

Easyriders

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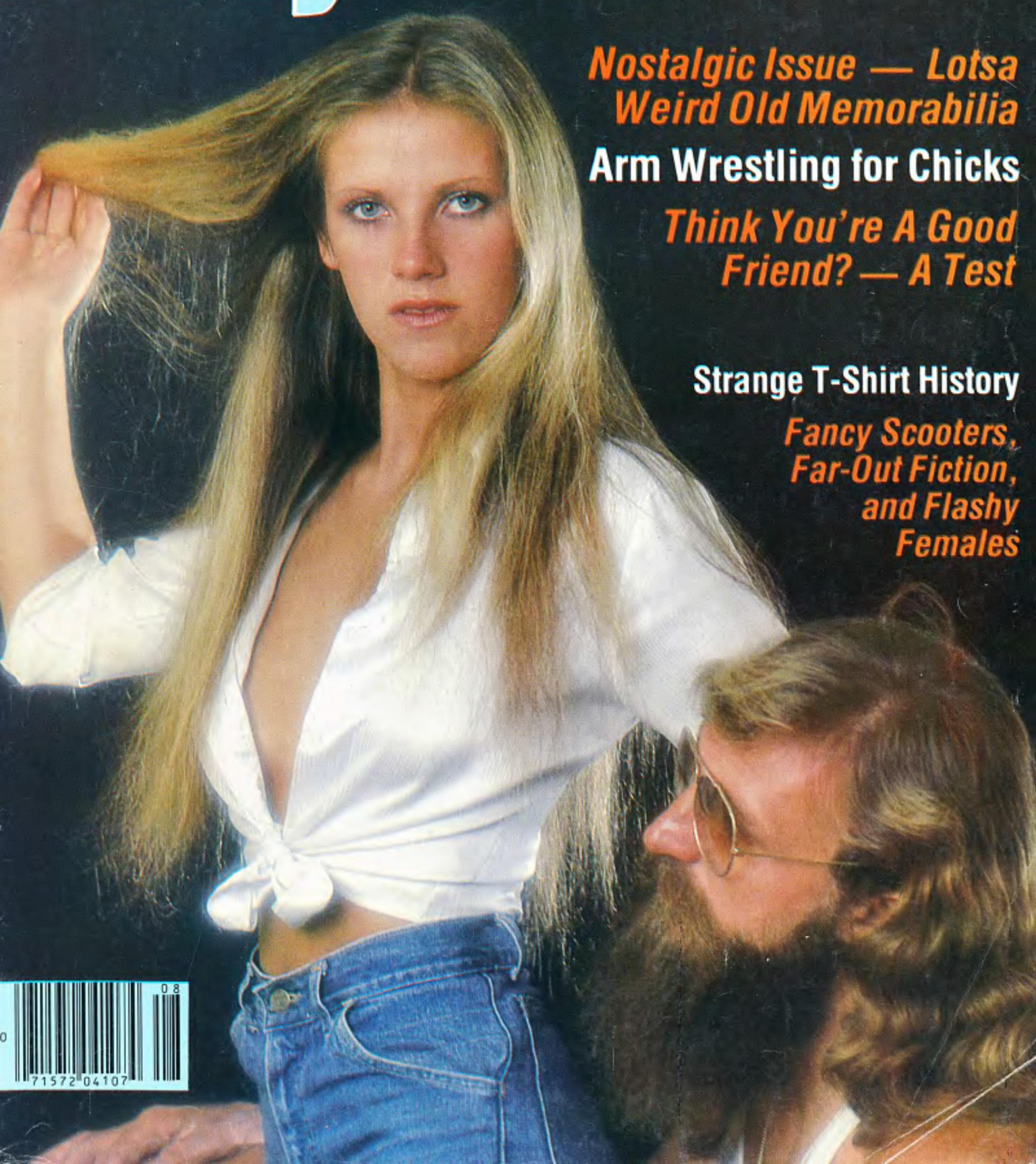
Entertainment for Adult Bikers

August, 1980

\$1.75

£1.00

Easyriders®



***Nostalgic Issue — Lotsa
Weird Old Memorabilia***

Arm Wrestling for Chicks

***Think You're A Good
Friend? — A Test***

Strange T-Shirt History

***Fancy Scooters,
Far-Out Fiction,
and Flashy
Females***



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**Perfect
Ear
Warmers!**

We're only sellin' the caps—ya understand—can't have the others around all the time—right? Anyway, here's the next best ear-warmer of all time.

The cap has class! It's knitted in bright Harley colors—black, orange, and white. The words "Harley-Davidson" are knitted around the entire cap—not just on the front. So if you're wasted, it doesn't matter how you pull it over your skull.

As with all Righteous products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made—not a cheapass import.

Only \$5.95 and we pay postage and handling. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded.

Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!



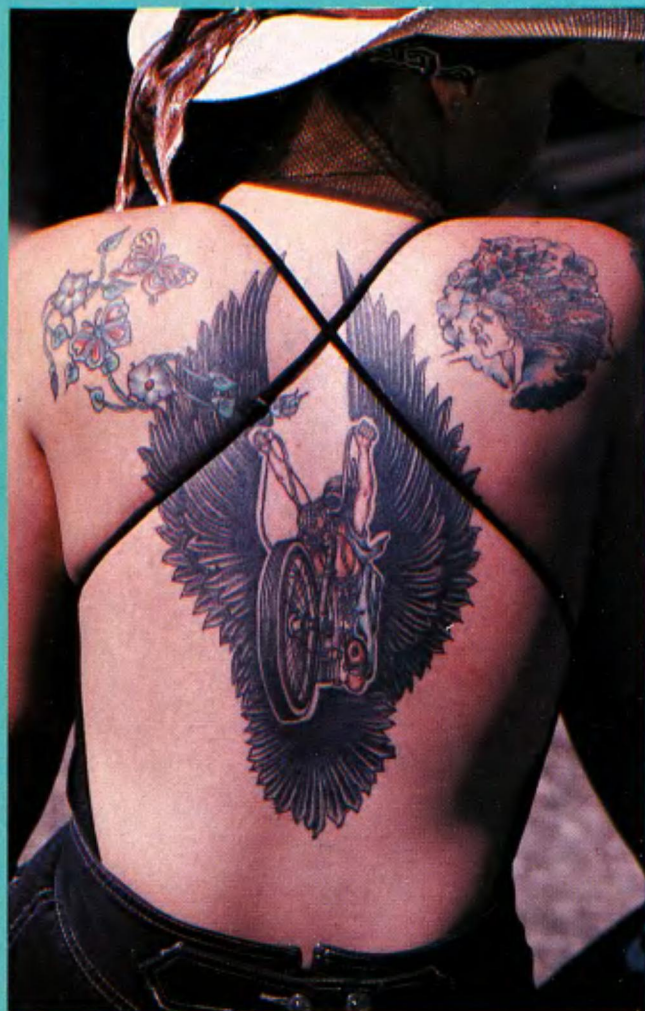
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Easyriders®

Number 86

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



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Cover photo of Charlotte and "Coe" by Billy Tinney
The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale July 29th.

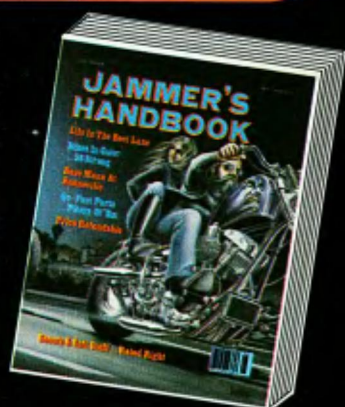
The Hottest Spot In Town



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

Loser of the month: A dude in Missouri was given a "'Send Help!'" sign during an anti-crime campaign in his city. He took the sign and tossed it into the back of his car. Later, while he was parked, rolling a quick number, a passing cop spotted the "'Send Help!'" sign, went over to help—and you guessed it—he was busted on a possession beef. (There are days like that—right?)

Weird Crime file: A thief was busted for havin' ripped off \$100,000 worth of bull cum. Don't ask—maybe he was makin' porno movies—whatdafuck?

Carpet Crawler Dept.: Did ya read where an 18-month-old chick—who was havin' teething problems—picked up a venomous black snake and started chawin' on it? She snuffed the snake with her first bite by chompin' on its head—while her mom had a shit-fit. Her father said, "'She'd bite through your finger if you gave her the chance.'" (Hang in there, Diane.)

What's this world comin' to? Bein' a male, I just don't dig such things as cats gettin' their nuts cut off, horses bein' gelded, and so forth. Now the latest wrinkle is that reindeer dicks are a good aphrodisiac—that they'll stiffen your crank if you eat da powder from ground-down reindeer cocks. A Hong Kong company is exporting 13,000 cranks for dudes who think that droppin' that stuff will make their pricks stand up and salute—while all us insiders (snicker, snicker) know that all it takes is the flick of a chick's tongue. (That's free advice, folks—from this ol' scooter tramp. Slurp!)

Oh shit dept.: They just decided in Boston that undercover narcs cannot get disability pay if they become addicted to H.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



He heard some scratchin' at the door. He opened it and in leaped a humongus German shepherd dog. He couldn't get da fucker out—so he called the police. Three cops showed up, and when the fuckin' dog lunged at 'em, they freaked—firin' off sixteen 357s at da dog. The dog split (unharmed), but the dude's pad was blown to pieces. (That'll teach 'im to call a cop!)



Are ya ready? A pig (the farm animal kind) center-punched two dudes, smack-dab in the middle of the left side of the scoot they were puttin' on. Da pig (oink oink type) musta freaked when he heard the bike comin' up the road—for no reason at all he ran full bore into da side of the sled—sendin' the rider and his passenger into da wild blue yonder. (I've heard of bein' knocked over by a pig—but a pig-pig is some-thin' else. Right?)

Well, I just got my second speedin' ticket in two weeks' time. One for 65 in a 55, and the other for 75 in a 55. So it did my heart good when I read about a Greyhound bus driver who, after just bein' pulled over for a 72 in a 55, said to the officer, "'You just bought yourself a busload of people,'" and walked away leavin' the busload of people laffin' and scratchin' and the cop wonderin' whatdafuck to do about it.

WORDMONGER

Bros In Lockup

☐ I just wanted to say thank you for your "Male Call" feature. I wrote a very special person and we're planning to be married. There are a lot of wonderful bros in lockup who need to hear from the outside.

Reyburn
Dallas, Tex.

MMA Blood Run

☐ Talk about good deeds: My roommate and I saw a bunch of bikes at a blood bank — all kinds of beautiful bikes. There must have been 35 or 40. I know bros are good for a favor when you're down, but can you picture all those bros going without eats or drinks for hours so they can do a good deed for the needy? I never in my life saw any group in ties and suits lend a helping hand that way.

Beth Hardison
Santa Rosa, Calif.

Where's The Color?

☐ One question: How come ya ain't got no color pics in "In The Wind" #3? Other than that it's great!

Johnny
Wurzburg, Germany

■ We receive more black and white pics than we do color. But every other "Wind" will have some color. Check out "Best Bikes" — soon to be on sale — lotsa color.

Carbonated Cat Piss

☐ We were sitting in the kitchen making quesadillas and Easter eggs and drinking beer, when we thought we'd send you a scribe. This was a special occasion, though, because the beer we were drinking was some home-made suds from the Oct. '77 issue recipe.

We gotta tell ya — at first it tasted like carbonated cat piss and smelled like the rugrat's diaper, but it packed one hell of a buzz. So whatdafuck? The ol' lady even thinks it's a great douche.

Feedback and Deathburger
La Crescenta, Calif.

Doesn't Dig Her

☐ I don't like your pick for the ol' lady of the year. I was led into believing this was a contest for ol' ladies — not a lady who has an ol' man sometimes and rides a scooter. My ol' man and I think she looks like a professional model. What did she promise to the staff? I am very pissed off at this whole deal.

One pissed-off ol' lady
Eureka, Calif.

■ We didn't select her — she won the vote of the readers. She doesn't have an ol' man and she's learning to be an actress. Although she had never posed nude, she gave it her best shot. And she partied with the best of us while we did the Ol' Lady of the Year gig. We think she's first-class and wish her well.

Watch Out

☐ Watch out when puttin' through southeast Arizona. Around Tombstone, Bisbee, and Sierra Vista/Ft. Huachuca you gotta run the gantlet. All on the same roads you find Highway Patrol, Cochise Sheriff, city cops, Army (ID undercover) MPs, Border Patrol, DWI is fuckin' big time. I just laid down \$850, my license, and my putt, and my ol' lady split (that's the only good part) down there because I rode while half blind.

Freebird
With Wings Clipped
Ft. Huachuca, Ariz.

■ Thanks for the travelin' tip, Freebird.

Crusade Against Claybrook

☐ While I was watching the boob tube the other evening, a commercial caught my eye. Someone ran a commercial during prime time with the sole objective of preserving the wild turkey. No, not the booze, but a fuckin' bird. Now I ask you, why is it a fuckin' bird can get prime time national coverage when there are a bunch of scooter people bellyaching about helmet laws in sixteen states (not mentioning the states requiring minors to

wear helmets)? Why is it the bikers in this country don't have a commercial of their own? From what I have seen, heard, read, etc., they, as a group, probably consider themselves as worthwhile as a turkey. So what I am proposing is this: All those who would like to see a commercial of their very own on TV should send one measly dollar to a suitable holder such as **Easyriders** with the purpose of getting their commercial. What better way to present our cause to the people? So, if **Easyriders** prints this letter instead of absconding with the dollar I'm sending along for the bike commercial, they are thus agreeing to hold the pot. Maybe if this were to catch on, **Easyriders** could even throw in some green.

Maddog II
Ames, Iowa

■ Okay, Maddog, we'll match every dollar anyone sends in. Let's call it the "Crusade Against Claybrook." A Buck March Against Claybrook. We'll kick in a buck for every buck we get. Each issue will show how much we've collected. When we get enough bucks, we'll make a commercial, buy some TV prime time, and shove it down their throats. Any-one thinkin' we're tryin' to make a buck — don't send one in. It's as simple as that. Send 'em to Crusade Against Claybrook Trust Account, Box 52 Malibu, California, 90265.

She's Pretty

☐ Jeanette James is the prettiest broad you've ever had in your rag.

Big Buster
Reno, Ohio

Tech Tip

☐ If you value your freedom like you do your dollar, you'd better wake up.

Righteous Red
Valparaiso, Ind.

A Boycott

☐ It's been one month since my trip to Daytona. Saw some beautiful bikes and bodies, but the

cops were ridiculous. I'm speaking out in protest. I heard a rumor about a boycott next year and I'm all for it.

Denise
Watertown, Mass.

All Kinds Of Nuts

☐ The third day I had my knuckle on the road some jerk pulled onto the highway in front of me. His excuse? He thought he had the right-of-way over motorcycles. Don't that beat all?

Diane Casler
Nelson, B.C., Canada

■ Doesn't surprise us at all.

More On Cookies

☐ I'd just like to say thanks to C.K. for the chocolate chip buzz recipe in the April '80 issue. Made up a batch to go to a ZZ Top concert (110 cookies) — best fucking cookies I ever did eat.

Bill Gillett
Woodstock, Ontario

Male Chauvinists?

☐ I realize that writing to a mag such as yours (which represents the last bastion of male chauvinism) and asking you to give women a fair go is not unlike writing to the pope and telling him Catholics are fucked, but come on, guys. You put out a great mag in all other respects, so why put us women down? You wouldn't feel a little threatened or be a little scared of women, would you? Tell Mutha, too, that she's fucked for being the greatest offender in putting down her own sex. Then again, she's probably half animal anyway. I'm only one voice from a country down under, so you may choose to ignore this, but I may also be speaking for many girls who feel the same way. So get it together — let's see some changes.

Lady Blue
Sydney, Australia

■ We've said it before — we're not down on women. Men need women and women need men. That's what makes the world go

CANE · PIPE



24⁹⁵

MADE OF
COLD
ROLLED
STEEL

This wild and
crazy cane is
made of COLD
ROLLED STEEL
and is hollow so
you can take a
long cool hit.

HANDLE
UNSCREWS
FOR A SHORT
SELF LIGHTING
PIPE.

COMES WITH

BIC LIGHTER COKE SPOON JOINT ADAPTOR.



UMBRELLA · PIPE

MADE OF THE BEST
QUALITY MATERIAL,
SPRING LOADED,
OPENS WITH A PRESS
OF THE BUTTON.

UNSCREW HANDLE FOR
A SELF LIGHTING PIPE
COMES WITH REPLACE-
ABLE BIC LIGHTER,
COKE SPOON, STASH
CAP, AND JOINT
ADAPTOR.

It's the Joint!
Stay High-N-Dry.

To all of the folks
from coast to coast
Who use this pipe in endless tokes
Toke-on, Toke-on with Flick-A-High
For this pipe will keep you High and Dry.

BY RUSS MAIORANA

29⁹⁵



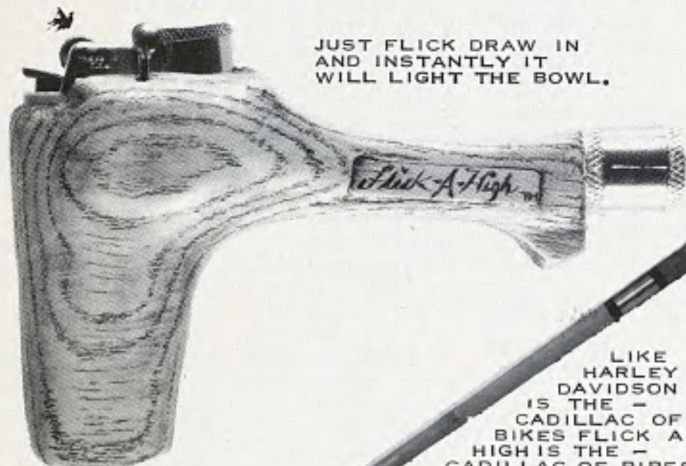
UNSCREW
HANDLE
FOR
PIPE

FLICK-A-HIGHTM

Combination Cane-Pipe-Poolstick

Pat. No. 1,146,042
Copyright 1980, RM/LM

JUST FLICK DRAW IN
AND INSTANTLY IT
WILL LIGHT THE BOWL.



39⁹⁵

POOL CUE
INSIDE
CANE

LIKE
HARLEY
DAVIDSON
IS THE -
CADILLAC OF
BIKES FLICK A
HIGH IS THE -
CADILLAC OF PIPES.

NOW SOMEONE HAS
INVENTED THE MOST
REVOLUTIONARY CANE
EVER. IT'S MADE OF MAHO-
GANY WOOD WITH SCROLL
WORK ON THE CANE SHAFT.

THE HANDLE UNSCREWS AND BE-
COMES A SELF LIGHTING PIPE WITH
A REPLACEABLE BIC LIGHTER, BUILT
IN SPOON, STASH CAP AND JOINT ADAP-
TOR.
THE CANE ALSO CONVERTS INTO AN 18 TO 22
OZ. POOL STICK AND SHORT STICK. SO NOW
YOU CAN

TOKE, STROKE AND SMOKE
IN STYLE.

THREE
IN
ONE



Send cash, check or money order to:
MACKENZIE COMPANY
Box 29
Calabasas, CA 91302

Separate Items & Prices: ☐ 39.95
Pipe ☐ 19.95
Cane pipe ☐ 24.95
Cane Pipe/Pool Stick ☐ 39.95
Umbrella Pipe ☐ 29.95
Pipe Glove ☐ 19.95

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____

Add \$1.50 shipping. Calif. residents include
6% sales tax. Allow two weeks for delivery.

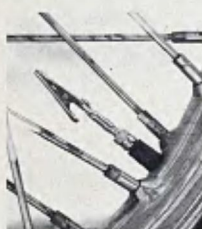
A Warm Riding Scarf

This warm riding scarf is over five feet long and eight inches wide. And we can't let them go for any less than \$9.75, plus 75¢ postage and handling.

Rollin' Roach Clip

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

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



A Slender Chance



1927 Bike Art

This 16 in. by 20 in. reproduction of motorcycle art was published in England in 1927. It is in full color and printed on heavy stock suitable for framing.

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

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

Busted Knuckles

P.O. Box 4631 Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360



around. Don't let our kiddin make ya think we feel otherwise. (But women do have their place, ya understand. Snicker, snicker.)

What's Up?

☐ You fuckers have built up a reputation for being an H-D rag, but that '39 Crocker in the March '80 edition ain't no H-D. Leave that sort of shit to Iron Horse. I mean that's what you started it for, right?

Shob
Sydney, Australia

■ But we all dig fine machines — right?

Tighten Up

☐ Better tighten up around there and quit smokin' that shit so much.

Big John
Fairfield, Tex.

Why?

After Us Again

☐ Hey, we'd better get our shit together 'cause da fuckin' fat cats in Washington are after us again.

This morning on "Good Morning, America" Mr. Doright (science reporter Jules Bergman) showed films of a header with two dummies (real dummies) aboard a ricegrinder and started the old bullshit about wearin' pisspots again. Seems there is a move in the ripoff houses in Washington to reinstate the feds' law — using the feds' road funds to the states as leverage. All this is due (according to Mr. Doright) to the increase in bike deaths supposedly involving bikers not wearing pisspots. What they seem to overlook is the fact that with those Iranians and the OPEC nations screwing the fuck out of us (U.S.) in oil prices, a lot of citizens have graduated to becoming "bikers" overnight. If you would take the deaths and compare them with the increased bike and (forgive me) moped sales, I'd bet the scales would damn near balance. Keep watchin' — 'cause Big Bro is.

Cheaterpipe
Albuquerque, N.M.

A Cure

☐ Picked up my ol' man's May Easyriders and started to read it. When I got to "Space Filler," I saw how the chick solved Harry's snoring problem. The next time my ol' man started to snore, I tried it and it really works.

Custer's Ol' Lady
Baltimore, Md.

Clearing Up Facts

☐ I am an insurance agent. Although I prefer that my name be withheld, I hope you will publish this letter.

As an insurance agent, I am confronted with a number of complaints concerning motorcycle insurance. My major complaint received is, and I quote, "The insurance company ripped me off."

May I have the privilege of clearing up a few matters?

Most people owning a Harley-Davidson have a problem collecting their money from an insurance company upon submission of a claim, either for theft or collision. Their main concern is the value, or I should say "question of value." I have chosen Harley-Davidsons because 99% of them are customized, modified, and/or completely "done over." The question of value is really a matter of putting it down in black and white.

When the insurance company issues a policy, they put it in print. Anything verbal is not accepted. While I don't directly defend the insurance companies, you must understand that they are an institution and do not work any differently than other places. They have their auditors to answer to, and if they cannot prove why they paid out a certain amount of money, then all are in hot water. They are in the public eye and therefore receive a lot of criticism.

So, let's protect ourselves as regards the value of the motorcycle and make everyone's job a little easier. Put it down on paper. My insureds oblige me with valid appraisals from reputable motorcycle shops. I take copies of it — one to the company, one for my file — and the insured keeps the original. Along with this, I usually suggest that they take a couple of good, clear pictures and file them away with the appraisal. A picture's worth a thousand words. Now that you have presented the insurance company with your proof, if a claim should arise it is now the company's problem to try to prove you wrong. In most cases — and I have had the experience to prove it — the company finds that, upon approaching other motorcycle shops, the value they are quoted either matches, comes close to, or exceeds the value that you placed on it.

Most motorcycle shops will grant an appraisal for a minimal fee, or even a bottle of liquor. When obtaining the appraisal, you and the shop should be concerned about the following (I don't claim to know a great deal of bikes, but I do know enough to insure them adequately.):

Stock value; replacement value of mag wheels, extended front ends, customized seats, handlebars, seat rails, special paint jobs, modification of pipes, chroming, windshields, CB radios, tanks (dished out, bigger tanks added/modified), and anything else of value that isn't covered in the list just given.

Example — 1971 Harley-Davidson. The motor was redone last winter. Even though your bike is a 1971 model, you must take into consideration that the motor is now 1979/80, which obviously ups the value of the bike. Now your bike would have "0" miles on it, just as if it were brand new.

Read The Fine Print!

All appraisals must be valid within the last twelve months. Guess you've got to get one every year.

I have an alternative. Why not keep all your receipts so that you can readily produce them? Only receipts dated within the last twelve months are valid.

This not only helps you with your own insurance company, but it will also assist you if someone else hits you and you must deal with their insurance company.

If you try to be fraudulent, look out! You've put all in writing.

Does this seem like a lot of work? You work on your bike all the time, you go to motorcycle shops at least once a week. Isn't it worth it? Aren't you worth it?

Do what little running around there is to do now. It'll pay off later.

Name Withheld
Hamilton,
Ontario, Canada

We Try

☐ You're getting real good — you should publish a magazine. O.M.A. London, England

Perfect Bitch

☐ I've been reading your rag for almost four years, and I'm glad you blind fuckers came down enough to see a perfect bitch like Jeanette (May '80) and had enough sense to put her on paper.

Spider
Boston, Mass.

A Complaint

☐ I have a complaint that I think should be brought to your attention. I recently moved to Prince George's County, Maryland, and much to my surprise, Easyriders is not sold in this county! I asked a manager at a local 7-11 store why your magazine was not sold,

Nasty Feet by Easyriders

Made Exclusively For Us By Chippewa (The Finest Boot Manufacturer)



Anything goes once you've got our Feet. Leave 'em layin' around and there's no tellin' what you'll find. Drop your bottom end in 'em and we can tell ya that you're in for some very heavy times.

You see, Nasty Feet are designed with you in mind . . . the best for the best. Handcrafted from only the finest hides, these steel-toed muthas will get you in (and out) of anything . . . anytime and anywhere.

So add another legend to your collection.
You deserve it!



Send your order today to:
Nasty Feet, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Style See Photos	In Stock Sizes 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 D Width Only	Special Order Sizes—Allow 8 Weeks All other Sizes 6–14 B, C, D, E, EE Widths
A	\$74.00	\$ 86.00
B	\$74.00	\$ 86.00
C	\$84.00	\$ 96.00
D	\$84.00	\$ 96.00
E	\$94.00	\$106.00
F	\$94.00	\$106.00

Style _____ Size _____ Width _____ Easyriders Logo* Yes ☐ No ☐
(*Logo not available on lace-up.)

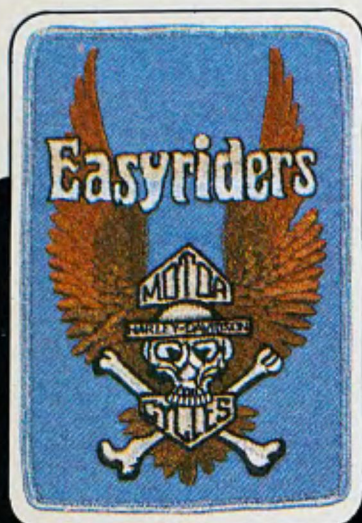
Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling — inside U.S. only
Add \$7.00 per pair — APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii
International orders accepted — inquire for shipping costs

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear. California residents add 6%.
Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead



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.

and he told me that it was "obscene" and the district manager had deleted it from the supply list. This seems unjust to me, since the same stores sell *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *Hustler*, and other such shit.

There are several bike clubs and many one-percenters in this county who, I am sure, feel that this is prejudiced.

I enjoy your magazine very much and will be sending in a subscription as soon as I find a magazine to get an order form. But in the meantime, I would appreciate your informing your readers of this injustice.

K. H.
Andrews AFB, Md.

■ A hypocrite is a hypocrite — or maybe they don't like bikers. Ask 'em why. It's the old story: Buy your beer here, but go around the corner to drink it — ya might scare away the other customers.

Clean Breast

□ By the way, *Easyriders* is the best fuckin' rag in the world (but you fuckers already know that). What can I say? I do feel better getting it off my chest.

Dirty Dale
Farmington, Me.

Bad Night

□ One of my bros retired for the night recently from some hard partyin'. Then some sonuvabitch set three fires throughout the apartment building — and in my bro's jeep. The cops and the fire department showed up and evacuated the building, but the cops caught sight of a couple of roaches on my bro's coffee table. Wouldn't ya know that low-livin', sonuvabitchin' scumbag cop busted him and his ol' lady for paraphernalia and possession!

Guess that's the way the stinkin' system works. The only advice I can give to all my other bros is to hide all that good stuff y'all got layin' around when you smell fire in the air.

Bruce Hall
Meriden, Conn.

Hot Stuff

□ You guys and gals think you're hot stuff, but I think you're disgusting. Any dude who would run around showing off his ol' lady's bod can't have too much respect for her — and for her to show it off herself, she can't have too much respect for herself.

Concerned Person
Chester, W.Va.

■ Piss up a rope.

Animation

□ So the AMF factory in York, Pa. (and other parts of the world), is building a factory custom. Looks like my old pan. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Porno Mike
Nacogdoches, Tex.

Another Tit Letter

□ Is there ever going to be an end to all the tit letters? Well, I can say that when I put on a tit-top, I get all kinds of stares — and it ain't because I've got a 32B chest. No, man, it's because these rock-hard nipples are bigger than the head of the average man's crank! I mean my li'l babies will fit perfectly in a set of 32mm Mikunis. Just goes to show that my poor ol' granny was right when she said:

Some like 'em big
Some like 'em small
But most are like grandpa
He just loves 'em all.
Skinner
Belington, W.Va.

Pierced Nips

□ In issue 83 you featured two pages showing a pair of small tits, which normally wouldn't warrant a second look, but the beautiful pink nipples with gold rings through them made one of the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen.

George Watson
Columbia, Md.

7-11 Cleanup

□ Oh, thank heaven for 7-11 stores here in Kansas City, Mo., and elsewhere. They have taken *Easyriders* off their shelves in order to represent a better im-

age. *Oui, Penthouse*, and *Better Homes and Gardens* appear. Whatdafuck — I'm starting a boycott.

Anyone concerned might let any 7-11 stores they see doing the same know that business flops when the people are criticized for their lifestyle. Let the 7-11s know we don't stand for *Easyriders* being kept off their newsstands.

Ramblin'
Kansas City, Mo.

■ Some 7-11s don't listen to the people in the ivory tower. They keep the mags behind the counter — they know who their real customers are and that this is still a free country.

Fat Head

□ I have met a lot of bros and have discovered that no matter where you are, the feeling between bros is still strong and alive, and most of the time it's your rag that keeps it going. I don't want to give all you fuckers a fat head so I'll let it go at that. Thanks.

Joseph "Spud" Scott
Sheridan, Ill.

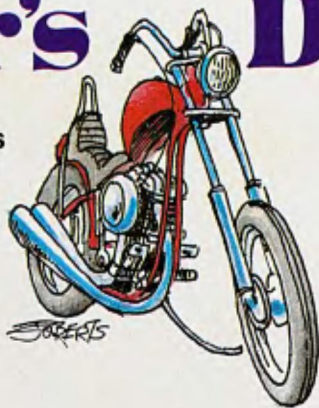
Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



"...Ease left...okay...now... slow down a bit..."

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags



Media Bias

For several years now I've cited the same newspaper item as a typical example of bias in reporting as it affects motorcycling. It has a headline that reads "Motorcyclist Held In Bar Stabbing" but the "motorcyclist" turns out to be a guy who had a minibike lashed to the rear of the camper he was driving. That's it; the only reference to motorcycles in the entire article.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

In the Beginning

Every time a new test bike arrives, accompanied by a collection of advertising buzzwords to describe new technical innovations, someone around the office points out that the device was used in 1935 on the Whazzit made in Yugoslavia, and finally Henry Manney will wander in and recall that the 1903 Harley-Davidson had the same feature.

In most cases, the actual first use is unknown, since prototypes for all motorcycle manufacturers sported the first features and many of these never reach production.

—Cycle World

Prophecy

If you're saving up to buy one of those great big new megabikes, make sure the paintwork matches the colour of your eyes. Because—and you had best believe this—the time will come when all it will be good for is posing on.

The energy crisis is real and it is a threat to the whole world, said Jimmy Carter. He is, we have been made to believe, a sincere man. The oil crisis is going to get a whole lot worse. Petrol will in the end become a luxury the common man can no longer afford.

—Raymond Hearder
Superbike

About the Image

And now for those folks who have been saying we are bad for the "image" of bikers.

Are you kidding? What image? The image of the business dude riding his 35cc Yamagucci to work? The image of the sidewalk commando rapping his pipes in the ear of some poor slob who's been at work all day? Or the image of some chopper jockey, with the wind in his hair and a fox at his back cruising the open highways on his hawg?

Heysus Priest, kids, let's get it together. Our "image" was wiped out the day Pearl Harbor was bombed.

—Bob Bitchin
FTW Newsmagazine



Biking in Japan

You might think, perhaps, that Japanese buyers of exotic foreign bikes will find themselves up that proverbial dark and dirty creek when the time comes for service and repair. But in Japan, a dealer who fails to fulfill the unspoken but absolute obligation to keep the customer happy has committed business hara-kiri. The typical import dealer has a service department with more area than his showroom and employs more mechanics than salesmen. Thus, the owner of a Desmo Ducati will find tea, sympathy, and proper mechanical attention should his valve train, for example, require expert care. Ah so, things are different in the East sometimes, yes?

"People who purchase im-

ported motorcycles here are not flighty kids, they are mature men," says H.R. Fernandes, vice president of Balcom Trading, official distributor for BMW and Harley-Davidson in Japan. "They have to be in order to have the necessary economic standing to enable them to make the purchase. And mature men do not do things lightly. They are serious about their sport, very serious."

—Cycle World

Joggers and Hoggers

"This particular day I hopped over the train tracks and jumped down to the border of the salt marsh, only to find my path blocked by a crossbar and a sign declaring 'No Motorcycles, No Runners.' I've got to admit I've always enjoyed 'No Motorcycle' signs. They assured me that the area ahead would be peaceful, quiet... but the idea that I, too, should be barred was a new one, and it jolted me to a stop. Motorcyclists and runners lumped together? I couldn't believe it. Whose faculties could be so deranged as to draw an equation between a motorcyclist and myself?"

Needless to say, I felt betrayed when I read that. Burfoot was appalled that anyone could consider bikers and runners in the same breath. And yet he wrote, in the same column: "When we (runners) were few, we were harmless; the occasional runner jogging across parkland left little or no imprint. Now that we are millions we can do the damage of a bulldozer."

Suddenly I realized there was a communications problem at work. I had read the magazine by, about, and for runners, but Burfoot hadn't read the magazine by, about, and for motorcyclists.

—Bill Amick
American Motorcyclist

MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

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

Quality is fully guaranteed and money will be refunded if not completely satisfied. Immediate delivery. \$7.95. Personal checks require three weeks to clear.



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

Good
Products
Box 807
Yucca Valley, Calif.
92284

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



Lotsa Antiques

*A Selection Of Beautiful And Bizarre
Oddities From The Past*

At a recent smoke an' juice session a bro whistled a ta-kill-ya bottle past Frank's head as he placed his vote rather out in the open: "How about some fuckin' antiques, ya fuckin' chrome-bondo freaks?"

Frank yanked the antique file an' beat ol' Renegade half to death with it. "Here," he said, swingin' and pantin', "here ya are, sucker. They're all yours."

We inspected the battered envelopes carefully while Renegade and Frank wrestled on the floor.

"There's lotsa short features here," the Cub mumbled, passin' a joint, "too short, I'm afraid."

A grizzly paw snaked from under the table and yanked on the only undamaged T-shirt the Cub had. "No they ain't, sucker."

"Okay, dammit," the Cub gasped. And so went the vote in unison from the staff: "Okay, dammit!"

So ya see here a fine selection of antiques from our Fine Selection of Antiques file. They're a trip — and we hope you enjoy 'em.

—Bandit

1947 Indian Chopper

Here's a road bike for you Indian Nazis. It looks great, runs great, and has been ridden almost continuously for the last three years.

This Indian motorcycle is a hybrid; it still demonstrates the traditional Indian looks and styling while reflecting the owner's taste and style as seen in cleanliness, mechanical plausibility, and sheer balls — both bottom end and top end. This is the fastest Indian ridden on the street that this speed-freak photographer is aware of.

Doug has been an Indian fanatic for years, and it seems to be true that practice makes perfect. Every time he builds a bike it's an improvement over the last one.

Doug feels that there will be more Indians on the road in the future. No shit, he thinks that when bros discover the old Indians they'll begin to realize what jewels they are. Doug might be right.

Ol' Doug is contemplating building a 100-inch Indian road bike, and hopes it'll be ready to ride by next year.

—Buck



1947 Indian Chief; owner, Doug Burnett, San Jose, Calif.



Photos by Buck Lovell



1939 UL Harley-Davidson. Owner: Bill McMenamy, Santa Clara, Calif.

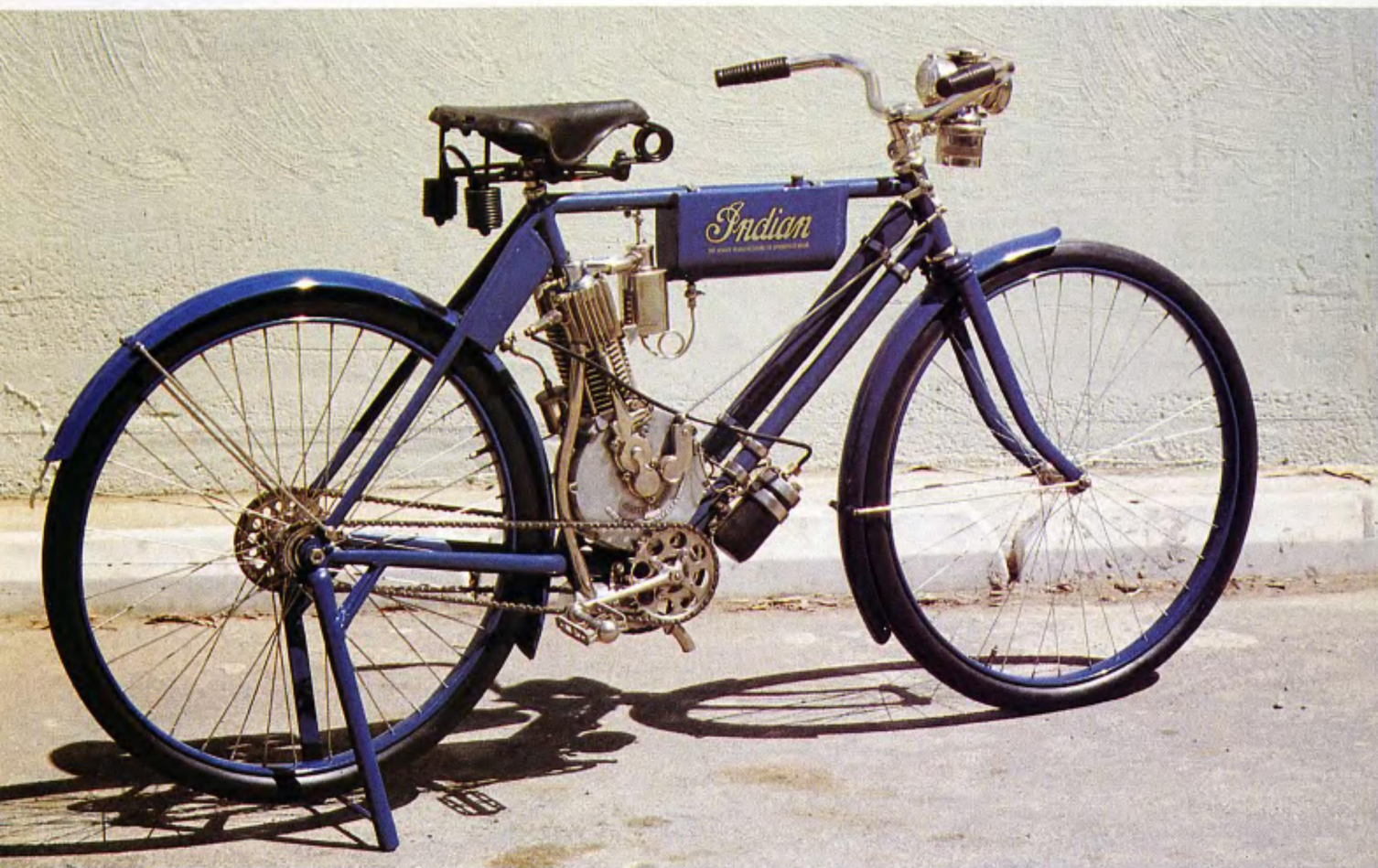
Once A 1939 Flathead

Strange stories roll around about bikes. Sometimes even stranger things happen to bikes. For instance, this pretty flathead was bought in North Carolina and brought out to the West. Bill, the owner, inspected the '39 UL oldie, restored almost the way you see it here. He fell in love with the sucker, but wasn't assured of its authenticity. It generally appeared to be close, but to an expert the wrong fender tip destroys the authenticity of a supposedly complete stock restoration. After some research, Bill announced that the classic flathead mill was surrounded by a chassis closer to the year 1942. Bein' one to make things right, he restored a 1942 knuckle mill and installed it — now it's right.

Where is the flathead eighty mill? Well, ya may see it on these pages in a future issue. Bill's incorporatin' the UL 80 into a 1980, 80 Lowrider chassis. H-D 74s and 80s are so similar that the 1939 engine fits into a 1980 chassis.

May make an interesting 80-80 combination.

—Weed



Photos by Buck Lovell



1903 Indian. Owner: Stan Dishong, Vallejo, Calif.

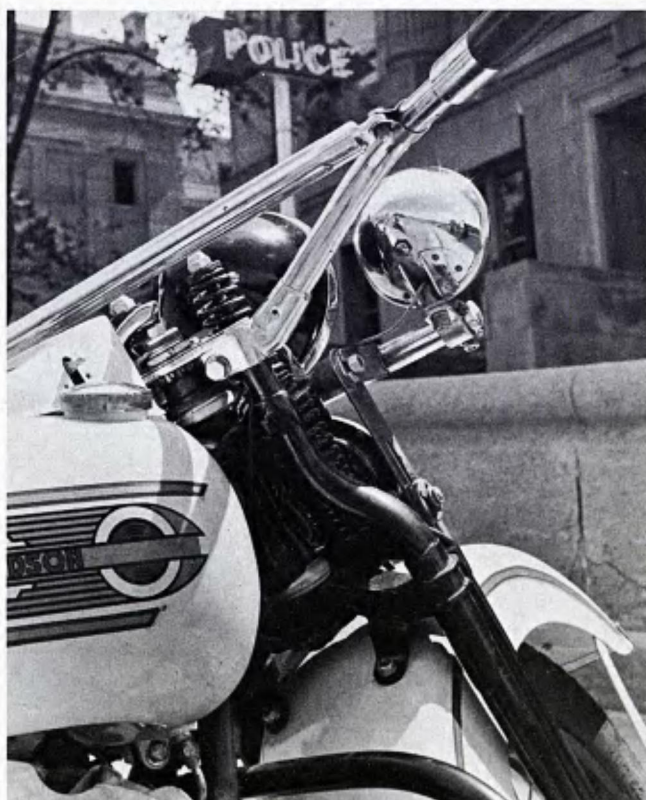
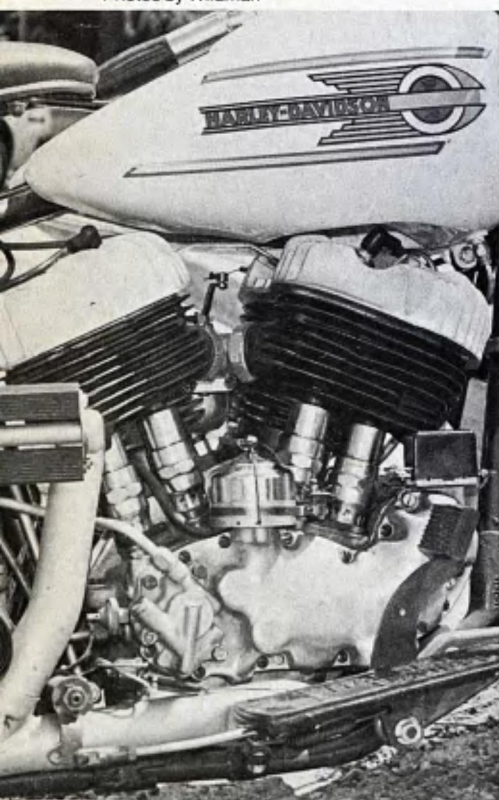
1903 Motor/Bicycle

Engineering and design must have been at a premium about 1903, 'cause this Indian motorbike began as no more than a bicycle frame with the engine mounted almost as an afterthought. In 1902, one hundred forty-three of these motorcycles were sold in America. This particular model is unusual in that it has the oblong fuel tank mounted on top of the frame rail, instead of having the usual camelback tank behind the seat. A 4-stroke engine of thirteen cubes, rated at one and three-fourths horsepower, was standard. A Hedstrom-improved carburetor mixed fuel and fed the power plant an amount determined by the rider. The headlight was optional. All the cranks, control rods, handlebars, wheel spokes, and other small parts were nickel-plated. The contrast with the standard deep-blue paint made the motorbike a very sharp machine. The scooter was an attractive package for any bro in 1903 who wasn't in any hurry and wanted to get around in style.

—Buck



Photos by Wildman



1937 Harley-Davidson 80-inch Police Special. Owner: George Barrack, Trinidad, Colo.

Police Hog

There is this strange guy named George, but there was a time when he was known as Officer Barrack.

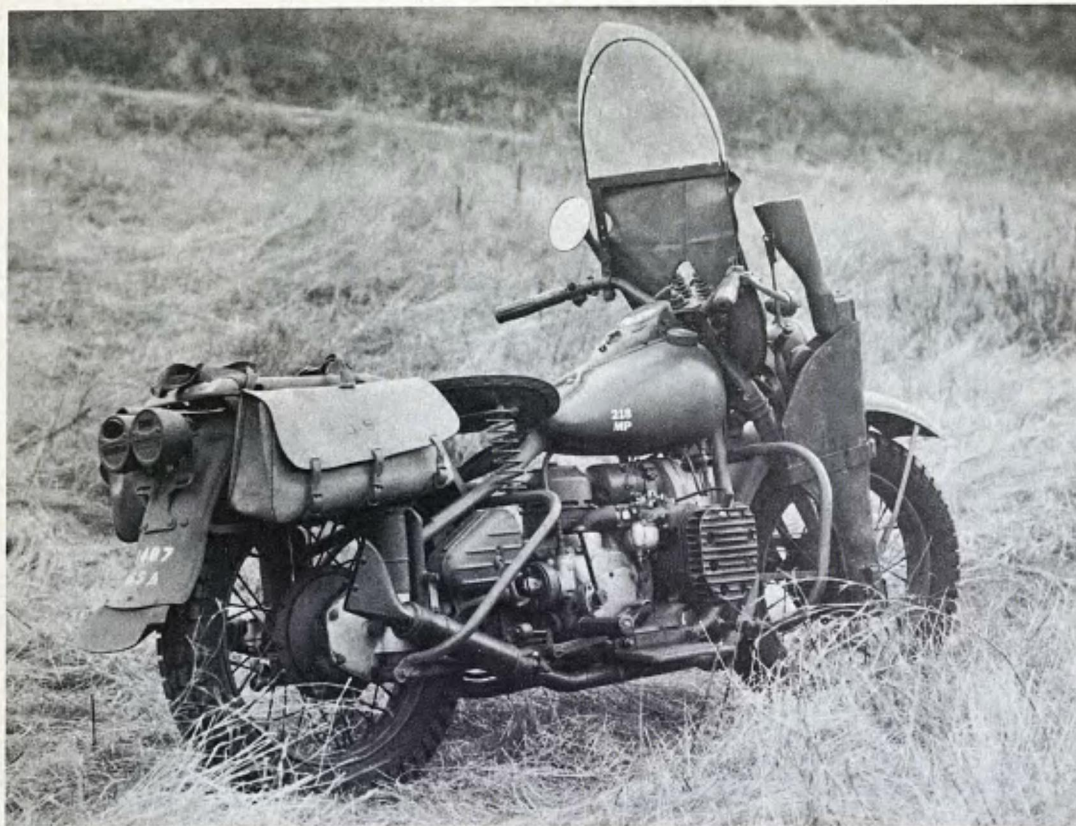
Back around '49 to '56 Officer B was — all by himself — the entire motorcycle corps for the City of Trinidad PD, and was hell on whatever speeders dared to disrupt the peace and tranquility.

