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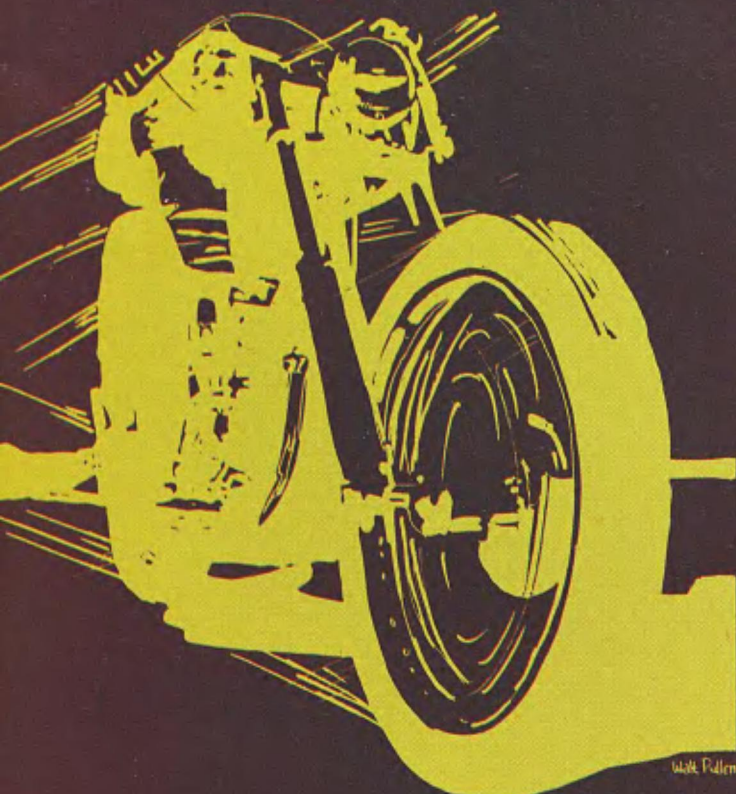


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Entertainment for Adult Bikers



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997 Points!

"Bill" Davidson piled up a grand total of 997 points out of a possible 1000 to win first honors in the annual "Cow Bell Classic".

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Class A Solo—
"Bill" Davidson

Class B Solo—
"Bob" Lenz

Class A & B Sidecar—
Oswald Lenz

Oscar Lenz, winner of the coveted bovine gong in 1923-25-26-27, gave Davidson a great battle for high honors. His score of 996 was good for second place in the Class A Solo, while his two brothers, also Harley-Davidson riders and boosters, were copping the gravy in their respective classes.



"Bill" Davidson and the Cow Bell

HERE we see the 1930 Jack Pine winner and his famous trophy. Bill is the son of William Davidson, Vice-President and Works Manager of the Harley-Davidson Motor Company. In the face of the keenest competition, Bill came through to victory, putting his stock 45 through 420 miles of "hell" in northern Michigan to win the Class A Solo event in this gruelling two-day contest of brains and brawn.

WORDMONGER



Ripoff

□ Talk about a ripoff—your Ol' Lady Contest really interested me. But the '79 winner of the year is a big put-on. Miss Yavaun Swanson is known to us. Her ol' lady was our landlord in North Hollywood, and she evicted bikers and people who used pot. We don't know if we can believe anything in your mag any more.

Pissed Off
Pittsburgh, Pa.

■ Hey—we didn't select her. Sixteen jillion of our readers picked her for her bod or whatever. They didn't vote for her because of her parents — they voted because they dug the picture of Yavaun that had been submitted. We're not the Feds, CIA, or doo-wah-ditty. We print a flick, and you either like it or not. We don't care if she picks her nose every other Thursday or her mom wears G.I. boots on Sunday. You either look at the broad and like her or don't like her—a vote's a vote. Personally, I'm into toes. Simply put, back off, brother.

Another One

□ I finally got my June issue and sat back in the lawn chair with my beer. I've never been so blinded — never! There was that fine body of Yavaun's with the sun glaring off the mag as I stared at the photos. I went in the house to check out this lusty body. She's got my vote too — ya made a damned good choice. She can stop here any time.

Bill
Dublin, Calif.

■ What's that "ya made a damned good choice" bit?

□ Ol' Lady Contest, my ass! The 1979 winner was no one's ol' lady, as she herself admitted. Who entered her — she herself? Sure, she has a great body, but she's prob-

ably a reject from Penthouse or Playboy.

My ol' man has been wanting to send in my pic because he's as proud of my bod as I am. But no way now—what a ripoff contest.

I thought the contest was for bikers and their ol' ladies. I've been riding half my life now and have always enjoyed your rag, but this time you sure blew it. You've shown us real ol' ladies who live the real life where your heads (or asses) are at by pickin' a phony one.

Pissed Off
Cheminus, B.C., Canada

■ Once again, we do not select the winners — the readers do. A photo was submitted to the contest. It was printed and the readers voted for it. The photo getting the most votes won. Did someone slip some acid into my Kool-Aid or what? Maybe you people who accuse us of selecting the winners have run into some good shit. All we've got to say is share it, man, share it.

Piles Cure?

□ I'm writing about the letter from the Philippines regarding hemorrhoids. Take it from me—I know from experience that if you can find some ferns (only the young ones, as adult plants are toxic) you can get relief. Pick them when they are four to eight inches tall and look like fiddleheads. Steam them and eat them. No shit, it works, and they don't taste bad at all. Pick only the brown or gray-haired ferns and stay away from plants with red stems.

Check out a wild plant guide for your area just to be sure you don't get poisoned. It works here in Pennsylvania, but I don't know shit about the Philippines.

Be careful about the ferns

you pick, and you'll be rid of those 'roids in less than a week.

Ar-Jay
New Castle, Pa.

■ I can't tell one fern from another, so I'll stick to Preparation H.

□ Regarding my recent article on hemorrhoids—no sooner had it gone to press than I discovered an interesting fact which should be related at this time. Readers who have missed runs because of painful hemorrhoids or who have lost out on a piece of ass because they couldn't get their shorts unstuck from their bleeding assholes will find some consolation in this revealing fact.

Napoleon, the famous French general, suffered from hemorrhoids because of poor eating habits and frequent constipation. It was extremely painful for him to sit astride his horse, and he was suffering right before the battle of Waterloo. The pain was so bad, in fact, that he delayed the start of the battle two hours.

These two hours were crucial because they gave General Blucher, Napoleon's opponent, the time he needed to come to the aid of Wellington's weakened center.

Although military experts agree that Napoleon should have won that fight, his hemorrhoids cost him a victory and changed the history of the world.

Dr. Twatburger
Whittier, Calif.

P.S. Ever notice that *Husler* magazine often shows crotch shots of chicks with hemorrhoids? I wonder why?

Claybrook Crusade

□ That Crusade Against Claybrook (August issue) is one hell of a good idea. What better way to get our

opinions and needs across to lawmakers and the folks who put them in office?

Unfortunately, I'm down and can't send any bucks for ya to match, but I'm going on work release soon. At that time I'll make my pledge of a few bucks and will send it your way first chance.

I commend you on your unwavering determination to help the biker nation ride free.

Slow Poke
Bushnell, Fla.

Fuckwad Response

□ This letter is in response to the fuckwad letter writer who thinks naked people are disgusting. Suck a scrotum, guy—if naked people are that disgusting ya shouldn't be lookin' at this rag. Right, dickbite?

Spanky
Santa Ana, Calif.

Brotherhood Isn't Dead

□ A bunch of us from Ravenna, Ohio, decided to take a weekend run to Clearfield, Pa., for the Memorial Day weekend. Well, as everyone knows, no run is complete without at least one breakdown. It wasn't anything to be jerry-rigged, so we found a local Harley dealer who was only fifteen miles away. Now, to the point of this letter.

First of all, we got to the shop five minutes late, but the guy let us in anyway. Second, he had all the parts we needed in stock. Third, he even gave us his home number in case we needed any more parts before we headed back to Ohio. We also found out he was due at a party, but he stayed to help us out.

All of us here in Ravenna say thanks to Lucas Cycle Center in Dubois, Pa., and if you're ever puttin' our way, stop at Larry's Auto Body on Prospect—we al-

CANE · PIPE



24⁹⁵

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ROLLED
STEEL

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Stay High-N-Dry.

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

BY RUSS MAIORANA

29⁹⁵



UNSCREW
HANDLE
FOR
PIPE

FLICK-A-HIGHTM

Combination Cane-Pipe-Poolstick

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



39⁹⁵

POOL CUE
INSIDE
CANE

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BIKES FLICK A
HIGH IS THE -
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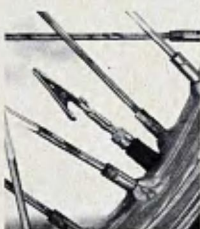
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Busted Knuckles

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ways have a cold brew on hand.

Who says brotherhood is dead?

Karen Rhodaback
Ravenna, Ohio

Drape Smokin'

On page 63 of your July '80 rag there's a picture from Clyde Fessler, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. After looking it over I have come to the conclusion that the person in the photo is Willie Davidson. Did you try to sneak that by or are you guys smoking the drapes?

Don Bechard
Avon Lake, Ohio

Who—us?

KKK Interview

Your interview with David Duke was the best thing I've read since the David Allan Coe interview you ran back in 1978.

Killer
Verona, Mass.

I would like to say that if Mr. Duke is actually serious, he definitely has doggie turds for brains. He can say that the white race is becoming second class, but is that really it or just some weak excuse?

I also think they ought to load up all you bikers and ship you to Iran and let you kick ass. You would make a party out of it and, at last, finally be heroes.

Jacob Richards
Dade City, Fla.

David Duke sounds like a pretty sharp cookie, except for one thing—he's got his fuckin' head all the way up his ass.

The dude screams about white supremacy, white heritage, and protecting the white man's "own" country. The fucker seems to forget that all that bullshit came about after the "great" fucking white man stole the country from its original tenants, the good ol', too often forgotten, American Indian. Duke, fuck you. (Just for the record, I'm a full-blooded Cherokee and fuckin' proud of it.)

Breed
Houston, Texas

Okay, so some of us may not agree with Duke's stand on dope, sex, and religion. But remember this: the new Klan is trying to become a legit political influence in

our government and we all know how much chance we would have with those hypocrites in Washington if we came on like outlaws.

If you are one of those who have let the media and the upper echelon of society dictate your views on the poor mistreated minorities, wake up and start thinking for yourself. The average white is in a poor state now, and discrimination is everywhere, especially in the courts. I'm now doing a five- to ten-year sentence on a bogus possession charge. My first black cellmate got three years for thirteen armed robberies! And this is typical. (I had a black judge and he had a white judge.)

I'm not saying we should hate blacks. We shouldn't. It's the government that's doing us wrong and that's where we should put the pressure. Write your Congressman, and for God's sake, let's learn to stick together—look how far it got the blacks.

Tennessee Tee
Nashville, Tenn.

I condemn the fact that you gave coverage to such an anti-social outfit as the KKK. The lessons of history teach us that after the German people supported the Nazis, the result was World War II. You are an accessory to a crime.

A Reader
Salt Lake City, Utah

The next time you interview someone I hope it will be a person with a little more brains, even though the Duke does have an I.Q. of 170.

R.R.
Denver, Colo.

My only wish for you is that in your next reincarnation you be born black, poor, and live your entire life in a ghetto.

Think about that for a while. Life might then be quite a different story for you.

Cindy Nelson
Baldwin, Wis.

It's about time you did something right. Your interview with David Duke was outstanding. It's time the white man stood up for what is right.

No Name
Springfield, Maine

David Duke is full of shit. I may not be the smartest woman who ever walked, but I do know about some things. First off, the American Indians inhabited most of the United States long before the white man did. I am of Indian heritage and I studied about it in school. Second, I think that if a person is truly together then he will realize that a person's skin color has nothing to do with what's on the inside. After all, we all bleed blood.

Crystal Sawyer
Cleburne, Texas

I ain't no saint—far from it. But I know in any language that God is brotherhood and sisterhood, and He is good. And I don't think God would think what you believe in and do is good—for the money, the job, the influence, or family tradition. I mean, He made them too, ya know. What are ya tryin' to do—get us into another Civil (racial) War? I think we've had more than our share. So if you're so famous and influential, why don't you fight against politics and get us all out of a rut and fight for the freedom we really need? Americans truly need?

Since there are so many members of the Klan and similar organizations, I prefer to remain anonymous.

Me
Malibu, Calif.

We are against violence in any form. We do believe in the Constitution and absolute freedom of speech. Everyone—north, south, east, and west—can have their equal say. No one, and we mean no one, must agree with what anyone says. It's been said many ways and at many times—say what you want, but don't have to agree. That's what America is all about. It becomes something else when anyone—no matter how small or how big—is prevented from saying what he thinks, right out in front of God and everyone.

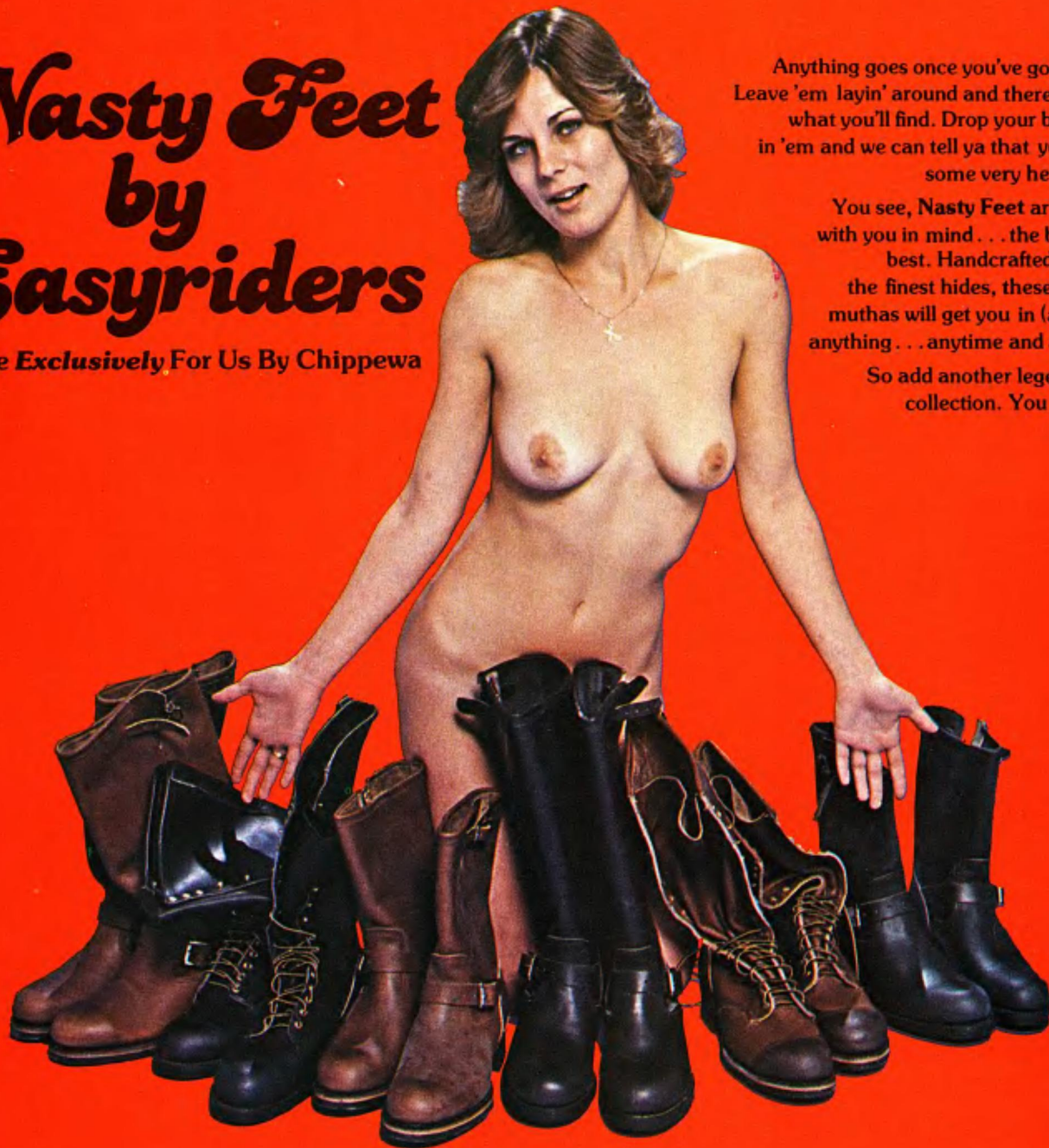
Printing that interview was giving glory to the enemy. Stick to writing about bikes. Don't get sidetracked.

Dawn Grey Cloud
Staten Island, N.Y.

I met the man once in

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Mississippi and I admire him. (Look out, Iran.)
A United States Marine
Kinston, N.C.

☐ Just wanted to let you know that the interview with David Duke was one of the best—I even made my ol' lady read it.

P.P.
Zim, Minn.

☐ We, the Indians, were here first. The white man killed almost all of us. This was our land before the white man was here. He took our land and put us on reservations. I am a biker (with a good H-D) and love this land like anyone else does. Some may say that black is beautiful or white is right, but we are all the same in God's eyes.

An American and
proud of it
Austin, Texas

☐ As a hardcore biker speaking for other bikers, I can tell you bluntly that any real biker will eat, sleep, dream, and shit motorcycles. My advice to you is to stick to bikes.

Six White Bros
Brooklyn, N.Y.

☐ If the Klan wants to preserve the white race and white heritage, then its members should go back to England. If the white man didn't fuck over the redskins and the blacks as bad as he did years ago, he wouldn't have to watch his back now. And if the Klan really believed the Bible, they'd know it states that God created all men equal. And who ever said God was white?

Trapper
South Jersey, N.J.

☐ After reading the David Duke interview, I must say that I tend to agree with him. For example, I have suspected that minorities actually do not want equal rights. They want special rights—and they want these rights at the expense of white people. I do believe, however, that rights are rights and that everyone should have them—but not at the expense of others. For example, each year the Feds proclaim Black History Week. During this week, displays having to do with black history are set up everywhere, big-shot Feds give

speeches, and there are parties and receptions to honor the nation's black population. But what would happen if the Feds proclaimed White History Week? The minorities would scream discrimination at the top of their lungs and there would be litigation in the courts, mass demonstrations, and other forms of protest. And the government, as usual, would bend over backwards to meet the demands of the minorities.

David Fansler
Akron, Ohio

■ Remember, the government is us—everyone. All that is necessary to change any wrong is to vote. Vote any way you choose, but vote—it's the American way.

Helpin' Our Economy

☐ I think the reason people buy more rice burners than Harleys is that Harley-Davidson doesn't advertise as much as the others. We need to show the entire U.S. that Harleys aren't just for motorcycle clubs. The ads for Harleys should point out that the more rice burners Americans buy the more we're supporting Japan's economy, whereas if more Harleys were sold (not to mention American-made cars), the economy would be better off here in the good ol' U.S. of A.

Linda
Gardendale, Ala.

■ You tell 'em, Linda—hear that, Fessler?

Ken Stambaugh (R.I.P.)

☐ For the benefit of those who may not know it, there is an excellent farewell to Ken in the July '80 issue of *Supercycle*. I haven't seen any of the other bike rags yet, but it's good to know that rivals are willing to put aside competition in the name of brotherhood.

Grizzly and Dusty
Palmerton, Pa.

☐ I wanted to drop you a line to say what a tragic waste Ken Stambaugh's death is. His story in the April issue, "Let Me In," is one of the finest pieces of fiction I've read in your magazine in years. I was going to write about that story anyway because I was so impressed that you finally found someone to give J. J. Solari some competition. Just from reading that one story, I can say you've lost someone with a blend of irony, wit, and a sense of the absurd that is not easily equaled.

J.T.
Olive, Ohio

Paden For Prez

☐ I've had about as much bullshit as I can stomach! Enough is enough! I hereby declare myself a candidate for the U.S. Presidency. If I am elected, I promise to do the following: banish the fuckin' helmet law, legalize smoke, shove a can of 10-W-40 up every OPEC leader's ass, make a trip to Iran

—Continued on page 94



"Hmm. Delicious. I'd say definitely horse with a slight overlay of dog, and just a hint of cow."

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous
quotes from
other biker rags

DEEP-ROOTED FEAR

Take, for instance, a cyclist who has a deep-rooted fear of spilling on a slick surface. Unless he overcomes his negative attitude, he could unwittingly bring on the very spill he wants to avoid. How, you ask?

Once the subconscious mind becomes impressed with a thought pattern from the conscious mind, it'll find ways to materialize physically what the conscious mind is so wrapped up in. And the strange thing about it all is that the cyclist will react in subtle ways to "fulfill the desires" of the subconscious mind, unaware that he's doing so. He may shift his weight suddenly or brake too hard, not aware of how he's behaving. Sounds weird, doesn't it? Yet unless a persistently negative mental attitude is changed for the better, wet roads pose a hazard for the rider who thinks this way. A healthy mental attitude for riding safely on slick surfaces is to believe you're capable of doing it, while at the same time employing a little common sense.

—Bill Hampton
Touring Bike

TRIDENT TRAILS

It was an absurd piece of styling, and by the time the Trident had acquired a faintly inadequate disc brake to replace its grossly inadequate drum, the whole bike could be seen as absurd in the light of what was being offered by rival manufacturers. It was not so much what the Trident did and how it behaved that made it a source of great disappointment, as the fact that after all those years during which they could (and ought to) have been thinking about what to do next, Triumph should have come up with something so painfully unimaginative.

—Super Bike

STOLEN SYMPTOMS

Maybe you know the symptoms. You pull into a hash house for lunch and you take a seat, not facing the door, but facing the picture window and the locked-up bike outside. If the bike's laden with camping gear, I won't even step inside a phone booth with my back to the bike.

I have jumped out of warm beds because I thought I heard sinister footsteps outside, closing in on my motorcycle.

—Chris Hodenfield
Motorcyclist



GETTING SO BAD

Now it's getting so bad that the lawmakers are coming up with things, like the RICO Act, that make it a crime to associate with anyone who is involved in racketeering (whatever the hell racketeering is), and another neat law that is being written right now in Wisconsin that will make it possible for the government to take away everything you own if you are caught playing poker or smoking a joint. (This bill introduced by Atty. Gen. Bronson C. LaFollette.)

When the lawmakers get through (if they ever do), it will be illegal to do just about anything that might be considered free. Horses are all but outlawed, as are guns, fast cars, offroad bikes and high-horsepower motorcycles.

The next thing to go is the freedom of sex, and when that happens I hope to God I am too old to worry about it.

—Bob Bitchin
—FTW

PUNKS AND BIKERS

Several months ago we included a couple of pieces on punk rock. We are aware that you are not a punk rocker, that you may even secretly harbor a "kill all punk rockers" fixation. But if you trouble to read the material presented you will discover that aside from being a bunch of green kids (sometimes literally) these social mavericks foster a social and political philosophy much like yours. They may not be bikers in the making, but they are damn close, like it or not. Like you, they see a sickness pervading social order and structure.

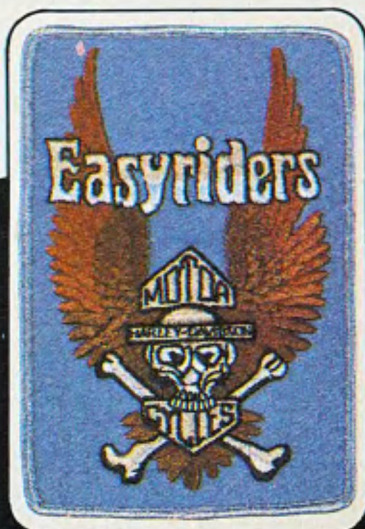
—Larry Kurfman
Supercycle

CHAIN TOLERANCES

The bushes are in the middle of the bearing sandwich with a roller spinning freely over the top and a solid pin passing through the center. Just like an engine bearing, the chain bearing has to be made to very fine tolerances. All three elements in a chain should be within 0.1 percent of optimum, which means that on an average chain there will be no more than 0.000375 inches of clearance at each joint.

Pitch is simply the distance between the pin centers, while width is the distance measured between the inner faces of the inner sideplates. In this country these two measurements are converted into a three-digit number, referring to the number of eighth-inches in each dimension. A typical chain would be labeled No. 520. It would have a pitch of 5/8 inch and a width of 2/8 or 1/4 inch. The third figure refers to any fraction of an eighth-inch in the width measurement. A 525 would be 5/8 inch of pitch and 2.5/8 inches of width, or simply, 5/16 inch wide.

—David Dewhurst
Cycle Guide



Easyriders Patch

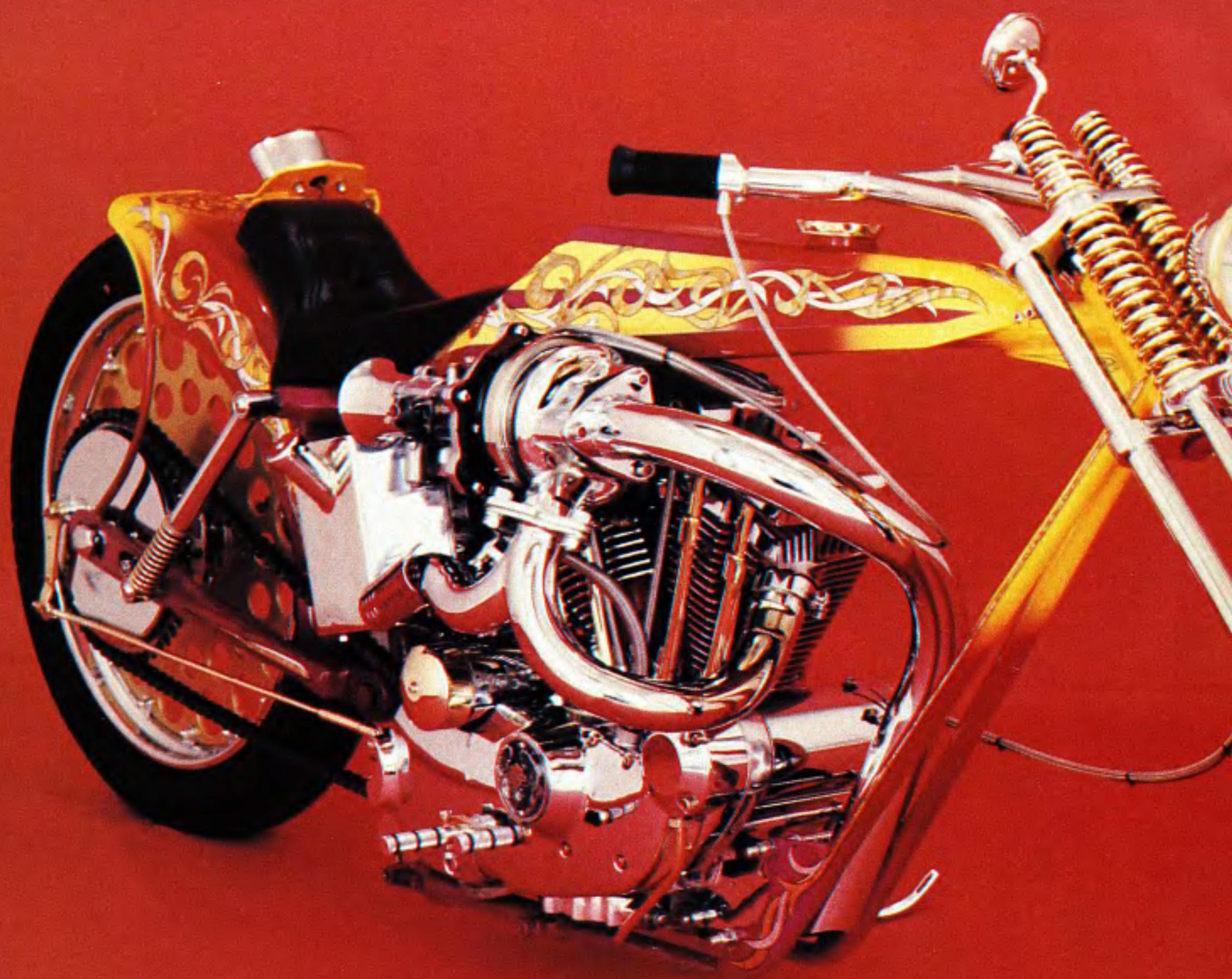
Here it is. Like everything else, it took seven years to get it together. But this patch is definitely worth it. It's 6 inches by 4 inches and we broke some skulls to get the colors just right.

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

Get one now, they're slippin' away quick: *Easyriders Patch*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

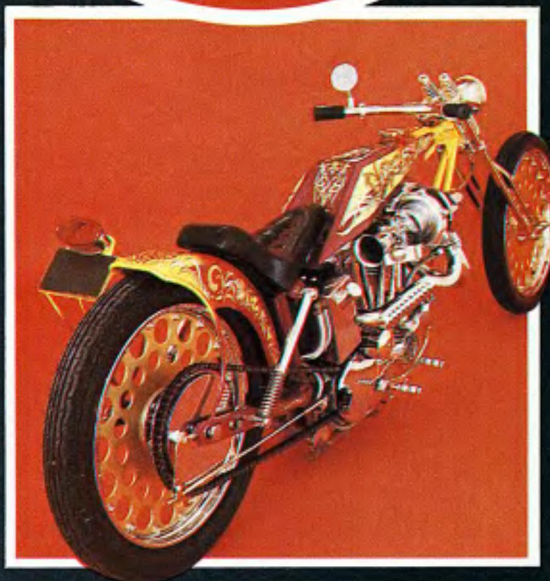
Large Enough To Make Into A Pants Pocket!

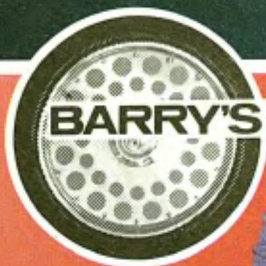
California residents add 6% sales tax.
(U.S. Currency Only, Thank you)



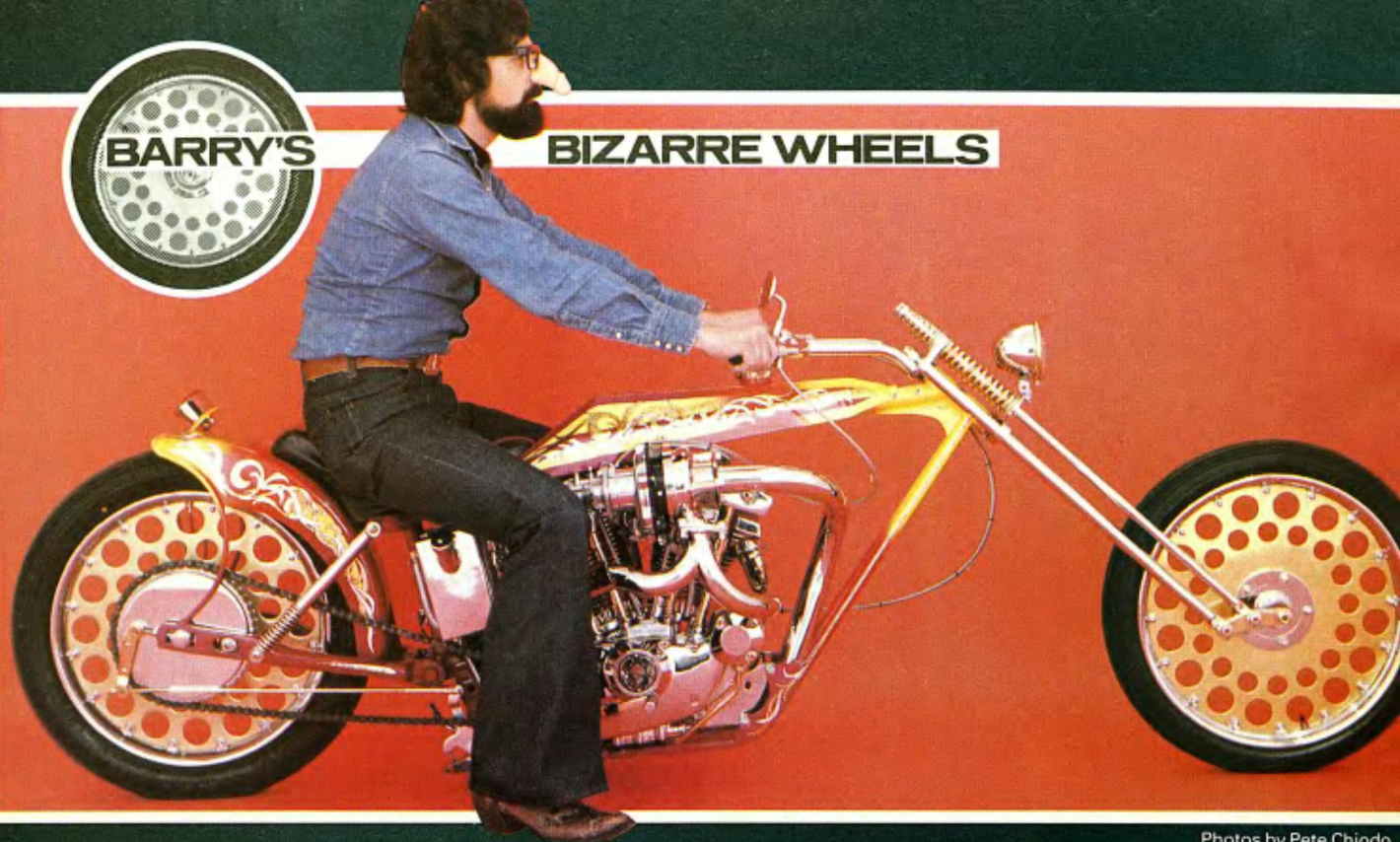
BARRY'S BIZARRE WHEELS

**We know it ain't
no road bike**

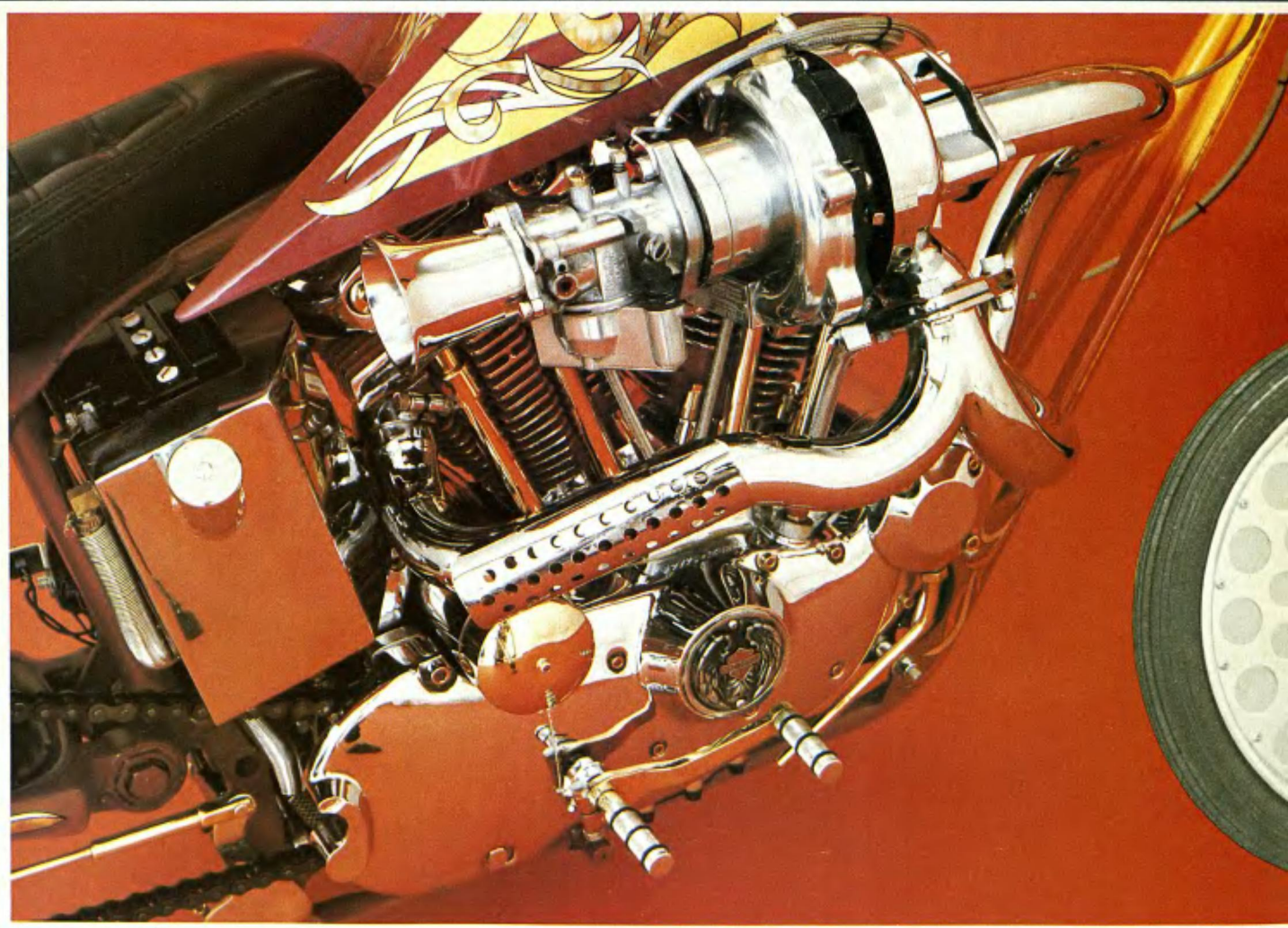




BIZARRE WHEELS



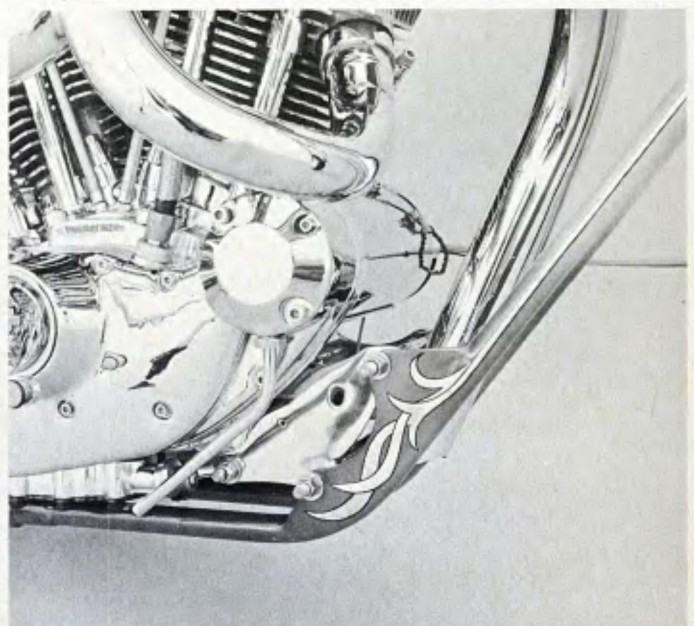
Photos by Pete Chiodo



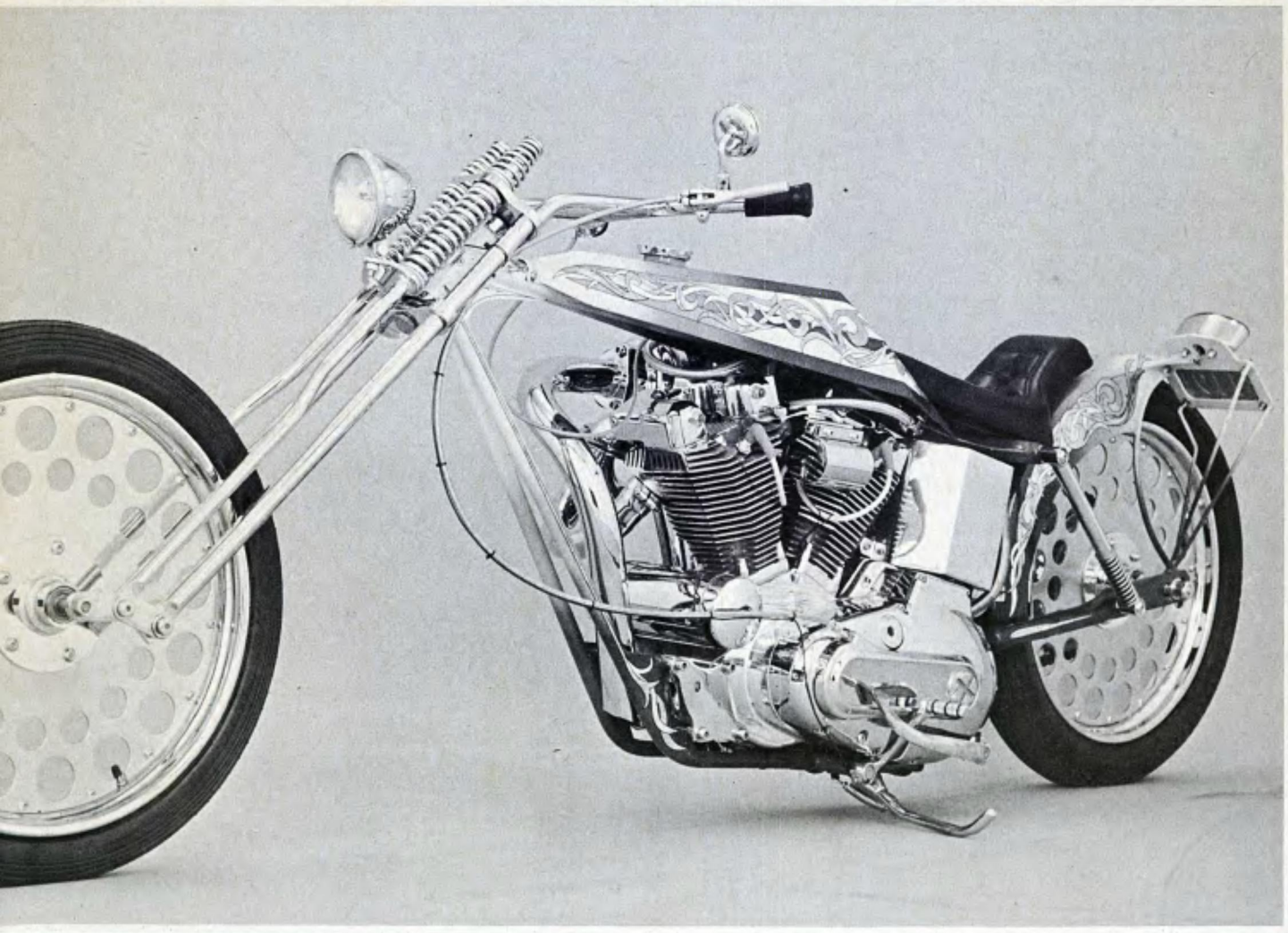
Okay, okay, brothers, we know this sled is a road queen from the gate. We know it's one o' those pretty, pretty bikes that ya gaze at while on acid at a cycle art show. Okay, sweeties, we also know it packs only one and we are also aware that this particular machine has more platin' stickin' to it than we could afford with our entire life's savings. So what's our excuse for featurin' this fancy flash of futuristic wheels? We ain't got one.

'Cept maybe that it's unique, creative, bizarre, it runs fast — and it took three hours for the bros just to finish lookin' the goddam thing over. We jest couldn't pass the creature up — it's too weird. Too many of the bros, when gazin' at it, threw the slides in the sawdust and said shit like, "It's just a show bike, Snake, ya sleepy-eyed son of. . ."

But no sooner would they come to that obvious conclusion than they'd drop to their knees on the wood-dust deck and scramble fer the slides again, exclaimin', "But lemme eye them slides again, son."



Well, I got downright sick an' tired of huntin' an' dustin' them slides. And the crew of this two-wheeled ship finally made the magnanimous





BARRY'S BIZARRE WHEELS

decision to feature the creature from Oregon. 'Cept for one detail I gotta cop to. They assigned my ass to rap to you about the reasoning behind placin' this contorted Sportster creation on the crumpled pages of our precious rag.

