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Steppenwolf Interview

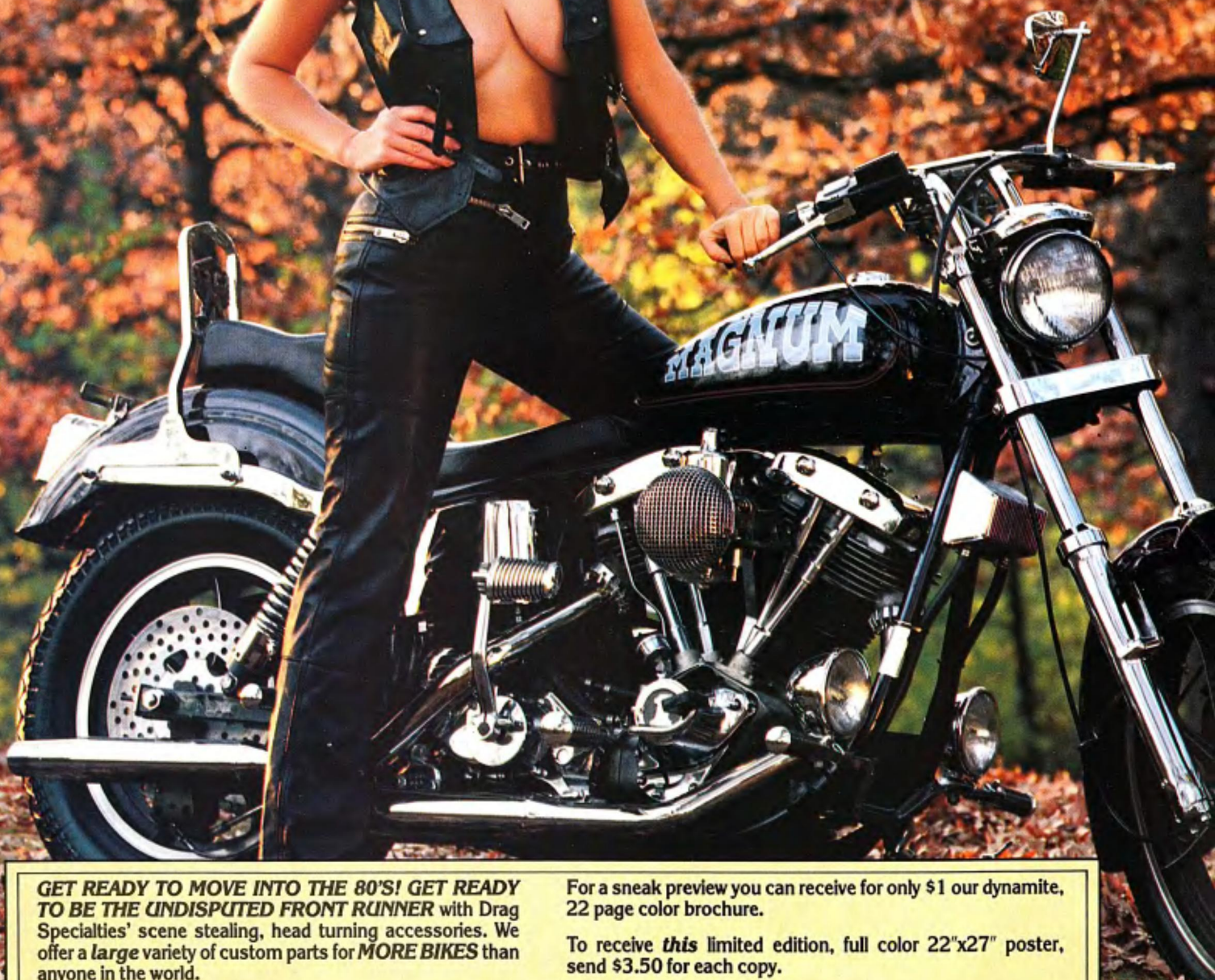
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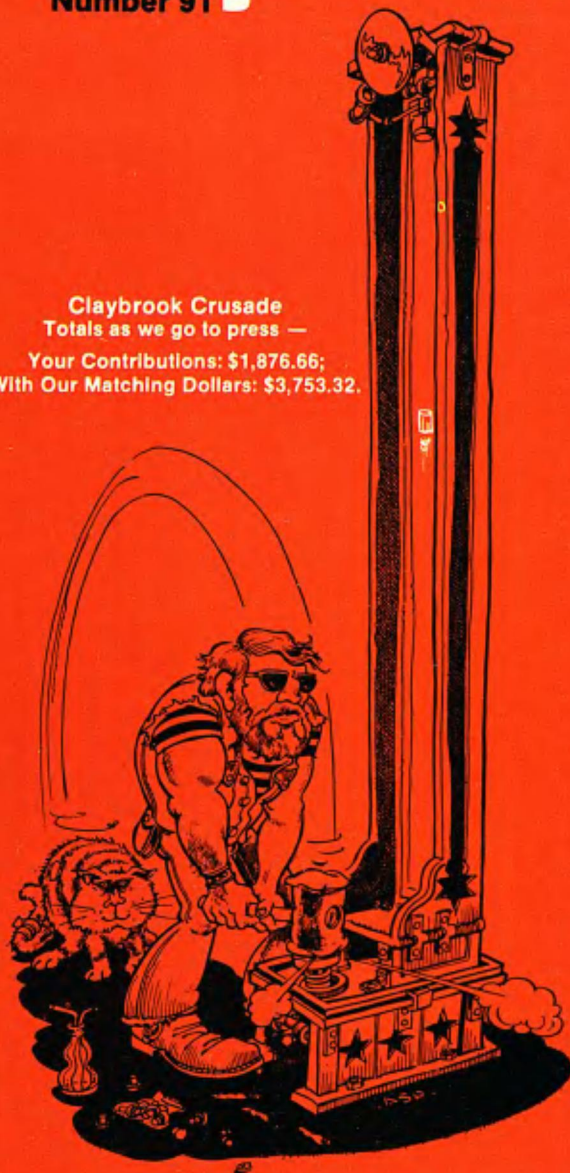
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Easyriders®

Number 91

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Claybrook Crusade
Totals as we go to press —
Your Contributions: \$1,876.66;
With Our Matching Dollars: \$3,753.32.



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Staff: Office Dog: Rufus. Office Cats: Big Red, White Rat, Willard. Executive Janitor and Connection: Spider. Subscription Complaints: Kathy Gibson. Troubleshooter: Tom Kimzey. Arbitrator and Bill Collector: Two-Ton Tony. Office Mouse: Sharon Bleichner. Mother Superior: Izzy Petty. Resident Nympho: Miraculous Mutha. Chick with the Figure(s): Paulette. Contributing Photographers and Party-Timers: Billy Tinney, Kim, Woody, T-Bird, Wino Joe, David. Cartoon Editor: Asp. Production Director: Skip Spear. Composer: Alex Lopez. Advertising Manager: David Kelly. Advertising Associate: Lizette Hottinger. Advertising Graphics: Eileen Draeger. Administrative Director: Ringworm. H-D Curator: Frank. Overworked Editor: Louis Bosque. Projects Art Director: Denise Pierson. Art Director: Michele Ficks Hellman. Art Assistant: Louis Ujueta. Artists: Dave Mann, Duffy Duggan, Shep, Tom Kuntze, Jody Roberts. Associate Editors: Lin Schonberger, Kim Peterson. Editorial Assistant: Woody. Editorial Secretary: Theresa Lapinski. Man About Town: Billy Thornbury. Porno Dept.: Siuol Yezmik. Fred's Sweetie: Brenda Novo. Wordhead: Frank Harding. Photo Editor: Pete Chiodo. Circulation Director: Sanford Meyers. Managing Editor: Tex Campbell. Editor at Large: Mill Blair. Events Director: Joe Teresi. Editorial Director: Lou Kimzey.



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Audited Paid
Circulation

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale December 30th.

Cover photo of Holly by Billy Tinney

WE'LL TAKE ON ANYBODY IN LEATHER.

If you just want to look tough, don't buy a Brooks. You see, we're the only company that makes leathers only for bikers. So we have to know what goes into good biking leathers. That's why we put features on our clothes that nobody else does. And that's why nobody makes leathers as well as we do. **Nobody.**

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BROOKS

LEATHER SPORTSWEAR, INC.

14511 W. 11 Mile Road Oak Park, Michigan 48237

When you're hot-shoein' it around the oval track, anything can happen, but what happened to a motorcycle racer in California recently has got to be a first. He was hittin' 80mph down the backstretch when a deer jumped the fence right onto the track in front of him. Both were snuffed.

Man bites dog! (Or at least that's what the newspapers say when there's a switch, a flip-flop, the opposite of the norm.) And here it is: A motorcycle club in Canada recently won \$20,000 in settlement from the police who wrongfully broke into the Henchmen's clubhouse with dogs. The dogs bit; the police beat up, kicked the club members, and wrecked the clubhouse. Twenty members sued the police for assault and false imprisonment--and won! Wonders never cease.

Now on the other hand, the Cavemen Motorcycle Club's eighth annual blood run in Germany was ended when the blood bank refused the blood, saying, "They're just like a bunch of animals. If you saw how they party, you wouldn't want the blood either."

All right, the next time your club has a war, use eggs. That's right, a Baltimore judge just ruled that eggs are not a deadly weapon. They'll hit ya with some kind of an assault beef, but not with a deadly-weapon charge.

Remember the item I ran recently where a dude held up a funeral, and the judge thought the crime so bizarre that he sentenced the man to 985 years--with the judge personally having to approve any parole for the next 328 years? (Still haven't figured out how he can do that.) Well, I just found out that the real bizarre thing the guy did that upset everyone so much was threatening to shoot the corpse if they didn't give him all their bread! Not them, but the corpse. (I woulda told him to have at it.)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



If they're gonna roust ya, they're gonna roust ya. Take Rip-a-roo from our staff. He was puttin' through Colorado and was hauled over to the curb and given everything but a short-arm inspection. Then the cop, not finding anything, wrote him up for--now get this--"failure to ride a motorcycle with both hands on handlebars."

England must have the champion helmet protestor of all. He's been thrown in prison 18 times in four years--for not wearing a helmet and refusing to pay the fines (\$11.70 to \$35.10). Now get this: He's 71 years old and said he fought in the last war (WWII) "for the principle of freedom of choice." Hang in there, Fred!

Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke dept. A 45-year-old man got hit with eight years merely for blindin' a 73-year-old man, breakin' a polio victim's nose, and beatin' up an 80-pound woman (probably his ol' lady, her ol' man, and her sick brother, who all got shitty with him just because he played "doctor" with the 16-year-old sweetie next door).

Three cops went to this biker's house to serve a warrant on him. They were met by his pit bull, who wasn't havin' any of that shit and who tore into them. One of 'em fired two shots at the dog and the bullets ricocheted, hitting all three cops. The dog wasn't hurt. The cops went to the hospital with bullet wounds and bites. (The clipping didn't say whether the bullets ricocheted off the dog or not--pit bulls are tough bastards, ya know.)

Watch out for bogus pills that look like the real thing but are actually nothing but caffeine or other mild legal stimulants. They're nothing anywhere near as potent as real amphetamines. Some rats will even dupe pharmaceutical labels, fill the jar with 1,000 phony pills (that look real) and stick it to ya. They look so real, they'll fool some narcs. The risk (other than financial) is that someone will take a fistful of the phonies to get a buzz and then someday run into the real ones. A fistful of the real ones will blow your head off. So be wary--don't trust anyone. Taste 'em and test 'em before shelling out bucks to anyone. Easyriders has refused four ads from these people and one offer to buy wholesale to sell for ourselves. We told them to piss up a rope. (By the way, they cost 3¢ to make--how much have you been ripped off for?) ■

WORDMONGER

No Star Shit

☐ I know I'm only a sleazy cunt, but you fucked up the October issue by leaving out "Astrology." Hazel Morton Bethel, Conn.

Southern Rock

☐ I totally agree with Austin Animal's claim that rock music today is pure goat dung. Certain "rock" magazines want you to think that the only music to listen to is the garbage being played by snivelin', scumbag, toothpick punk runts from Limeyland who act tough but couldn't beat their own dicks with a bullwhip.

If you want good shit-kickin', beer-drinkin', ass-chasin' music, stick to Southern Rock: Lynyrd Skynyrd, The Outlaws, Charlie Daniels, Molly Hatchet. Fuckin' right on!

Piss on them punk rockers. Listen to American music. Frank Thunders Clark County, Wash.

Cry Us A River

☐ You jerks! I just lost the best ol' lady out there anywhere, and it's partially your fault. You guys advise bros with ol' lady problems to beat the shit outta them. Well, I sent my ol' lady to the hospital last week, and the bitch packed up and left me! You might say "Good riddance," but she was the best cook in the South, held her booze like a man, had a great job, kept the pad clean, made my friends feel right at home here, and even had some sense too. And she had the sweetest ass to be had this side of the Mississippi. I never had hit her before. Never even thought about it — until you guys opened your big yaps.

Anyhow, thanks to your shitty advice, I ain't got her no more. So soft-pedal the physical abuse. Ladies are meant to be loved, not hit!

Learned too late Cullman, Ala.

■ First, you're accusing us wrongfully — don't lay your trip on other people. Second, count your blessings: (a) She musta deserved it; (b) she didn't have your ass thrown in jail; (c) you

coulda hit a man instead, and got your face broken.

A Question

☐ I see a lot of dudes in your rag with T-shirts that read "If You Don't Ride a Harley, You Ain't Shit." Does that mean to say that if you do ride a Harley, you are shit? Or has anyone even thought about it?

Ramblin' Rebel New Orleans, La.

Congrats To All

☐ A pat on the back for all the hard work done by ABATE of South Carolina to repeal the helmet law. Feels great to have my hair in the wind.

Bear Charleston, S.C.

Big Victory

☐ On June 16, 1980, the state of South Carolina repealed its helmet law. This is the biggest victory in recent history for us S.C. bikers. Hurrah!

Rick Canipe York, S.C.

Through The Day

☐ I just received *In The Wind* #2 and #3. They were great, beautiful, and really put together well. Since I'm on death row, I can't go jamming like you all do, but those photos really do help me through the day.

William Hovila Huntsville, Tex.

Measurin' An Ounce

☐ Just got a little piece of information that you might like to pass on to anyone ever stuck trying to weigh an ounce (28 grams) without a scale. We've been told by our local head shop, Earth, in Pt. Pleasant, N.J., that there is an extremely accurate measure by which you can judge weight, courtesy of the U.S. Government. Five quarters weigh exactly one ounce. Try it on your home scale to test its accuracy.

John's Ol' Lady Bricktown, N.J.

And Now Chickens

☐ I think it's real fuckin' nice that you fuckers find out how dif-

ferent bikers party, the types of booze, broads, and bikes they like — and now chickens!

I think your story on the fighting cocks was okay, but I would rather have seen a six-page layout on a Harley-Davidson.

Rottin' Rod Wittman, Ariz.

☐ I can't believe that the editors of *Easyriders* would print an article glorifying something as cruel and inhumane as cockfighting. What's next? Bullfight coverage? Or maybe the local dogfighting championships?

Barkley J. Moore San Bernardino, Calif.

☐ You used too many pages to cover the cockfights. I mean, we don't ride roosters; we ride Harleys or nice-lookin' mamas. There just weren't enough features on Hogs or foxy mamas. So let's see what we know you're capable of in your next issue. True grit, that's what it's about.

Chuck Emery and Gary Elzey Indianapolis and Decatur, Ind.

Caught Again

☐ After three years of readin' your rag, I finally found a mistake in the Sept. '80 issue. In the "Old Man" story, on page 82, it says that after the old man drank his beer, he wiped off his moustache and beard with his sleeve, and in the fuckin' picture (on page 76), he doesn't even have a fuckin' beard. Wake up, assholes.

D.W.L. Blanchester, Ohio

■ It took ya three years to find one goof? You're all right, D.L.

Iranian Protestors

☐ The other day the Iranians staged a protest. Who was arrested? Our bros protesting the protest. Who the hell paid the police to protect these heretics from us? The arrested bros and the rest of us. These bastards aren't even citizens. The majority have never paid any U.S. taxes to speak of, and they desire the subversion of liberties to the order of a heretic. Where have they

inherited the right to protest? What have they done to deserve existence on these shores? Some of us may have been in protests, but we don't fit the description above. The majority of us work our asses off to the point where there is barely any time left to ride, only to receive a check chopped to hell by taxes. These taxes protect Iranians and many able-bodied non-productive members of this country. (Never call a parasite a citizen.)

Red Beard Breese, Ill.

Pissed At Something

☐ This is to the punk on the rigid red Sportster who passed me on N. 8th St. in Hawthorne, N.J., on Sat. Aug. 16, '80, around 3 p.m. I was on the blue Sportster. If I ever catch you, I'm gonna kill you.

You Know Who Paterson, N.J.

Tech Tip

☐ One man's hand is another's clenched fist.

Bob Jastad Oxnard, Calif.

Caring

☐ Y'all may do a lot of fuckin' up, but ya do take care of the bros in the joint.

Rockface Yardville, N.J.

Bitchin' Mutha

☐ Bill Allman's bike in your Sept. issue is one of the bitchin'est muthas you've put in your rag for some time now.

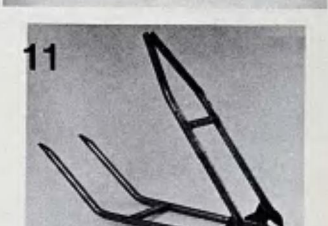
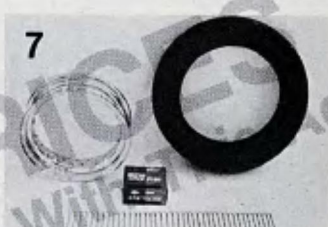
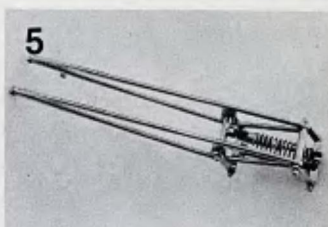
Lean Greensboro, N.C.

Dickless Nights

☐ We love our mountain men, but as long as they keep smokin' that carburetor cleaner those assholes sell as angel dust, we ain't about to get any good loving from the dudes we love. That shit really fucks up a guy's love life. None of the "dusters" up here can get their cranks up.

Amazon Palm Springs, Calif.

■ It do put your dick in da dirt.



1. **18" - 19" - 21" Front Five Spoke Disc Brake — \$357.95**
Kit contains: Hurst Airheart hydraulic caliper & master cylinder • Five spoke show chromed heli-arc welded precision steel wheel • disc • tire • tube • bearings • mounting brackets • bolts • lines & fittings. Dual disc add \$80.00.
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Complete with all Fat Bob mounts, made of 1020 milo steel. 120 wall thickness and heli-arc welded in precision jigs. Specify mechanical, hydraulic or disc. All frames come with title & serial number.
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7. **15" & 16" Rear Wheel Kits — \$55.00**
Kit contains: heavy gauge show chrome plated rim in 36 or 40 hole • heavy gauge chromed spokes & nipples. Laces quickly & easily to your bikes hub or send \$25.00 and we'll lace & true it. Same day service! Kits to fit most bikes. For tire & tube, add \$35.00.
8. **15" & 16" Super Stopper Disc Brake — \$274.95**
Kit contains: Hurst Airheart hydraulic caliper & master cylinder • hub • sprocket • disc • 15" or 16" x 3.5 hog rim • chrome spokes & nipples • tire & tube • nuts • bolts • lines & fittings • lace & true \$25.00. For chromed master cylinder & caliper, sprocket & carrier, add \$40.00.
9. **Front Disc Brake 18" - 19" - 21" — \$274.95**
Kit contains: Hurst hydraulic caliper & master cylinder • hub • disc • mounting brackets • chrome rim, spokes & nipples • bearings • spacers • tire • tube • lines & fittings • lace & true. Dual Disc available, add \$80.00.
10. **Hardheads — \$99.95**
Give your bike that long, lean look & still keep your stock suspension. Made of 1020 milo steel and .120 wall thickness and heli-arc welded in precision jigs. Neck is machined to accept stock bearings & races. Comes with instructions.
11. **Hardtails — \$69.95**
4" overstock length • heli-arc welded • 100% guaranteed. Available for Honda 305-350-450-500-550-750 • Triumph 500-650-750 2 cyl. 55-79 • Yamaha 650 • Sportsters • BSA 63-70 650 • All H-D 74's (stock length)
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15. **18" - 19" - 21" Front Drum Brake — \$229.95**
Kit contains: stainless steel hub • chrome backing plate with heavy duty brake linings • chrome spokes & nipples • chrome rim • bearings • brake lever & cable • tire & tube • spacers • lace & true.

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Rake — 1/2" or 1" • Springer-Girder Length _____

Tire & tube • Axle Kit

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

A Warm Riding Scarf

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

1927 Bike Art

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

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

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

A Slender Chance



Rough Riders

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



Mandatory Helmet Laws

☐ If helmet use is made mandatory, it may become legal to tell bikers what particular type or brand of helmet to wear. From there, restrictions may extend to the biker's motorcycle, finally ending in prohibition of them altogether. Time and time again, it has been demonstrated that if a bureaucrat once gets a foot in your door, he will not stop until he has taken over your house. Any time a rule, regulation, or legislation is introduced "for the public good," look for a vested interest behind it.

D.W. Reiley
Kodiak, Alaska

■ Amen.

A Famine

☐ No scooter; no loot; nothin' ta toot. Shit!

Piper
Ottawa, Canada

Some Advice

☐ Say, all you dings out there bitchin' about Iran, the government, and Joan Claybrook, when are you gonna wake up and realize the only damned way is to scare these pea-brained bastards in Washington? It doesn't take guns, long hair, stinky arm-pits, or four million bikers partyin' on the White House lawn; it just takes one little item: your vote. No matter who you vote for, Willie Davidson, Mutha, or me, if enough of us sign in and show who we ain't gonna support, before you know it these turncoat, yellow-bellied suckers will all be sprouting Harley wings in hopes of keeping their gravy train going!

Snook
Omaha, Neb.

An Offer

☐ I'd just like to let that edible-looking saddle tramp (October issue, "In The Wind," p.60, lower lefthand corner) know that I'd give him head, polish his chrome, and all-around make him happy, should I ever be given the chance. Let me tell you, darlin', you're always welcome in Baltimore. If you're ever in my part of the country, look me up. Whatever's mine would be yours. Sharing is so much fun.

Hildegard
Baltimore, Md.

Two-Carton Bet

☐ My cell partner and I were arguing about whether or not the fox on page 14, sittin' on the electric flathead, is the same one that's on the cover of the same issue, #80. We've got a two-

carton bet on it. I say she is and he says she ain't. Who's right?

Shiva
San Quentin, Calif.

■ You just lost a couple of cartons, Shiva.

Relatin' To

☐ I enjoyed your article on the ladies invading tattoo parlors, plus showing them on scooters! Must say it's about time you fried-out fuckers stopped munchin' your raisin pie long enough to feature an article we females can relate to. I'll think of ya as I drink my next bottle of Ripple.

Cherokee
Antioch, Calif.

King Of Dogs?

☐ Great work on the cockfight article. How about something on pit bulls, the king of dogs? I've got one sleeping next to my Hog, and I sleep real well.

Crazy
Connersville, Ind.

■ Check the last issue — and Rufus doesn't like that "king of dogs" shit.

Found Again

☐ Hey, you turdpackers. I got a ghost from the past. Is your Lou Kimzey the same Lou Kimzey that had something to do with a flick called "Hot Rod Gang"?

Cpt. Quasimoto
Kidder, Mo.

■ He said the last time they showed it — and another one he fooled with — on the late-late-late movie, the TV Guide's editorial comment following the title was "Go to bed." He also said he ain't coppin' out to nothin' else about his past.

Price Comparison

☐ If you really sit down and compare prices on comparably-equipped Harleys and riceburners, there isn't all that much difference. For instance, take the Electra Glide, which comes fully equipped. Now look at the rice equivalent. You get only the basic bike, and to make it a dresser, you have to start adding all the goodies that come as standard equipment on the Electra Glide. By the time you've finished, you've damned near spent as much for the rice as a smarter rider did when he bought his Harley dresser, and he doesn't need to use step stools to touch the ground if he doesn't happen to be 6'5".

Economist
No. Jersey, N.J.

Wasn't In It

☐ Charlotte, the beauty on the cover of issue 86, is one of the finest I've seen. When I met her in the bus terminal, she came up to me to see my *Easyriders* #87 to see if there were any letters about her. There weren't.

Scott Kerwath
Troy, Mich.

■ We got a lot of mail, but it's not our bag to always print complimentary letters.

Ten-Buck Bet

☐ Hey, bros, could ya help me out? A bro and I have a ten-buck bet on who did the art on the centerfold in the Sept. '80 issue. He says it's Dave Mann's work. I say no fuckin' way. Mann would have more detail on the engine, and he always signs his work. There is no fuckin' name to be found. So can ya convince this clown I am ten bills richer? I really need the bread.

Co Lock
Casey, Ill.

■ Sorry, but you lose. It was by Mann. It was signed, but the sig was too low and was cut off by the printer. The detail was lost because it was enlarged fiction art instead of centerspread art.

A Question

☐ I finally found a bit of humor in all this Iranian bullshit. On Aug. 6, Miami's channel 10 eleven o'clock news ended with a short piece about a group of Iranians involved in a hunger strike on the steps of the White House.

Do the fools realize that out of millions of Americans who are watching them slowly kill themselves, 90% of the viewers are doing so with a grin from ear to ear?

Now, since these Iranians reflect the attitude, morality, ideals, and stupidity of the Assotola, it stands to reason that, given time, these sheep will eventually kill themselves off by starving, executions, or whatever (it really doesn't matter how).

The big question is, who will inherit the oil fields after they all croak?

K.M.D.
Miami, Fla.

More Questions

☐ Can a former Honda owner get forgiveness from the Great God Harley? Can he hope ever to become a true righteous biker?

The Bookworm
Hubert, N.C.

■ After you hang around a year and prospect for another.

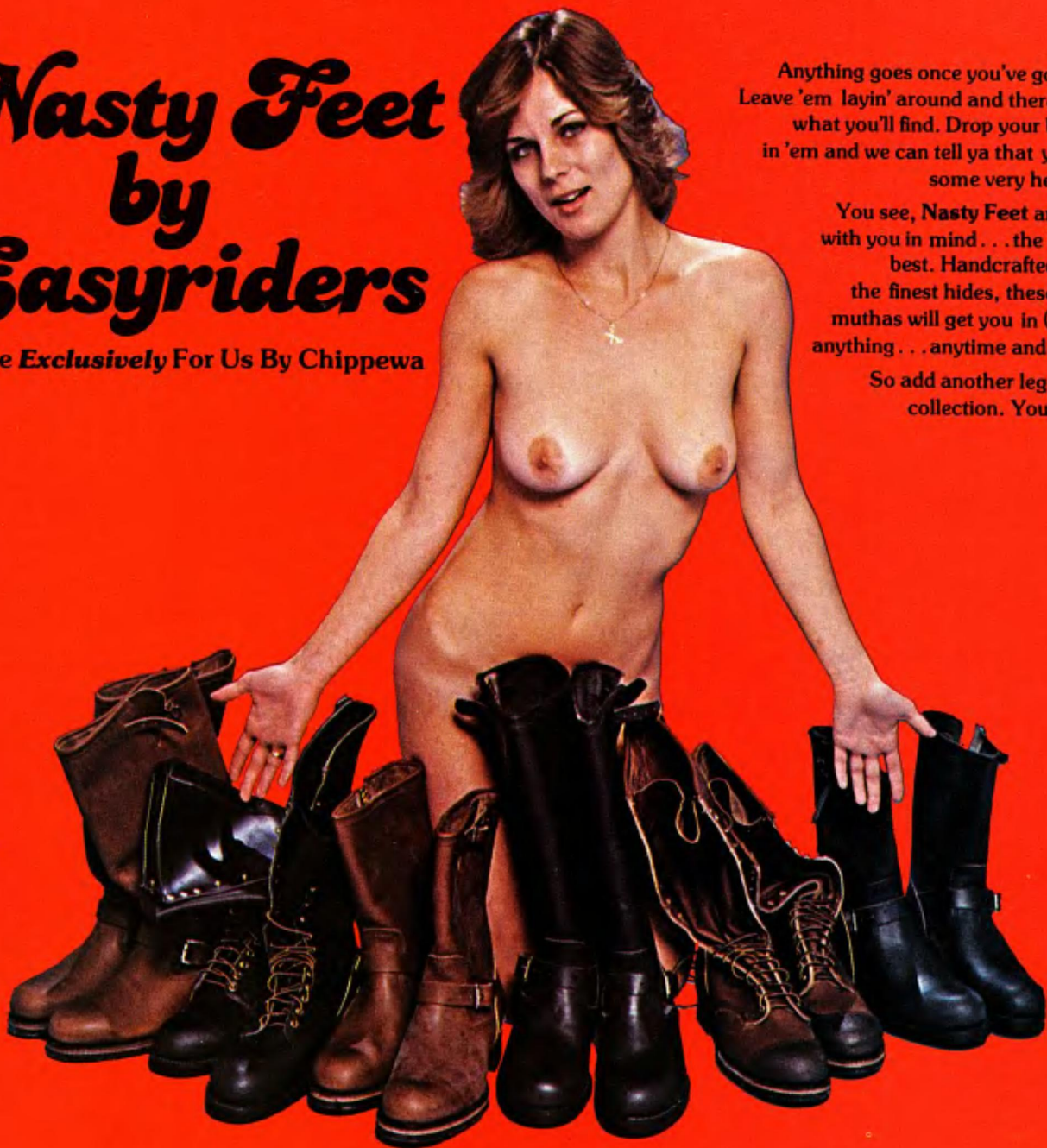
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Made Exclusively For Us By Chippewa

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

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D	\$84.00	\$ 96.00
E	\$94.00	\$106.00
F	\$94.00	\$106.00

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

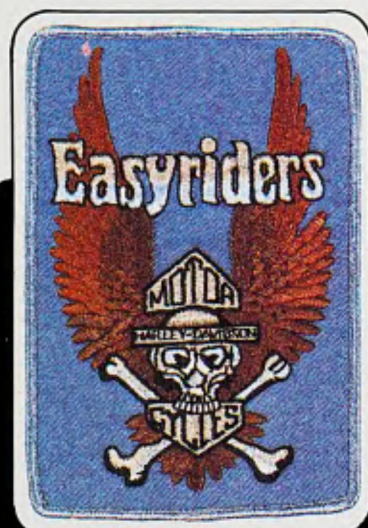
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Easyriders Patch

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

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

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

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

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

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

Party Time In The Philippines

☐ I figured I'd write you people to let you know about the H-Ds and Indians over in the Philippines. I spend a lot of my time over there and I sort of know Toby. Remember? You had an article about Toby's H-D in your rag a couple of years ago. Anyway, I was told by Toby that his entire stock is sold out. Seems a bunch of squids scarfed out on all the stuff after reading your shit. So any of you who were planning on going to the Philippines to get a cheap old H-D or Indian, hang it up.

But go check out "Olonopo City" and "Subic City" over there. Those places are fuckin' insane! They've got fantastic fuckin' bands there, and I do mean fantastic. The best beer, good herb, and so-so coke. But the best part of all is the women. There are thousands of them, and all love to fuck and fuck and fuck and fuck. Good-looking too! Those have gotta be the only places in the world where you can walk up to the bar, get a beer, listen to good jams, and get a blowjob right there. We used to sit at a table and everyone would be getting head. The first one to smile or grin had to buy a round. I never won. Or go see the "World Famous Mumbles." When you walk in, say "I'm cherry." Lie back on the floor, put a peso on your nose, and watch a 64-year-old pussy that has had almost every dick in the South Pacific pick the peso off your nose. I'd swear she had fingers in her box.

Buddy C.
Missawa, Japland

Bikes And Music

☐ I have found owning a bike to be as hard as being a musician. The towns come just as hard and fast, and the women want love, but sometimes you just want to blast. The work is easy-come-easy-go, but the feelings at 100 mph are the same as kicking a 15-minute drum solo.

Bruce
Mokena, Ill.

They're Still Here

☐ One night I was wrenching on my scooter when I got carried away and cracked my oil pump housing. So I called all around, and about forty miles away, a Harley-Kawasaki dealer had what I needed. I told him I would be right down. He told me he would be closed by the time I got there and gave me instructions on how to get to his house. When we arrived at his place, it wasn't quite the right pump housing. So he said that after he had finished supper he would go back to his

shop, which was another five miles away, and would look again. When we arrived at his shop, it was about 11 p.m. He said he had a new one and told me to take the gears and housing both, because then they would match up. He charged me only for the housing I needed, and not the gears — as long as I brought the old gears back later.

It's hard to believe that there are still a few of these Harley dealers left, dealers who will open their shops late after closing for a perfect stranger and a downed biker.

So for this special kind of brotherhood, I want to give thanks to Jim Kersting of Kersting's Cycle Center, North Judson, Indiana.

Gene Vocke
Kouts, Ind.

Claybrook Crusade

☐ Hey, what's with you guys? In the August issue you said that every month you'd show how much money was coming in for the Crusade Against Claybrook. Now I know there's more than one asshole who sent a dollar in. I looked all through the September issue and couldn't find the announcement anywhere as to how much money there is.

