

Easyriders®

Mardi Gras On The Way To Daytona

**What's The KKK Up To ?
—An Interview With
Grand Wizard David Duke**

A Flying Motorcycle

**Trikes That'll Make Your
Hair Stand Straight Up
At 140 mph**





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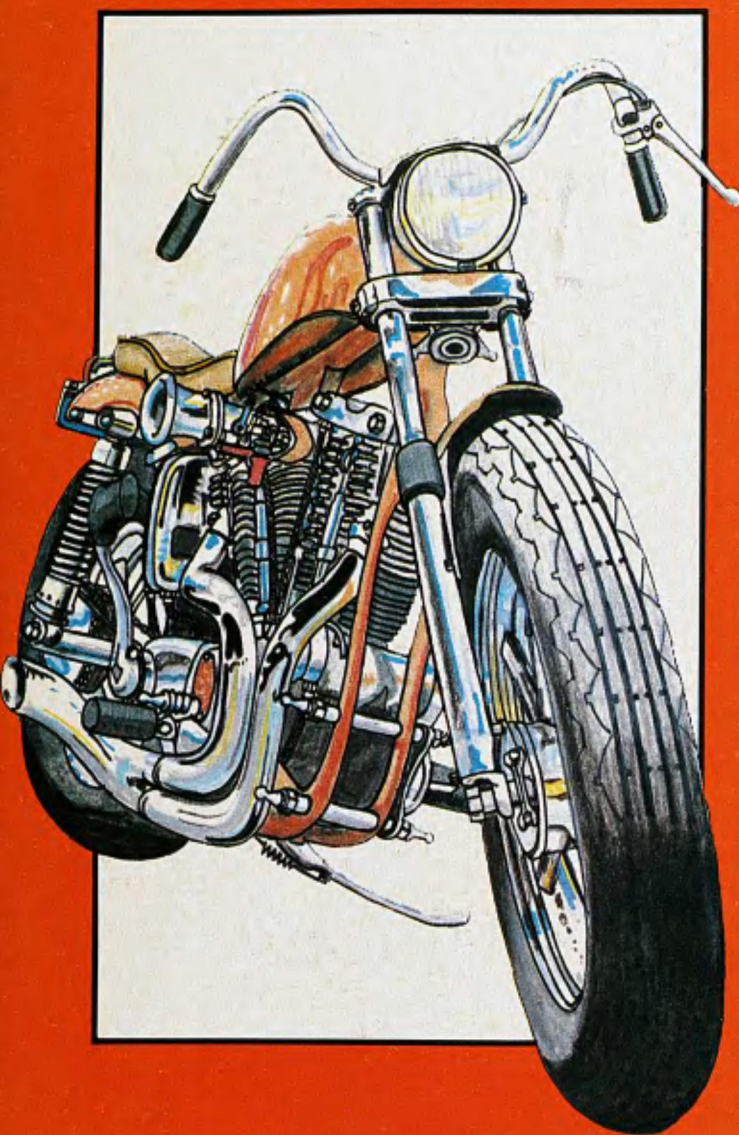
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MPLS., MN 55440**

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Easyriders®

Number 85

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

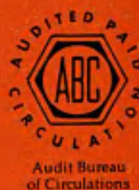


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Cover photo of Debbie Campbell and Buddy by Billy Tinney
The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale June 24th.

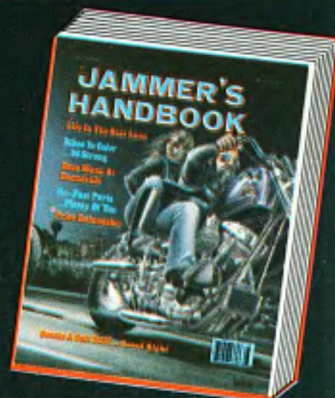
The Hottest Spot In Town



Each time you stop in at a Jammer dealer you're bound to find a whole new world of treats. For starters . . . the finest selection of good-lookin', go-fast parts for yours and any scooter. Then there's the people . . . friendly, knowledgeable and always aimin' to please. To cap the tour off . . . an all new Jammer's Handbook is yours for \$2.95 at the counter.

It'll make you a believer!

Hey, it's life in the best lane. Stop in at your dealer and place your order for pleasure. If the line waitin' to get in is too long when you arrive, send us \$3.95 (a buck goes for postage) and we'll get you out a Jammer's Handbook from here. Once in your hands, you'll stop at nothin' to get to his counter!



801 (ER) South Main Street



Burbank, California 91506

He had just lugged all his shit into the new apartment. He flicked on the TV and kicked back to catch a flick when da fuggin' landlord came poundin' on his door. They got into a beef. The police came and as they hauled him off to the slammer for punchin' out da creep, he kept shoutin', "'Da asshole wanted the first and last month's rent—I couldn't convince 'im that I wasn't here last month!'" (It happened out here in da land of fruits and nuts, folks.)

Well, it finally happened. Pot has been elevated to the status of an agricultural crop in California. "'Just because it's illegal doesn't mean it's not an agricultural crop and part of our economy,'" da man said as he explained why da fuck it was included in a report that stated the crops amounted to several million bucks—and that's nothin' to sniff at, da man said.

Somebody ran another survey and discovered that broads in their 40s say they are the boss of the family. Only eight percent of young brides considered themselves boss while fifty percent of da war horses in their 50s said they were in charge. Seems da older a dude gets, da more he lets his ol' lady run off at da mouth. (I didn't say it—da researchers did.)

As long as I'm talkin' about ol' ladies—some dirty ol' men in London discovered that most British women lose their virginity (spell that hymen) before 20 years of age. Okay, I want all you women over here to tell me when you lost your cherry—let's see (snicker, snicker) how you compare.

It's About Time file: A Canadian scientist has just been given a \$36,000 grant to find a fartless bean! The man said, "'Beans are a high-protein, cheap, easy-to-grow food. But they will never catch on as an aid to world food sup-

plies unless some way can be found to limit the amount of gas generated by bean eating.'" He also said he'd pay \$25 a day for a dozen volunteers to eat beans in his research project. I'd volunteer, but I think it's sorta unseemly.

Dysentery is on the rise! And do you know why? Are ya ready? It's because of oral, that's o-r-a-l, sex contacts. Dip that thing in Listerine, man—that's da least ya could do. And you women—clean up your act.

Paid your taxes? Well, part of them went to discover why carpet crawlers fall off tricycles. Can ya believe that shit? After spendin' 24,000 bucks they found out nerds fall off for two reasons—get ready—they lose their balance or run into somethin'. (No shit.)

Dipshit of the month: It happened in Iowa. He first convinced da store clerk to lend him \$2.00. About 20 minutes later he returned to the store and robbed all of the bread from the register and split. The Heat was waitin' for him when he got home. It seems he had left his name, address, social security card, and phone number when he made da two-buck loan. (Must be some kinda strong weed in that section of the country.)

After forty-eight years da warden comes to his cell and tells him to walk—he's been paroled. He tells the warden and pardon board to stuff it where the sun doesn't shine. He says he didn't do the crime—the same thing he's been tellin' 'em for the past forty-eight years, and if they want to get rid of him, they'll have to fess up that they goofed when they sent him up in da first place. (Hang in there, John, right is right and wrong is wrong.)

I'm about to pay my taxes, folks, so I'll strap another one on ya. The Feds just gave a professor \$100,000 to figure out how pigeons remember things. Shit, I've always wanted to know that—haven't you?

I didn't get to know the man—he'd just been with us a few weeks. He was working on his S.U. carb on the shoulder of the road near our firetrap the other night when a broad in a cage went off the road, smackin' him and his sled, shovin' 'em a hundred feet down the road. It makes you wonder why these things happen, and we are sad that it had to be so. See ya later, Ken Stambaugh. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Sad Song

☐ I don't know who the maggot is who handles "Male Call," but I had tried for three years to get my name printed. Finally I said "Fuck it." Then you published the name of someone who's racked next to me.

I gave him my last doobie for one of his extra chicks' names and wrote her a very soft letter. She answered, and over the months, we became close. I was released from the joint and on my way to a halfway house in Naptown, so she hopped a putt on a Concorde and flew here from her home in London, England. She picked me up at the front gate of the joint on my release date, and we went and stopped by the halfway house before going on to a motel. For the next four days and nights we fucked and sucked each other 'til our jaws were sore and our brains turned to KY Jelly. She was the most fantastic chick that a dude could ever share a taco and some Red Mountain with. She had class, style, personality, charm, beauty, and a lower end like an 80-stroker knucklehead.

What's the problem, you ask? Because of this dynamite chick (Lisa), I was three days late getting back to the halfway house and was sent back to the joint for failure to comply with institutional rules. I have been back a year now and haven't heard from her since my return.

Dry Nuts and Wet Kisses
Terre Haute, Ind.

Tech Tip

☐ Any man who says bikes, broods, and beer don't go together is fucked up.

Space Captain
Waterford, Mich.

Or What?

☐ For the last year or so I've been writing you cunt breaths and not one of my letters has been printed. What gives? Don't you fuckers like brothers from Ohio, or what?

Animal
Columbus, Ohio

Bad Times

☐ I just spilled some chili on my new **Easyriders**, and I ruined some good chili, too.

Capt. Buck
Laurel, Md.

A Real Compliment

☐ I just want to say you people are great! You brighten my days and nights like Jagger and The Stones and that's a real compliment.

L'il Dee
Fort Collins, Colo.

He's In Love

☐ Just sucked down my last can of suds. That don't get me down 'cause I'm lookin' at Maria Peregoy, Ol' Lady runner-up, 1979. Wanna know somethin'? I'd crawl through a ditch of broken bottles, slide down a mountain of razor blades into a pool of kerosene, and swim 20 miles to a bridge just to get a whiff of the laundry truck that hauled away her dirty skivvies.

Ziff
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

In Memory

For the first time in nine years, a member of our staff has been killed in a motorcycle accident. Ken Stambaugh was on the staff less than two weeks when his 1949 panhead was struck by a car on a mountain road. It was Ken's dream to be a member of our staff—having been a biker for over fifteen years.

We won't forget Ken, as we haven't forgotten other brothers who have been killed in bike accidents — dammit people, ride safe!

—Staff

Border Bros

☐ Just got my May 1980 rag and freaked out over the front cover headline, "Thank You, Canada — Up Yours, Khom-eini!" If you ask me, the thanks was not needed 'cause even though we are different nations, we are still bros and neighbors.

Al Kennedy
Port Hardy, B.C., Canada

■ Thanks never hurts.

☐ Thank you for your sign of recognition — placing "Thank You, Canada! — Up Yours Khom-eini!" on the cover of your magazine.

The brotherhood of Canadian bikers is, I am sure, quite proud of your action, and in these days when it seems hard for most people to say thank you, your gesture is appreciated.

Philippe Martel
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

A Solution

☐ Every fuckin' U.S. citizen should shit in a box and mail it to Iran.

Crazy Craig
Kinston, N.C.

A Plan

☐ Everyone harps and snivels about how H-D has gone downhill. Well, I've got a solution. Buy stock in AMF. If enough of us do it, can you imagine the party we could make out of the stockholders' meeting?

Wall Street Wizard
North Bergen, N.J.

■ That's the American way.

Blind Justice?

☐ Your article "Election Year Anti-Outlaw Campaign" (April '80) was interesting and informative.

Most of the crimes the federal government wants to investigate would be considered white collar crimes by some

people — if the crimes were committed by people other than bikers.

My question is, if we, as bikers or "gang members," as they put it, are convicted of these crimes, will we get the same treatment as Nixon and his bros ("gang members") did? They got off like fat rats, going to country clubs instead of prisons.

I wonder — does the fine line of justice separate white collar and black leather? Only time will tell.

Let's hope justice isn't blind.
Halfbreed and Shorty
Indianapolis, Ind.

■ She ain't blind. Some rummies who interpret her do go off base now and then, and we'll have to keep an eye on 'em.

Who's Hidin'?

☐ Listen up! I'm large, but so what? I've got great tits and brains. I'm a biker lady. I'm dying for a putt. I have one question for all the Harley lovers up here in Terrace, B.C., Canada, and here it is: Where the hell are you crazy fuckers hidin'?

Celibate, but not for long
Terrace, B.C., Canada

Last Photo

☐ All the stories in your November issue were good for a change, and in the triple wedding photo feature, you caught a couple of our bros — in fact, you even got the last photo ever taken of one of our bros who died about a month later.

Jorje
Redmond, Ore.

A Researcher

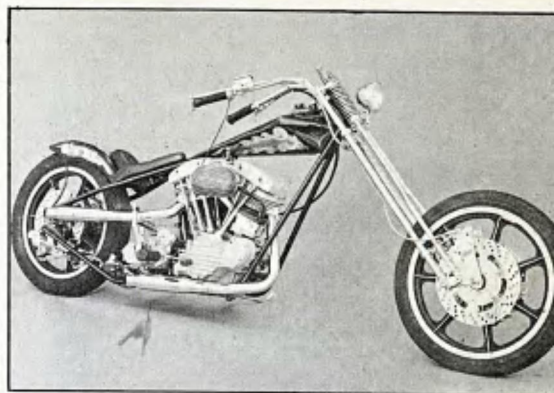
☐ I was scopin' over my wad of bucks the other day, and I checked out the back of a one-hundred-dollar bill. On the top of Independence Hall is a clock that says 1:25. Now is that a.m. or p.m.? And who are the two fuckin' clowns loitering around the front of Independence Hall?

Bucks Tight
Peoria, Ill.

■ We never see one-hundred-dollar bills — only raisin pie.

Something New from *Easyriders*

Best Bikes
from
Easyriders



It's going to be a collector's item. 160 pages of some of the finest bikes featured in ten years of *Easyriders* — a cross section of motorcycle design over the past decade — enough custom motorcycle ideas to keep builders creating for years. Don't miss it!



On The Stands Soon

HARLEY EARRINGS

Genuine
Gold or
Silver



Enlarged 300% to show detail

Man, you've

got to hold these to feel and see the quality!

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

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

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

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



ACTUAL SIZE
GOLD OR SILVER
POST OR DANGLY
Dealers inquire on letterhead.

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Whatta Meetin'

☐ I want to thank you guys for that special cookie recipe. I made a batch for our club meeting and things never did quite get down to business. Bros were dying from laughin' so hard, and pissin' on the walls after the firecrackers were tossed in the shitter — whatta meeting.

Easy and Monkey
Cannon, Ky.

☐ Thanks, C.K. Your fortified butter and chocolate chip cookies are deliciously devious. Homemade high is scentless, secret, and satisfying — perfect for my prison presence. Keep up the beneficial work.

John M. Davis
Mansfield, Ohio

☐ I really thought you guys were full of shit until I tried those cookies. They were fantastic.

Sam Arrington
L.A., Tenn.

☐ Just a note to say thanks for the chocolate chip recipe in the April issue (#82). We made a batch and took them to a ZZ Top concert (Pittsburgh). They frisked my ol' man while I walked by with the goodies!

All eight of us enjoyed ZZ Top a whole lot more with only a few dozen cookies.

Keep up the good work!

The Whole Blasted Bunch
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sick Of Tits?

☐ Hey! I'm fucking sick of all this crap about tits. None of us females get to order our tits to our specifications — we're just stuck with whatever we get. I'm small and proud of it, but if I had jugs, I'd be proud of them, too. Anyway, I ain't had no complaints — and I think it's stupid for people to get down on ladies 'cause they got large or small tits.

Feather
Pointe Claire,
Quebec, Canada

☒ Spider sez he'd get down on any ladies' tits, big or small.

Who? What?

☐ Is your Lou Kimzey the same one who did the design work on the Leon Russell/Marc Beno album (Asylum Choir), Look Inside around 1967 or 1968? Maybe ya do got some fuckin' talent there.

Rd. Frog
San Diego, Calif.

☒ He'll never live down his past.

Damn Yankee

☐ As bikers we are part of a group of people who are aware that our government has some serious flaws. We are also aware that the government will put the screws to you in short order. As a group with solidarity in the ranks, we've made some progress toward repeal of helmet laws and the like.

The problems go much deeper than just restriction of freedoms for one group or subculture. You might be asking yourself, what else can we do? — well, we could refuse to pay up every year by not allowing income taxes to be withheld and filing a 5th Amendment tax return. The idea, short and simple, is to deny them the money to finance the Gestapo-like bureaucrats that eat away the fabric of our freedom while building their red tape empires.

What the media won't tell you (no guts — they're government regulated, too), and what most people don't have the nerve to discover, is that a good-faith challenge and a properly pled 5th Amendment tax return is legal. It requires that you study, that you have your act together, and that you believe in the basic principles upon which this country was founded. There are more of us around than Paul Harvey and his cohorts would have you believe.

So answer one question. How much longer are you going to ransom your liberty in monthly installments, even before the legal tax is due — and then settle up in April to keep yourself free for another year? Interested?

Contact: Tax Strike Center
4017 W. 32nd Avenue
Denver, Colo. 80212
or: Wyoming Patriots
P.O. Box 536
Mills, Wyo. 82644

Our numbers are growing. The word is spreading. Why not take a look?

Damn Yankee
Gillette, Wyo.

England's ABATE Group

☐ I'm writing to you to explain about our organization, "Motorcycle Action Group," which works along the same lines as your ABATE chapters. We are also dedicated to a repeal of the helmet law (which is compulsory all over the U.K.) and are monitoring all restrictive anti-biker legislation.

We would like to link up with an ABATE chapter and exchange views and news.

Steve
121 Ottawa Road
Weston-Super-Mare
Avon, BS23 4PP
England

Yeah, Yeah!

☐ Well, it's time for the tramps in Colorado to become political again. I just heard on the news that the citizens are starting a drive to get a helmet law back on the books here, and I read in one of the papers that the DOT has given some medical society here in Colorado \$6,000 to start the new helmet movement. Come on, man, let's don't let those fuckers fuck us again with their phony statistics. Let's get them before they can get us.

Termite
Canon City, Colo.

A Little Loose

☐ You guys shouldn't fuck and set type at the same time. I looked in the front of your rag for a page number 'cause I wanted to read something — and it ain't on page 53 like you say, numbshtits — it's on page 52. Looking further, I found "Savin' Yer Knuckles" on page 30, not on page 62. And for your information, the iron-on was on page 31.

I guess that's why we love you guys — you're as fucked up as we are.

Dirty's Ol' Lady
Bazzard's Roost, Fla.

☒ We wins some and we loses some.

Book Fan

☐ I just got my two copies of *Best Biker Fiction*. Man, I have to tell you that I haven't laughed so hard since the time I pulled up next to a cage full of chicks at a light and forgot to put my foot down. Louis Bosque and J.J. Solari are great!

Allen
Thule, Greenland

Has Talent

☐ I'm typing this letter because I can't write for shit.

Pete
Chambly, Quebec, Canada

Tomorrow's Leaders

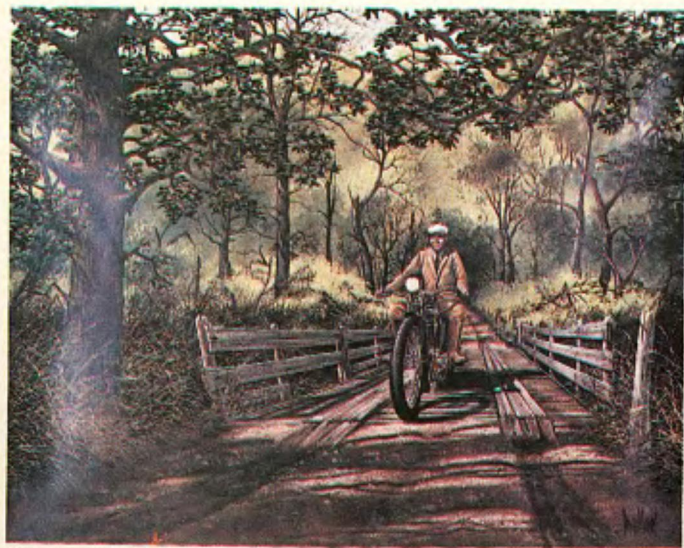
☐ This is to all you outlaws who think rugrats are a hassle. Kids are the only way to keep our lives free! We've got to teach our babies about love and brotherhood. We've got to make them proud to be scooter people.

My ol' man couldn't handle a rugrat and that was a drag. I just hope that you all realize these babies are gonna be runnin' things when we're 65 and ridin' on borrowed time — dig it!

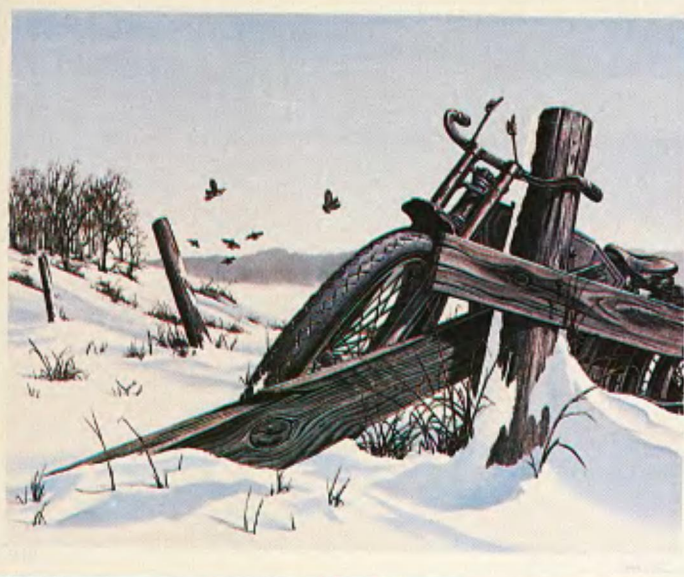
The Widow
Salisbury, Md.

Limited Edition Personally Signed and Numbered Dave Mann Prints

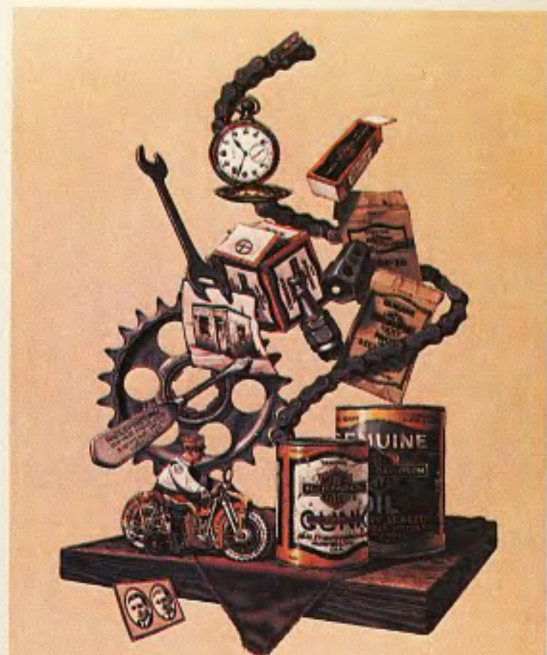
(only 300 of each print—no more will be printed)



A.



C.



B.

Here are three Dave Mann prints, painted exclusively for us. Only 300 of each painting were printed. Each one is personally signed and numbered.

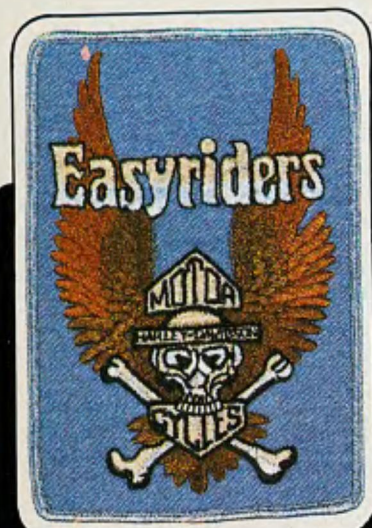
An ideal investment, for it will appreciate in value each day you own one. Be one of only three hundred people having one. To get a low number, order yours today. They are printed lithographs on high quality, heavy paper—all ready for you to put into a frame. Mailed to you in sturdy mailing tubes. Each print is guaranteed to be only

one of three hundred and to be personally signed—Dave Mann's signature is not printed.

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(c.o.d.s accepted with \$50.00 down, balance upon delivery—you pay c.o.d. charges. We'll pay all costs of shipping and handling for money orders.)



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.

Even Rats Have Class

☐ We have been reading your great mag for seven years and subscribe to it. You won't believe this. Eight years ago my best friend took apart his 1957 Sportster (which ran strong) to build the bike. He had the lower end balanced by Lakeshore Harley, Venolia 10 1/2-1 pistons, Sifton valve train, Magnesium (sic) valve retainers — and at that point, intended to get an S & S super carb and a Joe Hunt mag. So much for the motor — lots of work and time involved, as you can see.

Last month my buddy got hard up for bucks and, having so much dust tied up in the machine, decided to put it together — the proper way. He brought the mill into my basement and started to assemble it. When he finished the front jug, he covered it with plastic to keep the dirt out. Last night he wanted to check the progress. Are you ready? The front intake port was filled with unpopped corn and dog kibble! We couldn't believe it. I thought he was fucked up when he stuck the mill together. Evidently there was an undetected mouse bringing stuff from our kitchen down to my buddy's Sportster motor.

Needless to say, my buddy had to pull his mill apart and remove the munchies. The long and short of it is, with an entire house in which to hide food, we have a mouse who favors Harley motors. At least he's a class mouse.

Terry Dougherty
Norwalk, Conn.

Cold, Woman, Cold

☐ This is for all the flat broads. At least when a guy looks at me, he can tell I'm a broad, and not be forced to look a couple of times to make sure.

Karen
Duluth, Minn.

Problems, Problems

☐ Help! I'm fixin' to have to give up biking and not because of either the feds or high gas prices. This case of hemorrhoids I got has limited my rides to five minutes or less. Throw a bucket of cold water at him or find some other way to get Twatburger off his ass, and publish an article on how I can painlessly get rid of roids that look like a cluster of balloons at a circus.

Mugshot
Philippines

How Come?

☐ You guys say you pick some of the nicest and most natural ol' ladies to pose in your magazine. Okay, so how come the chick on page four of your March issue — the one holding the Bull Durham bag — has her fake fingernail almost coming off her little finger? (No offense to anyone.)

Siggie
Indianapolis, Ind.

■ We didn't do it — that's an advertisement, Siggie.

Beer Beef

☐ Word has reached me that an unfounded rumor that the Adolph Coors Company, or members of the Coors family, have contributed money or support to national gun control legislation continues to be spread. I wish to inform everyone that neither myself nor my company has made any contributions of this kind. It is unfortunate that unknown persons seeking to malign our company and injure our reputation have taken this dishonorable way of turning thousands of our good friends against us.

W.K. Coors
Golden, Colo.

■ I'm hip — it's good brew.

Vote Power

☐ I would like to submit three questions that might help us as bikers in this country.

First: Is Joan Claybrook's position as head of NHTSA an appointed position by the administration in power?

Second: Haven't we succeeded in having a majority of states repeal their helmet laws?

Third: Could it be possible to have Claybrook removed from that position with a letter-writing campaign to President Carter, stating he will lose every biker vote in this country unless he realizes how unfair and biased her opinions are of motorcyclists?

We'll never know unless we give it a shot. We vote on a local scale in relation to our rights as bikers; why not on a national scale?

A Virginia Bro
Northern Virginia, Va.

■ If enough bikers complain and vote, she'll be out the door. Power is power.

Help! Help!

☐ We are asking the readers of *Easyriders* to write in support of contact and conjugal visits for the inmates of the Texas Department of Corrections. We now visit through screen and glass. Write:

Chet Brooks
P.O. Box 12068
Capital Station
Austin, Tex. 78711

We need outside help to let the people in Austin know that it does matter how we are treated.

And, brothers, be warned that if you are not in Texas, stay that way. They like to keep people for years. Eight hundred people here are doing life. I am one who came here from California and wish I had not.

California Tumbleweed
Huntsville, Tex.

Good Sled

☐ That '45 knucklehead you all put in your Mag rag was one of the best pieces of sled I have ever seen.

Little Big Man
Chesapeake, Va.

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.



"Whatta ya mean sting? This shit is 100% non-detergent!"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Davidson on Helmets

Helmet laws: Over the years, there have been some questions about where Harley-Davidson stands on this most controversial of issues. So I want to clarify our position.

Plainly and simply, Harley-Davidson Motor Company opposes mandatory helmet use regulation. But we support efforts that encourage riders to wear helmets voluntarily. The word *voluntary* is the key.

We feel that helmets provide an extra measure of safety in an accident, and efforts that encourage their use are entirely appropriate. But we also strongly believe in an individual's right to decide for himself whether or not to wear a helmet. The government has no business trying to protect us from ourselves; and helmet laws, unfortunately, represent just one of many such attempts to infringe upon the liberties of all citizens.

—John A. Davidson
Enthusiast

On Safety

This month we inaugurate new departments: *Head On* concerns itself, broadly, with the subject of motorcycling safety. In general "safety" provokes two reactions, poles apart: the first holds that the subject is a Capital-D Dozer; the second insists that safety is the burning question of the hour, fed by that eternal flame, compulsory helmet legislation. To be sure, we don't intend to lullaby you to sleep with some 750-word essay on "How To Teach A New Rider To Ride." Nor are we going to get stuck in that legislative tar-baby, mandatory helmet laws. Let me say this about that, once and for all, and only in passing: If you choose to ride without a helmet, you're nuts; but in this country, you should have the freedom of choice to wear or not to wear. Period. End of issue.

—Phil Schilling
Cycle

AMF Factory

During our one-hour plant tour, we discovered some interesting facts. An important one for purists is that Harley's engines and transmissions are still built and tested at the main plant in Milwaukee, which is, at least in the minds of H-D's faithful, the motorcycle capital of the world. Completed power plants are then shipped to York in special containers to await final assembly.

...All these elements finally come together on the product assembly line, which begins with a naked frame hanging from an overhead chain. One hour and 30 minutes later, that bit of tubing has been transformed into a road-ready Sportster, Super Glide or Electra Glide. And when the line is running at full capacity, the plant can produce a completed motorcycle every minute and thirty-nine seconds! That amounts to 300 machines per day, and one has to wonder, if all that is said of automation is true, why bikes have to cost so much.

—American Motorcyclist



Being A Biker

In the beginning, the first thing you thought about in the morning was motorcycles, and the last thing you thought about at night was motorcycles. And that was called being a biker.

Your father resented the creeping litter that began in your corner and inched its way to the center of his garage. He regretted the passing of your interest in model airplanes; motorcycles, he lamented, could not be confined to bedrooms. How quickly he had forgotten the day your '049 Cox got loose in the house, flew into the living room drapes, and chewed on 'em like a rat.

Your mother hated motorcycles; oil, she insisted, was everywhere: shirts, rags, trousers, linoleum, and doorknobs. By comparison, she said, the day you accidentally glued the guest towels together with the overrun from a tube of model cement was no big thing. She thought riding motorcycles would give you tattoos, or worse, and she would have killed you had she found the Castrol 40-weight spot on the living room carpet. That had been concealed by moving the 600-pound sofa exactly 4.25 inches due south of its original position, a maneuver requiring a subtle southward adjustment of the easy chair, the end tables, and all three pictures on the wall. By the time your mother might decide that something in the living room was askew, you hoped you'd be safe and far away, in college or Viet Nam.

—Phil Schilling
Cycle

Dealer Concern

What Harley-Davidson did in late 1978 was something different. While revealing its newest line of sparkling V-Twins, the company got right down to some tough talk about motorcycling's future and about the encroachment of big government into the life and pocketbook of the average motorcyclist. Board Chairman John Davidson talked about a bright future, complete with silver linings, but warned that immediately on the horizon were storm clouds for the industry, the dealer, and his customers. Davidson told dealers that they had to get out and support user activist groups. He told them to assist organizations like the American Motorcyclist Association. He said that dealer involvement in government relations was as important as selling motorcycles. In the long run, it might be even more important, Davidson claimed, since tomorrow's sales might depend upon today's laws.

—Enthusiast

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.