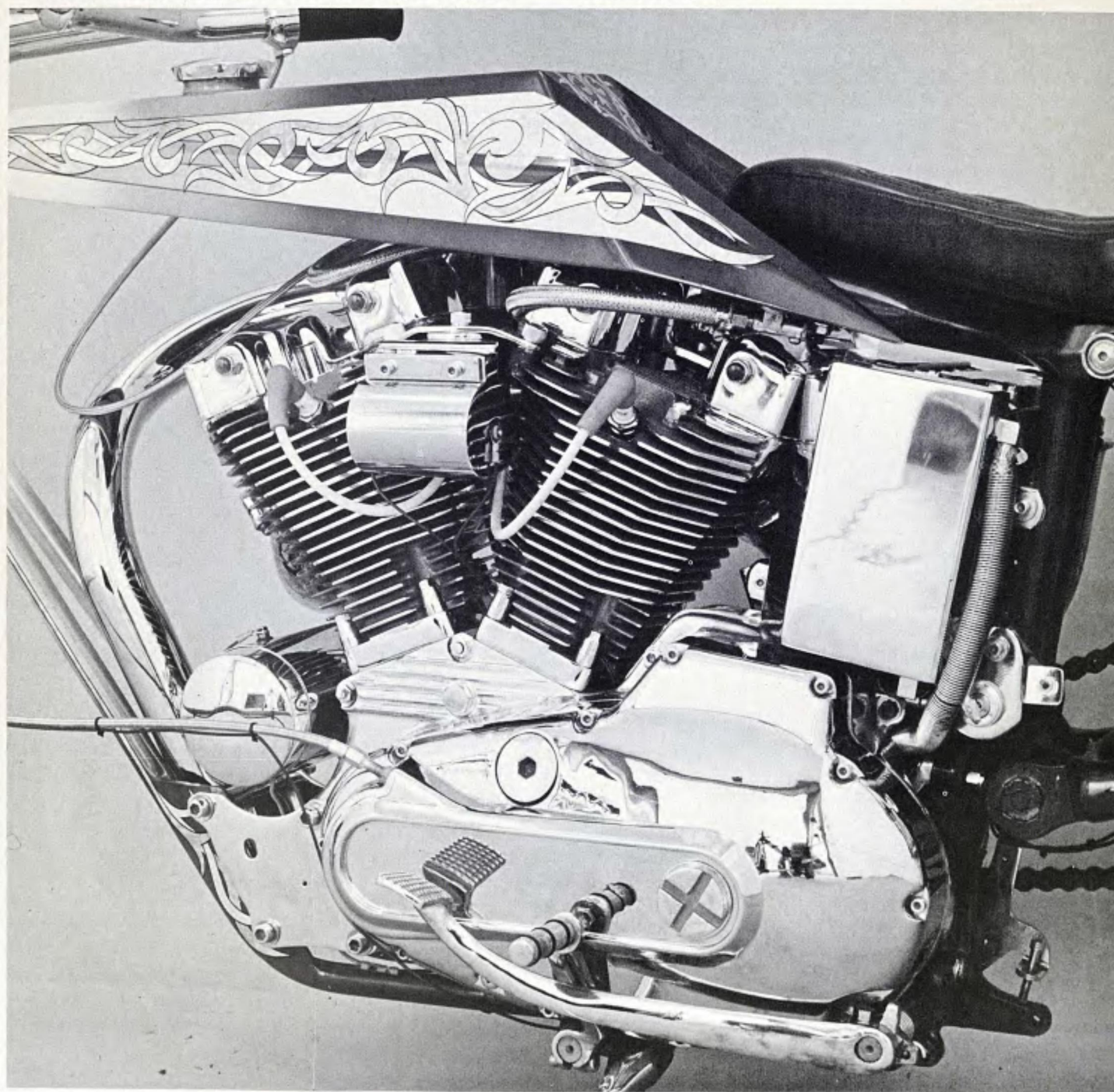
But somethin' tells me that you suckers have been smokin' joints in the wind long enough to

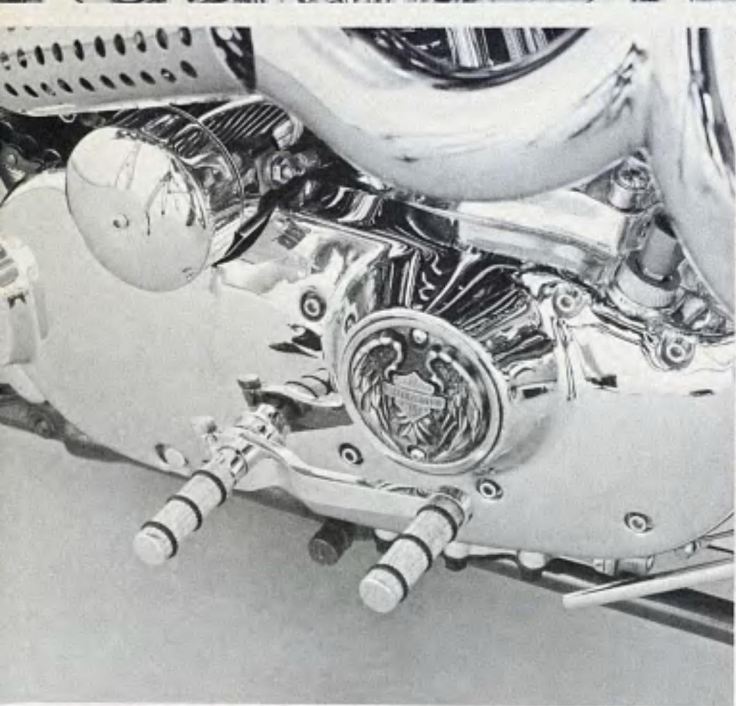
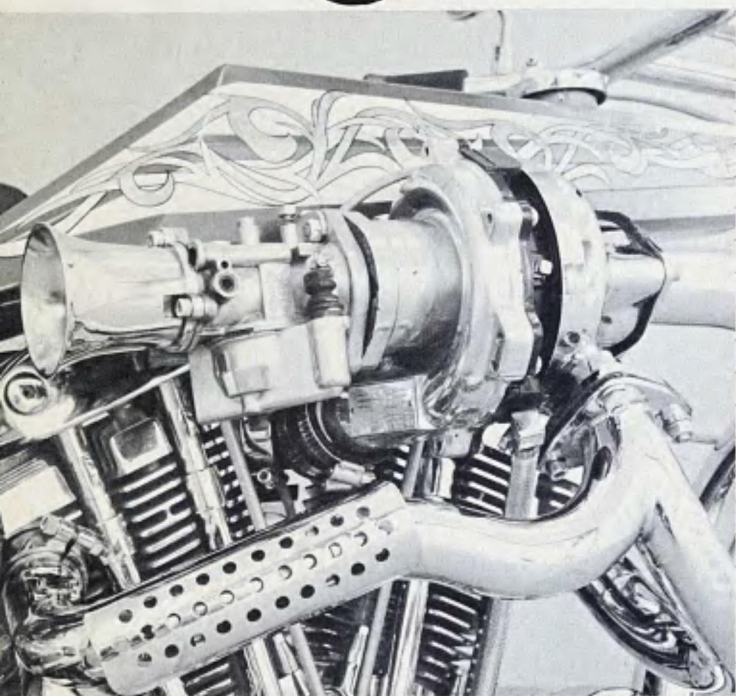
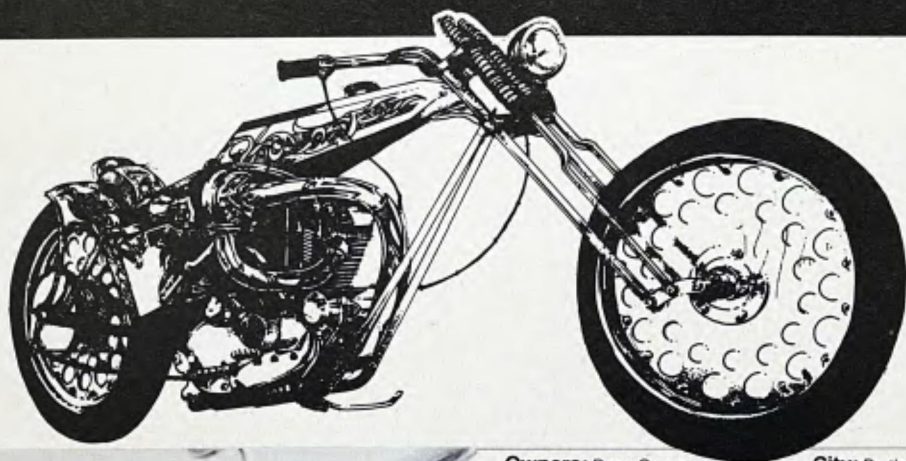
recognize a shop owner's creation. And probably the only people readin' this crap are either the wasted bros who can't take all the chrome and colors on Barry's bike anymore, or bros who recognize the creative ability and workmanship in this shimmering sled and want to rap with the creator himself. Well, he's from B.C. Choppers in Portland — call Information.

But come to think of it, we ain't got no excuse fer nothin' we do. We enjoyed doin' the feature — hope you enjoy the bike.

Ride forever.

—Snake





Owners: Barry Cooney

City: Portland, Oregon

General

Fabrication by: B.C. Choppers

Year and make: 1972 H-D

Model: Sportster

Value: \$7,500

Assembly: B.C. Choppers

Time: 6 months

Chroming by: House of Chrome

Frame

Year: 1972

Builder: Arlen Ness

Type: swingarm

Rake: 45 degrees

Stretch: somewhat

Other alterations: Smith Bros. shocks

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1972

Model: Sportster

Rebuilder: Carlo

Ignition: points

Displacement: 61 cu. in.

Lower end: Carlo

Balancing: Carlo did it

Pistons: Forged True

Cases: polished

Heads: flowed

Cam: Sifton H-H

Lifters: solid

Carb(s): Rajay turbo

Air cleaner: stock

Pipes: handmade

Muffler(s): none

Bars: handmade

Risers: not there

Fender(s): Arlen Ness

Headlight: B.C. Choppers

Taillight: B.C. Choppers

Speedo: what's that?

Front pegs: Lundsberg

Rear pegs: Lundsberg

Electrics: 12 volt

Gas tank: Arlen Ness

Oil tank: Santee

Oil system: yeah

Primary cover: polished

Seat: leather

Sissy bar: fender straps

Height: to fender

Material: formed 3/8 in. steel

Transmission

Modifications: Andrews gears

Year: 1972

Shifting: foot

Engine sprocket: stock

Trans sprocket: 20

Wheel sprocket: 52

Forks

Type: springer

Extension: 2 inches

Builder: Ness

Special features: nicked

Wheels

Front:

Size: 19

Hub: Super Spoke

Rim width: WM 2

Tire: Avon

Brake: none

Rear:

Size: 19

Hub: Super Spoke

Rim width: WM 2

Tire: Yokohama

Brake: stock

Painting

Molding: Doug Towers

Painter: Arlen Ness

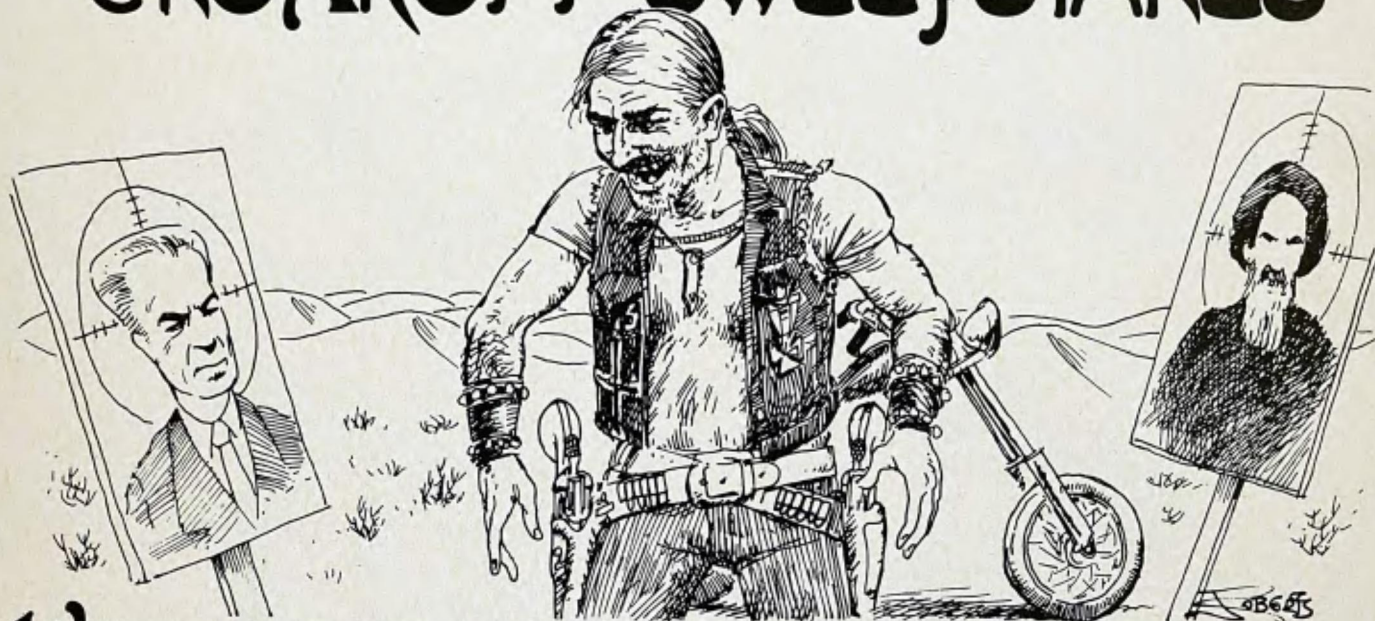
Color: red, yellow, and purple

Type: lacquer

Special paint: everywhere

Other special modifications: Too many to list.

The Easyriders CROAKOFF SWEEPSTAKES



Who's going to bite the dust first, the Shah of Iran or the Ayatollah? In the interest of civic betterment, and as a means of involving our readership in the fascinating world of international politics, we're proud to announce the **Easyriders Croakoff Sweepstakes**. And to ensure the active participation of our politically oriented readership, we're offering the winner five hundred bucks worth of his favorite booze, delivered to his door.

It comes as no surprise that we've selected the delightful vacation spot of Iran, known affectionately to experienced travelers as the Asshole of the East, as the focus of our first educational contest. It figures prominently in the news, its exports of oil and fat women with moustaches are internationally regarded as crucial to energy sources and swine-scented perfume production, and although there have been challenges (notably from Turkey and Saudi Arabia), the country rates highest in the world in the per capita production of body lice.

While the untrained observer may view this contest as an easy victory for the Shah, the more astute reader of this publication knows that the condition of both these backwater farts is for shit. Although the Shah, who installed a Big Brother police force called SAVAK (which makes the feds look like a school safety patrol), robbed his country of millions of dollars, tortured anyone who dared to disagree with him or his policies, and left his home like a dog running away from a bad beating, is suffering from what appears to be the terminal stages of cancer, he does have a pretty fair shot at making it through another couple of months. He has unlimited resources, the best doctors in the world, and now enjoys the sunny Egyptian climate while he recuperates on the Nile. Born on October 26, 1919,

the cheery Scorpio is given a good chance at fighting his disease by astrologers, who list strength, dominance, and arrogance as his most likable traits.

Although the Shah's disease appears to be in a more advanced stage than the heart condition of the recently hospitalized Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini (known to his followers as The Big Fun Guy), the two diseases offer wide differences in the way they can affect the patient. Cancer usually creeps along, while a heart condition can suddenly produce a massive attack. Adding to this the fact that the kidnapping sonofabitch is almost 80 years old makes it a fair contest. And who knows when either of these creeps could be snuffed by an outraged mud farmer who wandered in from the oil fields? Although the Shah is relatively well protected, there is a bounty on his head. And although the Ayatollah is guarded, his entire country, in addition to his feeble body, may turn to dust at any time. Take all these factors into consideration when entering the Croakoff.

Contest Rules: Enter as many times as you wish, but each entry must be on either a separate postcard or on the back of a separate envelope. Include the following information: 1. Your name. 2. Your address. 3. Your phone number. 4. Who you pick to die first, the Shah or the Ayatollah. 5. The date you think your pick is going to die. 6. Whether your pick will die from natural causes (heart attack, cancer, etc., but you don't have to specify which natural cause) or from assassination. In case of a tie, the winner is the entry received first in our office. Second tie-breaker is the person with the fewest entries (for you wise muthas). Third tie-breaker is by random drawing. Go for it! Drinks are on us. ■

For the past ten years I have just existed, floating in and out of situations, jobs, a wife, and several lifestyles. I never felt that I was in the right place. The only place I thought I had excelled was in Vietnam. Nothing I did could exist in the same plane as my experience at war. It still gives me chills to think about it.

In my travels with my camera, I have encountered many veterans. The number one topic of conversation has always been Vietnam — the highs, R&Rs, whores, exotic places; the lows, battles, jumps, shit-smelling, jeeps, MPs, lost friends, blown-up brothers; the talk of firefights, relived. And rap sessions get hot, brotherhood is again experienced. The thoughts never end.

Why doesn't this complete feeling happen in everyday life? The camaraderie isn't as intense. Why? This question and several others have bothered me again and again. There are almost nine million Vietnam-era veterans in the U.S.

Where are they? What do they stand for? Why do they exist? What do they feel? Are they lost, bewildered, alienated, strung out, drunk, or in jail? Do they trust the government? Do they trust anyone?

I'm not sure. After asking several veterans in several agency offices I found out where some of them are. Lots of them are family heads, or working singles who have adjusted to civilian life rather well — maybe a few problems but nothing they can't handle.

There are still quite a few in hospitals. Almost 13% of the VA hospital space is filled with VEVs (Vietnam Era Vets). They accounted for about 20% of all psychiatric and 19% of all psychotic patients, but only 8% of general medical and surgical patients. Of 30,000 active compensation cases rated at 100%, some 19,000 are for psychiatric and neurological disorders.

The joint seems to have more than its fair share of vets. Between 25% and 33% of the U.S. prison population are vets. This does not make sense to me. How the hell did so many good men, who fought for their country, only to be considered suckers for doing so, end up in the slammer? What is being done to help?

One effort is the VIP program, Vets in Prison (Brentwood VAMC, 11301 Wilshire Blvd., L.A., Calif. 90073). It is basically the same thing as Operation Outreach. The representatives go into prisons to help vets get what they are legally entitled to. This includes discharge upgrading, job training, agent-orange claims, medical care, sponsoring of outside jobs, VA questions, self-help groups, and legal aid.

There is a program to assist Viet Vets in becoming adjusted to street life. This is the Vet Center program. There are 85 centers across the country. Most are storefront operations designed to provide "help without hassles." The Vet Center concept was created by law in 1979. It is manned mostly by Vietnam-era veterans, many of them combat veterans. They are skilled and motivated. The centers are very informal — very little paperwork or

red tape. The only requirements are that you served on active duty between August 4, 1964, and May 7, 1975, and that you ask for help before October 1, 1981.

There are Vet Centers near you. They can help you get a job, get trained, help with your family problems, your anxiety, alienation, or depression. They have rap groups, self-help programs and peer-group support. They have many resources, including a network of federal, state, city, and other community-based organizations that can help with discharge review, veteran's benefits, drug and alcohol treatment, medical care, legal aid, and emergency services. They are willing to help. Following is a list of the ten major centers. This is not all of them, but if you write them they will give you the address of your local Vet Center.

Maryland
1400 East Federal St.
Room 215
Baltimore, Md. 21213
(301) 752-1847

Alabama
2145 Highland Ave.
Birmingham, Ala. 35205
(205) 933-0500

Idaho
103 West State St.
Boise, Ida. 83702
(208) 342-3612

Massachusetts
480 Tremont St.
Boston, Mass. 02118
(617) 451-0171

Wyoming
1810 Pioneer St.
Cheyenne, Wyo. 82001
(307) 778-2660

Georgia
#43 14th St. N.E.
Atlanta, Ga. 30309
(404) 872-4614

California
251 West 88th Pl.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90003
(213) 753-1391

Colorado
Silver State Building
1800 Grant St.
Room 303
Denver, Colo. 80203
(303) 399-8020, Ext. #205

Montana
2708 Montana Ave.
Billings, Mont. 59101
(406) 687-6071

Washington
1322 East Pike St.
Seattle, Wash. 98122
(206) 442-2706

There were over 45,000 U.S. deaths connected with Vietnam. They are all gone and buried. There are still 612 persons listed as missing in action. The accompanying newspaper clipping from Long Beach, California, relates just one of the many bummers associated with that

fuckin' war. Read it and ask other vet brothers to do the same.

"Somewhere in the battle wreckage of the Vietnam War lies the memory that belongs to Otis L. McCain Jr. of Winston-Salem, N.C., once a lance corporal in the U.S. Marine Corps.

"McCain is alive, but he can't go back to retrieve the memory. He's confined to a wheelchair, 100 percent disabled.

"If 28 months in the life of 33-year-old Otis L. McCain Jr. are to be salvaged, the task must fall to his buddies. The only problem is that McCain can't remember who those buddies were or when he met them.

"The faces and voices of those buddies vanished that day in October 1967 when steel ripped into McCain's head and ended his war. It was his 17th day of service in Vietnam.

"Lost to him that awful day was any recollection of having served in the Marine Corps.

"He can't remember any person, place, or event between March 1966, when he enlisted, and July 1968, when he was discharged from the Corps.

"Only buddies can fill in those details.

"The words **Semper Fidelis** sum up a tight band of brothers. I know those brothers in arms in the Long Beach area will help Otis McCain if they can. Maybe he'll find his missing years in their memories."

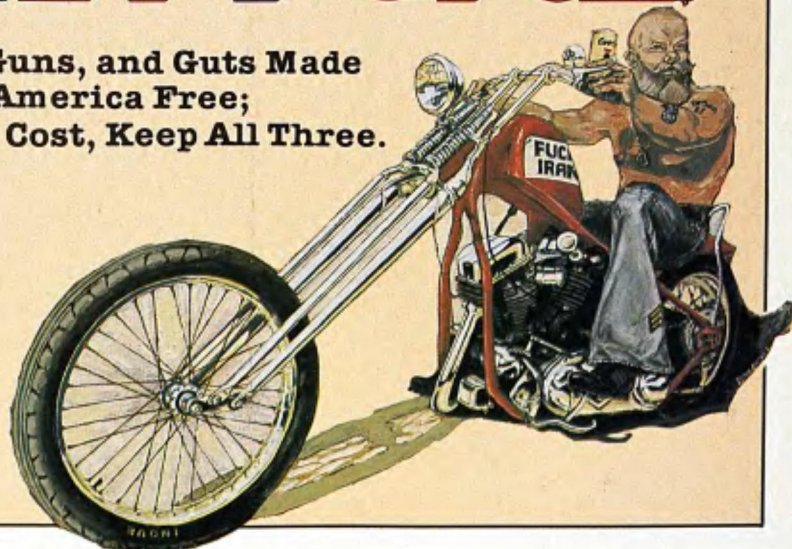
If you know Otis McCain, or know anything about him, write Vets' Voice, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. Help us find Otis's partners.

The brotherhood felt by bikers is as close as I've ever come to whatever I felt in 'Nam. I and my vet brothers at **Easyriders** want to preserve the brotherhood this country needs. And the only way we can do that is to help our brothers — brothers make brotherhood.

— ER Vet

VET VOICE

**God, Guns, and Guts Made
America Free;
At Any Cost, Keep All Three.**



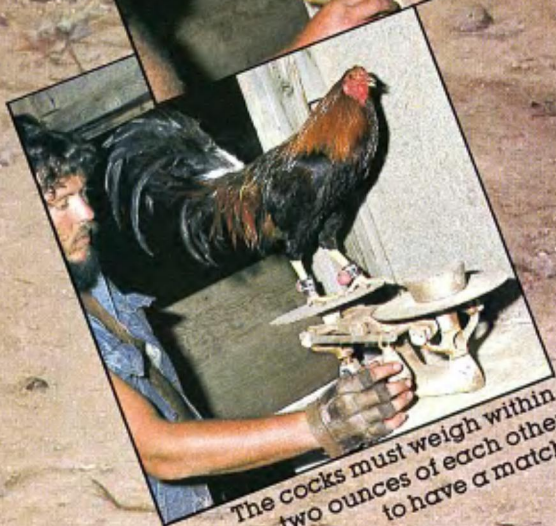
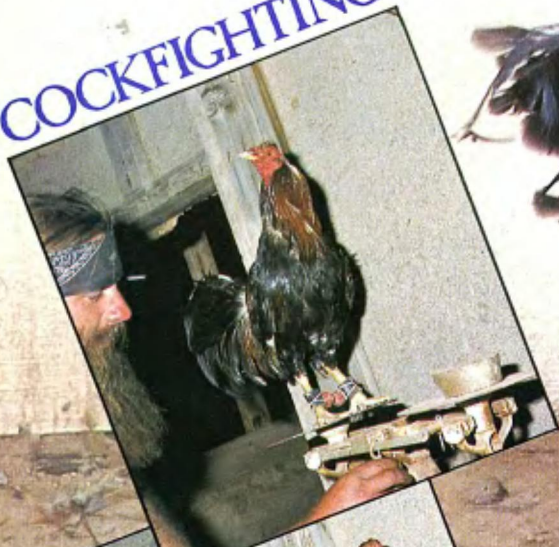
COCKFIGHTING



A bro, a very pissed off bro, was headin' home on his ride not long ago. The Man had taken another slice of his pie for the government. Economy's bad, his boss turned down his raise request, and the ol' lady gave him shit before she gave him the chance to run down his bummers. He was leanin' heavy on the throttle as he left work, and the vibrations from his tense arms on the chrome handlebars told the bike this was pub night — a good night to get blitzed and get away from the shit that stirred his blood into a molten solution that'd fire up a mothballed battleship. But it also meant other, more down, things. If he got blitzed, he might go down and score the side of his sled for the third time this year — this time it might be worse. But he was pissed.



COCKFIGHTING



The cocks must weigh within two ounces of each other to have a match.



Above: "Billing the birds" to unleash the natural violent nature just before a fight. Right: Our bird, Easyrider, was the victor in less than three minutes.



The boss don't give a fuck, the government just wants the bucks, and the ol' lady don't wanna hear it. So who the fuck cares if he goes down or not? Shit, he might get inna fight in the bar and lose a friend or get busted, but he had to get the frustrations and anxiety out — there had to be a release.

His stroked shovel whipped between four-wheelers. Some asshole, probably equally tensed by the day's events, jetted from a factory driveway into Jake's lane. Jake swerved, and his gloved hand snapped the door-slammer's sideview mirror from its mounting. The two came close to a confrontation in the middle of the street, but traffic acted as the ref and they separated in the clumsy flow.

Fighting his way through the city depleted his patience. On the verge of rage, he did wheelstands from every light, yanking on the throttle as though the bike were at fault for what the citizens had created. He white-lined rows of creeping commuters. Then, as he reached the edge

of the city, somethin' a brother had told him the week before flashed through his reeling mind.

The brother hadn't been in their local bar since Jake and another dude had got into it and someone ended up stabbed. He didn't need to hang around a pub that was the center of an investigation. As an alternative, he had discovered some ranchers who were serious fans of the cockfighting sport. Jake's brother couldn't say enough about the exhilaration of the sport of fighting game birds before he split to see another cockfight. Jake remained in the bar, and again that night, another testy cowboy and the 6'2" biker had a serious row, and Jake ended up in jail.

As his throttle grip came dangerously close to the side of another car, he thought what the hell, it would be better for his head to get outta the city and investigate the new (to him) sport. He went by his bro's and the two of 'em putted out to a rancher's place where a fight was to take place.

It was late spring, and the

Arizona evening was cool when they arrived at the cocker's home. It wasn't an official pit, like the Copper State pits in Goodyear, Arizona, but as Jake learned later, pits and cocking are becoming rare. He learned quickly that these people were very serious about the sport that began before Thomas Jefferson, and involved four presidents who actually had cockfights in the White House. In this era it was dying because of the SPCA and lobbies against sports involving animals — bullfighting, hunting, pigeon shooting, safaris, cockfighting, and even fishing. Very few states continue to have legal cockfights, and even in those few, laws are devised and implemented to stifle and harass the game-bird enthusiast.

The men involved in the sport rarely drank during fights. The exhilaration of the sport, the intensity of the game, and the seriousness of the lifestyle they fought to keep alive were enough to concentrate on — drinking was usually frowned upon. Soon after Jake entered the man's home, he



The above shots are of the trainer performing "flies," an exercise in balance with his game bird. The cock is tossed into the air several times and must regain its balance and land securely on its claws.

COCKFIGHTING

discovered publications dedicated to the sport, a sport he had never experienced before and had hardly been aware of. One publication dedicated to the sport dated back to 1899. There is an organization of game breeders that was established for the sole purpose of keeping the sport alive (United Game Breeders Association, P.O. Box 267, Muskogee, Oklahoma 74401).

Shootin' the shit with the breeder, Jake found that there is actually a school for game breeders and cockfighters in the South.

Jake was beginning to see a relationship between bein' a biker five years ago and bein' a cocker — the bum publicity, the organizations with influential lobby attacks on the sport, the bad image, and the demeaning, negative press were puttin' their sport in the dirt. They are fightin', but unlike the bike population in the U.S., they're losing their battle with Big Brother and lobbying groups. Only a handful of states remain somewhat open for cockfights.

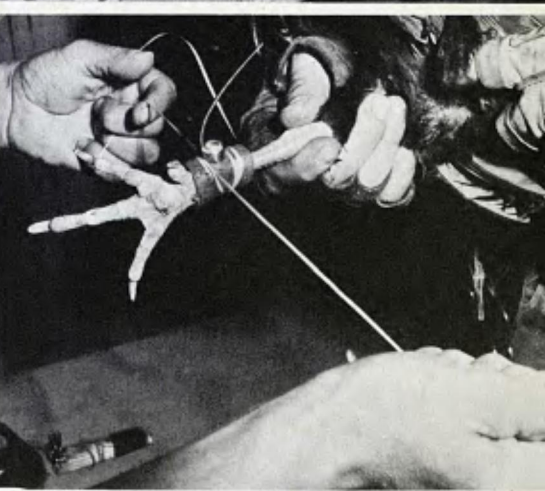
As more cockers arrived, the bullshit session moved toward the barn out back. Fellow cockers arrived from varying distances, serious

A gaff is a weapon secured to the cock's natural weapon (spur). The photos on the right depict a cocker putting the gaff in place. The bottom right shot shows the trainer securing a cock's boxing glove in place for practice matches.

about the coming matches, carrying their prized trained and conditioned game birds. Each cock is conditioned by running the bird, which strengthens his legs, and flying him, an exercise that improves his balance. Together they afford the birds more endurance in the pit. Although the actual fight is totally an instinctive thing between cocks, their gameness (desire to fight), which is directly attributed to their instinct, does vary considerably with each bird. Consequently, they are given a high protein diet and training to enhance their ability to survive.

As the game bird sportsmen filled the barn, they became intense with the life-and-death competition, sparks of the naturally instinctive violence filling the old plywood barn as in a bar immediately before a fight, and the men prepared for the first match.

Birds of various names and breeds, such as Chet White Hackle, Sid Taylor, Claret, Hatch, Grey and Blues, were

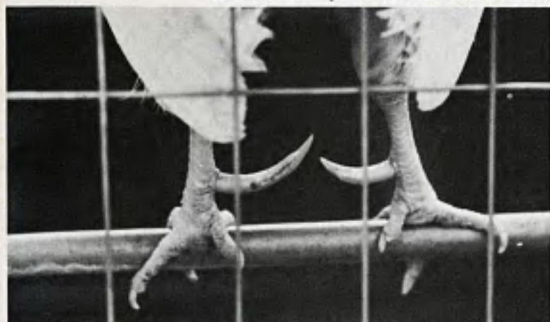




Various weapons have been used for cockfighting. The horeshoe style are Mexican knives. The other style is also a knife attached to the spur.



The above shot depicts the trainer running his bird. It strengthens the cock's legs and allows the bird to adjust to the handler.



A cock's natural weapons, its spurs.



fitted with their weapons and then weighed. Jake became acquainted with a whole new language as the cockers discussed breeds and fighting. The cocks are matched by weight only. The birds must weigh within two ounces of each other to fight. Even after extensive breeding and costly training and feeding, game cocks rarely fight over four events, and many, although they have won the match, fight only once and then retire.

The atmosphere became thick with the strength of a championship boxing match as two cockers and their birds entered the pit. They began by "building the birds." The cockers, firmly held by their owners, are brought within peckin' distance to excite the instinct they already possess. At the moment they can reach each other, they burst into a flurry of temper, pecking and scratching at each other, contained only by their owners' straining arms.

The fervor increased as the men stepped into the dusty pit and tried to contain antagonized birds. The owners carefully knelt on the scratch lines (eight feet apart). Even at that distance, when the ref called, "Flash your birds," and the owners pointed the birds beak-to-beak, the anger and flurry exploded again. At the peak of the wing-

flapping deadly force, the ref called, "Pit!"

The owners returned the angry birds to their scratch lines and released them. Within a fraction of a second, the birds lunged, wings spread and flapping for balance. Then they lifted from the dirt deck, their claws thrust viciously at each other. In a flurry of vise-grip beaks, grasping, deadly claws, and with gaffed feet lashing, the birds clashed in a grim struggle for survival.

The seriousness of the event became apparent as the birds circled and burst at each other with all the power they could muster. Once spent from the flying clash, each beautiful bird circled the other, then attacked again.

Jake watched as if viewing an endless tackle at the Super Bowl game. Each cockfight lasted between one and twenty minutes. Several times during the first match, while the birds were clinched, either in a grasp or while a weapon was tangled, the ref would call "Handle." The owners were afforded the opportunity to gently separate the birds, assess the damage, and give them a needed rest. Jake flinched when the birds went at it again without the slightest inducement from the owners. The losing owner was visibly shaken when the triumphant bird finished the match with a gaff slashing into its opponent's neck.

The hours sped by while Jake intently watched the matches. By the time he left, he was spent, although he'd had no role in the affair, except as a spectator. It was one event he definitely wouldn't easily forget. In fact, as his 21 met his driveway, he looked around his overgrown-with-weeds lot for an area to breed game birds.

—Bandit

Big Nut

I have a problem. One of my nuts is bigger than the other one, and I was wondering if you have ever seen anything like that. Since you've seen so many, I figured you would know, you sexy heifer.

Fat Fred
Mansfield, Ohio

- That's no problem, compared with others I've seen. One dude had to carry his in a bag with suspenders.

Fuckin' Stupid

If you go out with those three green weenies from Fort Carson, Colorado, beware! Because "Shithook (Twin Royer Flying Outhouse) Mechanics" are so fucking stupid, they would probably rip your clothes off, throw you down, grease up their cranks with hydraulic fluid (Shithook blood) and end up fucking Rufus.

J.L.M. (54s)
Newbury Park, Calif.

- Lock Rufus in the head. Let's see the 54s.

Miserable Bitch

I just looked at the March issue of **Easyriders** and I find it totally revolting. It's sheer trash and I hope you and all the creeps that participate in it go to hell. Bikers are nothing but poor dumb fuckers that never will amount to anything and never will go anywhere in life. They're dirty, filthy, slimy, and totally gross. I really feel sorry for them. And you have my pity.

Lilly Frame
Lumberton, N.C.

- And you have mine.

Royal Head

My bitch is just the opposite of Patty Wills, Manhattan, Kansas (December, 1979). I reckon there just aren't enough "real bikers" here in Dodge City. Men just won't sit still long enough for me to do a royal head job for my pleasure and, I'd hope, theirs. My

ex received head on the average of 18 to 20 times a week, more or less. He got it while driving, reading, watching TV, sleeping, and every chance I got. Think that's part of the cause for divorce? I've been divorced for 15 months and haven't found a decent mouthful since July '79. Am I going nuts (pardon the pun)? It seems there aren't any available men in Preble or Montgomery counties to soothe me. Doesn't Ohio care, or could I have better luck in California? Maybe one'll sit still long enough there!

Desperate
Dodge City, Ohio

- It's up to you, bros. The poor girl has been dodged in Dodge City.

Gangbang RSVP

I have a problem. We're having a sponsored gangbang in aid of our club funds. If I send the fare, could you handle the first 200 bros?

Wolf, Turks Head MC
England

- You'll have to talk to my agent.

Movin' In

My bro's ol' lady is a fine bitch. And she goes by G.T. He says there's no hope for them. How could he pass an ass like hers? Should I take over?

Confused
Sacto, Calif.

- Ask your bro — not me.

Tight Twat

I read yer shit and I love ya. Got a question for ya. Is it true big chicks have tighter pussies? My ol' lady's big and her pussy makes me feel so good I scream. Yeow!

Woody
Nashville, Tenn.

- Not necessarily — and don't scream, cream. It's much more satisfying.

Bag O' Beef

What's your opinion of a slut who won't fuck unless I wear a baggie? This broad one of my bros turned me on to wouldn't spread her legs unless I wore a rubber and, of course, there weren't any around. She told me to use a baggie. Never heard of such a thing! At the time, I was so hard and horny I'd try just about anything, so I put my beef in a trash bag and threw a hump to her. What a strange fuck and a weird whore!

Wild Bill
Lake Tahoe, Calif.

- Did she tie you up, too?

Bad Manners?

I can wait no longer. I've got to have your expert advice. Let's say I was going down on you and I located a tampon string with my tongue. Is it bad manners to pull it out with my teeth? As Secretary of Clitoral Affairs, my exhaustive research leans favorably toward the action of s-l-o-w-l-y licking around the string, then s-l-o-w-l-y pulling it out. I love doing it, but I thought I'd get your view on it.

Mark Lee
Tulsa, Okla.

- Your view sounds much more interesting than mine. Be careful not to get your tang all tangled up.

Legal Advertisement

Glad you're back and just when I needed you! I'm asking for your advice 'cause you sure don't look like you kiss ass. Ain't it a bitch when the dude you had your eye on ain't lookin' at you because some chick's standin' there with a sign pointing at her pussy (that's hard for a bro to turn down). And they just can't get enough. If he'd look around, he'd get some good lovin'. But where do I stand now?

Dirty Mary
Duquesne, Pa.

- Don't stand! Lie down with a sign pointin' at your ass.

Mellow Jello

My ol' lady ain't much into givin' head, somethin' about not washin' it enough. But she really does this outtasight number on me with her breast pump. Anyhow, she oughta do that ol' wash shit on her wazoo, man.

Pretty Pee Wee
St. Augustine, Fla.

- Take a bath together in jello and lick each other clean. Don't forget the snorkel!

Contract Out

Spider sucks! Are you sure this ignorant fuck is a bro, or is he a left-over, burned-out, fagotty hippie? Spider is so stupid he has training wheels on his moped. I hate his fuckin' report on current events. It's like a zit on an ol' lady's tit. It's dumb, wimpy fucks like Spider that give the rest of us bros a bad name. Why don't you let me rip his fuckin' ugly face off and take over his column? Then you'd have a real man to give you inspiration for your column.

Big Bob
City and State withheld

- You've got a lotta balls — city and state withheld!

Legal Dilemma

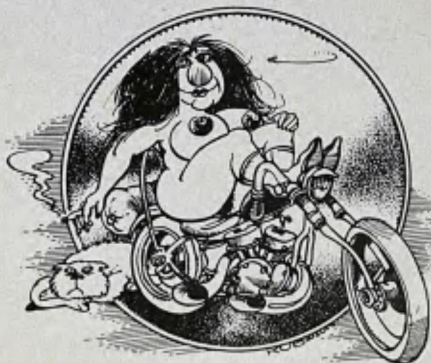
Bonjour, you big blatant bitch. Is it true that to enjoy life one must take big bites? If so, with your carnal capabilities, I'm offering an awful combination of unlawful stimulation. But if it's unlawful to "69," why isn't it unlawful for so many people to have their head up their ass?

John M. Davis
Mansfield, Ohio

- Do you think a politician would make something illegal that's second nature to him?

—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. ■

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



Tech Editor Graduating Class of 1950



The bros started studyin' long before we started the rag — so subscribe.

No shit, that's why this rag is worth subscribin' to. It's put together by people who've been twistin' the skin off their paws for years workin' on scoots — long before the magazine came to life.

No jive, this paper mess is beat and pounded into existence by scooter people who believe in bikers, the beautiful way of life motorcycles create, the freedom involved, the machines, and our country. Give it a shot.

Besides, we'll actually throw in a free fascinatin' decal with every new subscription:



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Check one:

- ☐ **Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher:**
☐ **Here's \$15.99** for a one-year subscription.
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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____

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

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

WINS 100-MILE NATIONAL

ROAD RACE

CHAMPIONSHIP



New 100-Mile Champ, Joe Weatherly, takes turn at full throttle.



Every available parking space in the area was used to accommodate the 6000 motorcycles that were ridden to the 100-Mile National Championship.

LACONIA, New Hampshire, June 20, 1948: Ten out of the first eleven places and a new record . . . that was the outstanding achievement of Harley-Davidson mounted hot shoe jockeys here this afternoon in the 100-Mile National Road Race Championship. Led by lil' Joe Weatherly, the new champ and record holder from Norfolk, Virginia, and Babe Tancrede, former 100-Mile Race King from Woonsocket, Rhode Island, Harley-Davidson riders annexed every one of the first eleven places except third. Following third came a string of eight more well-known Harley-Davidson pilots; Woody Simmons, Johnny Butterfield, Walter Balchunas, Ray Angstad, Art Heck, Leo Anthony, Len De Costa and Chet Dykgraaf. Of the original 40 starters, only 14 riders were still in the running at the finish, 11 of them Harley-Davidson mounted.

This serenely beautiful and quiet Belknap Mountain Area echoed with thundering horsepower and the happy laughter of more than 9000 joy-seeking motorcyclists gathered for the 28th Annual New England Gypsy Tour. At race time, the grounds were a mass of color as better than 15,000 spectators found vantage points around the five-sided, one-mile course.

A perfect setting and ideal track conditions provided the stage for a record-breaking performance that will be long remembered by all present. Although the lead changed from time to time, the scoreboard soon gave assurance that the Harley-Davidson's superior speed, power and dependability would bring home the bacon.

The finish was another of those victory parades for which Harley-Davidson is famous. Almost every drop

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR



Round and round they go. This view shows part of the 5-sided course, the large crowd and the judge's stand.

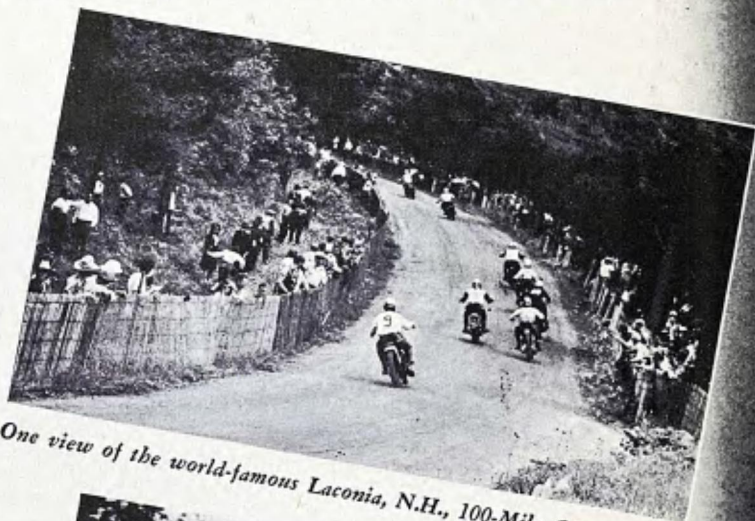
ON NAL



The winners, left to right: 4, Joe Weatherly; 21, Babe Tancrede; 9, Woody Simmons; 26, Walter Balchunas; 77c, John Butterfield; 49, Ray Angstad; 31, Art Heck; 27, Len De Costa; 1, Chet Dykgraaf.



Forty of the continent's top racers start the 100-miler, all after a large slice of the \$3000 prize purse.



One view of the world-famous Laconia, N.H., 100-Mile Course.

of the checkered flag registered another rider on a Milwaukee-made motorcycle. Again, it was demonstrated that when speed, endurance and durability are demanded, Harley-Davidson is never found lacking. It is the ability to win out in the short run or the long grind that has made Harley-Davidson motorcycles the choice of riders who demand the best.

100-MILE ROAD RACE RESULTS

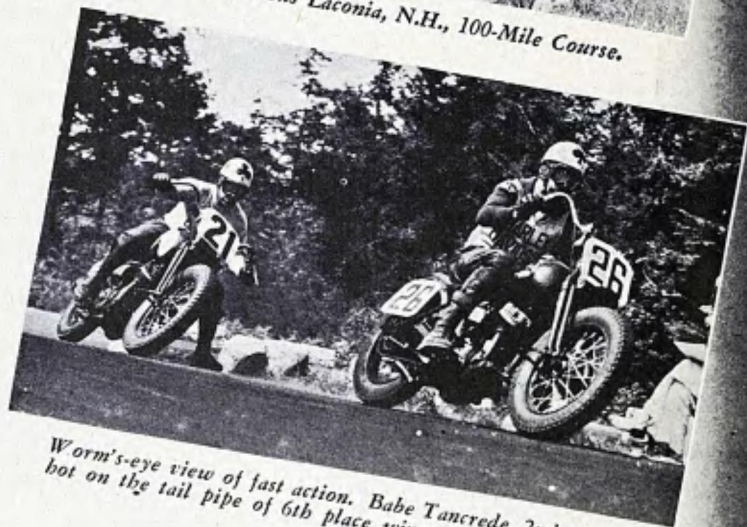
1. JOE WEATHERLY.....	Harley-Davidson
2. BABE TANCREDE.....	Harley-Davidson
3. TED EDWARDS.....	
4. WOODY SIMMONS.....	Harley-Davidson
5. JOHNNY BUTTERFIELD.....	Harley-Davidson
6. WALTER BALCHUNAS.....	Harley-Davidson
7. RAY ANGSTAD.....	Harley-Davidson
8. ART HECK.....	Harley-Davidson
9. LEO ANTHONY.....	Harley-Davidson
10. LEN DE COSTA.....	Harley-Davidson
11. CHET DYKGRAAF.....	Harley-Davidson

Time: 2 hours, 3 minutes, 6 seconds.

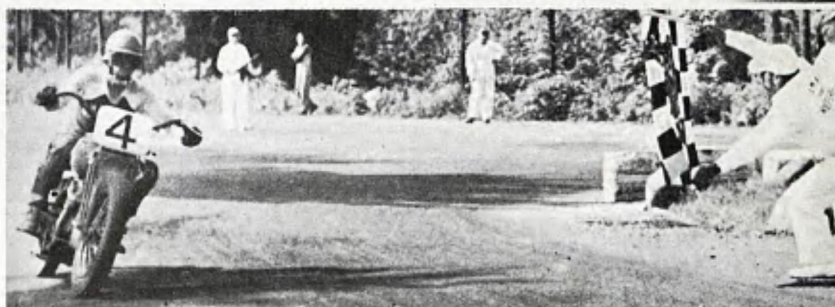
D., Milwaukee 1, Wis., U.S.A.



Over 15,000 enthusiastic fans were on hand to witness the spine-tingling, 100-Mile National Road Race Championship.



Worm's-eye view of fast action. Babe Tancrede, 2nd place, bot on the tail pipe of 6th place winner Walt Balchunas.

