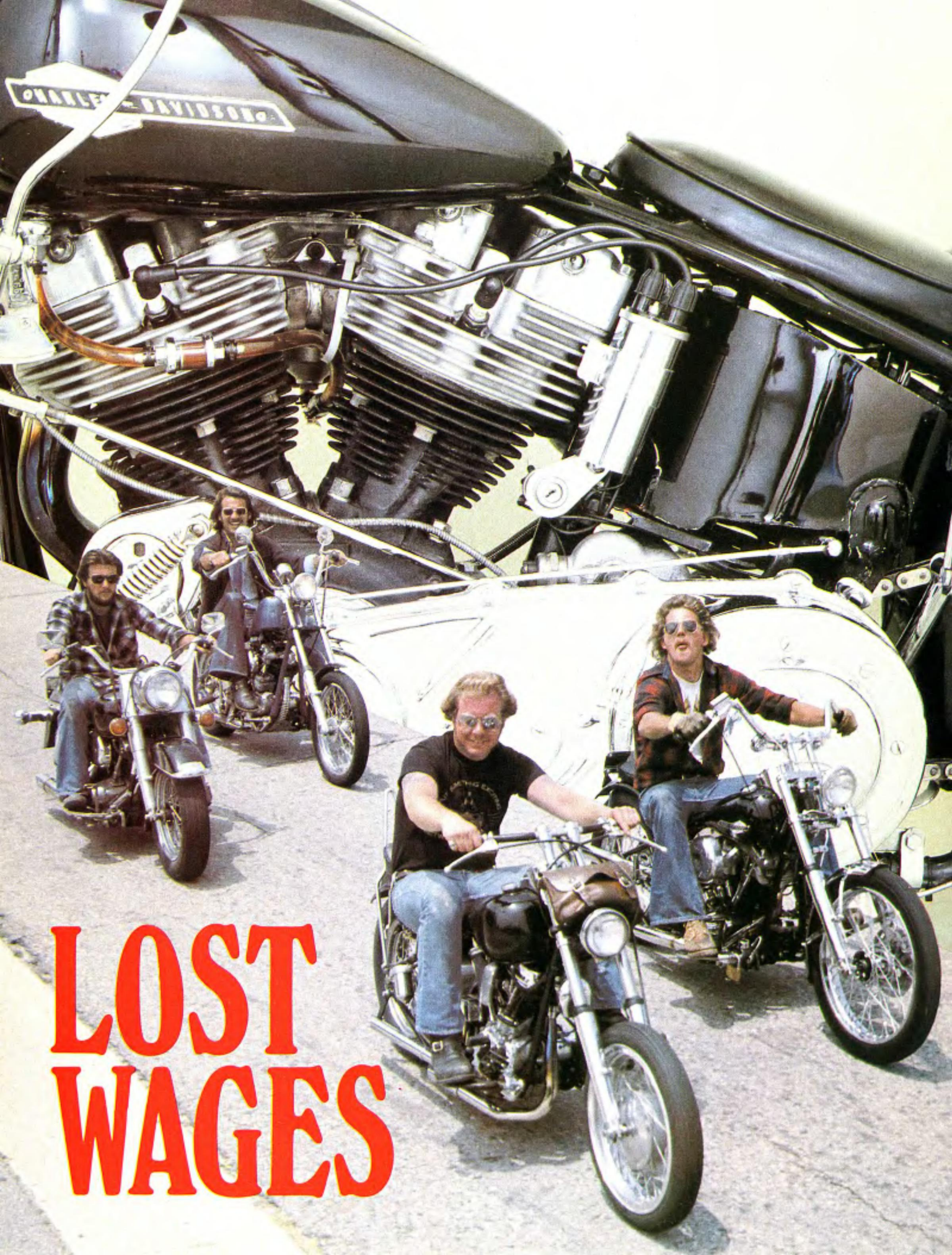
After cuttin' the original eighteen-foot by sixteen-inch plank into three sections an' splinin' it together, he put a design to it by usin' carbon paper. From there, the actual carvin' took place, and six weeks later, it was back at the coal mine.

Among the tools White Crane uses is a leather mallet—leather to better absorb shock and increase force without increasin' impact. He uses Frost knives from Sweden for slicin' the wood. They are laminated steel and are best used by grippin' the blade for more accurate pressure. Chisels are used for cuttin' the wood. Gouges are hand-held with no mallet for tight work, like on the eagle's claws. Rasps and rifflers are the final assortment used. They smooth down chisel marks, like in the background. The final steps were a complete sandin' and a coat of sealer.

So, the next time some clown tries to throw a lowlife label on ya, jus' smirk, an' know the dipshit ain't got half what he thinks he's got—while you've got a custom woodcarvin' that's fulla heart, even if it is 4,000 puttin' miles away.

—Cub

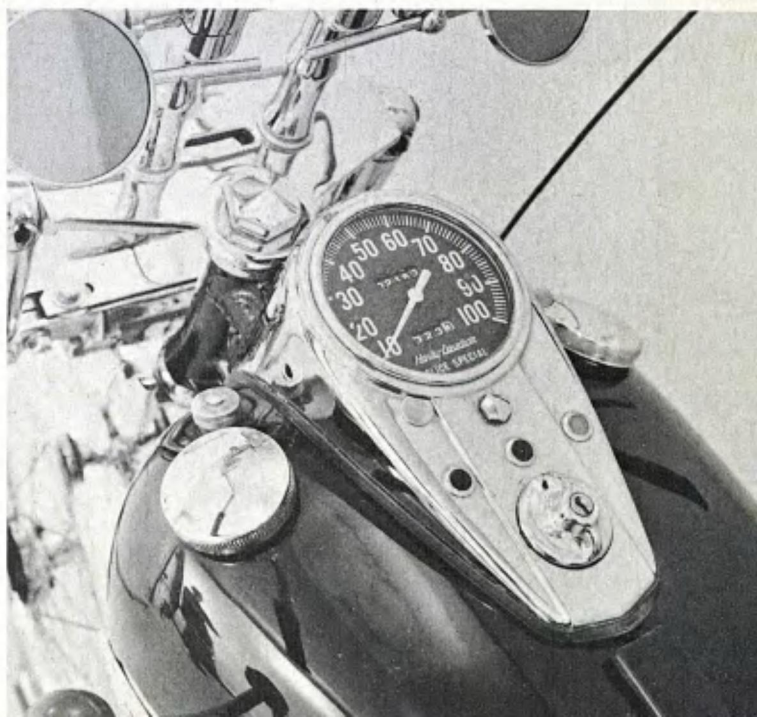
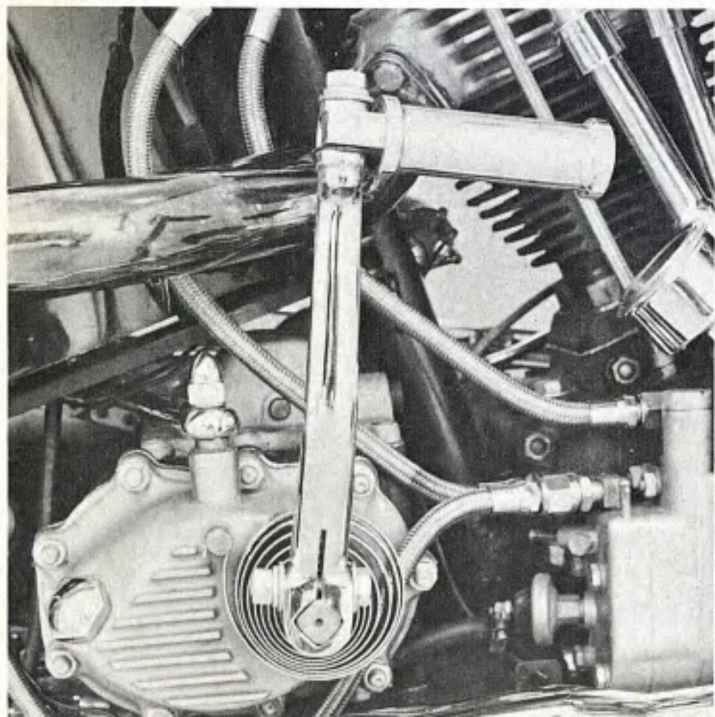
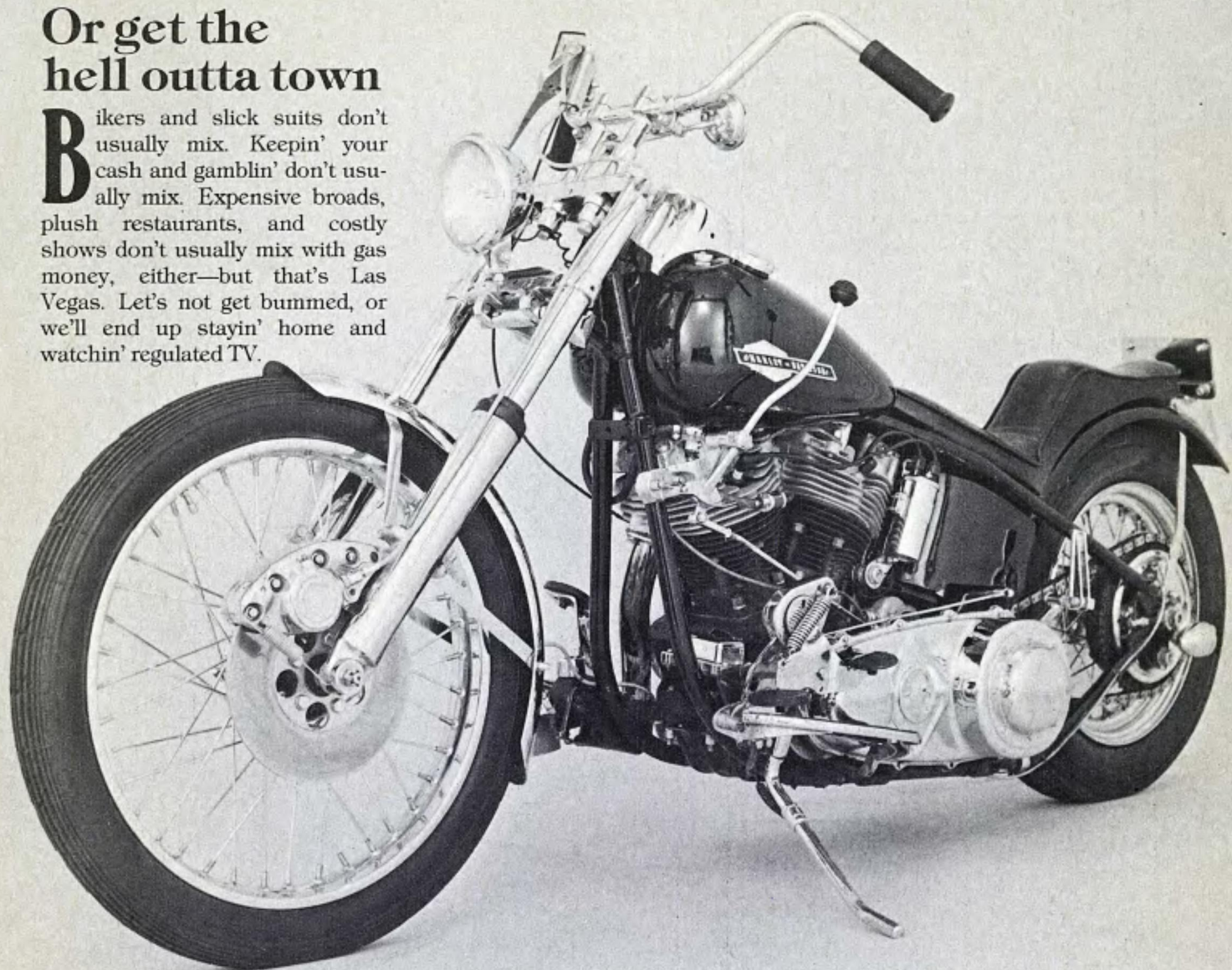


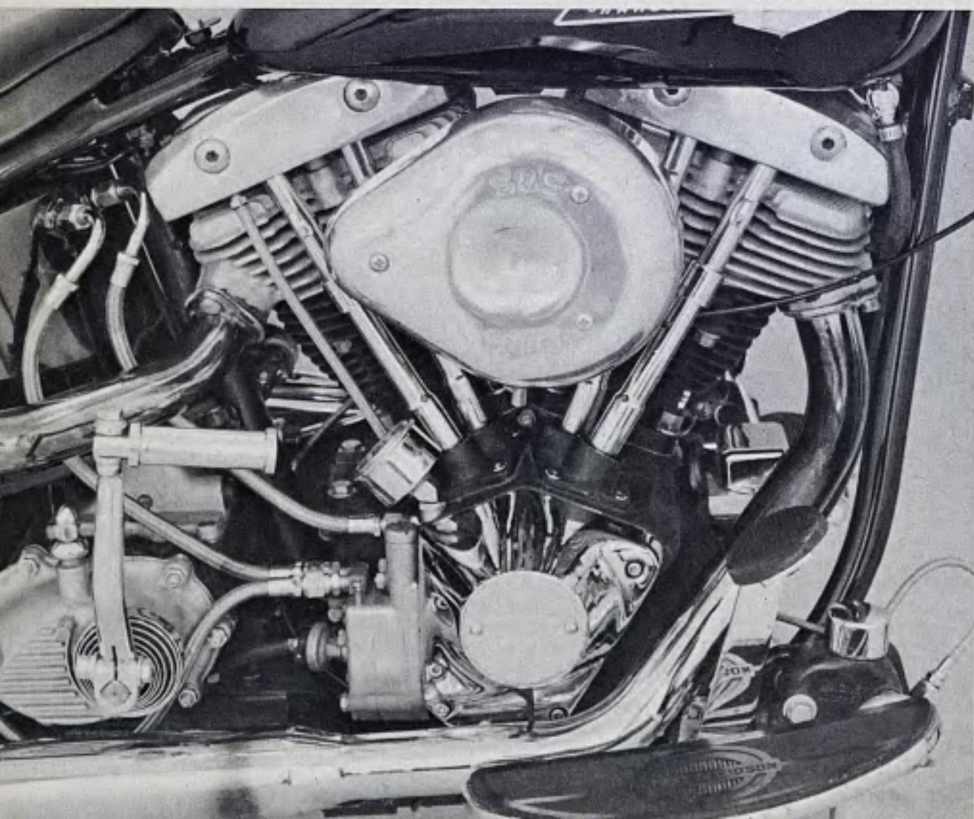
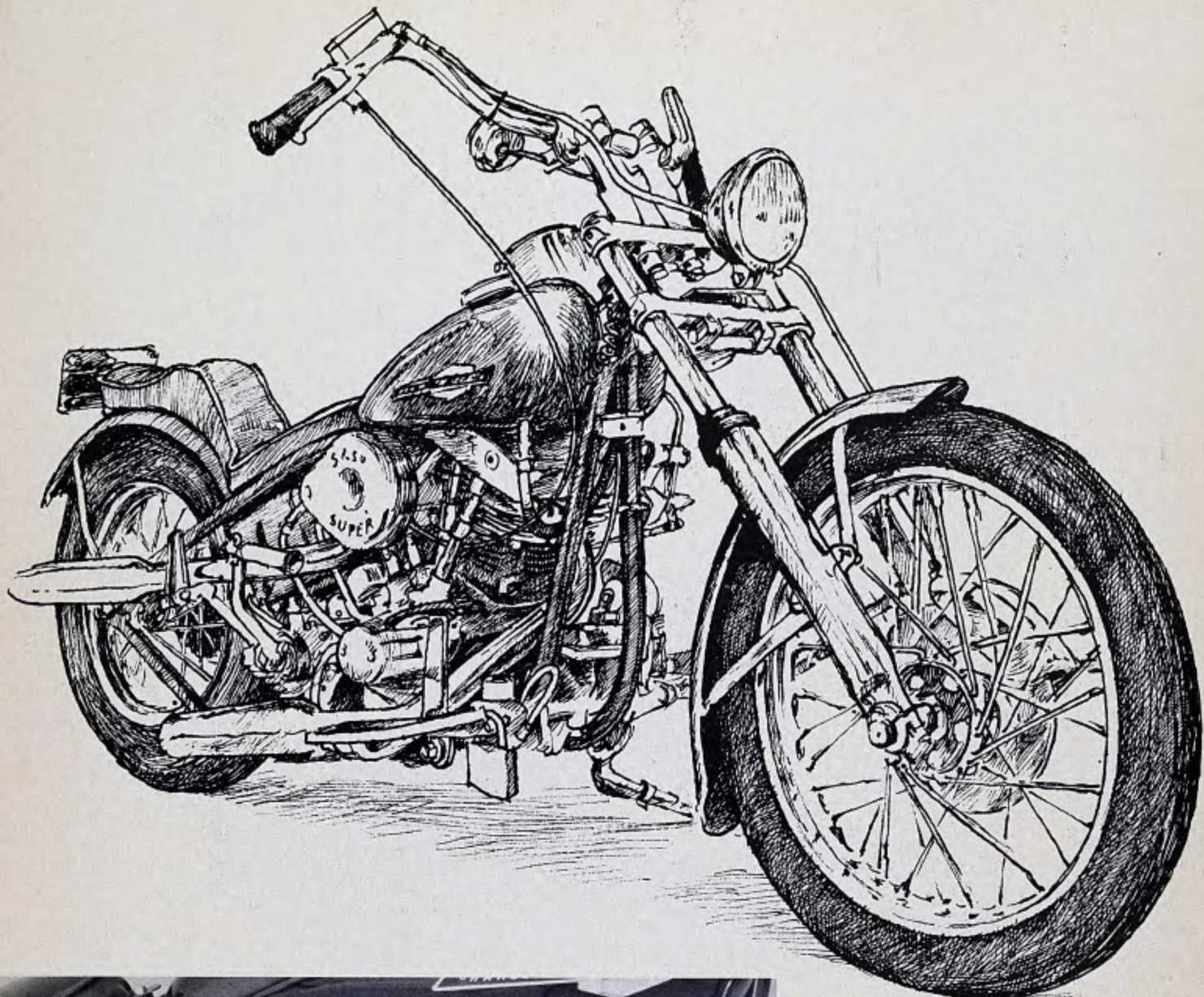


LOST WAGES

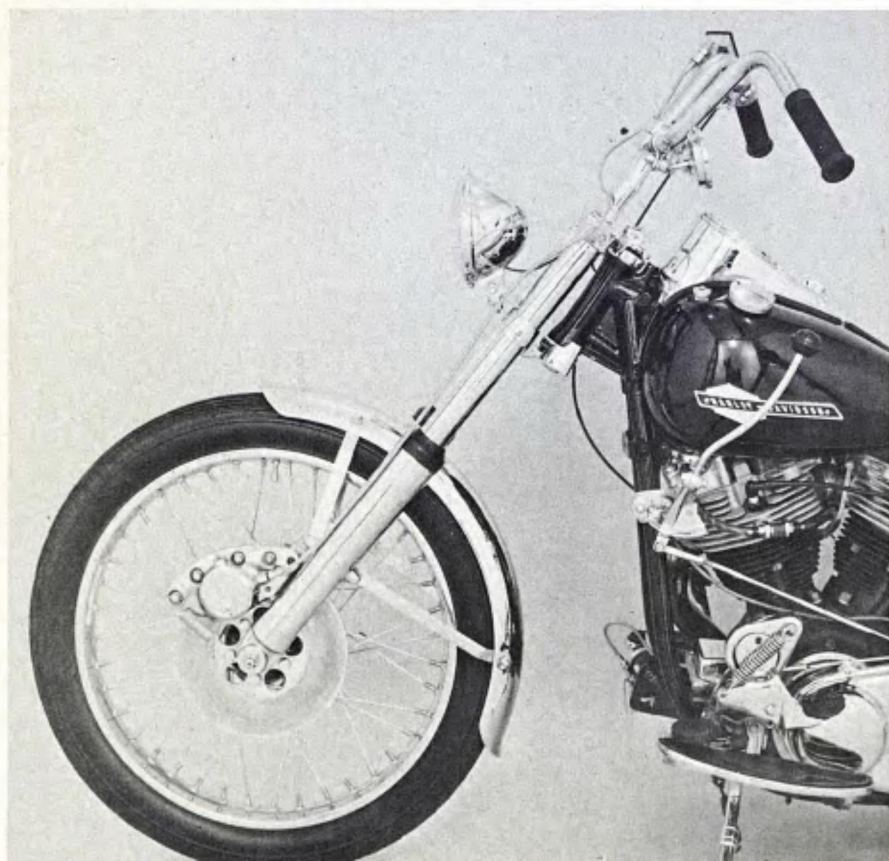
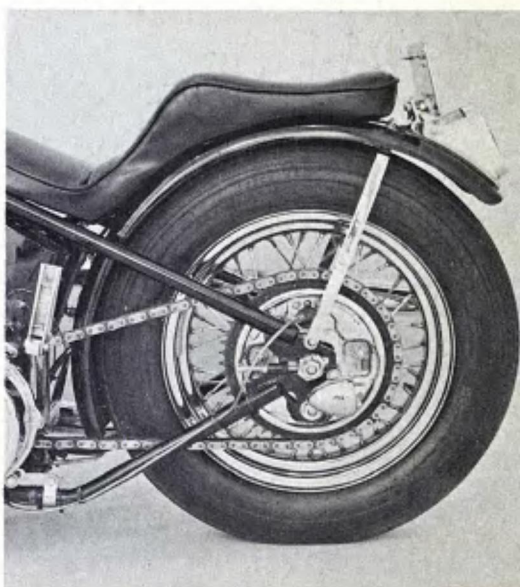
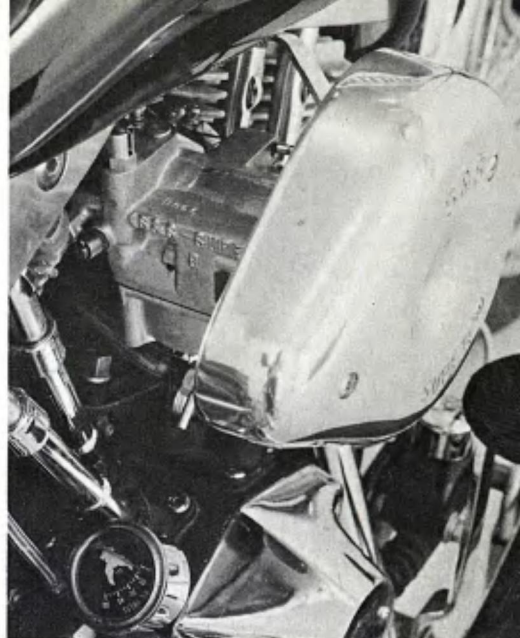
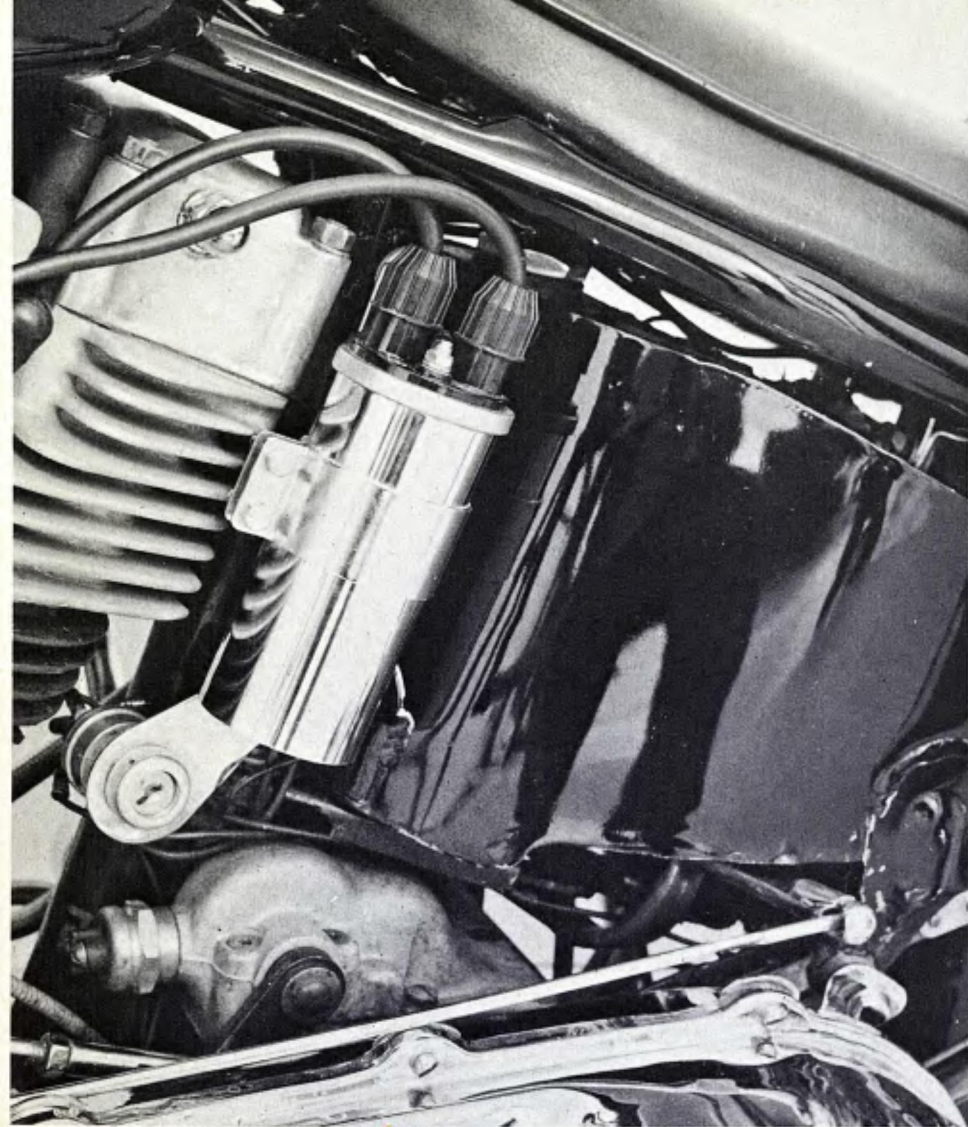
Or get the hell outta town

Bikers and slick suits don't usually mix. Keepin' your cash and gamblin' don't usually mix. Expensive broads, plush restaurants, and costly shows don't usually mix with gas money, either—but that's Las Vegas. Let's not get bummed, or we'll end up stayin' home and watchin' regulated TV.





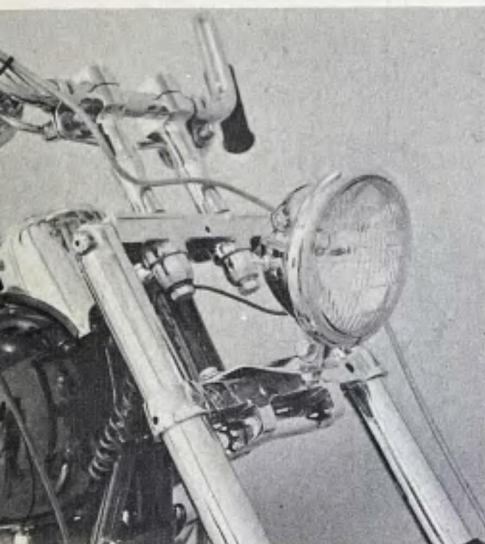
The owner of this scooter is from the glitter and neon-encrusted city of Lost Wages. And after rappin' with him and the bros who rode into town with him, I discovered something. There ain't nothing bikers can't handle or get their fair share of. Maybe the local gestapo hassles scooter people on the Strip to excess. And the silk suits wrinkle when a group of scooter people invade the lush, money-spending atmosphere of a casino. But Vegas scooter people aren't left out of the action. Where do you think the broads go when they peel their fantastic bods out of the alluring, revealing outfits they wear? To a pillion pad on the back of an H-D, natch. And if scooter people want



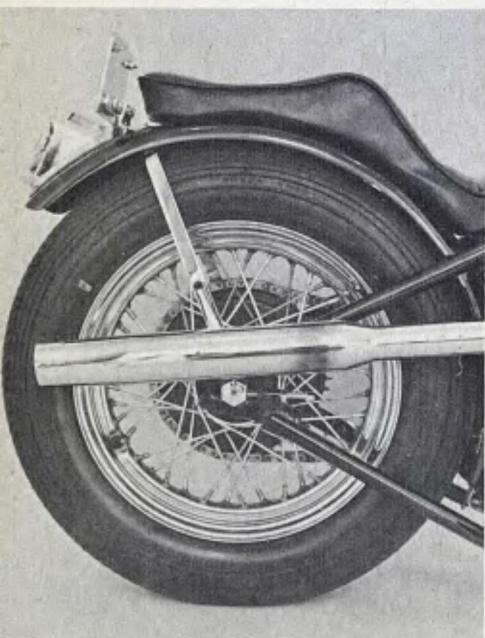
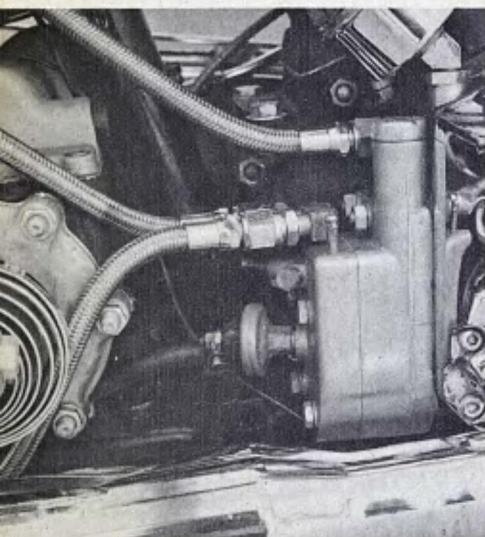
to gamble, there are better tables around than the commercial casinos have to offer. And food—well, show girls look a helluva lot better in front of a stove than any mountain-of-flesh perched in the kitchen of a fancy restaurant. Besides, another advantage to show girl cuisine is that you can direct and fondle the chef at the same time she's whippin' up somethin' fine to munch on.

The more the bros rapped about the merits of bein' a Vegas biker, the more the Cub and I wanted to pack our gear and move to Nevada. But shit, they've got a helmet law—we couldn't stay!

