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April 1980
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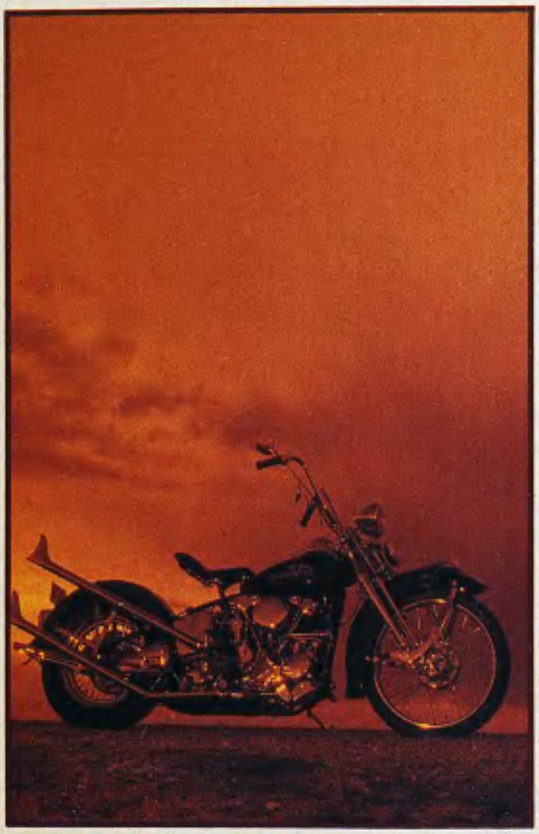
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Easyriders®

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



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Number 82

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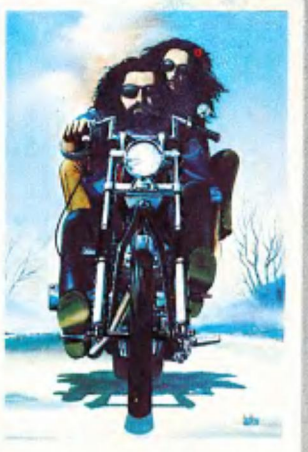
M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



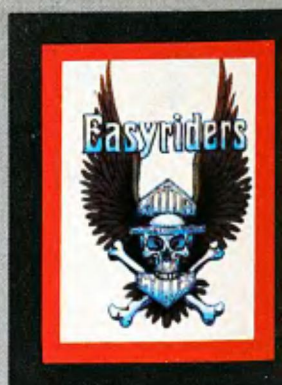
M-13 "Won't Start"



M-12 "Country Style"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



The elephant apparently didn't like the little shit--he knocked the 14-year-old kid down and then picked him up and flung him up against a fence. The kid went crying to the cops, who couldn't do anything because there were no witnesses and Jackie, the elephant, wasn't coppin' to nothin'.

Granny died, but that's cool. She was 90 years old. But her dying hurt the family funds because it cut off her monthly Social Security payments. So what did they do? They put her in a room, stuffed old newspapers around the cracks in the door to hold back the stench of rotting meat, and then continued to collect her Social Security payments for three years.

Man, don't fuck around in Egypt. They threw a dude in the slammer for three years just for trying to kiss a broad who didn't want any of it. The judge said the sentence was harsh because ''the girl was decently dressed, her appearance did not invite molestation, and the defendant had no excuse to justify his ugly crime.'' What would have happened if he had copped a feel!

Well, they ran another survey, folks. But you can bet your ass they didn't interview any bikers' ol' ladies in this survey asking if women were happy with their sex lives. Of the 20,000 women surveyed, 32% stated they had a little sex on the side, but claimed it strengthened their marriage--'cause it made them appreciate their ol' men more. Only 31% had very satisfying sex. The rest, I suppose, were just hanging in there waitin' for some side stuff to come along ''to strengthen their marriages.'' (Now remember to tell that neighbor lady you're makin' her marriage stronger, that you're doin' her a favor--ya got that?)

Julio was so fuckin' happy over winning $300,000 in a lottery that he fired off a rocket in celebration. Only one problem--the rocket blew off all the fingers on his right hand. Well, ya wins some and ya loses some, I always say.

Then there was the inmate in a nut house. Figuring he was as smart as the guards watching over him, he decided to go downstairs to the hospital employment office and apply for a job as a guard. He got it.

How about the dude who was stopped by the police for going 120 mph? When asked what was the rush, he told them he had just purchased a roast beef sandwich and wanted to get home before it got cold.

He stabbed his ol' lady three times and then bit off her nose. The police threw him in a cell where he calmly bit off the ends of four of his fingers at the first joint (two on each hand). The taste of that nose musta got to him.

Speaking of women, how about the one whose doctor mistakenly forgot a piece of surgical equipment in her throat for a few days? After it was removed, she sued the doctor for fuckin' up her oral sex life. She claims it has given her a ''gag reflex'' when she cops a joint. (She barfed four times while trying to give head.) Because of the doc's fuck-up, she claims she must now ''deprive her partner of the joy and pleasure that is his due.'' (If I were judge, I'd want her to prove it--in private, of course.)

The biker got into an accident and was rushed to a hospital. The doctor got his shoes and clothing all bloody while tryin' to save him, but the biker died. Now get this--the doctor billed the widow $40 for the shoes and $10 to have his clothes cleaned. Can ya believe that shit?

You think you have bad luck? Well, consider the thief who took a briefcase from a woman in an office building. As he ran out the front door with the woman screamin' ''Stop thief'' behind him, he found himself trotting in front of 40 policemen who just happened to be passing by on a lunchtime jog. He tried to outrun them, but the cops were in better condition. ■



No FTW

☐ Okay, you bunch of fucking pinheads, what's the idea? In the January issue you dog-breaths left the FTW stamp off the index page. Whatdafuck, you guys lost your class or what?

Dave Hinds
Longmont, Colo.

☐ You on good terms with the world now? What the hell happened to FTW in the January issue?

Jim & Morton
On The Road

■ FTW was an inside thing at one time. Lately it has been commercialized to the point where its true, original meaning has been lost. We felt it best to remove it rather than be a party to some of the bogus uses to which the letters are put.

In A Word

☐ There is a word for stories like "Trick? Or Treat?" (Nov. '79) The word is "Choice."

Unkle Red
Chicago, Ill.

Some Advice

☐ This letter concerns what may well be the beginning of the end of motorcycle clubs in the U.S.

Thanks to "Tricky Dick," a federal law known as RICO (Racketeering Influenced and Corrupt Organizations) was implemented supposedly to knock out organized crime. RICO, however, has taken a new twist, and the implications suggest that being an organized bike club member is grounds for a prison term. Guilt by association—this is what RICO is all about.

The Hells Angels in California are a prime example of what I mean, and the recent tactics used against the Florida chapter of the Outlaws provide an example of how fast it's spreading. What we're seeing is a concerted effort by all law enforcement agencies (both federal and state) to put an end to all biker brotherhoods in the U.S.

So all you bad mothers out there who call yourselves leaders of your clubs, get off your asses and start leading. If you don't take action now, you'll soon be sitting behind bars just like we are and wondering how the hell you got there.

Jeffrey L. Fritz
Roach
David Dunford
Sonny Patterson
Fairfax, Va.

What's Fair Is Fair

☐ I've been reading about this RICO shit in different mags for two months. What are the 32 offenses? Do they include bribing public officials, officials taking bribes and peddling influence?

I know of a group that has some members doing that shit—and more. It's the Congress, the Senate, and used to include the President (still could, for all I know), not to mention government agencies and governors of some states selling pardons to the rich crooks that can afford the price.

How about it? Can the federal government, its paperwork and members be split up and arrested? After all, the law's the law and it's a iwo-way street. Think of all the cops on the take. Now according to RICO, all the cops can be busted if any of their bros in the fraternal order of police are caught with their fingers in the cookie jar. The law's the law. So I guess a big percentage of all police agencies are guilty under RICO and they should be disbanded.

Mad Dog
Alliance, Ohio

Fast Reader

☐ I was reading "Wordmonger" in the January issue and the letter titled "New Invention" said that in the October issue there was an article on page 121 about a new type of gas tank. Well, do you all have your heads up your asses? It doesn't say a shittyass thing about a new type of gas tank.

Dawn
Copperas Cove, Tex.

■ Dawn, will ya knock it off? You'll give our readers a bad image. Reread the letter—slowly.

Some Advice

☐ Hang loose and don't burn out, you bunch of fried fuckers.

L. J.
Holbrook, N.Y.

■ Who? Us?

Drug Abuse

☐ My ol' lady just got done makin' me watch a special on the tube about the long-term effects of drug abuse. I just said "Na." Then I turn to page 66 of the December issue and I begin to wonder. I knew some weird shit was going down when I saw the belt drive on the right side. Then I looked at the pic on page 67 and, no shit, it's on the left side. Life is hard enough for us Maui-Wowie fryers. Otherwise, the last six or seven years of your rag have been outrageous.

Mark "Kelly" Sovern
Honolulu, Hawaii

Jail Censorship

☐ In your issue #69 I read about us dudes in jail having a hard time getting our **Easyriders** mag because it's considered contraband. It's not a fuck book like they call it—it's a down-to-earth bike mag. And there ain't no fuckin' reason why we can't have it. It's bad enough being in this shithole as it is, without their bullshit rules—and most of all, without our **Easyriders**. Anyway, I'm calling for all our hardrider dudes in jail to get together to fight this censorship bullshit.

L. Woodworth
Kingston, N.Y.

■ Our lawyers are fighting it wherever it takes place. Keep us posted.

A Plan

☐ Some righteous bros from this ocean state and northeast Connecticut got an idea for your ass.

You know all the hassles the Man can and does give ya? You know all them seeds you accumulate from partyin' an' shit? What do ya do with 'em?

Come spring (in this part of the country) we're all gonna toss seeds out onto the roadside shoulders an' let 'em grow—make it green and beautiful with the five-pointed leaf growin' all over the country. Nature's way of sayin' "high!" The shrubs by the police and municipal buildings and parkin' lots would be good spots too. Whatdafuck else you gonna do with the little bastards?

Bob "Blitz" Krieg
N. Kingston, R.I.

Oreos And Milk

☐ About the only thing you could do to improve your magazine would be to mail a line of coke with every issue. Work on that, will you? But you could use a little more on music. That's right, your basic no-bullshit-badass-biker-blues music stuff like the Allman Bros, Doobies, Grateful Dead, Clapton, The Tucker Boys, Steppenwolf, Skynyrd, Willie Nelson, and the Byrds. I don't know a biker that doesn't get into tunes, maybe 'cause bikes and music go together, like reading **Easyriders** and taking a good all-around American healthy shit (and dunking Oreo cookies in milk).

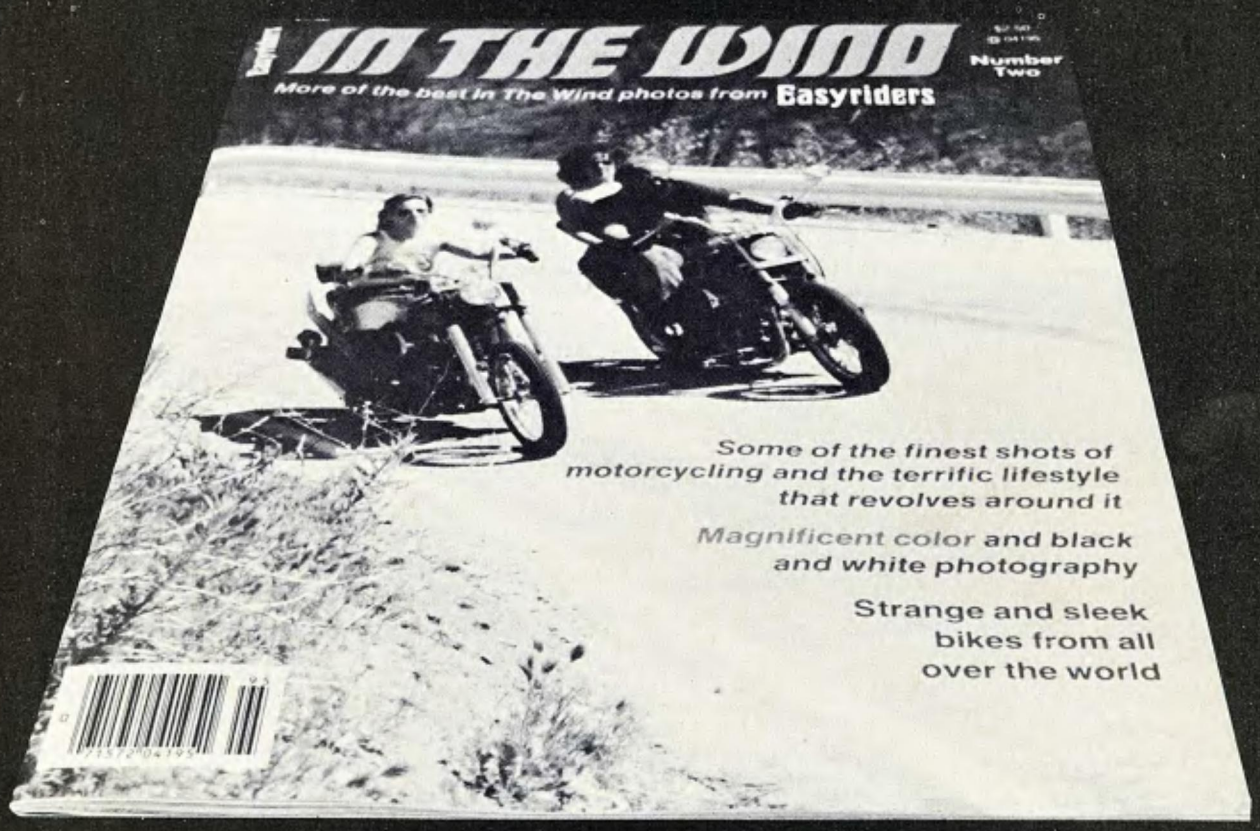
James R. Wall
Milwaukee, Wis.

Digs Fiction

☐ Man, you assholes finally put some good shit in your rag! I just finished readin' "Kidnap" by John Watson (Jan. '80) and it's a righteous article. The bit about "sticking together" and "puttin' an' partyin' and' helpin' one another" is what it's all about, man.

The Redman
Rosharon, Tex.

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!



Man, you've got to hold these to feel and see the quality!

They're for pierced ears and each earring is solid bronze with either 22K Gold or Sterling Silver electroplate. That means quality like you gotta have. It's far past the governments dumb specs.

The very intricate detail is damn near unreal. You can even go down on these with a glass and find more.

They're available in either post or dangly, so when you order specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly and how many. The post type even makes a bitchin' lapel pin or tie tack, or add a chain to a dangly and you've got one trick pendant.

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

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

ACTUAL SIZE
GOLD OR SILVER
POST OR DANGLY
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Are Ya Dumb?

☐ Man, what is the fuckin' deal? I keep readin' these letters where dudes are pissin' and moanin' that they won't get a fair share of fuel for their bikes if gas is rationed. They say, "Shit, man, you'll have to drive your car if ya wanna get gas." So get gas in your fuckin' car, drive your car home, siphon the gas out, and put it in your bike. Fuck it, are y'all dumb or what?

B.O.
Butte, Mont.

This Is Your Life

☐ That feature you did on Emilio Rico's bike sure touched home with me. It almost seems like the story of my own life. I also gave up the biker's life about ten years ago to "settle down" and raise a family with a non-biker man. Sometimes I've been longing for the old days too, and now that my girl's old enough, I've gone back to work and bought myself a used '72 Sportster in good condition, and the hassle from my ol' man is simply incredible. He insists that I'm riding around looking for bikers for a little affair! Ain't it the pits? I spend ten years playing the part of the "little woman"—mother, housewife, and faithful lover, and now he denies me the pleasure of finally having some fun for myself.

Sylvia R. Abrahm
Charlotte, N.C.

Ridin' Record?

☐ I was just reading a letter in a mag about some people puttin' 400 to 600 miles a day. So I talked to some of my bros and asked, "In one day how many miles have you putted?" The best was about 800 miles.

Well, to make a long story short, back in August I took a short haul to Billings, Montana, got pissed off and left Monday at 5:00 a.m. I got to Portland, Oregon, at 2:30 a.m. Tuesday, a total of about 1,200 miles. I think it's some kind of a record. I'll say one thing—my fuckin' ass sure was sore.

R.C.
Newport, Ore.

A Rebuttal

☐ This is in response to the letter I read in the January issue from the fucker who wrote in implying that big-titted ladies are sluts. I'm a big-titted lady myself and I don't appreciate anyone who doesn't know me referring to me as a slut. The size of a woman's tits has nothing to do with the kind of scooter mama or ol' lady she is—it's how she is inside and what she can do for her biker. Ladies are ladies whether they're big-titted, little-titted, big-assed, or little-assed, and I think our ol' men like us just the way we are.

Rebel
Carolina Beach, N.C.

☐ My jugs are so big I ain't seen my feet since I was ten, and I'm as sweet-lookin' as they come. I ain't had no complaints, either. Oh yeah, tell Renegade he's all right by me.

Casey
Flushing, N.Y.

Misses Ol' Man

☐ Women ought to be glad that they even have an ol' man. Sure, it might be a pain in the ass sometimes, but it's a hell of a lot worse to be alone. I know. My ol' man's in prison. And I'd give my soul to have him here messin' up the house and bringin' friends over. Without him I'm just an empty shell going through the motions.

K. Bovay
Norwich, Conn.

Wants Over Here

☐ I am a downed biker, and my ol' lady and I need a break. There's one problem: We need someone from the states to vouch for us. In other words, we need help.

We reckon you have a good thing going in the States and we want a share of it. Do you know of anyone who can help us, and could you give us some information on how to get over to your country? We would really appreciate it.

Gary Mills
106 Canterbury Street
Gillingham
Kent, England

■ Spider wants to know what your ol' lady looks like.

Proud Father

☐ Dig this shit. I'm sitting at the table the other day scarfin' some goodies for lunch when my two-year-old rugrat (girl type) climbs up in my lap. I figured she's goin' for the goodies, but she grabs the **Easyriders** I'm reading and says, "I wanta see the bikes." Far fuckin' out, huh? She knows what's good literature. Then we're out in the garage and I'm workin' on my bike, which is torn down. She comes over, looks at the sucker for the first time in her life, picks up the throttle grip and bracket, and slides it on the handlebars where it belongs! I don't give a shit what anyone says—I'm buying her a Sporty when she hits eighteen.

Tim Mornard
LaCrosse, Wis.

Iranian Hassle

☐ I think it's time for us scooter people to take a stand in this bullshit with the Iranians. It's time everyone let off steam. Those fucking assholes say they aren't gonna release the Americans being held hostage. I think it's a bunch of bullshit myself. If they do it once and get away with it, they'll do it again.

Racer
Chicago, Ill.

☐ My motorcycle headlight is on so I can be seen by other motorists (or so they say). My car headlights are on so I can be seen by those pricks in Iran. I support the hostages (the least I can do). I also saw my friend Davy in January's issue (after four or five years).

The Other Judy
Long Island, N.Y.

☐ You guys doing anything this weekend? What say we go over to Iran and beat the fuck out of that asshole Khomeini?

Mad Dog
Calumet City, Ill.

Been Converted

☐ Well, ya finally did it! Really impressing a non-lover of Harleys is a big accomplishment, and that machine in your December '79 issue on page 41 had me creaming in my jeans. I tend to lean toward the European persuasion, but that chromed piece of art was too much—you converted me. Maybe now I'll take a second look at Harleys.

Wicked
Coventry, Conn.

Hope Ahead

☐ We just bought a quarter and thought you guys might want to hear that tomorrow ain't gonna be so bad.

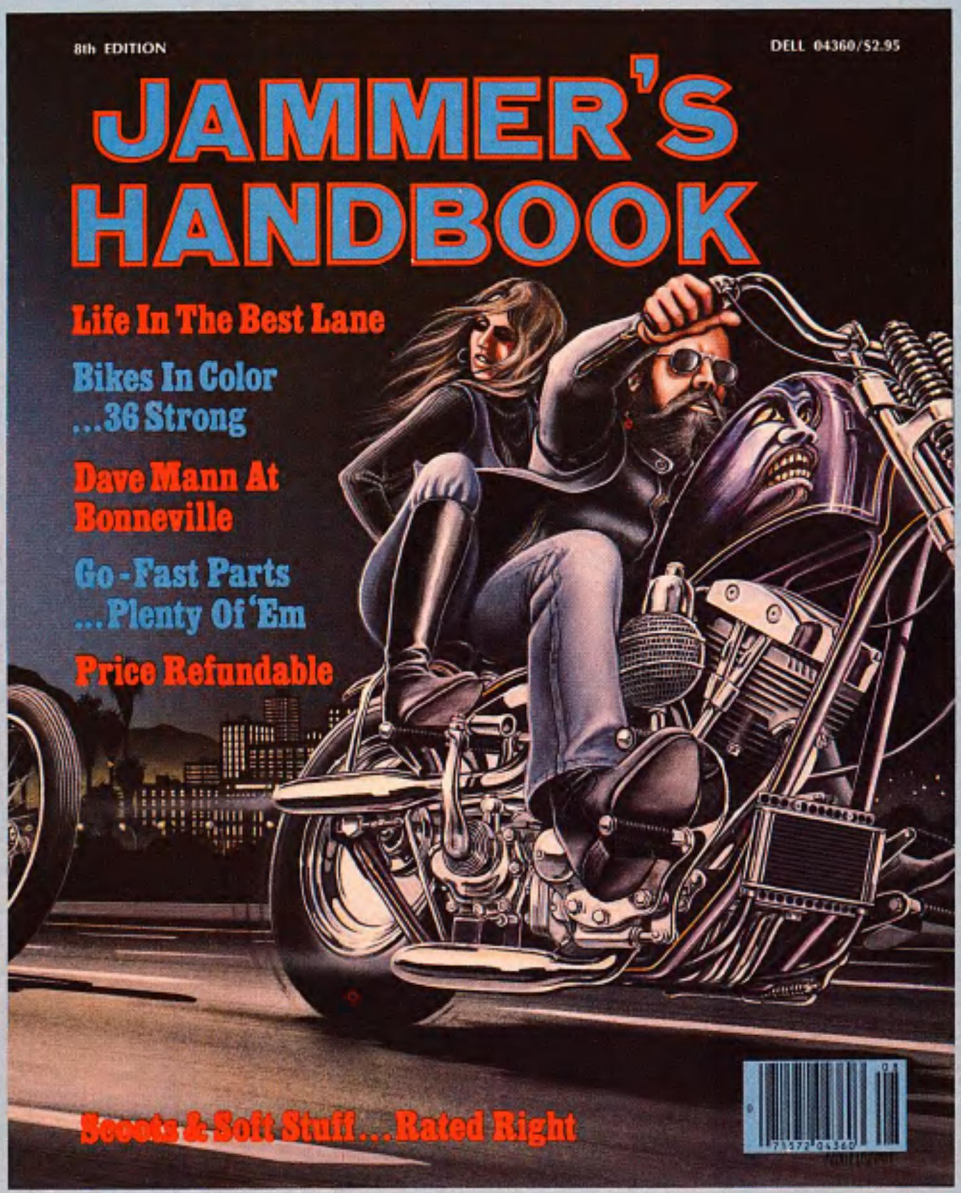
Willy the Watcher
Balko, Okla.

Touche'

☐ I for one think Spider oughta check his dipstick or something. He says it's no wonder us ladies are dingy all the time, 'cause we account for two-thirds of the prescriptions each

At Your Newsstand!

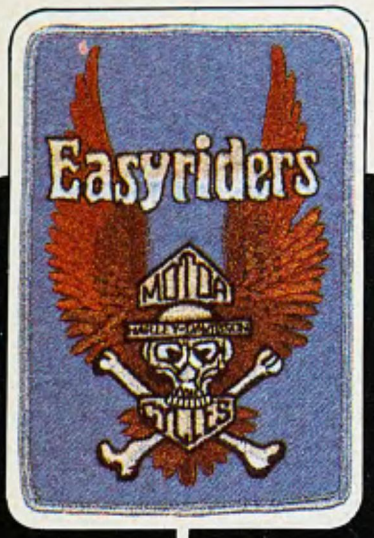
FOR YOU & YOURS



Life In The Best Lane

Reserved for you! A taste of everything, anytime and anywhere. Welcome to wheelin' in the wind. Thousands of good-lookin', go-fast parts . . . dealers showin' their stuff . . . color galore, scoots and sweeties . . . Dave Mann partyin' at Bonneville. Here at last, something worth taking . . . life in the best lane!

Begin at your favorite newsstand. If he's been picked clean send $3.95 (a buck goes for postage) to **Jammer Cycle Products,** 801 (ER) South Main St., Burbank, California 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.

year for uppers and downers (Jan. '80 issue). Hell, if we're so fuckin' dingy, how come we can score so well for our sweet daddies? Could Mutha be holding out on him?

Nicki
Midland, Tex.

■ Just the opposite—Spider's gettin' too much of her.

Dug Centerspread

☐ I enjoyed reading the Jan. '80 mag. It's really great. Call me a prude, old-fashioned, or whatever, but when I got to the centerfold, I couldn't help but say "Shit!"

A great picture for hanging anywhere, even in my white-collar office, except for the fact that shithead Mann had to add a few "fingers." For what? Effect?

Vern
Elmwood Park, N.J.

☐ Right on, bros. When I first saw the centerfold in the December issue, I came right there. It's downright righteous to see that you two-wheeling dudes remembered your frozen bros up north. The ice is here, along with salted roads and twenty-five layers of riding gear. Being a biker here in winter means being the lone wolf on the trail. **Easyriders** helps keep the spirits high.

Mole
Manson West
Gibsons, Canada

☐ I just got a recent issue and really flipped out on Dave Mann's centerfold. I'm glad at least one U.S. publication realizes Canada isn't all ice and snow. We got some nice bikes and fine ladies and the best damned beer in North America. I hope more of our southern brothers putt up here for a pint or sixer.

Preacher
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Movin' Target?

☐ I recently received some info from a state cop—that the law that has ya puttin' around with your light on in the daytime causes something they call Target Fixation. The Man said this causes the on-coming motorist unconsciously to steer toward your light! So watch out, 'cause someone's making a target out of ya!

Pete S.
Toms Reefer, N.J.

Flooded Out

☐ Readers who have answered my ad offering free literature on tattooing outfits and instruction manuals, please be patient if you have not received the literature you have requested. I have been flooded with requests for this material from all over the world in response to my ad in **Easyriders.** As soon as possible, I will send the literature to everyone who was nice enough to answer my ad.

Artist
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Blood Production

☐ My blood is needed by me and other people who want to live, so I've started a personal campaign. My motive is selfish, not humane. As a motorcyclist, hazards come my way. Every day I ride, and accidents can be bloody.

To perk up my body's blood production, I donate a pint to local hospitals two or three times a year. Then if I'm injured, I might not bleed to death on the streets.

Your readers may want to develop their blood production.

It could save their lives someday.

Joseph E. Hicswa
Passaic, N.J.

More Than One

☐ Sometime back (Sept. '79) you V-twin freaks ran an article about a Harley stash in the Philippines. Good trip, but there are more bike stashes in the Philippines in addition to Toby's, the shop your article featured. So I thought you people might want to help our brothers overseas by listing a couple other H-D stashes in the jungles of the Philippines: (1) Santo's shop in Pasig City, near Manila. He has one of the largest stashes in the Philippines; (2) The Malipitans shop in Calookaan City, 2 University Avenue. Their shop is only a few minutes walking distance from the Victory Liner Bus Dept. The Malipitans Brothers also run and operate a bike-oriented machine shop.

The Anghels of The Road Motorcycle Clubs are good people and helpful to good people looking for parts. They know the area and what parts are available. The Anghels of The Road can also put part hunters onto an ex-H-D dealer, Hahn of Manila. He still has a stash of new and used Harley parts but won't give up how much.

Michael Hicks
New Breed M/C, P.I.

Words From Germany

☐ First, I want to tell you that you're making a damned good mag. Nothing like it is available in Germany.

Have to laugh a bit seeing the Nazi signs used by American bikers. I'm sure Hitler would be the first to restrict the freedom of the road. In Germany, it's prohibited by law to use Nazi signs.

We German bikers often envy your having such a lot of possibilities to build individual bikes. There are a lot of laws restricting or prohibiting rebuilding here, and the few allowed modifications have to be checked by the local TUV (Society for Technical Controls). That costs you cash and time. Rigid frames driven over German roads need a steel-made rider; almost no one uses them.

To ride means to live and stay free, and so it will be forever.

Reinhold Mieth
West Germany



"Guess what, Herman! I'm multi-orgasmic!"

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

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Dustbin Customs

Come with me now, an' let's explore the warm, dark and ever so slightly foetid corners of the twilight world of cut-price customising.

First thing, natch, is to drag your reluctant bike from its hidey hole and try and convince it that what you're about to do to it will be to its eventual lasting benefit. Explain, as gently as you can, that you don't want to hurt it, just...well, just do it up a bit. Lovingly caress the trusty putt, whisper a few soothing platitudes down the tank and then wham! Either you're thrown into the back of a passing funny-farm four-wheeler for performing unnatural acts with an inanimate object, or you'll catch your bike off guard and manage to disable it by throwing it to the ground, rodeo-style. You're now ready to operate.

Most of the custom bits you'll need can be found on British streets. Not in the shops on the streets, but actually on the streets. Just bend down, pick something up and stick it on your sickle.

To approach cut-price customising in a logical fashion it is first necessary to adopt an exceedingly miserly frame of mind. The whole point of cheapo embellishments is to tart up your mo'bike without actually invading the more private recesses of your wallet.

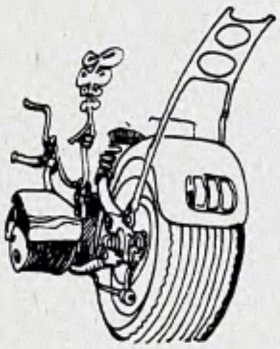
—*Superbike*

Of Pens and Putts

For one thing, fountain pens and Harley-Davidsons are evolutionary things. The fountain pen with which I'm writing, with its plastic ink cartridge and stainless steel point, is probably about as far removed from its origins—which we'll designate as the quill pen—as my '78 Super Glide is from the 1909 V-Twin. Yet both remain of the essence of their pasts and beginnings, are directly evolutionary, in a way that typewriters or fancy sixes cannot even be considered close seconds.

If mistreated they can both be messy, although with proper care and feeding they'll co-operate (except in the event of rain, in which case we'll disavow all knowledge of this paragraph's existence).

—Bob Klein
Enthusiast



Hearing Sounds

A study by Mark R. Laessig, Douglas Ikemi and John Pender of the California Institute of Technology concludes that "noise levels of 100 db(A) can be reached at highway speeds." A study by the USDA Forest Service reports on the at-ear noise levels allowed by eleven different helmets with various bubble and flat face shields attached. The Forest Service study shows that a rider wearing a Bell Star helmet with a flat shield is subjected to 109 db(A) of wind, road and mechanical noise at 55 miles per hour. For those of you who choose not to wear a helmet, be aware that at-ear noise generated at 55 mph sans helmet is 120 db(A). One-hundred-twenty db(A) is what you'd hear inside of a loud discotheque, or if you stood 1000 feet away from a jet during takeoff. It is, in the parlance of acoustical experts, "on the threshold of pain."

—*Cycle*

Speaking of Cops

The boys in blue, cops, heat, pigs, uniforms, the law, Gestapo, police or whatever you want to call them don't have a very good rep among bikers. Most of the time with good reason. You get pulled over, hassled, and generally have your good times interrupted or spoiled by those law-and-order fellas. Some of the time you're probably right when you say they hassle you needlessly and some of the time you're probably wrong.

Now, when some nine-foot 300-pound reject from the Dodge commercial pulls you over and starts asking you about your grandmother's sex life and taking notes, you know you've run into an "unfriendly." Your best bet is to just kick the dirt around with your toes and hope he doesn't decide to take you in. Talking back or trying to play curbside Perry Mason is just going to get you into all sorts of bad times.

—Degenerate Jim
FTW Newsmagazine

Older Age Group

It is fashionable in some quarters to question the long-term health of Harley-Davidson. During the Seventies, Harley's clientele grew older while the rest of the motorcycle industry capitalized on the rage for speed shown by American young people. Yet there are no unhappy faces at Harley-Davidson as the Eighties begin. In fact, to hear William Dutcher, Harley-Davidson public relations man and spokesman for John Davidson, tell it, a mature audience is the very thing to have for the next ten years.

Harley-Davidson bases its conclusions upon the fact that there will be a 32-per-cent growth in the 30 to 49 year-old age group in the next ten years, accompanied by a small decline in the under-30 age group.

—*Cycle Guide*

MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

Big, wide, old-style fireman's suspenders with sturdy clasps — no buttons required. Fits all sizes of men (and women). Either black with an orange stripe down each outer edge or orange with a black stripe down each outer edge. Indicate either black or orange suspenders, your name and address when ordering.
Quality is fully guaranteed and money will be refunded if not completely satisfied. Immediate delivery. $7.95. Personal checks require three weeks to clear.



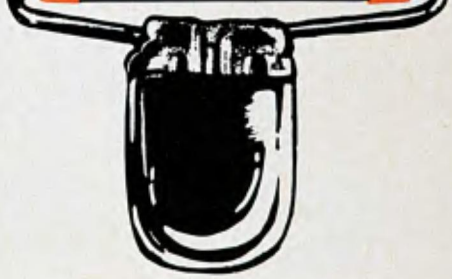




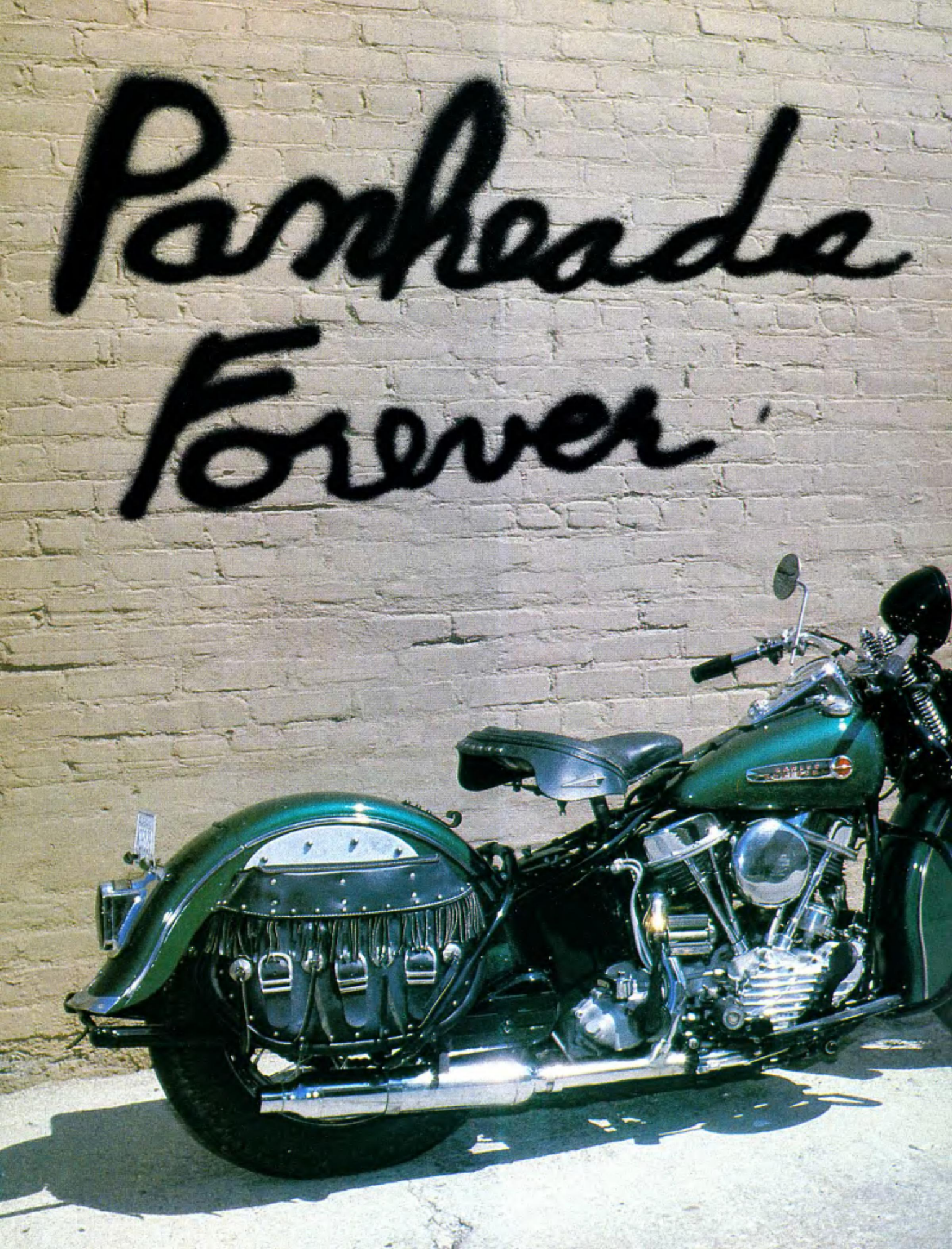
Send money order or check for $7.95 per pair to:

Good Products
Box 807
Yucca Valley, Calif. 92284

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



Panhead Forever



We're featuring the latest 1980 Harley-Davidson Wide Glide, shovelhead, in this issue. In contrast to the latest, we decided to feature another long-standing H-D—the panhead—in three restored forms.

Each one of these bikes is from a different year, and although they may not be accurately restored down to the wire lug, they represent three variations of the panhead style through its 17-year history.







1948 FL





The ride with the green tanks is a 1948 panhead—its first year. This bike represented the last year of the springer front end. Early-style oil pumps were still used (although modified), some of the rigid cradlebar frames were still sweat-brazed, and the top motor mount on the frame formed a hook shape. Some '48 pans were still equipped with knucklehead-style fenders. Take a close look at even the general appearance of the '48 and '49 pan parked in the deserted alley. The '48 pulls much of its appearance from the rough-cut and mechanical era of the knucklehead and its predecessors. But in 1949 the edges began to smooth out. The glide front end was a major change; the new Hydra Glide title indicated that the smooth modern ride and a new era were beginning. The fenders were rounded and slick—more chrome. Mechanically, the '49 was similar to the '48, with the grip-operated manual-advance distributor, 6-volt electrical system, same shift and suicide clutch.

Although the other red pan is still a rigid-frame model, it is of the 1954 vintage, only three years before major changes began to occur—panheads were headed for the bricks. This was also Harley's 50th anniversary, a year of complimentary optional paint



Owner: Ron Germadnik, Brookfield, Ohio

1954 FL





Owner: Ron Germadnik, Brookfield, Ohio

jobs from H-D and many optional packages. One such option (deluxe solo group) contained a chrome safety guard, an air cleaner, chrome handlebars, rims, headlight and taillight, clutch cover, timer cover, inspection cover, and muffler. It also came with an oil filter, two deluxe OHV name plates (chrome) for the front fender, stainless trim, polished fork sliders and front brake side cover, chrome exhaust covers, and a plated horn and cover.

The no-charge color options such as pepper-red tanks and Daytona-ivory fenders must have been seldom picked. No one on the staff has ever spotted a '54 pan with forest-green tanks and ivory fenders or glacier-blue fenders and Daytona-ivory tanks. It may have been that the customer rarely saw the optional information and felt the only choices were on the dealer's floor. The dealer price for a 74 in 1954 was $761.25, and suggested retail was $1,015.

Although the sleekest, most eye-catchin' H-D to date was this bulbous (but as streamlined as a '54 Chrysler) panhead, they had strained the word "modern" just as far as it could be applied successfully to mechanical brakes, rigid frames, 6-volt light system, and hand shifting. The foot shift became optional equipment in 1952 (ELF and FLF). That was also the last year of the 61-inch panhead. The anniversary panhead was a well-researched model, experienced, a veteran of the country's rough but ever-improving network



1954 FLF





Owner: Lee Lanka, Berdoo, Calif.

of connecting highways. But industries, despite the country's booming economic atmosphere, cried for improvements, creative technology—change.

Whoa, let's hold on a gram. We are here to discuss rigid pans—the traditional pan. On the outside, the '54 was equipped with a stronger-welded rigid frame. Everything had been carefully perfected—beefed brake drums on the rear mechanical brakes; even late-model jockey tops were held from shifting with an improved spring tensioner. And ratchet tops and mousetraps made it possible to shift with the boot.

Panheads went on to compensating sprockets in 1956, swingarm frames in 1958, and electric start before the shovelhead came along.

It was a strong era. Pans were our brothers of the road for almost two decades. That's why we ran 'em together. Panheads drew most of us to Harleys—those shiny chrome tin cans flashin' at us, reflectin' the brilliant summer sun against candy red with lots of hand-rubbed clear, sparklin' like a windowpane hallucination. And at night, those tin tops mirrored anything that shone in the streets, be it city lights or an incredibly clear full moon. We've undressed, dressed, chopped, bobbed, and restored panheads so much that the stock parts we used to throw away are more costly today than custom ones. But the mills are still hangin' in there with the slick ones today.

—Panheads Forever

BIG MAMA

by HAL HAMILTON

Fuck. He'd seen the sheet of rain coming toward him, but before he could even slow down, it was on him, needling him. Shit. And not a fucking anything in sight to hide under. There wasn't anything to see even if he could have seen anything. Okay, big buddy, he said silently to the bike, just you and me. The bike's headlight tried to help him—and couldn't. All it saw was rain and lightning. Jesus!

But the jagged flash had shown him the farmhouse and barn. Even so, he almost missed the dirt road leading to it. He felt, more than saw, the way; then the open barn door swallowed him and, not even realizing it, suddenly he was inside—in a stack of hay. The surprise of that threw him more than anything. He laughed to himself, reached down, turned the key off. The sudden darkness threw him, too. But at least this darkness was dry. He pushed the kick stand down, feeling with his boot, making sure the ground was solid. In one move, he let the bike down as he slipped off. He took his leather jacket off, quickly pulled out of his shirt, and, kneeling down, used it as a rag to wipe the bike dry. Then he threw the jacket around his shoulders and sank down into the hay.