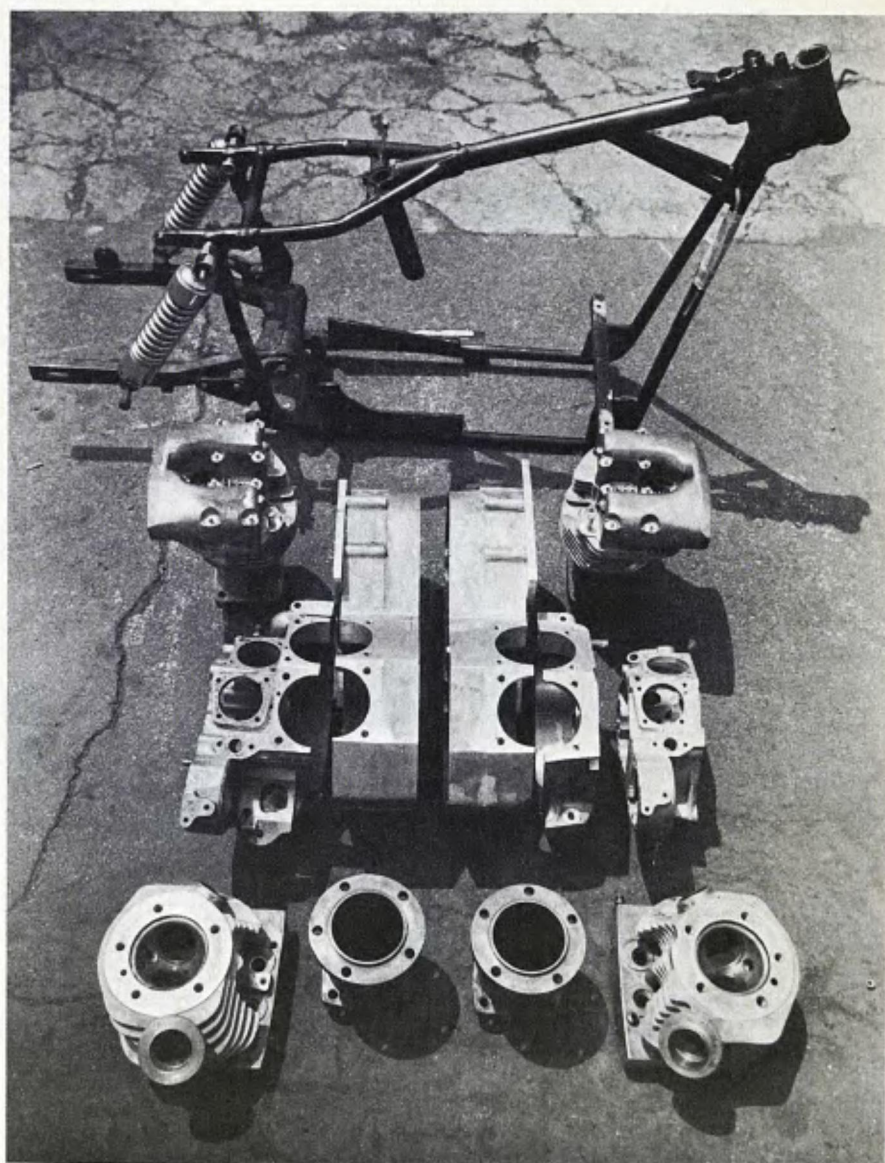
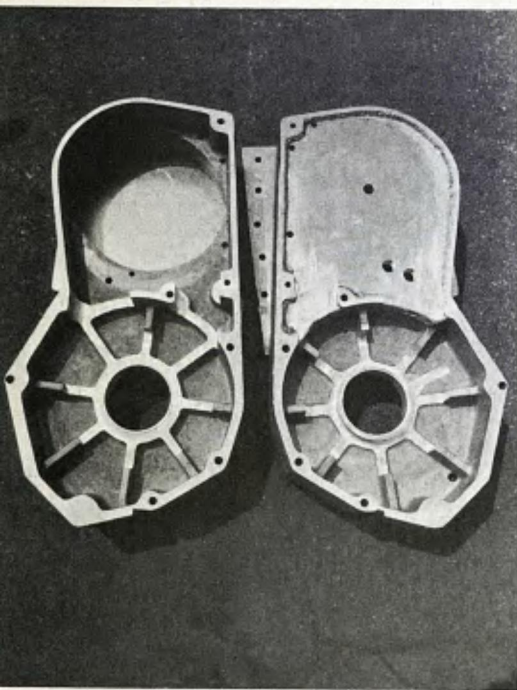


Joltin' Joe Weatherly, Harley-Davidson star from Norfolk, Virginia, gets checkered flag from Referee Japelle, setting a new record of 2:3.6.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Two Are Faster Than One Big One

Before your eyes pop out of your gourd, the engine cases you see pictured here were designed by Robert George, who has been working on double-engine Harleys for over twenty years. He's an inventive biker who began building street bikes about twenty years ago. It wasn't long before he built a double-engine panhead that he rode on the streets. Success with that monster kicked Bob in the ass. He discovered that there wasn't much he



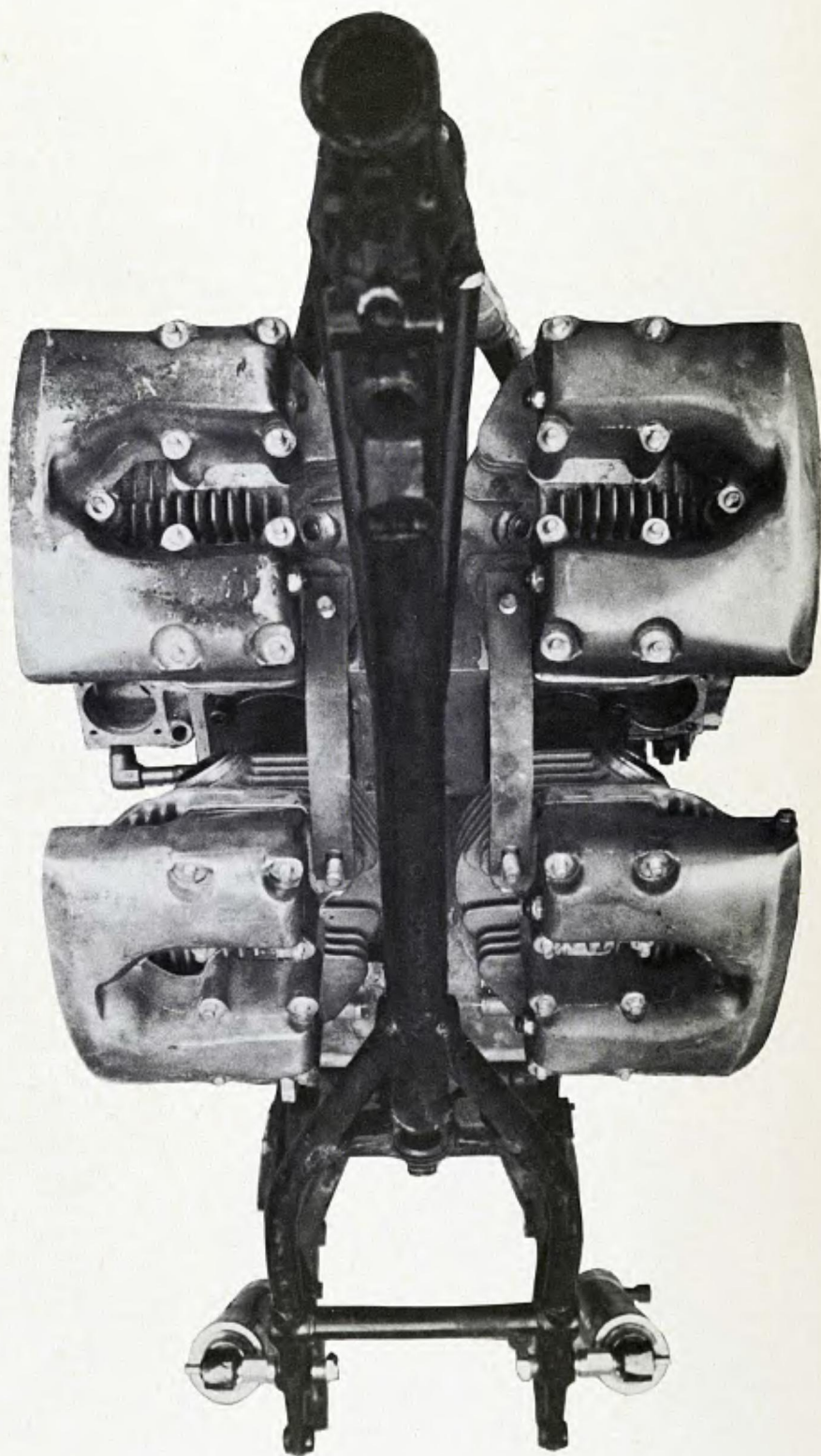
Photos by Frank

couldn't do with 74s to make 'em go so fast they would recede any hairy bro's wig line and so powerful they would snap primary chains leavin' the line in third gear.

Just a few of the mean machines Bob has been responsible for: a double knucklehead with one engine in front of the rear wheel, and one engine mounted behind the rear wheel; then there was the inline double shovel that Dave Campos rode at Bonneville in 1974, establishing two records that no one has ever come close to breaking. Dave ran that shovel up to 208 mph on gasoline and 231 mph on nitro. Now, if that ain't enough to impress ya, Bob went on to build the Jammer Streamliner, which ran an amazing 276 mph to establish yet another Bonneville record in 1978. Never satisfied, Bob designed a V4 Harley around two knuckle engines which, after all this brainstorming, led him to cast the two center cases you see here.

Meanwhile, with Bob's time being committed to the Streamliner, he offered the V4 cases to me. Well, of course I snapped them up and set out to build a shovelhead V4 Harley. The right-side engine is completely stock, except for Bob's case. The left-side engine had to be a mirror image of the right, so some fancy machine work was in order. First, I added a Cal Products Bonneville case, like the one used on the Jammer Streamliner, to a sectioned Harley timing case. Then I topped those off with two sets of Bob's water-cooled cylinders and an H-D 74 trans built into a special case. I hope this will be one hell of a fast street screamer. Well, I'll be checking back with ya in a few months as it comes together. For now I gotta get back to wrenchin'. Keep 'em on the road.

— Ken



A RUN TO OUR **Death**

Turned out to be a run for our lives

At 8:31 a.m. on May 18, Mt. St. Helens blew its top with a force 2,500 times that of the bomb that was dropped on Hiroshima. A shock wave was heard and felt as far away as 200 miles. Twenty-four people were killed and over seventy are still missing or feared dead. Why should we give a shit? 'Cause a bunch of my people and I were there. Little did we know, when we planned our annual mountain run, that we were going to be only fifteen miles from the north side of a mountain that was going to blow with the force of 50,000,000 — that's fifty million — tons of TNT.

Earlier in the week, when we planned the trip, one of the bros said he wasn't going because he believed we were making a *run to our death*. Too close to the mountain, he said. We all had a good laugh and ribbed him about bein' chickenshit. Later on we ate those words. How could a place like that be dangerous? It had lots of fish, clean air, and privacy (no straights). The trip to the spot we had picked went the same as usual — stop every 20 miles to drink a beer, smoke a joint, or take a piss. There were twenty-five of us on fourteen scooters. Also in the group were two rice rockets and two pickups, just in case any of the rice rockets broke down.







Photos by Dennis Bowe, Debby and Kathy



By the time we got to the campsite it was almost dark and everyone was blasted, but somehow we were able to put away a couple more half-gallons of whiskey and a keg of beer before passin' out. Most of us were noddin' out by 3:00 a.m. except for a couple of bros who tried to reach another level of awareness by poppin' a couple hits of acid. The trip and the party had been a blast so far, and I was feelin' very good — but the real blast was to come in the morning.

Dawn came too soon, and the morning light was all that was needed for the hardcores, who had stayed up all night, to start roustin' everyone out of the sack. Somehow I managed to make it down to the river and soak my head. It helped temporarily, but I needed more than cold water to ease the hangover. Tom shoved a cup of whiskey-coffee into my face and a joint into my hand. Things were lookin' up. By 8:00 a.m. we had eaten and were in the process of gettin' fucked up again. There was a joint-rollin' contest goin' on that I just had to join. It didn't take long to roll up the ounce of Hawaiian shake that Jazz had donated. Tom was declared the winner and everyone was given his own hooter. Man, it's a bitch to try passin' a joint when your hand is shakin' like a topless dancer's tits.

The wildest thing about the eruption was that the blast that was heard and the shock wave that was felt for

hundreds of miles missed us completely. They actually passed over us. Someone yelled, "Look!" And there it was. I've helped fight forest fires here in Washington, and been through a hurricane in Texas, but this was by far the most mind-bending thing I've ever seen. At first, I thought it was the Hawaiian pot that had put this vision of volcanoes in my head, but a flash of lightning that slashed horizontally across the sky and pitchforked at the end brought me back to Washington. The sky went from scooter-riding clear to run-for-cover black in less than ten minutes, but it took only thirty seconds for most of the bros to start throwing gear and firing up scooters.

Neil, the one who had said we were riding to our own death, but came along anyway (couldn't pass up the party), was the first to start his. At first I thought there was no reason to get in a hurry, but as the sky turned into dirt I quickly changed my mind. Besides, someone had to go look for a sacrificial virgin — might as well get an early start.

Figuring that we could outrun the cloud, four of us split together. There was eight miles of gravel road to cover before we hit pavement. If we could reach good roads, we might have a chance. Sam and I were running together side by side at over 50. Neil and Miller were in front of us. After about four miles, we passed some old folks

pulling down a tent. They were frantic too, but they dropped everything when the four of us blew by with a blast as loud as thunder. If they were religious I'm sure they thought we were the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse with an exploding volcano and lightning at our backs.

Just as we thought we were going to make it, the shit hit us. The wind started blowing down trees all around us as it roared away from the mountain, hot and intense. With the snap of shifting gears it would change direction 180 degrees and storm back toward the mountain, ice cold, as if the arctic were breathing on us. Then the mud and rock that was once a mountain started hitting my windshield. At first I thought it was molten lava. It looked just like welding slag hitting plastic and sticking. We didn't know whether to shit or go blind.

Sam and I were both stopped now, feeling numb. Neil and Miller had disappeared into the wall of dirt. The only thing to do was to try driving through the shit. We didn't know what to expect next. I'd read my history and knew that the people of Pompeii had died from the gasses. That was not how I wanted to be executed, even if it cost me the finest 74 motor I'd ever ridden. After a few yards, the windshield was solid mud and I was cussin' myself for pullin' off the big stock air cleaner and puttin' on that skinny little

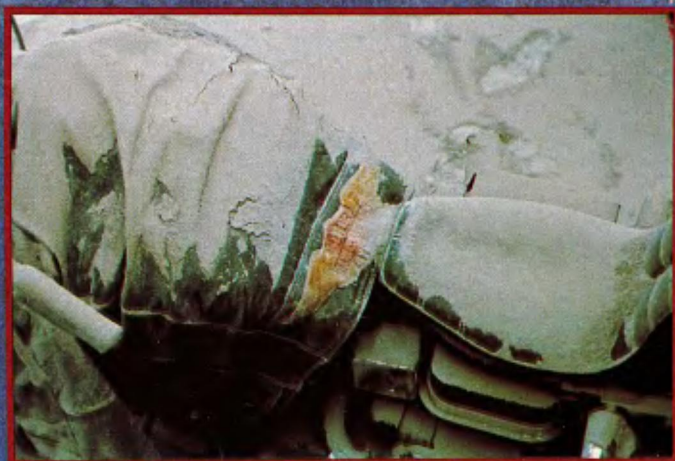
round custom. My face was being stung by hot mud, and my eyes were running like a strong dose of clap. After a couple miles of total darkness I finally made it into clearing air, but not before nearly assholin' a couple of stalled cages. Somehow I had lost everyone else. (Sam wasn't runnin' a windshield.) I stopped to wait for the rest of the party, and to clean out my twenty-dollar air cleaner. While I was waiting, I noticed that my hangover was gone and it felt good to be alive, even though my body felt as if it was covered with sixty-grit sandpaper.

As it turned out, the bros who left after us didn't make it out with their scooters. They had to leave them at the campsite and pile into the back of one of the trucks. They were able to find a tavern in the nearest town and hole up there until the sky lightened up again, so they could take the truck back in and rescue their bikes.

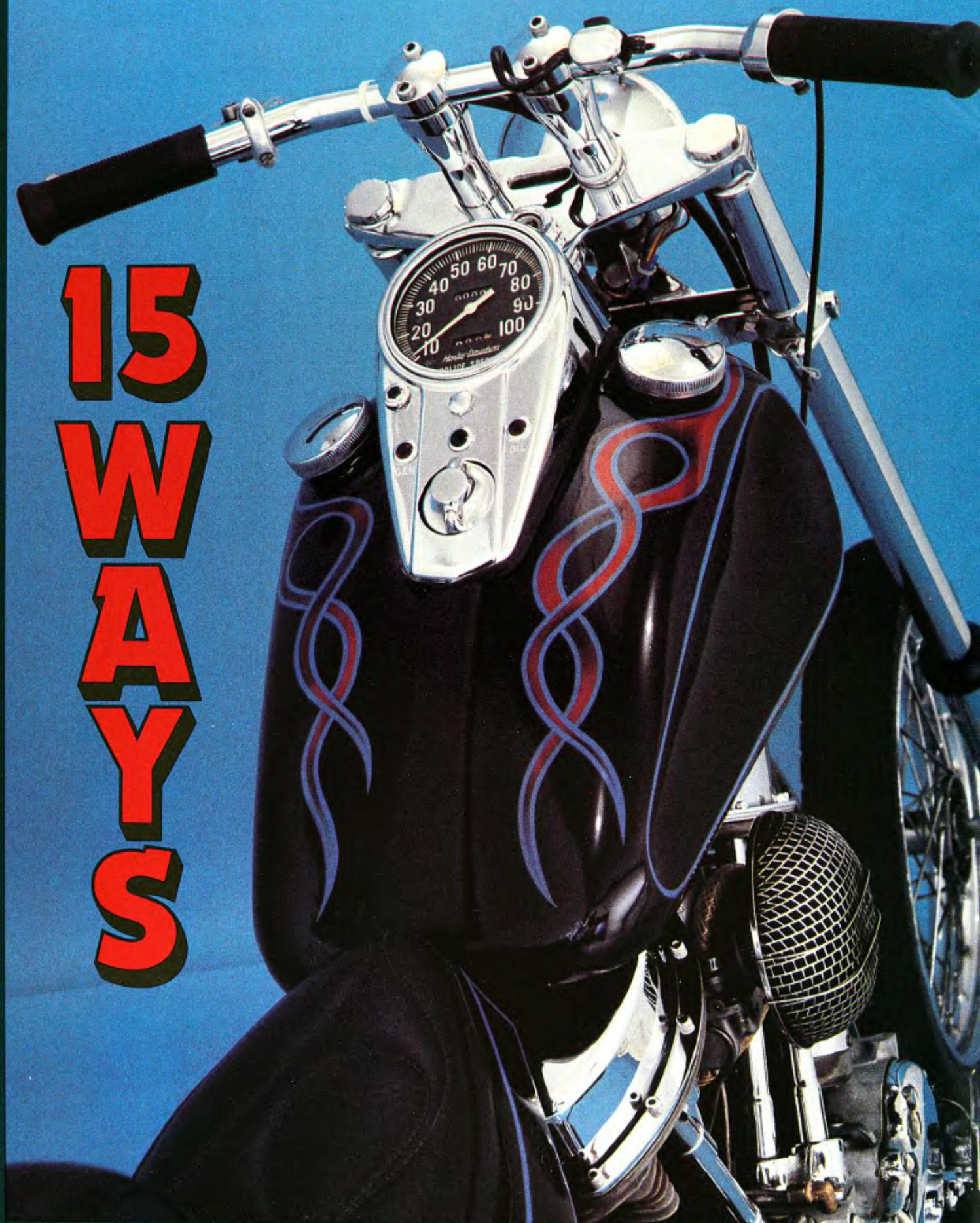
The run didn't end until late Sunday night, with a lot of happy and high bros safe and sound back home. The only casualties were a couple of sick Harleys and a blown truck motor.

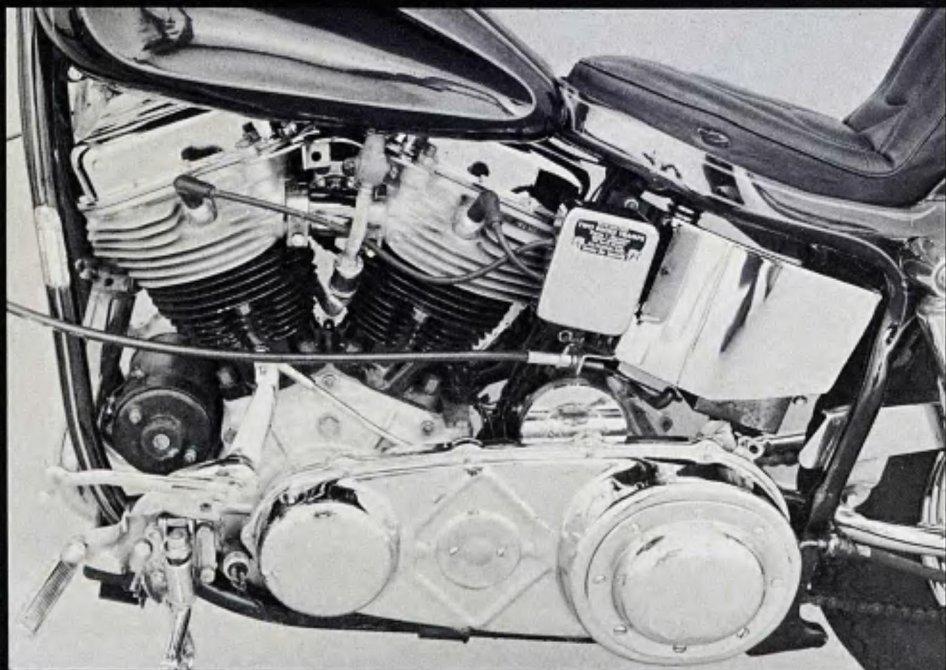
Looking at a map later, we found that the only thing that saved us was a small ridge between the mountain and us. People had been dying on both sides of us. The "run to our death" had turned into a run for our lives.

— Dave Johnson



15 WAYS





Ride 'em, beat 'em, break 'em, fix 'em, and ride 'em again

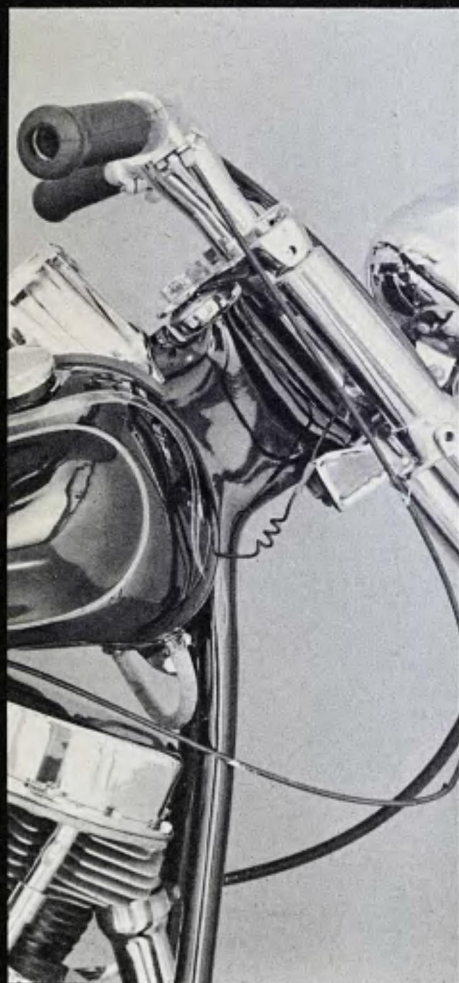
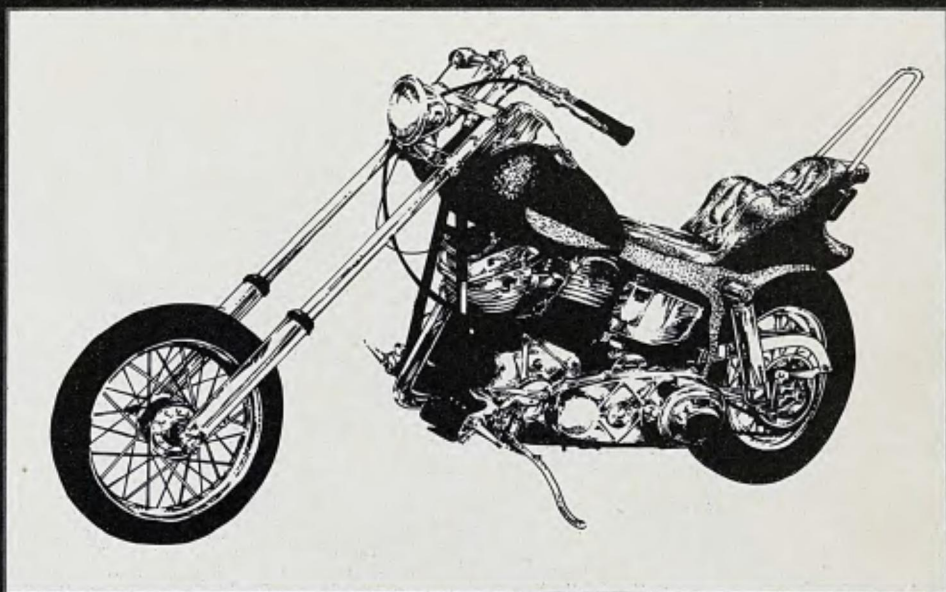
Did ya see the first bike feature? If ya missed it, you've been speedin' too much — you're slippin' gears. Seriously, the first slick scooter and this one represent two extremes in the art and sport we revolve our lives around.

The first bike represents the creative art of a man who not only built his own functioning mode of transportation, but created it to function as an artistic entity. But among many of our peers these two characteristics are not enough unless exercised constantly. If you don't ride the mutha all the time, all that chrome ain't fer shit.

All the previous blither is coasting down to a compliment for Sam's swingarm pan. It's a runnin' ride — always runnin', always on the road. This putt doesn't lean so much to art,

15 WAYS

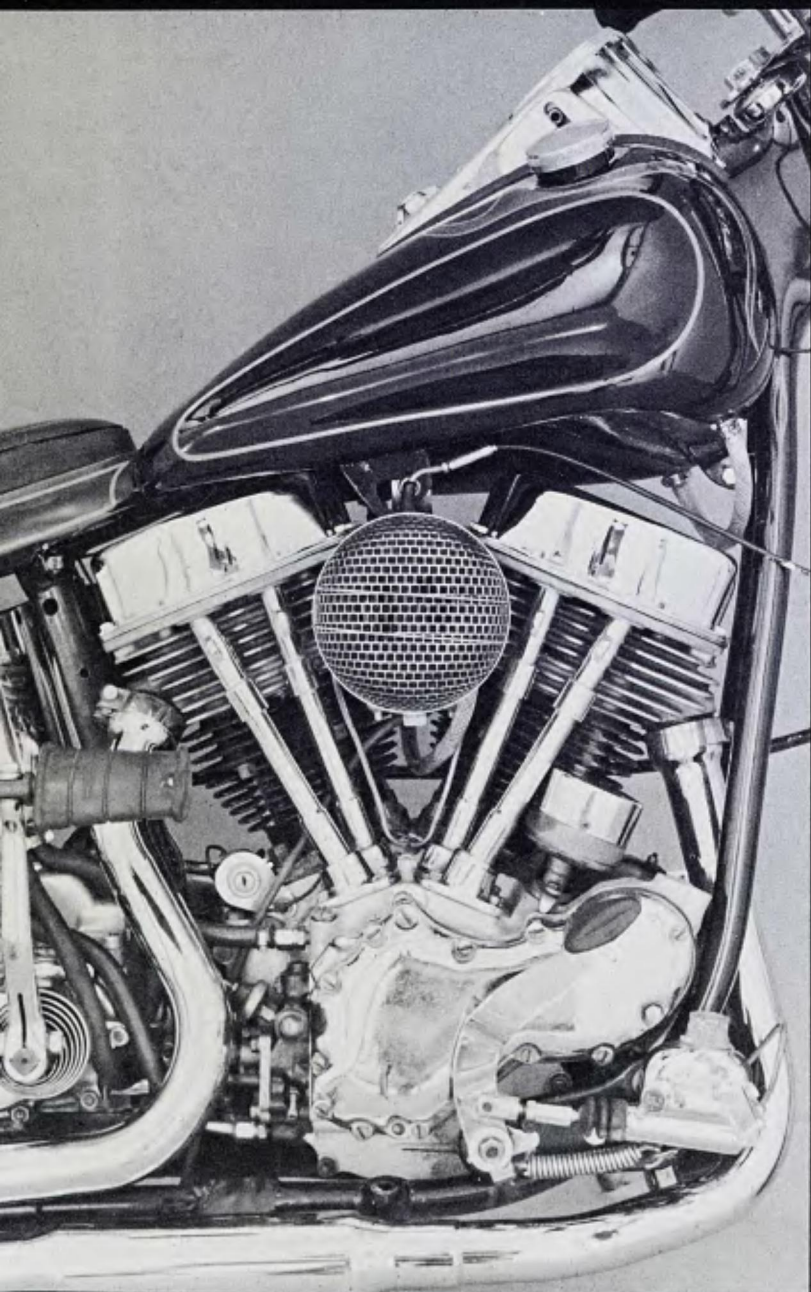
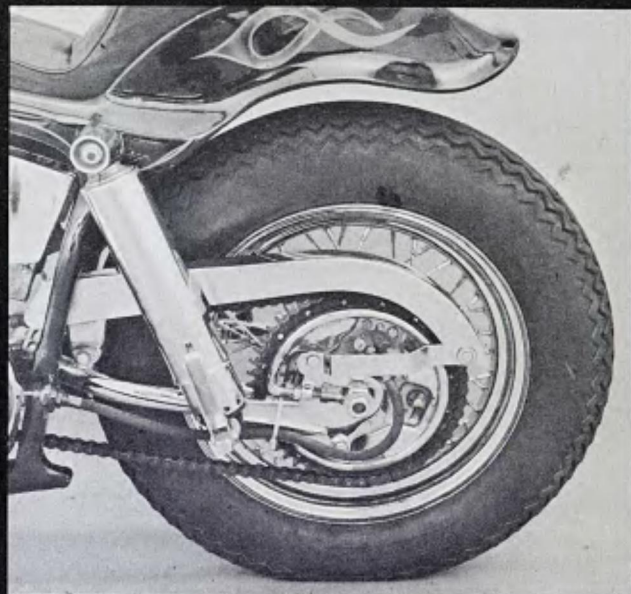
but to the functional range within the vast, almost limitless, spectrum of building your own custom motorcycle. He built his sled to be easy to work on without exotic alterations. It's built to fit Sam's big frame comfortably and to take long roads without rigid rheumatism. His sled is predominantly built with stock Harley-Davidson components—for easy replacement capabilities. From the rear tire to the oil in his stronger-than-a-battleship-hull glide front end, the fatbob is constructed with tried and true components. In short, Sam's sled fulfills the brother's road-bike criteria—it's ridden, and ridden hard, all the fuckin' time.



But it ain't nothin' fancy. A few items have been chromed. But mostly the bike is basic black. Okay, so it don't win no lacquer awards. But it gets Sam where he's got a mind to go, and usually back. Now that I think about him, I don't recollect seeing Sam or his swingarm pan around these parts recently.

—Weed





Owners: Sam Chavez

City: Granada Hills, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: Two Broke Tramps

Year: 1965

Year and make: 1965 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: panhead

Type: swingarm

Value: not for sale

Rake: 30 degrees, stock

Assembly: Two Broke Tramps

Stretch: 2 1/2 in.

Time: 4 months

Other alterations:

Chroming by: Dan's Polishing

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Paughco

Year: 1965

Risers: stock

Model: panhead

Fender(s): Crazy Frank

Rebuilder: Two Broke Tramps

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: automatic advance dis.

Taillight: C.C.D.

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: H-D

Lower end: new pin

Front pegs: Paughco

Balancing: Two Broke Tramps

Rear pegs: Paughco

Pistons: .020 over

Electrics: stock

Cases: stock

Gas tank: H-D

Heads: original

Oil tank: Santee

Cam: 412 Sifton

Oil system: stock

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: Paughco

Carb(s): Mikuni

Seat: Chuey of So. Cal.

Air cleaner: Mikuni

Sissy bar: Crazy Frank

Pipes: Paughco

Height: 2 1/2 feet

Muffler(s): Paughco

Material: 5/8 in. round

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none

Type: glide

Year: 1965

Extension: 12 inches

Shifting: foot

Builder: H-D, Two Broke Tramps

Engine sprocket: 23

Special features: shaved legs

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front:

Rear:

Painting

Size: 18

Size: 16

Molding: Chicano Roy

Hub: H-D

Hub: H-D

Painter: Moesefus Snafu

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: black pearl

Tire: Jap

Tire: Arco

Type: acrylic lacquer

Brake: none

Brake: juice

Special paint: stripes by Dirty John

Other special modifications: Tanks caved in by Chicano Roy

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.

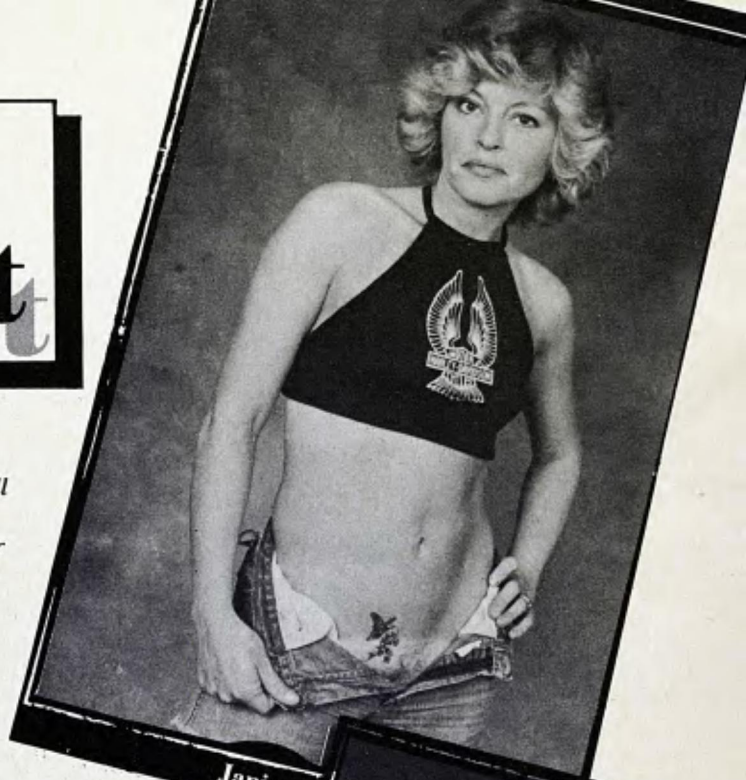
Model release forms must be notarized, but don't freak out over this requirement. If you are not familiar with having your signature notarized, all that is required is that you go to any bank or real estate office. They will do it in a few minutes, and all it will cost is 50¢ to one dollar. Your personal 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 outstanding stuff. The sisters can be dressed or not — it's up to you. We're not lookin' for raunchy stuff — just tasty shots of all those fine ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if ya want, but it's not necessary to win.

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

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is Sept. 27. 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 #88 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Janie



Pinche

Ol' Lady Contest

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

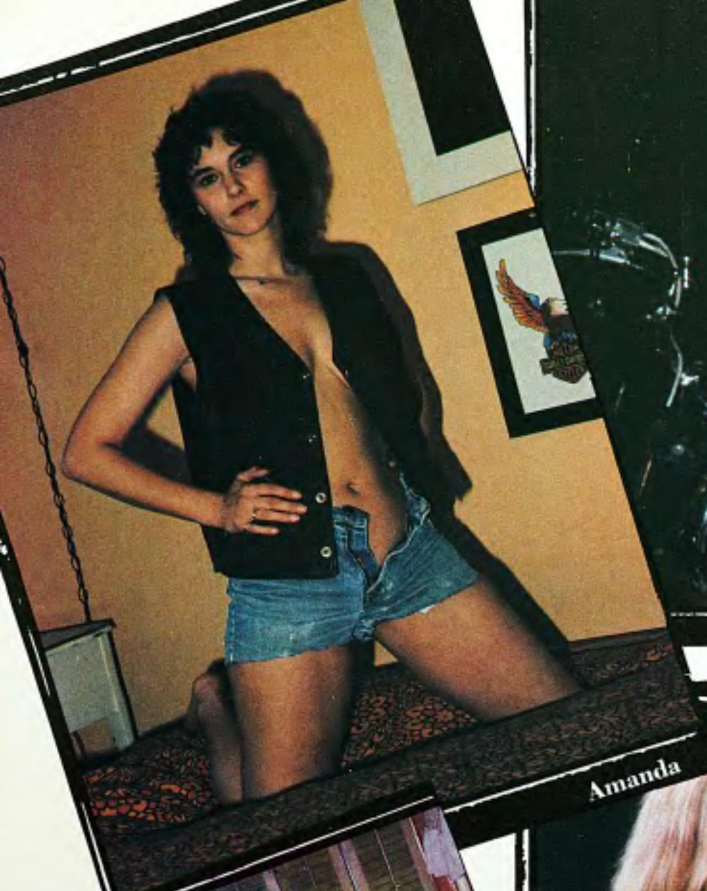
Model's Name _____
Age _____ Phone _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Photographer _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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

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

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

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



Amanda



Kathy



Bushbelt



Ternite



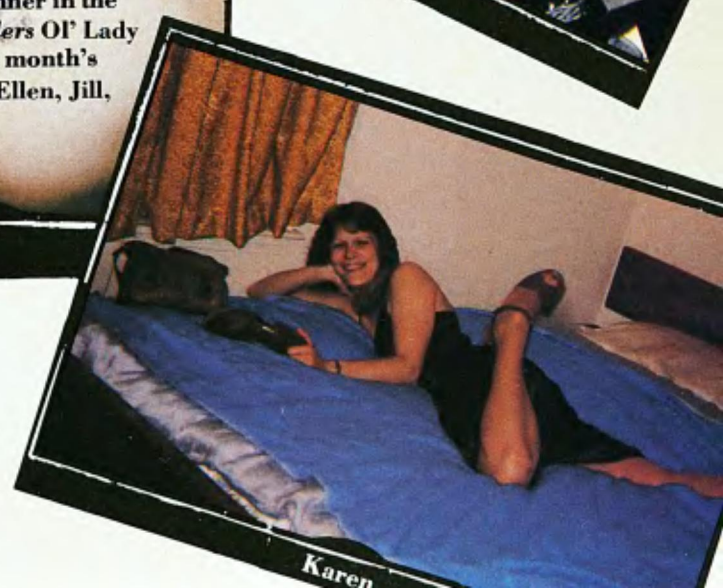
Here she is, folks — Rose, the fourth winner in the 1980 Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Ellen, Jill, and Tammy.



Clara



Wendy



Karen



Photos by Billy Tinney

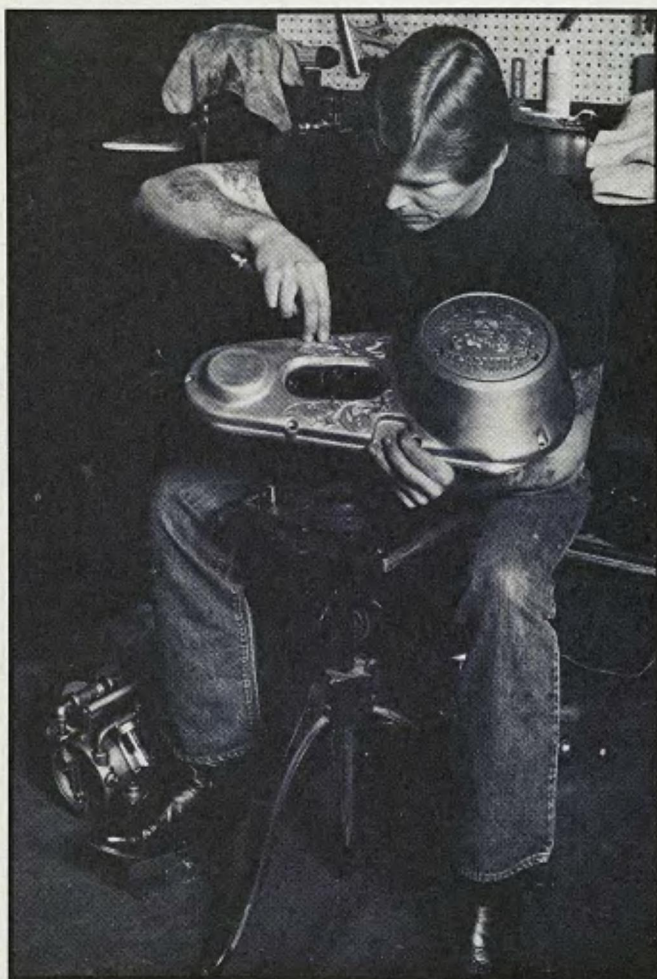
STEEL TATTOOS

For the personal touch

We've gone into the artistic subject of motorcycle parts engraving in the past. But recently, we were shown flicks of an engraver's work that was so fine that we decided to give the art a spot of its own. Not only can it be a beautiful touch to anyone's bike, but it also gives it a personal touch that's as permanent as welding your name into every nut and bolt.

The art plastered here is from a father/son team in Colorado. The ol' man made his way through life in the last half century engraving guns and knives. Backaways people considered their weapons to be as valuable and vital as we consider our bikes to be. And engraving indicated a personal kinship to that weapon or cared-for object.

Jeremy Potts (the son) left the Navy in 1973. Undecided as to what direction to guide his life in, he became a trucker. But truck drivin' wasn't his bag. Since the bro had been a doodler



since he was a toddler, and his ol' man had been engraving guns and stuff, he decided to give the art a shot.

The steady-handed craft came easy to Jeremy. He first learned to engrave with only a sharp chisel. By pushing it into the metal on guns and knives, he would outline the art sketched on the piece. He graduated from the chisel to the art of using a hammer with a chisel, which is de-

scribed as "chasing." But technology got the better of the art, and Jeremy gave in to purchasing a Gravermeister, which amounts to a small jackhammer.

'Bout a year ago, a bro took some bike parts to Jeremy for the Gravermeister touch. Jeremy dug it so much he's been makin' bros' bikes more personal ever since. The fancy artwork on these pages is just a samplin' of Jeremy's skill.

— Shaky

Motorcycle Safety Conference—1980

The International Motorcycle Safety Conference opened with the theme "Through the 80s Safely." And why not? With safety experts from nearly every corner of the globe, all concerned with protecting the cyclist and keeping him out of difficulty, this was the golden opportunity to get first hand the best information available. Of course, our favorites were there. Pat Waller chaired several sessions on conspicuity and helmets. Lou Buchanan attended most of the conference and spoke of rider education, and Joan Claybrook was conspicuous by her absence.

Much worthwhile research has been done in motorcycle safety and research. Until now these safety experts have gathered in small groups and spoken the words of wisdom primarily to other safety experts. The conferences, while not closed to the public, held nothing of interest for the motorcyclist-at-large. Perhaps it was not deliberate, but these safety experts became distant and totally isolated from the very groups they were studying. We were numbers, subjects, and statistics. The only flesh and blood they observed was what leaked out of our broken bodies at the hospitals.

For the very first time in the history of the Motorcycle Safety Foundation (MSF), this conference endeavored to bring together the safety experts and the motorcycle fraternity. The effort was successful. Nearly a hundred experts authored or co-authored papers, and over four hundred attended. The experts came from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, England, and several other European countries. The visitors presented their papers in English, an accomplishment not recognized by many. (I recently presented a technical paper in Argentina and had to employ a translator. As we listen to our foreign guests, we take for granted that they must speak to us in English.)

As expected, many State Department safety officials were present, as were many safety researchers. But most important, the audience was swollen with rank and file motorcyclists. They came from ABATE, from the many touring clubs, from the United Sidecar Association, from motorcycle clubs of all types and sizes. Many attended who had no affiliation, and very few motorcyclists were sponsored by anyone. Only the state officials and safety experts had their time, transportation, registration, hotel, and expenses paid for. Most bikers took time out from their paid occupations, drove their cycles to downtown D.C. through some of the most miserable weather, and camped out nightly in nearby campgrounds. Guess who got the most out of the program and who has the most at stake? Cheers for Alan Johnson from the Ministry of the Environment in Ontario, Canada (and member of the United Sidecar Association), who, as a private individual, presented an excellent paper on the individual rider and his responsibility to motorcycle safety.

The Big Five, sponsors of the MSF, assisted in a very positive way to make sure we were well wine and dined during our stay in Washington, D.C. Without this positive support, attendees would either have gone hungry or it would have cost them considerably more. Even Roger Hull, who picked up the tab for coffee for three, was heard to moan that he might need to float a loan to cover.

The highlight of the conference was Roger Hull's introduction of his multi-millionaire friend and dedicated motorcyclist Malcom S. Forbes, publisher of *Forbes Magazine*, at the MSF banquet on Thursday evening. Malcom's editorial

on Senator Robert Walker's Resolution in *Forbes*, May 26, 1980, should not be missed by any free-thinking motorcyclist. The question: What can be done now, and where is our country heading?

The most lively luncheon entertainment came when Senator Robert Walker was invited as guest speaker. Bob began by insisting he is actually one of us (has a bike), but the pressures of Washington do not allow much active riding now. He then sympathized with us for all the many nasty federal bureaucracies we are confronted with such as the EPA, the DOT, The FHWA, the NHTSA and so forth so on, which appear to have vastly conflicting policies with us caught in the middle. Finally, the bomb dropped. He actually believed his eloquent oratory would set the stage for us to swallow his Resolution 220, hook, line, and sinker. As he led into his primary topic, his manner altered drastically from "I'm really one of you good old boys out there," to an ancient, fire and brimstone and damnation preacher. Before long it was difficult to hear the senator over the noisy reaction from the audience. This, in marked contrast to the rapt attention from the audience as he began. The reaction he received was not from the outlaws or the hell riders, nor the Bandidos or the Panthers, but from the very essence of respectability among the motorcyclists. The senator has a charmed life. That he left the auditorium as nattily attired as he arrived was truly miraculous. He wanted to hear from the respectable biker. He heard. I doubt that it had any effect. When will we be protected from those who constantly seek to protect us?

The technical sessions were directed to rider education, vehicle dynamics, safety systems, licensing, problem identification, and problem analysis. Other topics included the psychology of driving, mopeds, and public education. The session was concluded with an on-location MSF licensing demonstration.

Most readers would not be interested in a review of each of the eighty papers presented, nor was it possible for any attendee to hear all papers, since up to four sessions were held concurrently. With as many as seven papers in a single session of three hours, there was little time for meaningful question-and-answer sessions. All attendees received very comprehensive volumes of the lectures, which may still be available from MSF for those interested.

Some lessons learned from the sessions:

Many riders drive beyond their normal abilities and do not expect to become involved in an accident.

Many riders freeze upon being confronted with a potentially serious hazard. They neither swerve nor try to brake.

The typical accident-involved cyclist is young and inexperienced, in need of training and education.

Helmets work but they will not save your life. No helmet will prevent a serious or fatal injury if a cyclist hits an unyielding object head-on at an impact speed greater than about 18 or 20 mph.