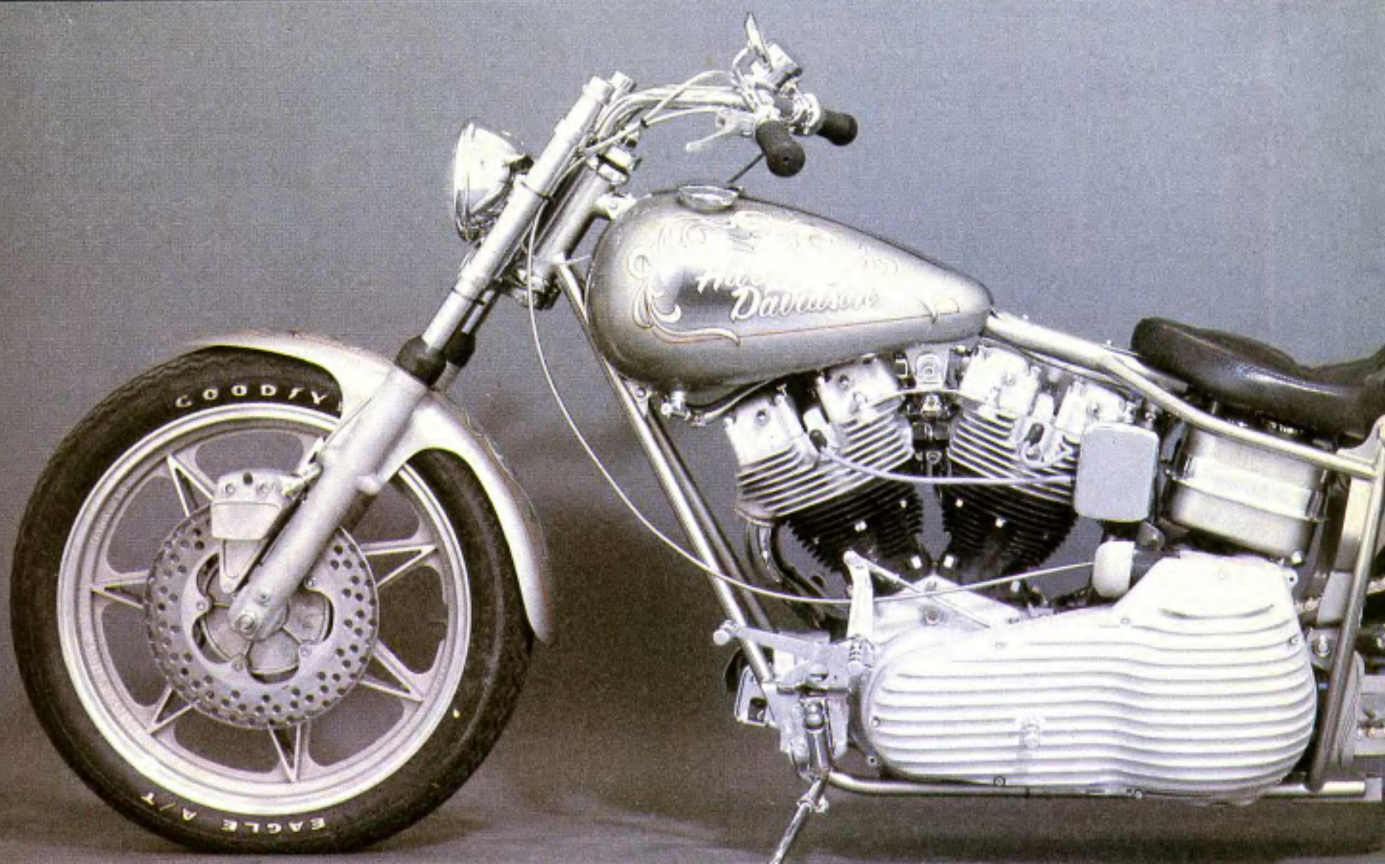


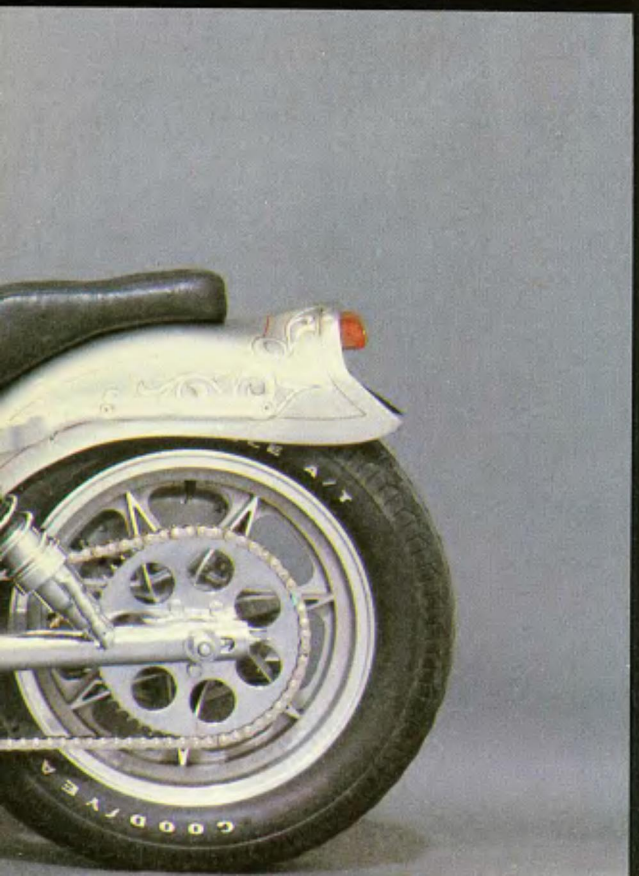
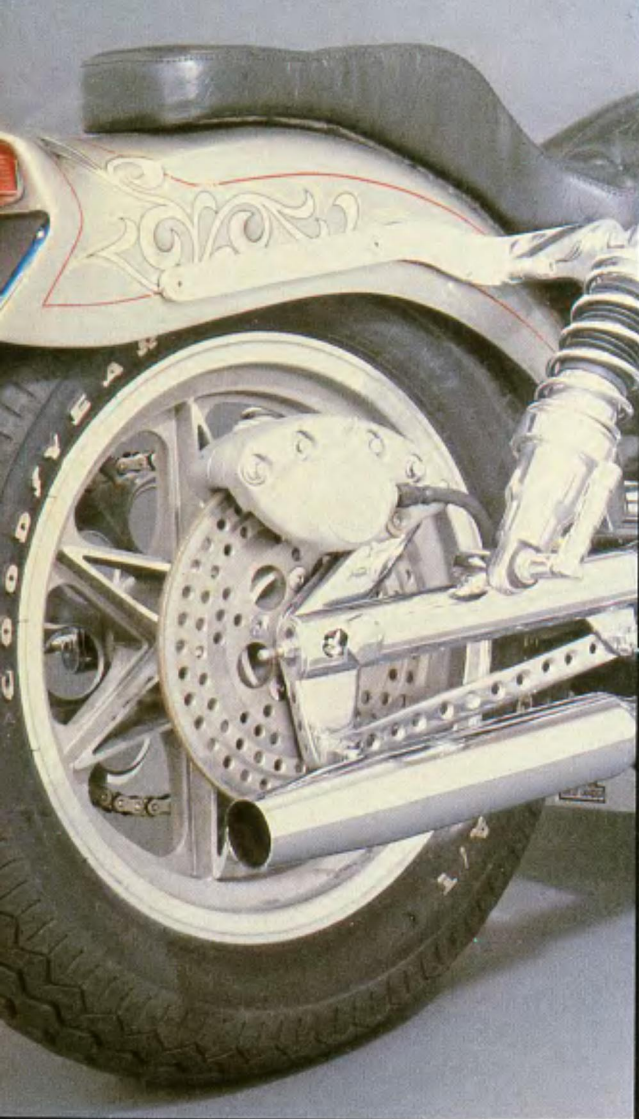
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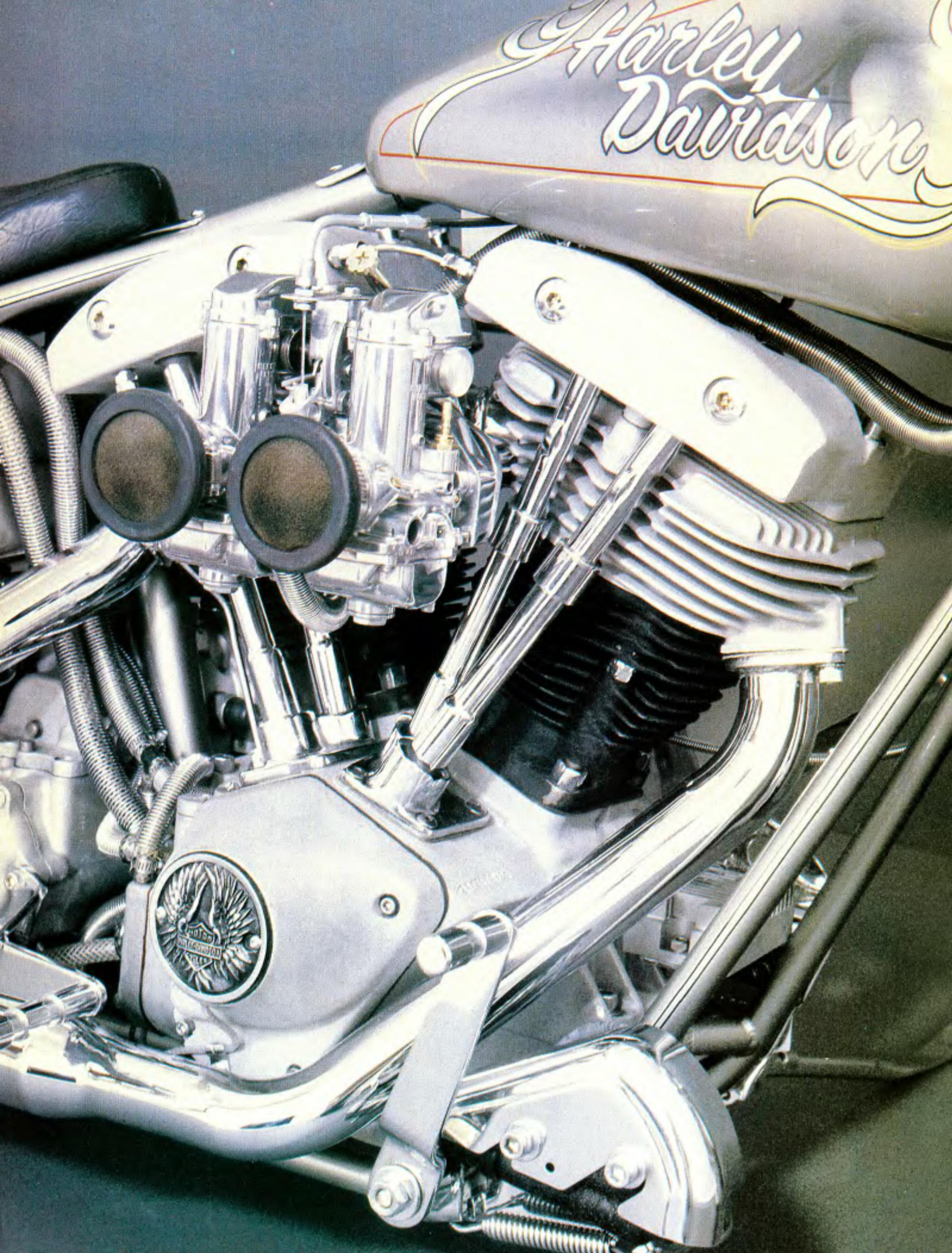
Banged Together

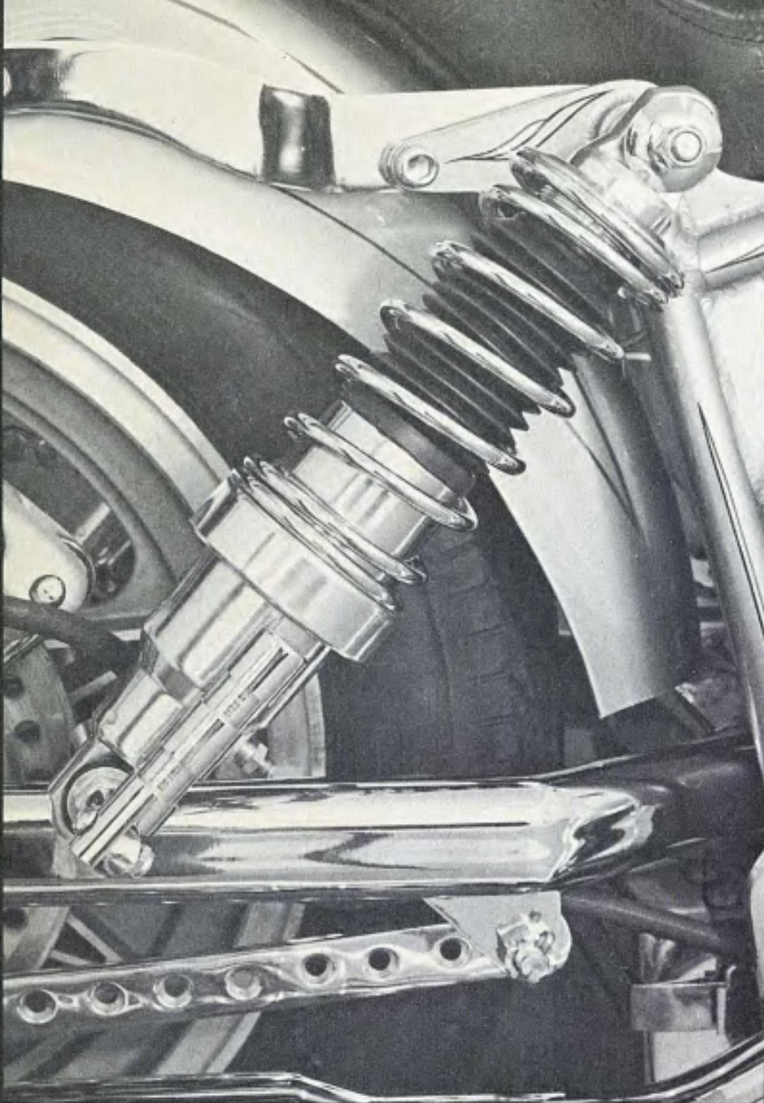
Time was runnin' out

“Bro, hey, bro, wake up.” The scruffy-lookin’ mechanic shook Arlen. “Jus’ got the flyer, bro. Ya gotta wake up. The Oakland Roadster Show is in three weeks, and we ain’t got shit ready for it.”

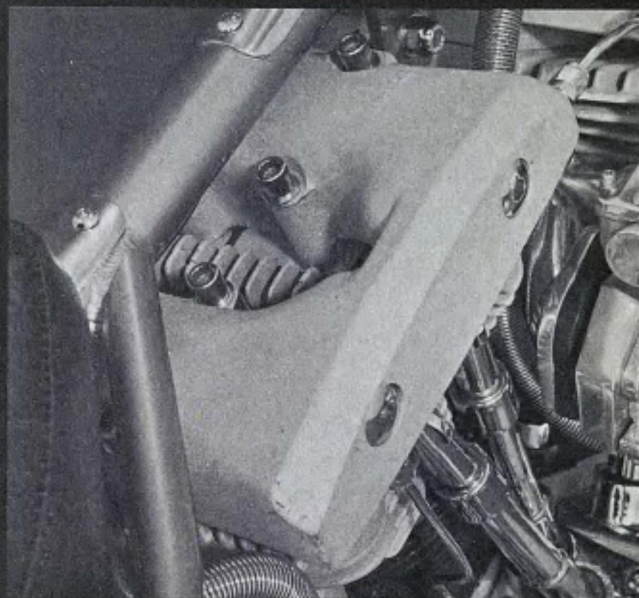
Arlen rolled over and covered his head with his crumpled pillow. “Go away! Can’t ya see I’m as tired as twenty weightlifters, tryin’ to build a show bike in time. . .”

The mechanic took a quick step back and tried to explain. But Arlen was retreating to never-never land, trying desperately to slip deep into dreamsville while the message kept trying to get through. He had to have a bike ready and lookin’ choice for the show. His soft, dreamy slumber began a slow evolution into a hard, jagged nightmare. He had to have a bike together.





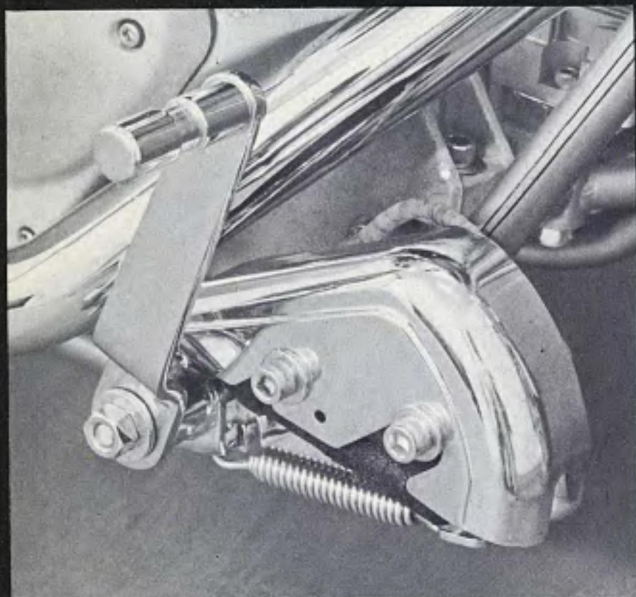
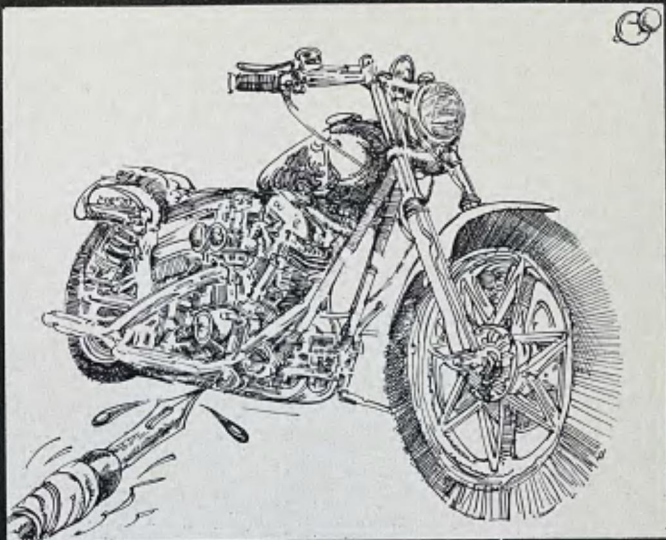
Frustration began as the depth of his subconscious told him that he had recently bought a cop bike. But he didn't have time for extensive engine work, or chroming, or painting, or . . . He turned and tossed the pillow onto the deck. His slowed and encumbered mind made every effort to drop into gear. He thought about bead-blastin' parts to save chroming time. And a painter owed him one. As he banged his head against the headboard, he remembered the frame he had recently constructed and the narrowed fatbobs that had been hanging around the shop for years. His dream showed a scene deep in



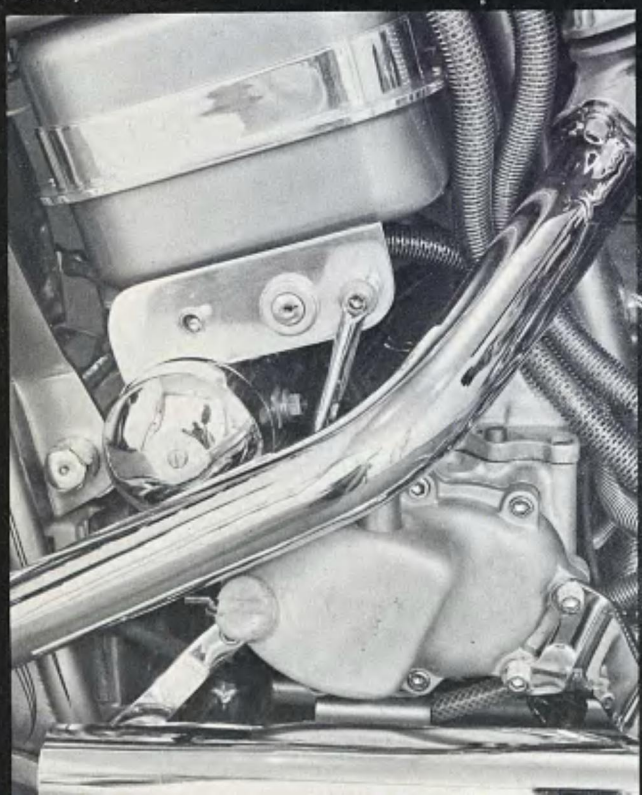
the night, with him and his bros, Johnny and Steve, bruisin' knuckles over their creation, searchin' through parts bins for available parts, and piecin' it all together in a frame that had just been painted. He tore the covers loose from his bed as if grabbin' in the dark for just the right part to finish his new putt.

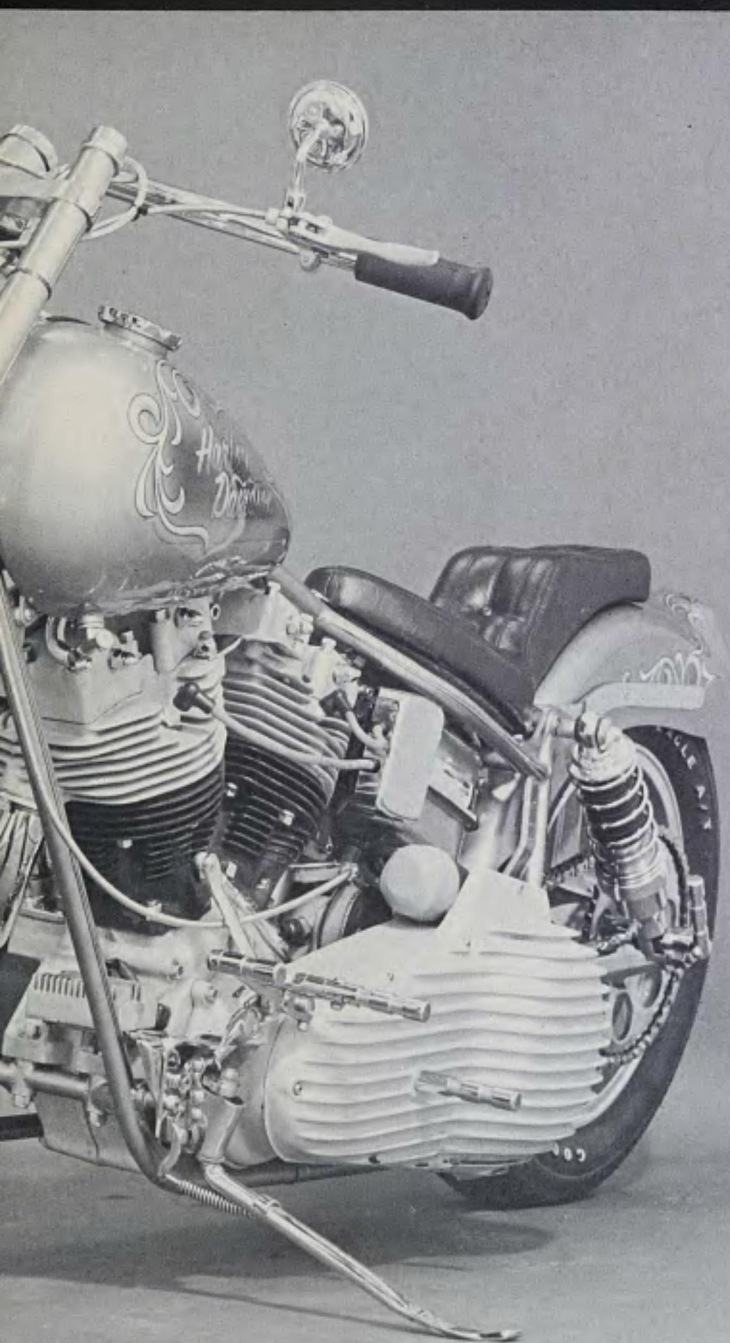
His frenzy beneath the sheets increased as the bike quickly came together. As he was grappling with the bedclothes for that final touch on the sled, it came to him—silver leaf against a gunmetal gray frame and tank. With that, he lost his footing against the bruised mattress and fell to the floor. And three weeks later, the classic scooter was completed.

—Weed



Photos by Pete Chiado





Owners: Suburban Harley-Davidson **City:** Palatine, Illinois

General

Fabrication by: Arlen Ness

Year and make: 1972 H-D

Model: 74

Value: \$6,500

Assembly: Arlen Ness

Time: 3 weeks

Chroming by: House of Chrome

Frame

Year: 1980

Builder: Arlen Ness

Type: swingarm

Rake: 33 degrees

Stretch: 2 in.

Other alterations: longer & wider arm

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1972

Model: FL

Rebuilder: Bob Dron

Ignition: distributor/coil

Displacement: 74 cu.in.

Lower end: rebuilt

Balancing: Don Rich

Pistons: Hap Jones

Cases: bead blasted

Heads: Hanna's

Cam: Sifton 412

Lifters: solids

Carb(s): Sudco smooth bore (2)

Air cleaner: Sudco

Pipes: Cycle Shack

Muffler(s): Cycle Shack

Bars: Arlen Ness tillers

Risers: with bars

Fender(s): Arlen Ness

Headlight: Jammer

Taillight: Jammer

Speedo: none

Front pegs: Arlen Ness

Rear pegs: Arlen Ness

Electrics: Jammer battery

Gas tank: narrowed fatbobs

Oil tank: stock

Oil system: custom sleeves

Primary cover: Concord Customs

Seat: Arlen Ness & Danny Gray

Sissy bar: Mulholland shocks

Height: Ness fender supports

Material: 1/4 in. plate

Transmission

Modifications: none

Year: 1972

Shifting: foot/ratchet top

Engine sprocket: 24

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: adjustable glide

Extension: stock Sporty legs

Builder: Arlen Ness & H-D

Special features: narrowed trees

Wheels

Front:

Rear:

Size: 19

Size: 16

Hub: Dias

Hub: Dias custom

Rim width: 3 1/2 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire: Gdys.

Tire: Gdys.

Brake: disc

Brake: disc

Painting

Molding: light

Painter: Arlen Ness

Color: gun metal gray

Type: acrylic lacquer

Special paint: silver leaf by Jeff McCann

Other special modifications: Lotsa bead-blasting, dual gas tank petcocks, stripped cables, braided steel brake lines, and drilled discs

Blood Run

by Ben Mathis

I'd been wrenchin' on Shorty's pan all that day, while the sun burned up my driveway outside. Prob'ly woulda quit a long time ago if it hadn't been for the fridge I kept stocked fulla brew. Damn! Sure was hot. I could feel the sweat beadin' on my forehead and tricklin' down my back. And lifters are a bitch!

Just got through bustin' my third knuckle when he walked in. Had my back turned, and didn't hear him come in over my loud cussin' of the bike. He was right next to me when he spoke, "You Nick Thompson?"

I stood up. "Who wants to know?"

Before either of us spoke another word, he hit me. It was unexpected, and I staggered under the blow. Just as he stepped in for another one, I gave him all I had right on his kisser. It was solid as hell, 'cause he fell backward over the sled and landed hard on his back. I jumped over after him, and we wrestled around for a few minutes, gruntin' and groanin' like a couple of pigs. I finally managed to get a good lock on his neck.

—Continued on page 95



Muscle Trikes





All American and mostly by hand

Bout three in the mornin' a few bros were swayin' around the last vestiges of the run fire an' slurrin' a few sloppy syllables about speed. You know how that number turns — first they mumbled misinterpreted memories of goin' fast, then the teeth grindin' turned to the means by which to go fast. Shortly, one bro turned to another and made an offer: "Say, b-b-bro, how'd ya like to ride my 92-incher?"

"Far-out," the ol' scooter tramp replied. "And when the sun makes a showin', ya can ride my 289."

The other bro just sorta winced and tried to focus deep into the fifth of takill-ya hangin' feebly in his paw. "Say what?" He didn't say it loud, or even very clearly, thinkin' it might be a hot cam designation or the number on a carb he had never heard of.

The old dude hadn't heard his mumble, so the two of 'em continued to grind their teeth and sway to the anemic flames cookin' empty beer cans til dawn.

But to their dismay and that of their dusty eyelids, the sun did rise, and their red eyes suffered from the fresh rays. The old dude stood up with effort. "Well, whatta ya say we go to town and get some breakfast? Let's swap rides fer the run."

The younger tramp

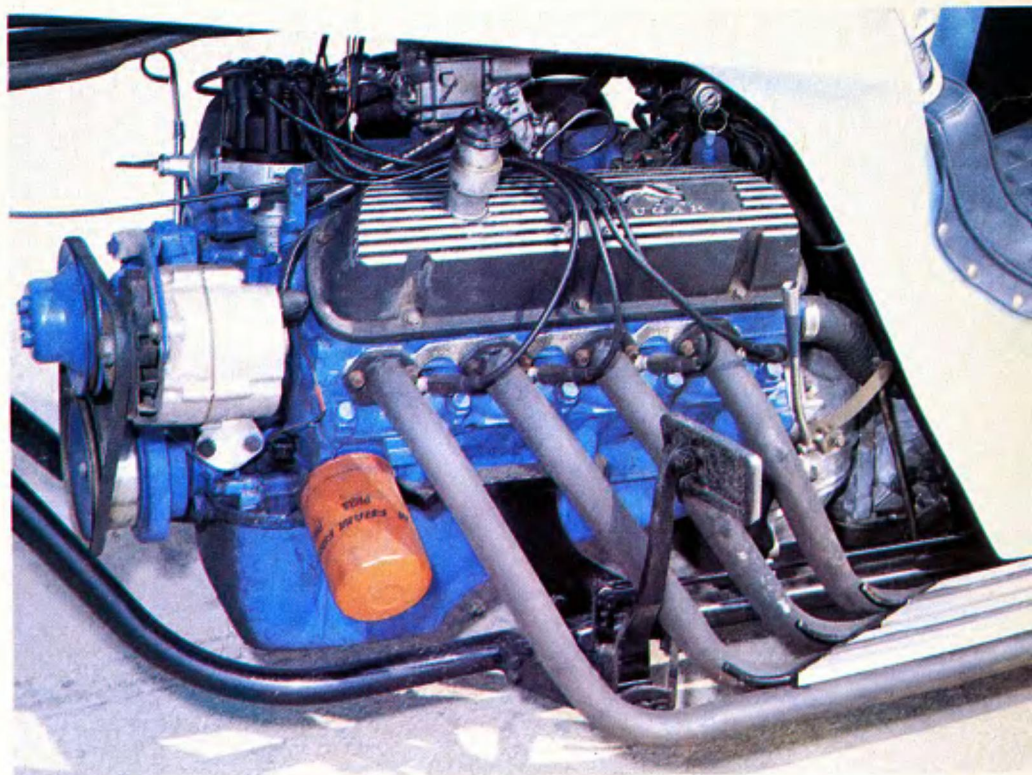


agreed and showed the seasoned scooter bum his pretty stroked ride.

"Far fuckin' out," the man complimented the chrome-and-lacquer-en-crust-ed shovelhead. "Here's the key — my ride is just on the other side of that van."

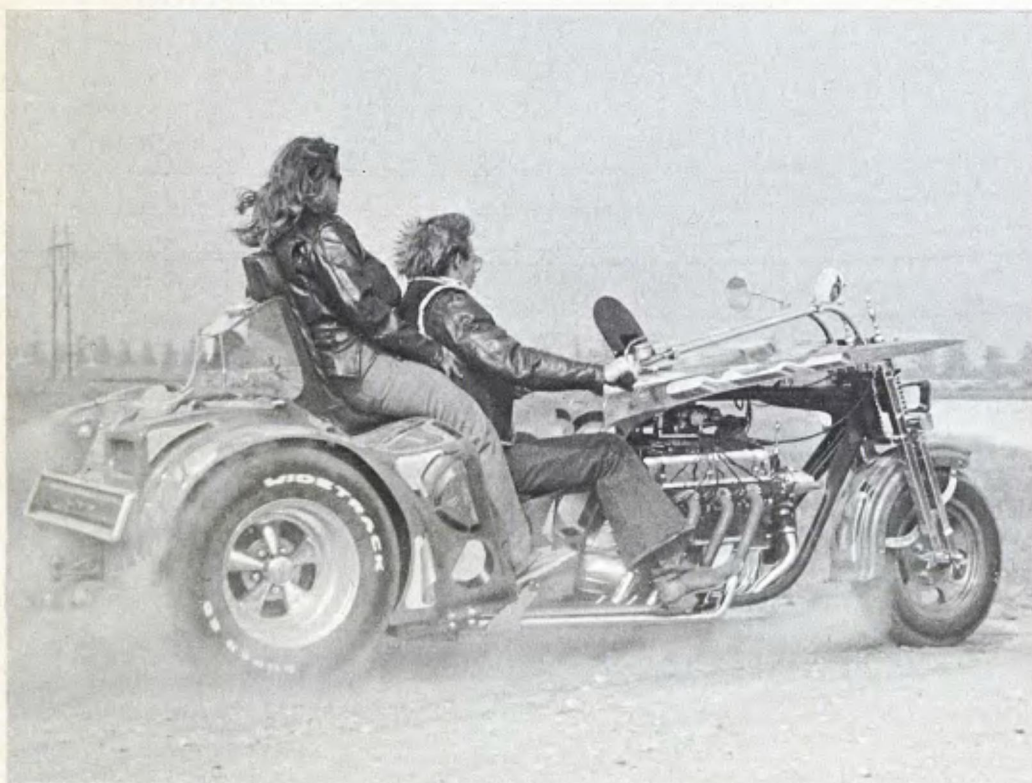
Snake scuffed the dust around the van till he came face to face with Andy's ride. His eyes bugged, his nose flared as if someone had just packed it, and his mouth dropped. "Fuck, let me have my ride back. I ain't gonna ride that monster."

"Sure ya are. Get on." Andy came up behind him. "It ain't no rice burner. This here is all-fuckin'-American — Ford





Photos by Pete Chioldo



289, V-8 engine, narrowed rear end; and the rest is good ol' American ingenuity. 'Course, if ya can't handle it. . .'

When Snake returned from breakfast, he looked like he'd just had a face-lift. He blithered all fuckin' day about the streakin' jet trike ride.

So, with the help of Andy, Vince, and Ed, we decided to share Snake's experience on the truly American ride. We've never featured anything but (H-D) bike-powered trikes before, but since these trikes are so fuckin' awesome, and put together here in our homeland, we decided to share some with ya.

—Shotgun



An Interview With David Duke

The Grand Wizard of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan

The Ku Klux Klan can be a very touchy subject in many segments of the world. In fact, the writer who conducted this interview wished to remain anonymous.

The Klan is no longer one group. This interview was held with the young leader of the largest Klan organization in the United States, one of approximately sixty such organizations now in the country. The largest of the groups is the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, with 30% of the overall Klan population. Some of the other major Klan organizations are: United Klans of America, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Inc.; Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan; National Knights of the Ku Klux Klan; and the California Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. Consequently, this interview cannot be construed to denote the policies and practices of all Klan organizations.

People have notions about the Klan, notions based on the organization's fiery past. But now it's 1980, and the Klan might seem to be a distant entity, a lingering hatred kindling deep in the South. Not so. This interview may change many notions and possibly generate some new ones.

—Editor

If your ol' lady sets eyes on him, she'll see a handsome dude. Famous, too. Most Americans have already heard of him. He is a certified genius: on IQ exams, he has tested out at 173. He's young, and successful as most men will never be. At 29, he heads a growing national movement with thousands of sup-

porters. He is pictured on posters and named on bumper stickers, and he could probably have any job he wanted to ask for. But he has chosen to be Grand Wizard of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. His name is David Duke, and he's the leading racist in the United States today.

From his one-room office at the Patriot Bookstore on an off-street in a suburb of New Orleans, he speaks to the whole Western world through reporters who beat frequent paths to his doors. His message: White Man, Join the Klan!

A lot of bikers already have. Other bros say that they wouldn't be caught dead under a sheet, except in a morgue. The decision is one of race, and politics, and lifestyle as well, as this exclusive interview with **Easyriders** shows.

ER: What does the Ku Klux Klan believe in?

Duke: We believe in the white race. We want to preserve the white race, our rights, our heritage, and we want to insure that our people survive as a people, and advance in the quality of life.

ER: When you say you believe in the white race, does that mean you believe the white race is superior?

Duke: In terms of our art, literature, architecture, civilization, society, technology, we prefer things that are white. We prefer the white race in terms of physical beauty, we prefer the white race in terms of our heritage and culture. We prefer our

*Anyone who has read **Easyriders** for any period of time knows that we're up front about everything and believe absolutely in freedom of the press. At times we present controversial articles, knowing full well we may catch some flack from someone, somewhere — and we welcome it. We firmly believe in presenting both sides of any issue, and so we will certainly print rebuttals to the following up front interview.*

—The Editors

lifestyle to that of blacks and the non-whites around the world, and we feel that we should have the right to maintain our culture and advance it in the same way that non-whites have advanced theirs around the world.

Blacks are constantly preaching that black is beautiful, and they work for black pride and black rights. We see nothing wrong with working for white pride and white rights and with saying that white is beautiful.

ER: What does the Ku Klux Klan want?

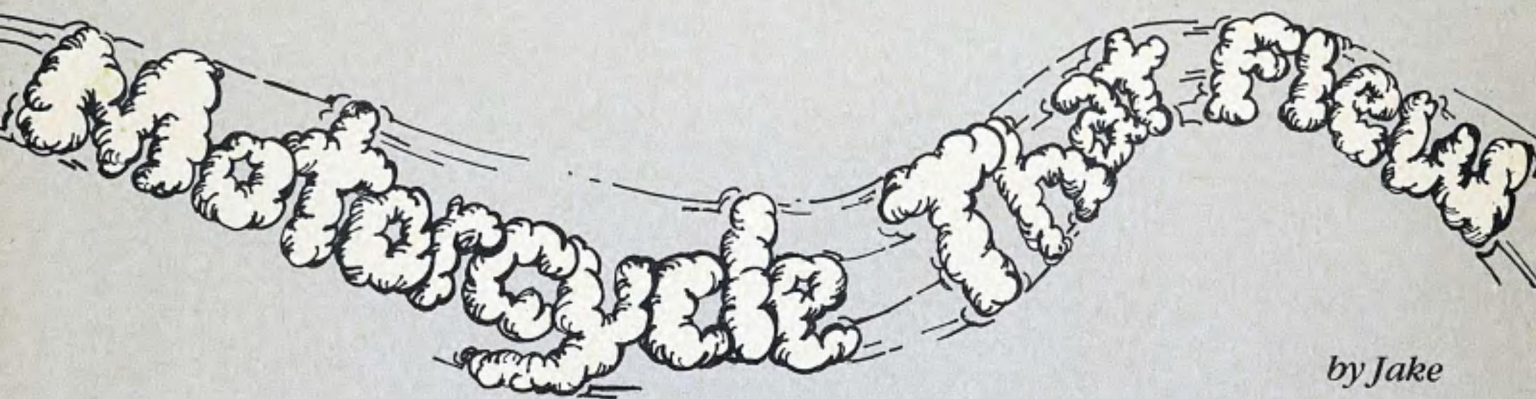
Duke: You must understand that the white people today are becoming a second class citizens' group in our own country, the nation we created. We are losing our rights all the way across the board. White people face massive discrimination in employment opportunities, in scholarship opportunities in school, in promotions in industry, in college entrance admittance.

White people today find their culture and their heritage, our values, run down in things like "Roots" on television, which attack very vitally our race and our heritage.

White people face a massive tax situation in this country, where the white, productive middle class pays for just about everything, and the blacks get massive welfare, and the non-whites get massive amounts of white money and funds. Most government programs are aimed towards blacks. White people today are losing our schools through forced integration and busing.

—Continued on page 78





by Jake

Pull up a milk crate 'round this stinky kerosene heater, bros, and prop yer boots up on a pile of finned heads, 'cause I got a yarn to spin about blue sky, Vincent motorcycles, and the Australian desert.

You've heard of the famed Vincent Rapide and its illustrious first cousins, the Black Shadow and the Black Lightning (racing version of the Shadow). These big, powerful, dual-carbed V-twins were the high-water mark of the British road burner back in the early 1950s. They bristled with engineering ideas and technical advances that were years—even decades—ahead of their time. For instance, there were an all-aluminum engine that was part of the frame, mono-shock rear suspension, *four* brake drums (one on each side of each wheel), and an oil bag hidden inside the gas tank that supported the engine. And the Vincent's brilliant design was matched by performance of the same order. Even today it is equaled by only a select handful of machines. With a big-valve 61-incher that produced, in varying states of tune, up to seventy horsepower, and a weight scarcely over 400 pounds, Vincents were capable of 120, 130, even 140 miles an hour—right off the showroom floor.

