

Easyriders®

February, 1980

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80th Issue — and flatheads get the spotlight

**An East Coast
Party That Even
the Rain
Couldn't Stop**

**More Beauties
— Bikes
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—a Side Valve
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Entertainment
for Adult Bikers



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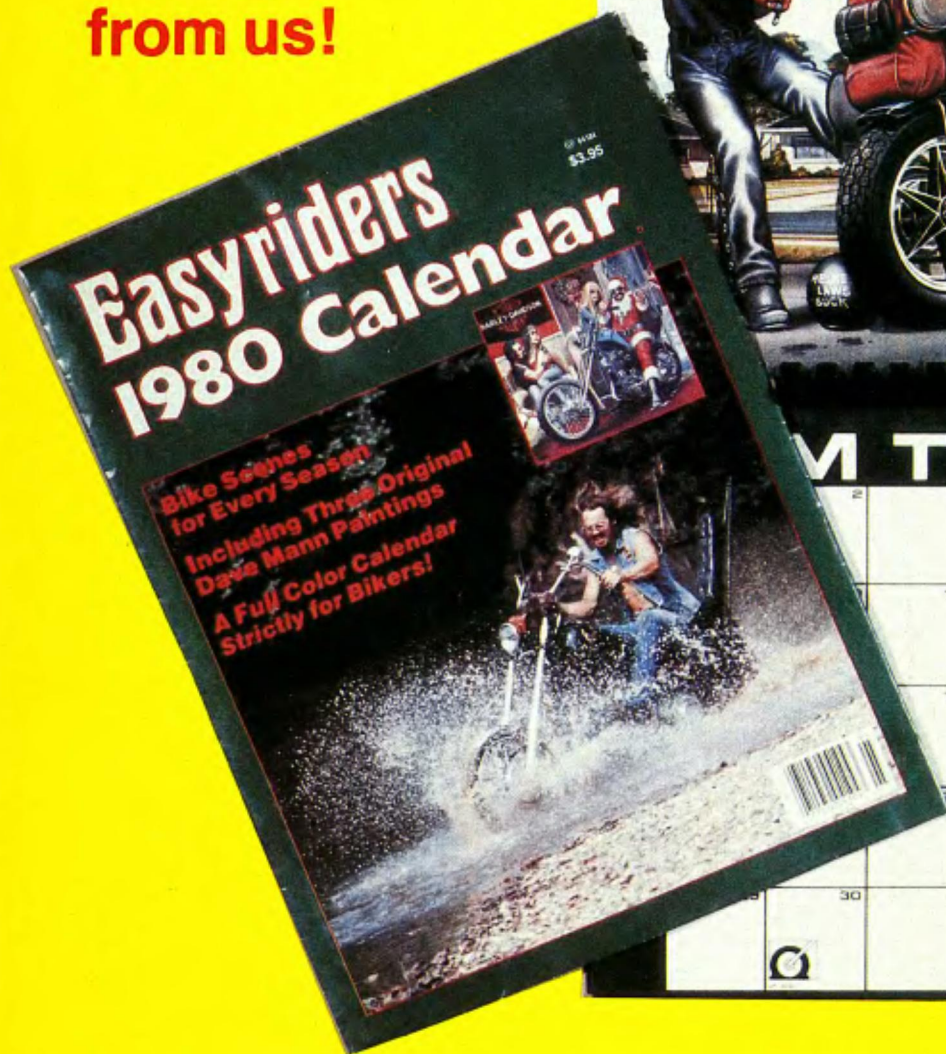
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Cover photo of Selettha Manis by Pete Chiodo

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale January 22nd.

You asked for it!

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newsstand
or direct
from us!



A mind-blowin' Easyriders calendar!

Twelve fantastic scenes—one for each season and mood. Dave Mann paintings and superb color photos printed on very heavy slick paper; hole-drilled for hanging and spiral bound—no

cheapo staples! First class—just what you'd expect from **Easyriders**. Go to your favorite newsstand or order direct by sending \$3.95 to Calendar, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Not available in Canada

Warning—you are not going to believe this one: A fisherman had a habit of using his teeth to unhook his catches—that is, until the last one. It seems that while he was removing the hook from a catch, the fish jumped down his throat and before anyone could fish the fish outta his throat, he croaked from suffocation. Just goes to show ya—if you're gonna go, you're gonna go.

What could be a better way of trying to smuggle something than in a live cobra? Well, a dude did it. He stuffed 3.3 ounces of heroin (in a glass tube) down a cobra's gullet—but he got caught. They not only sent him up for trying to smuggle dope, but also for cruelty to animals! (Ya think the vial broke and the snake carried on like some dope-crazed asshole instead of just lying there scaring the livin' shit outta everyone like a good cobra should?)

Ya can't trust anyone anymore: A woman picked up a bag containing her ol' man's ashes after he was cremated. But before disposing of them, she dipped inside the bag for a tooth "as a keepsake." But to her surprise, there were 29 teeth in the bag and they were all fase—and her ol' man had all his real teeth when he croaked. She got the wrong bag of goodies and someone else had already shitcanned her bag of ol' man.

Dipshit file: This dude was running for office and wanted to do something to attract attention and get some sympathy, so he had some friends kick the shit outta him and then he stabbed himself. But wait—he applied too much pressure on the blade and snuffed himself.

The going price for a biker's life in Texas seems to be \$125. A judge in El Paso fined a woman that amount (now get

this) for going down the wrong lane, hitting a biker head-on, and draggin' him 140 feet before coming to a stop. The brother died and the judge fined the woman the piddling amount because he had taken into account "that she had not seen the motorcyclist." B-U-L-L-S-H-I-T!

A chick got turned out and afterwards she turned everyone in for rape, forced fellatio, and—Great Godfrey—sodomy! So? Well, the rapist bunch wasn't a motorcycle club, but the town's entire fire department—25 dudes in all. What-dafuck, fires were down in town and how were they going to amuse themselves—set fires?

The stitches making like a "cut along this line" mark around her nose still showed as she sniveled to her ol' man for biting her nose off during a domestic disagreement. It took eight hours of surgery to attach the sucker back on, and the judge, taken in with her snivelin', sent her ol' man to the can for 60 days.

Then there's the dude who walked into the bank, and when he pulled the gun outta his rear pocket, he also pulled out his wallet, which flopped (unnoticed by him) to the floor. After leaving the bank, he realized his wallet was gone and decided to confess his sins—he took the money and the toy gun to the police. They weren't having any bygones be bygones shit and tossed his ass into a cell.

A new wrinkle on an old scam: A medical examiner called on a high school, wanting to examine the breasts and twats of the girls for possible cancer caused by local agricultural spraying. After two days of this, someone decided to ask him for credentials. He took his stinkfinger and immediately split town.

Did ya hear about the jealous ol' lady who found her ol' man's cage in front of his girlfriend's pad? Well, first, in huge letters she wrote on the house, "This woman is fucking my husband!" And then she set fire to the car and went across the street to sit on the curb and coolly wait for all hell to break loose. That's cold, man, cold. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

More Ohio Shit

☐ Why the fuck aren't there more features on Ohio shit? It's one of the kickassiest ridin' states east of L.A.

Grizzly Plavny
Northfield, Ohio

■ Just send us flicks of your scoots and advise us in advance of major happenings in your state. That goes for all readers. No promises—but we'll try. Certain times of the month we'd rather be anywhere but in L.A.

Female Earthworms

☐ In response to "A Feminist Biker From Minneapolis, Minn." (Nov. '79), aren't you guys getting the hint? Women are fuckin' sick of being used as "lures" like measly fishhooked earthworms in ads like some of the ones appearing in your magazine. The incidence of rape and molestation is up, brother, so if some of us are too "butchy" for y'all, it's in self-defense, no thanks to your sexually exploiting advertisers and their models.

Fox in Butch Clothing
Bowling Green, Ky.

☐ I enjoy being a female, and all those dykes are doing for us is fuckin' up dudes' heads so they treat us good women like we're going to take over the world. I like doing for a man. They have to think all the hard things out in life. Why shouldn't we as women make life a little softer and easier for them?

Jam
Chula Vista, Calif.

Hear! Hear!

Even Better

☐ I have done your rag an injustice. I read it completely straight, and I found it to be even better than usual.

Sinbad
Lowell, Mass.

Got Caught!

☐ It just so happens that one of the pictures you've featured in your "In The Wind" section of Dec. was my ol' man. On the back of that 74 was a bitch who should have known better than

to get on the back of that machine. I just want to thank your mag and the dude with the camera fingers for getting that picture. Well, I guess, fuck me if I can't take a joke.

Ol' Lady
Somerset, N.J.

Tech Tip #1

☐ Did you know that the rectal temperature of an ant is 106.8?

Fritz
Charlottesville, Va.

In Hospital

☐ I'm lying here in my hospital bed after cushioning a landing of my FLH with my brain. For the first time in my life I went straight, but the road went left.

One of my bros just brought me the Nov. '79 issue. Thumbin' through it I noticed the "Triple Wedding" story and damned if it wasn't the Deep Cross Cowboys, Panhead Larry, and a few other scoundrels from Santa Barbara.

In honor of your staff I'll try to fuck every nurse in sight.

FLH Steve
Bellingham, Wash.

Finally

☐ Well, you finally did it in the Nov. '79 issue. The story "Trick? Or Treat?" was the best fucking story I've ever read.

Bub
Philadelphia, Pa.

Why? Why?

☐ You fuckers must have all your friends write in to "Word-monger," because I have written in many times and told you how good your rag is and even wrote and told you off. What's the fuckin' reason I can't get my letters in your rag?

Flick's of lady
Lakeside, Ore.

■ Why don't ya try sayin' something?

New Name?

☐ Your magazine should be called *Harleyriders* instead of *Easyriders*. I mean, every page is Harley-oriented—even the fucking ads.

Simon Douville
Quebec, Canada

■ Kettenkrad ain't no Harley.

Good Shit

☐ Whatever it is you guys smoke that makes you so forgetful must be great, 'cause you forgot Christmas on your 1980 *Easyriders* calendar.

What's up?

"Big Murph's" ol' lady, Shon
Akron, Ohio

■ That ain't all we forgot

No Bro

☐ I'd like to air my bitches to you all about some so-called bros.

My ol' man and this guy go back to snotty-nosed days. One night while indulging in an illegal activity, they got pinned by the heat. My ol' man lied for the guy (who walked away) and my ol' man went to the clink.

During the two months he sat in the county Hilton unable to raise bail, this "bro" sold my ol' man's tools and never once went to see him or even asked if he needed anything—nothing.

Getting burned by anyone is a bummer. But when it's by a fucking bro, you get so pissed you see red. Now my ol' man's doin' six months for the rap.

Joker's ol' lady, Lisa
Miami, Fla.

■ Just remember, Lisa, what goes around comes around.

Keep It Up

☐ Keep up the shit-kickin', hittin'-home, laugh-assin', heart-movin' shit. I love ya for it.

Val
Bayonne, N.J.

Recognition

☐ It's time your column said something good about some bros. Our '79 H-D Lowrider's tranny took a dump in Colorado Springs this summer. We called the area number for Help'n Hands and they had two guys there with trucks within twenty minutes. Talk about brothers—these guys were Gold Wing riders and still helped us!

Harry
Irvine, Calif.

No Paraquat?

☐ I figured you bros would want to know this. The other night the news on the tube said

the spraying of Paraquat on Mexican pot fields has stopped. So maybe there's still hope!

A Brother
Tucson, Ariz.

Congratulations?

☐ To the brother (Tramp) who finally made president of the Iron Cross MC (Germany): Right fuckin' on, you slow-thinkin', hard-ridin', poo-sniffin', leg-lickin', goat-faced, skunk-breathed, three-legged water-head. Proud of ya. What more can I say, Dingle Dick?

Cody
Virginia Beach, Va.

True Love

☐ I'd rather curl up in my king-size waterbed with an *Easyriders* than with twelve perverted scooter tramps.

Debbie
Phoenix, Ariz.

■ How about the staff?

Advice From An Ol' Lady

☐ You all must know by now that if your ol' man is a biker, you do not come first.

The first thing in his life is his bike, then his bros, then comes you. Don't feel bad being third—at least you are there.

If the ol' man is in a bad mood, leave him the fuck alone. If he's not riding his scooter right then, go clean it up for him. He will appreciate it even though he might not show it right then and there, but that is because he is mad.

If he goes away for two or three days, don't worry—he will be back 'cause he knows who his ol' lady is, and don't bitch and fight or he will be gone again.

So, ol' ladies, if you love your ol' man, then fuckin' stop bitchin' about what he does. And remember he knows where the grass is green. Just be there when he comes home so it can be seen.

A biker's ol' lady
Baltimore, Md.

Pretty Good

☐ Spider's doin' a pretty good job with "Taking It Easy." But if he's gonna print the shit, he might as well give us the names of the people he's writing about. Shit, I could do just as good thinkin' up all that crap.

Flick-A-High

Now you can take your hash pipe (and lighter) with you! Either as a walking cane, a pool cue cane, or an umbrella cane. Each has a handle that is also instantly a hash pipe (complete with lighter) so you can smoke your favorite weed in an instant (either as a joint or as a pipe).

No matter what you are doing—walking, playing pool, or walking in the rain—you are completely prepared to take that hit whenever the mood hits ya. Order one of the three items today. (Get your ol' lady one, too!)



Pool Stick Cane..\$39.95
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Please add \$1.50 for shipping and handling charges.

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Gold or
Silver**



Enlarged 300% to show detail.

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

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

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



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

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You have one of the best rags around, so I hate saying that stuff, but we gotta have names. Shit, it might be someone we know.

Easy Money
Pulaski, Va.

■ He's too dense to make up those news items, and he thinks it would be better not to use names.

Gets Around

□ I am employed here—off-shore. I own a Harley Sportster and try to catch your mag whenever possible. As a matter of fact, the last two issues I've found here were on a barge I was working on. Just goes to show you that you have worldwide distribution! It impresses everyone who reads it because of its unique style. It has also served to get some good people together, especially the Limeys I work with who think your mag is outrageous, since they're used to mediocre bike mags, not a mag for bikers.

P.T. Murphy
Saudi Arabia

Nebraska Bro

□ Would like to say a special thanks to Dirty Ernie and the bros from Beatrice, Nebraska, for being "In The Wind" as much as they are. I'm from Nebraska and am now doing state time in North Carolina. If it weren't for **Easyriders** and Dirty Ernie, I don't know how I would act. When I'm feeling real down, **Easyriders** can bring happiness and great relief to me.

Rick Grovjohn
North Bend, Neb.

A Bet

□ My ol' lady and I have a bet that the chick sitting in the box-car on page 12 in the March '77 issue is the same one who's on the cover of *Best Biker Fiction* #1. Now, the bet is two hours of head and, with all the hair on my face, two hours will rub it all off. All she'll have to do is swallow a lot. Who's right? She thinks the chick is the same, but she's not that bright anyway.

Little Jerry
N. Hollywood, Calif.

■ Kiss your beard goodbye and pay off, Jerry.

Tech Tip #2

□ Don't cop to anything to your ol' lady—you will be better off.

Uncle Dave Saunders
Oakland, Calif.

Welcome Back

□ David Allan Coe was just here for a concert. Usually when someone comes here to

do a show, he hides out in his motel room until the spotlights come on, does his gig, and then splits. Well, Thursday night Coe went and sang for the prisoners at the Federal Medical Center. Friday night he went honky-tonking. Saturday afternoon he stopped by a country radio station to see how many of his songs they knew. Damned few. Then Saturday night he put on an asskicker of a show. There were so many bikers there, the cops almost shit.

Yeah, we know his name here. He's welcome back any time.

Kommandant
Springfield, Mo.

More on Itty Bitty Ones

□ In your Nov. '79 issue, your sweetie of the month was "fightin' for the small ones."

Renegade, you asshole, you said you didn't want no chick with a chest like a guy's—you wanted a woman. Hate to put you down, but I'm one of those women with small tits. Just because I ain't got tits like footballs don't mean I ain't no woman. I'm just as much a woman as a bitch with a pair of 38s.

Mouse
Rockford, Ill.

□ Renegade don't know shit about sex. If he thinks you have to have big tits to turn a guy on, he probably don't have three inches himself.

Sick of Getting Put Down
Charlotte, N.C.

□ When he starts saying that small tits are like having a guy's chest or like being a five-year-old, he is definitely talking out his ass. If that fool measures a woman by the size of her tits, he sure is missing a lot of sweet stuff.

Little Fox
San Jose, Calif.

□ Tell Renegade that if he likes or loves bigass tits in his face so much, you'll send him over to Miraculous Mutha's pad.

Guy Boggs
Mansfield, Ohio

□ She looks beautiful to me. Grapes or grapefruits, I love it all.

Ken Czupich
Monroe, Mich.

□ Got a message for Renegade: Honey, you must not get much action if you think all that counts is what a chick has

up top. Just because a chick is small on top doesn't mean she can't screw and keep her man happy. I'm nothing like Miraculous Mutha, but I've got a clean pussy and I know how to use my tongue and hands to keep my ol' man happy. So, honey, why don't you try some chick who isn't top-heavy and can move her rump and you'll find out that it's what's in the oven that does the cooking!

Plum Crazy's ol' lady
Murfs., Tenn.

□ My ol' lady has itty-bitty titties. But there's no one who could match her in the sack.

Y. Jock
Valley Stream, N.J.

□ I don't give a flyin' fuck what you think—she can play bore to my fuckin' piston any day.

Scribe Jones
Chippewa Falls, Mich.

□ Think about it and you'll see that every woman who walks around bouncing big ugly tits and slapping your face with them would ball a dog on the street in front of twenty or more witnesses without being asked.

Small and Proud of It
Lexington, Ky.

□ If people could see the size of your cocks through your Levi's, I bet you wouldn't be mouthin' off so much about small tits—and if most of you assholes didn't have such itty-bitty cocks, you could suck yourselves off and wouldn't need women for a fuckin' thing.

A reader
Cheyenne, Wyo.

Bitch, Bitch, Bitch

□ You guys finally did it. I've been reading your mag for three years. I've seen typos, misspellings, and some of the stupidest goofs. I saw the screwup in the 69th issue. I've seen blank pages in my copies and in my bro's and half-blank pages where you ran out of copy.

November's cover and the mag is the biggest fuckup yet. All the fantastic tanks, and you put that titless broad, your logo, and that other shit on top of them. Then you didn't even run a feature on them.

If I had a subscription, I'd cancel it.

Ed Ryan
Newport, Del.

Dug Issue

□ Thanks for the Nov. issue. If we had ol' men at home, we

some people
like doing
things the
hard way...

...most would
rather do
it our way

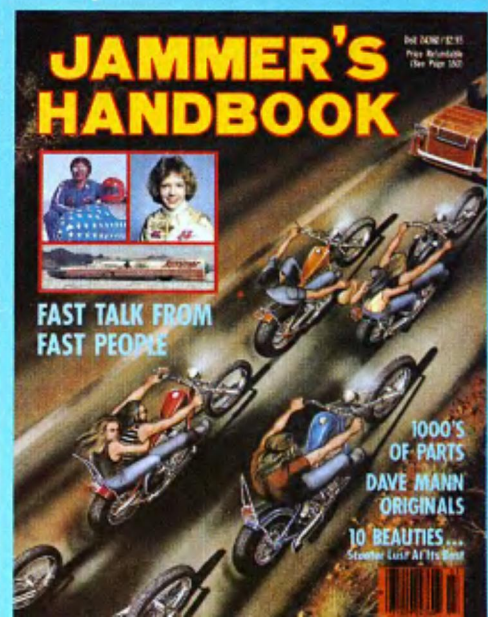


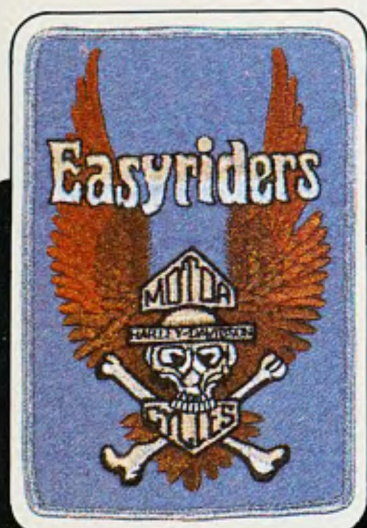
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If your newsstand's been picked clean, send \$3.95 (a buck of this is for postage) to **Jammer Cycle Products**

801 (ER) S. Main St., Burbank, CA 91506





Easyriders Patch

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

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

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

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

California residents add 6% sales tax.

would have fucked them to death by now and they would have been writing to thank you.
Cream Jeans, Indecent,
& Two Lips
Bishop, Calif.

Cover Complaint

□ How come you dicks put all that beautiful tank art on the November issue so small and then fucked it up with letters? Huh? How come?

IBTC Rand
Hegins, Pa.

Tank on Cover

□ Someday I'll subscribe, but for now I just buy my copy at the 7-11 store. When you ran the tank art contest, I entered, not because I thought I'd win, but because I figured someday you might put the pics in "In The Wind." Well, the other day I went into a 7-11 to get my copy of your rag. While waiting in line, looking over the cover, I saw my tank. I started hootin' and hollerin'. The people in the store didn't know if I'd OD'ed or it was a stick-up. When I landed, I told them (those left in the store) that my tank was on the cover of *Easyriders*. Really, they thought I was some kind of a celebrity. Even my rugrats went nuts. Best rush of my life. It was even better than winning the contest and being buried in the middle of the rag. It was right out front for the world to see. I'm going to have that cover made into a poster. One other thing: It's the only striped tank there.

Fly
San Ramon, Calif.

Tech Tip #3

□ I piss in the sink because it's easier, faster, cheaper, and quieter.

Aqualung
Racine, Wis.

No Helmet

□ I'm lying in a hospital bed with a busted leg and a gash in my belly after some asshole in a four-wheeled cage decided he needed my side of the road, too. I've been here over a week and I'm about ready to start chewin' bedpans. I'm sick of watchin' the fuckin' tube. That's why I'm writing you—I'm desperate.

The only thing they want to know in here from the head butcher to the bitch who empties the bedpans is, was I wearin' a helmet. I tell them, no, can't ya tell my neck ain't broken? As a matter of fact, there isn't a scratch on me from the neck up. They tell me I was

lucky. I think they're pissed because my gourd didn't get smashed. Fuck 'em!

Dan
Baltimore, Md.

New Invention?

□ Well, after I got down to a couple of joints and some roaches, I decided to try out an idea of mine. You see, I had a bunch of Colombian seeds in a bag. I got another sandwich bag and wrapped it around the sack of seeds. In the next step of my experiment, I worked out a lot of frustrations by pounding the seeds with a hammer. This action changed the seeds into a fine powder. Then I left the powder out in the sun for an hour or so to get the moisture out. Well, it turned out to be some good smoking. Got any seeds?

The Spaceman
Valverde, Tex.

■ Smoking seeds is good for gettin' a headache, but not much else. Spacecase—either grow 'em or throw 'em.

Another Goof

□ Being a Triumph and *Easyriders* freak, I was really glad to see a Trumpet pictured in your 1980 calendar. Only trouble is that the photo is printed fuckin' backwards! Git your heads outta the stash box and open your fuckin' eyes or steal a pair of glasses.

Creeper
Logansport, Ind.

■ How's a Harley freak gonna know if a Trumpet is goin' backwards—especially when he's bombed? What-dafuck?

Sweet Cock?

□ Tell Spider I would love to wrap my lips around his sweet cock one of these days. Boy, I'm glad I got to write this before

I started tripping, because here comes Spike.

Star Rider
Missoula, Mont.

■ Spider said, "How about your sweet lips—and fuck Spike."

New Motto

□ I rode my bike from California to North Carolina and back in eighteen days. Man, what a fuckin' trip—a righteous party for 7,500 miles. The only hassle was some fuckhead in a gas station. The silly fucker musta had a rusted power chain up his ass. He wouldn't sell gas to any bikers or let 'em piss in the head either. That pissed me off more than my pipes crackin' in Kansas on a Sunday (no fuckin' place to get any work done on Sunday). But what the fuck—bailin' wire worked better anyway.

All that shit I could handle, but what top-ended that was when I pulled in at home. That sneaky-assed, dope-pinchin', perveted-more-than-me roommate of mine had ripped off all my fuckin' *Easyriders* rags. Don't know what he did with 'em but they are gone. A whole year and a half of hardons from the chicks, flicks, and scooters went limp right then!

My new motto is: Fuck around, you better fuck fast; fuck with my bike rags, you fucked your last!

Jessie
Concord, Calif.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Easyriders



CHENEY

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Gorgeous Frivolity

The Harley-Davidson CLE is not a motorcycle. If you approach it with the same expectations as you do a motorcycle, you will be disappointed. But if you accept this piece of work as pure, gorgeous frivolity, an amazing combination of seat-of-the-pants sensations and the thrill of the open road, every ride will be an event. Soon you too will feel like one of the glamorous, beautiful people. After all, what other reason could lie behind the smiles that follow you wherever you go?

—Michael Jordan
Cycle Guide

"Crazies" Who Race

My total exposure to the sport of racing was once a year at the National. I'd sit in the bleachers, shake my head in amazement at the sideways antics happening on the track, and mutter statements of incredulity to my car-racing cohorts. "I wouldn't do that for all the money in the world," I'd say. "I'll race anything on four wheels, any time and anywhere, but not motorcycles. Only certifiable crazies race those things."

Then I started to work at one of Pittsburgh's largest Honda dealerships, my first job in the motorcycle business. My motive for that move, I might add, was simply to try to make a better living, not to get closer to motorcycle racing. But most of the guys who worked there were amateur bike racers on the weekends. And by getting to know and understand them, by associating with them day in and day out, I learned that you don't have to be certifiably crazy to race motorcycles.

Hell, those guys weren't fearless Supermen, bionic half-wits, or anything of the sort. Most of them, in fact, had more normal hangups and inhibitions than I did. Of the dozen or so local racers that I got to know in 1965, two were death-

ly afraid of high places, one lived in fear of water, another was terrified of dogs, and most of them would never think of driving down to the corner store without first buckling their safety belts.

—Paul Dean
Cycle Guide

Brotherhood of the Bridge

They say riders get a different view of the world from that experienced by passengers in the cushioned compartment of an automobile. Where the car isolates people from the sensations of the world outside, the motorcycle not only exposes its rider to the elements but heightens the...and you know the rest.

Gushy wisdom like that is no help at all at certain poignant moments. Like right now, as the first trickle of cold rain-water is finding its way through what is probably the only entrance into this rain suit—with the adroitness of a rat under a stuffed corn crib—and heading unerringly to those parts of me that are most sensitive to cold, wet, environmentally exciting water. Just great.

But my inborn cyclist's heightened perception goes to high gain and starts tuning for overpasses. What do automobile people know about the virtues of overpasses and bridges? Can they spot a sociable bridge or rest stop overpass from a half mile? I can, and here comes one.

And there's a rider already parked under it and ensconced in position—flat on back, eyes closed, knees bent and hands under head in an attitude of eternal patience. (That's the orthodox position; there's the "skid row" variant, wherein you lie on your side, but it draws policemen.)

"Hey, man."

"How's it goin'?"

He has no rainsuit but his Kaw has a fairing and he's bone-dry. Some people are

purists and get wet; other people are smart. But the brotherhood of dry overpasses ignores the difference, and you feel no envy, only respect for superior timing.

—George C. Larson
Cycle Guide

More From Hurt Study

Science proves what folklore knows. The bike is going down the street, under control, all systems legal, and a car or truck turns into the bike's path—and *wham!* Another rider bites the dust or the car door.

It's a classic. Post-crash, the driver says, "I didn't see him," and the rider says, "He was looking right at me!"

Until now, it's been a puzzle. We're talking daylight, clear weather, sober people controlling both machines, on and on. Motorcycles are bigger than lampposts, small children, pedestrians, etc., and yet "I didn't see him" repeats itself time after time.

Now, though, as a followup to that first study, Dr. Harry Hurt and staff have been interviewing the drivers. In depth. Not just age and circumstances, but experience as well.

Other than having turned into the path of a motorcycle hard enough to hurt, they have one other thing in common.

They have no motorcycle experience.

None.

Not one of the drivers surveyed so far owns or has owned a motorcycle. Nor have they ridden one. Nor do their wives or husbands or children or parents ride.

They are telling the truth.

They don't see us.

They don't see us because they aren't looking for us.

—Cycle World



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The Old Man's Harley

By William Simpson



My old man was a bad dude, and he was hardcore. He was a biker, an alcoholic, an ex-con, and the best father anyone could ask for. He was born in Chicago in 1932 and died there four days ago. He made a living by running his own music shop on the South Side, and he was one of the best blues guitar players I've ever heard. When he was forty years old he stored his 1950 Harley in the garage of our home, where it remained until five days ago, when it became mine. Before I became the proud owner of that Harley I owned a Triumph. My old man hated that bike and never missed a chance to tell me so. He figured if I couldn't handle a Harley I didn't need to be riding. To be truthful, I agreed, but I never told him that. I bought the Triumph in hopes that he would give me the Harley to make me get rid of the Trumpet. It didn't work.

From the time I was born until I was ten years old, my old man would take me for long rides almost every day. He would take me into the country and sometimes we would go for a swim in Maple Lake. He would tell me stories about the days when he rode with his club, the fights, the parties, and the runs. He would tell me about the times before I was born when he and my mother traveled around the states, working here and there for gas money before hitting the road again. I listened with fascination to these stories, and in later years I retold them, almost word for word, to my bros.

Mostly, though, he would tell me about the

fights in the bars, the pool halls, and the cafes of the South Side of Chicago: "The only hardcore city in the world." He often told me that he had lost only two fights in his life, and one of those he fought with a .45 slug in his chest. He always stressed the fact that if I was ever going to be a real biker, I had to be a bad bastard, hardcore to the bone. But he never really got down on me about it until after he stopped riding. He was only forty when he quit, and still had a lot of good riding years left. But one day in the spring of '72 he tied one on and dumped his scooter, and although the bike came out of it all right, he had a few broken bones, and my mother managed to make him promise not to ride any more. He got meaner after that, and we grew away from each other.

After he stopped riding he started drinking more, and, if possible, fighting more at the bars. Soon he started smacking me around whenever I "got out of hand," and especially when I got into a fight and lost. One day he got ripped at the local bar and couldn't manage to start a fight, so he came home and started telling me that the younger generation was turning into a bunch of pussies, and that the world would turn into a pile of shit when we had to run it. He seemed almost desperate when he told me that I had to learn to fight and ride with the best. And of course I believed him, but then he got that hard look on his face, like he didn't even know me, and told me that he wouldn't stand by and let any son of his become a cunt, and then he laid me out. I was too young to hate him for it, but he had taken

something away from our relationship. When he came home from work the next day he sat me down and told me that he would do the same thing more often, and when I got tired of getting knocked down I would swing back. He also made it clear that when the day came that I had the balls to swing back at him, he would try to tear my head off and flush it down the shitter. If he failed at that he would know that he had raised a badass and he would never raise his hand to me again. I thought this whole business very unjust, but I wasn't about to express this thought to him.

So I began to meet with some of my friends after school down at the local gym for a few rounds with the gloves. By the time I was in the sixth grade I was pretty good with my fists and would go out of my way to prove it. I picked more than my share of fights, and was expelled six times that year for fighting on school property. At first, my old man would pat me on the shoulder and tell me that I would make it yet, and he wouldn't get mad about my getting kicked out of school. But after a while he began saying that I was just picking on sixth graders, and that was proof that I was becoming pussy, just like the rest of my generation. That statement usually hurt more than the punch that invariably followed it.

I decided to try to live up to his expectations. I made it a rule that my opponents had to be at least six inches taller than I and a

—Continued on page 109

Electric Flathead

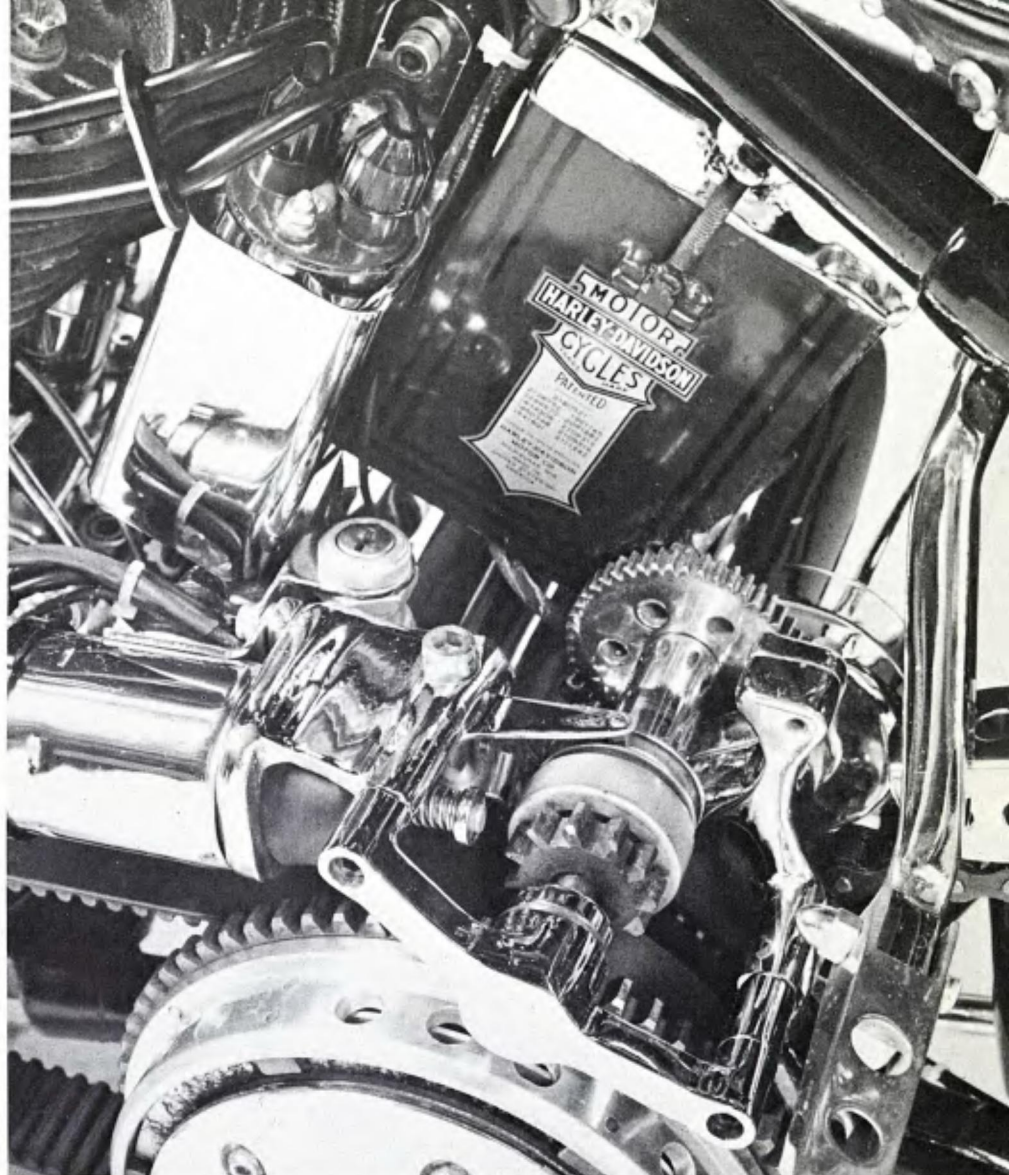




Over the years at this tar pit, I've seen some nice sleds. And then there are a few that, to me, wouldn't make good boat anchors. So every once in a while, when something really outstanding gets between the mid-morning beer and last night's bloodshot eyes, it brings me right out of the Monday blues. The bad part of seeing the nice sled pictured here is that, as soon as the photo sank in, there was this terrible roar, dictating that I write the words to tell all you bros what it is.

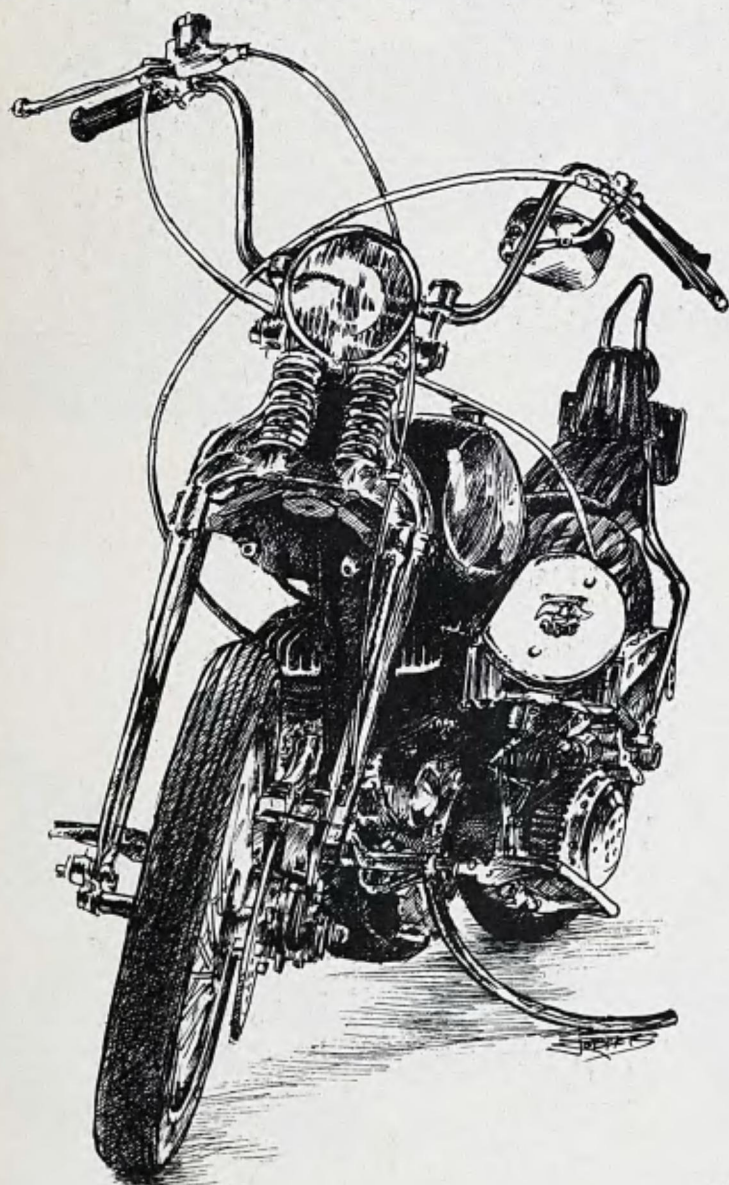
How in hell should I know what to tell anybody? Shit, I wasn't in the bro's garage while he ground every part or while he hammered the tanks to life. I didn't have any business bein' here on Monday anyhow. I guess it serves me right for spending the early morning passed out behind an orange crate we use for a file cabinet. When I woke up, my only thought was to beat feet for the bar before I was discovered. Too late. Weed had spotted my disappearing Harley-Davidson of Russia T-shirt just as I was trying to make good my escape. After that, I was locked in a closet until I finished this article. Okay, I could survive without a beer until lunchtime.

Mike, the owner-builder of this flathead, gathered parts in one corner of his garage before assemblin' the bike. Not being one of conventional style, he just had to have a scooter that was different from front to back. Like the electric-start setup—on a flathead. All the covers and shit have been ground away to show the working innards. No problem—it just took a full week of grinding, putting it back together, taking it apart, and grinding just a tad more. That's too





Photos by Norman Trigg



much work even to write about. What really blew my mind was the gas tanks. No shit, he made them himself. It took a lot of hours and nine pieces of sheet metal per side to complete that miracle. The rest might sound a little trivial after you find out that a bro made his own tanks, but you're gonna hear it anyway. Mike adapted disc brakes to both wheels, made his own sissy bar, pipes, brake setup, seat, and a milk crate fulla small brackets. He used allen bolts everywhere.

That's it. Mike has a nice sled, as you can see, and I've finished the article. It's Monday, and I'm bolting for the door. Later.

—Wrench

Owners: Mike Kapthammer		City: Louisville, Ky.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1936	
Year and make: 1941 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: flathead		Type: VL	
Value: \$5,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly: owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: cherried	
Chroming by: Brown's		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1941		Risers: rubber-mounted dogbones	
Model: flathead		Fender(s): early rib	
Rebuilder: Harley of Louisville		Headlight: Paughco	
Ignition: auto advance (Sporty)		Taillight: Model A	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Harley boards	
Balancing: factory		Rear pegs: custom	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: Arlen Ness voltage reg.	
Cases: chrome		Gas tank: owner	
Heads: chrome		Oil tank: built in gas tank	
Cam: stock		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): S.U.		Seat: owner	
Air cleaner: modified for tanks		Sissy bar: owner	
Pipes: handmade		Height: 18 in.	
Muffler(s): Custom Cycle Delight		Material: 3/4 round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: springer	
Year: 1977 electric start		Extension: 4 in.	
Shifting: ratchet via 45° clutch pedal		Builder: H-D & owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase III belt drive		Special features: all moving parts new	
Trans sprocket: stock		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front:	
		Rear:	
Painting		Size: 18 in.	
		Size: 16 in.	
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D	
		Hub: H-D	
Painter: owner		Rim width: 3 in.	
		Rim width: 5 in.	
Color: Honduras maroon		Tire: Jap	
		Tire: Arco	
Type: lacquer		Brake: H-D & Hurst	
		Brake: H-D disc	
Special paint: Imron top coat			

Other special modifications: open primary electric start, stainless steel allen bolts including axle ends, master cyl. cap, braided lines.

