

Easyriders®

May, 1980

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Thank you, Canada! Up Yours, Khomeini!

Romance In The Desert

Tips On Body Piercing

***A V-Twin Racer
With Eight Valves***

***Scooters, Sweeties And
Stories to Enhance Your Life***

***Strapping Record Albums
to a Bike—A Problem***



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Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Easyriders®

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Entertainment for Adult Bikers



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of Circulations

Cover photo of Jeanette James by Grant Edwards

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale April 29th.

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The 1980 Harley-Davidson Super Glide "Fat Bob".

Super Glide®... known as the ultimate street bike. But down behind that massive 80 cubic inch V-Twin, there's always been the urge to take to the highway.

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

He told the judge straight out that just lookin' at his ol' lady put his dick in the dirt, and he flat refused to have sex with her. But the judge ordered him to perform his "conjugal duties" or pay a \$23 fine every week until he does so. It's true, it's true. It happened in a land where not hosing your ol' lady is against religious law.

In Bermuda they sell grass in small brown envelopes. So what? Well, a poor soul there was sentenced to six months in the cooler merely for having 98 small brown envelopes in his apartment. No pot, nothing else—just envelopes that pot is usually sold in, letters are mailed in, and old ladies keep coins in. But the judge said they are usually for "selling marijuana in" and slapped him in the slammer.

Okay, there were 80—count 'em—80 eyewitnesses to a stabbing in a beer hall in Houston. But when the Heat arrived, all 80 of 'em claimed to be either in the shitter or on the phone when the incident came down. Nobody knew nuttin'. The cops claimed they were all suspects, 'cause none of 'em could identify the attacker. (Shit, the victim musta backed into a sharp object—five times.)

Strange judge dept.: A judge in Wyoming ordered a bad-check writer to remove two tattoos from his arms or go to jail for three years. The judge didn't like "Destination to Unknown" and "Born to Raise Hell," but he said the culprit could keep three other tattoos—"Pink Floyd," "Bessie," and a pic of the devil. You figure it out, I can't.

Dipshit-of-the-month file: This nurd went into a bank and ordered the teller to put all the money in a sack. The teller did—and she also added a dye bomb that would explode red dye all over the crook. The robber ran outta the bank, the bag exploded red dye all over

him, and he got so pissed he went back into the bank and complained about it. While he was givin' the teller shit about the dye bomb, the cops came and arrested him.

Then there's this dude in Texas who jumped onto a shrimp boat, hijacked it, took the people on board as hostages, and went zigzaggin' all over the Gulf of Mexico with the Feds in hot pursuit. No one was hurt, no one was harmed. The dude just commandeered the boat for a 200-mile fun and games trip—until he finally came down, got his shit together, and was thereupon promptly arrested. So what? Well, all this bizarre shit happened to take place on a boat named Easy Rider. (They grow some strange weed in Texas—I think it's all loco weed or somethin' like that.)

Now the Feds want cigarettes (and small cigars) to automatically extinguish themselves if not sucked on within five minutes. I'm for it—a lot of good weed has gone up in smoke when some asshole didn't, or couldn't, maintain.

He's mad, perplexed, and downright feels put upon. Who da fuck are they to ban him from hang glidin' in London just because of his age? Shit, Thompson won't be ninety until another week goes by—and it ain't right. Hang in there, Thompson!

What's this world comin' to? Now, if you want to eat dog, ya gotta bring your own dog. Seems there's a shortage of dogs in northeast China and restaurants there say if you want to eat dog, you hafta bring your own. (Maybe we should start a lend-lease program and ship our dogs to China to help the people outta their famine.) Watch it, Rufus.

It happened in Lynnfield, England—wherever that is. The Heat descended upon a group of H-D owners and discovered that at least 25 Harleys at one beer joint were stolen machines—"The numbers didn't jibe." 25—count 'em—25 Harleys were found to be stolen, all in one spot check! (A little loose, I'd say.)

Or how about the jerk in New York who was arrested for "sexual misconduct involving an animal"? (You'd think the press at least wouldn't embarrass his ol' lady—lettin' it all hang out in front of God and everybody like that.) What da fuck?

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



W R D M O N G E R

Problems

☐ I'm in the Navy and don't really mind it except for the fact that I haven't got my hair, my beard, my '74, or my woman—and that leaves me with about el zero.

Crazy Zailless
Great Lakes, Ill.

She's In Heat

☐ Please tell me—who is that good-lookin' daddy on page 61, top left picture, in the February '80 "In The Wind"?

I haven't seen a man that looks that good in ages—I would like to kiss his tattoos. And that's not all. He's enough to make ya think about movin' to Florida. Do they all look that good?

Sharon
Willcox, Ariz.

☒ Shit, he just looks like one of the bros to me.

Appreciates Freedom

☐ I'm a GI stationed in Fulda, Germany, not five miles from the communist border. Being this close to a communist country, you really get to know what freedom is all about. Being here reminds me that when I get home in two years I'll be able to pick up my Sportster and ride into the setting sun because I am free—a far cry from what can be said about my communist neighbors.

Leprechaun
Fulda, Germany

A Bribe

☐ Now I don't mean to be nasty, but why won't one of you dick-lickers print my letters? I'm even sending a joint to show my good faith.

Bruno
Morristown, N.J.

☒ You finally found a way to get our attention, Bruno.

A Fixation

☐ I think your rag sucks, but for some reason I keep on readin' it.

Stew
Latham, N.Y.

Foxy Chicks

☐ I just want to say you've got some foxy-looking chicks in your mag. The chick on page 126 in the February issue should appear in the nude because she is so good-looking.

Eddie Price
Gilbert, S.C.

☒ We'd like to feel her in the nude.

Stranger In Town

☐ A few months ago, another bro and I decided to ride our scoots to the drive-in theater. When we pulled up to the cashier, some fuckin' punk with a baseball bat came out and told us to leave, that this was an auto theater and that bikes weren't allowed. Do you know if that's a rule with all drive-ins? Or just the rule at that particular fucked-up theater?

Big Foot
Battle Creek, Mich.

☒ Don't you have a baseball bat?

Remember This

☐ I'd rather eat a can of baby king snakes than see a bro in jail.

John Peterman
Beltsville, Md.

A Message

☐ For my best bro, living in a New York hospital bed: Heal fast, motherfucker. And to John, who was drivin' and got away clean: You should know by now, you stupid, good-for-nothing, low-life, motherfuckin', scum-of-the-earth (don't take that as a compliment), that you can't make your own fuckin' roads—even if the furniture store was in the fuckin' way.

Cloud
Pasadena, Calif.

Best Ever

☐ The story, "The Old Man's Harley" in the 80th issue was the best fuckin' story I have ever read.

Boomer
Barre, Vt.

Straight Story

☐ Tell that fenderhead in Concord (Feb. '80) who I rode with that the only reason he rode 7,500 miles was that every time we got fucked up, he got lost and ran out of gas and was chased by a fuckin' bear. Also, it was broken pipes in Denver and no beer on Sunday in Kansas. If he's going to tell it, he should tell it straight.

Backfull
Norfolk, Va.

Shit Hole

☐ Just thought I'd drop you a line to tell you that your 80th issue was fuckin' great! I really dug all them old flatheads—they really got to me. And when I turned to page 66, I felt a chill go up my back, my heart melt, and my hands go numb—that fuckin' scoot was beautiful.

Oh yeah, just a word of warnin': If anyone plans on puttin' into this town (read shit hole) for some summer fun, keep your guard up! The local Heat is a muthafucker. They just busted a bro for having his trusty Buck on his belt—wrote it up as "a concealed, deadly weapon," and threw him in the county joint for six months! If you're a patch holder, stay home.

Bobby
Ocean City, N.J.

☒ Write to Buck Knives. They can accurately inform you of laws regarding their knives.

Moanin' and Groanin'

☐ Tell Renegade we small-chested honeys may not have much, but it doesn't take much roaming to get us moanin'!

Pirate's Ol Lady
Snow Hill, Md.

Spirits Rise

☐ I want to thank you for the interest you have in bros doin' time and the reduced subscription rate. Believe me, spirits rise and smiles appear as each new issue is passed from man to man. You keep our memories alive to "our way" of life.

Top Cat
Tehachapi, Calif.

Needs A Match

☐ I'm sittin' here at 3:15 in the fuckin' morning, waiting for this old barracks to go up in flames. By the way, got a match?

At any rate, when I walked into the PX the other day and saw your rag, I nearly shit. I have this Sporty waitin' for me at home, and though I've only been ridin' a Harley for a couple of years, I really dig it—and thanks for being there where I least expected ya.

Bike Dilemma
Quakertown, Pa.

To Bear Arms

☐ I just want you fuckin' bums to know you haven't let the rest of our bros know what is going down. The NRA (National Rifle Association) has sent letters telling how Edward Kennedy is trying to take away the 2nd Amendment to our constitutional rights—the right to keep and bear arms. The fuckhead is trying to pass a bill to make it illegal to process and manufacture firearms. This will knock two or three million people out of work, putting more people in the unemployment lines.

The NRA needs our support.

Tutte
Louisville, Ky.

Wonderin'

☐ I'm glad to see the Harley-Davidson ads back in your rag. I guess even AMF knows the best when they see it. If them fuck-ups can tell, then what-dafuck's wrong with the rest of the people who don't read Easyriders?

Snake
Downsville, Md.

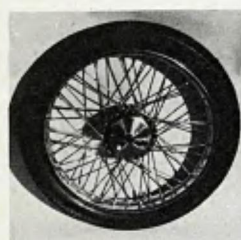
☒ That's what we're wonderin'.

Takes The Cake

☐ Dusty Sage, I love you. You really put out a dynamite piece of work this month, and I couldn't help but drop a few lines on ya and let ya know about it. I read your rag all the time and this month (February) I have to say, Dusty, you take the cake.

Bret Kulick
Salt Lake City, Utah

C & G Manufacturing Co.



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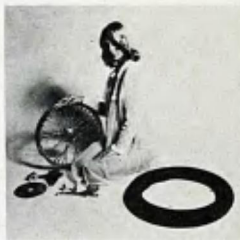
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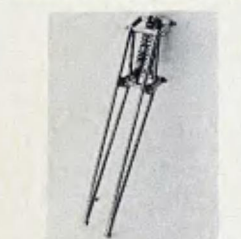
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Cost is only \$9.00 each or \$17.00 per pair. Yup...you read it right. That's so cheap for real Gold or Silver I tried to get 'em to raise the price. I got told to shut-up an' just do my thing, that Bare Essentials wasn't rippin' off scoot folk. CA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

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Gives Credit

☐ Just got done readin' "The Storyteller" in your January '80 issue and had to tell you that's one helluva story. I give you guys, and Rabbit, some credit for that one.

Bogi
Lake Elsinore, Calif.

☐ A hundred years ago, back when I was just a kid, no one could convince me there was a Santa Claus, a Tooth Fairy, an Easter Bunny, or the Great Pumpkin.

I still can't believe the South lost the Civil War.

But I thoroughly enjoyed the "Storyteller" in the January issue and I believe!

Rumbleseat
Parsimony, Mo.

Free Mag?

☐ I've been takin' **Easyriders** now for about three years and in all that time not once have I seen anything about the mag that Harley-Davidson puts out. In case you don't know, I'm talking about the **Enthusiast**. It's a damned good mag and even more than that, it's free. You can get it by writing to **Enthusiast**, P.O. Box 653, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201.

Danny Lee Holtzclaw
Belton, S.C.

☒ Nothin's free—not even pussy.

Eatin' Material

☐ That blonde on the snowrunner ("Rocky Mountain High") in your January '80 rag was a real fox. I took one look at her in those Levi cutoffs and before I knew it, I had eaten half your rag. Then I had to go out and buy a new one. Shit, I could have bought a six-pack of Bud.

Honeybucket
North Turner, Maine

Likes Our Paperback

☐ I just finished your "Best Biker Fiction." It was better than a smelly pussy.

Big Putt
Represa, Calif.

A Compliment

☐ You may not have your shit completely together, but I can't, nor can anyone else, name a person who does. I don't know if you fuckers try or not, but overall I think you've got a pretty decent rag.

Micky Mouse
Cookeville, Tenn.

☒ Thanks a lot—I think.

Almost Had An Orgasm

☐ My ol' man just traded his chopper in for a brand-new Low Rider. One month after he got it, he let me ride it to my girlfriend's house. Sure, he checked the mileage and gave me a time limit, but what the fuck, I got to ride it! And I fuckin' loved every minute of it, too. I got on the open highway and opened that bitch up. While I was out on the highway, two assholes on foreign bikes came up next to me. Well, because I had a Harley sittin' between my legs, I had to show them how a Harley moves. I did. I got her up to 90 (fast enough for me) and left them behind. I almost had an orgasm. I fuckin' loved ridin' that bike.

Janet Stephens
Kansas City, Mo.

Problem Solved

☐ You guys just don't have your fuckin' shit together at all. What you should do is move your operation to a place where it snows for six months and the temperature hits below 40 degrees. That way you won't be able to ride your scoots all year or party so damned much, thus allowing you to get down to business. Southern California is obviously bad for you.

Pigface
Prescott, Ariz.

☒ It's not the puttin' that fucks us up.

Down To The Bone

☐ I wanted to mention that the dynamite article "Target Defendant Tactics" in your February issue was down to the bone! I don't know who laid that info on you, but he should get a medal. I've been playing cops and robbers for over ten years and everything in that article is on the money. Anyone who just skimmed over it better sober up and read it again, 'cause that's all reality.

Tiny
Green Bay, Wis.

Good Beaver

☐ It's too bad I never got a chance to "get off" with my scooter in your rag. I don't know why not. Everyone up in this part of the woods says my ol' lady Bev is as good as some of the other beavers and my sled, "The Last Toke," sure looked real decent in those pictures I sent down to ya for "In The Wind."

Spatts and Bev
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

☒ It's not your ol' lady or your scoot—ya just have to send photos that will reproduce well. Shoot pics when you're not loaded or don't have snot on your lens.

Pussywhipped

☐ Every month I run my ass off to the nearest fuckin' store to get your mag. The bitch of the whole thing is when I finally get settled in my chair to read your terrible mag, my ol' lady flashes by, scoops up my mag, hauls ass to the john, locks the fuckin' door, and I don't get my mag back for about 45 minutes. (She's a fast reader, thanks to Evelyn Wood.) What I want to know is, do any of the rest of the bros have this problem and how do they settle it without beating the shit out of their ol' ladies?

Magic Mike
Blytheville, Ark.

☒ What's wrong with beatin' the shit outta her? She has to be taught her lessons.

Types Mag

☐ How's this for a fuck-up? My ol' man is in a Navy brig. The asses in that hole won't let the prisoners have **Easyriders**. So what's a person to do? Well, I type just about everything in your rag and send it to my downed lover as I finish each article. So the only thing he misses are the pictures. You can bet yer britches that I'm saving every one of those back issues for when he's released!

Scooter
Imperial Beach, Calif.

Uphill Battle

☐ Help! I'm asking anyone out there for whatever help they can give me. I'm currently pulling a three-year hitch in the Army. We've all heard the commercials, right? Equal opportunity employers and all the other bullshit. Well, I just did a stupid thing. I refused to cut my hair. Not only is the order unconstitutional and in violation of my right of freedom in the pursuit of happiness, but it is also discriminatory.

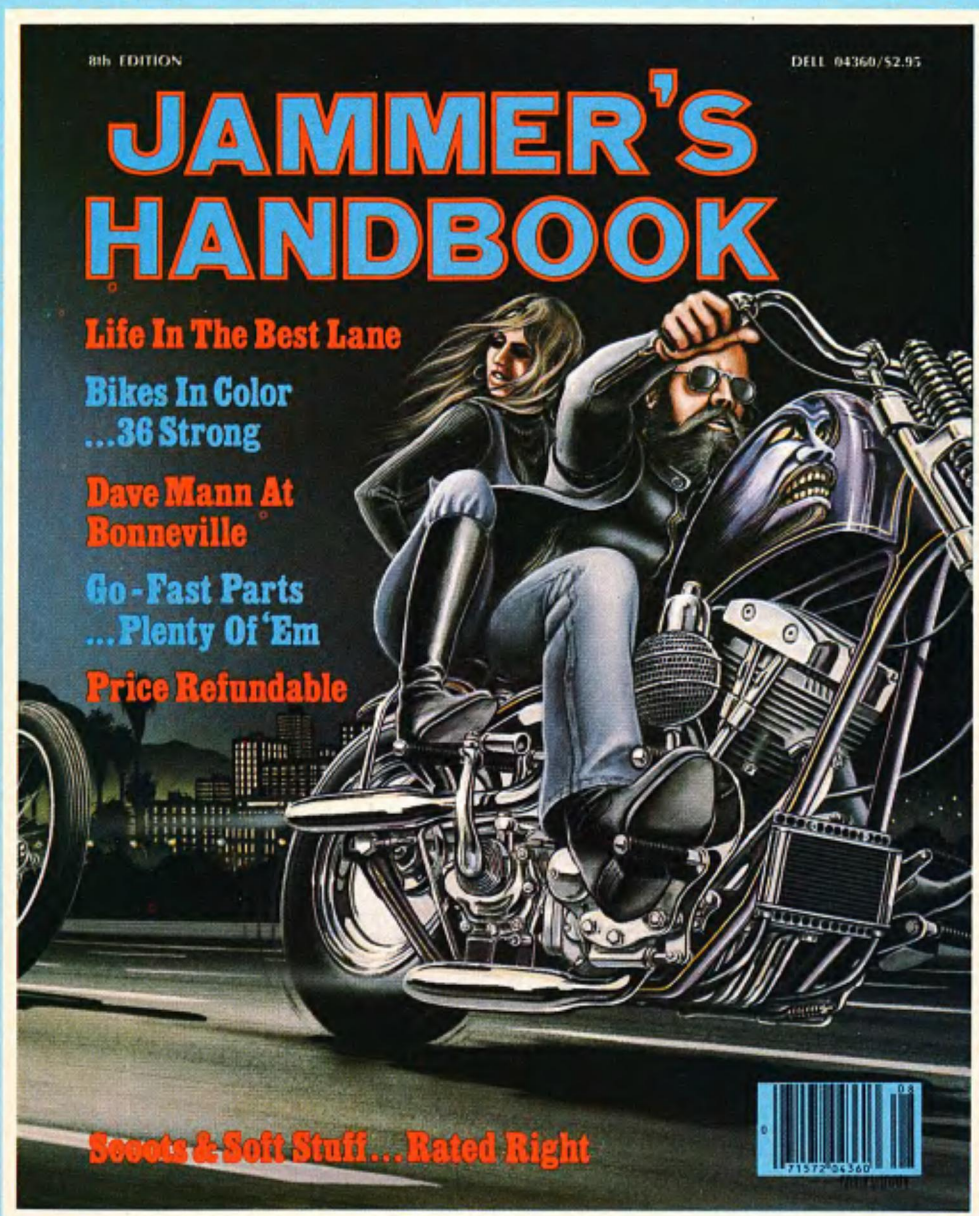
A female working right next to me, doing the same job and making the same money, gets the solemn privilege of growing her hair long only because she is female—whereas I must cut my hair because I'm male.

I am currently looking at a court martial. Can you believe it? They're trying to put me in jail for not cutting my hair!

I need help. I have no money

At Your Newsstand!

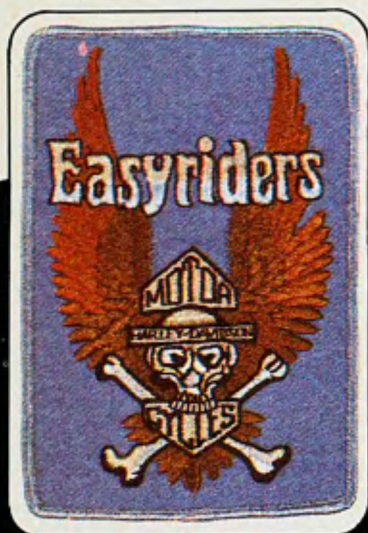
FOR YOU & YOURS



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.

for a lawyer. Sure, the Army provides one, but remember, he is the Army. I need all the publicity and support I can get.

Dale S. Koven
300 598th Eng. Bn.
Ft. Bragg, N.C. 28307

■ We help our own, right? Let's see what we can do for the bro.

It Worked

□ Back in September, you put my kite in your rag to help me get in touch with a bro. It fucking worked! After over a year, my bro and I are united. Your rag is not only damned good reading material—it also helps bros in need.

The Rabbit
Hutchinson, Kans.

Goin' West—Maybe

□ It seems I may never make it back to California, but don't lose all hope. I'm in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Don't ask me why. I ain't got the slightest fuckin' idea.

I'm presently putting together a '59 pan almost like my '57, but it somehow just isn't coming out nearly as well. I'm planning on another California run around May, so maybe this time I can get out there without getting locked down again. Damn, it's cold up here.

Bobby Janes
Minneapolis, Minn.

■ Hang in there, Bobby, whoever you are.

One Bitch

□ I have only one bitch—the way all bikers in general treat their women. It's disgusting! Just think about all the things women do for you. They fix your meals, bring you beers, wash and dry your clothes, provide you with someone to talk to when you need it, and on top of all this, give you some damned good lovin' whenever you want it! And what do you do in return? You call them bitches, treat 'em like shit, and some of you uncool bros beat the hell out of them.

Otter
El Paso, Texas

■ So?

A Softy

□ When a biker owns a dog, and even though he loves both his dog and his bike, when the weather turns cold, he brings his bike inside and leaves his dog outside.

I'm a 24-year-old female who hopes someday to own her own Harley, but I'll bring the dog and the bike inside.

Lee
Butte, Mont.

Gives Up

□ Concerning that fiction piece ("Fantasy") in the 80th issue, it must have been a fantasy. How the fuck else would a flathead turn into a pan like it did in that story? Tell whoever wrote it to straighten up or give up.

Reb
Hanover, Ontario, Canada

American Spirit

□ What the fuck is going on in this damned world? Where's your American spirit? In your last rag I didn't see one single picture of someone takin' a crap in a can of Iranian caviar (fish eggs for the wise ones). Let's start raising a little hell. We're just waiting to hear the word. We get paid for stompin' dicks. How's about a little encouragement?

The Men of VF-151
PFO San Francisco, Calif.

All Sportster Issue

□ Hey bros, just read your 80th issue. Dug the idea of using 80 flatheads for it. Now comes the fucking bitch—when are you burnouts going to have an all-Sportster issue? The hardcore Sporty nuts would really get off on it—we might even buy our own issues to see that hard-starting, fire-belching, fast-running, pure Harley-Davidson get some coverage.

Shitty Smitty
East Providence, R.I.

A Crash Pad

□ English biker girl has place

for bikers (men and women) who happen to be passing through Ostende, Belgium. Booze and grub also, although it isn't included in the free shut-eye. Who says us bikers don't stick together? Good music and biker atmosphere. Hope to see ya soon.

Angie
8 Madridstraat
Rest St. Tropez
8400 Ostende, Belgium

Pinch And A Feel

□ In response to the cunt who claims she's small and proud of it, fuck her! Apparently, she's jealous of real women who have big tits. My tits (34C) might not be the greatest set around, but my ol' man lets me know he likes them with a pinch or feel every time I walk by—that's all that matters to me.

Hard Times's
Ol' Lady, Melanie
Clarksburg, W. Va.

Think About It

□ The only thing that the IRS hasn't taxed is your pecker. This is due to the fact that 40% of the time it is hanging around unemployed, 30% of the time it is pissed off, 20% of the time it is hard up, and 10% of the time it is in the hole. On top of that, it has two dependents and they are both nuts.

Smilie
Fresno, Calif.

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



Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Gas Rules!

Something that's expected to be on the way out is advertising for different brands of gasoline. With the relative scarcity of fuel, advertisers feel that it's no longer necessary to spend their money promoting different gas brands. Look for most of the gasoline companies to shift their ads to motor oils instead of fuel.

And while advertising gasoline is no longer a competitive area, obtaining it still is. So much so that promoters for various races, the Superbowl of Motocross included, have been attempting to bolster race attendance by advertising that gas stations around the race site will be open and dispensing fuel.

—Cycle Guide

Brotherhood Lives!

As naive as it may sound, I miss the old days and the brotherhood that used to mean something, and I think that it still exists. The more I am in the business of keeping information flowing between the bikers of this country, the more I see there really is a brotherhood out there, and none of these Hondasaki two-wheeled car riders are going to really change it.

—Bob Bitchin
FTW Newsmagazine

Loss Of Funds

Five states—Indiana, Missouri, New Mexico, Texas, and Wyoming—may lose 5 percent of their federal highway funds in 1980 for failing to meet the 30 percent compliance rate for the 55-mph limit in 1979. States must make at least 40 percent of all vehicles comply with the speed limit in 1980—70 percent by 1983—if they're to receive full funding.

—Enthusiast

Using Front Brakes

Dr. Harry Hurt, in his study of street bike accidents, found that riders who were involved in accidents where cars suddenly materialized in front of them were sometimes killed simply because they didn't use the front brake in the panic stop that preceded the accident. Just using the front brake could have changed the accident into one where they sustained only relatively minor injuries.

The first step to learning how to use the front brake is the realization that it, more than any other control or ability, can save your life or prevent an accident. Thinking about that, about going 20 or 30 feet more than you have to when a car pops up in front of you, should help overcome any fear you have of the consequences of hard front brake applications.

Art Friedman
Motorcyclist



Growing Pains

Well, folks, we have made it to issue number three, but it is one hell of a fight. It seems that unbeknownst to us, we have stirred up a hornet's nest. In the last six weeks we have been canceled by our printer because we print "disgusting" material, had our ads refused by *Chopper* magazine because they were "of questionable taste," and gotten letters suggesting that our parenthood is questionable. One even implied that my mother walked on all fours, but since it was from my brother, I ignored it.

—Bob Bitchin
FTW Newsmagazine

Visiting York H-D Factory

The Rodney C. Gott Museum is a trip. If the security people opened the doors and closed their eyes and gave me 30 minutes to rip off any bike in the place, I would probably still be standing there trying to make up my mind when they came back. Plush red carpets, dozens of super old bikes, and nifty wall graphics make the museum a great place to spend a whole afternoon. Except for two things. One of the bikes on display that the tour guide makes a particularly big hoopla about is the 1977 FLH Police Solo. That's cool. Harley sells a lot of bikes to the police. But there aren't any custom bikes on display. None. No choppers. No custom paintwork. Pardon me, AMF, but stretched front ends, chrome, and sissy bars are no more of an insult to the heart and soul of an FLH than are radio units, sirens, and flashing red lights.

—Eric Mottner
Street Chopper

Gave Inspiration

Steve McQueen financed the making of *On Any Sunday* and Bruce Brown produced it. Nothing like it had ever been seen before. Motorcycle movies meant only things like the disgusting bunch of hoodlums in *The Wild One*, the Marlon Brando picture that virtually gave inspiration to the social outcast rider who, up until then, had been searching for an identity.

Curiously enough, a lot of serious riders who loved the sport took part in the making of that film. Some later regretted what it did to motorcycling. It would be difficult to imagine that they had any inkling of the impact the film would have on "outlaw" riders.

—Rider

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

Good Luck Charm

by Sinbad



Heading west on I-70 on a warm spring afternoon in Kansas, John Silver Cloud felt good, very good. The big orange ball that was the setting sun put his weathered bronze face in stark relief. His '55 black and chrome pan rumbled contentedly as it cruised along, pointing at the flaming orb as if it knew the sun was showing it the way home. Home for the faithful pan and its six-foot, sinewy rider was the Cherokee reservation in Oklahoma. The sun glistened off John's rattlesnake wristbands as he gave his sled a little more throttle. One more state to go, he thought, and grinned with anticipation as he heard the big SU sucking more air.





Home was a place he hadn't seen in three years. He had left right after his mother died because he just couldn't think of any other reason to stay. He had been afraid that to linger there might cause him to sink into the same apathy that had claimed so many others. His smile faded as he remembered what a bitch it had been as a kid to help his mother eke out a living to support themselves and his ancient grandfather. He hadn't minded the odd jobs in the gas stations and drug stores while she sold blankets and such to the tourists. What he did get pissed at now was remembering how being given the opportunity to work for some white man was like they were doing him a favor, like they were giving a

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Sundown



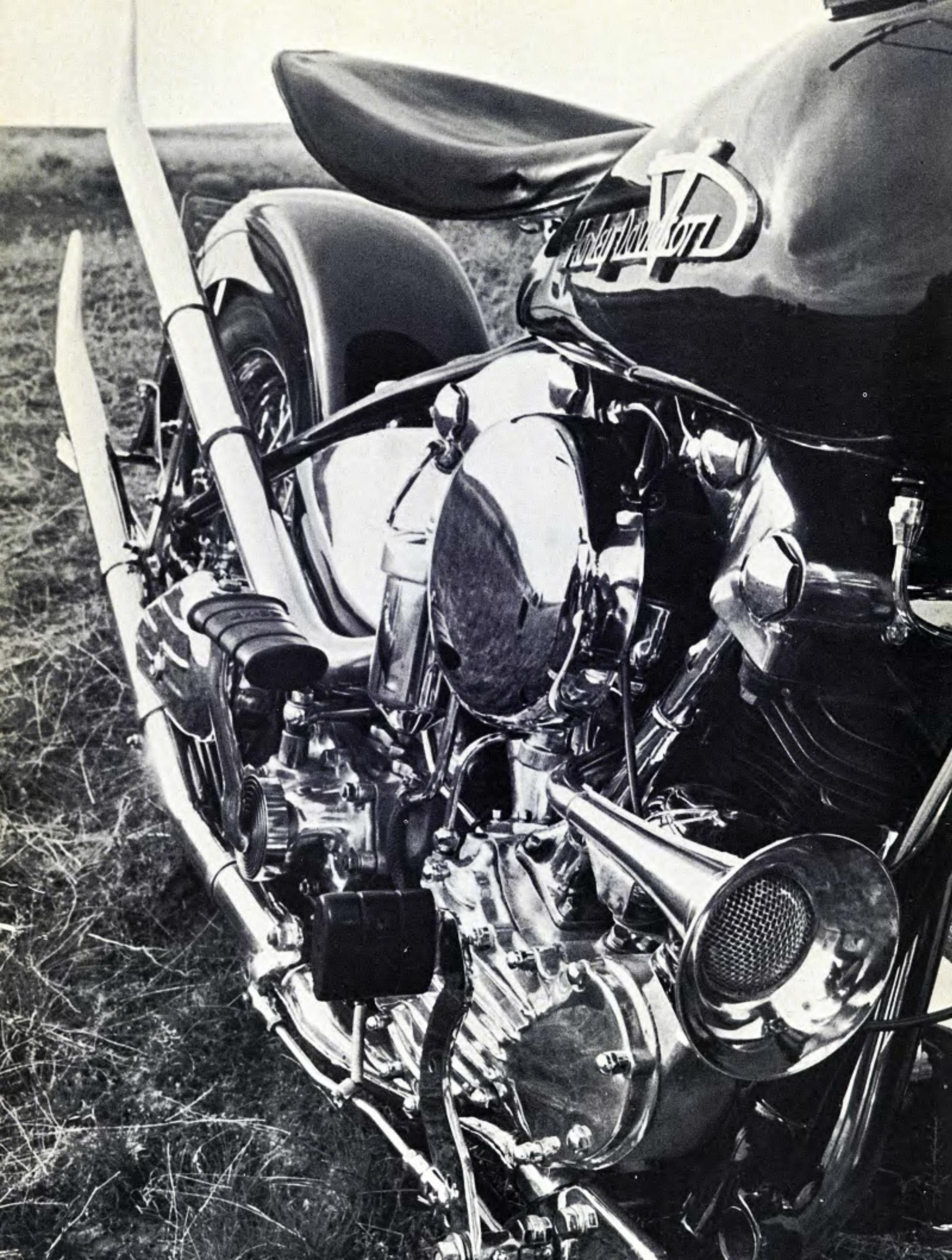
About ridin' when it's wrong

Around the time of the last heavy suns of the summer of 1976, Lonnie, the owner of this black and chrome knuckle, was prospecting for the Sundowners, a hard-ridin' club from Utah. Lonnie and Puppy were snaking through the beautiful Yosemite mountains one full day behind their pack, tryin' to play catch-up. It was a futile attempt.

But his 1945 knucklehead was runnin' as sweet as pink nipples and the roads were curved and smooth like a nice, rounded ass. With his proud cutoff flappin' free in the wind and his arms outstretched to grip the high bars, he streaked along the

mountain curves. But, Yosemite bein' a *turista* spot, he soon found himself partially encumbered by a slow-moving family wrapped tightly in a late-model, compact vacation wagon. A rider of many moons, Lonnie immediately glanced in his rearview mirror, then ahead, searching for an opening to pass. Just as his sharp eyes determined that a path was open around the slow-movin' vehicle, they also detected movement at the side of the road. A hand was rapidly motioning in Lonnie's direction. He reacted and veered, then noticed people standing on the other side of the road waving back. The bike was already in a slide and directly in its path was the only pothole within ten





miles. A portion of his narrow 21 disappeared momentarily, anchoring the front end to the injured road's surface. The flashy black knuckle upended. Twice it rolled, and the second time Lonnie left his steed to do a Superman number into a roadside ditch.

Puppy, a member at the time, came to assist, but Lonnie couldn't be moved. The brother went into town and proceeded to arrange to have Lonnie bagged and put in a hospital and his bike taken home. The injuries included a broken back, several broken ribs, and one sheared rib. It took him considerable time to recuperate.

But no sooner did the white uniforms roll him out in a wheelchair to a brother's awaiting car than he began work on his scooter.

"Don't ride it," his doctor

said, emphatically tapping the eraser end of his pencil on his desk top. "Your back is still broken."

But as soon as his knuckle was roadworthy, he felt roadworthy himself. Strappin' himself to his bike, he began puttin' everywhere. Brothers tried to discourage him. His ol' lady tried brow-beatin' him. His doctor went nuts. But even though the sheared rib in his side ate at him, he kept ridin'.

Finally his brothers figured a way to keep this fool off his scoot for a while. While he was lying helplessly in his pad, a couple of bros entered. One shoved \$2,500 in his face. The other took his bike. Six months later, when the healing process was complete, the exchange was made once more. Only one thing nags Lonnie now—the rib floating in his side.

—Ride forever





Photos by David R. Frazier



Owners: Lonnie & Sue Knigge

City: Boise, Idaho

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1945 H-D
Model: knucklehead
Value: worth killing for
Assembly: owner
Time: seems like a lifetime

Frame

Year: 1945
Builder: H-D
Type: rigid
Rake: stock
Stretch: none
Other alterations: none

Chroming by: Valley Plating

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1945
Model: FL
Rebuilder: Gary's Cycle Engineering
Ignition: battery/coil
Displacement: 74 cu.in.
Lower end: stock
Balancing: factory
Pistons: H-D
Cases: clean
Heads: stock
Cam: Sifton 450
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): Linkert
Air cleaner: H-D
Pipes: MCM
Muffler(s): none

Bars: Midtown S.L.C./Utah
Risers: dogbones
Fender(s): H-D
Headlight: H-D
Taillight: H-D
Speedo: original
Front pegs: Midtown
Rear pegs: none
Electrics: dependable
Gas tank: fatbobs
Oil tank: horseshoe
Oil system: works
Primary cover: diamond
Seat: H-D
Sissy bar: none
Height: fender straps
Material: stock strap

Transmission

Modifications: none
Year: 1945
Shifting: suicide
Engine sprocket: 24
Trans sprocket: 23
Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: springer
Extension: none
Builder: H-D
Special features: shock absorber

Wheels

Front:	Rear:
Size: 21	Size: 16
Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Tire: 2.75	Tire: 5.00
Brake: drum	Brake: drum

Painting

Molding: owner
Painter: Customs Unlimited, Boise
Color: black
Type: acrylic urethane
Special paint: none
Other special modifications: belt drive, 2 in. narrowed H-D front fender.



PIERCING

Basically, body piercing is forming a hole, healing it, and wearing a decorative or symbolic piece of jewelry through that modification to the ol' bod. But body piercing on a skilled level means making a hole in the proper location at the proper angle, using the proper hygienic standards, healing the piercing properly, enlarging it properly if desired, caring for the piercing properly, and wearing the proper jewelry. If the project is handled correctly, the desired effects can be achieved with minimum danger of infection.

Body piercing is usually sought because the piercee or a person close to the piercee desires it. Other reasons include admiration for a pierced friend, esthetics, bondage, love rings for both male and female as a more intense commitment to each other, physical stimulation for both the wearer and the sexual partner, as an initiation rite, for infibulation, or because the piercee was born with the desire or later acquired it. Like reasons for any goddam thing, they're endless; the desire can be overpowering, and some piercees can't even explain their heated drive to satisfy this intense craving that will be with them until they check out.