Brezzy
Fremont, Calif.

■ As of this writing, \$1,876.66 has been contributed and we're matching every penny, so we have a grand total of \$3,753.32. We will have the total on the contents page of every issue.

Trippin' Out

☐ Just sittin' here munchin' on some homegrown 'shrooms and chasin' 'em with homegrown suds and wishin' you muthas had your shit together enough to put this two-bit rag out every week. That's a tech tip.

Guy
Harrison, Maine

■ If we had some of you 'shrooms, maybe we'd agree — snicker, snicker.

She Found It

☐ At last! I had always thought I was some kind of a freak: pierced clit, tattoo, and a whip above my bed (shackles too).

I went to an all-girls private school, and I've been shooting craps since I was 13.

I work in the dullest job on the graveyard shift and thought I had read and reread every magazine issued since 1965. That is, until I fell into an *Easyriders*.

All that long hair and black leather! I've been a biker all along! Thank you. I found it!

Curse
Eureka, Calif.

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.



"He's just a real old-fashioned kinda guy."

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags



Part Of An Open Letter

The Honorable
Robert S. Walker
1028 Longworth
House Office Building
Washington, D.C. 20515

Dear Mr. Walker:

I was in the audience when you discussed your House Concurrent Resolution 220 (the one that would establish a federal strike force to deal with outlaw motorcycle gangs) at the International Motorcycle Safety Conference in Washington. And I was one of those trying to question you immediately after. Your departure was so abrupt (not that I blame you — that's the closest I've ever been to a potential lynch mob) that you failed to answer.

What I asked was: had you been on a motorcycle since 220 was introduced and, if so, had you experienced police harassment? I've ridden some 20,000 miles since the first of the year and it's definitely happened to me. My question was: "Have you checked with law enforcement officials to see how they distinguish between regular motorcyclists and so-called outlaws?" I have. They don't distinguish. Any and all cyclists are suspect. As a result, police harassment certainly has increased in the past six months or so. Considering how quickly your 220 has undone so much of our longtime effort to improve that situation, do you wonder that some of your mail from us is — shall we say — rude?

— Roger Hull
Road Rider

Cold Facts

How about some hard, cold facts? In a doctoral dissertation prepared by Richard Lewis Collins titled "A Longitudinal Study on the Effects of Motorcycle Safety Education in Accident Prevention," the author

examines a typical group of 100 riders. Fifty-two of the riders (age 16 to 55) had had no accidents in their riding experience. Of the 48 who had been involved in an on-road accident, 29 crashed during the first six months of their riding experience. That means 60 per cent of the accidents occurred when the riders presumably were learning to ride.

Astounded? Listen to this. Of the 48 who were involved in accidents, only two had over five years riding experience. Only four per cent of the accidents involved very experienced riders.

— Don Phillipson
Cycle

The V-Twin

When the Harley-Davidson V-twin was born in 1911 it made a deal with Father Time that it would never lose its appeal. That deal has paid off handsomely ever since.

The look and sound of the mighty Harley mill embodies the spirit of motorcycling. Riders of all ages and denominations love it, from our grandfathers to the youngster getting his first taste of two wheels.

This American giant represents good-time motorcycling. It represents fun, freedom, and an unfettered lifestyle — the image we all associate with Harley-Davidsons.

— Motorcycle Mechanics

They'll Never Give Up

The California state government is attempting to establish detente with motorcyclists. Yep, you read it right. They are coming to us, smiling, hopeful, and they want to give us something. A genuine arm of a genuine government, long ambivalent, if not an outright adversary, has recognized that we exist, that we use practical vehicles in these times of shortages and conservation, that

we aren't all tattooed outlaws wobbling on choppers, that we have votes and that we have been ignored for too long.

— Dale Boller
Motorcyclist

Small-Minded Methodology

At best, the concept of passing laws to enforce opinion is a small-minded methodology. As any historian or political scientist can attest, it is a procedure that can exist only where the citizenry has lost access to government...where freedom and individual rights have taken a secondary role.

Several interesting reasons for this continuing ugliness have been offered. One: for those who do not have the ability or the imagination to develop reasonable alternatives, recommending a law is the easy way out. Two: legislation is often recommended because that's what the hiring agency — usually the NHTSA — wants to hear. It is true that the agency is not supposed to see the paper prior to its completion, but there is always the Sword of Damocles hanging over a researcher's head in the form of future grants. Three: there is an academic ulterior motive involved. A candid conversation with an NHTSA researcher confirmed the fact that having a law passed which mandates a position taken by a researcher is considered by some as the highest possible academic credit. In a subculture that has been credit-oriented from the time they worked hard for their high-school A's, to having a doctoral thesis published, the drive to achieve that "highest form of intellectual recognition" is often too strong to subordinate in the interests of the individuals it will materially affect.

— Bob Carpenter
Road Rider

MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

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

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



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Santa Claus Is A Biker

By the Rabbit

Big Ralph rolled his massive frame to the edge of the bed and muttered a loud curse when his back let out a resounding crack of resistance to the movement. He pressed his palms to the side of his head and tried to stop the pounding caused by last night's party and booze. When the nausea had subsided to some degree, he gingerly reached out to retrieve his boots, which had managed to work their way under the damned bed. This done, he pulled the boots on over socks that were well into their third week of wear, and then began searching for a cigarette. After he had thrown three empty packs to the floor, his sister came into the room, pulled open one of the dresser drawers, and handed him a fresh pack. "You always sleep with your clothes on?" she asked, with a smile.

After lighting the cigarette, Ralph glanced up with a disgusted look on his face. "Shit! How do you expect me to remember to get undressed, when I don't even know how I got home? Besides, what's the use of takin' 'em off, when I just have to put the damned things back on come morning?"

Once again, his sister gave a small chuckle. "Well, I suppose that's one way of looking at it!"

A few minutes later, the big biker eased himself down at the kitchen table and stared intently at the bacon and eggs his younger sister had set before him. "If I didn't know better, I'd swear them damned eggs is movin'!"

"Would you like somethin' else, Ralph?"

"Naw. But I sure could use a fuckin' beer."

The girl put a Budweiser in front of him. "It's the last one until I can get to the store."

Big Ralph reached into his Levi's in search of some money for her. His hand came out with only a little change, and he stared at it in embarrassment.

"That's okay, Ralph. I have some left from my check."

The scooter tramp slammed the money onto the table. "Shit! That's the fuckin' problem, sis! You buy the food, and you pay the rent, and you buy the cigarettes. Hell, you got your own shit to pay for, and you sure as hell ain't supposed to be supportin' me, too!"

Renee walked over to her brother and put her arm around his massive shoulders. "Hey, what's this?"

"You'll get a job pretty soon. I'm not worried about the money, Ralph."

She was well aware of how he felt about the money, and had seen him like this before. She could remember when they had been informed that their parents had been killed in an automobile accident, and the two of them had been sent off to a children's home because their relatives didn't have the money to keep them. It had always hurt him to have to take money from her. And he always paid it back, no matter how long it took.

"I gotta get a fuckin' job, Renee," he sighed.

"Well, it's Christmas time. There should be jobs available at a lot of the big department stores."

Big Ralph glared at her with angry eyes. "Christmas!" he said disgustedly. "That fuckin' shit you call Christmas is nothin' but a commercial ripoff!"

"Well, I don't agree with you on that," she replied simply.

"Hell, how can you say that, sis? Do you remember when we were in that fuckin' children's home, and they used to take us to see that fuckin' Santa Claus dude? We used to sit there and tell that sucker all the shit we'd like to have for Christmas, and never fuckin' once got what we asked for! It's all a bunch of bullshit. To sit there and promise a kid you're gonna bring him somethin' if he's good — and then don't give him jack-fuckin'-shit that he asked for — that's a ripoff!"

"But it's part of Christmas, Ralph. Don't you see that? We were less fortunate than others, that's all. We had to make do with hand-me-downs, and secondhand stuff. But Santa Claus and the whole story of Christmas is still a fantastic thing for kids."

Big Ralph shook his head. "Yeah? Well, I say it's all a bunch of bullshit, and to convince a kid of some fuckin' myth is a fuckin' ripoff."

Renee shook her head sadly and decided it was best to drop the whole conversation. She left the kitchen and went to her room. After dressing for work, she returned to the kitchen and laid the morning paper on the table. "Thought you might want to scan the want ads. Maybe you can find a job."

Ralph muttered his thanks and began searching through his pockets for some of the Valium that Rebel had laid on him at last night's party. Locating four tabs in his cutoff pocket, he popped them into his mouth and washed them down with a swig of beer. This done, he pulled out the Help Wanted section of the paper and began scanning the pages. As he read, the pills began to take effect. At last, his eyes fell on one ad in particular, which read: "Santa Claus needed for large department store. Applicant must be of large build and get along with children. Costume and accessories supplied. Payment is \$500 for two weeks. Hours: 4:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m." Below this was listed the address of the employment agency. The huge biker began to chuckle to himself. "Now there's a fuckin' easy gig!" he muttered aloud. "That would be a fuckin' trip — me, a Santa Claus!"

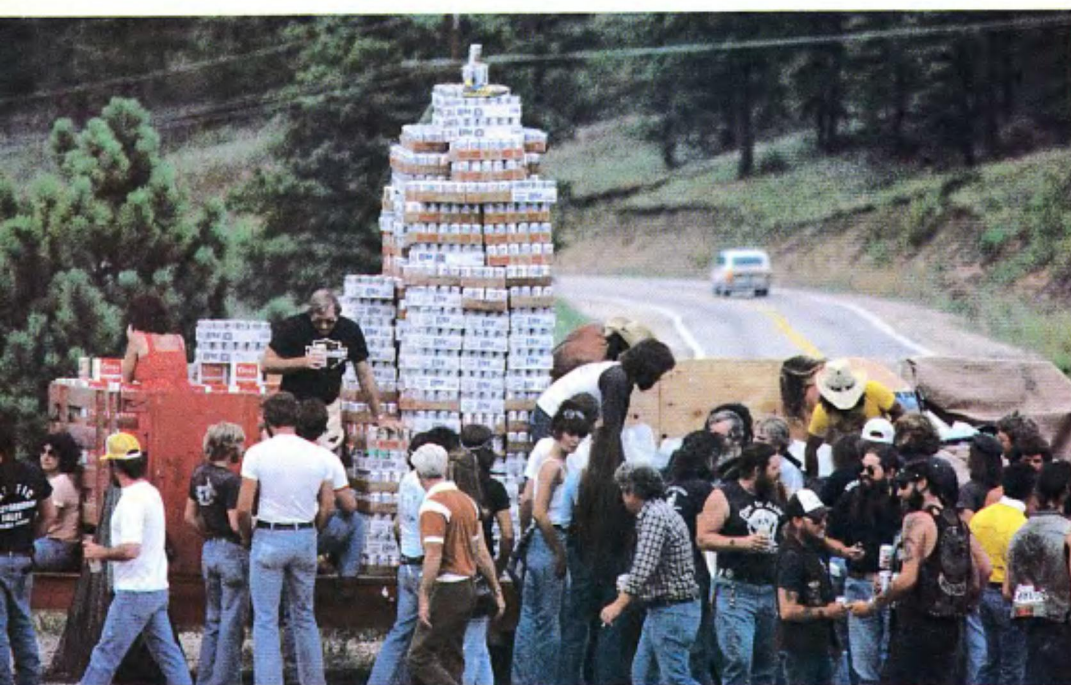
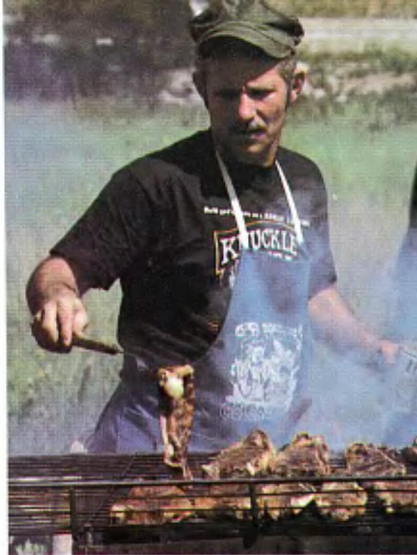
And so it was that Big Ralph, monstrous scooter tramp and massive partyer, did on the 11th day of December, 1979, arrive at White's department store, complete with Santa suit and long, white beard. Marvin Mergatroyd, vice-president of the store, stared in disbelief at the biker standing there with a Santa suit folded beneath one arm and a white beard in the other hand.

"You mean... you mean to tell me that... you are the Santa Claus we hired through that agency?" Try as he might, he failed to hide his obvious disappointment at the selection the agency had made.

"You got that one right, little man! Ol' Big Ralph Gigelo is your kiddies' delight for Christmas wishes!"

With mouth open, poor little Marvin sank wearily into

—Continued on page 81



STEAK FRY

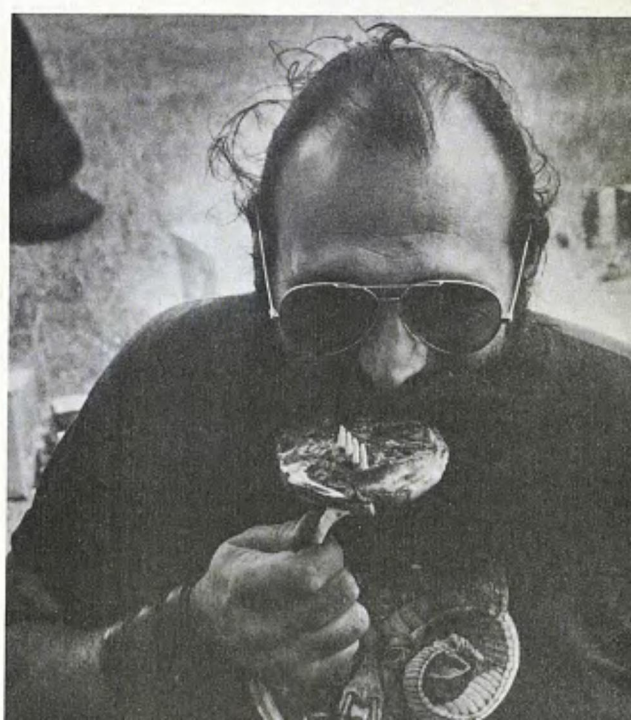
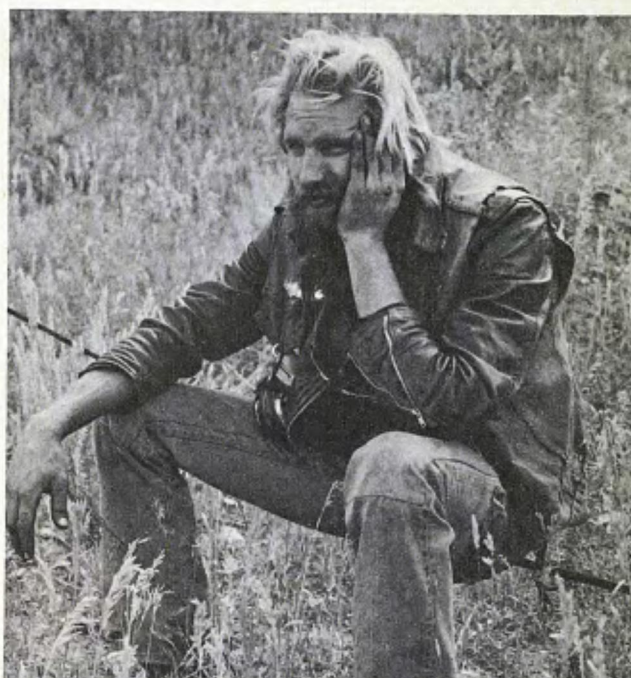
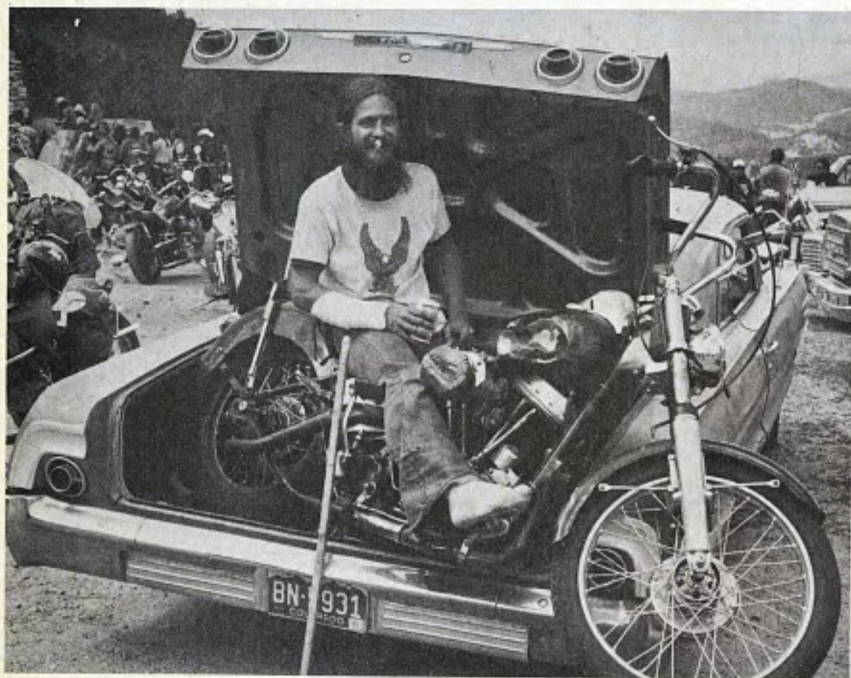
The Sturgis staggers had me draggin'. After ten days of non-stop partyin', the four-hundred-mile putt to Denver had my back hurtin' and my kidneys sore. Texas was a long way home, and Denver was a good place to rest and recover. Rest was what I needed, along with some good food. I slept and kicked back all week until Sunday morning; then I got it together to go to Jim Taylor and Arlin Fatland's

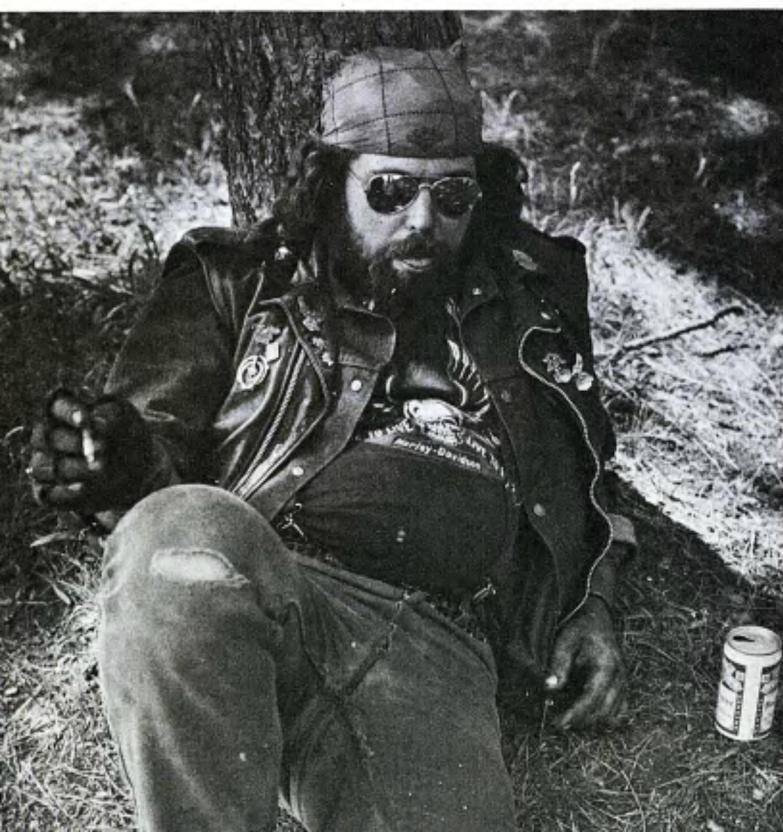
sixth annual Steak Fry, held every year for Sturgis survivors. It's become a traditional stop on the way home for hundreds of riders.

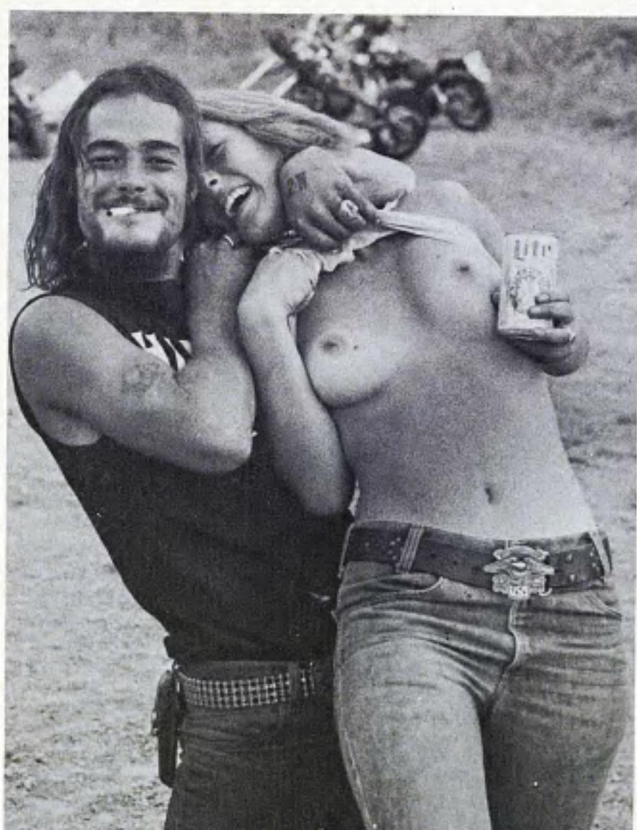
The mountains were beautiful; the air was cool, clear, and crisp. I wheeled into the Steak Fry and was greeted by a Pikes Peak of Colorado Kool-Aid: over five hundred cases of Coors stacked on a trailer. Sixteen hundred pounds of steak awaited the fire, while eighteen hundred

ears of corn boiled away in giant pots. This was going to be one helluva party.

More than eight hundred bros from twenty states put aside all hassles to enjoy Rocky Mountain hospitality. Many clubs, including one-percenters, mingled freely. The party went on from early morning to late evening, and all the people stuffed their guts with as much food and drink as they could. There was plenty, even some left over. The music







was great, the women friendly, the steaks tender, and the beer cold.

Harley riders heading home came from everywhere to refuel and scarf and kick back for a day before hitting the road. We did just that. Ate two steaks, two double hamburgers, and six ears of corn, besides drinkin' an ungodly amount of beer. It took me two days to recover enough from the Steak Fry to head out — with great memories of camaraderie, beautiful women, and (burp) great food. I sure as hell will be back next year.

Party on!

— Sneaky Pete

Holiday Cheer

By Lefty



Well, bros, they've been trying for years to make me give up the secret recipes for my Holiday Cheer/Marijuana Beer, and as my Christmas gift to all you bros and sisters, I'm givin' it up. But before we go any further, there is a warning about using my recipes: the special ingredient is the mighty mota (you know, pot.) The recipes are also great without grass in them — for lightweights. Smoking grass is a rather inefficient means of getting it into the ol' system, whereas the use of an alcoholic solution is a knock-out method, sometimes too efficient, thus causing very strong reactions, even in veteran tokers. So, after making the beverages, sample in small doses at first to determine the proper amount to produce the desired buzz. Don't guzzle the entire bottle, or leave it around where somebody unknowing might belt it down; I wouldn't want any bros to space out and miss Christmas this season. Also, don't use other drugs in place of the mighty mota. You might not make it back for New Year's.

Marijuana Beer

The first step in making Holiday Cheer/Marijuana Beer is getting the active ingredients, particularly the THC, out of your stems and shake. Since pot is only slightly soluble in water and very soluble in alcohol, begin by soaking the leaves in a pint of vodka in a large, covered jar for a week or so. As for the amount of marijuana to use, it varies. It won't take as much good Gold as it would if you got Mexican dirt weed. For the first shot, try about six joints' worth and see (or feel) how it works out.

The second step in this concoction is mixin' up a fine batch of wine or beer to cover up the godawful taste of step one. After a couple of weeks, I mix the pint of vodka (above) into a gallon of beer or wine that I'm brewin' just before I bottle it. After aging it a few weeks, I sample it with a shot glass, giving myself a half hour to see if I'm gonna die or float away. From what I've been told, the active ingredients of weed begin to deteriorate rapidly in solution and, therefore, vinos should be refrigerated immediately and brews refrigerated after their initial seven to ten days exposure to room temperature (to build up carbonation through refermentation in the bottle).

In all cases, dark-colored bottles should be used and direct sunlight avoided. And tightly cork or cap bottles to prevent exposure to the air. Remember, all the above applies only if you are going to add grass to the recipe; if not, forget it.

All the ingredients and supplies necessary for making beer and wine can be obtained from your local winemakin' shop; if you're as lazy as I am, there is a company that sells complete kits (without the grass, natch) for making over 40 different kinds of brew. If you need the info, you can scribe to BUI Imports, P.O. Box 3755, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403. But if you want to go for it on your own, the following are several of my most tasty concoctions.

Raisin Jack

You'll need to round up three to six pounds of raisins; three lemons; two 1-gallon glass jugs; one-half ounce, or two packages, of yeast. Clean the raisins in water to remove any shit that might be on 'em. Mash 'em up, add the lemon rinds thinly pared and the juice of one lemon. Lemon juice makes the shit taste better. Heat up a gallon and a half of water and dissolve the sugar in it and then pour it over the raisins. Let it sit until it cools. Meanwhile, dissolve the yeast in a little lukewarm water and then add to the above after it has cooled down. Cover and let ferment in a large, plastic bucket or large glass bowl for four days. Then pour it into the 1-gallon glass jugs and top them off with water. Screw on the caps to the jugs, but only a half turn so as to let the gas escape. If you don't do this, you can expect to be pickin' glass shrapnel out of your ass for a week. The fermentation should be completed in about a month. The cooler the temperature, the slower the yeast will work, and vice versa. Never let the temperature get much above 80 degrees. Yeast begins to die at a little over 90 degrees. Look at the necks of the jugs. In the first week, you will see millions of bubbles. When the wine is done, you will see either none or so few that you can easily count them. Let the wine sit until it's clear in a few weeks more, and then add the vodka mixture from the Holiday Cheer mix; half to each bottle. You can leave the wine in the jugs or slowly pour it off in one continuous movement

into another jug or bottles. Doing this will produce a clearer wine. This process is called "racking" by people into making their own juice. Old whisky bottles, the type with the corks, or wine bottles with corks or pop bottles with good reusable screw caps make good containers. Any winemaking shop can sell you hand corks to do the job right. After the wine has aged a month or so, it's ready to drink; but the longer it ages, the better it becomes.

Honey Wine

This is not only the oldest alcoholic drink known to man, but it's the stuff the Vikings tanked up on just before they jumped in their ships and went off raiding, raping, and pillaging. Watch out for this wine; it's mean stuff even without the weed. Rumor has it that mead's good for your health and was once considered an aphrodisiac. The word "honeymoon" comes from honey mead. To whip up a gallon, bring one quart of water to a boil, remove from the heat and add three pounds of honey and the juice from three lemons. Let cool and add one or two packets of yeast. Pour it into a one-gallon glass jug and top it off with water to within one inch of the top. Cap as above and let stand in a cool, dark place until fermentation is completed. Unlike most wines, mead won't clear out quickly. To get a sparkling, clear wine, take a teaspoon of powdered cinnamon and boil it in a half cup of water for a few minutes and add it to the wine after it has stopped fermenting (remember the bubbles?). In about two weeks, the wine will clear up and have a heady flavor that will mask the taste of the marijuana (if you put it in). Bottle it as I described before.

Pruno

For this one you'll need to harvest five to eight pounds of prunes, get two 1-gallon jugs, eight pounds of sugar, and a half ounce of yeast. Wash the prunes and put them into a container. Pour hot water over them and allow them to stand, covered, for at least one day, then mash them up when they're soft. Strain 'em into a pot and squeeze out every drop of juice, but leave in some of the cracked pits. Heat the mixture, dissolving the sugar, and when cool, pour into the jugs. Add the yeast after the

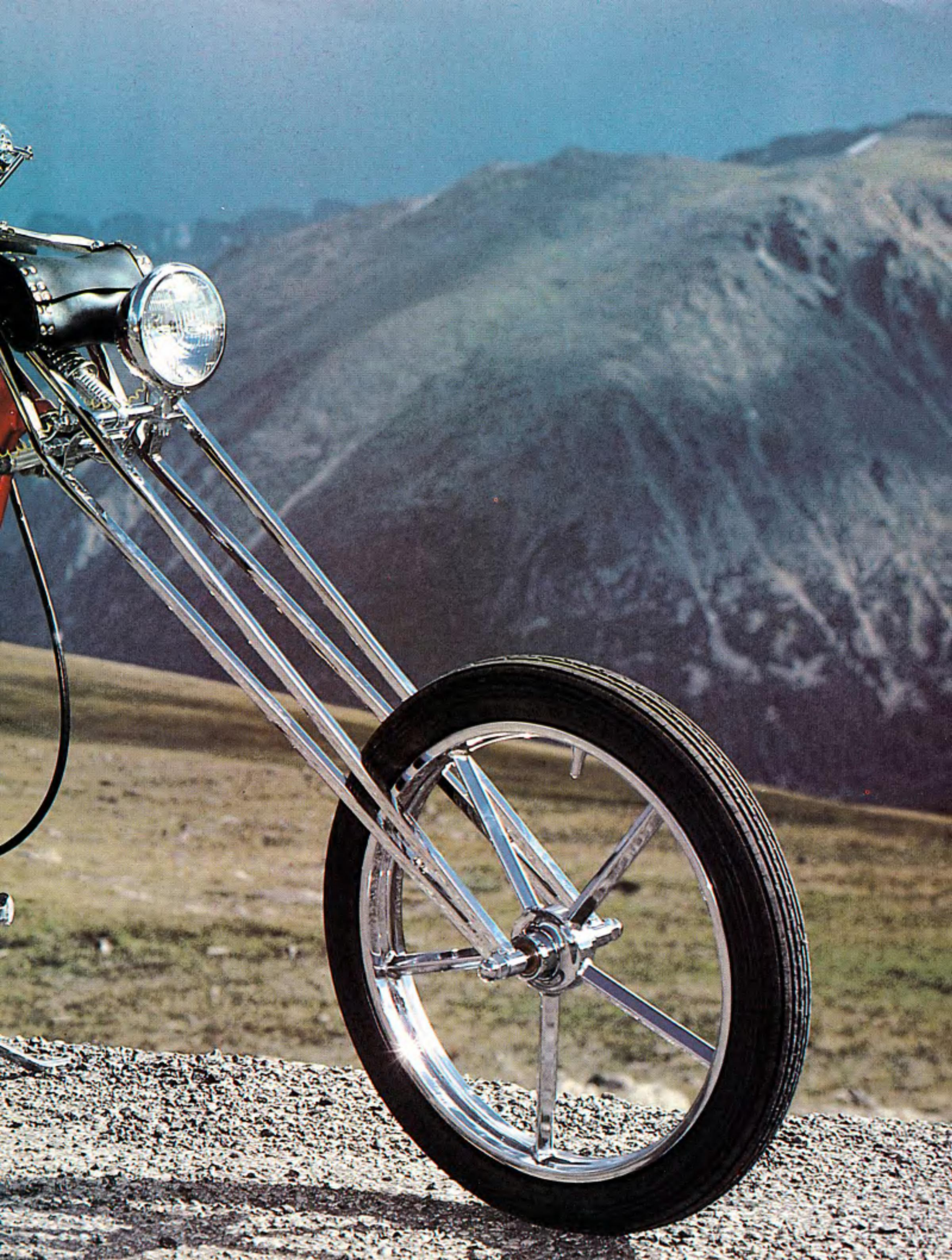
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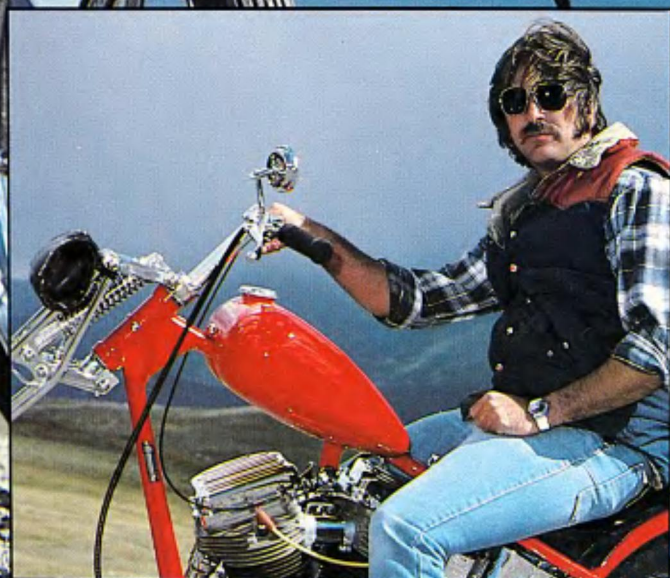
Red Sled

Red is for Christmas,
not for Harleys. . .so
the man says



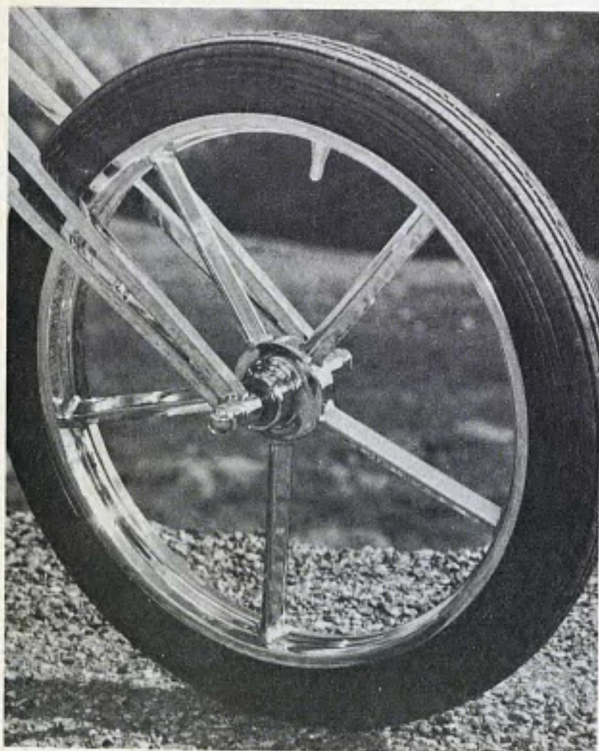


Red Sled





Photos by Billy Tinney



I'm a traditionalist when it comes to a Harley scooter. As far as I'm concerned, they must all be black and chrome, have wire wheels, an oil-flingin', clangin' chain (a Harley should sound like one in my book), and a solo seat.

