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iron horse

FOR THE ADULT MOTORCYCLE ENTHUSIAST

Box 999, Calabasas, California 91302

Easyriders®

Number 87

Entertainment
for Adult Bikers



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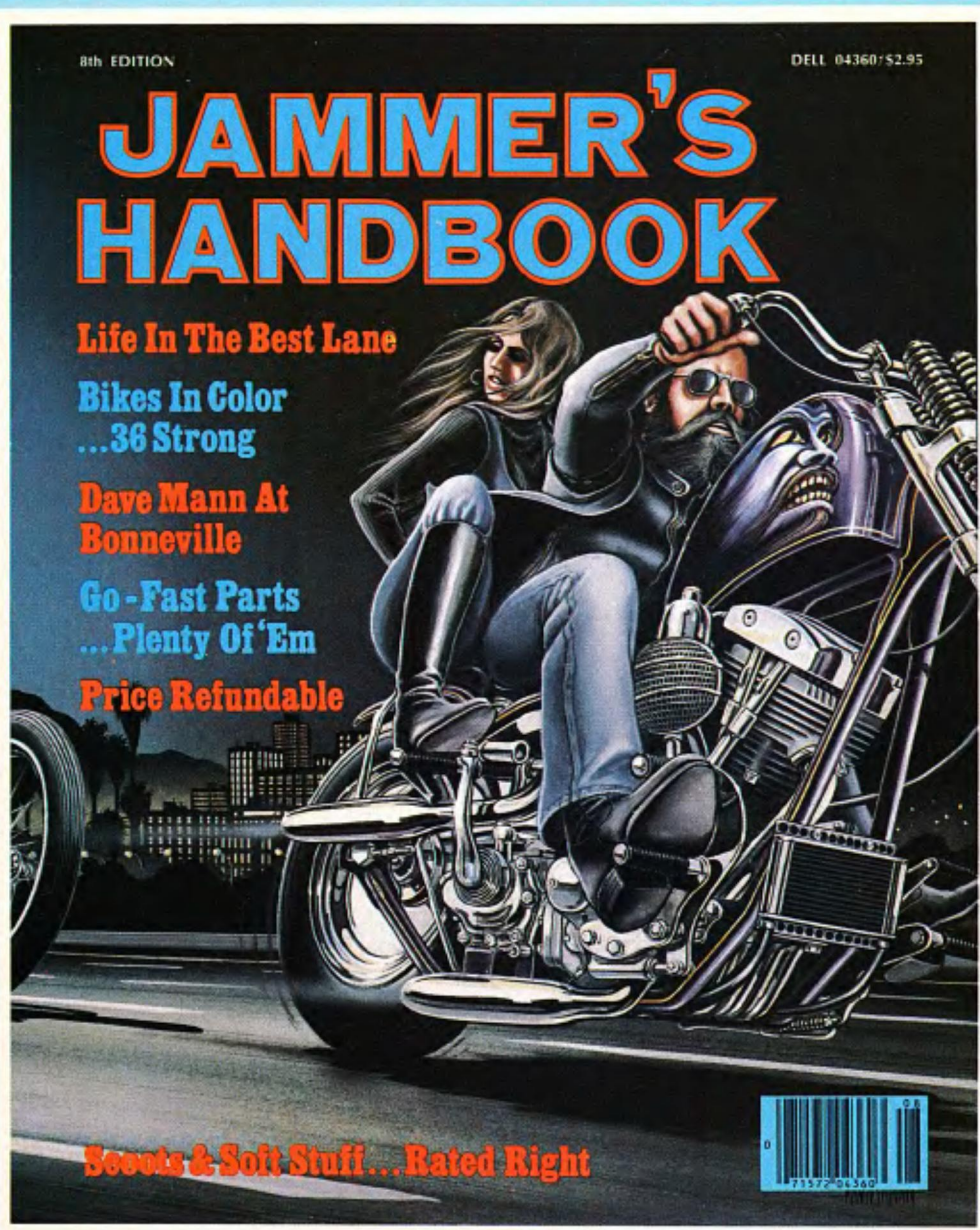


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Cover photo of Gabby by Billy Tinney
The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale August 26th.

FOR YOU & YOURS



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FUN AND GAMES DEPT.: Cops in Michigan recently ran a contest amongst themselves—which was, "Who heard the most creative excuse for speeding." The first prize was a device that's used to locate radar detection units before the units detect speeders. (No comment.)

OKAY—SO IT'S A LITTLE STRANGE that a chick soldier gets busted for molestin' an Army dude—but I ask ya, what kinda guy would complain about bein' molested by a woman? Shit, if that ain't a male fantasy, I've never heard one. All I've gotta say about that is, "Molest me, baby, molest me—right there—anytime, anywhere!!" (But ya gotta be between 8 and 80—ya understand—I've got some pride.)

SOME DOGS ARE ALL RIGHT! Get this: The cop picked up a stray husky dog and flung him into the back seat of his brand-new patrol car. Instantly da dog started hippy-hoppin' all over the back seat—steppin' on the cop's new Stetson and a buncha police papers and ticket books with his muddy paws. Finally da cop decides to slam da dog into the squad car's trunk whereupon da dog chewed up the rear light wires. "That damned dog did more damage in fifteen minutes than human prisoners can do to a car in a twelve-month period," the cop exclaimed. "For some reason dogs take a particular dislike to me and my hats," da cop said. "This is the second hat I've had damaged by a dog." (Ya wins some and ya loses some—hang in there, Fido—Rufus is with ya!)

YOU HEAR THIS KIND OF SHIT—about the Marine Corps—but the Navy? It seems this sailor got a little mouthy to some corpsmen in a naval hospital. So what did they do? They strapped him down in bed and sewed his ears to the mattress. That's cold, man, cold.

NO MORE POKIN' AND LOOKIN' inside women's boxes in Chicago. Yep, they decided that women who are arrested on minor charges, like traffic offenses, regulatory offenses, and minor misdemeanor violations, will no longer be subjected to "spread 'em" searches or fingers diggin' around inside "body cavities." (Mutha said, ("Thank God.") Nope, they'll now use metal detecting devices (outside the bod, ya understand). No more fingers up the ass, inside the cunt, mouth, nostrils, navels, ears, or any other opening on a woman's bod. (Reminds me of a friend of mine who said, "She's a three-way broad, man—and them kind are hard to find!")

MAN, THEY'RE TOUGH IN NEW YORK CITY: This cop gets shot dead—now get this—before the other cops come to find out what da fuck happened, the bystanders—yes, the nose pickers—not the robbers who shot him—stripped the cop of his badge, gun, watch, ID card, money, a gold neck chain, police buttons off his shirt, and other personal items!

THEY GOUGED A BIG HOLE into the ground with a bulldozer. Then they made 314 stacks—eight tons of marijuana—and then doused it all with gasoline. Someone lit a match and woomph! Da pot started burnin'. Then after a while an Alcoholic Beverage Control Agent—standin' down wind, ya understand—musta got overcome by da smoke 'cause he fell into the pit. He was laughin' and scratchin' and slightly charred as they hauled him off to the hospital.

BRIGHT COP: The sheriff rips off some bags of fertilizer and throws them into his patrol car trunk and slams the lid down. Surprise, surprise. He's seen doin' it, and to top it off, he threw his keys inside the trunk along with the shit. He had some tall explainin' to do and was hauled off to jail by his bros. Embarrassin', man, embarrassin'.

WELL, THEY RAN ANOTHER TEST, folks. A psychological team discovered—believe it or not—that girls in bars get prettier near closing time, and that men get better looking, too. I always wondered why I woke up the next morning with some of the dirt-bags I see sleepin' next to me. Science marches on! Or, as Duchess would say, three drinks an' Godzilla looks good. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Anti-Bike TV

☐ I just got an issue of your rag and noticed a letter from a guy in Colorado who wrote in about the anti-bike propaganda on the tube. I've noticed the anti-bike crap for the past year and wrote to ABC to complain. At first they tried to get me to believe that since they showed motocross races on their sports show and a bit on Hazel Kobb's ride around the U.S. borders on her 80 dresser, this balanced things out. I didn't think so and sent off another letter, which got me an answer that, in effect, said, "Don't bother us again, boy."

Short, Fat, and Ugly
Manhattan, Kan.

Thank-you Letter

☐ I recently had a letter published in your column. Because of that letter I received mail from bros all over the country sayin' that they haven't forgotten about us ladies locked down. It sure gave this scooter lady a big lift to know that the bros out there really care. I want to thank all the dudes and ladies who wrote me, telling me that they cared and for me not to give up.

I recently got another big lift from the parole board. Yep, they're cutting me loose — I should be back in the wind soon.

Molly Renia
Beaumont, Tex.

Some Secret

☐ What's your secret? How do you lure (or threaten) your staff talent? What do ya have on Dave Mann, Pete Chiodo, etc.? Or whadda ya have for 'em to keep 'em workin'? C'mon, what's the secret? Otha than Mutha?

Curious Kinkajou
Hemet, Calif.

☒ Mutha takes care of the men, Spider takes care of the females, and Two-Ton Tony takes care of backsliders.

Long Dog (Dong)

☐ You guys hit an all-time low with the weenie deep throat article. Congratulations. I loved it.

Big Bill
San Rafael, Calif.

Suck List

☐ I know you never asked for it, but I thought I'd give you my first official "you suck" list.

1. Iran sucks: We should send ten bikers over there to free the hostages, kill Khomeini, and at least another three million of those mopheaded pussies. (I know ten bikers is a very large number for the job, but you've got to allow for mechanical failure, you know.)

2. Disco sucks: Nuff said. So fuck all you disco bimbos.

3. The U.S. Army sucks: I haven't ridden or even seen my scooter in two years, but come July. . .

4. Easyriders sucks: Well, get rid of those fuck ads in the back of your magazine and you'd have a 100% rag. Until then you're runnin' a meager 95%.

Zane
Heidelberg, Germany

Comin' To California

☐ I'm gonna take a few weeks off work and go to California. Are there any bros out there who are willing to show me around? If anyone can help, I'd sure like to hear from ya.

Stuart
40, Kings Drive
Gravesend
Kent, England

Really Works

☐ Thanks, you guys. "Male Call" really works! I wrote a guy in July of 1979 and now we are waiting for his release to get married. He gave me the confidence to get rid of my asshole ex.

Emily Webster
Cleveland, Ohio

Mindbender

☐ All cops are not bad cops. A few of my bros and I were partying down in this little Texas town, and one of them got so fuckin' smashed he couldn't even ride his scooter. So what did the chief of police do? He took my bro's scooter to police headquarters and locked it up, so no one would fuck with it, and let my bro go.

Jock "O"
Waco, Tex.

☒ In Texas?

No Problem

☐ I have a problem that I don't know what to do about and was wondering if you could help me.

When I smoke pot, my mouth gets super-dry, but not only that, my pussy stays dry too — no matter how turned on I get.

Does anyone else have this trouble? Is there anything I can do for it without giving up pot or sex?

Jaws
Malta, Ill.

☒ Beer or wine for cottonmouth and male spit for the box.

Promises, Promises

☐ I'd wriggle, writhe, contort, and/or generally quiver with pleasure at seeing this in your mag.

Anne Ominous
Honolulu, Hawaii

☒ Okay, Anne, come over here and start wrigglin'. (Me first.)

New Reader

☐ After glancing through a couple of issues of your publication, I've finally bought my first one, and I've got to say it's different. I've looked at the side of life you live — from a distance — in the form of the occasional H-Ds I see in my part of the world and the people who ride them. For the first time, however, I'm getting a look at the people a little closer — and I'm not talking about the pictures.

I looked through the magazine, taking in the bikes and women, but really got hung up at the beginning of your rag where "Taking It Easy" and "Word-monger" are. There I met some of your people and touched a few minds. The language is a little foreign to me, but the people are not. The approach to life is unfamiliar, but the feelings about life are not. We live in two different worlds, but we are one in our humanity, in our vulnerability, in our desire to live our lives without interference and without interfering.

Greystoke
Buffalo, N.Y.

Do Something!

☐ I agree with Disgusted of N.Y. Every bro in the U.S. should get together somewhere, say on the White House front lawn in D.C., and let it be known that all Carter has to do is give us a few weapons and fly us to Iran. Not only do I think the bikers of the U.S. can bring our people home, but I know we can kick ass all over those Iranian piss-ants. Damn it, I think it is time something was done about this problem.

D.J.
El Paso, Tex.

Ripoffs

☐ I'm sitting here smokin' a joint and suckin' on a bottle of Yukon Jack, trying to forget. Yesterday my Harley was ripped off by some low-life bastard.

I know Harley stands for America and pride. But what fuckin' pride can some fuckin' asshole have with a ripped-off Harley? I had fuckin' pride and hard-earned bucks in my bike, and it makes you fuckin' think if anyone else has pride.

I know most people have pride in their Harleys, but it's those few fuckin' assholes who spoil the puttin', partyin', and being in the wind for people like me. Well, time to get another bottle of Yukon and do a little acid. So keep up the good work, bros, and remember there are still some low-life cocksuckers out there, so be aware.

Fucked up and pissed
Hartford, Conn.

☒ It's sad but true.

Pussy Biker?

☐ I've got an ol' lady who, when I buy the current issue of **Easyriders**, bitch-bitch-bitches about it being scum.

But the first chance she gets, she rips the mag right out of my hands and starts reading it. I would grab it back, except that I don't want to rip it up.

LLL
Phoenix, Ariz.

☒ Hey, pussy, how about rippin' her up — teach her a lesson.

—Continued

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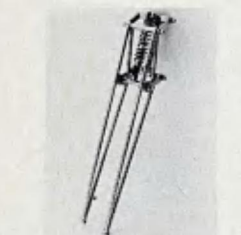


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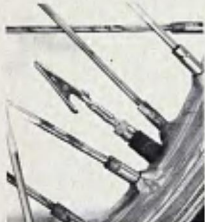
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Busted Knuckles

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Making Amends

☐ I wrote you turds a couple of months ago, bitchin' about a mistake I thought you'd made. I thought I was right. Anyway, now I'm sending a joint to say I'm sorry about my goof.

Brandi
29 Palms, Calif.

■ You can say you're sorry that way any of time, Brandi.

Meet Davy

☐ In the March '80 issue of *Changing Times* magazine (Vol. 34, No. 3, pg. 12) there was an article stating that *individuals* and groups having relevant facts and information may be paid to testify at public hearings of some federal regulatory agencies, one of which is the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration.

The program, which is called the Witness Reimbursement Program, has been in operation by the FTC since 1976 and, according to the article, the U.S. Government General Accounting Office says that *individual* witnesses have earned as much as \$11,000 to \$30,000 for their testimony.

Although *Changing Times* didn't say how the moneys are dispersed or to whom application is made, the article, if accurate as reported, could give us, as bikers, valuable defense in fighting Joan Claybrook's organization with the government's own funds!

As David Horowitz says, "Fight Back," and as ought to be added, "With the assistance, Resistance!" Maybe if they pay, they'll listen.

Davy Curtis
Poteau, Okla.

■ Sometimes people like Claybrook hear people they want to hear in order to support their views with our bucks.

YaVaun's Heart

☐ If you will take a look at the pic of YaVaun on page 12 (issue 84) and hold it up to the light, you'll see where the lady's heart really is!

D.L.C.
Pismo-No-Beach, Calif.

■ Thanks for the number, D.L.C.

Soft-Assed

☐ I'm writing this in regard to the "Bad Image" letter in the June "Wordmonger." Who do these fuckers think they are? It's their kind of soft-assed attitude that got this fuckin' country in the shape it is today. I'm an American, ride an American motor-

cycle, and I think it's time we stood up and started kickin' some ass! It's these fuckers who are plantin' the seeds that will eventually outlaw all bikes. Wake up, fuckers!

T-Bird
Allenville, Ill.

Aussie Fan

☐ Just want to let you know that *Easyriders* is appreciated "down under" too, even if we get them two months late. Your mag is the only thing I'd give up my next "deal" for. It's the best thing that's happened to this country since canned beer and imported Harleys.

Flash
Morphettvale, Australia

Shiftin' Gears

☐ David Mann does some of the best fuckin' artwork I've ever seen, but the centerfold of the March '80 issue really tripped me out. He should know that a bike ain't worth a damn without clutch controls.

D.G.
APO N.Y.

■ Haven't you ever seen or heard of a suicide clutch?

"Didn't See 'im" Day

☐ I, like many bros, have about had my fill of hearing this sorry fuckin' excuse — "I didn't see it." This is a bunch of shit. You know it and I know it — and the Man knows it. Meanwhile, bros still keep gettin' busted up or killed. So here's an idea: Let's organize a national "I didn't see 'im day" and get all the bros and sisters to jam to large cities, etc., and show these stupid fuckers what a few thousand bikes look like. Then maybe they'll know.

Magool
Lewistown, Mo.

☐ Just sittin' here reading the June issue of *Easyriders* about all the scooter people either lying in a hospital or six feet under from some dumb asshole in a cage who claims he didn't see the motorcycle. That has got to be the sorriest excuse I've ever heard.

I wonder how good that excuse would be and what would happen if a motorcycle cop got run over by a nerd in a cage.

Animal's Ol' Lady
Salem, Ore.

New Drugs?

☐ Hey, have you heard about the latest drug scandal in Washington, D.C.? No shit! They've found out what the biggest fuckin' drug problem is in D.C. It seems our fearless lead-

ers are addicted to D.A. pills. For you uninformed souls, D.A. pills are Dumb Ass pills. That's right. They eat 'em by the tons. What this pill does is something else.

After they gobble down a few of these buggers, the fuckers shit their brains out. When the last of their brains have dropped into the old commode, their heads collapse. Yep, sure as shit. Their heads cave right in, forming a perfect asshole above their shoulders. From this point on they ain't worth a fuck for anything but stackin' shit.

Of course our fearless leaders can't see this because the neat little pills alter their eyesight so they all look normal to each other. However, any normal fucker sees them for what they really are. Oh, by the way, Saint Joan is really hooked on these fuckers and also is one of the biggest pushers of these D.A. pills.

So far there hasn't been any cure found for this affliction and it doesn't appear as though there is going to be one found for some time. There isn't a hell of a lot of bros can do except possibly pray that all these assholes in Washington get caught in a rainstorm that fills up their assholes with water and drowns them all. Then we might be able to get some righteous people in Washington. Pray for a monsoon there.

The Nose
Vernal, Utah

A Sniveler

☐ We've read your rag for years, and every time we pick it up it's worse. You guys are just a bunch of wanna-be fuckers who don't know what the fuck you're doing. *Easyriders* puts a bad image on all bikers. Not all of them are scummy, long-haired, stinky fuckers with ol' ladies who show off their tits. People read *Easyriders* to see nice-looking bikes. We don't want to see naked girls slobberin' all over nice bikes.

A.J.
Stockton, Calif.

■ The cure is simple — don't buy it, numbnuts.

Good Story

☐ The story "Good Luck Charm" in the May issue was the best story yet I've seen from you assholes. It's about fuckin' time you put something good in your mag.

Little Devil
Batavia, Ohio

■ We try.



Nasty Feet by Easyriders

Made exclusively for us by Chippewa (the finest engineer boot manufacturer)

Nasty Feet galore! Just think . . . you can now step out in a different pair of our Feet every day of the week but Sunday. Forget Sunday, because if you're like us after Saturday night you won't find enough of anything to make it anywhere.

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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.)

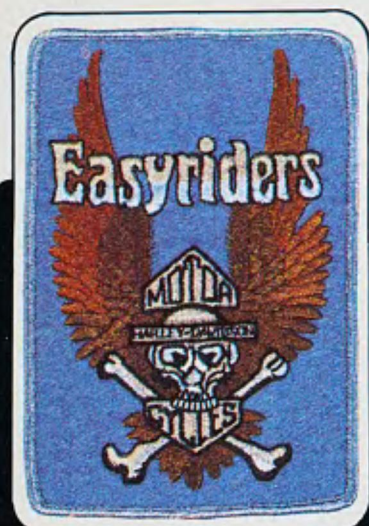
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Easyriders Patch

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.
(U.S. Currency Only. Thank you)

A Statement

☐ Dear Sirs: (If that doesn't get your attention, nothin' will.) I'd just like ta thank ya for the Dave Mann centerfold in the December (I think) issue.

My ol' man and I have it framed above the fireplace along with a quote from the Bible that says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Paul's Ol' Lady
Stockton, Calif.

Duke Interview

☐ Your interview with David Duke in the July issue was simply wonderful.

I have read *Easyriders* from your very first issue (in fact I have them all stashed away for posterity), and I have found this to be the most important and informative article you've published to date.

Marcia Porter
Lawton, Okla.

☐ You have gone too far. It saddens me that your magazine would print an interview with David Duke. Freedom of expression is one thing, but giving a public forum to such bigoted drivel is beneath anyone who alleges to be after truth and freedom.

The truth is that David Duke is spouting the same white superiority that started Hitler on his rampage of destruction. It's just that he is using the intellectual approach and making a fortune for himself while he's doing it. That's what makes him a genius — and you suckers!

Maybe right now some minorities do seem to be getting special considerations. But think about it — David Duke is the reason. If this country didn't have racists and self-serving hypocrites like him, then everyone could and would get along with each other, and we wouldn't need laws to tell us how to act. He and his group are making the problems for their own profit. Who would pay to belong to a hate group if there were no one to hate?

He's afraid that eventually white people will become the minority. What he's really saying is that he is afraid to be a minority because someone like him in the majority may come along and do to him what he's trying to do to others now!

What drew me into the biker lifestyle was the freedom. As long as you don't fuck with me, I won't fuck with you. Let me do my own thing and I'll let you do yours!

Arlene
Wheaton, Md.

☐ What the fuck has gotten into you idiots, anyway? You sure fucked up when you printed the interview with David Duke in your July issue. Isn't the biker stereotyped enough now as it is? Now the public will run around crying we're the KKK.

Joker
Menard, Ill.

☐ Why should anyone call anyone anything? All the article gave was a viewpoint. You don't have to buy it. That's why this is still a free country — everyone is free to express his own viewpoint.

At Last

☐ I'd like to say "high" to my girl-watcher husband, who likes me to suck his dick 'cause I learned how to do it right. Finally!

Mrs. T.L.K. (III)
Phoenix, Ariz.

☐ Who taught ya?

A Hero

☐ This hero of mine looks stout with a black beard, baby-blue eyes, and a long, black ponytail. He wears a black leather jacket, faded blue jeans, and engineer boots. My hero would talk to you and get whatever it is on your mind off. He might also hurt your feelings in some way. He rides a Harley-Davidson and is there when you need him.

This hero of mine acts like any other regular man. He seeks help when it's needed and accepts the love and comfort I give. My hero will save you from fear of something or someone. Lucky for me — he's my father.

Suzette Belile (age 13)
St. R., N.Y.

People Rights

☐ I've always been taught that justice means that each person or group may exercise these rights as long as they don't keep others from doing the same and that the reason for government is to keep anyone from denying others their rights. Our founding fathers said: "That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it..."

Later on they said again: "It is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security."

Undercover narcs and their employer, the present government, seek to deny us the right to pursue our happiness through herbal or chemical means and enable others to do the same (by selling to them). Our enjoyment of this right doesn't affect anyone unless they wish.

We who use (and sell) the sacred smoke haven't yet organized enough power to completely "throw off such government."

The quotations cited are from the Declaration of Independence, adopted July 4, 1776. I suggest that all brothers or sisters read it.

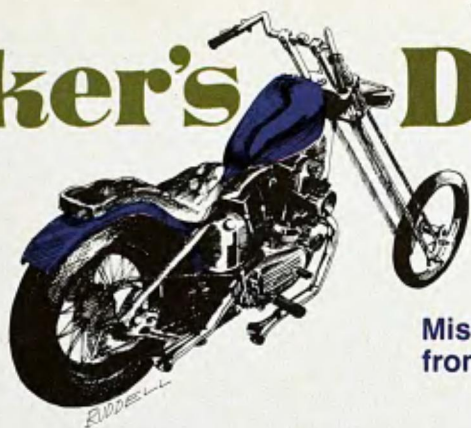
Patriot
Missoula, Mont.

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



Easyriders

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

BRAIN DELAY

It makes me nervous to see a rider tailgating another vehicle. It should—a whole bunch of riders each year end up customizing the rear end of cars. (Or, for that matter, getting customized by cars.) Rear-enders happen often enough to cause some suspicion that there is a time delay between a rider's brain and the brake levers.

—David L. Hough
Road Rider

STREET SURVIVORS

Time and money have been spent in great quantities by the AMA, MSF, and similar organizations during recent years to smooth over the distinction between Us and Them, to convince the government that motorcyclists can be public-spirited, too. Abrasive governmental rhetoric has been our reward. I propose that time and money now be spent on calmly and reasonably emphasizing the difference between Us and Them. Draw the battlelines a little more clearly and the social engineers will realize that motorcycles will not fade politely from sight and that motorcycling is more than a fad.

Motorcycles are meant to survive.

—Michael Jordan
Cycle Guide

PUBLIC SERVANT

We bikers snivel at the scam the federal government is pulling on us with hatchetperson Broad Claybrook's lying attack. I mean the way she is altering and rearranging statistical fact to support her personal crusade against the motorcycle, personal except that she is doing it for the insurance industry and car makers. There would be something governmentally honest in

it if she were trying to convince us of the need to protect our heads, but the scam she runs is not for us, for our eyes and ears. It is for the citizen and for Congress. Her ultimate goal is not to make us safe, it is to discredit the motorcycle.

—Larry Kufnerman
Supercycle

ON OUR SIDE

We're going . . . to take part in the Motorcycle Safety Foundation's International Motorcycle Safety Conference.

The conference will be devoted exclusively to motorcycle safety and (we hope) it will be a bit different, a bit more realistic, than other, similar conferences in the past. With that in mind, we'd like to pass along some information about the conference and the MSF.

Right from the starting gate, the MSF has three things against it:

1. First off, "MSF" is one of those acronyms (like: DOT, EPA, NHTSA, OSHA, etc.) that leads everyone to believe it is just another governmental agency on the public welfare roles. It isn't. The Motorcycle Safety Foundation is a private, non-profit organization supported by funding from Harley-Davidson, Honda, Kawasaki, Suzuki, and Yamaha.

2. The MSF is located suspiciously close to Washington DeCeive. These days, that too produces almost automatic rejection with anyone living anywhere else in the U.S.A. (If it helps any, the actual MSF building is located in a nice little Baltimore suburb named Linthicum, Maryland. It's sort of "country.")

3. A lot of bikers don't really know what the MSF does—another situation that often allows an element of distrust to sneak in. Basically, the

overall goal of the MSF is simply to promote motorcycle safety. In this pursuit, they've accomplished a heck of a lot since the organization was formed in 1973. Among other things, they developed the Beginning Rider's Course (which has evolved into the successful Motorcycle Rider's Course); they are responsible for many states adopting more realistic licensing programs.

In other words, they're on our side.

—Bob Carpenter
Road Rider

GOT YER MITTENS?

Every year before the first hint of cold weather the staff of this magazine assumes that motorcycle nuts are prudent and practical people. We round up the cold-weather gear we used the previous winter and we get the stuff just on the market and we duplicate all the chilly riding conditions we can, acting on the assumption that most people get ready for bad weather before their hands turn blue.

—Cycle World

USING THE FIGURES

According to Colonel Eldridge Beach, of the Florida Highway Patrol, a recent study of fatal motorcycle accidents in that state shows that "Motorcyclists caused or contributed to 73 percent of the crashes. Motorcyclists were listed as totally at fault in 61 percent." The same study indicated that the average speed of motorcycles crashing at intersections was 42.8 miles per hour. Since the NHTSA/Hurt California study goes counter to that, we just gotta wonder about geographical influences on both cyclists and researchers.

—Road Rider

MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

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



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SCARS

by Fats

Carl rode with pride. His '65 pan, two weeks off the showroom floor, gleamed in the afternoon sun as he pushed the big machine to 85. He knew the speed limit was 70, but it didn't matter. After having spent a couple of thousand dollars on the Harley — all he had saved working part-time as a dishwasher during high school — another few bucks for a speeding ticket was of little concern.

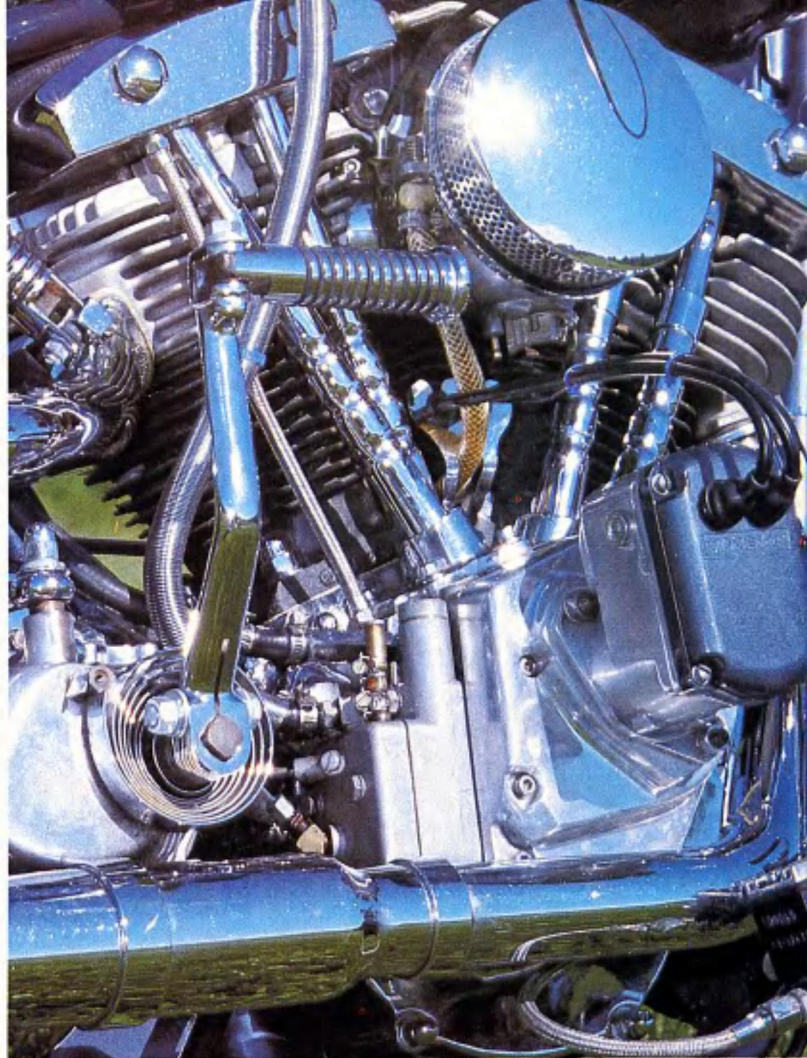
Taking the day off from the foundry didn't matter, either, even though he had been there

—Continued on page 97





Illustration by Bruce Baker





SINGLE LOOP

Gives a 74 a Special Look

I dunno what it is about single-downtube frames, but they definitely make the average seventy-four-inch Harley into a very different-lookin' scoot. Maybe it's that big bar that juts ahead of the engine, or the fact that most bros set 'em up with a skinny twenty-one-inch front and an eighteen-inch rear wheel. Or maybe I been starin' through this glass eyeball too long for anything to make sense.

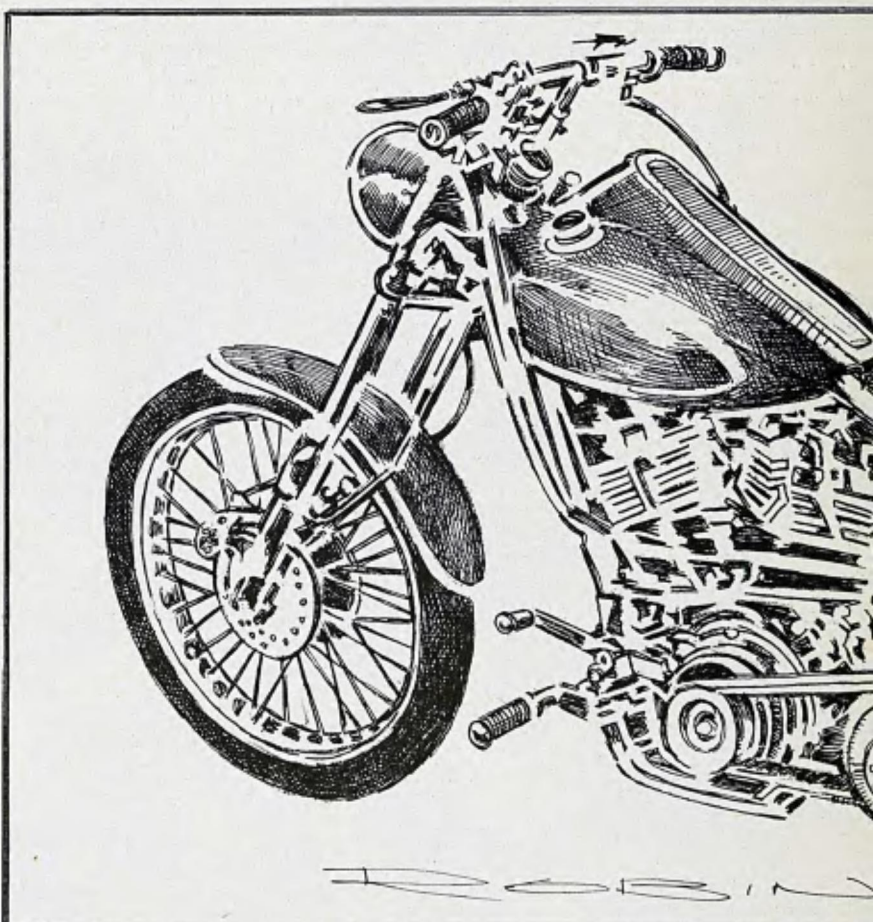
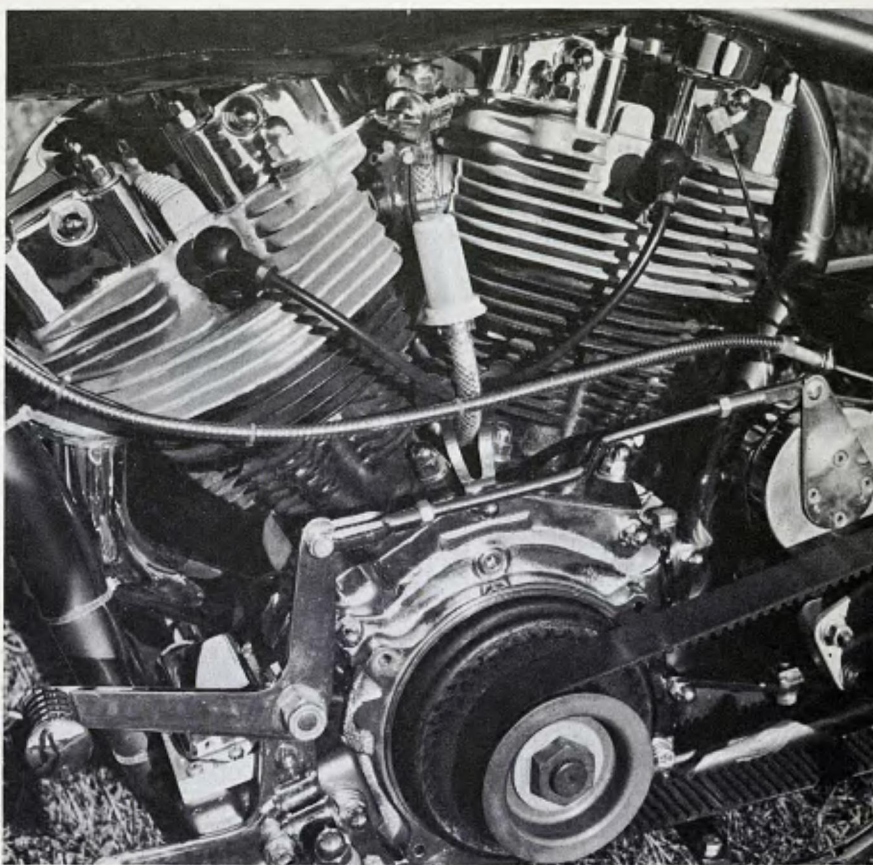
At any rate, there's more than one way to conjure up one of these beauties if that's your bent. A little scoutin' at swap meets or snoopin' in backyards could net you an original Harley VL frame. This was a single-tube job made back in the thirties, and with a taste of hammer, hacksaw, and weldin' work, you can transplant in a late model powerplant.



Some shops specialize in takin' your standard frame, doin' some mysterious backroom surgery on it (usually weldin' on a new front frame section), and deliverin' back to you a single-loop frame that's ready to bolt up. And finally, a few (we've listed the few there are) manufacturers make complete single-downtube frames — if ya want somethin' with new metal, heli-welds, and maybe modern frame geometry.

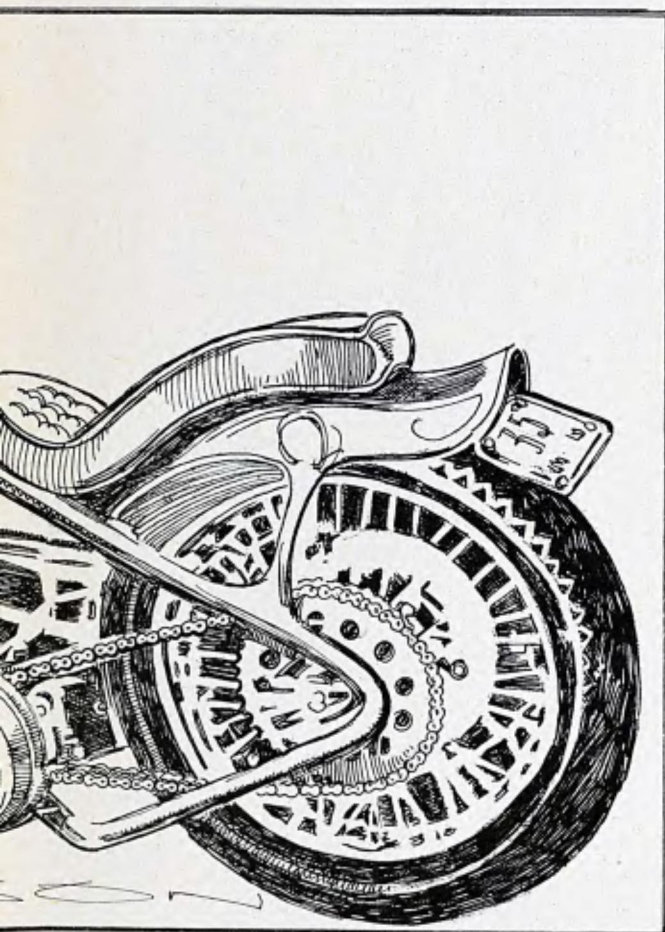
Most of the single-downtube frames I've seen were connected to scoots from inland California cities like Fresno, Sacto and Berdoo. But just so ya don't think this is only another regional phenomenon, here is a list of the scarce single-tube frame builders from coast to coast: Gardner's Motorcycle Accessories, 8032 H. St., Omaha, Neb. 68127, (402) 331-5460; Denver's Motorcycle Shop, 1575 West Rialto Ave., San Bernardino, Calif. 92410, (714) 884-8014; Cycle Fab, 909 N. Main St., Brockton, Mass. 02410, (617) 586-2511.

And here's an example of a mighty fine one-loop with the unusual vibe of bein' set up with 'bobs. I moseyed up to Bill,





Photos by Jake

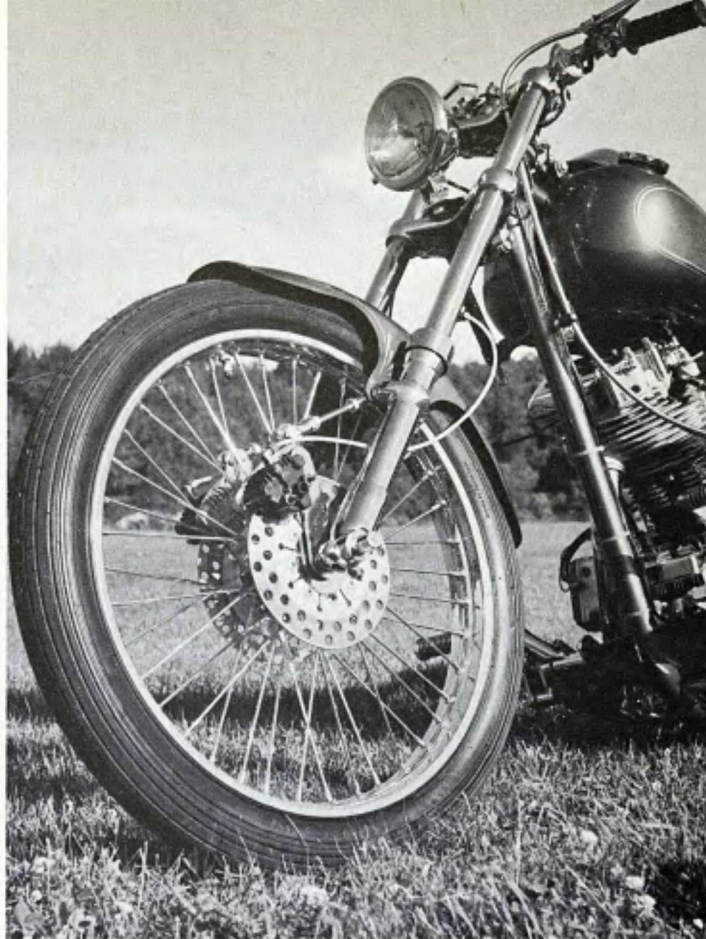


the bro who built it, askin' about the fatbobs. He just smiled and said, "Gas rationing," and nodded at the line of cars at the self-serve across the highway. And, 'course, one of those 'bobs also holds the oil, you'll note.

Well, that's about all I can figure to tell ya about single-loops. I know it only comes to about twenty-five seconds of conversation — but if you was lookin' fer an instruction manual or a novel, what the hell you got yer nose in this rag fer, anyway?