To our way of thinkin' (yeah, I know, we surprise everyone once in a while by dustin' off those wilted brain cells), there ain't nothin' like the mellow exhaust vibes from that big stroker engine, or the steady tick of the side valves without a lotta noisy overhead crap to mess it up. When ya sit down on the machine, those big, flat heads are so wide under the tank that the bore looks bigger'n a Pratt & Whitney radial. And without so much top-end garbage, you could be as wasted with a wrench as we are and still pull the heads off—no sweat.

But just to show you that our heads (what's left of 'em, that is) are in the right place, we'll point out to you how modified this eighty-incher is from the official, original factory specs. It's got a carburetor, taillight, and front brake from Japan. The magneto, gas tank, and mufflers are Sportster,

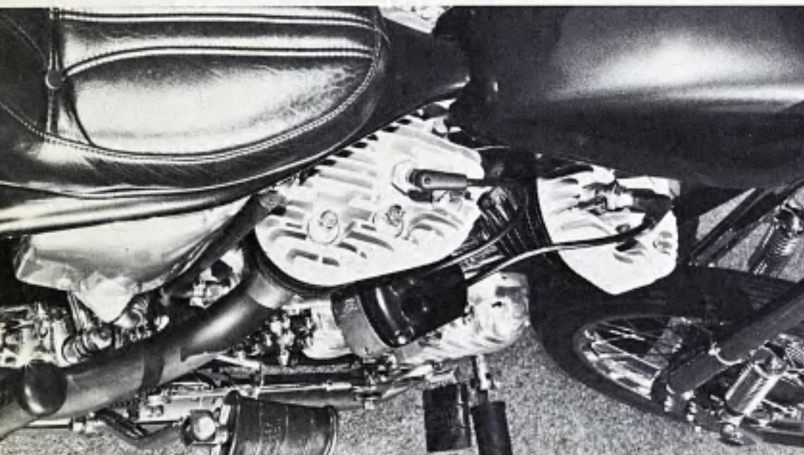
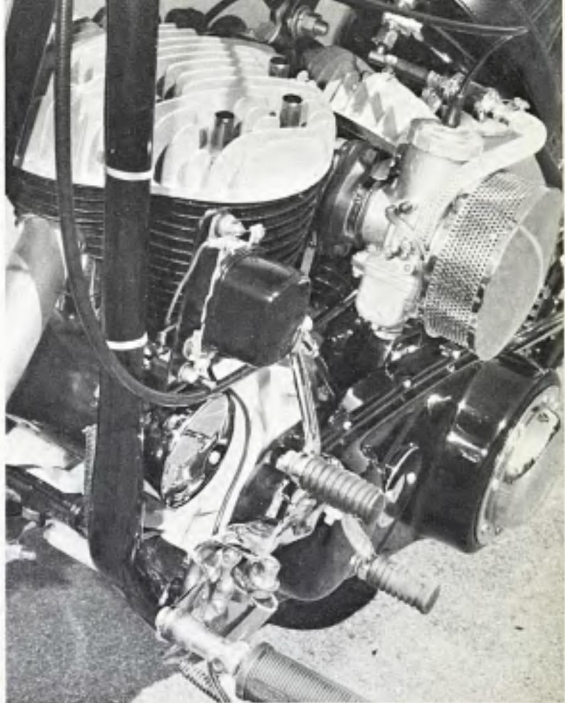
From 80 to 86

modified to fit. The custom-built front end's got shocks and a front tire from England hangin' off the front. The pistons are adapted from a Chevy Corvair, and the exhaust system wasn't bent up in Milwaukee, but in a local automotive header shop.

And actually, the thing ain't an eighty-incher at all. With offset-bored flywheels and those big ported and relieved jugs, it's closer to eighty-six inches. Lemme tell ya, a lot of the local big twin riders who've eaten its dust swear that somehow Jack's disguised and shoehorned a shovelhead inside those ancient cases and castings. It may **look** like an eighty, but it goes like some-thin' else.

—Gearhead





Photos by Jake



Owners: Jack Mac Lellan

City: Boston, Mass.

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1946 H-D

Model: UL

Value: \$6,000

Assembly: owner

Time: 6 years (continual)

Chroming by: South Shore Plating

Frame

Year: 1946

Builder: H-D

Type: rigid, straight bar

Rake: stock

Stretch: none

Other alterations: neck area relieved

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1946

Model: flathead

Rebuilder: owner

Ignition: Sportster magneto

Displacement: 86 cu. in.

Lower end: lightened & stroked

Balancing: Lindsdogg, Bedford

Pistons: forged Corvair by Lindsdogg

Cases: glass-beaded, Timken mains

Heads: ULH aluminum

Cam: Sifton intakes, ULH exhausts

Lifters: solid

Carb(s): 44mm Mikuni

Air cleaner: Drag Specialties

Pipes: tubular automotive

Muffler(s): Sportster

Bars: Flanders

Risers: H-D

Fender(s): 6 in. flat

Headlight: Carello

Tailight: Honda Hawk

Speedo: none

Front pegs: Bates

Rear pegs: Bates

Electrics: 12v., by owner

Gas tank: Sportster, low tunnel

Oil tank: WLR aluminum

Oil system: stock

Primary cover: early diamond

Seat: Boss custom spoon

Sissy bar: wood section

Height: 18 in. above seat

Material: 1/2 in. square

Transmission

Modifications: Andrews 1st gear (2.44)

Year: 1946

Shifting: heel-toe, foot lever

Engine sprocket: 23

Trans sprocket: 25

Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: leading link

Extension: 14 in.

Builder: owner & Ernie Sterling

Special features: Girling shocks

Wheels

Front:

Size: 21 in.

Hub: Yamaha 250

Rim width: WM-2

Tire: Avon 3.00

Brake: Yamaha drum

Rear:

Size: 16 in.

Hub: H-D

Rim width: WM-4

Tire: Goodyear 5.00

Brake: H-D drum

Painting

Molding: Don Hutchinson Cycle

Painter: DHC, Wakefield

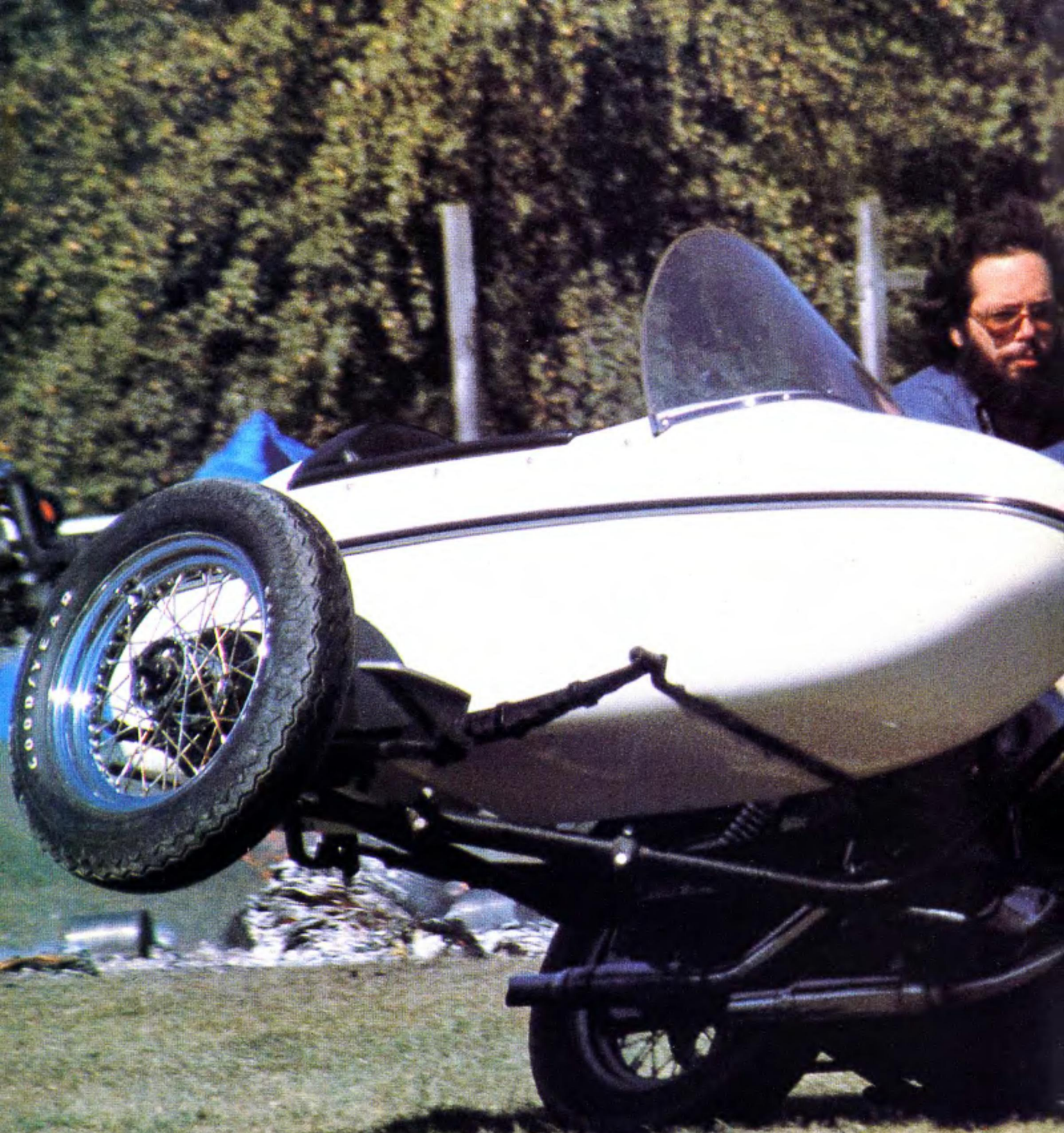
Color: black pearl

Type: acrylic lacquer

Special paint: none

Other special modifications: 80 flywheels offset & bored by Rick Bray; cylinders ported & relieved by owner; cases altered for late-model main bearings by Clell Richards; turbo-charged Corvair pistons fitted by Lindsdogg.

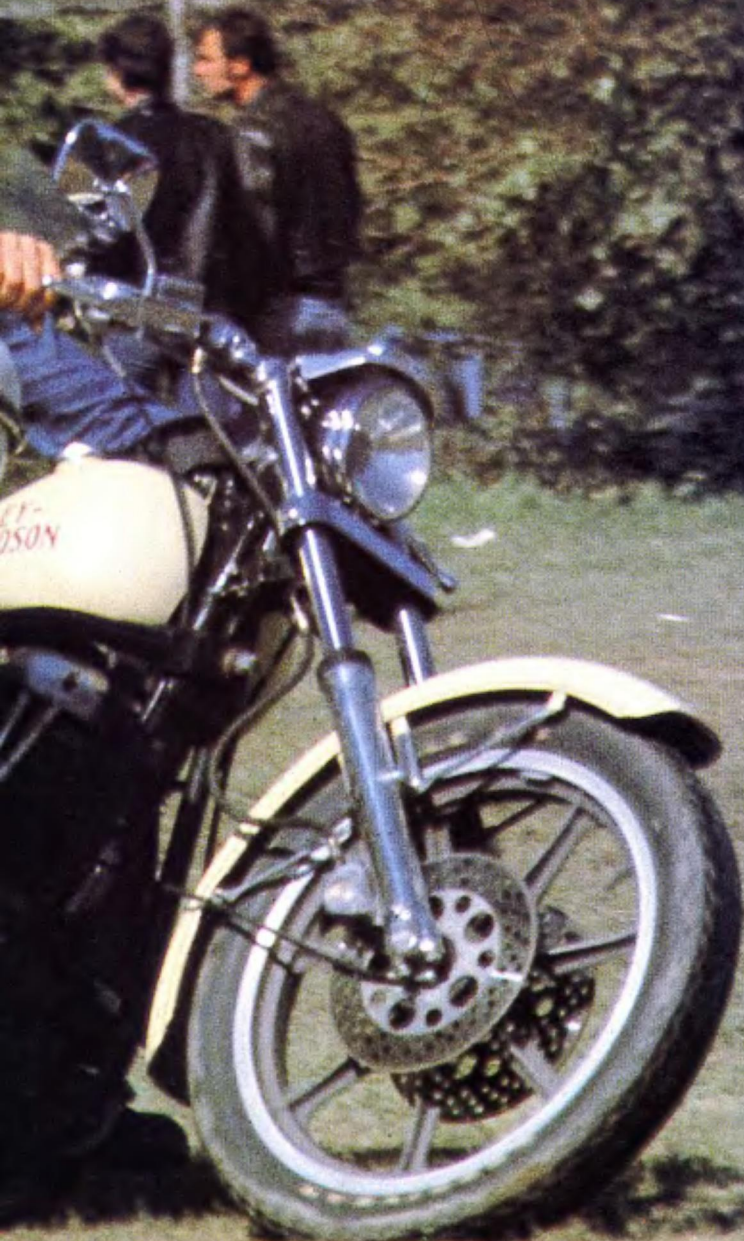




Sunnyside

*Was almost a rain-out
and a nod-out,
but turned out
to be a blast-out*

Blowout

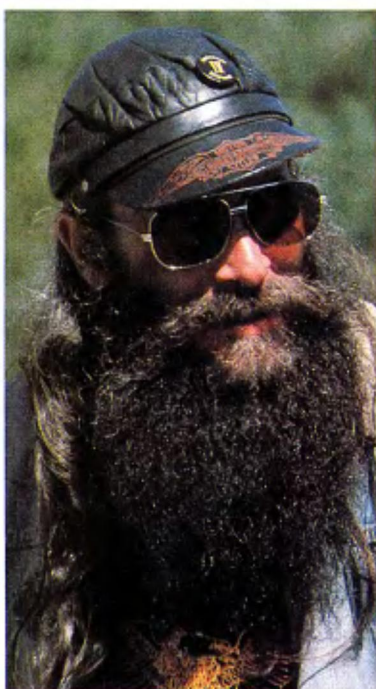


Elated was the only word to describe my mood when someone woke me at the milk crate I call my desk one afternoon.

"Okay, fucker, you can go back to P-A for your bro's party," the voice grumbled just before it was cut off by the garage door slammin' shut.

I shook my head and strained for a mental instant replay. The circuits labored unsuccessfully, but I knew I'd heard it. I was returnin' to my former portion of the country for the biggest party of any year—whatta rush. I packed and stood at what I thought was the corner bus stop for two hours before a bro puttin' home from the mines stopped to tell me that the party wasn't for two weeks.







and besides, no buses that ran from California to Pennsylvania stopped at that corner—in fact, no buses ran by that dirt corner at all.

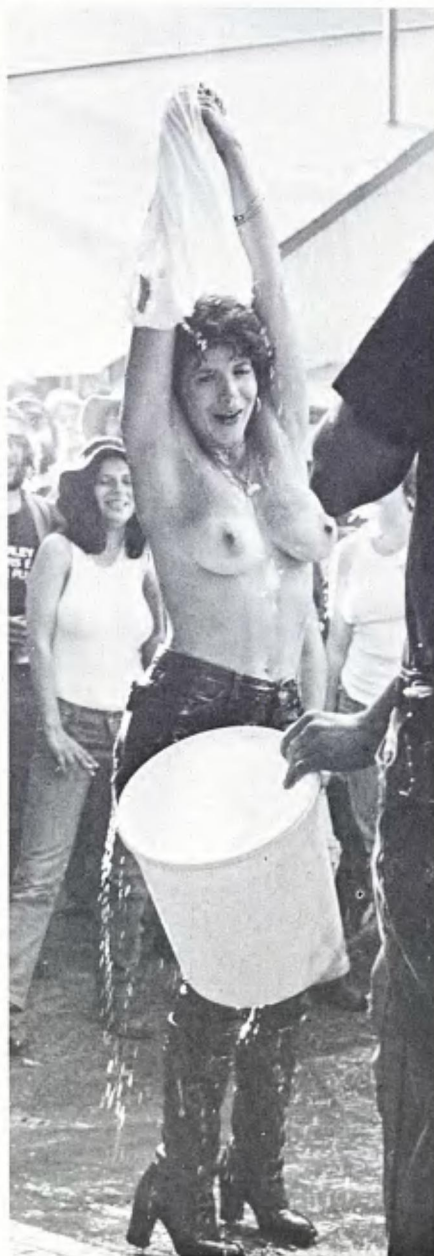
I sat on the edge of my caster-mounted, rollin' work stool for the entire two weeks. It'd been over a year since I'd putted down familiar streets with long-time ridin' partners. The rush was beginnin' in my throttle hand, and workin' over until it consumed the mitt Teresa gently placed my plane ticket in. I was outta here quick.

A lotta things can change, even on a fast flight from L.A. to Pennsylvania; the weather's one. My mind was whirlin' as if my ol' man had croaked and left me a Nevada whorehouse, and I pranced outta that jet and into a fuckin' downpour. I wanted to go back to L.A. and start over.

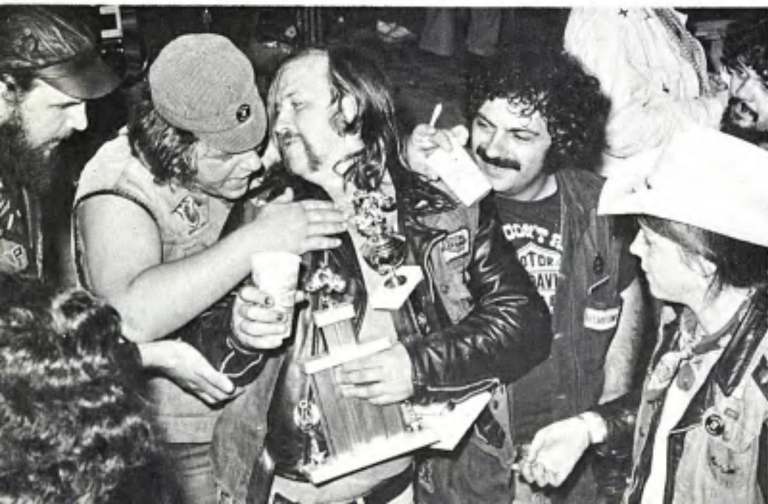
Thursday and Friday continued to bust my water-filled bubble—they were fishbowl days, if ya know what I mean. But as Friday night slipped and slid around, quite a few of us bros had gathered and were standin' around soaked sleds and screamin' and swearin' at the dark sky. The more rowdy we got, the less it pissed on us. The less it dripped, the more enthusiastic we became.

It was as if we'd undertaken a pin-down match with a sky packed with swollen gray clouds. We swung our dampened fists in outright defiance of the oceans of gravity-pulled water stored in the thin, gray lining, straining with sparks of electrostatic energy, and popping like firing spark plugs everywhere. We won, as if the energy of five hundred bikers all over the states of Pennsylvania and Maryland had stopped Mother Nature with the statement "We party *this* weekend, and fuck anyone that don't like it." The Missus Nature couldn't handle it.

She maintained through the early morning sunlight, but the streets had begun to dry out when the riders started really rollin' in. The field the Sunnyside MC had borrowed from the local Veterans of Foreign Wars blistered with tents, fired with rock 'n' roll



Photos by Frank and Pete





screamin' from every tree, and every glistenin' chrome front end mirrored the deep green woods on the perimeter of the field. The rain had scrubbed the trees and terrain until everything shone like a hand-rubbed paint job.

Beer spigots stuck out from a wall hidin' the almost-unlimited inventory, so brothers could immediately wash the road rain out of their mouths with somethin' on tap and ice-cold. The party from the dreary night before just grew and spread over the fifteen-acre back yard. The hard-workin' crew in the kitchen kept it drenched in steam, preparin' seventy gallons of soup, shapin' up tube steaks and sauerkraut, and firin' up the ol' barbecue to satisfy the late-night munchies for over a thousand starvin' rain fighters. If anybody went hungry, it had to be either chemistry or immobility. What can I say? I was home with my people—everything was fuckin' perfect.

The clouds stuck around like sentinels guardin' the party's energy, and the bros took to the slippery field. Every time I got near a scooter, I found my ass in the mud. So a couple of brothers tossed my sloppy carcass into a sidecar, and Mike tried to turn my head inside out by skiddin' up, through, and over figure-eights. Brothers were slow racin', fast racin', sack racin', and hot-dog chasin' till the sun threw in its last winnin' reflection and headed for the bunkhouse—lightweight!

Its backup, the moon, was confronted with our band lightin' up the night's activities, campfires glowin' along the rows of tents, educational films shinin' against the outhouse walls. And reflectin' off the lovely, cotton-covered titties of the wet T-shirt contestants was—my flashlight.

As Sunday rolled onto the scene, the sun decided that the Lord's day was a good time to make an early appearance. I rapped, shook hands, and squeezed titties of long-time friends until that rush of a weekend ended—but not before one brother, runnin' late to the party, parachuted out of the clear Sunday sky into the middle of the party. What the fuck—there's no way to follow that act.

My thanks to the brothers of the Sunnyside MC and the Bay Riders.

—Fast Frank



Red Wings

Hey, bitch, I was wonderin' if you'd write and tell me when you're gonna be on the rag again. I'm prospectin' and it would be a feather in my cap if I could get my red wings by goin' down on your nasty pussy.

Keith Chittybug
Spartanburg, N.C.

- Sure, as long as ya do it till I'm satisfied.

Miraculous Mommy?

I saw your picture in your Welcome Back letter in the October '79 issue, #76. Hot damn if you ain't the ugliest bitch I ever saw. Are you really somebody's mutha?

Capt. Buck
Laurel, Md.

- Why, you lookin' for yours?

Believe it or Not

I would just love to break the world's record for eating pussy by eating yours. I believe the old record to be three days. I want to set it at two weeks. I've been told I have a long tongue. I also want to set the world's record for 69, at one month. I bet you ain't got the balls to print this one.

Richard T. French
Tamal, Calif.

- If I've got balls, you came to the wrong person.

Fold-Out

Glad to see you're back. Just thought I'd let you know that I'd crawl through miles of broken glass just to wave at the garbage truck that takes your bloody, come-stained Kotexes to the dump! I still love ya.

Incidentally, how 'bout a fold-out of you instead of a scoot by Dave Mann?

Coke
Springfield, Mo.

To Trust or Not to Trust

I have a serious problem. No funny stuff, please. My friends tell me that I should let my guard down. They tell me that I always feel that someone is out to stab me in the back. I love my ol' man and I trust him a lot. They tell me I trust him too much. I trust him, but I don't trust anyone else. He's super foxy and treats me like a woman wants to be treated. He trusts me enough to want to teach me how to ride his chopped Hog. I know he loves me, but I'm afraid that some day a girl with more to offer will come along and try to snatch up on him. That is where the guard comes in. I don't like to be around girls when I'm with him because they all eye him up and they look like they want to get hold of him. Can you suggest something to help kill the guard?

Scared and Confused
Baltimore, Md.

Peanut Butter

You may think you know everything there is to know about fuckin' and suckin', Mutha, but my ol' lady could show you a thing or two. Here's a few things she does to make it great for me, so if ya wanta improve your love life, try 'em.

First, she puts about an inch of toothpaste on the end of my cock before I shove it in. It makes for a really good fuck. When I can't fuck no more, she fills her mouth with hot water an' goes down on me. Then she fills her mouth with ice water an' goes down on me. She always finishes by smearin' hot peanut butter all over my cock an' balls an' eatin' it off. Beat that.

Wizard McClain
Toronto, Canada

- She forgot the jam.

Know-It-All

You know more than any other woman alive. How many ways are there to fuck a woman? When is the best time to do it? Morning? Mid-day? Evening? Let me know right away.

Ralph Gossburg
Brooklyn, N.Y.

- It's all based on satisfaction.

To Mutha With Love

Miraculous Mutha, we know you're the best.

Yea, you're the bitch with hair on her chest.

You always try and act mean and slick,

But we all know you love that dick.

You try and make us think you don't look cool.

You must take me for a god-dam fool.

Bitch, you've got a heart that's made of gold,

And with your way of thinking, you'll never grow old.

You could have any man here on earth,

And with the way you talk, you've been fucking since birth.

But don't get me wrong, I'm not putting you down.

Women like you are hard to be found.

You always say what's in your heart

And try to keep others from coming apart.

You know how to make a man feel good,

Because you always do what you should.

Bitch, you don't belong to any one man,

But to each and every one of us across the land.

We all know you needed a rest

So you could come back and do your best.

Now that you're back, I can just lay down beside her And pick up my copy of **Easyriders**.

John Worsham
Baltimore, Md.

Zits

Can I get a serious answer? Does givin' head an' swallowin' that gucky stuff really help clear up a chick's complexion? I give my ol' man head all the time, but it makes me puke when I try to swallow, so I been spittin' it on his belly. Well, all the zits on his belly cleared up. Will it help if I just rub it on my face, or do I really have to swallow it?

Cindy Simons
Holland, Mich.

- Sorry to say, come doesn't help you rid yourself of zits. I've swallowed enough to drown an elephant, and look at me.

Miraculous Corrupter

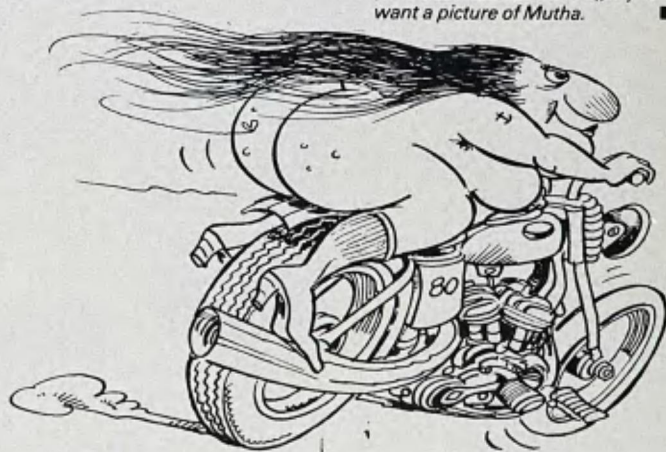
You are the most disgraceful woman I've ever heard about. Anita Bryant is right in condemning you, people like you, and those silly boys who wear girls' underpants. It is women like you who undermine the youth of this nation and who corrupt the lives of good, honest, hard-working young men and women across the country.

Hector Gonzales
Tucson, Ariz.

- And the nights! Don't forget the nights!

—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.

Miraculous Mutha Tells All





It may
mean war.

**But we'll go
down fightin' before
they get our *Easyriders***

Subscribe to **Easyriders** and you won't have to get into fights each month to get a copy—unless you don't get along with your mailman. The best bike magazine we can put together will be delivered unharmed to your door. We'll even send along a free decal.



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Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

80

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☐ Here's \$15.99 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$30.99 for a two-year subscription.

And quit flopping around on the damned floor, it's only a lousy penny.

- ☐ Here's \$16.00 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$31.00 for a two-year subscription.
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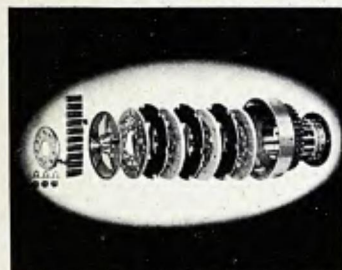
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Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do you like best about
Easyriders magazine? _____

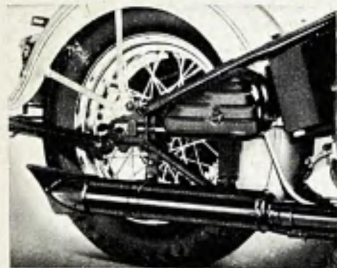
The 1941 HARLEY-DAVIDSON *The World's Finest Motorcycle*

SIDE VALVE MODELS

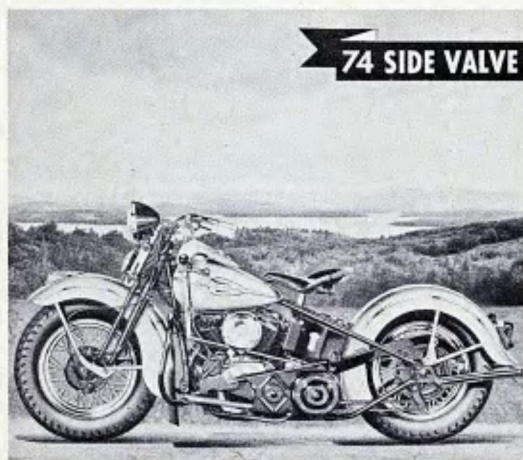
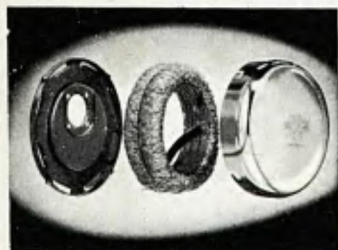
Marvelously efficient clutches of new design are featured on the 1941 Harley-Davidsons. Shown is the clutch on the 61, 74, 80 Twins.



Big Twins are fitted with a new, effective muffler of beautiful appearance and trouble-free construction. Back pressure is reduced.



A new, larger diameter air cleaner is available for all models. Oil is retained in the mesh pack and is not drawn into carburetor.



THE 74 SIDE VALVE TWIN

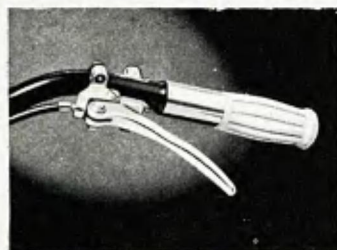
The acknowledged leader in the side valve field, this model has for years been a great favorite with sport riders, police departments, and commercial users. It is regularly fitted with cast iron heads, but deep-finned heads are also obtainable. As on all the other models, a positive-grip hand brake lever of entirely new design attracts immediate attention. Great leverage can be exerted and the rider gets greater safety because of the better front wheel brake control. As on all the other Big Twins, a redesigned clutch foot lever assembly makes for smoother action and longer life. The motors of all Harley-Davidsons are now fitted with oxide-coated piston rings that minimize scuffing and the formation of ridges on the cylinder walls.



80 SIDE VALVE TWIN

—Fitted with aluminum heads, this model has met the favor of riders who demand great reserve power in a side valve motor. Added beauty is given all the 1941 models with stainless steel strips on the tanks that blend the chrome nameplates in one pleasing sweep with the fore and aft sections of the motorcycle. Gasoline reserve in the Big Twins has been increased to one gallon. Gear shifter lever on all models is now made of special cyanide-hardened steel to reduce wear at the shifter gate. 5.00x16 tires are supplied in all accessory groups for all models and in conjunction with the famous Harley-Davidson spring seat post and cushion and recoil action of the front fork springs makes for the ultimate in luxurious riding ease. All models are available in four beautiful color options.

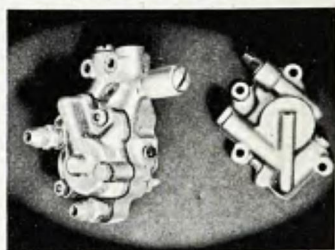
All models have a die-cast aluminum, positive-grip hand brake lever of new design. It combines great effectiveness with good looks.



Airplane styling and quick readability distinguish the new speedometer dials on all 1941 models. Large numerals are silver on black.



A centrifugally-controlled by-pass valve in the oil pump assures proper lubrication at all speeds. Left: 61, 74, 80 pump; right, 45 pump.

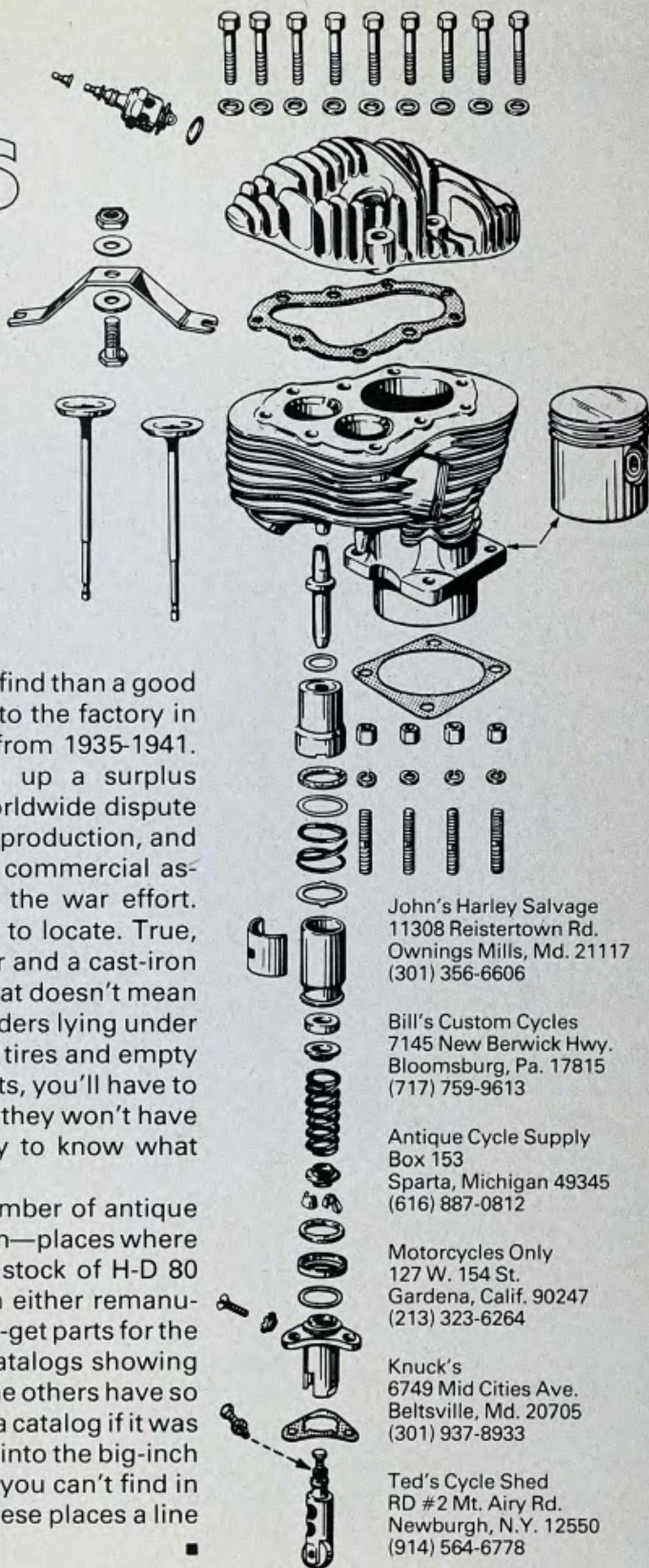


H-D 80 Supplies

Trying To Make It Easier On Ya

Flathead parts usually are harder to find than a good lay on a seagoing tug. According to the factory in Milwaukee, 80s were made only from 1935-1941. Now that isn't a long time to build up a surplus reserve of parts. In addition, the big worldwide dispute began in December of that final year of production, and consequently H-D dropped most of its commercial assignments in order to build bikes for the war effort. That's why flathead 80 parts ain't easy to locate. True, your bro might have an 80 timing cover and a cast-iron head with half the fins broken off, but that doesn't mean that you can find a cherry set of 80 cylinders lying under his vast and valuable collection of used tires and empty oil cans. For the hard-to-get original parts, you'll have to check out a dealer or a bike shop where they won't have to look up "flathead" in the dictionary to know what you're talking about.

What we've done here is locate a number of antique freaks and shops that are into restoration—places where they are familiar with and have some stock of H-D 80 parts. We listed six shops below which either remanufacture or stock a good supply of hard-to-get parts for the mighty 80. Some of these places sell catalogs showing what they have to offer, while some of the others have so much shit that they couldn't fit it all into a catalog if it was a 30-volume encyclopedia. So, if you're into the big-inch side valve models and need a part that you can't find in your area, you just might drop one of these places a line and see if they can help ya out. ■



John's Harley Salvage
11308 Reistertown Rd.
Owings Mills, Md. 21117
(301) 356-6606

Bill's Custom Cycles
7145 New Berwick Hwy.
Bloomsburg, Pa. 17815
(717) 759-9613

Antique Cycle Supply
Box 153
Sparta, Michigan 49345
(616) 887-0812

Motorcycles Only
127 W. 154 St.
Gardena, Calif. 90247
(213) 323-6264

Knuck's
6749 Mid Cities Ave.
Beltsville, Md. 20705
(301) 937-8933

Ted's Cycle Shed
RD #2 Mt. Airy Rd.
Newburgh, N.Y. 12550
(914) 564-6778

A Day In The Life

Or, why bikers are bikers

many of the two-wheeled-crazy, handlebar holders out in the streets will see this as an everyday rerun. So we ain't unique—the lifestyle is the neatest to hit our world since Vikings cruised the coastline of North America in search of blonder blondes, sweeter wines, and younger game.

We're doin' the same. Our oceans are highways, the wine comes in different containers, and the girls, whatever their hair color, take care of the grub. Only one catch. We're pillaging in a sea of rules, enforced by the swabs in black-and-whites. But fuck it, we still have a good time, break down once in a while (and who's to say a buffed-out Viking didn't break an oar once in a while), but the roads are long.

Every element is still spontaneous and a challenge, each confrontation with the Man is an entirely different situation, from harassment to helpful—just like the highway, or even the street, we travel. Each is a new experience and lends itself to a different style of riding. There are always new curves to experience, new sights, new terrain—a challenge.

A brother of mine just crept in here and read what I've scribbled on this chunk of grocery sack, and looked at the flicks of these Texas scooter people doin' their daily thing, and he's now tryin' to drag my ass to the door. Shit, he even volunteered to get my scoot outta the shed. What can I say, except that if you're down now, scope right down on these flicks—you'll get all the motivation ya need to put you astride your putt and out doin' it in the streets again.

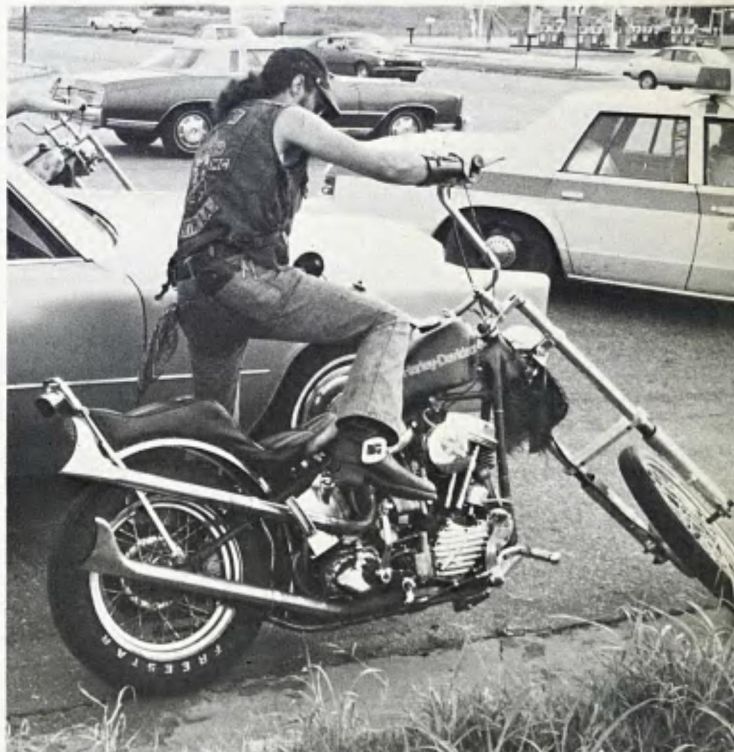
—Renegade



Ya got a yacht in the Med—yeah, go on. Ya wanna take me along—don't stop, keep talkin'.



Fix it quick, brother—foxes on da loose.



I'll pretend they ain't there and just ride away—casual like.



She wants to go home with us.



Ain't bein' a biker a bitch?



Man & Machine

The Drag Specialties Harley customer is a strong individualist. He's not content with a limited or special edition straight from the factory. He doesn't want to ride a bike that looks just like thousands of others, a mass-produced "custom".

After all, to buy an expensive factory special just takes cash or credit. It doesn't require imagination and individuality.

A biker selects Drag Specialties products because he wants to choose from thousands of options, not just a couple.

To put his machine together, his way.

We've got nothing against the folks in Milwaukee. They build a hell of a basic bike. But

when you're ready to build your bike, come to the pros. To Drag Specialties. We

have more variety, more custom parts, than anyone in the world.

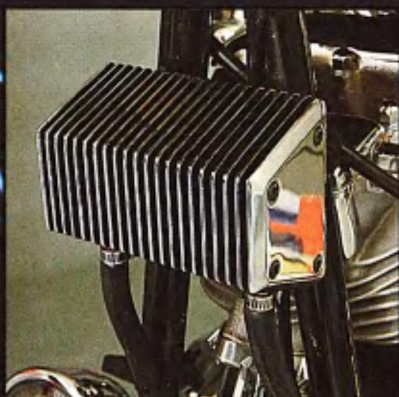




XL and FX chrome nacelle.



Record-holding SU high-performance carbs.



All-new bolt-on CF 2000 Oil Filter/Cooler.



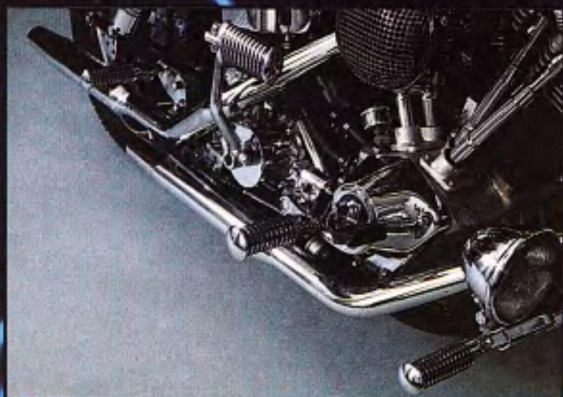
One of many custom seats in leather or vinyl, with a huge variety of matching backrests and inserts.