But perhaps the most incredible Vincent spawned in the Stevenage factory wasn't a motorcycle at all. Designed and produced in the final years for the British Ministry of Defense, it was a small, ill-fated airplane. Christened the Picador, this rare bird was radio-controlled—no pilot. Wonder why? Read on! It sported a twelve-foot wingspan, a butterfly tail, and a special version of the fire-breathin', 61-inch engine mounted up front, longitudinally (cylinders one behind another, like a bike, to reduce frontal area). The power plant was very similar to the Black Lightning racing engine, but used a number of extremely special and expensive modifications that allowed it to run at the high speeds and long distances necessary for flight without splitting a gut. The lower end consisted of rods and flywheels made from "Vibrac," an exceptionally high-strength steel—and it was equipped with an oversized crankpin, caged roller bearings throughout, and a double-speed oil pump. The heads, barrels, and cases were more or less regulation Black Lightning—which is to say that all internals, like rocker arms, ports, and valves, were polished to a mirror finish; that all gears and bearings were carefully selected and fitted by hand; and that the whole shootin' match was

honed with the precision of a brand-new P-51. The major modification was a heavy, double-bevel gear drive where the transmission normally resided in the motorcycle engine. This terminated in a shaft that transmitted the power up front to a two-bladed prop with a streamlined hub. In place of the Amal carburetors was a fuel injection setup, so that the craft could fly 200-mile-per-hour aerobatics without missin' a beat because of an interruption in the fuel flow. And the sparks came from a twin-point Scintilla magneto outta Switzerland, instead of the standard single-point Lucas KVF unit.

Now, you may ask, what was the purpose of this pilotless high flyer that was packed with speed parts and hand-crafted by the makers of the illustrious Lightning, Shadow, and Rapide? It was a target drone. That's right, this beautiful little flyin' Vincent was cannon bait! Its sole purpose in life was to be blasted out of the blue skies by post-war jet fighter pilots merely maintainin' their proficiency. Well, the crowded English landscape left few spaces where the Picador could be caught in the crosshairs, ack-acked to pieces, and let fall onto the countryside without causin' a commotion amongst the common folk. However, at least a few units found their way to Australia, and were suitably reduced to smithereens out over the dusty outback. Rumor has it that some still lie undisturbed in remote regions where they spiraled and crashed into the sand—no doubt surrounded by aborigines scratchin' their heads at the white man's waste of tax dollars.

Although today no intact Picadors still survive (I spent three years in classic aircraft and vintage military circles tryin' to locate one), a few engines became available as war surplus material in England during the late 1950s. At just 75 pounds sterling a copy, they were snapped up like Mark II cams at a Vincent Owners Club swap meet. Most of these remnants of the Picador were further dismantled for the special parts, which proved their merit as items of first quality on many a Vincent racing engine. As a matter of fact, many of the present high-performance reproduction Vincent parts are patterned after the Picador originals.

So, bros, that's the strange but true history of the Picador. Then there's the Triumph Bonneville engine that powered a helicopter—but that's a tale for another time. Meanwhile, anyone up for a parts run to southwest Australia?

Best Bikin' Bitch

Hi, you big hunk of fish. My life's ambition is to bury my face in your huge, rat-infested hole and, at the same time, jerk off on your chubby ankles. You're the best bikin' bitch I've ever heard of and I'd like to sniff your seat some day.

Bare
Grove City, Pa.

- The seat is taken. How about Thursday's panties?

Compliments

Instead of coming down on you or liping off as the norm goes, I just want to compliment you on a job well done. You're one outstanding bitch, and Spider may never tire of you. But if he does, let me know, and when I kick out in a few, I'll dump my cunt and you can fork the back of my scooter. Here's a little poem dedicated just to you.

Many bikers seek a mama like you,
Unusually game, super hip and true.
Here's to you—a woman who's one of a kind,
May we meet in bikers' heaven at the end of our time.

Johnny
Oxford, Wis.

- I sure do love all that sweet talkin'.

Ass-Fuckin'

I sure hope you will answer this letter—and the sooner the better. I never climaxed until I came across my husband. He finally made me come. The problem is that I can come only when he plugs me in the ass, which he doesn't do very often 'cause he says it squeezes his dork too tight and it hurts. I've tried sneakin' it in, but the minute it goes in, he notices 'cause I start twitchin', moanin', and comin'. Since we've been together, I've gotten it up there maybe ten times and I need more—lots and lots more. Please help.

Horny Josie
Brooklyn, N.Y.

- I've talked to Spider, and he sure would love to help you out. But you've got a husband. If you satisfy him, he should satisfy you. Tell him that in time you'll loosen up.

Fucked Up

I'm incarcerated here at Lebanon and in need of some serious advice. At my last board date, I caught five years. Now, I knew I was going to catch some time, but my ol' lady was getting her hopes up too high and thought for sure I'd make it out. So instead of hurting her that way, I fucked up and hurt her more by having my ex-ol' lady call her and tell her that we were getting back together. She doesn't know it was set up like that and now I don't know what to do. I love the fuck out of her and I can't get her out of my mind after nine months. What can I do?

Sonny
Lebanon, Ohio

- You fucked up for sure. Ya best develop a slick pen and straighten your own act out.

A Proposal

Eat your heart out, Mutha. Me and you, we have us somethin' in common—fleas. Ain't that enough foreplay? Now, will you marry me?

Bird
Hutchinson, Kan.

- Sorry, it's too much fun fuckin' around and around and around.

Shy Dude

There's this dude who lives down the street from me, and that fucker turns me on. But he can't stay hard enough to even fill my snatch. He says it's shyness. I don't care about his being shy, I just want to get off. If he could stay hard enough long enough, it sure would be one hell of a good lay. Any suggestions?

Sweetness
Oakland, Calif.

- Send him to someone who knows what to do.

Love is Blind

You bitch! I think I'm in love with you and your worm-sweat-coated pussy. You know the sayin' "Love is blind"? Well, I had your sweat-drippin' asshole in my eyes, didn't see the "bridge out" sign while doin' near 70, and got me smack in the middle of a fuckin' river. My Sporty is probably out to sea by now. Just hope it stays away from Japan.

But still, even after what you caused, I'd climb naked on a mountain of barbed wire, jump off onto a bed of nails, crawl a hundred yards over salted razor blades, run through mine fields, and fight Spider just to eat the peanuts out of your shit.

Mac
Wingman, N.C.

- Leave the country before Spider reads your letter.

Suck or Fuck?

I was just hangin' around this bar when I noticed this broad givin' her ol' man some shit. Finally she got really bent outta shape and hit him with her purse, which was big enough to kill a rhino. Suddenly, she turned and walked away, screamin', "Blow job, blow job, blow job; doesn't anybody fuck anymore?"

Valley Person
Van Nuys, Calif.

- She does.

Fertility Goddess

Are you the fertility goddess Electra-gliding by,
Or are you a mortal lady
On a journalistic high?
Or maybe you're just a word-processor machine
Operated by an ol' barfly.

If we were to come and get you,

My scoot, a bottle and I,
Who/what would be there to be got?

I'd welcome a reply.
Deathshead Ted
Berkshire, England

- Let your imagination go.

Perplexing Questions

Our club would like to submit these three perplexing questions to you. (1) Our secretary says that if you put a ham up your twat and pull the bone out, you will have a tighter pussy. Is that true? (2) All our club members pussy-fart. Do you? (3) Can you pussy-fart after you stuff a ham up your twat and pull the bone out?

Mutha, you've got to help us. We wrote to Ann Landers and Dear Abby to no avail. You're our last hope.

The Hell Fucking Fazors
Austin, Tex.

- What did Ann Landers say? (1) I'd rather run over-size pistons. (2) Who, me? (3) Can you?

Love at First Sight

The first time I saw your picture, I creamed my fuckin' pants and got chills up my spine. You know, the whole climax. I thought you were one hot bitch. Well, things have changed now; I no longer come when I see your mug, and I owe it all to the state. Ya see, I'm in jail and the state paid for my first good pair of glasses. Shit, you're a disgustin'-lookin' bitch, ain't ya!

A. Gaines
Mercer, Pa.

- No. Your glasses ain't as good as you thought.

Perpetual Hardon

Every month when I read your column, I get so horny that I can't see straight and I walk around for weeks with a hardon that just won't quit. My ol' lady left me because she couldn't keep up with my new sex drive. I've tried cold showers and just about everything else possible, but nothing seems to work. Got any good, sound advice?

J. Pilcher
Ft. Sheridan, Ill.

- Start writin' yer name on women's shithouse walls, put yer name in sleazy classified sections of skin books, or get more than one or two ol' ladies.



Mipaculous Mutha Tells All

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.

Some of the Crap in Theatres. . .



Will bum ya right out. . . SO SUBSCRIBE

We'll do our best not to scare the shit outta you or turn yer guts. But we'll try to entertain you with lotsa motorcycle mania and inform you and your bros of the bike-related legislative activities.

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

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

- ☐ Here's \$16.00 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$31.00 for a two-year subscription.
 Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

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

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



Kennedy-Rodino Anti-Gun Bill

A Summary of S.1936 by the National Rifle Association

S. 1936 (and its House version S. H. R. 5823, introduced by Judiciary Chairman Peter Rodino, November 7, 1979) is an 84-page bill that would:

- (1) Prohibit the manufacture, importation, or *any sale or transfer* (including inheritance) of *any* handgun that does not conform to specified technical criteria. It is conservatively estimated that 75% of all handguns now in private ownership, and 50% of all handguns currently being produced, would be outlawed immediately.
- (2) Circumvent continuing Congressional and state refusal to ban all handguns, by granting vast regulatory powers to a presidentially controlled commission of political appointees—almost certainly to be “packed” with representatives of anti-gun groups.

This commission would be empowered, with the concurrence of the Attorney General, to periodically hike the criteria to eliminate the legitimate sale or transfer of all handguns, potentially abolishing lawful private possession within one generation.

- (3) Establish federal standards for state laws providing for permits-to-purchase and licenses-to-possess off-premises with such laws to be “approved” by the U.S. Attorney General. No present state laws qualify.

The state law criteria provide for mandatory six-month sentences for anyone without a permit taking a

legally owned handgun out of his residence, even to a range or gunsmith. There are *no exceptions*. However, the bill eliminates the existing federal mandatory sentence for committing a rape, robbery, or murder with a gun by establishing *four exceptions*, such as violent criminal acts perpetrated “under unusual and substantial distress.”

The criteria demand that an owner desiring to take a handgun off-premises meet “standards of demonstrated need for the use of handguns for legitimate sporting purposes.” Unfortunately, it is difficult to show a *need* to participate in any sport.

- (4) Require that all handgun sales and transfers (including inheritances) be made through licensed (\$500 annually) dealers. If a state lacked an “At-

“. . . 75% of all handguns in private ownership. . . would be outlawed immediately.”

torney General-approved” purchase or off-premises possession law, dealers would be required to wait for the FBI and local authorities to check the purchaser’s background before delivering the handgun. The wait for local response is limited to 21 days; the FBI is required to respond in 15 days, but if the agency does not, there is no

authorization for the dealer to release the handgun.

- (5) Create a host of new federal “gun crimes,” exposing millions of honest, well-meaning citizens to the risk of felony prosecution for technical infractions. Such “crimes” would include:

- selling (or even giving away to a relative) a handgun of a model that does not happen to conform to the requirements of interim, final, or revised criteria authorized by the bill;
 - the acquisition of more than two handguns in one year;
 - or the interstate transportation of any firearm or ammunition in violation of any state or local law, however minor.
- (6) Allow the bureaucrats to drive firearms dealers out of business through unspecified “security devices,” discretionary licensing, and administrative harassment (including imposition of \$10,000 “civil penalties”), thereby curtailing public access to all firearms—including rifles and shotguns—as well as ammunition.

- (7) Circumvent recent Congressional action denying funds for implementation of national firearms registration. S. 1936 would compel handgun manufacturers to maintain extensive new records (including transfers of used handguns by dealers), with the same result: national registration of all lawfully possessed handguns—if any remain—within



one generation.

(8) Enshrine in public consciousness the "punish-the-gun" philosophy in law by a program to compensate victims of "crimes caused by handguns," and by establishing new federal bureaucracies devoted to its furtherance.

The provisions of the Kennedy-Rodino Bill mentioned here are by no means all-inclusive.

Other provisions in the 84-page bill range from mandating federal "unique" serial numbers (although present serial numbers are unique) to methods for making all firearms dealer licenses — including those for rifles and shotguns — more difficult to obtain.

* * *

S.1936 is *not* a "Saturday Night Special" bill. Nowhere in the bill's 84 pages is the term "Saturday Night Special" even mentioned, let alone defined.

The bill is *not* aimed at banning only "easily concealable" handguns. The 12-inch-barrelled Colt single action "Buntline Special" — banned by the bill — is neither cheap nor small. The language of S.1936 is clearly designed and intended to allow the banning of *any* handgun, regardless of description or specifications.

Nowhere in S.1936 is there a definition of "easily concealable" or even of "concealable." (It is noteworthy that in 1975, the U.S. Supreme Court held

that a sawed-off shotgun 22 inches long was "concealable.") Rather, the so-called "independent" Handgun Criteria Commission to be created by S.1936 would decide, with the Attorney General's concurrence, which handguns to ban from manufacture, transfer, or sale. S.1936 gives the commission open-ended discretion to write criteria banning *any* handgun model "with potential for criminal use."

As if such speculative and subjective standards were not enough, S.1936 *requires* the Commission, every two years, to hike the criteria further if, in its opinion, any handgun model not already banned under existing standards is "significantly involved in handgun crime" (even

"...exposing millions of honest, well-meaning citizens to the risk of felony prosecution for technical infractions."

though such involvement may be negligible when compared with its legitimate application by the law-abiding citizenry).

S.1936 greatly expands the possibilities for ordinary citizens to commit purely technical "crimes" involving handguns. The most outrageous example is S.1936's creation

of a federal felony for any person to transfer any handgun to anyone *unless he knows* or has reasonable cause to believe that the handgun is of a model "approved" by the Attorney General. The legal maxim "Ignorance of the law is no excuse" is changed by S.1936 to "Ignorance is the crime." When polls show that, ten years after passage of the GCA '68, 72% of the public still think it is legally possible to travel to another state to buy a handgun, how is it possible to expect handgun owners to know if their handguns are in compliance with ever-changing factoring criteria?

Like all gun control bills, it makes new victimless crimes, prohibiting acts that are not inherently bad — such as making a widow guilty of a federal felony if she keeps her deceased husband's handgun.

If you and your people feel as strongly about your rights, privileges, and safeguards as the National Rifle Association does, then you should write the following congressional committees: U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee, Chairman Edward Kennedy, Washington, D.C. 20510, or the House Judiciary Committee, Chairman Peter Rodino, Washington, D.C. 20510, or your own U.S. Senator.

For more information on how you and your brothers can retain your right to bear arms, contact the National Rifle Association, Membership Department, 1600 Rhode Island N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. ■

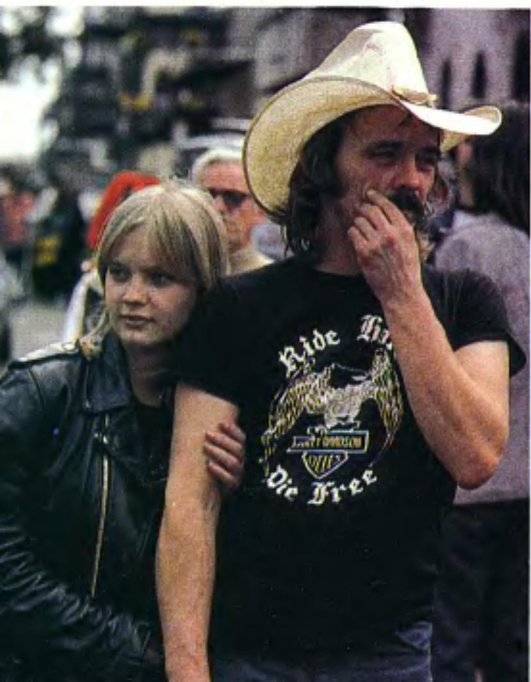
Two days ride from Daytona

EYE SNATCHER



Three tight brothers headed for the annual Daytona fest again this year, but nearly missed it in what was to be their third cross-country jaunt. As their tired Good-years sang against the rough cement over long miles on Interstate 10 through Texas, the riders tired, too. The white strips divided by the early-spring-green median looked fluorescent against the bright sunlight as their putts rumbled into Louisiana.

There still wasn't much to look at when they left the bleak hills of Texas





and rolled into Louisiana's greener, more humid atmosphere. Their minds bored and butts stiff, they began to study the sparse townships they zipped by for some fucking thing to do. Hands numb against the vibrating bars while passing one redneck community after another, they wanted to stop and rest, but they knew better. The descending sun hastened for the day's exit and there was less for the bros to gaze at. Their eyes strained for something entertaining to check out in the bordering swamps as the highway continued to cut a nearly straight slice through the green, almost flat terrain of the southern state.

Shifting their butts from one position to another, one hand on the bars, then two, a rev now and then —

nothing seemed to alter to any perceivable degree the monotony of the straight, whitewashed cement rail. A minor breakdown would have broken the Interstate spell — but the 74s rumbled like freshly broken-in locomotives on a new stretch of track. They gassed up and continued along the straight 'n' narrow, heading for sand 'n' suds. But too soon, the straight highway and bleak darkness began to grate at their partyin' mentalities. The state's highway billboards seemed to enhance their apparent lack of motion. One placard might read "New Orleans — 99 miles," and after what felt like a half hour, the next informative sign would read "New Orleans — 89 miles." The ride was beginning to drag considerably after days in the saddle.

But suddenly an expressway sign indicated city limits ahead. Then, out of the nowhere darkness, lights came into the brothers' tired view — and as they entered the area surrounding New Orleans, it became apparent that there were far more lights sparkling in the night than most cities flash at Christmas.

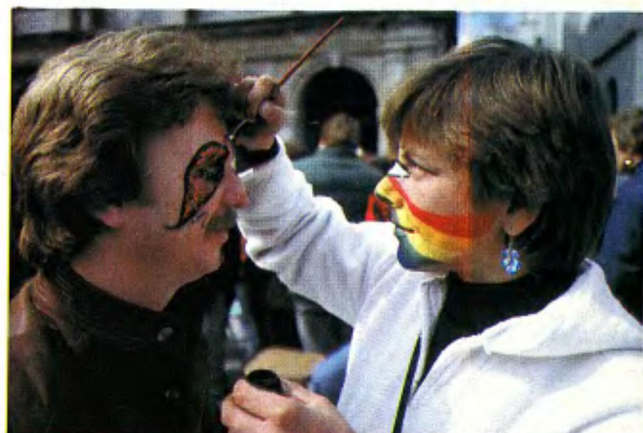
All three brothers hit the binders and pulled to the side of the overpass cutting directly across the city. The goddam place was aglow in more motley colors than Disney World on New Year's Eve. It was immediately apparent that the city was packed with people, dancing and carrying on like these brothers had never seen. Somebody mumbled, "Mardi Gras, it must be Mardi Gras."

And Snake, takin' a break from a freshly lit doobie, chimed in, "Well, fuck, brothers, let's check it out."

They hit their kickers as if in a race and headed into town. The place was a living acid high — queens and things strolling in the streets, walking douche bags, street-corner assholes, passed-out winos, struttin' crawfish, snake handlers, painted dogs and colorful mugs, imitation cops with ass-less pants, overdosed cuties lining the streets, cone heads, tattooed heads, dildo noses, cops with long hair wearing beads, and lotsa broads — the town was coming unglued.

From the French Quarter faggot parade to the perverted people dressed like food that'll make a man fat on Bourbon Street, from the majestic monarchs on parade to the whisper-wrapped women street walkin' and the head shops handin' out amyl nitrate samples — the entire city was goin' bananas. And so were the three brothers, lost in women and drugs. They didn't make it to Daytona.

—Still Resting



Photos by Billy Tinney and Woody



For The Bad Times

Therapy

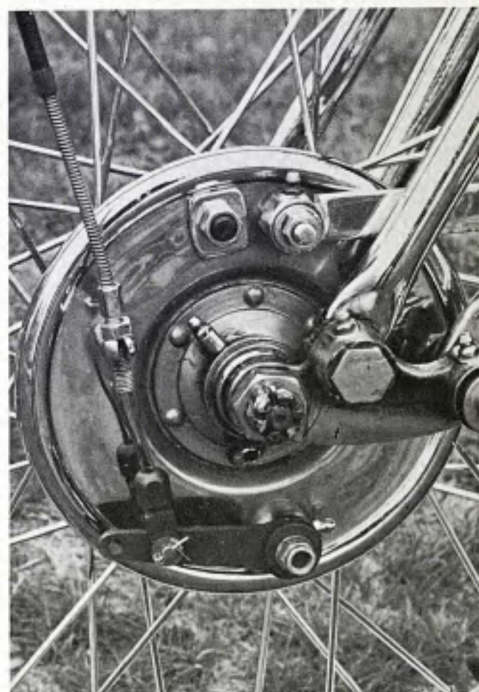
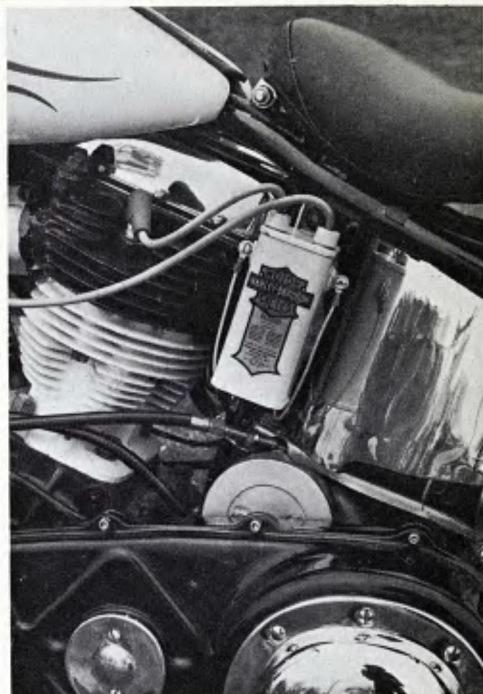
A hot July afternoon—just 320 days before these pictures rolled outta my brownie box camera—Vince and his sled came face to face with the grim reaper. He was forced to lay it down on a southern California freeway, and many of his people thought neither man nor machine would ever again see the light of day.





But even as this downed bro lay in a hospital bed, unable to speak, the idea was burnin' in his mind to rebuild that broken and twisted pile of metal. And, in bringing it back to life, he also brought himself back from the edge of the pit.

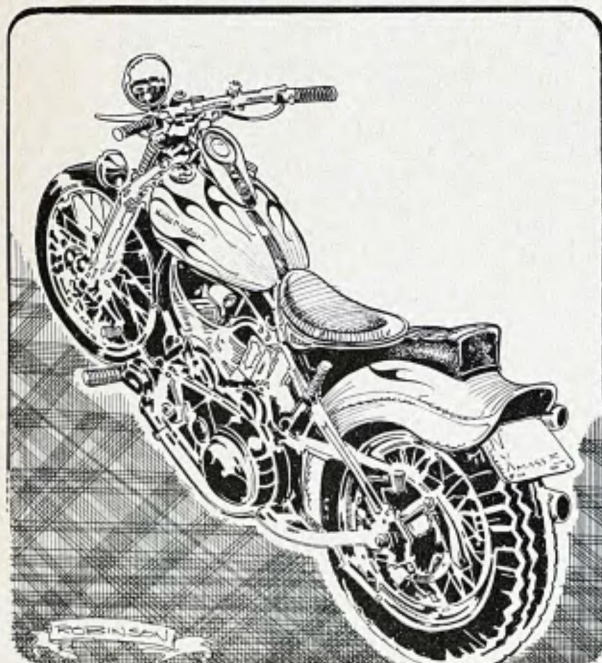
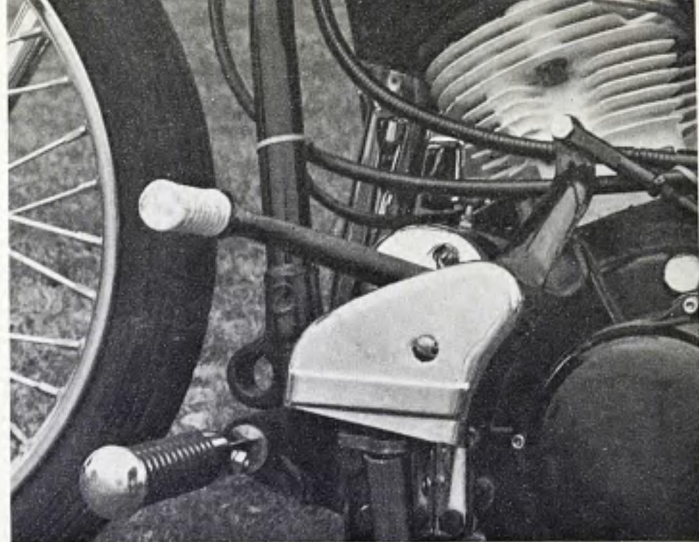
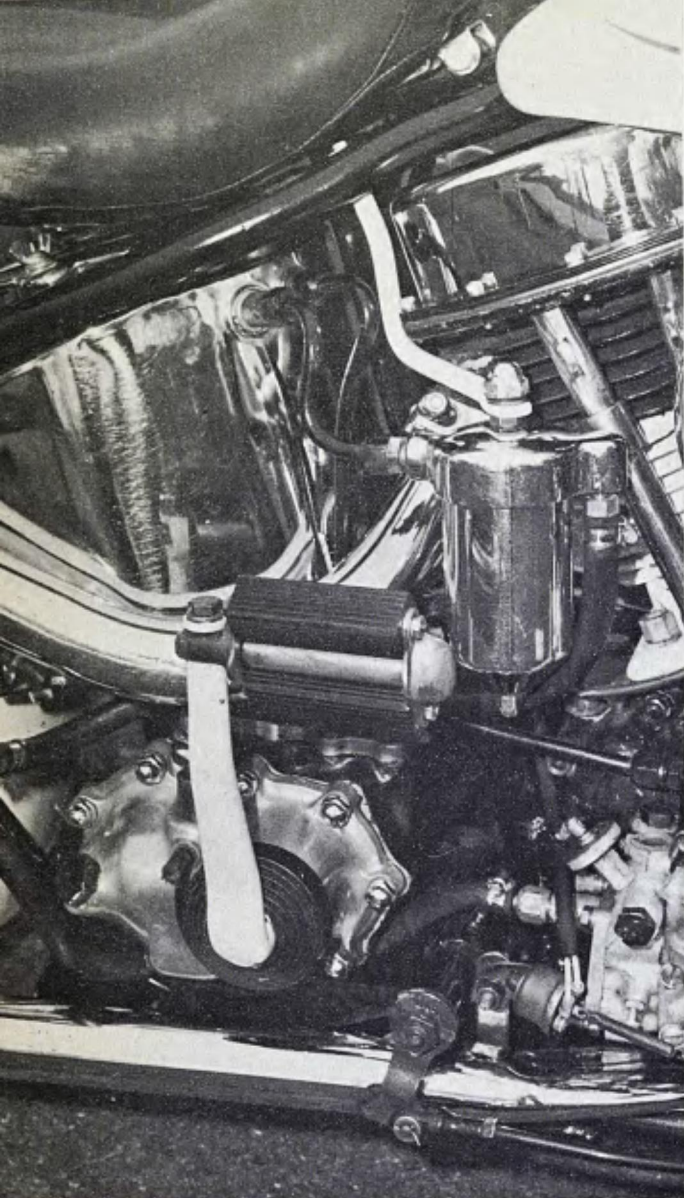
In tribute to the ghost of the ride he went down with, Vince horsetraded and chased down as many early parts as possible for the rebuild—ya can note the genny, Flanders risers, oil filter, tin primaries,



S-pipe, early front end, and one-piece kick-start arm among a mess of others. And when the good ol'-time stuff was unobtainable, he had already laid plans for the next best alternative—reproduction items like the upsweep exhausts, rear fender and seat setup, and early-style air cleaner.

Today, eyeballin' this bro and his bike, you'd never guess how far each has come in the past year. Ya can call it rehabilitation, or the recuperative





Owners: Vince Knapp

City: Tax-a-chusetts

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1951 H-D
Model: FL
Value: \$5,000
Assembly: owner
Time: 5 mos. since crar
Chroming by: many

Frame

Year: 1953
Builder: H-D
Type: wishbone rigid
Rake: 30 degrees
Stretch: stock
Other alterations: none

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1951
Model: panhead
Rebuilder: owner
Ignition: single pt. distrib.
Displacement: 80-plus in.
Lower end: UL wheels
Balancing: owner
Pistons: 10:1, .060 over
Cases: flat black
Heads: runnin' fine
Cam: FLH
Lifters: solids
Carb(s): Linkert M-74B
Air cleaner: Paughco
Pipes: S-pipe upsweeps
Muffler(s): Paughco

Bars: drag
Risers: early Flanders
Fender(s): ducktail rear
Headlight: Drag Spec.
Taillight: signal stat
Speedo: stock, 120 mph
Front pegs: Gary Bang O-ring
Rear pegs: Gary Bang O-ring
Electrics: owner
Gas tank: 3.5-gal. fatbobs
Oil tank: horseshoe
Oil system: Ford oil cooler
Primary cover: early diamond
Seat: solo/pillion
Sissy bar: fender strap
Height: to fender
Material: 3/16 plate

Transmission

Modifications: standard
Year: 1953
Shifting: foot
Engine sprocket: 25
Trans sprocket: 24
Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: springer
Extension: none
Builder: H-D
Special features: running lights

Wheels

Painting

Molding: none
Painter: Nigger
Color: white
Type: Centari-catalyzed
Special paint: flames by owner

Front:

Size: 21

Hub: H-D

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Tire: 2.75 Avon

Brake: drum

Rear:

Size: 16

Hub: H-D

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire: 5.10 H Avon

Brake: stock mech.

Other special modifications: taillight mounting, front & rear running lights, center fatbob cover, mousetrap eliminator, early oil filter.



Photos by Jake

powers of the mind, or whatever. But it shows that, given the right purpose on this planet of dust and smog, all of us can maintain over the lousy hand that's dealt from time to time—whether it be the helmet law, or an idiot in a door-slammer cuttin' us off, or an attitude copped by citizens against us.

And what better purpose could we have than puttin' together a solid hunk of machinery, like Vince did, to carry us through this lifetime?

—Ol' Philosopher

Rose



Ellen



Jill



Here she is, folks — Leslie Spear, the first winner in the 1980 **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Maggie, J.J., and Liana Rose.

Susie



Beth



Tica





Tammy



Kat

Ol' Lady Photo Contest

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

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

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

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

each runner-up \$25, and the contributor \$10. After the twelve monthly winners have been selected, there'll be a final voting to choose **Easyriders Ol' Lady of the Year** for 1980. Judging should be based on looks, build, tattoos, and other outstanding 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 this page 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 August 22. We'll print the winner in the September issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #85 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Ol' Ladies Photo Contest

Easyriders Ol' Ladies Photo Contest
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Model's Name _____
Age _____ Phone _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Photographer _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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

such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

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

In 25 words or less, describe your favorite bike-related experience. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a **notarized** model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.

Case Cover Conversion

Belt drives, cutaway tin covers, or open primaries—they all make the Big Twin look good, whether it's standin' still in the sun or powerin' its way down the expressway. But often this kinda setup brings an extra, unwanted decoration—engine splashed and spunout oil all over the left side case and the rider's pants leg. That's 'cause up through 1969 there ain't much of an oil seal on the 74's drive-side mainshaft. Knucks, pans, and early shovels have either a slinger or a close-fitting washer, depending on the year, that surrounds the output shaft. But it's not totally oil-tight—and becomes less capable of holding oil back after many hard highway miles. (Later alternator engines, 1970 and up, have a regulation oil seal that solves the problem.)

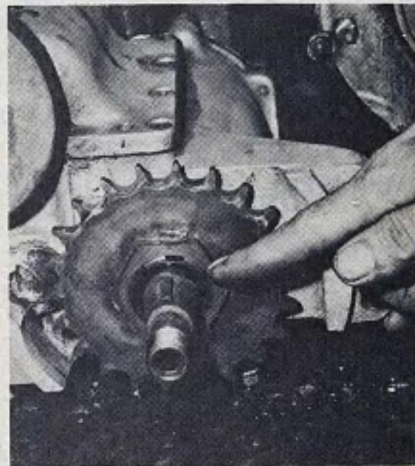
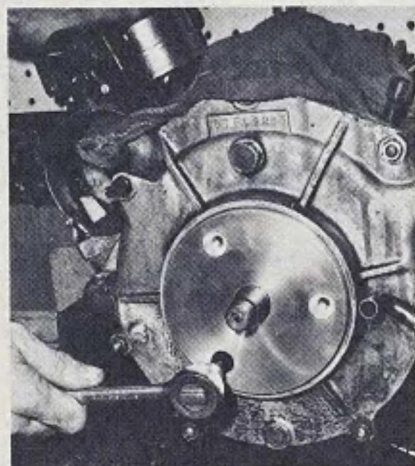
Ruff, an east coast bro we know (at Cycle Tricks in Norwell, Mass.) has come up with a bolt-on cap, made from a solid aluminum billet, that seals up early engines once and for all. It contains a spring-loaded oil seal in the center, plus an O-ring seal to prevent seepage around the outside (1). It bolts to the existing holes tapped for the original inner primary cover (2), and can be installed without requiring a total engine teardown. Sizes are available to fit both diameter engine shafts of early Harleys. While you're at it, Ruff also recommends using a later model transmission sprocket seal (3) to keep the greasy stuff inside the gearbox as well.

Course, havin' an oil-free scooter, thanks to this trickery, may hand ya a new problem. Without that big lake of oil underneath, how ya gonna tell which sled is yours when ya come outta the bar half-blind at 2 a.m.?

—Gearhead



Photos by Jake



Oil Pans Out

Gotta pan? I betcha the sumbitch is leakin'—right? All them citizens and mere aficionados will jump at the chance to flip an all-knowing finger at the ever-growing collection of oil and dirt all over you, your engine, and the ground. But before you hammer the rubes into the ground, read this. It just might make ya a less oily believer.

This might come as a news bulletin to some, but, ah, well, they don't make pan-heads anymore, and since they don't, who the hell needs panhead parts, right? Who ain't looked at those beat-up pans and thought that they'd look better with menu in 'em, than on the trusty, rusty H-D. So ya picked up some bargain reproduction tins and figured you were home free—right? Wrong-o. They may leak enough to be used as a chain oiler.

The reason those pans are leaking is that the rolled curve of the repro pans comes surprisingly close to the screw holes for the D-rings. Soon as the gasket hardens and shrinks a mite one fine hot summer day—instant total-loss oiling system. So, in order to remedy this little malady, we're gonna give

the new covers a little extra gasket surface. First, rough up the inside of the pan covers near the offending screw holes. This gives a good gripping surface for the epoxy. While you're at it, take the pans and lower them, carefully down onto the heads to see if your rocker arms hit or touch any surface on the inside of the covers. If they touch, now is the time to fix it. Take a small peening hammer and dent the cover lightly to provide enough clearance for the rockers. Keep the peening low enough so that the thick aluminum D-rings will cover the enlarging. This is a good step to check for, but the majority of the reproduction pan covers have enough clearance here; they just need a little extra meat to seal with. Now you're ready to do the coating.

Go to a marine or boat dealer and pick up some marine-type epoxy. This stuff sets fast and is amazingly strong. I've even seen some do-or-die street racers plug up holes in their crankcases with it—only temporarily, though. Back at the boat place, pick up some of this stuff (Marine-Tex Epoxy "Handles like Putty, Hardens like Steel, Sands like Wood" by Travco Laboratories, Inc., 345 Eastern Ave.,

Chelsea, Mass. 02150; \$7 to \$8 for a one-pound package.) There may be different brands of similar products, but this one works. Follow the instructions and mix up a little dab. Take the epoxy and form a little on the inside edge of the pans near the screw holes. Don't be afraid to build it up; you can always sand it down to fit. When you get it built up to give you extra gasket surface, let the whole mess dry overnight so that it's good and hard to the touch. Now, with an air grinder, Dremel tool, or hand file, sand down the epoxy until everything will fit down onto the heads without interference. Keep everything nice and even when you get to sanding the actual gasket surface. Place a piece of emery paper on a sheet of glass for a really smooth, super flat finish. Keep checking everything for fit until you're sure the oil's gonna stay on the inside of this little Hog motor—and ya won't be disappointed later.

Take your time, and this will provide a sturdy leak-free fit. Your motor will thank you for it. And your ever-increasing oil bill may drop.