—Bumpkin

Owners: Bill Alliman		City: South Shore, Mass.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/Cycle Tricks		Year: 1976	
Year and make: 1971 H-D		Builder: Motor Shop	
Model: big twin		Type: single loop	
Value: mucho dinero		Rake: 40 degrees	
Assembly: owner/Cycle Tricks		Stretch: 2 inch	
Time: 3 years		Other alterations: trans. raised	
Chroming by: Cycle Tricks		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1971		Risers: dog bones	
Model: shovel		Fender(s): reworked fatbob	
Rebuilder: Ruff at Cycle Tricks		Headlight: Cibie round quartz	
Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto		Taillight: Lucas	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: Ruff		Front pegs: Cycle Specialties	
Balancing: A.I.D. — Marblehead		Rear pegs: Cycle Specialties	
Pistons: Motor Shop		Electrics: owner	
Cases: chromed		Gas tank: fatbob	
Heads: ported & polished		Oil tank: fatbob	
Cam: Sifton		Oil system: braided lines, gauge	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: open	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: C & H Seats	
Air cleaner: Drag Spec.		Sissy bar: fender strap	
Pipes: shotgun		Height: to fender	
Muffler(s): Gary Bang		Material: 1/2-in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: bearing support		Type: glide	
Year: 1976		Extension: 6 inches	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Ceriani	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3		Special features: double damping	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 48		Front:	Rear:
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 18
Molding: owner/Cycle Tricks		Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: Hallcraft
Painter: Cycle Tricks		Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 3 1/2 in.
Color: blue pearl		Tire: Avon 3.00	Tire: Continental 4.75
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: striping by Ogar Mung			
Other special modifications: steering damper, oil tank in fatbobs, Cycle Tricks dash-board, drilled discs, and front foot controls.			





Motorcycle Gang Invades Tattoo Parlor

But the bros want 'em to stick around

After spending three days in the saddle and staying at least partially awake for the entire journey, a brother of mine peered through sand-blasted shades at the streets of the strange burg, lookin' for some scooter shelter. His eyelids began to grind against his open-24-hours-a-day eyes. A face adorned with a distinctly blistered sunburn bordered his black shades. That poor fucker was burnt beyond all rebound.

The weathered black leathers and frisco denims sorta held him together while he leaned slowly on his left foot. A bad case of stiffness clung to his rear brake leg, which barely skimmed over his pocker bar on its way to the pavement. The brother was tired to the bone. He stood there, studying the only friendly territory in town. He hadn't come across a shop, so he had resigned himself to searching out scooter people in the only tattoo parlor he had encountered in a thousand miles.

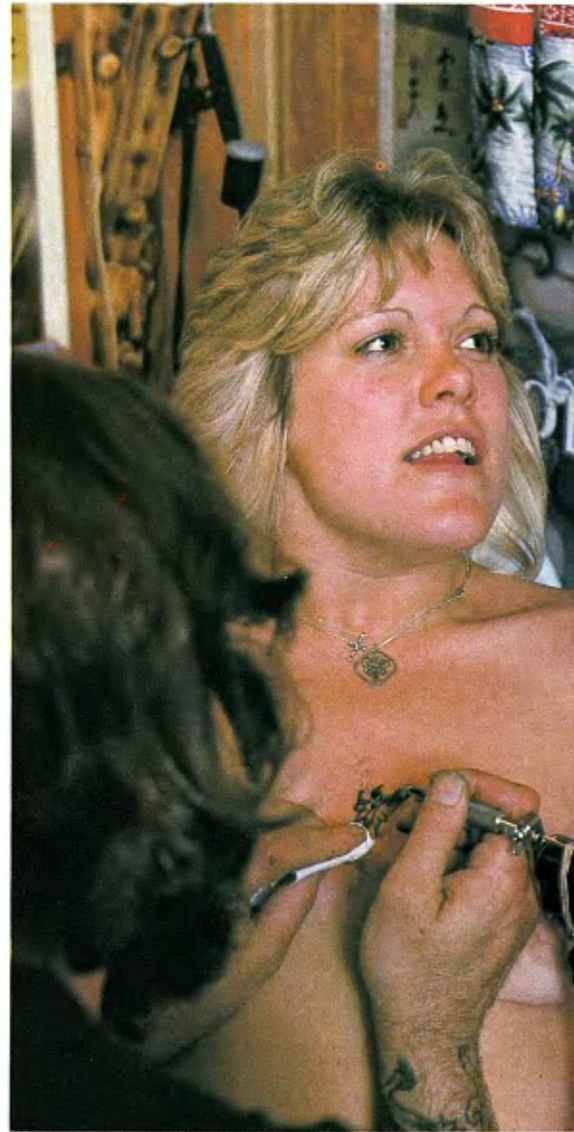
As he sat in a dark corner of the small parlor, he attempted to nod out for a minor collection of z's. He knew no one in the town, and scratch bein' little better than pocket change prevented him from snatchin' a suite, or even a five-buck-a-night dive. But as the garage doors on his beady eyes gave way to gravity and began to shut him out of the unfamiliar city, the rumblin' of Hogs entered his ears. He struggled to regain consciousness. His eyes opened feebly as several scooters pulled up out front. "You aint got no club problems around here, do ya?" He sent a weary gaze from his dark-bearded mug to that of Bob Rosini, who owned the needle nightclub. Bob shrugged and continued to clean his instruments. Levi's and leathers poured into the shop and with 'em came a non-stop party atmosphere.

The brother sensed much female rap among the brothers. He rubbed his eyes, but unlike a dream fadin' back





Photography by Billy Tinney and Woody



into fantasyland, his dim vision persisted. His blurry eyesight told him somethin' mighty strange. All these bikers shoutin' and carryin' on with the straights outside and fuckin' with the tattoo artist had big, round butts. He rubbed his eyes again and tried to doze off — thinkin' maybe they'd go away. But the shrill of female banter continued to increase. He was as tired as a one-man chain gang, but the scooter people crowded into the pricklin' parlor were enjoyin' life as though it was a never-endin' New Year's. He tried desperately to open his achin' eyes again — it hurt. But through the fog and leathers linin' the creakin' counter, he could detect only softness and long-flowin' manes. The bikers who'd packed the skin-art studio were mostly broads! The bro sat up in his seat as a better-than-buxom blonde turned to him and gently handed him a crumpled courtesy card, which read, "Rosebud

Express. I may not be much of a lady, but I'm a hell of a woman."

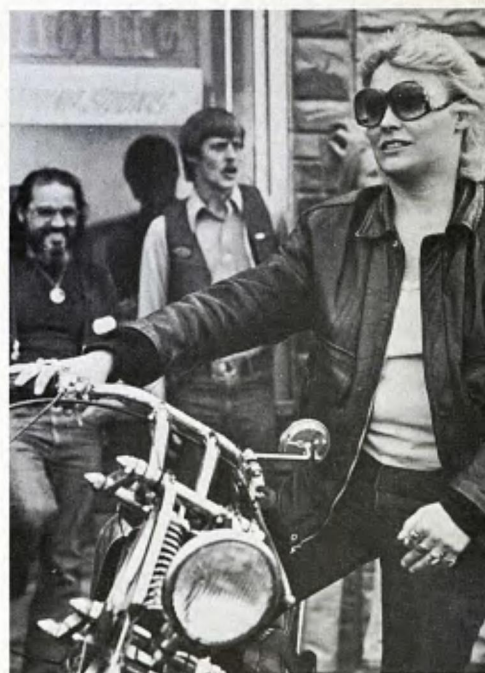
The bro watched in a daze as her nipples came closer, "Hey, you look as tired as a two-year prospect."

The bro nodded, his gaze fixed on the big boobs unleashed under a light T-shirt.

"Why don't ya come with us? We'll take care of ya, outta-towner. Hate to see a tired brother uncomfortable."

With spirits temporarily renewed, the party began for our bro. But if that turkey don't show up next issue, I get his raisin pie. 'Course if Donna, Kim, Marla, Patty, Patty, Marilyn, and Melody had rescued my ass, last thing on my mind would be raisin pie.

—Wilburn Roach



Piles An' Piles Of Misery

By Dr. Twatburger

A good shit may herald the start of a bright and successful day, as the ol' sayin' goes, but for dudes who have piles — the more common name for hemorrhoids — that first good shit in the mornin' can be like shittin' a watermelon with the seeds on the outside.

Broads are always complainin' about how much they suffer in childbirth, tellin' the ol' man that he'd never be able to stand such great pain, but a dude with a king-size set of hemorrhoids can come pretty close to describin' what havin' a kid is like. Especially if he spent the precedin' night drinkin' beer an' eatin' cheddar cheese an' a couple of bags of popcorn.

No area of the human body is more susceptible than the last inch of the intestine, the anus, more commonly known as the asshole. When a dude is constipated, either from eatin' too much gummy food or from sittin' on his scoot for too many hours on a cross-country run, takin' a shit can be an excruciatin' experience.

The doctor book says of constipation: "Fecal impaction, the most common cause of hemorrhoids, is the formation of a hard bolus of digestive residues that cannot be

expelled." The doctor, as well as the constipated dude, sure ain't shittin'. An' if a dude has hemorrhoids, when that big, hard lump finally starts oozin' through his quiverin' asshole, he regrets that he ate popcorn, peach pits, razor blades, an' porkchop bones, an' swallowed those chips of glass he broke offa the top of his beer bottle — not to mention the snaggle tooth some bastard knocked down his throat in the fight.

Thirty percent of the men over forty have hemorrhoids, an' in one year alone, over four hundred thousand hemorrhoidectomies are performed.

Now, let it be known right here that a hemorrhoidectomy is the very last resort. There's all kinds of things ya can do to avoid havin' your asshole carved on by a doctor. But if ya really need the operation because ya can't stand the pain any longer, or the misery is interferin' with yer life, then get it done an' over with.

Ya want ol' Dr. Twatburger to tell ya it won't hurt? Okay, I'll tell ya it won't, but I'll be a lyin' sonuvabitch. Any time some dude who's all dressed up like a member of the KKK starts carvin' on yer asshole, it's gonna

—Continued on page 92



Fill 'Er Up

Me and the boys up here in Calgary would like to know if it's true that you can handle 14" of cock up and in all three holes at once. We're a horny bunch up here in the North Country.

Rick Weir
Calgary, Canada

- Lightweights.

Popsicle Trick

Loved your popsicle trick, but it melts so fast that it gets all over and makes a mess. My ol' lady digs the shit out of it, though. You got any more good ideas?

Ed the Head
N. Kentucky

- Yeah, tons!

Miraculously Ugly

You're right. You are a mutha. I've been seein' your picture for a few years and all I have to say is yech! When I really need to get sick so I can drink some more, I take a good hard look at you and head for the shitter. The only thing I have to say good about you is that the artist made a mistake and that in real life you would make a good Clearasil commercial because of the pimples on your chest.

Although you turn me off by how you look, I feel a lot better writing you. I take out my frustrations on you because of the attitude I've got toward a couple of broads I've dated and I couldn't get in their shit. So thanks for allowin' me to let off some steam; and keep hanging loose (to the ground), Mutha.

Rusty Hoffman
San Diego, Calif.

- I've been treated worse.

Wrong End

How can I get my ol' lady to stop sucking on my asshole and start sucking on my dick?

Wants A Blow Job
Kansas City, Mo.

- Turn over, stupid!

Sit on a Happy Face

You stinkin' douche bag, scum of a whore. I hear you give better head than Linda Lovelace when she was in her prime. Your hole stinks like beer barf, dogshit, and stale piss. You never take your one and only rag off except to fuck and get sucked. You're the lowest form of scooter trash on the face of this earth. I guess that's why I'm so much in love with you. If you ever need a face to sit on, look me up.

The Freak
New Britain, Conn.

- I'd look you up and down before I'd sit on yer mug.

Up and Coming

I just thought I'd tell you how your letters really get my rammer up. Your column, Mutha, can always make my day when I get a chance to pick up **Easyriders** at the Stars and Stripes store. Your answers sometimes grab me by the rocks, and I'm always trying to find out why I'm so hung up on your far-out personality.

The Kraut
Germany

Fair Deal

I need advice to get something worked out with my ol' man, and since I trust your judgment, I'm askin' you. The dude expects me to get down on his cock after he's fucked me while I have the rag on. I said I would on one condition: that he went down on me sometime after we'd already fucked and he'd come in me.

He told me that I was insane and that no bro would do that for any chick. He says what I'm asking for is far from a fair deal and that if he did that to me, it would be like eatin' himself. But isn't that actually what he's askin' me to do, too? How about it, Mutha? Am I bein' unreasonable, or is my request just as fair as his? Do you know any bros who would do it for their chicks?

M. McCarthy
No. Quincy, Mass.

- Taste it, you might like it.

Screamin' Rats

I'm a bro doin' time, and I was dragged from my crib and thrown in the hole on "suspicion of glue sniffing." My third day in the hole, this rat jumped out of the little hopper in the middle of the floor and screamed, "Mutha, she's the fox of the town; too tall to get over; too big to get around. Too clever to out-smart; too wise to out-do; don't get in her way, 'cause she'll walk all over you. She's bold and she's clean and her men are fine; her bike is boss and her house is divine. Her smile is for real and her teeth are so white; her shoulders are broad and her hair's outtasight. She walks down the street with patience and pride, with leather on her back and gentlemen by her side. She walks to the corner and then makes a right. She walks to the bar and orders Shilelight."

Could it be you, Miraculous Mutha?

Melted Merwin
Camphill, Pa.

- I doubt it.

Swapping

How're they hanging? Full an' heavy, I hope. I love your tits. I'd love to stick my face between those two orbs and wallow in heaven for a while. They say that more than a mouthful's a waste. Well, I've got a big mouth. Also, I'd like to fuck you till your eyeballs pop out. But then there's Spider. Oh, well. I've got an ol' lady, too. Wanna swap? Three cheers for perversion.

- Why not?

Fuck and Run

How come every time I fuck the wife of one of my buddies, she leaves him?

D.A.K.
Sandy Lake, Pa.

- Best knock it off.

Ripe Oyster

How's your sweaty ass? Did

you ever get the splinters out of your snatch? Ol' Wooden Dick said you did! I'm in heat, but if I'm gonna eat that ripe oyster, you'd better get the come out, okay?

Shank Crank
Barbers Point, Hawaii

- Who the hell is Ol' Wooden Dick?

Not Gettin' Any

I was just sittin' here thinkin', damn, I'm not gettin' any, and I was wonderin' if you had any good advice for a fellow nympho.

Sex Deprived Sue
Toledo, Ohio

- Ever heard of zucchini? It makes an interesting dildo. 'Course if you're like me, you may have to move up to summer squash.

Shotgun Wedding?

My ol' lady is pregnant and I love her; she's a doll. My mother wants me to marry her, but I want my freedom. What should I do?

Buzzbag
Portland, Me.

- Tell your mother to marry your ol' lady if she wants her so bad.

Left Out

I have this problem with this bitch. She caught me in bed with this other bitch. Instead of getting mad, she joined us. Wow! That really blew my mind. But lately they've been getting it on without me. Now I'm left out holding my meat. You think you could replace them?

Rick Lundberg
Fairchild, Va.

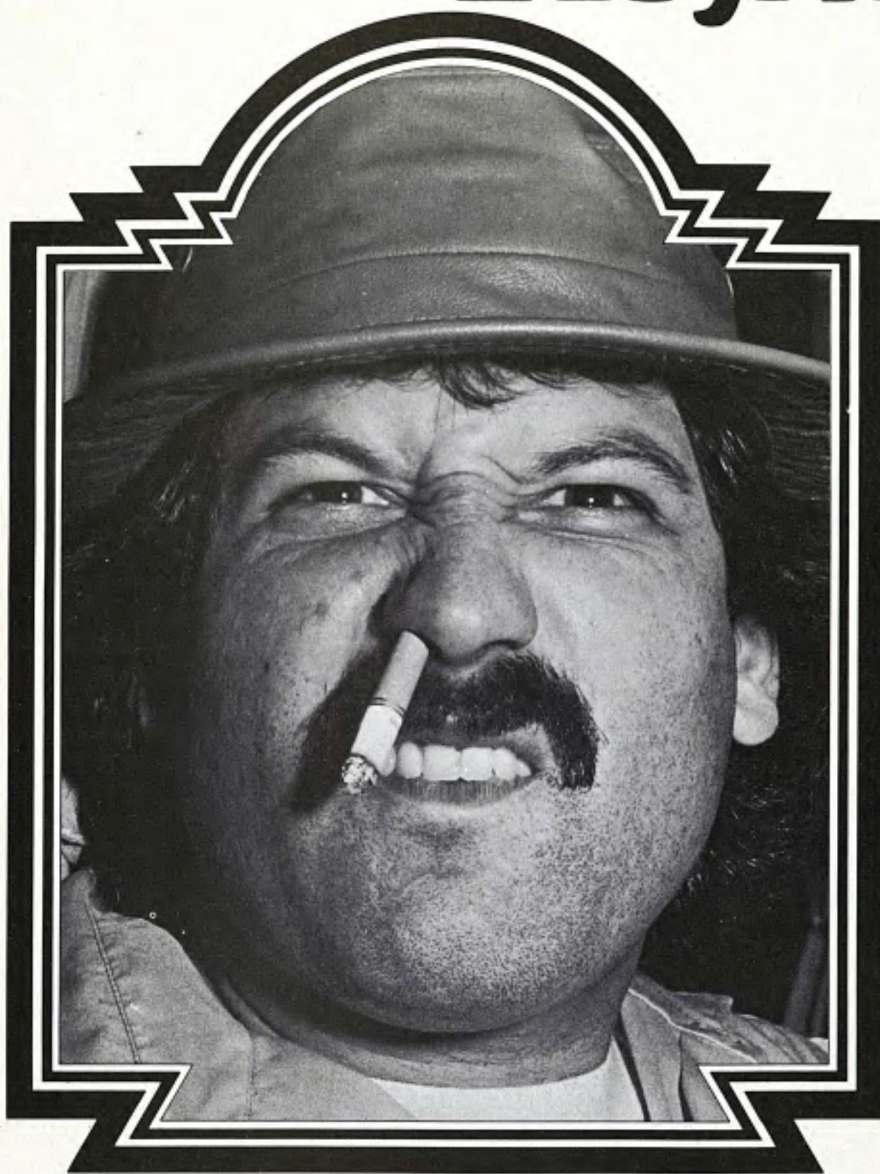
- Them or you?

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



Miraculous Mutha Tells All

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BE
A
GEEK**

That's right — there are good people runnin' amok in this world who'd be good scooter people if they'd only sit down with a beer, the latest of the greatest, **Easyriders**, and find themselves.

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



A bro was dancing cheek to cheek with a sweet young thing when he noticed how good she smelled. "Mmmm, you smell good. What have you got on?" he asked.

"Channel Number Five," she replied.

A little later she said, "Mmmm, you smell good too. What have you got on?"

The bro replied, "I've got a hard-on, but I didn't think you could smell it!"

—Snake
New York, N.Y.

"Do you believe in clubs for women?" the young thing asked her biker companion.

"Yes," he responded, "if kindness fails."

—Willie Clark
Hamilton, Mo.

"Say when," he said as he poured the drink and snuggled a little bit closer.

"Right after this drink," came the breathless reply.

—John Neville
Providence, R.I.



After an examination, the attractive blonde phoned her gynecologist and asked, "Doctor, would you see if by chance I left my panties in your office?"

He looked in the examining room, returned to the phone, and told her, "I'm afraid they're not here."

"Sorry to trouble you, doctor," she replied. "I'll try the dentist."

—Bob Croarkin
Nashville, Tenn.

"To put it bluntly, doctor," said a recent bridegroom, "my organ is so large and my wife's is so small that—well, each creates a difficulty for the other."

"In such cases," announced the medical man, "my advice has always been that both spouses make an adjustment that will enable them to lick their respective problems."

—Keith Hawkins
Princeton, N.J.

The instructor of a Red Cross prenatal course for unwed mothers-to-be was getting to know her class during a break. "When is your baby due?" she asked one girl.

"About March tenth," was the answer.

"And yours?" she inquired, turning to another participant.

"My doctor calculates March ninth," said the young woman.

"That's a coincidence," remarked the instructor. "And that girl who just stepped out for a minute. I don't suppose she could be expecting her baby about March tenth, too?"

"No," replied the first young woman. "She didn't go to the bikers' rally."

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.



After ballin' his fiancée the biker told her the engagement was off. "What do you mean, our engagement is off?" she screamed.

"Well, I told you once the girl I marry must be a virgin and since you're no longer a virgin..."

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

The husband was perusing a detailed sex manual and his wife asked why. He replied that he was tired of being in the same old rut. "But I don't understand," she said.

"Well," said the husband, "let me put it to you another way..."

—Lance Bergman
Buffalo, N.Y.



"Mr. Haskell, you're only in here for a routine checkup. You can wash your own penis!"



Said one of the bar girls, "You know, that foxy dude over there is really hung!"

"Marsha," replied her companion, "you said a mouthful!"

—R.T.S.
Oxnard, Calif.

Midnight chimed. "Is that young man of yours there yet?" the mother called downstairs.

"Not quite," gasped the daughter, "but he's getting there."

—James Allen
Fort Smith, Ark.

A young biker's wife was asked by her neighbor, who had just dropped in, "What is that you're taking, my dear, the Pill?"

"No," was the worried reply. "This is a tranquilizer. I forgot to take the Pill."

—Jim Jones
Azusa, Calif.

"My husband must have been quite a bedroom operator before we were married," confided the woman to her best friend. "Whenever there's a thunderstorm at night and lightning flashes, he bolts upright in bed and shouts, 'I'll buy the negatives!'"

—C.J. Bolling
Olympia, Wash.

The population explosion would be less of a problem if lighting the fuse didn't feel so good.

—Edward Walker, III.

During a session with a marriage counselor, the wife snapped at her husband, "That's not true—I do enjoy sex!" Then turning to the counselor, she added, "But this fiend expects it three or four times a year!"

—Sam Glennola
Trenton, N.J.

TALENT AGENCY



"It's something new I thought up. I call it Cuntry Music."

The Biker's Dictionary defines *vasectomy* as conversion from a working model to a sports model.

—Larry Bristol
Greenville, S.C.

We're inclined not to trust China for one very simple reason: Any country that has over 750,000,000 people and maintains that ping-pong is its favorite sport will lie about other things, too.

—George Blake
Brimfield, Ind.

A man is incomplete until he is married—then he's really finished.

—Shorty Owens
Fairbanks, Alaska

If the pilgrims had shot a cat instead of a turkey we'd all be eating pussy for Thanksgiving dinner.

—Kris Aaron
Tempe, Ariz.

Aware of his prospective father-in-law's flair for sarcasm, the young groom-to-be was nervous over the prospect of asking for his daughter's hand. But, summoning the necessary courage, he approached the man and, with the utmost politeness, asked, "May I have your daughter for my wife?"

"I don't know," came the reply. "Bring your wife and and I'll let you know."

—Ron Gardiner
Otey, Texas



"No, I won't expect you to sit on my lap, Ms. Sidnee. I'll expect you to sit on my face!"

The small boy watched, unimpressed, as his sad-faced father ran back and forth across the lawn, towing a spinning kite at the end of a long string. No matter how hard the man pulled, the kite refused to rise more than a few feet off the ground. His wife stood on the porch, shaking her head, and finally she called out in a loud voice, "Henry, you need more tail!" The man dropped the kite in disgust.

"That's just like a woman," he mumbled. "Last night she told me to go fly a kite!"

—Robert Huff
Alpine, Tex.

Abiker, on his deathbed, confessed to his ol' lady, "Baby, I've been unfaithful to you, but every time, I put a silver dollar behind the kitchen stove. Every one is there except one single dollar I spent for medicine."

Surprisingly, the bro recovered and his ol' lady took sick. She, too, felt she might die and should confess, so she said, "I was unfaithful to you too, dear, but every time I was unfaithful, I dropped a pea through the little hole in the kitchen floor. They are all still under the house, except the three bushels we ate during hard times last winter."

—Satan
Jefferson City, Mo.

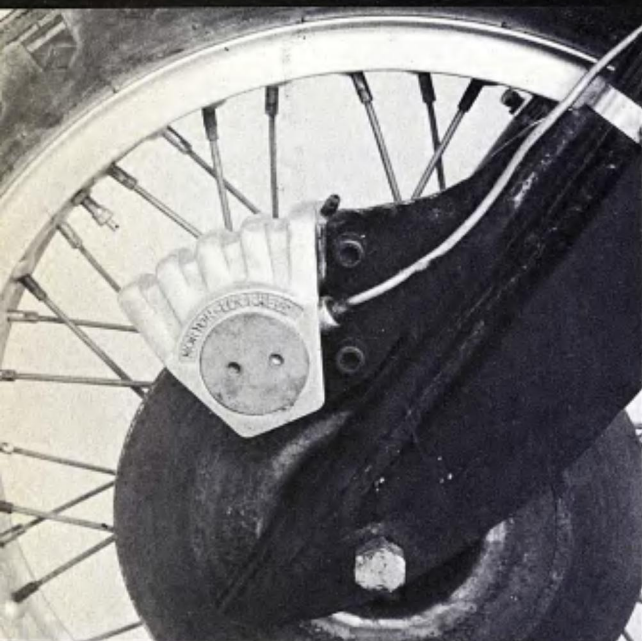
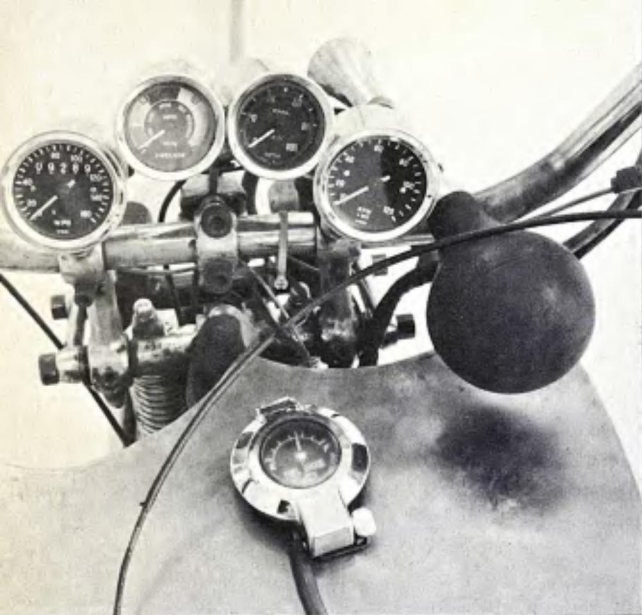


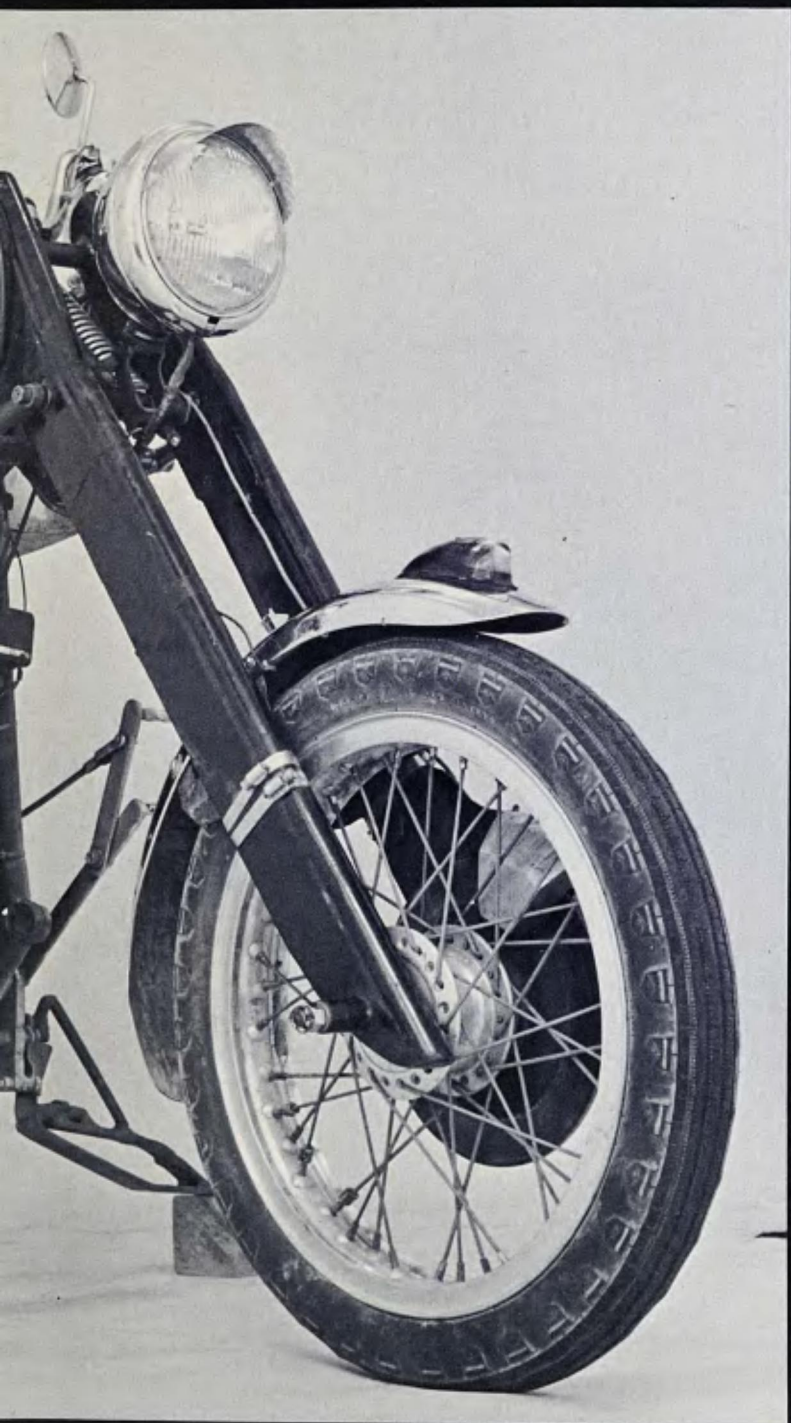
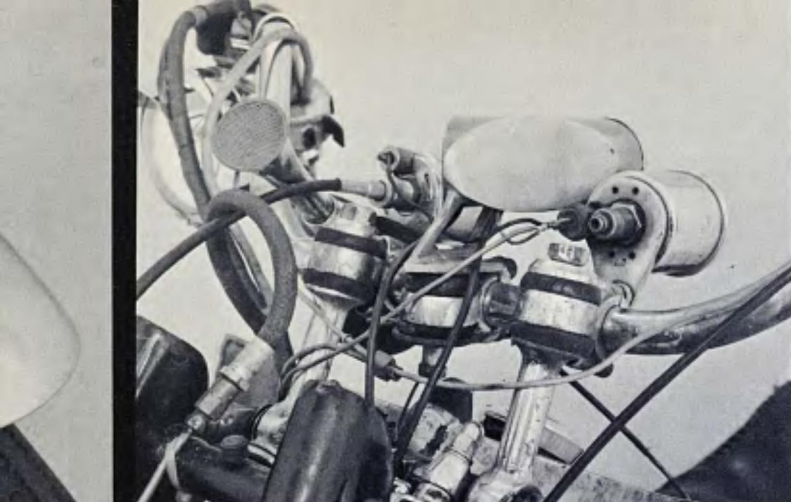
"No, Sheldon. I meant how long a time has it been since we've seen each other."

The secretary had spent her vacation camping with her boyfriend on the shore of an isolated lake. As she stepped out of the shower on the morning after her return, her roommate said, "My goodness, you're tan all over! Whatever have you been doing?"

"Everything under the sun," sighed the secretary.

—Whitey Brett
St. Paul, Minn.





Hook'em Up

If it doesn't work — split

Yeah, it's a free country, ain't it? If the situation you're currently battin' yer head against isn't conducive to good vibes, change the fucker or alter it to suit yer style. Some people feel compelled to sink their boots knee-deep into the cement foundation closest to home and remain there, always dreamin' of somewhere else. Shit, why not go somewhere else and try it on fer size? Many scooter people do just that.

In fact, the owner of this innovative, monster, 86-cu.-in., turbocharged UL flathead split from his sacred home turf. Dragging the ol' lady and the kid and every goddam thing the family had accumulated in a 1955 Ford delivery van, he left Danbury, Connecticut, in search of more promising puttin' soil.

The man ain't the customizing king of chrome and fancy contraptions, but he knows mechanics, ignition-related electrics, carburetors, and turbochargers. Unfortunately, his knowledge of the above and his ability to run a business in Connecticut had slipped in and out of the successful realm too many times. Business wasn't gettin' off the ground. His parts came from the West. The sun in the West seemed to be of the more potent variety, and clouds were a scarcity. And while reeling under the influence of a strong hallucinogenic, he saw an old western flick called "Westward, Ho" — and had to go.

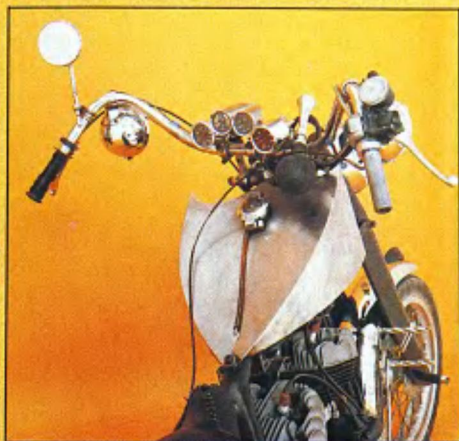
He got a job in Las Vegas, saved some green, put some petrol in the step van, and kept goin' West. God, it sounds adventuresome, don't it? Ya know, he got all the way to the coast, couldn't find gainful employment, and couldn't even find a place to sack out. He went back to Lost Wages, but his job had been taken. He scrounged some change, went back

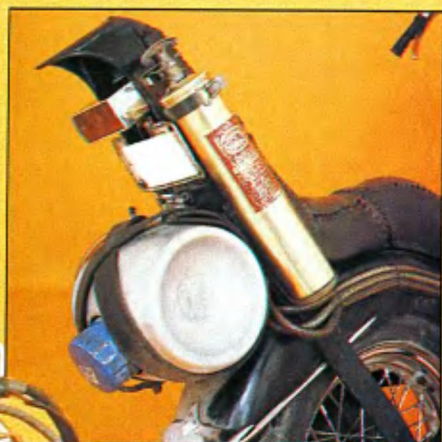
Hook 'em Up

to the coast, and found a wrenching job. But he barely gets by, payin' a hundred and a quarter a week to crash in a motel. He wants to get a pad but can't. He wants to build his ol' lady some transpo but can't. All he can do is wrench and hope it pays the bills.

Ah, fuck it, at least at home he coulda got a free meal at his folks' house. But he's havin' a good time.

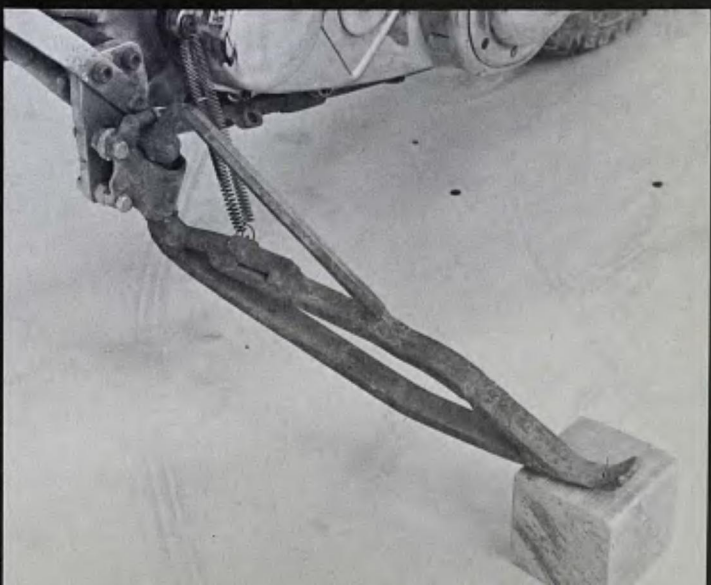
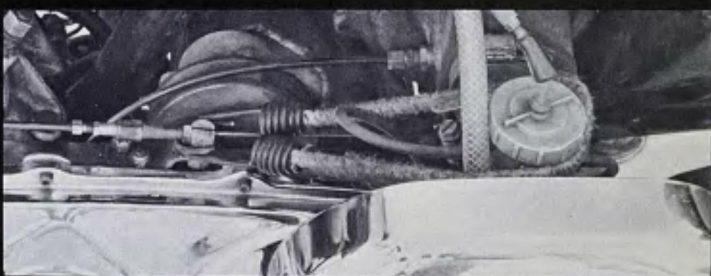
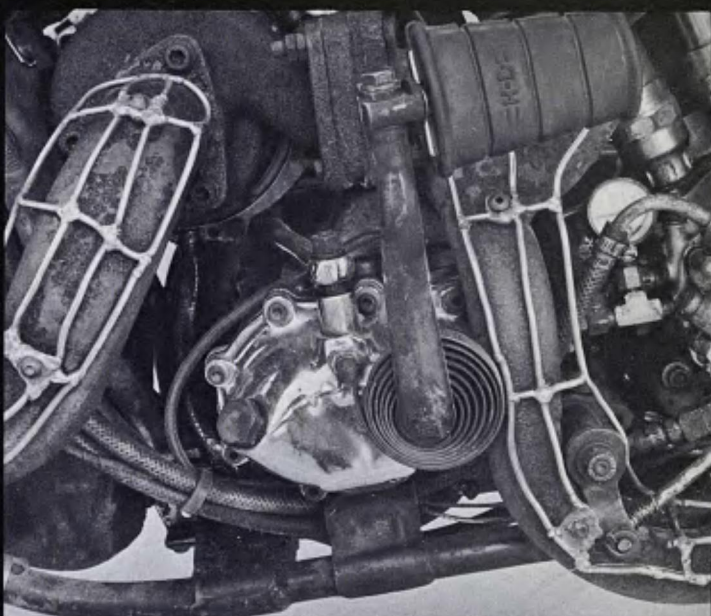
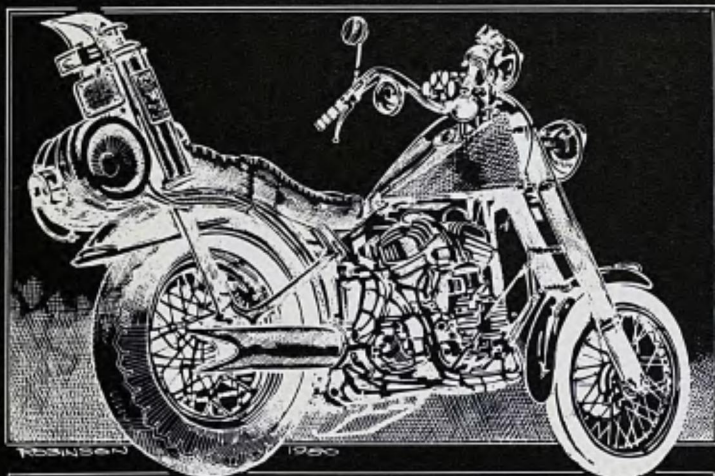
— Snake





Photos by Pete Chiodo





Owners: Mauror Plocininni

City: Las Vegas, Nevada

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1946
Year and make: 1946 H-D	Builder: H-D
Model: UL 80	Type: straight leg
Value: who knows?	Rake: 28 degrees
Assembly: owner	Stretch: none
Time: keeps changing	Other alterations: turbo mounting plates
Chroming by: you're kidding	

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1946	Bars: 36 inches wide, owner
Model: 80 flathead	Risers: rubber loaded dog bones
Rebuilder: owner	Fender(s): front Kawasaki
Ignition: magneto	Headlight: stock
Displacement: 1350cc or 86 cu. in.	Taillight: the box
Lower end: new OHV crank pin	Speedo: tach drive
Balancing: stock	Front pegs: owner
Pistons: Corvair, 3 7/16 in.	Rear pegs: owner
Cases: ugly	Electrics: generator/regulator
Heads: high compression, aluminum	Gas tank: 13 quart capacity
Cam: stock	Oil tank: 7-qt. made from 2 kegs
Lifters: solid	Oil system: modified for turbo
Carb(s): 36mm Mikuni	Primary cover: stock
Air cleaner: Branch, clear manifold	Seat: air ride, 1/4 in. leather
Pipes: owner	Sissy bar: handmade by owner
Muffler(s): owner	Height: 20 inches
	Material: 2 in. x 1/4 in. steel

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: Andrews 1st, 2nd & 3rd	Type: special Indian
Year: 1946	Extension: 10 in. over
Shifting: foot	Builder: owner
Engine sprocket: 25	Special features: heavy

Wheels

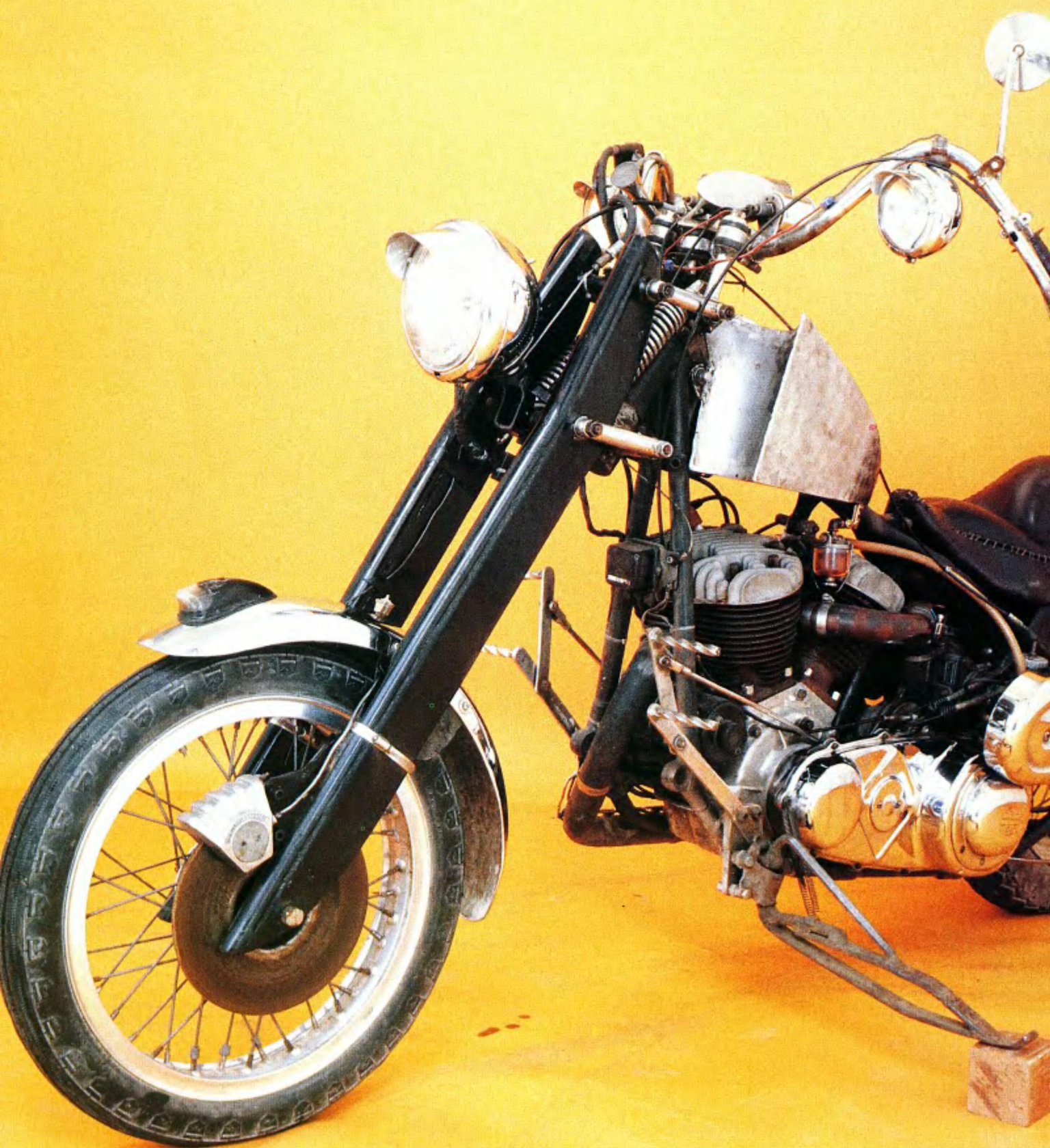
Trans sprocket: 25	Wheel sprocket: 52	Front:	Rear:
		Size: 19	Size: 16
		Hub: Norton	Hub: star
		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: 5 in.
		Tire: 3.50x19	Tire: Formula
		Brake: Norton	Brake: mech.