So why am I writing about the bike featured here? Well, the main reason is that I was ordered to. You see, this company isn't entirely democratic. The bigger, uglier dudes are in power, and they have their ways of makin' ya wish you had followed orders, if you should ever question or fail to follow an instruction. So here I am writing about a Harley that's not really something I'd flog my dummy over.

I do like two things about this bike, however — maybe three. One, it's from Colorado. We don't often get the opportunity to feature bikes from Colorado. Next, I like the overall profile of the bike. The wheels turn me off, but more and more men are using them, so what do I know? Forgive me for bein' old-fashioned, but as I said, I can't see anything but wire wheels. So what? You're right, so what? I didn't ask to write this. I know Harley has come out with its Sturgis model, featuring belt drive. I know the people who have put belt drives on their bikes for years are happy with them, but I said earlier that I like the sound of a clangin' Harley chain. It's a part of the Harley mystique. So what again? You may be right, but I still don't think you should fuck with a good thing.

Although I prefer a solo saddle seat, I think for long putts the Corbin Gentry pictured would be more comfortable, but I prefer leaning against a bed roll. Yeah, and I'm chauvin-

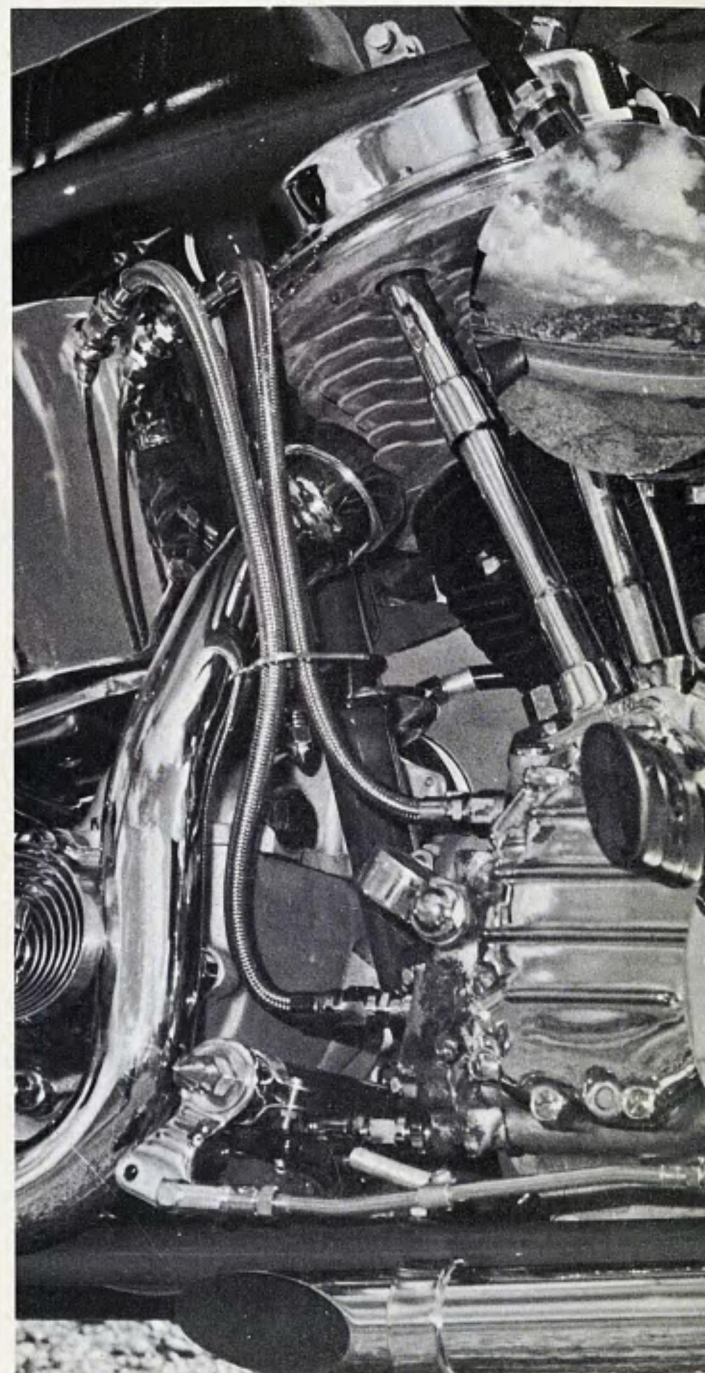
Red Sled

istic enough to believe a pillion pad is enough for a chick for the short-short trips when you'd want a broad along. I party when I get there, and I don't believe in takin' household furniture with me. Looking at the size of Dennis Lucas's sissy bar, I figure he must feel the same.

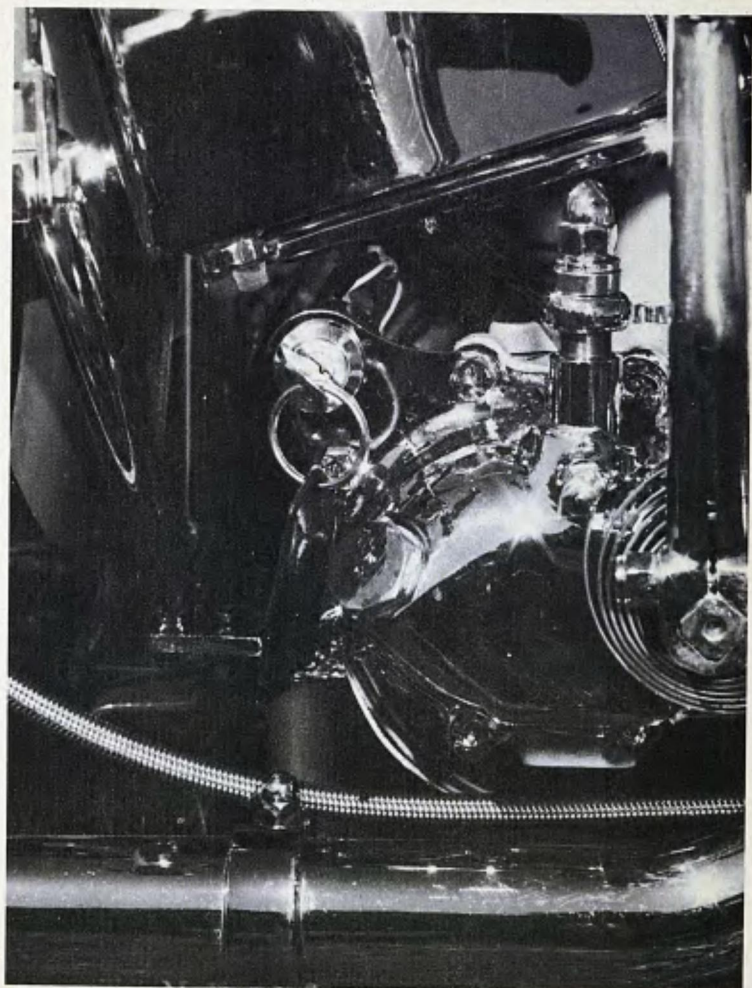
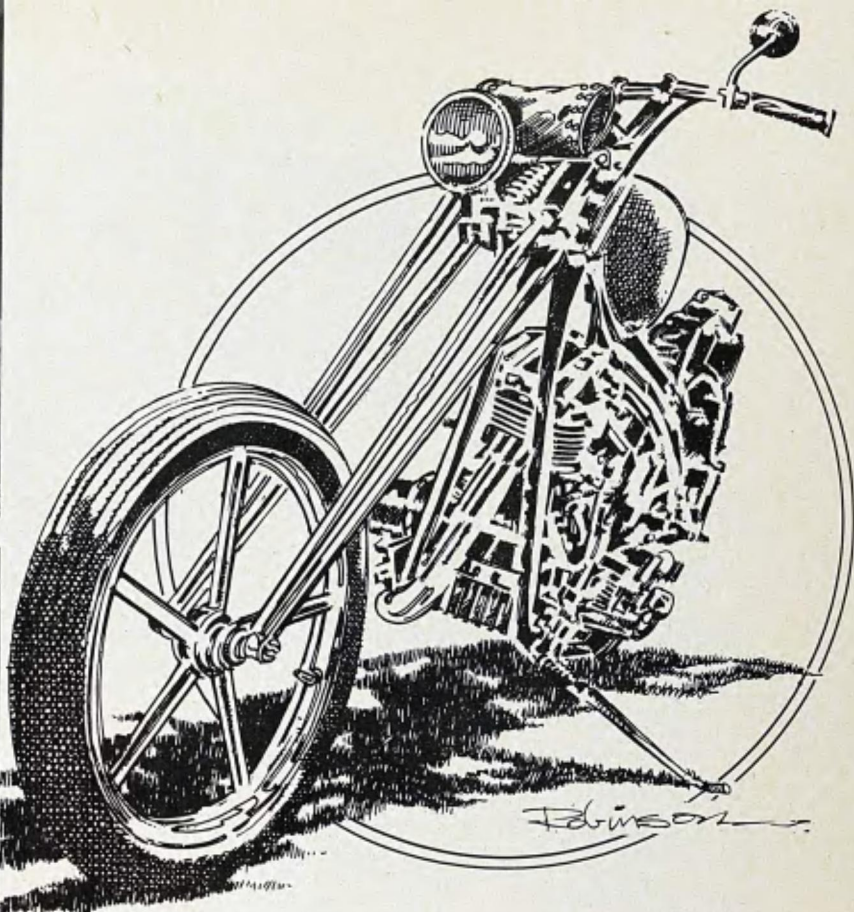
Personally, I'll cut Dennis some slack. If he'd paint it black, throw the chain back on, along with wire wheels, and maybe slap on some upsweeps instead of drag pipes, then I'd really dig the bike. But what the hell do I know about anything?

I've been told that if I had a brain, I'd play with it — and besides, Dennis looks like a pretty big dude, and I just might be blitzed on something while wandering through the Colorado countryside some day and get hit by a freight train.

— Dog Breath

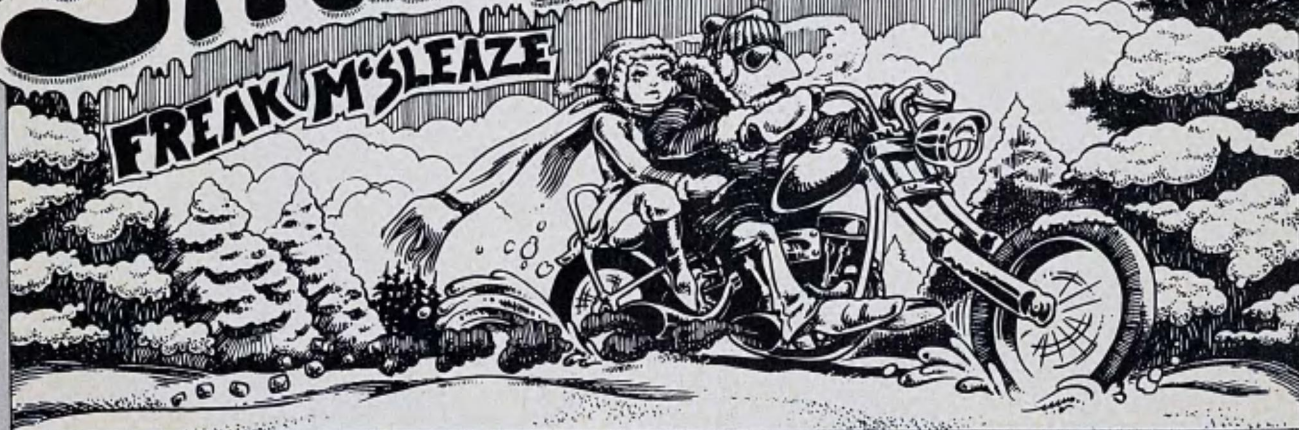


Owners: Dennis W. Lucas		City: Denver, Colo.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Larry's Cycle		Year: 1977	
Year and make: 1963 H-D		Builder: Denver's Frames	
Model: panhead		Type: double downtube	
Value: \$6,500		Rake: 1/2 in.	
Assembly: Larry's Cycle		Stretch: stock	
Time: 5 mos.		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Drag	
Year: 1965		Risers: Drag Specialties	
Model: pan		Fender(s): Drag Specialties	
Rebuilder: Larry Gillian		Headlight: Drag Specialties	
Ignition: distributor		Taillight: Drag Specialties	
Displacement: 1200cc		Speedo: none	
Lower end: panhead		Front pegs: Paughco	
Balancing: Doug's Balancing		Rear pegs: Paughco	
Pistons: Forged True		Electrics: hot	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: Drag Specialties	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam: Sifton		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: Sifton		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): Mikuni		Seat: Corbin Gentry	
Air cleaner: Drag Specialties		Sissy bar: Drag Specialties	
Pipes: Drag Specialties		Height: fender struts	
Muffler(s): none		Material: the best	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: stock		Type: girder	
Year: 1976		Extension: 12 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Smith & Fetro	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: stock		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front:	Rear:
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Larry's Cycle		Hub: spool	Hub: H-D
Painter: Larry Gillian		Rim width: 2 1/2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: candy brick red		Tire: Avon	Tire: Beck
Type: Imron		Brake: none	Brake: stock
Special paint: lots			



STREET RATS

FREAK M'SLEAZE



BRRRRRRR...

I'M FREEZIN' MY PATOOTIE
OFF. THIS MUST RILLY BE THE
COLDEST WINTER YET, HUH?



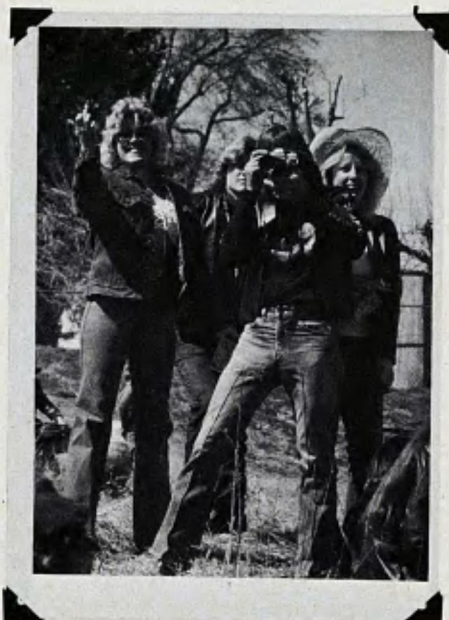
YUP, A REAL COLD
WINTER.

YOU
BETCHA.



DUGGAN...

Gonna send us some photos?



Then listen up!

Whether you're on your way to becoming a pro, or just an amateur photographer, we felt it was time (once again), to lay down the rules as to what kinda flicks we're lookin' for to use in this rag.

Ya see, it's my job to wade through stacks of photos, searchin' for shots that show our unique lifestyle best. Man, ya can't believe how horny I get checkin' the sweeties you send us. We receive all kinds of great chick photos, to say nothin' of the shots of outrageous tattoos and scooters. Unfortunately, the loveliest of creamcakes usually doesn't have a model release, which would give us perverts the right to show her flesh to sex fiends like you. Most of the gorgeous women and beautiful skin art photos submitted to us are in the form of Polaroids or color prints.

So, lesson one: Raid a camera store and get yourself a pad of model releases. The goofball behind the counter will know what you want. Then rush out to your scooter and stick 'em in the saddlebags, or in your tool kit — anywhere, just as long as you've got the sumbitches with ya on the next run, or whenever the babes are doffin' their duds for ya. Remember to check ID. She must be 18 years of age. Have her signature witnessed.

Lesson two: No color prints. This means Polaroids, or any type of color photo that you can actually hold in your grubby hands and look at easily. We need the hard-to-see little buggers known as slides, or transparencies. They are the same thing. This is the only type of color film we will use. No color negative film.

Every photo nut has his favorite film. Most popular are Kodak's Kodachrome 64, in box with red trim, and Kodak Ektachrome in box with blue trim. Both films come in varying speeds.

Speed Secrets

All films have their own speedometers, like on the bike. But instead of gauging how fast the tires are flashin' down the pavement, the speedo on the film (known as the ASA or DIN) is controlled by your camera (assuming you have an automatic) when you set the dial to the proper mark, most often located on the shutter speed dial. This ASA or DIN measures the sensitivity to light of the particular type of film you're using.

Basically, films such as Kodachrome 25 or 64 attract light slower,

so you need to use a lower shutter speed to accommodate. This can be tricky, 'cause sometimes you'll be forced to shoot at a shutter speed so slow, like a thirtieth of a second, that you can blur the flick unintentionally. Generally, though, during sunny daylight hours you can shoot at a high enough speed to eliminate any shake, rattle, and roll problems.

Ektachrome comes in ASAs of 64, 200, and 400, also in Tungsten, which is color corrected for night-time shots, at 125. (Don't worry about this one yet.) Ektachrome's versatility is its biggest plus, especially the ASA 200 variety. It'll pull through on overcast days or late afternoons as well as at midday.

The easiest way to decide which to pick is to practice with each, and figure out what you'll be shooting. If it's to be something with a lot of action, drags, punchouts, etc., and you'll want to freeze the commotion, you're gonna want to use a higher shutter speed on the camera. To do this, you need a higher ASA. When the ASA dial is set to the right number, the camera's or a handheld light meter takes it from there. It's like feedin' info into a computer. The light meter spits out results dependin' on the lighting conditions.

As far as black and white photography goes — which, incidentally, is used three times as much as color — use Tri-X. It's in a box with green trim, and comes in ASA 400, which covers all bases. The average photog can do a creditable job with this shit.

That's it for now; look forward to seeing some good stuff from you people.

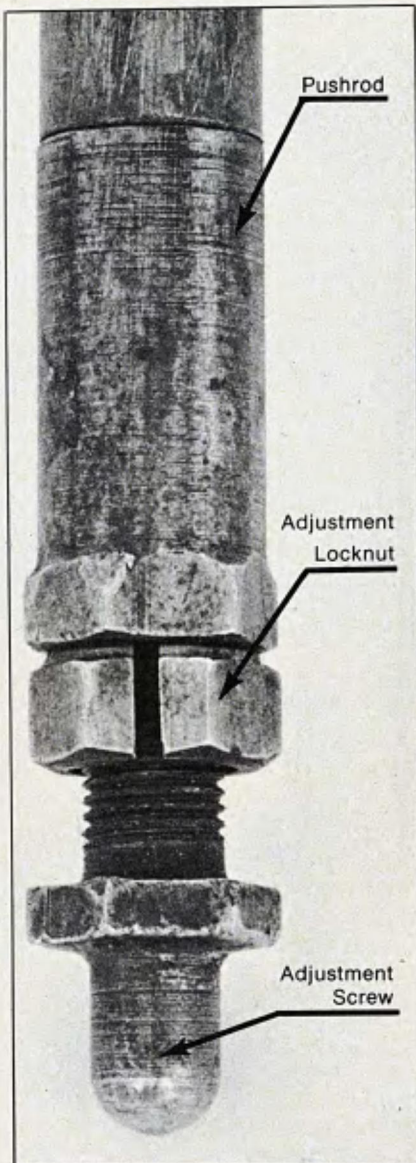
— Loudmouth

Hydraulic Lifter Adjustment

Adjusting hydraulic lifters is on par with raising the dead. Being about half dead myself, I looked up Dave Presley, an old wrenching partner of mine who has made a couple of trips to the H-D college in Milwaukee. After half an hour of my sniveling about hydraulic lifters, he broke down and enlightened me on the mysteries of adjusting the damn things in my not-so-tip-top 74. Now I'm gonna enlighten you. So sit back and pay attention.

First, to make the entire effort easier on yourself, remove the spark plugs from both cylinders so the engine will turn over easily. Starting with the front cylinder, remove the pushrod cover clips so you can get at the adjustment nuts. Turn the engine over until the front piston is on the compression stroke. There are a couple of ways to determine the compression stroke. One is to see if the intake valve is closed. If it is, the piston is on the compression stroke. The other is to check out the points cam. When it is just beginning to open the points, you know the compression stroke is coming, because the points fire on the compression stroke. The small lobe on the points cam is for the front cylinder; the wider lobe is for the rear cylinder.

Okay, so you've got the piston on the compression stroke. This means that both the intake and the exhaust valves are closed. You must adjust both pushrods for each cylinder at the same time. Loosen the locknut on the



pushrod and turn the adjuster up until there is some up-and-down play in the pushrod. Then turn the adjuster down just to the point where there's no up-and-down play in the rod. There is a cut made through the adjustment locknut. Turn the nut around till the cut faces you. Turn just the locknut, not the adjustment nut. Using this cut-mark on the locknut as a guide, turn the adjusting nut down four full turns.

This sounds like the H-D manual, doesn't it? But hold on — turn the adjusting nut down one-half-turn more. This extra half-turn will compensate for the slack when you lock down the pushrod adjustment nut. After you have locked everything down, you will have the correct four full turns. Don't move anything, don't touch anything, after you have adjusted the front two pushrods, because what you have just done was open the valves. Since there is oil already in the lifters, this adjustment had to move something, right? Well, it moved the valves off their seats. What happens now is that the valve-spring pressure will pull the valves closed, which pushes the unnecessary oil out of the lifters. Kick back for a couple of minutes and take a brew break. Then, when you can spin the adjusted pushrods between your fingers, you will know that the excess oil in the lifters has drained out. If you try to turn the engine over before this excess oil drains, you can bend a pushrod or a valve. Just be sure that both the pushrods spin freely between your fingers before turning over the engine.

All right, you're half adjusted. Now repeat this same procedure for the rear cylinder. Replace the pushrod covers and clean and check your spark plugs before sticking them back in the engine. Don't forget to let the rear pushrods sit until the excess oil drains and you can spin them before cranking over the engine.

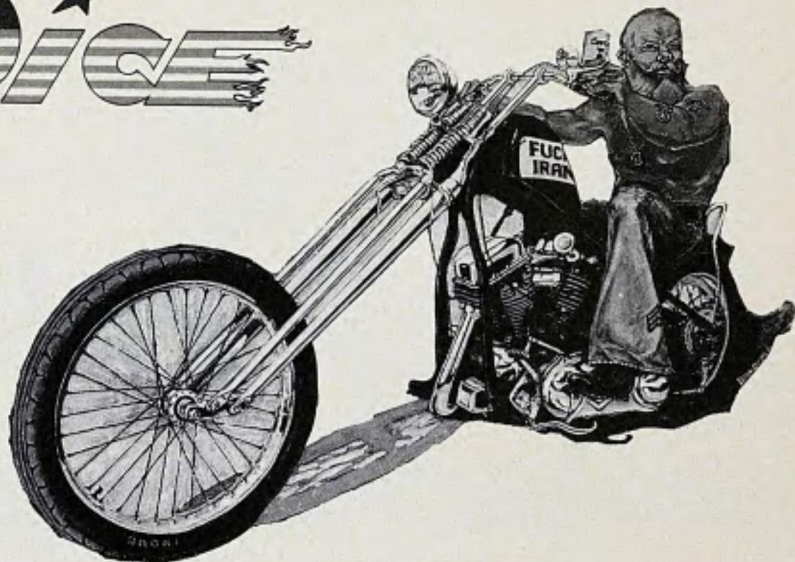
— Wrench

VET VOICE

Mail Call! Mail Call! Letters from home, wives, girlfriends, bros, sons, dads, lovers — sometimes Dear Johns.

No matter where or when it came, Mail Call was the most anticipated event in 'Nam. Waiting for that special letter was sometimes agonizing. Day after day I waited, "No mail today, sorry." Finally it came, and my heart beat faster. Was it good or bad news?

That's the way I've felt for three months, waiting for that first letter from you out there. Finally, it came, and more followed. Vets are still there.



Dear Brothers at **Easyriders**,

I want to take time out (and boy, do I have a lot of time) to thank you for your concern for vets in prison. The article in the October 1980 issue has got to be the most touching article I have ever read.

I'm serving a life sentence for a conviction of second-degree murder. Boy, the world of today is running wild. Hell! Send me back to 'Nam. I handled that all right; no hassles, much. I was in Phu Loi from February of '67 to October of '68, U.S. Army, and then went back as a civilian working for the Army.

Dale R. Albert, Jr.
Terrebonne Parish Prison
Houma, La.

Dear Brothers,

I read your Vet Voice in the October issue and feel compelled to write this letter. I am a biker now, and was a junior biker in January of 1967 when I enlisted in the U.S. Army for three years. Currently I am a convict biker. However, I didn't just lie down to do my time. We have an inside self-help group here, of which I am post commander.

There are two American Legion posts behind the walls that I know of, both of which are listed in the 1979-80 American Correction Association Veterans Service Directory. One is here at the Kentucky State Penitentiary; the other is the Frank G. Clements Post 103 at the Tennessee State Penitentiary. We are the Benny Ray Owens Post 334, named after a young soldier who threw himself on a hand grenade to save his squad.

Our post handles many veterans benefits problems; we have a post clerk who files claims for the other vets and helps them get information from outside sources. We have been working with the ACLU on having their lawyers represent veterans who are trying to get their discharges upgraded. Our primary function as a post, though, is to help each other, to retain that brotherhood despite the restrictive and sometimes soul-crushing experience of being in here. Our post

gives us a haven from everything on the yard when we need a place to get away from the craziness for a while.

We support outside charities for needy children and handicapped or needy vets and their families. That is part of our obligation as a post of the American Legion. But it really makes the members feel good when an outside member of the Legion, or one of the representatives from the charities we contribute to, comes in and tells us how amazed he is that a bunch of convicts has raised money on the inside to help needy kids, a hospital, or the Special Olympics. It makes us feel that we are not sealed off in here, makes the brothers feel useful.

As I said, I'm a biker and have been for a long time. I know brotherhood of both types, that of the professional soldier for his brothers in arms and that of a scooter tramp for his road brothers. How did so many vets get jammed up? Simple. We learned a way of life over there, man, and in times of stress that instinct resurfaces, no matter how deeply buried you may try to keep it. What we learned was twofold — kill the enemy, and survive. The better the group you fought with, the deeper that message was burnt in.

Our government's employees, those entrusted to supervise the war, fucked us over. The American people looked at us as if we were bug-eyed monsters when we came back. We had learned to survive in the jungles. Some of us had to apply that lesson to the street.

I'll sum all this up and answer several questions you posed, and this is from the heart, bro. I became an "outlaw biker" because I needed to find a niche in the world where I would be accepted for the man I am. Several of my 'Nam bros went different routes for that acceptance. Some became mercenaries. One became a bank robber. A few are top-notch, free-lance killers for hire. Some are in prison, a few are junkies. A few more check in and out of VA hospitals whenever the pressures build up on them and they start seeing VC in their garages.

Who do we trust? Each other, sometimes, a few street bros. Sure as hell not the government, or their representatives.

We stand for each other; we stand for a group of men who went to war for their country and were spat on by their own people when they came back. Movies are made about us, but we are portrayed only as dope-crazed maniacs or ice-cold psychopathic killers. Is it a crime to be a well-trained soldier fighting for what you believe in? If not, then why in hell are we made to feel that way?

Yeah, I guess a lot of us are alienated. The Vietnam Veterans Against the War was full of us. It seems the thing most people fail to recognize is that we are people too. We had a rough time over there, as is shown in the statistics you gave: 45,000 KIA, 612 still listed as MIA, 19,000 disabled for psychiatric and neurological disorders. For many of us the roughest time was faced when we came home.

Thanks for listening. If anyone is interested in starting an American Legion post inside the walls, I can fill him in on the how-to, the problems, and the benefits. Such a unit gives convicts a powerful, legitimate organization to help them get back into society again. Here is our address: Lenox Cramer, Commander, American Legion Post 334, KSP, P.O. Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

If any of you guys happen to have fought with the 173rd Airborne Brigade, 3rd Battalion, between August '67 and August '69, we may have been there together. Take care, bros, stay hard.

Lenox Cramer
Eddyville, Ky.

After Mail Call, I know where some of my comrades-in-arms are. Let's keep the communication going. If we don't help and share our thoughts with each other, who the hell will?

Send all mail to Vet Voice c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

— Doc

Best Little Whorehouse In Deadwood



A legend bites the dust!

If you've never bought a piece of ass, then this story probably won't be of interest to you. I realize that most scooter trash get all the ass they can handle for free, but there's always a time and a place (and something is better than nothing).

Sometimes when you're on the road, finding a piece is more trouble than it's worth, especially in a town filled with bikers — there just ain't enough to go around. If you've ever made the Sturgis run and dropped into Deadwood to party, you may

**HELP SUPPORT
YOUR LOCAL HOOKER**



**Bring back
our ladies**





Best Little Whorehouse In Deadwood

have noticed "Pam's Purple Door." Hell, you may even have been one of the guys who dropped in for a quickie.

Now, Pam ran the nicest, friendliest little whorehouse in Deadwood, and she loved the bikers who showed up for the Sturgis run. (When you were on the road and didn't bring your ol' lady, a measly twenty dollars could take care of missin' her.)

Of the three local spots, Pam's was the only one open during bike week: all the others crossed their legs. Pam even let a dozen of the bros crash on her floor when they had no other place to sack out. Her only rule was to check all weapons at the door.

Well, the townfolk gave her trouble for servicing the bikers. She caught all kinds of hell from 'em. But that was nothing serious compared with what went down last May 21st. Seems somebody stirred the state attorney general and he sent the feds, the sheriff, and the state boys into town to clean house. Not only Pam's, but all three local houses got cleaned. They busted twenty-seven gals (and three poodles), charging them with being a "public nuisance."

Now this really pissed off the townfolk, and forty of 'em even held a protest march in behalf of the girls. One local told the press, "Hell, they never bothered nobody; they should have left the whores and took the politicians." There were many stories about the good deeds of the working girls. Once, they bought a bicycle for a poor kid and they helped many poor families at Christmas.