It was warm but his Levi's were damned cold. He shivered. What the hell. He reached down and pulled off his boots. They were still pretty dry, anyway. But his Levi's seemed to be plastered to him and, even after he unbuckled the leather belt and unbuttoned them, they wanted to stay close. Lying on his back in the hay, legs up in the air, he finally got the bastards off. He spread them out beside him and lay down, pushing some hay around him.

Fuck, wish I had a joint. That need ran through him. But he'd smoked his last one early this morning. Hell, a guy has to do something when he gets up, especially when there ain't no woman around to get him up. Find it hard gettin' up in the morning'? Hell, yes! He laughed to himself. And it ain't no fuckin' piss hardon, either. That fucking need, more powerful than the other, ran through him, too. One hand went down and pulled his balls up from between his crossed legs. Fuck.

He didn't know whether it was the light shining in his face or the voice that woke him up. "Bum! Trash!"

He was on his feet instantly, reaching for something, anything, and realizing, almost at the same moment, there was nothing to reach for.

He stood there, naked in the glare of the light.

"Bum!" the voice repeated.

"Hey, man," he said, trying to keep his voice calm, "I'm sorry. It was the rain.

—Continued on page 85

Illustration by Rio Phior



Whatta Drag

Mississippi quarter-mile maniacs thrash the asphalt

Me, I ain't no go-fast, slick sonofabitch like the heroes pictured here. Gettin' my pan to the basic speed limit in less than a mile is plenty fine for this youngster, let alone cuttin' loose in less than a quarter. I value my hide.

However, that don't mean I don't occasionally go nuts an' rally my carcass out to the drags to witness these speed-demon events. A few whiffs of that racin'-mixture nitro, a blue sky hangin' overhead, plenty of friends partyin' themselves into a worthless batch o' bones, combined with the hellacious brain-bustin' sounds of double-engine shovels, or a Sporty's challengin' the hot-lick Jap bikes—that's enough to get me to a drag strip. Hell, it don't even need to be a championship thriller like the one on these scurvy-ridden pages.

This particular late fall event you're viewin' was the last day of racin' for the sacred National Championship Cup (or whatever gee-gaw the winner makes off with). The ear-shatterin' event was set up by the International Drag Bike Association at Gulfport, Mississippi.

The weekend of qualifications, eliminations, blow-outs, 'n burnouts, was a lure too good not to bite for about a half dozen clubs from the surroundin' area. Campin' was open to all at a nominal fee (whatever the fuck that is—yer scalp, I reckon). The weather was perfect, everyone high with anticipation that the Harleys would kick ass.

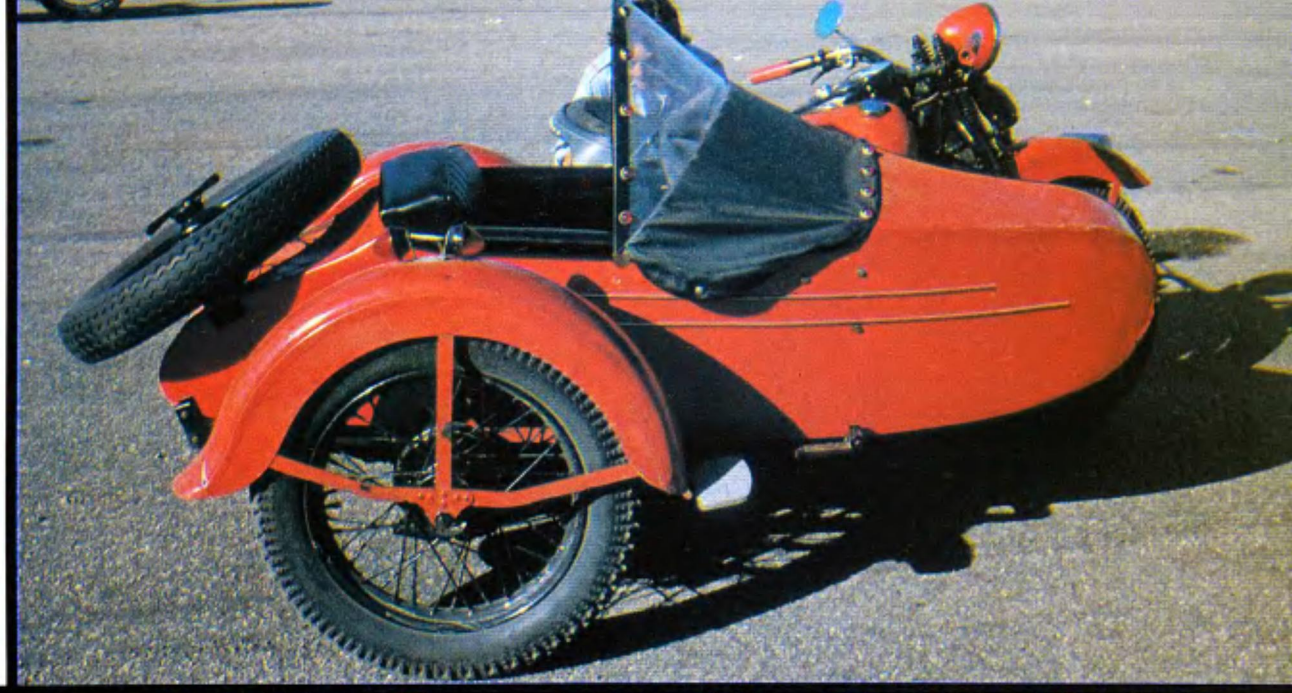
That headstrong hope for success started lookin' like piss in the wind when fully blown Kawasakis (hurts to



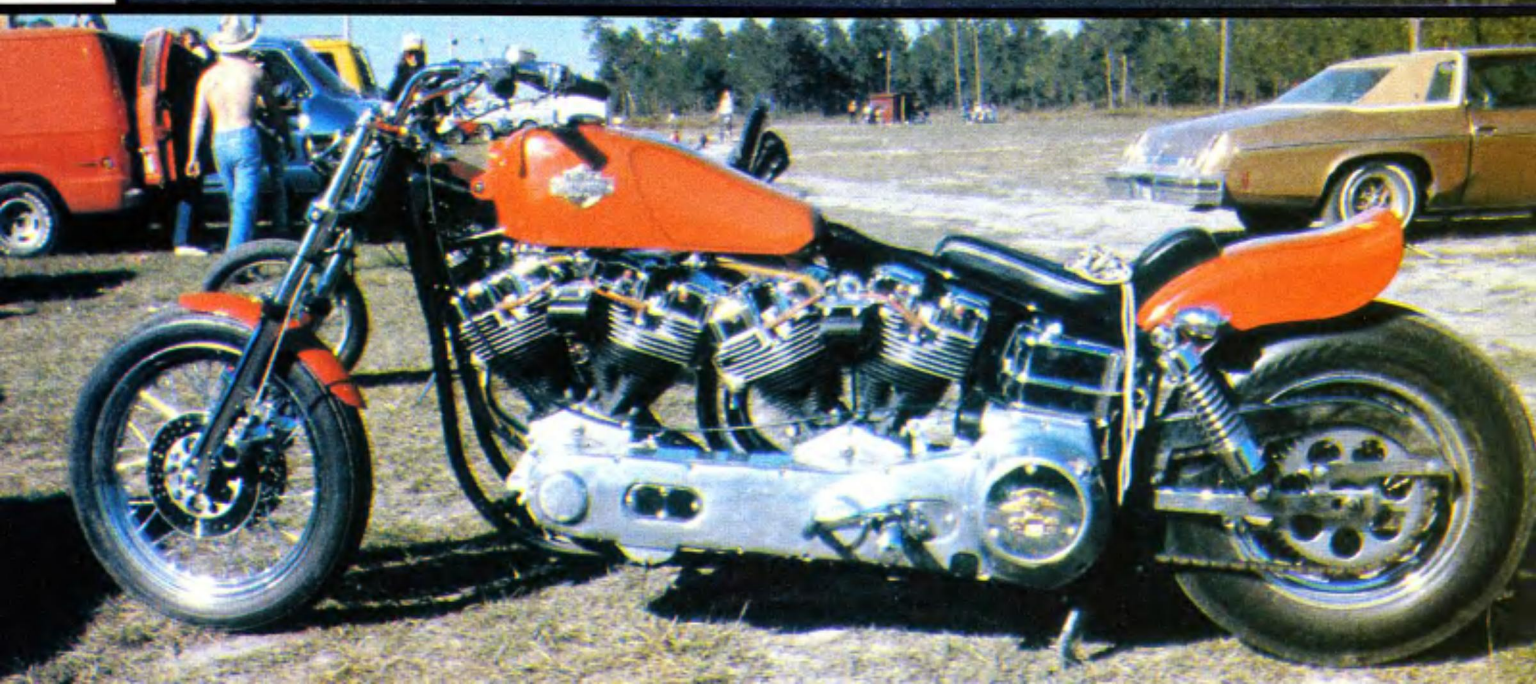




Photos by Augie




C/M
1130T
XX-M
1118



say it) started makin' their presence felt with their factory-installed hot-air shifters 'n blastin' powers. They ate us up, bros. Even a broad was out there eatin' 'em up on her import.

Nonetheless, tried and true H-D racers like Elmer Trett still refused to go away quietly. Thumpin' his shovel till the barrels were bloody red hot, he gave it the ol' never say die effort, finishing second in the Top Fuel class. He'll be back.

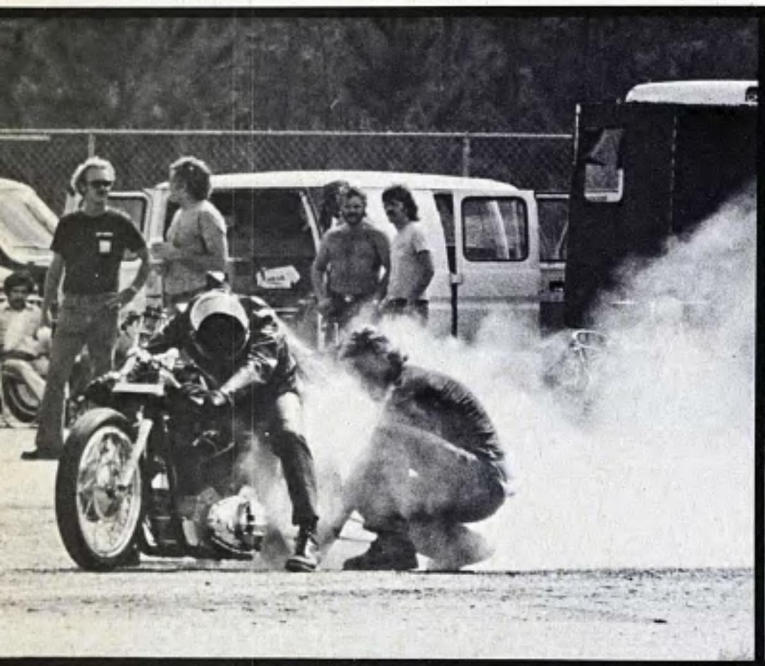
Whatdahell, a Sportster ran away from its field to take class honors. The gent's name is Lou Skopik, and he deserves a full pail of brew for holdin' up his end by knockin' out a 10.48 run, which translates out to 127.25 mph.

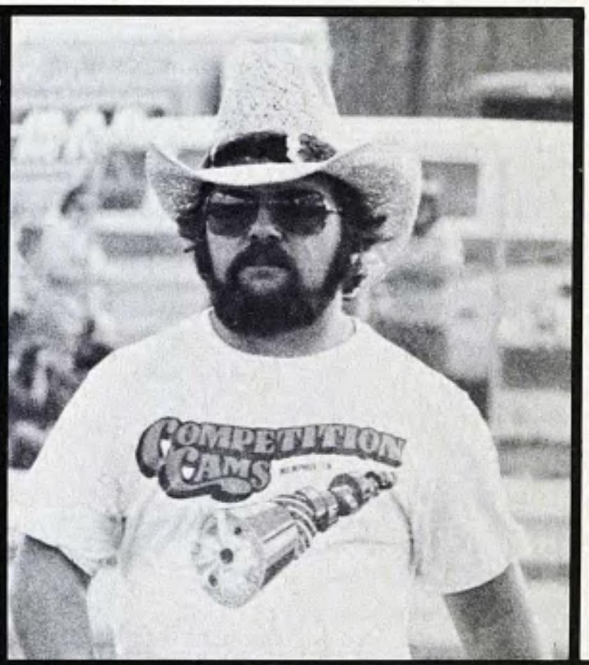
Weekend highlights, other than the partyin' goin' down on the infield, included Ray Price doin' his traditional quarter mile on one wheel. Question, Ray: Why not bolt that shovel to a unicycle and save a little weight? Just an idea, ya unnerstand. Ray did end up third in the Super Eliminator class, behind a pair of Kaws.

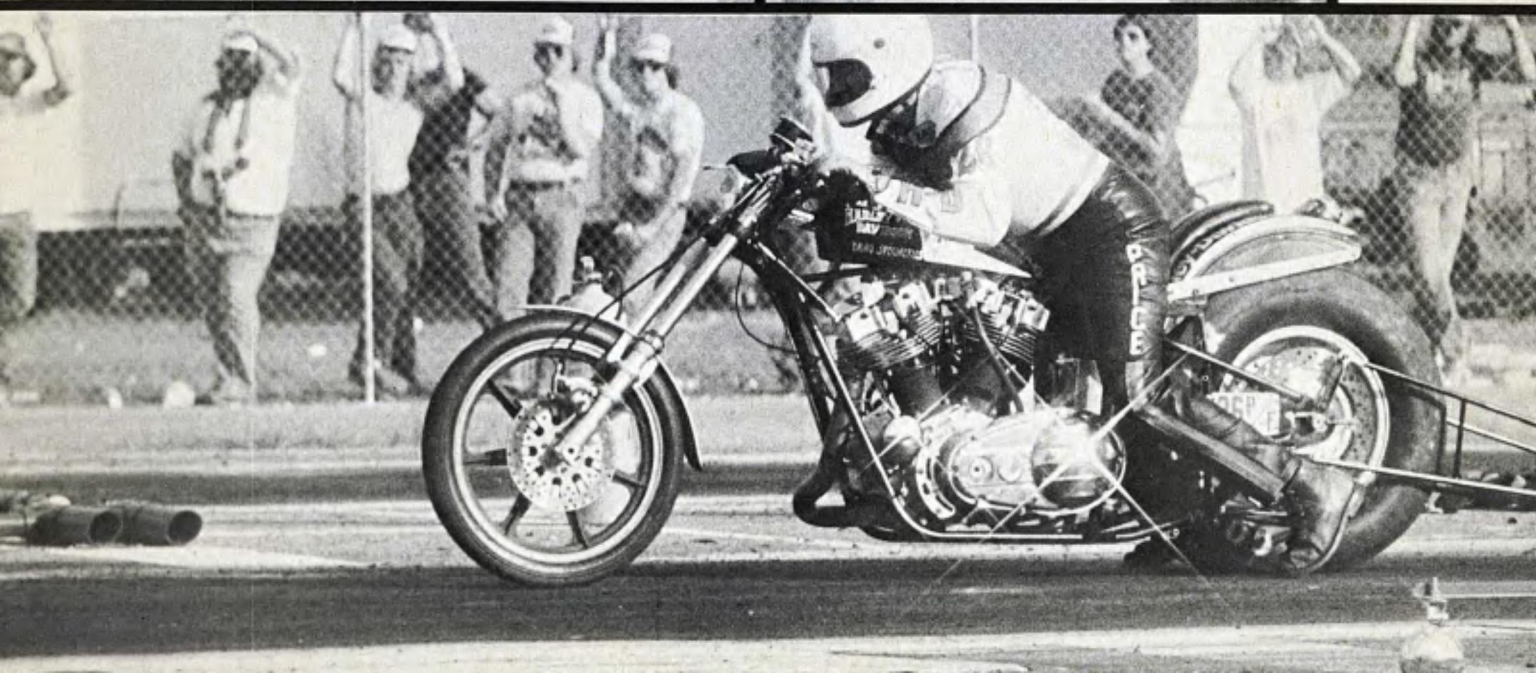
While the foreign scooters were rewritin' the record books on our turf, a handful of Harley riders gained respect for hangin' tough. Besides Trett, Price, Harris, and Skopik, we had Marion Owens, Joe Thornson, and Larry "Turk" Turksdale, who earned a world record in a Pro-Comp A-A1 event. Ridin' for W & S Engineering and Andrews Cams, the Turk made it down the blacktop stretch in a blazin' 9.89 seconds, or 134.73 mph. Whatta rush.

So it's back to the drawin' board for those that can read, and all the preppin' of machinery begins again for the 1980 attempt to bring the drag crown to us Harley fanatics. We'll do it.

—Pig Iron







Election Year Anti-Outlaw Campaign

96th CONGRESS
1st Session

H. CON. RES. 220

Expressing the sense of the Congress that the President should establish a Federal strike force and a program in each United States judicial district to investigate and prosecute crimes committed by members of outlaw motorcycle gangs.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

December 6, 1979

Mr. Walker (for himself, Mr. Abdnor, Mr. Gradison, Mr. Grassley, Mr. Grisham, Mr. Pashayan, Mr. Rousselot, Mr. Lott, Mr. Lagomarsino, Mr. Goldwater, Mr. Dougherty, and Mr. Mottl) submitted the following concurrent resolution; which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary

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CONCURRENT RESOLUTION

Expressing the sense of the Congress that the President should establish a Federal strike force and a program in each United States judicial district to investigate and prosecute crimes committed by members of outlaw motorcycle gangs.

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gangs have become a major criminal element in our society; and

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gangs are united in an organized international criminal association with a single network of leaders; and

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gangs, as organized criminal groups, have employed terrorism, extortion, threats, and murder as methods of attaining illegal gains; and

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gangs, as organized criminal groups, are involved in the kidnaping, enslavement, and physical abuse of women; and

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gangs, as organized criminal groups, are receiving enormous profits from drug-production, drug-trafficking, gun-running, theft, and murder by contract; and

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gangs have systematically abused public welfare programs for personal gain; and

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gangs have used their illegally gained profits to take control of legitimate business enterprises and to drive lawful business owners out of business; and

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gang members, through their size, power, and ability to cross State boundaries, pose formidable and overwhelming problems for local and State law enforcement officials; and

Whereas an immediate effort must be made on the Federal level to recognize outlaw motorcycle gangs as an organized criminal threat throughout the United States; and

Whereas the President and the Attorney General have the authority to coordinate the national fight against organized crime: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That the President—

(1) should establish a Federal strike force to investigate Federal crimes committed by members of outlaw motorcycle gangs, to prosecute members of outlaw motorcycle gangs who commit such crimes, and to assist State and local law enforcement agencies in the investigation and prosecution of members of outlaw motorcycle gangs; and

(2) should implement a program in each judicial district of the United States to investigate Federal crimes committed by members of outlaw motorcycle gangs and to prosecute members committing such crimes.

—Are you a registered voter?

Degenerate Letters

How the fuck do you put up with all those degenerate fuck letters, and where do you get those off-the-wall answers?

Brad Humphrey
Morgantown, W.Va.

● I love all the letters, and the answers are straight from my fart—I mean heart.

Fucking Problem

I have a fucking problem. I can't seem to find a man who can satisfy me. I love to get it on and I try to leave the men as happy as they can possibly be. They have a great time, but I'm left unsatisfied. I have been to doctors, and none of them can tell me why I don't get off when I fuck. I hear that a lot of chicks have the same problem. I just don't see why I have to be one of them. Do you have any ideas on how to go about fixing this? Do you know any men who think they could help me? I'm 19 and I'd like to get out of bed happy at least once before I die.

Lisa
Salt Lake City, Utah

● Ever seen *Deep Throat?* Or how about tryin' a banana squash for a dildo? Keep experimenting, and keep your mind open. You might be surprised at the least expected time.

Robbin' The Cradle

I've got this chick I love that has a hangup about me bein' four years younger than her. All she wants to be is friends. And I want her to be mine. What can I do or say to get her mind off my age?

J. Finney
Wilmington, Calif.

● Tell her to write to me and I'll tell her how good younger men with more stamina can be.

Cold Cock

Want to put a little chill in your next blowjob? Next time you're ready to go down, suck on some ice cubes so your mouth, tongue, and lips are ice cold. I even leave a few little pieces of ice in my mouth. Then go down on that hot hunk of meat and listen and feel his enjoyment. My ol' man says it's really a rush. Try it; he'll like it.

Robin Lynn
Colorado Springs, Colo.

● Here's one for you—melt a popsicle in your twat before he goes down on you.

No Respect

My ol' lady an' I got busted a few months back and we were in the same jail. We could see each other through screens. She useta show me her pussy an' tits. I'd get a hardon an' go jack off. They split us up an' sent me to another jail for three weeks. She got out the day they sent me back here an' I'm in the same cell. The dude I'm in here with is now her ol' man an' he's been seein' that pussy an' tits since I've been gone. Some bitches have no respect.

Mad Mitch
Benton, Mo.

● So what're ya gonna do about it, just sit there an' bitch?

S.O.L.

I'm here at this college and my bike's back home 600 miles away and I'm stuck driving around in this shit-brown station wagon. This area is IBM country and there ain't a Hog to be found anywhere, not to mention any chicks that go with 'em. What the fuck do I do?

Shit Outta Luck
Hyde Park, N.Y.

● I'd tend to think that you are Shit Outta Luck.

Rumors

I got a coupla thoughts for ya to ponder while yer sittin' on the shitter pickin' scabs outta yer cesspool-smellin' snatch: Ya see, I got these two partners an' I think they're bullshittin' me. First, Sick Ed swears he balled you in the men's room at a USO in Louisville. He says he left his combat boots in yer twat an' he wants 'em back. Is he for real?

Next is Crazy Tracy. This dude picks his nose and eats it. He says goobers make his tool harder and make it stay that way longer. I think he's just a booger-eatin' moron.

Finally, I heard a rumor that you sleep on the streets with yer twat draped over a fire hydrant.

How much of all this is true? Write back, you canyon-cunted slut.

Oddball
Erlanger, France

● What the hell do you want, my life history?

Incest

I've got the sexiest damned brother in town. He's a 6'5" ex-football player, now biker, with blond hair and blue eyes. When we were little, he used to practice pussy eatin' me in the bathtub. What I wanna know is: How do I get that 11" dong inside my wet and hairy pussy?

Horny Li'l Sis
Lakewood, Ohio

● Have your mom tell him it's okay.

Old Dogs & New Tricks

I've been giving cheap shots and spreads all over town and finally snagged me a biker dude. He's married, but what the fuck, I've been called a cheap whore before. He's quite a bit older than me, but he says he doesn't like to eat my pussy because it smells like a sewer. Now the question: Should I look elsewhere or try to teach an old dog a new trick?

Jan Thorsen
Garden Grove, Calif.

● I don't think you can teach a cunt to clean itself.

Chicken Fucker

A bro told me that if I fill a rubber with some H-D motor oil and slide it on my dong before I choke the chicken, it'll be just like getting a knobber from you. Any truth to the rumor?

T. J.
Holbrook, N.Y.

● Maybe and maybe not, but how does he know what I'm like?

Better Payment

Hey, Sexpot! I'm sending you the envelope for your beautiful picture, but hell, I would have come to California to eat your pussy for it when I got sprung from the joint. If ya still want my magical tongue, let me know.

Rick Stallard
Mansfield, Ohio

● Have you ever known me to turn down a free offer?

A Real Looker

My bro says that you're probably ugly, but I say that you're probably the best-lookin' mama in the **Easyriders** book. Let us know who's right.

Bill Bevins
Arlington, Va.

● Let me tell ya, there ain't no competition.

A Likely Story

I have a rotten sex life because of my three-foot, rock-hard cock. I shoot five gallons of jizz in the first blast, and there ain't no biker chicks up here that can handle me. Straight bitches just run when they see me comin'.

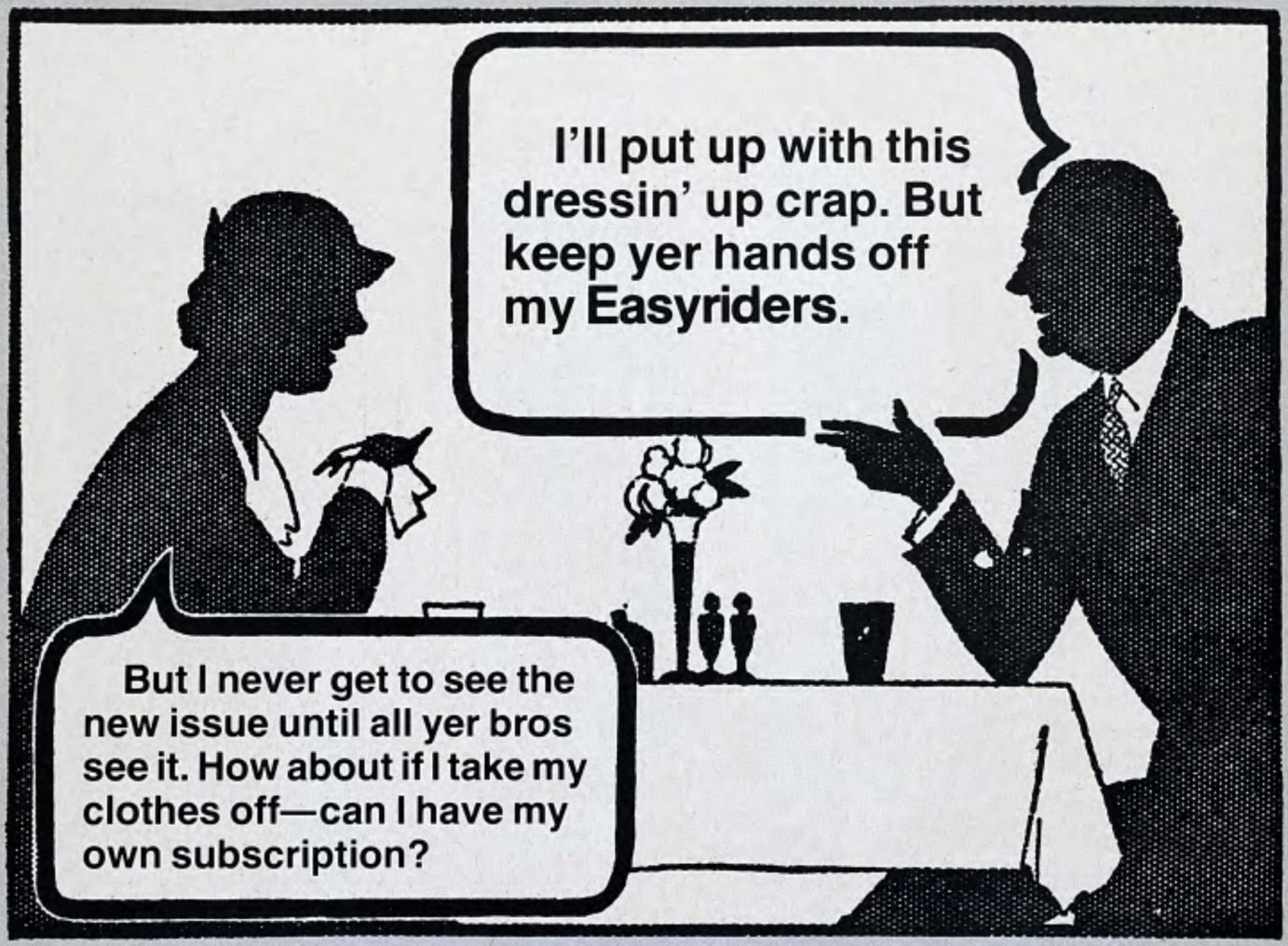
Pig Man
Fairbanks, Alaska

● You're so fulla shit, it's a wonder you come at all.

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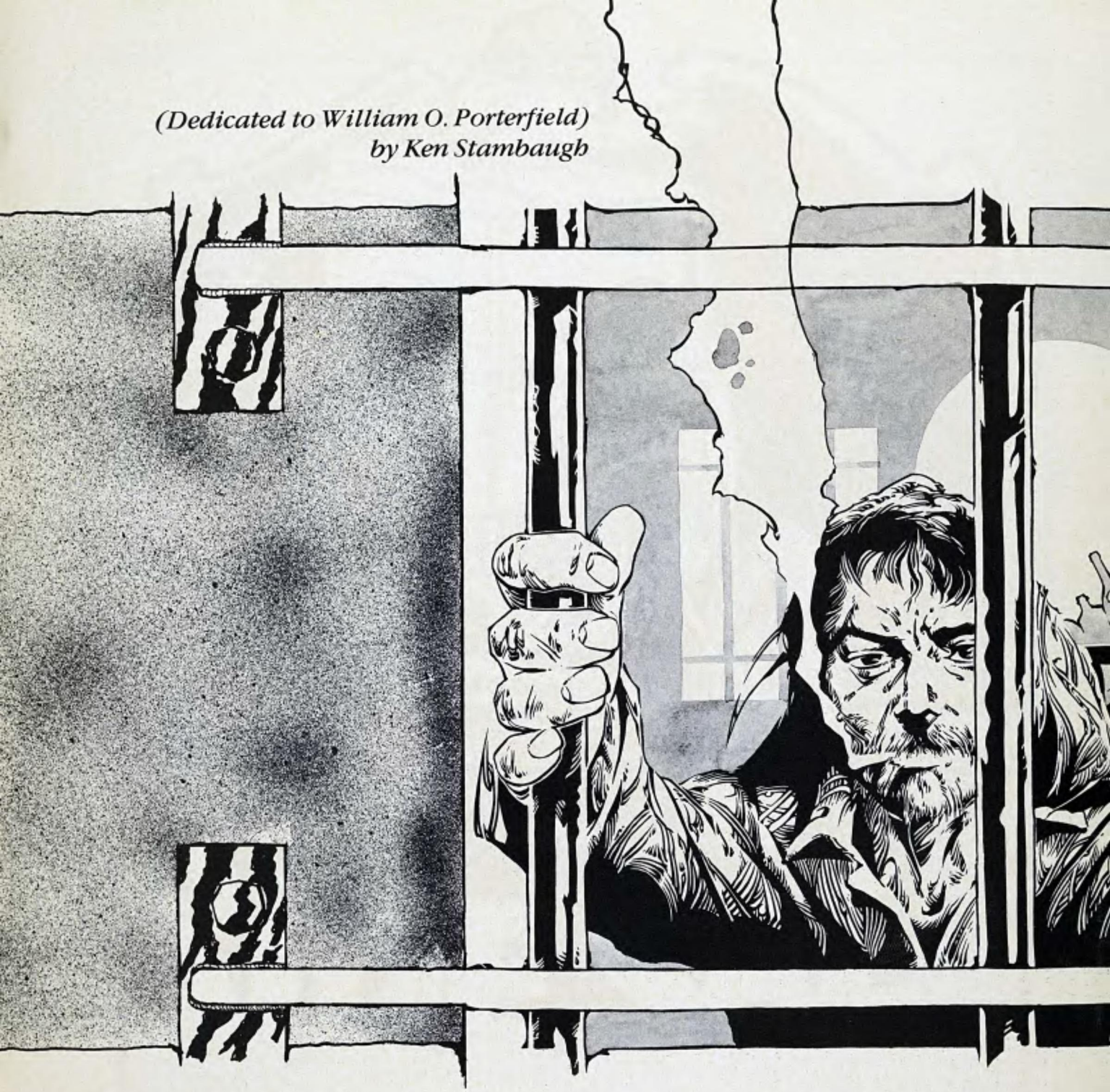
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(Dedicated to William O. Porterfield)
by Ken Stambaugh



The choices were simple: fight, fuck, or run a foot race. Lacking a timepiece, he was denied the usual fourth option of shitting on his watch. Figures—it held the most appeal. Hard Luck was sorely tempted to kick his bike. But his frustration demanded something truly impressive. Besides, the way things had been coming down, the sled would defy all the rules of gravity by falling the wrong way and crushing his foot. He could see that he was going to be frustrated a while longer. Could even be considered funny, except he'd pulverize the first onlooker who wore even the trace of a snicker—if there'd been any onlookers, that is.

First mistake the Desperate Ones made was scheduling one of their biggest runs and balls-out blowouts for Friday the 13th. Even non-superstitious people knew better. That was like mooning the Fates, daring them to do something. Worse, you were in a particularly vulnerable position if they did take action—safer picking up a bar of soap in a prison shower. But that wasn't the only mistake.

Hard Luck had decided to do some solo puttin' to clear out the cobwebs in his head. He told his bros he'd be back in plenty of time. Fat chance.

Corroded points had been an omen that he'd ignored. He was cocky after three months without getting the clap, any paternity suits, a serious breakdown, any bench warrants, or any dope shortages. He knew this was going to be *his* year.

Doubt hammered his thoughts and clobbered his naive bubble when his chain broke. No real problem—Harleys always need some attention. The difference between assured, calm competence and going apeshit was the minute it took to find out he'd lost his master link. Bumfuck, Egypt—nothing but miles and miles to push his bike in either direction. Dilemma would crush a lesser man. Hard Luck knew the only choice was to hump and get it immediately—the right foot goes forward, then the left, then the right.

Chick on the Sportster almost didn't stop when she saw the big, sunburned biker irrit-

Let Me In

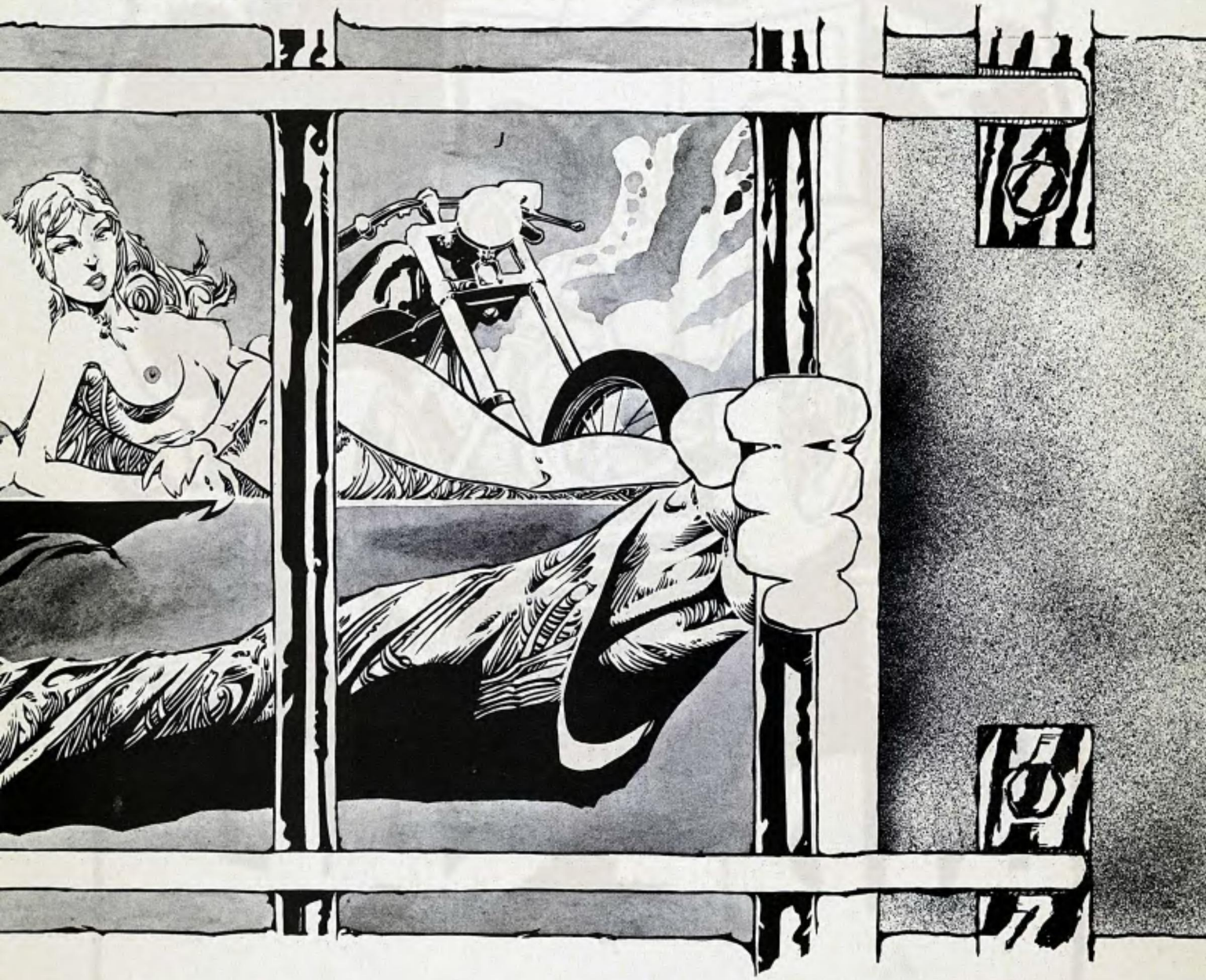


Illustration by Duffy Duggan

ably talking to himself. Something about his attitude was cute, the way a grizzly bear is cuddly. Be nice to help a hardcore biker out, and being a liberated woman added the spice of smug superiority.

Hard Luck couldn't believe his good fortune. Maybe Lady Luck had just been testing him. Losing his temper earlier now made him feel guilty.

"Need some help?" The girl's luscious voice struck a responsive chord in Hard Luck. Even better than a steel guitar lick. In Texas, that was really saying something.

"If you've got a master link, you'll be my friend for life."

"Here's to a long friendship." She was a dream in motion as she casually tossed the vital part, the slight movement causing her full boobs to bob. Suddenly, Hard Luck's jeans seemed tighter. Reluctantly, he curbed his natural instincts and turned to fix his bike.

As he put the chain on he heard her bike start up. Flustered, he stood up, not sure what to say. She waved and wheeled off, laughing. "I gotta get going—some other biker who wasn't prepared might need help!"

Hard Luck was too surprised to feel insulted. Hell, he deserved it. 'Sides, he liked women with spirit. Not too much, though. He'd have chuckled if he'd known she'd been thinking about the obvious bulge in his jeans. He'd also have found a way to stop her. He only *looked* stupid.

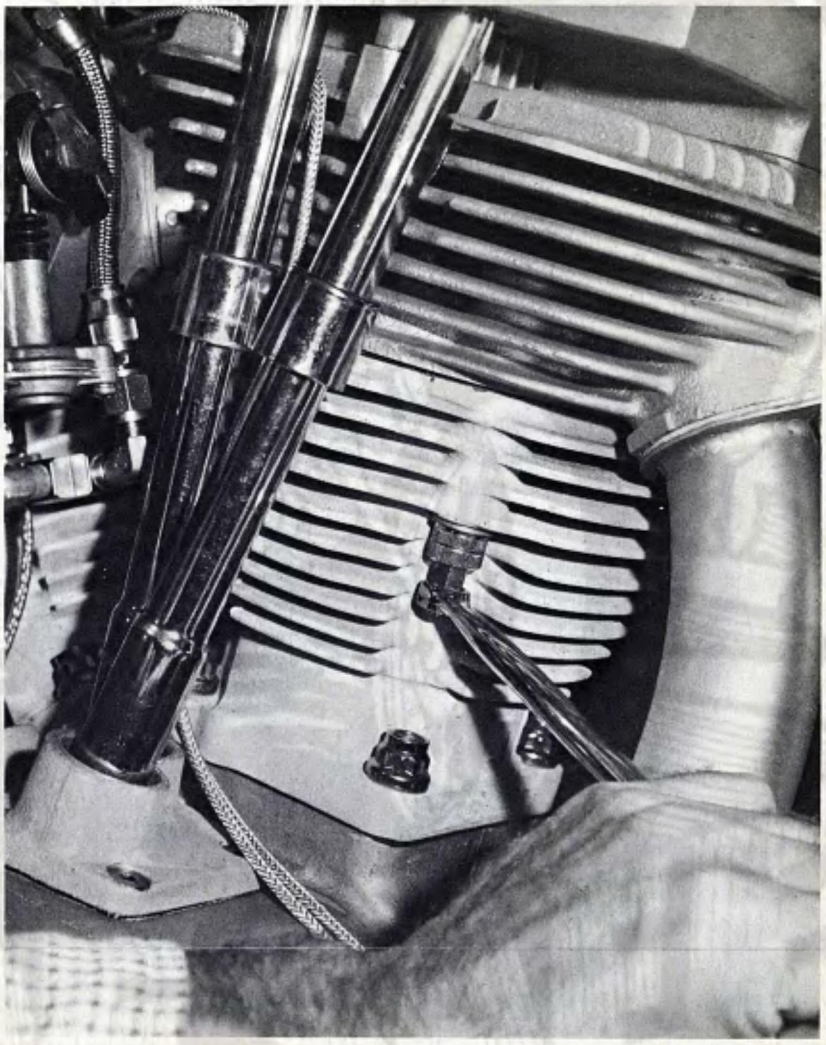
Next time, maybe. He finished up and straddled his Hog. Useless to go after her. She had too much of a head start and he liked casual run-ins better. Whistling against the wind, he felt lighthearted and relieved. The bug that flew into his open mouth didn't faze him. Party time was coming up, right?

Nope, time to regroup. The flat rear tire made the bike weave across the road. Hard Luck slid to an expert stop. When he dismounted, his hands were shaking in monumental rage. A fuckin' setup. First, a bad problem, almost hopeless, then a well-built

—*Continued on page 102*

Tech Tip

SOCKIN' DOWN SOCKET HEADS



First the bad news—although socket-head cap screws look great, in a lotta cases they're a real bear to tighten down properly. I mean, didja ever try to torque up socket-style cylinder-head bolts on yer shovelhead with a four-inch allen wrench? Or with waterpump pliers on the *end* of a four-inch allen wrench? Man, there has gotta be a more pleasurable way ta turn knuckles into spaghetti sauce and fingers into the blues magoos. But there's hope. After some serious nose pickin', head scratchin', and a rap inna mouth from the editor, I found a way!

First, check out the bolts or screws in question to determine the size of the internal socket in their head. Next, go down to your friendly local hardware store, auto parts operation, tool supplier, Sears, J.C. Penney, or whatever. Get a set of allen wrenches (1)—sometimes called socket keys. Or buy the individual size to fit the fastener back home. They should be the heat-treated, hardened type. You can check this by running a metal file across them. It shouldn't make a dent.