Trick new fork boot cover.



Custom chrome oil tanks with temperature gauges.



Large selection of footrests, exhaust systems and driving lights.



Tombstone Taillight — many more custom taillights available.

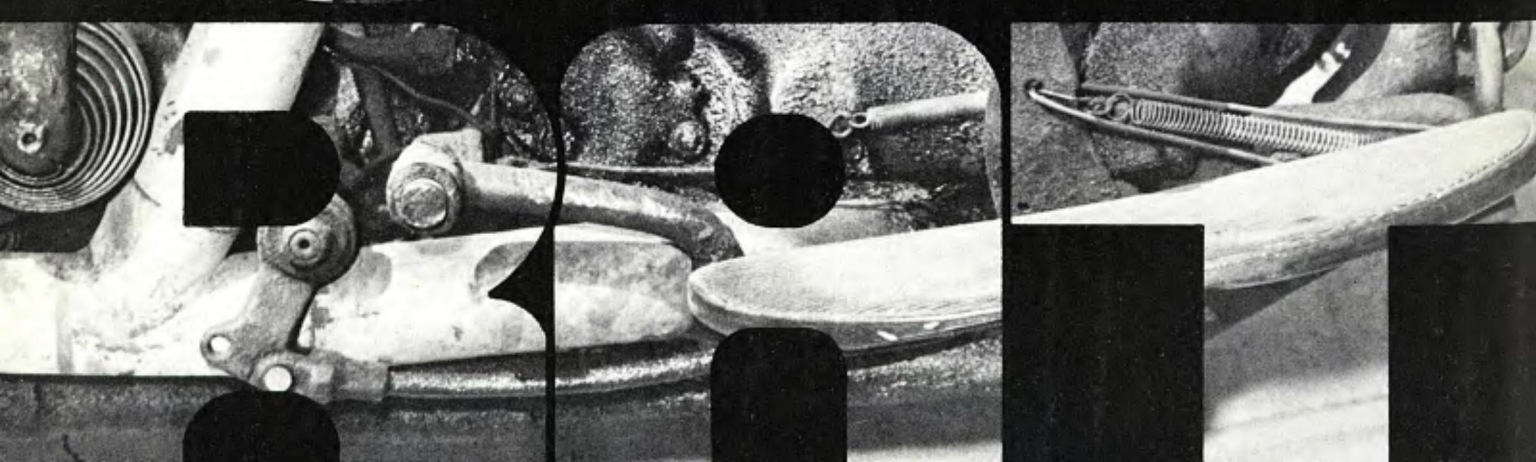
Send \$10.00 for our latest 300+ page catalog and also receive our all-new 1980 calendar featuring the nude Miss Drag Specialties on our Magnum Shovelhead. Our finest effort yet! Order as a package or separately: Catalog \$7.50; Calendar \$3.50; Catalog and Calendar \$10.00. Please send check or money order to:



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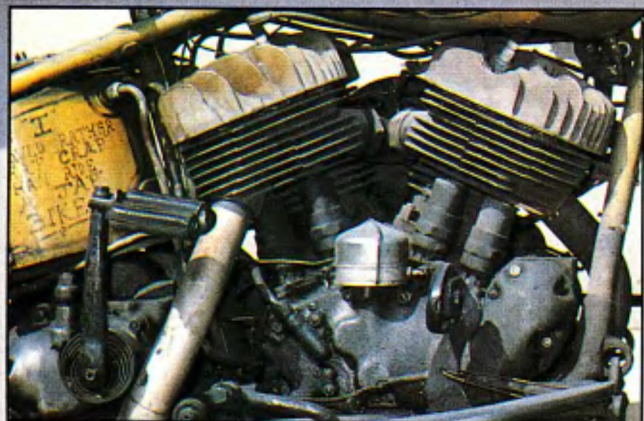
Our 80th issue wouldn't be complete without one

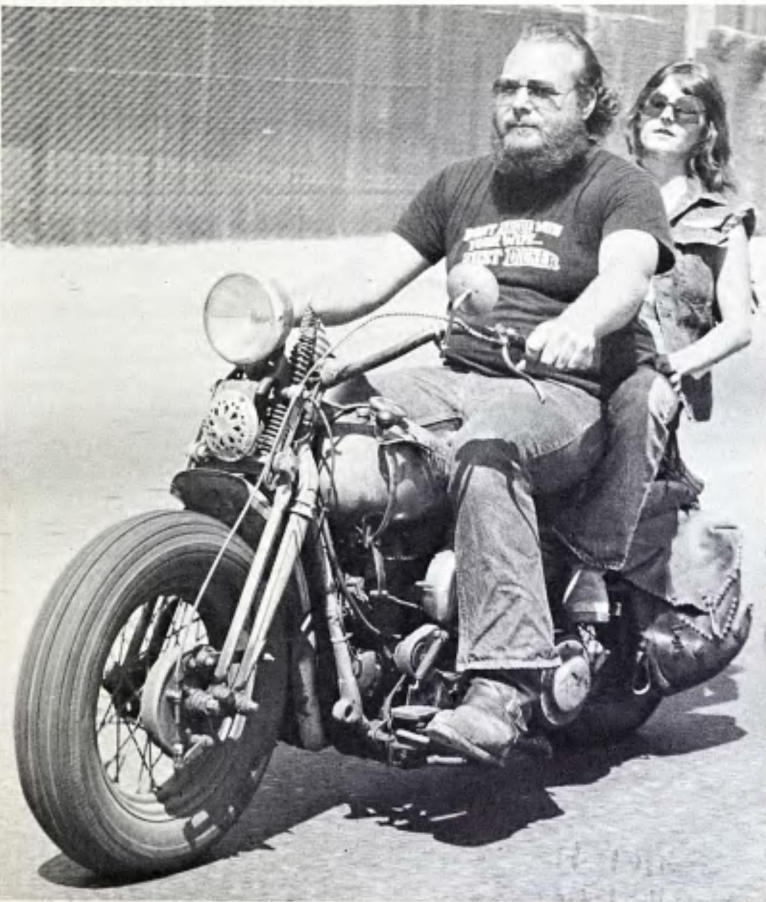
Visualize this: a long weekend with two or three parties, two or three broads, and two or three, maybe four, hallucinating highs. By four o'clock Saturday morning, we were beginning to follow the starbursts reflecting off the chrome spokes of our front 21s instead of the white line. We were messed up.

But on Sunday we had an assignment—had to take care of business. 'Course we didn't even hear anyone

catchin' any z's on Saturday night. We were too busy poppin' wheelies on the dark city streets and watchin' the red carbon sparks flash from our straight pipes at 90 mph on the nearly deserted freeways. We were cool until the sun broke over the horizon and told our remaining senses to die. As soon as we hit a straight stretch in the freeway, we started noddin' out. By nine we swerved our weavin' sleds, guided by weak bodies and half-closed/half-burnt/half-red eyes, into a big parking area next to an all-stone roadside cafe and a big-time hangout for Sunday scooter people.

H. STONE ~ GUNS





We dismounted, bought a six-pack, and staggered to the comfort of a bench, which was partially shaded by wasp-infested trees. The little bastards swarmed all over us.

Within a half hour, bikes were idling into the parking lot. Our mission, if we chose to stay awake for it, was to find another 80 flathead to feature in this, our 80th issue. Frank nodded out on the bench, oblivious to the wasps patrolling his mug.

The morning dragged on until I found myself squinting into the afternoon sun. Long about five in the afternoon, several scooters pulled up to the cafe. Frank awoke rejuvenated and decided to check out

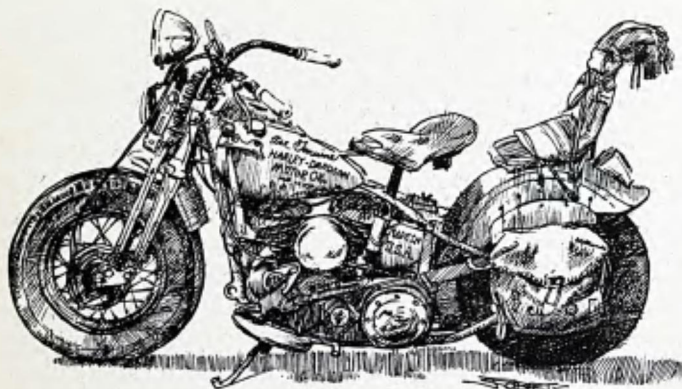


the new batch of putts. I dragged my road-blasted cowboy boots behind. And there, amidst the pretty scooters and cafe customs, sat this flathead rat. We eyed it closely and decided then and there to find its owner.

Then we looked at each other—and at the people creeping out of nose-shot of our lovely selves. We stunk, were filthy, and our eyes indicated we should be given serious consideration for an alcoholic program. Nobody would stand near us, let alone say anything. We checked out each other for some identification—no luck.

While we were arguin' as to what the fuck we were gonna do to prove we were members of this crew, the owner pushed his way through the crowd to where we stood.



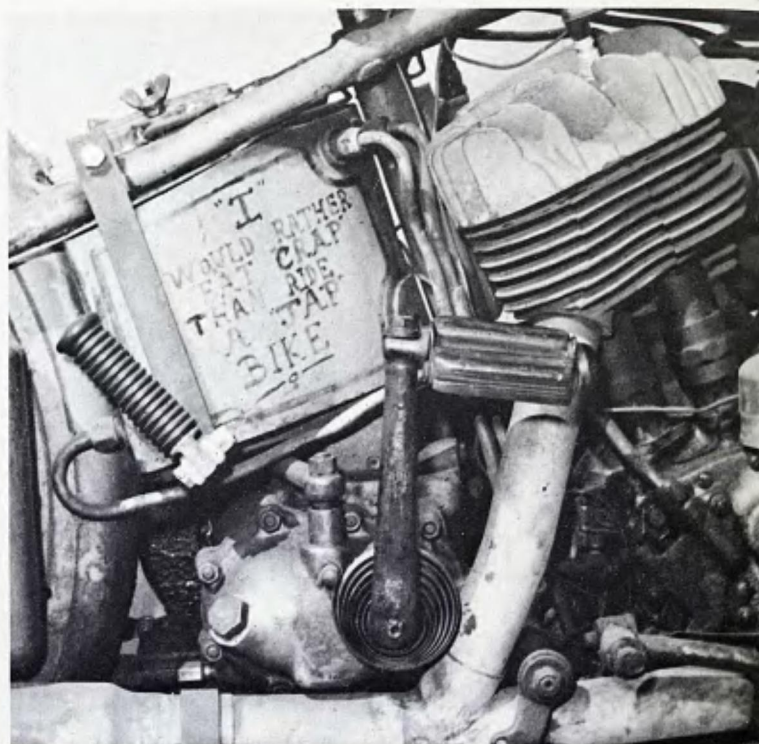


"Tryin' to figure out how to get my eighty in the back of your van?" he asked snidely.

"Hey, man, we're with. . ." Frank started.

But the skepticism darting at us from the bro's dark eyes indicated that even if we said we were Marines and were standin' in front of him in full dress, he wasn't gonna go for it. Frank and I looked at each other as if to say "Fuck it. I'd rather eat wasps and sleep than hassle it."

We took another look at the '38 80. It had to be in this issue. We offered Doc, the owner, a beer. Frank



Photos by Pete Chiodo



dropped it and it exploded in Doc's face, so I rolled the dude a joint, since he had decided to give us a minute to explain. The joint burst into flame like the fuse on a big firecracker, and almost fried the long-time growth on that patient man's mug. Just as Frank and I decided that we had stepped in it enough for one afternoon and figured we'd call it a day, Doc started to laugh. "You fuckers are too fucked up to be from anywhere but **Easyriders**."

Frank looked at me, a smile creeping through his thick black beard. "Told ya, bro, I brought my callin' card."

—Snake



Owners: Doc Sleeth		City: Gardena, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: H-D		Year: 1938	
Year and make: 1938 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: ULH		Type: hardtail	
Value: unknown		Rake: 30 degrees	
Assembly: H-D		Stretch: none	
Time: 1938		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: original		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: original H-D	
Year: 1938		Risers: none	
Model: ULH		Fender(s): bobbed	
Rebuilder: Don Baily		Headlight: stock	
Ignition: stock H-D		Taillight: unknown	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: yes		Rear pegs: custom, owner	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: original	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: fatbobs	
Heads: original alum. H-D		Oil tank: center	
Cam: stock		Oil system: works	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: solo	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissy bar: odds & ends	
Pipes: old stock		Height: about this high	
Muffler(s): interior rust-coated		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: original springer	
Year: 1938		Extension: none	
Shifting: tank shift		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: loose	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front:	Rear:
Painting		Size: 16	Size: 16
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: original		Rim width: 5 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: ol' yeller		Tire: Gdyr.	Tire: Avon
Type: unknown		Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: lettering (Tim Foster)			
Other special modifications: hidden.			



Fantasy

By Judy Kay Frome

What finally made up her mind was the day she had run two blocks only to miss the bus and then had to sit thirty-five minutes with no shade in 102° until the next bus came. She had seen him before. Almost every day. He always made a left turn right there in front of her bus stop and she got to check him out thoroughly. Dark brown wavy hair, with auburn streaks from the sun, held back in a ponytail by a single leather thong, like the one he used for a headband. He had a moustache and full beard, dark like his hair. She'd only glimpsed his eyes. He wore dark glasses, but sometimes he took them off to wipe them as he waited for the light. From the side (he never looked her way), they seemed almost black, they were so brown. And what a bod! She always lingered on his legs. Kickstarter thighs, obviously. They strained in the denim as his boots balanced the bike on the road.

The best part, though, was between those thighs. A 1940 rigid flathead sat throbbing on the pavement in front of her, the buddy pegs folded unused up against the frame, mocking her as she withered in the heat and hoped the bus would have at least one seat left and she wouldn't have to stand between sweating bodies while she lurched the whole way back to her little apartment.

It was an okay place to live; she had an okay job. It was just that life seemed so... so... the *same*. Get up, go to work, come home, watch a little TV, go to bed. She had had dates. Once, in another town, another life, she had had a husband. Somehow it got too close, too predictable, and she had fled the whole scene. Now, here, things had begun to take on that deathly sameness and she'd become almost resigned to it until he'd come into her afternoons.

She had ridden just one motorcycle. Her uncle had driven up one day when she was in high school on "one of those big noisy things," as her mother had called it. When she got herself settled on the big saddle behind him, she found that

it vibrated in a most enticing way. The rivets on the black leather gleamed in the sun like diamonds, and she loved the smell of his jacket. When they got out on the highway, she truly thought she had died and gone to heaven.

But Uncle went to a war and never came back and his motorcycle was quietly sold. She used to go out to the garage, before it was gone, and look at it and run her hands over the shiny parts and smell the leather. A couple of times, she sat on the seat and closed her eyes, remembering the wind.

That is how she knew Mr. Left-turn-lane had a flathead. Just like Uncle's. Well, the motor was the same, anyway. This one was pearl-red, and it had much smaller fenders and quite a different seat with a little bar up in back and a leather bag strapped on to hold a couple of wrenches, she guessed. The handlebars pulled back just enough to allow him to lean back comfortably in the seat, so that if someone were to sit up behind him, her nipples would just brush against his shoulders. When she first found herself thinking that, she shook her head and looked around to see if anyone had seen her blush. Of course it would never be *her* nipples. He'd never even glanced at her. She wouldn't dare ask him for a ride. Still...

She sat back on the bench and, as the sweat trickled down her cheek, she thought of the enticing vibration and the wind. Maybe they could go on past her apartment, past the city limits, and out on the highway. She could feel the gears shifting and hear the warm, deep tones of the engine as it settled into its smooth glide across the asphalt. The odor of the heat from the heads gradually mingled with the scent of grass along the road and the fresh smell of the water as they neared the lake. He had reached back a couple of times and stroked her leg, as if to make sure she was really sitting there and not just in his imagination. They rounded the curve and the clear, startling blue of the lake spread out in front of them.

The sun was moving down to late afternoon as he unrolled a blanket that was tied on the back, and they lay back to watch the big white clouds puff around and take on the shapes of exotic fat nudes—the kind they used to paint on the wall over the bar in western saloons. The scent of the hot grass and wildflowers blended with heat from the panhead as it sat gleaming and shimmering, little creaking noises occasionally popping out as the metal changed temperature while it rested.

She closed her eyes and felt his hand slide up her leg as it had done while they rode. But this time his hand kept going until it was cupping her breast under her shirt. As her nipple sprang up to meet them, his lips closed over it. She could smell the road and the Harley in his hair, and her hands began to stroke the back of his neck. He reached for her belt as his breath came faster, and just as he found the clasp on her jeans... the bus came.

"Tomorrow, tomorrow," she insisted to herself as she dropped her fare in the box. "This bus is more than I can take any more. The worst that can happen is that he'll say no."

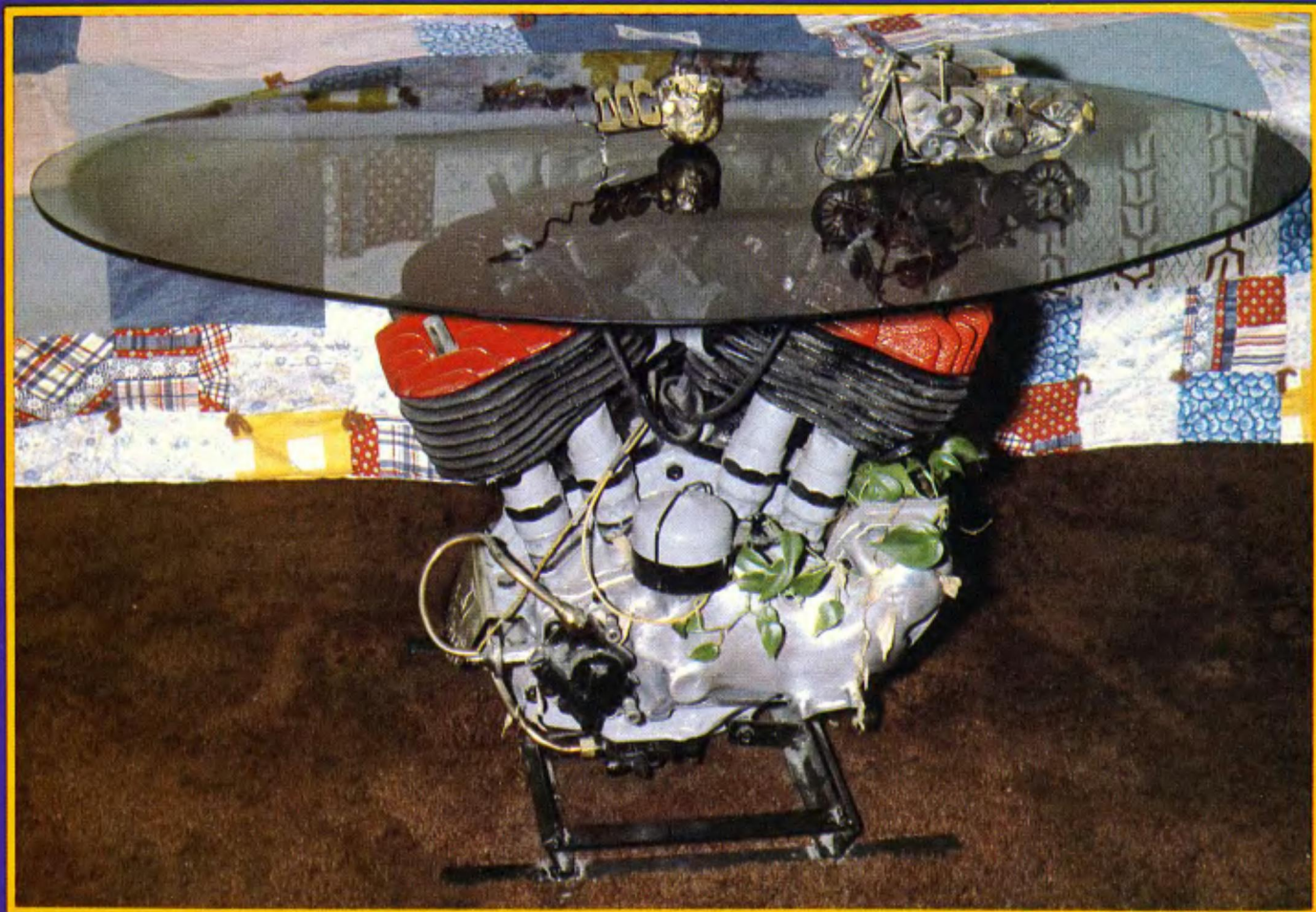
The next day she left work a little early just to be sure she would be on the corner in time. Her heart pounded in her chest the way her heels sounded on the sidewalk. She felt a little faint. What if she had missed him? What if he took a different way home? She was panting a little as she got to the bus stop. She stooped over to peel a sticky piece of paper off her boot sole—and she heard that whine and the *brmmmm* as he downshifted for the yellow light.

She gulped, stood up, and thought now or never. A flip of her head sent her long raven hair down her back. She poked her thumb up in the air and looked straight at him.

He took off his dark glasses, wiped them on the corner of his shirt, put them back on and, grinning a little sideways grin at her, said, "Hello there. D'ya need a ride?" ■

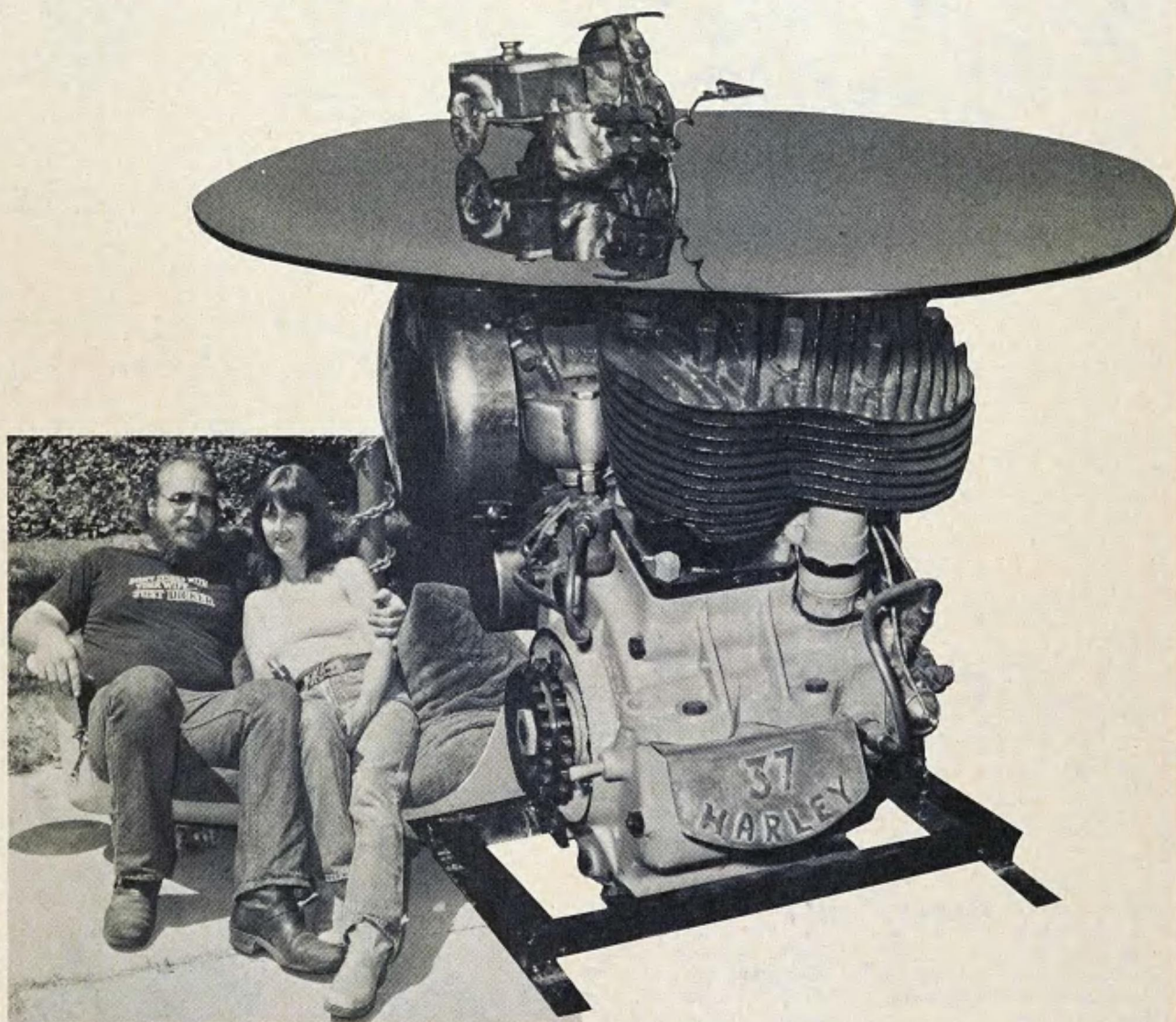


FLATHEAD



FURNITURE

What do ya expect? It's the 80th issue



Photos by Pete Chiodo

Everybody likes somethin' with a little flash to set off grungy ol' "home sweet home." It could be anything from a life-size poster of Dolly Parton's boobs to an air-cleaner ashtray brazed together from casualties of the most recent teardown. But some bros delve a tad deeper into motorcycle art and whip up mailboxes, towel racks, and lamps from busted bikes. And then there's the owner/builder of this flathead coffee table. He is one of those bros who went far beyond the towel rack stage and deep into the realm of motorcycle motif. There's no doubt in your mind when you enter Doc's living room that this man is into scooters—excuse me—flatheads.

He built this from a seized 80 flathead mill. When the engine was disassembled, every internal part was roached beyond any comeback—so Doc sandblasted every pitted piece while it was apart. Then he carefully painted every steel, likely-to-rust nut and bolt before putting the '37 back together.

When it was completed, he had created a one-of-a-kind planter/coffee table—guaranteed to break every bone in your stumbling body before you jar it in the slightest. It's a substantial piece of furniture in perfect surroundings—a bro's home. Ya know, it'll still be attending parties long after the rest of us have retired.

—Frank

National

 Abatt
Easynews

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



Hey, Pay Attention

California: District Attorney John Van de Kamp, saying California's brand of organized criminal activity far exceeds the bounds of the Mafia or Cosa Nostra, has called for a congressional probe of organized crime.

Van de Kamp said that he has written Sen. Sam Nunn, D-Ga., chairman of the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, and expressed his support for a congressional probe of the problem nationwide.

"There appears to be a current lack of public awareness and interest in organized crime," Van de Kamp said, "and very quietly over the past ten or fifteen years organized crime has become more sophisticated."

Nunn and Sen. Dennis DeConcini, D-Ariz., have been studying the need for a wide-ranging organized probe for several months.

Nunn was also scheduled to deliver the keynote address to a national strategy conference on organized crime held Nov. 8 and 9 at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles.

Van de Kamp said that in California there are at least four types of organized crime. He said the state not only has the "traditional" kind of syndicated organized crime, but it also has prison gangs, terrorist groups, and outlaw motorcycle gangs.

"We have organized criminal activity that far exceeds the bounds of the Mafia or Cosa Nostra kinds of activity that we've known in the past," Van de Kamp said. "The public also appears unaware of the groups that currently make up organized crime operations."

He said the congressional investigation would heighten public awareness of the problem.

Safety Can't Be Legislated

Washington: As a skinny old man enjoying comforts supplied by our wonderfully productive society, I soon may have to fulfill all my road chores aboard my motorcycle. Under a guise of "safety," cars are becoming nonhabitable for me.

The only safe automobiles ever produced are those which have courteous drivers behind the wheel. There is no mechanical substitute.

Even an enforcement of a national speed limit of 4 mph is no assurance of safety on roads. Witness the farm-tractor drivers killed every year while plugging about a field at 4 mph.

Knowing that drunks, bullies, and daydreamers cause virtually all road mishaps, safety engineers have never ceased efforts to add fanciful gadgets.

While a variety of "safety" paraphernalia continually are added to production cars, these can accomplish no more than reduce the severity of injury—only when an

accident might occur.

No safety gadget yet devised, including seat belts, has been proved to prevent accidents. Only the courteous driver can accomplish that yearned-for goal.

Gassing up an old Harley-Davidson in Centralia in 1942, I rode it blissfully to Mexico, and my enchantment with motorcycles has never ceased even in recent years when heavy helmets were legislated to give us riders a pain in the neck, restricted vision, and reduced hearing. Even though the "motorcycle helmet law" no longer exists, some nuts eventually may make us elderly riders wear seat belts, add air bags, or require a nurse to accompany us while toting a wheelchair.

Rather than being defensively harnessed within a cockpit cubicle and driving like an introverted jackrabbit, the safe driver is a courteous one, whether of truck, camper, car, or motorcycle. — from a disgruntled old-timer.

Research Works

Arizona: "The little guy can win, and turn around that massive colossus known as government bureaucracy," writes Frank Del Monte, former AMA road rep. and founder of the U.S. Norton Owners Association. Frank began a year and a half ago to bring Arizona's re-tagging procedures and tag size into uni-

formity with those of other states. His impressive research through NHTSA, AAMVA (American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators), and even state sources brought him a final letter beginning, "I am pleased to advise you . . ." That's all it took for Frank to know it was all worth while. — from the AMA Government Report.

What Information?

Connecticut: I feel it's about time that all motorcyclists begin to speak out about the daily injustice being done to them by the good people driving cars who apparently think it is good clean fun to run that "darn" motorcycle off the road. Obviously these people believe the motorcycle has no right to use the roads; that the roads were built for the exclusive use of cars and trucks.

The case in point happened September 7th, 1979, on Route 52 in Danielson. The driver of a car forced a motorcyclist onto the shoulder of the highway, just to avoid being hit from behind. When this incident was reported at Troop D in Danielson minutes after it occurred, the trooper informed the motorcyclist that he would contact the motorist. He said the outcome of this incident would largely depend on what the motorist had to say. After this was done, the trooper was to call me and inform me of what his findings were. After giving the officer the registration number and description of the automobile, and being told that retaining a copy of this information was unnecessary because it was logged in their records, I was told by the officer that motorcycles were very dangerous and very hard to see and that possibly the auto driver had simply not seen me in the travel lane of the highway. Also he said that he himself had many close calls because of the apparent invisibility of a motorcycle and rider.

I heard nothing for 17 days. I called the state police again and found out just what had been done about this matter. A trooper had contacted the driver of the car and told him a complaint might be lodged against him. Upon hearing that, the driver said he would like to file a complaint against me. The trooper told me that if I filed a complaint, I also would be arrested. I then told the officer that I would be willing to take the risk and to go ahead and file

the complaint. He then asked me for the registration number and description of the automobile. I told him that I was told not to retain that information because it was in their records. The trooper then said he would look and see if he could find the information and would get back to me. He added that he felt that motorcycles were accidents looking for a place to happen.

Attitudes like this insure that automobile drivers can continue to kill and cripple thousands of motorcycle riders across our country every year. Isn't it about time that this injustice and prejudiced attitude is changed, and our laws and rights are enforced and protected the same as everyone else's? A large majority of today's "bikers" are average people who ride either for pleasure or for economy. They are not the infamous outlaws portrayed on television and in movies.

I feel it's time motorcyclists demand their rights as taxpayers and force law enforcement agencies to accord them the same consideration and aid as automobile drivers get. Let's report incidents of improper driving whenever they occur and fight to make our roads safe for all riders and drivers alike. When the law enforcement people handle complaints without prejudice the drivers that "don't see the motorcycles" may wake up, and this will save many lives. — King Carpenter, Wauregan, Conn. ■

NYMRO

New York: The New York Motorcycle Rights Organization is fighting for your right in New York State. If you want to fight for your rights we invite you to join NYMRO. Send \$7.50 to NYMRO, 36 Richmond St., Rochester, N.Y. 14607. Or you can write for information. Remember, if you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem. —from Mark Trimper, Rochester, N.Y. ■



Still Fighting Helmets

Indiana: The state police (using statistics and information furnished by the NHTSA) are still campaigning strongly to reinstate the helmet law. After three years the helmet law battle in Indiana is far from over.

There are only three reasons why Indiana repealed its helmet law and the state police have failed in their attempts to reinstate it so far: you, me, and ABATE of Indiana. Now is the time for us to do our thing once again and stop the state police effort before it gets out of hand. Write your state legislators now. Always remember, however, when dealing with your state legislators not to insult them. Replacing sugar with salt may amuse some people, but it does nothing but lose support for us at the State House!

For those of you who would like some new statistics to use in your letters, here are some interesting facts. Indiana's motorcycle fatalities increased 33% in 1978 (helmetless) over 1977 (helmet law), but Indiana was not the only state to suffer such an increase. Georgia had a 71% increase in 1977 over 1976

and enforced a helmet law in both years. New Jersey had a 67% increase, Pennsylvania a 46%, Massachusetts a 40%, New York a 40%, and Tennessee a 33% increase. All these increases are for the same year period, and all of these states enforced a helmet law for both years. The NHTSA reports a national motorcycle fatality increase of 23% over all between 1976 and 1977, yet 17% of the 23% increase was attributed to states that did indeed enforce helmet laws, leaving only a 6% increase being attributed to the states who had repealed their laws. Although these statistics aren't really new material, they're still unknown and new to our state legislators.

At this time enough cannot be said about writing and talking with your legislators. Legislators, bureaucrats, police agencies and the news media are guilty of violating many of our rights, but they are not guilty of our own neglect and stupidity in failing to protect our rights. — from ABATE of Indiana, 54290 Northwood Dr., Elkhart, Ind. 46514. ■

No Cars One Day

New Zealand: In an effort at national fuel conservation, New Zealand has gone on a program of "carless days" wherein each

car must be left unused one day a week. Diesel vehicles and motorcycles are excluded! — from the AMA Government Report. ■

Landis Wants Helmet Law

Nebbraska: State Sen. David Landis of Lincoln said recently that he intends to introduce legislation requiring riders and passengers on motorcycles and mopeds to wear approved safety helmets.

Landis said he fully realizes opposition will be "fierce."

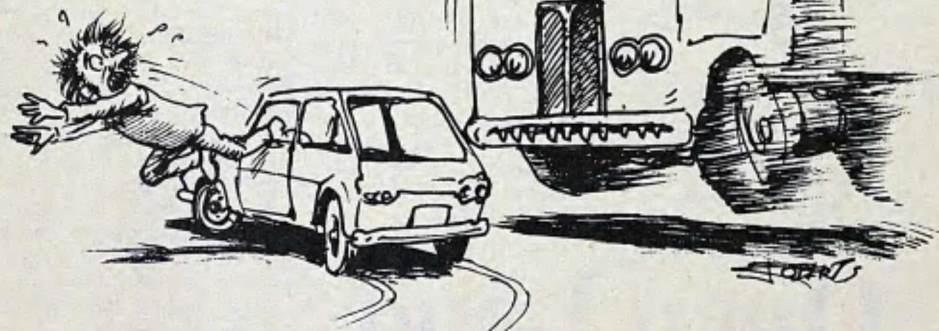
The motorcycle helmet issue was volatile in the Nebraska legislature for several years, as the federal government pressured states to enact helmet laws or lose highway funds. The Nebraska legislature enacted a helmet law in 1975, but repealed it in 1977.

Brothers of Nebraska, you are going to have to make a good showing to keep Sen. Landis from throwing a new helmet law your way. Check with ABATE of Nebraska to see what you can do, or write to Senator Landis and let him know that the majority of motorcycle people in Nebraska oppose mandatory helmet use. Write to: Senator David Landis, 46th District, State Capitol Bldg., Lincoln, Neb. 68509. ■

Indiana Noise

Indiana: State Representative Dean Mock, from Elkhart, intends to introduce a bill during the 1980 General Assembly that would set a DBA limit on all motor vehicles driven on the state's streets and highways. At least that's what he said, but his announcement of intention came about during a radio program where individuals were complaining about loud motorcycles. Unfortunately, Rep. Mock isn't the only legislator making such statements this year, and we'll have to watch for this type of legislation being introduced during the 1980 session.—from ABATE of Indiana, 54290 Northwood Dr., Elkhart, Ind. 46514. ■

An Eye For Trucks —Not Bikes



Indiana: Fact: In 1977, 3,870 motorcyclists were killed in traffic accidents in the United States alone.

And 70 percent of those deaths were caused when motorists, safely in their cars, improperly pulled out of intersections and into the paths of oncoming cycles.

A Purdue University research study is working to reduce those bloody, terrifying statistics.

With a grant from the Motorcycle Safety Foundation, psychology graduate student Robert "Bert" Howells, of Frankfort, will study how motorists turning at intersections perceive an approaching motorcycle.

"In cases where the car pulls out, the cyclist typically is killed, and the car driver survives unhurt. That fact alone may have much to do with the way drivers decide if it's safe to go ahead and pull out," Howells said. He added that about 80 percent of such accidents end in death for the cyclist.

Beginning this fall, volunteer Purdue psychology students will be tested, using driver-education simulators on campus. Films will be shown of Lafayette-area in-

tersections with motorcycles approaching.

The students then will be tested on when the last "safe" moment of intersection entry would be. Statistics will show how their perceptions change as they pull out in front of a cycle, a truck, or another car.

"The risk factors should be interesting. Many people who won't pull out in front of a big truck at the last moment will pull in front of a motorcycle or a little sports car," Howells said.

By use of a computer, researchers can tell the students whether they would have been hit by the oncoming vehicle.

Information from the study will be presented at a January safety conference, and the results may be incorporated into driver's education programs in the near future.

Howells said one of the key reasons for such cycle-car intersection accidents is a "total lack of understanding" of motorcycles.

"Car drivers need to realize that a motorcycle can't just stop on a dime," he said. "When stopping that suddenly, it's very easy for the cyclist to lose control."

Young drivers, through driver education, need to learn that, he said, and "completely alter the decision-making process so common now. It's basically a decision problem."

"The problem is interesting from a psychological standpoint," he said. "Often, the guy in the car will say to himself, 'I can beat that cycle,' without thinking about what will happen if he doesn't."

Also, he said, since most of those killed on motorcycles are young men and women, there's less consideration by some for taking an unnecessary chance.

"But as cycles and mopeds become more acceptable, and a few family men are killed, people with positions, there may be more consideration for their rights on the roads," Howells said.

Oddly enough, he said, studies show that driving a motorcycle with the lights on doesn't cut down on accidents much.

"The old theory was that the cyclist wasn't visible," he said. "But the fact is that the driver usually sees the victim, but pulls out anyway." ■

Thanks Again



Pennsylvania: Whether it is earned or not, motorcyclists seem to have a reputation for being rough, indifferent characters. I submit the following to commend a couple of fellows who have

restored my faith in human nature recently.

Some time ago, when I fell in an alleyway and broke my leg, these men stayed with me until my husband could summon an ambulance. They made me comfortable with their jackets and even flagged down a camper, which might otherwise have run over me unintentionally.

I don't know who they were, but they do, and so does He. A simple thank you didn't seem to be enough, and my husband and I thought perhaps they would read this and also let others know at the same time that in this age, when no one seems to want to get "involved," there are still those who care.—from Betty Shull, Johnstown, Pa. ■

Open Land

Pennsylvania: The Hamermill Paper Company has released another in a series of maps which indicate portions of company lands open to sportsmen. Maps are available from the Hamermill Paper Company, Forest Lands Manager, Erie, Pa. 16533. All

they ask in return are the normal courtesies and safety precautions. Hamermill also states that lands are available for your pleasure, but they will not accept any liability for public health or safety — as it should be!—from the AMA Government Report. ■

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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



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

National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast.

National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.

Give Name here _____

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

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

Name, nickname, or mark _____

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

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.



Short Stop Sign

Ohio: The law is a matter of inches, according to Cuyahoga Falls Municipal Judge James Bierce.

A stop sign that was 8½ inches too short saved a Northfield Center Township man from prosecution on a negligent vehicular homicide charge.

Arthur Lechner had been charged with negligent vehicular homicide in the June 6 death of a motorcyclist, but he pleaded "no contest" to the reduced charge of reckless operation.

The accident occurred at Olde 8 and Spring Wood roads. A motorcycle driven by Michael Scheuerman, Macedonia, collided with a car driven by Lechner. Scheuerman died June 6, several days after the accident had occurred.

Scheuerman was going south on Olde 8 while Lechner was eastbound on Spring Wood Road. The stop sign faces the stem of the "T" intersection and faced Lechner.

Technically, Bierce dismissed only the charge of failure to obey the stop sign. The stop sign, according to state law, must extend at least 7 feet upward, but the sign on Spring Wood Road extended only

6 feet 3½ inches. Because of the law, Bierce ruled that the fact that the stop sign existed could not be used as evidence.

The judge fined Lechner \$100 and court costs and suspended his license for 30 days. Bierce then suspended the fine and ruled that Lechner could drive to and from work.

Northfield Center Township Clerk Gene Davis said that "before the day is out," the sign at Olde Eight and Spring Wood roads would be seven feet high.

Davis said he had not heard before he was phoned by a reporter that the sign was lower than the law allowed. But he said, "I'm appalled by the court's decision in this case. If you came up to a stop sign that was only six feet three inches high, would you stop? If you didn't see a sign six feet three, would you see it if it was seven feet high? I'm truly appalled that the decision in this case was based on a legal technicality."