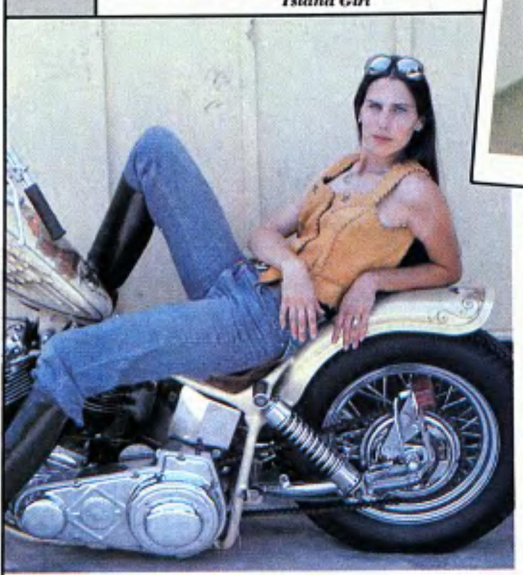
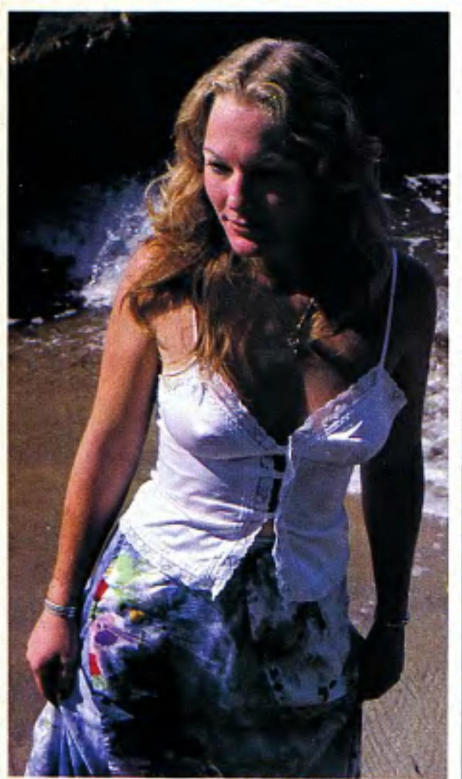
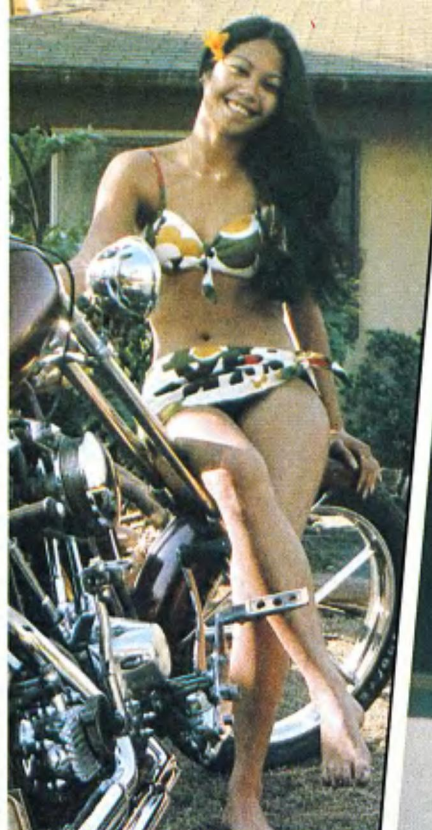
Painting

Molding: none
Painter: owner
Color: Hog black
Type: enamel
Special paint: nope

Other special modifications: turbo charger off Corvair, fire extinguisher, tool kit in packer-bar, highway lamps.

Hook 'em Up





Shadow

Island Girl

Lil' Wing

Dru

J.T.

Stacy

Tracy

Here she is, folks — Lisa, the third winner in the 1980 Easyriders OF Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Bubblegum, Karen, and Mad Dog Annie.

Ol' Lady Contest

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

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

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

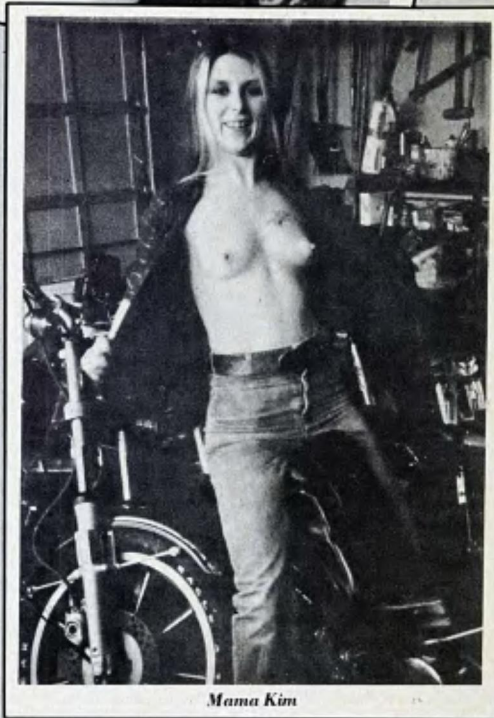
Now here's how the contest works. Each month, we'll publish as many photos of good technical quality as space allows. The shots don't have to be professional — just in focus and properly exposed. You readers will then select the winner and runners-up from each month's published entries. Each monthly winner will receive \$100, each runner-up \$25, and the contributor \$10. After the twelve monthly winners have been selected, there'll be a final voting to choose *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year for 1980. Judging should be based on looks, build, tattoos, and other outstandin' stuff. The sisters can be dressed or not — it's up to you. We're not lookin' for raunchy stuff — just tasty shots of all those fine ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if ya want, but it's not necessary to win.

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

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is August 26. 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 ☐ 87 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Marilyn



Mama Kim

Ol' Lady Contest

Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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

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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.

Two-Wheeled Happenings

As the summer sun burns hot bike paths around the country and the world, it becomes a bitch for us faded-brained bike freaks to cover or feature every event. Shit, the bros standin' 'round my milk crate right now are tryin' to knock my beer over and rantin' that each one of 'em would be willin' to split this garage for the summer just to cover all the parties they could feasibly handle. Matter of fact, Renegade suggested that the crew members have a contest to see which one could party-down the most runs.

But it takes every member of this crazy crew of beautiful brothers and succulent sisters to put this rag together. So, we can't all hit the highway all the fuckin' time.

"Boo" in unison.

Our hearts are in the right place, though, and as an indication of that, we've featured three varied events on the following pages. One is from Pennsylvania, a massive swap meet; one from Colorado, a bananas egg hunt; and an Australian helmet protest and party.

We'll do what we can to be there in one way or another, right, bros?

Hey, fellas, come back here!

— Ride Safe

Aussies' Helmet Protest

There are helmet laws in other parts of the world. In most cases, other countries established mandatory helmet laws after the U.S. set that bum pace.

But a better pace was to follow — bikers' rights. Once Australian brothers realized that their



people in the U.S. weren't going to stand for that unreasonable restrictive legislation, they began to organize for the same right — freedom. And they're doin' it in a big way.

Federal cops estimated that more than 10,000 bikes rode to Parliament House in Canberra, where a

crowd of about 12,500 saw the submissions and listened to speakers. The brothers there represented 5% of the entire motorcycling community. Considering the huge distances and small population, this was an incredible event. Melbourne to Canberra is about 400 miles.

Adelaide to Canberra is about 650 miles. Every Australian state was represented. Imagine the numbers if 5% of the U.S. or U.K. bike populations rode on Washington or London. The party after this event was non-stop — one for the people.

— M.R.A.



Photos from the M.R.A., Australia

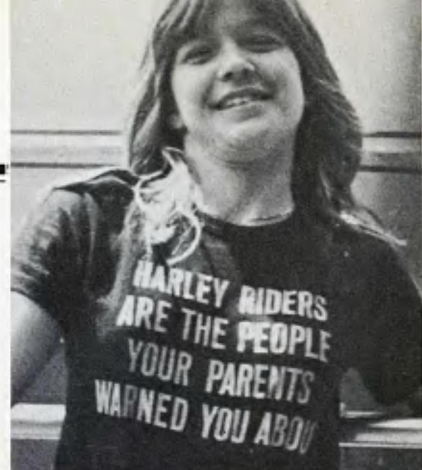


PA Swap Meet

Well, bros, it all started on a weekend morning. I woke up, took three black beauties, and got all my equipment together. I arrived at 11:30, one hour before opening. Just as I hit warp ten, bros were arriving in vans, cars, and on bikes from everywhere. It was a great day. Blue skies and a tempera-

ture of 70° with a light breeze. And the ladies — well, let's just say that I'm glad I'd had lunch.

I shot pics of people waiting to get in and arriving. The general mood was laid-back and easy. Bros and their ladies rushing to set up in time, hollering to others they hadn't seen in a while. Then the doors

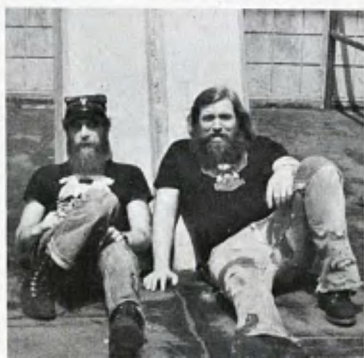


crashed open and a drove of leather jackets and tits came rushing in. There were tour-riders, loners, outlaws, free spirits, mamas, every-fuckin'-body. The people came to enjoy the day and be themselves. Madman George was the master of ceremonies and final judge of the "best tits" contest. The two other judges were Bob Oeiss of Chopper Shack, Inc., and Norm Schoeb and Big Frank of Norm's Cycle Salvage. Cheryl Lee was the winner of the \$150 leather jacket for looking the finest in a wet T-shirt, but I didn't even see a T-shirt. All the tits and ass you could want to grab were there. There were parts that were new, old, and used.

At 5 p.m., all hell really broke loose. The tit contest was on. One by one they came up to show their stuff. Most flashed one quick look before the big lineup. There wasn't room for a gnat's ass anywhere in the place. One honey got so carried away that she showed her tits, shook her buns, and flashed the pretty pink at the crowd — and they lapped it up. Some of the lucky bros on stage and off got to cop some free feels and quick licks. There were 27 ladies total showin' their stuff.

All in all, it was Pittsburgh's first annual swap meet, and a damn fine one. Let me say that special thanks should go to the people who manage the Civic Arena for their help and great cooperation in letting us do our thing.

— Wizard ■



Photos by Wizard

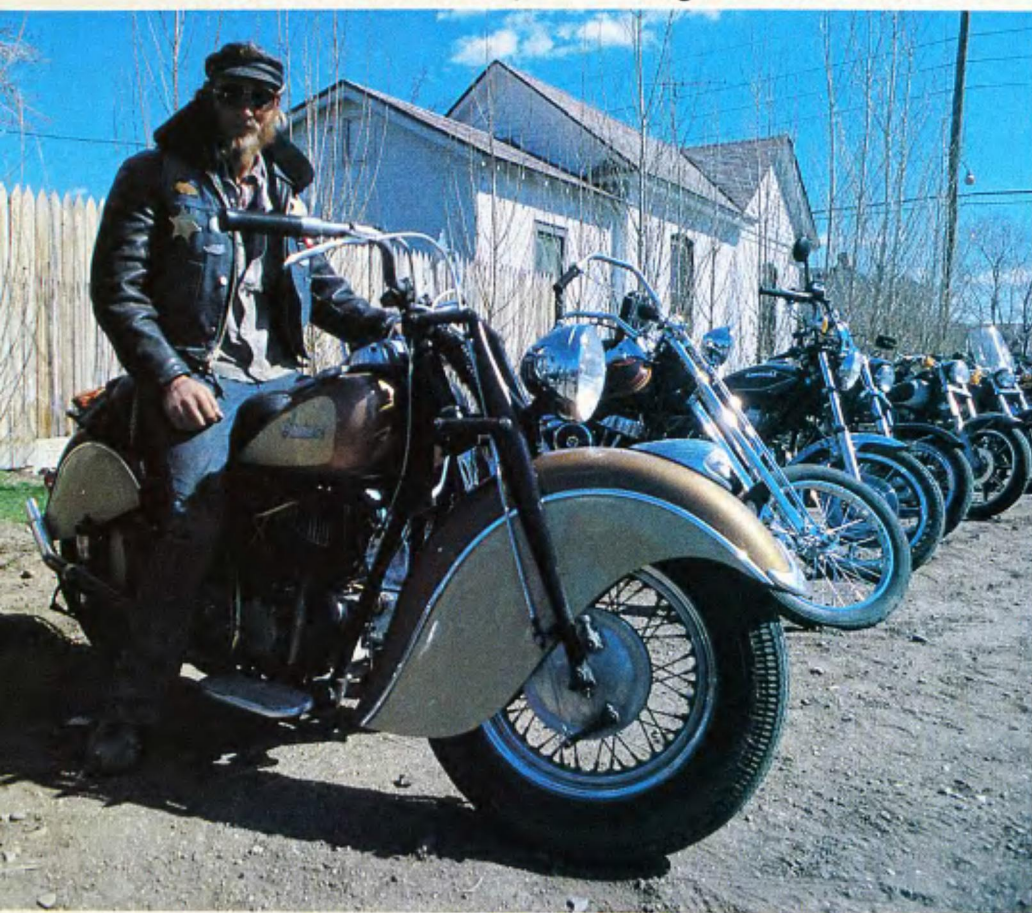
Colorado Egg Hunt

This is one o' those runs ya pay a buck an' a quarter of a gallon o' gas to go to only once. Heck of a party afterwards. But unless you're a weight lifter with a taste for raw protein, the chow ain't fer shit.

The goddam event is put together by the oldest club in Colorado, Brothers Fast. But ya

know, there was a healthy turnout anyway and the bros got down.

Okay, I'll lay the bummer on ya. It's a late Easter festivity. Polished, bead-blasted, lacquered, chromed, and pinstriped eggs are hidden all over the fuckin' place. So, without puttin' their clodhoppers down, the bros gotta rumble and idle around



until they spot an egg glitterin' in the rough. They can stop, but the egg has to be placed between the ol' fangs and brought safely back to mama one at a time.

Seems the broads didn't cook all the eggs, though. Taste like shit, man. I mean it — fuckin' horrible. Gotta get me a beer, or somethin' to wash it down with — holy shit.
— Shotgun



Shiftin' Doors

Next time you're in an old H-D dealer's, see if you can wander around the shop area. Most dealers have an area where customers can stand and see their bikes being worked on. Anyway, now that you're there, just kinda look around. You might spot a homemade device that was made from some used, partially trashed Harley parts. It could be anything from a solo-seat, roll-around work stool to a bent license plate for draining oil. Some of these homemade, low-buck contraptions will be partly hidden from view, maybe stuck under a work bench someplace, or shrouded with an altered ol' bob fender, who knows? But look around; they're always worth checkin' out.

The picture shown here was taken in the service area at H-D of Baltimore. This bizarre chunk o' motorcycle memorabilia opens the service door to the workin' area. It's driven by a 1/3-horse electric motor hooked up to a mid '30s 45 tranny (3-speed and reverse) by a v-belt. The pulley is mounted to the clutch gear. The drive chain coming off the tranny sprocket drives a rear brake drum from a late-model 74. The brake drum was bolted up to the original door-opening gearbox, which was once operated by hand. This whole mess is operated by an old tank shift lever fastened to the trans

gear change lever. Putting the tank shift lever in reverse opens the door; moving the lever into first will close it. The entire operating machinery is carefully concealed by a wood cover with a slot cut in the top. The only markings on the grungy slot box are up and down. But the giveaway was the bowed, stock tank shift lever and knob sticking out of the wooden shoebox hanging on the wall. Hell, I knew this shop was old; newer dealers come with footshifts.

Let's face it, not everything done by hand is fun. Some bros try and make work a little easier on themselves and screw up in the process, while others can easily slip into an idea that will save torn hair and twisted minds for many moons. People aren't going to storm the patent offices with every back-saver they come up with. Most of the bros just do their job and go on their way, as did the inventor of this Harley door opener. This setup may still require some hand operation, but only enough to change gears, which is the same amount of energy required to tip a tall cool one. By the way, if the bro operating this door slammer misses a shift on the way down, it would be a good idea not to be under it, 'cause it drops like a greased flywheel.

It just goes to show the interchangeability of H-D parts. If it won't fit one place — no problem, it will surely go somewhere else. —RH

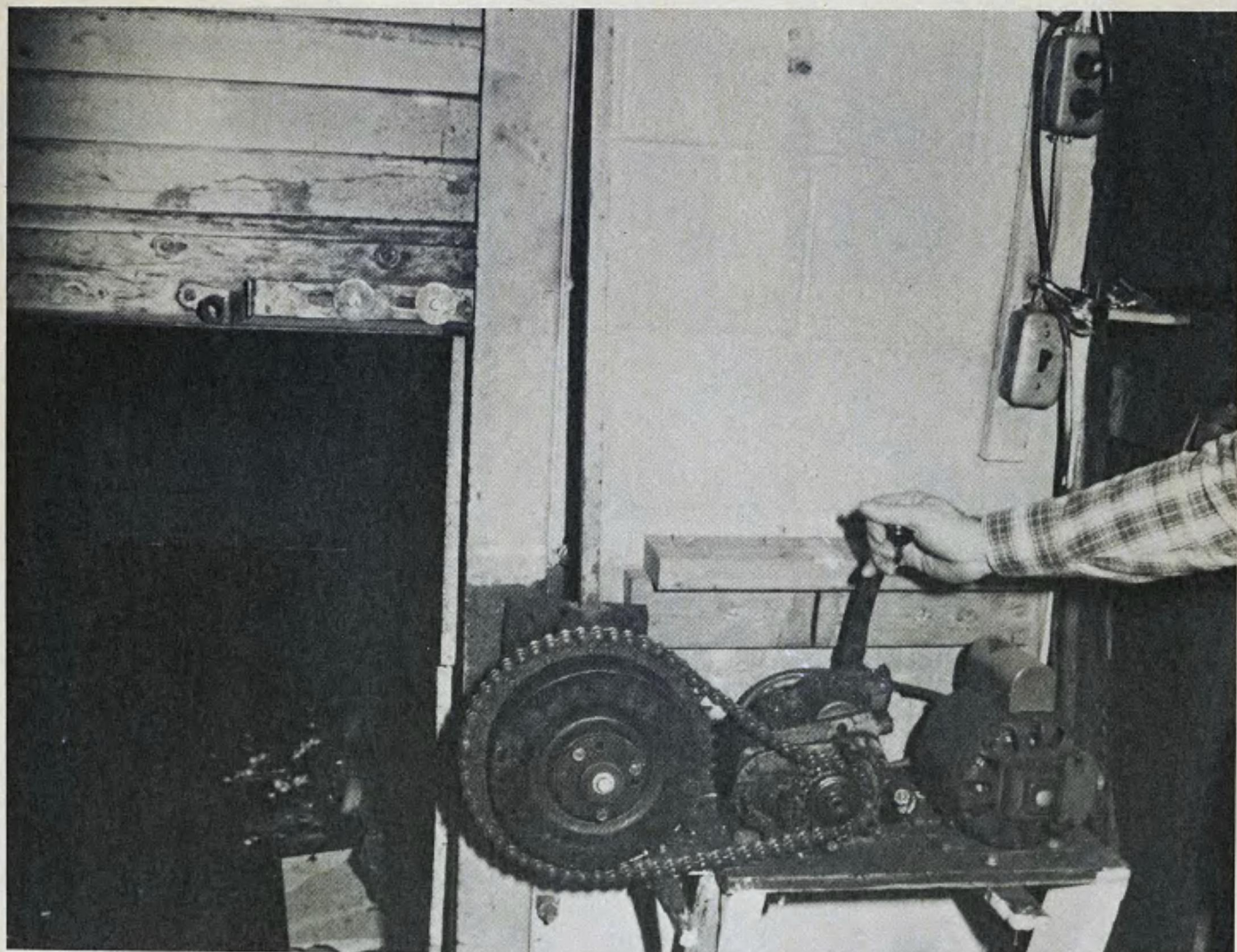


Photo by the Cub



In 25



Photos from Norton

These right-on photos were taken between 1951 and 1953. The club was the Key West Angels and, as the shore patrol said, they were the most inappropriately named bunch that ever lived. As you can see, they knew how to get down and party. That's part of the reason they formed the club. Most of the members were in the Navy, and motorcycling was spreading through the ranks. As the number of riders increased, the number of unpleasant incidents between riders and townfolks also increased.

It seems some folks don't take kindly to a bunch of crazy-drunk bikers playing hare and hound in their back yards at 3 o'clock in the morning. So, to stay out of trouble with citizens, the sailors formed a club and got organized enough to get out of town on the weekends





Years

(when most of the trouble was occurring). To top it off, they managed to do it with the blessings and assistance of the local shore and highway patrol. The Angels improved their image immediately. They got an AMA charter and started doing their heavy partying out in the boondocks.

A typical weekend went something like this: They'd get out to the party spot (usually on the beach, since there is a lot of it in the Florida Keys). Friday evening they'd strip down their bikes for some good old-fashioned soccer, drag racing, hare and hound, slow races, and whatever else came to their beer-soaked brains. They'd party all weekend and put the scoots back together on Sunday afternoon.

Well, it sounds kinda rough on bikes to me — and it musta been, 'cause the partner

—Continued on page 118



EASYNEWS

NEEDED STATISTICS

"Deaths Up Since End to Helmet Law," groaned the headline in the *Wichita Eagle*. The July 1978 article, compiled largely from press releases issued by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA), explained that U.S. motorcycle fatalities rose by 770 in 1977, a 23 percent increase over 1976. The fault was laid squarely at the feet of the 25 legislatures that repealed or modified their compulsory helmet-use laws in 1976 and 1977.

This news feature, like hundreds similar to it around the nation, neglected to mention other statistics that might have thrown some light on the state of motorcycle safety in 1977:

Ohio and New York had fatality increases of 53 and 56 respectively. Together they accounted for 15 percent of the total national 1977 increase.

Georgia, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and West Virginia had 1977 percentage increases of cycle fatalities averaging 63 percent over

1976; Wyoming recorded a 202 percent increase in fatalities. In numbers of fatalities, these five states accounted for 17 percent of the total national increase in 1977.

There have been no NHTSA press releases discussing what happened in the seven states mentioned above because all seven kept their helmet laws in 1977.

NHTSA's claims concerning the national results of a spate of repeals (29 as of September 1978) simply don't hold up. That agency, with a monopoly on highway safety statistics, usually has its numbers and conclusions accorded a luxury no federal agency should have — that of employing black-white absolutes and getting away with it. But that is changing. With dogged pursuit of all the facts that count by the American Motorcyclist Association (AMA), the Motorcycle Industry Council (MIC) and cycling citizens groups, the rest of the picture comes into focus. So set aside for a moment the impressions of helmet law repeals promoted by the federal NHTSA and its state-level counterparts, and reflect on parts of the picture they have chosen to leave out.

"Repeal" states, as a group, had a slightly superior safety record over "law" states, as a group, in 1977. Comparing the fatalities-to-10,000-registrations ratio (f-10Kr) of the two groups shows a figure of 7.19 for the 25 "repeal" states and 9.09 for the 23 "law" states. Of the nine states with the highest such ratios, eight had kept their helmet law.

Some motorcycle safety authorities have adopted a fatalities-per-100-accidents ratio (f-100a). This figure is considered especially important because it addresses directly the principal alleged benefit of a motorcycle helmet law — the protection of cyclists.

The f-100a for the "repeal" group in 1977 was 2.56; for the "law" states, it was 2.62. While the "repeal" states

show a slightly better survivability score, the two figures are so close as to be essentially identical, as the AMA is emphasizing. NHTSA ignores these statistics.

The extreme similarity in fatalities-per-100-accidents ratios between "law" and "non-law" situations has been demonstrated at least twice before. The AMA scrutinized 18 states with "clean" statistics (no non-motorcycles mixed with cycle registrations; no non-cyclists counted as cyclist fatalities) and compared f-100a ratios for years before and after enactment of their respective helmet laws. Before the laws, the states' overall average was 2.688; after the laws, it was 2.562. The "law" states came off with a slightly lower figure, but the AMA again points out the essential similarity between the two. A common test for statistical significance shows the two to have no real difference.

A comparison by the writer of 1976's eight "repeal" states with all the helmet law states showed an f-100a ratio of 2.33 for the repealers and 2.59 for the states with such laws. Again, it is a case of outstanding similarity.

The claimed fatality increase of 23 percent is an exaggeration. Some "fatal motorcycle accidents" don't involve motorcycles at all, according to the Fatal Accident Reporting System (FARS). About two and one half percent of the total fatal accidents are associated with mopeds and all manner of "unknowns," many of which are driven illegally in every neighborhood in the country. Mopeds are not considered motorcycles by 33 states. Yet at the federal level, all moped fatalities are called motorcycle fatalities, even when it is known that the moped fatalities in question occurred in one of those 33. (There may be far more moped accidents than is realized; from conversations with police officers, we learned that many do not distinguish between the two vehicle types when investigating accidents in the

field.) As with the mopeds, the "unknowns" are another category irrelevant to the helmet law because the victims can't be shown to have been on motorcycles, legal or actual, at all.

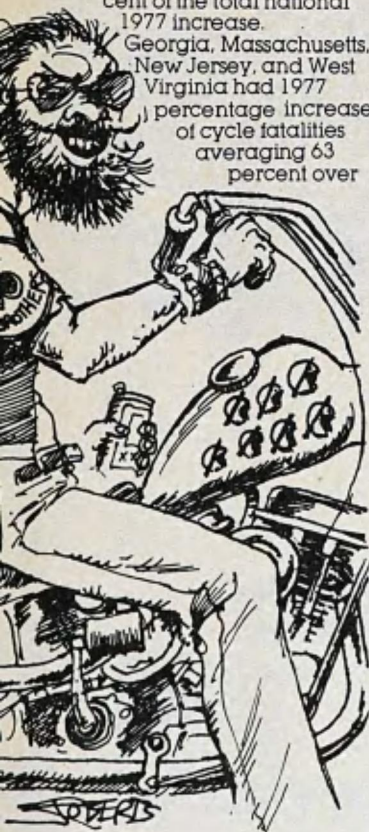
About three and one half percent of 1976's cycle fatality toll, the FARS said, were actually persons other than motorcyclists. There are many fallibilities still built into FARS, not the least of which is the situation in which some states count fatalities from accidents involving motorcycles instead of counting fatally injured cyclists only. This would assure higher counts at the federal level.

No one is certain of the actual 1977 motorcyclist fatality toll, but it is clear that some categories should never have been included and ought to be subtracted from the claimed total.

A FARS study covering all states through most of 1977 found "no significant difference in the fatality rates of states requiring or not requiring the wearing of motorcycle helmets."

While NHTSA bemoans helmet law repeals, its own FARS is unable to tell it whether or not 31 percent of the nation's fatalities were even using helmets. With such an enormous gap in essential supportive data, the vigorous and continued promotion of mandatory helmet laws, after three-fifths of the states have rejected them, seems a classic example of bureaucratic bull-headedness.

A close examination of the increase in fatalities among cyclists reveals that the same increase probably would have occurred had no repeals been enacted at all; there is evidence that average annual cycle usage had doubled by 1976 from a decade ago and was increasing even more in 1977; that weather throughout the nation inhibited motorcycling in 1976 but encouraged it in 1977, thereby increasing rider exposure; that the number of persons licensed to operate cycles in 1977 increased about 9 per-



"IF IT'S FOR THE BETTERMENT OF BIKERS, WE'LL PRINT IT."

cent over 1976; that the increase in cycle fatalities is part of a national trend affecting all vehicles (up 14 percent from 1975 for all and up 21 percent for big trucks).

This nation's 20 million motorcyclists want a safer motorcycling environment. But the ideals instilled in us make forced helmet-use laws a totally unacceptable approach. Having established that there is no real difference in the safety records of "law" and "non-law" states, we should now seek this safer environment through training, stricter licensing, awareness campaigns, and voluntary helmet-use programs, all of which are supported by the vast majority of cyclists.

But the bureaucratic class, which got us all into this compulsory law morass a dozen years ago, has its incisors imbedded deeply, and typically and stubbornly refuses to let go.

The helmet law had its turn and failed to deliver. Now it's time to concentrate on accident prevention, the only meaningful motorcycle safety goal and the one the helmet law does not acknowledge.

POLICE BRUTALITY

West Virginia: Members of a Cabell County motorcycle club complained recently to Secretary of State A. James Manchin that they were set upon and beaten by club-wielding state troopers.

State Police Superintendent Harley F. Mooney Jr. said force was used to quell the motorcyclists, but it was not excessive. He said one of his troopers received a fractured arm in the fracas.

Three motorcycle club members were treated in hospitals. Dannie Hill, 26, of Charleston, remained in St. Francis Hospital with a concussion, his father said. He displayed pictures of his son, and the pictures showed multiple wounds to his head. "They feel there has been

some brutality," said Manchin. "I'm getting together a report and sending it to Mooney."

The motorcyclists were members of the Brothers of the Wheel Motorcycle Club of Milton. They said they met near the White House Tavern in Lincoln County with the Charleston chapter of the Bootleggers Motorcycle Club for an annual meeting.

Jack Sadler, owner of the tavern, said two state



troopers came by his tavern late that night and told the motorcyclists they would have to go outside because the lights had failed in the tavern and that posed a fire hazard.

The power was restored about 12:30 a.m. and everyone went back inside. Sadler said he closed the bar at 1:55 a.m. and the fifty or so remaining people went outside to camp at a nearby camping area.

About 2:45 a.m., Sadler and others said, ten to thirteen police cars arrived at the scene and troopers poured out, beating the club

members and destroying some of their vehicles.

The members had pictures of severely beaten individuals and shots of blood on the ground.

The group spokesmen said some of the fifteen persons arrested for intoxication were again beaten on the way to the Cabell County Jail. "They told us in the jail that if any of us were on the road in Lincoln County again we were dead," said Sadler. The group members contended the police found no drugs and only pen knives on the members.

Mooney said his men reacted after receiving five or six telephone calls from area residents. He said 20 to 25 troopers were sent in.

"During the course of what was going on up there, there apparently was some resistance and fifteen people were arrested," said Mooney. He said a number of knives — and not just pen knives — were confiscated.

"A trooper had a fractured elbow," Mooney said. "There was force used. Based on what I know of it and complaints, we went into a situation facing some rowdy elements, and I think the force used was appropriate to the situation found."

He said he has had no formal complaints to his office and does not plan an investigation into the conduct of his men.

If you just read the above news and can't keep from pounding a wall, or the next cop you run into — stop! Maybe that energy could be directed to helping the people involved in this ugly situation. If you want to help, call or write Terry Cavender, 706 Clark Dr., St. Albans, W. Va. 25177, (304) 722-5060. Together, brothers, we can stop police brutality.

FLORIDA RADAR BILL

Florida Highway Patrol Director Eldridge Beach failed recently to derail a popular piece of legislation that would ban the use of

radar for catching speeders unless the accuracy of mobile radar units is improved.

The House voted overwhelmingly against a motion by House Transportation Chairman Fred Jones, D-Auburndale, to refer the radar bill to his committee, where it might have been killed.

The bill by Rep. Ron Silver, D-Miami Beach, was approved unanimously by the Criminal Justice Committee and placed on the calendar for action by the full House.

The legislation would require that Florida Highway Patrol troopers and local police officers undergo intense training before being allowed to use radar-detection devices to catch speeders. The bill also would ban the use of radar by 1983 unless manufacturers start making devices that are more reliable than present models.

The highway patrol opposes any restrictions on radar because a majority of the speeding citations issued by troopers are based on radar readings. For instance, of the 425,132 speeding citations written by the patrol in 1978, 388,282 were based on use of radar.

Radar critics, however,



argue that recent testimony in several court hearings has proven radar is unreliable and often clocks stationary objects as speeding. Several Dade County judges have excluded the use of radar devices in speeding cases in their courts.

"The radar used on roads today is not reliable," Silver said. "It is not technically correct. There is no way we can stop the people who are speeding on our roads today with the equipment we have today."

Said Rep. Barry Kutun, D-Miami Beach: "The radar equipment is being improperly used. People's rights are being violated. Unfortunately, if radar equipment is not perfected to the point where people's rights are protected, it shouldn't be used." — from ABATE of Space Coast, 2415 S. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne, Fla. 32901.

COURT LIMITS HOME ARRESTS

National: The Supreme Court told police officers nationwide they cannot enter a person's home to make an arrest without a warrant unless it's an emergency. By a 6-3 vote, the justices ruled that both the Constitution and the ancient belief that "a man's house is his

castle" require such an imposition on police.

The court previously had ruled that most often police must have a court warrant before searching a home, but never before had the justices extended the warrant requirement to arrests.

"The Fourth Amendment protects the individual's privacy in a variety of settings. In none is the zone of privacy more clearly defined than when bounded by the unambiguous physical dimensions of an individual's home," Justice John Paul Stevens wrote for the court.

"Neither history nor this nation's experience requires us to disregard the overriding respect for the sanctity of the home that has been embedded in our traditions since the origins of the republic," Stevens said.

But writing for the dissenters, Justice Byron R. White charged that the decision "ignores centuries of common-law development and distorts the historical meaning of the Fourth Amendment."

The decision did not attempt to define what kind of emergency "would justify a warrantless entry into a home" to make an arrest. Presumably, police pursuing a fleeing suspect would not always have to stop as soon as the suspect ran inside his or her home.

Stevens' opinion also left unanswered whether the warrant requirement exists when police want to arrest a suspect in someone else's home.

The new warrant requirement apparently carries no effect on state "no knock" laws that allow, in special instances, a waiver of the police obligation to knock on a suspect's door and announce the reason for seeking entry.

"No knock" laws allow police to rush into a home without announcing their presence or purpose when such an announcement could jeopardize the officers or likely would lead to the destruction of contraband.

The decision overturned the convictions of two New York City men. State authorities must now retry the men or set them free.

The ruling carries immediate impact for at least 24 states in which police have been allowed to make warrantless arrests in criminal suspects' homes.

Those states are Alabama, Alaska, Arkansas, Florida, Hawaii, Idaho, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, and Washington.

Eleven states have no formal position on the issue. They are Connecticut, Delaware, Maine, Maryland, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, Rhode Island, Vermont, Virginia, and Wyoming.

The remaining fifteen states already prohibit such arrests.

The Supreme Court in 1976 ruled that police do not need a warrant to make arrests in public places when they have "probable cause" to believe the persons committed a crime.

But Stevens' opinion drew a distinction between a public place and an individual's home.

CALIFORNIA LEGISLATION

Below is a list of legislative measures that demand your active attention. Get involved, write to your elected representatives. Today.

HRC 220, a federal bill, would allow the President to establish a federal strike force and judiciary program to investigate "outlaw motorcycle gangs." MMA opposed.

State bills: **AB 2111** would put off-road registration fees into off-road fund instead of EPA. MMA favored. **AB 1995** would liberalize requirements on modified exhausts. MMA favored. **AB 2055** requires trucks to cover loads of loose material (dirt, rocks). MMA favored. **SCR 55** permits the state to accept federal funding available for the specific purpose of purchasing radar for the CHP. MMA opposed. — from the MMA, 2202 16th Street, Sacramento, Calif. 95818.

SAFETY ANALYSIS IN UTAH

The Utah Department of Public Safety released its "Analysis of Motorcycle Safety in Utah, 1975-78," a de-



tailed study on motorcycle accidents in America. The report contains some surprising statistics.

For instance, although the study shows that the fatality rate has risen slightly since 1975, the fatality-to-registration rate is virtually the same for motorcycles as it is for cars (.046 percent for bikes, .045 percent for cars).

Injury accidents in 1978 show that 1.9 percent of all motorcyclists were injured in accidents, while 2.1 percent of drivers sustained injuries. "Motorcycle injury accidents are not over-represented as a proportion of registered vehicles," the report states.

In contradiction of the much heralded southern California motorcycle accident study, which found that it was the three-year motorcyclist who had the most accidents, the Utah study shows that 76.3 percent of the accidents occur to riders with less than a year's experience.

There is also a trend in Utah away from seasonal use, possibly in response to increased use due to the gas crisis. Between October and April, there used to be only 1 percent of the total number of crashes; now there is 28 percent.

Utah also has an uncharacteristically low incidence of voluntary helmet use; 34 percent compared with 55 percent nationally in no-law states.

The report also pointed out that larger bikes seemed to be involved in more motorcycle crashes than earlier. The Department of





Highway Safety didn't point out, though, that large bikes (over 749cc) had continued to capture an ever larger market share, up to 33 percent compared with 28 percent of the total road market, according to the Motorcycle Industry Council.

"AMA congratulates the Utah Department of Highway Safety for one of the most detailed and conscientious safety studies in America," said Winn, legislative analyst. "The statement in the Introduction section says it all: 'Utah has chosen to approach the motorcycle safety problem from a different perspective — different in the sense that it implies an educational and preventative approach to motorcycle safety.' ... — from AMA Action, Box 141, Westerville, Ohio 43081."

JERSEY HELMET REPEALS

There are two active bills for repeal of the mandatory helmet law. They are A233 by Assemblymen Markert, Visolcky, and Kosco, and S312 by Senators Dodd and Hagedorn.

Both these bills are ready to move, and we feel they can pass if the bike riders get behind them. Sending letters and telegrams is a very effective means of swaying legislators' votes, but even more is needed. There are 80 assemblymen and 40 senators, and we would like to visit most of them personally. Right now this is impossible, due to lack of manpower. We have over 1500 members, yet only about half a dozen are willing to take an active part in our legislative battles. We need more help. We need you.

Many people feel intimidated by authority and are reluctant to meet with their elected representatives. There's no need to feel this way. Legislators have a responsibility to communicate with their constituents, and are generally happy to do so.

If you would like to meet with your local legislator, drop us a line and we will brief you on helmet law, noise standards, and other issues confronting cyclists. We will also be having an officers' meeting soon, and if you'd like to get involved, let

us know and we'll invite you to the meeting. — from the Jersey Motorcycle Assn., Inc., P.O. Box 362, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621.



SURVEY ON FIREARMS SALES

National: Should firearms dealers be allowed to make sales at gun shows? That's the question being pondered by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, and they want your opinion.

Under current rules, licensed firearms dealers are allowed to make sales only at their permanent premises. Sales are not permitted at temporary locations, thus ruling out sales at gun shows.

The proposed change would allow sales at organized shows by licensed dealers operating in the same state as the show.

The bureau is trying to determine: if there is sufficient interest in this change; what the impact of the change would be on firearms commerce; sponsorship of sales; state and local laws; and whether such a change would increase opportunities for criminals to obtain firearms.

If you have something to say, send all letters to the Director, Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, P.O. Box 385, Washington, D.C., 20044, Attn.: Chief, Regulations and Procedures Division.

WISCONSIN HELMET FACTS

After one season of 'free motorcycling' (no helmet law) in Wisconsin, the chief of the Accident Data Section for the Wisconsin Department of Motor Vehicles has reported to the press what motorcyclists have known all along.

"Helmets do no good and haven't in ten years" the report in the BBA newsletter states. And the official report from the Dept. of Motor Vehicles also clearly spelled out that the ratio of deaths from head injuries remained about the same in regard to cycles registered in the "Cheese Eating state."

SOUTH DAKOTA CLUBS, BEWARE

Motorcycle gang activities in Rapid City and Sioux Falls have been the center of a regional investigation by the FBI the past few months.

Special Agent in Charge Ted Gardner, Minneapolis, said the investigation is part of a nationwide effort.

Motorcycle gangs, especially the "Bandidos," have been investigated throughout the country since the

May 1979 assassination of U.S. District Judge John Wood Jr., who was hearing drug traffic cases in which some gang members were suspect.

Authorities characterize their South Dakota activity as mostly intelligence gathering and surveillance, but some Rapid City bikers fear being labeled informants for just being questioned.

Don Licht, state director of the Division of Criminal Investigation, said the effort to gather "intelligence" on motorcycle gangs is statewide and involves many local law enforcement agencies.

A federal bill introduced last month would create a "federal strike force" and a program in each United States judicial district to investigate and prosecute crimes committed by members of outlaw motorcycle gangs.

Rep. James Abdnor, a sponsor of the bill, is hearing from South Dakota motorcyclists who are concerned that their club might be considered an "outlaw motorcycle gang" not defined by the bill.

A spokesman for Abdnor said objections to the bill may necessitate changes in the language to define what constitutes an "outlaw motorcycle gang."

—Continued on page 112

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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



It is National Abate's goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory motorcycle laws. It is also National Abate's goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization. National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast. National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.