Next, cop a tungsten-carbide rod saw. This is a round section saw blade (2) that fits into any standard hacksaw and will cut practically anything—including that hardened allen wrench



(1)

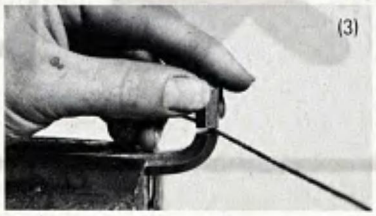


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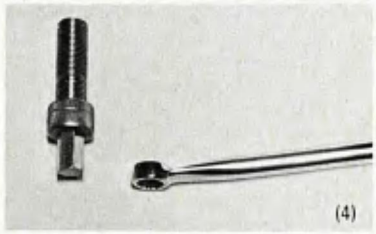
that just told your file to shove it. These rod saws are common hardware items. You can also get 'em by mail from places like Brookstone Tool.

Now, truck this stash home and down the rickety stairs to the workshop. Select the allen wrench that fits into the bolts in question and put it into a vise. Using the rod saw, cut off a section (3) long enough to fit full depth into the socket-head fastener, and still project out far enough (about one-half inch) so the end of a wrench can be brought to bear on the whole shootin' match (4). What kinda wrench? Okay, here's the payoff to all this nonsense. Once you have made this li'l adapter (don't forget to deburr it after sawing), you can now tighten those offending screws, bolts, or anything with a socket head in that size, with just a box wrench.

For best results, get a twelve-point, extra-long box wrench that contacts the flanks of the hex adapter rather than the corners (5). Two types



(3)



(4)



(5)

that come to this bleary brain are Snap-On's XDH line of wrenches, or the Bonney "Loc-rite" series. The twelve-point design is useful in places where the swing room for the wrench is limited, allowin' ya to catch the next flat of the hex without crunchin' knuckles. As you can see in the lead photo, using the box wrench on that hex shank you made, it's a lot easier to tighten even hard-to-reach socket-type head bolts.

—Mystery Man

Photos by Jake



A Low Risk Iron-On

Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work. Get together the following material: ironing board and iron; scissors; transfer from this magazine; sheet of white tissue paper; piece of stiff cardboard that will slip inside shirt; a new or used 65% polyester-35% cotton T-shirt.

Transferring the pattern:

1. Use a dry iron at the "linen" temperature setting.
2. Slip the T-shirt over ironing board, with stiff cardboard under surface to be ironed.
3. Trim around the transfer, removing all the printing. (It's okay to leave some of the blank paper around the design.) Place the transfer ink side down on the shirt, using the bottom edge of stiff cardboard for alignment. Place the sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer.
4. Pin papers to shirt at one top corner and at the opposite bottom corner, making sure to smooth all 3 layers. Pin through all thicknesses.
5. Move the iron back and forth over the transfer for only 30 seconds. Be sure that you apply very firm and even pressure to all parts of the design, especially the edges. (If you don't have a clock with a second hand, you can time 30 seconds by counting briskly from 101 to 127.)
6. Lift the bottom edge of the transfer page and peel it off, pulling straight up, and you've got it. **Easyriders** does it again.

Harley's New

Well, H-D finally built a custom van. . .I mean motorcycle. Like most of the automobile manufacturers, they did it a decade late, but they're catching up. And to kick off the extended fatbob, Wide Glide model, they turned us on to the first one to hit the streets. Some of the bros got off on the fact that H-D is gettin' around to recognizing their real people. And a few of the ol' H-D-school brothers—pan/knuck riders, anti-AMF muthas—freaked. A road test in *Easyriders*? No way! One brother wouldn't ride it. A lot of chesty arguin' ensued. But we're brothers to the bone and, ultimately, the old school began to understand the new school and we decided to give the new sled a fair shake.

Sure, this is not from the ol' H-D factory. It's a Willie G. with AMF product. But at the same time, it's as if Harley's sayin' to all us long-time custom riders, "We're tryin' to put somethin' together for you bros, so you don't have to continue to tear apart dressers to build a decent putt."

So, we gave their new ride a shot.

—Editor





Wide Glide







Frank—Flash and Detail Expert

I'm the detail freak amongst this bunch of leaky transmissions. I ride only trick bikes—low, lean, stretched, and narrow. Everything is attached with chrome allen fasteners to chrome, bead blasted, or heavily rubbed out and polished parts. Nothing leaks—everything's clean, functional, and fits right. This Harley took me back.

A factory custom. Maybe the people up in Milwaukee are finally understanding things the slick rider wants. Hell, who knows, maybe next year we'll see factory rigid frames again. Well, we can hope, anyway. The company is making an effort to fill the needs of the road rider who wants custom class in a stock machine. So I'm going to get into the road machine from a custom appearance standpoint—we'll see what happens.

The rear fender looks like many aftermarket custom fenders that have been in production for the past ten years—but slicker and sturdier. Going for the cleanest look possible for the wide custom model, the factory mounted the taillight and the tag inside the flare of the rear fender. This setup cleans up the rear end and functions as a partial mudguard to keep more oil and rubber crap off your back. But only a lot of road miles will be able to test the actual strength of the plate holder.

Goodyear tooled up to make a 21-inch Rib Sport, and the result has to be one of the sleekest tires going. It affords light handling—especially for the freeway



rain grooves. The cleanest-looking, tightest-fitting front fender ever to grace a stock motorcycle is securely mounted to the trim wide glide lower legs. The top triple tree looks to be a stock, off-the-shelf item—only lightly chromed. The bottom triple tree is a new item. The ears for the old fork tube covers have been shaved and the sides rounded off. But the application has been altered by a 4.4 degrees increase in rake in the lightly polished and chromed trees. The headlight bracket was constructed with plate steel to cover the area between the fork tubes all the way back to the steering head. This was an effort to improve the appearance of the crowns without going through the old headaches of polishing the rough, hard-to-get-at inner surface of the lower tree.

It's a healthy effort to produce a custom wide glide front end in a factory way. Hell of a lot easier than customizing an old stock front end—yourself. The handlebars are even lifted four inches with aluminum risers—they're clean. But since a basket fulla controls and switches are molded into the heavy aluminum grips, the wires gotta go somewhere—tie-wrapped to the bars in thick plastic loom.

The combination foot/highway pegs leave something to be desired for the long-legged rider. The brake pedal is easy to reach, but unfortunately, the whole master cylinder setup looks too much like several old parts grafted together to fill the space.

Black wrinkle is a heavy item—it looks good. But why couldn't H-D take it one

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Bandit—Fast Freeway Freak

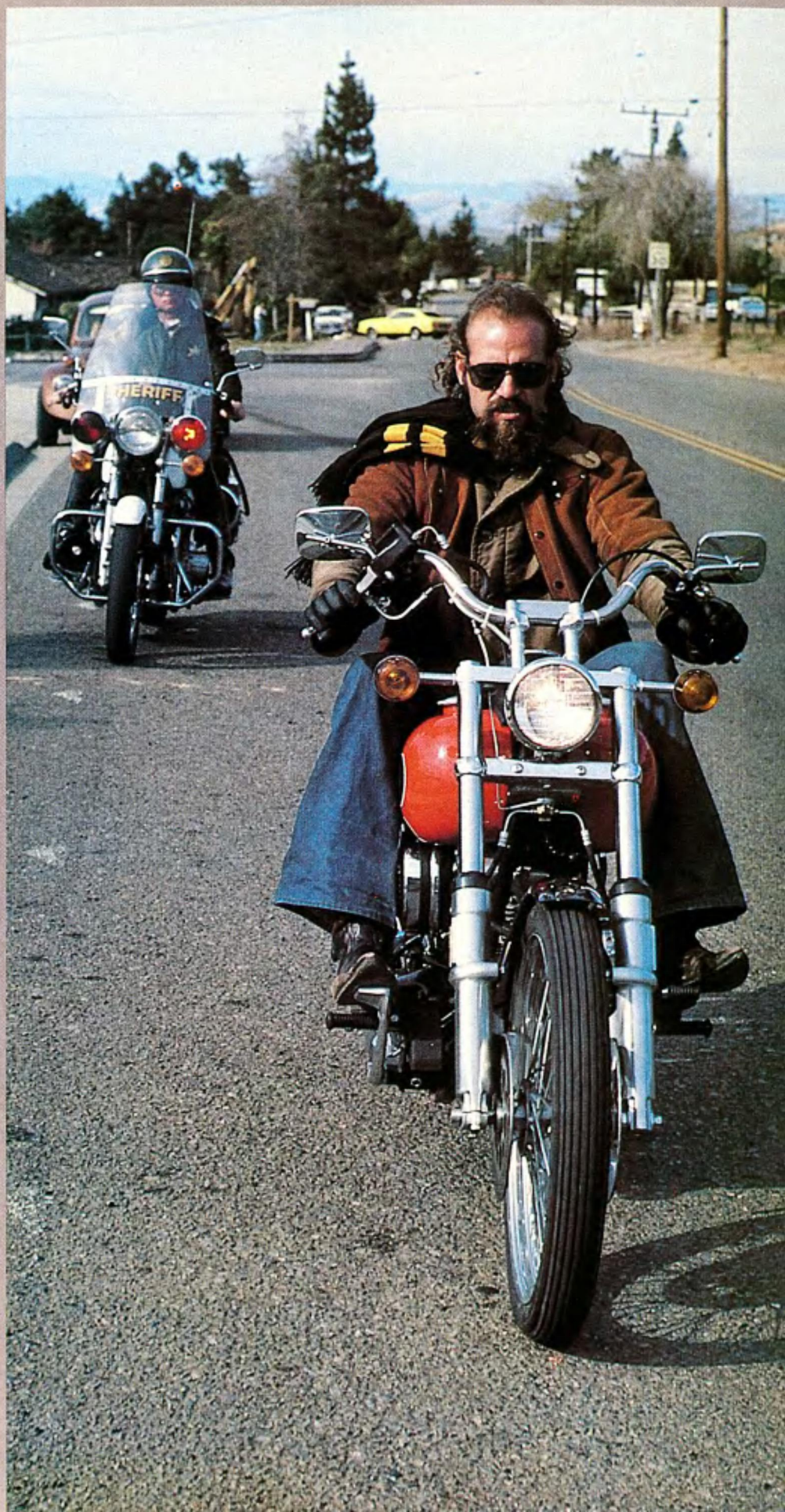
From the gate, I didn't want to ride it. It was against my religion. I build my own bikes, ride my own scooters, and the thought of ridin' a new bike, a monthly-payment price tag, isn't anywhere near my bag. But it forced me to look around a bit—saw a lot of old-time bike builders sellin' lids and countin' the green out on Harley-Davidson/AMF counters for Low Riders and such. A lot of the same brothers who wouldn't whisper AMF if they were drunk were grinning ear-to-ear through thick beards while standing, proud as a new patch-holder, behind their shiny new, black, straight-from-the-factory Low Riders. Made me fuckin' think. Live and learn, right? I suppose.

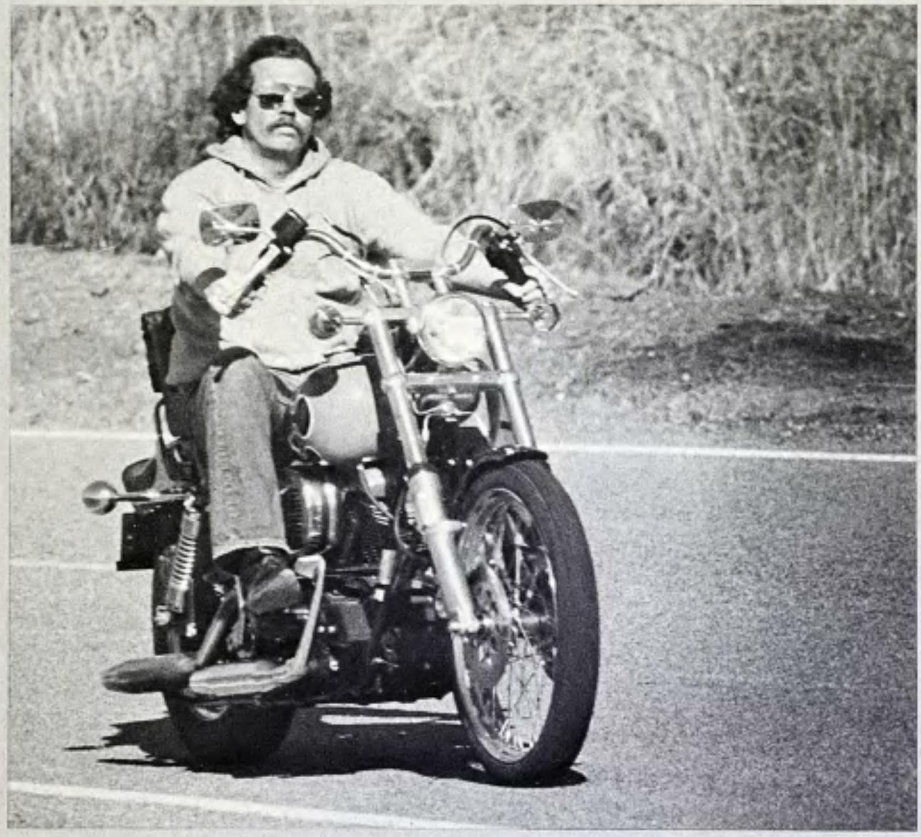
Anyway, I broke down and rode the thing. I even picked it up—first one on it. It had been put together the day before and had about forty miles on the flashy speedometer. My job was to evaluate it with my riding technique—fast on the expressway. Had to break it in, though—couldn't go fast. The first thing I noticed was a rattlin' noise where the speedo was goin' crazy against the black wrinkle and chrome dash. The bike shuddered as I brought it up to highway speeds. It felt fast, but even with the fancy-lookin' exhaust setup, the EPA was forcin' 'em to be quieter than a couple of Honda Civics I passed. The seat was somewhat comfortable, but still too high, as were the highway pegs, for a six-foot-four motorcycle maniac. My knees were six inches above the fatbobs.

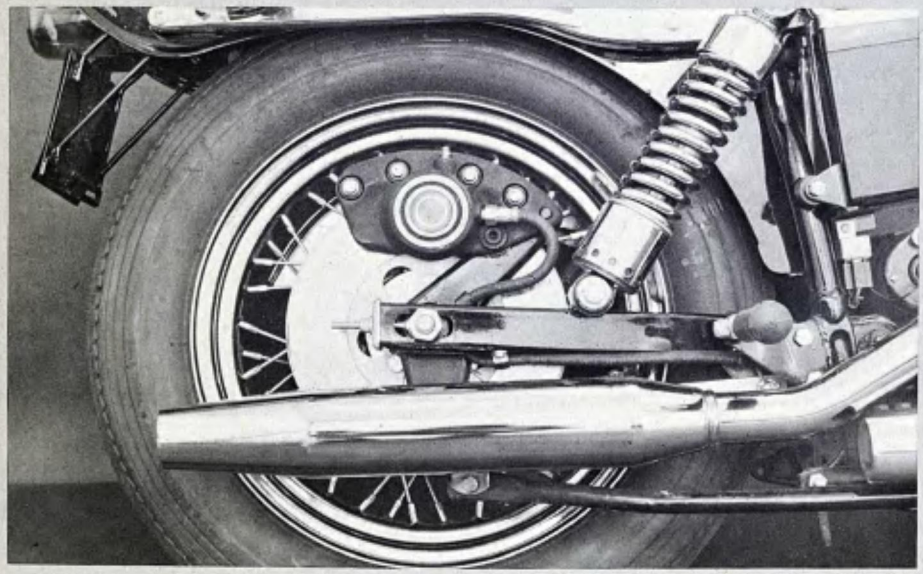
Later, as I cruised along the rain-grooved freeway, I strained to keep that fucked-up old black glove gripping impatiently on the twist grip from launching my ass into a flight pattern. I twisted it once or twice—short ones. Under mild

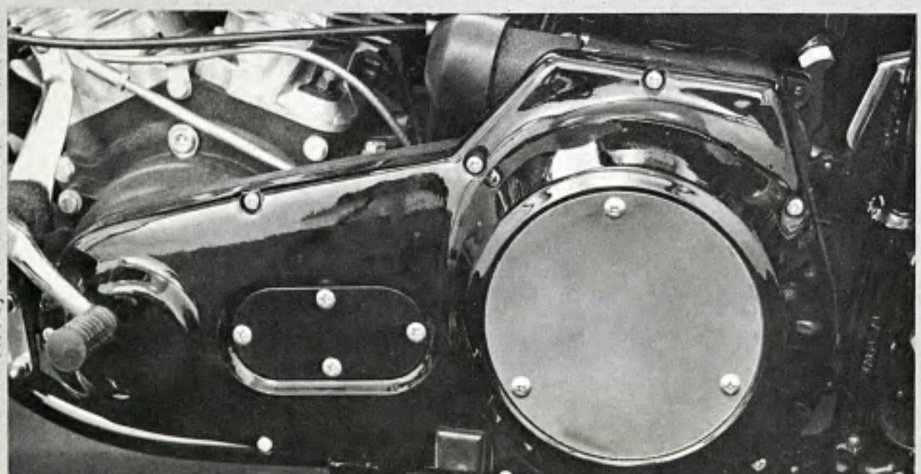
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Photos by Grant Edwards, Pete and Kim

Tex— The Snortster Owner

I should make a couple of things clear before I describe my impressions of the Wide Glide: (1) I ride a Sportster, so my reactions must be understood in that context, and (2) mechanical subtleties bore me, so most of what follows is pretty subjective. Well, now that I've lost half the readers, here goes.

When Bandit informed me that the bike was mine for the weekend, I called up a little desert dolly I know who's never been north of Pasadena and told her to grab her coat. I decided to check out this new Milwaukee Marvel by riding up the Pacific Coast Highway to a scenic little motel I know of stashed in a picture-postcard valley north of Santa Barbara. I had made this same trip about two years ago on my Sporty, so I figured a repeat excursion would provide a good basis for comparison.

My first few miles on the Wide Glide immediately provided my most fundamental, vivid, and lasting impression of this bike—I love my Snortster, but those big inches really add another dimension to highway riding. Now I realize this isn't an altogether fair comparison. I mean, the Sporty was never designed to be the sort of highway bike the 80 is, and mine runs a fairly low top gear anyway because of the 16-inch rear wheel that replaced the original 18-incher. Be that as it may, on the Wide Glide I felt like the king of the road and my Sporty seemed anemic by comparison. There's nothing quite like the feel of those 80 inches on the highway, effortlessly hurtling you past cars like they were standing still. Steep inclines, winds, road surfaces—nothing seems to tax the reserves of this engine. Going through towns, however, pointed up the Sporty's virtues. Where the Sportster is quick and agile on the streets, the Wide Glide seemed awkward, slow, and top-heavy in stoplight-to-stoplight riding.

The Wide Glide (the one we rode, anyway) had one very disturbing quirk. Periodically, the gears would go south on me. Everything would be normal, then I'd downshift to third. I'd hear the familiar, reassuring clunk of the shifting mechanism—but the bike wouldn't be in gear. I'd downshift further, hear another clunk—still nothing. The first time this happened I was so surprised and caught up in fucking with clutch, foot shift, and throttle in my attempts to figure out what was happening that I failed to notice I'd slowed down considerably. Irate drivers were frantically swerving around me to avoid having a Harley for a hood ornament. This dismal business happened four times in the course of a 300-mile round trip.

While I didn't find the bike altogether uncomfortable, I really can't say I care for the seating. The handlebars turn downward more than pull back, which, along with the poorly-positioned front pegs, forces a tall rider into a strained, forward-leaning posture. And there's a

—Continued on page 39

Mil— The Gearhead

First off, I have a big fuckin' copout 'cause I was partying all night and I'm still half fucked-up, so if anything I say sounds a little strange, give me some slack.

On a scale from 1 to 10, I would say I'd give it a 9.9, and the only thing that's better than that is pussy. I think that AMF finally found out what Harley-Davidson was all about years ago—they finally bridged the gap and created a motorcycle that bros have been making out of Harleys for years. There were many very similar bikes built in the early 60s. They drove well, were dependable, and they looked stylish.

Of the people that stopped by my shop this afternoon, one guy decided right there to buy one and he was on the phone to his ol' lady before he left, saying, "I found the bike I'm going to buy." About sixteen or seventeen other people stopped by and looked at it while it was parked out front of the joint. Two people actually came inside and asked what it was and which custom builder built the bike. That interest impressed me.

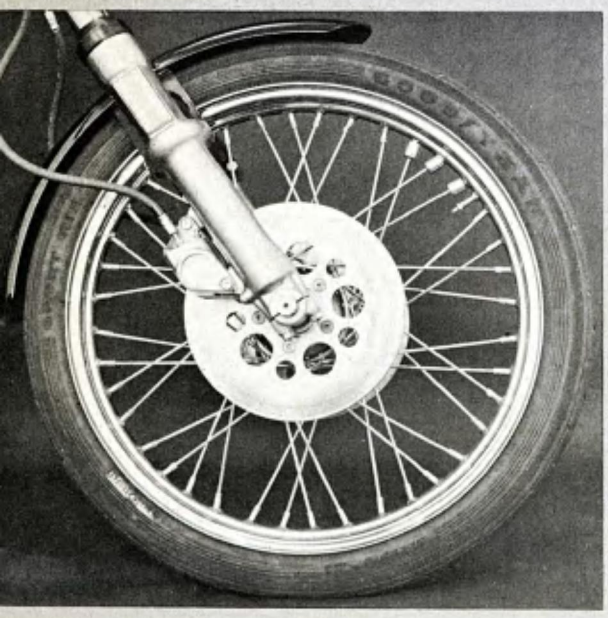
The ignition system makes the difference. There's no hesitation when you crank the throttle. The balance job on the engine has to be a little different from what they've had. The 1979 Low Rider 80 I have, for instance, isn't as smooth as the Wide Glide.

Another big improvement is the larger front end with the bigger wheel—you can feel the stability difference. The Low Rider kinda dives in a corner at a certain point, but the Wide Glide has the nice characteristics that we all like about an extended front end—where you go over the top of the corner instead of going under the corner.

I had a couple of cages pull over in my lane and almost cut me off. I then had to swing hard over two lanes, but there was no problem, no back swing on it—it responded to exactly where I wanted to go.











Mil—

It's stable at all speeds—even at *very* high speeds.

Surprisingly, I liked it better than I do my new Low Rider. It's like the scoots I rode in the early 60s. AMF/Harley-Davidson is coming of age in motorcycling. It was put together well.

The only negative things I noted were the lack of chrome and polished aluminum. But judging by the reactions I got from people, these flaws didn't seem to hurt the overall appearance and, in fact, should make it easier to maintain.

I think that the kind of guy who wants to ride, who doesn't want to fuck around with anything, who just wants to buy it, get on it and go, would say this is the bike for him. It runs and handles as my kind of H-D should. ■

Frank—

step farther and spray the heads and barrels? With 680 miles on the odometer, oil stains showed up on the front head—oil from around the front plug hole. And as long as I'm scribbling about paint, the flame job on the tanks looks like it may have hit a wall before it was dry. Personally, I go for longer, thinner, more spindly-looking flames. The pinstriping, done with tape around the flames is too wide for any ultra sleek tastes, but what the fuck—it's still creative pinstriping on a stock motorcycle. The old Electra-glide dash and speedo may look good, all black wrinkle and chrome, but on a freeway, the vibrating noise they make could drive a sane bro out of his mind.

The timing cover, trans side cover, and primary cover are all painted a shiny black. The paint is thick as if black chromed. It might hold up on the aluminum—we'll see. Solid state electronic ignition is the new "trick," supposedly trouble-free way to go. So trouble-free, the factory has riveted the points cover on the timing gear cover.

It seemed like the rear brake was either on or off—no slowing down this monster. The sounds screaming from the back of the bike when I hit the rear brake sounded like a dog getting his tail crimped in the chain. The factory could go to a double-action caliper to both deaden some of this groaning and also make the brake a little more predictable.

Checkin' out the Wide Glide as a factory custom motorcycle was a trip. It was a first—for the bike and me. Not bad outta the chute. It had the overall feel and power of a true road bike and some decent custom features—considering it's a factory scooter. ■

Bandit—

acceleration, it let me know it knew how to vibrate—but a good pull activated a solid response. I let up and went back to a ticketless speed.

The 21 allowed me to feel the freeway, like so many of my bikes had allowed me to do in the past. After a hundred miles, I took to the hills—wanted to find a different freeway. Under hillside strain and shifting, it missed an occasional shift—the ratchet tops are of a new design. I usually ride my ol' '48 pan. The tranny on it is 31 years old and needs a rebuild, and this new tranny was beginning to catch up with my old one in shift-missing. And since I'm comparing, my mechanical brakes work better than the rear disc on this flash model.

I had a good time, though. It seemed dependable enough. Still, I would rather build my own putt. Ya see, like so many other Harleys I've built, just the other day when I dragged the Wide Glide out of the shed bright and early, the bastard wouldn't start. The solenoid caught open and the starter motor spun for a bit. I tried some more and it still wouldn't go. Half an hour later, Frank strolled up to it and without a thumb strain, fired it up.

Well, least it's a Harley. ■

Tex—

lot of vibration through the handlebars and pegs, by the way. Finally, I should add that the sweetie behind me complained that the seat's short sissy bar hit her uncomfortably in the small of her back—I had to toss her into weird positions all over the bed that night to work out the kinks.

The long and the short of it is that this bike has the same sort of virtues and vices that come with the make, and my Sporty shares some of these. I'm going to hang on to the ol' Snort, but I have to admit to an occasional fantasy—80 inches between my knees, five grand in small bills stashed inside my road bag, a balmy spring day, and (what the hell, this is a fantasy) Crystal Gayle's trim arms around my waist. ■

Owners: Harley-Davidson	**City:** Milwaukee, Wisconsin	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: H-D factory	Year: 1980	
Year and make: 1980 H-D	Builder: H-D factory	
Model: Wide Glide	Type: swing arm	
Value: $5,527, F.O.B, York, Pa.	Rake: 34.4 degree	
Assembly: H-D factory, York, Pa.	Stretch: none	
Time: coulda been sooner	Other alterations: wheelbase, 65 in.	
Chroming by: H-D factory	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: 27.5 in. wide	
Year: 1980	Risers: 4½ in.	
Model: FX	Fender(s): bobbed rear/factory	
Rebuilder: not yet	Headlight: Bates style	
Ignition: microprocessor	Taillight: H-D	
Displacement: 1340 cc/80 cu.in.	Speedo: MPH/KPH	
Lower end: dry sump	Front pegs: 13.5 in. off the ground	
Balancing: H-D factory	Rear pegs: 11.75 in. off the ground	
Pistons: cast, 8:1 compression	Electrics: alternator, magnet type	
Cases: black wrinkle	Gas tank: 5 gal. fatbobs	
Heads: shovel	Oil tank: 4 qt.	
Cam: FX	Oil system: dry sump	
Lifters: hydraulic	Primary cover: black	
Carb(s): 38 mm Kiehn	Seat: 13.85 in. wide	
Air cleaner: washable oiled element	Sissy bar: H-D factory	
Pipes: staggered shorty duals	Height: 15½ in.	
Muffler(s): shortys	Material: 1/2 in. sq. steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: new ratchet	Type: raked wide glide	
Year: 1980	Extension: none	
Shifting: foot shift	Builder: H-D factory	
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: new lower legs	
Trans sprocket: 22	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front:**	**Rear:**
Painting	Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: none	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: H-D factory	Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM5
Color: black	Tire: MH90x21	Tire: MT90x16
Type: enamel	Brake: dbl. disc	Brake: single disc
Special paint: flames on tanks by factory		
Other special modifications: to come		







Liana Rose Murray



Annette Elkin



Debra Kaestner

OL' LADY PHOTO CONTEST

Look over this month's crop of cuties in **Easyriders** Third Annual Ol' Lady Contest. Again this year, the entrants will be competing for a grand prize of one thousand bucks.

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.

We ask only one more favor of the contestants. In your own handwriting and in 25 words or less, describe your favorite bike-related experience. It can be a fantasy, sex-related experience, or how you became involved with bikes. What the hell, trip out!

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 1980. Judging should be based on looks, build, tattoos, and other outstandin' stuff. The sisters 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 March 26. We'll print the winner in the June issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #82 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Maggie



Leslie Spear



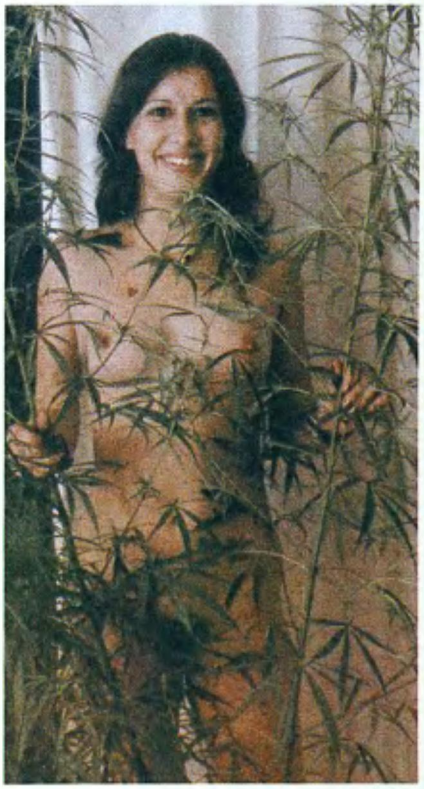
Debye Newby



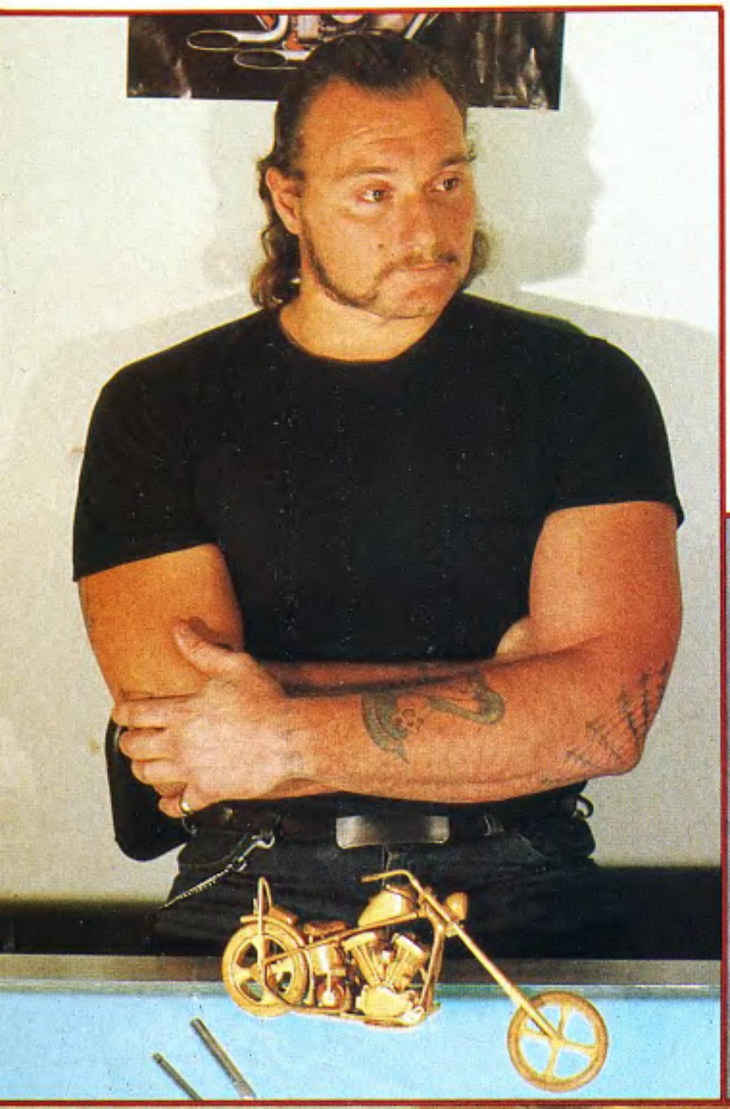
J.J.



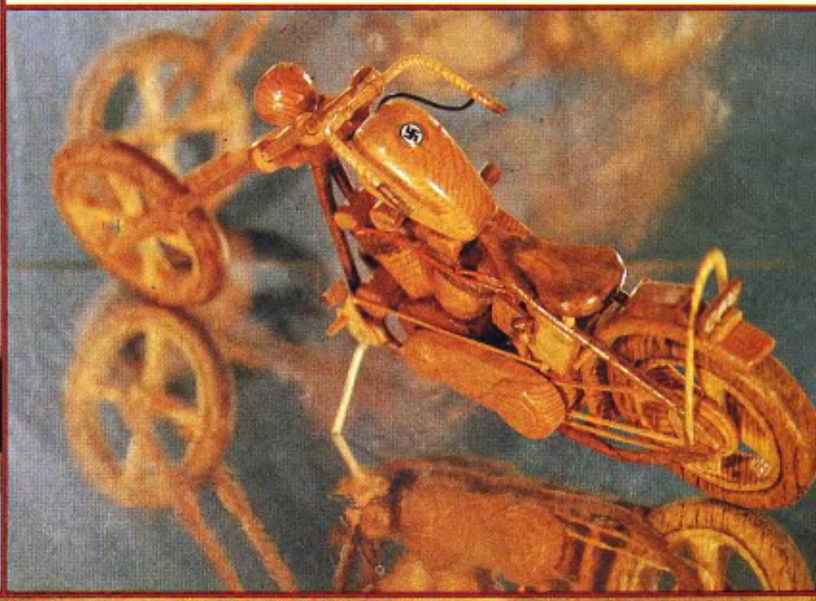
Cat Nelson



Inez



WHITTLED WHEELS





Three months of dedication and desire

In some joints there's not much for a bro to do to while away long periods of mind-splittin' time. But this downed scooter tramp managed to whittle away three months of his time creating this wood 74.

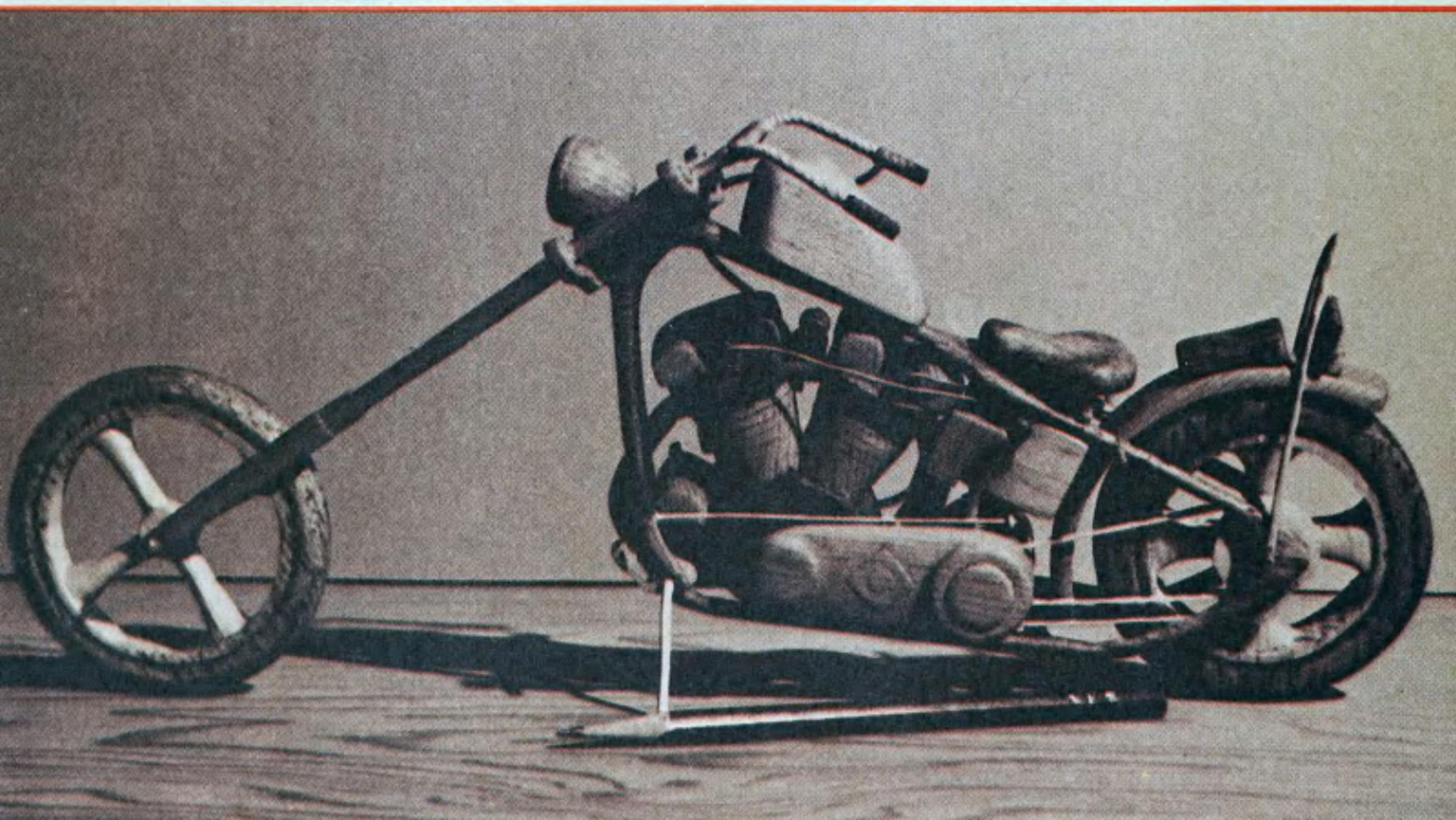
The fragile frame and wooden shovelhead mill were crafted from single chunks of sugar pine. Each component was carefully and securely fastened with handmade, fitted dowels. The only bike parts not fashioned from trees were the oil line, throttle cable, spark plug wires, and steering neck. The grained mag wheels spin and the long glide front end was fabricated to function. Thick coats of paint would have concealed the detailed knife work, so Firk colored the many handtooled components by careful use of walnut wood oil for the dark parts and natural, untinted wood oil for the contrasting light parts.

The toughest part to tackle was the buckhorn-style handlebars. Because of the number of bends and the softness of grain, the handlebars continued to break with the grain like the occasional toothpick that snaps in half the moment ya put it in yer mouth.

After several redo's and long months of whittlin' weirdness, Firk completed his scooter inside the gray walls of the joint. It's too fuckin' bad so many talented bros are wasting their creative abilities day to day when they could be doin' a lot of good for their people if they were free.

—Bandit

Photos by Clinton Wong





The Legacy of Space Filler

The 6th grade teacher was telling her pupils a proverb about the pitfalls of greed and envy: "There was a rooster who would jump across a stream daily to and from the barnyard. After watching this event for three days, a cat, who had noticed a lot of mice in the cornfield, decided that if the rooster could jump across the stream so could he. But the cat missed and fell in the icy water and drowned."

When she asked the children if they could tell her the moral of the story, the biker's rug rat responded: "For every satisfied cock, there's a wet pussy."

—Jon Goodtime
Reseda, Calif.

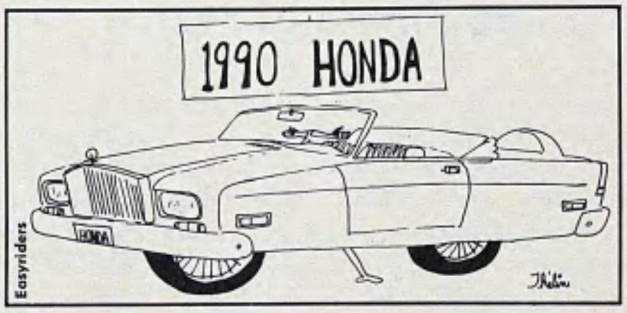


The rich society bitch had become so bowlegged her cunt wouldn't stay closed. She explained to her doctor that she got that way fucking doggie style.

"Well," said the doctor, "you'll just have to stop doing it that way."

"But how can I stop?" asked the woman. "That's the only way my dog fucks!"

—Arnold Schillman
Carona, Ida.



A sweet young thing was having her annual checkup at the dentist's, and he was giving her the usual "Now, this won't hurt a bit" line as he bent over her to begin. Seconds later he drew back in shock and said, "Miss, you have hold of my balls!"

"Yes, I know, Doctor," she purred, "and we aren't going to *hurt* each other, are we?"

—Jack Caplan
St. Charles, S.C.



"Get this," chuckled the husband. "That damn janitor of ours claims he's fucked every woman in the building except one."

"Hmmmm," said his wife, assuming a thoughtful, faraway expression, "must be that stuck-up Mrs. Johnson on the third floor."

—Bruce Nelson
Worthington, Del.

The squeaking of bedsprings got quicker and quicker. Then: silence. Her quiet voice broke the silence of the dark room.

"I'm not myself tonight," she said.

"Well, whoever you are," he said, "it sure is an improvement."

—Chris Colby
Abbey, Wis.



"Send these two up to my room tonight."

Then there was the guy who advertised for a wife and got 200 replies, most of them from men, who wrote: "You can have mine."

—Carlotta Smith
Clear Spring, Conn.

One of the streetwalkers in Hollywood has a new slogan that's certain to revolutionize her trade: "It's a business to do pleasure with you."

—J.C. Carmel
West Side, Tex.

A minister on his honeymoon, going to bed with his wife for the first time, dropped to his knees and began to pray.

"What are you doing?" asked his new wife.

"I'm praying for guidance," he said.

"Pray for endurance," she said. "I'll take care of the guidance."

—Jim Harris
Herberg, Ida.

There was a man who opened a septic tank cleaning service. His motto: Your shit is my bread and butter.

—Jon Murphy
Baltimore, Md.



The young wife was in the bedroom toweling off from her morning shower when she heard the back door open. Thinking it was her husband, she called out, "I'm in here, darling. I've been waiting for you."

To which a deep voice answered, "I think you ought to know, madam, that I'm not your regular milkman."

