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December, 1980

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# Easyriders®

Number 90

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale November 25th.

Cover photo of Randi and Jackie Jo by Billy Tinney



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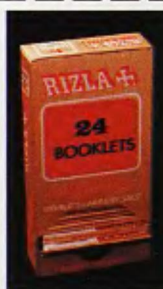
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There's been a lot of snivelin' in the 'Word-monger' column about big tits versus small tits. Well, have you noticed that the women's pants commercials on TV have finally recognized that there's a jillion of us assmen wanderin' around aimlessly, checkin' out the cans — and thighs — of the women as they show their stuff?

Snooze-you-lose file: An ex-con was gettin' off goin' around to high schools lecturin' about the horrors of prison life. A local paper dug his action and printed his photo on the front page. Two people he had recently stabbed saw the photo, and off to jail he went.

Watch your socks and T-shirts, men. It's been reported that tampons have been associated with a strange illness that strikes young women, killing some of them. Because of this, your ol' lady may switch from tampons to something else.

He used a phony name to cash a check and got busted. He fought the beef in the appeals court. And he won! It seems his only intent was to fool his ol' lady — to hide a side income from her — and the court decided it wasn't a crime to fool your ol' lady! ('Shit, officer, I was just growin' those plants to fool my ol' lady. She thinks she'll get a free supply of sunflower seeds when they're fully grown.')

From the dark ages: A dude in Abu Dhabi (wherever that is) downed two cans of brew, then got a bad case of guilts over it and 'fessed up to his religious leader. The leader (who wasn't into beer drinkin') made the dude pay for his sins by gettin' 80 lashes. Pretty dumb, right? But think about it. We still have some states that'll slam you into the clink and forget your name merely for havin' a doobie on ya.

The bank's phone was ringin' its ass off — ringin' an' ringin' — while the place was bein' robbed. The robbers split with 64 grand, and then the bank manager finally got a chance to answer the phone. It was the local sheriff's office callin' to inform him that the bank's alarm was soundin'!

## TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



After I got five tickets in the past few months (it was summer, yaknow), I don't want to comment on the following; I'll just report it. An average of 52% of all vehicles on the roads exceed the 55mph speed limit. The slowest state is Maryland (29%). Then the speed of vehicles increases as you go west: 39% of the drivers exceed the double nickel in Idaho, 63% in Montana, 65.2% in Utah, 67% in Arizona, and the California crazies lead the nation with 72% tearin' up the highways — with the CHP not far behind. Just ask me.

Speakin' of California and the CHP (California Highway Patrol), the CHP has lost, for the fifth time, in their effort to get a radar law passed. It's defeated each time, making California the only state (or at least one of the few states) left without the speed-trap machine that has actually clocked stationary trees going over the speed limit. Really! And speakin' of Big Brother's toy, watch out in Hartford, Conn., because cops are posin' as hitchhickers there — with radars in their knapsacks. Wherever a radar law is passed, the cops, and the manufacturers who hype the 'advances in design,' come up with more ways to crowd in on our freedoms.

Ms. mag has been kicked onto the streets — along with us. (Don't kill it! Catch it and see what it eats.) You know Ms., the feminist rag that has a shitfit about how Easyriders treats women. Well, a school district recently prohibited Ms. from being displayed in local high school libraries. It's on a restricted list and can be read only if a student brings a note from Dad. . . uh. . . I mean Mom.

Surprise! Surprise! She left the party and went to her apartment, leavin' the door open, expectin' a certain dude to follow in a few minutes. Thirty minutes later a man got into bed with her and screwed the crap outta her. (The news clipping said 'sexual acts.' whatever they are.) It wasn't until afterwards that she noticed it wasn't the right man — and she screamed 'Rape!' The stranger split, leavin' her with a sore box and throat (from screamin', ya understand).

His ol' lady dragged her ass through the door after workin' hard all day. He didn't give a shit about her sore feet — he told her to go get him some whiskey and then snatched their son as hostage to make sure she did it. Three hours later (musta been a long trip to the liquor store) the local chief of police dropped by and gave him a six-pack of brew to get him to release his son. Mean ol' lady? Well, maybe I ought to tell ya he had also shaved himself bald before she came home — and had painted his entire body with red paint. 'Spouse she coulda thought she was on an acid flashback?





### To The Point

☐ I'm writing to tell you that you don't have enough bitch flicks in your mag. Will ya put more snatch shots in it? Will ya?

Dan Brantner  
Harrisburg, Pa.

### No Equal Time

☐ Not only do you guys perceive women as the inferior sex, but you also never give them any equal time. Never have I seen a lady trade her ol' man for a bike, or seen a healthy young male sprawled out in full color for all us lady readers to see.

You guys may think you're not down on women, but let's face it, you just don't practice what you preach.

Ruth Finley  
Ramona, Calif.

■ Ya forgot something, Ruth. This rag is published for men — a macho audience who certainly wouldn't dig "a healthy young male sprawled out in full color."

### New Experience

☐ I just made the trip home from Maryland to Utah on my shovelhead — 2,200 miles — and I didn't wear my helmet this time, either!

D.H.  
Salt Lake City, Utah

### Dressing Properly

☐ Just can't believe that there are so many dumb, so-called bikers out on the roads these days. That includes the chicks who are packin' on the back of the bikes. I just saw some granny who "just didn't see the motorcycle" hit a couple of nice-looking people who were dressed for the beach, not the bike.

I've been packin' on the back of scooters for damned near fifteen years. You'll never catch me wearing cutoffs or sandals. Road rash hurts even if you're wearing Levi's and boots. So smarten up if you're gonna ride. Dress right.

Chick With No Road Rash  
Salt Lake City, Utah

■ Good advice.

### Mag With Guts

☐ You've got a great rag! It's the only rag with guts left in this country. It's great to see a magazine in 1980 that doesn't let a herd of women's lib cunts or a band of rich faggots dictate its editorial policy. Right on.

Pulitzer  
St. Louis, Mo.

### Got It Figured

☐ The cute beaver on page 4 in the August issue must have stretch marks on her tits, right? I figure that's why she covers them beauties when she stands up.

R.J.  
Superior, Wis.

■ Wrong, R.J. They're as perfect as her beautiful face.

### Seen The Light

☐ I wish to cancel my subscription to your mag because I have found a much better book. It's called the Holy Bible. I have been a biker for a lot of years, serving the devil by doing what he wanted me to do. But the Lord came into my heart and blessed me with his wonderful gift of salvation. I will still be riding my old Harley, but with the Lord as my companion.

Terry Robinson  
Connersville, Ind.

■ Why not read both?

### Can't See

☐ I read your mag every month, and I've got only one complaint: Who the fuck are your judges for the ol' lady contest? You've got a great mag, but your judges must eat rabbit shit, 'cause they can't see.

Jay Jenkins  
Spain

■ You, our readers, are the only judges.

### Stock Light Problem

☐ I was riding through my hometown the other night when this fucking cop stopped me for no apparent reason. He later told

me it was because my taillight wasn't visible for 300 feet as required by law. The taillight was the stock light for the bike. Can you believe it?

Snake  
Loganville, Ga.

### Thanks For Support

☐ I would just like to say thanks to all the riders who have joined or who are going to join in the fight against muscular dystrophy. It's a good cause. It's a fucking bitch to have this disease.

Jo  
Colorado Springs, Colo.

### Lizards For Peace

☐ You can publish your fascist, imperialistic songs about Khomeini's oil, but we European bikers will not fight for gas and prefer burning our last bike to killing other people to ride! You poor fools.

Lesbian Bike Riders  
Denmark

■ Since when do lezzies fight wars?

### Christian Riders

☐ The priest at St. Gerard's Roman Catholic Church in Paterson, N.J., founded the Christian Riders Motorcycle Club to create interest among the city's young people and to switch the public's image about motorcycle riding from negative to positive. Father Giordani, who often preaches to motorcycle clubs, said members of his Christian Riders Motorcycle Club give to the needy, clean up garbage-filled lots, and finance outings for disadvantaged youths. Thought your readers would like to know.

J.C. Jackson  
Huntsville, Texas

### No Harley Shirt

☐ I'm pissed. In Virginia Beach, Va., at a bar on Pacific Avenue, they won't let you wear a Harley T-shirt. But what's really pissing me off is that you can wear any kind of ricegrinder T-shirt you want.

Grubby  
FPO N.Y.

### Met A Loser

☐ I met my husband through "Male Call," and let me tell you what a loser he turned out to be. Not only was he a habitual liar, but I think his stories and ideas of a biker's lifestyle were all created out of his ass.

We finally went our separate ways, but there's a good ending to this. I eventually met one of his old bros, also locked down. And now the trip my man, Rodeo, and I are on is beyond compare. Nothing bad like before. This is real and righteous, and I now belong to the finest tramp any lady could hope for.

Rodeo's Lady  
Phoenix, Ariz.

### Lousy Attitude

☐ You put out a terrific mag even if you are a bunch of sexist pigs. You don't give a shit about the feelings of women (sexism is only a macho sickness anyway), but you sure do have it together where bikes are concerned — more so than any other biker mag I ever saw. And after all, that's all that's really important in a biker mag anyway, right? You have a lousy attitude, but a great mag.

Carol Causey  
Ramstein, Germany

### Gun Law

☐ I was very scared to read about the Kennedy-Rodino Firearms Act outlined in the July issue. I'm sure I'm not the only gun enthusiast who didn't know about this piece of legislation. It's amazing how they're always tryin' to take away our freedom in this free country. Thank you for the information. Let's hope we can stop this act before it's too late.

Knife Robinson  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

### Wants Correspondence

☐ Bike lady would like scribes from bikers. May be going to Canada as soon as I get my act together and my bank account. Dig H-D heaps. Hope to acquire same with hard work and determination (and bread). All letters answered. Trying to learn every-







## A Warm Riding Scarf

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

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

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



## A Slender Chance



## 1927 Bike Art

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

Send only \$3.00 for each poster, plus 50c for postage and handling. Checks take 3 weeks to clear. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. California residents add 6% for The Man.



**Busted Knuckles**

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

thing I can about Harleys. Thanks.

Goldie  
164 Margret St.  
Orange, N.S.W., Australia

### Read Mail

☐ Thank you for letting me know that you read the mail people send you. You decided not to publish the poem I wrote, but you took enough time to let me know that you did read it. Not many magazines do that.

Dee Ann Gills  
Farmington, N.M.

### Can't Write

☐ That was a damned good layout of words in the story "Blood Run" in the July issue. I'm not disappointed any more 'cause I can't write stories like this one. Nope. I'm just shitfaced and fuckin' happy 'cause I can read them.

Renselear  
Albany, N.Y.

### Doesn't Get It

☐ I just don't get it. This is the third time I've written to you people. You haven't printed anything I've sent. Do I say something wrong in my letters? Maybe they're not good enough to be in your mag. Maybe you don't like my handwriting. I just don't get it.

S. Jasper  
Roselle, N.J.

■ It's simple: Write and say something interesting to the rest of the readers, not just to yourself. The above is your entire letter, which I shoulda passed on to Mutha, but I want everyone to know that letters with the widest interest are printed — yours notwithstanding.

### Salute To A Bro

☐ While in Willits recently (on vacation in California), I saw a bro kickstartin' his FLH. Big deal? Well, this bro had no left arm! He was fairly old (forties) and looked like a veteran rider. To see this bro was enough to make me proud. It's not everyone who is dedicated enough to ride with one arm. It's people like him that make bikin' a lifestyle worth livin' for. Ride long and hard, bro, wherever ya may be.

Terry The Tramp  
Bellingham, Wash.

■ Watch that "old" forties shit.

### A Quote

☐ I've been reading a book by Stephen King called *The Stand*. I thought it was a pretty fucked-up book until I came to a paragraph that sounded pretty neat. So I

figured I'd write and share it with ya.

"He walked shakily over to the Harley and stood it up. It didn't seem to be damaged in any way, but looked different. Before, it had just been a machine that could serve the dual purpose of transporting him and making him feel like James Dean or Jack Nicholson in *Hell's Angels on Wheels*. But now its chrome seemed to grin at him like a side-show barker, seeming to invite him to step right up and see if he was man enough to ride the two-wheeled monster."

Joy  
Crawfordsville, Ind.

### Best Ol' Man

☐ I'm writing to tell all you ladies out there that the best ol' man you can ever get is one via "Male Call." That's how I got the best ol' man I ever had. So all you ladies out there who are interested in writing to a man in the joint, do so. You'll put a smile on his face, just letting him know someone cares and making the time go faster. So get your shit together, ladies, and write to one of these bros.

Hilda  
Compton, Calif.

### Degradate?

☐ You degradate the female gender.

Horsehead Hoffman  
Saugus, Calif.

■ Do we ever! But which one copped out on us?

### Luck-Out

☐ I recently rode the entire length of California and back without getting pulled over once. Am I doing something wrong?

Rd. Frog  
San Diego, Calif.

### Wants Cycle Friends

☐ Like you, I am a motorcycle fan. I am especially interested in motorcycle tourism and technical data. I have no friends in your country, but I would like to. I hope you will write me so we can become acquainted.

Janusz Glapa  
U1. Paproci 2 m 7  
71-720 Szczecin, Poland

### Chick On Inside

☐ I thought it was high time I got my ass in gear and shot you guys a kite.

I'm a biker's ol' lady, down for four years at the California Institute for Women, and I just wanted to let you know that your rag has helped to make my stay here a lot easier. I make sure that all my bike-related friends get their

chance at the rag so as not to lose their faith that someday they too will be back in the wind.

Darryl Lynn  
Frontera, Calif.

### A Question

☐ I've known my ol' man one year and we've been living together for seven months. He's the best ol' man a girl could have and I'd never so much as kiss another guy. I seriously thought he would never cheat on me either, but lately I've been wondering. How many bros out there cheat on their ol' ladies and why, if they love them?

B's Ol' Lady  
Braintree, Mass.

■ Miraculous Mutha's column is another department. Bros don't cheat. They just stay in practice.

### Tells All

☐ Just want to say your rag tells all. And all that it tells is that bikers are real people too. Ride hard, ride free.

Utter  
Somerset, N.J.

### Helpin' Downed Bros

☐ Thank you, California Tumbleweed (July issue)! We're with you all the way, bro. We have written Senator Chet Brooks about the visiting situation here in the Texas Department of Corrections.

It would be a great idea not only for the free-world bros to write, but the downed bros as well. We need letters from as many sources as possible.

Also, we'd like to hip the people both in and out about CURE (Citizens United for Rehabilitation of Errants). These people are all the way for prisoners everywhere in Texas. They're hip to the problems we have with our visits. They put out a newsletter (quarterly) that keeps you up to date on bills in the legislature, parole, etc. Membership fees are cheap: \$2 for prisoners (per year) and \$5 for free-world bros. Write to CURE, Charles and Pauline Sullivan, 302 West 15th Street, 206-E, Austin, Texas 78701. (512) 476-4762.

Brown Rat & Cactus Jack  
Tennessee Colony, Texas

### Fewer Dirt Bikers?

☐ Researchers have found that dust churned up by trail bikes and other off-the-road vehicles in certain parts of the nation is 90% pure asbestos fibers. Inhaled asbestos is a known cause of asbestosis, lung cancer, and a rare disease known as mesothelioma.

The researchers, working from



**Easyriders**

£1.75

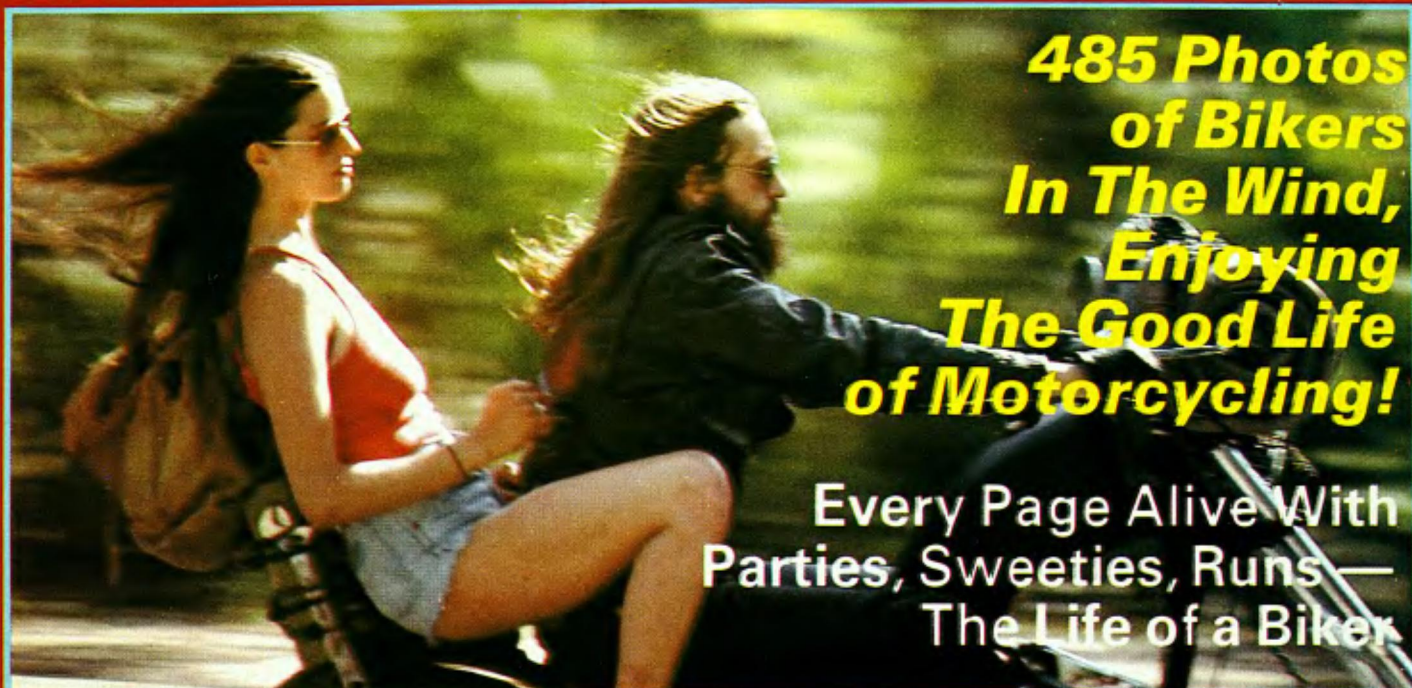
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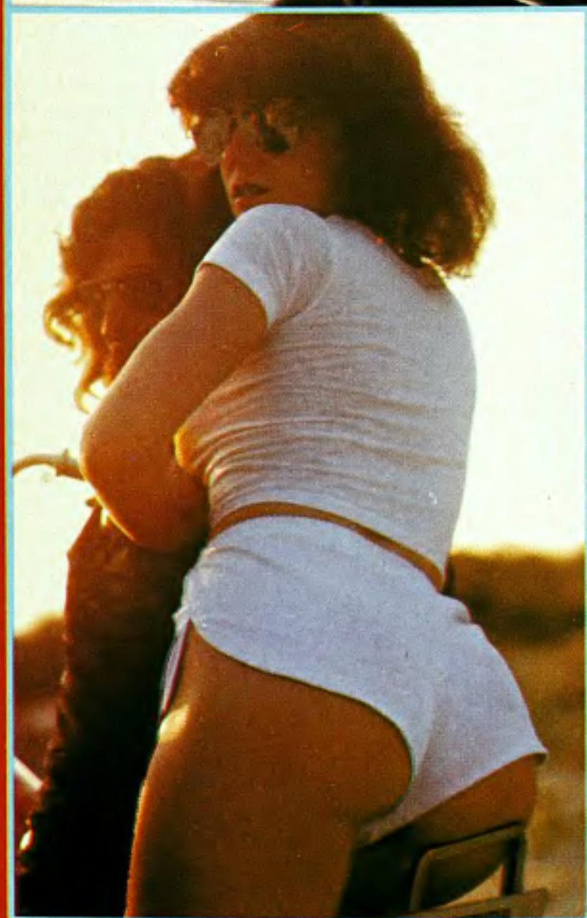
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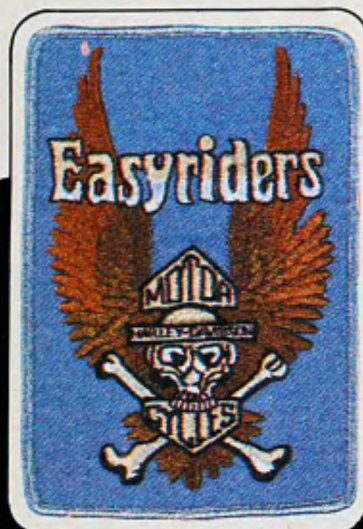
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## Easyriders Patch

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

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

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

**Large Enough  
To Make Info  
A Pants Pocket!**

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the University of California at Berkeley, strapped air-sampling devices to bikers who rode through California's Clear Creek Recreation Area and found concentrations of asbestos in the air a million times greater than in cities.

The fibers, they found, came from natural formations of a dark-green serpentine rock that is seen in almost all parts of the United States. The researchers suggested that the bikers either wear paper masks to filter out some of the fibers or give up trail biking altogether.

Carl Cahill  
Chesapeake, Va.

### Purrin' Puss

☐ I just want to tell ya that you make my pussy purrrrr!

Trippy  
Camarillo, Calif.

### Took Your Choice

☐ I am sick and tired of bros crying about lost freedoms when they neither understand what freedom is nor are willing to fight for it.

Too many bros think freedom of the road means doing anything they want, any place they want, any time they want, and to anyone they want — with no restrictions. Well, that may be a nice definition, but it doesn't work. If they want to live like that, fine. It's their life. Just remember, the price of freedom is high.

You can be just as free as you want if you are willing to pay the price for that freedom. If you want to ride without a driver's license, go ahead, but be prepared to pay the fine. If you want to ride 75mph, go ahead, but expect to get a ticket. If you want to use drugs, feel free, but pack your bags for the slammer. Any time you take any action, there is a price for that action (every action has an equal and opposite reaction).

Sometimes it is easier to comply with the law than pay the cost of non-compliance. At other times it is not.

So the next time you get hassled for speeding and the cop finds your stash, and you spend the summer in a cell instead of on the road, just remember: You paid your money and you made your choice.

Oren Long  
Topeka, Kan.

■ Thank you, Mommy.

### Forgotten Bros

☐ I just wanted to thank the inmate bros in the Colorado Federal Correctional Institute for putting on a dynamite prison bike

show on June 8, but I was a little disappointed in the turnout of the Colorado bikers.

Most of the major bike shops were notified in plenty of time for the show and could have shown a little bit of support.

Four out of eight bikes entered showed up: two stock Harleys, one good-looking Harley trike, and my Honda chopper. Come on, Colorado bros, get your shit together and show some support for the next one. Don't forget about our people in the joint.

Mike  
Arvada, Colo.

### Many Orgasms

☐ Look at me! I was a rather stuck-up and proud woman, and would have nothing to do with a fuckin' grubbed-out scooter tramp. Then I met this biker, and now he's my husband. And I can't wait to get my ass on that customized Sportster of his. Now I live my life with bikers, I sleep with a biker, and life's never been filled with so many orgasms!

Ma  
Winooski, Vt.

### Private Shit

☐ We don't get to have a whole lot of good times down here on the farm, but your rag brings good times back to our heads and gives us something to look forward to each month. There are only three things to do down here better than reading your rag: 1. Gettin' a day off from working the corn fields; 2. Dreamin' about our ol' ladies; 3. Taking a shit in private. We very seldom get a chance to take a shit in private, so when we do, we really enjoy it.

All the bros  
Angleton, Texas

### Buy American

☐ I'm living in Juarez, Mexico, and every time I cross the border to El Paso, Texas, I get sick seein' the El Paso pigs on Yamas while the pigs in Juarez all have Harleys. I think the pigs are on the wrong side of the border.

Buy American, be American.  
Tony Medina  
Juarez, Mexico

### British Colours

☐ Just want to say that British bikers aren't all that bad. We are looked upon over here as violent and lazy. Shit, wearing colours is like saying "I'm a hood" over here.

Moe the Knife  
London, England

### A Winner

☐ I don't have much to do but sit around the house, look at your rag, and check out the girls sunbathing across the street. So today I was sitting here, looking through your rag, and there it was: one of the toughest-looking bikes I've ever seen!

It's the '57 pan, the brown and gold one. I think I'm in love with it. It's just beautiful. If you had a bike-of-the-year contest, it would have to win first place.

Ricker  
Welcome, N.C.

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





# Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes  
from other biker rags



## Some Adventures

Most of us are so involved with motorcycling that we rarely bother to consider it from the perspective of non-riders. I tried pulling back and taking a look from the other viewpoint while riding across a hunk of Florida one chilly, wet morning when I was headed toward Daytona. The immediate result of my experiment was this big argument between myself. It started when, mentally, myself asked I—just why would anybody want to take up motorcycling?

Simple, I replied. To increase their enjoyment of life, have some adventures and some fun...

—Roger Hull  
Road Rider

## Motorcyclists First, Then Criminals

The last time I checked, the federal government had bureaucracies involved in chasing down criminals. There's the Justice Department, of course, with its Drug Enforcement Administration and its Organized Crime and Racketeering Section. And we all know about the Federal Bureau of Investigation. And then the Treasury Department has its Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, and its Customs Service. This country doesn't need yet another never-die federal bureau that by definition will go looking for motorcyclists first and then criminals, a bureau manned by individuals who might not be able to tell you from a mother-molester.

House Congressional Resolution 220 deserves to go straight into the Committee on the Judiciary and drop dead on the floor.

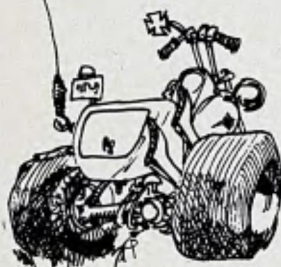
—Phil Schilling  
Cycle

## Low-Rider Suspenders

If Harley-Davidson's new limited edition of the Low Rider, the Sturgis, begs one question, it's this: Why doesn't the bike need suspenders? The answer is simple: It already has a belt. Two, in fact.

While the reasoning behind equipping the Sturgis with primary- and secondary-drive belts instead of chains has to do with fewer adjustments and eliminating the need for chain lubrication, those aren't the most noticeable benefits. Substituting belts for chains should result in a quieter motorcycle with which to enter the eighties—and expected tighter noise regulations.

—Dain Gingerelli  
Cycle Guide



## The Perfect Bureaucraper

Senator William Proxmire presented his Golden Fleece Award to the Department of Energy (Doodads) Kansas City, Kansas, office for spending \$1,200 on an elevated outhouse touted to "put you in the mood for meditation." Supposedly the outhouse will save energy and natural resources by abandoning indoor plumbing. The seat is about five feet off the ground and among other features is "double-glazed southern exposure." At last, the perfect bureaucraper.

—Road Rider

## Hurt Study Lacks

We're wondering just how Joan Claybrook and NHTSA will handle the news on the Hurt Study. Dr. Roger Quane reveals that the NHTSA research of exposure data designed to be used in conjunction with the Hurt Study is—worthless. To put it bluntly, it means that many areas of the original Hurt Study will remain questionable and basically meaningless; assumptions that might have been proven—or disproven—will remain assumptions. We hate to think how much money was wasted on that one.

—Road Rider

## Specials And Style

Motorcycle styling over the years has consisted mostly of trying to enclose the mechanicals with rounded covers, no example of which has ever been successful. Today styling, as it pertains to street bikes, is a matter of Specials and Customs and L models and LTDs. Because the Specials have been the leaders, we'll refer to them as that.

Right off, the staff at Cycle World doesn't like Specials as well as standard models. It's the handlebars and seats that do it. Big, wide, stretched bucko bars are impractical for sporting riding and that's what people around here do, generally. Seats that perch a passenger way up high and keep a rider from moving around, while being hard and poorly shaped, don't win many friends, and that describes most of the Special seats.

Part of it's function. A motorcycle should have nothing on it that doesn't make it go. Sissy bars and fat tires and tiny tanks don't qualify. Though the bucko bars aren't bad behind a fairing or windshield.

—Cycle World

## MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

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

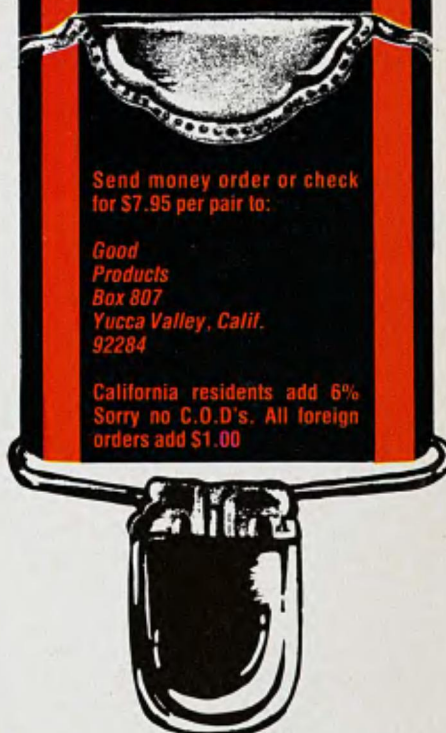
Quality is fully guaranteed and money will be refunded if not completely satisfied. Immediate delivery. \$7.95. Personal checks require three weeks to clear.



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

Good  
Products  
Box 807  
Yucca Valley, Calif.  
92284

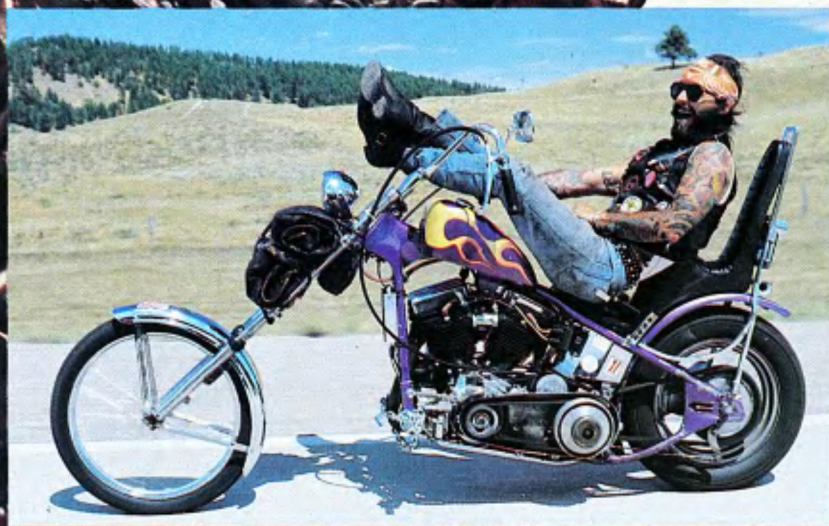
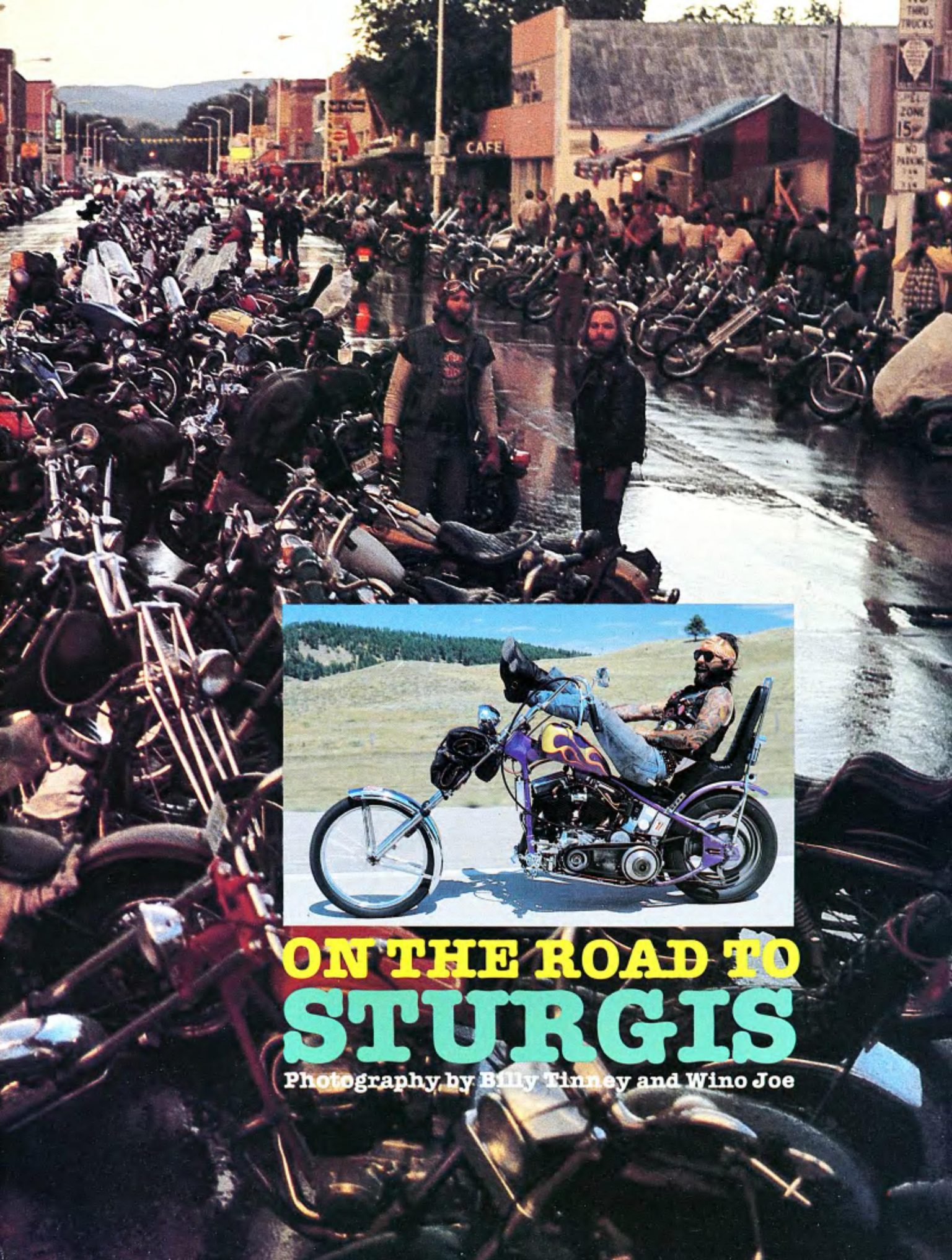
California residents add 6%  
Sorry no C.O.D.'s. All foreign  
orders add \$1.00











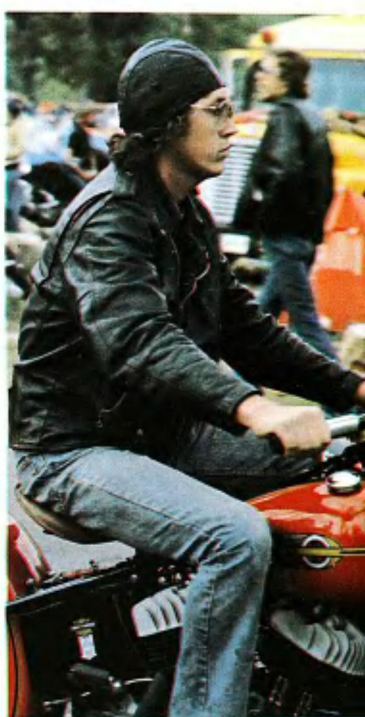
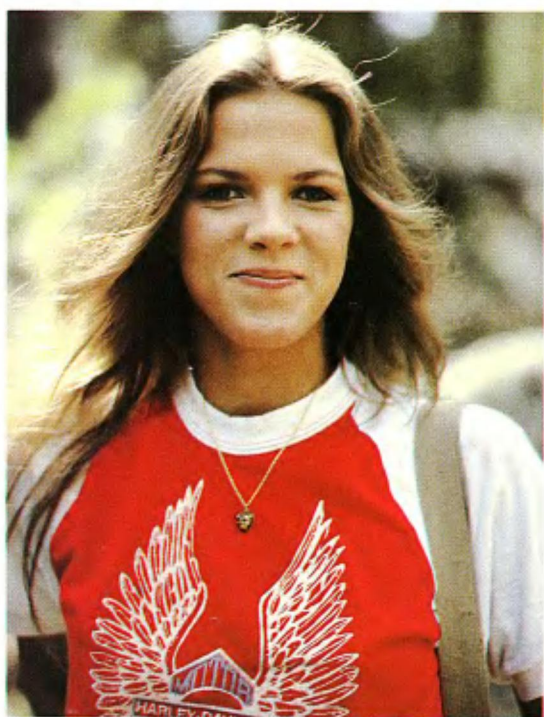
# ON THE ROAD TO STURGIS

Photography by Billy Tinney and Wino Joe

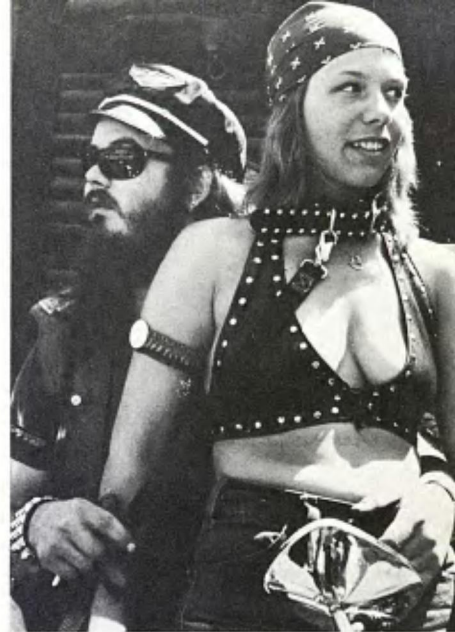
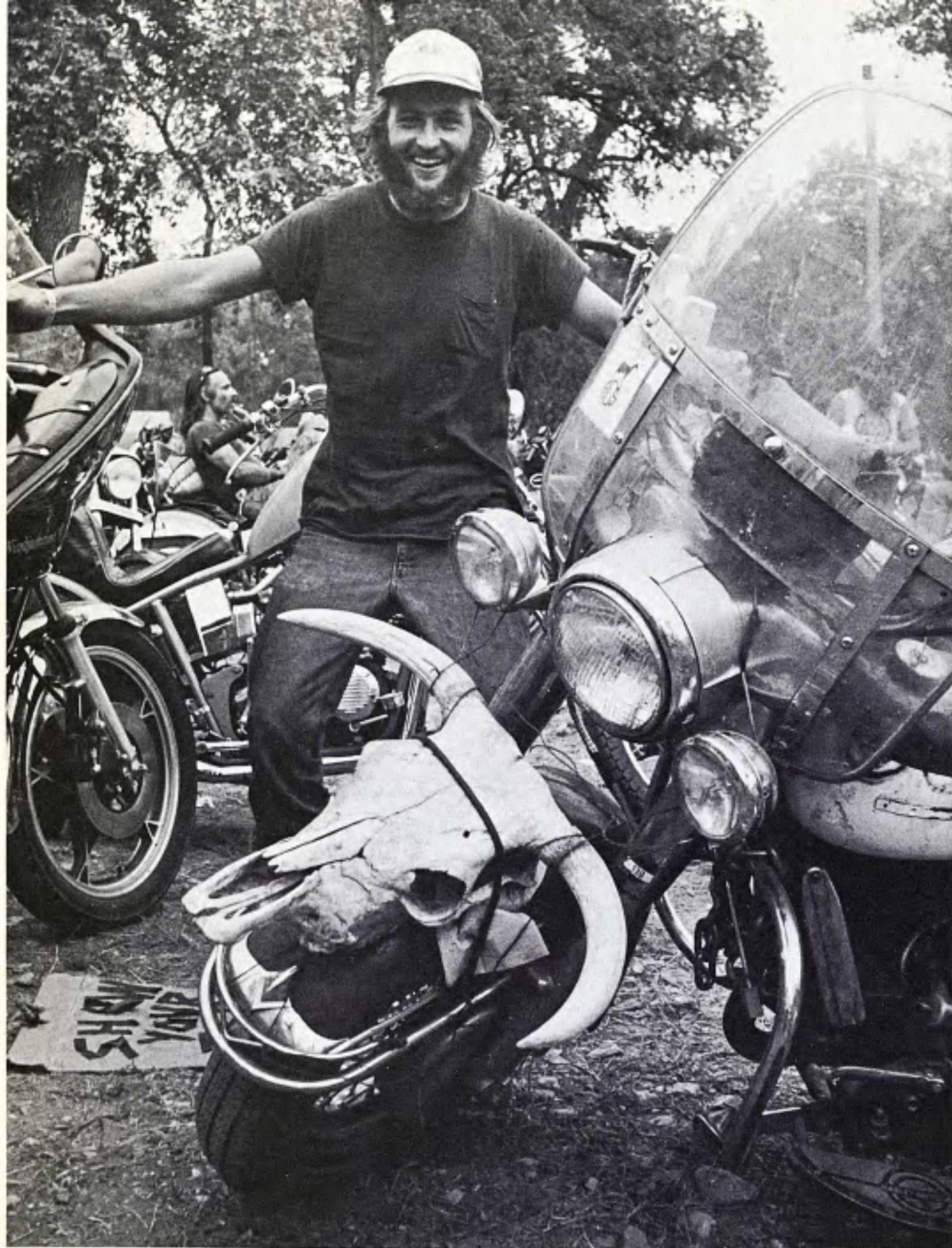




STURGIS







### Sturgis bound

Hey, Chief:

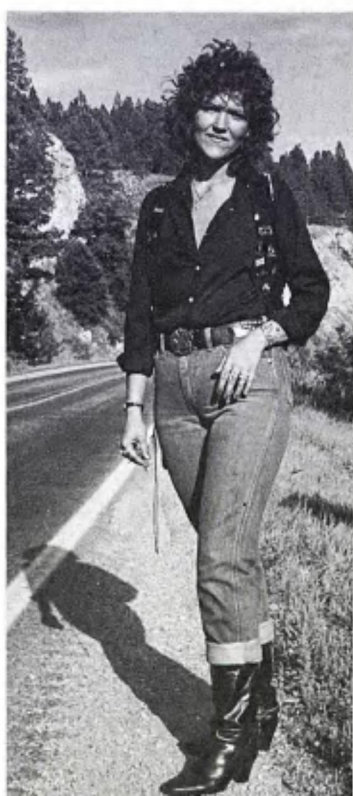
It didn't work out like I wanted. The short in the generator wasn't found until Saturday morning. So I put the bike in a pickup truck and did the 1,300 miles the expensive way (14 mi./gal.).