—Continued on page 78







Packin' Albums

"Say, is dis da Cub?" the clerk hesitated.

"Suppose—what of it?" the Cub scratched his mangled head of hair.

"Well, ya see," the clerk stumbled for warming words, "all fifty albums you've ordered in the last year and half came in today. You can pick 'em up anytime." The phone went dead.

"Far fuckin' out," the Cub mumbled, burying his head in his old pillow and slamming the phone down at the same time. He went back to Z-land but couldn't avoid night-fuck-ups of all the bad times encountered packin' the groceries on his sled.

He rolled over, and his mind reverted back to when he still lived with his folks. He flashed on the time he was sent on an urgent mission for groceries for an important dinner. With his Hummer, he went for it. But after the necessary purchases, while idling and waiting for the signal to change, the heavily-weighted shopping bag began to slip from his







divided-between-the-clutch-lever-and-bag-grasp. Just before the light changed, his grip went south. The clutch disengaged, the bike wheeled uncontrolled, and it dissected the intersection. Mid-flight, he lost the groceries. All hell to pay.

He tossed and turned in his sleep, moving from one motorcycle mishap to another. Finals in high school—the pressure was on. He packed his semester reports, which had been typed by the ugly chick with the big tits, who lived at the end of the block. With them bungee-corded securely to his rear fender, he split for school. He played with his Sportster's wick now and then to impress the chicks strollin' so sweetly around the school. He arrived safely enough, but when he went for his reports, his fender looked as though it had never been touched by anything but soft rags and polish—no reports, textbooks, bungee cords—nothin'. School was a bummer, anyway.

The Cub slipped back into the groove of stackin' Z's in the corner of his mind—until he came across the prospect file—and he remembered his shot at makin' a booze run. Tried to show class an' pick up the booze for the entire club on only his bike—bananas. He spent over a hundred bucks and dropped over seventy-five of it on his way back—set him back six months.

He kicked his one tattered blanket off the bed, punched the pillow and bit a hole in the mattress dreamin' 'bout the parts he'd lost, shit he'd broken, and beer cans he'd dented trying to ship stuff from one destination to another strapped to his scooter.

He awoke in a cold sweat. "Whatsa matter, Cubby baby?" his sweetie asked, batting her big morning eyes.

He massaged his face with the grease-stained hands and mumbled into his palms, "I dunno, but I got a feelin' its not gonna be my day."

—Snake



Photos by Grant Edwards



Remember

H-D Flathead 80. Paint Schemes 1935-1941

Flathead 80s were built from 1935 to 1941 and were enameled as follows:

1935

- Teak Red and Black
- Venetian Blue and Silver
- Verdant Green and Black
- Egyptian Ivory and Regent Brown
- Olive Green and Black

(In 1935, you could print any lettering instructions on your order form.)

1936

- Sherwood Green with Silver Panels and Rims
- Teak Red with Black Panels and Rims
- Dusk Gray with Royal Buff Panels and Rims
- Venetian Blue with Croyden

Cream Panels and Rims

- Maroon with Nile Green Panels and Rims

1937

- Bronze Brown with Delphine Blue Striping
- Teak Red with Black Striping
- Delphine Blue with Teak Red Striping
- Police Silver with Black Striping (Police only)

1938

- Teak Red with Black Striping
- Venetian Blue with White Striping
- Hollywood Green with Gold Striping
- Silver Tan with Sunshine Blue Striping
- Police Silver with Black Striping (Police only)

In that issue we tried our damndest to accumulate as much information on 80 flatheads as possible. But in some cases, articles that were planned turned into due-to-circumstances-beyond-our-control situations. Nevertheless, we didn't give up, because we knew that the flathead owners would still be out there.

So what we have here are two technical bits of info—one for the restorer and one for the fast-flathead rider.



Eighty?

1939

- Airway Blue with White Panels
- Black with Ivory Panels
- Teak Red with Black Panels
- Police Silver with Black Striping (Police only)

1940

- Clipper Blue with White Striping
- Flight Red with Black Striping
- Squadron Green with Bittersweet Striping
- Black with Flight Red Striping
- Police Silver with Black Striping (Police only)

1941

- Skyway Blue
- Cruiser Green
- Flight Red
- Brilliant Black
- Police Silver (Police only)

More Inches for the 80 Flathead

The rumor that "there just ain't no speed parts for the big flat-motors" is the product of a tiny mind. You just have to look a little harder, and in different places. If you have a 74 or 80 UL-type motor (1937-48) and beat the hell out of it in frustration looking for a few more beans, cheer up. The old switch of putting a set of 80 flywheels into a knuck for more guts is pretty well known, right? Ever think that knuck wheels would fit your 80? Like 4 3/4" S & S wheels?

It goes like this—all big Harley motors 1930-54 have the same shaft holes and tapers (including the 80, knuck, and early pan), even though the shafts themselves differ slightly. This is why the 80 wheels fit a pan or knuck—the shafts are taken

from the pan wheels and bolted into the 80s. As it happens, S & S Cycle (as well as a few other manufacturers) makes a 4 3/4" stroker flywheel for these early OHV motors; the serial number is "3E" (3 is 4 3/4" stroke, E is early shafts). "Hey, dummy," you say, "them big wheels won't

—Continued on page 72

SPACE FILLER MUTILATES THE JERK



The young couple were fucking on their brand-new water bed when the mattress suddenly sprang a leak, flooding the apartment. Lying on her back, thoroughly soaked, the girl sighed, "Harry, when are you going to do something about your lousy aim?"

—Robert Huff
Alpine, Tex.

One night the prim, frigid wife returned home with her clothes in some disarray and blurted to her husband that she had been stopped by a policeman for a traffic infraction and sexually violated.

"That's too bad, dear," said the husband, "but knowing you, I'm sure it wasn't a moving violation."

—James Cardin
Lake Charles, La.

A young man picked up a chick one night and drove her the long way home. After a while, the chick glanced up at his sun visor and noticed a long, sharp hatpin sticking in it. "What's the hatpin for?" she asked.

"Oh, I use that to test chicks I date for the first time to see if they're wearing falsies," he replied. "Good gawd!" she exclaimed, "I sure hope you don't try that thing on me!"

He smiled and replied, "I already have."

—Smokey
Macon, Ga.

Sign on the bikers' clubhouse door: "Female trespassers will be violated."

—Sue Covich
San Jose, Calif.

St. Peter welcomed the two newcomers at the Pearly Gates—a biker and a Pope. The biker was shown to a beautiful pad with fine furniture, paintings, jacuzzi and, out in the garage, twenty bikes to ride as he pleased. The pope was then shown to his quarters, a sparse cell, chilly and bare. "Hey," said the pope, "how come that mangy biker's place is so great and mine's so crummy?"

"It's like this," said St. Peter, "we have over two hundred popes here, but this is our first biker!"

—Peter Ferrante
Bainbridge, N.Y.

Three dudes in the joint, not knowin' too much about each other, were workin' together on some electrical appliances when one dude gave his ID to the cop in exchange for a screwdriver. After he received it, the dude discovered that he needed a standard. The cop said he needed another ID in place of the additional screwdriver, so the second dude turned in his ID for it. The third dude got kind of suspicious of the two, so he told the cop, "Here's my ID. Gimme a hammer an' a trashcan lid."

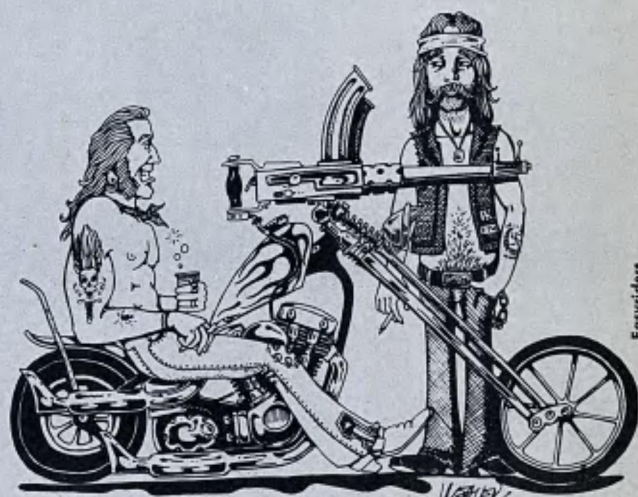
—Hawkeye
Soledad, Calif.

A dude we know was busted for speeding the other day. Normally, he would have outrun his pursuers, but he tripped over a rock before reaching his sled.

—Dino
Portland, Ore.

Then there's the broad who was raped, she complained to the humane society instead of to the cops.

—Josh Logan
Camden, Me.



"I'm just waiting for some fucker to pull out on me."



"Whatta ya say, asshole—wanna make love?"

As punishment for an attempted invasion of his harem, a sultan had the culprit buried in the palace courtyard with only his head above ground. Then a ferocious bull was admitted and goaded until, sighting the head, it charged. The bull missed the first time, but passed so close on its second charge that the desperate victim managed to bite the animal's huge balls.

"No, no!" screamed the sultan from his throne-room window, "Fight fair! Fight fair!"

—Jack Watson
Windom, Ohio

Definition of a perfect woman: Rich, but not too rich; beautiful, but not too beautiful; and able to lick the chrome off a trailer hitch.

—Nay
Fairborn, Ohio





"Uh—crotch and soda, please."

"You rat," hissed the deceived wife, "before we were married you kept telling me how well off you were."

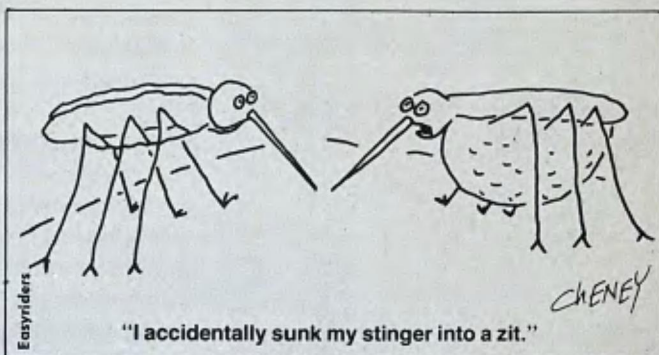
"I was well off," said the husband. "Except I didn't know it at the time."

—Charles McIntyre
Ann Arbor, Mich.

A crusading clergyman brought a wayward teenage girl into his study and said, "Young lady, it's time someone gave you a good tongue lashing."

"Oh, you're so French," the happy lass replied.

—Grit Martin
Hershey, Pa.



A friend of mine used to live in a redlight district, but he had to move because of the high cost of loving.

—Fred Street
Pierson, Fla.

Did you ever hear the one about the sex-starved wife who did her pushups in a cucumber patch?

—Ron Lyons
Merry Hill, N.C.

Ladies, there's a new douche on the market. It's made with vermouth, marijuana, and Colonel Sanders's secret recipe of seven herbs and spices. It leaves you high, dry, and finger-lickin' good.

—Animal
Chehalis, Wash.



"I finally found a solution to Harry's snoring."

Ways and Means Committee: A group of men who think of new ways to get your means.

—Thomas Oetzel
Philadelphia, Pa.

The doctor informed the biker that while he was taking his appendix out, he also performed a vasectomy on him.

The biker looked at the doc and exclaimed, "Inconceivable!"

—Jackson Little
Davitt, Wyo.

And then there was the biker who said to an unusually well-put-together young waitress, "Say, there, I'd like to know when you get off—and how!"

—Sam Parker
Morristown, N.J.

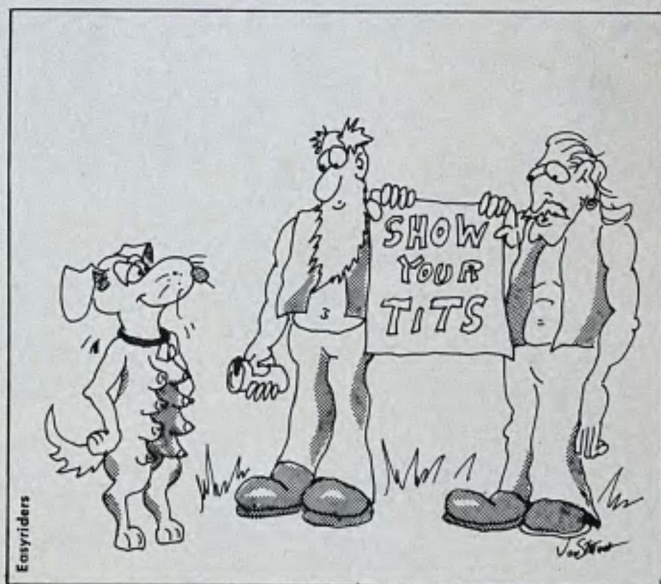


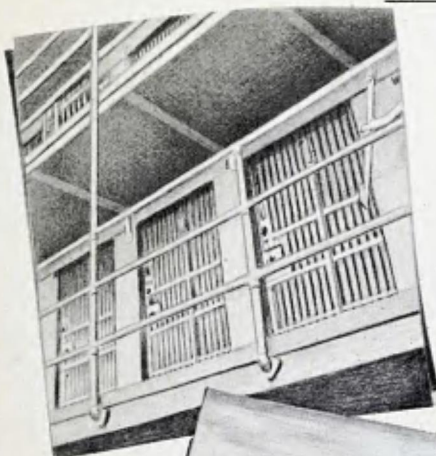
Badass Bart picked up Dumb Dora and her cat, who were thumbing. He went to his farm, where he did what all bikers do with foxy and willing chicks. When Badass awoke the next afternoon, Dumb Dora wasn't in the bed. He scouted around for her and found her in the pigpen outside where she was energetically polishing Badass's prize pig, while the cat, who had been washed, perfumed, and had a ribbon tied around her neck, looked on.

Badass screamed, "Whatdafuck you doin'?"

Dora pouted and said, "But you told me last night to have my pussy cleaned and your hog shined by the time you got up! And after I take a shower, I'll clean your bike, too!"

—Henry Lochen
El Paso, Tex.





Welcome Home

by David L. Karcher



The wind blew little tornadoes around the man's ankles as he stood on the sidewalk. The slate-gray car splashed mud on his shoes as it rolled away.

"The parting shot," the man said to himself, raising his hand and extending his middle finger at the departing car. He looked up and down the street and then up at the grayness of the cloudy sky. To his right, a sign with a dog on it said *Greyhound*. To his left and across the street, another sign flashed *Cocktails* at him. He began to walk to his left. He took tentative steps down the street, gazing with wonder into the windows of the stores he passed. He stopped in front of a smeared glass doorway that fronted a clothing store. He took a look at his reflection in the dirty glass, said, "Fuck this," gave the door a push, and strode into the place.

A short, balding man with Poindexter glasses looked up with a bored expression from the newspaper he was reading. "Help you?" he asked.

"Uh, yeah," answered the man. "Give me a pair of Levi's, thirty by thirty-two. He quoted the size just as he had every week for the past three years on the other side of another doorway that was definitely not glass. "And a shirt," he continued.

Poindexter was not surprised at the man's request. The same requests had been uttered in his shop many times

before by other men getting out of slate-gray cars in front of his dirty glass door next to the bus depot. "Try 'em on?" Poindexter droned.

"I'll put 'em on," the man answered. "They'll fit."

He walked toward the dressing room, pulling off his shirt to expose the lion tattooed on his back. "Yeah," he said, looking at his reflection in the mirror and feeling brand-new in the Levi's and long-sleeved shirt. He rolled the



sleeves up to his elbows, displaying the tattooed tails of a dragon on one forearm and a peacock on the other. He wadded up the state-issue clothing he had been wearing and carried it to the counter, where Poindexter had gone back to reading his newspaper. "That'll be twenty-three-fifty," said the bald old man without looking up.

"Yeah," the man said, depositing the bundle of state clothing on the counter and digging in his pocket for the little bundle of twenty-dollar bills. "And you can keep that fucking clown suit," he continued bitterly. Poindexter didn't bat an eye. They always left what they were wearing. He made a nice little profit selling the used clothing to the thrift shop two blocks away.

The man turned and left the store, his turbulent mind a little more at ease, his step a little more springy. He pointed his feet at the flashing cocktail sign. Without any hesitation, he pushed through the door, walked up to the bar, and said, "A draft," as though it were only yesterday he had done it, not three long years ago.

Three years, he thought as he watched the foam run down the frosty glass. And for what? Fuckin' up the little four-eyed cocksucker who had moved in on his ol' lady. Fuckin' cunt. He hadn't hit the creep with anything but his fist. Was it his fault that he'd forgotten he had a plug wrench in his hand? How was he supposed to know the little prick's old man was a city councilman? That bitch had cost him everything—all his bread for that dumptruck lawyer and his scooter that he'd wasted trying to get away. What a place to put a stop sign! And most of all, three years—right down the shitter. The last year was the only one that had been even tolerable.

Another woman. It seemed like he'd known her all his life. It was hard to believe that it had been a little more than a year since he'd first seen her sitting there in the visiting room, her golden eyes looking kind of shy and scared. Damn, he'd never met a girl with golden eyes before. A bro had turned him on to her, his ol' lady's cousin. The letters had passed back and forth, and he'd poured out his heart and his bitterness in them. She'd asked if she could come and see him. And then she was there. She'd made eye contact, something had clicked, and the conversation had flowed. There had been no stuttering around—they'd both had so much to say. And so it had gone on for more than a year. Every week, rain or shine, she'd come to the joint to visit him. She had been the first to talk about love and a future together, and he had fallen right into love. Now that he was out, it seemed

—Continued on page 82

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

The pocket stretches and can hold more than its apparent capacity. It has a flap that holds everything securely inside and will not open.

It's black and (in case you're interested) it's washable.

Don't be ripped off—put your valuables in a safe, secure *Stash Pouch*.

To protect your valuables send \$4.95 for each *Stash Pouch*. We pay all postage and handling.

Protect your valuables



Won't slide when jumping or running.



Won't open until you open it

*Goin'
into a
heavy
neighborhood?*

Mackenzie Company
Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

California residents add 6%

STASH POUCH

Name _____

address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Desert Romance

*A blend of lives and loves
mixed in an emotional setting,
Fueled with heart-warmed blood
and engine-heated oil,
A passion of machine, man,
and a loving woman.*

*Machine like no other—
strong and enduring,
In chassis a motorcycle
like no other.*

*A machine with woman-like
lines and gentle curves.
The chrome sparkles like glazed,
big and round baby blues,
Flamed in red hues like
the climaxed rush in a
woman's cheeks.*

*Long and lean as the slender
naked body of a woman
lying with her limbs extended.*

*But much like the cat in a
woman, the motorcycle
crouches in a powerful
stance,*

*Tuned like the controlled
breathing of the stalking
feline,*

*And swift as a sun's ray
darting from that fiery
surface to tan another oiled body
in the sand.*





*Yet all this beauty and
power is controlled by
man—*

*He shapes her every meaningful
component,*

*He sees that she is handled
properly, with respect
and with love by others.*

*He doesn't point at her
faults, but corrects them
with love and attention.*

*This growing and building
romance comes to a moving,
sensual conclusion—*

*He rides her with pride, passion,
meaning, and his heart.*

*And together they find new
discoveries and loves.*

*Love of a different nature—
not of steel and wire*

*But with the woman in the very body
the motorcycle resembles,*

*And in her head she recognizes
the vehement force with which
the man and his machine embrace.*

*Envy, fantasy, excitement, and
the thrill beyond what everyday
life offers surround
this man and his machine.*

*She can't help but be enticed
into this romance of machine
and man—she is the only
element missing.*

*But it takes a special bravery,
the willingness to step
beyond a secure existence
to experience a more intense
thrill in life.*

*The blend is immeasurable
unity, a combination creating
ecstasy,*

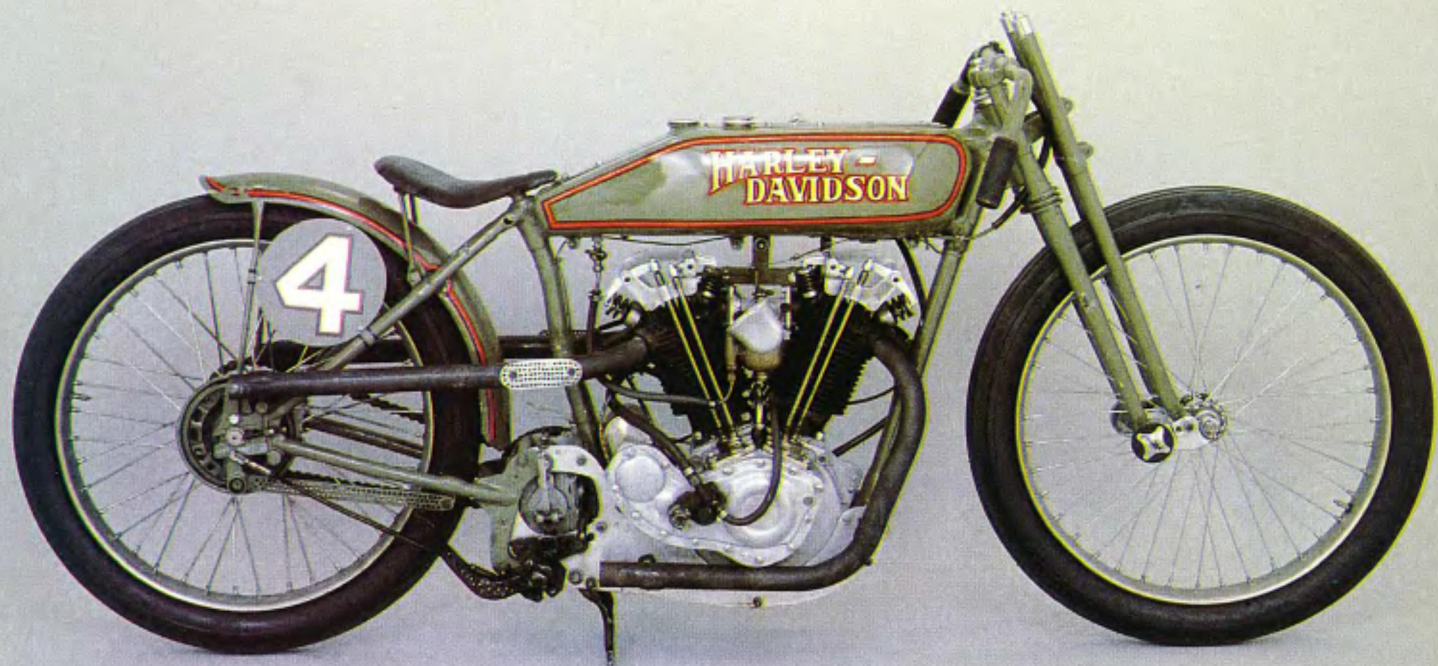
*Detached from the world,
the man, his machine, and his
woman create their own
path through life—*

*A life of machine creativity
and romance—A Biker's Life.*

—Renegade



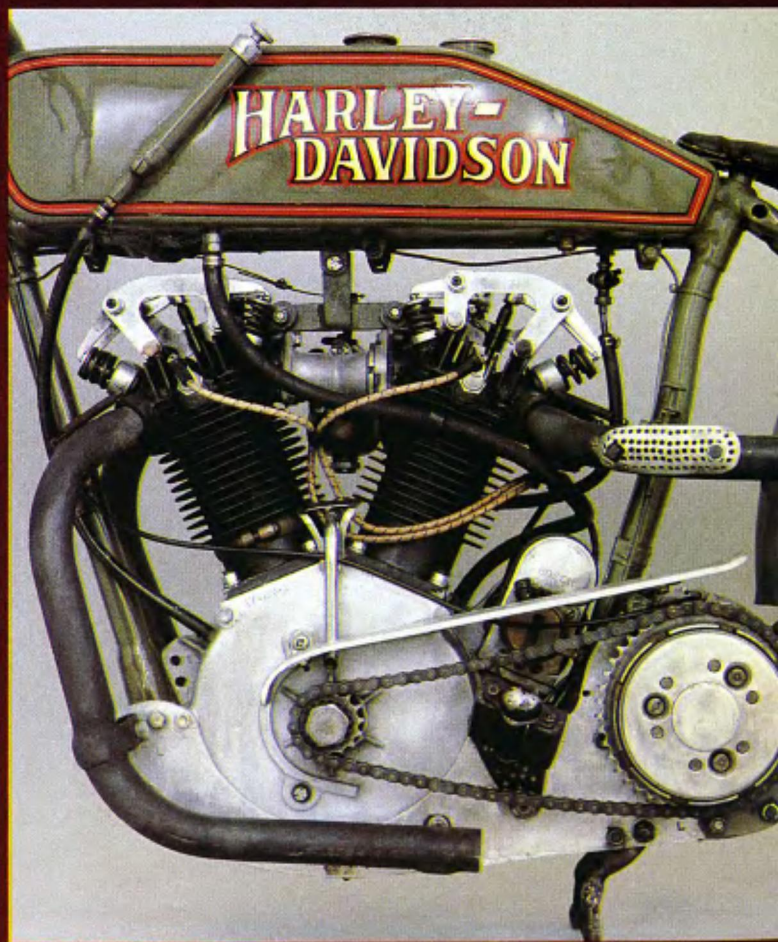


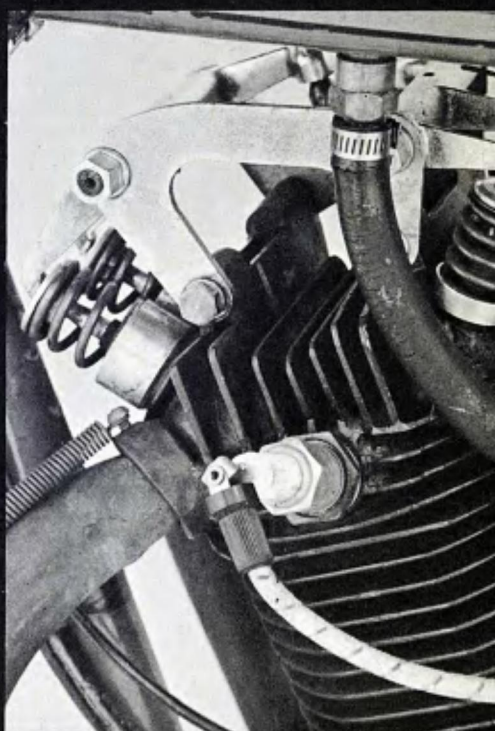
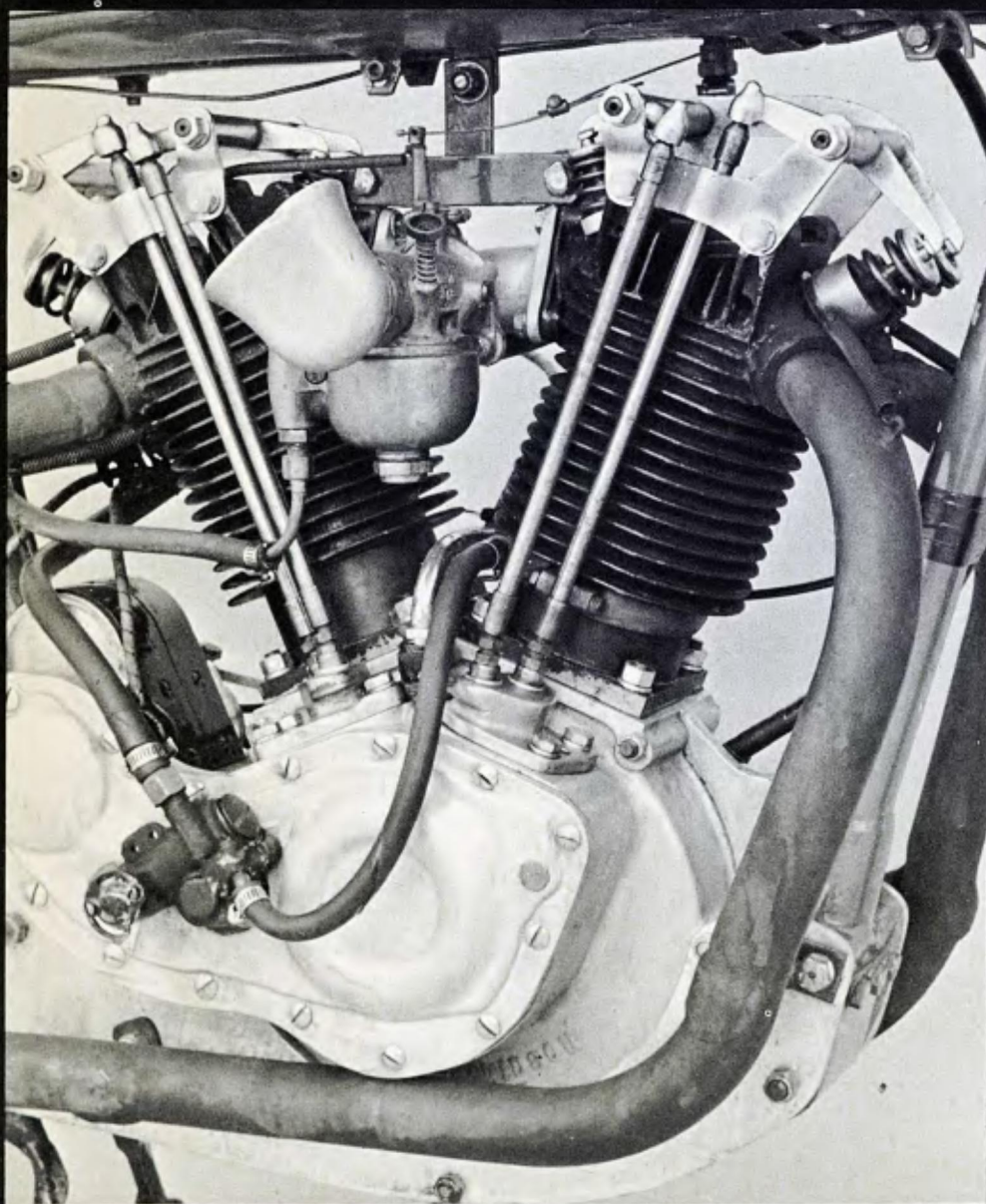


8-Valve Racer

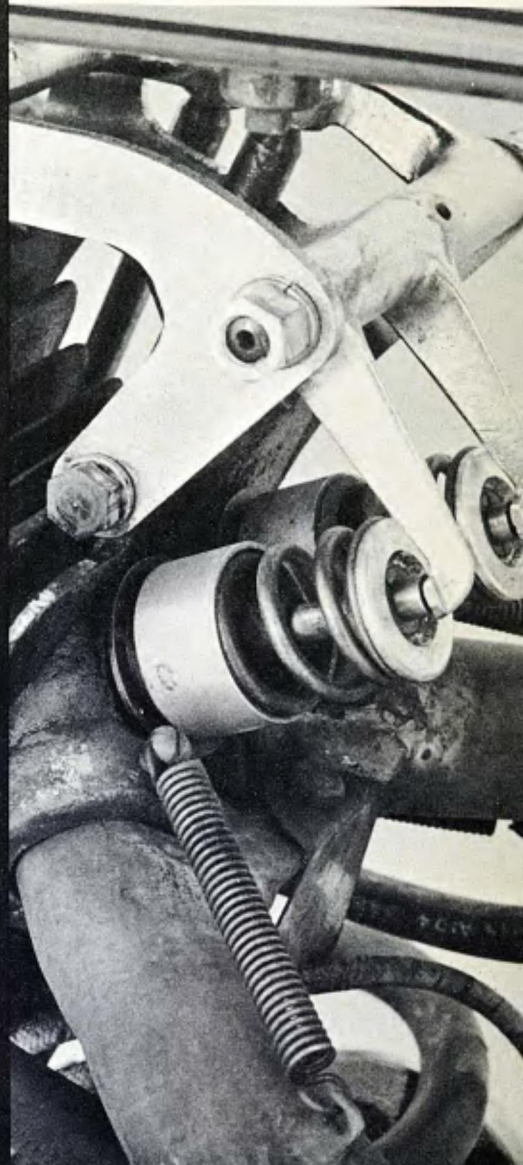
*Put together by a
roundy-round
racing fanatic*

If yer into motorcycles like this bunch of spoke-nipples-and-milk-with-brown-sugar breakfast-eaters around here, this tale will flip you right over yer bowl of H-D Wheaties. After rappin' with the owner of this rare beast of the race tracks, I had enough info to impress the belled-up-to-bars bros for a month. But rather than usin' it to elevate my stumblin' with my inebriated brothers, I'll endeavor to have it make some kind of sense below.





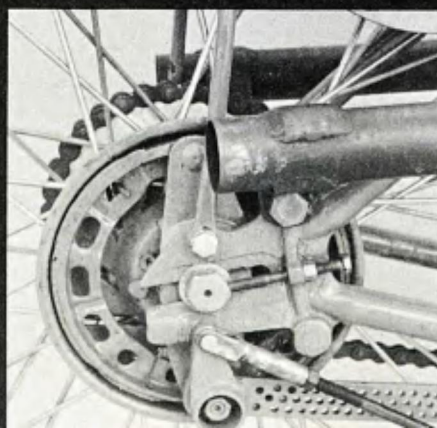
I'll begin with a few tidbits on John Cameron, the owner/builder of the 8-valve, twin-cam racer pictured here. In 1929, at the age of 17, the lad began his motorcycle career. In 1932, he started racing in circuits in Tacoma and Seattle and in California. He began with hill climbs, and rode in TT races and an occasional four-mile-or-so straightaway race. By the fifties, he was gettin' far too busted up to race much anymore. But from 1952 to 56, he was still invited to race on the 9-mile Catalina

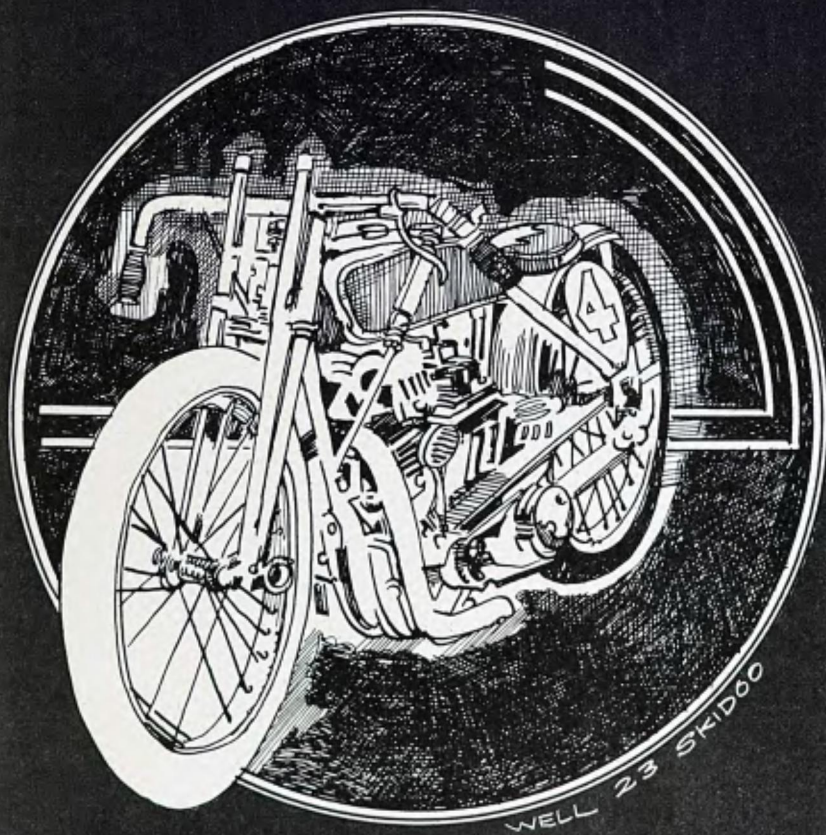
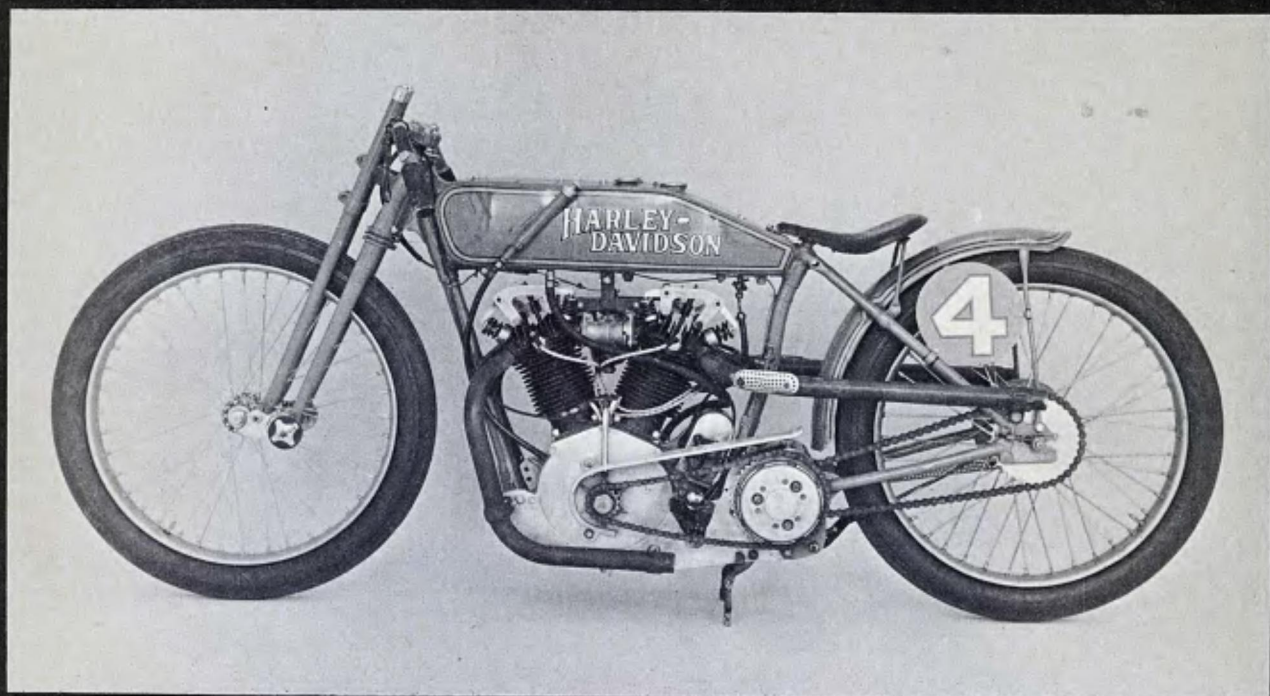


Island track, which ran through the small town of Avalon out to the even smaller airport. It was a 10-lap race in which John winged through on his twin-cam 1917 square-tank racer (not an 8-valve model). But during and after his careering racing career, John built race bikes and always had and rode a street bike. And as a side note, John was also a member of the Booze Fighters at one time. But enough on John; let's get to the scooter.