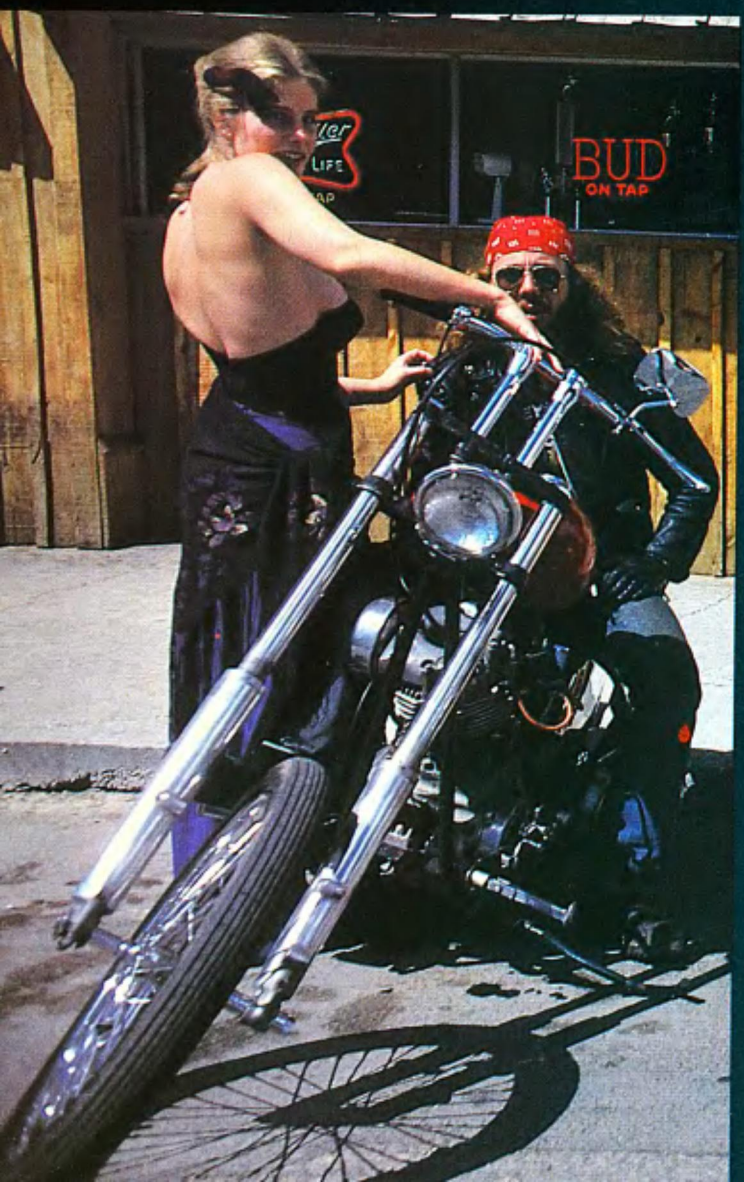
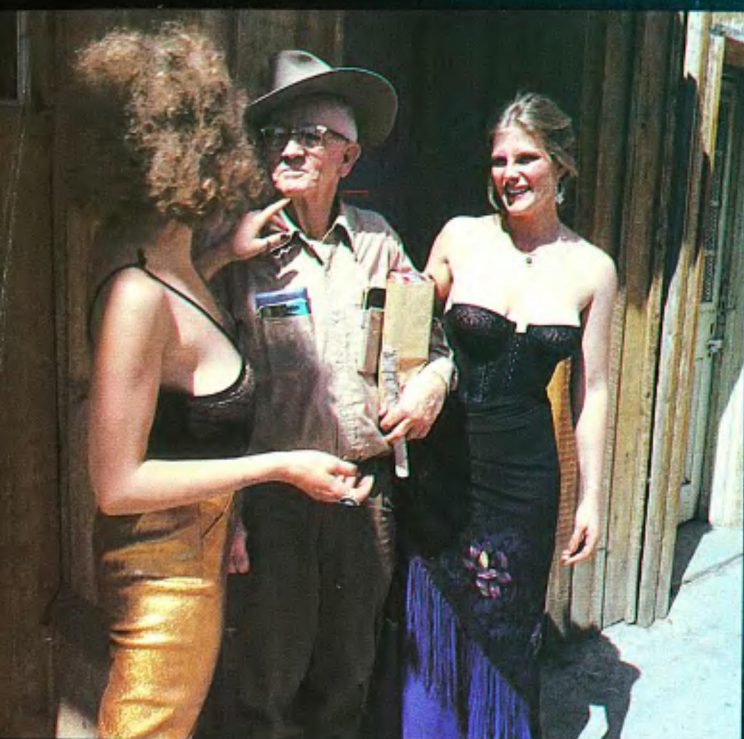
The bust not only hurt the girls (and the guys), but other business has dropped off as well. The local waitresses are worried — seems the only business in town, in the dead of winter, happened when hunters came looking for the girls.

The police chief didn't know about the bust until one minute before it happened. It pissed him off. He said, "They were never a problem." The president of the city council even had good things to say. He commented that there was more shit at the state capital than the girls ever caused in Deadwood.

Pam's house had catered to customers for over a hundred years. It was just a few doors down the street from where Wild Bill Hickock spilled his blood on aces and eights. The whorehouse was a legend in its time, and now, like Wild Bill, it's gone forever.

What a fuckin' waste.

— Billy Tinney



Tex and The Canucks

by Jerry Smith

Joe, most people on this ol' Retrieve Farm wouldn't know a true story if one came right up and bit 'em on the ass. That's 'cause they ain't never been no farther away from home than Huntsville. And they only went there on a chain-bus with a load of bosses.

But you, Joe, since I've been celling with you, I've found out that you used to be a real ol' stud-buzzard. You'll be able to understand what happened to me when I took a ride off up north to try to do some business with them Frenchies. Them off up there in Canada, I'm talking about. Them Canucks — that's what folks call them people.

Them is some real funny people, Joe, and I want to tell you 'bout that trip. It was just me and my panhead, way back in the days when acid was really asskicking. Back then, Joe, the acid would paint red roadmaps on your eyeballs that looked like them big ol' superhighways. It'd make your long, greasy hair stand straight up like one of them king cobras sticking his head up out of one of them flute baskets. It'd make your dong so hard a cat couldn't scratch it. That shit was bad, Joe. Know what I mean?

What I done, Joe, was this: I copped me a whole herd and a fling of that badass, mind-alternating chemical. Then I poured the whole bunch of it off into a big ol' Listerine mouthwash bottle. See, Joe, the shit was liquid, just like water. And when I was ready to hit the road, I just shoved it off down into my roll with my toothbrush and my toothpaste. Then I hopped on my ol' panhead and putted on off up to K-beck. Damn, them Canucks talk funny.

Them frog women are weirdos too, Joe. They got longer hair on their legs than me and you got on our assholes. And under their arms they got Afros. One of them women raises her arm and you get a beaver shot. They won't shave — hairier than a bunch of monkeys.

But that's another story, Joe. Remind me next Sunday to tell you 'bout them women. That acid, Joe, that's what I want to tell you 'bout this Sunday. That acid and them conniving frogs in K-beck — Canucks, folks call 'em.

If it wasn't for the fact that I was dead broke on my ass and dodging the man from the scoot shop, the man I owed for the parts I rebuilt my panhead with, and also the fact that the pigs closed all the massage parlors in town and my ol' lady was out of work, and the main fact that the fucking acid wouldn't sell for but a buck a hit on a thousand in Texas, and I got word that them Canucks would pay five — if it hadn't been for all that shit falling down on my head at the same time I wouldn't never have went off up to that damn ol' north country in K-beck nohow.

But I did go. And right from the very first dealings I had with them damn Canucks, I started finding out all about their lying, conniving ways. I started finding out soon's I parked my scooter off down in Old Montreal. That's the old part of Montreal where all them hairy girls and them hippie Canuck boys go to sit on the curb and get stoned every day — right after they collect their welfare check. And you know something else, Joe? Them fucking Canucks put tobacco in their hash to smoke it. They call the joint a spliff. See, I told you they was funny, Joe. Well, soon's I parked my ass on the curb, one of them Canucks took a look at my Texas tag and said, "Ello, Texas."

He sure 'nuff was a sociable sucker. He sat right down and lit up one of them tiny ol' spliff joints made out of that tobacco and hash I was telling you 'bout. He lit it right up and turned me on to half of it. Soon's he done that I told him that I had a treat for him — Texas style. Know what I mean, Joe? Then I made that Canuck close both his eyeballs and stick his tongue way out. Real quick like, I grabbed my eyedropper and squirted 'bout half a dozen hits of that asskicking acid on his tongue. That dude had a weird-looking tongue — all kinds of yellar lumps and bumps running all up and down on it. Anyhow, Joe, he flipped them eyeballs open and jerked that tongue back in his mouth, and then he looked at me and asked, "Wat's dat?"

Now, Joe, I'm gonna try to explain something to you. You know and I know that I don't hold with none of that lyin' and bullshittin', but when you're trying to sell something to a stranger, you gotta talk it up a bit. You know, make it sound a little

better. Anyhow, the scoot was slap-dab out of gas, I was stone cold broke, and I hadn't et in two days. So I damn sure didn't want to tell that Canuck that my next-door neighbor's granny had cooked that fucking acid off in a number three washtub in her back yard right outside Houston. You can see that, can't you, Joe?

Well, I told that spliff-smoking Canuck that last year when me and my number one ol' lady was puttin' around the Andes Mountains in Mexico, we had run into a bunch of fierce-looking Indians in the jungle. I told that Canuck that them Indians ain't never seen no white mama before, and they thought she was some kind of goddess, so they took her up and throwed her off in a big ol' volcano to try to make it rain. You following me, Joe? Them Canucks like to hear a good story 'bout where their dope comes from same as anybody else.

I told that Canuck that after 'bout a week I finally made them Indians understand that the "goddess" they had volcanoed was really my number one mama, and that she was a first-rate fuck and a damn good head job to boot.

Then I told the Canuck that the Indians felt so bad 'bout volcanoing my number one mama that when they understood what they had done, they called in the head honcho from their herbal and witchcraft service and made him fix up this here acid for me out of magic mushrooms, iguana venom, cactus bulbs, eagle sweat, hummingbird tears, jimson weed and virgin's milk from the chief's youngest daughter.

Just about this time I seen them red, superhighways running across this Canuck's eyeballs and knew he was some fucked up. What I done then, Joe, soon's I seen he was some fucked up, was to tell him that acid was probably worth fifty dollars a pop, but since he was such a sociable sucker, I'd let him and some of his Canuck buddies score some for five bucks a throw. And I told him that, seein's how he was such a sociable sucker, that little ol' drop I'd put on his tongue was on the house.

He staggered off down the alley and it wasn't ten minutes 'fore he was back with two of them camel-fucking Arabs, seven Packies, three slit-eyed Chinks, a whole shitload of them funny-talking Canuck dudes, and even some of them hairy Canuck gals that could give you a beaver shot just by raising their arms.

They was an awful-looking lot, Joe, but they all had plenty of them Canuck welfare dollars. 'Fore it was all over, I let that awful-looking, funny-talking bunch of people talk me out of a hundred hits at five dollars a pop. And then I made a deal to sell them a thousand more the next day.

That bunch was the first ones that acted sorry and lied to me, Joe. They told me that them Royal Canadian Mounted Police wouldn't bother me 'bout them few hits of acid, but they did. The very next day them RCMP came to Old Montreal and busted me and my panhead and my money and my acid. They put us all in jail. I'm telling you, Joe, on the twelfth floor of the biggest fucking jail I've ever seen in all my damn

—Continued on page 113



"The acid would paint red roadmaps on your eyeballs that looked like them big ol' superhighways. It'd make your long, greasy hair stand straight up like one of them king cobras sticking his head up out of one of them flute baskets. It'd make your dong so hard a cat couldn't scratch it. That shit was bad."

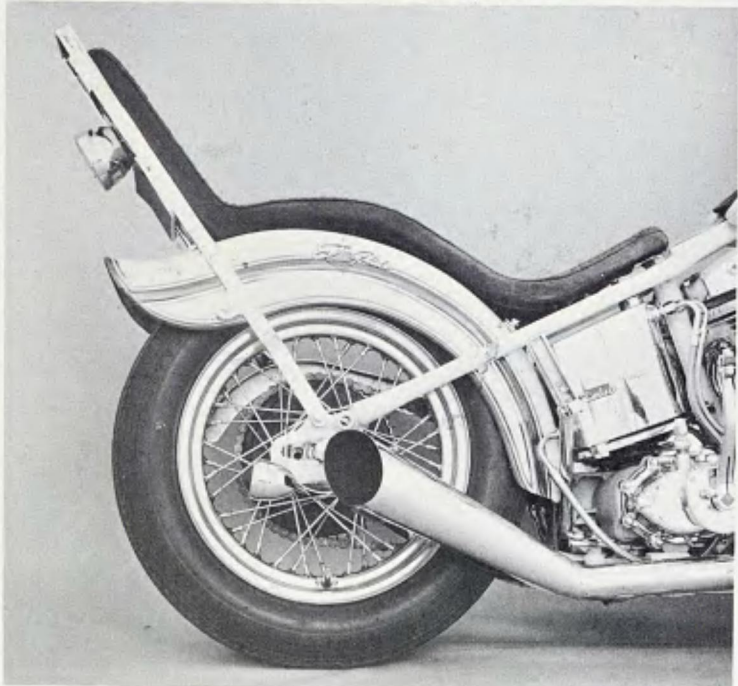


SMOKEY'S DELUXE SHOVEL

No bolt-on stuff for him

The clean scooter you're oglin' has a thirty-year history, even though it's technically a 1969 FLH. We first met Smokey and his foxy ol' lady one

sizzlin' hot afternoon while we were shootin' the cover for an *In The Wind* mag. The scoot was a dazzler, but the type of flicks we were takin' hardly



SMOKEY'S SHOVEL

showed the fine workmanship of the machine. While the sun beat down on us, little snivelin' kids and their parents kept gettin' in the way, makin' the shoot seem like it was takin' forever, but at the same time givin' us gear-heads a longer, more in-depth look at the sled.

Someone showed up with beer. It cooled our cooked scalps, an' gave us a brainstorm: Why not shoot the machine for a bike feature?

A coupla days later, in the sanctity of Pete's air-conditioned studio, I interviewed Smokey and got the facts an' figures

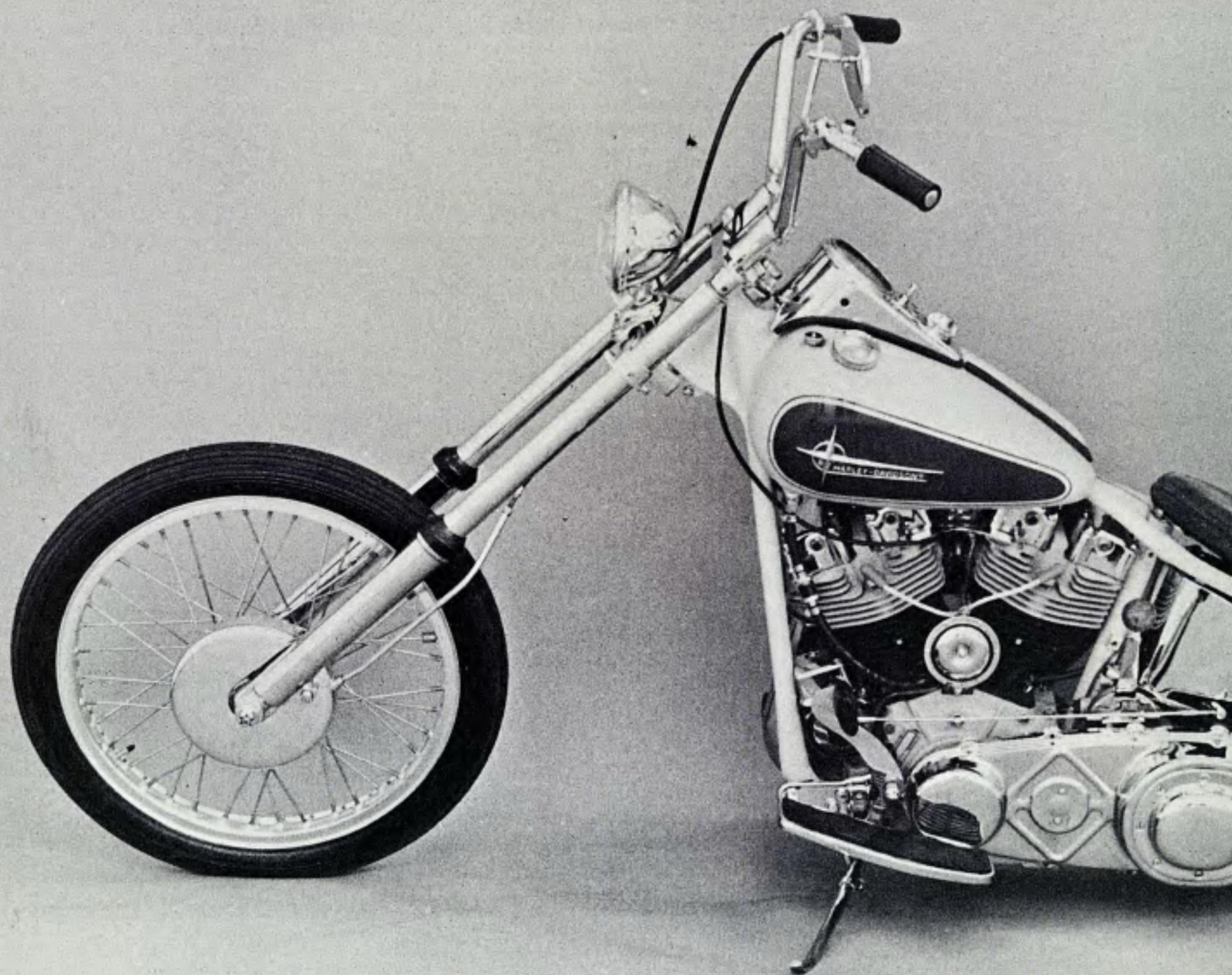
while Pete took detail photos.

Smokey's been into the two-wheeled way of life for about the entirety of his own. His dad got him off on the right footpeg by ridin' dirt bikes like AJSs, small Hondas an' other "packin' mules." But what really put him over the hump into motorcycle mania for life was a thing that happened in a cage.

Seems the young Smokey was sittin' in the back seat of his folks' brand-new '57 Ford station wagon. It was pourin' crankpin bearings outside the comfortable luxury cage when he spotted a drenched biker wallowin' on the seat of his 45 trike, beamin' off a shit-eatin'

grin that hit the seven-year-old like a lightnin' bolt between the eyes. Puttin' fever had just been injected into him at that instant, and it hasn't left yet. Two years later, when most kids were spendin' their allowance on baseball cards an' rock-hard gum, Smokey was buyin' his first ride: a Honda 55, complete with goose tape on the tires for longer wear, of course.

All those years since have culminated in this deluxe (says so on the oil bag, an' we ain't arguin') bike. Smokey's a man who does things the right way. Once. As he says, "Bolt-on shit is dead. The dude who goes for the bolt-on look is only foolin'



those who don't know. Not the professional."

Aside from the thirty years of ideas, this scoot's taken six different Harleys to get to this, the final stage. There's lotsa little things that go unnoticed by the layman, such as a fender addition. He dragged the seat frame back an inch so that it would lie flat on the tire. He's runnin' a '32 Ford truck taillight off the homemade sissy bar. A local leather genius, Karen Yeager, did an outstanding job on the seat, which looks great with the tan an' brown on the '57 frame.

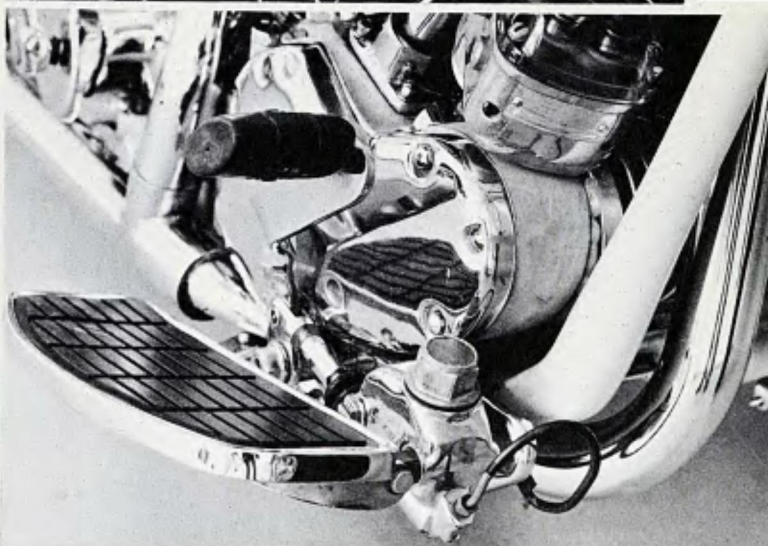
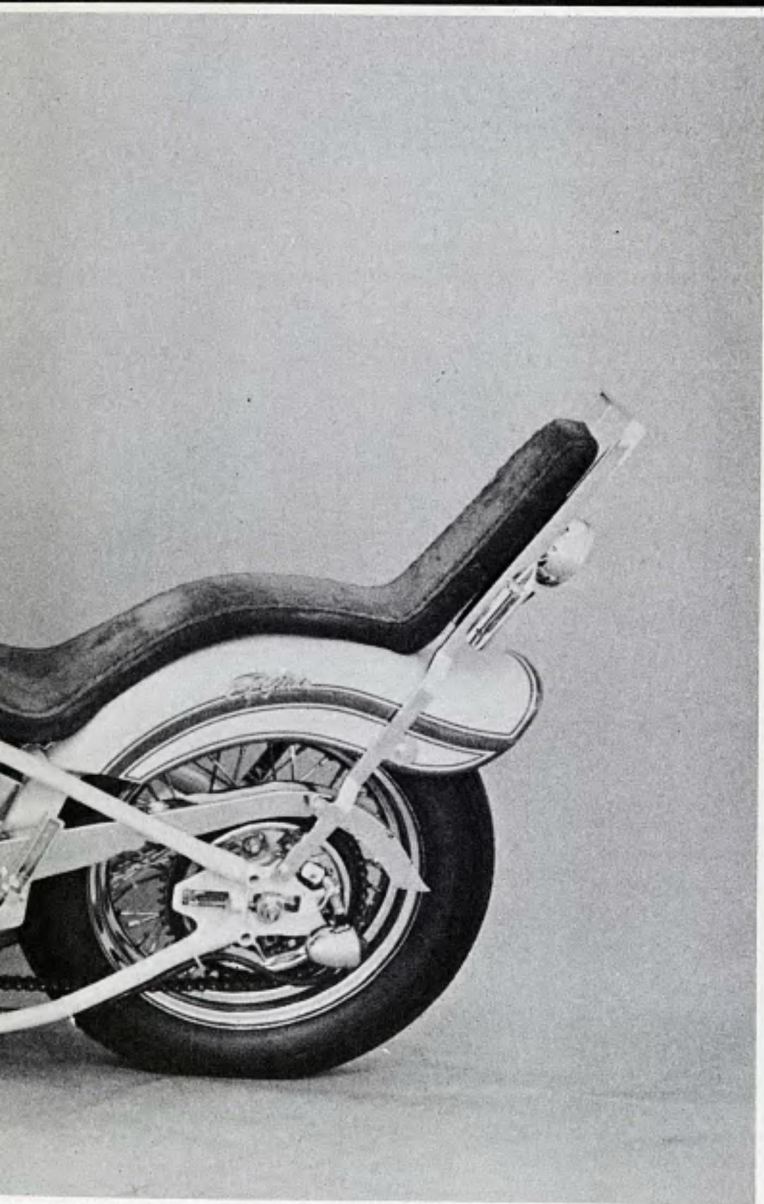
All told, this blacktop baron is a chiller.

— Suds

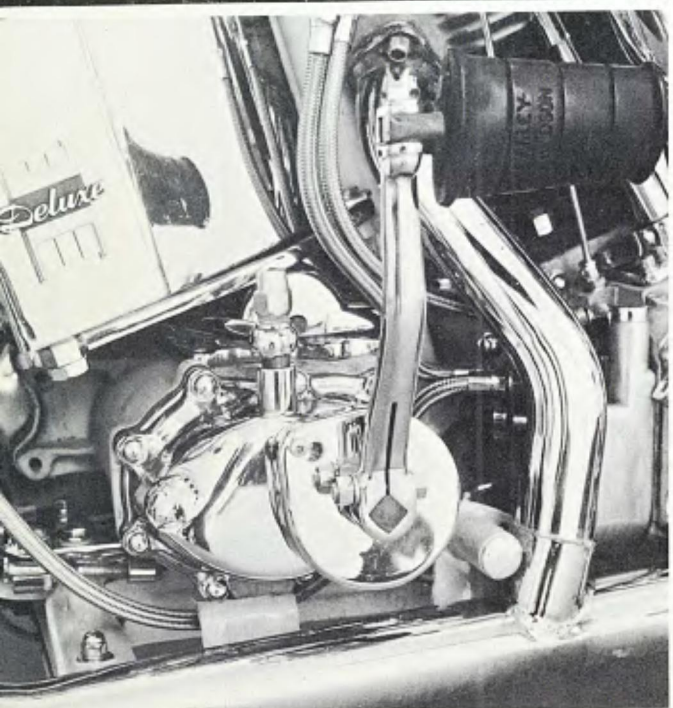
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Photos by Pete Chiodo



SMOKEY'S SHOVEL



Owners: Smokey Wally Karpowicz **City:** S.F. Valley, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1969 FLH
Model: deluxe model
Value: priceless
Assembly: owner
Time: lots
Chroming by: Paul's Plating '72

Frame

Year: 1957 vintage H-D
Builder: H-D, Cream, Bear & owner
Type: rigid
Rake: 1/4 in.
Stretch: 3 in.
Other alterations: plenty

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1969 FLH
Model: shovelhead
Rebuilder: Tom Froeliger
Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Lower end: lightened flywheels
Balancing: by all means
Pistons: 10:1
Cases: H-D
Heads: 1966 shovelhead
Cam: Andrews B
Lifters: Sifton solids
Carb(s): Bendix (adj. main)
Air cleaner: H-D stock
Pipes: Santee & owner
Muffler(s): "kinda" collector

Bars: Flanders & owner
Risers: H-D
Fender(s): fatbob, owner
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: '32 Ford
Speedo: solar
Front pegs: running boards '69 H-D
Rear pegs: TCME
Electrics: owner
Gas tank: 62 H-D stars
Oil tank: early Paughco
Oil system: stock
Primary cover: Paughco
Seat: Karen Yeager & owner
Sissy bar: owner & Turk
Height: 28 in.
Material: 5/16 x 1" flat stock

Transmission

Modifications: Andrews gears
Year: 1969 H-D
Shifting: ratchet jockey
Engine sprocket: 23
Trans sprocket: 24
Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: hydraulic glide
Extension: 8 in.
Builder: H-D & owner
Special features: for sure

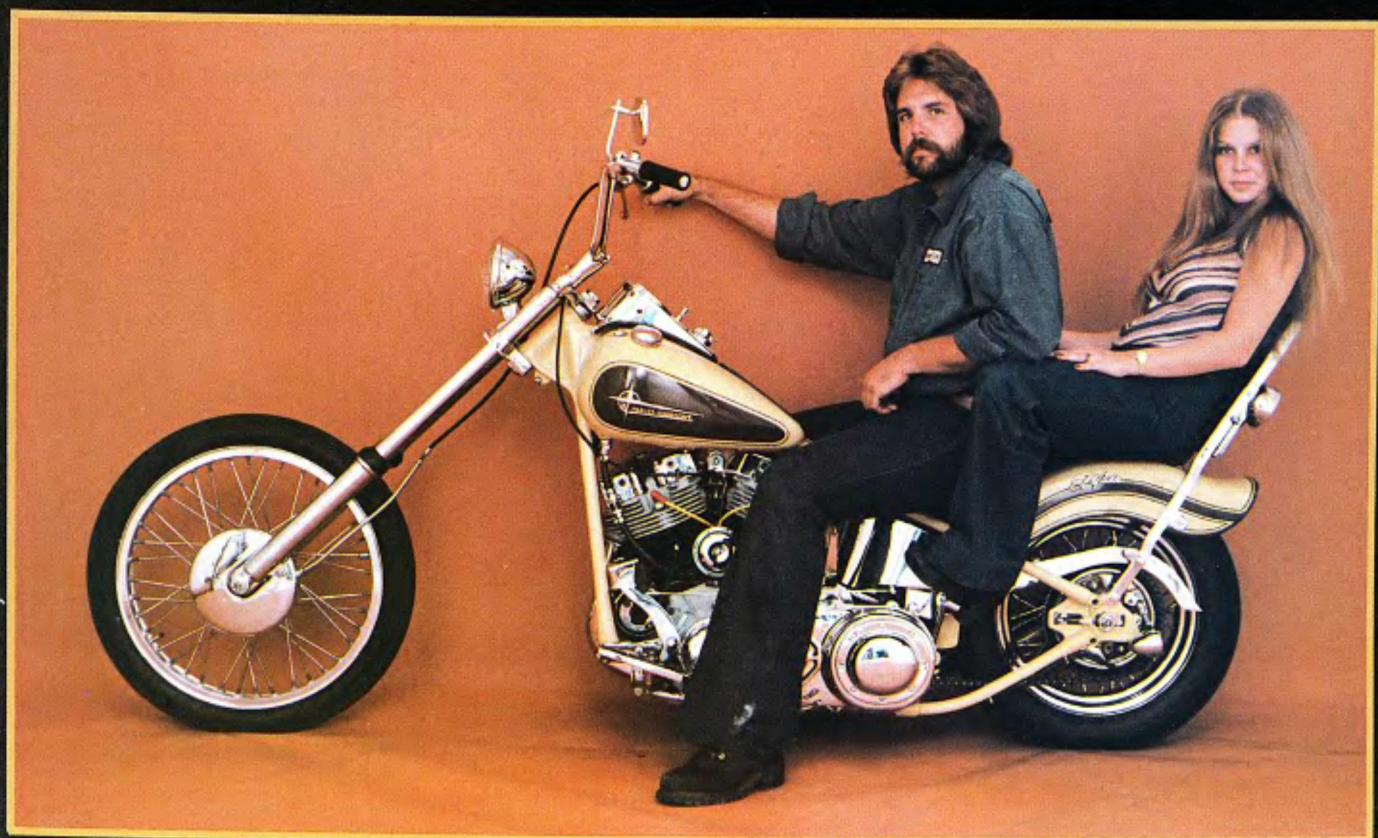
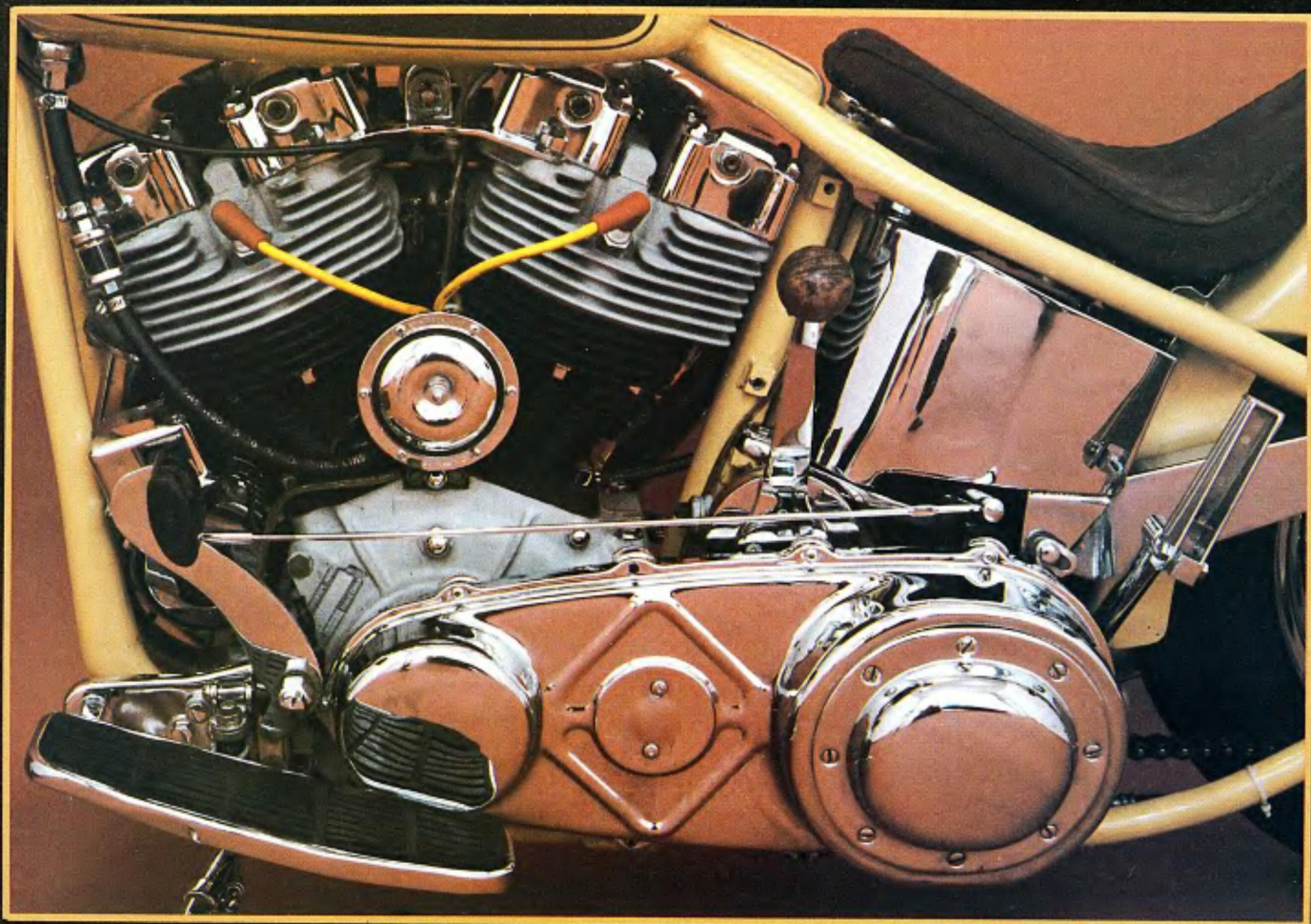
Wheels

Front:	Rear:
Size: 3.00 x 21	Size: 5.10 x 16
Hub: '69 H-D	Hub: '69 H-D
Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Brake: mech.	Brake: hydraulic

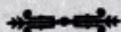
Painting

Molding: owner
Painter: owner
Color: tan & brown (Corvette)
Type: acrylic lacquer
Special paint: for sure

Other special modifications: all kinds, check it yourself.



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M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



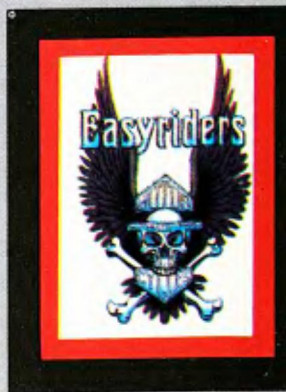
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M-12 "Country Style"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



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

A Real Hero

California: A northern California fisherman, down on his luck and nearly broke because of a boat burglary, sustained serious burns while rescuing an injured motorcyclist after several bystanders refused help.