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

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

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

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

SHIV SPORTS



On a warm, chilly evening after being bitten by a rabid but friendly dobie, blood gushing from the minor wound, a buddy of mine was befriended by a big, tall stump of a man under the cold, comforting street lights. It was four in the morning.

Gimp, my partner, was shoved a bent quarter and told to flip it. The wiry dude stepped back and said in a somewhat deep, squeaky voice, "Heads," as the new nickel spun in darkness to the asphalt. Instinctively, they both bent to see the results on the dull penny.

Quickly the fat man stepped back. "You lose," he muttered as he reached into his trench coat and, straining, withdrew a pen knife. It snapped open. His arm drew back. He lunged.

STRETCH

A not so dangerous — but could be — awkward sport. You and your opponent stand facing each other. Taking turns, each player flips the blade at either of his opponent's feet, within a twelve-inch limit directly to the outside of the chosen foot. If your throw sticks in the ground securely, within that twelve inches from your partner's foot, he must move his gunboat to the outside until it touches the cold blade. Then it's his turn to throw.

The idea of the game is to make your opponent stretch his legs apart until he can no longer stand or reach the knife.

FINGERS

For the man who doesn't need ten. This is a game for the cold-hearted, the cold-blooded, nimble-fingered — nut. Spread the fingers of one hand out as far as they will go. Your partner does the same. Then at the same time you both start stabbing the knife between your precious digits, alternating between fingers, then starting over again. Have a judge do the counting. The counting should increase in cadence until someone gets cut. The uncut player wins.

REAL ESTATE

Now we move into a game that could do some damage. It's an increasingly popular territorial game.

A guy could lose use of a foot, sever connection with a minor toe, break his neck, fracture an arm, and truly enjoy the risk of the previously mentioned injuries.

Mark off two equal, adjacent territories. Stand facing as far apart as possible and throw your knives at each other. Not exactly, but one opponent tosses the swift dagger into the other's territory. A line extended from the sharp blade divides the opponent's property in two, and the owner must choose which chunk of earth he wants to stand in. Then it's the other guy's turn. If the blade doesn't stick, you lose your turn.

So the property dwindles with each successful fling until the shank comes so close to one opponent that he leaps from his remaining land, or loses balance on his eroding property — or finds himself unable to stand on one big toe and continue the game. As the valuable territory dwindles, the knife comes searing through the thin air precariously closer and closer to the foot — keep that in mind. How many beers has your opponent downed?

SPLITTING

Check to see how big your balls are by playing "Splitting." Take a knife, not a sharp knife, and flick that shiny blade between your legs. Let it sail into the earth as close to your bare feet (I suppose you can wear boots) as possible. Move your foot against that cold steel blade flickering unmercifully in the glaring sun. Toss it again deliberately in the

The slick steel blade stuck neatly in the Gimp's chest. All that weird gentleman said was, "My turn to flip the coin."

It was an experience that turned the Gimp's mind. As a tribute to the Gimp, who is still resting, we're doin' this report on the most confusing question we've ever asked: "Hey, you wouldn't know anything about knife games, would you?"

We obtained a number of varied answers. And below you'll find some of the most diversified and bizarre descriptions known to this mountain pub pack of motorcycle people. Get well soon, Gimp. There are more slicing, shivering, shiv sports shimmering off sharp steel slashers than senses can simulate.

direction of one of your valuable feet, and see just how many times you can successfully cause that slick blade to split the earth like warm meat without doing the same to your delicate feet. Move the closest foot apprehensively to the blade with each stick.

Better practice.

TWO BLADES

A game for lightweights. Take a two-bladed pocket knife, open the largest blade to its fully-extended stick 'em position, open the smaller, minor-wound blade only 90°. Then stick the smaller rusty blade in a soft surface — no, jerk, *not* your sweetie's belly! The knife should form a capital T now. If it doesn't, smoke another bongful and read the entire article over again. Then, placing a few uncut fingertips under the handle of the knife, flip it upward quickly. If your surviving digits are close to the blade, the dull edge may trim your fingernails.

You get a shot at flicking the blade out of its mounting; then it's your partner's turn. You score the game by the way it sticks. If it doesn't stick, you've got yourself no points. If one blade sticks, you get one point, etc.

FLINCH

Last but not least — flinch. Extend your bare foot (show class) and let your opponent throw the biggest, sharpest blade he can find directly at it. If you flinch — you lose.
—Stick

Tech Tip

All right, ya got your sled unlocked from the telephone pole. The six-pack inside your jacket is gettin' warm and the pint of Jack Black in the hip pocket is missin' a couple of fingers. The cute blonde honey at your back is just dyin' for a ride to wherever. As the motor sits there idlin' on about a quarter choke, ya reach for the light switch for a glow so ya can roll one for the road. After tryin' that, ya go fer the high-beam switch — nuthin'. Ya finally realize that your headlight has gone south. Just fuckin' great, not bein' in the area of a 24-hour Harley shop, if there is one; ya may want to run the risk of no front lamp. Most cops will not take to this type of performance and want you to carry slips of yellow paper to show you the right way. In addition, citizens crave runnin' over lightless scooters — it's fuckin' dangerous.

If you happen to run a 12-volt system, you're halfway home. And if you're ridin' a Sportster or a Super glide, or even runnin' a Bates-style light with a sealed beam, help might not be farther than the nearest parkin' lot. It just so happens that most automobiles fitted with four headlights have some parts in common with H-Ds. This common part is the outside headlights. Now, only the two outside lights will work, 'cause they are the only ones with both high and low beam.

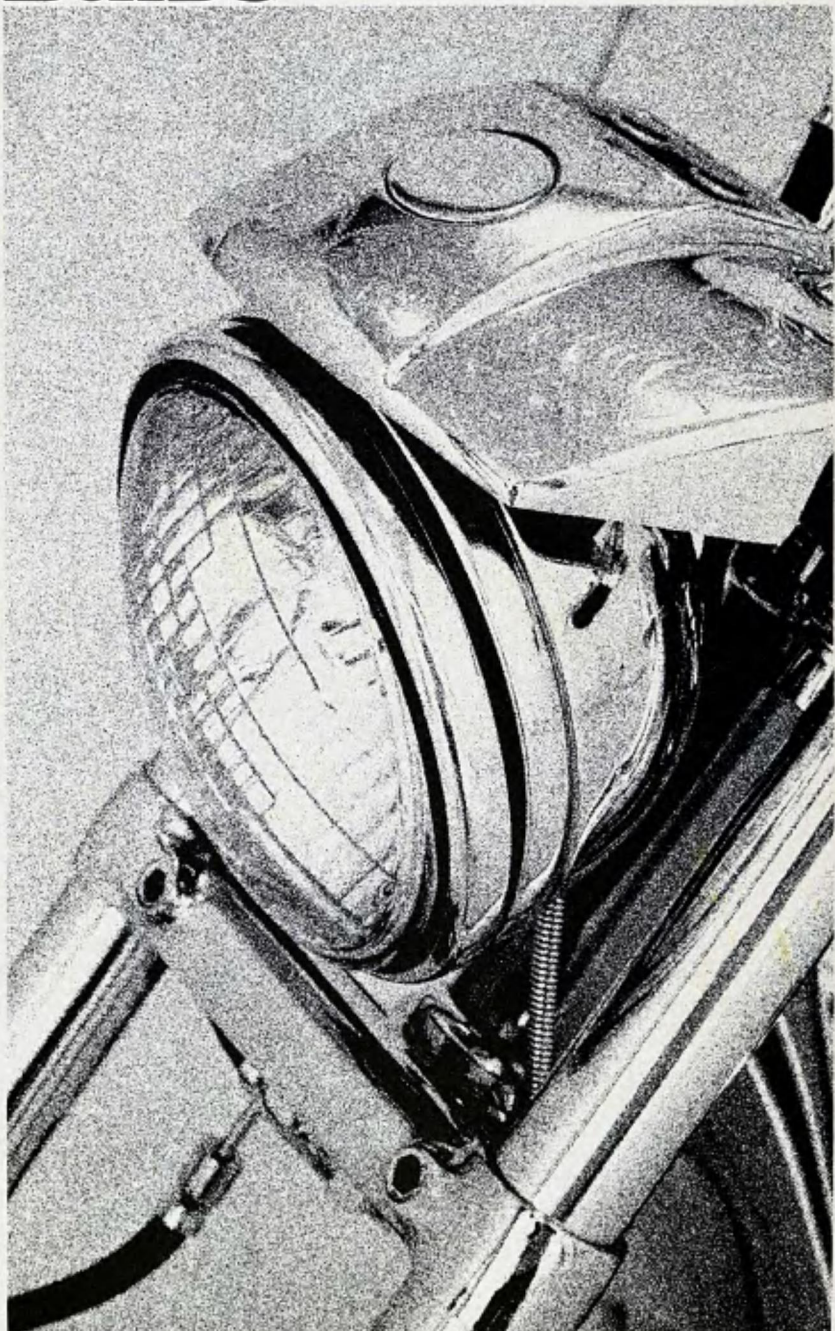
My first auto parts bulb came from a '67 Chevy, but don't think import cars are special; my present bulb is from a Datsun pickup. The local Harley shop wants about six or seven bucks each for a new sealed-beam. At the auto parts store, the same replacement bulb is only \$4.50. Whenever I find a couple of extra soda bottles, I run by the parts store and pick up a spare. Weed is always losin' his lights at my spot. It's generally listed as headlamp number 4000, which replaces 4002. Either one will do the job.

In the Bates-style light there is a metal ring that centers the bulb in the metal housing. This metal ring is notched once for a locating stud that is part of the glass bulb itself. The sealed beam that comes with the Bates light has only one of these locating studs. Automotive sealed beams have two or three of the studs, so if you change to an automotive type of sealed beam in your Bates light, you'll have to cut one or more notches in the metal locating ring. A pair of dikes, pliers, or scissors is all you would need.

The first year I tried this, I had a bad regulator an' went through nine sealed-beams in one fuckin' week.

—Wrench

Low Buck Headlight Bulbs



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Virgo

Virgos appear to be a taste bashful, but don't let that cool, calm exterior fool your ass. There's a method to their madness. Let someone try to put something over on a Virgo—that'll be his first and last mistake. Might as well bend over an' bear it, 'cause Virgo will have him by the balls. Virgos are natural-born critics—and what's worse, they are usually right. Furthermore, they are aware of their faults—but don't expect a copout. Virgos can be fussy and picky over the most trivial crap. But if you point out a Virgo's mistakes, he'll be a perfect asshole about it.

Virgo is the sign of the virgin (if that means they haven't been corn-holed in the armpit!). Don't take the symbolism too seriously. In reality, Virgos are very hot-to-trot numbers who bed-hop, but with discretion. They can be nasty-nice and picky about who they poke and stroke. If ya haven't douched for years or have fungus of the bungs, forget about a piece of tail from a Virgo. They can be downright clinical in the sack.

Most Virgos are mechanically inclined and notice the smallest details. I don't know whether Mr. Harley and Mr. Davidson were Virgos, but Henry Ford was.

Some sexy Virgos are James Connery and Sophia Loren. Famous

intellectual Virgos include H. G. Wells and John Lennon.

Most Virgos' medicine cabinets are chock-full of all sorts of goodies, from hemorrhoid gunk to halucinogenics. (And as long as they don't get the two confused, everything will be okay.) They tend to be either health nuts or hypochondriacs and usually take extra-special care of their health. And then there are those who burp, belch, and fart their way through life.

Virgos tend to be logical, methodical, and just too damn perfect. Sometimes their brains overload their balls. If they'd come down to earth more often, they'd get a lot more ass! 'Course, if the ass isn't loaded with class, Virgo would rather wake up sticking to

the sheets. (Remember, Virgo, dumping your load alone can get lonely.)

Virgos are practical, reliable workers, who are quick and thorough. They make great supervisors because nothing escapes their eagle-eye scouting.

Virgos are also discriminating when it comes to placing their loyalty. So, value your Virgo lover or bro, 'cause he'll stick to you like Krazy Glue. (That is, if you loosen him up enough to find out—he isn't always such a picky pain in the ass!) Virgos are really reliable and can be counted on when the shit hits the fan. So, if ya got a Virgo, hold on to him (or her)—just make sure your hands are clean.

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

If last month knocked you to your knees, you'll still have to crawl around a while longer. This month is another intense mutha. The last thing ya wanna do is drown yer sorrows in drugs. Stick to the brew, or some good smoke. Your nervous system may not tolerate a wild mixture of gorilla biscuits now. Toward mid-month, you'll be able to pull yer dick outta the dirt. Hang in there and hide yer wallet.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

You can push mindfucks under the bed now and kick back a while. Getting a face fulla wind should be top priority now. Your bed partner and bro should be layin' some well-deserved compliments and hands on ya—past goodies an' favors come back double. Be ready for the red-carpet treatment. Even bullshit on the job won't dampen your spirits. 'Course, a dose will do it, so don't push yer luck too far!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

Those between-the-sheets promises could have you runnin' fer cover. Don't mistake bein' in heat for bein' in love, or you'll wind up between the sheets an' the shits! Be double-careful where an' who ya party with—or ya could wake up an' find you've been royally ripped off. Furthermore, it won't be easy to flush the light-fingered fucker out, either. Button up your lips and keep a tight fist on yer valuables.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Best double up on yer vitamins 'cause you're in for a high-gear month. Yer brain's liable to over-amp and boggle the heavyweights (not to mention the lightweights) around ya. Really, you're a regular Mr. Wizard now. And some of those nutcracking ideas are worth storing away for future use. Keep the salable ones to yourself. Polish up the ol' charm—you're in for some crotch-hoppin'.

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

Any legal hassles or financial problems should turn out in your favor. In fact, ya got a great chance fer some type of settlement, if it's in process now. Gettin' the bucks is one thing, but holdin' on to 'em is another thing altogether. It's a fucked time fer investments, so wait a few months—no matter how great the deal sounds. Use caution in daily trippin' this month 'cause you're accident-prone and yer temper's shaky.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

Happy Birthday, baby! Lucky you—this period marks the start of a three-to-four-month advantageous cycle. You're on top in the missionary position! You can shoot yer best shot an' be right on target—even in the dark, under the sheets, or side-saddle. Increased responsibilities won't even bum ya out. It's time for expanding your job potential, as well as the rise between your thighs. Enjoy!

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

Woe is me—no, woe is you! Yer ol' lady may become frigid, yer dog may take a crap on yer only Levi's, and ya may lose yer stash. Other than that, it's a good one—that is, if you enjoy premature ejaculation, wet farts, and hair in yer food (not pie). Yer scoot could break down before ya get it out the garage door—or ya could run over the neighbor's prized pussy! Otherwise, it's a good one!

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

Encounters of the third kind could mean a hot threesome fer ya! You lusty devils are lappin' the cream of the crop now; however, in this case, the whole trip may curdle on yer tongue. So, stay clear of dangerous situations involvin' emotional flare-ups. Focus yer energies on tried an' true-blue personal endeavors, job, or financial gains. Your goodies are up fer grabs, so keep 'em in a safe hole.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

Mind-boggles an' bum trips are peterin' out fer the remainder of the year. You'll be able to make real headway in most areas with minimum effort. This leaves ya more boogie-down time—an' you're a real social butterfly. (Butterfly?) Fuck it, ya get the picture, an' it's lookin' good. The only fly in the pie could come from overindulgence. So, if you're gettin' a blubber belly an' can't see yer knockwurst, lighten up before ya lose sight of yer toes, too!

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

VIPs are drawn to yer sweet ass like filin's to a magnet. Get off yer duff an' bust yer buns to take advantage of a juicy opportunity or two. Minor mindfucks now turn out to be blessings in disguise later on. Seriously, if you've got an angle to dangle, this is prime time for presentin' it to those high-rollers ya bump rumps with. Just take care an' don't overplay yer hand 'cause opportunity's door swings both ways.

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

This is one of those lust-at-first-sight times—an' it's gonna be hot an' juicy! Don't let anyone pull the wool over yer eyes or seduce ya with promises. The horny honks could block out the truth about an investment, so don't mix fucks with bucks. Keep the thighs an' lies apart, or ya'll wish ya'd listened to me—an' I won't be there to hold yer hand while ya cry in yer beer. Don't be distracted from important goals.

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

There's nothin' on the agenda to write home about! The accent is on trivial matters—an' it's time to tie up loose ends and clear up pending minor rumors. (Unless you're spreadin'!) Spend yer leisure time wearin' a trail to yer favorite piece of tail. Maybe you should shine on everything, grab a bedroll (an' partner to go with it), and get in the wind for a while. Don't worry about the petty shit—it'll keep till ya get back!

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

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DOWNTIME

by Austin Animal

About a week ago, and against my better judgment, I got buffaloeed into going along with a few members of the editorial staff to shoot a photo feature in Arizona. The trip was the brainstorm of the editor himself (Jerry Lee Pud) and he rounded up a couple of his assistants and me for the long ride through the desert. We took the Cub's truck, which meant we listened to the Cub's music — a nonstop assault on the ears by the likes of the Pretenders, Pink Floyd, and Elvis Costello. The photo feature was a fiasco but if nothing else the long miles on the road served to strengthen my conviction that much of today's rock is bullshit — garbled, pretentious lyrics howled over sterile, synthetic music. I'd like to hope that we're just experiencing one of those periodic slumps in rock and that there's hope for a turnaround. In the meantime, country music, while not altogether free of its own brand of bullshit, is offering up something real — lyrics about people and living, not about head games and identity crises. The Cub will give me all kinds of grief when he reads this, but before the shitstorm hits, let me turn you on to a couple of good c-w albums.

Whiskey Bent And Hell Bound/Hank Williams, Jr. I still run into people who haven't gotten into Hank Williams, Jr., because they assume he's still doing the kind of stuff they heard ten years ago. They remember Hank Jr.'s seemingly endless efforts to come to grips with being the son of a legend and the weary music that resulted. Well, for the benefit of the few who still don't know, Hank Jr. got it together a few albums back and this one is his best yet — a dynamite collection of great material and live-wire performances.

A couple of the tunes from this album hit the charts almost as soon as it was released — "Whiskey Bent And Hell Bound" and "Women I've Never Had." The title cut is a true-to-life barroom tale of the bottle: *I've got a good woman at home/Thinks I can do no wrong./But sometimes she ain't always around./Lord, that's when I fall, I can't help myself at all./And I get whiskey bent and hell bound.* Hank wails this one with the convincing sound of one who's been there and who's still keeping up that ol' family tradition.

That same tradition provides the basis for several cuts, like "O.D.'d In Denver," wherein Hank admits he blew his chance at a foxy honey because he cranked it up too much, o.d.'d, and forgot her name. And one of the tunes, "Outlaw Women," is a tribute to the woman who can stand on her own two feet and maintain the tradition herself: *She works in the bank and she works in the store/And she don't go for that old stuff anymore./She likes to get high and listen to the band/And she likes to make love with her kind of man.*

Waylon Jennings joins Hank in "The Conversation," a tune that opens with Waylon's singing *Hank, let's talk about your daddy.* What follows is a whiskey-lubricated testimony to Hank Sr. that makes it clear his son has come to terms with the legend and himself. Hank Jr.'s power as a songwriter grows with each album, and this one contains some of the best music being written today, period. And if you've never seen Hank live, you may not be aware of his proficiency on a variety of instruments — this dude is good. Your money can't buy better country music than this, and I wouldn't be surprised if, like his dad, Hank Jr. is legend-bound himself.

The Way I Am/Merle Haggard. Hag is like a veteran, trusted scout — strong and reliable, always ready to deliver. I doubt that Merle could make a bad album if he tried. This new one isn't his best, but it's mighty good — another solid offering from the most consistent performer around.

The album leads off with the title cut, a tune penned by Sonny Throckmorton, one of the best young songwriters in the business. The song is vintage Hag material about being an individualist, but there's a twist this time — the singer admits that he doesn't enjoy his work and that the way of life he leads doesn't really suit him. Still,

for his own personal reasons, he chooses to continue in the same pattern — an individualist beneath a mask of conformity.

Hag wrote four of the album's eleven tunes. "No One To Sing For (But The Band)" recounts the story of a guy who's left his girlfriend and who (he believes) has been rejected by his family: *There's no one to sing for but the band./They always say I'm singin' grand./But if you listen close you'll understand/Why there's no one to sing for but the band.* This is a sad tune about a sad situation, but Hag does it in a fox-trot dance tempo that tends to work against the effectiveness of the lyrics. Other tunes by Merle are "Sky-Bo," a rather silly tale of a flying bum; "Life's Just Not The Way It Used To Be," an effective song about a man who's afraid he'll never regain the love he lost; and "Wake Up," sung to an angry woman who is pretending to sleep.



There's some nice guitar work on "Where Have You Been," a tune whose lyrics are directed at a person whose troubles have made him change and become different — and almost lose his friends: *Look around you, look at your friends/They're still out there, but where have you been?/You better get busy, start callin' 'em in./'Cause they still love you, but where have you been?* And Hag shows off his considerable talent for mimicry in "Take Me Back And Try Me One More Time" and "I'll Always Be Glad To Take You Back." Both tunes were written by Ernest Tubb, and Merle renders them back-to-back in his best Tubb imitation.

All in all, this album is a fine mixture of new country sounds and older traditional tunes. It's a must for Hag fans — and who isn't? Only



one thing keeps bugging me — on the album cover, why is Hag holding his cigarette between his middle and ring fingers?

But What Will The Neighbors Think/Rodney Crowell. A couple of years ago Rodney Crowell released his first album, *Ain't Living Long Like This*. The critics liked the record, but it sold like shit. In the time since then, Waylon Jennings had a hit with the title tune, and several other Crowell songs made the charts, most notably the Dirt Band's recording of "Voila, An American Dream." While Crowell has certainly established himself as a songwriter, he's still trying to attain similar success as a solo performer. (He logged over two years with Emmylou Harris's Hot Band.) This album might do it for him.

Crowell's second release is less country-oriented than the first, as can be heard in tunes like "Here Come The 80s" (which sounds like Rod's been going back and listening to "Subterranean Homesick Blues" for his model), "Ain't No Money," and "Oh, What A Feeling." There's a funny but doubtless realistic treatment of the rigors and dangers of the music business in "It's Only Rock 'N' Roll" (not to be confused with the Stones tune of the same title). Crowell has seen the fast-lane frenzy, and the song's tiger-by-the-tail theme is well handled. And the country flavor is still to be found in cuts like "Ashes By Now" and "Heartbroke."

This isn't a perfect album — there's a sameness about Crowell's sound, and some of the lyrics occasionally dip to the trite or banal. But there's still a lot of good music here. Crowell is on tour as this is being written, so he seems determined to establish himself as more than a songwriter only. We'll be hearing a lot more of and by this talented Texas songwriter. ■



FOOT PRINTS

By B.B. Eiess

No one had seen him enter the dimly lit, rustic bar, known as Roy's Place, that sat just outside the city limits. He could have been sitting there for hours before anyone noticed him, or he might have come in quietly through the rear entrance to seat himself at a table, his back firmly pressed into that almost black corner of the room where the lights had been smashed out during last Saturday night's melee.

Roy's Place sat back from the main thoroughfare, sandwiched between the junkyard and the cemetery's high, overgrown-with-ivy wall. There were some old, boarded-up buildings out back—along with half a farmhouse, all that remained after a fire in which the occupants had died. There was a granary too, long unused, a small, one-room log structure the door of which was crisscrossed with half-finished log slabs held precariously in place with rusting spikes. Beyond were the trees, an impenetrable forest where few went by day, and no one ventured after dark.

Buck, named for his talent with the knife, was the first to notice the dark, bearded stranger. He nudged Marie, tossing his head toward the corner, and she in turn nudged her neighbor. The motion went along the crowded bar as if school children were playing "pass it on and don't return it." "Dead Skunk" reached a crescendo on the jukebox, then stopped, and the room was silent.

"Who the fuck's that?" Marie asked, speaking softly. "I didn't hear him ride up." Those at the bar murmured in a soft wave, repeating the question. The man in the corner

—Continued on page 101

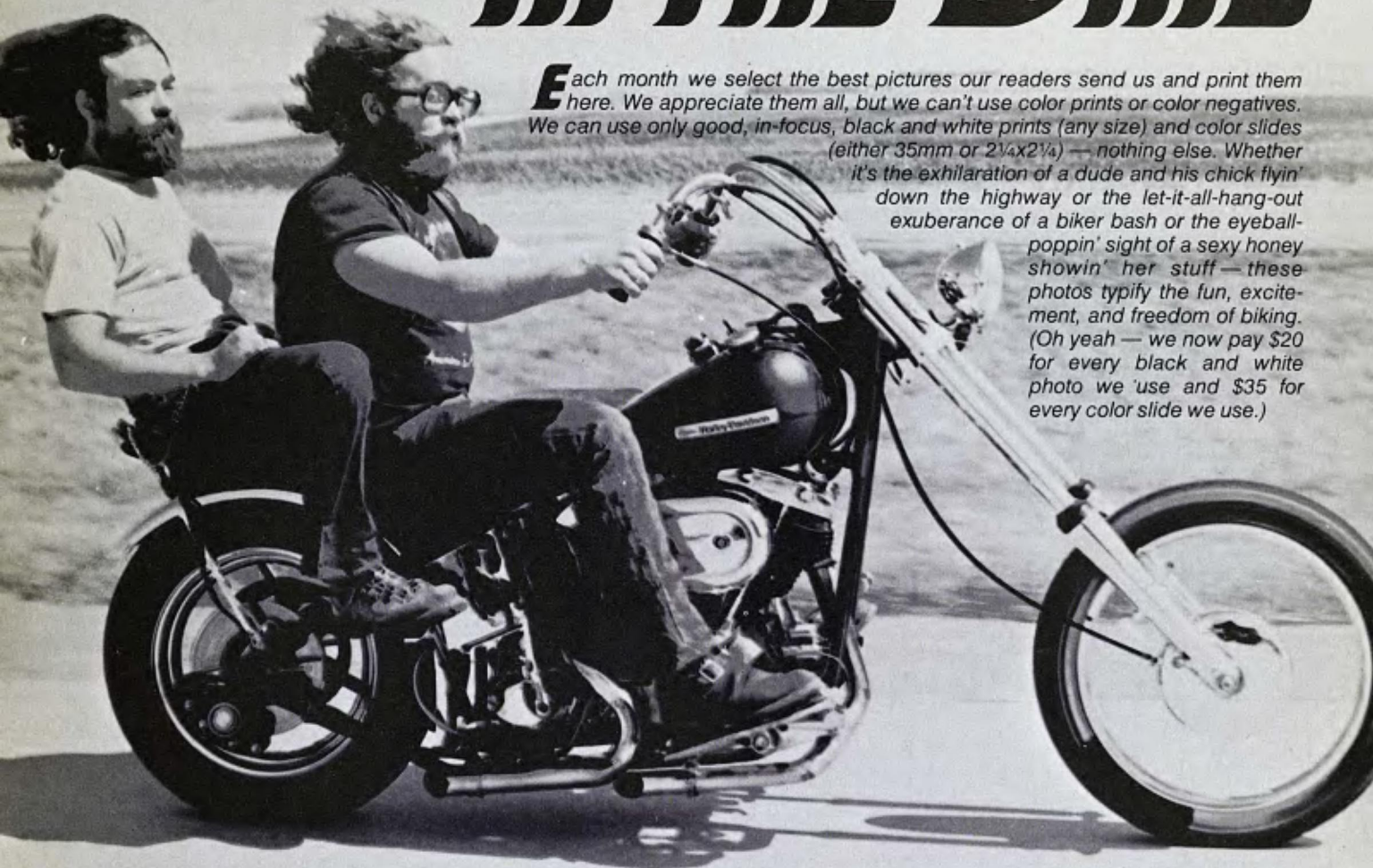




Illustration by Duffy Duggan

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.)

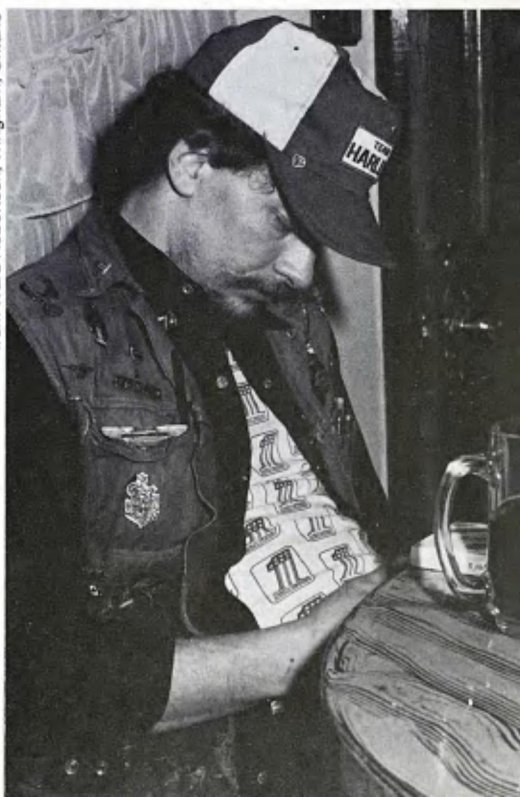


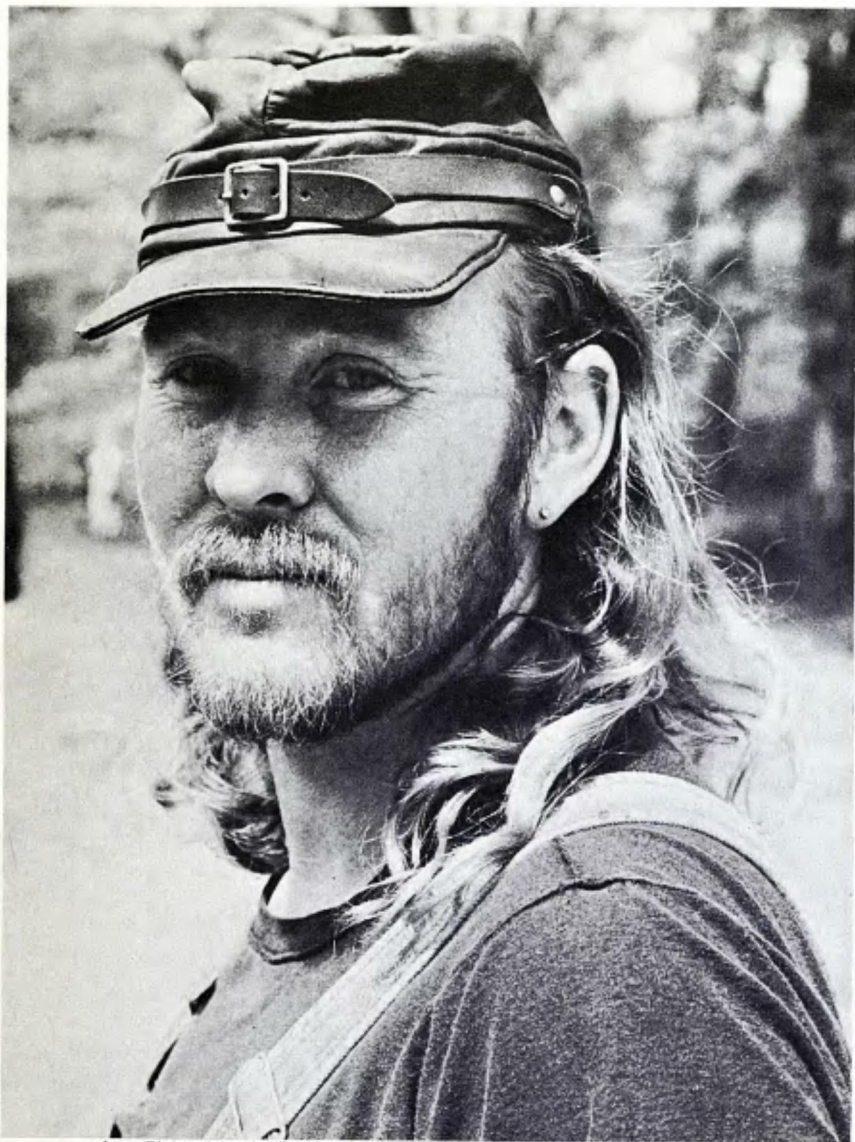
—from Gregory Vettel, Minot, N.D.



—from Juggy, Delawanna, N.J.

—from Ward Robertson, Wingham, Ontario





—from Richard, Louisville, Ky.



—from Paul Ortner, Austin, Tex.

—from Mike Pike, El Paso, Tex.



—from The Ort, Austin, Tex.



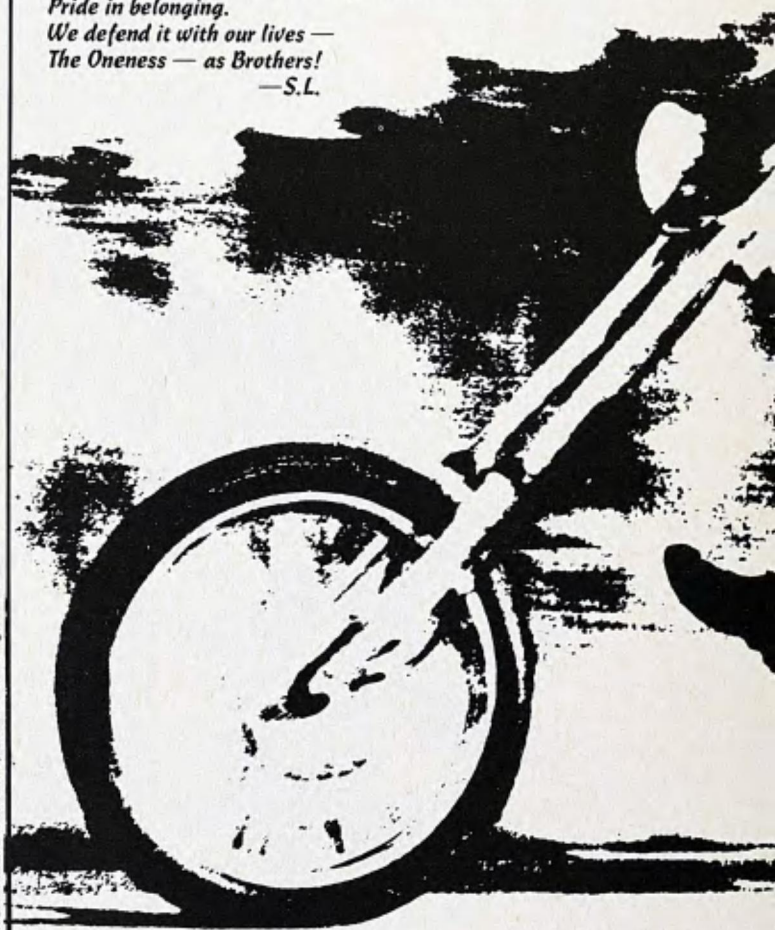


—from Ron Stone, Robinson, Ill.

Brothers

*You can feel it all around you, the oneness.
 Apart, we are just different people, all from separate and unique molds.
 But now, together, we ride as one being, completely aware of all;
 One mighty front to the dangers and the hassles;
 Closer than blood; honor and rightness between us;
 Pride in belonging.
 We defend it with our lives —
 The Oneness — as Brothers!*
 —S.L.

—from Andrew Midkiff, St. Petersburg, Fla.



—from Big T, Germantown, Wis.



—from David, Simi, Calif.

The Rider Mounts Up

*With what attentive courtesy he spread
His legs to mount his sled;
Not as a piss-ass conqueror who came
Commanding tire and frame,
But as a man with a loving lady might,
Wondering with delight
What small essential moves she'd never tried,
Before they started, he and she, to ride.*

— Bear Barrett

Biker Spring

*A winter's work — my toil is done.
Trees are budding, time for fun.*

*The motor's fresh, the skins are new,
Ready and waiting — just turn the screw.*

*Splitting lanes and jammin' fast,
Lady Luck, please make it last.*

*Dodging cages, losing the heat,
Cruising the bars, checking the meat.*

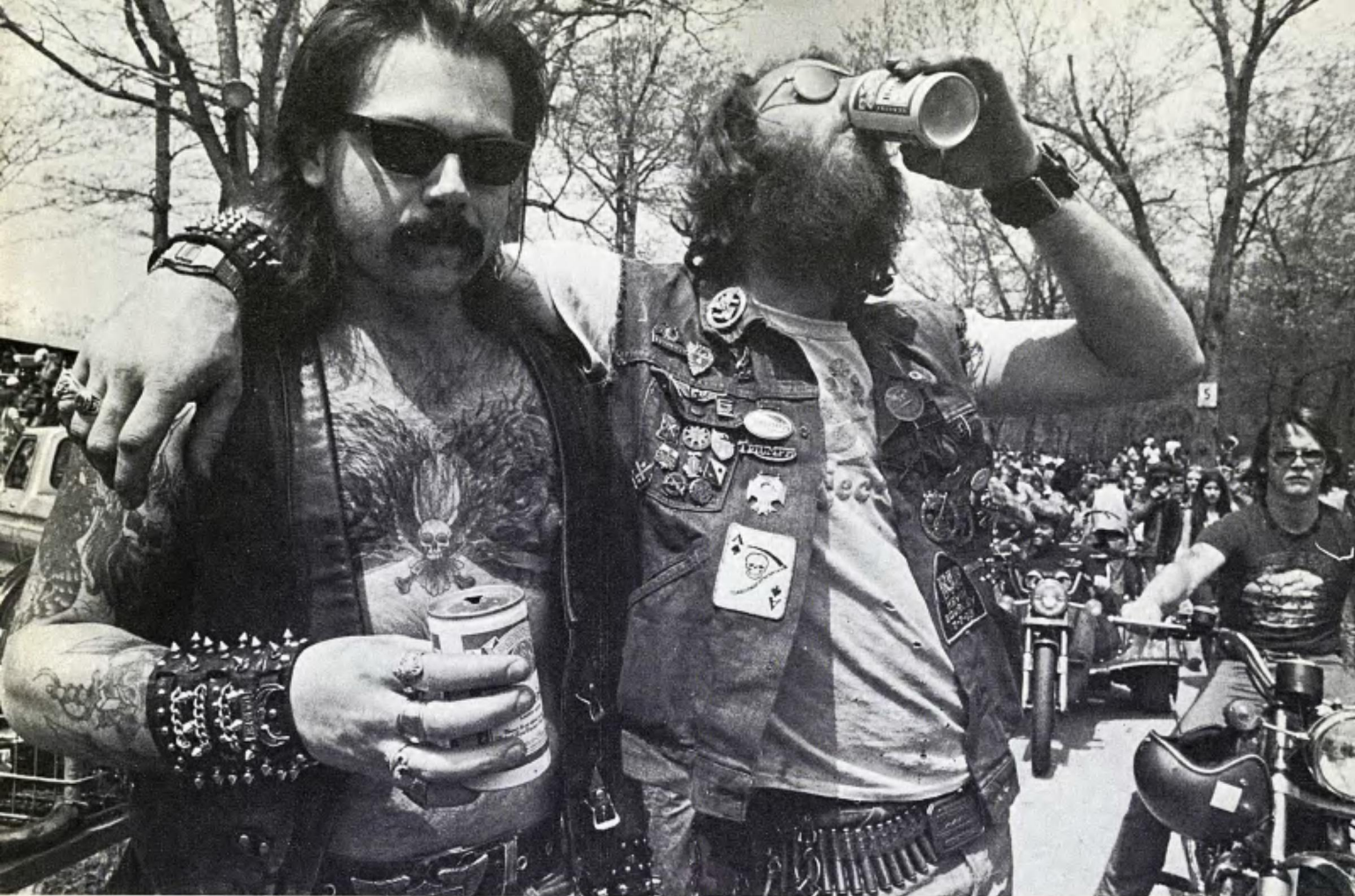
— Robert Arneson



—from Jordan, Burbank, Calif.

—from Mary Walters, Ellisville, Miss.



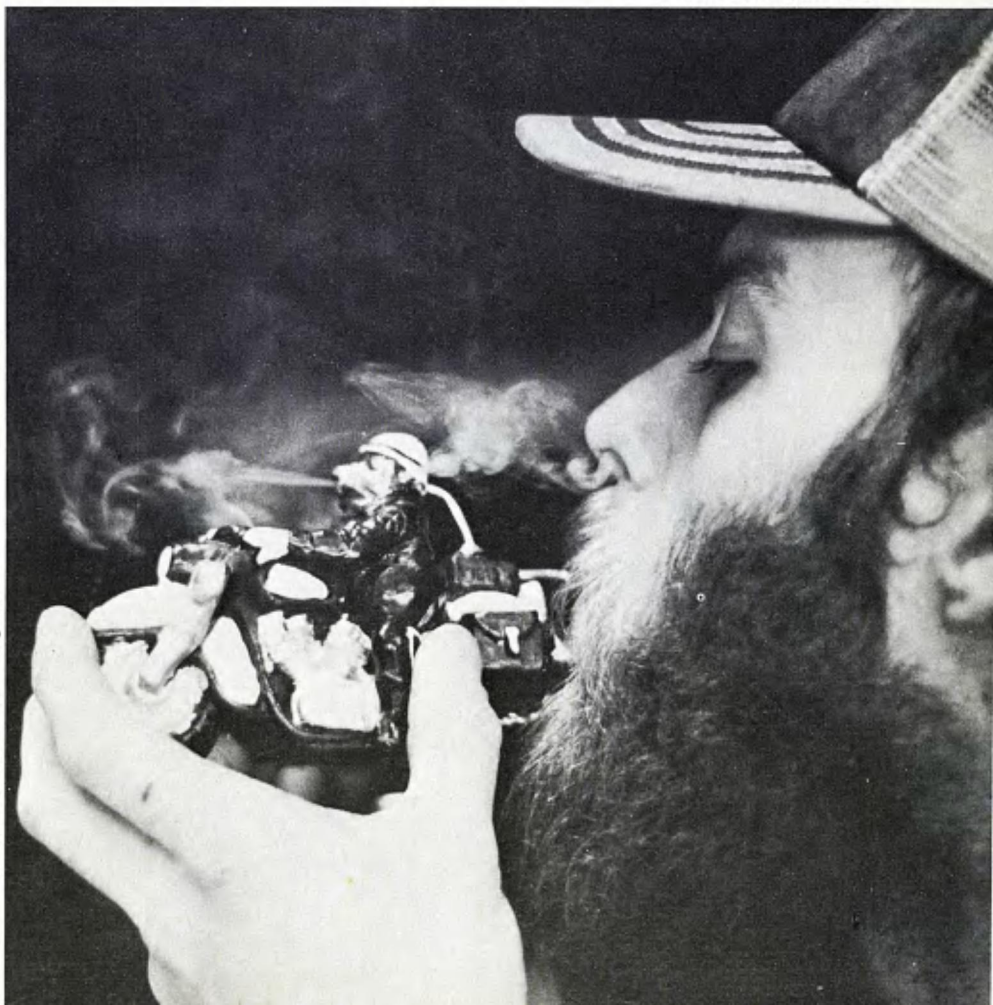


—from The Ort, Austin, Tex.