Hardly anyone was on the road; most bikes were touring west. Ran into BMW Bob (MMA rep from San Jose) and his dresser partner in Battle Mountain, Nevada. The desert wasn't that hot. The worst stretch of 80 was southern Wyoming, from Rock Springs to Rawlins, and it's redneck; at least it felt that way. They're sure pumpin'

—Continued on page 86



# ROACH

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## A Love Story

By Mary Costanza

I can remember back to the days when, if someone even jokingly called me his ol' lady or, when I was wearing my sexy black leather jacket and pants, had suggested I looked like a biker momma, I would have been highly insulted. After all, I wore expensive designer clothes, had my nails manicured, studied piano and oil painting, and had hobbies that included skiing and tennis. I had never even ridden on the back of a motorcycle.

The men I dated had always been successful, handsome, intelligent, and boring. They were, as a rule, well-mannered and well-educated, and in most cases, wore wingtipped shoes. No biker on my list of past men!

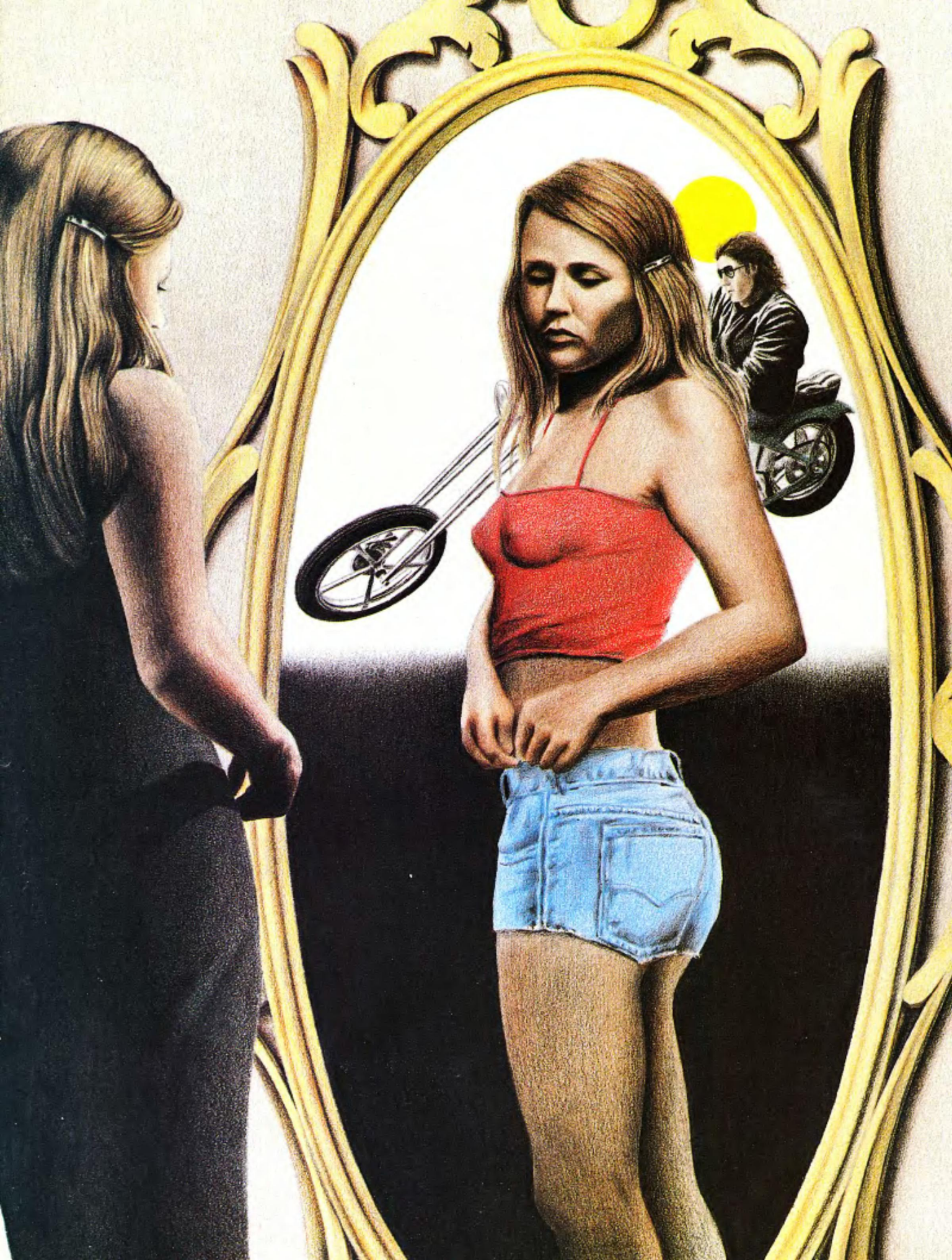
Not that I didn't look at those super-masculine, freedom-loving, establishment-shunning men of the road, you understand — those men who love nothing more than their machines and live for nothing more than to ride them. On occasion a group of them would pull up and stop right next to me at a traffic signal — sheer panic, fading into slight uneasiness, then. . . intrigue.

One particular afternoon, I was shopping for fresh fruit at an open stand across the street from the beach by the Pacific Coast Highway. From behind me came a low but loud roar, almost a rumbling, as of an earthquake growing beneath me or a spaceship eager to lift. I turned around to see a most beautiful, almost sexual, animal of a motorcycle slithering up the curb, powerful and graceful at the same time, all high-gloss black and chrome, sort of like Darth Vader standing there, awesome and appealing.

Straddled over this sleek set of wheels was a man not unlike his Harley: powerful and graceful at the same time; awesome and appealing. His strong, muscular,

—Continued on page 111











# 90 INCHES

CRUDE, RUDE, AND UNREFINED

It's always a bummer to go down, no matter how slightly. But to get rear-ended, rebuild the scoot, take it to the local show, cop a first place, and then get checked into the slammer for three years is really puttin' the *bum* in bummer. Phil had just gone through the motor and tranny in '77 and was lookin' forward to a full season of 90-inch ridin'. Then two weeks after he got his scooter up, the jury came in with an all-expenses-paid, three-year vacation.

Not seeing your scoot for three years is a mind warp. But Phil's dad and brother came by, picked up his scoot, and then took turns kickin' the motor over every week to keep it loose.

After Phil closed the cell door behind him for the last time, and after he chased away the spiders that had taken





# 90 INCHES

up residence in the cylinder fins, he realized suddenly and happily that he had less than a hundred miles on the motor — still a new scooter. With the help of Bill Lacey, a new set of rings (for safety's sake), and some gaskets, Phil was back on the road. He immediately put three or four hundred miles behind him to ease the heavy confinement pains. The next chore was to clean up the surface rust that had found its way onto some of the chrome.

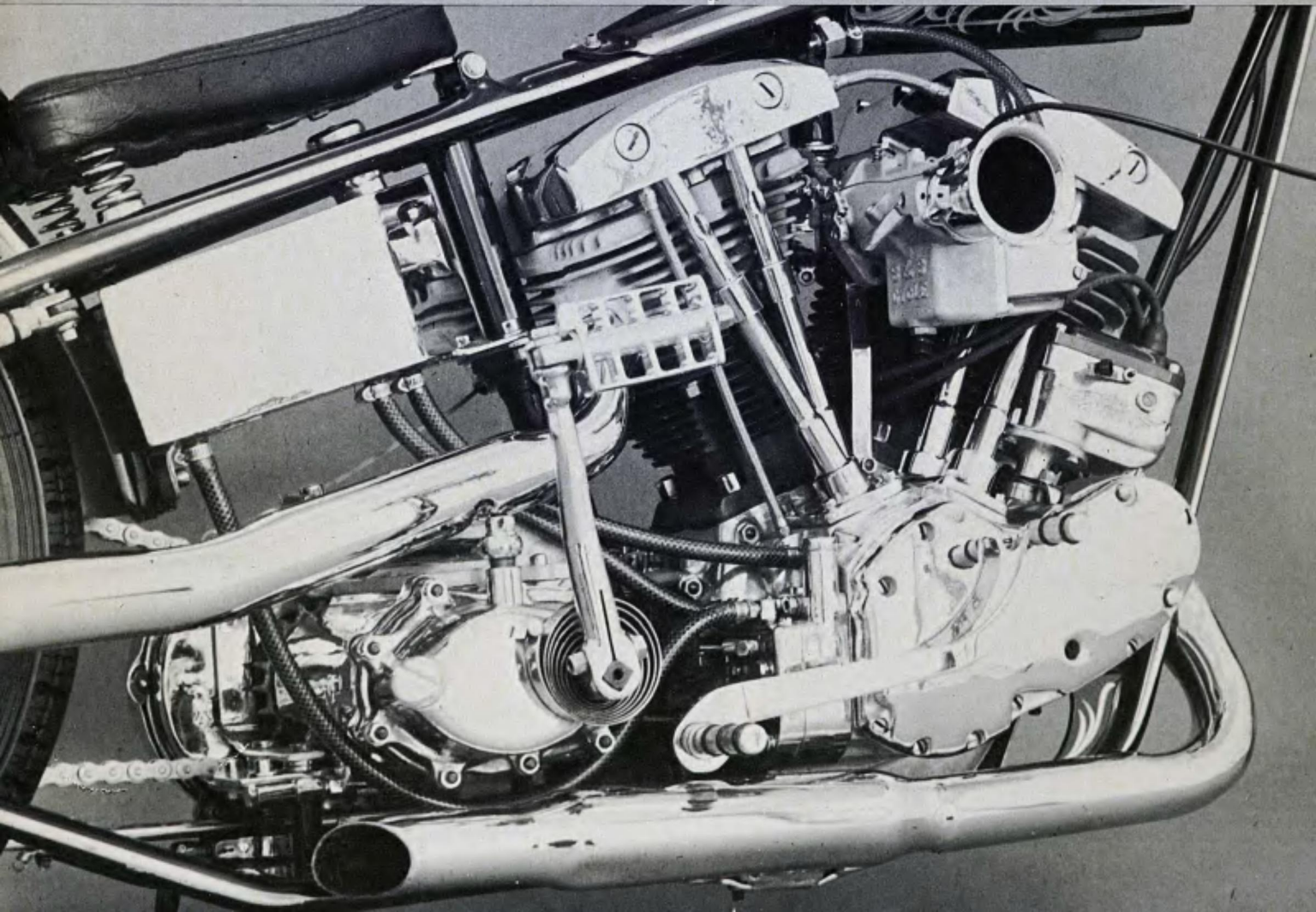
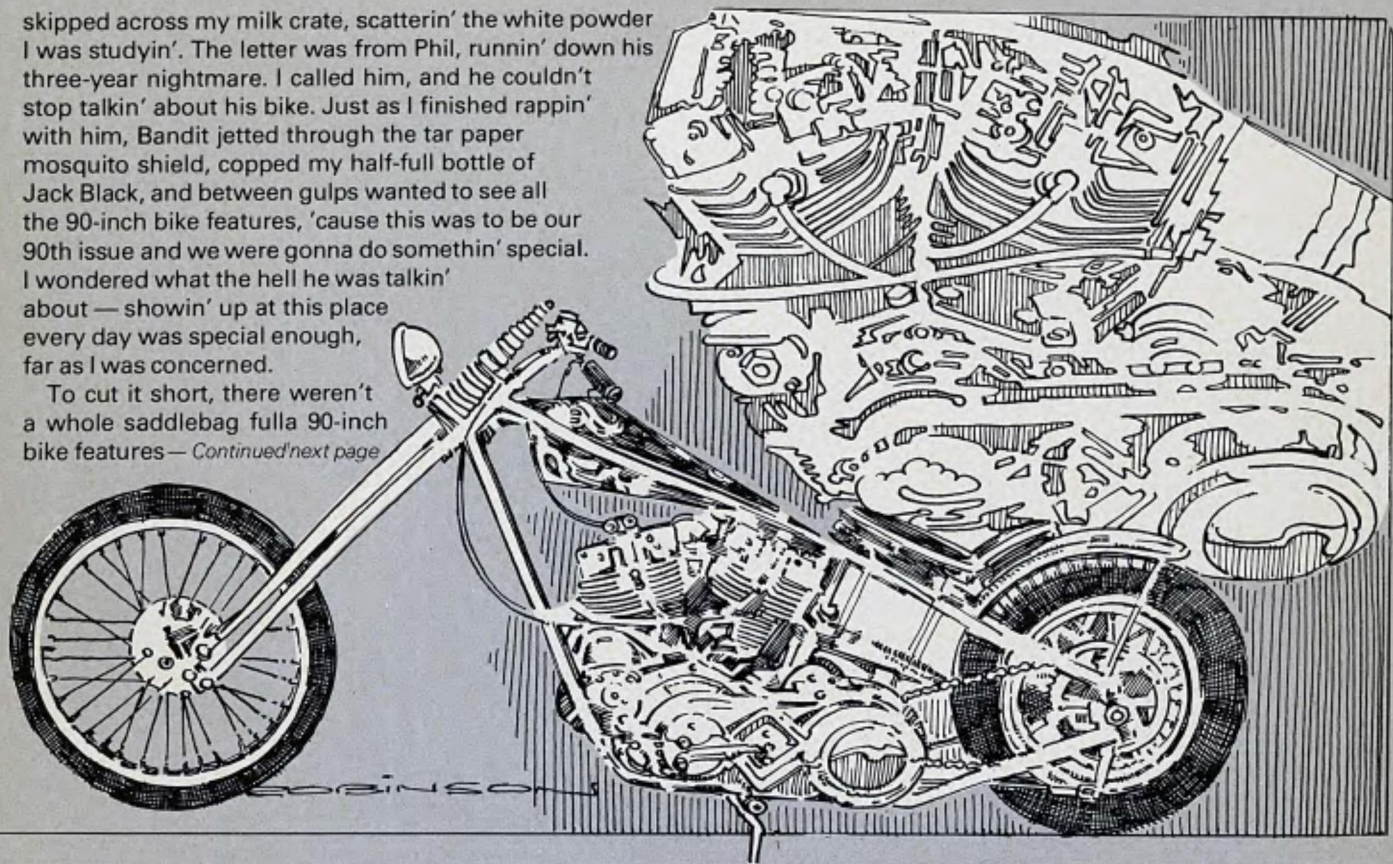
I got involved a couple of weeks ago when a letter with some photos





skipped across my milk crate, scatterin' the white powder I was studyin'. The letter was from Phil, runnin' down his three-year nightmare. I called him, and he couldn't stop talkin' about his bike. Just as I finished rappin' with him, Bandit jetted through the tar paper mosquito shield, copped my half-full bottle of Jack Black, and between gulps wanted to see all the 90-inch bike features, 'cause this was to be our 90th issue and we were gonna do somethin' special. I wondered what the hell he was talkin' about — showin' up at this place every day was special enough, far as I was concerned.

To cut it short, there weren't a whole saddlebag fulla 90-inch bike features — *Continued next page*

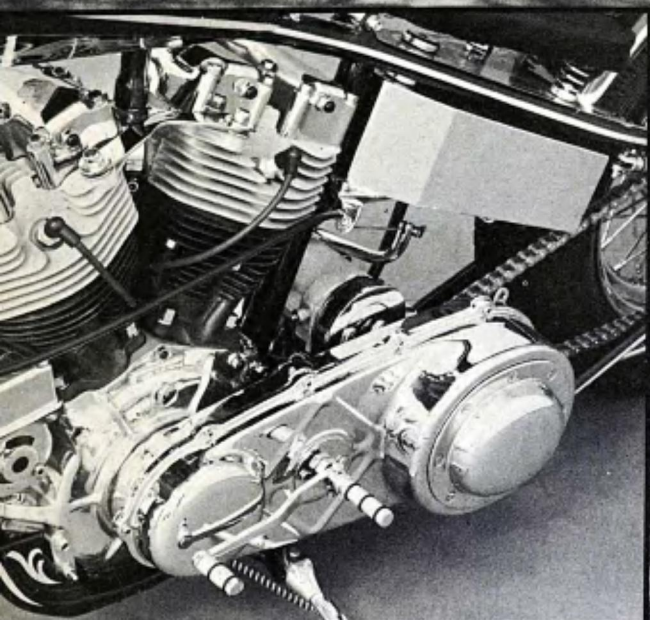






Photos by Pete Chiodo





# 90 INCHES

lyin' around in the garage, so I snapped up the receiver and started dialin' — Phil's bike is a 90-incher, ya see. So I told Bandit to relax; we got a 90-incher.

One more gulp, an' he came back with, "Well, whatta ya waitin' for, jughead? Gitcher ass down there an' do it!"

Three days later, I laid the pics of Phil's bike on Bandit's pile of Linkert carb parts and headed for the crank stash. Nothin' like it to put an edge on the day.

— Dr. Wingnut

**Owners:** Phil (T.W. Louie) Caprioglio **City:** Fresno, Calif.

## General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1969 H-D

Model: shovelhead

Value: more than the law allows

Assembly: owner

Time: 5 months

Chroming by: D. Turner/W's'n Wheel

## Frame

Year: 1975

Builder: Arlen Ness

Type: rigid

Rake: 10 degrees

Stretch: standard Ness

Other alterations: seat plate & tabs

## Accessories

## Engine

Year: 1969

Model: shovelhead

Rebuilder: Bill Lacy/Jerry the Jew

Ignition: Boma magneto

Displacement: 90 cu. in.

Lower end: Truett & Osborn

Balancing: Little Ol' Man in Visalia

Pistons: S&S

Cases: polished

Heads: ported & polished by Wiffle

Cam: 468+

Lifters: solids

Carb(s): S&S

Air cleaner: don't use them

Pipes: Brownie Muffler

Muffler(s): two

Bars: drag

Risers: 3 1/2 in.

Fender(s): flat

Headlight: off a cop bike

Taillight: Signal Stat

Speedo: none

Front pegs: Arlen Ness

Rear pegs: Arlen Ness

Electrics: 6 volt/generator

Gas tank: Santee

Oil tank: Arlen Ness

Oil system: works fine

Primary cover: diamond

Seat: Danny Gray

Sissy bar: fender struts

Height: to fender

Material: 3/4-in. cold rolled

## Transmission

Modifications: Andrews Gears

Year: 1969

Shifting: Posi

Engine sprocket: 23

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheel sprocket: 51

## Forks

Type: narrow springer

Extension: 10 in.

Builder: Clyde Rawlings

Special features: low bend

## Wheels

Front:

Rear:

## Painting

Size: 21

Size: 15

Molding: Chris Beintker

Hub: Hallcraft

Hub: H-D

Painter: Dick DeBenedictis

Rim width: WMI

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: black & midnight blue

Tire: Avon

Tire: Pirelli

Type: Imron

Brake: Airheart

Brake: pusher

Special paint: leafing, striping, and art work by Dick DeBenedictis.

Special thanks, to: Bill Lacey, Dick (Cycle Art), Clyde Rawlings, Jerry the Jew, Nick Carter, Lee Markarian, Dale Lyndahl, Dave Turner, Ray Arena, Evans Electric, and my dad.



# VET VOICE

Out of the yellow smoke floated Sterno's voice. "One more toke for the road, bro, before you head into town. This 'O' is the hot setup. Forget all your troubles. Makes even this fuckin' war feel good."

"No, I'm pissed," growled Dangerous Doug. "Fuck these assholes. I'm tired of this Gyrene bullshit. Who ever heard of being drafted into the Marines? I'm going into town, have a Bameba, a steam and cream, and get some slopehead poontang. I'll see you in the morning," he said as he stomped out of the bunker.

Ten years later, in a bar in Memphis, Doug noticed something familiar about the bearded biker at the back of the room. Maybe it was the stoned smile, or the way he held the joint. It definitely was his old partner, Sterno.

"What happened to you?" questioned Sterno.

"I went into town, had a few drinks, and ended up in a fight with three MPs. After they beat my head in, they threw me into the Long Binh stockade for six months, and then I got kicked out of the Marines with a bad-conduct discharge," Doug answered.

"That's really weird, but it saved you from the Old Man's surprise piss party. Everyone had to pee in a bottle the next morning. Mine turned up positive for opiates. Next thing I knew, I was out of the Marines and back in the States. I didn't give a fuck as long as I was back alive."

After leaving the bar they cruised the streets on their Harleys. An off-duty policeman, in his cage, ran a red light and took them both out. Sterno was killed outright. Doug had both legs broken and his face caved in.

The VA hospital said Doug was not eligible for treatment and shipped him off to a county hospital. Sterno's mother had to pay for his funeral and burial because he wasn't eligible for VA burial rights.

Don't let this happen to you!

About ten thousand servicemen who were given less-than-honorable

discharges from the armed forces because of drug abuse are entitled to have their status upgraded. A federal appeals court has ruled that the servicemen had been improperly discharged because the armed forces required them to take urinalysis tests and used the results to identify drug users. A lower court had ruled that the use of the tests as evidence violated the soldiers' rights against self-incrimination.

Doug is also eligible for an honorable way out. Many groups are fighting for upgrading less-than-honorable discharges. During the Vietnam era, more than three hundred fifty thousand less-than-honorable discharges were handed out. According to ACLU attorneys, most were given to persons who were never accused of committing a crime, much less convicted — even by the Army's kind of court-martial justice. "Many courts have realized that a less-than-honorable discharge is a punishment imposed not by any court after trial by jury, but through a very loose, unstructured, and unregulated system, totally within the control of each commanding officer," an ACLU spokesman said.

Medical benefit hassles are only one problem caused by a less-than-honorable discharge. Others include forfeiture of veterans' benefits, including burial rights, school payments, and low-interest housing loans. These benefits are not necessarily restored with an upgraded discharge; the VA must pass judgment on specific benefit requests.

Discharge upgrading takes an average of eighteen months, but it is often successful, depending upon which branch of the service you were in. The Air Force upgrades about 80 percent, the Army about 65 percent, and the Marine Corps 30 percent.

The following are the two main Vet organizations that will help you in upgrading your discharge: Veterans Education Project, 1346 Connecticut Ave. N.W., 9th Floor, Washington, D.C. 20036, or call toll-free National Hotline 1-800-424-5402; Center for Veterans' Rights, 514 W. Adams Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90007.

Vets, this column is for you. If you have any information of interest to Veterans, benefit beefs, or Veteran-related problems, write: VetVoice, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

—Doc

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





# Government Goods

## Straight Information on Surplus Sales

**A**fter hanging around this rag for the past six years, looking over Spider's shoulder at all the weird shit he collects and rumors of H-Ds hidden in government supplies, I got so fuckin' curious that I set out on my own to find out just how the old U.S. Government goes about selling off surplus goodies.

After many dials to various government agencies, I hit upon one that gave me an address to write to. They said I had to get a postcard and address it to DOD Surplus Sales, P.O. Box 1370, Battle Creek, MI 49016, and write on the back "Request for Department of Defense Surplus Property Bidder's Application." Then follow that up with my name, address, city, state, and zip code. After I sent off for the info and waited around for the usual red-tape delays, first the government and then the post office, back came an application for me to fill out to become a surplus buyer.

Now, you know, the only thing I

was really interested in was old H-Ds. That is, until I saw the list of things that go up for auction: Office Supplies, Engines, Turbines and Components, Aircraft Components and Accessories, Hand Tools, Weapon Accessories, Building Materials — almost anything you can think of. And, of course, motorcycles. After you fill in their application, it takes three to six weeks to get a Bidder's Card and your own bidder's number. Then the auction notices begin to

arrive. The notices are sent only if something you want is being sold and if the auction is being held in your area. You select the area in which you want to be listed. The notices include all the information you will need to attend the auction and view the merchandise prior to sale. A total list of all available merchandise will be sent to you, including model numbers and someone to call in case you have any questions. Then you decide if you want to attend or shine it on. If you want, you can even make your bids early and split. If you decide not to attend, or if

— Continued on page 84



Photo from Goat



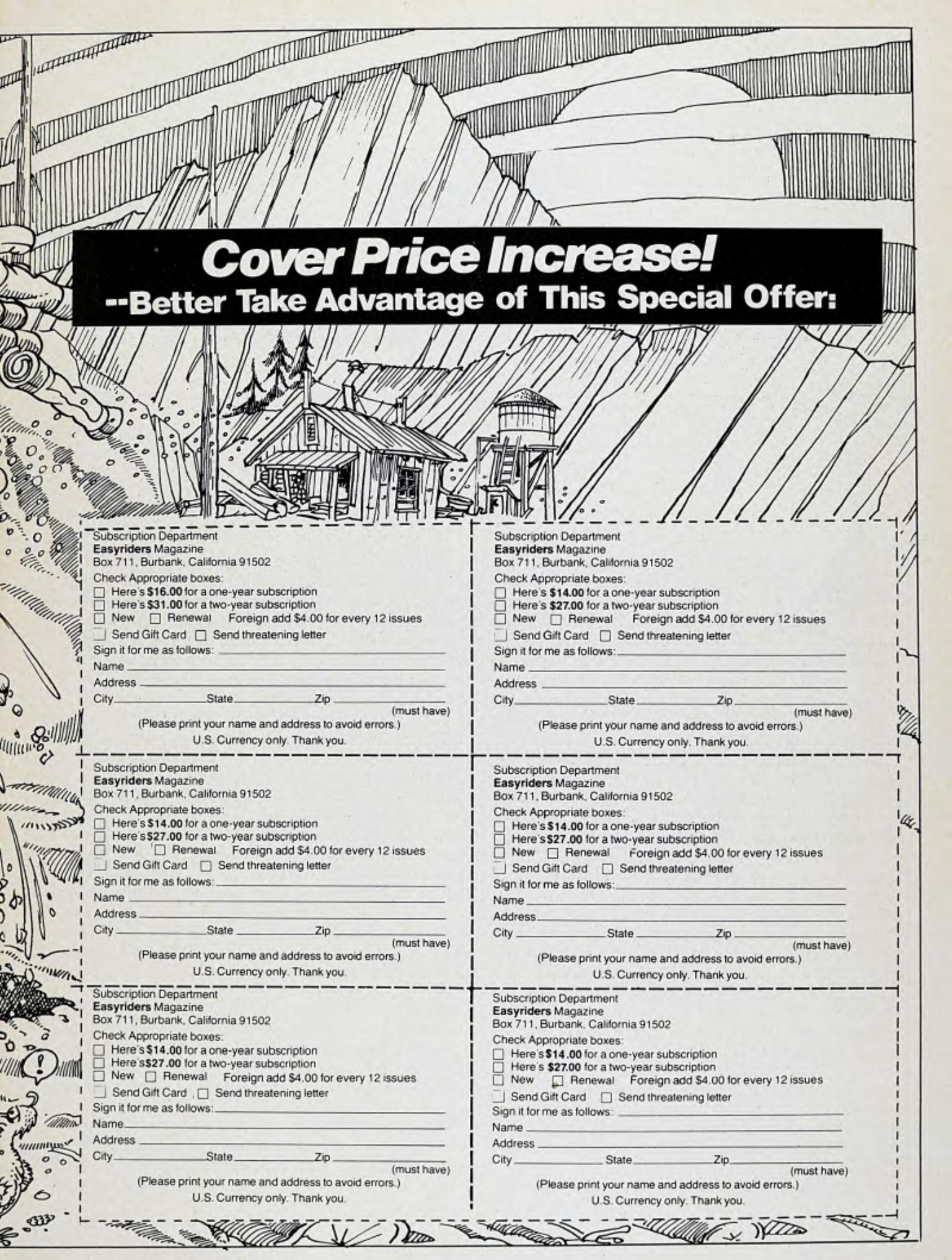
# Christmas Subscription Bomber



**Big Nick is on the run again this year, deliverin' subscriptions to the greatest bike rag around.**

And his critters will be sendin' Christmas gift card announcements to anybody who's gettin' a gift subscription. Don't be late fer Christmas — it pisses Nick off.





# Cover Price Increase!

## --Better Take Advantage of This Special Offer:

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ (must have)

(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

U.S. Currency only. Thank you.



# The Last Frontier?

By Jody Via



Maybe this is the last frontier. Think about that and what it may mean. Maybe we're the last freebooters. Maybe when the settled folk and fat-cats kill us off or law us out of existence, there won't be any new wild breed to follow our trail the way we came behind the long riders and drifters who appeared, in their turn, in the wake of the plainsmen and pistoleros who rode before them.

Ours is a hard life, a harsh life. At the same time, on a heartening level, it is a wonderful and idyllic kind of life, a gypsy existence, having no ties that bind and reveling in the magic-carpet freedom of being able to take off any time, for anywhere, on any whim. Most people can't handle that kind of freedom. It's too intense. It scares them. And, truth be told, there is something about us that affects the straight world as a faint howl across the full-moon night sets fat and pampered lapdogs trembling and sends them to cower whining under beds. It says that out there roams something that doesn't fear the wildness of life, but instead is a part of it and free.

We live the way I think most men would want to live if their blood flowed hot enough to let them dream of so much freedom. Our lives have a majesty that has passed beyond the ken of most of the world around us. It is *our* life, and I believe that no one who does not live it has the right to judge us by it. But for all that, how much freedom do we really have?

There are few who dream while many scheme,

as the poet said. And social equality being what it is — well, there ain't much. That's the main thing you've got to understand if you're going to read all the meaning out of this that I'm trying to put into it.

Law as stated and law as applied are two widely different things, bros and sisters. Nobody ain't equal to nobody, and the fat cats on top of the heap are dead set on keeping it that way, even if they have to lock us up or kill us off or legislate us out of existence to keep us in our place. Our place, naturally enough to their way of thinking, is at the bottom of the pile.

Does that sound paranoid? Maybe it is. Maybe I am. Maybe we all are. But the mere fact that we're paranoid doesn't mean they *aren't* out to get us.

I'm writing this from a prison cell. I'm in the slammer now. The last I heard, so was Sonny Barger. So are Curt Cash and Chain and Spud Harris and too damn many more of us to count, let alone list. How many bros — and sisters too, for that matter — do you personally know of who are jammed up in an iron house somewhere right now?

I'll rest my case on that point.

If you have trouble believing that they're really killing us off, actually and literally and for real as all hell, make a run to Milwaukee and ask about Rocker. Or to St. Louis where Concho Layne was blown away. Or to Jacksonville where they downed Black Jack Davis.

That list could go on and on too.

As to whether we are being legislated out of our very existence, you shouldn't have to go anywhere or count anything

—Continued on page 94







Photos by Billy Turner



# TOURIN'

**Another label for tryin' to get a free drink**

**J**ack Daniel's Whiskey, black label, is probably one of the best sippin' whiskeys that's ever been poured from a ceramic keg. Me, Fat Bill, and Dangerous Doug came to that momentous conclusion while sittin' around the house smokin' a big ol' joint and sippin' on a quart of Black Jack. As the joint got shorter and the Jack bottle got lighter, we started tryin' to read the label. Char-



# BARRELHOUSE Jack Daniel Distillery

LEM MOTLOW PROP, INC. LYNCHBURG, TENNESSEE



↑ VISITORS  
THIS WAY



# Jack Daniel's Saw mill

Jack  
is the  
Boss



coal mellowed, a drop at a time, old No. 7, Lem Motlow, Prop. Lynchburg, Tenn? What the hell was all that shit? Since the motel we were in stank and we couldn't see our scooters from the window, we loaded up and went to see for ourselves.

Lynchburg, Tennessee, (Pop. 371, 476 toilets) is 60-odd miles from Nashville, in amongst some real nice ridin'





country. We pulled into town about eleven hours' after my last drink and went straight to the distillery — had to get a slug.

All along I figured this place was gonna be a country store front, with an ultra-modern whiskey fandangle factory behind it stampin' out plastic bottles by the millions.

— Continued on page 116







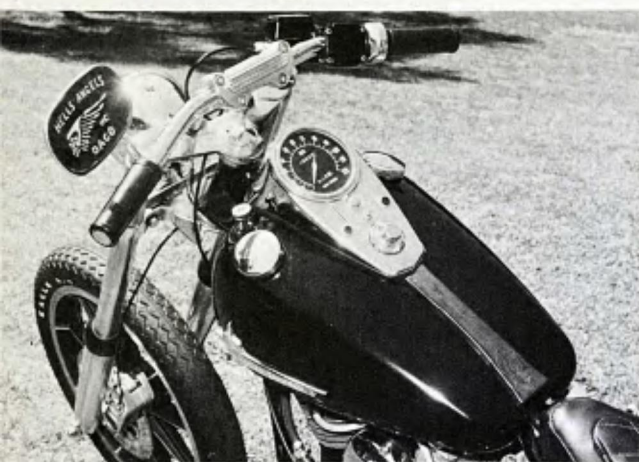
**DAGO**

**90**

**INCHERS**



## Riding one of these monsters is what it's all about



Photos by Pete Chiodo

**I**t was late '68 and winter blew gusts of cold air across the San Diego freeway. Once a week, the rider jammed the 600-mile round trip to a city up north. Usually, he dressed too light for the ride, but cold was forgotten anyway when he hit the legal-70-mph stretch leading out of Dago.

The 90-inch shovel was geared just right and the long stroke made a stockpile of torque for the rider. The carburetor hissed and the twin exhaust pipes sang a powerful melody, thundering against the pavement, as the jet-black fatbob, stuck securely in a straightleg frame, sped into the hills. He maneuvered the ten-over glide while Goodyears flexed against the rain-grooved pavement, and the bike screamed into the night.