—Doc Savmotor

National
FREEDOM OF THE ROAD
That's
Easynews

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

Disorganized Crime Wins One

New Orleans: When Amelia Rodriguez and Orestes Pena were convicted of conspiracy and racketeering in federal court, they faced possible sentences of 40 years in jail and \$50,000 in fines. Later, Federal District Judge Jack Gordon sentenced Pena to six months in jail and a \$5,000 fine, and put Amelia Rodriguez on probation with a \$1,000 fine. And he accompanied the light sentences with a sharply worded rebuke to the United States Attorney's office for making the Decatur Street bribery and prostitution charges into a federal case in the first place.

"The facts and circumstances in this case do not fit the mold" of organized crime, which was the real target on the controversial Racketeer Influenced Corrupt Organizations Act, according to Gordon. He called the offenses "disorganized crime" and said that the federal statute used to prosecute the two is subject to "widespread abuse." The light sentences, he said, were designed not to encourage prosecutions under this law.

The judge chided Pena and Rodriguez for their "greed," but added, "I don't believe the public interest is to be served by a long sentence."

The Act under which Pena and Rodriguez were convicted, known as RICO, was passed during the Richard Nixon administration as a route to easy convictions and long sentences for organized crime bosses. It has been criticized because it allows the federal government to step into essentially local matters and increase the penalties substantially—and because under the RICO Act the property of defendants can be seized.

In this case the U.S. Attorney's office made an attempt to seize the Habana Bar building at 117 Decatur Street, owned by Pena, and some \$46,000 in cash apparently owned jointly by Pena and

Rodriguez, but the jury refused to take the property.

Defense attorneys Mark Lane and Joseph Marcal were gratified by the judge's remarks, which echoed arguments they had made during the trial. But Lane said Pena will appeal his conviction, and added that he thinks the RICO statute is unconstitutional. —Gary Esolen



ABATE Of Idaho Wins

With 75 motorcyclists peering down from the gallery, the Idaho State Senate voted 13 to 21 to crush a bill that would have required cycle riders to wear helmets.

"Justice is done! Justice is done!" said an elated Boise rider as he trooped down the statehouse stairs after the bill's demise.

The motorcyclists, some wearing helmets, rolled to the statehouse earlier in the morning to bring their case to the legislature, and they succeeded.

They contend that helmets can create a "hangman's noose" effect in an accident, causing severe neck injuries,

and that a mandatory helmet law deprives them of freedom of choice.

Arriving from all over the Treasure Valley, the cyclists parked their choppers, street machines, and touring bikes in a neat row in front of the statehouse.

Members of ABATE had contacted most senators and testified at committee meetings. They provided statistics challenging the contention that there had been more injuries and deaths since the mandatory helmet law was repealed two years ago.

Beware Of Killer Helmets

Britain: The modern full-face helmet, as worn by over one million motorcyclists in Britain, could be a killer.

The orthopedic surgeon and chief medical officer for the British Motorcycle Racing Club, Mr. Gordon Hadfield, claims that many modern helmets are "designed to fulfill riders' desires to imitate their race track heroes and not to protect them in accidents."

"These helmets are so heavy that they rotate the rider's

head when he falls—causing him to break his neck."

And the bigger the helmet, the worse the rotating effect. At best, the weight tears the helmet off the rider's head on first impact, but in just one Surrey hospital in the past 18 months seven riders have been admitted dead—killed by their crash helmets.

Investigations revealed that the chin area of their helmets broke as they crashed, jagged pieces of fiberglass stabbed them in the jugular vein or carotid artery, and they bled to death.

Mr. Hadfield adds that the number of neck injuries among motorcyclists is higher than was previously thought, and that many riders, said to have died of head injuries, in fact were killed by high neck damage resulting from full-face helmets.

"Hard fiberglass or plastic bounces on impact in a crash, and the bounce has to be absorbed by the head and neck of the rider." —from ABATE of New York, Schenectady, New York 12309.

Helmet Rule Dies In Legislature

Ohio: It will be another year, at least, before the Ohio Department of Highway Safety and the Ohio General Assembly decide the freedom of choice controversy over whether motorcyclists should be required to wear safety helmets.

A proposed state law to once again require helmets—the requirement was lifted July 10, 1978—is dead for this session of the legislature. Its sponsor, Rep. Frank Mahnic Jr., D-Garfield Heights, promises to reintroduce it next January.

The safety argument, citing statistics for the last six months of 1978 and all of 1979, is convincing—but not conclusive—on whether elimination of the helmet require-



—Continues

ments has led to more serious accidents and more fatalities.

The number of motorcycle accidents has remained the same, even though the number of motorcycle riders has increased about four percent from 1978 to 1979. The number of fatalities, however, has risen about sixteen percent, from 217 in 1978 to 251 in 1979.

Motorcycle fatalities involving riders who were not wearing helmets have also increased, from 102 in 1978 to 169 in 1979.

Mahnic's bill to reinstitute the helmet requirement was dropped for this session of the legislature for two reasons: (1) The department of highway safety dropped its strong endorsement of the bill once it was amended and favorably recommended by the House Transportation and Urban Affairs Committee, and (2) House Speaker Vern Riffe Jr.'s policy of not repealing a law changed in the previous session of the legislature. ■



Judge May Jail Motorcycle

Florida: Circuit Court Judge Chester Chance plans to sentence an 18-year-old Harley-Davidson motorcycle to jail should its owner not pay a \$1,000 fine. Chance said he will prohibit the motorcycle from being removed from the

Alachua County Detention Center until owner Richard D. Stone pays the fine.

Stone pleaded guilty to charges of attempting to deliver less than one gram of amphetamines to narcotics officer Roger Crase last July.

Chance told Stone on Jan. 21 to pay \$1,000 within 10 days, or the motorcycle would be jailed.

"It was an excellent bit of judicial reasoning," said attorney Jason Chapnick, who appeared in court with Stone.

"I think the sentencing was different from the standard type of decision that often comes from the bench, maybe because it was a different case with Mr. Stone," Chapnick said.

The sentence will guarantee that the 29-year-old bearded man, who wears a hat inscribed "Harley-Davidson," pays the fine, Chance said. He said Stone did not grimace nor appear angry when he heard the sentence. "I think I would be happy I wasn't going to jail," Chance said.

Chapnick described Stone as a hard-working man who often rides around town with other motorcyclists.

Neither Stone nor his motorcycle could be reached for comment. ■

Missouri Update

The AMA legislative department spent ten thousand dollars in legal proceedings, and defeated the board of aldermen ban on motorcycles from city park roads with a permanent court injunction. But the board of aldermen (the mayor is on our side) has filed an appeal with the Missouri Court of Appeals. The AMA director of government relations, Ed Youngblood, vowed to fight this ban to the last dollar.

Missouri bikers almost got rid of the helmet law last year, thanks to the efforts of a few ABATE members, AMA legislative dept., *Easyriders* magazine, *Road Rider* magazine,

and others. We may make it this year with continued efforts. We'll use the same procedures as last year—attaching helmet law repeal to a package of other bills. Only Governor Teasdale has voiced opposition. He has heard only the lies from NHTSA and the insurance industry. Write to legislators and the governor. For names and addresses to write to, call (816) 453-4789 or (816) 924-1368. —from Missouri BRO, P.O. Box 16913, Raytown, Mo. 64133. ■



Prison Programs Needed

Brothers in joints across the country have a difficult time reaching the outside world. And on the other hand, brothers in several joints have begun helpful programs in their institutions that could help scooter people in other joints. Some of these programs include schools to help brothers educate themselves in motorcycle mechanics and other fields, shops for practical work and creative experience with motorcycles, and entertainment programs to give our brothers slack during down times and show the establish-

ment that bikers are organized leaders and not just rowdies.

The problem here is that we need to spread the good word of these programs to people in joints without any of these benefits. If you are in an institution with any such program, write to us. In turn, we want to spread the word to other joints as to the direction they can take in establishing positive programs behind gray walls all over the country—for our people. Write to Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. ■

Anti-55mph Move

It could be called Proposition 55—a foot-to-the-floor movement in several western states to repeal the federally imposed 55mph speed limit. The Wyoming Senate started things going when it voted to increase the limit to 65mph. Similar bills are in the works in Colorado, Nebraska, Washington, and Texas, and Sen. S.I. Hayakawa of California has introduced a repeal bill in the U.S. Senate. We're saying to Washington that we can't be pushed around," says Wyoming state Sen. Cal Taggart. "Those empty highways out here are ours and we'll govern them as we please."

But that could be costly—in lives, fuel, and money. The 55mph limit was imposed after



the 1973 Arab oil embargo, and government experts claim it saves 9 million gallons of gas a day and has helped cut highway deaths from 54,000 in 1973 to 47,600 in 1977. Any state that posts a higher speed limit could lose its highway trust funds—\$42 million next year in Wyoming alone.

Taggart contends that the lower limit has actually increased highway deaths in wide-open states like Wyoming because drivers suffer from "boredom and inattention." But his campaign is also motivated by a tenfold increase in speeding tickets in Wyoming since 1973. Wyoming Gov. Ed Herschler, who doesn't like the 55mph limit but is not eager to lose federal funds, hasn't decided what to do if the bill reaches his desk. He says, "It's like watching your mother-in-law drive your new Cadillac off a cliff." —from the Chicago Sun Times.



It Can Happen

Some facts worth remembering:

1961—The Garden State Parkway was closed to motorcycles.

1971 — The city of Detroit banned motorcycles

from all residential streets.

1978 — The state legislature empowered the city of New York to ban nighttime motorcycle travel.

1979 — St. Louis banned bikes from all streets through its city parks, including several cross-town routes.

1961 to present — federal, state and local trends closed vast areas to off-road riding.

Who are we? We are the American Motorcyclist Association—125,000 motorcyclists trying to defend the rights of 6,000,000 motorcyclists. We can't do it alone!

If we are going to stop the spread of "bike ban fever," we are going to need more members—a lot more members. We have to band together in a united front to stand up for our freedom of transportation choice and for the protection of motorcycling's future. The AMA has the know-how to do this for us, but the association needs the support of America's motorcyclists to be effective. —from the AMA, P.O. Box 141, Westerville, Ohio 43081.

Toy Run Closed

California: More biker discrimination. That's right. Somewhere between 20,000 and 30,000 bikers ride from Griffith Park in L.A. to the Rose Bowl in Pasadena and donate more toys for needy kids just prior to Christmas than some states donate all year—and the Pasadena Board of Directors freaked. Their only recourse—close the run down.

The majority of the people involved, from the scooter people who ride this run to the kids who receive the donated toys, disagree with the city's shutdown proposal. Our brothers feel that a more wholesome solution to whatever problems the city board felt were intolerable would be to discuss them with the people who put the annual toy run together for the kids who



are the recipients of the good such an event provides. The problems can be worked out.

Brothers and sisters, please take the time to write to the Pasadena Board of Directors and inform them that the way to behave in a situation such as this is to learn and attempt to remedy the negative — and still accomplish the good for all involved. Let's tell them to stand up and be men—and not to close the door. Write to the Pasadena Board of Directors, 100 N. Garfield, Room 301, Pasadena, Calif. 91109.

Election Year Reminder

U.S.A.: Senators Edward Kennedy and Howard Baker voted to keep the DOT's power of blackmail over states that didn't have a helmet law back in December of '75. You might want to remember that, this being an election year and all that. —from ABATE of New York, Box 5172, Albany, N.Y. 12205.

Kentucky Area Coordinators

Brothers, we are initiating a program of area coordinators around the state. This is to aid our membership in gaining information on ABATE functions, and to promote ABATE as the voice of Kentucky bikers, in Frankfort. We're sure you realize that we cannot function to our full potential unless we all join together to promote our way of life.

The area coordinator's job will be to distribute literature about ABATE and upcoming events to bike shops, auto parts stores, clubhouses, and any other place where bikers will be able to read it; to be the voice of ABATE in your area; and to help to get the word out to all our brothers in your area. This will help in kicking off letter-writing and telephone campaigns. Also, you will be informed as to how your senators and representatives feel toward legislation we are for or against; give members someone in their area to contact about events and legislation proposed in Frankfort, or to answer general questions about ABATE; be in direct contact with the Information Committee and the Board of Directors for any information you need. This will give us a better idea of how our members feel, and will help in petition drives in your area. It will also give us more leverage when talking to the senators and reps, so we can win against unjust laws by showing the legislators that people in their districts do care.

Now, if you decide you want to help, and want to be an area coordinator, please contact ABATE of Kentucky, Box 22115, Lexington, Ky. 40522.

Yes, I would like to be an area coordinator

Name _____
Address _____
County _____
City & State _____
Zip code _____
Membership No# _____
Are you registered to vote? ☐

Maryland ABATE In Gear

ABATE of Maryland is alive and working for you. After the large expenditure of time and effort, sweat and anguish over the last few years by the staff and members of ABATE, with our final success, we were so drained of energy and in need of a rest that we let our guard down.

You might say that sounds reasonable—kick back, put your feet on your pegs, enjoy the fruits of your labor by letting the wind whistle through your hair, and don't look back at the hell we went through.

Well, people, look in your rearview mirror. Senator Dorman and Delegate Levin are back there and they're carrying a fiberglass bucket to put on your head again.

We, the staff of ABATE, are sorry for the lapse of information that has occurred since the repeal of the helmet law. We won't, if we can help it, let it happen again.

As we stated earlier, there

have been bills introduced in the Maryland legislature to require that all persons wear helmets when riding on a motorcycle. Senate Bill 90 and House Bills 27, 63, and 109 are all trying to take your freedom of choice away. Write your legislators and tell them how you feel *now*. —from ABATE of Maryland, P.O. Box 1733, Annapolis, Md. 21404. ■

Where's ABATE of Ohio?

The Easynews gang has received several inquiries as to the whereabouts of ABATE of Ohio. There are interested, motivated scooter people in Ohio looking for the right organization to assist with bikers' rights and freedom.

If you know the Ohio ABATE story, pass it along. Every brother and sister in this country needs to have the ability to fight or support legislation affecting them. It's the only way we remain strong. ■

Arizona Hit-And-Run Ruling

Prosecutors seeking a conviction on charges of leaving the scene of an accident have to prove the defendant knew the victim was injured, the Arizona Court of Appeals ruled recently.

The court reversed a misdemeanor conviction and ordered a new trial for a woman motorist who allegedly collided with a motorcyclist in Phoenix on April 20, 1978.

The woman told police she heard a "big old bang" when her car hit something but, she said, "I didn't know what the hell I hit." After looking in her rear view mirror and seeing nothing, she drove on.

After a police investigation, she was accused of striking a disabled motorcycle being

pushed by its rider. He had suffered severe injuries, the records showed.

Several car parts found at the accident scene were traced to the defendant's car.

The defendant argued on appeal that there was no evidence she knew or had reason to know that the accident resulted in injuries.

The prosecutor argued that once it was proved the defendant knew she had hit something, she was legally required to stop and investigate.

After analyzing cases from Arizona and other jurisdictions, the appellate court concluded the state has to prove a defendant "actually knew of the injury to another or possessed knowledge which would lead to a reasonable anticipation that such injury had occurred." —from the *Arizona Republic*. ■

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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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.

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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

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☐ 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 Cancer

Cancers are extremely moody, temperamental, sensitive — and lovable. They have great memories, especially when it comes to offensive remarks. They are extremists, who are either wildly happy or deep in the pits. And when they're in the pits, they want company 'cause pouting alone is boring.

Some famous Cancer men are Yul Brynner, James Cagney, Ringo

Starr, and good ol' Captain Kangaroo. Rembrandt was a Cancer, so was King Henry the Eighth (of screw 'em and slew 'em fame). Female Cancers of note are Phyllis Diller, Gina Lollobrigida, and Linda Ronstadt.

Cancers tend to overindulge when it comes to eating, drinking, and smoking—the type who could overdo in a gang-bang, if that's possible. They have problems later in life with their digestive tracts and have a tendency to put on weight and retain fluids. They are also prone to ulcers and nervous stomachs. Their recuperative pow-

ers are weaker than those of most of the signs.

Most Cancers are great at accumulating money. John D. Rockefeller is a good example of the thrifty Cancer type. In fact, they're good at saving all sorts of things. They can't seem to throw anything away, so they end up with a lot of constructive clutter that either gets used or sold at an outrageous profit. (So, if ya live with a packrat Cancer, don't bitch—ya could be sittin' on a gold mine!)

Cancers don't like to be alone for long periods of time. They tend to be loyal friends and staunch

enemies. They are generally thoughtful, seldom vindictive, and inclined to avoid a difficult person or situation, rather than have a hassle.

Cancers have good manual dexterity and learn easily. They are also great at working with the public and are instinctively wise at judging character. They often excel in sales, especially real estate.

Cancers should avoid junk food, in order to protect their waistslines and delicate stomachs. Younger Cancers often barf a lot. (Come to think of it, I know a few older Cancers who still barf a lot.)

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

Partnerships, job, and home conditions all compete with your party time. Until the 23rd, you may notice something fishy with your honey. Maybe it's no longer a treat to throw her the meat—if so, make a quick retreat. Or maybe you're just too burnt out to bang. Combining work with play will end up giving you a pain in the ass. In other words, don't go to extremes—reach a happy medium. 'Course for Aries, this is impossible.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

Last month's ball-breaker continues to leave you a little limp this month. Things get blown out of proportion verbally, so don't let your horn overload your head. Shine on potential shit-stirrers and mind your own business. Having your head up your ass can have its benefits when it comes to other people's mindfucks. Some of you will gain through a secondary income, or even start your own business. Good luck!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

Now's the time to stop, look, and listen before you scramble your brains. This month brings a shitload of minor delays and fuck-ups in travel. Breakdowns in communication and transportation are likely to make things even worse. Keep the mess to a minimum by double-checking first and not getting reckless. Then again, maybe you should just spend this one in the sack, picking the lint out of your navel. Hang in there!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Someone out of your past could give you a case of the birthday blues, or maybe it's just the recurrence of an old problem. Don't let the fickle finger of fuckups get you down, just get your act together and do what ya gotta do. You may find that change is what you need to get your finances back together. You need to unwind and cut loose for a couple of days, so that none of this heavy shit will ruffle a hair on your ass.

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

You Leos have more ups and downs than a pharmacist! Right now you hardly have time for any of those incredible edibles. You're busier than a dude in a beaver-eatin' contest. You're working your buns off to meet some unexpected repair and maintenance bills. Although it might dent your bankroll, it's prime time for getting in the wind. In fact, mixing business with pleasure could have some ball-busting results.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

Grab yourself by the nuts and crack a smile! This month couldn't be better if it had hair around it. Let some of the heavy shit slide and treat yourself to blowing some bucks on goodies. Right now a little cash leak won't dampen your winning streak. It can even flush away a few problems. Some of you will be rewarded for some past behind-the-scenes effort at work. Enjoy!

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

Some extremely good vibrations turn small happenings into big events! What's more, you have backing from your partners—and appreciation, too. You Libras who love a pat on the back can receive a second helping this month. Important persons are fanning your flame to a brighter future. Grab it before the bread they offer gets stale. Add a taste of buttering up—it could bring ya even more. Turn on the charm and make the most of this one.

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

This month will blow the cobwebs right off your crank! The only hair in your pie now is a few di-hard rednecks at work. Don't let bumme attitudes from co-workers fuck up your chances for promotion. If the shit hits the fan, you'll come out smelling like a rose. Sex maniac that you are, you're sure to leave broken hearts in a trail of pecker tracks. Oh well, you always leave 'em with a satisfied pussy.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

This can be a very romantic (that means kissing and fucking) period for you. Luck may come in the form of a lady who lets you have your cake and eat it, too. Now's the time to catch yourself a horny honey who'll help ya over the rough spots (like the callus on your crank). Some of you will have the chance to join a group that will be a highly positive influence in your life. Check this one out real good.

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

This is one of those periods when you'll have either an ace up your sleeve or a sleeve up your ass. You'll probably give yourself a whiplash trying to figure out which it is. Excess energy and initiative can be the boot in the ass needed to use that ace. Best wait until month's end to shoot your best shot; otherwise you might have to reload and shoot it over. If you get the urge to splurge—don't do it!

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

This month will leave you so relieved that you'll feel like you've taken a big dump! You can wipe yourself clean of some old obligations from over the past two years. Travel and relocation are up for grabs, and you can go for the gusto with opportunities for increased security. What more could you ask for? Satisfaction's just a blow away—with more long-winded ladies than you can handle.

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

Zero in on the facts before coping an attitude with partners. You're just a taste on the rag right now. Don't jump to conclusions, or you'll miss the boat entirely and be up shit creek without a paddle. If you can keep your cool, projects and opportunities to sell your talents can be successfully initiated. Get your act together, 'cause toward the end of the month you'll meet someone who'll ring your chimes and make your dong ding! ■

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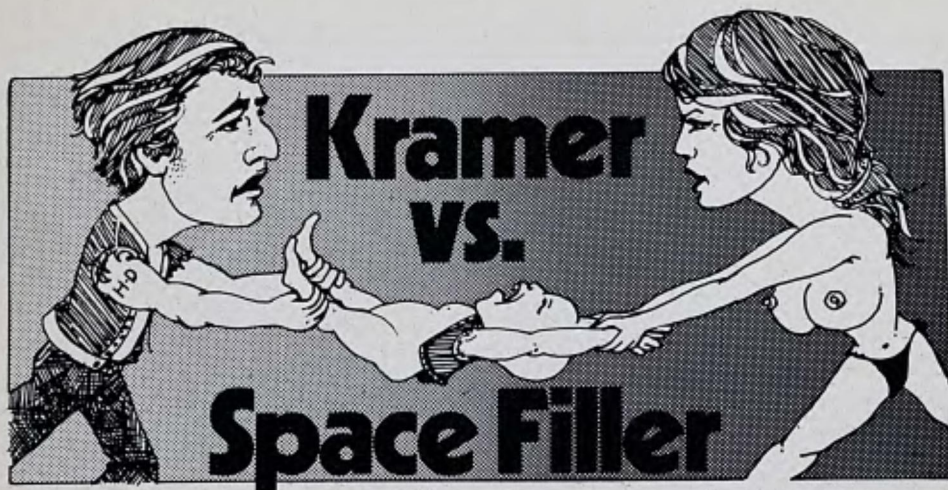
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A flea arrived in Florida one winter half frozen to death. His friend asked what had happened. The flea told his friend that he about froze to death riding down in a biker's beard. His friend suggested that he find himself a nice warm pussy to ride down in next winter.

Next winter, the flea showed up half frozen again and when asked by his friend what happened replied, "Well, I took your advice and found a nice warm pussy to ride down in and decided to take a little nap. The next thing I knew, I was back in that damn biker's beard again."

—Crazy Al
Miami Beach, Fla.

A sweet young thing had just started to associate with the local biker club. Her first night in the clubhouse, the prez came roaring up on his Hog and rode straight into the club. He dismounted, pissed in the fireplace, downed two six-packs of beer, dragged five mamas into the bedroom, and started jackin' off.

The startled chick asked the biker she was with, "Does he do that all the time?"

"Oh, no," he answered, "he usually drinks bourbon."

—D. L. Allen
Charlotte, N.C.

"My boyfriend gives me a pain in the ass," one girl told another.

"Why is that?" countered the friend. "Don't you believe in using The Pill?"

—Robert E. Herman
Richmond, Va.



"Man, she sure was a real pig, wasn't she?"



"First joint ya ever rolled, huh?"

It has been said that the Republicans are considering changing their emblem from an elephant to a rubber because a rubber stands for inflation, halts production, encourages cooperation, protects a bunch of pricks, and gives one a sense of security while being screwed.

—Joe Trupiano
Florissant, Mo.

The husband of a really awful-looking broad was asked what he would do if some night he arrived home and found a strange man making love to her.

"I'll tell you what I'd do," he answered. "First I'd break his white cane across his ass and then I'd shoot his seeing-eye dog."

—Robert Huff
Alpine, Tex.



"Hey, check out these assholes."



"Naw, but them tailgaters don't know it ain't loaded."

Easyriders

A druhk biker was sitting on the curb, smashing cockroaches with the heel of his boot. Along came a minister from the local church and asked, "What are you doing, my son?"

"I'm smashin' cockroaches," replied the biker.

"Don't you know that all living things have a purpose?" asked the minister.

"Sure don't," said the tramp.

The minister demanded, "Well, then, tell me three things in life that have no purpose."

The biker thought for a few seconds and then replied, "Tits on a nun, balls on a priest, and these muthafuckin' cockroaches!"

—T. Wernette
Lincoln, Ill.



Easyriders

Joe and Jack were fighting about their mpg. Jack finally shouted, "Well, how far can you get with a gallon?" Joe said he didn't even need a gallon. He always got all the way with a half-pint.

—Bob Michaels
Cruisin, Tex.

The biker lay naked on the grass in a secluded part of the park, a dazed but oddly happy expression on his face.

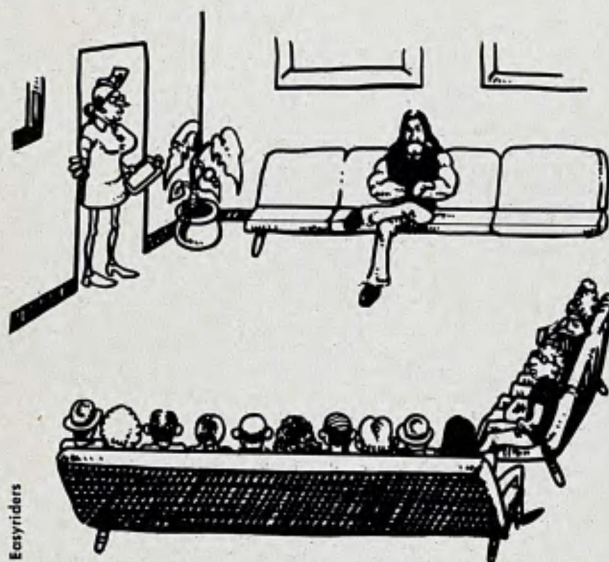
"What happened?" asked the cop.

"I was, uh, minding my own business," mumbled the bro, "when a gang of teenage girls came along and jumped me and, uh, tore off my clothes. And then..."

"And then what?"

"And then all heaven broke loose!"

—John Bearden
Santa Fe, N. M.



Easyriders

"Will the person with the gas problem please come with me."

And then there was the chick explaining to the cop that she had been raped by an idiot. The cop said, "Lady, why do you think he was an idiot?"

"I know he was," answered the chick. "I had to help him."

—Carol Sue
Chicago, Ill.

A beautiful princess fell in love with a biker and they decided to get married. The biker soon found out that there was a lot of ceremony to go through whenever royalty was involved, so he asked the prime minister if there was anything special he had to do before going to bed on his wedding night. The prime minister replied, "First you must say, 'I offer your honor.' Then she will say, 'I honor your offer.' After that, it's just on 'er 'n off 'er like anyone else."

—R.E. Robinson
Canon City, Colo.



Easyriders

"Huntin' ant trails—waddya think we're doin'?"

George always has bad luck no matter how hard he tries to change it. Just last week he went to an orgy and after they turned out the lights he ended up screwing his own wife.

—Keith Hawkins
Princeton, N.J.

"You're nothing but a big prick," the girl sneered at her boyfriend during their first serious fight.

Yawning, the guy said, "Flattery will get you nowhere, honey."

—Paul Snider
Darby, Conn.



Easyriders

"Really cold last night, huh?"

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

Some of us were sitting around a friend's garage not long ago, drinking beer and watching him pull his clutch. The conversation turned to rock and roll, and I found myself intrigued by the way musical opinions seemed to divide along age lines. A couple of guys just over twenty, while grudgingly paying lip service to the hallowed names of rock's pioneers, fervently defended the superiority of their current favorite performers. Against them were a couple of dudes pushing forty who outdid each other in thinking up grosser and grosser insults to show the full degree of their contempt for today's big names. One pair seemed to believe that rock was invented by the Beatles and perfected by Ted Nugent. The other seemed equally sure that rock crashed and burned with Buddy Holly.

Without taking sides in such an oddly emotional contest, I herewith submit three records for comparison — one is by a legend in his own time, while the other two are debut albums, one British, one American. Is rock and roll alive and well or is it dead and buried?



When Two Worlds Collide/Jerry Lee Lewis: Well, we all know they threw away the mold when they made Jerry Lee, so there's no way to compare him to anyone but his own incomparable self. (Got that?) Still pounding the ivories twenty-four years after "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On," Jerry Lee is as much a mystery as ever. A legendary devotee of broads, booze, bennies, and brawls, he's had a career with more ups and downs than a veteran set of rear shocks. But he's as tough as a Harley, and

now, at the age of forty-five, still rocks with the best.

Jerry Lee's latest release, **When Two Worlds Collide**, is a mixed bag of solid rockers, country tunes, and dick-off stuff thrown in for no apparent reason other than to pad out the album. A record of uneven quality, this disc still contains plenty of good rock and roll. For example, give a listen to Ruby's story in "Good News Travels Fast": *She smokes filter cigarettes and she loves to rock and roll/She likes to let it roll in the balcony at the picture show/She says the only thing that's better is my drop-top Cadillac/ Ruby's good news, and good news travels fast.* This tune is done with all the authority you'd expect from The Killer, and features a foot-stomping piano solo, Jerry Lee's distinctive trademark.

The Killer does well with the slower stuff, too. The old Billy Mize tune "Who Will Buy the Wine" receives a good rendition — we can all shake our heads in dismay at the story of a good woman gone bad: *Not long ago you held our baby's bottle/The one you're holding now's a different kind/You sit and wait to be somebody's sweet-heart/And it all depends on who will buy the wine.*

If Jerry Lee put his mind to it and if his producers would give him enough time to do it right, he could put out an album that would scatter everybody's shit. Instead, we get records like this one, in which the power is diluted by including stuff like "Alabama Jubilee" (always fun, but do we need another version?), and Jerry Lee's uncharacteristically "rinky-tink" piano brings the listener dangerously close to the background honky-tonk at a Shakey's Pizza Parlor. And why are we subjected to (no shit) "Toot, Toot, Tootsie"? Finally, the album is marred by both a poor mix and the



unfortunate inclusion of strings on some of the cuts. Why they make a rocker of Jerry Lee's stature struggle against such handicaps beats me. It's a flawed record, but any showcase for this landmark rocker is worth hearing.

Inmates/First Offense: These guys are from England and they make no bones about the primary influence on their music — singer Bill Hurley sounds like Jagger, while lead guitarist Peter Gunn, rhythm guitarist Tony Oliver, and bass player Ben Donnelly have all done their Brian Jones/Bill Wyman/Keith Richard homework. And just for good measure, the album cover looks suspiciously reminiscent of the Stones' debut album, **England's Newest Hit Makers**. While you could argue that these boys should show more first-generation influence (like The Killer, for example), a new band could do a helluva lot worse than sound like early Stones, and in that context these guys aren't bad.

Personally, I could have lived without their remake of the old Standells hit "Dirty Water" (a tune that's always affected me like fingernails across a blackboard), but most of the cuts are well-handled rockers like their remake of Arthur Conley's "Love Got Me" or Jimmy McCracklin's classic "The Walk."

When everybody's focused and together, the group shows its potential for developing into a big rock attraction. "Three Time Loser" and "Midnight to Six Man" are solid cuts, but my own favorite from the entire album is Gunn's original, "I Can't Sleep," a rocking, thumping, funny tribute to non-specific paranoia: *When the night comes down and it's time to go to bed/Something closes down on me and it gets inside my head/Well, it's out there in the distance and it's coming down on me/I ain't got no resistance — ain't nothing gonna set me free/ Even a man with one eye can see/ Something bad's gonna happen to me/I can't sleep.*

The music on this album fails only when the group loses the focus on its Stones heritage, as in cuts like "Jealousy" and "Mr. Unreliable." Here The Inmates are walking a thin line between quality and mediocrity — when they don't sound like early Stones, they sound like early Grass Roots.

The Beat/The Beat: I happened to catch The Beat on the tube a while back and liked the two tunes they performed — "Rock and Roll Girl," a clever, anti-disco lament, and "Don't Wait Up for Me," a well-handled, had-all-I-can-take goodbye tune. Unfortunately, those two numbers turn out to be the best cuts on their debut album. Each tune on the record was written or co-written by the group's rhythm guitarist, Paul Collins, whose tunes for the most part are pretty ordinary. Several cuts will make you think of Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, but The Beat's music is less imaginative, less urgent, less believable. This band shows flashes of promise, but whether or not they can fulfill that promise remains to be seen. If I were their manager, I'd enroll the whole bunch in Chuck Berry 101, with maybe some private tutoring by Jerry Lee himself. ■





Last Time For The Tinman

By Killer Sam

The Tinman was well on his way to another table run and another pitcher in the stale, smoky depths of The Shop when an incoming bro told him that a straight was outside fooling around with his knuckle.

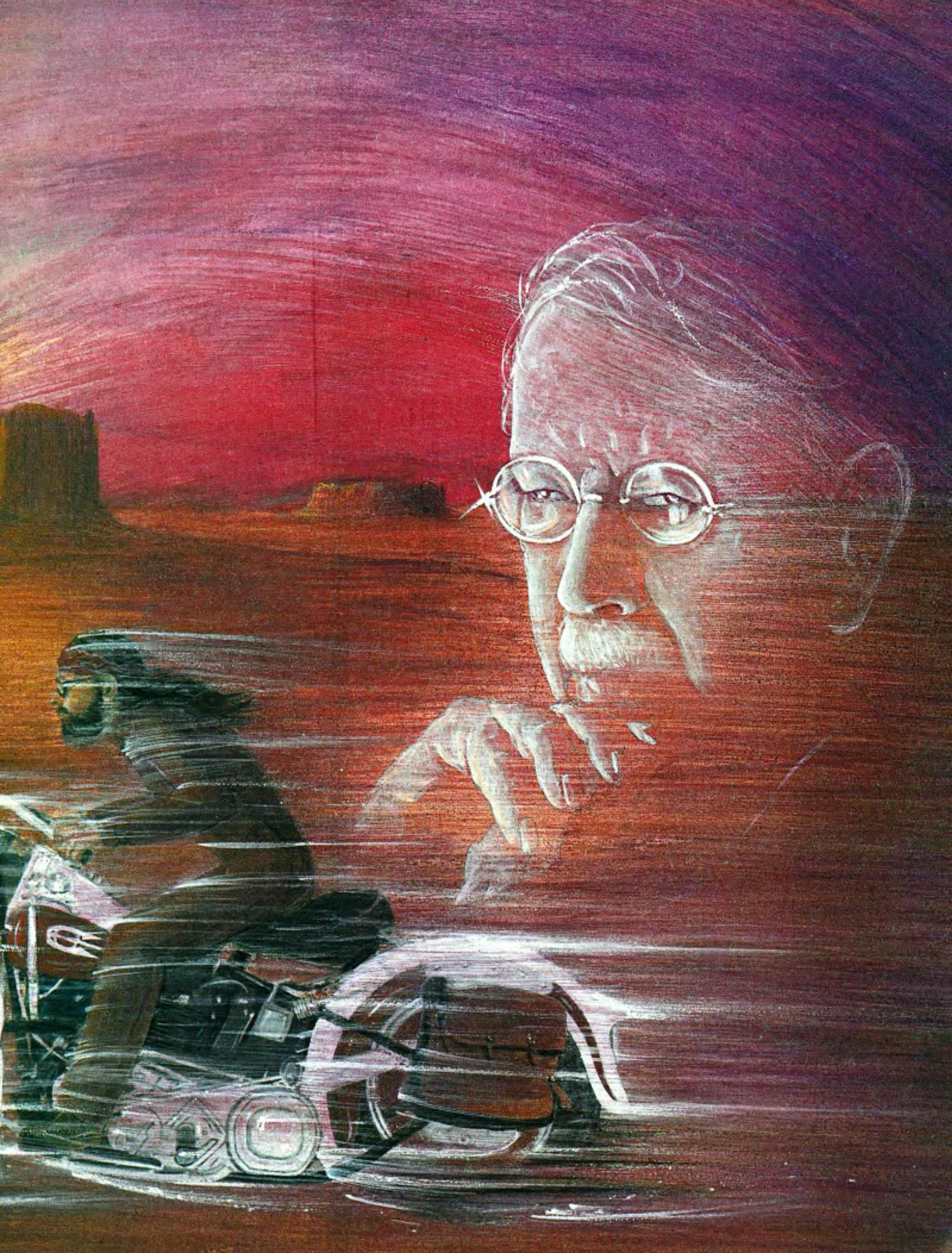
The Tinman was carrying his pool stick at port arms when he got to the front door, so he thoughtfully kicked it open hard in case anybody was standing behind it. Nobody was. When the Tinman slid to a stop on the sidewalk outside, he found a well dressed, rather elderly man giving his bike a fascinated once-over — not touching anything, but just studying the immaculate 1946 knucklehead down to the nuts and bolts.