Most accidents involve sliding impacts where a solid impact is not made.

The helmet may fail to provide much protection if the wearer hits a hard, unyielding projection such as a concrete post, or if the head is subjected to multiple but relatively minor impacts such as being dragged beneath a car, or if the head is twisted severely, or if the head hits a soft object that does not cause the helmet to deform and absorb the impact.

While up to 25 percent of helmets fail to pass standards, any helmet (in any price range) that is cared for is effective to a greater or lesser extent.

There is fairly universal agreement among motorcyclists that helmets are effective. It is entirely possible to obtain in excess of 90 percent voluntary usage (there was 92% voluntary usage in England before the helmet law made helmet wearing compulsory in 1973).

Almost all motorcyclists own at least one helmet. There are more than 20,000,000 motorcycle helmets in the United States alone. So why are helmets not worn more often?

In the first place, most accidents occur shortly after the cyclist leaves home and does not expect to be involved in an accident. Secondly, the credibility of government, especially in recent times, is considered by some to be at an all-time low. Some motorcyclists show defiance by not wearing a helmet. This practice has little to recommend it. Should a misguided branch of government suddenly decide that most people die when they stop breathing and consequently issue a law that all people must breathe or face a severe penalty, it hardly makes sense to replace good judgment by a foolhardy practice. Better to tag along while getting the law changed.

Several speakers told of the increase in fatality rate of motorcyclists the past few years and concluded that this increase was the direct consequence of the repeal or weakening of helmet laws. While wearing is reduced in some states that have repealed helmet laws, the facts do not support the conclusion that weakening of helmet laws results in higher fatality rates.

The plain and simple truth is that the fatality rates in some

states that kept helmet laws have increased. And the fatality rates in other states that weakened helmet laws have been reduced. Safety is a far more complex issue than clamping a helmet upon a head.

Olin Dart, Jr., a civil engineering professor at Louisiana State University, concluded that the increase in fatality rate of 45 percent was due to reduction in helmet wearing caused by the weakening of helmet laws in 1976. The professor was asked whether the 45 percent increase in a two-year period was indeed significant when an increase of over one hundred percent in fatality rate was observed in a one-year period before the helmet law was enacted in 1976, and a one hundred percent increase in fatality rate was also observed again in a one-year period while the helmet law was in force. In both cases there was no change in helmet laws. The professor was at a loss to reply.

For nearly 75 percent of all states the number of motorcycle fatalities is very low. In fact, generally less than two motorcycle fatalities occur in an entire state in a single week, and therefore the laws of probability and chance, not trends, must be employed. Fatality rates in a single state can vary from a very low number, less than 2 per 10,000 registrations, to a very high number, greater than 16 per 10,000 registrations, in a year or so. In other words, the raw statistics, motorcyclists being killed on the highway, are not valid criteria. Only when many states are grouped together so that local year-by-year variations are masked can valid conclusions be drawn.

For example, when all states that have kept mandatory helmet laws are compared with all states that have repealed

—Continued on page 89

In The Name Of Goodness, An Insidious Resolution

—from *Forbes Magazine*, May 26, 1980

We could easily eliminate cancer if we promptly eliminated those who have it or get it. There would be nobody alive suffering from it. So far as I know, no one is advocating this instant solution to an as yet unresolved problem. To the best of my knowledge there's not even a congressional resolution — as yet — proposing such a draconian cure.

But there has been submitted a congressional resolution (No. 220) to tackle in an analogous way the problems created by a tiny number of persons who happen to be motorcyclists. A dozen presumably well-intentioned, intelligent (presumably) congressmen have proposed the establishment of a "federal strike force" to go after "outlaw motorcycle gangs," which are "united in an organized international criminal association involved in the kidnapping, enslavement and physical abuse of women; receive enormous profits from drug production, drug-trafficking, gun-running, theft and murder by contract; use their illegally gained profits to take control of legitimate business enterprises and to drive lawful business owners out of business; and, through their size, power and ability to cross state boundaries, pose overwhelming problems for local and state law enforcement officials."

And all along we've been thinking inflation was a major problem; that Iran's seizure of U.S. hostages was a big problem; that the U.S.S.R.'s takeover of Afghanistan and threat to the Mideast oil on which the Free World yet depends was a very grave concern. And all the time the real threat is "outlaw motorcycle gangs," the definition of which apparently is to be left to any and all local, state or national officials.

So far as I know there is a Justice Department, and FBI and multiple state and local law enforcement agencies to enforce

laws against illegal drugs, kidnapping, enslavement, extortion and murder. Should the fact that **some** of those crimes are **sometimes** committed by persons who ride motorcycles call for making the other 7 million Americans who ride 'em subject to harassment any time two or three of them get together for a ride? How about special strike forces for law-breakers who also share enthusiasm for horses or Chevrolets, or Budweiser or blondes?

Fortunately, the combination of a dozen constitutional clauses and amendments along with a hundred U.S. senators and the other 423 congressmen should make the passage of Resolution No. 220 unlikely. So the 7 million of us who sometimes ride motorcycles and the additional thousands who are finding motorcycles a less expensive, 50-miles-and-more-per-gallon-of-gas alternative in the energy crisis are unlikely to be branded and hounded as outlaws.

That such a resolution should garner a dozen congressional sponsors does shake one up a bit, though.

For the bros out there who want to write and express their own opinion on the House Concurrent Resolution 220, here are the names and addresses of the House Committee on the Congressional Judicial Sub-Committee on Crime. Keep your opinions clean, but let them know how you feel. The addresses are as follows: Mr. Harold L. Volkmer, Democrat, Mo., Room 1728 Longworth HOB, Washington, D.C.; Mr. Michail Lynn Synar, Democrat, Okla., Room 1338 Longworth HOB, Washington, D.C.; Mr. John Conyers, Jr., Democrat, Mich., Room 3213 Rayburn HOB, Washington, D.C.; Mr. John M. Ashbrook, Republican, Ohio, Room 1436 Longworth HOB, Washington, D.C.; Mr. Henry J. Hyde, Republican, Ill., Room 1203 Longworth HOB, Washington, D.C.; Mr. Lamar Gudgeon, Democrat, N.C., Room 428 Cannon HOB, Washington, D.C.; Mr. F. James Sensenbrenner, Jr., Republican, Room 315 Cannon HOB, Washington, D.C. — from M.M.A., 2202 16th St., Sacramento, Calif. 95818.

EASYNEWS

BIKERS' OFFER TURNED DOWN

Landstuhl, Germany: The annual blood drive sponsored by the Cavemen Motorcycle Club here for the past eight years has been dealt a severe blow by the USAREUR Blood Bank, according to the club's president.

Army S.Sgt. Tom Ratliff, the president and a member of the 37th Trans Group at Kleber Casern here, said that the blood bank's last-minute decision to pull out of the event will probably do more to damage the club's public image than any public perception of bikers could ever do.

"What am I supposed to tell the hundreds of American bikers? Do I tell them the Army doesn't want their blood?" he asked.

According to Ratliff, plans for the drive were begun when he contacted 1st Lt. David Hanson, chief of donor services, to arrange the blood drawing.

"He told me it was no problem. The bank had been doing this for the past seven or eight years successfully and he'd get back with me later with the specific details."

Hanson was on leave and not available for comment, but the commander of the 655th Medical Co (USAREUR Blood Bank) here, Maj. Anthony J. Polk, was reached in Heilbronn, where his unit was conducting a community blood drive.

Polk denied any misunderstanding. He said, "They only contacted us a couple of weeks ago, at which time Hanson told them we probably wouldn't participate this year. I personally spoke with a representative of the club and confirmed that we most definitely would not have anything to do with the project and I told him why."

Polk's rationale was that

"the blood drive is only a secondary feature of the entire rally. These people come from all over Europe to have one big orgy."

"Personally, I'd be very suspect of what is in that blood. If you could see what goes on, you wouldn't want the blood either," he said.

The major added that "they're just like a bunch of animals out there. Neither I nor the blood bank wants to be associated with that sort of activity." What sort of activity the major was referring to was not made clear to **The Stars and Stripes**, but the Kaiserslautern armed forces



police checked their blotters for the third weekend in May of last year and found no entries related to the Cavemen's rally and blood drive.

Capt. Peter Leventis, adjutant for the 2nd General Hospital here, said the rally will be allowed to go on at the parking lot of the firing range here.

"As far as we know, the club had no authority to use the training area. But considering the large number of people expected to attend, and because of the German-American relations at stake,

we will allow them to stay and hold their rally. Unfortunately," he added, "we will have to rearrange the schedule for several units that were to use the range. But to cancel the whole thing would only destroy the good relations this hospital has spent years to build."

Ratliff disputes the charges.

"We've never had any problems with the hospital before. In fact, the blood bank has always been anxious to come out in the past. They've loaned us portable generators and other equipment we have needed to run the rally too."

He insists that the entire endeavor is to build up the image of the biker.

"After all, underneath the leathers and cutoff jean jackets, we're all soldiers and airmen," he said. "Last year we raised more than fifteen hundred marks here. We also came up with three thousand marks more, and nobody knows how many dollars' worth of toys, for an orphanage here in Kaiserslautern. We're just a bunch of American servicemen who enjoy motorcycles as much as we enjoy helping people."

Polk said he was hesitant to participate in last year's drive, but relented because "I was new on the job and the unit had been doing it for several years. So I went ahead and committed my people to it. But it was for the last time."

When Polk was informed that the rally would continue, even without the USAREUR Blood Bank, he said:

"The bottom line is that we will not take part. If the hospital wants to let them have their party, that's their business. We won't be there."

In their stead, a German blood bank from Bad Kreuznach has agreed to take donations.

"I don't see what the difference is," said Ratliff. "The German Red Cross gives us blood when we need it and we reciprocate. Does USAREUR have enough blood in stock that they don't need ours?"

Polk said last year's drive only netted about 100 units of blood out of more than 1,500 bikers. But Ratliff said Polk arrived late and shut down early. "He was turning away two out of three donors," said Ratliff. "He didn't give us a chance. Most of the people who came last year came first to give blood, then to get to know their fellow bikers."

Ratliff said the event has been publicized for several months and bike clubs from all over Europe will be here.

"One club from an air base in England has left already and plans to take the ferry over. We know of clubs from Switzerland and other countries, both European and American clubs, that are coming. We're not about to disappoint them."

Ratliff is intent on improving the image of bikers. "We want to wipe out the idea that we go out raping and killing people. People never think about the good things we do; the blood we collect here will help people. Any money we make here will be donated to either the Red Cross or some other worthwhile organization. But that's not the side of the biker that people choose to see." —Roy Adams ■

W. Va. Newspaper Backs Bikers

Charleston: This newspaper (Charleston Gazette) is reluctant to enter a controversy on the side of a group of motorcyclists, gangs of whom are widely feared and hated, sometimes for good reason.

But we feel compelled, if not to defend the cyclists, at

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



least to question tactics of West Virginia state police in their clash April 20 with a motorcycle club — not a gang, the members insist — at the White House Inn at Salt Rock. Several cyclists were arrested.

The violence, which resulted in the hospitalization of several club members and an elbow fracture for a state policeman, apparently was triggered by complaints from a man who said he had been threatened by a man riding a motorcycle.

The cyclist in question was not at the tavern at the time of the arrests, but some people believe that when one motorcyclist breaks the law, all motorcyclists are guilty. Those choosing more conventional forms of transportation aren't so stigmatized.

Police and motorcyclists give conflicting versions of what happened at the tavern. Police maintain they used only the force necessary to make arrests for public drunkenness — arrests they say the cyclists violently resisted. The cyclists say they were assaulted without warning by a platoon of club-swinging storm troopers.

Truth doubtless lies somewhere between. Cyclists admit the scene at the tavern had become a bit rowdy; while some police testimony, as we will demonstrate in a moment, is difficult to accept.

If, as cyclists charge, arrested club members were

forced to sing "Row Your Boat" while in police custody and were ordered to tell hospital personnel injuries resulted from a traffic accident, the officers involved should be disciplined severely.

State police assert that club members deliberately vandalized their own motorcycles in order to blame the damage on police. That accusation we find extremely hard to believe. A new Harley-Davidson costs more than \$4,000, and a sane man would no sooner run his over with a truck than he would take a sledgehammer to the side of his four-wheeled vehicle.

Most of all, we are disappointed by the reaction of State Police Superintendent Harley Mooney, who, with unseemly haste, publicly said his men had not used unreasonable force, something he could not have been certain of unless he had been there. Mooney — an otherwise admirable fellow — should have ordered an investigation, and reserved judgment until the probe was completed.

Indeed, we think an investigation is still in order — and not one conducted by the state police. State police investigations handled by the state police have a way of absolving the state police of all blame. —from the *Charleston Gazette*

LAWMAKER SMASHES CABBAGE, PUSHES CYCLE HELMET LAW

Louisiana: Cabbages and motorcycle riders have more in common than one might imagine, according to Berwick Rep. V.J. Bella.

During a House committee hearing on his bill to require all motorcyclists to wear helmets, Bella smashed a "smiling" cabbage with a baseball bat — splattering it

across the committee room — to demonstrate what can happen to an unprotected human head.

The bill won a favorable report from the House Committee on Transportation, Highways and Public Works on a 10 to 7 vote after lengthy debate.

Proponents of the measure contended that helmets save lives and reduce the severity of injuries in accidents, while opponents charged that government should not interfere further in the lives of its citizens.

David Solleau, the executive director of the Louisiana Highway Safety Commission, said the experience on Louisiana's highways since the mandatory helmet law was repealed four years ago has convinced him such legislation is needed.

Dr. Olin K. Dart, professor of civil engineering at Louisiana State University, reported findings of a study on deaths and injuries related to motorcycle accidents.

According to his study, substantially more people who were not wearing helmets were killed or severely injured than those who wore helmets.

State Police head Grover "Bo" Garrison also testified for the bill, stating that "common logic says if you're on a bike and in an accident, your head is going to hit the ground. We strongly believe in bringing back the (mandatory helmet) law."

But Ben Payne, a motorcycle enthusiast, said statistics can be bent to "sound like whatever you want."

Walter Hussemeyer, a member of the Road Knights Motorcycle Club and district representative of the American Motorcycle Association, said the vast majority of riders favor wearing helmets but are against a mandatory law.

"I believe it makes good

sense to wear a helmet, but it won't save your life. It will save your head but it can break your neck," he said.

Don Shirley testified that the biggest problem is "people in cars who run over motorcyclists and kill us. If you want to help, educate people in cars."

"It's not what we put on our heads that's going to help us," said Jerry Neal of the Louisiana Motorcycle Riders' Association. "It's what we put in them — knowledge."

New Orleans area lawmakers on the committee voting for the bill were reps Joe Accardo, LaPlace; George Connor and Earl J. Schmitt, New Orleans.

Voting against the bill was Rep. Quentin Dastague, Metairie.

Accardo said the state has "a legitimate interest in protecting the lives of people on the highways," while Connor said he decided it was needed after witnessing accidents involving young people who weren't wearing helmets.

However, Dastague said he couldn't support more restrictive legislation to protect people from themselves.

It's time for Louisiana bikers to write to their representatives.





FULL FACE GASES

England: The Observer, a well-respected British newspaper, recently quoted a team of researchers as suggesting that carbon dioxide may build up in sufficient quantities inside full-coverage helmets to impair motorcyclists' judgment and vision and even cause hallucinations.

Dr. Tom Ravensdale, a field researcher in a team working under the direction of the Department of Forensic Medicine at the London Hospital Medical College, was quoted as saying that accidents in which there is unexplained loss of control might be caused by carbon dioxide buildup if the motorcyclist is wearing a full-face helmet. Study will continue to determine carbon dioxide levels that may affect riders. —from ABATE of Washington, Box 85, Auburn, Wash. 98002.

NETWORK PROBLEMS

The Nation: We've been receiving numerous calls in the past two months from concerned individuals, stating their displeasure with the shows being aired by the networks, and their apparently obvious slap at us bikers. If you're concerned about this type of media coverage, write to the networks listed below. Keep it clean, honest, and to the point. Send letters to the FCC also, and to your Senators and Congressman. The network addresses are as follows: ABC, 1330 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y.

10019; CBC, Box 500, Station A, Toronto, Ont. M5W 1E6, Canada; CBS, 51 West 52nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10019; NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020; CTV, 42 Charles Street East, Toronto, Ont. M4Y 1T4, Canada; PBS, 475 L'Entant Plaza, West, S.W., Washington, D.C. 20024. —from ABATE of Kentucky, Box 22115, Lexington, Ky. 40522.



HIGHWAY DEATHS AND HELMETS UNRELATED

Vermont: Highway fatalities and motorcycle helmets are unrelated, the House Transportation Committee has been told.

Motorcycle association directors from the three northeastern states told the committee at a public hearing that helmets do not prevent accidents and may not prevent injuries.

The legislators are considering a bill that would repeal Vermont's mandatory helmet law. Two years ago, a similar measure passed in the Senate, but was defeated in the House.

Only one person testified in favor of the current law, but Committee Chairman John Zampieri, D-South Ryegate, said this was not necessarily an indication that the repeal attempt would win approval on the House floor.

"This is probably a difficult year to pass this bill because

of all the highway fatalities," Zampieri said.

He predicted the committee would vote on the proposal in the near future.

Motorcycle club representatives from New York, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire — states that recently repealed their own mandatory helmet laws — testified helmets do not reduce the risk of riding a motorcycle.

"A helmet is purely a cosmetic device," said David Mangum, director of the New York Motorcycle Association.

Supporters of the repeal attempt said medical studies show that helmets may increase the chance of a broken neck and that they do not work at high speeds.

They said a more efficient means of reducing accidents would be to mandate motorcycle driver training courses and make drivers' tests stricter.

The motorcyclists opposed to the law testified that repeal does not mean people cannot wear helmets.

"It's a question of individual rights," said Jan Otto, a motorcyclist from East Montpelier. "That is the only thing that matters."

NOISE STANDARDS — A SECRET

More clouds on the horizon: The EPA has delayed announcement of motorcycle noise standards and the DOT has procrastinated in delivering NHTSA's report on the effect of helmet-law repeals. Word has leaked to the motorcycle industry that the EPA would settle on reasonable and attainable noise-level standards. Other leaks indicated that the NHTSA's report might represent a reversal of a stand against rider education. But why the delay in making such things public? Could it be that the leaks were intended to lull the industry, and the rest of us, into a false sense of security, a feeling that we were making progress by cooperating with these agencies?

Consider, then, the exploitation of the media man-

aged by NHTSA a year ago when presenting the results of the Hurt study (which was also delayed at that time). The report was finally delivered, strangely enough, shortly after Congress reconvened. The delay wasn't merely a result of inefficiency or procrastination — it was political manipulation.

So when will we get the new NHTSA report and EPA noise standards? I think we'll get them — and in a much more severe form than we've been led to expect — shortly before Congress considers the upcoming Highway Safety Act of 1980. —from ABATE of Iowa, Box 23, LeClaire, Iowa 52753.



WATCH THE NEWS

The Nation: It's that time of the year again. As I've said before, ya gotta keep an eye on those cage pilots. Almost daily, we'll read in the paper, or hear on the radio, about a motorcycle/car accident. The biker is either killed or injured because, if you notice, the other vehicle made a left turn in front of the motorcycle. If you notice further down in the news item, the papers, etc.,

never fail to mention that the rider was not wearing a helmet. Very seldom, if ever, do they report it when the motorcyclist was wearing a helmet. Also in car accidents it is never mentioned whether the car drivers were or were not wearing seat belts. Sounds like a case of biased journalism, doesn't it?

So, brothers, we have got to keep writing those letters. Write to the newspapers, or call the radio stations. Explain that the reporting is unfair and biased. They must report all accidents equally (helmet being worn or not, and seat belts being worn or not). Ask the editors or news directors to set a policy and stick by it. Their job is to accurately report the news as it happens, not as they want the people to read it. Stay on top of the news, 'cause if we don't keep these news media types straight, the general public could get the wrong idea as to the questionable good of helmets and the mandatory wearing of them. —from Ken Sypal, ABATE of Nebraska, Box 30332, Lincoln, Neb. 68503. ■

H. BIKER RESOLUTION 221

The Nation: Expressing the sense of the bikers that the President should establish a federal strike force and a program to in-

vestigate and prosecute crimes committed by members of outlaw Congress gangs.

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

Whereas outlaw Congress gangs as organized in an international criminal association with no leaders; and

Whereas outlaw Congress gangs have received huge kickback payments from foreign governments ("Korea Gate"); and

whereas outlaw Congressmen have been known to get drunk and drive cages off bridges; and

Whereas outlaw Congressmen have been known to run away and leave dead women in the water; and

Whereas outlaw Congress gangs have taken huge payments from FBI agents dressed to look like Arabs; and

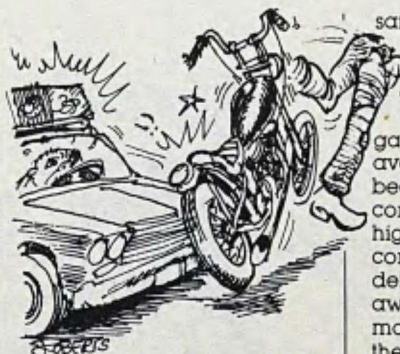
Whereas outlaw Congress gangs have given huge grants of taxpayers' money for such worthy causes as to study why do chimpanzees clench their teeth when angry (what they should study is why the taxpayers are clenching their teeth);

Therefore, be it resolved to move the whole Congress with their equipment including money bags, scuba gear, kickback calculators, Arab detecting kits, etc. To Adak, Alaska. In their place something useful could be constructed, like a new Harley-Davidson factory. —From "Gunner," for all the biker people in the U.S.A. ■

AWARENESS, A MUST

Tennessee: The tragic motorcycle accident reported in a recent edition of *The Times* needs some comment. The death of the young man and the serious injuries to his passenger are inexcusable and unconscionable.

The cyclist had pulled over to the side in response to the siren of a police vehicle only to be rear-ended by that same vehicle driving at irresponsible speeds to an emergency



that was at best imagined. To compound the tragedy, the officer who was reportedly answering an "officer-in-trouble" call was miles away from the site of the call and there were a number of officers closer and better able to respond. We should all continue a lively interest in the action taken by the Chattanooga Police Department in regard to the officer in question.

Those of us who ride motorcycles, and who have managed to survive for any period of time, have been forced to adopt the attitude that motorists in automobiles are at best unaware of, and at worst openly hostile toward, the cycle rider. Apparently, motorists believe that in a collision with a motorcycle they are quite

safe from injury and therefore can adopt a selfishly casual and careless attitude.

In these days of higher gas prices and lessened fuel availability the motorcycle is becoming more and more common on our streets and highways. If any good is to come from this tragic accident, let it be an increased awareness on the part of motorists of the existence of the motorcycle and a consciousness of the mutual responsibility for safety on our streets. —Franklin E. (Ed) Lewis ■

PUNCH THAT GUY

Illinois: Efforts to repeal the headlights-on law in Illinois are being fought by Illinois Senator Sommer, who has a bill in the hopper that would require all cycles to have headlights on the high beam. When cyclists' rights lobbyist Ed Armstrong asked for his reasoning, Senator Sommer is reported to have said: "I want those lights on bright so I can see the bastards before I hit 'em." Probably doesn't want his daughter to marry one either. —from ABATE of Nebraska, Box 30332, Lincoln, Neb. 68503. ■

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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



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

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

- ☐ National Abate membership and favorite organization, \$10.00
- ☐ 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.





Doo Waa Diddy's Song

By Patrick Keenan

When I saw Doo Waa Diddy truckin' down the sidewalk at me I said, "What an unusual person that is." He had a gigantic beer belly and couldn't button his greasy army jacket, which looked more like a vest than a jacket. I learned his name from the inscription on his T-shirt, which read: "My name's Doo Waa Diddy. Hi." Something must have told him that I rode a Harley, or he saw me park it (Doo Waa loves bikes), 'cause he stopped when I was passing him. I thought, I never saw him before, why's he staring at me?

He stuck out his big beer belly and looked at me with his tiny brown eyes in a way that was absolutely hilarious. "Hey, my man, yuh got one a those little whoazzabobbits fuckin' around on yer shoulder."

I looked at a wilderness of red beard and shoulder-length hair and said, "What the hell is a whoazzabobbit?"

Doo Waa Diddy took a closer look at me and just stared at my face for a while with those intense brown-bear eyes of his. "Man, you mean to tell me you don't know what a whoazzabobbit is?"

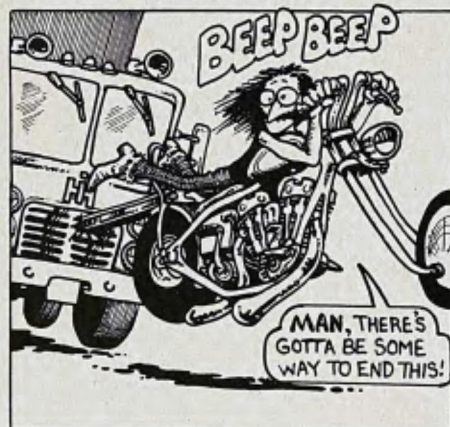
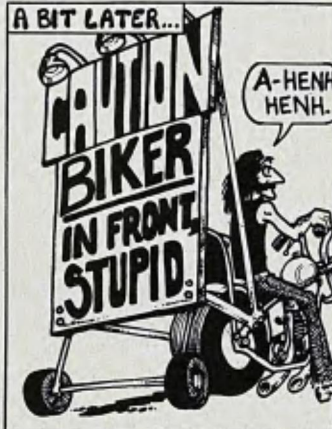
"Nope," I said.

"Mannnnnnnnnn," said Doo Waa, "a whoazzabobbit is that little creature who I keep seein' on yer shoulder. . . and hey, you'd better just wait right here until the little fucker shows his ugly face, 'cause last time, that fucker stuck his tongue out at me, an' I don't let no whoazzabobbit get away with shit like that."

—Continued on page 92

FREAK SLEAZE

EASYRIDER 40 PRODUCTION



Cartoon by Duffy Duggan

Compensator Crank

For when the mill ain't attached

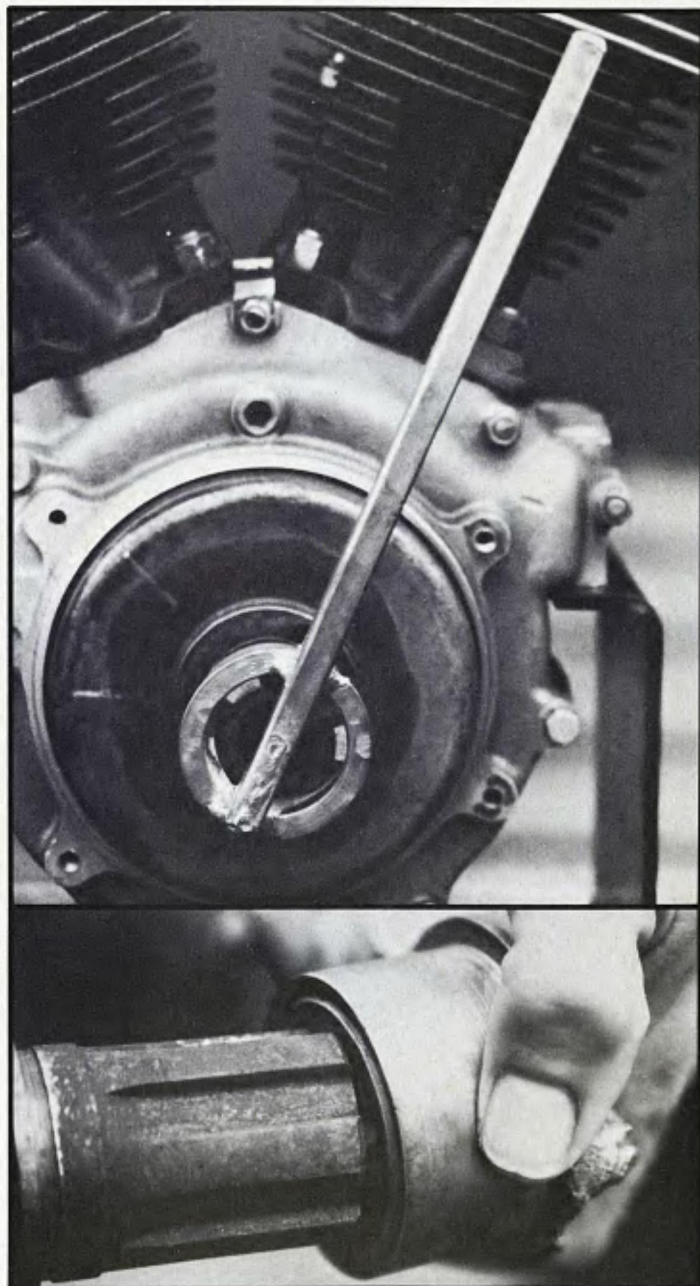
The other day I stopped by to check out what was happening with one of my partners at the bike shop where he puts in his time. Mario, my bro, has been turning wrenches on all makes of scooters for the last half decade. So, any time I'm holding up his workbench, my bloodshots usually land on some new antique he's discovered or the latest in handmade knuckle-savers. Most of the time I have stumbled across them before, but being in no condition to pay attention, I just let 'em slide. But not this time — got to keep in mind that I got a lotta people dependin' on me for this weird shit.

Mario whipped this little gem together in a matter of a couple o' heartbeats, when he had to adjust the timing and valves on a late-model 74 motor sitting on the bench, bolted to an engine stand. Digging around in the used-parts stash box, he came up with the inside piece of a compensating sprocket that someone had shitcanned in favor of a belt drive unit. After he welded a piece of scrap square stock to the flat side of the sprocket piece, it was all downhill. Then a quick trip to the glassbeader and his engine handle even looked like it was meant to be.

The same sorta wrench diddy can come to life for earlier mills. A handle welded to an early (must be wasted) engine sprocket will work once it's slipped over the key and the engine nut is screwed into place. Check it out — the same idea could be applied to almost any mill.

I can't say this new discovery will revolutionize H-D engine building, but it sure beats hell out of a pipe wrench on the sprocket shaft.

— Wrench



Photos by Frank

SO THERE

They used to tell me to grow up,
To get my ass in gear.
They used to say there's more to life
Than bikes and sex and beer.
They used to tell me all that stuff
When I was just a child.
They used to say I would regret
My living hard and wild.
I didn't pay attention then,
And that was long ago.
I wish that I could find a way
To let them plainly know
I did not change my crazy ways.
And I don't plan to quit.
For what it's worth, the advice they gave
Was simply full of shit.

MENAGE A TROIS

He speaks the language of sex.
And she responds like the throttle,
Wide open.
Sweet cream, her skin,
Out of it, within
The boundaries of unadulterated passion.
And her position
Is secure.
For he has taught her
How to share.
And so it is.
The three of them,
Riding each other.

STREET BABY

No Christian upbringing, no old wives' tales,
No dresses, no proms, no bridal veils.
No husband, no babies, no house on a hill.
I called it bullshit and dreamed it still.
I looked for an answer to my silly riddle:
Does life have a place for me in the middle?
Out in the streets, walking 'round in a daze,
I accused my abilities of being a phase.
Caught up, trapped, I lost the seasons.
Empty soul, no goal, no reasons.
I hope to escape, but to me it seems
It's the cocaine talkin' and street-baby dreams.

WHATEVER BLOWS YOUR SKIRT UP

He's a dirty ol' biker that some call obscene,
But he's okay with me in his dirty ol' jeans
In his dirty ol' leathers, on his dirty ol' bike.
I'm his dirty ol' lady 'cause that's what I like.

V-Twin Verse

From vibrations sent through the spread legs of a biker woman

By R.I. Spinner

BIG BROTHER

The world needs a hero and God-fearing men
Who don't require money to save us from sin.
We have a Big Brother who makes all the rules.
He's not content with us and calls us all fools.
He's abolished the eagle, and our fate seems worse.
Endangered, all strangers, born with the same curse.
He readily damns and labels profane
The lifestyle we cherish to keep us half sane.
Statistics are rampant; Truth's lost its core.
His power games pimp the minority whore.
Meanwhile, the doctrines he's based on bleed.
And apathy keeps him from all but his greed.
The world needs a Harley to give it a ride.
And maybe just show it why we have such pride.

GROWING PAINS

You had an idea of what was in store.
So you waited until I grew up some more.
At last I attained the age of thirteen.
You said I would be your new highway queen.
I gave you consent and my virginal heart.
We rode to the place my new life would start.
You kissed me so sweetly, you turned off the light.
You whispered you loved me and said I was right
To be there close to you, to go all the way.
You had waited years for this special day.
The pleasure and passion you would soon reveal
Caused me to shiver and daintily squeal.
The thought of your body put stars in my head.
Then you reached out to touch me and fell off the bed.

MISSING YOU

Empty-hearted, empty bed.
Words are written, left unsaid.
Care will perish miles apart.
I wish your Harley wouldn't start.

HARDCORE

I want to suck your eyelids.
I want to pop your zits.
I want to lick your nostrils
And ream out your armpits.
I want to wear my leather panties
And tie you to the bed.
And rip out your kidneys
Through holes I've drilled
In your head.
See, I don't really care
If your wiener is a dinky.
When we get done with foreplay,
We'll get down to being kinky.

BAD NEWS TRIOLET

My bike won't start.
I'm out of beer.
I can't depart.
My bike won't start.
It breaks my heart
To just sit here.
My bike won't start.
I'm out of beer.



ON THE ROAD

Reality is a dirty word.
Celibacy is trite.
He desires to touch her,
And tells her so one night.
She makes her world seem logical,
Requiring him to reckon.
She tries to content him,
But he feels his freedom beckon.
He can't hold still to even try,
Because he's only passing by.
Suburban life ain't worth a dime.
Another place, another time.

LITTLE STARR

A little bit of baby, a little bit of whore.
Give some credit to the streets, they have raised one more.
A little bit of loneliness. To stop it — that depends
On the quantity of whiskey and the quality of friends.
A little bit of slowing down is always out of range,
Out of sight, out of mind. She never wants to change.
A little bit of happiness by living in the wind,
Satisfied with parties, with bikes, and with men.
A little bit of innocence, although it's hard to see.
A little bit of wondering who the hell she's going to be.
So I stay with her a little bit and I watch her cop a buzz.
And I tell her all the stories about the little bit I was.
Then I told her for a little bit, I hold her pretty tight.
And I promise to the Little Starr she's going to be all right.

DEAR SIR

That is not the Boston Strangler; that is not a low-life jerk.
That's my ol' man on his motorcycle, on his way to work.
That is not a killer bomb on his motorcycle seat.
It's a lunchbox filled with coffee and cold lunch meat.
So you don't have to flinch or duck when you cross his path.
You don't have to hold your nose; sometimes he takes a bath.
There's no cause for alarm, no need for such a fuss.
Don't barricade your garage door on account of us.
We don't want your tackle, or your snorkel, or your flippers,
Or your rusty station wagon. Not even your hedge clippers.
Please let me assure you; don't be so full of fright.
We will not axe you to pieces in the middle of the night.
Doncha think that all the dogs in the neighborhood would bark?
Let me tell ya, blood is messy, and I'm scared of the dark.
We really have no plans to harass your spouse,
Or torture your poodle, or burn down your house.
We won't corrupt your children for a second or a season.
We won't, that is, unless you give us good reason.
Now that you can give up all your worry, sweat, and labor,
Aren't you really glad that you're our next-door neighbor?

THE NORMAL ORDER OF EVENTS

Snorting life and running love,
Living hard fits like a glove.
Smiles and parties, moving fast,
It's easy to forget the past
With shiny bikes and crazy men.
How I hope it never ends.

CANDY IS DANDY. . .

I want me in the wind again,
If only for a while.
I want me on the road again,
If only for a mile.
I want me to enjoy my life.
What else can provide
The satisfaction that I get
When I go for a ride?

CHUNK 'N' HIS SPORTY

I took a detour somewhere;
I almost lost my way.
And if it hadn't been for him,
I might have had to stay,
A zombie, doped, but civilized,
A blend with city bricks,
A stagnant nine to five routine,
No life, no love, no kicks.
There's freedom now in all I do,
And my heart is not a liar.
In gratitude I live each day
As wild as mountain fire.

V-TWIN

Attention, nympho biker chicks,
For you, this dildo's suited.
Lubricate with fifty-weight,
Batteries not included.
You'll love the soothing relief
You'll get from Double Vee.
Electric start is optional,
Buy one, get one free.

DIRECTIONS

If you want to be a good road whore,
Grab your chance and hit the door.
Go out and have some crazy fun,
And let your home be on the run.
Don't forget to smoke some weed.
You will love it, yes indeed.

HAVE FUN, WILL TRAVEL

Pitter-patter went my feet
As I broke into a run.
There was a Harley down the street,
And I was ready for some fun.
"Can I go for a ride with you?"
I knew that's what I'd like.
"We can party when you're through,
But take me on your bike."
"Yeah, okay, I guess," he said.
I told him he was sweet.
He frowned and shook his hairy head
As I climbed onto the seat.
At first I thought it was great fun
To sit upon such power,
Until he said, "This bike will run
A hunnert miles an hour."
About that time I saw a space
Between two trucks ahead.
It crossed my mind to hide my face.
I crapped my pants instead.

For My people:

The best things in life are
The emotions there are no words for,
The people who make you feel them,
And the opportunities to express
How fortunate you are.
P.S. Wanna fuck?

A Fittin' Epitaph

By Jody Via

The wreck unreeled before my horrified eyes like action from a stop-motion camera. Each instant was frozen in a separate, time-locked sequence, yet it all happened with terrifying swiftness. One moment I was leaning into a swoopy mountain curve, cruising along as free as the breeze in the green summer noon with the big engine between my legs throbbing out the rhythm of my life — and the next moment I was swerving wildly in a panicked attempt to avoid the black car that suddenly filled the narrow road in front of me. It appeared without warning, coming head-on at me as the driver rounded the curve too wide, completely blocking my lane. With the tortured scream of braking rubber and the blare of the cage's horn ringing in my ears, I fought to keep my bike upright and ride it out of danger — but there was no time and nowhere to go. Nowhere but down, and with a lurching sickness inside I felt the bike begin to slide out from under me, out of control, toward the downslope shoulder of the road.

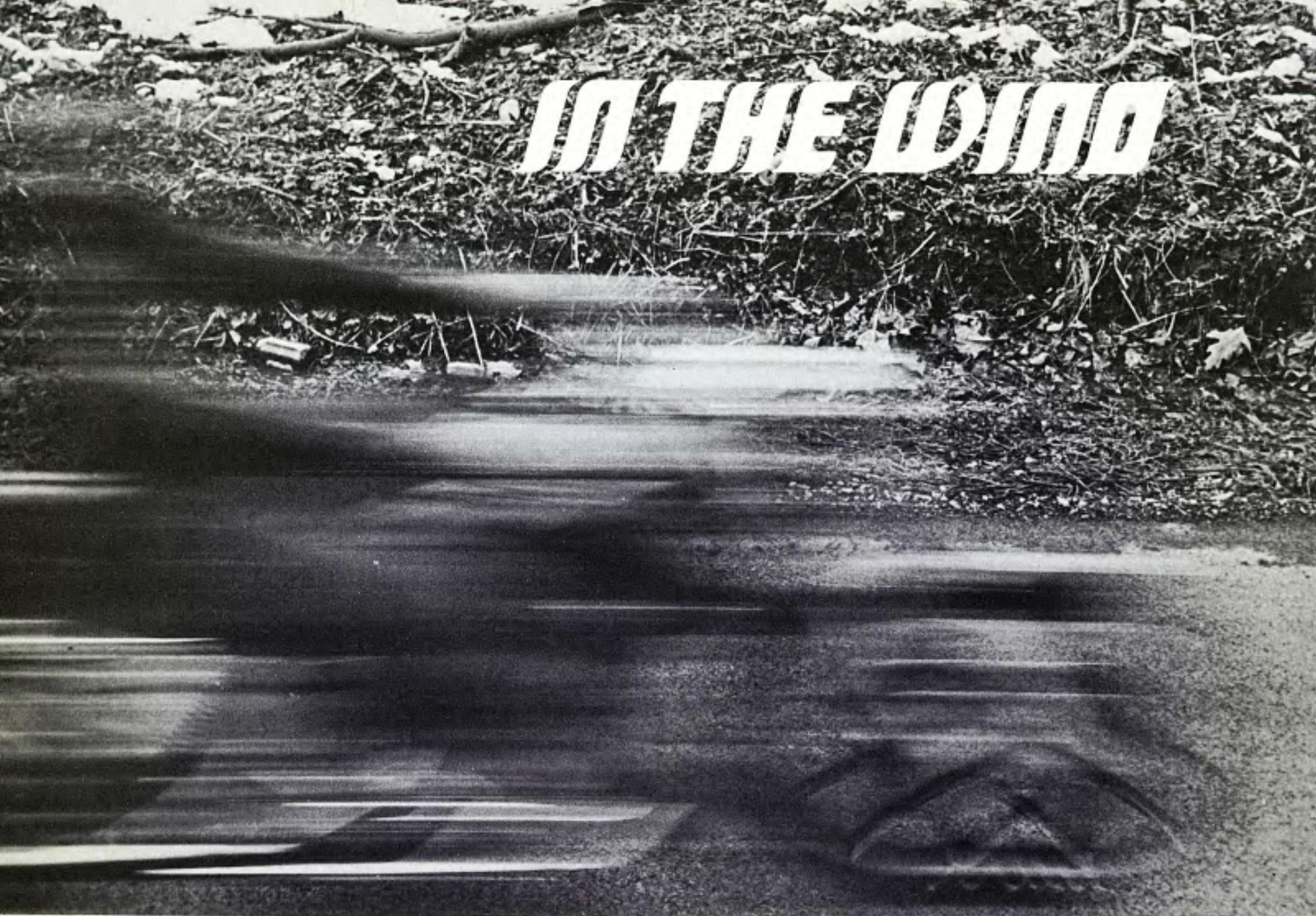
There was a spot where a section of guardrail was broken away — obviously this curve had claimed other victims — and, as if drawn by a magnet, my motorcycle slid inexorably toward that gaping hole. Beyond it was an open drop, a straight fall to hell down the steep, rocky mountainside. When I realized the bike was going over in spite of anything I

—Continued on page 99





IN THE WIND

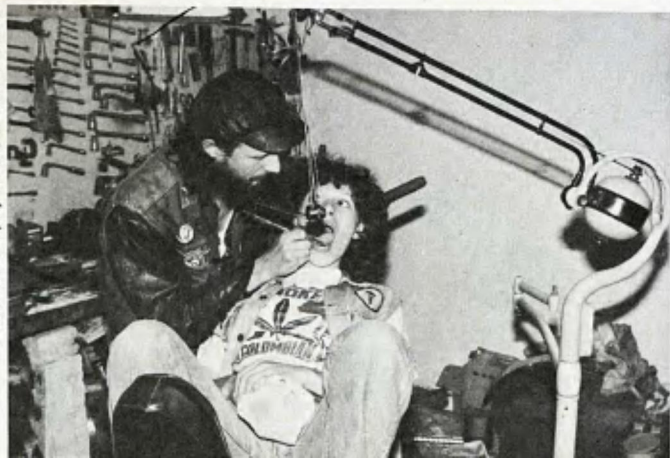


— from Mark Barill, Star City, W. Va.

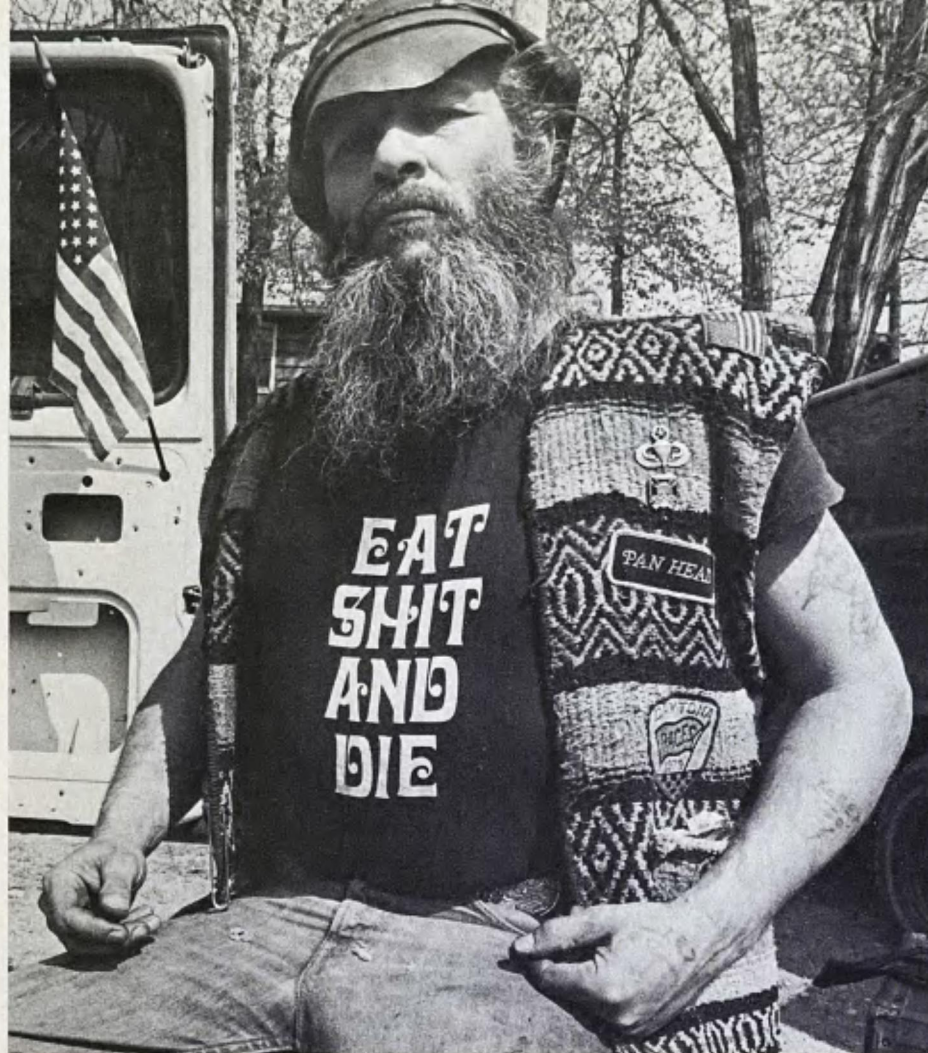
Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the 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 Richard, Louisville, Ky.