Around 1916 through 1917, Harley-Davidson built ten awesome racers. John has endeavored to confirm much of the following information by poking the factory in the chest—to no avail. But through raps with other old-timers, he's attempted to be as accurate as possible.

It seems that in 1916-17 H-D had a 5-man racing team. For each member the factory built two bikes.

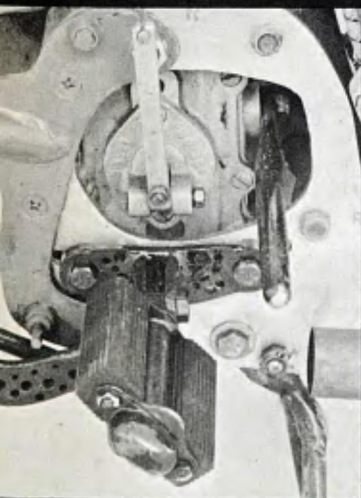
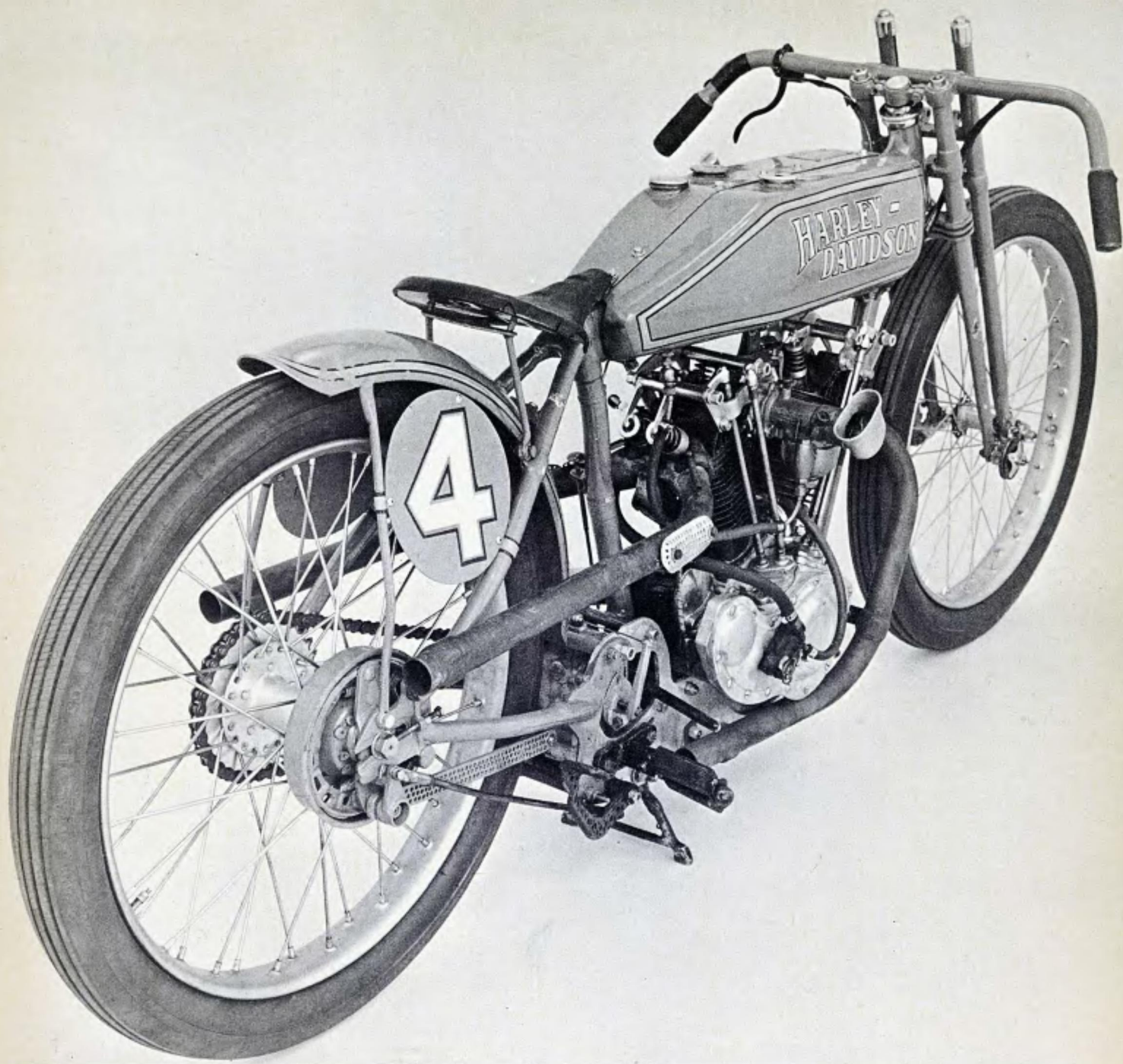




In 1917 they advertised this model as a production racing motorcycle. The standard model for the streets was priced at \$280, while the 8-valve model in 1917 was priced at \$1,500. Needless to say, the factory used most of the 8-valve models with their own racing team.

During an era when most racing bikes could barely graze a hundred mph, the 8-valve was easily capable of 120. It soon became a frightening thought to competing racers if the rumor spread around the track that an 8-valve was going to show up for the meet. But the machine had its slight drawbacks. The engine was too fast for the chassis, tires, brakes, handling, and front end. The engine ran right outta the rest of the machine, making it fast to ride—until it fell apart.

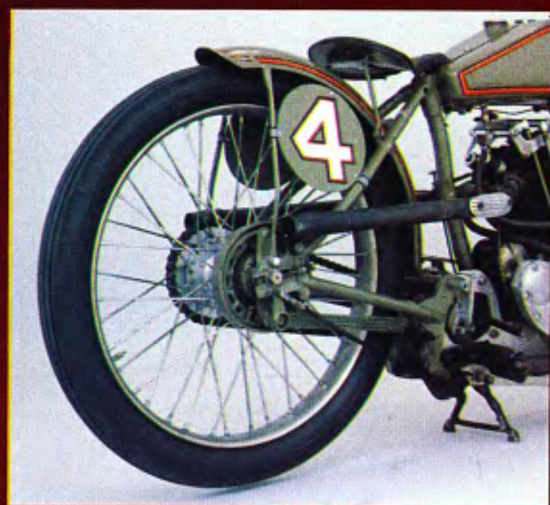
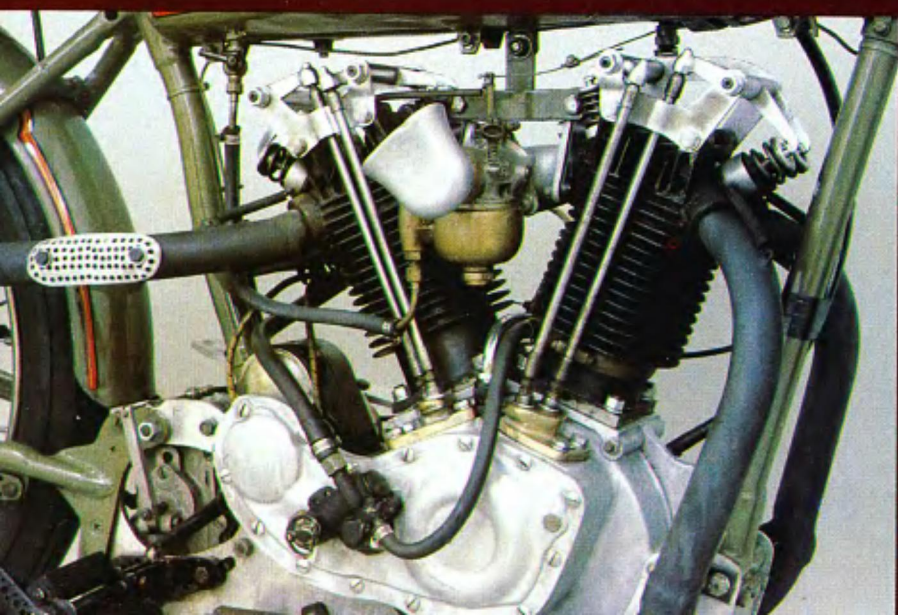
John found this particular bike in England eleven or twelve years ago.



It had been sent there by the factory to beat the British bikes that were breaking the one-ton (100 mph) mark—it did it. It was then shipped to Belgium to do the same. But by the time John found this fast scooter, it had outrun its chassis. The rest of the bike was completely wasted.

So, he returned to the U.S. with only the rare mill, and built the complete racer around it. Okay, so the next time you're in a bar and someone thinks he's got his shit together on Harleys, ask 'im what he knows about a 1917 Harley racer.

—Weed





Deborah



Star



Lisa



Miss Michelle



Gigi



Suzie



Janice

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 50c 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 84 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 June 24. 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 #83 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Pat



Donna



Aurea



Sher



Rosetta

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

It takes more than a minimum display of guts for a musician to go his own way these days. The music industry chews up and spits out performers faster than a spotlight drag freak goes through drive chains. The pressure on an artist to come up with a commercially successful sound is intense, because there may not be another chance to break into the market, and every musician knows what awaits failure—those steadily depressin', low-down, mind-messin', workin' at the car wash blues.

Faced with the make-it-or-vanish reality of the business, some musicians abandon the integrity that once made their music special and proceed to try anything that they or their management believe might sell records. The results are usually disastrous and the trendy effort frequently serves only to hasten the demise of a once-promising artist. Others fight the pressures of the push for commercial success and hang tough even in the face of modest record sales, hoping that eventually their talent will be recognized, accepted, and rewarded for what it is. The three albums discussed here offer separate insights into this sometimes unfortunate reality of the music business.

Down on the Farm/Little Feat: With a long string of commercially successful albums, Little Feat had established their own distinctive brand of music and could operate with artistic freedom. But with the abrupt and unexpected death last year of Lowell George, the question became what to do without the talents of the group's acknowledged leader, the man most responsible for making Little Feat one of the most rock-solid, hard-edged, and tightest bands in the country. Would Little Feat degen-

erate into just another rock aggregation, living on past successes? Would Feat fans be faced with the awful discovery of a (shudder) Feat disco album? To the credit of the remaining members of the band, they decided to pursue separate careers and let Little Feat's music stand not only as an example of their own musical accomplishments, but also as a tribute to George, the guiding genius of the group.

Before his death, Lowell George had worked extensively both as a performer and producer on the music contained in **Down on the Farm**. But the album needed further work and the band members labored together to complete what will undoubtedly be the final Little Feat album. **Down on the Farm**, happily, is a fitting wrap-up to the music of Feat, though it lacks a certain indefinable power and flash that George might have added if he had finished the album himself. "Down on the Farm," the title cut, opens with an amusing confrontation between George and a croaking bullfrog, which then fades into the characteristically rhythmic, familiar Feat beat. Other cuts that remind us of past Feat include "Kokomo," a tune about "Miss Demeanor," a fascinating heartbreaker, "Straight from the Heart," and "Feel the Groove." Be sure and give a listen to "Six Feet of Snow," in which Feat sounds remarkably like the New Riders of the Purple Sage.

Down on the Farm is a solid album musically, but most of the lyrics are vague and forgettable. The band is tight, though all Feat studio performances seem a mite tame when compared to the dynamite sound captured on their classic live album, **Waiting for Columbus**.

Balance/Leo Kottke: Leo Kottke is a remarkably talented guitar player whose albums sell steadily, if unspectacularly. One reason for his failure to burst into mass popularity stems from the fact that he has steered away from mainstream rock styles in favor of the more folkish sound of John Fahey, for



whose Takoma label Kottke used to record.

In the liner notes to Kottke's first album, he explains that it is an all-instrumental effort, because his voice sounds like "geese farts in the mud." Subsequent albums have included vocals, and while Kottke's voice isn't his strong suit, his singing has been steadily improving. **Balance** features his best vocal work to date, most notably on the more up-tempo numbers like "Tell Mary."

Kottke provides the usual showcase for his virtuoso guitar work on "Embryonic Journey" (that's right, the Jorma Kaukonen tune from the old Jefferson Airplane album, **Surrealistic Pillow**), "Whine," which features some impressive slide work, and "Dolores," a funky and rhythmic tune whose bluey flavor is enhanced by Kottke's booming acoustic twelve-string. **Balance** is an appropriate title for this album—while no single cut can be called truly outstanding, the overall collection is pleasing and effective.

Jackrabbit Slim/Steve Forbert: Steve Forbert made an impressive musical debut in 1978 with his first album, **Alive on Arrival**. That record demonstrated that Forbert was one of the best new songwriters to come along in some time, offering unadorned versions of fine tunes like "Going Down to Laurel" and "It Isn't Gonna Be That Way."

Record companies are like the rider who has to keep tuning his bike constantly even though it's running fine—you know, the guy who has to reset his points at every gas stop. Never one to leave well enough alone, record producers are forever tampering with success, and Forbert's second album, **Jackrabbit Slim**, shows what I mean. The very strengths of the debut album—the spare sound of his acoustic guitar, the unpretentious simplicity of his performance—have been diluted by more elaborate arrangements, backup vocals, horns, and the kitchen sink. The result isn't a bad album—Forbert's talents somehow manage to shine through—but **Jackrabbit Slim** is definitely less impressive than its predecessor.

The best cuts on this album are those in which Forbert's skills as a songwriter and his ability to interpret his own material are left un-



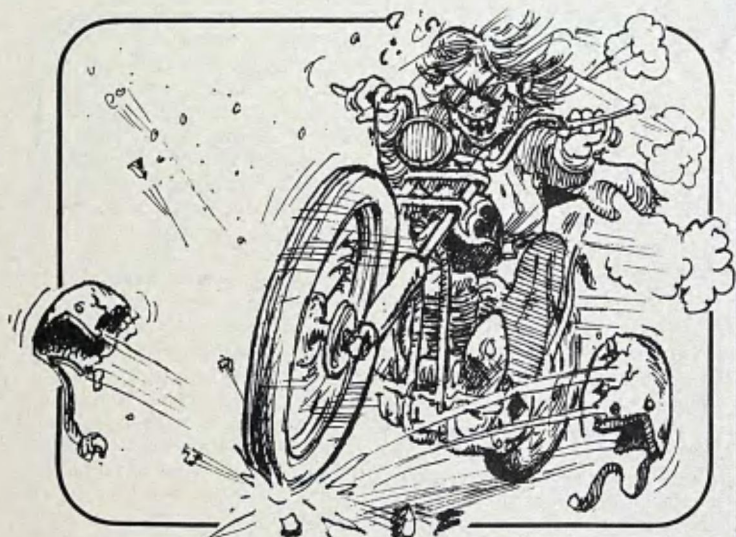
embellished, such as in "Make It All So Real," the ironic story of a singer whose girlfriend is playing footsie with a stranger even as the crowd is lavishing its adulation on her man. Or check out "Sadly Sorta Like a Soap Opera," a powerful tune told from the point of view of a woman whose man is running around on her. Even though she feels trapped by a drunken husband who beats her, something keeps her holding on to him. And give a listen to "January 23-30, 1978," which details the singer's return home for Christmas week. The tune may remind you of early Dylan, right down to the harp work. There's enough material like this to make **Jackrabbit Slim** worth owning, but we'll have to wait for Forbert's next album to see if he can fulfill the promise of **Alive on Arrival**. ■



National
TO DECIDE
SEPARATED FREEDOM
Abate
OF THE ROAD

Easynews

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



Motorcycle Deaths Down

Maryland: Maryland's traffic death toll dropped significantly in 1979 and deaths among motorcyclists were also down despite a partial repeal of the state's mandatory helmet law, state police said.

Maryland's law requiring all motorcyclists to wear helmets was eased July 1, allowing any biker 18 years or older to go without head protection.

Critics predicted that the change would lead to more deaths among motorcycle riders, but Clark said the number of fatalities among cyclists was down by 8, to 64.

"What's even more surprising is that the number of motorcycle deaths dropped after July 1," Clark said. "We were just about even with the 1978 count up until that date."

"We really don't have an

explanation for this. It may be that the increased publicity about helmets caused drivers of cars to give the motorcycles a little more maneuvering room."

The decrease from 1978's 72 deaths among motorcyclists was 11 percent, he concluded. ■

Federal Bike Parking

US.A.: The U.S. General Services Administration has instructed other federal agencies to reserve free parking areas for two-wheeled vehicles used by federal employees. The intent is to comply with national energy conservation policies. — from AMA Government Report. ■

Fines May Finance Cycle Riders School

Washington: Driver education courses may soon be offered to motorcycle riders, and if so, errant motor vehicle drivers will help pay for them. The courses would be financed by a 20-percent boost in the sum levied against fines and bail forfeitures for traffic law violations.

The present assessment of \$5 on each \$20 or fraction thereof would be increased to \$6. And it would be levied against automobile drivers who run afoul of the traffic laws, as well as against motorcyclists.

The provision is included in a bill prepared by a House

Transportation subcommittee and also includes other features to promote motorcycle safety. But the subcommittee turned its back on a proposal to partially revive a motorcycle helmet law that was repealed several years ago.

Other features of the bill under consideration include a requirement for special drivers license endorsements. The endorsements would be divided into four categories, three of them relating to horsepower or engine displacement. — from ABATE of Washington, P.O. Box 85, Auburn, Wa. 98002. ■

TESTING PROCEDURES

Improved Motorcycling Licensing

Rhode Island: Through the efforts of the Rhode Island Motorcycle Assn. (RIMA), a meeting was held in the office of Wendall Flanders, State Director of the Dept. of Transportation. The purpose was to convince the state to adopt the motorcycle licensing examination procedure formulated by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation (MSF).

It is not necessary to spend any time explaining



to anyone who has been familiar with the procedures now in use why a comprehensive licensing procedure is needed. The test is sorely lacking in objectivity, consistency, relevance, and adequacy as to determining skill and knowledge of basic criteria for in-traffic motorcycle riding.

The testing system formulated through the MSF, assisted by several govern-

—Continues

—Continued

mental agencies, covers all these areas in a fair and realistic style, leaving very little or no chance for inconsistency on the part of testing supervisors. In other words, if you were to take the test and be graded by two persons simultaneously, the chances are around 98% you would receive the same score from each person.

The test itself takes about twenty minutes and is administered on a range marked to cover braking at low speeds and higher speeds, braking on a curve, evasive maneuvers, cornering, and starting and taking off on a hill. Some of these tests must be done within prescribed time limits or points are lost, while others require the biker to stay within preset boundaries, or again points are lost.

The meeting lasted about two hours and was very positive in nature. The people from the Registry were extremely interested and receptive to the MSF presentation. Many thoughtful questions were asked and any areas of concern or doubt were quickly resolved. The most important concern, which was easily put to rest, was money. The largest expense will be for equipment to administer the test. One site would cost roughly \$1500 to equip, but this would be covered by Federal 402 Highway Safety funds. Booklets to prepare an applicant for the test will be printed by the state, and the MSF will provide the plates for printing at no cost. The MSF will also train the licensing examiners at no expense to the state.

The conclusion of the meeting was quite favorable and it appears that this new licensing procedure will go into effect next riding season if all goes well.

This licensing procedure and the Rider Education Program started this year are two very positive steps toward reducing highway accidents and fatalities without harassing the motorcyclist with arbitrary and senseless legislation. Both these advances were brought about by the RIMA and its supporters. — from Rhode Island Motorcycle Association, P.O. Box 465, West Warwick, R.I. 02893. ■



Biker Safety Advisors

Indiana: When the motorcycle license endorsement bill was passed during the 1979 General Assembly, ABATE of Indiana worked with the sponsor of the bill to ensure that certain provisions were left intact in the bill's context. One of those provisions was the creation of a temporary Motorcycle Safety Advisory Committee to work with the Commissioner of the Bureau of Motor Vehicles on the licensing program. The purpose of having the committee was to ensure that motorcyclists were involved in making up the tests that would be given for a motorcycle endorsement, and to ensure that the licensing program was set up according to all the provisions in the licensing bill. The committee cannot change the licensing bill; it can only help advise the commissioner as to the most effective types of tests, literature, etc., that will be used in the program. The committee consists of seven individuals who are motorcyclists themselves and

have some type of background, or interest, that would qualify them to serve on the committee. The seven individuals are appointed to the committee by the commissioner and will serve on the committee until January 1, 1982.

There has been very little press coverage on the licensing bill since it was passed, because it doesn't become law until October 1, 1981. However, the licensing procedure has to be ready and available by January 1, 1981, for all who need to obtain their endorsement under the grandfather clause before the October 1, 1981, deadline date. Much research must be completed during the coming year.

Commissioner Ralph VanNatta has started forming the Motorcycle Safety Advisory Committee and has plans for the committee to have its first meeting sometime in early 1980. — from ABATE of Indiana, 54290 Northwood Dr., Elkhart, Ind. 46514. ■

Connecticut Bike Laws

Connecticut: Here is the latest on the changing laws in Connecticut. If you live in the state and are not aware of these changes, pay attention. Bros who are planning to pass through Connecticut this year should keep these laws in mind.

(1) The old law of cycles riding abreast has been repealed. Now, no more than two bikes are allowed abreast in a single lane.

(2) A biker is now entitled to the full use of any single traffic lane.

(3) You cannot pass any vehicle except another bike in a single traffic lane.

(4) You cannot operate a motorcycle between lanes of traffic.

(5) All bikes manufactured after Jan. 1, 1980, shall have the front headlight on at all times during operation. — from Fish, Simsbury, Conn. ■

BIKERS PAY

Michigan Motorcycle Insurance

Michigan: Michigan members may not be aware of an intolerable insurance situation summarized by a recent letter excerpt to AMA: "As a result (of the insurance situation), the owner of a two-wheeled motorcycle remains liable for any damages caused to a motor vehicle, while the owner of an insured motor vehicle is not responsible, through either tort liability or through property protection insurance, for damages caused to a two-wheeled motorcycle."

While AMA staff met with the Michigan Insurance Bureau as long ago as seven months, the fact that any motorcycle accident will yield no payment to the motorcyclist, even in the event of his complete innocence of wrongdoing, the fact that nothing has changed whatsoever indicates that it is time Michigan riders took a little action for themselves. Drop a letter to the Commissioner, Mr. Richard A. Hemmings, Michigan State Insurance Bureau, Department of Commerce, 1048 Pierpont Avenue, Lansing, Michigan 48924. — from AMA Government Report. ■



Full-Time Coordinator

Ohio: Ohio is the first state awarded a grant for a full-time motorcycle coordinator, under the direction of MSF. Ohio State University professor Dr. Tom Miller was named coordinator responsible for activating rider education courses and working with AMA concerning education and licensing. — from AMA Government Report. ■

HELMET REPEAL

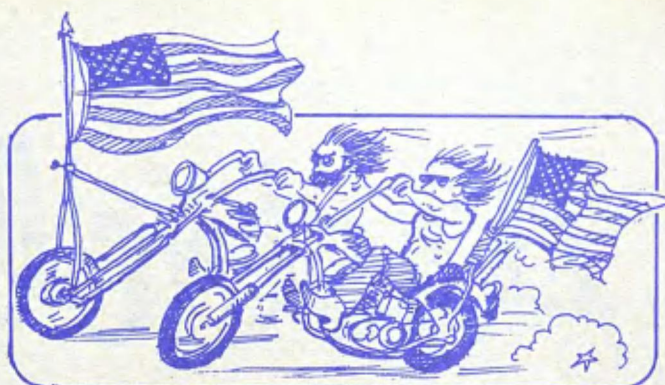
The Fight's Not Over

New York: Our fight in New York State is a real knock-down, drag-out battle. The main reason our repeal has failed is Senator John Caemmerer, Chairman of the Senate Transportation Committee. We have a clear margin of support in the Assembly, the Senate, and even the Transportation Committees of both houses. However, Senator Caemmerer refuses to schedule our bill for discussion in committee. In this way he has, in an obvious abuse of power, singlehandedly blocked passage of a bill that has overwhelming support among those who would be affected the greatest by its passage.

Now is the time to write your legislator. It is important that letters be well organized and polite.

Lists of Assemblymen and Senators are available from The New York Motorcycle Rights Organization: NYMRO, 36 Richmond St., Rochester, N.Y. 14607.

Or if you know the names of your legislators, address your letters to: Assemblyman or Senator John Doe, Legislative Office Building, Albany, New York 12248. Write as many legislators as possible. In all correspondence, please refer to Assembly Bill 9391A, or Senate Bill S148. — from Dog Trimmer, NYMRO. ■



FREEDOM RALLY

Biggest Yet

New York: ABATE of New York, with its fifteen chapters, will be holding a giant Freedom Rally for Bikers Rights. We expect from five to ten thousand bikers in Albany for one of the East Coast's biggest helmet law protests ever. This will be the fourth year for this annual event, scheduled for May 10 through 12. Schedule of events: Saturday night—party and music; Sunday—swapmeet and runs; Monday—helmet law protest (Freedom Rally) starts at 11:00 a.m. sharp at the Taft Furniture parking lot, route 5 in Colonie. We're going to the capitol for the pledge of allegiance to the American flag, speeches, lobbying, and then a run and a party.

There will be plenty of

hotels and motels in the area for out-of-town bikers. We expect to have campgrounds set up for partying and camping as we have had in the past. The site has not been confirmed yet. ABATE bros have requested that every biker have an American flag attached to his scooter. And everyone is asked to maintain himself while at or around the state capitol. This can be a very beautiful happening if we all work for the common good of ABATE's goals. ABATE's security people will be available to help out in any trouble areas. Thanks.

More up-to-date information can be obtained by sending sase to—ABATE of New York, Box 5172, Albany, N.Y. 12205, (518) 374-0502 nights. ■

Trying It Again

Maryland: Theodore Levin, a member of the House of Delegates, has introduced a bill to reinstate the helmet law in Maryland. The Free State removed the mandatory helmet law just last year, and it seems that with this new bill they are trying to set a precedent to enact helmet laws again. All the biker brothers in Maryland must unite against this bill. That includes writing their delegates and sending cards or letters to Mr. Levin. You can write Mr. Levin at his office, 114 Slade Avenue, Baltimore, Md. 21208. Send letters addressed to the delegates to the House of Delegates, Annapolis, Md. 21401. (You can obtain your delegate's name by contacting local political headquarters.)

Gil Paquette, who alerted us to this situation, said that he would send a stamped postcard addressed to the proper delegate to anyone in Maryland—and a petition form for brothers' signatures. Don't hold off. — from Gil Paquette, Box 142, Fallston, Md. 21047. ■

LIGHTS ON LAW

From Moving to Equipment Violation

Illinois: After extensive prodding and two years' time, the Illinois State Legislature has reduced the violation for operating a motorcycle without the headlights on during daytime. The violation formerly was a moving violation and meant trouble for a stranded rider; cars were liable for a simple equipment violation, for which motorcycles are also now liable, through Representative Von Boeckman's bill, H-160, approved September 19, 1979.—from AMA Government Report. ■

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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



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

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

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

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

Name, nickname, or mark _____
Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Taurus

Taureans are down-to-earth people with a natural unselfconscious approach to most areas of their lives. They are not impatient types and are the "Rock of Gibraltar" of the zodiac. They seldom bust their balls to enter into heavy relationships, yet they have strong sexual appetites. Once involved, they are steadfast and loyal.

Taureans are basically conservative, practical, and tend to be ma-

terialistic. They are usually easy-going, but when they get pissed off—look out! They'll flatten anything that gets in the way. When provoked, they see red and their poor victims see black and blue.

Some lesser-evolved Taureans often overdo when it comes to chow time, boozing it up, or getting it on. They're the ones who burn out early in life. And some of them are downright bullies, just looking for a mug to exercise on.

Some famous Taureans are Barbra Streisand, Cher, Ella Fitzgerald, Bing Crosby, Rick Nelson, Judy Col-

lins, (obviously, Taurus rules the throat), also sexy Ann-Margret, Candice Bergen, Joyce DeWitt, and Lee Majors, as well as many other famous actors.

Taureans are susceptible to strep throat, laryngitis, and strain of the old gonads. Getting out and enjoying Mother Nature is usually good for those Taurus nerves—or whatever else ails them.

Taureans make loyal and compassionate friends, and because of their basically easygoing attitude, they make friends readily. They do have a stubborn streak that

amounts to bullheadedness. (They are incapable of change unless they really make up their minds to it.) Although born skeptics who seldom take anything for granted, they never do doubt their own capabilities. Once they apply themselves to a task, they will never be satisfied until they have mastered it. Difficulties or setbacks rarely get to them.

Taureans should be careful, however, of a tendency to measure everything in dollars and cents. If they don't, they'll become too materialistic.

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

Slow down, kick back, smoke a doobie, an' get your head on straight. Your mind is sharp this month, and so is your tongue. You'll be talking enough trash to fill a couple of Hefty bags. Put your silver tongue to good use on that job opening you've been looking for. Just don't try to run any games on your partners in order to put a few decimal points in your bankbook. You'll lose a lot more than points with your bros—so think twice.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

Happy Birthday! You go to the head of your herd for horniness now. This is the time to aim high, shoot your whole wad, and still come out ahead. Keep your ears open for suggestions and don't postpone a decision that deals in long-range results. You're riding the beginning of a high cycle, so grab it by the balls and hold on. Luck may come in the form of a lady—so enjoy your birthday piece with one on the side!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

This month's pace may seem as slow as a snail's orgy and you could be as restless as a whore in church, but you'll just have to nail your nuts down to some hard work. It will probably enable you to make some solid and lasting impressions on job security (not always your strong point). Don't go to extremes by working all day and playing all night—or you'll end up between the sheets and the shifts. You're susceptible to viruses now.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Some serious talks can restore tranquility on the home front. It's probably just another case of shit or get off the pot. Either way, you'll wade through it and come out the champ, even if your shorts get tied in knots in the process. Insurance or legal papers will require double checking and tickets paid pronto. Brushes with the law could prove hazardous to your health now—so keep a low profile behind the wheel.

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

This is one of the "hate it until I ate it" months. You may have to put up with more than your share of bun biscuits on the job. Try to hold your mud and hang in there. Some of the crop turns out to be a blessing in disguise. Sudden developments connected with your work, boss, or career opportunities could bring a positive reaction. It could present certain problems or reactions at home—but you'll work it out.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

Short-term, get-rich-quick schemes are a mirage, so don't be flimflammed by the con men now. Blowing your bucks to forget a recent disappointment will set you flat on your ass. Look before you leap—you could end up out of the frying pan and into the fire. This is the month to keep your own counsel and trust your own judgment as guided by past experiences. Time is an important element now. Remember, think it over first.

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

If you got your ragged ass through last month, this one will be a piece of cake. Although you may be tempted to shitcan a few projects, you'll change your mind mid-month. Avoid getting your back up against the wall at work and you can speak your piece and have it, too. Reaching a happy medium at work is better than a knock-down confrontation. Face it, this ol' world ain't no fuckin' bowl of cherries—if you pop one, you're lucky!

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

You could be having some piss-poor luck in the financial area. There might be temporary delays with legal settlements, contracts, or money owed ya by partners. (These areas are held up for the next couple of months.) Stay low and take it slow when it comes to taking on a partner or legal hassles. Someone could just be waiting for you to hand over, so they can ride the gravy train at your expense. You'll soon be back in the saddle, the bed, etc.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

This month's problem isn't lack of energy, it's lack of direction. You're spreading yourself too damn thin—too many irons in the fire, too much party time, and not enough luck with your bucks. Best get your act together and finish tying up loose ends before starting any new projects. If not, you'll end up redoing half the shit! About the only way you can hold on to bucks now is with epoxy glue. Better luck with the fucks!

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

It's time to button your lip on any key projects. Don't reveal your plans through idle conversation, or you'll regret it right away. Getting your balls in an uproar will just undermine your past efforts to get your shit together. Heed my advice, or it'll be tough-titty time! As long as you don't over-party, or out-poke yourself (or blab your balls off), this should be a smooth month. In fact, there should be some extra cash to help fatten your stash.

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

It's time to let the good times roll. You're looking good in bed and at the bank. Your unique mind-blowing tactics work to your advantage now. You're playing all the right games and coming up a winner. No one has to stroke your ego, but you'll bruise a few others. Get out and get down with the right people. You can find the right financial backing from unusual sources—just be sure they're legal ones.

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

The wheels in your head may be turning in the right direction now. You could be a tad rusty in the wheeling and dealing, but you're in for a surprise. You're finally getting a boost in your confidence—and it's a well-needed fix. Don't sell yourself short now when your public-relations ability is so high. If you approach the right people, you'll beat your competitors to the punch. You'll get so much recognition that you can't bend over without hearing applause!

You thought holdup men
were after the bucks?



**They were—bucks for
subscriptions to Easyriders.**

Yeah, that's right, these rowdy muthas were lookin' toward the future. They saw the railroads comin', airplanes flyin', 7-Elevens under construction. They knew the pavement was bein' laid for the future and were aware that if they wanted to maintain their freedom and free-hoofin' life style, they had best get off the hoofs and get into wheels. They were some of our first subscribers.

You, too, can keep up with the best life style still goin' strong in this era by subscribin'.

We'll even throw in a free decal with every new subscription.



Subscription Department
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Check one:

- Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,
☐ Here's \$15.99 for a one-year subscription.
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Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____
 Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do you like best about
Easyriders magazine? _____

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The Bottom Line

by Jody Via

Shifter was road-weary, sore-assed, and hungry. His stomach growled with sullen resentment. He'd had a three-beer breakfast, but that had been hours and miles ago while he waited until it was time to pick up the motorcycle he was now riding. He never ceased to be amazed that bikers would put so much time and money into their machines, customizing, chopping, securing them, and yet never give more than a passing thought to changing the stock ignition system. And that was the best thing his line of work had going for it, he reflected as he rode. With the small ring of keys he had accumulated from various sources over the years, he could simply walk up to seven out of ten scooters on the street and drop his ass in the saddle, turn them on, and ride away. Sometimes he thought it was too easy. There was no challenge, bikers being the easy marks they were. But it was too sweet a way of making a living to give up. Just like having a key to the bank.

A road sign arrowed his attention to a truckstop diner coming up and he leaned the big motorcycle into the right-hand lane, slowing to turn in as he approached the eatery. After copping the sled from the parking lot as soon as the guy who

owned it—used to own it, he amended with a grin—disappeared inside the warehouse where he worked, Shifter had immediately headed for the Interstate and rolled north at fast cruising speed. Since then, wanting to put as many miles as possible between himself and the scene of the theft before the ripoff was discovered, he hadn't stopped for anything but gas and a quick piss. But now, with the state line only fifty miles away and his own garage, where he could tear the bike down at his leisure in perfect safety, just a short half hour's ride beyond, he felt confident enough to stop and refuel his belly. Besides, his back and legs were sore as lanced boils from riding stretched the way this scooter forced him to. It was a beautifully chopped machine in the Bay Area style, with a raked frame and kicked-out girder front end, but it was built to fit a rider taller and considerably longer legged than one of Shifter's stocky physique.