Davis said Northfield Center officials recently replaced old, small stop signs with big new ones and that the height of all the signs was checked during the replacement project. ■

Judge Bans Cops

Missouri: St. Louis Circuit Judge Ivan Lee Holt Jr. says that the city's ban on motorcycles in parks is unconstitutional and he has prohibited police enforcement of the law.

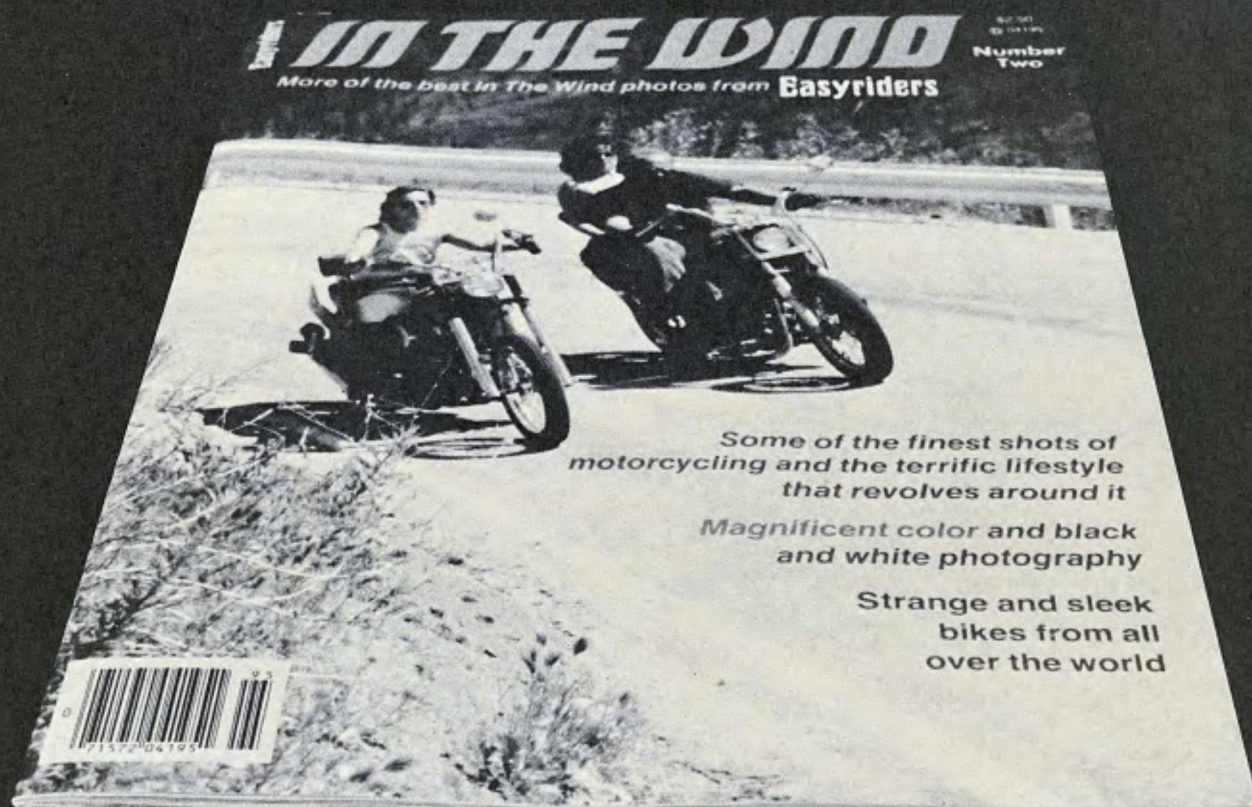
Holt made the statement regarding a suit filed by the American Motorcyclist Association. The group, which claims to have about 1,000 members in the St. Louis area, filed suit shortly after

the Board of Aldermen last spring enacted the ordinance over a veto by Mayor Jim Conway.

The association contended that the ordinance deprives motorcyclists of their right to travel on public roads and in public areas in violation of the due process and equal protection provisions of the Missouri Constitution. — from Douglas Sparks, St. Louis, Mo. ■

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!



TARGET DEFENDANT TACTICS

Police tactics, courtroom harassment techniques, and attitudes toward clubs—brought into the open

Editor's Note: Below is a bizarre but helpful (to many of our people) transcript of a tape recording of an unknown prosecutor attached to the organized crime unit, or detail, in his city (deleted). It's an expose' and will surely twist a few heads, blow some minds, and answer a raft of questions for many scooter people, who are or have been involved in court cases and are familiar with the extensive inconveniences the police and courts are putting people through.

This transcript has several positive values. It's a learning experience. Knowing the police tactics enables us to study the alternatives so that we can avoid just the situations the narrator describes. It affords bike clubs the opportunity to see the tactics used to disrupt a club's solidarity and cast a bad light on members trapped in the court system, thereby creating distrust between the defendant and his brothers.

Every biker who has ever toked a doobie should read this. Club members might study it.

"...We've run into situations where we have an individual who may be being prosecuted in two different areas of the county at the same time, on misdemeanor charges, or felony-misdemeanor, or some combination, and one hand will not know what the other hand is doing. . . where you have an organizational factor, one deputy or officer who knows the deputies that are assigned to the case. Those cases can be put together, and suddenly, two misdemeanors are a hell of a lot more important than one misdemeanor, especially if it is the same kind of fact pattern—two beatings, two rapes, two child molests. It is much more important than one in the eye of the judge sentencing, and in the eyes of the jury. So, simple organization of the police and the DA has been very helpful to us.

"If we solve that and nothing more, we have been successful in avoiding a collective prosecution situation. . . .

"Also, one other thought, . . . we have been able to style our biker enforcement task force as an arm of our Organized Crime (OC) unit. If you take the concept of organized crime, and the definition of organized crime, that being a group of individuals independent of the group, independent of its members, whose function is an on-going criminal activity, bikers fit into that, biker gangs fit into that

just as well as Mafia fits into it. Individuals come and go from a motorcycle gang, and their particular identity is not important to the existence of the gang itself. . . . If you treat them that way, if you define them that way, as we have, we have been able to break free funds in the form of individuals from our OC unit to perform functions for us and to do the work and put in the man-hours, and I think if you can sell that idea to your own groups, your own DA's office, if in fact it has an organized crime emphasis, it will help you to free up some time and free up some motivation on the part of the prosecutor. They do fit into the concept . . . they in fact are the arm of the organized group . . . organized crime group. So, biker gangs can be used to derive money from that.

"The other problem was—on the side of effective law enforcement—that you have to avoid, I think it is an abuse of the target defendant concept. As prosecutors we are placed under a certain ethical duty as officers of the court not to abuse the system. On the other hand, while keeping that in mind and keeping the idea that we are open to attack by the defense for an abuse of discretion of the system and that judges are very sympathetic in protecting defendants from the bureaucracy . . . we have taken the point of view that the system, the bureaucracy, can be used just as much to frustrate a defendant as it can to frustrate law enforcement officers. If you realize that the ultimate disposition of your case is not going to be a jail sentence that makes you warm inside, that in fact it will probably be probation, and that the individual is going to walk out free of the kinds of sanctions that you commonly think about in terms of criminals, you really have to drop back and figure out how well the system can be used to bring home to the particular individual that you don't want his activities and that they will cause him some pain.

"So, the second prong that we have developed we won't talk about all that much, but this is it: the idea that the system is going to cause inconvenience to the defendant—how do you go about doing that? Well, those of you that return to court three or four or five times on a particular case under subpoena only to have it continued because the defendant has a stomachache or the defense lawyer has another appearance, understand that the frustration in having to reappear all the time kind of takes you from life and everything else, especially when you are sub-

poenaed on vacation. So, using that kind of concept, we have turned that around from time to time and have created or allowed to happen continuances in some of our cases which require the defendant to return on numerous occasions. There is really something sub rosa about that, particularly invidious, and that is that a defendant who has to return not only is inconvenienced, brought back to court, but it costs him money. Every time that sucker appears with his counsel, that counsel gets paid. You should realize that most motorcycle gangs have a fund of money that is set aside from all their projects specifically for defense counsel, that is, that money is for bail and for attorneys, right up front, paid. Defense counsel know that and they are certainly made aware of that every time they get a chance. The money will be gotten and will be forthcoming. Every time he appears, he gets paid. Every time he gets paid, that's an unofficial fine to the organized motorcycle groups. And we have found that after a while, the particular individual's case, as it drags on, the motorcycle group will begin to assess the importance of this individual versus how much money they are going to spend on his defense. And it causes some interesting dynamics. It tends to set up a pecking order within the group and amongst themselves. And when you bring in the biker mama who is also being prosecuted, and who ultimately may get dropped down the line, but who is being dragged along in the system thanks to the prosecutor, for a period of time, that is an extra amount of money, another defense attorney usually, because it is a conflict of interest. So there are double fees, if you will, by pulling in defendants, hangers-on, and associates, and charging them also where it is ethical and permissible. That kind of unofficial fine has proved very, I think, beneficial and very harmful to some of the groups and individuals. I might point out that whenever possible, try to schedule continuance situations where the officers aren't appearing, only the defendants, so the defendant and his attorney appear, and the prosecutor appears, who is paid by the hour, and the only person who suffers will be the defendant.

"Another area of delay within the system which can be used is in terms of the property. I have been continuing to appear this year on two In Re Contempts

—Continued on page 85



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Aquarius

Aquarians are usually the most original personalities of the zodiac. They are unique and are often the trend setters of the world: Two Aquarians, Telly Savalas and Farrah Fawcett, created new looks with (and without) hair. Aquarian Lee (If ya wanna play, ya gotta pay) Marvin set a shitty trend. Jules Verne is a classic example of an Aquarian ahead of his time, and innovative Thomas Edison is another. Other famous Aquarians are W. C. Fields, James Dean, Burt Reynolds, and Travolta.

Female Aquarians are often as rugged and durable as the males and as difficult to tie down. A female will help her ol' man tear down his scooter, party hearty, and still retain her femininity. She is both lover and buddy.

The male Aquarian's middle name is Freedom. He will not tolerate anyone who tries to tie him down. He's curious about everything in life and ready to try anything new. He likes to learn through first-hand experience, even if it is the hard way.

Aquarians seldom tell outright lies, but they'll fool you in very subtle ways. They definitely have

a tendency to stretch the truth at times! On the other hand, if you try to lie to an Aquarian, he will catch you every time and shit a brick in the process.

Aquarians are open-minded toward changes in society, but their minds are closed when it comes to their own behavior. They aren't gonna change for anybody—and they'll flat out say so! They are not impressed with tradition or authority, and they will abide by the rules only when there is no alternative.

Aquarians' thoughts are like shooting stars—and just as hard to reach. They have an uncanny degree of intuition, are full of

surprises, and are impossible to figure out. They make great bed partners 'cause they're always trying something (or someone) new.

Aquarians are susceptible to circulatory problems, varicose veins, and hardening of the arteries in old age. Their ankles are often weak and they sometimes get leg pains from lack of exercise. Otherwise, they are quite healthy (horny) and have strong recuperative powers.

Aquarians are casual, indifferent to approval, and not overly concerned with making an impression. They can be very cool and detached. Their general attitude is "I don't give a fuck."

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

This could be a lucky month for you. You're in a winning streak, if you don't go overboard. Improvements in the ol' bod come your way through a much-needed rest. Slow down now and give yourself a break, 'cause gettin' too loose with the juice is makin' your liver quiver. Some behind-the-scenes action will have you running for the security of home base. Anyway, who wants to have an orgy in a broom closet?

Taurus (Apr. 21—May, 20)

This month is about as exciting as being caught in a warehouse in a tornado—so go for the gusto! Fascinating new friends can cause you to ignore some important work and lose out on some financial goodies, unless you're careful. And someone may try to sell you a line of bull. Just don't take anything or anyone at face value alone, and you'll come out smiling. Grab your horn and hang onto your hat—this one's a ballbuster.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

You're still in line for some good opportunities, though you're at the tail end of a beautiful cycle. Don't get cocky or overconfident and blow your chances for advancement at work. One word of advice: You'll have to adjust more than your jockstrap to get ahead (or head). Being on the receiving end is your style now. Remember, if anyone asks you for a loan, you may as well consider it a gift.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

After last month's testicle-twistin' problems, this one's a piece of cake. You've still got some loose ends to wrap up; but right now, you've got the mind power and energy to zap your way through most any situation. Don't let it go to waste by partyin' your nuts off. Boggle your ol' lady's mind, and your boss's, by really showin' your stuff. They'll be brown-nosin' your ass before the month is over.

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

Looks like you've finally got your head outta your ass and into high gear. Some really constructive ideas are leakin' into your conversations—keep 'em to yourself or lose 'em. If you babble your brainstorm away, you'll lose 'em for sure—and also leave a trail of stepped-on tails. Do yourself a favor and fuck off some of those frustrations. You'll be glad you did, and so will the horny honey.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

Right now you're healthy, horny, and wisin' up a bit. Seems like your little furburger is wavin' her stuff under someone else's nose. It's time to get a few things straight at home base. Other than that, you've got a prosperous period comin' your way. It's time for a full-fledged attack on your financial situation. You can start the ball rollin' in the right direction and something you initiate now will bring big returns.

Libra (Sep. 22—Oct. 22)

Your good luck will dump its load on you when you least expect it. Seems very important contacts will be made on short trips, and they may even change your whole outlook. Just be sure your connections are legal. Actually, the only friction now comes between the sheets. The past few months have been the turkey trots, but now it's time to cash in on some good fortune. You've finally got the Midas touch, so use it!

Scorpio Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

Don't mix business with pleasure, no matter how strong the temptation. If you do, it's gonna backfire and blow your socks off! Your job could put you through a few head trips, but hang in there an' keep your mouth down to a low roar. By the end of the month, it'll pass like a bad case of gas. Recent problems you've had at home base should ease up enough to compensate for outside mind-fucks.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

There are some bad rumors spreadin' your way now. Don't fuck around—wade right in an' clean 'em up. Don't hesitate, even if you have to get heavy to do it. Some no-class people are tryin' to catch you with your pants down in public. Put a lock on your cock and throw away the key until the second week of the month. Loose sex can really stir up a stink, or put your dick in one. Hang in there!

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

After last month's birthday bendover, don't straighten yourself up too fast, 'cause somethin' may be danglin' around down there. Zip up your fly and your bankbook, 'cause some assholes are hangin' around, tryin' to steal the family nuts and bolts. Keep your wheelin' and dealin' to a minimum now. Time to drag out the stash you stored for the winter and cuddle up with your favorite honey. Use some body heat to help conserve energy.

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Happy birthday, you animals! This is not the time to be shy. (Lord knows you ain't!) You got a lot comin' to you this month. Spit out the old, crank your ass in gear, and get ready for a real goody of a year. Last year was a sorry sight, but this one will make you right. Cheer up, get your hands outta your pockets and into someone else—and dig in so you can check things out. It takes two to tango, boogie, or whatever!

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

Time to pull out the ol' family portrait and check 'em out good, 'cause all those pains in the ass are either gonna be knockin' at your door or callin' ya collect. Yep, they're gonna make pests of themselves and ask ya for hand-outs. Don't get your dander up—just keep cool, calm, and tight-fisted with your bucks. After all, your home address isn't Fort Knox.

Pistons For Flathead 80s

Tired of paying close to a hundred dollars for a set of pistons and rings for your flathead 80? How does less than ten dollars per set sound? That's what they cost when we bought three sets, less than a year ago. The only problem is that the cylinder must be bored .010" over to accommodate the standard size. If you can locate the pistons in oversize stock, there's only the problem of boring to be considered, but if the old 80 is quite a bit oversize in bore, it must be re-sleeved back to stock. Here's how it's done.

The pistons we used are stock Chevrolet Corvair Silv-Lite #6-1417, 3 3/8" Std. They're manufactured by United Eng. and Machine Co., 310 Preda St., San Leandro, Calif. Rings were Pacific Piston #6497, and came in a set, which also includes wristpins.

As mentioned before, the cylinder must be bored to .010" over if the standard Corvair piston is used. The Harley-Davidson wristpin bushing must be reamed out to approximately .801" since the pin measures .8005". Once close, ream to fit.

Wristpin keepers are not used with this piston. Chevy presses the wristpin into the wristpin bushing. Consequently, it's best to



make either aluminum or Teflon plugs that press into each end of the wristpin. They graze the piston walls and prevent the wristpin from slipping to one side or the other. The inserted end of the plugs should be a tight fit into the inside diameter of the wristpin. The

protruding portion need only be machined to the size of the outside diameter of the wristpin. With plugs tightly in place, the overall length of the pin and plugs assembled should be approximately .005", less than the bore. Teflon may be a hassle to locate, but usually a well-stocked machine shop will have it or know where to get it. They should have no problem making the buttons for your wristpins if you have no lathe available.

The Corvair piston is of the permanent-mold type, far better than any motorcycle piston manufactured today, and it is of the "slipper-skirt" design. One-eighth inch must be machined off the tip of each skirt to allow for flywheel clearance.

Assemble the pistons on the rods without rings. Then slip the barrels over the pistons and rotate the engine to make sure the pistons don't hit either the flywheels or themselves at BDC.

Piston should be fitted to cylinder with .003"-.004" clearance, and once installed should never have to be replaced.

—Watson

With the price of factory-made Harley-Davidson pistons nearing one hundred dollars per set, they're becoming as costly as gold caps for teeth. Since aluminum wears much faster than cast iron, the aluminum piston becomes an earlier target for remedial action.

The trick of knurling piston skirts has been around for a long time, but few who perform their own surgical repairs on their scoots ever use it as an adjunct to engine survival. There are drawbacks to this process, though. Usually, when friction between the piston and cylinder walls amounts to excessive wear and the bike begins to smoke or lose compression, the owner bores the cylinder and replaces the piston, re-establishing the once-close tolerances. Knurling is the cheap way to stay on the road for a short period of time. If we analyze the process of knurling, we find that it amounts to an effort to obtain the effect of puffing up or enlarging a worn-out piston skirt. But it won't last. It's a temporary way of keeping the ol' mill alive for another 500 to 1000 miles if you're out on the road. Methods of knurling are simple enough that the service can be performed right in your own back yard.

The simplest way to get a piston knurled, of course, is to take it to your local machine shop and have it done by what you hope are experts, making sure that they knurl only the front and back side of the piston skirt, where wear normally occurs at a point ninety degrees to the wristpin.

If piston-to-cylinder-wall clearance is, for example, .007", have the machinist enlarge the diameter of the piston by that amount. If the knurling exceeds the requested amount, there is no harm done. Simply file or sandpaper the knurl lightly until—using a feeler gauge—you reach the proper clearance. Install new rings the same size as the originals and re-assemble.

If both piston and cylinder are worn in excess of .008", install .010" oversize rings, making sure that the end gap is no less than

Knurling Pistons



Photo by Frank

the required .012". The ends of the rings can be filed or ground, so long as care is taken to insure their being square with one another. A larger end-gap will cause over-oiling and contribute to smoke from the exhaust, as well as sparkplug fouling.

To knurl pistons at home, nothing is needed other than two fairly new bastard files, a bench vise, and a ballpeen hammer.

Place the files in the vise, pointing in opposite directions, with the piston held snugly between them. Very little pressure is required. Too much pressure may distort or even crack the piston.

Once things are in place, lightly tap first one file tang and then the other. The piston will rotate between the files, leaving a cross-hatch pattern in the aluminum wall of the piston, which presses the metal outward, thereby increasing its diameter. (See photo.)

While the heads are off the motorcycle, it's always a good idea to remove the valve springs and reseat the valves. If no valve-grinding equipment is available, simply lapping them, using an abrasive lapping compound available at all auto supply stores, will usually do the job. A thick paste, made up of Bon Ami or any kitchen sink cleanser, will

work just as well but may take a bit longer. Make sure to wash thoroughly before reassembly.

Most auto repair shops carry tools for knurling the inside diameter of valve guides, so before replacing worn guides, it's best to check on this, too.

If the valves feel somewhat loose in the guides, and no knurling facilities or funds for new guides are available, buy a set of Chevrolet valve seals and slip them over the valve stems when reassembling the heads, being sure to lubricate every part thoroughly. Valve seals are nothing more than small "O" rings that have a tendency to cut down on excessive oil seepage along the valve stem during operation.

Clean your valves before reassembly, but just wire-brush off the soft carbon. Buildups of hard carbon act as an insulator, and will keep the engine from overheating until a new layer of carbon is formed.

Remember, this is backyard stuff, although it really works. If you have the bucks and can afford to have the work done, great. If not, these techniques can keep you on the road until the green flows again.

—Watson

THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND



Illustration by Jody Roberts

"Well, I'm ridin' along, singin' that same ol' cowboy song That's been sung a hundred times before.

Ain't got nothin' but my name, And I'm the only man I know to blame, But I'm livin', I'm happy, and I'm free."

These lines from "Desert Skies" off the **Carolina Dreams** album pretty much tell where Marshall Tucker's at.

This is a band of men who grew up together, worked together, fought together, partied together, and—one final shared experience—they play together.

Spartanburg, South Carolina, in the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains, is the birthplace of the Marshall Tucker Band. Marshall, that is—not marshal, like the one that might bust ya—see, there is no marshal. No, they didn't cop the town marshal's tin star and pin it on the band. Actually, the name was written on a key that a member of the band found on the floor of a Spartanburg motel.

The Marshall Tucker group has some of the most fanatical of all music fans behind them. Without having to be prodded by record company hypes and sellouts, people turn out for a Tucker concert like it's a celebration—and that's the way it is. It's like ol' home week every time you see these people, even if it's only once in a blue moon. Marshall Tucker doesn't need bullshit light shows, "visual aids," or cheap geegaws to get audience attention. They just play pure music, straight from the heart. And this is music that people spend hard-earned bucks on—bucks that no one can afford these days, coin that could just as easily go into the scooter—but what is received from a Tucker concert makes the investment seem slight. They're worth it.

When these guys get up on the stage, they like to treat the people right—by givin' it 105 percent, feeding off the particular crowd as they go, and extending themselves to the limit. Groups usually have a

schedule of songs, but this group is more flexible and follows more closely to the vibes from the audience. If the evening is mellow, they cruise; if people want to cook, they rock out.

The bottom line on the success of this group is unity. Everyone's equal across the board, not down the line. And that goes for the musicians, through the truck drivers who haul the works (and sometimes the band's scoots) across the country, to the bus drivers carrying tour members, and right on to the guys onstage runnin' the oscillators, amps, and noise contraptions. Everyone's got a hand in it, and it comes down to something like a twenty-man team—and women, of course.

Almost every member of the band and road crew is an H-D freak. Each of them has ridden, or rides currently. A couple of the crew members ride foreign bikes—free country.

Up until recently, Tucker

seemed to be largely ignored by the press, but not by the fans; however, the press situation is rapidly changing. A press release arrived the other day, proclaiming "Marshall Tucker Olympic Ambassadors." Yep, the group has been designated "Ambassadors of Music for the 1980 Winter Olympics at Lake Placid, N.Y." They performed a special benefit last November at the Olympic Center at Lake Placid, with all the proceeds going to America's Olympic effort. So, they're out there for the ol' red, white, and blue, too.

Busy as hell, with between 250 and 300 concerts a year, trackin' 'em all around the globe, now they're out on the road givin' a dose of their newest creation, **Running Like The Wind**. It's a killer album, like the rest, and the kind of stuff ya don't mind hearin' all day, no matter if it's rainin' or super-sunny—it's down-home puttin' music.

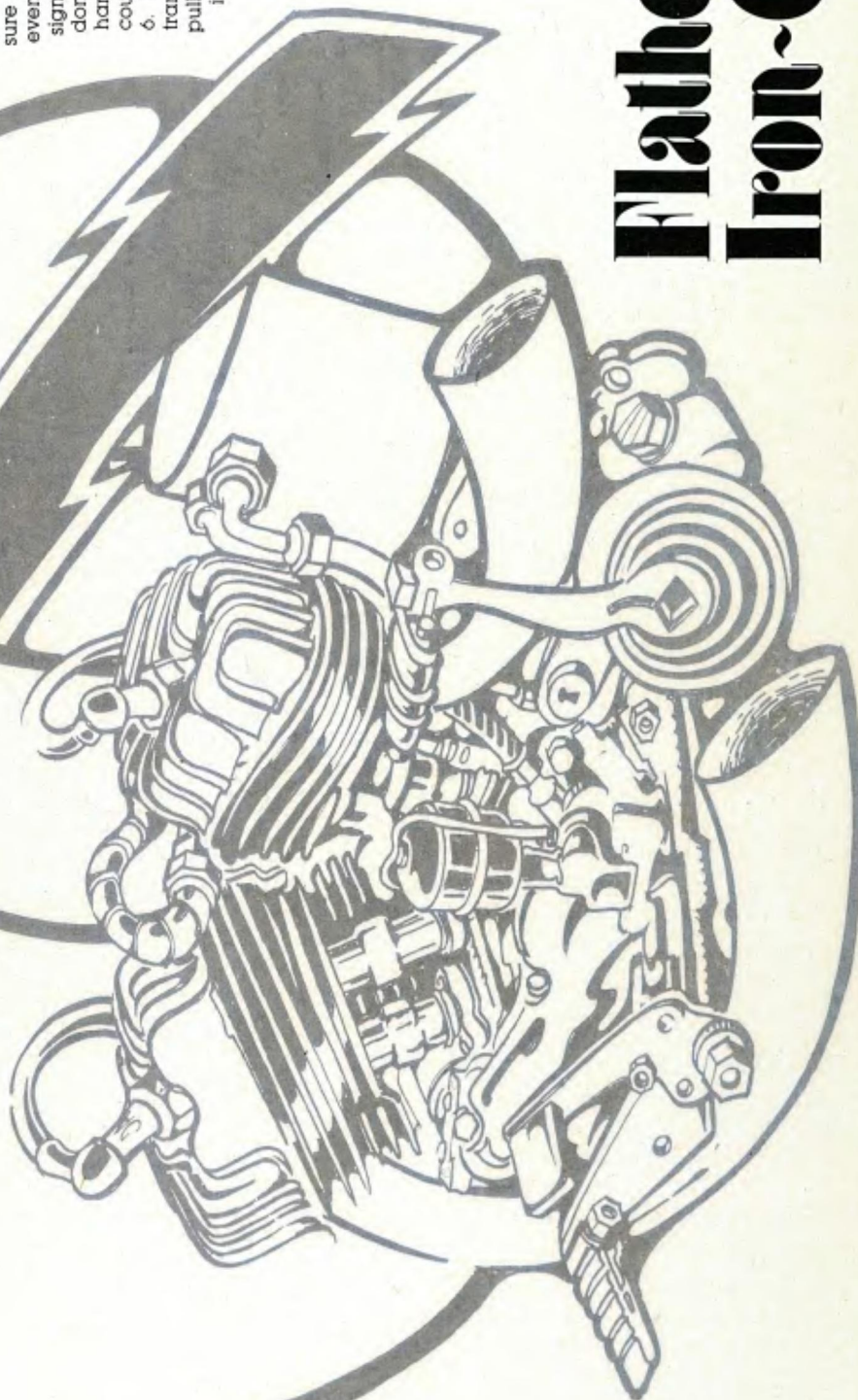
—The Cub and Frank

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.

Flathead 80 Iron-On



IN THE WIND



—from Frank, Malibu, Calif.

—from Art Bellerose, Palmer, Mass.

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 2¼x2¼)—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 P.T.O., Bozeman, Mont.

—from Bruce Mercer, Ft. Wayne, Ind.



—from Frank, Malibu, Calif.



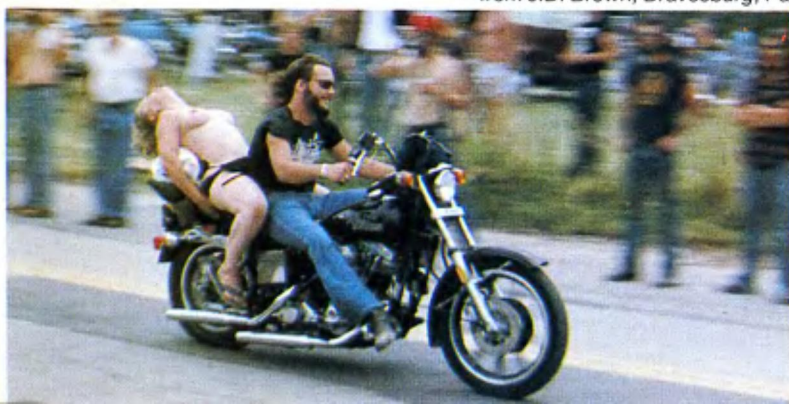


—from Ron Keller, Las Cruces, N.M.



—from Jonathan Rush, Phillipsburg, N.J.

—from J.D. Brown, Dravosburg, Pa.



—from Wizard, Pittsburgh, Pa.



—from Kevin and Gina, Monrovia, Calif.



—from Denis Martin, Claremont, N.



—from Linda Barbour, Placerville, Calif.

—from Ronnie G., Ft. Slaughterdale, Fla.





—from Big Steve, Ellwood City, Pa.



—from Big Steve, Ellwood City, Pa.

—from Ed, Westwood, N.J.





—from Bob Powers, Ft. Edward, N.Y.

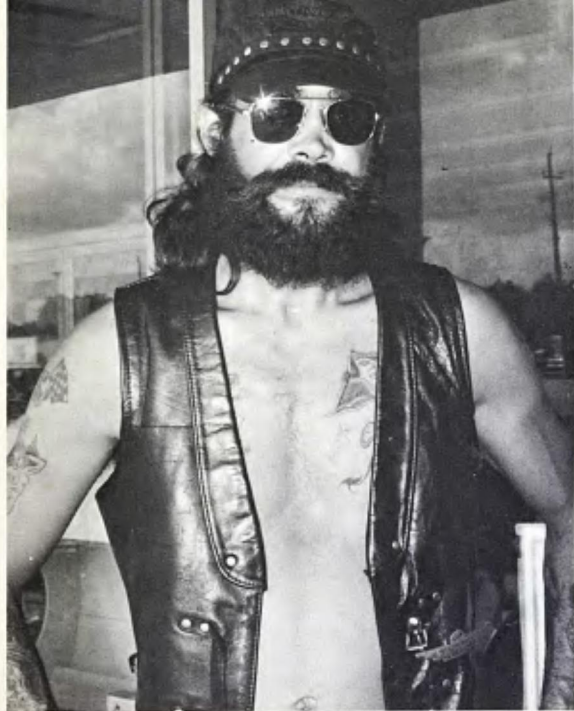


—from Bonanza Jellybean, Mt. Pleasant, S.C.

—from Bird, Hartford, Conn.

—from Richard Warner, Rockland, Maine





—from The Breeze, Jacksonville, Fla.



—from John Seginski, Reno, Nev.



—from Spaceman, Scotia, N.Y.



—from Debbie Hudson, Shenandoah, Iowa



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



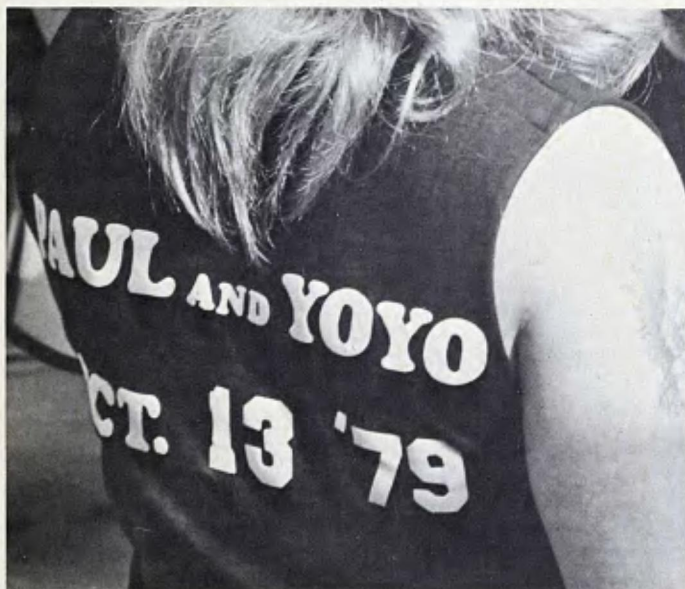
—from Eddie and Debbie Krupski, Elizabeth, N.J.



—from Frank, Malibu



—from Butterfly Rick, Tucson, Ariz.



—from Frank, Malibu

My Bike-Crazy Man

He's the one dressed in roach-burned T-shirt and jeans,
Who loves scraping resin from his ten-year-old pipe screens.
Keeps within reach pot, papers, and pipe,
But yells, "O! lady, I can't find a light."
Likes his loving hot, passionate, and creamy;
But when it's all over, he's the first to be dreaming.
You can't keep from noticing his grease-stained hands;
Also leaves Harley oil in my stainless steel pans.
Drains our bank account for bike parts and tires,
Remembers his bike plates the day they expire.
Loves the wind in his face and snarls in his hair,
Is cranky when it's raining and is gone when it's fair.
I bitch at him constantly for a ride on his putt,
His revenge then is bumps, pot holes, and ruts.
I can't imagine life without such as he,
'Cause remember, the best things in life aren't always so free.

—Lady Blue

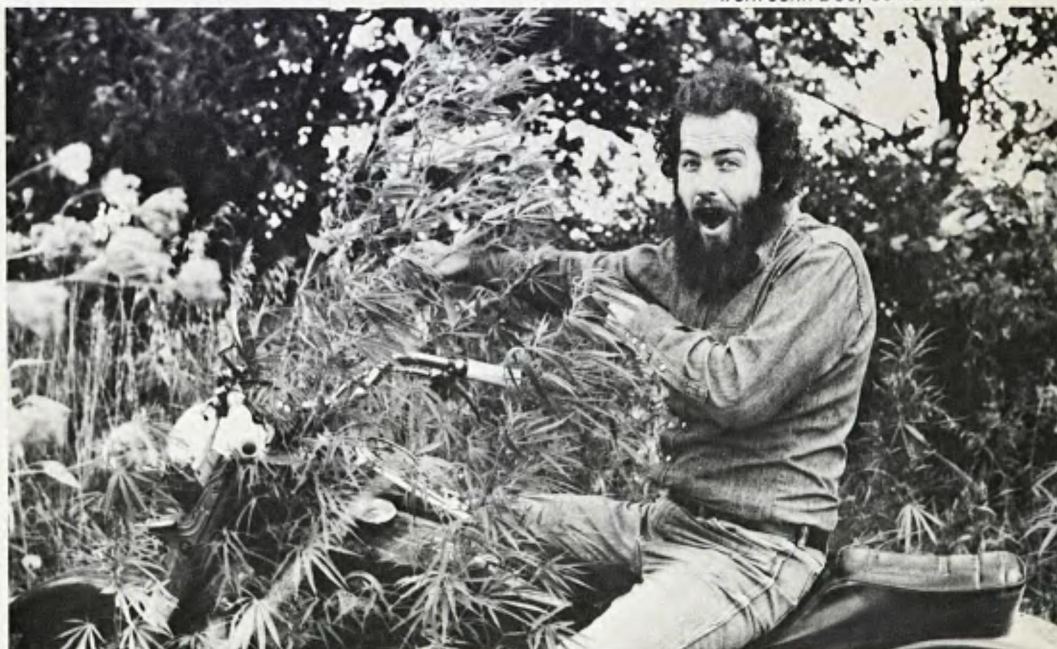
—from John Doe, Somewhere, Ind.

Wind

Listen closely.
The wind is telling
Those who care
About where it's been,
The lives it's shared,
The freedom it's known.

Cruising, roaring,
Laughing and soaring. . .
You've asked me
Where I'd rather be,
And my answer. . .
In the wind.

—Renee Mekvold





—from Dan Klinzmann, Greeley, Colo.



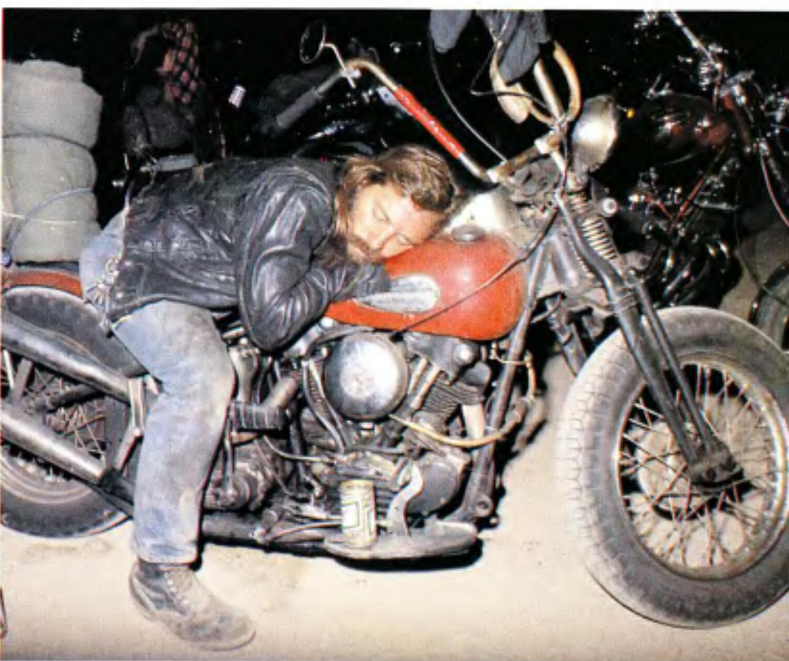
—from Bob Solberg, Nampa, Ida.



—from Randi, Salt Lake City, Utah



—from Greg Vettel, Minot, N.D.



—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.



David Mann
Easyriders



Fifties~Style Eighty

Not Slow, Just Right

A lot of the bros out there like to use all the newest techniques when they put up their sleds. Before they're ready to mold, they shoot the frame, tanks, and fenders down to the local sandblaster's. After the frame and other parts are cleaned out, then comes the electric grinder. Nowadays, when most bros are trying to get their scooters on the road, they'll use the latest model parts they can find, to ensure reliability. But how did they do it in the old days, when all the specialized tools were unaffordable? By hand. Everything was done by hand, just as on the fine flathead you see here.

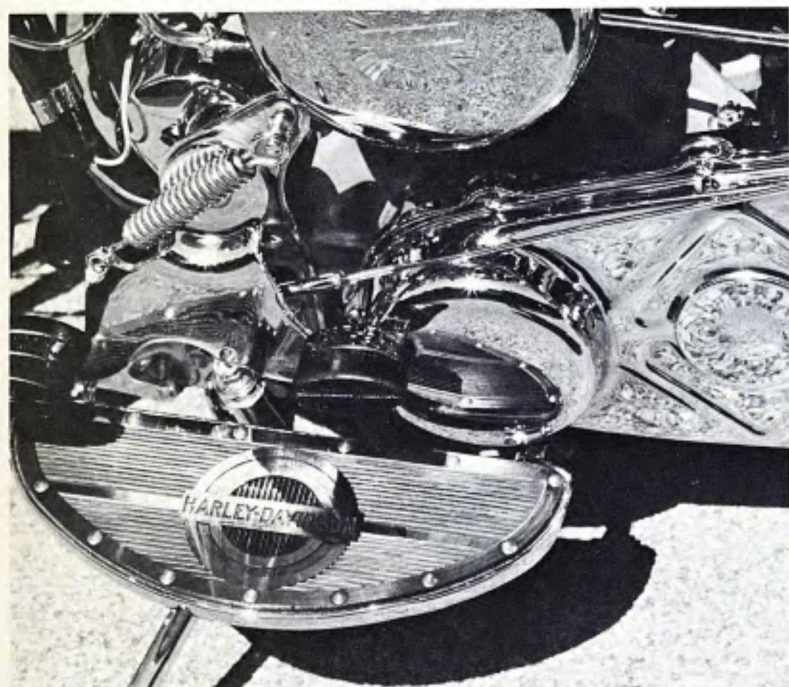
Bill Hiller, the owner, has been wrenchin' on Harley-Davidsons for many moons. His favorite style has always been fatbobs. He traded a Servi-car for this 80, but in no way was the bike the way you see it here. It arrived in a number of baskets—nothing attached. Bill was assured that it was a hundred percent complete, but we all know how that number rolls. Bill decided that this was to be his personal sled, never to be sold. He wanted to build this putt to reflect the way bikes were in the '50s—only better. All the accessories are of '50s vintage and all the labor came directly from Bill's mitts. The frame was





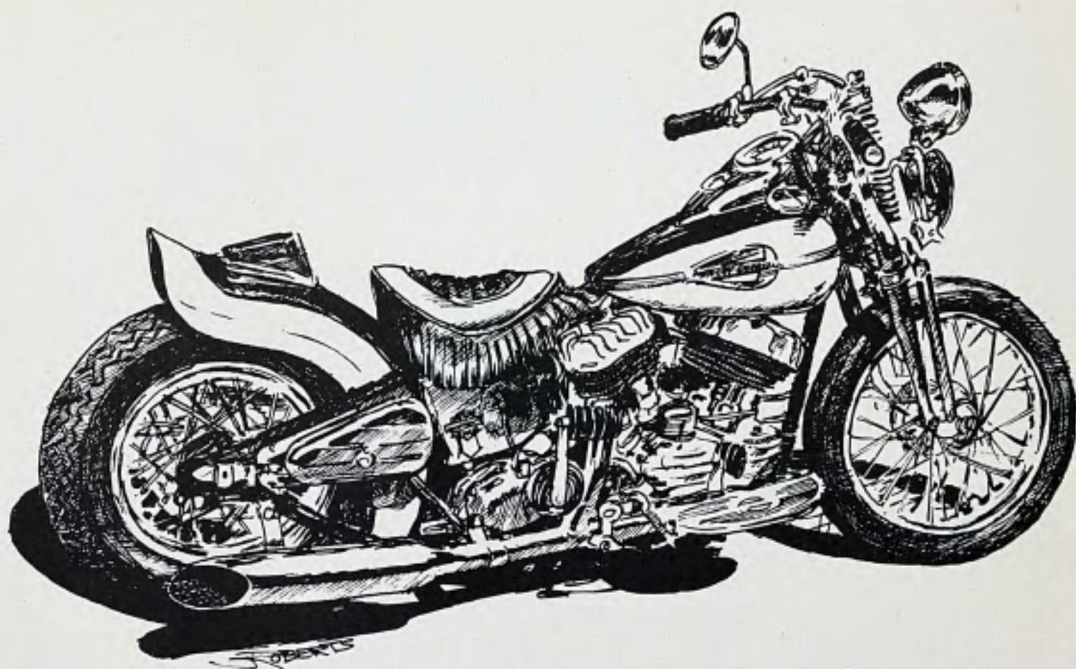
stripped down to bare metal; welds and brackets were filed smooth. Yeah, that's right, filed smooth. Bill got so fuckin' involved, he hunted up an original, old-style, 1940 clutch. Clutches in 1940 had a big claw-shaped spring-tension plate—none of those late-model parts for this bike. All the wiring is of the cloth-covered style that the Milwaukee factory was famous for. Every nut, bolt, and washer is of original vintage, just buffed to look good. It took Bill two years to put this scooter together, but when he was done, it had turned out exactly the way he wanted it. There's only one item I need cleared up. In the '50s, were the scooter builders puttin' 'em together in living rooms?