— from Jean Lapeyronnie, Valence, France



— from Ed, Westwood, N.J.

Harley Heaven

A kick or two, or three or four,
a curse, a kick, a booming roar,
The rider mounts, he knows the score.
And through the streets they move so loud,
a bike, a man — a man who's proud.
The hassles gone, his heart is filled
with life and hope, all fears are stilled.
Though rain may pour and snow may fall,
never silenced is that call
To freedom and a life so good,
filled with dreams of brotherhood.
Riding on, both fast and slow,
There's always one more place to go
where parties are and brothers gather
And laugh to think there's some who'd rather
call them down, then hide in shame,
Wishing only to be the same
as these, these men of strength and steel
Who ride to live and live to feel
that wind in faces, hair, and eyes,
Instead of letting time slip by.
So when you see them rumbling through,
Look hard and long, 'cause they're the few
who knew their minds and knew their souls
And chose their life and worthy goals.
Ride on, ride free, and live your way.
In Harley Heaven we'll meet some day.

— Karen

A Ride With The Lord

Two Harley men are on the horizon today,
The sound of their motors soft and far away.
The Lord wears His colors, and David his, too.
The armor of Brotherhood — the red, white, and blue.
Goodbye, David, ride easy and smooth.
Follow Him, brother, He'll lead you through.

— D. Lang



— from Al Goldberg, Philadelphia, Pa.

— from Theresa, Malibu, Calif.



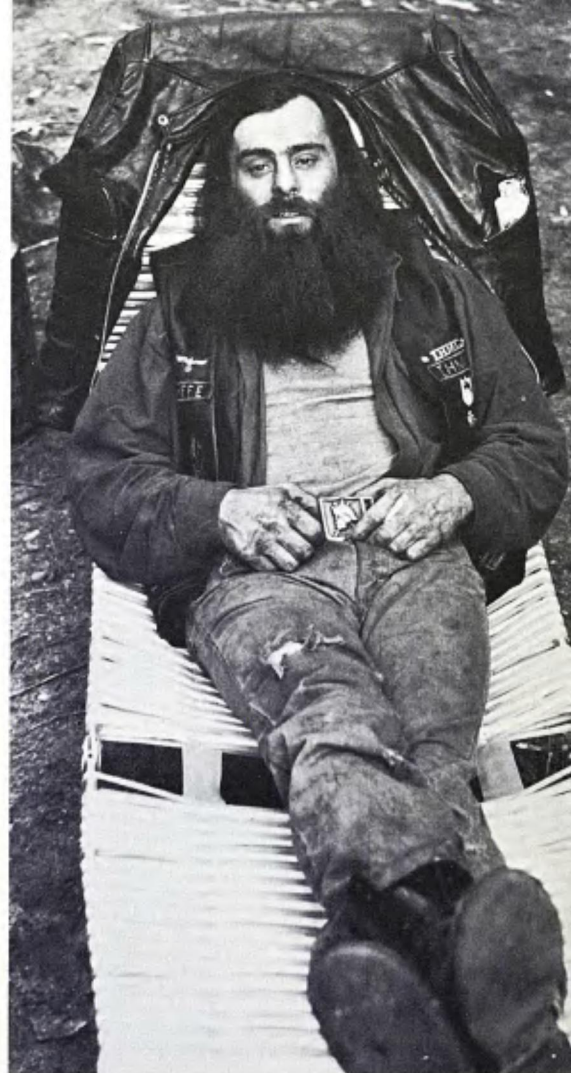
— from Tammy Helzer, Ft. Morgan, Colo.



— from Buck, Oahu, Hawaii



— from Big Ed, Portland, Maine



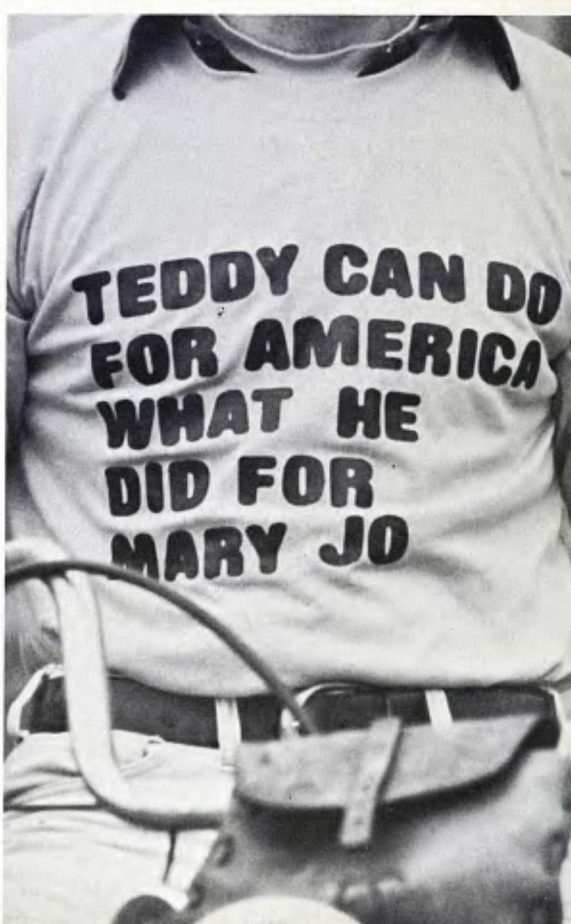
— from Wino Joe, U.S.A.

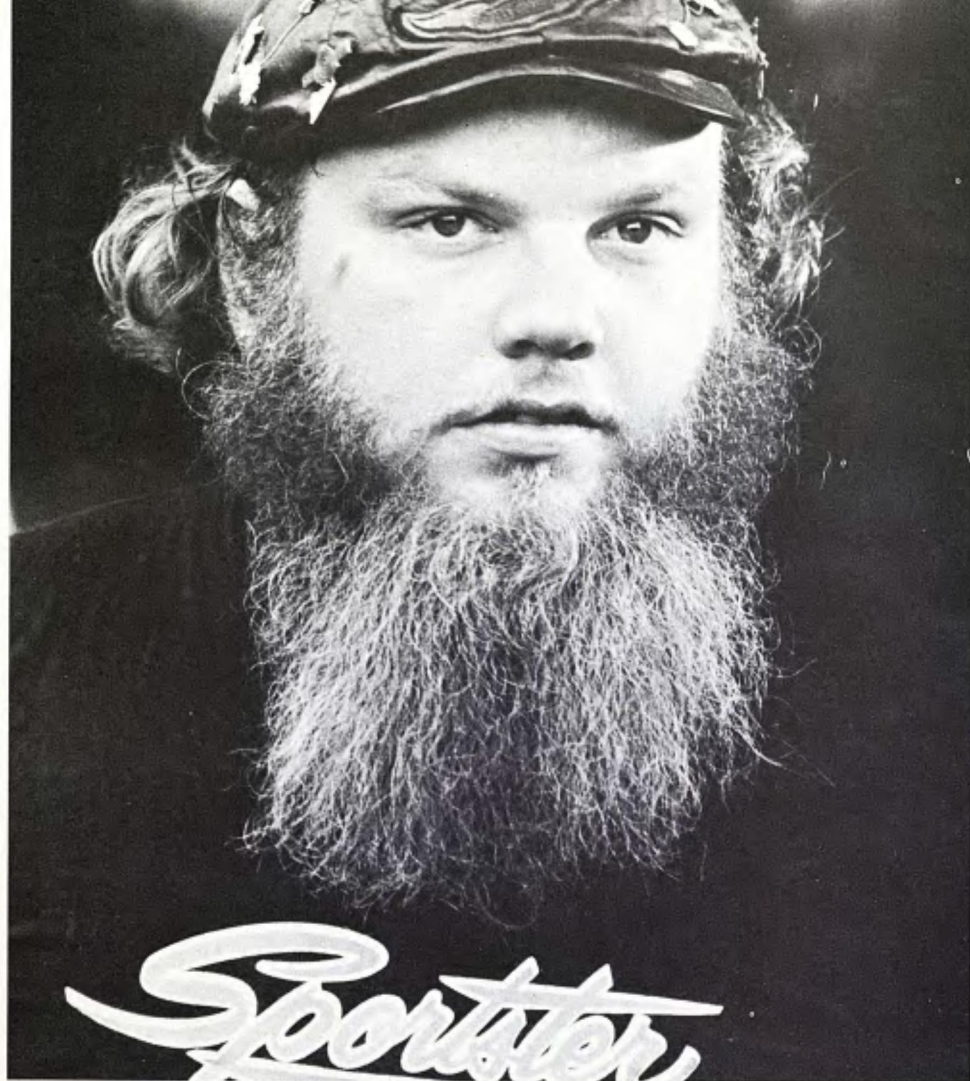


— from The Brothers MC, Anchorage, Alaska



— from Li'l Joe, Simi Valley, Calif.





— from Marty Ellenbrand, New Albany, Ind.

My Motor

*The wind and the wild are calling to me.
The long, open road is setting me free.
My wheels are turning toward newer ways.
Highways of Heaven have filled my days.*

*People in a hurry are rushing over there.
People who are worried stop to stare.
I'd like to share my freedom and emotion,
But I just keep my chopper in motion.*

*The machine that I handle is shiny and black.
She's a Harley-Davidson as a matter of fact.
I keep her strong, she's my one and only.
As long as I'm on my motor, I'll never be lonely.*
— for Dave

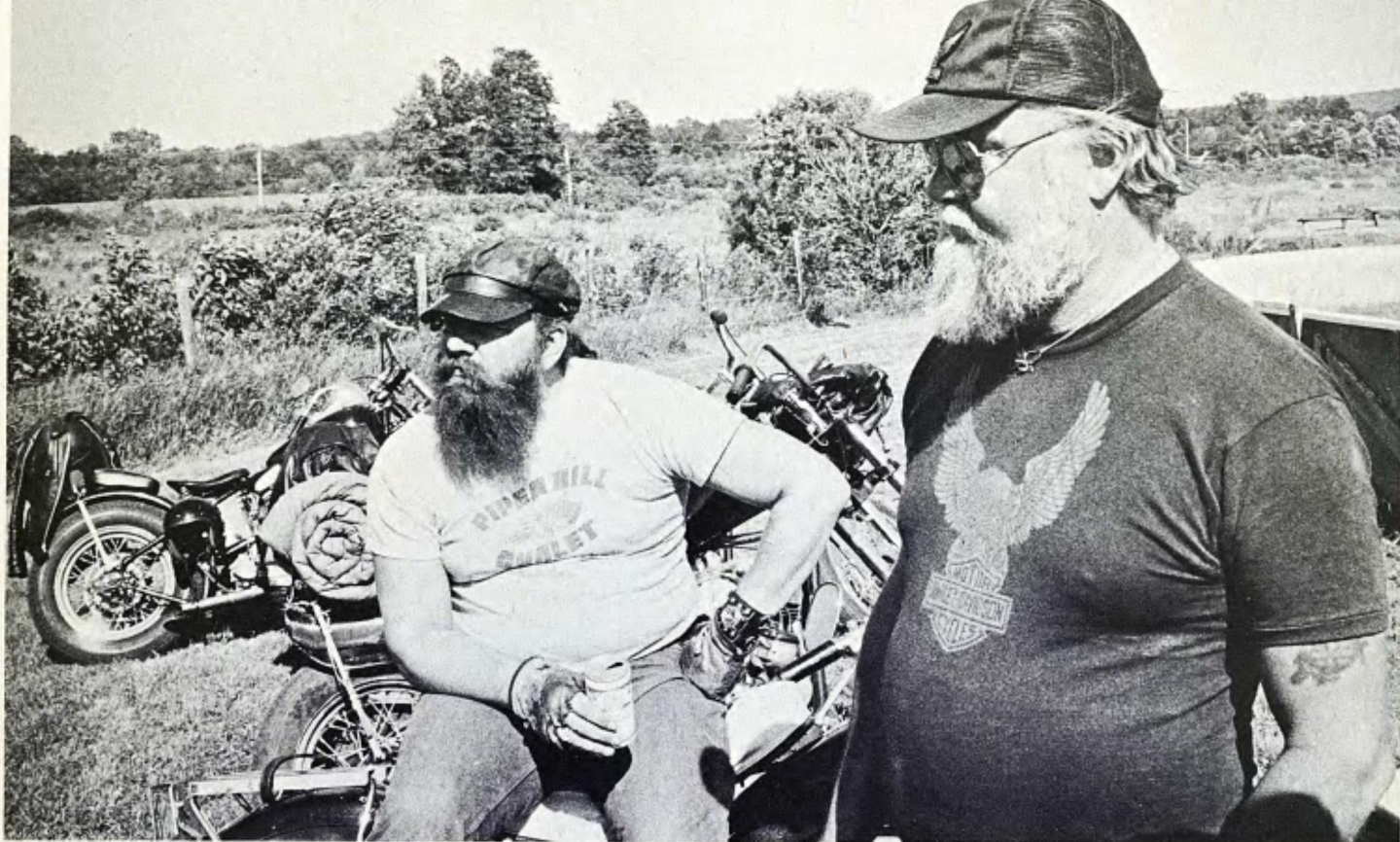
— from Richard, Louisville, Ky.



— from Al Goldberg, Philadelphia, Pa.



— from Al Goldberg, Philadelphia, Pa.



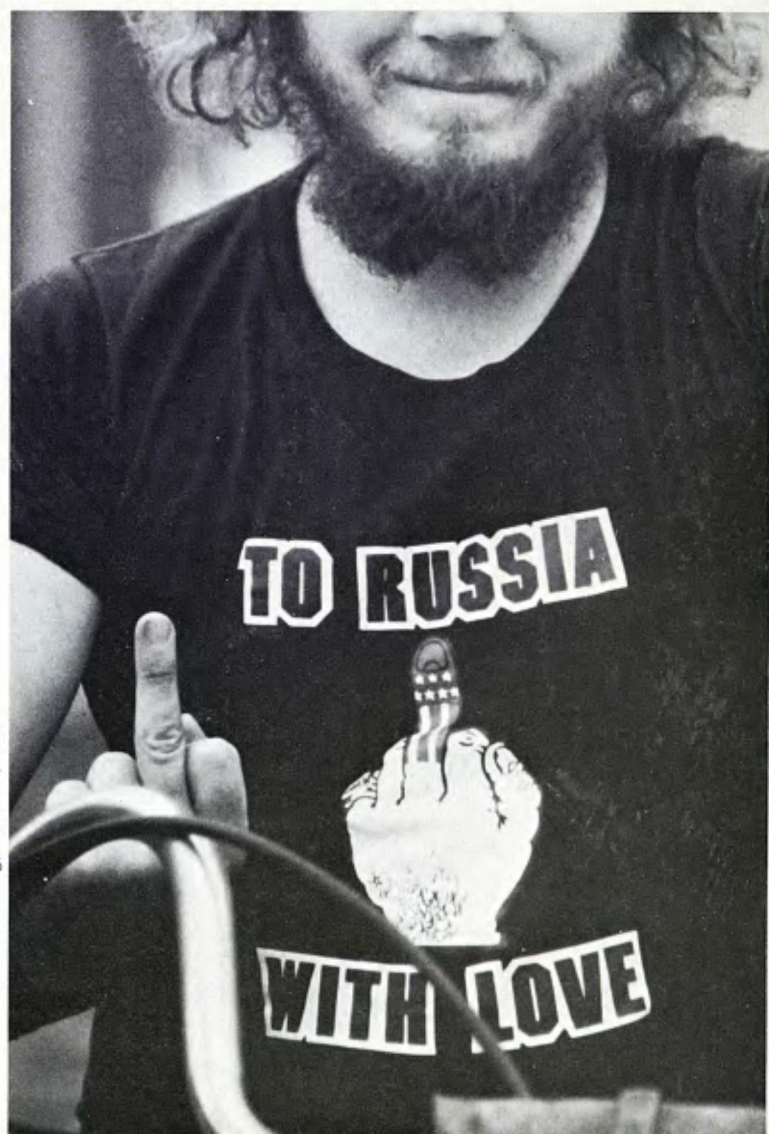
— from Midnight Rider, Bangor, Mich.



— from Robert Thomson, Tucson, Ariz.

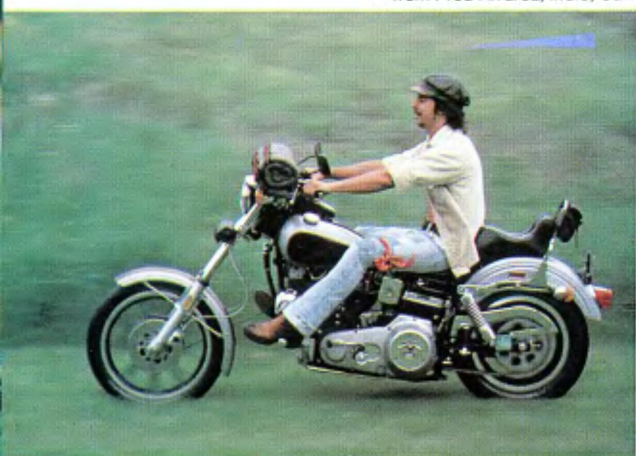


— from Steve Lang, Baltimore, Md.





— from Fred Alvarez, Indio, Calif.



— from Van Galen, Selinsgrove, Pa.



— from Spaceman, Scotia, N.Y.

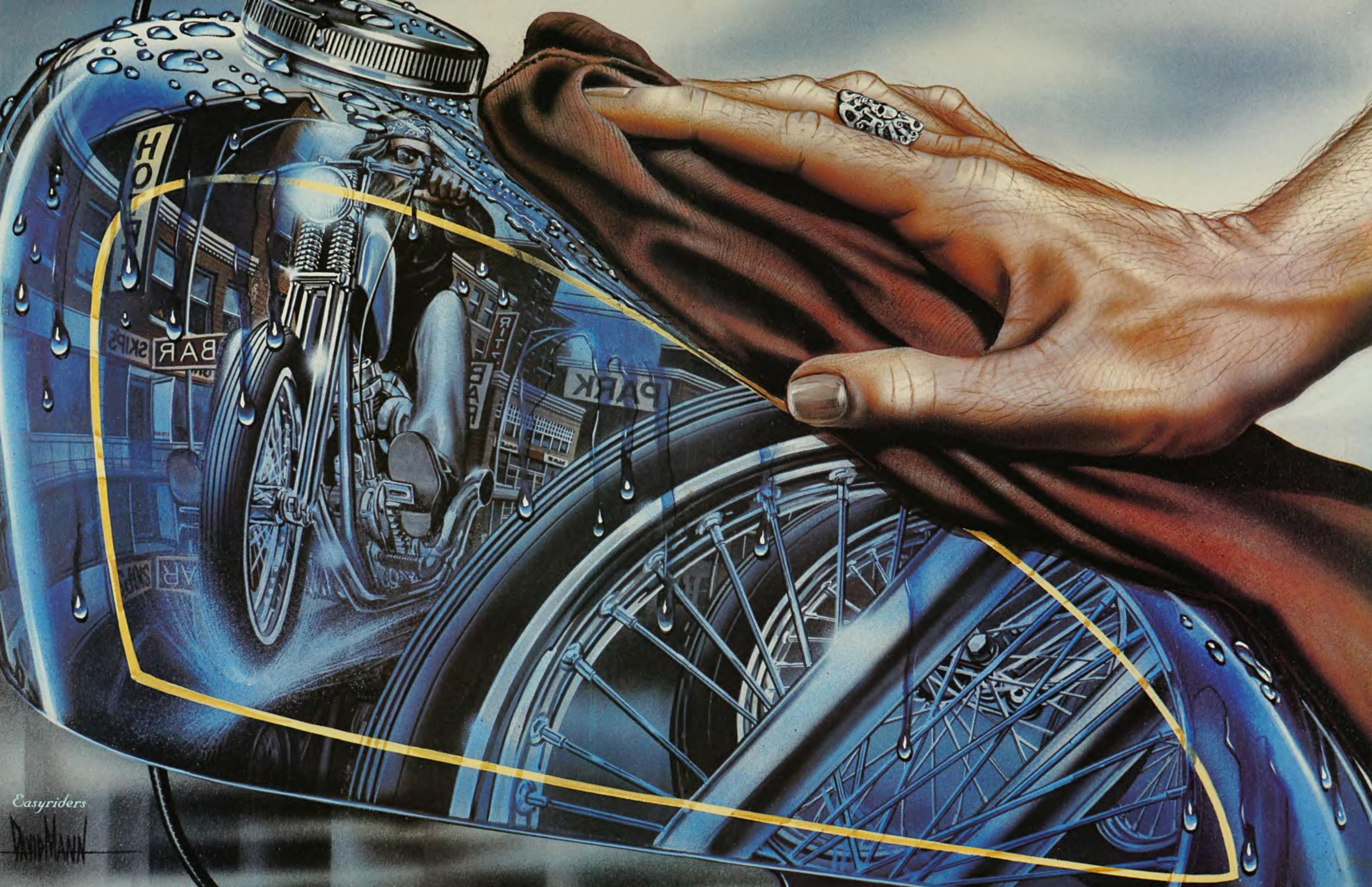


— from Rich Dispenza, Calif.



— from Wingmen MC, Vicenza, Italy



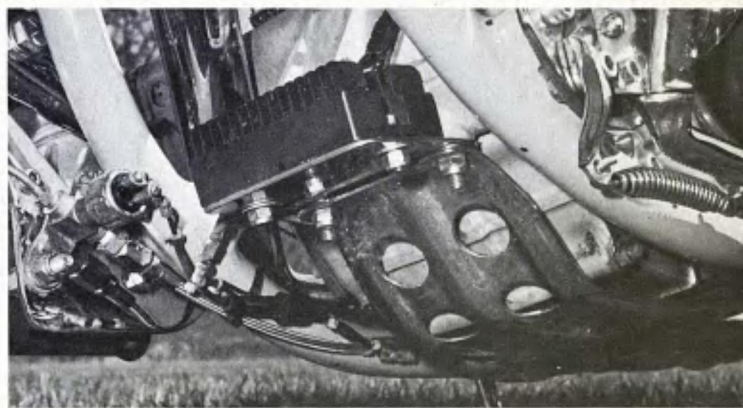
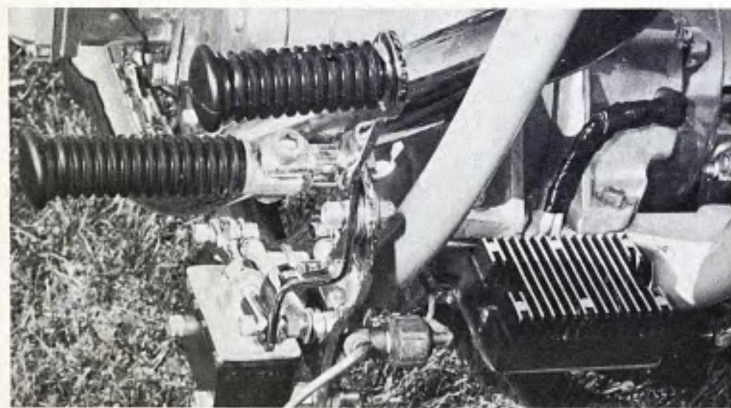
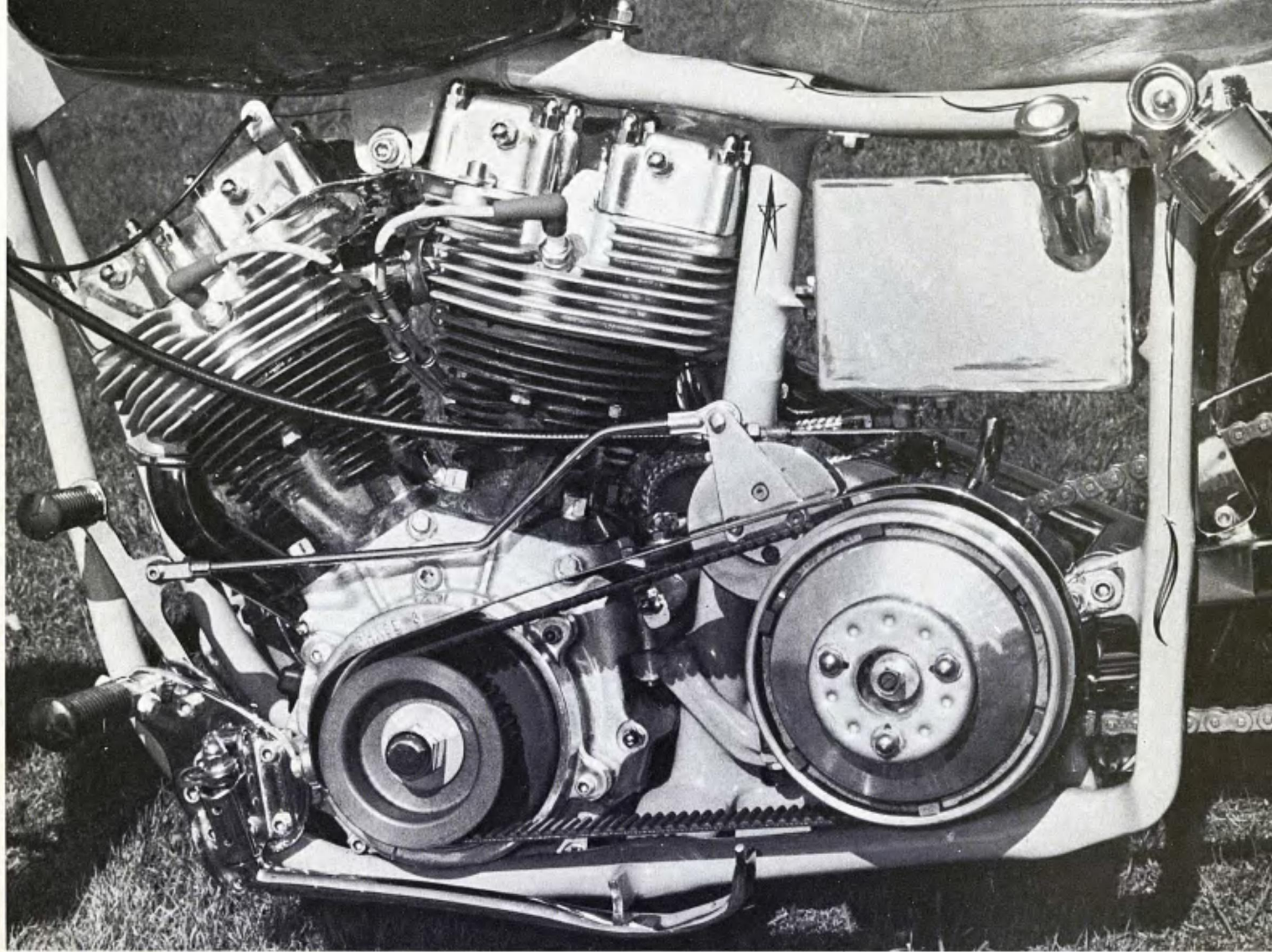


Easyriders

DAVID MANN



RIDIN' TIME



It's all in yer mind

Dependin' on what part of this pockmarked planet ya inhabit, the right time for ridin' means different things to different people. In the sunny, smoggy Southwest, it's almost every day — but it's a taste better when the wind

comes outta the hills and blows all that atmospheric crap to hell and gone. For the Northeast territories, it's those first few warm spring days after the slush has all gone down the drainpipe but before the bugs are out to impale themselves on your nosehairs at half a hundred miles an hour. Down by the sticky, rain-drenched Gulf

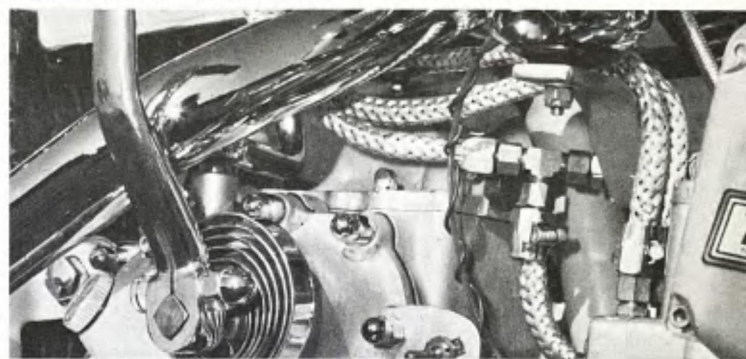


coast, ridin' time is when the clouds finally break, the wind shifts away from the rottin' crabs on the mudflats, and there's the first blue sky that's shone down on yer noggin in weeks.

In fact, ridin' time is determined more by the state of yer brain waves than any stinkin' isobars on a weather map. Ya can hit the roads even if the

sky-eye strumpet on the TV is runnin' down that it'll rain cats, dogs, and knucklehead lifter stools all fuckin' day long. If yer head is in the right place, it ain't a matter for no concern. Bundled up to the gills or in just a T-shirt and naturals, in the blast-furnace heat of a mid-summer day or the crisp cold of a winter's night, ya can make a

RIDIN' TIME



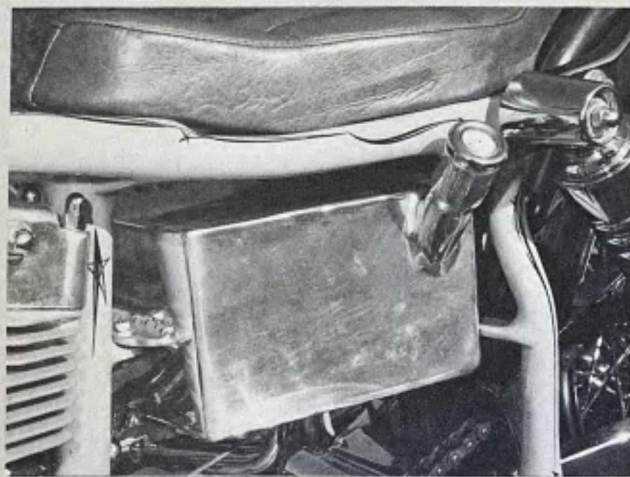
trail if ya got a mind to. Pullin' back into the garage at sunset or firin' the machine up at dawn, all ya gotta do is keep that beautiful thought balloon above yer head filled with the right vibes.

Greg, the owner and builder of this sled, lives in the rugged weather of New England. He considers that ridin' time is any time the scoot's got a

full tank of gas and his lady, Betsy, is waitin' on the back. Now me, I'm jes' a Southern bro, but even I might brave some evil weather for some nipples like the owner's sweetie is endowed with. Or slip' n' slide across wet slippery streets to rub up against some strange sweet stuff — never know.

—Jack Daniels

RIDIN' TIME



Owners: Greg LaRocco

City: East Coast

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1971
Year and make: you name it	Builder: H-D
Model: FX	Type: swingarm
Value: \$5,000	Rake: 3/4 inch
Assembly: owner	Stretch: none
Time: two years	Other alterations: neck trimmed
Chroming by: The Hat	

Accessories

Engine

Bars: plug-ins by owner

Year: 1976	Risers: in bars
Model: cone cover shovel	Fender(s): owner
Rebuilder: owner, Ruff & Moe	Headlight: Bates
Ignition: Joe Hunt mag	Taillight: Bates
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Speedo: none
Lower end: Cycle Tricks, Norwell	Front pegs: H-D/owner
Balancing: Cycle Tricks	Rear pegs: H-D
Pistons: H-D	Electrics: switch plate by trans.
Cases: STD — bead blasted	Gas tank: Mustang
Heads: Dickie	Oil tank: aluminum-owner
Cam: stock	Oil system: braided lines
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: guard by owner
Carb(s): downdraft Weber	Seat: Corbin Gentry
Air cleaner: Borg-Warner	Sissy bar: none
Pipes: South Shore Muffler	Height: fender supports
Muffler(s): South Shore	Material: stock

Transmission

Forks

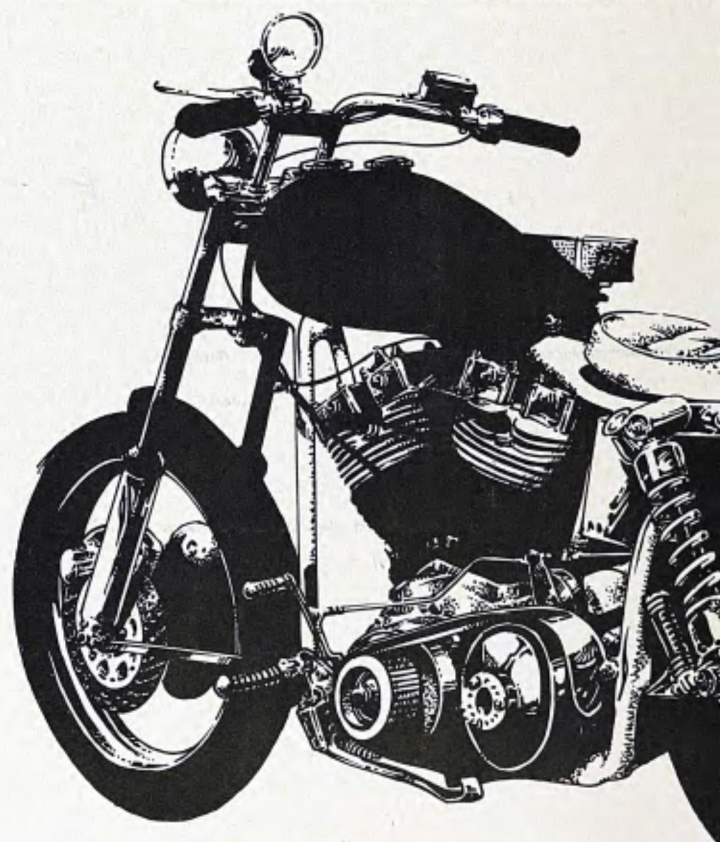
Modifications: Andrews gears	Type: Honda glide
Year: 1976	Extension: stock
Shifting: custom linkage	Builder: owner
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt	Special features: polished legs

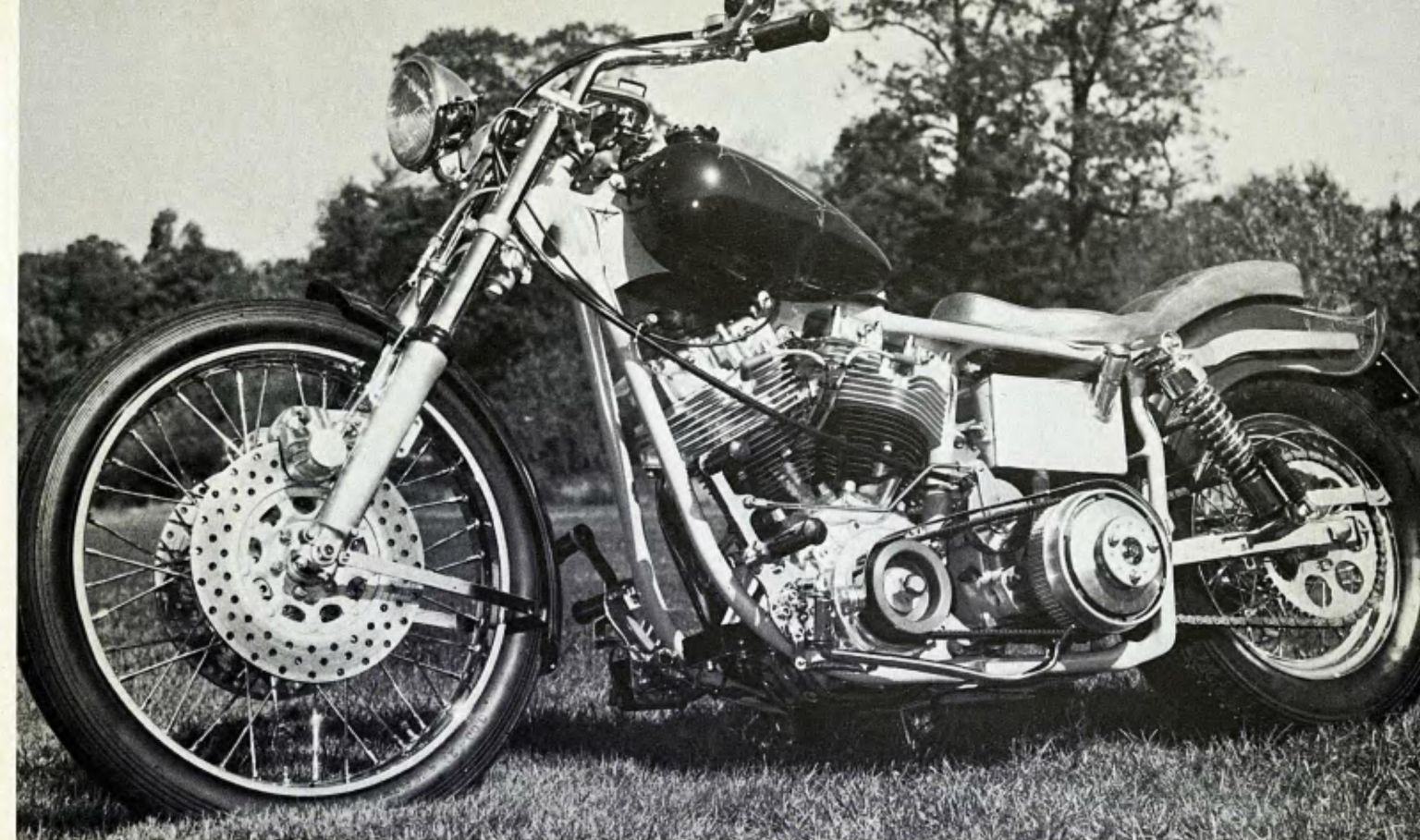
Wheels

	Front:	Rear:
Trans sprocket: 23	Size: 21	Size: 15
Wheel sprocket: 51	Hub: Honda	Hub: late H-D
	Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
	Tire: Gock	Tire: 155 radial
	Brake: dual disc	Brake: disc

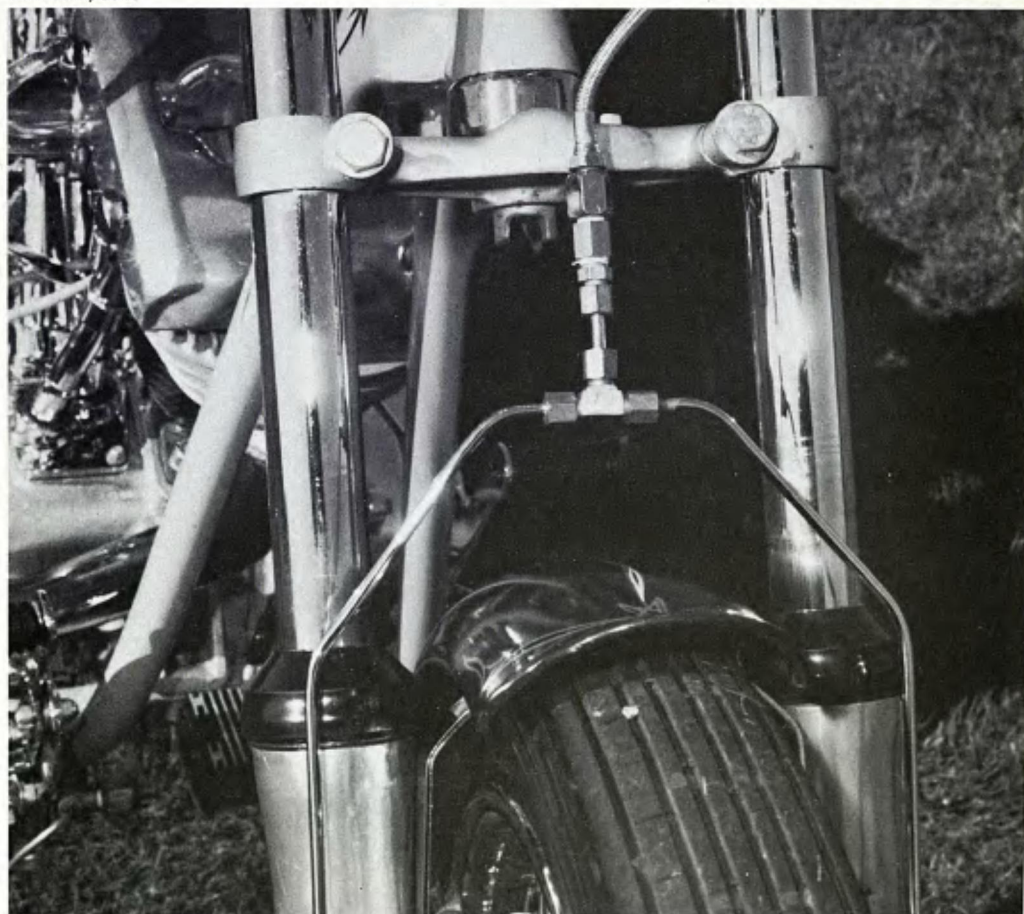
Painting

Molding: Brian Howe	
Painter: Brian Howe	
Color: brown & buckskin	
Type: lacquer	
Special paint: striping & lettering by Bob Rodgers Jr.	
Other special modifications: forward controls by owner, oil pressure gauge, Phase 3 belt drive, drilled brake discs, skid plate under engine, mouse bell, chain guard. Thanks to: Hogface, Ruff, Moe, Bill, Betsy, Dickie, Richard, Boss, and Heuerx.	





Photos by Jake



Mystique

**Why Do Grubby Bikers
Get All The Broads?**

Photography by Billy Tinney





I don't know what the thing is, brothers. But citizens think we get all the chicks. Recently, I was smokin' somethin' that sorta twisted my brain. And I was in the process of purchasing this commodity in abundance from this kid, when he began to trip on one of brother Dave's paintings hangin' sort of cockeyed on my wall. He mumbled



Mystique



some thin' like, "Do you guys really get broads like that?"

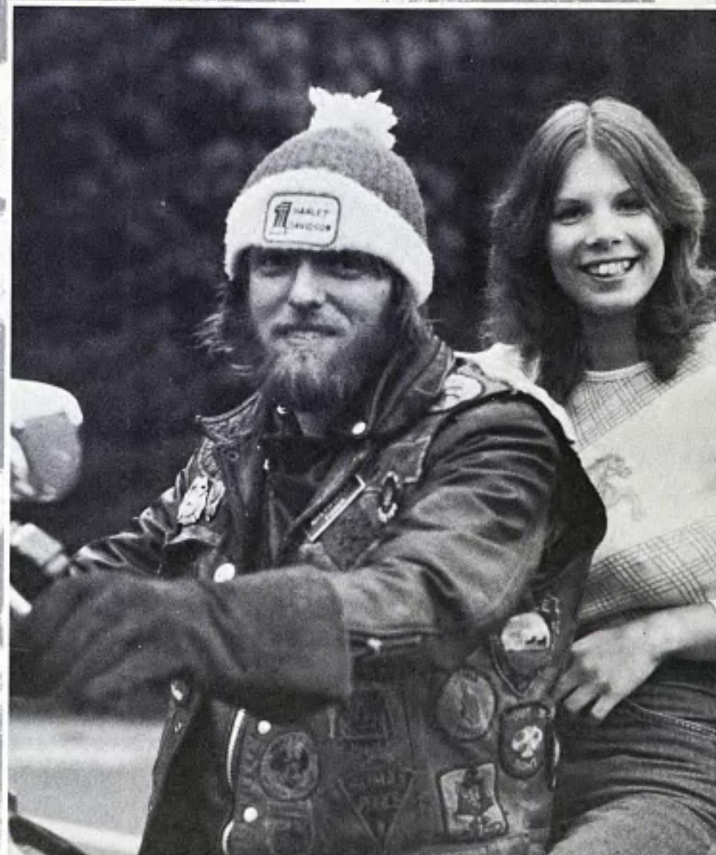
He had been smokin' the same shit. My reply fell outta my beard: "We get any broad we gotta mind to get."

He dropped the subject but continued to trip on Dave's creation.

Later, after the kid had split an' I was tryin' to focus on the shots of Bandido George and his sweetie, Shasta, I began to scan the inside of my head for an answer to the kid's question.

But all I came up with was my original reply — we get any broad we got a mind to get, right? Every man has a mind to get a broad; trouble is, most of society classifies 'em — a broad, a chick, an ol' lady, a *wife*. They forget that there are millions of just plain females out there in the streets lookin' fer some excitement, a little freedom, or new places and things to experience.

And that's why we get 'em. That's why George here has himself such a lovely I-could-lick-her-silly sweetie.





'Cause he ain't sittin' on his ass doin' no eight-to-four till his teeth rot. He's in the streets with the rest of us, tearin' up the asphalt, coverin' ground, experiencin' anything new that looks like it might be excitin', stimulat-in', or worth a fuck to learn about. That's what makes a biker attractive, no matter how grubby the fucker is. It's his life and the intensity with which he lives it — to the max.

Broads may get burnt out from time to time, 'cause they can't keep up, but what the fuck, we ain't slowin' down. Ya got only one life to live, and who cares — if a broad can't handle it long-term, another one can for a spell, and another, and another, till one who can really stick comes along, whatever. We're an entertainin' buncha creeps livin' life to the limit.

Well, I gotta stop here, 'cause I gotta new sweetie to try out. She ain't as cute as Shasta, but my next ol' lady might be — ya never know.