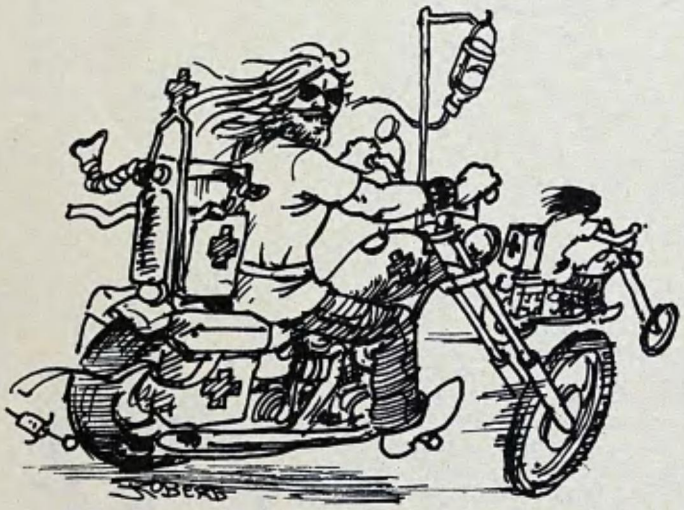
—Lee Forester
Arlington, Va.

A lady said she lost her last job because of illness: the owner's wife got sick of her.

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

National
ABATE
Easynews

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



LIFESAVERS

Biker Paramedics

Illinois: The radio dispatcher gave the ambulance the wrong directions to the accident scene. It was on a bridge over the Edens Expressway, not on the expressway itself. The victim was critically injured; every second counted.

The ambulance had to continue to the next exit, but two "motorcycle paramedics" went through a hole in the fence and up an embankment and reached the victim in record time.

They saved his life, according to Derrick Warner, director of the Ambulance Department of the Northfield Police Department.

"The guys on motorcycles got there four minutes before the ambulance," Warner said. "And that four minutes was crucial. The man couldn't breathe.

"If it weren't for the cycles, he would have died."

The two motorcycle paramedics have been working in Northfield since May. Chicago also has two. The specially equipped cycles were donated in both cases by Allstate Insurance Co., according to Donald Costa, Allstate automotive engineering manager.

Costa said the four cycles are being used here to test their effectiveness. He said they are the only such cycles in the nation.

Each is equipped with a basic trauma medical package, tracheotomy kit, a kit that contains a litter for victims with broken bones, tools to rescue someone trapped inside a car, and a fire-suppression kit.

—Continued on Next Page

Lower Noise In Lincoln



Nebraska: It looks like we just got screwed by the Lincoln City Council. They not only passed the proposed noise ordinance, but due to the mothering from Donna Frohardt and Mike Steinman, the proposed levels were incorporated with the division at 40 mph instead of 35 mph. This makes the ordinance even stricter in 40 mph speed zones. To make matters worse, our wonderful council members voted to exempt businesses from *any* noise standards between the hours of 6 a.m. and 10 p.m.

What has happened now to this noise ordinance is that the railroads have been exempt, industry has been exempt, business has been exempt, government vehicles have been exempt, truck standards were modified to meet federal regulations, car noise was changed only in speeds over 35 mph, and motorcycles were singled out with a stricter standard than the health department was asking for.

We were not aware of the inability of some of our council members to rationalize the facts and make an intelligent decision.

To be perfectly fair, we must point out that not all the council members are lacking in mental ability. Leo Scherer was on our side from the beginning and was the only one who voted against the noise ordinance. Joe Hampton also voted for the amendment we wanted. John Robinson seems to be a fair councilman, but for some reason he voted against our amendment. These three councilmen were members of the old council. The remaining four are new members — two housewives, who want to be everyone's mother, and two men we can't quite figure out. Maybe they want everyone to ride either the bus or a bicycle; after all, we must protect the environment—and to hell with everything else. — from ABATE of Nebraska, Box 30332, Lincoln, Nebraska 68503. ■

Biker Paramedics

—Continued from page 45

Two paramedics on two cycles are supposed to work together, he said, explaining that they remain in radio contact with an ambulance and their headquarters.

They are to be used when it is difficult for an ambulance to reach victims quickly. In Chicago, for example, the cycles were used during Pope John Paul's visit, when the huge crowds made traffic congested, according to Fire Department spokesman Tom O'Connell.

In Northfield, Warner said officials couldn't be happier with their experiment. The cycles are particularly effective, he said, in reaching people in the woods or on bike paths in the forest preserves, which are too narrow for ambulances.

Once, Warner said, a drug overdose victim was found —and saved—by the motorcycle paramedics after a jogger called in and reported that he had seen him. Ambulance paramedics would have been forced to look for the man on foot, Warner explained, and most likely would have reached him too late.

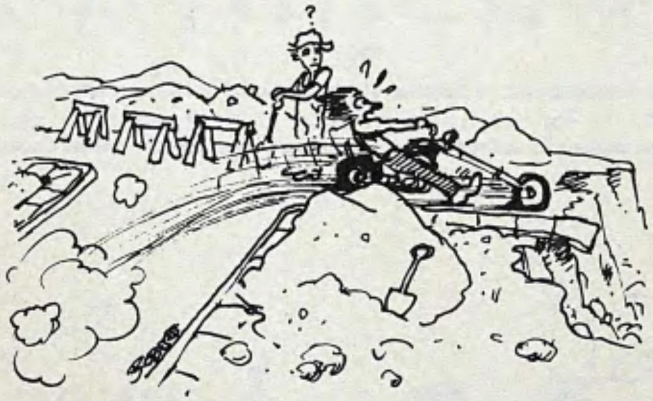
"They are a really good thing for us," he said. "We don't use them every day, but when we need them, they're a real timesaver." ■

Bros In Kentucky

Kentucky: For the bros in the Louisville area who want to do something about unfair laws in their area and their country, contact ABATE of Louisville, 3007 S. 7th St., Louisville, Ky. 40216. Don't wait too long. They have already had their first Freedom Run and are going to attack every unjust bike-related law on the books. — from Sandie Rock, ABATE of Louisville. ■

DEATH TRAPS

End Construction Zone Hazards



U.S.A.: An "alarming" number of crash deaths and injuries have occurred in recent months on normally divided highways where one roadway is converted to a two-way operation during construction work, the Federal Highway Administration (FHWA) has reported. Accordingly, the agency has issued an emergency rule to bar these zones on new projects where possible, and to encourage their elimination on existing projects.

FHWA officials "have received continuing evidence of severe head-on accidents on divided highways which have been reduced to two-lane, two-way operations because of construction or maintenance work," the agency said in a notice announcing the rule. The FHWA said that in the 16 months preceding the notice —issued September 12—it received reports of 17 major crashes in the work zones. These resulted in 44 deaths and 29 injuries.

Under the emergency rule, which applies to projects using federal funds, two-way traffic on one roadway of a normally divided highway is to be permitted only when other traffic control measures—such as one-way operations or detours—are not feasible. Where two-way traffic must be maintained, the rule specifies that traffic must be separated throughout the length of the operation by using either concrete "safety shape" barriers (or some other actual barrier approved by the FHWA), or drums, cones, or vertical panels. In transition zones, only concrete barriers may be used, the FHWA said. Exceptions to these provisions may be granted only when it has been shown that the use of the barriers or the lane-marking devices is not "feasible or practical," the notice said.—from IIHS Status Report. ■

Canadian Update

British Columbia: The Bikers' Rights Organization in British Columbia has a new official address. So, if ya want to contact the bros who are doing something about unfair laws in Canada, drop them a line at Bikers' Rights Organization, 6557 Willingdon Ave., Burnaby, B.C. V5H 2V7.—from Pat Allen. ■

Shoulder Height

New Jersey: The handlebar-height amendment bill (A-1131) has passed the full Assembly but is stalled in the Senate Law, Public Safety and Defense Committee. The chairman of this committee, Senator Orechio, is the only one who can have the bill released. We have worked on this for almost two years, and we need your help. Please write letters to Senator Orechio requesting that he schedule the bill for a vote (Senator Carmen Orechio, 386 Franklin Ave., Nutley, N.J. 07110).



The handlebar-height bill reads, "The handgrips shall be no higher than shoulder height of the operator when seated." The passage of this bill will mean that many more of us will be able to pass inspection in the spring. Although spring is a few months away, we won't have this bill signed into law unless we do it now.

For up to date information on the status of this bill, call the Legislative toll free number 800-792-8630.—from Jersey Motorcycle Assn., P.O. Box 362, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621. ■

RESTRICTIONS

Dual Threat In Ohio

Ohio: Ohio bikers had better open their eyes soon, or we are going to be one of the first states to have the helmet law shoved down our throats again.

The new law was written by Frank Mahnie, Jr., a freshman lawmaker. The helmet bill is strongly supported by B. Bonanno, I. Thompson, and T. Sawyer. Mr. Sawyer informed me in a letter that the constituents in the 40th House District "strongly favor a mandatory helmet law." This could be bullshit, and I think it's only the lack of mail telling him otherwise. There were 258,000 motorcycles registered in Ohio in 1978. If half of these people would let Mahnie, Bonanno, Sawyer, and Thompson know how they feel about this proposed law, the four might reconsider.

There is another strong reason to write now. The new law (H.B. 244) also carries an 82 dbA maximum noise standard for all motorcycles. The noise standard applies to all bikes, not just new bikes. Noise is one of the motorcycle's few defense systems. We need that beautiful sound to stay alive.

Any Ohio bro who wants to dispute this bill can call 1-800-282-0253 and get his very own copy of H.B. 244 delivered straight to his door by a government employee. Hey, that's a toll-free number and they mail it to ya for free!—from Wes Meyer, Mantua, Ohio, A-BATE of Portage County, c/o Jim's Cycle Stuff, 9045 State Route 44, Ravenna, Ohio 44266. ■

Electric Silence

Colorado: The Department of Energy says electric cars are so quiet that a way must be found to make them noisier—to warn unsuspecting pedestrians of their approach.



The department's Argonne National Laboratory in Chicago has issued an environmental impact statement on the department's plan to put 10,000 electric vehicles on the road by 1986.

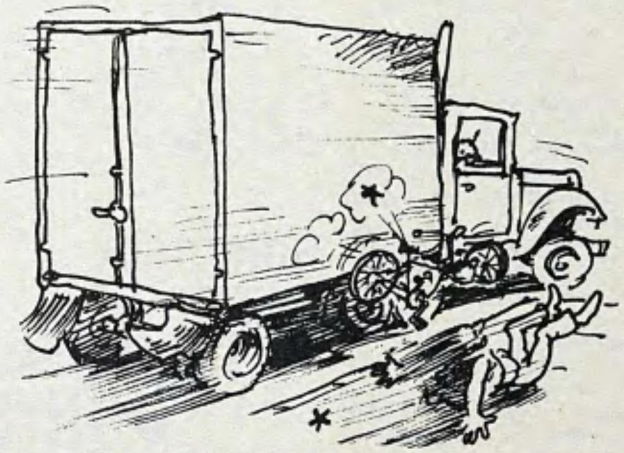
Aside from posing a danger to pedestrians, the electric cars' most significant safety hazard could come during traffic accidents. Some of the dangers can be reduced by proper design. "For example, the danger of possible electric shock to passengers during an accident can be eliminated by designing vehicles so their batteries disconnect on impact," the lab said.

The Argonne Laboratory says electric vehicles are especially suited to companies who maintain delivery fleets that never leave a local service area.

The Energy Department expects some electric cars to be sold through regular automobile dealerships so the public can have access to them. Electric cars already are being sold in Denver.—from Short-Timer. ■

STREET TERROR

Bicyclist Feels Motorcyclist's Dilemma



California: After stopping for a red light on Santa Monica Boulevard at Crescent Heights, I was delighted to see that the next signal, at Sweetzer Avenue, was green, so I proceeded. A few feet past the corner I realized that a large truck was bearing down on me (I could see it in the rearview mirror attached to my glasses).

As the truck passed me it got closer. The nightmare that plagues every urban cyclist came to life: The truck hit me on the shoulder. I bounced off a parked car. Within a split second I was on the ground.

Everything happened quickly. I remember fearing the wheels of the truck like nothing I had feared before, and I remember sliding along the ground chest-down. As luck would have it, the second trailer on the truck was narrower than the first—a fact that saved me from being crushed.

Then the real nightmare began. I picked up my scraped body, looked at my damaged bicycle, and screamed for the driver of the truck to stop. I asked the driver somewhat hysterically why he had done it. He kept saying, "What do you think, I was *trying* to hit you?"

Two people saw the accident. One, a fashionably dressed woman, said that the whole thing was my fault simply for being on the bicycle—in fact, she implied that I deserved being injured because I wasn't wearing a shirt. The other witness, a man, went so far as to tell me that I should be *arrested* for not wearing a shirt. Bear in mind that this moral-sartorial discussion went on while I was bleeding and in danger of going into shock.

The male witness told me that he had not seen a thing even though he was in the car I hit after I bounced off the truck. He quickly volunteered to be a witness for the truck driver and was eager to tell me what he thought—bicycles should not be allowed on the streets at all. The truck driver then asked him about the condition of his car. No one asked about my condition at all.

I turned to the woman. She said that she wouldn't help me because she didn't want to see the driver, a county employee, lose his job. Apparently, it didn't occur to her that truck drivers who hit people perhaps shouldn't be driving trucks at all. She stepped into her Cadillac and high-tailed it out of there.

I finally gained the presence of mind to decide that there had to be an accident report. It took an hour for the sheriff's department to

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Bicyclist

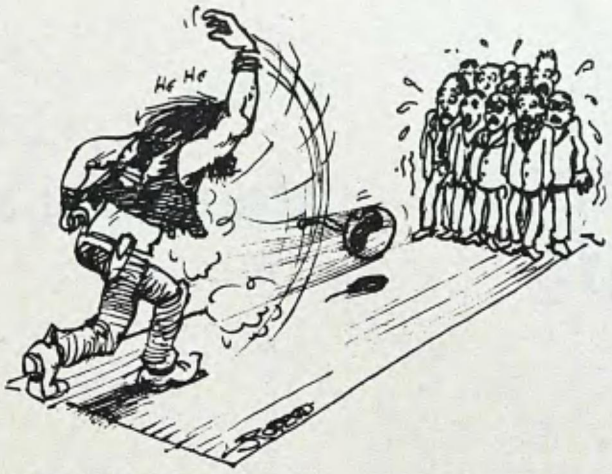
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get a CHP unit on the scene. I spent much of that time sitting on the sidewalk while my abrasions grew more and more painful. People would pass and look. Some would ask if I was all right. When I told them that I wasn't and that I needed help, they moved away as quickly as possible.

What I really needed was help getting home with my bike—I had only a buck and a quarter in my pocket. That's what I thought about as I sat there in pain and feeling that people were looking at me as if I were litter in the street.

When the highway patrolman arrived he examined the site and took down both stories. He, too, made me feel that I was causing trouble. After helping me straighten the bicycle a bit, he said, "You may leave now." I was on the verge of tears and afraid to ride in traffic again on a bike that might be unsafe. And I hurt all over. Summoning up my courage, I asked whether he would drive me to my home.

"What do you think, we're a taxi company?" he asked with just a touch of disgust. —from Richard Marks. ■



FIGHT BACK

Ban New York Politicians

New York: Most of you bros have heard about the banning of motorcycles from certain streets in New York. Well, it seems that after the ban went into effect, a few people took serious offense at being told when they could ride on residential streets. And I launched a letter-writing campaign. I wrote to the Senate and Assembly women who are involved in this ban and received letters from them stating that they no longer supported this bill and would argue against it in the upcoming sessions.

Not stopping there, I'm suing the New York State Senate for passing the ban bill illegally in the first place, by violating a provision of the state constitution concerning the procedure on passing bills.

To top all this off, Charles Schumer introduced the ban bill and obtained its passage on June 22, 1978. Six months later to the day, he called the ban unconstitutional. But wait—now he wants an unconstitutional bill to be enforced selectively.

If you live in New York and want to do something besides freeze this winter, try writing a letter to your state senator or assemblyman and let your feelings be known. Nobody is going to do it for New York bikers. If your elected representatives won't cooperate with the public they represent, register to vote and get them out of office. It won't take much if ya get started now. Write to Charles E. Schumer, 45th Assembly District, Kings County, 1126 Kings Highway, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11229. Let Mr. Schumer know that you, the public and taxpayers, are not going to put up with elected officials who won't listen to those who elect them. — from Diane Landry, New York. ■

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.

Daytona 1980

Going to Daytona this year? Well, Harley-Davidson has the following activities planned for your entertainment.

—Expanded show at the Daytona Hilton, "Artistry in Iron." It runs from Tuesday, March 4, through Saturday, March 8, from 1:00 to 8:00 p.m.

—A $56,000, eight-race Harley Dirt Track Series. These races will be at tracks around the Daytona area, with the final two races to be held at the Daytona Memorial Stadium on March 7 and 8.



—Sunday morning, March 9, H-D will present "More than a Parade." The parade will not be limited to any one type of motorcycle. The leaders claim this will be the fastest route to the Speedway.

—Harley Heaven is a special reserved area at the Speedway for riders in the parade. A ticket will get you a spot close to one of the hairiest turns of the race, and will also get you into all unreserved grandstand, infield, and paddock areas. On top of all this, you'll get a free barbecue, bluegrass entertainment, souvenirs, and eligibility for door prizes.

And remember — Ride Safe in Daytona. ■

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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

ALABAMA

ALASKA
House of Harley 1204 Chugach Way, Anchorage

ARIZONA
Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Phoenix Cycle Accessories 1626 W. Peoria Ave., Phoenix
High Way Choppers 6723 W. Glendale Ave., Glendale
Arizona Custom Cycles 2901 W. Thomas Rd. Suite G, Phoenix
Czech's Cycles & Repairs 4380 E. Speedway, Tucson
Ocean Side H-D 12815 N. Cave Creek Rd., Phoenix
Motorcycles Only 1035 East Curry Rd., Tempe

ARKANSAS
Kingston Saws & Cycles Hwy. 68 East, Marble

CALIFORNIA
The Purple Hog 642 Plumas St., Yuba City
Two Broke Tramps 701 N. Maclay, San Fernando
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Maclay St., San Fernando
Frisco Choppers Inc. 375 Valencia St., San Francisco
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Arnar Rd., La Puente
Crazy Daves 7880 Old Redwood Hwy., Cotati
Micah McCloskey's Custom Cycles 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
H-D West 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey
Little Mama Custom Cycle Parts 1150 Pike Lane #5, Oceano
Harley-Davidson Acc. 619 Grand Ave., Spring Valley
Whiteys Fabrication 5385 Franklin Blvd., Sacramento
B & B MC 7412 Talbert Ave., Huntington Beach
H-D of San Rafael 729 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael
Jammer Cycle Products 801 S. Main St., Burbank
Merced Harley-Davidson 1745 Yosemite Pky., Merced
Cycle Specialties 301 Male Blvd., Modesto
Alameda Indian 3995 San Leandro St., Oakland
Progressive Cycle Equipment 6307 University Ave., San Diego
Zaidels New & Used H-D Parts 4076 University, San Diego
C & C Cycle Parts 1208 W. Cook St., Santa Maria
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 South State St., Ukiah

CANADA
H-D Cycles LTD 595 Gerrard St., E. Toronto, Ontario

COLORADO
Flations Harley-Davidson 2685 Pearl St., Boulder
Conger's AMF—H-D MC Sales 1505 E. 4th St., Pueblo
Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises 725 Pithin, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 1005 Motor City Blvd., Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Colorado Custom Cycle 1430 Lansing, Aurora
Dave's Auto Body 2201 State Ave., Alamosa
Howell's House of Harley 3790 Morrison Rd., Denver
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 2970 W. Bowles, Littleton

CONNECTICUT
Fine Line Speed & Cycle 37 Main St., Danielson
Brother's Harley-Davidson Inc. 347 Forbes Ave., New Haven
New London County MC Sales 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 184, Groton

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

FLORIDA
H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
H-D South 9860 E. Fern St., Miami
Harley-Davidson of Palm Beach 1331 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach
Medford Joe's MC Repairs 5955 Lee St., Hollywood
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson Sales 509 Seminole Blvd., Largo
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
B & D Chopper Shop RR 13 Box 94-A, Ocala
Larry's Scooter Depot 17300 U.S. 41, Lutz
C & L Hog Shop 1111 Orange Ave., Ft. Pierce
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers
Free Rider Unlimited 10801 49th St. North, Clearwater
Miller's Custom Harley Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Performance Specialties 3170 Barret Ave., Naples

GEORGIA
H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Southeastern Cycle 465 N. Clarendon Ave., Scotdale

HAWAII
Motorcycle Alley 1342 Kamalle St., Honolulu
Dias Custom Cycle 45564 Kam Hwy., Kaneohe
Breed Cycles Unlimited 603 Halekauwila St., Honolulu

ILLINOIS
Babe Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Cycle Service & Sales 311 Rt. 59 Grand Ave., Lake Villa
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine
Cycle Goodies Galore 1214 Hwy. 41, Lake Bluff
Stick Engineering 1420 14th Ave., Moline
On Any Sunday, Inc. 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein
Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet
House of Cycles 11109 S. Western, Chicago
R & H Choppers 1108 Mill St., Plainfield
Chicago H-D Inc. 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston
Markham Cycle Center 3858 W. 159th Pl., Markham
Triangle MC Service 4344 W. Armitage Ave., Chicago
Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
H.E.L. Sport & Cycle Inc. 12040 South Doty, Chicago
Motorcycles & Supplies 805 E. Locust St., Fairbury
Dougs Motorcycle Parts 809 S. Morris, Bloomington
Fantasy Choppers 2532 W. 63rd St., Chicago
M.C. Fabrication 806 Kishwaukee St., Rockford
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn

INDIANA
Head Hunter Customs 210 E. Main St., New Albany
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
The Hog Shop 3309 S. Memorial Dr., New Castle
Drunk's Motorcycle Shop 1924 S. Calhoun St., Ft. Wayne

IOWA

KANSAS
Blackwater Van & Cycle 413 Jackson St., Topeka
Free Wheeling 624 W. 6th St., Topeka

KENTUCKY
Appleton Harley-Davidson Sales, Inc. 1246 Industry, Lexington

LOUISIANA
Motorcycle Products Co. 2662 Barksdale Blvd., Bossier City
Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr's Cycle Shop 118 W. Burton, Sulphur
Custom Specialties Inc. 43823 North St., Baton Rouge

MAINE
The Chopper Factory 476 Forest Ave., Portland
Garrey Motors 20 East Central St., Franklin

MARYLAND
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Hide-A-Way Leather Co. 7214 Holabird Ave., Dundalk
Float 'N' Smoke 4402 St. Barnabas Road, Marlow Heights
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
Satan's Cycle Salvage 15879 Fields Rd., Rockville
Suburban H-D Sales, Inc. 15809 Frederick Rd., Rockville
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 8473 Riviera Plaza, Pasadena
Desperado Cycle Supply 126 B Mayo Rd., Edgewater

MASSACHUSETTS
De Lucas 269 Mattakoeett St., Pembroke
California Chopper Specialties 405 Coggeshall St., New Bedford
Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton St. (Rt. 122), Worcester
Cycle Parts of Boston 156 Brighton Ave., Allston
J & R Cycles 42 Payne St., Lowell
Harco Harley-Davidson 80 Franklin St., Framingham
Garrey Motors 30 East St., Franklin

MICHIGAN
Cycle Moore, Inc. 1175 U.S. 31 South, Interlochen
GM Cycle 32242 W. 8 Mile Rd., Farmington Hills
Warren Custom Plating 11415 East 8 Mile Rd., Warren

MINNESOTA
Cycle Supplies, Unlimited 1430 Commonwealth, Duluth
D.H. Cycle Shop 435 10th St., N.E., Austin
D.S. Specialties 2953 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis
Fairbault H-D, Inc. 1001 S. Hwy. 65, Fairbault
Lakeside Cycle W. Lind St., Mankato
P.J.'s Everything MC 108 E. Center, Rochester
Smith Bros. & Fetrow 718 W. 34th St., Minneapolis
York Brothers Custom Cycle 7 Westlake St., Chisholm

MISSISSIPPI
Ocean Springs Kustom Cycle Hwy. 90 E. Ocean Springs
Lake Serene Custom Rt. 4 Box 477 Lake Serene, Hattiesburg

MISSOURI
Cycle & Rider Acc. Comm. 4400 Truman Rd., Kansas City
Don's Cycle Parts 8554 St. Charles Rock Rd., Charlack
Dougs Choppers 3009 Hwy. 10 Avondale, Kansas City
St. Joe H-D 402 S. 9th, St., Joseph
County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
John's Custom Painting 7500 E. 67th St., Kansas City
Harley-Davidson of Kansas City 10529 E. 40 Hwy., Independence
Heavy Shop 1728 S. Broadway, St. Louis
H-D Performance Specialties 174 B Kinderkamack, Park Ridge

MONTANA
Quality Custom Cycle 2323 Belknap, Billings

NEBRASKA

NEVADA
Nevada Cycle Parts 2560 #5 Las Vegas Blvd., N. Las Vegas
Recycled Cycle 1290 Kuenzli, Reno

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Motorway 85 Hancock St., Manchester
Brother's Custom 21 Union St., Milford

NEW JERSEY
H-D of Trenton Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton
H-D Performance Specialists 174 B Kinderkamack, Park Ridge
Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rathway
GT Cycle Specialties 4 New Market St., Salem
Competition Cycle Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Custom Cycles 1584 Rt. 9 Pleasant Plains Mall, Toms River

NEW MEXICO
All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold N.E., Albuquerque
Big Twin Cycle 103 Gen. Somervell N.E., Albuquerque

NEW YORK
H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
KFK Cycle Inc. 211-19 Jamaica Ave., Queens Village
Brooklyn H-D Inc. 1525 Coney Island Ave., Brooklyn
J & D Cycle 1220 Vestal Ave., Binghamton
The Shady Painter MC Corp. 271 Buffalo Ave., Medford
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Locomotion Choppers 144 E. Main St., E. Islip
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
The Sportster Shop 237-17 Jamaica Ave., Bellerose
Toespems Inc. 1432 Front St., Binghamton
V-Twins 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville
Custom Cycle, Inc. 1895 Newbridge Rd., N. Bellmore
Parts World Cycle Shop 836 N. Goodman St. Goodman Plaza, Rochester
Harley-Davidson of Ramapo Rt. 17 N. P.O. Box 2, Sloatsburg
North Shore Cycle Service 182 Depot Rd., Huntington Station
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212 Box 7320, Saugerties

NORTH CAROLINA
Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Yadkin Rd., Fayetteville
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville
T-Bird Cycle Shop 3735 Wilkinson Blvd., Charlotte

NORTH DAKOTA
Bennie's Cycle Service P.O. Box 983, Minot
Foxes Fantastic Finishers R.R. 4 Box 12 C, Mandan

OHIO
Custom M/C Sales 4614 East 131 St., Garfield Heights
Cycle Kraft 129 N. Summit St., Akron
Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Kustom Korner & Van 2017 Knox School Rd., Alliance
Ashland Cycle Supply 1241 U.S. 42 Rd. 1, Ashland
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus

OKLAHOMA
Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater
Brinkley Harley-Davidson Hwy. 81 North 921 N. Choctaw, El Reno
Tom's Cycle Shop 3924 S. Robinson, Oklahoma City

OREGON
H-D of Klamath Falls 2205 South 6th St., Klamath Falls

PENNSYLVANIA
Chopper Shak II 2832 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
Cycledelic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgville
R & S Cycle Shop 230 Westwood St., Minersville
E-Z Rider MC Parts 300 S. Front, Steelton
Kosmic Kolors Fiber St., Easton

East Coast Cycle Shop Inc. 1400 St. Rt. Cornwell Heights
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parryville
Believe In Magic 109 W. Market St., Pottsville

SOUTH CAROLINA
Motorcycle Salvage 4816 Rivers Ave., Charleston
Southeastern Choppers 108 Bluff Ave., N. Augusta
D.C. Cycle 904 S. Market St., Lancaster

SOUTH DAKOTA
C & L Cycle Acc. 705 Sycamore Dr., Sioux Falls

TENNESSEE
D & D Southern Cycle 1191 Ft. Campbell Blvd., Clarksville
Reed's Harley-Davidson 39 W. Spring St., Cookeville

Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport

TEXAS
Larry's M/C Service 217 S. B, Harlingen
Union Motorcycle Salvage 6345 Long Dr., Houston
Austin Motorcycle Co., Inc. 1611 Guadalupe St., Austin
American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killeen
J & J Choppers 2210 Grant, Wichita Falls
B & W Harley-Davidson 412 N. High St., Longview
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
Biker's Boutique 3201 E. Pioneer Pkwy. Unit 33, Arlington
Dave's Basket Case 5606 Alta Ave., Dallas
Brown's M/C 1212 E. Marshall, Longview

UTAH
Quality Motorcycle Parts 3231 South State, Salt Lake City

VERMONT

VIRGINIA
Lilly H-D Inc. Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 West, Apingdon
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond
K & S Cycle Care Center 7822 Warwick Blvd., Newport News
Don's H-D Broadmoor Shopping Center, Stuarts Draft

WASHINGTON
Bob's Custom Cycle 4302 S. Union, Tacoma
D & D Cycle East 915 Francis, Spokane
Tacoma H-D 3201 S. Tacoma Way, Tacoma

WASHINGTON D.C.
H-D of Washington 9407 Livingston Rd. S.E., Washington D.C.
Lodi's Custom Cycles 115 N. 7th St., Pasco

WEST VIRGINIA
Mike's Cycle Rt. 2 Box 102, Delbarton
Dennis Harley-Davidson 4924 MacCorkle Ave., S. Charleston

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

WYOMING



Chocolate Chip Buzz

by CK

"What's this all about?" you ask. I dropped a hint a second ago—High Test Chocolate Chips. The name shouldn't make you think they are bike fuel. This is actually about cookies, chocolate chip type; but these cookies are fortified with your favorite herb, in a way that is not visible or tastable.

It may strike you as a bit strange to find such a seemingly ordinary recipe in this rag. Usually we appeal to our readers' taste for the unusual, stuff like armadillo munchies, snake stew, or other semi-edible foods that crawl around in the desert. A recipe for good-tasting food is not really out of line (except for some recipes for deadly beans or armadillos); after all, we all have to eat sometime. What's really in line with our tradition is a recipe that has some punch (knockout type) to it. So, read on while we tell you how to make our cookies, and what can happen when you do.

Fortifying the Butter

The secret of this recipe is the butter. You have to prepare it before baking. First, get a big, clean pot and your favorite girlfriend. (You get her to bake the cookies after you get the butter ready, and she also helps keep you busy while your stove is on auto pilot.) The first thing you have to do is put a quart or two of water into the pot, cover it, and put it on the stove. Get the water boiling.

While the water is heating up, get two sticks of butter (1/2 pound) and about an ounce of herb. Select a powerful herb for the best results. If you can't get a bunch of killer weed, try using more weak reefer. That way, you make up in volume what it lacks in strength. Use everything: stems, seeds, shake, and whatever else may come with your bag. (You should remove the oak leaves and poison ivy.) Shred the reefer, grind up the stems, and make it all into a uniformly powdery material. (If the reefer is ground up, it makes the transfer of the THC to the butter easier.) Once the water is boiling, turn the stove down to its lowest setting (simmer), and put the butter and reefer into the pot. (I know it hurts, but trust me.) Cover the pan and try to ignore it. Look in now and then just to make sure the water hasn't boiled away. Keep at least an inch or two of water in the pot at all times. If the water gets lower than that, add a little more. You don't want the butter or reefer to burn. The water keeps the temperature constant, and it also keeps things moving. There isn't much work to do during the simmering stage. That's why

—Continued on page 72

Illustration by Jeff George



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Pisces

Aries are not only mentally agile, they are also very energetic. They are impulsive, ambitious, natural leaders full of enterprise and new ideas. And if that ain't enough —Aries is also one of the sexiest signs of the zodiac. F'rinstance, Marlon Brando, Steve McQueen, and our very own Spider, plus Hugh Hefner, who knows how to get it in, and Harry Houdini, who knew how to get it out. A few more famous Aries are Gabe Kaplan, James Garner, David Cassidy, Warren Beatty, Diana Ross, Julie Christie, Claudia Cardinale, and Howard Cosell. Howard Cosell?

Both male and female Aries hate taking orders and are inclined to be quick tempered. They are at their best when at the head of things (snicker). They have a great love for freedom and justice and are likely to go to extremes, indulging in indignation, hasty speech, or lack of discretion. They possess strong will power, are persistent, and are not easily discouraged. They are independent to a fault. They do best in vocations requiring quick action, decision making, executive or mechanical ability, and responsibility. They are extremely self-reliant, fortunately, because they become bored easily.

Aries are prone to aches and pains in the head. (And they can sometimes be a pain in the ass!) They are susceptible to eye problems and fevers. There is also a danger of accidents due to recklessness—so, listen up, dudes. They have very strong recuperative powers, but make the world's worst patients. They are far too active to remain in bed—alone, that is.

Both males and females remain youthful in appearance and actions long into old age; nonetheless, they should restrain their tendency to take a fling on the basis of a momentary impulse.

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

Some mindfucks left over from last month can touch off your heavy independent streak, causing you to verbally shake the shit out of people. Try not to let your mouth overload your ass on the job. The same doesn't apply to home base, where get-down confrontations could actually lead to renewed trust (bein' sneakier), and better communication. Mixing business with pleasure can come by means of short-distance travel. Enjoy!

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

You're not only in heat this month, but in hock right up to your horns. Worse yet, you're pissing away your bucks at high speed. You tend to go to extremes in blowing your bucks, feeding your face, and getting loose with the juice. Result—a bulge everywhere except your wallet. If you stop blaming everyone else for your mistakes, you might come up with some constructive ideas for solving your cash problems.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

This is the time to put your best foot forward—not in your mouth! Don't expect others to bail your buns out of a situation you've bungled yourself. On the other hand, you can expect and accept some enthusiastic backing from your bros. A well-needed pat on the back can be the cure for what ails ya. It can set your balls rolling in the right direction. Dust off some old ideas on new methods for making some extra bucks. They could pay off!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Some important contacts with VIPs are on the agenda now. Be prepared by dressing and acting accordingly. (Wash your pants and refrain from picking your nose.) You can blow your own horn and the right people will like the sound —and maybe even hum a few bars with you. Steer clear of gossip and rumors on the job. That kind of shit will not only confuse you, but will also hinder your efforts to progress. Now's the time to flow with the fuckups and not get flustered.

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

This cycle brings you a shitload of goodies. You should be getting a real rush of confidence that gives you a well-needed fix. The only hair in your pie comes from your generosity—stop laying your hard-earned bucks in every open hand! If ya don't, consider the outlay a gift, 'cause you'll probably never see it again. Go ahead and lend a hand (or whatever) to all the open legs ya want—just keep your pocketbook closed tight.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

There are a few things coming to a head now—and they're not on your mug. You may feel like you're up shit creek without a paddle—best to roll up your pants and wade through. If you do, you'll come out smelling like shit—but then, it was a shitty situation. This could mean having to face an old adversary for the second time, or having to cut off a partnership that's not to your advantage. Grab up a box of Exlax and flush out the problem — you may even need seconds.

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

This month will be like a ten-course meal with the meat missing —yours! If your balls are still dragging in the dust from last month, get wise. You'll need more than a guided tour through the Mayo Clinic, or two tongue depressors and a rubber band to get you up. Give your old bod a break and stop digging into yours and everyone else's medicine chest. At this time, you could have too many irons in the fire and not enough fire. Ya need more than grease relief—ya need rest!

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

It's time to start wrenching on your machine instead of your ol' lady. Otherwise, come summer, you'll be left behind in a cloud of dust and a pile of parts. Right now, you also need to use caution when on the road or around electrical equipment and machinery. (Or you'll be singing "You Light Up My Life.") Watch yourself—not in the mirror, in the garage. Sexually, you're still biting off more than you can chew—try asking for a doggie bag!

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

Any recent mind hassles can be douched out now. Even the pain in the ass at home should ease up. (Smear your ol' lady with Preparation H.) This cycle brings a big bulge in your britches and a smile on your mug. It's a great time to clear up any recent misunderstandings with partners and bosses. Take advantage of this opportunity to make temporary, needed adjustments. A good lid of grass wouldn't hurt, either—in fact, it just might help!

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

Home life is so good that you could have a whiplash in the bedroom. Things are finger-lickin' good romantically. (All you need is some licorice whips, so you can beat 'em and eat 'em!) Unexpected bonuses, legal or insurance settlements, could come around this time—but be sure to stash the cash and not blow it. Don't mix business with pleasure, or it will backfire. Stick to the reaming and forget the scheming until a better time.

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

If you've been itching to change occupations, shoot your best shot now. Just be sure to stick your head in, wiggle your ears, and see how it fits before quitting old reliable. Don't try anything clever now that tax time is closing in and causing a constipated wallet. (It could backfire on ya.) Some of you may even set up some self-employment with a little help from your friends or a partner. Lots of luck!

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

This could be the beginning of a real ball-busting good trend. There are some heavy hurdles to hop, but you've got the heart to handle them. Take a good hold on yourself and hang onto your goodies. Past efforts should begin to peak, too. Even though you've got the green light financially, slow down for caution and ease on through safely. It might help to button your lip about upcoming projects until you have the situation by the balls. ■

Male Call

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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

In memory of **Burdett "Buzz" Scalf,** Later, bro. We'll ride together again, wherever we meet. Monty and Mouse, Boise, Idaho.

In memory of **Carl Formas.** May you ride your scoot down those long and winding roads forever. I love you. Lori

In memory of **Barry "Pierre" Collins,** one of the best bros ever. You'll be in our hearts forever. Your bros in Jacksonville, N.C.

For **Steve Roberts,** who will never be forgotten by his friends. T.W., Westlake, La.

Remembering **Tuffy,** a true brother who will live in our hearts forever. Ride free. Your bros and sisters in Whitehall, Mont.

In memory of **Katfish,** a fine lady who lived her life to the limit. may you ride in Harley heaven. Your Goofy, Gypsy, and Liz, from N.M.

In memory or our brother **Tommy,** a good bro who died young. You'll always be remembered. From all your bros and sisters in Albury, Australia.

Late in 1979, "The Old Man," **Carlos Galbraith,** died. He may be gone, but he'll be with us forever. Gunner, Hard Time, Tony the Tramp, Big John, and Gongril.

In memory of **Jimmy "Pinhead" Kanuch,** who will always be remembered by Doc and me. Having our honeymoon in the emergency room was something I hadn't counted on. Audrey.

In memory of **Paul "Haney" Bak,** who was run over by a drunk. We'll all miss ya, but we'll meet ya down there. Mel and Sharon and Kathy Bak.

In memory of **Hat Eric,** who took it to the limit. Your little sis, Annie.

This is our last tribute to our righteous fuckin' brother, **Phil,** and his only good side, **Joyce.** They went hard together. The Motleys of Maine.

For **Magilla,** of Detroit. Our hearts are heavy with the loss of this man, who is gone but not forgotten. Boobs and Baby Sis.

Goodbye to **Kevin,** who went to party on his Harley like all the rest. Love always. Emma and Sue.

In memory of **Greek,** a bro we loved and lost and will never forget. Trix, Baltimore, Md.

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 or 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.

Doin' hard time and sure could use some scribes from the ladies to make it pass easier. Gary C. Epting #292082, Rt. 1, Box 1, Wynne A4-4-24, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

I'm 20 yrs. old and have 10 years to do. Ladies, please write and I'll answer all. Terry Britt #31265, Box 7, 2-D #594, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Ladies, drop me a line and warm these cold Idaho nights. Glen L. Avery #14880-A, Box 14, Ranch #3, Boise, Idaho 83707.

Downed scooter tramp looking for sincere, foxy chicks who are ready to get in the wind with me. Richard Tucker #B-97179 (D-139), Box 107, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

I love bikes, poetry, all music, and pretty, sexy women. And I know how to spoil my woman to no end. Richard Williams #84413-158, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93438.

Hey, you chicks on freedom street, drop a line to a downed bro. Steve Newell #15287, Box 888, Ashland, Ky. 41101.

Ladies in the free world, take a little time to cheer a downed bro. William Claffin #36451-118, Box 888, Ashland, Ky. 41101.

23-yr.-old doing time and could sure use mail and photos from ladies of all ages. Garry Kiecker #26602, Box 7, 30919, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Lonely Leo from Indiana downed in Florida and needing scribes from lovely ladies. Ray Fellows #069032, H-15, Box 158, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

California tramp a long way from home needs letters and flicks from ladies 18 to 35. Tom Meyer #39179, 2605 State Street, Salem, Ore. 97310.

Downed dude, lonely as hell, could dig some letters from young ladies. James Guy, D-2-41, Box 7150, Garden City, Ga. 31408.

Downed bro could really use some good vibes from the ladies. So shoot me some letters. Terry Gordon, D-2-23, Box 7150, Garden City, Ga. 31408.

Young ladies, I'm really lonely and could use some mail. Eugene Gardner, D-2-20, Box 7150, Garden City, Ga. 31408.

Downed bro from northern Calif. would like letters and pics from foxy ladies. Scott Satterwhite #93712, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

25-yr.-old street player needs to hear from a real, down-to-earth, mud-kickin' bitch. Larry E. White, Box 27264, Richmond, Va. 23261.

29-yr.-old, down 9 years, needs ladies to correspond with. Any age is fine. Larry Allen #C-032698, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

I'm 1800 miles down the road from everyone I know and sure could use a friend who would write. William Lynd, 300 W. Belknap, 6-E, Ft. Worth, Tex. 76102.

28 yrs. old and good-lookin'. Hey, ladies, how about some letters and pics? Bill Dowds #A-90282, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

Any foxy young lady who writes to this lonely bro will get an answer. Thomas Phillips #A-86141, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

25 yrs. old, blue-eyed, blond, and lonely. Girls, write and help me through this time. Charles Myer, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

26-yr.-old Sagittarian, tall, bearded, and muscular, is looking for a fine, foxy ol' lady who has her act together. Please include photo. Billy Latham #11152-OS, Rt. 1, Box 140, Blanch, N.C. 27212.