Well, he figured a little discomfort was a small enough price to pay for as many bucks as this ride would bring when the bike's parts were turned into cash in still another state far from where he lived. Covering his trail that thoroughly was just good business, Shifter had long ago

determined, even if it did require the elaborate precautions that most thieves, even other professionals like himself, considered unnecessary. He stuck with doing things his way, no matter if they were overly cautious, and consequently he had never seen the inside of a prison cell. That was a claim few, if any, of his peers could make. Shifter stole the motorcycles himself, transported and tore them down himself, and delivered the salable parts to a drop point alone. Nobody saw his face, no one knew his name, and from the drop point on, he had no traceable connection with the merchandise. Actual sales were handled by small-timers who had no idea who they were working for. In fact, they wouldn't have recognized Shifter if they had passed him on the street; he always took care to disguise himself when meeting and recruiting them for the network he controlled. After the initial meetings, all business was handled by telephone. He called them. They had no number at which to contact him. All they knew about Shifter was that he was out there somewhere—and that he could reach them with deadly certainty if they were

In Memory

Instead of fillin' this page with drivin' that rots your brain, sexes up your ol' lady, causes cancer in laboratory rats, and contains artificial preservatives, I thought it was time to let a bro who's the owner and builder of a featured sled lay down a few vibes about what's in his head concernin' his scoot. Besides, I just got my raisin pie ration cut for refusin' to jump into a tub of mayonnaise with Mutha for this month's kinky photo session, and I ain't about to put myself out for nobody in this tick palace—'cept maybe Spider's fourteen-year-ol' cousin.

—Half-Track

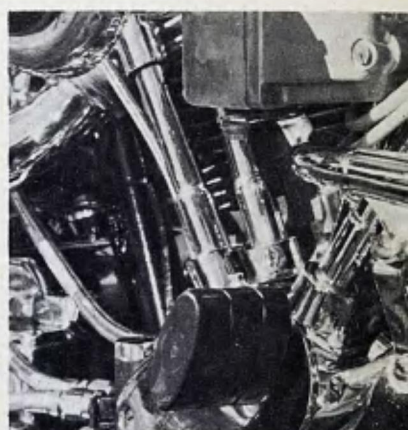
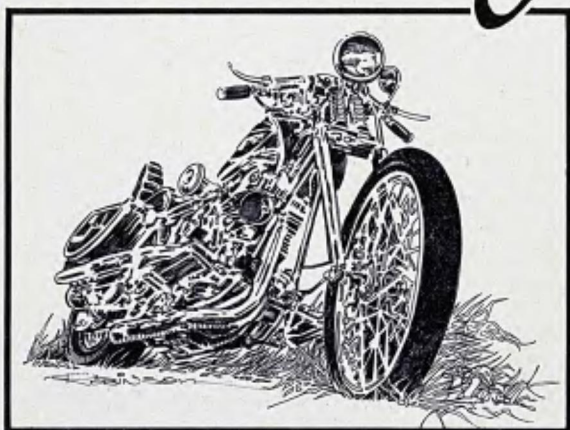
“There are a lot of reasons why people build scoots. I put this one together to ride in memory of Solo. There's nothing on the bike that says that, because when I do something, I don't go around engraving it, I just do it. It isn't my way and it wasn't Solo's. The people it matters to, they'll know.

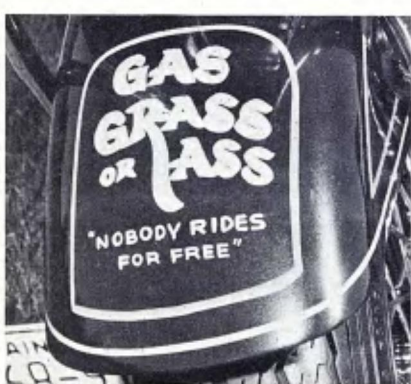
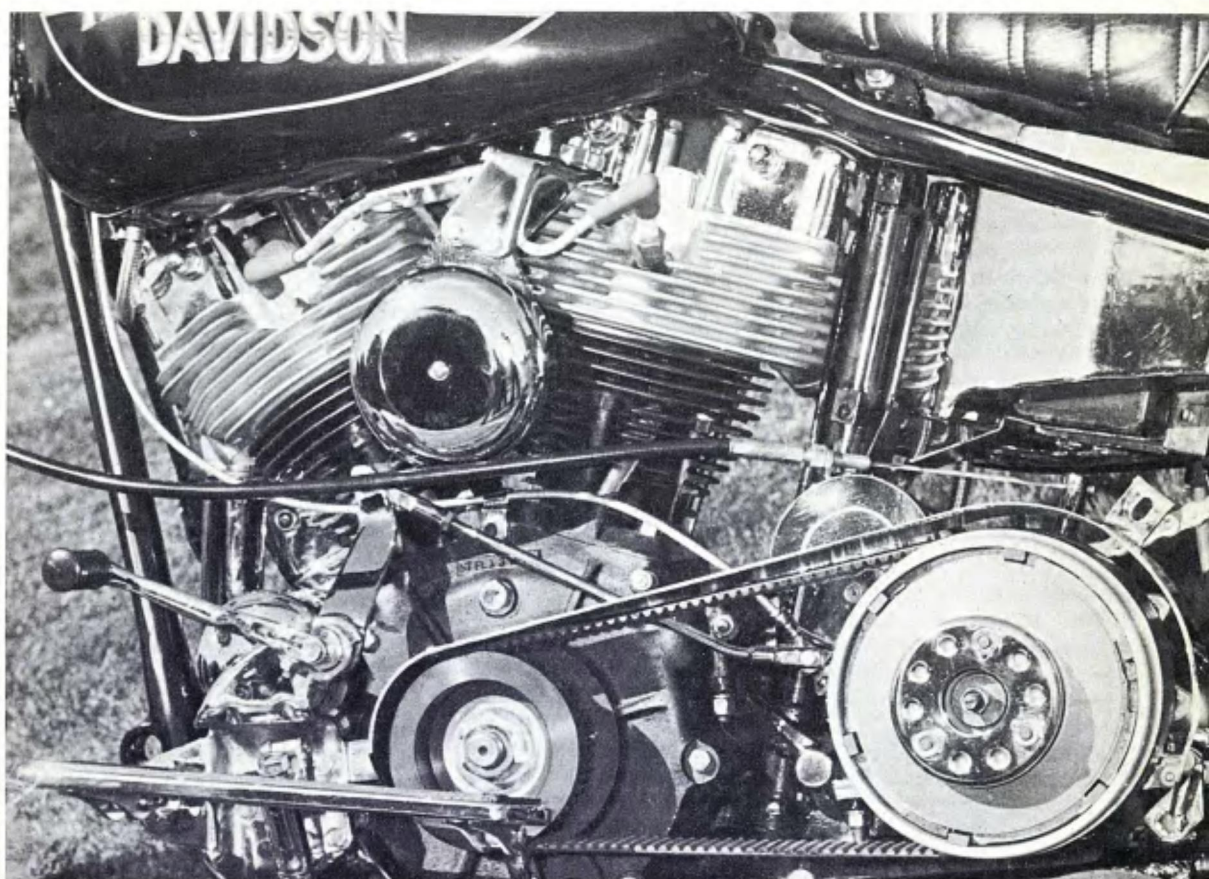
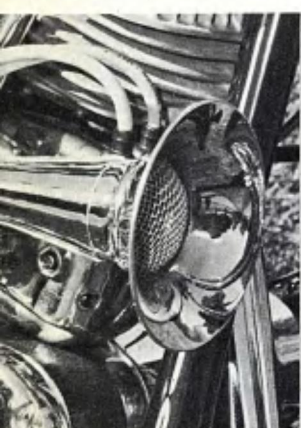
“Solo was a great guy who was loved and is missed by me and my bros. He had more class than most people would know what to do with. We were in the process of building a business together when my brother died. I'll ride with you again someday, Solo.

“I built this sled with parts from all over the country—California, Kentucky, Maine, Minnesota, New Jersey—and I owe special thanks to many people for making it the way it is. Every bro from these various states who helped me knew Solo as a brother and a respected bike-buildin' craftsman. Consequently, as the bike got closer to bein' finished, it began to look as if every brother who knew how I felt about Solo and felt the same was making a contribution to this dedicated putt. It's brotherhood that makes this life style so tight—brotherhood like you never find in other segments of our competitive society. And it's brothers like Solo who make the word *brotherhood* so strong.

“Thank you, bros, and thanks, **Easyriders**, for lettin' me have my say.”

—Gook





Like Mother, Like Daughter?

Last time I was down reading your rag, my dick got so hard I stuck it up my girl's mother's ass. She really got into it and now she wants me to drop her fifteen-year-old daughter and take her out on the road. What do I do?

Smitty
New Orleans, La.

- Hook up a sidecar. Take both of 'em.

Just a Minute

I'm writing this note for all of us downed bros. All of you ladies out there who are beautiful, ugly, skinny, fat, funky, or cool, when we ask you to write, give a minute of your time and write that letter to one of us in the Male Call section. Your letters and pictures are a great need to all of us downed bros who are very lonely in jails or joints. Thanks.

Owen Rea
Memphis, Tenn.

- Hear! Hear!

Swallowin' Problem

Me and my ol' lady get along perfectly, especially in bed, except for one thing. When she gives me a blow job, she won't let me come in her mouth. I don't tell her when I'm gonna shoot my rocks off, but she can always tell. What should I do?

Big Al Westberg
Mt. Juliet, Tenn.

- Shit, she needs the protein.

Horny Lady

I get really horny when there's a dude around. I mean, it's really bad. It happens all the time and it ruined my marriage. Does this mean I'm a nymphomaniac?

Crazy
Nebraska City, Neb.

- Probably, but are you a mean nymphomaniac?

23-Year-Old Virgin

I have two putts and I love to ride. My problem is that I've never been in bed with any girls. I'm 23 and I've never even jerked off before. I'm real shy and don't talk very much. I'm in prison right now, but after I get out could you show me how to fix my problem?

Herb Virgin
Ferris, Okla.

- Don't come close to me. If yer nuts explode they could level this dump.

Bald Beaver

I'm a freak for shaved pussy. In Issue 77, your picture shows you with a bald beaver. If you really shaved, let's get together for some good eats.

Animal Bernie
Nashua, N. H.

- I'm due.

Three Green Weenies

The guys and I were just sittin' here firin' up our heads and we started to wonder if you're really as good as you say you are. At the moment, our big, green weenies (we're in the Army) are hard and ready to bust our jeans. We'd like to know if you can handle all three of us at one time. Because, crust-cunt, you ain't had nothin' till you've been with a "Chinook" mechanic.

BJK
Ft. Carson, Colo.

- Green Berets weren't shit. And there were a hundred of them.

Main Competition

You're my main competition. If your fuckin' column came out twice a month, he'd be readin' it. A bright spark in a downed man's day. Come out and fight like the righteous bitch you are, and after I whip your ass, I'll buy you a drink. How come I ain't never seen you here on visit-

in' days? (Bear sends his love.)

Electric Judy
Santa Cruz, Calif.

- Will you hold me down and do strange things to my body?

Like Daughter, Like Mother

This may be hard to believe, but the other day I met this biker and he has the biggest cock I've ever seen. I was a virgin before I met him and he said he would still respect me, so I let him fuck me. We've fucked about twelve times and I've given him head about six times, and my mom likes him, too.

One day I came home early from work and found my mom giving him head. I started crying and ran out of the house. Later they both apologized and I forgave them. Then one night I decided to spy on them and caught them fucking hell out of each other. But I still love him. Please tell me what to do.

Confused
Sacramento, Calif.

- Then love him still. Bros need all the lovin' they can get.

Special Thanks

Thanks to **Easyriders** Magazine, I think I've found the right ol' lady. I am a downed biker and I put my name in Male Call. She started to write and things have gotten really good for almost a year. My time's getting short now and I can't wait to get into that great-looking lady. And the best part is that she's beautiful. That just goes to show that some of the real people in life read this rag. So, thanks, **Easyriders**, for the magazine and the lady.

Deak
SPSM-Kalamazoo, Mich.

- No problem.

Femme Fatale

I met a scuzzy cunt in a bar in Colton, California, one night. She had all the attributes that you are so famous for: hair like steel wool dipped in gunk, buzzard breath, and a cunt that smelled like a six-foot hole blown in an outhouse. I immediately fell in love with this femme fatale but alas, she slipped away in the night and sped off on a moped. Could it really have been you?

"Crab"
Phoenix, Ariz.

- Not on a moped.

It's Not My Problem

I got a real big problem and I don't know what to do with it. You see, I am in prison and I get out in about eight or nine months and my sled is all screwed up. Also, I got this sweet little lady waitin' for me, so I have to tell my wife to fuck off. It would be okay if she would get down and party the way I want her to, but she won't, so she'll just have to go. It's too bad, 'cause if she'd do some of the stuff that you talk about, I'd be hers forever.

All fucked up
Reidsville, Ga.

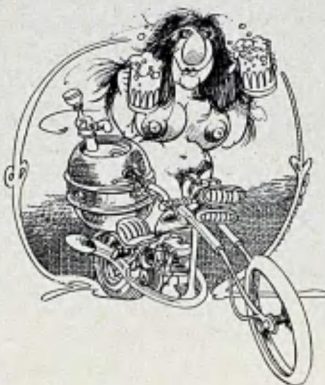
- Learn anything, ladies?

Perfection

I'm layin' here in a hospital bed in San Jose. Same ol' story. Some bitch in a piece of Detroit iron pulled out in front of me. I got off easy; it only cost me my right leg below the knee. I'll be out an' ridin' in a month. Anyway, when the butcher got done cuttin', my stump looked like a huge cock. It never gets soft and I've trained the muscles to flutter at 7000 rpm. Also while in the hospital, I had the doc do a little operation. He crossed my tongue with a humming bird. Now I've got the only 500-mile-an-hour tongue in existence. You know of any sweet ladies who might like to give it a try?

- Name and address withheld at my request.

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



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

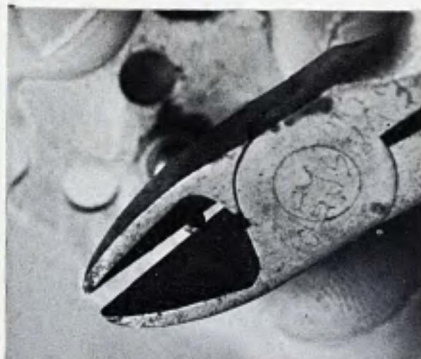
Keihin Idle Adjustment

Have you ever had to adjust the idle on your scooter and found that there seemed to be no way to get your fingers, much less a screwdriver, behind the aircleaner and under the fatbobs to make the adjustment? Any bro who's running a late-model Keihin carb on his scooter with fatbobs has probably cussed more than Milwaukee for this little oversight. But Balls, a brother from Tacoma, Washington, turned us on to a hot tip to make idle adjustment as easy as twisting the throttle.

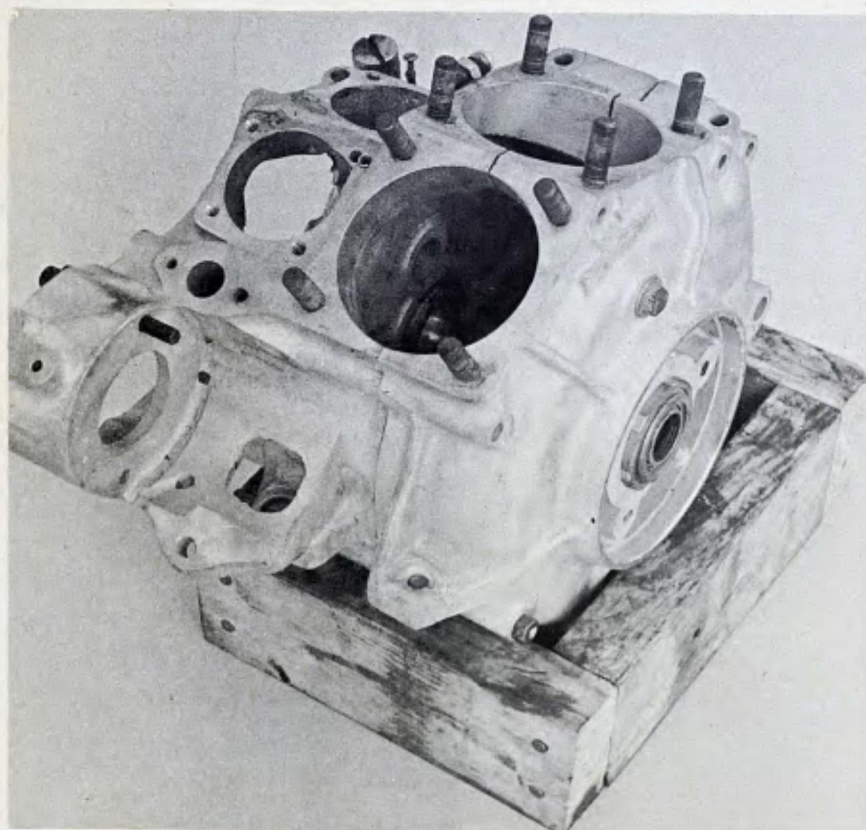
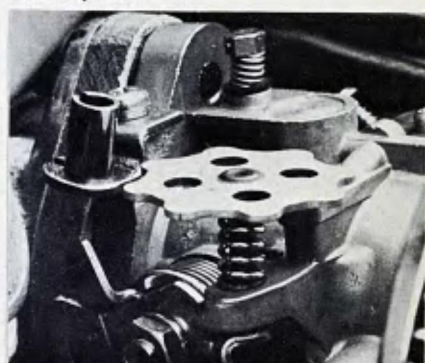
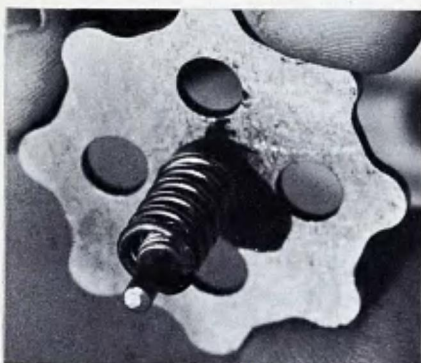
The only part ya gotta hunt up to make the changeover is the low-speed needle from a Tillotson carb. Ya can't miss it—there's a little wheel on the top of the needle. Now, shitcan the stock idle adjustment screw, clip one full turn off the stock idle adjustment spring. On the bottom of the low-speed needle that you removed from the Tillotson, there is a tapered tip. Cut this tip off so the bottom is flat, put the clipped spring back on over the needle, and screw the new idle adjustment screw in place. Readjust your idle and ya got it.

It should be a lot easier to set up the idle for those cold morning warmups. Holding the throttle for three or four minutes in the cold is hard work.

—Wrench



Photos by Frank



Engine Box

Here is a handy little item for the bucks-down bros who might need a prop for a big-twin motor when it's not occupying the space beneath the gas tanks. Ya don't have to be an engineering whiz to figure this one out. In fact, the whole operation takes less than five minutes, unless you're severely handicapped by an overdose of last night's good times. Hell, it'll take ya longer to read about it than to make it.

All ya need to whip up this answer to anything is a 2x4 piece of wood (about four feet should do fine), eight 16-penny nails, a woodsaw, and one of your finest hammers. (Getting that shit together was the hard part.) Cut the 2x4 into four pieces, each nine inches long. Lay the four pieces on the skinny side, so that they look like the photo and nail them together.

You now have a wooden square that will hold up a set of cases or a tranny or even keep the door propped open in the summer—if it comes this year. Having accomplished a major mechanical feat, take the rest of the day off on me.

—Wrench

Man & Machine

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

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

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

To put his machine together, his way.

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

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

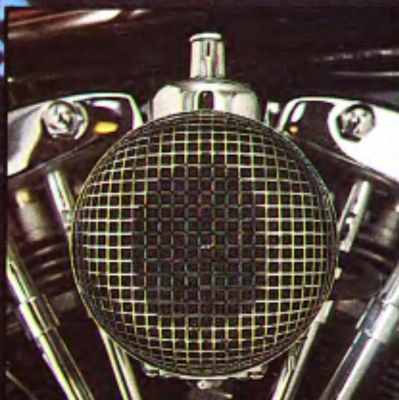
have more variety, more custom parts, than anyone

in the world.

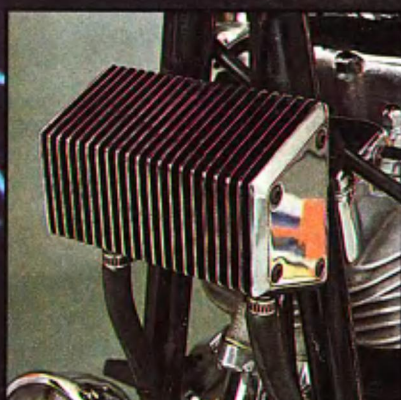




XL and FX chrome nacelle.



Record-holding SU high-performance carbs.



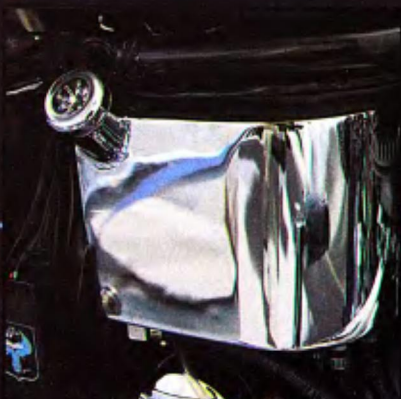
All-new bolt-on CF 2000 Oil Filter/Cooler.



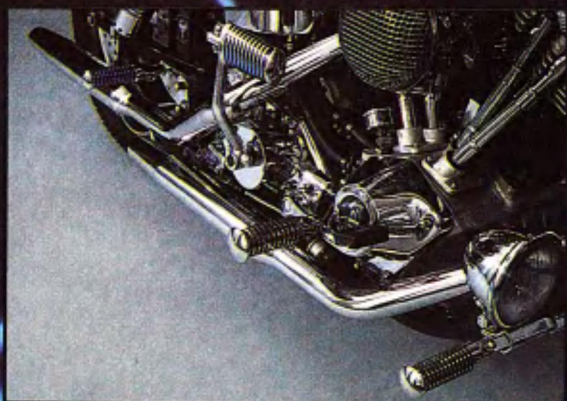
One of many custom seats in leather or vinyl, with a huge variety of matching backrests and inserts.



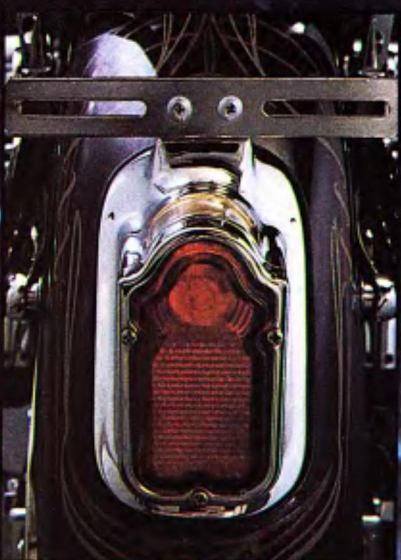
Trick new fork boot cover.



Custom chrome oil tanks with temperature gauges.



Large selection of footrests, exhaust systems and driving lights.



Tombstone Taillight — many more custom taillights available.

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



DRAG SPECIALTIES™

finer accessories for all motorcycles
p.o. box 9336, minneapolis, minnesota 55440



IN THE WIND

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

—from Arista-Hopkins, Edmonton, Alberta



—from Rudy and Ina Jean, Shageluk, Alaska

—from Seductive Cindy, Ft. Worth, Tex.





—from Ralph Gerkens, Lexington, Ky.



—from Fetch, Ritzville, Wash.

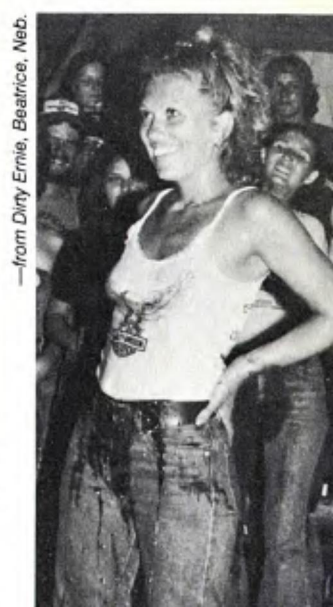


—from Norb Tooley, Rochester, N.Y.

—from J.P. Haedt and Dog, Cloquet, Minn.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



JUST A BRO by Jody Via

*In faded jeans and leather vest,
And battered cap that he likes best;
From rundown boots to bloodshot eyes,
He's a sight to make his old ma cry.*

*When he drinks, sometimes he fights—
Don't sleep alone too many nights.
He's a heller, and kiss his ass
If you don't like his brand of class.*

*On his arms his tattooed creed
Is etched for all the world to read—
A grinnin' skull, a mystic sign,
And a dagger with two snakes entwined.*

*His bike is ratty, but it's his,
Just like all his business is.
If you'll call him when you're set
He'll run for pink slips on a bet.*

*He's got a job that keeps him fed,
Pays the rent, and fuels his sled.
More than that he doesn't need—
He can always hustle wine and weed.*

*He's livin' life to suit himself,
In search of freedom 'stead of wealth.
He rides to live and lives to ride—
Walks with a strut and talks with pride.*

*He's a biker, nothin' less—
No need to change when you're the best.
That's how it is; I've heard him say
He'll jam until his dyin' day.*

*When at last he lays it down,
And we plant him in the ground,
He's got but one request to make—
We clean him up, for his old ma's sake.*



—from Tramp, Rhinelander, Wis.



—from Bob Kimbrel, Ponca City, Okla.

—from John Seginski, Reno, Nev.



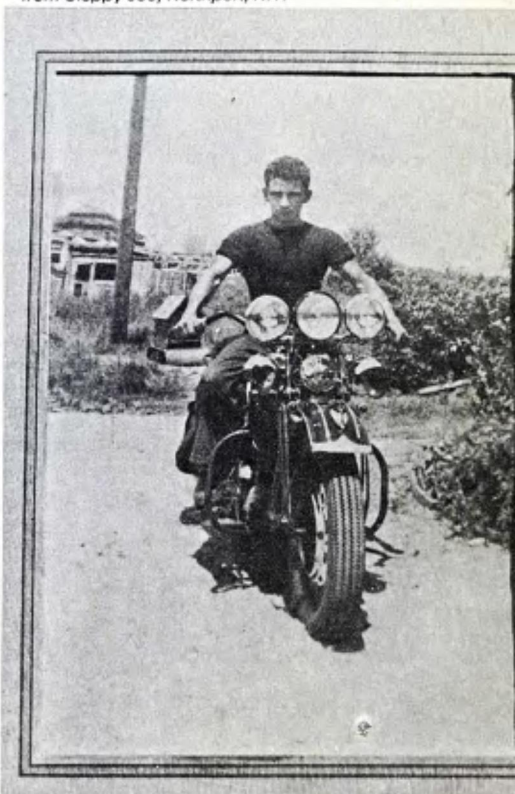
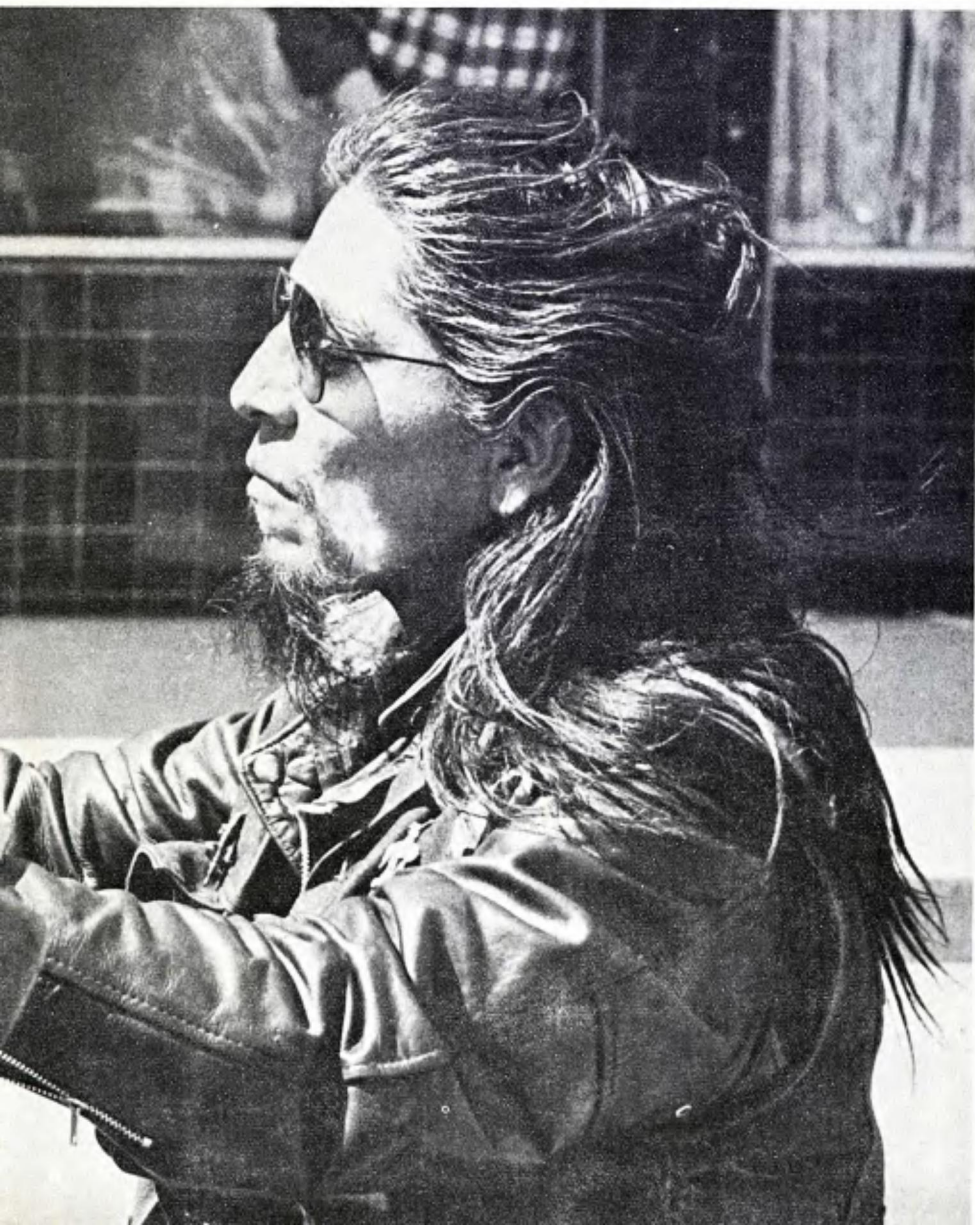


—from Red Hot, Jackson, Tenn.

—from James F. Bowers III, Allison Park, Pa.



—from Sloppy Joe, Northport, N.Y.



—from Riggs, Leicester, N.C.





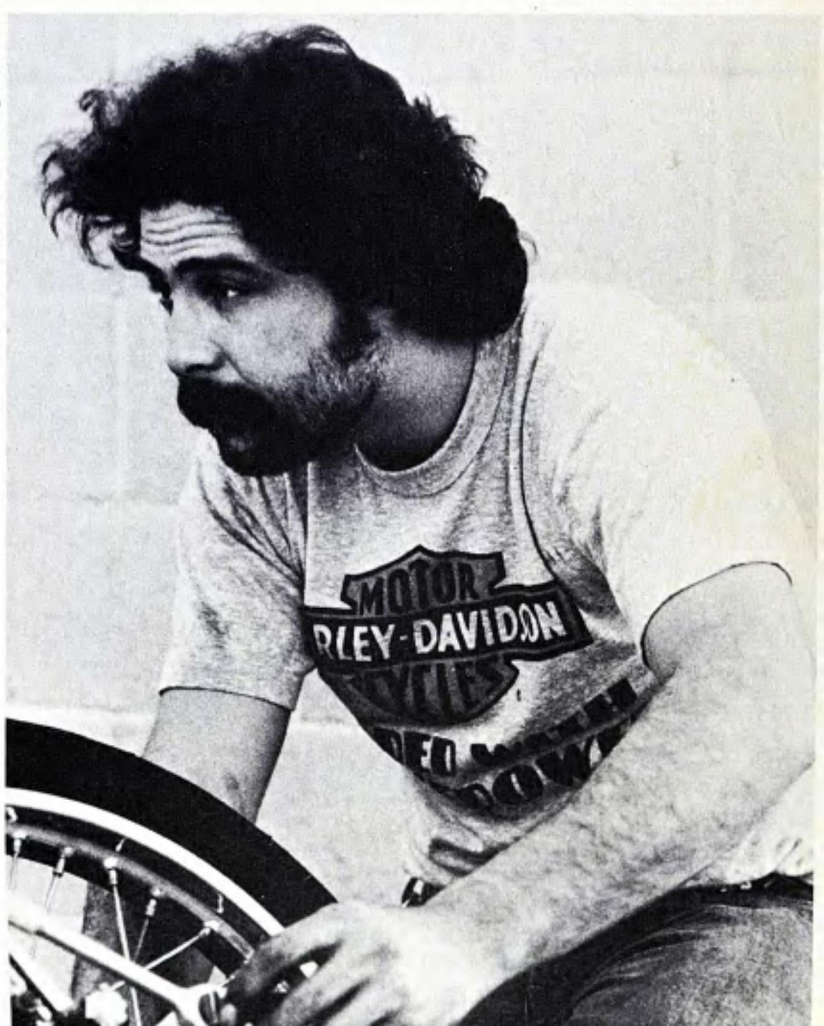
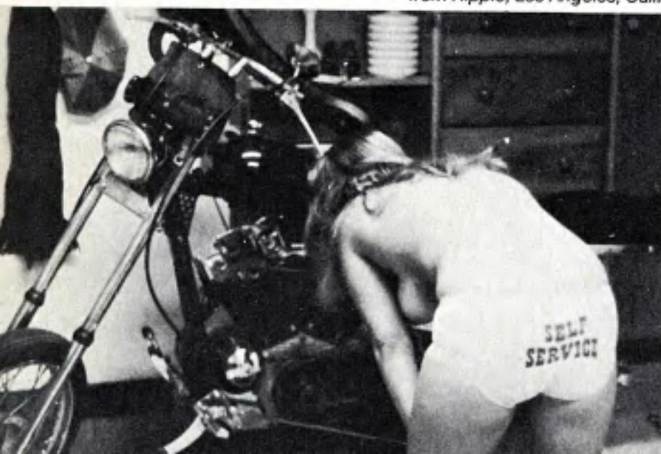
—from Krazy Kathy, Todd, N.C.

—from Lloyd Thomas, Kelowna, B.C.



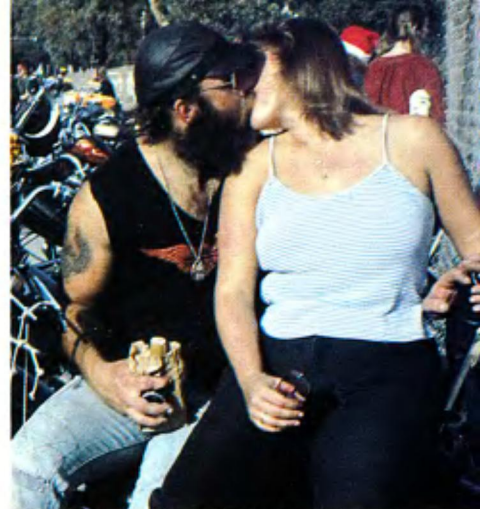
—from Soozie Landeros, Los Angeles, Calif.

—from Hippie, Los Angeles, Calif.





—from *Moose Eggs and buddies*, Buffalo, N.Y.



—from *Harry O. and T.*, Decker Cyn., Calif.



—from *Rev. Antnes*, Brattleboro, Vt.



—from *Jim Fenty, Jr.*, St. James, N.Y.



—from *Q. Ball*, Fells Point, Md.



"He wore black denim trousers and motorcycle boots
And a black leather jacket with an eagle on the back.
He had a hopped-up 'sickle that took off like a gun.
That fool was the terror of Highway 101."