—from Ed, Westwood, N.J.



—from Paul Andreassen, Purling, N.Y.





—from Tripper, Atco, N.J.



—from S.K. Kromas, Granger, Tex.



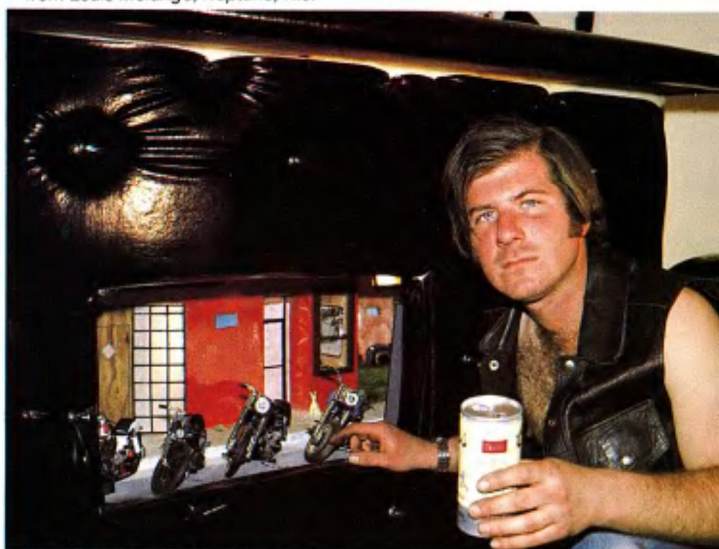
The Scoot

She sits in the kitchen,
Queen of the house,
Proud and gleaming,
Powerful and exciting,
Everything you've dreamed of.
The silver flashes in your eyes;
The wild call is in your face;
The volcano, quiet in your body,
waits to erupt in her roar.
I'd be jealous, I really should be,
But she makes you so happy.

— Spider Lady



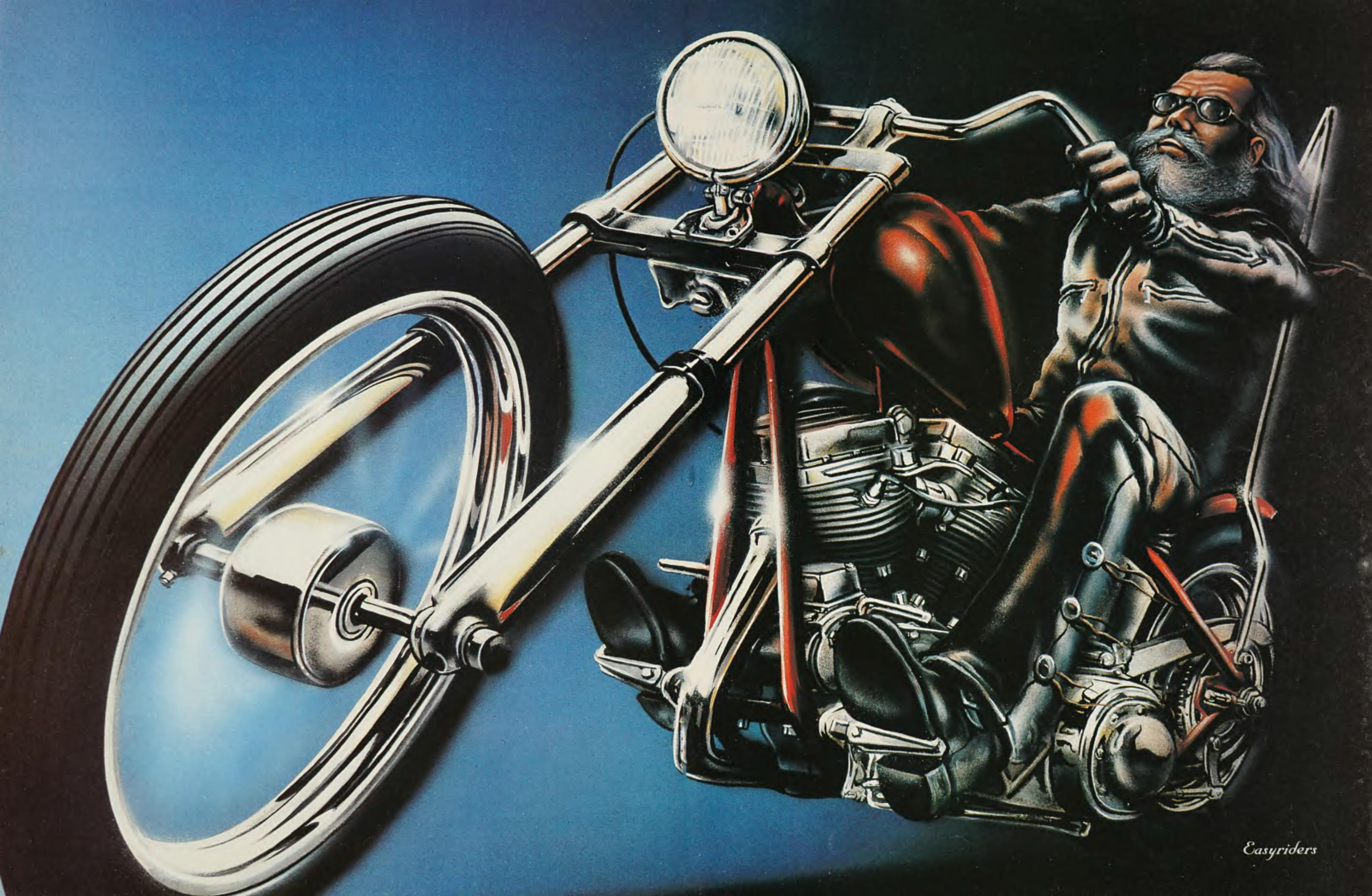
—from Louis Melango, Neptune, N.J.



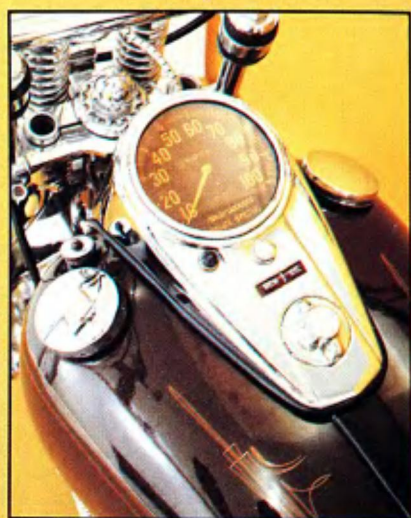
—from Mike Carroll, Cupertino, Calif.

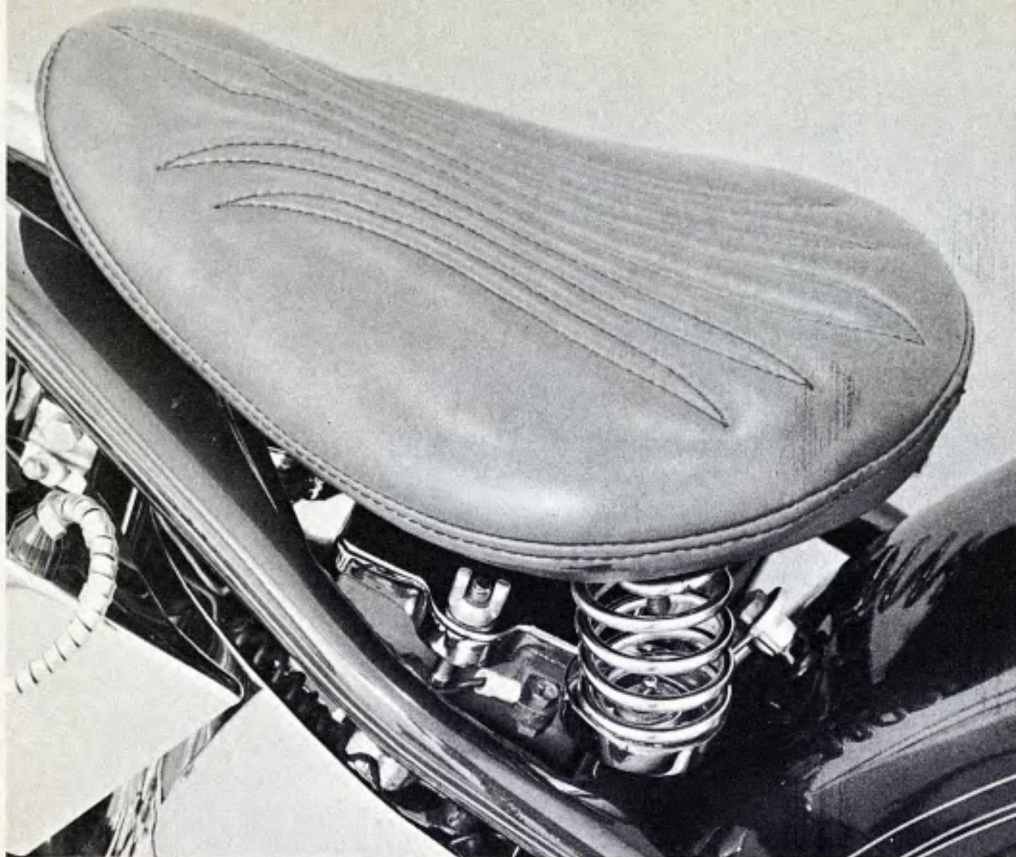


—from Randy Shere, MSP, Jefferson City, Mo.



BUMMER

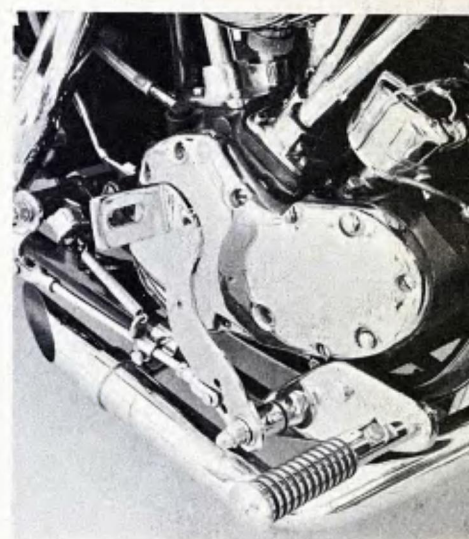
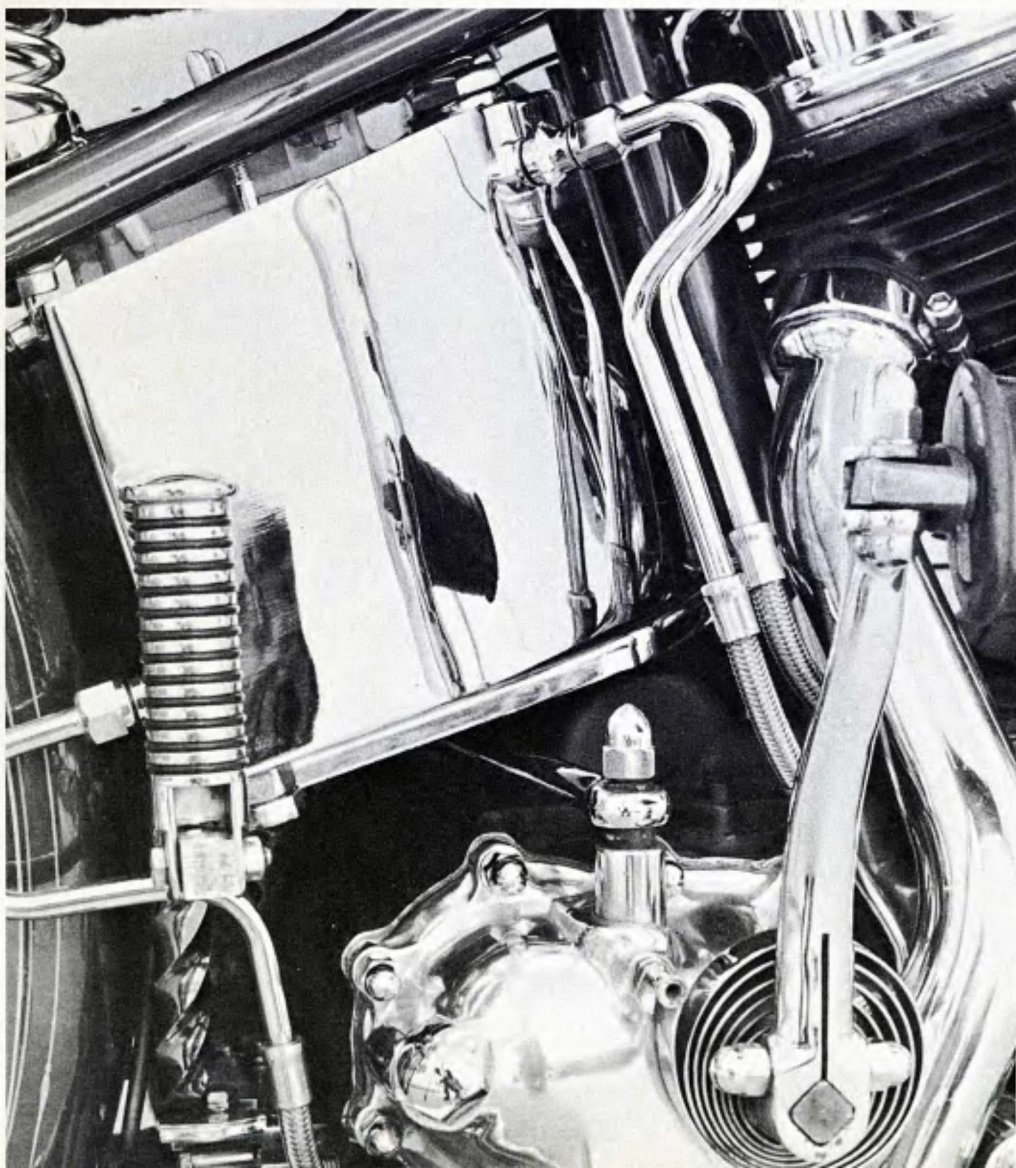




Shouldn't ever get good people down

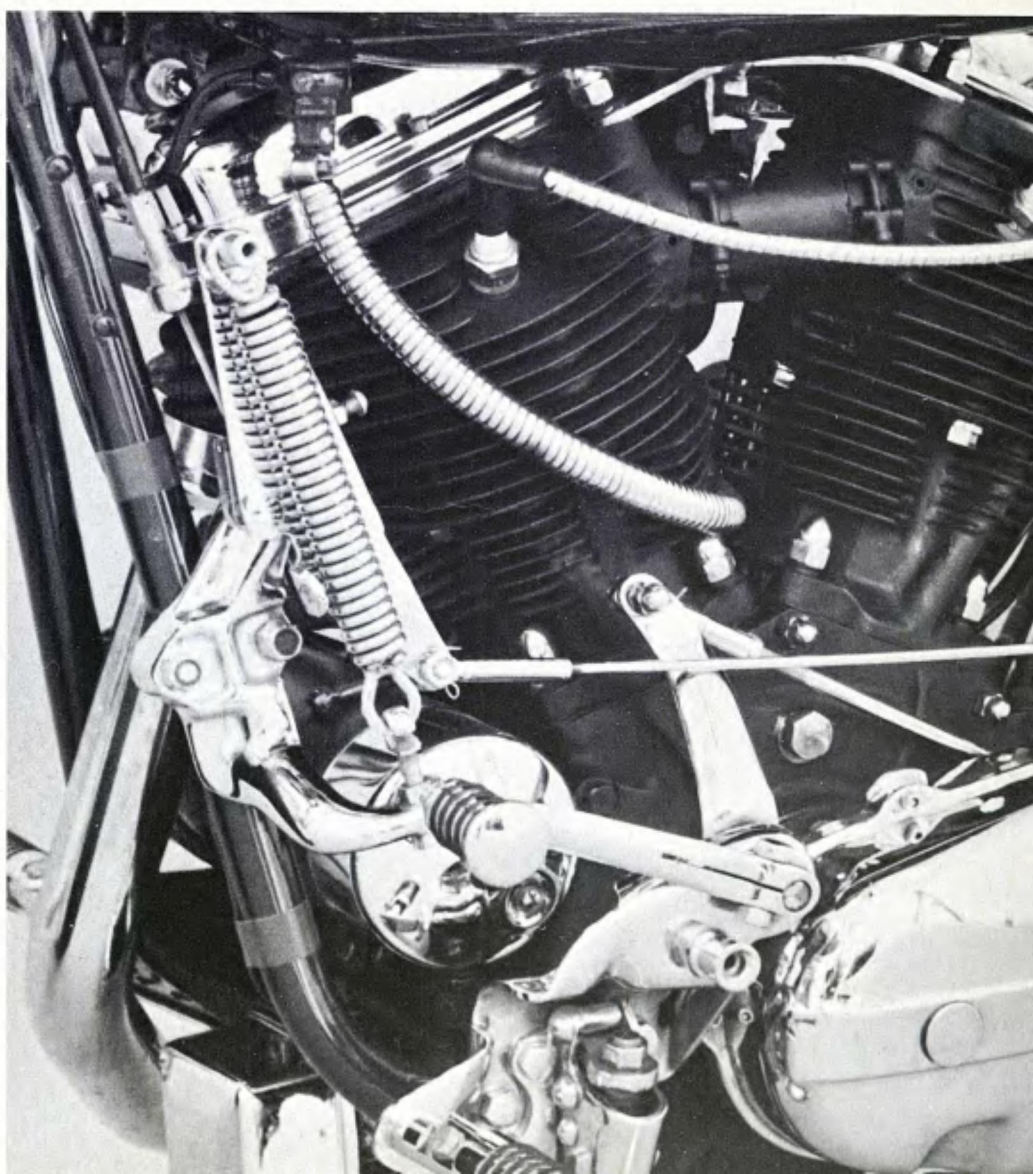
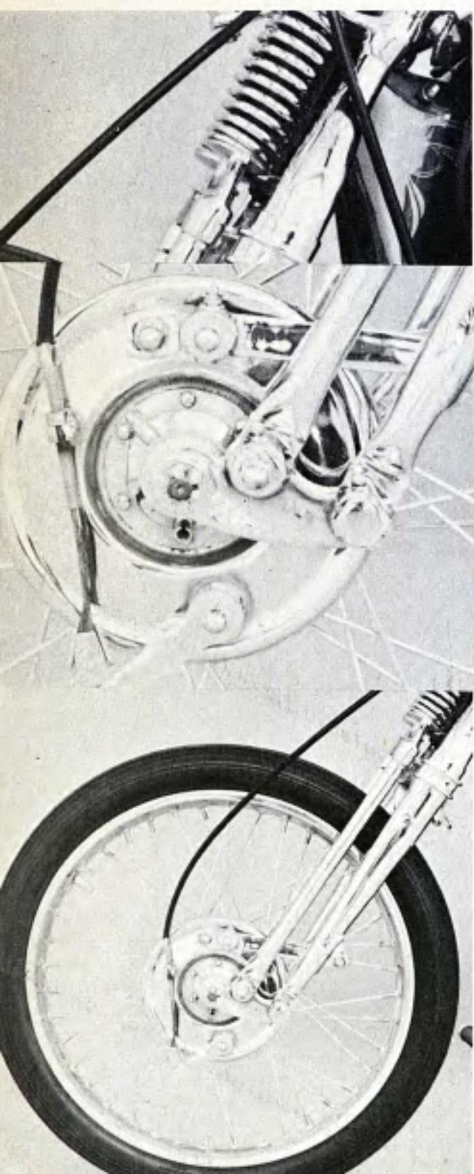
That's right, folks rap about bummers all the fuckin' time. It's like a plague of the Asian clap. Everybody wants to sit around for days and snivel about one burn after another. It's justification for bein' lazy. But if the truth (which might just ruin that down mood created by a good snivel) were told, that manifested mung of meaningless madness might be minuscule meanderings.

In other words, if the bros sittin' around on milk crates



cryin' over the warm puddle of oil formin' under their bro's bike hit the tool box with just a taste of zeal, instead of hittin' the shitcan with another empty, a bro might just get back in the wind quick.

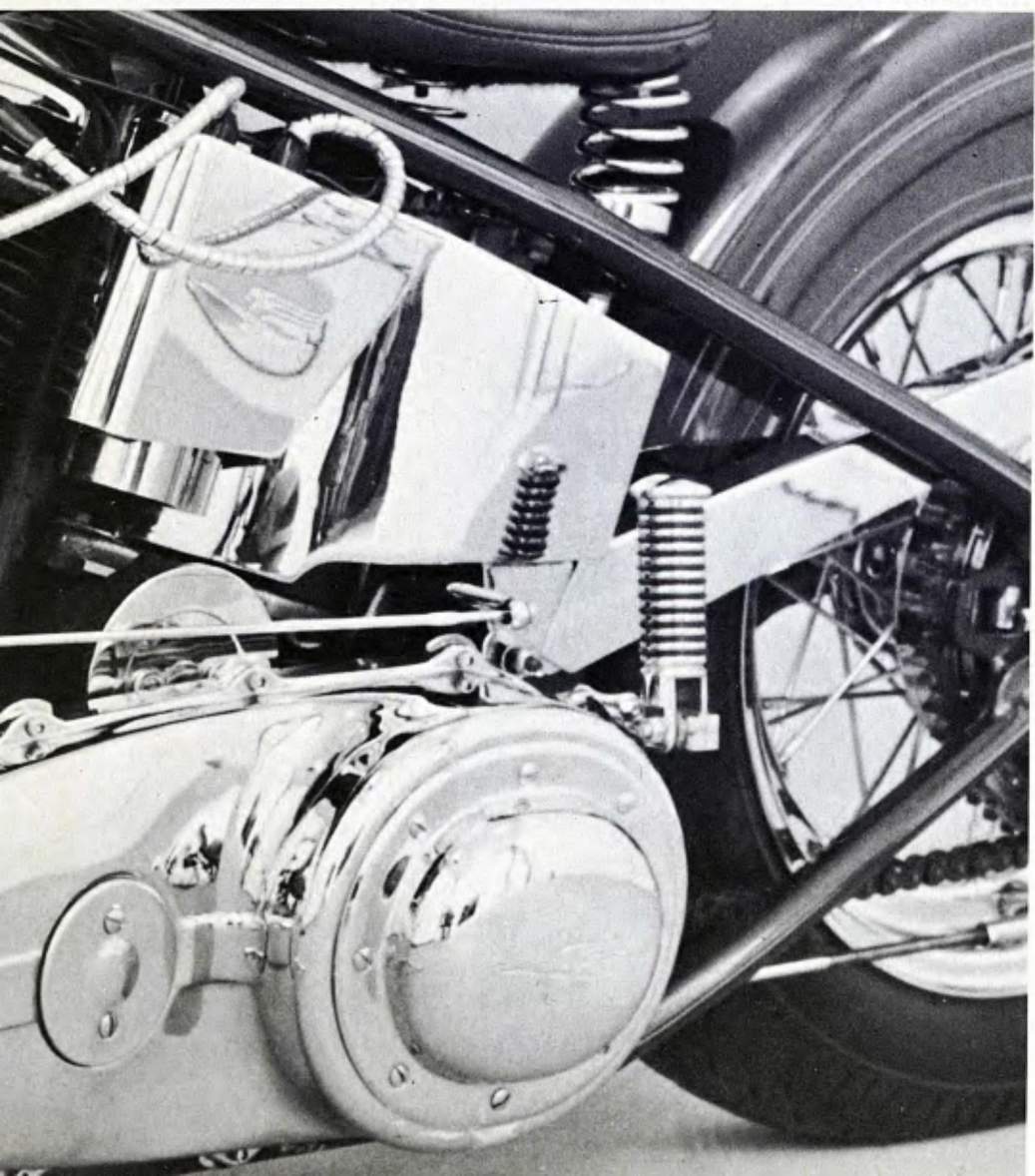
Frank did it. No shit, Frank stumbled into his garage one dismal mornin' to find that all the fancy parts he'd been accumulatin' for his new putt were history, gone with the wind — ripped off. He had saved every priceless (or





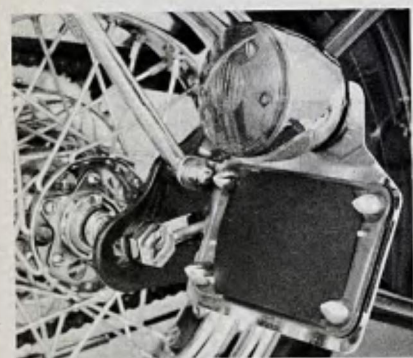
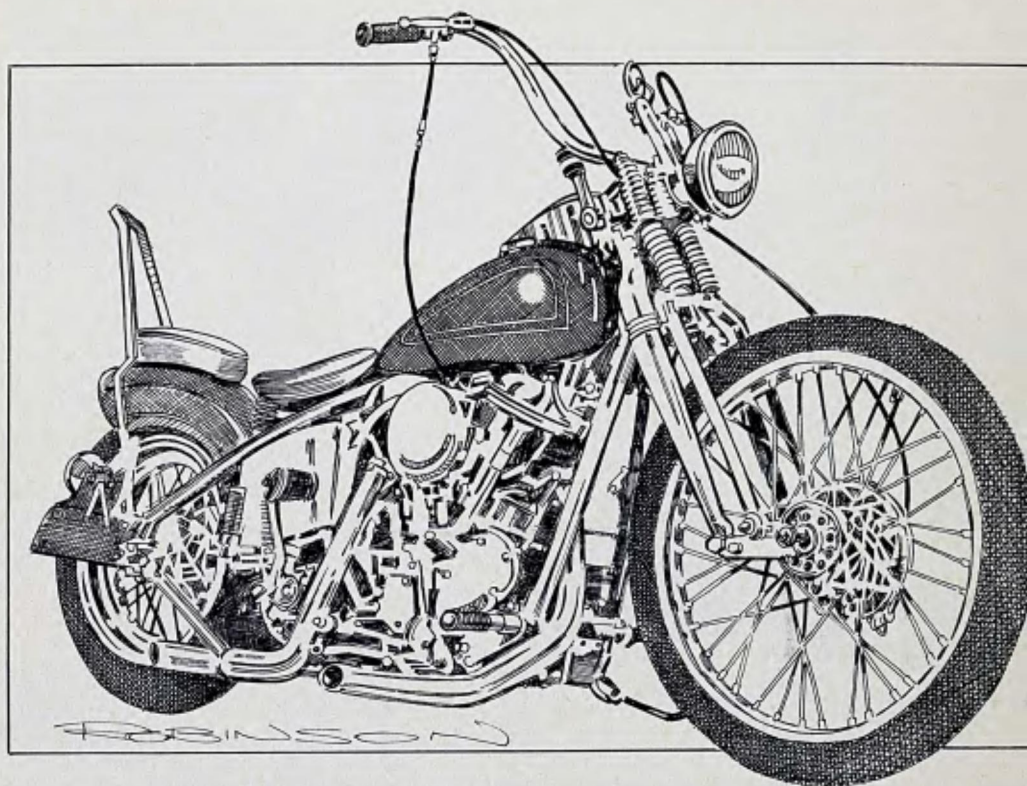
Photos by Pete Chiodo

worthless) penny he could successfully scrounge and bought a carefully created custom rigid frame, a super-shiny 20-inch-over springer, lotsa chrome nuts 'n' bolts, wheels, tires, brakes, right down to the tried and true tube of Loctite. It was all gone. Now, that's a bummer, a real, genuine, bona fide bummer. No doubt about it. All he had left for his motorcyclin' career was the engine and trans, still secure in the pad. Did he give up? Did he decide to



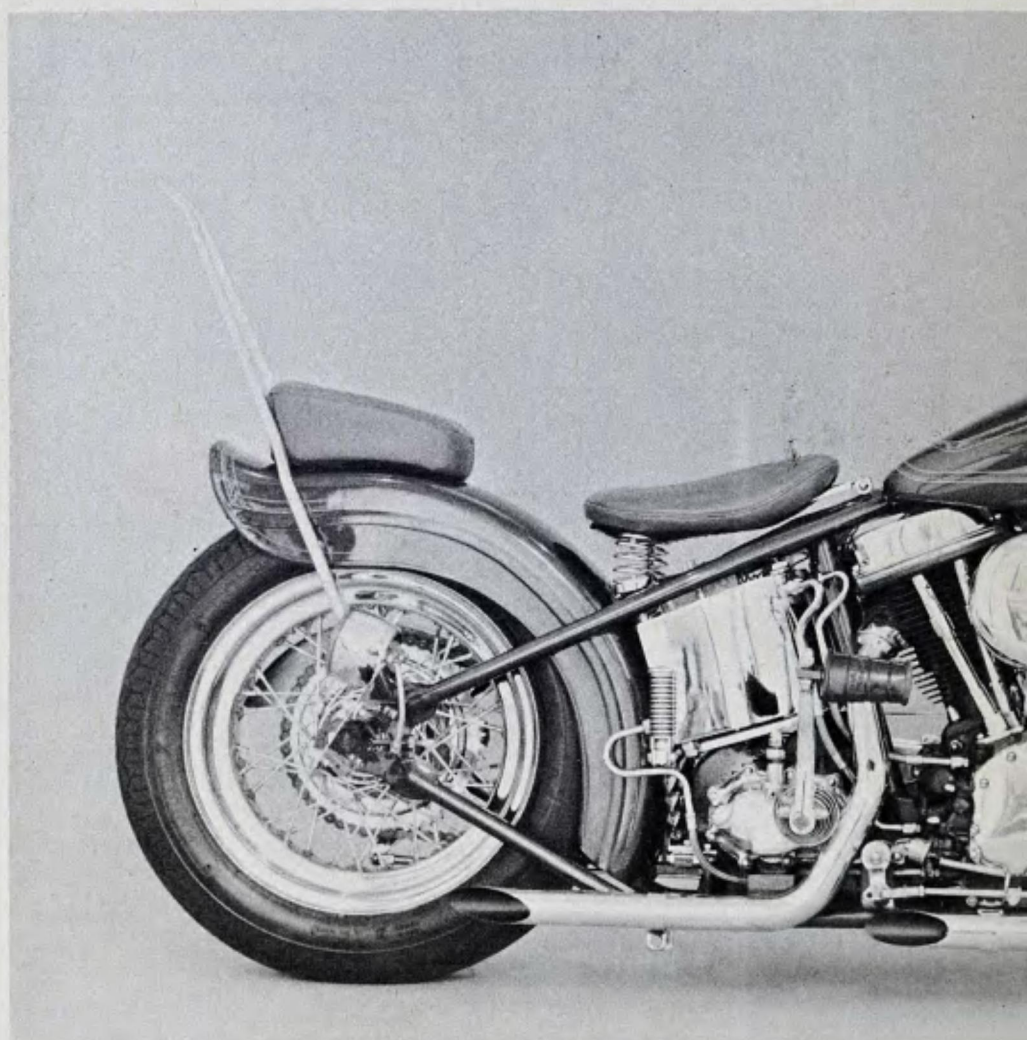
become a sports-car enthusiast? Did he retire to a beer can and a bench in front of a rural liquor store, or dig a cave in the hills and become a monk — *fuck, no*. He punched the garage walls, made a few phone calls, bought a heavier lock, and sat back momentarily an' took stock. "Fuck, I didn't like that style anyway," he mumbled to himself and went to work.

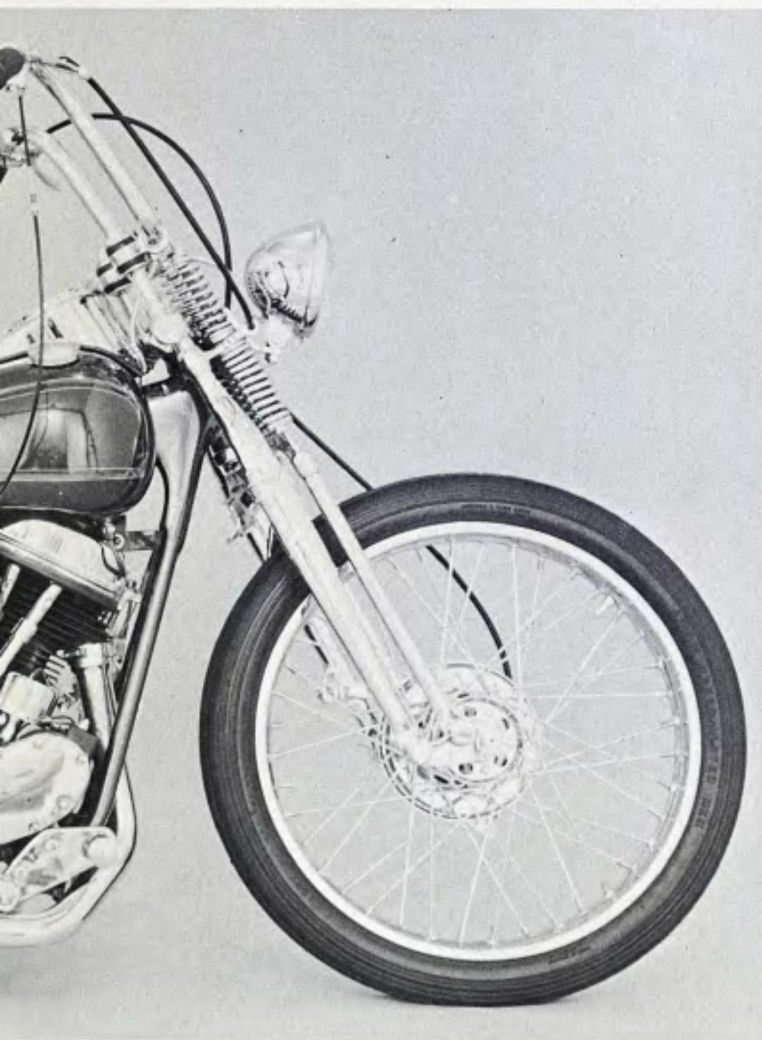
It took him a while, a tad of extra work, and some more scroungin' an' savin', but soon



he was rollin' into the summer sun on the sharp-lookin' pan ya see here. So, don't let nuthin' get ya down — it ain't worth it.

—Bouncin' Back





Owners: Frank Quintero

City: Tulare, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1952 H-D
Model: panhead
Value: \$5,400
Assembly: owner
Time: 1½ years

Frame

Year: custom
Builder: Paughco
Type: rigid
Rake: 30 degrees
Stretch: none
Other alterations: molded

Chroming by: Valley Chrome

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1952
Model: FL
Rebuilder: owner
Ignition: 6v. coil manual dist.
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Lower end: new pin
Balancing: hopeful
Pistons: H-D, .070 over
Cases: black
Heads: black
Cam: FLH
Lifters: solids
Carb(s): M74 Linkert
Air cleaner: like stock, custom
Pipes: drag
Muffler(s): nope

Bars: apehangers
Risers: Flanders
Fender(s): bobbed
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: truck
Speedo: H-D Police Special
Front pegs: Drag Specialties
Rear pegs: Drag Specialties
Electrics: 6v. 2 brush
Gas tank: 3½ gal. fatbobs
Oil tank: Paughco
Oil system: stock
Primary cover: Paughco
Seat: solo by Mike Smith
Sissy bar: Paughco
Height: 21 in.
Material: ¾ in. round

Transmission

Modifications: none
Year: 1952
Shifting: clutch booster
Engine sprocket: 22
Trans sprocket: 25
Wheel sprocket: 21

Forks

Type: 1947 springer
Extension: none
Builder: H-D
Special features: chrome

Wheels

Front:	Rear:
Size: 21	Size: 16
Hub: star	Hub: star
Rim width: 2¼ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Brake: mech	Brake: mech

Painting

Molding: owner
Painter: Tom Sandoval
Color: brown
Type: acrylic enamel
Special paint: pinstriping by Ruben

Other special modifications: stainless steel oil lines

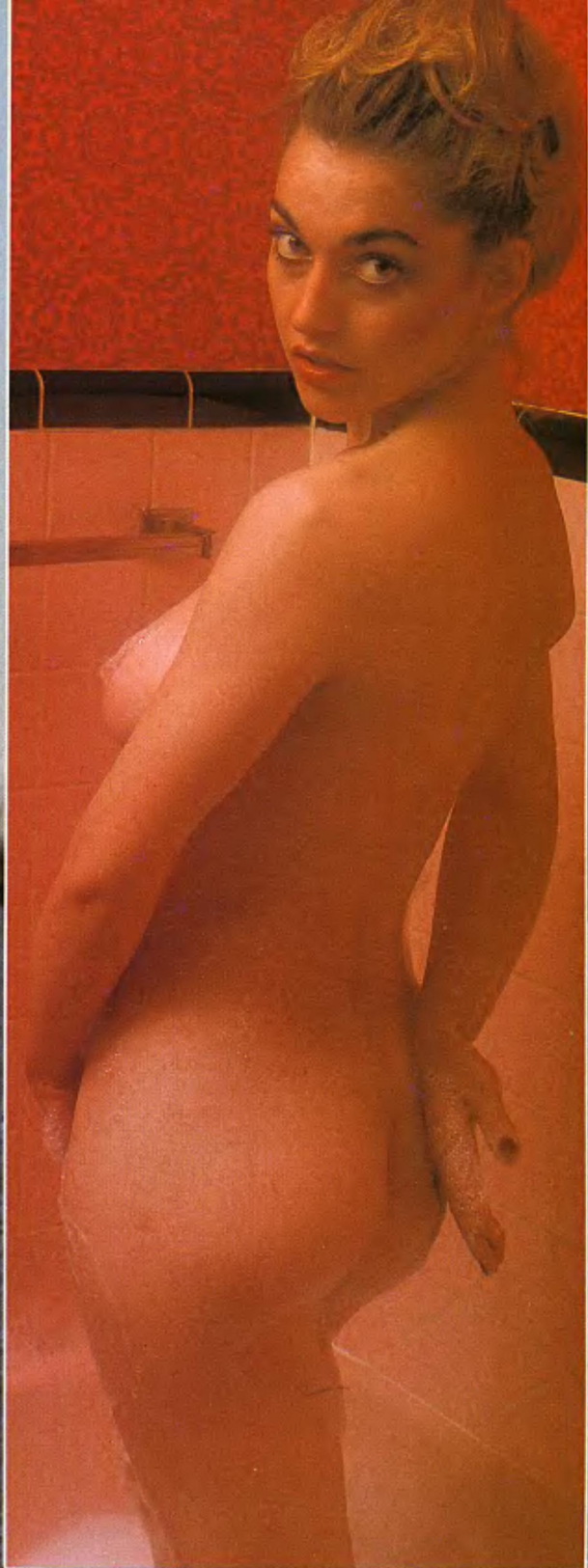
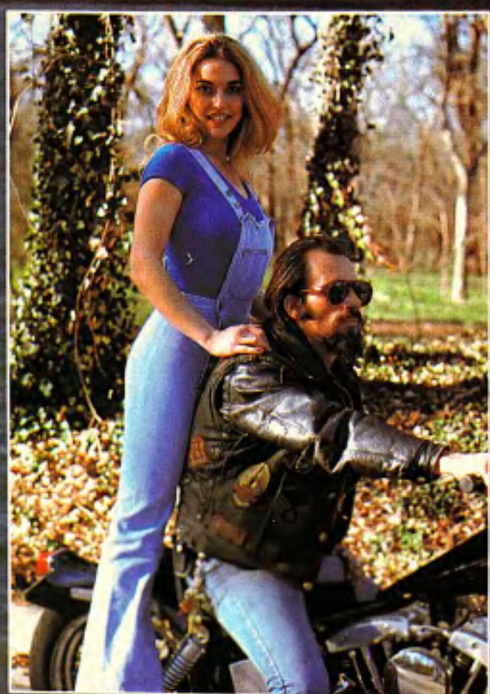
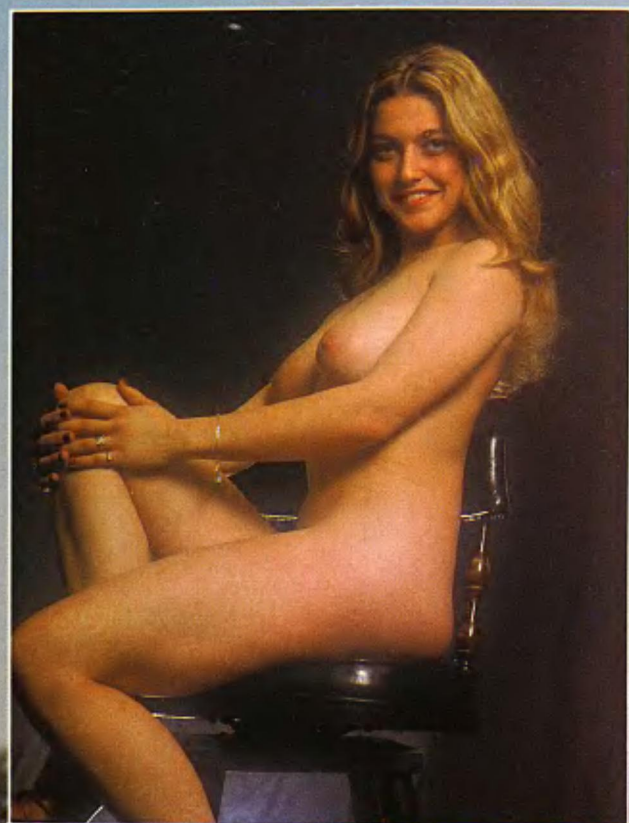


GABBY

Chasin' popular broads can be a rush

Photography by Billy Tinney





GABBY

Once in a while, but not too often, we get a complimentary letter — no shit! 'Cept it's usually not complimentin' anythin' we've done. In most cases, it's rantin' and ravin' about some broad that popped up in an event.

It might have been complimentary, but it probably read out like this: "Hey, you bunch of boomed-out,

blitzed, bum-fuckin' bastards! I dug the shit outta that broad on page whatever of issue something. But that postage-stamp-sized photo was too fuckin' small. Let's see more, or I'll twist yer necks till they can be used fer springs in my FX shocks."

The next thing I would hear amounted to "Find that bitch — an' don't come back till ya do." That was the case with Gabby here. We got a few letters, and I was sent to the scene of the tattoo convention of '78 in search of a voluptuous sweetie with tits I can't even describe (with-



out salivatin' and droolin' all over the shoppin' bag I write on), named Gabby.