Bill Martin, 43, a salmon fisherman from Eureka, was driving along California 237 in Milpitas when he noticed a wrecked motorcycle on the highway with at least four people watching it and a man burn.

"I pulled over and saw about four people just standing there watching him die," said Martin, who suffered second-degree burns on his hands while rescuing Curtis Dean Wagner, 39, of Fremont.

"Nobody did anything. I ran over there and kept trying to pull him loose. I yelled, 'Somebody help me.' But nobody helped," Martin said from his hospital bed.

Wagner suffered second- and third-degree burns over 70 percent of his body and would have died in the fire without Martin's help, said Dr. Lawrence Berkowitz of the Santa Clara County Medical Center.

Four 50-pound fishing weights were stolen from Martin's boat several weeks ago. He was on his way to sell family jewelry to raise money to replace the weights when he happened on the accident.

"I wouldn't let anybody die. He's alive now and that's enough for me. I'd do it again in a second," Martin said.

— Continued on page 45



Right To Sue Expanded

US.A.: The Supreme Court recently gave individuals a broad, new right to sue state and local governments.

By a 6-3 vote, the justices said individuals can use an 1871 civil rights law in an attempt to collect damages when they believe some governmental act violated a legal right given them by Congress.

The court never before had interpreted the much-used 1871 law to provide access to the federal courts for lawsuits other than those alleging a denial of constitutionally or legally guaranteed "equal protection."

Now, persons who contend that their rights under any federal law have been violated can employ the civil rights law in a lawsuit.

The ruling does not ensure that such lawsuits will be successful. But it does provide a Supreme Court endorsement for greater access to the courts.

Writing for the majority, Justice William J. Brennan, Jr. said the 1871 law "broadly encompasses violations of federal statutory as well as constitutional law."

The court's three dissenters said, "No one can predict the extent to which litigation arising from today's decision will harass state and local officials; nor can one foresee the number of new filings in our already overburdened courts."

Our courts are overburdened with cases involving helmet laws, exceeding the national 55mph speed limit, and not burning a headlamp during daylight hours. Federal and state governments are going to have to answer to a lot of citizens who think their time in court is worth money, even if it comes from the government.

Biker Flick

US.A.: "A Driver's View of Motorcycling" is the new 7-minute, 16mm color film from the Motorcycle Safety

Foundation that explains the basic maneuvers used by motorcyclists. Stressing the 2-second following distance, blind spots, passing, and intersection accident avoidance techniques, the film shows drivers how to share the

road more safely with motorcycles. The film is available for \$7 from the Motorcycle Safety Foundation, 780 Elkridge Landing Road, Linthicum, Maryland 21090. — from ABATE of New York, P.O. Box 44, Marcellus, N.Y. 13108. ■

Toy Run Dec. 7



California: "As long as there's an MMA, there'll be a Toy Run," affirmed Keith

Armstrong, District Five manager of the MMA. Pasadena may have voted thumbs down, but that isn't going to stop the biker Santas from holding this annual day of giving that attracts brothers and sisters from all over the U.S.A. In order to avoid interference, they will not announce the destination until riders are assembled at the rendezvous point. Information on where to assemble was released earlier this month. If you need any details on this run, or on the Second Annual VA Run to the big Vets hospital in West Los Angeles, to be held on Sunday, December 21, call either the MMA at (916) 442-4727, or Armstrong at (213) 442-0537. ■

Adios To A Michigan Bro

Michigan: Seven black-shirted motorcycle club members stepped forward in a line at the Oak Ridge Cemetery in Flat Rock, each holding a 12-gauge automatic shotgun.

They waited while the preacher said his words.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord," intoned Presbyterian minister Robert Jansen. Dressed in blue seersucker, he looked oddly out of place at the graveside amid a pitch-black sea of motorcycle riders and their women.

The seven armed men sweated beneath their heavy shirts, each inscribed with a nickname given them by the Detroit Highwaymen Motorcycle Club. "Go in peace," concluded the minister. "Love and serve the Lord."

A whistle blew, loud and harsh. "Ten-hut," shouted one of the bikers. "Ready arms." In unison, the ragged line of men hoisted their shotguns, aiming over the heads of the crowd. "Ready, fire." The air exploded. "Ready, fire. Ready, fire." Two more explosions completed the 21-gun salute, rattling the leaves of the cemetery's young oaks.

Silence. A long silence.



Then one of the brothers said, "Amen, Max." And the throng responded, "Amen."

Thus, "Big Daddy" Barnes was buried.

Elburn Maxwell Barnes, who for 25 years was a chieftain of the Detroit Highwaymen Motorcycle Club, died of a heart attack at age 48. ■

Crash Course In Not Crashing

US.A.: Motorcyclists with at least one year's riding experience are the target group for the Motorcycle Safety Foundation's new course, *Better Biking: A Motorcycle Rider Improvement Program*.

The goal of the 6½-hour Better Biking Program is to improve rider skills in braking, emergency maneuvers, and turning. The program includes classroom discussion, handout materials, and audiovisual aids, as well as on-cycle instruction in an off-street area, using the rider's own motorcycle.

According to Dr. Charles H. Hartman, president of the Motorcycle Safety Foundation, "A recent University of Southern California motorcycle accident study showed that 92 percent of the accident-involved riders had no professional or formal motorcycle

training. Since 75 percent of the accidents involved riders with six months or more experience, we believe there's a definite need for a quality, experienced-rider education program."

The course package, containing instructor's guide, handout materials, the Unit 5 and 6 films from the Motorcycle Rider Course, and 35mm slides, is available from the Motorcycle Safety Foundation for \$310. Individual items also are available for purchase separately. Complete details can be obtained from the Order Department, Motorcycle Safety Foundation, 780 ElkrIDGE Landing Road, Linthicum, Maryland 21090.

The Motorcycle Safety Foundation is a national, private, non-profit organization whose goal is the reduction of motorcycle accidents and injuries. This is accomplished through the development and implementation of motorcycle rider education and licensing improvement programs, and through research and public information programs focused on motorcyclist and motorist operations. MSF is sponsored by the five leading motorcycle manufacturers: Harley-Davidson, Yamaha, Kawasaki, Suzuki, and Honda. ■

Who Killed Roger Lyons?

Wisconsin: September 30 marked the third anniversary of Roger Lyons's death. A small memorial service was held at the Holy Cross Cemetery again.

Petitions are being circulated to urge the Federal Justice Department to re-investi-

gate this crime. It is our firm belief that Lyons was killed by policemen who are currently active in the department. In a little over a year the statute of limitations for perjury runs out. Then it will be impossible to prosecute those who lied on the stand. Remember that. For free copies of the petition, please write to the *Mid-West Biker*. If you include \$1, they will also send you a 13-page report and a list of the specific charges made last year. — Write to *Mid-West Biker*, Box 982, Appleton, Wis. 54912. ■

ABATE Of N.E. OHIO?

Ohio: A couple of issues ago, we told you about getting in touch with someone who could give information on ABATE of Ohio. Since then we have received a letter from "ABATE of Northeast Ohio," which said that they were the only active ABATE chapter in the state. Anyone who feels he was ripped off by this other ABATE of Ohio chapter can get a one-year membership in ABATE of Northeast Ohio, if he

(or she) can prove payment of membership dues. The address of ABATE of Northeast Ohio is 9045 St. Rt. 44, Ravenna, Ohio 44266. The phone number is (216) 296-2752. Before sending in any membership, check it out and see if they're still in business. ABATE of N.E. Ohio threatened to disband as of January 1, 1981, unless they received their due recognition from this column. ■



Stuck Where?

Illinois: A Bridgeview motorist is accused of running into a motorcycle and then driving home and abandoning his car with the injured cyclist stuck in his windshield, police said. A passenger on the motorcycle was killed at the scene of the accident.

Theodore Malawski, 49, was charged with drunken driving, among other charges. Witnesses told police he left the scene of the accident after

smashing into the motorcycle, said Lt. H.G. "Bud" Stanton, Bridgeview watch commander.

The dead cycle passenger was Myles Hawryluk, 16, of Evergreen Park, whose body was thrown 25 feet from the point of impact at Harlem Avenue and 73rd Place, Bridgeview.

The cycle driver, Joseph Geimer, 19, also of Evergreen Park, was rushed to Palos Community Hospital, Palos

Heights, where he was listed in critical condition.

Malawski reportedly made an illegal left turn while driving south on Harlem Avenue before striking the motorcycle, Stanton said. Geimer, still holding on to the handlebars of his cycle, which had been going north, was hurled over the hood by the impact. His feet crashed through the windshield on the passenger side of Malawski's auto, and the broken glass held him there.

Stanton said Malawski then drove about a block and parked the car two houses away from his own, apparently ignoring Geimer, and went home. Police arrested him when he returned to the car.

"It's incredible that a guy would drive that far with someone stuck in his window," Stanton said. "I've been around (as a policeman) 17 years, and I've never seen anything like it. He (Malawski) was crying most of the night (in jail)."

Malawski was charged with driving while intoxicated, leaving the scene of a fatal auto accident, and failure to yield right-of-way. His license was suspended and he was released on \$1,000 bond. — from Scoot, Glenview, Illinois ■

A Real Hero

— Continued from page 43

He left Eureka with \$13 and the family gold and he's got \$6 left.

"However bad I'm hurting, I know he's hurting worse," Martin said. "My problems are small compared with his. I hope he makes it." — from De Fonz, Reno, Nev. ■

Biker Runs Auto Down

Illinois: A 21-year-old pregnant woman was struck and seriously injured when a speeding auto containing two suspects in a purse-snatching went out of control during a police chase and smashed into a North Side grocery store.

Police credited a motorcyclist, who chased the pair and flagged down a squad car, with the capture of the two suspects, and police commended several neighborhood youths who helped officers find the two after they fled from the accident scene.

Elizabeth Sharpe was in serious condition at Illinois Masonic Hospital with a



broken right shoulder, a lacerated right arm, and an injured left foot.

A hospital spokesman said a large piece of glass was removed from her back. Mrs. Sharpe is four months preg-

— Continued on page 46

Special Treatment

Arizona: My son, John Houser, has just returned home from his Colorado vacation. It was one he had planned for and looked forward to for two years. The first five days were idyllic, everything he had dreamed of. The last two days were a nightmare.

A city policeman standing on the median on Interchange I-70 and I-25 yelled at him to pull over, which, being a law-abiding citizen, he did. His motorcycle, a 1969 Harley-Davidson, did not have a front fender, and this is apparently against the law in Colorado. The motorcycle is licensed in Arizona, and I cannot believe that vehicles must conform to the laws of every state in the union.

At his first opportunity after entering Colorado, John inquired about the carrying of firearms. He was told by two police officers in Dolores to carry it in plain sight. The Denver policeman told him it should have been concealed

(packed away in a suitcase). I also find that hard to believe.

After issuing a traffic citation, the policeman (name illegible, badge No. 71049) walked around to the other side of the motorcycle, saw the .380 automatic pistol in a holster on John's belt and lunged for it. He removed the gun and started yelling almost incoherently about this not being the Wild West and you can't carry a gun — you're going to jail. The policeman pointed the loaded gun at both John and his companion, shoved the lady around, and made the statement that he could shoot both of them.

John Houser was arrested for the unlawful carrying of a weapon and jailed. His motorcycle was impounded and the gas tank damaged by the towing company. His gun was confiscated.

John spent about eight hours in jail before money arrived from Phoenix to bail him out. He spent another day

getting his motorcycle released. He was detained at the impound lot because a detective said the number "looked funny" to him. (The motorcycle was previously driven by a California police officer and was bought at a California police auction.) John has not as yet been reimbursed for the damage done to the motorcycle by the towing company, although reimbursement has been promised.

John will have to take time off work to return to Denver and appear in court. Yes, work. In spite of the fact that he is bearded and drives a motorcycle, he does work. John Houser has been employed by Dodge Concrete for the past six years as a foreman. He is a homeowner and a respectable taxpaying citizen.

If this is the way Colorado treats all tourists, it is no wonder so many come to Arizona instead. Or is it just the way Colorado treats bearded 28-year-olds on motorcycles? — from Helen Ray, Phoenix. ■

Auto Down

— Continued from page 45

nant, and doctors were examining her to see if her unborn child was harmed.

Police arrested Carzell Olden, 21, and his 15-year-old brother after the two fled from the wreck of their auto, which hit Mrs. Sharpe while she was waiting for a bus and then smashed through the front window of a grocery store.

The incident began when the 15-year-old allegedly snatched a woman's purse containing \$7. He ran off the bus followed closely by the woman, who chased him, said Patrolman, Robert Cooper.

A motorcyclist, Stewart Kosal, heard about the stolen

purse and gave chase. He saw the youth jump into a waiting car driven by the other suspect and pursued the auto.

Kosal flagged down a squad car driven by Cooper and his partner, Louis Zayas. Cooper said Kosal then led the officers to where they saw the car had crashed into the window of a grocery.

Mrs. Sharpe was lying underneath the car, and neighbors were screaming for help, police said.

Neighborhood youths told police which way the two suspects had fled, and they were arrested by other officers after an eight-block chase on foot, Cooper said.

Charges of theft and several traffic violations were pending

Helmets Help?

Tennessee: A 28-year-old Clarksville man was killed when the motorcycle he was driving collided with a car at College Street and Eighth Avenue.

William H. Vance, of Route 1, died shortly after his motorcycle struck a car that was attempting to turn from College Street to Eighth Avenue at 7:17 p.m., said Lt. Bob Davis of the Clarksville Police Department traffic division.

Cathy Kolb, 22, was identified as the driver of the automobile, Davis said. Alone in

the car, she was not injured in the accident.

"She was driving eastbound on College Street and attempted to turn left onto Eighth Avenue when she crossed into the path of the motorcycle," Davis said. "As she made the turn, the motorcycle struck her car."

No charges have been placed by police, who say the accident remains under investigation.

Vance lived about 30 minutes following the accident and was transported to Memorial Hospital, police said. The Trane Co. employee died from apparent head injuries after his helmet cracked on impact, Davis said. — from Hobbit, Ft. Campbell, Ky. ■

against the pair, police said.

Kosal, 30, said later the two in the car "swerved at me and tried to run me down. I pursued them. They were going down both sides of the street. I was getting worried

when I saw I was going faster than 60 miles an hour. It was just like 'French Connection'-style riding. There were screeching cars trying to get out of the way." — from Patricia Leeds. ■

Don't Volunteer!

Colorado: The future of helmet laws in America could be determined in Colorado this fall. And Colorado West Concerned Bikers are asking the Motorcycle Safety Foundation to ease up on its "voluntary helmet use" campaign. The constant media exposure linked with the DOT's media drive is giving voters an unfair, biased view of helmets. And this movement could affect the entire country, since Colorado seems to be the test state for the DOT to use their propaganda reports and "fixed" data.

Ed Armstrong of ABATE of Chicago put it in proper perspective last year when he said:

"Bikers should be careful of the slogan promoted by AMA and the MSF — 'voluntarily wear your helmet.' It doesn't say the same thing as 'Let those who ride decide.' It says wear your helmet. Now, millions of bikers don't need to be told to do so either by the government or their 'fellow bikers.'"

"The trick in the voluntary push is worthy of the NHTSA itself. And it has accomplished

NHTSA's purpose in dividing bikers, with one half urging the other half to wear (voluntarily) helmets.

"Voluntary wear is not what we want, I hope. If you don't wear one, that's your business and not the government's and above all, not the business of other bikers, AMA/MSF or whoever."

In other words, what Ed is saying is let those who ride decide, without the urging or coercing of government or others.

Since bikers in Colorado don't have the thousands of dollars it would take to get equal opportunity to state their case in the media, you can see why the MSF is supporting the DOT in their fight to take away bikers' rights. We hope the MSF will understand the importance of the Colorado situation. We realize the MSF is for voluntary helmet usage, but they should respect the rights and wishes of motorcyclists and not aid the DOT in pulling the wool over the eyes of the people of Colorado. — from Mid-West Biker, Box 982, Appleton, Wis. 54912. ■

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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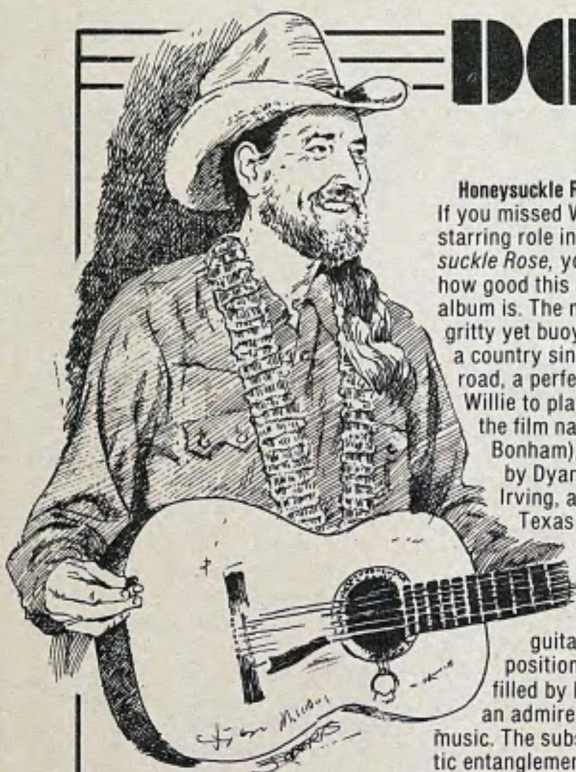
Biker Finds Two Kids

Arkansas: Two young girls abducted while waiting for their school bus were found safe a few hours later and told police they had been forced at knifepoint to lie on the floor of a truck during a ride of more than five hours. No arrests had been made, Fulton County authorities said. A motorcyclist found the girls walking along a road near Elizabeth, about thirteen miles west of Salem. He put them on the back of his motorcycle and took them to a store in Elizabeth where they were picked up by Fulton County authorities, police said. The girls were identified as Tracy Harlow, 6, and Tanya Harlow, 5. — from Dave Dupell, Nev. ■



DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal



Honeysuckle Rose/Willie Nelson: If you missed Willie in his first starring role in the flick *Honeysuckle Rose*, you may not know how good this soundtrack album is. The movie itself is a gritty yet buoyant depiction of a country singer's life on the road, a perfect vehicle for Willie to play himself (under the film name of Buck Bonham), ably supported by Dyan Cannon, Amy Irving, and that venerable Texas institution Slim Pickens. The plot revolves around the retirement of Buck's lead guitar player, whose position is temporarily filled by his daughter, long an admirer of Buck and his music. The subsequent romantic entanglement between Buck and this girl nearly wrecks his marriage, but he comes up smelling like a (honey-suckle?) rose.

Most soundtrack albums are full of forgettable music, but the tunes in *Honeysuckle Rose* are as important as the screen action they serve to propel and embellish, so this double album should be a welcome gift for any country fan. Willie, naturally, dominates the record, but there are also such treats as "So You Think You're A Cowboy," by Emmylou Harris, "Make The World Go Away," by Hank Cochran and Jeannie Seely, "Jumpin' Cotton-Eyed Joe," by legendary fiddler Johnny Gimble, and a beautifully gruff "Coming Back To Texas," by the dean of central Texas music, the venerated Ken Threadgill. (Each of these performers, by the way, makes a cameo appearance in the movie.) These cuts reflect the diversity of the music in the movie and provide an additional note of authenticity during the action. But the exceptional credibility of the movie rests on the twin pillars of Willie's performance and, of course, his music.

Most of the soundtrack is vintage Willie, and any fan will enjoy these new live versions of favorites like "Whiskey River," "Bloody Mary Morning," and "Pick Up The Tempo." But the real treat here is several brand-new Nelson composi-

tions. For the past few years Willie's growing success and diversified activities all but ended his songwriting, which was a damn shame, because he's as good as they come. But with this album the ol' red-headed stranger comes roaring back with asskicking new tunes like "On The Road Again," as succinct and exuberant a tribute to life on the move as you'll ever hear: *On the road again/I just can't wait to get back on the road again/The life I love is makin' music with my friends/And I can't wait to get on the road again.* Perhaps the best new tune of the batch is "Angel Flying Too Close To The Ground," one of those heart-squeezers only Willie can write, the kind that gets you dropping sad quarters in the jukebox and pouring shots of whiskey on the fires of your memory.

Honeysuckle Rose is a lusty, toe-tapping, soul-jerking package and will be treasured by any fan long after Christmas and all its bogus merriment is forgotten.

Habits Old and New/Hank Williams, Jr.: Hank's latest album serves to enhance further his position as one of the most consistently excellent songwriter/performers in the business today. The record is a solid follow-up to his previous album, *Whiskey Bent And Hell Bound*, and like it, is a disc loaded with humor, fear, anger, pain, and joy. Each tune reflects a remarkable involvement with life and a fine, witty perception of its ups and downs.

Whenever a new Hank Jr. album appears, you can expect parts of it to be intensely auto-

biographical, and this one is no exception. His near-fatal fall from a Montana mountain in 1975 serves as the starting point for one of the album's best tunes, "All In Alabama": *I just had to show 'em that I didn't need 'em/So I headed out west to see some old friends of mine/I thought I'd climb up ol' Ajax Mountain/Maybe that would help me get it all off my mind.* That brush with death was a turning point in Hank's career, and his recovery and success in recent years reflect his tough, determined spirit, the soul of a survivor.

As was true of his previous album, the pressures of success constitute a theme Hank explores with insight and believability. "Blues Man" is a good example of a tune that chronicles paying the hard dues fame exacts and finding salvation in the form of a good woman: *I got so sick from speedin'/All the stuff they said was needin'/If I was to keep pleasin' all my fans/I got cuffed on dirt roads/I got sued over no-shows/But you came and took all that old lowdown off of this blues man.*

There's not a bad cut on this album. Hank throws in spirited versions of a couple of his dad's tunes, "Kaw-liga" and "Move It On Over," as well as dishing up many fine tunes of his own like "Old Habits," "The American Way," and "Dinosaur," a funny put-down of disco. If you like music about real things and life as it really is lived, Hank Jr. is a habit worth cultivating. ■

When the editor of this rag called me up and suggested (make that ordered) that I devote this month's column to recommendations for "Christmas giving," I groaned inwardly. You see, I'm not much into Christmas. To tell you the truth, I hate it. I agree completely with ol' Ebenezer Scrooge — Christmas is a poor excuse for picking a man's pocket. Now don't get the idea that I'm just a tightwad who hates to give presents. I give stuff to people I like all the time, but I do so *when I feel like it*. What gripes my ass is having a certain day set aside for mandatory gift-giving. My biker's soul rebels at being forced to do anything, whether it's wearing a helmet or giving Aunt Sally a new enema bag for Christmas.

And God help you if you forget anybody — Christmas makes for more hurt feelings than any other "joyous occasion" I can think of. So, to make sure nobody gets his fucking feelings hurt and concludes you don't love him, you wind up buying presents for everybody from your ol' lady to your dope dealer's grandmother. I could rave on about this lousy holiday, but I guess it's time to talk records. Okay, here are a two recommended items for somebody's Christmas stocking. Take these discs and stuff 'em.



The Last Space Filler

Can you dig it? After three damned years of coming up with Space Filler titles, we're sick of it. That's why we're offering 25 bucks to the best suggestion for a new title for this feature. That's right — come up with something better than "Space Filler" (no tough assignment), and if your suggestion is judged the best by our drunk panel of judges, you'll get 25 big ones. Entries must be made on a post card or on back of a sealed envelope only — all others will be shitcanned. Send your bright ideas to Snuff Space Filler Contest, c/o Easyriders Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

"Name the elements, Bobby," instructed the teacher.

"There's earth and there's air," began the boy, "and then fire and . . . er . . . water . . . and — oh, yes — fucking."

The teacher gasped, then recovered herself. "That filthy thing you named, what ever made you include it?"

"I overheard my mom telling one of her friends," answered Bobby, "that when my pop gets to fucking, he's in his element."

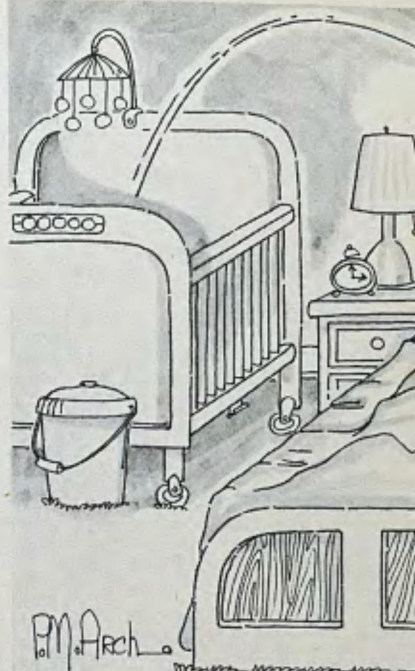
— Grit Martin
Hershey, Pa.

"Give me a kiss," the biker ordered his lovely date.

"You'll have to make me," she teased.

"Not so fast," he protested. "All I want now is a kiss."

— Lance Bergman
Buffalo, N.Y.



A motorist spotted a beautiful roan mare grazing in an open field and asked the owner if she was for sale.

"Sure," the owner replied. "But she no looka too good."

"She looks good enough to me," the motorist said, and took her home, where she proceeded to walk into every fence, every tree.

Eventually she fell over a tree stump and broke a leg.

Infuriated, the motorist returned the animal. "Why," he asked the original owner, "didn't you tell me she was blind?"

"I did," came the reply. "I told you she no looka too good."

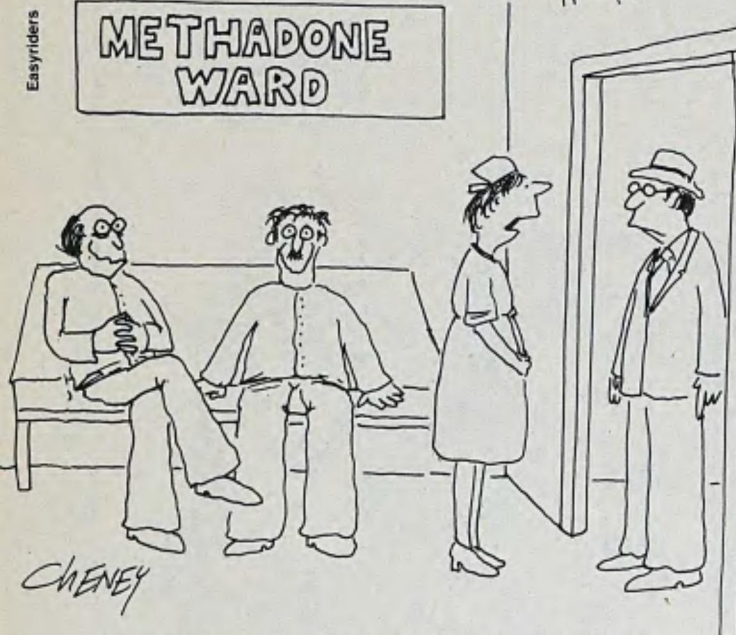
— Thomas E. Oetzel
Philadelphia, Pa.

Easyriders



"This is it, Louie. Pee!"

METHADONE
WARD



"I'm sorry, sir—no visitors during the rush hours."

Some girls get fat because they eat too much. Other girls get fat because of something they should have eaten instead.

— Joe Anders
New York, N.Y.

Why has the Ayatollah never been circumcised? 'Cause there's no end to that prick!

— Dennis McCarthy
Denver, Colo.

Two old hags bought a farm and went to see a farmer about stocking it with chickens. "We want three hundred hens and three hundred roosters," said one of the old hags.

"Ma'm," said the farmer, "for three hundred hens all you need is thirty roosters."

"No," said the other woman. "We want three hundred hens and three hundred roosters. We know what it means to be lonesome."

— Lance North
Olympia, Wash.

Relative humidity is the sweat from your balls that runs down your sister-in-law's legs.

— David Hurst
San Bernardino, Calif.

Louise walked into the steno office sporting a new hairdo, and all the girls made a big to-do about it. "Where did you get it?" one asked.

"Charles gave it to me and he charged me fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" screamed the friend. "You got screwed!"

"Of course I did, silly. You couldn't really think I'd spend that much for just a stupid hairdo!"

— Dirty Dave Crisler
Omaha, Neb.

Twice the bride complained that her side of the bed was cold, and twice her new husband got out of the bed to exchange places with her. When she complained a third time, and suggested to her husband that instead of walking around the bed it would be just as easy to crawl over her, he dutifully complied.

Finally, in exasperation, she asked: "Honey, don't you know what the fuck I want?"

"Yes," he answered. "You want the whole damn bed."

— Ken Lawson
Lincoln, Neb.

A pair of bikers struck up a friendly conversation at a bar and the subject soon got around to sex, as it usually does.

"Say," said the first bro, smirking, "have you ever been so drunk that you kissed a woman on the navel?"

With a mighty effort, the second bro propped himself up and said, "Drunker."

— Terry Layman
Des Moines, Iowa



Easyriders

A couple who had just got hitched were entertaining a bachelor neighbor in the den of their home. When the talk turned to sex, the bachelor said, "Since you claim to be so liberal, would you let me kiss your ol' lady's breasts for a thousand bucks?"

Not wanting to be uncool, and sure needing the extra money, the couple agreed, and the wife removed her blouse and bra. Then, pressing his face between her breasts, the dude nestled there until the husband got impatient to complete the deal. "Go ahead and kiss them," he urged.

"I'd love to," the guy said, "but I really can't afford it."

— Steven Lockwood
Gila Bend, Ariz.

What do you call a dozen dildos?
Toys for twats.

— Terry
Phoenix, Ariz.



Easyriders

"She certainly adjusted well to widowhood."

A biker, just back from a nudist wedding, reports that he came within an inch of being best man.

— John Beardon
Santa Fe, N.M.

When Charlie found out his young son was making it with everything in skirts, he gave the kid a box of rubbers and warned him. "The way you're screwing around, you're gonna catch a disease. I want you to put on a fresh one each time so you won't catch anything."

The boy opened the box, counted twelve rubbers, and said, "Gee, thanks, pop, but what about tomorrow night?"

— Klondike
Florence, Ariz.



Easyriders

"Six-foot-three, blue eyes, protruding teeth, and brown hair all over him."

A bachelor is a man who has no children to speak of.

— Harry Turner
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Then there was the nun who was two monks behind in her period.

— Steve Roderger
Las Vegas, Nev.

Over coffee, two ol' ladies were discussing somewhat obliquely the intimacies of sex. "Tell me," asked one, "have you ever eaten anything you shouldn't have?"

"No," replied her friend, "but once I woke up being fed something I hadn't ordered."

— Don Lindal
Winnipeg, Canada



Easyriders

"Remember, only you can prevent V.D.!"

A concerned family was trying their best to dissuade a wealthy octogenarian from marrying an obvious gold-digger. They suggested that such a difference in ages could prove fatal.

The old man digested this fact for a moment, then announced: "Well, if she dies, that's the chance she takes."

— Scott Newcombe
Atlanta, Ga.

A bro came home late from work drunk. As soon as he walked in the door, his ol' lady started yelling.

"How much of your paycheck did you spend?"

"Sixty-five dollars."

"Sixty-five dollars! Do you know how long sixty-five dollars would last me?"

"Well, you don't drink, you don't smoke, and you have your own pussy. I guess it would last you forever."

— Mark Bell
Kansas City, Mo.

After several dates and much begging and promising, the bro finally got his girlfriend to suck him off. When he finally came, she didn't know whether she should swallow or spit, so she asked, "Whaa am ah sposs ta do wif iss stuff?"

"Damned if I know," replied the bro, "I ain't no cocksucker."