—Snake



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owners: Greg Haase

City: Las Vegas

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1972 H-D
Model: FLH
Value: \$5,000+
Assembly: owner
Time: 2 months

Frame

Year: 1972
Builder: Phil Hayes
Type: H-D
Rake: stock
Stretch: stock
Other alterations: weld-on hardtail

Chroming by: a drag

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1972
Model: FLH
Rebuilder: owner
Ignition: stock
Displacement: 74 cu.in.
Lower end: Bess Bros
Balancing: factory
Pistons: MC .020
Cases: wrinkle black
Heads: ported & polished
Cam: H
Lifters: hydraulic
Carb(s): S&S Super
Air cleaner: S&S
Pipes: Jammer
Muffler(s): Jammer

Bars: Jammer
Risers: 5 in. Jammer
Fender(s): Jammer
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: tombstone
Speedo: stock
Front pegs: running boards
Rear pegs: trans mount
Electrics: only a few
Gas tank: 3½ gal.
Oil tank: H-D
Oil system: braided steel lines
Primary cover: Paughco
Seat: Jammer
Sissy bar: none
Height: fender straps
Material: 5/8 in. strap

Transmission

Modifications: Andrews 1st gear
Year: 1972
Shifting: jockey
Engine sprocket: Phase III belt drive
Trans sprocket: 23

Forks

Type: wide glide
Extension: 2 in.
Builder: owner
Special features: adj. side car trees

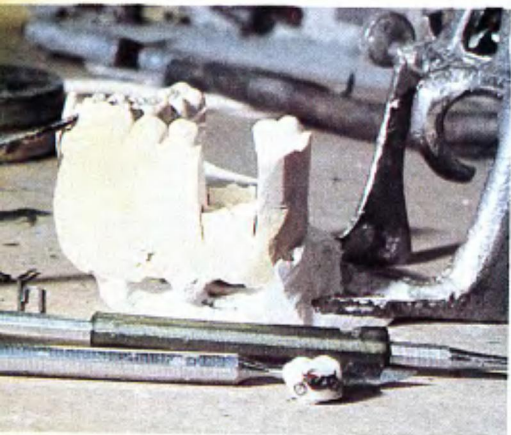
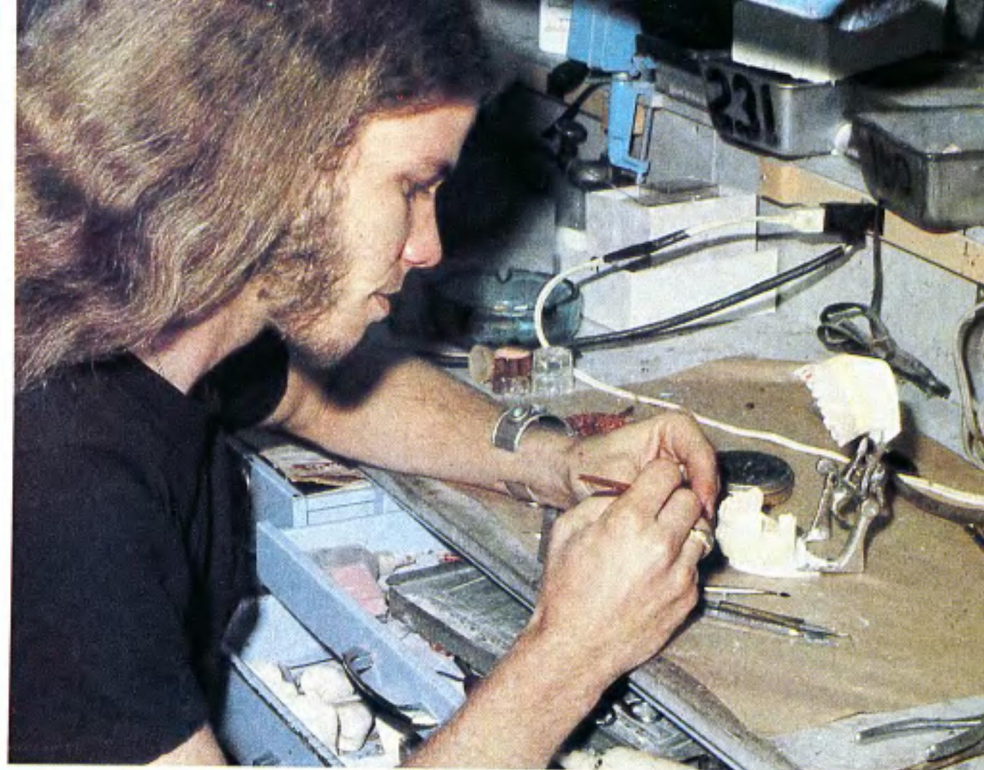
Painting

Molding: Steve Forrester
Painter: Steve Forrester
Color: black
Type: lacquer
Special paint: Imron clear top coat
Other special modifications: stock old parts

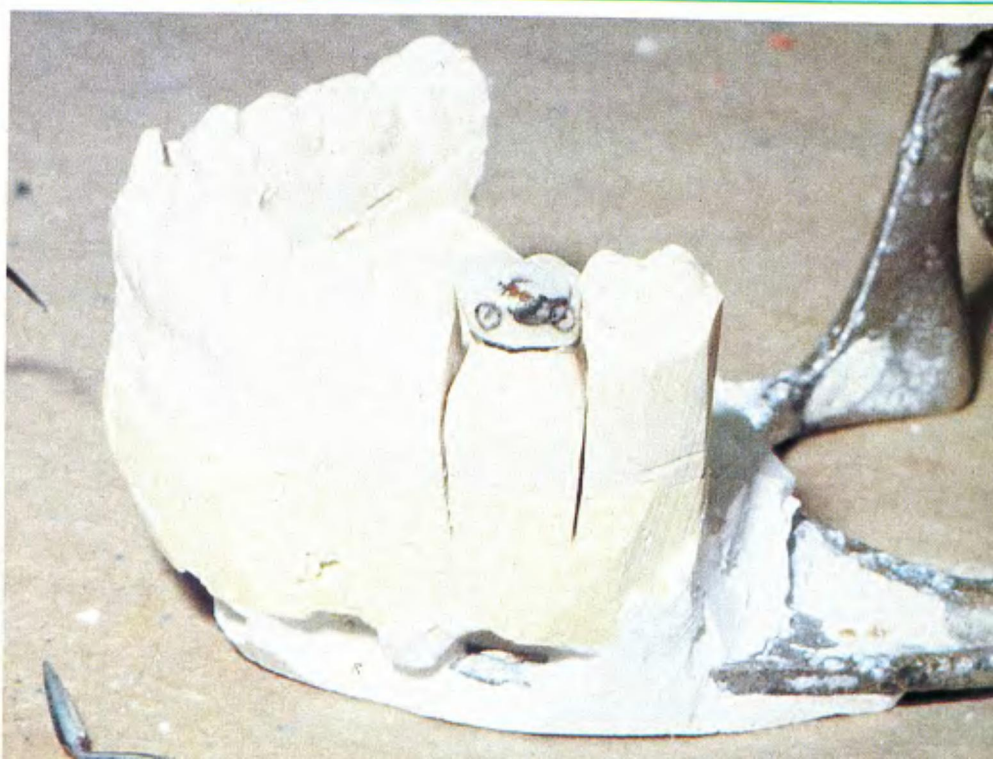
Wheels

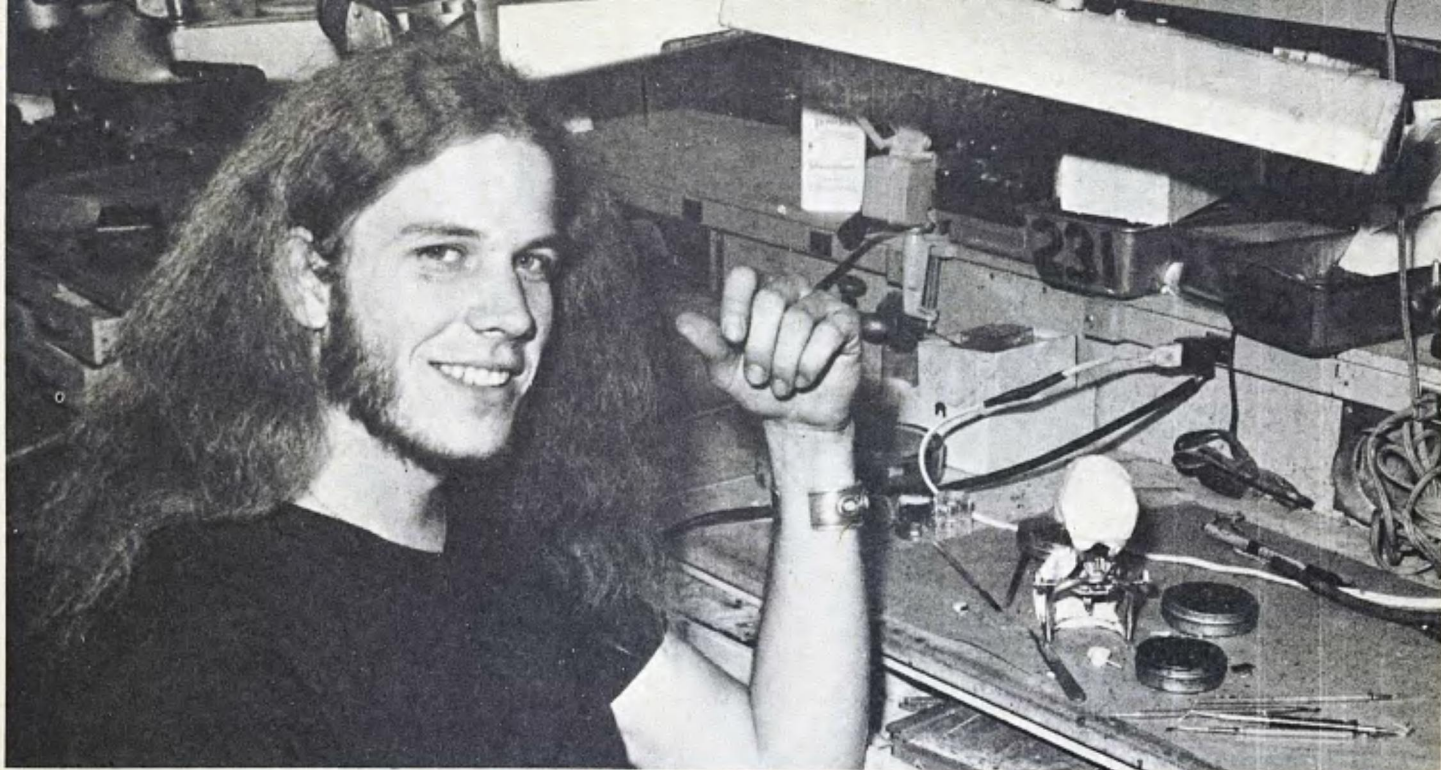
Front:	Rear:
Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: Liem.	Tire: Gdyl.
Brake: disc	Brake: juice



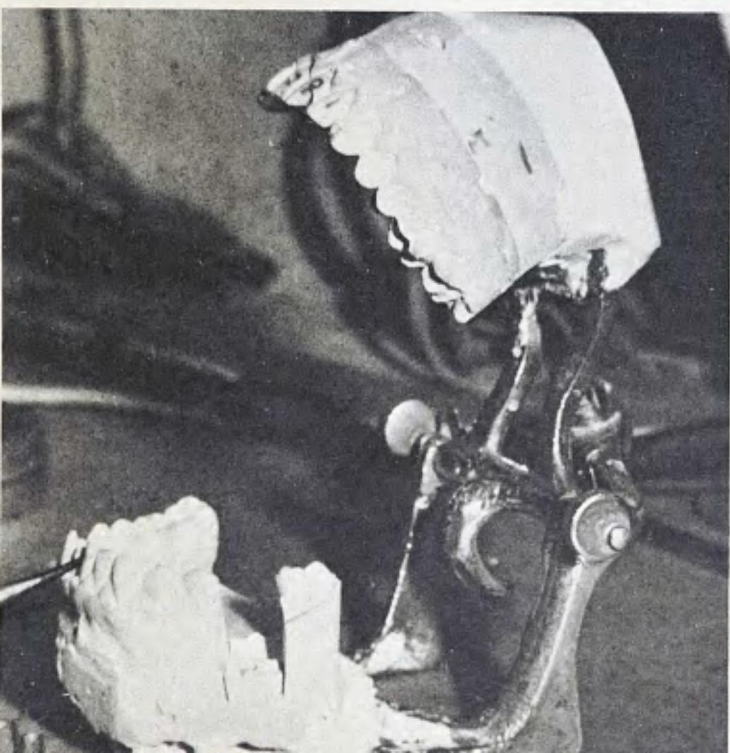
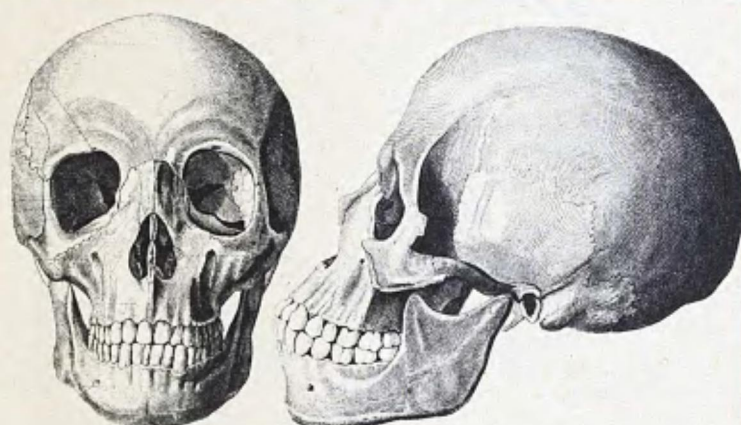


The Molar-Cycle





Photos by Kim Peterson



A Floss-Proof Putt

Wanna give yer brothers a Yuletide treat? Sumpthin' they can treasure as unusual, an' different from the fuckin' candy cane ya offed on 'em last year?

Jus' go get roarin' drunk—no problem there—an' sucker punch some lucky candidate, knockin' out a meat chopper. Send it to Dave Wessel at Globe Dental Lab here in Smogville, an' he'll draw a permanent enamel motorcycle on it. Then sneak in Santy Claus style on the night before Xmas an' fill up them stockin's with goodies: canines, molars, cuspids, wisdoms, fangs, or whatever. You're sure to be a hero come Christmas mornin'. Or on the run from some pissed-off, toothless sonovabitch. Aahhh, no one can take a joke these days.

Dave called us one dull afternoon blitherin' about a dude in Utah, Bruce Steadman, who had apparently eaten too much sweet stuff an' rotted out a toofy an' needed a replacement. But bein' a scooter tramp, he didn't want just anything. So his dentist sent a replica of what was needed to dental technician/biker Wessel.

First, the metal is formed for the tooth—that's called coping. Then it's ground down to the proper shape, and porcelain is baked on, then the chomper-to-be is stained to the owner's own particular tint, yellow or whatever, then finally Dave does the drawing. After that it's sent back to the original dentist, in this case Dr. K.J. Reece, for final crowning.

Just another doodad that only a down-home scooter lover could appreciate. Hell, only his tongue 'll ever see it. File it under novelteeth.

—Scar



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Capricorn

Above all else, you Capricorns value security, and it's your drive to attain it that makes you the most ambitious sign of the zodiac. Capricorns Howard Hughes, Aristotle Onassis, and Helena Rubenstein are perfect examples of this drive. You don't give up, either—you just try another approach (Richard Nixon, for example).

Although Capricorns may appear

to be laid-back and easygoing, the wheels are always turning in that space between the ears. The negative types are status-seekers and users.

Some Capricorns are extremely vain (Muhammad Ali) to the point of loving the smell of their own farts. Females tend to be just as vain, but a bit shyer. Capricorns can be real stinkers and some are downright tough, like Humphrey Bogart and Al Capone. But they all aren't the hard-asses they appear to be, and some have a fantastic sense of humor, like Steve Allen, Danny Kaye, zany Jean Stapleton, and the late, great

Oliver Hardy.

Neither male nor female Capricorns show their age and they have tremendous endurance, like Cary Grant, Ava Gardner, Marlene Dietrich, Diane Keaton, and Elvis Presley.

It takes a lot of mindfucks to prod a Capricorn into going off; but when it happens, look out, 'cause the shit will really hit the fan. Capricorns are also famous for holding grudges. In other words, when he's had it, he's had it! If you want to get him uptight, just try badmouthin' his favorite relative. Afterwards, ya best leave town!

Capricorns may fall for a hard-on or a tight twat; but unless there's something more in it for 'em, they won't hang around for long. They seldom invest cash in bumfuck ventures. You won't catch a Capricorn promoting edible undies or kissing-sweet douche powder—but on the other hand, he'll be glad to try it out.

Capricorns are vulnerable to knee injuries, arthritis, and dental problems. They also gripe, piss and moan a lot, making them the worry warts of the zodiac.

Hey, Capricorn, stop acting like Mr. Cool and let it all hang out more often.

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

Right now, you've got your buns in a bind; but your experience, charm, and plain ol' guts will rescue your ragged ass. Don't beat around the bush, go to the head honcho and be frank. Before you know it, you'll have extra bucks and a trail of tail. So get your gonads going in the right direction—the extra effort will bring in some unexpected goodies.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

Watch out! There could be a trip to the doc on the agenda. It seems Mother Nature is up to her old tricks again—it could be a piece you should have passed on. You're just not your healthy, horny self—only horny. It's to your benefit to cut loose some cash and have your bod tuned up—ya know, maybe it's just the mileage catching up on you. Otherwise, it's just an average month.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

A lot of opportunities are sittin' on your face now—course you may have to adjust your position to recognize 'em. For once, it could be safe to join forces with relatives in a money-making scheme. You supply the brains and they'll provide the bread—but watch out for unrealistic goals or illegal ventures. Keep your eyes open and your fly shut long enough to keep your head clear. Good luck!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

The past is creepin' up on you

like a herd of homeless crabs. (Crabs make lousy pets 'cause they're fickle and will go home with anyone!) You'll need some heavyweight oil to slide through this one. Rummage around for long-forgotten traffic violations and pay the muthas. Most of the mindfucks now are as irritating as sand in the vaseline, but like a bad case of gas—will pass.

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

This cycle is a weirdy (aren't they all?), and a strain on the bank account, plus a pain in the ass in general. Just roll with the punches and have a good laugh at yourself for a change. Don't go causin' a scene or shootin' off your mouth—this ain't the first time your regal rump's been in a sling. Watch out for that bucket at the end of the rainbow—it's probably full of shit.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

Don't overestimate yourself or your partners this month. This is the wrong time to run out of Right Guard—and you'll be left holding the dirty laundry. (Is there any other kind?) Seriously, someone thinks you're a real turkey—so watch when you bend over, or you'll get stuffed with some bad shit. Hang in there. Things should clear up by the end of the month. Until then, watch yourself.

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

After last month's hot-to-trot

treats, you need a breather. If you feel like a worn rubber may have left your faucet leaking, negate your nozzle for a while and use your noggin for something besides a hatrack. It's prime time to strain your brains instead of your balls. Get ready, 'cause a chance to use some of your creative ideas should reach out and grab ya next month.

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

Now's the time to go for the gusto and get away with it! There's one hair in the pie, though. Don't get too bossy or bragg; otherwise, you'll run smack into the moo mess that other unfortunate folks are wading in. Any plans you've been keeping under wraps should be out in the open—to only the proper channels. Don't overexpose your money-making ideas to outsiders or you'll regret it. Head for the VIPs.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

The shit is hittin' the fan all around you. Stay clear of neighborhood hassles. Why get your nuts in a sling over a lot of bull-shit that's not your problem? Besides, you can wade into enough crap of your own. Hang onto your money and don't lend or borrow now—financial fuckups are in the air. You'll find some clever ways to sail through this month without getting your bone out of whack. A sense of humor helps.

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

Happy birthday to you! (Me, too!) Hope you all get a birthday piece! (Me, too!) Just don't take too damn many uppers to make the party last longer, 'cause they'll make you shorter and all you'll do is babble instead of breed. It's time to re-evaluate your monetary situation. You'll be pleased with the results a few changes can make. Maybe you should ask for a raise if you've really earned it (?).

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

No matter what horseshit's goin' around, you can't shut the world out by stickin' your head up your ass. Besides, why hide from what ya can't change? You may have to push yourself a bit harder now to get ahead financially. A minor legal hassle is the least of your problems. Self-motivation is needed now. It wouldn't hurt to confide in a tight partner right now. Remember, two heads are better than one.

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

It appears that the advice I gave you last month either went over your head or flew up your ass! Now you have to scrape yourself together and start over. Hope you have the energy to do it. Poor Pisces can never turn a party down. (Hope you like the way you look limp.) It's difficult to come up with any solutions now due to your drug-induced judgment. Maybe you need a vacation to dry out.

National
Abate
THE ROAD

Easynews

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



A Question of Government Credibility

During the past ten to twenty years our government officials have undergone a tremendous loss of credibility with the American people, a fact that few would be prone to debate. The question of "why" is not so easily seen until the story behind government "facts" is disclosed, and the real truth displayed for all to see. Usually, the facts show the officials to have been supporting their pet programs and goals at the expense of the whole truth, and usually at a cost far exceeding the worth of such efforts.

What it all boils down to is the fact that government has become so obsessed with controlling every phase of our lives that it alone is responsible for the mess our citizens currently find themselves in.

As quoted in one magazine (*Soldier of Fortune*—July 1979), the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (BATF) published pro-

posed regulations designed to establish nationwide, computerized firearms registration. When the proposal came to light, the public responded with a deluge of mail and the results reflected approximately a 42:1 opposition to the proposal. As a matter of public pressure, the Congress moved to withdraw the \$4.2 million allocated to fund the program. When administration officials hinted that BATF might accede to the regulations anyway, Congress voted 315 to 80 to condemn this violation of public will and previous congressional votes on this matter. In spite of all this, administration officials indicated privately that, if necessary, they can and will find the necessary funds from other Treasury Department budgets to support the program. Probably the greatest tool used by bureaucrats is public ignorance and apathy, combined with an unquestioning atti-

tude on the part of radio, television and newspaper people. The media appear to blindly accept any and all news/press releases by any government agency as being "gospel," a far cry from what many of them actually are.

An excellent example is the apparent attempt by the U.S. Department of Transportation to outlaw the use of motorcycles in America. Although all-too-many incidents support this contention, only a few of the more flagrant ones will be identified here; for example, the four-state study used by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA).

Using the states of Kansas, Oklahoma, South Dakota, and Colorado, NHTSA obtained hand-picked data from each one that would support their proposition that repeal of helmet laws was responsible for a sub-

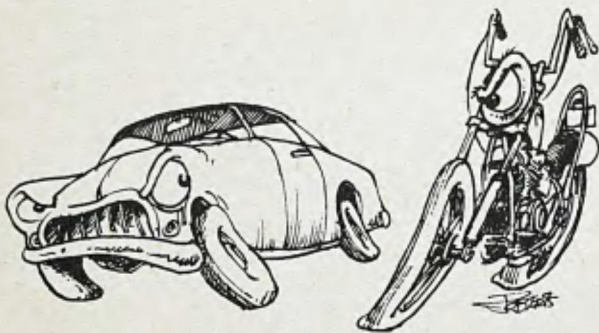
—Continued on page 47

Helmets Make Noise

My biggest gripe about helmets is the noise they create. Tests made at the University of Utah (Mechanical & Industrial Engineering Dept.) show clearly that a helmet doesn't reduce sound levels any significant amount. In fact the wind whistling between the helmet's shell and the rider's head actually increases noise. It is true, I could put my helmet on and carry on a conversation with you, as long as I was standing still. At 55 mph the slipstream of wind passing the helmet creates a definite noise. Under OSHA standards you should ride just 21 minutes a day at that speed, less with a headwind, before you risk a 15% chance of permanent damage to your hearing. The test results generally agree with those of one done by the USDA Forest Equipment Development Center (Calif.) in 1974. —from Carl Stock, Old Dominion Motorcycle Association, P.O. Box 138, Vienna, Va. 22180. ■

Fight Bike Bans

New York: A sixty-million-dollar lawsuit has been filed against Erie County Parks for their ban on motorcycles. With about 20,000 taxpaying bikers in Erie County, each contributing about \$300 a year to support these parks, the total comes to \$6 million a year over the last ten years the ban has been in effect. —from ABATE of New York, Box 44, Marcellus, New York 13108. ■



Awareness Techniques

Can you dig this? Here are some tips for door-slammers on awareness of motorcyclists. These tips were printed in *Better Homes & Gardens* in May of 1972. It seems the editors' heads were in the right place for a change.

Contrary to popular belief, experienced cyclists are as safety-conscious as car drivers. In fact, they may be more so, since they know how fragile cycles are in heavy traffic. One recent study demonstrated clearly that car drivers are much more frequently cited for traffic violations in cycle-involved accidents.

The point is this: motorists do share the responsibility for cycle safety. Unless motorists make special efforts to avoid running over cyclists, the collision problem won't be solved. Here are some things drivers should pay attention to:

On dry pavement, medium-weight motorcycles can stop more quickly than cars. When following a cycle, a driver should allow several more car lengths to stop than when he's following a car.

When parking by the curb, get out of your car on the right side. If you must get out on the traffic side of your car, check traffic carefully before opening your door. Many cyclists do ride near the right side of the street, and a car door can be as lethal as a brick or concrete wall.

Allow a margin of several yards between your car and a motorcycle in front of you when stopping at a traffic light. If you haven't

allowed enough space and another car strikes you from the rear, you'll end up smashing the cycle rider.

Don't be alarmed by motorcyclists traveling near the center line. That's the safest place for them to ride. The center of a lane is coated with oil film from cars, and it's a skidding menace to the cyclist. Cycling on the far right side of the road encourages motorists to pass without pulling out, in the process crowding the cyclist off the road. Following the left wheel tire tracks of cars is obviously safer.

Check your rearview mirror carefully before changing lanes. A motorcycle's narrow profile is often obscured in your mirror's blind spot.

When passing a motorcycle, swing wide. The turbulence caused by a passing car has a dangerous buffeting effect.

Be alert for motorcycles ahead of the car you're planning to pass. A car that's tailgating a cycle will obscure it from behind. If the passing car doesn't allow adequate passing time or distance before an oncoming vehicle, he may have to cut in on top of the motorcycle.

Above all, keep in mind that motorcycles can be easily toppled. A spot of oil on the pavement or some loose rock can dump a cyclist on the pavement in front of your wheels. Always look for a way to dodge a cyclist if he should fall in front of you. His life—and your peace of mind—depend on your alertness. ■

Helmet Suit Upheld

Nevada: Federal District Court Judge Bruce Thompson has refused to let top state officials off the hook in a suit filed by a motorcyclist who was arrested during an anti-helmet-law demonstration in Carson City.

Thompson ruled this week that Raymond C. Pompe of Lemon Valley had stated grounds on which to sue Gov. Robert List, Nevada Highway Patrol Chief Bernard Dehl, and Capitol Police Chief Robert Cooksey.

Pompe was arrested after his motorcycle collided with a Carson City sheriff's car which attempted to block off Carson Street during a protest against the legislature's failure to repeal the mandatory helmet law for cyclists. He claims the state officials conspired to deny the riders their right to proceed to the governor's office by motorcycle.

He also claims the offi-

cials "employed unreasonable force" in blocking the ride and claims he was falsely arrested as a result of their activities.

The officials had claimed that Pompe had no grounds on which to sue, citing the principle of executive immunity to prosecution. And they also stated he failed to allege their "direct, personal participation" in the incident and that he was not a member of a group which could file a civil rights case.

Thompson, however, rejected all those claims. He said Pompe claims the officials conspired to order the deputies to block the march, which, if Pompe is correct, might exceed their lawful authority.

And he noted that other courts have allowed conspiracy cases when the protesters claimed their rights had been violated because authorities strongly disliked their views. — from James Wederski, Las Vegas. ■

Vote!



Pennsylvania: Why should you register to vote? Because if you aren't registered, when you write a letter to your congressman or representative, he (or she) will look for your name on a master registration list. If your name isn't on the list he will file your letter in file 13. He knows you can't do anything about removing him from office because you can't vote against him come election time.

All you have to do to register is go down to the county courthouse (or send your ol' lady) and get an instant registration form. Take it home, fill it out, send it in postage paid, and they will send you your card. Remember, whichever party you register with, you can vote only with that party in a primary election. In the big one you can vote either way you choose.

Pennsylvania has the second largest motorcycle registration in the country; California is number one. You don't see any of this bullshit going on out there like it is around here. If everyone who rides was registered and voted the same way we could change any law or election in the state—or country, for that matter. If the politicians realize that we are all registered to vote and unhappy with their performance in office, then they will either have to clean up their act or lose that gravy job. They are supposed to be working for us, not the other way around.

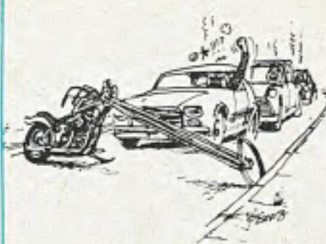
So register to vote and do something instead of sitting around the local juice joint and bitching. — from Dirty Bill, ABATE of Pa., P.O. Box 116, Mohnton, Pa. 19540. ■

Full-face Helmets May Be Dangerous



England: Dr. Tom Ravensdale of Great Britain has come up with a whole 'nother helmet controversy. He fears motorcycle riders wearing full-face helmets may be gassing themselves with concentrated carbon dioxide from their own breath. Ravensdale claims to know of numerous accidents that have no apparent cause, but where the common denominator is a full-face helmet with visor down, sometimes aggravated by scarves or clothing around the neck, that may seal the base of the helmet.

Said Ravensdale, "In these accidents, the riders all had the visors down and just went slap into something, like the back of a parked vehicle."—from the AMA Government Report. ■



Basic Law

In case any of you are still unclear about the basic laws of physics, the Toledo City Council has passed legislation which says, "It shall be unlawful for a person to park a motor vehicle at any time on both sides of the roadway." — from AMA Government Report. ■

Credibility

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stantial increase in the number of motorcycling accidents and fatalities. The question of why the NHTSA used these particular states, used only selected data from each one, and refused to discuss the increased statistics for states that still had their helmet laws intact, met with silence on the part of NHTSA officials. In one of the states studied (Kansas), officials of that state's Department of Health and Environment made available to the NHTSA a report stating that they found no real evidence that the death rate for motorcyclists had increased as a result of repeal of their mandatory helmet law, and further, that no evidence was found on a national level to support the NHTSA's contention that there had been any increase there either. Prior to the cry of the NHTSA about repeal of mandatory helmet laws, one official from a north-central state offered the press a release to the effect that in accidents resulting in death solely from head injuries, helmets had not made one iota of difference in the outcome of the victims.

Another element that supports government's oppres-

sive edicts is the medical profession, primarily in the form of the American Medical Association. Only one segment of the medical profession seems bent on telling facts as facts, and that is the Motorcycling Doctor's Association. In tales of gore and horribly mangled bodies, photographic slide shows and other equally repulsive techniques, the medical people manage to impress everyone with the horrible results of riding motorcycles, while at the same time remaining silent about the fact that motorists experience an even higher rate of fatalities due to head injuries. Obviously, the medical profession doesn't want the government bothering their freedom to drain the lifeblood (spelled m-o-n-e-y) from those who still believe the medical profession lives by the Hippocratic Oath.

Another element of society that supports the government's lack of credibility is the insurance industry, an industry in business to make money in the millions of dollars annually. Although some of the individual insurance firms exhibit humanitarian efforts in behalf of the public, the majority seem to be content to make even more money than before. When

mandatory helmet laws came onto the scene, the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety (IIHS) spent untold numbers of dollars in support of the government program. Not only did the IIHS push helmets, but lights laws, nonmodification laws, and a host of others that applied to motorcyclists. At the same time, the insurance industry was pushing for mandatory insurance for motorcyclists. Nothing insures the success of a major business any more than supporting a government program that has met with public opposition. As might be expected with the combined push of big business and government, the public got a propaganda program on these issues that defied description. By the time the two entities were finished, the public firmly believed anyone riding a motorcycle to be crazy, and even crazier if he or she opposed the mandatory helmet or daytime lights laws, even though facts indicated neither to be of any consequence in reducing motorcycling accidents or fatalities. In fact, evidence was offered showing that daytime use of lights might have been contributing to the frequency

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Will it be NASS... or NASSTY?

Washington: AMA's Government Relations Department has long been concerned over loopholes in accident and fatality statistics generated by the Department of Transportation's National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA). Under a directive from Congress, NHTSA developed a Fatal Accident Reporting System (FARS) in 1975. Since that time, the AMA has tried to make FARS—a potentially accurate indicator of the whys and wherefores of motorcycle fatalities—clean up its statistical weaknesses. And great strides have been made.

Now, the AMA is watchdogging a new facet of NHTSA stat collecting, the National Accident Sampling System (NASS). NASS seeks to handle the difficult task of studying a sampling of all accidents (not only fatal accidents) and trying to find the causes of and possible ways to eliminate those accidents. Data from selected sites will be used to assemble estimations of the national accident experience. Such generalizing from the specific to the general is common and is acceptable scientifically if all possible care is taken to guarantee accuracy of the specific information.

However, early indications are that NASS, like FARS, has its weaknesses. For instance, if an automobile driver dies in a crash involving a motorcycle, the fatality might be counted as a motorcycle fatality! And, as we've come to expect from Joan Claybrook's agency, the only motorcycle accident countermeasure mentioned thus far by NASS has been helmet use. We'll keep you posted on developments.—from ABATE of North Dakota, 1444 Richmond Drive, Bismarck, No. Dakota 58501. ■

Dead Biker Charged



Ohio: A 23-year-old Northfield motorcyclist killed July 7 was charged by Garfield Heights Prosecutor James J. McGrath in the accident that also killed a second man.

McGrath said the late Daniel Vanco, 23, of Northfield, was charged with driving under the influence of alcohol, improper vehicle registration and speeding.