Sicilian from San Diego is getting short and looking for an ol' lady who can dig roughing it in the country. Tony Arra #B-81025, Box 107, D-18, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

A letter from someone who cares would help me through this lonely time. Will answer all. Alonzo Parker #671-026618, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

This Teddy Bear is gonna be down a while and could use letters and photos from foxy ladies. Ted Krystecki #148788, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Lonely dude down for the count needs letters and flicks from caring young ladies. All letters will be answered. Tom Coke #B-93681, Box 600, E-214, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

This is some lonely Florida time I'm doing. Won't you write and make it easier? James Phillips #051896, Box 221 (73-103), Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Lonely road tramp needs scripts from chicks. I'm doing hard time with no mail. Paul DeVoe #A-052441, Box 518, Zephyrhills, Fla. 33599.

Mountain man from Mississippi is doing 20 years and would like to hear from all fair ladies. David Schwindling #73779, Box 500, #12 Bks., Grady, Ark. 71644.

Why be bored, lonely, and unloved when you could be writing to me? Phil Jones #2659, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

If you love to ride and can handle a new friend, write to me. I'm already stashing for a new scooter and will remember you when I'm free. Richard Simmons #262594, Rt. 4, Box 1500, Retrieve Unit, Angleton, Tex. 77515.

Do ladies really love outlaws? Write to this southern Calif. tramp and find out what it's all about. Jeff Burrows, Box 97189, CTF-North (WA), Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Young scooter tramp is down with the blues and looking for a young lady 18-25 for a serious relationship. Benjamin Hall #C-00353, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

35-yr.-old Italian dude would like words and pics from foxy chicks. Larry Noascono #76295, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

I'm 42, down for 6, and would like to hear from ladies 35 and up. Rugrats okay. Thomas Cloud #294465, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Ladies, please help me ease this Florida time I'm doing. William E. Milstead #A-038102, A-11, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Doing a dime and could sure use some letters from a fine lady. Douglas Rushford #109892, Rt. 2, B.C.C., Bland, Va. 24315.

I'll be out in the next year, so write now and we can get acquainted. Bob Benson #8371/A-221, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

I'm 35, love bikes, skin diving, dancing, and partying down. Would like to hear from a lady 22-39 who's down-to-earth and likes the same things. David A. Adkinson #067310, B-45-B, Box 99, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

25-yr.-old Leo is looking for scribes from sincere, open-minded ladies. Basil Kyles #12536, B-42, P.O. Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Down and anxious to give something smoking and different. Curious, sugar? A.K.A. Allkill #77A-4149, SHU 14-1-6, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Got a minute, honey? Share it with this 21-yr.-old freebird, who's temporarily a jailbird. Mark Brown, Box 238, Oregon, Wis. 53575.

Lonely prisoner would love some mail from nasty-assed Harley bitches. Mike Flanagan, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Doing lonely time. Ladies, please write. All answered. William Roberts #066576, A-70, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

This lonesome, party-lovin' Cajun needs letters and pics from sweet honeys. Bill Lalanne #87170, Camp H, Unit 2, Angola, La. 70712.

I could really dig corresponding with a fun-loving chick. Danny Kord #A-90689, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

This long-haired loner is down and out. Would like to hear from some caring ladies. All answered. Mark Petit #75905, 900 Millidale Rd., Cheshire, Conn. 06410.

26-yr.-old bro with blue eyes is down and looking for photos and letters. John Hartley #79A1309, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, N.Y. 10562.

Been down so long that I really need correspondence to bolster my confidence before I get out. Dewey Tyler #113215, Rt. #1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829.

Lonely lady is incarcerated and would love to hear from some honest dudes—no games. Please send photos. All answered. Darla Willoughby, K.C.I.W., Dorm B, Box 2125, Peewee Valley, Ky. 40056.

I'm 19 and lonely. Won't some nice dude drop me a line and send a flick? Brenda Lee Reed, K.C.I.W., Dorm B, Box 2208, Peewee Valley, Ky. 40056.

Open and sincere males, please cheer up this lonely, 25-yr.-old lady. Will answer all. Send photo. Carol Jarvis, K.C.I.W., Box 2160, Peewee Valley, Ky. 40056.

30-yr.-old, blond, blue eyes, needs to hear from good ladies. Karl Mueller #B-67477, Box AE, Rm. 6261, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

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DOWNTIME

By Lord Luvaduck

I'm fuming—ticked, teed, an' pissed off. Ever get caught in one of them streaks where absolutely everything goes bass-ackwards? Ya try to lace up yer boots an' the string breaks. Ya wake up in the mornin' to a scowl from the ol' lady, head out to the garage to start the bike, an' the first kick pops back, hittin' ya square on the meatless part of shin just above yer boots. A few pain killers later, an' yer out in the streets amongst the cages. Non-signalin' sonsofbitches are everywhere. Cutoffs are expected. Close calls everywhere. It's a no-slack situation.

A solution? Sure, putt it out of yer system—nothin' like miles to take the load off, unless maybe it's rock music. For me, when I ain't ridin', it's hard rock. Rock can fire ya up like nothin' outside of a 74—pure exhilaration.

Some great steam-releasin' records have come out in the past half-dozen months. Jethro Tull's **Stormwatch**, Zeppelin's **In Through The Out Door**, Graham Parker's **Squeezing Out Sparks**. Also, albums by The Police, Talking Heads, Judas Priest, The Godz, Point Blank, an' the Outlaws are ready to rock ya into the dirt. These are all fine, but three that stand above the crop are the new releases from Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, Neil Young, an' Foghat.

Like a cookin' bar band you'd like to stumble into (but seldom do) Tom Petty and crew are out there willin' to pick ya up. Petty is beer slopped on the counter, cracked cue sticks, pinball games that don't work, an' juke boxes that don't play the song ya choose or return yer money. He's roughshod an' hungry—hurt but bouncin' back. The Heartbreakers met in Gainesville, Florida, then headed west. Their short, tight tunes, relatin' to everyday occurrences, like muggings, busted love affairs, an' the urge to travel, have made the Heartbreakers a regular on my withered turntable. Their latest release takes up right where the previous two left off. It's called **Damn The Torpedoes**, and that's exactly the attitude of the record—fuck it.

Foghat, to be perfectly honest, has never really gotten me too all-fired hopped up. They were just another band doin' the same shit everyone else an' his brother has done—loud leads with no direction. Of course, maybe I was full of shit—so what? They've got



a burner out now. **Boogie Motel** is as close to heaven as I'll ever get. All bikers know what fun can come out of this combo—a long ride, a tender sweetie, an' a never-endin' supply of hot water, towels, TV, beers, room service, an' false identities. Yessir, all the comforts ya ain't got at home.

This disc is definitely full-volume material, a party platter an' a half. This English group continues to be intrigued by American blues, and has been quietly zoomin' through the seventies, tourin' the world nonstop, puttin' out albums (seven gold gems), an' creepin' into the hearts of rock fans everywhere—'cept me. Now that's changed.

Originally, "Lonesome" Dave Peverett, the lead guitarist an' singer, worked with Savoy Brown, a true kickass sixties group. In fact, Peverett, Roger Earl, and Rod Price all did service for Savoy at one time or another before conglomeratin' on Foghat in the early stirrings of the seventies. Today, with the addition of Craig MacGregor, they're pushin' on into the eighties with rock fever.

Stacked up with the title tune, "Boogie Motel," there are six other cookers—"Paradise Alley," "Coming Down With Love," "Somebody's Been Sleepin' In My Bed" (a great song about a dude gettin' his inevitable shafting), "Love In Motion" (a loin warmer), an' a concluding rocker, "Nervous Release."

Now a Neil Young album isn't one you'd pick for blowin' off steam by turnin' full tilt volume an' shuckin' your cares away. In fact, Neil can make ya feel worse than when ya started out—if ya let 'im. Maybe that's what I dig about him. I mean, if you're as bad off as ol' Neil, ya don't have any lower to go. Make sense?

The Canadian lad has a pair of records an' a movie to grizzle yer eyes with—the album **Rust Never Sleeps**, the movie of the same name, an' the album of music from that flick, **Live Rust**.

Rust Never Sleeps is divided into two parts, a mellow, mostly acoustic side, with Neil whining nasally through "My My, Hey Hey (Out Of The Blue)," "Thrasher," "Ride My Llama," "Pocahontas," and "Sail Away." All down-to-earth, honest compositions, they deal with our fucked-up society, an' how far off the deep end we've gone.

Side two kicks out the jams an'



blasts off with "Powderfinger," about a young dude who has to fight off an attack while everyone's away. He doesn't make it. No fairy tale endings—"I saw black and my face splashed in the sky." Included is one of the finest displays of guitar workmanship Young has ever recorded, which is saying a lot. From there, it's down to the street an' "Welfare Mothers," an' then "Sedan Delivery," about drivin' the pharmaceuticals around town, and straight through to the crashing, fuzzed-out beginning of "Hey Hey, My My (Into The Black)," the last number on this look-at-ourselves-



through-the-non-rusty-eyes-of-Neil album.

My appreciation for Neil Young stems from his attitude of havin' a good time an' doin' what pleases him—the hell with the press, or anyone else. If ya don't dig it, don't buy it—simple. This is evident in the movie, a weird muthafucker, which includes a three-dimensional part where ya wear those funny glasses. Young's got a bunch of monks runnin' around the stage as he goes through the past. Some songs on the live album are "Sugar Mountain," "I Am A Child," "After The Gold Rush," "The Loner," "Cinnamon Girl," "Tonight's The Night," "Like a Hurricane," an' a fistful of others.

Ya know, I feel a tad sparky jus' thinkin' about hard rock and roll, specially since it's raining crankpin bearings outside. ■

Illustrations by Gene Persampieri

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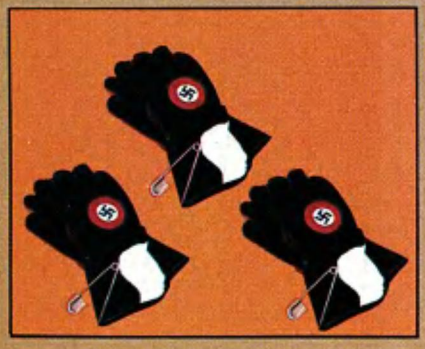
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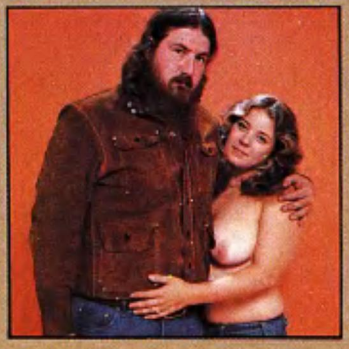
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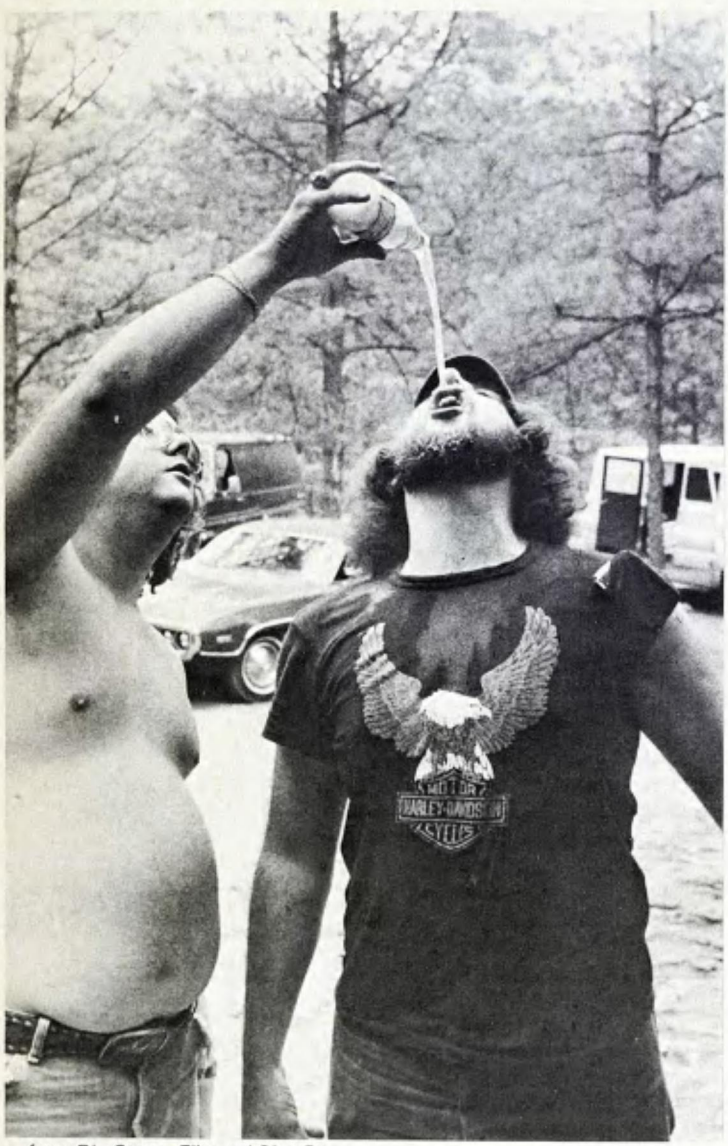
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IN THE WIND



—from Bec Oswald, Nacogdoches, Tex.

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 Big Steve, Ellwood City, Pa.



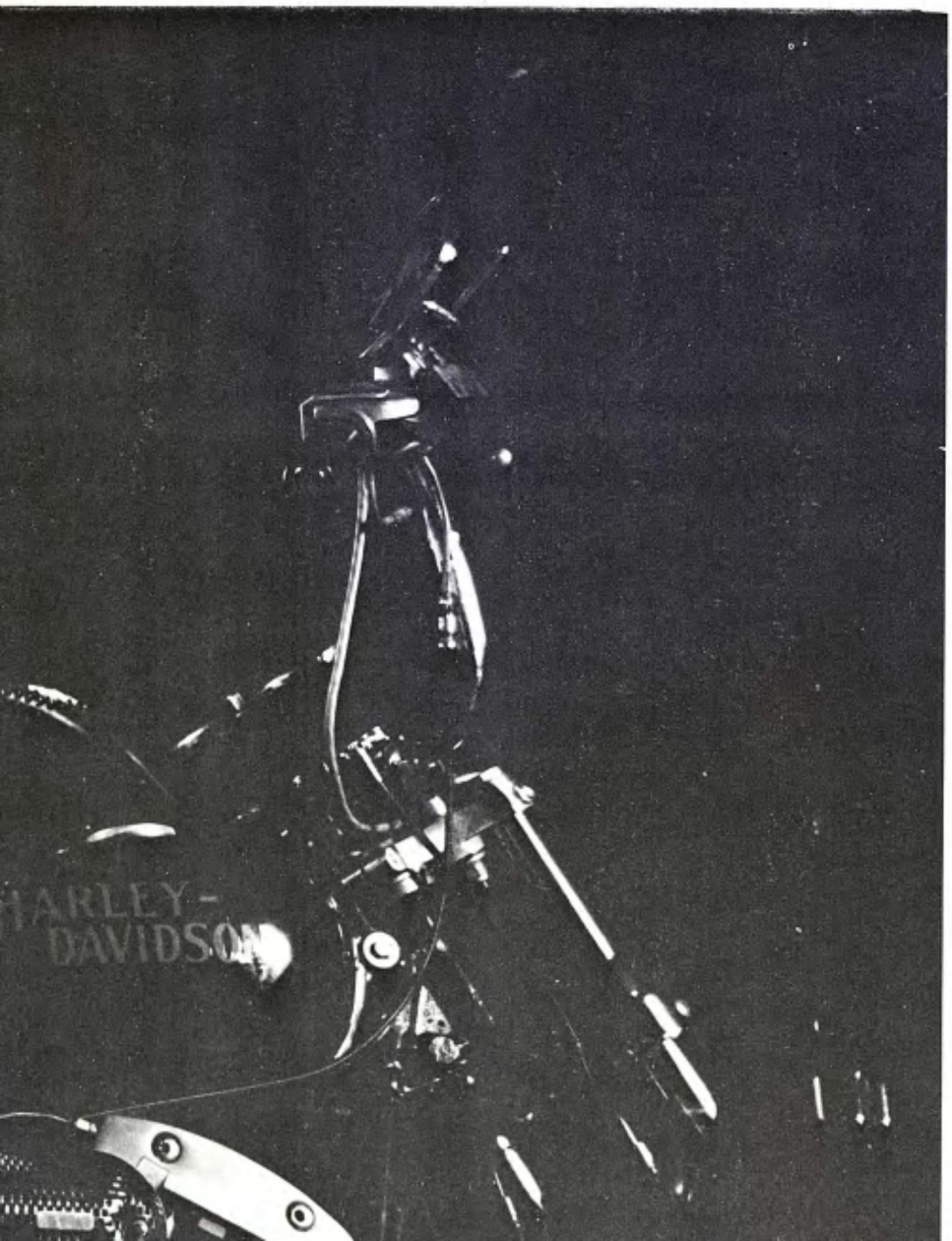
—from Chris Kilo, Sonoma, Calif.



—from Ed, Westwood, N.J.

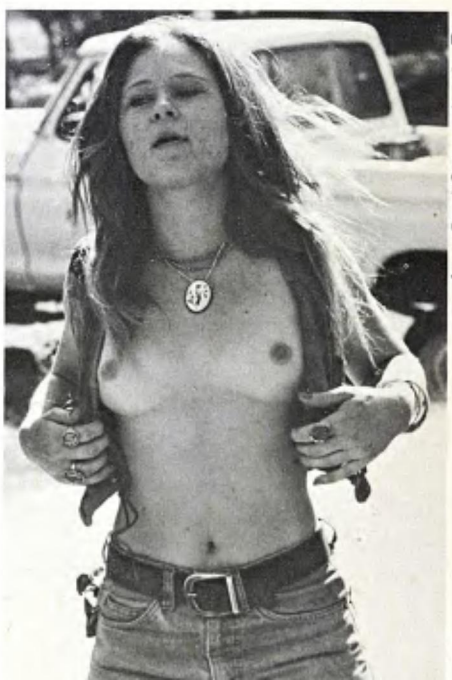


—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.





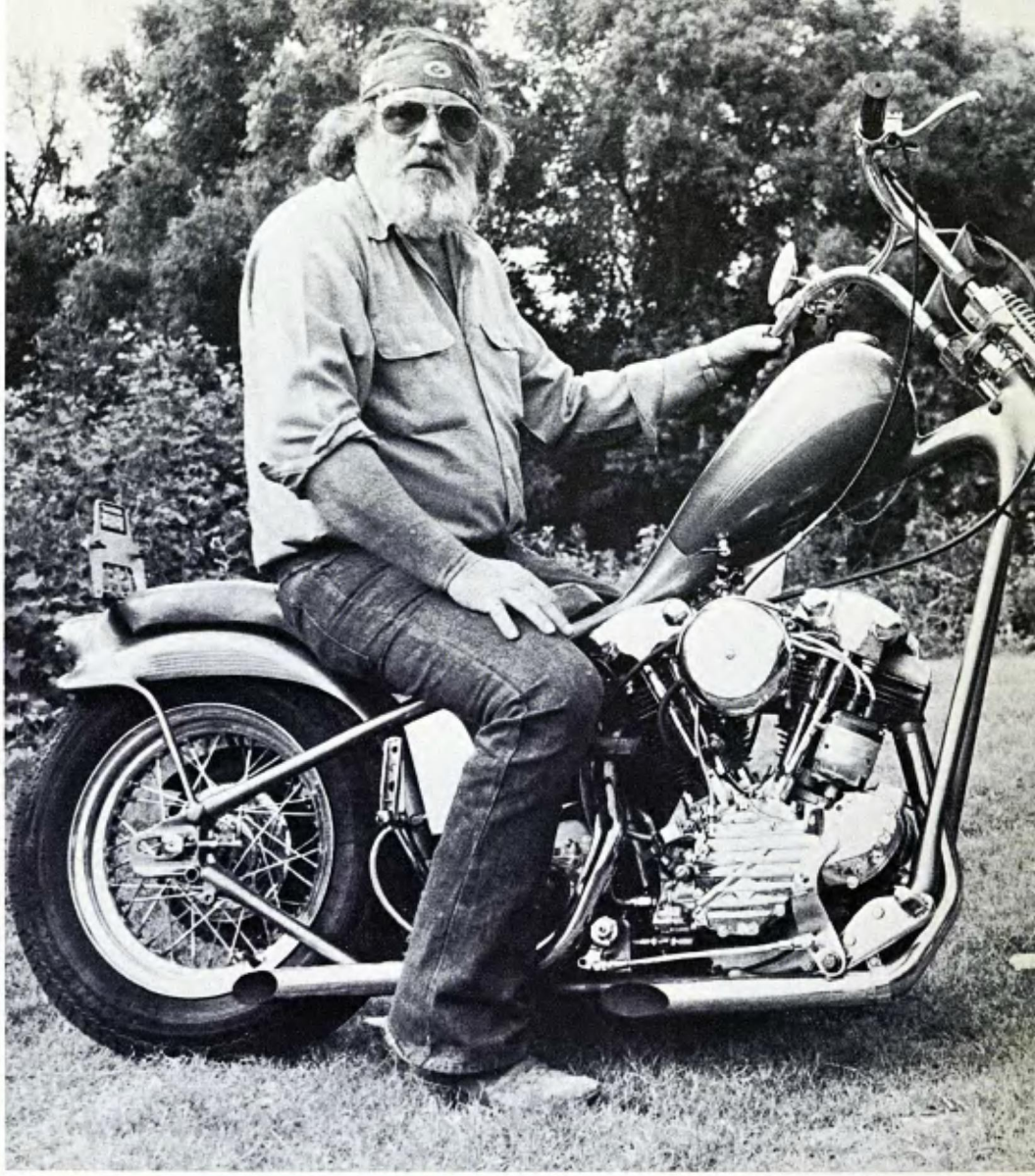
—from Robert Taylor, Ranger, Ga.



—from Paul Ortner, Austin, Tex.



—from Krister Kruger, H-D Club of Sweden



—from Preacher, Northern Indiana



—from Ken Miller, Mechanicsburg, Pa.



—from Dan Burke, Clarence, N.Y.





—from Paul Ortner, Austin, Tex.



—from Dawn Laik, Milwaukee, Wis.

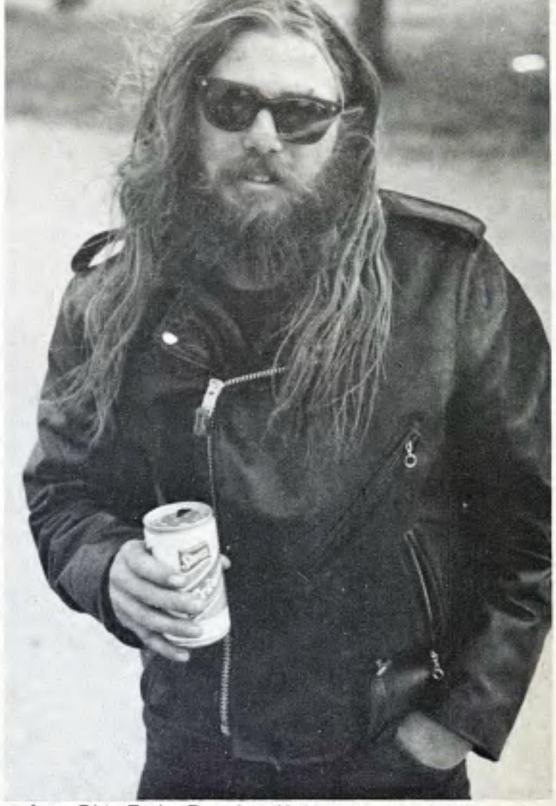




—from Ron Stone, Robinson, Ill.



—from Michael Powers, Kincheloe, Mich.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



—from Big Steve, Ellwood City, Pa.



—from J. Roppolo, New Milford, N.Y.



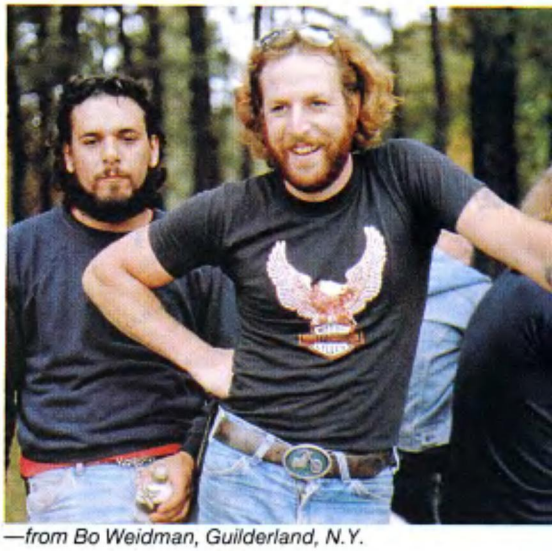
—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



—from Joe Joe Aremia, Brooklyn, N.Y.



—from Paul Ortner, Austin, Tex.



—from Bo Weidman, Guilderland, N.Y.



—from A.D. Marshall, St. Louis, Mo.

—from Bo Weidman, Guilderland, N.Y.





—from Digger, Lysander, N.Y.

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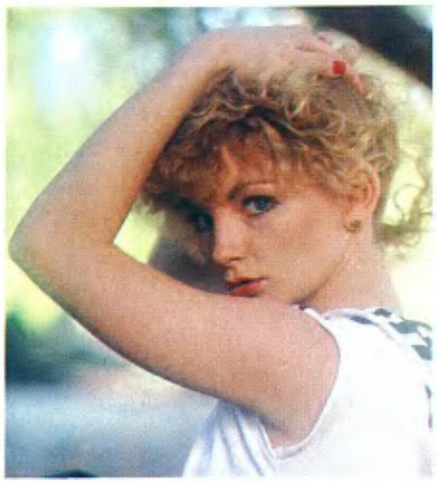
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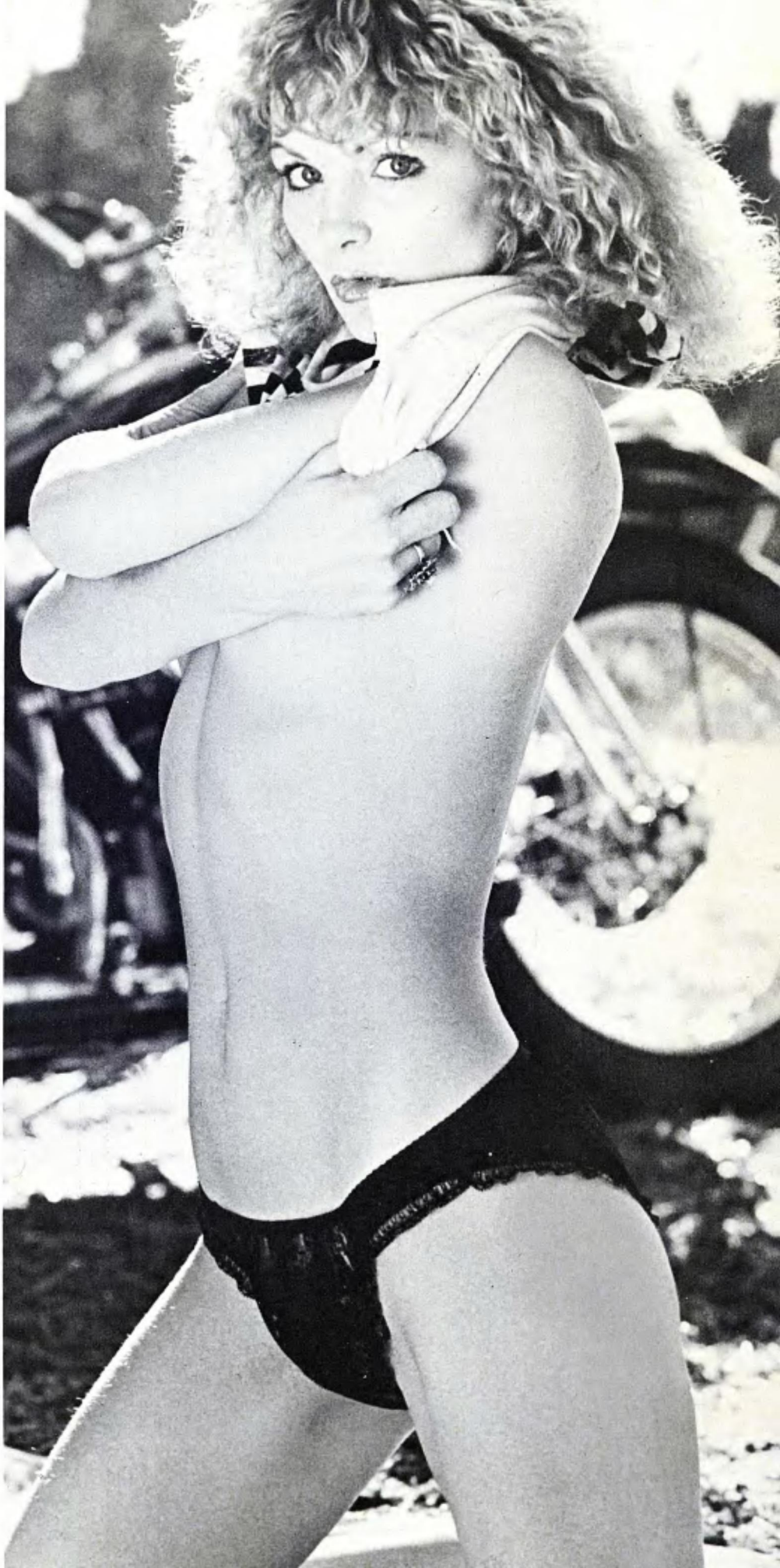
Wind Swept

The wind whistled a lonely tune against the gray pavement of the city streets the day Snake met Penny. It was early Monday morning after an acid-soaked, partied-down-to-weed-and-roach weekend. Seven in the morning, Snake was rollin' out of a parking lot in an unfamiliar city. Dust and debris scooted lazily across the deserted streets while grubby Snake tried to focus with his half-asleep eyes.

It had been a good weekend; but he was beat and work was still fifty miles away. Now, at the corner at the end of the street, he watched the morning commuters emerge from their castles and roll into the mainstream of life. Snake rested a battered elbow on his fatbobs and a bearded chin in the palm of a sweat-soaked, tattered leather glove. He liked cities in the morning—but perhaps not so much this morning. They usually looked unguarded, ready to be taken by surprise—like by motorcycles startling citizens on quiet streets.









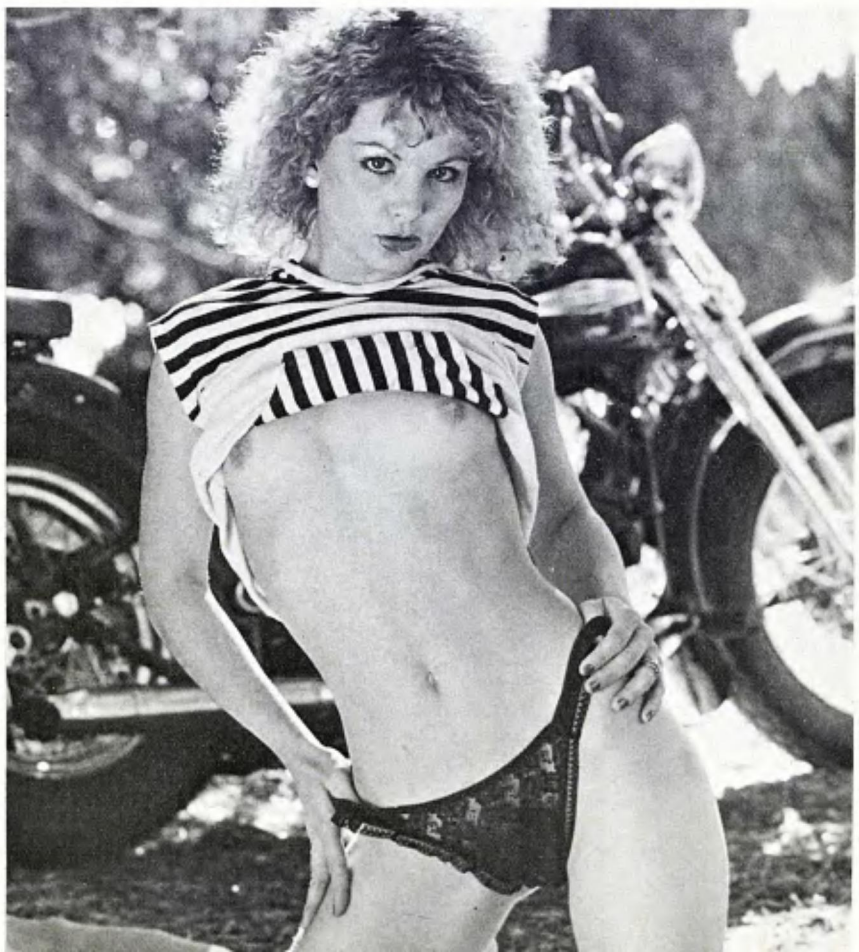




He rolled slowly into traffic, testing the cool air and his senses. As the pan purred, he began to feel like himself again. His long, tangled, blond hair swooshed like leaves in the wind. The moist air felt invigorating. His reaction was to go faster. His eyes sparkled behind narrow, black sunglasses. His short but muscular frame sat light in the solo saddle and he rode faster. He bobbed and weaved through the predictable traffic. He patted the gas tank on a semi as he slipped by it close enough to be visually lost in the big machine.

The sun began to illuminate the streets as he crested a hill at eighty and white-lined yet another pack of slow-moving commuters. That's when he spotted Penny. His hand locked on the throttle, he was just beginning to move when something grabbed his pupils. He had barely a couple of seconds to decide—ride the morning wind or check out the teasing chick on the side of the road with her thumb hoisted high.

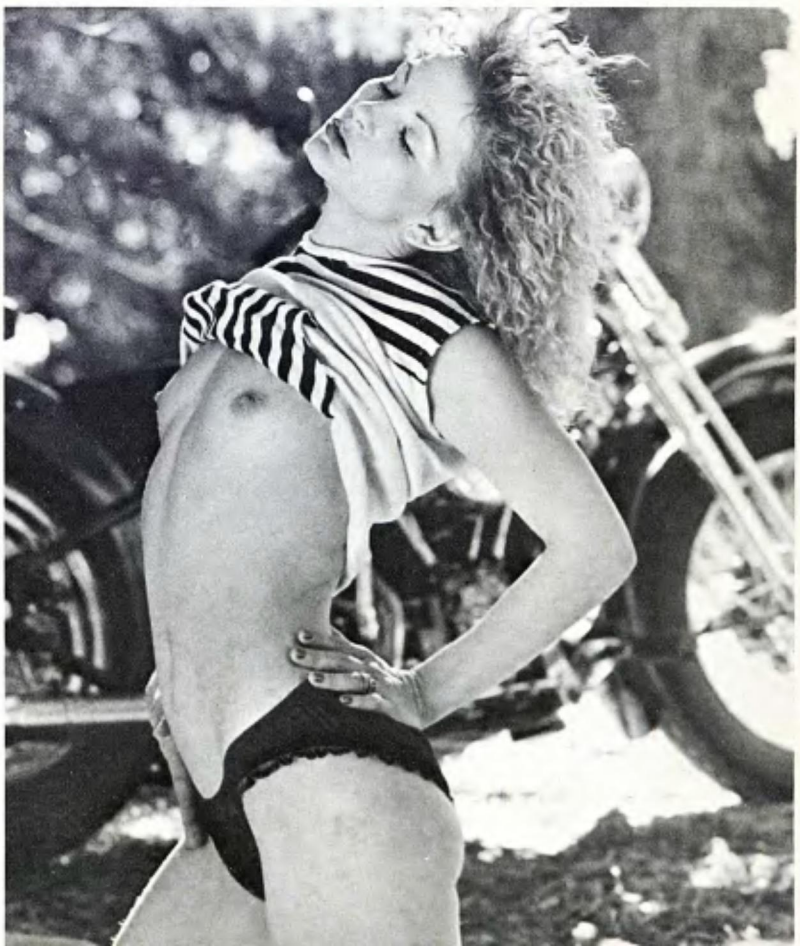
He was already behind schedule but he let his grip loosen, and the throttle return spring snapped his carburetor's butterfly back into idling position. The bike slipped and spit













Photos by Grant Edwards



gravel as he pulled up alongside this tall, slender young thing coated with the makin's of a beautiful woman. Her fine hair, rustled by the passing traffic, glistened in the fresh, new morning sunlight. Her smile made his day look even brighter. He told her to get on.

She responded with the slender fingers of her left hand slipping across his shoulders as she mounted the pan. Before they had traveled a mile, she had become more a part of his attire than his jacket as she nestled, pressing her firm, pointed nipples into his back.

Before Snake could maneuver his bike, unhampered by the additional sleek weight, into the fast lane, Penny was exploring his narrow waist with her slender fingers. She whispered a sensual conversation into his ear. And the ride altered its direction from work to a peaceful, mountain cruise. Slowly, her conversation went active as she gently caressed his ear with







her lips and an occasional wet touch of her tongue. Snake reacted with an occasional abrupt lane change as he weaved his two-wheeled coach into the hills.

They blended together as if making love on the motorcycle as it weaved in sexy motions and vibrations into the hills. He made one brief stop at a bro's for a warm blanket and a bottle of relaxing wine. Then they continued their stimulating ride into the hills.

It was one week from that Monday morning before Snake showed up at work. He was thinner, sorta rosey-cheeked. His usually filthy pan was spotless and he actually looked clean, himself. His baby blues seemed to twinkle and an unusual smirk glistened from his ivories as he dropped these flicks on my milk crate.

"Can I split early, brother?" he inquired with a widenin' grin, knowing I wouldn't object.

Ol' Snake was in lust.

—Bandit

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Chocolate Chip Buzz

—Continued from page 51

you're doing it. The hard work is saved for the cooking stage (and your ol' lady.)

Let the mess simmer for 12 to 24 hours. Your stove is on automatic pilot, so do anything you feel like. Put a shine on the Hog, maybe change its oil, or possibly lube your girlfriend. Your "soup" will be done tomorrow.

Now here's your science lesson for the week: The THC in the reefer dissolves in the butter, but doesn't dissolve well in water. The stuff that gets you high comes out of the leaf and goes into the butter, and the chemicals that don't do good things for your head dissolve in the water. That way, the essence of goodness goes into the butter, and the bad stuff goes into the water.

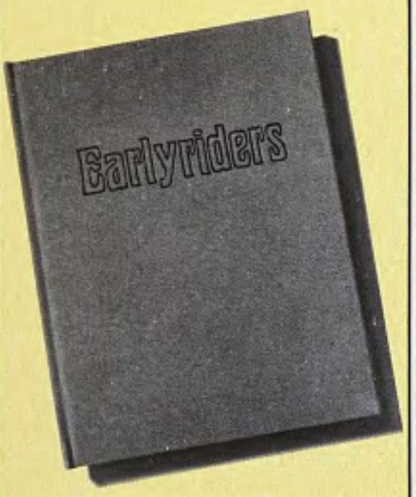
As the reefer cooks, you get a green (maybe brown) soup that looks like what a hangover feels like, and smells like six months on the road without a shower. It has been compared to what comes out of spittoons. So far it sounds like a waste of good butter, water and reefer, right? If you stop here, it is. Keep going—things get better.

Get a large, clean bowl and a fine-mesh strainer. (If you have some cheesecloth, use it to help strain the "soup.") Put the bowl and strainer on a table or counter. Get the pot of green, ugly, nasty shit. Set its cover aside, and pour the soup through the strainer into the bowl. Collect all the foul brew in the bowl. Mash the reefer with the back of a spoon to get out all the liquid. The herb doesn't have the greatest taste, so try to avoid getting any of it into the bowl.

Okay, now you have a bowl full of nasty-smelling stuff. Set it aside and go back to work at the stove. Put the reefer back into the pan with some fresh water. Boil the herb again for about 15 more minutes with the stove on high. Try to loosen up any butter that might be hanging on by stirring it up and whipping it around. Generally agitate it. Remember, a butter saved is a butter earned—or something like that.

Pour the new water and the herb

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through the strainer into the big bowl and mash it out again. Throw the reefer away. (I just heard a chorus of *"Throw the reefer away?"* The answer to that question has to be "Yes." Have you ever tried to smoke buttered reefer? It doesn't burn well. If you are totally opposed to throwing useless reefer away, use it to make brownies. "The "buttering" removes most of the THC, so they won't do much for you. It probably would not be worth the trouble.)

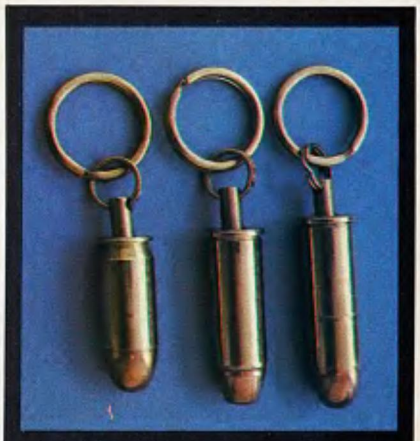
Cover the bowl and put it into the refrigerator. While the soup cools, the butter rises to the surface and hardens. After several hours of cooling (depending on your bowl, refrigerator, and how often you look in on it), the butter will be hard enough to lift out of the water. Remember the saw about the "watched pot that never. . ."? The saying was never more appropriate than with reefer in butter. If you disturb the bowl while it's cooling, you will end up with butter sticking to the walls of it. That can be a royal pain in the ass. It's a lot better if you can remove the stuff in one or two big pieces.

With the butter in pieces, lift them out, placing them in another bowl. Use the fine-mesh strainer to catch the tiny droplets of butter floating in the water, and use a spoon to scrape the bottom and sides. Some butter probably got stuck there when you poured the green shit into the bowl. Rescue as much of the butter as possible, and once you have all of it you can get, throw out the water. Put the butter back into your cooler for a few minutes to get it good and hard again.

—*Continued on page 76*



"Grape. . .Tape?. . .Drape?. . . Shape?. . ."