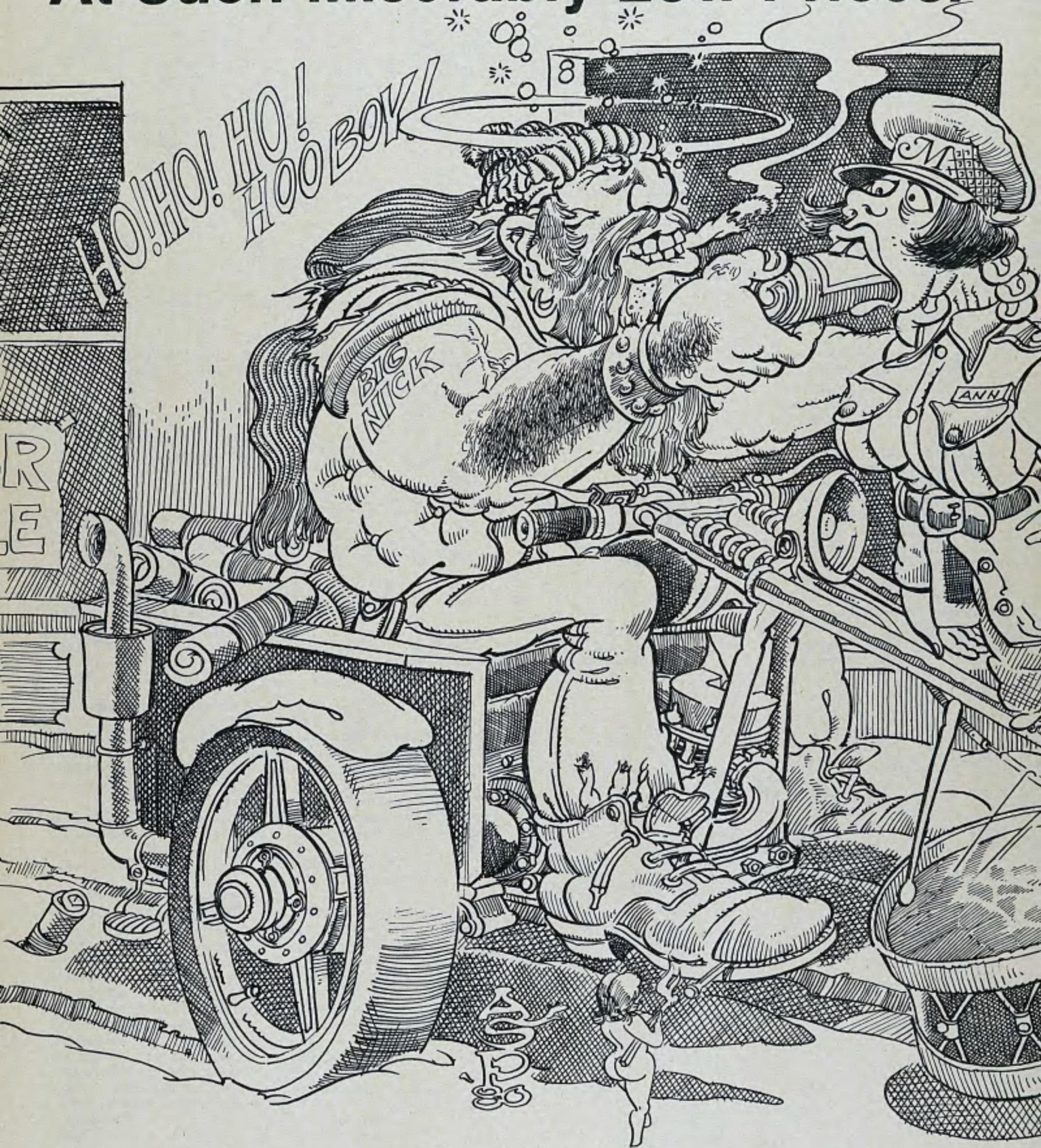
— Troyd
Young America, Minn.

"Goddam!" the girl muttered as she lay naked on the motel bed, watching the biker undress. "He wasn't much on the dance floor and he's probably underhung. Besides which, he's handed me this felt-tip pen, so he's probably got something kinky in mind."

But her eyes widened when he worked off his shorts and she saw the size of his joint. "I'll take that pen now, baby," he said, and then added, "For your sake, I think I should draw the line somewhere."

— Terry Lyons
Portland, Ore.

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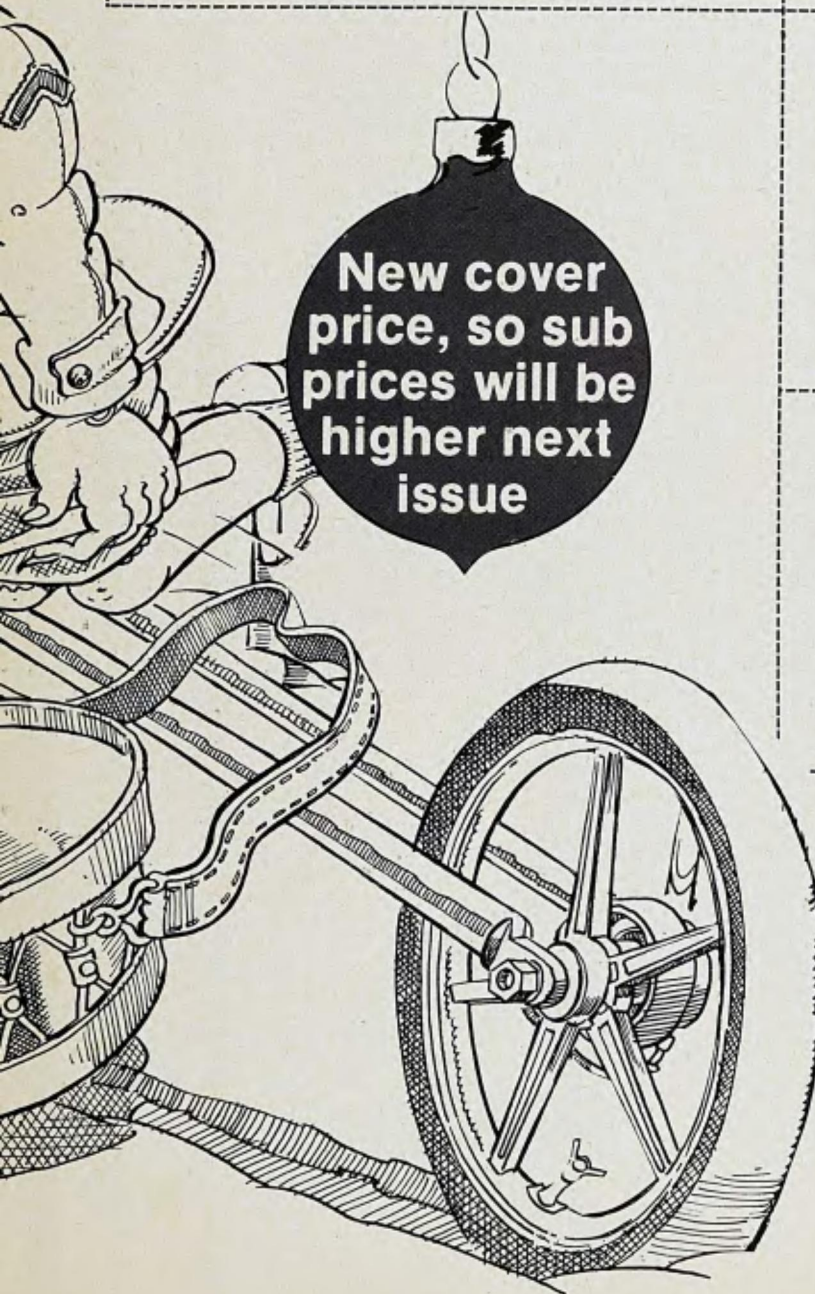
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A Righteous Invite

I hate to be the one to break the news to ya, but it's about time someone straightened out your fuckin' ass. Sorry, bitch, but Spider ain't the best prick around. Ya see, ya cunt, my ol' man is the best all-around. Just ask any bitch. C.W. has got a tongue that can keep ya comin' till ya can't come no more. Then after he's had ya beggin' him to stop, he'll fuck your brains wrong side out, and then right side in again.

I'm giving ya an invite to come visit us and find out for yerself, but be ready to stay 'cause ya ain't gonna want to leave. By the way, I hope ya don't mind if I join in. I love a threesome.

Tits
Las Vegas, Nev.

- I can't stop the heavy breathin' to reply.

Threat or Promise?

Know what I reckon? I reckon you've got a big, hairy, sweaty, dreebily, spotty, smelly fud, an I widnae like tae shag you 'cause I think you would sook me in like a coo and break my pack. Ah think you're just a shag bag.

Jamie
Glasgow, Scotland

- Say what?

Minitrain

Hey, you big-cunt momma. This is from three hard-chargin' 10"-cocked fuckin' jarheads and we want to pull a train on you. We're stuck at the base on air alert, and that means no pussy for three months. So if you can make your way to Camp Geiser, North Carolina, we will eat, fuck, and suck you till the cows come home.

Andy, Lee, Scott & Hoss
Hansin & Horney
North Carolina

- The cows ain't come home here yet.

Mutha Look-Alike

I once knew a girl in high school who looked a lot like you. Her name was Sara Suck 'Em Silly. I took her home once to pork her, but my folks showed up unexpectedly and I had to hide her under my bed. Well, my dad started screaming about the stink, so I told him the dog probably shit under my bed. Suddenly, Sara slid out from under the bed, barked, and ran out the door. My dad took one look and said, "Give that sonuvabitch a bath!" and turned on the TV. What really gets me is, I didn't even own a dog! Tell me, Mutha, are you related to Sara?

Wally Lewis
Represa, Calif.

- Send me a photo.

Ode to Mutha

Sittin' in prison
with nothin' to do,
I decided to pick up a pencil and write a love poem to you.
You're fat, you're ugly, you're a stinkin' ol' whore.
But that just makes me love you all the more.
I've only seen ya in a cartoon picture,
But just the sight of you there makes my heart flicker.
I dream of suckin' the zits on your ass.
While gettin' a whiff of you passin' gas.
I know it'd be heaven to bury my face in your smelly ol' hole.
And to have you suck on my rock-hard pole.
God knows I love you, but Spider does, too.
So I guess my dreams will never come true.

Dennis Strong
Alma, Okla.

- Never can tell.

Bicycle Seats

I heard some people saying that you've been going around sniffin' little boys' bicycle seats

when they get home from school. Especially the ones with a lot of books. What's the deal?

PJ
Westbury, N.Y.

- I'm lookin' for a stiffer education. What the hell do books have to do with it?

Settin' for Mutha?

Down till '81 in this scummy jail and would like ealu to answer my question, you sweet thing. Day in and day out I got to use old Mary Jane and her four daughters. I beat my meat two to three times a day. I'm so horny, I'd fuck a rattlesnake if I could hold it still long enough. But I would settle just to use those nice big tits of yours or qt least that furry pussy.

"Red" Craig
Cheshire, Conn.

- So what's your question?

Makin' It Through

Well, we're no 1%ers, but we know what we do.
The world is a drag without more mamas like you.
Been down more than three years with more than that to do.
We've been searchin' where's all the righteous mamas?
That's what we'd like to know.
Just one good mama, who'll drop us a line
Instead of being too good or not having time.
So we sit here thinkin' of you, 'cause you make us proud.
You're not ashamed to proclaim it; you scream it out loud.
These bars that surround us just don't satisfy our minds;
Been tryin' to make 'em our woman, but it takes a lot of time.

Though **Easyriders** hasn't been comin', we still remember you; Cause without Miraculous Mutha, how would we have made it through?

Knucklehead & Shadow

- Sing to me.

Couche Douche

Me and my friend are doin' time and we started lookin' at your picture and got horny as hell. We got to wonderin' what you douche with. My friend says jet fuel, and I say turpentine. Could you settle our disagreement, you double-chinned bitch?
Lester the Molester, and
Darin LaRue
Mt. Gilead, Ohio

- You horny bastards are both wrong. Come douche is my brand.

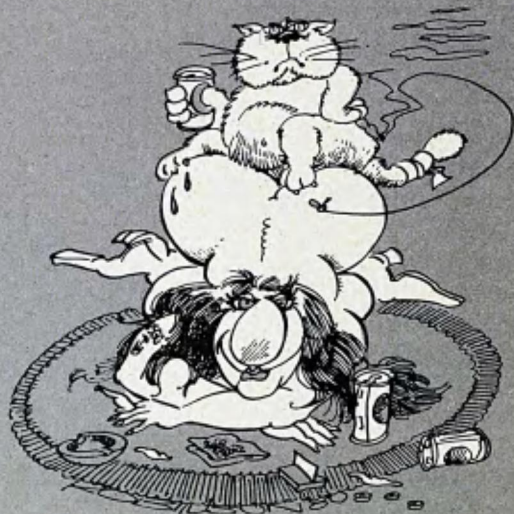
Startin' Early

My son, Michael, who is three years old, loves to look at **Easyriders**. The problem is that he only looks at the pictures that have tits in 'em. One day he saw my dad's girlfriend changin' shirts. Michael looked up at her and said, "I sure like those big tits." Do you think I ought to keep **Easyriders** out of his reach?
S. Hellen
Greenville, N.C.

- What are ya, nuts? Sounds to me like he's learnin' right.

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

Miraculous Mutha Tells All



Choppershopper

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To his bros he was a drunk; to his ol' lady he was love; to the train he was guts. Brian (Animal) is dead. Ride on, bro. D. and T.J. (91)

30-year-old prisoner, getting out in July, looking for a good lady in Calif. Any age. John Pearson, Box B76788, San Quentin, Calif. 94964. (91)

Deadeye, former SOS Nomad, or Uncle Benny needs to contact Elton John, Box 222, Riddle, Ore. 97469. (91)

Up: D.J.D. Gspn: Hpbu. Tuckfdu: Jsho: dpoujove upmsbdf efubmt: Eje zpv lopx uifj fousf pjm tuqqmz npwft ulsv pof qpsu? (91)

Condors MC, Pine Bluff, Ark.: You're all a great bunch of people, including your ol' ladies. See you soon, Tommy. Kathy, Ada, Okla. (91)

Biker moving to California, looking for good-looking blonde to live with. Send photo to Fred Rudolph, Star Route, Henderson, N.C. 27536. (91)

A marriage made through Easyriders. Congratulations, Nancy and George Overhill. May you have a lifetime of happiness and ride together forever. All my love, Peggy. (91)

Wanted: Down bro needs sincere ladies to write. Send photos and scribbles to "Magnum" Andrew Harris, P.O. Box 11475, Lillington, N.C. 27546. (91)

Down-home chili. Feed the gang. \$2 and sase to Mike, Box 3840, San Angelo, Tex. 76901. (91)

Meet sexual friends nationwide. Call Tracy (312) 262-9800. (91)

Deets: Hope you had a happy birthday 10-31-80. Love, R.P. (91)

27-year-old white, 5'11" bro in the army stationed overseas, looking for a chick ready to do some putting. Getting out in March and returning to Ohio. Write Stephen Karpoleon, 461-02-0847, CSC 1/68 Ar., APO, N.Y. 09026. (91)

Ku Klux Klan information sent free to readers of Easyriders magazine. Send sase to White Knights, Box 624, Madera, Calif. 93639. (91)

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 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

T-shirts for the true Harley rider. Send sase for free catalog. Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (89)

John and King in Bricktown, N.J.: Happy 30th birthday! Harley-fuck-in-Davidson—we finally got it. That bike sure looks good in my living room. It will look even better in the garage at our new house with our instant family. Love, Jan. (91)

Independent Harley rider appreciates hearing from younger ladies. Preferably tall, dark, and slender. Phil Banke, Rt. 1, Box 180G, Cornelius, Ore. 97113. (91)

In memory of Dorothy, Playmate 1980: Blown away by shotgun. No one will ever replace you in our hearts. It was all so senseless. Love, Your friends, Vancouver, B.C., Canada. (91)

White female, 27, from upstate N.Y., searchin' for a sincere, tough-lookin', rough-ridin', together but genuine biker to share honest, true freedom from within ourselves, as freedom of ridin' in the wind, and to carry on a sincere, lasting relationship. No brutal bullshitters wanted. Write Linda K., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (91)

True personality is revealed in handwriting. Logical Laura will accurately analyze any handwriting for only \$4. Write to her today. Suite 188, 10528 Lower Azusa Rd., El Monte, Calif. 91731. (91)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Robert King Jr., last known location Chicago, please have him contact Joe Nalysnyk, Box 2146, APO, N.Y. 09009. (91)

Free Poet Gambrell! Poet's an innocent bro sent to the slammer on a murder charge. While he's down, none of us are free! Let's get behind him and set things right. For more info write to Steve, 1766 East Ave., Turlock, Calif. 95380. (91)

Two New York City bros down. Looking for photos and letters from all available chicks. Tony Brienza #80A151, and John Jacob #80A686, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929. (91)

Psychedelic Pete: Happy birthday 12/9 to the best ol' man there is anywhere. Love you always. Hi (91)

45 owners: Big intake valves \$20 a pair. Also have hot cams, Mikuni kits, etc. Send \$5 for catalog to KNS Cycle, 157 Slocum Rd., Marathon, N.Y. 13803. (91)

In memory of Bummer Burke: You will ride in our hearts forever. Love, Rock, Gina, and Lisa. (91)

Happy birthday, Crash (Jan. 8). Here's to us, here's to you, Love, Poopy, Mellow, and Pisser. (91)

Wanted: Lady, 19 and wild-looking, to ride along in '81. Let's get it together. Write Lynn Groner, 107 Viking, Coon Valley, Wis. 54623. (91)

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)

French: Please send earrings to 340 West 16th, Russell, Kan. 67665. Miss you and still love you very much. Sharon. (91)

Tree: It's a little late, but I hope you had a happy 28th birthday Nov. 14. May you ride with the wind forever—and I with you, I love you. Your lady, Squirrel. (91)

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

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

It's so easy to fall in love! But I am so alone. Let us be as one. J. W. Bingley #150-911, P.O. Box 69, London, Ohio 43140. (91)

No more Saturday hassles when you hang this 8x10-inch "Beware of Biker" sign on your door, tell-in' bill collectors, peddlers, and other nards their fate if they make the mistake of botherin' you on weekends or after 5. Effective. Sign plus 50 business cards sayin' the same shit: only \$3 flat. Golden Press, 16390-D West 44th Ave., Golden, Colo. 80401. (91)

Male, 35, wants to meet girl of the future who digs new-wave music. Send phone number. Will travel. D. L., P.O. Box 67A11, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067. (91)

Mike: A belated wish for a happy anniversary (11/25/80)! These have been the best two years of my life. We'll have many more to share. I love you. Me. (91)

First six issues of Easyriders wanted. Your price paid. P. Bell, 84 Ribble Rd., Blackpool, Lancs., England. (91)

Jack B., in Chicago: Heard you moved, and want to get in touch with you. Please call (213) 658-8844 or (213) 257-6619. I miss you, Jan (Nugent/Cat Scratch Fever). (91)

Ex-biker, turned trucker, lookin' for extremely broad-minded ol' lady who's interested in seelin' lotsa country. Please send letter, flick, and phone to Saddle Tramp, P.O. Box 302, Loyal, Wis. 54446. (93)

Returning from the straight life to Harley Heaven. Neat, personable, and together biker lookin' for a lady without bullshit. Send info and photo for same to Bob Doty, P.O. Box 29171 Thornton, Colo. 80229. (91)

Outriders, Vallejo chapter: Get in touch with the Midget, Johnstown chapter, 18 N. Melcher, Johnstown, N.Y. 12095. (91)

45-cu.-in. custom 1948 H-D 3-speed with reverse. Extra motor and transmission. All for \$2,500. Contact Randy Davis, Rt. 2, Box 196, Coeburn, Va. 24230. Telephone (703) 395-7124. (91)

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)

Collector's item: Old record album promotion poster of John Lennon and Yoko Ono, completely nude. Supply limited. \$7.95. Write Poster, Box 689, 104 Charles St., Boston, Mass. 02114. (94)

Wanted: Alive, righteous ol' lady for get-down outlaw. Send flick. Free in '81. Jimmy Smith #289265, Box 16, 8-Dorm, Lovelady, Tex. 75851. (91)

Paul Biscarret, the best ol' man around: You spoiled me. Missing you more and more every day. I love you always. Your Shirley. (91)

Richard Collins: You're the best thing that has ever happened to me. You've showed me what true is all about. I'll always love you. Sherry. (91)

Booger: I do love and need you. You're teaching me how to have trust in someone again. I also know you'll never be sorry, 'cause I've got a lifetime of love and caring for you, for as long as you want. A scared Shthead. (91)

Ladies, I've been down so long I can hardly remember what it smells like. But I will rise again 11-81. Wish to find special angel before release, to maybe visit me until 11-81 and have further relationship afterward. I'm 23, dark-haired, green-eyed, 170 lbs., 5'11". I'll answer all letters honestly and sincerely. Alan Anthony #06-0229, P.O. Box 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821. Mail number 128. (91)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (91)

Females: Down bro with a temporary billion to do, 5% done. Correspondence urgently wanted. All open-minded, sincere, free-willed female companions needed. I'm white, 25, bluish-green eyes, dish-water hair, and lonely as the dead. Write and send flick to Richard Seibert #B-136876, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204. (91)

For David Devore: Miss ya, buddy. Lots of us do. You and Bob keep me a cold one ready, all right? See ya there. Jes. (91)

For Bob Devore: Ride free, pal. Catch ya when I get there. Jes. (91)

Salvatore, MBMC, Montreal, Quebec. Happy birthday Dec. 10. May you be forever free, and thanks for showing me how to be. Thinking of you. Penelope. (91)

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

Thank you, Peacemakers of Rochester, N.Y., and everyone who attended Lost Weekend Rally, August 1980. We had a fantastic time. Laura B. and Pam T. Lansing, Mich. Special thanks to Mark and Claude. (91)

Death-row prisoner would like to correspond with ladies. Jim "Fuzzy" Jeffers, Box B38604, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (91)

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)

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

—Continued on page 126

John Kay and Steppenwolf~

RETURN OF A LEGEND

I was flippin' through the entertainment section of the Sunday paper when a group name jumped out at me: John Kay and Steppenwolf. They were back, scheduled to play a club down on the beach. Ten minutes later, I was into my precious stash, torn with indecision over which tune to play first. It had to be "Born To Be Wild," followed by "Magic Carpet Ride" and "Rock Me" and "The Pusher" and on and on. Then, after a little wine and a little weed, it was time to get into John's solo "Easy Evil." And that, brothers and sisters, did it. I knew I had to interview the dude.

It was a hot summer night and Pacific Coast Highway was filled with people and vehicles heading for the beaches, the skate paths, the clubs. I pulled up in front of the Golden Bear Club, pleased to see a row of gleaming Harleys out front. All right! The club was packed, as was the area out front. Everyone was laid back, the sweet smell of weed filled the air outside, and the scene felt right, like the old days.

It seemed as if the opening act was on stage forever. Then the stage lights went up, the band was announced, and there they were: four unfamiliar faces and the one and only John Kay. The sets were a mix of old and new tunes, all done in the unmistakable Steppenwolf style. The crowd, a blend of young and old, loved it all. And when the band went into "Born To Be Wild," everyone was shouting! Damn! It just felt so good! And they did "Magic Carpet Ride" and "Sookie, Sookie" and Hoyt Axton's "Snowblind Friend," all in the way they used to sound.

The band is dynamite, a tight, smooth-working group of musicians who look as if they really dig what they're doing. But now, as before, it was Kay's strong, rugged, blues-tinged voice that made it all happen. The man behind the pitch-dark glasses was back, sounding the way he did the first time he growled his way into my life. Saturday night they encored with "The Pusher" and the place went wild. No doubt about it, that good, kickass Steppenwolf rock and roll was back.

The band had just returned to Los Angeles after nearly six months on the road, so, after a few days' rest, John invited me up to his house in the Hollywood Hills for the interview. When I arrived, I had *Easyriders* T-shirts for the group so, quite naturally, the conversation turned to "Born To Be Wild" and the movie *Easy Rider*. Was he into bikes? Well, it seemed that once, when he was a teenager, he borrowed a friend's NSU, rode it all over a field, and knocked the shit out of it. You see, John Kay is legally blind and has been since birth. He is color-blind and his eyes are so sensitive to light that the heavy shades he wears are not just a trademark, they're a necessity. Naturally then, he cannot ride a motorcycle or drive a car.

— Lin

ER: A lot of people relate to you and "Born To Be Wild" because of the intense feeling you put into this song. They relate it to motorcycles, of course, and some of us remember the hot rod days. And yet you, because of your eyesight, cannot ride a motorcycle or drive. Nonetheless,

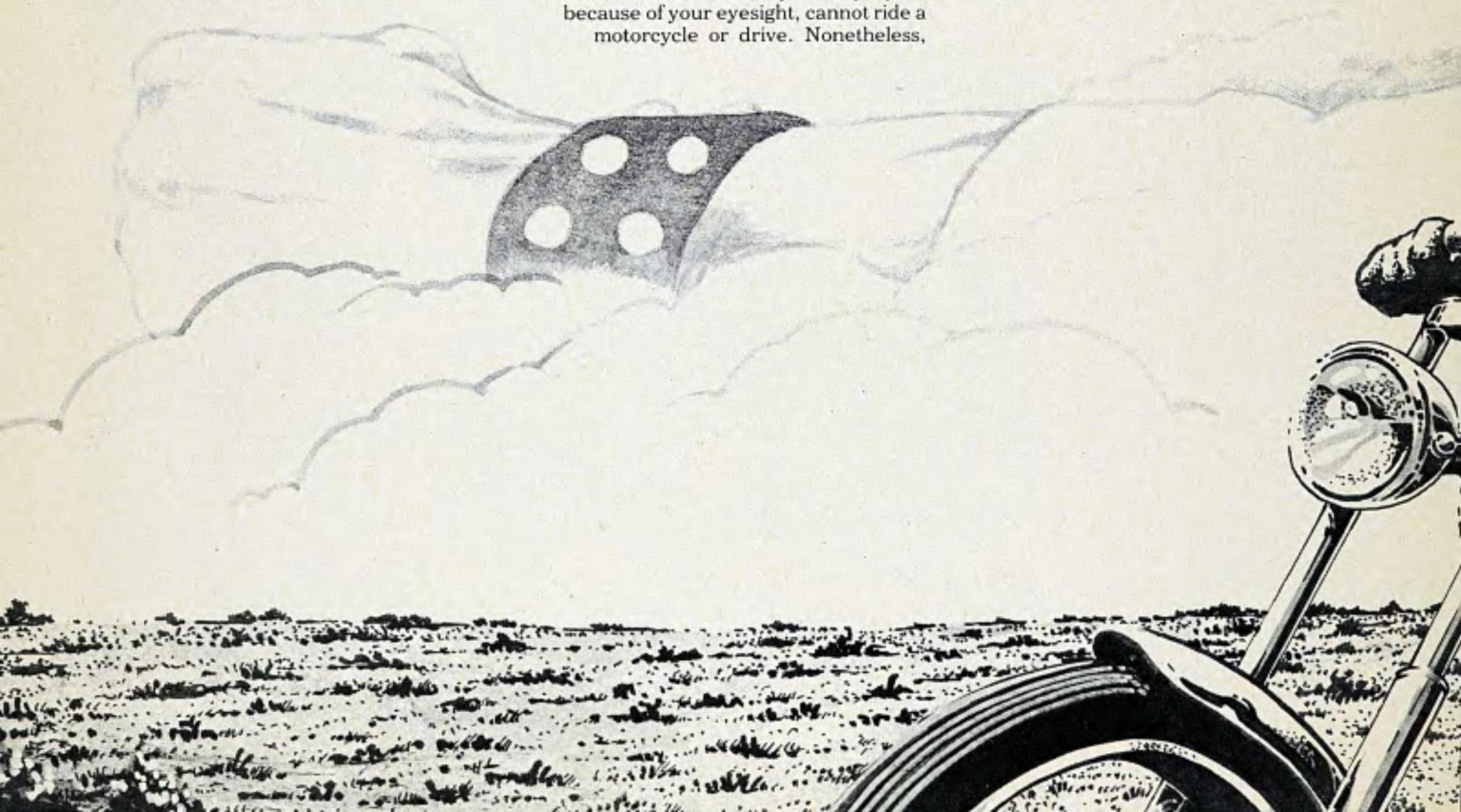
you convey the feeling that you are out there, on the highway, experiencing those feelings. How do you do it?

KAY: Well, of course, the reference of the tune was to cars, motorcycles — get your motor running. To me, that really is a metaphor of escape, rebellion. The better rock and roll tunes over the years have always had a certain aspect of rebellion. Anyone who was semi-alive in the fifties recalls that it was an incredibly dreary period to be growing up in. As far as I can remember, when that music burst on the scene, it was the first shot in the arm that the whole decade had received — something for the young people to hoot about.

ER: Were you in Canada at that time? And did you get into the music there?

KAY: I was in West Germany until 1958, and I was exposed to rock and roll in Germany by way of the American and British armed forces networks, which were beginning to play rock and roll on a very selective or limited basis, from about '56 on. So I caught the beginning of rock and roll over there between '56 and '58, and I determined then that's what I wanted to do. As it turned out, my parents and I then emigrated to

—Continued on page 95





Ol' Lady Contest

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

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

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

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

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

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is December 26. We'll print the winner in the March issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #91 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Cheri



Susan



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.



Heidi



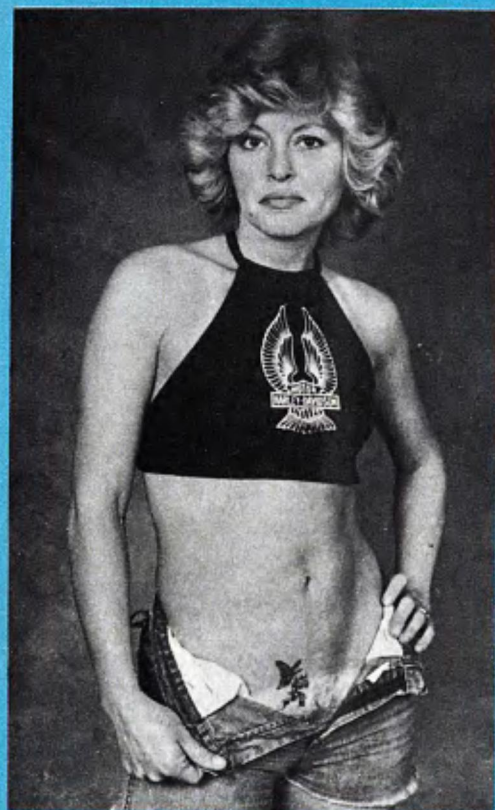
Beth



Cathy



Gayla



Ol' Lady Of The Month

Here she is, folks — Janie, the seventh winner in the 1980 Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Amanda, Clara, and Termite.



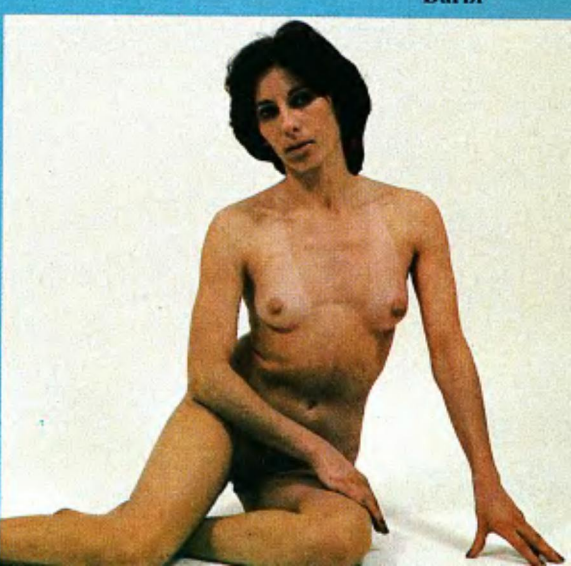
Barbi



Emily



Cat



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 1 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 Bro M.C., Watertown, S.D.



— from Rebel Yell and Hud, Hampton, Va.



— from Wild Lady, Austin, Tex.



— from Wind Mills, Ketchum, Idaho



— from Red Hot, Jackson, Tenn.



— from Kommandant, Springfield, Mo.





— from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



— from Wind Mills, Ketchum, Idaho



Sunshine Dreams

Someone said that someday
When he's got the money and time
He's going to fly away to Florida
And live his life in sunshine

So for years he dreams and plans ahead
He works hard at staying alive
His sunshine dream comes true at last
He's in Florida, but he's sixty-five
Live today, give it all you've got
Keep memories and dream some
But yesterday is far behind
And tomorrow will never come

Don't wait around for someday
To make living your life better
Time moves on until it's gone
But the road goes on forever

— Crow's Ol' Lady



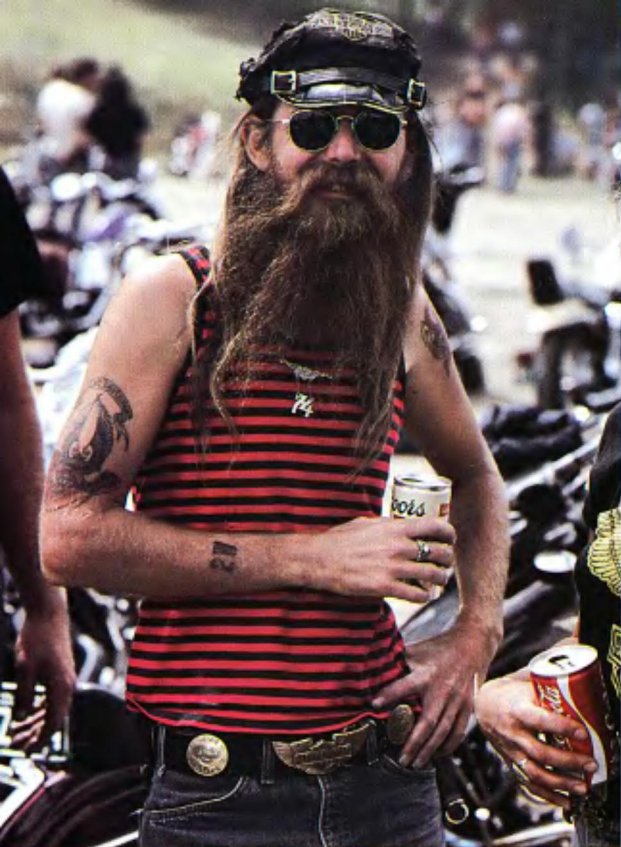
— from Mad Crate Builder, Lake Stevens, Wash.

— from Bro M.C., Watertown, S.D.