When I arrived in Texas, I started seekin' out succulent wenches, like I was told. It got to be sort of a buzz, puttin' around all day just starin' at beautiful bike babies. I got to thinkin' that this ain't a bad job. I was bein' paid fer twistin' nipples and rappin' with cuties all over Texas. And I scored, believe it or not, two or three times a week. I had this brunette in Laredo, found a blonde with the nicest ass this side of the Rio Grande,

spent a warm night under the stars in Houston with a redhead that had big ol' crimson nipples, and scored a petite sweetie with a shaved bush in Lubbock. I was enjoyin' hell outta this assignment!

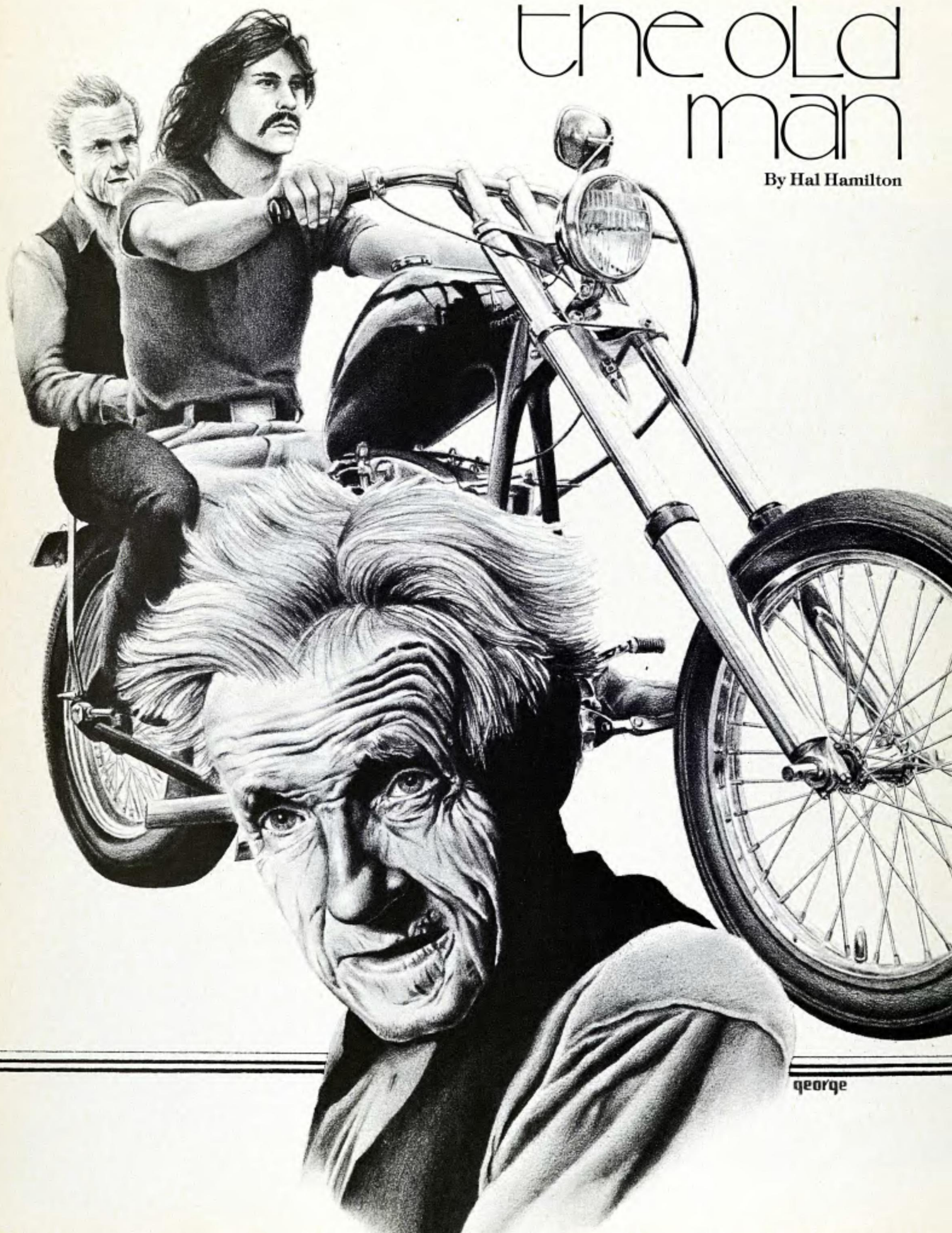
But I'll be goddamned if I could find Gabby. After about six months, they quit sendin' my raisin pie an' I began to starve. Seems they called Billy T., and he found her — no sweat. Somebody got a job fer an experienced, but unsuccessful, honey hunter? Or hell, a slice of stale raisin'll do.

—Snake



the old man

By Hal Hamilton



george

It didn't look like much of a bar. But hell, it didn't look like much of a town, either, sitting there on the edge of the desert, sitting just as if it had always sat there. Waiting. Waiting for something — anything — to happen.

The bar's parking lot was Pickup City. But R. L. hadn't expected anything else; there hadn't been another bike for the last fifty miles. He scooted the shovelhead into the shadows. Old Mutha Experience had taught him — the hard way. When you're ridin' single, stash your bike away from the bright lights. If somebody wants to make trouble, the first thing they'll head for is your bike. Don't make it easy for 'em.

Inside, Willie was singin' about the redheaded stranger. Hair color and horsepower were the only differences between that stranger and this one. R. L. straddled a seat at the end of the bar. The cold Coors bit into him. The old man sitting next to him reached out and grabbed at the bartender. "How 'bout standin' me a drink, Jack?"

The bartender barely looked at him. "Hell, Pop, why don't you spend some of that money you got hid away in that shack of yours?"

"There ain't no money!" the old man almost shouted. "Never has been. . . never will be. How many times I got to tell ever'body that?"

"Try blowin' that out your asshole, Pop," the bartender said, unsmiling.

The old man cradled his head in his arms on the bar. "Crazy bastards,"

R. L. heard him mutter. "Whole fuckin' world's crazy."

I'll drink to that, R. L. thought. "What're ya drinkin', Pop?" he asked.

The old man's head slowly came up and turned toward R. L. His eyes never left R. L.'s face and yet R. L. knew that they saw everything. Had probably seen everything — those old, old eyes. They didn't smile as the old man said, "Make ya a deal. You don't call me Pop, I don't call you Sonny."

R. L. took a drink of beer to hide his own smile. "Deal," he said, putting the bottle down. "Now,

—Continued on page 82

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

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STASH POUCH

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)

Thinkin' of my Sroom lady. I send all of my lovin'. Happy Anniversary. Karl. (87)

Ohio Executioners looking for Southern California Executioner brothers. Are you there? Please answer. Contact Rag at 815 Seneca N.E., Massillon, Ohio 44646. (87)

Anyone knowing a Christy Roe, who lived in Rowland Hgts., California, around 1974 and earlier please have her contact me. Christy, if you're out there, please drop me a line. I knew you in the pre-high school years and I'd like to see you again. Write to Craig, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (87)

In memory of Keith (Swede) Ingraham, Ken (Tiny T.) Thomas, and Dave (Frenchy) LaFollette—you all took a piece of my heart with you. We shall ride in the wind for eternity. Always love, Dee-Dee. (87)

Freewheelin' Frank: Nobody can do it better. Always love, always us, always, D-D. (87)

Would like to hear from all Lord M.C. clubs in the U.S.A. and Canada. Write Mike, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (87)

Lonely Italian dude doing time needs pretty foxes to write with a future relationship in mind. Danny Nazzareno Angeletti #262440. Ramsey 2, Route 2, Box 1200, Roshamon, Texas 77583. (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)

Steve: No matter where you go or what you do, I'll always love only you, and be here if you need someone. The number is the same. Karen. (87)

Australian brothers thinking of moving down. Need to correspond with you on laws and attitudes towards bikes, booze, drugs, chicks, etc. Write Yosemite Sam, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (87)

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

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)

Two lonely inmates soon to be released would like to hear from sincere and marriage-minded girls between 20 and 50 years of age. Robert Wallace 34687, James Sullivan 14260, Box 41, M.C., Ind. 46360. (87)

30-year-old biker wants fox who digs travel, physical activities, the good life. No kid and free rent. Photo, address, and phone c/o N.D.S.W., Station Box 5096, Fargo, N.D. 58105. (87)

Sharon of Willcox, Ariz.: Hey! You saw what I look like, so how about a snapshot of you and some words? My 74 hog and I are in search of the right lady and the right place to put kickstand and bedroll. Page 61, top left, Feb. '80, El Diablo, Jaxsonville, Florida. (87)

J.D., Canton, Ohio: Happy Birthday (5/28) to our No. 1 man. Your ol' lady and Henrietta Hawg. (87)

Be legally ordained, perform ceremonies, charter a church, receive tax-free money. Write Brother Bob, 1274 Sierra, San Bernardino, Calif. 92405. (87)

Erotic nude sketches, ready to frame, \$3 to Waters, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (88)

Denn: Happy 2nd Anniversary to the best I've ever had (9/8). Love ya, Piggy. Piggy. (87)

Jim: Happy #34 on September 8th. All my love—all ways. Your ol' lady, Betty. (87)

Mellowed biker, 33. Write and share a smile, Gary Eames 77C-653, 135 State St., Auburn, N.Y. 13021. (87)

Jim Dillon: Where are you? Please contact Linda, 716 Lombard, Lombard, Ill. 60148. (87)

Wanted: Good-looking, honest, sincere house mouse without children to care for a large upper-middle class country home and its tall, 35-year-old, good-looking, easygoing, all-around nice guy, commercial pilot owner. Write Joe, R.R. 2, Box 55, Milan, Ohio 44846. (87)

Sherry S.: To the finest lady I know. Happy 6/13/80. All my love, Bobby, San Antonio, Texas. (87)

Dirty Harry: In spite of it all, I love ya. Thanks for midasizing me, ya. Your new ol' lady, The Bandit. (87)

To our dear beloved brother, Mike, who was just a panhead man. Loved and missed by all his family. (87)

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)

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)

Roy-Boy: Happy Birthday to the best man a woman ever had. Love you with all my heart. Yours always, Don't you know? (87)

Fast Freddie — Happy Birthday, babe! I'll love you forever. Knucklehead Fred. (87)

Texas convict with 7 years in on life. Pumping for legal defense. Hand-tooled (not stamped) leather wallets (4 pockets and money bar clip with flap). Each one is individually handmade by me here in the joint. When you get yours, I'd appreciate your showing it around—I need your orders. Free world bro's handling mail exchange for me. Mail \$13 cash or money order to Leather Crafts, P.O. Box 210502, Dallas, Texas 75211. (89)

Hey, Jammer! Happy 29th! You're a wonderful husband and father. Love always, Margie and Jamie. (87)

Easyriders 23, 47-89, Iron Horse #1—\$55. Steve Cashour, 383 Lakeside Avenue, Colts Neck, N.J. 07722. (87)

J. E. Grayzek: are you any relation? Seen your name in this rag. Rick Grayzek, Box 911, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57101. Doin' time. (87)

Patty, we'll both be out soon and in the wind. Stay strong and proud. Lovin' you, Drifter. (87)

Inmate out in December 1981, seeks sincere mouse for future. Must relocate and want lasting relationship. Send photo. All letters answered. Write Danny Deavers, J.R.C.C., State Farm, Va. 23160. (88)

Wayne: Happy (7/16/55) Birthday. You're the best, babe! Together forever. Love ya, Julie. (87)

Man down and needs mail from someone who knows the brutal force of loneliness. I need someone special to touch my soul. Exchange pics and letters from honest and sincere ladies. 31, blond hair, blue eyes, and need sunshine in my life. Bob Washburn #17025, P.O. Box 14, Boise, Id. 83707. (88)

Remember July 21, 1978? 15 hours seemed like one. I'm lovin' you more each day. Karen. (87)

Art "Chicken" Williams, where the hell are you? Contact Mark "The Flying Mouth" at 415-897-1586. Remember the motor city B.M.W. (87)

God Loves you. In these last days it's important that you have a close, daily relationship with Him. If you would like to develop a closeness with God, write Craig Briggs, 1325 N. Cool Rd., Lima, Ohio 45801. (89)

Ohio female (33) who honestly needs loving relationship would like to hear from sincere males. Write to Joan, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (87)

Stringbean: Don't know where you and Southern Comfort dropped off to. Happy Birthday 7/16/80 and 7/30/80. Really want to talk to you, Jorge? 213-662-7721. (87)

Atom Ant, Happy Birthday (6/10). Let's do it all the way forever and ever. Never go away from me. I love you, Your ol' lady, Toby. (87)

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

You need a convict today—send your sexy flicks to John Price, Box B #33543-B, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (87)

A couple of bros downed by Oregon need some foxy ladies to bring us up. Send pictures with letters, before it's too late. James O'Kelly 41869, Don Layman 42222, 2605 State Street, Salem, Ore. 97310. (87)

Jake (the Snake) Rawlins: Happy Birthday wherever you're at, 5/31/53. Think of me once in a while, for I think of you constantly. Still have your wristband. All my love forever, Colleen. (87)

You would be amazed at some of the tasty women who write to us looking for a righteous old man. Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301. We match up bikers with ol' ladies. Send a buck and find out. (87)

Ladies! I'm a downed bro who's getting out soon. Have a little cash in the bank and looking to do some traveling—need a lot of female company to make life enjoyable. Send letters and pictures to Ron Lovejoy #066015, B-2-132, Box 340, Sharpes, Fla. 32559. (87)

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. (91)

Part time piece work. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages, experience unnecessary. Send name, address, and phone number to Webster, 175 5th Ave., Suite 1101-1395A, New York, N.Y. 10010. (87)

28-yr.-old Italian Virgo from New Orleans, 6'3", 180 lean lbs., black hair, hazel eyes, into hatha yoga, health foods, down 20 months, freedom in late '81, needs sincere, fine, together ol' lady, now and forever. Send photo—no uglies. Larry Conforto #88160, Camp A, Angola, La. 70712. (87)

Genuine twisted leather barrettes. Send \$3 to P. A. Trisch, 4932 Slack, Fairgrove, Mich. 48733. (87)

NSKK M.C., Augusta, Maine: Happy Birthday, Leos—especially Maddog and Pumpkin! Donnie, we still love you, Party hearty and watch out for those pies. We miss you here in the Sun State. Love, Amazon and the Lee Ann. (87)

Hey, Beetle and R & H people: There's no snow in Pho. Pack up the babies and the ol' ladies and come get some sun, Melanie. (87)

Goodbye to warm beer. Introducing the "Wart"—a portable, insulated ice chest sized to keep a keg or case of brew cold. Has a unique appearance with party appeal. Sturdy handles make moving kegs easier. Order now for introductory price of \$69.95, or write for free literature and club rates. Available only from Energysworks, Box 308, Apple Creek, Ohio 44606. Shipped prepaid. Guaranteed. (87)

1st Annual Sage Riders M.C. Swap Meet September 13th and 14th, 1 mile east of Annon AFB on Highway 60-84, Clovis, N.M. 88101. For info, call (505) 769-0130. (87)

FTW Smut is the sleaziest collection of rank photos ever put into a newspaper format. This once-a-year collection of perverted garbage is not for the God-fearing. Pure filth and just \$2 per copy. Send your \$2 to FTW Smut, Box 3680, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90277. (87)

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

—Continued on page 114

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 90255.

In memory of our bro **Stan Burgess**, who was murdered by a drunk in the wrong lane on Arrow Hwy. You'll ride with us in our hearts forever. Your bros from Colorado Springs.

In memory of **Big Jim Perrin**. May you be as free as the wind. Your lady, Rising Star.

In memory of **Dave**, a bro we loved and will always remember, a good biker who lived hard and died too young. You'll never be forgotten. Lords MC.

In memory of **Walter "Water" Fox**, a righteous bro who died too fuckin' young. Some day we'll meet and ride together again. Holby, Demeo, and the rest of the inmates, New Castle, Pa.

Brother **"Gnarly" Steve**. Remembered always. Gina and Jim, Denver, Colo.

In Memory of **Randy and Pam**, murdered by a truck driver on the run to Daytona. Ride free forever. Hole in Da Wall Gang, Louisiana.

In memory of **Bob "Grovey Hovey" Hoover**, who made the last escape. Ride on, brother; the feds can't fuck with you now. Your brother, Lizard.

In memory of **Bookie and MO**, two brothers lost to the wheels of drunken cage drivers. From the guys in Perry County, Ohio.

In memory of **William "Bambi" Aquilard**, who rode hard and, we pray to God, died free. Your ol' lady, Nello, and the bros in Nashville.

To **Mike Greenlaw**. You were a good partner of John's, but as they say, God rides a Harley. So do us a favor and ride like you never rode in your life. We're always thinking of you. Death before dishonor. Lori and John.

For **Tom Walker**, who was admired for his mechanical talents and his quiet strength. He'll be missed by everyone who knew and loved him. Goodbye, Tom. I wish I'd known you better. We'll be thinking of you. Coca-Cola Cowboy. Germany.

In memory of **Clayton H. Ridley**. There once was a biker named Grid, who proceeded to make a big skid. When the chain grabbed his heels, he was thrown from his wheels, and was found later on by some kid. Chris Bonneville

In memory of **Billy Demo**, who died because of a curb that shouldn't have been there. After hundreds of accidents, the fuckers finally pulled up that killer curb. RIP, Demo. Dr. John Shell.

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 90255.

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.

Well-read brother in prison would like to hear from women who have the ability to understand life at its fullest and are willing to enjoy it. **Baxter R. Roseburr**, Box 1000, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

Down scooter-tramp musician needs honest chicks to write. **Robert (Boston) Woodard** #B-88207, Box A-A, Quad 1175, C.M.C., San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Hot, sexy, and horny Latin explosion would like to write to freaky ladies 19 to 40. Write **Carlos Bruno** #C-72014, Box 38, Sheridan, Ill. 60551.

I'm in prison, but still have a heart. Write **Sonny Zickfoose** #9679, I.S.R., Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Want correspondence with chick who digs all things and has courage to try them. **Ronnie Martin**, Box 73500, Reidsville, Ga. 30453, E-2.

Want letters from ladies. A. Ooghe, Wa. 128 CTF North, Box C-00976, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I need some kites from ladies. **Max Krosiack Jr.** #059725, Box 1500, B-4-C, Cross City, Fla. 32628.

Six-foot, blond, lonely bro needs letters from real ladies. **Angel Schellenberg** #6840, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Young white bro wants to correspond with jammed-up biking sisters. **Howard Tozer** #064243, Box 1100-1205, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

Have one year left. Lookin' for a foxy, mature lady to ride with me. **Larry Knotts** #864067, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Need letters. Please write. **Troy Stone** #037789, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821, Mail No. 357.

Six-foot-tall bro with light-brown hair needs fine lady. "Big Phil" **Turner** #056980, Mail No. 578, DeSoto Correctional Inst., Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

32-yr.-old, southern dude stuck in northern prison. Wants to hear from chicks any age. **Fletcher Higginbotham**, Box 100, S. Walpole, Mass. 02071.

Sincere prisoner, 23, needs letters from warm, lovin' ladies. Please write to **K. Miazga** 79-A-2162, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Would like to hear from anyone who cares. **Steven Guest**, Box 607, N.N.C.C., Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Leo the Lion, outlaw tattoo artist, parole S.Q. 1980, needs No. Cal./S.F. Bay Area ol' lady. Write **Leo Harper** #B-59519, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Krazy Kirk in S.Q. needs solid white woman from No. Cal. area. **K. Kirk** #77351, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Steve is my name; gettin' an ol' lady is my game. Should be out in Dec. Please write to **Steve Lynch**, Box C8602, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

Tall, blond-haired, blue-eyed dude lookin' for fine ladies to write. **Brian Pottinger**, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Ol' ladies dream, young chicks desire: need mail. **James Young** #79-B-280 and **Louis Perez** #77-A-2578, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

I would like to share some letters with some non-game-playing ladies. **C. P. Covington**, Box B-38288 (2-F-10), Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Inmate who is trying to start conjugal visits would like some response to this. **Moses Morton** #153-732, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Would like to correspond with very serious ladies in planning for the future. **Christopher Henderson** #B-83301, Box AE-1132, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Need foxy chicks 16 to 18 to write me and send picture. **Luke Owens**, Lookout Mt., Evergreen Cottage, Golden, Colo. 80401.

Inmate in Great Meadow Correctional Facility wishes correspondence with beautiful females. **Julio Alberto Esteves Jr.** #77-A-1277, Box 51, Comstock, N.Y. 12821.

Prisoner, 33, would like to hear from women who care to write. Will answer all. Send photo if possible. **David G. Brooks** #134643, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

I'm a white 20-year-old in need of letters from good-hearted women. **Ray Henson** #C-09106, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Mail and flicks from some understanding ladies could ease the time. **Alan Cook** #C-01584, Box 497, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Down bro doin' a dime needs letters from interested ladies to help with the time. **Mark Fitzgerald** #16094, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Two lonely scooter tramps down and out would like to hear from some nice chicks with their heads together. **Milton H. Brotherton** #298215 and **Emilio B. Vasquez** #275640, Line O, Eastham Unit, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

Lonely bro needs to hear from sweet, lonely ladies, so write. **Clyde W. Taylor** #C-08866, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Wish to hear from any chick. Please write. **Jesse Likes**, Lea County Jail, Lovington, N. M. 88260.

Lonely dude needs good-hearted woman to help. **Melvin Pope**, Box B-38733, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

36-year-old doing life and looking for an ol' lady. **Ralph Duonolo** #41258-13, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048.

Thinking of marriage? Then write me. **Martin Measles** #B-68062, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Lonely Texas prisoner, 33, wishes to correspond with chicks who dig excitement and adventure. **James H. Colston** #237176, Rt. 2, Box 1100, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Downed bro would like to have anyone write to help pass the time. **Richard Hodges**, Baker Corr. Inst., Box 500, Olustee, Fla. 32072.

Lonely bro would like a friend to correspond with. Write **Clyde Henry**, Baker Corr. Inst., Box 500, Olustee, Fla. 32072.

30-year-old dude would like to hear from some "people type" females. **Jess H. Gager** #274620, Ramsey 1, Rt. 2, Box 1100, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Sincere prisoner would like letters from any woman who would care to write this down-on-luck bro. **Robert Ray Comer**, D.C.C., Smyrna, Del. 19977.

I'll answer all letters from chicks who write and help ease my way to freedom. **Angel Gonzalez** #78-B1572, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

Am trying to step off this bumper, and am lonely. Write **Bill Gardner** #156484, 15802 St. Rt. 104, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601.

Rudolph Anderson, #K-5178, 22 years old, lovable and understanding, needs someone to communicate with. Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Good-looking 27-year-old would like young lady 16-24 to write. **Jerry Bushey** #79D147, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Need some letters from some good-looking women to help my time go. **David Brown** #14875, Box 100, Jean, Nev. 89019.

Wanted: Sincere, take-care-of-business ol' lady, any age. **James Spiller**, Box C-7616, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Need words of lust from hot, horny ladies. **George Ellis** #22366, P.S.I., R.R. Box 5, Ione, Calif. 95640.

Ten more years to do. Ladies, please write—with photos. **W. R. Stark Jr.** #41415, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Lonely man, 33, doing ten years, wants letters and pictures from lonely ladies. Please write **Ralph Killinger** #44045, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

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I'm a brother and would like to correspond with anyone. **Oswald M. Houston** #79D3722, GMCF, Box 51, Comstock, N.Y. 12821.

I need foxy chicks to write. I'm 6'1", have long hair and a beard. **Reggie Jenkins**, Rt. 3, Box 50, Lincanton, N.C. 28092.

Doing time without a mate, so, ladies, write. I can't wait. **Michael Thompson**, 28, 5'6" tall, Rt. 3, Box 50, Lincanton, N.C. 28092.

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Attention, ladies: write ol' Bones a line and help me do my time. **Roger Mansker** #37599, Box 7-2, D-570, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Lonely in prison. Need letters from all you sweet ladies out there. **Garry Klecker** #26602, Box 7 1-A 26, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

CANE · PIPE



24⁹⁵

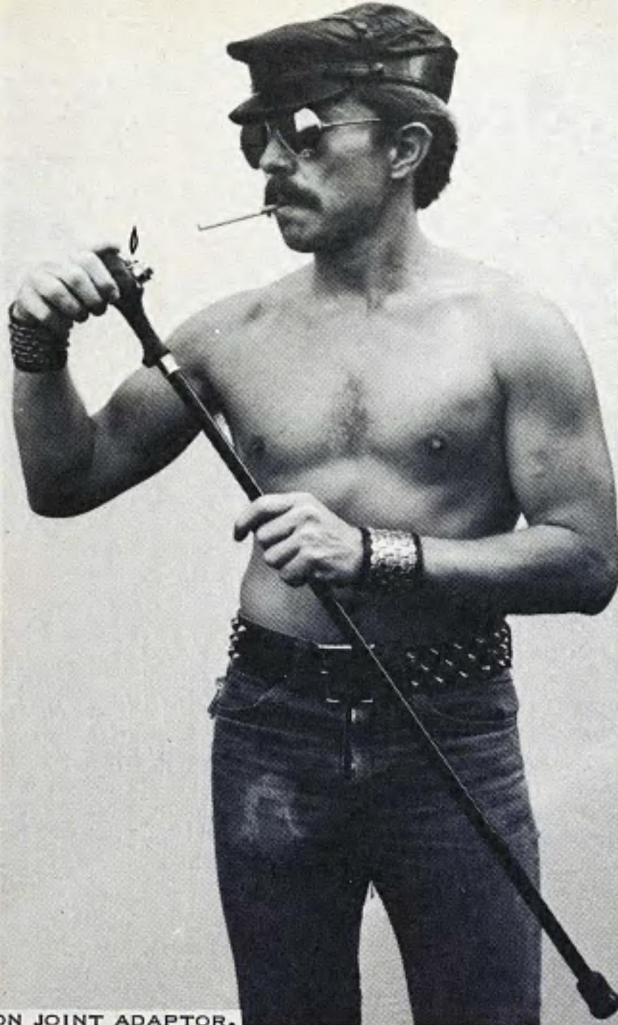
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BY RUSS MAIORANA

29⁹⁵



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AND INSTANTLY IT
WILL LIGHT THE BOWL.



39⁹⁵

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THE OLD MAN

—Continued from page 77

what're ya drinkin'?"

"Anythin' you are," the old man answered. He took the bottle the bartender put in front of him, held it to his mouth, tilted his head, and chugalugged.

Again, R. L. tried not to smile. "Want another?" he asked.

"Nope," the old man said, using his dirty shirt sleeve to wipe little bits of foam away from his white moustache and beard. "Ain't nothin' better, though, unless it's my own rotgut. And that's all a man needs — drink, a smoke, and a woman." He paused for just a moment. "Not necessarily in that order," he quickly added. And then he belched. It was a beautiful one, one that came from the very bottom of his gut. It rolled up and down and across the bar. "A man needs that, too," he said, almost to himself.

"C'mon, Pop," the bartender said, "for chrissake, you stink bad enough, yourself, without throwin' that in as a fringe benefit."

"I ain't your pop," the old man told him, disregarding the rest of what the bartender had said. "I ain't nobody's pop." Suddenly, he turned to R. L. "You ride a motorsickle," he said. And it wasn't a question. R. L. nodded. The old man's eyes lit up from behind. "Kin I see it?" For a moment, he was a kid at Christmas, trying patiently to wait for Santa Claus.

"Sure," R. L. said, slipping off the stool. "It's right outside."

"Gonna see a sickle," the old man sang softly to a tune only he knew, following R. L. around the tables. "Gonna see a sickle, give myself a tickle, ain't gonna git fucked by no fickle. . . finger of fate." It didn't make sense — but hell, what does?

They were outside and around the corner of the bar. The bike sat there in the shadows. R. L. smiled and slowly reached out and touched it tenderly, hesitantly, as if it were something living — or not quite real. "Jesus," he murmured to himself. They stood there in silence. Finally, the old man whispered, "It's beautiful." He turned to R. L. "It's part of you, ain't it?"

"Yeah," R. L. nodded, unembarrassed.

"I kin tell," the old man said.

"Ever ridden on one?" R. L. asked.

"No. . . no," the old man answered quickly.

"How 'bout lettin' me give you a lift home?"



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The old man turned to him and, even in the darkness, R. L. could see those old, old eyes looking into him, seeing him. "Well. . . I don't know," the old man drawled. He turned back to the bike. And R. L. could see the "wanting to" take over. "Don't 'pear there's too much for me to sit on," the old man went on.

"There's enough," R. L. said, pulling the pegs down. He felt the old man's hand on his shoulder just a second before he heard the other voice. "Yeah," it said, "I understand there's enough for everybody." R. L. was up instantly, turning at the same time, ready, facing the two men who had come up behind them.

"Okay, Pop," the taller of the two said, "we're just gonna take a little ride out to that shack of yours and see what it has to offer." He turned to R. L. "Sorry to bust up your little game, buddy, but we been eyein' this old dude for some time now. We don't aim to let no one git what we're gonna git."

"There ain't no money," the old man said and, for the first time, his voice sounded tired.

"Sure, Pop, we know that," the tall man said. "We understand. You gotta keep tellin' people that. Why, you just can't trust no one these days." His eyes shifted to R. L. and he laughed a laugh that wasn't a laugh. "Especially strangers with a moustache and long hair." He turned back to the old man. "So you just come along with me and my friend here, Pop — nice and quiet-like, and no one'll git hurt."

"And you want me to just ride out of town," R. L. said.

"You got it, friend. Just ride out and don't come back."

R. L. turned toward his bike just as



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the man stepped forward and reached toward the old man. R. L. whirled, his right fist exploding with his overwhelming anger. The man staggered back, but R. L. was on top of him. "You sonofabitch," he said, softly, his fist accenting the words loudly. "You lousy sonofabitch!" The man began to fall, but R. L. wouldn't let him escape, holding him up with one hand, the other freeing all that anger. Then the man went limp and R. L. dropped him to the ground.

The second man had become one of the shadows at the first sign of battle. The old man, frozen for a second, had charged after him; now, he was back. "You okay?" R. L. asked him.

The old man nodded. "The other bastard run away," he said, peering closely up into R. L.'s face. "I knew you wasn't runnin' away, though." Suddenly, he yelled. "Goddam!" he whooped. "Goddam! Things was really excitin' there for a moment, wasn't they!" They looked down at the man lying on the ground at R. L.'s feet. And the old man's excitement faded. "That ain't the end of it, ya know," he said, quietly.

"Didn't think it would be,"

R. L. answered.

"If you want to git out now, I'd understand."

R. L. put the key in the ignition, turned it, and kicked the bike into life. His boot pushed the kickstand up into place. "Get on," he said. The old man threw one leg over the seat and pulled himself up onto it. "Hot damn!" he yelled to no one and everyone. "Hot damn!" R. L. put it into first. *Clunk.* He felt the old man's body tighten behind him.

"Sounds like somethin's fallin' apart," the old man said quickly.

"Just everythin' fallin' into place,"

R. L. yelled above the sweet roar.

"Ain't nothin' for me to hold on to," the old man roared back.

"Stick your fingers through my belt."

R. L. felt stubby fingers poke into his belt and fit themselves around it, tightly. He smiled as he danced the bike between the rows of pickups. He turned his head toward the old man. "Which way?"

"To the right. I'll tell ya when we git to the turnoff."

They moved out into the road. *Clunk.* Faster. *Clunk.* again. Faster.

"Whooooee!" the old man muttered. Then, everything falling completely into place, they were free. Puttin' along. The old man pulled himself forward and spoke into R. L.'s ear. "That light on this sickle don't look too bright to me. Sure you kin see all right with it?"

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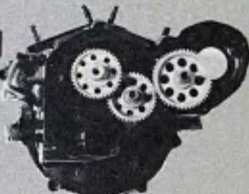
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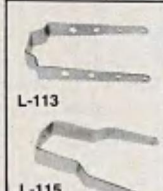
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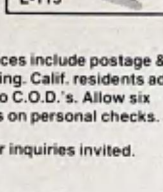
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R. L. turned his head just enough for the old man to hear. "Sure," he said. "Don't worry. You'll see what we hit before we hit it."

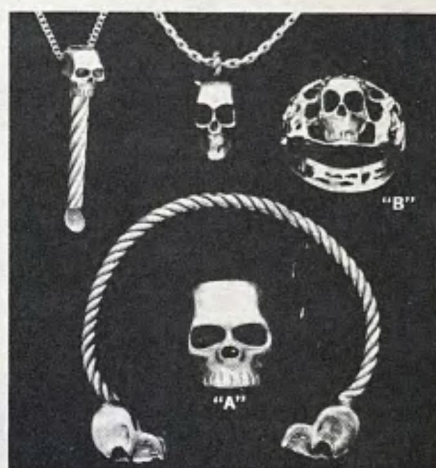
"Somehow I was afraid you was gonna say that," the old man sighed. He slipped back on the buddy seat. Some more puttin'. "Goddam!" the old man suddenly shouted. And his fingers relaxed, those fingers that just a moment ago had been tightly twisted around R. L.'s belt. He put his hands on R. L.'s shoulders and pulled himself up on the pegs. "There is an old lady named Biddle," he yelled, "Whose sex life ain't much of a riddle. She screws day and night, everything that's in sight, including the cat and the fiddle." R. L. broke up. "I jest made that up," the old man said in his ear. He paused; then, "Do motor-sickles do that to you?"

"They do that to you," R. L. yelled. The old man sank back down into the seat. It began very softly. "O, Shenandoah, I love your daughter," the old man crooned, "Away, ye rollin' river. Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you. Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri." The wind whipped the words away. But it didn't matter — R. L. understood. It was one of those nights.

You know those nights, man. You're puttin' along and, almost without you even realizing it, the whole fuckin' world opens up for you. And it's just there, yours for the takin'. You just gotta reach out, that's all. Reach out. Even the sky, that fuckin' sky, so full of everything, and so close it sucks you up. And you know — you know, man — that if you could only find the



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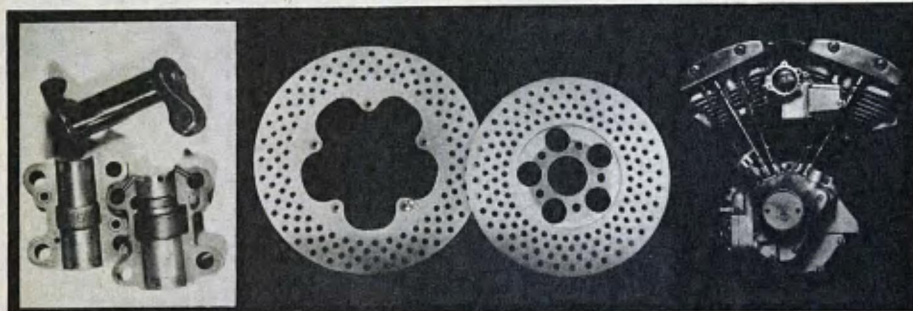
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right white line, you'd be up there, too, puttin' along. You throw back your head and laugh. Or shout. Or whatever you wanna do. 'Cause it's all yours. And you're everything you wanna be. Yeah, you know those nights. Put your own words to the music if you want. But you've been there. You know.

"Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri," the old man finished. "There it is," he said, leaning forward, "there's the turnoff up ahead."

They followed the dirt road for about a mile. Then R. L. saw the shack. Even in the moonlight, he could tell that it hadn't seen a coat of paint in a long time; maybe never. He pulled up in front and waited for the old man to pull himself off. "I'm gonna park it 'round back," he said.

When he returned, he saw that the old man hadn't moved. He'd stood there, looking up at the sky, waiting for R. L. "Sometimes I sit out here," he said, "and look up at that and I feel . . ." He stopped and looked at R. L. "You ain't gonna laugh, are ya?" R. L. shook his head. "Well," the old man went on, stretching his arms up, "I look up at all that and I feel — like I'm sittin' on top of forever." He looked at R. L. again. "I felt the same thing, ridin' with you tonight." R. L. nodded.

The old man turned and walked toward the shack. "Forever," R. L. heard him say, and then the old man started crooning softly again. "Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter —" He stopped abruptly. "I crossed the Shenandoah once. Me and Emily." "That your wife?" R. L. asked, coming up behind him.

"Yep," the old man answered, opening the door. "She's dead. Almost forty years now."

They stepped into the inkiness inside. R. L. stopped, feeling the old man move away from him. A match flared, lighting the wick of a coal-oil lamp. R. L. stood there, looking at the room, able to see it all without turning his head. The old man moved to the bed and, lying down on it, almost sank to the floor through the broken springs. R. L. walked across the room and sat down in the only chair. It was as worn out as the bed, but it made him feel at home.

"There's a jug right behind you," the old man said.

R. L. reached around and pulled back an old brown jug, chipped and worn at its lip.

"Little brown jug, huh," he said, smiling.

"You're welcome if you want."

R. L. lifted the jug and took a heavy

drink. It hit him even before he'd swallowed all of it. "Sheeeit!"

The old man, watching, laughed. "I always say that stuff won't hurt you none — long as you don't swaller it."

After a moment, R. L. was able to see again. A little bit, anyway. And after another moment, he was able to talk. A little bit, anyway. "That's some rotgut," he finally got out.

"I make the best," the old man said. R. L. passed him the jug. He took it and, even though he was lying down, didn't spill a drop as he drank. Now, that takes a helluva lot of practice, man. And, even after drinking, he just calmly wiped his mouth on his shirt sleeve. "Yeah," he said contentedly, "the best."

A good quiet.

"You wanna talk about her?" R. L. finally asked.

"Emily?" The old man hesitated. "Well, there ain't much to say, really. She was my woman." He paused again. "Yeah, she was my woman." And that said it all. He lay there, hands under his head, silently staring at the ceiling. R. L. knew that, for a good moment, the old man had gone back and Emily was lying next to him on the bed, loving him. "She died givin' me a son," the old man finally said, and, suddenly, for the first time, he was really an old man. He turned and looked at R. L. "I'd rather have had her."

R. L. nodded. "What happened to the boy?"

"He run off when he was 'bout fifteen. Never did like it here much. Nor me, neither, I reckon. He was always wantin' to git out, git to the big city, make big money. I never could under-



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stand that. But hell, I reckon he never could understand me, neither."

"Ever hear from him?"

The old man shook his head. "Not from that day to this. Not one word," he said quietly.

"There wasn't much else to say.

"You jest ride around the country?" the old man asked finally, turning to R. L.

"Much as I can," R. L. answered.

"When I need money, I park and work for a while as a mechanic. Always get work doin' that. But I move on as quick as I can."

The old man nodded. "I'd have liked that. Emily... she would have liked it, too."

"Women like that are hard to find."

R. L. said.

"You bet your sweet ass they are," the old man told him. He suddenly reached down and pulled out an old shotgun from beneath the bed and quickly pulled a blanket across him, hiding it. "We got company," he whispered.

R. L. was up and starting toward the door when it opened. The guy they'd left lying unconscious in the parking lot walked in. And he was carrying a bright, shiny .38. "Well now," he said, "you dudes probably thought you'd scared the shit out of me."

"No," R. L. said, "but we hoped we'd scared a little sense into you."

The man laughed that laugh that wasn't a laugh. Only this time there was a little difficulty in getting it past swollen lips and a couple of broken teeth. "Oh, you did, you did. Enough to bring along a friend" — he waved the .38 in front of them — "a friend who wouldn't run out on me." He took a couple of unsteady steps into the room, toward R. L. "Now then, Pop, why don't you just make it easy on all of us and tell me where that money is."

The old man shook his head.

"There ain't no money," he said sadly. "Never has been, never will be."

"Sure, I know. Just save that for some country joker. Like Longhair here." He waited for them to say something. When they didn't, he asked again, "You gonna tell me? Or do I have to make trouble?"

The old man sighed. "You ain't gonna make no trouble. I got a double-barrel under this blanket aimed right at you. Now, it's an old one and it ain't been shot for quite a spell, so it might blow up in my face — or it might blow up in yours." He took a deep breath. "Ever see a man catch a load at ten feet? I did once. 'Tain't purty." The man just smiled at him

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and started toward R. L. again. "No," the old man said, strongly, "not another step." The man stopped. "Why don't you jest run along home now?" the old man asked. "Nobody'll be the wiser, and you sure as hell won't be any sadder."

The man stared back at him through puffy eyes. "If you have got a shotgun there — and I ain't so sure you ain't bluffin' — but, if you have, looks like we got us a Mexican stand-off. Except I got the drop on Longhair here." He swung the .38 around toward R. L. "You git me, he goes, too." He tried to smile but it evidently hurt too much. "And that's gonna give me one helluva pleasure kick," he said, "for what he done to me."

The old man's eyes flickered toward R. L.'s; then they returned to the man. "Don't make me do it, boy," he said, almost pleadingly.

"Oh, I ain't makin' you do nothin', Pop, except tell me where all your money is." He raised the .38 and pointed it at R. L.'s head. "I'm gonna count three, and then Longhair here ain't gonna have no hair at all. In fact, he ain't even gonna have much of a head to wear any on." That hurting smile again. "One. . ." he said, looking at the old man. "Two. . ." he said, running his tongue over his lips and turning toward R. L. He opened his mouth and R. L. saw those lips begin to form "Three."

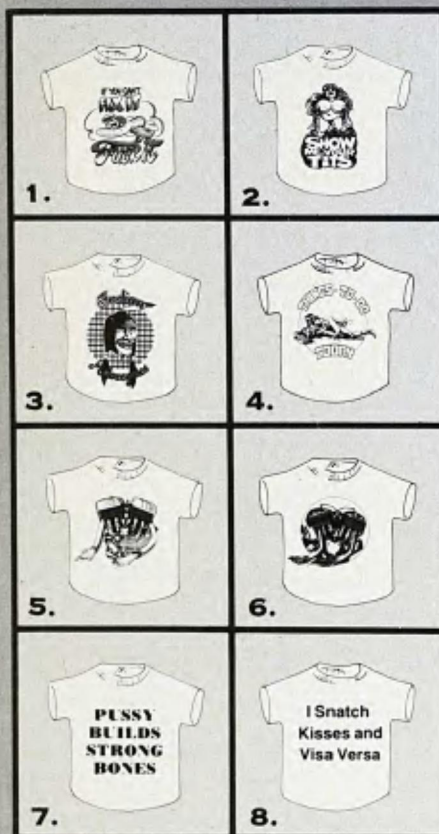
Ever have TNT go off inside your head? That's what it was like. R. L. had thrown himself to the floor. He lay there for a moment. When he stood up and looked at the thing lying on the floor, he knew the old man had been right. "Tain't purty. He turned toward the bed. The blast had shredded the blanket. "You okay?" he asked. The old man just stared at the thing on the floor. R. L. moved quickly to the bed. He leaned down and gently shook the old man's shoulder. "You okay?" he asked again.