The old man looked up and smiled. "Really nice," he said. "Looks like it's all original, too. 1946?"

The Tinman took a deep breath and tried to relax a little. The old man was still smiling at him. "Yeah," he said, after a

—Continued on page 103





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 2¼x2¼)—nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah—we now pay \$20 for every black and white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.)



—from C. Coons, Waseca, Minn.





—from John Queen, Ames, Iowa



—from C. Coons, Waseca, Minn.

—from Crazy Jay Mossing, Toledo, Ohio



—from Larry Cope, Raven, Va.

—from Stephanie Feld, New York, N.Y.



—from Joel Hendricksen, Ames, Iowa



Wedding Gift

*A jug of wine and some pickup chow,
Mebbe some smoke, and me and thou.
A breeze-kissed putt on a sunny day,
To a shady spot where we can play.*

*We'll smoke and joke and carry on;
I'll tell you poems and sing you songs.
We'll take a stroll, then lay us down,
And check out Heaven from the ground.*

*The clouds will float across the sky,
In picture shapes for you and I.
Our hands will touch, our lips will kiss,
And hours we'll pass in utter bliss.*

*We'll ride some more, then stop again,
To hear the music on the wind.
We'll talk a while, of lovers' things,
And of the sadness parting brings.*

*At the end of day, I'll take you home,
Then say goodbye, and I'll be gone.
Tomorrow you will be a bride,
But today you're mine, for one last ride.*

—Jody Via

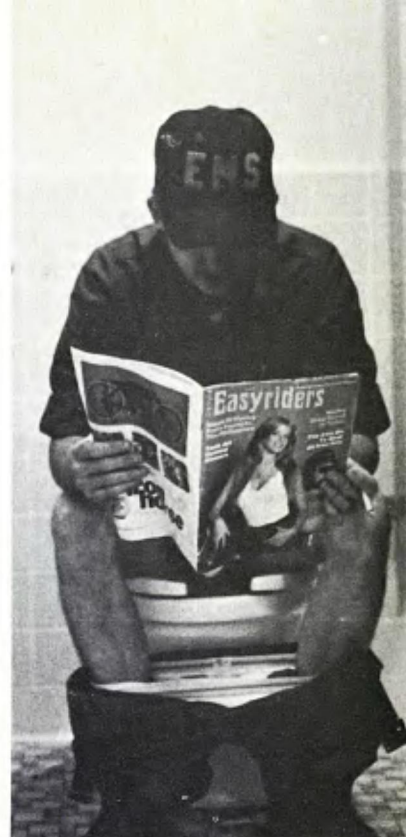


—from Kommandant, Springfield, Mo.



—from Flicker, Newark, N.J.

—from Crazy Jay Massing, Toledo, Ohio



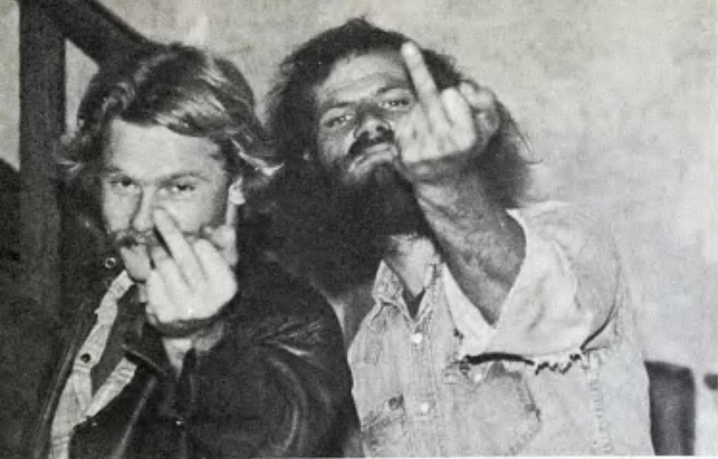
—from Ed Murray, APO San Francisco

—from Clint Rounsavall, Victorville, Calif.



—from Hank Atterbury, Norfolk, Va.





—from *Psychic Warlord*, Fort Wayne, Ind.



—from *Kommandant*, Springfield, Mo.



—from *Nervous*, Deerfield Beach, Fla.

Easyrider

*The wind sings through my hair
In sunshine, snow, and rain
Through the never-ending city streets
Freeways, turnpikes, big four-lanes.
I really like this feeling
Of being completely free.
No matter where I end up,
It's where I want to be.*

*I'm an easyrider, I'm a 'lectra glider
Think I'll ride myself away.
I'm an easyrider, I'm a super glider
Think I'll just up and fade away.*

*I've got a headful of dreams
Just like any other man.
I ride them down one by one
And hold them in my hand.
So let my boot heels dance
Across an endless sky.
And let me ride my iron horse
Until the day I die.*

*I'm an easyrider, I'm a 'lectra glider
Think I'll ride myself away.
I'm an easyrider, I'm a super glider
Think I'll just up and fade away.*

—Junkyard



—from *Bruce De Carteret*, Truckee, Calif.



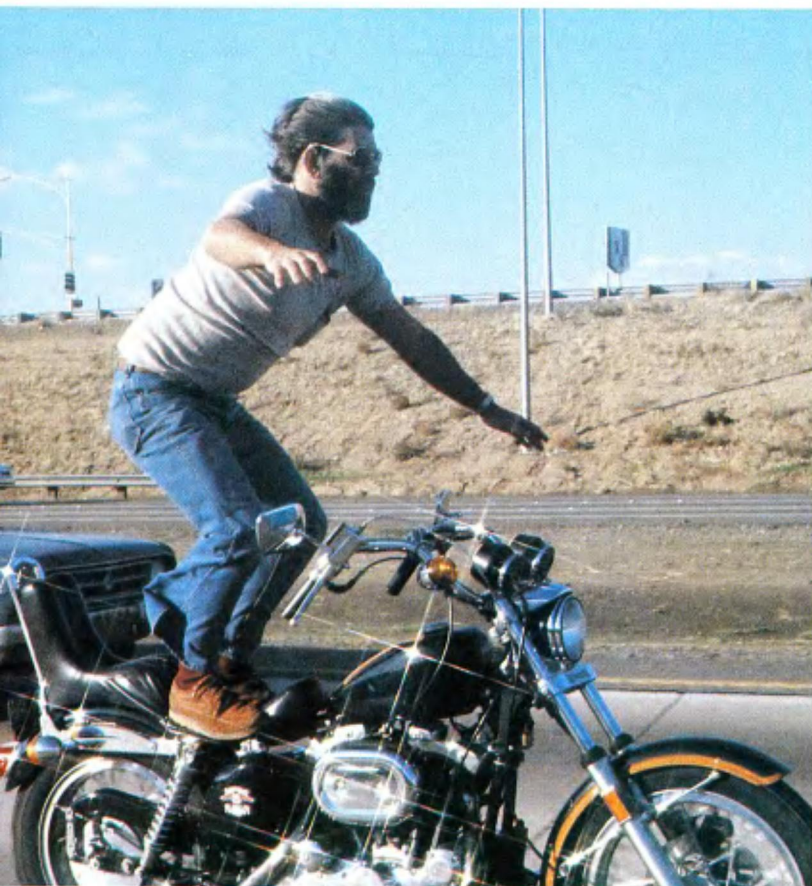
—from Mike Meyer, Jefferson, Iowa



—from Carole Trautwein, Middlesex, N.J.



—from Boogie, Coolidge, Ariz.



—from Crazy Mike and the Pick, Mesa, Ariz.



—from Steam Donkey, Westwood, Calif.



—from Clyde Fessler, Milwaukee, Wis.

g Overs
TALLED
and
RVICED

No
MBLING

BRANDON'S ALKY HALL OF FAME

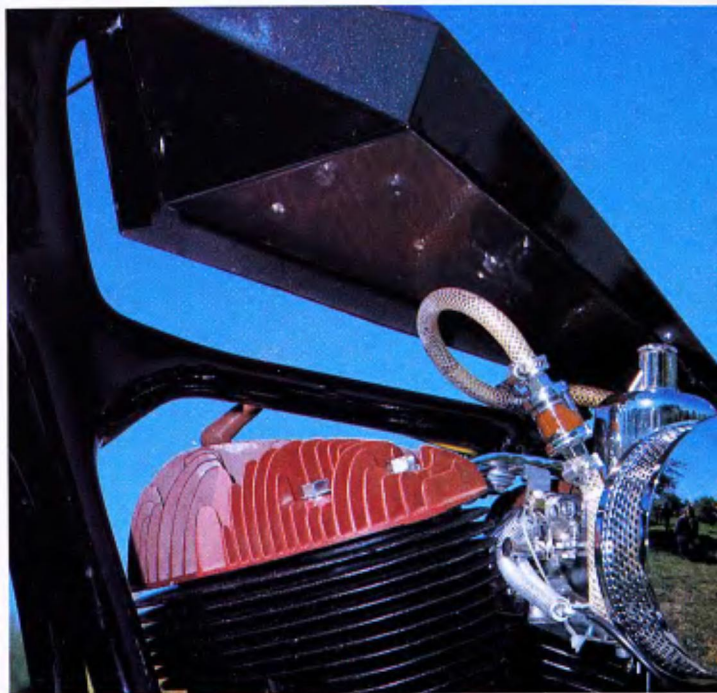
BECK



INDIAN SUMMER

Some Bros Know How To Handle Winter

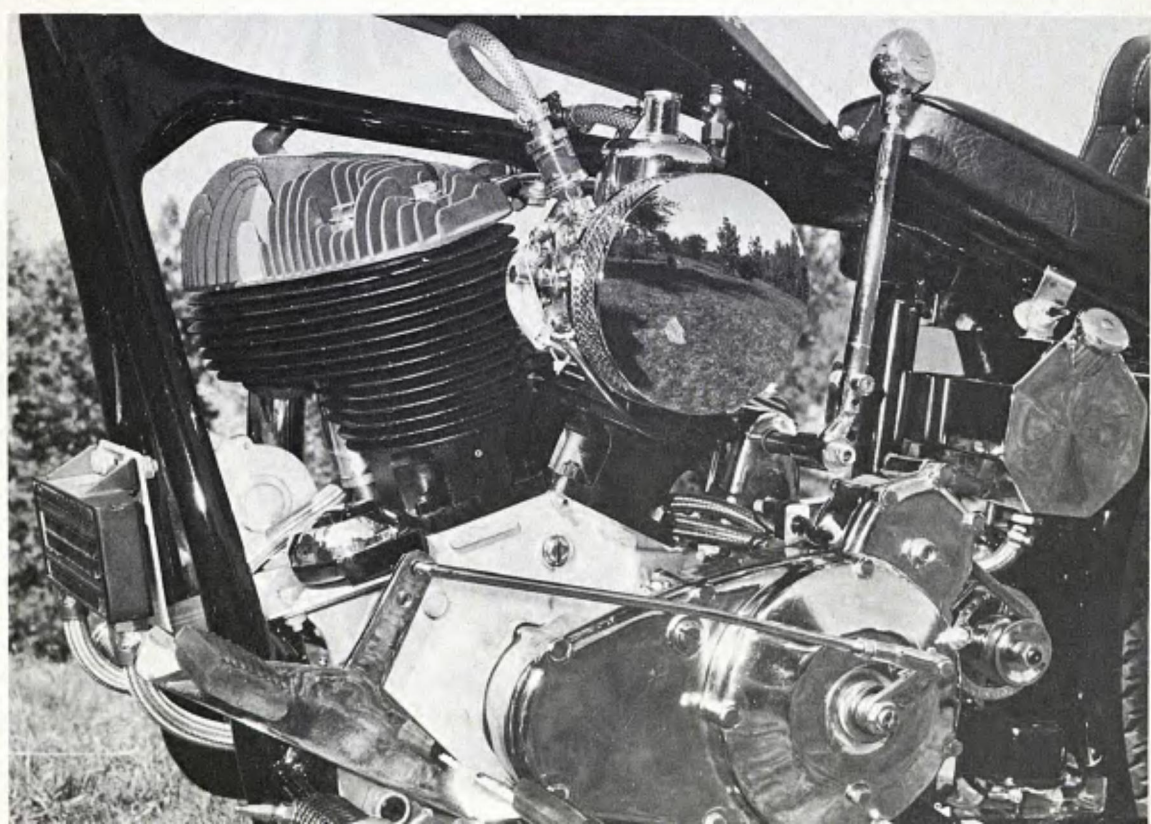
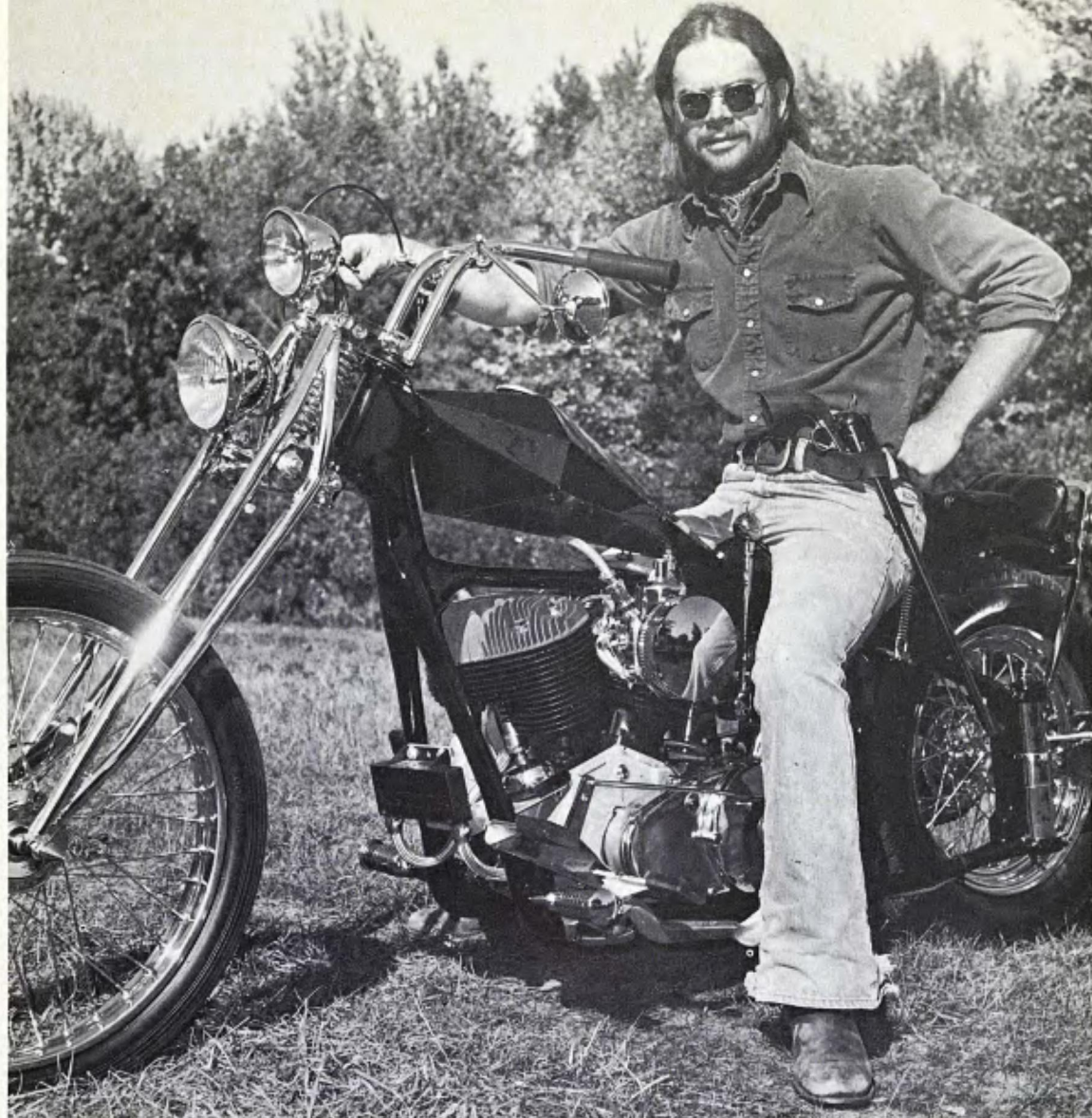
Depending on your state of mind—and the location of that ramshackle garage where you bust your knuckles at night—the last heat wave of the year means different things to different people. It may be the final time before winter that your eyeballs bulge and retinas quiver at the sight of the flimsy nightie the sweet honey across the street is slowly and lingeringly draping across those magnificent lungs in front of her open window. Or it may mean your last profile down the boulevard without gloves, goggles, and chaps to keep the frost out of your blood and icicles from forming on your nose. Or maybe it means one more blast up the mountain to the local gin mill for a cold brew instead of the hot toddies and spiked cocoa of the winter months to come.





At any rate, the last gasp of summer before the cold rain and snow shouldn't be a bummer if you approach it positively. For instance, you can hope that you'll have those sweet, juicy melons from across the street pressed right on your face one of these cold winter nights ahead. And think—no more worrying about your mill frying itself to a crisp during a sizzling traffic jam for several months. With the approaching cool weather you can just sit in your garage and warm your hands on the hot plate. And of course the onset of crappy stuff outdoors is ideal for downtime—no runs, no distractions, no sunny weekends to keep you from wrenching up something even more righteous for next year.

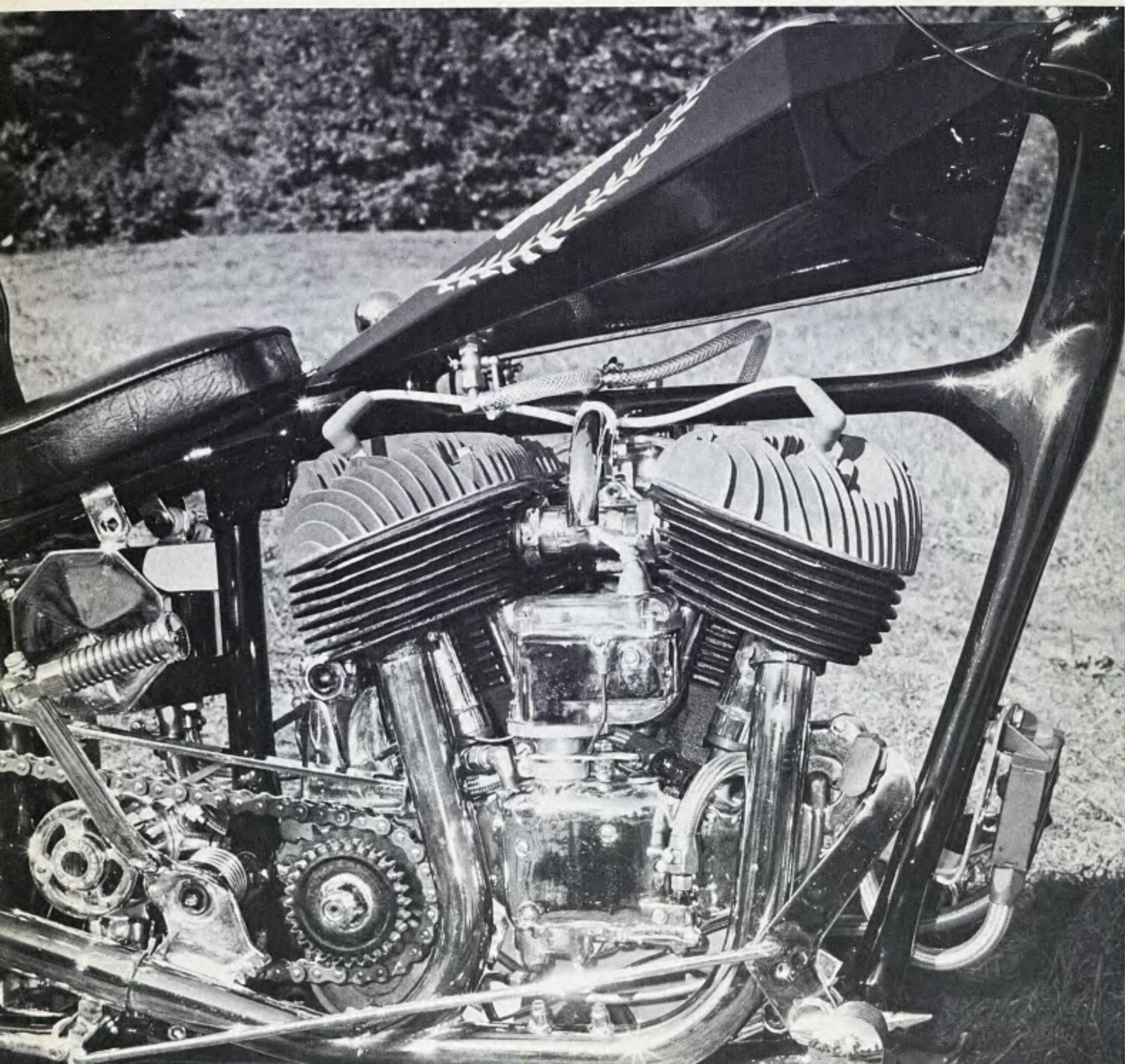




And there's a special satisfaction for the bro who's putting a sled on the road for the first time during Indian summer—just in time for the last warm-weather putt of the year. Alec, the owner and builder of the wheels you see here ought to know. He's seen several Maine Indian summers come and go while chasing down parts for his putt. Last year he finally made it onto the pavement for that late summer ride.

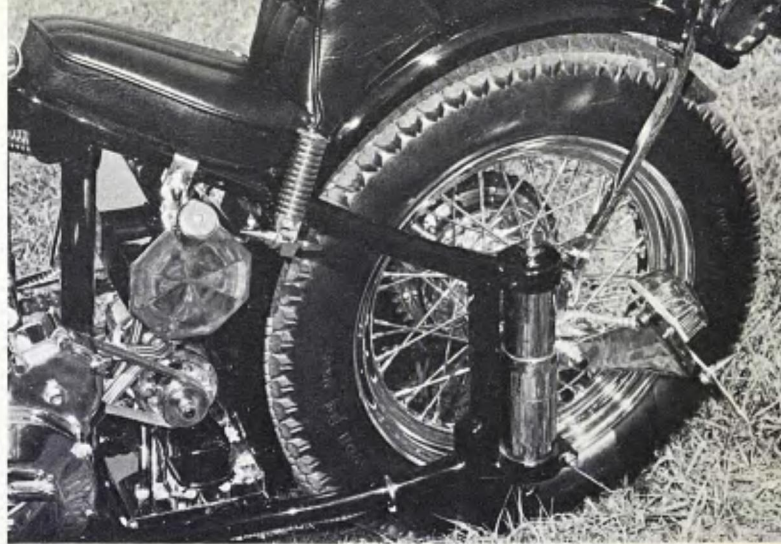
Let's hope he scooped up something fine and female on that last afternoon for the chilly days ahead. You don't know what cold is till you've lived through a Maine winter.

—Blizzard





Photos by Jake



Owners: Alec Sabol

City: Berwick, Maine

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1946 Indian
Model: Chief
Value: 5 G's
Assembly: owner
Time: five years
Chroming by: many

Frame

Year: 1946
Builder: Indian
Type: plunger rear
Rake: stock
Stretch: none
Other alterations: brake anchor

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1946
Model: flathead 74
Rebuilder: V-Twin Cycle
Ignition: Joe Hunt mag
Displacement: 1200 cc
Lower end: V-Twin Cycle
Balancing: stock
Pistons: .020 over stock
Cases: bead blasted
Heads: VHT red
Cam: original
Lifters: solids
Carb(s): S.U.—Bob Corbin
Air cleaner: Drag Specialties
Pipes: turn-out
Muffler(s): straight-through

Bars: plug-ins
Risers: none
Fender(s): 6 in. flat-rear
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Lucas
Speedo: none
Front pegs: Drag Specialties
Rear pegs: Drag Specialties
Electrics: owner, relocated gen.
Gas tank: Prismatic, Nempco
Oil tank: Santee
Oil system: dry sump
Primary cover: chromed aluminum
Seat: Nempco, Mass.
Sissy bar: owner
Height: top of seat
Material: 5/8 in. square

Transmission

Modifications: clutch lever-cruiser
Year: 1946
Shifting: tank/suicide clutch
Engine sprocket: stock
Trans sprocket: stock
Wheel sprocket: stock

Forks

Type: girder
Extension: 3 in.
Builder: Cycle Center
Special features: dual lights

Wheels

Front:	Rear:
Size: 21	Size: 16
Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: Indian
Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 3 1/2 in.
Tire: 3.00 Avon	Tire: 5.00 Avon
Brake: drum	Brake: drum

Painting

Molding: owner
Painter: Henry
Color: black, murano pearl
Type: Dupont Imron
Special paint: tank mural by Mo's Signs, S. Berwick

Other special modifications: Lockhart oil cooler, braided oil lines, pearl on underside of tank, handmade chain guard, generator lowered.



Sold

Got 'im a new scooter

The sweetie you see here was sold recently so a bro could get 'im a new scooter. "Say, Slick, what'll ya take fer that putt over there?" Buddy had a wad of bills burning a hole in his smelly pocket.

"What do ya think it's worth, wanna-be?" The salesman lacked tact.

Buddy glared at the straight-lookin' dude. "I ain't no wanna-be, shithead, but since you're such a good mutha, I'll give ya two hundred bucks."

"Let's go, sweetie. The nice man is right—you don't wanna motorcycle," Debbie said, tryin' not to be touched by the nasty motorcycle objects around her.





"Shut up!" Buddy snapped. "Listen, bub, I'll give ya five bills and that's it."

"Shit, man, I can't. . ."

Debbie's eyes batted. "Buy me a Monte Carlo, will ya, honey?"

"Okay, goddammit, I'll give ya eight hundred cash." Buddy glared at the salesman.

But Mister Clean was fingering Debbie's bod with his beady eyes. "Eight hundred? You gotta be kiddin'—it's worth two grand," he commented, deliberately aiming his eyes below Debbie's belt.

"Shit, man—I've only got a grand. But it's cash."

"C'mon, honey. I'd just get dirty ridin' on one of those things. Please." Debbie was pouting now.

"Shut up, bitch, or I'll throw ya in as part of the bargain." As he said it, Buddy noticed that the expression on Slick's mug suddenly contorted in pure carnivorous delight—and a creepy smile crossed his sweaty face.

Buddy scored the putt with a grand and sweet Debbie as payment. And he was almost sorry he'd given her up as he putted with a faceful of bike-related buzz to where his bros were hanging out. But later that night when he rode the red dream home, followed by two sweeties in a new Monte Carlo that he'd scored with puttin' dreams, Debbie didn't really shadow his thoughts.

Betta things were comin' 'round.

—Renegade



Photos by Billy Tinney





Schemin' And Dreamin'

By Jeannette Hopper

Well, here he sat again, one of a hundred or so faces in an audience, waiting for the show to start. So it had been every night at nine for the past month. He never saw the same faces two nights in a row, except for the bartender and the two homely waitresses. They'd started recognizing him after the third night, and since then he hadn't had to speak his order for a tall tequila with a lime-water chaser. They'd brought him his drink before he'd even had time to settle into his chair.

Don took a sip of tequila, followed by a swig of the limewater, just as the first drumbeat sounded. It was followed by a snare-drum roll, then the curtain went up and there she was, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

As the melody started and she began to sway, her silvery, beaded dress flowed with every movement of her supple thighs. The creamy flesh peeked in and out of the side slit of the glittering garment while her glowing breasts bobbed back and forth in their sequined uplift cups. Her shoulders and upper arms were bare and lightly tanned,

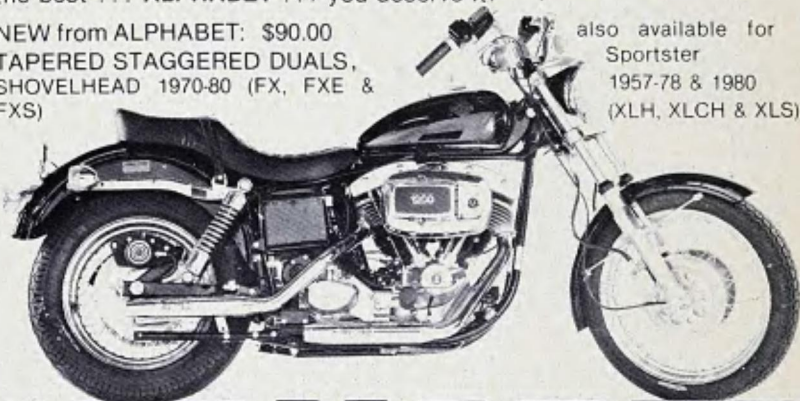
—Continued on page 91

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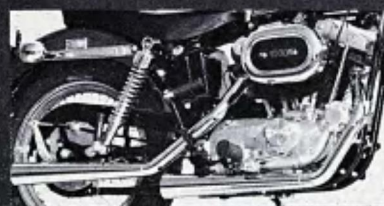
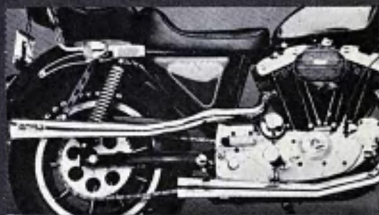


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Denver, Colo. 80229

Duke Interview

—Continued from page 25

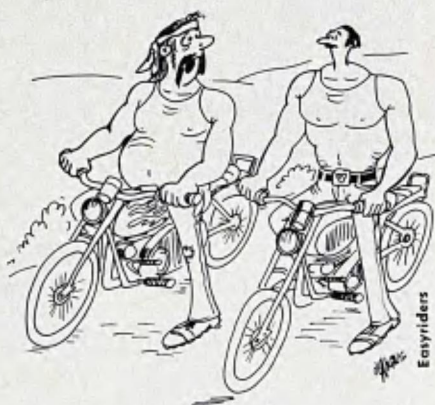
White people today are suffering, really, from second-class citizenry in this country. So what we want simply is our rights. We want America to be a nation of majority rule. We want America to reflect the values of the white majority, and we certainly think that white people must have Constitutional rights, in the same way that blacks and other non-whites should have Constitutional rights. We have civil rights, too, and we're going to defend ours.

ER: In the past few years, there has been a resurgence of Klan activity. What are its causes?

Duke: I think there are a lot of causes. I think that white people are beginning to clearly understand that the blacks are not interested in equal rights, they're interested in special rights.

White people are experiencing this massive discrimination going on. I must point out that the discrimination that we are experiencing today is far more massive than what blacks experienced in the past. Today you have a government-sponsored discrimination going on. They're going into private industry and mandating private firms, the largest corporations in this country, to hire and promote blacks over better-qualified whites. In the past there were certainly some firms that discriminated against blacks, but there were many firms that didn't. The discrimination was on a private basis. Today you have a federally sponsored and enforced racial discrimination against white people, so the discrimination we face today is much more massive than what blacks faced in the past.

—Continues



"Really, bro — you gotta tell your ol' lady to stop douching with Preparation H!"

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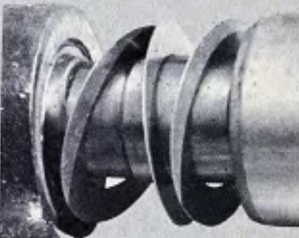
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Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

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

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

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

Second annual MozArk get-together, May 30 thru June 2, Sam Dittel Farm, Eterville, Missouri. For further information contact Sunshine, Box 152-B, Olean, Mo. 65064. Or call (314) 392-6072.

Tattooing Supplies: World's finest tattooing equipment. Over twenty years of reliability—that's why we're number one and king of the tattoo suppliers. Our gear is like a chopper—it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, everything for the tattooist. 76-page color catalog is yours for \$3. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. Inc., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (96)

Gene: Happy birthday (5-17-80). Love you always. Your ol' lady, Lori. (85)

For sale: Easyriders issues #21 thru #51, \$200. Knickerbocker, 602 Magmalene Lane, Indianapolis, Ind. 46244. (85)

How does a biker meet a future housewife? Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301. We match up bikers with ol' ladies. Send a buck and find out. (85)

Bikers! Posters never before published. Satisfaction guaranteed. 2 for \$6 and 3 for \$7.50. Postage, mailing tubes included. No checks. J. K., 3109 Grandview Lane, Flagstaff, Ariz. 86001. (85)

Alias Ray Taylor: Time's up, my man. Come back to your outlaw lady's teepee. We gotta be heading out for the sunshine. We have our safe place. Can you hear me? Can you get to me? Hold on, love. Lay and Yours. (85)

BSA, 1947, A-7, rare pre-unit big twin, \$975. Cherokee, P.O. Box 201, Alexander City, Ala. 35010. (85)

Wanted: One good ol' lady to ride and live with a Harley rider. I'm 5'8", 155 lbs., 34 yrs. old. No heavies, loudmouths, lazy bitches, or hard-partying honeys needed! Send photo with letter only if you want to settle down and maybe marry a mellow biker. I can support you and one crumbsnatcher. Come on and write so we can roll on between the ditches together. Write to Sportster, P.O. Box 24, Middlebush, N.J. 08873. (85)

First annual Midwest antique and classic motorcycle auction and swap meet—Bloomington, Ill., Aug. 31, 1980. For info, write Gus Miller, Rt. 1, McLean, Ill. 61754. (85)

Andy: To say only what's in my heart, you're my #1. Let me be your housewife forever. I'll never do you wrong again. I'll love you always. Len. (85)

New and different Harley T-shirt designs. Send for free brochure. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, Pa. 16041. (85)

Wanted: Early panhead parts for my wrecked pan. Need engine, tranny and chassis parts (frame). Will buy or trade. Send list and prices to Spot, Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (94)

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

Bob Bitchin: To the man I love for being you. Happy 5th and hope many more aboard your 74. My love always. Betsy. (85)

Righteous scooter chick locked down and lonely. Need to hear from guys with heart. All letters answered; pictures traded. C. C. Mayer, Box 33, Taycheedah, Wis. 53090. (85G)

John Wayne, Jr., and scout Smokie: Happy 28th 6-10-80. Hope you'll keep me for a while! Love ya. The one you made ornery, Patty. (85)

Buffalo: Guess what. This is the day, #40. L.F.A.A.D. Ride easy, babe. (85)

Important: Need to locate Fred Harrington, who lived in Leb. late 50s, Bend early 60s, and served in U.S. Navy '63. Stan C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (85)

Loner Jon: You took with the west wind. Where do you rest, fatbub brother? Call Dayton. (85)

Happy past 26th, "Mad Dog" (4-24-80). Love ya forever. "Felonius." (85)

Tommy J. Tramel: It's urgent that you get in touch with me, Debbie Broussard, (512) 578-0029 or (512) 575-1710. (85)

Attack-dog training! Complete instruction manual written by Bill Allen (the protection expert) reveals secrets of the pros—only \$5.95. Also, how to make \$30 per hour training dogs. Manual shows how to make big money training dogs—only \$5.99. Plus, Doberman facts manual reveals little-known facts about this famous breed—only \$3.99. Allen's, 420 N. Dodge, Wichita, Kan. 67203. (85)

Short: Happy 34th. The year of your Harley! Mouse & Company. (85)

Learn motorcycle repair. Tune up and repair your own, or make extra money fixing motorcycles for others. Tools included. Write for free facts. Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC60, 4500 Campus, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660. (85)

Cowboy: Happy birthday from Li'l Bit, Nicky, Rickey, and Sissie. Don't worry about it. (85)

Lonely, need some mail. Write Larry Reynolds #133695, Box 2000, Rt. #3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (85)

Urgently needed: Models for custom chopper photo layouts. 18 to ? 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)

Debi: Without you, summer is non-existent. Neither my bike nor I will rest until you're at my side. I'll love you—I do love you, forever. Tim Bateman. (85)

White Dove: I'll love you forever. Happy birthday, love. Let's cruise. Joe. (85)

27-year-old bro, 6 feet tall, 180 pounds, with good job and new putt is looking for a special lady in Chicago area to share good times with. If you want a good man and like to ride, write to Pat, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (85)

K. Q. Jenkins: Happy birthday, sweet teeth. Another new year—we'll make it the best because we are the best. I love you madly, Punk. (85F)

Cheap pot. What were you smoking last summer? Tired of paying \$35 for a bag of seeds? Hawaiian quality homegrown. Top-quality homegrown. Top-quality sinismilla. With this technique you can surpass the Californians. How to grow super sinismilla—anywhere! Revolutionary! Bring production all back home. This is for real. Send \$25 to Phoenix Enterprises, Box 26, Fennville, Mich. 49408. (85)

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

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

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)

Jerry "Bo" of Brookings: Had a dream you came to see me—just like at the weight room. I still have your "Etta" chain. Please call. (702) 451-1610, p.m. Debbie B. (85)

"The Tattooisers." 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)

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)

Terria: I should be home when you read this, but if not, read soon now. I love you, honey, always and forever. Brian. (85)

Toast: Some of the best times of my life were shared with you. I'll always remember them and always love you. I'll never be too far away if you need me. CFM. (85)

Little: Happy birthday, darling. We may be miles apart, but you're always right by my side and in my heart. Your Scotland sweetheart. (85)

Pete: I'll love ya till forever's come and gone. Happy birthday. Mo. (85)

Wanted in Vegas area: Lady to ride, party, and live. Biker 28 yrs. old, 5'11", 195 lbs., ain't ugly. I have roots here. Looks and bod would be nice, but try me. I'm easy. Write Rick, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (85)

In Quebec: Gordy (blue Sportster). Met you and Norman (Dirt) in Daytona. Have something of yours, urgent I reach you. Write c/o Winchell, 120 Broadway, Room 913, New York, N.Y. 10005, or (212) 732-8224 (collect). Neice. (85)

D.K.: To my husband in prison in Ohio. I miss you. I love you, and I'm being good forever. We will love. M.A.K. (85)

Russell Cole: Get hold of Steve Richards through Easyriders magazine, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (85)

Good-looking, blue eyes, waist-length hair, 6'2", 170 lbs. Pilot, scooter tramp, lover of freaky ladies, lived in South America for six years. I'm looking for that special lady to put with me on my lowrider. Write and send a sexy flick to Toy Warren, 1102 W. Knox, Ennis, Tex. 75119. (85)

Randy: Happy second anniversary (5-5-80). I'll love you always. Your wife, Denise. (85)

Downed bro needs mail, photos and, hopefully, visits from a lady to help keep his shit together. Dave Stiles B-97794, P.O. Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688. (85)

Trish: Our love might be forever. Let's try. Chance. (85)

Deanna: Glad you left Rocky. Call Debbie collect (312) 221-4973. Living in the valley. Pete. (87)

Who are you? Tell me! Write Janell, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (85)

Looking for an adventurous wild flower in Chicago area to share swinging times. Also, chicks everywhere to exchange revealing photos. Ray Miller, 1325 W. Wilson, #810, Chicago, Ill. 60640. (85)

Lonesome biker looking for warm, compassionate female, age 21 to 40. Race, creed, color unimportant. Must like bikes and dogs. Island of Oahu, Hawaii. Write RWF, Box 50, Pearl City, Hawaii 96782. (85)

Patches—FTW, 45, or 80, \$1.50 each. Death head skullcap, \$2. If you're into skulls, get into our catalog for \$1.25. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Mich. 48910. (85)

Judy, the wife who made life so much fun: We wish you a happy anniversary 5-4-80 and also a wonderful happy birthday 6-4-80. We all love you the most, Mike, Yvonne, and Sandy. (85)

Very pretty, intelligent lady with two kids loves to ride and party. Looking for w/m dude(s) 30-40 into the same. SFV area. Mary, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (85)

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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

For **Carl Whitlow**. You won't ride beside us this summer, but you will surely ride in our hearts. Wayne, Steve, and Tom, Riverdale, Ill.