The town was so poor (they said) that they couldn't afford to buy a bike for George. Didn't matter anyway, since he and Wanda — his amazing ol' lady — just happened to have the one and only Harley dealership thereabouts. George just pulled a slightly used but still fine '37 Harley-Davidson 80-inch flat-head "official" Police Specials out of the back room, stuck a Trinidad PD star on the tank, and proceeded on a one-man crusade.

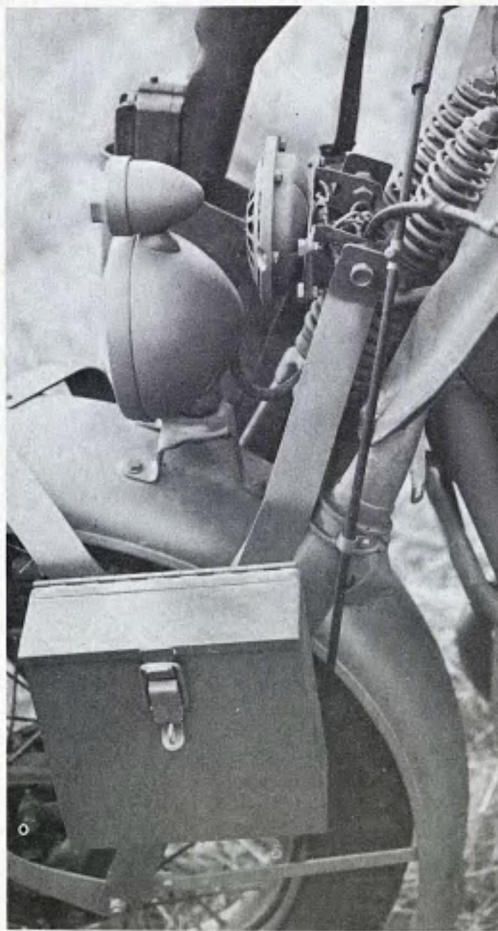
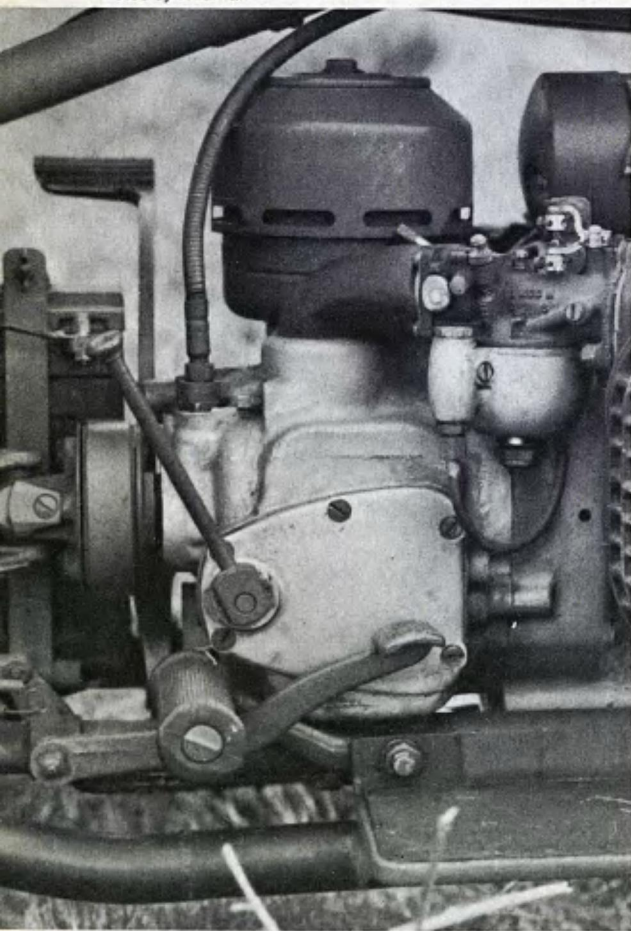
George warms right up when the conversation comes around to that beautiful old 80-in. Police Special. At the time, it would outrun and out-corner any production car on the road.

Yessir, he liked that bike so much that he still has it to this very day, and after restoring it, rides the hell out of it.

—Wildman



Photos by Wildman



1942 XA Harley-Davidson. Owner: American Military Historical Society.

Military Police XA

From 1938 on, nobody needed a crystal ball to know that it was soon gonna be good guys vs. Japs and Nazis. With this in mind, our people in charge of war preparedness and planning set out to capture and evaluate enemy equipment, so they could improve what our troops would be using. They examined weapons, ammo, planes, tanks, and a remarkable new military motorcycle — the BMW-R75.

The horizontally opposed, air-cooled, German shafty was no stranger to our shores — having been imported since the mid 30s. The R75, however was a tractor-strong military version, which demanded American attention to improvements, instead of simply copying the thing.

Indian and Harley had less than a year to come back with a prototype and 999 more production models per factory. Amazingly enough, and right on schedule, the HDA-841 emerged from Springfield, and Milwaukee showed up with the XA.

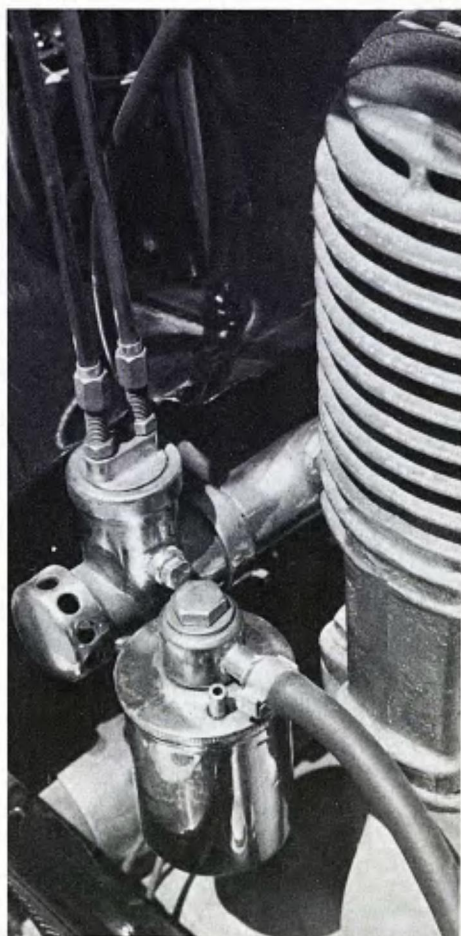
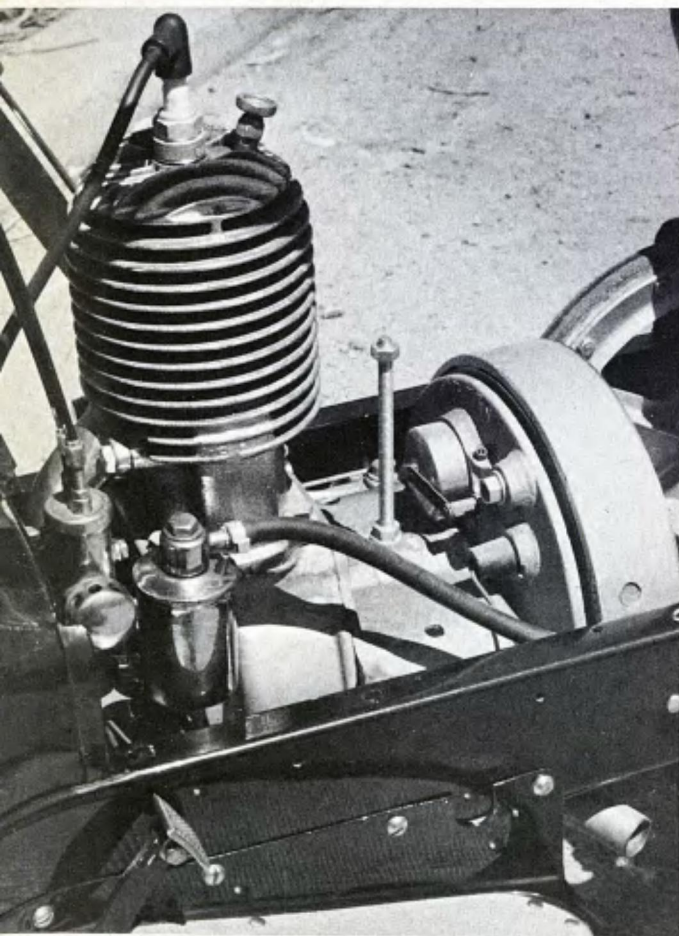
The XA (Experimental Army) was a damn good try at improving on semi-perfection when faced with an impossible deadline. It proved to be a series of innovations, compromises, and downright mistakes. The major downfall was the extensive use of a poor grade of aluminum alloy in major engine components.

The XA's castings tended to warp and crack with predictable results. Also, the goddam oil pump gear was made from aluminum — it was prudent to replace it at every oil change!

But that's as far as the downers go — the rest of the machine was completely up to Harley's reputation for sturdiness and reliability. The four-speed, foot-shift transmission, steel drive shaft and rear gearing, heavy-duty frame with skid plate, and springer front end with rear shocks added up to a battlefield bike that would have been damn near indestructible with an off-the-shelf ZEE twin 45-cubic-inch power plant.

With the bombing of Pearl Harbor and Roosevelt's declaration of war against Germany and Japan, it became necessary to devote full-time factory production to proven war machines. Wisely, they decided to cut production of the XAs and HDAs (Indian's bike had similar engine problems) at the original run of 1000 — and let Harley and Indian go back to turning out proven WLA 45 Army Scouts.

—Rev. Wildman



Strange Neracar

The 170-pound, two-cycle light-weight on this page was designed by and named after Carl A. Neracher (changing two letters in Neracher to achieve the name of "Neracar"), the title being as bizarre as the bike itself. The Neracar was both manufactured in England and domestically in Syracuse, N.Y. Believed by some motorcycle historians to be the most stable and sure-footed motorcycle ever, the Neracar has an automobile-type channel-steel chassis instead of a conventional bike frame. The fenders, tank, and seat are mounted on top of the chassis. At its highest point the frame is less than thirteen inches from the ground. The center of gravity of the power plant is a slight fourteen inches off the ground, with the center of gravity of a full fuel tank being twenty inches above road level, making the Neracar a lowrider's dream. The near-clone of a car chassis is spread at the front to allow the front wheel to swivel on a kingpin, since there is no front fork at all.

Neracar makers demonstrated its sure handling and impeccable balance by having handcuffed riders cruise along, standing either in the saddle or on the cowl behind the cylinders.

—Shelley

1922-1925 Neracar. Owner: Stan and Jackie Dishong, Vallejo, Calif.

THE HIGHEST CRIME

by Michael Parr

We met her at one of those chic upper east side Manhattan parties. She was both attractive and exceedingly articulate, subtle with the right touch of affected naivete. By a simple twist of fate this girl gravitated into our field of flake-inspired party-rap that we usually indulged in on such occasions. Her name was Bonnie, and as Diane and I battled over the Cosmic Backgammon Board she related that she was employed at the Mock Pharmaceutical Company in New Jersey. This portentous revelation was compounded by Diane's throwing a run of five doubles. She beat me again!

Bonnie possessed a natural sense of adventure, and we could readily discern that she was taken and intrigued by the two of us. Diane discovered that she had nothing planned for this weekend and we promptly invited her to our apartment to sample us and our diverse selection of recreational euphorants. The night was young and beginning to unfold. The decision was made and we started off on foot to our place some twenty minutes away. The sense of adventure that always permeates the nighttime Manhattan streets accompanied us.

Over a chilled bottle of Moët and a liberal mound of quality nose candy I quickly ascertained that Bonnie was unique in her vast erudition relating

to all aspects of cocaine lore, pharmacology, philosophy, and usage. She went on to tell us of her preoccupation with her employment at Mock, where she was responsible, in part, for routing a large number of shipments that contained flake, crystal, and alkaloid cocaine to various distributors throughout the country. During the course of our conversations I learned that the legitimate demands for cocaine had escalated sharply within the last year. This resurgence was attributed to the experimental usage of snort in arthritis; in the formulation of that space-age anodyne Brompton's Cocktail; and the established requirements as an ocular, nasal, and tracheal anesthetic.

Amazing, I thought. This entire fucking situation is amazing. Here I was with a girl who knew about, and actually scheduled, these awesome shipments of snowflake. It would stand to reason that after being processed, the coke would have to be delivered to the distributors in Brink's armored trucks, considering the decadent prices that Mock cocaine commands on the street; but this was not the case. The toot was transported in an unmarked van by a driver who was bonded by an insurance company, but who did not carry a pistol, nor incorporate any other security measures except for locking the van door when he left for a delivery.

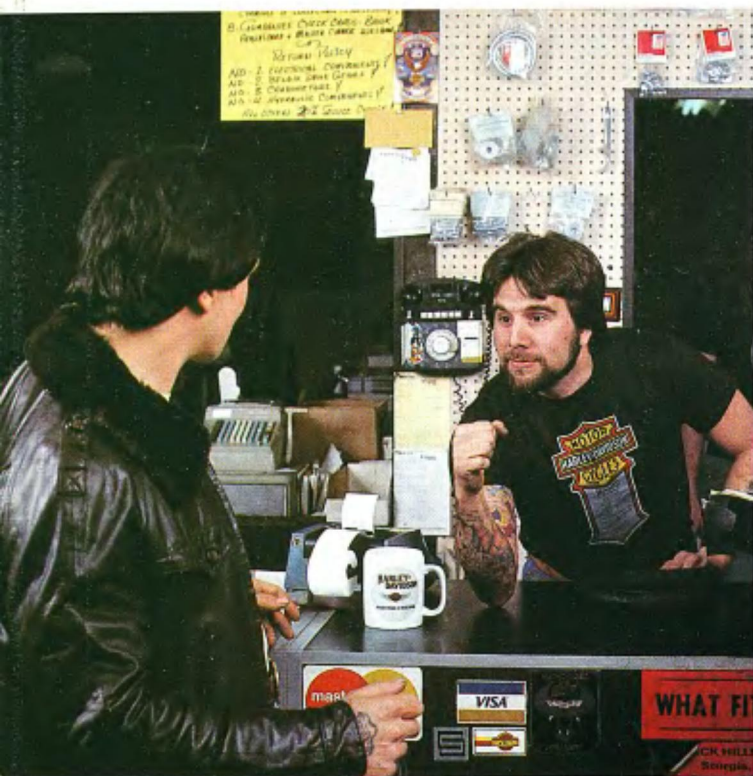
By virtue of celestial coincidence, Diane and I, besides sharing a beautiful relationship and being partners in love and pleasure, also shared in the singular profession of pharmaceutical confiscations and seizure. We considered ourselves, with justifiable reason, to be successful specialists in this field. Some years ago we had intrepidly executed a masterful coup, gained an extraordinary stockpile of salable pharmaceuticals, and retired to slowly deal off the stash. That is to say, we were retired, up to now. . .

In recalling the particulars of the crowning achievement that had culminated in our retirement I thought of how Diane and I had fortuitously visited an acquaintance in Brooklyn, and I, always preoccupied with and seeking a new objective, had discovered that a prominent pharmaceutical company and a modestly sized book emporium were annexed together on a lethargic residential street. This arrangement in itself was not unique, but experience had taught me that to gain entrance into a well-protected "burglarproof" drug establishment, if a secondary structure shared a mutual wall and had inferior perimeter burglar alarms, the secondary unit could easily be secured and an entrance portal created in the adjoining wall. Superficially, this company conformed to these requirements.

—Continued on page 103



David Mann

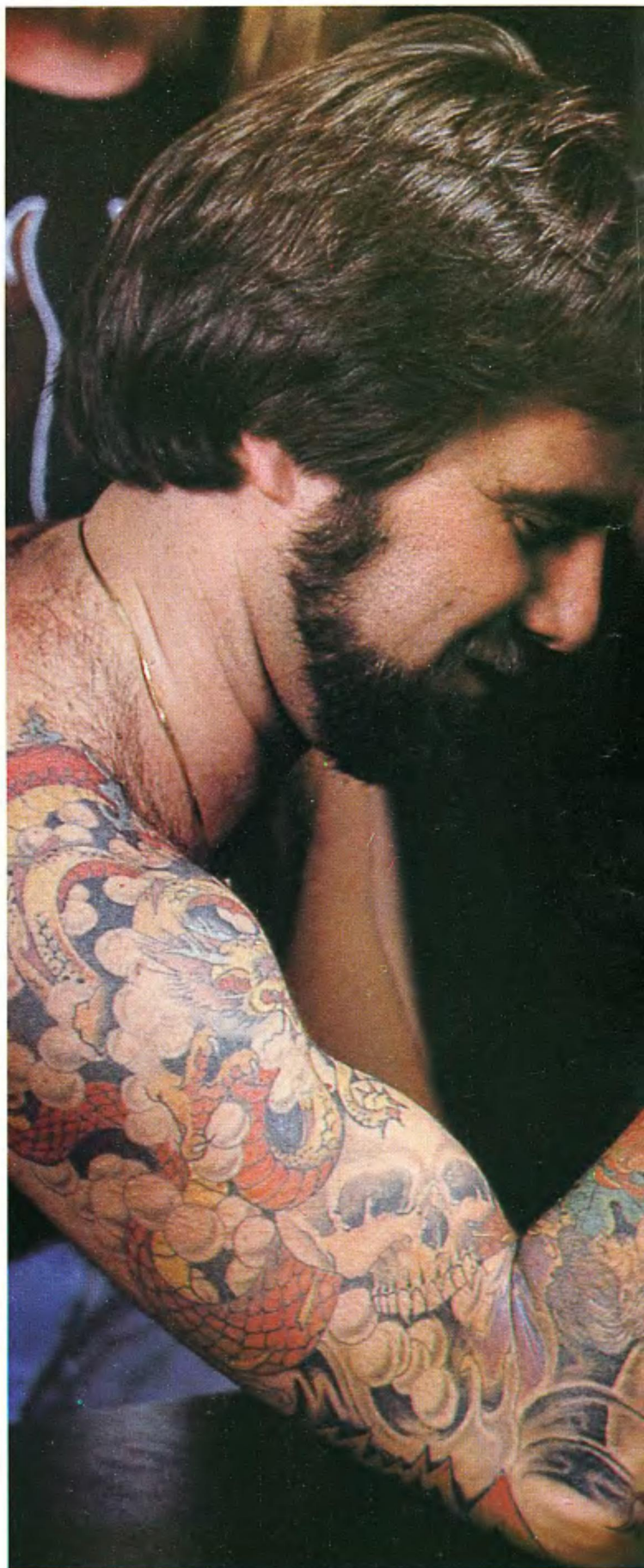


Elbows Down

One way to decide who gets the wench

Ever worked in a shop? We won't go into the ups and downs of wrenchin' here, except for one minor detail — girls. Chicks come into popular shops all the time, lookin' for a party, a ride, a toke, whatever.

Usually, the poor ol' wrench back in the corner stall beatin' his paws to shreds customizin', rebuildin', installin', millin', grindin', honin', or doin' whatever gruelin' task confronts the grease-splattered, oil-soaked, arc-slag-burned bro, doesn't get much of a chance at the cuties who bounce in off the street. In some cases, the slick-lookin' salesman struttin' his shit in the showroom will seize the sensuous sweetie before she sees the bros sweatin' in the back of the shop. Often, the shop owner has the final say as





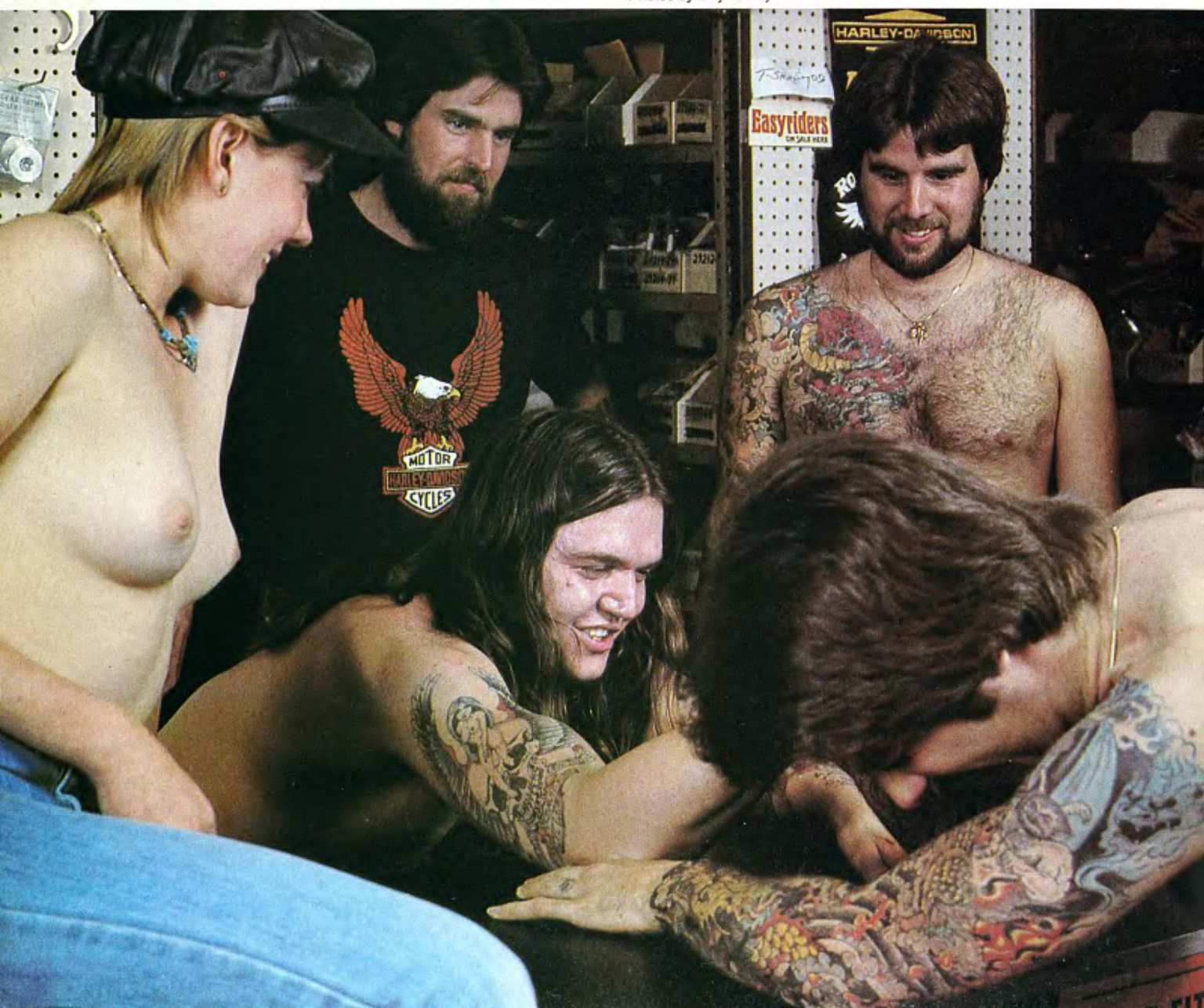
to who claims the cunnin' cutie, conspirin' on a catch who'll carry her away on a custom chopper. Suppose the bro in the back has to beat his meat.

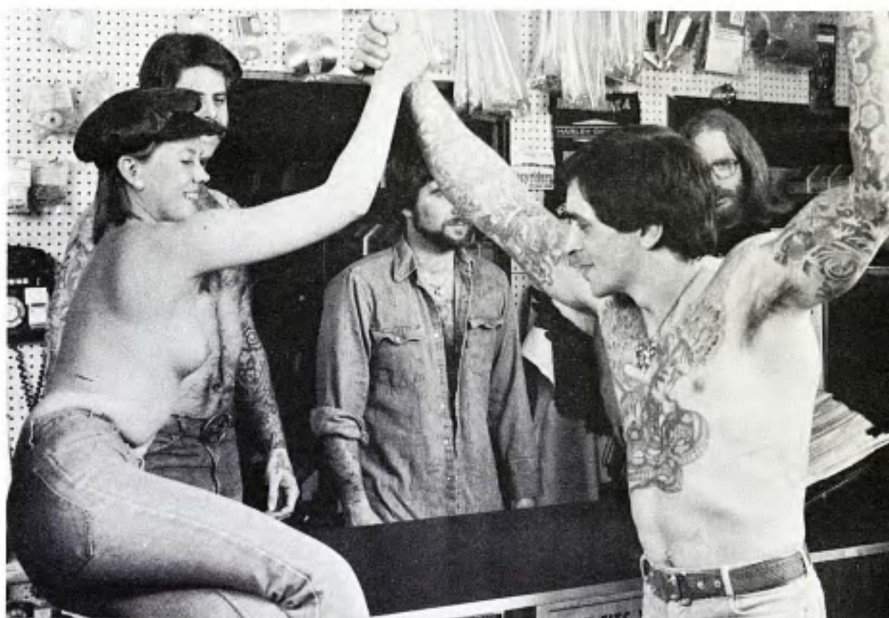
Not always though. In fact, the shots here demonstrate how a few bros in a midwestern shop handled a similar seductive situation without turnin' the bitch out, tearin' the shop down, or destroyin' a lotta good friendships in the process of tryin' to divide this cutie between the counter bros and the ones wrenchin' in the back. ('Cept now they're pumpin' iron more than twistin' bolts.) More power to the bros.

—Snake

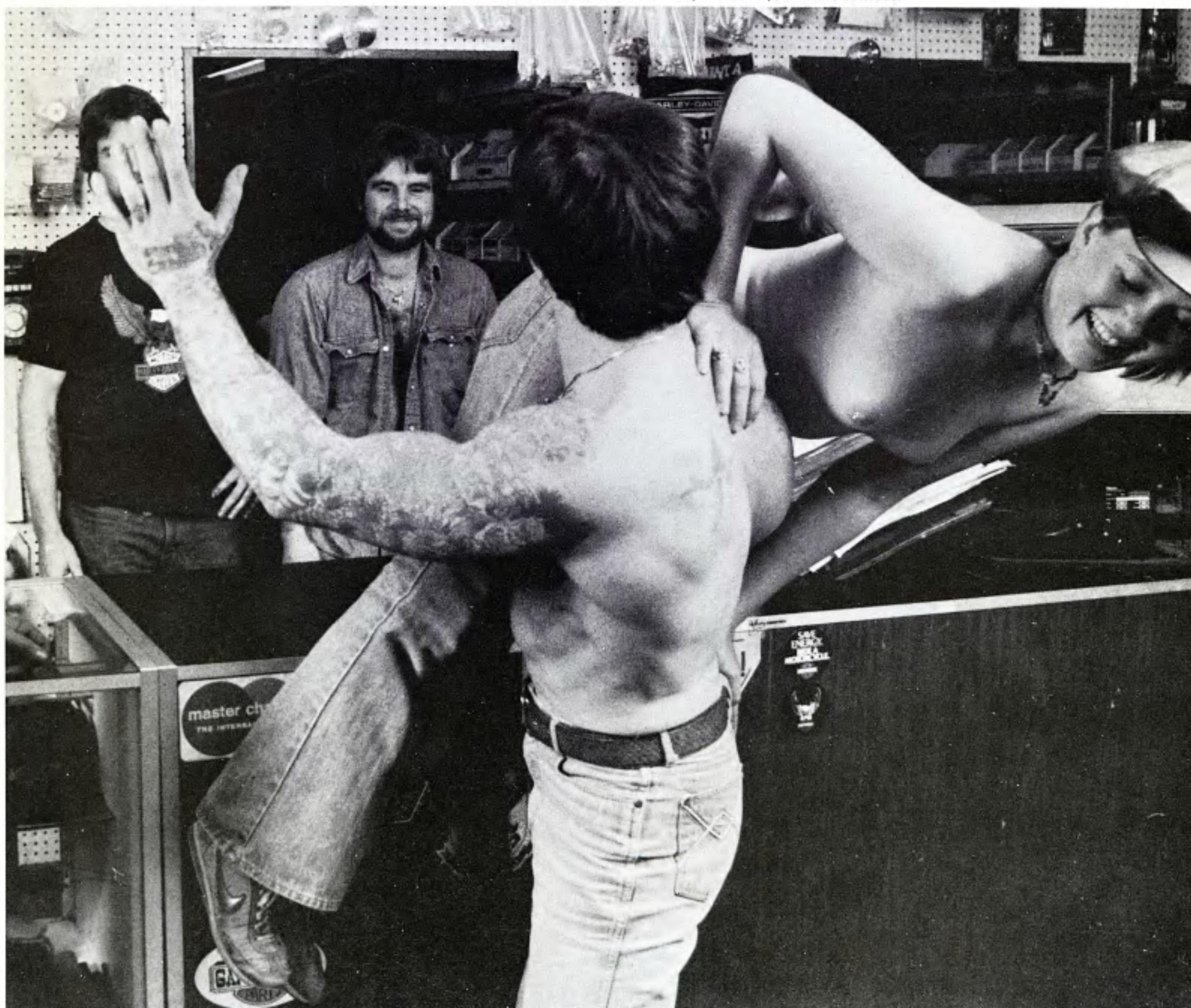


Photos by Billy Tinney





Our thanks to the bros at Vinny's M/C shop, Littleton, Colorado.



HOW GOOD A FRIEND ARE YOU?

by Falcon

Yeah, we know: you're a much better friend to your buddies than they are to you. Shit, there's nothing you wouldn't do for your pals, and there ain't a damn thing they've done for you... except that once, when that bro whose father owned a farm loaned you his pet sheep for a few minutes. And now, whenever you stay home with your scooter setting a new world's record for downtime, you say to yourself, "Why can't I find anyone who's as good a friend as I am?" Well, now, ahead of time, you can find out just who should be your friend and who shouldn't by giving this test to prospective and new-found drinking buddies. And while you're at it, you might take it yourself.

Instructions: circle your answer with a pencil, unless you're an asshole, in which case you should use a separate piece of paper so nobody will know what a jerk you are and have written proof of it. If more than one person is taking the test, you can also use another piece of paper. Scoring procedure is at end of test.

1. Your buddy's girlfriend has died and it looks like you're stuck with him for the night, as well as with his obvious misery. Do you: A. Give him a beer? B. Give him a joint? C. Give him your ol' lady? D. Give him your ol' lady along with a rubber so he won't get the clap?

2. Your best friend's bike has been ripped off. Do you: A. Give him a beer? B. Give him a bicycle? C. Loan him yours? D. Loan him yours and remind him not to drive past the police station, since your scooter is hot and has no registration?

3. You're in a strange bar after a long, hard ride and all the two of you, your buddy and you, want is a cold brew. But this 6'6", 290-pound ex-tackle from the Oakland Raiders comes up, calls your 5'5" pal a "pussy," and then decks him, knocking him out cold and with an obvious broken jaw. Do you: A. Buy yourself a beer, look at the big asshole and, pointing at your best friend, say "I wonder who the shrimp on the floor is"? B. Buy a beer, drink half of it, and pour the other half on your pal to wake him up? C. Buy a beer, pour half of it on your buddy's face to wake him up, throw the other half in the big dude's face, and then run like hell, torching the giant's bike on the way out? D. Call the hospital, arrange for

the ambulance to pick up your friend, ask the nurse on duty over the phone if your hospitalization plan is paid up, go back into the bar after telling the nurse to send two stretchers, and kick the big guy in the rocks?

4. It's Sunday. No drugstore or doctor's office is open for 100 miles, and after a wild night of wine, women, and song you look at your itching dick and see that you're being attacked by a farmful of the biggest, meanest crabs you've ever seen. Since you and your buddy screwed the same ladies, you know he's got 'em too, even though he's still sleeping off his hangover and can't feel the bites — yet. You look in your medicine cabinet. Although you and friend share your house, there's only enough anti-crab juice for one thorough application. Do you: A. Strip him of all his clothes while he sleeps, drag them and his bed outside and burn all of it, then use all the medicine yourself? B. Torch everything but his clothes, and repeat A? C. Give him half of the anti-crab lotion? D. Give him all of it, get on your scooter, and go back to fuck those ladies again?

5. Your pal hasn't had more than a half-dollar in his pocket for nearly a year. The two of you are walking down the street and you see a ten-dollar bill on the ground. Do you: A.

Pretend to see something interesting, point it out to him, and then while he's looking, drop your keys, and when you pick them up, pocket the bill too, so he's none the wiser? B. Grab the bill and say, "Look what I found"? C. Offer to split it with him? D. Let him "find" it?

6. You receive an emergency telegram meant for him, describing his mother's death when she was crushed by a steamroller and forever set into the new section of the Interstate. Do you: A. Tell him, and add "Forget it; she was a bum lay anyhow"? B. Tell him and buy him a beer? C. Tell him, and add that you're really bummed out that she won't even get a grave, being stuck in cement like she is? D. Tell him, then go and borrow a jackhammer and a state highway outfit, dig out the huge chunk she's stuck in, and set it in the front yard as a surprise memorial lube rack?

7. Your best friend has just come home after four years in the slammer.

—Continued on page 86

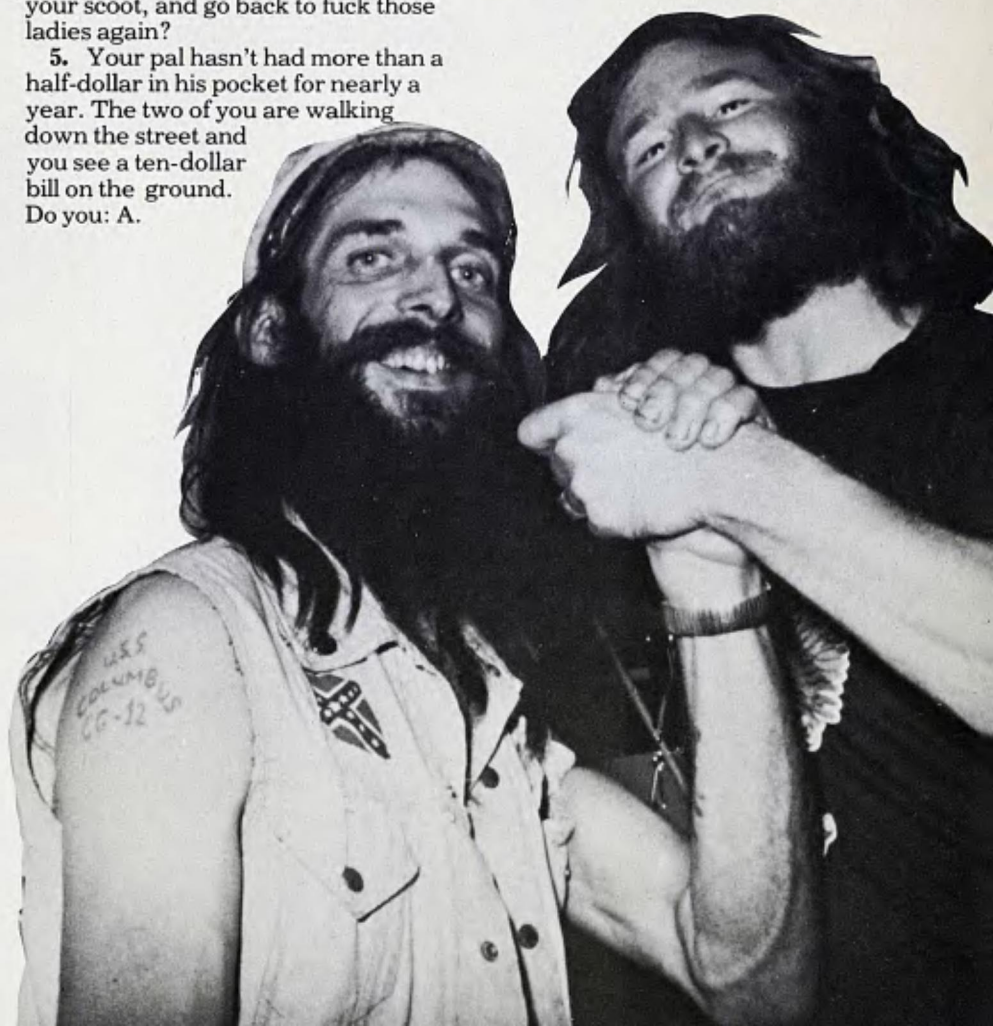


Photo by Rip

Pan Barrel On A Knucklehead

There's a trick to it

To the owner of a tired, smoky knuckle, the idea of using pan barrels must sound like a reprieve from death row — well, maybe not quite. But a knuck jug is one of the worst pieces the factory ever made: some of 'em are practically useless after .030 over. How many times has your ride been turned into a bummer by a dull clanking noise? Like the one a barrel makes when it breaks off at the base. So you find a set of pan units and start over. After all, all ya gotta do is move that fifth bolt and cut the lip off, right? Takes 2 hours and 17 beers — almost.

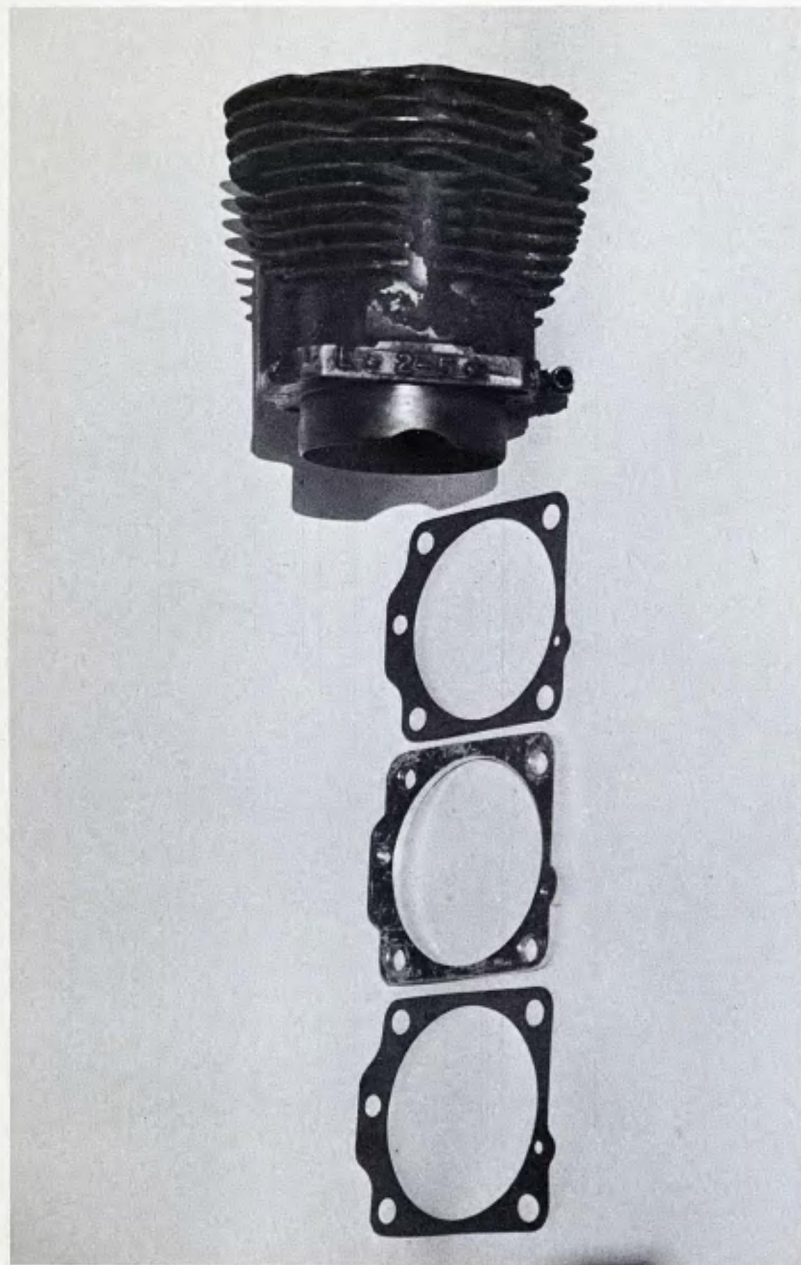
But that's only stage one. There's another problem. If you put it back together the way it is, everything will trash itself when you ride it. The expensive noises you hear will be the pistons, valves, and heads playing Russian roulette for keeps.

The cure is very simple: You need a few more parts. They're cheap (under \$20) and easy to find (S & S Cycle has them). The reason for these pieces is obvious if you put a pan barrel next to a knuck barrel on the edge of a table (let the mouth hang over the edge so the base flange is flush with the table top) (1). The knuck is taller, .205 inch, to be exact. So the pan is too short. So the piston is a lot higher in the barrel. So it tries to take out the valves. Get a pair of 3/16-inch stroker plates for a pan, an extra pair of base gaskets, and a set of longer cylinder base studs. The plates plus the extra gasket total just about what you need (.1875 inch plus .020 inch = .2075 inch). Put one base gasket on each side of the plate, of course. Your manifold, motor mount, and pushrods will still fit. Remember, the pan barrels alone are too short.

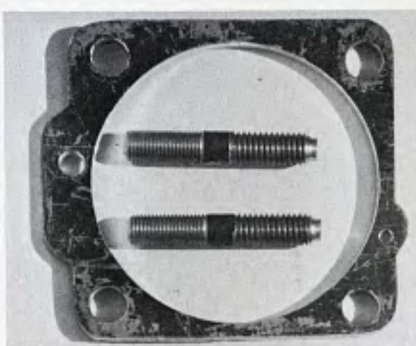
If you have the urge for more surge, you can get away with a 1/8-inch plate for slightly more compression. Best check your clearance with a piece of clay on the piston dome before running it hard, though (if you haven't done this before, ask a hot-rod buddy). That'll add about 3/4 of a point of compression to an FL motor.

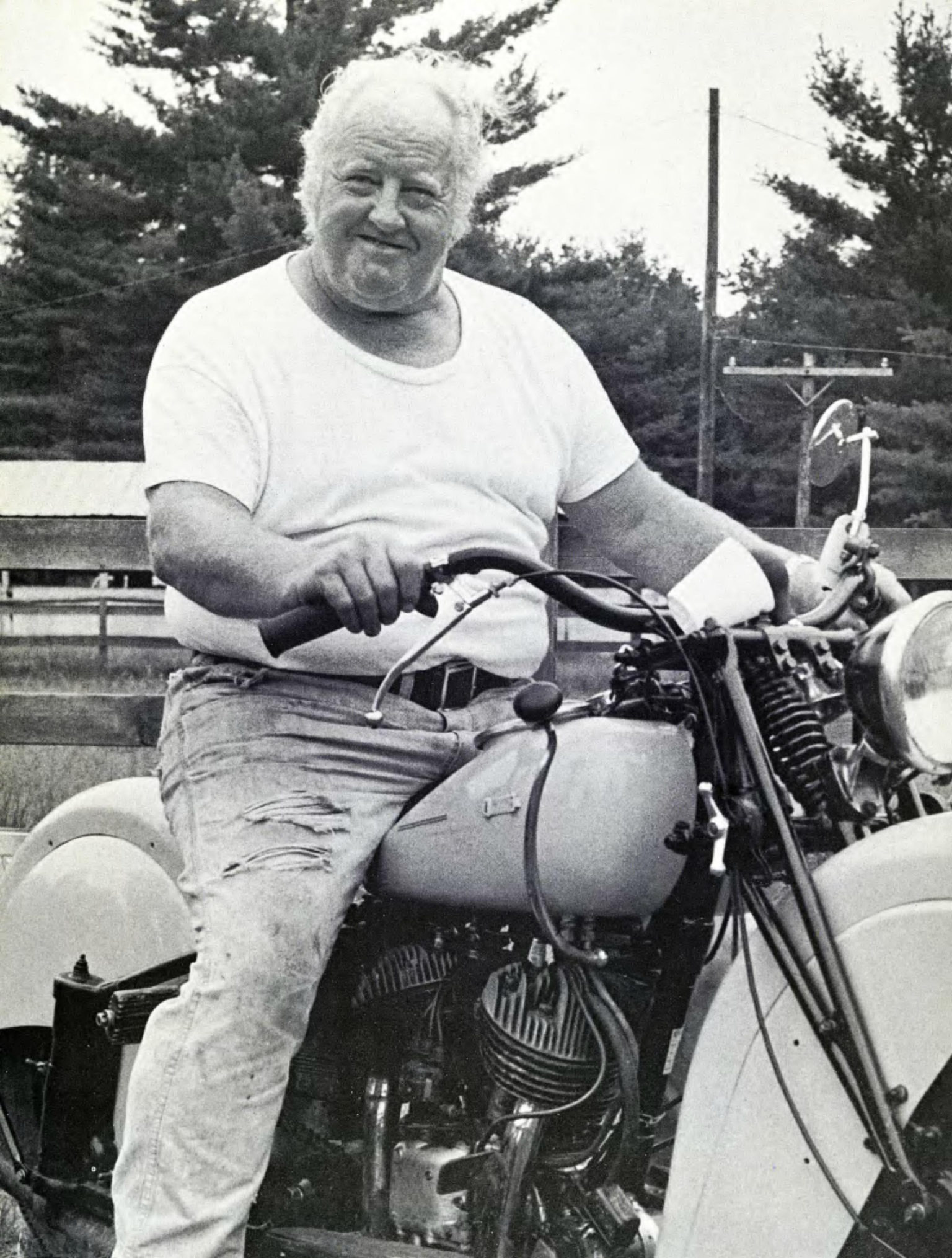
Now, who do you know that just put a shovel top on his tin-can motor, and is hurtin' for bucks? Buy him a beer before you ask for his old jugs; he'll be in a better mood.

—R. Dunn



Photos by Frank





Fittin' To A

T-shirts, those pieces of wearin' apparel that dudes and chicks take for whatever we can cop the expensive bastards for, have a long and illustrious history. They've been around since the second century, accordin' to some T-shirt-freaked historians. Their basic shape has remained unchanged, except for the material they've been made of, for practical use — natch.

The first murmur of T-shirts in history appears in records from the time of the Roman emperor Hadrian. Ya see, he dressed in formal Roman robes when trying criminals. But when it came time for sentencin' some poor fucker to be crucified, stoned, or given the one-time opportunity to fist-fight a lion in an arena, he retired to his dismal chamber an' put on a black T-shirt. One look at that dark T-shirt with the thumbs-down illo silk-screened on the front, an' the sucker standin' before the bench knew right away what the outcome was — curtains. Black T-shirts were worn by badasses then, an' they're worn by badasses now. The only difference between then an' now is that instead of wearin' black to hide the blood spots from carvin' up Christians, we wear 'em to hide grunge an' grit from project putts, so we don't have to wash 'em. They last longer that way.