—Renegade

Lori carefully eyed herself in the full-length mirror. Everything was just right. Her tank top clung tightly to her firm, upright breasts — nipples erect. She had sat most of the night in the tub with her new Levi's on. Now dry, they looked as if they had been painted on her long, slim legs. She glanced approvingly over her shoulder at the way her pants curved up over her young buttocks. Just perfect, she thought. She tucked her pants into

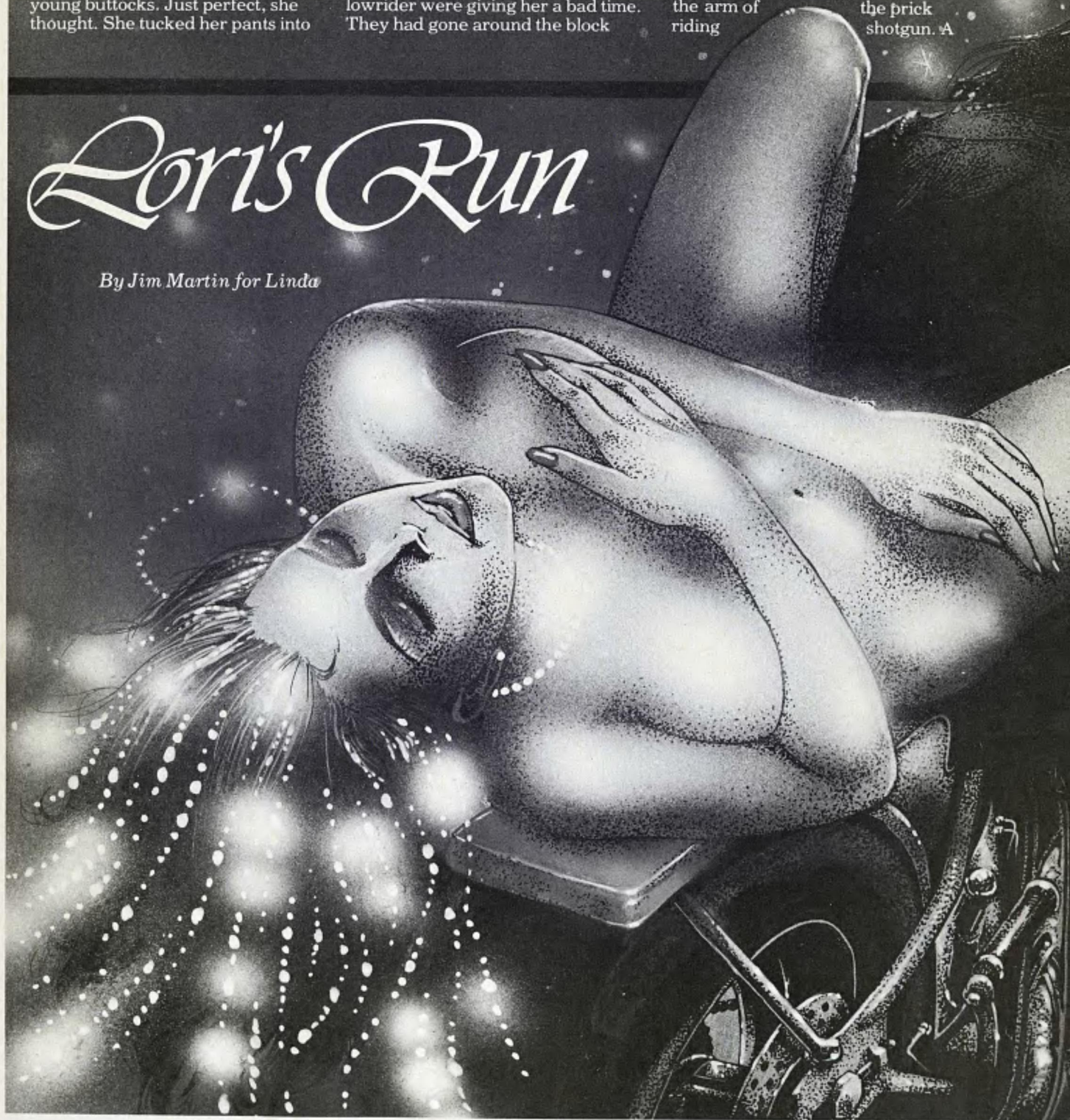
her high, black boots and zipped them up. Another quick glance in the cracked mirror, and she left the bathroom for her bedroom. She picked up the shiny chrome primary chain belt off the bed and carefully threaded it through the loops. Mike had given it to her and she was proud of it.

She had met Mike a couple of months earlier while hitchhiking home. Three or four goons in a Chevy lowrider were giving her a bad time. They had gone around the block

several times, shouting obscenities at her, and now one of the assholes was trying to force her into the car. Out of nowhere, there was Mike. He roared up between Lori and the car, bringing his scooter to a screeching halt. The startled driver's foot slipped off the clutch and the Chevy momentarily lurched forward, and then stalled. While the driver tried to start his vehicle, Mike slammed the door on the arm of the prick riding the shotgun. A

Lori's Run

By Jim Martin for Linda



guttural cry of pain came from within the car. Two broken windows later, the Chevy finally peeled away in a whirl of smoke and fumes.

Mike stood over six feet tall and had wavy, dark hair and a full but neatly trimmed beard. Shades covered his penetrating eyes. His attire was typical of an independent biker, but much cleaner than Lori would have expected. Without a word he put the pegs down for her and she got on the

—Continued on page 84

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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Illustration by Duffy Duggan

DOWNTIME

By The Cub

I don't know what's happened to the poor ol' Austin Animal. Maybe his Sporty has busted down one time too many, or his laudum supply may be runnin' low. Or — and this is gonna hurt — maybe his life-time of listenin' to cry-in-yer-beer music has finally caught up to him. He can't even follow David Allan Coe's "at least I didn't lose my sense of humor" reasoning. Ol' — and I do mean ol' — Austin has become a plodding, slumbering, pissed-off anti-rocker in his twilight years.

Sure, life's no bowl of cocaine — but that's not gonna make me, or any of my rockin' buddies, get down on the situation. Hell, we'd rather turn up the music, kick out the walls, burn rubber, an' proceed with the business of gettin' fucked up.

I can't get too riled though, 'cause they just passed some new law about hasslin' the elderly, an' it ain't all that much fun kickin' a dude when he's down. And you can bet the Animal is down, always down.

I figure he's in the dumps more than the humps simply because of the music that infiltrates his dismal skull. I wouldn't sell my bike or soul for rock and roll... well, maybe my soul. The devil won't take it. Anyway, Austin's lost the lust for laughs, an' that's just what I'm gonna inject his gloomy brainpan fulla — hucks 'n' yuks, good tunes with a bounce, some shit with heart to it. 'Course ol' Lowdown will puke at the mere thought of anyone tryin' to cheer up his downturned mug, but I'll take the initial consequences. Who knows — maybe after he's been adequately drugged, tied into the listening chair, an' soaked through with these sounds, he might turn me onto one of his many sweeties he routinely ignores. Failin' there, I might be able to get to use some of his chain lube, 'cause when I get done hearin' Cheech and Chong, The Police, or the Dead, I hit the streets — hard. Wanna come?

Let's Make A New Dope Deal/ Cheech & Chong: Holy shit, Cheech and Chong, the purveyors of hard rock comedy, have gotten their asses off the basketball courts and into the studios to light up yer life with bombers of laughs.

The material was drawn from excess stuff done three years ago, so the album has zip to do with their new flick, "The Next Cheech & Chong Movie," which is due to blind ya soon on the silver screen.

Usin' the formula of makin' mirth through everyday activities, dope,



fags, disco, an' all that shit, C&C are realistically a laugh riot. Among the monsters ya get a rare, heretofore unobtainable, punk version of "Rudolph The Rednosed Reindeer," done on the track "Moe Money." In addition, you'll hear "Queer Wars," a takeoff on "Star Wars," "Rainbow Bar & Grill," where the lads attempt gettin' some service from a slope, and "Dork Radio," where Buzz Wire can't give away bucks or ball-crusher jeans. This leads into their character, the always blasted Bob Bitchin. He's been in the joint since his last appearance on the show five years ago, when he won 50 pounds of black Afghanny hash, only to be promptly popped. He's clever as ever, 'specially when he takes a meat cleaver to his finger 'stead of listenin' to Helen Reddy. Can't blame 'im.

The fucker's a comedy classic, like all their shit.

Outlandos d' Amour and Regatta de Blanc/The Police.

A year ago when I got my first Police record, I couldn't believe it could be that much fun. Twelve months later I'm still jazzed.

New music. New decade. Same feelin'. It's rock, an' ya know it's here to stay — shiftin' gears, always, unexplored roads to be ridden. These English Police have it mapped out.

"Outlaws of love," the Yankee translation of the first album's title, was a bit disconcertin' to me immediately upon eyein' the cover. Ya get a view of three blond pretty-boys. "Oh, shit, do I hafta listen to some bung boys now?" Well, I'd gotten an earful of "Roxanne," offa the KXLU rockwatch, an sorta took a likin' to it an' a faster tune, "Next To You."

After non-stop sessions of pourin' the pork ya get into a record's inner workings, lyrics, an'

general feel. These muthafuckas have some intense rock riffs wrapped in Jamaican rhythms. The smoke never clears. Just 'keeps floatin' — from the in 'n' out, up 'n' down pattern of "On Any Other Day's" burned scrambled eggs, son's turnin' gay, an' other family disasters of the eighties, straight to a Who replica of "Boris The Spider-man." It's a compilation of every style of rock and roll that's ever been successful in the past, mixed with a taste of reggae to keep the high bouncin' along.

Go To Heaven/The Grateful Dead. Awww, just pounding those words gives me a rush. Right now I'm waitin' on burnin' coals for three days to get out of the way so I can be enroute to a Dead concert — the group that celebrated its fifteenth year of musical operations this summer with a tour of the good ol' USA. Pedal to the metal rock.

The release of their new album coincides with the roadwork. It's not the same old Grateful Dead, but a newlife band that's pumped up with more juice. Despite the peaceable departure of Keith Godchaux and his wife Donna to tend to their kids, the band rolls on. Pickin' up Brent Mydland, a soulful keyboard

player in the mold of — hold on — the late Ron McKernan, adds a new dimension. It's like the warlocks of '65. Mydland had worked with Bob Weir on Weir's solo projects. First seen with the band late in '79, he seemed to give Jerry Garcia a new outlet to play offa. On the new album Mydland gets plenty of rope to weave his keyboards through, and manages to keep his neck out of the noose, contributing two songs to the trip.

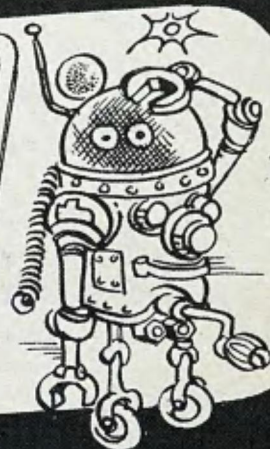
The Dead remains intact in the backcourt, or drum section, whatever. Original member Bill Kreutzmann, and Mickey Hart, a thirteen-year Dead patch holder, continue to be the best duo of percussion pulverizers anywhere, anytime, anyway. And Phil Lesh and Bob Weir are still alive and well, embarking on their second fifteen-year run.

The record itself is divided into a Garcia jamming side and a slower Weir ballad thing on the reverse. Some of the group's past connections to other bands come to the surface this time 'round — notably, Little Feat, an' probably due to the heavy drum and bass altercations. Lowell George didn't leave the world without affecting a lot of people. One of his last bits was to produce the **Shakedown Street** LP in '78. You can feel his influence here on "Feel Like A Stranger," one of the slower songs on side one. Garcia has a fine ballad called "Althea," too. These, along with "Alabama Getaway," the tune played most on the radio, and "Easy To Love You," by Mydland, are the standout cuts. 'Course, ya can't forget "Antwerp's Placebo (The Plumber)," a 38-second stretchin' of a frog's throat. No, it might be that Mickey Hart feller, makin' wood talk.

A glance at the cover an' ya get the idea the boys may have seen "Saturday Night Fever" one time too many. Check it.



THE EMPIRE SPACE FILLER



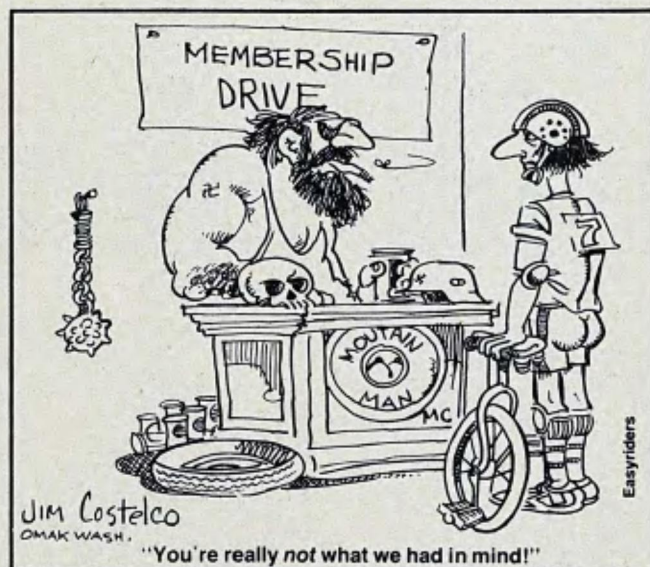
Know any funny gags? We'll fork over 20 bucks for each joke we use, so get off your ass and send 'em in to Space Filler, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

A biker recovering from a recent accident was the laughingstock of the nursing staff of the hospital he was in. The reason was his tiny cock, which had a dark smear on it with the word *Little* tattooed above the smear. A foxy young nurse could not believe that was really a tattoo, or that it said *Little*, but she was going to check it out and find out the truth. A hour later she returned from the biker's room, her clothes half off and wrinkled, a glazed look in her eye, and a smile on her face.

"What happened?" asked the other nurses. "Does it say *Little* or not?"

"Yes it does, and that's no smear. It's a tattoo that reads: *Little Rock, Arkansas, Motorcycle Rally Hard Meat Champion 1976-1977-1978-1979.*"

—R.T.S.
Barstow, Calif.



Jim Costelco
OMAK WASH.

Easyriders

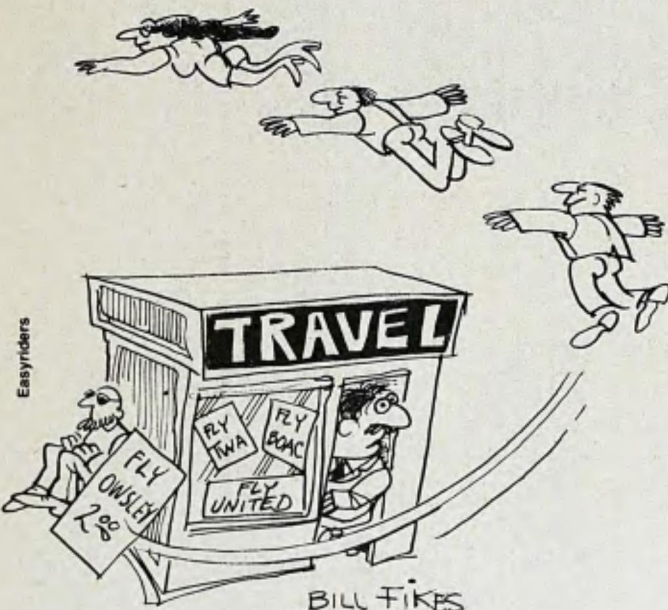
Having noticed that her husband's relationship with the alluring miss across the street was becoming more intimate, the suspicious wife awoke one morning to find herself alone in bed. Angered, she dialed her attractive neighbor and bellowed into the phone, "Tell my husband to get his ass across the street."

"Ma'am," a soft, sexy voice replied, "that's where he's been getting it for some time now."

—Tony Channey
Arvada, Colo.

The Biker's Dictionary defines *luck* as what a man has when he meets a girl who's just at the age when her voice is changing from "No" to "Yes."

—Grit Martin
Hershey, Pa.



Easyriders

BILL FIKES

The outraged citizen discovered his wife in bed with another man. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "Who is this fellow?" "That seems like a fair question," said the wife, rolling over. "What is your name?"

—Smokey Thompson
Pueblo, Colo.

Discovering a virgin nowadays is like finding a parking space in the city. There are mighty few left, and just when you think you've spotted a good one, some asshole cuts in ahead of you.

—Bryan Thomas
Dallas, Tex.

The man who is old enough to know better is always looking for a girl not quite that old.

—Mark Odom
Phoenix, Ariz.

"Can you explain to me how this lipstick got on the front of your pants?" the suspicious wife sneered.

"No, I can't," the husband replied. "I distinctly remember taking my pants off."

—M.D. Lawrence
Rome, N.Y.

Drunk bro: "Hey, how come you're always looking at yourself in the mirror?"

Young kid: "Cause your ol' lady told me to watch myself when you're around!"

—David Tkachuk
B.C., Canada

Sign in a pharmacy window: *For the girl who has everything — Penicillin.*

—John Neville
Providence, R.I.

A group of bikers, in blue jeans and leather jackets, entered an exclusive night club that continued to practice as much discrimination as possible.

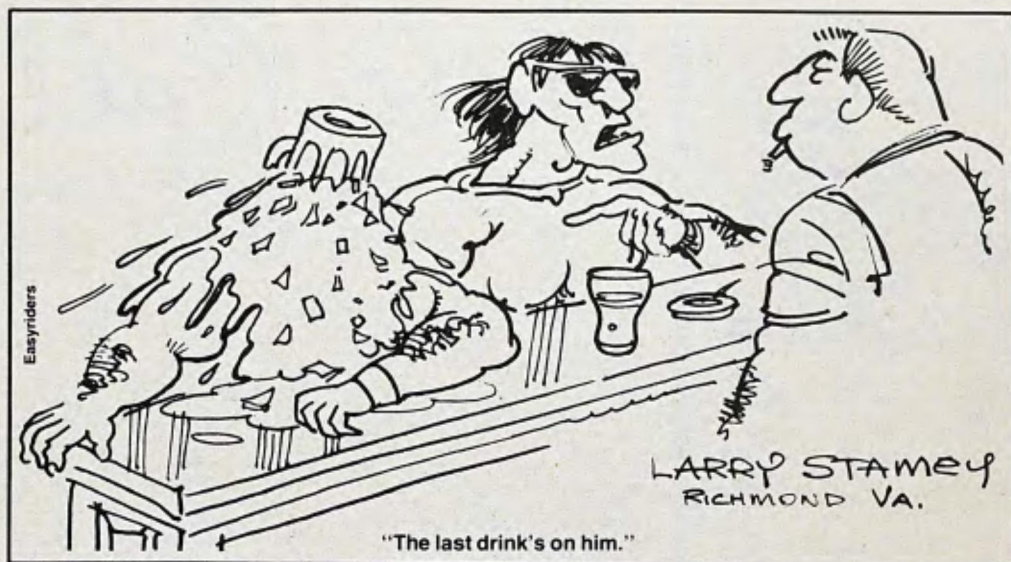
"What do I do, boss?" the maitre d' asked the manager.

"Give them a check with every round of drinks," he snarled, "and keep doubling the price—two bucks, four, eight, and so on. That ought to drive them out before too long."

But some time later, the bikers were still there and the maitre d' again went to the manager. "Those bikers are up to sixty-four dollars a round!" he said. "What do I do now?"

"What do you think, stupid?" shouted the manager. "Get rid of trash with ties and shirts!"

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.



"The last drink's on him."

The recently married biker came home from work to find his young wife stretched languorously on the sofa, dressed in a revealing negligee. "Guess what I've got planned for dinner?" she cooed seductively. "And don't tell me you had it for lunch!"

—Doug Carver
Miami, Fla.

"Darling," murmured the girl to her boyfriend, "when did you first realize that you really loved me?"

"I suppose, dear," whispered the man tenderly, "it was when I started getting angry with the other guys in the office for calling you a lousy lay."

—Shelley Bassett
Lancaster, Calif.



"Ya know, bro, I don't think we made a mistake. The judge said he would see to it that all the bills would be paid for the next 99 years and that we'd also be making a lifetime investment."

An old-timer was telling a friend how his strength had increased over the years. "When I was twenty years old I could grab my prick with both hands but couldn't bend it. When I reached fifty, I could bend it a little with one hand. And now," he said, beaming, "I'm eighty and can bend the fucker with just two fingers."

—Tony Delano
Tucson, Ariz.

The 16-year-old cockteaser was on the stand and for 45 minutes pressed the fact that she was a virgin before the accused biker had raped her. The biker couldn't stand listening to her shit any longer and shouted, "Your Honor, I think the charge of rape should be dropped. Breaking and entering is more like it."

—Daniel Lieto
Oregon, N.M.



"But officer, I just didn't see him."

"I'm sorry to report," said the physician, "that you're suffering from an unusual disease—emphysema of the penis."

"Goddam!" exclaimed the patient. "You know, Doc, I told my wife to quit smoking!"

—Art Eckman
Pontiac, Mich.

Somebody must have my phone number mixed up with the weather service, 'cause every morning at 3 o'clock some guy keeps phoning my wife and asking if the coast is clear.

—S.M. Cutter
Winnipeg, Canada

The Bikers' Dictionary defines rape as assault with a friendly weapon.

—Louis Spivak
Cleveland, Ohio

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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

In memory of **Johnny Ware** 3/8/80. We will take care of your ol' lady, Vicky, until you ride together again. Live to ride and ride to live: God bless you. One of Vicky's friends and all your H-D brothers. Pacifica, Calif.

In memory of **John Mazzaresse**, a great person and a good biker. Your memory will always be with us. We love you. Jean Bahney.

For **David Bruce Sprague** 12/17/48-2/1/80. A brother who went down puttin' in the wind. Miss you. Ride to live, live to ride. From Animal and your brothers and sisters.

In memory of **Charlie and Bobbi S.** 3/16/80. A motorcycle was his love, and so was Bobbi. Together they took that long last ride to biker heaven. Love and memories. Tony and Chris, San Diego, Calif.

In memory of three bros: "**Mick**" Hubnah, **Graham** "Grub" Shipley, and **Paul** "Catweasel" Young. Rest in peace, bros. You are gone, but you will never be forgotten. Your bros from Newcastle and Nelson Bay, Australia.

In memory of "**Hill**" (Phil Thayer). You were the best ol' man a lady could ask for. We'll be together again. I love you Tracy.

In memory of "**Wildman**" **Jerry King**, gone but never forgotten. You went the way you wanted. Ernie.

In memory of **Michael Matas Moody**. He died his way on his "Great White Hope." Westside MC and Cruz Bluz.

In memory of **Mike Daw**. He loved all and was loved by all. We'll take care of the ol' lady and boy. Friends of Baytown and Highlands, Tex.

In memory of **Jackie Cline**, who drowned and left his Hog behind. You're gone, but not forgotten. V.Z. Hord Kordel, West Germany.

Dago's Vago brothers came from way out of the past to gather him up with a great show of class. To ride forever free, where no pigs can see. Love and respect to Dago. He will live forever in the hearts of his Vago brothers, sisters, and friends.

In memory of **Detroit Joe**, who had a heroine, but she didn't even know his name. Missed by Monica, Harry, Detroit.

Gerald Wayne Kurinsky, ex-member, Outlaws MC. We told your boy that you're riding forever in Harley Heaven. We miss you, Jerry. All your friends do. Save a saddle for us. Richard, Annie, and friends.

Male Call

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

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

23 years old, doing time. Would like to correspond with any women young or middle-aged who have time to write a few lines and stay in contact. **Robert Torrez** #C-09950, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm a 24-year-old biker from N. Carolina in federal prison. Would like to hear from some ladies. Will answer all letters. **Kevin Womble** #11357-057, Box 888, Ashland, Ky. 41101.

Lonely biker looking for a nice lady. I hope this request for correspondence isn't too much to ask. **Larry Dudley** #156-824, 15802 State Rt. 104, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601.

On my last year. Need some letters to make it. Send picture if you can. I'm 6'1", 195 lbs, and one hell of a lover. **Michael "Crittter" Devlin** #S-8993, Box 6268, Philadelphia, Pa. 19136.

Sincere prisoner, 23, needs letters and pictures from warm, lovin' ladies. Please write. You won't regret it. **K. Miazga** #79A2162, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Downed bro seeks letters from average-looking chicks any age who enjoy being more than a piece of ass. Will answer all. **Steward Hopson** #20096, Box 900-2B-184, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Lonely biker would greatly appreciate letters and photos from biker chicks. **Robert E. Hovanec Sr.** #C-73133, C-6-33, Sheridan Correctional Center, Box 38, Sheridan, Ill. 60551.

26-year-old, out in '81, would like to hear from foxy ladies. Pictures please. **John Schieb** #C-77643, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Down-to-earth, lonely dude would like to hear from lovely ladies to help the time pass. Please write. **Walter Chestnut** #151818, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

I'm 18 years old and doing time. Sure could use some letters and photos from nice-looking chicks. **Davis Kennedy**, WDCD, 201 N. Jonathan St., Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Lonely biker doing a bit needs letters and flicks from all foxy chicks. **Duane "Crip" Lowe** #151-973, MCI, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Righteous bro down and lonely. Need some together and sincere ladies. Please pick up a pen and drop me a line. I'll answer anyone who cares. **Jesse Diaz** #071163, A-104, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

I need a lady (age doesn't matter) who loves to be loved and cherished. I'll answer all mail; photos welcome. I'm getting out soon and I'm looking for a relationship with a sincere chick. **Dennis Price** #79-A3609, Mt. McGregor C.F., Wilton, N.Y. 12866.

Southern man down for five. Needs a lady to bring him back to life. **Jug Parrish**, 22, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

I'm 18 years old and have 10 years to do. Ladies, please write and I will answer all. **John Herness** #46064, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

I'm in the Navy on an aircraft carrier. I've been out at sea for six months without seeing a lady. My ol' lady gave me the ax because she couldn't handle the separation. I need someone to write to me. If you can, send a picture. **MMFA Tim Martin, A-DIV EA-10, USS NIMITZ CUN68, FPO New York, N.Y. 09501.**

I'm down with four years to do and could dig for some babes to write me. I'm Mexican and Italian. **Chris Guajardo** #00116, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Would like to hear from some good-looking chicks. Please send pictures if you can. Will answer all. **David A. Willis**, 525 N. Main, Wichita, Kan. 67203.

To any lady: It's lonely and cold without someone to share my lonely thoughts. If you feel as I do, drop me a line and photo, and together we'll make it better. **Moses R. Garcia**, Ex. 532, Ellis Unit J-23, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

There are a few downed bros in this joint who would like to hear from ladies or bros. Write **Charles Valentine** #P-4375, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

I'm 29 years old with blond hair and blue-green eyes. Any woman interested in marriage, write to **Greg Hassman**, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

I'm a Gemini and very lonely. Please write **Wayne Stricker** #M-2650, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Young bro, 19, down and doing without. Write **Steve Durham** #14944, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Letters, flicks, and visits would be welcome. **Jerold (Salt) Dillon** #286568 and **Willie (Pepper) Jones** #276184, Central Unit, One Circle Dr., Sugarland, Tex. 77478.

This animal would appreciate any letters and pictures from ladies to 27 years old. **Larry (Weasel) Lastinger** #278877-4-W, One Circle Dr., Sugarland, Tex. 77478.

24-year-old white bro needs ladies in the area to write and visit. **Anthony Pendleton** #13805, Box 473 W.C.C., Westville, Ind. 46391.

Downed French-Canadian needs to hear from warm-hearted women. **Theodore Guyette**, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

C.C. Rider downed for 10 years. Needs letters from anyone. **James C. Carmichael**, Box 40357, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Would like ladies 19 to 40 to write me. I don't receive any letters. **Ora L. Yansey** #31999, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

I'm 28 years old, 6'2", 185 lbs., from Texas. Looking for a righteous ol' lady. Write **Carl Davidson**, Box 1497, Bismarck, N.D. 58501.

Lonely man needs lonely woman to write. **John Nitzke** #263231, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Lying here wishing for a letter. **Lonely** 25-year-old who lost his lady when they fell needs someone again. **Paul Eddins** #77A3210, Box G, Walkkill, N.Y. 12589.

Down and out. Need to hear from some chicks. **Martin Duchmann** #86509, Camp C-Wolf 1, Angola, La. 70712.

Lonely 19-year-old doing time would like to hear from girls any age who like to get high. **Rick Conrad**, Box 431, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

I'm a lonely bro doing time in Florida and I need to hear from lonely sisters. **James D. Phillips** #051896, Box 221 (73-103), Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Arizona bro needs good-looking women to write and send pictures. Get out this year. **Robert Wade**, #C-11660, Jamestown, California 95327.

A bro needs up-front women to write, send pictures. **Eddie Quintanilla** #C-09416, Box 497, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

All you coke-sniffin' ol' ladies out there, write me. **Bill Philp** #N-00235, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.

25-year-old Leo could dig hearing from a sweet and sexy lady. **Mark Hamilton** #36880, 3-B-6, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Two downed bros would like to have mail from some fine bitches to help ease the time. **Michael Duggins** #44392 and **Dave Jackson** #17392, Ind. State Farm, Dorm 8, Box 76, Greencastle, Ind. 46135.

Downed bro, 22 years old, would like letters from chicks who are real. **Bobby Harrington** #79-A-104, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

German-born hardcore biker down in the slammer. Would like to hear from other bikers and foxy ladies. **Bernard Pfeiffer**, aka **Kert Von Hess**, Box 367-76C204, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Want to make contact with some fine Colorado women 18-36, open-minded and willing to send photos. **Fidel Ramos** #40978-115, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

Need nice young ladies to correspond with. **Thomas Haynes** #066-280, 9235 13th Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. 32208.

Young man, brown hair, blue eyes, would like to hear from all females. Write **Robert F. Bosley** #147658, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Would like to hear from any American bros and biker chicks. Write to **E23548 Danny Loser Shaw**, HMP Coldingley, Bisley Nr Woking, Surrey, England.

If you're wild and crazy, write a few lines to help me do this time. **Mike Tyler** #37846, Box 7, 2-D-567, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

I want to hear from all fine ladies of all ages. **Mike Smith** #069494, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Come on, lovely ladies, I need help in doing this time. **Bruce Walker** #7918-2, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

26-year-old bro doing time seeks lonely, loving ladies. **Jack Clemens** #C-11736, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

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LORI'S RUN

—Continued from page 77

seat behind him. The shiny red pan-head gracefully blended into traffic. Dropping her off near her home, he gently put his hand on her shoulder and told her not to worry. She lied to him about her age, but sensed it didn't matter. Mike asked for her number. Even as she wrote it down she never thought she would hear from him.

Much to her surprise he did call, and she had been with him as often as she could arrange it since that day. Now he had asked her to go on the Verde run with him. Of all the chicks he could have, he had chosen her. She remembered Belle's party the week before. Mike had made it with one of the other chicks. Still, she was his. How happy that made her feel, how secure. She'd be on the back of his scooter — fuck that other broad.

Her auburn hair slid through her fingers as she gathered it at the back of her neck. With the rubber band in place she picked up her blue bandana and neatly tied it on her head. Then she picked up the new denim vest from the bed. The Harley wings she had so patiently sewn on the back seemed to glare at her. They looked so new. She hoped no one would notice. What the hell, she thought — after this run they wouldn't be cherry anymore.

In the kitchen she poured herself a cup of coffee. Reaching up in the cupboard, she took down her mother's bottle of whites. A noise from the other bedroom caused her to spill the contents on the drainboard.

"Lori, is that you?" her mother asked.

"Yes, Mom, I'm going out for a while," she lied.

"Just where the hell do you think you're going? You've got things to do around here. This house has to be cleaned today. I've got a friend coming over tonight."

Without answering, Lori hurriedly scooped up the pills and put them in her pocket. With her mother calling after her, she ran out the kitchen door.

She ran down the street toward China's house, where they were all to meet. Tears welled in her eyes as she thought about her life with her mother. Her dad had gotten fed up three years before and booked, leaving Lori with this stranger she called Mother. The verbal abuse was continuous and the beatings were frequent. It was as if her mother blamed her for her father's leaving. Lori tried to please her mother, but it was impossible. She couldn't remember the last kind thing the woman had said to her. Her mother had made her quit

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school the year before, and now she felt like a prisoner.

Several of the drunken men her mother staggered home with had raped her after the ol' lady had passed out. Lori had tried to tell her mother this, but the bitch just called her a liar. . .and worse. Even after her mother found some dirty pictures one man had made her pose for, she still blamed it on Lori. A little slut, she had called her. With Mike, she felt clean. She felt free and alive on the back of his bike. All those ugly nights would soon be forgotten. The early-morning sun dried the tears on her face.

As Lori neared China's she saw that many of the group had arrived. Scat, Tiny, Bev, Calamity Jane, Circus, and Petey were there. Smiley was also there with his van. China and Petey were loading kegs into the van as Lori walked up the drive. China acknowledged her presence first.

"Hi, sweetie." This cheered her up and the lump in her throat subsided.

"Hey, China, how ya doin'?"

"We got this shit just about loaded. Say, where's Mike?"

"He's meeting me here. You know how my ol' lady is."

China nodded as he returned to loading the van. Lori continued across the lawn to admire the bikes. They were parked side by side like pieces of chrome artillery on some forgotten battlefield, standing there mute, but menacing. All that power, all that freedom — how beautiful, she thought. Lisa and Sportster John came out of the house and explained that Mike would be late. He was having problems with his pan.

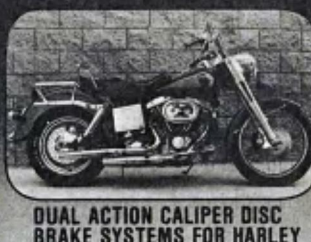
"Panheads forever!" Lisa joked as she handed Lori a Bud and joined the others in the driveway.

How nice it was to have someone think and care about her. . .Lori. No one had ever really cared before. Even her dad had split. These new friends she had met made her feel at home. She was part of something — something that she didn't quite understand, but something that made her feel good. Belonging; Christ, it made her feel good.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sounds of bikes coming up the street. Stitch chugged up on his trike along with Mike on his beautiful red panhead. She forgot about the bad times. She forgot about the drunken old men who had taken her. She forgot about her mother and her booze and narcotic rages. Fuck it. Fuck it all! Soon she and Mike would be on that scooter, in the fast lane, free. Her first run, an experience never to be forgotten. Four or five more scooters pulled up, but Lori was oblivious to the roar of their engines. Her ol' man was here, sharing a Bud

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with her, that ever-reassuring smile on his face. The early morning Phoenix sun was already hot. Perspiring bikers made last-minute tune-ups and adjustments. Their gear secured, they were ready to roll. Lori shared her whites and mounted up behind Mike.

The roar of motorcycle engines filled the block. Windows vibrated under the strain of their power. A few curious neighbors stood on their lawns with their Kodaks in hand, taking pictures as the procession filled the street: Sportsters, pan-heads, shovelheads, and vans and pickups loaded with beer, food, and all the other gear they needed to get away from the bullshit. They paraded across town to the Black Canyon Highway.

Free to forget the rigors of everyday existence, Lori would have a feeling of peace and tranquility for the next two and a half days. Lori with her man. Lori with Mike's bros and their ol' ladies. She had never felt this exhilarated before. In the wind, in and out of traffic, they went up the crowded freeway toward Camp Verde — drawn to the magic of the high desert, the cool high desert of late May.

They arrived near Camp Verde at midday. Camp was set up amid the sound of popping beer cans and the sweet smell of marijuana. Lori helped the chicks with lunch. Some of the dudes sat idly polishing their bikes. China chased some big-titted chick through camp and down to the river, swollen by melting snows. Petey and Circus were getting it on in a sleeping bag in the shade of a large cottonwood. Someone threw a firecracker near them, causing them to roll down the embankment and almost into the water. His curses were drowned out by laughter. Periodically, Calamity Jane would stagger through camp, picking up beer cans and shoving them into an already bulging garbage bag. "Twenty-seven cents a pound," she had slurred.

Lori lit a joint and walked over to where Mike was laying out their sleeping bags. Nearby, Scat was listening to Tiny's bike with a



"See, I told ya we didn't need to bring no camp stove to warm up the wieners!"

stethoscope. She offered the joint to Mike. He took a long drag and handed it back to her with a smile.

By nightfall everyone was smashed or exhausted. A few late arrivals stood around one of the several campfires with the last of the diehards. Schnapps and Jack Daniel's seemed to be the order of the evening. A few gunshots startled China as sleep overtook him. The big-titted chick was giving him a hand job, trying to wake him — no luck. A few beer cans popped open in the darkness. One of the newcomers found a roach and the few left standing eagerly sucked it up. Peace and contentment prevailed.

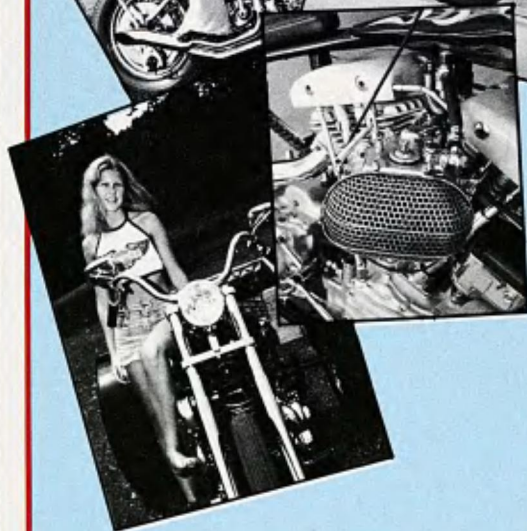
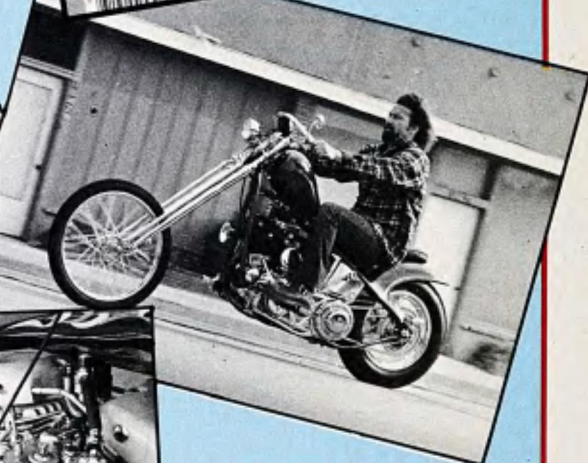
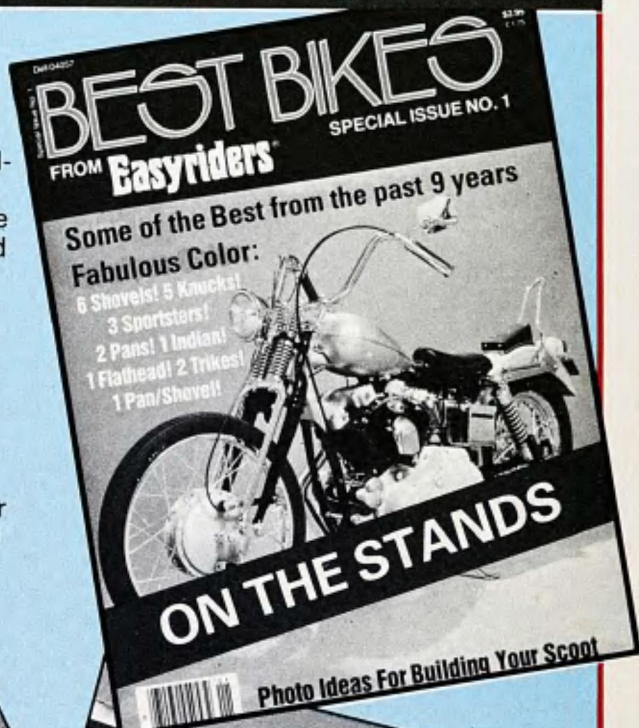
They lay next to each other. Lori was surprised at how warm the night air seemed. Mike gently stroked her long hair. She felt safe in his arms. He kissed her lightly. Oh, how she wanted him. Now. They sat up facing each other while he removed his shirt and she her tank top. Their eyes never left each other. He carefully removed her Levi's and then kicked off his own. He laid his Model 39 close by. How fierce the automatic looked — not at all like her man, the man who was so soft with her. They lay closer this time, her warm breasts against his strong chest. His right hand spread her thighs slightly. Slowly he began to kiss her breasts, her neck, her mouth. She widened her legs more, allowing his hand to find what it had been searching for. The blood seemed to rush to her head as his fingers found entrance to that part of her that was so private. That part of her that was to be his forever, as long as he wanted her. Her back arched slightly as he found that spot, that delicate spot. He lowered his head to that spot and began to caress her with his tongue. Gentle sobs issued from her lips as the tides of joy slowly enveloped her. He raised his head and placed his mouth on hers. At that moment he entered her. Oh, how she wanted to be fucked!

* * *

"Lori, Lori, you little bitch, get out here and clean up this fuckin' house." Her mother's voice brought her back to reality. Regretfully she laid the picture of the big, powerful Harley on her bedside table. Her crotch was still wet as she pulled on her slacks, ready to face another day. It was always the same dream. Maybe, someday, she would meet someone like Mike. But until then, she would have to be content with looking at her advertisement for Harley-Davidson motorcycles. What a bummer, she thought, as she walked out of her bedroom to start cleaning the ever-filthy house. ■

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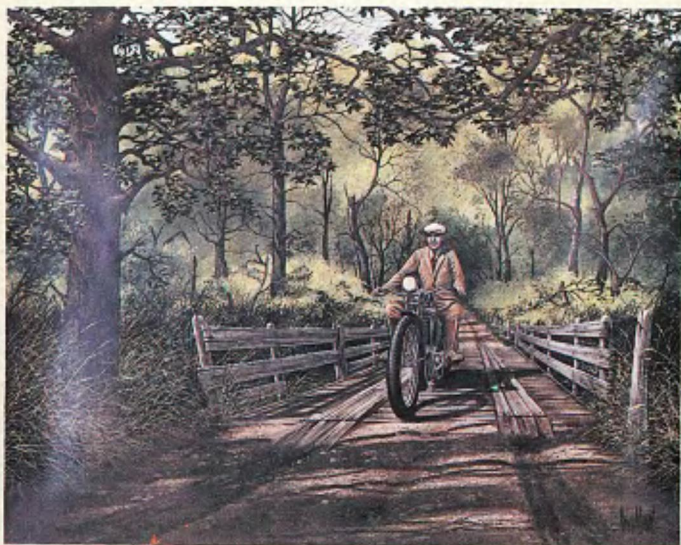
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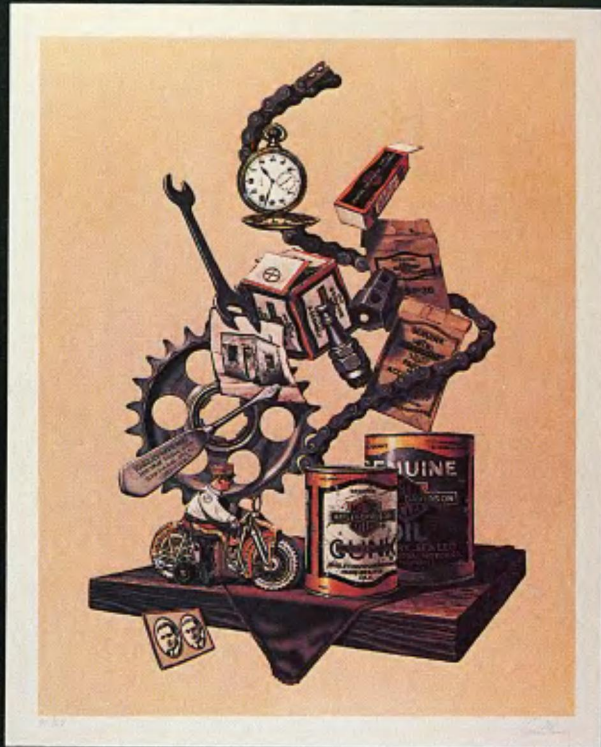
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SAFETY CONFERENCE

—Continued from page 45

or weakened helmet laws, an entirely different pattern develops. The fatality rate in the former increased from 7.73 in 1975 to 11.20 in 1976 for a 45 percent increase, while the fatality rate in the second category increased from 5.83 to 8.64 for a 48 percent increase in the same time frame, and the fatality rate for states that never had a helmet law increased from 6.88 to 9.69 for a 41 percent increase.

What is the common denominator?

Because of the energy crisis and rising fuel costs, new and inexperienced riders entered the market place. Many studies have clearly shown that this is the very group that become involved in accidents, caused by lack of training and experience. Fortunately, some of the earlier belief that training and education are ineffective has been supplanted, thanks in large measure to Honda sponsorship and the creation of the Motorcycle Safety Foundation.

Most safety experts failed to get the big picture, so look for more and more helmet laws — stay on your toes.

Driver training has proven effective. Although fatality rates for those of 19 years or less is 43 percent higher than for the general auto driver, the fatality rate for motorcyclists of 19 years or less is about three hundred percent higher than the fatality rate for all cyclists. It is clear that safety and rider education are effective. Lives are saved by not allowing people to enter the traffic pattern unless they have been trained to control their vehicles adequately, which is more effective than clamping a helmet on a head. This is further borne out by the Harry Hurt study, which showed that many cyclists who crashed were not in a serious pre-accident situation. They froze, they did not brake, they did not swerve. In

fact, it may be said that they contributed to the accident by not being prepared to react appropriately to the driving situation.

Many other countries are taking their training quite seriously, especially England, Japan, and Canada. In Japan, the test requirements for a larger machine are so extreme that many motorcycle-licensed operators in the U.S.A. would fail. Some 15 percent of all new riders attend special training schools in England, but unless attendance increases on a voluntary basis to 75 percent within three years, it is possible that a license will not be given unless the individual has attended a training program. Training and the demonstration of ability before entering the road system is the best way to improve highway safety, and both concepts are supported actively by the MSF.

Another factor that must be considered is the increase in accident rates throughout the general highway system that cannot be explained by the 55 mph speed limit. Many speakers began their argument on the assumption that the motorcyclist is at fault because the auto drivers, after the accident, claimed they "did not see him." Harry Hurt found only two cases where a cyclist was maliciously run down. Audience reaction clearly showed that they disagreed with Hurt's conclusion that we are unseen by the motorist. Many motorcyclists can testify that they have been run down or run off the road but, because of their riding skills, did not become a statistic. Nothing counts until you become a statistic.

Many new types of day-glo and reflective materials that should provide better conspicuity are available. Alan Tratner described many lights available for enhanced conspicuity, but all at the expense of electrical energy. One unfortunate thing is that most people assume that all motorcycles have sufficient electrical energy development so that lights can be maintained at all times by all machines. This is wrong. Edward Wilson of the

—Continued

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GIVES A SHIT.