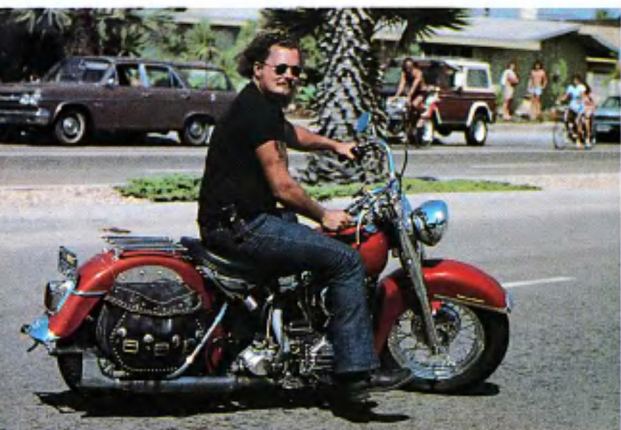


— from Trooper, Philadelphia, Pa.





— from Woody, Bumphuk, Colo.



— from Chuck Houck, Ventura, Calif.



— from Stephen Bowie, Cedar Lake, Ind.



— from Karen Borchers, Dayton, Ohio



— from Billy Tinney, Houston, Tex.



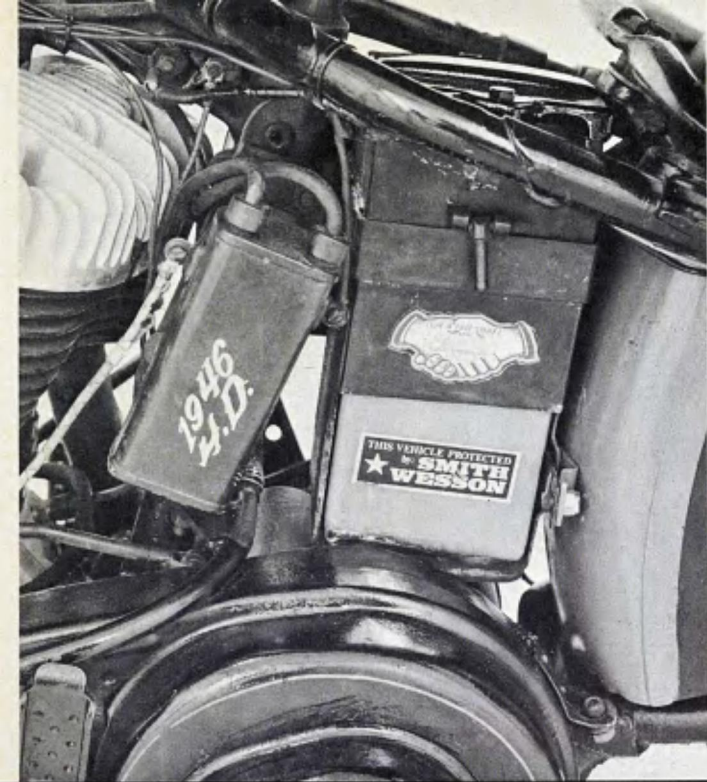
— from Rick Homer, Crockett, Calif.





50~Buck

*— all this and
a reverse
gear too!*



Investment Led To This Jewel

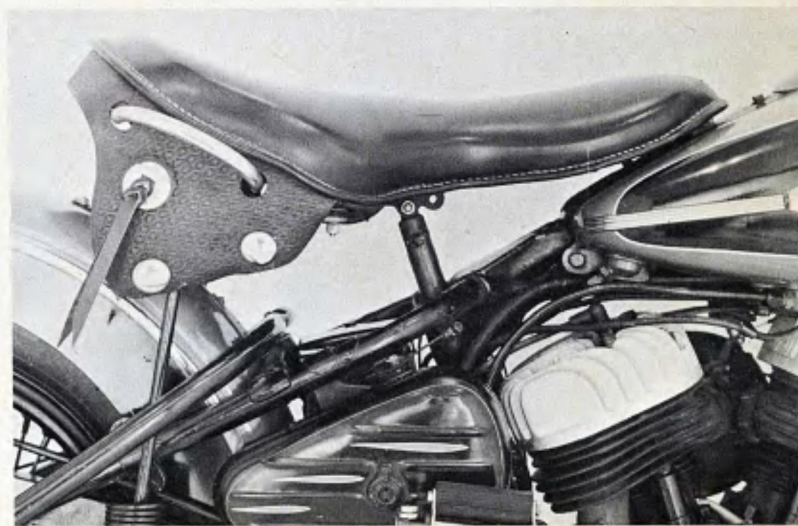
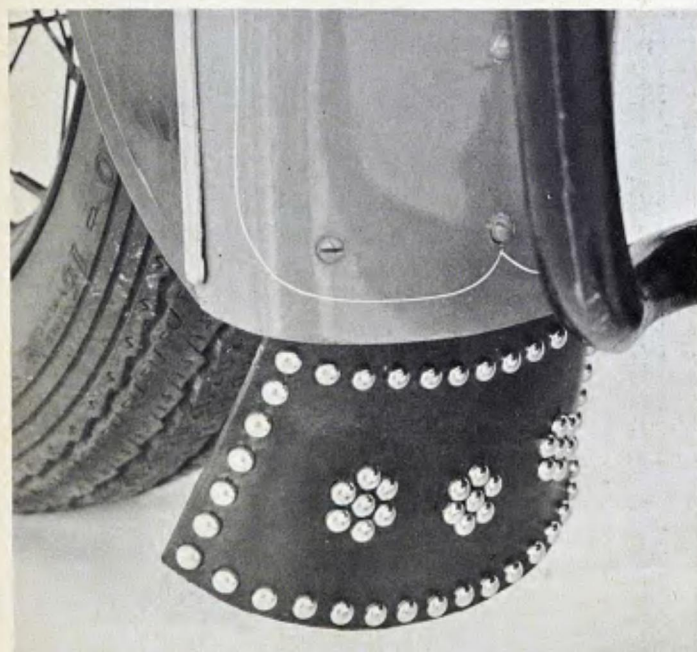
Here's photographic proof that old Harleys never die. The four-five is one of the most popular Hogs, especially in Europe, because of our army's abandoning a jillion of them all over the European countryside after WWII. And over here it seems like every time you turn around nowadays you see either a restored 45 (complete with olive drab paint, ammo box, and a rifle sheath on the front fender and fork) or a tasty customized version like Mike Manis's that you see here.

Since the bike was designed and built for war-

time duty (it was the motocrosser of its time), it suffers a little from a case of the uglies in its original condition. But let a hip biker or custom shop like John's Custom Bikes in Fresno, California, get hold of it, and *voila* — you have a jewel with the fatbob, low-rider look more and more bros are getting into.

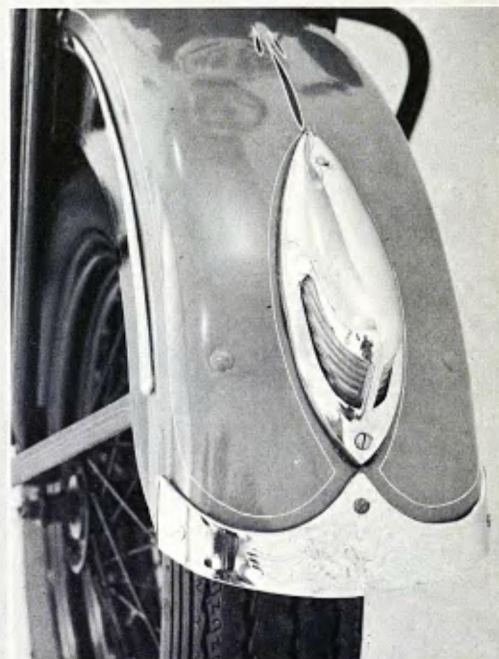
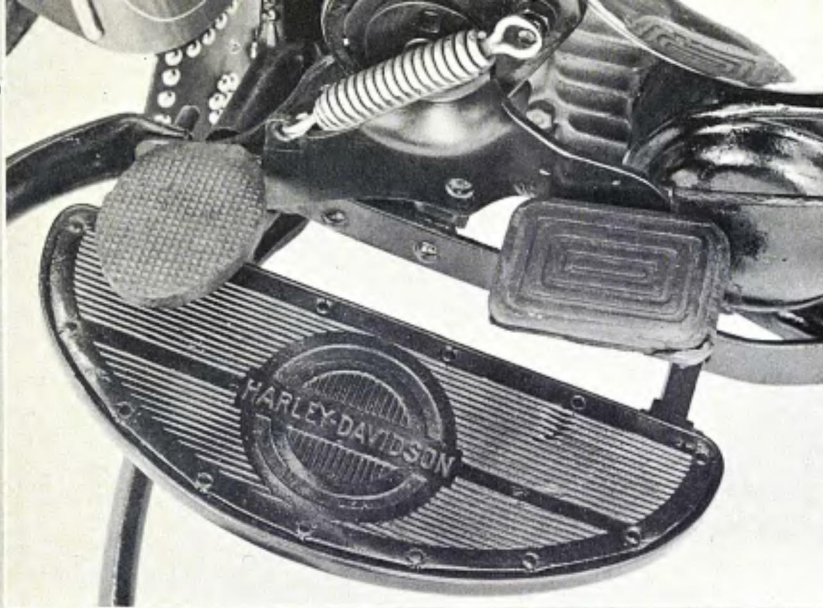
If you are lucky enough to know where one is located, grab it. Mike's scoot gives you a good idea of the possibilities. Forget that it's only 45

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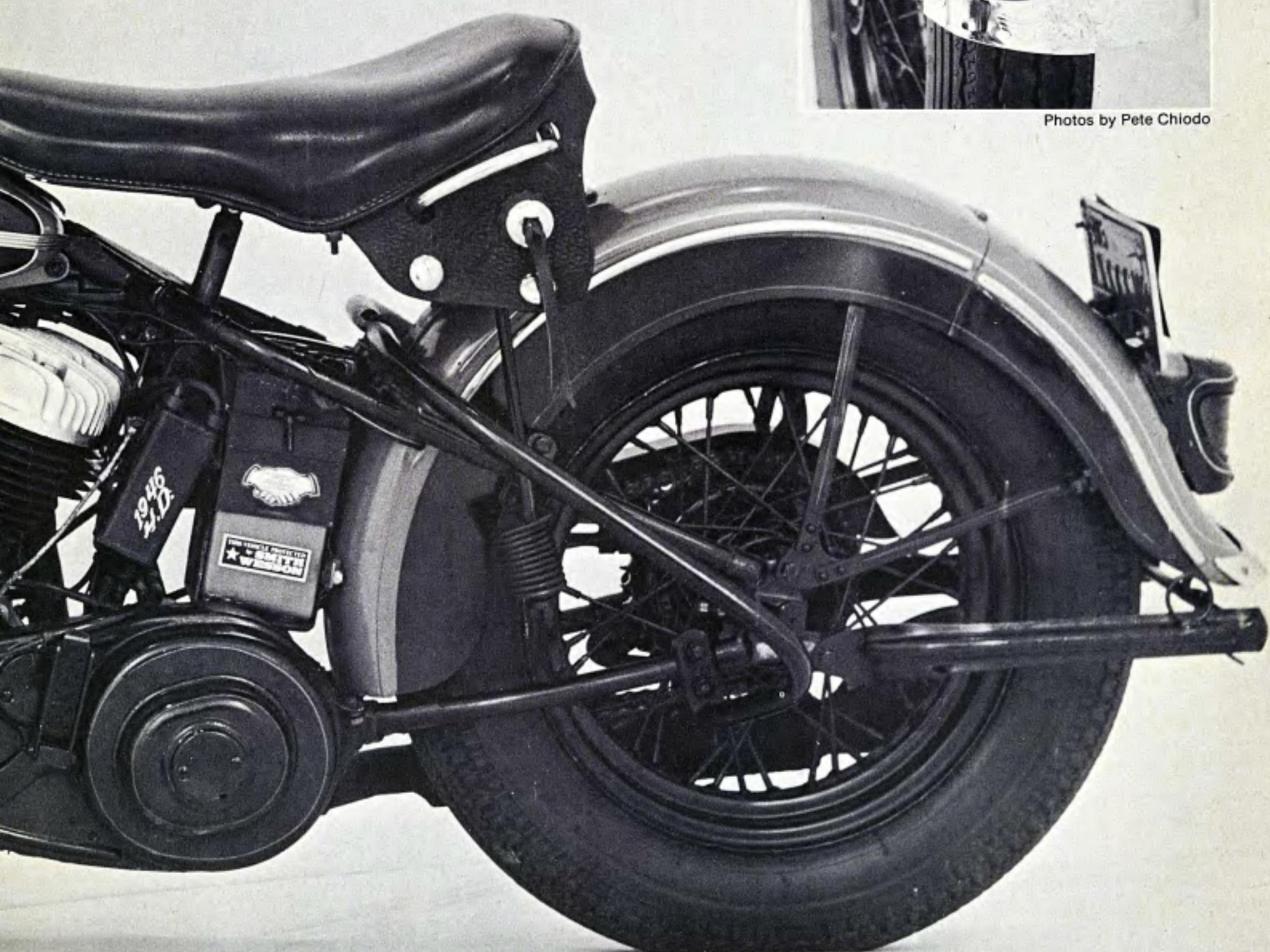


50-Buck Investment

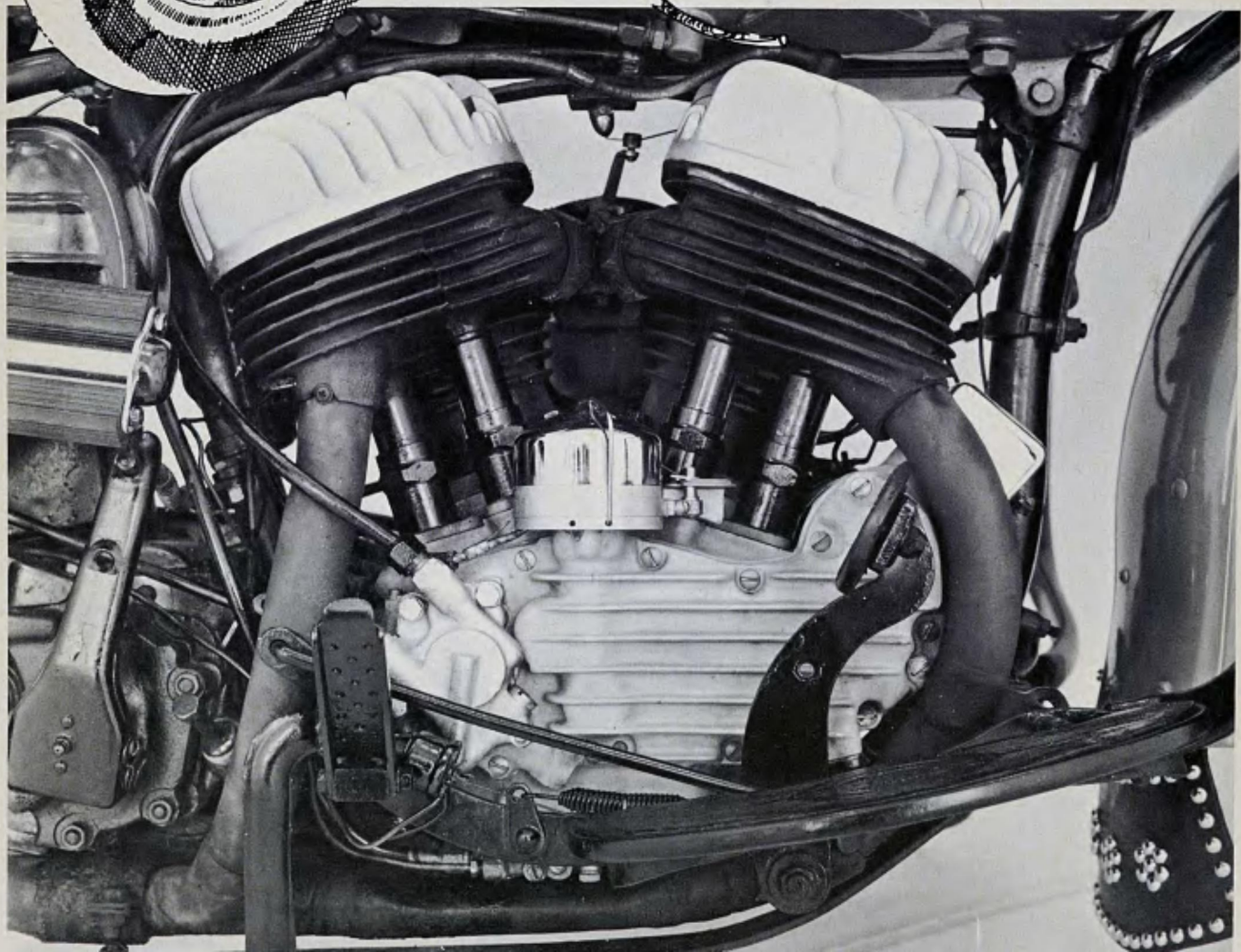
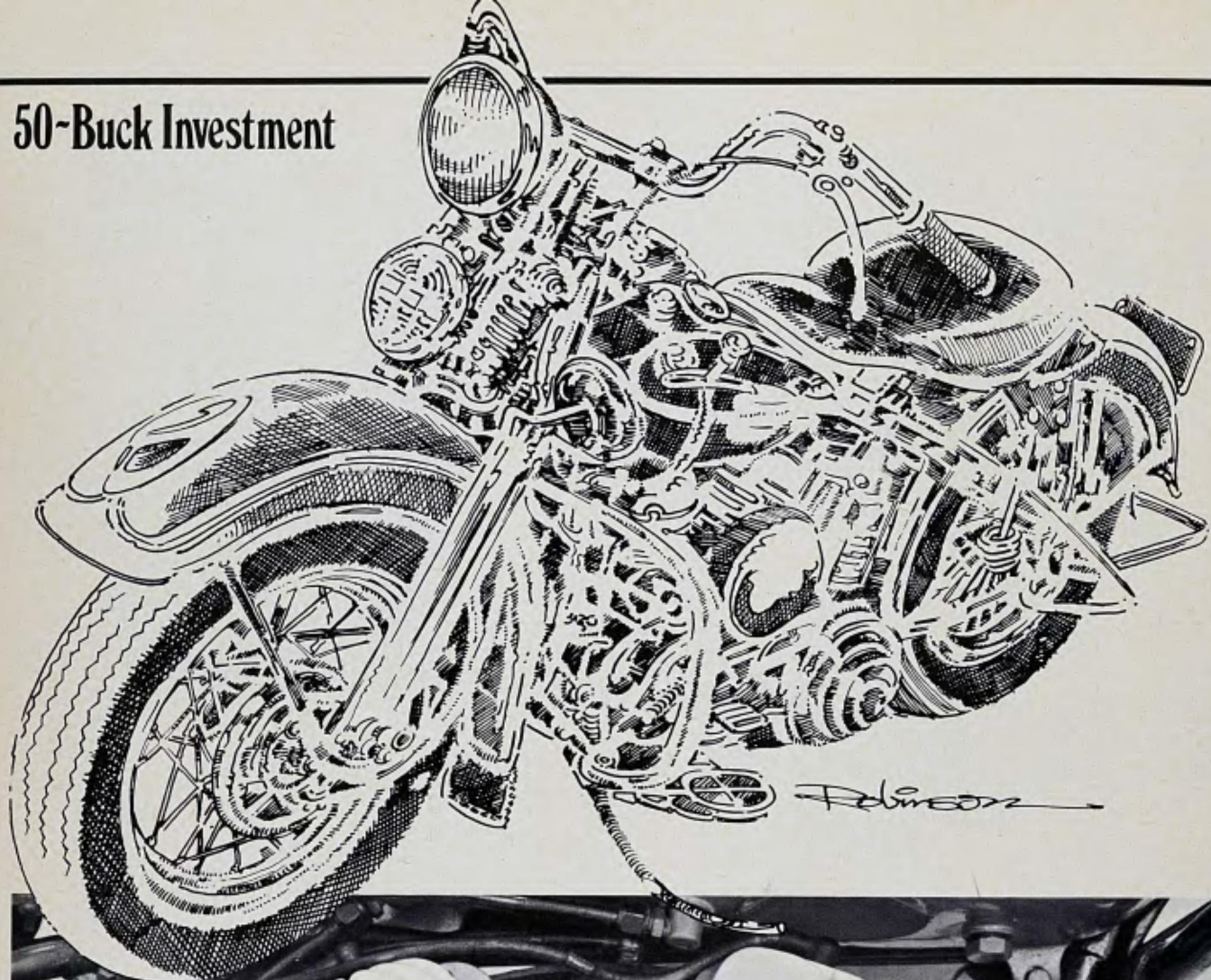


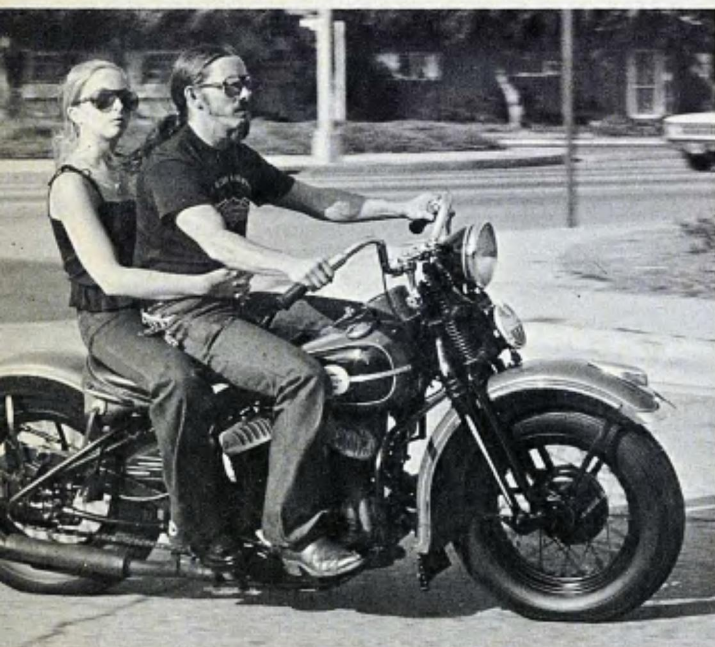


Photos by Pete Chlodo



50-Buck Investment





Owners: Mike Manis **City:** Fresno, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1946 H-D
Model: flathead 45
Value: irreplaceable
Assembly: owner
Time: 8 months
Chroming by: Valley Chrome

Frame

Year: 1946
Builder: H-D
Type: hardtail
Rake: none
Stretch: none
Other alterations: painted

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1946
Model: dependable
Rebuilder: John's Custom Bikes
Ignition: yes
Displacement: 45 cu. in.
Lower end: stock
Balancing: none
Pistons: Robbins
Cases: blasted
Heads: aluminum
Cam: stock
Lifters: stock
Carb(s): Linkert
Air cleaner: stock
Pipes: leaky
Muffler(s): old H-D fishtail

Bars: Flanders
Risers: Flanders
Fender(s): fat
Headlight: dim
Taillight: dimmer
Speedo: H-D
Front pegs: footboards
Rear pegs: stock
Electrics: 6v
Gas tank: on the left
Oil tank: on the right
Oil system: works
Primary cover: leaks
Seat: Brian Withrow
Sissy bar: no such thing
Height: stock fender straps
Material: nope

Transmission

Modifications: rebuilt
Year: 1946 3-speed with reverse
Shifting: hand
Engine sprocket: stock
Trans sprocket: 21

Forks

Type: springer glide
Extension: none
Builder: H-D
Special features: shock and adjuster

Wheels

	Front:	Rear:
Wheel sprocket: stock	Size: 16	Size: 16
	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
	Rim width: 5 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
	Tire: Jap	Tire: Goodyear
	Brake: so-so	Brake: better

Special paint: striping by Neil Averill

Other special modifications: original optional fender tips, mud flap front fender, skid plate on exhaust pipe.

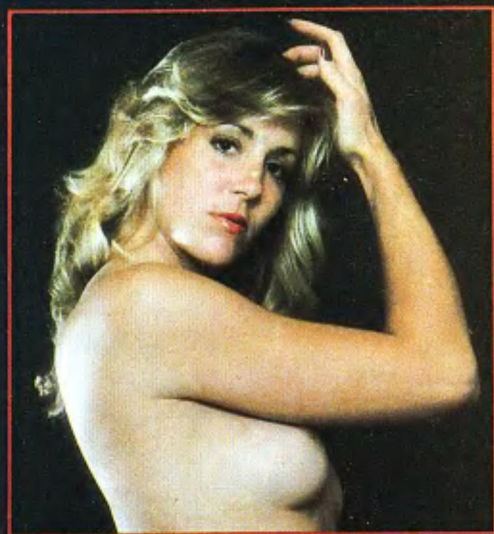
cubic inches. It's still lotsa rugged bike with a righteous, honorable past, and it will only increase in value as each year goes by. For those of you with the bucks, it's a great second bike, and if you can keep your chauvinistic tendencies in check, it could be a good scoot for the ol' lady. But watch out if it has a reverse gear like Mike's. Your ol' lady might come flyin' backwards at ya sometime (after she's dipped into your good stuff) and snivel, "But honey, who would expect a reverse on a motorsickle?"

— Cog

Holly's Secrets

Holly loves to strut nude in front of strange men. "I like to feel the surge of power I get when their eyes light up. I know for that moment I'm the star, and everything I do during my dance is aimed at arousing them. I like to leave them gasping, then ride home behind my man on his Harley. When I get there I'm usually so horny I try to rape him in the yard. Anything I can do for him pleases me. My greatest pleasure comes when he says, 'You did good,' as I hand him my cash." Holly likes her man lean,





Photos by Billy Tinney





mean, and dressed in black leather. She says, "The smell of leather starts my motor, and the feel of a hard man keeps it running."

Her motor is nicely encased in a stretched 5-foot, 10-inch frame. Her twin jugs displace 36 inches, tapering to a 25-inch waist before dropping to a 36-inch lower end. Her extended legs absorb the road shock she gets packing on a pillow pad.

"I like the pounding I get on the back of a rigid-frame Harley. The vibrations give me a rush better than amyl nitrate. I press my tits into my man's back till the nipples get hard, and I thrust my thighs against him as he grinds down the freeway. The bumps really bring me off — my seat. I like to warm my hands in his pants till his glasses fog up, then pull to the side of the road and make love on the seat."

Holly is a black belt in Tae Kwon Do and

doesn't mind mixing it up if provoked. She comes in handy for the light work when a tight breaks out. Those long legs pack quite a kick, as a few startled bar fighters have found out.

She says, "A good fight turns me on almost as much as a putt on a Harley. I like to kick ass, then make love to my man while I'm still excited. This is one of our best turn-ons; the lovemaking gets hot and heavy after a big brawl."

"I take care of my man in every way: polish his chrome, carry his beer, roll his joints, or anything else he tells me to do. To please him is to please me. He makes me feel better than I've ever felt. He instructs me and gives direction to my life. If I'm bad he spansks me, and if I'm good... well, I'm not going to tell his secrets, but it makes me a whole woman. I'm his as long as he will have me."

— Kickass





Con Job

by Rudy Zamora



It happened fast. She stepped out from behind the row of overflowing trash-cans — a small girl clutching a kitten — and the narrow alley wasn't empty anymore. Still high from a heavy night's partying and knowing I couldn't stop the pan-head that quick, I had about three lousy seconds to swerve and pray.

The kid froze — and that saved her. But the terrified kitten squirmed outta the skinny arms and I felt the soft *thump* as a rear wheel went over it. Brodyng wildly, the bike and I swung completely around on the unpaved surface and ended up facing the direction from which we had come thundering.

I stumbled over to the kid. Together we stood there, watching the squashed kitten quiver out its life in the dirt. It finally made one last spasm.

"Are you all right?" I demanded in Spanish.

Big black eyes brimming with tears lifted to mine. The delicate mouth trembled. "Y-you hurt m-my kitty," she said solemnly.

Hunkering down, I studied the goddam cat. It was deader than shit. Thoughtfully I poked its bloodied guts back behind the tiny bared fangs. Right then I mighta acted like the ruthless bastard I can be, and split. Instead, I suddenly found myself flashing on a long-forgotten scene: the small chicano boy staring numbly at his mangled puppy while a truck rumbled away down a busy city street. The sick, paralyzed sensation of loss and grief.

My eyes swung to the little girl. A thin wisp of a kid in a torn and faded cheap dress. Barefooted. Probably just one of a whole horde of brothers and sisters. I doubted that she had ever owned a doll. The goddam kitten had been her only possession. Even poor gringo kids are richies compared with *los pobres*, the really

— Continued on page 93

Protect your valuables

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.

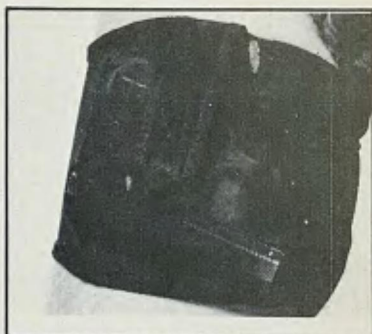
The pocket stretches and can hold more than its apparent capacity. It has a flap that holds everything securely inside and will not open.

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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.

In memory of "Easy Ed," a brother we loved and will always remember, a good man who lived hard and died too young. Sue, Bro Titt, Mitch, and Tris.

In memory of Joe Mackie, a dynamite bro who died far too fuckin' young. Sadly missed, and never forgotten. Later, brother, Bobby Armbruster, Newark, Del.

To Tracy Tibbitts, my special cousin, always riding free in the wind, your wings spread like an eagle's until the guardrail ended your flight. Ride the galaxy, Toby and I will always love you, Kim "Siggy" Sanborn.

In memory of London Mitchell, run down by a 4-wheeler. A righteous brother who died too young. You will never be forgotten. Ride forever. Your mom, bros, and sisters in Pryor, Okla.

In memory of Willie "Bad Ass" Homsley, gunned down in his best years. Keep riding high in the sky, brother. You're the best, Dennis and Holly, Fairbanks, Alaska.

Rocky Lee Cole, you will live in our hearts forever. Ride free, missed by Gail and your brothers and sisters from southeastern Michigan.

In memory of "Boogie-Chek." You'll always ride in our hearts until we can ride together. May your new road be smoother. Ride free, brother. Red Bird and all the bros.

In memory of "Muck," who was shot down. Ride on forever, bro. We'll never forget ya. See ya again, Scatterbrain and Pig.

In memory of "Doc," the old man. We didn't know him long, but let no man ever cross him in the sky. His bros, The Centurions, Marshall, Ill.

In memory of Jimmy Stewart 8/9/80, vice-pres., ABATE of Amsterdam, New York. A true 1%er and a true bro. Went out on his Harley and wouldn't have had it any other way. We love you, Lowlife and Mutha Ward.

In memory of Denny Cummings 8/1/80, killed when a drunk crossed the center line forever depriving us of his beautiful face. Love, Mary and all the rest of us.

In memory of Mike Finnegan, one fine bro who'll forever be missed by all who knew his long heart. Especially by his ol' lady, who walked out to a free world too quiet without his sound. Ride free. With ya forever, Tina and your brothers and sisters in Fresno.

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.

30-yr.-old German interested in hearing from all ladies. Send photos. Detlef Gehendges, Box G, Troy, N.C. 27371.

We wish to receive letters and photos from ladies who love the wind. The wind is free and there is joy in freedom! Richard L. Holm #268213 and Joe Mitro #28079, Box 16, 8 Dorm, Lovelady, Texas 75851.

Warm and sincere bro looking for companionship. Females of all ages needed to share mellow times. Rick Schuler #152-883, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Downed bro, 28, would like to hear from open-minded ladies. Send flicks. Bobby D. McPherson #10851-68, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

21-yr.-old dude would like to hear from women 18-35. Looks not important. Aaron Hill #32950, Box 2800, Lincoln, Neb. 68502.

Looking for a foxy lady to help me ease my lonely days with mail and photos. Lon Wesner #151-770, 15802 State Route 104, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601.

40-yr.-old w/m prisoner urgently needs lady to correspond with. Don J. Slater #24025, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Ohio biker down and wants to hear from all you foxes out there! Please! Graham Dean #151646, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Two bros from L.A. looking for good-hearted women. Write and send photos. Mike Correll #E-98785 and Greg Cook #C04193, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Would like to hear from some lonely and sassy women. Larry E. Archer, Rt. 2, Box 1200 (9-East), Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

28-yr.-old doin' time would like to have nice ladies to correspond with. Photos would be nice. David Cole #120082, 702 Sanderson Rd., Chesapeake, Va. 23322.

Lonely bro in need of a sweet young lady, 25 to 30. All letters answered. Pete Rock #157-185, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Down-and-out freewheeler needs mail from a female. John Williams #91874, Hunt Correctional Center, Box 174, St. Gabriel, La. 70776.

Got a stamp? Write a tramp. Visits and flicks. S. J. Eggenberger, CTF(N) Box C-17395, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Trapped 31-yr.-old lookin' for foxy ladies for mail, visits, and? Tom Sublett, Box B-98804, Tamal, Calif. 94974.

Canadian running solo, downed on a deuce. Need up-front, righteous woman. Must be sincere, mind unclad, and cherish the wind. S. L. Stewart #24249, Box 900, 5B-314, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

It's a hummer doin' time with nobody to write to. Would appreciate any letters from anybody at all. Rod Bischoff #0416, Box 2290, Edmonton Institution, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5J 3H7.

Really need some help. Local gals, please write. Michael Bralnard #148228, Michigan Dunes Corr. Fac., Rt. 1 6605 W. 138th Ave., Holland, Mich. 49423.