—from "Black Denim Trousers,"
by the Cheers, 1955

Easyriders

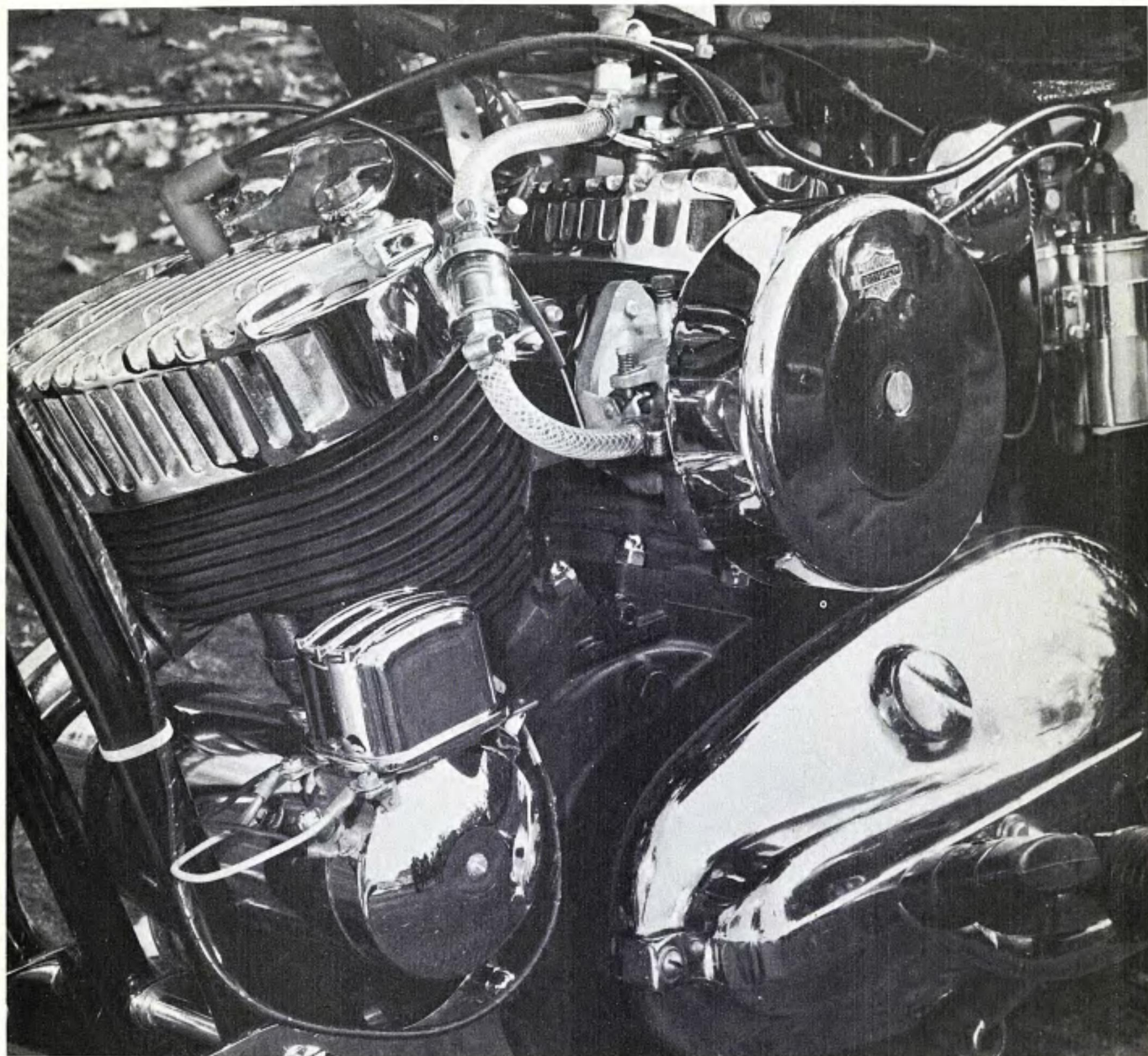


K-Model

**It's somewhat easy to find parts
for this eye-catcher**

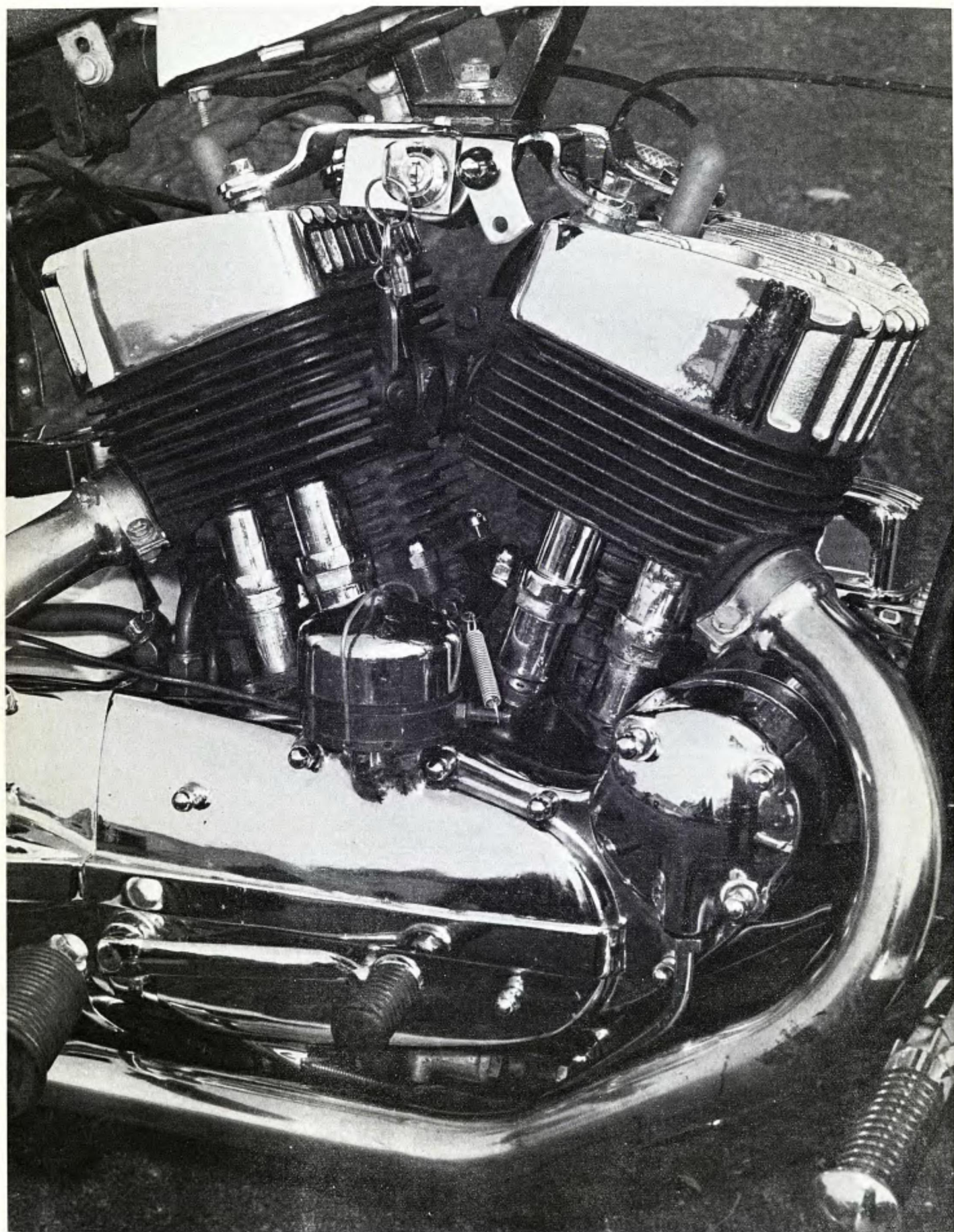
Man, it ain't easy ridin' a scoot that's as rare as a 1943 copper penny. Burnin' a set of points may doom ya to an odyssey through six or eight ol' parts hoards be-

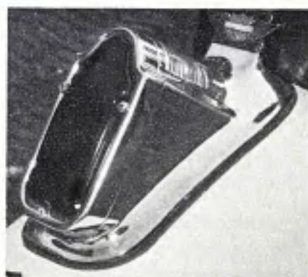
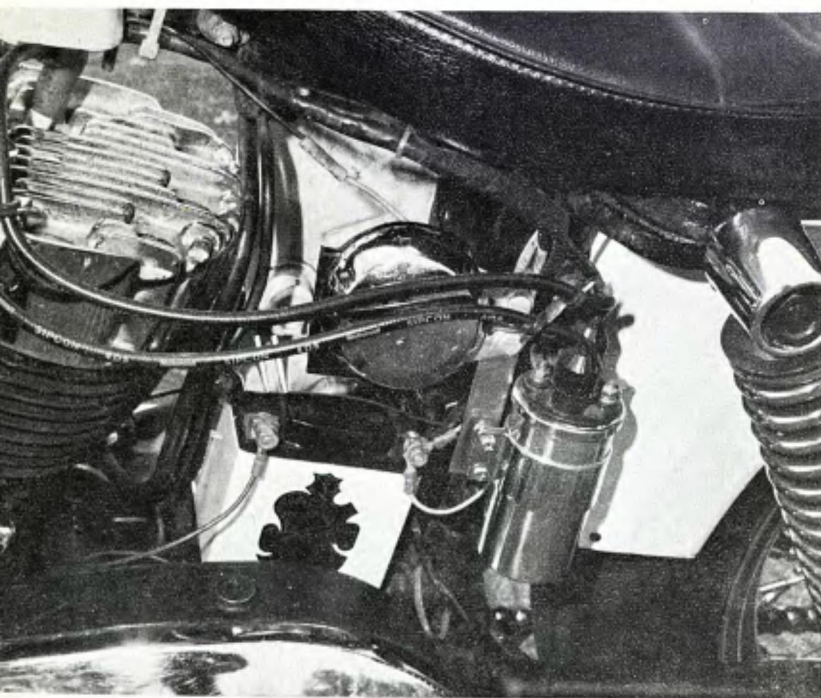
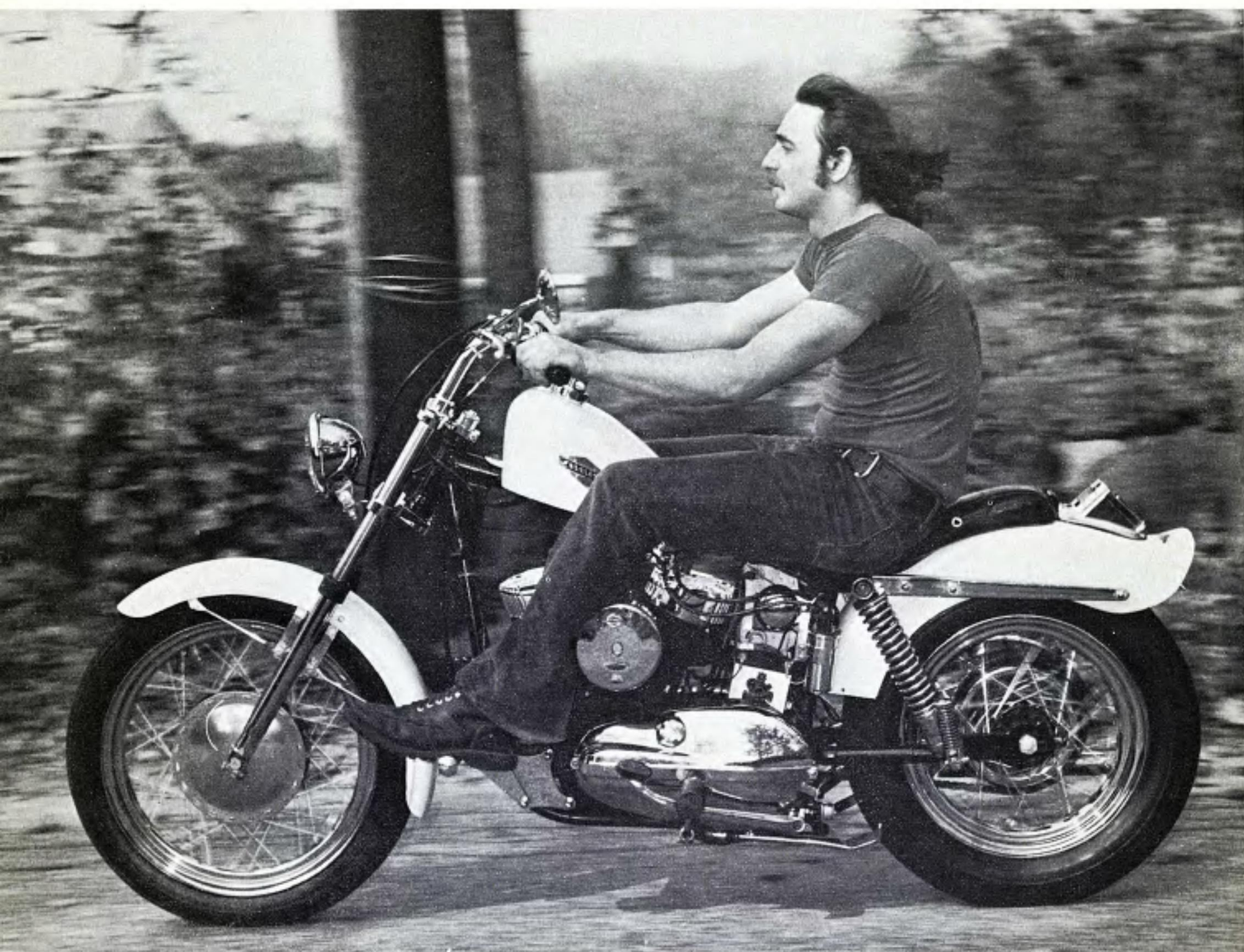
fore you're back on the road. Scroungin' up a cylinder head bolt to finish a rebuild can take ya through four states, nine barns, and an army of grimy cardboard boxes



before you spy one buried in the dust below a stack of VL frames. And it is hardly the most relaxin' thought ta know that the case cover screw that jes' accidentally rolled down the cesspool was the last one east of the Rockies.

'Course, there are compensations—like the ol' timers who actually appreciate the cherry tail-light ya had ta farm out your ol' lady to a pervert for—or maybe this sleek,



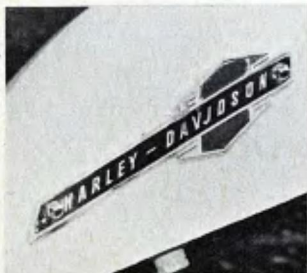


foxy type walkin' down the street who wants a ride on the back of a rare scoot. She might even show ya her. . .er. . . ah. . .gratitude. . . afterwards and mebbe a taste more—if ya know what I'm gettin' at.

But with a sled like Harley's slick K-model, it ain't as all-scroungin' bad as ya might think. A



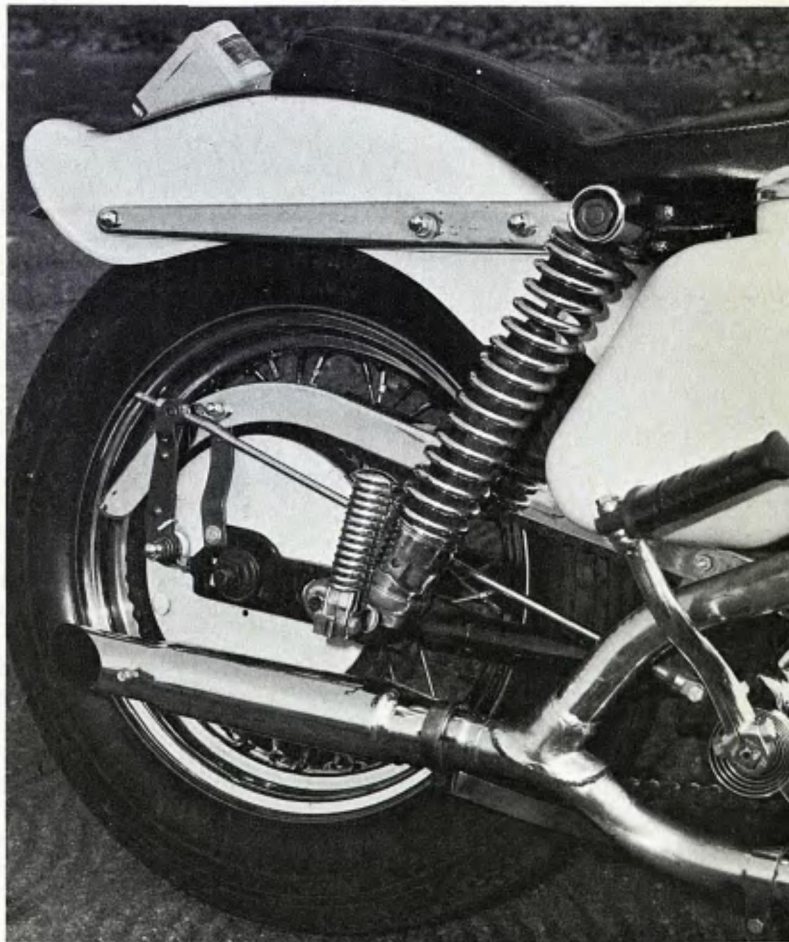
Photos by Jake



lotta parts interchange with later Sportsters, most of the bearings and electric stuff are still available, and there are even now a few lots of K-model parts floatin' aroun' the lower forty-eight.

So ya might say that Seth, the bro who brought this K back to life, is crazy like all the rest of us rare-scooter freaks. But then again—he's gotta easy rarity to deal with when spinnin' up an' down the sleepin' suburbs, pluckin' cuties from the manicured pads.

—Whatta Life





Owners: Seth Holden

City: Holliston, Mass.

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1953 H-D

Model: K

Value: priceless

Assembly: owner

Time: 6 months

Chroming by: Brown's, Kentucky

Frame

Year: 1953

Builder: H-D/owner

Type: swingarm

Rake: stock

Stretch: none

Other alterations: rear shocks

Accessories

Bars: plug-ins

Risers: none

Fender(s): Drag Spec.

Headlight: Bates

Taillight: Tombstone

Speedo: none

Front pegs: Drag Spec.

Rear pegs: Drag Spec.

Electrics: 12 volt

Gas tank: late model

Oil tank: K-model

Oil system: clearanced pump

Primary cover: three-bolt

Seat: late Sportster

Sissy bar: none

Height:

Material:

Engine

Year: 1953

Model: KK

Rebuilder: owner

Ignition: 12 volt

Displacement: 45 cu.in.

Lower end: owner

Balancing: stock specs

Pistons: .010 over

Cases: flat black

Heads: aluminum

Cam: P's

Lifters: solids

Carb(s): late Bendix

Air cleaner: ditto

Pipes: original

Muffler(s): shorty

Transmission

Modifications: by owner

Year: '53, '55, '72

Shifting: foot

Engine sprocket: 26

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheel sprocket: 54

Forks

Type: Sportster glide

Extension: stock

Builder: owner

Special features: custom trees

Wheels

Front:

Size: 19 in.

Hub: H-D

Rim width: 3 1/2 in.

Tire: Goodyear

Brake: drum

Rear:

Size: 16 in.

Hub: H-D

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire: Goodyear

Brake: drum

Painting

Molding: none

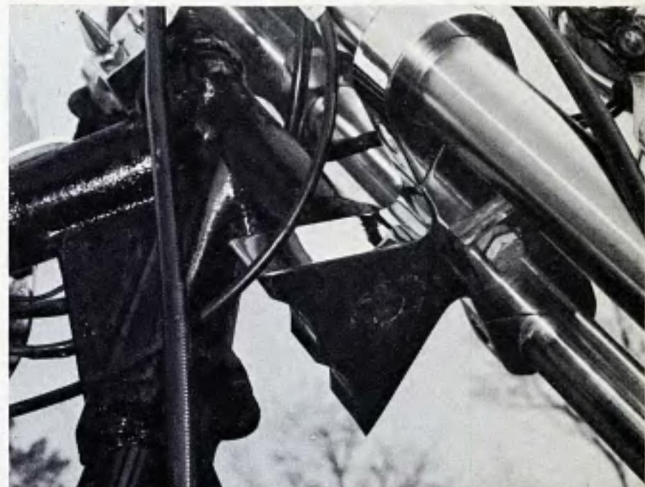
Painter: owner

Color: white

Type: lacquer

Special paint: none

Other special modifications: complete bike muff-diver-approved



LEFLO

CLUTCH & BRAKE CABLES

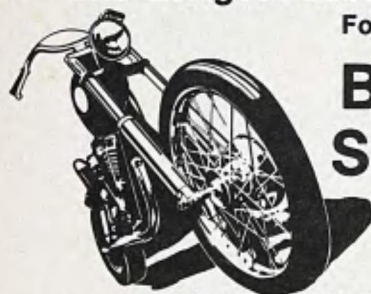


Significantly increases clutch travel due to less housing shrinkage.

★ Unique cable design (shown above) eliminates sponginess, cable bind and wear caused by housing distortion (illustrated at left) which occurs with coil wound cable housings under compression — allowing a more than 33% increase in overall efficiency.

★ The Longest Lasting Cable Available.

For



BIG TWINS & SPORTSTERS

STOCK CABLES

- ★ BIG TWIN MOUSETRAP
- ★ MOUSETRAP ELIMINATOR
- ★ EARLY & LATE SPORTSTER
- ★ FRONT BRAKE HOUSING CABLE & FITTINGS

CUSTOM

- ★ RODAN CLUTCH CABLE
Stock - 6" over - 12" over - Drag Bar 6" under
- ★ SPORTSTER, EARLY 1971 & LATER
Stock and Conversion 6" over - 12" over

IMPORTANT: Cable Pivot Pin must be used with the late model Bushings, or oiled frequently to prevent extreme bushings, or oiled frequently to prevent extreme amount of flexing at hand lever insertion.

LEFLO

LEFLER TOOL & DIE
1849 VICTORY PLACE, BURBANK, CA 91504

Remember 80

—Continued from page 27

fit into my cases—they'll hit my scraper!" Right, but you don't have to machine the cases, just tell S & S you want serial number 3EX (X is special 8 1/4"-diameter wheels—just what you need, and no extra charge!). If you send S & S all your parts (clean them up first and they'll be happier to see them), they'll balance the whole thing up for you, too. Everything you need to know about assembling the lower end (clearances, dimensions, etc.) is all in the S & S instructions. You also need a 74 (straight-type) crank pin, and nuts and locks to fit it. Have your rods magna-fluxed before rebuilding (a lot of the female rods are bad in the crotch area); your old cages are okay if they check out.

The upper end is a little tougher. Your piston is gonna come out of the cylinder if you try to use a stocker. I use a '64 Corvair piston (available in 3 7/16" std., plus .020, plus .030, plus .040, and plus .060 at your TRW dealer's, part number L 2206F). This is a nice forged unit (not the same Corvair as used for normal 80 top ends—that's a '63) that's pretty close to what you want, but still needs a little work. Your machinist can tell you which way they should go in (they have a front and back, don't forget). Set the skirt clearance at .005". The dome must be shortened by .060" (lathe or miller). Mark the pistons for each cylinder and front of motor on the dome with magic marker *after* cutting them. Buttons must be made up to hold the piston pins in place. The rods' piston pin bushings must be honed out to fit the Corvair pin diameter (.800" or about .088" larger than original). This may save you a few coins, since your old bushings will very likely clean up at this size. The new

—Continued on page 77



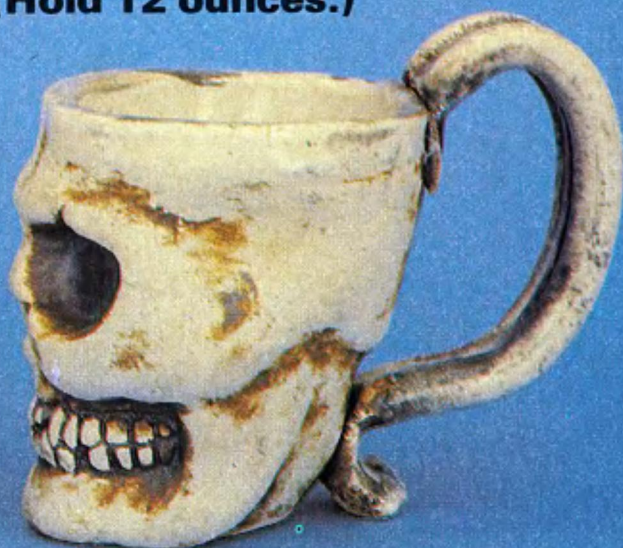
"Okay, buster, whatta ya doin' to that bird in your lap?"

Finest Quality, Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mugs.

**Heavy! (Weigh two pounds!)
They're Big! (Hold 12 ounces.)**

\$9.95

each
Add \$2.50
per mug
for postage,
insurance, and
handling.



Massive mugs that are something special. Expensively handcrafted out of bone china. High fired (2300°). Top quality—a functional conversation piece if ever there was one.

They cost bucks, but remember, these are not mass-produced, plastic cheapos—these are individually made—outta fine bone china. Quality guaranteed.

California residents add 6%.

*Mackenzie
Company*

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302



Strong Gloves

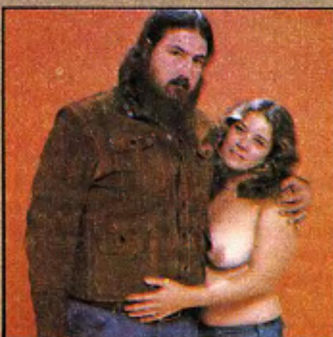
Calstar and Survivor heavy leather riding gloves with built-in liners with gauntlets measuring 5 inches from the wrist—high enough to tuck your jacket sleeve into. \$22.00 plus \$2.00 postage and handling. Upon request, we will sew on stars, swastikas, or ship them plain. Available in "casual brown" or "beyond black." Please state glove size small, medium, or large.

Order today from:

HIGH POCKETS

Box 294

Cypress, Calif. 90630



Jackets

Four (4) pockets on the front and two (2) larger ones on the inside of these heavy protective leather jackets. Jacket features a flap down the front and straps on the sleeves—especially designed to keep the wind out. A real bargain at only \$75.00 plus \$3.00 postage and handling. Sizes 38 to 48. They come in black or rustic brown.



Buy
American



Hero Gaskets

Why didn't someone think of this before? Recyclable H-D primary cover gaskets made from Neoprene rubber to keep the primary sealed like it's supposed to be. Can be used over and over again. Covers all H-D 74 and 80 primaries, from 1965 to present. H-D primary gaskets only \$7.00 plus \$1.50 postage and handling. Sorry, no Sporty primaries.

All leather goods can be ordered in either "beyond black" or "casual brown." Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. California add 6% sales tax. Canadian and foreign (APO & FPO) orders add an extra \$2.00 for postage.

Choppershopper

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

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

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

Papa: Happy birthday! You're not getting older, you're just getting spoiled. I love you, Kat. (83)

In prison and need to regain my trust in people. No phonies, Anita Patton, KCIW, Pewee Valley, Ky. 40066. (84)

Ron or Drew E., formerly of R.I.: Please contact W.B., Important. W.B., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (83)

Be the envy of your friends. Master the ancient art of dagger throwing. Send \$2 for our brochure on expert knife throwing. Throwing Knives, P.O. Box 7373, Tampa, Fla. 33673. For only \$3 more we'll include an expertly balanced throwing dagger. (83)

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)

Billy: I'll always love you. Never go away. Your ol' lady, Gretchen. (83)

Jeff: Happy anniversary. I'll love you forever. Your wife, Doreen. (83)

Guaranteed state photo ID card. Full-color Polaroid process—the best there is. Send photo, signature, birthdate, height, weight, eye color. Rush \$7 each. Order with two paying friends and get your ID free. Bonus: 3 blank IDs free with each Polaroid ID. No-bull money-back guarantee. Jeno Chevron, Box 1033-EZ50, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (83)

Lunatic, 28, wants to find a super sweetie/tenderoni from 8 to 80, cripple or crazy. Will answer all. Write Robert Barnett, P.O. Box 45699-147501, Lucasville, Ohio 45699. (83)

To Ray Whitum: Hi, you wanted me—I'm in Denver. Come back. Contact Chucky. Love \$60. (83)

Ladies, dig this! Blond hair, green eyes, 5'10", 135 lbs., Virgo. Been doing time since 1974; will be out Dec. 1980. Want a better life—tired of life in the fast lane. If you're tired of being used and abused, looked upon as a piece of property, and want a righteous man, write Larry Miller #60861, P.O. Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259. (83)

Make your own beer, wine and other alcoholic beverages. It's easy and cheap. For recipes, send \$3 plus 25¢ postage to Givens, 567th Engr. Co., APO New York 09165. (84)

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.

Tattoo News—Beautiful photos of tattooed men and women and lively articles. Four issues, \$10. Box 780, Midtown Station, New York, N.Y. 10018. (85)

This bullet's got yer name on it! Actual .45 dummy bullet engraved with up to 6 letters \$5. Plain \$3. Pierced for necklace or key ring. Bullet, Box 2942R, Kokomo, Ind. 46901. (83)

Wanted: Original Indian flywheel trueing stand, Indian tool #TP-9796. Write to Indian, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (83)

Car-opening tools: Slim Jim \$5.95, Super Slim Jim \$6.25, Vent Window tools \$7.95, Corvette tool \$6.25, Volkswagen tools, new or old models \$6.25. Books: Involuntary repossession or In the Steal of the Night \$12.95, Lock Picking Simplified \$3.95, Illustrated Art of Lock Picking \$7.95. Money order only. Catalog \$1. Survival Books, Dept. E, 11106 Magnolia Blvd., North Hollywood, Calif. 91601. (213) 763-0804. In store or by mail. (84)

Paul G. (Six Pack), from Phoenix. If you're free, call me c/o Men's World Shop, Ohio. Leave address and/or phone. "Freebird," please! (83)

Send \$2 for membership application and Bible evidence that God's people are white people to Box 929, San Francisco, Calif. 94101. Free to white prisoners. (83)

Daddy, happy 27th birthday 4-15-80, I'll always love you. Your little girl, Red. (83)

Female, 21, good looking (trucker-biker). Gonna move to Phoenix, need to know and meet some locals so I can feel at home when I get there. Pic's appreciated! Write Diane "Freebird," c/o 115 W. Liberty St., Medina, Ohio 44226. (83)

R.T.F. in Mesa, Ariz.: You're in my heart always. Please write P.O. Box 582, Erie, Pa. 16512. Better yet, call collect. Miss you, Cindy. (83)

27-yr.-old dude looking for one-man woman, 18-30, with interest in Harleys, home rebuilding, art, and a one-to-one relationship. Only ladies who need help getting their lives together need answer. Photo welcome. B. Bellino, 213 Morgan, Florence, Colo. 81226. All letters answered. Peace. (83)

Speed chemists: 1 phenyl, 2 propane formulas. Speed formulas \$10 each. Send to Web, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (83)

Step: Another ride in '80? Hope I'm there to keep you warm. I hear bikers cool down around 29. (83)

Bill: Well, what is it, kid—mild or wild? Leathers, chains, guns, knives, and silver spurs. Sturgis this year, bro? Happy birthday. (83)

Want to live in a real man's state? Let's correspond. R. Hertz, Box 3085, St. Paul, Minn. 55165. (84)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (83)

Jim "Eagle" Tolland, New Mexico: I'm in California! Get in touch immediately. "Mad Hatter," c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (83)

Save money—large selection new and used parts for Harleys from '30s to present. Send self-addressed envelope for price list. W.S., P.O. Box 6444, West Palm Beach, Fla. 33405. (83)

Married, 35-year-old Sportster rider, living in northern New York, looking for Canadian and northern New York ladies who'll be waiting at the end of my ride with open arms, etc. Send picture. Finen, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (83)

Showon, I accept. I feel like eating a cheeseburger. Mac's lady. (83)

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)

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)

Wanted: Righteous ol' lady 18 to 24 for lovin', putting, etc. Preferably from northern Illinois area. Scribes with photo (nudes are great) answered first. Panhead, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (83)

Art Kleppinger, So. Cal.: Where are you? Write M. Edwards, 1512 Lincoln, Yakima, Wash. 98902. (T. W. has number.) (83)

45" rider-collector club forming—2- and 3-wheelers. Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Contact Mangler, P.O. Box 560, No. Hollywood Calif. 91603. (87)

Secret remailing from Virginia. Details, sase, Ty, 138 Atlantic St., Norfolk, Va. 23510. (84)

Ancient treasures for sale! Easyriders Volume 1, issue 1 (June, 1971)—Volume 3, no. 4 (June, 1973). Original 14 issues in binder \$115. Also, issues 18-31 (Jan. '74-Sept. '75) 14 issues \$85. Also, single-copy issues Dec. '72 and March '73, \$5 each. All in excellent condition! Send money order to Brice E. McCune, Rt. #1, Jacksonville, Tex. 75766. (83)

Kim (Stew), happy birthday, babe. 2-27-80. I love you now and will forever, Earlene. (83)

Take An Iranian Deer Hunting or Let S. Crew. These two bumper stickers are available for \$1.25 ea. or \$30 per 50. Send to Jules, 2505 Thousand Oaks Blvd., Box 205, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (83)

Ladies from California: 27-year-old, white scooter tramp needing sweet women and parole plan; 10 months time left to do. Write Kenneth (Bones) Florance, P.O. Box A-E (6315), San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (83)

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)

Valeri: Congratulations on your graduation. Best of luck always. Let's do it together, baby. I love you. George. (83)

Burnt River—A Harley-ridin' band that will rock your socks off. Now booking summer swapmeets, etc. Northeast Ohio (216) 476-0642. (83)

Ladies of Montana, Arizona, Canada, and especially Hawaii. Single, white, 30-year-old Harley rider seeking unattached, good-looking females for fun and travel. No fannies. Send photo to Dave, 524 Edgewood #1, Whitefish, Mont. 59937. (84)

Wanted: Exp. H-D mechanic to work in authorized Harley shop in Colorado. Write or call (303) 794-5922, Rocky Mountain Harley-Davidson, 2970 W. Bowles, Littleton, Colo. 80120. (83)

Make fake IDs, documents, easily, cheaply. Illustrated booklet \$5. Box 2834-P, Pompano, Fla. 33062. (88)

Ass, Gas, or Grass—Nobody rides for free. T-shirts all colors and sizes. \$6. Specify size and color. Doug Stiltner, Box 164, Rosedale, Va. 24280. Dealer inquiries welcome. (84)

Tattoo artists wanted: World's Tattoo Capital. Write Dominick, 116 Chaney Ave., Jacksonville, N.C. 28540. (85)

Wanted: Round plastic gas tank emblems for '57 or '58 Harley. Call Hap, collect. (803) 324-2604. (83)

Professional tattooing handbook—many illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets. Expert tattooing instructions, valuable tips. Over 70 pages. \$15.95. Steele, Box 242-EX, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (84)

I'm down and lonely and in need of letters and pics from any and all ladies. Jc. Zeien #15782, P.O. Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (84)

Harvey Pierce, Santa Rosa. Happy birthday, babe. I love you. Felice. (83)

A.L.H. (Ed), happy birthday 5-11-80. You're the best! I love you. Your ol' lady forever, Cathie. (83)

Ma farted when she shit the bed. Contact Lee so I can find ya. (83)

Rabbit: I love you! Babe. (83)

Ocean: I miss you and love you—'cause our chain will never be broken! Love, Your Kakalina. (83)

Sinbad: Here's to the past, the present, and the future. And make mine a double! Happy new year! Love, Babe. (83)

Young 'en, happy birthday (2-14-48) and Valentine's Day! You're the best ol' man in the world! A real sweetheart! We'll stick together, thru thick and thin, get thru all this, and be together and happy again. Thank you for loving me. Your ol' lady forever and past the grave. Lynn "L.B.S." (83)

Guard dog business and kennel for sale. Will teach the trade. (213) 435-7146 or P.O. Box 9366, Long Beach, Calif. 90813. (83)

Kent Perigo: Do ya still live in Evansville? Remember B 1/38th. To-Ko-Ri, Che-Ju-Do? I lost your address, bro. I'll be puttin' thru in a few months. Get in touch with me. Wes Hickman, 917 Fremont, St. Paul, Minn. 55101. (83)

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.

"Critic," you died to save Hog Heaven 4/17/77. It lives just like your spirit. Hogtown, Florida. In memory of "Stump," gone but not forgotten. Dave, S.R. Pa.

In memory of "Layback Lenny," 12/21/79 a true bro who's now riding high in the sky. You're gone but will never be forgotten. Dawn and Jessi.

In memory of Jim Seidle, run over by a pig. You'll always be loved and remembered. Crabs, Rabbit, Animal, and Country.

Hey, "Detroit," yeah. The cop took more than your life that night. R.I.P. till we ride again someday. Lucky, Outriders, and Brothers MC.

In memory of Murray and Ted, two little bikers with great big hearts, never to be forgotten. Ride on. Zomb and John, Victoria, Australia.

In memory of a righteous bro, Danny Lane, who rides hard in heart and memory. Blue and Carol, Fresno, Calif.

In memory of "Billy B." There will always be a place in our hearts just for you. Remember Key West, Youngen and Lynn.

In memory of Artie (6/78) and Bee "Wilbur" Sponsel (9/79). Keep watching over us, ride together, and be happy till we meet again. Always to be loved and remembered. All family and friends.