There have been several sketchy suggestions about where the name "T-shirt" came from. Some say it's named so because of its shape, which resembles the ancient Greek letter Tau, from which the English T is derived. Tau, also the medieval Roman numeral for one hundred sixty, has been associated with the shirt because Mister Nice Guy Hadrian once sentenced one hundred sixty Christians to death during a single day's trials.

Durin' medieval times, smart knights wore T-shirts of chain mail under their light travelin' duds, just in case they ran into someone who wanted to take a poke at 'em with a sword or dagger. The chain-mail shirts were made of thousands of small, overlappin' metal rings, an' were so fuckin' heavy that if the knight happened to fall into a creek while dukin' it out with one of the local highwaymen, he went to the bottom like a rock — never to surface again.

Durin' our Civil War, soldiers from wealthy families in the North wore leather T-shirts

Photo by Pete Chiodo

—Continued on page 82

Whatdafuck?

I was trying to think of something to write to a chick with big tits and a twat that's far from tight; skin so rough and an ass covered with pimples; a face that's so fat, you can't find the dimples.

Well, I still can't think of anything to say, unless you want me to come over and go all the way. We could start off with a squeeze and end up with a lick. But you'd have to do it, 'cause I'd get sick.

Oh, well, maybe someday I'll drop you another line. It will probably say "Your place or mine?"

Bob Compton
E.P., Ohio

- Don't hurry. I can wait.

Grand Canyon

I've been reading your articles in **Easysiders** for some time now. From the way you talk, you must fuck anything that comes along. By now, you must have a pussy the size of the Grand Canyon.

S.E.D.
Germany

- Grand, maybe, but it ain't no canyon.

Fucking Her Brains Out

I got a big problem with my ol' lady. Ya see, she's got this glass eye in her skull. I'm just totally obsessed with the idea of poppin' it out and givin' her a good skull fuck, but she says I'm some kinda pervert and won't let me get close to her eye. How can I convince her to let me fuck her brains out?

Dirty Dave Miller
Huber Heights, Ohio

- Come's great brain food.

Lazy Ass

I've got this problem of an ol' man who doesn't get nothin' done. I want someone who has an H-D and lives on the road during spring and summer. Do ya have anyone who might fit that role? And he's got to be fine, well-built, and respect women.

Moonshine Lady
Socato, Calif.

- Stupid bitch. You think I'd find a dude like that just to send him to you? You betcher ass I wouldn't. I plan to keep the men in my life right where I've got them — maybe in a little different position, but in the general vicinity.

Bad News

I got a hardon for my bro's ol' lady so bad my nuts are crackin'. Now, I ain't ever screwed a bro's ol' lady before, but I can't take him treatin' her like shit no more. She's so fine, she could be a model. He leaves her home alone constantly and I got plenty of chances, but I've known 'em both for three years and he's my most trustin' bro.

Should I fuck her? He sure don't, from what I hear. Or tell him what I think? She's a good ol' lady — pays the bills and keeps the pad clean as a whistle. I need your help.

Hangin' hard an' low,
Osido, Calif.

- Tell your bro what's goin' on in your head; maybe he won't give a flyin' fuck and he'll give her to ya. Then, of course, he may try to kick the shit outta ya. What's more important, a piece of ass or your most trustin' bro?

Only Rumors

I heard ya got kicked outta my town for waitin' outside the elementary school with a box of Mr. Goodbars.

Hammer
Rockville, Conn.

- I refuse to answer on the grounds that it may tend to incriminate me.

Bent Outta Shape

I've been in the slammer so long that my whackin' off has caused my carrot to look crooked and bent outta shape. Now what the fuck do I do? I've made my parole and I'm ready for the real thing. But I'm afraid there's not any nymphs who will sit on a crooked cock.

Since you've had 'em all, how about givin' it a go?

Crooked Crook
Cincinnati, Ohio

- If anyone can straighten out your love life, it's me.

More Rumors

Is there any truth to the rumor that your clit is as thick as a telephone pole and that you use sandpaper on it for stimulation?

Michael Keating
Dannemora, N.Y.

- What the hell stupid fuckin' kind of question is that? I use a rattail file.

Virgin Fantasy

I'd just like to tell you that you would be a good fuck for someone like me who hasn't fucked a chick before. By the way, do you think you could live my fantasy by letting me fuck you and lick your cunt until you can't breathe? I just joined the Army and would like to fuck a chick like you before I go to Germany. Hope you can help me live out my fantasy.

Coke Nose
San Antonio, Tex.

- Sure, but I ain't gonna stop breathin' fer anyone's fantasy.

Beer Brain

I'm locked down doin' fifteen years. I sit around watchin' the tube and see those Miller commercials talkin' about "If you've got the time, we've got the beer." Well, I've got plenty of time, so where's the fuckin' beer?

Crazy Horse
San Bernardino, Calif.

- So write to Miller, asshole, not me.

No Respect

We (my stepbrother and I) are bothered by my stepfather (my stepbrother's dad) and some other relatives, gone for some time. Every time we fuck, we hear their voices comin' out of the fuckin' walls. Maybe they're fuckin' spirits or somethin'. Should we go deaf and fuck in the closet? By the way, the waterbed won't fit in the fuckin' closet. I'm pissed.

Kath
Boulder, Colo.

- If you're havin' a fuckin' good time fuckin', you shouldn't be listenin' to anything but yer bodies meetin'.

Diluted Pussy Juice

Last week my ol' lady was in the tub an' she calls me in. So I walk in an' she points to her snatch, so I look down an' **splat**, she spits a cunt fulla water in my face. Tasty, but I like my pussy juice straight. I tell ya, my face was 18 inches over her snatch. Whaddafuck?

The Stoned Poorman
Salt Lake City, Utah

- Good aim.

Bad Mouthin'

Bitch, you're really some kind of sick. I think you pick the worst stories and publish them (no offense, writers) and you can't even give them straight answers. You bullshit everybody into thinkin' that you're the sexy side of Dear Abby. You can keep your pictures 'cause I jack off to a different tune.

Jody Joseph
Santa Fe, N.M.

- Jack off to anything you want.

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

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



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Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do you like best about
Easyriders magazine? _____

86

Ken Stambaugh

In Memory Of Our First Downed Crew Member

Ken Stambaugh was killed before any of us here could truthfully say we knew him well. Many months ago, he called us, wanting a job with **Easyriders**. Although he had all the magazine experience and the ability necessary, we weren't in the market for a new crew member just then. But because it was his dream and goal to work for **Easyriders**, he was persistent, and consequently a couple of us developed a close telephone friendship with him. His determination finally paid off, and to his delight he was hired around the middle of March. By early April he was dead. No one knows much about how it happened, but apparently he'd had trouble with his panhead as he putted a canyon road one night and had pulled off on the shoulder to make repairs. For no apparent reason, he was struck by a car while straddling his panhead.

Ken was one of a kind — tall, robust, talented, creative, and full of enthusiasm for his new job and his co-workers. He was a biker first, a journalist second, and having his heart in biking was one of the principal factors that enabled him to get a job with us — that means a lot around here. He attacked his new duties with a righteous zest that was a rush to witness. And his enthusiasm rubbed off on all of us, down to the most jaded veterans who have worked on more issues of the rag than they care to remember. At one time or another, almost all of us found ourselves engaged in spirited conversation with him, talking about ideas for articles, about panheads or Sportsters (he owned one of each), about places to ride, or about his passion for bikes, pretty women, and music. Even now, as this issue goes to press, it's hard for us to believe Ken won't burst in to tell us his latest inspiration for a bike feature or invite us out for some brew and bullshittin'. He was so hyped, so energetic, so *alive*, that his presence is still felt here.

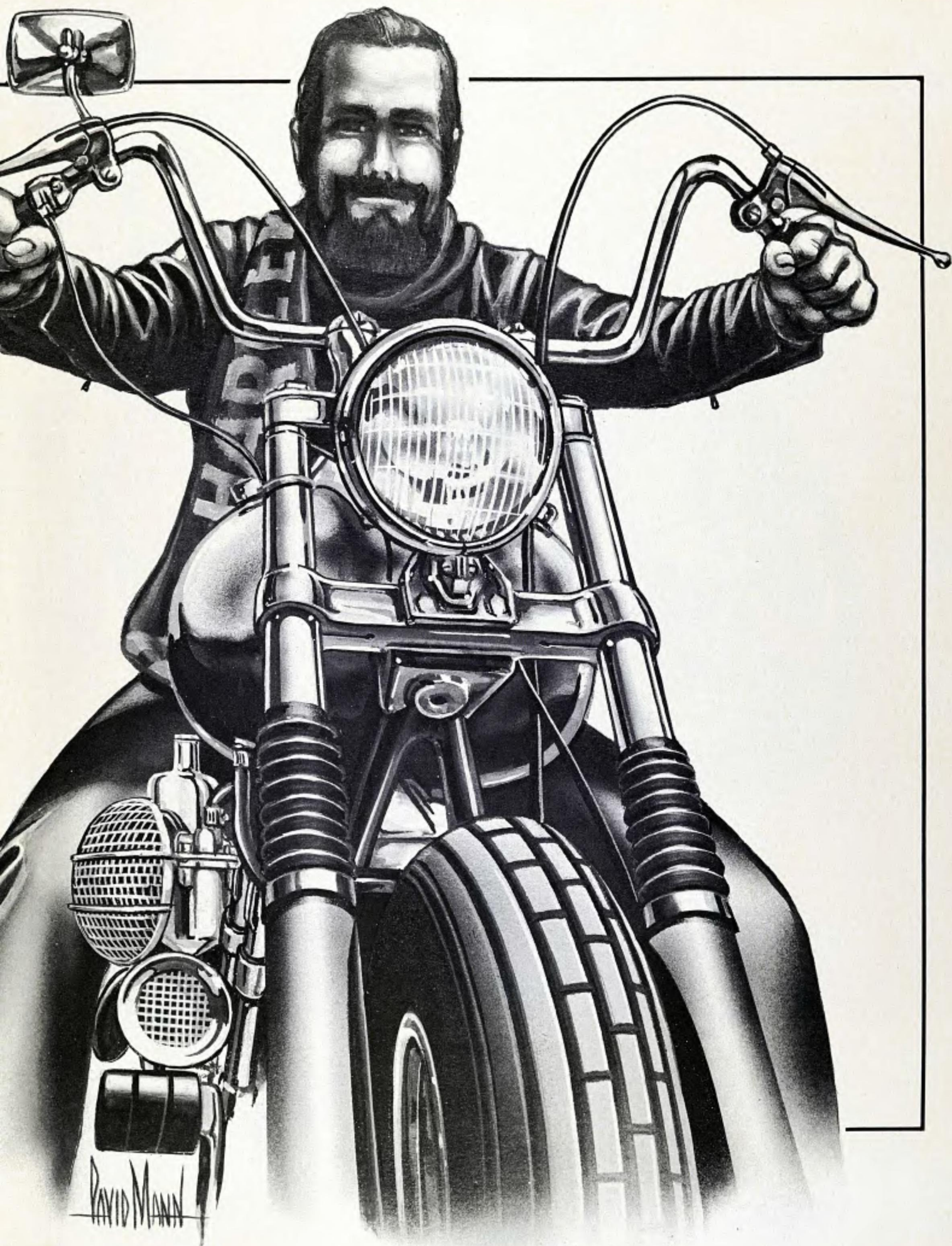
But Ken's death represents a loss not only to us who had the pleasure of knowing him, however briefly. The real loss is to all the readers of this magazine, who will now be denied the pleasure of enjoying his writing and

the improvements he would have brought about as he grew with the job. We've suffered the loss of a brother biker — a biker who represented all bikers well, a talented biker who wanted to create for the enjoyment and betterment of his brothers and sisters everywhere. The kind of enthusiastic creativity and editorial skill he brought to his new position can't be bought — Ken loved this magazine and would have worked here for free. The staff lost a bro when Ken died. What **Easyriders** and its readers lost now can only be guessed at, but we won't soon see another like him.

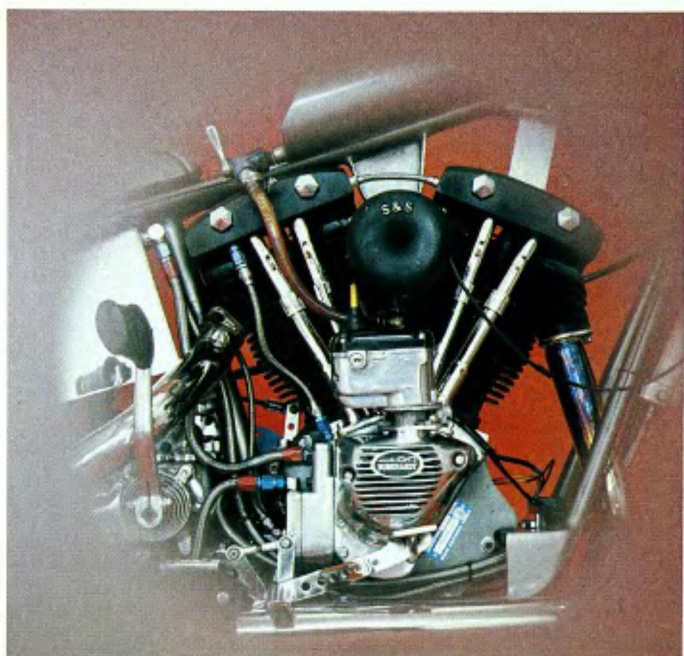
Mingled with our sorrow at Ken's loss are other emotions — anger and a determination to make our existence known to the motoring public and to insist that it respect that existence. We want to ride free, stay free, and remain bikers for a long time. We are determined to reduce the deaths and injuries without adding new laws or creating more bureaucrats. We're angry: pissed that this sort of thing happens all too frequently, pissed because the driver of the car may well get off lightly, pissed that Ken's death will add to the meaningless statistics they use to force new legislation down our throats. We're pissed because Ken was a good man and a good biker who was just beginning to realize his dream — and his death was senseless.

For our part, we are resolved to follow this case through to the end and to do everything in our power to see to it that the guilty party is punished. Moreover, we intend to instruct younger brothers in defensive riding techniques and to underscore the fact that no safety measure is too extreme. If you, like Ken, have to pull off the road, pull way off — behind a telephone pole if you can find one. Never lose sight of the fact that you're surrounded by unthinking, foolish car drivers whose briefest lapse of attention could mean your death. If just one brother remembers this and takes a precautionary measure that saves his life, then Ken's death, however tragic, will not have been entirely in vain.

—The Staff



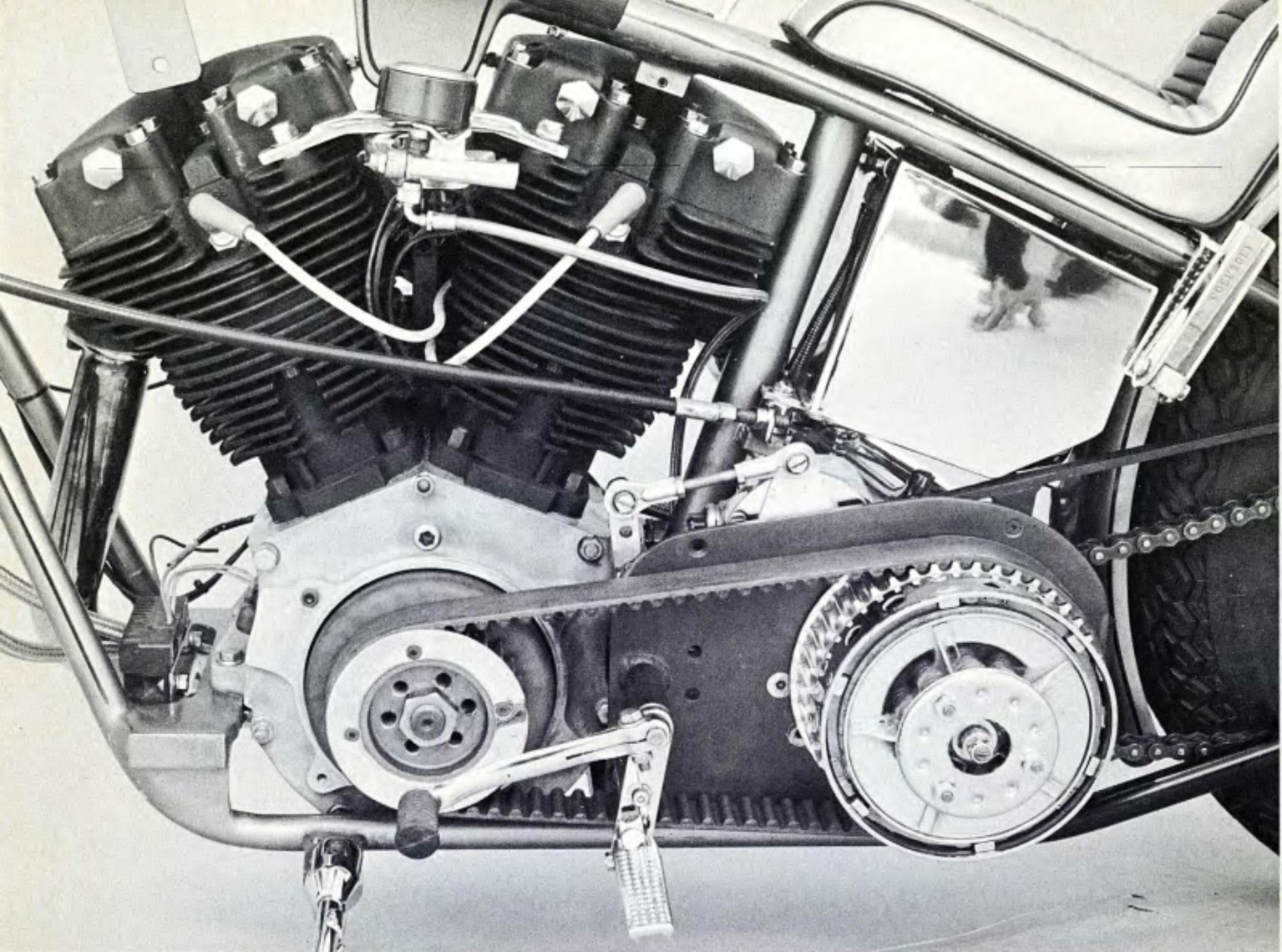




Enough of 'em make up a decent putt

Elements

I was gonna start this dull scribe with a short rap about what elements create what kinda bike. Like gas tanks, transmissions, oil, and bullshit such as that. Then I was gonna ramble endlessly about the style end of it. For instance, if ya got a rat bike in mind, ya get together ratty gas tanks, a grungy transmission, a rusty frame and other roached and destroyed parts. Slap the sucker together with a canna class, and ya got a rat bike. But then I got to figurin' — bullshit. Most of the bros know what kinda sled they wanta create. So why the fuck am I wastin' your time and this handfulla whites ta keep me awake?



I can answer part of that question right up front — I enjoy writin' for you two-wheel freaks. The other part of the question deals with the subject of this crummy scribe. I wanna put somethin' down here that's meaningful, gets a chuckle somewhere, or at least helps a bro or two out, in one way or another. So let's go back to the beginning — not literally, but the elements thing.

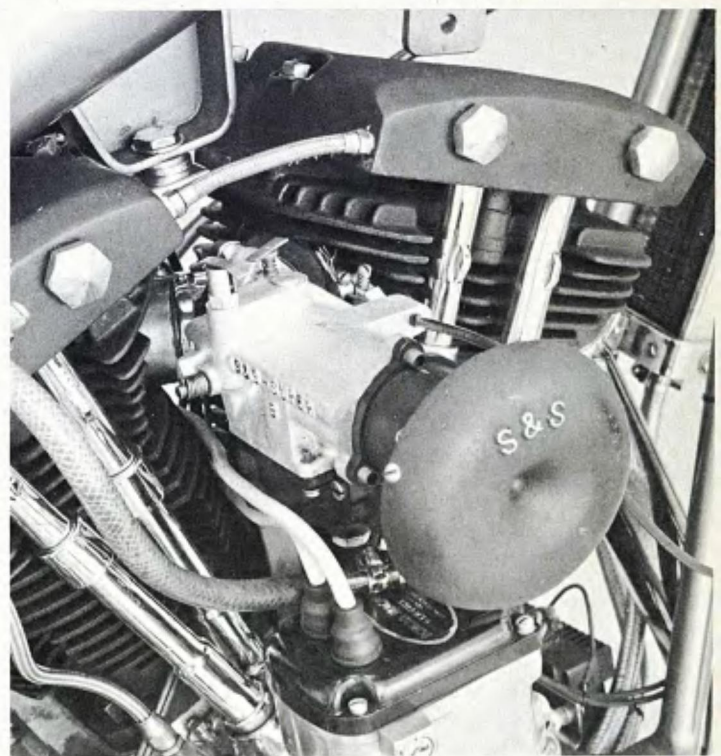
What made me come up with that weirdo title wasn't the joint I just toked. It was somethin' the owner ran down to me at the shootin'. He mumbled somethin' about believin' strongly in beefin' the physical strength of a scooter before (that's right, he expressly intended that "before" to be there) he puts in the horsepower. Well, fuck, Larry had a thought there.

Ya can't just slap a five-inch-stroke lower end into yer mill and 11:1 compression pistons and the cam ta match without tweakin' a frame, splittin' the cases, pullin' a chain loose, or causin' some other disaster. But if the goddam screamer is beefed all around, from the tires to the handlebars, the mutha just might hold together for a coupla years. It also might handle long runs, even at speeds that'd spin yer eyeballs.

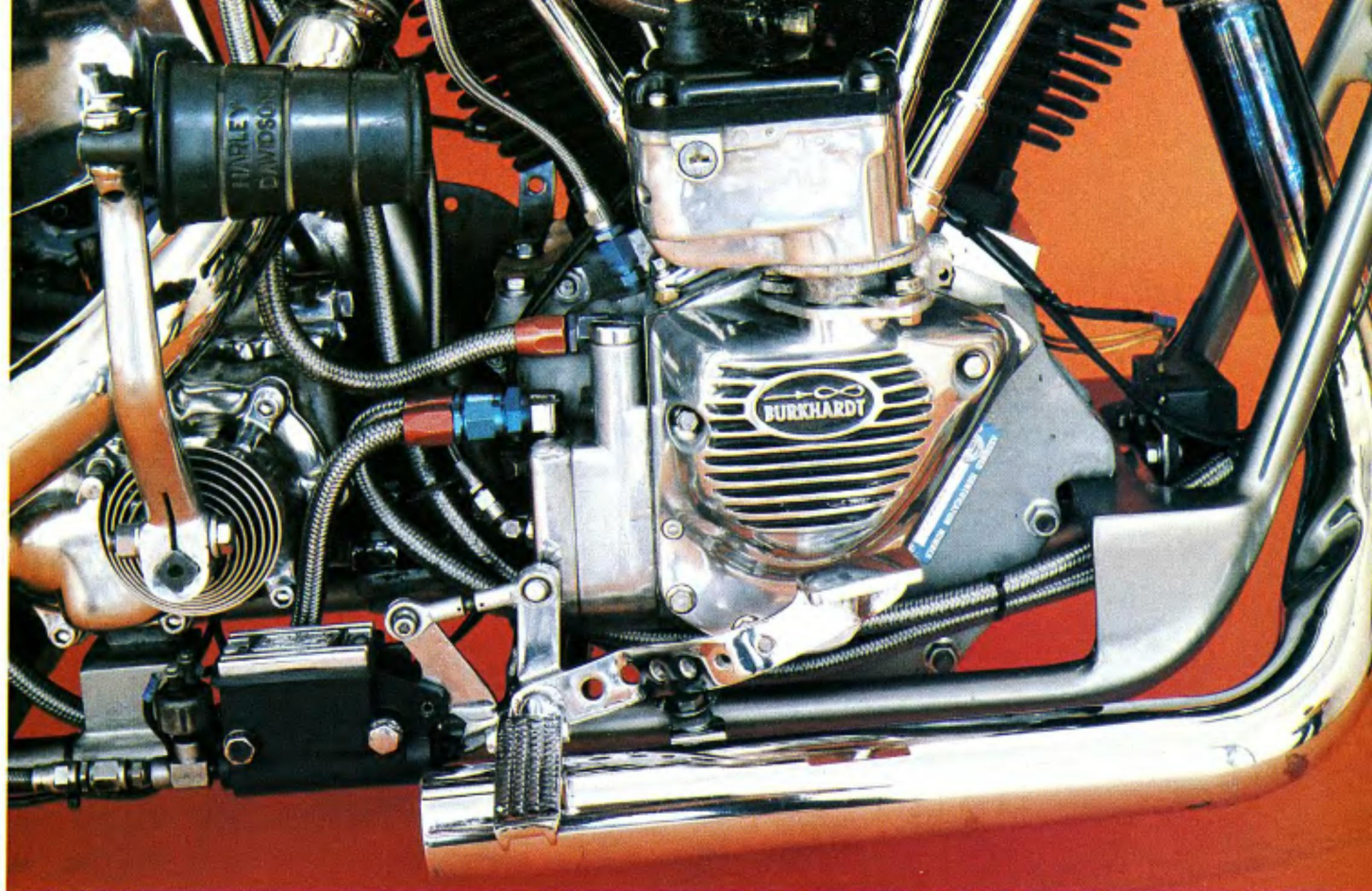
And Larry's piss-er-pants-it's-so-goddam-fast shovelhead is testimony to his words. He's been clockin' miles on this bike for five years. The bastard began as a 98-incher. Then a coupla years ago he bolted a coupla more inches in place and the sonovabitch is still as tight as the youngster I had last night.

There's bound to be a lesson there someplace.

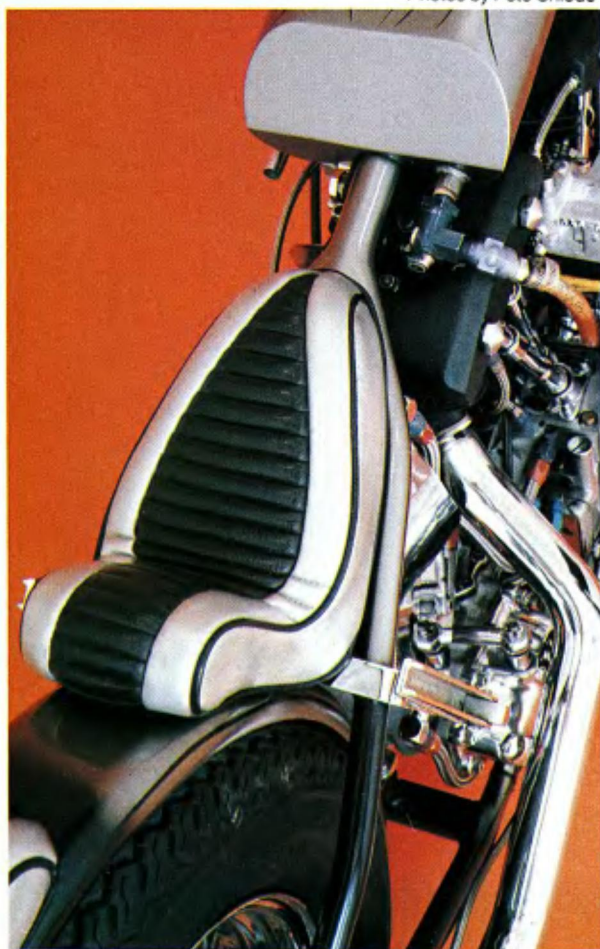
—Renegade

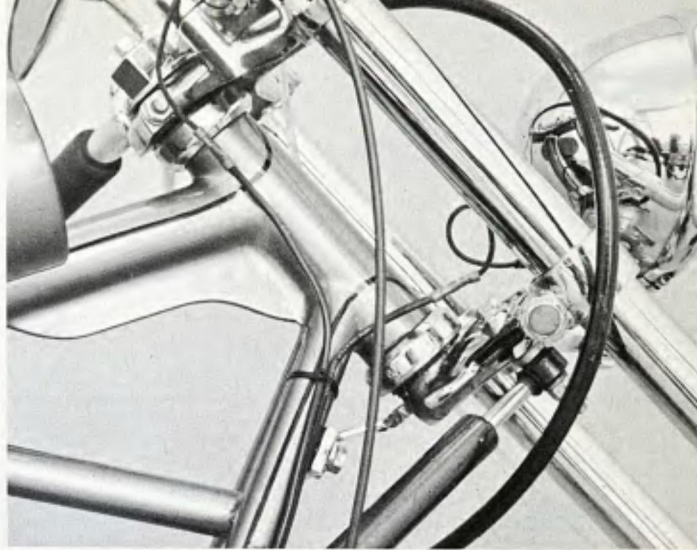
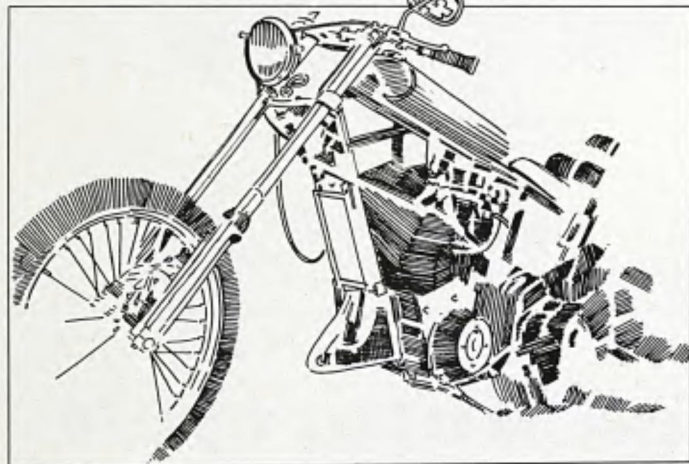






Photos by Pete Chiodo





Owners: Larry Tyler

City: Cucamonga, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner/Atlas Precision	Year: special construction
Year and make: special const. 1978	Builder: Atlas Prec.
Model: shovelhead	Type: chrome moly
Value: \$6,000	Rake: 39 degrees
Assembly: owner	Stretch: stock
Time: lots	Other alterations: 2 in. wide rear sec.

Chroming by: Thompson Plating

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1978 shovel	Bars: drag
Model: cone motor	Risers: none
Rebuilder: Tom Whitman	Fender(s): 5 in. flat
Ignition: Bomar magneto	Headlight: Bates
Displacement: 100 cu. in.	Taillight: Gary Bang
Lower end: 4 1/4 S&S wheels & rods	Speedo: hang on
Balancing: Tom Whitman	Front pegs: Anderson
Pistons: Axtel 3 1/2-in. bore	Rear pegs: Anderson
Cases: John Harman	Electrics: alternator
Heads: Jim Leinweber	Gas tank: Atlas Prec. 1.9 gal.
Cam: Jim Leinweber	Oil tank: Atlas Prec.
Lifters: H-D knuckle	Oil system: Hayden oil cooler
Carb(s): S&S Super	Primary cover: too heavy/none
Air cleaner: velocity stack	Seat: Azusa Top Shop
Pipes: 2 in. drag, Atlas Prec.	Sissy bar: Atlas Prec.
Muffler(s): none	Height: low
	Material: bar stock

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: Andrews gears	Type: hydraulic
Year: 1965	Extension: 4 in.
Shifting: Atlas Prec. clutch & linkage	Builder: owner
Engine sprocket: pulley approx. 24	Special features: it works

Wheels

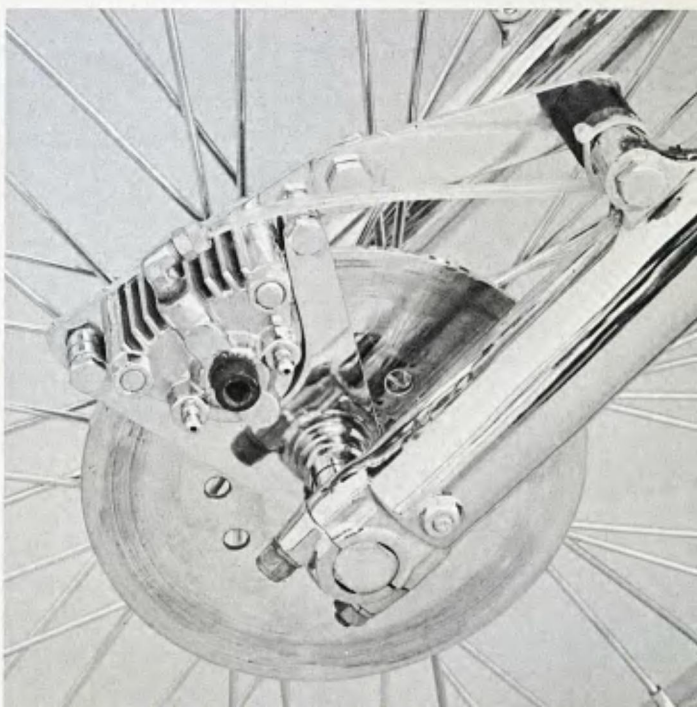
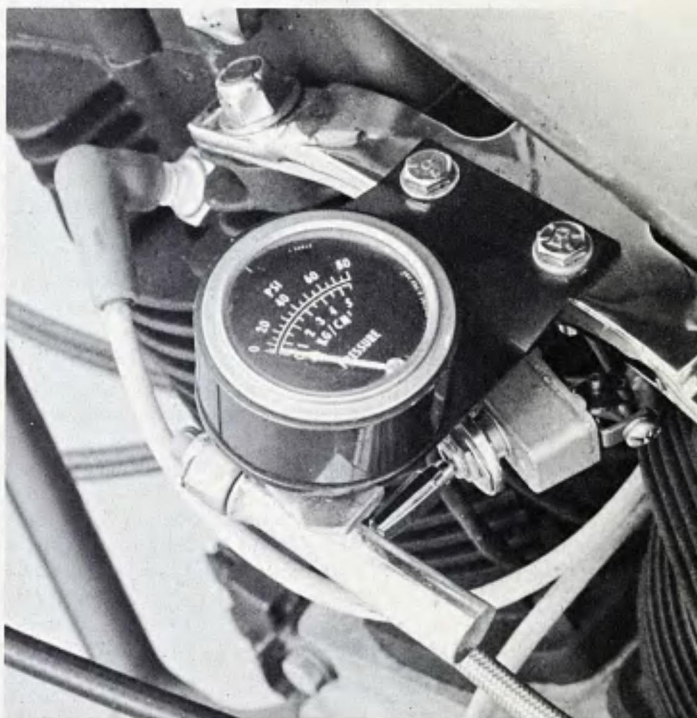
Trans sprocket: 22

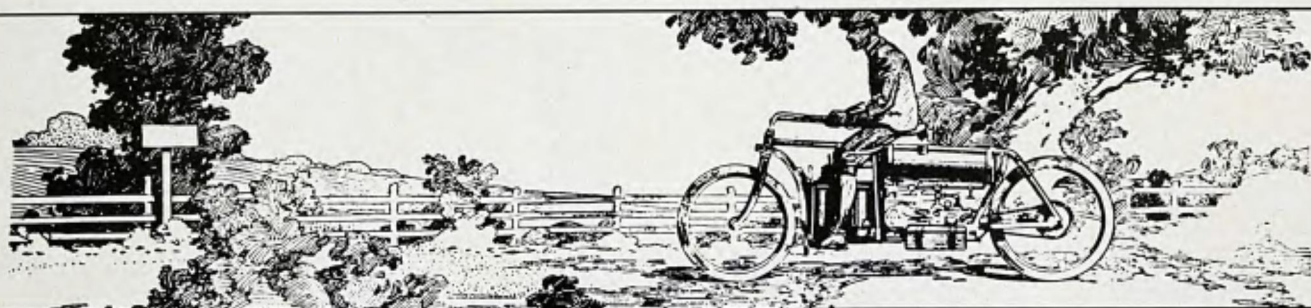
Wheel sprocket: 48

Painting

Molding: owner	Front: Size: 19	Rear: Size: 15
Painter: Scott Brown	Hub: Swinger	Hub: Barnes
Color: silver gray & black	Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Type: lacquer	Tire: 2.75 Avon	Tire: 185 Uniroyal
Special paint: none	Brake: 8 in. disc	Brake: Barnes

Other special modifications: offset transmission for chain clearance, Primo belt 10mm, Burkhardt cone magneto cover, Rivera rocker nuts, and Axtel cylinders.





Steam-Propelled Motorcycle Made by Mechanic

By L. L. VOELEHERT —from the *Boy Mechanic Book 3*

As an example of the application of steam power to the propulsion of a vehicle, the motorcycle shown in the illustration is interesting. While it does not embody the many refinements of gasoline motorcycles manufactured commercially, and makes no pretense of competing with them, the machine has a striking individuality. It was made by a mechanic in his spare time, with only the facilities of a small machine shop. Tests and hard usage over typical roads have shown it to be easy riding, partly by reason of its weight, and to give very steady power. The machine can be reversed easily and no clutch is used. It has a wheel base of 75 inches, and weighs about 350 pounds.

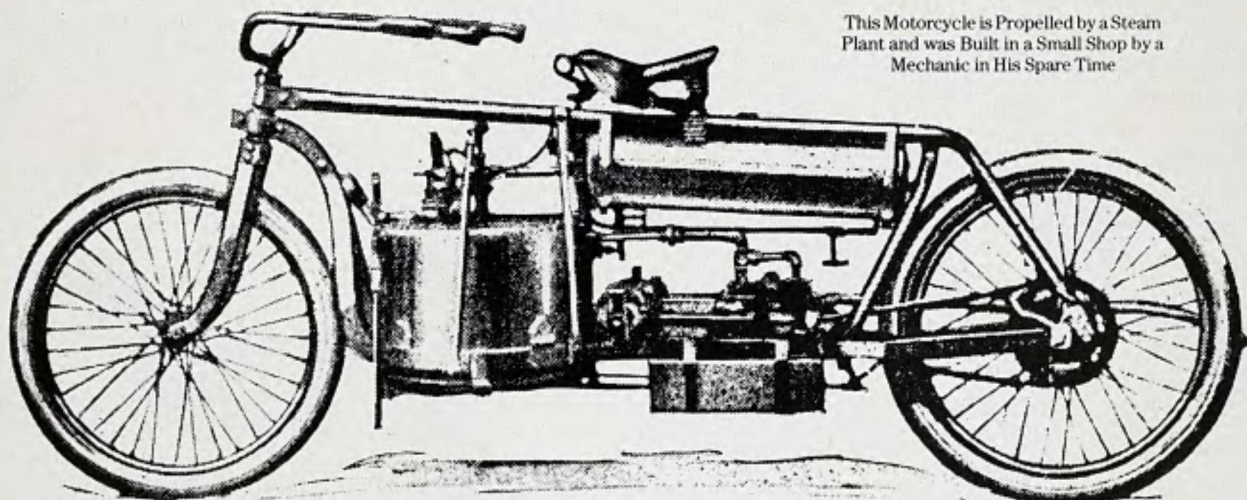
The upper portions of the frame are made of 1-inch steel tubing, strongly riveted at the fork and other joints. The lower section, from the fork to the rear axle, is made of a double bar of $1\frac{1}{2}$ by $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch steel, spread and braced to carry the tank, engine, and boiler. The fork is forged from strips of steel and fitted to standard motorcycle wheels. The handlebars, seat,

transmission chains and gears, as well as other fittings, are of the ordinary motorcycle type. The seat may be moved and clamped at various places along the upper bar of the frame, and an extra seat may be installed.

Gasoline, with which to heat water for the generation of steam, is carried in the long, round tank, hung below the frame at the top. The water supply is contained in the square, flat tank under the lower part of the frame. The engine is supported on the frame immediately above the water tank, and drives a shaft, which is geared to the rear wheel by a chain and sprocket.

The round boiler, with gasoline burners beneath it, is carried on the lower part of the frame, which is spread immediately behind the front wheel. The boiler is 16 inches in diameter and 12 inches high. It is fitted with valves, whistle, water gauge, and the usual fittings of a boiler. The engine is of the horizontal type, and the working parts are largely enclosed, so as to protect them from dust and to avoid possible danger to the operator.

This Motorcycle is Propelled by a Steam Plant and was Built in a Small Shop by a Mechanic in His Spare Time



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ALABAMA

Harley-Davidson Hwy. 31 North Athens

Willie's Customs 1904 Popper Ferry, Opelika

ALASKA

House of Harley 1204 Chugach Way, Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3883 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson

Superior Cycle Accessories 1825 W. Alameda, Phoenix

Hipster's Cycle Shop 6220 W. Thomas Rd., Suite G, Phoenix

Arizona Custom Cycles 2301 W. Thomas Rd., Suite G, Phoenix

Cash's Cycles & Repairs 4380 E. Speedway, Tucson

ARKANSAS

The Purple Hog 643 Plum St., Tulsa City

H-D Glen 3717 N. Mealey, San Francisco

San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Mealey, San Francisco

Felipe Choppers Inc. 375 Valencia St., San Francisco

D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Arroyo Rd., La Puente

Motorcycle Choppers 2301 W. Thomas Rd., Suite G, Phoenix

H-D West 2400 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey

Little Maine Custom Cycle Parts 1150 Pine Lane #5, Oceanside

Harley-Davidson Acc. 810 Grand Ave., Springfield

B & B MC 7512 Johnson Ave., Huntington Beach

H-D of San Rafael 729 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael

Jammer Cycle Products 307 S. Main St., Burbank

Mercer Harley-Davidson 1745 Yosemite Hwy., Merced

Zak's New & Used H-D Parts 6074 University, San Diego

C & C Cycle Parts 1208 W. Cook St., Santa Monica

Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 South State St., Upland

Hutchins H-D 5545 S. 28th Ave., Yuma Valley

Cycle Parts Unlimited 1850 Yosemite Park Way, Merced

CANADA

Performance Harley-Davidson 2605 Pearl St., Boulder

Conger's AMF—H-D MC Sales 1550 E. 4th St., Pueblo

Harley-Davidson 1231 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

D & C Cycle Parts 15715 Arroyo Rd., La Puente

H-D of Colorado Springs 1055 M500 City Blvd., Colorado Springs

Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver

Colorado Custom Cycles 1430 Lansing, Aurora

Harley-Davidson 1231 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 2370 W. Bowles, Lakeland

CONNECTICUT

Fire Line Speed & Cycle 37 Main St., Danvers

Brother's Harley-Davidson Inc. 347 Forbes Ave., New Haven

New London County MC Sales 1410 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 164, Groton

DELAWARE

Herts for Health and Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle

FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami

H-D South 9860 E. Fern St., Miami

Harley-Davidson of Palm Beach 1331 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

Bedford Joe's MC Repairs 5955 Leo St., Hollywood

Harley-Davidson 1231 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 4th St., Fort Lauderdale

B & D Chopper Shop 1117 7600 N.E. 7th St., Ocala

Larry's Scooter Depot 17300 U.S. 41, Leesburg

C & L Hog Shop 1111 Orange Ave., Ft. Pierce

H-D of Saint Petersburg 2500 60th Ave. North, St. Petersburg

Miller's Custom Harley Parts 1823 S. Riddings Ave., Daytona

Harley Only, Inc. 3001 W. 30th Ave., Hollywood

Phyllis Custom Cycle 4957 70th Ave. North, Pensacola

GEORGIA

H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow

Star Ribbon Cycles 1304 Atlanta Rd., Marietta

HAWAII

Motorcycle Alley 1342 Kamehale St., Honolulu

ILLINOIS

Itan's Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago

Cycle Service & Sales 311 R. 20 Grand Ave., Lake Villa

Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine

Cycle Goodies Garage 1214 Hwy. 41, Lake Bluff

On Any Sunday, Inc. 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein

Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet

House of Cycles 1109 S. Western, Chicago

R & H Choppers 1108 Mid St., Pleasanton

Marlin's Cycle Center 3558 W. 132nd Pl., Mokena

Triangle MC Service 4344 W. Armitage Ave., Chicago

Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park

H.E.L. Sport & Cycle Inc. 1350 South Dixie, Chicago

Harley-Davidson 1231 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

Fantasy Choppers 2532 W. 63rd St., Rockford

M.C. Fabrication 806 Northlawn St., Rockford

Oak Lawn H-D Sales 2003 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn

INDIANA

Head Hunter Customs 210 E. Main St., New Albany

Brant's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Walnut St., Walcott

The Chopper Shop 745 E. Virginia, Evansville

Harley-Davidson 1231 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

The Hog Shop 5370 S. Main St., New Castle

Druks's Motorcycle Shop 1924 S. Calhoun St., Ft. Wayne

The Cycle Shop 3409 S. Western Ave., Marion

IOWA

Blackwater Van & Cycle 413 Jackson St., Topeka

Free Wheeling 624 W. 6th St., Topeka

KANSAS

Appleton Harley-Davidson Sales, Inc. 1245 Industry, Lexington

KENTUCKY

Appleton Harley-Davidson Sales, Inc. 1245 Industry, Lexington

LOUISIANA

Harley-Davidson Co. 2602 Riverside Blvd., Boulder City

Wallace H-D Sales 1545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport

J's Cycle Shop 458 N. Sainted, Sulphur

Custom Specialties Inc. 43823 North St., Baton Rouge

MAINE

The Chopper Factory 476 Ford Ave., Portland

MARYLAND

Exterior's Wheel Boutique 136 Canal Island Rd., Baltimore

Harley-Davidson 1231 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

Flint W. Harley Sales 2001 E. Main St., Baltimore

Enkiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood

Satan's Cycle Salvage 15975 Fields Rd., Rockville

Suburban H-D Sales, Inc. 15009 Frederick Rd., Rockville

Harley-Davidson 1231 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

Desperado Cycle Supply 128 Mayo Rd., Elgarment

MASSACHUSETTS

California Chopper Specialties 416 Coggeshall St., New Bedford

Chopper Parts City 314 Clifton St., Rt. 1221, Westport

Cycle Service & Sales 311 R. 20 Grand Ave., Lake Villa

J & R Cycles 42 Payne St., Lowell

Harley-Davidson 1231 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

Garnet Motors 20 East Canal St., Franklin

MICHIGAN

Cycle Moore, Inc. 1175 U.S. 31 South, Ironsboro

Oil Cycle 32424 W. 8 Mile Rd., Farmington Hills

Warner Custom Painting 1416 East 6 Mile Rd., Warren

MINNESOTA

Cycle Service & Sales 311 R. 20 Grand Ave., Lake Villa

D.H. Cycle Shop 425 10th St., N.E. Austin

D.S. Specialties 2503 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis

Lakeside Cycle W. Lind St., Mankato

P.J.'s Everything MC 108 E. Center, Rochester

Harley-Davidson 1231 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

York Brothers Custom Cycle 1 Westlake St., Chanhassen

MISSISSIPPI

Ocean Springs Kustoms Cycle Hwy. 90 E. Ocean Springs

Lake Seven Custom R. 4 Box 477 Lake Seven, Hattiesburg

MISSOURI

Cycle & Rider Acc. Comm. 4400 Truman Rd., Kansas City

Don's Cycle Shop 1825 S. Charles Road Rd., Charlsok

Harley-Davidson 1231 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood

Harley-Davidson of Kansas City 10539 E. 40 Hwy., Independence

Heavy Shop 3747 Graceland, St. Louis

MOHAWK

Quality Custom Cycle 2323 Balknap, Billings

NEBRASKA

Nebraska Cycle Parts 2550 #5 Las Vegas Blvd., N. Las Vegas

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Motorway to Hancock St., Manchester

Brother's Custom 21 Union St., Milford

NEW JERSEY

H-D of Trenton Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton

H-D Performance Specialists 174 B Kinnearmac, Park Ridge

Mormontown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown

Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway

GT Cycle Specialists 4 New Market St., Salem

Completed Cycle Parts 100 E. Belmont St., Salem

Custom Cycle 1204 R. 3 Pleasant Plains Rd., Torrington

NEW MEXICO

Alt Cycles Parts & Acc. 113 General Arnold N.E., Albuquerque

Big Twin Cycle 9817 Aurora S.E., Albuquerque

NEW YORK

H-D of Hempstead 1 Laurel Ave., Hempstead

KFK Cycle Inc. 211-19 Jamaica Ave., Queens Village

Brooklyn H-D Inc. 1525 Conny Island Ave., Brooklyn

J & D Cycle 1280 Vestal Ave., Binghamton

Cycle Shop 11510 U.S. 42 Rd. 1, Ashland

Locomotion Choppers 144 E. Main St., Elms

Brooklyn Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodus Rd., Sodus

H-D of New York 4001 Northern Blvd., Long Island

The Sportster Shop 237-17 Jamaica Ave., Bellerose

Custom Cycle Inc. 1802 Northern Blvd., Bellerose

Parts World Cycle Shop 838 N. Goodman St., Rochester

Harley-Davidson of Rensselaer Rt. 17 N. P.O. Box 2, Sodus

North Shore Cycle Service 182 Depot Rd., Huntington Station

Harley-Davidson 1231 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

Harley-Davidson 1231 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

Harley-Davidson 1231 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

Harley-Davidson 1231 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

NORTH CAROLINA

Deal Harley-Davidson 3518 Yonkers Rd., Fayetteville

Larry's Motorcycle Service 105 Garrett St., Fayetteville

T-End Cycle Shop 9750 Wakefield Blvd., Charlotte

NORTH DAKOTA

Benne's Cycle Service P.O. Box 683, Mandan

Pat's Motorcycle Shop 1414 E. 1st St., Bismarck

OHIO

Custom MC Sales 4514 East 131 St., Garfield Heights

Custom MC Sales 4514 East 131 St., Garfield Heights

Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 252 S. Erie St., Massillon

Kustom Korrer & Van 2017 Knox School Rd., Alliance

Ashland Cycle Supply 1341 U.S. 42 Rd. 1, Ashland

The Big Bike Shop 351 W. Broad St., Columbus

Motorcycles, Inc. 11717 Carroll Ave., Lakewood

Bar's Bike & Welding 415 W. Main, Ravenna

Precision Motors 222 Brookside Ave., Mayfield

OKLAHOMA

The Chrome Link 2508 P. 58 Blvd., Lawton

Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Shawnee

Tom's Cycle Shop 2524 S. Robinson, Oklahoma City

Tom's Cycle Shop 2524 S. Robinson, Oklahoma City

Tom's Cycle Shop 2524 S. Robinson, Oklahoma City

OREGON

H-D of Klamath Falls 1403 Main St., Klamath Falls

PENNSYLVANIA

Chopper Shop 12332 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh

Cycle Choppers 1147 Penn. Hwy., Reading

R & S Cycle Shop 230 Westwood St., Monaca

E-Z Rider MC Parts 300 S. Front, Easton

Kosmic Kolors 7122 St., Easton

East Coast Cycle Shop Inc. 1400 S. Rte. Cornwell Heights

A.E.E. MC Parts & Service 615 Chester Pike, Ridley Park

J.R. & Two Wheeler Shop 512 S. 7th St., Youngwood

SOUTH CAROLINA

Motorcycle Salvage 4816 River Ave., Charleston

D.C. Cycle 261 E. Main St., Lancaster

SOUTH DAKOTA

Tennessee

TENNESSEE

D & D Southern Cycle 1191 Ft. Campbell Blvd., Cantonville

TEXAS

Larry's MC Service 217 S. B. Highway

UTAH

Quality Motorcycle Parts 3201 South State, Salt Lake City

VERMONT

Harley-Davidson 1231 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

VIRGINIA

Larry's Motorcycle Service 105 Garrett St., Fayetteville

WASHINGTON

Bob's Custom Cycle 4302 S. Union, Tacoma

WASHINGTON D.C.