The old man slowly looked up at him. Those old, old eyes now seemed older than ever. "Damn," he whispered, "why don't nobody never listen to you?" Then, "Yeah, I'm okay." He suddenly looked very tired. "It's been one helluva night," he said quietly.

R. L. took what was left of the blanket and threw it across what was left of the thing on the floor. He stood up and looked back at the old man. Those old lips opened a couple of times before they were finally able to form words. "You better go git the Law," they finally said. "They know me. They'll know what to do."

"That's what you want?"

"That's what I want."



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"You be okay while I'm gone?"

The old man nodded. R. L. started toward the door. The old man's voice stopped him. "There ain't no money," it said. "Never has been, never will be."

"It don't matter, one way or the other," R. L. said.

"I know," the old man told him. "I jest wanted you to know." R. L. had just reached the door when the old man stopped him again. "I don't even know your name."

"R.L.," R.L. said. "R.L. Richards."

"R. L." The old man nodded.

"Suits you." He hesitated a moment as if struggling with himself. "I'd be pleased," he said, the struggle won, "I'd be mighty pleased if you'd call me. . . Pop."

R. L. smiled at him. "That'd please me, too." He opened the door.

"You'll be back, won't you, R. L.?"

"I'll be back."

The old man sighed, and then, suddenly, both of them thought that it was gonna be okay. "I knew you'd be back," the old man said. "It's jest that. . . somehow, I had to hear you say it." Those old, old eyes and that old, old mouth sparkled again. "See ya later, Son."

R. L. smiled back at him. "See ya later, Pop."

As he fired up the bike, he heard the old man's voice again. "O, Shenandoah," it sang, crooning to all those laid-down dreams and all those yet to be picked up, "I love your daughter. Away, ye rollin' river. . ."

Yeah, it had been one helluva night.



"Helen — I haven't even had my coffee yet."

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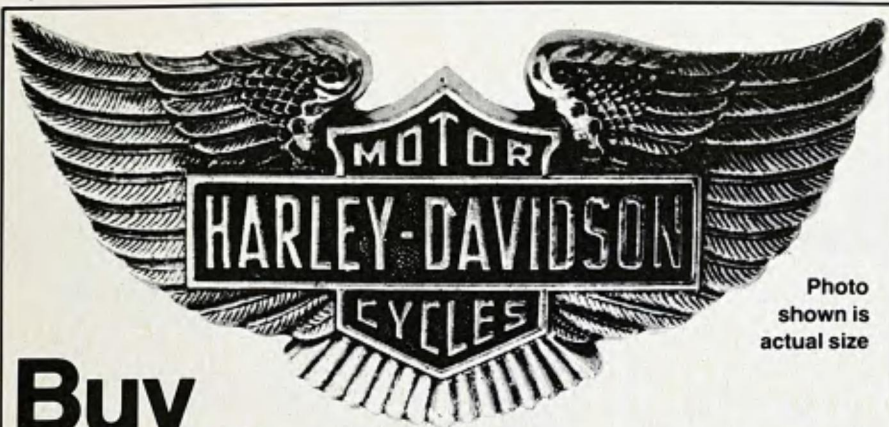


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PILES AN' PILES

—Continued from page 25

hurt like hell, but when the operation is over, you're all healed up, an' the pain is gone, you'll wonder why ya didn't have it taken care of years before. Hemorrhoids, once they've been cut out, never return. Now an' then there might be a new little one appear, but the ones that've been fixed are fixed permanently.

There's a lotta things a dude can do to avoid an operation, but if he's stubborn, an' won't follow the rules, then he's gonna have a lotta pain.

First off, a good diet an' drinkin' lots of water every day will ease the strain of takin' a shit. Beer don't count as fluid. Most of it gets pissed out, an' the rest turns into a solid. Water is the best drink, when it comes to improvin' the shittin' operation.

Along with water, there's lots of stool softeners available. *Stool* is a purty word for *shit*, in case ya wondered, so don't go in the drug-store an' ask the little honey behind the counter to sell ya some shit softener. She'll fold up like that square toilet paper ya keep droppin' in the service station crapper.

There's all kinds of natural stuff, like bran flakes, oatmeal mush, flax seeds, an' prune juice that'll help ya take a comfortable shit without creatin' problems for yer hemorrhoids. A good product found in drug stores is Metamucil. Mixed with milk or water, it don't taste bad, an' it can give ya some shits that are as purty an' satisfyin' as a Willie Nelson tune.

Another thing that helps is recognizin' the signal yer brain sends when it's time to shit. When ya feel yer asshole startin' to pucker, don't put it off for another ten miles. Park the scooter, dash behind a signboard, a cop car, a hedge — or just squat down on the shoulder of the road an' let 'er rip. Ain't nobody gonna stop an' tell a righteous biker he's a naughty boy for crappin' along the roadside.

Here's some good advice on how to take care of yourself if you've got piles — an' you can either take advantage of it or go on sufferin': Instead of always bruising yer piles by wipin' yer ass on old rags, coarse paper, or corn cobs, carry a pack of those wet paper towels that ladies carry to wipe their kids' faces an' asses.

Cotton balls work good, too, but they should be soaked in soapy water, to both clean an' wipe, an' yer pockets will get fucked up carryin' around stuff like that.

—Continued

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After ya take a shit, check an' see if yer piles went back in by themselves. If they didn't, push 'em back in with your finger; otherwise they might fill up with blood an' bust, givin' ya a case of bleedin' piles, an' when they stick to your shorts ya won't be able to get 'em off for two weeks. Don't be afraid to feel yer own asshole. You can always wash yer hands afterwards, which is a pretty good idea anyway. Mutha never does, but no one knows the difference 'cause she smells like shit all over.

If ya think ya got hemorrhoids, but ain't sure, go in the shitter an' lock the door, then take a mirror an' look. If ya got 'em, there'll be little flaps of skin hangin' outta yer asshole, but if yer entire asshole is hangin' down, like an old sock turned inside out, ya got somethin' else, called a prolapse, an' that one ya better have a doc look at.

When a doctor checks for hemorrhoids, he uses a tool called a sigmoidoscope. It's like a little periscope that he shoves up yer ass, allowin' him to see all around inside an' check for other bad shit. Don't worry about hemorrhoids causin' cancer. They don't, but dudes with piles should get themselves checked to see if there's anything happenin' further up the channel. An' listen, if the doc has both hands on yer hips durin' the exam, be a little suspicious of the fucker.

Sometimes, when ya get done takin' a shit, there'll be bright red blood in the toilet or on top of the pile. Check an' see where it's comin' from, an' if



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ya don't have a mirror, get yer ol' lady to give it the eyeball. If she ain't around, a trusted bro will do, unless he knocks yer teeth out when ya ask. Sometimes the red blood comes from a ruptured hemorrhoid, an' sometimes it comes from just inside the anus, up inside the rectum.

Before we go any further, let's distinguish between the two — anus an' rectum. The anus is a tight band of muscle at the very end of the intestine, commonly called the asshole. The rectum is just above that. It's a little room shaped like a mango. That's where all the shit in yer system comes to rest just before it's wrapped up in banana-shaped packages an' mailed out to the world for someone to step in.

When ya see the blood, don't get excited. If you were in lotsa trouble there'd be lotsa red blood. Some dudes get all excited, thinkin' they've got bleedin' ulcers, but when ya got that, yer shit comes out coal black. That's because the stomach digests the blood. But we ain't into ulcers yet, so fuck that!

Hemorrhoids ain't nothin' but varicose veins of the asshole. Most often, they're hereditary, but they can be caused from ordinary ol' poor bowel habits, like not takin' a shit when ya know ya should. When ya finally take the time to get offa yer scoot, or outta yer easy chair, the shit is packed into the rectum like two and a half pounds of concrete, an' squeezin' that much concrete through a little hole ain't the easiest thing in the world to do. Somethin's gotta give, an' it's usually the little veins around the anus muscles.

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way they're built. Somewhere back in the beginnin' of time, man was engineered to walk around either on all fours, or just bent over. When he started walkin' erect, it placed a big gut-load on his bottom. Animals who walk on all fours seldom, if ever, have piles, but don't think too much about that or we'll be startin' a new fad.

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Incidentally, an' I hope you'll forgive me for disgressin', some of those hemorrhoid remedies are good for other things, too. They make a great treatment for minor burns, especially sunburn. An' if ya wanna fuck all night, rub a little on yer dork, once it gets hard, then give it a minute to get yer tool numb. Yer ol' lady'll love ya for it.

That's about all we have to offer on hemorrhoids, except for one more thing — they're a pain in the ass! ■



"The last time it was the knife you pulled on Crazy Jack, time before it was the chain you swung at Oily Pete, now it's the gun you shot at Buggy Bill with. Maybe you're just not cut out for that way of life."

only the few weeks since graduation. Nothing mattered on this day, as long as there was the sun, the wind, and the rumble of the FLH. The only thing needed to make the day absolutely perfect, he thought, was a girl, a pretty one with long blond curls, long legs, and a body to match the beauty of his new machine. Streaking past an army-green military bus and catching a quick glimpse of the soldiers inside staring down at his machine, he decided to head for town to check out the office beauties soon to be off work.

Two cruises down the main drag and one race with a 327 Chevy later, Carl spotted what he sought. She didn't have blond hair — it was more the color of honey — but she'd certainly do. She was dressed like one of those hippie girls, and Carl's first thought was not to stop, even though her thumb was out, but the form of her breasts quickly changed his mind. She wore a thin, loose top, pressed against her body by the wind. Her khaki pants clung to her figure, emphasizing rather than hiding it, as Carl suspected they were intended to do. As a result of his initial indecision, he didn't get stopped until he was fifty feet past her, but she happily bounced up to the machine and jumped on the back as if she had been riding for years.

"Hello," said Carl, hoping his boyish good looks were impressing her as much as a closer look at her was impressing him. She was definitely the hippie type, but pretty. She wore no makeup and her complexion was purer than any other he had ever seen. Where most of the downtown girls wore heavy eyeshadow and liner, she wore none, but her eyes looked brown enough and big enough for a guy to get lost in.

"I'm going to Eighty-third," she said over the low whump-whump of the idling Harley.

Carl eased back onto the road, but never stopped at 83rd. He passed the city limits, passed the suburbs, and entered the low, wooded hills of the countryside. Again he opened the throttle to 85, taking the curves as if he had been riding the bike for years, rather than a few weeks. The day was perfect. They rode until well after sunset before stopping at a wooded glen.

He sat first under the huge oak, facing the 74. The machine's paint glowed in the night, and the well-polished chrome caught just enough of the moonlight to reflect it magically.

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She sat next to him, her leg touching his at the thigh.

"Oh, wow," she gushed, "that was a ride. I was supposed to be at Cherry's hours ago, but that can wait. Maybe I can call her when we get to a phone." They sat in silence, listening to the machine crackle in the cooling night air.

"Smoke any grass?" she asked.

"Uh, no," replied Carl. Although he had seen pot around, he had always thought of it as part of that hippie shit, a culture that held little fascination for him. Between working and attending school he'd had little doings with anybody but himself. His mind had been fixed on nothing else except the day he'd drive the Harley out of the dealership.

She pulled a neatly rolled joint from her pants pocket. "Wanna smoke some?" she asked.

It was decision time for Carl, and he knew it. The ride had made him feel loose, feel free, feel like nothing in the world was important, except his bike and this moment. "Sure," he answered.

The joint was lit and passed between the two until it was too small to hold. She produced a roach clip — one with a peace symbol — and they each got a few more tokes.

Carl found strange sensations in his head. He'd expected to feel drunk, but he didn't. His thoughts, though, took on new meanings. He felt great affection for the girl without even knowing her name. His Harley, now more distinct as his eyes adjusted to the night, became a machine with a soul, a friend, a companion. Suddenly he wanted to know all about this strange, quiet girl at his side, but doubts about everything, including



"How much for five sheets, sweetheart?"

conversation, kept him quiet. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"What's your name?" he asked.
 "Tina," she replied, her face bathed softly in the light of the rising moon, looking more beautiful than any of the silly high school girls who had sought Carl's attention in the past.

He held her and kissed her softly on the forehead, not sure of himself. She raised her head and kissed him back in a way that spoke eloquently. They made love — Carl couldn't tell if it was for three minutes or three hours — and talked about each other during the interludes. She was an incredible turn-on and the dope made Carl focus every ounce of his being on her body. She seemed perfect. Her breasts were every woman's and her mouth took him places he had never imagined. Near dawn the night became cold, and they smoked another joint before mounting the pan for the long ride back to the city. They never agreed to become lovers, but they did, getting into more dope and good times than Carl had ever thought possible. For a year they partied, made love, got stoned, had silly spats, and rode the big, shiny pan. Life was perfect for them both — until the letter arrived in the mail.

Carl was drafted.

* * *

Carl — they now called him Crazy Carl — sat in the hooch and toked on Vietnamese weed. It would have been mind-blowing stateside, but the sights and smells of this nightmarish place had already blown Crazy's mind, so the weed had little more than a numbing effect. The whump of nearby incoming shells was more an annoyance to Crazy than a sound to breed fear. His fear had left days earlier, during his seventh month in this hell, when he had been walking point and had fallen into a tiger trap. The punji sticks, their putrid points aimed menacingly up, had failed to harm him. He hadn't even been scratched. He knew then he wasn't going to die in this place — and he was going to add to his ear collection at every possible chance. In his mind the war was over. It was only a matter of serving out the remainder of his 365 before he went stateside. He would bear no scars.

* * *

The homecoming was bittersweet. Tina met him at the airport, but could see at once that he had aged more than the year he'd been gone. It told in the lines of his face — too many

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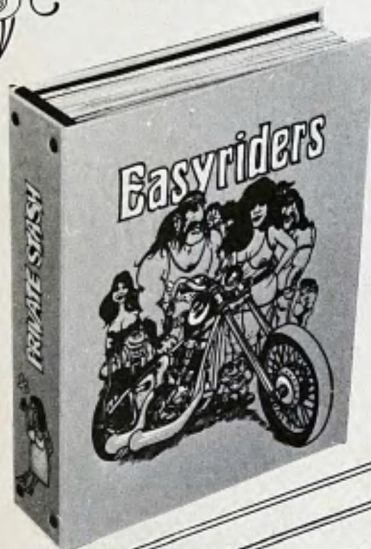


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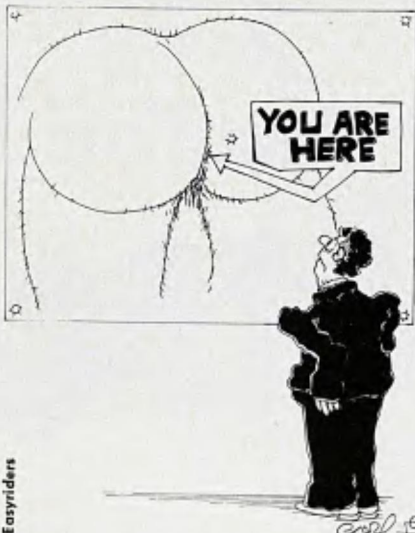
lines for such a still-young man — and in the tired way he carried himself. But most of all it told in his eyes, eyes much too old and wise, eyes that had seen too much. His eyes would never again be young.

They smoked that night — he took a handful of reds — and they made love. Where before he had been gentle, he was now rough. Where he had once brushed his lips over the tops of her breasts he now bit, almost savagely, into her satin skin. It was no longer lovemaking for her, but raw sex, sex she could have found with anyone on the street. It wasn't the lovemaking Tina had waited a year for.

The Harley had waited, too, but now it was ridden differently. There was a vengeance in the way he handled the machine, not the joy of the past. It became encrusted with oil, dirt, and grease, looking more like a rat than the once beautifully polished machine it had been. He went down on it several times, too drunk to ride, but never bothered to fix the damage as long as it ran.

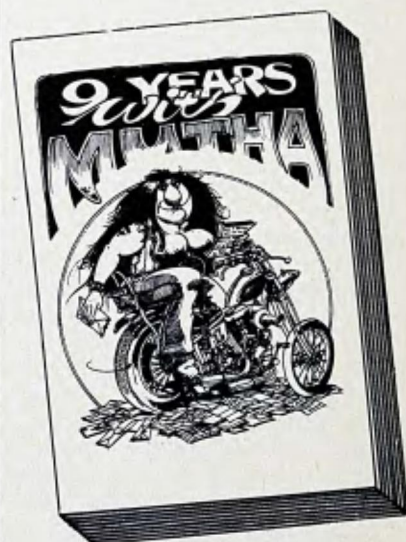
Finally it was sold for parts. Carl needed the money for a dope deal, a deal that fell through. Tina left, unable to understand this strange man who had returned from another land. Once, during the night, he told her about how he had cut out the tongue of a suspected VC. She knew then that it would never be the same.

Two years after his discharge he was sent to prison, having shot a man caught stealing his motorcycle. But the prison records got it wrong. In the place marked "distinguishing scars and features," it said "none." But the screws weren't to blame — even Crazy Carl never saw the scars he carried.



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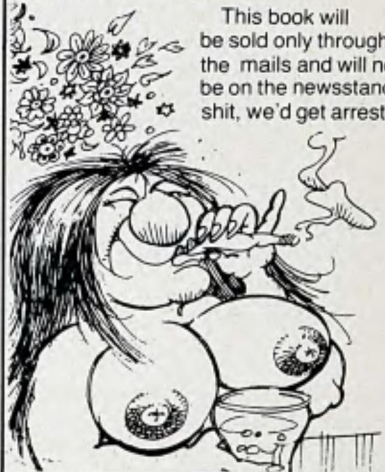
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FOOTPRINTS

—Continued from page 56

didn't move. He sat straight in the chair, leaning it back slightly into the corner for support, both hands flat before him on the table. In the dimness of the corner he seemed to blend into the dark-stained wall.

Squinting, Buck stared at the figure. He had all the earmarks of a biker, to be sure. He wore a black Eastwood hat, pulled down low on his brow, and a thin, long cigar stuck straight out from his bearded face. His shoulders were wide, sloping, and his biceps filled the arms of the thin leather shirt he wore. They were the prison-manufactured arms of an iron-pumper. From one ear, barely visible beneath the shroud of black hair, hung a gold cross.

"Hey, man," Buck shouted, breaking the silence. "Come on over an' join the party."

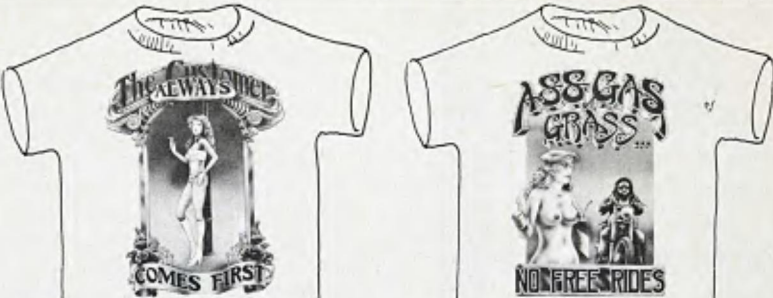
"Wine," the stranger answered, raising his head slightly and looking toward Josie, the barmaid. His eyes were like cold, hard, black marbles. Josie shuddered, reaching blindly behind her for the bottle of Red, the only wine served in Roy's. She filled a glass, dumped in some ice, wondering why her hands trembled, and quickly carried it to his table. She put the glass down within his reach and stepped away. The corner of the room seemed cold.

"Hey, man," Buck said, getting off his stool and walking over toward the table in the corner. "How long ya been here? We didn't even see ya come in. I'm Buck; what's yer name?"

"My friends call me Bub," the stranger said. There was a defensive tone in his voice, as though he expected laughter to accompany the revelation. He raised his head, his lips moving slightly to transfer the thin cigar to the corner of his mouth. Buck felt the hair on his neck stiffen as their eyes met, and it angered him. It was a sensation that always preceded trouble, and he considered himself the champion when it came to premonitions of battle. His beer mug held chest high, he stepped closer to the table, blocking the stranger from the view of those at the bar.

Marie heard them exchange words, but could not make out what they were saying. She saw Buck lean forward slightly, and realized that her fists were clenched so tightly that her nails were digging into her hands. "Oh, sweet Jesus!" she said softly.

Buck's arm, the one holding the mug of beer, moved forward. A sound



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came from the corner. It was a sort of thumping sound, followed by a loud grunt and a crash of glass. Beer flew into the air like fog. Buck took half a step backward, but his leg folded and he went down hard on his back, holding only the handle of the broken beer mug in his upraised hand. His head twisted to one side as he slid several feet on his back, on the sawdust-covered concrete floor of the barroom. When Marie looked down at him, lying face up at her feet, she saw only a look of disbelief, of amazement.

"Holy fuckin' shit!" Buck mumbled. He rose slowly to his feet, one hand going for the Buck knife at his belt, then stopping halfway. He dropped his hand to his side and turned to gaze into the dark corner of the room. "I didn't even see that bastard move. I ain't never been hit so fuckin' hard in my life. I'm gonna cut that sonofabitch!" He raised his hand toward his Buck knife again, but Marie put her hand on his wrist and was surprised when Buck offered no resistance. He lowered his hand and slowly walked back over to where the stranger sat.

"Listen, Bub," Buck said, trying to sound tough, but secretly hoping that his opponent would accept his brusque tone as one of apology. "That was an asshole thing I done. We're all friendly here, an' this is a friendly place. What brings ya here?"

"I'm looking for someone," Bub said. "He comes in here. I've been looking for him for two years — ever since I got out of the federal pen."

"Who's that?" Buck asked.

"Three-Toe. That's what they call him. What do you know about him?"

"Not much," Buck answered. "He



"I'm from the office of the Surgeon General. May I have a urine specimen?"

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showed up around here about two years ago, an' he's been here ever since. Kinda weasel-faced fucker —" He stopped abruptly, and then hastily added, "No offense. I mean, if he's a friend of yours."

"He's a snitch," Bub answered. If there was an expression on his face, it was hidden both by the darkness of the corner and by the heavy beard that covered his face. But his black eyes seemed to grow brighter in the darkness. "He lost two toes when his shotgun went off the night we had a shootout with the feds, down by the border. We lost a lot of money and a lot of junk that night. I went up. He didn't. The rest isn't hard to figure out."

"Sonofabitch!" Buck said. "There's somethin' about that bastard I never did like, an' now I know what it is. You know, he's always lookin' around, behind hisself, like he's expectin' somebody to come up on him. He don't do nothin', he don't fight, an' when it comes to chicks he only takes the leavin's. Sonofabitch!"

"That's him," Bub said.
"Limps, too."

"Yeah," Buck answered, "he calls hisself The Crip now. Said he lost a couple of toes kickin' at a dude barefoot, durin' a knife fight in a dark room."

"I'm waiting for him," Bub said.
"Don't worry," Marie butted in. She had come over to stand nervously behind Buck, her ol' man. "The Crip's here every night 'bout the same time. We put up with him, but nobody likes him. He's like death an' taxes — you can't get away from the fucker. Allus pawin' ya with those clammy hands of his. Ugh!"

Bub tilted his head downward and looked into his untouched glass of wine.

"I wouldn't know about taxes," he said, "but I know about death. Death is a term we all use loosely. There are dead seas, dead fires, dead teeth, and dead hopes." He said the last softly. "But real death means only one thing. It means not being here at all. It's something we all fight to avoid. It's an invention of life."

"Huh?" Marie asked.
"Go sit down, ya stupid broad," Buck growled, giving her a push back toward her bar stool. He turned back to face Bub, and realized that the dark man had gone on talking. He picked up the last of the words.

"... if life is good, and it is, then death is an angel."

It was too deep for Buck. He went back to the bar and ordered another beer. As he stood there drinking it, he



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glanced now and then at Bub, who still remained seated in the darkened corner, almost invisible to the eye, head down, hands still flat on the table, his wine untouched.

The Crip arrived. The Crip known as Three-Toe. He came into the bar with a clatter.

"Where's the broads? Where's the beer? Brace yerself, 'cause The Crip's here!" He danced up to the bar, threw one arm around Marie, who tried to shrug him off, and the other around Buck. Buck pushed him away roughly.

"Fuckin' asshole!" he growled.

"What's the matter?" The Crip asked, his weasel face taking on a hurt expression. "I ain't done nothin'."

"Oh, yeah?" Buck answered. "You may not have done nothin' around here — an' nothin' is what ya do best — but what about some of the nothin's ya done elsewhere? Big fuckin' knife fighter. *Night* fighter's more like it. How'd ya like to go out back an' do a little Missouri Waltz with me?"

"Aw, c'mon, Buck," The Crip whined, moving back. "I ain't doin' no harm. C'mon, lemme buy you an' Marie a beer. Buy the house a beer," he shouted. "I got plenny money."

"I'll bet you have," Buck said, "An' it ain't too hard to figure out where ya got it."

"Whatta ya mean by that?" The Crip said, standing a little straighter — angry, but not wanting it to show enough to lead into a situation from which he couldn't back down.

"Check out the corner," Buck said, grinning maliciously.

The Crip turned his head quickly, a look of fear spreading over his thin,



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sparsely bearded face. Buck looked, too. The corner was empty, but the wine glass was still sitting where it had been before. Bub, he thought, must have gone to the head. The Crip's face relaxed when he saw that no one was there.

"Tell us about your fight with that Mexican dude," Buck said. "You know, the night ya lost yer toes."

"Oh," The Crip said, his chest swelling visibly. "That was one helluva fight, lemme tell ya. Fucker'd been messin' with my ol' lady all night, so I chose 'im off. We went into a back room in this place, see, barefooted, an' with nothin' but a couple of butcher knives from behind the bar of the joint. I kep' my mouth shut, but he kep' sayin', 'donde esta,' as he shuffled around. All of a sudden, I smelled him, an' he musta knowed I was right in front, 'cause he took a swing with his knife. It just barely touched my shirt, so I gives a big kick, but he drew back an' had the knife right in front of hisself, an' off went my toes. But I stuck that fucker. I stuck 'im good."

"That's not the way it was," a soft voice said from the corner of the room.

The Crip looked like a man who had just grabbed hold of a downed high-tension line. He rocked back on his heels, his back arched, and the beer mug fell from his hand as Buck got a handful of T-shirt in his grip to keep The Crip from dashing headlong out the door. The man's frightened face turned to the corner, to where Bub had returned. The dark figure still had his head down, but all could see that The Crip, or Three-Toe, knew who was there. He whined and tried to pull away, but Buck had a



"Psst. This chick 'll do anything."

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better grip on him now, and his way was blocked by other figures.

"Richie," he said, then corrected himself. "Bub! Jesus Keerist, I heard you was dead. Killed in the joint." He stopped abruptly, knowing that he had already, long ago, condemned himself, and was now only legalizing the fact.

"Everyone's dead when he goes to prison," Bub replied. He looked up for the first time, and his black eyes, reflecting the dim light of the bar, were glowing coals. "I want him out back," he said.

The Crip was whining, and his feet were attempting to get a grip on the slick floor as Buck and the others hustled him out through the back behind Bub.

Bub stood on the rotted front porch of the old house in the rear. His strong hands gripped the log slabs that covered the entrance and ripped them free, the spikes screeching eerily in the moonless night. He removed a two-by-six that rested in metal stanchions to prevent the door from opening outward, and flung open the door.

"Inside," he ordered. "But just so he can relive that fantasy of his, take off his boots. I'll wear mine. I want him to hear me coming."

The Crip kicked wildly as strong arms lifted him and pulled the boots from his feet. Something cold touched the palm of his hand, and he looked fearfully down to discover a Buck general in his grip, its honed edge like that of a straight razor. And into the darkness of the little house he was thrown.

After Buck had barred the door, those outside listened intently for sounds from within. They heard nothing but the wind in the trees of the

—Continued on page 111



"No, no, Miss Nutly, when the prosecutor asked where the alleged rape took place, he meant the geographical location."

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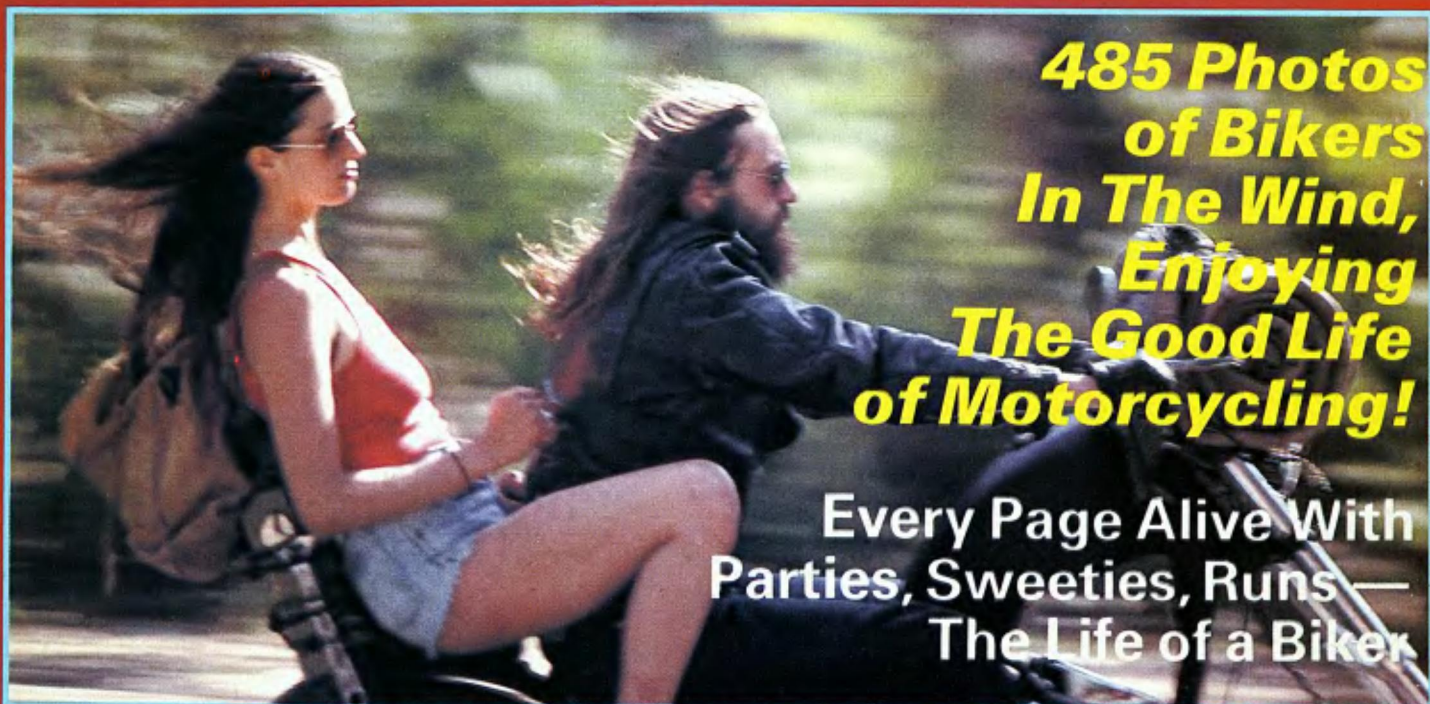
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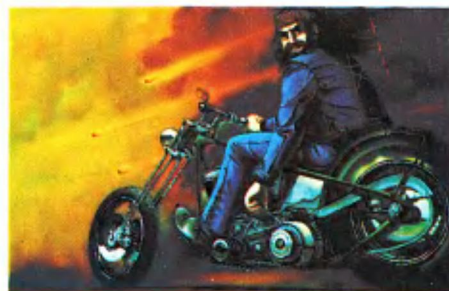
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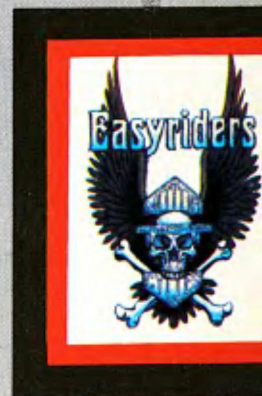
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If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on the newsstand, he needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain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

FOOTPRINTS

—Continued from page 106

forest and the rustling of ivy leaves along the cemetery wall.

"Let's go back inside," Buck said. "We can open up in the mornin'. I got a feelin' Bub is gonna make this fun last a long time."

* * *

"You bastard!" were the first words Buck heard when he awakened. The bright sunlight burned his eyes as it arced a beam on him through one of the high windows of the bar. "I ain't sleepin' on no fuckin' pool table with you ever again," Marie complained. She stood beside the table, massaging the small of her back. Josie was waking up, too. She sat up on the edge of the bar, where she had slept all night, a grin on her face.

"Ain't the first time I had my back on the boards," she chortled. The others rose, too, from the sawdust-covered floor and from the dilapidated sofa against the far wall.

"Let's go check an' see who comes outta that door," Buck said, suddenly remembering what had occurred before they had gotten down to serious partying the night before. Everyone crowded out the back door and gathered before the door of the little house as Buck removed the latching timber. He pulled the door open, letting in the sunlight, and half a dozen heads peered inside.

There was only one figure in the room. The Crip, Three-Toe, lay in the center of the room with the handle of a Buck general gleaming cold and black from the center of his chest like the thick, petrified stem of some ungodly flower.

And in the thick dust on the floor, dust that had been undisturbed for years, were seen only the footprints of a three-toed man.



"I know all they said was 'mornin', ladies — but I still think I pissed my pants."

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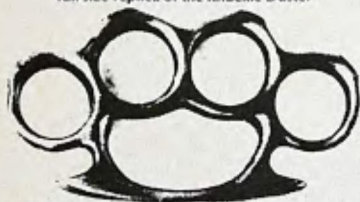


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EASYNEWS

—Continued from page 49

Don't Let This Happen

Florida: A lot of people want to put a stop to our choice of transportation. They are located in our nation's capital, state capitals, and right in our own home-towns! And what are we doing? Not much.

People who ride on two wheels deserve the same rights and privileges as those who drive four wheels. All we want is fair treatment, the chance to ride our motorcycles where and when we want. Who are we? We are just a small group out of six million motorcyclists in the U.S.A.

If we are going to stop the spread of "Bike Ban Fever," we will have to get it together. We have to join together and form a united bond to stand up for our freedom of transportation and to protect the future of the motorcycle.

For more information, write your nearest motorcyclist association. Join now before it's too late! Stand up for your rights: If we don't get together today, there won't be a riding tomorrow. — from ABATE, Citrus County Chapter, Box 101, Inverness, Fla. 32650.

Bikers Are Strong Americans

Florida: A pro-Iranian march erupted in a brief on-again, off-again fistfight when blacks and a group of flag-waving white motorcyclists clashed in downtown Gainesville.

Later, another 50 demonstrators gathered in a vigil supporting the United States.

About 40 protesters, calling themselves the African People's Socialist Party, toiled signs and walked about one and a half miles from a predominantly black development on Gainesville's east side to a downtown plaza under heavy police guard.

Chanting "The Shah is a murderer," "Free the 40 million black hostages" and slogans denouncing President Carter and the United States, the demonstrators — mostly teenagers — were confronted by the motorcyclists, who claimed most of their members are Vietnam veterans from Central Florida.

After eight minutes of trading obscene cheers and taunts, the two sides engaged in a brief scuffle.

Thirty-five riot-equipped policemen and deputy sheriffs separated the two factions and arrested a black man and a biker.

One motorcyclist also grabbed an Iranian flag the demonstrators displayed and along with fellow supporters, shredding it. The black group quickly dispersed.

City officials had granted a parade permit to the African Socialist Peoples' Party. A group spokesman, identified as Olatunji Lumumba, said the marchers want the deposed Shah of Iran returned to his native country to stand trial for alleged inhumane treatment of citizens.

"They don't want the Shah nowhere else but Iran because he got a debt to

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pay," Lumumba said as the march began.

About 50 other whites — including
children and the elderly — showed sup-
port of the American cause by picketing
with banners in front of eight television
crews and a large contingent of reporters
and photographers.

One man, 53-year-old Ralph Brown of
Gainesville, held up his pro-American
signs while his German shepherd wore a
sign saying, "I lift my leg to Khomeini."

"We thought it was the thing to do,"
Brown said. "We feel pretty strong about
the situation, and feel they (Iranians) are
pushing us around."

The cyclists — in soiled jeans, leather
vests and boots and displaying thick
beards, ponytails and tattoos — made it
clear they would not tolerate the burning
of American flags.

"If there was a plane being loaded up
tonight, going to Iran to fight, I'd be the
first to go," said Buckley Paddock, 31, of
Ocala, who identified himself as a
Vietnam veteran. "The blacks are doing
this because it's a good time for them
to get back into the newspaper. I'm here
for no political belief other than being
American."

Get Involved In Michigan

Many of us have been, are now, and
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years, we have pushed for this again in
this legislative session, and have sponsors.
In the State House of Representatives,
Representative Steve Andrews sponsored
House Bill HB4496 and HB4497. In the
Senate, Senators Mike O'Brien and John
Welborn sponsored Senate Bills SB345
and SB346.

In 1978 the House of Representatives
passed the helmet repeal bills, but we ran
out of time in the Senate and the legisla-
tive session ended with our bill sitting in
the Senate Judiciary Committee. That
meant we had to start over. We have
done that, but are now running out of time
once again.

After the bill is sponsored it goes to a
committee (the Senate Judiciary Com-
mittee) that is made up of seven members:
Chairman, Senator Basil Brown District 3,
phone (517) 373-7748, Room 27, State
Capitol; Senator John Kelly, District 1,
phone (517) 373-7346, Room 740, Senate
Office Building; Senator John Engler, Dis-
trict 36, phone (517) 373-3760, Room 30,
State Capitol; Senator Edward Pierce, Dis-
trict 18, phone (517) 373-2406, Room 745,
Senate Office Building; Senator Phil
Arthurhult, District 33, phone (517) 373-
1635, Room 803, Senate Office Building;
Senator Donald Bishop, District 8, phone
(517) 373-1758, Room 330, State Capitol;
Senator John Hertel, District 2, phone
(517) 373-7820, Room R, State Capitol.

Write to them, call them (toll free

—Continued on page 116

Motorcycle Swapmeet

Near Cincinnati, Ohio
Fort Mitchell, Kentucky

At the Drawbridge Motor Inn

Held in Meeting &
Convention Center

4 miles south of Cincinnati, Ohio

September 28, 1980 Sunday

12:00 noon to 6:00 P.M.

For further info. Call Jim or Helen at

(313) 274-1953

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work to be done.

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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)

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

Dynamite wine in four weeks with kitchen ingredients. Free beer recipes. \$3 and S.A.S.E. to Cook, Box 1057, N. Wales, Pa. 19454. (87)

Wanted: 55-69 74 right case with gears and cover complete or 58-69 74 bottom end or 58-69 74 panhead engine. Joe Summers, 640 Ridge-side Court, Orange Park, Fla. 32073. (87)

Gypsy: I'm yours forever. Love ya and Happy Birthday. Sugar Tits. (87)

Cornbread: You never came back that Sunday. I'll still be your ol' lady. Baby, I love you. Please call me at number below. I want you and want to be with you no matter where you are. I love you. Snake (714) 281-1573 (collect). (87)

Desperately wanted and needed: a man with a putt to make me start again. I'll love you even when you have to leave me. Pic please. Tahoe, P.O. Box 2429, Olympic Valley, Calif. 95730. (87)

Joe Pug: I love you. Have a sensuously happy birthday. I want to be your ol' lady till there's no more wind to blow through our hair as we ride on our 74. Wendy. (87)

I'm a downed bro doing hard time and need all you sweet ladies with righteous hearts to write and give me your moral support. Troy Fears #36448, Box B, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (87)

Lurch 15'er, Darrington Unit: My loving ol' man, our day will come. You are with me every step I take. I love you. Your ol' lady, Lil' Lin. (87)

Win millions, Canadian lotteries. Send \$20. For information, write Mountain Tickets, Keremeos, B.C., Canada VOX 1N0. (87)

FTW Newsmagazine is the hardest-to-find biker's newspaper on the market. Get your monthly copy in the mail for just \$6.66 per year. FTW Newsmagazine is news of the biker, by the biker, and for the biker. Send your \$6.66 to FTW News, Box 3680, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90277. (87)

To Whiskey Sue in Salem, Mass.: Happy Birthday, big 2-4. Thinkin' of ya 'cuz we love our sis, JA and T.C. (87)

Angel: It ain't always easy, babe, but I do love you and need you. Happy Birthday—may you live all your years to ride. J. (8/5/80). (87)

John D. (and King): This past month has been a trip. Glad you are out of the hospital. Maybe one day we really will be able to go out to Texas to see Terry together on your new bike. Love, Jan (the Maid). (87)

1926 Harley JD engine. Complete with carb and mag, \$750. 1905 Belmont, Fort Worth, Texas 76106. (87)

Build your own sidecar. Sidecar frame guides \$14.95 (brochure 50¢). Dunham, 3060 Liberty St., Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018. (87)

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

Don Chambers, Wynne Unit: You light up my life. We'll be together soon. Love always, Your Red-Head. (87)

Count Dracula: Please verify delivery of good before payments are made. Onion. (87)

6 August 1980. Happy 25th Birthday. Kurt R. Schultz. Think of you often, babe—hope you're well and keeping out of trouble. Sure would like to hear from you—call/write my folks' place and I'll get back to you soon. As always, just loving you, Kathleen (and Mum). (87)

T-shirts: "Ass, Gas or Grass—Nobody Rides for Free" printed on front with a silhouette of a bro and his ol' lady cruisin' in the wind. Shirts come in all sizes and colors. Send \$6 to Doug Stillner, Box 67, Grundy, Va. 24614. Dealer inquiries welcome. (87)

35 and alive, locked-up lonely lovable would like correspondence with sincere mature ladies. Will answer all with photo. Dan Bellew #153-831, P.O. Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302. (87)

Would you like to have an income that would maybe allow you to quit your job and start doing the things in life you want to do? You can, honestly and legally, if you do what I tell you. Many people do in U.S. and Canada. No bullshit. Send name, address, and \$1 to R. Beaulieu, R.R. 2, Waterloo, Quebec, Canada J0E 2N0. (89)

Letters remained, \$1. Guaranteed privacy. To receive remails, ask for free information. J-J Remail, 4512 Pleasant, Fort Worth, Texas 76115. (87)

Motorcycle mechanic — train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details. Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC 80, 4500 Campus, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660. (87)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (87)

R. S. Martois: Happy Birthday (6/14/80). Ride free and in the wind forever. Love ya, Firebird. (87)

How about writing to this downed biker—someone you can tell your troubles to. We can get to know each other through the mail, then next year, meet in person. I'm 6'1", 205, brown hair, brown beard. Will exchange flicks. Tony "Turk" West, Box C-M-7, Wau-pun, Wis. 53963. (87)

Dave: Wishin' you Happy Birthday as I wait for your phonecall. Buffy. (87)

A.L.H. Eleven years were great, looking forward to more. 8/9/80. Happy Birthday to our friend Jim 8/10/80. Cathie. (87)

Max, Happy Birthday. \$9 more to go. I love you always, Ragnar. (87)

Lonely prisoner, blue eyes, brown hair, would like to correspond with any age chick. Looking for a good ol' lady. John C. Pearson, Box B-76788, Tamal, Calif. 94964. (87)

Geo.: Happy 25th birthday. you redheaded "Butcher." I've got to admit, you do have the best meat in Tennessee. (87)

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

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

Susan, I love you. Let me know you are still alive. L. Paul. (87)

Bo: Happy Anniversary. Here's to the good times and for the ones to come. Your Ol' Lady, Carol. (87)

30-yr.-old Swedish decent biker. Freedom is mine in Sept. 1980. I'm looking for that special woman with class and a Harley heart, to do it California style. Photo and phone number to Eric Jorgenson, P.O. Box D #308-2, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (87)

Happy Birthday, Juan. Keep on puttin', Amores, Dolores y Melissa. 74 or more. (87)

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

Good ole boys down for a while. Send us mail, make us smile. Have photo, will travel. Jim Johnson #3955, Robert H. Moon #14579, Marion Tomlinson #14809, Jackie Cox #12753, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (87G)

BHA&HB/SBIAY/ILYA/YOLEB.