In memory of **Brian "Buzzi" Zimmerman**, who laid his Sportster down at 120, while being chased by a fuckin' cop. You will ride in our memories forever. Marine City.

For **Buzz "Buzzard" Dougherty**. You did your own thing when and where you wanted to. Mike "Savage" Dougherty, Jr.

In loving memory of **Steve Boshier**. Now you can ride the wings of the sky. We'll love you forever. Patti and your brothers in Bellmawr, New Jersey.

To **"Sugar Daddy"** of Marysville, California. Ride your pan forever. You're gone but not forgotten. You'll always be loved by all your bros and sisters. Sugar Momma, Ape, and Baby Huey.

In memory of **Terry "Terrible T" White**. The pig wouldn't leave you alone, alive or dead. You lived hard, rode fast, but died wrong. Keeping an eye on ya, bro. Love ya always. One Eye, Cinfu, Jay-Bird, and the bros.

In loving memory of **Lonnie Hickson**, who fell over a 100-foot cliff on the bike he loved. We'll love you always. Your wife and children.

In memory of **Paul "Babyface" Harness**, killed by an asshole in a cage. Lu' ya. Bombholders MC, Germany.

In memory of **Jim Matt**, gone one year now, but his memory will live forever in the minds and hearts of the gang in Sacramento.

In memory of **Maddog and Terry Snieder**, two of the best bros I ever had. I never thought you'd be leaving so soon. I love you both. Li'l Sue, Reseda, Calif.

In memory of **"Sleazy Steve"**. You're gone physically, but your soul lives on in all of us forever. We love you. Your brothers and sisters.

In memory of **Smitty**. He went down on his bike, and he'll always be missed and loved. Jo Jo.

In memory of **Rick Vesay**. He was one of the best and will live forever in our hearts. Rick Himes and the bros, Dallas, Pa.

For **"Speed"**, a bro forever. We don't understand, but ride free until we're together again. Freaky Frankie and all the family, Lubbock, Tex.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easyriders** to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send \$10.50 for twelve issues (\$10.50 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easyriders** Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

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

Would love to hear from foxy chicks, 16 to 60, who dig partying. Bob Fisher #P-3877, Box 9901, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15233.

Write and give me something to look forward to when I get out. Jack Kinsey #C-05673, Box 2000, M-215, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Doin' time and need a line. All answered. Raymond Van Zant #14671, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Foxy ladies, drop a line and cheer up this lonesome biker doin' time. William D. Brown #068389, Box 99, D-111-J, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

36-yr.-old looking for sincere gal over 20—intelligence a must! Jack A. Jessup, Box B-49621, Represa, Calif. 95671.

27-yr.-old lonely for mail from foxy ladies. Daryl Buckner #B-94642, D-1807, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

27-yr.-old wants to hear from together ladies. All answered. Dallas R. Fogg #147971, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Nice-looking 33-yr.-old looking for ladies. Beauty is within. Al Wall #91724, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

Ladies, please write and maybe we can meet when I'm out. David Mick #291438, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Downed bro wants to hear from marriage-minded house mouse. All letters answered. John McDonald #049714, F-143, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Biker doing ten, needs mail from ladies 18 to ? Steve McCarty #30588, K.S.P., Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Need a righteous mama to help ease this pain. Write soon! Ron Hanson #79387, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

Righteous bro needs lots of letters from sweet flowers. Bill M. Davis #364366, Pine Hall (E-5), Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

32-yr.-old down for a long time. Ladies, please share your thoughts and intelligence. James Weir #28320, Box 1059, Santa Fe, N.M. 87501.

This chain gang's got me down. Write and turn my nightmares to dreams. Paul W. Corson #EF-100058, Box 7150, Dorm #1, Garden City, Ga. 31408.

Eager to hear from anyone willing to write. All answered. Robert W. Hartman #78C-595, Box 51, Comstock, N.Y. 12821.

Help me keep my sanity while I'm being "rehabilitated." Reino Koski #A-023656, Box 221-E21, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

N.Y.C. boy being held captive in redneck country! Patrick Lawson #068806, Box 628, Lake Butler, Fla. 32054.

I need letters from chicks who like to ride. Clifford J. Schuett #267641, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

Need foxy ladies to help me do this ten years. L. C. Rogers #293-564, Coffield Unit, Rt. 1, Box 150, T207, Tennessee Colony, Texas 75861.

I'm 24 and doin' a dime. Hot and loose foxes would help. John D. Pelham #287617, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

Lonely 26-yr.-old wants to hear from hot and sexy ladies. Thomas Frank #066655, A-91-T, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

25-yr.-old looking to hear from ladies in northern Calif. B. T. Marlow #C-04014, Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Young dude needs letters and photos. Write, I'll answer. Craig R. Crosson, Box 28-10041, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Downed N.Y. biker doing eight and needs an ol' lady who cares. Jack R. Fuss #289903, Box 16, Eastham Unit, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

Need a sincere lady for now and maybe in the future. Victor J. Cauty #273559, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

23-yr.-old, tall and slim, wants to hear from all ladies. Jeff Chernick #10956-05, Box 137, Tillery, N.C. 27887.

22-yr.-old Cancer wants to hear from ladies any age. Steve Harrington #71351, #9 Bks., Tucker Unit, Tucker, Ark. 72168.

Ladies, 15¢ will buy this 26-yr.-old a lot of sunshine. Russell Johnson #C-10138, Box 686, Central B-339, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Blond, blue eyes, 28 yrs. old. Letters and flicks, please. Mel Oldham, Box B-96920, 3A/C-64, Tama, Calif. 94964.

East Coast "Italian Stallion" wants letters and flicks. Jon T. Florio #257880, Ellis Unit, H-20, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

21-yr.-old, doing five, needs some ladies to stay alive. Jack Slaughter #36561-R, Box 538, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Loneliest guy in captivity needs letters to start a meaningful relationship. Larry Bryant, Box 41-1253, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Calling all big-butted women of all ages! Dave Jones, Box 69-138288, London, Ohio 43140.

Downed bro would like to hear from all you foxes. Dennis Gianelli #54939, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Mellow 34-year-old, serious about putting after release. Charles Gay #41630, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

31-yr.-old scooter tramp needs to hear from ladies. Carl Rhinebolter #068439, 1519, Box 1100, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

Age and looks aren't important so long as you have a taste for life and a man. Frederick Williams #C-60020, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Downed bro needs a babe who wouldn't mind a visit when he's out. Charles Taylor #C-11500, 5003, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

33-yr.-old Gemini wants to hear from foxes. Joseph E. Stuart #275-548, Ellis Unit (B-4), Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Riverside, Calif., dude needs mail. Dan Willis #A-91474, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Looking for a marriage-minded lady from the Dallas area. Photos answered first. Danny Wilson #298087, Ramsey-2, Rt. 2, Box 1200, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Would like to hear from ladies 18 to 40. Photos, too. Bill Quillon #31752, 3-B-73, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

22-yr.-old Scorpio wants to hear from ladies who care. Steve Neel #C-02469, Dorm 2506, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

I'm buried alive! Righteous chicks, please write. Jose Garcia #78-B-500, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Lonesome for mail from sweet ladies. Martin Duchmann #86509, Camp C, Wolf 1, Angola, La. 70712.

20-yr.-old Cherokee is looking for a beautiful woman. Richard Cheyenne Fisher #117125, Southampton Corr. Ctr., Capron, Va. 23829.

I sure would like to hear from some understanding ladies. Richard Smith, Box B-36093, North Unit Med., Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Been singin' the blues too long. Ladies, please write. Tiny Wernet #C-25086, Box 1000, Lincoln, Ill. 62656.

27-yr.-old college student looking for sincere lady 20 to 35. Bob Cratty #130214, Muskegon Corr. Fac., 2400 S. Sheridan, Muskegon, Mich. 49442.

Sexy ladies, drop some sweetness my way. Glenn McNeil #78-A-3315, 354 Hunter Street, Ossining, N.Y. 10562.

26-yr.-old doing two to five and looking for a good lady. Randy Faust #156368, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Down and out—need some mail without a doubt! All answered. Douglas Gordon #295941, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Girls, please write before I bug up! Terry Leigh Marshall #068968, E-18, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

36-yr.-old tramp with one year to go is looking for a special lady. Richard Cain #C-4556, Box 2000, J-313, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

32-yr.-old looking for a sincere friendship. I love to write. Fred Williams, Box B-79693, Represa, Calif. 95671.

The ol' lady couldn't handle the wait, so I'm lost and lonely. Wallace Northcutt, Box B-36376, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

All ladies, drop me a line. Looks don't matter—I love ya all! Gary Bearden, Box C-10886, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Righteous ladies, brighten up my day. Doug Crider #40398, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Also, white people are experiencing, they're seeing the schools in shambles from integration. We have 200,000 serious assaults in the public schools every month in this country — that is a United States government figure — you have a half a million white children that are bused into black ghettos where the police won't go unless they are heavily armed, places where the politicians wouldn't go without plenty of bodyguards. You have white children bused into those areas, in fact, where the blacks are seething with hatred against white people. You've got increased crime going on. In every city you almost have a Black Plague of crime.

A lot of these blacks have a tremendous hatred of the white race, and white people are beginning to see this. In the prisons — if a white person makes a mistake, he goes to prison and is not only robbed of his freedom — though that may be justified for committing a crime — but he is given a cruel and unusual punishment. It is a cruel and unusual punishment for a white person to be locked in a jail that is 80% black.

You turn on the television set and what do you see but white people hurting, oppressing, or exploiting Negroes, Indians, or some minority somewhere. It's about time that the white people began to understand that we have rights, too, that we have got a heritage that is valuable and that we've got a right to defend it. And that's why I think the response is coming in so rapid to the Klan today.

ER: How many states do the Knights have organizations in now, and how many did you have organized ten years ago?

Duke: Ten years ago the Klan was primarily a Southern group with



"This one was defiant until the end."

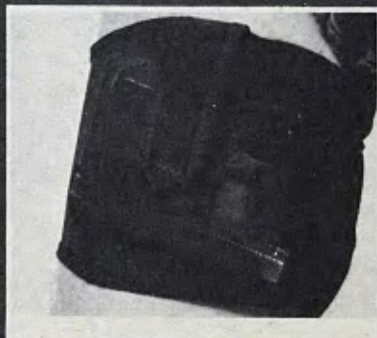
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New! From Righteous Products

Here's a couple of new books ya just gotta have!



What Fits What is the complete book on Harley-Davidson parts interchangeability and covers all v-twin models between 1936 and 1976. There are sections on the Sportster, how to make your Harley go faster and last longer, and how to build stompin' engines of up to 101 cubic inches. It's the **only** book of its kind at any price — only \$5.95 plus 75¢ postage.



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



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probably twenty-three or twenty-four states with organizations. Today this group has organizations in forty-two states and members in all fifty.

I must say also that we have activities or organizations in provinces of Canada, members in England and most of the European countries, Australia, and New Zealand.

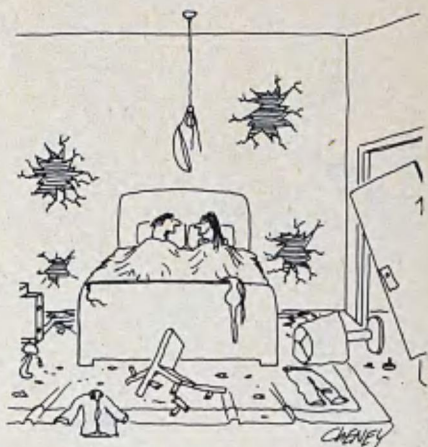
ER: What is your attitude toward the native-born American of Mexican origin, or Chicano?

Duke: We're not against them, but we're tired of paying for the native-born Mexican, the native-born Negro, or the native-born Puerto Rican. With the massive welfare programs in this country, we're literally financing their birth rate.

This is a serious thing, because we live in a democracy. When the non-white people in this country become a majority of the population, they can vote every right away from the white people and they can vote everything a white person earns away from him. I think we have the beginnings of this right now with the minority domination of certain areas. The minorities dominate the media in this country, not all of it, but certainly a great deal of it.

Minorities have a tremendous bloc vote and they have most of the politicians, especially national politicians, running scared. They have tremendous pressure groups and I know for a fact that if white people become a minority, whether it's due to non-white birth rates or illegal immigration, or through miscegenation — or racial mixture — that we're going to lose America as we know it. We're going to lose our freedoms and our rights and our standard of living.

ER: Can you tell us how and why you were chosen to head the Knights?



"Yes, it was very good. Was it good for you, too?"

Duke: I think the reason I was elected — and I was elected by the membership — every member votes in this organization — is because I am the best leader the Klan has got today. I know the facts about integration and busing and I know the history of the Klan very well. I have been very successful in bringing forth the ideas of the organization to the American public.

ER: On the door of this office there is a bumper sticker that says "David Duke is America's Hope." Do you believe that?

Duke: No, I don't particularly believe that. I think I'm just one person trying to fight as hard as I can for my race.

ER: David, there is a lot of talk these days about starting up the draft again and about the possibility of a war between the United States and the Soviet Union over Iran, or Afghanistan, or the Middle East. Do you think there should be a war?

Duke: No, I don't think there should be a war. I think this whole thing is crazy. The Soviet Union has been in Afghanistan for the last decade, and longer. If we are going to have a war over Afghanistan, why the hell didn't we have one over Cuba, ninety miles from our shores? I don't think we need any more foreign wars. I think we had better start being concerned about the United States and our interests. I don't see any reason to support more wars where white men are going to fight, and not be allowed to win.

ER: David, you have at one point run for the state senate in Louisiana and I see posters in your office that say "Duke for President." What's behind this political activity?



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Duke: That's the best way to change things in this country — through politics. It's a legal way. I think more white Americans are becoming aware of the issues that I am talking about, and we have got to make them more aware again. How often do we have on television a program showing the violence, the intimidation, and the educational mediocrity of the integrated school in this country? Or the plight of the white child in the black school?

How often do we have programs pointing out or talking about so-called affirmative action, which is a nice euphemism for anti-white racial discrimination? It's kind of like going to a doctor who says he has good news for you, and that you've got affirmative syphilis.

The issues that are important to the American people are not really discussed on national television. How many national publishers have talked about so-called affirmative action, have talked about this tax leveling on the white middle class, the productive people in this country? How many of them will take a strong stand?

We have a very controlled mass media in America. But not every television station or magazine is controlled in America. Think about **Easyriders**. I think this is the one thing I have noticed about that publication. It seems to be very much uncensored, not only in terms of sex, but in terms of politics. And I think it is probably the most unusual publication in this country — from that standpoint — that says pretty much anything. I kind of admire that. But as far as national politics is concerned, people don't get both sides of very important questions.



"That was one really nice place until they started hangin' around!"

ER: Are bikers a significant part of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan?

Duke: I don't think they are a significant percentage, because the organization is a very large one. But in terms of numbers I think there are a lot of bikers or people who are interested in motorcycles who are in the organization.

ER: Can you explain what the Klan's view of bikers is?

Duke: I think there are a lot of things involved. First of all, I think the average biker today is kind of like the knights of old. He is a free spirit. He is usually straightforward. I think most people who ride motorcycles today are courageous. They are tough, they're strong. They are not weak and effeminate like our society is becoming.

The Klan opposes busing, integration, opposes massive welfare programs for these minorities, opposes the very soft way they are treating these black criminals, and minority criminals in this country. I think white people are afraid; I think we are becoming weak, becoming mesmerized by television, maybe. I think a lot of bikers are tough people and they are straightforward and honest, and you might say, they call a spade a spade. I think that's part of the attraction.

There are a lot of things to it. I think that some bikers don't want to fit into some mold, so they resist this tremendous effort, it seems, by the national media in this country, to make certain people, the American people, fit into it. They want us to be egalitarian. They want race mixers. They want us to be like carbon copies of one another, and this longing for freedom that many bikers have may be translated into support for the Klan, because they know that the



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Klan represents the basic American freedoms and ideas.

ER: What restrictions does the Klan have on membership?

Duke: Essentially, our restrictions are that a person who wants to join us believe in the white race. He must be eighteen years or older. We have a youth corps, too. He must believe in the Constitution of the United States. He must believe in the right of people to practice the Christian faith in the schools and other facilities. He must be of what we consider good character, willing to fight for the preservation, existence, and advancement of the white race. And be willing to give time and money in those areas.

ER: What does good character mean to you?

Duke: Lots of things. We expect every member of this organization to treat every fellow member as a brother. We expect them to be essentially law-abiding people. We are not an illegal organization. People may wish us to be, but we feel that at this point in this country that is not going to solve any problems. The federal government is so strong that if you tried to break the law or involve yourself in conspiracies to break the law, you'd end up in jail and you wouldn't be helping anybody, certainly not your race. We believe that we want people of honor and courage with a conception of duty, self-sacrifice, unselfishness in the cause. Those are the kinds of values we are looking for.

It seems that as the society becomes more and more degenerate, those values seem to be found in fewer and fewer people. But I think that in this country of 225 million, there are still a lot of people who have that kind of values.



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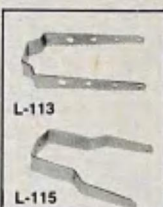
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ER: Do the Knights believe in the Bible?

Duke: I think the average Klansman, yes, believes in the Bible, certainly.

ER: Would you admit an atheist to membership?

Duke: No, we would not. We are a pro-Christian organization. But we don't tie ourselves down to any one particular interpretation of the bible, so we are not dogmatic or denominational.

ER: During the 1920s the Ku Klux Klan was known for being prohibitionist. It used to tar and feather bootleggers, for example. What is the Klan's attitude toward alcoholic beverages today?

Duke: What's our attitude? Well, we don't try to be strict on members' attitudes and lifestyles. But we do have certain standards of conduct concerning our rallies and meetings and things of this nature. And we do not allow consumption of alcoholic beverages at specific formal meetings of the organization. We try to restrict them at most of our rallies because a lot of times they will lead to a situation where someone will be reluctant to have their family or children in attendance.

ER: Do you drink, yourself?

Duke: Occasionally I drink beer. Usually I don't drink hard liquor.

ER: Do you believe there should be laws against smoking marijuana?

Duke: Yes, because there are too many young children getting involved in it. I think that there has got to be some kind of law to restrict that. I don't condemn marijuana smokers, though, any more than I would condemn someone who imbibes alcohol. But I do think marijuana is a more dangerous drug than alcohol.



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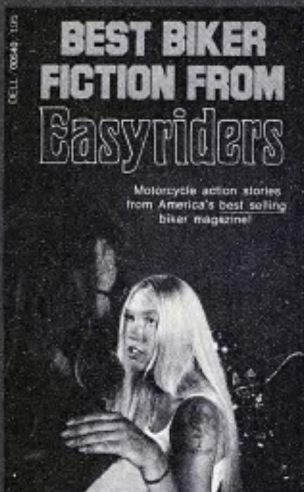


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ER: Do you believe that alcohol and marijuana have been used to weaken the white race?

Duke: No, generally, I think people who are involved with both of these drugs — and you could call both of them drugs, I imagine — are simply people who are in it for a buck, to make money. A lot of people will make money no matter how much misery or harm they cause in the world, no matter how negative the effect on society.

I do believe that certain minorities have insinuated themselves into high positions in both drug smuggling and alcohol, and many of these people have been members of minority groups, members of a minority in this country.

ER: Do you discourage your male and female members from living together? Do you condone what's called living in sin?

Duke: We don't get involved in personal lives and we don't think it is our place. This is a free country.

But we certainly believe in marriage and the home and family. We are not going to dictate to any individual member how he is going to live his life, not about something like that.

Now we will not tolerate someone who is obviously queer. We would not tolerate someone who would flaunt sexual immorality. We would not tolerate actions of that nature. But we are not going into someone's private life, their personal lives, and tell them how to live.

ER: What would you do if you had, say, a local Klan leader who had two ol' ladies, two women he lived with, both of whom were topless dancers?

Duke: If he was a leader in the Klan, we could not, we would not, tolerate that. We would have to tell him to



"Sure is a small world — he was my attorney, too."



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clean up his act, or he would not be in that position.

ER: Would you say that the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan believe in law and order?

Duke: Absolutely, yes.

ER: What is your position on gun control?

Duke: Totally opposed to it.

ER: Is there anything you'd like to say that hasn't come out in this interview yet?

Duke: The biggest problem with this country, I've got to say, is not the minorities. It's not the blacks taking over our streets and schools.

The biggest problem is with the white people in this country. There are too many of us who are cowards.

Too many white people know exactly what's going on; they realize that white people are losing this battle. We are even losing our women and children to violence in our schools. At some point, the white American male had better start acting, if he is going to have any honor left at all. And I'm not talking about the honor of punching someone in the nose if somebody sends a beer bottle at you in a bar. I'm talking about the honor of defending your country, the whole heritage of your country, and the traditions of your society.

Anybody, I think, would defend his woman if she was attacked on the street, and he was present there or saw or witnessed that attack.

Well, our country is being attacked, and there are half a million white children, who are shipped to the black ghettos, that are being attacked. There is no way you can rationalize away this violence being exercised against white people in this country. There is only one answer for a real man, and that is to stand up and fight the best way he can for the things he believes in.

I really believe that the readers of your magazine, or of practically any magazine in this country, would agree with the basic tenets of what is being expressed in this interview. But I wonder how many are going to do anything. Everybody has got excuses of one nature or another. "I can't join because my girl might get mad at me," or "I might lose my scholarship," or "I might lose my job," or "My parents might get mad at me." Everybody has got some reason why he can't do something for his race or his heritage. It's about time for us to put excuses aside and join shoulder to shoulder with other white men who believe in their race and are willing to do a little bit more than just talk about it.

Schemin'

—Continued from page 76

set off by the pure-white gloves that caressed her arms to the elbow.

Don watched, barely able to contain the desire he felt for the beautiful creature on the stage. He'd been watching her every night for thirty nights. Each time, he'd said to himself, "Tonight's the night. This is it. I've got to meet her, touch her. This is going to be the night." Each night, he'd left with nothing but a buzz and a hardon. But tonight was going to be different, he'd told himself. If he didn't have the courage tonight, he'd leave and never come back. But how? How could he face and speak to such a lovely, perfect piece of art?

He gripped the edge of the table as she turned her back on the audience, reached behind and began—as he'd seen her do twenty-nine times before—undoing the rhinestone buttons that ran from her neck to the cleavage of her round, white ass. When she reached the last button, she turned and began to slowly peel the skin-tight dress away, revealing all but the nipples of her tits. The tiny sparkling cones that covered them, hanging on as for dear life, hid all the pinkish brown that he so much wanted to see. Every night he'd prayed that she'd knock one loose and expose herself to waiting, hungry eyes. But every night they'd stuck faithfully, and Don cursed them.

He nearly had to cover his eyes as she inched the dress farther down. Her navel, twinkling with a green-colored gem, came into full view. He knew what was next. She gyrated even more as she worked the clinging fabric down over her thighs and butt, then dropped it to the floor. His eyes were glued to the green G-string that outlined the center of his desire. He took another belt of his tequila and forgot to chase it. She seemed to be looking in his direction. . . No, it wasn't possible.

Her azure eyes, circled by a deeper shade of blue, were big and almond shaped. Her full, red lips smiled to show perfect white teeth that sparkled under the stage lights. He wanted to kiss those lips, to caress those pink, high cheeks,



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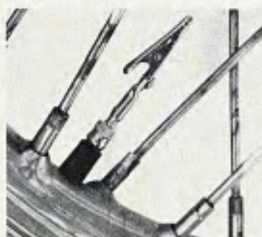
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to run his fingers down that straight, perfect nose. The curly mane of hair that framed her face was all spun honey and gold. Under the lights of the stage it took on a pink glow that made her the angel she was in his dreams.

She danced, wiggled, and bounced for about ten minutes more. Suddenly, there was a fanfare of trumpets, the lights dimmed, and she was gone. It was now or never.

Don ran to the left of the stage, where there was a short flight of steps. At the top he looked to his right, expecting to see a row of doors, one with a star, like in the movies, where he would knock and finally meet his lady love. What he saw was an open area with a low counter, where eight women sat, powdering their noses and applying lipstick. There were two more in matching feathers, waiting for their cue to go on stage. There was no sign of his beloved.

A man in a T-shirt and shorts pushed him aside and walked to the center of the room. He clapped his hands twice and addressed the group of women. "All right, girls! I have an announcement to make! From now on, anyone who puts her Tampax in the toilet will be fired on the spot! Now, around here it's common knowledge who's on the rag, so just follow orders. Okay! Get back to work. We've got shows to do here." The man walked toward Don on his way out, and Don caught him by the arm as he passed. He looked Don straight in the eye and jerked his arm away. "Whadaya want, buddy?"

"Where is she?" Don was desperate, and his voice showed it.

"Where's who? Look, bud, we don't ask where they come from—"

"No, no. I mean the one you bill as Creamy Peaches. Where is she?"

"Aw, she undresses in the ladies' room." He looked at his watch. "She's probably gone by now. Usually leaves real quick when she's done."

Don's heart sank. He'd finally made his move and blown it. A whole month of wanting and waiting—and now it was over. He couldn't bear to go through one more of her shows, even one more day of thinking about her. She'd become an obsession to him. He hadn't so much as



"There! That's where ya come from! All right, already?"

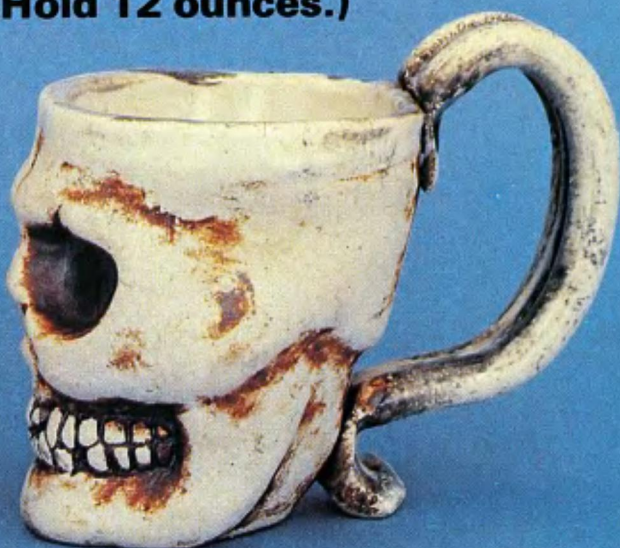
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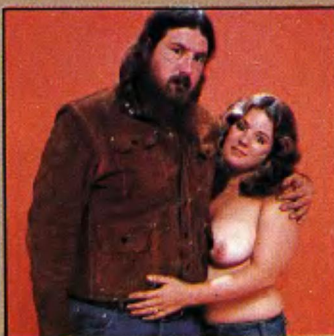
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looked at one of his brothers' ol' ladies since he'd first seen "Creamy Peaches."

He went back to his table and tried to watch the feather dancers. They flitted and fluttered, swished and fanned, while Don sipped and chased, sipped and chased.

An hour passed by, but Don was just finishing his second tequila. He was no longer in the mood to get drunk. He just wanted to go home and go to bed—alone.

Walking to the parking lot a block away, he thought a lot. He parked his bike there because it was well-lighted and closely watched by a police patrolman, an ex-biker friend of his. He cared a lot for the bike, but had let it go just a bit in the past month since he'd first seen her. He hadn't gone on a run since then or even gotten stoned. He made up his mind then and there to cruise for some sweet honey to help him forget his dream lady.

The parking lot was empty except for his bike and a beat-up Datsun. As he walked past the car, he thought he saw a dark figure inside. Just as he was about to mount his bike, he heard the click of the car door opening and put his hand to the sheath of his Buck knife. When he turned, he eased his hold on the knife.

About forty feet away and walking toward him was a girl. He didn't recognize her, and waited for her to come into the full glow of the lot light before making a move.

She had short black hair and a pretty face with no makeup. She was wearing a bulky sweater, jeans, and boots to her knees. He still didn't recognize her, though she looked vaguely familiar.

She spoke first. "Hi. I waited over an hour for you to get here." Her voice was sweet and melodic, with a trace of Southern accent.

His mind clicked away, trying to place her in his memory. "I...uh...Who are you?"

"Don't you recognize me? Oh...It's the hair. I wear a wig for the show."

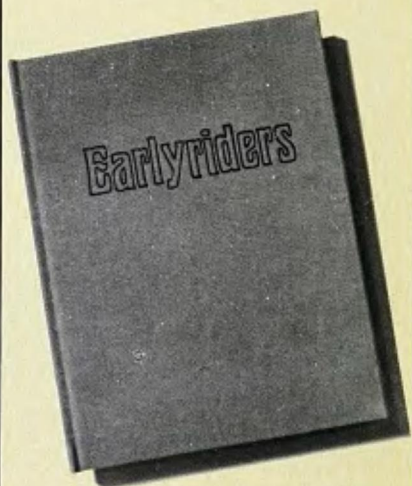
Don choked. He stared. She stared. Then she smiled and said, "I've seen you every night, watching me, for the past month. I finally got up the courage to meet you."



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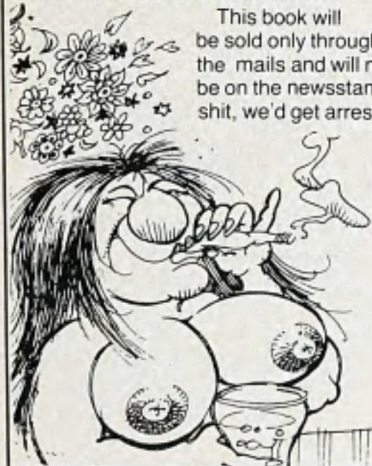
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Blood Run

—Continued from page 18

"Dammit," I yelled, "quit squirming around or I'll break your fuckin' neck!"

He took my advice and stopped. We sat there in the oil puddles and gas stains, gaspin' for air like two idiots. Then I got mad!

"Who the fuck do you think you are comin' in here punchin' me? Huh? Answer me, boy!" I gave his neck a good squeeze. He tried to say somethin', but choked instead, so I eased up a little.

"Let me up," he wheezed.

"You gonna act right?" I demanded.

He gave a little nod.

"Okay," I said. "Don't try anything stupid, now."

I slowly released my grip. No sooner did I let go than this guy jumped up and tagged me in the eye! This was some crazy bastard.

We boxed all over that garage for the next ten minutes, knockin' over Shorty's pan and Billy's Sporty, and scatterin' tools and parts all the way to Montana. Now I've been in some brawls in my time, and I wasn't pussy-footin' around, but I ain't a youngster no more, either. Been pushin' forty for five years. This crazy fucker—he didn't look to be no more than twenty—was holdin' his own! Bloody, cut up, bruised, and bone fuckin' tired, I yelled, "Goddammit now! If this goes on much longer, I'm gonna get pissed off and really start fightin'!"

"Fightin'?" He laughed. "Shit! I ain't even warmed up yet!"

One tough little sonuvabitch, I thought.

We circled each other like cats in a cage, just barely keepin' our hands up. I had to figure a way to take this youngster out. I faked a left and hooked a right over his eye. He countered, and we exchanged blows for a few seconds. Steppin' back, I shook a drop of blood off the end of my nose. His eye was startin' to close and he was squintin'. Ha! I finally got him. We both lunged at the same



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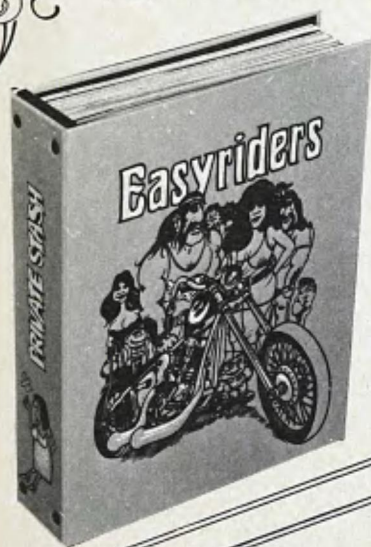


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time and met hard with a flurry of fists, knees, and elbows. But we had to back off again because we were so fucked up.

"We can fight all week. Makes no difference to me," I mumbled through bloody lips.

"I don't give a fuck, either!" he shot back.

We stalked each other for a few more minutes, but we didn't lock horns again. Finally, we both dropped our hands and just stood there, glaring at each other like two kids in a schoolyard. This is fucking ridiculous, I thought. I guess he thought the same thing, 'cause a grin slowly crept across his swollen face. I grinned back. We started chucklin' and then we both busted out laughin'. We laughed so hard my stomach hurt. We doubled over from it, and when he bent over a second time, I hit him—hard! That did it. He was out cold.

I dragged him across the garage and threw him on top of an old pile of rags I keep in the corner. Then I did my best to make the big mess into a smaller one. Nothin' was really damaged—just me. I patched myself up and proceeded to numb the pain with a big bottle of Jack Daniel's and some good weed. Best medicine in the world—next to a woman. Along about that time, I got to thinkin'.

Now, whaddafuck ya think about that? Here comes this guy in my garage, asks my name, and nuts up on me! I searched my achin' head for some memory of his face. He looked vaguely familiar, I admitted, but nobody I could recall ever meetin' before. Then again, I've stepped on some toes over the years, so maybe he figured he was payin' me back for somethin' I did to him or his people. Who knows? Maybe he just plain-ass don't like my face! I tried a smile. Ouch!