H-D of Washington 3407 Irvington Rd. S.E., Washington D.C.

WEST VIRGINIA

Mike's Cycle Rt. 2 Box 102, Delbarton

WISCONSIN

Rich's Pit Shop 5711 W. North Ave., Milwaukee

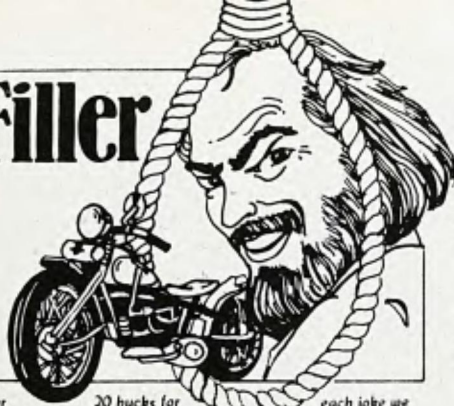
WYOMING

Bill's Cycle Inc. 3405 Haddon St., Racine

39

Space Filler Goin' South

Know any funny gags? We'll fork over 20 bucks for each joke we use, so get off your ass and send 'em in to Space Filler, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



His last will and testament completed, the old man in the oxygen tent fondly told his son that all the wealth, stocks, bonds, bank accounts, and real estate would be his after the end finally came.

"Dad, Dad," whispered the weeping son, his voice choked with emotion, "I can't tell you how grateful I am. Is there... is there anything I can do for you? Anything at all?"

"Well, son," came the feeble reply, "I'd appreciate it very much if you took your foot off the oxygen hose."

—Ricardo Fiore
El Paso, Tex.

Old flashers never die; they stick it out forever.

—Chuck Vadnais
Cape Cod, Mass.

Sometimes a girl can attract a man with her mind, but it's easier to attract him with what she doesn't mind.

—Willie Clark
Hamilton, Mo.

A cab driver was driving a young man and a woman to a rented cabin in the mountains just outside of Phoenix, when he inadvertently lost his way. Coming to a side road, he asked, "I'm supposed to take the next turn, ain't it?"

"Like hell you are," came the man's voice from the back seat. "You just stick to your driving."

—Jack Frye
Kingman, Ariz.



Jimmie Kilgore

While questioning a suspect, the detective leafed through his folder. "I see," he said, "that you have a history of prior arrests. Armed robbery, breaking and entering, sexual assault, sexual assault."

"Yes, sir," replied the downed biker. "It took me a while to find out what I do best."

—Alisa Smith
Manhattan, Kan.

The six-year-old future biker walked into the bedroom unexpectedly just as his mom and pop were getting it on. "Whatcha doin', Pop?" he asked.

The busy biker thought fast. "Uh, me and your mom are makin' a baby brother for ya."

The next day the biker came home from work and found his son on the front porch crying. "What's the matter? Why you cryin'?"

The kid sniffed and rubbed his eyes. "You remember the little brother you promised me yesterday?"

"Sure. Why?"

"The milkman came by today and ate him up."

—Richard Bennett
Boise, Idaho

The outraged biker discovered his ol' lady in bed with another man. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "Who is this fellow?"

"That sounds like a fair question," she said, rolling over. "What is your name?"

—Shelley Bassett
Lancaster, Calif.



Easyriders

A young couple were parked in a lover's lane, passionately kissing and hugging.

"If a girl lets a guy fuck her on their first date, you wouldn't call her a slut and a whore, would you?" asked the young man.

"Why, no," replied his girl friend.

"Good!" he exclaimed, unzipping his pants. "Now wrap your mouth around this for a while and I won't call you a cocksucker."

—Troyd
Young America, Minn.

You know a nice piece of ass has just walked by when you hear a guy saying, "Down, boy," and he doesn't have a dog.

—Edward Walker
Springfield, Ill.

"You want to know why I came home half-loaded?" said the stoned biker to his ol' lady. "Because I ran out of money, that's why."

—Alex Logan
Ft. Wayne, Ind.



Jimmie Kilgore

"Okay, okay! I apologize for fartin' in front of your wife. How the hell was I suppose to know it was her turn?"

A pair of bikers who lived across the street from each other had spent the day sighting in their rifles in preparation for the upcoming hunting season. The first invited the other over to his pad for a brew while they cleaned their weapons.

"Hey, your ol' lady doesn't have any clothes on," said the first biker, looking across the street through his scope.

"Yeah, she's always running around the house naked," replied the bro.

"But there's a dude with her and he's naked, too."

"Goddam! Shoot those rotten fuckers!" the bro replied, handing his friend two bullets.

"Where do you want them shot?"

"Shoot him in the balls and her in the head."

"Oh well, in that case here's one of your bullets back."

—Dick White
Chicago, Ill.

Historians report that the streaking craze got started when a man with hemorrhoids reached for Preparation H and grabbed the lining by mistake.

—Fred Wackerle
Madison, Wis.

Giving a lecture to a class of all girls on the anatomical intricacies of the male reproductive organ, the tired professor finally said, "I don't know why you girls can't grasp this subject. You've had it pounded into you all semester."

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.



Easyriders

"Somehow, Joyce, you take all the fun out of everything."

"Why doesn't Daddy have any hair?" the child asked his middle-aged mother.

"Because daddy thinks so much," the mother answered.

"How come you have so much hair, Mom?" he said.

—Steve Rodinger
Las Vegas, Nev.

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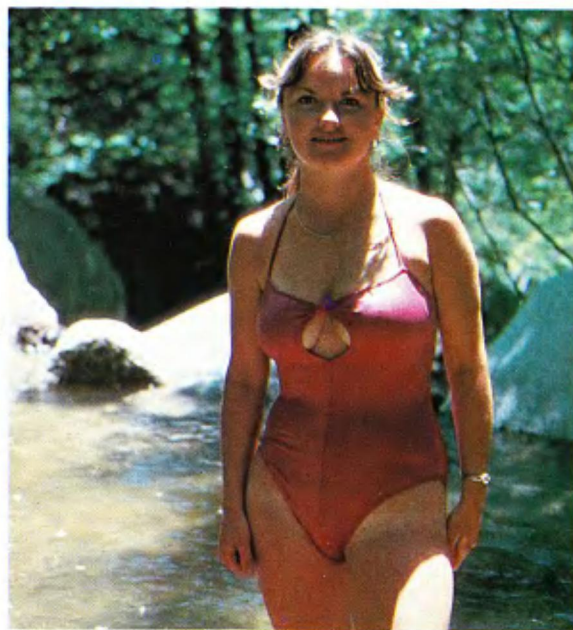
Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Terysa



Rose



Sunny

May Issue's Winner

Here she is, folks —
Deborah, the second
winner in the 1980
Easyriders Ol' Lady
Contest. This month's
runners-up: Suzie, Lisa,
and Miss Michelle.



Kinky #2



Elaine



Jet





Barbara



Rachel

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 July 29. We'll print the winner in the October issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #86 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.



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Leo

There are lots of good things to say about Leos. The people born under this sign are known as the stars of the stars—at least in their own minds. Seriously, they are wondrous people who do most everything on a grand scale.

They are generous to a fault and wouldn't hesitate to give you the shirt off their backs. But you had better be sure to thank them, or your lack of appreciation will never

be forgotten and their generosity will suddenly be switched to another direction.

Leos are some of the most imaginative people around, and their imaginations fly from seemingly inconsequential things like making grand entrances at a byob party to using their talents for becoming super bed partners.

Loyalty is one of their strongest traits. If you have a Leo for a bro, you'll never have to worry about being screwed over. They are complimentary and appreciative of all the little things that usually go un-

noticed by others. Even if you should have a disagreement with a Leo, you can be assured of a fair, aboveboard fight that can be handled verbally and will seldom, if ever, lead to blows. All in all, Leos seem to possess a lot of class that can carry them through any situation or encounter.

But just so you don't go around thinking that Leos are perfection personified, you should know that financially they are not the most responsible. They usually hold down well-paying jobs, but they are most likely to blow their pay-

checks on spur-of-the-moment wants instead of paying their bills.

Also, their tremendous imaginations sometimes lead them into trouble, and their need to do everything on such a grand scale sometimes leads them into being basic show-offs or into being extremely conceited.

Leos often suffer from poor circulation and are prone to back problems and heart trouble. But they also generally have very strong recuperative powers and can handle and overcome most ailments in a short time.

Aries (Mar. 20—Apr. 20)

Sorry, but some old conditions or problems will creep back at you and send a jolt up your jollies. Not even joy juice will ease the tension of changes and mind-fucks you must contend with now. One way or another, you might have to abandon a former hope connected with the past. By next month, you'll welcome any crazy diversion you can point your prong at. You'll be glad when this ball bustin' is over.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

This month someone waves a red flag once too often and your Taurian temper flares, leaving a trail of broken tails. You don't usually like change, but could welcome it now. Some of you relocate and start over. Don't let all the temper tantrums and confusion turn you into a basket case. Changes now turn out in your favor, but it'll still take more than a bowel movement to flush away petty shit.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

This month you're in an up-and-at-'em (or in-'em) mood. You'll blow a few minds with your silver-tongued tactics (save some scheming for between the sheets). As long as you don't blow the bundle you boggled your brains to acquire—you'll ride first class now. Your on-the-job strategy gives your ego a long-needed boost—plus a possible raise. You're high on life and full of piss and vinegar. Just don't get too cocky!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Cutting loose bad habits comes as easy now as a juicy fart, but cutting loose from troublemakers could be a case of constipation. It's time to enema out the enemy (this includes some freeloading relatives), before you become a financial casualty. Your financial status is at stake, so avoid self-deception—see situations as they really are. In other words, get your head outta your ass!

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

It's time to celebrate your birthday in grand style, with plenty of booze, broads, and bros. Get off your royal rump an' get rowdy. You won't peter out until long after your partners are laid out limp. This month sets a bonfire in your balls and has you burning your birthday candle at both ends. You're itching to feel your machine between your legs and get in the wind. Slow down and you'll save yourself some wear and tear.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

Get busy with important negotiations, legal papers, and incomplete projects—otherwise, you won't be prepared for next month's goodie. There are a few unexpected hassles that'll leave your dick dangling, but just keep a stiff upper lip and a positive attitude. Work priorities could cut short your usual trail of kumquats, but procrastinating can leave your gonads up for grabs. Remember—if you snooze, you lose!

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

The same winning hand you were dealt last month is coming up aces. (Or was that asses?) You can take your pick of the litter now 'cause you're still lucky with the hot deals, and hot boxes, too. The furburger you drop your cookies in will probably hand you a fortune. Hustle your buns to keep one step ahead of your competitors and you'll finish first, besides getting those well-deserved strokes.

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

Sorry—you'll have to share the spotlight now. If it gets too hard on you—use both hands! Remember, two heads are better than one. Listen to partners' advice with an open mind—they could lay some constructive trips on your head. While some other poor assholes are liking it or lumping it, you have some successful situations coming at you. This is prime time to form a business venture with a partner.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

First off—don't get a tad too cocky, arrogant, or impulsive between the 14th and 20th, or you'll find your dick in the dirt. Those days are real lemons for you and could leave your ass with a few extra puckers. Friends and fucks don't mix now—keep your pecker in your own hair-pie. Best keep an eye on outgoing cash now, too—those lemons come in all different sizes and shapes.

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

Your lucky streak continues and, unless you have your ass glued to the floor, you're going places fast. Keep everything aboveboard or you'll defeat your purpose. The hair in your pie now is behind-the-scenes dealings. Stay the fuck away from juicy secrets that backfire on ya and put a damper on your good luck. Get up your nerve and take a lightweight chance with your cash—so long as it's legal.

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Over-independence combined with a smartass attitude could fuck up an otherwise healthy, horny, and stimulating month. Avoid shit-stirring even if you have the upper hand. It's not so great buckwise but you should still be out of the red. High energy levels and partners keep you on the move. Use some of that excess time and hunt down those hard-to-find parts while weekend putting.

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

You could be tempted to shitcan caution now and get far too loose. You're in an accident-prone period (again?), so unless you want to be scraped off the sidewalk—stop, look, and listen. Then go like a bastard! You have luck with VIPs at work, but some minor legal hassles could pole-vault your way. Take care of any pending or past-due tickets, or cry in your beer! ■

National
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EASYnews

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

Concerns All Bikers

Colorado: Many of you are probably aware of the campaign by national and state safety and medical agencies to have the Colorado voting public enact a mandatory helmet law via our referendum process. It's going to be a tough political fight — we need your help.

We must anticipate and prepare for a full-blown political campaign. The Colorado Medical Society has just voted to spend \$5,000 of its own money (in addition to \$6,000 in NHTSA funds — the point of contention in future litigation) to assure that 62,200 signatures are gathered by July 7. This figure must be obtained from a pool of 1.4 million registered Colorado voters.

Members of the medical society were on a Denver TV public affairs program recently appealing for 100 or more volunteers to carry the petitions. In our opinion, it is a virtual certainty the mandatory helmet law measure will be on the November ballot.



First and foremost, it is your problem. The recent history of the initiative or referendum in the 35 to 40 states that have them reveals that a hot issue is almost always "tested" in a single state first. If the measure is approved by the voters, the same issue springs up in other places at the very next election. Remember that every state has the same bureaucratic and organizational ties to NHTSA, the National Safety Council, and American Medical Association that Colorado does. If the foes of freedom of choice beat us in Colorado, they will have the same effort going in your state almost immediately. We feel it will be far easier for the nation's motorcyclists to kill the referendum tactic in one state in 1980 than to defeat the same thing in 20 states in 1982.

We also needn't remind anyone that trying to appease the anti-motorcycle forces by letting them enact helmet laws will only hasten efforts to severely restrict motorcycle usage. Or there could be a ban — in November 1975, when 48 states had helmet laws, the Insurance Institute called for a ban on motorcycles. Nor is just street riding under attack. A recent book calling motorcycling "America's Number One Blood Sport" called for a ban on all forms of motorcycling.

We have some things in our favor (such as the truth), but we are extremely unequipped and inexperienced to take on the kind of campaign necessary to win at the ballot box. Also, the other side will be able to draw on the best political strategists money can buy.

What can you help us with now? We need your ideas, advice, and concrete proposals on exactly how to set up the structure it takes to win an emotional issue — how funds can be raised, and how experts and advisors can be found and utilized.

We can't stress enough the

threat that this new switch to the referendum poses to all of motorcycling. Claybrook's clones will take it coast to coast if they taste blood in Colorado. — from Colorado West Concerned Cyclist, P.O. Box 2991, Grand Junction, Colorado 81502.



Money Won't Matter

Kentucky: A Madison circuit court jury has awarded \$2.5 million in compensatory damages to an Ashland resident paralyzed and in a coma since a 1976 motorcycle accident.

The judgment, awarded to Rita Sutphin, was the largest in Madison County history. The jury's decision followed eight days of deliberation.

After deliberating for nearly four hours, the jury found that the motorcycle helmet Miss Sutphin was wearing during the accident was "unreasonably dangerous for its intended use" and contributed to her injuries.

Miss Sutphin, 26, has not regained consciousness since the accident on July 10, 1976. She remains in a coma at Harrison Nursing Home in Lexington.

The suit against The American Sports Co., a California-based helmet manufacturer, had sought \$6.4 million.

Of the award to Miss Sutphin, \$1.5 million was for past and future medical expenses, \$500,000 for pain and suffering, and the remainder for past and future lost wages. No punitive damages were awarded.

Miss Sutphin was represented by five attorneys who attempted to disprove a defense claim that a chin strap snagged on an object during the crash, causing the woman's injuries.

Seven attorneys argued the company's case in the trial, in which numerous helmets were stacked on the clerk's desk and on attorneys' tables.

Both sides called a variety of expert witnesses. Miss Sutphin's attorneys also introduced a fifteen-minute videotape of the injured woman during medical treatments.

The film, which showed a day in the comatose woman's life, including tube-feeding, bathing, and medication, plus the argument of her attorney, Bob Gibbon, were instrumental in moving many in the courtroom to show emotion.

Defense attorneys countered with their own movie and slide presentation showing motorcycle accidents in which the helmet performed safely.

The company's lawyers have not indicated whether or not they will appeal the judgment. — from ABATE of Ashland, Ky.

New Chapter In Canada

Canada: The Bikers Rights Organization has another chapter to add to their list of concerned bikers. Anyone interested in becoming a member of BRO in Ontario can contact Dennis at Bikers Rights Organization, No. Ont., Box 571, Timmins, Ontario, or call (705) 267-3126. — from Dennis Fortier, Canada.

Tavern Tattoo Taboo

Toronto, Canada: Tattoos are taboo at Etobicoke's Del Monica Tavern — except if you happen to be female.

The tavern's owner refused to serve T-shirted Larry Steckley after he took off his denim jacket, exposing several tattoos on his arms.



And when a woman employee stuck up for Steckley, she was fired.

Steckley said that only a few minutes before, one of the tavern's exotic dancers had appeared on the stage adorned in tattoos, and little else.

"She had a Harley-Davidson No. 1 emblem, two cherries on her rear end, and a rose with two bluebirds on her...uh...lower belly," said Steckley, 32, an assistant foreman for an Etobicoke electrical firm.

He has 43 tattoos on his arms, chest, and stomach, just because he likes them.

When Monique Telford, 28, another dancer, backed Steckley and agreed to pose for a

news photo, she was promptly fired by the management.

"It's my bar and I do what I want," said the tavern's owner, who would identify himself only as Gus. "If you put anything in the paper, you're in big trouble."

Gus confirmed that he refused to serve Steckley because of the tattoos, saying they made him "look like an animal" and that he was also concerned because Steckley is "a biker." Gus said Steckley had never caused trouble in the tavern.

Asked why he allowed a dancer with tattoos to perform, he said: "That's different, it doesn't bother me when it's a woman."

Steckley said he owns a motorcycle, but doesn't belong to any clubs.

Hawaiian No-Fault

Hawaii's motorcycle riders should be removed from Hawaii's no-fault insurance law, says state Sen. Anson Chong, D-6th District (Manoa-Waikiki).

Instead, Chong said, motorcycle insurance policies should be written individually so that premium rates reflect the operator's experience and safety record.

Chong's recommendations to the legislature follow a public hearing on motorcycle insurance rates attended by more than 200 persons and numerous motorcycle clubs and organizations.

No-fault insurance rates for motorcycles are soaring, Chong said, and do not seem to reflect the driving record of the individual motorcycle riders. Most accidents involve inexperienced riders, he said.

He urged that the cyclists be removed from Hawaii's no-fault law, noting that Hawaii is the only state that includes them.

Fighting Back Works

A federal court jury in Detroit ordered four Detroit police officers to pay damages totaling \$825 for infringing on the constitutional rights of seven members of the Renegades motorcycle club.

The cyclists had sued for \$300,000.

Testimony during the five-day trial before Federal Judge James P. Churchill showed the cyclists were leaving the clubhouse at about 9:45 p.m., May 14, 1978, when the officers arrived.

The officers told them to re-open the building, refused to let any of them leave, helped themselves to beer from a refrigerator, kicked a juke box, and threw a pool ball against the wall, testimony showed.

After deliberating one day, the jury said the officers had no reasonable cause for their actions.

Officer Greg Woods was ordered to pay cyclist Neil Cody actual damages of \$50, plus \$100 in punitive damages.

Woods and the other three officers — Gary Lee Fusom, Steve Mason, and Kenneth Felder — were directed to make the other payments jointly.

Bail Baloney

U.S.A.: We often hear horror stories about people who are let out on bail after being arrested for rape, murder, or armed robbery, and who immediately repeat their crimes. Like most people, we think judges should be more careful about who is let out on bail pending trial.

But that doesn't mean we think all criminal defendants should be locked up until their trials. Non-dangerous people who appear likely to show up

for trial should be released.

The 1966 Bail Reform Act provides that judges can release federal prisoners if they believe the defendants are not dangerous and can be trusted to appear in court later. Now the Senate Judiciary Committee, chaired by Sen. Kennedy, wants to make it much tougher for defendants to get out on bail. The committee wants to add a section to the proposed Criminal Code Reform Act of 1980 to allow judges to impose conditions on defendants beyond producing bail money.

Members of the Judiciary Committee and a lot of other people have confused the horror stories we mentioned earlier with the people who usually appear at federal bail hearings. Most of the violent crimes are state crimes. Rapists, murderers, child molesters, etc. are usually found in state courts. A violation of federal law is a serious matter, but it's characteristically a crime committed without violence.

When a federal crime *does* involve violence, the 1966 bail law permits the judge to deny bail or set it at a very high level. Making it tougher for other federal defendants to get out on bail won't necessarily keep the streets freer of violent criminals.



Help Eddyville Brothers

Kentucky: Your support is desperately needed. Write letters to Warden Dewey Sowders at the Kentucky State Penitentiary, P.O. Box 128, Eddyville, Kentucky, urging him to immediately stop the forced double celling of prisoners.

Warden Sowders is forcing prisoners to live together in cells designed for one man. The cells are only forty-eight square feet, and without any ventilation. They were built approximately 100 years ago and now do not meet even minimal Federal standards to house just one person. Cell-house 2 contains cells that are only thirty-seven square feet and are likewise double celled without ventilation. There are no windows in any of the cells, and the cells are barely larger than an average bedroom closet.

The excuse for inflicting this cruel and unusual punishment is that the prison is overpopulated. The cells have a make-shift double bunk in each; in order for one man to stand on the floor the other must remain in his bunk. When one uses the open commode the other is no more than a couple of feet away. No foul odors can escape from the cells due to the near solid doors that are made of criss-crossed iron slats. The cell walls are solid stone and brick with an oval shaped ceiling that usually collides with the head of the man on the top bunk when he attempts to rise. The forced double celling of stranger on stranger has produced rapes, suicides, severe beatings, and the compelling of some of the weaker inmates to take refuge in protective-custody cells. Tensions are mounting because of the forced double celling in the

same close quarters for eleven to thirteen hours daily. The dangerous and chilling situation is reaching explosive proportions.

Warden Sowders, for political and financial reasons, will not transfer prisoners to other, less crowded institutions, and the State Parole Board for the same reasons will not parole a reasonable number of prisoners. A letter-writing campaign has commenced, urging you to write Warden Sowders and insist that he stop the forced double celling, which is comparable to a policeman knocking your door down and forcing you to accept a stranger to share your bedroom. If you will not write, then any contributions in the form of postage stamps will be deeply appreciated to help carry on my letter writing campaign to gain support from legislators, clergy, lawyers, and everyone that I can think of and can reach by letters. — from an inmate, Kentucky State Penitentiary. ■

State Court Limits Wallet Searches

Washington: Police have no right to search a person's wallet if there is no cause to arrest him, the Washington Supreme Court ruled recently.

The unanimous opinion overturns the heroin possession conviction of Jerry Allen in Yakima County Superior Court.

Police operating with a search warrant were searching a Yakima residence in December 1975 when Allen knocked on the door, the court said. The defendant was not named in the search warrant.

Allen told police his name, but declined to produce identification. He was "frisked" by an officer, who felt a bulge and removed Allen's wallet.



The officer searched through the wallet and found a small amount of heroin inside a folded dollar bill. The lower court had no right to use the evidence from the search, which was illegal, and should have granted Allen's moves to suppress admission of the evidence, the court said.

"After satisfying himself the bulge (in Allen's coat) was not a weapon, the officer had no valid reason to further invade Allen's right to be free of police intrusion absent reasonable cause to arrest," Justice Floyd V. Hicks wrote.

"Thereafter, further intrusion becomes a search for evidence, which police may not do without a warrant, except incident to a lawful arrest." ■

Bikers Fight Against MD

Wisconsin: More than \$25,000 was raised in the "Bikers of America Fight Muscular Dystrophy" cam-

paign kickoff during 1980 Bike Week activities in Daytona Beach, Florida. The campaign, which is being coordinated by AMF/Harley-Davidson, reached the mark primarily through motorcyclists' donations in a Sportster motorcycle giveaway and through sponsorships of Willie G. Davidson's ride to Daytona.

About \$10,000 was raised for the Muscular Dystrophy Association through the Sportster giveaway, won by Sue Burton of Bowling Green, Kentucky. Harley-Davidson donated the \$3,895 motorcycle as a door prize at its "Artistry In Iron" show at the Hilton.

Earlier in the week, Davidson, grandson of one of the company's founders, concluded his 1,216-mile ride from Harley's assembly plant in York, Pennsylvania, to Daytona beach, with over \$10 in sponsor pledges for each mile he covered. "Getting to Daytona is as much fun as being at Daytona," said Willie G., "and this year's ride was made extra special just watching the miles add up and knowing what each odometer tick meant for those neat little kids."

To reach the \$12,500 ride total, Harley-Davidson employees collectively contributed \$2.77 per mile ridden, with dealers providing an additional \$5.19 per mile. Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc., and the Harley-Davidson Parts and Accessories Division each kicked in \$1 per mile.

"The response we got from consumers attending our Bike Week activities and from employees and dealers was super," commented Bob Klein, Harley-Davidson PR manager. "Everyone showed a genuine interest and enthusiasm, and we're certainly pumped about the possibilities of what can be done during the rest of the year. It's one heck of a good start." ■

Face Shield Injury

A Santa Maria man suffered a broken nose and facial cuts when his motorcycle went out of control on Suey Creek Road in the South County, according to the California Highway Patrol.



Roy Ruff Jr., 20, was riding south when his motorcycle went around a curve and hit

some small rocks in the roadway, causing him to lose control, the CHP said. Ruff, still on the motorcycle, went across the road and struck a dirt embankment. The face shield on his helmet broke off and caused the facial injuries, the CHP said.

Help From The Outside

Illinois: The bros in the Menard Prison in Illinois are trying to set up a Vocational Motorcycle and Small Engine Repair school. What they need are letters of support, tech manuals on all types of bikes, wall charts, training course guidelines, parts catalogs, and letters from shop owners, confirming whether or not they will hire joint-trained scooter mechanics. If any of the bros on the outside can give any help at all, they should write

Charley Higgs #A-97887, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259. — from Crazy Charley.

Oust Debonis

Vermont: The helmet statute is aimed at protecting the safety of the motorcyclist. It has been shown time and again, throughout the United States and at the Vermont Transportation Committee hearing, that studies indicate ninety percent of all helmets tested by the Department of Transportation failed to meet the minimum requirements set by law.

During the debate on the House floor February 29th, 1980, some representatives told stories about helmets saving lives. However, helmets can and do cause fatal accidents. From 1967 to 1976, law suits totaling \$50,000,000 were filed against helmet manufacturers because of deaths and injuries to riders. For example: In one Surrey, England, hospital, in an eighteen-month period, seven motorcyclists were DOA, killed by their helmets (broken necks). We are faced with being killed or maimed by a state mandate. Should the state dictate to us that our peripheral vision be cut down to 120 degrees by wearing a helmet? Normal, unobstructed peripheral vision is 180 degrees. Should the state also dictate that our hearing be cut down considerably? Finally, should the state dictate that it is better to die with a broken neck than a head injury?

Two years ago, Representative Daniel Debonis undertook the job of keeping the mandatory helmet law. When asked why he took on the task, he replied, "I can't tell you."

As it turns out, however, it is not just the motorcyclists and their rights! To quote Representative Debonis, "Now they

want motorcycle rights; the next thing they'll want is homosexual rights."

It seems Representative Debonis decided that a leading witness at the public hearing held in Montpelier on the repeal of the helmet law looked like a homosexual.

ABATE of Vermont is asking for his resignation from the House, and we hope he'll be replaced by an unbiased representative — for the betterment of Vermont. — from ABATE of Vermont, P.O. Box 401, Putney, Vt. 05346.

Mailgram — An Effective Tool

A Western Union Mailgram can be used as an effective tool to reach your Senator or Representative. For \$2.80, a biker or two can send a 50-word message to the state capital overnight. The toll-free number is (800) 325-5100. You can bill it to your phone, Visa, or Master Charge.



Mailgrams can be used to give a quick response to an unfavorable bill. The NRA and other high-bucks lobby groups use Mailgrams. — from ABATE of Iowa.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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



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

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

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

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

Name, nickname, or mark _____
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City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.



Illustration by Hal Robinson

Eatin' Out

by Scabby

About four seconds after we did the big belly-pivot my jizz was gone. Pretty good, for me. It was usually gone in three.

"Well? Ya gonna eat me?" she squawked.

My head was sandwiched between her legs. Well, if I *was* gonna eat 'er, I wouldn't hafta get on a bus and ride across town to do it.

"Ya gonna eat me?" she said again.

I quit lookin' out the window and turned my head a little and looked at her cunt. Was I gonna eat 'er? Hell, about a minute ago I'da made a twelve-course meal out of 'er. About a minute ago I hadn't come yet.

Well, that was a minute ago.

"Ya gonna eat me?"

"Yeah, I'm gonna eat ya."

I didn't know if she heard me or not. Her thighs were mufflin' my ears, makin' my voice sound like a bugle. At least to me. I mighta been whisperin', who knows? I prob'ly *was* whisperin'. I do know the words weren't doin' cartwheels down my tongue in their enthusiasm, at any rate.

"You *better* eat me. I blew *you*!"

Hell, I knew that. Ain't had an unbeknownst ejaculation yet. That part about eatin' her, though. . . I looked back at the window and stared through it. My tongue didn't have enough energy at the moment to lasso a moth off a geranium plant, much less vibrate a whole human bein' into conniptions. I turned my head again a bit and looked back at her cunt. Found myself kinda wishin' there *was* a moth on it. Mighta served as an incentive. Even if her cunt had been the firm, closed-up cunt of a hand-picked virgin in a Norwegian vagina contest, I couldn'ta been more uninterested. And it wasn't one o' those cunts. 'Course, it wasn't a ripped-open moose, either — I didn't have enough dope on hand to make me get mixed up with some wino woman who washed her overcoats in there. But it had done more than just open to let the piss out.

She had her legs spread a tad, what with my head bein' between 'em, an' all, an' there weren't too many of her "woman's mysteries" that weren't reflectin' the light like the inside of an eyelid that was bein' pulled down by a

winch. Well, maybe I was exaggeratin' a cunt hair. If I'da had at least one pollywog left in my sperm juice it woulda looked pretty good, actually. If I'da had a drop o' the swampwater the pollywog swam in, it woulda looked pretty good.

Nuthin' to do but wait for whatever stream that filled it to raise the water level again, or whatever the hell went on. A gander at one of 'er tits mighta taken a minute or two off the reloadin' time. But she woulda hadda hack it off and pass it down here for me to do that, though, 'cause I don't think she was about to let my head get any farther away from her pussy than it already was.

"I'm waitin'!"

"Okay, just a minute!"

Not that it was that far. One fart woulda permanently wrapped my nostrils back over my head.

"What the hell are you doing down there?"

I decided to say, "Oooh, I think I'm gonna come again, lookin' at your pussy."

"Really?"

I felt my wet rope get semi-straightened by her fingers and stuffed into her mouth again.

Chick really knew how to take a compliment to heart.

I turned my head a little and looked back out the window. The street lamp was visible way down the street, if you tilted your head right.

I squeezed my eyes a bit and made the light from it flare out into little golden fans that zoomed over and poked me in the face. I closed one eye, and then the other, over and over. It was hard to do without scrunching my face up a bit.

"Hearin' you talk about my box is makin' me as hot as I must be makin' you!"

"Right," I said.

I was gettin' a cramp in my eyelids, and turned back a little to gander at her pussy some more. Couldn't see it as well as I'da liked. I was a little too close. She was right about that "hot" business, though. It was beginnin' to feel like a little tiny furnace on my face. I kinda dug it: all that fire-stokin' goin' on in there just in anticipation o' my yap goin' at it like it was an egg-beater fresh outta the whipped cream bowl. 'Course, it prob'ly got just as fired up when a tampon got shoved up there, or when the bark fell off

the trees, for that matter. I didn't really care. I still dug it — takin' the whole thing personal, an' all.

Oh, well. Time enough for all this romantic bullshit later.

Right now there were streetlights to make raygun bullets out of.

Ooo. What was that?

I saw her fingers come down towards the vicinity.

"Please hurry. . . I don't want to have to do this. Not in front of you. . ."

Well, if she was talkin' about gettin' ready to take a leak, she had my thanks for the warnin'. Didn't seem like she'd need her hand to help her with that, though. Musta been down there for some other reason. I decided I'd hang around an' watch what she didn't wanna do in fronna me. Hoped it wasn't too dangerous; she couldn't get more in fronna me than this.

Her hand moved right down smack on top of it, an' she started to beat her own meat. Or slide her own meat. Or whatever they call it. I moved my head a little farther back to focus better. Ooo. What a turn on. Didn't know she did them dirty nasty little things. My own little honey; an under-the covers solitary sleaze. Ooo. An' now I was watchin' it take place. She was so hot she just couldn't control herself any longer. Was like lookin' through the keyhole. Ooo. Fuck. I could watch that all night.

Oops, no I couldn't; my dick was harder than an anvil. When the hell did that happen? Oh, man, to feel her mouth around it now. . . Be perfect.

Wait a minute. Why wasn't it *already* perfect?

I was sittin' up and talkin' to her.

"My dick ain't in your mouth."

She squirmed around with her eyes closed and managed to say, "I can't. Not. . . right now."

This was bad. If she got herself off by whallopin', as it looked like she was gonna, it'd be me jackin' off next. An' I could do that any time. Right now that mouth o' hers was what I wanted.

I was gettin' desperate.

"You suck me off, an' I'll eat ya till ya faint," I gasped. "I promise."

"That's. . . that's what you said ten minutes ago."

"This time I mean it. I'll do you so

—Continued on page 89

A YOUNG BOY'S HEROES

by "Big Jim" Williams

They were a breed unto themselves. They roared out of the teens across the twenties into the thirties and left us forever on their way to forge motorcycling history. They came to ride on primitive machines in the dust and on rough boards for hours on end. They put on old leather football helmets and aviator's goggles, swiped one of Mom's pie pans on which to paint their numbers, and traveled by train to the Cornfield Classic in Marion, Indiana. They pulled their racing iron behind Model T's to Syracuse, Toledo, San Luis Obispo, and Altoona. They raced sidecar rigs at Sheepshead Bay, New York, on a board track in 1919, and three hundred miles on the Kansas prairie at Dodge City in 1921. They were the sports immortals of their day, and every kid close to motorcycling knew their names: Jim Davis, Curley Fredericks, Sleepy Johnny Seymour, Floyd Dreyer, Ralph Hepburn, Joe Petralli, and many more. I was one of those youngsters who were convinced that their bodies ran on castor oil and alcohol just as the Harley CAC did.

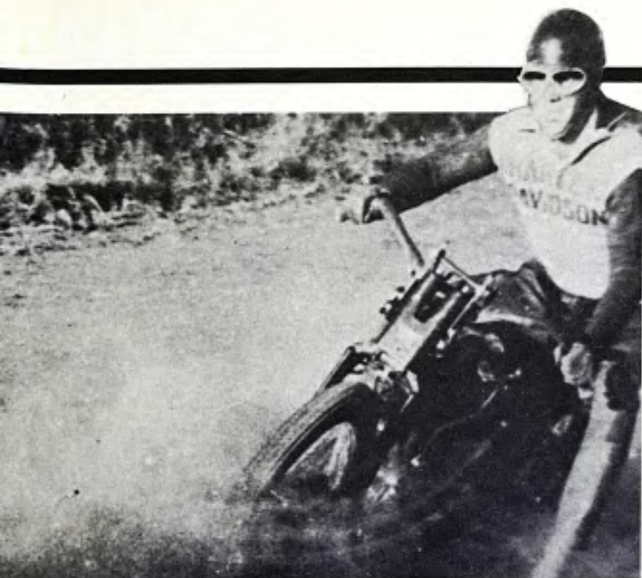
We worked hard all day Saturday digging potatoes on Grandpa's farm, but I didn't mind because I knew that when we were finished at 5:00 Grandpa would get out his new Harley-Davidson

sidecar rig and head down the country dirt road toward Springfield, and that I would be in the sidecar on my way to my first motorcycle race. I had saved up my pennies for three months, and now I had the 44¢ admission charge and 25¢ extra for hotdogs, soda pop, and popcorn. I had to be the happiest five-year-old kid in southern Ohio.

At Buckeye Lake we met up with some of Grandpa's riding buddies, Pappy Wheeler, Pee Wee Swingle, and a big guy they called Lucky. These men had been in the first Air Corps with Grandpa in WWI. They were stationed in France and once were engaged in a dogfight with Baron Manfred von Richthofen's Flying Circus. I knew their stories by heart — how the Baron had Lucky in the sights of his guns but they jammed and Lucky got away. Although I was only a kid, I felt like one of these men. They humored me along, even stopping in Columbus at the A.D. Farrow Harley-Davidson agency to buy me a blue and orange Harley hat. I already had a wool sweater with Harley wings, and a pair of Grandpa's old goggles. I'll never forget the excitement I felt when Lillian Farrow handed the hat to me and gave me her beautiful smile. In the alley behind the shop a man was riding a

—Continued on page 90





Watch the Indians Go!

AT THE BIG

CHARITY NEWSIES RACES --- JUNE 2nd

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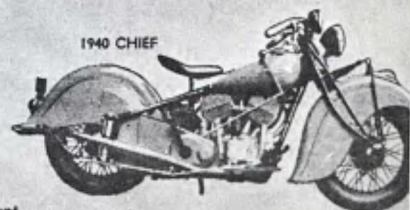
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Photos from Jim Williams

The Court and the Constitution

Should a \$229 Swindler Get Life?

WASHINGTON — Should the Constitution under which this nation is governed be considered a static document, perpetuating forever the wisdom of the 18th-century Americans who wrote it? Or should the interpretation of the Constitution be permitted to change with the times?

The justices of the current Supreme Court are as deeply divided on this issue as many of their predecessors have been. And seldom have the divisions within the high court on the nature of the Constitution been more in evidence than they were last week.

The split arose in a decision by the court upholding a sentence of life imprisonment imposed upon a Texas swindler convicted of three petty, nonviolent thefts that netted him a total of \$229.11. The man, William J. (Scotty) Rummel, had been sent to jail under a Texas habitual offender law that imposes an automatic life sentence on anyone convicted of three separate felony offenses.

Shorn of some minor side issues, the Rummel case presented the Supreme Court with a very simple, clear constitutional question: Did Rummel's life sentence violate the Eighth Amendment, the provision prohibiting "cruel and unusual punishments"? By a vote of five to four, the justices decided it did not. Their differences on Rummel's fate reflected a deeper division within the high court on how the Constitution should be interpreted.

A majority of five justices decided the Eighth Amendment should be construed no differently than it always had been. Never before had the Supreme Court ruled that a jail term was "cruel and unusual" merely because it was too long, noted Justice William H. Rehnquist, the court's most conservative member.

Past rulings had made clear capital punishment might be considered cruel and unusual under some circumstances (such as when applied to a person convicted of the crime of rape, but not murder). Past decisions had also outlawed certain extraordinary forms of punishment, such as confinement in chains. But an overly long jail term? The court had never before said this would violate the Eighth Amendment.

As proof of this analysis of the Constitu-

tion, Rehnquist cited a 68-year-old Supreme Court case — one which, he noted, was similar in many ways to the Rummel case. This old case, which so fascinated Rehnquist that he recounted it in detail, concerned a horse thief named Graham who had been sentenced to life imprisonment under a West Virginia habitual offender law.

In 1897, Graham had been convicted of stealing "one bay mare" worth \$50. Four years later, he was sent away for entering a stable to steal "one brown horse named Harry, of the value of \$100." Graham's fate was sealed when he was convicted in 1907 of stealing "one red roan horse" valued at \$75, along with some other supplies worth \$85. Graham thus was jailed for life for the theft of about \$310 (a sum which, taking inflation into account, was much greater than Rummel's total take). Rehnquist pointed out that the Supreme Court of 1912 flatly rejected Graham's claim that his life sentence was cruel and unusual punishment.

In short, Rehnquist and the four members of the high court who joined him — Chief Justice Warren E. Burger and Justices Byron R. White, Harry A. Blackmun, and Potter Stewart — seemed to be groping for a fixed, immutable interpretation of the phrase "cruel and unusual punishment."

It made no difference, in Rehnquist's view, that the Graham decision was handed down during a year when William Howard Taft was President and when (according to capital punishment scholar Watt Espy Jr., of the University of Alabama law library) there were at least 127 persons executed in this country.

This search for an immutable interpretation of the Constitution is hardly unique to Rehnquist. Over the past decade, for example, legal historian Raoul Berger has gained a bit of fame by suggesting repeatedly that the constitutional guarantee of the equal protection of the laws should be interpreted to mean no more than what it meant to the individuals who drafted and ratified the Fourteenth Amendment in 1868.

The man who led the opposition to Rehnquist in the Rummel case was Justice Lewis F. Powell Jr. In a dissent that was endorsed by Justices Thurgood Marshall, William J. Brennan Jr., and John Paul Stevens, Powell argued heatedly that

a life sentence for thefts of \$229.11 amounted to cruel and unusual punishment in violation of the Eighth Amendment. Rummel's sentence, he observed, "would be viewed as unjust by virtually every layman and lawyer."

Powell is generally regarded as a rather conservative justice — certainly much more conservative than the three other dissenters who joined him. Particularly in cases of national defense and in business cases, Powell tends to align himself with Burger and Rehnquist in opposition to changes sought by the liberals on the court.

But Powell stands apart from his colleagues in his concern for individual justice. Often, he tries to mold his votes, his principles, and his opinions in a way that would create the result he would consider fair or decent if he had been acting as a trial judge or jury.

Furthermore, despite his reputed conservatism, Powell has regularly maintained that the meaning of the Constitution must be allowed to change from time to time. "The Constitution has been described, properly I think, as a sort of living political organism," he explained in an interview with a political science professor last year. "The court has helped, by its decisions, to keep the Constitution abreast of the vast changes that occur in the life of our nation."

In the Rummel case, Powell examined the previous Supreme Court decisions concerning the Eighth Amendment and attempted to show that the crucial question had always been whether a sentence was "grossly disproportionate to the seriousness of the crime."

Unlike Rehnquist, Powell did not stop at that point. Just because the Supreme Court had never said something before, he reasoned, did not mean it was out of the question. "The reach of the Eighth Amendment cannot be restricted only to those claims previously adjudicated under the Cruel and Unusual Punishments Clause," he wrote. "... We are construing a living Constitution." As for Rehnquist's invocation of the 1912 West Virginia horse thief case, Powell noted it had been issued well before the Supreme Court had even held that the Eighth Amendment applies to the states as well as to the federal govern-

—Continued on page 79

DOWNTIME

By Whiskey

Many 74s ago, me and my buddies useta cram our greasy bodies and gas-saturated, battery-acid-proof pants into a trailer no bigger than a V-dub bug, and proceed into our lunch break around a six-way hookah. We were workin' in a neighborhood gas station, strugglin' to stay up, along with a buzz. After mornin's of spillin' gas on cages, scaldin' hands on explodin' radiators, and the pleasure of dealin' with customers, we needed a head-toppin' high. Lest one of those eagle-eyed patrons catch us in the throes of our waste-dom, the three of us would hunch into our own tokeria. A beat-up eight-track player and tinny speakers were the only things of value in there, and we got those for five bucks worth of premium. At the time the only tape we had, or needed, was one by a new group, R.E.O. Speedwagon. Seatrain, Alvin Lee, Hendrix, and the Doors were the heavy groups around our place then, until a brother of ours came back from a trip to Mo. He returned touched by the sounds of R.E.O., and after a listenin' we were fans forever.