The extra-wide freeway rose and dipped through the coastal hills, sucking the cold from the ocean through the valleys and across the freeway, chilling the rumbling motorcyclist. The high speed limit, occasional lighting that presented only a dim glow along the two slow lanes of the five-lane expressway, and the oncoming darkness all made it a speed run through Harley Heaven. A storm was tossing ships in the mixing bowl of the Pacific less than ten miles off the beach, while the wind blew funnels of fast, wet, brisk air at the freeway from the gray wave in the sky.

At first it had been as if there was no storm, as if the lingering summer had afforded the rider one more warm trip along the coast. But as his tires whistled an 80mph rain-groove whiff and the eastbound wind crept under his glasses and cold stung his eyes, blurring his vision momentarily, he knew he was in for a change of weather. He pulled over.

He had one extra T-shirt. He put it on, put everything else back on and buttoned each article all the way up under his chin — even his cut off. Then he took out his red bandana and tied it tightly around his neck. He sat loosely in the solo seat and watched another rider sing by, ducking toward his tank to cut down wind resistance.

He popped the clutch and leaped onto the freeway again. Sixty, seventy, eighty. He was creeping up on







# DAGO 90s



eighty-five, confident the storming shovelhead would ignore the weather and slice its way through.

The temperature had dropped considerably. The wind chill factor made the ride almost unbearable, the freezing air slicing through his extra T-shirt and to his skin beneath. His hands froze, his eyes squinted, and he strained not to shiver.

At ninety mph he felt the full thrust of the ocean-stirring storm. Rain began to fall as the speeding shovel crested one hill and dipped into the valley. Waves of driving wetness attacked the grooved concrete, and the power behind it — the wind — running perpendicular to the lanes, seemed stronger than waves of storm-surf pounding a sailboat. The bike was nearly lifted from the road. From the speed lane, it slid sideways over the fluorescent dividers, across two lanes. The rider, tensely gripping the high bars, strained against the stinging rain and concentrated with every brain cell to retain balance.

But he didn't for a split, chilled-to-the-bone second let up on the throttle. His hand, frozen, bound like chrome to steel, held the power to her. It was all he had with all she had, just to get out of the storming, fog-shrouded valley. He had just leaned heavily to pull his bike back to the fast lane when he spotted a single taillight directly in front of him. The light was coming back too fast for him to fight the wind for the fast lane. He shifted his weight quickly to the right. The wind pushed him almost to the shoulder. But the throttle remained at the stops. Ninety inches of shovelhead roared thunder at the highway and the elements.

The small motorcycle creeping up the freeway quickly became history as the 90-inch pushed on out of one drenched valley into another. Frightened citizens peered into the blackness to catch a glimpse of the dark rider in the night making a quick, powerful trip through what seemed to be an impassable storm.

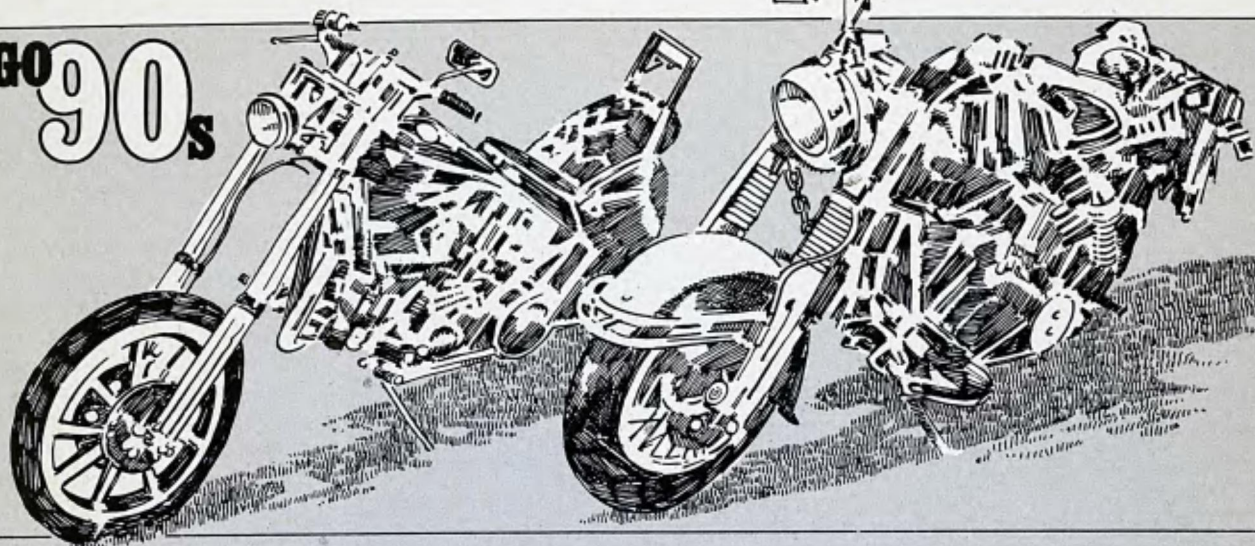
A 90-inch Harley-Davidson is more than just a fast motorcycle.

— Bandit

— Continued on next page



# DAGO 90s



**Owners:** Ron Tate **City:** San Diego

## General

Fabrication by: owner  
Year and make: 1953 Harley  
Model: pan/shovel  
Value: much  
Assembly: owner  
Time: 8 years, off and on  
Chroming by: whoever

## Frame

Year: 1957  
Builder: H-D  
Type: rigid  
Rake: stock  
Stretch: none  
Other alterations: none

## Accessories

## Engine

Year: 1953  
Model: panhead  
Rebuilder: Zaidels  
Ignition: auto advance  
Displacement: 90 cu. in.  
Lower end: 4 1/4-in. stroke  
Balancing: S&S  
Pistons: S&S  
Cases: stock  
Heads: shovel  
Cam: Andrews A  
Lifters: hydraulic  
Carb(s): Bendix 38  
Air cleaner: stock  
Pipes: Paughco  
Muffler(s): one piece

## Bars: drag

Risers: H-D  
Fender(s): fatbob  
Headlight: Zaidels  
Taillight: Drag Spec.  
Speedo: stock  
Front pegs: H-D  
Rear pegs: H-D  
Electrics: 12v/2 brush  
Gas tank: 3 gallons  
Oil tank: Paughco  
Oil system: stock oil filter  
Primary cover: H-D  
Seat: owner  
Sissy bar: owner  
Height: 8 in.  
Material: 1/4x1 1/4 plate

## Transmission

Modifications: Andrews Gears  
Year: 1953  
Shifting: hand  
Engine sprocket: 24 & teflon pad  
Trans sprocket: 24

## Forks

Type: wide glide  
Extension: 10 in.  
Builder: owner  
Special features: disc brackets

## Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

**Front:**  
Size: 19  
Hub: mag  
Rim width: 3 in.  
Tire: 3.00x19  
Brake: dual disc

**Rear:**  
Size: 16  
Hub: mag  
Rim width: 5 in.  
Tire: 5.10x16  
Brake: disc

## Painting

Molding: owner  
Painter: owner  
Color: black  
Type: acrylic enamel  
Special paint: none  
Other special modifications: internal

**Owners:** Junkman

**City:** Dago

## General

Fabrication by: owner  
Year and make: 1973 H-D  
Model: FLH plus  
Value: no way  
Assembly: owner  
Time: continuous  
Chroming by: used chromium

## Frame

Year: 1973  
Builder: H-D/Cracker  
Type: swinger  
Rake: virgin  
Stretch: virgin  
Other alterations: too many

## Accessories

## Engine

Year: 1973  
Model: FLH plus  
Rebuilder: owner  
Ignition: battery  
Displacement: 90.22 cu.in.  
Lower end: 4 1/4-in. stroke  
Balancing: S&S  
Pistons: S&S .040/9.1 cast  
Cases: stock  
Heads: stock  
Cam: A/P A grind  
Lifters: S&S solids  
Carb(s): Bendix reworked by M. Rooney  
Air cleaner: early stock  
Pipes: generator type  
Muffler(s): stock FX

## Bars: FLH

Risers: stock  
Fender(s): stock  
Headlight: early '59  
Taillight: '55 type  
Speedo: never works  
Front pegs: stock boards  
Rear pegs: sometimes  
Electrics: 12 volt alt.  
Gas tank: 3 1/2-gallon, late type  
Oil tank: stock  
Oil system: recovery  
Primary cover: stock  
Seat: stock FLH  
Sissy bar: forget it  
Height:  
Material:

## Transmission

Modifications: Zaidels A/P gears  
Year: 1973  
Shifting: foot  
Engine sprocket: 24 compensator  
Trans sprocket: 25

## Forks

Type: stock glide  
Extension: 6 in. plus  
Builder: H-D  
Special features: Zaidels parts

## Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

**Front:**  
Size: 16  
Hub: stock  
Rim width: 3 1/2 in.  
Tire: Badyear  
Brake: disco

**Rear:**  
Size: 16  
Hub: stock  
Rim width: 3 1/2 in.  
Tire: Ualbrener/Carlisle  
Brake: disco

## Painting

Molding: no way  
Painter: whatever  
Color: U name it  
Type: some powder coat  
Special paint: no  
Other special modifications: too many to mention



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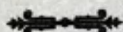
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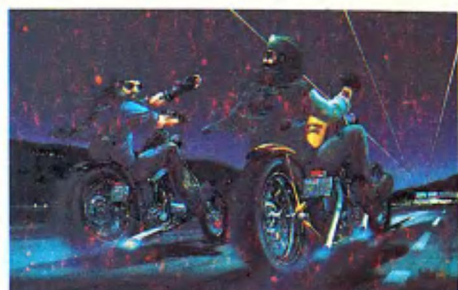
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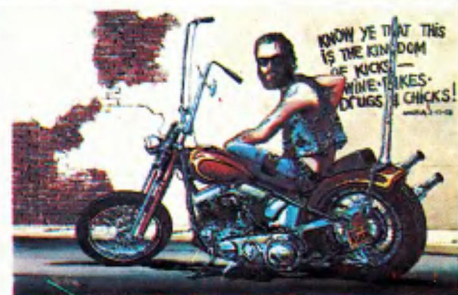
M-7 "Run Heat"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



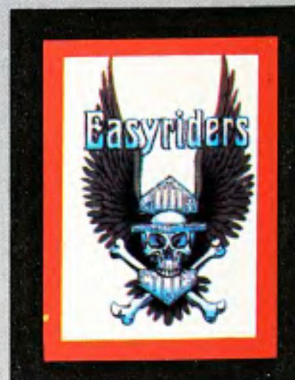
M-13 "Won't Start"



M-12 "Country Style"



M-8  
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"



# tech tip

## Timing Electronic Ignitions

**E**lectricity has always scared the shit out of me. The wiring on my bike used to burn every year, religiously. Timing was always hit or miss — something like when ya have to talk to the heat. When H-D came out with their new electronic, computerized ignition I thought, another smoke 'n' burn possibility. Not so, though. H-D may have cured some problems.

Seems the space-age doodads boost spark. The new system (not the late '79 electronic system) eliminates all moving parts associated with the mechanical-advance points setup. Ya don't have to worry about the flyweights sticking or the points burning if someone should forget to turn off the ignition switch.

We've got to note here that in late 1979, H-D tried their first electronic setup on big twins. It used a system implementing some of the new and

some of the old (flyweights and mechanical advance). We won't go into that system much here, but the basics are still the same.

The new system is almost foolproof. Almost, 'cause somebody's bound to fuck it up. Timing an electronic ignition is a breeze; the only requirement for right-fuckin'-on timing is a timing light. Instead of points and condenser, there's a magnetic field (electric eye) that's broken when a rotor with two slots or notches (one for each cylinder) passes it. It then sends a signal to a solid-state electronic brain. (Heavy, huh.) The electronic brain figures out what's happening and notifies the coil at the right time to cut loose with a mighty charge for the plugs.

The trigger slots for the electric eye are on the rim of a small, stamped metal cup. The smaller notch times the front cylinder; the wider notch times the rear cylinder. Now, just as with the early systems, both plugs fire at the same time, each time the coil is charged. The notched cup is held on the camshaft by a single bolt, same as the mechanical-advance flyweights. On the bottom of the cup is a tit that locks the cup on the camshaft and insures that the cup is in sequence with the opening and closing of the valves.

To time the sucker so it will start, make sure the front cylinder is on compression stroke. Put the correct flywheel timing mark in the center of the timing hole. On the other side of the engine, locate the small notch on the trigger cup; the leading edge of the small notch should be just breaking the field of the electric eye. Loosening the two screws that hold the electric eye plate will make lining up the leading edge of the trigger cup easier. Snug down the two screws and ya can start it up. Give the motor some time to warm up before hooking up the timing light. Hook up the timing light to the front plug wire and the battery. Start the engine and run it up to 2000 rpm. This will make sure that the electronic brain is sending the coil full-advance signals.

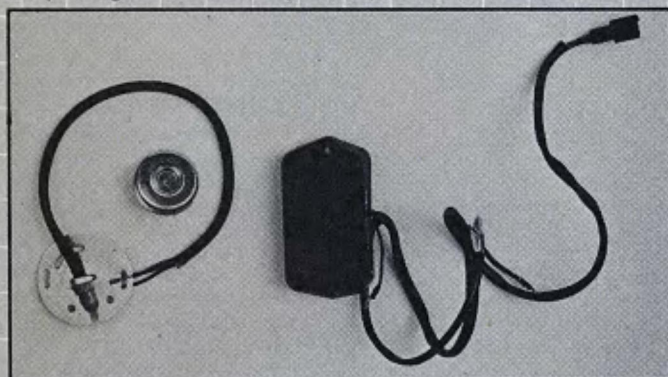
Aim the timing light in the timing hole and check out the location of the timing mark. If the mark is not dead center in the hole, rotate the electric eye base plate until the timing mark appears in the center of the hole. Tighten down the plate screws and ya got it. When ya think it's right on, go back and check it one more time to be sure as hell it's all dialed in.

Here's one more H-D curve ya ought to know about. In 1980, the H-D factory changed the timing marks on the left-hand flywheel in big twins and Sportsters. Big twins with crankcase part number 1480-128-001 and above (on bottom of crankcase), and Sportsters with 780-108-001 and above, have these new timing marks. On these new engines there are three timing marks. The front cylinder timing mark is a 1/8-inch-drilled dot. The straight line now indicates top dead center for the front cylinder. And the third timing mark is a lazy 8, which is full advance for the rear cylinder.

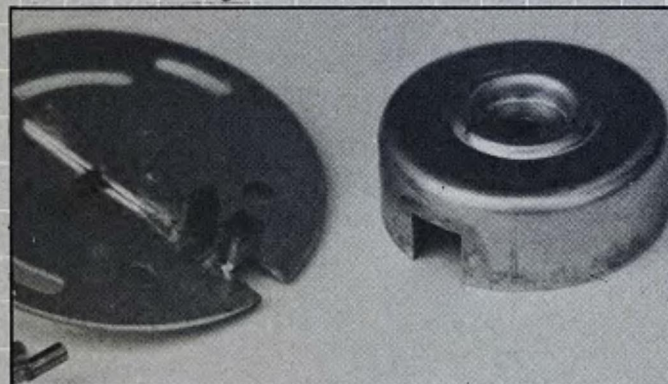
On engines prior to these, there is only one timing mark to worry about, and that is a straight line up and down.

This tech tip wasn't intended to hype the sale of timing lights; a four-buck discount store special will do the job. Or you can go in with a couple of bros and split the cost of a good light. Take the guesstimates out of timing. Electronic ignitions are a breeze, once ya understand the damn things.

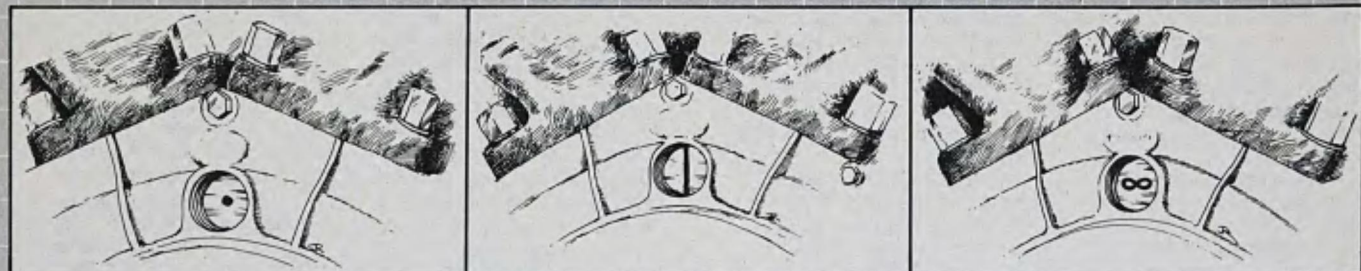
—Wrench



New 1980 electronic ignition



Electric eye plate (left), and 1980 trigger cup. When the leading edge of cutout on cup just breaks electric eye, engine is statically timed.



Photos by Kim Peterson





# EASYNEWS

## MOTORISTS AT FAULT

**Pennsylvania:** It's a two-way street when it comes to motorcycle safety.

Good weather is the time for motorcycles, and more drivers have taken advantage of the exceptional gas mileage of motorcycles.

With the increase in motorcycles comes an increase in motorcycle accidents. Yet almost all the injuries, expense, and trauma associated with those accidents could be avoided by following one simple rule.

The rule does not even apply to motorcycle riders. It applies to car drivers. The rule is simply **watch for motorcycles**.

There have been 30 motorcycle accidents in the city this year from April through June. In eighteen cases, a car was at fault. In seventeen of the accidents, the motorcyclist was injured.

In Millcreek's twelve accidents in the first six months of the year, eleven were the fault of a car.

"The major cause of motorcycle accidents is the failure of the car driver to see the rider," said Patrolman Robert Mucha of the Erie traffic bureau. "The public should be educated to look for motorcycles instead of just looking for cars. A car will pull up to a stop sign and just look for cars and not even see a motorcycle."

Statistics compiled by the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation show that 60 percent of accidents between cycles and automobiles occur at intersections.

Lt. Charles H. Shutte of the Millcreek police department traffic division agrees.

"Most of the accidents are caused by cars pulling away from stop signs and never seeing the motorcycle," he said. "The cars are looking for other cars."

"Fifty percent of these accidents are caused by cars making left-hand turns and not seeing the cycle."

Still, there are a number of

ways that the motorcyclist can reduce the possibility of these accidents.

"Leave your headlights on all the time," says Mucha, who rode a motorcycle on the police force for eight years. "Be a defensive driver. Expect cars to pull out and turn in front of you. Travel where the car driver can see you and where you have enough time to react."

Ron Starvaggi, owner of Starvaggi's Yamaha, warned, "Watch out for cars making left-hand turns and intersections. It's even worse now with the new right-of-red rule."

Two-wheeled safety requires better than average driving skills and knowledge of the special techniques and hazards of cycling. Any accident with a motorcycle and a car can be a serious one.

There will always be the daredevil motorcyclist who may wind up hurting himself and others by his antics. But statistics show that the majority of cyclists are not in that category, that it's usually a car driver who causes a motorcycle accident by failing to take that extra look. — from Chris, Erie, Pa. 16510.

## WARNING TO BIKERS EVERYWHERE

**The Nation:** Bros, beware! Someone out there wants your Harley. Don't let yourselves be set up, especially when you're advertising your scooter for sale somewhere. It's an open invitation for some undesirable to scoop it up before you even know what's going down. No matter what type of lock you use, if these people want your scooter bad enough they're going to get it. They seem to have motorcycle theft down to a science. Sad, but true.

Here are a few ideas we hope will help prevent such theft from happening. To protect yourself, first of all don't give out your name or

the directions to your home. Get name and a number and then check them out by calling back. If things check out, and the people want to see the merchandise, meet them at a gas station or somewhere away from your home. Before leaving home, put masking tape on your scooter's license plate so they won't be able to trace your name or address. When you do meet them, try to memorize the vehicle make that they were driving; also the license plate number and what they looked like. Most important of all, don't let them follow you home. If they do follow you, go anywhere but home.

We care, and want to see this shit cease.

Some of us are trying to organize a group of citizens who will speak up and be heard. No names or sources would ever be revealed. Some bros who have been ripped off are offering up to \$2,000 for the recovery of



their most valued possession.

Our organization is called Battlers. We need your support to get the outfit off the ground, and to put a stop to this widespread problem. If you have any ideas or information, anything at all

that may be of some help, please do not hesitate to contact us.

We are already backed by the MMA, and hope to be supported by people like you who care enough to take a stand against motorcycle thefts. We want to get people to come together and help fellow bikers. And maybe, just maybe, we can prevent some other righteous bro from having his scooter scooped. Battlers, c/o Modified Motorcycle Association, 34 Clyde Street, Somerville, Mass. 02143. ■

## A TRIBUTE TO PAPPY

**Connecticut:** As many as 600 motorcycles roared through southeastern Connecticut as bikers made their annual pilgrimage to the Montville gravesite of one of their most respected leaders.

Police estimated that more than 1000 bikers gathered at the small Comstock Cemetery to pay tribute to their fallen leader, Donald "Pappy" Pittsley, whom bikers credit with winning repeal in 1976 of the state law requiring motorcyclists to wear helmets.

Clad in bandanas, faded jeans, and leather jackets — but no helmets — the bikers whizzed through the centers of five towns, causing short traffic tie-ups and attracting the bewildered stares of hundreds of spectators along their winding route. Some of the motorcyclists came from Rhode Island and New York.

"Today we're just out for a good time, to show our respect for Pappy, and to show we still care about the helmet law. We don't want any hassles," said one sandy-bearded biker who called himself Fats. "We give him this every year to let him know we remember him."

Pappy, who, one biker said, was "like a father to us," was president of the Connecticut Motorcycle Association in the early '70s. The



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

association's main goal was to win repeal of the state's 1967 law requiring motorcyclists to wear helmets.

Pappy led the fight that eventually ended in repeal of the law. "He was a person who believed in human rights and individualism," Fats said.

For "Tiff," a biker who had been a good friend of Pappy's, the only memory that put a damper on the tribute was remembering that the one-time Montville resident had died of a heart attack before he saw his work bear fruit.

"It was a shame that he never saw the law repealed. That's the saddest part about it," said Tiff, who wore a black and white T-shirt with Pappy's face and "Love That Pappy" stamped across the front.

With gleaming motorcycles encircling the green, shadeless Montville cemetery, the bikers paid tribute by taking photos of the site, saying a prayer, or reading the headstone inscription: "Founder of CMA (Connecticut Motorcycle Association). Fought to free bikers against unjust laws." An engraved profile of a motorcycle marked the center of the stone. A small American flag was planted beside the grave.

While the roar of the passing bikers was sometimes reminiscent of the Indianapolis 500 and traffic backed up behind them in the sweltering afternoon sun, many onlookers greeted the unusual Memorial Day weekend parade with smiles.

When bikers raised clenched fists in salute, residents responded with a wave or their own raised fists. One older Montville resident called the sight of the throng of bikers spectacular and said she only wished someone would pay her the same tribute when she died. — from Sue Nichols, Mystic, Conn.

### WATCH OUT

**R**hode Island: The best motorcycle advice I ever got came with the keys to my first machine. I was 18 and eager to hit the streets on an aging British twin bought from an older and wiser friend. I'll never forget that guy; he firmly believed that every automobile driver on the road hated motorcycles in general and him in particular and wanted very much to kill him. He sent me on my way that day with a single, grave admonishment: "Watch out for cars. They're all out to get you."

Sixteen years, umpteen thousand miles, and several close calls later, I've concluded that my friend was paranoid. I don't think the majority of drivers have a grudge against us at all, or that they even go out of their way intentionally to give us a hard time. They're just hopelessly incompetent, that's all. (Of course, that doesn't make it hurt any less when they pull out in front of us.) The average driver doesn't have the good sense to keep himself out of trouble, much less look out for you and me, and if he did have the sense, chances are he wouldn't have the skill.

Obviously, my friend and I ended up at the same place. His paranoia about car drivers' attitudes and my skepticism about their competence function as similar defense mechanisms. Regardless of whether hostility or inability causes more car/bike crashes, he and I both maintain a constant awareness of the lethal nature of automobiles; of the heart-beat-swift efficiency with which they can cut us down. We are constantly ready to defend ourselves against motorized attack. We both live by the street rider's creed: "Watch out for cars. They're all out to get you."

Now, understand that my theory about driver ineptitude isn't very scientific. It results from just one motor-

cyclist's normal complement of near misses, usually brought on by a car person doing something dumb. In an effort to understand these repeated attempts on my life, I've thought a lot about America's rather bizarre notion that a driver's license ranks with life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness on a list of inalienable rights guaranteed by our Creator.

In this society, everybody drives. Universal suffrage is withheld until at least age 18, but not the universal driver's



license. Gum-chewing teenagers join preoccupied businessmen and 38-mph-in-the-fast-lane dowagers as evidence of America's belief in every citizen's God-given right to operate a motor vehicle. Competence is not a prerequisite. Do you know anyone who has repeatedly tried and failed to pass a driver's test? I don't. But I know a lot of people who are incapable of driving safely.

We Americans make a fundamental assumption

that everyone will grow up steering wheel in hand. If nothing else, the cost of properly training and testing all those drivers insures that the process will be pretty mickey mouse. In too many locales, driver education is a superficial run-through taught by off-season high school coaches. Testing programs are administered by tired old bureaucrats who see a driver's license not as a certificate of competence in the operation of motor vehicles, but rather as a necessary piece of personal ID for anyone who wants to cash a check. So long as the photo is in focus, it doesn't really matter if the applicant can get out of a skid, and the toughest part of the test is still parallel parking. How many people get killed trying to parallel park?

Unfortunately, for 46,000 drivers and 4,000 riders every year, getting killed is precisely the issue.

An excellent yardstick by which to measure America's tolerance for behind-the-wheel blunders is Joan Claybrook's National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. The NHTSA (aka Nanny's Half-truth and Twisted Statistics Agency) starts each day with the assumption that stumblebutt American drivers are destined to bounce off each other like bumper cars on a carnival midway. The idea of preventing accidents is absurd in a society that insists on giving a license to anybody who can pronounce the words "stop sign." So rather than seeking reductions in the number of mishaps, the agency responsible for stopping highway bloodshed blows all its bucks on belts, bags, buzzers, and other boondoggles intended to minimize injury when the inevitable crash occurs.

In its spare time, NHTSA applies the same logic to bikers, insisting that mandatory helmets will somehow make us safe from the



inevitable attacks of auto drivers, whose errors in judgment are — by NHTSA's own admission — the largest single cause of motorcyclist fatalities.

The absence of any ongoing decline in highway deaths leads me to conclude that the only people making out on NHTSA's accident-accepting approach to safety are those in the business of insuring and repairing automobiles. Collectively, society tolerates highway bloodshed as the price of individual mobility and the universal driver's license. Individually, motorists cocooned in steel are confident "it will never happen to me." Thus, four-wheeled America careens from one mishap to another, littering the highways with twisted sheet metal and broken bodies.

Of course, the motorcyclist gets the short and bloody end of this accident-prone approach to transportation. A fender-bender for the auto driver is a femur-smasher or worse for the biker. And every year, a couple thousand of our fellow riders get cut down by bozos in Buicks who don't know left from right-of-way. It's all part of the price of letting anybody and everybody get behind the wheel.

I'm damned tired of motorcyclists having to die for America's right to drive badly, and I'll support every license reform and biker awareness program that comes down the pike. But in the end, I don't think of my safety as a political problem, and I'm sure not going to rely on anyone else to look out for me. Instead, every time I climb on my motorcycle I fall back on some proven advice to keep me alive: "Watch out for cars. They're all out to get you." — from the Rhode Island Motorcycle Assn., Box 7868, Warwick, R.I. 02887.

## DAVID DUKE RESIGNS

**L**ouisiana: David Duke has resigned as grand wizard of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan to accept a new post as president of the

National Association for the Advancement of White People (NAAWP). No name could better state the purpose of an organization. It denotes a positive approach as a pro-white organization rather than simply anti-black. It also shows that they are really not interested in oppressing blacks or other minorities, but simply in the advancement of the white race. Also, if people bring up the parallels between the NAAWP and the NAACP, so much the better; when people attack them for standing up for white people, millions of Americans will see the hypocrisy of attacking them for the same things for which the NAACP is praised. For more information, write NAAWP, P.O. Box 10625, New Orleans, La. 70181.

## FIGHTIN' OUR OWN KIND

**E**ngland: It's little wonder our brothers in England still have to wear crash helmets. All the time, those who protest have to fight. They fight the government, the bureaucracy, the police, the general public, but worst of all they have to fight other motorcyclists.

Compulsory crash-helmet wearing was introduced to



England in 1973. Since then, a group of die-hard bikers, joined together under the banner of the Motorcycle Action Group, have been seeking full repeal of the law. No luck yet, though. After seven years of protestin', seven years of petitionin' Britain's Parliament, and seven years of disruptin' the courts with pleas for immunity, the battle is by no means ended.

Recently MAG held a day of protest. Seven runs covering most of Britain again attracted coverage from the media. One run in Southampton was recorded on TV. Others were given a few column inches in the local press. But the politicians ain't interested no more. What weight does a group of 400 protesting scooter tramps have when other demonstrations in London often fetch 100,000 marchers on the streets?

Where were the other 1.1 million bikers in Britain? The general feeling among U.K. riders is that crash helmets are a good thing. Freedom to choose doesn't play a part in it, but it should. Brothers need to think of the future.

Others, like 70-year-old war veteran Fred Hill, are prepared to sit it out in jail to make their point. Fred's been inside over a dozen times to make his point. Should a man who risked his life to keep Britain a free country in World War II have to go to prison to protect that freedom?

At present, MAG members are waiting for their case to be heard at the European Court of Human Rights. More runs are anticipated. But more support is needed.

Keep fightin', brothers: you'll win in the end. Freedom always does. — from British Bacon, England.

## N.C. POLITICAL ACTION

**N**orth Carolina: CBA has selected a Political Action Committee to contact government representatives to determine whether or not they will support our needs in the mandatory helmet situation. Those candidates

who do help support our freedom of the road will deserve your vote later.

ABATE of South Carolina has given us information that helped them repeal the helmet law in their state. We hope to have some representatives speak to our group in the future. When these representatives speak, we should, as CBA members, be there to support our organization and show our concern.

The committee so far is



made up of only three individuals. Members or non-members who are dedicated to the road should come to meetings and show your support. If each individual out there is as supportive of the PAC as they are of all other CBA activities, we feel we could repeal the helmet law in N.C. and eventually help the other states. If we could get our members to put some effort into what they really believe in, we could be shedding our skid lids in 1981.

Out of three hundred members in the CBA, we know there are those of you who can really help us. We have a suggestion box at the meeting and the Iron Horse Tavern, but we would much rather have you come to the



meetings every Monday at 7:30 p.m. at Veterans Park. Please help us fight and ride for our motto: "Let Those Who Ride Decide."

If there are any questions about the Political Action Committee, contact Melissa Jones, (704) 365-1758; Nancy Hooper, 568-3242; or George Overstreet, 333-3031.

— from Magoo, Concerned Bikers Assn., Box 26455, Charlotte, N.C. 28213.

## JOB WANTED

**T**he Nation: I have applied for a job and need recommendations. I'd be working in a dismal atmosphere among people I normally don't trust, and in a town I don't like. Yet I actually applied. The job? Claybrook's, head of NHTSA. I wrote to Ronald Reagan, explained my stand on transportation issues, told him I have an MA degree from UCLA and am a registered professional engineer in California, that I will help get him votes, and want the appointment to head NHTSA if he is elected. I got an answer that promised little but still wasn't a no. After all, he doesn't know me, and many people who campaign for him will be wanting appointments. So I want to show him that people around the country know me and that I will get him votes.

In brief, here is what he answered. He thanked me for my support and welcomed my working on his behalf. He said that my request for appointment to head NHTSA would be placed in an active file and if he was elected, my request would be given consideration.

Reagan's statement, I admit, is rather hazy. But what more could he say? The way I see it, we play a long shot and go to work. Anyone who is tired of unreasonable NHTSA interference in personal transportation affairs should write to Ronald Reagan, 9841 Airport Boulevard, Suite 1430, Los Angeles, Calif. 90045.

Remind the Governor he has my application for appointment to head NHTSA.



Some of you know my stand — better roads designed for all traffic, including motorcycles; improved traffic control; better driver education, including intermediate driver training and motorcycle rider training; tougher licensing. And lay off the reward and punishment system, misleading statistics, Washington auto and motorcycle design, and all personal things like the federal 55 and mandatory passive devices. I'd reduce NHTSA spending, reduce the staff, and produce more safety with active programs using people's intelligence.

As I said, the job is lousy, but how else can we keep out Claybrook, or another Claybrook? — from Ed Armstrong, 215 Grove, Fox River Grove, Ill. 60021.

## N.J. UPDATE

**N**ew Jersey: There are two active bills for repeal of the mandatory helmet law. They are: 1. A233 by Assemblymen Markert, Visotcky, and Kosco; and 2. S312 by Senators Dodd and Hagedorn. We also have a rider education bill in the Senate. It is S3436 by Senators Herbert and Dodd.

When sending letters, tell them you are in favor of the above bills. Write to the people who have sponsored the bills as well as to your elected officials. To find out the Senator or Assemblyman

for your district, call the toll-free number (800) 792-8630. — from Jersey Motorcycle Assn., Box 362, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621.

## COPS SAW IT

**I**llinois: A motorcycle passenger was killed and the driver critically injured when their motorcycle collided with an auto in south suburban Bridgeview.

The passenger, Myles Hawryluk, 16, was thrown from the cycle. The driver, Joseph Geimer, 19, flew feet first into the car's windshield. Bridgeview police said.

Police said the car's driver, Theodore Malawski, 49, apparently didn't notice that Geimer was sprawled across the car's hood, his knees and legs hooked through the smashed windshield.

Police said Malawski continued another block to his home, parked his car, and started toward his house before police officers, who had seen the collision, pulled up behind him.

Malawski was charged with driving while intoxicated, leaving the scene of a fatal accident, and making an improper left turn, police said.

Police said the incident oc-

cured just before 3 a.m. when Geimer, driving north on Harlem at 73rd Pl. in Bridgeview, collided with Malawski's southbound car when Malawski made a sudden left turn.

Hawryluk was thrown 25 feet from the cycle. He was dead on arrival at Christ Hospital in Palos Heights, police said.

Geimer was in critical condition at Palos Community Hospital, a hospital spokesman said. — from a bro in Oak Lawn, Ill.

## IDAHO BROTHERS, WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?

**A**BATE of Idaho is again fighting for your freedom of choice. Although we defeated the helmet law two years ago with only 50 members, the fight to keep the state free of such mandatory legislation is going to take numbers, large numbers. So far we have three chapters, Boise, Salmon, and Mt. Home. We need to hear from the rest of the state and set up more chapters, so if you want to help (and you should), write to us at ABATE of Idaho, P.O. Box 8972, Boise, Idaho 83707.

## 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 chapter.

☐ 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.-----



## No Shipboard Romance

What's happening? Your Dec. '79 issue pissed my ass off something bad! All these sum-bitches telling how they don't give head or eat pussy and so on. They're lucky they got someone to go to. I'm in the Navy and right now off the fucking coast of Iran, thanks to those bastards. Try being out here for 72-plus days without a warm pussy to go to. It's fucked! On top of that, I don't know when we're getting out of here. I think the people in the slammer feel the same way.

Sailor Mike

- I'm thinkin' about you.

## Crank Case

Let me tell ya something, Mutha. I'd like to stick my crank up yer ass till ya scream for mercy. Then, I'd let ya suck my dingaling clean and muff dive ya till ya creamed the whole bed. By the way, what lube oil do ya like best when takin' it up the old poopchute, you cute, sleazy, nasty, bikin' mama you? I hope yer little man in the boat's quiverin', 'cause I just jacked off thinkin' about you.

Rocky Jim  
Wayzata, Minn.

- I only scream for *more*, not mercy.

## Tattoo Wanted

Guys are so fucked up these days! There's this guy I been wantin' for the last fucking year. Every time I think about him I get hot! But you see, there's one asshole of a problem: he claims I'm too young. But still, I put on heavy raps and get him all hot. He hates to refuse, but it's my age. I'm just tempted to "rape" him, but what will he think? And I don't want to get caught in any hassle, get it? What shall I do?

Li'l One  
Brooklyn N.Y.

- Go for it, youngster.

## Tongue Twister

Mutha, I thought I would write you a letter. I'm not a biker but I have great respect for them. I think you have a fine magazine. I love to eat a girl's pussy and I believe it would really be a treat to eat your pussy and chew on your clit. I love to do this and can really get turned on doing it. How would you like that? How would you like to sit on my face while I lick and eat your pussy? I think you'd really be fantastic. I think the trouble is that there aren't enough men who can satisfy women with their tongues, but I can. I had a knot on the end of my tongue, but it's gone now. If I get it back, I'll write and let you know.

Jimmy D. Spencer  
Noctor, Ky.

- A knot — why not? I'd love to get your tongue all tangled up in me!

## Some Win, Some Lose

Hey, you sloppy cunt! Thought I had to come down from my Cloud 9 long enough to ask ya if your tits were in your face or your head up somebody's asshole. 'Cause in your February 1980 rag, ya forgot to answer a couple of questions. They were titled "Fold-Out" and "To Trust, or Not to Trust." To make it right, you oughta send them bros a free rag or two. Or in your next issue, have a large color fold-out poster of your slimy, smelly, fly-infested twat so all those bros out there can get an idea of the trouble they might fall into.

D.H.  
Carmichael, Calif.

- Tough titty. Fall in anytime.