He woke up a while later with a groan. Liftin' his head, he peered at me through his good eye. The other was swollen shut. God, his face was a mess. I imagine my melon



"See these two drunks come in and..."

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didn't look so pretty, either—'cause it felt like nine miles of bad road.

"Wanna fight some more, boy?" I slurred. I was shitfaced. He sat up and winced in pain.

"I don't give a fuck," he muttered.

"Before we start, let's have a drink."

I staggered to my feet and handed him the bottle. He looked at me for a second, and took it.

"Thanks," he said.

Somewhere between the whiskey and the weed, we clean forgot about fightin'. After a while, I spoke up.

"What, pray tell," I asked, "possessed you to come in here and do what you did, anyway?"

He looked at me, shook his head, and smiled. "You wouldn't understand."

"Try me," I said. I took the bottle from him.

We sat in silence for a minute.

"Okay," he said. "First off, do I look familiar to you at all?"

I studied his battered mug. "No," I decided. "You don't."

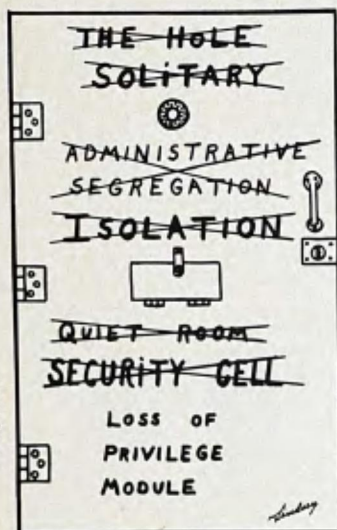
"Well, I should, 'cause I'm your son."

I was pretty drunk when he said that. Any other time, I'd have jumped outta my skin—but instead, I laughed. He looked kinda upset at first, but then he laughed, too. I wasn't shocked a bit. It seemed like the most natural thing in the world he coulda said.

"Okay 'son,' light this joint and pass that bottle over here."

We laughed a bit, but didn't talk no more. We just kept on drinkin' and smokin' till we passed out.

When I woke up the next day, he was gone. If it hadn'ta been for the battle wounds and my achin' head, I wouldn'ta believed it had all happened. At first, I just discounted it, figurin' him to be some crazy fool who ran around fightin' folks and callin' 'em his parents. I dismissed the whole thing. Since when did I acquire a full-grown son? But over the next few



Prison system through the years

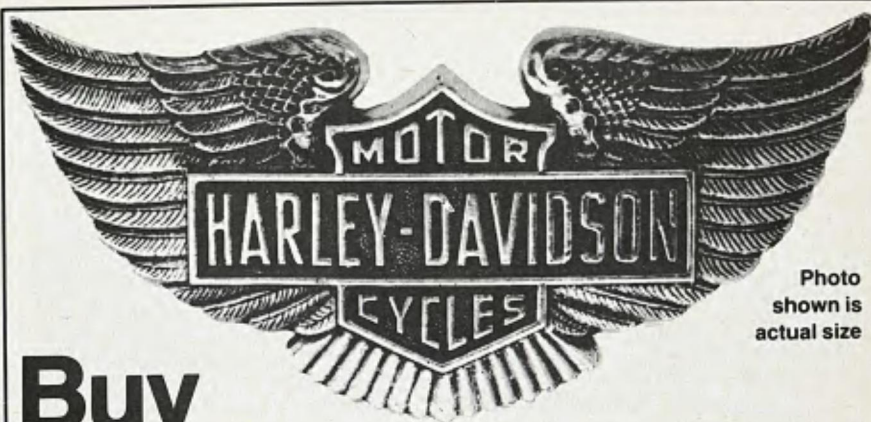


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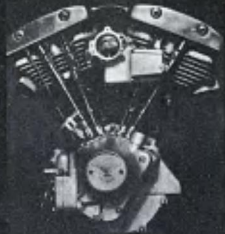
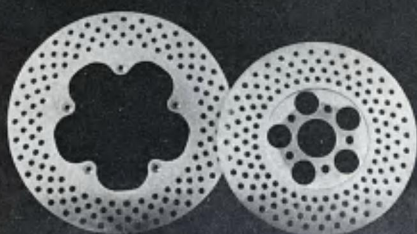
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weeks, I slowly began to recall an incident that took place years ago. . .

Back in the late fifties, I'd taken a job at a big factory in Denver. I was around nineteen or twenty at the time. I'd been workin' there a couple of weeks when I started checkin' out this counter girl at the company cafeteria. Durin' my lunch breaks, she'd always give me a big smile and an extra-big piece of pie, cake, or whatever. One day, I got up the nerve to ask her out after work. It was a Friday and I had some extra cash. She said yes. In them days, I had an old forty-five that ran like a tractor. It had cost me two hundred and fifty bucks on my eighteenth birthday. We really didn't do nuthin' or go nowhere, just rode all over hell and back. She loved it. She was a little older than me and had her own place. I moved outta the old hotel on Grant Avenue and stayed with Julie. The whole affair lasted maybe two months. We fucked a lot, partied a lot, and rode everywhere. It was all right.

Then, one night I got into a big fight in a bar over on the south side of town. I ended up bustin' some guy across his melon with a pool cue. I'd hit him pretty hard and I didn't wait around to see him get up. I backed outta the place, cue in hand, ran out, fired up the Hog, and split. I had a feeling I had fucked that guy up real bad, so I didn't even slow down till I was in Utah. Once there, I wrote a note to Julie, making up some lie about urgent business, and sent it off. Then I was gone.

Months later, in California, I got a wire from a buddy of mine in Denver, the one that had got me the job. He told me that Julie had quit her job, said she was pregnant with my baby, and wanted me to come back. Also, some detectives had been at the factory askin' about a guy and a motorcycle. I figured, and hoped, that Julie was lyin' to try and bring me back, but no way was I about to set foot in Denver again.

Over the years, I went through so many



"No wonder streets are unsafe — just look at the assholes!"

people and places that I eventually forgot the whole thing. If anybody had been tryin' to locate me, it would've been damn near impossible. I just about lived on the road.

Which brings me up to now—twenty years later. I'd long forgotten about Julie, Denver, and anything else beyond one or two years ago. Shit, most of the time I can't even remember who the fuck I am. Now I got this guy claimin' to be my son. He could be from any number of strange leg I encountered along the line; but, for some reason, that particular incident stands out. Half of me is proud as hell. The other half is ready to pack 'em up and hit the road again. Not that there's anything to really run from—obviously, the kid can take care of himself. He demonstrated that in my garage. Guess it's just the gypsy in me. Trouble is, how do you deal with a son you've never met before? Poor fucker, prob'ly thinks I ran out on his ma outta pure meanness. I wonder where she is. Ah, whaddafuck! It was bound to catch up with me one of these days. Might as well face up to it and try to find out what's what—if he ever comes back. Matter of fact, I don't even know his name. How about that?

It was six months after our meetin' in the garage before I saw him again. I was sippin' suds at the tavern and raw-jawin' with the fellas when he walked in. At first, I wasn't even sure it was him. When we first met, I'd only looked at him for a few seconds before he moved on me. After the fight, his face was so fucked up his own ma prob'ly wouldn'ta known him.

He sat at the end of the bar and ordered a brew. When I'd convinced myself it was the same guy, I picked up my beer and went over.

"How ya doin', kid?" I asked, takin' a stool next to him.

"All right." He nodded. "Yourself?"

"Ain't complainin'." How do ya go about askin' your own kid his name?

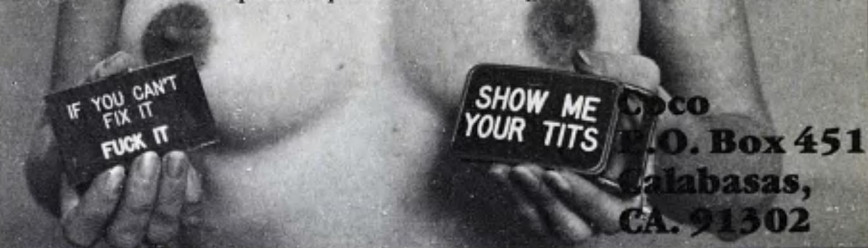


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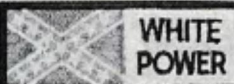
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"Where's your ma, boy?"
"Name's Larry," he said. "She's dead."
"Oh, I see." I looked away. Jesus, leave it to me to ask all the right questions. Now what?

"How 'bout a game-a pool, Larry?"
He gave me a sideways glance. "Sure."
We played pool and drank beer for the next couple of hours. He didn't talk much. Not that there weren't things to talk about—just didn't know what to say, I guess.

He kinda surprised me again, 'cause he could play as well as he could fight.
Toward the late afternoon, we were both kinda fucked up and played out, so we grabbed a bench. I decided to drop some coin in the juke box—nothin' like some good ol' Merle Haggard while you're drinkin'. After a few more silent brews, I kicked it off.

"So, uh, where ya keepin' yourself nowadays, Larry?"
"Around."

That sure fell flat. I tried again. "Got any special plans for the next couple of hours?"
"No, not really," he said. "Why?"

I finished off my beer. "Well," I said, "I figured maybe we could go for a putt. My bike's out front."

He thought a minute, polished off his brew, and replied, "Yeah, sure. Let's go."

Outside, the evening breeze was light and cool—a good night for riding. While I stood there analyzing the night, he walked over to a nice-lookin', dark-blue, late-model shovel.

"That yours?" I asked without thinkin'.

"Yeah," he said. Then he pointed his finger at my pan.

"That yours?" he asked sarcastically.

"No," I said. "I stole it."

He grinned.

I admired his sled—wide glide, fatbobs, not too flashy. My old forty-eight had a similar setup. After a few kicks, his bike thundered into life. The steady rumble from his motor told me he also took care of his



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machine. Suddenly, I was proud. The blast from my shotguns drowned him out for a second and then settled down to a low idle.

I gave him the thumbs-up sign and he returned it. We clunked 'em into gear and roared into the night.

Out on the streets, we stopped occasionally to have a few and trade small talk. He seemed evasive and reserved, and I didn't lean on him. I'll say one thing for him, he could hold his booze as well as any man. We musta stopped at twenty different places and killed a few at each.

Past midnight, we decided to grab a bottle and head for the dam. Once there, we parked under some trees and made ourselves comfortable. We talked about a lot of things—bikes, women, partyin'. We even laughed together at some crazy stunt either he or I had pulled. One thing was for sure, if he was my boy, we had a helluva lot to make up for. Sounds corny, I know, but that's how I felt. He was a renegade, or what have you. Also, for a youngster, he had some kinda street knowledge about him. I decided that even if it should turn out he wasn't my boy, I liked him anyway.

During a break in the conversation, I figured now was as good a time as any.

"You realize, of course," I said, "that I've some questions I'd like to ask you."

He took a long pull off the bottle and made a face as it burned its way down to his stomach.

"Yeah, sure," he answered.

"Fire away."

I hesitated. "What was your ma's name?"

"Julie — Julie Walker." He took another hit off the bottle and passed it to me. I drank.

"I'll be damned," I whispered softly. "I assume you were born in Denver?" I gave him back the bottle.

"Yeah," he said. "Denver General—born November seventh, nineteen-fifty-nine."

Then I felt it. A rush that started in the pit



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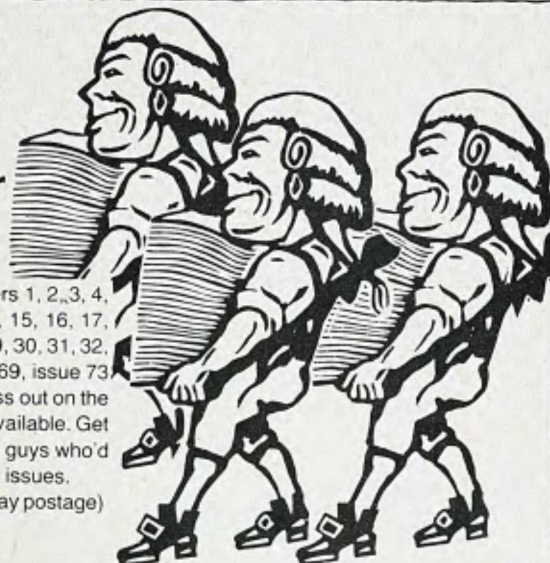
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of my gut, crept up my chest, flushed my throat, and ended at the top of my head. The realization hit me like a ton of bricks. Here I was, by God, sittin' and drinkin' with my son! Can you believe that shit? My son!

I closed my eyes and shook my head slowly.

"Jesus Christ," I muttered. Ever since that first day, it had been eatin' at the back of my mind, but nothin' coulda prepared me for this. I swelled up and grinned in spite of myself. Ha! How 'bout that shit? I'm a daddy!

When I opened my eyes, he was lookin' straight at me. His face was a mask of deep thought and his eyes stared right through me.

"You know somethin', Pop?" he suddenly began, "I started searchin' for you almost two years ago—right after Mom died. She told me you were a biker. I thought you might be out here in California. Wasn't hard to find you, once I got here." He smiled slightly. "Seems you made a name for yourself up in Frisco. She also told me why you left her back then. Said you'd killed a man in a bar. She never hated you, just kept wishin' you'd come back, that's all. She was a good woman, Pop."

Jesus, I thought, that hurts.

He continued. "All those years I hated you for what you'd done — till I seen you in the garage that day, wrenchin'! All the hate just seemed to disappear. But for damn near twenty years I'd told myself that if we ever met I'd punch you right in the face. So, I did." He smiled and took a deep drink from the bottle.

What could I say? Not much, that's for sure. After a few long minutes of silence, I began, "You know, if I'd gone back, I'd either be dead or still in the slammer."

He looked at me. "Yeah, I know. I don't blame you for what you done anymore. I'd have probably done the same thing."

"Thanks," I said. "Pass the bottle." ■



"Damnit, man, you can't arrest 'em
for faking an orgasm."

Tinman

—Continued from page 56

while. "All stock, like new. I've even got original tires I can put on for the swaps and stuff."

The old man looked oddly pleased, then took off his steel-rimmed glasses and began to polish them with a cloth. When he spoke again, it was so softly that the Tinman almost didn't hear him. "I'd like to give you some money," he said. "If you'll do some work for me."

That last part almost killed it for the Tinman, but he was curious, so he suggested that the old man come inside and give him the details.

Inside, they sat down in one of the back booths and waited until a couple of beers came around. It wasn't long. The old man got right to the point. "You'll have to keep quiet about this," he said, pushing a fifty-dollar bill across the table to the Tinman. "I teach at the university," he continued, "and if they find out what I have, they'll take it away from me."

The Tinman had a few things he kept quiet about regularly, so he pocketed the fifty and tried to look casual. "Sure, Professor," he said. "Dead quiet. What do you have that they'd want?"

The professor looked around carefully, then leaned forward. "I've got a time machine," he said proudly. "And I need someone to test it."

The Tinman sipped at his beer, trying to keep his face expressionless. The old man had to be crazy, plain crazy.

Something must have shown in the Tinman's face, because the old man started talking almost desperately. He leaned even closer, and made motions with his hands. "Listen," he



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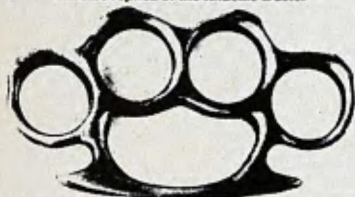
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said. "Time. It's like a river—a fast current. Everything alive usually just goes along with the flow, like fish. Time has so much inertia that it carries everybody along with it."

He looked around again, then lowered his voice and gripped the edge of the table. "I've built a device that cancels out the inertia of time."

The fifty was warm in the Tinman's pocket, so he sipped his beer and waited for the crazy old professor to go on. He did. "My machine cancels out the inertia, so to speak, so when you move it around a little on the stream bed, you've moved it around a lot compared with your original spot in the current." He looked earnestly at the Tinman. "That's time travel," he added, "sort of."

"Okay," said the Tinman, being agreeable. "So to move this dingus around, you need a bike, right?"

The professor sat back and smiled in relief.

"Exactly," he said. "A motorcycle, something solid and compact, with a lot of power. A big Harley-Davidson would be perfect."

The Tinman decided to play it out for a while. The old man was obviously crazy as hell, but he'd already contributed fifty bucks. There might be more. "All right," said the Tinman. "So I test out this time machine dingus for you. How much do I make?"

The professor beamed. "I'll pay you seven hundred and fifty dollars for the use of your motorcycle and another thousand dollars to make a test ride for me."

The old man was serious! The Tinman was stunned. He got his lungs working again with an effort, then took a deep breath. "You're on," he said, "crazy or not."



"Those greasy, hoodlums must be real pansies, Martha. Just feel this velvet seat!"

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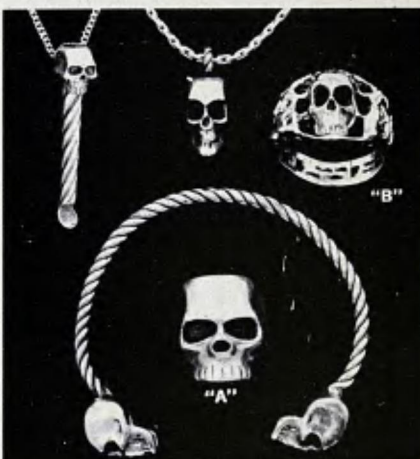
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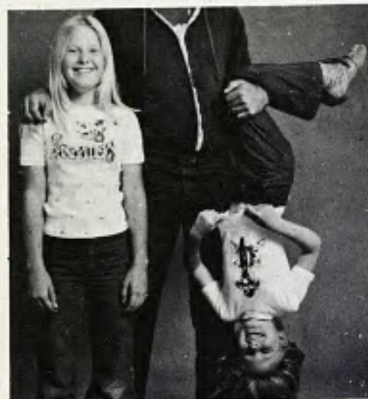
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At five o'clock the next morning, the wind was a bitch and dawn was a dark spot as the Tinman pulled his ancient knucklehead into the professor's garage. It had been easy enough to find, with the professor standing out on the sidewalk to flag him down.

The time machine wasn't very impressive—the Tinman had somehow been expecting more. What he saw was a yard-long, foot-thick cylinder of stainless steel, with a heavily insulated cable coming out of one end and leading to a squeeze grip and LED-readout console about the size of a beer can. The digital readout mounted on the handlebars, and the rest of the machine, weighing about a hundred pounds, was laid sideways across the fender of the Tinman's knuckle and braced there with a neat set of clamping struts.

Mounting the time machine took less than two hours. Then the Tinman sat around for a while with a cup of coffee, listening to the old man explain that he could only work the time machine with the Harley moving—but not too fast. He should take it easy, and keep an eye on the console. It would tell him how far back or forward he was. But, whatever happened, no farther back than 1946—not on the first trip.

The old man was having kittens, but he didn't forget to give the Tinman his seven-fifty—and show him the grand.

Then it was time to go. The professor knew an ancient lake bed, a prehistoric mudflat that would be perfect. . .

The Tinman rolled his knuckle up the ramp into the back of the professor's pickup truck. Tied down, the knuckle looked a little strange with the stainless steel time machine lying



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All the way out of town and five miles down the freeway, the Tinman sat in silence and smoked. He was doing some heavy thinking. The eight hundred felt good in his jeans, and the thought of a ten-minute ride to another grand wasn't half bad, either. But one thing was for sure. The professor was in for a little letdown, because the Tinman wasn't about to put the squeeze on that dingus—not for real. All he figured to do was to take a little ride, and then tell the professor it didn't work.

They turned down an offramp, then pulled off the pavement and circled back under the freeway on an old maintenance road. Two minutes later they were rumbling along the eternally sunbaked surface of the mudflats. Behind them the freeway rush dwindled to an insignificant drone. The professor stopped the pickup, and they waited for the dust of their arrival to subside. The Tinman looked out across the lake bed and suddenly felt the slow surge of an almost sexual anticipation. Maybe, he thought, just maybe. . .

The Tinman climbed out, flicking away the remains of his cigarette, and joined the professor at the tailgate. It didn't take long to roll the big Harley down the ramp and line it up with one of the taller mountain peaks showing dimly blue across the mudflats.

The professor pattered around for a while, setting up a high-speed camera and digging out a tape recorder. The Tinman sat slouched in the seat of his knuckle and waited while the morning sun began to burn hot. He was still thinking. Another smoke, this one a little more mellow, took the edge off

—Continued on page 111



"Be my Valentine, Mrs. Walworth?"

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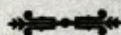


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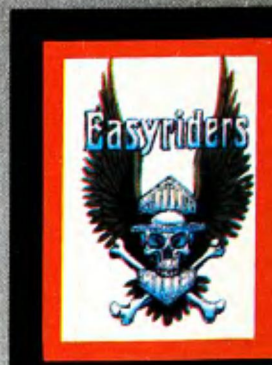
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You may think that workin' for this rag is all peaches 'n' cream. Only if ya steal yer own peaches. So, while sewin' a patch on my rusted-out Levi's, I came up with this idea to make a little extra bread. Make a patch for coverin' cum stains, battery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

Anyway, it's 3 bucks, 3 inches in diameter, and black 'n' white.

Thanks,
Mutha



Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740

Products

Tinman

—Continued from page 106

the waiting and put the glow where it would do the most good. What the hell, he thought. If the dingus didn't work, he'd make a grand. If it did, he'd still make a grand. He couldn't lose. And if it *did* work, maybe he could fade back to 1947, say, and catch the bash at Hollister—the big one, the number-one all-time first. Yeah, there were advantages to running an absolutely bone-stock machine. He'd fit right in.

The Tinman chuckled softly. Who knows? If the dingus worked, he might just put the rips to it. Then he'd have a line on the most unbeatable stock of old-time parts in the world—and all of them lookin' new. He'd have everything—jugs, front end, chrome, whole bikes!

And who in hell could catch him if he was kickin' thirty years into their future? The possibilities were endless. For the first time, the Tinman realized he wanted the old man to be on the level. He really wanted the crazy time machine to work.

His racing thoughts were cut off by the approach of the professor. Beneath the old man's antiquated pith helmet, his face was beginning to streak with sweat and dust. "It's all ready. . . ." he panted, "any time. . . ."

Without a word, the Tinman kicked over the big machine and headed out across the flats. "Ya gotta keep it movin'," he whispered as he brought it up through the gears, feeling the heavy pulsing of the old knucklehead. "Come on, Yesterday!"

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If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on he newsstand, he needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain it is really wanted.

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the hard-baked mud toward the horizon, then upward to a sky suddenly flickering with drug-rush vibrations and whipping streaks of boiling cloud. "Jeezus!" said the Tinman. "Fuckin' weird."

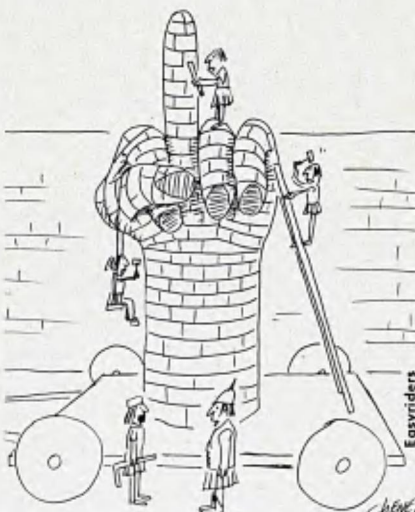
He watched the crazy sky for a while, resisting the urge to twist it to the max, then slacked off and let the big Harley begin to coast down. He slowed to a stop in a swirling puff of gritty dust. The wind was pushing hot and dry across the mudflats, and everything looked the same.

"Weird," he said again, then slumped down and sat panting in silence as the reaction hit him. When he twisted around to look back at the professor, the professor wasn't there. And that wasn't all—the freeway wasn't there, either. And it wouldn't be—not for a long time.

Only the flats were the same. Still, baked mud clotted in the wavering heat, timeless and unchanging, unmarked except for the tracks of the big knucklehead starting abruptly ten feet behind him. The Tinman stared at the tracks, his face mirroring shock. He raised his head and stared blankly out at the hills in the distance. To his left, a half-mile away, a ragged line of naked men broke over a low dune, moving at a steady lope. They saw the Tinman and broke into a silent run. They were carrying bows, sticks, and spears.

The Tinman sat staring for what seemed like forever, frozen in disbelief. Then he licked lips that were suddenly dry, and listened to the trapped hammer in his chest. "No—fuckin'—way!" he whispered. "No fuckin' way! Not for nobody!"

Frantically he kicked over the knuckle. *Chuff*. Again. *Chuff*. Nothing. *Chuff*. Flooded the bitch! *Chuffchuff-chuff*! His breath was whistling and



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the blood was welling from his chewed lips when the big Harley finally kicked over and woke up with a solid roar. "Oh, baby," he breathed, "get me outta here."

He cut back in a circle and lined up on his starting point. He looked at the digital readout as he picked up speed. "Years:" it read, "—3567."

Spooked, the Tinman accelerated, pushing up through the gears and feeling the roar of the Harley beneath him. At sixty the vibration was incredible, like a million mice sorting through the bargain basement of his guts with little fur-fingered hands. The sky was an eye-aching shudder, so the Tinman locked onto the controls and watched the digital readout run down.

"Years: —2980."
"—2352, —1675, —804,
—690, —342..."

At "Years: —32," the Tinman realized he hadn't shifted down. He was moving too fast, much too fast. He braked hard as the readout flickered "Years: —00000/Min/Sec/Hrs/ Years: +3." The Tinman locked it up, then lost it completely in the treacherous dust. Down and sliding, half-blinded and hanging on grimly, he rode it to a stop.

After the dust had settled, he crawled out from under the fallen knuckle, stood up, and fell down. Later, he picked up the big Harley and leaned it on the stand while he took stock of the situation. He wasn't too badly hurt, just scraped up a little. The bike was okay, too—hadn't even ripped off the carburetor. The time machine was totaled. It would never tick again.

As the Tinman stood looking at the ruined device, he decided that it could have been worse—much worse. One end of the time machine had taken the

—Continued on page 116

Easyriders

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Choppershopper

—Continued from page 79

Renegade: Happy birthday to the greatest man that ever walked on my mound. Three really beautiful years and many more to come. L.T.D. Squaw. (85)

Steve T., you crusty dog: It's been too long a time since Canton, Ohio. Call me collect in Buffalo. Jim (716) 693-8058. (85)

Jon: Sorry you're stuck and headed for Guam. Wish we were together. Happy anniversary—it's been a great first year. Love you forever. Your ol' lady, Sharon. (85)

Tommy has crabs and the whole world knows it. Love, Teri, Chop, and Bob. (85)

Good-looking, easygoing biker, canoeist, backpacker, 37, looking for honest, good-looking ol' lady w/o children who's ready to settle down. Write Gary, P.O. Box 100A, Tremont, Ill. 61568. (85)

You were right, "Bear" Chuck D. Been missing you since we parted. Write me, Box 583, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561, if I'm forgiven. Linda of Morro Bay. (85)

Morrison: Happy birthday, babe. It's great having ya back. I love you. Your ol' lady, Tina. (85)

Chimpunk: Happy 30th birthday (7-19-80). Love ya, Groundhog. (85)

Hey, ladies, I'm down, but not out. Doing the tail end of a 10-year jolt, and I could dig corresponding with some of the righteous ladies who have the good taste to read Easyriders. I'm 28, brown hair, green eyes, 6'2", 185 lbs. I've got a pen that just won't quit, and a lot of good times to offer a together lady. Michael "Slim" Rinaudo, 1832 Thalia St., New Orleans, La. 70113. (85)

Cheesy Rider: Meet me in the middle of the day; let me hear you say everything's okay. The Hippie. (85)

Capt., happy birthday! I still love you. When are ya gonna come home? L.I. Bit. (85)

License plates: I would like to collect one (or more) license plates from every state. I'm willing to pay for the plate and postage to my mail box. I prefer old plates, and as far back in New York plates as I can go. Write or call Mark Wyman, 114 Richard St., Rochester, N.Y. 14609. (716) 654-8177. (85)

Secret recipe for biker-style Mexican cornbread! Damn delicious. Only \$2 to Bar, P.O. Box 26310, E. Ft. Worth, Tex. 76116. (85)

Death row prisoner needs correspondence, stamps. John Barfield, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091. (85)

The Kid of Houston: We can work it out. From someone who cares and still wants you. You're #1 in my heart. Houston, Tex. P.S. Happy late 20th birthday 3-9-80. (85)

Married biker, 29, with good job, seeks girlfriend who likes putting and lovemaking on weekends and taking trips during summer months. Only girls 20-29, 5'2" to 5'6", large-busted and pleasantly plump okay. Send photo, name, and phone number to Rich, 719 N. Hoover St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90029. (85)

God loves you. In these last days, it is important that you have a close, daily relationship with God. He will change your life if you will let Him into your heart. If you would like to begin a new and better life, please write Craig Briggs, 1325 N. Cool Rd., Lima, Ohio 45801. (85)

State of Virginia: Incarcerated white man, 26 years old, needs mail and attention from ladies (18-30) who care. Send picture to O'Dell, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (85)

Linda: Glad we are together again. Hope we are riding and loving together forever. I love you, Woody. (85)

Pat: To the best of man I ever had. I don't know how I could ever have let you go. Hope you have a great 21st birthday (May 22nd). Love and miss ya, Yvonne. (85)

Huggins: Happy birthday. Miss ya sometimes. S. (85)

Female entrepreneur: California rider down in Texas needs female with heart for companionship and possibly more. Have small business and may have proposition. W/30, 6'1", 190 lbs., grn., brwn. Like dogs and kids, and eat my raisins. N. A. MacDonald #269159, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851. (85)

Retard Tommy: Happy birthday. May your son, Thomas S. Jr., someday know your ways as I do. Ride to live, forever free. Love is life; I need yours for mine. Your ex-ol' lady, Retard Lauren. (85)

Wanted: Strong dude to be bodyguard for female nude dancer in city. For details write to P.O. Box 186, Cos Cob, Conn. 06807. (85)

Two biker bros want together foxes for perm or semi-perm relationship. Sincere, honest ol' ladies with pictures in letter will receive prompt attention. Summer's comin'—let's do it. Write Grady and Ray H., 1971 Fruitdale Ave., San Jose, Calif. 95128. (408) 926-0121 or 294-6879. (85)

Big John: I still love you and miss you very much. I'm sorry things didn't work out, and I left the way I did. I'll never forget the times, good and bad, we shared. Happy birthday, darling! Love, Gertrude. (85)

Hey, all you turkeys! Buzz off! Casie is back together now with her ol' man, Casie in Texas. (85)

Check it out! Easyriders #12 thru #74 except #69—plus June & Dec. 1972. All like-new cond. \$250 or trade for gold coin. Plus postage, D.M.H., P.O. Box 22, Elgin, Ill. 60120. (85)

Field Marshal von Murphenburg: Ride long, tall and proud! I'll always love ya, Wendy. (85)

Dave: I love you more than you'll ever believe. Happy birthday 6-15-80! Love ya always, Brenda. (85)

Attractive older guy seeks chick who sometimes likes to have something other than a chopper thrust between her legs. Gregor Miller, Box 927, San Rafael, Calif. 94901. (85)

For sale: Easyriders collection. One through eighty—best offer. Call (203) 658-4635, Bob. (85)

Dum-Dum: Where the hell are you now? Write me at 3313 S.E. 143rd, Portland, Ore. 97236, Sheri (Dolly). (85)

Getting out of navy, looking for woman from San Diego/So. Calif. area to share bed and ride on Harley summer round trip to Alaska. Wayne Tamanaha, USS Haddock, FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96601. (85)

For sale: Captain America stars and stripes '48 panhead built for the movie "Easy Rider." Notarized affidavit from Dennis Hopper. \$6,000. Pictures \$2. John MacArthur, Box 1509, Taos, N.M. 87571. (505) 758-8366. (86)

Open-road spring festival: Open run June 7, 8, and 9. Hells Canyon Park, Idaho. Live music. Grand prize: 500 Triumph, pre-unit (basket case). Tickets \$5 now, plus postage. \$7.50 at festival. For information or tickets, call or write (208) 343-1037 or (208) 376-5433, 312 Ruby St., Boise, Idaho 83705. (86)

Smelly Mel: Happy birthday, June 22. I love you. Your wife, Cathie. (85)

Smokey: You're far away, but close to me, in my heart. Miss ya and love ya, L. (85)

Secret remailing from Virginia. Details sase, Ty 138 Atlantic St., Norfolk, Va. 23510. (85)

In ever-loving memory of our dad, Danny F. Lane. He finally got what he always wanted, and he died the way he wanted to die. We love you, daddy. See you in heaven. Your boys, Danny and Larry Lane. (85)

Phillip: Thanks for a wonderful life and our beautiful Angel. I couldn't be happier. I love you, Debbie. (85)

Brownie: Happy birthday (7-5-80). Love ya, Deborah Jean. (85)

Hope you had a happy birthday, Jimbo (3-26-52)! I hope it was a terrific one—just like you, Babe, our life together has been more exciting, daring, fun, and full of love than anything Harold Robbins could ever dream up! Let's get our shit together and keep it that way. And enjoy! Enjoy! I love you, daddy, forever and a day, Your D. (85)

Looking for foxy lady for traveling companion. Sun, fun, and partying up north in the mountains—Reno, Vegas, etc. Get acquainted now, travel this summer. Send picture. Nudes are neat. R., P.O. Box 1813, San Jose, Calif. 95109. (85)

Marko, Henny, and Ed: Thanks for fucking the dog with me. Freddy. (85)

Ram, happy retroactive birthday (4-9-52) and happy 3rd. Love ya, Scooter. (85)

Ladies, notice: Getting out in Sept. Got a super glide, wanna put, and am looking for a foxy lady with some bucks to pack along. I'm 25, white, 6'2", 185. If interested, write with photo to Sam, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (85)

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

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

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

Guaranteed identifications: 5 blank U.S.A. IDs plus free social security. Rush \$5. Plastic covers, add \$2 set. Jeni Chevron, Box 1033E260, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (85)

Motorcycle swap meets: Any information concerning Midwest motorcycle swap meets and events may be obtained through Motorcycle Swap Meet, Inc., Newsletter, P.O. Box 232, Plainfield, Ill. 60544, at a subscription rate of \$3 per year (pub. quarterly). Attention, motorcycle swap meet promoters: Let us advertise your events free. (85)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (85)

'62 Mustang Pony for sale. Excellent condition. (502) 435-4422. (85)

Convicted, sensitive Sagittarius needs love from a beautiful woman. 23—?? Dominic Andretti #84579-A, Box 31, Plymouth, Wis. 53073. (85)

Prophet: A mouse, a mushroom, two doves, and a rose—all are love. Join me tonight in Never-Never Land, and we can talk about a lease. Love ya. Your Pretty Lady. (85)

Lifetime stash: An endless supply of primo buds. Complete info \$3. Endless Supply, P.O. Box 12345, Fort Worth, Tex. 76116. (85)

Chuck Crismore: Where are you? Please call me. Thinking and remembering with lots of love. Number's the same—still in Albuquerque. Liz. (85)

Bat Out Of Hell: I'll always love you. Your lady, Betty. (85)

Ray: Happy late birthday, hum, 4/20/54! I love you. You need a U-haul for all my love. Your tramp forever, Cindy. (85)

"Rose" (Renee): Been lookin', but cannot find. Please send current address to Choppershopper. Will be lookin' for it. Miss you, Gary. (85)

Happy birthday, Norm—the best ol' man ever. Love, Sugar Bush. (85)

French: Happy 36th birthday. We love you for what you are. Your lady, Sharon, and your three "Wrenches." (85)

Tattoos: Make your own liner and flat shader needlebars. Complete book covers all facets of producing your own needlebars. Pays for itself in one day. Send money order for \$10 to Jessie, Box 278, Clarksville, N.Y. 12041. (85)

Seeking honest, sincere, mellow, attractive ol' lady for putting, friendship / companionship and, hopefully, good sex. I'm slim, nice-looking, 39, 5'10" and 160 lbs., perm. employed and live aboard small sailboat. Also a sharing, understanding, accepting, supportive person who's into good living and riding. No heavy drugs or put-ya-in-jail shit. I plan on staying free and riding clean, appreciating my honey. So, if you're looking for a good ol' man to team up with, who'll treat you right and be there when ya need 'im, drop me a few lines, I'll answer all with pic. Oh—been bikin' for some time, so please be up front; no game players. I've had my share of 'em. Haven't we all? Thanks. Bill H., P.O. Box 482, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740. (213) 431-4747. (85)

Canadian chopper jockey planning extended tour of U.S. and Canada this summer. Would like to hear from bros and sisters to visit, ride, and party with, anywhere in N. America. Send Letter to Gypsy Pete, Box 41, Crescent Valley, B.C., Canada V0G 1H0. (85)

Fireworks! Send a buck for catalog. G.I. Georges, 229 Laurel Rd., East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (85)

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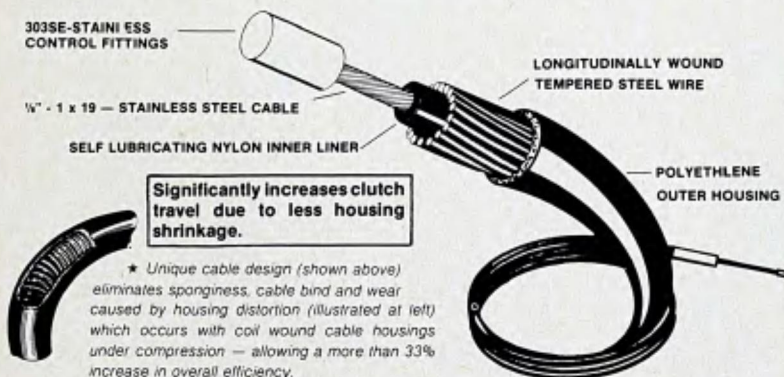
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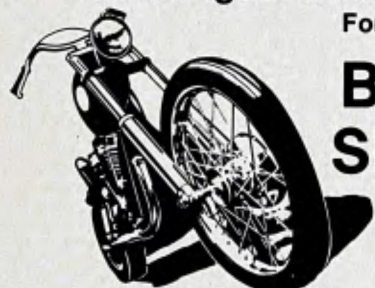
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weight of the sliding motorcycle, and had probably saved him a badly broken leg. He was only three years overshot, and less than ten miles from town.