In memory of our late president "Galvy." Red Emeralds MC, Boston, Mass.

In memory of Rick "Hooker" Loy, who died too young but will live forever in our hearts. Ride high and free. We will love you always. The Kid and your bros and sisters in Costa Mesa.

In memory of Michael J. Werner, who loved to ride and live to the fullest, but he loved his brothers and sisters even more. God bless you, Mike. Buena Parkers MC.

In memory of Gary Bay, who rode hard and is in the wind now, but will live on in our hearts and minds forever. We'll meet again someday, bro. Bros and sisters in Houston and Galveston, Texas.

In memory of Ricky Boyd, my ol' man. You'll live in my heart and memories with love forever. Barbara, Kennesaw, Calif.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easyriders** to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send \$10.50 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.

Down and depressed. Need mail from good-lookin' chicks. Glen R. Kendall #84297, RIA, Box 11401, Yardville, N.J. 08620.

32-yr.-old from Pittsburgh, Pa., will be getting out soon and would like to hear from you ladies out there. Dennis Kisner #40224-133, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

Let me write you a letter that will fill your life with beauty and confidence. I'm looking for a powerful, intense woman. Randy L. Wilde #249494, Wynne Unit, Rt. 1, Box 1, Huntsville Tex. 77340.

Need a fox to drop me some lines so I'm not forever lonesome in Polson. Larry White, Box B-73344, Repressa, Calif. 95671.

A letter for a letter is freedom! So, do write when you can. Darien Wilson #B-27605, A-1146, Box AE, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Looking to hear from concerned, warm-hearted chicks. We'll both miss a lot if you don't write. Richard Lunsford #049355, U.C.I., Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083.

Help! Lonesome, downed bro needs letters from ladies. Jeff Ward, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Searching for some correspondence from someone who cares. Clarence Fowler #153163, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Serving four, wish to hear from princesses who are seeking the ultimate in life. Norman Murphy #067613, Box 99, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

I'd like to write to some young lady who knows what it's like to be lonely and forgotten. Donald Jackson #A-74120, Box 87, Menard, Ill. 61259.

Lonely dude is looking for letters from young ladies. James E. Devyidee #101337, PCC, State Farm, Va. 23160.

Good-lookin' scooter tramp is getting short and is interested in hearing from interested ladies. W. T. Brewer #45423, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

20 yrs. old and doing 6. Want to hear from young foxes. Pictures, please. Harry Green #A-83952, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 61259.

Good-looking Calif. biker is getting out soon and would like to find a foxy lady in the Kansas City area. Send pictures. All answered. Steve Fink #8607, Box Z, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Lonely brother needs letters and pictures from ladies. Jay Mowery #16521, Unit 7, Box 14, Boise, Idaho 83707.

23-yr.-old nomad of the road is looking to hear from fine foxy ladies with a mind to settling down. Jim Haight #284794, Rt. 3, Box 59, Darrington Unit, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Down-to-earth man needs ladies of any age to write and send pics. Alan Rosenblatt, MCTC, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Two down and two to go. Ready to rap with righteous chicks 21-31. Damon Fancher #13487, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Can't get any wind, but I can get mail! Send me some fresh air through your letters. Tina Haferkamp, 18199 Chesterfield Airport Rd., Chesterfield, Mo. 63017.

Ride with me in letters now, in the flesh later. James Spiller, Box C-7616, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Downed biker looking for a lady to write now, ride later. Steve Copenhagen, Box B-92729, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

I'm down and out and could use some light and foxy ladies who wish to write. Donald Fink #75823, Camp J, Shark 2, Angola, La. 70712.

Lonely inmate wants nice young woman. Photos, please. Rodney White #C-66192, Box 38, Sheridan, Ill. 60551.

I could use some mail to lighten things up. Chuck Folk #C-61562, Box 38, Sheridan, Ill. 60551.

Downed for a short time, now lookin' for a new ol' lady who could dig havin' me and a '48 pan between her legs. Cless Smith #133-637, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

I would like to establish communication with someone on the outside. Malcolm Brown #133334, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

34-yr.-old half-breed biker could use a foxy lady to write to. Kenneth Howard #C01989, Box A-E2171, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Lookin' for sweet ladies from all areas. Let's hook it up! John Terheggen, Box B-78360, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

Ladies, I am presently detained, but would like to correspond with you and establish a friendship. Kim Fudge, Box B-75B1176, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Ladies, I wrote to me for a big surprise. I'd love to hear from all of you. Lance Kessler #79-A-1395, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

I need letters from ladies who care. Bruce Walker #7915, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

New York City dude would like to hear from anyone. Freddy Grudinski, Box B-77-A-1581, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Are you lonely, too? Prisoner needs mail from sincere and serious girls. Fred Lauriano #A-91432, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

White brother needs one of you beautiful women out there to write to me in this crazy place. Mark Babitz #A-91384, Box 1000, R.R. 3, Lincoln, Ill. 62656.

Downed scooter tramp lonely for a taste of California. Ladies, please write! Michael G. Chaffee #290635, Box 16, Eastham, I 3/9, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

Downed tramp could sure use some mail from decent ol' ladies, pics if handy. Jesse Hilber, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Ladies, write and let me add a touch of Hawaii to your lives. Karlton Morgan #08273, P.O. Box 2000, Lompoc, Calif. 93438.

I've got the prison blues and need some pretty chicks to write to. Richard L. Asher #A-81961, Box 38, Sheridan, Ill. 60551.

I'm looking for a young female who can spare some time to write to a lonely man. Raymond Vasquez #77A3714, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

32-yr.-old biker doing time in Tenn. needs to hear from young ladies who are sincere. Ron Bell, DLC-10, Rt. 1, Turney Center, Only, Tenn. 37140.

23-yr.-old has 2 years till freedom. Would like to find lady 18-30 who likes to ride. Pics, please. Will answer all. Joseph Wyre, Jr. #144465, MRDCC, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, Md. 21202.

Big, strong, crudely handsome dude looking for really foxy lady to ride with. Pictures, please. Jim Stack #037223, Box 1072, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

I'm a poet, a gunfighter, a friend to the working girl; but I need help with this battle. Please write, ladies. Rick Smith #Y-2738, Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pa. 16652.

30-yr.-old athlete desires pleasantly hedonistic relationship with a foxy lady. Send photo and letter to Jose Sanjines #40206-133, Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

I am handsome, articulate, and aware. I desire a mutually pleasant relationship with a foxy lady. Please write and include a photo. Klane Henricksen #36958-115, Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

Down for eight and really need my spirits lifted. Will answer all letters. Bill Wooten #3441, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Biker in the slam needs mail from all those ladies who care to drop him a line. Sam Kerns #29810, P.O. Box 2500, Lincoln, Neb. 68502.

I desire a sincere relationship with a future for both of us. Let's be for real, okay? Photo? Randy Bullen #138875, MCTC, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

29-yr.-old Mexican/Indian would like to receive letters from chicks who care. Charles Dominguez #B-94522 CMC, P.O. Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Ladies, I've been down eight years and I need some lovin'. Charlie Ventura #72-C-114, GMCF, Comstock, N.Y. 12821.

Lookin' for a white knight? Ladies, here I am. Write and I'll tell you all about it. Gary Utley, Box B-33803, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Lonely blond Virgo, dragged from his perch. Write me here, damsel, where dragons lurk. John Nye #K-4255, Drawer K, Dallas, Pa. 18612.

Down and out dude doing 10 flat needs help from all females. Will answer all letters. Curtis Covington, Box B-38288, 2-F-10, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Down bro could sure use some sunshine from the outside. Dave Skief, Box B-31727, 1-E-3, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Remember 80

—Continued from page 72

pistons have a tang, or skirt extension, on each end. The front piston must have enough removed from its rear tang so that the tangs miss each other by .060" at the bottom of the stroke. (S & S shows how to check this out. Use a hacksaw and a file, but be neat! Take off 5/16" and measure it, then go slow till you get it right.) You could use a stroker plate (1/16", available from S & S—just tell them it's for a knuck) instead of cutting the domes, but your intake manifold and valve spring covers will not fit as well afterward, and the plates are a giveaway that the motor ain't stock! KNS Cycle, 157 Slocum Rd., Marathon, N.Y. 13803 will send you the complete specs for the pistons and some other hints, free, if you send them a stamped, self-addressed, legal-size envelope. (Ask for #178-A.)

When it's back together, remember to retighten the head bolts and cylinder base nuts after the first warmup, again at 100 miles, and then check again from time to time. I like to use Marvel Mystery Oil in the gas, especially in a fresh motor (follow the can directions). Try Champion D-12 plugs at .025" or .020" for a mag. Time the spark with the mark centered in the hole (just like stock) at full advance for a start. Put as much easy mileage on it as you can stand before trying it out—at least 500 miles, and 1000 if your will power is good. Change the oil at 100 miles, 500 miles, then every 1000.

The result is 88", much lighter wheels for low-gear dig, and more compression—and a set of 80 wheels to off to your buddy for his knuck. You may want to add a few teeth to your sprockets for cruising, but wait till it's broken in first. Then go to 25/24 and fly!

—R. Dunn



"The policy, George! Where's the damned life insurance policy?"



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 75c postage and handling.

1927 Motorcycle Art

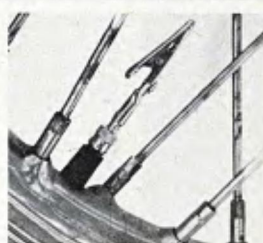
A Slender Chance



This 16 in. by 20 in. reproduction of motorcycle art was published in England in 1927. It is in full color and printed on heavy stock suitable for framing. This is a class vintage piece of bike art which will stand out on any wall.

Send only \$3.00 for each poster, plus 50c for postage and handling.

Rolling Roach Clip



The original motorcycle roach clip. It's functional and adds a bit of class to any valve stem, on any scooter.

They're show chrome plated and we'll ship 'em out for only \$4.50 apiece, plus 50c postage and handling.

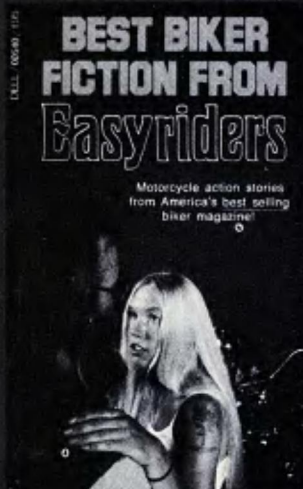
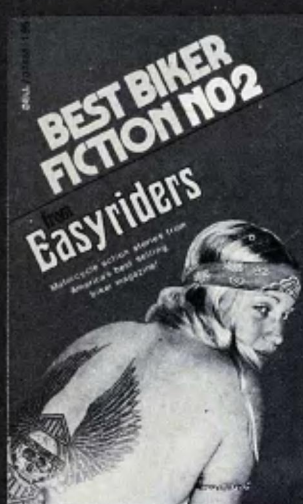
Checks take 3 weeks to clear. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. California residents add 6% for the Man.

Busted Knuckles

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Best Biker Fiction #2 from the pages of **Easyriders**—more of the great fiction that made Volume 1 a runaway best-seller. Written by and about bikers, these stories contain the same honesty, the same action, the same outrageous humor that we always deliver. You can buy your copy now from us at only \$2.00 (we pay postage).

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Best Biker Fiction
P.O. Box 52
Malibu, California 90265

California residents add 6% sales tax.

Piercing

—Continued from page 20

Location and angle of piercing are inseparable. Consider that in a (horizontal) nipple piercing, both the entrance and exit holes should appear on an imaginary line drawn straight across the center of the nipple. In addition, depth of entrance and exit holes should be identical. These principles, for a sense of uniformity, apply to the majority of body piercings.

The highest consideration should be given to following strict hygienic procedures. Using strict hygienic standards is merely using common sense mixed with a knowledge of what actually constitutes hygiene and what a bummer infection is. There is no "safe" piercing in its initial stage because the risk of bacteria entering the piercing and causing an infection does exist, but this risk can be minimal. Unsanitary equipment resulting in an infected piercing proves only the ignorance or lackadaisical attitude of the piercer. It is the piercer's responsibility to provide the highest hygienic standards just as it becomes the piercee's responsibility to provide proper lifetime aftercare for the piercing. If the piercer does his work well but the piercee does not attend to necessary follow-up actions, an infected piercing may still result. Some persons have the belief that if a ring or stud of suitable material is placed in the piercing, the body will automatically attend to healing. It will give its best shot—all systems will put out 100%—but it should have backup. Don't be misled by the statement "I healed up in a week." The body may well spend the first week attempting to reject the ring, since it well knows this is a foreign object. From the hour of piercing on, it is the wearer's responsibility to keep the piercing clean.

Hygienic procedures listed herein are not given as, and are not to be considered as, medical advice. If you feel you have a medical problem, consult your physician.

Sterilize equipment and jewelry by autoclave or pressure cooker at 15 lbs. pressure for 30 minutes. Accomplish the same on the area to be pierced by scrubbing with alcohol. Don't simply boil instruments: boiling alone does not kill infectious hepatitis virus. Avoid piercing flat areas and especially veins.

Wash your new responsibility twice daily; rotate and clean ring, or whatever, preferably gold jewelry; apply mild antiseptic (hydrogen peroxide)

Builder of the world's fastest Harley engine—294 mph.



Pressure Plates For Harley-Davidson 74s

1. Provides positive clutch action. Machined surface on face of pressure plate does not flex. No spot welds to warp as in stock plates.
2. Machined surface allows clutch plates to wear longer and get more clutch area.
3. Less cable travel due to no flex in pressure plate.
4. Smooth clutch action.

Complete with instructions; installs in 1/2 hour

\$23 (Add \$2.00 for shipping cost)

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

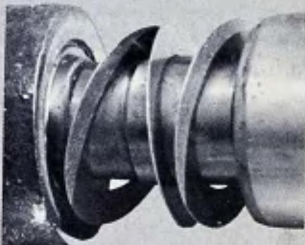


Add miles to your lower end with a continuous oil flow to your lower end. With stock pinion shaft bushings you will get one squirt of oil every revolution. But, with H.E.S. pinion shaft bushings, you will get continuous oil pressure to your lower end, which will mean longer lower end life.

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

When ordering, state year:

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



Shovelhead Rocker Arm Shims

Attention shovelhead engine builders: Available now are .005 rocker arm bushing shims. If interested, give us a call.

At last, the shims are available to quiet shovelhead rocker arms. They are available in .005 at 40¢ each, but H.E.S. requires a minimum order of 25 for \$10.00, plus \$1.50 postage and handling.

Dealer inquiries invited.

For immediate delivery, send certified check or m.o.

Personal Checks held to clear.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

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PERFORMANCE PRODUCTS

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California 90230 Dept. C
(213) 397-3195 After 5 p.m.

and antibiotic ointment (Neosporin). Hydrogen peroxide may be used until the pierce is almost healed, but Neosporin should be discontinued seven to ten days after piercing; it should not be used for a long period. Keep the wound dry. Old dishwater won't do it any good. Some may be allergic to Neosporin ointment, so check it out. Clean pierce frequently, at least twice a week. If pierced area tends to harden or peel around the edges, apply cold cream. (Also, consider this during enlarging.) If necessary to lubricate pierce because of internal friction or irritation, apply petroleum jelly. Use it sparingly and only if necessary.

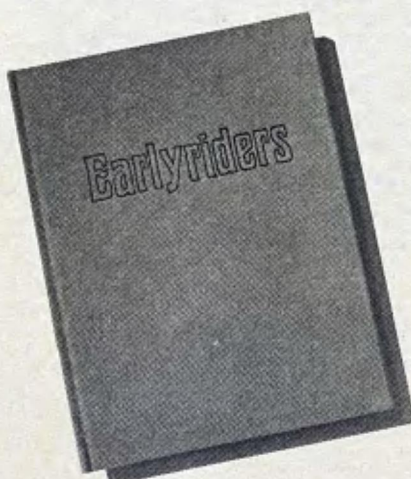
Piercings may fail to heal correctly for several reasons, but should one require additional cleansing, a procedure used by some is to remove the ring once daily while wearing sterile gloves. Force hydrogen peroxide through the piercing with a medicine dropper. Cleanse and replace ring. This tends to flush out small pockets where a low-grade infection can gain a foothold.

Don't ever mess with anesthetics. If you're not a pro—bad news. While there are various numbing preparations, some require prescriptions and some can be dangerous in unskilled hands. Ice is inexpensive, available, safe, and reasonably effective. Some piercers use *no* numbing agent, since the pain is not as bad as many believe and lasts only briefly. Another method, clamping, restricts circulation and produces temporary numbness. Minor discomfort, much like a bruise, may be experienced during the healing period.



"He's definitely a leg man!"

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Check out this unbelievable collection of motorcycle memorabilia. 224 great pages, 8½ x 11 format (on good paper so all the photos, drawings, artwork, and type are perfectly reproduced). Together between hard covers for the first time—a collection of all the old-time advertisements, the old photos, the old fashions. You name it—the boots, the caps, the clubs, the postcards—they're all together in one gigantic book called **Earlyriders**. And it's now available in a new, durable, hardcover edition, so you can keep this valuable collector's item in first-rate condition. Here's a book every motorcycle freak and biking enthusiast would be delighted to own. And it's only \$8.95—the same price as the

newsstand softcover edition, plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

If you're into iron horses, here's a book that will bring back memories,—a book that you'll read, read again, and save forever. It's got heart and you'll dig it—all 224 pages.

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LADIES:

Show your "ol' man" and the world who you're with. Any name (up to (8) eight letters in a name) \$7.50 plus 50¢ postage and handling. Any name over (8) eight letters, 50¢ a letter, plus \$4.00 for the T-shirt and 50¢ postage and handling. Send size (S,M,L,XL) and color (Black, White, Green, Orange, Blue) _____ 1. Name on T-shirt _____



Greyhounds Dirty Shirts

1. PROPERTY OF
2. BEATS MY MEAT
3. SMILE IF YOU'RE HORNEY
4. SIT ON A HAPPY FACE
5. HAPPINESS COMES IN SNATCHES

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Size: S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____
(Check one)
Color: Black _____ White _____
Green _____ Orange _____
(Check one)

NEW: We have the "Property of" T-shirts for kids too! Send size: S,M,L. Color: White, Blue, Orange, and Black. \$5.50 plus 50¢ postage

Your name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zip _____
Ask for catalog.



Photo
shown is
actual size

Buy The Very Best

The expensive cost of the dies has amortized (paid off) and so now we can sell the best die-stamped buckles as cheap as the rip-off, rubber mold cheapos that you see sold and advertised elsewhere.

We have the nitty-gritty detail that any comparison will bring out—ask anyone who owns one of ours—there is a difference—the others are cheap-ass copies of our original. (Satisfaction guaranteed).

A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail.

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

Each buckle comes with 1 1/2"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

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

If you want only a buckle, just send \$7.45 plus \$1.00 postage, and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle. California residents add 6%.

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4. Ride To Live — Live To Ride
5. God Rides A Harley
6. Gimme' Head Till I'm Dead
7. Harley Riders Have Longer Front Ends
8. Born On A Mountain Raised In A Cave Bikin' and Fuckin' Is All I Crave

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Calabasas, Calif. 91302**

For those wishing to enlarge their piercings for thicker jewelry, the fingernail-polish method is included here, courtesy of Mr. Sebastian, a top piercer in London. It is entirely painless when done properly and with care. Add enough coats of fingernail polish to a section of monofilament fishing line (except for the tip) to thicken it to the approximate size of the healed piercing. Don't try to stretch a fresh wound. Add two more coats and let it dry twenty-four hours. Lubricate the piercing by sliding a vaselined thinner plastic line through it first, then slowly insert the lubricant-coated monofilament stud. Make two studs for each piercing being modified. Give one stud two more coats of nail polish than the first one inserted. After approximately two weeks, remove the inserted stud, re-lubricate piercing, and lubricate and insert the stud that has two additional coats of polish. Wipe the removed stud and give it four coats (two to bring it to the inserted stud thickness plus two extra). Continue exchanging studs until piercing is enlarged to desired size.

The process may appear too involved, but in order for the skin to stretch without breaking the tissue down, it must be done slowly. A stop may be made on the butt end of the line stud by first heating it into a bubble and then touching it to a cool stainless steel kitchen knife blade for a few seconds. For the tip end, a stop may be made by cutting a small section of insulation to slide snugly over the stud. Doorbell or speaker or general-purpose electronic wire insulation of the proper size works well, as does a small pencil eraser. This method is normally non-toxic to a healed piercing. Should an allergy develop, discontinue immediately.

Because one person wears a certain item, style, or size of jewelry, it does not necessarily follow that another will be able to wear the same comfortably. Comfort should be the main consideration. Stay with small to medium-sized body jewelry. Save the larger objects for more intense desires in the future. One exception to this is the size of nipple jewelry. We'll get into that subject shortly.

Jewelry suitable for body piercings is usually not earrings, because the sharp, thin wires offer the possibility of scratching a fresh pierce or a partner with the tiny ends and because of the "cheesecutter" effect of these wires. An obvious illustration would be to place the cutting edge of a knife on your hand and press, then reverse the blade, placing the thick edge

against your hand and pressing. A thin wire can cause trouble where a thicker one will not. Suitable body jewelry requires a wire thickness of not less than 1/16th inch, and an item with no sharp edges. The type of metal should also be very carefully considered. Many are not aware that the silvery white "Cadillac of Metals" is stainless steel. This metal accepts a high luster when properly polished and does not rust, tarnish, or corrode. No damage is done to it by body fluids or by swimming in salt water or soaking in bubble baths. Stainless is hypo-allergenic, an ideal jewelry material for those allergic to other metals. As an example of its lack of allergy-producing properties, consider that stainless steel screws and pins are used in surgery to mend broken bones, and some of these surgical implants are left in permanently. In addition, stainless steel is cheap compared with gold.

It should be noted that some earrings now on the market are provided with stainless steel shaft or wire that is advertised as hypo-allergenic (the stainless is), but a low-grade metal is attached as a pendant or stud ornament. It is sometimes defeating for allergy-prone piercees to purchase mixed jewelry. Just keep an eye out for any change or discomfort. If it appears that you are contracting an infection, replace your current jewelry with items you're sure are solid stainless or 14k gold.

For more information pertaining to the fine art of pokin' holes in your body, write Spain's Custom, 1111 Baldwin, Lawton, Okla. 73501.



"But she doesn't want to cross the street. She wants a light for her joint."

1.	2.
3.	4.
5.	6.
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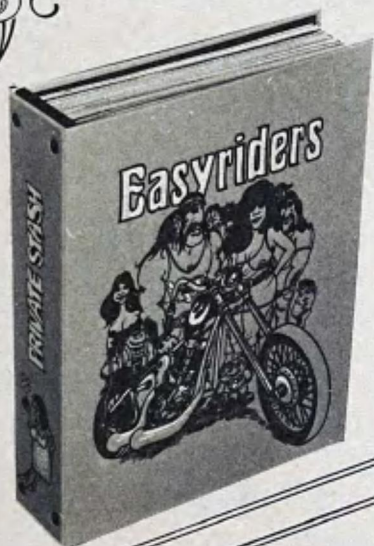
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Welcome

—Continued from page 31—

crazy. What could she possibly see in a downed scooter tramp who didn't even have a scooter? He felt unsure of the love that had kept him going for the past year. He was afraid a dirty trick had been played on him. She would open the door, look at him, and laugh. She'd ask him who he thought he was. She'd just come to visit him because she was bored on weekends. What would she want with a bum like him? But maybe not. He had to know, though. He'd be able to tell immediately by the expression on her face. Would her face show him happiness, or would it betray a lie she'd been living for more than a year? He hadn't told her when he was coming out, just that it would be soon. He had to see that look on her face.

"Hey, buddy," the bartender interrupted his reverie. His beer had gone flat and warm. "You want a fresh one?"

"Nah," he said. "I gotta go." He gulped down the flat beer, turned and stalked out to the street. The sun had broken through the clouds, and it warmed his back as he crossed the street to catch the bus that was just pulling in.

The driver punched his ticket and drawled, "Baggage?" The man shook his head and stepped back into the bus. He walked about halfway back and flopped on a seat next to a redhead. He checked out her tits as he sat down, and delighted in her discomfort at a long-haired, bearded tramp gazing so boldly at her body with a lustful leer. Just like the good old days, he mused, and laughed to himself. This tripped the broad out even more, but he couldn't concentrate on her. His mind kept going back to the joint.

What a madhouse, a world inside the world. Dudes making pruno and killing each other over packs of Camels. Insanity! But fuck that. He was out now and he'd die before ever going back. Being inside was worse than being dead. Never again would some pasty-faced little asshole tell him when to eat, and when to go to the shitter, and when to go to sleep. Never again would his hands be shackled behind his back while four rednecks stomped the shit out of him. He could've killed any two of them at once, but they'd had him where they wanted him—defenseless. Fuck 'em! he thought. Back to reality. I'm out, and they ain't gonna fuck with me no more. He looked past the redhead's tits out the window and wished he was in the wind instead of riding a damn bus.

His thoughts danced back and forth from now, back to the joint, and ahead to

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his first meeting away from the joint with that golden-eyed angel. He found his hands shaking as he lit a cigarette. Damn, what would she do?

He fell asleep sometime during the afternoon, and when he woke up the bus driver was shaking him and saying, "End of the line!" Well, he thought, this is it. He stretched his legs and stood up. He stepped off the bus and squinted his eyes at the neon signs on the hotels, bars, and stores. He was tempted to go into one of the bars for a couple of belts, but he thought, Fuck it, might as well get it over with. He flagged down a taxi, jumped in, and reading from a well-worn letter, told the driver where to go.

He started thinking of the scooter he wanted—anything to keep his mind off the fears that lurked in his heart. He had described it to her so many times, right down to the last nut and bolt, but he doubted that she could understand what it meant to him. She'd never before met a scooter tramp. Still, she always listened in rapt fascination.

Almost before he knew it, the taxi pulled over in front of a little house set well back from the street. He recognized it as the background in some of the pictures he had of her. He sat and looked at the pad, afraid to move, until the driver said, "Hey, Mac, this is it!"

"Yeah, yeah," he mumbled, handing the dude the amount on the meter, plus a buck. The taxi sped off and left him standing there, looking at the little house with the light glowing softly through a curtained window.

Every step was an effort as he walked up the path and then up the steps. He knocked, and the noise made him jump. He waited for a lifetime before he heard the latch click. The door slowly swung open. "Hello, Angel," he said softly, waiting to see the look on her face.

His heart jumped out of his chest as her face lit up in a smile and tears flowed from her golden eyes. She wrapped her arms around his neck and murmured, "Oh baby, baby," into his ear. He swung



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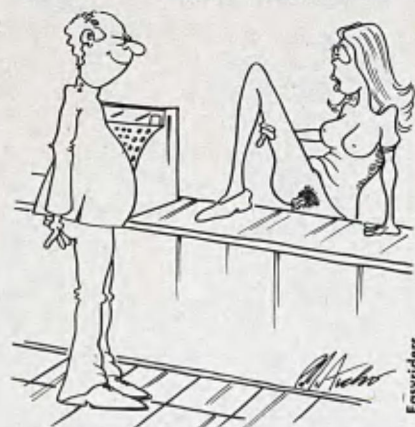
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"Excuse me, Mr. Druggist, but do you have anything for chapped lips?"

her up into his arms and drew her lips to his as he carried her into the house, kicking the door shut. Her tongue was a hot serpent in his mouth as she pressed herself against him. "I've waited so long, baby!" she whispered between wet kisses. All his fears forgotten now, he returned her kisses while his hands ran all over her squirming body. "Love me, Daddy, make love to me, right here, right now!" she cried. That was all the urging he needed. He pulled her dress over her head and she busied herself freeing him from his Levi's. In seconds they were naked and his mouth sought her little breasts. She squealed in ecstasy as his mouth traveled down her belly to the little blonde triangle between her legs. As his mouth made contact, her legs wrapped around his head, pulling his face into her lush wetness. After what seemed like hours, he could no longer deny his own desire and he swiftly mounted her. Their coupling was urgent and demanding. They both saw stars and heard bells as they reached their peak.

As they lay next to each other, he held her soft, warm body close and said, "Angel, I couldn't ask for a better homecoming."

She smiled a mischievous smile. "Get up, I want to show you something."

He playfully tried to hold her there, but she squirmed loose, grabbed his hand, and led him, stark naked, through the dark house. They came to a door off the kitchen. He guessed that it might lead to the garage. She pulled open the door and gently guided him, then held out her hands for him to stop. Damn, it was dark! She switched on the lights, smiled at him, and motioned for him to turn around. He looked and couldn't believe his eyes. It was the most beautiful scooter he'd ever seen, and it was the spitting image of the one he'd described to her in such detail. She wrapped her arms around him and softly nuzzled his naked chest.

"Welcome home" was all she said. ■



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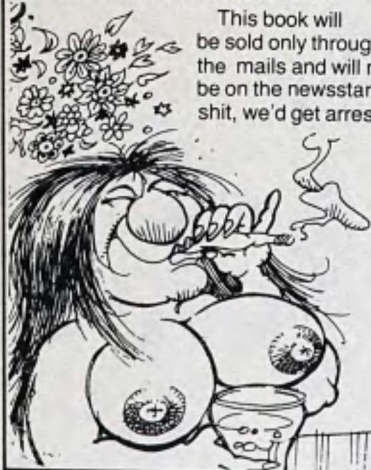
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This book will be sold only through the mails and will not be on the newsstands—shit, we'd get arrested!



Luck Charm

—Continued from page 13

job to a retard or something.

His scarred knuckles whitened as he clenched the pullbacks tighter, the old bitterness welling up. He thought of all the shit his mother had taken at her roadside stand when the rich, fat tourists tried to screw her out of the price of something it had taken her weeks to make.

"Fuck this," he growled and started looking for a place to pull over and do a number. He spotted a patch of trees at the next off ramp that looked just right for cooling his head and giving his ass a rest from the long ride on the rigid. He shot into the ramp and leaned way over, downshifting so fast the rear wheel chirped and slid each time, but he took care of that pan and it took care of him. He could have sworn it sympathized with his anger, and the little bit of hauling ass helped both of them calm down. He shut her down in the shade and sighed, listening to his leathers creaking and the shorty pipes ticking.

John had two things hanging on strips of leather around his neck. One was a ju-ju bag and the other was a 35mm metal canister filled with some righteous Colombian. After rolling a tight one, he took a deep hit and held it in until he got off the machine and walked over to a big oak. He sat down, put his back against the tree, and let the smoke ease out simultaneously. "Aaah, that's better," he thought aloud as he started fingering the ju-ju bag.

It was a good-luck charm his grandfather White Fox had helped him make just before the old man died five years ago. White Fox wasn't really sure how old he was, but almost everyone on the reservation regarded him with the reverence customarily accorded the very old. He was also a much respected medicine man. As John sat under that oak with the remnants of the joint stinging his callused fingers, he remembered crying out in rage and frustration at the way they were all treated by the white man. Only White Fox could calm him down. White Fox would tell him that although the white men ran the country, they couldn't rule his heart. "You must be proud of your heritage and remember that we have things they will never truly be able to understand."

John was beginning to get a little numb around the edges as he remembered that day five years ago when his grandfather had prepared his ju-ju



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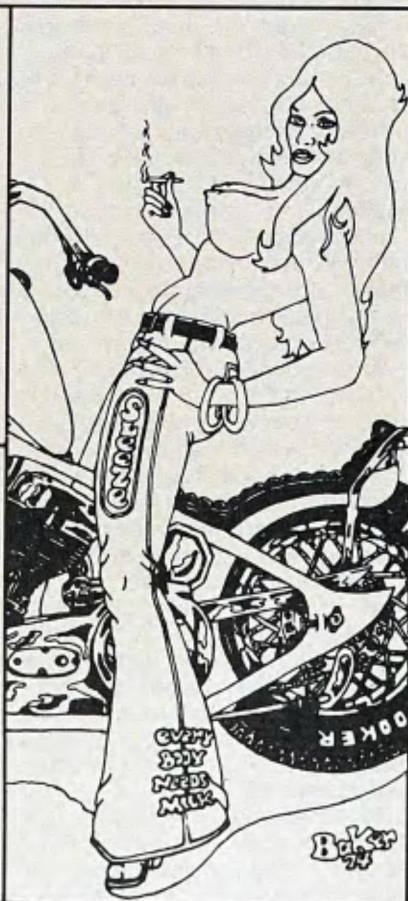


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bag. "You will become angry many times at the ways of the white man, but as long as you wear this, no real harm to you will go unavenged." As he finished speaking these words and draped the bag over John's head, a huge white snow owl sailed past, a dead rattler clenching in its talons. His grandfather trembled at the sight, and as he held his grandson's hands in his own, he intoned with a wisdom only the ageless could fathom, "This indeed will be a powerful charm. The snow owl wills it so."

His buzz going full blast now, John smiled at the memory and yelled to a nearby grazing cow, "I don't know if this damn bag works or not but I've sure as hell been able to hold my own in a whole shitload of barfights!"

Feeling a helluva lot better than he had when he'd first stopped, the lone biker shook his long black hair out of his face and slung a steel-toed boot over the seat of the handmade sled—the only thing he had loved since he'd left the reservation. He had fucked around for three years in the white man's world now, and had long ago decided it was safer to trust a machine. The mag fired her up on the first kick and scared the shit out of the cow, which was still freaked at being talked to.

"Let's go get some of that Colorado Kool-aid someplace, my friend," John said as he patted the fatbob tank. The pan responded with a shower of gravel and burning rubber, as if it drank brew instead of gas.

Five miles down the road was a hole in the wall called the County Corners Saloon. It was pretty much in the middle of nowhere and welcomed any business it could get. As its name implied, it was located on the fringes of two different sheriff's departments—so it wasn't "visited" very much. Those were two pretty good reasons for the skinny old guy who

—Continued on page 95



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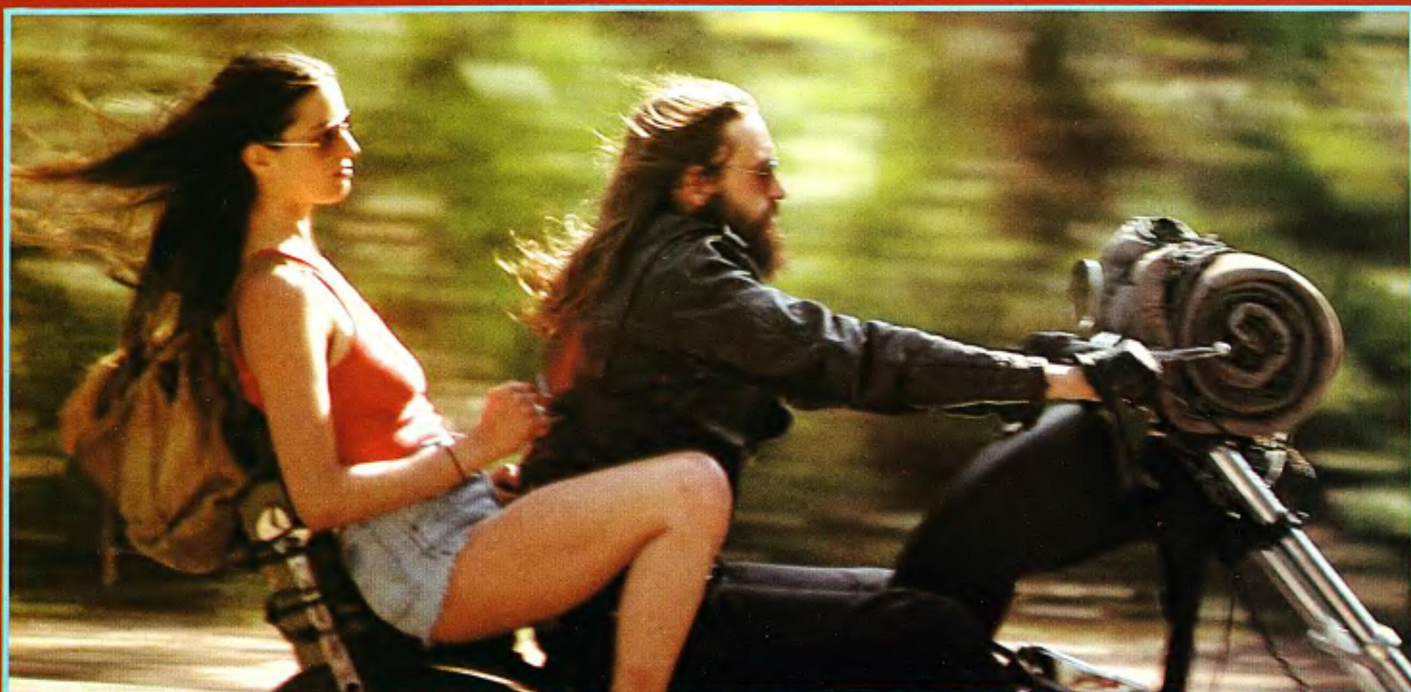
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Feed your impish imagination whatever mind-chemical it takes to make it click into gear at just the right revs. Snort a beer—I don't give a fuck. Just git that fucker outta the garage and in the street.