## Dream Lover

What's wrong with that Hector Gonzales creep? I'd trade my 24-bottle collection of refined snot and twelve used rubbers for one night with you. I could always stick my head up your snatch, wiggle my ears, and throw up. I

think that would really turn you on. By the way, how about a picture of you so I can have something to dream about, or have nightmares?

Lloyd  
Clarkton, Mo.

## Ants In Pants

Hey, you wanta go steady with me? I think you're the greatest broad in the world besides Linda. I'm not a biker, but if I was, you would be my kind of partner. Gee, Mutha, do you have cooties in your booties? I don't care, because I have ants in my pants (for Linda, of course).

Joe The Shmoe  
St. Joe, Mo.

- Black Flag.

## Too Good

My problem is my ol' man. (Aren't they always causing us problems?) He left home and moved back to his mother's so he could think about us. Well, his good friend (ha-ha) is a trouble-maker and single. So, now that he's back at mama's, he's constantly drunk, high, and out fuckin' off. I used to keep a clean house, cook good meals, do his laundry, smoke with him, work, and give him my money between his paychecks if he needed bucks, never said "no," and gave him all the head any man could ever want. What can I do? I love the stupid jerk and feel lost right now.

Brandi Manske  
Holmen, Wis.

- If you're as good to him as you say, he'll be back. And if he doesn't come back, he's too fuckin' stupid to worry about.

## Jobber Inquiry

Since ya "Tell All," see if you can tell us about this one. How come they call it a blow job when you don't blow, but suck? We've tried blowin', and believe us it didn't do a damn thing for the ol'

men! We've asked all the fellow jobbers we know, and no one can answer us. Is blow job a technical error or have we been doin' it wrong — but *good* — all this time? We and our fellow jobbers are waiting and would appreciate your professional opinion.

The Treacherous Twins  
Pachecho, Calif.

- Who gives a fuck what ya call it? If it feels good, do it!

## Diehard

I am a diehard Rolling Stones fan, and once when I was talking to a bro, he told me that if you had a chance to suck one of the group's cocks you'd pick Keith Richards. I told the fucker he was nuts and that you would suck the balls off Mick Jagger. Could you straighten this shitfaced argument out for us? Who would it be?

Panhead Don  
Spokane, Wash.

- Sid Vicious, of the Sex Pistols — but he's already dead! Oh well, what the hell. Gimme Keith.

## Fleet Service

If I wasn't so fucked up on Ever-Clear, I might have a bike by now. Do you know any dealers in the Norfolk Little Creek area that'll let me pay 'em off on time? With very little down? Say hi to my bros Jeff Murray in Guam and Gary Farver on the USS *Jouett* when you see 'em. You do service the fleet, don't you?

Monk  
Little Creek, Vt.

- Once a month, while I'm on the rag.

—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







**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.**

**I** saw an Iranian kid the other day and asked who his mother was. He said, "Iran."  
I asked him who his father was. He said, "The Ayatollah Khomeini."  
I asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up. He said "An orphan!"

— Gypsy Dee  
Farmington, N.M.

**T**wo bikers were drinking in a bar one day, when one asked the other, "Say, you got a picture of your ol' lady naked?"

"No, why?"  
"Would you like one?"

— Robert Rowe  
Many, La.

**R**eminiscing with her girlfriend about their childhood, the sweet young thing asked, "Did you ever play with jacks?"

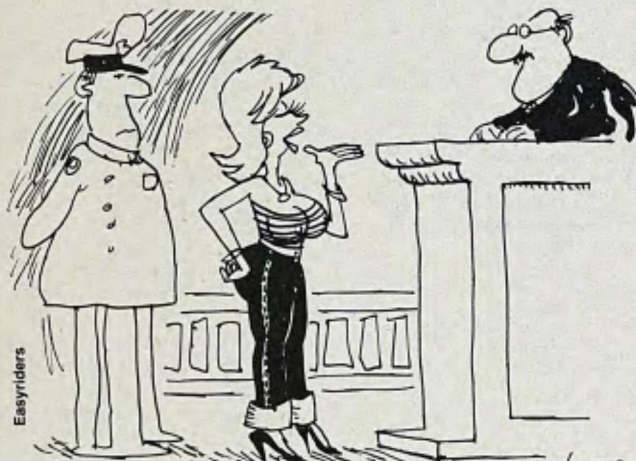
"Oh, yes," her friend replied. "And with Ralph's, Bill's and Ed's."

— Jack Frye  
Kingman, Ariz.

**W**hen an old man tried to proposition a young bitch in a bar she turned him down, saying, "Oh, leave me alone. You're too old for any action."

The old man replied, "I might be too old to cut the cake, but I'm not too old to lick the frosting."

— Simon Walker  
Boise, Ida.



"It's simply my way of stimulating the economy, your honor."

**C**onvicted of murder and sentenced to death, the shapely young lady asked, as a last request, that she be hanged in the nude. Although the warden thought this unusual, he felt a last request was not something to be denied. When the condemned prisoner arrived at the gallows, the hangman gasped, "My God, you have the most beautiful body I've ever seen."

Came the whispered reply, "It's all yours if you keep your trap shut."

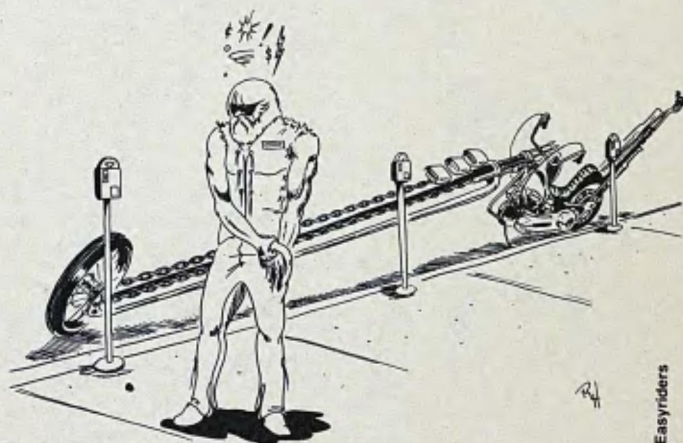
— James Allen  
Fort Smith, Ark.

**"M**y wife is the most suspicious woman in the world," complained the harried husband to a sympathetic friend. "If I come home early, she thinks I'm after something. And if I come late, she thinks I've already had it."

— Mike Sullivan  
Boston, Mass.

**W**hat do you call a good-lookin' bitch in Iran? A visitor.

— Tim Fulscher  
Menard, Ill.



**I**f the Post Office made a stamp of the Ayatollah Khomeini it would never work. People would always spit on the wrong side.

— David McCook  
Wichita, Kan.

**A**tenant complained to the superintendent that his room was so cold his "piss froze before it hit the bowl."

"You think that's cold," the super said. "C'mon down to my room."

He pointed to a stain in the center of his bedsheet. "See that brown spot? Watch this." He lit a match and held it over the spot. Within seconds it started to melt and suddenly went "phart."

— Thomas Oetzel  
Philadelphia, Pa.

**A**fter the attractive blonde had seated herself, the young psychiatrist asked, "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Well," the shapely thing answered, blushing, "I think I may be a nymphomaniac."

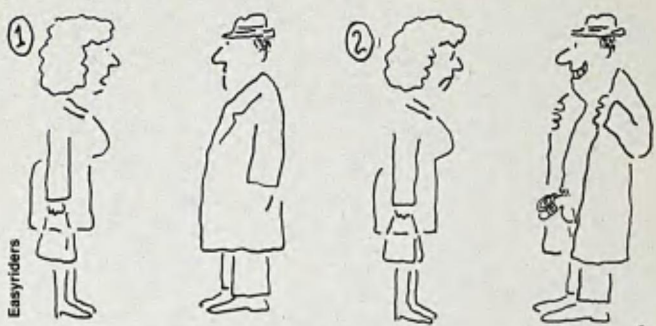
"I can probably help you," said the doctor, "but I must tell you that my fee is fifty dollars an hour."

"That's not bad," the girl quickly replied. "How much for all night?"

— C.B. Hollister  
Westport, Conn.

**A**nd, of course, you've heard about the village smith who made his living selling iron chastity belts at \$40 a crack.

— Don White  
Topeka, Kan.

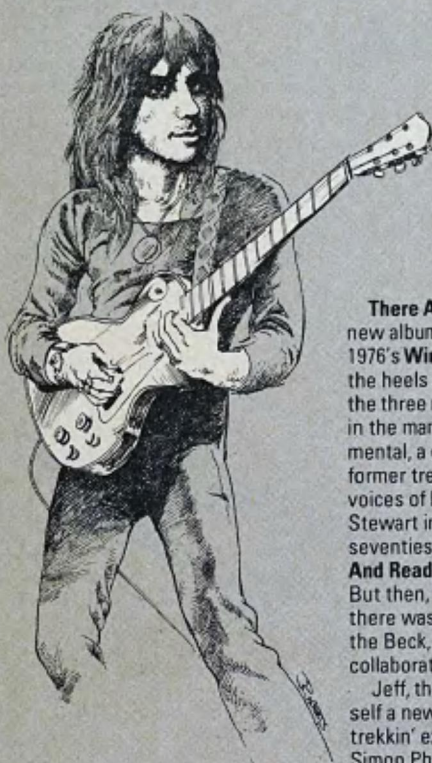


"Do you know what time it is?"



# DOWNTIME

By Bomber



**There And Back/Jeff Beck:** This new album is a classy follow-up to 1976's *Wired* LP, which came hot on the heels of *Blow By Blow*. Each of the three represents a turning point in the man's style. Each is instrumental, a departure from Beck's former trend of wailing behind the voices of Bob Tench and Rod Stewart in the late sixties and early seventies. Great stuff, *Rough And Ready*, *Beck-Ola*, and *Truth*. But then, in this asshole's opinion, there was a dropoff of intensity in the Beck, Bogart, and Appice collaboration.

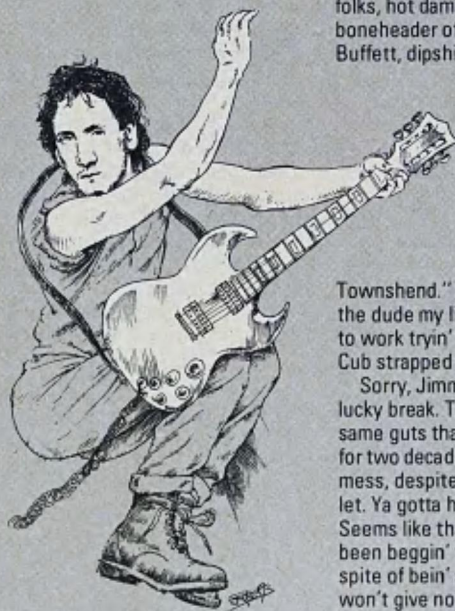
Jeff, the former Yardbird, got himself a new lineup for his guitar trekkin' expeditions. Included is Simon Phillips on drums and Mo Foster on bass, with Tony Hymas sharing keyboard duties with the exceptionally hot Jan Hammer. The tunes were written by members of the band; Beck probably just let the dudes do their thing, then hit the

**Y**ou got class. We try to show some. We're gonna give ya the full ninety inches of wide-open throttle, no-holds-barred, pumpin'-rock-'n'-roll action this month.

We're talkin' about three of the world's best guitarists. Definite long-strokers. If they were scooters they'd be centerstage showbikes—that got hell ridden out of 'em every damn day. Real workers. *Survivors* might be a better term.

Each of these guys has seen plenty of glory light beamin' in his face like a brand-new Bates, but for one reason or another his voltage regulator fried out, and into darkness he slipped. But each was gone only long enough to get a thorough recharge, and then came bouncin' out of the pits on his own terms to deal with the world he had enlivened before he high-sided, so to speak.

All three claim allegiance to the Queen. But the trio's musical roots formed from American blues. Translated through their axes, everything they've done has their own die-cast mold.



studio to fill up the missin' grooves. Some mind-expandin' songs you'll get off on are "El Becko," with a slow start but lightning finish, "The Pump," not unlike a curdlin' oil cooler, "Star Cycle," and "Space Boogie." "Too Much To Lose," "You Never Know," "The Golden Road," and "The Final Peace" round out the album.

When the 36-year-old string wizard decided to take a gamble and shitcan the singin' aspect of his approach to blues diagnoses, he went for brazin' rock and jazz in a solid bead, openin' the doors to a wider spectrum of sonic soarin' that did nothin' but please the fuck outta the earholes.

A great record to work behind, hump to, or visit the ozone with.

**Empty Glass/Peter Dennis Blandford Townshend:** This latest monster very nearly became a head-over-keister ovation for Jimmy Buffett because I fucked up. Ya see, I was well into a frosty fifth of schnapps while fryin' my backside at the river. Then over the radio comes this stinger of a vocal, wonderin' "Why was I born today?" Sounded just like the Floridian rumrunner. Nearly jumped outside my scorched hide. Helluva tune. When I went to the local disc distillery to pick up a copy for braggin' purposes to you folks, hot damn if I hadn't made a boneheader of a blunder. "That ain't Buffett, dipshit, that's Pete

Townshend." Sheepishly, I tossed the dude my life's savin's and went to work tryin' to remember how the Cub strapped on records.

Sorry, Jimmy, but it turned into a lucky break. Townshend shows the same guts that propelled The Who for two decades, admittin' his life's a mess, despite the bucks in the wallet. Ya gotta have peace of mind. Seems like that's what the guy's been beggin' for all his born days, in spite of bein' a musical radical who won't give no slack. I love it. Not a bad cut on display. Possibly the year's best writing. His best effort since *Rough Cut*, which

oddly enough was sewn up with the next star of the show, ol' Slow-hand himself.



**Just One Night/Eric Clapton:** All Eric's done is drop in on the Nips at Budokahn an' blow 'em away like no nuke ever could. The concert got taped, an' the whole listenin' universe is the beneficiary.

There ain't no need to go over the history of this once-proclaimed "god's" background. A dose of his workmanship on "Double Trouble," "Blues Power," "Tulsa Time," or Dire Strait's "Settin' Me Up," behind the singin' of Albert Lee, will bring you into focus with where the gentle genius is at.

**Just One Night** is the best capsule version of the man's talent—superior to any of the previously released "best of" albums that chronicle his career from the Blues Breakers days with John Mayall, through the Yardbirds, Cream and his subsequent solo efforts. First round KO material. ■





# Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

## Astrological Profile for Sagittarius

**S**agittarians are freedom-loving, fair-minded, and hard as hell to tie down to any situation they find boring. Too independent to be pushed around, they prefer to find their own poison.

Sagittarians are usually very energetic and able to handle several projects at one time while juggling their sex lives. They have an enormous appetite for adventure and tend to go in for daredevil antics. In other words, they're show-offs who go in for cheap thrills. As a result, they're also slightly accident-prone.

Both sexes are party people, who have a spontaneous sense of humor and can be counted on to cheer up the meanest case of the blues. Because of their natural impulsiveness, they can also be relied upon to drop their drawers in the strangest places. Their over-active imagination makes them fantastic fucks who'll try anything new or kinky.

Sags have a tendency to procrastinate, be impatient with slow blows or dull routines, and often shoot off their mouths without considering the other person's feelings. If ya can't handle the naked truth, don't ask a Sag's opinion. They are basically honest folks, but just a tad blunt.

Sagittarians are generally lucky and should follow intuition when gambling. Traveling is in their blood, even if just for short distances. They like to experience change and do well in careers involving travel or transportation.

Some famous Sags are Billy the Kid (who shot his wad once too often), John Mayall, Harpo Marx, George Segal, Walt Disney (who did it with ducks), Jane Fonda, and Suzy Chaffee (who did it with chapped lips).

Sagittarians are prone to injuries of the hips, ribs, and arms. They are also prone to liver ailments and res-

piratory problems. They can't stand to be closed in and require open-air activities (like screwing on a roller coaster) to keep them in good health.

### Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 20)

Why let the bulge in your britches overload your brains? Hopping from one hole to another will leave you with drooping nuts and a lot of unfinished business. Interference from partners can delay important matters, or cause you to lose out on something you busted your balls to acquire. You'll have to be a eunuch to get through this month without a strain to the old gonads. Snooze, ya lose!

### Taurus (Apr. 21 — May 20)

Flapping your gums in front of the wrong audience can get you more than applause. Somebody is waiting for you to say the wrong thing at the wrong time, especially on the job. Decipher the asshole's motivation and you'll remedy the situation. Then you can get on with more important matters, like partying your ass off! If you just can't keep your opinions to yourself, then invest in a good muzzle.

### Gemini (May 21 — June 20)

Things at the ol' homestead are gettin' outta hand. Maybe it's time to lock your ol' lady in the closet (without her vibrator), or fill her douche bag with Alka-Seltzer — that'll get her ass going. It's time for a heavy rap session, or maybe a rap upside the head, to clear the air. Either way, it's time to clean house. Really, why feud when ya can fuck? Then again, maybe you're the asshole. Think about it.

### Cancer (June 21 — July 21)

You'll have to break a few rules (or heads) to stay in the game now. Getting the upper hand by being underhanded may not be your style,

but it's your best bet. Otherwise, someone will put the bite on ya with some trick shit. Getting your nuts in an uproar won't help, either. Watch for a mind-bogglin' bit of info that'll remedy an otherwise hairy situation. Keep alert.

### Leo (July 22 — Aug. 21)

The fickle finger of fate finally stops flippin' ya off and deals ya a handful of goodies. Long distance calls or correspondence bring luck. This is the time to enter every contest ya come across, no matter how weird. You will be surprised by the results. Ya might even fart yer way to fame and fortune. Don't let past crap creep in an' ruin a good one.

### Virgo (Aug. 22 — Sept. 21)

Mind blowing isn't your favorite pastime, but if you have to do it, you're damn good at it. Holding your own with a few head trips may lighten the load in a heavy family situation. Avoid any knockdown confrontations, and the situation will blow over by the end of the month. Don't get an overly self-righteous attitude and you'll skate right on through without ruffling a hair on your ass.

### Libra (Sept. 22 — Oct. 22)

Misplaced loyalty can set our wheels spinning. Get your facts together before you set a so-called partner straight or loose. Not everyone is worthy of your trust, but don't let it drag your dick in the dirt. Avoid self-deception; see situations the way they really are. It hurts like hell when a bro lets ya down, but consider the source. Remember — paybacks are a sonuvabitch!

### Scorpio (Oct. 23 — Nov. 21)

Unless you proceed with caution, you may have to backtrack a taste. Legal mix-ups and lost goodies could pop a vein in your vital statistics. Haste makes waste (otherwise known as shit) so, unless you're financially independent, ya can't afford to fuck up now. Just keep your-

self idle in neutral until next month. After that, it's full speed ahead.

### Sagittarius (Nov. 22 — Dec. 20)

Lucky you! Put on your party threads and have yourself a real birthday bash. Boogie your balls off, but don't let your mind gather moss. If you take care of biz, you can easily collect bucks long overdue ya. All it takes is a small reminder — rent a billboard or hire a skywriter — and a lotta muscle. Seriously, ya can count on the powers of persuasion. Go for it.

### Capricorn (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

You could be faced with a shit-or-get-off-the-pot situation. Best wade right in, even if it means getting a little messy between the toes. Rely on your own judgment, rather than that of friends or relatives, especially relatives. Otherwise, you'll be in deeper shit than before. Break outta your rut and go for something new, but not at the expense of past obligations.

Play it really smart and combine the two.

### Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Petty mindfucks could goad ya into a real temper tantrum. Letting trivia get under your skin will cause a potentially explosive situation that could backfire. Relax; don't take things so personally. Remember, not everyone is pussy enough for your remarks. So, unless you can roll with the punches, keep your tongue in cheek. Get in the wind a while.

### Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

This is one of those unexpected times when ya gain through the unexpected. (Any gain is unexpected nowadays!) A loss of employment now could actually result in a better job. Luck may come in the form of a lady or someone else's loss. You also have a tremendous surge of energy. Use it to keep your shit together. Quit playing around with your dessert and get to the meat of the matter.



# HIMMLER



## An interview with a biker's dog

**"H**ey, you biker trash, don't come into this yard, or I'll tear you a new asshole!"

I put my hand on my knife and looked around, expectin' to see someone in Gnarly's front yard. Nothin' there. I reached for the gate.

"You sleazy bastard, I told you not to come in here. I can smell oil and motorcycle exhaust all over your ass. You're not foolin' me one bit. Move, and I'll make Alpo outta yer kneecaps." The grumble sounded as if it came from some crazy red-freak.

I didn't see anybody, so I yelled at the house. "Gnarly! You home? It's me, Doc."

"Come on in, bro," he shouted. "Watch out for Himmler. He's been in a shitty mood ever since that bitch down the street went into heat."

I was really confused. What the hell was Gnarly talkin' about — Himmler, heat, bitch? The last joint of Puna bud musta really gotten to me. I was hearin' voices. What the fuck was happenin'?

I reached for the gate. As my hand came in contact with

the latch, a damn tiger rushed the fence. It went for my arm like a starvin' Kodiak bear. That mixin' up of animals should tell you what a jolt the whole thing gave me.

"Himmler! Down! Sitzen!" Gnarly's gruff voice stopped the beast in mid-flight.

"It's all right now," Gnarly assured me as he tried to get me off the top of my shovelhead, where I'd climbed. "He's just old and cranky. Come on in. I just scored a barrel of reds — they'll calm ya down."

When I walked through the yard, past the bonebreaker, I heard that same red-freak voice. "Ya fucked up, scumbag."

I jumped all the way to the porch. "What the fuck was that?" I asked.

Gnarly laughed. "That's just my pit bull, Himmler."

Now, I've been around the block a coupla times, and I've seen bulldogs in every state; but this damn dog musta weighed at least a hundred and twenty pounds. He looked musclebound, scrappy, and heavily scarred, sittin' there movin' his jaws the way a weightlifter curls 150 pounds: slowly and deliberately. He had a coat like a

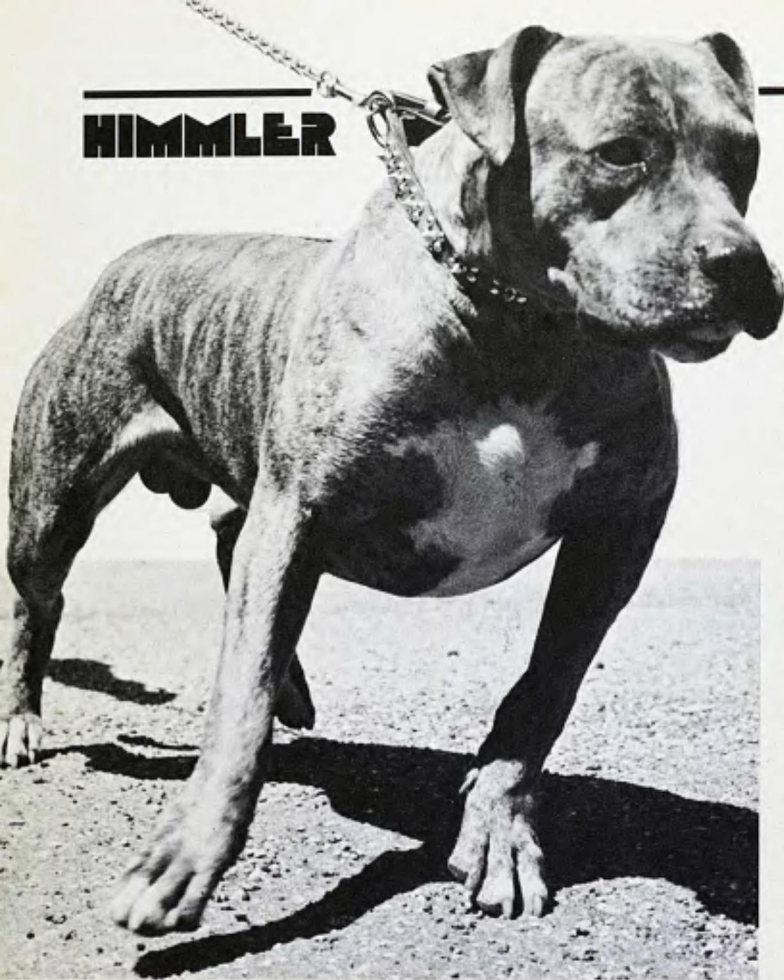




Photos by Pete Chiodo, Spot, and Kim



# HIMMLER



camouflaged Army jeep: mud brown. He'd been chewed on, spit out, and beat with a tire iron — a tough-lookin' mutt.

I apprehensively followed Gnarly into the house, and behind me that voice growled, "I warned you, sonuvabitch. Stay outta my yard!"

After six rds, three Thai joints, a Quaalude, and two six-pac's of Coors, my heart had slowed down to about normal. Gnarly and I bullshitted about bikes, travel, and old bros. We musta been there a while, 'cause I had entirely forgotten about Himmler when I stepped out onto the porch to take a piss. My dick was in my hand and I was waterin' a rosebush when this guttural growl came up behind me. I felt somethin' brush my leg, and it felt like a shark's first pass.

I pissed all over myself, jumped twenty feet away, had a near heart attack, and got madder'n hell — all within two seconds. Second was on my side this time. "Goddammit, I don't care how big you are. If you threaten me one more time, I'll do some real fuckin' up, and it'll be on your head, you ugly fucker!" I hadn't even thought about a pit bull's powerful jaws. The rds made me one bad sonuvabitch. If Gnarly hadn't chained Himmler, I woulda been up stew-meat creek, but now I had the upper hand. "You moth-eaten hunka shit, you say one more thing to me and..."

What the fuck was I doin'? Not only was I hearin' a dog talkin' to me, but I was talkin' back! Must be really stoned. Now, let me get my shit together — whatta buzz! Did the dog really say somethin', or was I hallucinatin'? Coulda been them 'shrooms I'd eaten before I left home.

The voice sounded again. "Hey, tramp, undo this chain, will ya?"

It really looked and sounded as if the voice was comin' from the dog. Instead of unhookin' him, I checked to see how securely he was tied down. Walkin' closer, but not within his range, I spoke to him. "What the fuck's your problem?"

"You're a fuckin' biker, ain't you?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm a biker. What of it?"

He stared at me. "I've put up with shit from bikers since I was two months old. Gnarly took me on a run, and Tiny ran over me with his twenty-one at the camp. Fuck even hollered at me, like it was my fault he was too fucked up to see me. I'll get him yet." Himmler sounded wound up now, so I just tripped into his rap. "I've been chained to a pickup truck with a six-inch length of chain till Gnarly got drunk enough to head for home. The sonuvabitch forgot I was there and drug me half a mile before I howled loud enough to be heard over that hunka shit he calls a pickup. Peeled me like a grape."

I was beginnin' to believe I was really rappin' with this dog. Those drugs musta been comin' on better than I'd expected. I just let it roll. "Yeah? Well, tell me some of yer war stories," I said sympathetically.

"Ya see the scar on my side? Stabbed three times in the war with some lowlifes across town. This weirdo tried to steal Gnarly's chopper while I was tied to it. He sure fucked up. I ate his leg and Gnarly pounded the freak flat. 'Course, the next time we were out, they came around in force, with hunks of pipe, knives — the whole tamale. One sonuvabitch left his switchblade hangin' outta me. All Gnarly said was, 'Thanks for the shiv.' I got stabbed three times and kicked so many times I can't remember 'em all. But I never let go of the bastard I got hold of — messed his mind."

"I lost my big toe in the chain on Spider's shovelhead. Got these stitches last week, after two Dobies down the road tried to ratpack me. They cut me up a little, till I





started chewin'; then they split for home turf.

"Gnarly was really pissed at me. When I got home, he chewed me out, after he beat me with a newspaper. I tried to tell him it wasn't my fault, that they'd tried to double up on me. What was I supposed to do? Run? Can't do it; ain't in me. I've never seen Gnarly back out of a fight — he don't know how. Fuckers sure raises hell with me when I get in one. If I win, he pets me and tells his brothers all about trainin' my ass. If I lose, he beats me worse than any packa dogs could, quits feedin' me, and won't let me ride in the back of the pickup. Says I'm a disgrace to the family."

Somebody musta given the grizzly dog some speed. He ground his teeth as he snarled: "I've spent the last fourteen years freezin' in the back of that pickup junk truck, guardin' oil-drippin' Harleys, fightin' other dogs to entertain Gnarly's bros. I've eaten some of the strangest shit known to be fed to anything anywhere. I've froze my ass and been baked all over the U.S., from Key West to Long Beach, from Vermont to Berdool I've fetched flywheels and rods, even caught one once — chipped three teeth. And that's how I got this scar on my nose, too. Earl got a real thrill out of it. But I got my payback. I bit a hole in his sixteen. Still got the tire hangin' from that tree. Ya wanna chew on it? Huh, whattaya say?"

Well, the reds, beer, joints, 'shrooms, and other assorted drugs musta short-circuited my brain, 'cause I went for his bizarre tale. I unfastened his chain and then realized — too late — that I'd fucked up again. He had the same look in his eye that Crazy gets when somebody calls him hippie.

I headed for the fence. Himmler was right behind me, soundin' like a rhinoceros gruntin' and mutterin'. As I cleared the fence, I felt his teeth catch the heel of my boot. Thought I was a goner, but he yanked the boot completely off. I grabbed for it — too late. "Listen, you four-legged



garbage truck," I said, "why don't you take up bein' a poodle and become some rich bitch's lapdog!"

"You gotta be kiddin'," he mumbled, chewin' my boot. "No other dog gets the respect a biker's dog gets. I run this fuckin' block, and every dog and human-fuckin'-bein' on the block knows it. I ain't goin' no place unless I go with Gnarly!"

I decided to forget the boot and take off. Behind me, Himmler howled: "Hey, where the fuck you think you're goin'? I ain't through with you yet! The only fun I have is with bikers. They're the only ones that got the class to party with me. I'm the toughest sonuvabitch around and I belong to the toughest fuckin' biker!"

Rocketin' down the road, I thought: Gotta get me a dog.  
— Doc







**Show some class  
this Christmas—give  
Easyriders T-shirts!**

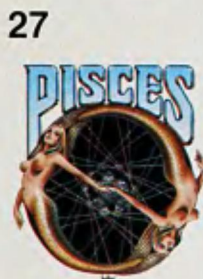
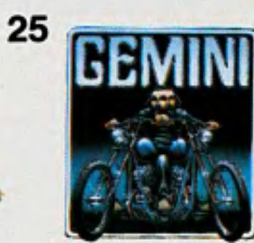
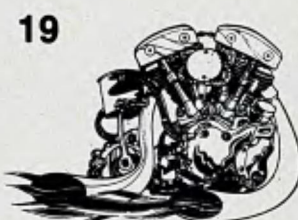
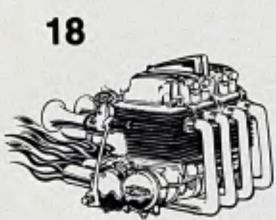
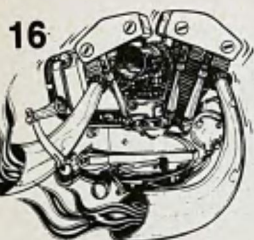
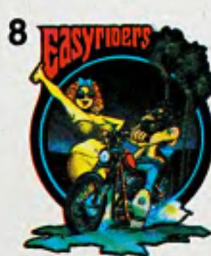
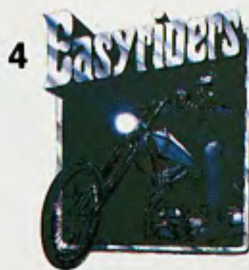
Big Nick copped all the sweeties in town—not bad, huh? Yep, Nick canned all those creepy little elves and brought in a hand-picked crew of helpers. Nick knows he'll be giving out a lot of these T-shirts this yule season, so if you don't want to disappoint the folks on your shopping list, you'd better order right away.

**Easyriders** T-shirts come in a wide variety of sizes, colors, and designs—so many that you can order a different one for every name on your list. And remember, these shirts aren't sleazy imports. They're all American made, finest quality—just like you'd expect from **Easyriders**.

So check 'em out and get your order in today. Big Nick and **Easyriders** T-shirts can make you a hero this Christmas.



## Design



If you haven't got one of these T-shirts or Tit-tops, you're just not with it. Pick your own design and color. (But use your head, dip-shit—not black lettering

on a black T-shirt.) Each sells for \$6.95, postpaid in U.S. only. Mix colors and designs to suit yourself—any design on either shirt in any of the colors offered.

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|--------------------------------------------------|---------------|-------------|-----------------------------|--------------|-------------|
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| <b>Plus tax</b><br>(California residents add 6%) |               |             |                             |              |             |
| (U.S. Currency Only, Thank you)                  | <b>Total</b>  |             |                             |              |             |

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**Note:** Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.



# IN THE WIND



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

— from J.C., San Antonio, Tex.

— from Mark Beggs, Salem, Ohio

— from Tom Leopold, Manhattan, Kan.







— from Lou, Edison, N.J.



— from J.W. Martin, Redding, Calif.



— from Wizard, Pittsburgh, Pa.



— from Big Mellow Bob, Laughlin AFB, Tex.





— from Michael Brown, Fayetteville, N.C.

— from Bob Baldwin, Arvada, Colo.







— from Lance Terpenney, Blacksburg, Va.

## Broken Wings

*They see him glide through life unchained  
And their own lives begin to depress them  
They envy his ways and fear his freedom  
So they make new laws to suppress him*

*With the gradual reduction of human rights  
And his elimination their ultimate goal  
With corrupted gavels they hammer at him  
But they cannot put bars on his soul*

*They say their laws are "for your own good"  
While they hit up another power injection  
So Big Brother can watch over the human herd  
And kill you for your own protection*

*They do not know that their war is lost  
That a bell of freedom still rings  
In the hearts of the last American heroes  
The eagle flies on with broken wings*

— Crow's Ol' Lady

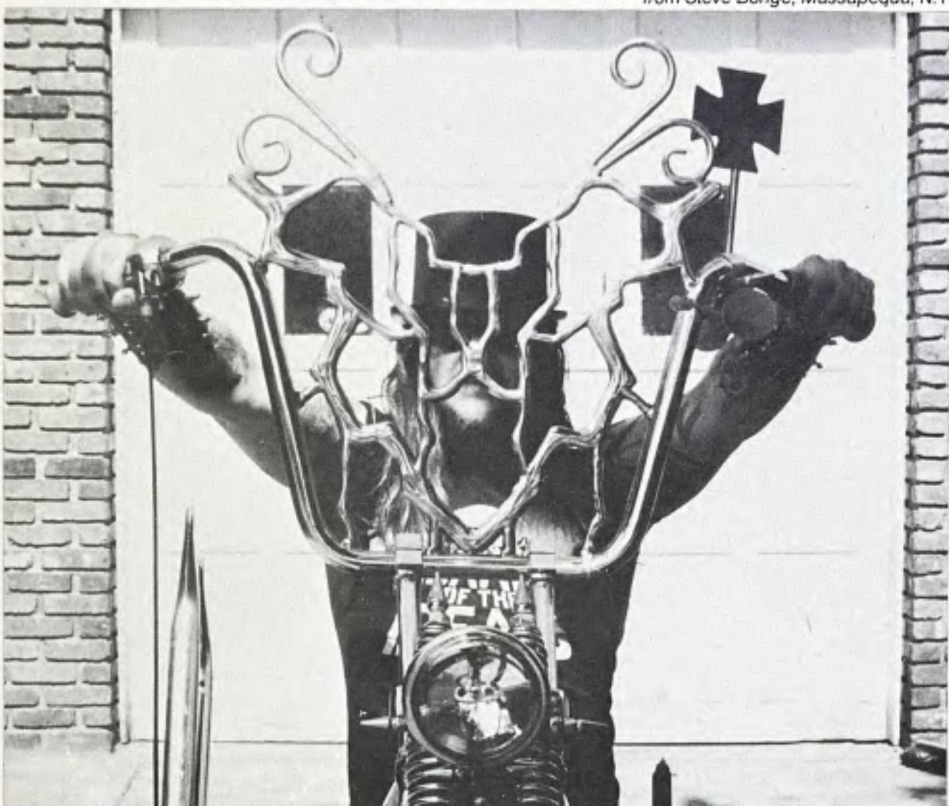


— from Cockroach, Tallahassee, Fla.

— from Steve Bonge, Massapequa, N.Y.