Police said Vanco was driving his motorcycle southbound on Turney Rd. when a car, driven by Elizabeth Tarr, 70, of Garfield Heights, made a left turn in front of the cycle. Mrs. Tarr was charged with failure to yield right of way. ■

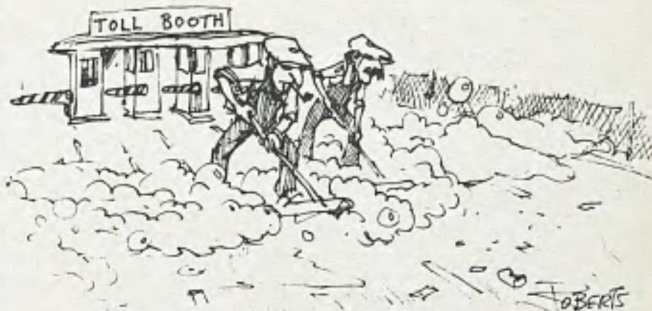
Freedom Week

Florida: ABATE of Fla. would like to put together "Freedom Week" at the same time as "Bike Week" at Daytona Beach this year. We would like to put together a National Helmet Law protest. Helmet tickets are no points and the fine is 15 dollars.

We currently have ten cases in court to fight the helmet on constitutional grounds, and our volunteer law firm says we have a good shot at winning. We have an exceptional 100- to 150-page legislative package, including a legal motion to dismiss each case on constitutional grounds, available to anyone for a \$50 fee, to cover cost of printing.

We mailed 35,000 cards and letters to our legislature but our repeal bill, H.B. 491, was killed in committee. However, the Governor has asked that a study of the helmet law be made and public hearings be set up around the state.

We would also like all you bros to support the activities outside of Daytona, get cheap rooms and campgrounds around the city, but not in it. Trip in for the shows and the beach. Don't spend any money inside Daytona. We need to let them know we don't like the abuse they put bikers through every year. —from ABATE of Florida, Palm Beach Chapter, P.O. Box 4088, Lantana, Fla. 33462. ■



Taking Care of Business

New York: ABATE of Hudson, after getting nowhere with the gate attendants on the NYS Thruway, contacted Congressman Gerald B. Soloman about the hazardous build-up of oil deposits at the gates and ramps on the Thruway, making it extremely dangerous to motorcyclists. The Thruway workers' reply to ABATE originally was "We can't be

bothered." Congressman Soloman took the matter up with NYS Thruway Commissioner Gerald Cummins and has said that he would get back to us as soon as he receives a response. Thruway workers have since been seen scrubbing down the pavement on the ramps and at the gates. —from ABATE of New York, Box 44, Marcellus, New York 13108. ■

Credibility

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of accidents for those riding motorcycles. In what appears to have been a bid for higher profits, the IIHS (and its member organizations) supported government programs that were neither in the interests of the individual citizens nor effective in accomplishing the stated goals of those programs. Another point for the lack of government credibility.

In summary, let me emphasize that motorcyclists aren't the only ones getting fed up with the smothering, big-brotherism (big-sisterism?) of our government officials. Americans question the validity of government claims of a gasoline shortage, truckers complain of extreme over-regulation and exorbitantly high diesel fuel costs. Farmers complain about government intervention in their livelihood and then a failure of the government to offer them an equitable opportunity to earn a living, outdoor lovers are up in arms over the Bureau of Land Management's restrictions regarding the use of state and federal properties, rumors run

rampant about government using its silence to hide sources of energy or energy-conserving devices from the public, and on, and on, and on. Americans are showing greater evidence of becoming tired of government intervention in their private lives and are finally starting to do something about the mess. Californians started by demanding a reduction in their taxes, complaining that the government had failed to make efficient use of the money collected in taxes. Farmers have ridden to Washington, D.C., en masse to complain about their grievances. Truckers have staged a massive nationwide strike, and motorcyclists have protested in nearly every state capitol in the nation. With every passing day, we see more and more dissatisfied groups joining in the effort to get our public officials to listen to us. People are finally getting fed up with government doing the dictating, and want America to return to what our country's forefathers determined to be the way of freedom. —from Big Red, ABATE of Georgia, Inc., P.O. Box 877, Woodstock, Ga. 30188, (404) 926-8976. ■

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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



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

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

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

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

Name, nickname, or mark _____

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

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

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



"For twenty years," mused the man at the bar, "my wife and I were happy."

"Then what happened?" asked the bartender.

"We met."

—Fred Wackerle
Madison, Wis.

"I haven't been feeling myself lately," the young woman told her doctor.

"Well, at least that's one dirty habit you got rid of," replied the doctor.

—Greg Sterling
Laramie, Wyo.

When a dude is described as a sportsman it usually means that he has many women who are game.

—Ringo R. Gardner
Otey, Texas



Sidewalk Commando,
circa 1965

"Where do little boys and girls go when they do bad things?" the Sunday school teacher asked her pint-sized congregation.

"Well, usually the balcony of the movie theater," was the answer given by one kid.

—Norman Kroll
Kinder, La.

When a bro stopped off at his pad, the biker decided to go get some brew before kicking back. As he was leaving for the liquor store, he told his ol' lady to give his bro the best Southern hospitality.

Returning home with the brew, he walked in and found his ol' lady ballin' his bro on the kitchen floor. "Bitch," he yelled, "what the hell are you doin'?"

"I'm just doin' what you told me," she replied. "I'm givin' him a little Southern hospitality."

"Then arch yore back an' get his balls offa this cold floor!"

—Robert Petty
Hutchinson, Kan.

"Oh, listen, momma," the not-so-bright girl told her mother after a heavy date with her new boyfriend, "tonight Mike popped the question."

"You mean he finally asked you to marry him?"

"No, he wanted to know whether I wanted to do it in a motel or save money by doing it in his car."

—Bob Croarkin
Nashville, Tenn.

"Listen to me, Luther Lee," said the bashful Southern girl, snuggling up to her new boyfriend in the harsh light of the parlor. "Will you love me when I'm all wrinkled and grey?"

"Holy smoke, Clarabelle," said the horny swain, "I was hoping it wouldn't take that long to get you in the sack."

—Mike Sullivan
Boston, Mass.

A doctor came to visit an ailing husband. After leaving the sickroom, he said to the invalid's wife, "I don't like the way your husband looks."

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't either," said the loyal wife, "but he's been pretty good to me and the kids."

—Jack Frye
Kingman, Ariz.

"We seem to be having some difficulty in getting straight answers from you, Mr. Nixon," said the news reporter. "Perhaps if you gave us just one, it would set a precedent. Tell me, what is your favorite color?"

"Plaid," Nixon answered.

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, N.J.



"Who d'ya wanna double up with, kid—da bed wetter or da sex maniac?"

A sixteen-year-old boy asked his father if he could have a motorcycle, and the old man said he could, but only on three conditions. First: He must bring home straight A's on his report card. Second: He must read the Bible every day. Third: He must get his hair cut.

After completing the first two requests, the boy said to his father, "Dad, I read in the Bible where it said Jesus had long hair."

His father thought a moment, then replied, "I agree with that, but if you'd read a bit further you'd have discovered that Jesus walked everywhere he went, too."

—Barb Brandenburg
Reisterstown, Md.



"I've gotta beat 'em off with a stick now."

Kidnap

by John Watson

There were a dozen of them, and they called themselves The Busted Mugs. Two were old dudes, veterans of the Korean War, but most of the members were Vietnam jetsam that had been kicked aside and forgotten when that unpopular conflict ended and all the righteous citizens lost their fervor for patriotism and/or revulsion for what was going on in steamy jungles on the other side of the world. The dozen men found one another in veteran's hospital waiting lines, in unemployment offices, and in medicare groups, and they banded together because they simply became tired of being "forgotten to death" or of having people turn their faces away when any of the group appeared in public. None of them were pretty.

Mick, the prez, had taken a mortar fragment just in front of his left ear. It had torn away most of his face and lower jawbone, and the bad job done on him by field surgeons and even clumsier stateside doctors had left him with a face that looked like it had been manufactured of Play-Doh by little kids.

A sad-faced chick in the unemployment office had once leaped up from her chair and puked in the wastebasket during an interview with Mick. She had tried—he had to give her credit for that—looking him directly in the eyes, trying to ignore the opening and closing of the gristle-like holes that were his nose and listening to the mucus that rattled there. But Mick wasn't the worst of the lot.

Jerry Roth, who went by the nickname Candle, wore a parka-hooded sweatshirt whenever he went out in public, whether it was cold winter or the hottest part of summer. He kept the hood pulled up over his head and tied tightly forward with the drawstrings, like a monk's cowl. He had ridden a gunship down out of the sky in flames, then lay trapped beneath it until the metal frame dissolved and lowered his almost skinless body into the shit-water of a rice paddy, where he steamed and sizzled and fell apart like boiled chicken.

His eyes were large and bloodshot, and thin red lids that never closed were their outline. He dabbed at them con-

stantly with a bit of moist cotton he kept in a small canister on his belt, next to his Buck knife. His lipless mouth smiled sardonically in a macabre grin around ever-exposed brown and yellow teeth that were chipped from the fire's heat, exposure to the elements, and a knuckle or two.

He had melted like a candle, his ears burning away to nubs that folded in like wilted petals, and his twisted, arthritic fingers bore no nails, but were smooth and rounded at the ends—shorter than most men's fingers—but then he, like Mick, had no nose to pick, so what did it matter?

Grunt couldn't speak. He'd been captured by the Cong and they did a lot of things to him, the worst of which was to let him live, or so he thought for the first couple of years, until he joined up with the Busted Mugs. Sometimes he still had nightmares, remembering the crunching, grinding sound his teeth had made as each was pried out with a stiletto in the hands of a sweating, inscrutable-faced Cong. He remembered seeing his tongue fly away and dive into the rice paddy when they stretched it out and touched it with the razor.

Wingy took the prosthesis the government offered, and he learned to use it well. Hooks that moved were not as efficient as fingers, but they were better than nothing. He made some modifications of his own, so that he could handle his Hog as well as anyone. He could also smash Coca-Cola bottles with a single squeeze, or he could squeeze the nipple right off the tit of any fat, smug-faced redneck who taunted him in a bar. He'd done some time for that little trick.

Part of Wingy's face was gone, too, which made him eligible for the Busted Mugs. Faces like his were one of the requirements for membership. His face went with the hand that had been covering it when the shelling started, so, buried somewhere in the shit ponds of Vietnam there was the skeleton of a hand, holding clenched in its fingers a mighty-nice-looking cheekbone.

Wingy could stick the neck of a beer bottle through the small hole in his cheek, where it was all caved in, and walk around talking and sipping from

the bottle, intermittently, by just tilting his head sideways. It got a lot of laughs from his partners.

Buckeye was almost pretty. Not much had happened to him, and he barely qualified for membership. He'd been a sergeant, and a good one, too, he thought, until one of his own men put a round into the back of his head. It came out the front, taking an eye with it, along with the bridge of his nose. After getting a glass eye and a new nose from the VA, he went out and got drunk to celebrate too soon. He thought it was pretty funny when he dropped the eye in a chick's drink at a bar, but she didn't dig his sense of humor. Neither did her ol' man, who had just got off work and still had his carpenter's framing hammer hanging on his belt. The glass eye got itself powdered on the bar, and the claw end of the hammer screwed up a couple of hours' work by a good surgeon, so all he had left was a nose that looked like a cherry, and an eye socket into which he put a different-colored marble each day. He had found a sack full of marbles at the dime store that were just the right size, and with a little straining and training he could shoot that marble right out of the socket and into a shot glass halfway across the room.

They all had busted mugs, and once they had all had busted spirits, busted lives—broken dreams. But they found one another. Now they enjoyed life, doing the things they'd always wanted to do—drinking, smoking, raising hell, and living off the government without having to work. And to complete the euphoric pattern, they all owned Hogs.

There was one thing the Busted Mugs didn't do. They never associated with anyone but their own group. Invitations from other clubs were disregarded. If they were enjoying a weekend putt and ran into other riders, they turned and went another way. They staunchly refused and resisted any effort on the part of others to join in and be friendly, and the only women they had were the reluctant ones they paid for, old hookers who'd passed their prime and would fuck a bush if they thought there was a

—Continued on page 76



HELMETS ANYONE?



Editor's note: We seem to find considerable influence on the media, and consequently on the public, by people who believe that freedom has an inverse relationship to intelligence. The more an individual respects freedom, the less intelligent he is.

Following is an article and a cartoon relating these thoughts. We asked Hal Robinson to depict the same situation with other sports, sports in which helmets are not required. It's something to think about. Maybe the artist and the author of this article would advocate helmet legislation for all individuals once they are out of bed.

Macho Madness

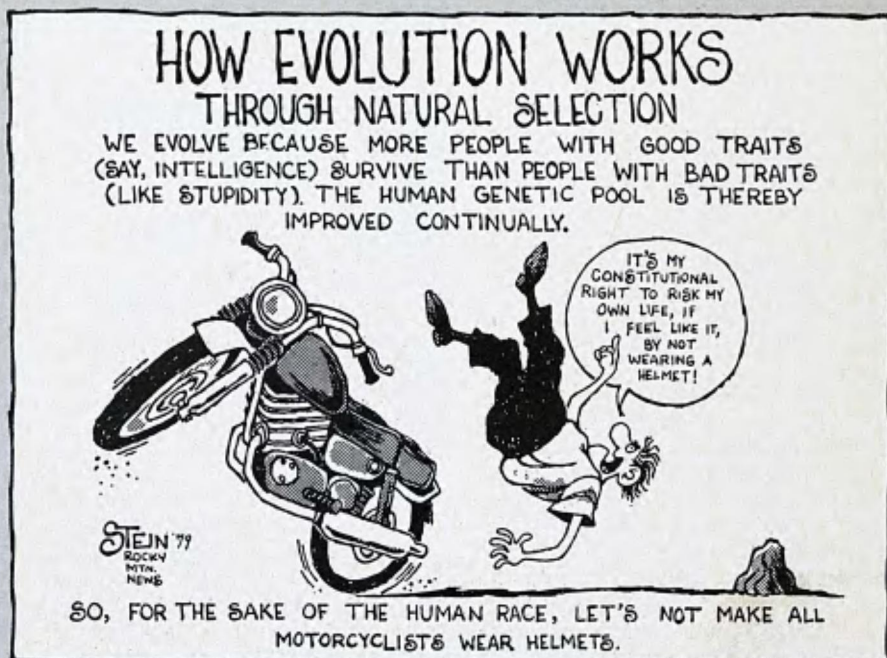
Motorcyclists without helmets are motorcyclists without brains.

It's no doubt plenty macho to straddle a big two-wheeler sans head protection, but it makes about as much sense as doing a swan dive off the high board into a swimming pool without water.

In both instances, the results could well be about the same: Head hits hard surface, skull cracks open, the few brains present spill out, person dies.

These thoughts are brought on by a few facts reported in the Rocky Mountain News the other day. So far this year in Colorado, the story said, 29 motorcyclists have been killed in accidents. Only four of them were wearing helmets.

The number killed is 70 percent higher than during the same period last year. During the whole year of 1976—the year before the Legislature repealed the law requiring helmets—just 35 died in motorcycle accidents. Last year, 63 were killed. In 1976, about 99 percent of all riders used helmets. Last year, it was about 57 percent.



Motorcyclists make a pretty good civil liberties argument against laws requiring helmets. They say they have the right to risk their own lives if they want to. They cite the time-honored American principle that an individual has the right to swing his fist as much as he wants so long as it doesn't connect with someone else's nose.

It can be replied that society does pick up some of the hospital and insurance costs, and therefore has something to lose, too—but that same response could be used to deprive Americans of a wide variety of freedoms; for instance, mountain climbing, parachuting, swimming,

you name it.

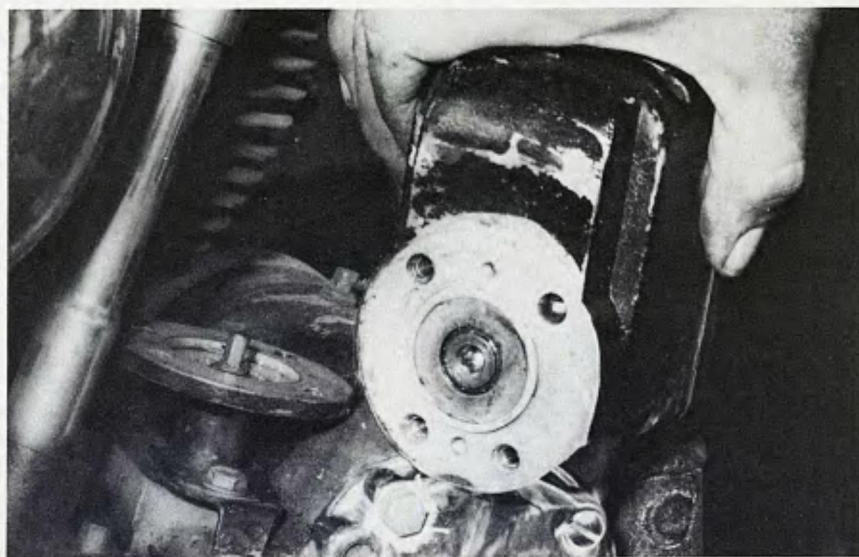
A better answer, we think, is that few rights are absolute, that most principles at some point collide with other principles, and that in this welter of competing values it's necessary to weigh carefully what's really at stake. In this instance, the competition is between the right of a few people not to put something on their heads—and the sanctity of human life. We side with human life.

One thing is for sure: We're glad we aren't one of those legislators who voted to repeal the helmet law and who must now live with the knowledge that his vote paved the way for dozens to go to early graves. ■

Magneto Trick

Do your pipes glow in the dark? Can you light a smoke off your pan covers? Does your kicker make your knee swell up like a cantaloupe? Can you hear castanets in your top end when you nail it? If your scoot is a generator-equipped 74 (1936-1969), with a magneto, and you answered "Goddam right!" to any of these questions, best take a close look at your timing. Not enough advance makes for lots of heat, and too much makes that noise like marbles in your cylinders. Too much puttin' with either problem and your mill starts to go away. If you had trouble getting the timing right on when you put the mag in, there's one more thing you should try.

The problem usually goes about like this: When you drop the mag in one way, you can't get enough advance before it hits the exhaust port. So you pick it up and drop it back in one tooth ahead. Now it's so far advanced you can't retard it enough—it hits the intake pushrod cover, right? What you need is a place in the middle, and here's how to get it. The idea is that one tooth on the magneto drive gear is 72°, and every time you move the mag one tooth, you advance or retard the spark by 72°. (The mag turns at half the speed of the engine, so one complete rotation of the mag is 720°, not 360°.) But there's another adjustment

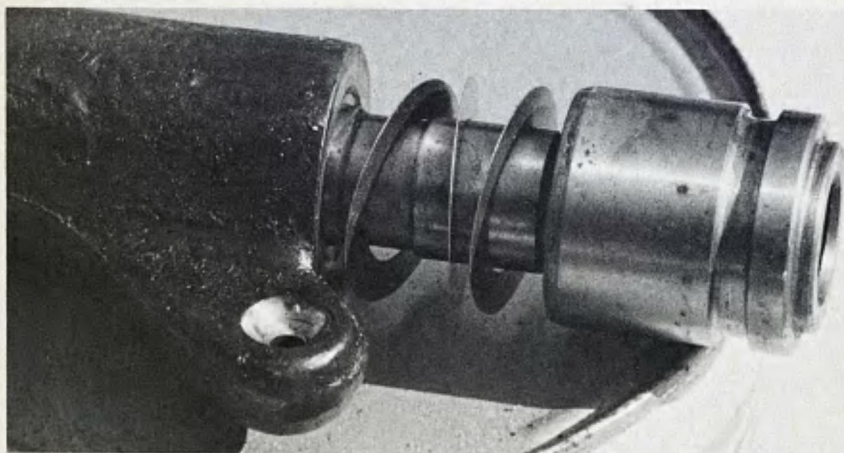


you might not know about—the hex drive in the magneto base (where the head and driveshaft bolt together with allen screws from underneath). Find your allen set, and take that joint apart. You'll see that the bottom of the rotor and the top of the shaft each have a six-sided hole, with a short piece of hex stock joining them. Guess what happens if you rotate either end slightly before putting the key back in? Each flat of the key is 120° advance or retard—sounds

much worse than one tooth, doesn't it? But you can add and subtract teeth and flats, and use the difference between them. To get more advance, try one flat ahead and one tooth back ($120-72=48$) or one flat behind and two teeth ahead ($72+72-120=24$). To retard, reverse the directions. Check it out, it works! And if it seems like a pain in the ass to get it right, it's a helluva lot easier than rebuilding your motor.

—R. Dunn

Making Every Noise Count



For those of you bros who own shovelheads from 1966 to today, you've had to notice a ticking noise from your top end. This noise might vary in sound from something like a loose, vibrating bolt to the piston trying to bust its way out of the plug hole. About eight-and-a-half times out of ten this teeth-gritting tapping can

be traced to the rocker box, or more specifically, the end play of the rocker arm inside the rocker box.

The factory lists the end play at anywhere from .004 to .025. Now ya gotta admit that they can make everybody happy with specs like that. But if you want a quiet-running shovelhead, you ought to bring the rocker arm end play

down to three or four thousandths. Before you go pounding on your local dealer's head for shims that should have been in the engine in the first place, I'll tell you now—H-D doesn't make 'em. To solve this problem a long time ago, ace Harley wrench and bro Andy Hanson (P.O. Box 2794, Culver City, Calif. 90230) had a whole saddlebag of these tiny washers made up. They come in .005 and .007 thicknesses. Depending on how loose your present setup is, it should take only three or four shims per rocker arm to bring it down to a quiet tolerance.

When you install the shims on the rocker arm shaft, they should go against the big end (closest to the pushrod). This will keep the rocker arm centered on the valve stem. Then reassemble the rest of the box as the manual says, using a little white grease on the shaft. It wouldn't hurt to replace the O-rings on the end of the shaft at the same time.

It's fuckin' amazing how much quieter your shovel can run with so little work—and you can bet that when work is mentioned around here, it'll clear a room quicker than free brew across the road.

—Wrench

Photos by Frank and Kim

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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

For "Crazy," who went down the way she would have wanted it—on her scooter.

In memory of **Jerry Toorans**. You're not forgotten, bro. Sonny Cisco, Daly City, Calif.

For **Ken Speedy Ottwell**, driven to a horrible death. Love ya forever, Reno, Jennie, and the S.O.S. MC.

In memory of **Freddie**, a Free Rider of St. Louis. Take that scout to Heaven and give 'em Hell, Hobo.

In memory of **Richard DeCicco**, who rode hard and died too fast. We'll ride again someday. Ace and your bros, East Meadow, N.Y.

In remembrance of **David**, who lost his life on a country road. We all love and miss you, Roxanne, San Jose, Calif.

In loving memory of **Steve Hall**. You were a bitchin' dude, an outrageous friend, and a righteous brother, and your memory is in our hearts. M.J.M., Rosemead, Calif.

In memory of **Ronald Dean Ernst**. Ride on, bro. It's been my pleasure. G.G., Kingston, N.Y.

Remembering **Red Robert**. You died free, and we all miss you. Your brothers and sisters from Fairhope, Alabama.

In memory of "Coyote" and "Vegas Vic." Two good bros who lived, loved, and died the hard way and will never be forgotten. Satan's Few brothers and sisters.

In memory of "Ugg." Now they can't stop you from riding, Buzzard, Mad Dog, and bros. Melbourne, Australia.

In memory of **Little Hatch Abed**. Too young to go, but he went. Ride that Hog in the sky. Piggy, Conn.

In memory of **Charlie Simpson**, a bro who took his own life for the worst of reasons. Higgins and Scronge.

In memory of **Ken Wilson**, who died in vain. Frank Evans.

In memory of **Paul**, who will ride in our hearts forever. Sheeny and Deb, Bathurst, Australia.

For "Pepe," who died in cold blood. We'll always remember. Phil DiBartola III, and the crew.

In memory of **Joseph "Doctor" Howler**. We all miss you, bro. Jack-O and your bros in Chicago.

In memory of **Johnny "Ambush" Shrouder**, a true brother. We have eyes for you now, bro. The Deadmen's MC and Desperado.

In memory of **Brian Spain**, who had to die the hard way. Ride free, brother. Scott Potter.

In memory of **Pete and Jill**. You're in the wind now, but not forgotten by your friends in Oak Tree, New Jersey.

Love and memories for **Nick**. Ride free, brother. You'll always be in our hearts. Tony.

In memory of **Big Mel Guffey**. We hope you're riding, wherever you are. We love you. The Wizards of Ajo.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easyriders** to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send \$9.00 for twelve issues (\$9.00 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easyriders Magazine**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

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

Late twenties, lonely old man needs letters clean or dirty from chicks. Lance Baker #33242, Box 900, S-B-122, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Looking for a little money-maker who can handle the life of an outlaw woman next year. Roland Villandre #042970, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Tall, slim, and blue-eyed biker needs love from ladies. Charles Sparks, Box B-78550, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

Big, handsome biker would like foxy, good-hearted lady for good times and loving. Daniel Stacy, Box B-52711, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Sex-starved dude needs hot letters from wild chicks. Guy Rubin #380808, RI-C3-263-T, Brevard C.I., Box 340, Camp Road, Sharps, Fla. 32959.

Downed Calif. tramp needs letters from chicks who want me to visit them when I get out. I'm 33 and travel a lot. Gary Moring #061500, L-2-N-14, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Down and out bro needs letters and photos from chicks. Scott Broadhead, Box B-35145, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Someone special, touch me. Send letters and photos. Billy Burr, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Would like to hear from women everywhere. William Cottrill #31230, Box 2500, Lincoln, Neb. 68502.

I'm 21 and need a lady to help me through this hard time. Tom Hart #12492, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

In need of a chick to correspond with. Mike Hixon #C-04320, C-M-C, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Been down so long it looks like up to me. Write, please! Paul Lamb #29595, Box 128, KSP, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Would like to hear from women. Daniel Bittinger #30747, Box 128, KSP, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Blond hair, blue eyes. Need letters and pictures from ladies. Roger Hagard #B-94916, Box 2000, N-263, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Would like to get letters and photos from all sexy ladies. Will answer all. John Malek #29636, Box 2500, Lincoln, Neb. 68502.

A long time down and time's about done, so now's the time for you sexy ladies to drop me a line. W.L. Sims #87972, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

I'm lonely and need some crazy ladies to write. Rick Hilton #C-03167, C-106, CTF Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Righteous outlaw bro, tattooist. Has scooter, job, and parole in 1980. Need solid woman to ride the wind with. Send photo. Leo Harper #B-39619, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Elvis imitator locked down. Wishes to receive letters and photos from single marriage-minded ladies. Will answer all. Johnny Armes #14690, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Are there any good women out there? If there are, prove it. Mario Martorelli #103064, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

24-yr.-old dude looking for foxy chicks to write to. Jimmy Wright #274684, RI-2, Box 59, #C-2-24, Darrington Unit, Bosharen, Tex. 77583.

Been down since '71 and need letters from chicks. 20-40. Barry Wasson #C-015693, 01-38, Box 628, Lake Butler, Fla. 32054.

Downed Texan could dig some female correspondence. Terry Gordon #44226, Box 1010, C.H. 7, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Sophisticated young male wants to correspond with chicks. Height 5' 11", weight 190, and athletically inclined. Claude Holland #77-A-4844, Attica Corr. Fac., Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Man without a woman and wasting his ecstasy in a sock needs letters from ladies. James Callahan #143971, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Two brothers need letters from chicks. Danny Bollish #106-614 and Zim Zimmerman #105-554, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

No slut and no putt, but a little nymphomaniac will keep my world from being so shut. George Jacob #101190, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

I'm looking for a lady to fill my life. James York #C-02154, Box 2210, 305, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Downed inmate is lonely and badly in need of cheering up by letters from sweet, foxy ladies. Mike Holmquist #80948, 900 Milldale Rd., Cheshire, Conn. 06610.

I'll answer all letters from chicks 18-38 who will write and send a photo. Ronald Faulkner #01317, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Brother would like to hear from marriage-minded women 21-36. Ronald Brownfield #144-239, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Blond stud looking for new brothers and sisters. Tom Phillips #38458-131, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048.

I'm down for three and would like to read from the hand of a sweet woman. R.E. Vaughn #52368-062, Box 1000, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

Would like to hear from sincere ladies of all ages. Send photos. Carlos Garcia #77-A-4803, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582.

Intelligent biker, artist, businessman looking for a queen. Females only. E. Scott #A-82915, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.

Downed tramp doing eight years will answer all letters from ladies. Craig Haller, Box 7540-C, 3405 Deer Park Dr. SE, Salem, Ore. 97310.

Got forty-five years and the blues, so, ladies, drop me a line. James Reich, Box 38534, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Down for an other year and could use letters from ladies. Rick Jones, Box B-37931, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Lost, lonely, and lazy. Is anybody out there? Little Joe #100748, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Down for the count. Ladies, drop a line and some photos. Johnny Russo #9990, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93438.

Retired Satans Souls member would dig on hearing from some righteous women. Richard DeJesus #78-B-245, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14802.

Ladies, I need your mail before I go crazy. Brian Ellis #15740, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

I'm six-three, with green eyes, and would like to hear from all the sexy chicks out there. Rodney Leonard #78-C-533, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Biker locked down and needs letters and pictures from ladies. Sam Kerns, Box 2500, Lincoln, Neb. 68502.

Would like to write a foxy lady. Tom Isabella #148-833, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Down but not yet out. Need some letters from ladies. Scott Preston #066260, Box 340, Camp Rd., Sharps, Fla. 32959.

Busted and disgusted and in need of letters and photos from females. Harry Gibson #107902, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45366.

Good-looking, charming dude will write any girl who writes and sends a photo. Smith Jackson #060104, Box 878, River-view, Fla. 33569.

Very lonely inmate wants letters, photos, and visits from a young lady. Curtis Pratt Jr. #79532, Camp D. Falcon 3, Angola, La. 70712.

Need some foxy ladies to write and send photos. Will do same in return. Gregory Powell, Mail #163, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

40-yr.-old jazz musician wants lady to write to. Richard Smith #23948, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Any and all mamas, write this lonely dude. Dave Baker #36183-B, Box 538, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

I would like to hear from some nice young girls out there. Richard Carpenter #154-742, 3K11, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Angel in distress needs love and letters from wild and crazy ladies. Marty Grotto #109713, Box 55, Stillwater, Minn. 55082.

Need to hear from the ladies. Send flicks. I'll answer all. Morgan Ayers #066718, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33533.

Downed bro doing ten years needs to receive letters and photos from righteous young ladies who are interested in a lasting relationship. Scott Potter #81766, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Inmate biker seeks correspondence and friendship from sincere people. William Brooks #35 Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Downed bro needs letters from foxy and freaky ladies. Greg Anderson #20184, Box 5700, Stockton, Calif. 95205.

Attention, ladies! Cross-eyed spiders and bow-legged ants, write and give me a chance. Richard Thompson #242394, Ellis Unit J-22, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Stone peckerwood would like to hear from a fox. Kenny Grant #B-81058, Box 600, E-108, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

I'm lonely. 29 yrs. old, divorced and decent, and in need of a lady to write to. Charles Rothenberg #78-A-3256, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Doing three years and want to hear from ladies. Jim Love #C-72044, Box 1000, R.R.3, Lincoln, Ill. 62656.

I want to hear from ladies. Tracy Williams #13949, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Young lady, incarcerated, needs letters and photos from dudes in or out of prison. Stamps will help. Berkie Harp, Box 2202, Pee-wee Valley, Ky. 40056.

Sexy lady wants to receive mail from dudes. Send good, revealing photos. No jerks or phonies, please. Linda Smith, 38 North Fourth St., Allentown, Pa. 18102.

Lonely young man would like to hear from good chicks. Trent Garrison #B-98227, Box 686, CTF/C, G-244, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Biker in prison needs letters from ladies. Danny Bort Campbell #057239, Box 221, Ralford, Fla. 32083.

Brown-haired, blue-eyed brother hasn't had a letter in three years, and wants to hear from good women. Russell Stallings #31 Blue Ridge Blvd., Raleigh, N.C. 27607.

Six down, two to go. Want to hear from sexy, foxy ladies. Shawn Stanfield #24831, KSIR, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

26-yr.-old Mexican-French-Indian wants to write to girls who love to party. Johnny Ortiz, Box 100, Jean, Nev. 89019.

20-yr.-old inmate will be 112 yrs. old when he gets out, and needs a lot of mail to read until then. Richard Taylor, Box 14, 11 Hse 19, Idaho State Prison, Boise, Idaho 83707.