The record, titled **R.E.O. Speedwagon**, was fast paced, an' created the best impression when played loud. It musta been a weird sight to see a six-foot-long, half-turtle-shell camper rockin' to the beat. Outside observers had to think there was a forest fire goin' on inside, orchestrated with blarin' rock 'n' roll. We'd come bailin' out of the tin inferno hell-bent for leather. It'd put a whole new perspective on our day,



With "Gypsy Woman's Passion," "157 Riverside Avenue," and "Anti-Establishment Man" ringin' in our hair-covered ears, we were bouncin' from island to island, pump to pump. Rockin', man.

Ah, the good times. As that 1971 summer disappeared, so did some of the lackeys at the fillin' station. My buddies, Porky, Schall, and Shifty, had split, gone to find warm women and cold beer in the Boise and Denver areas. We kept in touch through the years, with reports of concerts we'd gone to and such. Always, no matter how long it'd been, the first question asked would be, "Ya heard the new R.E.O.?" And that'd toss us back to simpler times, away from divorce headaches, housin' hassles, an' illegitimate rugrats. Schall would go on and on about the Speedwagon's show at Red Rocks in Boulder, Colo. "Man, unbelievable!" Gary Richrath this, an' Gary Richrath that. The dude is one of the most unknown of all rockers; he can make a guitar sound like a Grand Prix racer kin'

off, then smashin' into the retainer wall. Now that's a sound ya don't hear everyday — right?

R.E.O. Speedwagon? The name comes from the Diamond REO Truck company in Lansing, Michigan. It was a heavy-duty truck, set up to handle big loads, an' get 'em across country, which is not unlike the group.

Coming fast on the heels of 1978's **You Can Tune a Piano, But You Can't Tuna Fish**, and '79's **Nine Lives**, we have a monster record for the eighties that wraps up everything the group did in the seventies. **A Decade Of Rock And Roll** is the name; it covers the growth an' changes of the R.E.O. team on four sides.

Possibly the Midwest's best. You don't wanna miss it.

Van Halen reminds me of what the inside of my 74 would sound like if ya put the doc's stethoscope on it, listenin' for a heartbeat: all clankin' an' pumpin' in an organized fashion.

Their latest, **Women and Children First**, is as loud as anything

they've done yet. Unfortunately loudness doesn't always guarantee a winner. Don't think the thing's a piece of junk though, it just ain't chock full of good rock the way the first two are. "The Cradle Will Rock," is the best tune on it, followed closely by "Everybody Wants Some" and "Take Your Whiskey Home."

The former Midwesterners-cum-Californians are currently on world tour, so they may have, or may yet come rockin' into your area. Don't forget your cotton for the ears. That's a tech tip.



One dude who'll put up an argument for the crown of heartland rock is Bob Seger. The guy's a scrapper an' a survivor who refuses to be counted out. Originally, this was to be dedicated to just one of his tunes that hits home every time you're on the road, and ya stop to get some grits. It's called "Turn the Page," and is a classic biker tune. You can find it on the **Live Silver Bullet** album. While gettin' it together on "Page" Bob went an' knocked out a new specialty that's ridin' high on the airwaves, **Against The Wind**. It's a record about guts, something Seger has a lot of, 'specially seein' as how he got his mug photoed while straddlin' a rice-burner on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. That's gotta take balls.

Mr. Seger asks on "Fire Lake," "Who's gonna ride that chrome three-wheeler?" It's like if you're gonna do it, then do it. Have the balls to stretch yourself to the limits. We do now, always have, always will. This one's right up there with **Night Moves**, as Bob Seger's Motor City best.



Illustrations by Jody Roberts





Gotta Job

by Commissar

Times were hard. The ol' lady had left me. No more income from her titty-bar gig. No more income at all, that's what.

Once again, as I had so many times in years before, I started reading the classified sections, looking for a god-dam job. I went to the employment office, the labor halls, the whole trip.

It netted me zilch, that's what.

"Yeah, sure, try again next week — we'll have something then, for sure."

"Don't you think you ought to dress up your appearance?" "Sorry, we require employees to have a high school diploma." That's the kind of answers I got, pretty near everywhere.

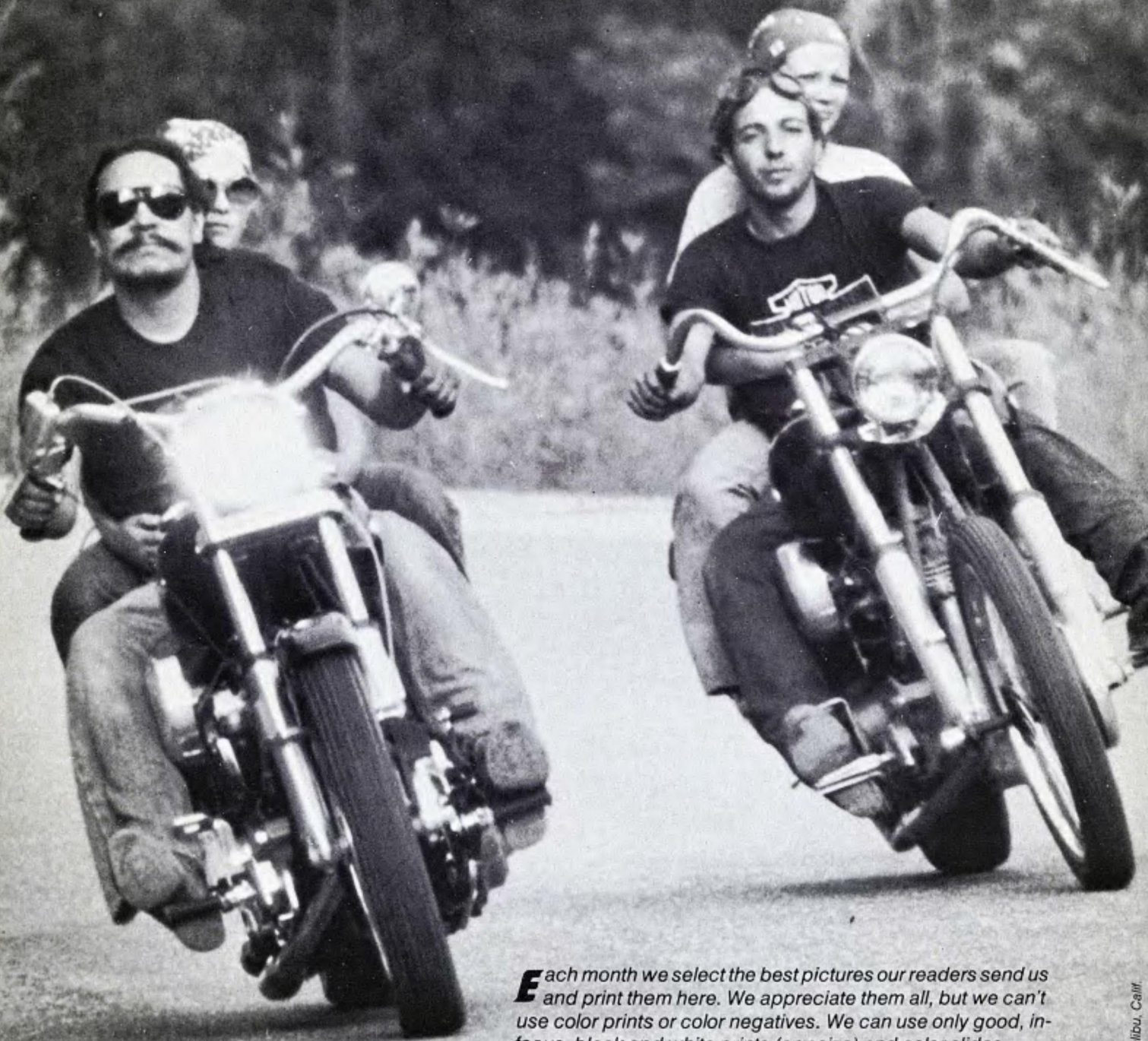
In desperation, I rode by the Harley agency. I rode by, didn't stop. That would be like going to work for the ace profiteer, something told me. It was rare — maybe twice a year — that I let myself go in there to buy parts. Asking for a job — well, that was too much.

Or, that is, it was too much for the first two weeks of no money. Day by day, as the rent notices on my door changed colors, from black-letter reminders to red-letter demands (with plenty of exclamation points, as in Now! Late! Past Due! Or Else!), I began to put things in what you might call perspective.

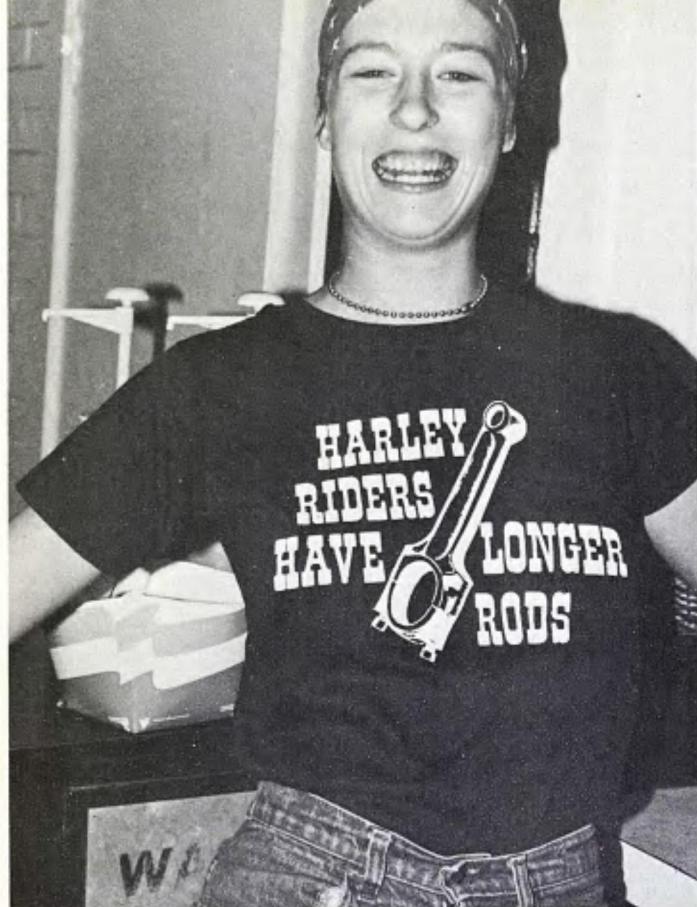
When a man is truly in *forma pauperis*, it doesn't make much dif-

—Continued on page 98

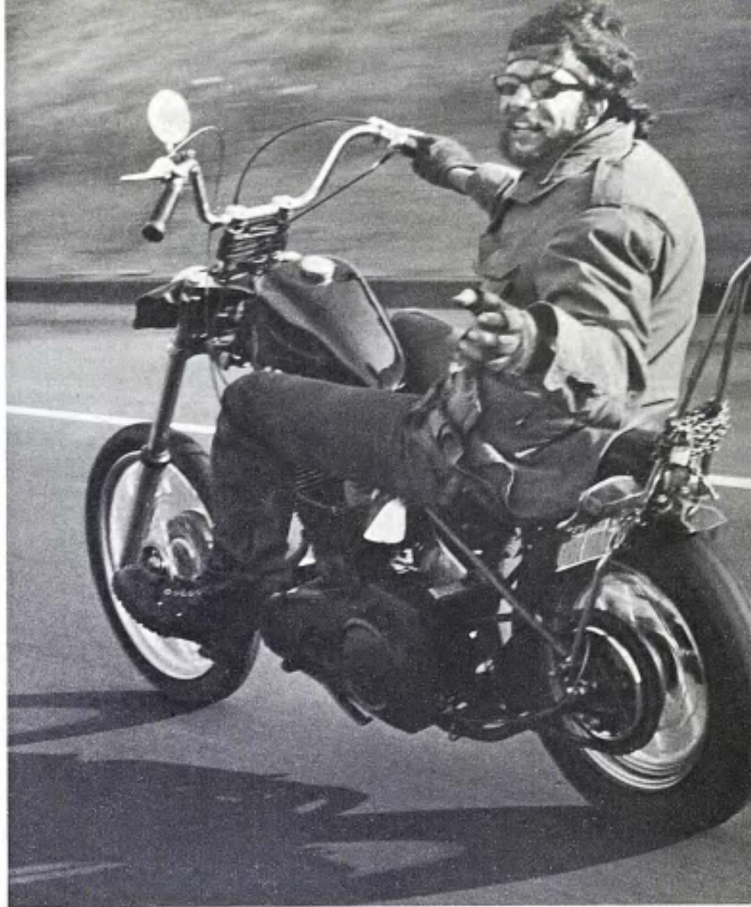
IN THE WIND



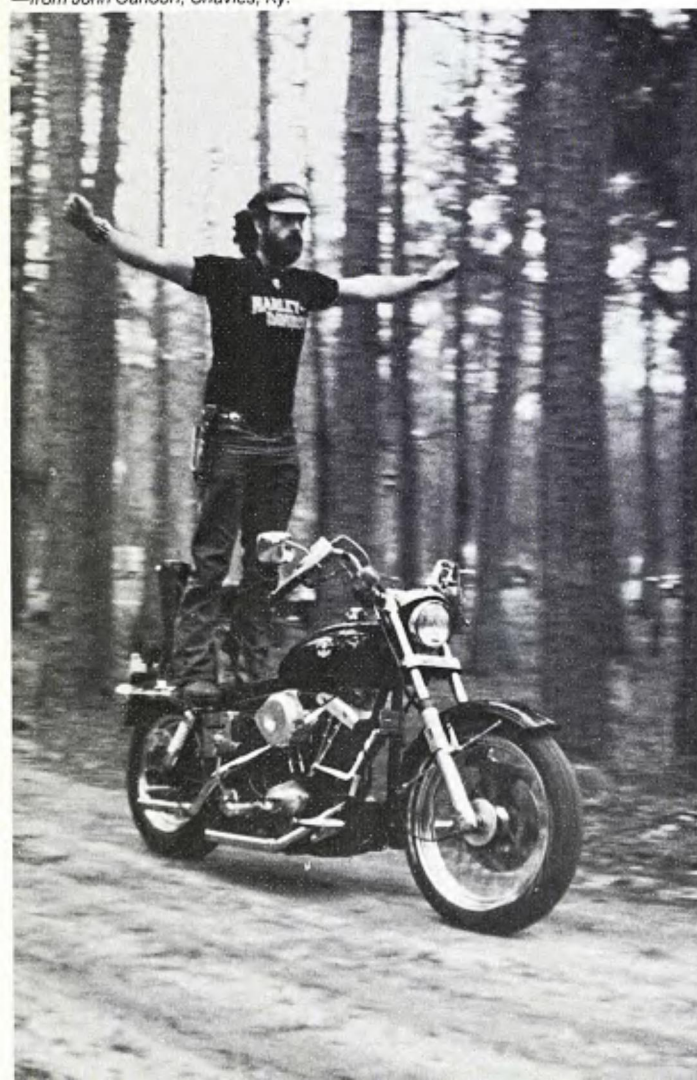
Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the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



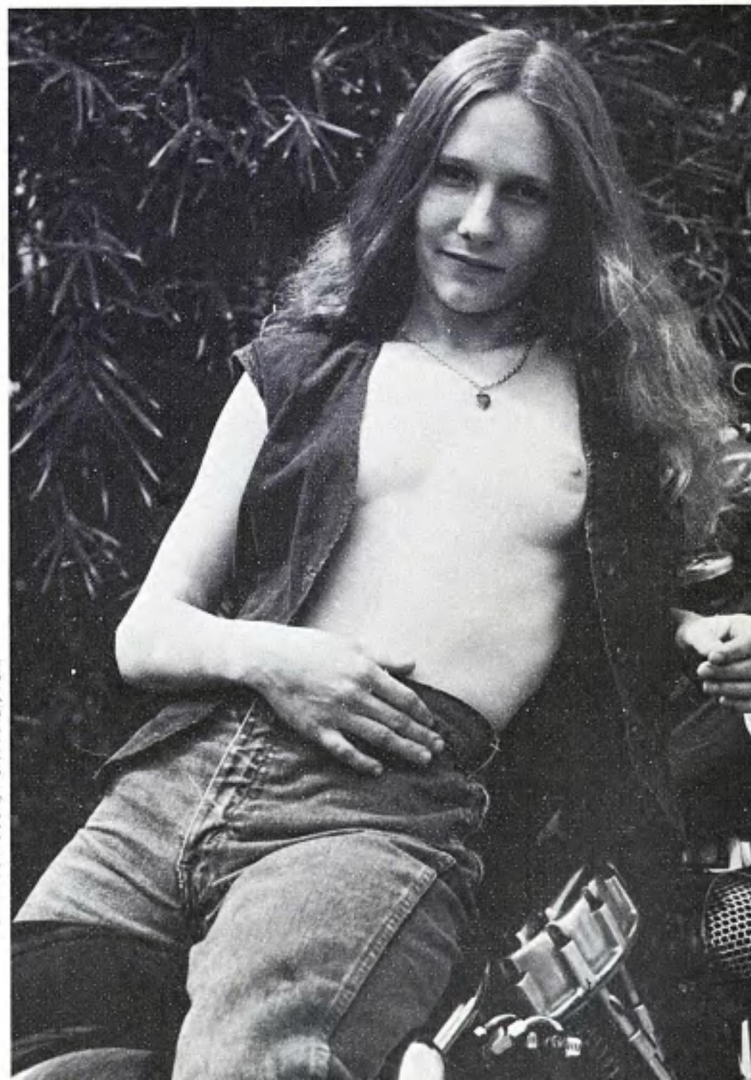
—from Artie Hebert, Port Arthur, Tex.



—from Dan Richards, Martinez, Calif.



—from Artie Hebert, Port Arthur, Tex.





—from Lou and Sue, Ormond Beach, Fla.

—from Crazy Har Owens, APO, N.Y.

WARNING:

THE OCCUPANT IS A BIKER THAT
HATES SALESMEN, BEGGARS, CON MEN
AND BILL COLLECTORS! IF YOU HAVE
BUSINESS WITH ME DONT MAKE IT
SATURDAY OR SUNDAY! YOU HAVE BEEN
FORWARDED! UNLESS YOU ARE BLIND
AND CANT READ THIS SIGN YOU CAN
BET YOUR DEAD ASS IM GOING TO PUNCH
YOUR LIGHTS OUT IF YOU KNOCK ON
THIS DOOR ON SATURDAY OR SUNDAY.

—from Dan Richards, Martinez, Calif.





—from Gary Buehler, Lincoln, Neb.

Highway Gypsy

*I've seen the sun and the rain,
the hurt and the pain.
I've seen the sky cry dirty tears.
I've been here, I've been there,
and a bit of everywhere.
Where I'm goin' ain't too clear.*

*I'm just a highway gypsy,
a wandering vagabond.
All I own is with me.
Love to hear the highway's song.*

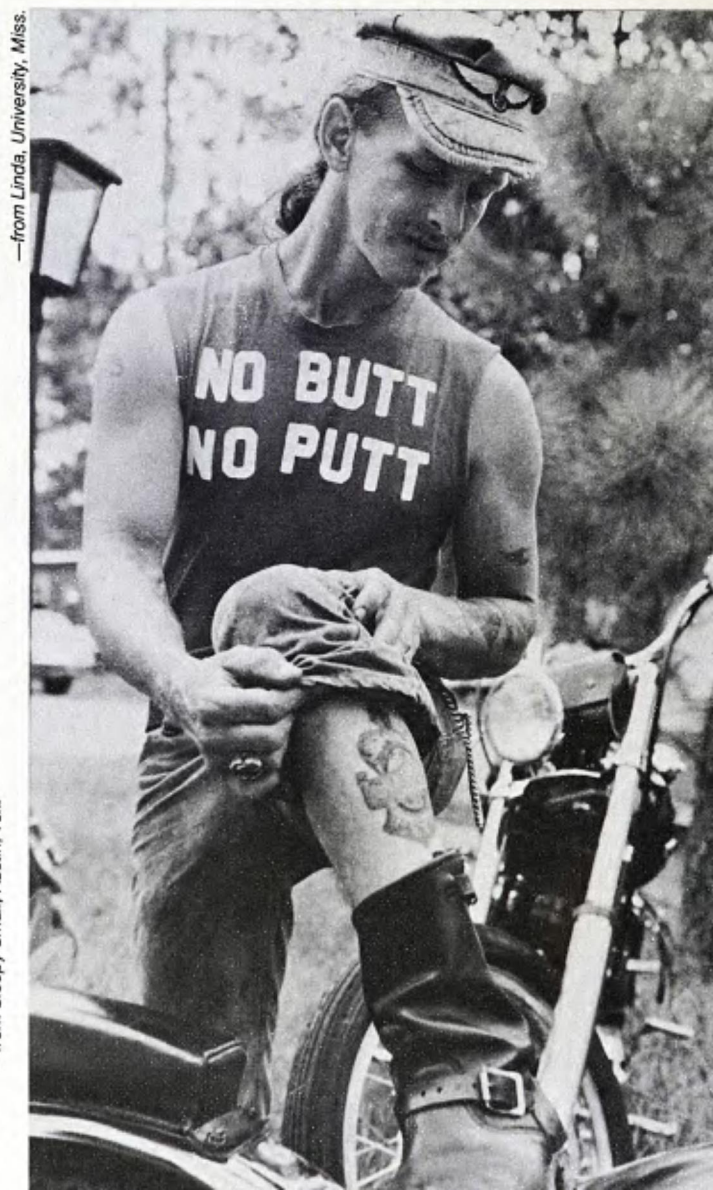
*I've been loved and hated,
been impatient, and I've waited,
for things I felt I'd need.
Had my ups and had my downs,
heard the early morning sounds
of love as I was leavin'.*

*I'm just a highway gypsy,
a wandering vagabond.
All I own is with me.
Love to hear the highway's song.*

—Junkyard



—from Sleepy Small, Austin, Tex.



—from Linda, University, Miss.



—from Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio



—from Stan Crilly, Huntingdon, Pa.



—from Smoker and Jean, Tulsa, Okla.



—from Big Jim, Cleveland, Ohio

Brothers

*I miss my beautiful brothers in here.
They are the ones who have stepped
across the line
into a position
from which there can be no retreat.*

*They are all fully committed
to the struggle—
100ers.*

*They are men and do not fight
with their mouths.
Their blood runs true and their hearts are
within each other
My Brothers.
My Blood.*

*I will return and together we will run
that highway we have paved.*

—Crazy Joe Wagner

—from Rap, Collinsville, Ill.





—from Dia, Phoenix, Ariz.



—from Carla Halman, Anchorage, Alaska



—from Paula Hambrick, Costa Mesa, Calif.



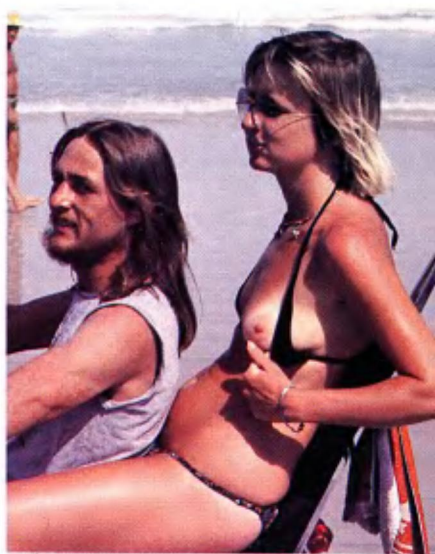
—from James Kempt, I.G.H., Minn.



—from Lee Scott, San Jose, Calif.



—from Hollywood Mike, Roselle, N.J.



—from Phillip G. Brown, Garland, Tex.



DAVID MANN

Easyriders

FRIDAY



AFTERNOON



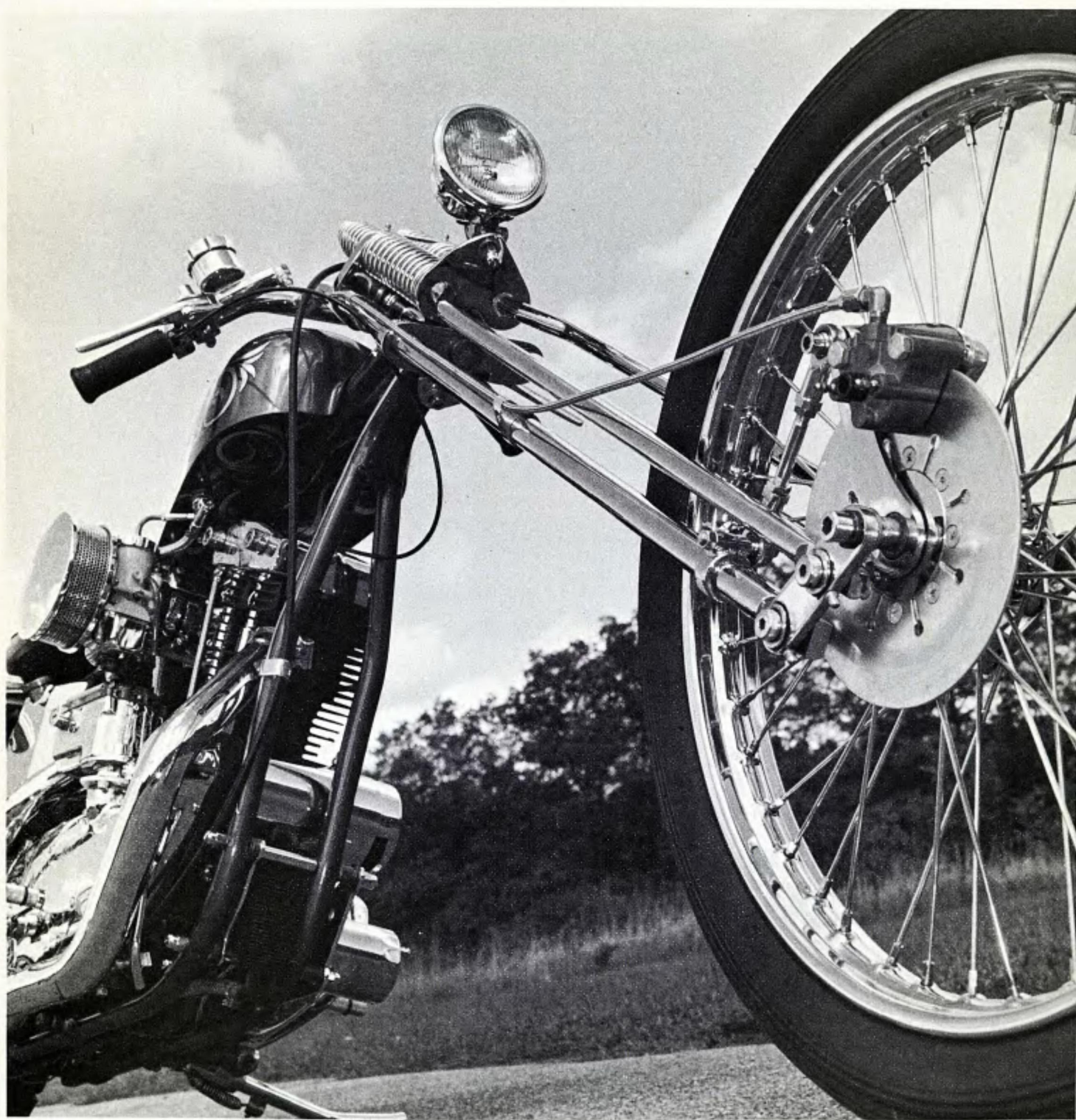
**And
there's
one
hang-up
after
another**



It was Friday afternoon. I was just packin' it in and gettin' ready to cut out early for a long weekend with my ol' lady when Renegade, that creep, came struttin' in and informed me that I hadda write this bike feature. This was one of the first good weekends we'd had since all the rain stopped — blue skies, sun, warmth — the whole good trip. Time to putt.

Renegade told me that he met this new honey on the way to work, and the way he talked, you'd think she was a 12 on a scale of 1 to 10. They had bunches of hot plans for the evenin' — but that's another story. Anyway, I guess he felt that what he had in mind was much more pressin' than what I had planned. You can imagine the attitude that began to accumulate in my beard and spread all over my fuckin' face.

I called my ol' lady to deliver the news, and listenin' to her bitch and moan, I got

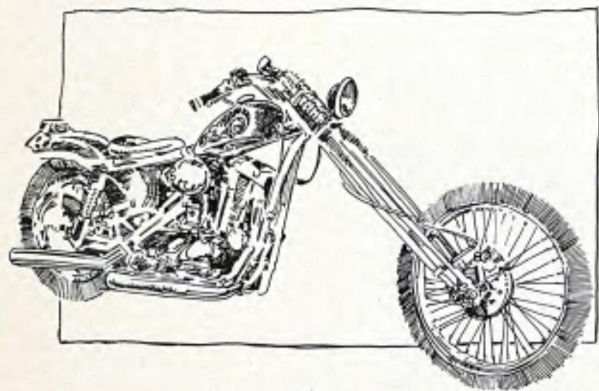




even madder. After I kicked a few engine crates that were sittin' around the office and punched out a couple of walls, I felt a tad better — but not much. So I sat down to groan, piss, and ponder on what to write for this fuckin' article.

'Cause I was so fuckin' pissed off, I couldn't think of a goddam thing — 'cept wantin' to split. So after a couple of reds (to enhance my anger), followed by a few beers so I could concentrate, suddenly, brilliance struck somewhere in my flaming skull. Maybe I should look at the slides of the scoot I was commanded to write about — fuck.

Okay, so I gazed at the shots briefly, very briefly. It just got me to steamin' Fuckin' Renegade, the fuckin' pussy hound. I was gazin' at this pretty Sportster when I flashed on all the shit I had to do to my 45 so I could go puttin' this weekend.

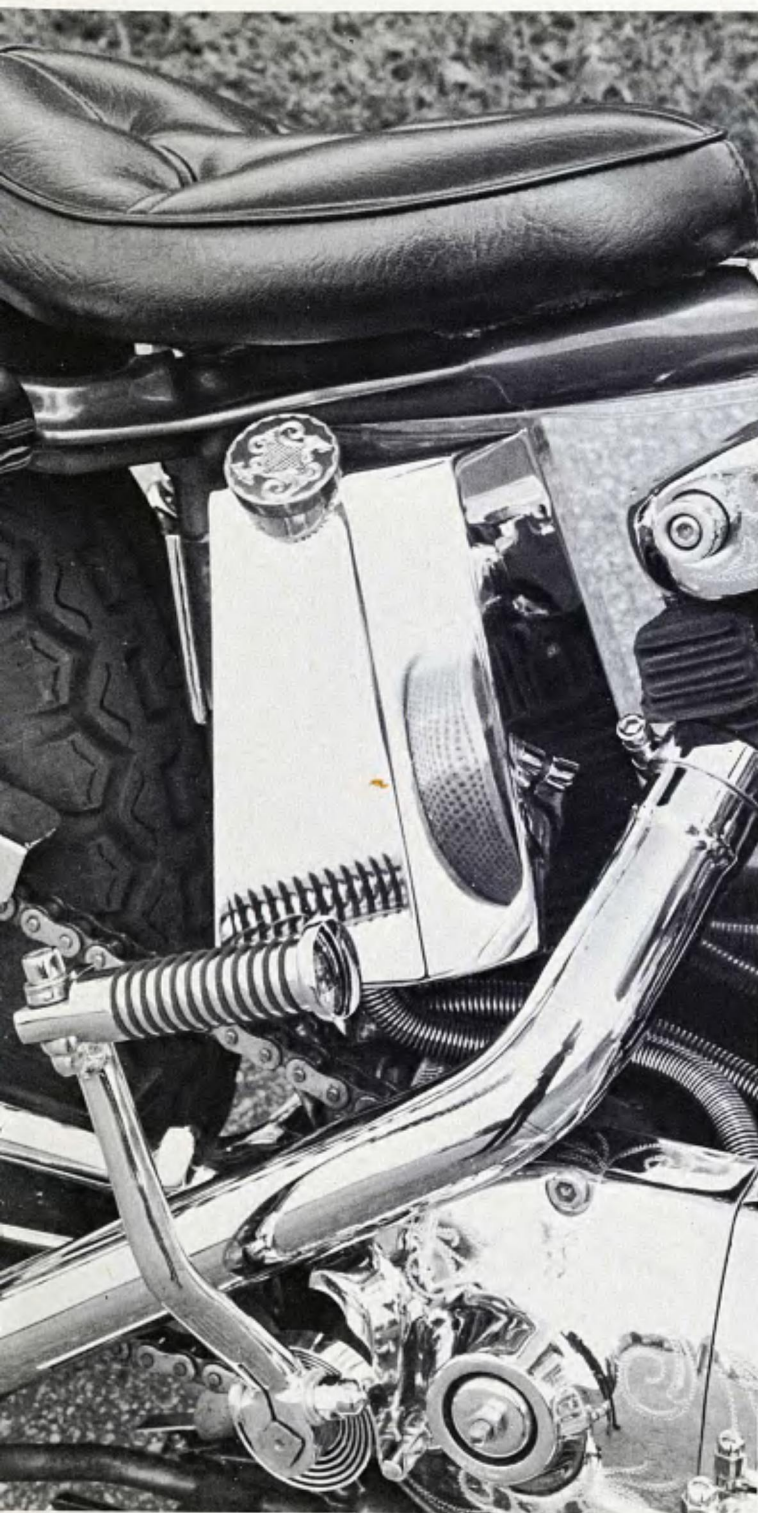


Renegade wasn't about to hang me up any longer. I snuck outta the garage and hit it to the sled.

Screw that guy. You bros enjoy the Sporty and I'll get my 45 on the road for the weekend.

—Gimp





Owners: Bruce Puglia

City: Stoneham, Mass.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1970

Year and make: 1970 H-D

Builder: H-D/Santee

Model: Sportster

Type: swingarm

Value: \$5,000

Rake: 50 degrees

Assembly: owner

Stretch: 4 in.

Time: 6 months

Other alterations: Superglide shocks

Chroming by: South Shore Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Ness, one piece

Year: 1970

Risers: 6 in.

Model: XLCH

Fender(s): Ness-rear

Rebuilder: Joe Legros

Headlight: Cycle Fab.

Ignition: magneto

Taillight: Bates

Displacement: 55 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: Joe Legros

Front pegs: knurled

Balancing: E.E. Lindskog

Rear pegs: knurled

Pistons: TRW

Electrics: owner/S. Coles

Cases: flat black, shaved cam cover

Gas tank: Arlen Ness

Heads: ported and polished

Oil tank: Santee

Cam: P's

Oil system: cooler, filter & gauge

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: shaved fins

Carb(s): 38mm Mikuni

Seat: Ness solo

Air cleaner: Drag Specialties

Sissy bar: fender brace

Pipes: Cycle Shack

Height: along fender

Muffler(s): one piece with pipes

Material: cleaned & chromed

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none

Type: springer

Year: 1970

Extension: 8 in.

Shifting: Ness lever

Builder: Arlen Ness

Engine sprocket: 33

Special features: gooseneck

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front:

Rear:

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 16

Molding: Don Perewitz

Hub: Sifton

Hub: H-D

Painter: Dave Perewitz

Rim width: 2 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: blue

Tire: 2.75

Tire: 5.10

Type: acrylic lacquer

Brake: disc

Brake: drum

Special paint: silver leaf and striping by Roy Mason

Other special modifications: engraving, cable clamps, allenhead screws, anodizing and shaved barrels by Cycle Fab., wire loom, 4-in. headlight, special rocker arm caps, and special thanks to Al Puglia



Stuck-Up

But there are ways. . .



Ever gone to one of the national runs? There's four thousand bros, four hundred ol' ladies, and half a dozen single chicks, all partyin' their hearts out. An' them single chicks too often are partyin' with anyone but my flea-bitten self. The ol' rat bike runs 'em off.

Chicks' evasive tactics are a taste shabby, though. Take a hot summer day while the sun is arc-weldin' a shimmerin' barrage of rays on the concrete sidewalks. There's

this chick struttin' up the heat wave, swingin' her plump, Harley-winged ass, which is tightly cupped and carefully shaped to look as though the blue of the snug Levi's is just a coat of blue felt pen ink. From the low beltline of the denim drawers to just under the base of the most perfectly formed curvaceous set of tits I'd seen in two ridin' seasons was exposed the neatest goddam waist and tummy I'd probably ever seen. All that remained was this snug, but

Photos by Billy Tinney



frayed and thin tube top. I mentally ate everything, from the mid-back, shimmerin' mane of fiery hair to the slick, booted strut that had me hangin' a U in front of a semi to get back to review my first impressions.

Still struttin' and still fine. Tryin' to get her attention, I asked her if she wanted a ride as my broken footboard draggin' the pavement rattled and screeched while executin' number two U-turn. She didn't respond. I yelled again and rapped my loose drag pipes. They made more noise backin' off — exhaust leaks.

I offered her breakfast, lunch, a beer, a doobie, other assorted stimulants, to no avail. Shit, I offered to give her head and she didn't break stride. I tried a coupla

acrobatic stunts but nearly smacked my tweaked front end.

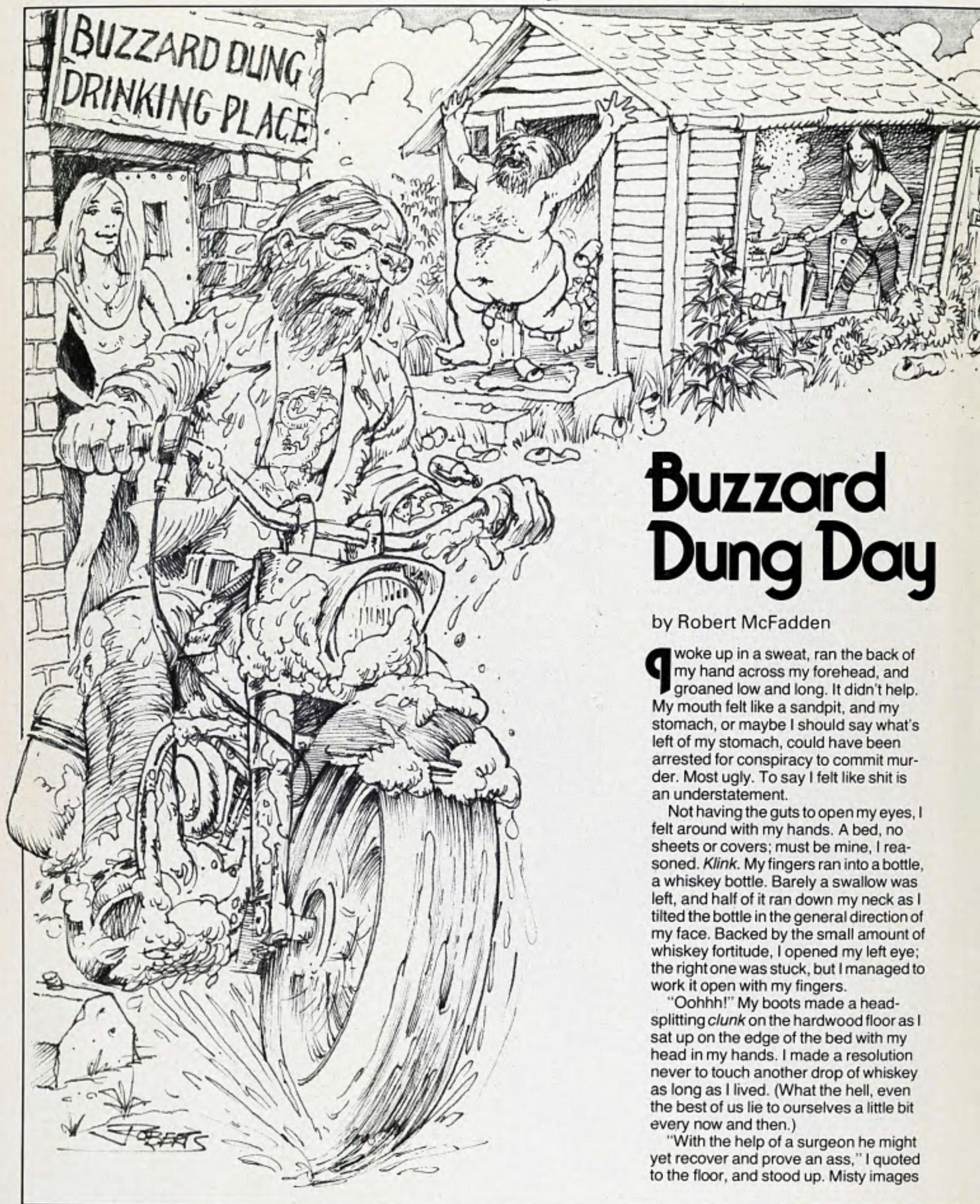
So I halted momentarily, and hit neutral to let the clutch rest. While regroupin', I remembered what a bro once fed me. He said, "Fuck 'em, if they can't take a joke."

It seemed right — so I burnt the Goodyear's skin and kidnapped Nice Ass, grabbin' her up off the street like a paper boy snatches up a bundle of the daily *Disaster*. Went to breakfast — didn't buy her nothin' — just told her to sit.

I smoked all the weed and drank all the beer while she made the runs for munchies and more cold ones. I hardly said a fuckin' word to her for the three days (we balled a lot, though) and she's still here. Suppose my bro was right.

—Shotgun





Buzzard Dung Day

by Robert McFadden

I woke up in a sweat, ran the back of my hand across my forehead, and groaned low and long. It didn't help. My mouth felt like a sandpit, and my stomach, or maybe I should say what's left of my stomach, could have been arrested for conspiracy to commit murder. Most ugly. To say I felt like shit is an understatement.

Not having the guts to open my eyes, I felt around with my hands. A bed, no sheets or covers; must be mine, I reasoned. *Klink*. My fingers ran into a bottle, a whiskey bottle. Barely a swallow was left, and half of it ran down my neck as I tilted the bottle in the general direction of my face. Backed by the small amount of whiskey fortitude, I opened my left eye; the right one was stuck, but I managed to work it open with my fingers.

"Oohhh!" My boots made a head-splitting *clunk* on the hardwood floor as I sat up on the edge of the bed with my head in my hands. I made a resolution never to touch another drop of whiskey as long as I lived. (What the hell, even the best of us lie to ourselves a little bit every now and then.)

"With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover and prove an ass," I quoted to the floor, and stood up. Misty images



flashed through my head as I groped my way down the hallway to the bathroom. (Brightly lit house, rocking, spinning, somebody outlined in the doorway, then screaming and high-pitched laughter as I rode my putt up the steps and into the house. Faces staring down at me. "Carry him upstairs, I'll lock up his scooter.") Nothing. I made it to the bathroom, tripped on the threshold, and nearly drowned in the toilet!

After splashing a gallon of cold water on my face and gagging on half a bottle of mouth wash I felt considerably better, not great or even good, but on my way back to the bedroom my hands stopped shaking enough to roll a joint, I thought.

Rick's huge, tattooed arms were going like a windmill as he tore the clothes from my closet and sent them fluttering around my already cluttered room. He must have heard my shocked attempt to say something, because he turned from his task to scowl at me from behind dark sunglasses and thick black beard.

"What the hell ya doing?" I managed to spit out.

"Looking for Strawberries!" he growled.

"Strawberries?"

"Ya. Strawberries — my fucking

—Continued on page 91

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

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

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

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

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

Protect your valuables



Won't slide when jumping or running.



Won't open until you open it

*Goin'
into a
heavy
neighborhood?*

Mackenzie Company

Box 29

Calabasas, California 91302

California residents add 6%
(U.S. Currency Only, Thank you)

STASH POUCH

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Choppershopper

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 ad-

vertisement 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.