— from Ralph Larson, Swift Current, Saskatchewan



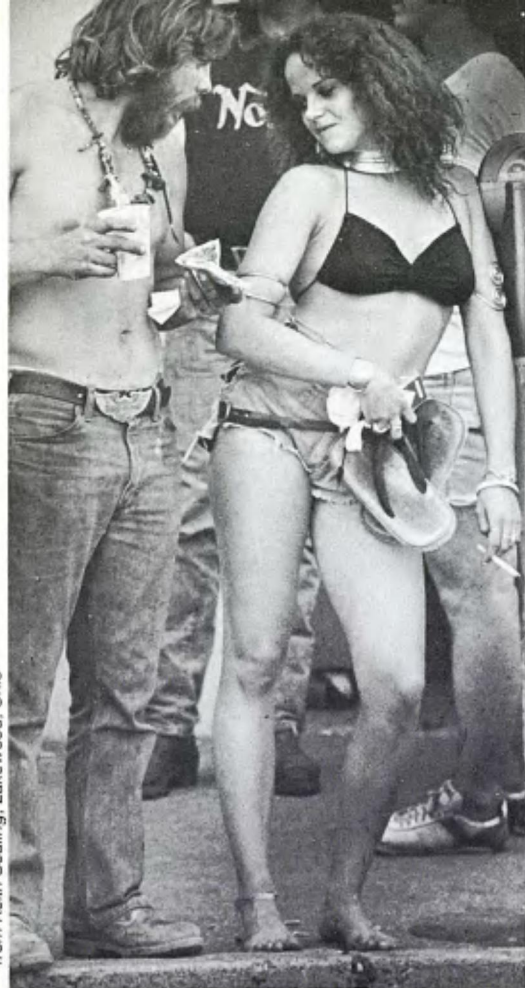
— from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



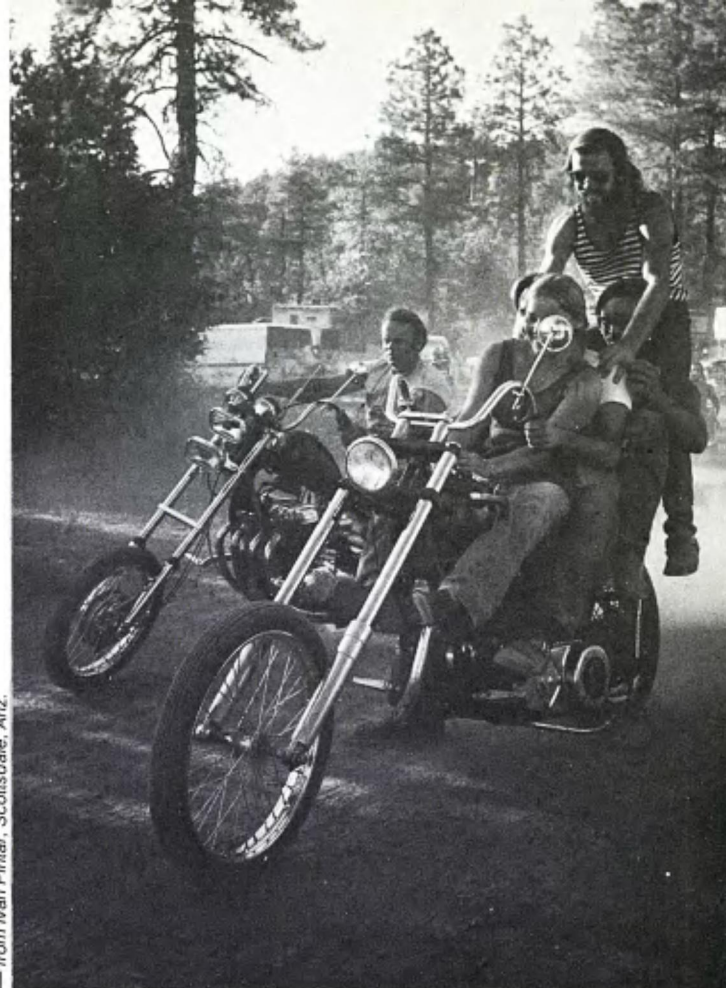




— from W. Beaver, Brea, Calif.



— from Keith Sealing, Lakewood, Ohio



— from Ivan Pintar, Scottsdale, Ariz.

— from Willie Phillips, Greer, S.C.





— from Buddy Fair, Staten Island, N.Y.



— from Merle Quale, Jr., Chippewa Falls, Wis.



— from Cali, Berea, Ohio



— from Denise, Crystal Bay, Nev.

— from Longjaw, Reno, Nev.







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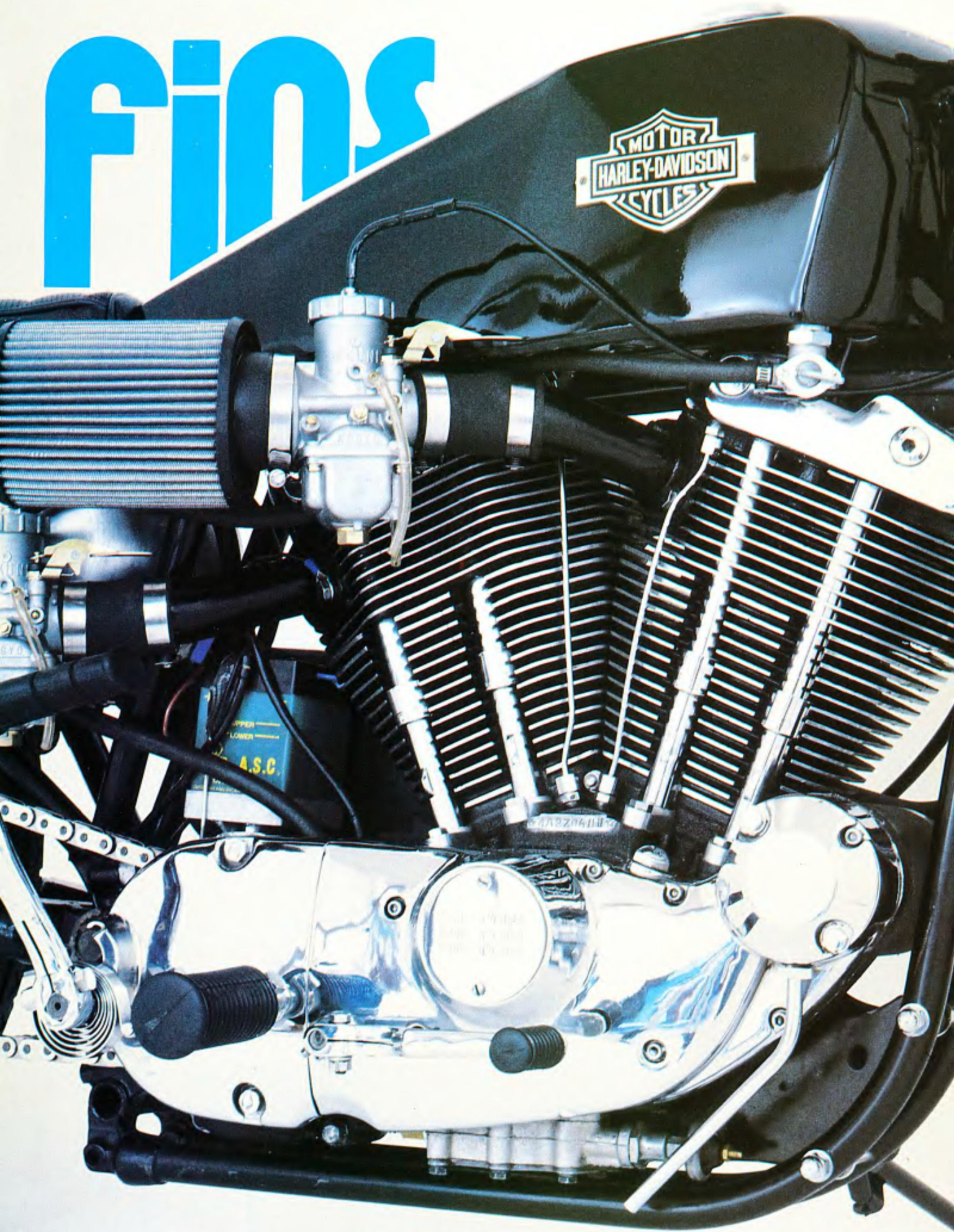
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DAVID WILSON

Easyriders



# fins







**Y**a know when some bros, like myself, fuck up a part or something breaks, we tend to overdo the repair. Like the dresser rider who got rear-ended one cool winter night; figured the cat couldn't spot his measly tombstone tail-light. So he contracted himself a wrought-iron-fence maker to twist him the frame and found an electrician to Christmas tree his frame. Three hundred and twenty, all in neat rows. Everybody saw 'im everywhere he went.

Well, Logsdon here blew his top end all to hell. And look what the fuck he did. He put a massive top end on that 61-inch toy and turned it into an 80-inch pavement pulverizer. When it hit the streets, he got the black and white treatment till he





# **FINS**



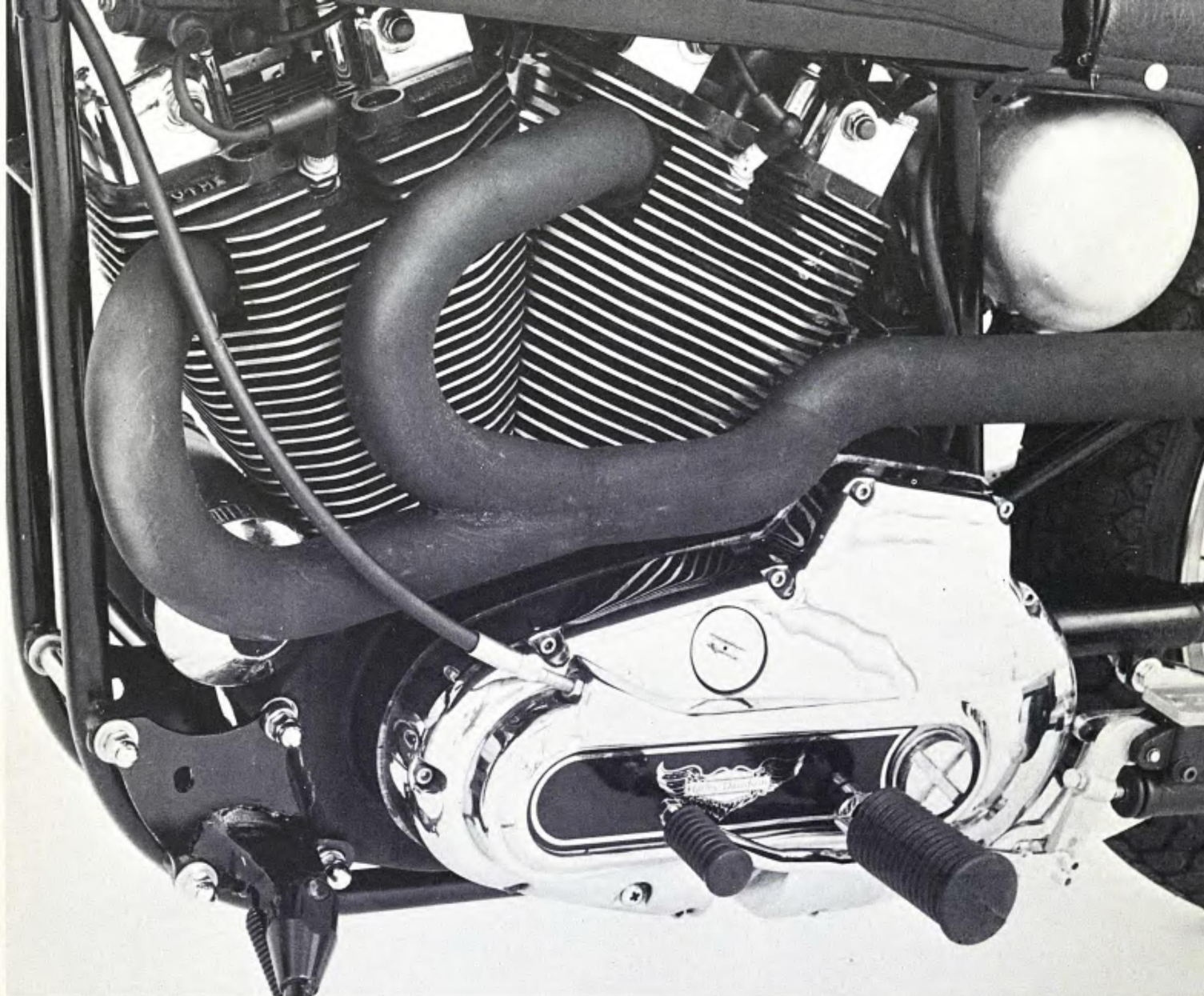
taped his driver's license to the back of his hand. One Saturday mornin' he took his ride to Central Park for all the cops to check it out. Finally, they backed off.

Logsdon's straddled over fourteen two-wheelers, and he's right there when it comes down to bikers' rights events — goes to his local bike organization meetings religiously. Seems they do away with 300 bucks worth o' beer every other Tuesday night. So after lunchin' that ol' top end at 75 mph in the midst of a Nevada run and missin' some downright brotherly gatherings on account of bein' down, he was gonna see to it that he had a motorcycle that would haul ass to any legislative event, anywhere in the country.

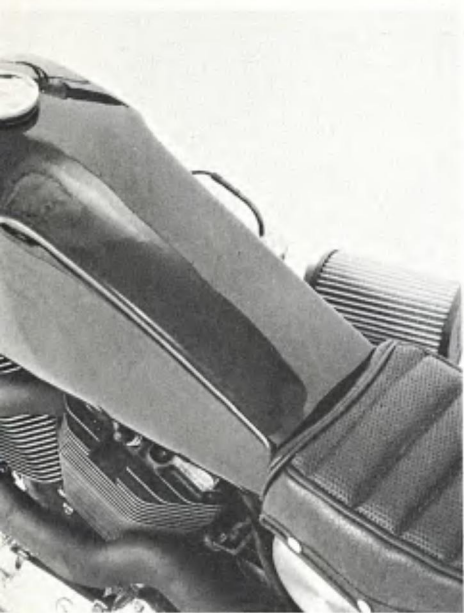
So, if you're on the trail to back up your local bike brotherhood organization at a protest or a blood run, or at a toy event



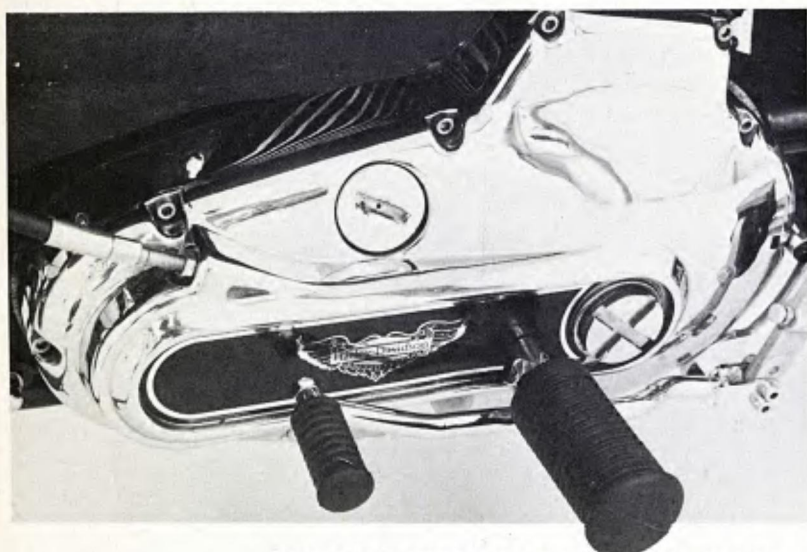




Photos by Pete Chiodo







this Christmas, and suddenly you're surprised by a flamin' V-twin assassinatin' the asphalt as it blitzes past, it just might be Logsdon on what used to be a Sportster, twistin' as much power as he can muster from the 80, slicked-down, dual-carb, muscle bike, eatin' pavement to make another positive biker gathering. With that mill between his legs, he shouldn't miss many. — Wilburn Roach





**Owners:** Mike Logsdon

**City:** Turlock, Calif.

### General

### Frame

Fabrication by: Sputhe Eng.  
Year and make: 1971 H-D  
Model: Sportster  
Value: \$10,000  
Assembly: owner  
Time: 6 months  
Chroming by: Modesto Plating

### Accessories

### Engine

Bars: K&N

Year: 1971  
Model: XLCH  
Rebuilder: Sputhe Eng.  
Ignition: electronic  
Displacement: 80 cu. in.  
Lower end: stock wheels/S&S rods  
Balancing: Rodan's Cycle  
Pistons: S&S  
Cases: Sputhe modified H-D  
Heads: Sputhe Eng.  
Cam: Sifton 338  
Lifters: stock  
Carb(s): Mikuni 38  
Air cleaner: K&N  
Pipes: Sputhe Eng.  
Muffler(s): none

Risers: none  
Fender(s): XR 750  
Headlight: one  
Taillight: Yamaha  
Speedo: none  
Front pegs: H-D  
Rear pegs: none  
Electrics: stock  
Gas tank: XLCH  
Oil tank: Don Hollingsworth  
Oil system: Sputhe Eng.  
Primary cover: stock  
Seat: Dan's Upholstery  
Sissy bar: none  
Height:  
Material:

### Transmission

### Forks

Modifications: Andrews C-grind  
Year: 1971  
Shifting: better  
Engine sprocket: 34  
Trans sprocket: 22

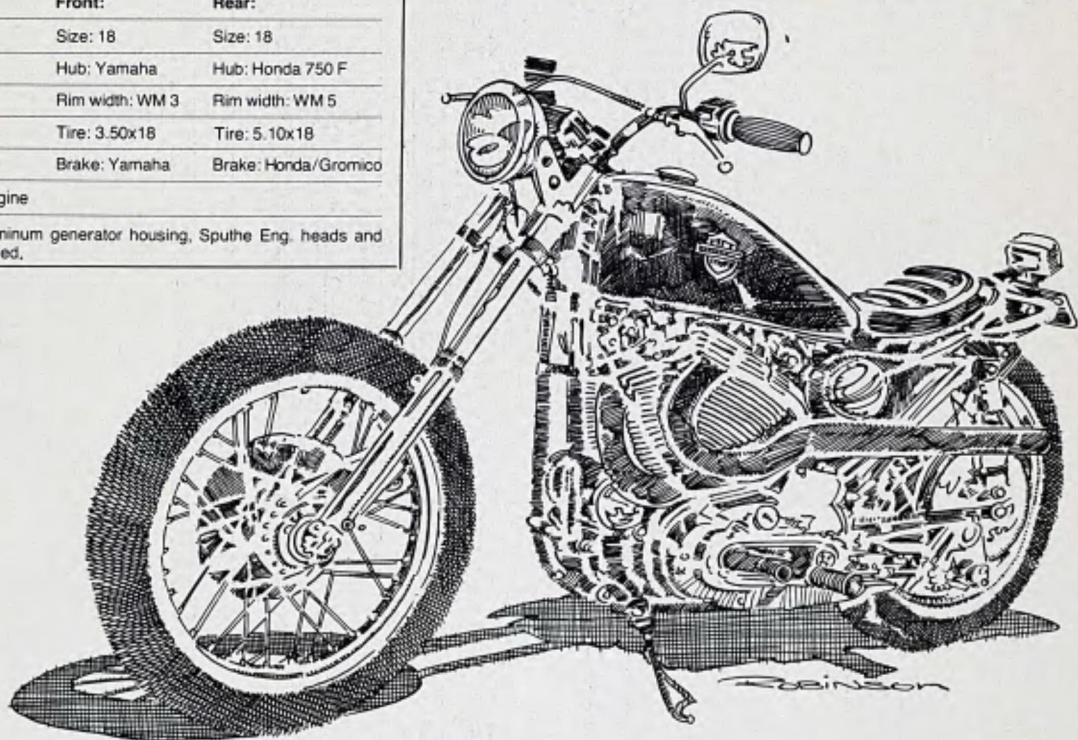
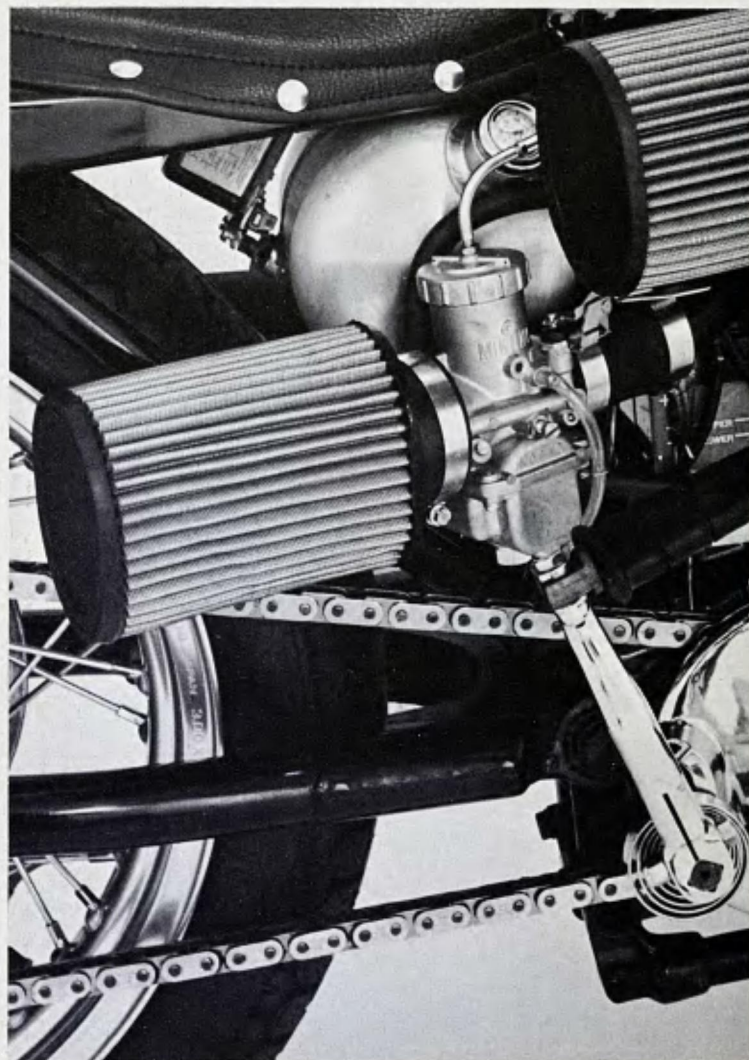
Type: hydraulic  
Extension: stock  
Builder: Buster Roberts  
Special features: Roberts/Yamaha

### Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 48

| Front:          | Rear:                |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| Size: 18        | Size: 18             |
| Hub: Yamaha     | Hub: Honda 750 F     |
| Rim width: WM 3 | Rim width: WM 5      |
| Tire: 3.50x18   | Tire: 5.10x18        |
| Brake: Yamaha   | Brake: Honda/Gromico |

**Painting**  
Molding: none  
Painter: owner/Jerry Cloridy  
Color: black  
Type: lacquer/Imron  
Special paint: black wrinkle on engine  
Other special modifications: aluminum generator housing, Sputhe Eng. heads and barrels, wheels D.I.D. gold anodized.





# Shades

**N**ow, before ya start throwin' beer cans at me 'cause this chick ain't a beauty queen, hold yer mud fer a minute. Beauty queens are all right, of course. Babes with big tits are real fine. Short sweeties, all cute an' natural-lookin', are a rush. An' them tall, skinny beauties can always capture my inspectin' eyes with those shapely legs.

But it ain't always that easy. Recently, I picked up the longest-legged beauty I'd seen

in years.

I mean, this chick was fuckin'

gorgeous. Blonde hair cascaded down past her shoulders. Blue eyes reflected the summer sun, and she had a tan fit for a Copper-tone ad. But she bitched constantly, worse than my senile grandmother. She couldn't coil them legs up to ride on my scooter, so I tweaked her nipple and took home a plump chick with big tits. Had a great time.

And not too long ago, I ran into another knockout babe. She had tits as big and firm and pointy as footballs. She





# *A chick for different reasons*





# Shades

was adorned with just the right top, pushin' those beautiful, succulent mounds up to make 'em so enticing that I immediately fell in lust. I couldn't keep my eyes off that broad's protrudin' nipples, and I knew they were growin' from the attention I was givin' her; she was diggin' it. Her boobs and the rest of her shapely bod were sumptuous. My heart was revvin' up and my breathin' went into overdrive. Our

conversation bordered on bein' lewd. I thought through the suds from my pitcher that I'd found someone really special, until her ol' man strolled into the pub. Her trip was only a game. But I met a little skinny mama that night and had a great time.

If ya don't know what I'm gettin' at, the next time your beautiful honey gives ya shit, knock a couple of those polished, capped teeth outta her mouth. And find ya a

broad with heart and talent; forget what she looks like.

Randy here is a prime example of what I mean. She ain't tall and statuesque. She ain't got silver-buck-sized nipples in the center of tits as big as melons, and she ain't got a mug that'd start a revolution. But she did win the Southern Sausage Suck. The chick has talent — man, what a talent! Don't ever stop, Randy.

— Renegade







Photos by Billy Tinney





# A License To Run

By Jo

**T**hings had been going pretty well this last spring. I'd finally gotten a decent place to work on the scoot. It was your basic dilapidated garage, but I'd fixed it up real good; even had a phone put in.

Tó top it all off, me and my ol' lady's brother, Mike, were dealing some really fine coke — just turned over a couple ounces the other day. Things were going so well, in fact, that I was beginning to get uneasy about it. Ya know the feeling? Everything seemed to be running *too* smoothly. Heh! Talk about paranoia. Anyway, I sure wasn't about to complain, and besides, I didn't have anything to complain about even if I wanted to.

I had just gotten back from taking the ol' knucklehead out for the first putt of the year. It was running like a champ. I was just standing there, try-





Sirkis

ing to figure out how I had already put a ding in the paint, when the phone rang. It was my ol' lady. "Yeah?"

"Uh, h'lo. This is Susan."

"Yeah, I know. Whatsa matter, babe? You sound shook."

"I'm at the police station."

"What?"

"They arrested us for, uh, distribution of cocaine. Confiscated all our money, too."

Shit. "You want me to call your folks?"

"No! Uh, no. Mike's already done that."

She was trying to tell me something, and since there was probably a cop standing right next to her, she couldn't say it.

"Hey. Are they looking for me, too?"

"You got it."

—Continued on page 100



Illustration by Hai Robinson

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

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

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

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

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



Won't slide when jumping or running.

## Protect your valuables



Won't open until you open it

*Goin' into a heavy neighborhood?*

*Mackenzie Company*  
Box 29  
Calabasas, California 91302

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# STASH POUCH



## 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.

God bless **Wayne Gerwer**. God bless the three little children and the name he left behind. All our memories of him are good ones. A place is empty in our hearts. Our love. "Dawn Grey Cloud."

For **Billy Tidwell**: Little brother, you'll be in my heart as long as I'm alive. Your brother, "Big Moon," Detroit Highwaymen.

In memory of **Too Tall**. Rest in peace now, for justice was done. Wild Bunch, Hartford, Mich.

In memory of two righteous 1%er bros, "**Marsal**" and "**Low Rider**," two partying and riding bros from the Garden State who won't be forgotten. Wheels of Soul MC, New Jersey.

In memory of **Barbara Hayes**, who died July 18 in a motorcycle accident. Loved by all her brothers and sisters. We will all miss her. Biker Bob.

In memory of "**Grapes**," from Mother. One crazy bro who will be missed. Give them hell up in Hog Heaven, bro. Rebel-13, 1%er, Wheels of Soul MC, Pa.

In memory of **Pete "Doc" Sampson**, a bro who died young but lived each day to its fullest. Doc, thanks for the memories. Sheila, Damien, and William.

In memory of **Paul Bullock**. All he wanted was to live his life stoned, free with sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll, and riding. Keep the power, brother, your friends will be with you soon. D. Austin, Waukesha, Wis.

In memory of **Alan "Augie" Leston**, who went down on his Hog. He was loved by many and will never be forgotten. Melinda, Shawn, Penney, and bros.

**Packer**, our bro, you're ridin' high and higher still! We miss ya. The OK Cons.

In loving memory of **Willie**, flying down Burbank. You must have been feeling just right. Did you have any idea it was about to become your very last night? Always and forever, Big B.

For **Cliff and Cindy**. You rode on the wings of a Harley pan down here. Now you can ride on the wings of the sky. Memories forever. Your friends from Oshkosh.

In memory of "**Stepp**." You can ride free now, bro. We won't forget ya. Cheez and Terri.

In memory of **Big Marty**. A great partyer. We'll never forget ya. Anita and Cycle Lords MC.

# 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.

I sure would like to hear from some understanding ladies. George Lo, #228878, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Downed bro from Ohio in Louisiana prison. Need mental escape thru pictures and letters from any and all women. Greg Martin #88998, Camp A, Tier B, Angola, La. 70712.

Wild biker down. I love all you babes. Let's ride. Mickey Assidio #49551, Box 7500, Vroom Bldg., W. Trenton, N.J. 08628.

Downed Nomad who stayed in one place for too long would like to correspond with adventurous ladies and free-spirit riders. Randy Naylor #82095, Box 188, La Grange, Ky. 40031.

Two-time loser is gonna need some help when the gate swings this time. Please write! M. Mabry #117725, Box 868, Halifax, Va. 24558.

Downed bro in need of help. Mail from sweet young things welcome. Danny Floyd Thompson, 300 W. Belknap St., Ft. Worth, Tex. 76102.

Lonely 24-yr.-old w/m needs mail from lonely ladies. Will answer all. Bud Kujawa #066945, F-119, Box 340 Camp Road, Sharpes, Fla. 32959.

Lonely 32-yr.-old biker, nice guy, wants to hear from lovely ladies. Richard Murphy #07668, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

How about some ladies writing? Mike Butler #11883, Box 3500, Staunton, Va. 24401.

I'm 25 and would like to hear from ladies with the possibility of getting together in the free world. Send photo; will answer all. Edward Driskell #A063665, Mail 1449, Box 1100, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

27-yr.-old w/m would like to get some foxy chicks to write, to make this time go faster. Shannon Troutner #103110, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Shut down, but highway-bound someday! Love to party; need lady to write. Ray Zelinski #139828, K.C.F., Kinross, Mich. 49788.

Downed and slowly going crazy. Need words from some open-minded and adventuresome mamas. Glen Thayer, Box 431, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

Down for four and want no more. I need some mail to keep the mind from going fraid. Don J.A. Flickinger, Box 911, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57101.

Need some foxes to write. Down and out and damned lonely. James C. Spears #304612, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

34-yr.-old needs woman to come out to. Send photos. John H. Reimers #94670, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

Doin' 2 to 10 and would like some correspondence from all ladies. Send photos. Thomas Gansbauer, Box 1536, Topeka, Kan. 66601.

One lonely 24-yr.-old dude lookin' for some tight chicks to write to. Randy Cornette, Rt. 1, Box 195, Marion, N.C. 28752.

Need woman to write a little bit. Dennis Ostrowski #132895, K.C.F., Kinross, Mich. 49788.

Good w/m down for a while, needs mail from ladies 18 to 40. "J.R." Meeks #C-10745, Box 686, G-326, CTFC, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Blond, blue, 5'11", 160 lbs. of lonesomeness. Write me, foxes; I'll eat it up! Roy Potts, Box C-15413, Tamal, Calif. 94974.

Would like to hear from young ladies. W/m, 35 yrs. old. Joe Bisogni #C-01204, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Wish to correspond with some foxy ladies to help our time go by faster. Joe Lott #98885 and James Claborn #97766, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

I'm 25, blond, have blue eyes, and am looking for a together chick. Will answer all. Robert R. Hill #289813, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

26-yr.-old w/m needs letters from foxes to help make this time easier. Age not important. Mike Warren #119494, Augusta Correctional Center, Rt. 1, Box 73, Greenville, Va. 24440.

Looking for a foxy lady to write to one who is down and out and very lonely. David Boling #275276, Box 16 B-1-14, Eastham Unit, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

21-yr.-old doing 6. Need some ladies to help me through this trip. Wilbur Barnett #38351, Box 538, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Looking to hear from some ladies to write and help me do this time. Terry Perry #8627, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Lonesome downed bro needs letters from females. Photos appreciated. All letters answered. James Pollock #B-27, Box 107, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Come on, sweeties, give this bro a break! Dennis Pritchard #81494, Camp J. Cuda 4-L-7, Angola, La. 70712.

Looking for a fine white thing to look after me. Michael Taylor, Box B-78312, Represa, Calif. 95671.

One letter will be the most important thing in my life of confinement, thanks to you. Charles Benson #113054, 7175 Manor Road, Columbus, Ga. 31907.

28-yr.-old bro doing a nickel in Texas. Sure could use some letters and flicks from some foxy ladies. Don Cimrhanel #300251, Coffield Unit, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

Lonely bro needs letters from chicks. Will answer all. Michael Cerqua #A-046576, Mail 263, Box 1100, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

Lonely bro from Hawaii would love to hear from all foxy ladies. Will answer all. Steve Hawkins #C-12334, Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

21-yr.-old hippie needs to hear from you sexy ladies. Brian Underwood #N-00009, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.

Lonely 26-yr.-old looking for letters. Would be grateful to all who write. Jesse W. Deitsch #142-546, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Young bro doing time, so all you sincere ladies write and send flicks. Ray Dockins #19468-D-8, Box 800, Ontario, Calif. 91761.

I've been down a long time and need some sweet letters from some sweet ladies. "Mole" Jensen #286434-D, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

Downed biker looking for scribes and photos from old friends and young chicks. Preacher McKinley #97184, Star Route E, Box 220, Hominy, Okla. 74035.

Been buried for 38 months. Need foxy lady to ease the pain. Terry C. Sakellaris #40730-1338, Box 2000, Lompoc, Calif. 93438.

Down for five years. I need mail from ladies with heart. David Castrell, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Mont. 59722.

"Berdo Lobo" still lives. Needs mail from home. Larry Wooten #299574, Ellis Unit-H17, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

I'm an ex-biker's lawyer who's lost all. I sure could use some mail. Bob Omasta #015276, 68-223, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Relief is spelled m-a-i-l. So if you are a righteous and sincere lady, send me some relief. James Robert Hall #B-026490, 72-122, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

I'm awful lonesome. Greg Artis, Rt. 1, Box 36, Jackson, N.C. 27845.

Biker and sailing enthusiast welcomes letters from sincere ladies. William Tyler #305162, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Lonely bro needs ladies to write, and would dig photos too. Scott Guenther, L-Unit 11386, Ashland, Ky. 41101.

Cool stud wishes to correspond with sincere woman. Joe Lang #A-78299, Joliet Correctional Center, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.

California tramp down in Florida. Need kites from ladies. Paul Silva #059172-1628, Box 1100, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

Ladies: Together, we will never be lonely. Write and send photo to Robert Toharro, Box 791, Safford, Ariz. 85546.

Inmate in Folsom wants to hear from ladies 18-40. Don Griffith, Box C-03293, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Would like to write some sweet mamas. Lonely brother needs somebody. Bobby Clayton, Bldg. 1-26-2nd, 1515 Gist St., Columbia, S.C. 29202.







# Ol' Lady Contest



## Ol' Lady Of The Month

Here she is, folks — Dru, the sixth winner in the 1980 **Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest**. This month's runners-up: Susan, Tracy, and J.T.



Leslie



Susane

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

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

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

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

Each monthly winner will receive \$100, each runner-up \$25, and the contributor \$10. After the twelve monthly winners have been selected, there'll be a final voting to choose **Easyriders Ol' Lady of the Year** for 1980. Judging should be based on looks, build, tattoos, and other outstandin' stuff. The sisters can be dressed or not — it's up to you. We're not lookin' for raunchy stuff — just tasty shots of all those fine ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if ya want, but it's not necessary to win.

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

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is November 25. We'll print the winner in the February issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #90 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



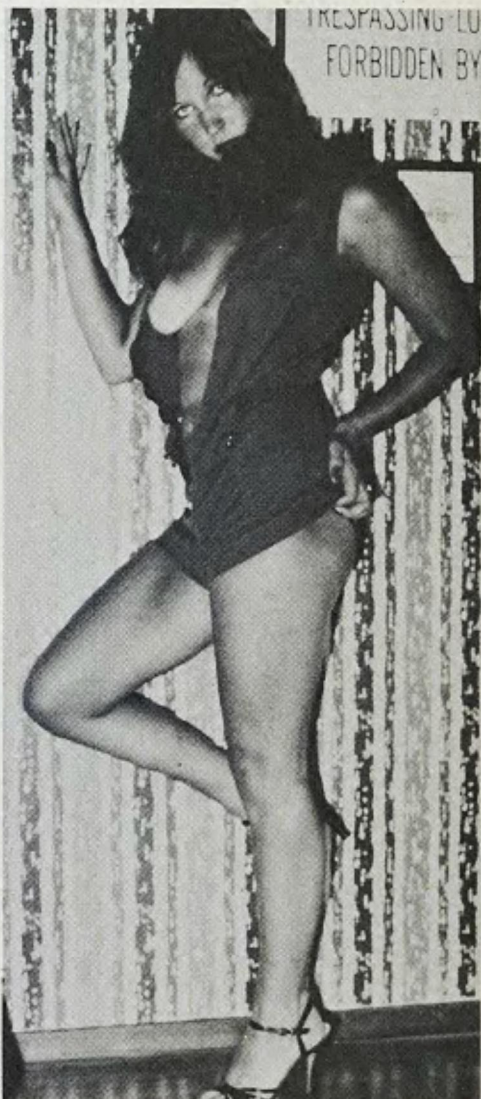
Carolyn



Ellen



Renee



## 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.



# Choppershopper

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

vertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

Send to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Note: closing date for advertisements is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

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

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

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

Pussy-lovin' Californian wants to eat you. If you love it, write Russell, Box 11776, Rosatown, Calif. 95406. (90)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (90)

All ladies: I need mail. Just as long as you're into the good life, write me. I'm a downed, 25-yr.-old tramp and have no family. Will answer all. Send photos, Frank "Bozo" King #16990, P.O. Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360. (90)

To Death MC 1%ers: Get in Contact—let me know what's happening in the free world. Love ya, bro, Frank "Bozo" King #16990, P.O. Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360. (90)

Friends, enemies, Sandy Baugh Tina Woolverton, Chopper, Little Michael, and Larry the Greek. Write or scrawl to Venice Cal's Wild Billy. Wild Billy Woolverton #16986, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360. (90)

Attention, bros and mamas: 1951 panhead, 84 cu. in. close ratio gears. Got a life sentence and must sell to pay shyster. Also, would love to hear from some cool ladies to help pass this time. For details, write this 33-year-old, blond-haired, blue-green-eyed devil, Roy Allen Embry #43885, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Need out-of-town postmark? For each letter you want mailed, send 50¢ and stamp to P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (90)

Ray Hutchins is in the slam and he ain't gettin' no femal. Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Wanted: Front fender and trim for 1949 pan; also saddlebags. Bill Burkett, Front Royal, Va. 703-837-2348. (90)

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you." Please write Craig Briggs, 1325 N. Cool Rd., Lima, Ohio 45801. (90)

Mugs: Happy birthday (10-10)! Have a good one. Been missin' you lately! With love always, Julie. (90)

Rabbit: If it's more than lust, it must be love, Toy. (90)

T-shirts for the true Harley rider. Send sase for free catalog. Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (106)

**Professional Tattooing Handbook**—trade secrets, valuable tips, tattooed women's photos, removing formulas. Expert instructions, illustrated. 72 pages. \$24.45. Steele, Box 242-B, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (90)

Helicopter mechanic looking for a lady who likes to poke and stroke. Drop a line to Leo Smrz, Box 2528, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. (Airmail.) (90)

Free list of publications helpful to prisoners. Box 150, Sloansville, N.Y. 12160. (91)

Young, free-spirited dude wishes to exchange thoughts and pictures. I love to travel and party. Chastine, 9305 Gettysburg Ave., Texas City, Tex. 77591. (90)

Collector, restoring big twin. I need '47 Harley 61, 74, or 80 engine or complete basket case. Also need speedo, handlebar controls, cables, switches, etc. I will buy or trade. Have stock '49 FL frame, fenders, tanks, lower end, and miscellaneous premium parts. Call G. Reynolds evenings at 316-267-8731, or write 1600 W. 33 N., Wichita, Kan. 67204. (90)

Want to buy—one Chocolate George's Funeral poster. Glenn Roberts, 61-29 55th St., Maspeth, N.Y. 11378. (90)

Charlie "Tuner": Happy 23rd birthday (10-23-57). We love you best. Sandi and Jeni "Fuddy." (90)

Featherbutt: I love you! Everything about you turns me on. You're what my wet dreams are made of. Happy 2nd anniversary, darling (11-4-80). You're the best ol' man around. This message was brought to you with love and pussy juice. Peaches. (90)

Smitty: Happy 24th to a wonderful father, husband, and lover! Your woman always. Lee. (90)

Lonely prisoner looking to correspond with sincere and marriage-minded ladies. No game players. All replies answered. Bob Donofrio #262958, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272. (90)

The Detour, Jax, Florida: You're a righteous bar with partying people. Hey, Ralph, thanks for the putt. Irma, Scullville, N.J.