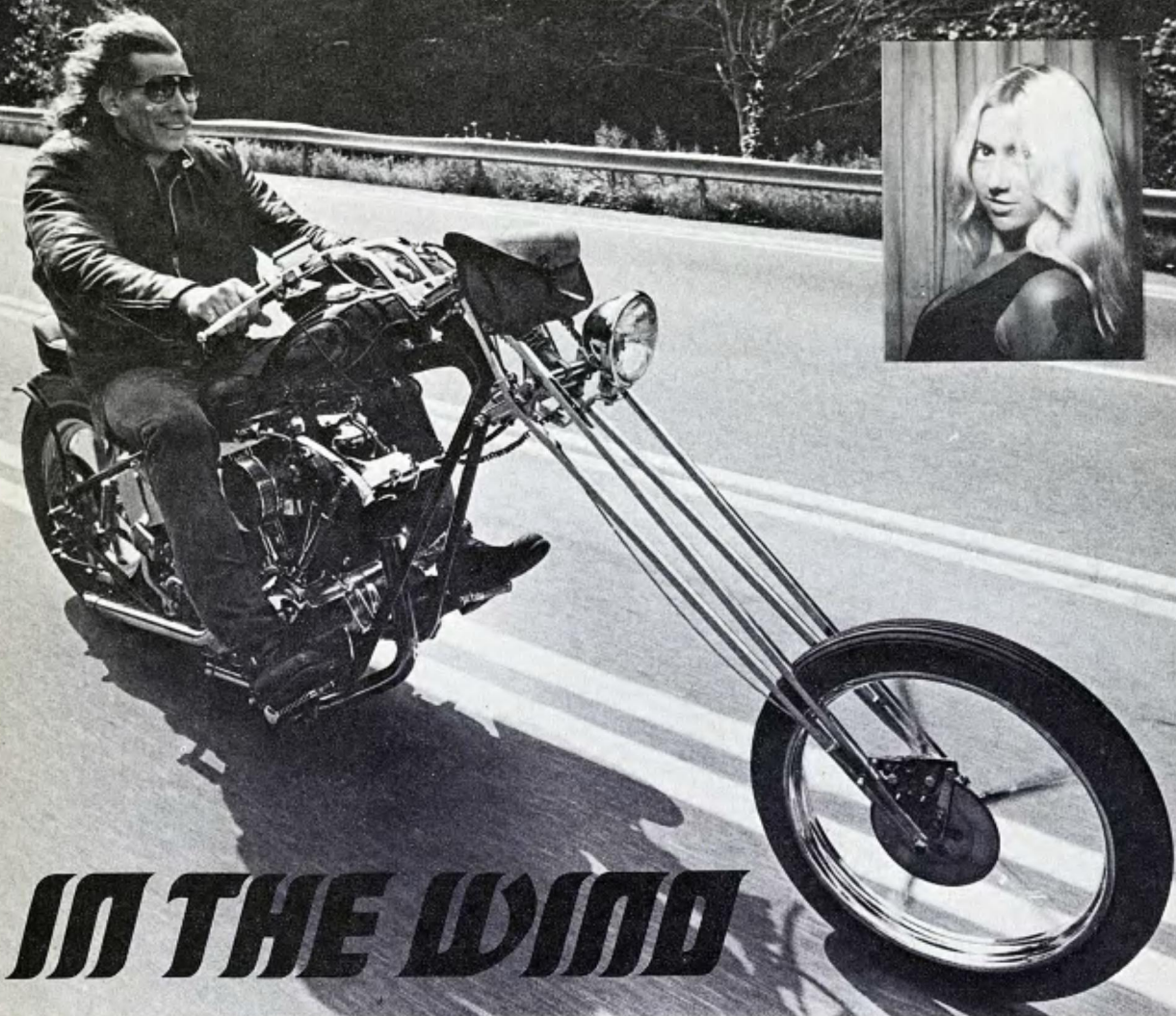
Two brothers need letters from ladies. Billy Martin #C-02173 and Allen Pennington #C-02128, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

17-yr.-old needs mail and photos from chicks. James Wynn #263519, Spruce Hall, C-10, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Down and out bro needs letters from ladies. Wayne McNitt #C-91463, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

It's a drag without mail. Foxy ladies, send letters and photos. Bruce Adkins #152-168, CCF Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

72-yr.-old* stud needs letters from hot chicks who write and send pictures. Kevin Harrell #C-02464, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.



—from Dave Cruise, Daytona Beach, Fla.

—from Ed, Westwood, N.J.

IN THE WIND

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

—from David Bowman, Lenoir, N.C.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.





—from Crazy Jay, Toledo, Ohio



—from Crazy Jay, Toledo, Ohio



—from G.T. Tumbleweed, Lakewood, Colo.



—from Ajax, Bemidji, Minn.



—from Big T., Staten Island, N.Y.

—from Sue and Jeff Brophy, Garfield, N.J.



—from John Seginski, Reno, Nev.

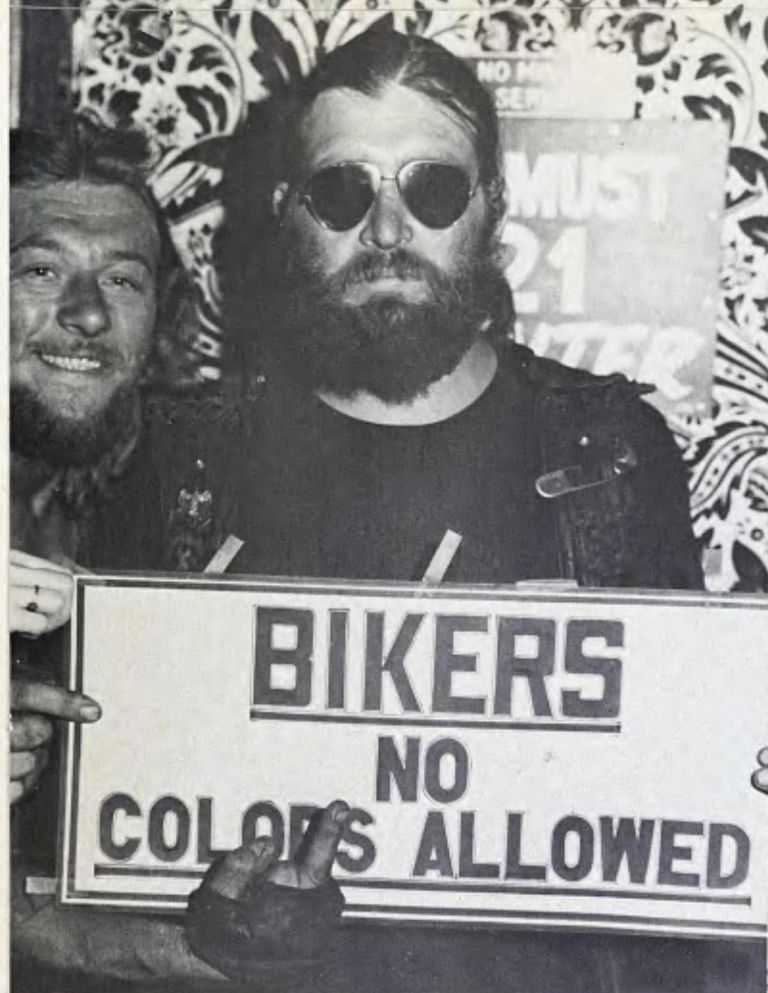


—from Chico Romano, Nashua, N.H.



—from Chico Romano, Nashua, N.H.





—from Crazy Jay, Toledo, Ohio

Nightrider

by Jody Via

*Out on the highway, late at night,
With the moon riding high and stars shining bright,
Comes a rumble of thunder, man and machine,
Like the Devil at large while straight folks dream.*

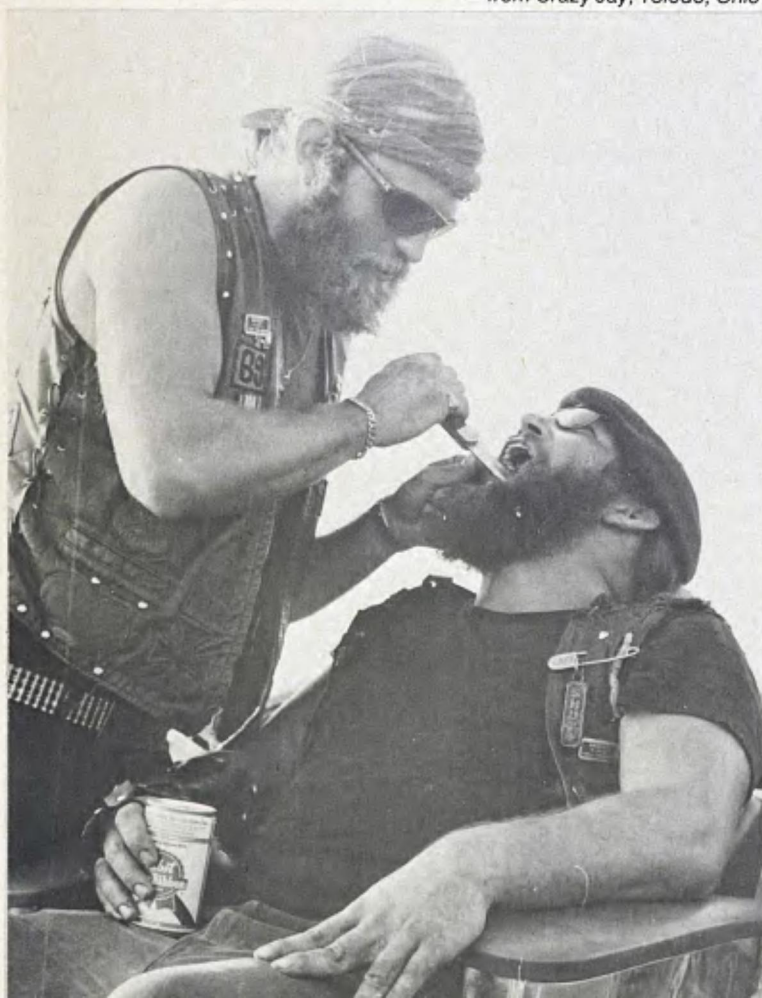
*Eyes on the white line and senses on Jam,
Hell-bound for glory and don't give a damn
For citizens wakened or dogs set to howl
By the sound of a scooter tramp out on the prowl.*

*He comes in a windrush of thunder and flame,
Like a spirit from shadows, wildly untame,
To shatter the silence and rip wide the night
With the roar of his engine and the beam of his light.*

*On an unending journey from somewhere he's been,
At large in the dark, chasing the wind,
He passes in moments, leaving behind
A life he disdains for his own chosen kind.*

*With a stuttering echo to mark his back trail,
He fades in the distance as dawn starts to pale,
And he goes as he came, with no other sound,
But the night softly dying as he rides it on down.*

—from Crazy Jay, Toledo, Ohio

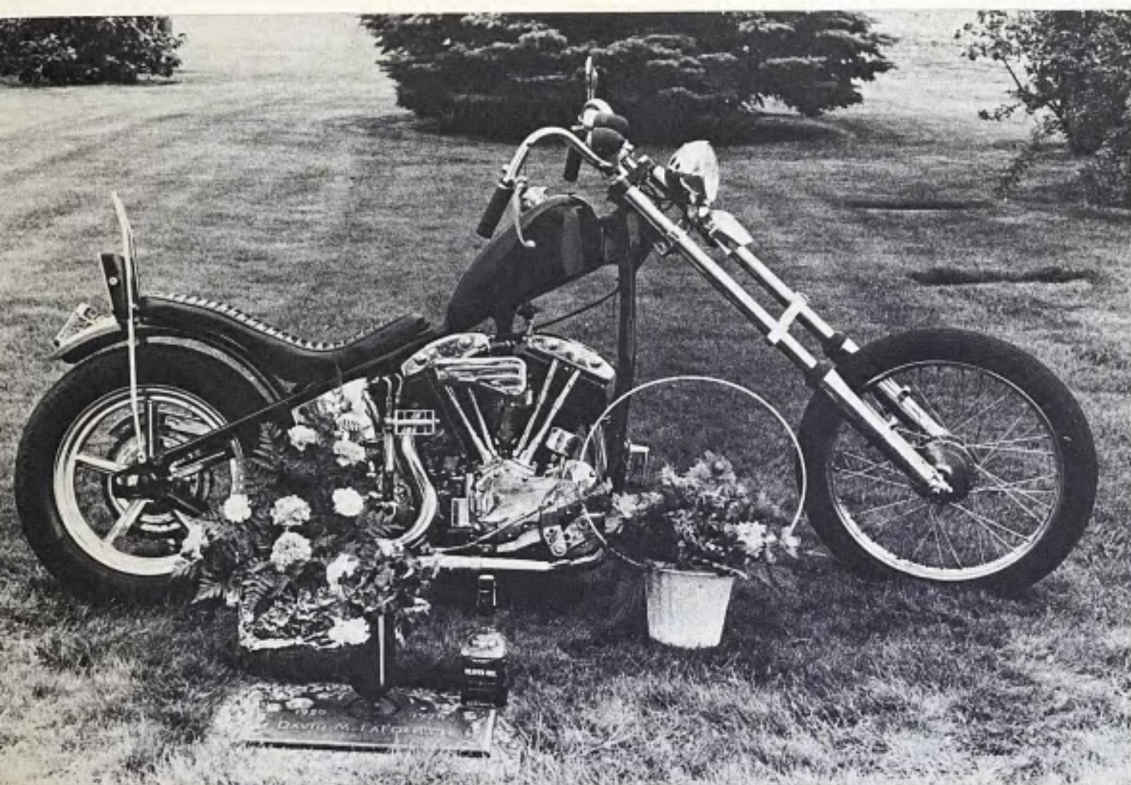


—from J.E. Greyzck, Carleton, Mich.



—from Mike Gaudette, Southbridge, Mass.





—from Sharon Carnes-LaFollette, Michigan City, Ind.



—from Brent Lord, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Scooter Tramp Tune by Jody Via

*All I want is the air I breathe,
Roads to run and a woman to squeeze,
A jug of wine, or maybe a keg,
And a full-bore stroker between my legs.*

*All I am is a scooter tramp,
Wild and woolly and kinda rank,
Born to ride and raise some hell,
On my way to—who can tell?*

*I'm a fucker and a fighter
And a long-road rider,
A scooter tramp to my dyin' bones—
Rules are for breakin',
Ladies are for takin',
Love gettin' downright stoned.*

*I'm here to have a time—
You do yours and I'll do mine.
The world's a stage and life's a play;
This ol' dog's gonna have his day.*

—from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.

*Just passin' through, I won't be long—
I'll entertain the girls with song,
And amuse myself with them
Before driftin' in the wind.*

*I'm a rambler and a gambler
And a flat-track scrambler,
I'm a gypsy on a rumblin' steed—
Life is for livin',
Love is for givin',
Or takin', as I please.*

*All I'll ever be, I am—
Tough as hell and don't give a damn
For social trends or mortal sins;
I'll spit at the Devil when it ends.*

*And all I want at the end of the run
Is a jealous husband behind the gun,
With a wanton trollop for the prize—
When I'm pushin' ninety-five.*





—from G.T. Tumbleweed, Lakewood, Colo.



—from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.



—from Pat Jordan, Martinez, Calif.



—from Hogg, Doniphan, Neb.



—from Dusty, El Paso, Tex.



—from George W. Butterick, Bronx, N.Y.



—from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

—from Crazy Matt, Thornton, Colo.



—from Terry Rintala, Kankakee, Ill.



—from J.D. McAllister, Hollywood, Calif.



—from Glen Sweet, Springfield, Mo.



Mistletoe And Snow

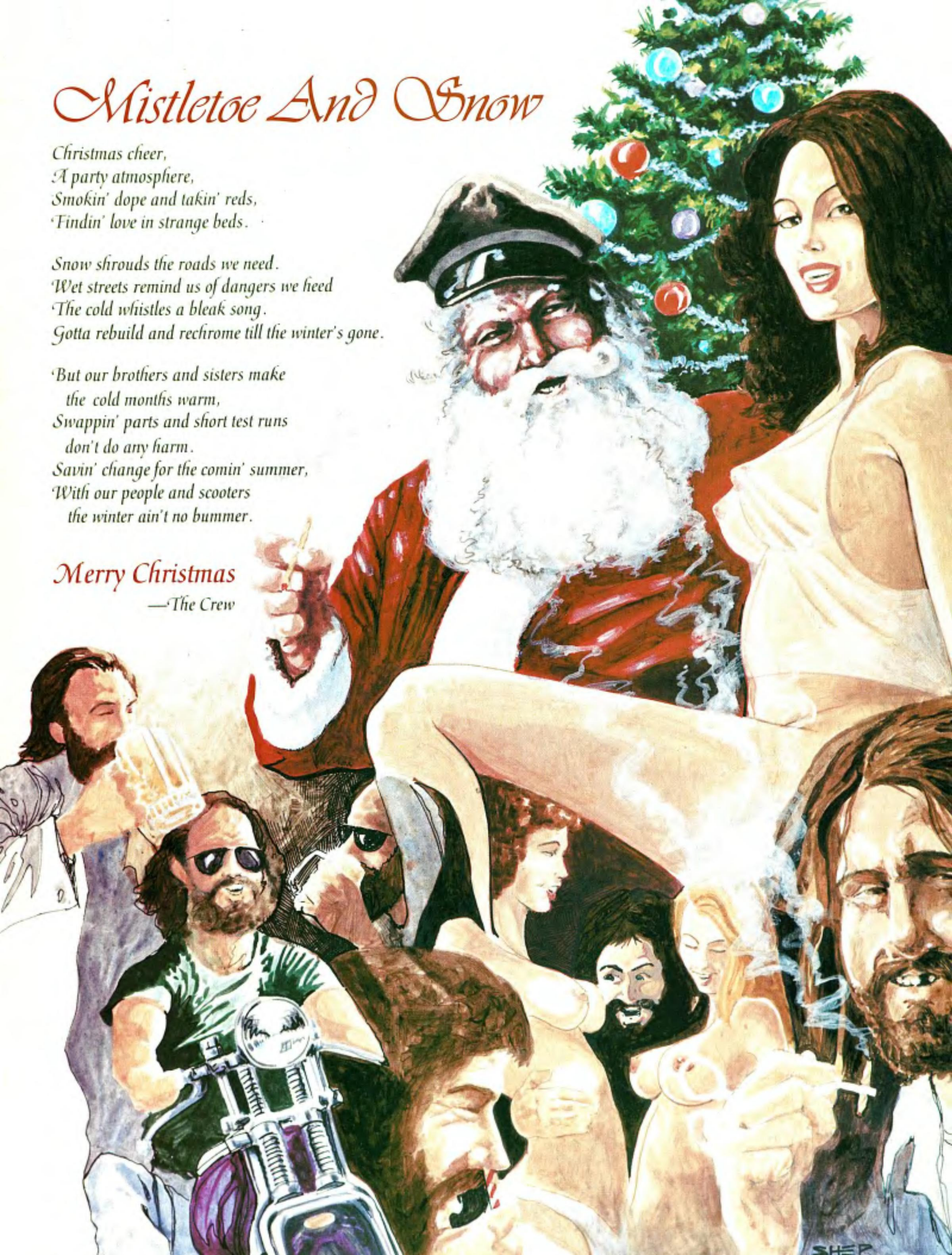
Christmas cheer,
A party atmosphere,
Smokin' dope and takin' reds,
Findin' love in strange beds.

Snow shrouds the roads we need.
Wet streets remind us of dangers we heed
The cold whistles a bleak song,
Gotta rebuild and rechrome till the winter's gone.

But our brothers and sisters make
the cold months warm,
Swappin' parts and short test runs
don't do any harm.
Savin' change for the comin' summer,
With our people and scooters
the winter ain't no bummer.

Merry Christmas

—The Crew

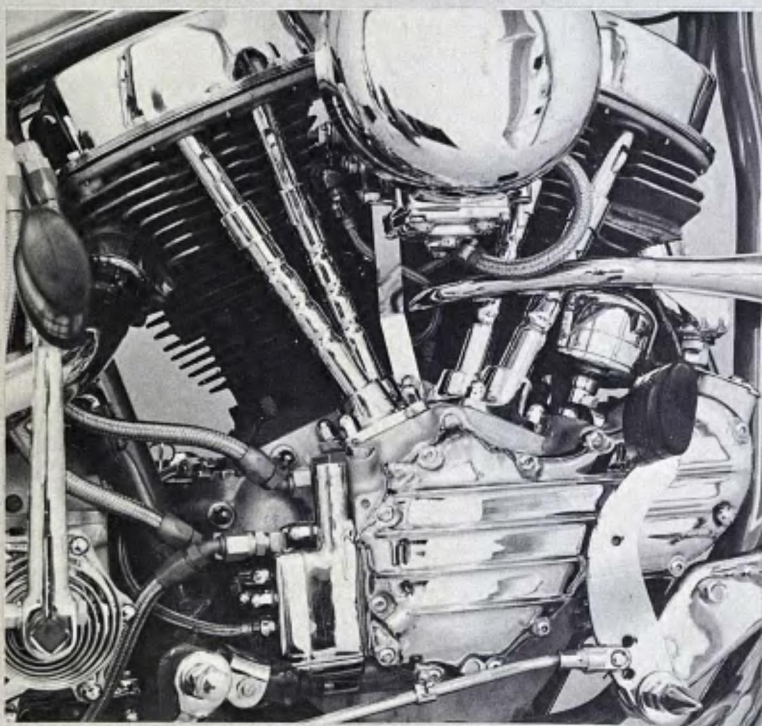






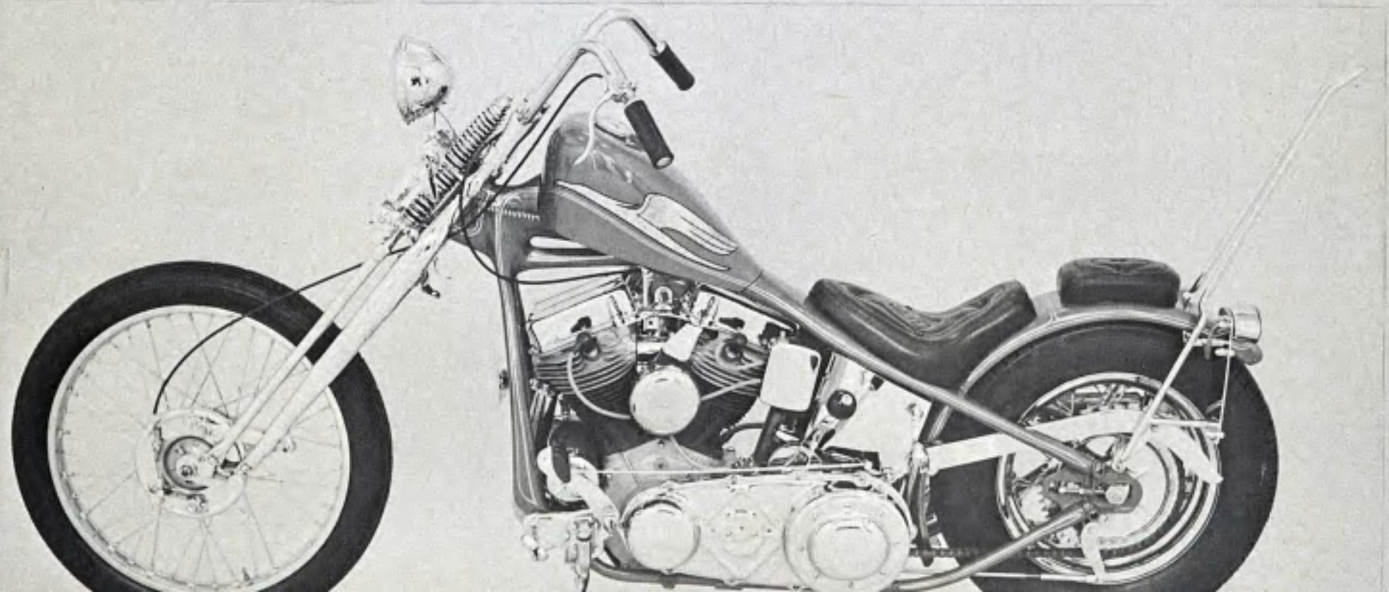
Heart And Freebird

*Learnin' to fly under
the wing of brotherhood*



Jeff, the owner of this fine-lookin' pan, was in the service a few years back, maybe a half dozen or so. At that time, the young scooter rider was far from home. He had started ridin' motorcycles when he was eleven; but he didn't experience the true feeling of brotherhood until he bought this pan in Biloxi, Mississippi, while he was stationed near the Gulf.

Jeff had his first pan and was satisfied; however, he had never crashed in the southern state before. He didn't know any other scooter people from the base and hadn't even seen another scooter, let alone another H-D, since he'd been sent to the Deep South. He enjoyed ridin' through the small towns and lush green flatlands of Mississippi, but all that time, he never even caught a passin' glimpse of any brothers of the road. He had no contacts with local scooter jockeys, dudes he could call in case of a breakdown. But then one solo afternoon, while on liberty and with nothing' to do but putt, Jeff was roamin' the countryside when he spotted a shovelhead parked in front of a small-town pub. He hit the mechanicals as if he had a stock of spare linkage and brake cams.



He parked his putt and entered the bar. He could see the other tramp; but his own military haircut and shave didn't quite attest to his love for ridin' and Harleys, so Jeff was skeptical about bein' too up-front. He sorta stayed to himself. After a while, the bro left; but once outside where he could scope Jeff's pan, he quickly returned.

"Hey, that your pan?" the big patch holder asked.

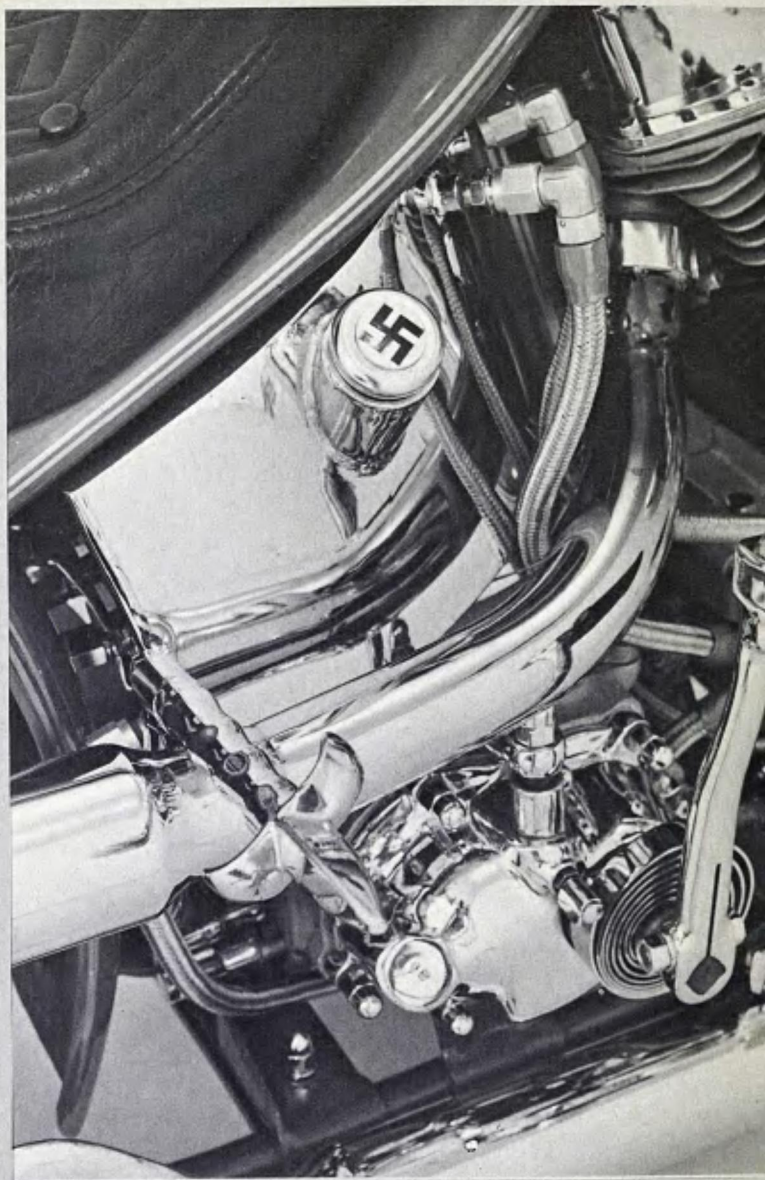
"Yeah," Jeff answered, glad to finally be rappin' with another rider. They exchanged beers and rapped about bikes, broads, and ridin'. The next thing Jeff knew, Smokey, the big patch holder, was offerin' this straight-lookin' total stranger his phone number and a ridin' partner for the rest of the night. Well, one ride led to another and soon Smokey had invited Jeff to meet his brothers. Before long, Jeff had started sharin' a pad with Smokey. Smokey really took him under his wing, and within six months Jeff was prospecting for the club that had Smokey as enforcer. Jeff had met brotherhood in a southern tavern.

But it didn't end there. He earned his patch and went on to ride with his brother Smokey and the tight-but-mellow Mississippi club for a couple of good years. His stint in the service finally ended, and he returned to home territory. Again he found himself alone in the streets without partners to ride with or brothers to party with until he met Kenny and Vicky.

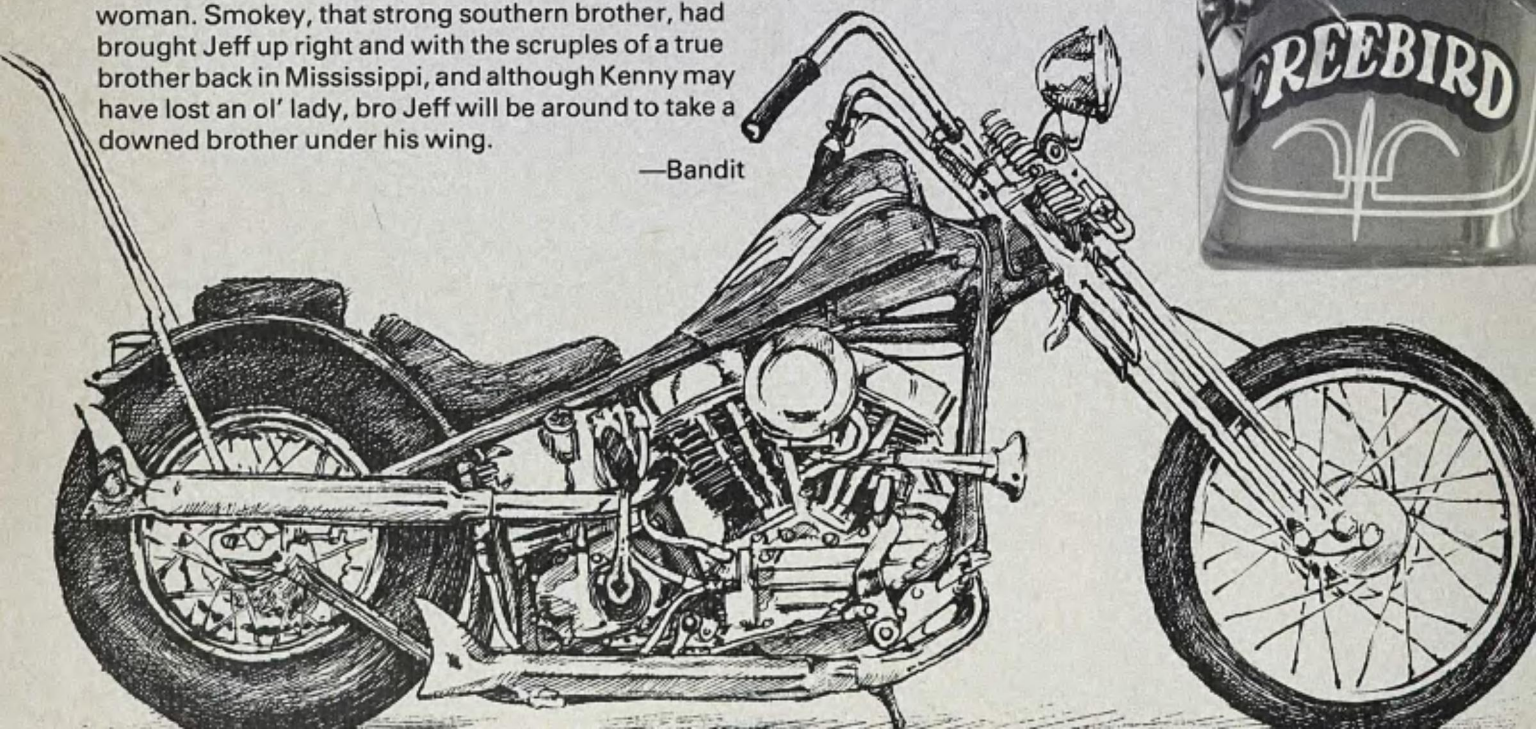
It was a similar trip; but this brother and sister were not connected with a club, just loners ridin' with loners, enjoyin' brotherhood and bikin'. Kenny and his ol' lady took Jeff under their wings, helped him find parts, a place to crash, sweeties, or anything else he needed. Again Jeff had found brotherhood and good scooter people, this time in the crowded streets of the city.