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

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)

Pat (Kid Kool): you buddy! Am doing life in N.M. since '78. Tell Doc I lost address of Railroad. Aka "Jet." Richard Chapman, (N.M.) #28064, P.O. Box B, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (86)

Italian doll. 21, Libra, needs honest, loving, one-woman ol' man. H-D minded, with no hassles, for good time. I'm seen on pg. 63, 3/80 issue. Write S.G., P.O. Box 15391, West Palm Beach, Fla. 33406. (86)

Back issues \$1.25 per copy, starting February 1977. Write David L. Cammack, Dry Ridge, Ky. 41035, or call (502) 484-2638. (86)

To T.C. in A.S.P.: Been a year for us so far (July 6) and I'm still lovin' ya harder than a rock! Your ol' lady, forever. Ja. (86)

My Silver Falcon: Till you can soar the walls that hold you and fly the miles that separate us—I'll be waiting, I love you. Your Silver Angel. (86)

T-shirts: Iran Sucks. Black letters on 100% cotton T-shirt. \$6; cash, check or money order. State size. Write to T.A., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (86)

Attention, sweet ladies: Here's your chance to care for a real man who happens to be doing time. Blond, blue-eyed, 28-year-old macho man. Write today and send pics. Jerry Dillon #154-773, Box 5500, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601. (86)

True Blue: Lost your address. Need to get in touch with you. Sgt. Stephen Barnett, C 1/32 Armor, APO NY 09074. (86)

Dan Beard (Tucson, Arizona): I'll always remember the time we were together. I miss you more than you know. I'll be back in N.H. soon. Keep in touch. Love, Linda (Mom). (86)

Easyriders, 53 issues, June 1971-November 1977. Complete and perfect. \$150. T. Bodner, P.O. Box 367, LaPorte, Colo. 80535. (86)

Tattooers: Make your liner and flat shader needle bars, easy! Complete book covers all facets of producing your own needle bar. Pays for itself in one day. Send money order for \$10 to Jessie, P.O. Box 278, Clarksville, N.Y. 12041. (86)

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)

Cajun: When you walk out, I'll be there. I love you. Your Wildflower. (86)

Animal: You will ride in my life and my heart forever. I love you. Westy. (86)

White male, 31, single, with two small boys 5 and 6. Looking for ol' lady who can't make babies. Non-smoker and a little kinky. J.B., P.O. Box 5283, Lynnwood, Wash. 98036. (86)

Bruce Linnell, how's Down Under? Lost your address, have photos. Inquire at ER. Your American brother, Kim. (86)

Soldier, you're one hell of a bro. You always have a place here in Washington. Your brother, Angel. (86)

Unusual legal dope that works: unlimited profit potential. Northwestern, Box 280, Davison, Mich. 48423. (87)

Dwight: Happy 31st birthday. I need to talk to you, so let's get that buzz on and talk real soon. Better days ahead. Mr./Bill, Cincinnati. (86)

For sale: #1 thru #83 Easyriders magazine. Excellent condition. Best offer. Write to Steele, Box 254D, Wadesville, Ind. 47638. (86)

Crazy Leo: Happy June 2nd—first anniversary! Thanks for all great moments, past, present, and future. Also, happy birthday on July 26th! Forever loving you. Your wife/mate, KT. (86)

Tattoo artists and fans: Subscribe now to Tattoo Life Magazine. Really righteous full-color photos. Monthly contests \$20 for 12 issues. Groovy, 110 Indian Alley, Winchester, Va. 22601. (87)

Tattoo News: Great photos and articles. Four issues \$10. Box 780, Midtown Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10018. (88)

Kim: Happy 27th birthday. September 27th! Our love, Mom, Mouse, and Josh. (86)

For sale Easyriders #1-78. Best offer by August 1st. Write E.M., P.O. Box 1152, Princeton, W.Va. 24740. (86)

Survivalist books on improvised weapons, electronic eavesdropping, etc. Not available at bookstores. Catalog 50¢ (refundable with order). Survival System, Box 1239E, 2000 Center St., Berkeley, Calif. 94704. (86)

Urgently needed: Models for custom chopper photo layouts. 18 to 2' 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)

My ol' lady has 45" breasts. will trade photos for other biggies. RGH, Box 128, Depew, N.Y. 14043. (86)

High at home? Made easily. Send direct for only \$4. Send to New Research, Box 1413, Arlington, Va. 22210. (86)

Early issues: Easyriders #1 thru #12, also #15. Very good to cherry condition. For sale to highest sealed bid received by June 15th. Must buy all or none. Ron Inselman, Box 851, Enid, Okla. 73701. (86)

Southwest Tattoo Emporium, 4390 S. Archer Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60632. (312) 376-8119. (95)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (86)

Janet: Happy 21st to the most beautiful wife this biker ever had. May we ride together forever. And to all my friends in Montreal—ride forever. George. (86)

Learn to develop a close personal relationship with God. Write Craig Briggs, 1325 N. Cool Rd., Lima, Ohio 45801. (86)

T-shirts: Our designs on quality black shirt. Caution: Vicious One-Eyed Trouser Snake, or Happiness Comes in Snatches. Guaranteed. Send \$6.75, design, size, and address to Shirtco, Box 672, Chippewa Falls, Wis. 54729. (86)

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)

One-eyed biker (30 w/m) needs one-man foxy lady. Must dig puttin' and want to move to Alaska. Call or write Rick, P.O. Box 973, Garden Grove, Calif. 92642 (714) 836-9522. (86)

Ladies: Good-lookin'. No Calif. biker lookin' for lovin' lady to build future with. Released in '81; can help relocate till I'm out. Kid okay. D. Meredith #B-94899, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130. (86)

Secret remailing from Virginia. Details, sase, Ty. 138 Atlantic St., Norfolk, Va. 23510. (87)

Jerry the Tramp and Gypsy: Need you and some friends to come to Fayetteville, N.C. for some fun. Remember Montraz '64'. The Judge. (86)

Tattooing outfits and instruction manuals for starting you in business or hobby. Artist, Box 242-A, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (89)

Locksmithing book covers lock identification, picking, etc. Send c.o.d. or \$10 check or money order to Tri-Star Security, Box 17, Fabryan, Conn. 06245. (88)

Someone please reach out and touch my lonely heart. A woman is like a rose—gentle, delicate, and sweet. A lonely-hearted man is like a tree when it has lost its leaves and the leaves have lost the will to live. Will answer all letters. Please send photo to Jesse Davis, Reception Diagnostic Center, Box 102, Norfolk, Mass. 02056. (86)

A lonely man needs an understanding woman to help make life easier. A woman is like a wild flower, free in spirit and beautiful to the eye. It is something we should all say late at night. When the raindrops begin to fall on the window pane, you should have someone who cares! Will answer all letters. Please send photo to J. L. Davis, Reception Diagnostic Center, Box 102, Norfolk, Mass. 02056. (86)

Bandido brothers: I want to thank all of you for the cards, letters, and pictures you've been sending. Also, Danny and I thank all of you for the help you gave in buying the drawings we sent. You guys are the finest brothers and best friends any man could ever have. Love, respect, and loyalty. Pat "Rawhide" LeDoux #291813, Ellis Unit J-24, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (86)

Artie: Happy 29th to the best ol' man a lady could ask for. I love you. Cathy. (86)

Repair motorcycles: Save money tuning up and repairing your own and make extra money fixing motorcycles for others. Write for free details. Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC70, 4500 Campus, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660. (86)

Danny K. "Buzzard": Write. Love ya. TRZ "Zook." Box 1057, Prescott, Ariz. 86302. (87)

Laid back, mellow Canadian S. Western biker getting it together for 6 months to ?? Run starting this summer. Not much cash for trip but gotta get away and get my head together. W/M. 33, 5'7", 145 lbs. Riding knuckle chop to anywhere in N. America, and considering S. America. Would like to hear from ladies, any age, color, who like to ride and party, and understand bikers. I'll come visit you anywhere in Canada from B.C. to Newfoundland—or U.S.A. anywhere from Alaska to Florida. Let's meet and take it from there. If you're the right lady for me come tramping, or I'll settle down in your area, or whatever. Rugsrats welcome, if you've got a place to stash them when you come riding. Send letter and photo to Gypsy Pete, Box 41, Crescent Valley, B.C., Canada V0G 1H0. (86)

Anyone who remembers Gilbert. Ill. Dude Ranch "72" write Pam Kunkle, Rd. #3, Apollo, Pa. 15613. (86)

Good-looking 31-yr.-old biker. 5'9", 155 lbs., with long dark hair, looking for size 5 or 7 foxy bike lady to share life with. Not into drugs and loves sex. Contact Larry Navaroli, 908 C. Holgate Dr., Essex, Md. 21221. (86)

Biker, neat and personable, seeks small, smart, slim and trim lady in her thirties, for riding in the wind. Scoot, 18810 Barnhart, Cupertino, Calif. 95014. (87)

Mellow biker, 33. Write and share a smile. Gary Eames #77C653, 135 State St., Auburn, N.Y. 13021. (86)

Paul Hampton: An old friend wants to talk to you. Call Richard Corley at (304) 823-1307. (86)

New and different Harley T-shirts. Free brochure. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, Pa. 16025. (89)

Easyriders magazines: 20-28, 30-31, 33-85; 64 magazines, all in excellent condition. Highest bid received before August 1, 1980, takes all. Send bid to French, Box 502, Brandenburg, Ky. 40108. (86)

Constitution

—Continued from page 54

ment. The 1912 decision, he said, "is hardly relevant to the determination of the case before us today."

As evidence of the changing social views of mandatory life sentences, Powell looked to the history of state habitual offender laws. Only twelve states have ever passed laws imposing automatic life terms on repeated offenders, Powell said. All but three of these — Texas, Washington, and West Virginia — have repealed those laws.

Therefore, said Powell, "Congress and an overwhelming number of state legislatures have not adopted the Texas scheme (under which Rummel was sentenced)."

This line of legal reasoning — that is, looking to the laws passed by state legislatures as an indication of what is socially acceptable — is one that can operate either for or against social reforms. After the Supreme Court struck down all then-existing capital punishment laws in 1972, 35 state legislatures passed new laws providing for the death penalty. Four years later, the Supreme Court decided that capital punishment is not inherently cruel and unusual under the Eighth Amendment; in doing so, it pointed to these new state laws as "the most marked indication of society's endorsement of the death penalty." (That 1976 death penalty decision, incidentally, was co-authored by Powell.)

Powell's approach has its risks. There would be something disquieting about having a Constitution that is merely trendy. Words and phrases such as "cruel and unusual punishment" or "the equal protection of the laws" must have some lasting significance beyond the most recent enactments of legislatures and the latest Gallup Poll. Moreover, if the Constitution is a living document, then under our political system it is judges who must regularly take its pulse. The more we permit the meaning of the Constitution to change, the more power we give to the judges who are assigned the task of interpreting the Constitution.

Yet Rehnquist's static view of the Constitution carries its own dangers. If the meaning of the Constitution is fixed, then virtually all reform and social change is left in the hands of the legislatures. Unlike judges, legislators are subject to democratic controls — but they, with an eye toward future elections, are also often far less careful in protecting the interests of minorities or in safeguarding individual freedoms.

Furthermore, it seems undeniable that society's notions of what is fair, or what is cruel and unusual, do change from time to time. If so, then by refusing to admit that the meaning of the Constitution also changes, the Supreme Court runs the risk of being accused of inflicting injustice. ■

—Jim Mann, *The Los Angeles Times*
Supreme Court reporter

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On The Stands Soon

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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

In memory of **Little J.C.**, President of Rolling Thunder MC. A perfect biker and friend. No one will take your place. We'll never forget you. Ride forever. Bones, Robin, and all your friends, Pickens, S.C.

In lovin' memory of **Mike Kaucki**. May he ride forever in Harley Heaven. The Lonesome Rider, Toledo, Ohio.

In memory of **Paul Edwards**, who died with his Harley and wouldn't have wanted it any other way. We love ya and miss ya. Cher and Fletch. New Athens, Ohio.

In memory of **Larry "Angel" Smith**. You will be remembered in our hearts and minds forever. Peace and love, from your many sisters and bros. Lucky.

To **Brother Joe**, who took the high side when two bikes hit head-on. He might be gone, but will never be forgotten. He lived life to its fullest. H. Bryant, Elliston, Va.

In memory of **"Willie" Williams**, who because of his stay in jail never came back to us. Ride forever, brother. Beowulf MC.

In memory of **Brad Hurley**, who was a brother to the end. May he always be remembered. Love, Teresa, family, Donkey, and friends, Lowell, Mass.

In memory of **Joe "The Fig" Cegibich**. May your spirit rest on a Harley. Kenny "K.R." Synco and all your bros from California to Arkansas.

In memory of **Roland Thorp**, a true bro to everyone. Your smile lives on forever. We miss you, Diane, Brookfield, Ohio.

In memory of **Allen Matias**, a prospect of Apocalypse MC. We never got to tell you how much we loved you. Ride on in bikers' heaven. Apocalypse MC, Seattle, Wash.

In loving memory of my main man, my only man, **Cannon Man**. I'll love you always. Your ol' lady, Lizzy.

In memory of **Randy and Pam**, who got snuffed by an 18-wheeler on the Daytona run. Later, The Hole 'n da Wall Gang, So. La.

In memory of **Thomas Gregory Stansel**, one of the greatest bros in Alachua. Skeeter Fletcher, Alachua, Fla.

In memory of **Randy "Bear" Brown** and his ol' lady **Crystal Bostic**, run down by an asshole in a 4-wheeler. You'll always be missed by your bros. Ride on forever. Eyes of Hell MC, Central Indiana.

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.

Righteous biker needs letters from ladies. Will answer all. John Wager #79-C-225, Box 149, C-34-20, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Out of "Big D" and down for 20. Ladies, please write. Mike McCoy #280750, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Good-looking 26-yr.-old looking for a sincere lady to share the future with. John Francis, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

I'm looking for warm and loving females who will write. Frank Kearney #79-C-0136, Box G. Wallkill, N.Y. 12589.

Would like to hear from lovely ladies. Photos answered first. Michael Wilkes #A-052886, Box 488, Polk City, Fla. 33868.

23-yr.-old with 18 months to go would like to hear from sweet babes. Ron McKenzie #C-20054, Box 500, Vandalia, Ill. 62471.

30-yr.-old would like to hear from sincere ladies of all ages. Steve K. Jones #C-05421, Box 608, #7-3, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

22-yr.-old could sure use letters from all ladies. Ben Rosenberg #C-02347, Box 608, #7-2, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

I miss riding in the open country, as well as on water beds. Love R. Roberts #90456, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

33-yr.-old with a year to go needs letters from chicks. Eddie McKenna #79-A-2795, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Motorcycle mamas or sidewalk shufflers, drop a lonely man a line. Chris Evans #110-435, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

25-yr.-old Italian Virgo needs lots of love and attention. Barry Ewell #058939, A-207-T, Box 1449, Homestead, Fla. 33080.

37-yr.-old tramp needs a hot mama! Dale Kern #C-06501, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

The Mad Irishman is down again and needs to hear from warm ladies. Donald Sullivan #41890, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

26-yr.-old needs a sincere lady from the San Joaquin Valley area. Bobby Barnes #B-66724, Box 400, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Lonely guy from Boston a long way from home. All answered. David Shaw #A-037759-E-22, Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083.

Lost and lonely New Yorker needs letters from ladies. Brad Toovey #C-02952-3007, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Tired of one-way conversations. Please write. Wilson Chouest #B-90861-5009, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

28-yr.-old would like to hear from ladies—looks unimportant. Thomas Ramsey #C-08454-4402, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Lonely bro looking to hear from some really righteous sweeties. A. Scott Fisher #283409, One Circle Dr., Sugarland, Tex. 77478.

27-yr.-old Libra would like to hear from realistic young women. Harry Chase #60308, Drawer N, Trenton, N.J. 08625.

This blue-eyed party dude needs letters. I'll be waiting! Paul Barts #119927, 701 Sanderson Rd., Chesapeake, Va. 23322.

Italian stud wants to correspond with all females. Mike Bernardo, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Doin' forever—sure could dig a letter. R. Davis, Box C-08106, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Needing to hear from some ladies. Will answer all. Ronny Beal #234-136, Ramsey Unit One, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

25-yr.-old, blue-eyed Taurus needs mail from chicks. Roger Gilbertson, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

I was known as Quicksilver. STP. Keep those vibes going. Jack Levandowsky #37226, 3A-168, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65101.

Help! I'm being held prisoner against my will. Please write. Monty Pichon #23020, Rt. 1, Box 150, Coffield Unit, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

Tennessee bro a long way from home and lonely. Wally Neeley #287199, Rt. 1, Box 150, Coffield Unit, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

I'm a long way from home and lonely. Ladies, please write. Vinal Perry, Terrebonne Parish Prison, Church St., Houma, La. 70360.

Down but not out! Drop me a line. Barry Kelly #267947, Rt. 1, Box 150, Coffield Unit, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

Half-blood Cherokee, black hair and eyes, 5'11", 165 lbs. Send pics—I love ya all. Tim Duncan #158-310, Box 500, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Hearing from some sweet lady would sure help this time go by. Thomas Smith, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

I'd sure appreciate hearing from some fine ladies. Donald Smith #266236, Rt. 1, Box 150, Coffield Unit, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

Doin' my time in segregation—letter sure would help. Forrest Spears, Box 37, Holman Station, Ala. 36503.

I need letters and pics to pull me through these thirteen years. Steve Schrader #110049, Box 37, Holman Station, Ala. 36503.

Lost and lonely, homesick tramp. Send stamp for fast reply. Rusty Stone, Box 2320, KCIW, Dorm B, Pee-wee Valley, Ky. 40056.

I'm 22 and extremely lonely. Letters from sincere girls desired. Howard Bettiga, Box 431, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

I'll never make it through this time without the help of a loving lady. Paul McCall #86165, Unit 11, C/18, Rt. 1, Turney Center, Only, Tenn. 37140.

I'm seeking continuous correspondence with sincere ladies. Horace Jolly #A-035141 (A-8), Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Done a few, got a few more to do. Sure could use mail from some of you fine women. Ken McGinnis #B-97803, Box 686, Central-G-229, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'd like to hear from all kinds of girls. Steve Clevenger #C-02785-A-2202, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Chicks 18 to 30, please write and help ease my time. James J. Hammerstroem, Box 31, Chester, Ill. 62233.

I'd love to hear from a mellow young lady. Larry Bradford #A-80564, Box 87, Menard, Ill. 62259.

I'm in the hole and really need to be needed. Please write. Bernard Meeks #29644, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

33 yrs. old and lonely. Would love letters and visits. Paul de la Garza #254614, Rt. 2, Box 1100, Ramsey Unit 1, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

I'm hoping some sweet lady will care enough to write. Richard Scott Johnson #6688, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

It's lonely here on death row. Sweet things, please take some time and write. Stephen Binsz #103922, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

I could really dig some sexy letters and photos. Ken Hack #12625, Box 297, Brooklyn, Conn. 06234.

Lookin' for a woman to ease my mind. Sam Lowery #287250, Rt. 1, Box 1, A2-4-8, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

23-yr.-old looking for letters from a sincere woman. Ken Goehring, Centre County Prison, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

Lonely, good-looking dude needs letters from foxy, hip chicks. Robert Bates #B-51398, Box 500, Chino, Calif. 91710.

21-yr.-old needs an ol' lady to correspond with. Ray Henry, Box 158, Mt. Pleasant, N.C. 28124.

Ladies, I'd love to write and get to know you. Chris Jones, Box 158, Mt. Pleasant, N.C. 28124.

I'd like to hear from any woman who is interested in a 28-yr.-old Aries. Richard Gil #74-A-2080, Box 51, Comstock, N.Y. 12821.

Young ladies wanted by this busted outlaw. Billy Russell #F-2032, Graterford State Prison, Box 244, Graterford, Pa. 19426.

Hey, lady, drop a line to this lone-some outlaw. Robert Marinovich #M-0803, Graterford State Prison, Box 244, Graterford, Pa. 19426.

I'm 28 and I love to party. Got most of my time done, too. Billy Terry #270125, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Ladies, you could make this time better if you sent a letter. Mark Stewart #95260, 655 Rutherford Rd., Intake Center, Greenville, S.C. 29609.

I need to hear from good-hearted ladies who really care. Gary E. Utley, Box B-33803, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

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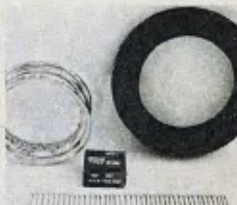
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Fitting to A 'T'

—Continued from page 27

made from the skin of the chamois. Soft and pliable, they kept the Yanks warm in cold weather an' dry in hot weather, since they soaked up sweat, which, later, could simply be wrung out. The absorption qualities of their shirts was so fine that when the automobile was invented, the Civil War vets tore their ol' T-shirts apart and used 'em for washin' cars.

In certain African and New Guinea tribes, T-shirts of coarse material were worn long before white men came along. They wore 'em to protect their torso against brambles an' insect bites. The rest of their exposed body they smeared with oil, mud, or even shit. The shit didn't keep the flies off, but at least the buzzin' critters couldn't get to the skin.

In early America, picky Puritans denounced the T-shirt as a "Devil's Garment," figurin' that the demon Devil could find his way down the neck of the collarless garment, travel on down the spine and, by diggin' around a little, get into the wearer's soul.

A popular belief about how the shirt got its simple name comes from the seventeenth century. Longshoremen, in Annapolis, Maryland, wore collarless shirts while unloading tea from British ships. This was to avoid little bits of tea leaf that otherwise would get in their collars and make 'em itch.

During the early days of the U.S. Marine Corps, members wore a type of T-shirt that had a mandarin-type leather collar. The stiff collar was protection against gettin' their throats cut by sword-swingin' Chinese durin' the Boxer Rebellion, an' if ya didn't know it already, that's where the term "leatherneck" came from.

The first wet T-shirt appeared in the movie **Michael Strogoff**, made back around 1928. In the

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flick, the good-lookin' leadin' lady swam across the Volga River with a dude named Ivan Ivanovich, escapin' from the Bolsheviks. She stripped down to a pair of pants an' a garment that resembled a T-shirt, an' in the closeup, as they came truckin' up outta the river, the audience got one of the first good movie shots of a pair of tits an' a couple of succulent nipples as seen through a wet T-shirt. Later Marlon Brando, in **A Streetcar Named Desire**, made T-shirts popular when he did a dramatic scene in a torn T-shirt. Right away, every macho dude in America rushed home, tore his T-shirt, an' went out lookin' for pussy. For a while, torn T-shirts were a sure thing for gettin' laid.

In more recent times, the phenomenon of T-shirts with printed words and slogans came along. It is believed that such shirts were a result of legislation against sign boards on interstate highways, and after a while the simple ads for businesses and products took a turn toward funny sayings, cartoons, and even some pretty suggestive sayings. The list is much too long to print, but a few are: "I Choked Linda Lovelace," "Bomb Hanoi" (very popular during the Viet



"And perhaps a bowl of Gravy Train for the lady?"

The Bikers of America are taking on a tough fight.

Muscular Dystrophy.

The fight starts with you. Muscular Dystrophy is a disease with no known cure. The way it is now, many kids who might grow up to ride—can't. But you have a chance to help change that, by joining in the "Bikers of America" fight against MD.

How? By participating in fund-raising rallies, runs, parades, ride-ins, and other events. And, if you can, attend the Harley-Davidson "Artistry in Iron," July 12-13 at the Los Angeles Sports Arena, and support the MDA effort there.

For details, see your local Harley-Davidson® dealer, or write "Bikers of America Fight MD," P. O. Box 653, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53201. We will send you information on how you or your club can get involved.

Come on out and join in the fight against MD. It's a good cause, a good way to do some positive public relations for motorcycling and, by the way, a good way to have some fun.





Old Style All Leather

BIKER CAP

Here's an all leather cap that'll keep the scraggly mop you call hair in order and give your overall appearance some class — imagine. It's all black (also in dark brown) and it's bound to win over some broad.



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Products**
Box 361, Seal Beach,
CA 90740

Enclosed is \$19.95 for each biker cap. I understand that I may return the cap for a full and immediate refund if I am not satisfied with its quality and workmanship. It is the same fine quality I would expect from Righteous Products.

Note: Canadian and overseas orders, \$1.00 for additional postage and handling charges. Add \$2.00 additional postage if you want it shipped air mail anywhere. California residents add 6% tax for Governor Brown.

Be sure to indicate size and color:
Black Brown
Sm Med Lrg. Ex. lrg.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Nam War an' a sure way to start a riot at a hippie convention), "Pussy Galore's Flying Circus," "Fuck!" "Fuck You," "If You Ain't Ridin' A Harley You Ain't Shit," "Fuck Iran," and for the dummies, some have "Front" an' "Back" printed on 'em. You can always tell who the pussy-whipped dudes are, 'cause they wear shirts that match their ol' ladies', an' when the T-shirts are printed "His" and "Hers" ya know he ain't got balls enough to fuck around with another chick. "Property Of —" T-shirts are all right if the chick is the only one wearin' it, but when the dude has the same kind, uh, it's a little suspicious.

Now for the bad news. The Ford Foundation paid out thousands of dollars studyin' T-shirt wearers, an' they came up with some very startlin' bullshit facts. Accordin' to the scientific group who conducted the study, seventy-nine percent of people who wore shirts with slogans printed on 'em are mentally defective. They mention that, by comparison, only sixty percent of tattooed people fall into this category.

Another of the revolutionary discoveries was (this'll shake ya up a taste) that eighty-one percent of those who wear shirts with



"SHAKE, BOY!"

Easyriders



"D" Rings

L-100 "D" rings—\$31.84

Dipsticks and Plugs

L-101 Oil tank super plug—\$5.35

L-102 Oil tank dipstick—\$6.72

Pressure Plate

L-103 Clutch spring retainer—\$7.98

Regulator Brackets

L-105 Regulator bracket (Bosch)—\$9.95

Motor Mounts

L-106 Sportster top motor mount & coil bracket —\$14.95

L-106K Sportster top motor mount & coil bracket with keyhole —\$15.95

L-107 74 top motor mount & coil bracket —\$14.95 (Will not work on fatbobs)

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

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

Struts

L-109 Rigid strut—\$34.95

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

Fender Braces

L-110 Fender brace, unchromed—\$19.95

L-111 Fender brace, chromed—\$24.95

L-112 Custom fender brace, unchromed —\$19.95

L-113 Custom fender brace, chromed —\$24.95

L-114 Fatbob fender brace, unchromed —\$22.95

L-115 Fatbob fender brace, chromed —\$26.95



All prices include postage & handling. Calif. residents add 6%. No C.O.D.'s. Allow six weeks on personal checks.

Dealer inquiries invited.

onesome MFG

Lonesome MFG P.O. Box 20619 Sacramento Calif., 95820

slogans on 'em are expressin' a subconscious desire to be an automobile, the so-called "backward" T-shirts servin' as bumper-sticker substitutes.

Also, the scientists declare that people who wear T-shirts with vulgar slogans ("Let's Fuck") are sexually dysfunctional an' unable to cope with the opposite sex except in T-shirt dialogue.

Screw the bum statistics. The quality and softness of modern T-shirt material is great; its usefulness lasts long after the shirt has become riddled with holes an' gets all stretched out of shape. They make great cleanin' rags for around the house, can be used to strain paint an' gasoline, an' can even be used as emergency asswipe. Dampened with ordinary charcoal lighting fluid, the T-shirt makes the best damn window cleanin' rag you've ever used. Try it. It cuts any kind of scum off glass windows (whatta tech tip).

When someone says "It fits to a T," they're unconsciously referrin' to the way a T-shirt fits. Tight, snug, an' comfortable. Just right!

As for advice on how to wear an' use a T-shirt, here are a few useless tips: Tuckin' a T-shirt into panty hose is a no-no: Never wear a T-shirt backwards; it allows the devil easy access. How do you tell? The little tag inside the neck goes in back. (We'll send an illustration on that one, if ya can't figger it out.) An' last but not least, if you're ever out in the boonies an' gotta take a shit real bad, an' there's nothin' but rocks an' cactus around to wipe your ass on, don't rip up your Harley T-shirt to use as asswipe. Rumor has it that one dude did that, an' when the poor bastard turned around an' bent over to check out his dump for worms an' corn kernels, a bolt of lightin' came down outta the sky an' barbecued his balls. Take care of your H-D T-shirt an' the Harley God'll take care of you.

—Dr. Twatburger

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.



Righteous

Products Box 361, Seal Beach, Cal. 90740

Hot T-shirts

You dudes can put it where they can see it.

Black shirts with white designs only.

MEN'S T-Shirts

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| — T1 Uplift Wings | — T18 H.D. Wings |
| — T2 H.D. Eagle | — T19 H.D. Patented |
| — T3 H.D. Wings (old style) | — T20 H.D. 75th Anniversary |
| — T4 Shovelhead Motor | — T21 H.D. Shield |
| — T9 Indian Wings | — T22 Honda Gold Wing |
| — T10 Ride to Live, Live to Ride | — T23 No Butt, No Putt |
| — T13 Honda Wings | — T24 I'm a Lover, I'm a Fighter, I'm a Harley Rider |
| — T14 Kawasaki Wings | — T27 Yamaha |
| — T15 Sworn to Fun, Loyal to None | — T28 Suzuki |
| — T16 H.D. Made in U.S.A. | — T29 Triumph |
| — T17 H.D. Broken Wings | |

SM MED LG XLG

Please send me _____ tops. I have enclosed \$7.00 for each top ordered (\$6.00 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling). Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. U.S. funds only. Dealer inquiries invited.

Name _____

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Send order to: **Joe's MCN, 18334 Eddy Street, Northridge, CA 91324**
A DIVISION OF TROY ENT. INC.

Your chest will stick out in a crowd with these far-out halter tops.

One size fits all.

Check color:
— Black
— Lt. Blue
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WOMEN'S Halter Tops

- | |
|------------------------------------|
| — HT1 H.D. Uplift Wings |
| — HT2 H.D. Eagle |
| — HT10 Ride to Live, Live to Ride |
| — HT15 Sworn to Fun, Loyal to None |
| — HT18 H.D. Shield |
| — HT21 Triumph |
| — HT23 H.D. Wings |
| — HT24 Honda Eagle |
| — HT25 Kawasaki Eagle |
| — HT26 Honda Wings |
| — HT27 H.D. Broken Wings |
| — HT28 Indian Wings |

Belt Buckles Stock/Custom Made

Choose "Show Me Your Tits" and/or "If You Can't..." for only \$6.00 each. Or, design your own — any saying ya want up to three lines, with 12 characters per line including spaces, for only \$8.00 per buckle ordered. These are brass buckles with an inlaid plate for personalized message. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.



Good Friend?

—Continued from page 24

Do you: A. Buy him a beer? B. Buy him some grass, some crank, and a beer? C. Buy him a hooker? D. All of the above?

8. Your best friend's girlfriend has just left him. Do you: A. Buy him a beer? B. Tell him to go talk to her? C. Pay her a visit yourself or fix him up with your sister? D. Line him up with your sister, find his ex-girlfriend, drag her back to his pad, and make sure he gets to screw them both while you take pictures so he'll remember the special occasion?

9. You blew it! You drove your bike into his at 60 mph, with him on it, while you were daydreaming. You don't have a scratch, but he looks pretty nasty. Do you: A. Buy him a beer and some Vaseline? B. Take him to a hospital? C. Take him to a hospital and pay the bills yourself? D. Take him to a hospital, pay the bills, and buy a hooker to give him head while he's in traction?

10. You've been on a long desert ride with a bro. Although both your ol' ladies had to stay home with the rugrats, they were supposed to pack you a good lunch. His ol' lady forgot to. Do you: A. Let him go without, explaining that you've only got enough for one? B. Give him the celery and the apple? C. Share your food equally? D. Give him the food, knock over the Cub Scout campground nearby, taking their food and convincing the cute den mother to come along, then give him more food while you eat her?

11. Your pal's toothless but faithful old dog, which was trained to give blowjobs, got hit by a car and croaked. Do you: A. Buy him some Vaseline? B. Buy him a new dog? C. Buy him a hooker? D. Buy him a new dog, send it to obedience school, and then take it to a vet and have its teeth pulled?

12. Your best friend, a lifelong orphan, confides that he's never even had a birthday cake or party. Never. It's three days before his birthday. Do you: A. Ignore it? (You never had a cake or party either.) B. Buy him a cake, a case of beer, and drink most of the brew yourself? C. Have your ol' lady bake him a cake and invite all your bros over for a surprise party? D. Have your ol' lady bake a six-foot cake and have her pop out of it naked when he blows out the candles?

13. You find out that your bro's ol' lady has been cheating on him. Do you: A. Fuck her yourself? B. Fuck her and then tell him about everybody

X-Rated

David Allan Coe's Uncensored (Too Rough For Air Play) Album!

Strictly A Party Album!

Examples of some of the songs by David Allan Coe:

- Pussywhipped Again
 - Cum Stains On The Pillow
 - I Could Make Linda Lovelace Gag
 - Masturbation Blues
 - And Six More Wild Songs
- Written By David Allan Coe

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Multi-color design on black shirt



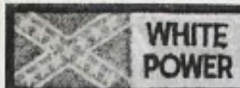
Multi-color design on grey shirt



White design on black shirt



These multi-color swiss embroidered patches add class to your rags.



Wear 'em proudly!
\$3.00 ea. (specify Nazi or confederate style)

The silkscreened shirts above are \$7.50 ea. Be sure to state size & design wanted

SCOOTER TRASH
Box 1383, Dearborn, Michigan 48120

else? C. Tell him? D. Tell him, and then both of you screw her?

14. Your best friend is putting on his clothes in another room at the doctor's office after a physical exam. The doctor comes up to you and tells you that your buddy has two months to live, and he doesn't know it. Do you: A. Kiss your buddy's ass, buy him drinks for two weeks, and one night over beer decide to take a look at that book you just bought, *Make Your Own Will*, and then write each other up as beneficiaries? B. Tell him and buy him a beer? C. Tell him, and then share your ol' lady, your Northern California seedless stash, and that gram of coke you've had for a year? D. Tie up the bus driver of that ritzy girl's school bus, impersonate the driver, and drive them all to your friend's place in the woods?

15. You and your pal, as usual, are dead broke, and there's only one sip of cold beer left in the can on a hot summer night. With not even a cent for another can, do you: A. Drink the last swig, then piss in the can and pass it to him? B. Drink the last bit? C. Give it to him? D. Give it to him and talk your ol' lady into giving you both head, in which case who cares about the beer?

* * *

Scoring: Give yourself one point for every question you answered A; two points for every B; three points for each C answer; four points for each D reply.

15 to 20 points: You're a scumbag. Go straight to Iran and apply for citizenship.

21 to 29 points: Apply for a job as a prison guard. You're a rat.

30 to 39 points: Fair-weather friend. Go to college and become a lawyer.

40 to 45 points: You were the type of kid who used to leave an apple on the teacher's table, after you pissed on it. Not bad.

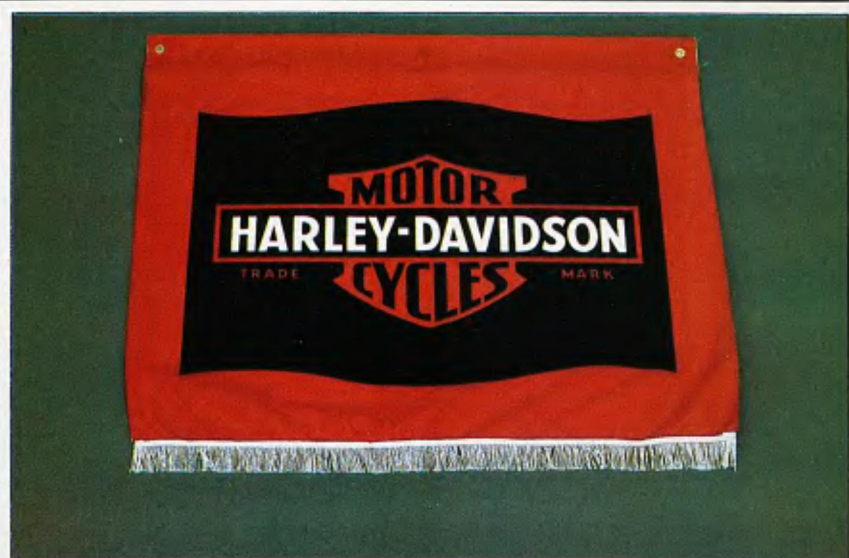
46 to 55 points: True bro. Join us for a ride any time.

55 to 59: Saint.

60: Lying sack of shit.



"Sex... drugs... rock and roll..."



H-D Banner

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

The big durable banner sells for only \$16.95 plus \$1.50 postage and handling.



Strong Silver Rings

We've re-introduced the best Harley ring we've come across and strengthened our skull ring with additional silver. Either silver ring goes for \$26.95 and will last as long as you want to punch walls with it—or forever.

Be sure to state your size.



Wrist/Watch Band

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



Scooter Wallets

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

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



Buck Knives Famous for holding an edge

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

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

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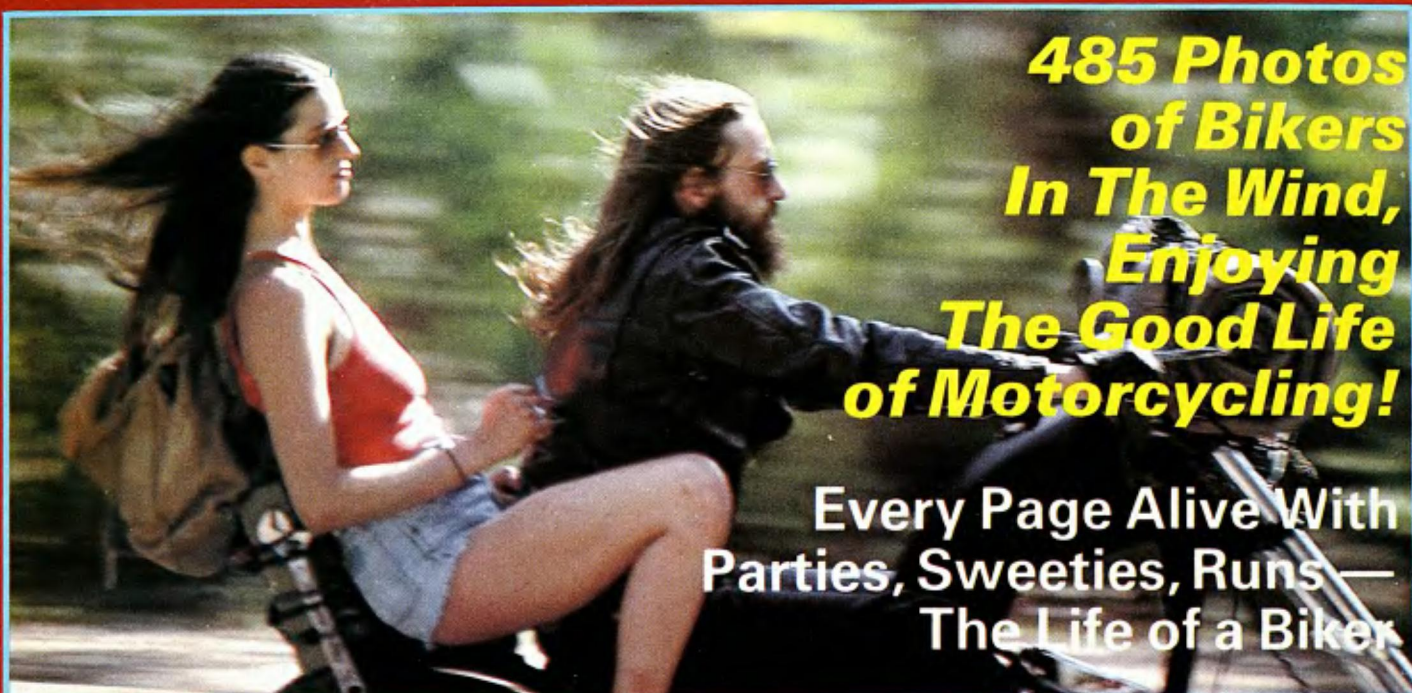
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In The Wind III

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Malibu, Calif. 90265

Eatin' Out

—Continued from page 51

good, you'll think there's a squid crawlin' around down there. You ain't gonna make me say please, are ya? You *can't* do that to me!"

She stopped, with a lot of effort, an' aimed her all-red, bloodshot, rush-ready eyeballs right at me an' said, menacingly, "You promise!"

"Oh, I promise, I promise, I promise. You swivel navels with me just once more, an' I'll eat you till your mom faints."

Her eyes narrowed even more threateningly, if that was possible.

"You promise!"

"Ohhh, yes! I love you, I love you, I love you!"

We did the ol' bellyroll, an' three seconds later she was gaggin' on more jizz than a two-bit whore outside a quarter factory.

I looked out the window, my head between her legs. I couldn't make little rays outa the streetlight 'cause the bulb had burnt out.

"All right," I heard her say. "I blew you again. Now it's your turn to make good on your promise."

Well, she had me there. I *did* make that promise. An' she *did* get me to jizz twice to my gettin' her to jizz zero. An' that streetlight didn't seem to be makin' any moves like it was gonna come on again. An' her cunt was about as close to my face as it could get. An' my dick felt like it wasn't even gonna *think* about gettin' hard again for another half hour. An' she had my head gripped tight enough with her legs to where, boner or no, she was gonna keep me there until I at least did something. An' makin' believe the crack of her ass and the knob on the bedpost was a gunsight, an' shootin' the tree outside to imaginary ribbons, seemed like a pretty shabby way to be killin' time for thirty minutes, just so's my goofy cock could make up its mind whether or not it was gonna get itself hard again.

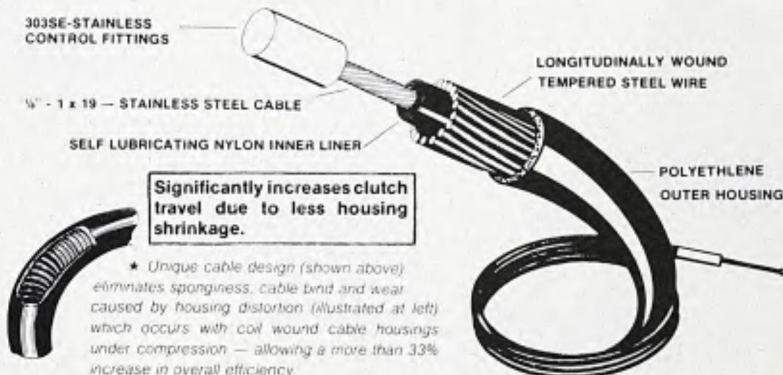
Sure hope all them *kapow-kapows* didn't keep her awake.



"She's worried that diet she's on is making her tits shrink."

LEFLO

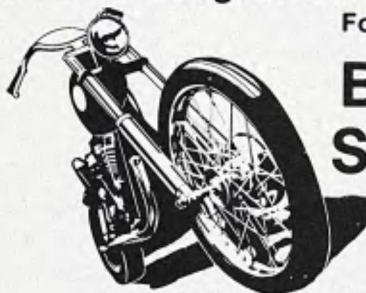
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Stock - 6" over - 12" over - Drag Bar 6" under
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IMPORTANT: Cable Pivot Pin must be used with the late model Bushings, or oiled frequently to prevent extreme bushings, or oiled frequently to prevent extreme amount of flexing at hand lever insertion.

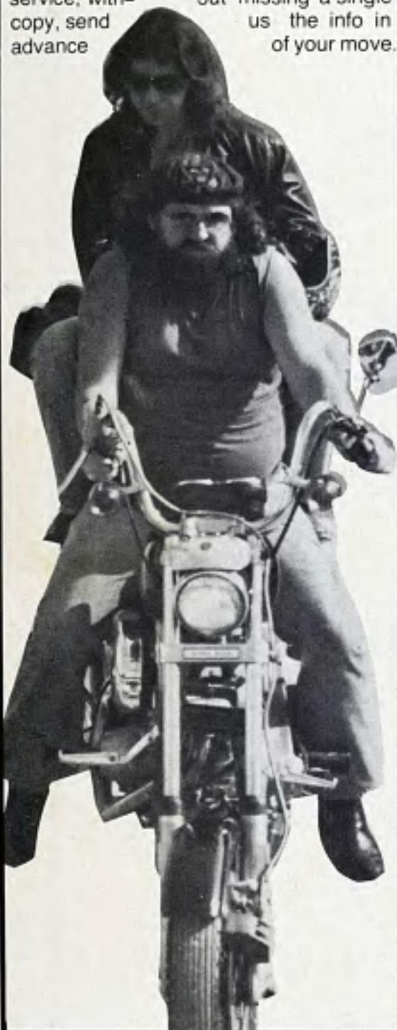
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Address _____
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(If possible print old address here)

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YOUR
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LABEL
HERE

Young Boy's Heroes

—Continued from page 52

two-wheeled big-twin backward in reverse gear. He just looked back over his shoulder, let out the clutch, and smoked the rear tire as he shot backward. One of the riders watching said he was H.B. Kinnel, the wildest rider in Columbus and one of the best.

We arrived at the racetrack after dark, but by the flickering campfires I could see the rows and rows of shiny V-twins, singles, and fours. I must admit I thought I was in heaven that night as I went to sleep in Grandpa's old sleeping bag. The next morning I was awakened by the roar of motors and had a breakfast of cornbread and fresh pork side. On the track Jim Davis was fine-tuning his Indian, and "Wild Bill" Waltermire was throwing rooster tails of dust in each turn.

What a day that was! I got to touch Paul McClellan's Harley and hand daredevil Jack Riley his gloves, after he had mounted his motor. I spent all of the 69 cents I had brought and could have spent another 25.

The years have sped by, and today this all seems so very far away. Grandpa and his riding buddies are all gone: Pee Wee died of a bad liver after becoming a wino, Pappy passed away last year, and Lucky got hit by a train on his bike in 1940. I saw Jim Davis and Lillian Kinnel — yeah, she married H.B. — inducted into the motorcycle hall of fame last summer at the Charity Newsies motorcycle races. And me, well, I still have Grandpa's 1930 VL side rig that I hauled my daughter in for several years, and this summer I'm going to take her little boy to the Springfield races in our new Harley-Davidson classic sidecar rig. ■



"I told you not to fool around with a sailor's girl."

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



Pressure Plates For Harley-Davidson 74s

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

Complete with instructions; installs in 1/2 hour
\$23 (Add \$2.00 for shipping cost)

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

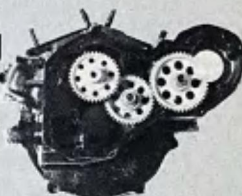


Add miles to your lower end with a continuous oil flow to your lower end. With stock pinion shaft bushings you will get one squirt of oil every revolution. But, with H.E.S. pinion shaft bushings, you will get continuous oil pressure to your lower end, which will mean longer lower end life.

Hi-flow bushing sells for \$9.95 plus \$1.50 for shipping and handling. If you wish, H.E.S. will press this bushing in your cam cover for \$4.00, which is labor and return postage.

When ordering, state year:
a. 1936-1953 (splined pinion shaft)
b. 1954-1972

Lightening Gears for All 74s



1. These gears will lighten your timing gear train by 33.3%. If you've put in light valve collars and pushrods, these are a must.
2. New brass bushings will be installed.
3. You can press off your cam (except knuckles) and send only the gear with the other timing gears. Or send your entire cam and H.E.S. will press off the gear and replace it with the new lightened one.

The entire set of lightened gears goes for only \$42.50 exchange, plus \$2.50 postage and handling. 1970 and later cam gear only \$15.00 exchange, plus \$2.00 postage and handling.

Dealer inquiries invited.

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

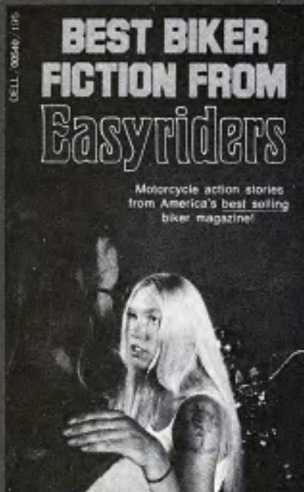
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(U.S. Currency Only, Thank you)

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

California residents add 6% sales tax.

Buzzard Dung Day

—Continued from page 77

cat — sonofabitch is invisible," he complained, turning his back on me.

"Oh." I staggered downstairs mumbling something about worthless scooter tramps and invisible cats.

Fats was sitting in the middle of the living room floor ringed by beer bottles, butt-naked, staring off into space. He didn't seem to notice me, which was fine with me. I headed for the kitchen.

"Nakedness," he yelled, "is the best cure for the flu!" I turned just in time to see his big bare ass bounce out the front door.

Beth was in the kitchen making coffee and frying jelly doughnuts in a large copper pan of bubbling grease. My stomach dropped into my feet. She gave me a cheerful "good morning," bits of jelly doughnut smeared around her pretty face, black hair white with flour. She looked like a little kid playing in the kitchen, instead of a 25-year-old college graduate.

"Certainly," I said, eyeing the floor; it was strewn with pots and pans, cans of food, broken eggs, and what looked like the entire contents of the refrigerator. I stepped in a pile of Cheerios just before reaching the back door, spoiling my intentions of a quiet exit.

Dirty Jim was lying in the back yard by his scooter, his long red hair fanned out around his head like some kind of exotic sea creature. Bony knees protruded from the ragged holes in his faded jeans. Dirty's grass-stained bare feet looked like they were topped with an orange light bulb apiece. Closer inspection revealed tangerines jammed onto his big toes, and he was clutching a muskmelon to his chest.

That's odd, I thought, walking up to him. I had never seen Dirty with his boots off before!

"Morning, Dirty," I said.

"It's got me, Billy! It's got me!" he screamed.

"What?" I said, a bit confused.

"Can't you see it?" he wailed.

"You mean that melon?" I said, bending down to touch it.

"No! No! Don't touch it!" he screamed almost hysterically.

I backed up a few steps. Dirty's blood-shot gray eyes darted from the melon to me several times; then he slowly lifted his eyes to my face. "My God, one's got you too," he whispered.

"See ya later, Dirty-mon," I said, heading for the garage.

Conversation with Dirty always leaves me with the feeling that I missed something somewhere along the way. Beth

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says it's because Dirty's on a different plane of consciousness from everybody else. That's fine with me, just as long as he never asks me to go for a plane ride with him!

The garage door popped open after a few well-aimed kicks, and I dug a key out of my pocket and turned on my scooter, a '77 stock H-D Electra-Glide, stripped down to the buff, jet black, the only modification being a wide step seat. A quick inspection showed no dents or scratches; not really surprised that I hadn't dumped it the night before. I kicked it over. It started the first time, as usual. The Harley's deep rumble replaced the hangover buzz in my head and seemed to calm my errant stomach. No matter how fucked up I get I never dump my scooter. In fact, in the two years it's owned me, only twice have I lost control, once when I jumped off forgetting to put the kickstand down and the other time when I dodged into a ditch to miss a VW full of nuns. (No bullshit; they zipped out of a tree-hidden side street right in front of me, the tires on their little red VW squealing as it spun around the corner. I grabbed all the brakes I could find and missed blending in with the VW's red hue by centimeters! I remember standing in ankle-deep water at the bottom of the ditch, cussing and brushing the slime and weeds off me, when I heard a sharp retort as the four nuns came hurrying back down the road toward me: "I told you not to do a burnout back there, Sister Agnes!")