Downed brother needs mail, photos, and visits from ladies to help him pass the lonely time. Keith Goodman #17108, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (90)

Happy birthday, Mike. The "Big 25," ol' man! You're the greatest. Love you, T.D.D.U.P.—Laurie Rae (1-16-81). (90)

Need a home? Subservient, attractive? We need you, 38-acre farm, 28282 Creek Rd., Glenmoore, Pa. 19343. (90)

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

Bear's Tattoo Den, 6069 Hwy 51 N., Millington, Tenn. 38053, 901-357-2422. High detail. (93)

For sale: 1941 Harley-Davidson knucklehead 74. Disassembled. Many original new parts. Sidecar optional. 913-283-4448. (94)

Young lady seekin' a together biker. It's gonna be a long winter, so let's be prepared and get it together now. Send photo or write to Red Ryder, P.O. Box 388, Lone Pine, Calif. 93545. (90)

Put your face in a crotch and keep it there. Phantasy Pants is what we call 'em. We'll print any photo inside any crotch. Let 'em ride your face all day. Tell us their size; enclose your photo. We'll do the rest. Let 'em know what's yours, or give us a gag gift. \$10, cash or money order. Phantasy Pants, Drawer 219, Waterloo, Neb. 68069. (90)

Daddy: You're almost home for good. Don't forget that Babygirl loves you and always will. Nancy. (90)

Buck: Happy three-year anniversary! I love you. Your kitten, Giovanna. (90)

\$700,000 in six consecutive months. No envelope or chain deals. \$7 to Reverend MacDowell, Rt. 5, Salina, Kan. 67401. Sell famous item you manufacture in seconds. Governed by Colorado law. (90)

Close encounters? Survive all situations. Write for free information packet on military/law enforcement weapons accessories you can legally purchase by mail. S.E.C., P.O. Box 10A, Tamassee, S.C. 29686. (90)

Sally: Happy birthday. I love you, you sweet thang. Love, Wes. Oct. (90)

Spider of the Iron Barons MC: Hurry up and get out of that cage, bro. See ya at Daytona. Wes and Sally. (90)

Put the Ayatollah in the back of your shorts. That's right, his face next to your soft, warm, hairy ass, so you can shit on him. Send us right size and whether male or female. \$10 cash or money order. Phantasy Pants, Drawer 219, Waterloo, Neb. 68069. (90)

Part-time piecework. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages; experience unnecessary. Send: name, address, and phone number to Webster, 175 5th Ave., Suite 1'01-1395C, New York, N.Y. 10010. (90)

Creep: I'm lovin' you more each day. I'll be out soon, and we'll party to the hubs. Crazy Linda. (90)

Lonesome biker, looking for sincere, warm, compassionate lady who likes bikes and dogs. No curious or game players. Age, race, color not important. Bob, Box 50, Pearl City, Hawaii 96782. (90)

Ohio biker, 26, recently divorced, horny, seeking sexy nymphos in northern Ohio for weekend meetings. Possible live-in for right ladies. Tell me about yourself. Send photo if possible. Will answer all. Write Jerry, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (90)

The time is now! Join the National Association for the Advancement of White People. Write to David Duke, National President, NAAWP, P.O. Box 10625, New Orleans, La. 70181. (99)

Speed Chemists: 1-phenyl, 2-propanone/speed formulas, \$10 ea. Send to Val, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (90)

In the jailhouse now, but not for long. Oregon prisoner, 34, would like to hear from a warm and caring lady. A little craziness helps. Larry, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (90)

Lonely man. Death row. Ronald Bishop, Box B 35804-6-3-P-10, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (90)

1947 flathead 80 full custom for sale. A newly reconstructed road bike featuring 4-inch-extended Hog legs, 1/2-inch rake, jockey shift, juice brakes, belt drive, new chrome, polishing, and blood-red paint. A handcrafted vintage class ride that you get into—not on, \$5000. Delivered anywhere in continental U.S.A. Send \$2 for color pics to Terrible Tommy, P.O. Box 1432, Minnetonka, Minn. 55343. (90)

James D. Gibson, B.D. 9-15-48: Urgent we get in touch. Old Spruce St. friend. Dolly, P.O. Box 451, Westfield, Mass. 01086. (90)

I'm 34, incarcerated, seeking wholesome correspondence with an honest woman. Everett McArthur #74A-1153, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582. (90)

Robo: Happy birthday 11/29. Ride to live—live to ride. Love ya, Laura. (90)

Le: Happy 6th anniversary. It's been the best. I'll love you always, Hari. (90)

Larry: Happy 27th birthday 12-17-53. Hope it's a good one. I'll always love you, Carol. (90)

Buzz: Your ol' lady forgives and loves you. Call Ligonier, Eve. (90)

Working toward a fresh start; need a righteous lady to see it through. I'm 26, loaded with loser's luck, and got lotsa luv ta give. Carl Hovey, 6140 Acres Rd., Sylvania, Ohio 43560. (90)

Otto: Happy 21st. Hope it's a good one. Tell Goat hello. Only ten months to go, and more Adidas! Miss you! Love, Vicky. (90)

Tina: Happy 21st birthday. Congratulations on getting your 45 up. It's looking good. May we ride the highways and may we watch each other's back for more years than we can think of. Your ol' man, lovin' your Scorpio ass. Zig. (90)

45 rider-collector club forming—2-and 3-wheelers. Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Contact Mangler, P.O. Box 560, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603. (101)

Amphetamine: The last new treatise. A complete, comprehensive paper on over-the-counter amphetamines and real amphetamines. Authoritative coverage on synthesis, how it works, what it does, technical, and practical information. You don't know nothin' till you've read this. \$8 cash or m.o. to C. Connelly, P.O. Box 464, Belpre, Ohio 45714. (90)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S & W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (91)



H-D mechanic, now living on L.I., wants to relocate, south or west state. Need definite job. I'm 33 yrs. old Write H-D Mechanic, P.O. Box 182, East Setauket, N.Y. 11733. (90)

Animal: Happy birthday! You're the only one I ever loved. Thanks for showing me what being free really means. Your ol' lady always, Buzz. (90)

Ram Rod: No matter where you're rammin' or who you're rammin' with, our love for each other will never quit. Ride forever. Your house mouse, Daisy. (90)

Wanted: Hey, bros, send me your gold, silver, coins, class rings, diamonds, sterling, any form, condition, amount! Payment based on daily market quotations. Your check sent by return mail. Private collector paying highest dollar! For fast, top-dollar cash payment, ship insured, registered mail to Mr. Robert S. Bialek, P.O. Box 3071, Reading Pa. 19604. (90)

Down, but not out. Looking for ol' lady to write. Will answer all. Anthony Augeri #34723, P.O. Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071. (90)

JDF: Happy birthday 9/23/80. Sorry I'm late. Love, PLK. (90)

Ditto: Happy 26th. I love you more! See? Right here in black and white. Three yrs. is enuff—c'mon, let's go fer da long run! Tramp. (90)

Another leg-wettn' fact: A gang of tasty women have written to us looking for righteous bikers, Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301. We match up bikers with ol' ladies. Send a buck and find out. Only bikers need apply. (90)

Pat: Hope you someday realize how much I sincerely love you. May our next year together be easier and may we become one. Happy birthday (12-11-53). Your Cancer Dolly. (90)

Trespasser: We had it all. Last days of summer will never be the same. Always remember, Strider. (90)

Albert Broesamle: I need you and I love you, so please contact me. Leslie Barwick, 22332 Kirkwood, El Toro, Calif. 92630. (90)

Hey, Goat Roper: Merry Christmas from Alberta, Ann, Elaine, Sandy, Lavenne, Kathy, Carol, Diane, Berta, Faye, and Betty. We love you, Cecil. (90)

To my Snuggly He-Bear: Happy birthday (12-17-44). Joliet couldn't keep you down, and neither will Logan. We'll be riding free soon. Believe that, 'cause I do! I love you, honey, and I am with you. Sat Nam, Sadna. (90)

I can make you a legal minister. Big Certificate, and pocket card, legal in all states for life. \$7 to Brother Sheil, Box 10676, Gladstone, Mo. 64118. (92)

Here: Jeff hopes these last two years have been killer ones. Seems all my love didn't keep me from fucking up. Happy 23rd on the 22nd. Laurel. (90)

Scott, Caroline, Jessica, and Angela: A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Your daddy loves you. Tex. (90)

Attention, Satan's Sons MC, Fowlerville, Mich.: Animal, Lobo, or Bones, how about contacting an old friend for old times' sake? Let me know how ya all are. Write to P.O. Box 3501, same city as Animal's mom. As always, Mother Nature. (90)

Motorcycle swap meet Oct. 26, 11 am—5pm. Wings Stadium, Kalamazoo, Mich. For information call (616) 668-2175. (90)

White workers and soldiers, stand up for race and flag. Sample News, \$3. Moltis, P.O. Box 277, Hooksett, N.H. 03106. (92)

Wanted: 1942 "45" rear fender and trim—must be N.O.S. or mint. Or any other new stuff? Ray Harrison, 79 Crawford St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6J 2V1. (90)

Tattoo artist and fans: Subscribe now to Tattoo Life magazine. Really righteous. Full-color photos. Monthly contest. \$25 for 12 issues (\$30 overseas). Groovy, 110 Indian Alley, Winchester, Va. 22601. (90)

Texey Totts Patterson in Chicago: Write your ol' man, Danny, in Calif., or just come home now! (90)

Dayle Ballin: Get in touch with me as soon as possible. Mary, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (90)

To highest bidder: First 67-plus issues of Easyriders; also other cycle/girlie magazines. Minimum bid, \$100. Norm, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (90)

Are you capable of soaring though the universe on the wheels of your bent, perverted mind? If so, we need to discuss the aspects of the galaxies colliding and causing one gigantic orgasm. Two downed, but not out, bros looking for two righteous ol' ladies. If you can't live up to righteousness, don't write. D.L. "Buck" Adamson and C.K. "Rooster" Williams, Box 3500, 37-2, Staunton, Va. 24401. (90)

In memory of Marc Wayne Christy: Rest in peace, bro, because those pigs will pay your price. Meet you up there soon. Shockley. (90)

Easyriders #1-60 (except #5). \$350; or #1-20, \$200; #21-60, \$200. All excellent. Plus postage. Chaz, 50 Josephine St., Staten Island, N.Y. 10314. (90)

One year until release. Will answer all letters. Dave Roy #5448, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (90)

Wanted: Young chick to take on a trip, all costs covered. Send photos; write for info. Wayne Veelensturf, 340 1/2 Kingston Ave., Daytona, Fla. 32015. (90)

Texas Don (Cody, Duchess Ann, Barb): Duce wants to hear from you. Write Unauthorized Harley-Davidson, 1889 E. Apache, Tempe, Ariz. Love, Gypsy. (90)

Meet sexual friends nationwide. Call Tracy 312-262-9800. (90)

Steven E.: Please call me. I love you more than anything else in the world. My future is planned with you, not anyone else. Please call. I love you! Gayle Edwards. (90)

Cisco Rider: We're behind you and hope everything goes 100% dynamite for you in drug rehab. We'll wait and love you. C.C. Rider and Bunnie. (90)

Down since 1973, but in the wind soon. 33-year-old Taurus; 18 months left. Photos nice, but not necessary. Terry Morgan #76547, Golf 3-Sec A, Box 174, St. Gabriel, La. 70776. (90)

Brown-haired, hazel-eyed Scorpio, doing hard time, wishes correspondence from all sincere ladies. All answered. Bill Blado #20195-A, Box C (W.C.I.), Waupun, Wis. 53963. (90)

I have the Polaroid you want of my body and sweet words to write. A donation of \$5 will help me make it through the night. Write Sheila Sanders, P.O. Box 11548, Tucson, Ariz. 85734. (99)

Truckload of motorcycle parts, mostly Jap. and go-karts—\$325. Matlack, 215-942-2412. (90)

Harley shield and eagle money clip, solid brass, high quality, \$4 each, postage paid. Dealer inquiries invited. S&E Collectibles, Box 21, Bladensburg, Md. 20710. (90)

Skull and wings buckle, die struck and solid brass. Will last lifetime. Very high quality. 3 1/2 x 2 1/4. Also has place for club or other name to be engraved. Engraving not included. \$10 each, postage paid. S&E Collectibles, Box 21, Bladensburg, Md. 20710. (90)

Swedish girls traveling country. Call Ingrid 312-274-9600. (91)

My ol' lady has 45-in. breasts. Will trade photos for other biggies. RGH, Box 128, Depew, N.Y. 14043. (90)

Achtung! Campers, hunters, builders, bikers, cavers, divers. Check out our righteous new catalog. Send \$2 (refundable) to Axis Surplus Sales, Box 9933R, Atlanta, Ga. 30319. (90)

Speed: You've got a blackhead in your ear. Let me get it out for you. Call collect. Ramblin' Rebel. 1-504-362-8576. (90)

Hey, Slim Jim: Most times I don't think you know how much I do love you. You're the best in the world. Love, Debi and the kids (Cecil and Sister). (90)

Rare! Giant Doberman pinscher, fearless and powerful. Send \$2 cash or money order for color picture. Information on puppies if requested. Royal Guards, P.O. Box 133, Orangevale, Calif. 95662. (90)

"Get Off My Ass" printed on back of black T-shirt, H-D wings on front. Send \$8.75 and size wanted to Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (101)

Would like to hear from together ladies. Age, looks not important. Send photo. Will answer all. Jim Stahl #30654-120, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134. (90)

Easyriders #1 to present issue, complete and in very good condition. Best offer over \$150. Max Brogdon, 804 Park Lake St., Orlando, Fla. 32803. (90)

We're top dog in dog tags: 3 styles, from \$2.50—G.I. stainless. Commando blackened; and gold-dipped. Send for brochure. Kaufman's, 504-N Yale S.E., Albuquerque, N.M. 87106. (90)

Canadian biker for twelve years. Single, 29, owns an 84-in. '38 knuckle and home. Would love to meet affectionate ladies between 18 and 30, to share companionship in my travels. Send letter, photo, and phone number to Alan Le-Bras, 1048 Dugald Rd., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R2J 0H1. (90)

Ol' ladies wanted: Age 25 to ? No fats, no games, no hassles. Flicks a must. Danny Cutchens, age 30, divorced; Frank Leon, age 36, widower; Box D, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (90)

Oz: Got to get in touch with you. You know my address (H.A.). Get in touch as soon as possible (write or call). Trust me! Moon. (92)

Paul D. Hawks: You're a wonderful husband and father. Love always. Rain, Gene, and Cottoncane Joe. (90)

Ex-schoolteacher will correspond with sincere biker. Am starting own "private" school. J.D., P.O. Box 26431, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73125. (90)

Rabbit: Bottom line, babe, till the fuckin' wheels fall off. Your proud lady, Trish (and D. N. and B.). (90)

Cow: Happiest of birthdays 1/19. Love you madly. Moo-Moo—for-ever. Dirty Ernie, Largo, Fla. (90)

Lewter: Hope you have a happy birthday. Thanks for everything. Love, Red. (90)

Buzz: I've got it together. I love you. Call Pauline or Tom. Your ol' lady. (90)

Dad: Happy birthday 11/9/80. You're everything to Mom and me. Love, Christopher. (90)

Italian and Irish inmate looking to relocate with outgoing, understanding woman. Release in late '81. Must be 21 or over. Must supply job and place to stay. No uglies, but no beauties desired, either. Send flick to Keith Kearns #99772, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901. (90)

Attractive, intelligent lady is looking for a good man for a meaningful relationship and good times. Write Dale, Box 724, Crested Butte, Colo. 81224. (90)

If you were in Austin over the 4th of July weekend and ride a yellow H-D, I would like to meet you. Write Misty, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (90)

Downed white scooter tramp would appreciate correspondence with fine ladies. Write today; send pictures. David "Choo-choo" Smith #158-189, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140. (90)

Booty: You're the only man who could ever really ride me. I love you. Till we ride again, lusting and longing and faithfully awaiting your return to freedom and me. Your hungry Baby XO. (90)

Lobo: Thanks. There's nothing like a Harley ol' man. You can always be mine, no matter, whatever, whoever. My forgiveness is yours; so am I. If you don't mind riding next to this lonely lady's rice-burner, come home to one who loves you much. Waiting. Still dry for seven months now. Always you and me. Sweetmeat. (90)

Gypsy prince seeks blue-jeaned gypsy princess—true, loving, and loyal—for riding in the wind over mountains reaching for the moon, along winding canyon trails, and ridge roads high up in the sky, along rugged, windswept shorelines and through redwood shad-ows where fern and moss hide their faces from Sol. North in the summer, south in the winter, wherever the road and the front wheel go, and the fair winds blow. I'm 40, 5'9", 170 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, bearded, quiet, tender, caring, and considerate. I'm also an experienced biker. You should be age 20-40, under 5'5", average to slim build, not into drugs or booze, have some smarts, and be free to live in California. Write Gypsy, 18810 Barnhart St., Cupertino, Calif. 95014. (90)

KKK Germany: Active and growing. Membership is legal, even for military! Interested? Write to Postfach 10, 5522 Speicher/Eifel, West Germany. (92)

Small group of liberal adult couples seek other couples, as well as friendly women and men, for discreet get-togethers. Friends, Box 2902, Santa Rosa, Calif. 95405. (92)



# Dirty Christmas Cards

HERE IS A LITTLE  
SOMETHING  
FOR YOUR SOCK!

HO!  
HO!  
HO!



**Outrageous Cards to  
be given only to your  
closest friends!**

We wanted to come up with some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out—sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow their minds.

To be different we decided to create some really rank cards—something heavy—strictly for guys. So gross that even some guys would groan when they saw them.

To get in a creative mood we decided to hold a juice-and-smoke session, after hours, with all of the strange ones in the office attending. As the session got loose, the card ideas got dirtier. It wasn't long until the chicks left. Finally, when Weird Harold came up with a particularly gross idea, complete with rough sketch, even Miraculous Mutha decided she had to go take a leak. She didn't return.

What we came up with is six different cards. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad—but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. They're not for the squeamish. **Remember, you've been warned.**

**\$5.00 per set Two sets \$8.00**

Price includes postage  
and handling costs.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

**Christmas Cards**  
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Set (A) is the same set of filthy cards as last year.  
Set (B) is entirely new and even more gross.

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ sets of Set A (six different cards and envelopes per set).  
Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ sets of Set B (six different cards and envelopes per set). (U.S. Currency Only, Thank you)

I realize that they are outrageous. I also state that my age is \_\_\_\_\_. (You must be 18 years of age to order these cards.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

## GOV. GOODS

—Continued from page 27

you go for it and do not bid or do not win the bid, but are interested in who got what for how much, all you've got to do is send a postcard to Merchandising Division, Directorate of Sales, Defense Logistics Agency, Defense Property Disposal Service (DPDS), Federal Center, Battle Creek, Mich. 49016 and request a list of successful bidders for Sale No. whatever, and they will send it right out to you. You might note that unless you specifically request that it stay on the mailing list, your name will automatically be deleted should you not bid at five consecutive auctions in your area, so stay on top of that.

A few of the auctions held in the past couple of years have included helicopters, late-model cars, entire missile bases, typewriters, gold, Coast Guard cutters, and even a Presidential yacht. Granted, some of the shit no one who wasn't loaded on angel dust would bid on, but there's a lotta good shit, if ya scrounge around a bit.

I also learned that the General Services Administration (GSA), the Government's procurement agency, which buys most furnishings, equipment, and vehicles used for most Government offices across the country, sells most of its unwanted or surplus items through these ten GSA regional offices:

### Covered States and Addresses

Conn., Maine, Mass., N.H., R.I., Vt.  
Post Office & Courthouse  
Boston, Mass. 02109

N.J., N.Y., P.R., Vir. Isl.  
26 Federal Plaza  
New York, N.Y. 10007

Del., D.C., Md., Pa., Va., W.Va.  
7th & D Sts. S.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20407

Ala., Fla., Ga., Ky., Miss., N.C., S.C., Tenn.  
1776 Peachtree St. N.W.  
Atlanta, Ga. 30309

Ill., Ind., Mich., Minn., Ohio, Wis.  
230 S. Dearborn St.  
Chicago, Ill. 60604



Ida., Ore., Wash.  
GSA Center  
Auburn, Wash. 98002  
Iowa, Kan., Mo., Neb.  
1500 E. Bannister Rd.  
Kansas City, Mo. 64131  
Ark., La., N.M., Okla., Tex.  
819 Taylor St.  
Fort Worth, Tex. 76102  
Colo., Mont., N.D., S.D., Utah, Wyo.  
Denver Federal Center, Bldg. 41  
Denver, Colo. 80225  
Ariz., Calif., Nev.  
525 Market St.  
San Francisco, Calif. 94105  
Hawaii  
Federal Building  
300 Ala Moana Blvd.  
Honolulu, Hawaii 96813  
Alaska  
P.O. Box 1632  
Anchorage, Alaska 99510

So, drop a card to the General Services Administration, Federal Supply Service, Personal Property Division, at the GSA regional office serving your area and ask to be placed on their mailing list. Be specific about what type of products you're interested in, excluding guns or any military equipment; these are handled strictly by DOD.

One more government agency worth notin' at this time is the U.S. Customs Service, which auctions off or sells its confiscated property. Since all of its sales are handled at the district level, you should write to the Public Information Division, U.S. Customs Service, Department of the Treasury, 1301 Constitution Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20229 and request the address of the district headquarters nearest you. Then you can write to the District Director at that address. One of the recent sales by the USCS included a Ferrari, a Porsche Carrera, and a Lamborghini, not to mention a diesel locomotive and much more. So, if you're interested, check it out.

Remember, most of the general public doesn't know shit about this auction business, so take a chance and check it out. Who knows, you may just become the proud new owner of a used aircraft carrier or maybe even a good old wartime H-D 45. Good luck. Just don't tell Spider ya got the info from me.

— Gimp



Photo shown is actual size

## Buy The Very Best

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

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

A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze or silver plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is individually hand polished.

Each buckle comes with 1 1/4"-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.

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

**RIGHTeous**  
Products  
Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740.



## It's rank, it's gross—and it's great!



Order Robinson's Trash now.

If you have read **Easyriders** for any length of time, you have to be aware of Robinson's great illustrations. They are meant to be cartoons, but we feel that all his fine work makes them more than just cartoons.

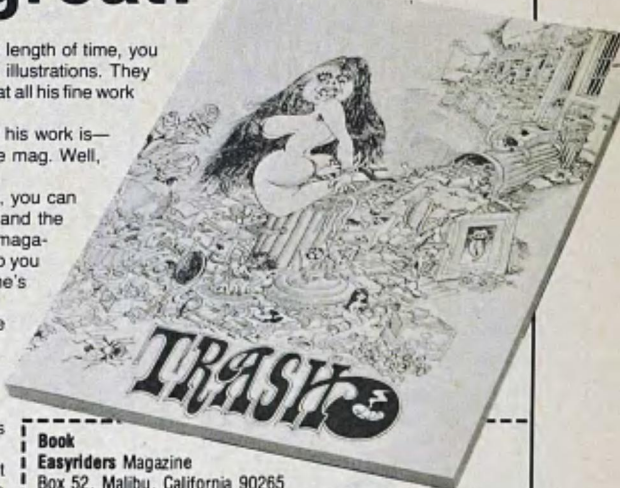
And you also know how outrageous his work is—some of it too outrageous to put in the mag. Well, now you can see the rest!

In one big (144 page, 8 1/2 x 11) book, you can now see both the **Easyriders** rejects and the best of Robinson from the pages of the magazine. This time, they're printed larger, so you can see all the nitty-gritty details that he's so good at.

We want to warn you—some of the drawings are ranker than rank—gross is a better description.

This is the far-out book to have for blowing people's minds, for tripping over when you're loaded, for digging its great humor.

This is a top quality book—but remember, it is rank—and you have been warned.



Book  
**Easyriders Magazine**  
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of Robinson's book called **Trash**. Enclosed you will find \$5.95 for each copy plus 50¢ for postage. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

You must be 18 years of age to order this book.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)



# HERE SHE IS—



## in all her rotten glory!

The all Miraculous Mutha book (with Robinson cartoons). Nine years of her sick advice and comments—all packed into a 5½" x 8½", 96-page book!

We'll send it in a plain brown wrapper and we'll even pay the postage and handlin' for only two and a half bucks.

**Warning!** You must be 18 years of age or over to buy—and be sure not to leave it around where granny may see it, because she'll at least wet her long johns.

Mail your check or money order to **Paisano Book Division**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. California residents add 6% for dear old Governor Brown.

(U.S. Currency Only. Thank you)

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



(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

## STURGIS

—Continued from page 17

lots of oil out there. In Casper, helped a downed biker, Johnny, with a bent valve. I mixed the drinks, and his friends from Concord, Dan and Gil, gave me a hand.

I don't know why they call these beautiful mountains the Black Hills. It's green as homegrown out here: tall pines, shimmering aspens, and fast-running creeks. Saw quite a few antelope on the grassland as we were comin' in. Got to Sturgis early afternoon, Tuesday.

In the No. 10 Bar they have the chair Wild Bill Hickock sat in when he was offed. I sat at a table near the door, with my back to it; it didn't feel bad. Of course I wasn't playing cards, either.

The little gangs of cops seem like worried assholes. It's a \$50 bail trip for having an open container on the street. And it's easy to be talking to a bro, edge to the door, and step out and get popped, or spot someone you ain't seen in a year and run out, with a drink in your hand, to say howdy. It's a money game, and when you've got 500–600 miles or more to come back to the judge, you know who wins.

There are all sorts of mountain roads to tour, probably more miles than you want to put on your scooter in a week, but you know you can come back and do the rest next year. They have nightly short-track racing, a hillclimb Friday afternoon, and pro half-mile Saturday and Sunday. Or you can kick back from the long ride, chitchat with brother bikers from all over the country, and watch the thunderclouds form over the Black Hills. It's only a couple of miles into town or to the next camp party. Truck it if you want; bring the ol' lady and kids too. It's a biker tribal gathering, just like the Indians did it over 100 years ago.

## ASS-KICKIN' LIGHT SWITCHES



Here ya are, at last — light switches that'll really turn ya on. You an' your ol' lady will both get your kicks, while flickin' the switch. Bitchin' nickel finish over solid metal. Only \$6.95 plus \$1.25 postage.

"MUTHA"



"BIKER"

Send your order to:

**Lite Switches**  
P.O. Box 711,  
Burbank, Calif. 91503

Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we ship. California residents add 6%.

(U.S. Currency Only. Thank you)

(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

## Harley Point Cover



Electroplated in high lustre chrome or in 22K gold. Fits Harley model #74, 1970-80 and Harley XLCH, 1971-80. Please specify year and model.



## Chopper Clip

The biker's way to hold his joint.

22K gold electroplate or sleek silver color finish.

|              | Quantity |        |        | Price    |
|--------------|----------|--------|--------|----------|
|              | Gold     | Silver | Chrome |          |
| Point cover  |          |        |        | @ \$9.95 |
| Chopper clip |          |        |        | @ \$7.95 |

Total

Please add 50¢ each for post. & handling

6% tax (RI residents only). 15% (Canada)

Total \$

Name

Address

Make check or money order to A-line Products, Inc.  
233-C Harris Ave., Providence, RI 02903.

Dealers, contact Drag Specialties, P.O. Box 9336,  
Minneapolis, MN 55440



Well, the pace of the partyin' and this Black Jack & Coke have me yawnin' an' scratchin' — gotta hit the sack. More tomorrow.

Keep the rubber side down,  
W.J.

Hey, Chief:

I just came in outta the rain, so I'm taking this time to write another letter about Sturgis, waiting for a break in the weather so I can hit it again. But first, I'll have a little J.D. & Coke and maybe a toot of creativity (guess how far I got).

Fuck Daytona. Everyone's saying fuck Daytona. I was even told a prominent person in the biker establishment was seen on the streets of Sturgis with a Fuck Daytona pin on. Now, I had fun at the sand drags, and parts of Daytona are neat. But the openness and the real western hospitality here in South Dakota make the Sturgis-Deadwood run the one you want to work for, save for, ride for; 'cause if it's the only one you ever make — well brothers, work, save, make it there, and fuck Daytona!

I really want to emphasize the feeling of good will that exists in this area between the residents and the biker visitors. People enjoy it so much that they arrive a week before the run and stay as long as a week after. I almost think that the Black Hills Rally and races could happen without the rally and races. It's here; you can smell it and taste it; you don't read about it in an agenda of programed activities.

To go back over a few things I've observed since writing my first impressions: I had mentioned to you about the gangs of worried asshole cops. And I feel that it's still the case, more so in Deadwood than in Sturgis. There was one incident where a group of patch holders were 86'd from one side of the street to the other by the use of typical tact squad techniques. Things could have gotten out of hand,



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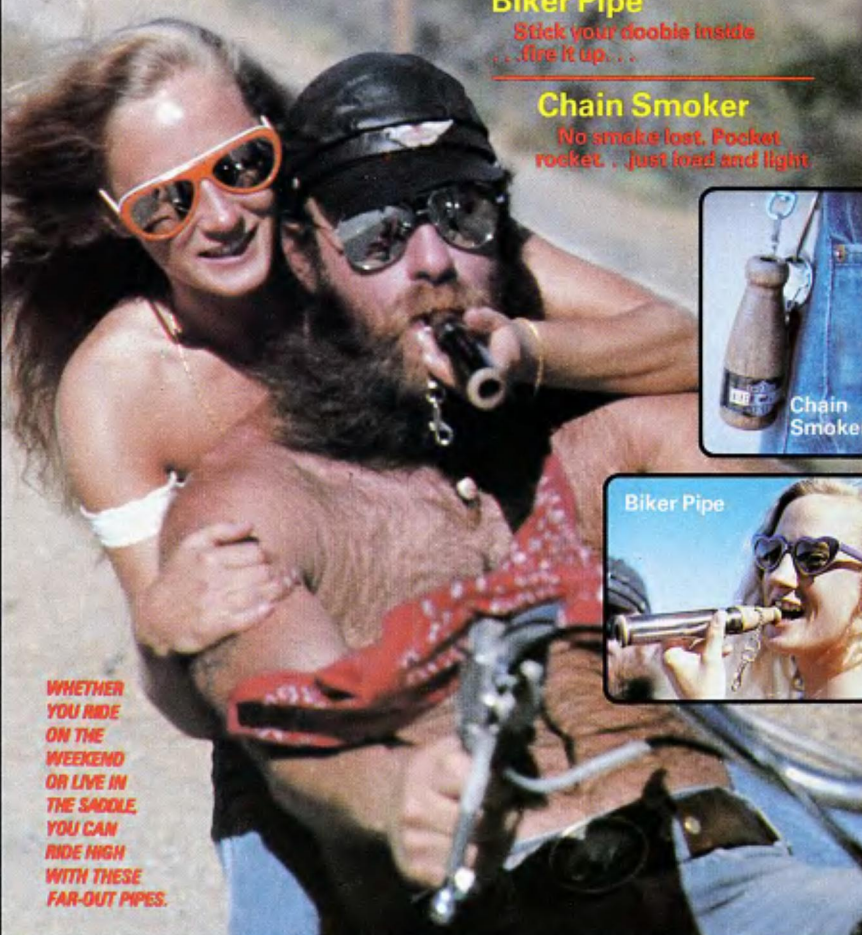


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but the warm spirit of Sturgis had spread to Deadwood, so the brothers involved held their cool.

I gotta mention Rev. Moe. I was introduced to this red-neck-looking dude on the main street of Deadwood. He was in his volunteer police uniform, but his open smile and firm handshake made me feel at ease. At the time, he was rappin' with a biker whose friends had been popped earlier on a drinking-in-public beef, and it was run down to me how Mr. Moe personally made an effort to see that everybody got a fair shake.

Home on the range, where seldom is heard a discouraging word — but don't be puttin' them Black Hills roads without some rain gear, 'cause it does shower, and unexpectedly. Mountain thunderstorms come crashing in without a lotta warning. You might leave camp without your T-shirt on and come back looking like a half-drowned surfer, sun-tanned on one side and rain-whipped on the other. My personal remedy is to kick back at the bar, get loaded, and get some head. It beats crowding into a gas stop or trucking in under a pine tree, without a joint.

So here I am, kicked back, smokin' a joint away from the drizzlin' shits outside. After days and nights spent in the streets and hills, I finally fell into the Billy Tinney Motor Crashers and Drinking Society. Of course, I have the ability to put up with their bullshit, since they are charter members in the Wino Joe Fan Club. I hope they're not caught in some flash flood down the road. Knowin' them, though, they probably are in the only camp around that gives each new rider coming in out of the rain a freebie from one of their stash of cuties.

Please note: Riparoo (our staff road captain) putted seventeen hundred miles on his big-horned yellow shovel, to this gig, and he's been runnin' back and forth from town to town and camp to camp, taking



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is leaning on his Honda in front of Gunner's and it looks like the party's over. I helped the carnival people load up, then went to give Theresa a kiss goodbye. We held onto each other for an extra minute and I told her that this time I was gonna kidnap her. She laughed and ran back to her carny friends. I turned to fire up the bike, but before I could throw my leg over the saddle she was back, telling me that she just quit show business, got paid, and was ready to be kidnapped. She even brought her own handcuffs.

We hit the freeway heading south 'cause we ain't got no helmets so we can't go through Wyoming. We dropped down out of the low, rolling foothills to the flatlands past Rapid City, catching 385 on out to the buffalo grass. Almost to the border and over an hour down the road, we pulled off to gas up. A young biker and his ol' lady were stranded there, so we laid a couple of bucks on them and then we went into the cowboy bar.

It was Jack Daniel's and Coke for me, and Waylon and Willie on the juke box for Theresa. She let me beater at the first game of pool, so I knew even before we danced that it was true love. It's neat being with her 'cause all this country is new to her. I'm not totally burned out from all the puttin' I've done, but it's a new turn-on to hear Theresa's excited voice over the rumble of my Sportster.

We jammed on down towards the Nebraska panhandle, racing out of the last of the Black Hills into the grasslands. Flat must be beautiful to somebody, 'cause they made this stretch a park. Theresa digs it and got even more excited when she thought she saw a buffalo on the horizon. This is where they were over a hundred years ago, just them and the Indians riding their spotted ponies. This is where they made their last stand. I watched a huge hawk leave his fence post to glide along with

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us for an instant, brothers in the wind.

We had to pull into Chadron because of a grinding noise. No Harley shop, but the local Honda mechanics helped us pull the rear wheel and dump out a rivet from the sprocket. Gassed with regular and was back on the road cutting through pine buttes and down over grassy sand hills. The thunderheads began boiling above us, shot through with streamers of sunlight — the middle-America, gothic sky of summer. But there was a blue hole out on the horizon, and we shot through with hardly a drop on us, into Alliance.