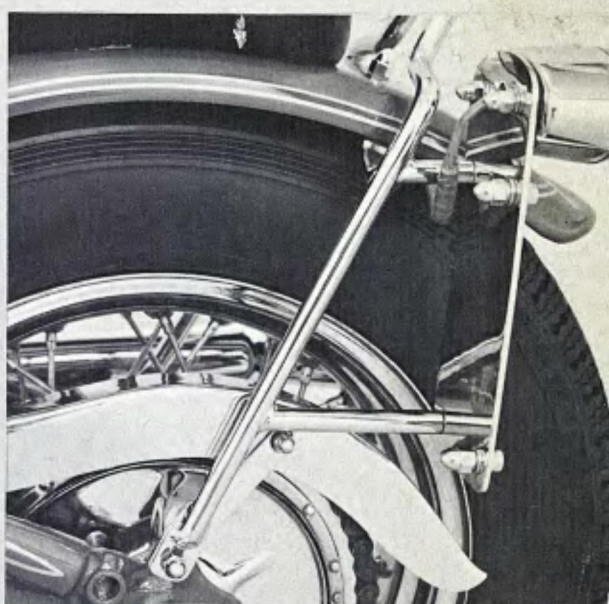
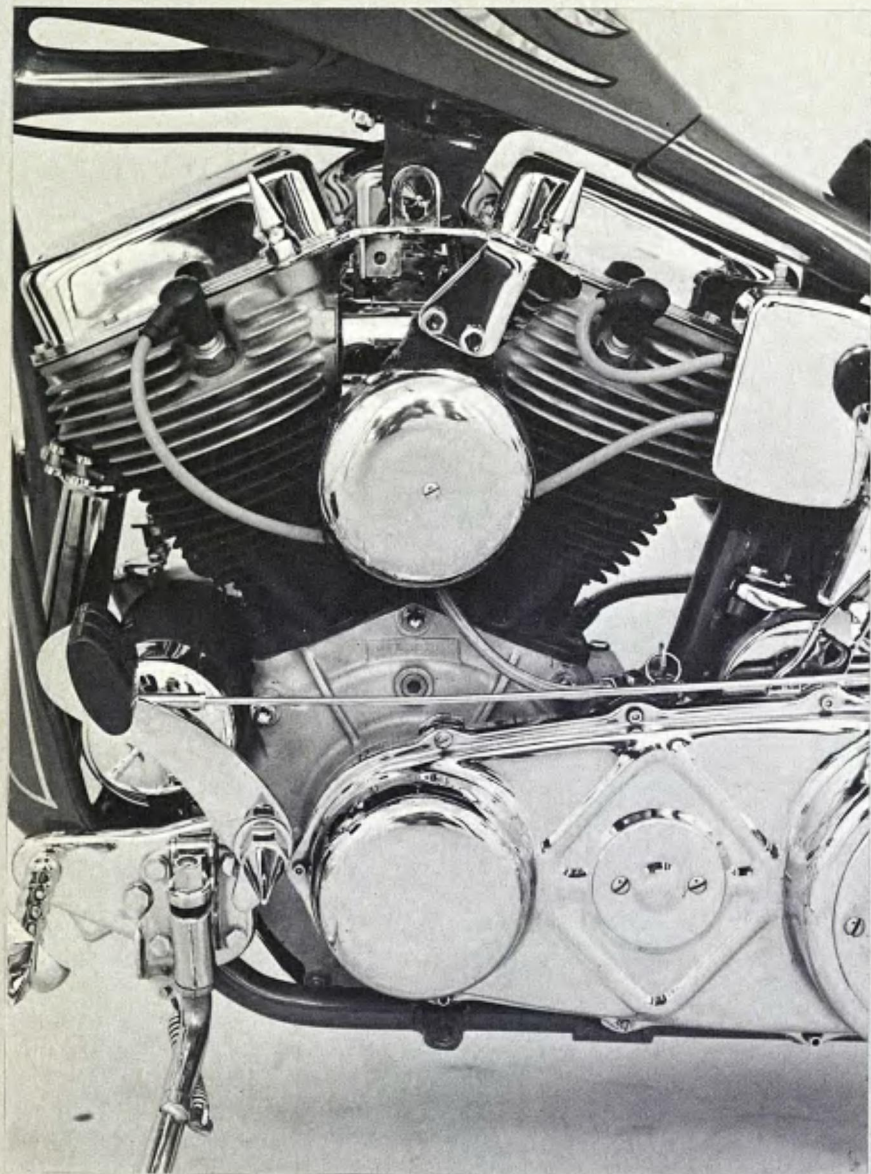
But brotherhood has its letdowns, too. Recently, Vicky had to flash to the help of another sister, and when her pickup took a deadly spill, Kenny lost his woman. Smokey, that strong southern brother, had brought Jeff up right and with the scruples of a true brother back in Mississippi, and although Kenny may have lost an ol' lady, bro Jeff will be around to take a downed brother under his wing.

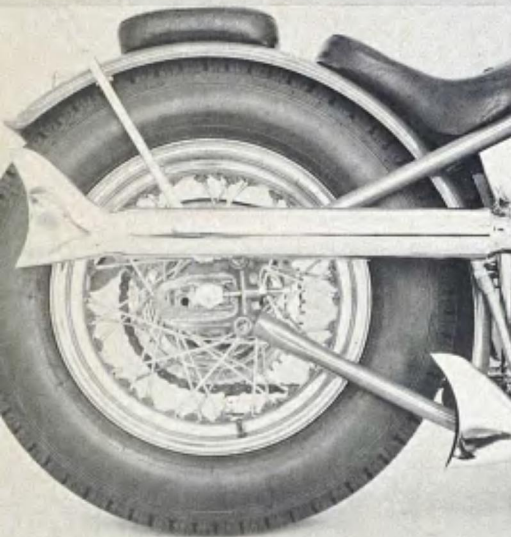
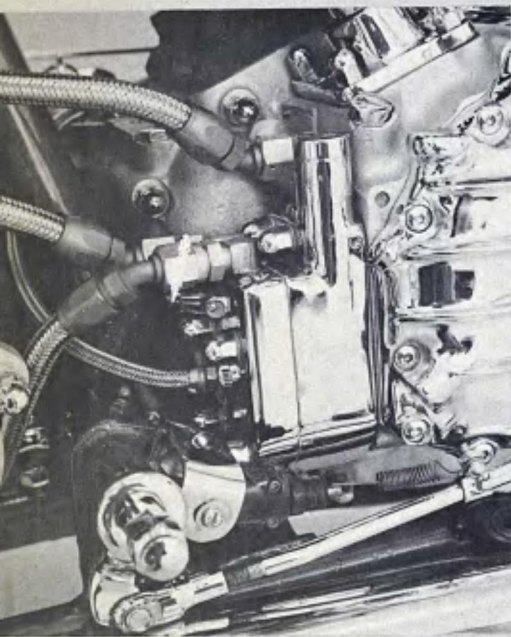
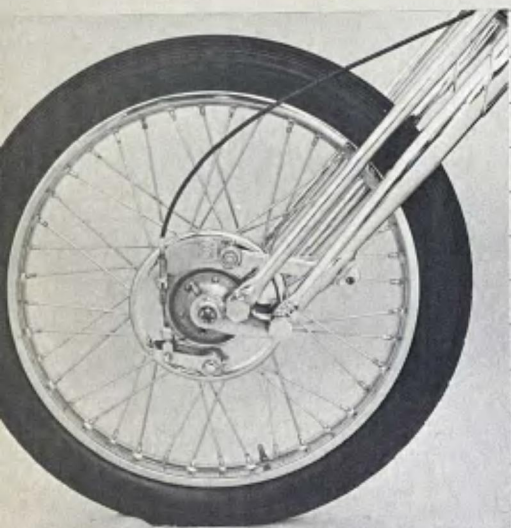
—Bandit



Photos by Pete Chiodo







Owners: Jeff		City: So. Cal.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1954	
Year and make: 1954 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FL		Type: wishbone	
Value: priceless		Rake: 5/8 in.	
Assembly: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: constantly		Other alterations: fork stops	
Chroming by: S&S Metal Pol.		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Smokey/owner	
Year: 1954		Risers: 3 in. H-D	
Model: FL		Fender(s): 6 in. flat	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: auto-advance dist.		Taillight: catseye	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: wet finger	
Lower end: shaved wheels		Front pegs: Ben Hur	
Balancing: 70% speed-o-motive		Rear pegs: shin busters	
Pistons: 9.5:1 Gary Bang		Electrics: 6v., 2 brush	
Cases: glass beaded		Gas tank: flat-bottom Sporty	
Heads: whole nine yards		Oil tank: side fill	
Cam: Chet Herbert 468		Oil system: shovel pump	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: diamond	
Carb(s): Rivera S.U. eliminator		Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissy bar: owner	
Pipes: owner		Height: 20 in.	
Muffler(s): hollow		Material: 1/2 in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: springer	
Year: 1954		Extension: 5 in.	
Shifting: hairy		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase III		Special features: XA sleeves	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front:	Rear:
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Spider		Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 6 in.
Color: sorta candy red		Tire: 3.00	Tire: 165 radial
Type: lacquer		Brake: stock	Brake: stock
Special paint: Li'l Louie			
Other special modifications: petcock from a GI field stove, special thanks to Father.			

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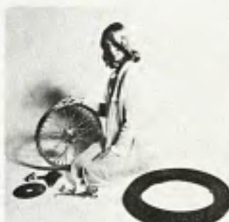
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Benefit Trip

by Robert M. Clericuzio

Stormin' Norman stooped in the mud to tighten the laces of his boots and pull the stretched-out socks up over his calves. He sneered at the broad-shouldered kid who was walking from the center of the cattle pen. The ruddy object of Norman's disdain stepped over and around more than a dozen large tom turkeys that flopped and fluttered about in the quagmire. Another dozen or so birds ran wildly through the slop that filled the enclosure.

That candy-assed muthafucker thinks he's hot shit, Stormin' Norman thought. After all the crap we've put up with from him and his bunch, there's no way, goddammit! Nobody's gonna beat Stormin' Norman at the Turkey Jerk this day!

A crowd of nearly two hundred townsfolk watched the goings-on. Three straight dudes, college types,

clapped and beat on the shoulders of the beefy redneck who strutted through the gate after his conquest. "Way to go, Jake!" "That oughtta show that dirty biker!" "Let 'im beat that!"

A batch of fresh toms was ushered into the pen.

"Ready, biker?" The question squawked from the megaphone clutched in the grubby paw of a short, fat guy who paced in a circle outside the ring.

A quick nod from Norman was followed immediately by the crack of a starting pistol. At the gunshot, Stormin' Norman and twenty-five turkeys scattered in as many directions through the pen. Two minutes of frantic chasing, falling, grunting, and sliding followed, punctuated by constant screeches and squawks. The scene of the mayhem was quickly

coated with grey-brown mud and turkey shit. When the gun sounded again, there were only a handful of turkeys left standing.

"Hey, ref, does this one count?" Norman bellowed. Slick with mud and turkey dung, he approached the gate. A full-grown tom dangled limply by one claw from a large rip in the biker's denim shirt.

"Is he out?" challenged the man with the bullhorn.

"Deader'n this morning's piss hardon," crowed Norman.

The stubby referee flushed and stammered as a group of the town ladies clucked in unison from the spectators' stands. "He counts," the crimson-faced man conceded. Norman dropped the dead tom in the deepest puddle.

The referee slammed the bullhorn into the cab of his splattered pickup



and grabbed a grungy cloth bag from behind the seat. He muttered to himself, "Goddang, goddang."

Turning to Norman, he pulled a gold-plated, turkey-sized drumstick from the bag. "Here, Norman. You win again. Congratulations. Sure wish your talkin' wasn't so goddang rotten. Embarrassin' to have you out here. Goddang." Shaking his head, the little fat man slogged off to calm the group of upset women. They had been joined by the kiss-ass college boys. The lot of them were milling around, clucking. The ladies shot turkey-like stares at the grinning Norman, who was in the process of flipping off the big college kid he had just defeated.

Clutching the drumstick trophy, Norman swaggered toward the umbrella-shaped oak where his bros waited. There were sixteen members in the Wasola Wailers MC. Their ol' ladies and their scoots were comfortably parked out of the weather. They were all in the process of flipping off the college congregation. The Wailers and the Alpha Beta Omegas had had words before. Bikers aren't known for

—Continued on page 85



With this *Stash Pouch* you can securely stash all your valuables and they'll be completely unnoticed. It fits on any size leg and can hold a lot of weight without having to be held tightly to your leg. You can jump, run, whatever, and the *Stash Pouch* will stay in position—it does not slip down.

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Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all my brother Bandidos. I hope to hell that I can celebrate it with you in person next year or the one after that at the latest. But until then, take care and stay free. Love you all. BFFB, Pat "Rawhide" LeDoux #291813, 1%er, Ellis Unit J-24, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (79)

Cowboy: I'll remain yours throughout scooter eternity. Luv, Li'l Bit. (79)

Kathy: Happy birthday, doll! Luv, the Cub and the ER gang. (79)

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)

Free literature: Tattooing outfits, instruction manuals. Artist, Box 242-EP, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (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)

Billy Barnes, Jersey, write Cyndie Jackson, 2115 Kootenai, Boise, Idaho 83705. (79)

Chicks 21 to 35: If you want to play games, go to Disneyland. If you have your shit together, write Larry "Rabbit" Cole #90706, Box 2000-N-164, Vacaville, Calif. 95688. (90)

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

To Cisco Rider: Pa. is all right; partying for the last time was No. 1. If ever in Maryland, come see us. Our ol' ladies send love & say you're one helluva biker & lover. Later, bro, on our way back, Coffin Jokers MC. (79)

Rogues MC, Melbourne, Australia, would like to hear from any Rogues MCs in the U.S.A. Write P.O. Box 273, Ringwood, Victoria, 3134, Australia. (79)

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)

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)

Easyriders all but 1,2,3,5,6,8,9, 11,13,14,15,26,31 — mint with 2 binders, money order \$150 to Ronald Owen, 1645 Broadway, Vallejo, Calif. 94590. (79)

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)

Kerrie: Happy birthday, Love, Kim. (79)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp, Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (79)

Springfield, Missouri, area: Looking for the tall, lean, full-bearded white dude, riding a black 1200 Super Glide, who is so laid back. Man, you have your shit and everything else all together. Whooooo! How about giving me a beginning course in laid-backness on a four-week USA ride this summer? You plan it; I buy all gas, grass, beer, food, and ride alongside, learning my laid-back lessons. Legit, Box 445, Parsons, Kan. 67357. (79)

Desperado, the queen of hearts loves you. Your ol' lady, Jamie. (79)

Cookie, happy 9th anniversary Dec. 30. I love you very, very much. Your man, Midnight Rider. (79)

Rodney: Happy 1st anniversary 11-27-79! It's been beautiful. I do and will always love you, Chris, Erlangen, Germany. (79)

Wanted: 900cc Sportster engine that will fit 57 cases. Send information to Clinton Sharbino, Crain Trailer Park, LaPlace, La. 70068. (79)

Hard-to-get chemicals. For quotes write or call BT Chemicals, P.O. Box 31506, Aurora, Colo. 80041. (303) 758-1367. (81)

Lynchman: I love you! Keep writing your letters. You should get the rest of mine upon your release, but check it out to be sure. Keep your faith in us, and keep believing in our love! The Rockies and I are waiting to see you and Roscoe. I love you! Forever yours, Terri, Bakers. (79)

Bush Rod: Happy birthday. Love forever, P.J. (79)

Buffalo Joe: Happy birthday. I love and want only you. Your ol' lady, Dumpy. (79)

Harley Riders: Large inventory stock & custom parts, complete repair service, used parts & motorcycles. Custom Cycle Supply, P.O. Box 47, Waynesville, Mo. 65583. (314) 336-4900. (84)

"How to Spot a Narc Setup" exposes outrageous schemes used by undercover DEA agents. This "drug dealers' bible" reveals for the first time the latest confidential narc tactics used to entrap the unwary. It gives detailed methods of set-up arrest, frames, snitch rewards, and more. Read shocking documented evidence of the feds manufacturing and selling illegal dope, just to make a bust. Get informed and don't let those slippery-tongued bastards con you into a trap. Get the inside info while it's fresh. Send \$3.95 to Traps, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. Double-money-back guarantee. (79)

Oddball, I know I made a big mistake. Please forgive me. I love you very much, Julia. (79)

White male, 27 (2/8/52), brown hair, blue eyes, 5'5". I'm down in Indiana, will be released 7/14/80. Need a good ol' lady to write me. Send photo to Larry Staats #9138, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (79)

34-year-old white male doing time in Texas prison would like to correspond with young woman. Write soon, and send your letter to John C. Wells #262364, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (79)

Duke: I love you, Happy birthday, darling, 12-13-79. Let's spend the next 40 together. Yours only and forever, Stonee. Thank you for our lil' critter, Lucas Kane, 8-26-79, and thanks for being you. (79)

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Dana W.: Loving you is like getting a beautiful new Christmas present every day. Thanks, Kim. (79)

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FTG2? Sonny Watson: Contact FTG2 Chazz Yarbrough, USS Jesse L. Brown (FF-1089), FPO New York, N.Y. 09501. (79)

Bobby Joe A.: Happy 26th birthday, 23 Dec. I still love you. Your angel, Deb. (79)

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Nice-looking, clean-cut, 39-year-old white male looking for correspondence and visits from ladies. Age unimportant. Write Benny Chaplin #269748, Coffield Unit, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861. (79)

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Tramp, where the fuck are you! Write to me. My address is 2119CS, Box 689, APO, N.Y. 09241. Best's, Mouse. (79)

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Heard you were married again. Stop over house or the old Saturday night bar. Still go there Saturday nights. Freewheeler. (79)

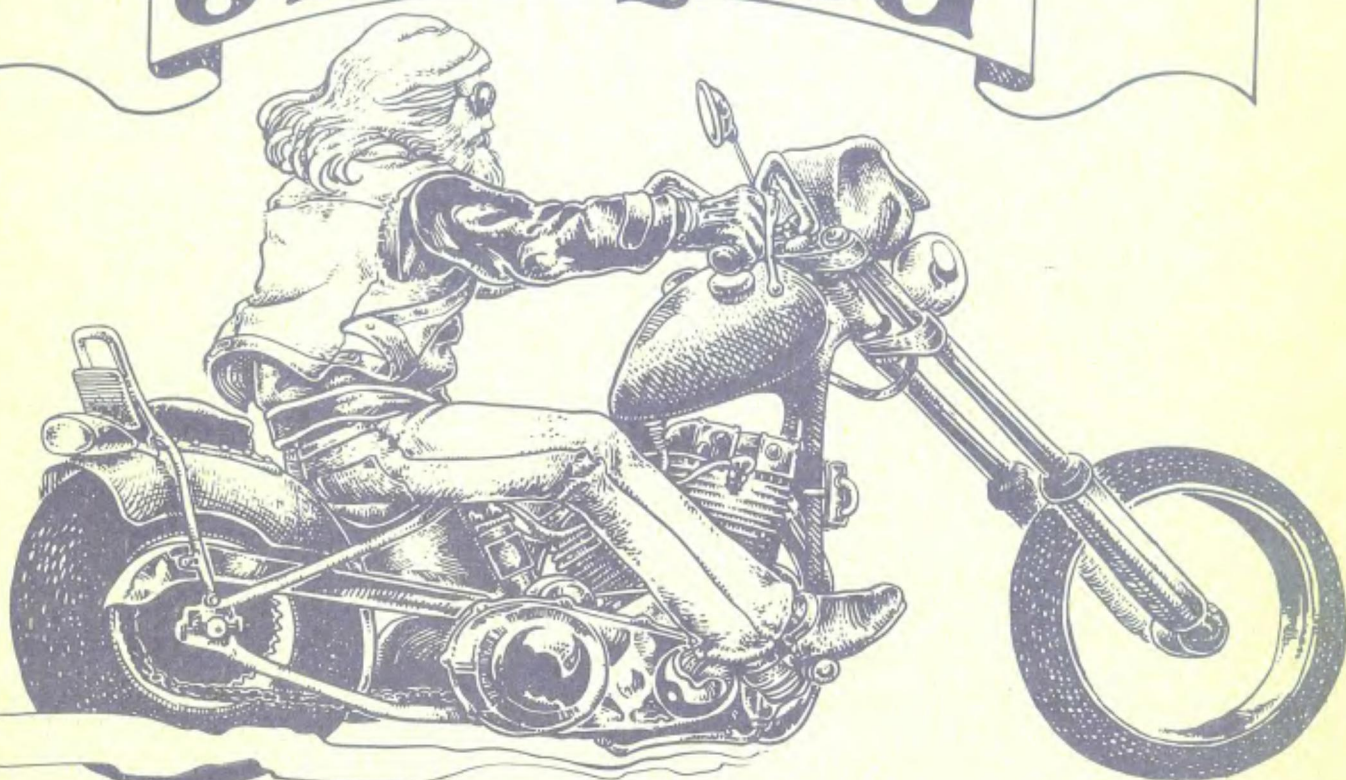
Dresser Bill: The best of luck in your newly set future. Sidekick. (79)

\$! \$! \$! For chicks: You write to me because I'm a prisoner needing you, and I'll show you how to make some cash—decently! Jim Sullivan #14260, P.O. Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360. (79)

Kale Lutz: Happy belated birthday (8/31)! You big, burly, lovable biker, you will be in my heart forever. Cream Puff. (79)

—Continued on page 126

Easyriders



Over

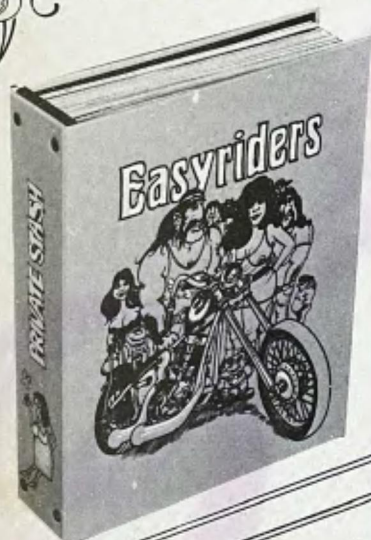
New Year's ridin' Iron-On

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.

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Address _____
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Kidnap

—Continued from page 50

snake and a dollar in it. The Busted Mugs had a brotherhood that was closed to outsiders.

Other clubs and loners could not understand the Busted Mugs. Their lifestyle earned them only contempt from other bikers, as if they were being smug in their anti-social behavior. It was sentiments such as these that prompted the Rats From Hell—commonly referred to simply as The Rats—to call a special meeting one morning, late in summer.

It was a capricious August morning with sunshine one moment and dripping misty drizzle the next. The humidity had been high for days, and the clubhouse smelled of stale beer, cigar smoke, dogs, and dope. The silence was interrupted only by the sound of occasionally shuffling feet, a hunger or two hitting the wall, and the sound of the giant fan that stood in the corner of the room. It whirled and turned, a giant, unemotional face that studied the entire crew.

"Meetin' come to order," Roscoe, the secretary, grated. He thumped his gavel, a beer can, on the table top, and it foamed over resentfully, covering his greasy hand. The members—those who had not fallen asleep again—made false motions of attentiveness.

"We are goin' to execute Plan B," said Dogface, the Rats' president, in his usual raspy voice, leaning forward and clapping his hands judiciously in front of him.

"I hate executions," Dirtbag complained sourly.

"Shut your fuckin' mouth, worm-brain," Dogface grunted. "This here concerns the Busted Mugs an' nothin' else. No minutes, no fuckin' interruptions, no amendments, an' no shit." Someone clapped his hands—once.

"They bin partyin' since last Thursday night, an' our informant"—he nodded toward Willy, who raised his great bulk an inch off the chair and bowed, smiling—"tells us that they've scattered to their pads an' are all too wasted to put up any kind of resistance. Now, if we start this mornin' we can gather 'em all up, one at a time, without no trouble, or we can wait until later an' risk tryin' to do it when they got their strength back, which may get a lotta people shot an' stabbed in some expensive parts of their carcasses, so what's it gonna be?"

"Let's go right now," said Hangman, standing up and stretching to his full height, which was quite a ways up. He put his palms flat against the ceiling and pushed, stretching and yawning. Bits of plaster cracked and fell down on the heads of those around him.

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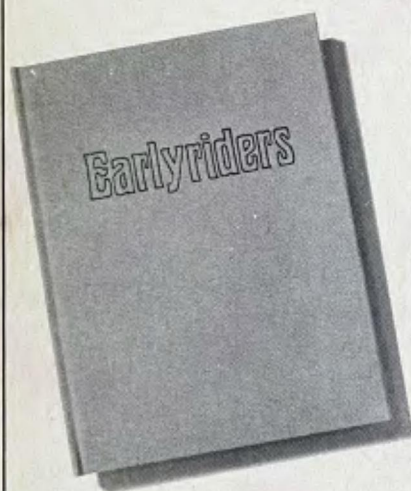
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surface in what he knew to be the back of a large, closed truck. A toneless voice whispered, "Take care!" An engine rumbled into life, and they moved.

Buckeye, Grunt, Wingy, and Candle fell victim next. Grunt, for lack of a personal relationship with words, squalled loudly as he was placed in the row with the others in the back of the moving van; but a soft female voice whispered caressing words into his ear through the heavy bindings that covered him, and gentle hands smoothed away his fears. And the same soft voice, after the precise touch of a hand, said, "This one's big."

"Lemme see," came another female whisper, and he was touched again before the mischievous voice suggested, "Let's check 'em all."

One of the older members of the Busted Mugs, China had been a night stalker in Korea before he was captured at his work and mutilated by gleeful heathens. He often bragged that he never slept because of that experience, but no one believed him. He was the hardest of all to capture.

China heard a step outside the door of his bedroom, and when the intruders leaped upon him, holding the heavy moving van pad before them to hide their identity, his knife carved great half-moons that let through the light. He felt one brief touch of the blade against some solid object, followed by a curse and a howl. He thrust and kicked and rolled off the far side of the bed, reaching behind to let up the window shade and expose his attackers, but their numbers and force overcame him. He went down slashing and cursing in Chinese, the language he'd learned during his seven years a prisoner. Later, as he was being trussed and lifted, whispering voices chuckled good-humoredly.

"Hold a rag on it. It'll stop," one said. "Muthafucker's deep," another whined in answer.

"Thought you said you were quick on your feet." Laughter.

"Cocksucker!"

"Tough bastard." And a strong hand patted China as one pats a retriever who has done well at the hunt. There were twelve stops in all.

"I want to play with this one," one of the women in the van said, trying to whisper, but her voice cracked.

"Go ahead," another whisper in a deeper voice answered.

"I won't look. You do him, then I will."

"You're on," the first woman's voice said, and with great care she began to uncover the blanket-covered lower portion of the tongueless Grunt, being careful not to disturb the bindings.

For a moment, fear raced through his body as it had on the night of his capture by the Cong, but he soon realized the

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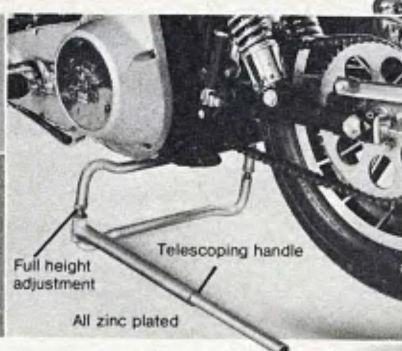
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fear was needless. Gentle hands unfastened his belt, then manipulated his clothing until his vital machinery was exposed. It had been a while for him. He avoided the ugly hags who came to the clubhouse on party nights. In high school he had been known as a great kisser, but the Cong took care of that reputation for him. When the hags came, he yearned too strongly to kiss, and so he stayed away and suffered.

Soft hands caressed him in a knowing way. He felt warm breath on his exposed parts. A kiss. A gasp that matched his own. He arched his back, and in a moment it was done, but only for the first time.

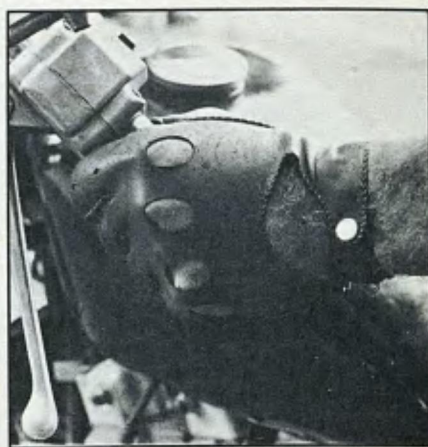
It isn't good for a man to wait so long. This torture was exquisite, and there seemed no end to it. The woman was either starved or depraved. She outlasted him by far, and when he felt himself being covered once again, there was the sound of light applause.

"Both of you," Rat Gravel Voice rasped. "What the hell, give 'em all a treat. Anyway, it's a long ride."

Grunt listened. He was truly exhausted now, and wanted sleep in spite of the surroundings. He heard Buckeye give a long, drawn-out wail, followed by a tiny clicking sound, and he knew that Buckeye's marble had popped out. He tried to laugh, but only a gurgle came out.

"Don't, don't, don't," he heard Mick snarl when they started on him, but the snarl turned to an anguished, "Ooooh, fuck!" and ended with a sound that reminded Grunt of a fish flopping on the pier.

The truck turned from whatever smooth road it had been traversing and began to bump along, obviously passing over a rutted, forest road. Tree limbs brushed the sides of the truck, and after half an hour of jouncing, they came to a halt. Doors creaked open on metal hinges, and one by one the Busted Mugs were lifted and carried out into the fresh air of the forest. Through the clothes that covered their heads, each of them



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smelled pine forest and smoke, combined with cooking aromas, as they were placed side by side on a low, leaf-covered slope.

"Who's that?" Mick whispered, as though he and whoever he lay next to were alone.

"Buckeye," came the whispered answer. "They're gonna kill us."

"Kill away, you bastards," China shouted, his voice barely muffled by the heavy covering. "I bin killed before. You ain't gettin' no virgin."

Somewhere, laughter floated through the forest.

"Now listen, you pigfuckers," Dogface said, addressing the dozen mummy-like figures that lay before him, "this here is Dogface, president of the Rats. Now you know what kind of trouble you're in."

"We ain't done nothin' to you, you sonuvabitch," Mick answered. "Let us outta here an' we'll—"

"I know you ain't done nothin', goddammit," Dogface cut in, "an' you can't fuck up nobody. Just hold still an' shut up. We got some talkin' to do, an' this was the only way we could figure out how to do it. You fuckin' hardheaded assholes won't listen to nobody, you won't cooperate with nobody, an' you won't be friendly. We're gonna cut you loose in a minute, an' you're gonna be surprised, but first we got somethin' to say." He shuffled his feet and kicked a rock, killing time. He looked over at Rosie, and the dumb cunt had tears in her eyes, so he looked down and stomped on a stinkbug that was ambling past his foot. Damn, he thought. It sure is a bitch bein' a good guy.

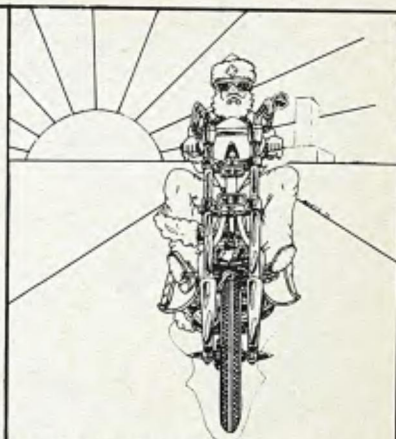
"You dudes been hangin' out by yourselves for four or five years now, partyin' by yourselves, puttin' by yourselves, an' avoidin' every attempt we made—an' others made, too—to be friendly. Now, once we cut you loose you can do anything you want. You can go back to feelin' sorry for yourselves 'cause you're freaky—I mean, 'cause your faces are so fucked—I mean—" He stomped his feet like a kid having a tantrum.