All right, is the thinkin' cap nestled against a warm-runnin' mill? We're aware that some imaginations are harder to start than others. This ain't no push-button,



electric, sure-to-go system. This element takes more than a few volts neatly stored in a cumbersome lead container. This takes a good feeling, like the warm touch of a woman's skin. It takes positive motivation, such as a tender kiss or soft words like Jeanette is capable of. Many bikers are into the creative (ever-changing) bag. It's evident every day while trippin' on any bro's new scooter. Ya trip over



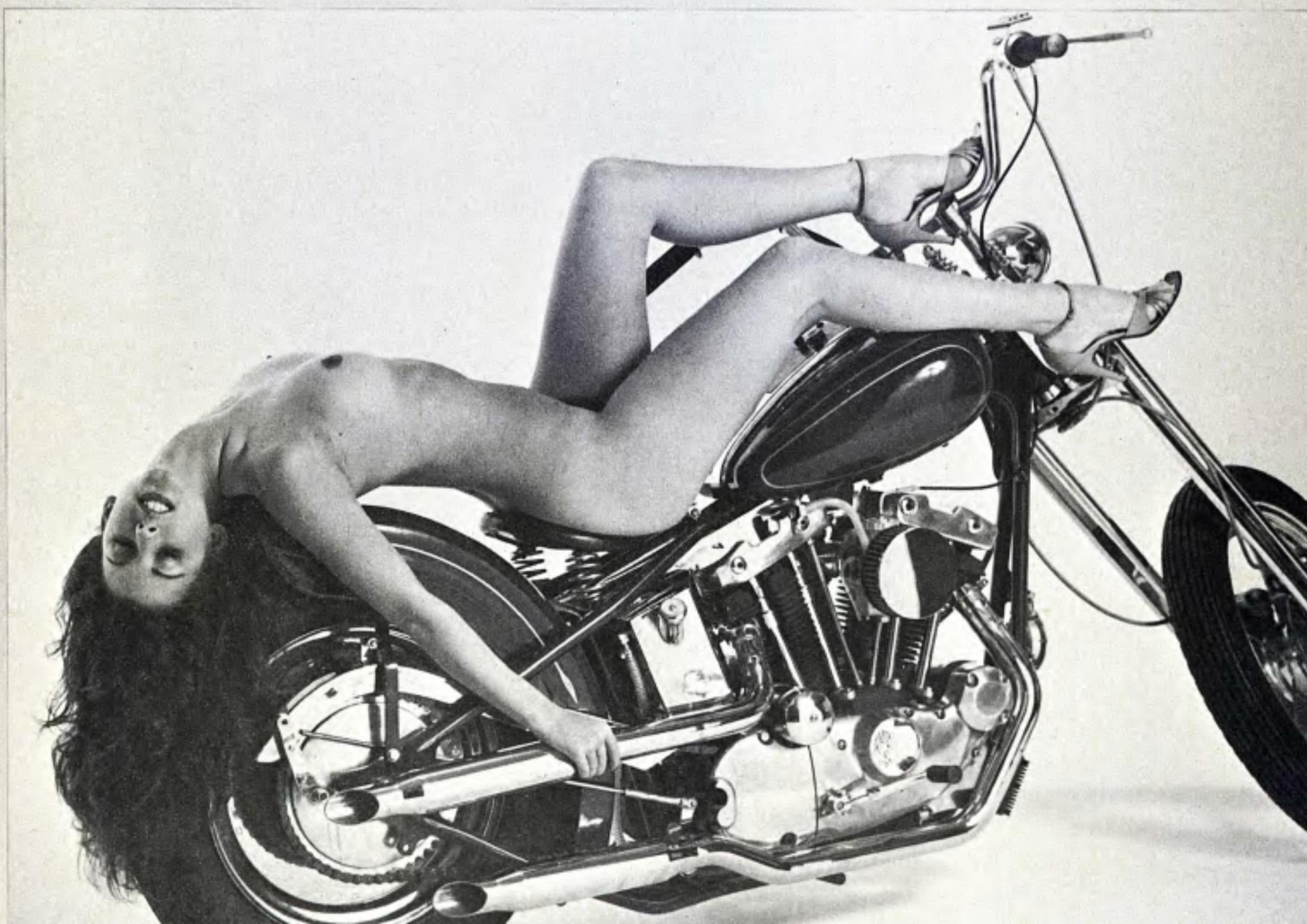
every sleek line and perfected coat of glossy finish like you creatively run your hands along her soft body, letting each fingerprint find and feel its own new path along this soft new experience.

Ya understand—sure, get another beer. How about if I roll a doobie? Are ya trippin' yet? Look a taste closer at the flicks. Ya gotta get laid back. We're gonna put the cliché, "stretch yer imagination," in the dirt. We're gonna pull a "tug-o-war"



number on it. Her body's ripe, right? She's damn good people, too. Does that help?

Ya wouldn't kick her outta bed—huh? What the hell's the matter with ya? We can't pull the fuckin' fantasy off in your very bearded mug. I mean, we'll give it our best shot at gettin' the whole operation underway—but I'll be goddamned if I'm gonna sell raisin pie on the fucking corner to get everyone a hometown hooker to take care of biz.





A mug full of slack is in order here—excuse me.

Didn't mean to get wound up. I mean, I like the sweetie a lot. I could think of a number of things. . . Wait a minute—I'm not givin' away any secrets just yet.

Okay, so how do ya feel about it now? Ya ready for an endin' or beginnin' that'll stretch yer mind beyond the last freaked-out part you thought would make you a million as another major motorcycle parts manufacturer? You *must* be ready and with an open mind or ya won't understand. I could ask ya as brothers if just this once, you could cut me some distance—but I don't want to. I want this to be square business. I lay my feeble hand on the table, and you open with you can dig it—or we go from there.

What I'm gettin' at is, that sometimes when yer plastered to the bar stool and a new guy lays some long-winded tale of romance and lotsa lust on ya—well, sometimes it's difficult to wash it down, even with yer tenth beer half gone. And sometimes ya let the ol' imagination flow and ya can dig it, whether it is sorta far-fetched or not.

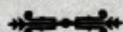
I think I'm gettin' through now. So, let me lay down a few facts. Jeanette is 112 pounds, she's five feet, six inches tall, measurin' in at 34-24-36, has a C-cup and is fuckin' beautiful. Oh, and she wears a size seven. So is yer imagination runnin' smoothly—'cause this one's on you. I'm burnt out, need to work on my bike. You lick her lovely body silly. If my ol' lady catches me writin' another one of these things. . .

—Seven Seven



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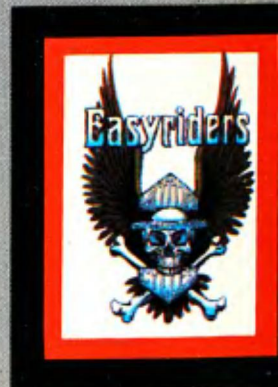
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Luck Charm

—Continued from page 86

ran the place not to get very upset with the three greaseballs who had been drinking his beer all day, just as they usually did.

The ugliest one was a wimpy little shit called Flipper. He had picked up his handle because of his floppy, blue-colored fish lips. His left arm was useless because of a losing childhood bout with polio—but then, Flipper never did win anything.

Sitting alongside him in the booth and spilling brew all over himself was Snitch, a cowardly asshole who would turn in his own mother for a bottle of Kickin' Chicken. Of course, in time, his reputation had become such that anyone who was doing anything the least bit shady stayed away. Even his mother kept her distance.

Across the table from them, taking up damn near the whole seat, was the obvious leader of the three. His name was Little Red, which was what most dudes with red hair and a beard are called, especially when they weigh in at 280 and stand six-foot-eight. Cover that in greasy leathers and add a face that looked like it had lost an argument with a Chop-a-Matic and you know why the bartender called Red "Sir." Red had spent two years in a sanitarium for shooting his old man because "he yelled at me all the time." Not only did he have a mean streak, but he also carried a .357, full of hot-load hollow-points, underneath his jacket. He was so unpredictable that he made everybody he ever met nervous, except Snitch and Flipper. And that was why County Corners was grudgingly looked upon as their territory.

Just when Red was getting ready to tell Flipper to get off his ass and get another pitcher, he heard the low growl of a big Harley pulling into the lot. Now, Red wasn't the smartest dude by a long shot, but he sure could tell the difference between a Hog that was running tight and sweet and his '44 knuckle, which had been groaning for the last six months.

A few seconds later, the door swung open and a still mildly buzzing John Silver Cloud walked in. After three years on the road, he could tell by glancing at the three stooges in the corner looking his way that he had just picked the wrong bar. John hadn't been scared of anything in a long time, but by tomorrow he wanted to be home saying hello to some memories—not sitting in some bullshit jail cell. He just hoped

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they wouldn't start any shit he'd have to finish.

Snitch leaned over to Flipper and whispered, "That's a goddam Indian. Look at the face and them wristbands!"

"So what?" Flipper whined back, watching Red. "Looks like he could take care of himself even if he wasn't wearin' that fuckin' bowie knife."

Now, all of this was familiar to Red. Any time somebody came in this joint and looked interesting to his two buddies, they would start this shit. Then, he was obliged to pound the dude into oblivion so that the three of them could share the spoils. He had once wondered why he put up with it, and figured that, in some strange way, they respected him. He needed that, considering that very few people even wanted to talk to him. "Well, here we go again," he told himself.

Then he snorted and said to Flipper, disgustedly, "One guy walks in an' you sit here like there's thirty more in the parkin' lot! Well, he don't mean shit to me! Besides, I want to see what he's got outside." With this he heaved his huge bulk out of the booth, staggered a little, and walked over to the front door. The sight of the beautiful pan parked next to his rat bike did nothing to make him feel any better. He just might enjoy stomping this guy into the little cracks between the floorboards. When he turned around, John saw the look on his face and all notions of a quiet beer disappeared.

"My friends say you're an Indian," Red growled. "Is that right?"

"What of it?" John almost purred. There was a look in his eyes that told Red this wasn't going to be easy. Red couldn't keep up the gaze, but when he broke it off, he made eye contact with Flipper and Snitch, who were practically foaming at the mouth waiting for something to happen. He was committed.

"Look, Tonto," he hissed, "nobody comes onto my turf and says some shit like 'what of it.' You look real bad with them wristbands and that pigsticker and that whatever-the-hell-it-is fancy bag around your neck!" Then his curiosity got the better of him for a second. "What the hell is that, anyway?"

John had been slowly easing off his chair while Red was talking, and as he answered, he was standing loosely about five feet away from the big man. "It's my good luck charm," he said with a smile on his face Red didn't like one little bit. Red had a sick feeling in his stomach, but he knew he had to do something or even those two assholes in the corner wouldn't look up to him.

"Okay, Tonto!" he grated as he clawed for his gun, "let's see if your good luck charm is worth a shit!"

The next thing Little Red knew, there was a piercing pain in his balls as John's boot connected. Before his body hit the floor, he felt the point of the Bowie drawing blood from a small cut just below his Adam's apple. As he lay in the stale beer and spit on the floor, trying to figure out what the hell had happened, he heard the Indian say, "You know something, turkey, there's two things you didn't pick up from watching the movies. Indians are always fast and they're sneaky."

Little Red felt his .357 being pulled out of his jacket. "I'll just throw this out in the parking lot far enough that I'll be long gone before you find it." With that, the pressure on Red's throat disappeared and so did John Silver Cloud—out the front door. Before the door had slammed shut, the pan was fired up and spraying gravel all over the lot. Then it gained purchase on the blacktop and screamed away into the gathering darkness.

The silence in the bar was deafening. No one there, including the bartender, could believe what had happened, and least of all Red, who was staring at the world through a haze of pain. He thought, I've got to get that fucker or I might just as well leave town. He got up on one knee and looked over at Flipper and Snitch.

"Flipper," he croaked, "are the keys in your pickup? I don't think I'm up to ridin' my bike just yet."

"Yeah," said Flipper, his mouth still hanging open.

"How's about your shotgun?" yelled Red, gaining strength as he got to his feet. "Is it in the gun rack?"

"Yeah," said Flipper again, this time with a glimmer of hope in his eyes for his fallen protector. "It's got a full load of double-ought buck, too!"

"Well, I'm gonna get that fuckin' Indian and ride back here in style on



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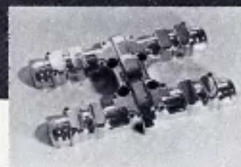
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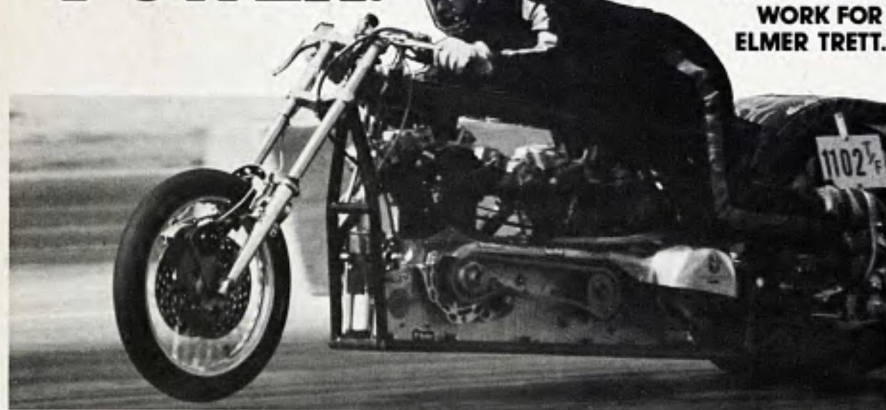
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the best-lookin' pan you'll see in a long time!" Red bellowed, building up more confidence by the second. With a parting yell, he raced outside and gunned up the late-model Chevy. He spun out of the lot in the same direction that John Silver Cloud had taken.

Ten minutes later, while John was hauling ass as fast as he dared on the unfamiliar road, he saw the glare of headlights in his mirror. With a feeling of foreboding that had never steered him wrong before, he knew he'd better push himself and his bike to the limit if he wanted to get out of this.

Little Red saw the bike at the same instant and yelled with excitement. He had the fucker now. He knew this road like the back of his hand, and in two miles it was going to turn into gravel. Then, he could catch up for sure. He kicked in the four-barrel. As he surged forward, he reached behind the seat and closed his fingers on the cold, smooth double barrels of Flipper's shotgun.

John felt a cold stab of fear when his Bates lamp picked up the beginning of the gravel. His hands tightened on the grips as he hit the unstable surface and started to fishtail. The muscles in his arms and back stood out like cords in his efforts to control the pan. He could almost feel the headlights warming his back as the pursuing truck drew closer.

"Goddammit!" he yelled as an all-consuming rage took hold of him. The anger of a lifetime was rearing its head and demanding to be satisfied. And the way to satisfy it was to slow down and not wipe himself out. Correction: The way to really satisfy it was to pull over and wipe out the asshole driving the truck. He couldn't possibly have found that pistol yet. So John Silver Cloud slid to a stop, laid the pan against the slope of the drainage ditch, and waited.

"Holy shit!" Red screeched. He couldn't believe his luck. "Now I can waste Tonto and won't even get a scratch on my new sled doin' it." He kept his lights on and pulled off the side of the road fifty feet from where John stood waiting for him, bowie in hand. Red got out of the truck, keeping the shotgun close alongside his leg, and walked out in front of the lights. He was humming to himself.

All John could see as they walked toward each other was the huge bulk of the man silhouetted in the glare of the lights. He grasped the bowie tighter and fingered his ju-ju bag. He was getting ready to say something witty to piss off the giant and give

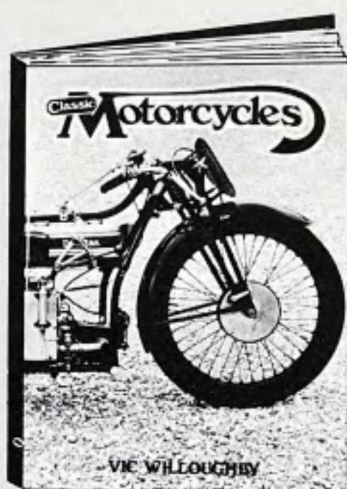
himself an edge. Then, he saw the glint of light off blue steel as some kind of rifle eased away from Red's leg and slowly came up to the man's shoulder. He tried to throw the knife, but there wasn't time. The last thing he saw was a brilliant muzzle flash as two double-ought buck loads cut him in half. As the life flowed from his shattered body into the thirsty earth, he remembered something his grandfather had told him five years before—and smiled.

Little Red rolled the body into the ditch alongside the road, but not before he had relieved the Indian of those beautiful rattlesnake wristbands. They fit Red as if they'd been made for him. He also checked out the contents of the ju-ju bag. Looked like a rattlesnake tail, a scorpion tail, and some weeds and shit. He snorted in disgust and kicked the contents into the ditch with John. Then he walked back to the panhead and looked at it with admiration. He straddled the machine and started her up on the first try. He jumped off and hid the pickup in some trees until he and the boys could come back and take care of the details before first light. Right now, all he wanted was to pull up in the County Corners lot on this sled—with a shiteating grin on his face.

When he got off the gravel and back onto the main road, he gunned his new ride and laughed in the wind at the way she responded. He was doing 80 when the wristbands started itching. He slowed down a little bit to scratch, muttering about fleas and Indians. Scratching only made them worse, though, and he slowed down to about 35, thinking about taking them off until he could clean them up. And then he stopped thinking, because you can't think and be terror-stricken at the same time. You see, those wristbands started to squeeze his wrists—a little at a time and then harder, and harder. They constricted his wrists so badly that he couldn't keep a grip on the bars any more. His fists were being forced open by the unbelievable pressure. He finally managed to stop the pan just before the pain got so bad that he screamed in absolute horror as he tried to pull the bands off his wrists. He could hear bones cracking and see blood beginning to drip onto the roadside. Then he heard a fluttering—and something brushed past his head. Sobbing, he looked up and screamed again.

* * *

Back at the bar, Flipper and Snitch were too worried to be drunk. Red had been gone for three hours now, and



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without Red they were nothing. They couldn't take the suspense any longer, and Snitch said, "Fuck this! Let's get on my bike and find out what the hell is goin' on."

Twenty minutes later, they saw Little Red's body half in and half out of the ditch alongside the road. They pulled off and sat there, bike idling as the headlight illuminated the lower half of the big man. "Well," stammered Flipper while he nervously fingered his bad arm, "let's go see what kind of shape he's in. It looks like Red needs our help this time."

"He might be beyond any help we can give him, man," whispered Snitch, "but even so, we can't just leave him like that."

They walked over to where Red lay and grabbed him by the ankles. After considerable groaning and straining, they pulled him, backside up, out of the ditch. The first thing they saw were two bloody stumps where his hands had been. After Flipper calmed down to where he was sure he wouldn't throw up, they turned Red over. Then Flipper did throw up—for it was very obvious that something had clawed Red's eyes out.

"Holy shit!" screamed Snitch. "What the hell did this?" They both heard wings flapping about twenty feet down the roadside. Looking at each other to hold on to the last shreds of courage, they inched down the road bed, straining to see something in the weak glimmer of Snitch's headlight. What they saw made them run back the way they had come faster than they had ever run before.

Sitting on the pullbacks of John Silver Cloud's panhead was the biggest snow owl they had ever seen—and its claws were dripping blood. ■

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Bottom Line

—Continued from page 51

ever so foolish as to try cheating him. Once one of them had, and that one's legs had been broken in swift retaliation. Both legs, with an axehandle. Shifter made sure news of that example reached his other employees, knowing it would inspire them to continued dependability in sending his percentage of each deal to the post office box he rented in a phony name in yet another out-of-state location. He didn't even pick up the money himself, but had another employee do that through a remailing service—and quite a lot of money it was, too.

He pulled into the truckstop parking area and rolled the motorcycle to a stop beside the adjoining gas pumps where two rental trailers concealed it from the highway. Just another normal precaution. As he got off the bike, he glanced at his watch and saw it was nearly noon. Any time now that poor chump downstate would be coming out of the warehouse with expectations of riding over to the bar and grill where he lunched every day. That was where Shifter had first spotted the chopper, gracing the curb in front of the saloon like a gleaming advertisement for money in the bank. It had been a simple matter to follow the biker back to work from there, check his hours, and strike the next morning. Crushed gravel in the parking lot crunched under Shifter's feet as he walked to the door of the diner and entered, chuckling at the thought of what that dude's face was going to look like when he discovered his scooter gone. Shifter didn't feel the intent gaze on his back as he crossed the lot, or see the tall man working at the pumps behind him toss a wipe rag down and walk slowly



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toward the parked motorcycle when the restaurant door closed.

Inside, it was a typical highway grub joint. A long formica counter, with stacks of cereal and stale desserts behind it, ran the length of the room from front to rear. A jukebox and a cigarette machine flanked restroom doors on one side of the floor. A long, wood-grained partition divided the dining area, the larger section of booths being reserved for truckers only. Directly under the sign in that section, two burly men sat scarfing up plates of meat and potatoes. One of them had the kind of short haircut that always looks as if a lawnmower did it, and the other wore his sideburns combed back halfway over his ears. The one with sideburns kept a toothpick in the corner of his mouth while he ate. All the counter stools were vacant and Shifter took one near the front, lighting a cigarette as he sat down.

The waitress had one of those automatic noses. It went straight up in the air as soon as she spotted Shifter. She kept him waiting for several minutes while she fiddled with an already-perking coffeemaker. When she finally flounced up the counter to take his order, he asked for a beer and a burger, ignoring the wrinkle-nosed face she made over his head and the answering snicker from one of the truckers behind him. It was a typical reaction to his appearance, one that he was resigned to. An attitude rather than a reaction, literally speaking, because his presence was the only action he had given them to react to. Shifter didn't let their sly derision bother him. It was the sort of thing he ran into all the time, and would as long as he roamed the country in faded denim and worn leather, looking every scruffy inch the 'sickle bum part he played to perfection with his shaggy hair and ragged,



"What really hurt was when she turned me in and used the reward money for a honeymoon with da asshole."

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untrimmed beard. Redneck attitudes came with the territory, the way he looked at it. In fact, he welcomed them to a degree, considering them proof that he was playing his role well.

As he watched the waitress fart around rearranging pieces of plastic-looking pie in a display case while she kept him waiting for his beer, Shifter idly speculated on how fast her bitchy manner would change if she knew the caliber of stud he really was. She'd change her mind about how to treat him so zip quick she'd give herself an emotional whiplash if she only knew the kind of bucks he had stashed away, he thought. There was enough to buy her ass and evict her from it if he wanted to. Her *and* those two beer-bellied truckers grinning behind his back—all of them. Money was the secret, Shifter knew. With it you could do anything you wanted, and once you had enough of it, it didn't matter how you got it.

He was deep in a reverie about what he'd like to do to the waitress, and make her do to him, when the door opened and a tall dude in Levi's and work shirt came in. Another one, Shifter sneered inwardly as he let his eyes flicker over the newcomer's worn clothes and scuffed, down-at-the-heel boots. Ain't nothing, ain't never been nothing, and ain't never gonna be nothing more than a chump stuck in the rut of a lifetime of bullshit jobs, scuffling just to make it from payday to payday, never mind getting a buck ahead. Shifter made a small contemptuous sound in his throat and turned away, dismissing the man from his mind, and downed half his beer in a single thirsty swallow when the waitress brought it.

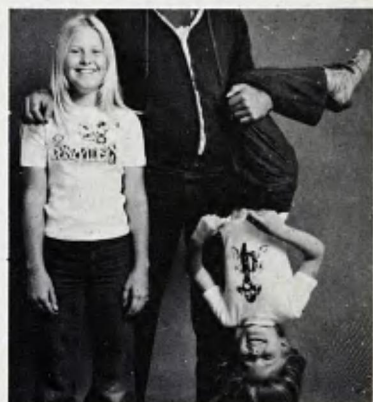
After drinking, he wiped his mouth carelessly with the back of his hand and let his gaze rove over her body as she came back with his hamburger. His eyes



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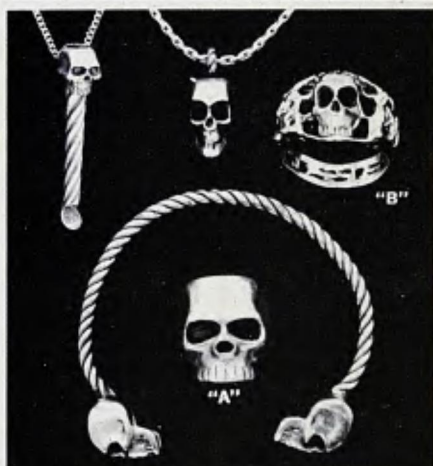
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found the unbuttoned neckline of her uniform blouse and stayed there while he bit into the bun, his mind partly on his hunger and partly still fantasizing the treatment he'd like to give her. He'd tangle his hands in her long hair and force the bitch to her knees, then rip the front of her uniform open and tumble her plump tits out. She'd love it. She'd—

"I said quit staring at me like that!" the waitress snapped, her voice rising angrily at having to repeat herself before he showed any sign of hearing.

Shifter blinked and dropped his eyes, then gave all his attention to the food in front of him. He felt himself flush as he chewed the suddenly tasteless meat. For a moment, the diner was so still he could hear traffic sounds clearly from the road outside. With an abrupt motion, he pushed the plate away, no longer hungry, and fumbled in his pocket for money as he got up.

Tossing two singles on the counter, he turned toward the door. One of the truckers growled a question and the waitress squawked something in reply about his not knowing his place. The crewcut trucker slid out of his seat and came around the dining partition to block Shifter's exit, volunteering with an ugly grin to teach him where it was, since

he didn't know. Shifter halted, his self-conscious humiliation of moments before gone and a hot rush of anticipating pleasure rising to take its place. This was exactly what he needed to wipe out the feeling of smallness that bitch had caused him to have. It was too bad there wasn't time to really do a job on the trucker, but he couldn't afford the risk of cops coming now. He'd have to drop the chump fast and get the bike away from there, in case the waitress called them. He could always come back some other time and teach her a lesson. She wouldn't be the first bitch he'd returned to see.

Grinning wickedly, he moved forward on the balls of his feet to meet the trucker. Then he heard a sound behind him and snapped a look around. The sideburned one was climbing over the dining rail, toothpick still between his teeth and a bottle in his fist. Uh-oh, Shifter thought, the shit's on now for sure. He lashed out with a sudden kick that slammed into the crewcut trucker's groin, then whipped a hard hook to his jaw as the man bent forward, gasping in pain. The other trucker's hand closed on Shifter's shoulder and as swiftly was gone again. Shifter kneed Crewcut full in the face and felt cartilage give. The

man made a bubbling sound and fell to the floor.

Shifter spun to face the second trucker, then stopped, his jaw sagging in amazement. He stared as the tall dude he'd seen come in earlier ducked beneath the bottle the sideburned trucker swung wildly at his head, and as he ducked, the tall man lifted one of his scuffed boots high and kick-stomped the burly man. The edge of his boot sole raked down the trucker's shin, and the trucker's pain-shocked leg shrieked hurt to his brain even as the full force of the tall man's foot crunched solidly on his instep. The trucker howled and fell backward into a booth, where he stayed, clutching his injured leg and moaning.

The tall man looked at Shifter and smiled. A small, tight grin. "We'd better ride," he said.

Shifter allowed himself to be pushed out the door and propelled across the lot by the stranger's grip on his arm. Their bootheels made heavy sounds in the gravel as they strode to the motorcycle.

"I'll ride with you," the tall man said, throwing his leg across the packing seat and getting on behind Shifter.

"I'm not going your way!" Shifter snapped. He shot an anxious look at the restaurant door while he fumbled with

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the starter. "Look, thanks for the help inside, but I didn't ask for it, and I ain't hauling hitchhikers. Now pile your ass off my bike!" he snarled when the tall man made no move to dismount.

"Where'd you get it?" the tall man asked conversationally.

"What?"

"You said this is your bike. Where'd you get it?"

"What the fuck is this?" Shifter demanded. "I don't have time to play questions and answers with you, man. I'm—"

"You have a bill of sale, papers?"

"No! Goddammit—"

"You stole it."

"I don't know what..." Shifter's voice died in mid-sentence at the sound of a metallic click behind him. The pressure of something hard and round against his lower back brought sudden beads of sweat to his forehead. "Which way you headed?" he asked hoarsely when he could speak again.

"Like I said, with you. There's a junction about ten miles on. Take the road to the left when we get there," the tall man directed.

Shifter started the motor, put the bike in gear, and rolled out of the lot onto the road. His mind raced like an engine with no load, spinning uselessly as he tried to understand what was happening. Was this a ripoff? What kind of ripoff? The guy knew the sled was hot. None of it made sense. Did he really have a piece, or was he running a bluff?

When they were up a grade away from the truckstop with nothing in sight but empty road going both ways, the tall man tapped Shifter on the shoulder and held a short-barreled pistol up where he could see it. "Just in case you were wondering," the tall man said.

At the junction, when Shifter slowed to turn, he took a long look eastward, the



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direction in which they were heading—toward the desert. "Can I say something?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Sure."

"That's an old road, and it looks pretty rough up ahead. I'm worried about that gun going off by accident if we hit a bump."

"You've got something to worry about there," the tall man agreed.

Shifter was silent for several minutes as he concentrated on guiding the motorcycle over the least eroded sections of potholed asphalt. "Are you going to tell me what this is about?" he asked finally.

The tall man's gaze was fixed intently ahead, his Polaroid-shaded eyes searching the road where it reached to the horizon. It was a moment before he responded to Shifter's question, and when he did, it was first with a satisfied grunt at the blocky shape of a building materializing in the distance. "When I'm ready," he said then. "All you need to know now is that we're stopping for gas up ahead. Don't say a word. Don't open your mouth except to breathe while we're there. You got that?"

"I've got it," Shifter said.

"Be sure," the tall man cautioned, and Shifter heard something in those two words that suddenly made him very sure indeed that he didn't want to speak to anyone at all, about anything.

The gas station was a rundown frame building with a tile roof, several pieces of tile missing, and a faded awning covering the drive area between the door and the pumps. A rusted Coke machine stood beside the door. At one end of the main building stood a lean-to of unpainted wood. A hand-lettered sign identified it as a prospecting supplies store. When the attendant, a thin old man with lined rawhide skin, came out of the building's shade to be paid for the gas they pumped, the tall man asked if he had a

—Continued on page 111



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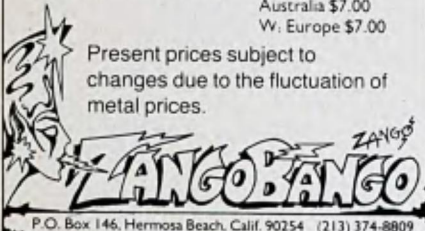
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Bottom Line

—Continued from page 106

canteen for sale. The old man spat an amber stream of tobacco juice on the ground where it evaporated almost immediately, leaving only a dry brown stain on the grey earth, and went back inside. He returned two minutes later with a canteen, which he filled with water at the tall man's request. After he had been paid, he spoke for the first time.

"You fellers headin' out in the desert?" he asked conversationally.

"Yes," the tall man said.

"Whatcha goin' out there for?"

"To mind our own business."

"Say, young feller, I just asked a civil question. You got no call to get snappy with me."

"I wasn't," the tall man said flatly.

"Well, okay then," the old man said, appeased. He turned around and started back inside, smoothing the folded bills in his hands. Shifter, watching him go, made an almost involuntary sound, and felt the gun barrel nudge his spine again.

"If you hear a loud noise it'll be you dying," the tall man said in a low tone.

"You're going to shoot me anyway,"

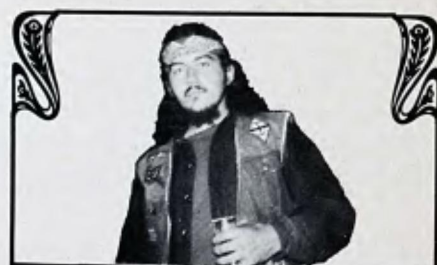
Shifter accused, his voice thin with strain.

"Only if I have to. If I pull this trigger, now or later, it'll be because you forced it."

"What do you want, for God's sake?"

"I want you to take the next road off into the desert."

It wasn't a desert in the Death Valley sense. This wasn't bare land, blowing sand, and unmerciful heat. It was hard-pan country, arid plains of slab-cracked, rocky ground landscaped with clumps of yucca, enough shaking miles of cut-banks and broken terrain to hide an army, and unmerciful heat. It was the



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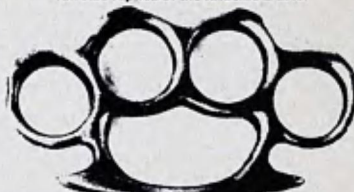
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"You said you'd count to three!" he yelled as he hurried to shed his boots.



"Damned plugged-up sink!"



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"Sometimes I lie," the tall man confessed. "Now peel your socks off and give them to me. Put your boots back on. Here, take the canteen, but don't drink."

"If you're going to waste me, just fucking do it and get it done!" Shifter cried.

"You've got forever to be dead. Don't rush it," the tall man said. He pushed his sunshades up on his forehead and settled himself comfortably on the motorcycle seat. The gun disappeared like the conclusion of a magician's trick. "Tell me that story again about this being your bike."

"It's... okay, I stole the fucking scooter! Is that what you want to hear?"

"Funny how things happen, isn't it?" the tall man mused. "The odds must be a million to one against fate dealing a hand like this. Just goes to show you, anything can happen. You see, I'd been working back there at the truckstop for a few days, helping a friend out. Yesterday was supposed to be my last day, but I decided to work one more—just for the hell of it—to finish out the week before heading back south. That's where I live, down in the southern end of the state. The guy you ripped this chop off from is one of my bros. I recognized it as soon as you pulled in at the diner. So I borrowed the cashdrawer gun in case you turned out to be strapped down yourself, and came to brace you, but when that rumble jumped off and you didn't pull a piece I knew you weren't holding. You're the kind of punk who'd for sure flash one if you had it. Everything else came down the way it came down, and that brings us up to here and now. Hand me that canteen back for a minute, will you? I'm kind of dry. Sure is hot, isn't it?"

Shifter licked his cracked lips. "Look, about the scooter, man. If there's any way I can make it right, I mean I'm sorry..."

"If you were as sorry as you could be you wouldn't be sorry enough. And even if you were, it wouldn't change anything."

"All right, if you're not going to blow me away, like you said, what are you going to do, take me to court?"



"May I get you anything else, sir?"

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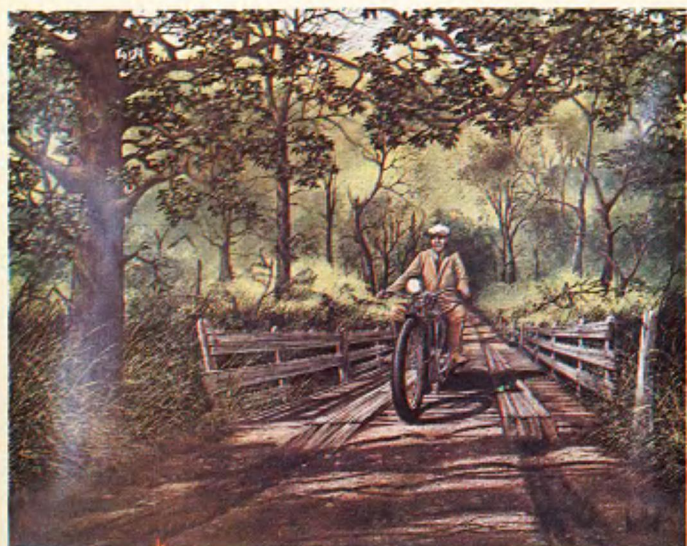
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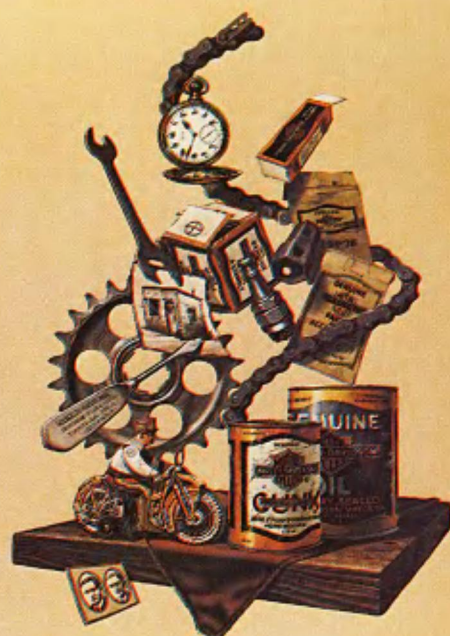
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"You're already in court," the tall man said. "But I'm not your judge. I'm your judgment."