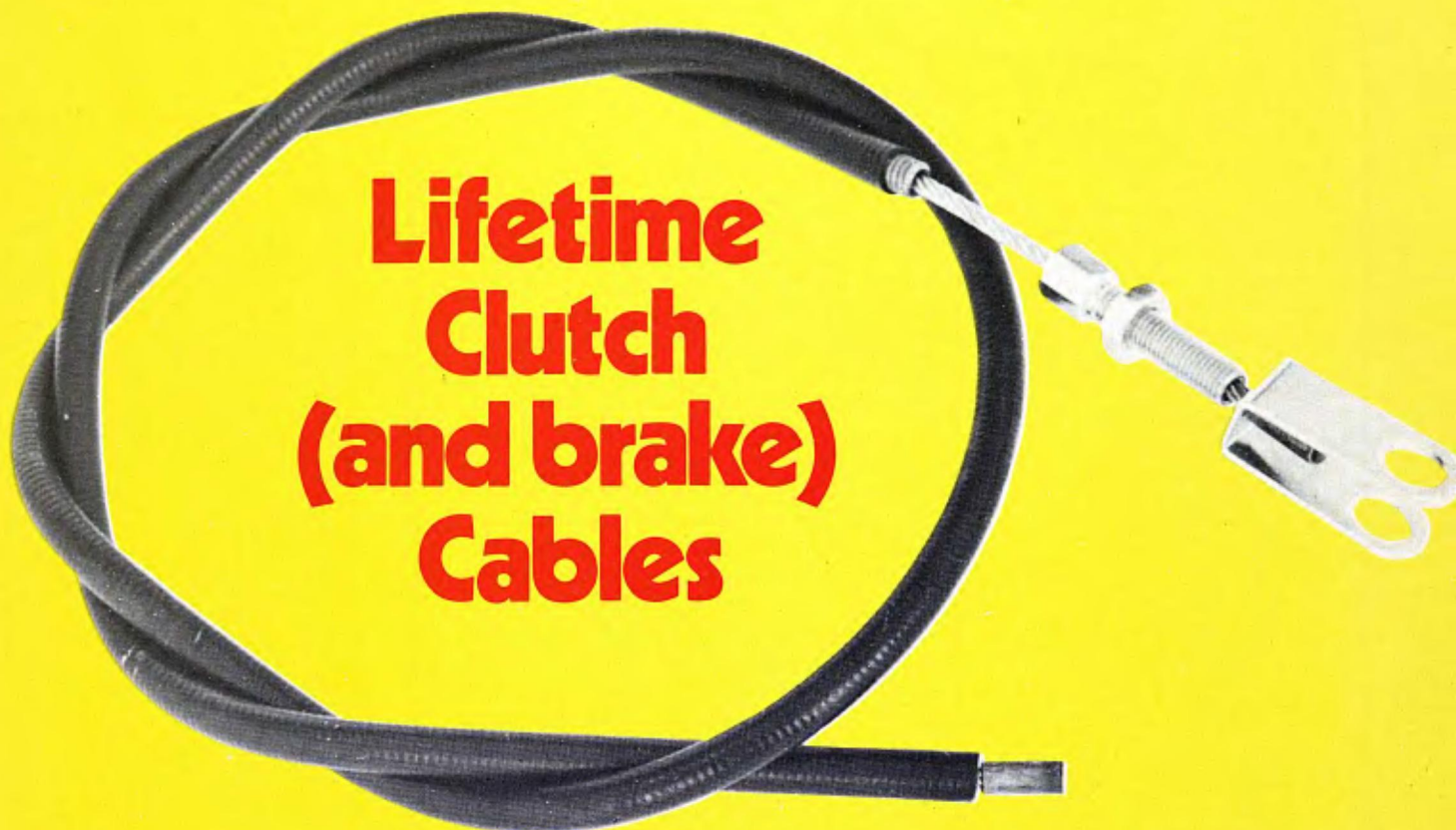
Gassed up the poor Sportster with regular again and ran over to make a quick phone call home to tell the ol' lady I'd probably be a week late getting back, but not to worry, 'cause I was in good hands. About then, a couple of home boys rode up on their panheads wanting to know if we wanted to party. They'd been turning on riders for the last week but still had one good Nebraska hoe down left in them. I said I was real sorry, but I hated to hafta make up the two or three hours I had left in me the next day. So we booked it on down the road, hoping the Great Plains thunderbird wouldn't shit on us just yet.

The sky began to redden off to the west as we pulled into Dalton. I was thinkin' about the Dalton brothers, wild west bars, and how sore my butt was. But my sweet gypsy kidnap victim, perched on my rolled up jacket, said, 'Dalton sucks.' So we pushed on. A couple of miles down the road we hit the now-infamous 385 detour. Just like the song, it was 20 miles of bad road, so, by the time we got to Sidney, and seen the sights (which hadn't changed since '63) we were ready to roll out my sleeping bag under the overpass and put on our sex freak sideshow for the passing cage jockeys — that's show biz.

Homeward bound,  
W.J.



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## THE LAST FRONTIER

—Continued from page 30

to gather evidence on that one. How many laws on the books right now do you figure were invented by men in power solely to protect their power? All I know for sure is that every fat cat sonuvabitch I ever saw intends to stay on top, and that means no matter who he has to screw blue and tattoo to hold the status quo.

In times of oppression a people insistent on freedom must stand shoulder to shoulder and fight as they can for personal liberty. Oppression is upon us, and if you can't see that, you're somehow managing to miss a hell of a lot of what's going on around you. Freedom today is being stolen so quickly you can see it disappearing right in front of your eyes. The trouble is that not enough people are looking. I believe the most important single thing in life is individual freedom, and I won't hesitate a moment to put myself on the line for that belief. It's worth dying for when the time comes to die — and worth living for until that time comes. When the law, or the bureaucracy that manipulates the law, denies our right to ride and live our own lives in our chosen way, then the law itself is violating our most basic rights.

I didn't call roll on all the imprisoned bikers I know or list every "lawfully" murdered bro I'm aware of, so I won't go into a detailed rap about specific legislative wrongs either. If you've been riding for any length of time you already know all too well what they are. Discriminatory insurance laws, mandatory lights-on laws, turnpike toll regulations affecting three-wheelers, helmet laws still in effect in many parts of the country, the infamous RICO Act, and similar statutes. All those and more are infringing on the personal freedom of every one of us. And every single day some bureaucrat somewhere comes up with a brand new scheme aimed at clamping down even tighter.

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any really heavy, skull-sweating time trying to puzzle out the bona fide reasons for so much persecution? I have, and I think I've come up with a pretty fair twofold evaluation.

First, we're dangerous. Every windblown mother's child of us is a threat to those Big Brother types who pull the hype strings on society, because we don't adapt to the norm. They can't control us as they do the complacent citizenry around us, and that means that the very fact of our existence threatens their domination. Most people, you see, simply don't participate in their own reality. They sit back and watch life go by — which is precisely as the powers-that-be want it. If you'd like to check out the truth of that, take a ride through any residential neighborhood and count the number of television antennas. We aren't pliable to the fat cats' manipulations, being the creatures roaming the darkness outside instead of fitting ourselves obediently into our little boxes at their direction, and so we have to go.

Second, it's profitable to squeeze us. Big business goes hand in glove with motorcycle legislation, and that number is so obvious that anybody but a card-carrying gooneybird oughta be able to see it. When the helmet law hit, what did you have to hurry out and buy before you could go for a putt? And if you got caught riding without one, what did you have to pay to keep a judge from tossing your ass in the can? Buying a new bike, bro? You're going to shell out extra for mandatory "safety" features. How are you getting along with your insurance company these days? The lights-on law? You can bet your best goodies that somewhere in the

|                                                                                      |                                                                                       |
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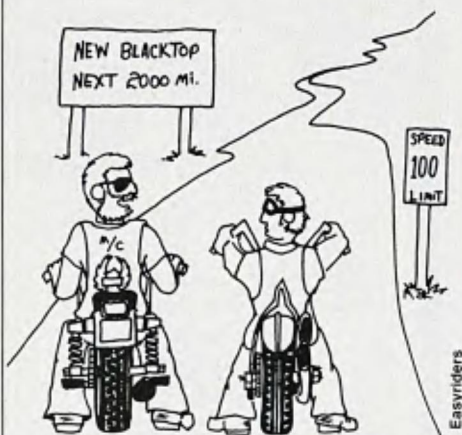
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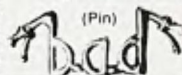
murk behind that one lurks a politician whose brother-in-law owns a filament factory. And what about that atrocity they dumped on us in New York, the law that says you can't ride a motorcycle into specific areas of the city during certain hours of the day? They passed it there, folks, and that means if we slip just a little bit they'll be shoving it down our throats everywhere. Quite possibly it's coming down on us in other areas already, and I'm just not personally aware of it yet. But returning to the subject of New York in particular, what are you gonna do if you have to go into that banned-to-bikes part of town? You can't ride your scoot unless you want it impounded, and then you'll have to give up an arm and a leg to get it back. You can't walk. It isn't feasible. Besides, you'd probably get picked up for prostitution. Nobody but hookers walk in New York. And how would you ever explain that one to your bros? Take a bus? Taxi? Subway? You're gonna be spending money any way you go, right? Yeah. And that's what it's all about.

Now, thinking about the legislation that's slowly but surely destroying our lifestyle, along with the regulations that force us to pay through the nose for our own extinction, and keeping in mind what a lipsmacking leg-wetter that has to be to the fat cats who are doing us in, can there be any doubt in your mind that they're planning to screw us right down to our dying quivers? They



"If I'm dreaming, I hope I never wake up."

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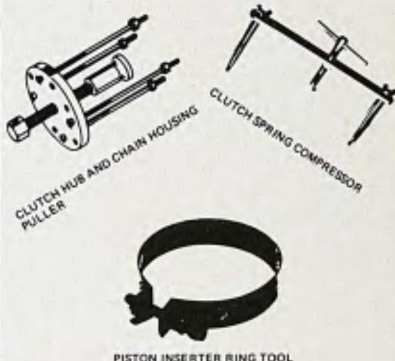


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intend to hump us to the death throes, and most likely make us pay the gravedigger too. It's an irresistible combination from their point of view — they get rid of us, and we make them richer in the process.

So what the hell are we doing about it? What can we do?

We can fight the bastards every inch of the way, that's what we can do!

And we can back them up off us. That's what we have to do.

Earlier I spoke of battling shoulder to shoulder. I meant it, but not in the sense of picking up chains and guns. This is a different kind of war, although one every bit as deadly as sawed-offs across a bar-room floor. If we don't rise up to make a united battlestand now, we may never again be strong enough to buck the system of tyranny oppressing us. Either it changes, we make it change, or we risk going down altogether. There is no middle ground. And we have to fight this war on their terms, on their ground, by their rules.

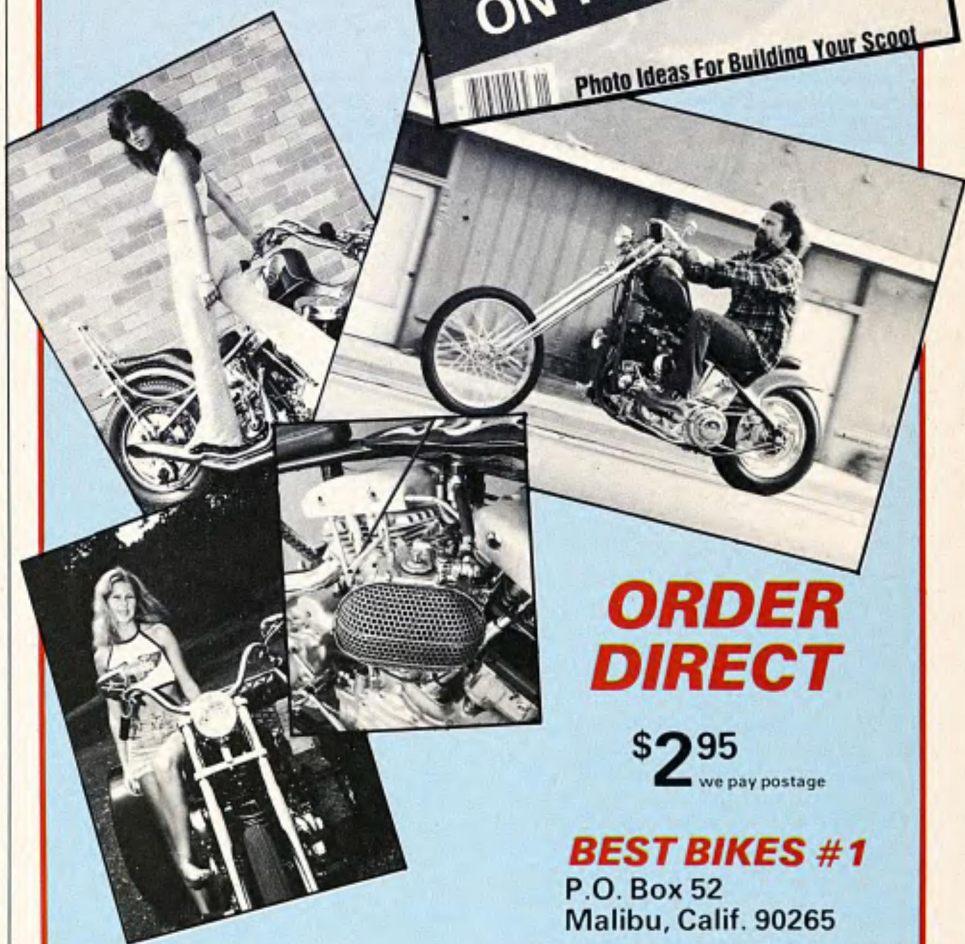
You know, that isn't nearly as hopeless as it sounds. We have the potential strength to win. We've proven that in a majority of states by organizing and defeating the lid law. Organizing is the key, folks. It's also our only chance. Even in states where the helmet law is dead, bikers still have to stand shoulder to shoulder in vigilance to keep it from sneaking back to life. But the fact that bikers are there is what holds it in the grave. And that is the *only* reason it hasn't risen again.

The hand of brotherhood makes a heavy fist when it is clenched in unity. I've always operated under the principle that if you raise enough hell you'll often get what you want just so you'll shut up and go away. The secret to that strategy is that there is more than one way to raise hell; and if we get what we want, we won't have to go away. In this case, casting a vote is the most effective hell-raising tactic I know.

Votes are our bullets in this war. Votes and letters to let the politicians know where we're shooting from. And what we're aiming at. If you think they aren't

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gonna back off and give us space once they get a taste of how much firepower we're really holding, then you're badly underestimating your own strength. We can win. But only if we get our act together packstrong. Sniping action won't make it. We have to bomb them, barrage them, and fire in unison. That means all the votes we can muster, all the letters we can get out, and all of us riding together as a tribe. It means meetings, planning, supporting the cause. It means joining organizations like MMA, ABATE, AMA, whatever your choice is — there are no rules limiting your support to only one — and then working within the framework of solidarity and brotherhood to get the job done. It means going out of your way if necessary to talk to other bikers about joining and giving them valid reasons why they should, not some "C'mon, there'll be good partyin'" bullshit. If we don't start working together now, it won't be long before the only party any of us goes to will be our own wake. Club officers and reps of bikers' rights organizations need to establish working relationships with each other so that when push comes to shove every bro's shoulder will be sent to the same wheel and cut out any petty competition between organizations. Downtimers should be firing protest letters at every target in sight. Everybody can do something, and unless we get off our duffs and start doing it zip-quick we're gonna die. It's that simple. And that serious.

Some of our people are already fighting as hard as they can, and damned effectively, under the circumstances — the circum-



"... And to my lazy, shiftless nephew, Hugo, I leave those two rusty, worthless '53 Harleys in my barn..."



stances being that others among us are wasting strength and energy and, worst of all, time that we can't afford to lose, in fighting among themselves. And some, of course, ain't doing diddly squat.

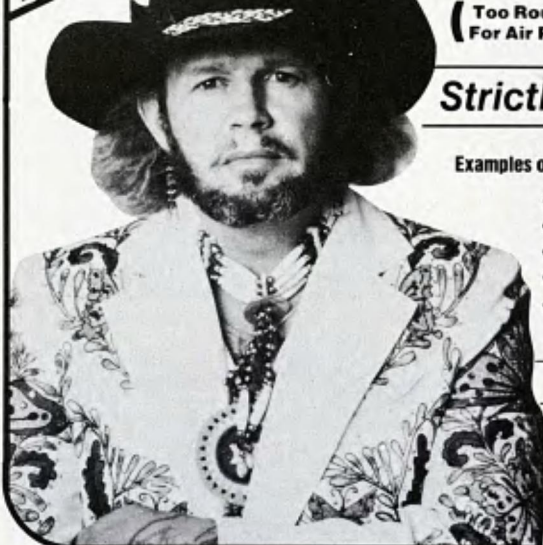
To those few bros — and in their case I use the word *bro* very loosely — who are responsible for causing the disunity and internal strife that is weakening the effectiveness of what their own people have labored so long and hard to accomplish, I have only a few words to say. I hope your dingleberries turn into festering sores so you'll drip pus behind you for the rest of your life. I hope your ol' lady slips in it and don't love you no more. I hope you get the clap and a dog bites you. And I hope your bike won't run on sunny days.

To those who "don't have time" to get involved or just don't care enough to make a commitment to brotherhood, all I can say is party hearty. And when the party ends, maybe after the next avalanche of repressive laws comes down, I hope you don't have to face up to knowing that *you* might have made the difference. That would be a heavy weight to carry. I'd never want it on my back and I'm not wishing it on you, because I don't have anything against your dumb asses. I really don't. On the other hand, I've got nothing for you either.

And finally, to the brothers and sisters who see all too clearly what we are every one facing if we don't continue to fight, those of you who have been out there working your butts off all along and who still stand tall on the frontier of the righteous cause of freedom for us all, there aren't words fine enough to tell you how much you mean to me. As long as you're on the line, I know we still have a fighting chance — and that's all our kind has ever needed to win any rumble. Just hang on a little longer. There are more of us on the way. Don't give up; don't let the bastards grind you down. We're coming, and we're coming strong.

With all my heart and whatever substance there is to my renegade soul, I salute you. Together we can ride forever.

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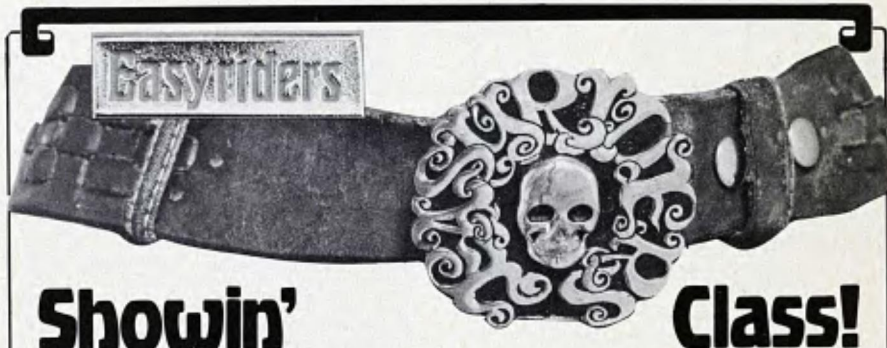
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## LICENSE TO RUN

—Continued from page 76

"They know where I am?"  
"Yeah. That's why I called. You'd better hurry."

I didn't even hang up the phone. I fired up the scooter and tore ass outta there. Not a second too soon, either. Two sheriff's cars passed me going the other direction, on their way to my shop. By the time they'd figured out what happened, I'd be on the freeway. Didn't know exactly where I was gonna go, but I sure as hell wasn't about to stick around and wait for The Man. Shit! Everybody I knew lived in California, and the law was sure to have a warrant out for me statewide, at the very least. Now that I'd gotten away from the fuckers, I had no place to go. Ain't that somethin'? Ten minutes ago, I'd been getting edgy 'cause things seemed to be going all right for a change. Oh, well, that was one thing I wasn't gonna have to worry about for a while.

A few miles down the freeway, I remembered that somewhere in my wallet was the address of a bro that I'd met a couple of months ago, a friend of Mike's from New York City. He was on his way to San Francisco at the time, and needed a place to crash. Turned out to be a really decent dude. He could out-drink, out-smoke, and just plain out-party anyone within hollerin' distance. He'd told me to stop in if I ever got out to New York. Well, let's see — I had two grams of coke, about a hundred and fifteen bucks, and no place else to go, so. . .

I made it to New York in three days. My scooter only made it as far as Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania. I was looking for a gas station on some back road one night and missed a turn doing about 45 mph. Don't even remember going down. The next thing I knew, I was lying in a ditch fifty feet away from the bike. I'd gotten bounced around pretty good, but nothing was broken. The ol' knuck didn't fare as well. It had fought a battle to the death with a bigass oak tree — and lost. The forks and handlebars were twisted, the frame was cracked, and both wheels were mangled. Wasn't a pretty sight.

I was just standing there in a daze, looking over all the twisted metal, when an old pickup pulled over. It was a '54 Chevy with Harley wings on the rear windshield. An enormous dude with a big red beard got out.

"You okay?"

"Yeah. I'm all right. My scooter's in pretty poor shape, though." I motioned toward the tree.

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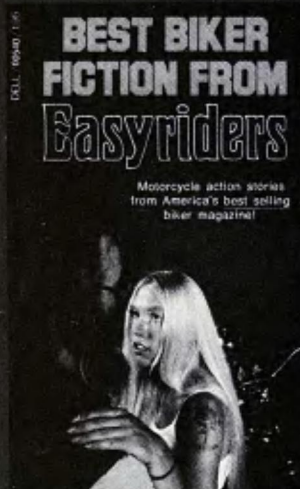
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He walked over to my bike and eyed it up. "This tree here did a fuckin' job on it." He shook his head. "Might be able to salvage the engine, I dunno. I'll tell ya this much, though, you're one lucky bastard, strange as that may sound. People go off this curve all the fuckin' time and most of 'em come out a helluva lot worse off than you did, if they come out at all." He walked back over to me. "You sure you're okay?" He looked doubtful.

"Yeah, I'll survive."

"Well, all right then. Jump in the back and clear all o' that shit outta the way so we can load yer sled in there."

We put what was left of my scooter in the back of the pickup. I told him about my trials and tribulations. He was damn good people; even offered to look after my bike till I could get it together. I took him up on it. The next day I caught a bus to New York. So far, it had been one helluva trip.

\* \* \*

I was downright beat from the three days' worth of travelin' and other assorted bullshit, so it was a real relief when I finally got to the address that I was looking for. It was an apartment on the third floor of a really rundown-looking building. A middle-aged woman answered the door. Seems this guy Nick had moved out a few weeks ago — owing two months' rent. Had a lot of wild parties. Nope, no idea where he went. The landlady thought she heard somebody say something about him going to California or some place like that. But



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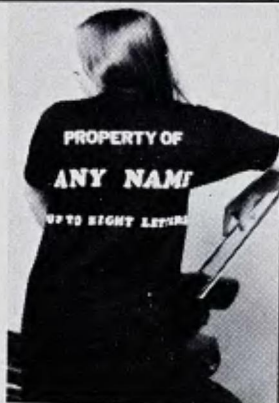
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other than that. . . Great. Just fuckin' great.

Well, near as I could tell, I was still alive, and if I wanted to stay that way, I'd better find a place to stay. Even if I didn't get a job, I could always sell the coke that I had for some ridiculous price. It seemed to me that New York had to have a shitload of really cheap hotels. And goin' by the law of probability, there was sure to be one nearby. I was right.

Got me a room in some fleabag hotel about two blocks away. A genuine dive — the room was eight by ten and had the savory aroma of a garbage can in a local ginmill on a Saturday night. This joint was so sleazy, even the roaches had crabs. But what the fuck. It was cheap, and a lot classier than the rest of the neighborhood.

I managed to sell all the coke in a couple of days. Went through a few shitty jobs in the following weeks, but never seemed to be able to get up enough money to get my act together. Just couldn't seem to get out of the city. Besides that, my healthy dislike for New York had turned into a nasty attitude, which didn't help matters any.

\* \* \*

But that was March. Now it's May, and all that stuff is behind me. Y'see, sometimes even the tiniest, most insignificant piece of inspiration can change the situation completely around. Sometimes it's so tiny and insignificant that you almost miss it. Almost. And what happened was this:

About three weeks ago, I was running down Fifth Avenue. I was in a hurry, on my way to somewhere for something, I forget what. Anyhow, it was a nice day and I was all decked out in my Sunday best — greasy Levi's and an "If Ya Can't Fix It Fuck



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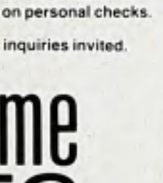
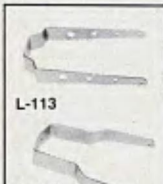
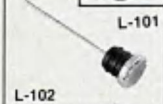
- L-111 Fender brace, chromed—\$24.95

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**onesome  
MFG**

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

It" T-shirt. My beard was so crusty you couldn't get a cold chisel through it without a lot of trouble.

Guess I raised a few eyebrows, bein' in the civilized part of town. I noticed that an unmarked cop car (with a very marked cop in it) just happened to be going down Fifth Avenue at the same speed I was. I didn't want any hassles, so I turned down a side street. So did he. In fact, he squealed around the corner, went about ten feet past me, rode up over the curb, and came screeching to a stop on the sidewalk right in front of me. I just kept right on running. Ran smack into his front fender, dove across the hood, and slid down onto the sidewalk. Being a cop in this town, he was probably used to just about anything. Looked like he'd been on the beat for the last hundred years or so.

"Hey, that was pretty good, Officer. You learn that on Adam-12?" At that he grudgingly got out of the car. He didn't exactly look thrilled to be there, but then again, I didn't either.

"Aw, whatcha gonna do, Yer Honor, revoke my pedestrian's license?"

He wasn't amused. From the looks of this guy, a trainload of laughing gas and a harem of dancing teddy bears wouldn't even make him snicker.

"Just what the hell do you think you're doing?" he inquired.

"Why, Officer, I was just going to ask you the same question."

He then proceeded to tell me about how many lawless people around here grab some poor little old lady's pocketbook and take off running, and how since I was (as he put it) a suspicious-looking character, it was his duty as a police officer to find out what I was doing. I told him that it was my duty, as a fine, upstanding young man to report maniac drivers to the nearest cop, which happened to be him. I politely asked if he was allowed to write himself a ticket. He still wasn't amused. So, I told him where I was going and why and for how long, and where I was born and how, etc. I obviously didn't have a pocketbook or anything so, by way of being helpful, he told me that if I was going to run around in New York City, and didn't want some asshole (such as him) bothering me, I should get myself some kind of jogging suit. A jogging suit? You know, with stripes and all. A jogging suit. Pollution must have dissolved the last remaining fragment of the old fella's mind. But anyway, I thanked him for his time, and we both went off on our respective ways. Jogging suit. Sure thing, partner. Then I got to thinking. A strange idea began to take form. Nah! Well, I



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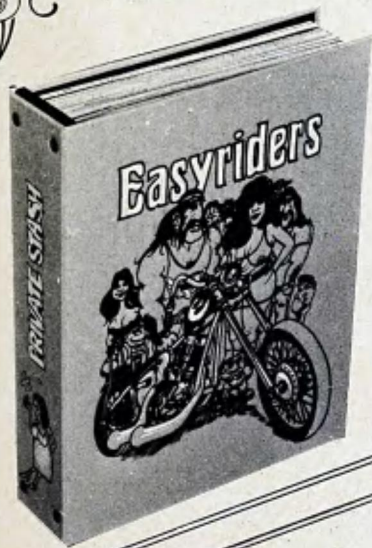
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dunno. On the other hand. . . I broke into a class-A shiteatin' grin and stopped dead in my tracks. That's it! It was all beginning to fall together. That old boy will never know how good a piece of advice he had just given me.

\* \* \*

The next day I went out and spent twenty-five bucks on a jogging suit — a real obnoxious-looking one at that. It had stripes going up one side and down the other, a couple little emblems here and there, fancy lettering on the back, and a few more stripes thrown in just to give it a touch of class. A very small touch of class. Yes, sir-ee! Really neat-o looking. I figured, why look like an ordinary asshole when you can look like a *real* asshole?

I started running ten and twelve miles a day, and believe me, that can be a real fuckin' adventure in New York City. Dodgin' pimps, leapin' over crater-sized potholes in a single bound, gallopin' over mountains of dogshit, and sidesteppin' a vast assortment of bottles, hubcaps, and sleeping winos. It oughta be an Olympic event. At any rate, it was the same routine four or five times a day. I'd run out of the alley on Twentieth Street, by Fredericks of London Jewelers, Ltd., up Third Avenue past the Villa Cafe (a place where fine rats and roaches can dine in elegance), over to Thirty-Seventh Street, over to Penn Station, and back. Day in, day out for the past three weeks.

And today could've been just like any other day in the last month. It was about 60 degrees out, the sun was filtering down through the smog, and the winos were out tryin' to scrape together enough change for a bottle of Mad Dog. I was getting ready to run, just like always. Yep. Could have been



"Hey, man, why do you suspect me of flying something in from Colombia?"

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just another day. But it wasn't. Y'see, last night I cashed the last paycheck from my last crummy job and bought a one-way train ticket to San Francisco. Probably catch a bus from there to a certain little town, fetch the ol' lady, and lay low for a while. I'm goin' home!

My palms were sweating as I ran out of the alley on Twentieth. I was real edgy. All I was gonna do was run the same route that I'd been running for about the past month. Why the fuck was I so nervous? Sure wasn't any real reason for it. What could possibly happen between here and Penn Station? On the other hand, that's the same question that I'd asked myself about a little trip to New York.

Anyway, I turned onto Third Avenue, just like always, past the Villa Cafe. Everything seemed different today, even though everything still looked the same. Didn't even have time to remember how much I'd hated the city. All I could think about was getting on that train and going home. It had been a while since I'd seen the ol' lady. She'd be surprised. The trip takes only a couple of days and — Just then, two squad cars shot down Third, sirens blarin' and lights flashin'. There was a cop car parked out in front of Bernie's Diner, just like always, so I decided to be a concerned citizen and find out what was up. The cop was talking into the radio and writing something down on his clipboard. I ran up to the car, still running in place.

"What's all the sirens for?" I asked. He didn't even look up.

"Somebody just knocked over Fredericks of London. Made off with a bundle."

"Yeah? How much?"

"Thirty or forty thousand bucks. In cash."

"No shit?" I asked. He finally looked up.

"No shit."

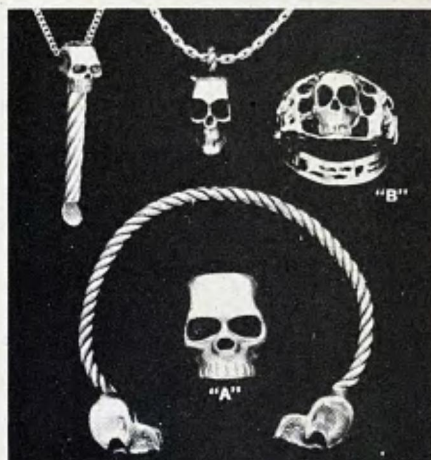
"Figure you'll ever catch him?" At that he looked at me like I had just shit in his lap.

"Catch him?"

"Well, I mean you catch most of 'em, right?" I was trying my best to be neighborly. He gave me another disgusted look.

"You know, you people really crack me up," he said. "You want me to press a button and make this guy appear, right? We just feed some numbers to a computer and it tells us who did it, just like Kojak, right? Well, I'll tell ya something, pal: it ain't like that in the least." This cop was a bit on the irritable side. It must have been my breath.

"You know how we're supposed to



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find this crook? This is what we've got to go on." He read from his clipboard, "Six-foot-two, two hundred and fifty pounds, very well mannered, wearing a gray suit and a heavy ski mask."

He pounded his fist on the dashboard. "Everybody and his fuckin' brother wears a gray suit in this town. There must be a million of 'em. I even got one."

"Look, I was just asking," I said.

"Good. You find him. I'll split the reward money with ya."

Then he muttered something about budget cuts. Boy, what a touchy fucker.

"Well, look, uh, good luck anyway," I said.

"Yeah. Thanks."

Shit. Too bad the CHP doesn't have cops like that.

I made it to Penn Station in ten minutes. Found my seat on the train and tried to read some stupid magazine. *Apartments Illustrated*, or something. I tried to get comfortable. After about a half hour of people stumbling around trying to find their seats, the train finally pulled out. I gave the man my ticket and went back to the can. Made sure that the door was locked, then unzipped my running suit to the waist, took off my gray flannel suit jacket, and emptied the contents of the pockets onto a small countertop. Let's see — a little can of Mace, a starter's pistol, and sheee-it! Eight neatly wrapped bundles of hundred-dollar bills. More money than I'd ever seen, much less had. I'd done a lot better than I'd expected. Forty thousand dollars exactly, not counting the few odd bills that I'd stuffed into my other pocket. Shee-it! I just stood there for a second, tryin' to put it all into perspective. Forty thousand bucks. How about that? Ya know something? New York wasn't such a bad place after all. ■



Easyriders

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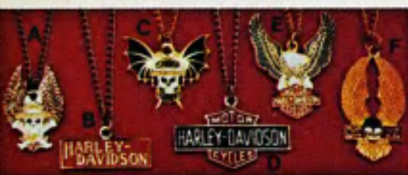


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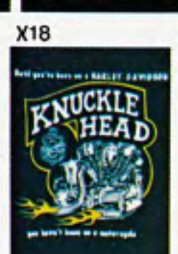
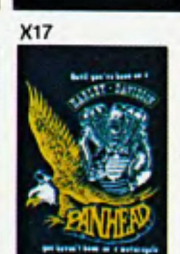
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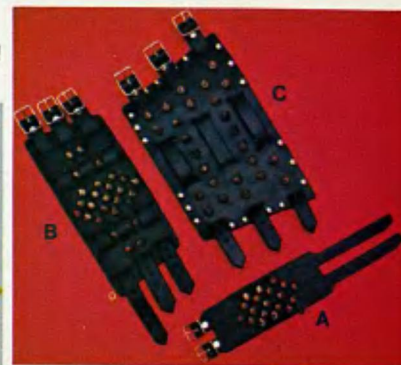
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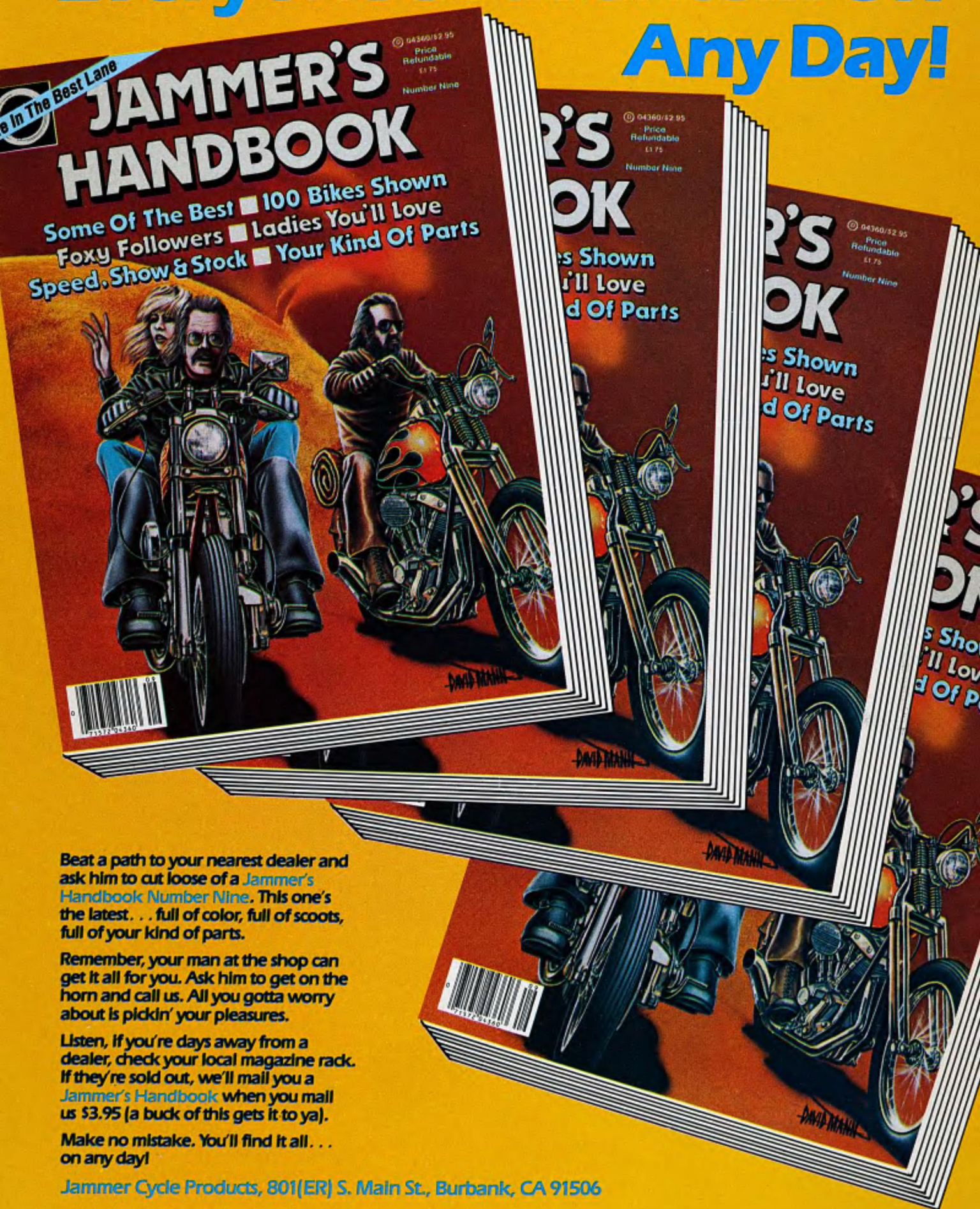
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## ROACH

—Continued from page 18

tanned, lean structure bore many tattoos, and under his long, wavy hair I could see one bright, shining gold earring. Just as I was thinking of how good-looking he was and how *not my type* he was, his husky voice asked, "Wanna go for a putt on my Hog?" He looked toward his bike.

This term rather deglamorized the machine I had compared to Darth Vader. "I don't think so," I answered stiffly. I was just thinking: Appealing as he is, he probably goes around wasted on drugs, raping and murdering people; I mean, isn't that how all men on bikes are? I laugh now when I think of how foolish and how wrong I was.

"My name's Roach and I think you'd enjoy a ride. Ever been on one?" How did he know I hadn't?

"Of course I have," I lied. He would never know; I would surely never see him again.

"Come on," he insisted. "Most chicks beg for a ride." So that's how he knew I'd never been on one. If I had, I wouldn't refuse now. Well, I'd show him. I'd go for a short ride, show him my lack of interest, and get rid of this egotistical man.

I hesitated. Damn his good looks. I walked around his bike wondering how in hell to get onto it, and realized he was laughing at me. He helped me on, and the rest of the afternoon, my feet on pegs so high they were parallel to my butt as I leaned back on the sissy bar, I had the most wonderful time I'd ever experienced. And the grass we smoked, which usually left me sleepy, made the ride all the better. We laughed almost the entire day, about anything and everything. We had virtually *nothing* in common and yet agreed on absolutely *everything*.