"Goddammit! We don't give a fuck what ya look like, an' neither do any of our broads. You dudes been wearin' out every old has-been hooker in town when there's all kinds of good young honeys just waitin' for a chance to show ya that they care about ya, an' we been bustin' our asses tryin' to make friends 'cause we all gotta stick together. That's what brotherhood's all about, not goin' off someplace by yourself just 'cause ya don't want nobody to see your ugly mugs. Faces ain't what makes brothers. Puttin' an' partyin' an' helpin' one another is what it's all about.

—Continued on page 84

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—Continued from page 81

"Now, before we cut you loose, we want to apologize for the rough handlin'—"

"Rough handlin' my ass," someone in the crowd shouted, with laughter in his voice. "That gray-headed ol' cocksucker cut about a yard of material outta both me an' my Levi's."

"Shut the fuck up, wormbrain," Dogface said.

"Cut us loose, then let's talk," Mick said.

"Okay, Willy," Dogface ordered, "start cuttin' them ropes. We just want ya to know that we spent a lotta time an' money workin' this thing out," he went on. "This is our favorite partyin' spot, an' you're invited to share it with us any time ya want. You can stay or you can leave, but we got the whole weekend ahead of us, so think it over. We're offerin' ya our friendship, an' you can take that or leave it if ya want." The crowd moved back as Willy carefully severed the ropes on each bundle that contained a member of the Busted Mugs.

Each man rose the same way, quickly alert and leaping to a half-crouched stance. There was no change of expression on the faces of the Busted Mugs. Such faces have only one expression, and that is one of pain that has been frozen in time.

There were no knives or clubs, no chains. Friendly hands held out cans of beer, and across a clearing an entire beef turned over a huge bed of coals, managed by smiling prospects and women. Rosie stepped forward and linked her arm with Grunt's. She handed him a beer with her free hand, and tugged him toward the clearing.

"You're mine, honey," she said, and she stood on tiptoe and kissed him on the lips.

It was all that was needed. Girls came forward and took each man by the hand or wrapped an arm about the one she chose, and the entire group headed for the fire across the clearing. Both sides sincerely shook hands and exchanged brothers' bearhugs. There was no war. ■



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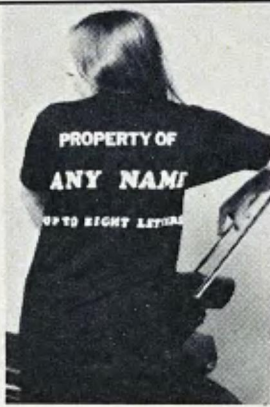
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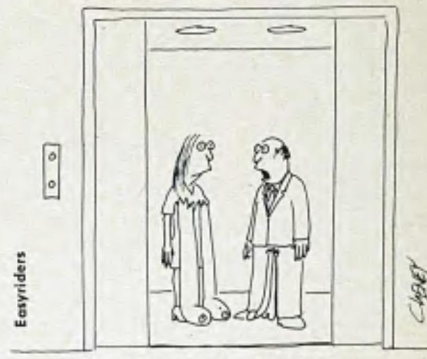
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"This sure is a fast elevator."

Benefit Trip

—Continued from page 73

getting along with redneck Army officer trainees—and vice-versa.

"Oh, Mr. Norman," came a well-modulated voice from behind the biker. Norman turned to see a smiling dude clad in a leisure suit and carrying a large portable tape recorder. The guy appeared to have a grey, furry ball growing from his mouth. The only way you could tell it was a microphone and not a disfiguring growth was by the shiny handle.

"Yeah?"

"That was quite a feat, Norman. May I call you Norman?" Without waiting for an answer, the dude continued, pushing one of the buttons on the top of the recorder.

"We're here at the Ozark County Fairground, where the famous Fourth Annual Turkey Jerk competition has just ended. This is your host, the Voice of Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas, Ron Robertson. Stormin' Norman has just received the coveted Golden Drumstick Award for 'jerking' twenty-six full-grown tom turkeys. This is the fourth consecutive year Stormin' Norman has earned this award! You want to tell our thousands of listeners out there about it, Norm?"

Norman belched. "It's Norman, Stormin' Norman, man. And yeah, that's right. This is the fourth time in a row."

The radio dude chuckled and cleared his throat. "Well, Stormin' Norman, this must be quite a thrill for you."

"Nahh... me 'n' the boys just come out here 'cause the bread and the turkeys get sent to all those kids and widows. That's all."

The Voice of Radio Free Missouri spoke again. "Norman—that is, Stormin' Norman—is referring to the entry fees of the Turkey Jerk contestants, ten dollars each. Those funds are distributed to the needy families in the area. Most of the women are widows of men who are lost each year in the aluminum can recycling plants, for which this part of the state is justly famous. Right, Norman?"

"Don't forget the fuckin' turkeys, man. There musta been a couple or three hundred turkeys jerked here today, 'n' every goddam one of 'em gets the ax 'n' ends up on the Thanksgiving dinner table of one of

—Continued on page 92



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THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Or, Bah, Humbug

Went to see a bro recently. The man was as down as fifty mph into an oil slick. He had three ol' ladies, but whittled 'em down to only the lonely. You've been there. It's sorta similar to the day after three days on tequila and dried-out orange rinds in New Mexico in August. And it's Christmas—right?

So me and another big man from Tennessee got Jackie a fox-in-a-box. All that is obvious in the flicks. Unless you're as fucked up as we were when we did it.

At first, everything was going as slick as a fresh, hand-rubbed lacquer paint job. She popped from the box as if she was a fork tube cap losin' contact on the last thread. She actually found that big, fuzzy fucker somewhat attractive. For a moment, though, he started backin' off—fuckin' with her a bit. But they ended up tucked together as tight as close tolerances. Never had seen two people get so thick so quick. Somethin' was goin' in the right direction—for a change.







Photos by Billy Tinney



I was actually beginning to gather some Christmas spirit, myself—no shit. Then this big fucker twists my shoulder blade with his forefinger. " 'Member, she goes back at eleven."

"You tell him," I mumbled through my beard and spun away to escape the heartbreaks.

"Your idea" broke into my shattered mind.

"But, bro, bu... ain't this the shits!" I had to cop to it.

Then it was 10:45 and nearly forty-five beers later and I was forced to make my move, even though the forty-five beers hadn't altered my thinking. Hesitantly, I excused myself and stumbled into the fifth lap through the bedroom.

"Say, bro, it's like this, ya see"—oh, fuck it, I thought—"she's gotta be returned."

Jackie's expression went from ridin' a turbocharged shovel to facin' a flat tire, a hundred miles from another sign of life. Would have dislodged a few teeth if he hadn't been in the buff.

But she emerged from Jackie's room all shiny—hair a little mussed, but cheeks as rosy as candy apples could ever hope to be, her little feet sorta twinkling down the dingy hall. And a smile crossed her face as if her teeth were quartz-iodide—she beamed. Her plump bottom—well, she deserved a hug that'd last to New Year's.

—Snake

ol' Lady



Starr Nail

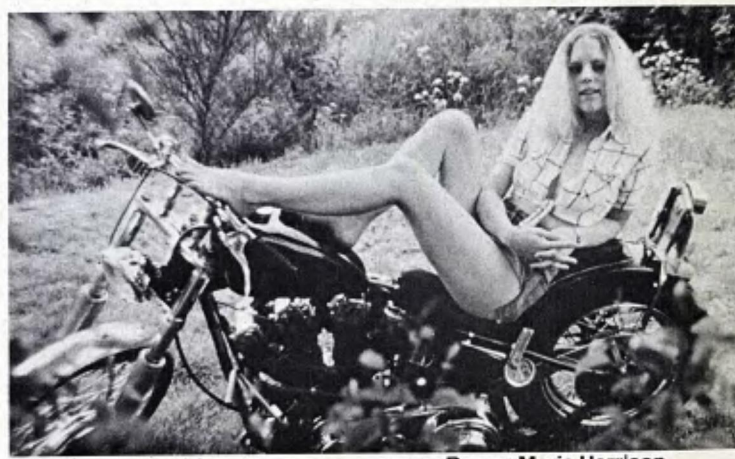
Patricia Horrocks



Mareen Thompson



Donna



Donna Marie Harrison



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.

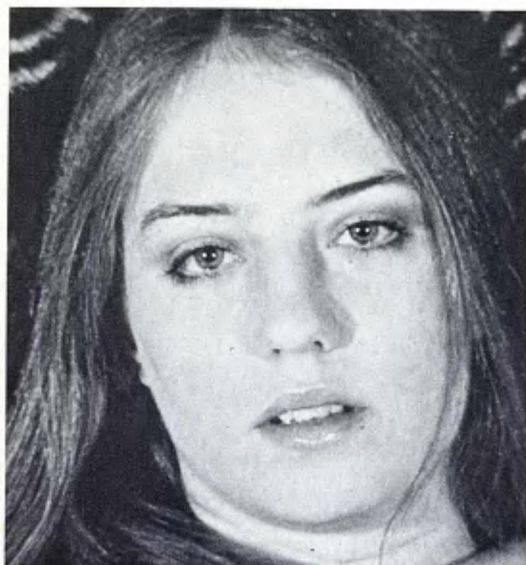
Model release forms must be notarized, but don't freak out over this requirement. If you are not familiar with having your signature notarized, all that is required is that you go to any bank or real estate office. They will do it in a few minutes, and all it will cost is 50¢ to one dollar. Your personal 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

photo CONTEST



Kim Hanson



Lisa Witt



Lori File



Here she is, folks—Rebecca Blaze Gráham, the eighth winner in the 1979 **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Snake's Lady, Raschide, and Sheila D. Nichols-Haywood.



Porkchop

Me

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.

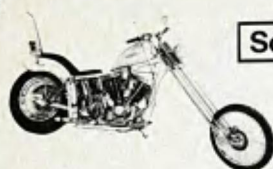
All models must be 18 years of age or older and the blank model release on page 100 must be completely filled out, signed, notarized, and sent along with each entry. Entries sent without a model release will be shitcanned. Photos must be black and white glossy prints or color slides—no color prints. 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 December 24. We'll print the winner in the April issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #79 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



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Benefit Trip

—Continued from page 85

the needy families of them cyclers lost in the crushing machines at the aluminum can plants. Man, I accounted for more'n twenty of them big toms myself!"

Shifting from one foot to the other, the announcer admonished the grey, furry ball in a whisper, "Bernie, be sure to edit the language when you get this piece ready for the air."

The interviewer noticed that he and the biker were drawing a crowd. Smiling, he smoothed the hair on top of his head. "I must tell you, Norman, that it's a great pleasure for this reporter to see a bunch of robust, fun-loving guys like you Wheelers—"

"Wailers, man. We're the Wasola Wailers," Norman corrected.

"Sorry. Wailers it is. Anyway, it's really great to see a group of guys take this one opportunity a year to go out of their way to help those less fortunate."

"Yeah, well, you ain't seen nothin' yet, then, Robinson," Norman blurted.

"Robertson, Ron Robertson."

"Robertson it is, then. This ain't doodly squat, compared to what we're gonna do for Christmas."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. Listen up. This Christmas, we're gonna see to it that every poor kid in a hospital or orphanage in this here county gets somethin' special from us—like toys and games and shit like that."

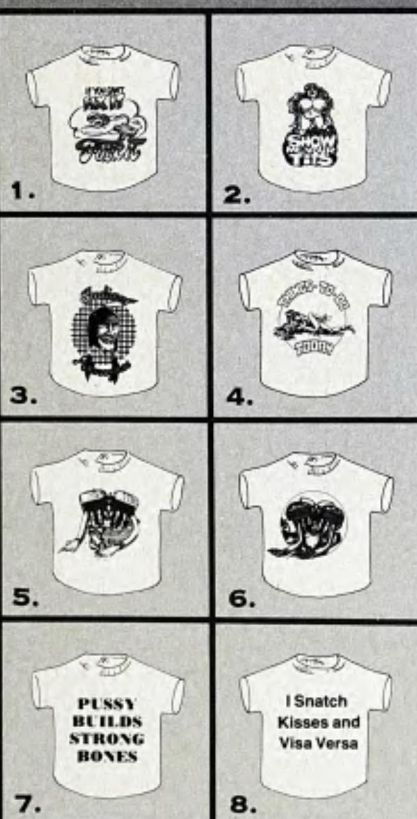
Norman turned to the crowd. "Yeah, we're gonna start a drive like nobody's ever seen before! We're gonna get together carloads of kids' stuff and hand it out to every poor little rugrat we can find. And they're gonna know it came from us!"

The fraternity boys gathered in a knot, just out of earshot. As they talked, angry, conspiratorial glares and stares rained down on Norman and the bikers.



"Ah, please, lady—just your money."

Easyriders



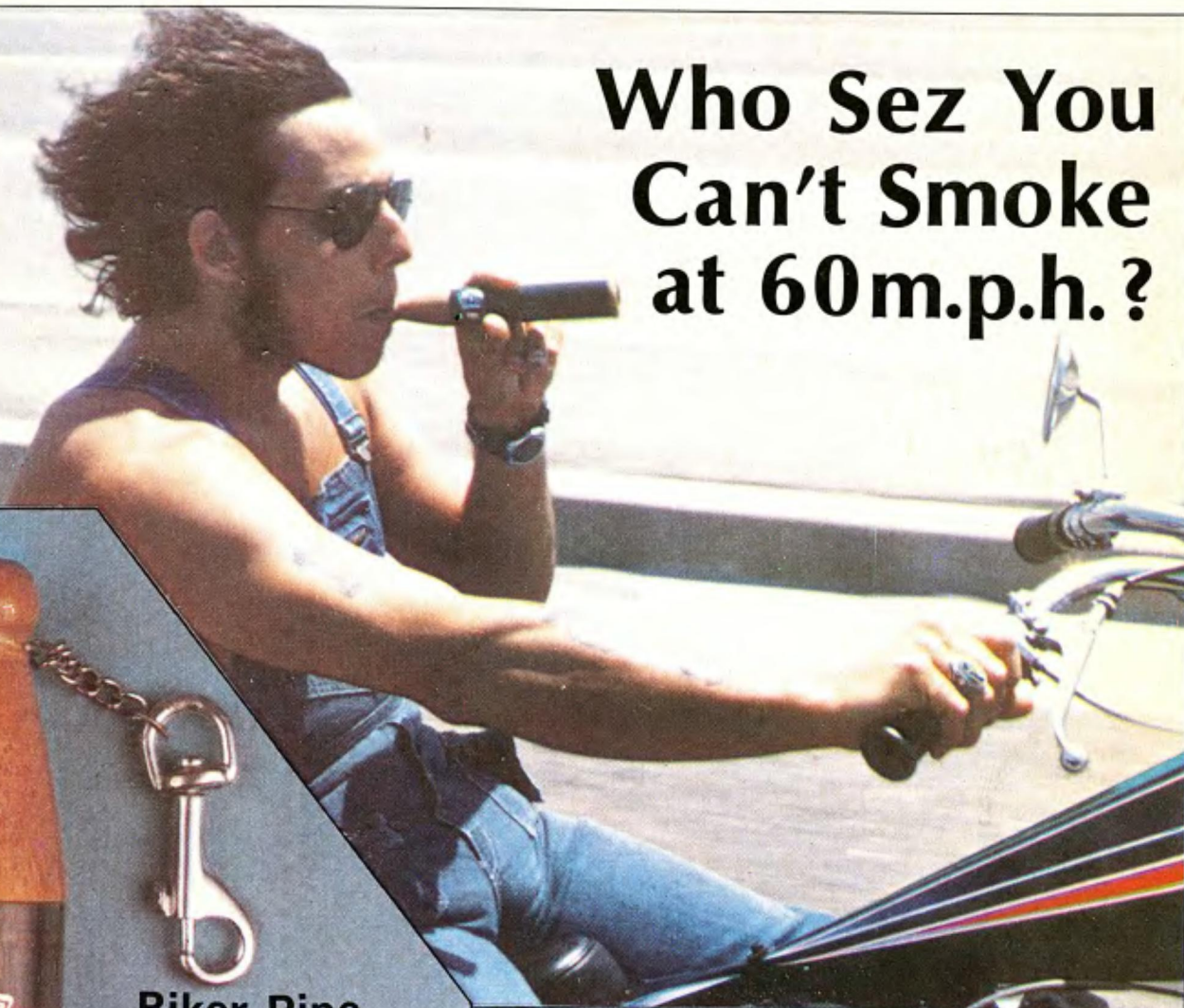
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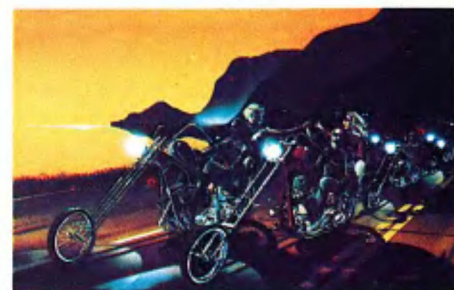
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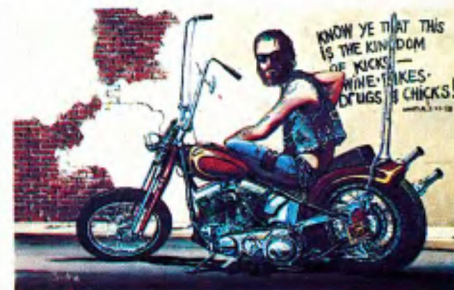
M-7 "Run Heat"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



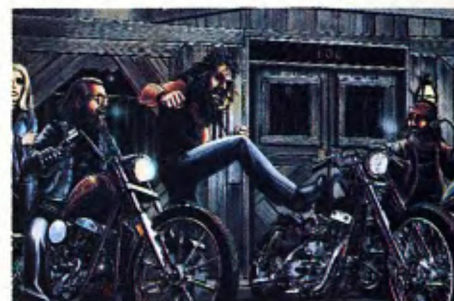
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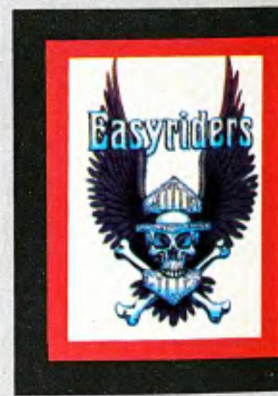
M-13 "Won't Start"



M-12 "Country Style"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

"How are you and your ga—. . . er, club going to accomplish this sizable task?"

Glancing at his bros gathered under the big tree, Norman nodded to them as he spoke. "Exactly how we're gonna pull it off is our goddamn business. All you hafta know is that all us Wailers, includin' me 'n' Boog 'n' Binnie 'n' Animal 'n' Punkin' Boobs 'n' all the other ol' ladies, too, are gonna be bustin' ass to make this thing happen. And yer all shit-fer-brains if ya' think we won't!"

As the Wailers applauded and hooted, Norman shot his best smart-ass parting grin and turned away.

Passing the cluster of shorthaired rednecks, Norman stared down his brawny "Jerk" opponent. He casually flipped the drumstick trophy in his hand, in cadence with his steps. As the biggest turkey of them all stepped out of the ring of yokels, Norman hefted the trophy in his right hand and strolled by.

"Damned bikers," someone muttered from behind. "This town'll be a lot better place to live when they're gone for good!"

You and what army's gonna get that done, turkey? Norman thought.

Amidst great sheets of muddy water, goopy roostertails, and ear-splitting roars from their scoots, the Wailers made their exit.

* * *

It was Boog's turn to say his piece at the Wailers' strategy meeting. "Now, I think Norman's idea about this Christmas thing is the most righteous fuckin' thought he's had in a long time." Turning to Norman, he continued. "An' I think we can pull it off. We got four or five cages we can lay our hands on to carry the stuff an' we got a place to stash it all, right here, while we're collectin'. What we need are some real different ideas about gettin' all that stuff for those poor rugrats without layin' out the bread

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—Spider

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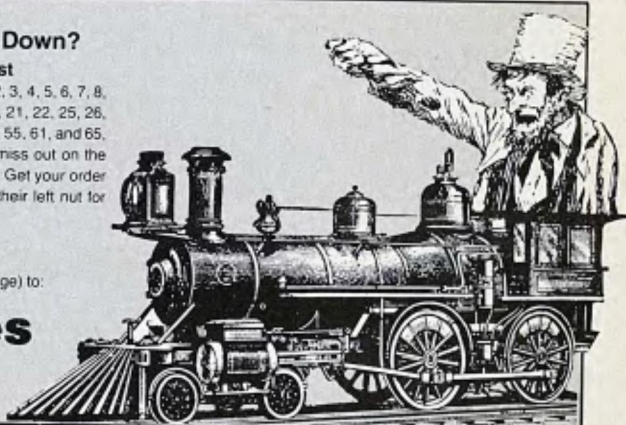
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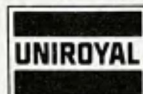
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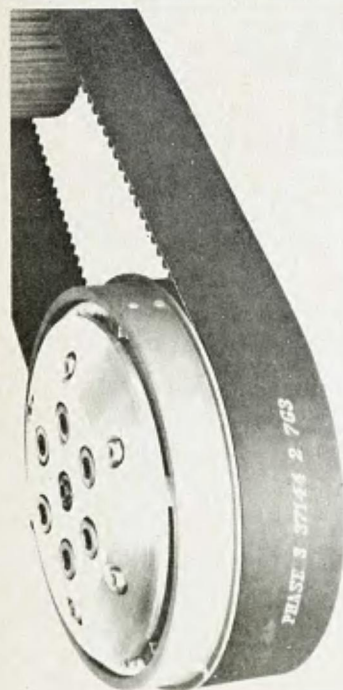
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ourselves."

Norman gestured to Punkin' Boobs for another beer and dropped his empty on the lumpy pillow next to him. "Listen, bros. There ain't no one way to do this. It's gonna take a lotta brainbustin' to get this thing done. First, we get the ol' ladies started to work on a bunch of homemade stuff." Punkin' Boobs shot Norman a startled look that froze a half-smile on her face. She plopped the unopened can in his lap. "Second," Norman continued, "we call that wimpy guy at the radio station and see if we can get him into the act—a mass appeal on the airwaves, maybe. A Hear-A-Thon!"

Buttercup, Binnie's ol' lady, was given the job of calling up the local toy distributor to hustle freebies. The bros passed the hat and came up with \$75 so that the ol' ladies could whip up homemade toys. There was a long way to go, but it was a promising beginning.

* * *

Twenty miles away, in Gainesville's newest high-rise apartment complex, a group of crewcut fraternity men were having a meeting of their own. In the glass-and-chrome living room, they resembled inmates of the Southern Missouri School for Army Recruiters. Even with all of them talking at once, they sounded like a drill team. It was hardly surprising that nobody liked them except a group of uniformed ladies belong to a club called Daughters of American Modesty.

In the kitchen of the apartment, ten of these DAM old ladies were busily engaged in ripping and tattering a pile of bleached T-shirts. Others poured dirty oil on faded Levi's.

The very possibility of any motorcycle club getting favorable publicity in their community had mobilized these two unlikely and unlikable groups. The Turkey Jerk had been the last straw. Both groups resolved that the bikers would fail—at any cost.

* * *

Norman sprang across the front room of the farmhouse to answer the phone on the first ring—this call could make or break the Wailers' Rugrats' Roundup.

"Hello!"

"Hi, Norm. Ron Robertson."

"Hi. What's the decision, man?"

"Listen, Norm. I've talked to the station manager and the program director—I really went out on a limb for you guys. Last night we had a meeting about your Hear-A-Thon idea. I had all the—"

"C'mon, man, gimme the bottom line!"

"Norm, wait. Listen to me. As of last

PHASE 3 COMPETITIVE DRIVE LINES

night, the answer was yes. . . a definite yes."

"Far fuckin' out! When—"

"Wait, Norm. There's bad news."

Stormin' Norman tensed. "What?"

"It seems that some time last night, a group of bikers was seen smashing up a Salvation Army collection box in Gainesville. Now everybody figures that you guys were looking for toys or stuff you could use."

"That's a bunch of fuckin' bullshit, man."

"Try to understand, Norm—as a responsible company serving the interests of the community, we can't appear to be sympathetic, much less helping—"

"Fuck you and your airwaves, man—ain't none of my bros who'd pull that kinda shit!"

"Unfortunately, none of the culprits was apprehended, so there is no way to clear your ga—. . . er, club."

Norman's phone was repaired two days later. The serviceman said he'd never seen the plastic casing shattered like that. Things were not going well for the Wailers.

Punkin' Boobs and her Methedrine Mamas, as they came to be called, worked around the clock to produce 112 straw-filled dolls. Most looked like a miniature version of the Hunchback of Notre Dame, but they were better than nothing. The local toy distributor came through with three cases of freight-damaged Body Snatcher Pods (batteries not included).

* * *

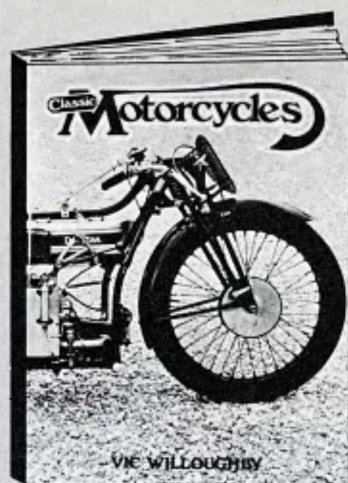
On a Tuesday night, four residents of Almartha were driving home from a bingo game when they saw a large toy distributor's truck pulled over to the side of the road with its emergency flashers on. The citizens reported the incident because they had also noticed a van parked behind the big truck. The gaudily painted van bore the words "Ride To Feel Free/ Feel Free To Ride" crudely scrawled on a sign attached to the side of the vehicle.

Stormin' Norman called for an emergency meeting at 2 o'clock the following day. At 2:27 there was a loud knock at the front door. Norman answered it since all the ol' ladies had been banished to Hannah's place to rework the grotesque dolls they had made.

"Mr. Norman Collins?" asked the trooper standing outside.

"Yeah?"

Flashing a grin, a .38, and a sheaf of folded white papers, the trooper and ten associate grunts burst inside.



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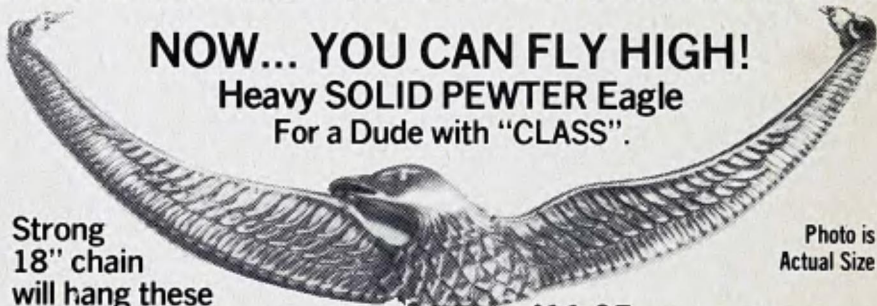
A few of the bikes featured: the Triumph, for its commercial success; the Ducati, for its audacity; the Velocette Roamer, for its enterprise; the Ariel Square Four, for its individuality; and the Moto-Guzzi single, for its inspiration.

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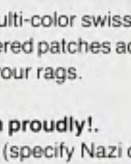
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* * *

The Wailers filled the small holding tank at Wasola. They also filled the station with the pungent odor of the hash that Gypsy had stashed in the false heel of his left boot. The lone, 21-year-old deputy on duty pretended not to notice.

Norman was doing his best to pace the cell, stepping over and around the legs of his brothers. "I hate to say this, bro, but I think our asses have been had. I can't figure it out. What the fuck is goin' on? There's no way anybody's gonna give us yesterday's garbage—let alone toys 'n' games for those kids."

"Yeah, 'n' where the fuck we gonna get the bread to bail us all outta here?" demanded Animal. The tattooed one pounded his hairy fist on his knee. "An' what about our sleds? Kee-rist! We're in deep shit. We were supposed to be lookin' clean and righteous about this time."

The Wailers' were plenty gnarly when Ron Robertson walked in at midnight. The smile on his face would have cost him his life, but Boog's arms weren't long enough to reach him through the bars.

"You rotten, cheap cocksucker, shit-eatin' lowlife rat bastard! Ya really got off on that bust today, didn't ya!"

Norman spat the words through clenched jaws that could have held a Sporty in its tracks at full throttle.

"Norman, take it easy! I'm the bearer of good tidings."

"The only good fuckin' news you could bring is that you and every asshole in this chickenshit burg has terminal cancer!" yelled Boog.

Robertson edged backwards uneasily. "Listen," he urged. "I've been with the police since they arrested all of you this afternoon. They staked out your house, and—"

"Chickenshit—"

Robertson hurried on. "Fortunately for you, an unmarked car returned to your residence to await the return of your... ah... old ladies, as you call them. While they had your house under surveillance, a van pulled into your driveway. It matched the description of the one that was spotted last night near the hijacked toy deliv-

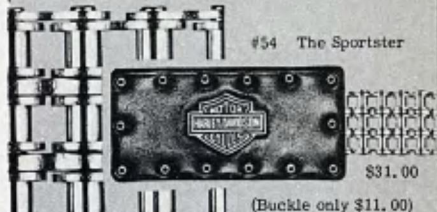
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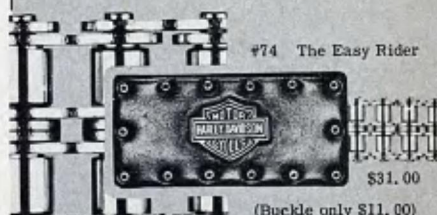
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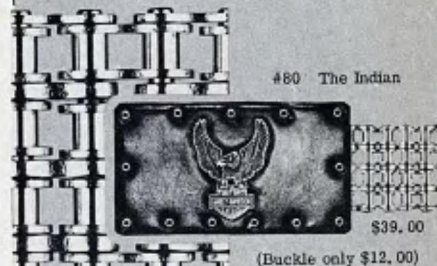
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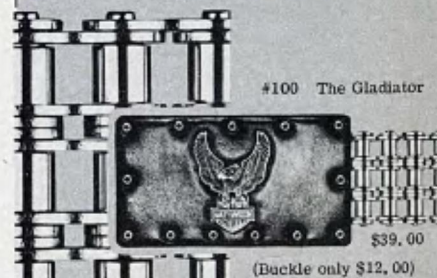
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ery truck. Four male suspects were apprehended in the act of hiding cartons of stuffed animals in your garage. The young men were dressed in clothes similar to those you wear—you know, grease-stained dungarees, tattered T-shirt, leather jackets, and so on."

"They're the ones! Fuckin' imposters."

"Pig-faced assholes."

"Slime-eatin'—"

Robertson held up his hands for silence and continued. "Their disguise was amateurish—not a tattoo in the lot, cleanshaven and recently barbered. I immediately brought those facts to the attention of Sergeant Ferguson. Some pointed questioning of the suspects has shed a great deal of light on the recent crimes attributed to your people. The vandalism, burglary, and hijacking charges have been dropped. Your motorcycles will be returned."

"When do we get out of this lockup?" Norman demanded.

The exuberant cheers that poured from the Wailers in unison died abruptly as Robertson continued. "Well, of course there's the possession charges."

"Aw, fuck." Gloom suddenly replaced elation.

"But wait. I've sort of taken a liking to you fellows and I've followed this whole drama very closely. I'd like to see you pull off your toy drive. I pointed out to Sergeant Ferguson that if the imposters were attempting to frame you by planting stolen merchandise in your garage, then it's at least possible that they were responsible for the marijuana and barbiturates that were found."

"So when do we get outta here?" Norman demanded again. "And I guess we owe you, Robertson," he added.

"Norman, you and your brothers will be out before ten tomorrow. I have to go. I've got a late-breaking news story to tell my listeners." Robertson sauntered away, quite pleased with himself.

* * *

Norman awoke from from a shallow sleep blinking against the bright rays of sunlight streaming through the small ventilation slot high on the wall. Soon the cell was alive with disgruntled bikers, and within an hour or so all sixteen were receiving their personal effects and shaking off the stiffness of their confinement. The ol' ladies and scoots awaited them outside, and the day took on a promising look.