It started to rain before I got half a block down the street. Wearing only a cutoff, blue jeans, and boots, I was sopping wet long before I rode the two and a half miles to the Buzzard Dung tavern. Of course, the rain stopped as soon as I pulled into the big, swampy parking lot that surrounded the rickety old barn-like building. A small, poorly painted sign hung over the door: *Buzzard Dung Drinkin' Place*. An oblong brown spot was painted directly under that, presumably representing a lump of buzzard shit. Tacky.

Nice place, the BD, a real den of — well, drunkards and rowdies for the most part. "Hey, you're standing on my shadow, you dink!" sort of people. Good tavern, the Buzzard Dung.

I locked the forks through the clouds, the finger, and squished and sloshed my way in. The BD's once plush blue carpet was thinned and stained with wear and wine. Rough wooden walls and low beam rafters were marked with colored chalks, names, and graffiti everywhere. The old wooden pool tables, a large, brightly lit jukebox and broken down Foosball table with most of the men's heads cut off (Dirty's handiwork) crowded the far end of the place. Half a

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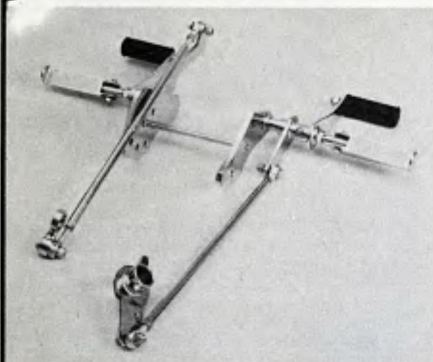
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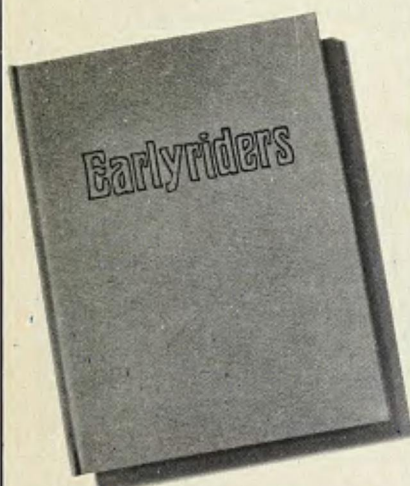
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dozen round tables and low benches furnished the front end.

The place was empty, except for one old wino with his face dripping into a glass of beer, and Debbie, sweet Debbie, the barmaid, my ex-ol' lady. We had lived together for about a year and a half, mostly in the house with Rick and Beth, in something like harmony, until she started acting funny, telling me I drank too much and asking strange questions like, "What are you going to do with your life, Billy?" Weird stuff like that, and I think she even said something about marriage and kids once! I don't know, sometimes I hear things. Anyway, one night about three months ago she just packed her bags without a word and walked out the door yelling over her shoulder, "Come and see me when you sober up!"

I must have sobered up five or six times after that, but the only places our paths ever crossed were at parties or the tavern, and as usual I was in my natural state of mind, i.e., blind drunk or so far spaced out I needed a rocket ship to get back with.

She was seated at the far end of the bar from the wino, reading a book and holding a coffee cup in the air as if expecting someone to fill it. Long, shiny blond hair rested on bare white shoulders, a skimpy blue halter top held her pointed little tits, embroidered jeans showed off her long, slender legs and one of the finest asses I've ever seen.

She looked up, catching me in the act of adjusting my pants, and smiled, showing me even white teeth. "Hi there, Billy sweets! What brings you down here so early in the day?"

I pushed a clump of wet, matted hair out of my eyes and said, "Breakfast."

"Breakfast?"

"Ya!"

"Okay," she said, an impish smile on her face. "What'll it be, potato chips or hot sausage?"

Sipping a beer, nibbling on a sausage, and squirming under Debbie's curious stare, I fought to gather what little wits I had left in order to say something at least semi-intelligent. Being true to form, I finally blurted out, "They're all fucked up, all of 'em."

"Who?" she asked.

"Huhhmm — Beth, Fats, all of 'em — they're tripping or something," I said, knocking my beer over with a wave of my hand. Debbie silently mopped up the beer, filled another glass and leaned over close to me, her bright blue eyes about four inches from mine, hair smelling of roses.

"But you're not, are you?" she whispered. Even a burned-out brain like mine could register such an obvious come-on for a kiss.

The door suddenly flew open, a cold

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wind blew across my wet clothes. Debbie straightened up, her pretty face set in a frown.

Two cops stood just inside the door, water dripping off their yellow rain gear. We stared at one another for a few seconds, then the biggest one took a step forward.

"You!" he said, and water vibrated off his sunglasses.

My mouth dropped open and I pointed to myself. "Me?"

Then, quick as greased pigs they started to dance backward, clawing at rain gear to get at guns.

"Shit — don't shoot!" I yelled reaching for the ceiling.

Something exploded behind my right ear. I tried to jump into a glass of beer, didn't accomplish that, did manage to roll over the bar, get a hand on Debbie's shoulder, and drag her down with me.

A full-scale fire fight was going on as Debbie and I thrashed around on the floor. The rapid gunfire was accented with sounds of breaking glass and wood being ripped and punched. Three empty beer bottles on the bar exploded in unison, showering us with fragments of spinning brown glass. Debbie got a tight grip around my waist and I worked us farther under the bar. Two small holes appeared in the Budweiser mirror above us, and spider webs slowly appeared magically across the injured glass. I glanced at the old wino crouching at the far end of the bar, then something zipped past my head and struck one of the few unbroken bottles lining the shelf across from us. I pressed Debbie's head to my chest and yelled a few hysterical words. Then something hard and round was jammed into the back of my neck.

"Freeze!" a voice screamed. I froze, eyes screwed shut, breath held.

"I'll kill 'em — I'll kill 'em!" the voice behind the gun yelled. "You hear me, pigs?"

The gunfire stopped. "We hear you — throw your gun out and stand up with your hands where we can see 'em!" one of the cops yelled back.

"Fuck you pigs — you get outta here right now or I'll kill 'em!"

Silence.

"Okay, okay," a younger voice said. It was the other cop. "We're leaving, just don't hurt anybody." Chairs scraped against the floor, footsteps, a door closed.

I opened my eyes and took a much-needed breath of air, strongly scented with cordite. Debbie's face was about a foot from mine, her eyes as big as saucers.

"What happened?" she stammered.

"Fuck" was all I could say.

He still looked old and every bit a wino and his face still seemed to drip, but with that forty-five automatic firmly gripped in his right hand he had my full attention.

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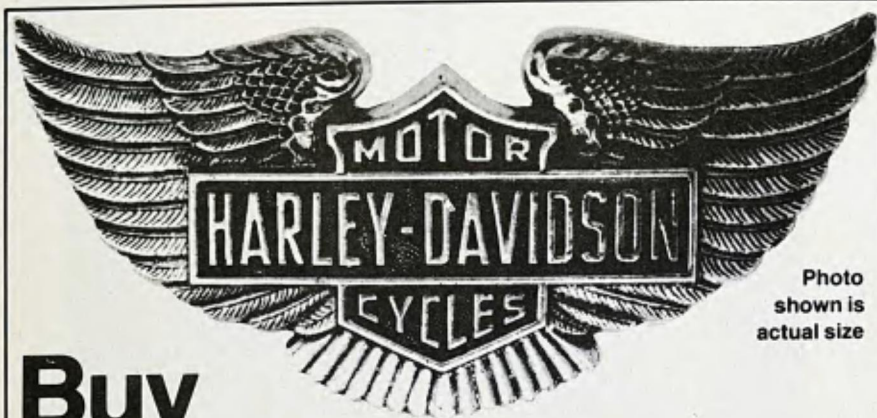


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He shuffled back to his seat as I helped Debbie up. "Beer — I need another beer," he wheezed.

"Get the man a beer," I said, pushing Debbie toward the tap.

Now, I'm a fairly big dude, six-two, one hundred ninety pounds, and I'm a good boxer. I have no doubts that I could have taken that old fart's gun away from him in a flash and stuck it where the sun don't shine. And that thought crossed my mind as he laid the gun down to take the beer from Debbie's shaky hand. But just as quickly as the thought came, it left. There was something about that old wino's bearing, the way he sat there amongst broken glass, spilt beer, and bullet-riddled bar, calmly sipping beer as if nothing had happened.

Something another Billy wrote a long time ago flashed through my head: "The better part of valor is discretion." That helped my wounded pride a bit. I finally managed to ask in a reasonably calm voice, "Hey, what's going on here, anyway?"

"Cops," he burped. "Trying to kill me."

"I can see that," I said, "but why?"

"Robbed a bank yesterday," he said, handing Debbie the empty glass. "Shot some of 'em up — see." He pulled a wrinkled brown paper bag out of his shirt and dumped a pile of crisp green bills onto the bar. I whistled. Debbie clapped her hands together and giggled.

The old man and I drank beer in silence, listening to the police sirens and screeching tires outside. Debbie slowly counted the money out on the bar. "Ah, so now what — what about us?" I asked.

"Don't know," he said, draining his glass. "Guess you're my hostages — don't mind being hostages for a while, do you?"

"Guess not," I said. "How 'bout you, Debbie?"

She shushed me and continued counting.

"Guess not," I said.

The old man reached over and refilled his glass. The static of a cop's radio penetrated the tavern.

"What next?" I asked.

He stuck his finger in his beer, pulled it out, and studied it thoughtfully for a moment. "Gonna get drunk," he said. "Then I'm going out there and blast the dogshit outta them cops."

"Oh," I said.

We lapsed into silence again.

Debbie finally looked up and solemnly announced, "Five thousand one hundred and ten dollars."

The old man took a swallow of beer, burped, and said, "You two want it, it's yours."

Debbie squealed with delight. I began looking around for a place to hide it.

We were stuffing the money down the

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back of the jukebox when a bullhorn sounded from outside. "You in the tavern—release your hostages and come outside. We have the area completely sealed off — you haven't got a chance."

I looked up. The old man was standing up, inserting shells into his clip.

"You going?" I asked.

His speech was slurred. "Ya, I'm gonna kill 'em."

I quickly shoved the rest of the money down the back of the jukebox and pushed it in place. The old man stumbled to the back door and stepped out into the rain.

Debbie and I sat hugging each other on the pool table and listened to the sudden burst of gunfire slowly subside. Cops, newsmen, doctors, Indian chiefs, etc., were swarming all around taking pictures, or statements, or just standing around looking official. During all the confusion I slipped over to the back door and peeked out. The old man was lying on an ambulance gurney. Cops and attendants were hopping around him. One cop took his hat off and knelt down next to the gurney. "The money," he said, "where's the money?" The old man's voice was just barely audible, his blood-specked lips straining to form words, "I hid it. . . in your wife's. . . pussy, you lousy son of a. . ." I like to think he died happy.

It took us several hours to get rid of the cops and reporters. As soon as we were alone, Debbie locked the doors and hung out the closed sign. We quietly split up the money, looked at each other, and bolted for the door.

The sun was shining, my pockets were full of money, and Debbie was seated behind me, nibbling on my ear as I slowly putted down Main Street. A cop car was parked along the curb in front of a stop sign. I glided to a stop next to it. Fats's big round face peered out of the back glass at me. A gray blanket was draped over his shoulders. He stuck his face up to the crack in the back window. "Howdy, Fats, what is it?" I asked.

"Ah, the bastards busted me for indecent exposure," he whined. "You got fifty bucks I can borrow for bail?" ■



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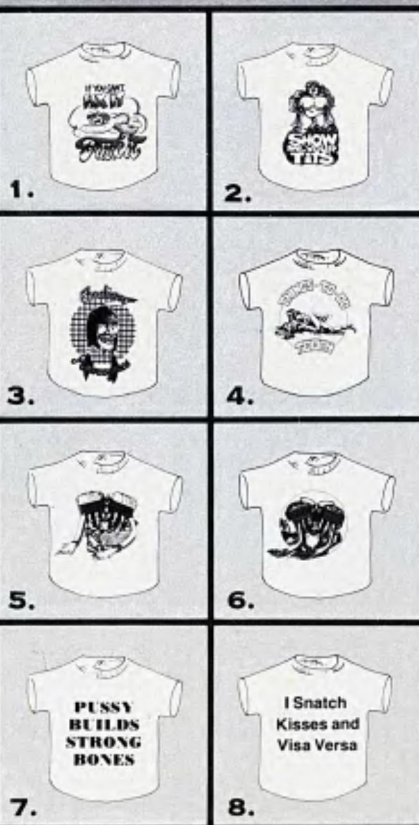
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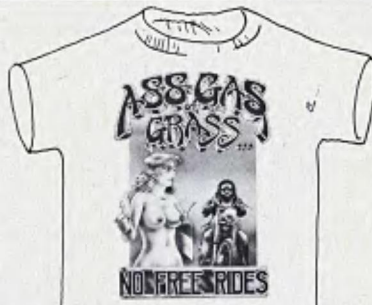
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ference to him what he does to bring a paycheck in. Paycheck, my ass. No, it's too late for a paycheck by then. At times like those it takes cash, long green, *lana*, *dinero*, bread, scratch, lettuce, bills, gap — wampum! I mean, when you need it, brother, there's almost nothing you won't do.

Including shameful acts, like dragging your ass up to the agency shop and saying, "Hey, I'm a mechanic; I know all about pans, shovels, trannies, spokes, fenders, cables, and clutches; I even know how to say Pater Nosters to Ralph — say, man, how 'bout you give me a job, well, huh, please?" That's right. I did it, and I said it, and I guess I ain't got no shame.

To my great surprise, the shop foreman said, "Well, yes, we could use a good man." For a minute I thought I was hallucinating, but then I remembered: it had been two weeks since I'd been near anything capable of giving me help like that. You know how it is, no money, no mushrooms, doc.

Then he said it. I should have been forewarned and maybe I should have walked my ass out of there. "But we need a man who can *work*," the dude said, with a heavy, sadistic emphasis on that word, like work was intended to be punishment, that's what.

I was stunned, dumbfounded, and plain scared. I didn't say anything.

"Can you *work*?" he said, saying that word the same smartass way.

"I mean, *work* your ass off," he said, making it sound like an order, not a question.

I thought about the rent notices and the two weeks of no mushrooms and how long it might take me to find another ol' lady, and before I knew what I was really saying, I said it: "Yes."

The dude said good and told me to be back at nine *sharp* in the morning. The way he said *sharp*, it sounded like the way he said *work*. The man's mouth was full of knives, that's what.

Now, getting up for nine o'clock in the morning is a problem if you ain't been working for long. Like me. I knew I couldn't do it. So I did what came more natural. At five in the morning, I said to myself that it was time to be hitting the sack — but no, I had a job to make at nine. So I sat out on the porch and played guard to my pan. I saw the paperboy turn the corner up the street, and then, remembering that I owed him for last

month, I ran indoors so he wouldn't stop to collect.

Jesus, I told myself, this no-money business has got you runnin' scared, even of the goddam paperboy. Now that's low, brother. It definitely was time for me to go to work, somewhere.

When I showed up at the shop, I had a little explaining to do, you know, about not needing, or wanting, a paycheck.

"Not to worry," the foreman said, "we'll take it out of the register, this week only."

Jeez, I thought, maybe these guys ain't so bad after all.

Then the dude told me to lay down the tool box I was totin'. "You won't need that for a while," he said.

"But I'm a mechanic," I said.

"Yeah, once you prove you can work." There he was saying that four-letter word again.

My first task, he said, would be to haul out the garbage. Meekly, I submitted, telling myself that it was better to take out the garbage than to sleep in a dumpster, which is where I was headed, without money.

There wasn't much to it. It was a simple job, and I finished it quickly.

Then the dude brought out his certified torture equipment, a tool straight from a medieval S&M dungeon, I'd say.

The man said it was a "star drill" that he was giving me. A star screw is what it turned out to be.

A star drill is something you use for putting holes in concrete slabs. The dude wanted me to make four holes, to fit the base of a tire-changing machine, so it could be bolted down to the floor.

A star drill has a big handle for hammering on, like an impact driver. Screwed on the bottom of it is a steel tube, flared at one end, about two and a half inches long. On the unthreaded end of the tube are about eight little teeth.

Those little teeth do the cutting job,



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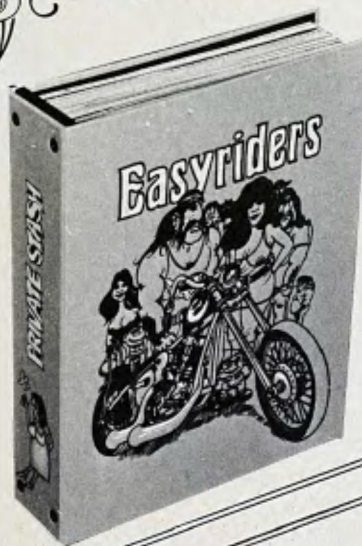
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they cut through the cement. But only when they're under pressure.

I looked over the tool, then looked up at the dude.

"Got an air hammer, or one of those exploding drivers?" I asked, in all innocence.

"Naw," he drawled. "This is *work*. You've got to drive that star bit down into the concrete by *hand*."

Then he reached over to a bench and gave me a 16-oz. mechanic's hammer.

"Here's what you need," he said.

I looked at the dude like he was crazy. After all, what did he think this was — the Middle Ages? Hong Kong, maybe? Who was I, some coolie?

"Man, this is peon work," I told him.

The dude put his long arm on my shoulder, like he was congratulating me.

"Welcome to America," he said.

"You get to *work* your ass here."

It was almost too much for me. I turned to walk my ass clean out of there. Then it hit me — my tank was empty, and my pockets, too. I would run out of gas on the way home if I left. Pushing a pan is hard work, too.

So I took the hammer, went down on my knees, and started banging. It was fifteen minutes before I snapped to something.

The damn hammer was too light.

I cast my eyes around the shop, and spotted a square-headed, short-handled, 4-pound sledgehammer. It was in a part of the shop that was screened off with wooden beams and chicken wire. Where the machinist had his shop, that's where. In a little cage-type place.

I slipped over, told the man I needed his hammer, and took it. He watched me walking away with it, and hollered out after me:

"Boy, you're going to be sorry you took that."

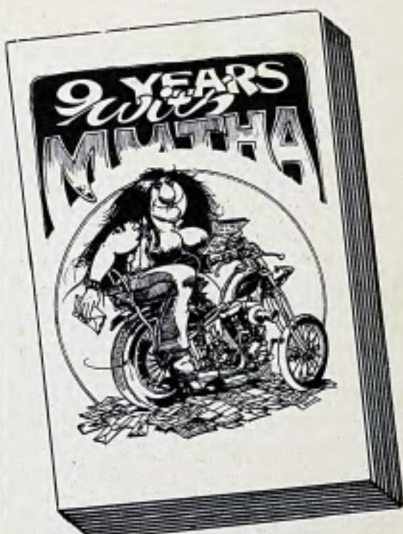
I stopped dead in my tracks, wondering what he was going to throw at me. I figured, shit, since I was holding the hammer, he'd better be ready with some pretty heavy stuff. A man with a 4-pound sledge is a man to be respected, after all.

The machinist didn't even turn toward me. He just went on piddling with a lathe, like he hadn't said anything, and like I hadn't taken anything.

I went back to the spot on the floor, next to the tire machine that had to be anchored. And I started pounding again.

The first three holes went in easy. When I finished each one, I took one of the tube-like inserts the foreman had given me, slipped a little slug of tapered lead into its end, and drove the two assembled pieces into the hole

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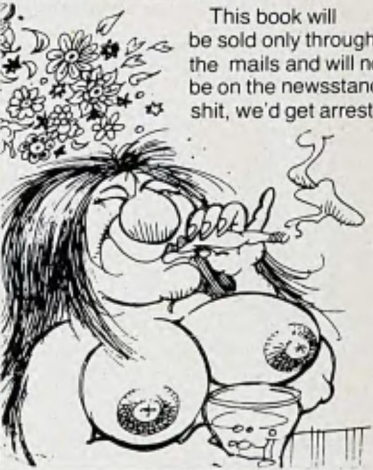
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This book will be sold only through the mails and will not be on the newsstands—shit, we'd get arrested!



I'd made. The tapered slug of lead expanded as it went down, forcing the inserts up against the walls of the hole. The inserts were threaded at the tops, to take half-inch bolts for anchoring the machine. With each hole I finished, I screwed down a bolt, just to make sure everything was operating the way it should. It was all okay.

Until that fourth hole, that is. My drill was worn down before I started it; some of the teeth had broken off. By the time I had it sunk two inches in the concrete, the teeth were entirely gone; I beat on the drill for ten minutes, and it didn't go down a hair deeper. So I tried to pull it out.

It wouldn't budge. I stood, and yanked, and yanked. No luck. I beat it from the side, gently, yes, but with the sledgehammer. It didn't budge then, either. The damn drill was stuck, stuck down in that damn concrete.

There was nothing to do but call the foreman over. He looked at the situation, turned away, and went toward the machinist's cage. A minute later, they both came out. A hose was dragging behind the machinist's legs, and a blue electrical cord. At one end, right there in his hands, was a goddam air-compression impact driver. A machine, a power tool of the first order!

The machinist connected it up, unscrewed the handle on top of my drill, snapped his impact driver on, flipped the switch to reverse, and — quick as a New York minute — started turning that drill around. *Thump, thump, thump*, his impact driver went, and before long the star drill was loose in its hole. He yanked it out with one hand.

I knew in an instant that I'd been screwed. I'd been made the fool, that's what. Man, that impact hammer can be used either way, to put things in or take them out. Did they think I was so stupid as not to know?



"What kind of weirdo would flash a dog, anyway?"

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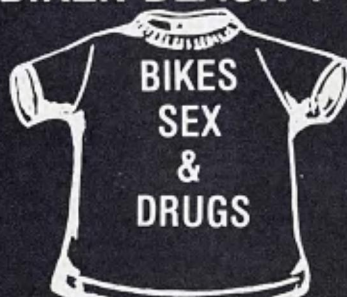
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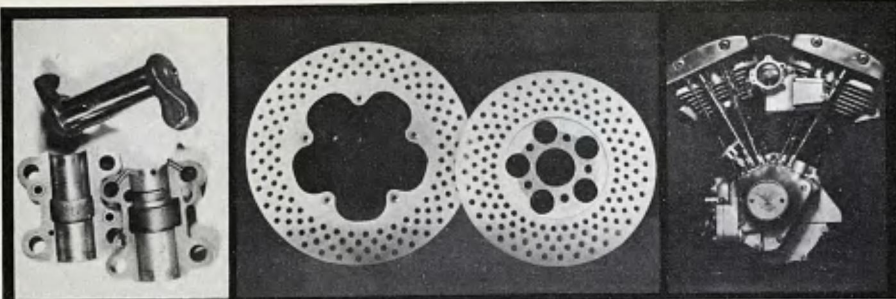
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"Yeah, we figured you'd catch on," the foreman told me when the machinist was gone. "But the man said you took his sledgehammer without asking. If you'd asked, he might have loaned you the impact rig."

I was not at ease, by any means.

"How come you didn't give it to me to start with?"

"Well, like I told you, we wanted to know if you could work."

"Yeah, I can work your ass over, that's what," I told him.

The foreman shrugged. "Have it your way, brother. But don't you want that job as a mechanic?"

I didn't know whether to down him or answer. I stepped back a second to decide what to do.

It was plain that I could down him, with or without the sledgehammer, which I still had in hand. On the other hand, it was plain that if I did I'd be pushing that pan home, maybe in a race with the cops. It's a known fact that cop cages do move faster than out-of-gas pans. No, the race I had to make was against the eviction crew. For that, I'd need gasoline, and money to go running to the rent man with.

"Look, bro, you promised me a job as a mechanic, see. You give me a job as a grunt. I'm supposed to put up with that shit?" I asked him.

"Yeah, you are," he told me, and he ducked as I threw the first punch at him.

Leaning over and back, still wary of me, he blurted out the words that saved his life: "But only till you prove you can work." He still said that word like he was throwing knives.

"How long is that?" I demanded.

"How long will it take you to pick up your tool box?" he said.

Then I saw his plan. I was being tested, that's what. The test was over: I'd passed.

"All right, all right — but brother, don't you pull no more fucking tricks," I told him.

"Sure, bro," he said in a calmed voice.

Then he walked off, went to an ice-box over by his desk, and came back with a cold can of suds.

"Here," he said, "you can celebrate your initiation."

I snapped the beer from his hand. It had been two days since I'd had one — can you blame me? Besides, I was still pissed.

But as I laid my tool box on the bench in the empty mechanic's stall and sipped on the cold crew, taking it in slow, my rage cooled off.

"What the hell," I muttered to myself. "Nobody ever said Harley work was glamour. Nobody even said it was all motorcycles."

I wish somebody had said it was part initiation.



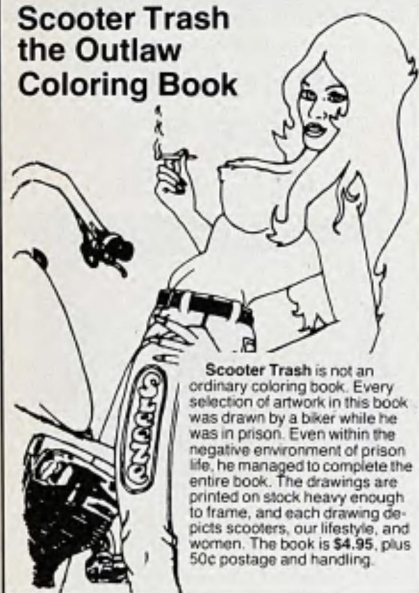
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If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity. If he doesn't know what the hell you're talking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

If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on the 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.

Easyriders is distributed throughout the English-speaking world by one of the largest distributors in the business, Dell Distributing Company of New York — which means **any** newsstand, **anywhere**, can sell the magazine.

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Highest Crime

—Continued from page 18

While I was involved in my visual recon, Diane had noticed that a sign on an apartment building directly across the street stated, "Three Room, Front View, Second Story, Available For Rental." A base of operations? Possibly. An extensive investigation was indicated. The thought of a new adventure stirred my being.

In the hopes that this distributing center would satisfy our criteria, then and there I had invested a down payment for the apartment.

Late that evening the first of many telephone calls had been placed to the company to ascertain if the premises was patrolled by a night watchman. The next day I had given my classic telephone rendition of Maximilian Rosenfeld, The Pharmacist:

"Hello, XYZ Distributing?" I inquired.

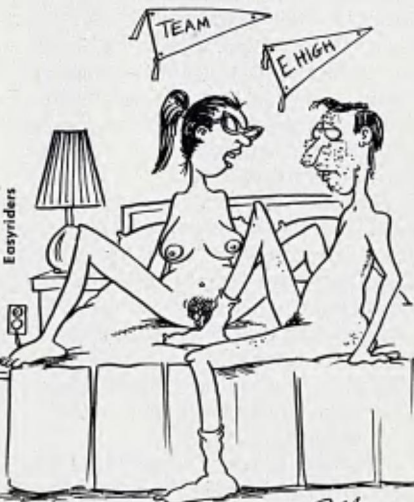
"Yes, may I help you?" an interesting female voice responded.

"You can connect me with the inventory manager, please," I requested. . .

"Yes, this is Mr. Rosenfeld over at the Bayview Pharmacy in Richmond Hills, Queens," I stated to the manager.

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and seven, and stabilized with chlorobutanol. Can you do it?" I asked.

"Yes. I can understand your difficulty, Mr. Rosenfeld," he said.

"Max," I interjected.

"There is a cocaine deficit recently, but we have a good supply on hand and we can prepare a fresh solution for you. When do you want it?"

"Probably this week; let me send you the paperwork," I answered.

"Fine," the dude said.

"I'll be in touch. Goodbye."

That evening and the next two weeks Diane and I had devoted to establishing our well-equipped control center in the stunted but perfectly suited apartment. We relocated some basic living essentials from our other crib, including a twin sleeping-bag, caviar, and a portable fridge stocked with vintage Dom Perignon. Our bank of sophisticated electronic equipment was installed. In our inventory of space-age gadgetry, we had things like a fourteen-crystal police-band scanner, a set of very serious Panasonic transceivers, a star scope (for night vision), photo developing capability, and an electronically motivated incendiary canister that we might utilize for an emergency diversion. With the creation of Mission Control, we transformed a portion of our monetary cache into an active bail fund and voluntarily discontinued our social life. Every detail was examined, and during those days Diane and I made numerous forays to, and into the interior of, our objective, surreptitiously snapping a number of photographs with our micro Minox.

Everything was set. All systems were go. I had previously visited the scene of our potential confiscation at night and amassed such specifics as target building construction and material, escape route feasibilities, lay of adjoining buildings and alleyways, failsafe estimations, length and thickness of the dividing wall, and the location and type of perimeter burglar alarms.

Although our strategy had included awaiting a rainy evening to execute this seizure, I didn't want our project suffering from varying degrees of pre-confiscation anxiety or entropy. My sensitivities and sharpened instinct had dictated that this could possibly be the right evening. Diane had shared in my feelings: We would move that very night!

The four-tumbler Segal lock was predictably picked within the prescribed time period. The rear door of the dilapidated bookshop was not even alarmed, and I entered the

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darkened edifice with a small satchel of equipment.

I sank a half-inch "bombast" hole in the veneer-layered-pine wallboard a foot above the floor. After the drilling penetrated the concrete cinder blocks that separated the bookstore from the distributing company, I inserted a length of automotive aerial into the small aperture. In one end of this hollow segment there was a 1½-inch firecracker, the kind you bought in mats when you were a kid. This common firework was supplied with a three-minute Jetex fuse extension that protruded out of the tube on the bookshop side. To allow an additional three minutes, I entwined the exposed fusing around a lit Gauloise cigarette. Then I rapidly collected the tools and returned to Mission Control.

The theory and purpose of this innovative technique had been to insure, beyond all reasonable doubt, that my objective wasn't set with an ultrasonic, sound-activated burglar alarm that, in most instances, is connected to the local gendarme headquarters. These sound-sensing devices detect any noise that exceeds an established decibel point range within the interior of the store. Once a drawer is closed, a chair moved, or a vial replaced on a shelf, the mechanism is activated and a silent alarm is broadcast through the telephone circuitry. The audio concussion emanating from the firecracker explosion within the premises would be more than sufficient to trigger any possible sonic detection equipment that, at that time, we were incapable of deactivating.

After we had listened to the muffled thud of the minuscule explosion we sat back, arm in arm, and allowed a period of time to elapse, occupied in the monitoring of the police radio transmissions.

The radio-controlled incendiary device and a five-gallon drum of gas-



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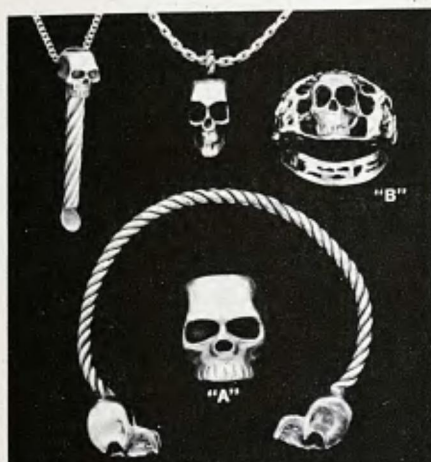
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oline had been positioned in a nearby vacant lot. In the event of an emergency situation Diane would have had the location under starscope scrutiny to insure, if the canister was triggered, that no civilians were in the immediate area. And what a diversion it would have made: phosphorus, thermite, and gasoline!

Assured that no sonic equipment existed within, I had returned to the solitude of the store and, using a tape measure, approximated the distance between the shop's rear-door threshold and the planned wall entrance. The transceiver was switched on and the next two hours I devoted to the relatively silent creation of my special door that I hoped would lead to protracted financial stability and euphoria.

Upon cautiously stepping through the portal, the full realization that I had penetrated the company's first line of defense against burglary (the perimeter alarms) and that I was now within, was manifested in my animated brain. It was almost sexual: the thought of penetrating an objective that had never been entered this way before. . .

Back to business! The transceiver was secured to a clasp on my belt. Diane would inform me the instant a "10-21" (burglary in progress) was broadcast over the police frequencies. A number of fingerprint-free tools were selected from the duffel bag. The site of the entrance portal would be my secondary base camp. Without further hesitation I commenced my diligent exploration of the interior, always mindful of the possibility that concealed alarms existed that our detailed photos failed to reveal.

As I'd expected, not four feet distant from the portal was the heart of my objective's auxiliary interior alarm system. An innocuous-appearing wire was stretched from a black box mounted on the wall across the aisle of shelved pharmaceuticals. If I had been a novice, this tenuous filament would have gone unnoticed, but I was aware that, if this wire was disturbed, this might be my last adventure for quite some time. I respectfully stepped over it knowing there would be more.

The topographical map we had constructed from the collage of photos and my calculations was correct. Four aisles away and situated by a central partition was a large stainless steel cabinet that, in my estimation, served as the distributor's controlled-substance locker. I meticulously examined it and the surround-

WIND

Number Two



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ing area for supplemental alarm devices. At this point, being satisfied that none were in evidence, I proceeded with the selection of tools necessary to detach the hinges — thus circumventing the combination lock mechanism. But wait. . . To my amazement, I noticed that one of the steel doors was slightly ajar. The fuckin' thing was open!

I had read somewhere that when the first human being set foot out of the lunar module onto the moon's surface, his monitored pulse rate exceeded 200 beats per minute. I shared in this experience as I transferred bottle upon bottle of cocaine, opium, laudanum, Quaaludes and biphedamine — in that order — into the three duffel bags. While I was placing the coke in the first bag, I stopped counting at twenty-four ounces and I couldn't help but think that the cocaine deficit, the one the manager had informed me of, would now be a little more extensive.

I had returned to Mission Control with the three brimming duffel bags. I had been ecstatically reunited with Diane. Then I had been compelled to return again to the building to collect my equipment.

Always possessing a sense of the sardonic, and considering the mood I was in, I had dexterously knotted a length of fishing line to the interior burglar alarm wire; attached the 250-lb.-test line to a spool of wire, and cautiously reeled it out the distance to the alleyway and the street on my way out. I had never witnessed the dynamics and confusion of a TV cop thriller live, I thought, as I tugged the line. Diane and I would have a splendid panoramic view of the entire show from the sanctuary of the darkened front room while we enjoyed our cocaine. . .

I returned from my reveries of the past. Relying on the info that I hoped Bonnie would provide, I surmised

—Continued on page 111



"Mein Fuehrer is not in a very good mood today."

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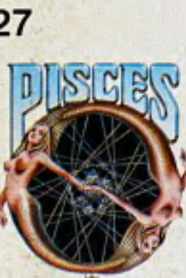
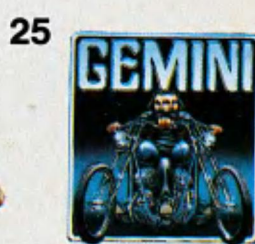
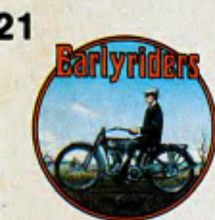
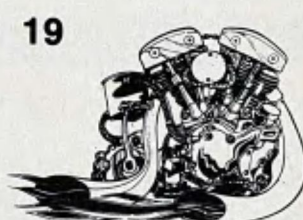
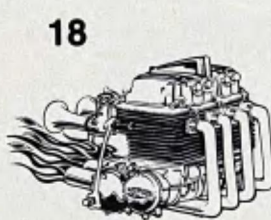
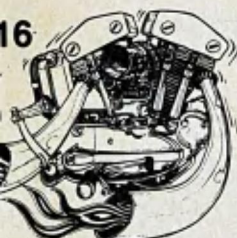
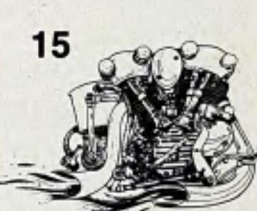
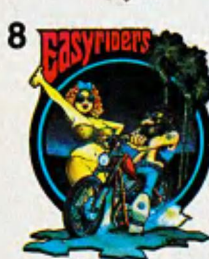
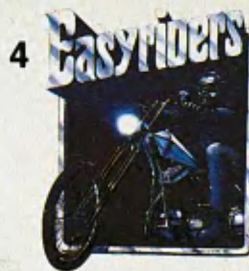


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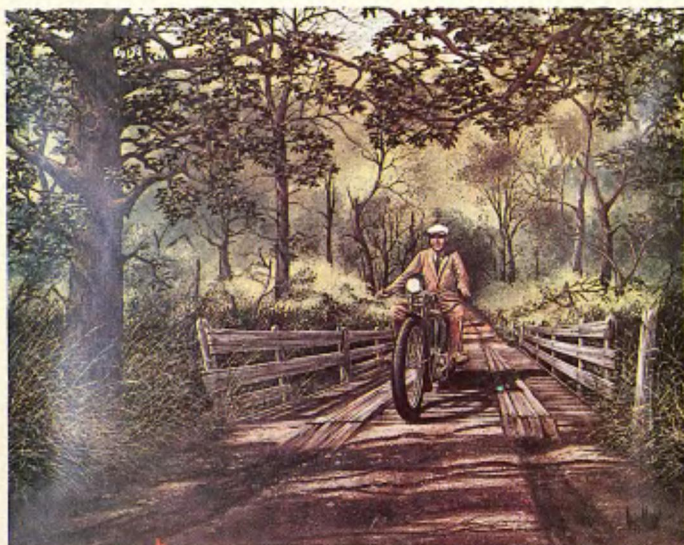
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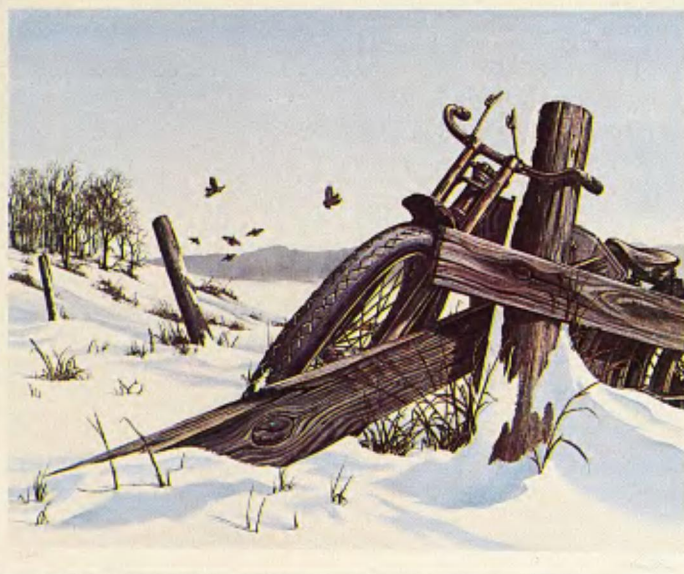
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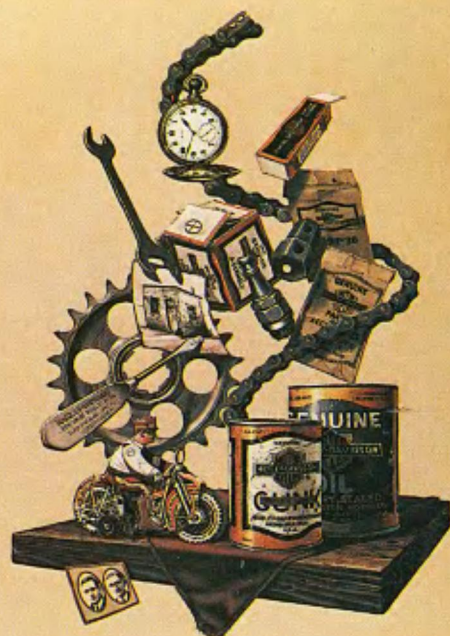
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that to properly expedite this *magnum opus* of cocaine confiscation from Mock it would be necessary to hijack the van. Although it was in the framework of possibility, somehow, I could not picture Diane anxiously waiting in a stolen getaway car while I commandeered the unmarked Mock van at gunpoint on a crowded street or highway exit.

There was another possibility, even though this one belonged in the plot of *A Clockwork Orange* or a James Bond novel. A number of years ago a chemist friend of mine postulated that he had designed the ultimate chemical weapon of "passive resistance." He made me aware of an amazingly volatile liquid that is called dimethyl sulfoxide, also referred to as DMSO. This ultra-low-viscosity fluid possesses the quality of instantly penetrating all layers of the skin in a process that somewhat resembles osmosis. This hygroscopic liquid when applied or sprayed on an area of the body will readily be absorbed through the epidermal membrane and will be introduced into the blood stream almost instantaneously. DMSO was the subject of extensive experimentation during the early sixties, but scientists quickly discovered that when it was used over a period of time it might produce ocular lesions and corneal opacity in humans. Subsequently, the investigations were discontinued. However, it was proven that with one application there was no discernible damage.

This almost colorless, odorless liquid is also a superior solvent for any number of chemicals, including most psychotropic agents, barbiturates, and tranquilizers. These substances can be easily dissolved in it. DMSO combined with, let's say, twelve and a half grains of Secobarbital, would act as a vehicle for the drug, in that it would deliver and diffuse the Seconal into the blood stream in a matter of a second or two. The idea was to acquire a true integrity, high-pressure squirt gun, check it for leaks, and fill it *carefully* with a saturated solution of dimethyl sulfoxide and a drug of your choice — depending on the effect you desired. Then throw down! Without actually damaging someone physically, this device, or under some circumstances this weapon, could transport somebody on an extended STP tour, or simply render the person unconscious — right then and there. The possibilities are unlimited and, maybe, Thoreau would have sanctioned it. Whatever that would mean.

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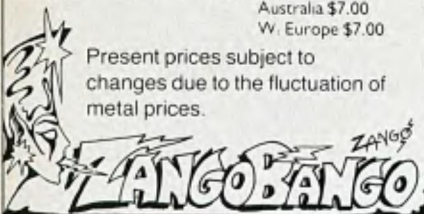
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Thanks,
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DMSO-style ripoff appeared to be, I could not discount the myriad complexities that sometimes seem to develop spontaneously prior to, during, and as an aftermath of a planned drug liberation. There must exist some other logical avenue in our acquisition of this cocaine.

Late the next afternoon, when the three of us awoke entwined in the huge canopy bed almost simultaneously, I partook of a few lines of crushed, rock-infested powder, and spontaneously presented my proposition to Bonnie. In the process, to some extent, I confided in her some of our past experiences in apothecary burglaries. Very discreetly we gauged her reaction as I stated that Diane and I seriously wanted to divert one of her cocaine shipments.

"You know," Bonnie revealed matter-of-factly, "ever since I got my gig at Mock I've been lookin' for someone like you to help me pull something off — and I do have a couple of ideas how we can do it."

Without elaborating too extensively: The situation at Mock Pharmaceuticals was that after the crude cocaine alkaloid shipment was received from the Sullivan Chemical

Co., the coke was processed, purified, and sealed in amber bottles *en masse* in a secure section of one of the massive complex buildings. The pure USP grade cocaine hydrochloride and the water-insoluble alkaloid variety (free base) were then placed under the surveillance of armed Pinkerton guards and relocated in the archaic vault in the basement supply area. This time-lock-regulated repository of cocaine and other Schedule I, II, and III Controlled Substances is a huge walk-in affair — where authorized personnel traverse the interior aisles collecting narcotics orders in shopping carts! In an independent section of this massive vault there exists an area designated as the "Security Enclosure," where rumor has it that within there are at least four 50-gallon carboys that contain the legendary THC analogue, Synhexyl (aka Parahexyl).

It is said that during the early fifties the Government contracted with Mock & Company to synthesize a quantity of the then recently patented (1947) hallucinogen for "research experimentation." Subsequently, the order was withdrawn — but not before the Mock laboratories produced a stockpile of this extremely active tetrahydrocannabinol synthetic that has been stored in the vault to this day. The restricted area is also fabled to contain an esoteric variety of psychotropics, including such exotic chemicals as a psychosensorial

BACK OFF



I SAY

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CATALOG

aphrodisiac; Yaje-like telepathics; hallucinogenic toad-skin venom called Bufotenine; and an experimental psychotomimetic extract derived from a marine polyp.

The thing that interested Bonnie, Diane, and me was that the only paperwork necessary to satisfy the security requirements for processing a cocaine order, and extracting it from the impenetrable vault, and for that matter to have the coke transported out of Mock to a distributor, was a certified DEA-222C Form.

The actual procedure was that the standard narcotics order form, that I happened to have a stack of in the apartment from my previous endeavors, is drafted for the quantity and crystalline form of cocaine and arrives via registered mail at the administrative offices at Mock. This order form is accompanied by the DEA-222C Form that authenticates the purchaser and his current location as legitimate. This form also includes his federal DEA narc registration number.

After reception of these forms the DEA-guided certification is accomplished at Mock by superficially comparing the present forms with earlier ones originating from the same company. If any discrepancy exists at this point, a call is placed to the originating company and to the regional DEA offices for an instant computer authentication. Mock & Company is a very busy concern, and cannot allot the time to have employees bureaucratically verify every individual dangerous drug order.

USP grade pharmaceutical coke, both the coveted Mock and the Malinkrodt, is the purest cocaine hydrochloride available anywhere in the world. The status and mythology that have developed and surround this euphoriant are more than warranted. The current retail cost of USP "Small Fluffy Crystals" flake

—Continued on page 117



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Adjustable to size Black Polyester,
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These heavy T-shirts
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Specify color and size
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F-Shirts, P.O. Box 367
Oakview, CA. 93022

Dealer inquiries
invited.