—Frank





Photos by Les Vlahos



Owners: Bill Hiller **City:** Dayton, Ohio

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1940 H-D
Model: ULH
Value: \$8,000
Assembly: owner
Time: 3 years
Chroming by: Dayton Cust. Chr.

Frame

Year: 1940
Builder: H-D
Type: straight leg
Rake: stock
Stretch: none
Other alterations: hand cherned

Engine

Year: 1940
Model: ULH
Rebuilder: Gary Stoltzenberg/owner
Ignition: coil & circuit breaker
Displacement: 80 cu.in.
Lower end: Gary Stoltzenberg
Balancing: some
Pistons: two
Cases: bead blasted
Heads: 5.7:1
Cam: stock
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): Linkert M-51
Air cleaner: stainless
Pipes: stock
Muffler(s): Drag Specialties

Accessories

Bars: drag
Risers: original Flanders
Fender(s): bobbed
Headlight: Bales
Taillight: knuckle
Speedo: rebuilt with 1941 face
Front pegs: footboards
Rear pegs: none
Electrics: 6v.
Gas tank: stock
Oil tank: seamless
Oil system: by guess and by God
Primary cover: Paughco
Seat: Superior Interior
Sissy bar: fender only
Height:
Material:

Transmission

Modifications: rebuilt
Year: 1940
Shifting: tank
Engine sprocket: 22
Trans sprocket: 23
Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: stock springer
Extension: none
Builder: H-D
Special features: all there

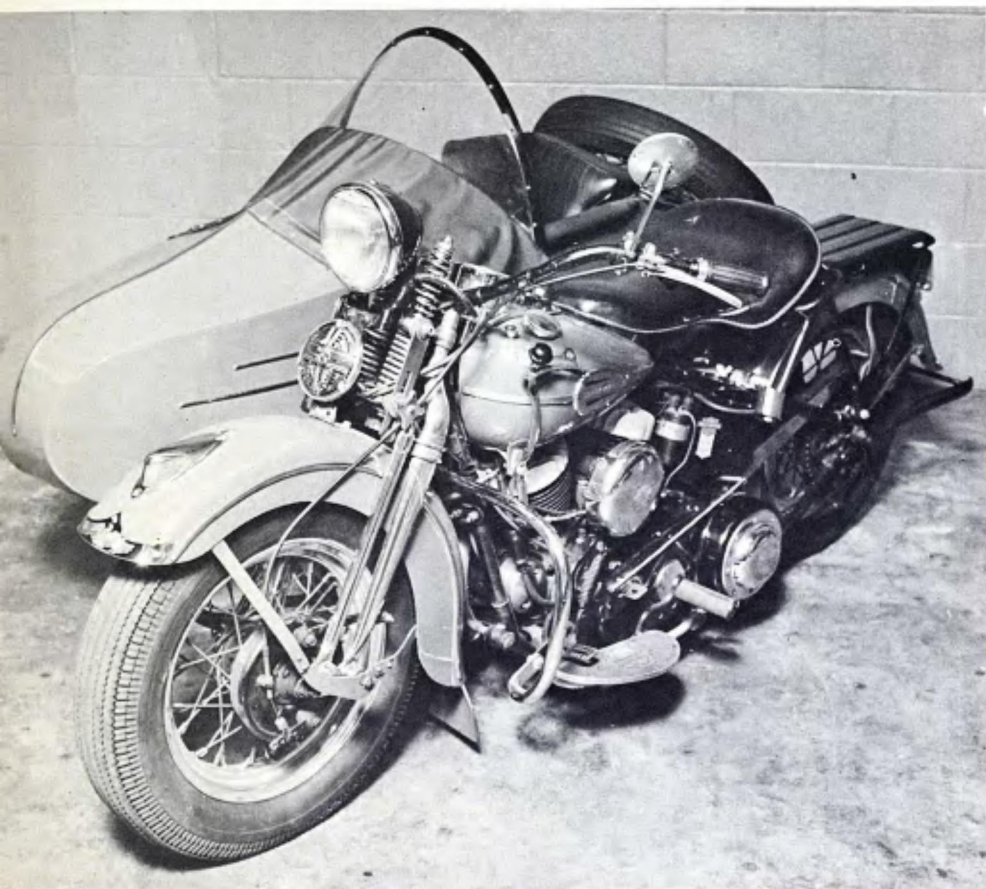
Wheels

Front:	Rear:
Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Rim width: 2 1/2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: Avon	Tire: Arco
Brake: drum	Brake: drum

Painting

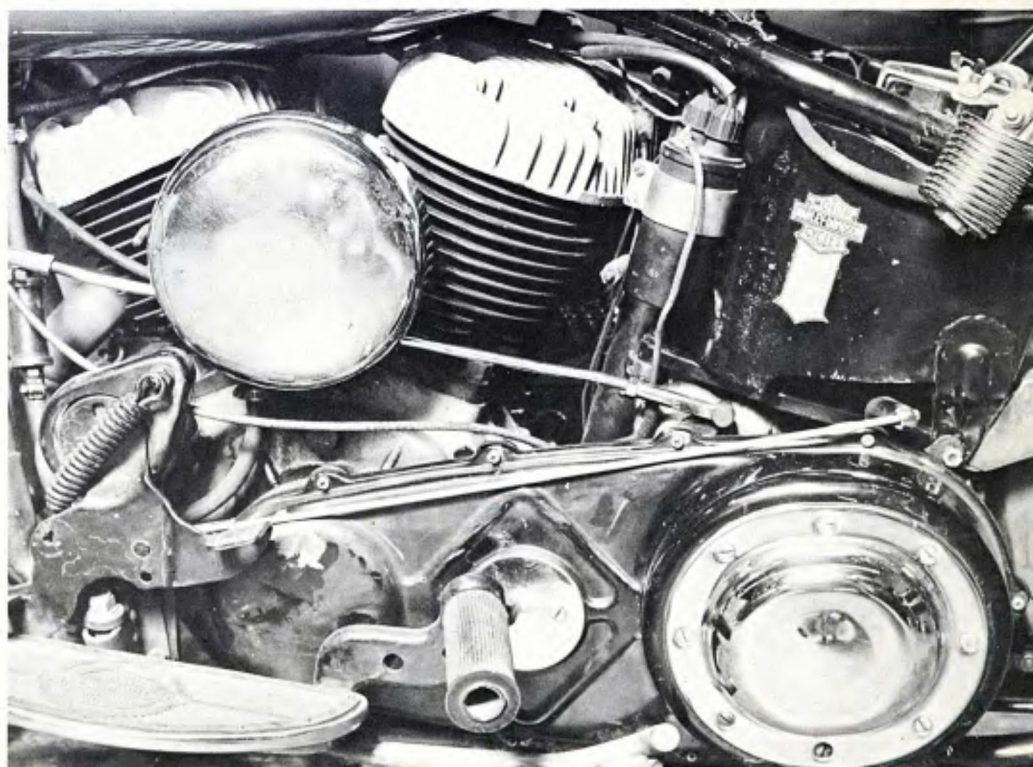
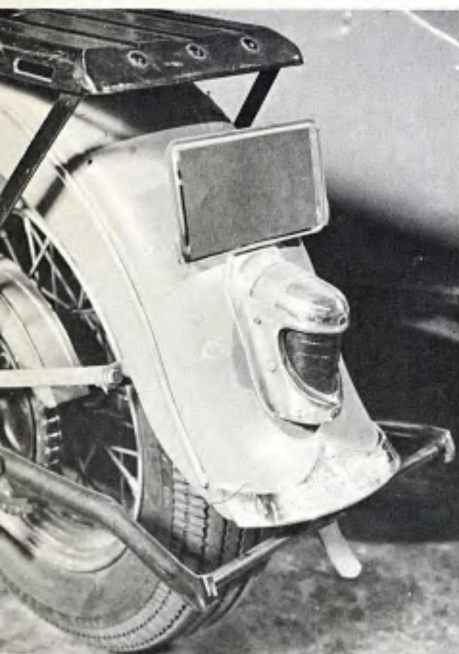
Molding: none
Painter: Rick Klank
Color: cream & brown metallic
Type: Ditzler
Special paint: gold murano over cream, gold striping.
Other special modifications: swap meet horn, etched mirror.

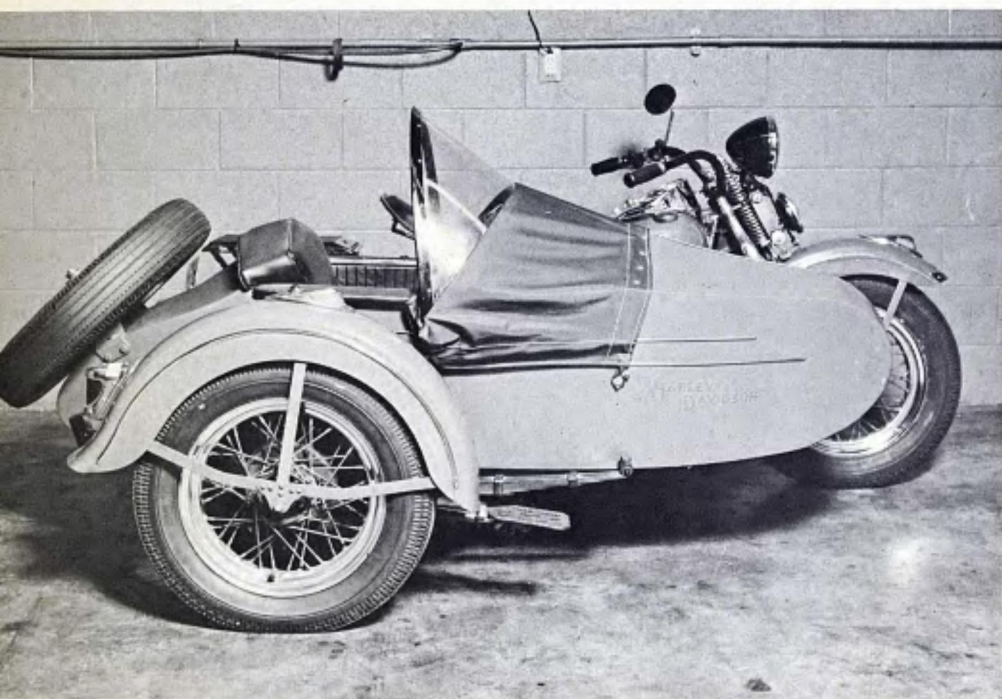
Fullerton Flathead



It's 1980 now and we're smack in the middle of our 80th issue—a tribute to Harley-Davidson 80-cu. in. flatheads. But in the process of hunting and procuring enough decent photographs on the flatheads we found, we made another discovery.

Many of my brothers, myself included, have been laboring here at **Easyriders** for eight years or better. And most of us have been riding and building scooters for fifteen years or more. We love our life and the bikes we ride. But at the same time, we remember the way it was in 1970.





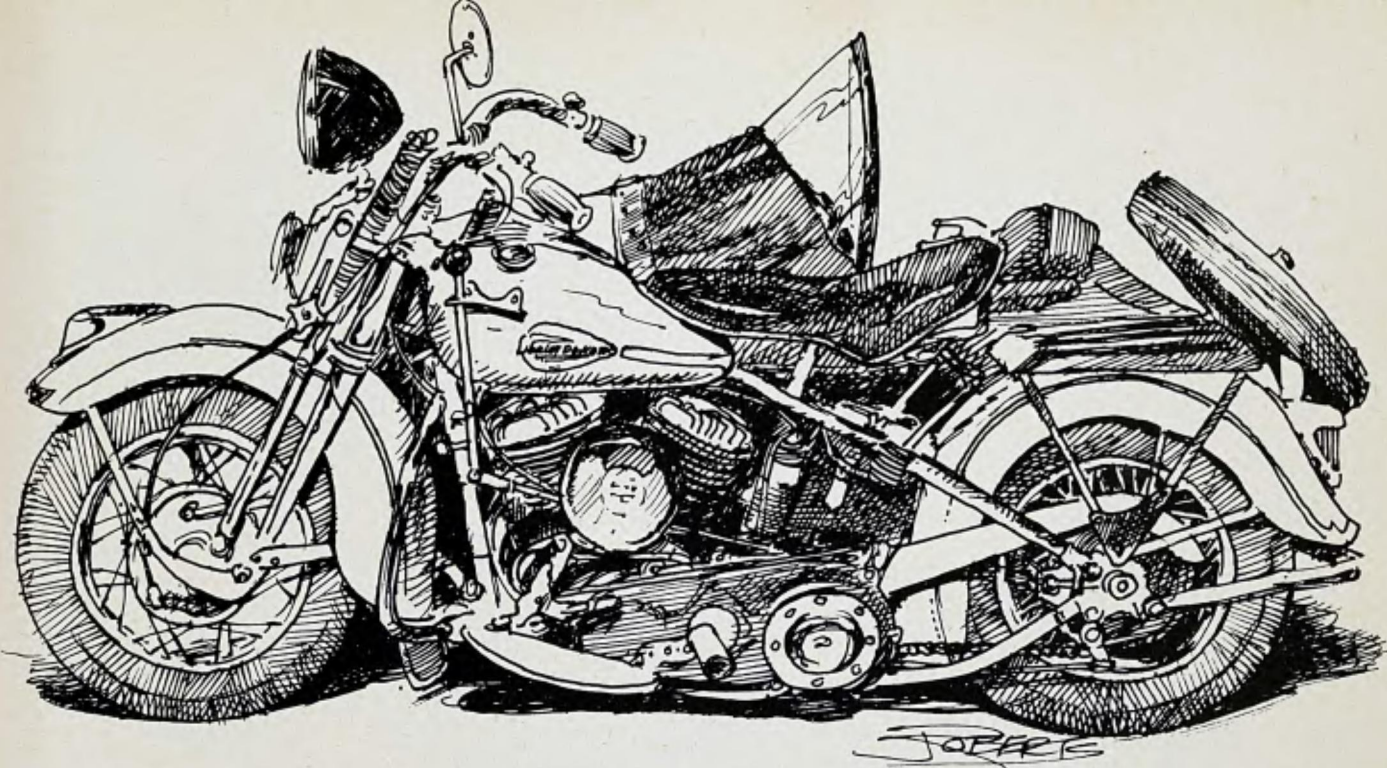
We've all encountered violent citizens, prejudiced officials, extreme police harassment, and even strait-laced Harley-Davidson dealers who want nothin' to do with outlaws and scooter tramps. In years gone by, there were many dealers who would hardly communicate with us long-haired, grease-soaked, grubby fuckers. Modifying 74s was sacrilegious—we were down-home fuckups.

But times have changed and people have learned to look beyond a brother rider's appearance. This flathead was shot at Harley-Davidson of Fullerton. Eight or nine years ago, they wouldn't have gone for it. But as Rick, the parts manager and a member of the Nuggets MC, told us, when he first tried to come around with his patch and long hair—he got nothing but no-way vibes. He went on to prove that, with or without a patch and no matter what his appearance, he was worthy of an H-D job. And soon the owner came to realize that all these greasy weirdos were *his* people, too, and they felt the same way he did about Harleys and ridin'. Just goes to show how much attitudes have improved in the last ten years—it's a good trip gettin' better.

—Bandit

Photos by Pete Chioldo





Owners: H-D of Fullerton

City: Fullerton, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: Bobby Cobb

Year: 1941

Year and make: 1941 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: ULH 80 & sidecar

Type: rigid

Value: \$10,000

Rake: stock

Assembly: Bobby Cobb

Stretch: none

Time: a long time

Other alterations: none

Chroming by: H-D mostly

Accessories

Engine

Bars: stock

Year: 1941

Risers: none

Model: 80 side valve

Fender(s): H-D

Rebuilder: Bobby Cobb

Headlight: H-D

Ignition: stock

Taillight: stock

Displacement: 80 cu. in.

Speedo: stock

Lower end: step crank pin

Front pegs: footboards

Balancing: factory

Rear pegs: attached to boards

Pistons: .030 over

Electrics: 6v.

Cases: original

Gas tank: 3 1/2-gal.

Heads: aluminum

Oil tank: stock horseshoe

Cam: stock

Oil system: works

Lifters: solid

Primary cover: diamond

Carb(s): Linkert

Seat: stock

Air cleaner: H-D

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: stock

Height: N/A

Muffler(s): stock

Material: N/A

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none

Type: springer

Year: 1941

Extension: none

Shifting: hand shift

Builder: H-D factory

Engine sprocket: 22

Special features: chrome

Trans sprocket: 21

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front:

Rear:

Painting

Size: 16

Size: 16

Molding: none

Hub: H-D

Hub: H-D

Painter: Kenny Dickens

Rim width: 4 in.

Rim width: 4 in.

Color: pepper red

Tire: 5.00x16

Tire: 5.00x16

Type: enamel

Brake: drum

Brake: drum

Special paint: none

Other special modifications: none

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A closer look and the details emerge: a lower, narrower seat. Shorter shocks. A 16 inch "fat" rear tire. Laced wheels.* An easy view battery and more accessible oil tank. Finished off by exclusive Harley-Davidson® staggered shorty duals.

But, if the classic look is yesterday, performance is now. There's a new, fully electronic ignition system. A redesigned camshaft to increase mid-range torque. In short, there has never been a more responsive, agile 1000cc motorcycle in Harley-Davidson history.

So tuck yourself behind the V-Twin Sportster Hugger and challenge a twisting backroad. There, swooping cleanly through every curve, you'll experience more than the feel of superb machinery. You'll discover the pure spirit of biking—the Harley-Davidson state of mind.

**HARLEY-DAVIDSON
DEALER NETWORK**

* Also available with 9-spoke cast wheels.

We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the A.M.A.





**Harley-Davidson.
More than a machine.**

BUSINESS

by Zigzag

Prez held the shiny, never-worn helmet in both hands. His expression was solemn.

From various points around the clubhouse, sixty-two faces peered at the helmet and the cluttered mound of folded paper scraps it contained.

"Okay, we draw," said Prez tonelessly. "One hunka paper to each brother. Whoever pulls the piece with the name scribbled on it does the deed. Let's get this thing on the road."

Shuffling into an uneven line, they began plucking bits of folded paper from the unused helmet—each one quickly unfolding his selection in total silence as he walked beyond the helmet. Some faces mirrored disappointment. Others reflected relief.

Thirty-seventh in line, Edward "Chigger" Tillotson fumbled open his scrap of paper.

"Well, shit," said Chigger. "I got it."

Prez studied the babyfaced brother who, at twenty-two, was the most recent prospect to have finally earned his patch. Somehow, Prez couldn't help wishing that one of the older, more proven brothers had gotten the responsibility. Mentally he shrugged away the thought. The kid would do okay.

"All right, give 'im everything he needs," he ordered, glancing at the committee assigned to collect data and outline the plan—three of the oldest members whose experience and caution would see the kid through if anything would. "And make goddam sure he understands the whole drill."

The somber-faced committee led Chigger away.

Chup spat the silencer.

Chigger studied the mutilated arm of the saguaro cactus where the explosive bullet had blasted the moist fibers apart. The unfamiliar stench of cordite burned his nostrils in the midday desert heat. Wiping sweat from his eyes with a damp hand, he lifted the piece and sighted again at the target twenty feet distant.

I can do it, he decided. And the reason I can do it is because that snitchin' muthafucker, Goofyfoot Hobbs, has put three of my brothers in the slam and is a real danger to all the other brothers, their women and kids—and me—until he's gone.

Grasping the S&W magnum with both slippery hands, he



squinted down the barrel at the cactus, trigger finger squeezing slowly just as they had taught. His arms ached from holding the piece extended while he kept correcting his aim.

Chup. Chup-chup spat the silencer. Chunks of cactus exploded in all directions from the saguaro's thick trunk. Chigger abruptly lowered the gun, listening intently to the sound of a distant, unseen motor slowing down on the Interstate just beyond the little hill separating him from all the traffic.

Quickly he removed the silencer, placing it and the piece carefully into a roadbag dangling from his bike's sissybar. When the engine sound had increased in speed again he relaxed, letting the thirst and weariness flood into his mind,



Illustration by Jeff George

feeling their discomfort. This would be the last practice session. He'd been practicing all the way from Houston—finding isolated places across Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona to accustom himself to the weapon's feel and performance.

"Hell, I'm as ready as I'm gonna be," he said aloud to the brassy sky and scorched sand. "So here I come, Goofy-foot, ready or not." Straddling the road-

Continued on page 78

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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Choppershopper

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

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

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

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

Custom T-shirts for organizations, businesses, clubs, runs, etc. Complete custom art and transfer service. For prices send s.a.s.e. to Cocco, Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (89)

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)

Whimp: Happy birthday 2/25/80. We'll ride forever; I love you. Weasel. (80)

Photos and films of flights, 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)

Good-looking, buffed, 26-yr.-old Californian, green eyes, brown hair, all heart, white warlock, wants mail or possible visits from fine, together females, Michael Maloney, B68219, 6228, P.O. Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Daytona bound! Looking for chick to go along for partyn' good times. Letter with photo gets quick reply (nudes are neat). Allow for mail delay. Daytona, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (80)

Cheesy Rider: Happy birthday 10/30/79. Always and forever "Chester." (80)

Long-haired, bearded male, 35, looking for hippie biker-type female. Let's get our heads together in Las Vegas. Call (702) 384-4396. No collect calls, please. (80)

available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

FTW patch \$1.35, swastika arm-band \$3.50, death-head pin \$1.75, swastika or skull earring \$3 each. Catalog \$1.25. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Mich. 48910. (80)

Harley-Davidson owners: Now have your chick wire your machine. Pre-wired harness guaranteed to fit and work! All critical areas protected with high-quality heat-shrink tubing. Color-coded wires, plastic straps, and simplified instructions make installation a breeze. \$21.95 postage paid. State year and model. Custom Bikes of Albany, 175 Rosemont St., Albany, N.Y. 12206. (80)

Amazing—New—Profitable. Only \$1 plus long sase brings dynamic surprise! Tony, 1125 Yadkinville Rd., Mocksville, N.C. 27028. (80)

Limey freaks! Original, unused, right-out-of-the-crate, BSA glider front fork with dial-in ride control, circa 1945; \$150, you pay shipping. Dial (609) 884-0013 after 5 p.m. (80)

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)

Spike R: This may have missed your birthday, but it's the thought that counts. All my love. Miss K. (80)

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)

Silver Grey: Happy birthday, love. Your lovin' quack-quack, Youngun. (80)

Happy birthday, Lizard (Dec.10). Love you always, Linda. (80)

Snatch: Happy 31st birthday 12-6-79. Together forever. Love you always, Kactus. (80)

Nick Krebs: Happy birthday (1-28-80). Still loving you and missing you. Please call (the number's listed). D.K. (80)

Wanted: House mouse. Michigan biker, 33, looking for house mouse 18-35 who enjoys simple life, ridin', partyn', campin', tokin', tootin', fuckin'. No blimps. One rugrat acceptable. Only serious inquiries; all letters answered. Send photo and vitals. Include phone no. Mike, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (80)

Robert: Happy birthday, babe. I love you. Sanda. (80)

Hurting Latin bro wishes to correspond with and meet girls and women. Looks and age unimportant. Raymond Morales #79A1902, Box 51, Comstock, N.Y. 12821. (80)

Rat: Been waiting since you left. Sure miss you. Please call. Love you, Karen G. (80)

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

English bro who hates Jap bikes would like to hear from Harley riders who think same. Also, would dig letters from chicks with photo if possible. I plan on coming over soon; why not drop me a line? Will answer all letters. Write Mart Glenton, 69 Colman Ave., Beverly, East Yorkshire, England. (80)

Any photo or printed material decoupage on quality wood. Price list 25¢. Wizard's, 49 N. Ewing, Indianapolis, Ind. 46201. (80)

Important: Help me locate Barbara Smith, who lived on 108 St., L.A., in '50s and early '60s. Chuck Dworschak, 11664 "B" Chandler, N. Hollywood, Calif. 91601. (80)

Fast Fred: Happy 30th birthday! I'm glad I could share it with you. I love you forever! Pam. (80)

Ralph: Happy birthday, skinny guy! To one 13 from almost another. Stardust. (80)

Do you need someone to just rap with? I do! I'm an inmate with a desire to communicate with a special friendly lady. I'm a white male, 26 years young! Long, light-brown hair, bright blue eyes, clear complexion. Will exchange flicks and promise to answer all letters immediately! Take a chance, drop a kite, you won't be disappointed. Jerry Hammill #66235-A, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53983. (80)

Abar: Save your Harley 74, 80, or Sportster motor from iron-rich oil by installing an Abar magnet in your oil plug. Send \$10 money order to D.M.N., 6216 St. Claude Ave., New Orleans, La. 70117. (81)

Mark Rasmussen, Minot, N. Dakota: Charli told me what happened after I left. Where is Sherman? Please write Patti from Wisconsin. Ruby Daniels, 51 W. Johnson, Fond du Lac, Wis. 54933. (80)

Rol: Just want ya to know I luv ya, babe. You're my #1 and always will be. Luv ya today and even more every tomorrow! Your cooter always. Dawna 9/17/79. (80)

Angel Jesus Lopez: #1 ol' man! Happy 29th (2-16-80). I love you more than ever, babe! Your ol' lady, Rochelle. (80)

35-yr.-old mama, new in area, wants a big Harley papa. Will answer all letters. P.O. Box 1759, Pittsburg, Calif. 94565. (80)

Joker: We made it a year, and they said it wouldn't last. Let's keep going strong. Love, Susan. (80)

In memory of Jerry Toorans. It's been over one year since that cage hit you in Phoenix, but you'll never be forgotten. Every day I ride, it's in your honor, bro. From Sonny Cisco. (80)

Larry, Mouse, Rat, any believer: I've got to see you or a disciple of God's. I'm a Jesus freak, and it said this month that God does ride a Harley, amen. Karen Hazen, General Delivery, Kings Beach, Calif. 95719. (80)

Dennis Mason (Scrody) of Colorado or anyone who knows Scrod, have him call friend in Las Vegas, Nev. Soon as possible. Very urgent! Thanks. (80)

Happy 23rd 10-4-79. One rose. Even though menopause madness has set in, stay crazy and free. Trike Leon. (80)

Grizzly: Come back to me, I know we can make it. Your ex-ol' lady, Casie (in Texas), 518 Spring Dr., Arlington, Tex. 76012. (80)

Anarchist Cookbook \$9.85, Lock Picking Simplified \$5.45, Complete Book of Knife Fighting \$12.05. Catalog \$1. Money order only. Survival Books, Dept. ER, 11106 Magnolia Blvd., North Hollywood, Calif. 91601. (213) 763-0804. In store or by mail. (80)

Count Dracula: Must see you. Please get in touch. Onion. (80)

Downed in the desert. Gimme some water, ladies. Send letters and pics to Dan Darnley, Box B #39394, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (80)

Tim: Happy birthday (11-3-57). Memories of love and laughter shine on. Be happy, babe. Missing you. Kathy. (80)

To Fritz, the best ol' lady I ever had. Thanks for helping me in my time of need and for pulling me through the worst trip I ever had. Love forever. Your ol' man, Steve (Dundalk, Md.). (80)

California Capricorn desires correspondence/meeting with discriminating Virgo or Taurus lady eighteen to thirty-five. Please send photograph. All letters answered. Oliver M., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (80)

Unbelievable, but true! Accurate, detailed maps, northern Indiana cannabis locations. The straight dope at a giveaway price. Avoid disappointment later; order early. \$20 money order. Locaters, Box 2942, Kokomo, Ind. 46901. (80)

To our club bros and sisters: We luv ya. To my sweet woman, JaJa, my love for life, T.C. Prez., Dirty V.P., Marauders MC. (80)

Jude: Happy 22nd (12-30-79). Let's leave yesterday behind and the future in the wind. All my love. Tit-Mouse. (80)

Any fillies out there who are mis- treated, under-loved, sick and tired of bullshit, and into puttin' and truckin'? Then drop a few lines along with photo, etc. and receive same. Your location and age of no importance. Dutch, P.O. Box 52292, Tulsa, Okla. 74152. (80)

Ox: My love, happy birthday. I'm proud to be your ol' lady. You're the best. I love you, Jude. (80)

Gerald: Thanks for two great years. Happy anniversary. Love, LaDonna. (80)

"Cajun" Lyn-Del Tyler: Where are you? Last I heard, doing time in California. Think of you often; want to know how you are. Please write the lady you helped grow up in Coulterville. Lynda Leandro, 3404 Willow, Anchorage, Alaska 99502. (80)

New hydrometers for wine and beer making. 70¢ off. All ranges \$4. Write for list. Barre, 201 Laurie, Lockport, Ill. 60441. (80)

Be-Bop and Shelly Cross (aka Dawn Seaman), your numbers are up. You fucked around and now you will sit in your shit. T.C. MMC. (80)

—Continued on page 126

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.

Port Angeles's famous **Bump Peterson** and his lady, **Dar**. He was the neatest asshole we ever knew. Peppermint Patty, Sportster Debbie, and his fan club will keep his memory alive.

For **Tom Champagne** and **Bob Maine**, two of the best bros anyone could have. The Lord's Club, N. Britain, Conn.

In memory of **Donald "Bozo" Mica**. We never got to tell you how much we loved you. Hide on, always. Lark and your friends.

In memory of **Randy Stroupe**. May your heavenly wings be shaped like a Harley emblem. Lori, family, and friends.

In memory of **Ensign "Rusty" Midgett**, USCG, whose helmet didn't save him in a collision with a truck.

In memory of **"Big D" Carr**, a bro gone but not forgotten. Donnie, Sandy, and Nikki, Charleston, W. Va.

In memory of **Bobby Smith**, who died blamelessly on his wheels. Suds and bros, northern Va.

In memory of **John "Snatch Happy" Casey**, who was snuffed from behind by an asshole in a car. Shorty and the woman who loves you dearly, Vicky.

In memory of **Carl Formes**. May you ride your scooter down those long winding roads forever. I'll love you always. Lori.

For **Billy Anderson**, who recently fell. There were those more deserving of death than he. Colin and the Falkirk Bikers MC.

In memory of **David Joe Young**, one helluva bro who crashed and died too soon. Watch over us from up there. Southern Saints MC, Dawson Springs, Ky.

In memory of **"Keller"**, whose throttle stuck on the autobahn at 110 mph. May he ride on forever. Timothy Bruener, Wurzburg, W. Germany.

In memory of **Tommy Benette**. He never knew I loved him, but I do and always will. "Midget."

In memory of **Donnie Klebs**, president of the Iron Range MC. His friends and brothers loved him.

For **Peppi**. We never knew how much we loved him until now. Until we meet again. Karen, Debbie, and Pat.

In memory of a good friend who recently died of a serious head injury. **"Young Blood"**. From all your bros in Pleasant View, Colo.

In memory of **Ronnie Flewin**, who died unexpectedly. You're gone but not forgotten by your ol' lady, Darlene, and bro.

In memory of **L.D.**, a brother and a second father to me. See ya when I show up, bro. "Hat." Pagan's MC 1%.

In memory of **Ken "Speedy" Ottwell**, driven to a horrible death. Love ya forever. Reno, Jennie, and the SOS MC.

In memory of **Kathy Pike**. Your little sister Sue will never forget you. Rest in peace.

To **Terry Hawkins**, who will ride in our hearts forever. Only the very good die young. Death's Wheels MC, W. Franklin, Ind.

In remembrance of my ol' man, **Steve Benett**. You'll always be loved and remembered. Michelle, Wichita, Kan.

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 \$10.50 for twelve issues. (\$10.50 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easyriders** Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

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

Nice convict looking for a good lady to help pass the time while he's in storage. Will write to all ladies who weigh over 150 pounds. Larry Rankin #B-79351. Box 608, 1-10, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Lonely young man wants letters from a few fine ladies. Daniel Lamary, Box 100, Jean, Nev. 89019.

I'm 34 yrs. old and 6'6". And I'll answer all letters from ladies. Arthur Warren #90150-132, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048.

Any and all ladies wishing to share flicks of their bodies write to this lonely, 23-yr.-old bro. Anthony Pendleton #12805, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

I've got hazel-green eyes and light brown hair. Write to me, ladies, if you're out there. Keith Wilson #C-04751, D-134, Box 400, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Ladies, I'd love to hear from you. Jerry Dunlop, Box 37, Holman Station, Ala. 36503.

I'm lonely and blue. If you write to me, I'll write to you. Fred Harwell #10253-36, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Would like to hear from all you sweet-smellin' ladies. J. Edward Norman #A-063994, H2A-Box 340, Sharpes, Fla. 32959.

Doing time and need to hear from foxy ladies. Gary Pires #06840/65-103, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Downed bro would like to write to sincere ladies to help do this lonely time. James May #260231, Rt. 3, Ellis Unit H-17, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Would some lovely ladies please write to me and ease my time? Thomas Pope #B-90218, ELM 3110, Box 600, Chino, Calif. 91710.

I need a woman who cares. I've got brown hair and blue eyes, and I'm 23 yrs. old. Johnny Duncan #16390, Box 14, Boise, Idaho 83707.

Doin' a little time, so how about some letters, ladies? James Thomas, Box B-46370, CTF/Central, B-122, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Tootsies looking for pops: Old bros and crazy ladies with hearts to match, let's ride. Larry Neel, Box 4000R, Ft. Grant, Ariz. 85643.

Calif. bro needs and misses those letters from home. Jose Guerrero, Box 607, NNCC, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Brother down and needs to hear from foxy ladies. Louis Thornton #30182-120, 15801 S.W. 137th Ave., Miami, Fla. 33177.

Doin' fifty-five years the hard way. Letters will ease it just a little. Don Warren #290323, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

A long time down, and it's just about up. The wind is where I'm bound, so drop me a line and we'll ride. W. L. Sims #87972, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

Two downed scooter bums need letters from pretty tramps. W. King #C-02639 and Jay Hatley #C-03658, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

No one answered my last ad, so give me a chance, ladies, and I'll try one more time before going crazy in this terrible, lonely place. Philip Swann #40897, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Lonely, good-lookin' inmate needs letters and photos from foxy ladies. Bruce Porter #C-02644, Box 500, Chino, Calif. 91710.

I'd dig on a foxy chick to write to. Any one. Douglas Walker #055322, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

True beauty is in the heart, so if you're real, ladies, write to me. R. Gonzales #C-01632, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62299.

Affectionate male wishes correspondence with a mature woman. Send photo with first letter. S. Elliott #015313, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

I've got blond hair and green eyes, and I need letters from sweet ladies. Robert Rafferty, Box 1500, B-32, Cross City, Fla. 32628.

Bored from a lack of lovin'. Lonely ladies, write to a downed, intelligent bro. Bob Jones #16181-8, Box 14, Boise, Idaho 83707.

Wanted, female artist interested in business and skin art. Gary Riordan #23197, Box 1059, Santa Fe, N.M. 87501.

Blond dude needs letters and pics from loving ladies. Davy Updyke #20203, Box 530, Mercer, Pa. 16137.

Blond hair and blue eyes. I need your letters, ladies. Robert Frey #78-C-606, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

I'm lost in the slammer, so send letters and photos to help me find my way. Ruzz DuVernay #154-304, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Together dude wants to meet together chicks through letters and photos, then put out the country in a year and a half. Wendell Nance #27284, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65101.

Two guys doing time. Ladies, drop us a line. Danny Rasmussen #C-01607, and Ben Rosenberg #C-02347, Box 608, 7-58, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

40-yr.-old Hog rider wants tramps from 25 to 40 with heart. If you don't doucha with fifty-weight motor oil, love the wind in your face and a Hog under your ass, don't apply. Roger Allen Lee #B-91066, Briggs 70, Box 107, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Would someone please write to me? Dennis Nick #79-A-1228, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

I don't write or speak English, so will some Latin female write to me in Spanish? Manuel Torres #78-A-3217, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Lonely inmate wants letters and photos from ladies. Michael Dyer #78-C-678, Box 367, Annex MCP, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

38-yr.-old Vago prospect who loves to ride, fuck, and ca pussy wants correspondence with together lady tramps. Joseph George Morales #B-1568-V-175, Box 107, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

19-yr.-old inmate would like letters and photos from good-looking chicks. John Meuse, Box 100, S. Walpole, Mass. 02071.

Lonely prisoner, a portrait artist, needs to hear from warm, sincere ladies. W. J. Rawlings #029762, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

I'm a young man doing life in prison, and I need someone to help me with things. Write to George Huff #113447, No. Va. Corr. Unit #30, Fairfax, Va. 22020.

Just a lonely convict looking for some good correspondence. David William Young #066926, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

A bro without mail would like to hear from sweet ladies. Joseph Slaughter #142-142, Box 534, Jessup, Md. 20794.

Lonely, down-to-earth brother in need of womanhood. All loving chicks encouraged to write. George Huff #113447, No. Va. Corr. Unit #30, Fairfax, Va. 22020.

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, 835 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 #242384, Ellis Unit J-22, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Ladies, I'm down and blue and want to hear from some of you. Lucky Jacoby #064440, H-2A2208, Box 340, Camp Road, Sharpes, Fla. 32959.

Down bro could dig hearing about the free from my kind of people. Rex Morrison #272995, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tenn. Colony, Tex. 75861.

Need sincere lady who will write regularly. All letters will be answered. Johnny Hedge #B-047426, A-24, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

32-yr.-old male looking to correspond with females anywhere. Jimmy Davis, Box B-78-A-3703, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

33-yr.-old blond dude, Capricorn, would like to hear from chicks with a good head. James Jenkins #A-83494, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62295.

Ladies, I need your loving. Ralph Nickell, #104663, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 43036.

Would like to write to foxy ladies who care. Monte James Nottingham #B-93605, CMC, Box A, Rm. 6164, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93401.

24-yr.-old Italian, Taurus, would like to hear from good, sincere mama. Cliff Tenbrunso #29315, Box 900, SB-193, Jefferson City, Mo. 65101.

Handsome Virgo seeks communication with realistic lady. No hangups. H. B. Johnson, Box 217, Yanceyville, N.C. 27379.

Downed bro wants to hear from fine, freaky foxes. Charles Jones #843600, E218, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

25-yr.-old downed hellraiser needs a friend to write to. Will answer all letters containing photo. James Rogers #111631-B, Box 107, Guntersville, Ala. 35976.

I'm 29 yrs. old and would love correspondence with a sincere lady. Eugene Parker #123704, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Trying to get it together. Need a cutie to write to now and I'll take care of her in 1981. Flicks and letters. Mike Jay, Box B-79646, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

Doing forty years and need letters from straight and freaky chicks. Walter T. Taylor #112732, PCC-Cl. State Park, Va. 23160.

24 yrs. old and 6'4". I need a sweet lady to show me what I've been missin' when get out soon. William McCoy #063169, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Need mail and photos from foxy young ladies. Edward Brosky #R-4327, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

I'm in the prison hospital with a bum leg and need letters of reassurance from sweet ladies. Charles Lee Clark #1-023194, 205-West, Bed 8, Box 628, Lake Butler, Fla. 32054.

Anxious to hear from any girls who would be interested in writing to a 35-yr.-old ex-counterfeiter and author. Jim Multaler, Box 431, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

Not choosy. I'll write to anyone who writes to me. Carl Williams, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Lonely bro looking for a lady 18-25. Write me, and we'll get together at the end of 1981. Billy Brutchin #30488, Box 1568, KSIR, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

I'm 25 yrs. old, half Swedish and half Italian, with blond hair and blue eyes, and I'd like to hear from Oriental ladies. Dams Quillace, TDC #270660, Rt. 3, Box 18, Rosarhorn, Tex. 77583.