Robertson was there too, without his tape recorder. Standing next to

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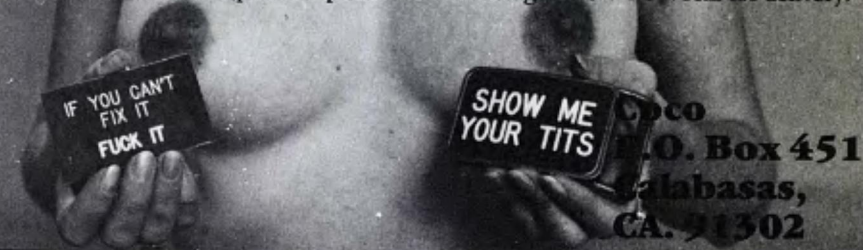
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him was a stranger in his mid-thirties, almost as tall and barrel-chested as Norman. He wore a pair of new, pressed Levi's, a rust-colored leather jacket, and an obviously expensive pair of western boots. He smiled slightly as Norman approached.

"Congratulations, Norman. It's good to see everybody out," said the radio reporter, extending his hand. "I'd like you to meet Jim Bradley."

Norman's hand remained on his hip. He nodded slightly to the newcomer. "Hi."

"A bum rap," the well-dressed stranger began, dropping the smile. "Yeah." Norman eyed the stranger warily.

"Those Alpha Beta Omegas were always pricks, even when I went to school here. The names change, but the faces and the necks are always the same. Assholes!" The slight smile returned to the man's face. "Anyway, Norman, I'd like to do something to help you guys out."

"Yeah? What?" Norman remained suspicious.

Bradley reached into his wallet and handed Norman his business card. He was the regional vice-president of Perfecto Toys, Midwest Division. Norman did a double-take.

"I'm gonna help you and your Wailers complete your toy drive," Bradley announced. "I've been authorized by my company to donate a full carload—railroad carload, that is—of our new Plushstuff Deluxe Critters for your Rugrats' Roundup. It'll be here in Wasola on the sixteenth. You guys will have your work cut out for you."

"Uh... hey... thanks"—Norman checked the card again—"Bradley... uh... Jim."

The Wasola Wailers laughed and hooted as they kicked over their bikes. Norman, Boog, Animal, and all the Wailers spent the next two days consuming as much chili, beer, and smoke as twenty-two hours of sleep would allow.

* * *

December sixteenth was clear and crisp and bright—a perfect day for the Wailers' triumph. They roared into the parking lot at the railroad depot, their gleaming putts and flashing colors a bright contrast to the somber backdrop of faded pickups.

The publisher of the local newspaper, Ron Robertson, and even Sergeant Ferguson, turned out to witness the event along with more than a hundred of the townsfolk.

Norman, his bros, and the ol' ladies took up positions close to the tracks to await the arrival of the train. The bikers were feeling festive, congrat-

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ulating each other and enjoying the novelty of the good vibes emanating from the local populace.

All but unnoticed, two of the redneck frat rats loitered at the edge of the crowd, trying to look inconspicuous.

The sound reached the siding before the train itself—labored chugging, accompanied by the high-pitched squeal of braking for the downgrade as the rails entered town. The crowd saw the thin wisp of smoke just before the locomotive came around the bend. A roar of applause, a stomping of boots, and general merriment rose from the depot parking lot—the bikers had actually pulled it off!

The locomotive and three yellow refrigerator cars inched and groaned to a halt in front of the crowd. The festive mood abruptly vanished.

"The fourth car! Where the fuck is the fourth car?" Norman bellowed as he ran to the front of the train and jumped up on the step of the engine. Confronting the engineer with infuriated jabbering and threatening gestures, the Wailers' leader was heard even above the idling locomotive. The engineer's jaw dropped when he turned to look at the tail end of his cargo.

Norman stormed back to the assembled Wailers. They held a muted, angry conference away from the knot of confused spectators. A small boy informed the bikers that he had seen a couple of the fraternity men laughing as they sneaked off.

Sixteen Wailers broke into a run, fired up their sleds, and roared out of the lot, bumping across the tracks and heading north along the narrow dirt road running parallel to the rails. The machines screamed up the road to the point where it joined the highway, billows of dust marking their route.

At an intersection six miles north of the station they spotted the van heading toward them. Norman pointed and Boog and Animal shot ahead of the pack. As the grey van braked for the stop sign, the two Wailers took direct aim for the front of it. Animal laid his machine down to block the van. The surprised occupants never had time to react.

The Wailers immediately surrounded the van. Norman, Boog, and Animal pulled three of the shorthairs out by their collars, knocking them to the road. Binnie and Gypsy opened the back doors and flushed out two more. Norman punched out the driver while his brothers took out their rage on the others. Before the college wrecking crew knew what had hit them, three of the Wailers had the van turned around and headed north. The rest of the bros stripped the clothes

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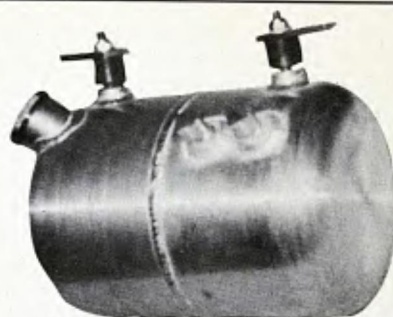
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from the semi-conscious hijackers, tossed them into the ditch, and headed off on their scoots to join the van.

"That fuckin' car's gotta be up here somewhere close!" Norman yelled to no one in particular. "C'mon, c'mon!"

The railroad track was visible from the highway all the way north of the stop sign. Norman hung a right at the first side road and switched back left to run on the cinder right-of-way. A mile down the line, they found the car stopped dead on the tracks.

It took the mechanical ingenuity of all sixteen bros and plenty of chain to lash the van to the rusty brown freight car. The van labored to pull the freight car and get it rolling. The bikes split into two guard lines, flanking the odd combination of van and boxcar between them.

The tires went first. After that, the remainder of the ride into town was accompanied by the screech of the rims against the rails. The tranny strained, the engine smoked, and the shuddering shocks and suspension members creaked and cracked as parts popped and flew in all directions like so much shrapnel.

The packed railroad car was pushing the van as the vehicles began their descent into town. Norman, palms sweating against the steering wheel, struggled to control the vibrating van. As its speed increased, the van's suspension broke into a long dying gasp and the depot came into view around the bend. Norman's brow dripped with sweat as he locked his arms against the wheel to steady the careening load.

The freight car pushed the van relentlessly and billowing smoke spewed from the fried bearings, obscuring the purple and gold flames that the punks had painted on the side of the vehicle. The rear view mirrors dangled for a moment and then dropped away. The body of the van screamed its reluctance to drop all the way down to the rails.

The stunned crowd broke into a cheer as Norman and Boog bailed out only a few yards from the standing train. The toy-laden boxcar used the van as a bumper, ramming the standing train. The accordion-pleated van exploded under the impact of the collision. The "Ride To Feel Free/Feel Free To Ride" sign spun from the wreckage and sailed through the air, landing wrong side up. The entire dazed crowd—newsmen, brother Wailers, ol' ladies, and curious on-lookers alike—stared at the battered orange and blue sign, which read, "Alpha Beta Omega."

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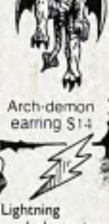
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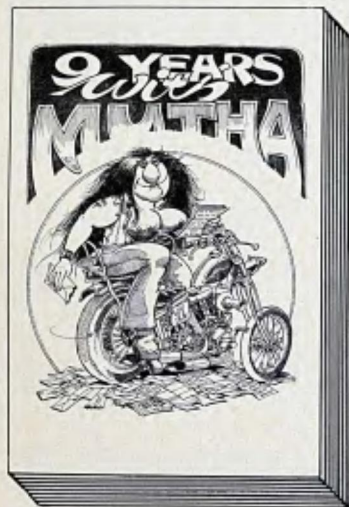
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STORYTELLER

—Continued from page 18

grandson callin', and I'm askin' about the old boy's estate."

Another pause, and then the lawyer's voice said, "Yes, well, er... Mr. Cochran, uh... it seems that your grandfather left his entire estate to you."

"Yeah, man!" Visions of groups of modified Harleys swept through Lucky's mind. "That's why I'm callin'. I'm wonderin' how much money you find in an estate."

The lawyer emitted a small, dry chuckle. "Well, Mr. Cochran! I must say that you *are* your grandfather's grandchild. You come right to the point, just as he did."

"Yeah," replied Lucky. "Me and that old boy was tighter than ticks on a hound's back!"

The attorney failed to respond, and Lucky could hear him shuffling through some papers. After a moment or two, the lawyer spoke again. "Well, Mr. Cochran. Your grandfather left you a cabin up in the mountains and a bank account of forty-three dollars."

The biker saw his dream of being the only guy in the world to own twenty Ariel Square fours being smashed into the ground. It was with forced effort that he asked his next question. "Hey, man... that cabin? How much is it worth?"

"Well," replied the lawyer, "I would guess its market value to be about five or six thousand."

More questions and answers were exchanged between the two until at last the biker hung up the phone—but not before writing down the address of his newly acquired cabin in the mountains.

...

Lucky had to await the arrival of his unemployment check, so it was two days later when he and four of the brothers set out in an old Ford wagon for a small town outside Medford. Several cases of brew and as many hours later, they pulled into a Standard station, where they received directions to the secluded cabin. Half an hour later, Lucky edged the tires of the Ford to the shoulder of the road and shut down the engine. Pointing to a ragged sign, he spoke to his brother travelers. "Well, that looks like the road."

Gums eyed the sign through squinted lids, "Yeah. But that damn thing looks more like a fuckin' path—not a damn road at all." The other brothers nodded their agreement. Without another word, Lucky headed the nose of the station wagon up the steep incline, which cut back

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and forth through the tall trees. After a few moments, the big biker muttered a loud "Fuck!" Bringing the Ford to a halt, he pushed open the door and stepped out. "Look at that shit, will ya?"

"Holy fuck!" swore Deathbreath, in awe. "Nobody's gonna get a fuckin' car up there!"

Big, iron-like vines, as thick as a man's arm, hung like spiderwebs from one gigantic sequoia tree to another. One thing was obvious to all the bikers at once—from here on out, they were going to have to walk! This thought brought curses from the scooter tramps. It took them almost fifteen minutes to locate the deserted cabin.

"Well," Gums wheezed through gasping breaths, "at least the fuckin' thing looks like it's in decent shape."

Once inside, the bikers took careful inventory of the cabin.

"Hey, bro! Watcha gonna do with this place, anyway?" Gums asked.

Lucky shrugged his massive shoulders, frowning in thought. "Hell, I dunno. Sell the damn place, I guess, and use the fuckin' money for another scooter."

Deathbreath came in from a bedroom. "Shit, bro! I'd keep this place! This is a number-one fuckin' party pad, man!"

"Yeah, Lucky," chimed in Lurch. "We're always puttin' up this way. Hell, let's just fuckin' move up here!"

Lucky nodded, "You know, bros, that's a fuckin' good idea!"

Shortly thereafter, it was discovered that none of the brothers had remembered to bring any booze from the ice chest, which had been left on the rear seat of the station wagon. Since nobody showed any enthusiasm for going back down the mountain to retrieve the suds, a vote was taken that they abandon their original plan of staying all night at the cabin, and instead, return to California.

• • •

It was several weeks before the scooter tramps managed to save enough money to buy food for the group of people who had decided to move to Oregon. In all, four of the brothers and their families made the move. There was Deathbreath and his ol' lady, Sandy Scag, and their three rugrats; Gums and his ol' lady, along with their six-year-old son, Shawn; Big Lurch, who chose not to bring a chick; and, of course, Lucky and Michelle.

Since all the kids were of school age, the chicks made an excursion into town, where they were informed that a school bus would stop at the bottom of their "road" to pick up the kids at seven each morning. This meant getting up at day-break, stuffing food into half-sleeping mouths, and pushing them out the door—escorted only by the big Dober-

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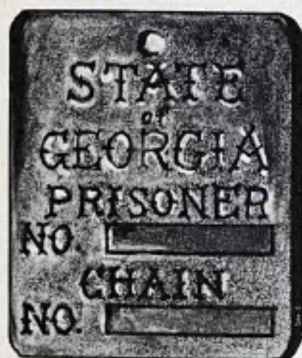
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man, Nazi. The dog would sit with the kids until the bus came, then return to his place on the front porch, where he would impatiently wait for their return. Their lives rapidly assumed a comfortable everydayness, and little did the small community of bikers and their families realize that their new-found peace would come to an abrupt end.

Lucky veered sharply into the gas station and brought the scooter to a sliding halt. Jamming the kickstand into position, he swung his leg quickly over the bike and headed for the door marked "Men Only." Over his shoulder, he yelled to the station attendant, "Hey! Watch my scooter! I gotta go—bad!"

Suddenly, a head poked out from the rolled-down window of a green and white pickup truck, "Hey! Hey, you! Get that fuckin' motorcycle out from behind my fuckin' truck!"

Lucky could already feel the first wet drops as they seeped their way into the material of his Levi's. Throwing his hands up, he yelled back, "Hey! Cool it, sucker! I gotta piss bad, and I'll be back in a fuckin' second!" Before the man in the truck could respond, Lucky ducked into the restroom. It took several seconds for him to relax his gut muscles enough for the urine to pass, and once this was accomplished, he sighed out his relief, "Ahhh, mama! That's better than pussy, if you hold it long enough!" Suddenly, his ears picked up the sounds of metal being crumpled with a heart-stopping scream of resistance! Lucky forced the yellow liquid to a conclusion and burst through the door in a rush. Then he froze in utter amazement, his greatest fears fully realized. There, under the massive rear bumper of the deadly green monster, lay his beloved panhead!

"I told you to move that fuckin' thing, didn't I!" yelled the truck driver.

The big biker opened his mouth, but no words came out. Instead, there came



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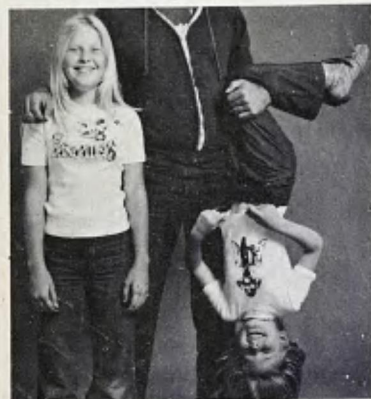
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only the scream of a father who had just witnessed the mutilation of his only son. Lucky charged the molester with hate-filled eyes.

Later, when Deathbreath and Gums showed up at the station, they found Lucky muttering incoherently. "There was eight of them," the station attendant informed them quietly, "Homer Haskell and seven of his kinfolk." Gums knelt down next to his fallen brother. "He fought them all for half an hour!" continued the gas jockey. "It was the most unreal thing I ever saw! He went down. He got back up. He went down. And he got back up!" The awe in the attendant's voice was obvious.

It was hours before the hospital finished treating Lucky's wounds. After the biker refused to stay overnight, Gums rented a pickup truck and followed his brothers back to the cabin path, hauling the fallen panhead in the bed of the bright yellow Chevy.

"Goddam fuckin' bastards!" screamed Lucky through split lips, "I'm gonna get them assholes!"

No one in the room chose to dispute his words. It was Desiree who broke the silence. "It's not nice to do that," she said quietly.

"What?" asked Michelle.

"It's not nice," repeated the youngster, "to beat people up."

"Oh, yeah?" interjected Deathbreath, "and just *who* says it ain't nice?"

The little girl lowered her head and stared at the floor. "The Storyteller told us," she whispered softly.

Deathbreath approached his daughter and stood staring at her for several moments before he spoke. "And just who is this Storyteller?"

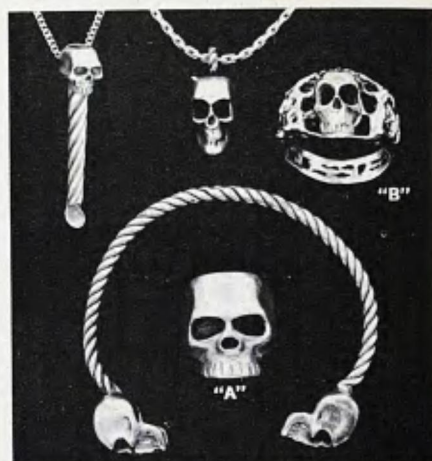
Michelle quickly spoke up. "Oh! He's some old hermit with long hair and a beard. He sits with the kids while they wait for the bus in the morning. He tells them all kinds of stories."

Deathbreath turned his startled gaze toward Michelle. "Shit! Are you sure it ain't some fuckin' pervert?"

The three women shook their heads simultaneously. "No," said Deathbreath's wife. "The kids say he's just some old dude who comes down from the woods and talks with 'em."

Gums suddenly banged his beer can on the tabletop with a loud crash. "Fuck! What kind of a dump is this, anyway? We got assholes runnin' our scoots down and stompin' our brothers—and now we got a fuckin' child molester fuckin' with our kids!"

"He's not no 'lester!" screamed the little girl angrily. The shrillness of her high voice brought the entire group to instant silence.



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—Continued on page 110

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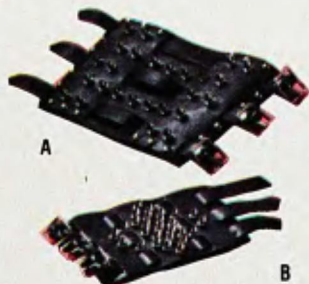
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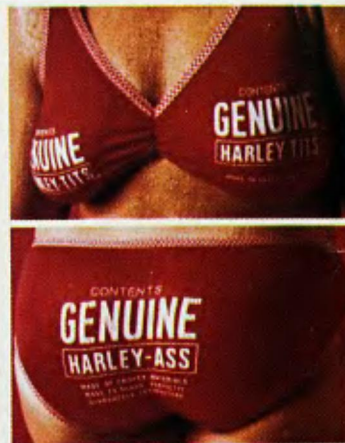
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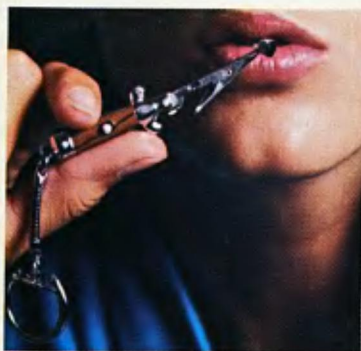
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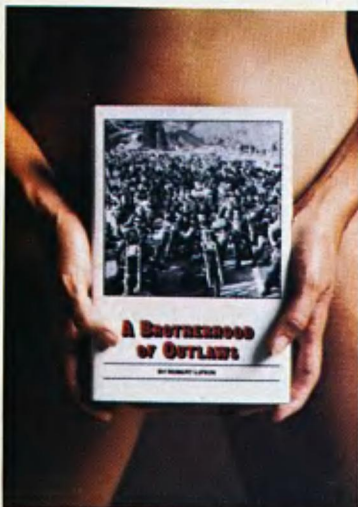
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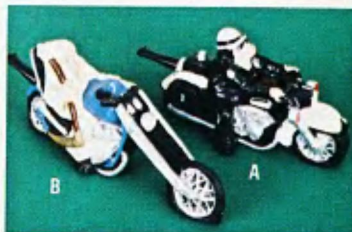


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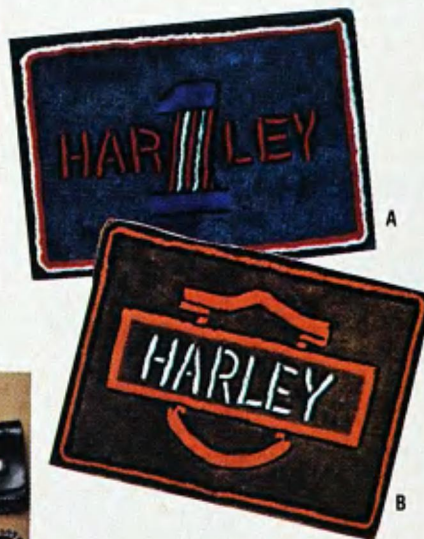


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STORYTELLER

—Continued from page 106

Lucky pressed his palms tightly against his aching temples. "Shut up!" he yelled. "You fuckers are tryin' to bust my fuckin' head!"

The scooter tramps spent the rest of the night planning what should be done concerning Lucky's bike and the beating he had taken. All of this was done in soft whispers, so as not to further damage the already-injured head of their brother.

• • •

Meanwhile, in a local beer bar, Homer and his kin were also engaged in a conversation filled with whispers. These men, however, were concerned only with not being heard by the others who filled the crowded bar.

"I say we go get them scum!" one said angrily.

"Yeah!" chimed in another. "That dude fucked up old Homer real bad before we got there!"

"Jethro says there's four or five of 'em up there at the old Cochran place. I say we should go up there and kick the shit out of 'em."

The one called Homer shook his head sadly. "I dunno. If they all fight like that one, it's gonna take more than eight of us."

"Bullshit!" yelled another, temporarily forgetting to keep his voice lowered.

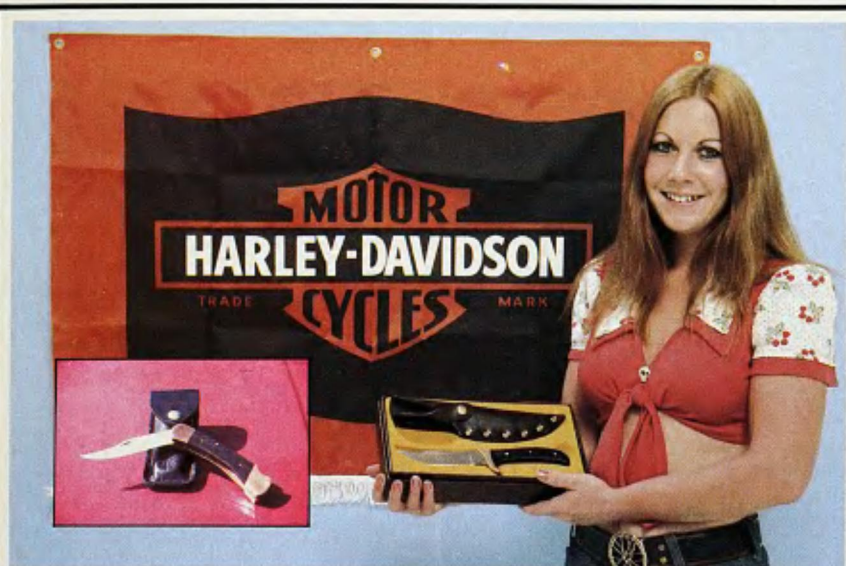
"Homer's half chickenshit! That's why the biker got him! Besides, Homer was caught off guard—right, Homer?"

The huge man shook his massive head, trying to erase the memory of the onrushing biker from his mind. "Yeah! I coulda whipped 'im. He caught me off guard, just like you said!"

Several rounds of drinks later, the eight men decided to proceed to Cochran's cabin and kick the shit out of the bikers. "We'll sneak up, kick the door down, and stomp us some trash!" Jethro said with a cackle. A sound of drunken agreement filled the night air, and the eight men headed for Cochran's cabin in Jethro's pickup. "We'd better hurry," urged one of the group. "It's gettin' on toward daylight!"

• • •

Shawn saw them first. He was slightly ahead of the other youngsters as they made their way to where the school bus stopped each morning. At first, he simply stared in disbelief. Then he spun around with a warning yell to the others. "They're killin' him! Them guys are killin' him!" Eight-year-old Desiree rushed to



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the front of the group, and her eyes followed the younger boy's finger, which was pointing down the mountainside. It took only a second for the scene to register in her mind. There were seven or eight men and they had the Storyteller on the ground, kicking furiously at his head and face.

"We gotta go get Daddy!" screamed the little blonde.

With that, the kids headed back toward the cabin at breakneck speed, preceded by Nazi, who was barking furiously. It took them a good five minutes to reach the cabin. Little Shawn was screaming incoherently as he burst into the front room, and the terror in his voice brought the bikers and their ol' ladies scurrying from their beds.

"What the fuck's wrong?" Gums asked sleepily.

Michelle shook her head in answer. "I don't know; but the kids are scared to death!"

Lucky reached out and shook Desiree. "Settle down! What's goin' on?"

"It's our friend!" replied the girl quickly. "The Storyteller! Some men are stomping him to death!"

The four bikers broke through the front door and plunged down the dirt path on the run. Reaching the place where the kids had said the beating was taking place, they discovered the group of men, still kicking at the unconscious form on the ground. Lucky spotted the biggest of the eight men and immediately recognized him as the dude from the pickup truck. "That's the bastards that did my head in!" he called to his brothers. Without further explanation, the bikers closed the gap between themselves and the attackers of their children's friend.

Lurch reached the group of men first, and he threw a straight right with all the force he could muster from the two hundred twenty pounds he packed on his muscular frame. Bone shattered under the impact of his fist and blood gushed from the broken lips of the man he'd struck. Deathbreath arrived feet first and was rewarded with a wounded scream as his



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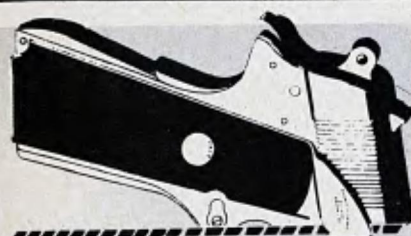
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steel-toed boots dug deeply into the unprotected chest of another man. Gums threw an uppercut that connected, sending another of the attackers flipping backward down the mountainside. Lucky landed a flurry of blows on the startled face of Homer and smiled in satisfaction when he saw some of Homer's teeth fly through the morning light. The others in the group broke and began to run. For a few moments, the bikers gave chase, but their boots hindered them, hanging up in the rough terrain.

It was over almost as quickly as it had begun. Returning to where the victim lay bleeding, Lurch picked him up, and the group began the long climb back to the cabin. Once there, the kids crowded around and watched as Michelle tried to patch the many injuries on the man's face and head.

The man's eyes opened slowly, and his pain was obvious. It took him several moments to focus on Lucky's face. At last, he spoke. "They thought... I was one... of you," he explained softly.

"Shhhh," Michelle whispered, "don't talk. Just rest."

The man turned toward her voice and smiled weakly. "You... remind me of... another."

Before Michelle could respond, the man appeared to pass out.

"We gotta get this dude to a hospital," Gums said quietly.

Michelle looked up from her place beside the storyteller. "Forget it," she whispered sadly. "He's dead."

The kids cried.

...

John Whitehead looked up from his desk as the biker came through the office door. "May I help you?" he inquired.

Lurch nodded. "Yeah. I got some heavy shit to lay on you, man. Me and my brothers—we need some damn good legal advice."

The attorney motioned toward an empty chair. "Have a seat, and let's hear about it."

Lurch began his story, telling the lawyer of the incident at the gas station and of Lucky's beating by the eight men.

The lawyer interrupted him. "Whoa! Slow down! You mean the Haskell clan?"

"I don't know their last names," the biker answered.

"Of course. Well, I know them, and I heard about the fight at the gas station."

Lurch waved his hand impatiently and continued his story. "Yeah. Well, anyway, those dudes must have been trying to sneak up on us. Then they ran into some hermit dude, who was a friend of our kids. They must have thought this dude was one of us 'cause they jumped him instead, and they stomped the dude to death."

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"You mean, they killed the—"

"That's right!" the biker interjected quickly. "Trouble is, we took the dude to our cabin, and he died there. We didn't figure we would have a fuckin' chance if we reported it ourselves. We're bikers, and bikers ain't the best of character witnesses, if you know what I mean."

The lawyer nodded slowly. "Umm—you're probably right. What did you do with the body?"

"We hid it in a cave, up in the woods. We covered it up, so nobody would find it. We figured it would be best to contact the sheriff, instead of the local cops, but we wanted to have a lawyer present first."

The attorney agreed, and then said, "Well, let's go have a look, and see what we've got. I'll call the Sheriff's Department and have them meet us at the cabin."

. . .

The big-bellied sheriff listened intently to the four bikers. At last, he spoke. "Well, now, I'm afraid I find your story a little hard to believe. You see, I've been sheriff in these parts for over twenty years. And I know for a fact that this cabin is the only one up here on this mountain."

Lurch shook his head. "Yeah? Well, we're tellin' you there must be *another* one, 'cause that Storyteller dude lived around here someplace."

The sheriff looked at Lurch. "And you're saying Homer Haskell and his clan beat somebody to death?"

Deathbreath answered the question. "That's the way it happened, man."

The sheriff turned to his partner. "George, read these men the top report on your clipboard."

Deputy George McNeal brought the paper close to his eyes and began to read aloud: "On Friday, March 10, at approximately 7:35 a.m., a farmer known as Bill Nestles found an overturned pickup truck in his drainage ditch, northeast corner of Galup's field. Underneath and next to the damaged vehicle were eight bodies, identified as those of Homer,



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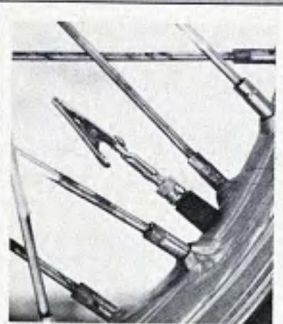
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Jethro, Marcus, Billy, John, Joe, Henry, and Harold Haskell. Cause of death, as determined by the county coroner, was a bolt of lightning."

The bikers stared at each other in shocked silence. It was the lawyer who spoke first. "Lightning? Hell, Sheriff! It hasn't been raining around here in days! How the hell can the man say they were killed by lightning?"

The officer shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I gotta go by what the coroner said, and the coroner said they were hit by some freak bolt of lightning."

When the silence in the room continued, the sheriff turned toward the door, calling back over his shoulder, "Now, then, suppose you boys show me this here body."

With the kids following, Deathbreath led the way to the cave where the four bikers had hidden the dead man. They clawed the brush and rocks from the entrance and led the officers inside.

Moments later, the sheriff stormed disgustingly out of the cave, closely followed by his partner. "You fuckin' bikers are all alike! If you dudes plan on staying around this neck of the woods, I'd suggest you knock off the practical jokes—or pull them on each other! And if I get another call from you about a Storyteller that got stomped to death, I'll personally see to it that you are in one helluva mess!"

Motioning to his partner, the sheriff stomped down the mountainside. The four bikers rechecked the cave, and astonishment was written across their faces when they found it was empty.

Desiree entered the cave and stood next to Deathbreath. "Daddy?"

The biker noticed her for the first time since the body-hiding trip into the cave. "What, babe?" he asked her.

"He said it wasn't time," she whispered softly.

"What? Who said it wasn't time?"

"The Storyteller said that, Daddy," she replied.

The four bikers became aware of the kids, and pondered the smiles on their young faces.

"Hey! Did you kids see the Storyteller after we left the cave?" Deathbreath asked.

"Yes, Daddy," replied the girl, "and he's not dead."

"What are you saying, Desiree?" asked Lucky quickly.

"We saw the Storyteller leave. He told me his name, and... he said it wasn't time, and that he would be back."

The four bikers gave each other questioning stares of disbelief. It was Lucky who asked the next question.

"Desiree?" he asked her, "honey, what did the Storyteller say his name was?"

The little blonde girl's eyes sparkled brightly as she replied. "He said," she whispered softly, "he said his name was Jesus!"