Choppershopper

—Continued from page 78

Wanted: Serious ol' lady to share ranch, scooter, and life in mtns. Witches, bitches, and sweatshops need not apply. Must be able to sacrifice the convenience of city livin' for the simple livin'. Hard-partyin' style of redneck country. Lots of good scooter people in the area. Pix appreciated. Need someone to keep me warm on those cold winter nights. Write Spare Parts, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (86)

Moving to Colorado. Looking for small place with space. Must be country or small town. Job info or anything appreciated. Deacon, Rt. 15, Box 809, Williams Rd., N. Ft. Myers, Fla. 33903. (86)

Deadly Eye write me Elton John. I'm up c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (86)

Herpes? Have you been told there is no relief? I may have good news for you. Send \$2 for information. Rice, Box 6380E, Ft. Worth, Tex. 76115. (86)

Attention, ladies: I'm a 24-year-old Libra, 6 ft. 2 in. tall. I get out in 22 months and I need letters and photos from sweet ladies 18-30 who live in Calif. Randy Wurts #B-92929, P.O. Box A, Rm. #6251, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (86)

Old hills dandelion wine made easily at home. Best recipe available. Send \$2 and sase to Box 83, Lancaster, Calif. 93534. (88)

Stewart: Happy birthday 8-3-80. We love you. Don't matter if you're settled down or wild and free, we want ya back. Me and Roy. (86)

Attractive lady wants to hear from mature bikers for meaningful relationship. Candi Cole, 3000 25th Ave. No., Ft. Dodge, Iowa 50501. (86)

Scott (Kerch): I miss listening to your dreams along with all I love about you. Let's try friends. Kathy Marie. (86)

Mike: Happy birthday and happy anniversary. I'll love you always. Your ol' lady, Moose. (86)

Big B.: Happy 27th birthday (8/17/80). I love ya and always will. Your ol' lady, Lorrie. (86)

Ed: Happy B-day, bro. Ride free and keep in touch. "The Cuff." (86)

Applications being taken for ol' lady. Photo desired, not necessary. Tykes welcome. Release August '80. Verne Wiegiers #62716, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (86)

Free, white nationalist newspaper. Send two 15¢ stamps. Vanguard, 455 Pine St., Manchester, N.H. 03104. (86)

Shelle: You are driving me crazy, but I'm lazy. Please come back to me. Good times this summer. Carolyn. (86)

Snarl: Daughter "Meadow" born Saint Patrick's Day, eight pounds, twenty inches, exceptionally beautiful. Thanks for the wonderful birthday present. Shadow. (86)

Presley, 39, seeks lady 18-45. (203) 748-9126. 8 p.m.-1 a.m. (86)

Roper: I love you. Happy 5th, 6-14-80, Mrs. Roper. (86)

To Jeannie and Chetta: You're two righteous babes I'm proud to have as my sisters. We've had some times—good and bad—that are ours. Thanks for being the way you are. Ride on, sweet ladies. Much love to the both of you. Your brother, Sunset. (86)

In memory of Slack. Look up Dusty and J.B., Montana riders, good people. See ya later, Slimy Limy Barbarians MC, Western Canada. (86)

Biker ladies to correspond with H-D rider "Down Under." All replies answered. Write WRG, P.O. Box 920, Darlinghurst 2010, Australia. (86)

Chop: I L Y—needless to say. You cannot be replaced. Here's to the wind in our faces, love in our hearts, and many more years together. DLW. (86)

I'm 26, getting out of the slammer this year. Looking for a foxy lady to party, share my travels and home. I'll relocate the right lady. Will answer all replies (send photo). Brownshoes, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (86)

Very handsome Italian, dark wavy haired, olive skinned—humble, articulate, intelligent, knows how to treat a lady. Rugged, well-built athlete, ex-boxer, physical culturist (daily beach jogger, sprinter, fast walker, routine exerciser). Would appreciate hearing (this leap year) from sweet, foxy, Caucasian ladies and sincere people. Send photo and clear return address for prompt reply. R. Solomon Armijo #C-07290, 5139, P.O. Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (86)

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of my little sister, Pamela Elaine (Penguin) Erickson or Leffingwell, please contact Steve "Coke" Gray #20169-148, P.O. Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808. (86)

Helga, my best Kraut. You rode in free with the wind in your face, but when you ride out you'll be hangin' onto my back on the free road. I'll be out soon, babe. Your ol' man, "Coke." (86)

Young, enthusiastic rider wishes to contact a shapely blonde with long hair. Must be excellent and have her head together. Must love to smoke and ride a chop, when I arrive back in Adelaide, South Australia. When contacted, I will send a photo, and so must you. Contact for my address is Shane, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (86)

Ell, the man who taught me what love is. I'll always be there, no matter how long I have to wait—7/81 isn't that far away. Love ya lots, Emily. (86)

Mr. Tom J. Hoffman: Only our love is fameless. Happy third anniversary! (July 17, 1977.) I love you (with a lot of lust). Sandi. (86)

Got a lot of friends out there. I'm down now and need your letters. Mary E. Woodward, Tennessee Prison for Women, Rt. #3 Stewart Lane, Nashville, Tenn. 37218. (86)

For Sale: Michael's Motorcycle Works, a successful and complete custom Harley-Davidson repair facility located in the heart of the San Fernando Valley. A find for any bro who wants to get into the bike-building business. \$150,000, 21412 Sherman Way, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. For more information call Bill Reed (213) 887-9698. (88)

Hustler: Hope we get together! Patty. (86)

John: One year this August. The best is yet to come. I'll love you forever and forever be true. Love always, Your Jewel. (86)

Pills, and where to get them. Legal stimulants bring high profits! Call now for information. We ship UPS: C.O.D. (301) 563-3066. Or write to "Diamond," c/o J. & P. Distributors, Inc., 4608 Eastern Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21224. (86)

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)

30-year-old biker, who is losing his eyesight and ability to ride, needs a lady who cares and understands. Must be able to handle a scooter. Please write and send photo; all letters answered. Crandall F. LaPlante, Box 337, Croghan, N.Y. 13327. (86)

Tattoo designs: 10-year biker and tattoo artist. Send \$1 for sample and information to Dirt T. Mike, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (86)

Bandolier Ready Pack—Compact, water-resistant, polished brass containers for matches, stash. Fashioned from 12-gauge shotgun shells. Made for your shell hand. But fits anywhere. BRP, \$2; with survival items, \$3. Survival Systems, P.O. Box 57, Gresham, Wis. 54128. (86)

Pills—how to get them. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Sumco, P.O. Box 18414-183, Las Vegas, Nev. 89114. (86)

Trapper Jon: I've heard tell Dorothy got lost in Kansas and found the Wizard of Oz. Not you, too? I don't understand your lack of communication. Got my own cave and a phone. Call me; it's listed. It was not a game, Bear. (86)

Buck, Sandy, Marv, DeDe, Rudy, Al, Scott, and Dog: Castle Rock lives! It's like the cow said... "A few!" Treth. (86)

3/4 helmet, black, white, adult sizes, DOT, AMA approved, \$24.50, free freight. Box 26, Slater, Mo. 65349. (86)

Long-legged, lean lady looking for other half. Pretty, educated, but mellow and caring. Wants a good mutual relationship. Please, no game players and no here today gone tomorrow. C "Cat" DeJette, Rt. 1, Box 221A, Atascosa, Tex. 78002. (86)

25-yr.-old Libra searching for a blond-haired, blue-eyed Southern fox 18-25. About a year to go to parole. Bill Forshee #132187, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204. (86)

Kim S.: Just saw ya in "In the Wind #3." (I think it was you.) Don't forget Marlboro! The best to you and the ol' man, Glen. (86)

Li'l Joe: Want to wish ya a happy birthday and tell ya that brothers we will always be. Horrible Harry. (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)

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

Build your own sidcar. Sidcar frame guides \$14.95 (brochure 50¢). Dunham, 3060 Liberty St., Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018. (87)

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)

Old-style Harley buckle. Massive. Approx. 3" x 4". Solid brass. Brand new. They have been in storage for years. \$10 plus \$2 postage. Patrick Mains, 63 Johnson Ave., Winthrop, Mass. 02152. (86)

Bill Whirley, or anyone who knows him from Toledo, Ohio, tell him to get in touch with Rabbit. I'm downed again. Frank "Rabbit" DeWitt, Box 37, Holman Station, Alabama 36503. (86G)

David, if you're out there, drop the Pendleton Angel a line. I miss you. (86G)

Lookin' for Chrissy Rossner from E. St. Louis, Missouri. Hung with some bros called "Wind Spell." Sure would be great to hear from ya, Chrissy! Contact Katey R. and Pam R. from Mich. Katey R., #9 Chippewa Ct., Saginaw, Mich. 48602. (517) 793-2411. (86G)

People with heart, write to William Ours, Baltimore City Hospital, 4940 Eastern Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21220. A-3-Center, Room 362-C. (86G)

Paulette and Randy Hanson: Contact Jeff (Space Ranger) Baisden #41521, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310. (86G)

Hey, Brown Eyes: I'm taking my chance on finding you this way. We met at the Checkerdome in St. Louis at a ZZ Top concert on Dec. 27th. You talked me into smoking a doobie with you. I got some good vibes. Sure would like to hear from you. I may be passing your way some day. Some Goodness, Box 28, Wheeler, Ill. 62479. (86G)

Jake: Please write to 202 N. 16th St., Fruitland, Idaho 83619. I don't ever want to putt with anyone else. I'm waitin'. Your ol' lady, Colleen. (86G)

Looking for good ladies who are sincere (enclose photo of self). Marvin Carter #78-C-617, Drawer #B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582. (86G)

Interested in meeting intelligent, warm, understanding woman for possible relationship. Will reply and exchange photos. Sharkey Sanford #74A-0257, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582. (86G)

Man, 29, doing time in San Quentin. Lonely and in need of correspondence with a woman, preferably from Marin County. Richard McClellan, P.O. Box C-02166, Tamal, Calif. 94964. (86G)

Cathy Campbell, Spokane, Washington: Please write, Bob Dickey #2918, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (86G)

Hey, brothers: Ride free and easy. Don't fuck up like I did. Drop me a line! James "Bones" Young, 10,000 So. Wilmot Rd., Rt. 7, Box 777, Tucson, Ariz. 85777. (86G)

Crazy Bill: Happy 31st (6-29-80). You are the best thing that's ever happened to me. Please don't ever leave. Yours forever, Lori and your unborn child. (86G)

David H.: Don't remember your last name. You picked me up at the end of 1977 in Ohio on Turnpike 70 and went to Boston, Mass. Drop me a line, Bob #16717, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (86G)

Attention: Boston, Mass. Joe Arling is alive and in California. Can be reached at #B-92589, Box 686 North, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (86G)

Kathy M.: Happy birthday, you tall, beautiful fox. Love ya forever, Bill (Weell). (86G)

Chuck (Animal) Salle: Please contact me. It's about our daughter—she needs a kidney transplant. Urgent! Ricki, P.O. Box 11, Mead, Wash. 98021. (509) 466-3134. (86G)

Sunny: I love you Hang in there; I'll be home soon. You're on my mind and in my dreams constantly. Love, Your daddy, Chipper. (86G)

Sherry: The finest lady in my whole life. All my love on 6-13-80. Bobby H., San Antonio, Tex. (86G)

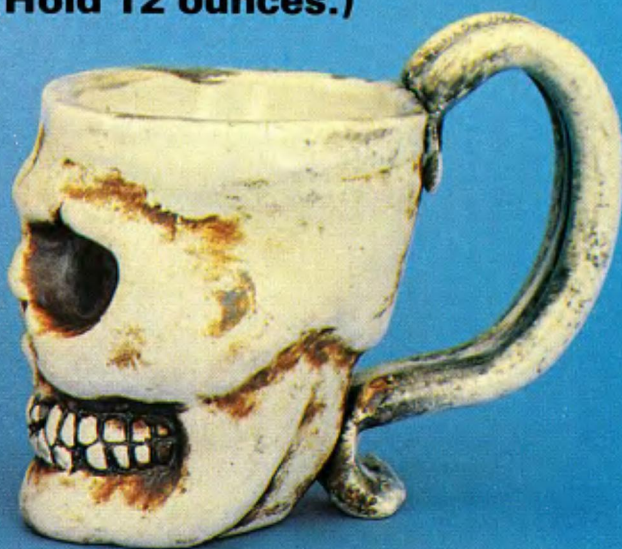
Finest Quality, Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mugs.

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



\$9.95

each
 Add \$2.50
 per mug
 for postage,
 insurance, and
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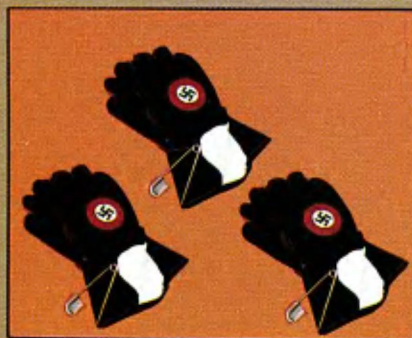
California residents add 6%.

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

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

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Box 29
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Strong Gloves

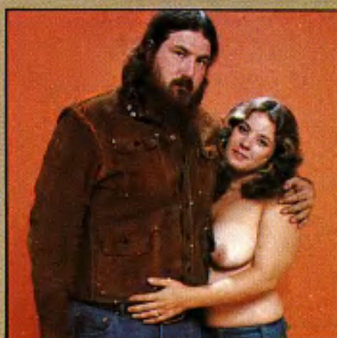
Calstar and Survivor heavy leather riding gloves with built-in liners with gauntlets measuring 5 inches from the wrist—high enough to tuck your jacket sleeve into. \$22.00 plus \$2.00 postage and handling. Upon request, we will sew on stars, swastikas, or ship them plain. Available in "casual brown"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

Order today from:

HIGH POCKETS

Box 294

Cypress, Calif. 90630



Jackets

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



Buy
 American

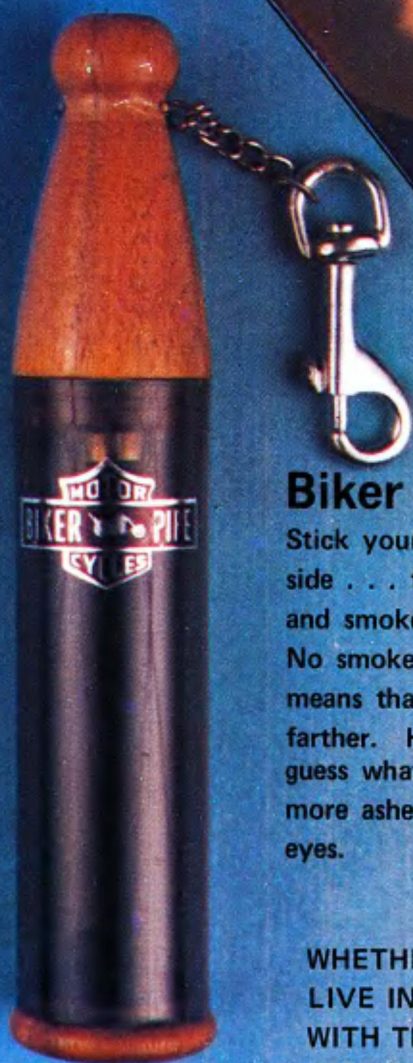


Hero Gaskets

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

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

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

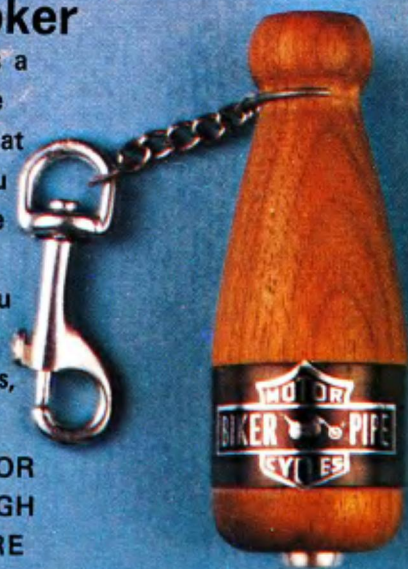


Biker Pipe

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

Chain Smoker

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.



WHETHER YOU RIDE ON THE WEEKEND OR
LIVE IN THE SADDLE, YOU CAN RIDE HIGH
WITH THESE DUDES . . . BESIDES, THEY'RE
JUST BAD ASS PIPES!!!

MAIL ORDER

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Address _____
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Send to: *Mackenzie Company* Box 29, Calabasas, CA 91302

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\$5.50 + 50¢ postage & handling

☐ **CHAIN SMOKER**
\$5.50 + 50¢ postage & handling

Calif. residents add 6%

Highest Crime

—Continued from page 113

cocaine is under thirty-five dollars per 28.3-gram oz. Pharmaceutical coke is not exchanged for currency on the street market; that is to say, the intrinsic value of this nose candy cannot be converted into a set amount of cash. However, if one were to set a value on a sealed amber ounce bottle the cost would exceed five thousand dollars.

After the order and DEA-222C Form is certified and approved, it is forwarded to, you guessed it: the dispatcher's office, where Bonnie and her associates determine when the coke order is to be filled and when the shipment will go out.

* * *

I looked up and admired the large space-age plastic sign that was positioned, squarely, over the converted storefront entrance. Almost six weeks had elapsed since the first day of our providential encounter with Bonnie, and now I finally had my own pharmaceutical company!

We had invested a great deal of time in the discovery of this massive

building that was ideally located in an isolated downtown section of west Manhattan, where our nice-sized storefront was a prominent part of its old facade. On this dusty street it was, in fact, the only storefront that was associated with this austere structure.

I'd had a conversation with Bonnie not twenty minutes ago from the corner phone booth. She had informed me that the coke shipment would definitely be here this morning, that everything was all right on her end, and that the consignment had the official DEA number 3361. Understandably, I was quite nervous — it was 11:27.

We had transcended ourselves in our detailed extravaganza. The storefront was renovated to the extent of an investment of over \$4300: on the exterior; the interior furnishings; the pile carpeting in the "waiting area"; the laudable curtains that obscured the tinted windows; the "reception desk" — even the array of pseudo-telephones. Everything. . . Everything that converts a Victorian storefront into the rear access reception room of a successful, moderately sized, recently located pharmaceutical company.

Just to think — this thing would never have gotten under way if it hadn't been for Bonnie's chance dis-

covery that two offices away there was a locked drawer, which occasionally was left open, that contained among other things a neat stack of official DEA Change of Address Forms. These forms were destined for their customers, the pharmaceutical distributors, in the event that they wished to relocate their business. To purloin a valid but old DEA-222C Form, update it and add our Change of Address Form, attach the narcotics order slip, and send it back registered mail to Mock had been child's play. There were so many employees at Mock who had access to these forms, I assured myself, that if Bonnie retained her job she would be in no danger of exposure. Eventually, though, the CIA, FBI, ASPCA, DEA, IRS, SWAT, NYPD, and a host of other agencies would become aware that cocaine shipment #3361 was irretrievably gone.

Every time that I ventured near my "company" my fingertips were coated with a non-reflective variety of fingernail polish that prevented the proliferation of prints. Even when I applied for rental to the realtors, Diane had, through the medium of cosmetics, altered the very structure of my face. In the top drawer of the "reception desk" there rested the prototype of the DMSO squirt pistol, filled



I've got something for you. . .

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

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

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

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

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

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Best Head
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1. PARDON ME, BUT...
YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY
MISTAKEN ME FOR
SOMEONE WHO
GIVES A SHIT.

2. I USED TO
BE DISGUSTED
NOW I'M
JUST AMUSED

3. "HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY" with (Un)Smiling Face 4. "Don't ask me no questions. I just might tell you the truth." 5. "It's not that you and I are so clever, but that the others are such fools." 6. "We'll get along fine as soon as you realize I'm God." 7. "QUESTION AUTHORITY" 8. "Just because you're PARANOID doesn't mean everyone isn't out to get you." 9. "IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS" 10. "SO?" 11. "I don't know. I don't care. And it doesn't make any difference." 12. "Those of you who think you know everything are very annoying to those of us who do." 13. "Because I feel like it!" 14. "When choosing between two evils I always like to try the one I've never tried before." 15. "KNOW THYSELF (But don't tell anybody!)" 16. "I know you think you understood what I said, but what you heard was not what I meant." 17. "If you can't dazzle 'em with brilliance, baffle 'em with bullshit." 18. "I'm too honest to be good" 19. "WARNING! This t-shirt contains a highly sophisticated bullshit detector. When alarm sounds please reengage your brain." 20. "Sounds Like BULLSHIT To Me" Silk screened white on black. First quality 100% cotton Hanes t-shirts. S,M,L,XL.

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YES! Rush me these t-shirts:

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I am ordering
1 dozen or more
just \$5 each postpaid!

t-shirts @ \$6.00 ea. = \$
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OH bros add 5 1/2 % sales tax = \$
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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

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with an excess of DMT that with one actuation would instantly reduce a van driver to expanding dimensional creamo. Yes, I was ready and I would have the shipment today: Our efforts would be rewarded when the delivery man from Mock walked in, soon I hoped, with a parcel that was fabled to contain nineteen and a half ounces of rocksalt-sized crystal, nine ounces even of USP alkaloid, and thirty-seven and a half ounces of glittering flake cocaine, bringing the total to a little over four pounds avoirdupois in various-sized sealed amber jars.

"Hullo," said the un-uniformed delivery dude as he crossed the threshold from the street with a fair-sized parcel.

"Just opened a new branch, huh?" he said in an attempt at conversation.

"Yes," I said, "since last week."

"Please sign this," he requested as he placed the package on the counter top and proffered the triplicate blue receipt forms.

"Why, yes," I replied, as if this delivery were inconsequential.

"This is my last stop this mornin', and it's almost time for lunch," he reflected.

"Can you find your way outta here?" I politely inquired.

"Sure. No problem."

"Okay, see you later. . ."

"Right." And he was gone. Just like that. My legs were trembling behind the counter.

Diane was stationed by a nearby neighborhood phone booth and arrived almost instantaneously in response to my call. It was a white Avis, I remember. The color of snowflake. Before we departed with our parcel on the front seat, as a final gesture I left the car and handed the storefront keys to a small group of *Latinos* who occasionally frequented the corner stoop. I informed them that I was "fed up" with my pharmaceutical business and from now on the whole thing was theirs. I was in an expansive mood. ■

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☐ M-8 ☐ M-9 ☐ M-10 ☐ M-11 ☐ M-12 ☐ M-13

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 6% sales tax



M-10 "Starburst"



M-9 "Hollyweed"



M-7 "Run Heat"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



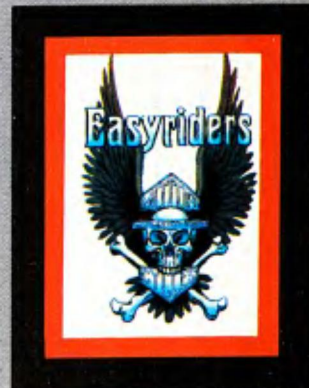
M-13 "Won't Start"



M-12 "Country Style"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

"SHOWRIDER"



NEW JERSEY
Jammer Style Scoot From Middlesex Cycle of Old Bridge



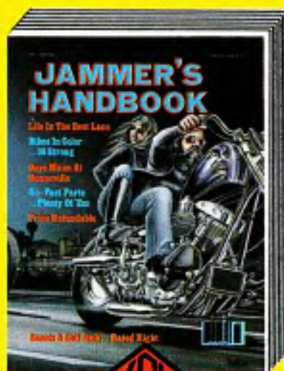
WYOMING
Jammer Style Scoot From Maybrook Cycle of Cheyenne



NEBRASKA
Jammer Style Scoot From HD Sales Of Columbus



**FOR YOU
AND
YOURS**



Jammer

Packers Get To Pack
(sometimes)



LOUISIANA

Rear Connections

Swingarms, Rigid & Hardtails

If you're lookin' for an added touch of custom class that makes good sense, these Rear Connections are it!

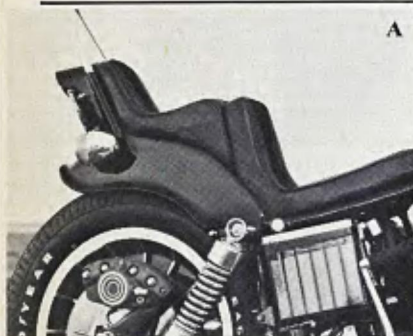
Each unit construction rear section will set any swingarm, rigid or hardtail apart from the rest. Classy and complete, each unit features:

- One or two piece seat exclusively designed to fit the fender contour perfectly with true style & comfort
- Steel spoon seat construction, top quality black naugahyde with custom nylon stitching & pre-threading mounting holes
- Heavy gauge steel fender that is simply strong
- Built-in taillight assembly with concealed steel wiring tubes for a clean & protected connection
- Steel sissy bar pockets welded in position for a quick, simple slide-in connection of a custom chromed round or square bar (available under separate part number)
- Guaranteed quality and workmanship

Do your thing with distinction... find your connection!

Harley Swingarm Frames

A



A. Radial Style

Units That Accept Round Sissy Bars

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
7802	Harley 74	1-Piece	239.95
7804	Harley 74	2-Piece	239.95
7806	Sportster	1-Piece	239.95
7808	Sportster	2-Piece	239.95

Round Sissy Bars For The Above Units

78021	9" Round	26.95
78022	12" Round	26.95

Units That Accept Square Sissy Bars

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
7801	Harley 74	1-Piece	239.95
7803	Harley 74	2-Piece	239.95
7805	Sportster	1-Piece	239.95
7807	Sportster	2-Piece	239.95

Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units

78023	9" Square	26.95
78024	12" Square	26.95

B. Prismic Style

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78010	Harley 74	1-Piece	239.95
78014	Sportster	1-Piece	239.95

Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units

78025	9" Square	34.95
78026	12" Square	34.95



All Rear Connections
Require Molding & Painting

Rigid Frames & Hardtails

C. Universal Rigid Radial

Units That Accept Round Sissy Bars

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
7809	Rigid Radial	1-Piece	239.95
78011	Rigid Radial	2-Piece	239.95

Round Sissy Bars For The Above Units

78021	9" Round	26.95
78022	12" Round	26.95

Units That Accept Square Sissy Bars

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78013	Rigid Radial	1-Piece	239.95
78015	Rigid Radial	2-Piece	239.95

Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units

78023	9" Square	26.95
78024	12" Square	26.95

D. Universal Rigid

Units That Accept Round Sissy Bars

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78018	Universal Rigid	1-Piece	169.95
78020	Universal Rigid	2-Piece	169.95

Round Sissy Bars For The Above Units

78021	9" Round	26.95
78022	12" Round	26.95

Units That Accept Square Sissy Bars

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78017	Universal Rigid	1-Piece	169.95
78019	Universal Rigid	2-Piece	169.95

Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units

78023	9" Square	26.95
78024	12" Square	26.95

All Rear Connections
Require Molding & Painting

800-423-2633
213-843-1522

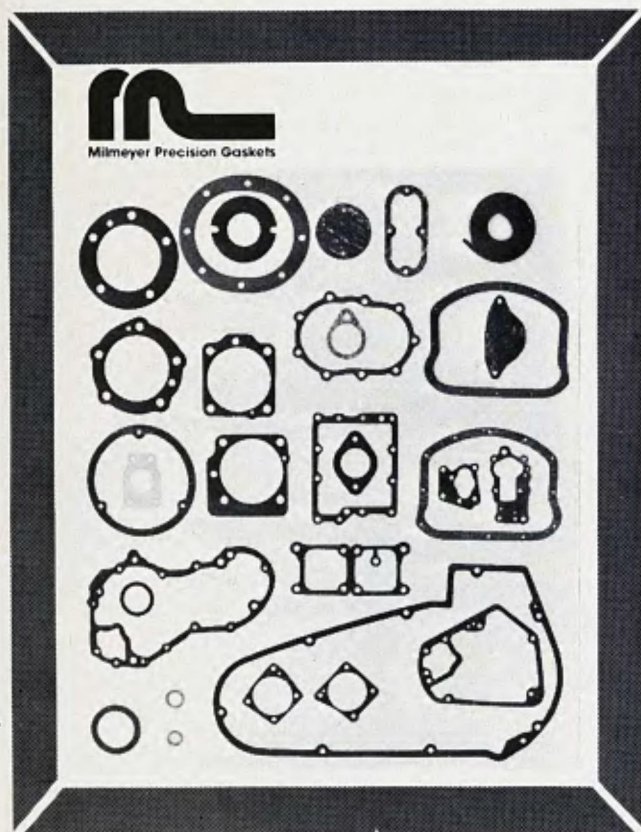
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California 91506.



Milmeyer Gaskets



Milmeyer precision gaskets are designed to replace original manufacturer kits. They meet or exceed factory specifications and are guaranteed complete and without defect. Endorsed by Joe Smith, a household name in drag racing. Milmeyer precision gaskets are the result of manufacturing from expert advice and premium grade materials such as copper, high temperature asbestos-steel and asbestos copper laminates, nitrile asbestos, resilient silicone, neoprene-cork, acetate and a few trade secrets. Knowing that your gaskets are a product of all these materials insure high performance protection in areas where gasket failure is most common. Avoid trouble, avoid failure—team up with a winning combination.



Harley Gasket & Seal Kits

Jammer #	Description	Price
— Complete Kits —		
8401	Harley Shovelhead '66-'80	19.90
8402	Harley Panhead '55-'65	15.52
8403	Harley Panhead '48-'54	13.08
8404	Harley Knucklehead '40-'47	14.38
8409	Harley Sportster '79-'80	15.40
8405	Harley Sportster '77-'78	15.08
8406	Harley Sportster '73-'76	14.38
8407	Harley Sportster '72-'73	12.82
8408	Harley Sportster '57-'71	18.42
— Top End Kits —		
84019	Harley Shovelhead '66-'80	9.52
84020	Harley Panhead '55-'65	9.52
84021	Harley Panhead '48-'54	8.90
84022	Harley Knucklehead '40-'48	10.00
84010	Harley Sportster '79-'80	8.75
84023	Harley Sportster '73-'78	8.38
84024	Harley Sportster '72-'73	8.30
84025	Harley Sportster '57-'71	8.30
— Transmission Kits —		
84043	Harley Shovelhead/Pan '65-'80	13.89
84044	Harley Knuckle/Pan '41-'64	7.70
— Oil Seal Kits —		
84050	Harley Shovelhead '66-'79	9.66
84051	Harley Sportster '73-'76	10.51
84052	Harley Sportster '72-'73	13.85
84011	Harley Sp. '67-'70 XLH, '70 CH, '71 XL	11.53
84012	Harley Sp. '57-'66 XLH, '57-'69 CH	11.53
74 Copper Head Gasket		
84027	Harley Shovelhead '66-'80	6.40 pr.
84028	Harley Panhead '48-'65	6.40 pr.

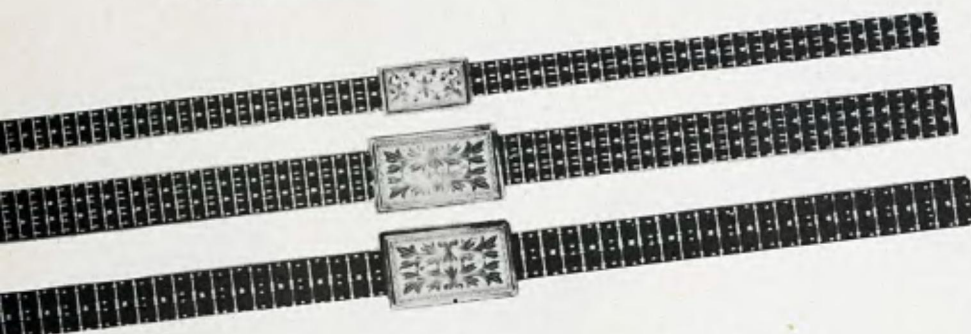
Gasket Boards

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

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

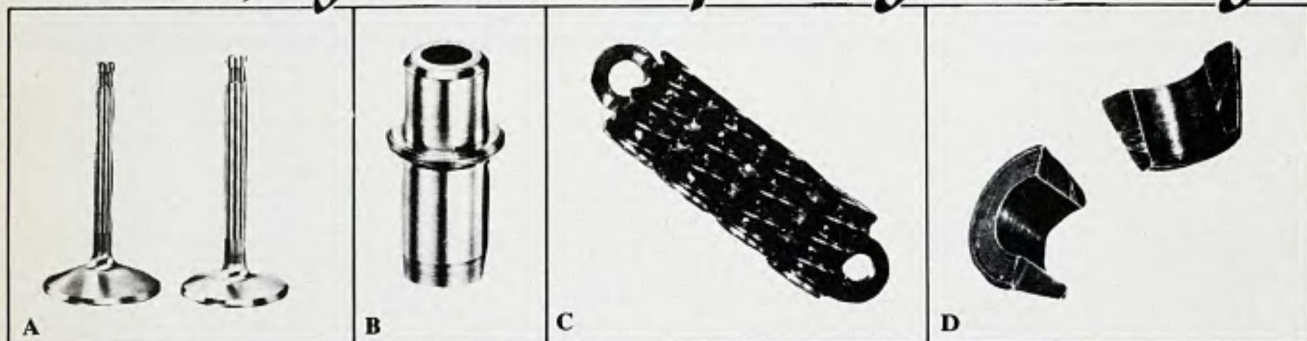
Chrome Chain Belts

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



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

Valves, Guides, Springs & Keys



A. Stainless Steel Valves

These high performance one piece stainless steel valves are designed to outflow stock valves. They are completely chromed to eliminate galling and are practically impervious to heat. Plus, they weigh up to 30% less than stock valves. Each part number supplies two valves.

Harley Shovelhead 1966-1980					
Part #	Type	Head Dia.	Stem Dia.	Harley Equivalent	Price/Set
126034	Int.	1 $\frac{15}{16}$ Stock	.3765 Stock	18074-66	57.00
126035	Exh.	1 $\frac{15}{16}$ Stock	.3745 Stock	18082-57	57.00

Harley Panhead 1948-1965					
126036	Int.	1 $\frac{15}{16}$ Stock	.3765 Stock	18071-48	57.00
126035	Exh.	1 $\frac{15}{16}$ Stock	.3745 Stock	18082-57	57.00

Note: 126035 fits both Panheads and Shovelheads.

Harley Sportster 1970-1980					
126037	Exh.	1 $\frac{15}{16}$ Stock	.3385 Stock	18080-58A	54.00
126038	Exh.	1 $\frac{15}{16}$ Stock	.3385 Stock	18080-60R	54.00
126039	Exh.	1 $\frac{15}{16}$ Stock	.3385 Stock	None	54.00
126040	Exh.	1 $\frac{15}{16}$ Stock	.3385 Stock	18080-70R	65.00

Note: 126040 has a steep tulip-shape head design for maximum flow in high rpm engines.
126039 has a flatter head shape for street use.

126041	Int.	1 $\frac{15}{16}$ Stock	.309 Stock	18069-65R	57.00
126042	Int.	1 $\frac{15}{16}$ Stock	.309 Stock	18070-70	57.00

Note: 126042 is the stock length of the valve supplied in the bike from the factory.
126041 is the length of the Harley "R" valve which is .080 longer than 126042.

Harley Sportster 1958-1969					
126037	Exh.	1 $\frac{15}{16}$ Stock	.3385 Stock	18080-58A	54.00
126043	Int.	1 $\frac{15}{16}$ Stock	.309 Stock	18070-58	57.00

Note: 126037 fits both 1958-1969 and 1970-1980 Sportsters.

B. Bronze Valve Guides

Manley valve guides give long wear and trouble-free service in both stock street applications as well as total race machines. The special bronze material in combination with the chrome stem Manley valve is the best combination for drag racing applications. Each part number supplies two guides.

Harley 74				
Part #	Type	O.D. Size	Harley Equivalent	Price Set
126045	Int.	Standard	18163-48	19.80
126046	Int.	.002	18165-48	
126047	Ext.	Standard	18188-48A	
126048	Exh.	.002	18190-48A	

Harley Sportster				
126049	Int.	Standard	18176-51A	19.80
126050	Int.	.002	18180-57A	
126051	Exh.	Standard	18170-57	
126052	Exh.	.002	1817-57	

Note: The above valve guides fit stock stem diameter valves.

C. Valve Spring Kits

Each valve spring kit is manufactured from top quality materials. All kits are engineered with interference fit and reverse wound springs to reduce harmonics and control spring surge. Kits require special machining operations. Complete instructions included.

Harley 74 .600 Lift Kit				
Part #	Collars	Combined Loads	Recommended Coil Bind	Price/Set
126055	Aluminum Fits Stock Stem Diameter Valves	140 @ 1.600 160 @ 1.500 300 @ 1.100 330 @ 1.000	.930 Stock-.600	78.40

The above ".600 Lift Kit" features a special tri-spring (outer-intermediate-inner) interference fit combination to reduce harmonics and control spring surge. Tool 126057 is required for installation.

Harley Sportster .600 Lift Kit				
126056	Aluminum	110 @ 1.600 120 @ 1.500 320 @ 1.100 365 @ 1.000	.930 .500-.600	68.40

The above ".600 Lift Kit" features larger than stock 1.437 OD outer and inner springs for greater stability with interference fit to reduce harmonics and control spring surge. Tool 126058 is required for installation and complete instructions are included. The tool is shipped with both an 11/32" pilot and 5/16" pilot so that the valve guides do not have to be removed. Additional machining on the top of the guides probably will be required to avoid interference with top collars. Springs have more pressure than stock, but can be used successfully with either .500 lift or .600 lift cams.

Lift Kit Installation Tools

The proper tools for installing the Harley 74 and Sportster lift kits. The tools are precision quality. Using them and the complete kit instructions will make your work that much simpler and correct.

126057	74 Lift Kit Tool	70.00
126058	Sportster Lift Kit Tool	70.00

D. Chrome Moly Valve Keys

Manley valve keys are made of special chrome moly material. Each keeper is hardened and black oxidized to a beautiful finish for attractive appearance and long wear. Each part number supplies 4 pair.

Part #	Application	Harley Equivalent	Price/4 Pr.
126060	Harley 74	18228-36	9.60
126061	Sportster	18228-30	9.60

MANLEY
Manley Performance Products, Inc.

800-423-2633

Girders

Single & Dual Disc Brake Conversion Girders

Wow! Run your stock wheel and disc brake set-up with these super new, design-engineered beauties. These conversion girders are now available to accept a Harley or Honda stock front wheel and disc brake assembly. In addition, a dual disc conversion for 1977 and later Harleys is here for the taking.

Round Single Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59013.. Round, Stock Length	329.00
59014.. Round, 4" O/S	329.00
59015.. Round, 7" O/S	329.00
59016.. Round, 10" O/S	329.00
59017.. Round, 13" O/S	329.00
59018.. Round, 16" O/S	329.00

Square Single Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59019.. Square, Stock Length	369.00
59020.. Square, 4" O/S	369.00
59021.. Square, 7" O/S	369.00
59022.. Square, 10" O/S	369.00
59023.. Square, 13" O/S	369.00
59024.. Square, 16" O/S	369.00

Single Disc Caliper Kits (Includes Axle)

For the above conversion girders using the following stock wheels.

59030.. Harley 74 & Sportster	29.95
59031.. Honda 750, 1969-1976	29.95
59032.. Honda 450, 500, 550, Late 750 '77-'78	29.95



Round Dual Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59025.. Round, Stock Length	409.00
59026.. Round, 4" O/S	409.00
59027.. Round, 7" O/S	409.00
59028.. Round, 10" O/S	409.00
59029.. Round, 13" O/S	409.00

Dual Disc Caliper Kit (Includes Axle)

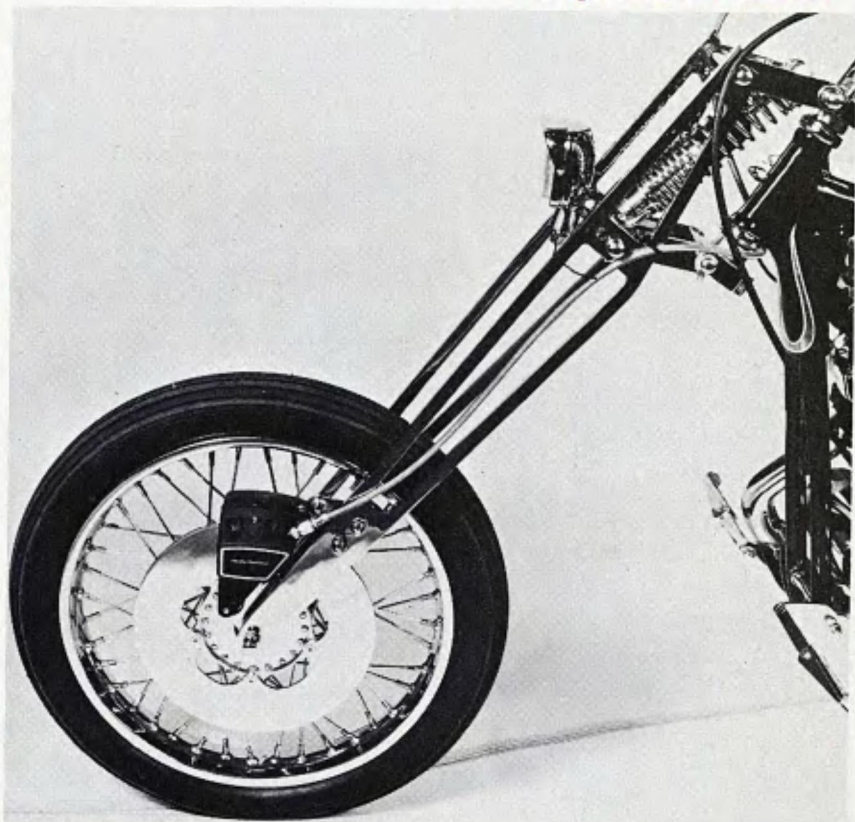
For the above conversion girders using the following stock wheels.

59039.. Harley, 1977 & Later	29.95
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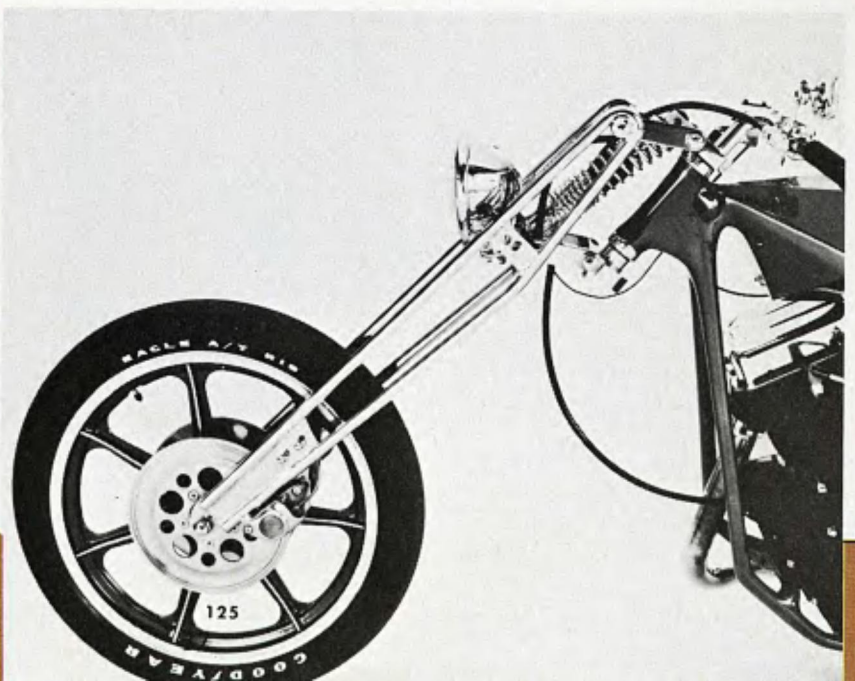
Girder Neck Kits

59033.. Harley 74 & 80	9.95
59034.. Sportster & 45	9.95
59035.. Honda—All	9.95
59036.. Kawasaki 900 & 1000	9.95
59037.. Triumph & BSA, '72 & Up	9.95
59038.. Triumph, '71 & Earlier	9.95

Requires Girder Neck Kit



Requires Girder Neck Kit





WAITAMINIT, I SEE IT...
LEMMIE GET A LIL' CLOSER
SO'S I CAN SCOOP IT OUT.



WAI D A M I N I T, I T H I N K
I T C A M E O F F I N S I D E
M E . . . Y O U B E T T E R
C H E C K . . .

CLIK
...G*!*



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"Beautiful Marijuana Plant"

Have fun with your friends. Makes a great conversation piece.
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- [C] - \$25.95 Plus \$3.00 Shipping & Handling
- [D] - \$29.95 Plus \$3.00 Shipping & Handling
- [E] - \$39.95 Plus \$3.00 Shipping & Handling
- [F] - \$79.95 Plus \$7.00 Shipping & Handling

- Assembly Required -

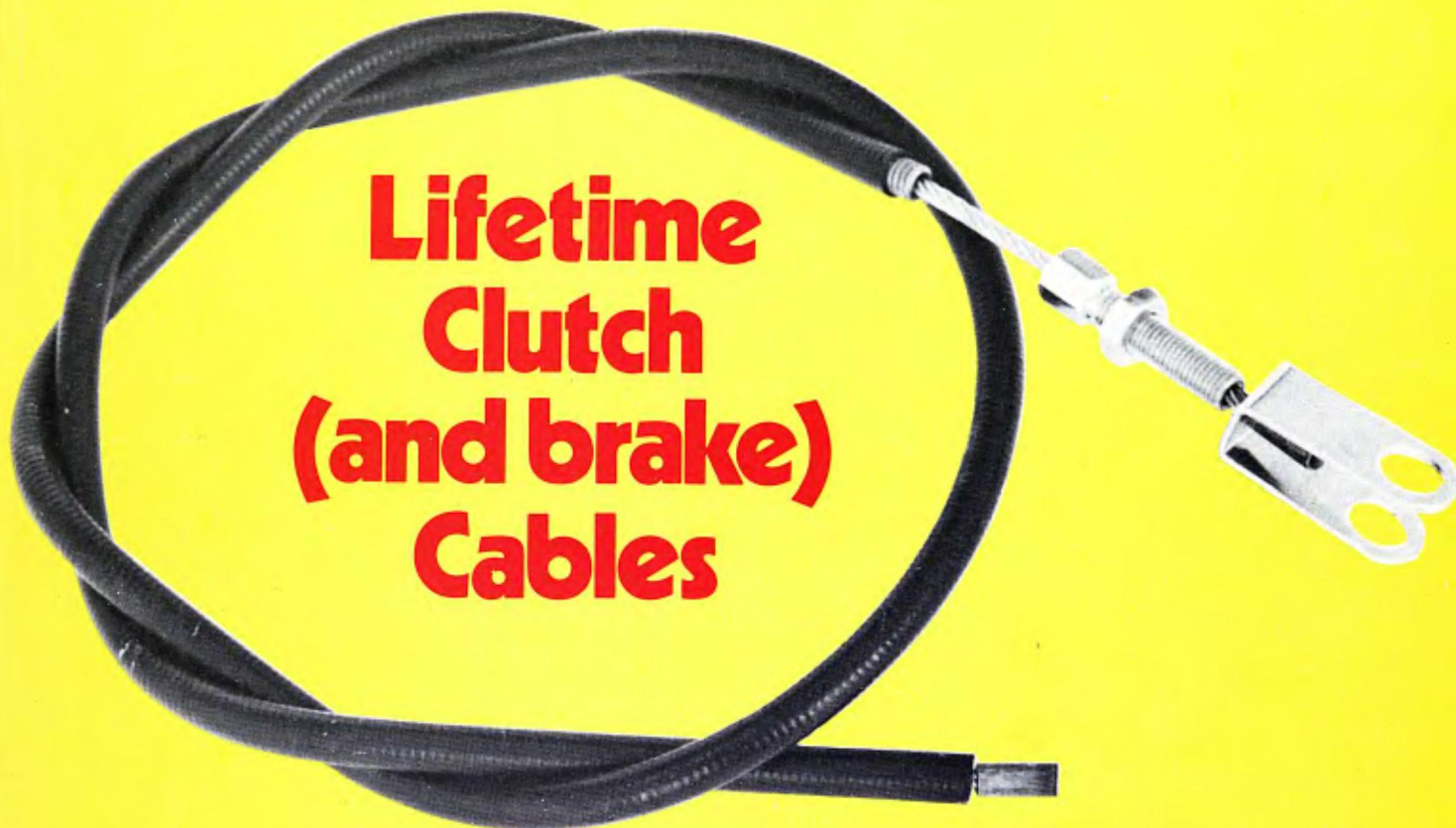
[Flower pot & dirt not included]

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Lifetime Clutch (and brake) Cables



New Design! Guaranteed Not to Break on Ya!



That's right. Now you can travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch or brake cable ain't gonna crap out on ya in the middle of Tightwat, Texas—where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard drivin'. Your worries are over! Get these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or next gallon of gas is coming from—because you **never** have to worry about your cable goin' south on ya anymore!

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

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

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

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

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

Postage and handling included



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