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A Change for the Better

—by Snake

Star leaned hard on the heavy plate-glass doors of the county courthouse. They gave way and he stepped out into the freezing drizzle of a late November morning. The sky was leaden grey, and a chill wind whistled faintly through the skeletal limbs of the trees on the courthouse lawn. He stopped there for a second, gazing up at the barren branches where a single leaf, withered and brown, clung tenaciously to a limb. It shuddered violently, then suddenly lost its grip and fluttered to the ground. Star looked back at the imposing stone building and

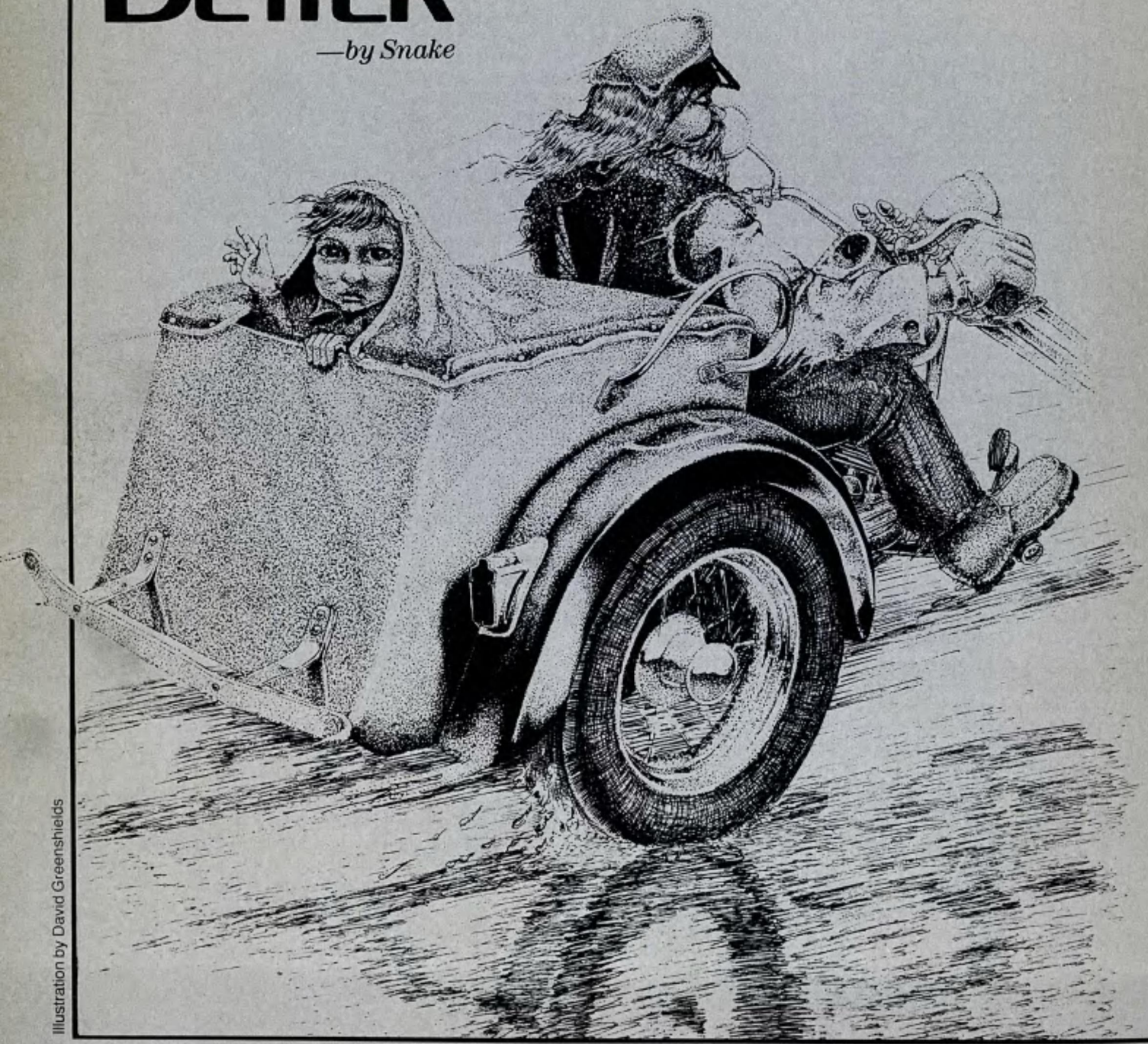


Illustration by David Greenshields

shook his head. It was the first time he'd walked through those doors as a winner, but yet he was still losing. There wasn't much pride in being the winner of a scrape where both sides had somehow lost. The ol' lady, she'd got the freedom she wanted, the bros back at his shack had their "I told you so's" and Star, he had the kid. He wondered, standing there in the rain in front of the courthouse, what it'd all been for. What good had come of it? In the courtroom, with the fancy-talking lawyers and his and her empty silence, all that they had ever done or created seemed so fuckin' shallow. But somewhere, far back in his mind, hidden behind the protective growth of facial hair, he could remember that it hadn't always been that way. Voices echoed in the silence of his thoughts, parties and hangovers and faces flashed through his mind, nights he'd never quite been able to remember came back now with shocking clarity and he remembered the good times that had gone, the dreams that had been lost.

Raindrops were beginning to blur the ink signatures on the several legal papers he clenched in his fist. He folded the papers carelessly and shoved them inside his flight jacket before climbing aboard the 45 trike backed into a "No Parking—Sheriff Only" space. He removed a small yellow slip of paper from the long springer. "Fuckin' pigs, fuckin' tickets—fuckin' whole deal!" he growled, ripping the parking ticket in two and setting it adrift with the fallen leaves. It was cold, too damn cold, and he knew that the thirteen-mile trip home across the flat Kansas prairie called for some antifreeze. The 45 thundered to a halt in front of the town's favorite liquor store, and Star hurriedly entered under close scrutiny by the nervous clerk. There was a loaded .45 under the counter that followed Star across the store to the shelf, where a limited selection of rum was stocked. He knew it, too. He grabbed a fifth of Bacardi 151 and a pint of Mad Dog 20/20. He laid fifteen bucks on the counter and walked out without his change. It was his last pit stop at the standby liquor store. They could keep the change for all he cared—he never had to go in there again.

Outside, he twisted the cap off the rum and let the fiery alcohol burn down his throat. As he took the bottle down, he brought the Mad Dog up as a chaser. He capped the rum and tossed it in the trike's box but kept the MD in the pocket of his jacket to ward off the chill on the long run home. Three miles out, he crossed the overpass above the inter-

—Continued on page 81

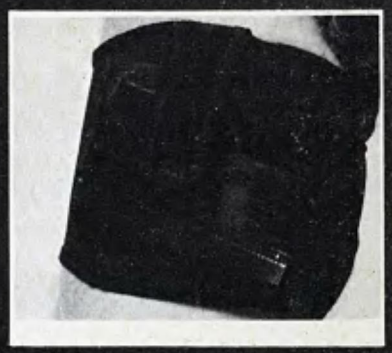
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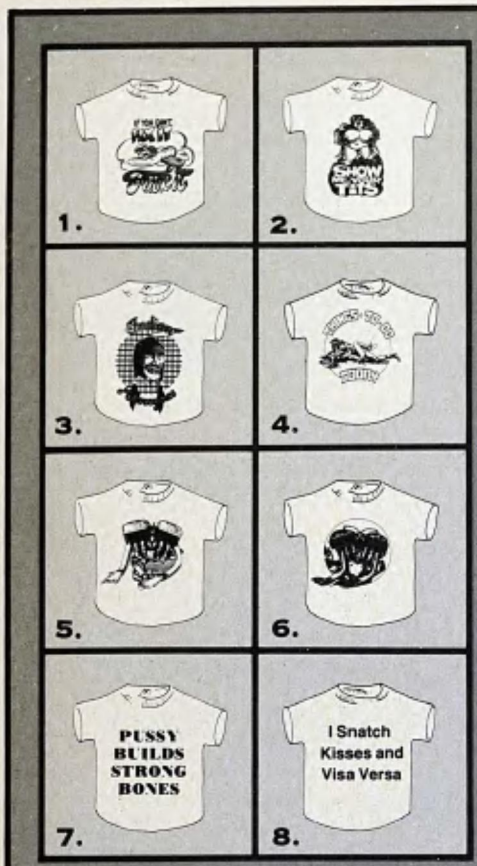
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—Continued from page 73

Once your butter is really hard, you will need to dry it off, because the water really tastes bad. If you want your cookies to taste good, the water has to go. Stack the butter in one side of the bowl. Tilt the bowl so that any water sticking to the butter will run off to the other side. (Hold the butter back with a spoon if necessary.) You don't have to pour the water out. Blot it up carefully with a paper towel. Don't leave any of the water (if you can avoid it), but don't waste any butter. The water contains the essence of bad taste and nastiness. (Sounds like Mutha, doesn't it?) The more water you remove, the better your cookies will taste.

Your part is done. The butter is ready to go, so either turn this over to your ol' lady or get ready to bake.

The cooking portion of the recipe

I like the good, old-fashioned Toll-House cookie recipe—you know, the one Grandma had. It's easy to use and makes tasty magic cookies. To make these the best magic cookies, you need to make a couple of minor changes to the original recipe to help disguise the spicy flavor. Two changes make the cookies taste better, and make the active ingredient hard to detect. First, the original recipe called for 3/4 cup white and 3/4 cup brown sugar. Swap some brown sugar for white sugar. I use 1 1/4 cups of the darkest brown sugar I can find, and only 1/4 cup of white sugar. The brown sugar helps cover the flavor your additive gave the butter. The darker brown sugar has more flavor, and does a better job of



"You're looking at 'er, sweetheart — I am the sperm bank."

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; $1.20 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly-written copy. No charge for zip codes. *Easyriders* box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of $5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

Send to *Easyriders*, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

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

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

Urgent: $25 reward for a chunk of American holly wood large enough to make a fore-end tip & grip cap for a custom rifle. Contact Tom Stehr, original member Spokesmen South Sask. MC, 1460 S. Rly St. E., Swift Current, Sask., Canada S9H 3B9. (82)

Henderson: Are you ready to take a ride on the best there is? Brand. (82)

Cat, Delight, Lucky, Blue, and the Traveling Gypsy Band: Get in touch with Coop, Shifters MC, Klickitat, Wis. (82)

Biker looking for a lady to settle down with in Colo. Dedicated, good-looking ladies call (303) 422-8311, Steve. (82)

Tattooing colors—extremely bright and heal fast; 17 different color samples $15 plus $1 postage; includes free equipment catalog. Send money order to S & W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (86)

Big "D": Happy 1st anniversary 4/3/80! I do and always will love you! Your ol' lady, Debbie. (82)

Bumper stickers, inexpensive, any message, any quantity. Details: Apollo Printing, Box 3437, Apollo Beach, Fla. 33570. (82)

Phoenix: Happy 1st birthday (2/24/79). We did it! Love, Jeani. (82)

Male, 30, single, intelligent, liberal, lonely, writer, serving time. Would like to correspond with interested females. Answer all. Will exchange photos. Eddie Phillips #153980, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302. (82)

Poo: Happy anniversary (4/15). After 15 big ones, you're still my number one in the fast lane of life. Love, Big Daddy Haus. (82)

24-yr.-old blond, blue-eyed brother getting out soon. Looking for sincere, marriage-minded, mellow ol' lady to help keep me out and start all over again. Like to live in the mountains, ride, travel, and backpack. Non or light user of drugs and alcohol preferred. Must be one-man woman. Send photo and letter to Tim McCaig, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (82)

Wanted: Lean, long-haired H-D biker/cowboy with intelligence and sensitivity—no Nazis, please—for putting and friendship and, hopefully, sex. I'm slender and attractive and live in Sonoma County, Calif. Write to C.R., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (82)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (82)

Attention Snake: Hey, "Tattoo Man," just want to wish ya a happy birthday on March 3rd. Love ya, Debey. (82)

Jake: Happy 36th birthday! Whether you're here or there, I hope you have a happy one. Miss ya and love ya, ya old fuck! Your ol' lady, Marianne. (82)

Jeeps $59.30. Cars $33.50. Motorcycles, boats. "Official U.S. Government Surplus Directory." 400,000 listings, how and where "in your area" (includes G-lands, G-lotteries). Send $2 to Wholesale Surplus Services, Box 375, Dearborn Heights, Mich. 48127. (82)

How does a decent girl meet a biker? Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301. Send a buck and find out. We match up bikers with ol' ladies. (84)

White trucker, 29 yrs. old, 170 lbs., 6 ft. Would like to meet lady between 20 and 30, who enjoys travel. Send photo, Danny, Box 315, Lancaster, Tex. 75146. (82)

Dan, Sarah, Wisdom in Bernalillo, N. Mex. J.D., Haz, Bullet, Tammy. (82)

Stuck in Colorado for winter; need honest good-looking, one-man woman for perm. or semi-perm. relationship. Possibility of travel in Europe. Send full-length photo. Kids okay. Mickey, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (82)

Chicks: Need fox to pack on tour of U.S. this August. Expenses paid. Can pick you up anywhere in New England area. Contact Fixit, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (82)

Candy: Happy 2nd anniversary (3/25). Love ya forever. Your ol' man. (82)

Chiefie Dan: I'm still waiting and always will. Let's give it another try. You're in my thoughts always. I love you. Bandaja. (82)

Wanted: Sincere lady 25-35. Cut loose in a year for country livin' and puttin'. Send photos and letters to Larry Thompson, Box 94999, Ft. Stellacoom, Wash. 98494. (82)

To our babes Wendell: Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. May we see many of them together. Love you, babe, Rachel and Li'l Melissa. (82)

Buttercup: Woman, you were right. There's ways I need to change. But then, everyone can learn if they open their eyes. Call sometime. I'll not only come back, I worry, I'm slow, yes, but with time I could figure out my destiny. Duane, River, whatever. (703) 885-8248 (collect). (83)

Chokers from Greece for only $5.95 plus $1 postage and handling. Gleaming Greek chokers, of gold and silver-toned metal curves adorned with colorful Grecian beads. All threaded on a leather thong. Choose a color, and send a check or money order to A. Ball, P.O. Box 592, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740. (86)

Need to be needed? I'm needin'. I've been incarcerated 6 yrs. Will be released in '80. Desire candid relationship with down-to-earth woman (ms.). I'm 36, blond hair, blue eyes, 6'1", 180 lbs., good-looking. All replies answered. Richard Donnel #11799-289, P.O. Box 1000, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388. (82)

This bullet's got yer name on it! Actual .45 dummy bullet engraved with up to 6 letters $5., plain $3. Pierced for neckchain or keyring. Bullet, Box 2942E, Kokomo, Ind. 46901. (82)

Guaranteed state photo ID card. Full color Polaroid process, the best there is. Send photo, signature, birthdate, height, weight, and eye color. Rush $7 each. Order with two paying friends and get your ID free. Bonus: 3 blank IDs free with each Polaroid ID. No-bull money-back guarantee. Jeno Chevron, Box 1033-EZ40, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (82)

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. (86)

Tattoo artists and fans: Subscribe now to Tattoo Life magazine, really righteous—full-color photos—monthly contests. $20 for 12 issues. Groovy, 110 Indian Alley, Winchester, Va. 22601. (82)

Not just another buckle: I made my own belt buckle. It's an all-brass spoked wheel, and it's handmade—about three inches in diameter. The reason for a classified is that I make them myself, and I want to take my time with each one. Besides, I can't afford a big ad. No two buckles will be alike. I figured a fair price is ten bucks. Send cash or money order to Weed, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (86)

Andy Murdock, Texas: Send address to Art, Box 551, Boise, Idaho 83701. (82)

Sylvia: Happy belated birthday & anniversary. Your ol' man, Mic. (82)

"If it's not a Harley, you're not a man" on a T-shirt for only $4.50. State color and size. Longhorn Products, 2055 Plainfield N.E., Grand Rapids, Mich. 49505. (82)

Help wanted: Part-time piece work. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages, experience unnecessary. Send name, address, phone number to Webster, 175 5th Ave., Suite 1101-1395, New York, N.Y. 10010. (82)

E.: Split 'cause own history repeated itself. Couldn't handle it, but handling "right thing" bummer so, like W.J., will have to be "dreaming my dreams" and stick to handling my bike, G. (82)

Top pot grower reveals secrets. Booklet deals with many techniques not covered in any other growing guides. Top-quality smoke faster and easier, indoors or out. Send $5 to Wizard, Box 3562, Bryan, Tex. 77801. (82)

1947 H-D engine, 74 EL knuckle with Linkert M-35 carbs. Engine in top condition. Best offer. Doug Kaufman, 1300 South 12th, Apt. A, Pekin, Ill. 61554. (82)

Looking for uninhibited, pleasure-seeking female in general Chicago area to share swinging times. Also will exchange revealing photos with females everywhere. Ray Miller, 1325 W. Wilson, Apt. 810, Chicago, Ill. 60640. (82)

Attractive, white, 24, 5', 110 lbs., artist, tired of giving and getting nothing. Know and love Harleys. Like to hear from sincere bikers 23-30. Send photo to N. J. Terpack, 504 Ft. Plains, Howell, N.J. 07731. (82)

Mark: Happy birthday (3/29)! I can't wait until we can go ridin' on the Knuckle again this spring. I love you. Your wife, Kari. (82)

Teresa (Tee): Happy 20th 1/27/80 (and many more). Been my ol' lady goin' on two yrs. now and I've loved every minute with ya. Be good, bitch. Keep your head in the wind. Love ya, babe. The Kid (York). (82)

To Bandit, Starlight, Penny, and all the friends and brothers of Ghost Riders MC, North Myrtle Beach, South Carolina: Thanks for an incredible weekend 12/1-12/3. You treated me as a brother, and I won't forget it. Ride hard and stay free. Fat Bob, Augusta, Ga.

Procaine, N-ephedrine, inositol, mannitol, caffeine, benzocaine, ether, lactose, chloroform, and much more. All U.S.P. grade. We stock volume at low prices. Send $2 cash or m.o. for detailed catalog. Refundable upon first order. Crystal Labs, P.O. Box 54, W. Haven, Conn. 06516. (83)

Roy: Happy 27th birthday, April 22nd. I love you! Hope you enjoy it. Love always. Booper. (82)

Merle Toland, Lolly Banker: Contact Frank asap at P.O. Box 1563, Upland, Calif. 91786. (82)

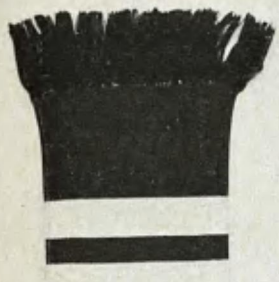
California birth certificates. Blanks $20; filled out, $40. (You stipulate information.) Local customers happy; now we go nationwide. Personal checks take 6-8 weeks to clear. Sold as a novelty item only. Charlie Productions, P.O. Box 66, Salida, Calif. 95368.

1946 Indian Chief for sale, original and complete but not running. John Mies, 1337 East 5th, Pratt, Kan. 67124. (316) 672-3045. (82)

Ohio: Cleveland, 2nd annual South East Harley-Davidson Swap Meet, to be held April 27, 1980. The gates will open Sunday at 10 a.m. Vendors may arrive as early as 7 p.m. on April 26, 1980. There will be free camping available for vendors only. Last year's meet was one of the best, if not the largest in Ohio. People came from as far as one thousand miles for the event. Last year, the vendors made money and had fun doing it. This year, you will be able to find just about any part that you ever wanted for a motorcycle. There will be food and beer available, along with the best entertainment possible. This year we will also have our second annual dirty-wet T-shirt contest. The prize money will be in excess of $250. There will not be any losers in this contest; everyone will win something. The Swap Meet will go as scheduled, rain or shine. Sorry, there is limited space available under the pavilion. First come, first served. For information call or write South East Harley-Davidson Sales Co., 23105 Aurora Rd., Bedford Heights, Ohio 44146. Attention Jim Gelardi. Phone no. 1 (216) 439-5304. (82)

Benny: It has been a while since we were at the market in Guadalajara where you received that piece of wood that looked just like your hand. I need to see your peepers. 12210 Smokes Rd., Arlington, Wash. 98223. (82)

—Continued on page 126



A Warm Riding Scarf

We've been working on these scarves for over a year now. We wanted the best. And we wanted this scarf to be as useful and comfortable as it is sharp-looking. We think we've succeeded and plan to add more designs in the future. This warm-riding scarf is over five feet long and eight inches wide. And we can't let them go for any less than $9.75, plus 75¢ postage and handling.

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1927 Motorcycle Art

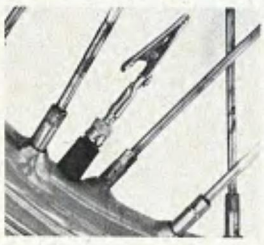
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Busted Knuckles

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masking the taste. The second change is the use of raisins in place of the nuts in the original recipe. Raisins make the cookie juicier, and do a good job of masking the pot flavor. If you make these changes, you won't be able to tell that there is anything unusual in the cookies.

The ingredients

1/4 cup white sugar
1 1/4 cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups unsifted flour
2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 12-oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate chips
1 cup raisins
1/2 lb. fortified and approved butter

Pre-heat the oven to 275-300 degrees. The original recipe called for 375 degrees, but drop this down below 300 to protect the THC content of the cookies. Mix the flour, baking soda, and salt in a bowl. Set it aside.

Mix the butter, sugars, and vanilla together until creamy. If the butter is fairly soft, it's easier. Beat in the hen fruit. Get the mixture smooth and creamy, then fold it into the first bowl. Mix it well. Then stir in the chocolate morsels and raisins.

Now you are ready to bake cookies. Get out your cookie sheet. If you don't have cookie sheets, get out some skillets or something else that is flat and smooth and has heatproof handles. (Make sure the handles can be baked. You don't want to destroy the pan that feeds you.) Get two teaspoons. Use them to make small balls of dough, and drop the balls about 1 1/2 inches apart on the sheet. The sheet should *not* be greased before cooking. When you have a sheet filled, put it into the oven. The original recipe says to bake them for 8-10 minutes. It should take a little longer because you have the temperature down some. Look in on them at five minutes to see how they are doing. They should be a little bit brown around the edges when they are done. Take the cookie sheet out of the oven and let everything cool for a few minutes. Then remove the cookies, and first put them on a rack to cool, then into a bowl.

While you are cooking one bunch, you should be spooning up another to go in when the first ones come out. While they're cool-

ing, *don't* put them on anything absorbent! They will lose butter that way.

A Word of Warning!

Don't eat a bunch of them while cooking! About an hour after eating them, you will lose track of what you are doing and may burn some—and God help you if you get the munchies. It takes more than an hour to make the 100-plus you should get out of the recipe, and the last cookies will be strange if you eat too many. Then again, if you start off eating cookies, you won't care how they look. They taste too good. The taste is a problem, especially with someone who doesn't know where the high is coming from. It can lead to "The Vicious Circle of the Munchies." You eat some cookies, and an hour later the munchies arrive. That inspires you to eat more, and so on. It's like feedback from an amplifier, except a whole lot buzzier.

Now: (1) What possible good can these cookies be? They are among the most expensive you can make (depending on the cost of your basic ingredients.) (2) Are the results worth the expense)? (3) How many cookies does it take to get high? (4) How many cookies do you get from a batch? (5) What kind of high do you get from them?

Let's answer the questions one at a time:

(1) They do lots of good. They do more good when you use the primo stuff. You can use them to zap folk you like—or don't like. You can take them on trips, you can take them to concerts, you can



"Don't use that dirty bill, David. You never know who had his nose in it last!"



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take them to the beach, and so on. I don't know of anyone who has been busted for possession of chocolate chips.

(2) Yes. If you got 50 people stoned off one bag, you will get those same 50 (and probably more) stoned with cookies. Also, they will stay stoned longer with cookies.

(3) Depends on how much there was of and how strong the original ingredient was. If you could get 20 joints out of the bag, and could get 20 people really stoned, you can expect that it will take 3-5 cookies to get zonked. If you could get 50 people really stoned on the bag, then 1 or 2 cookies will do.

(4) Depends on your ol' lady, and how many she eats while cooking. If she makes 120, and eats 80 of them, two things happen: (a) you won't be able to get in the kitchen with her, because of her bulk, and (b) she won't be able to move for a while—a long while. The usual "yield" is around 100 two-inch cookies. I have gotten as many as 120 in one batch.

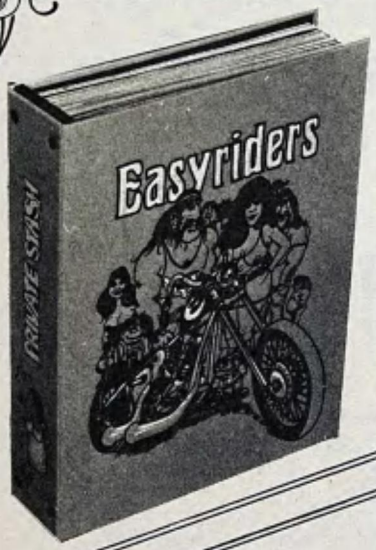
(5) The high from cookies is different. It is a bit mellower, and lasts a long time. The high is not oppressive like the buzz from some primo Colombian can be. It is an open, happy high. It's normal to wake up stoned after eating them at night. After eating them, it takes about an hour to get up there, and the high can last from three to twelve hours or more, depending on what potency and how many you consumed.

Try out the recipe. It's great for concerts, traveling, or surprises. It also will get you a completely different high. Bon appetit! ■



"Wow! That's what I call a kiss!"

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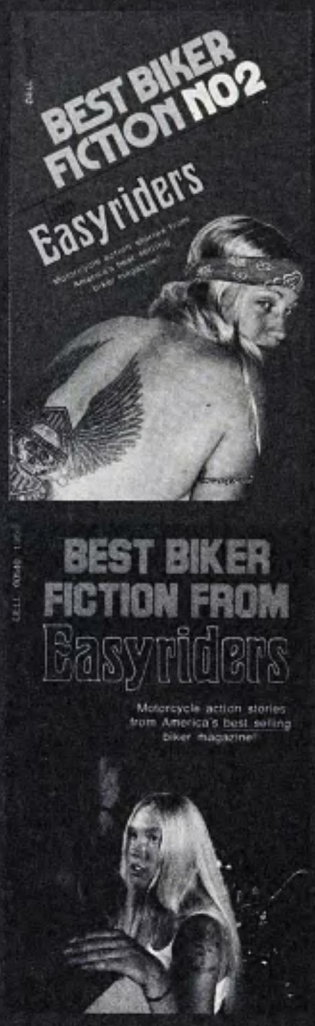
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A Change for the Better

—Continued from page 75

state, that smooth, four-lane ribbon of asphalt that stretched north and south across the flatlands to the misty horizon in both directions. He looked south.

Ten miles later, he was back in the hole-in-the-wall he'd called home for twenty-four years. Twenty-four years that had amounted to nothing—nothing that is, except for the trike and the kid. Snake and Big Red were laid back, drinking Star's beer and listening to his stereo. "It's done?" Red asked.

"It's done," Star replied, taking another long pull on the Mad Dog.

"Tough rap," Snake commented, "but ya gotta take a spill sooner or later."

"Yeah," Star said, unimpressed by Snake's barroom philosophy.

Star vanished to the rear of the house, where he normally slept when he could make it that far. Snake and Red continued to explore the philosophical aspects of the case. Fifteen minutes and two beers later, Star reappeared, loaded down with various pieces of run equipment. Twice he carried armfuls of backpacks and sleeping bags and the like out to the trike. On the last trip, he paused in the living room. The kid emerged from the back room bundled up like he was heading into a blizzard. He was four—almost.

"So this is it?" Red queried.

"Yep, guess so," Star replied, sinking nervously onto the sofa. "Funny, ain't it? This is what it's all been for. You, Snake, you was there from the start. Did ya ever think it'd get this crazy?" Snake shook his head. Star went on. "I shoulda known better than to expect much out of the goddam bitch. I woulda been better off with a fuckin' goat. That was the most destructive drunk I've ever been on, the day I married that cunt. Why didn't ya stop me, bro?"

"We tried, man," Red growled.

"Yeah," Snake agreed. "We tried, but damned if you were gonna listen to us—and now see where you're at—divorced, stuck with a rugrat, and feelin' sorry for yourself. You shoulda known it was comin'. Nothin' lasts forever."

Star knew he was right. He could remember when they'd told him to change his course and call it off while it was still good, but he hadn't listened.

He could actually remember when it had been good, with all the wine and dope



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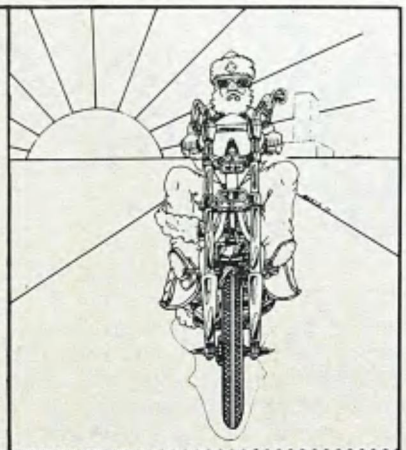
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and wind in his face, when she'd been his ol' lady, tucked properly away in back of him on the trike, her small hands around his waist in a snug, reassuring way. She hadn't acted like such a whore then. He could remember the first time he'd met her—and so could Snake. Snake had been there, and he'd shaken his head the way he always did when a deal he didn't like was coming down. Star had paid no attention to Snake—he seldom did. He lived by trial and error, and Snake lived by instinct. It bothered Star that Snake was right so much of the time, but he was right only to a certain extent. There had been good times, a lot of them. Star just hadn't known when to quit—and had suddenly found himself trapped in a joke that'd been carried too far.

He remembered those late summer evenings along the Arkansas river—a bike, a broad, and his bros there with him. High times they were, indeed. Summer faded into fall and when the bikes went down for the winter rework, Star took to the old Chevy van he had. He remembered her sittin' on the engine shroud there beside him while as many as twenty people, Red and Snake included, rolled around in the back in a drunken stupor amidst bare asses and tits. And now, the three of them sat around in a drunken stupor, with no one but each other to hang their blues on. What they'd all had then, they had since lost. Women, like good times, come and go, and they had written it all off as just the natural cycle of things. But they were alone now—all of them. They all knew the feeling, and on days like this, when the cold November rains were coming down, it gnawed at their insides, and the fuckups they'd all made came forth to roam through their memories. Things would get better again someday. They had to—that was all they had to keep them going, besides each other. The camaraderie of the gang held them together through even the toughest of times and the coldest of prairie winters. Sticking together was the key to survival in the godforsaken flatlands. But as they sat there, the way they always had—beer in hand and ready for anything—they knew that the time for change had come. The thoughts in each of their inebriated minds were about the same—thoughts about the good old days, about ol' ladies they'd had, about parties and bikes and the way they'd always ridden out each storm together. Now they were thinking about how they would manage to ride out this one, about maybe another route than the one they were taking—but no one spoke. The lengthening silence was finally broken when a wide grin spread across Snake's toothless mouth. "Shit," he chuckled, "those were some pretty wild times. . ."

He mumbled as some particular night came back especially clear.

"Yeah, they was, they really was," Star said softly. "Well, shit," he added, standing up, "guess I'd better get off my ass and put some bad times behind me before dark."

He picked up the kid and took one last, long pull of Mad Dog before he tossed it to Snake. "Don't say I never gave ya nothin'." Snake and Red struggled to their feet. This wasn't the biggest trio of bikers ever to wreck a pool hall, but they were three of the best at it. Red, as might be expected, had gotten his name from the flaming orange hair all over his head and face. He never said much, but he had earned the silent respect of every snotnosed kid, zitfaced high school chick, and snide old bitch in town. He'd gained an image of ruthlessness by breaking a quart of beer over Snake's head in the pool hall one night in the middle of a pitch game with several of the local old farts. The old farts didn't understand the logic the three lived by, and the occasional rumbles they got into with one another had given them quite a reputation in the tiny, wheat-farming community. The Old West that they seemed to live in was long gone, and they were holdovers from that long-forgotten past.

Snake was the tallest, and not very heavy. Slim was a good name for him, but he hated it with a passion, and they could all remember a brawl or two when someone had called him that and had set him off. He was a wild one, riding whatever he could lay his hands on and walking when he couldn't.

Star was about average in build, with flowing blond hair and a greasy-looking beard. The kid was his and he was damn proud of him. He'd taken a lot of shit from dudes layin' it on him about packing a yard-ape around with him, but it never got to him. The kid was better off with Star, they were all convinced of that. In the kid, Star saw a glimmer of hope for



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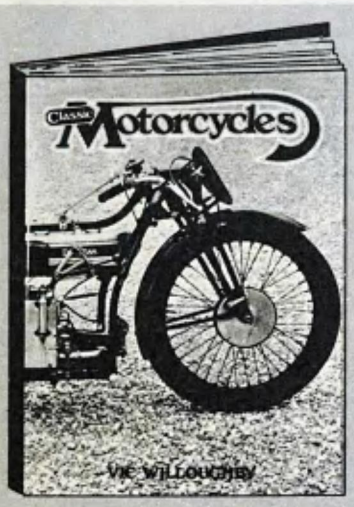
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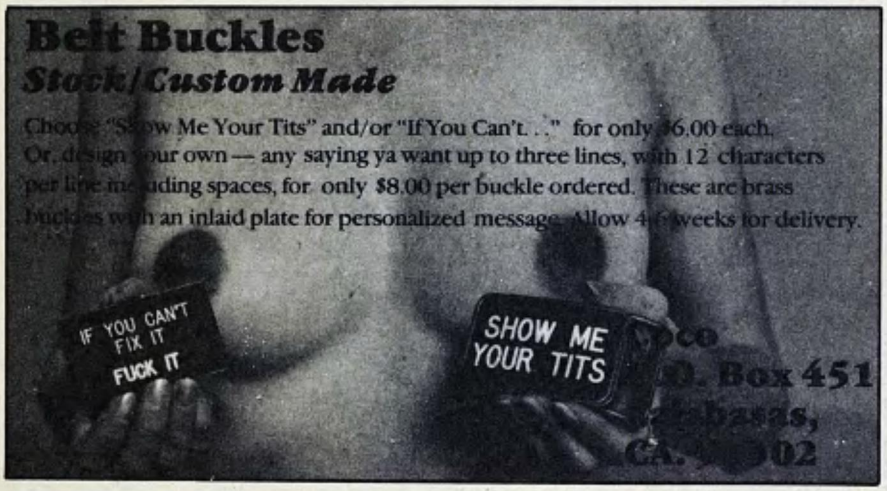
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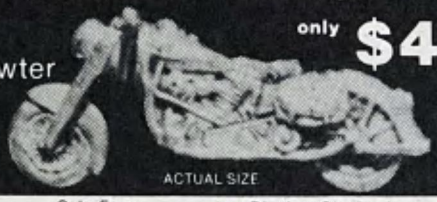
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something—for a future bro or for a future country or something—he wasn't quite sure what. But when the ol' lady had run out, she'd run out on them both, and together they shared that weight. Together they'd made the stand on their own and, in Star's own eyes at least, they'd made a helluva team.

He handed the keys to the house to Red, pausing to look around for anything he might have forgotten. "It's yours, all of it. Use it well," he said softly. He turned and walked outside, stuffing the kid in the box seat behind him and covering him with blankets. Snake and Red followed him out to the trike. They stood quietly as Star took one heavy kick and the 45 chugged to life. One by one, they each reached out a hand and interwined thumbs.

Snake spoke first. "As it is."

"As it was," Star said loudly over the roar of the engine.

"As it shall be," Red ended it.

"We'll meet again someday. Don't know where or when—but we'll have to do it again sometime," Star went on, trying to end ten years of riding together. "It's all been fun—but whaddafuck?"

"Yeah, we'll catch up to you somewhere down the line. Take care of the kid," Snake said.

They all raised a fist to shoulder height, and Star eased the jockey shift into reverse. The trike rolled back into the wet sand street, paused for a second, then headed out. Star resisted the urge to look back. The kid did, though, raising a tiny hand in a bewildered last goodbye. Snake and Red stood shivering in the rain as the trike vanished into the drizzle. They turned and walked back inside for the warmth of another beer. Together they would try to salvage what they could from the past. They had a place to live during the icy winter months ahead, and they had the hope that things would be going their way soon.

Star had the open road ahead of him, time, and space—the things he needed most. He figured to head down San Padre Island way and check out the Gulf coast for a while. There might be some room for him there—find a new ol' lady, a new shack to hang his boots in for a while, a new act altogether. He turned off the state road onto the cloverleaf above the Interstate, paid the man in the tollbooth a handful of quarters, and let the trike break loose. The four-lane was his, and he was in the fast lane headed south. Ahead was the Oklahoma line, then Texas, and somewhere down there the azure waves of the Gulf of Mexico. What was ahead was all he had—what was now behind him had never existed. It had to be that way. A time of change had definitely come, and it was a change for the better—at last. ■

BIG MAMA

—Continued from page 18

There just wasn't no place else."

"So you come in here and make yourself t'home," the man holding the lantern said. "You biker bums are all alike. Just walk right in and make yourself t'home, thinkin' everythin's your'n."

"Hey, man," the biker said again, "no harm done. I just crapped out here hopin' my shit'd dry out."

"And watch your tongue," the voice yelled. "There's a lady present." Somewhere in the darkness behind the lamp, there was a low, female chuckle.

The man's hysterical voice cut through it. "So you just get your pants on and your ass out of here."

"Speakin' of watchin' your tongue," the biker said, and smiled. And the chuckle he'd heard grew into a full laugh.

"Don't give me none of that smartass biker talk," the man ranted on. "I know your type. Walkin' over everythin' and everyone just to do as you please. Well, here's one place you ain't gonna do that. I got me a rifle here." And just to prove it, a disembodied hand held a rifle out in front of the light. "So you just get your ass out."

Above the voice, the biker could hear the rain hitting the top of the barn, harder than ever. Shit, he thought. Fuck it. He looked straight out into the light. "Well," he said, "you're just gonna have to use that rifle then, man, 'cause I ain't goin' nowhere until it stops rainin'."



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There was a sharp intake of breath in the darkness. Then, "You're sayin' that 'cause you think I won't use it. I will! I will!"

The crazy bastard probably will, the biker thought. Still, he stood, smiling into the light. Standoff.

From the darkness behind the light, he heard the chuckle again. "No, you won't, Hank," a woman's soft voice said. "You won't use it."

"I will! I will!" the man shouted.

The woman laughed again. "No, you won't," she said. "He's called you. You can't scare him, and you just won't shoot him in cold blood." Even in the darkness, he could almost see the battle going on between them. "Give him the lantern," her voice said. She'd won. And everyone knew it. Still, the man called Hank hesitated. "Give it to him, Hank," she repeated, softly. Then, the light wasn't shining in his eyes any more. Instead, it was on the ground. Hank, defeated, was still stabbing at independence.

"Might as well come up to the house and dry out," her voice said in the darkness. "Ain't nothin' out here but pneumonia." A slight pause. "Think you can find your way?" she asked.

He smiled at her even though he knew she couldn't see it. "I'll find the way," he said. He stepped forward, bent down, and picked up the lantern. Quickly, he turned it around—and saw nothing but rain. Hank and the woman were gone. He set the lantern on the bike's buddy seat, picked up his Levi's, and put them on. Sheeit! He smiled to himself. Talk about bein' caught with your pants down! He pulled on his boots, wadded up his shirt, and stuck it under his jacket. See you later, big buddy, he said to the shovelhead. He stood in the barn door unable to see anything, even with the help of the lantern.

A pickup suddenly roared past him. He shot the lantern toward it and, in that instant, caught a man's face staring sullenly back at him; then it and the pickup were swallowed up by the storm. He shone the lantern in the direction from which the truck had come and moved out into the rain. The ground sloshed under his boots. The rain stung his chest under the open jacket. It whipped his long hair across his face; he could feel it running down his heavy moustache. Head down, he bumped right into the house. He played the lantern up one side of it until he caught the outlines of a porch. Only when he'd stepped up onto the porch could he see any light inside. "C'mon in," the woman's voice said, answering his knock.

The outside coldness had become such a part of him (he hadn't realized how much) that the warmness inside stunned him. The warmth and the only

light in the room came from the fire in the fireplace. The woman was standing at the stove, her back to him. "Electricity always goes out at the first sign of a cloud in the sky," she said, laughing, without turning around. She was huge. Even in the strange shadows the fire threw, he could see she was huge—not fat—just big, you know. "I'm fixin' you some ham and eggs," she said, just the way she might say it to a husband. "Why don't you hang your clothes up in front of the fire and let 'em dry?" He didn't move. She laughed, again. "Hell," she said, "I already seen everythin' you got; but if you'd feel better about it, there's a pair of Hank's overalls hangin' on the back of the door there."

He reached around, pulled the overalls off the hook, crossed to the fire, slipped off his boots while he hung his shirt across the back of a chair. Hanging on to another chair, he jerked his Levi's off and hung them up. He put his leather jacket on the chair. As he pulled the overalls up, he almost laughed, knowing what Hank would say. "Was that Hank who took off in the pickup?" he asked.

She nodded and laughed. "Old Hank just couldn't handle the thought of bein' in the same house as you."

Shit, he thought, out roarin' around on a night like this—probably up to his ass in a ditch by this time. "Gonna be any hassle for you?" he asked.

"Nah. Old Hank and me come to terms a long time ago."

"You all been married long?"

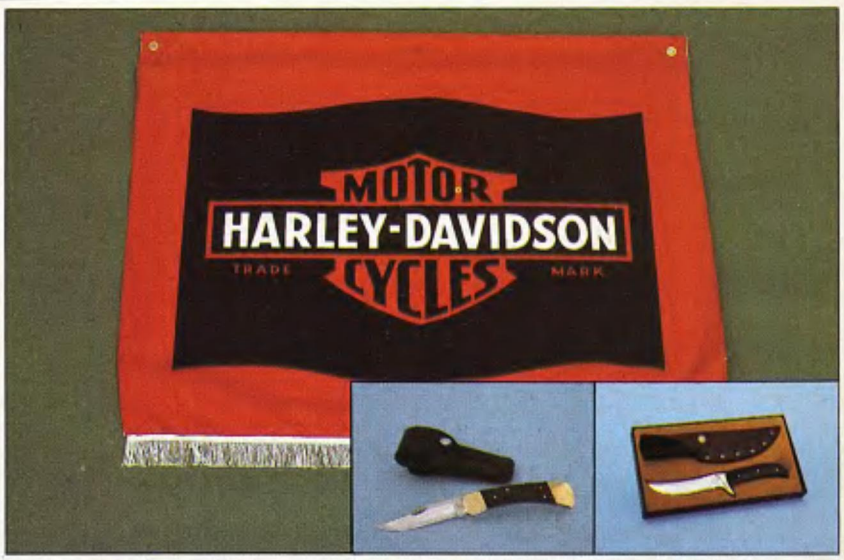
She threw back her head and the laugh poured from her. And her laugh, as warm as the fire, made him laugh, too. "Hank's my brother," she was finally able to say. And, now, for the first time, she turned and looked at him. "Who'd want to marry this?" she asked him.