Any and all women—I'm not choosy. Blond and blue-eyed and waitin' for your mail. John Grimes #145-614, Box 2000, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Good-lookin' blond, dude needs a sweet thing to write to. A. D. Ony #B-78824, Box 500, Chino, Calif. 91710.

I'm down for a long time, and need mail to see me through. Edgar Eichler #78A-3710, TCF, 250 Harris Rd., Bedford Hills, N.Y. 10507.

If you like well-built, good-lookin' men, write to me. Gary Brown #23748-7-B, SW, Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362.

Big animal wants letters and flicks from sexy mamas. Gary Pickford, Drawer O, Burnaby, B.C. Canada V5H-3N4.

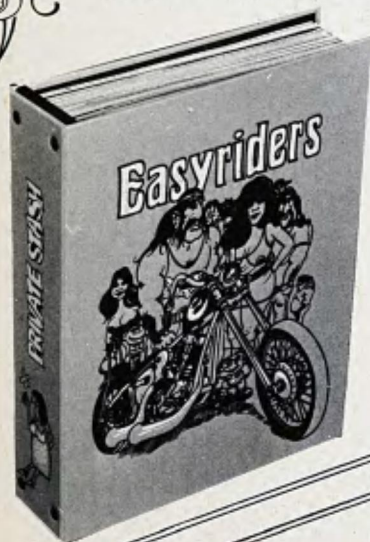
Downed bro needs of lady when he gets out. L. Thompson #249278, Box 94999, Ft. Steilacoom, Wash. 98549.

I'm bein' burned at the stake, but cool, lovin' letters will put the fire out. Charles Bailey, Box 70698, C-4, Reidsville, Ga. 30453.

Lonely young con needs letters and pictures from mature young ladies only. James McCown #275008, Rt. 2, Box 20, Midway, Tex. 75852.

Would like to write to girls who will want to get together later. Gary Mitchell #068430, I BN 254, Box 500, Olustee, Fla. 32072.

Class Binders



\$7.50

plus 50¢ for
postage and handling

Now, you don't have to stash your copies of **Easyriders** in strange places in order to protect them from being harmed by someone wanting to wrap fish, line a cat box, or paper-train a dog.

All ya gotta do is get yourself the binder you see here. It'll hold twelve issues of this rag, yet will lie flat so you can go back to any issue and sneak a peak with ease.

Our binder is like no other—strictly class—none of that stereotyped, embossed, cardboard crap for our readers! Our's features scribbles by Robinson that are custom silk-screened on tough vinyl. Now how's that for liver-quiverin' class?

You can get a binder free if you order twelve of the available past issues at our regular back-issue price of \$1.75 per copy! See back-issue ad in this issue for issues that are still available—some have sold out.

Mail to: Back Issues
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

☐ Enclosed is \$21.00 (plus \$1.00 for postage and handling) for my binder and the first 12 issues of **Easyriders** that are still available.

☐ Enclosed is \$7.50 plus 50¢ for postage and handling for each binder I order.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

BUSINESS

—Continued from page 75

stained Indian, he felt a vague sense of relief that he had never yet laid eyes on his human target; that meant the victim didn't know him, either.

Guiding the now-mumbling scooter carefully back to the asphalt highway, he pointed the front wheel west and booked in that direction.

At Yuma he stopped long enough to quench his thirst with three icy-cold beers, consume two hamburgers, and catch a two-hour nap in the shade of an abandoned pizza stand. He was exhausted enough to sleep despite the searing heat of dusk. Fortunately, no cops spotted him.

By midnight he had ridden over the last range of hills, reached the coastal Interstate, and halted for gas in a small beach town. There he encountered a wispy, blonde hitchhiker whose abundant chest and sassy bottom convinced him that packing her for a while wouldn't interfere with the purpose of his run. They stayed the rest of that night and most of the following day in a cheap motel, where the girl expressed astonishment when he brought the sled into the sparsely furnished unit for safekeeping.

She was a lousy lay, so Chigger left after the fifth round, while she was sleeping fitfully, and made another stop for more fuel, breakfast, and sleep—parking the machine behind a convenient billboard and napping deeply for four hours. He awoke totally refreshed, and checked his wristwatch to find it was now eight-twenty-six at night. A cool wind scudded in from the ocean.

Driving into the town that was his destination, he experienced some difficulty locating the right neighborhood. He finally found it after asking directions at a service station, and twenty minutes later he rolled quietly past the designated house, easing the bike to the curb, cutting the murmuring mill. Carefully walking the heavy machine to a deserted driveway, he leaned the scooter on its stand in the darkness behind some shrubbery and moved silently, gun in hand, to the target house and a window from which light blazed brightly.

Instructions flowed through his memory: "Try to catch the bastard inside his house. He's playin' things straight these days. Lives like Mister Keen Citizen. Drives a ratty van. We think he's solo, but there might be a broad."

Nobody had mentioned a dog.

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It came snarling and barking around a corner of the garage—a sudden burst of sound erupting from the darkness. Chigger swung to face the huge canine's furious attack, instinctively aiming the magnum. Fangs glinted whitely, coming closer and closer.

Chup—and the animal stumbled, whimpering loudly. It coughed thickly, four strong legs quivered wildly.

Chup spat the silencer; the shot brought instant quiet. Muted sounds came from inside the house, and Chigger flattened against the bushes along the building.

Then a side door exploded open and the shadowy shape of a man sprinted into the garage. Chigger was still trying to figure the next-best move when the whirring grind of a starter was replaced by a powerful engine roar. Seconds more and a van slid rapidly out of the garage, headlights coming to life as the vehicle lurched onto the street. Swerving erratically, it gained speed and thundered down the street.

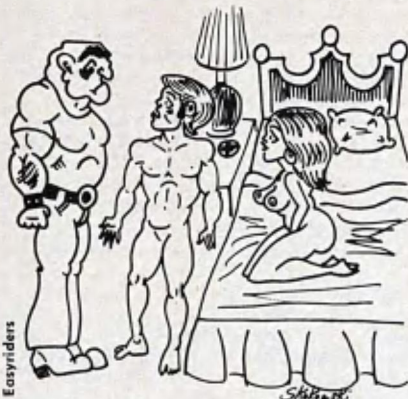
Stuffing the silencer and gun barrel into his belt, Chigger cursed softly and ran for his bike.

• • •

Donald "Ticktock" Merrill lowered the binoculars and turned to his companion, Jack "Moony" Fisk, who waited beside the scoots.

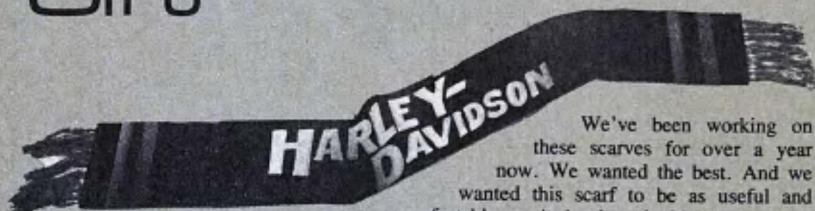
"He just left his house in a helluva hurry," said Ticktock gleefully. "Ya were right, man. Ya said he'd come outa there sooner or later—if we wuz jes' willin' to wait long enough!"

"Getcher ass down from there," grunted Moony, deftly removing the safety from a gleaming revolver and showing it into his hip pocket as he stepped toward the bike nearest him. "This may be the only chance we have before that district attorney decides to hide the asshole until the hearing. Move it, bro!"



"How can we be messin' around? The artist forgot to give me something to mess around with!"

A Warm Gift



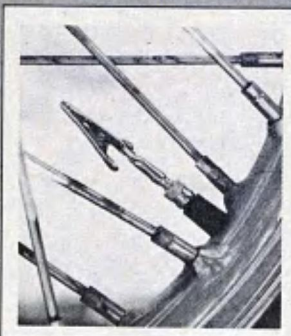
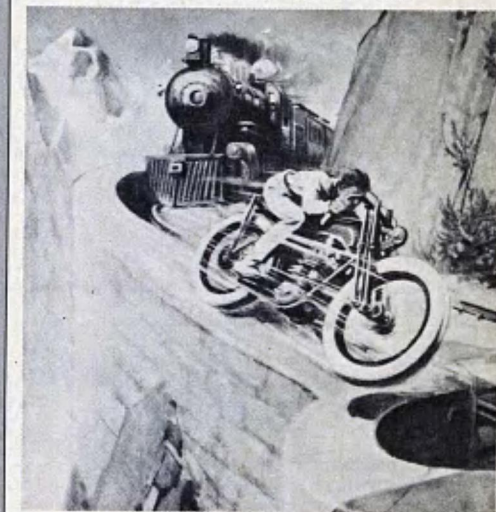
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"Hey! Hold it a sec!" Raising the glasses to his face, Ticktock swung them back toward the street below the hillside they had chosen. "We got somebody chasing the fucker! There he goes!"

In the distance, the unmistakable roar of a motorcycle trembled on the night air.

Moony's machine echoed the sound noisily and wheeled in a slow circle beneath the tree as he steered it with skillful caution down the slope. "Get the hell outta that tree!" Moony yelled without looking back. "We ain't got all night to catch 'im!"

Ticktock dropped from the tree, landed clumsily, and dropped the glasses. Ahead of him, Moony had already reached pavement by the time Ticktock had his machine in motion, its mill rasping coldly.

* * *

Nauseated with fear and certain that they'd somehow get him before he reached downtown and the safety of the police station, Goofyfoot turned the van toward a smaller freeway leading inland, remembering an old ranch road that climbed tortuously into the hills. He reasoned that his only hope was losing himself in those hills until he could sneak back into town on foot.

Glancing into the rearview, he saw the biker behind him leaning into the curving on-ramp, following at a distance of less than a mile.

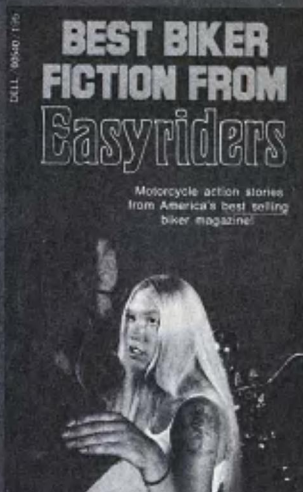
He moaned with a terror that almost cost him control of the van when his hands and arms began twitching spasmodically.

"Maintain!" he hissed. *I gotta maintain. Stay cool. I got outta that mess in Texas, didn't I? Nothin' ever came outta that goddam grind, and I can get through this thing if I just maintain.* His thoughts tumbled like clothes in a dryer, chaotically flailing over and on themselves in his churning mind. Tightening his grip on the steering wheel, he forced himself to concentrate on watching for the turn-off leading to the ranch road that



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would save his life. Those choppers wouldn't be of much use up there on a narrow dirt road that snaked dangerously along the edge of a deep canyon.

He began feeling better. By the time he had left the freeway, found the ranch road, and was still well ahead of the trailing bike, Goofyfoot was smirking and already mapping out the return route to the D.A.'s office.

The van careened upward, leaving clouds of roiling dust and spurting rocks that hurtled into the emptiness of the gaping canyon. Goofyfoot hunched lower over the steering wheel, intently studying the unwinding ruts that passed for a road. The van's twin beams probed the darkness ahead.

Before reaching the turn-off the van had taken, Chigger was aware of the sleds behind him. Torn between wanting to be sure it wasn't the heat and wanting to keep the van in sight, he fought down his own paranoia and figured he had come too far to lose the van containing his target just because there might be badges aboard those scoots to his rear.

I can always toss the piece into the bushes if they're cops, he told himself. Hell, maybe they're not even tailing me. Might be just a coupla bikers bookin' along. This state's supposed to be full of 'em.

Fifteen minutes later he found the van. It had smashed into an enormous cluster of boulders imbedded in the slanting cliffside of the road, had bounced clear around until now it teetered on the rocky edge of the ruts. Half of the twisted, battered van was hanging out over a sheer drop of several hundred feet to the canyon's floor. A ribbon of water sparkled in the moonlight far, far below.

Stopping the Indian, he kicked the stand down, got off and walked cautiously to the van—holding the piece in both hands. He lowered it when he saw the man pinned tightly behind the mangled steering wheel and dash. The van teetered slowly, then regained its precarious balance. Chigger stared, not too sure of what the situation demanded.

Suddenly the two bikes churned around a curve, pinning Chigger in their headlights. Frozen in a half-turn, he hurled the piece away from him and heard it clunk onto solid rock in the darkness beyond.

The van creaked, teetered again, and Goofyfoot cried out, an agonized sound of animal suffering rather than words. One of the van's still-burning headlamps abruptly blinked out, part of it dropping from the van into the chasm below.

Goofyfoot mouthed shrill sounds of pain.

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Both riders dismounted and approached Chigger. Their faces hard in the glare of the headlights from their machines, they studied him and then the van and its helpless driver.

"Texas," said Moony, noting the license plate. "This guy's from Texas."

"Loner or member?" Ticktock demanded tersely, peering into Chigger's face.

"Hurricane Riders MC," Chigger admitted, figuring it was a safe enough admission in case these mean-looking dudes were badges. "Outta the Houston chapter."

Moony snorted mirthfully. "Shit, you gotta be the bro sent after ol' Hobbs for all the damage he's known to have done to your group. Right?"

Wisely, Chigger shrugged—and grinned.

"Well, we've been after the shithead for the same reasons," Moony continued, glancing at the slowly teetering van. "Seems like we all lucked out tonight, huh?" He winked happily.

"Lucked out?" Chigger was bewildered.

"Kid, how long you been doin' this number?" Curiosity filled Moony's mustached face. "I git the impression ya don't know a beautiful damn solution when yer standin' right in fronta one."

The van grated against rock, teetering into an outward dip that barely kept it poised on the jagged lip of the old, washed-out road.

"Yeah, but how do I know—fer fuckin' sure—that you're not badges in biker duds?" Chigger's voice quavered with repressed frustration and uncertainty. "I mean, we got that problem constantly where I'm from."

Ticktock laughed raucously.

"Watch, dummy," chuckled Moony. Striding over to the van, he shoved upward—tilting the front end downward. Rocks chattered loose beneath the vehicle. The van listed, creaked, and toppled into the chasm. It made an awful racket on the way down, crashing onto small



"The doctor will be with you shortly—he's sniffing his tools."

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ledges only to veer off again until it finally hit bottom with a deafening sound, followed by a small explosion.

Chigger moved to the edge of the road to look down at the burning van. It had been so simple. Nobody had popped a cap. A snitch no longer menaced the freedom of many.

"Terrible accident," snickered Ticktock.

"Well, maybe our people can struggle onward with one less problem," added Moony, wearing a placid expression. "I doubt that the D.A. will see it that way, but then, who gives a shit?"

Chigger hunted for the piece until he found it in the light from their headlights. He removed the silencer while the others watched him with amused smiles. All at once he felt a long, long way from home. He returned the silencer and the gun to the bottom of his roadbag.

"This sure as hell has been an educational trip," he muttered bitterly.

"And as long as you're here," said Moony, "we'll show y'all some Californy hospitality, bro."

"Yeah, a time to carry home with ya that yer bros'll never believe." Ticktock rubbed his hands briskly together with anticipation. "Wait'll some of them club mamas see this hairy-legged innocent. They'll tear each others' tits off, tryin' to git 'im first!"

Chigger grinned. "Why me?"

"Because great minds run on the same route, kid, and a mutual threat brought us all together and"—Moony paused for breath—"who knows but when one of our group might hafta hurriedly book fer Southern hospitality?"

"God ferbid," said Ticktock. "I already been to Texas once."

"Whereabouts, Yankee?" asked Chigger.

"Place called Huntsville."

They quickly returned to their bikes, ignoring the dying blaze in the canyon now that the whole thing was behind them and over.



Easyriders

TARGET DEFENDANT

—Continued from page 51

versus me for not returning property. Eventually they get a lot of property back—their colors, their knives that were not actually used in the stabbing, things like that. But that can be delayed quite a while. We made an arrest last September, a year ago, on a motorcycle gang, and two weeks ago I finally answered my last In Re Contempt on return of colors and gave them back. Unfortunately, I had to give back a set of colors to a guy who killed (inaudible)—I held out for a year.

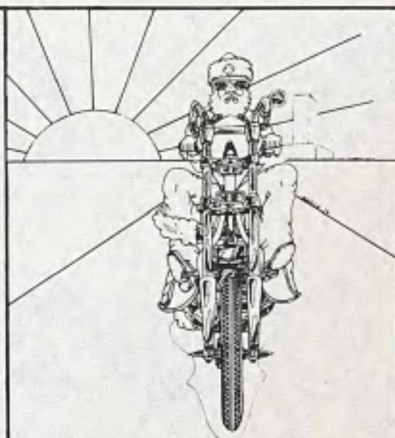
"That continued reappearance and filing of papers by defense counsel is within the system—that is, I am not actually violating a contempt or creating a contempt of court situation. However, I can delay, I can use the bureaucracy to go down the line as far as I have to, as I can. It is very beneficial—it frustrates them and it makes them aware on an on-going basis, week after week after week, as they worry about their property, as they worry about whatever it is that they are trying to get back, whether it's a motorcycle or colors or knives or whatever, whatever, that the system is there, it is thinking about them, and it is causing problems in their life.

"Another method of using the system that we have used occasionally to create havoc, hopefully, is what I call the multiple arrest on a single charge situation. That is, you go out there with a search warrant, and, in fact, you find something—for instance, we have a case pending right now, we had a search warrant on one of our long-time friends, found a couple of guns in the house; he's an ex-felon. No arrest was made at that time. We simply notified him that, ah, we found some guns, that's very interesting, we'll see ya. And we left, and we seized the guns and seized some other property. Now, we have the one-shoe-has-fallen situation. He's waiting, and he'll wait for a while. And we'll get the situation where he calls in every couple of days, he or one of his friends calls in and asks, 'When is the case going to be filed?' And he'll get a dose of bureaucratic double-talk. Sometimes, the arrest will be made in the field and he'll be released. Once he is released and the case is filed, we have one arrest, search instance of arrest, his inconvenience, his attorney appears, he is released, then he waits. Then you get the filing. Now, normally, when you get the filing, you get an arrest warrant. That's what you do, you go back out, serve the arrest warrant, you make another search. Now, in our task force, whenever we make a semi-major arrest, or an arrest of a target individual, we take officers from the various disciplines out there to do a search, clean sight observation, and have been successful, from time to time on the second arrest, in finding things that lead to more charges. And so, a multiple arrest situation, whenever you can set it up with the prosecutor, is very helpful. I occasionally get pressure from upstairs, uh, through defense at-

—Continued on page 90

Scooter Trash the Outlaw Coloring Book

Scooter Trash is not an ordinary coloring book. Every selection of artwork in this book was drawn by a biker while was in prison. Even within the negative environment of prison life, he managed to complete the entire book. The drawings are printed on stock heavy enough to frame and each drawing depicts scooters, our lifestyle, and women. The book is \$4.95, plus 50¢ postage and handling.



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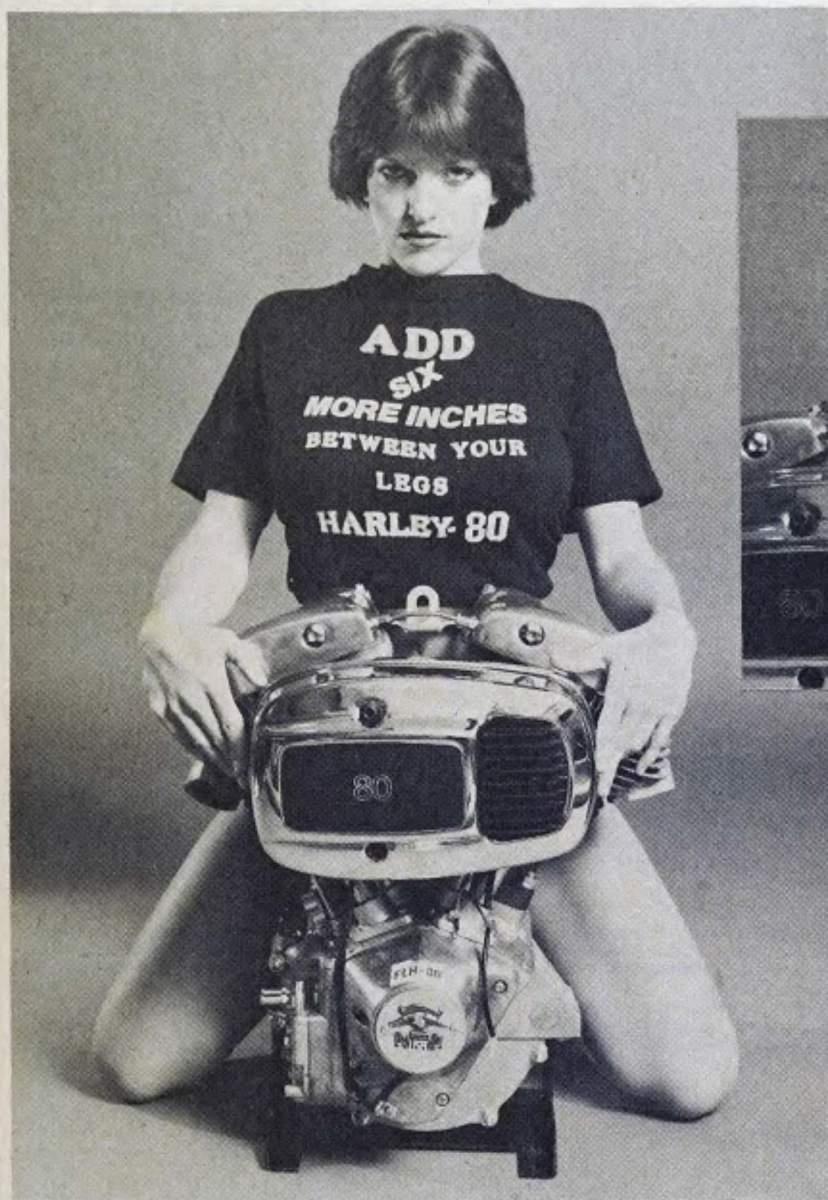
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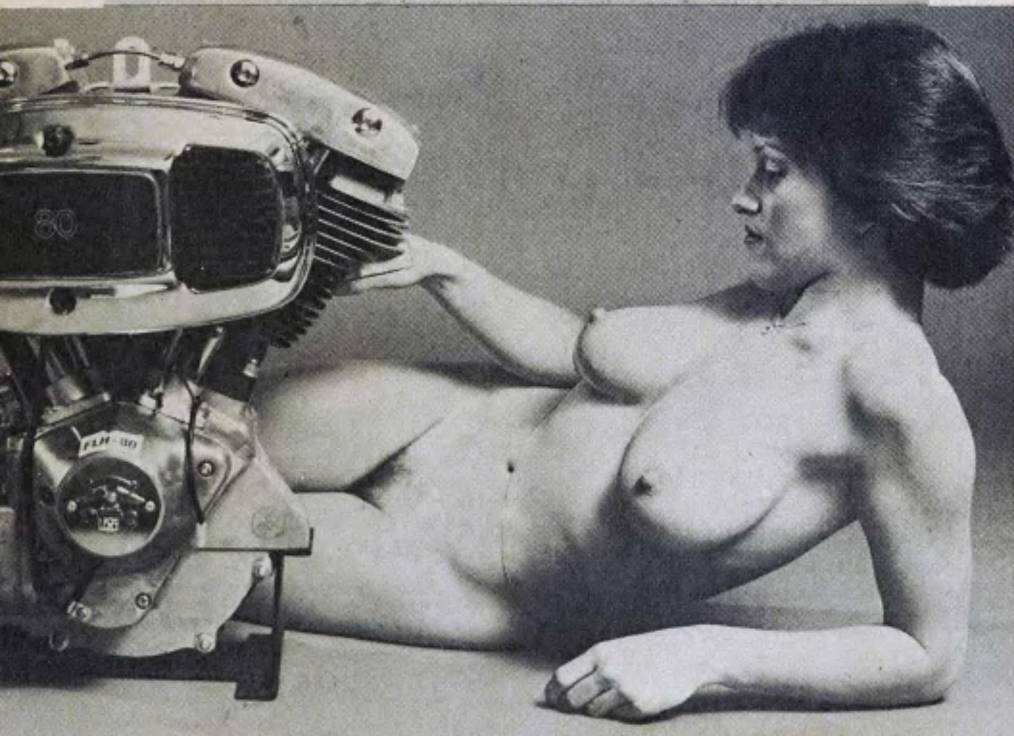
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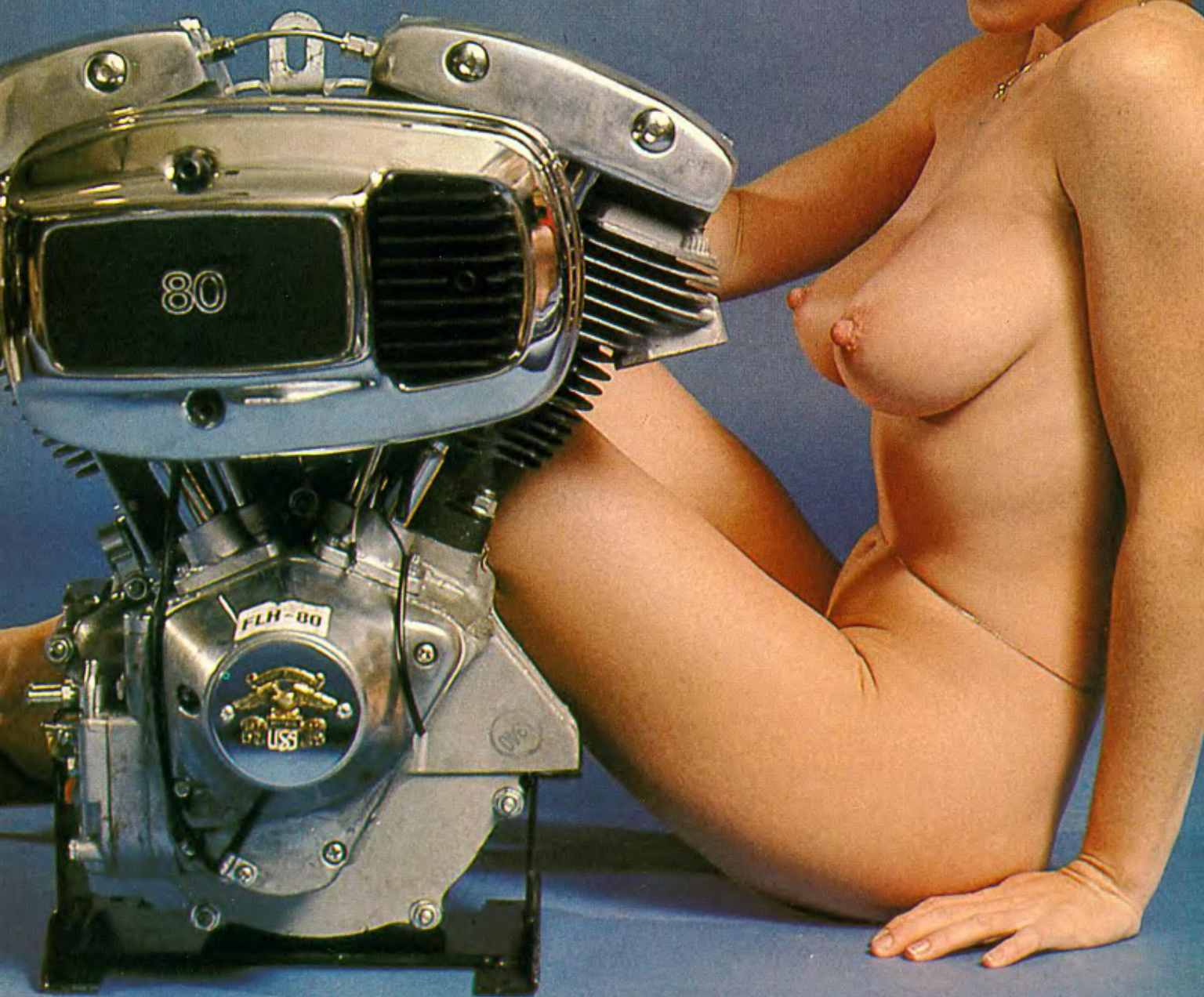
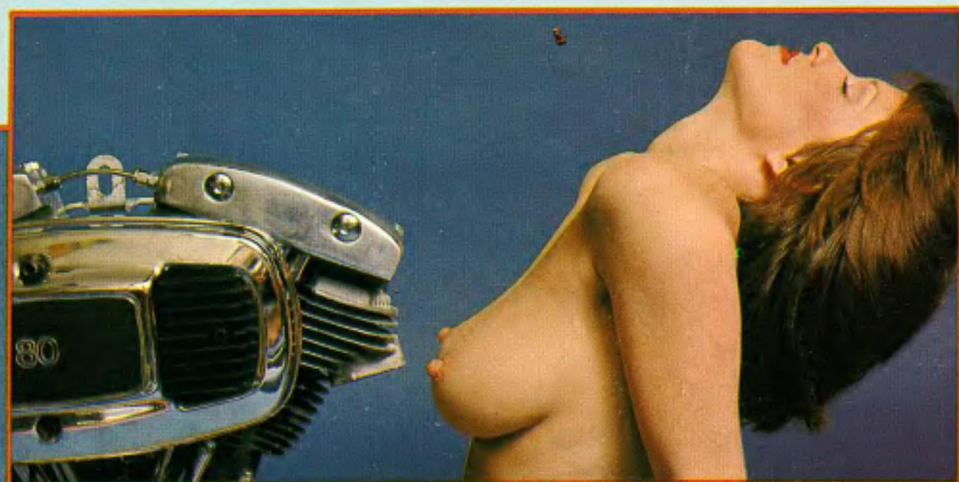
LADIES LOVE EIGHTIES

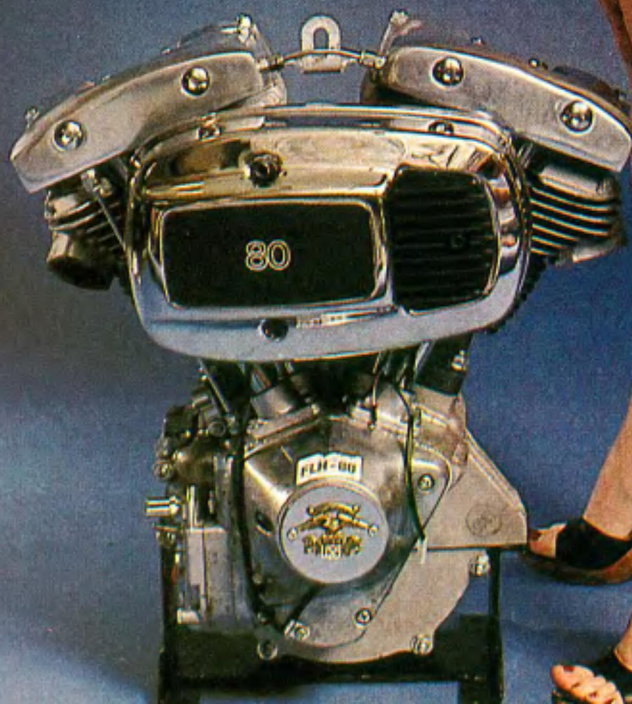


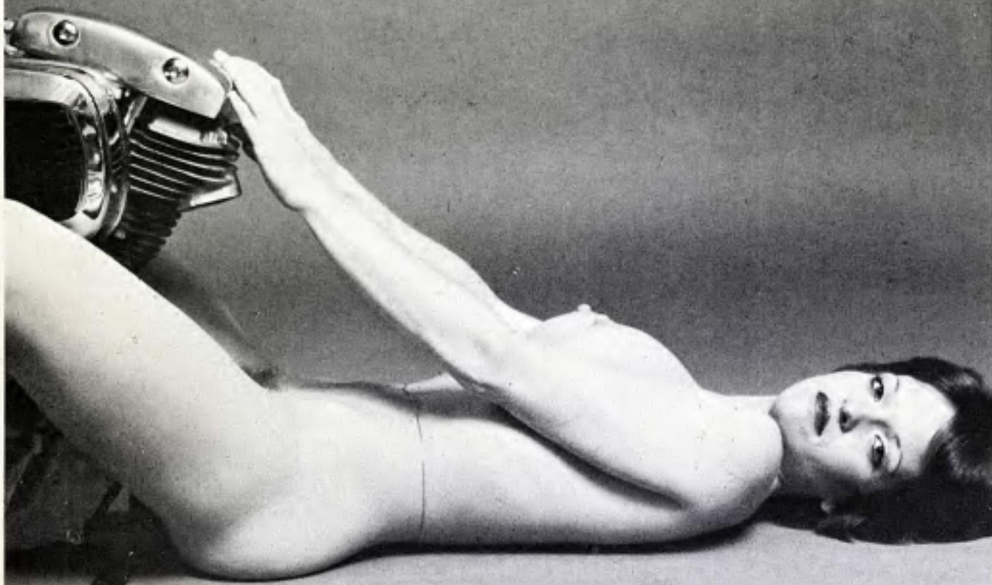
The 80th issue, right? And we wanted somethin' really special—a broad makin' love to an 80 flathead engine. Eighty flathead mills aren't easy to find, though.

So our Texas connection slipped into the local Hog farm in search of a big-incher. Our Texas connection has an eye for motorcycles—it's in his blood. But he also has an eye for women. And there was this slick-lookin' sweetie belled up to the counter, countin' out some long green. Billy investigated.

She was in the process of buying an eighty mill for her ol'







man—almost a fifteen-hundred long-green investment. Billy asked if they had any more 80s in stock. Nope. Off into a sheltered corner he dragged this stacked, sumptuous sweetheart.

Serious negotiations got under way, and when the smoke cleared, our man had discovered that the lady was willing to do anything to keep the eighty. She was in love with the big-inch V-twin and wasn't about to let even one of those eighty inches out of her sight.

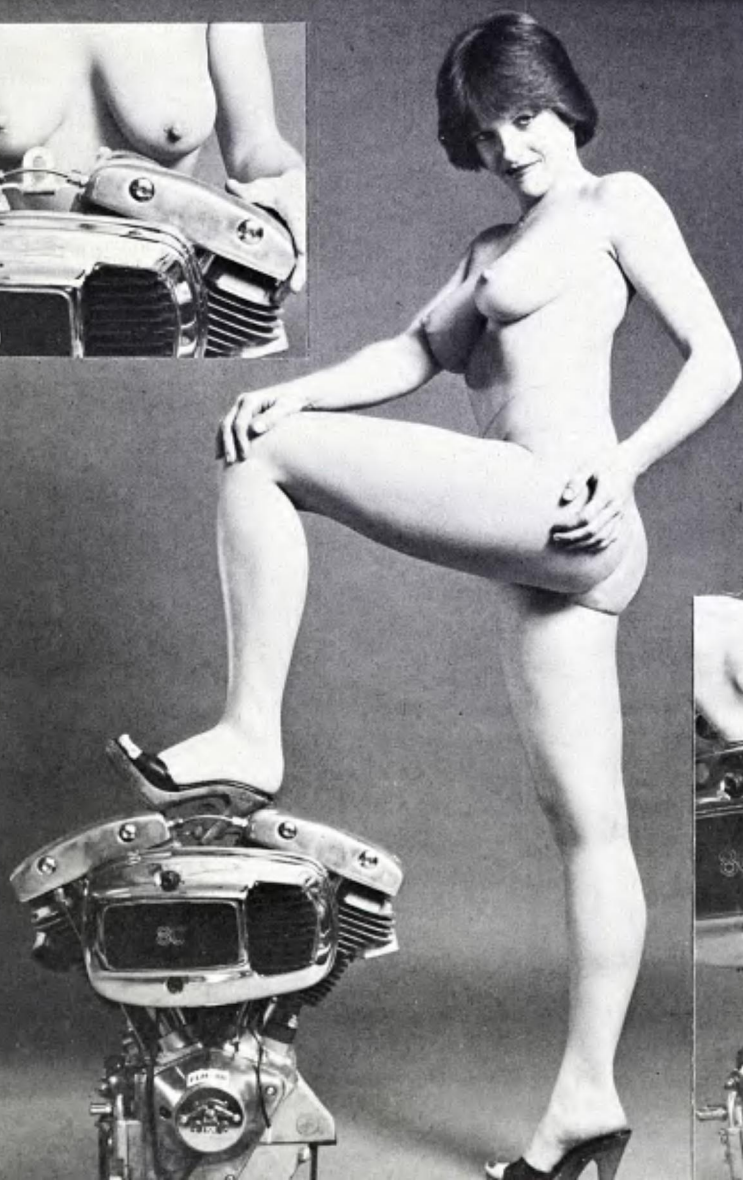
She promptly became our prime candidate for this feature.

Her concern for the new mill went even beyond devotion. She became obsessed with retaining possession. The Texas connection was forced to cover the fifteen hundred until the mill returned home. That's dedication—to an engine, to an issue, to an ol' man, and to Harley-Davidson.

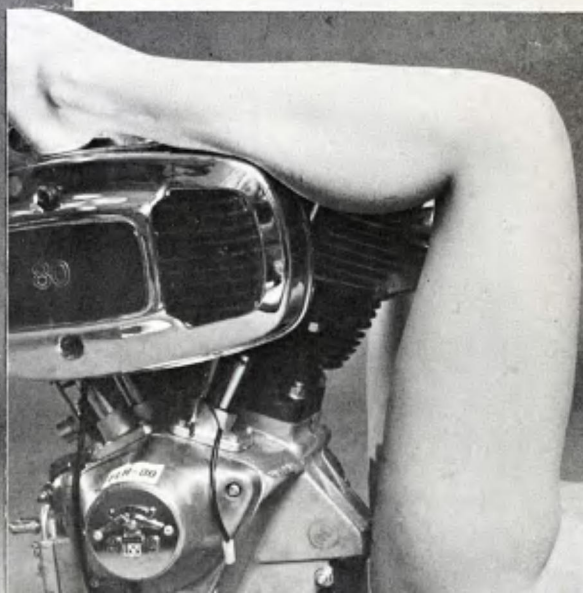
—Weed



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Photos by Billy Tinney



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The Ticket Book was written by a former police officer and details every legal avenue you have, and the arresting department's requirements in the aftermath of a traffic ticket. You'll find out you've paid tickets that ya could've beaten. Don't take it any longer — get mad as hell and send in \$6.95 plus 75¢ postage.



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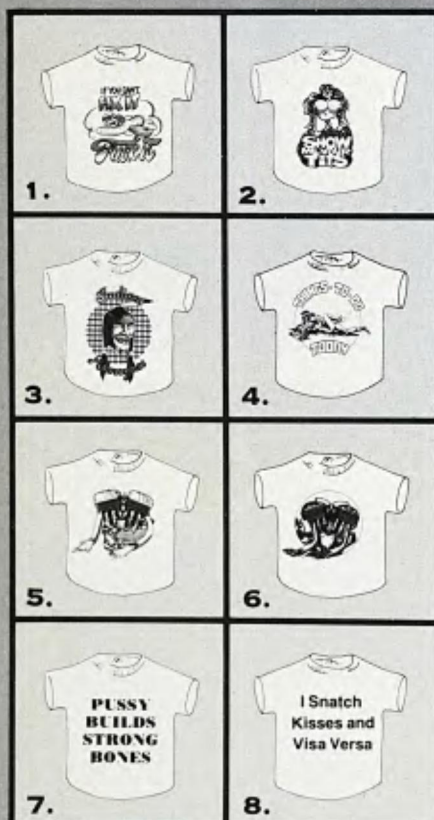
torneys calling my superiors—seems to be more and more these days—uh, to have these guys surrender rather than to be arrested. I have been successful and lucky with my superiors in that they don't usually go along with that; in fact, we do get the second arrest. Along with the second arrest, if you find other things, you could create the staggered charging situation. And that is, you charge one offense, where there may be two offenses arising out of slightly different fact patterns—you do a search, you find a gun; you go back and make the second arrest, you find something else. Now, normally, you would combine those cases. You'd simply issue one case with different charges. That is not necessary. You can file one case, start that down the criminal process: arraignment, appearance, bail setting. Once that gets down the road a little bit, you file the second case; new arrests, new arraignments, new bail, new appearances, more attorney costs.

"As long as you don't have the same exact fact situation, you are justified in having staggered charges. And that is going to depend on your particular district attorney's philosophy of life or what your deputy district attorneys can get away with. But if you can put that thing across over a cup of coffee with some of your prosecutors, it may be a good idea. And it is awfully nice to have the guy appearing all the time in court.

"Later on for a few minutes, I will talk about the cross-designation situation where you take a case that has a federal violation and a state violation, or maybe two violations, and do this multiple filing routine. Now, in multiple jurisdictions, you got the guy going like a ping-pong ball, back and forth across the street in state and federal court. Every time he appears it costs money, he is inconvenienced, and it's just a bunch of fun.

"Basically, those are the things that you can do, using the system that we all fight every day as a positive tool. And the philosophy behind it is not outrageous; it is simply that you are allowing the system to do its thing, rather than to grant those short cuts and conveniences to the defendant that we usually do in the system—allowing him to surrender, doing the courteous things that you do just because you are the kind of people you are. That is not necessary—you can make it just as nasty for him as he has made it for somebody on the streets. That's an unofficial way to do it, hopefully, without getting in trouble.

"The problem you will have in trying to put that kind of an idea across to the prosecutor is that they are real worried about ethical considerations, because they are officers of the court. Many of them will not want to take the personal responsibility of having them have a supervisor call them into his office and say attorney so-and-so called me and said you were really screwing around his client. They don't want to get into that position. That is something you are going to have to find out with your



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own DA—some of them will do it. They are chargers. They enjoy the game. But some of them will avoid it. Those who do it, you will find it is a lot of fun. And it is also nice to get supervisors who enjoy doing it.