The following day, Roach moved in. This was not a big production. It merely consisted of his finding a safe place within three feet of my apartment to lock his bike and of his dumping a bag of T-shirts and jeans on the floor.

When I told my girlfriends about him, they became very interested, agreed that he did sound exciting, but added that I cared for him only because he was taboo, and that he would ride out of my life as smoothly as he rode in — with his true love, his bike. I turned away from them and my family and devoted my entire life to Roach. I quit painting, except for portraits of Roach and his bike, and my piano playing began to sound like

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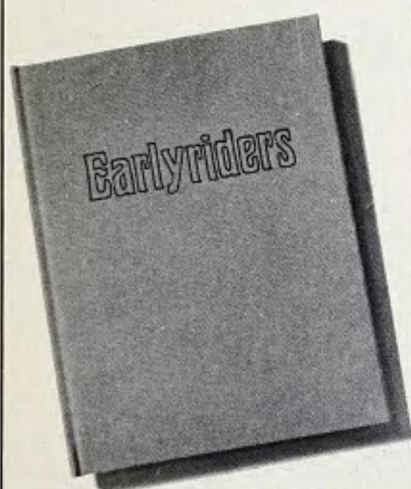
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lamenting and then grew all but silent. I quit my job when my boss suggested that my association with Roach destroyed my "corporate image." I told him to shove the damn image up his ass. My apartment got redecorated with chrome Harley parts, and *Easyriders* magazines blanketed my coffee table. I became more relaxed and enjoyed my life for the first time. I became interested in certain mild drugs, laughed more than ever, and worried about nothing.

Our weekends were spent riding his bike. I had acquired such a passion for the speed of it, for the freedom of open roads under archways of trees, of the wind in my face and hair, that I too grew to love his bike, almost as much as Roach loved it. How I envied this bike for being the recipient of his love and pride!

On week mornings when I left for my new job, less important but more fun, Roach would yell "Later," jump and come down once, and only once, as he kick-started his ride, and go who-knows-where, to do who-knows-what. I never asked, because that's one of the speediest ways to lose your man.

After work, he was almost always waiting for me. He would ask how my day went and I would get all wound up and go into great detail about what events had taken place. Then, when I asked about his, he always said "Great," and added something about his ride. His days were always great and he always rode. Other than that, I knew little about Roach. He never mentioned family, other women, jobs, or money. He would expound his theories on black holes in space, invent ways to make a million dollars, and then share his dreams of how he would spend it.

Until I met Roach, I had been agitated with most men, infatuated with very few, but never had I fallen in love with any of them. And here I was,



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

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falling for Roach — the impossible dream. He would never fall for me, or any other woman. He loved his bike and his freedom. And even if, in my dreamy little head, I could fathom his loving me, or even spending his life with me, what a disaster! Me, who so carefully planned out my life, who spent my evenings playing the piano and my weekends painting, who wore Halston underwear; me, spending my life with a 6'2", gorgeous, good-for-nothing, free-wheeling biker. A disaster. And one I day-dreamed about constantly.

On so many occasions Roach mentioned different partners or bros he associated with, and I could not help getting curious in my pathetic naivete, about the group. I wondered if they were a ruthless bunch and why they wore swastikas (which Roach explained to me they wear *not* because they favor what the swastika stands for, but because they are not afraid of what it stands for — they indeed are not afraid of anything), and why they are the only not-quite-law-abiding citizens bearing the title *outlaws* instead of *criminals*.

My life with Roach was worth everything. Our sunny rides and relaxed hours were all I needed. I loved him and his bike. I wondered sometimes if I didn't love him because of his bike.

I loved his Harley, and yet I hated it at the same time. I loved it because of its intrinsic beauty, its power and style, its appeal to all who saw it. I loved it because it was something new and exciting in my all too cultured and straitlaced life. I loved it because it represented those things I loved about Roach: his strength, independence, mystery, freedom, power, and forboding intrigue. I hated his bike because it was the very vehicle that I knew someday would take him away from me.

But then something changed. Roach decided it was time to introduce his ol' lady to the brothers. As we approached a group of his partners beneath the shade of eucalyptus trees, I felt as though I had entered a dream. There were bearded, laughing faces everywhere, and the women, who at first frightened me, when seen close up were just like me: young women (some of them much younger than I), who cared just as much about the way they looked. Everyone was friendly to me and, in fact, made me feel more comfortable than I did at Beverly Hills parties. No one once called me *dahling*!

After a few hours, we all got on the bikes and I went for my first real ride. There must have been thirty

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machines, and as we sped along the Pacific Coast Highway I felt a certain pride, even as I received disapproving looks from middle-aged ladies, any one of whom could have been my mother.

And then I felt something new — power — as I sensed an almost fearful respect from others on bikes and from almost every car's occupants.

I see it now, Roach! I know what it is! You are truly free! And they don't hate you, they are *envious* of you. They are afraid of you because you are not afraid to leave everything and go for what you feel to be the essence of life: true freedom. They envy you because you *live* it, and they have never even tasted it!

How I love you, Roach! How I love your bike and this new view of life you've given me. You never had to preach it to me or convince me; you just showed it to me, like everything else you do, very gently, very powerfully.

That night Roach held me as he never had before, and just before he fell off to sleep he stared at me, approvingly. Then, ever so quietly, he said, "I love you, baby," and I wanted to run to open the windows and shout to the world, "Roach loves me!" or ask him to repeat it in case I had only imagined it. But instead, I whispered back for the first time the words I had said a million times silently, "I love you too, Roach."

And I went to sleep wondering what sort of bridal gown I would wear for my motorcycle wedding.

During my sleep I had a dream. In it Roach came to me on his bike, very slowly, and very fog-like, as if I were seeing him through a turbulent cloud. As he approached, I saw that although it was Roach, he was very different. He had cut his hair short and no longer wore an earring. His bare chest had no tattoos, and below his



"What's the holdup, Tippy? I can't hear any cars."

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designer jeans, he wore wingtipped shoes! He was as handsome as ever, but at the same time less appealing.

He began speaking softly of how our life together would be. A house, children; he had an interview to be an insurance salesman. He said he was on his way to sell the bike and would be back for me soon. I asked if I could ride with him and he said no, then apologized for ever letting me ride with him and said that we were lucky we had never been hurt. I then asked him, "What has happened to you, Roach? You've changed so."

"Don't call me Roach anymore, Jessie; my name is Roger." Then he reached to kiss me good-bye and I screamed.

Screaming, I woke myself up. Oh God, don't ever let Roach change, I was saying with tears on my face. And I reached for my Roach, who once had seemed degenerate, who had since become my life — but he was not there. I waited for a few moments, expecting him to come out of the bathroom, then realized the apartment was absolutely silent, that Roach had gone.

I rushed in a panic to the front door, where I found a note handwritten on the back page of a motorcycle magazine: "Got to ride away from the one thing I'm afraid of."

I did not wait for a phone call or a knock on my door, as we do when someone leaves us. Roach was different from the moment I met him, and I knew he would always remain that way. He might ride into my life someday, but not in the near future, not to say he wanted me back. That would not be Roach.

Perhaps someday when I'm old, maybe babysitting my grandchildren, I'll hear a roar coming up the driveway to my estate, almost a rumbling sound as of an earthquake, and I'll know company is coming.

But I won't have to take out the china or warn the children to mind their manners. I will just wait for a knock on my door and be ready to hear about Roach's life: "great" and "it's been a good ride." And he'll look around at my home, the paintings and piano, and say something like "You did all right for yourself, Jessie, much better than you would have if I'd stuck around. Then you really woulda missed out." And he'll chuckle to himself.

But I'll just sit in silence and stare at all the nothingness surrounding me, remembering the sunny rides and the laughter, the endless laughter we shared, and know that it was Roach who did all right for himself and that indeed I did miss out.



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## JACK DANIEL'S

—Continued from page 35

Fortunately I was dead wrong, 'cause we woulda got an attitude and split. Seems they just distill a little whiskey. It keeps us J.D. fools happy, and most of the folks in town gotta job there.

We started out in a place called the Barrel House. It's part old warehouse and part tour center. (Shit, didn't know other people dropped by.) All sorts of pictures of the turn of the century, ol' man Jack Daniel and such. At this point, we met up with a dude named Roger Brasheer. He sorta took a special interest in us and carried us on a backroom tour of the place.

Man, this guy was somethin' else. Flattop haircut, regular straight Joe but one of the friendliest, slap-happiest folks I ever met. Rapped with him thirty minutes and felt like I'd known him forever. But he reminded us when it was close to 1:00 that he didn't give a damn what we did, he was gonna eat lunch. So we scared too. Unbelievable! Remind me to tell you about Mrs. Bobo's boarding house sometime. The ol' broad is 99 fuckin' years old. Anyway the damn storage warehouse was seven stories of 50-gallon oak barrels. One million gallons of Jack's best sippin' bourbon. And they got double locks on everything, one for Jack and one for the feds — keepin' tabs.

The second place we went was the sawmill and charcoal lot, where they make their own charcoal to filter the Jack's. I asked Roger how many people worked here, and he said, "Oh, about half of them."

Next we went to the spring where they get the water used in makin' the whiskey. On the way down, we spot-



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MONEY ORDERS,  
CASHIER CHECKS,  
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THE DEAL/SEND US SOME EASY MEASUREMENTS AND 50 BUCKS (THIS TELLS OUR ASS HOLE BOOKKEEPER YOU'RE SERIOUS). IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS WE'LL SEND BACK THE BEST PAIR OF BLACK CHAPS TO HIT THE STREET ALONG WITH A C.O.D. TICKET FOR THE REST OF THE BREAD.

JEAN SIZE \_\_\_\_\_ W \_\_\_\_\_ L  
HEIGHT \_\_\_\_\_ THIGH \_\_\_\_\_ KNEE \_\_\_\_\_  
**ASCAD LEATHER CO.**  
P.O. BOX 2563, OLYMPIA, WA 98507

## NO MOOSESHIT!



Harley-Davidson of Fairbanks, Alaska, has black T-shirts with Harley design on front, our name on back. S, M, L, XL \$8.25 each p.p.d. Money order or cashier's check to:

**Harley-Davidson of Fairbanks**  
S.R. 71170, Fairbanks, Alaska 99701



**New Improved**

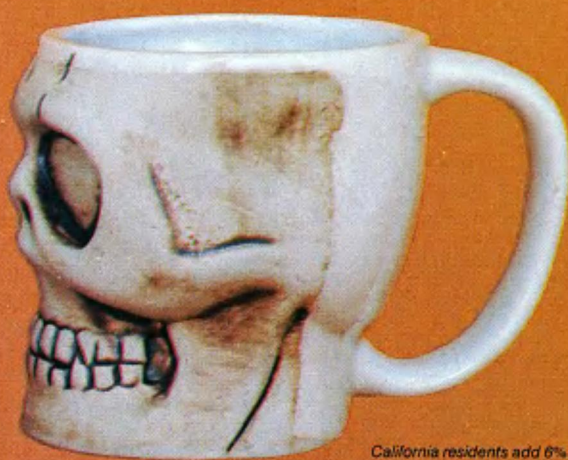
## Finest Quality, Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mug.

**New Improved**

**Heavy! (Weighs two pounds!) It's Big! (Holds 1 quart.)**

**\$13.95** each  
includes postage  
and handling

U.S. currency only. Thank you



California residents add 6% tax

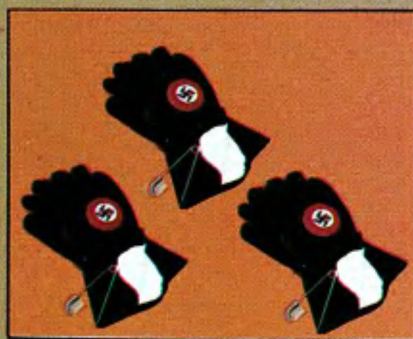
### Need it for Xmas? Send Money Order.

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

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

*Mackenzie  
Company*

Box 29  
Calabasas, California 91302



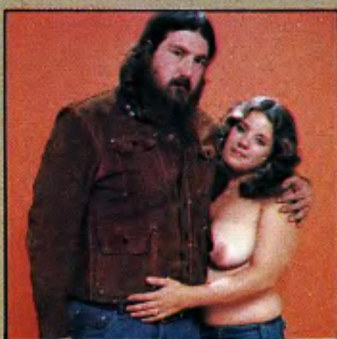
### Strong Gloves

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

Order today from:

**HIGH POCKETS**  
Box 294

Cypress, Calif. 90630



### Jackets

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



Buy  
American



### Hero Gaskets

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

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



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'EM  
WITH  
PRIDE



1. Don't Waste Gas Waste Khomeini
2. Fuck The Ayatollah
3. Nuke The Ayatollah
4. Fuck Iran

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

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

COCA  
ANGEL  
White  
On



Black  
Hanes  
Cotton  
Shirts

\$7.00

s-m-l-xl

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Austin, TX.

78765

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STROKER FLYWHEELS

Sportsters & 74's \$170.00

Dealer Inquiries Invited

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950 ELGIN AVENUE, WINNIPEG,  
MANITOBA, CANADA R3E 1B4

ted two really old fire engines. Roger explained to us that they were bought for the city of Lynchburg by old Jack's nephew, Lem Motlow, who inherited the still after Jack expired.

Well, we headed on down toward the spring and past Jack Daniel's old office, the only original building remaining from the first still, built back before 1870. Inside are a lotta the papers and stuff from the old days, Jack's original rolltop desk, and his old safe. That safe is the very one that killed old Jack. Seems he came in pissed off one day, and 'cause he couldn't get the safe open, he kicked the hell out of it. He musta been drinkin' his own juice, 'cause he broke a toe, gangrene set in, and eventually it killed him. Nephew Lem then inherited the still. He'd had the combination all along. Hmm?

A lifesize statue of ol' Jack stands directly in front of the spring that supplies all the water they use. This spring runs at a constant 56 degrees year-round. Man, it was like standin' in front of a big cooler. It was 108 degrees six feet out from the cave, and about 60 degrees up in it. Fat Bill and Dangerous Doug decided to crawl up in there about 50 feet. Like to never got them muthas outta there.

Seems like besides makin' whiskey, ol' Jack was quite a ladies' man. Some say booze and women killed him, but we all know they never killed anyone. Jack never got married, which is why Lem got the business. Lem Motlow ran the still from Jack's death in 1911 till his own demise in 1947 — with a brief intermission during Prohibition. I guess he got tired of everything having Uncle Jack's name on it, so he came out with his own whiskey as a cheap alternative to J.D. It's aged only one

—Continued on page 126



"I'm sorry, sir, but did you have an appointment?"

7000 VOLTS  
In the Palm of Your Hand



REPELS  
LARGEST  
ANIMALS

Weights 10½ oz. Measures 6¾ x 2 x 1¼ inches. Cover with your hand or hold on end. Safety switch.

Cyclac case for long life. No hazard to user but repels largest animals. Made for close work by veterinarians. No permit required. An ideal non-nonsense defensive weapon. Complete with batteries (two 9-volt alkaline cells). Send check or money order or charge Visa or MasterCard.

\$34.50 — Holster \$3.00

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blow minds

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Specify color and size (small, medium, large or extra large). They go for \$6.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling. Calif. residents add 6% for The Man

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## A GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT!

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

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

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

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

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

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



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

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

**NEW!**

# Biker Buckle

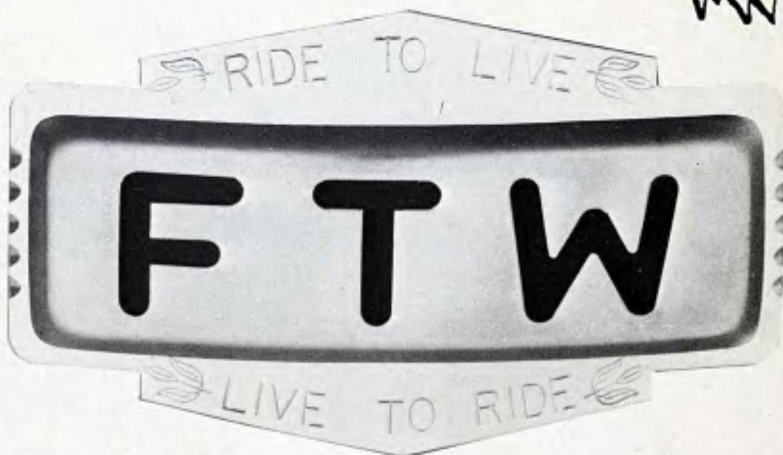
**NEW!**

**Hey bro, This is it!**

**Stash your valuables inside the most righteous buckle of them all.**

Available in these designs.

|      |      |     |
|------|------|-----|
| FLH  | FX   | FXE |
| FXS  | FXWG | FXB |
| 1200 | 74   | 80  |
| 1340 | 1000 | XLH |
| XLCH | XLS  | FTW |



Actual size 4 1/2" x 2 1/2"

Doubles as a bottle opener  
(Lifetime guarantee)

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Triple plated show chrome  
base with removable  
stainless steel front plate.

Dealer inquiries welcome



[illegible]

what a treat!



# Sportster Seats



All Sportster seats fit easily onto stock mounts. Absolutely no modifications required. All of these seats have steel base plates and carpeted bottoms.



LE PERA ENTERPRISES, Inc.

- A. Sportster Elite II, '78 & Earlier  
115031 Black 74.52
- B. Sportster Elite I, '78 & Earlier  
14" back. Built-in sissy bar.  
115033 Black 85.50
- C. Sportster Duke II, '78 & Earlier  
115045 Black 80.24
- D. Sportster Duke I, '78 & Earlier  
14" back. Built-in sissy bar.  
115044 Black 100.10
- E. 1979 Sportster Duke II  
115014 Black 80.24

- F. 1979 Sportster Duke I  
14" back. Built-in sissy bar.  
115015 Black 100.10
- G. Sportster Monarch Touring II,  
'78 & Earlier  
116030 Black 109.94
- H. Sportster Monarch Touring I,  
'78 & Earlier  
14" back. Built-in sissy bar.  
116032 Black 129.74
- I. Sportster Monarch Touring IV,  
'78 & Earlier  
Double bucket styling assures a  
cushioned ride for that added comfort  
on those long rides.  
115048 Black 143.00
- J. 1979 Sportster Monarch Touring IV  
Double bucket styling for 1979 Sportsters.  
115016 Black 143.00

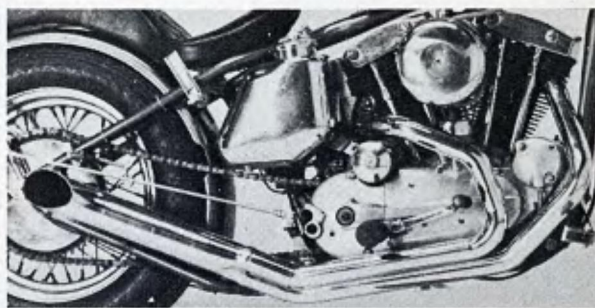
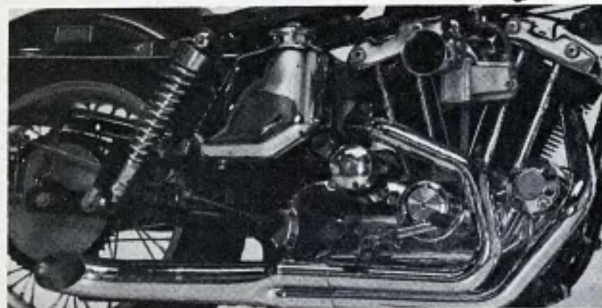
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# Harley Collectors

**ALPHA BETA**  
**HEADERS**


## All Harley Header Pipes Are 2 Into 1 With Turn-Out Muffler.

| Part No. | Model               | Frame  | Years   | Description      | Footnote | Price  |
|----------|---------------------|--------|---------|------------------|----------|--------|
| 151011   | Sportster-XLCH      | Rigid  | 57 - 75 | Kick Start Only  | 1-3-5-6  | 120.00 |
| 151013   | Knucklehead         | Rigid  | 36 - 47 | Kick Start       | 1-3      | 120.00 |
| 151014   | Panhead             | Rigid  | 48 - 65 | Kick or Electric | 1-3-5    | 120.00 |
| 151015   | Panhead             | Sw/Arm | 58 - 65 | Kick or Electric | 3-5      | 120.00 |
| 151016   | Shovelhead          | Rigid  | 66 - 69 | Kick or Electric | 1-3      | 120.00 |
| 151017   | Shovelhead          | Sw/Arm | 66 - 69 | Kick or Electric | 3        | 120.00 |
| 151018   | Shovelhead          | Sw/Arm | 70 - 79 | Kick or Electric | 3        | 120.00 |
|          | FLH, FX, FXE        |        |         |                  |          |        |
| 151019   | Shovelhead          | All    | 66 - 79 | Equal Length     | 3-4-7    | 120.00 |
|          | FLH, FX, FXE        |        |         | Kick or Electric |          |        |
| 151020   | Shovelhead          | Rigid  | 70 - 79 | Kick or Electric | 1-3      | 120.00 |
| 151022   | Sportster-XLCH, XLH | Sw/Arm | 57 - 79 | Equal Length     | 3-5-6    | 120.00 |
|          |                     |        |         | Kick or Electric |          |        |
| 151023   | Sportster-XLCH, XLH | Rigid  | 57 - 79 | Kick or Electric | 1-3-5-6  | 120.00 |

### Footnotes:

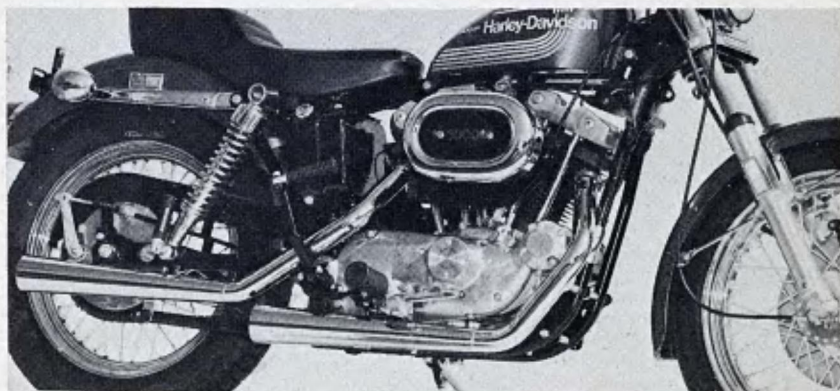
- 1 Muffler has 15 degree up-sweep for rigid frame application.
- 2 CB rear brake lever and right foot peg must be used on CL Models.
- 3 It may be necessary to modify kicker arm for proper installation of headers.
- 4 We recommend using 70-up FLH brake pedal w/front mounted master cylinder or 72-up FX-FXE brake pedal w/rear mounted master cylinder for proper installation of equal length headers.
- 5 We recommend using Header Clamps when installing this exhaust system.
- 6 It may be necessary to modify foot-shift lever for proper installation of headers.
- 7 These pipes may hang too low for some rigid frames.

# Harley Twice Pipes

## Harley Twice Pipes

These pipes are designed for the rider who demands a great header system. All pipes feature top quality design and construction. Easy fitting with complete instructions and all necessary parts included.

|        |                                                |       |
|--------|------------------------------------------------|-------|
| 151031 | Shovelhead, 1970-78 FX, FXE Sw/Arm (Not Shown) | 96.00 |
| 151032 | Sportster, 1957-78 XLH, XLCH Rigid & Sw/Arm    | 96.00 |
| 151047 | Sportster, 1979-1980 (Not Shown)               | 96.00 |



Get your taste of eyeball  
 Beat on now! Send  
 \$3.95 in back goes for  
 postage to Jenner  
 Cycle Products, 801 (EW)  
 S. Main St., Burbank,  
 California 91506.

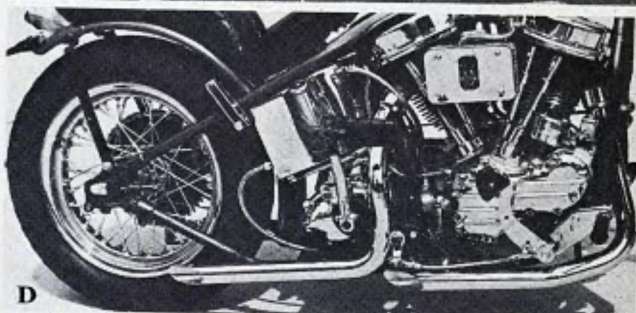
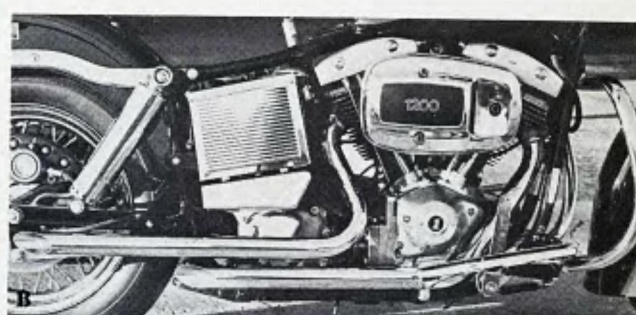
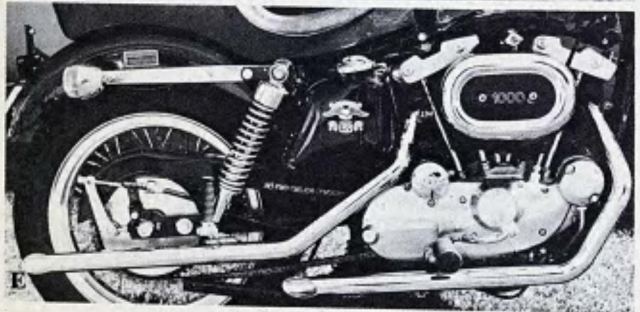
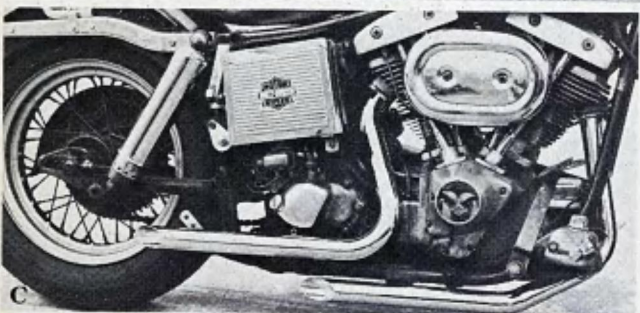
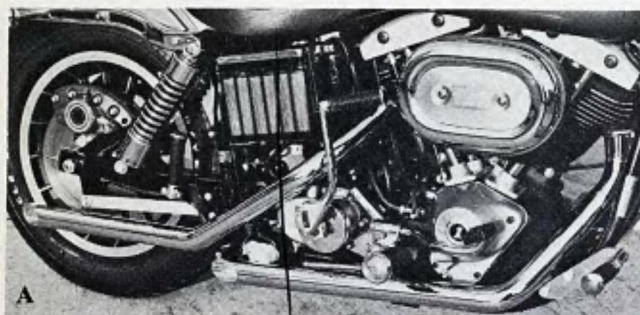


213-843-1522



# 1<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" Harley & 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>" 45 Pipes

Cycle Shack, Inc. drag pipes have always been a widespread winner when it comes to customizing. Since they seem to blend so well with all Harleys, there's always a need for upgrading and updating current systems so that your bike is assured the best. All the 1<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" drag pipes on this page reflect that concern for quality and style.



**A. FX, FXE & Low Rider Drag Pipes**  
Fits all 1971-1980 FX, FXE and Low Rider Models. Features include an inside the frame front pipe and over the transmission rear pipe allowing clearance for the larger electric start battery.  
150025 ..... 39.95

**B. Late FLH Drag Pipes**  
Fits all 1970-1980 electric start models only. Features an inside the frame front pipe and a rear pipe designed to clear the larger electric start battery.  
150034 ..... 39.95

**C. Early Shovelhead & FLH Drag Pipes**  
Fits all 1966-1969 Shovelheads, FL, FLH and Police Specials. Features an outside the frame front pipe and an under the transmission rear pipe. May require re-routing of oil lines on some late model oil pumps.  
15005 ..... 39.95

**D. Panhead Drag Pipes**  
Fits all Panheads, 1948-1965. Features an outside the frame front pipe and an under the transmission rear pipe.  
15003 ..... 38.00

**E. Sportster Drag Pipes**  
Fits Sportsters 1957-1978 & 1980 models. Features that extra long look for sleek styling.  
15002 ..... 38.00

**F. 1979 Sportster Drag Pipes**  
Fits all 1979 Sportsters. Features that extra long look for sleek styling.  
150037 ..... 38.00

**G. Sportster XLR Style Drag Pipes**  
Fits Sportster models 1957-1978 & 1980.  
15004 ..... 39.95

**H. 45 Drag Pipes**  
Customized 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>" drag pipes for solo or servi-car mounting. Works well with shorty mufflers.  
15106 ..... 38.00

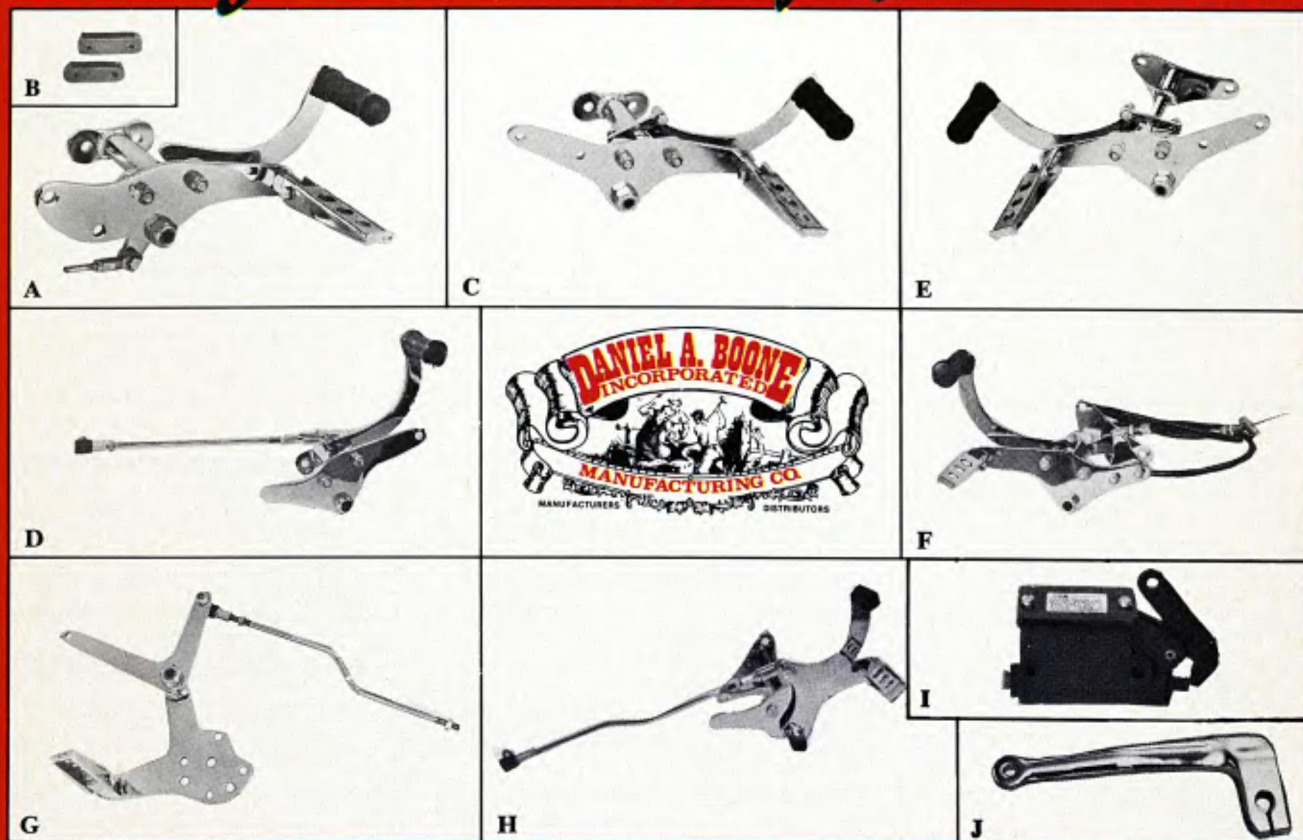
CYCLE SHACK, INC.  
South San Francisco, CA







# Harley Brake & Shift Assemblies



## A. Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s with stock Harley master cylinder. Use with hydraulic or rear disc brakes.

14101 79.25

## B. Weld-On Bracket

This bracket is a "must" when using the above 14101 brake assembly on 1977 to 1979 Super Glides.

141032 4.80

## C. Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s. Order our 141020 master cylinder.

14102 79.25

## D. Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s with stock mechanical brakes. All linkage included.

14104 79.25

## E. Sportster Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for Harley Sportsters, 1954-1974. Order our 141020 master cylinder.

14105 79.25

## F. Sportster Brake Assemblies

Show chromed forward control brake units for Harley Sportsters, 1954-1979 with stock brakes. All linkage included.

14107 Sportsters, 1954-1974 84.25

141035 Sportsters, 1975-1978 84.25

Excp. Cafe 84.25

141037 Sportsters, 1979 84.25

## G. Harley 74 Shift Assemblies

Show chromed forward control shift units for Harley 74s, 1936-1978. Use your stock shifter peg with these units. Linkage included.

141014 74s, 1936-1973 74.25

141015 74s, 1974-1979 74.25

## H. Sportster Shift Assemblies

Show chromed forward control shift units for Harley Sportsters, 1954-1979. Use your stock shifter peg with these units. Linkage included.

141016 Sportsters, 1954-1974 79.25

141034 Sportsters, 1975-1976 89.25

141036 Sportsters, 1977-1978 79.25

141038 Sportsters, 1979 79.25

## I. Hurst-Airheart Master Cylinder

Large rear master cylinder.

141020 49.95

## J. Replacement Shift Levers

Chrome shift levers for 74s with foot shift transmissions, 1974 & later Super Glides and 1952-1975 Sportsters.

142016 74s w/foot shift, 14.95

Spst. '52-'75 14.95

142017 Super Glides, 1974 & Up 17.95

## Replacement Parts

141021 Long Clevis 2.25

141022 Short Clevis 2.20

141023 Swivel Bolt 2.25

141024 Mono Ball End 3.85

141025 1/4" Cotter Pin & Key .40

141026 5/16" Cotter Pin & Key .30

141027 Oil Lite 5/8" Bushings (pr.) 1.50

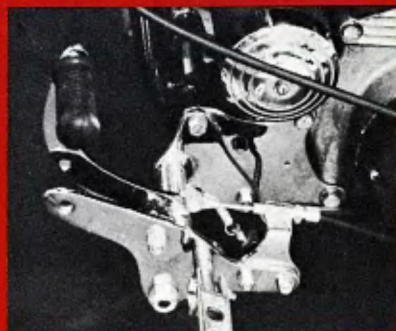
141028 5/8" Shoulder Bolt & Lock Nut 3.50

141029 Brass Tee 1.95

141030 Sending Light Unit 2.95

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## JACK DANIEL'S

—Continued from page 118

year before it's bottled. They use the same bottles with different labels, but sell it only in Tennessee and Georgia. It's called Lem Motlow. If that ain't a downhome name, I ain't ever heard one.

Anyway, back to the process. They use the spring water to mix with the mash and for the distilling process—which is not explained very clearly. (On purpose, I suppose.) The booze comes out at 140 proof and is then filtered through ten feet of charcoal. Takes about twelve days to run through. Then they cut it to 110 proof with the spring water and age it in oak barrels for approximately four years. The tasters then taste it to check the quality. Taste it only? They don't swallow it? These guys decide what's to be green label, 86 proof, or black label, 90 proof, by the taste. There's three of them and they all got to agree. Then the whole deal goes to the bottle room for packing and to be shipped out. They have been telling the wholesalers how much they could buy since the early '50s and have been increasing the amount of whiskey to hit the streets by about 20 percent every year to keep up with us distinctive sippers.

Well, that's about all I could weasel outta them about makin' it. But here's a tech tip: After it's bottled, it steadily gets worse till it's finally ruined. Whiskey will not age in glass, so drink it up before it goes bad.

All the folks that work there are regular ol' country folks and they accepted us ol' biker types right off. Saw lotsa bikes out in the parkin' lot, too.

Well, our last stop was back at the Barrel House for a drink. Man, were we surprised. Lemonade! Lynchburg has been dry since 1907.

—Naylor



"I thought you'd never ask."

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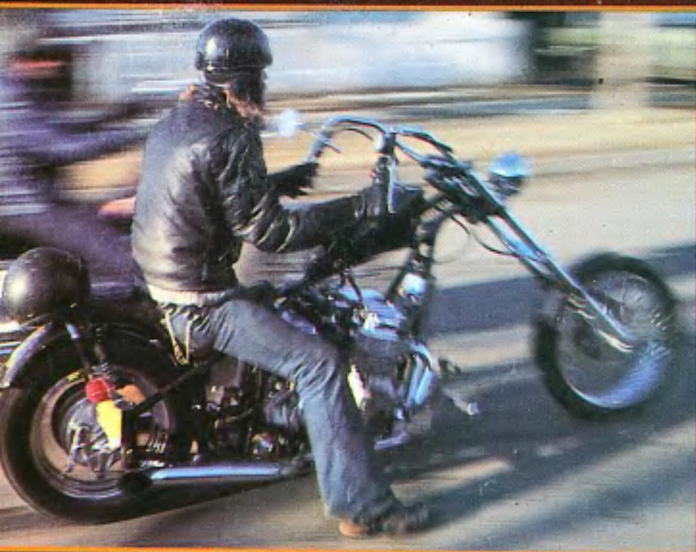
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