She was no fuckin' beauty, that was for sure. Her face showed the years of being told that. But her smile didn't know it. He smiled back at her, surprised at how easy it was. "Sit down," she said, nodding toward the table. "Supper's

—Continued on page 95



"Let's make a bong out of it."



H-D Banner

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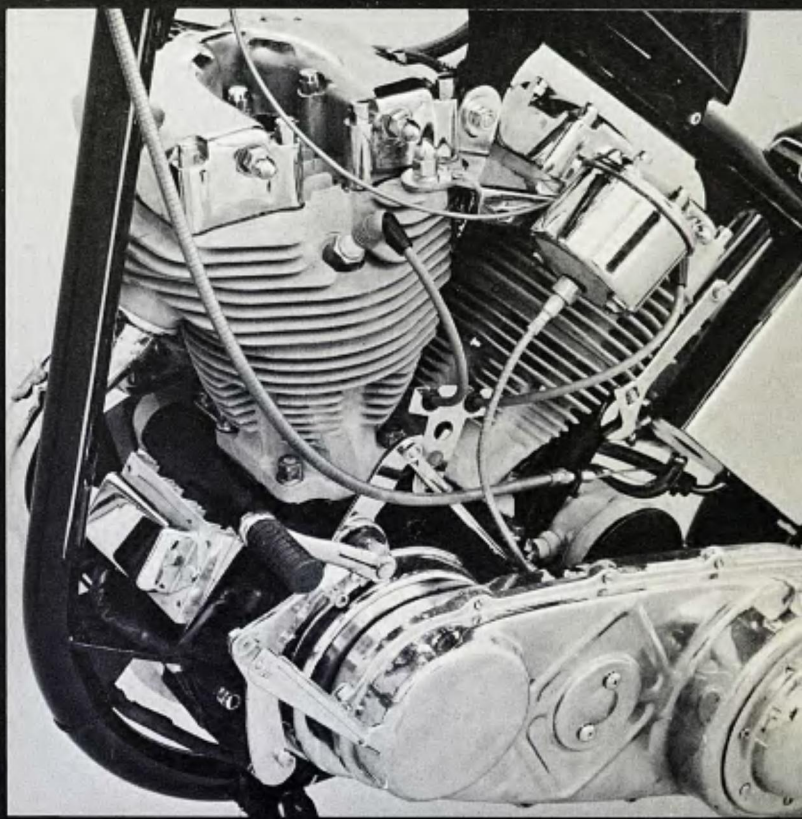


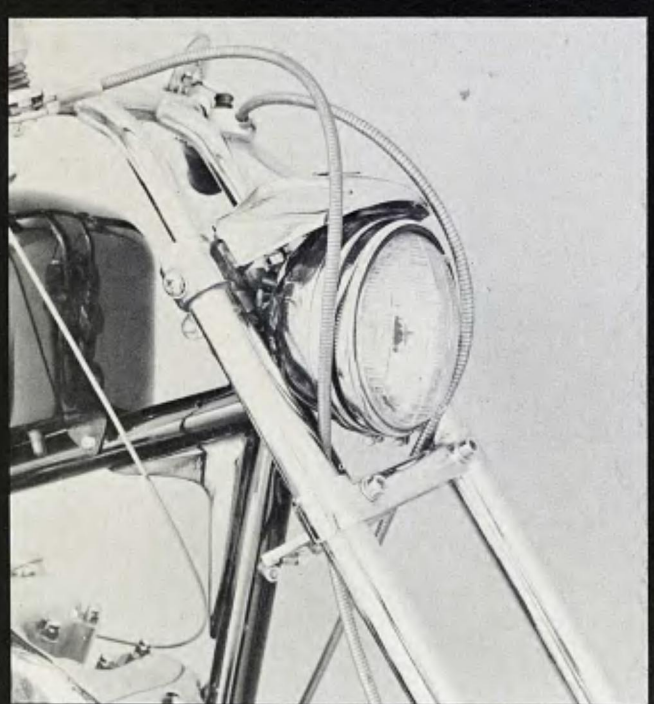
WRENCH

When and how to use it

Dammit—some bros just don't know when to keep their mitts outta the toolbox. Lemme give ya an example. Recently, on a run a bunch of us made to the desert, we took a routine gas





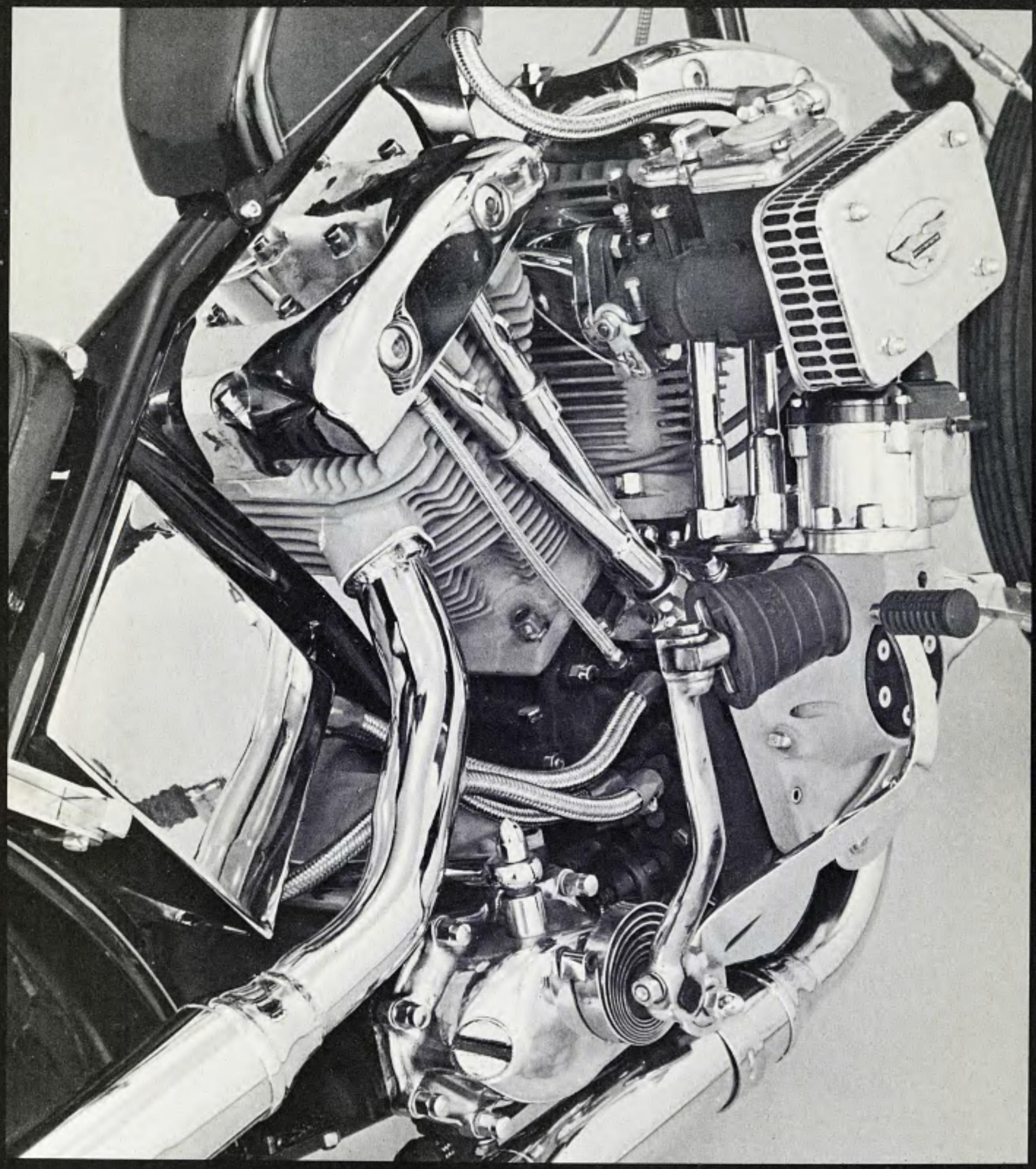




stop. The sun was already on its way out and the scanty directions we were trying to follow called for spottin' something about as easy to detect as one specific forked cactus in this sea of forked cactus plants.

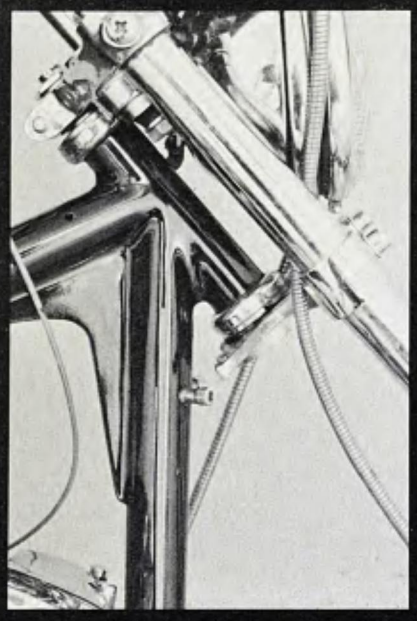
How about "The second mailbox on the left"? Now, it's a bitch doin' 75 down a straight stretch of sand-blasted side road. The only breaks in the monotony are packs of tumbleweed flippin' crazily across the road as if citizens were shootin' 'em at us from the hills. You could spot occasional cactus plants like battleships in this ocean of sand and tumbleweed—but I already mentioned that. And occasionally—'bout every five miles or so—a mailbox stuck on a drooping, broken pole appeared. They were nearly as easy to spot as a clean beer can alongside the desert road.

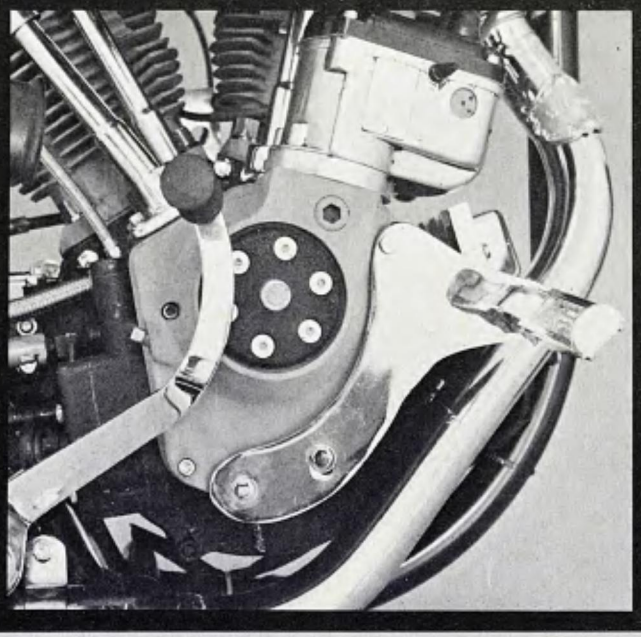
Got the picture yet? It's a Polaroid of doom. The sun was beginning to grab the distant mountains and duck for cover. No problem—provided we went ahead and gassed up and hit the sand-



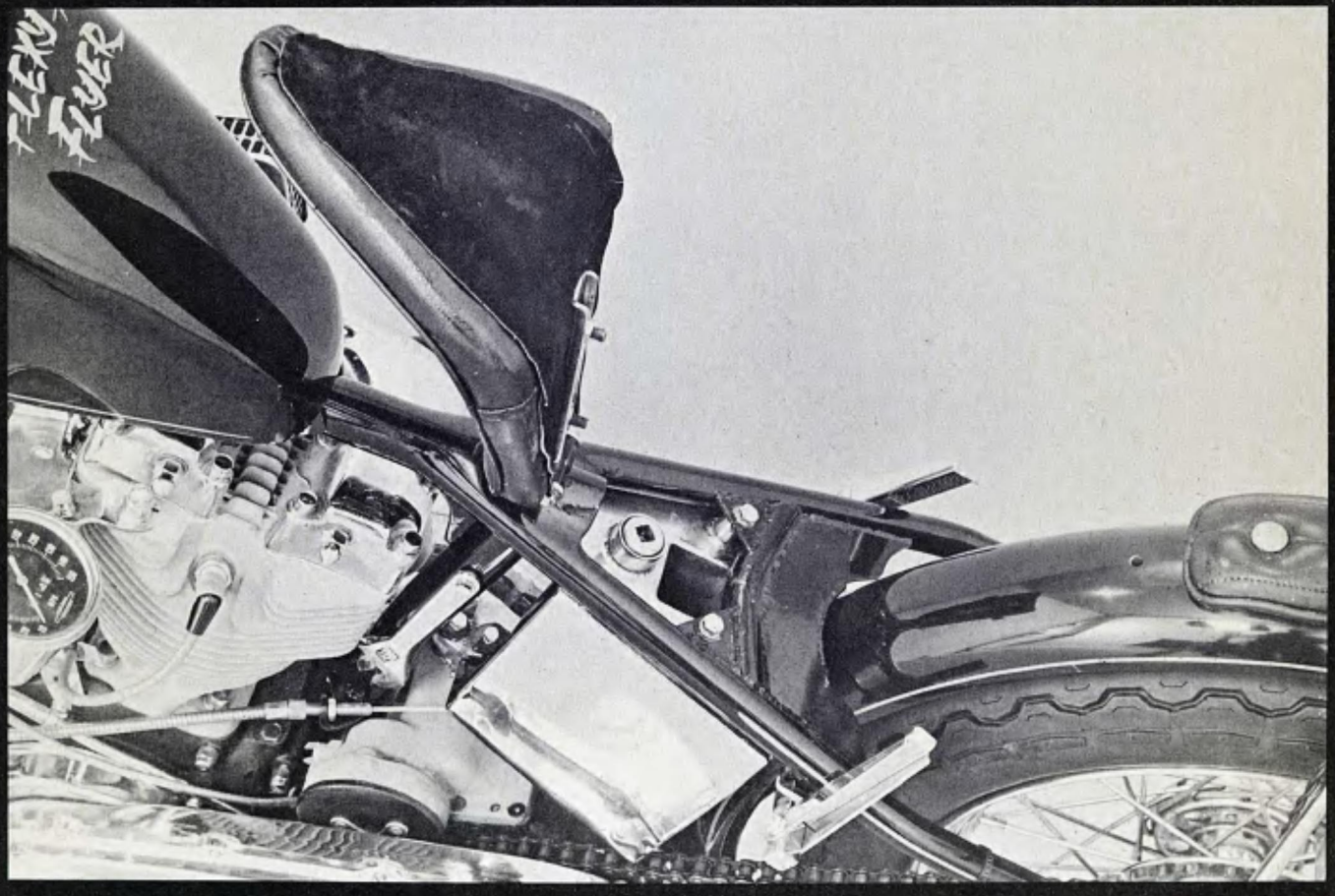
coated asphalt. But the Wrench decided just then that it was time to pop the derby off his primary and make a subtle adjustment to his clutch. It had been working fine so far—no breakdown—but he was determined. Apprehensively, the four of us alternated between looking at the disappearing sun and the Wrench takin' his own sweet time, gettin' his tools laid out just so. Fifteen precious minutes had already been lost to this project.

We knew the Wrench through and through. The man would work on anyone's bike, anywhere, anytime—no job too small or too large. That trait was how he snagged his label—he's one wrenchin' fool. He doesn't ride much, though. But we had finally coerced his ass outta his garage, onto his





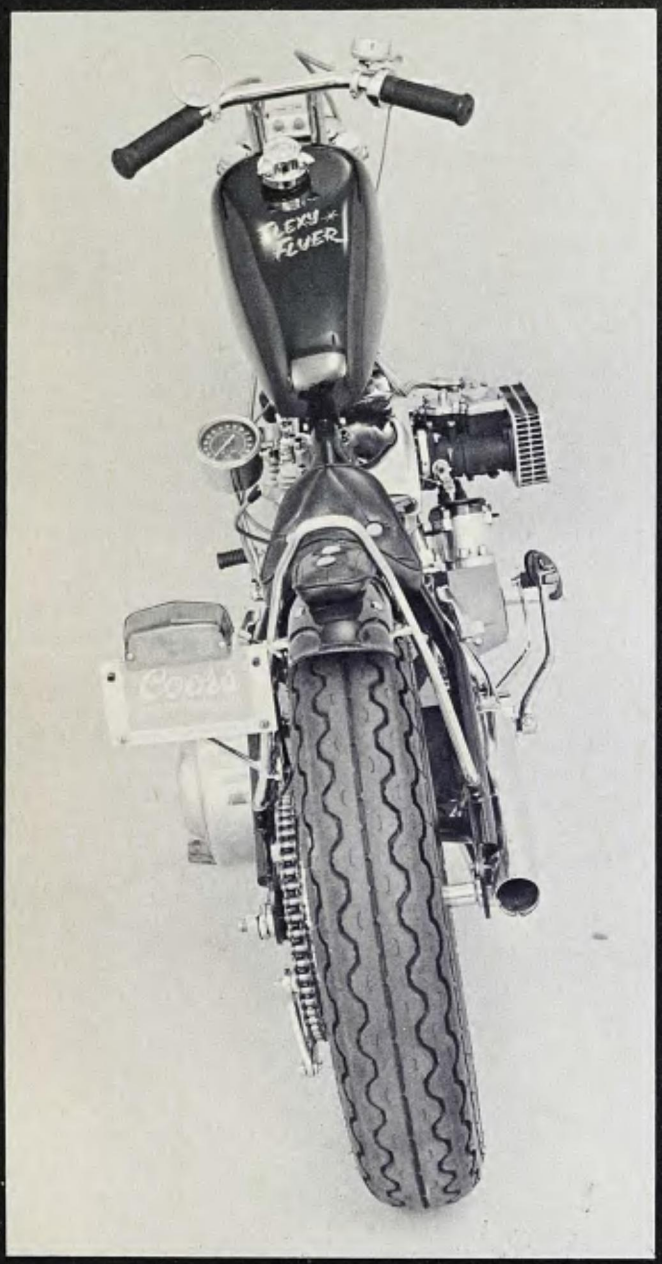




Photos by Pete Chiodo

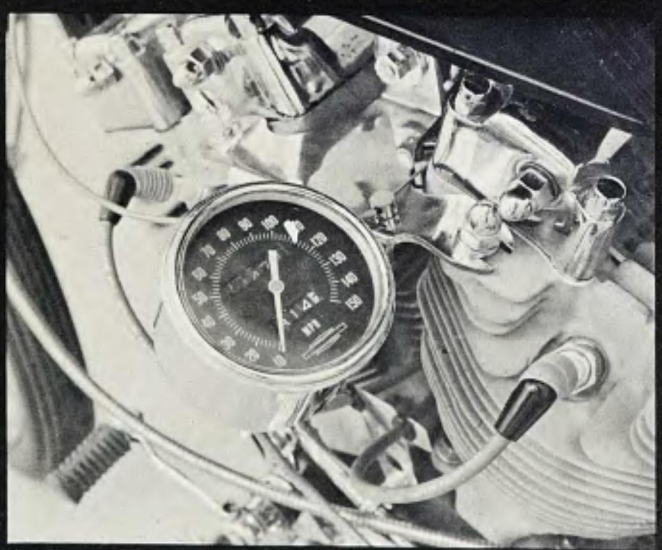
putt, and into this desert in the dead of December. It was gettin' cold (snivel), too. We tried our damnedest to get the Wrench back on his scoot before the last rays of the sun vanished. But we had barely opened the subject of gettin' the hell outta there before he was holding his clutch hub in his chain-greased mitts. "All I gotta do is put 'er back together, bros."

By that time, only a sliver of the sun still shone above the mountains as the neon lights of the gas station flickered wearily before coming fully on. The four of us just looked at each other, rolled our eyes, and passed around the flask. Somebody lit up a joint. The sun disappeared. We stayed there another hour. Finally, at a creeping 30 mph we weaved our way another fifteen miles, made a



Owners: Jakob Leinweber **City:** Dublin, Calif.

General	Frame
Fabrication by: owner	Year: a while back
Year and make: '73-'74 H-D	Builder: Garcia
Model: FLH	Type: single bar
Value: someone's life	Rake: some
Assembly: owner	Stretch: 2 or 3 in.
Time: 2 years off & on	Other alterations: handmade
Chroming by: Action Plating	**Accessories**
Engine	Bars: drag
Year: '73-'74	Risers: under bars
Model: FLH	Fender(s): Bates
Rebuilder: Jim Powers	Headlight: Sportster
Ignition: magneto	Taillight: Sportster
Displacement: 74 cu.in.	Speedo: Sportster
Lower end: smooth	Front pegs: H-D
Balancing: Jim Powers	Rear pegs: H-D
Pistons: Venolia	Electrics: solid state
Cases: late model	Gas tank: Sportster
Heads: Chrysler valves	Oil tank: handmade
Cam: 468s	Oil system: works
Lifters: solid	Primary cover: diamond
Carb(s): Weber	Seat: solo & P-pad
Air cleaner: Weber	Sissy bar: Ken Wade
Pipes: handmade	Height: 4 in.
Muffler(s): Sportster	Material: 1/2 in. round
Transmission	**Forks**
Modifications:	Type: early Sporty
Year: 1973	Extension: 8 in.
Shifting: foot shift	Builder: H-D
Engine sprocket: belt drive	Special features: none
Trans sprocket: 22	**Wheels**
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front:** / **Rear:**
Painting	Size: 21 / Size: 16
Molding: owner	Hub: Sporty / Hub: H-D
Painter: somebody	Rim width: WM1 / Rim width: WM5
Color: black	Tire: 2.75 Avon / Tire: 5.10 Avon
Type: lacquer	Brake: drum / Brake: drum
Special paint: none	





phone call at the first cafe we came to, went back five miles (at 20 mph)—and found the place. It turned out to be one helluva party.

If you're waitin' for the connection between the tale of woe you just heard and the putt you see here—well, there ain't none, really. Except the owner of this racy shovel and bro Wrench enjoy twistin' ratchets and screwdrivers more than twistin' throttles on the road. And man, I still get chills thinkin' about that frosty evenin' in the desert.

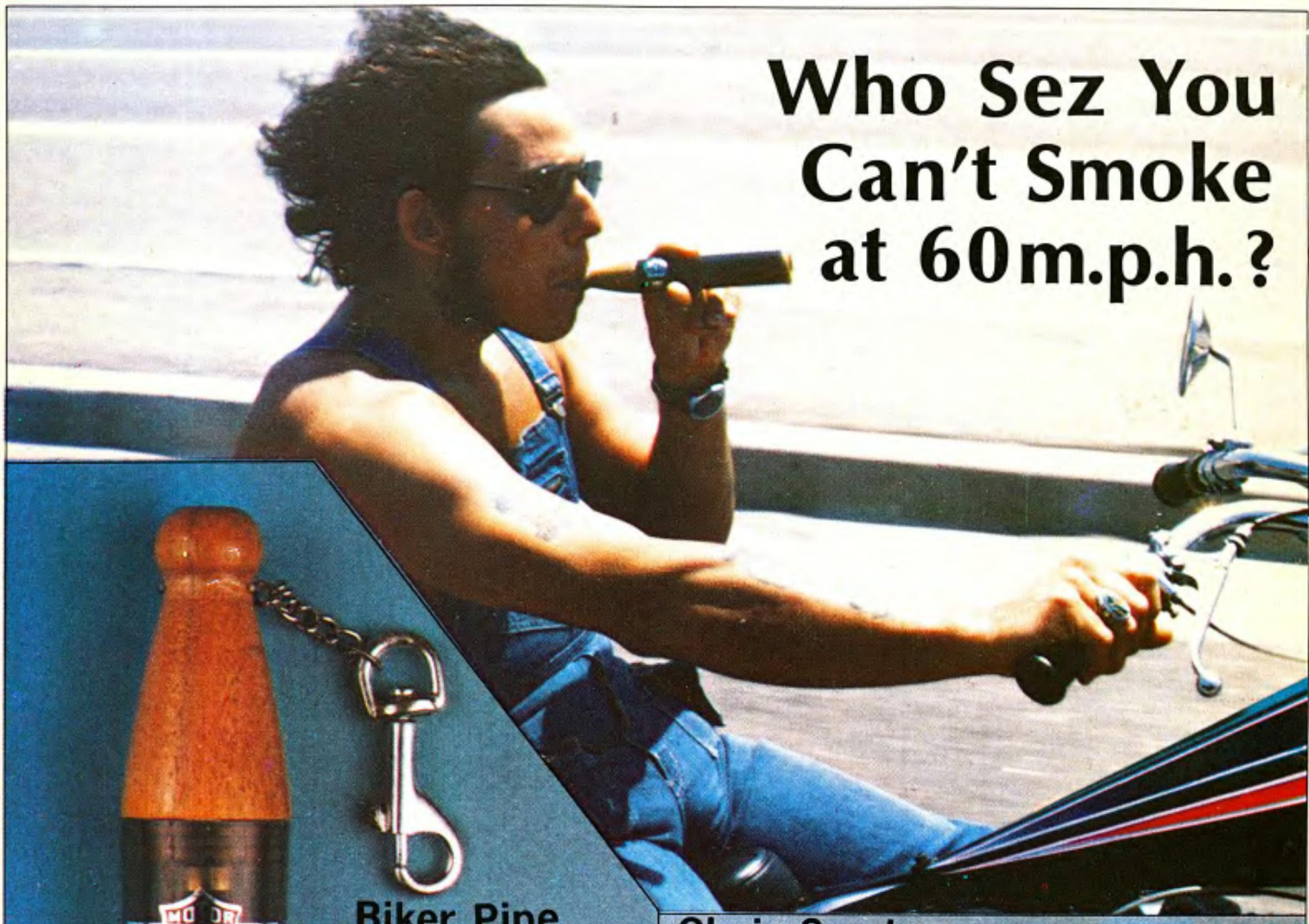
—Bandit


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



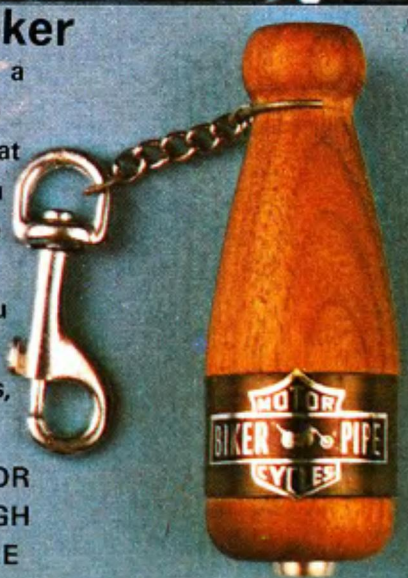


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L-107K 74 top motor mount & coil bracket with keyhole—$15.95 **(Will not work on fatbobs)**

L-108 Knucklehead top motor mount & coil bracket—$18.95


L-105

Struts

L-109 Rigid strut—$34.95

L-109K Rigid strut with foot peg hole—$34.95


L-107K

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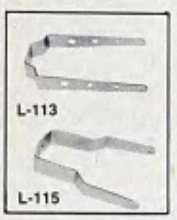
L-112 Custom fender brace, unchromed —$19.95

L-113 Custom fender brace, chromed —$24.95

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L-115 Fatbob fender brace, chromed —$26.95


L-109


L-113

L-115



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BIG MAMA

—Continued from page 87

comin' right up." They both moved toward the table, she holding a plate full of ham and eggs which she set in front of him and then sat herself down across the table. "Go ahead," she said.

He did. She was silent for a moment, watching him, enjoying his enjoyment. "What's your name?" she finally asked.

"R. L.," he told her. "R. L. Richards."

"Well, R. L.," she said, "seems I didn't get you any coffee." She got up and walked over to the stove where an old coffee pot was perking away.

He looked at her. "Don't you want to know what 'R. L.' stands for? Everyone else always does."

"Hell," she answered, laughing, "I reckon it stands for you. That's good enough for me." She set the hot cup down carefully. "Cream or sugar?"

"No." He shook his head. "Just barefoot." He blew on the black stuff and sucked a little of it into his mouth. "What's your name?" he asked, letting the coffee warm him.

She laughed again. "Beatrice," she said. "Are you ready for that?"

"Ain't nothin' wrong with that," he told her.

"Ain't nothin' much right with it, either." She looked at him across the table and, over the rim of the coffee cup, he caught her eyes. "Beatrice." She laughed. "Beatrice, for chrissake! Ain't that a kick in the ass?"

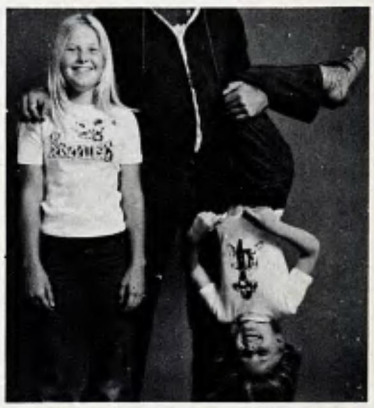
—Continued on page 98



"Will you swap now that she's rid of her pimples?"

NOW!

EASYRIDERS T-SHIRTS FOR YOUR RUG RATS.

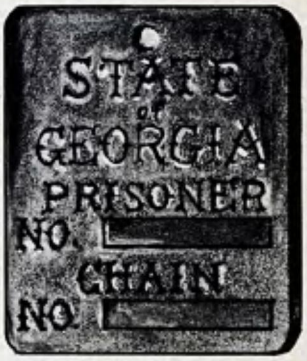


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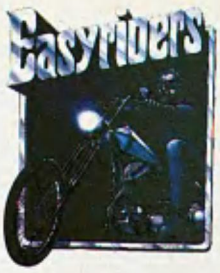
If yer interested, they're American made, the finest quality we could find and sizes to fit every bro and his ol' lady or all the sweeties he hangs out with.

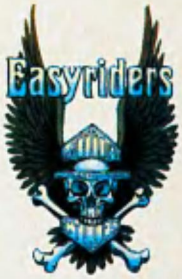
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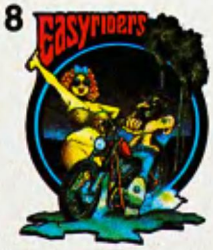
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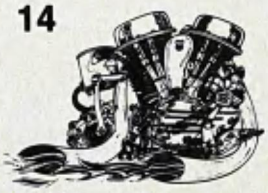
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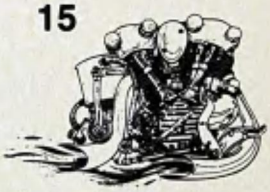
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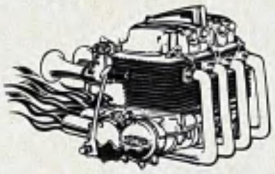
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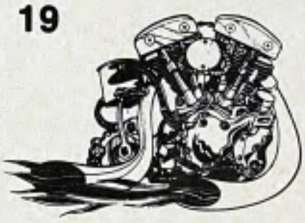
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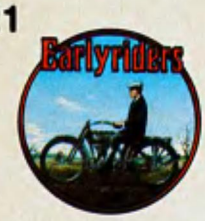
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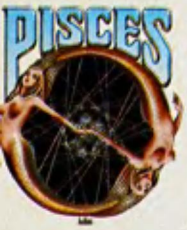
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—Continued from page 95

And suddenly they were laughing together, not knowing quite why, just laughing and enjoying it. He went back to his ham and eggs and, again, she watched him. "You belong to a motorcycle gang?" she asked quietly. He swallowed and shook his head. "You could, though, if you wanted to," she went on.

"I suppose," R. L. said. "I like to ride single."

"But you could if you wanted to," she repeated. "That's the difference." Then she came back to the table from wherever she'd been in her head and smiled at him. "You got an ol' lady?"

"Everybody's got an ol' lady."

She reached across the table and brushed his face gently with one of her big hands. "You know what I mean, R. L. You got one of them mamas that take good care of you?"

"You been readin' too much cheap shit," he said.

She laughed. "Oh, I know, I know."

He wiped up the last bit of egg with some toast, pushed the plate away, and leaned back in his chair, almost satisfied.

"Hank's got some cigarettes in his room," she offered. "Want one?"

"Hey, that'd be good, Beatrice."

She got up and started across the room. "Hank don't have any dope in his room, does he?" he asked before she went out the door.

"You know he ain't," she called back, and then, almost as an afterthought, added, "dammit!"

She came back almost immediately, gave him the cigarettes, and after he'd taken one, lit it for him. He handed the package back to her. "Keep 'em," she said, sitting back down opposite him. Suddenly, she laughed. He dragged in on the cigarette, waiting for her to tell him about it if she wanted to.

"A long time ago," she began, and then stopped. "Well, it really wasn't so long ago. . .just in space, another world." She smiled at him. "I was visitin' my cousin in California. She lived out in a little desert town, and one Sunday one o' them motorcycle gangs drove through. Everyone was fascinated with 'em—watchin' 'em, envyin' 'em, but not wantin' anyone to know it. Me, I just sat on the front porch, starin'. All those hairy, tattooed, sexy men, some of 'em with tattooed women ridin' behind 'em." She stopped again, looked down at the table. "Lord, how I wanted to be tattooed, too. They were doin' what I wanted to do, bein' what I wanted to be—what everyone wants to be—free. I wanted to run out in that street and yell, 'Take me with you—wherever you're goin'!' " She stopped again. "But of course I didn't," she went on, softly. "Couldn't, I guess. And I had to pretend that I didn't want to, that I really hated 'em the way everybody else said they hated 'em. And all the time, everybody wantin' to be a part of 'em, to be free the way they were." She looked back up at him. "My cousin must have suspected how I felt, though. She looked at me for a long time; then she asked if I knew how girls got to be ol' ladies for motorcycle clubs. I told her that sure, I knew. 'To be an ol' lady,' I said, 'you have to do all sorts of nasty things and sleep with all the bikers.' My cousin laughed and said, 'Yeah, I understand that, but what are the nasty things?' " She laughed as she must have at that moment. "Broke me up," she continued, "I couldn't help it. Just broke me up." She paused, and that gutsy laugh

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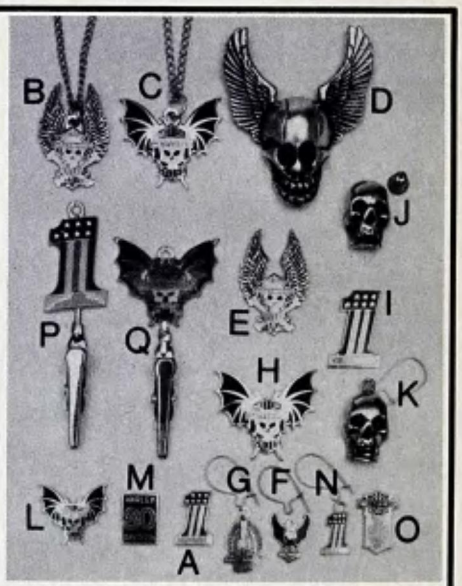


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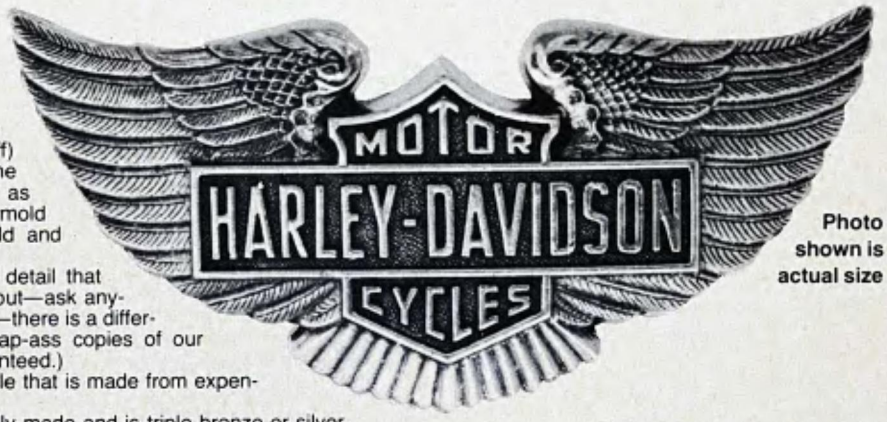


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bellowed from her again. "But what are the nasty things?" she repeated almost to herself.

R. L. looked at her. "Still like to be an ol' lady?" he asked in the quiet.

She didn't back away from it. "Don't kid around, R. L."

"I ain't kiddin'."

She took a deep breath. "When I saw you standin' in the barn—naked—with the light on you, I wanted to get down on my knees in front of you."

"Hank stop you?"

"No," she answered, "you did. I didn't know whether you'd like it."

"I'd have liked it." He turned and tossed the cigarette into the fire. "You got a bed?"

Again, her laugh. "Oh, Lordy, Lordy, have I got a bed! It's big enough for me so it'll be big enough for both of us." She was up, around the table, holding her hand out to him. He took it, allowing himself to be led through the darkness of the house, feeling her go surely before him, opening a door at the end of the hall, quietly closing it behind them.

"You got a lamp in here?" he asked.

"You want a light?"

"I want to see you."

He heard her move away from him. The coal oil lamp she lit burst the darkness. R. L. undid the clasps on the overalls, let them fall to the floor, and just stepped out of them, naked. Her eyes never left him. He reached down and took off his socks. "Get undressed, Big Mama," he said quietly.

There was no hesitation in her hands as they unbuttoned the front of her dress—no hesitation in them, just a calm sureness, as if they knew that at last they were freeing her. He walked over to the big bed and dropped down into it—a big feather bed. He put his hands under his head and watched as she pulled the dress away from her big body and let it drop to the floor. There was nothing underneath. Looking at her, R. L.'s gut moved, that familiar movement and need that he'd been able to satisfy in only two ways—with a woman and with his bike. Beatrice crossed the room and stood over him. He held out his hands. "Come to bed, Big Mama."

She sank down onto him. With the first touch of her, that familiar movement, his need grew stronger. He was surprised at how firm her bigness was, surprised at how free she was. But, quickly, he was leading her, telling her, showing her, freeing her even more. Her firm tits grew even bigger under his hands and mouth. Her big, firm body pushed itself against him everywhere it touched. And from her big lips came animal sounds—sounds that matched his own.

Her hands and mouth touched him in places he'd forgotten he lived—feet, armpits. She knew the places he hadn't

Ol' Ladies Photo Contest

Easyriders Ol' Ladies Photo Contest
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Model's Name _____ Phone _____
Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Photographer _____
Address _____
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I hereby give **Easyriders** Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____
I am _____ *years of age.*
Witness to Signature _____

In 25 words or less, describe your favorite bike-related experience.

model release

This model release must be completed in full, **notarized**, and must accompany each entry. Be sure that the release is signed and witnessed. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a **notarized** model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older. (See page 40 for additional information.)

MUTHA PATCH



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

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forgotten he lived, too. She knew them in ways to make him remember. Jesus, he cried inside, feeling her mouth cover him, feeling himself in that warm wetness. Jesus, he yelled for both of them. Then, she was beside him, telling him, whispering to him, crying to him, over and over. And when he met her inside, it was as if he'd never been anywhere before. Deeper—that fucking need to get closer than was possible.

And then their bodies were working together, understanding each other, meshing—riding together—until, finally, yelling and coming together. Free.

The three of them ate breakfast without saying a word, which said more than anything they could have said. There they were—R. L. and Beatrice—and Hank. R. L. and Beatrice smiled a lot, to themselves and each other. But as soon as Hank had sopped up the last of his eggs, he got up, still without saying anything, and slammed the door going out.

"Poor Hank," Beatrice said, quietly. "Don't blame him too much. He's caught. And he's pissed because he knows he's caught." She turned to R. L. "He'd really like to be like you—ride off with you." She shook her head. "But he's caught." They sat silently for a moment before Beatrice whispered, "We're all caught."

Then it was time—and without being told, Beatrice knew it. She walked with R. L. toward the barn, squinting up toward the sun. " 'Nothin' to do,' " she sang, softly, " 'cept roll around Heaven all day.' "

They stood beside the 74. R. L. turned, leaned into Beatrice, and kissed her. "You're beautiful," he said. "Don't let anybody ever tell you different." Beatrice didn't say anything; she just smiled. R. L. bent down, leaned across the bike, turned on the gas and ignition, making sure it was in neutral. He stepped up on the kick starter and quickly put his whole body into it.

That sweet sound! The whole barn vibrated with it. R. L.'s whole being vibrated with it. He climbed on the bike, wheeled it around, and turned back to Beatrice. "Don't ever forget it," he yelled above that sweet sound. "You're beautiful."

She was still smiling. "I won't," she said.

His hand touched her cheek. "So long, Big Mama," he told her.

"So long, R. L."

That sweet, familiar *clunk* of the gear falling into place. He drove out the barn door toward the road. Just before turning onto it, he stopped and looked back. She was standing by the barn door, looking at him. He waved. She waved back. Then he and the bike were on the road again—and it was good. Jesus, he yelled inside. Jesus! Free! ■

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Let Me In

—Continued from page 29

miracle appears—enough to convince him things were all right. The old torture of hope—it starts off fondling your balls, then it grabs you by the short and curlies.

"Shitfuck!" Hard Luck roared, throwing his head back and letting his fuzzy mane shake in the breeze. Primal animal howling at invisible enemies his talons can't slash. The savage barbarian that lurks beneath the thin veneer of civilization. The fuckin' idiot that suddenly remembered the can of Fix-a-Flat in his tool pouch.

"Gotta quit bein' so negative," he admonished himself as he confidently opened his pouch and stuck his hand in. He felt it before he saw it. Dried, once foamy suds on his fingers. Naturally, the can had leaked. Weary resignation cloaked his troubled soul. This was final proof that he really deserved his nickname and was doomed to keep on living up to it. Some prospects for the future.

Several hours and five speeding, laughing sets of passersby later, he staggered into a dingy service station, pushing the bike in a determined wobble. Worried about lost time, he went to call the clubhouse in case any stragglers were still around. They could always use a good laugh.

They didn't get one. The phone ate his dime and he remembered the instrument was fragile plastic right after he destroyed it. Of course, it had been the only phone and the skinny, swayback attendant would've been pissed if he hadn't been scared first and foremost. He'd read about bike gangs and had made up his gasoline fume-soaked brain that he'd never find out firsthand if all the stories were true. But redneck pride wouldn't let him totally forget the incident.