"One other situation that I just want to mention briefly is something that prosecutors do not have a lot of control over. That is the individual suit, civil suit, that will be filed against police officers. The only thing that a prosecutor can do in regard to that as he is issuing a case, or is writing up search warrants or going out on a search warrant or whatever he is doing, is to try to be aware of that potential problem in regard to how a warrant is served, or situations that may arise as far as damage to personal property is concerned when he is out there, and be of some help in acting as an attorney in the civil sense for the police officers. And that is totally at the discretion of the district attorney as to whether he wants to get involved in that. Obviously, he can't appear for you as a civil attorney, but he can help you, I think, from time to time in advising you on those kinds of problems that you may run into in regard to handling the individual on the street and avoiding civil suits. You're going to get them because when defense counsel, acting on a contingency fee now, as a civil attorney, wants to make a few extra bucks, he's gonna suggest to his client, 'Why the hell don't you sue the city if they took your property and won't give it back?' Or 'Sue the police officer if he had to put you in cuffs and throw you on the ground.' That's gonna happen. But if you lay the groundwork appropriately in your police reports, if you have some assistance from counsel, the prosecutor, in a civil sense, you can avoid some of these problems. I'd only suggest that you might, from time to time, again over a cup of coffee, talk to your prosecutor if you feel like it and make him aware of the fact that that is something that you worry about. And if the guy is thinking correctly he is going to give you a little bit of help when he can if he thinks in that regard. And that's about as far as you can go.

—Continued on page 95



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OL' LADY PHOTO CONTEST



Puddin



Liberty

Look over this month's crop of cuties in **Easyriders** Second Annual Ol' Lady Contest. Again this year, the entrants will be competing for a grand prize of one thousand bucks and a fun-filled visit with the disgustin' editorial staff.

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

Now here's how the contest works. Each month, we'll publish as many photos of good technical quality as space allows. The shots don't have to be professional—just in focus and properly exposed. You readers will then select the winner and runners-up from each month's published entries. Each monthly winner will receive \$100, each runner-up \$25, and the contributor \$10. After the twelve monthly winners have

been selected, there'll be a final voting to choose **Easyriders Ol' Lady of the Year** for 1979. Judging should be based on looks, build, tattoos, and other outstandin' stuff. The gals can be dressed or not—it's up to you. We're not lookin' for raunchy stuff—just tasty shots of all those fine ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if ya want, but it's not necessary to win.

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

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is January 21. We'll print the winner in the May issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #80 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Heidi Domjahn



Susan La Porte



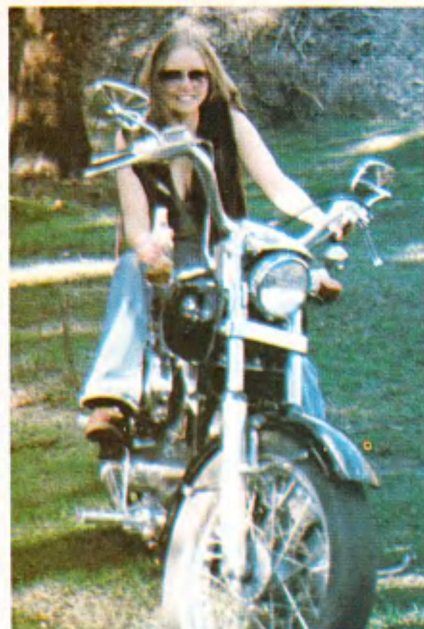
Sweet Rita



Here she is, folks—Bonnie Sawyer, the ninth winner in the 1979 **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Roseann, Robertal Weatherford, and Cindy Betts.



Norene Sun



Angela Pantle



Joan Ann Mills



Kandy

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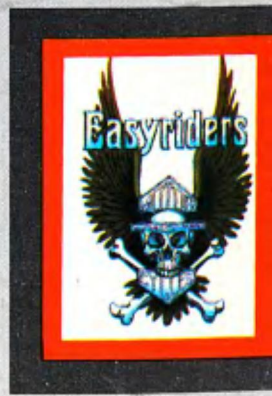
M-13 "Won't Start"



M-12 "Country Style"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

—Continued from page 91

"I have also found, I also believe that where you act, there is safety in numbers, and that where you act in groups, on these arrests on bikers where you know there is going to be violence or a problem, you are protected because built into the officers who are helping you, or assisting you in serving a warrant or making arrests, are witnesses to the civil action. So, make everybody aware of the fact that that is a common problem; they can keep their eyes open to what is going on. They see you taking down asshole number one, somebody should watch what is going on so he can testify later on in a civil action. What happened exactly. That will be of some help to you. So think about the civil ramifications as well as the criminal when you are out in the field.

"All right, as far as (bed?) is concerned in our particular strategy, that is the kind of thing I try to use or try to inculcate and contribute into the system, and that is a low profile and screwing the defendant with the system. That's about all I can do. Now obviously, the other aspects of a hard-line prosecutor routine—you simply don't go down on cases where you've got a decent fact pattern. Take them to trial. In our office, we have pretty good success with that. Like any office, when cases get sent from one deputy to another, in the process, you are going to have people that are going to give away cases occasionally, and that happens, and it is the fault of the prosecution quite often if you don't have a particular problem in the case, there is no reason to give up anything. To hell with court time and inconvenience; if you've got a target defendant, the idea is to put as much screw to him as you can. And so, bring that home occasionally to the prosecutor, that this, in fact, is a special individual. Again, the hard facts of the bad-man rule and the facts that you have available to you. If your case is going to get given away, it is going to get given away in the long run. You can do what you can, but some things are not in your hands. Let me suggest to you this thought: I think, especially after listening to comments, that all of you have a tendency to think of the end product as jail or a large fine, and that is obviously a good end product. But it is not something you have control over all of the time. If you think of it—your function—in terms of the kinds of things we are talking about here, screwing the guy as he goes down the line, with multiple arrests, and multiple charges, you're going to ac-

—Continued on page 98



"Today, kiddies, I'll explain to you the expression 'There's more than one way to skin a cat.'"

Has Another Issue Gone Down?

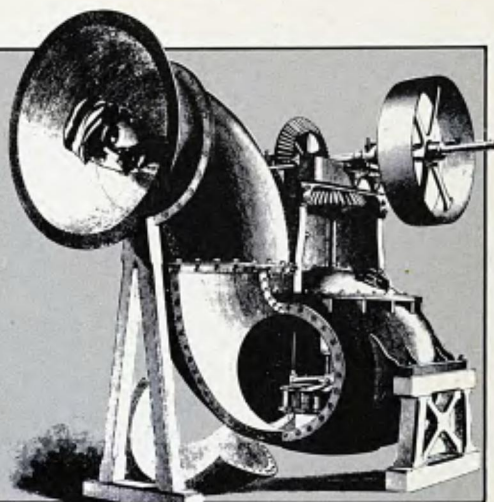
Yes, and the others are fadin' fast.

Now in addition to issues number 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 32, 35, 39, 42, 53, 61, 65 and 69, issue 76 is no longer available. Don't miss out on the remaining issues that are still available. Get your order in pronto. We've got guys who'd give their left nut for those early issues.

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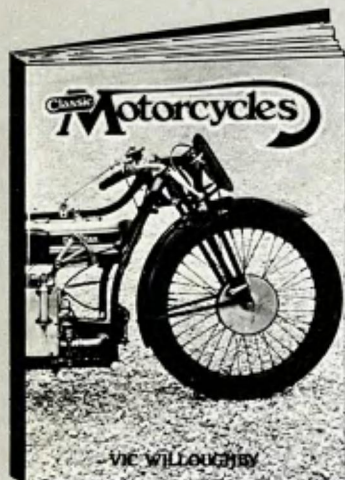
But there's one caution: sitting 27 inches from the road, don't expect a lot of company. Most fair weather riders will be perched on faceless, nameless transportation a few inches above you. And a few thousand miles from what biking is all about.

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comply a lot because our philosophy has been that we'd like to send them all to state prison, but mostly we'd like to get them out of the county. And if you can make it as inconvenient to the guy as possible, along the line, even if ultimately he gets a misdemeanor and gets away from the painful aspect of jail, he will have a distasteful and continuous prolonged involvement with you and the system. There are only so many things you can accomplish within your function. The prosecutor and the judges, later on, are part of the system, and you can bitch about them, but you can't do anything.

"Let me speak about cross-designation. I have found from talking around, and from contact with the U.S. Attorney's office, that there is a general reluctance on the part of the federal government to get involved in what are basically local—they term—basically local problems. They are not really interested in the local biker; they are more interested in aliens and other cases. However, if you can get the ear of a U.S. Attorney, you can reap a lot of benefits from dragging the bikers through the federal system. Let me tell you that the federal system is geared to the prosecution. Defense attorneys do not like the federal system—I'll tell you some of the reasons why in a minute. So, if you can push your defendant into the federal system, you've got a big plus already, and you're going to have some reluctance, I think. We are right now involved in a cross-designated situation. That is, two, uh, four now, of our deputies have been commissioned as U.S. Attorneys; this was basically done under the concept of organized crime and large fraud cases. But when I got that appointment I was also on the... force, so we decided, well, hell, a defendant is a defendant and we decided to crank our bikers through it. Primarily gun cases. We have been rather successful with it. The idea is to allow a prosecutor, from the initiation of a case, to choose that jurisdiction which will best serve him, and quite frankly, it is prosecution shopping, right, court shopping, because there are many instances, a number of instances, especially in the larger cases, when a federal prosecution is the way to go. California being a lenient state, uh, progressive, if you will, in some people's terminology, it is not a good place for prosecutors, not a happy place. The federal system, because it is pretty much uniform throughout the country, is. And so, the idea was to give the prosecutor that kind of discretion in calling where he was going to go, depending on the kind of evidence, the kind of case he had. As far as the bikers are concerned, we have used to date only the gun charges, although there are other things available to us, section 18 USC, I think, Code 9528, says that for instance it is illegal for an ex-felon, or interestingly enough, anyone under federal indictment, not even convicted, but under indictment to possess any, quote, any, (break in tape)... the concept is there. California says, you know, that an ex-felon cannot have a concealable firearm. Well, we ran into a situ-

ation where the defense attorneys were telling these bikers, once they came off a felony conviction and were on probation, that they couldn't have hand guns. And so the bikers were going to shotguns. After the first few prosecutions for possession of long guns, uh, by an ex-felon, there were repercussions on the defense attorneys who had given that sage legal advice. And now the concept is getting around that you can't possess any firearm.

"The first case we took over to the federal side resulted in a conviction and probation. Luckily, the individual came back over to the state side and was given, I think, six months on a traffic problem and also a gun charge. The second guy over was convicted of possession of a twenty-two, I believe it was, rifle, which had been used in the quote suicide of a female a couple years ago where she shot herself twice in the chest, who was the ex-girlfriend of this guy, I believe, at least associated, and the judge over there, hearing felon, biker and a murder—excuse me, a suicide—with this gun previously, gave the guy three years for possession of a twenty-two rifle. That came as a rude shock to his defense attorney. So we found that going over there with that kind of case is a lot of fun. Some of the other pluses, for federal prosecution, if you can get access to a federal court—the, uh, search warrant situation is a little bit easier on the federal side. It is a little bit easier to get a search warrant. The law is not that much different, but where it can favor corroboration of your affiant, especially with an informant, it is easier to get it on the federal side than it is in California. And you might check in your particular jurisdiction with your attorney, what the particular discrepancies are between state and federal requirements for a search warrant. You'll find that it is easier in California to get a search warrant where there are guns involved, or federal crimes involved. Rule 21, which is that federal rule which governs search warrants, is a little more lenient in the long run than California cases.

"The federals do not have the telephonic search warrant situation. I don't know how many of you have used that or have it available to you. We do have the telephonic, which basically allows the police officers to get on with the DA and a judge in conference call from the site and lay out the affidavit by way of a conference call which is recorded and used as your

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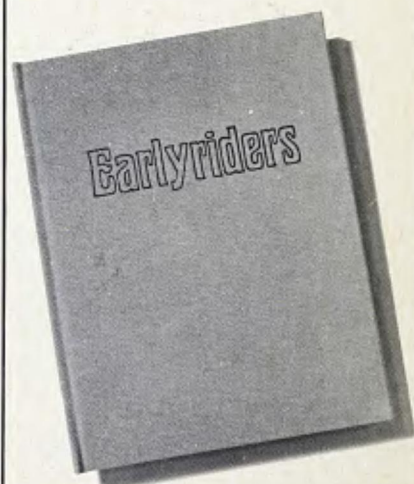
underlying affidavit. We have used that quite often, especially on a search for guns and you find narcotics. You can seize them, obviously, or if you get the situation where you want to search for something that is not on your search warrant or a place that is not on your warrant, a telephonic is permissible in California and we have been using it. The federal rules do not have it; however, Rule 41 does not exclude the use of a telephonic, so if you get into a situation where you have an ex-felon with guns, you can get your telephonic for a state charge and use the evidence ascertained by a telephonic in federal court because there is nothing in the system of the telephonic search warrant that excludes it under Rule 41. As a matter of fact, Congress is debating a telephonic incorporation into Rule 41; I think they are going to have it in about eighteen months. So they are well on the way to it, and the judges, like any judges, are going to be shocked and dismayed by something new they have to think about. But it is not adverse to Rule 41; you can use it. So, I think a telephonic for federal investigations is available and I think it should be used.

"For those jurisdictions like California that don't have a wire tap, that's a very cumbersome situation. You're going to use it very seldom, certainly in regard to bikers. It is available under the federal system if you can find some prosecution who wants to get into that kind of a job. You can use the wire tap if you have an on-going conspiracy. You have to realize that if you go telephonic or if you are involved in information from a wire tap, you have absolutely excluded any prosecution in California with the evidence ascertained from that, not only the evidence itself but any leads developed from the evidence derived from the wire tap. California will not have that in prosecution.

"However, it is perfectly okay on the federal side.

"More important to you, I think, is the situation with bank records. In a case called *Burrows vs Superior Court* in 1974, the California Supreme Court took the position that in order to get bank records of an individual that you are investigating, you must serve the bank with some kind of legal process. Now, it has not reached the stage, I believe, of being probable cause, although it comes damn close. So you get yourself in California in the situation of in order to develop probable cause by bank records to make an arrest or to prosecute a case, you have to have probable cause to get the bank records, so you go around in the circle. Fouls up a lot of cases because you can't get the bank records because you can't generate probable cause. Not only that but under the privacy acts and under the *Burrows* case itself, your target defendant will have to be notified within a period of time that in fact you have, if you get the process, invaded his bank records. So, unless your investigation is going to wind up rather quickly, your defendant is going to be notified that you have gone into his bank records, and you can imagine what is going to happen after that. So, *Burrows* has effectively stunted a lot of investigation—especially in the organized crime area, in which I include bikers

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—of bank records.

"The federal government has not fallen prey to that kind of philosophy. The federals do not believe that a subpoena for bank records invades a Fourth Amendment right of privacy; it is not in fact a search, according to federal law, and so if you are operating with the U.S. Attorney and he chooses to go in after bank records of a particular individual, he can, by way of a grand jury subpoena, secure those bank records for you and you can examine them and you may not have to go to grand jury at all and you may not have to issue cases if this does not pan out and thereby notify your defendant. If in fact you do go for a prosecution, the defendant won't find out about it until you have your grand jury hearing and the indictment comes down, because of the secrecy situation of the federal grand jury, and even after that he won't be notified as to the securing of bank records until trial because of the discovery law, so the federals have the ability to get bank records at their whim, whereas in California they all have to have something a little bit more than that. You might keep that in mind that you have that tool available to you—it is very helpful.

"If you go federally, you have another benefit in discovery. That is, under California law, you have got to disclose your complete case, the prosecutor, except for your personal notes. Everything that you have in your file has to be disclosed to the defense after the case is filed. Now, that may be very harmful to you. You can, of course, keep back witnesses for reasons of safety, for a period of time. Also they will have to be disclosed if you are going to go to trial . . . the Grand Jury transcripts are disclosed in their entirety to defense counsel after the indictment, via a motion for discovery. So, if you are investigating or prosecuting a case where you have witness problems, where you don't even want the defense to know that certain witnesses in an area were called and testified before a grand jury, you are up a creek in California, ultimately, because before trial they are going to have to know the kind of evidence, and, in fact, all of the evidence, that appeared in front of the grand jury.

"Federally, you don't have to tell them a damn thing. You can get a federal indictment based on hearsay, which means that the police officers, yourself, you go in there in front of the grand jury, and you can say 'I talked to X, he told me the following. I talked to Y, I did this investigation, I did something, somebody over three counties away told me the following, and I've always felt this' . . . and the subline for that is that all the information that you give to a federal grand jury came to you by way of hearsay; it does not have to be original testimony. But more important, at the time the indictment comes down, disclosure does not have to be made. All the defense is entitled to after a federal indictment—for instance, you should know that almost every case, federal citation, by grand jury indictment, does not go by way of preliminary hearing. The only evidence that is mandatory for disclosure to the defense after a federal indictment as far as trial, that is as far as the day you walk in there and try the case,



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are statements made by the defendant himself, physical evidence, evidence of expert examination, and let's see what else, something, and his criminal record. That is it! Any testimony of grand jury witnesses can be kept secret until time of trial, and if your witnesses are not going to be used at trial, they never get it and they never know about it. So, if you have an informant that comes in for the federal grand jury and puts that capper of evidence on there, to get you the indictment, and then during the time that you are preparing for the trial, uh, you develop other evidence that will make your case and the prosecutor and you can convict the guy without using that informant's testimony, they never know the informant testified, it is never made available to them.

"At trial, the only time that you have to give up statements or testimony made in the federal grand jury is when the witness takes the stand. So you give the prosecutor a delightful situation where you call a witness that the defense didn't know about, he gets on the stand, and as he gets on the stand, you walk over and you drop the transcript of the grand jury testimony or the police officer's report on the defense counsel's desk, and you start your direct examination. And while you are directly examining, he is thumbing through trying to figure out what the hell the guy said that might impeach him. It's a lot of fun.

"The point being that it is a tremendous trial tactic available to the federal prosecutor. But more important in your situation, you can, if it's adroitly accomplished, prevent the defense from ever knowing about the informant or witnesses that you simply don't want harassed. You have five people testifying who were beaten and you know that all five of them are going to be attacked or threatened if their names are known or if the circumstances are disclosed where somebody can put two and two together and figure out who they were. Those people never have to be disclosed but for the ones that may testify at trial. Maybe only one or two of them have to testify at trial, and by then it is a fait accompli. So discovery and the protection of grand jury transcripts on the federal side are very conducive to the kind of prosecution where you have witness intimidation problems.

"All right, just a few other items. Double-jeopardy situations. Basically, in our country we do not allow double punishment or double trials for the same offense. However, keep in mind that the federal jurisdiction could be in an entirely different sovereign from the state jurisdiction. You can, in fact, have a prosecution of an individual in both jurisdictions for the same, basically the same acts, if you do it adroitly. That is, if you can find an element of the crime on the federal side that is not needed to prove the state charge, you can go both ways, if you go state first.

"A classic example is where, if I remember the facts correctly, a guy goes into a bank and robs the bank, which is a federally insured bank. While he is in there, he assaults the guard. They tried him on the state side for assaulting the guard, all right. That involved certain elements to be proved, the elements of assault. He was convicted there. The federals then took

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him over and tried him for bank robbery, which was the same exact set of facts except that you had to prove that he took some money with intent to keep it. Then in your jurisdiction, if you get lucky with your judges, he gets sentenced consecutively.

"So, don't give up on the double prosecution; it isn't dead yet. How does that help you? Well, if your prosecutor knows that there is the availability of a federal prosecution, he may in fact have access to the U.S. court. He may allow it to go to the federal side for prosecution. Uh, sometimes it is more profitable to go that route because of the ease of trying the case. And so the problem is that the prosecutors don't think about that—they don't think about federal jurisdiction. If you know about it, you can throw in the facts and make your prosecutor aware of that and you may, in fact, get a little benefit out of it.

"Uh, immunity statutes. There is a distinction in situations where you have witnesses, you have a gang member that is willing to talk on those rare occasions, but he wants to avoid prosecution himself. In California and in many states, we have what we call use immunity, excuse me, transactional immunity. Transactional immunity means that if you grant this guy immunity to come in to a grand jury and testify, you cannot prosecute him for any act arising from the testimony that he gives. He tells you about a bank robbery; there is no way that you can prosecute him in the state for that bank robbery. That is state law. Transactional immunity—the whole transaction is whitewashed because he testified.

"Federally, they have only what we call use immunity. And that is that if he comes in and testifies in front of a federal grand jury, you cannot use his testimony or evidence derived from his testimony; but if you have independent testimony and independent evidence which would convict him, you can prosecute him. So, the federals take the more correct position under the law, in that they only prevent the prosecution from using that which the defendant is forced to provide. You simply can't use his words or the product of his words to convict him; but if you have other evidence, you can go ahead and prosecute him. A lot of defense attorneys, oddly enough, don't pick that up and they will allow their client to come in under a grant of immunity in the federal jurisdiction and testify, and then stand shocked when we



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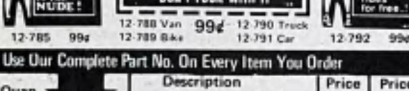
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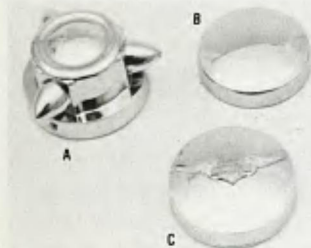
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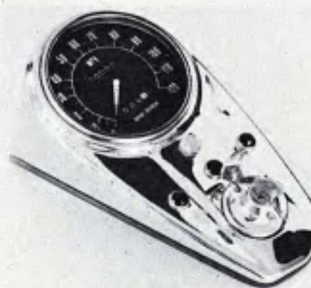


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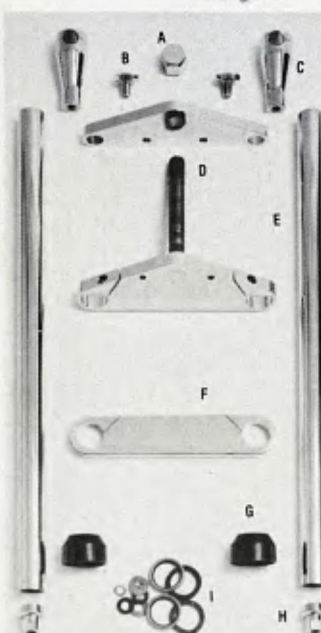
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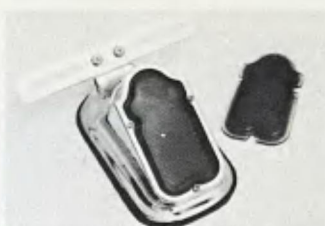


A) Harley Fatbob Mount Repair Kit. Simple-ass, clean installation of Fatbob tanks on any frame. Hog, Sporty, Honda, Kaw, etc. Only \$29.95 **B) Harley Fatbob Front Lower Mount.** Repair bracket has original slot and welds on frame. Only \$12.95 ea.

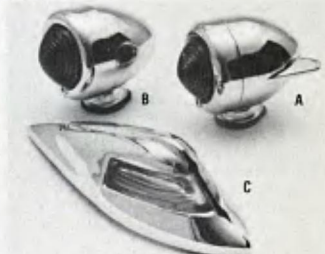
Fatbob Front End! Show some class, put yer forks together right. **A) Chrome stem nut.** Harley 74, wide glide and custom trees. Only \$6.95. **B) Upper cap.** 74 glide. 1949-77. Only \$14.95 pair. **C) Glide risers.** Chrome solid steel. 4" rise \$37.95, 6" rise \$38.95, 8" rise \$39.95. **D) Triple trees.** Harley 74, show chromed. 1949-77. Stock width \$99.95, 3" narrow \$99.95. **E) Fork tubes.** Harley 74, wide glide 1948-76. Complete with spacers. Specify stock, 2", 4", 6", 8", 10", 12" over; Harley 74 wide glide 1977-79, specify stock, 2", 4", 6", 8", 10", 12" over. Only \$69.95 pair. **F) Tweek Bar.** Harley 74 wide glide. Highly polished aluminum with split. Stock width or 3" narrow. Only \$29.95 ea. **G) Wiper Boots.** Harley 74 wide glide. Only \$4.95 pair. **H) Lower Cap.** Harley 74 glide 1949-77 \$14.95 pair. **I) Fork Seal Kit.** Harley 74 1949 to present FL & FLH. Only \$7.95 ea.



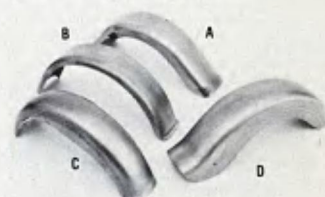
A) Headlight Bracket for Harley 74 stock wide glide trees. Bolt holes 2 1/2" C to C. Only \$6.95 ea. **B) Bottom Mount Headlight Bracket.** Fits Sportsters, Super Glides, & our custom wide trees. Only \$6.95 ea.



Tombstone Tail Light. All metal replica of Harley early style tail light. With plastic lens. \$29.95. With glass lens \$39.95. Glass replacement lens. \$12.95 ea.



A) Deluxe Marker Light. 12-volt only, red lens. With fins. \$7.95 ea. **B) Marker Light** without fins. Only \$5.95 ea. **C) Old Style Fatbob Front Fender Light.** Updated version of Harley light, solid dye cast with concealed mounting bolts, amber lens, 12-volt only. \$19.95 ea.



Fatbob Fenders. **A)** New styling, deep side walls. Specify left or right hand. Only \$24.95. **B)** New 6" flat bobbled fender, 41" long, 16 gauge steel, super nice bobbled end. Only \$24.95. **C)** Sportster bobbled fender, custom replacement. Only \$34.95. **D)** Old style Fatbob fender. Steel, specify left or right hand. Only \$34.95.



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complices. You break one guy down, you get him to testify, he's got to be corroborated by some other facts; sometimes that corroboration is hard to come by, especially in the area of the kind of little societies that you deal with where people are either killed or frightened—you just can't get corroborating evidence; you don't have an inside police officer to give you some information. California requires corroboration of an accomplice; federals do not. You can get a conviction based on simply the testimony of an accomplice. One problem you have federally is that a judge, a federal judge, may be asked and may give an instruction to the jury which warns them that they should consider the testimony of an accomplice very closely before they convict somebody based solely on one person's testimony. But if you have a decent case or a credible accomplice, credible in terms of appearance in front of a jury, you can survive that kind of instruction and get a conviction based on one person's word against another. It is very helpful; in California you can't do it.

"Finally, again, this is an area that you probably would not get to use but you should be made aware of it. Under the 1970 Safe Streets Act, there was developed a racketeering section called RICO, and as a general comment on RICO they say that if you can show an on-going pattern of criminal activity as a part of the proof of your case, from which there is derived money that has been used to put into a legitimate business, you can confiscate the business; prove where the money came from and the government takes control and ownership of the business, even though the money that is in it is now 'washed' in the sense that you have a legitimate business. With bikers who are obviously into an on-going pattern of criminal activity such as dope and gun running, if you can show that—I believe it takes two witnesses, it is difficult to show, but it can be done, especially if you have an on-going pattern of criminal activity—if you can then trace that money, again, using your federal statutes for bank records, into a business, a motorcycle shop, property, anything like that—trace the money; show that the ill-gotten gains, if you will, are used to buy a legitimate business, you can confiscate the business. And it is a matter of a tough thing to prove, but the benefits reaped from it are tremendous because you can take the business, sell it, and put the money back in (inaudible). So, uh, that is a tool that I think maybe some of the larger jurisdictions should develop.

"The problem we are going to have is to generate and make the bureaucracy work. That is just something that you have, an on-going problem. We, uh, have had some success. You are going to have inter-agency squabbles, you are going to have supervisors that have (inaudible) to protect; all those kinds of problems. But the overall combined effect and combined activity when police officer and the prosecutor work together, is really salutary and a lot of fun, and I hope that the cross-designation idea works out. If you can't get cross-designation in your jurisdiction, get a U.S. Attorney, coerce him into being a prosecutor. It's a lot of fun. Thank you. ■

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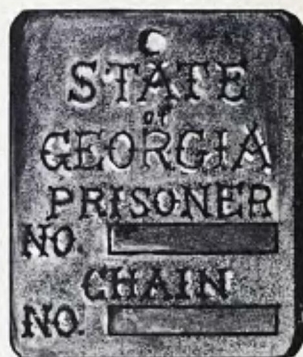
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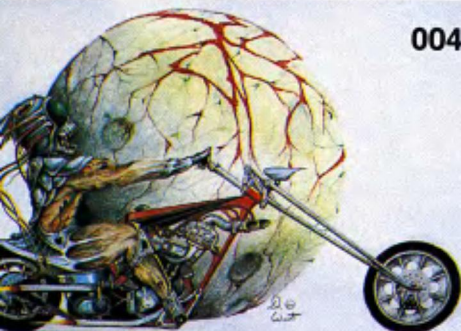
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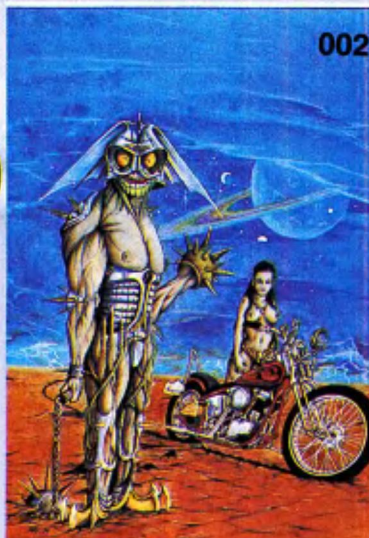
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007

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SIZE							
COLOR							
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QTY.							
SIZE							
COLOR							
AMT.	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$

Subtotal \$

Sales Tax (%) \$

Postage \$

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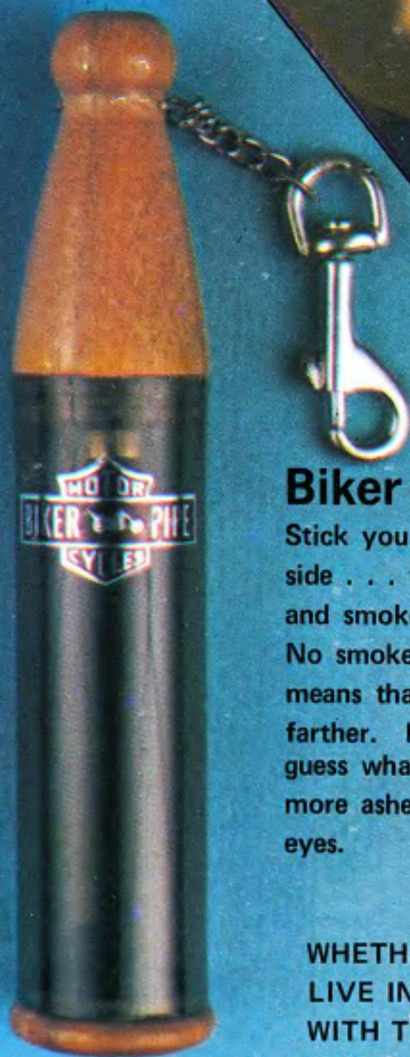
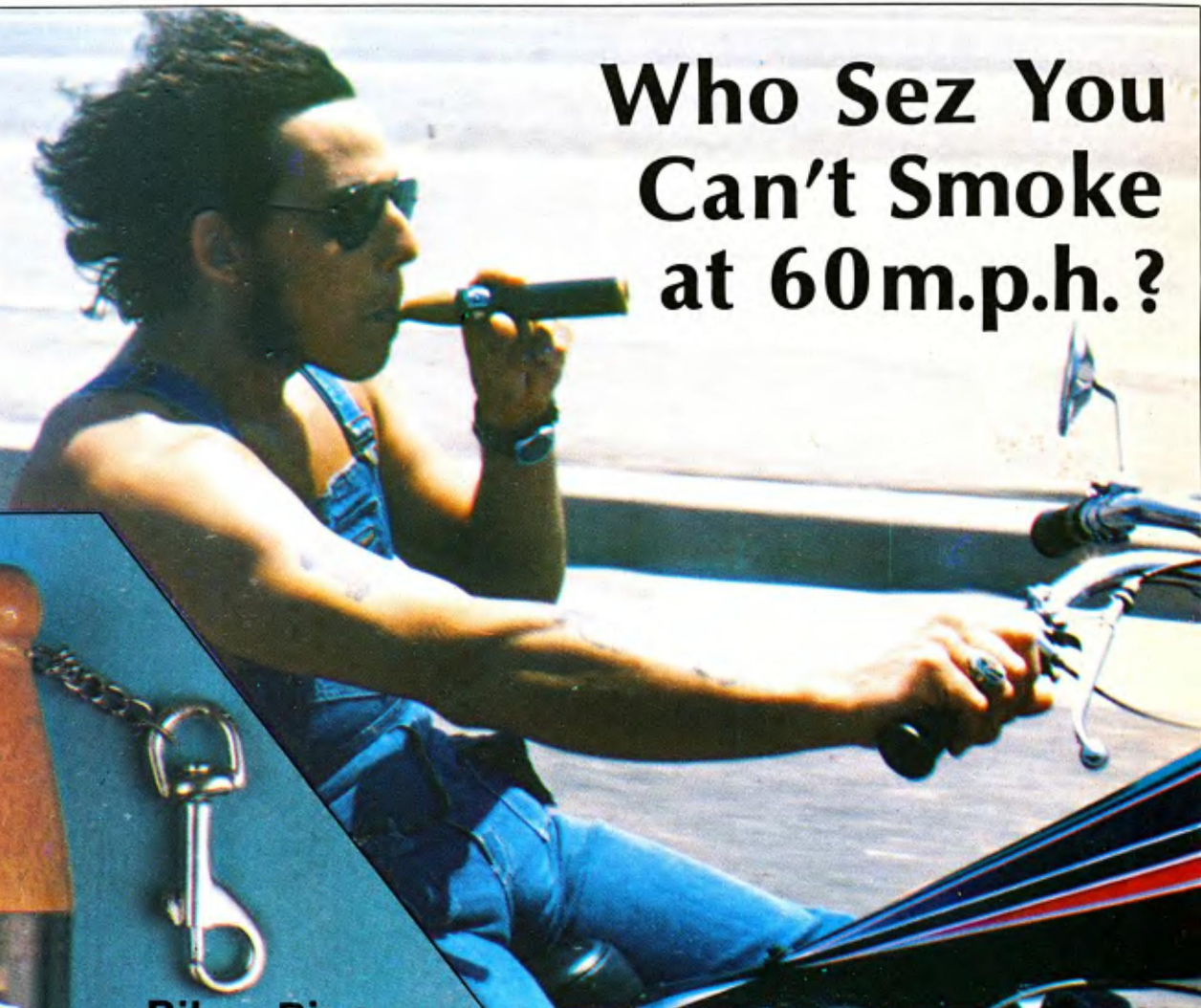
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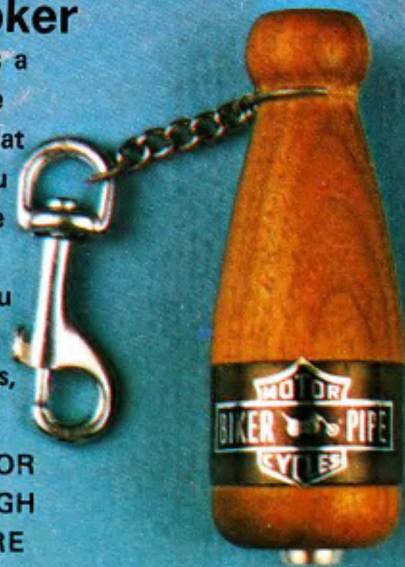


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Stick your doobie inside . . . fire it up and smoke on . . . No smoke lost — means that bag goes farther. Hev. and guess what . . . no more ashes in your eyes.

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



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\$5.50 + 50¢ postage & handling

Calif. residents add 6%

Old Man's Harley

—Continued from page 13

few years my senior. It wasn't hard to find bigger guys to fight, because I was a small dude then, and I still am. But this led to complications—the bigger they were, the harder it was to beat them, and I received my share of stompings, which were usually followed by another from my old man. He always made sure that his asskicking hurt worse than its predecessor, justifying himself by saying that whenever I decided his beatings were too much to bear, I would start winning my fights and eventually be able to stomp his ass, too. I don't think it ever occurred to him that I didn't really want to stomp his ass.

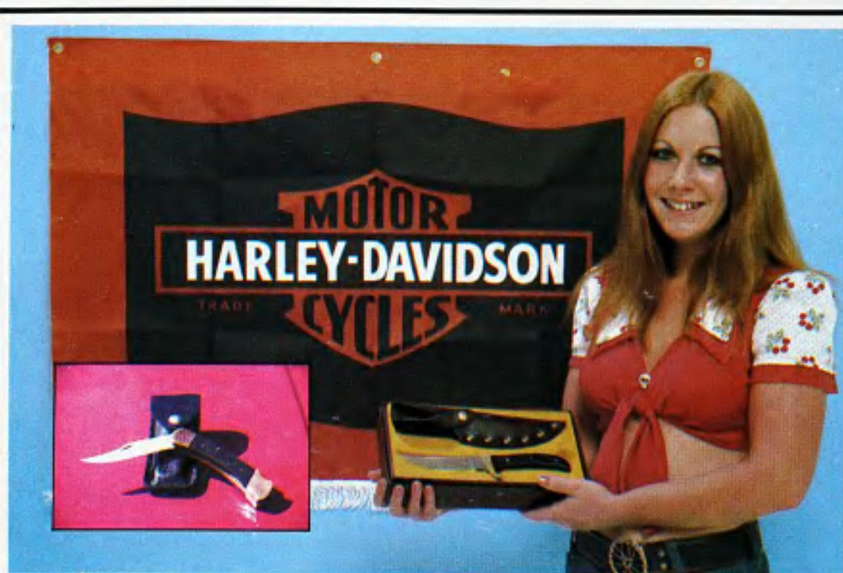
My old man didn't approve of "that karate shit" or other martial arts, saying that men fight with their hands and women fight with their feet. So I didn't tell him when I fought a guy in the eighth grade who kicked my ass using karate. I just took both of my whippings, the one from the karate kid and the one from my old man for losing the fight. I got to know this karate dude and eventually I asked him to teach me some of his stuff. He became a good friend of mine because we both liked to fight and to practice fighting. He wanted to teach me everything he knew—he was a brown belt—but I told him that I just wanted to work on the speed, the hands, movements, and blows. I didn't want to learn the use of the legs and the feet—I wasn't about to become a woman.

I learned fast, and after six months of strenuous training I was not only fast, but I knew how and where to hit a man to drop him without any trouble. I learned to keep on the move and to avoid my opponent. I learned how to kill a man with my bare hands and minimum effort. By the time I was a sophomore in high school, Johnny, the guy who was teaching me, said he couldn't teach me any more unless I wanted to learn the kicks. I told him that if I couldn't beat a guy with my hands I would just lose the fight. But we still sparred together and did a lot of exercising. I became so good with my hands that Johnny told me that even he couldn't beat me unless he used his hands and feet. He was a black belt by that time.

And by that time I wasn't losing fights any more.

One time my mother suggested that we go on a picnic in the woods and do a little fishing, which my old man had taken to of late. We stopped and bought the usual quart of Jack Daniel's for my old man and a couple of six-packs for me. But just then he decided that he was going to teach me to drink like a man, since I still couldn't fight like one, and he bought an extra bottle of Jack. We got our picnic spot all set up and then the old man and I sat on the shore of the lake, threw out a line, and broke open both bottles. I wasn't much of a whiskey drinker at sixteen, but I wanted to show him that I was as hardcore as the next guy. We sat drinking the stuff straight and not saying anything for a while. I was getting drunk, feeling more at ease with this man than I had been in a long time. It was almost like the old days when he would take me for rides on that black, chopped monster of his.

I was deep in thought when I heard him say



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

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



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

Be sure to state your size.



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It's a **hand-made**, two-inch-wide hunk of fine leather that has a leather flap riveted on one side, with the other side snapping shut over your watch for protection. The top of the flap comes either plain (so you can do your own thing), with a Harley emblem, or "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" emblem branded in the thick leather **\$8.50** plus **50¢** for postage and handling.

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

Model #110 (photo on left), the traditional biker's knife. 4-inch locking blade, brass bolsters and Macassar ebony handle. **\$24.95** plus **\$1.75** for postage and handling, includes leather sheath.



Scooter Wallets

Branded with either Harley-Davidson or "Ride to Live." The large trucker's wallet is made of heavy cowhide, has three pouches and comes with a safety chain for only **\$17.75** plus **\$1.00** postage and handling.

Our most popular wallet is the riveted biker wallet. Heavy leather and strong rivets make this a life-time wallet. It also comes stamped with Harley-Davidson or "Live to Ride" and with a healthy safety chain for **\$11.50** plus **75¢** postage and handling.