2. "I USED TO BE DISGUSTED. NOW I'M JUST AMUSED." 3. "PARDON ME, BUT...YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A DAMN." 4. "Life is like a shit sandwich. The more bread you have the less shit you have to eat." 5. "I don't know. I don't care. And it doesn't make any difference." 6. "Those of you who think you know everything are very annoying to those of us who do." 7. "HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY" with (Un)Smiling Face 8. "Sounds Like BULLSHIT To Me" 9. "It's not that you and I are so clever, but that the others are such fools." 10. "SO?" 11. "When choosing between two evils I always like to try the one I've never tried before." 12. "QUESTION AUTHORITY" 13. "Just because you're PARANOID doesn't mean everyone isn't out to get you." 14. "IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS" 15. "KNOW THYSELF (But don't tell anybody!)" 16. "If you can't dazzle 'em with brilliance, baffle 'em with bullshit." 17. "Because I feel like it!" 18. "There are no rules." 19. "I know you think you understood what I said, but what you heard was not what I meant." 20. "I'm too honest to be good" 21. "NO COMMENT" 22. "WARNING! This t-shirt contains a highly sophisticated bullshit detector. When alarm sounds please reengage your brain." 23. "Don't ask me no questions. I just might tell you the truth." 24. "We'll get along fine as soon as you realize I'm God" Silk screened blue on tan or white on black. First quality 100% cotton Hanes t-shirts. S,M,L,XL.

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International Safety Council thought perhaps 40% of all machines had inadequate charging systems.

Many early machines, especially those built before 1969, and many built later, have difficulty in keeping the battery charged with the headlight on when operated in downtown traffic conditions. One result of the recent California law to require bikes to be hard-wired has resulted in at least one manufacturer successively reducing the headlight bulb wattage from a 60/55 Q-H bulb to a 45/35 tungsten bulb, and then to a 20W continuous-on bulb. This will prevent the battery from discharging, but may have resulted in higher accident rates at night, since motorcyclists can no longer see as clearly nor can they be seen as clearly. Certainly, night-time accidents are over-represented in accident data.

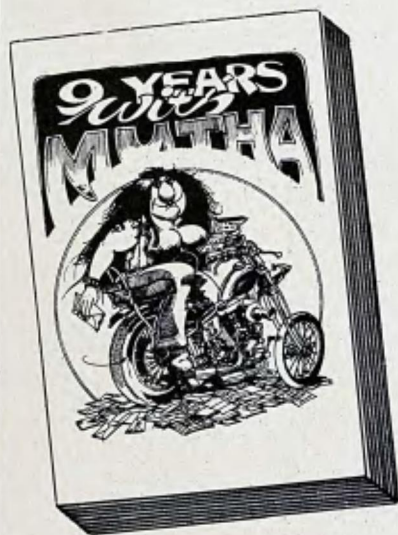
A safety law must not have negative side effects, a factor most legislators fail to take into account. This is yet another example where NHTSA, our champion of motorcycle safety, have let us down. In 1972, they proposed to include SAE J392, a recommended practice that would ensure a motorcycle would have an adequate charging system to comply with daytime lights-on laws, into MVSS 108, the motor vehicle safety standard relating to lights and auxiliary equipment. Because they failed to adopt their own proposal even though they received not a single negative response, no manufacturer today is under any obligation to install an adequate charging system on any motorcycle. As mentioned, at least one manufacturer has responded by fitting smaller light bulbs.

All safety experts at the meeting



"It's just like the ol' bastard to die when I was about to get my rocks off."

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accepted lights-on as an effective countermeasure in spite of the fact that accident rates are higher in states with lights-on laws than in states without lights-on laws, and that in many cases accident rates remained the same or increased after a lights-on law was enacted.

Accident rates in Australia and Canada also failed to show a reduction after lights-on laws were introduced. Why are more and more lights-on laws still being introduced?

Not a single piece of research was presented on how to increase or improve the charging system on a motorcycle. Nor did there appear to be any plans for this type of research.

One novel approach to a crashproof motorcycle was developed by Tad Winiecki. Tad's premise was to develop an unmanageable vehicle designed to crash into another object with no damage to the occupant. An interesting concept. Its main features were an anti-tilt device, a restraining harness, and a large, crushproof shell. One concept was for police use complete with Mars light. Sure hope Joan does not hear of this, although it possibly could be equipped with rear steering.

Another novel approach was a Pendulum Stabilized Motorcycle with two front wheels. The rear was pivoted to allow the rear of the cycle to lean in corners. This new concept was developed back in 1912 by Hough Young, who made a fortune selling flexible sidecars before becoming a major coach builder. Where are the flexis now?

Many researchers have explored the problems of weave and wobble. Cures can be effected by minor changes to the frame, yet manufacturers appear reluctant to make changes. The tele-fork must go. Look for leading link forks with tremendous lateral stability to be more commonplace in the years to come. These forks would be of major benefit to sidecarists, since such outfits are more susceptible to wobble than are solo machines.

In summary, the MSF Conference of the 80s may prove the turning point. The way is open for safety experts to enter the real world and try to recognize our problems through our eyes instead of running to legislators with laudable causes and forcing upon us laws that we cannot physically comply with and that have negative side effects. The MSF enabled these experts to see real-world bikers up close. We can only hope to see less and less of mandatory helmets, lights-on, and noise controls, and more emphasis on building safer machines and offering more training programs.



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DOO WAA'S SONG

—Continued from page 51

"Hmrrrrrr," I said, "whoazzabobbit, huh?"

Doo Waa's nostrils flared in anger and he nodded in agreement, "Yeh, whoazzabobbit." He started patting his fat fingers on his jacket, looking for a smoke. "Where did those things go now?"

"Maybe the whoazzabobbit got them; they're noted thieves and love nicotine," I said, trying to be funny.

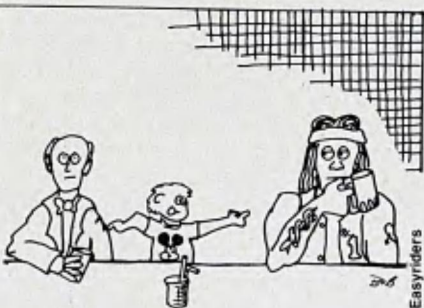
Doo Waa got mad. He wanted it understood that he was the comedian. "Shit! You don't know jack fuckin' shit about the east-coast whoazzabobbit. Yuh get 'em from. . .uh. . .dirty toilet seats, and they're a bitch to get rid of. Azza mattera fact, the only way to get rid of a hardcore whoazzabobbit is to find a really, really, bad-stinkin' shitter and hope the little asshole likes it enough to hop off. They're real picky, too."

Doo Waa found the cigarettes, lit one, took a deep drag, and thought a moment. "Yeah, the east-coast whoazzabobbit looks sorta like that jeep creature who always showed up just as Popeye was about to screw Olive, only a whoazzabobbit does even worse shit than that! Like, a whoazzabobbit has the ultra-nasty habit of cuttin' the worst damned farts in the whole world an' makin' people think you were the asshole that done it." Doo Waa took another deep drag and shook his hairy, bearded head. "Yuh got trouble, brother." He opened a flap on his army jacket and took out a joint. "Here, smoke this. It has nice stuff in it."

"No, thanks," I said. "I might get depressed about the nasty little whoazzabobbit following me."

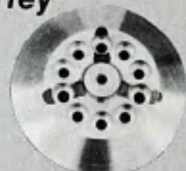
"Hey!" said Doo Waa Diddy, "that's a really smart idea, 'cause the little whoazzabobbit might get a contact high, an' then there's no tellin' what he

—Continued on page 111



"Hey, Pop, ain't he one of those punks that you said you'd like to get alone to see just how tough they are without their gang around to protect them?"

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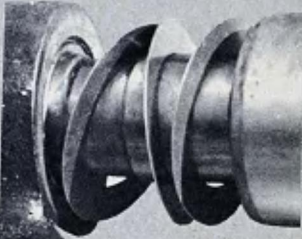
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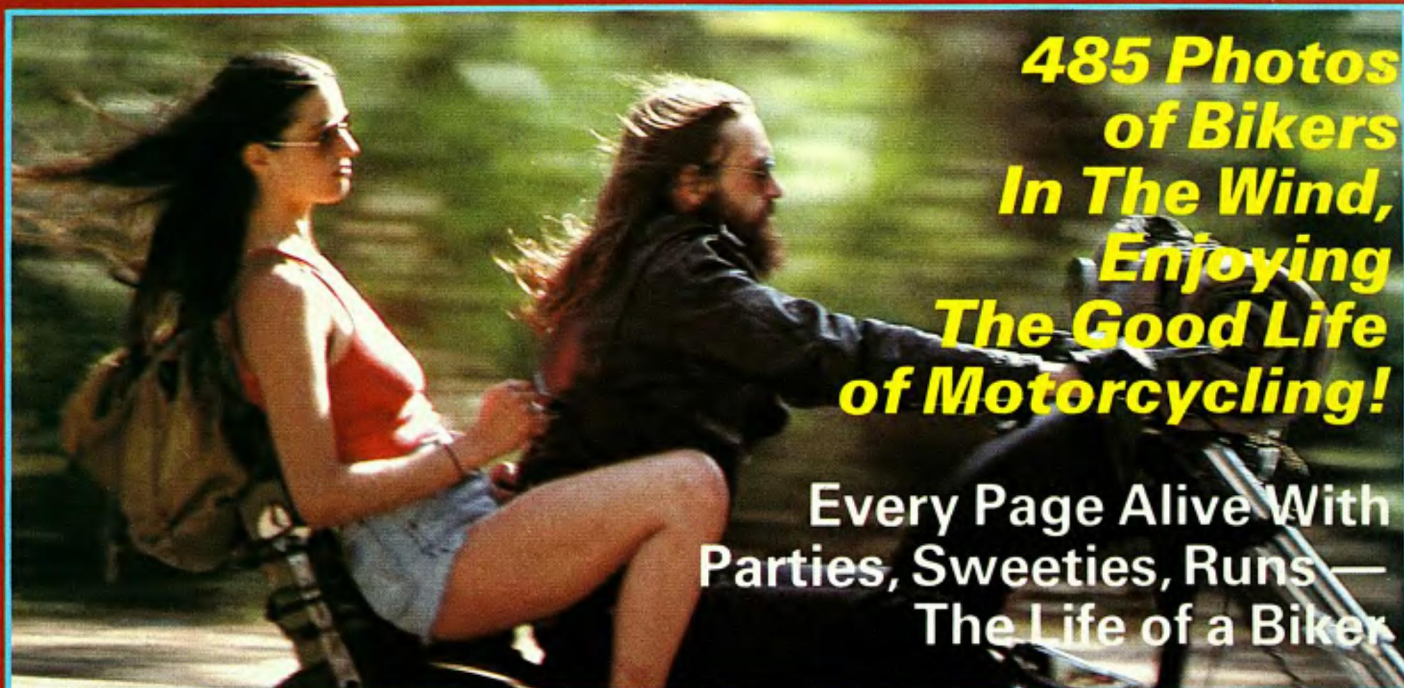
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WORDMONGER

—Continued from page 10

under the premise of peace, and while shaking the Ayatollah's hand, I'll kick him right square in his greasy gonads, air drop 1,000 tons of quality herb into Mt. St. Helens (it won't quiet her down, but when that shit starts smokin' and driftin' across the country, who'll give a fuck?), spike Washington, D.C.'s water supply with a couple of gallons of LSD-25, and federally deputize every bro so all the local law can legally do to them is ask for ID.

"Bull" Paden
Leavenworth, Kan.

■ We think you'd have had a chance if you woulda started campaignin' earlier.

Talk About Luck

☐ We were fuckin' off the other day and stopped on an old dirt road to smoke a joint. Alongside the road was a bunch of shit that someone had dumped there. A dude with us got off his sled and started poking around in the trash and, be-



"Forbes, that's not the proper way to probe for contraband!"

lieve it or not, he found 48 black beauties and some old issues of **Easyriders**. Needless to say, he split the speed and passed around your rags. Talk about luck!

Lightnin' and Candy
Greensboro, N.C.

■ It wasn't luck — he (or she) must have been good people.

The Last Straw

□ Last year in a moment of temporary insanity, I married a redneck truckdriver. Subsequently, he ripped off my money, knocked the shit out of me, had me arrested, ran off my friends, and even flushed my dope down the toilet one time. But marriage is sacred and all that good shit, so I stuck around until I got out of bed the other day to discover that the fucker had burned my collection of **Easyriders**. That did it—now I'll never go back.

Sherrie
Washougal, Wash.

Latest Helmet Trip (Must Read)

□ Please print this letter in your column. It may sound more appropriate for "Easynews" or "Biker's Digest," but after carefully checking old issues of **Easyriders** in folks' bathrooms, I've found that your page is the most stained of the three, meaning this column gets the most exposure (no pun intended).

We in Colorado are once again faced with the threat of a mandatory helmet law. The die-hards in this state just won't give up. This is the third attempt to reinstate since the law was repealed in 1976.

This year, however, there's

THE TOUGH GET TOUGHER

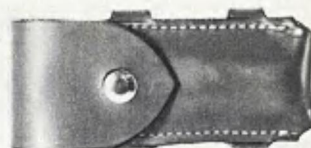
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a new twist. If they can collect a measly 62,235 signatures, the helmet law will be decided by the public in the election this November. This means that instead of legislators and lawmakers, we will be up against 92-year-old grandmothers and housewives and shoe clerks—one on one. People who don't know a handlebar from a sissy bar will be making the lid decision for us and you.

Colorado has become the test state, which explains why we keep having to fight the damned thing every two years. And if they succeed here, the same tactics will be applied to all the other states with no helmet law — and you poor slobs in helmet-riddled states who are trying to repeal won't have a prayer.

If you live in Colorado, register to vote! If this gets on the November ballot, the numbers will decide — and ya gotta register and vote to be counted.

Regardless of the present status of helmet laws in each state, if it can be re-instated in Colorado by means of a public referendum, then a successful formula will have been estab-



"I swear to you — your ol' lady is not in the house with me."

lished, and you can bet your bill it will be tried repeatedly in every state.

Anyone who'd like more information or would like to help us kill this now before it gets to the vote (your own granny may think you look cute in a helmet), write to: Colorado West Concerned Cyclists (an affiliate of ABATE), P.O. Box 2991, Grand Junction, Colo. 81502.

Gail Woz

Grand Junction, Colo.

■ Every tennis-shoed hand-wringer will come forward to help us help ourselves—for our own good. They'll think for us even though they've never been on a moped, in a motorized wheel chair, or even on a conveyor belt at an airport. Fight! Vote!

Disagreement

□ I just took Falcon's test ("How Good a Friend Are You?"—Aug. '80) and I gotta disagree with his comment on scorin' a 60. Doing time lets ya know who your true bros are and ya better fuckin' believe we'd score 60s to let 'em know how we feel.

It's the rest of them scumbag fuckers you should be calling a lying sack of shit. Tell it like it is!

Warren Schaller
Rockview, Pa.

Unreal Proposed Law

□ Just thought I'd drop a line to let ya know what's happening in Oklahoma City.

Those fuckers in the state house are trying to pass a bill outlawing scoots on weekends in order to save gasoline. First they decided to hassle boat owners, but when the boaters got pissed, they changed the bill to include all recrea-

		BLACK T-SHIRTS for the true Harley rider 1. and on the 8th day GOD created Harley-Davidson 2. Til Death Do Us Part 3. My Ol' Lady Yes, My Dog Maybe, My Harley-Davidson NEVER. 4. Girls! Avoid The Draft Let Me Get You Pregnant 5. I'm a Pervert, In Case of an Emergency Gimme' Head 6. Boogie Till You Puke 7. Piss on Disco 8. I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head Send size and wording wanted with \$7.50 to: Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302

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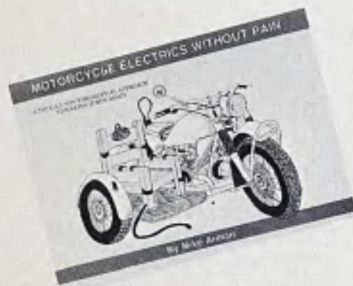
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tional vehicles—and in this cowshit state, putts are classified as RVs.

Stupid shifts don't even realize that if everyone rode a scooter them fuckin' Iranians could stuff their gas. The lawmakers can't figure out that it saves gas to ride a scoot — to say nothing about the rushes of ridin' free in the wind.

Take

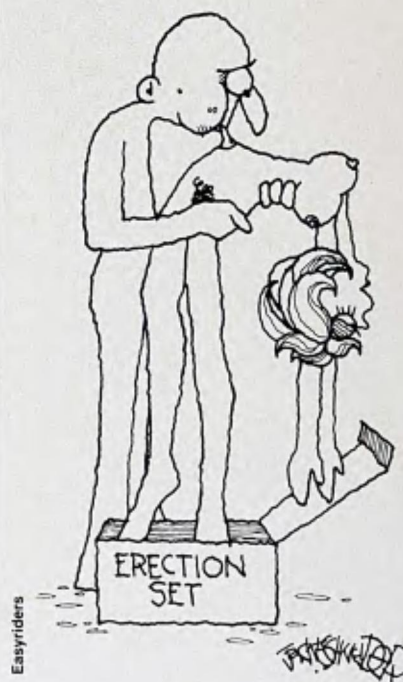
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Mann Art

☐ I've got to tell you that Dave Mann's artwork on page 19 of the August issue was one of the baddest paintings I've ever seen.

Dan Brantner
Harrisburg, Pa.

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.



FITTIN' EPITAPH

—Continued from page 57

could do, I bailed out. Then the world became a spinning blur of sky and trees and a brief flash of the cage as it whipped around in a locked-up spin, the driver continuing to do the wrong thing right to the very end. I landed with a bone-jarring thump in a briar patch off the blacktop as my ex-bike disappeared over the side. The car came to a halt crossways in the road a few yards uphill from the broken railing. In the comparative silence after its engine died, the screech of rending metal as the dead sled plunged down the steep slope was unbearably loud.

A flock of birds had been roosting peacefully in the underbrush before all hell broke loose. The accident happened so fast that they were still rising from their perches when I dropped in out of the wild blue yonder and dusted a brace of the wee feathered fellows by landing on them. The survivors vanished straight up in the air, leaving only a squawking echo and a few wafting feathers behind. After I got my wind back and checked myself out for broken bones — miraculously, there were none — I gingerly extricated myself from the brambles I was tangled in. I had just unwound the last barbed creeper vine from around my neck and stood up to dust myself off when the idiot in the cage finished unbuckling his safety harnesses and got out. He was a twerpy-looker, all propered up in business suit and matching tie, with a pair of chins and a desk-grown spread to his midsection. He oohed and aahed at the damage done to his ride, then marched over to see what I had to say for myself.

"What I...? I'll tell you what I've got to say, all right! Adios, asshole!" I snarled, grabbing a handful of his shirt front and twisting it. The twerpy gasped, then suddenly gripped my wrist and started ogling my watch as if he'd never seen one before.

"Omigod, I'll never make it now!" he exclaimed.

"You're right about that," I told him, and cocked the hammer on my haymaker fist.

"Well, what are you going to do about this?" he demanded, throwing his arms up and waving them around so he looked like a bug on the end of a stick. I peered closely at him, trying to determine whether he was in his right mind before proceeding any further. There wasn't much point in stomping the dribbles out of the asshole if he wasn't going to be there while it happened, for chrissake.



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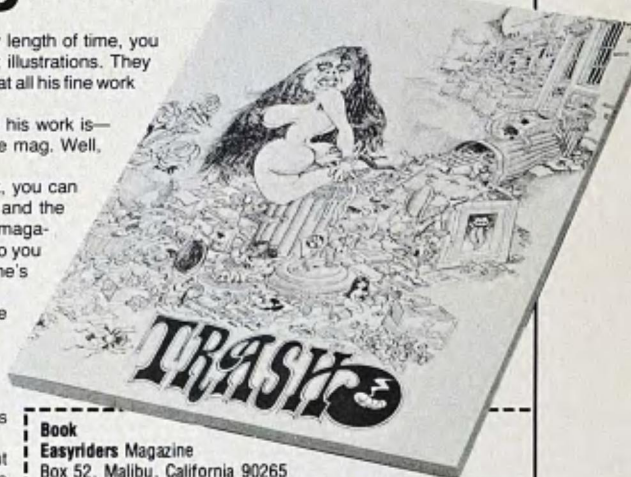
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"I am going to beat you up," I told him, speaking slowly and distinctly to make certain he understood me. "And that's just for starters. After I find an anthill to stake you down on, we'll proceed to the more serious business at hand. Are you catching my drift, you sonuvabitch?" I shook him by the front of his shirt.

"You can't do that," he said, his tone of voice dismissing the whole idea of an asskicking.

"Sure I can't," I muttered, and sighted in on his double chins.

He held his hands up like a traffic cop in front of my fist. "I have a heart murmur. Violence could kill me," he said. "Under the circumstances, taking into consideration our respective values to society, you would undoubtedly go to prison for manslaughter, or possibly murder, if I were to die as a result of your striking me. Would you mind turning me loose now?" The sonuvabitch tapped my wrist matter-of-factly and tilted his head back to look down his nose at me.

"Grrr!" I said, and shook him again. At that point, that was all I was capable of saying. And the hell of it was, I realized he was right. If I punched him all the way out, no matter how invisible I rendered his carcass and how fast I got away, the skidmarks on the road were sure to attract the attention of the next cop who came along. From there it would be only a short step from a peekaboo over the rim to checking ownership of the wreckage down below — and after that I'd be on the get 'em list for sure. Still, I stared at the guy's pudgy jawline longingly for several moments before I undoubled my fist and pushed him away. There are worse ways to live than on the run, I know. Unfortunately, one of them is living caught in a cage — and I didn't relish leaving there with those as my only options. Feeling strangled with rage, I abruptly turned away and strode to



"For the last time, I am not standing in a hole! Please call an ambulance!"

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the railing, where I stared blindly into space. I couldn't yet bring myself to look down.

A minute later the sonuvabitch followed me. I marveled at his audacity. "Young man," he said, coming up from behind, "I want you to be aware of the fact that it was your completely unexpected appearance in the middle of the road that caused me to lose control of my automobile. Furthermore —"

"I ain't a young man, and bum ticker or not, you ain't on the promising list for getting much older yourself if you keep yammering at me like that. Now shut up and take a look down there," I directed, pointing at the metal carnage strewn down the mountain. "See that piece of something glinting between the trees? And farther down, in the rocks? That's my bike, what's left of it. You're responsible for that, so it's on you to make it right. Now, if you've got something to say, say it. You can talk while you're writing out a check, can't you?"

"Obviously you don't know who I am!" El Twerpo blustered, puffing up with self-importance. I tuned out and waited stolidly while he stroked himself into a long rap about what a high-powered big wheel he was. To hear Chubs tell it, he had clout with everybody from the dogcatcher all the way up to God. I ran out of patience before he ran out of brag. Finally, with a tired sigh, I wadded up a handful of his shirt front again.

"Shut up, fool," I said, and shook him until he did. "I'm awful tempted to settle this by tossing you over the mountain and taking my chances on whatever comes down later. If you don't want that to happen, it'd behoove you to drop the bullshit and tell me what you're going to do about my bike."

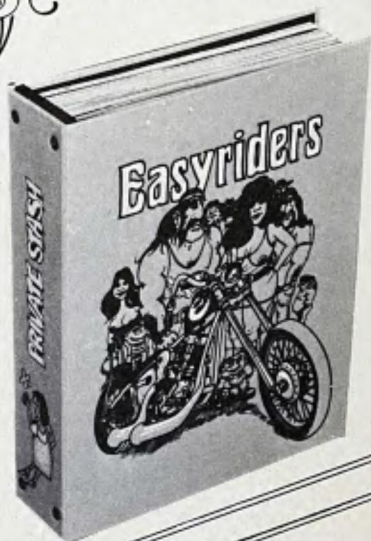
"Why, I'm not going to do anything about it!" he snorted indignantly. "Why should I? As I stated earlier, the accident was not my fault. You know, young man, your belligerent attitude is not serving any useful purpose here. At any rate," he continued with growing agitation, "there are more important things to be concerned with now than a mere motorcycle!"

"Such as?" I inquired between tightly clenched teeth.

"Such as this!" he exclaimed, yanking a thick envelope from the inside pocket of his coat and waving it in my face.

"And what is that?" I asked, continuing with the mad charade.

"My report!" he said dramatically, mouthing the words as if they were being lifted from stone tablets. "I have



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to reach the city in time to present it to... oh, never mind! There's no time to explain! I must get there!" He stuffed the envelope back in his coat and ran his hands wildly through his hair. Then he rushed back to the car and attempted to start it, first banging his head on the door frame getting in. The blow didn't kill him. I felt cheated. I watched while he turned the key frenziedly and pumped the gas with a vengeance, all to no avail. The starter only ground futilely, and the engine refused to fire. After a few minutes of that I strolled over and tapped on the window until he rolled it down.

"Doesn't sound like it's going to start," I observed.

"It has to!" Wimpy insisted, continuing to work his foot spastically on the gas pedal. I shrugged and ambled back to the side of the road where I leaned on the guardrail and watched for several minutes more. Finally he gave up and got out of the car, removing his coat and tossing it inside on the seat before slamming the door. "You damn thing!" he cursed the cage.

"Want me to take a look at it?" I called helpfully. As he'd said, I oughta smooth some of the edges off my attitude.

He pondered, then nodded, sour-faced. "If you think you can determine the problem, go ahead," he said like he was doing me a helluva favor.

There was nothing wrong with the car except for its being effectively flooded, but I raised the hood and peered knowledgeably at the engine, then dropped to the ground on the driver's side and peeked under the fenderwell. "Looks like your head gasket got shoved up your exhaust," I said when I was finished with the inspection. I spat to one side, wiping my hands on my shirt like a gas station mechanic as I got up. "Let me know if you're going to try it again so I



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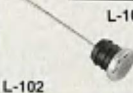


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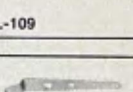
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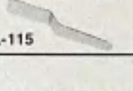
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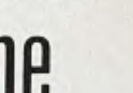
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can duck behind a tree in case it blows, okay?"

"You mean it could explode?" the twerp gasped, drawing back in horror.

I snapped my fingers. "That fast. You'd never get out in time."

Ol' Wimpy actually wrung his hands. I stared, fascinated in spite of myself. I had never seen anybody do that before, not in real life. "Oh, what am I going to do now? I must get to a phone! I must! I must!" he babbled, beginning to pace up and down. "My career could depend on this! If they don't learn of my report in time. . ."

My curiosity got the better of me. "Just what is this report you're so hysterical about?" I asked.

Chubby halted and gave me a long, searching look before deciding he had to trust somebody. "I am the chief assistant to the top aide of the lieutenant governor's senior advisor," he informed me, whipping out his billfold to flash a fancy ID that said he was who he said he was. It even had a gold seal. "I have been on field assignment, investigating the cultivation of suspected contraband vegetation. My report contains the coordinates for locating all the illegal cannabis being grown in this area. I must reach my office, or at least make telephone contact, before the State Crime Commission adjourns this evening. Today is the last day of Commission hearings during the current legislative session, so you can see how crucial the time factor is."

"No, I can't," I denied.

"The Commission has the authority to allocate funds and manpower to mount coordinated raids on all the suspected farms at once, eliminating the possibility of lawbreakers escaping due to advance warning," he explained.

"But if the news doesn't get there in time. . .?" I prompted him to go on.

"The marijuana may well be harvested and transported out of the region before local authorities are able to mobilize an effective strike force. Now do you see that there are more serious matters than a motorcycle at stake here, young man?"

"Yeah, I can see that, all right," I said slowly while my mind raced at high cruising speed. This son of a bitch was a narc, for chrissake. On top of being a potential murderer and a rolling disaster zone behind the wheel, and completely aside from every teetotaling thing in his manner and appearance that set my teeth on edge, not to mention the indisputable fact that I didn't have a sled any more because of him, the bureaucratic sonuvabitch was a narc. For chrissake!



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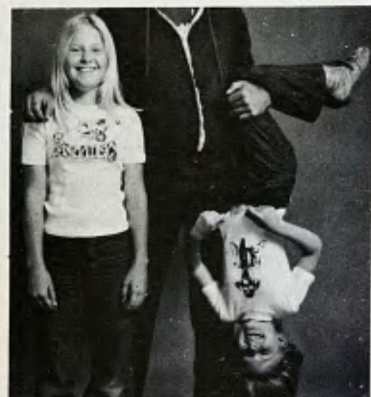
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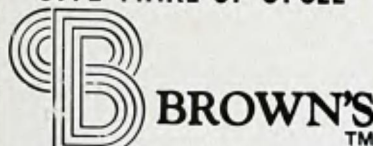
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"How far is it to a telephone the way you came?" he asked next.

"It's hard to estimate distances on these crooked roads," I said, continuing to think swiftly. "Anyway, I thought I saw a bear back there."

"What!"

"Yeah. Back down the mountain a ways, there was something moving in the woods. It might've been a bear." And it could have been, if it hadn't been a squirrel.

"Well, that's out then," Twerpy decided, turning smartly around to face the other direction. "I passed a produce market about five or six miles back my way. How long do you think the hike will take?"

"You mean walking? Five or six miles?" I shook my head dubiously while I looked him over. "Until about sundown, probably."

"But that's hours away! It can't possibly take that long!"

"Considering the flab you're packing and those non-walking shoes you've got on, I'd say that's a right reasonable guess," I told him. "And then only if it's downhill most of the way. But if you've got enough determination, I expect you'll make it."

"Me? I wasn't referring to myself!" he squawked. "Obviously you're the logical one to go. I'll give you a coded number that will put you straight through to —"

"Forget it. I'm staying right here until a ride comes along. There has to be some traffic on this road sooner or later. Then I'll start looking into what it's going to cost your insurance company to square this."

"My insurance company! That's preposterous!" he blathered.

"You caused a serious wreck, man. You could've killed me. I lost my bike, and one way or another it's going to cost you," I said levelly.

"That is not my recollection of events!" he denied emphatically, shaking his head until his chins



"I don't like this foreplay."

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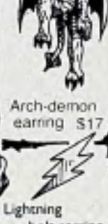
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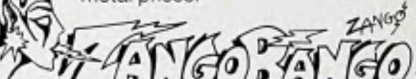
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jiggled. Then he repeated the bit about my being at fault for simply being on the road to begin with, and he backed himself up by pointing out that I wasn't wearing a helmet and my headlight hadn't been on. He also suggested that if I had signaled my approach with random hornbursts, he wouldn't have been unprepared to react when I appeared directly in front of him as I'd done.

When he was through yammering I took a long, deep breath and laid the facts of life on him. "I hit my horn twice coming into the curve. Maybe you didn't hear it because you had your head up your ass. And maybe that's also why I didn't hear your horn blow, huh? By the way, there's no helmet law in this state. No lights-on law either."

"No helmet law? No mandatory lights-on law?" he echoed incredulously. Then he got a that's-a-matter-that-needs-looking-into expression on his mug and filed it away for future looking into. "Well, that isn't relevant to our immediate concern," he went on. "I'm sure lesser matters, including the question of your motorcycle, can be resolved satisfactorily later, when we're able to deal with everything in proper perspective. Right now, however, there is no time to waste. Rather than order you to go for help, I will go myself. But you do realize that as a state official I have certain police powers, don't you?"

"No, I didn't realize that," I said.

"It's true," he assured me. Then he deputized me to stay there and watch his car until he sent a wrecker back for it. He'd arrange for a state patrolman to pick me up. And if I did a good job, he told me, he would recommend me for a letter of appreciation from the chief assistant asswiper himself.

"Gee," I said, "that'll really impress the bros." Shit, I thought, that'll sure brighten up the crapper wall.

For several minutes after Wimpy had gone, I watched the car from where I was seated on a flat rock by the side of the road. He had been marching briskly along with his coat thrown across his shoulder when he disappeared from sight around a bend in the road, but I knew it wouldn't take long for the steep downhill terrain to put a limp in his lilted step, as well as give him an ankle wobble that would keep him from coming back even if he changed his mind and wanted to.

When I was satisfied that he was really gone, I got up and strolled over to the car. Figured I'd just watch it at close range for a while. I walked around the damn thing a time or two, then stopped and put my foot up on



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BIKER CAP

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

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

Be sure to indicate size and color:

Black Brown
Sm Med Lrg Ex. lrg.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(U.S. Currency Only. Thank you)



Photo
shown is
actual size

Buy The Very Best

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

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

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

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

Each buckle comes with 1 3/4"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

Send \$14.45 plus \$1.00 postage, along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a

bronze or a silver buckle.

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

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RIGHTS
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the rear bumper to rest. Somehow when I propped my elbow on my knee and leaned slightly forward, the shift of my weight caused the car to start rolling.

"Oops," I said.

I continued to watch, as I had been charged to do, until the cage went through the broken guardrail and fell from sight. Then, seeing as there was nothing left to watch, I started hoofing it back to the gas station I had passed on my way up the mountain. From there I could call a bro to come get me, and while I waited to be picked up I'd call some folks I knew in the local farming community and warn them of the threat Chubby represented. Luckily, the warning would be in time.

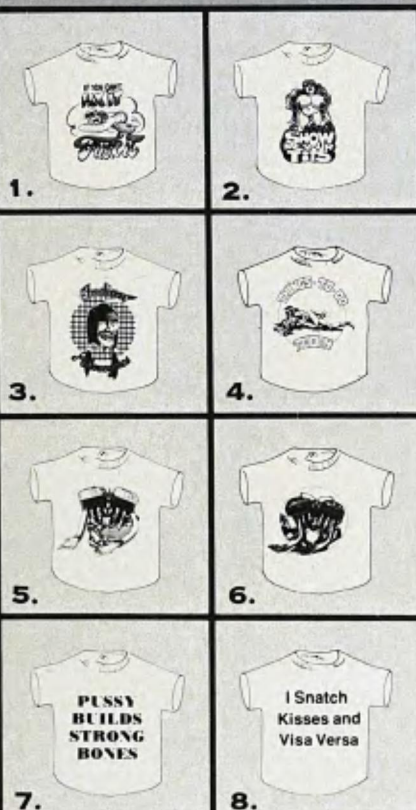
Without his report, which had fallen unnoticed to the ground beside the car when he removed his coat, El Plumpo wasn't going to pinpoint any targets for narc raids. I had picked up the envelope without his spotting what I was doing when I bent down to inspect the underside of the car, then slipped it inside my shirt at the first opportunity. When Dumbo trekked off through the wilderness, he was still blissfully ignorant of his loss. As I ambled down the road in the opposite direction, I leafed through the several handwritten pages that made up the report. I wondered whether the local growers would express their gratitude tangibly enough to replace my dead motorcycle when they realized what a heavy number they'd been saved from. I decided they would, with no prompting needed, once they checked out the sheets of detailed info I was bringing them. That settled, I tucked the report safely away and began thinking about my next bike, the sled of my dreams, as I hiked on down the mountain.

I figured a ten-grand sedan made a decent headstone for the scooter I'd lost. It had been the right color, too. ■



"Before I leave, I just wanna say it's been nice knowin' ya, Brenda, and I been pissin' in your iced tea jug for the last six years."

Easyriders



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Foreign orders add \$1.00 per mug.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



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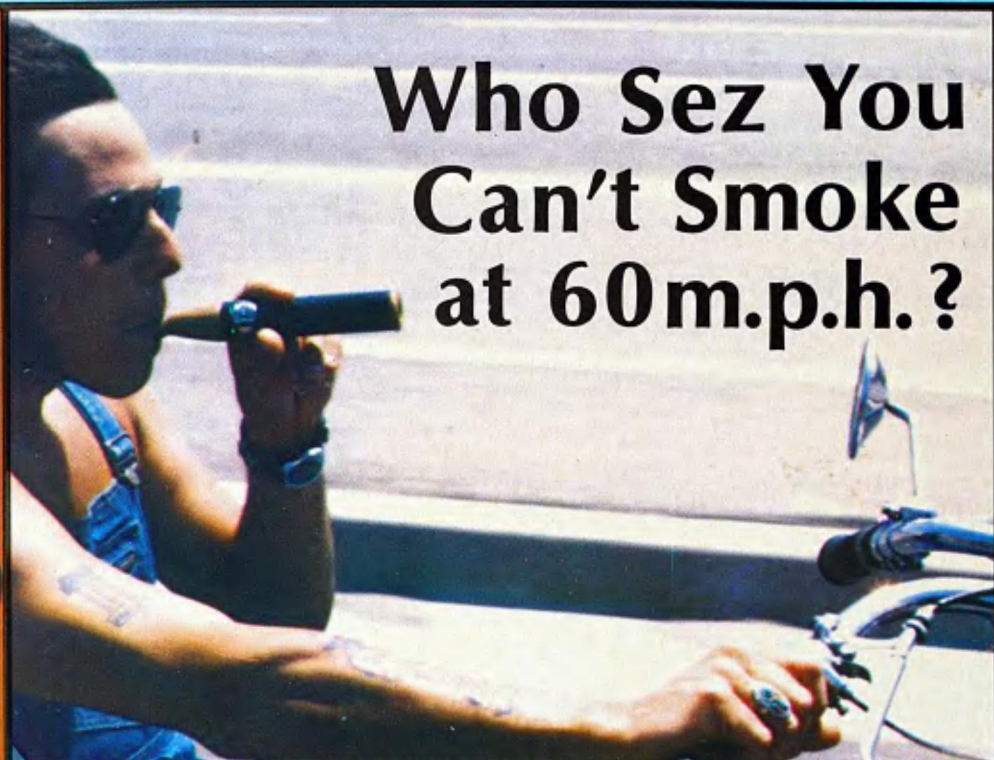
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☐ **CHAIN SMOKER**
\$5.50 + 50c postage and handling

Calif. residents add 6%
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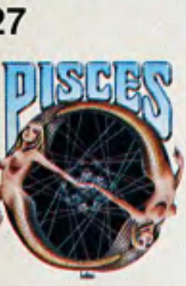


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- Gold
- Beige
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Sizes S-M-L-XL

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- Blue
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M-10 "Starburst"



M-9 "Hollywood"



M-7 "Run Heat"



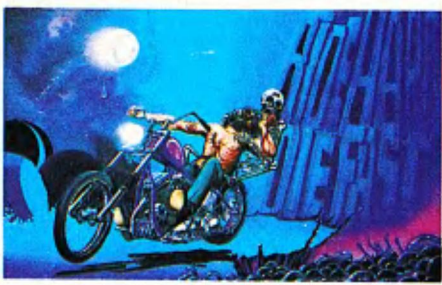
M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



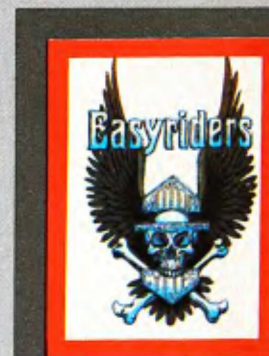
M-13 "Won't Start"



M-12 "Country Style"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



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Send size (S, M, L, XL, XXL) any wording wanted with \$8.00 for each shirt ordered to:

Coco, P.O. Box U,
Calabasas, Calif. 91302

DOO WAA'S SONG

—Continued from page 92

might do. Yeah, good idea. You're a really smart dude. You're what people call levelheaded." Doo Waa Diddy looked at my head very seriously and said, "Very level, all right. Did ya ever thinka growin' corn up there, Farmer Brown?"

I didn't like the last remark, but I knew he was only jivin', so I said, "No, too late in the year, man." We both laughed. Then there was a silence and the November wind blew, reminding me of how cold it was.

I liked Doo Waa a lot, but I had things to do, so I said, "Gotta go, my bro; it's been real." Doo Waa Diddy got mad. The problem was that he was used to getting into people the way people did in the sixties. The way everybody is today has messed up his style. I suppose it's all the see-ya-laterness and everybody-for-himselfishness that got ahold of me.

Doo Waa just looked at me angrily and said, "Okay, fucker, go! But if I ever see you again, don't even say hi. Do you dig, man?" He made me feel pretty bad.

"Hey, I've been workin' my ass off to get one of those funny-looking hats and a sheepskin, man. . . gotta go to class."

Doo Waa just kept starin' at me. He wasn't about to let another creature crazy enough to entertain the illusion of his whoazzabobbit get away. Besides, he hadn't even told me about his fifteen-foot girlfriend, who he called Donna Ronna Dang Dong. "Ohhhhhh, mannnnnnnnn," he said, patting his pudgy hands on my shoulders, "why don't me an' you just cool our heels? I just drove my Hog all the way up from North Carolina last night. Let's you 'n me jus' get drunk an' happy. . . cool?"



"Talk about lazy. . ."

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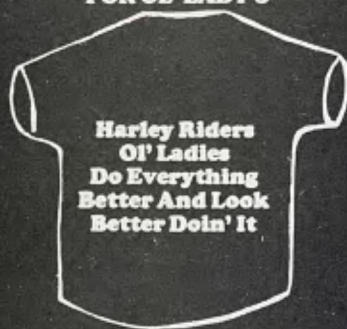
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Burbank, California 91503

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FOR OL' LADY'S**



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SUCK &
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**SHOW ME
YOUR
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**NO PUTT
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I looked over at his Harley, and it was something for a cartoon. Up against the chrome sissy bar was an upholstered living room chair covered tightly with plastic. "Hey, is that... uh... legal, man?"

Doo Waa didn't seem to know or care. "I dunno. Real comfy, though. Gotta be careful, though — my mom's jus' lettin' me use it for a while."

I looked at the frame. It was sagging so much that the pan was about three inches from the ground. "Your frame is in trouble."

"Yeh," said Doo Waa, looking at his massive stomach, "kinda embarrassin'. Mebbe I should lose weight, huh?"

"Maybe, I don't know. You must've froze anyway."

"Nahhh," said Doo Waa. "All this blubber insulates me."

At this point I realized that Doo Waa was a pretty incredible person in need of beer. "Okay, let's go. Fuck school. I know where we can get beer for a dollar-fifty a pitcher."

"Alllllll right," said Doo Waa, "let's boogie."

The place had a low ceiling with all the pipes exposed and old kitchen tables instead of booths. There were cheaply paneled walls in all the wrong places and a green cement floor with a big drain in the center for beer fights.

"Boy! Even fer me, this place is real junky," said Doo Waa Diddy loudly in absolute amazement.

I got two pitchers and took them over to where Doo Waa Diddy was finally happy to be plunked down at.

"Hey, Doo Waa, did you ever ride with anybody?"

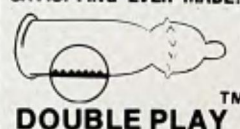
He suddenly became very serious and packed away the jaw harp that he'd been playing. Then he looked at me sadly, and I wished I hadn't said that. I felt uncomfortable in the silence



"That settles it! I'm through with politics!"

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and thought that Doo Waa was remembering things that were painful for him. I went and played Morrison's old "Riders on the Storm" and sat back down. "This guy killed himself," I said.

"Yeah," said Doo Waa, finishing his beer in a gulp and nodding afterward. Suddenly, his tiny eyes became shiny and electric, his meaty forehead creased in thought. "Maybe they needed him on another planet, y' know, like the way the Dodgers would take some guy from the Giants. Besides, I don't know if yuh can say he killed himself. Didda whole lotta drugs, maybe he just ohdeed — ain't as bad as killin' yerself."

"No, I guess you're right," I said. "Besides," said Doo Waa, "he left us a lotta good songs before he went an' checked out." We listened intently to the past with its thunder and rain, and Doo Waa Diddy just started talkin'.

"I used to ride with a bunch of brothers, was livin' the best years of my life until. . . Well, I was out in Frisco, an' don't even ask me how the fuck I got all the way out there, because at that time I was doin' so much LSD that along the way I got kinda confused. Thought my bike was a real wobbly VW convertible with a crazy steerin' wheel. . . lotta good acid was floatin' around then. When I finally made it out there, was real surprised — hardly any bikers at all, but I did manage to hook up with a club called the Maniacs.

"I was just cruisin' along eatin' a burger an' saw all of 'em gettin' high in one of those parks along the road; stopped an' partied hearty.

"Somehow, I met 'em a couple of other times an' we all went on a whole lotta weird nowhere roads around Frisco and Oakland. It was the kinda thing like 'Doo Waa Diddy is now a certified member of the Maniacs.' I knew



Easyriders



DAZZLER (left)
A sunny yellow french-cut t-shirt accented with red "diamond dust" sunflowers. 100% preshrunk combed cotton; it's machine washable, and the diamond dust is guaranteed to last. Sizes S-M-L. \$14.99

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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.