He overcharged the impatient biker a small fortune and managed to look sincere while doing it. He'd missed a great future in politics. Hard Luck distrusted anybody who could look that honest, but he was in too much of a hurry to argue. Besides, he was almost grateful that the guy had been willing to fix it—lotsa attendants refused to work on bikes.

Getting to the run occupied his thoughts. He was unaware of how smooth the power surge was when he twisted the wick. Or how well the bike handled. No time to kick back and groove—there was a fine for being late or missing runs. Brutally, he turned the throttle some more.

Route was longer than he remembered, but time passed quickly. No cops buzzed up to nail him for speeding. They shouldn't care about a mere 40 over the limit anyhow. Hard Luck was practicing moderation; the Hog was capable of much more.

Cursing the ruts the last mile to the party site, Hard Luck arrived in fine humor, which rapidly changed to confusion as he noticed nobody was there. A few bikes were around and the coals smoldered in a few campfires, but no people. Couldn't get a handle on it. Nobody would leave his scoot. Trudging towards a pile of beer cans, he forced himself not to think about it. Enough shit had already gone

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down without hassling his agitated brain cells any further. He squatted by a tree and began to slurp. For some reason, it wasn't a surprise when the beer turned out to be warm. That just completed the pattern.

Crackling branches made him swivel his neck too fast. An awesome crick immediately provided company for the rumble in his stomach that erupted when he saw they were cops. They gave him a surprised look, then started wheeling the bikes off.

"Wait a fuckin' minute! Unless you're committing suicide, you better get away from my bros' bikes. I ain't sayin' it twice!"

One beefy trooper grinned and sauntered over. "Don't interefere with official business, boy. These bikes is goin' to the pound while their owners sit in jail—should be grateful we're using a trailer instead of a tow truck. Any more lip and we'll be tickled pussy pink to make room for one more."

Hard Luck knew a no-win situation. Changing tactics, he politely asked what happened.

"Busted the whole friggin' club. Got 'em for statutory rape, sodomy, contributing to the delinquency of a minor, resisting arrest, and littering. Seems there was two underage chicks here and one of them is Senator Maxwell's little girl. They may be gone a while."

Hard Luck ignored the cop's nasty chuckle. Bros, prospects, hangarounds, and ol' ladies. All nailed, everybody. Everybody except Hard Luck.

"How come y'all were so light on them?" Biker sarcasm was lost on the self-satisfied cop.

"Well, the Senator is firm but he's also fair. Couldn't rightly see tacking on any more charges. He always was a good ol' boy. I gotta go and I guess you're damn lucky you just got here. Always figgered bikers had their share of dumb luck."

Three hours and four warm six packs later, Hard Luck was still pondering those words. Maybe luck was on his side, sending him time-consuming aggravations that kept him out of jail. Still, if Fate really had his best interests at heart, it seems like a stacked nymphomaniac could have delayed him just as well—if not better. What the fuck. Why be greedy? He

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dozed off, his emotions numbed by too much trouble and his thoughts drowned in warm beer suds.

Waking up, he felt shitty. That didn't prevent him from slurping more beer. Well-lit and satisfied, he forked his Hog towards the jail. They should be finished with the booking procedure.

Struggling to maintain his balance as he walked up the steps, he realized he was a good four sheets in the wind. No point in hiding it.

After what seemed like hours of needless bullshit, he finally got to see his bros. They ribbed him about missing the party and everything else. They also pleaded total ignorance on the subject of the jailbait. Hard Luck believed them. They'd have done it—they just didn't get the opportunity. Truth always seems to get lost when the wheels of justice grind over bikers. Things had the fresh, fragant aroma of two-week-old tuna fish.

"Hey, Hard Luck. Don't worry, bro. We'll be out puttin' before the jailhouse crabs have time to get settled. Fuckin' young cunts just played a practical joke, that's all. Once they've got their jollies, we'll be cut loose. Meantime, try not to spoil all the loose women for the rest of us. With no serious competition, you might actually do some damage!"

As he walked away, Hard Luck wished things were as rosy as his bros maintained. They had adjusted quickly and already had a few card games going. Yeah, they'd be okay. If he could have gotten anywhere near those instigatin' bitches, Hard Luck would have spanked their tight, luscious little bottoms. Well, that was his second choice.

At the desk he was told that no bail had been set nor would there likely be any. Senator Maxwell had clout and a nasty temper. Even if the club could afford one, a high-priced lawyer wasn't the answer. Working miracles was a saint's province and the club was not known for its religious fervor.

Hard Luck trudged to his bike. The beer had worn off. He had faith the club would get out. But the law claimed that event would be a good five to ten years in the future. That was with good behavior. Though it worried him shitless, he had to trust in Divine Providence.

Accepting the situation required hitting all the bars for liquid convincers. Then he found out he couldn't lose his memory. Oh, he'd get drunk. But that just meant he had to think tremelous thoughts in one location until he could move again. He used to like the high but now he couldn't stomach the taste.

Everything and everyplace had the same lingering quality—emptiness. Goin' to a bar wasn't any fun if your bros weren't there. All the stray chicks hung out in twos and refused to share one man between them. Puttin' alone gets to be a drag. The only candidates for road partners were Jap riders or bikers anxious for the chance to show off in front of a real live outlaw. Hard Luck hated being alone but preferred it to the company he could find. Being a righteous biker is hell.

Only took a few more dismal days, dragging along slower than Joan Claybrook's lobbying for a helmet law repeal, to confirm his decision. He was going where the fun and action was—in jail with his bros. Judging from the past, it wouldn't take long to get arrested—like about half an hour, and that included 29 minutes to toke himself into an altered state.

It was getting dark when he floated out of



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his house. It was quite dark by the time he found the location he wanted. Honest Sam's TV Repair had ripped him good but legal six months back. Payback time. He heaved a big rock through the window, smashing an expensive TV set. Shrill, clanging alarms were music to his ears. Before long, two cops ran up puffing, pistols drawn as they looked around.

Hard Luck grinned happily as he announced, "You don't have to look any further. I did it." Peacefully, he stretched out his arms. Cops rewarded him with a sour look. The one that looked tiredest started talking.

"We ain't got time for jokes. If you did it you wouldn't be standing here. Even bikers ain't that stupid."

Before Hard Luck could reply, one of the cops spotted a kid running down the street. They took off in lukewarm pursuit. The kid looked twelve, but a crime was a crime. Then the cops found out that young kids are in better shape and can run like greased catshit. After they lost him, they resolved to find a suspect that was fat, middle-aged, and on crutches.

Hard Luck stood dumbfounded. Nothing ever turns out like you plan it. He would have to run into the only two cops in the state who had smarts enough to think almost logically. How'd they get in?

Undaunted, he walked on—one fluke could happen to anybody. When the hurrying citizen bumped into him, he knew he'd been right. To top it off, the guy was an obnoxious asshole.

"Get out of my way, lowlife!"

Hard Luck enjoyed the feel of his skinned knuckles as the poleaxed twerp hit the pavement. He heard a woman shouting.

"Oh, my God. Did you see that? That's the man, officer, he's the one. That animal!"

Obviously, the citizen's shocked and outraged wife. Hard Luck wore his best shiteating smile as the cop approached. This time it was in the bag. Meekly, he held out his wrists. The cop ignored him and examined the dude on the sidewalk. The chick hurried up. Before he snapped to it, she was shaking his hand and thanking him.

"That repulsive creep snatched my purse. All my savings were in it. I don't know how I can ever thank you. Oh, shit, he ruined the



Easyriders

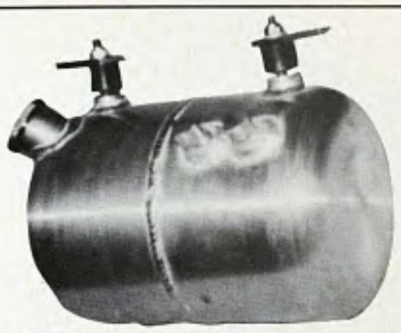
"Hey, man, don't get all pissed off! I had the munchies and the frig was empty."

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strap and that's expensive material."

Hard Luck had the feeling that everybody was crazy but him. He was jinxed. The world was spinning by hurriedly while he vainly tried to catch up. If it did slow down, that was only to speed up the minute he got close. He just didn't fit.

The cop's surprised thanks whizzed right by him. He needed to putt and get his mind right before it was too late. If you're already crazy it doesn't seem posssible that you can be driven insane. He was beginning to have suspicions that the world might find a way. That scared him. If you can't believe in your own warped values and demented thoughts, what's left?

A touch of chill in the night woke him up and refreshed him. He perceived that coincidence had almost whipped him. Almost. But in Vegas he'd crapped out five times in a row, then made nine passes in a row to walk away with rebuild money for his scooter and two hookers to relieve his tension. Laws of chance would swing his way. Just needed patience.

Quick developing rain nearly drowned his resolve. Kept getting worse, too. What right did the sky have to interrupt him when he had his thoughts on the pulse of the universe? He forsook cosmic awareness and concentrated on finding shelter. Visibility was nil and very, very wet.

Things cleared up for the few, freak seconds it took to spot the police cruiser turning slowly onto a muddy cutoff up ahead. Desperation and inspiration propelled him in that direction. A wild plan, outrageous enough to work, paddled through his waterlogged senses.

He had the cruiser dead in his sights. Laughing maniacally and honking his horn, he stayed straight on course. The startled driver ran into a ditch just as expected. The Police Academy had never prepared him for a Harley kamikaze. He hoped the brown stains wouldn't show through his pants.

Two highly pissed-off cops got out and advanced on the drenched but happy biker.

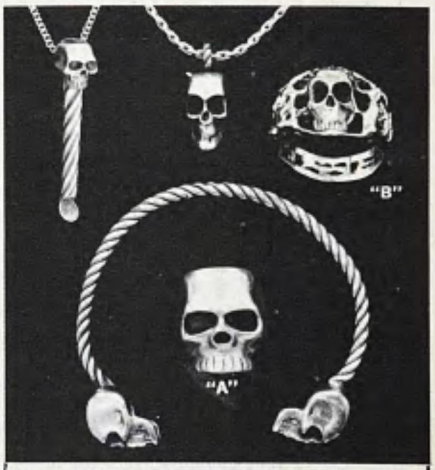
"You motherfuckin' scum. I'm gonna stick your ass in jail and keep you there so long that when you get out today's jailbail will be on Social Security."

Something was wrong, the cop thought. The biker's inner calm was unnerving and down-

—Continued on page 110



"Your Honor, I object to this line of questioning!"



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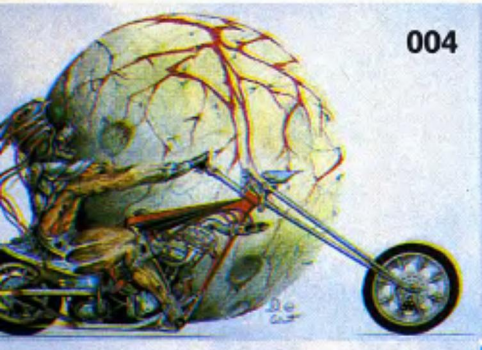
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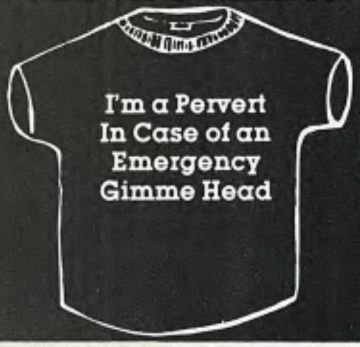


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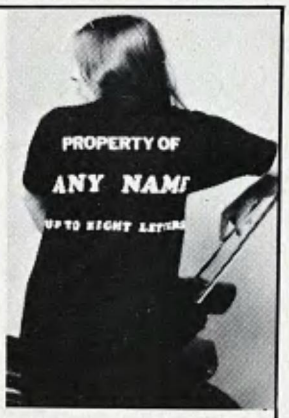


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Let Me In

—Continued from page 106

right suspicious. He hoped he wasn't one of those fanatics who dressed in dynamite.

"Jim, wait, look over here," the other cop yelled. Jim was reluctant to turn away from Hard Luck but his partner's voice sounded funny. Jim ambled over, slipping in the mud. Having nothing better to do and not wanting to be forgotten, Hard Luck followed him.

Squinting, he followed the line of the agitated cop's anxious finger and nearly crapped on the spot. Rain had washed a lot of dirt loose and the bridge had disappeared, leaving a 30-foot drop. The only thing funnier than the look on Hard Luck's face was the expression on the cops—they got more laugh points for the bulging eyes and dropped jaws.

"I uh. . .apologize," Jim stammered. "I had you figured all wrong. It's my fault for not reading my Bible more and looking for good in my fellow man. You taught me a valuable lesson and I thank you. You saved my life and restored my faith. You. . ."

Near scrapes with death obviously made the cop religiously ratched-jawed. A quick gesture by Hard Luck stopped him in mid-sermon. The biker marveled at rapid conversation from redneck to Bible-thumper. He did feel cops shouldn't double as evangelists. Fact is, Hard Luck liked him better as a redneck. But now he was stupefied and needed to explain to these jackass cops what really happened.

"I really didn't know the bridge was out. Wanted to run you off the road 'cause I got a hard-on for cops."

Jim and Travis exchanged confused looks that changed to knowing smiles. Hard Luck had a sinking feeling. Travis beamed at the astounded biker.

"For a minute I almost believed you. Look, don't worry—we won't tell your friends what you did. We wouldn't ruin your reputation. Your secret's safe with us. Thanks. We owe a lot more than we can repay. So anytime you need any help, just ask. Take care, brother."

What a revoltin' development. For one insane minute Hard Luck was tempted to call in favors and ask them to arrest him. But they'd probably laugh, and right now his shell-shocked ego couldn't handle it. Circumstances had just mindfucked his equilibrium. And that was the *light* damage.

Navigating the ditch with surprising ease, the cruiser pulled away. Both cops waved at the soaking wet figure whose body temperature should've turned the pelting rain to steam.

"I'm putting out the word to leave that guy alone. I don't care how many red lights he runs or how often he speeds. We'll take care of it. It ain't much, but it might make his life a little easier.

Travis nodded agreement. "I hope I live long enough to do something as big for him. I gotta re-shuffle my feelings about bikers for sure."

If Hard Luck had been pissed before, now he was foaming at the mouth. He sped by two cop cars, ran three stop signs, made an illegal turn, and all he got was another crick in the neck from turning around all the time expecting to see flashing lights that never went on. Half-

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convinced that all natural forces were conspiring to sabotage his mind and undermine his spirit, he went home and hid. All of a sudden his karma was changing on him. He felt like he'd lost a trusted friend. Life normally dealt him some miserable cards, but at least he'd known what to expect.

Desperate for familiar companionship, the biker went back to the jail. Mournfully, he related his recent exploits to his bros. Skeptical looks graced their homely features, but his pitiful sincerity convinced them. Naturally, they all broke up.

"Trying to get into jail? Always thought you were crazy, but this is the first time we've had positive proof!"

"Can't get busted? You sure you ain't Italian?"

"Always thought you was goin' to come to no good. Then you pull this on us. How do you swing it?"

Numbly, Hard Luck waved goodbye. Of all people, he thought they'd understand. Couldn't they see that the Bird of Paradise had saved up for months and shit all over his mind? He was deeply troubled that nobody believed him. If he'd lied, they'd have sworn it was the gospel.

Smoke assulated his nostrils and he headed for the clanging bells and fire. Maybe a calamity would make him feel better.

He parked his sled and went looking for a good viewing spot—that's when a fireman doused him with water. From the wild look in the guy's eyes, Hard Luck spotted him right off as a suicidal schizophrenic. The penalty for slugging a fireman performing his duties, he thought quickly, should be enough to reserve him a place in the county jail.

Hard Luck's restrained backhand crumpled the rookie, who was barely past puberty judging by his lack of facial hair. As outraged police and firemen stormed up, Hard Luck assumed a stance of blissful calm and relaxed anticipation. Then the kid's halting voice doused his hope.

"He helped me. It's my first fire and I froze. That slap brought me out of it."

With as much dignity as he could muster, the wretched biker turned on his heels and marched away. Luckily he didn't hear the cops and firefighters commenting on his good deeds and sterling character. If he had heard it, he likely would have done some very un-



"How are you at getting out parrot shit?"

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We Goofed!

The Classic Swap Meet ad in the last issue had the wrong dates!

Instead of Sunday, March 23, the ad should have said **Saturday, March 22** at the Allen County Fairgrounds, Lima, Ohio. And instead of Saturday, March 22, the ad should have said **Sunday, March 30** at the Lucas County Recreation Center, Toledo, Ohio.

Got that? It's Saturday, March 23, and Sunday, March 30, instead of the dates in the previous ad.

Remember those dates and shed a tear for the art department—no raisin pie for three weeks!



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dignified puking. Some starving wino probably would've thanked him for the hot meal.

Bad times enlarged Hard Luck's appetite, so he headed for the truck stop at the edge of the city. Best chicken fried steak in the world. He resolved not to pick any fights with the independent truckers. They stuck together. He'd be ground beef before the cops could arrive to arrest him. Shoplifting looked like a reasonable idea. But on a full stomach.

Food was excellent, reviving his sagging confidence. This plan was fool-proof. Blatantly, he began stuffing merchandise in his jacket pockets. He also picked out a huge flashlight in case all the waitresses were near-sighted. Then he spotted Melissa.

It'd been years, but his guts still churned, pureeing his emotions. Awestruck. Melissa. One word was worth a thousand pictures. Mental Polaroids. Technicolor memories. High school dating, star quarterback and head cheerleader, making love in his daddy's car. He'd *screwed* all the other girls. Whispered plans, love, losing state championship two years in a row on incredible plays (hence his nickname), engagement rings on layaway, the comfort of her arms. He was a different person then. The world was on his side. He made it spin thanks to Melissa's encouragement. The future held great promise.

Then her parents intervened. He wasn't on her social level. Her parents found her the perfect husband, glib, rich, motivated, and socially blessed. The third time her perfect husband put her in the hospital she left him. She refused her parents' help and drifted a while. She came home to settle down, too late for both of them. Starstruck kids had grown up to be strangers.

Sure, that's why the lump lodged in his throat. For a brief moment he was that other kid way back then. It was eerie that Melissa could affect him this way. Now he knew he was cracking up. Jail would be safe. He sauntered out with the contraband.

Melissa had seen him, too. Eugene looked rougher now but she saw through that. She'd seen the stricken look in his eyes. It matched her own. Hurriedly, she'd paid for the articles he'd snatched. Almost like he wanted to get caught. That didn't make sense. He must have had a good reason. He'd tell when they met again, whenever that might be.

Qualms and doubts assailed Hard Luck. Guiltily, he wondered what Melissa must think. The whole world could take a flying fuck except for his brothers. But Melissa was special. It didn't make sense. Emotions shouldn't linger like wispy ghosts and then become solid when he'd forgotten all about them.

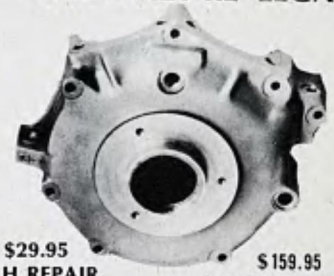
Memories made him forget that he'd gotten away clean. He needed another plan. He didn't want to get arrested for a serious crime. Small time was sufficient. Just enough of a sentence to stay with his bros till they all got out. He chained up his bike in front of the town park.

Anxiety quickened his pace. He unzipped his fly and the tension increased. Melissa would be horrified. That almost stopped him but then he remembered what he was. A Desperate One. That was enough.

Indecent exposure would be a certified bitch. At his trial he'd claim he was merely taking a piss. Being labeled as a known sex offender was less than appealing.

Seeing a good-looking chick approach, he pulled out his pecker and shook it. He was

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making sure she wouldn't miss it. When she was five feet away she still hadn't flinched. Then he noticed the white cane on her arm. His pecker started to shrivel. It could only happen to him.

He slunk away but quickly spotted another chick. He saw her staring at him, so he knew she could see. Nonchalantly, he strolled up, his wang slowly stiffening. But she smiled at him.

"That's nice advertising but I gotta work tonight. Tricks have been scarce. Look me up when I'm not working. Name's Doris and I'd love a scooter ride."

Hard Luck was already resigned. But he was stubborn. Persistence would pay off. He managed a sheepish smile in the hooker's direction. She waved and giggled.

"Better zip up before you catch a bad cold."

He knew he would look her up sometime. Might as well salvage something from the evening. This time he'd pick his victim carefully. She'd be well dressed and she was going to be just around the corner. Third time was the charm.

Of course she was there. Of course she was a stone fox. Of course she wore expensive, tailor-made clothes. Of course her eyes widened when he shook his expanding weenie at her.

After a moment's hesitation she lifted her dress and flopped "her" pecker at him. Adding injury to insult, "hers" was bigger. The dress flopped back down when Hard Luck spat and walked away. That was the final straw. His feelings and outlook had hit rock bottom, but they were trying to dig a deeper hole.

Lifetime habits rescued him. He'd never knuckled under before. He wouldn't start now. Only solution was to see Melissa.

The lump in his throat was replaced by a pleasantly queasy feeling as he talked to her. He explained everything and poured out his problems. Just like before, she comforted him and strengthened his resolve. He'd been stupid. He was going to do something to get the club out. He'd get the best lawyer available, preferably sneaky and unethical. He whistled as he sauntered out. No bugs passed his pursed lips. He was a new man—and Melissa had agreed to go puttin'.

He looked up some heavy coke connections that he knew. Soon he was shovelin' snow



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everywhere. No need to worry, either. His bike had several trick compartments for stashing things. A trained mechanic might spot them, but not a Moto Guzzi ridin' cop.

Hard Luck's dedication to the club bordered on the unnatural. He whiffed only a few grains of the profits, showing more self-control and masochism than could be humanly expected. It was all so easy. Cops ignored him. He still didn't know why, but he assumed he was under a charmed star.

A hurried call reaffirmed this. An important drop had to be made. It was much more money since it was a rush job. Grabbing his keys, he snatched a baggie from his stash, blindly stuffed it in his coat, and dashed out the door.

Breezing down the street he spotted a mirage. The whole club was tromping out of the jail. Brakes screeched as he made an illegal U-turn, ran a stop sign, narrowly missed some pedestrians, and rode on the sidewalk right up to his bros. Moisture seeped into his eyes.

"Shoulda known, bro. We're magic! Chicks admitted they made up the story to protect their boyfriends. Maxwell promised us a hands-off party if we didn't sue for false arrest."

Firm, cruel hands grabbed Hard Luck. Spinning around, he was face-to-face with the beady-eyed stares of Webber and Loumakis. Narcs. Hardasses. Assholes. Mean.

"Way you drive you must be under the influence of dangerous narcotics and hallucinogenic drugs, you fuckup!"

Hard Luck's heart sank, remembering that in his haste to make the drop point in time he had shoved the baggie in his coat rather than take the time to conceal it in his bike. A quick frisk produced the baggie. Hard Luck was as surprised as the disappointed cops when he saw it was a baggie of fine shake, not high-grade blow.

With relief, Hard Luck realized he had grabbed the baggie of powdery weed instead of the coke and that that mistake meant he was going to jail for a month or so rather than five years. As the cops led him up the steps of the station, Hard Luck chuckled that he was finally where he'd been trying to get all along. Maybe his luck was changing. ■



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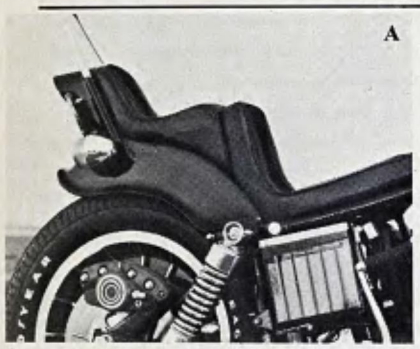
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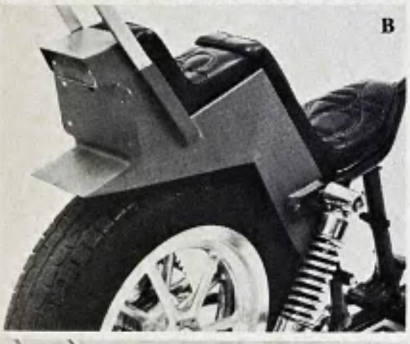
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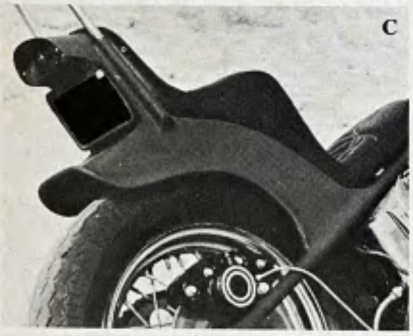
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C. Universal Rigid Radial

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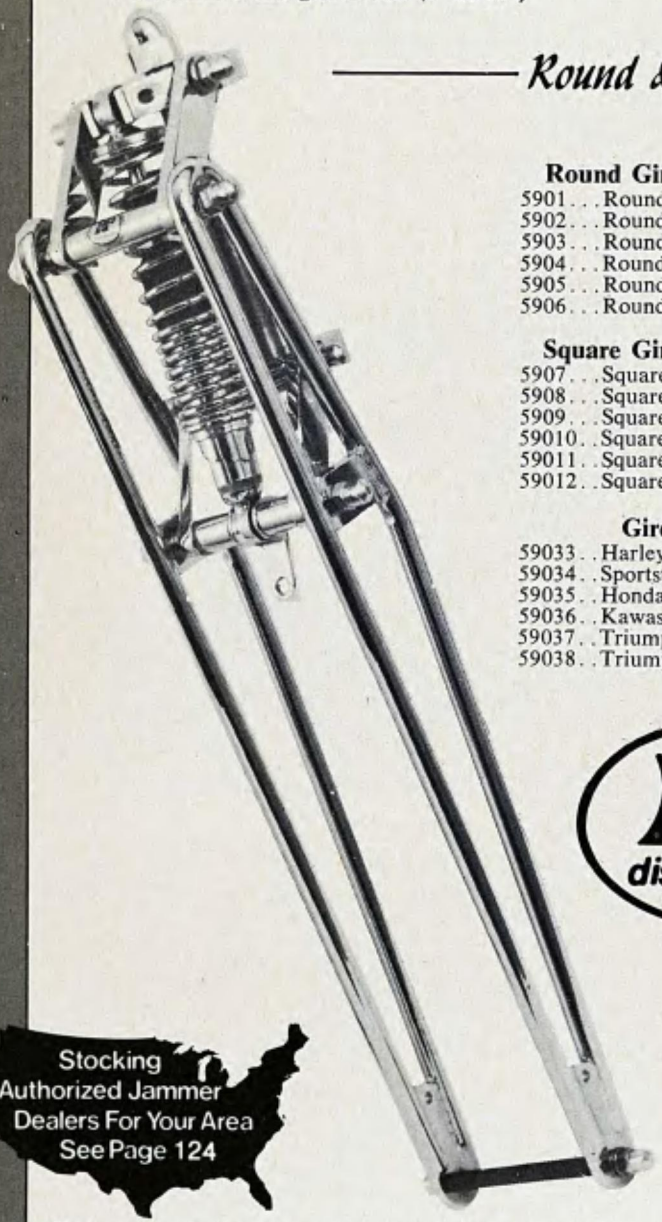
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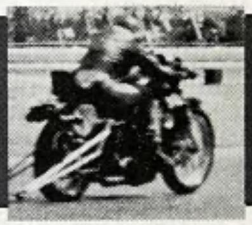
All Rivera kits offer highly polished manifolds and piston domes. The body is cast aluminum. Included is either a breathable air cleaner or velocity stack. All carburetors will be set-up and ready to bolt on. The jetting will be for stock Harley engines. Included in the kits will be two extra needles, one slightly richer than installed, plus one slightly leaner to cover any installation from stock to highly modified engines, such as cams, head work, special exhaust. There will be no jetting for stroked engines included in any kit.

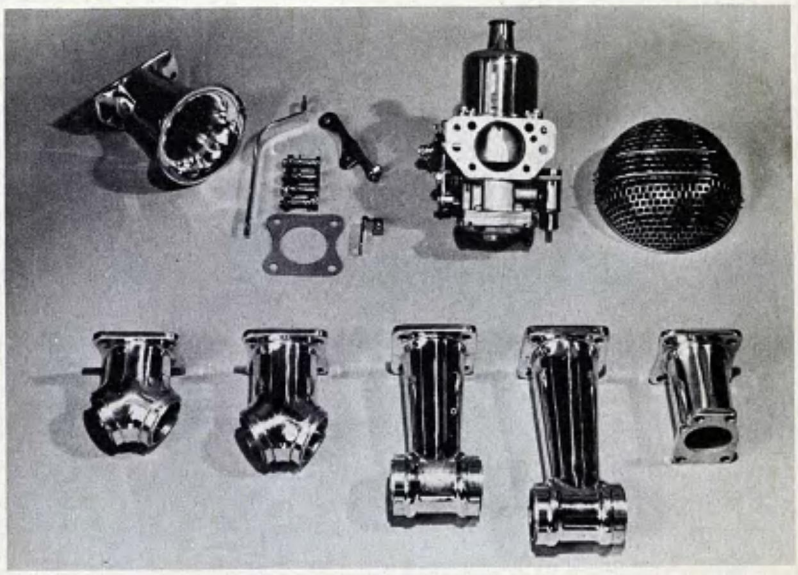
The hardware kit will include manifold gasket, all necessary nuts and bolts, leveling bracket, plus 2 separate cable mounting brackets. Any throttle cable may be used with the "Eliminator" SU, push or pull, front or rear. There will be no necessity of changing throttle cables. All Rivera kits have a special 3.5 mm Viton tipped needle with oversize brass seat for adequate fuel flow.

The primer pump, manufactured from brass, using an automotive type accelerator cup manufactured from Viton has been tested over 1,000,000 times with no wear factor. It is a press fit into the body, and will require no service. It will insure one kick starting for most machines that are in tune. Also featured is a choke system with an automatic kick down for easy cold weather starting.

Tuning instructions are included in each kit. We offer complete mounting and tuning information complete with pictures detailing most critical adjustments. Normal installation is less than one hour. Also included in the tuning instructions is a complete needle guide listing all needles available and their proper use.

Dave Mackey holds current national records in three different classes running SU carbs, besides being the national stock eliminator champ.
Get the choice of champs—SU





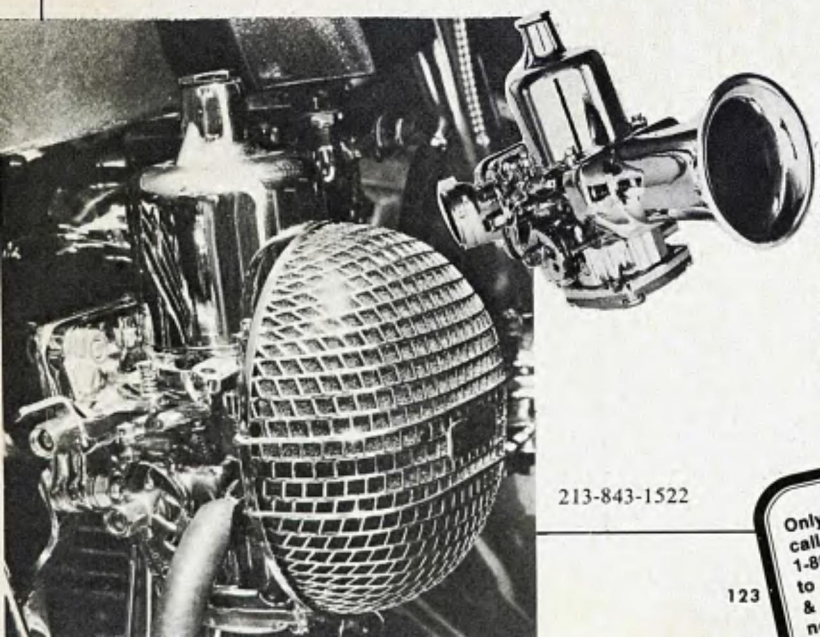
Choose the proper kit for your bike by first finding the appropriate manifold from the listing below. No manifolds are available for 5 gallon tanks.

Shovelhead & Sportster—Short Manifold
For use on all XLCH and FX style tanks. Will fit all machines using a fuel tank of less than 3 gallons and most custom mounted high tanks.

Shovelhead & Sportster—Long Manifold
Designed for 3½ gallon fat bob tanks and all XLH 3.8 gallon tanks.

Panhead—Short Manifold
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One length adaptor designed for use with existing Linkert style manifold. Bolts directly on Linkert manifold.



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135033	Panhead	Short Manifold	219.95
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With Velocity Stack

135036	Shovelhead/Sportster	Short Manifold	209.95
135037	Shovelhead/Sportster	Long Manifold	209.95
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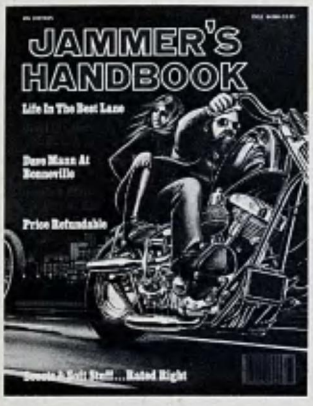


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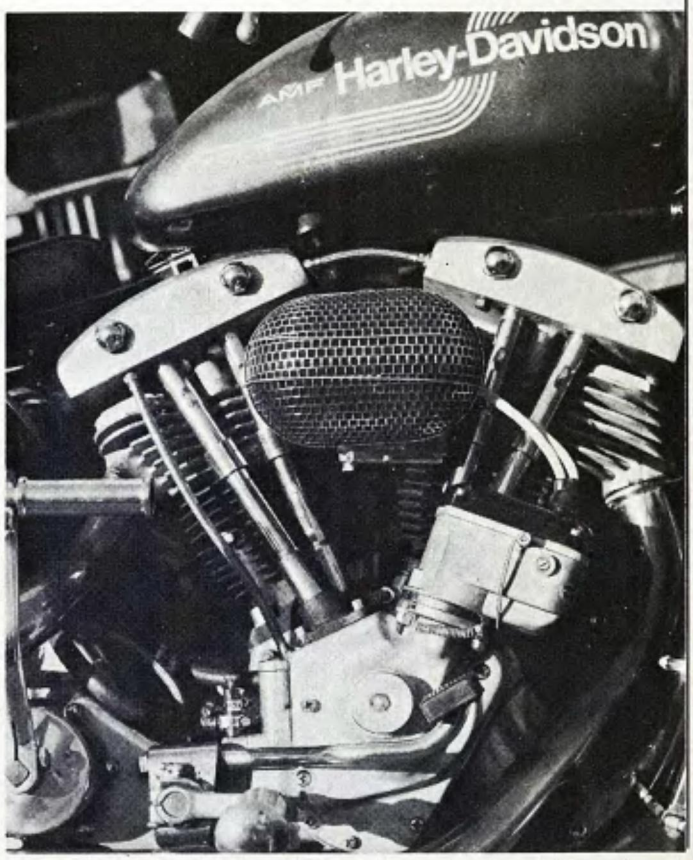
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Part Number	Fits Harley	Advance-Retard Mount	Automatic Advance Feature	Tach Drive Optional	Fits Kick or Elec. Start†	Additional Features
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13608	Sportster 1957-1970	√	√	*	√	Comes complete, eliminates leaky stock mount. Can be used with handlebar advance cable.
13609	Sportster 1957-1970	√	√	*	√	Use to convert old stock magnetos to 13608. Comes with new magnetic rotor and mount.

†The magneto itself requires no battery
*Carburetor may interefere with tach cable on some models
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Tach drive kit includes magneto cap — Kill switch lever mounts on magneto
Underlining denotes a feature presently not available from other manufacturers.

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—Continued from page 77

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Attention: New England Riders. Club forming up. Those not wanting a big-name club. Not 1%ers or sanctions. Just family types with no heavy scenes. Will not infringe on other clubs. So, if you and yours are interested in Harleys, weekend runs, C-W music, and easy partying—help name us. Send suggestions to No Name MC, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (82)

"Marching Songs of the SS." Two different records. $10.95 each. "War Songs of the Third Reich." Three different records (1939-1945). $10.95 each. These albums are authentic — taken from the original recordings. Send to Greyhounds, P.O. Box 1309, South Gate, Calif. 90280. (90)

Straight razors, $8 each. Trader Joe, Box 809, Dillon, S.C. 29536.

House mouse wanted: Free room and board. Blown off my Sporty in Sept. and need some help. Moving back to Phx. when able. Joe, P.O. Box 1283, Window Rock, Ariz. 86515. 871-4561. (82)

I'm a 25-yr.-old bro, 11/3/54, from Houston, Tex. Down in Florida, though, with only a year to go. Need to hear from ladies who dig travel, etc. and doing some partying and highs. Must have your head together and no fucking around, dig. But an open mind and loving chicks! Send picture and address to Marttie Eugene Curry #066773, B.C.I. H1B-2, P.O. Box 340, Sharpes, Fla. 32959. (82)

Death row prisoner wants chicks to correspond with. Jim "Fuzzy" Jeffers, Box B-38604, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (85)

Black T-Shirts: Boogie Till You Puke; Piss On Disco; Support Social Intercourse; I'm a Pervert—In Case Of Emergency Gimme Head! Send size and wording wanted with $7.50 for each shirt to Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (90)

Otto: No matter what, I'll remember June 19th, 5:00 p.m. Your little lady. (82G)

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An aspiring writer imprisoned at the Marion Correctional Institution in Ohio offers a kidney or an eye in exchange for competent legal assistance. Tony Condry #139019, P.O. Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302. (82G)

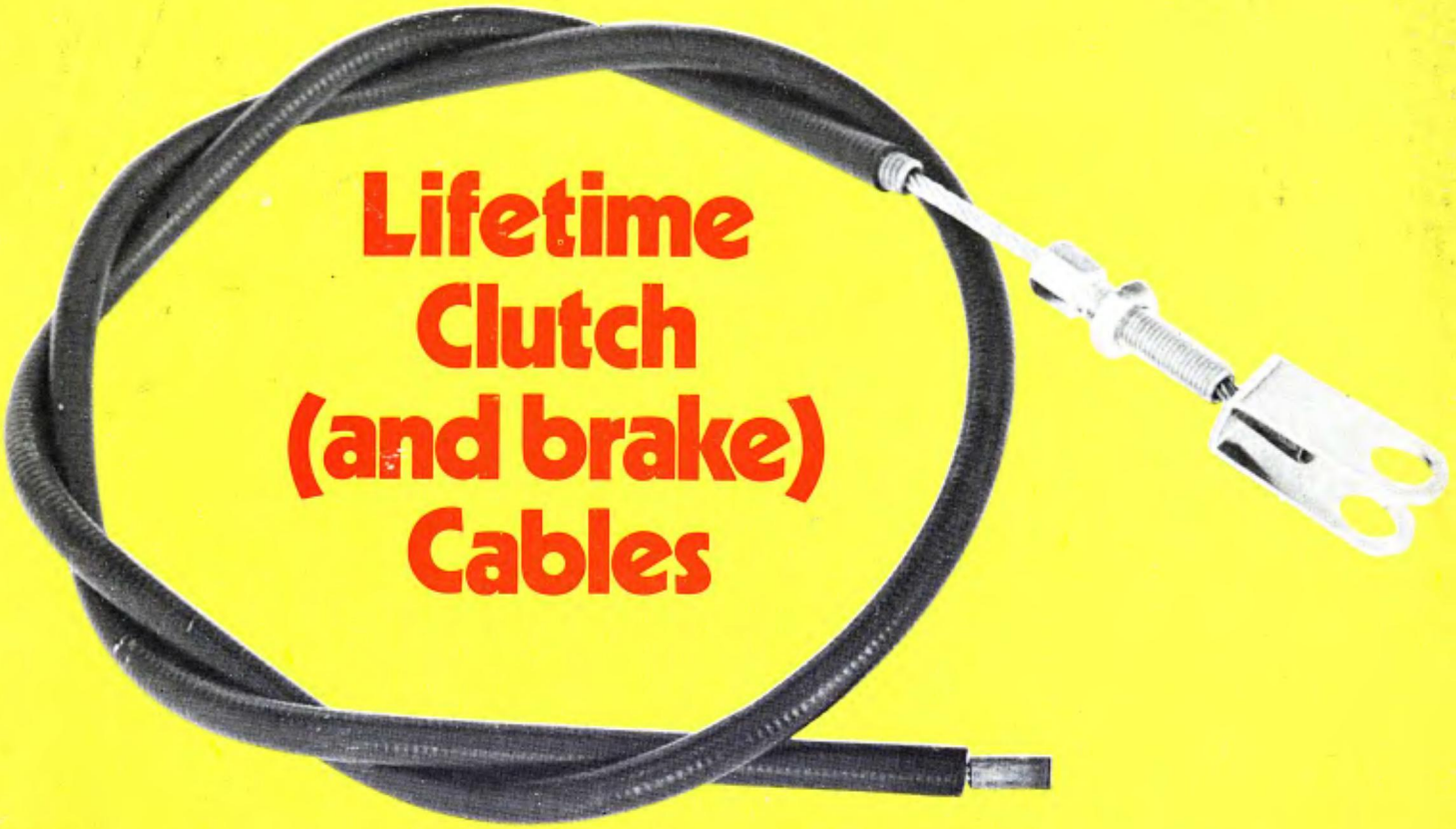
Limit: If you're still out there, your other half would like to know how the hell you are; please contact us as soon as you can—we love you! Sweathopper & Muffin, 4403 Clark, Boise, Idaho 83705. (336-5391). (82G)

To Bill & Bobby Williams, urgent! David Handlon, 14917 S. Sacramento, Posen, Ill. 60469. (312) 596-1036. Call collect if you need to, Bill. (82G)

Jeff: To the best ol' man a woman could ask for. I'll never do you wrong again. Luv ya forever. Carol, Anoka, Minn. (82G)

In memory of Eddie & Teresa. Wherever you are we hope you're together. We know when we ride, you're back there somewhere. Blondie & Bobby. (82G)





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 Tighttwat, 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 swedged 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.

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