Kevin (Scotom) Rhodes: If you're out there, please write me—we all miss you, Louie Nye, Box 33, Larsen Bay, Alaska 99624. (87G)

Harley bitch would like to receive mail from nasty-ass Harley riders. Ms. Kit Lee SE, 811 E. City Hall Ave., Norfolk, Va. 23510. (87G)

Downed bro needs words and flicks from all you foxy ladies out there. Be out soon, so hurry and let's hear from ya. Terry Dyer #138187, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204. (87)

Susie L: Sure wish there had been time to get into your pants. It still might happen some day. Keep hopin'. Think of you often, the little D. (87)

I'm 21 years old, incarcerated, and would love to correspond with some honest men who would be straight up with me. Eva Adams, K.C.I.W. #1902, Pee Wee Valley, Ky. 40056. (87G)

Good-looking, green-eyed, 38 yrs. young w/male biker, sensuous, loving, caring, and sincere, looking for same. Explicit words and photo, sincere, no game players, please. Soon no longer a guest of th state. Lady, you know who you are, Write Rick, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (87G)

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. (87)

Cajun: When you walk out, I'll be there. I love you. Your Wildflower. (87)

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)

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 Shirtee, Box 672, Chippewa Falls, Wis. 54729. (86)

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

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)

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)

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)

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. Bell, P.O. Box 592, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740. (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)

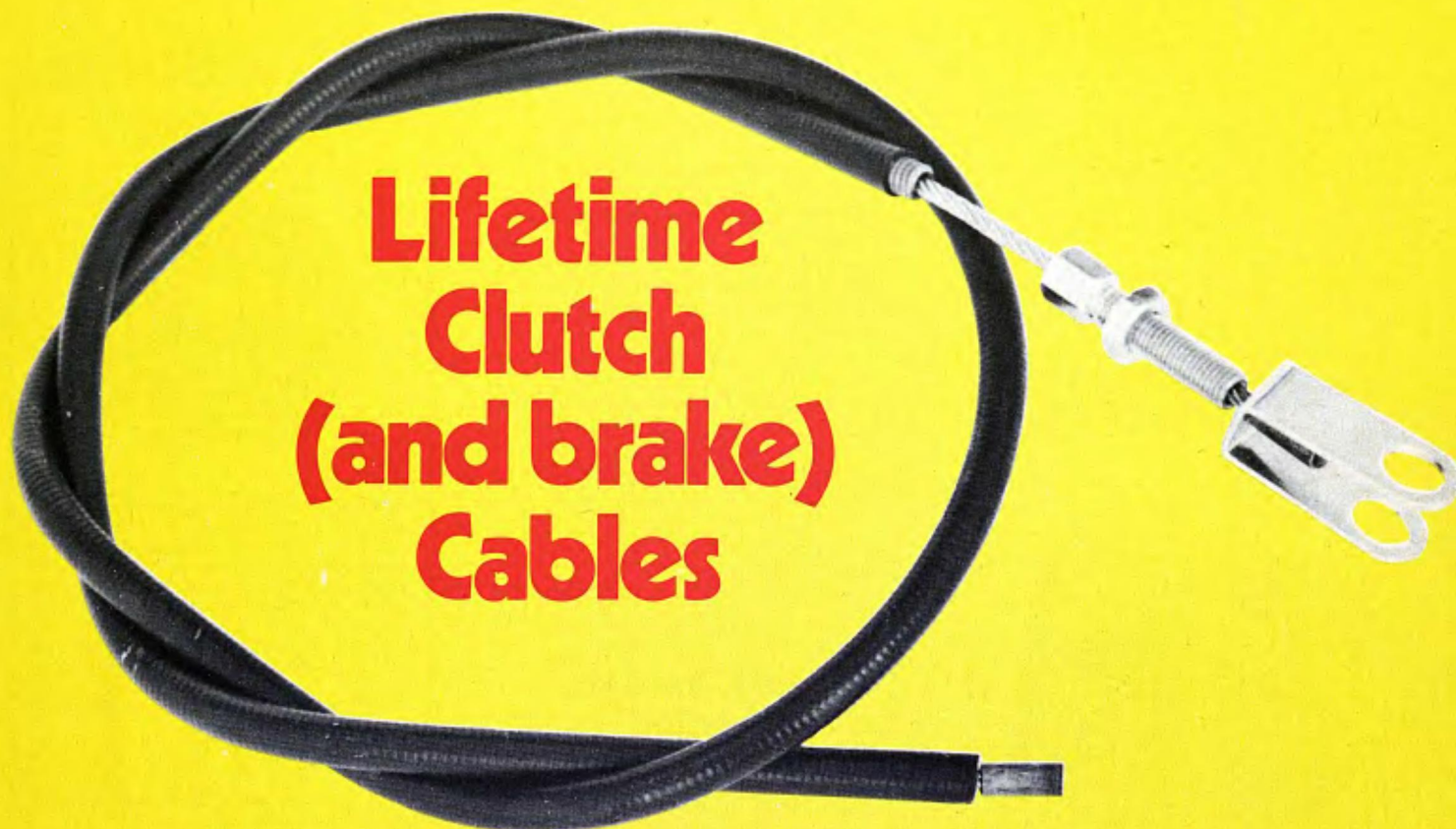
Sherry: The finest lady in my whole life. All my love on 6-13-80. Bobby H., San Antonio, Tex. (86)

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 m. address is Shane. c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (86)

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)

Lifetime Clutch (and brake) Cables



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That's right. Now you can travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch or brake cable ain't gonna crap out on ya in the middle of Tightwat, Texas—where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard drivin'. Your worries are over! Get these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or next gallon of gas is coming from—because you **never** have to worry about your cable goin' south on ya anymore!

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

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

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

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

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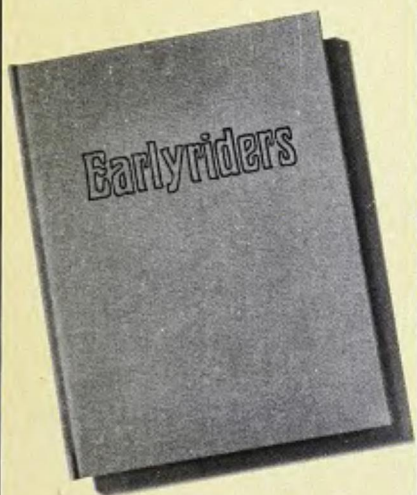
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Send \$8.95 (plus \$1.00 postage and handling) to *Earlyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (California residents add 6% so that Governor Brown can keep the wheels turning up in Sacramento.)

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number 1-800-292-5893) or send them Mailgrams. Tell them you favor helmet repeal and want SB345 and SB346 put on the agenda.

We are told that there are enough committee votes to get it out onto the Senate floor, where it can go up for a vote. We need it scheduled on the agenda and voted out of the Senate Judiciary Committee. We feel positive that once it is onto the Senate floor it will pass. We have been working on a legislative analysis and it is looking good for us. But if it doesn't get put on the agenda in the Senate Judiciary Committee, we can't get a vote in the Senate, thus — mandatory helmets.

Contact them. Tell them how you feel (politely), then contact us or send us a copy of their return letter for our files. This is serious! You owe it to yourself, and to your family and friends, to voice your opinion and get results. — from ABATE of Michigan, P.O. Box 1032, Dearborn, Michigan.

"Smokey The Bear" Hats Repealed

Virginia: A few months ago all kinds of chicanery was employed by professional hand-wringers to defeat the helmet repeal attempts in Virginia. Now that state has decided to let the state troopers take off their "Smokey Bear" hats while driving their patrol cars. Seems they could be a safety hazard because the troopers have been complaining about stiff necks and headaches from wearing the heavy (about three ounces) hats. You Virginia troopers don't really expect us to believe that, do you? We're wondering just how many "Smokey Bear" hats it takes to match the weight of just one helmet. — from B.R.O., Box 1713, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Iowa Bills

Iowa: SF 333, which passed the Senate last year but still has to pass the House, would require mandatory helmets and eye protection for those riders under 18 years old.

This bill would require lights on for all motorcycles made after 1977, and includes moped education.

SF 221, introduced in the Senate on February 14, would require moped education, lights on all motorcycles made after 1977, eye protection, and a maximum handlebar height of 15 inches above the operator's seat.

HF 2104, introduced in the House on January 16, would require any rider and passenger not wearing a helmet and eye protection to have a minimum insurance policy of \$20,000 on the rider and passenger.

Now is the time to write your state legislators for freedom — for motorcycling and for your people — from ABATE of Iowa, Box 23, LeClaire, Iowa 52753.

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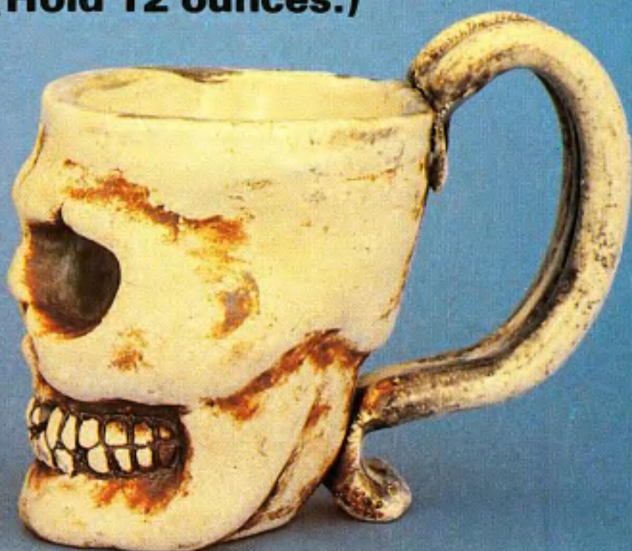
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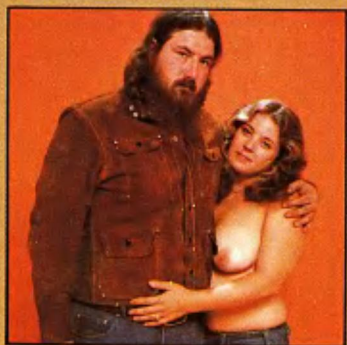
Calstar and Survivor heavy leather riding gloves with built-in liners with gauntlets measuring 5 inches from the wrist—high enough to tuck your jacket sleeve into. \$22.00 plus \$2.00 postage and handling. Upon request, we will sew on stars, swastikas, or ship them plain. Available in "casual brown"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

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IN 25 YEARS

—Continued from page 45

who turned me on to these flicks says he shelled out about a hundred and fifty bucks a month on repairs. But it was all in fun, even if it didn't leave much for a sailor to live on after the bills were paid. It was kinda rough on bodies, too. Mac's got a four-inch scar and some toe-curlin' stories about what happens when foreign objects meet flesh. I can imagine some sailor, about three sheets to the wind, bearing down on me with that I'm-gonna-ram-the-bastard look in his eyes as I'm preparing to kick the soccer ball. It's enough to make my shins pull up inside my pants legs just thinkin' about it. There were some consolations for all the bruised shins and bent rims, though. The ladies thought the men looked great in uniform, and this combined with the sexual attraction bikers have by nature, so that the ladies made those soft tropical nights very soothing.

Bikes, women, beer, sun, and sand — it was a great combination that produced enough memories to last a lifetime. It's like the whole nostalgia trip wrapped up in these

pictures. Hell, when these flicks were taken, most of us were too young to care what was going on in the Florida Keys. But they seem to be the epitome of what it's all about now. So, if you want to see and feel the things that are coming up in the next 25 years or so, take a look at what was happening 25 years ago and let your imagination do the rest.

—Norton



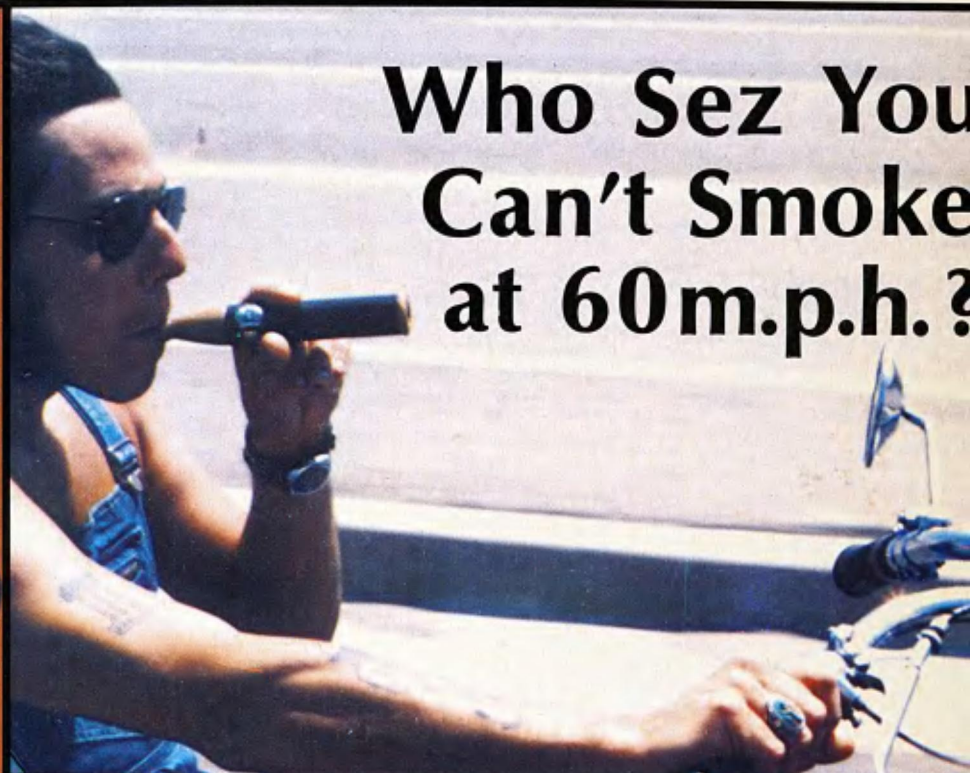
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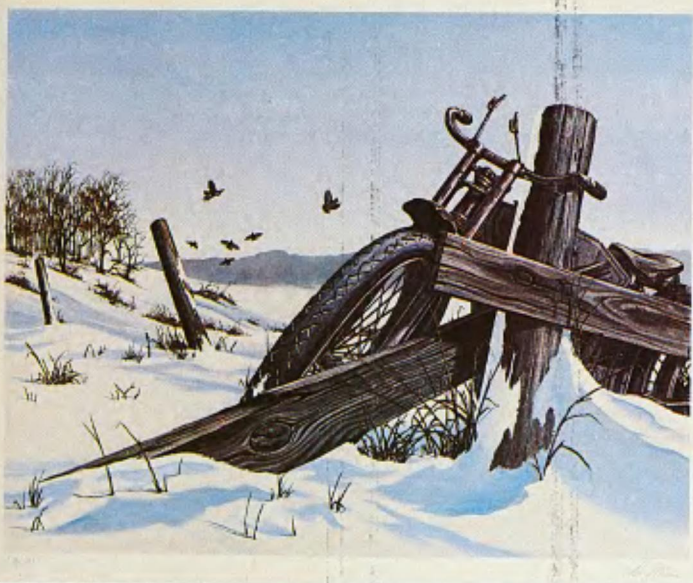
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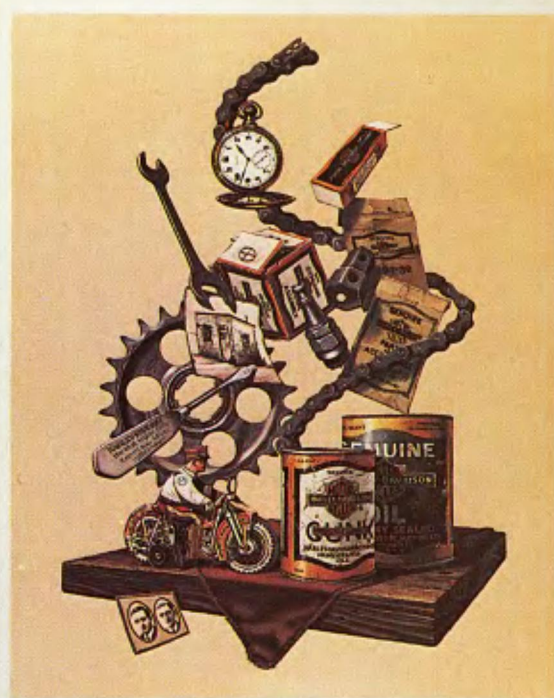
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A.



C.



B.

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

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

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

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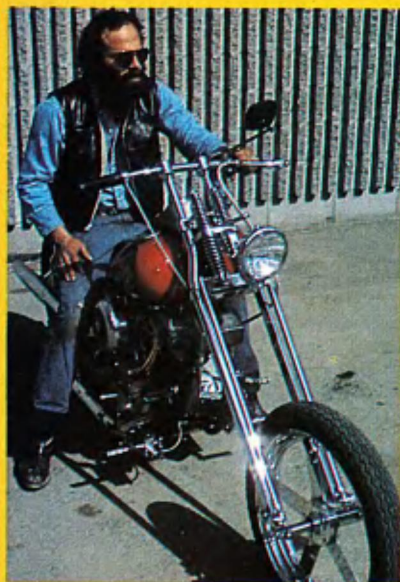
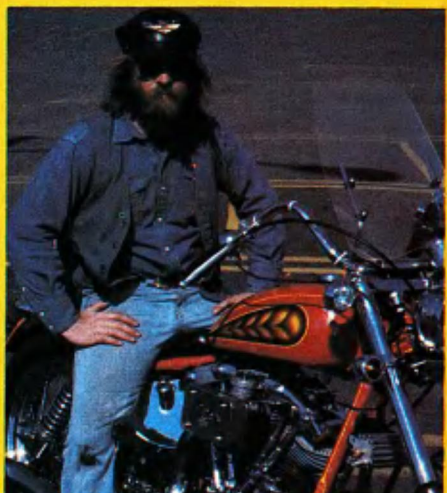
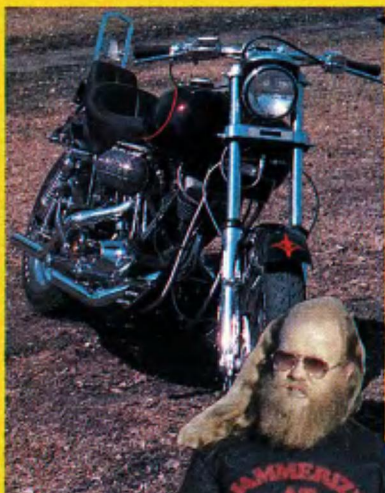
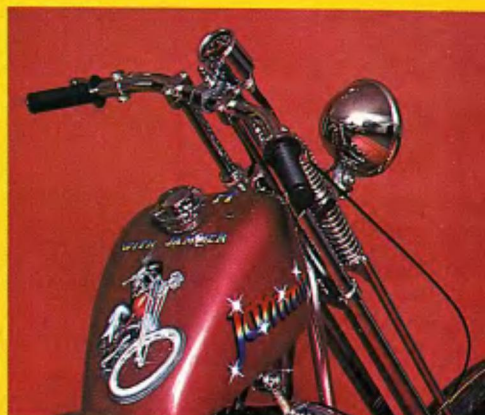
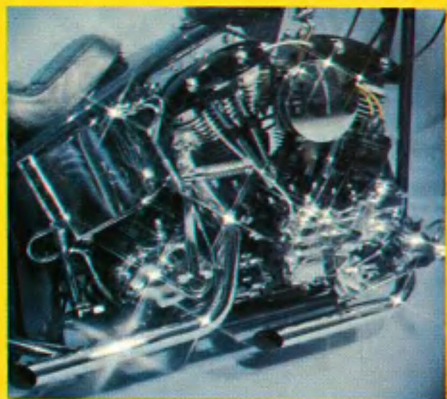
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PEOPLE PLEASIN' PARTS

Dial in on this small taste of beauties from Jammer men—good people with good parts. There's a place for many of their parts on your scooter. So, stop searchin'. Start pickin'!



Phase 3 Belt Drives & Accessories



74 2" Belt Drive Open Primary

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

143058	Open Primary, 1937-1954	246.75
143059	Open Primary, 1955-1979	246.75

74 Belt Drive Open Primary

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

143060	Open Primary, 1937-1954	204.75
143061	Open Primary, 1955-1979	204.75

74 Belt Drive Closed Primary

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

143062	Closed Primary, 1937-1954	187.95
143063	Closed Primary, 1955-1964	187.95
143064	Closed Primary, 1965-1979	187.95

74 Belt Drive Electric Start

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

143065	Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1965-1969	210.00
143066	Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1970-1979	210.00

Sportster Belt Drives

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

143067	1957-1968 See Footnote 3	187.95
143068	1969-1970 See Footnotes 1 & 3	187.95
143069	1970-1976 See Footnotes 2 & 4	187.95
143070	1977-1978 See Footnote 4	187.95
143090	1979-1980 See Footnote 4	187.95
143071	Electric Start, 1969-1970 Footnotes 1 & 3	215.25
143072	Electric Start, 1970-1976 Footnotes 2 & 3	215.25
143073	Electric Start, 1977-1978 Footnote 3	215.25
143091	Electric Start, 1979-1980 Footnote 3	215.25

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

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

Footnote 3 Accepts #143083 1 1/2" belt

Footnote 4 Accepts #143089 1 3/4" belt

Replacement Belts

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

143081	74 Belt, Closed Primary & Electric Start	30.35
143082	74 Belt, Open Primary	30.35
143085	74 Belt, 2" Open Primary	30.70
143083	Sportster Belt, 1 1/2"	30.35
143089	Sportster Belt, 1 3/4"	30.35



Belt Shroud

Recommended for protection on all open primary Harley 74 belt drive units. Heavy steel construction and show chrome plated. Two models.

143074	1937-1969	38.80
143075	1970-1979	38.80

Aluminum Side Guard

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

143077		19.90
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Clutch Dome

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

143084		29.00
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Pressure Plate

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

143021		29.95
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Alternator Cover

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

143076		30.45
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Engine Nut

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

143078	Harley 74 1937 to 1954	9.40
143079	Harley 74 1955 to 1969	9.40
143080	Harley Sportster All Years	9.40
143087	Harley 74 1970 to 1979	9.40

Bearing Support

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

10404	Bearing Support	19.95
10405	Bearing	11.75

Competitor Clutch

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

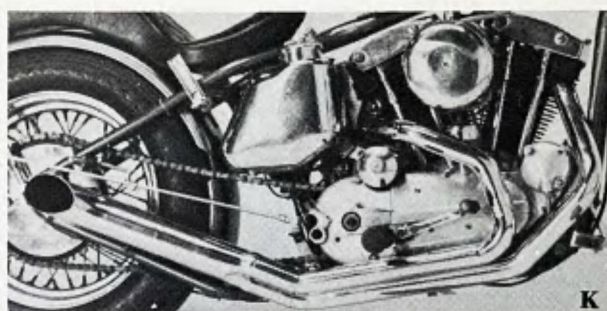
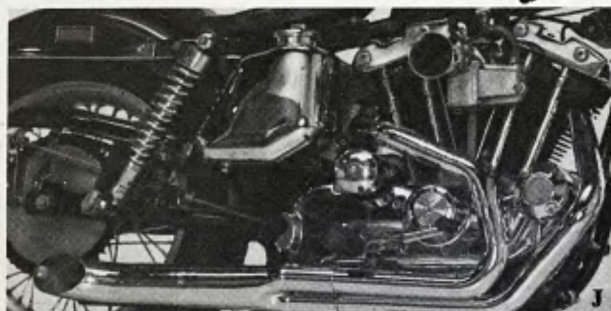
143088		204.75
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Sportster Primary Spacer

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

143086		26.25
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Harley Collectors

ALPHADETT
HEADERS


All Harley Header Pipes Are 2 Into 1 With Turn-Out Muffler.

Part No.	Model	Frame	Years	Description	Footnote	Price
A 151011	Sportster-XLCH	Rigid	57 - 75	Kick Start Only	1-3-5-6	120.00
B 151013	Knucklehead	Rigid	36 - 47	Kick Start	1-3	120.00
C 151014	Panhead	Rigid	48 - 65	Kick or Electric	1-3-5	120.00
D 151015	Panhead	Sw/Arm	58 - 65	Kick or Electric	3-5	120.00
E 151016	Shovelhead	Rigid	66 - 69	Kick or Electric	1-3	120.00
F 151017	Shovelhead	Sw/Arm	66 - 69	Kick or Electric	3	120.00
G 151018	Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE	Sw/Arm	70 - 79	Kick or Electric	3	120.00
H 151019	Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE	All	66 - 79	Equal Length Kick or Electric	3-4-7	120.00
I 151020	Shovelhead	Rigid	70 - 79	Kick or Electric	1-3	120.00
J 151022	Sportster- XLCH, XLH	Sw/Arm	57 - 79	Equal Length Kick or Electric	3-5-6	120.00
K 151023	Sportster XLCH, XLH	Rigid	57 - 79	Kick or Electric	1-3-5-6	120.00

Footnotes:

- Muffler has 15 degree up-sweep for rigid frame application.
- CB rear brake lever and right foot peg must be used on CL Models.
- It may be necessary to modify kicker arm for proper installation of headers.
- We recommend using 70-up FLH brake pedal w/front mounted master cylinder or 72-up FX-FXE brake pedal w/rear mounted master cylinder for proper installation of equal length headers.
- We recommend using Header Clamps when installing this exhaust system.
- It may be necessary to modify foot-shift lever for proper installation of headers.
- These pipes may hang too low for some rigid frames.

Harley Twice Pipes

Harley Twice Pipes

These pipes are designed for the rider who demands a great header system. All pipes feature top quality design and construction. Easy fitting with complete instructions and all necessary parts included.

- | | | |
|--------|--|--------|
| 151031 | Shovelhead, 1970-78 FX, FXE Sw/Arm (Not Shown) | 116.95 |
| 151032 | Sportster, 1957-78 XLH, XLCH Rigid & Sw/Arm | 116.95 |
| 151047 | Sportster, 1979-1980 (Not Shown) | 116.95 |

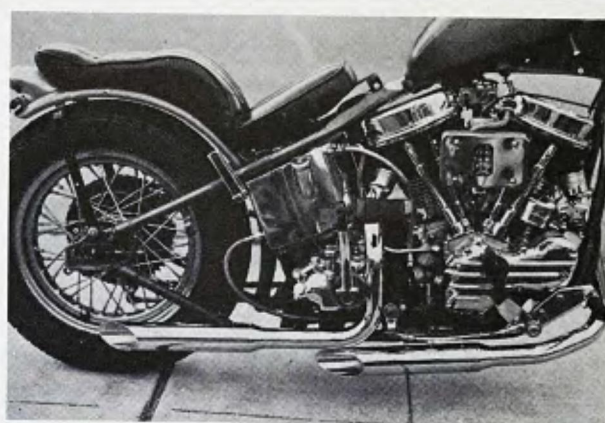


Get your taste of eyeball heaven now! Send \$3.95 (a buck goes for postage) to Jammer Cycle Products, 801 (ER) S. Main St., Burbank, California 91506.

'SS' Harley Pipes



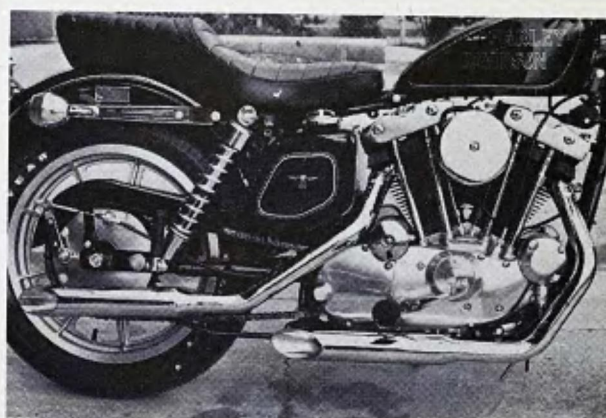
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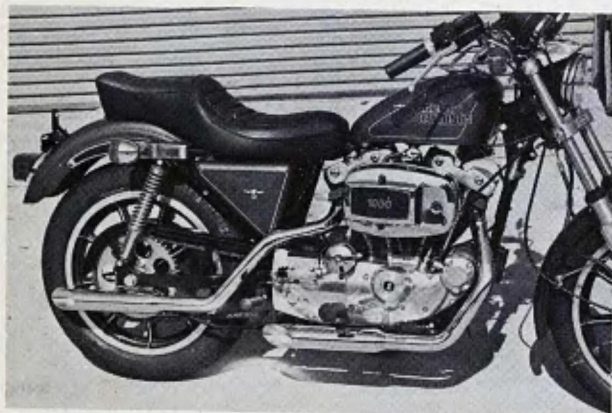
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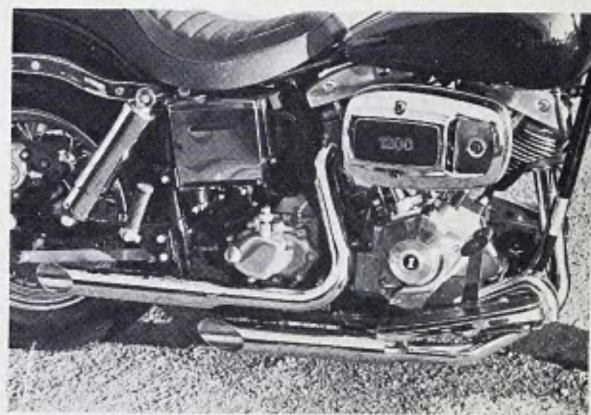
C



D



E



F

A. FX, FXE & Low Rider SS Pipes

Fits all 1971 to 1980 FX, FXE and Low Rider.

150041 99.95

B. Panhead SS Pipes

Fits all Panheads 1948-1965, rigid and swing arm frames with mechanical brakes.

150042 92.95

C. Late FLH SS Pipes

Fits all 1970-1980 electric start models only.

150043 99.95

D. Sportster SS Pipes

Fits Sportsters 1957-1978 & 1980

150044 99.95

E. 1979 Sportster SS Pipes

Fits all 1979 Sportsters.

150045 99.95

F. Shovelhead SS Pipes

Fits all 1966-1969 Shovelheads.

150046 92.95

**All SS Pipes
Include
Mounting
Brackets**



CYCLE SHACK, INC.
South San Francisco, CA

Cycle Shack, Inc. of South San Francisco, CA is recognized in the motorcycle aftermarket as a style leader and trend setter.

Seldom has there been an exhaust system that's created as much excitement as these SS muffler pipes for Harleys. They offer that added extra variety in the staggered duals look. Featuring a 2 1/2" slash cut muffler end with all steel muffler core, clean one piece look and mirror finish, the SS will make you think twice about foolin' around when it comes to pipes. Cycle Shack, Inc., a name you can trust.

Bar Enterprises Solo & Pillion Seats

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

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

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

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



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

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



A



C



D

A. RTL Deluxe Solo & Pillion —Nauga

117023..Solo49.95
117024..Pillion ..29.95

RTL Solo & Pillion—Nauga

117021..Solo29.95
117022..Pillion ..24.95

B. Spear Deluxe Solo & Pillion —Nauga

11709..Solo42.95
117010..Pillion ..24.95

Spear Solo & Pillion—Nauga

117017..Solo24.95
117018..Pillion ..21.95

C. Wasp Deluxe Leather Solo & Pillion

117015..Solo69.95
117016..Pillion ..39.95

Wasp Leather Solo & Pillion

117013..Solo49.95
117014..Pillion ..34.95

D. Plain Deluxe Leather Solo & Pillion

117011..Solo64.95
117012..Pillion ..34.95

Plain Leather Solo & Pillion

11707..Solo42.95
11708..Pillion ..29.95

Plain Deluxe Solo & Pillion —Nauga

117019..Solo37.95
117020..Pillion ..21.95

Plain Solo & Pillion—Nauga

11701..Solo21.95
11702..Pillion ..16.95



Hump-Type Pillion —Nauga
11705 21.95



Seat Bracket

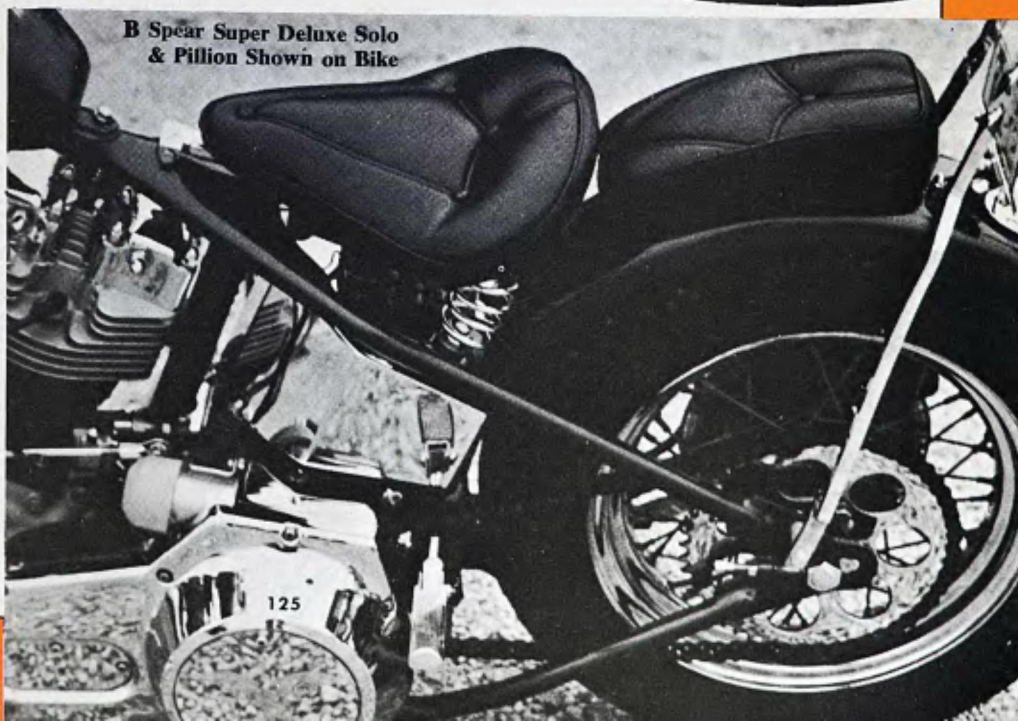
This bracket is the one most commonly used by custom builders. Chromed.
11706 3.95



Chromed Solo Seat Springs

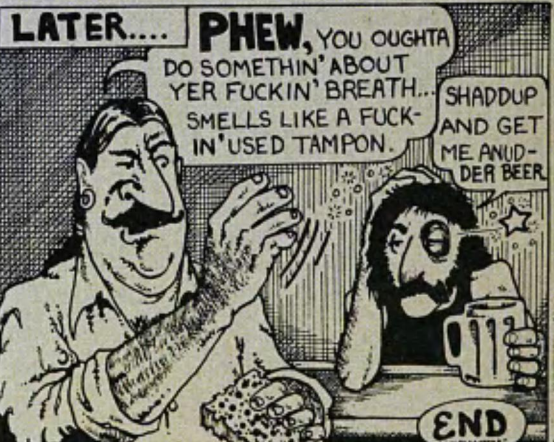
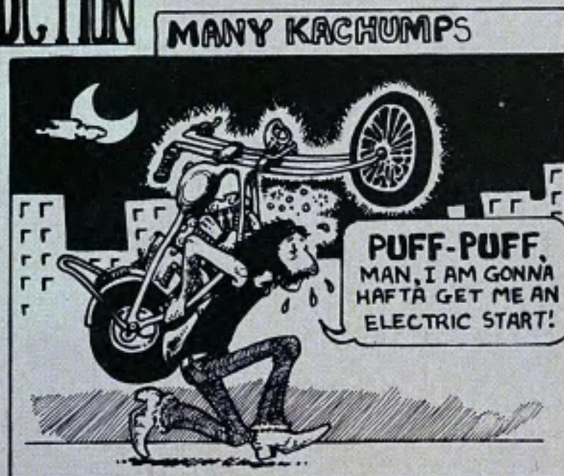
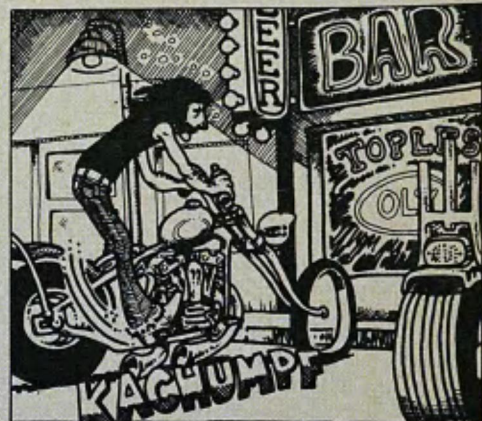
11703 4.95 pr.

B Spear Super Deluxe Solo & Pillion Shown on Bike



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EASYRIDERS 40 PRODUCTION





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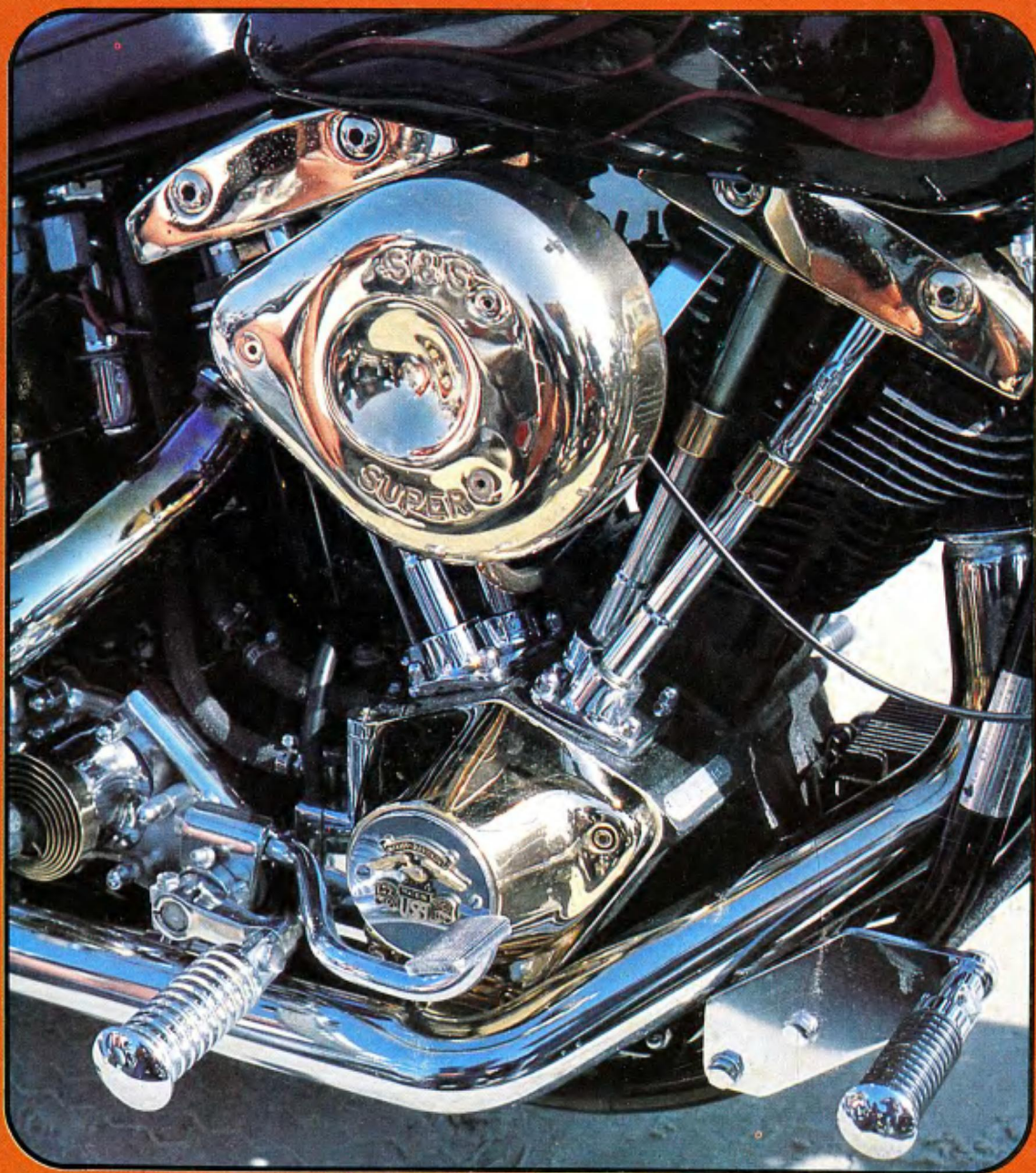
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