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Rebuild or recondition your '41-up and Sporty rods. Send stamp. Nelson, 171 Gardenia Dr., Midvale, Utah 84047. (88)

Learn of God's love for you. Write to Craig Briggs, 1325 N. Cool, Lima, Ohio 45801. (88)

Biker (22) wants housemouse to keep his shit together while in college in Fla. I'm 5'11", 160 pounds, not ugly. Lady must be petite, loyal, thrifty, and make good chili. Permanent types only and no hard drugs or freakers. Send photo, letter, and phone no. to Mad Dog, 159 Linwood St., Abington, Mass. 02351. (88)

I'm English, fed with England. I'm in search of a down-to-earth American woman to settle down with. Into heavy music and fast bikes. Age immaterial. Pic appreciated. J.B., 14 St. George's Ave., Tufnell Park, London N.7., England. (88)

How does a biker meet a decent housemouse? Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301. We match up bikers with ol' ladies. Send a buck and find out. Some tasty ladies in New York and California looking for Harley riders. (88)

Tim Bartholome: You know your love left a mark on me. I don't think it will fade away. Happy birthday. (88)

Mike: Happy 22nd! You, Carl, and I will ride forever. Love, Becky. (88)

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

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, Rosharon, Texas 77583. (88)

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)

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)

Joe Phlughorff: Where are you? Contact Kidd and Junkyard, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (88)

Jeanne and Da: Haven't heard anything for a year. Please get in touch, same address. Toni. (88)

Randy, of Memphis M.R., call Will. (215) 539-1559. (88)

Dannle: Happy 7/31. This lady will forever love an outlaw. Dawn. (88)

To my ol' man, T.C., whose bike went down and who died in an auto accident. I'll never forget him. Love always. His lady. (88)

Two downed dudes wish to correspond with foxy ladies in hopes of establishing future relationships. Please send pictures. Ed, 6'1", 200 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, age 35. Robert, 5'8", 155 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, age 34. If interested, please write Ed Quilice #290404 or Robert Wafford #285587, Rt. 2, Box 1100, Ramsey 1, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (88)

Wanted: Sincere, marriage-minded ol' lady 18 to 25, to help keep me out and start all over again. Must be one-man woman. I'm 23, 5'10", black hair, green eyes, good-looking, and will be out Nov. '80. Send photo and letter to Michael Payne, Box 8, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929. (88)

To the Custom Riders MC and friends: Y'all have taken me in and taken care of me like I was part of your special family for years now. You have been the inspiration and the encouragement for me and my painting. I'm proud to know you, and to love you, and to be a small part of your lives. You didn't have to do me like you did, but you did, and I thank you. "Hippy chick," Rhonda. (88)

A.D.D.: Happy birthday 9-12-39, anniversary 9-16-77. Love ya. J.N.D. (88)

White Spider, Shorty, and Scorpion bros (Central Cal.). Wish I was there, gettin' crazy in the wind. Miss you all. See you some day soon. Panhead (Raina). (88)

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)

Vanilla Queen, Nevada?: Thanks for keeping and bringing back my sled. You were the best ol' lady any man could hope for! Heard you got a new ol' man; hope he knows just how lucky he is. Amanda? No hard feelings, only peace. Bluez, Renegades MC. (88)

Steve (my sweetie): I love you! The time you're doing—I am, too. They can't keep us down forever. I am here always, waiting. Our love will conquer even them! Your #1 ol' lady, Amanda. (88)

Cubby Bear: Happy birthday (7-25-80). You're the best ol' lady in the world. Pull your time with your head high. We'll be cut loose someday and be together again. I love you to the max. Your ol' man, Youngon, W.S. Prisoner. (88)

My ol' lady has 45" breasts, will trade photos for other biggies. RGH, Box 128, Depew, N.Y. 14043. (88)

Not just another buckle: I made my own belt buckle. It's an all-brass spoked wheel, and it's handmade—about three inches in diameter. The reason for a classified is that I make them myself, and I want to take my time with each one. Besides, I can't afford a big ad. No two buckles will be alike. I figured a fair price is fifteen bucks. Send cash or money order to Weed, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (101)

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Happy birthday, "Tasmanian Devil" and "Mama May." Love forever. Sunshine, "Crazy O.B." and your bros. (88)

Tucson, Arizona, ladies: Fair-haired, blue-eyed, 23, paroling Sept. 1st, 1980. Show me Tucson. Write to Douglas Acosta, 7909 E. Victoria Dr., Tucson, Ariz. 85730. (88)

Wanted: Easyriders #1 through #26, 28 through 45, 49, and 53. Karen, 826 Winter St., Jackson, Miss. 39204. (88)

Hey, Ted: I'll be givin' you head till you're dead. Thanks for all the stuff. I love you, Judy. (88)

Warning—If you value your life as much as I value this bike, don't fuck with it. This sticker gets the message across. 3/81. Graphic Enterprises, 7504 Devonshire, St. Louis, Mo. 63119. (88)

Bachelor, biker, 30, lonely and needs letters and pics. Nude pics assure reply. David Glass, P.O. Box 130, Barnhart, Mo. 63012. (88)

Jeff: I love ya lots. Keep your spirits up! Forever, Doreen. (88)

Randy: Happy 5th, sweets, 8-1-80. Let's make it forever. Love ya a bunch. Brenda, Harley Holler, W. Va. (88)

Swedish girls traveling country! Call Ingrid, (312) 262-9802. (88)

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)

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

Johnny, please call soon. I still love you. "Sad Eyes" Sonya. (88)

Charg: I know we'll ride together forever, and I'll be looking forward to every day of our lives. Have a real happy birthday, sweetie! B.J.F. (88)

Save \$\$\$, Bike wiring made easy; 8 simple wiring diagrams of Harley electrical systems plus wiring tips. Send \$5 to Wires, 926 Douglas Ave., Nashville, Tenn. 37204. (88)

\$150 takes all magazines. 63 Easyriders—21 sold out, 3 in the Wind; 1 Earlyriders, First 6 Iron Horse. Inquire with box. Send m.o. to D. Armstrong, Box 3094, Lexington, Ohio 44904. (88)

Part-time piecework. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages; experience unnecessary. Send name, address, phone number to Webster, 175 5th Ave., Suite 1101-1395 B, New York, N.Y. 10010. (88)

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Rick: Missing you more and more with each passing day. You're still #1. Still loving you, Caryn. (88)

Escape to freedom: Panhead-riding loner, age 32, looking for special lady, age 18 to 35, to share total commitment to a unique alternate lifestyle. Must be equally possessive, loving, and free from distractions. Together, we will beat the system with its own rules. Recent photo appreciated. Telstar, P.O. Box 858, McLean, Va. 22101. (88)

Derby, much love, kisses, and riding ahead. Eileen. (88)

Full-color oil painting of your ol' lady, ol' man, or your bike. Send \$45 and good, clear photo to Alix, 400 Loraine, Coos Bay, Ore. 97420. (88)

Jake: We love ya and ride proud on '48 Zoe! Happy birthday 9/80. Forever, L.J. and Scooter. (88)

Cornbread: Still in S.D. I know why you left. Important that I talk to you, I love you. Call collect (714) 281-1573. Snake. (88)

Lucky, the best ol' man around: Believe in our love and we will make it. Love you, Your Maria. (88)

Leo: Happy #2 (8-80). May we always live, love, and ride together. I love you more every day. Forever yours, Jude. (88)

Nazi books! Racist books! Send save for free booklists. Noontide, Box 1248, Torrance, Calif. 90505. (88)

Great home brew. Complete instructions \$1 and stamp. Rick, P.O. Box 981, Waterloo, Iowa 50704. (88)

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—Continued on page 126



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they wanted me around, so I stayed. "Had a whole lotta fun. Sometimes, though, I wonder. I just don't know why stuff like that always hasta end. Sometimes I think we could all still be together — ridin', drinkin', laughin'. We just got unlucky, that's all — should've been more careful, but we were just havin' too much fun.

"I was out in Frisco in '69. Mannnnn, if you were out in Frisco then, you would have had to have been a sixty-four-year-old retarded guy paralyzed from the waist down not to have been able to get laid. And hey, even then, a guy like that could still have a pretty decent time. Everybody was real friendly an' just partyin' their brains out.

"There's one thing, an y'know, it might sound kinda corny — but when I was out in Frisco, everything was real bright and shiny-like. I thought it was some kinda gold dust fallin' from the sky at night that covered everything to make stuff shiny and golden like that. Seems like a dream now. Shit! Long time ago.

"It was one of them clear, crisp, Frisco nights with all its happy hippie peace an' love an' drug vibes in the air, an' all of us decided to eat some peyote. Was the best stuff I ever ate, but I wish I hadn't been on it, fer what I saw. Somehow or other everybody got real itchy to go faster'n everybody else. Think it musta been some wild demon from hell that got into everybody's mind from the drug. I just couldn't believe that these were the same laid-back brothers I'd cruised on beaches with an' got drunk and crashed anywhere with. Usually we were all just out fer a good time, doin' crazy shit jus' fer a laugh. Don't know why the fuck they couldn't have been like me; like, I was just gettin' into bein' another creature in Frisco an'



"The last thing I remember was the evangelist shouting, 'Heal,' and then my skull caved in."



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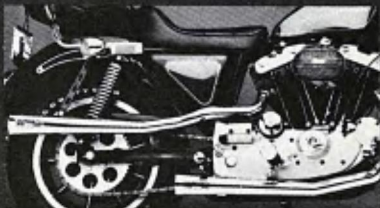


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diggin' on the scenery. Like, when I rode across the San Francisco bridge I jus' kept repeatin' to myself, 'Doo Waa has finally made it to heaven, he's ridin' his Hog to the other shore and ain't nobody at the gate to fuck with him.' Like that.

"None of the other Maniacs were gettin' into shit like that. Everybody was too busy tryin' to be the best rider in the group, too busy tryin' to prove somethin', like Evel Knievel, too busy playin' stupid fuckin' games!

"That's one reason why I don't ride with anybody; got too many ideas of my own to get into what everybody else is doin'. Hey, it's one of the best feelin's in the world to have all your buddies round yuh while yer ridin', but if yuh can't be yerself, it ain't worth a dime.

"Like, it was becomin' a big deal to see who could be the first dude to top a hill. Started out kinda cool, but after a while got so crazy that even the sidewalks were fair, and there were broken, swearin' hippies all over the streets of Frisco. Mannnn, it was so insane that there were guys usin' the left lane to get away from the bumpin' an' shovin'. Really don't know how I managed to keep up with 'em, an' it's lucky fer me I was behind or. . .

"There was this one humongous hill that you could see all of Frisco from (musta been the one in that Rice-aroni commercial). Shit, it was gonna be the last fuckin' hill too, see; right beyond the peak of it was our bar — junky place called the Eyeball, with twenty-cent drafts. I thought, Far out, 'nough of this Mr. Hero bullshit. Only problem was, everybody wanted to own that damned hill, wanted tuh finish on top. I was sittin' back 'bout. . . oh, sixty feet from the pack an' like I said 'bout the lef' lane. . . an'. . . shit! *Streetcar came, goddammit!*"

Doo Waa looked at me with moist eyes. Then he took the full pitcher, finished it in three gulps, slammed it down, an' started talkin' again.

"Lion Manfred was probably the

— Continued on page 119



"Whadda ya think, Roy,
too many seeds?"

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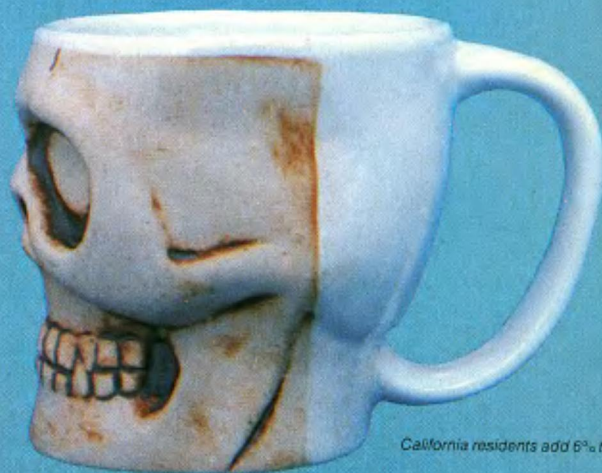
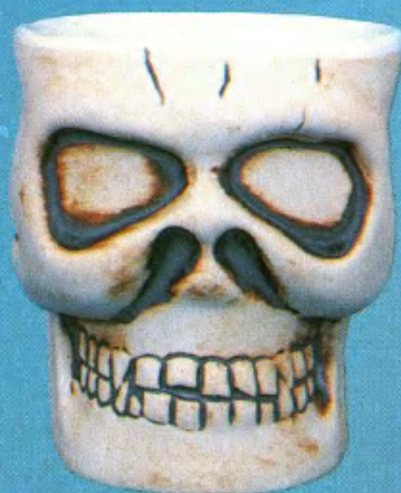


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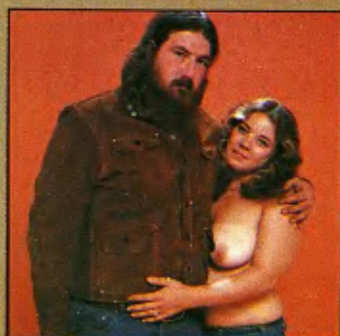
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DOO WAA'S SONG

—Continued from page 116

best rider in California. Nobody was usin' the right sidewalk, 'cause it had telephone poles. Lion decided to take the risk. He leaped up over the curb an' went swervin' between 'em realllll good. Without any shovin' or crowdin', he got the lead easy an' swung out in front laughin'. Even with a great rider like the Lion, the peyote had made ridin' in the left lane seem cool. Lion was airborne when he hit the streetcar. Poor dude musta been doin' 'bout ninety when he hit that streetcar. . . goddam wild demon from hell got into everybody! Shit! Anyway, there was a whole lotta realll unlucky people in that streetcar. Biggest damned news in Frisco for a long time; everybody hated the Maniacs, called us murderers and stuff like that. Yuh had to be brave just ta wear the jacket.

"We had a meeting and everybody said, 'Fuck 'em, we'll leave town.' We all regrouped in Berkeley as the Conquerors, but it wasn't as much fun no more. I tried it for a while, but if Doo Waa ain't happy he don't act happy. A voice inside said the good times are over, an' I agreed with it and boogied off on my own."

Doo Waa Diddy crashed at my place that night, and because we are both unusual men we became good friends. I found out from a news clipping that Lion Manfred's bike was doing a hundred and ten mph at the point of impact, and took the lives of seven people in the wooden streetcar.

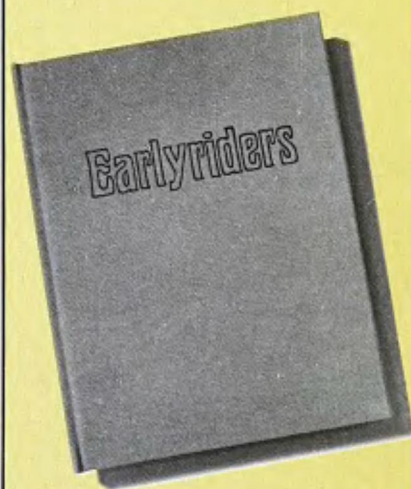
Some people can conquer such an incident and go on to other things. Doo Waa Diddy doesn't want to; and besides, like he said: "Got too many ideas of my own to get into what everybody else is doin'. Hey, it's one of the best feelin's in the world to have all yer buddies round yuh while yer ridin', but if yuh can't be yerself, it ain't worth a dime."



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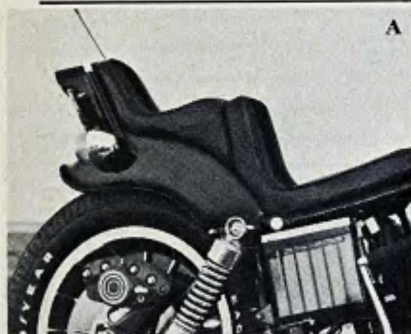
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- Built-in taillight assembly with concealed steel wiring tubes for a clean & protected connection
- Steel sissy bar pockets welded in position for a quick, simple slide-in connection of a custom chromed round or square bar (available under separate part number)
- Guaranteed quality and workmanship

Do your thing with distinction... find your connection!

Harley Swingarm Frames

A



A. Radial Style

Units That Accept Round Sissy Bars			
Part #	Model	Seat	Price
7802...	Harley 74	1-Piece...	239.95
7804...	Harley 74	2-Piece...	239.95
7806...	Sportster	1-Piece...	239.95
7808...	Sportster	2-Piece...	239.95
Round Sissy Bars For The Above Units			
78021.....	9" Round		26.95
78022.....	12" Round		26.95

Units That Accept Square Sissy Bars			
Part #	Model	Seat	Price
7801...	Harley 74	1-Piece...	239.95
7803...	Harley 74	2-Piece...	239.95
7805...	Sportster	1-Piece...	239.95
7807...	Sportster	2-Piece...	239.95
Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units			
78023.....	9" Square		26.95
78024.....	12" Square		26.95

B. Prismic Style

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78010...	Harley 74	1-Piece...	239.95
78014...	Sportster	1-Piece...	239.95
Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units			
78025.....	9" Square		34.95
78026.....	12" Square		34.95



All Rear Connections
Require Molding & Painting

Rigid Frames & Hardtails

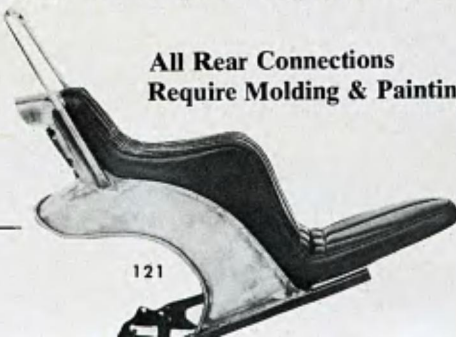
C. Universal Rigid Radial

Units That Accept Round Sissy Bars			
Part #	Model	Seat	Price
7809...	Rigid Radial	1-Piece...	239.95
78011...	Rigid Radial	2-Piece...	239.95
Round Sissy Bars For The Above Units			
78021.....	9" Round		26.95
78022.....	12" Round		26.95
Units That Accept Square Sissy Bars			
Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78013...	Rigid Radial	1-Piece...	239.95
78015...	Rigid Radial	2-Piece...	239.95
Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units			
78023.....	9" Square		26.95
78024.....	12" Square		26.95

D. Universal Rigid

Units That Accept Round Sissy Bars			
Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78018...	Universal Rigid	1-Piece...	169.95
78020...	Universal Rigid	2-Piece...	169.95
Round Sissy Bars For The Above Units			
78021.....	9" Round		26.95
78022.....	12" Round		26.95
Units That Accept Square Sissy Bars			
Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78017...	Universal Rigid	1-Piece...	169.95
78019...	Universal Rigid	2-Piece...	169.95
Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units			
78023.....	9" Square		26.95
78024.....	12" Square		26.95

All Rear Connections
Require Molding & Painting



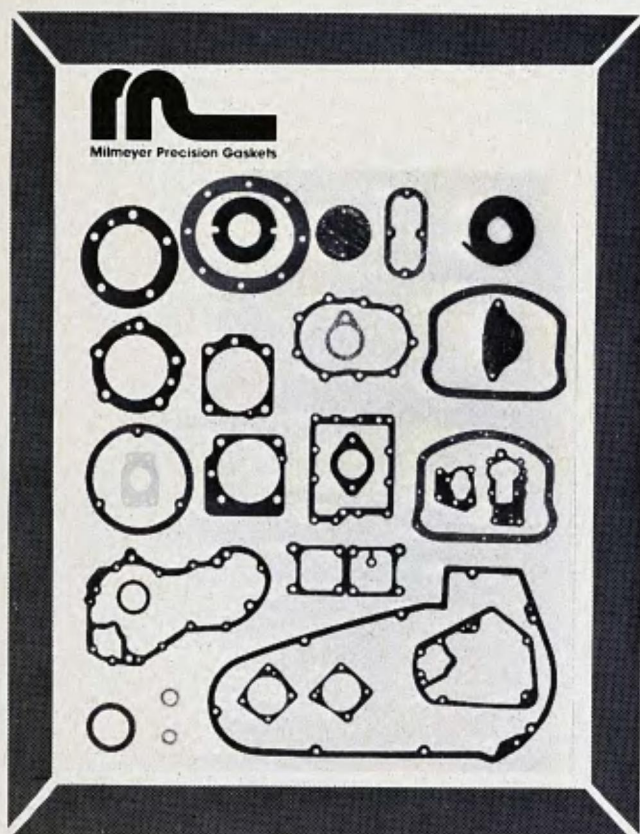
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213-843-1522

Milmeyer Gaskets



Milmeyer Precision Gaskets

Milmeyer precision gaskets are designed to replace original manufacturer kits. They meet or exceed factory specifications and are guaranteed complete and without defect. Endorsed by Joe Smith, a household name in drag racing. Milmeyer precision gaskets are the result of manufacturing from expert advice and premium grade materials such as copper, high temperature asbestos-steel and asbestos copper laminates, nitrile asbestos, resilient silicone, neoprene-cork, acetate and a few trade secrets. Knowing that your gaskets are a product of all these materials insure high performance protection in areas where gasket failure is most common. Avoid trouble, avoid failure—team up with a winning combination.



Harley Gasket & Seal Kits

Jammer #	Description	Price
— Complete Kits —		
8401	Harley Shovelhead '66-'80	19.90
8402	Harley Panhead '55-'65	15.52
8403	Harley Panhead '48-'54	13.08
8404	Harley Knucklehead '40-'47	14.38
8409	Harley Sportster '79-'80	15.40
8405	Harley Sportster '77-'78	15.08
8406	Harley Sportster '73-'76	14.38
8407	Harley Sportster '72-'73	12.82
8408	Harley Sportster '57-'71	18.42
— Top End Kits —		
84019	Harley Shovelhead '66-'80	9.52
84020	Harley Panhead '55-'65	9.52
84021	Harley Panhead '48-'54	8.90
84022	Harley Knucklehead '40-'48	10.00
84010	Harley Sportster '79-'80	8.75
84023	Harley Sportster '73-'78	8.38
84024	Harley Sportster '72-'73	8.30
84025	Harley Sportster '57-'71	8.30
— Transmission Kits —		
84043	Harley Shovelhead/Pan '65-'80	13.89
84044	Harley Knuckle/Pan '41-'64	7.70
— Oil Seal Kits —		
84050	Harley Shovelhead '66-'79	9.66
84051	Harley Sportster '73-'76	10.51
84052	Harley Sportster '72-'73	13.85
84011	Harley Sp. '67-'70 XLH, '70 CH, '71 XL	11.53
84012	Harley Sp. '57-'66 XLH, '57-'69 CH	11.53
74 Copper Head Gasket		
84027	Harley Shovelhead '66-'80	6.40 pr.
84028	Harley Panhead '48-'65	6.40 pr.

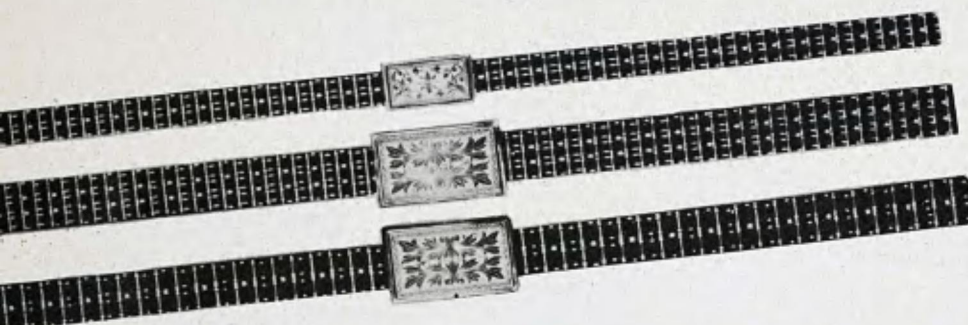
Gasket Boards

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

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

Chrome Chain Belts

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



Ol' Lady		
13301	28"-30"	29.95
13302	32"-34"	29.95
13303	36"-38"	29.95
13304	38"-40"	29.95
Sportster		
13305	28"-30"	38.95
13306	32"-34"	38.95
13307	36"-38"	38.95
13308	40"-42"	38.95
13309	42"-44"	39.95
Harley 74		
133010	28"-30"	38.95
133011	32"-34"	38.95
133012	36"-38"	38.95
133013	40"-42"	38.95
133014	42"-44"	39.95

Girders

Check out perfection . . . it's all here

- Constructed of 1026 solid steel, 3/4" round or 5/8" square
- Lengths from stock to 16" over stock
- Heavy chrome plating to make certain you glow anytime
- Single headlight bracket
- Built-in interchangeable rake (0° or 10°)
- Heliarc welded frame assembly
- Lifetime oilite bushings & grease fittings at all pivot points
- Heavy duty chrome spring & shock absorber with 5 adjustments
- Full two year guarantee on parts, materials & workmanship

Round & Square Girders

Round Girders (Includes Axle)		Square Girders (Includes Axle)	
5901	Round, Stock Length . . .	5907	Square, Stock Length . . .
5902	Round, 4" O/S . . .	5908	Square, 4" O/S . . .
5903	Round, 7" O/S . . .	5909	Square, 7" O/S . . .
5904	Round, 10" O/S . . .	59010	Square, 10" O/S . . .
5905	Round, 13" O/S . . .	59011	Square, 13" O/S . . .
5906	Round, 16" O/S . . .	59012	Square, 16" O/S . . .

Girder Neck Kits

59033	Harley 74 & 80 . . .	9.95
59034	Sportster & 45 . . .	9.95
59035	Honda—All . . .	9.95
59036	Kawasaki, 900 & 1000 . . .	9.95
59037	Triumph & BSA, '72 & Up . . .	9.95
59038	Triumph, '71 & Earlier . . .	9.95

**Requires
Girder Neck Kit**



Single & Dual Disc Brake Conversion Girders

Wow! Run your stock wheel and disc brake set-up with these super new, design-engineered beauties. These conversion girders are now available to accept a Harley or Honda stock front wheel and disc brake assembly. In addition, a dual disc conversion for 1977 and later Harleys is here for the taking.

Round Single Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59013	Round, Stock Length . . .	329.00
59014	Round, 4" O/S . . .	329.00
59015	Round, 7" O/S . . .	329.00
59016	Round, 10" O/S . . .	329.00
59017	Round, 13" O/S . . .	329.00
59018	Round, 16" O/S . . .	329.00

Square Single Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59019	Square, Stock Length . . .	369.00
59020	Square, 4" O/S . . .	369.00
59021	Square, 7" O/S . . .	369.00
59022	Square, 10" O/S . . .	369.00
59023	Square, 13" O/S . . .	369.00
59024	Square, 16" O/S . . .	369.00

Single Disc Caliper Kits (Includes Axle)

For the above conversion girders using the following stock wheels.		
59030	Harley 74 & Sportster	29.95
59031	Honda 750, 1969-1976	29.95
59032	Honda 450, 500, 550, Late 750 '77-'78	29.95

Round Dual Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

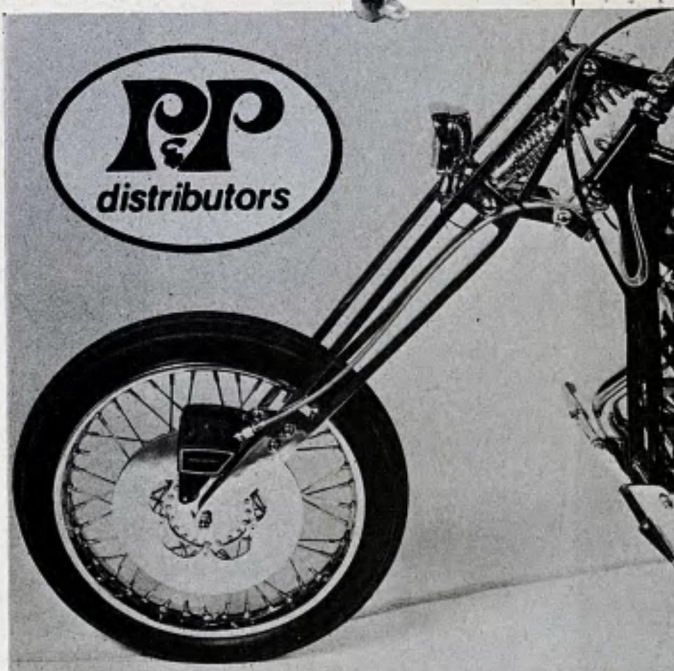
59025	Round, Stock Length . . .	409.00
59026	Round, 4" O/S . . .	409.00
59027	Round, 7" O/S . . .	409.00
59028	Round, 10" O/S . . .	409.00
59029	Round, 13" O/S . . .	409.00

Dual Disc Caliper Kit (Includes Axle)

For the above conversion girders using the following stock wheels.	
59039	Harley, 1977 & Later29.95

Girder Neck Kits

59033	Harley 74 & 80 . . .	9.95
59034	Sportster & 45 . . .	9.95
59035	Honda—All . . .	9.95
59036	Kawasaki 900 & 1000 . . .	9.95
59037	Triumph & BSA, '72 & Up . . .	9.95
59038	Triumph, '71 & Earlier . . .	9.95



Requires Girder Neck Kit



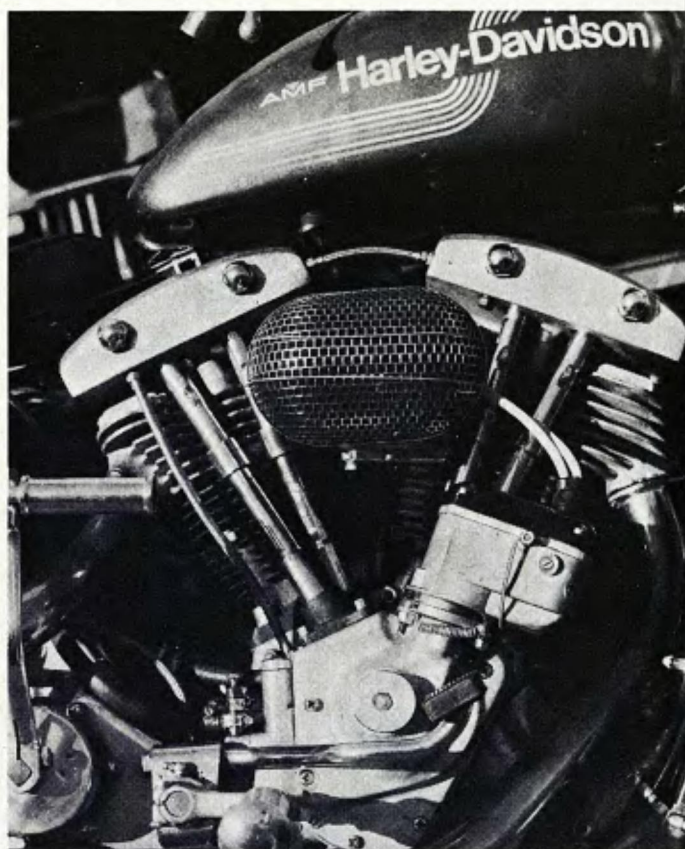
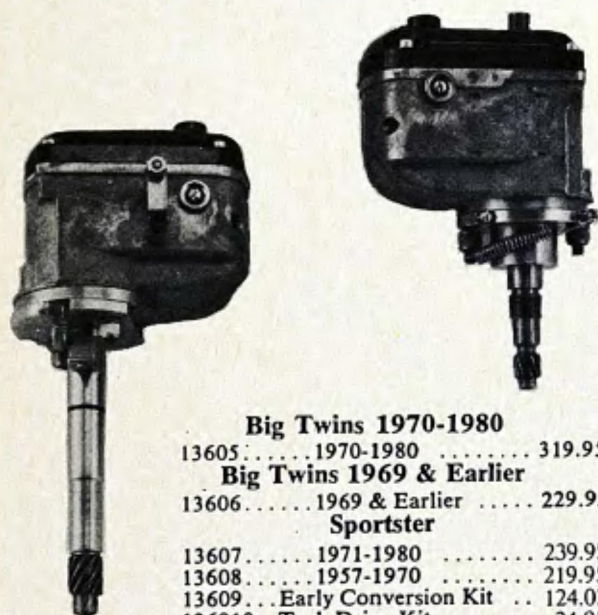
Morris Magnetos

At last! Here is magneto power, performance, convenience and styling now engineered for easy starting.

At last! The Morris Magneto is **manually retardable** (patent pending). This makes starting easier. Once the engine is running, timing advances automatically.

At last! Quick starts, more horsepower, electrical performance for your bike, right now.

It's here! Select your kit knowing that it can do what you've always wanted a magneto to do.



Big Twins 1970-1980		
13605.....	1970-1980	319.95
Big Twins 1969 & Earlier		
13606.....	1969 & Earlier	229.95
Sportster		
13607.....	1971-1980	239.95
13608.....	1957-1970	219.95
13609.....	Early Conversion Kit ..	124.02
136010..	Tach Drive Kit	24.95
136011..	Kill Switch Lever	2.50

**MORRIS
MAGNETO**

Part Number	Fits Harley	Advance-Retard Mount	Automatic Advance Feature	Tach Drive Optional	Fits Kick or Elec. Start†	Additional Features
13605	Big Twins 1970-1980	✓	✓	✓	✓	New cam cover is furnished. Magneto mounts upright. Plug is same thread as Sportster clutch adjuster plug.
13606	Big Twins 1969 & Earlier	✓	✓	**	✓	Bolts into distributor hole. Unique design eliminates pushrod cover or cyl. and head fin clearance problems!
13607	Sportster 1971-1980	✓	✓	✓	✓	Bolts into tach drive hole. Cam cover need not be removed. Similar to early XLCH mags.
13608	Sportster 1957-1970	✓	✓	*	✓	Comes complete, eliminates leaky stock mount. Can be used with handlebar advance cable.
13609	Sportster 1957-1970	✓	✓	*	✓	Use to convert old stock magnetos to 13608. Comes with new magnetic rotor and mount.

†The magneto itself requires no battery
 *Carburetor may interfere with tach cable on some models
 **Tach cable may not clear fins on some models without notching fin
 Tach drive kit includes magneto cap — Kill switch lever mounts on magneto
Underlining denotes a feature presently not available from other manufacturers.

800-423-2633
 213-843-1522

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)

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)

As of May 1, 1980, Hell Raisers Motorcycle Club is again forming, and seeking new members. For information write Hell Raisers MC, P.O. Box 224, Garden City, Mich. 48135. (88)

Frank: Happy 2nd year for us 12-20-80. It has been unusual. And happy 30th, 12-31-80. Keep riding. Love you, Brenda. (88)

Three-Shots: Even though the miles separate us, you are right next to me in my heart. I love you, T-N-T. (88)

Male, 26, Taurus, into riding and building bikes. Desire good-looking ladies to write and possibly meet. Will be located in Hawaii in September. Looking for a woman who likes to party, ride, and share life with her man, age 18 to 35. Write and send photo to Terry Egan, U.S.S. Worden, CG-18, FPO San Francisco 96683. (88)

Crow: Happy anniversary, 9/1/80. Ride free forever, my Prince Valiant! (IFFI) I love you, Vickie. (88)

Two German guys go by bike along the East Coast (July-Sept.). Rallies, festivals, parties, biker meetings? Loading to Peter Kaup, Teutoburger St. 24, D 5000 Köln, West Germany. (88)

Martin: Happy 27th birthday, sweetheart (Aug. 7). I love you all ways and always, Denise. (88)

Buddy: Brothers forever, we'll ride fast and free on our Sportsters H-D. Buddy. (88)

Ex-schoolteacher will correspond with sincere biker. Am starting own "private" school. J.D., P.O. Box 26431, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73125. (90)

31-yr.-old biker with 9- and 14-yr.-old boys. I have a new FX WG. Have own place, need a sincere lady, no hard parties. Picture would be nice. Dave Barshinger, P.O. Box #220, Windsor, Pa. 17366. (88)

Foxy ladies! What can I say? Been in "storage" three years and need your feminine attention. Need I say more? Mark Logan #86409, Box 788, DCI-Dorm-C, Jackson, La. 70748. (88)

Ladies! Need someone to just rap with? I do! I'm an inmate with a desire to communicate with a special lady friend. I'm white, 20 years old, red hair, blue eyes, and clear complexion. Will exchange flicks and will answer all letters immediately. Take a chance—you won't be disappointed. Rich Pruitt #102157, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53983. (88)

My Pic: Happy one year 8-31-80. You're the best, my foxy big hunk! I love you. Your ol' lady, Pat. (88)

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

Buy stimulants wholesale; 17 different types available! For dealer prices send \$1 to T & S Distributing, Box 2095, Madison, Wis. 53701. (89)

Lucky: I tried until I thought I would lose my mind. You broke my heart and stomped on my spirit, but each day I put a piece back together. Pappa, I loved you so much it hurt—and I know you felt the same. Maybe one day you will grow up (at 38) or take it to the limits in which you will be gone forever. I'm sorry, Jimmy! Your doll, Sheila. (88)

Tanned and lonely scooter tramp looking for a together lady. Things are real dry. Dog Langis, 405 N. Del Sol Ln., Diamond Bar, Calif. 91765. (88)

Lucky: Happy birthday (9-14). Thanks for being my ol' man and Merissa's "da da." You're the best. We love ya, Mary and "Punk." (88)

Jim: Happy anniversary on October 12. Is it #1, #12, or #52 and still counting? I love you. Your ol' lady, Betty. (88)

"Zook": Wishing you a quick recovery. Your ol' lady and friends. (88)

WSPMA: Hang in, bros. Good luck on all ongoing 'n' upcoming appeals. Love ya, Smiley; hope you're out before ya read this. Flower, U.S. of fuckin' A. (88)

Brothers: I'm in need of a family. Had one hard time. If interested in writing, please do so. Jeff Head, 610 Brookside, Dallas, Tex. 75214. (88)

A tribute to Robin Allen. If half the world was as understanding and giving as you are, then maybe the other half would come to know the real meaning of brotherhood. Happy birthday. Char 5/80. (88)

Needed: One sincere lady, who is slim, petite, honest, stable, and a one-man woman. Prefer non-tobacco-smoking lady with no dependents. For the right lady, one rugrat is okay. No heavy dopers or heavy boozers. I am 33, 5'7", 150 lbs., brown hair, beard, blue eyes; own H-D flathead. House near the mountains in Riverside County in Southern California; have 280Z, and 3 cats. Send descriptive photo and letter to: JC, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (88)

Tired of running solo. Mellow cross-country motorcyclist wants loyal and loving housewife/sidekick. Younger or older; age no hassle for serious lady. I'm 29, 6'2", 210 lbs., vocalist and guitarist into rock & blues. Love to travel. Need no bullshit relationship. Dik Noon, P.O. Box 40072, Crosstown Station, Memphis, Tenn. 38104. (88)

Abster Obstecker, back on the West Coast. Write to Easyriders for communicating. Hi, Jamie in Chitown P.E.T. Missing you! Grace, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (88)

Darrell: I need to talk to you. Please call collect 432-8080 or write Jackson St. We love and miss you, honey, Ann. (88)

Looking for female. Must be willing to move in. Why be bored, lonely, and unloved, when you could be with me? Age and looks don't matter. Write Lonnie Ryals, 5921 Ridgedale, Houston, Tex. 77039. (88)

Vic Sands. We are in Korea. Where are you, Snads? Pat and Dale, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (88)

To Pickles, Devils Henchmen, So. Cal.: Happy birthday (8-18-80) to a very special someone. Hang in there and look for the rainbow, sweetheart. I love you more than you know. Scooter. (88)

White male, 30 years old, sincere and mature, seeks same in woman between 22 and 35 for correspondence and friendship. Two years left on a five-year prison sentence and finishing a college education from the inside. All letters answered and photo with first letter appreciated. George Menefee, P.O. Box 883988 North, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (88)

Donovan: To the best ol' lady a biker ever had. You got a lot of class, bitch. Happy birthday. Love. Scratch. (88)

Lonely biker lady needs a man to talk to and ride with in Southern Calif. I'm 21, 5'6", blonde, green eyes. All letters answered. Pictures, please. Breezy, Box 272, Lakeview, Calif. 92353. (88)

Attractive, intelligent w/f with two kids would like to hear from mellow white biker 28 to 40 in Dallas area. Interested in riding and getting to know each other. Not interested in a lot of wild partying or put-ya-in-jail stuff, just easygoing fun with someone who wants to stick around for a while. Ann, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (88)

Bob Armijo, El Monte, Calif. May 80 issue. Call collect (314) 324-2066 or 2526. J. H. Hayward, Vietnam '65-'68. (88)

Lonely bro doing hard time. Miss free breezes. Seeking foxy mama to free my spirit in letters. Exchange photos. You'll know you did right. Alexander Verrone #78-A1564, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929. (88)

Wild Bill Perkins: By now my king should be free to reign with his queen. If not, our castle awaits your return. I shan't let the drawbridge down over the moat until I can see the red in your eyes. From the wife of your life, Joyce. (88)

Love is thinking about you and loving you even countries apart. Happy 2nd soon. I love you, Mike, Lady. (88)

Duck: Happy 28th (10-1-80). I'll love and ride with you forever. Your woman, Mother Goose. (88)

Hummers: If you own an old Model 125 or 165 Harley and want to swap parts, info, or wives—write to Dave Hennessey, Box 224, Olney, Md. 20832. (88)

Linda, Brenda: Had to leave. It all started movin' too fast. Love always, Paul. (88)

Scruno: Happy anniversary, babe (7-6-80)! There's never been a better ol' man, Love, Creep. (88)

Wanted: 74 knuckle, pan, or gen. shovel. Send prices, details, and pic if possible in first letter; all answered. John, Box 125, Benson, Sask., Canada. (88)

Ladies: I've been down 2½ years and could dig letters and pics from foxes. I will answer all letters with pics first. Steven C. Loeber #87251, Dorm-C, P.O. Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748. (88)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (88)

Buck: Happy anniversary and a happy birthday. Much love. Your Sugarbabe. (88)

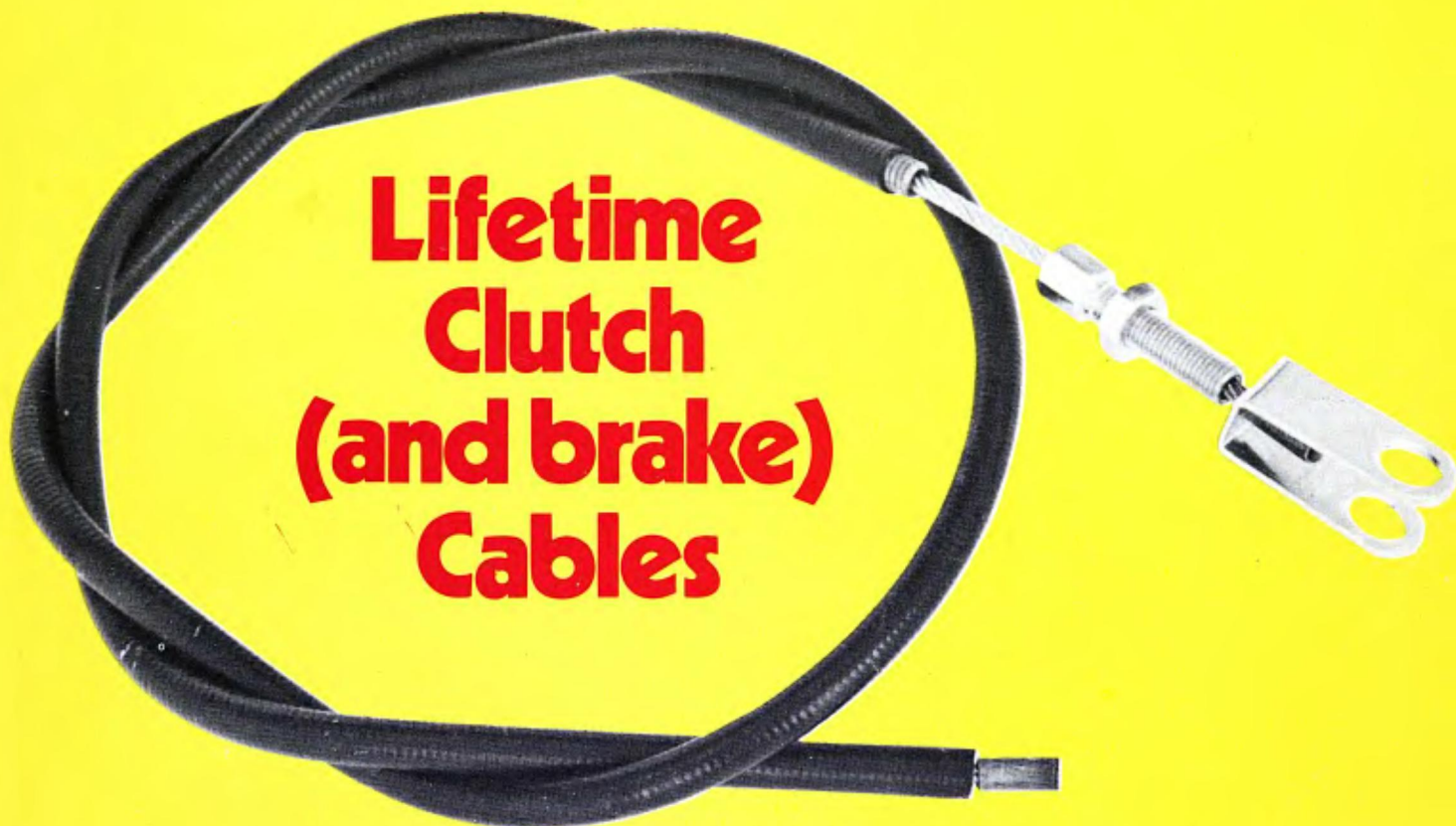
Happy one-year anniversary, babe! You've made life great. Love ya lots. Your lady, Vicky. (88)

Wanted: Good ol' lady with bucks—kid okay. No fatties. I'm 5'9", 175 lbs., dark eyes and beard. Write or stop by. Shotgun, Box 35, Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613. (88)

Don't wear swastikas, unless you need them to prove something! (88)



Lifetime Clutch (and brake) Cables



New Design! Guaranteed Not to Break on Ya!



That's right. Now you can travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch or brake cable ain't gonna crap out on ya in the middle of Tighhtwat, Texas—where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard drivin'. Your worries are over! Get these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or next gallon of gas is coming from—because you **never** have to worry about your cable goin' south on ya anymore!

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

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

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

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

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

Postage and handling included



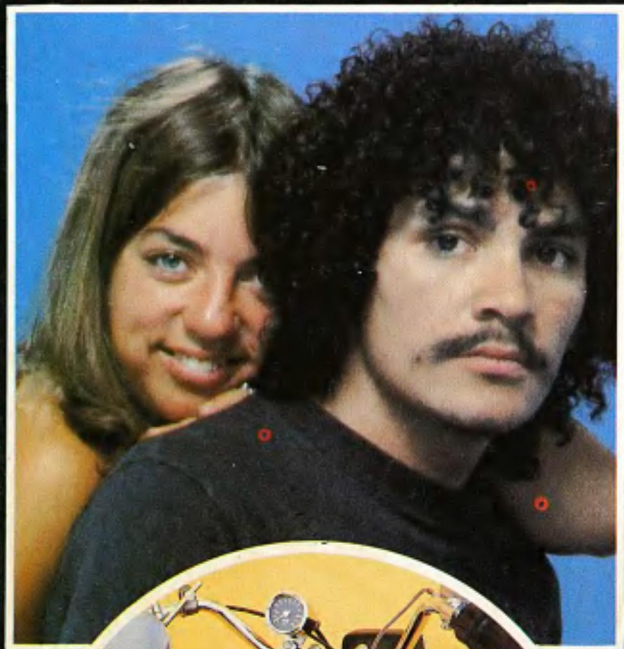
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Box 361, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740

California residents add 6% sales tax

(U.S. Currency Only, Thank you)

A Hot Bikin' Magazine Written Just For You



Iron Horse, the only magazine of its kind, brings you the best coverage of the biker lifestyle. Pick up the next issue and you'll have to agree that we feature them all — the best choppers from reworked Hogs, outtasight, roadburning imports, and primo antiques. We don't stop there, though. You'll also find great fiction to read, along with plenty of cartoons and humor to tickle your funnybone. And what would a biking rag be without foxy women as well!

Iron Horse is on sale everywhere — and if your dealer doesn't stock it, tell him to get it on his stands. Pick up the October issue and find out what Widowmaker Hill Climbs are all about and see the bay window that won the beer gut contest!



**iron
horse**

FOR THE ADULT MOTORCYCLE ENTHUSIAST

Box 999, Calabasas, California 91302