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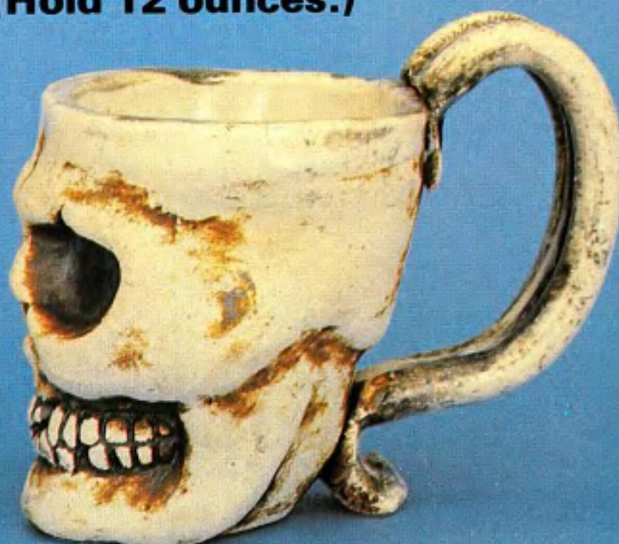
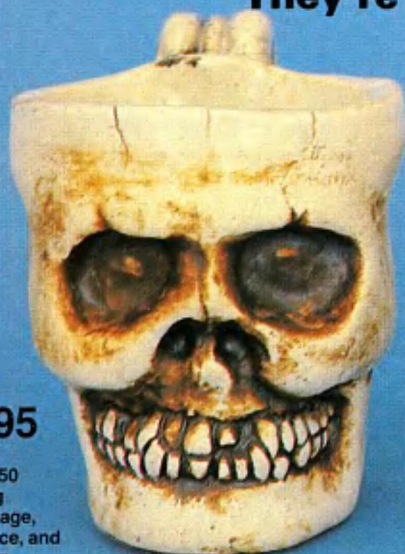
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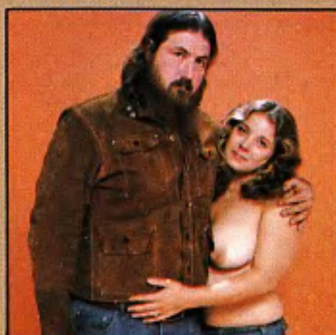
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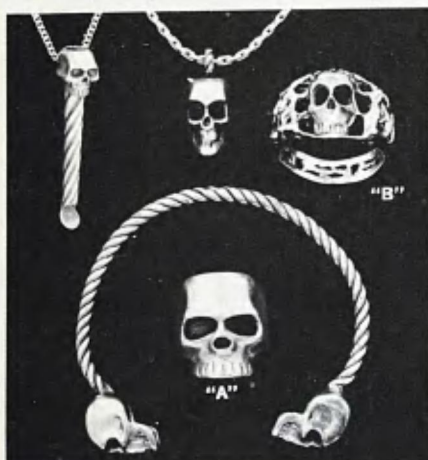
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something. I turned and looked at him. He asked me when was the last time I was in a fight, and I replied that I had had a fight less than two weeks earlier over a broad. He asked me then how long it had been since I had lost a fight. I looked at him proudly and said that I hadn't lost a fight in nineteen months. He took a long pull off the bottle and asked me with a straight face if I could beat him yet. I assured him that I didn't want to try, but that only got him pissed. He held his temper for a while longer, then asked me if I would like to try my luck. I punched him in the shoulder—with a smile—and told him that it would be a few years before I could tangle with the likes of him and walk away on my own two legs. He returned my punch—in the face. The blow felt like a head-on collision with a .44 mag, but I pretended it didn't hurt. I just kept smiling. He drew back and swung again. But this time I blocked it with ease. He got a wild look on his hairy face and stood up. He grabbed me by the arm and pulled me to my feet with a fierce grip, and I stood there face to face with two hundred and ten pounds of pissed-off biker. "I think you're ready now," he said, and cut loose. He gave me a right-left-right combination in the mug and a left in the gut. I slid to the ground and retched. He didn't even look down at me. He went back to the picnic and began scarfing down a chicken leg and sucking down a beer.

After I felt a little better, I dipped my snortag in the lake and wiped the blood from my nose and lip, then went back to fishing and finishing the remainder of the bottle. Two days later I quit school and went to work with my old man. He took to the idea right away. He always said that all that fancy, formal education shit was for lawyers and doctors, and they were mostly fairies anyway. One week later he co-signed a loan for me to buy a scooter, acting as if he had no interest in what make I bought, though I knew he would be pissed if I didn't buy a Harley. I had been asking—begging—him for his Harley since I was twelve or thirteen and the answer had always been, "Fuck no." So I figured if I bought a Trumpet he would tell me to get rid of it and give me the Harley.

I wanted that scooter so fucking bad I could taste it. I wanted it not only because it was his first and only bike, but because in '72 when he had dumped it and quit riding he nonetheless continued to work on it, and had rebuilt it. There was more than five thousand dollars worth of bike sitting in the garage wasting away. I've never seen a sled that, in my eyes, could match it for looks. I had to have it. He wouldn't let me put my scooter in the garage with his, saying he wasn't going to have a shit-eating Trumpet in the same garage with his machine. In his eyes, buying a Triumph was just more proof that I was going to be a cunt all my life.

I kept practicing the karate techniques that I had been taught. I bought a number of books and manuals on martial arts and started boxing on a competitive basis at the gym. I won a few trophies, and some of the instructors wanted me to take a try at professional boxing. Some of them gave me the names of karate schools and suggested that I check them out. I told them I would give it some thought, but never did. It wasn't my ambition to become a professional boxer or master of martial arts. If running a music shop was good enough for my old man, it was



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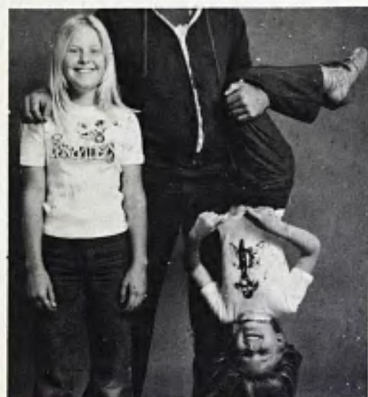


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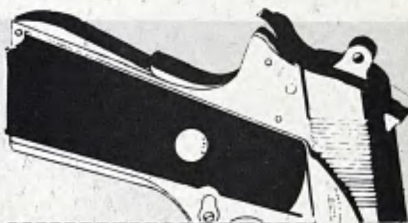
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certainly good enough for me.

Johnny talked me into starting a weight-lifting program with him, and I found that I really enjoyed a good workout. I went every other day and never missed a workout. I put on weight and felt stronger. I grew a beard and let my hair start creeping past my shoulders (looking more like my old man every day), and started riding with one of the neighborhood clubs. My father didn't say anything when I came home bearing the initiation colors, but I saw something resembling pride in his eyes, and I heard him tell my mother that night that it wasn't every seventeen-year-old that got to ride with a club, even if he did look much older.

One day I was riding with Big Rich and Shane, when some burr-headed idiot pulled out of a burger joint and cut right in front of us. Shane went into a slide and hit a parked car. Rich and I were lucky and didn't lose our scoots. The ugly bastard in the car didn't even stop—he just kept on going with that dumb smile on his mug. I went after him and Big Rich stopped to help Shane. The cage driver saw me trailing him and pulled down a side street, stopping on the side of the road in front of a house. I pulled up behind him and shut off my machine. He got out of his car and stood there waiting for me to come to him. He looked to be about twenty-eight or so and maybe a foot taller than my five foot five. He sported a Marine Corps tattoo on his right forearm.

I leaned back on the seat, put my feet up on the tank, and said to him, "I see the Marine Corps is still turning out its share of rednecks. I think you owe my friend an apology, scumbag." His face turned red and he started toward me. But before he closed the distance between us, I was off my sled and waiting for him. I was hoping he would feel that way about it. When he was almost up to me he reached around to the back of his belt and came out with a knife—nine or ten inches long and mostly blade, not too much handle. Now, I'm fast with my hands, and I ain't no coward, but that was a mean-looking piece of steel, sharp and shining. But there was no backing down now. My old man had fought a brawl with a .45 slug in his chest and I knew what he would expect me to do if he were here now. I was glad I had learned how to dance around to keep away from my opponent, because that was what I intended to do until I could take that ugly little toy away from him. I slowly backed into the front yard of the house where he had stopped, and I started moving around on my feet. He looked at me as if he thought this was going to be easy and started toward me. This guy was slow; he wasn't shit. He swung for my face with the knife as I went to my knees and planted my first punch in his nuts. Before the pain of that could sink in, his second swing was on its way toward my face. I came up with my left and caught him in the knife arm. The arm stopped dead, but the knife didn't—his hand opened and the knife parted hair and skin just above my left ear. My next punch took him in the nuts again, then I got him in the gut, the ribs, and finally, the throat. Before I could get one in his face he was on his way to the ground, holding his nuts in one hand and his throat in the other. I was standing above him watching him twist in pain, trying to decide whether or not I wanted to stomp on his face, when a car came to a screeching halt at the curb. To my astonishment, it was

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my old man. He ran up onto the lawn and stood looking at the shiteater on the ground, and then at me, with blood running down my face and a grin from ear to ear. He looked at the knife gleaming on the ground and then walked back to his car, got in, and left. I fired up my sled and went back to where Shane had dumped his scoot, but they were gone.

My father never did mention that incident to me, but I suspect he told my mother about it, because one day as I was sitting down to breakfast before work and my old man was taking a shit, she told me that she was proud of me and fortunate to have the two meanest characters in Chicago living in her house. She even promised to let me pack her around the block on my scoot in the near future. She never kept that promise, but I never really expected her to.

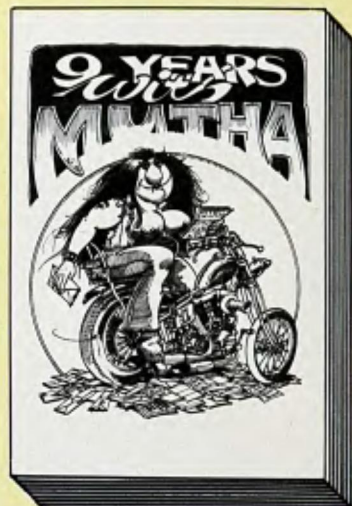
My seventeenth birthday came three weeks later. I got a new stereo and a Ted Nugent album from my mother, and a quarter-pound of Thai sticks and a large bong from my old man. My bros and I went out to Maple Lake and got twisted on Thai and beer. There were about thirty-five club members and even more chicks. I met a broad named Dixie and we got it on for a few hours. Eventually, everybody got a piece of her while I sat telling some of the stories my old man had told me when I was a kid. The bros enjoyed them almost as much as I did. Few of the bros had met my parents, but those who did respected and got along with them well. My father enjoyed talking with younger bikers, especially about brawls and good parties where the fucking and fighting were plentiful.

Two months later my old man turned forty-seven. I stayed home that night smoking dope and drinking booze with my parents—this time, even my mother got drunk. She brought out the pictures of her and the old man when they were still with the club, and we had a good time getting high and listening to my old man play his guitar. A little after midnight my mother went to bed, leaving the two of us to drink and smoke ourselves into oblivion. We talked for a while and got so stoned that we fell into silence for almost an hour. We sat listening to different albums and sucking down the Jack Daniel's. Every now and then my old man would look over at me as if he had a question on his mind and didn't know whether or not to ask it. He looked troubled. Finally, he sat up as straight as he could on the couch next to me and asked,

"When ya gonna prove it to me?" I told him I didn't know what he was talking about, but it was clear what he was getting at. Lately I had been getting beer muscles when I got drunk, which was becoming more and more frequent, and I wasn't feeling like putting up with any shit that night, even from my old man. But he was persistent. He reached over and thumped me on the nose with his middle finger. I grabbed his wrist and squeezed it with all my might, looking him in the eye and saying, "Look, this shit is gettin' old. I don't want to fight with you. Can't you get that through your fucking head?" I threw his hand back at him hard, and got up off the couch. "I'm tired and loaded and I'm goin' to bed."

But now there was rage in his eyes and I knew it was going to be another one of those days. He jumped up and without saying anything he swung hard. I blocked the punch, and before I could control the urge, I hit him. I caught him in the forehead with a back-handed fist, and topped it off with an elbow to

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the nose. I heard his nose crack and I stood back. I couldn't believe what I'd just done. He stood there with blood running down his face and soaking his grey work shirt. Before I got over the shock of what had just happened, he was giving me everything he had. He hit me in the face twice before I lost my shit and cut loose on him. It took no more than a few minutes for us to punch it out, and when it was over, my old man lay on the carpet bleeding and unconscious. At that moment I was feeling nothing but pleasure in what I'd done—no regret or sympathy. Just relief, as if a heavy load had been lifted from my mind. I walked over to where he lay on the floor and knelt down next to him. I slapped him until he came to, and when he started to lift himself off the floor, I hit him again.

I went upstairs to my room and began packing my clothes. I had to get out of that house. I knew that I'd never be forced into that kind of situation again with him, but I wasn't about to live in my father's house after dealing him an asskicking like that. After I'd packed what I would need inside my sleeping bag, I sat on the bed trying to decide where to go. There was a soft knock at the door. "Come on in, Ma," I said, but to my surprise and discomfort, it was my old man who stepped into the room. He stood looking at me, a bruised and defeated man. For the first time, I noticed that he looked his age. I could see a lot of things in his eyes: resentment, fear, defeat, shame, but most of all I could see pride, not for himself, but for me. He walked over and sat on the edge of the bed next to me and spoke in a low and unsteady but sincere voice. "That Harley is gonna need a lot of attention, son, and the Trumpet is gonna have to go. Tomorrow we'll go out to the garage and strip it down for a new paint job, and I suppose you'll want to re-chop it now that it's yours. But for now, let's go finish the booze—it's my birthday."

As I write this, I am sitting under a palm tree in Long Beach, California. I left home the day after the fight, after the two of us had cleaned up the Harley. It sits on the grass, gleaming in the sun, at my side right now, and some day it will belong to my son. For the first time in seven years, my old man rode. He followed me to the Illinois state line on the Harley, and before he rode the Triumph back home, we smoked a joint together. For the five minutes it took us to smoke that number, we were at peace, and he didn't try to conceal the fact that he was proud of me. But most of all, I think he was actually at peace with himself again. As he rode off and I sat there watching, I thought about the promises we'd traded that morning before leaving the house. I'd promised to come back home by the end of the summer and get an apartment in Chicago and keep on working for him. He'd promised to buy a new sled and start riding again—with me.

When I left, I told my mother that I'd call her when I got to California, which I did yesterday. She broke the news to me as gently as she knew how. My old man had died in his sleep. I hung up the phone with tears in my eyes and cursed myself for ever letting him provoke me into that fight. But wouldn't we have had to fight sooner or later anyway? I guess that's not important now. What is important is that my old man didn't die worrying about me. He knew he wasn't leaving a baby-faced, disco-dancing pansy behind him; he was leaving a biker.

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Phase 3 Belt Drives & Accessories



74 & Sportster

Super 8

74 2" Belt Drive Open Primary

Our competition unit, designed for the heavy handed. Designed for kick start and open primary use only, looks impressive on a stock motor too!

143058	Open Primary, 1937-1954	225.00
143059	Open Primary, 1955-1979	225.00

74 Belt Drive Open Primary

This unit is designed with the stroker in mind. It has ample margin of safety of big inch "killer motors." It is an open unit—that is, it is not intended for an enclosed primary cover. Accessories to enhance the appearance and safety of this unit are also shown. Specify year.

143060	Open Primary, 1937-1954	195.00
143061	Open Primary, 1955-1979	195.00

74 Belt Drive Closed Primary

This unit is designed for a closed installation. It will comfortably fit within all 74 primary covers, aluminum or steel. It too is amply strong to withstand the power of the big inch stroker motor. Specify year.

143062	Closed Primary, 1937-1954	175.00
143063	Closed Primary, 1955-1964	175.00
143064	Closed Primary, 1965-1979	175.00

74 Belt Drive Electric Start

An electric start application, can be installed in either an open or closed unit. It is more than capable of handling 74 horsepower, including larger strokers. Specify year.

143065	Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1965-1969	200.00
143066	Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1970-1979	200.00

Sportster Belt Drives

These units are designed to fit easily within stock primary covers, aluminum or steel. They are capable of delivering high horsepower loads without fear of failure. Three models are available, differing only in clutch pulley configuration, depending on the model/year requirements. Electric-start units are available. Specify year.

143067	1957-1968 See Footnote 3	179.00
143068	1969-1970 See Footnotes 1 & 3	179.00
143069	1970-1976 See Footnotes 2 & 4	179.00
143070	1977-1978 See Footnote 4	179.00
143090	1979-1980 See Footnote 4	179.00
143071	Electric Start, 1969-1970 Footnotes 1 & 3	205.00
143072	Electric Start, 1970-1976 Footnotes 2 & 3	205.00
143073	Electric Start, 1977-1978 Footnote 3	205.00
143091	Electric Start, 1979-1980 Footnote 3	205.00

Footnote 1 Fits '69-'70 models with double needle bearings in rear hub.

Footnote 2 Fits '70-'76 models with large bearings in rear hub.

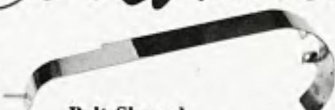
Footnote 3 Accepts #143083 1½" belt

Footnote 4 Accepts #143089 1¾" belt

Replacement Belts

The Super 8 belt weighs only nine ounces, but it will outlast the primary chain by five times. Designed and engineered by Uniroyal. Fiberglass cord reinforced. Specify model when ordering.

143081	74 Belt, Closed Primary & Electric Start	28.90
143082	74 Belt, Open Primary	28.90
143085	74 Belt, 2" Open Primary	34.00
143083	Sportster Belt, 1½"	28.90
143089	Sportster Belt, 1¾"	28.90



Belt Shroud

Recommended for protection on all open primary Harley 74 belt drive units. Heavy steel construction and show chrome plated. Two models. Early, 1937-1969; Late, 1970-1979.

143074	1937-1969	34.95
143075	1970-1979	34.95

Aluminum Side Guard

For the added bit of safety and that touch of class on an open primary Harley 74 belt drive. Designed to fit all Phase III shrouds. Polished aluminum finish.

143077		22.50
--------	--	-------

Clutch Dome

Add the finishing touch to your clutch on open primary belt drives. Protects your clutch studs & leg from moving parts. Heavy aluminum, highly polished.

143084		29.00
--------	--	-------

Pressure Plate

A precision machined and polished aluminum pressure plate for the 74 Harley. This pressure plate provides the strength, accuracy, heat dissipation and dimensional features needed for high performance.

143021		29.95
--------	--	-------

Alternator Cover

Recommended for all Harley 74 cone motors with an open primary. Add the finishing touches to your belt drive and protect your alternator. Polished aluminum finish.

143076		28.00
--------	--	-------

Engine Nut

The last word in functional beauty. Available for the Sportster and the 74. Massive yet graceful, the acorn engine nut keeps the front pulley snug. Show chrome.

143078	Harley 74 1937 to 1954	9.95
143079	Harley 74 1955 to 1969	9.95
143080	Harley Sportster All Years	9.95
143087	Harley 74 1970 to 1979	9.95

Bearing Support

Longer clutch shafts (1966 and up 74 Harleys) require additional external support. Stock inner primary covers are fitted with a bearing to provide support, but when the cast aluminum primaries are removed for open drive units or steel primaries, the support is absent.

10404	Bearing Support	18.95
10405	Bearing	10.50

Competitor Clutch

Multi-plate hi-performance clutch for all Harley 74s. Eliminates clutch slippage and reduces lever pull.

143088		195.00
--------	--	--------

Sportster Primary Spacer

Recommended for all Sportsters 1957-1969 using steel primary cover.

143086		25.00
--------	--	-------

Supercarbs

Mikuni Smooth Bore Kits

These "high performance" carburetors are just the ticket for the rider who wants the maximum in "total" response without sacrificing economy and ease of operation.

Among the features that'll set you apart from the rest are quick starting, instant throttle response and built in idle circuit. Coupled with instant bolt on horsepower and unrestricted air flow these smooth bore kits might just make your hair stand up! Remember too, that all necessary hardware is included.

Harley
Honda Kawasaki Suzuki



Harley "Dual" 29mm Kits

135015	Shovelhead and Sportster	225.00
135016	Panhead and Knucklehead	230.00

Honda, Kawasaki, Suzuki "Four" 29mm Kits

For Honda CB 750, Kawasaki KZ 1000, 900, 650 and Suzuki GS 550
135023... Honda, Kawasaki, Suzuki

300.00

Honda Adapters

These adapters are required for installation of the smooth bore kit on the Honda CB 750 models.
135025

16.80

Velocity Stacks Shown Not Included



38mm Mikuni Carburetor Kits

Jammer now has Sudco-Mikuni carburetor conversion kits for Harleys. Complete kits include: 38mm Mikuni Carburetor, high quality cast aluminum manifold adapter with press fit o-ring, rubber flange, necessary clamps, throttle cable, chrome air cleaner and extra jets for fine tuning. These easy bolt on kits are available for Harley Sportster 900 and 1000, Shovelhead 1200, Knucklehead 1200 and Panhead 1200.

Harley "Pumper" Mikuni Kits

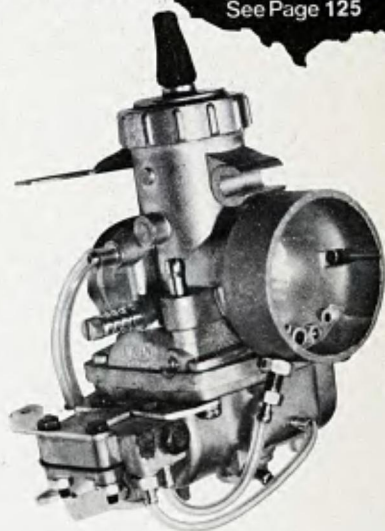
With accelerator pump installed.	
135019	Shovelhead and Sportster
135020	Knucklehead and Panhead
	145.50
	145.50

38mm Mikuni Accelerator Pump

Accelerator pump only.	
135024	34.95

Harley Mikuni Kits

Without accelerator pump.	
135021	Shovelhead and Sportster
135022	Knucklehead and Panhead
	99.95
	99.95



Accelerator Pump Installed

Stocking
Authorized Jammer
Dealers For Your Area
See Page 125

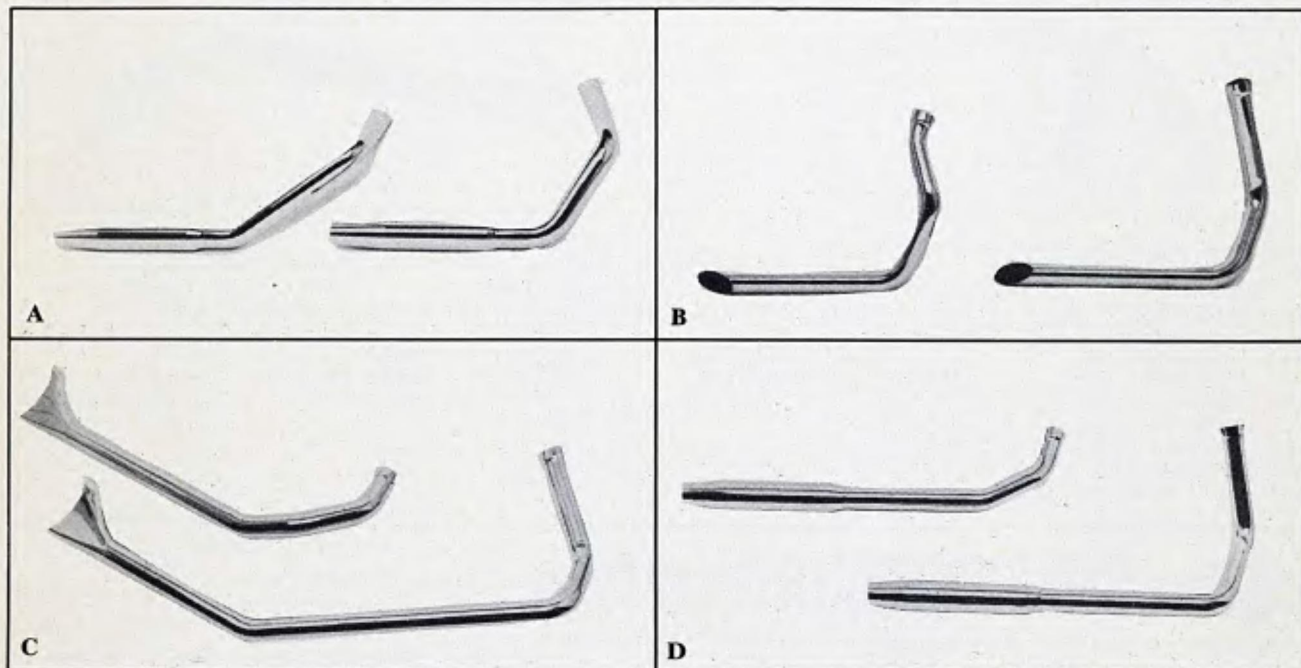


2" Harley Pipes



Santee, long known for their quality and trend-setting exhaust systems, has developed what we feel is a great representation of contemporary custom pipes. From drag pipes to fishtails and shotguns, any custom creation can come alive with new style, sound and performance. Manufactured and triple nickel chrome plated by meticulous craftsmen, Santee pipes are backed by a reputation that has successfully kept exhaust systems in tune with the demands of all riders.

ADVERTISEMENT



A. Muffled Drag Pipes

Sleek tapered 2" drag pipes with Sportster-type baffled mufflers. Designed to fit all models listed below in a rigid, swingarm, or velvet ride frame. All bracketing and mounting hardware included with these pipes.

151043	Panhead, All Years	87.35
151044	Shovelhead, 1966-1969	87.35
151045	Shovelhead, 1970-1979 (Except FLH w/Stock Batt.)	87.35
151046	Sportsters, 1978 & Earlier (Only Swingarm Frame)	87.35

B. Drag Pipes

Clean looking 2" drag pipes custom crafted to fit all models listed below in a rigid, swingarm or velvet ride frame. If baffles are used, our #147018 are ideal.

147013	Panhead, All Years	38.20
147014	Sportsters, 1978 & Earlier	38.20
147015	Shovelhead, 1966-1969	38.20
147016	Shovelhead, 1970-1979 (Except FLH w/Stock Battery)	38.20

C. Fishtails

Superb classic looking 2" fishtails. Constructed with built-in steel baffles. Easily installed on all models listed below in a rigid frame only. Keep in mind that on 1970-1979 Shovelheads with a cone motor the front head pipe will route outside the frame.

150031	Shovelhead, All Years	87.35
150032	Panhead, All Years	87.35
150033	Knucklehead, All Years	87.35

D. Shotguns

Ever-popular 2" shotgun pipes that add that extra dimension to those models listed below in a rigid frame only. All bracketing and mounting hardware included with these pipes.

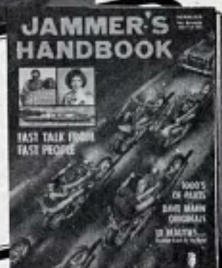
150020	Shovelhead, 1970-1979	87.35
150021	Shovelhead, 1966-1969	87.35
150022	Panhead, All Years	87.35
150023	Knucklehead, All Years	87.35
150024	Sportsters 1979 & Earlier	87.35



800-423-2633

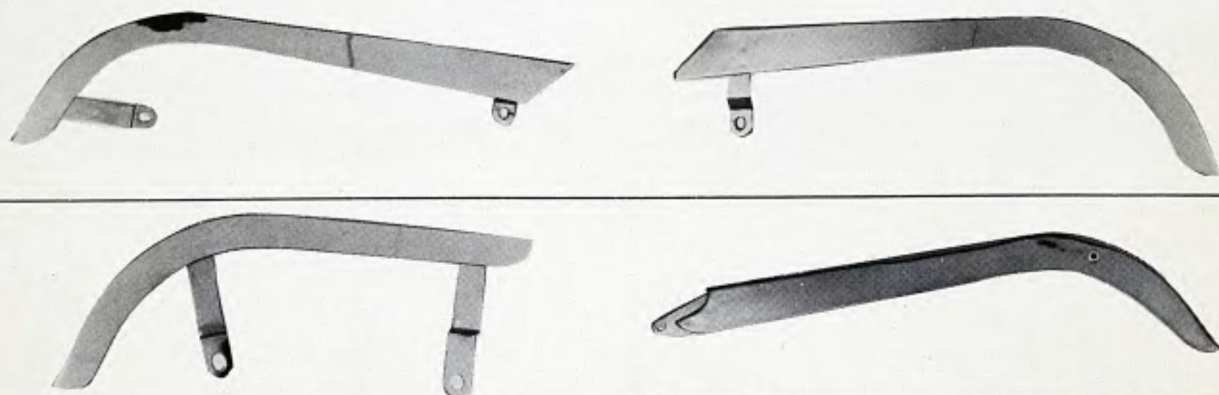


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(See Order Blank on Page 124)



Chain Guards

Add that touch of class to your bike. All of the chain guards listed are made of steel and are custom chrome plated. They all easily bolt on. Brackets included.



Harley

12001	Harley 74' & Triumph Rigs	16.95
12008	Harley FX 74 Swingarm, All Years	16.95
12002	Sportster XLCH 1957-1972	16.95
12005	Sportster XLCH 1973-1978	16.95
12009	Sportster XLH 1968-1972	16.95
12003	Sportster XLH 1973-1978	16.95
12006	Sportster XLH 1979	16.95

Honda

12004	Honda 750 CBK 1976 & Earlier	16.95
12007	Honda 750 CBK 1977 & 1978	16.95
120010	Honda 550 CBK 1977-1978	16.95

Kawasaki

120011	Kawasaki 900, 1000, All Years	16.95
120012	Kawasaki 650 KZ 1976 & Up	16.95

Suzuki

120013	Suzuki 1000 GS, All Years	16.95
120014	Suzuki 750 GS, All Years	16.95



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(Please print or type)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone () _____
(Give area code number)

*Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price
Sub Total			

Before mailing, please read the following:

1. Cancellations: There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10% service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
2. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank—which means you have to allow four weeks.
3. 25% deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.

Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

Orders: We will ship U.P.S. Ground unless otherwise specified. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

Shipping Time: Once your order has been picked up by the carrier, their approximate shipping times are: UPS, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; COMMERCIAL AIR FREIGHT, 1 to 2 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)

- ☐ UPS ☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Freight
☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

6% Tax - California Residents Only

Total

Less 25% C.O.D. Deposit

Balance due (F.O.B. California)

MC/B of A number*

Signed

Expr. Date

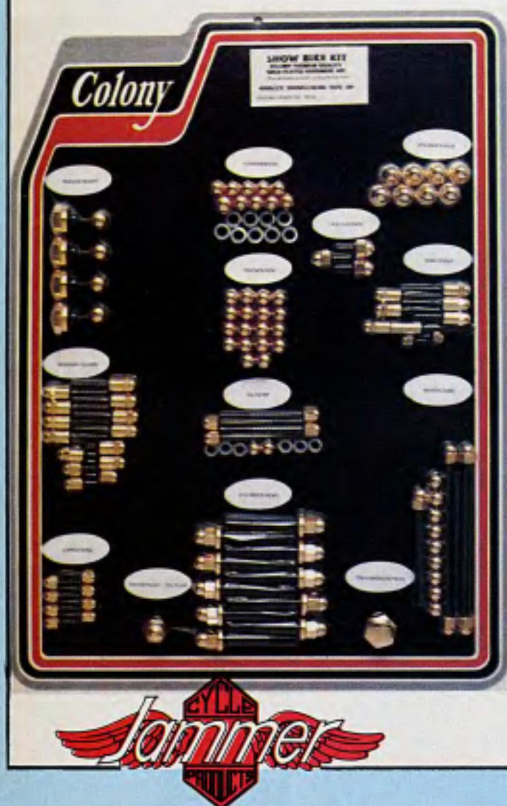
*Credit cards accepted

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Show Bike Kits Are The Way To Go. Each Kit Contains Our Most Popular Decorative and Functional Hardware for Every Bike Listed



Chrome			24 Kt. Gold		
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124032	115.00	Sportster 1965-70	124048	130.00	
124033	115.00	Sportster 1971-73	124049	130.00	
124034	115.00	Sportster 1974-76	124050	130.00	
124035	115.00	Sportster 1977-Up	124051	130.00	
124036	128.00	Knucklehead 1936-39	124052	145.00	
124037	128.00	Knucklehead 1940-47	124053	145.00	
124038	135.00	Panhead 1948-57	124054	150.00	
124039	135.00	Panhead 1958-65	124055	150.00	
124040	130.00	Shovelhead 1966-69	124056	145.00	
124041	125.00	Shovelhead 1970-75	124057	140.00	
124042	125.00	Shovelhead 1976-77	124058	140.00	
124043	130.00	Shovelhead 1978 "74" & "80"	124059	145.00	
124044	75.00	Honda 750	124060	85.00	
124045	50.00	Gold Wing 1000	124061	57.00	
124046	62.00	Kawasaki 900-Z1	124062	70.00	

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Vago Wofeman: The bro that was around Sherman, Tex. I'm down for 7 years. Get in touch, Bob Leeper, P.O. Box C-07051, Tamal, Calif. 94964. (80)

Urgently needed: Models for custom chopper photo layouts. 18 to 7 with tender, juicy tits, legs, and ass; good-looking helpful. Send 5 assorted head and bod color poses w/statistics and brief resume. Legit address and phone. All replies confidential. Ad Graphics, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (86)

Cheeky S. from Milwaukee, write Gary. I'm finally free. Box 986, Joshua Tree, Calif. 92252. (81)

Lookin' for Zop: Attention, Frank Zoppo of Cleveland, Ohio. I know you're in the slam, feelin' a bit mite. So, put yourself in Male Call. If you need a chick to write! Crazy Carol, Cleveland, Ohio (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)

Lonely dude is in need of correspondence with together woman. Please write; all letters answered. Jimmy Mack, B-39604, WC-51, Box 3535, Norco, Calif. 91760. (80)

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 good shit! Hundreds of titles! 100-page illustrated catalog only \$1. Loompanics, Box 264-A, Mason, Mich. 48854. (84)

Count Dracula: Still have what is yours. Please claim. Onlon. (80)

Hey, girls: Good-looking 27-year-old Leo needs letters and photos from all you crazy ladies. 18-35, to help make this time go faster. Mike Easton #40069, 2605 State Street, Salem, Ore. 97310. (80)

Largest swap meet in western Michigan, March 23rd—Wings stadium, Kalamazoo, Mich., 1-94 at Sprinkle Rd. For info, call (616) 521-4203. (81)

Harley rider going to Daytona, lookin' for one-man chick to go along for good times, etc. Any age, as long as your head's in the right place. Letter, photo, and phone bring fast answer (nudes would be nice). Your location no problem. R.F., Box 523, Niagara Falls, N.Y. 14302. (80)

For Sale: Easyriders 1 through present, Iron Horse 1 through present, Chopper Guide 1 through present, Colors first 6 issues. Also, 350 other chopper magazines. All for \$500. (305) 751-5824. (80)

Male biker, 33, seeks ol' lady to share life aboard sailboat in Fla. Al Zapresko, 9555 Blind Pass Rd. Marina, St. Petersburg Beach, Fla. 33706. (82)

W.C. Moore, or anyone who might draw his attention to this: Say, man, what is it? Shoot me a kite. Long time, loose now, free soul, and must talk. Your bro, (Red) Roger, Box 4-1418, Anchorage, Alaska 99509. (80)

Mike: Still in Wichita, missing you bunches. Call or write soon. Still friends? Love you, Kathie. (80)

Free — Fifth Amendment Tax Return Explained. Send sase to Carolina Patriots, P.O. Box 17001-ER, Greenville, S.C. 29607. (80)

Florida biker wants to hear from foxy ladies to putt and party with. Send photo if possible to Reb, P.O. Box 17794, Tampa, Fla. 33682. (80)

I have less than one year to do and I'm looking for a sweet lady who would like to correspond and be with me when I'm released, if all works out between the two of us. So write and tell me a little about yourself and I'll do the same. Charlie Bartlet #B-96451, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376. (80)

Ripped off? Don't pay list price for your goodies! Get complete instructions with sample forms and addresses on setting yourself up as a dealer; buy parts wholesale. Send \$5 to Dealer Advice, Box 156, RD 1, Marathon, N.Y. 13803. (81)

Manuals for assault rifles, military small arms—free catalog. Manhouse, P.O. Box 35203E, Phoenix, Ariz. 85069. (80)

Mike (Hooker) Henry and Fran, where the hell are ya? Write or call Flash Gordon, 12691 Greentree, Garden Grove, Calif. 92641 (714) 750-6246. (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)

Swedish girls traveling country! Call Ingrid. 262-9802. (80)

Steve, my sweetest of sweets: I love you more than life itself. Your home is waiting and so am I. Your #1 ol' lady, Amanda. (80)

Guaranteed state photo ID card. Full-color Polaroid process, the best there is. Send photo, signature, birthdate, height, weight, eye color. Rush \$7 each. Order with two paying friends and get your ID free. Bonus: 3 blank IDs free with each Polaroid ID. No-bull money-back guarantee. Jeni Chevron, Box 1033-EZ20, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (80)

Meet sexual friends nationwide. Call Tracy. 262-9800. (80)

Fuck Off, Helmet Laws Suck, Get 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)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (80)

Indian: Happy birthday, love (1-7-80)! I'm yours forever. Sandra. (80)

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.)

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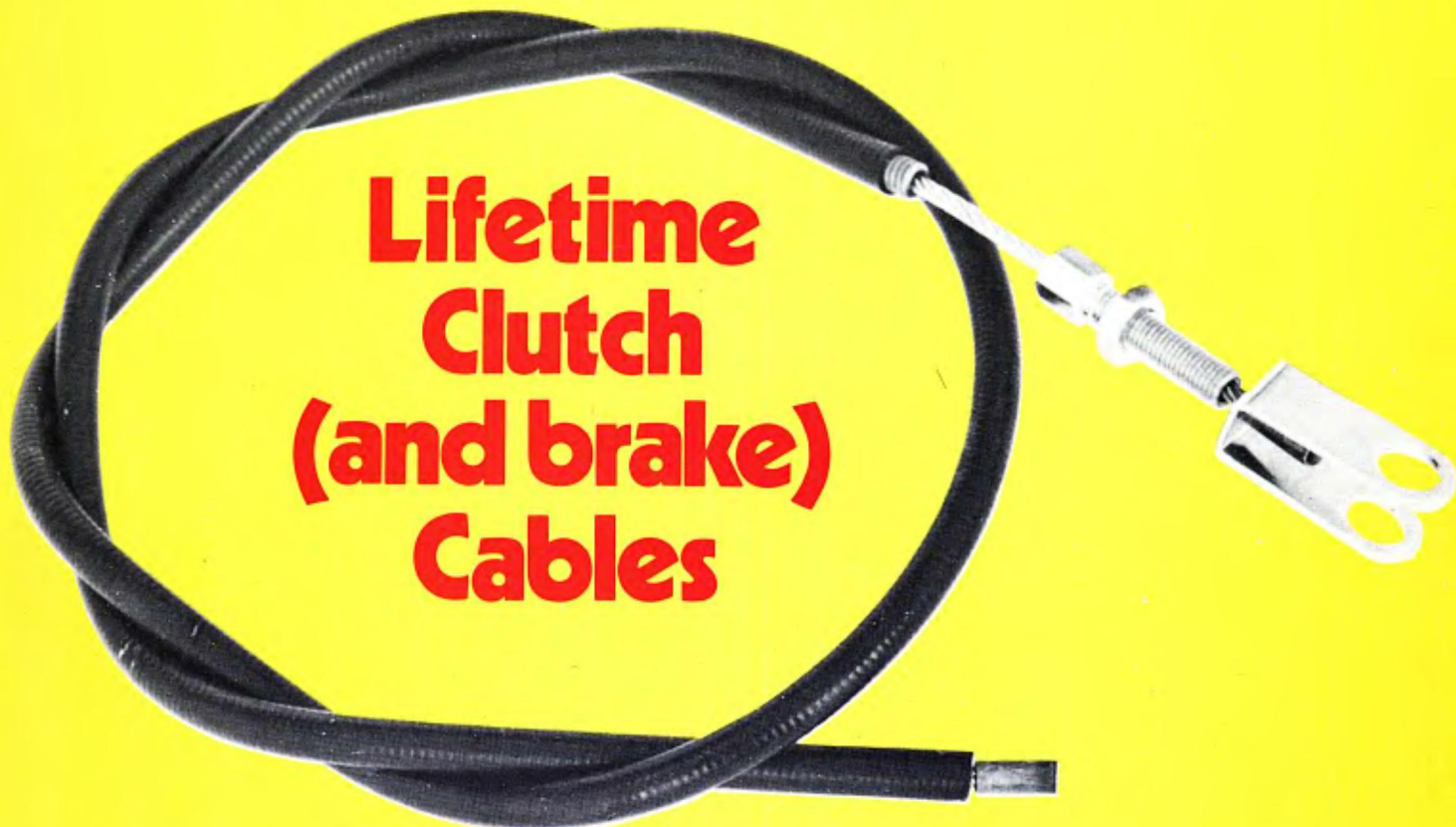
Foreign orders add \$1.00 per mug. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



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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.

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Iron Horse—the only motorcycle magazine that covers all facets of the biking lifestyle. Each issue is crammed with the best feature bikes you'll see anywhere—from perfectly-restored antiques to mind-bending customized Harleys to the latest roadburner from overseas. And that's only the beginning. You'll find gripping fiction, plenty of humor, off-the-wall features—and, of course, the foxiest women ever to grace the pages of a bike rag.

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