"So what are you going to do, goddammit?"

"Leave you here. It's close to eighty miles back out the way we came. It might be more, might be less, if you try another direction. It's like everything else in life, I guess. You make your choice, then you take your chances. I'm going back to that motel we passed on the highway and catch a few hours sleep. I might even take a shower before I crawl between those cool, clean sheets. A nice long shower would be real refreshing in this weather, wouldn't it? Did you notice whether that motel had air conditioning or not?"

"Screw you!"

"Uh-huh. Well, anyway, all you have to do is walk out of here and you're home free. If you make it you can go back to ripping off all the sleds you want until you get caught again, and that brings me to this next little detail I haven't told you yet. After I wake up and have a cold beer I'll be coming back, hunting you. If I find you, that means you didn't make it."

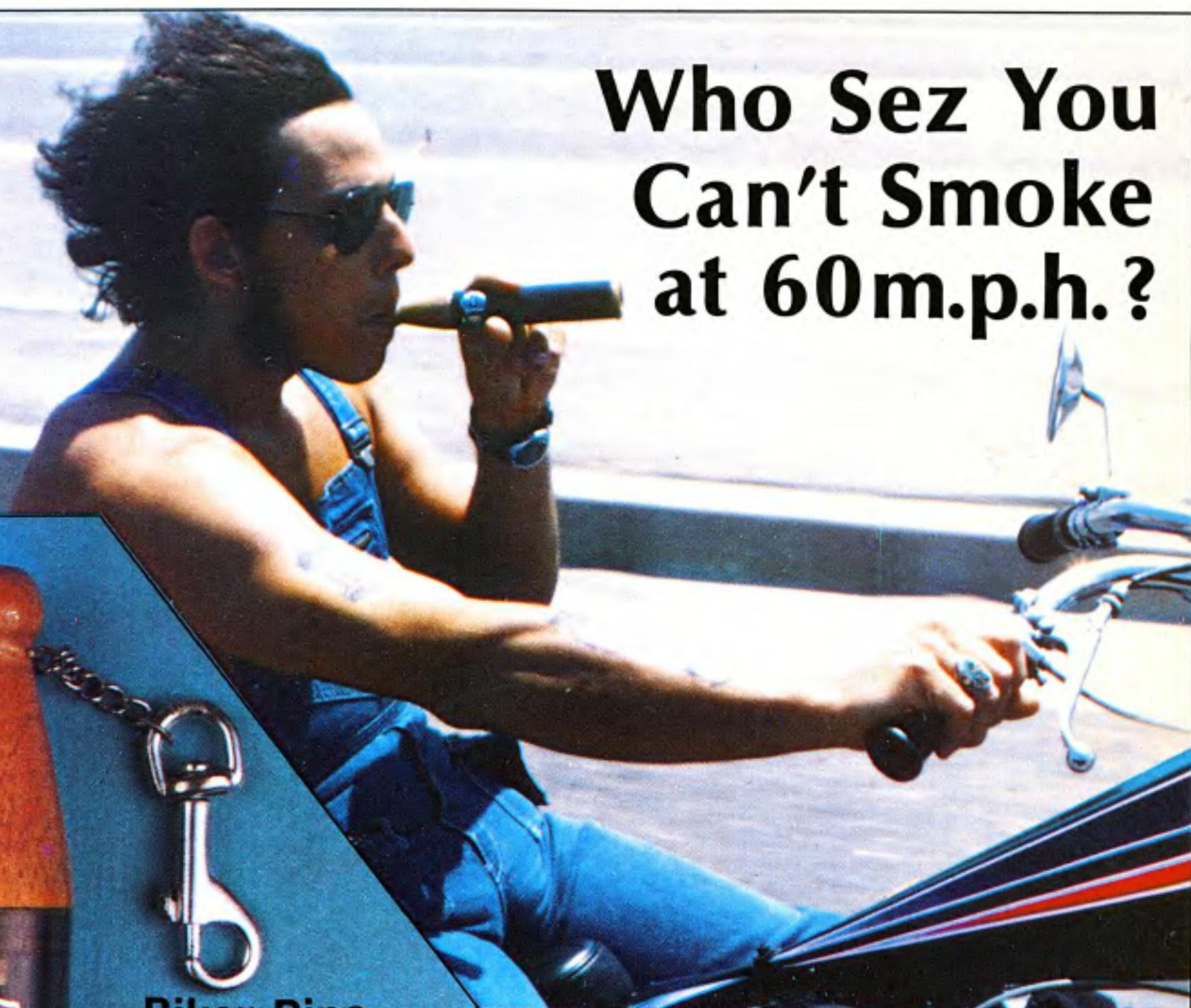
"What happens then?"

"That's the bottom line. You don't make it." With those words hanging in the air, the tall man dropped his sunglasses into place and turned the motorcycle around. Then, with a last level look at Shifter, he rode away.

Shifter walked over to a flat rock and sat down, then scrambled up again quickly. The rock was hot enough to burn skin. He watched until the bike disappeared over the brow of a hill, then reappeared smaller a few minutes later on a farther rise. It was a long time before the tall man's dust trail settled on the horizon. Shifter studied the far distance in every direction while he waited. After a while, a lizard slithered out of a crack in the hardpan earth and flicked its tongue at him, then darted out of sight between two rocks. The air was heavy with an utter stillness that made Shifter's ears ring to listen to it. A buzzard flew down from the high sky and circled over him to see if he would lie down and die. Shifter threw a stone at it and the scavenger soared upward until it reached a height where it could circle lazily, patiently. Later, another buzzard came. Shifter watched them while he wrapped his feet with cloth torn from his shirt in an effort to keep the skin from rubbing raw against the bare leather of his boots.

At sundown, he drank a carefully measured three swallows of water, slung the half-empty canteen across his shoulder, and started walking. Somewhere in the arroyos a coyote howled, and overhead a third buzzard joined the others. ■

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

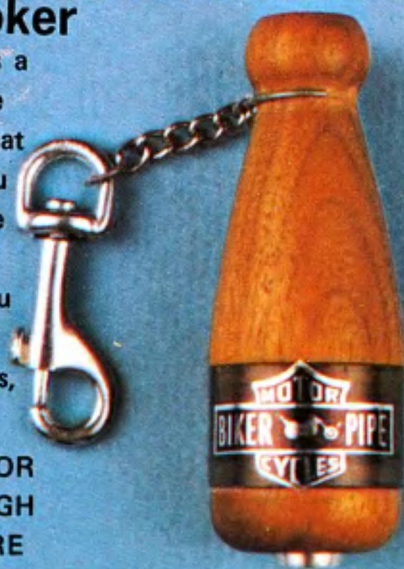


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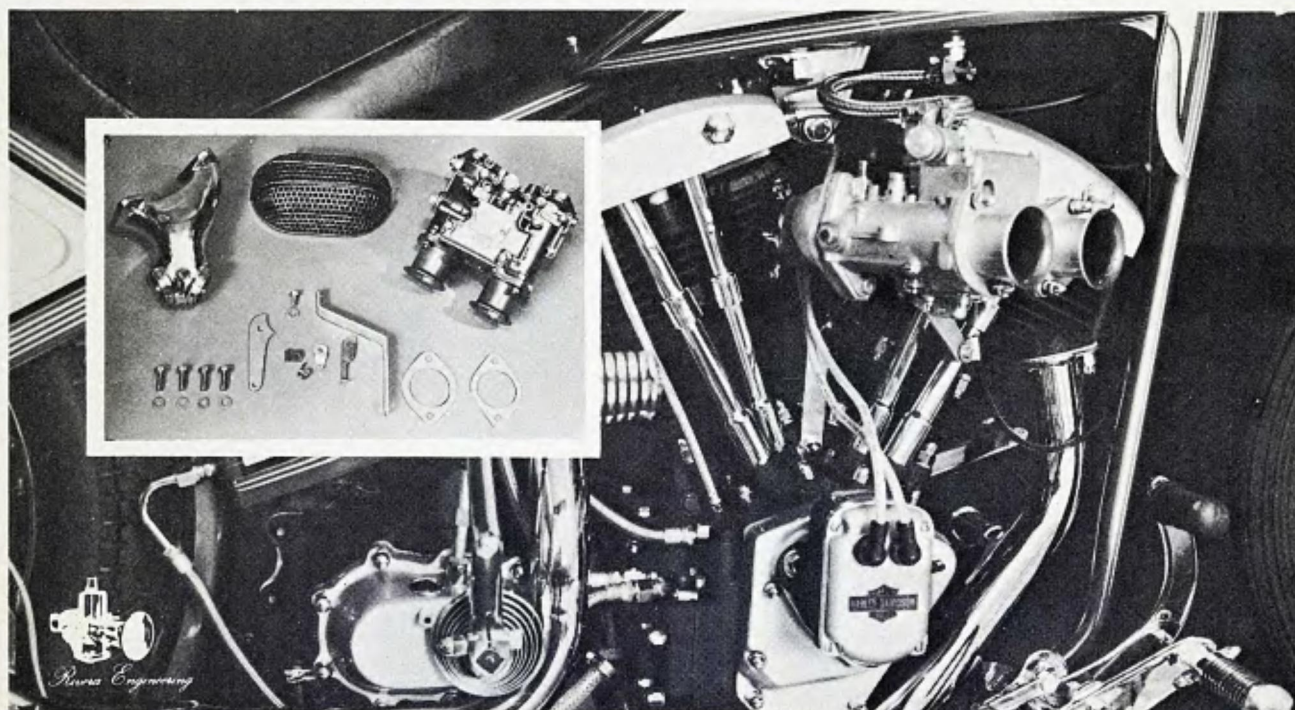
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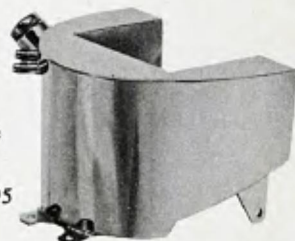


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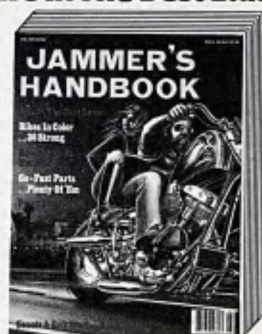


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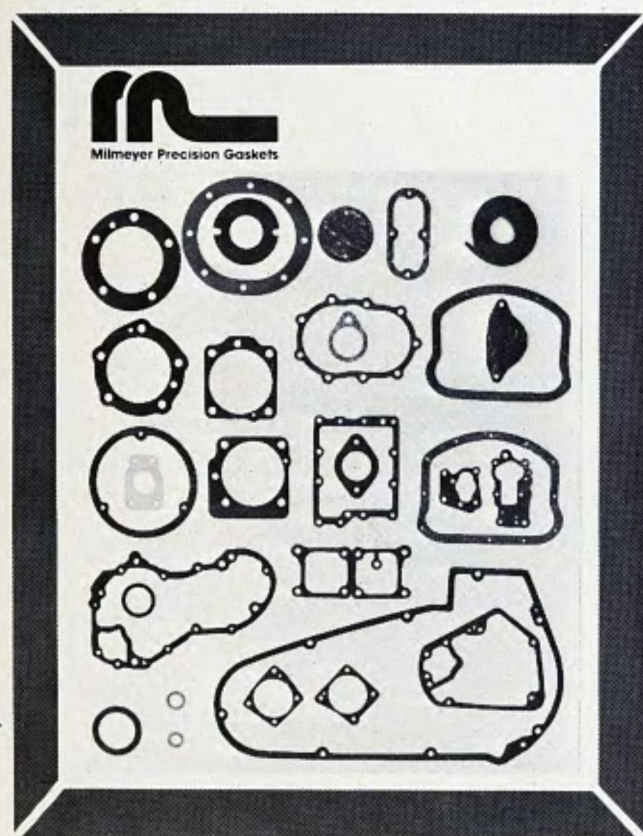
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8403	Harley Panhead '48-'54	13.08
8404	Harley Knucklehead '40-'47	14.38
8409	Harley Sportster '79-'80	15.40
8405	Harley Sportster '77-'78	15.08
8406	Harley Sportster '73-'76	14.38
8407	Harley Sportster '72-'73	12.82
8408	Harley Sportster '57-'71	18.42
— Top End Kits —		
84019	Harley Shovelhead '66-'80	9.52
84020	Harley Panhead '55-'65	9.52
84021	Harley Panhead '48-'54	8.90
84022	Harley Knucklehead '40-'48	10.00
84010	Harley Sportster '79-'80	8.75
84023	Harley Sportster '73-'78	8.38
84024	Harley Sportster '72-'73	8.30
84025	Harley Sportster '57-'71	8.30
— Transmission Kits —		
84043	Harley Shovelhead/Pan '65-'80	13.89
84044	Harley Knuckle/Pan '41-'64	7.70
— Oil Seal Kits —		
84050	Harley Shovelhead '66-'79	9.66
84051	Harley Sportster '73-'76	10.51
84052	Harley Sportster '72-'73	13.85
84011	Harley Sp. '67-'70 XLH, '70 CH, '71 XL	11.53
84012	Harley Sp. '57-'66 XLH, '57-'69 CH	11.53
74 Copper Head Gasket		
84027	Harley Shovelhead '66-'80	6.40 pr.
84028	Harley Panhead '48-'65	6.40 pr.

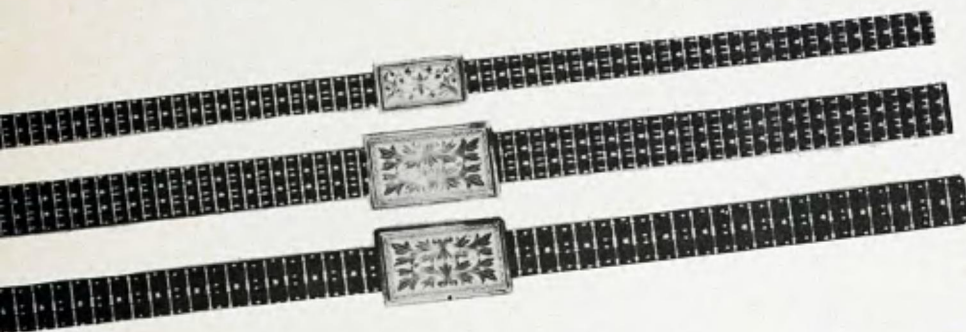
Gasket Boards

Shovelhead/Panhead board includes 350 gaskets
Sportster board includes 240 gaskets.

Dynamite framed beauties that hold all of our 10 packs. They help you when you're working as well as make selection easy for customers. It's a must! Shovelhead/Panhead includes clock.
84029.....Shovelhead/Panhead149.95
84030.....Sportster129.95

Chrome Chain Belts

Heavy duty chrome chain belts fashioned after the "real deal." Available in three different styles for any waist (almost any)! Add a superbly crafted buckle and you end up with a touch of class on yours, and your ol' lady's body. Dress right... dress chained!



Ol' Lady		
13301	28"-30"	25.00
13302	32"-34"	25.00
13303	36"-38"	25.00
13304	38"-40"	25.60
Sportster		
13305	28"-30"	31.00
13306	32"-34"	31.00
13307	36"-38"	31.00
13308	40"-42"	32.20
13309	42"-44"	32.80
Harley 74		
133010	28"-30"	31.00
133011	32"-34"	31.00
133012	36"-38"	31.00
133013	40"-42"	32.20
133014	42"-44"	32.80

Bar Enterprises Solo & Pillion Seats

What a selection of cushions! Ride in style with these handcrafted matched pairs from Bar Enterprises. Now you can combine that classic look with an unbelievable selection of styles, stitch and fabric.

Each and every Bar seat is custom constructed from only top of the line materials . . . the best leathers, choice all-weather naugahydes, high density foam, all steel base plates and triple braided nylon thread.

Don't sell your seat short . . . sit on somethin' worth somethin'!



Deluxe Solos are 13" wide by 14" long
Deluxe Pillions are 6" wide by 12½" long

Plain Solos are 9" wide by 12½" long
Plain Pillions are 5" wide by 10½" long

All Pillions taper down from 4" high in back to 2" high in front.



A



C



D

A. RTL Deluxe Solo & Pillion —Nauga

117023..Solo	49.95
117024..Pillion	29.95
RTL Solo & Pillion —Nauga	
117021..Solo	29.95
117022..Pillion	24.95

B. Spear Deluxe Solo & Pillion —Nauga

11709..Solo	42.95
117010..Pillion	24.95
Spear Solo & Pillion—Nauga	
117017..Solo	24.95
117018..Pillion	21.95

C. Wasp Deluxe Leather Solo & Pillion

117015..Solo	69.95
117016..Pillion	39.95
Wasp Leather Solo & Pillion	
117013..Solo	49.95
117014..Pillion	34.95

D. Plain Deluxe Leather Solo & Pillion

117011..Solo	64.95
117012..Pillion	34.95
Plain Leather Solo & Pillion	
11707..Solo	42.95
11708..Pillion	29.95

Plain Deluxe Solo & Pillion —Nauga

117019..Solo	37.95
117020..Pillion	21.95
Plain Solo & Pillion—Nauga	
11701..Solo	21.95
11702..Pillion	16.95



Hump-Type Pillion —Nauga
 11705 21.95



Seat Bracket
 This bracket is the one most commonly used by custom builders. Chromed.
 11706 2.95



Chromed Solo Seat Springs
 11703 4.95 pr.

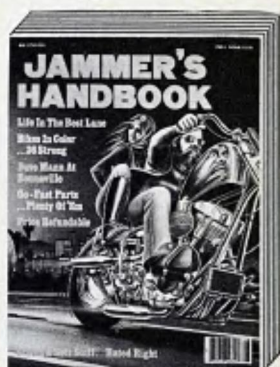


B Spear Super Deluxe Solo & Pillion Shown on Bike

This section represents just a small taste of what's in store for you. For a complete selection of our products, get yourself a new Jammer's Handbook, Eighth Edition. Then choose your favorites at any stocking authorized Jammer dealer, your local dealer or get them by mail from us.

Send us a letter requesting a **full listing of our stocking authorized dealers.**

Mail your request to
Jammer Cycle Products,
801 S. Main St., Burbank, CA 91506.
Att: Dealer Listing.



CYCLE PRODUCTS Order Form

For fast service order from:
Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.
801 So. Main St., Burbank, California 91506

(Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.)

Date _____

Name _____ Address _____
(Please print or type)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone () _____
(Give area code number)

*Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price
Sub Total			

Before mailing, please read the following:

1. Cancellations: There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10% service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
2. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank—which means you have to allow four weeks.
3. 25% deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.

Orders: We will ship U.P.S. Ground unless otherwise specified. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

Shipping Time: Once your order has been picked up by the carrier, their approximate shipping times are: UPS, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; COMMERCIAL AIR FREIGHT, 1 to 2 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)
☐ UPS ☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Freight
☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

6% Tax - California Residents Only

Total

Less 25% C.O.D. Deposit

Balance due (F.O.B. California)

MC/B of A
number*

Signed

Expr.
Date

*Credit cards accepted

O/S 3/25/80 ☐ CV MAY
☐ #83 ☐ BD



Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

Hallcraft's Wheels



Spool Wheel

Fully chromed. Wheels come laced and trued, bearings installed and spaced correctly. Finest quality bearings are used. Spools are billet steel. $\frac{5}{8}$ " diameter hole in bearings. Spool is 4" wide. Bearing width is 2-11/32".

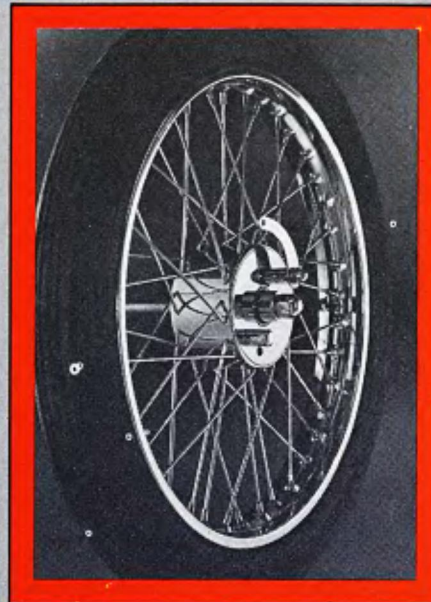
69016	18"	101.78
69017	19"	101.78
69018	21"	101.78



Single Front Disc Brake Wheel

Has excellent stopping powers for street use. Hub is 3 1/2" in width. Disc diameter is 7 3/4". Will fit on most forks. $\frac{5}{8}$ " bearing I.D. Disc brake kit includes rim, spokes, wheel (chromed and trued), chromed disc, caliper and support, linkage arm and hydraulic hose, and a handlebar mastercylinder. Mounts easily on springers and girders and can be adapted easily to other front ends.

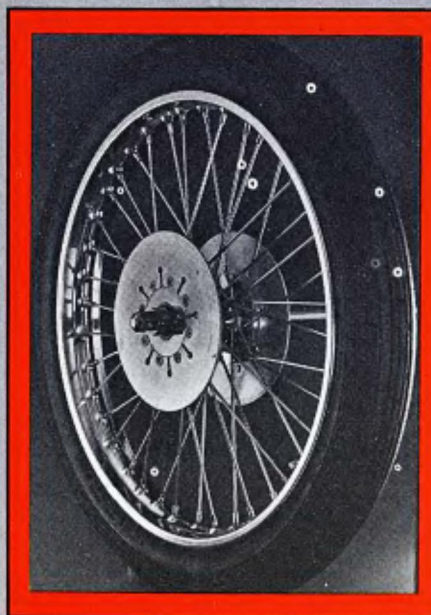
6803	18"	302.39
6804	19"	302.39
6805	21"	302.39



Small Brake Wheel #1

Finest quality you can get. Hub and backing plate are made of steel. Comes completely assembled and adapted to fit perfectly on springer and girder front ends. They have triple $\frac{5}{8}$ " bearings. Will adapt easily to other custom front ends. Qualifies as a legal brake in most states. Custom chromed. Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010.

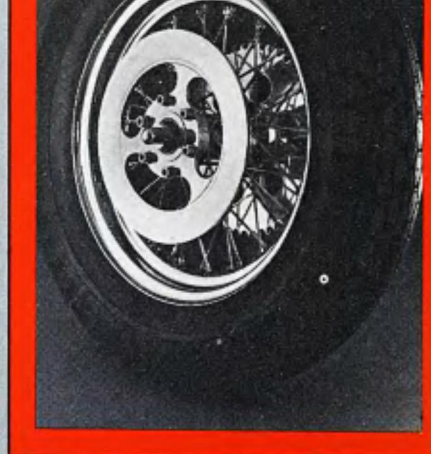
6901	18"	129.95
6902	19"	129.95
6903	21"	129.95



Dual Front Disc Brake Wheel

Same as above except kit includes 2 chromed discs, 2 calipers and support brackets, 2 linkage arms.

6809	19"	461.01
68010	21"	461.01



Rear Disc Brake Wheel

Designed for maximum stopping power. Includes bolt-on sprocket. Has 12" chromed disc. Uses stock axle. Kit consists of rim, spokes, wheel (chromed and trued), 12" chromed disc, caliper and support, sprocket, hydraulic line, master-cylinder and hydraulic hose and basic linkage. 16" wheel only.

68018	16" Harley 74	454.40
68012	16" Sportster	454.40
68015	16" Honda 750	454.40

Harley 74 Spacers

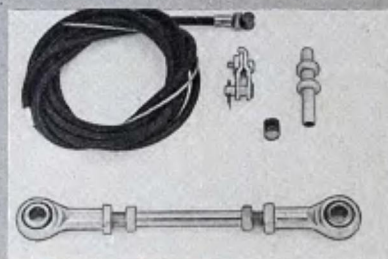
(Not shown). For Harley 74 rear disc brake wheels, either standard, wire or design.

68020	Rigid Frame	17.32
68021	Swingarm '58-'66	17.32
68022	Swingarm '67-'72	17.32
68044	Swingarm '73-'76	17.32

Rear Disc Brake Linkage

(Not shown). Eliminates searching for hard to find parts and simplifies mounting. A must for the above Sportster and Honda 750 wheels.

68024	Sportster	57.14
68025	Honda 750	21.12



Brake Mounting Kit

For securing small brake wheel to a springer, girder and other front ends.

69010		24.50
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Brake Mounting Kit

For securing disc brake wheels to a springer, girder and other front ends (two required for dual discs).

69050		18.95 ea.
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Mohrge: Happy 29th to the #1 lover, buddy, and biker anywhere. I love you forever, Lisa, Y.O.L. (83)

Urgently needed: Models for custom chopper photo layouts, 18 to 7 with tender, juicy tits, legs, and ass; good-looking helpful. Send 5 assorted head and bod color poses w/statistics and brief resume. Legit address and phone. All replies confidential. Ad Graphics, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (86)

Death row prisoner wants chicks to correspond with. Jim "Fuzzy" Jeffers, Box B-38604, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (85)

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)

"The Tattooists." This oversized hardcover book features interviews, color and black and white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." Tattoo News. "A bargain at the price." Fetish Times. "An in-depth exploration of artists in an intriguing manner." Los Angeles Times, photographs featured in Easyriders, June 1977. Send \$35 plus \$1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Avenue, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. (85)

Two bros. locked down, looking for letters from foxy ladies. Write to Don Varner #055275 and Leonard Hill #060125, H1-B2-134, P.O. Box 340, Sharpes, Fla. 32959. (83)

Unusual books: Silencers, lock-picking, crime, police manuals, investigative and undercover techniques, guerrilla warfare, weapons, fake ID, survival, money-making opportunities, self defense, strange philosophies, drugs, living free, much more! All kinds good shit! Hundreds of titles! 100-page illustrated catalog only \$1. Loompanics, Box 264-A, Mason, Mich. 48854. (84)

Attention: Mike Belt, Iowa State Prison. Your trip to Arizona was in vain. The jury said "not guilty." What goes around comes around. (83)

Harley Riders: Large inventory stock & custom parts, complete repair service, used parts & motorcycles. Custom Cycle Supply, P.O. Box 47, Waynesville, Mo. 65583. (314) 336-490. (84)

Lonely lady, who is long-legged, broken-hearted, and misplaced in Seattle, would like to hear from sincere men. All letters answered. Lonely Lady, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (83)

Counseling service for liberated ladies lost in the space of throbbing Harleys and ego games. Utah retreat offers TLC and beautiful scenery. Must be able to cover own expenses. Write Paul, Box 55, Marysville, Utah 84750. (83)

Sexy Linda Doll radio, two knobs to turn. Send \$29.95 to Sad Enterprises, 1869 Alameda, Pomona, Calif. 91768. (83)

Attention: Important that all brothers and chapters of the Coffin Jokers and the Coffin Jokers Nomads contact your national president, Shorty Hitler, at P.O. Box 400, Rawlins, Wyo. 82301. (83)

Wayne: Happy birthday to the best I've ever had (4-17-80). Love you. Dawn. (83)

Chemicals, fine labware and accessories. Wide selection. Catalog \$1. Send to Isotron Company, Inc., P.O. Box 7086, Buffalo, N.Y. 14240.

S. Bardin: "Bad Dreams and Memories" is a hit song and it is still my favorite. One day Nashville will appreciate your talents. Reckless Becky, Tulsa, Okla. (83)

Nice-looking, clean cut, 39-year-old white male biker, looking for a one-man ol' lady who digs bikes, putting, and the good life riding in the wind. Must be interested in establishing a permanent relationship based upon mutual interest, respect, appreciation, and affection. Preferably mid or late twenties, small in stature, submissive, sincere, honest, mellow, and together without detachments or any heavy drug, religious, social, or sexual hangups. Will support and help right lady relocate. Explicit, honest, open reply with photo appreciated. Will reciprocate. Please, no game players. Write Bill, P.O. Box 482, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740 or (213) 431-4747. (83)

Cocaine possession got me one of those Rockefeller bids. Ladies, send letters and pictures to Robert Daddamio #78-C-202, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011. (83)

Circus balloons. Make your own. Make non-toxic, lighter-than-air gas, using an empty pop bottle and a few inexpensive household products and fill your own balloons. Your kids will love it. Send \$3 for complete instructions to Robert Nizza, Box 302, Manchester, Conn. 06040. (83)

To John Stinson's lady in Tacoma, Wash.: You saved my ass on 12-16-79, on a dark, rainy night on I-5, and I don't even remember your name, just your ol' man's. Thanks for havin' nerves of steel, shuttin' off the gas on my scooter, ignorin' the bonfire that was my Harley, and pullin' me out of there, broken legs and all. You acted like you were at a fuckin' tea party instead of an accident. I'm doin' okay and I'd be proud to putt with you any time. Hope your ol' man knows what a lucky bastard he is, and thanks again. Roger Stanson, Auburn, Wash. (83)

Old Harley parts: 37 frames, 13 engines, 14 transmissions, 24 front ends, 32 wheels, 4 trike frames and differentials, 10 sets fathobs, and large truckload misc. parts. Complete lot only \$15,000 cash. Bud (505) 877-4003. (83)

Wanted: Sidecar for 1936-57 Harley. Tub or frame may be separate. Kent Zobel, 3009 15th St., Columbus, Neb. 68601. (83)

Joey, so nice to be back home with you. We'll never be apart again. I love you very much. Your ol' lady forever, Cindy. (83)

It seems these ladies here in Oregon are about as cold and wet as the weather. In need of some pictures, letters, and a lot of warmth. Peter LiVine #37756, William Worthington #37083, 2605 State Street, Salem, Ore. 97310. (83)

Bozo and his ol' lady, Kelly: Been taking care and seeing Cowboy's grave. Things are cool. Like to hear from ya! Write Grumpy, Box 69, Farmersburg, Ind. 47850. (83)



I've got something for you. . .

And it's man-sized, too! It's this bitchin' beer mug. The design is an absolutely perfect reproduction of the old, original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black and white. The colors are exactly like the original oil can—authentic in every detail.

Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.

\$6.95, plus \$1.50 for postage and packing. As with all Righteous Products, satisfaction is guaranteed, or money immediately refunded.

You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of \$21.95 plus \$4.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$7.85 over the single mug price.)

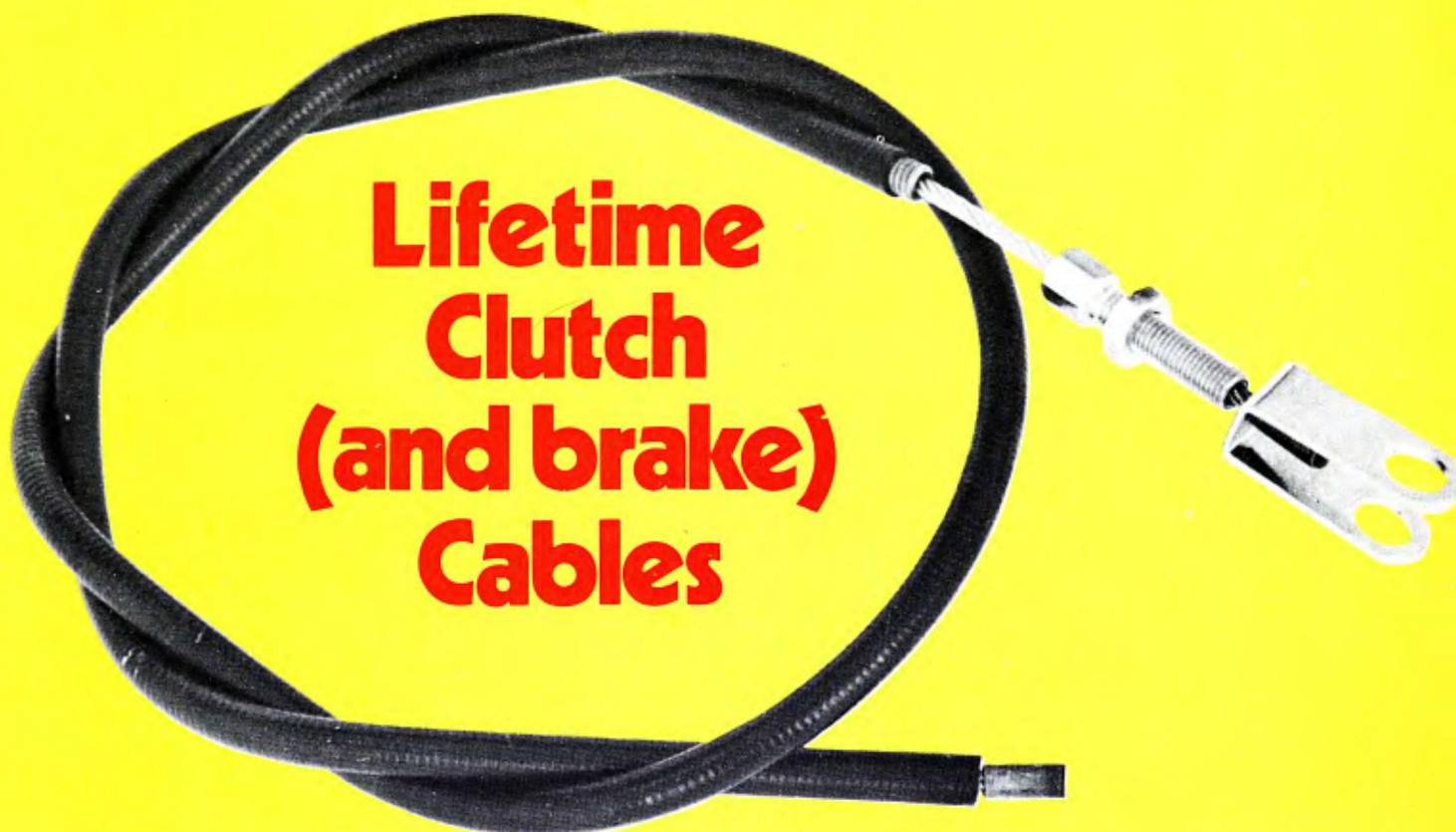
Either way—one, or four at a time—it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

Foreign orders add \$1.00 per mug. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

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 Tighthead, Texas—where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard drivin'. Your worries are over! Get these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or next gallon of gas is coming from—because you **never** have to worry about your cable goin' south on ya anymore!

Cable is 1/8" diameter 7 x 19 (seven strands of 19 wires each strand) galvanized carbon steel. Prelubed!

Each cable is preformed and prelubed—thus eliminating stretching and lubing. It has a minimum breaking strength of 2000 lbs. In assembling the product we use coil wound outer housing with a nylon inner sleeve to prevent cable abrasion. All of the end fittings are pneumatically swaged and pull tested to 500 lbs. This insures no slippage and negates the possibility of heat damage to the cable strands. The 7 x 19 cable design is for super flexibility, thus it can be used in areas of bending and flexing without causing any damage, or wear.

It is common knowledge that most clutch cables break at the clutch release handle pivot pin. It is also a fact that all stock and replacement clutch cables are made utilizing the 1 x 19 (1 strand of 19 wires). We use 7 x 19, not 1 x 19—and we won't break!

This is the first flexible cable that will not break due to flexing, binding, or kinks.

74 clutch cable	\$22.00
Extended 74 clutch cable	\$23.00
Mousetrap cable	\$19.00
Extended mousetrap cable	\$20.00
Old-style Sportster	\$22.00
Extended old-style Sportster	\$23.00
Current-style Sportster	\$22.00
Extended current-style Sportster	\$23.00

Postage and handling included



RIGHTeous

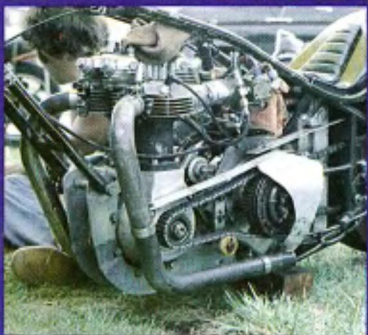
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California residents add 6% sales tax

A great new motorcycle magazine written especially for you

Iron Horse—the only motorcycle magazine that covers all facets of the biking lifestyle. Each issue is crammed with the best feature bikes you'll see anywhere—from perfectly-restored antiques to mind-bending customized Harleys to the latest roadburner from overseas. And that's only the beginning. You'll find gripping fiction, plenty of humor, off-the-wall features—and, of course, the foxiest women ever to grace the pages of a bike rag.

On sale everywhere good magazines are sold. If your dealer doesn't carry it, tell him to get it together and start stocking the best all-around motorcycle magazine on the stands—**Iron Horse**. Get the April issue of **Iron Horse** and meet the man who won the Fat Bob. At your newsstand now!



iron horse

FOR THE ADULT MOTORCYCLE ENTHUSIAST

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