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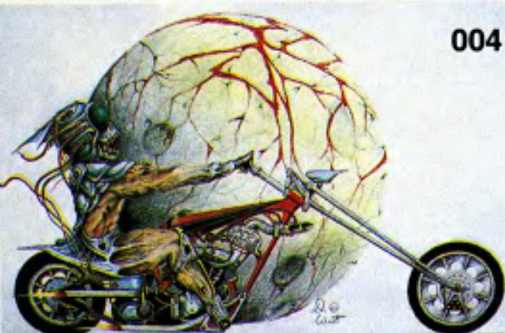
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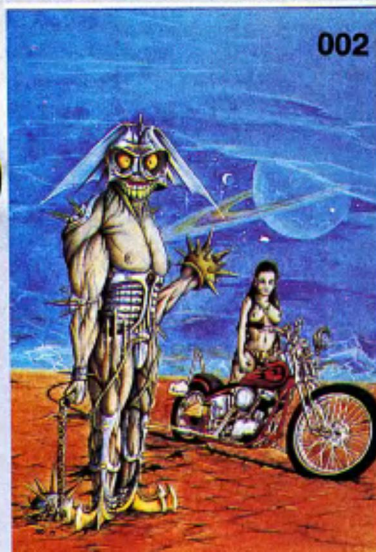
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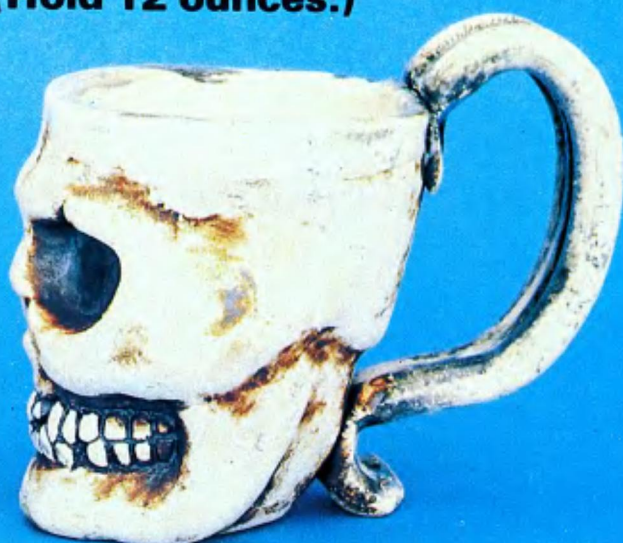
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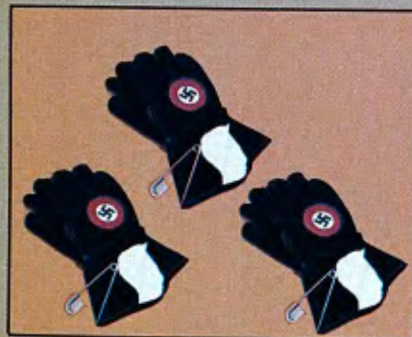
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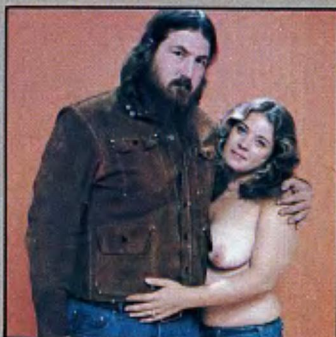
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Four (4) pockets on the front and two (2) larger ones on the inside of these heavy protective leather jackets. Jacket features a flap down the front and straps on the sleeves—especially designed to keep the wind out. A real bargain at only \$75.00 plus \$3.00 postage and handling. Sizes 38 to 48. They come in black or rustic brown.



Hero Gaskets

Why didn't someone think of this before? Recyclable H-D primary cover gaskets 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 and 80 primaries, from 1965 to present. H-D primary gaskets only \$7.00 plus \$1.50 postage and handling. Sorry, no Sporty primaries.

Order today from:

HIGH POCKETS

Box 294

Cypress, Calif. 90630

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 "beyond black" or "casual brown." Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. California add 6% sales tax. Canadian and foreign (APO & FPO) orders add an extra \$2.00 for postage.



**Show some class
this Christmas— give
Easyriders T-shirts!**

Big Nick copped all the sweeties in town—not bad, huh? Yep, Nick canned all those creepy little elves and brought in a hand-picked crew of helpers. Nick knows he'll be giving out a lot of these T-shirts this yule season, so if you don't want to disappoint the folks on your shopping list, you'd better order right away.

Easyriders T-shirts come in a wide variety of sizes, colors, and designs—so many that you can order a different one for every name on your list. And remember, these shirts aren't sleazy imports. They're all American made, finest quality—just like you'd expect from **Easyriders**.

So check 'em out and get your order in today. Big Nick and **Easyriders** T-shirts can make you a hero this Christmas.


Take

a peek at
a biker's dream

... thousands of
ready-made, ready to
roll, ridin' reasons. ... 

On the following pages you'll
see just a mere sampling of our
goodies for gifts. Treat yourself or tell
the ol' lady where it's at. Either way, you're
a winner. Don't wait.  Pick your pleasure and let
us do the rest. Remember that our all new Jammer's
Handbook, available at your dealer now, will convince you
that Christmas with us can happen anytime, anywhere!



Jammer Frames

ADVERTISEMENT

*All Frames will be Shipped with a Manufacturer's Statement of Origin. However, this statement may not be required in your state, and probably is not, unless you are building a bike from the ground up rather than converting an existing registered motorcycle to a custom bike.

PLEASE NOTE: All of the following engines, 1937 and later, will bolt into the 74 Jammer frame (kick or electric start):
74 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead, Shovelhead & Shovelhead 80
61 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead 74 and 80 Flatheads

Rigid Frames



Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

74 Jammer Rigid Frame

Made of mild steel. Frames have clearance for larger stroke and room for all transmissions. It is possible to install electric-start systems with no frame modification. Frame is made for juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded on but can be easily adapted to accept mechanical or disc brakes.

2804 324.95

Mechanical Brake Kit

Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required.

2805 19.95

74 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame

Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed.

2801 339.95

Sportster Jammer Rigid Frame

You can bolt any year Sportster engine, 1957-1977 kick or electric start into our frame. Will also accept 1978-1979 Sportster engines with slight modifications. The holes are reamed and tapped.

2802 299.95

750 Honda Jammer Rigid Frame

Accepts any year 750 engine.

2803 289.95

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

74 Jammer Velvet Ride Frame

Same as 2804 except with suspension.

28027 399.95

Sportster Jammer Velvet Ride Frame

Same as 2802 except with suspension.

28025 379.95

750 Honda Jammer Velvet Ride Frame

Same as 2803 except with suspension.

28026 359.95

74 Jammer Velvet Ride Fat Bob Frame

Same as 2807 except with suspension.

Hydraulic brake only.

28028 30" Rake 419.95

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 30 degrees.

74 Hydraulic Brk. Rigid Fat Bob

Added stress bar. Clearance for stroke. Provision for speedo set-up. Made with all mountings for fat bob tank.

2807 349.95

74 Mechanical Brk. Rigid Fat Bob

Same as 2807 except 2805 mech. brake kit installed.

2808 369.95

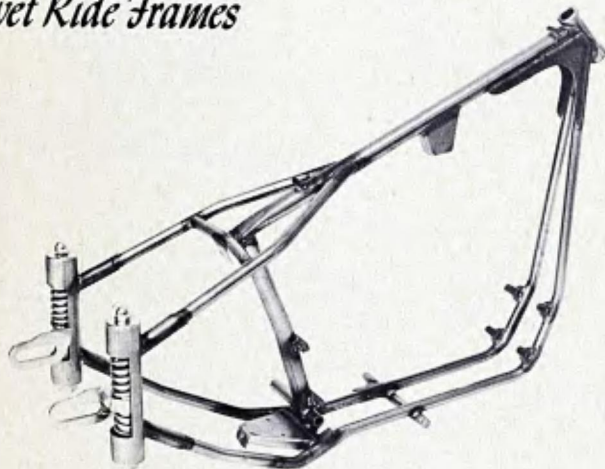
74 Jammer Velvet Ride Fat Bob Frame

Same as 2807 except with suspension.

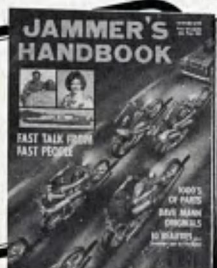
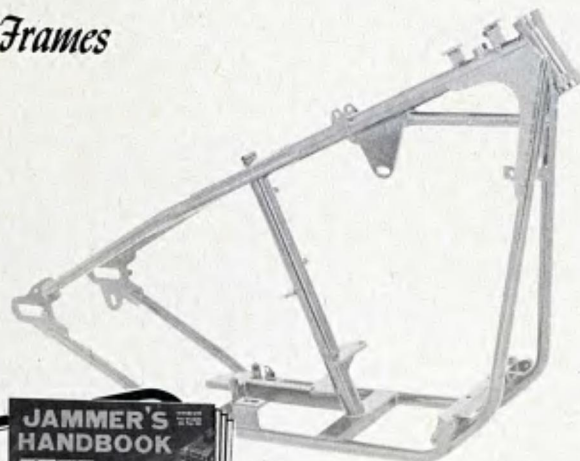
Hydraulic brake only.

28028 419.95

Velvet Ride Frames

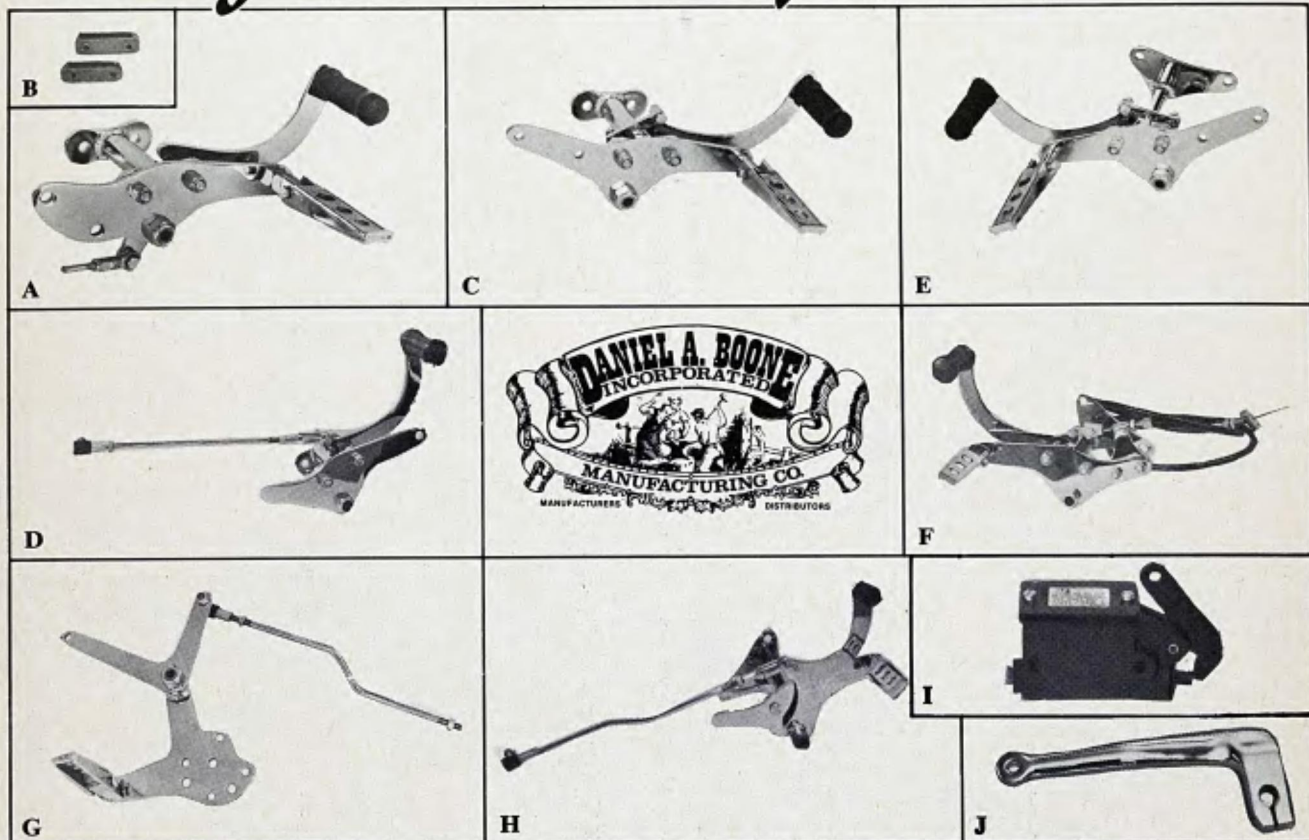


Fat Bob Frames



only \$2.95! Or
all toll free
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to order a catalog
& get the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer.
(See Order Blank on Page 124)

Harley Brake & Shift Assemblies



A. Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s with stock Harley master cylinder. Use with hydraulic or rear disc brakes.

14101 79.25

B. Weld-On Bracket

This bracket is a "must" when using the above 14101 brake assembly on 1977 to 1979 Super Glides.

141032 4.80

C. Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s. Order our 141020 master cylinder.

14102 79.25

D. Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s with stock mechanical brakes. All linkage included.

14104 79.25

E. Sportster Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for Harley Sportsters, 1954-1974. Order our 141020 master cylinder.

14105 79.25

F. Sportster Brake Assemblies

Show chromed forward control brake units for Harley Sportsters, 1954-1979 with stock brakes. All linkage included.

14107 .. Sportsters, 1954-1974 .. 84.25

141035 .. Sportsters, 1975-1978 .. 84.25

Excpt. Cafe 84.25

141037 .. Sportsters, 1979 84.25

G. Harley 74 Shift Assemblies

Show chromed forward control shift units for Harley 74s, 1936-1978. Use your stock shifter peg with these units. Linkage included.

141014 .. 74s, 1936-1973 74.25

141015 .. 74s, 1974-1979 74.25

H. Sportster Shift Assemblies

Show chromed forward control shift units for Harley Sportsters, 1954-1979. Use your stock shifter peg with these units. Linkage included.

141016 .. Sportsters, 1954-1974 79.25

141034 .. Sportsters, 1975-1976 89.25

141036 .. Sportsters, 1977-1978 79.25

141038 .. Sportsters, 1979 79.25

I. Hurst-Airheart Master Cylinder

Large rear master cylinder.

141020 49.95

J. Replacement Shift Levers

Chrome shift levers for 74s with foot shift transmissions, 1974 & later Super Glides and 1952-1975 Sportsters.

142016 .. 74s w/foot shift, 14.95

Spst. '52-'75 14.95

142017 .. Super Glides, 1974 & Up 15.95

Replacement Parts

141021 .. Long Clevis 2.25

141022 .. Short Clevis 2.20

141023 .. Swivel Bolt 2.25

141024 .. Mono Ball End 3.85

141025 .. 1/4" Cotter Pin & Key40

141026 .. 5/16" Cotter Pin & Key30

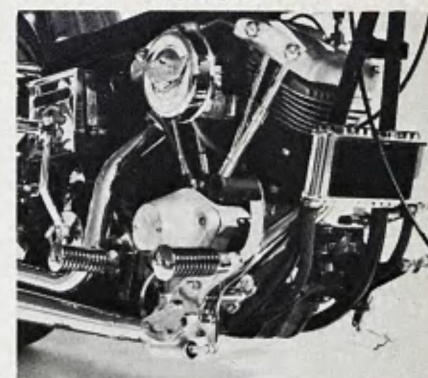
141027 .. Oil Lite 3/8" Bushings (pr.) 1.50

141028 .. 5/8" Shoulder Bolt & 3.50

Lock Nut 3.50

141029 .. Brass Tee 1.95

141030 .. Sending Light Unit 2.95

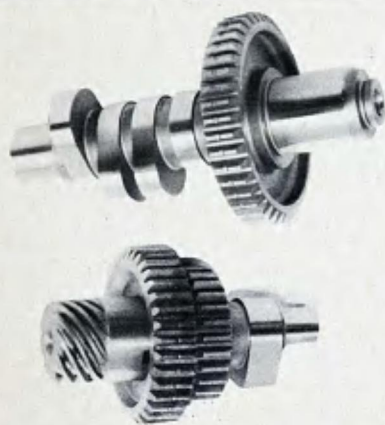


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to order a catalog
& get the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer.
(See Order Blank on Page 124)



Leinweber Cams, Valve Springs & Pushrods



Leinweber cams have a widespread reputation of serving the high performance-minded community. When the need for maximum go-fast power is brought up, Leinweber cams provide the answer. Many national record holders, both past and present, owe much of their success to these cams.

Manufactured from new steel billet and specially heat treated these cams will, with proper application, produce noticeably more power than provided by stock cams. Be certain to choose the "proper" cam for your needs, as some valve train modification may be required. All cams come with complete instructions.

CAMSHAFTS FOR HARLEY DAVIDSON 74 ENGINES STEEL BILLET CAMS

GRIND	OPEN	TIMING	CLOSE	LIFT	DURATION	
J1	34	INTAKE	76	450	290	Large boost all RPM ranges. Excellent street cam for stock motors. Solids or Hydraulic. Stock heads and springs OK. One of the best all time, all-around street grinds.
	74	EXHAUST	34	450	288	
J2	45	INTAKE	77	485	302	Street or strip. Solid lifters. Superior mid-range and top end performance. Stronger springs required. 2500 to 6500 RPM. Mild strokers OK.
	73	EXHAUST	36	485	289	
J3	47	INTAKE	79	500	306	Modified 74's or mild strokers. Requires stronger springs. Superior mid and high RPM power. 2500 to 6500 RPM.
	75	EXHAUST	38	500	293	
J4	44	INTAKE	81	525	306	Street or strip, stock or stroker. Requires stronger springs. Excellent RPM power range to 6500 plus. Excellent stroker cam.
	74	EXHAUST	42	500	296	

Harley 74 J1 Grind

140036	1948-1969	125.00
140037	1970-1976	125.00
140038	1977-1980	125.00

Harley 74 J2 Grind

140039	1948-1969	125.00
140040	1970-1976	125.00
140041	1977-1980	125.00

Harley 74 J3 Grind

140042	1948-1969	125.00
140043	1970-1976	125.00
140044	1977-1980	125.00

Harley 74 J4 Grind

140045	1948-1969	125.00
140046	1970-1976	125.00
140047	1977-1980	125.00

CAMSHAFTS FOR HARLEY DAVIDSON SPORTSTER Steel Billet Cam

GRIND	OPEN	TIMING	CLOSE	LIFT	DURATION	
E1	48	INTAKE	66	445	294	Offers big boost in Torque over stock cams. Stock or Modified 900 or 1000cc motors. Range 2000 to 7000 RPM. Stock springs OK.
	62	EXHAUST	42	420	284	
L1	38	INTAKE	73	480	291	Superior torque cam. Good low end, strong mid-range and top end. 2500 to 7500 RPM with stronger springs. Mild strokers OK.
	73	EXHAUST	38	480	291	
L2	44	INTAKE	77	500	301	Excellent 1000cc cam. Strokers 65 to 77 in. 2500 RPM to 7500 plus with stronger springs. Superior top end.
	72	EXHAUST	39	480	291	
L3	43	INTAKE	75	500	298	Excellent stroker cam up to 90 in. 2500 to 7000 RPM with Leinweber spring kit. Any stroker engine.
	77	EXHAUST	40	480	297	

Harley Sportster E1 Grind

140076	1957-1970	220.00
140077	1971-1976	220.00
140078	1977-1980	220.00

Harley Sportster L1 Grind

140079	1957-1970	220.00
140080	1971-1976	220.00
140089	1977-1980	220.00

Harley Sportster L2 Grind

140090	1957-1970	220.00
140091	1971-1976	220.00
140092	1977-1980	220.00

Harley Sportster L3 Grind

140093	1957-1970	220.00
140094	1971-1976	220.00
140095	1977-1980	220.00

Valve Springs Harley 74/Sportster

High performance matched sets, triple heat treated and interference wound. One spring set will fit all 74s and Sportsters. They will fit all valve stems and come complete with top collars and keepers. We recommend using these valve springs when installing the above Leinweber Cams.

140075	Valve Spring Set	59.95
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Pushrods Harley 74/Sportster

Constructed of the finest quality heat treated aluminum alloy tubing and fit with hardened steel inserts. Having half the weight of stock pushrods, maximum horsepower is obtained through positive valve action. Available for all Shovelheads and Sportsters.

14008	Shovelhead, 1966-1980	24.00
14009	Sportster, 1957-1980	24.00

124

Leatherworks



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—Continued from page 74

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)

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)

"The Tattooists." This oversized hardcover book features interviews, color and black and white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." *Tattoo News*, "A bargain at the price." *Fetish Times*, "An in-depth exploration of 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. (85)

Sylvia, my fox: You're the best ol' lady a downed ol' man could have. Happy anniversary and happy birthday. We do have a future. All my love, The Mic. (79)

Cockroaches don't live here anymore. A simple solution that does not contain poisons, chemicals, or insecticides. Killing them is a never-ending battle. Is it worth \$6.95 to have them avoid your house or apartment? Send to Cockroach Solution, P.O. Box 9561, Phoenix, Ariz. 85068. (79)

If you're a biker, and want to contact someone, do it with prints of Harleys, Indians, and Triumphs on colored stationery. If you can't write, you'll like the pictures. Assorted pack 10—\$3; 15—\$4; 20—\$5. Send address, stamp, and money order to Rick Scherr, P.O. Box 537, Troy, N.H. 03465. (79)

Verwisch mein Leibes: Sonst niemand Sie will für immer sich im besitz befinden mit Leib und Seele. Ich will warten auf sie für immer und wenn du bist um langsam letzt von regeln befreit sie will ist ezuckt sein über euer besitz zu wünchen. Ich sehn mich nach dir. Erfreulich zuerst weiderkehr! Deine disch altes leibende für immer. Mari. (79)

American-Indian biker, 26 yrs. old, tall, muscular, Scorpio, writer, engineer, law student, looking for special lady to share Alabama farm. Send photo, Cherokee, P.O. Box 201, Alexander City, Ala. 35010. (79)

Brother Dave, happy 33rd (11-7-46) and many more. You're the best ol' man an ol' lady could have. Love you, now and 4-ever. Sheba. (79)

Looking for a lady 18 to 28 who would like to live in Oregon, help keep me warm this winter, and ride with me in spring. Send picture. Write to Jon, Box 1464, Myrtle Creek, Ore. 97457. (79)

I love you, Desperado. I'm still and forever waiting. We will make it, Your ol' lady, Robin. (79)

Wanted: Manufacturer of unusual helmets. Any information regarding this subject contact Ron Caisie, 237 Moody St., Waltham, Mass. 02154. (79)

Gina: I've got it together, but can't find your fuckin' address. Contact me at Beetown, and get ready for Daytona '80. Panhead Paul. (79)

Nina, Nina, I love you, I love you! Joey, Joey. (79)

Looking for tough biker. Send picture to Judy Mullinay, P.O. Box 397, Belton, S.C. 29627. (79)

Convert M-1 Carbine to M-2; AR-15 to M-16—no machining. Details \$7.50. Catalog \$1 cash/m.o. only. CDS, Box 3897-E, Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018. (79)

Unusual books: Silencers, lock-picking, crime, police manuals, investigative and undercover techniques, guerrilla warfare, weapons, fake ID, survival, money-making opportunities, self defense, strange philosophies, drugs, living free, much more! All kinds a good shit! Hundreds of titles! 100-page illustrated catalog only \$1. Loompanics, Box 264-A, Mason, Mich. 48854. (84)

Triumph & BSA shop: \$160,000 inventory, new and used parts & bikes, 90 case sets, 60 frames, 6 bikes, titles, tools, and tons of new & used parts—\$25,000. (609) 629-3338. (79)

Bob, SFB MC, La Crosse, Wis.: Thanks for your smile and time. Kat, Omaha. (79)

"Marching Songs of the SS." Two different records, \$10.95 each. "War Songs of the Third Reich." Three different records (1939-1945), \$10.95 each. These albums are authentic — taken from the original recordings. Send to Greyhounds, P.O. Box 1309, South Gate, Calif. 90280. (90)

Wanted, Harley flathead, panhead, or knucklehead basket case. Must be stock and have all or most parts. Pa. or Ohio area. Call (412) 946-2833. (79)

Fuck Off, Helmet Laws, Fuck Off My Ass, Fuck Helmet Laws, Save Gas Cycle Your Ass—these aren't fuckin' little paper stick-ons that you hide in some out-of-the-way place on your bike or helmet. These are 3"x7" plastic plates—guaranteed against breakage—that bolt to the unused holes of your license plate and stick out where everyone can see them. Club names at discount prices can be put on them, too. Send \$5 for each to Rick Farnham, RD #2, 63 Kingswood Dr., Titusville, Fla. 32780. (80)

Bugged? Pocket unit alerts you to the presence of a bugging device. \$35. Wynn Engineering Co., 9745 Long Point, Suite 11, Houston, Tex. 77055. Catalog \$2. (80)

Black T-Shirts: Boogie Till You Puke; Piss On Disco; Support Social Intercourse; I'm a Pervert—In Case Of Emergency Gimme Head! Send size and wording wanted with \$7.50 for each shirt to Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (90)

Wanted: Manuals, parts, or whole bike — '37 Harley Mustang. Send info to Rick Baker, 1211 East 7th St., Erie, Pa. 16503. (79)



I've got something for you. . .

And it's man-sized, too! It's this bitchin' beer mug. The design is an absolutely perfect reproduction of the old, original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black and white. The colors are exactly like the original oil can—authentic in every detail.

Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.

\$6.95, plus \$1.50 for postage and packing. As with all Righteous Products, satisfaction is guaranteed, or money immediately refunded.

You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of \$21.95 plus \$4.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$7.85 over the single mug price.)

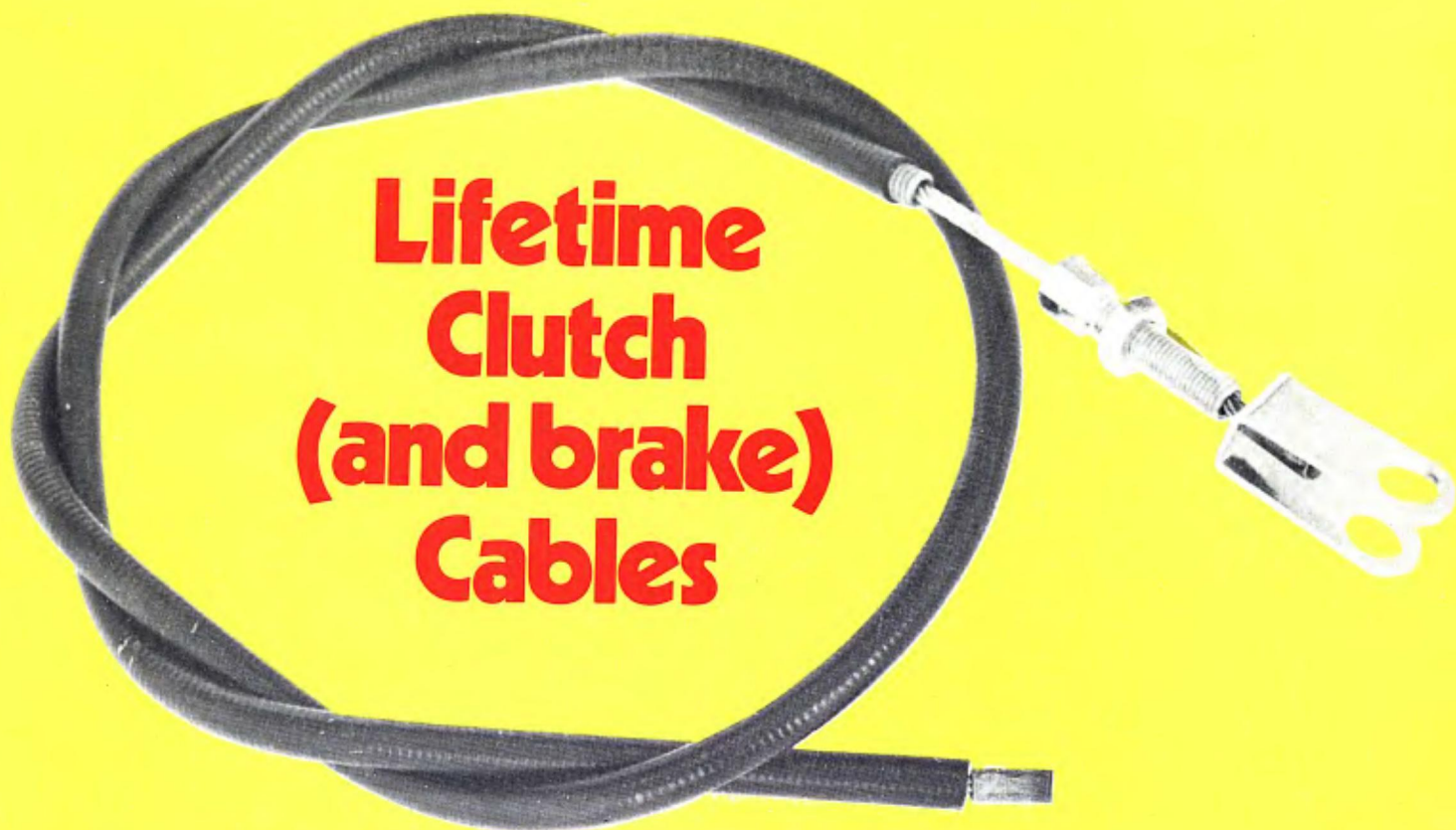
Either way—one, or four at a time—it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

Foreign orders add \$1.00 per mug. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



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Lifetime Clutch (and brake) Cables



New Design! Guaranteed Not to Break on Ya!



That's right. Now you can travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch or brake cable ain't gonna crap out on ya in the middle of Tightwat, Texas—where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard drivin'. Your worries are over! Get these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or next gallon of gas is coming from—because you **never** have to worry about your cable goin' south on ya anymore!

Cable is 1/8" diameter 7 x 19 (seven strands of 19 wires each strand) galvanized carbon steel. Prelubed!

Each cable is preformed and prelubed—thus eliminating stretching and lubing. It has a minimum breaking strength of 2000 lbs. In assembling the product we use coil wound outer housing with a nylon inner sleeve to prevent cable abrasion. All of the end fittings are pneumatically swaged and pull tested to 500 lbs. This insures no slippage and negates the possibility of heat damage to the cable strands. The 7 x 19 cable design is for super flexibility, thus it can be used in areas of bending and flexing without causing any damage, or wear.

It is common knowledge that most clutch cables break at the clutch release handle pivot pin. It is also a fact that all stock and replacement clutch cables are made utilizing the 1 x 19 (1 strand of 19 wires). We use 7 x 19, not 1 x 19—and we won't break!

This is the first flexible cable that will not break due to flexing, binding, or kinks.

74 clutch cable	\$20.00
Extended 74 clutch cable	\$21.00
Mousetrap cable	\$17.00
Extended mousetrap cable	\$18.00
OSSP	\$20.00
Extended OSSP	\$21.00
CSSP	\$20.00
Extended CSSP	\$21.00

Add \$1.00 for postage & handling

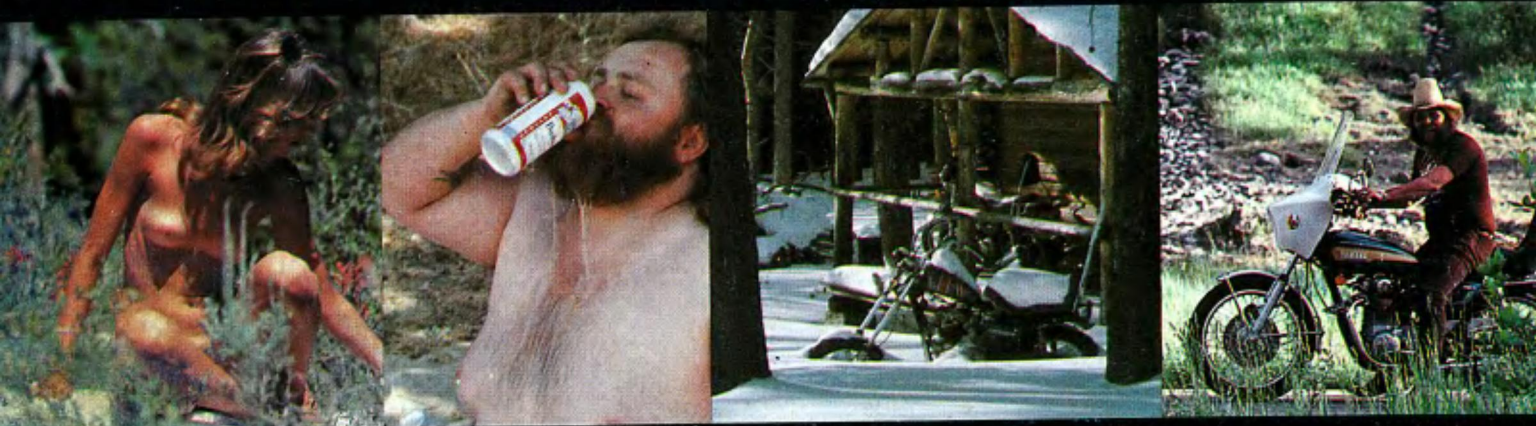


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