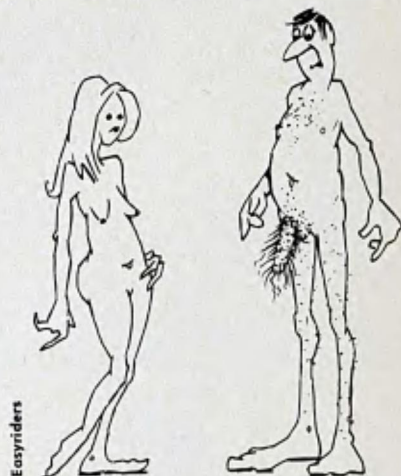
With a little luck, he might even be able to look up the professor and collect that thousand dollars—plus interest—a lot of interest. One thing was for sure. That was the last time—absolutely the last time for the Tinman.

Whistling tunelessly, he dug out his junior tool kit and began to peel the remains of the time machine off the back of his knuckle. When he'd finished, he kicked the engine over and headed back for town. As he rode up the dirt road he tried to estimate the time and season. Early afternoon? Autumn? He couldn't tell.

The freeway was deserted. As the Tinman rode up the on-ramp, he began to feel the first stirrings of wrongness. It was too quiet. Much too quiet. Two miles out from town, he was passing silent rows of abandoned automobiles on both sides of the road. Nothing moved anywhere. By the time he was inside the city limits, the jam was almost solid. The Tinman shut down the big bike and walked it along the sidewalks, past looted windows and smashed-in doors, and between the lanes of lifeless cars.

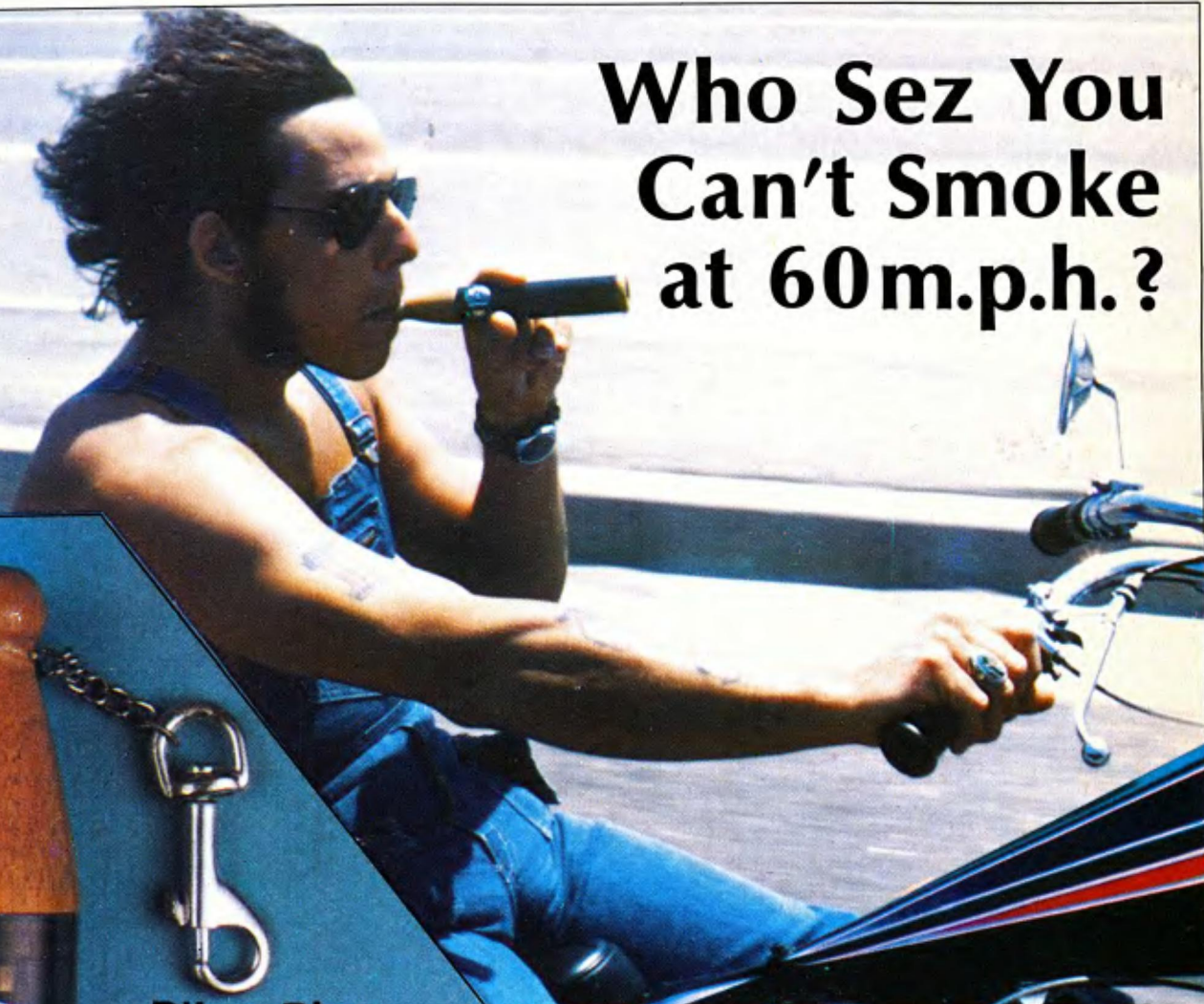
As he pushed the Harley along, a voice in his head droned endlessly with a broken-record hiss. "It can't be. It can't be. It can't be." His hands were white and shaking, and his leg muscles were almost shot when he came to the clear stretch. Panting, he looked ahead—almost a mile to the next jam. He kicked over the Harley and twisted the throttle savagely. Hearing the rumble echo along the empty streets

—Continued on page 119



"Yeah, now that I think about it, I guess it was kind of stupid of me to start shaving the damned thing at thirteen."

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

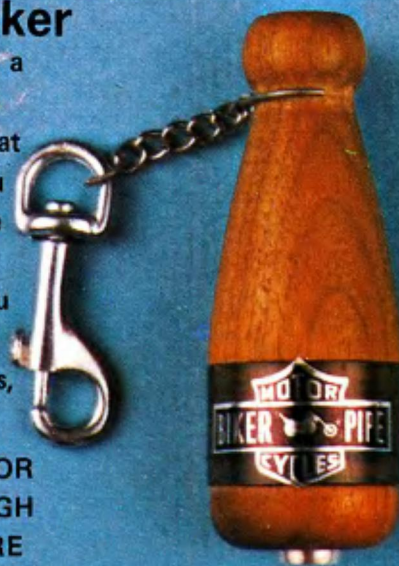


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This little jewel is a "hang-by-your-side pocket rocket" that is ready when you are. Opens in the middle . . . just load and light thru the little hole in the end. No muss, no fuss.



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Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!



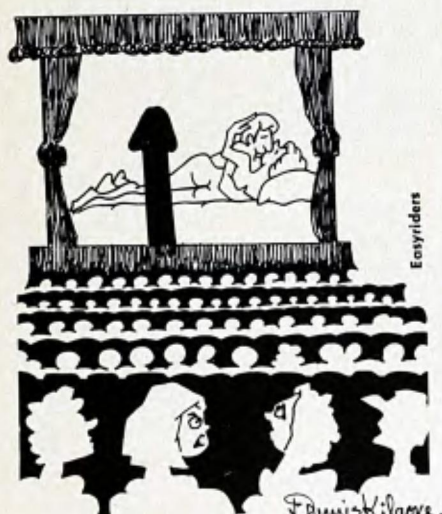
Products

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was eerie. In defiance, he slammed it into first and pulled a smoking, screaming wheelie at the very edge of control. The mile went by like a memory, and the Tinman barely had time to slow down before he was threading his way between the cars again. The idling engine of the big knuckle thumped gruffly as he walked the beast between the close-packed rows.

Suddenly, he stopped. The wrongness was all around him. The hair on his neck rose as he looked carefully around, scanning the rows of dead automobiles, and saw nothing. He leaned into another step—and heard a sound. The Tinman froze. When he looked up again, he saw a grotesque figure squatting on the front of a Chevy like an insane hood ornament. A thick iron bar trailed back from the right hand of the gargoyle shape. Bloodshot eyes glared out from beneath a tangled mat of filthy hair.

Slowly, the Tinman looked around. He was surrounded. Forty or more of the nightmare creatures were crouching on the tops of cars, on the hoods of cars, or were arising silently from between the rows of cars. The Tinman was trapped. With cars on every side, there was no place to go. He looked back at the first figure, and saw it raise a gnarled hand and point at him. The filthy beard moved to the grating sound of a long-unused voice. "He's—got—gas." The circle closed in a silent rush, carrying the Tinman down beneath the big bike as the clubs rose and fell in a brutal rhythm. That night, the fatbobs and the oil tank off the old knuckle went back with the leader. By right of conquest, other parts went variously to others of the group, but the Tinman was shared equally by all.



"Must be some smart-alec showoff up in the balcony."

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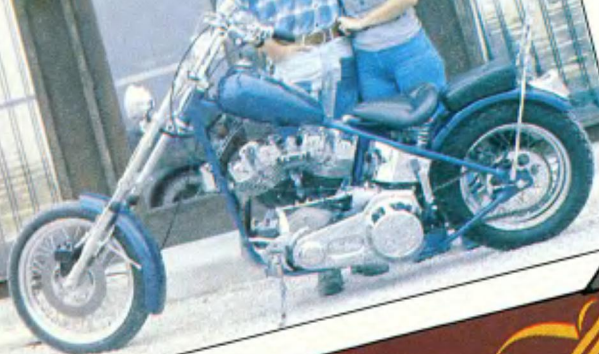
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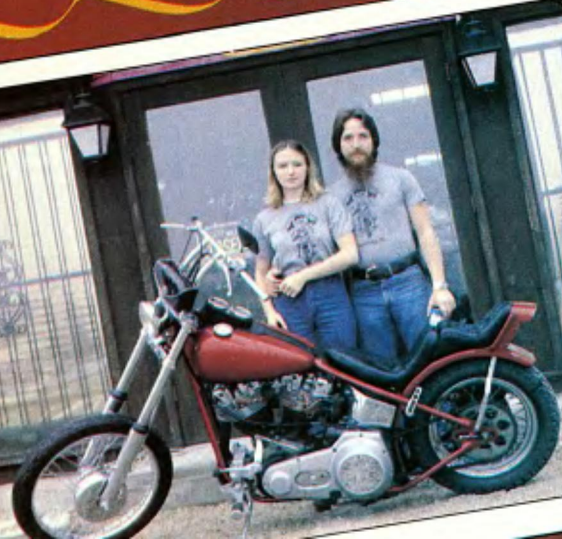
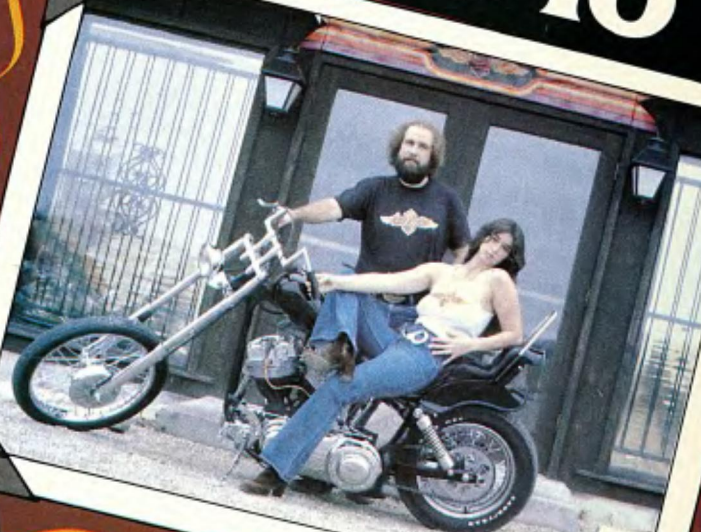
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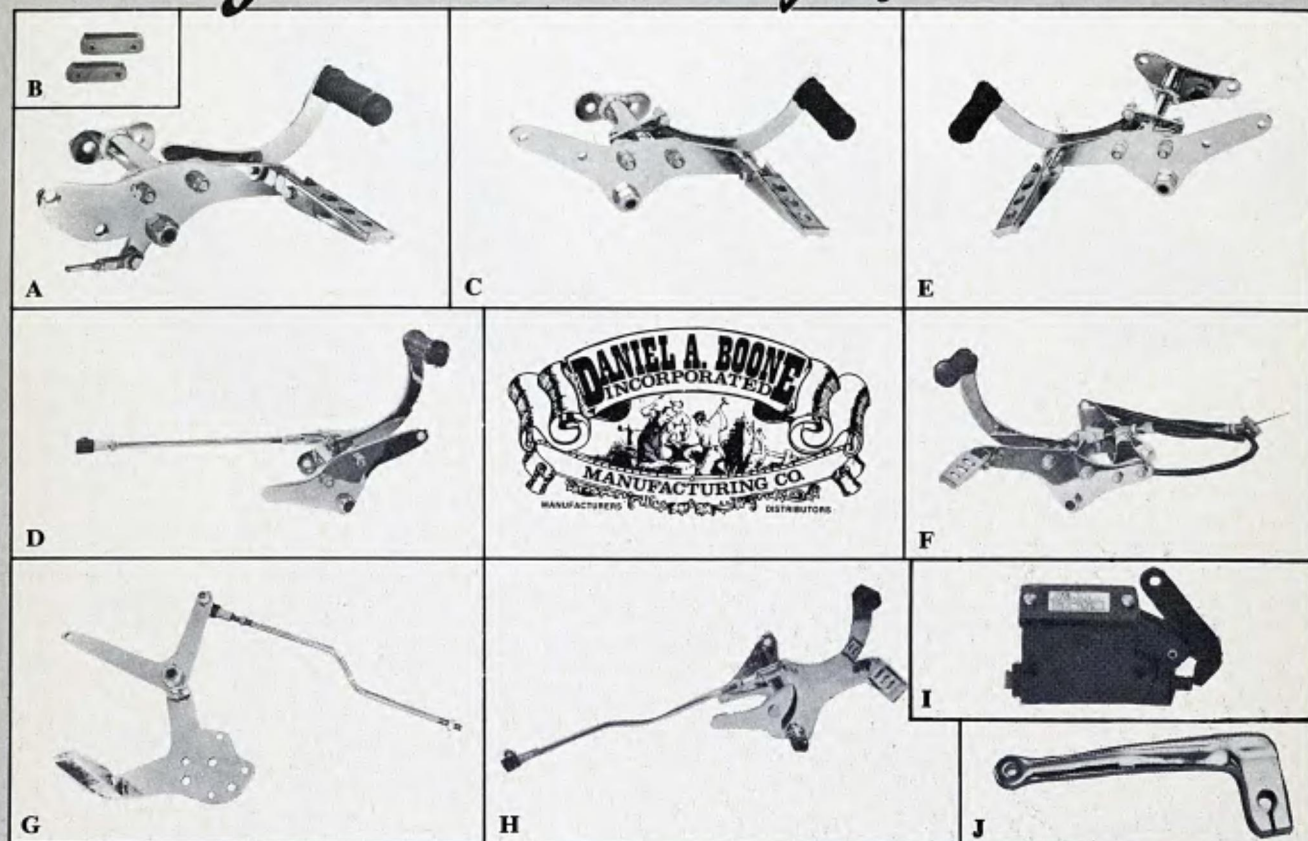
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A. Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s with stock Harley master cylinder. Use with hydraulic or rear disc brakes.

14101 79.25

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This bracket is a "must" when using the above 14101 brake assembly on 1977 to 1979 Super Glides.

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Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s. Order our 141020 master cylinder.

14102 79.25

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Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s with stock mechanical brakes. All linkage included.

14104 79.25

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Show chromed forward control brake unit for Harley Sportsters, 1954-1974. Order our 141020 master cylinder.

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Show chromed forward control brake units for Harley Sportsters, 1954-1979 with stock brakes. All linkage included.

14107 Sportsters, 1954-1974 84.25

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Show chromed forward control shift units for Harley 74s, 1936-1978. Use your stock shifter peg with these units. Linkage included.

141014 74s, 1936-1973 74.25

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I. Hurst-Airheart Master Cylinder

Large rear master cylinder.

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Chrome shift levers for 74s with foot shift transmissions, 1974 & later Super Glides and 1952-1975 Sportsters.

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Spst. '52-'75 14.95

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141021 Long Clevis 2.25

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141024 Mono Ball End 3.85

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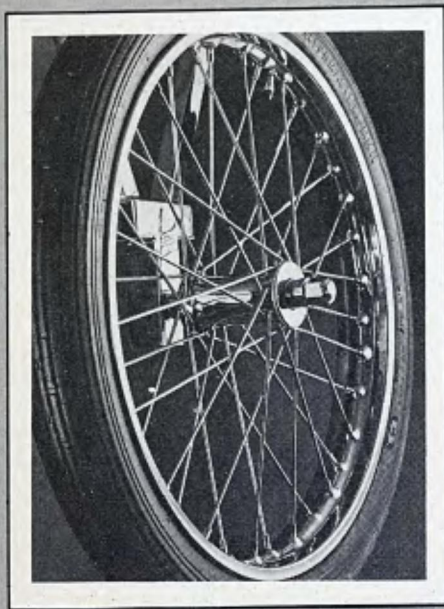


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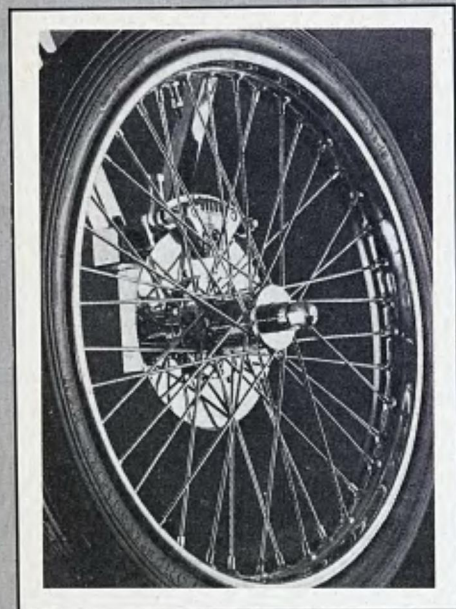
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Spool Wheel

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 $3\frac{1}{2}$ " in width. Disc diameter is $7\frac{3}{4}$ ". 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.

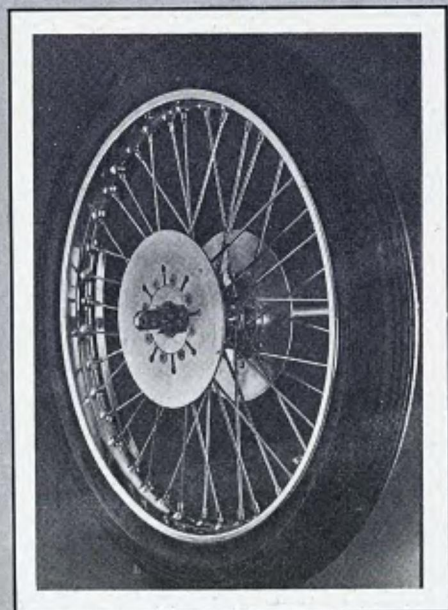
6803	18"	302.39
6804	19"	302.39
6805	21"	302.39



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.

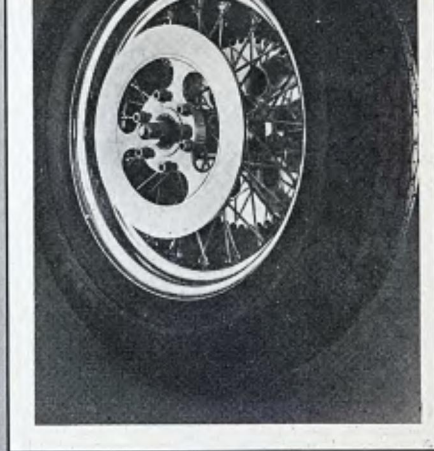
6901	18"	129.95
6902	19"	129.95
6903	21"	129.95



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

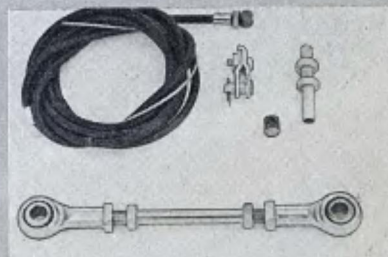
(Not shown). For Harley 74 rear disc brake wheels, either standard, wire or design.

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.

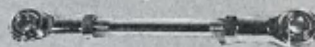
68024	Sportster	57.14
68025	Honda 750	21.12



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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G & G SALES, 2514 So. Shore Drive, Albert Lea/(507) 373-9201

TWIN CITY JAMMER, 3756 Nicollet Ave., South Minneapolis/(612) 825-7133

MISSISSIPPI
BYKE BARN, 406 Pass Rd., Gulfport/(601) 868-3601

JACKSON CYCLE SPECIALTIES, 4531 Hwy. 80 West, Jackson/(601) 922-6463

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CUSTOM M/C EMPORIUM, 2550 Oak Gravel, High Ridge/(314) 376-3020

FRED'S CUSTOM CYCLES, 120 N. Second St., Jasper/(417) 394-2817

MONTANA
ENNIS CUSTOM CYCLES, P.O. Box 602-Hwy 287, Ennis/(406) 862-7412

HARLEY CHARLEY CHOP SHOP, 409 Montana Ave., E. Missoula/(406) 728-4579

NEBRASKA
HD SALES, 1053 27th Ave., Columbus/(402) 564-8733

NEVADA
CUSTOM CYCLE ACCESSORIES, 2560 Westwood Dr., #21, Las Vegas/(702) 732-0442

NEW HAMPSHIRE
THE SPOKE & SPROCKET SHOP, 66 Old Mill Rd., Rochester/(603) 332-8800

NEW JERSEY
BARRACUDA SPECIALTIES, 500 S. New Road, Pleasantville/(609) 646-6770

HARRY'S CYCLE SHOP, 8121 Bergenline Ave., N. Bergen/(201) 854-6675

MAD MO CHOP SHOP, 11 Union Square, Phillipsburg/(201) 454-4336

GT CYCLE SPECIALTIES, #4 New Market St., Salem/(609) 935-3730

MIDDLESEX CYCLE SALES, 54 Main St., Old Bridge/(201) 238-2250

THE BIKE SHOP, 81 Main St., S. Bound Brook/(201) 356-1383

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NEFFER BROTHERS, 605 Cornwell St., Clovis/(505) 702-7500

SCOTT'S HD, 316 So. Delmont, Hobbs/(505) 393-7939

SNELL HD, 111 E. Pinck, Farmington/(505) 327-3733

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A.C.S. CYCLE PARTS, 311 E. Dominick St., Rensselaer/(315) 336-8900

CUSTOM CYCLE, 1610 Pine Ave., Niagara Falls/(716) 284-2051

IRON HORSE ACCESSORIES, 293 E. Main St., Amsterdam/(518) 842-3050

JOHNCOX M/C SALES & SERVICE, R.D. #1, Longpoint Rd., Penn Yan/(315) 536-3585

NORTH CAROLINA
MORGAN'S M/C REPAIR, 409 Marine Blvd., Jacksonville/(919) 347-1035

NORTH DAKOTA
BENNE'S CYCLE SERVICE, 3701 S. Broadway, Minot/(701) 852-0874

OHIO
BEARS BIKE & WELDING, 415 W. Main St., Ravenna/(216) 297-7279

HO OF YOUNGSTOWN, INC., 1707 Mahoning Ave., Youngstown/(216) 792-2092

JAMES SMITH PARTS CO., 4117 Main Ave., Ashland/(216) 962-2137

MOTORCYCLE EXPRESS, 1208 Wheeler Rd. No., Barberton/(216) 745-1581

OKLAHOMA
GILL'S INC., 1115 8th St., Woodward/(405) 256-5822

T.J.'S CYCLES, 201 E. Main St., Pawhuska/(918) 287-2943

OREGON
METOLUIS CUSTOM CYCLE, 391 Jefferson St., Medford/(503) 546-6791

M & J CUSTOM BIKES, 3650 S.W. 3rd, Canby/(503) 750-7402

SUNSHINE CYCLE, 930 Summit, Medford/(503) 779-3818

PENNSYLVANIA
CHOPPER SHAK, INC., 2842 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh/(412) 881-0433

CUSTOM CHOPPER SHOP, Route 22, Delmont/(412) 468-8135

EAST AMERICAN MOTORSPORT, R.D. #1 Pottsville/(717) 538-5710

KOSMIC KOLORS, Fiber St., Easton/(215) 253-5333

TEXAS
BIKER'S CUSTOM, 7278 Alameda Ave., El Paso/(915) 772-8827

NORTH TOWN CUSTOM CYCLES, 3539 N.E. Loop #410, San Antonio/(512) 661-8511

POOLE CYCLE PARTS, 4801 Peach Tree Rd., Balch Springs/(214) 286-5351

S&S CYCLE & SUPPLY, INC., 879 Amarillo Blvd., Amarillo/(806) 374-6780

VICTORIA HD, 1410 N. Main St., Victoria/(512) 575-7881

UTAH
JAMMER'S DEN, 114 N. Broadway, Tooele/(801) 882-9974

QUALITY M/C PARTS, 3231 S. State St., Salt Lake City/(801) 467-4834

VIRGINIA
LYNCHBURG HD/BANDITS, 3235 Odd Fellows Rd., Lynchburg/(804) 845-5921

SUFFOLK HD, 911 N. Main, Suffolk/(804) 634-1470

WASHINGTON
HD OF OLYMPIA, 3100 So. Bay Rd., Olympia/(206) 357-5703

LODI'S CUSTOM CYCLES, 115 N. 7th St., Pasco/(509) 545-1667

SKAGIT HD, 1253 A. Christensen Rd., Anacortes/(206) 263-2217

STEPS CHOP SHOP, 1025 Pitt Ave., Broomfield/(206) 373-0944

TUMBLEWEED CUSTOMS, 6517 Central Park Dr., Aberdeen/(206) 532-4742

WEST VIRGINIA
ASHWORTH HD, INC., 100 Cohen St., Beckley/(304) 253-1110

HD OF APPLETON, INC., 2144 W. Wisconsin Ave., Appleton/(414) 733-2258

WISCONSIN
HAVERICK CYCLES, 615 South Greenley Hwy., Chesham/(307) 638-8307

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CITY CYCLE, 2053 Sortington St., Hallifax, Nova Scotia/(902) 425-5585

KELOWNA M/C CENTRE, 1540 Keeth Rd., Kelowna, B.C.//(604) 860-6138

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CYCLE PRODUCTS Order Form

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

Date _____

Name _____ Address _____

(Please print or type)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone () _____

*Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.

(Give area code number)

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Sub Total

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 5/27/80 CV JULY
#85 BF



Before mailing, please read the following:

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

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

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

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

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

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Show Bike Kits Are The Way To Go. Each Kit Contains
Our Most Popular Decorative and Functional
Hardware for Every Bike Listed

Chrome		Description	24 Kt. Gold	
Part #	Price		Part #	
124031	120.00	Sportster XLCH 1957-64	124047	159.00
124032	125.00	Sportster 1965-70	124048	167.00
124033	125.00	Sportster 1971-73	124049	167.00
124034	125.00	Sportster 1974-76	124050	167.00
124035	125.00	Sportster 1977-Up	124051	167.00
124036	145.00	Knucklehead 1936-39	124052	190.00
124037	145.00	Knucklehead 1940-47	124053	190.00
124038	145.00	Panhead 1948-57	124054	190.00
124039	145.00	Panhead 1958-65	124055	190.00
124040	140.00	Shovelhead 1966-69	124056	185.00
124041	135.00	Shovelhead 1970-75	124057	178.00
124042	135.00	Shovelhead 1976-77	124058	178.00
124043	140.00	Shovelhead 1978 "74" & "80"	124059	183.50
124044	80.00	Honda 750	124060	102.50
124045	55.00	Gold Wing 1000	124061	73.00
124046	65.00	Kawasaki 900-Z1	124062	87.50



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A



B



C



D



E



F

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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.

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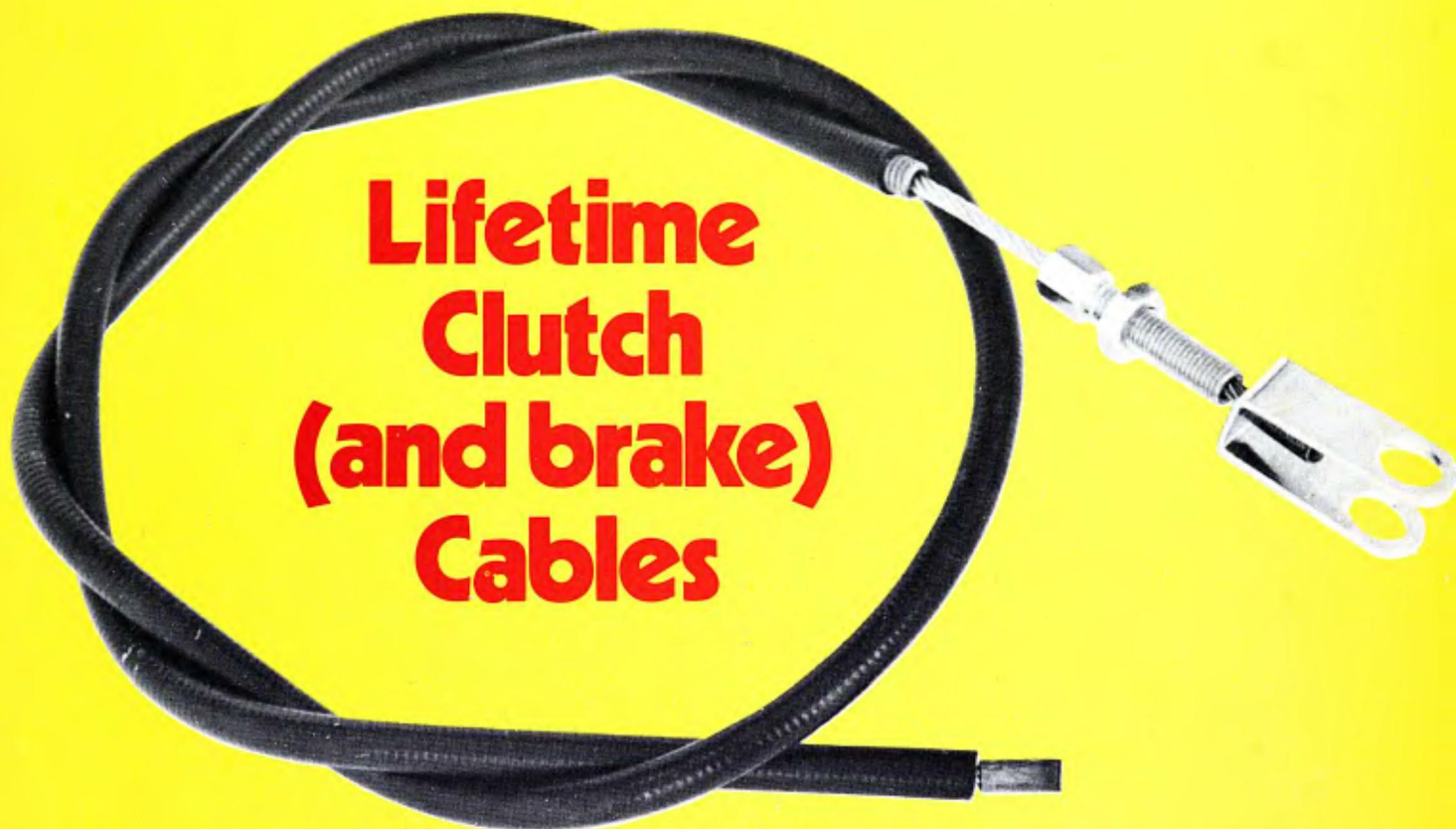
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That's right. Now you can travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch or brake cable ain't gonna crap out on ya in the middle of Tightwat, Texas—where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard drivin'. Your worries are over! Get these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or next gallon of gas is coming from—because you **never** have to worry about your cable goin' south on ya anymore!

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

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

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

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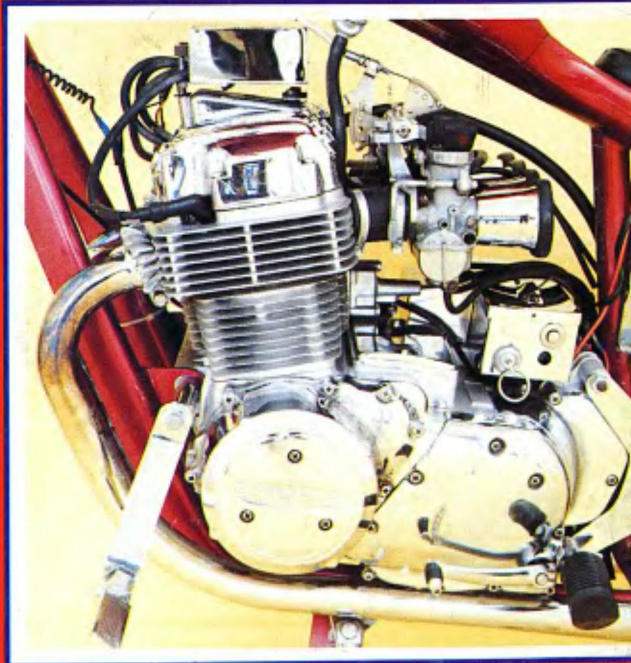
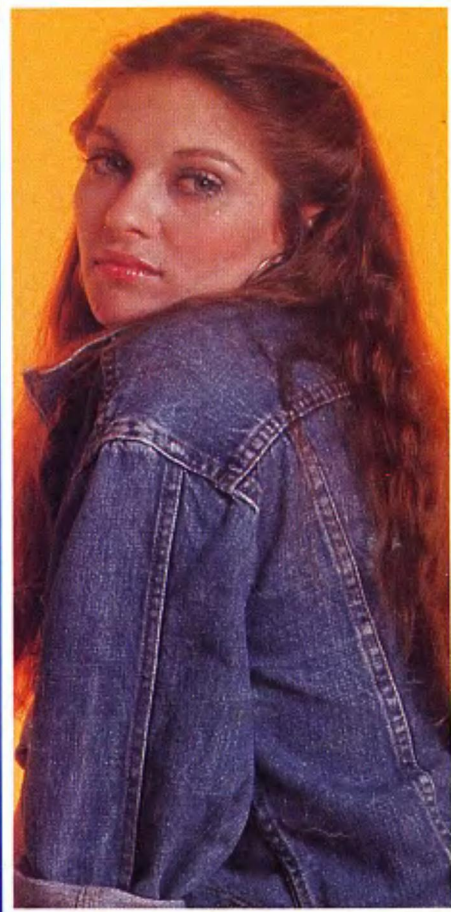
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