Would like to find a gal who's looking for that certain dude. Photos welcome. Chester Stapleton #155077, Michigan Dunes Corr. Fac., Rt. 1 6605 W. 138th Ave., Holland, Mich. 49423.

Down for a dime. Ladies, help your Harley bro do this time. Harley David Munsey #7660, Indiana State Prison, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Attention, ladies! Good-looking downed bro needs good woman to ride the wind with. Will answer all. Steve Markee #159329, KCF, Kincheloe AFB, Mich. 49788.

Lonesome w/m would like to write to any ladies 18-35 interested in serious relationship. Steven McAllister #B-75809, San Quentin, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

6'5" Scorpio would like to correspond with and have visits from all foxy chicks who would help me make hard times a bit more interesting. Ronald B. Taylor #11149-05, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Calling all nice chicks who wish to write and help ease my way to freedom. Don Wallis #78-B-1442, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

Here I sit, lonely in my cell. Wish I was out raising hell! So, all you nice chicks, write me a line; I'll make damn sure it's worth your time. Dwain Harts #119927, 701 Sanderson Rd., Chesapeake, Va. 23322.

California bro, 37, needs letters from foxy housewives in Indiana. W. Mortimer #01414-045, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

Ladies, what about astral sex? Let's take it beyond words. Write this 23-yr.-old, blue-eyed prisoner. Gregory Edwards #288827, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

I'm just a young tramp doin' time. Got a nickel, instead of a dime. Tryin' to get out with all my might. So if you like Aries, maybe you'll write. Larry Tonies #9248, 3405 Deer Park Dr. S.E., Salem, Ore. 97310.

How about you ladies showing a downed bro some concern? Send photos. Richard Waugh #128625, Box E. Jackson, Mich. 49204.

In Oklahoma and very lonely. Please write. Kirk Wayne Brogie #107128, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

25-yr.-old w/m needs ladies in the area to write and visit. Donald Dicken #71115, Box 188, LaGrange, Ky. 40031.

Lonely bro will answer all letters. Ronald W. Magee, #281638, Eastham 3-Dorm, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

Downed 25-yr.-old northern biker stuck in a southern prison. Sure could use some mail and photos from good hearts. David E. Donell, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Would like to meet mature, understanding woman for a mutually lasting relationship. Photo please. Sharkey Sanford #74A-257, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Yes freak (24) close to the edge. Ladies, please write. Matt Beverly, Box 37, Holman St., Ala. 36503.

Young, single ladies: 30-yr.-old biker would like mail and photos. Jimmy Orozco #236885, Rt. 1, Box 150, Coffield Unit, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

Notice: Beautiful ladies, I am single and I need someone who cares. Please write. Bob Swanson #94198, McLeod Correctional Center, R.R. 1, Farris, Okla. 74542.

29-yr.-old with year to go wants some letters and pictures from the ladies. James Hughes #81756, CB 3-30-3, 1515 Gist St., Columbia, S.C. 29202.

California youngster (18) desires perfumed correspondence with foxy photos to end the blues. Jeffrey Sullivan #C-17090, 49-02, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

25-yr.-old looking for sincere, lasting correspondence with a sweet lady who understands loneliness. Thomas Goad #C-16429, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Lonely Italian would like to hear from all fine and foxy women. Pix please. Joseph Beneventi #A-80083, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62295.

Downed bros facing 7 yrs. would like some scribes and pix from sincere ladies. William Heigel and Steven Von Jorne, 701 Ball Ave. N.E., Grand Rapids, Mich. 49503.

Two lonely bros in Texas joint. Need letters and flicks from good-lookin' chicks. Scott Kennedy #298358 and Bill Wray #286490, Rt. 1, Box 150, Coffield Unit, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

33-yr.-old, good-looking male would like to hear from foxy ladies. John Bednarik, Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362.

Biker tattoo artist would like to hear from any chicks, 16 and up. Will answer all. Mike Lecuyer #21177-048, Box 7, Terminal Island, Calif. 90731.

Blue-eyed weightlifter, down 4 yrs., would like to hear from ladies. Mike Hooper, Box 7000, Unit A-2, Texarkana, Tex. 75501.

Downed 32-yr.-old 1%er needs mail and pix from young ladies. Bill Brennan (aka Rossi), Box 14 NHSP, Concord, N.H. 03301.

Southern California Mex looking for a righteous ol' lady who cares. Daniel R. Gonzalez, Box C-17868, Represa, Calif. 95671.

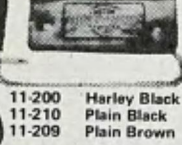
22-yr.-old, good-lookin' biker seeking mail from ladies who like to write and send flicks. Wayne Fureson #A-87790, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Venice, Calif., bro doin' time in Florida needs letters from ladies. Can dig some pix if ya got 'em. Dan O'Boyle #A033038, Box 158, H-24, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

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SANTA CLAUS

—Continued from page 13

his chair. "I don't believe it! I don't believe they would do this to me!"

Big Ralph laughed. "Shit! That dude down at the agency said the same thing, but I convinced him I was the dude for the job."

Marvin Mergatroyd was in a real dilemma. For one thing, White's had a reputation to protect, and they had advertised that Santa would be at their store on December 11 at 4:00 p.m. to greet the little kiddies. And, since it was only ten minutes before four o'clock, this left Marvin with a mighty big problem. He sat there for several of those minutes, silently hoping that by some miracle another Santa would walk through his office door. When this failed to occur, he sighed heavily and admitted his defeat.

"Okay, okay. So you are our Santa — at least until I can find another one. I'll show you to the Santa's sleigh platform where you will sit and meet the children. But so help me, if you mess this thing up, I will see to it that you get life in prison, or are burned at the stake. Do you understand me?"

Ralph gave the small man a smug grin. "Sure thing, Marv, ol' buddy! Just show me where the little darlings are to be told all this bullshit about Christmas!"

With reluctant steps, Marvin led the way to the dressing room and then on to the sleigh, where Santa would meet the kids. With one last warning, and several whispered threats, he left the biker. Returning to his office, he silently prayed for an earthquake, so he could close the store early.

The first kid was a little girl about six years old. She climbed onto Ralph's gigantic lap, all smiles and full of Christmas joy.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" greeted the scooter tramp loudly.

"Ho-ho-ho-yourself, Santa Claus!" replied the darling munchkin.

"And what would you like for Christmas this year?"

"Well, I wanna a doll that walks, and a doll house, and a puppy dog, and a . . ." Ten minutes later, the little girl gulped, grimaced in thought, and for the life of her couldn't think of anything she had missed.

Through all this, our hero had gritted his teeth at the greed in such a tiny person. At last, he spoke. "Have you been a good kid all year?" he asked her.

The child nodded that she had.

"You mean to tell me that you've been a good girl all year long?" he asked.

Once again, the little girl nodded that she indeed had been.

"Yeah, well," said Santa at last, "I think about half of what you ask for is unnecessary. Besides, I think you're lying about being good all year. Any kid who doesn't do some things wrong in a whole year has got to have some kind of mental problem!"

Tears quickly began to well up in the small girl's eyes.

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Give a gift that's sure to be cherished — or treat yourself to one of these beautiful Harley plaques. The wood is thick, beveled, top quality western red cedar with the proud Harley emblem silk-screened in rich black, all protected by a diamond-hard clear sealer. Included are two brass finished double hooks to be mounted where you choose. Each style is approximately 12"x20" and 3/4" thick. These beauties have been sold in stores for \$21.95 — now they can be yours for \$18.95 each. Send your order today and be a Santa all your friends will long remember!

COCO

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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!)

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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage



Astrological Profile For Capricorn

Capricorn wrote the book on "how to succeed without really trying," or was that "with a little help from my friends"? Both tactics are strong Capricorn traits. Because they value security, they can be not only ambitious, but also ruthless in a quiet way. So don't let that patronizing surface fool ya. While they're cool and calm, Capricorns are climbing, over anyone in their way, right to the top.

Some Capricorns are ass-backwards: when they are young, they

are overly serious, and when they get older, they make damn fools of themselves.

The negative Capricorns value everything that carries a big dollar sign and are stingy and self-centered. They are piss-poor sports and selfish fucks who think that foreplay is too strenuous.

On the other hand, the positive Capricorns usually have their shit together. They seldom invest in unstable ventures, but are quick to help a friend financially. That is, until Cappy feels he is being taken. When that happens, said friend will discover that not only is he going to be shit on, but also that the injustice

will never be forgotten. Capricorn has this little space between his ears where he keeps score. Once you've lost points with a Capricorn, it's gone for good. One of the best ways to do it is to bad-mouth his favorite relative. He can do it — but you sure as hell can't!

Capricorns are vulnerable to knee injuries, arthritis, ringing of the ears, and ring around the collar. One of the best medicines for a Cappy is a well-developed sense of humor. It'll keep worrywarts away from embarrassing places.

Some famous Capricorns are (or were) Aristotle Onassis and Howard Hughes (it was the warts that finally got 'em), Al Capone, Cary Grant, Elvis, Oliver Hardy, Joan Baez, and Diane Keaton.

Capricorns are excellent at bluffing (even when scared shitless). Their bluff is so highly polished that they seldom have to carry it through. On the other hand, if pushed into a corner, a Cappy will go off at you and fight to the finish — if for no other reason than to save face. 'Course, they're also into self-preservation. In fact, it's a Capricorn's middle name.

Scorpio (Oct. 23 — Nov. 21)

Ease on into '81 by sticking to your own private stash of poontang. Eyeball the rest from a safe distance. Minor head trips come to an easy climax now and leave ya feeling relieved. If you've been waiting for the prime time to vacate for a while — this is it. Grab your bedroll and your honey's hot cross-country buns and boogie off. (Have a safe trip!)

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 — Dec. 20)

This is kickback time — or maybe the mileage is catching up with ya. It could be ol' Mother Nature calling ya in for a tune-up. True to the symbol of your sign, you're usually either horsing around or shooting the shit. But this month finds you in one of your rare mellow moods. Home base has some valuable benefits in an otherwise average month.

Capricorn (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

Happy Birthday, Cappy! This is one of those times when nothing seems to tickle your funny bone — or any other bone, for that matter. All of last year's shit is backin' up on ya and nothing you do seems to flush out the problem. It may be a hard nut to crack, but all it takes is self-motivation to pull ya out of the pits. Go out an' blow your horn loudly!

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Financially the shit is hitting the fan for you. On the other hand, your love life (screwing, etc.) is looking up. Partners are willing to front ya and horny honeys are picking up the tab. This can't go on forever. Best get your act together fast before you wear out your welcome or your warm one. Scan your brain waves for a clever way out of hock.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

You've got a few problems now. The babysitter stole your ol' lady's douche bag, your rugrat ate your check, and ya just dropped your last joint in the crapper. Either you can't get it up, or if ya do, ya can't get it off! Premature ejaculation should be a clue to ya that this month's timing is bad in general. It's just your turn and all you can do is sing the blues!

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 20)

Start the new year right — with your annual gangbang. Grab your gonads an' go for the gusto! It's a good thing you're generous with your bucks and fucks, 'cause you're in for a rush of friends who want money either for bail or for tail. You should have a tremendous surge of energy now. Use it to pick up last year's pieces — and party hearty!

Taurus (Apr. 21 — May 20)

Smile — a lot of opportunities are sitting on your face. It's gonna take a lot of changing positions to wipe the grin off your mug now. With a few adjustments, you'll see your way clear in an otherwise foggy situation. Sidestep unrealistic or illegal goals. In other words, if you're looking for that bucket at the end of the rainbow, be careful, 'cause it might be full of shit!

Gemini (May 21 — June 20)

You'll no doubt start on New Year's Eve and party straight

through January. Better not! If you do, you'll be left in a cloud of dust, a trail of kumquats, and a limp outlook. You'll waste not only your time, but also your hard-earned bucks. Afterwards, it'll take ya three months to catch up financially, plus a while to get the ol' bod whipped back into shape. Don't overdo!

Cancer (June 21 — July 21)

Unless you roll with the punches and have a good laugh at yourself for a change, this month could have ya a taste uptight. Things done now will have to be redone, or you could be blamed for other folks' mistakes. Don't let a little sand in the Vaseline rub ya the wrong way. Relax with your favorite nookie and whip up a batch of crank cookies.

Leo (July 22 — Aug. 21)

You Leos could be left nursing a hangover and paying for those delusions of grandeur you acquired during the holidays. If you tighten up your money belt and take shorter strokes, you'll soon have coin to

jingle and a tingle in your dingle! Something you neglected last month works to your advantage. Luck may come in the form of a lady.

Virgo (Aug. 22 — Sept. 21)

You're always picking on your partners' faults — now the shoe is on the other foot. A boot to the behind, some constructive criticism, and some Preparation H should put your ego in its proper place. Ya can't always be a perfect asshole. It's time to chomp down on some humble pie. Whip up some cream to go with it, an' ya might even find ya like it.

Libra (Sept. 22 — Oct. 22)

Don't overestimate yourself this month. Biting off more than you can chew could really mess things up and choke off future contacts. Zero in on your major objectives and follow through. Otherwise, all your efforts will be as worthless as a fart in the wind. Don't be caught with your pants down and an overload in your Venus flytrap — come prepared!

"Don't be layin' that cryin' stuff on me!" warned the big Santa Claus.

The tears stopped instantly.
"That's better. Now then. . . trip on this, kid. I figure your parents ain't gonna be able to afford half the stuff you asked for. Toys cost money. Even my little elves are in the Teamsters Union, and I have to lay out all this bread for dues and hospitalization and all that other stuff. . . dig me? So, I'm gonna bring you what I can, and all the things you deserve, and all the things your people can afford — but only if you keep your act together."

A wide smile broke across the child's face. "You mean. . . even though I wasn't good all year, I still get some things for Christmas?"

"That's right, kid. Ol' Santa ain't into bein' mean, and all that shi. . . I mean. . . all that stuff!"

The little angel gave him a big hug and rushed to where her mother stood waiting. "Mommy! Mommy! This is the best Santa Claus you ever took me to see!"

Marvin Mergatroyd, who had been hiding behind the stuffed animals in the toy department, overheard the small girl's very loud and jubilant description of the store's Santa. "Well," he mused, "maybe this isn't going to be so bad after all."

Within a few days, the word of the new Santa at White's department store began to circulate throughout the town. "It's true!" one mother was overheard to say. "My children have asked for half as much as usual, and they all praise that Santa Claus down at White's!" So it was, then, that the fame of the biker-Santa grew, until all the children who had heard the word were asking to be taken to White's. This made Marvin very happy, because sales of toys were up 300% over the previous year.

On the 23rd of December, Big Ralph took his place in the sleigh and talked quietly to the children. About halfway through his shift, he noticed a girl about eight years old standing at the entrance to the toy department. She stood there staring at a very large stuffed animal hanging from the ceiling. It was a big dinosaur, with a bright-green ribbon around its neck. On the ribbon were the words *Not For Sale — Dino The Dinosaur*.

As he watched the little girl, the image of another small child suddenly leaped before his mind's eye: Renee, her long, black hair all shiny, her dark eyes sparkling with the joy and amazement of Christmas. And as Ralph watched the image, he could see his sister, only six years old, sitting on Santa's lap and asking for one toy. One small thing. . . out of all the toys at White's department store. That big, green, soft-and-cuddly, stuffed dinosaur. At last Santa had said to her, "Well, if you are a very, very good little girl, I'll see to it that you do get that stuffed animal." Ralph could remember the joy in his sister's face as she had pointed happily to the large animal, saying, "Santa is going to give me that, 'cause it's all I asked for, and if I'm a good girl, I'll have it!"

Renee did everything to insure being good that year. She volunteered to wash the dishes at the children's home, where

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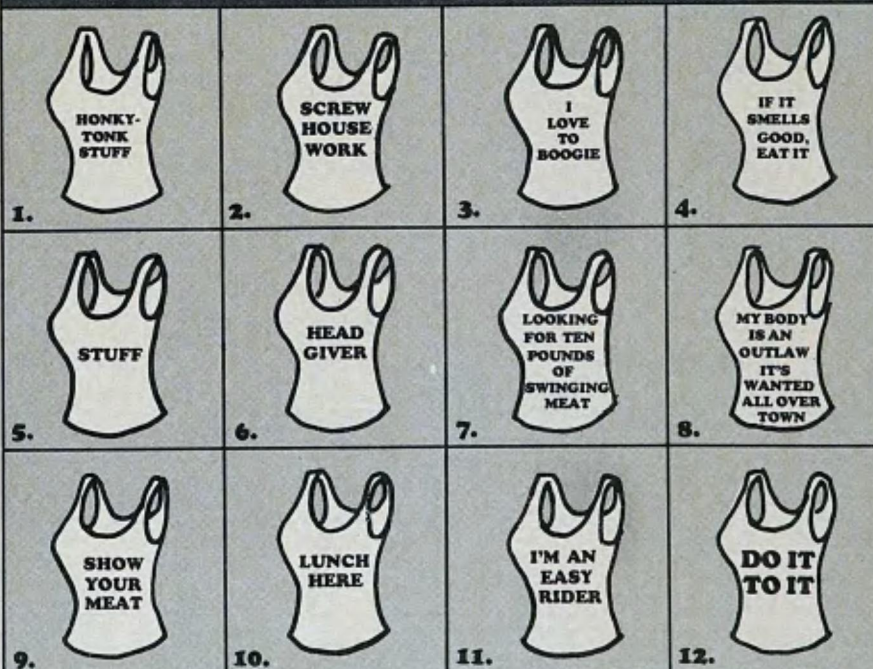
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they were both being kept. She made her bed neatly, and made sure all her clothes were in the right places. Ralph could even recall that he had become so caught up in her enthusiasm that he had helped her by offering to dry the dishes for her. He could remember her kneeling by her bed and closing her prayers with, "And please, God, don't let Santa forget about my Dino." Then came Christmas, and the full realization of how cruel fate can be with her blows. Not only had God not heard Renee's prayers, but Santa had forgotten, too! While Renee cried, Ralph had raged with all the frustration a nine-year-old boy could muster after such a short time on this earth. He had sworn vengeance against God, and Santa, and all the garbage of Christmas. For it was at this time that Ralph had realized just how much of Christmas was a lie!

"It's bullshit," he muttered aloud, then caught himself when he realized that he was twenty years into the future.

"What'cha say, Santa?" asked the small boy who had been sitting on his lap.

Ralph glanced at the boy, as if seeing him for the first time. "Huh? Oh! Nothin', kid. I was just thinkin'. What did you want for Christmas?"

A short while later, Ralph was sitting at a table in the employees' rest area, which was on the same level as the toy department. As he bit into the sandwich Renee had prepared for him, he once again caught sight of the small girl who had earlier been eyeing the large, stuffed dino in the toy section. She approached, warily, and stood a few feet away, as if unsure of herself. Turning toward her, Big Ralph spoke quietly. "Did you want something, kid?"

The child appeared to be gathering her courage. At last, she blurted out, "You ain't *really* Santa Claus!"

The big biker was taken aback by her accusation. "What? You mean to tell me you don't believe I'm the real Santa Claus?"

"I know you ain't!" she accused loudly. "Come over here!" ordered the biker.

Squaring her young shoulders, the girl approached him very cautiously. Ralph waited until she had reached where he was sitting, before he spoke again. "Now then," he said, "where did you get this idea from?"

"I know you ain't the real Santa 'cause I seen you come to the store this mornin', as you was ridin' a motorcycle! The real Santa Claus rides a sleigh, not a motorcycle!"

In spite of himself, the big biker smiled. "Oh, yeah? Well, that just goes to show what you know about Santa Claus! That bike out there is also called a sled. "Don't lie to me again!" screamed the girl with the angel eyes.

Ralph peered at her intently. "Again? What do you mean, lie to you again?"

"You know! You lied to me last year when you told me that if I was good, you would bring me that big dinosaur. And I was good! But I didn't get the dinosaur!"

Old memories were rushing in again on the biker. "Whoa, kid! Hold it a minute. I

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am not the Santa that was here last year."

"Hah! You ain't a Santa at all!"

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah!" repeated the youngster.

"You're just a biker, and anybody knows that bikers ain't Santa!"

"Sit down!" ordered the scooter tramp. The order carried so much anger that the little girl lost some of her courage, and she quickly sank into the seat next to Ralph. He shoved a sandwich in front of her.

"You hungry?" he asked her. She failed to answer, and the tramp pulled out a small bag of potato chips. Tearing the top from the bag, he pushed them over next to the sandwich. This done, he walked to the row of vending machines that lined one wall, and returned with a container of chocolate milk. "Eat," he commanded her. The girl began eating, slowly at first, then faster. "What's your name?"

The child swallowed hard, then answered, "Angel."

"Angel, huh?" said Big Ralph. "Well now, Angel. I'm gonna tell you a story. First of all, you were half right. I ain't the real Santa Claus. I sure as hell ain't the one who promised you that dinosaur out there. For another thing, that damned stuffed animal ain't for sale. It's a mascot, sort of a gimmick. Kids like you see it, and then they drag their parents off to the toy department. Then the parents end up buying somethin', and the damned store makes a bunch of money off it. In other words, it's a damned ripoff. Do you understand that?" Angel had stopped eating and was staring intently at him.

"Okay," he went on, "I think you do understand that part. Now then, about bikers not being Santa Claus: That part is really wrong."

"You mean you *really* are a Santa Claus?" she asked, wide-eyed.

"That's right, Angel. You see, it's a long story. And I'd like to tell it to you, but I figure your mother might be worried about where you went off to, and she's probably looking for you right now."

The small girl dropped her head and began staring into her lap. "No, she's not. My momma's dead. She got real sick and died a long time ago."

"Yeah? Well, where do you live? Who brought you down here?"

"Nobody brought me. I live in the children's center up the street. I snuck off and came down here."

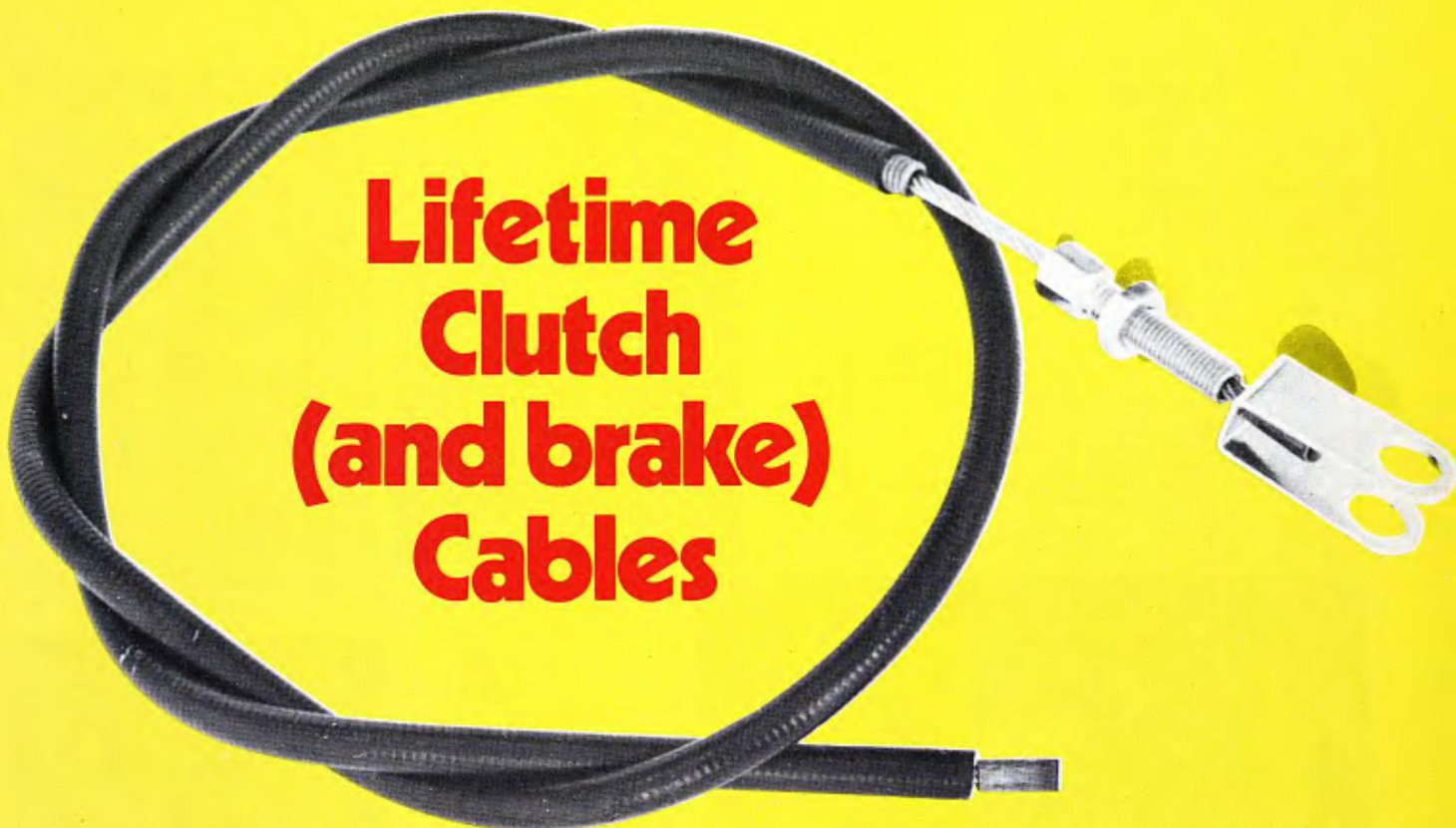
Once again, the past loomed in Ralph's memory: Shetland Children's Home, half a block up the street from White's store, the large, ivy-covered buildings, houses for the unfortunate. Home to the lonely and the forgotten. Big kids; little kids. Too many kids to be alone without parents to help them and love them. Wearing hand-me-downs and throwaways. Discarded toys for discarded children. Renee crying on Christmas morning; Ralph trying to comfort her. He suddenly became aware again of the little girl's voice.

"Would you tell me the story now?" she asked meekly.

"Huh? Oh, yeah. . . about a biker being a real kind of Santa?"

As Angel watched, he rubbed his forehead with one massive hand, struggling to

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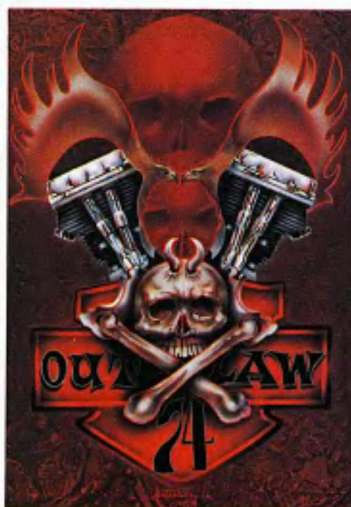
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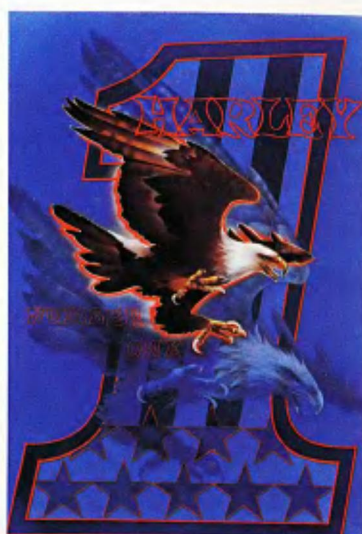
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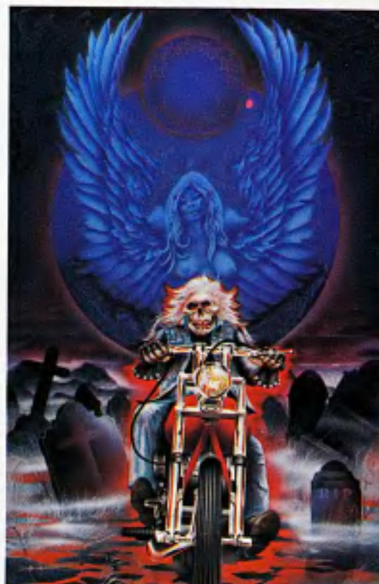
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formulate the story he'd been trapped into telling. "Okay, okay, Angel. Now here's the real story about a biker and Santa Claus. It goes like this: First off, you know that Santa rides in a sled, right?"

"Sleigh," corrected the girl.

Ralph stared at her intently. "Who's tellin' this story? Me or you? If I say it's a sled, then it's a sled!"

Angel shrugged her shoulders with an air of indifference and took another bite from the sandwich.

"Now then, where was I? Oh, yeah. . . sled." The big biker waited to see if the child would react. When she didn't, he went on with his story. "Okay, so Santa is trippin' down the street on his sled, and it's bein' pulled by these reindeer. Now everybody knows that when Santa gets into town, he can't fly from house to house 'cause the damned houses are too close together. Sooo, he has to ride on the street, like everybody else."

"Really?" asked the child unbelievably.

"Would I lie to you?" Ralph asked, with mock hurt in his voice. For a second, he was sure the child was about to say "Yes," but she apparently changed her mind and took another bite from the sandwich instead. "Okay, then. Now Santa was puttin' down the main drag in town, and was comin' up on this traffic light. He'd been runnin' a little behind schedule, and so he got careless for a minute. That's when it happened. Some clown in a car came screamin' through this red light, and crash! Right into the reindeer. Reindeer went flyin' everywhere! There was Prancer, and Dancer, and Rudolph, and all those other reindeer. . . layin' all over the street! It was a mess!"

Ralph had risen from the table and was waving his arms for emphasis. "People were stoppin' their cars and tellin' what a terrible thing it was! Poor Rudolph! Poor Prancer! Layin' there, dyin'! And all the time, this clown from the car who hit them was yellin', 'I didn't see the reindeer! I didn't see the reindeer!'"

Tears had flooded Angel's eyes. "Was they hurt pretty bad?" she asked the biker.

"Real bad," replied the biker. "But that ain't the worst part. When the cops showed up to investigate, and the driver told them he didn't see the reindeer, they let him go! Why, hell, everybody knows that Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer has a shiny nose! And it lights up at night to guide the sled! But this idiot convinced them he didn't see the reindeer!"

"What happened then?" asked the child in a tear-choked voice.

"Well, these bikers was havin' a party in the clubhouse, up the street from where the crash happened. When they heard the noise, they rushed down to see what was happenin'. One of the bikers had a friend in the Air Force, and he called the guy and told him to bring a helicopter, so they could take the reindeer to the reindeer hospital. Everybody knows the reindeer hospital is up at the North Pole. So, the helicopter came, and they loaded the injured reindeer in it, and they took off for the North Pole." Angel's tears had stopped. "Okay. So after that, Santa still had all those toys to deliver, and he didn't have any reindeer

Dirty Christmas Cards

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HO!
HO!
HO!



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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

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Christmas Cards
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Set (A) is the same set of filthy cards as last year.
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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 _____
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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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

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Just as you'd expect from heavyweights, nothin's been spared on this combo except our take. Belts in sizes 28-33, 34-37, 38-41 belong to you at \$19.95 each. Quick-draw sheaths, black or brown, are worn at \$12.95 each.

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Davis Leather
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to do it. So, he went to all these people who had stopped their cars and were standin' around, and he asked them if they would help him to deliver the toys to all the kids."

"And they did it!" shouted the little girl, brightly.

"Hah! Like hell they did! You know what they told ol' Santa? They said, 'Sorry, I'm too busy,' or 'Sorry, gasoline costs too much,' or 'I'm on my way home from work,' and other lame excuses like that!" The biker slapped the top of the table with the palm of his hand. "That's what those people did! And, even the police said, 'We can't carry toys in our patrol cars. We have to patrol in our patrol cars. . . sorry.'"

"What did Santa do?" asked the child.

"Well, it really looked bad for ol' Santa Claus. It looked like a lot of kids wasn't gonna get nothin' for Christmas. Then the bikers who were standin' there said, 'Hey, man, we can help you with those toys!' And all the bikers nodded their heads. 'Yeah, we'll help!'"

"And did they?" asked the child.

"Well, wait a minute! Let me finish.

Now, the bikers were loadin' up the toys on their scoots, when along comes this dude, and he whips out a badge and says, 'Hey, I'm from the Department of Transportation, and you can't load those toys on those motorcycles.'"

"You mean he wouldn't let them do it?" asked Angel sadly.

"That's right," replied the biker.

"Well, what did Santa do?"

"Cool it, kid. I'm comin' to that part.

Okay. . .so, when this dude from the Department of Transportation — remember that name kid, DOT — they're a bunch of creeps. . .anyway, when he said the bikers couldn't load the toys on their scoots, one of the bikers came up with an

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MOVING?

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MOVING?



idea. He told Santa to call up his elves at the North Pole and to have them make up a bunch of Santa Claus outfits. Then he told Santa to tell the elves to catch the helicopter when it got to the hospital and to have the crew bring the suits back with them. A while later, the Air Force parked the 'copter and handed the outfits to Santa. Now, it was gettin' almost light outside, and so the bikers were really gonna have to move it to get all those toys delivered in time. So Santa laid some of that magic dust on them, and they put on the Santa suits, loaded up the toys, and boogied to the houses to deliver the toys. And the guy from DOT thought the bikers were Santa!"

"And they delivered them all!" added the girl.

Big Ralph shook his head sadly. "Well, not quite. You see, the bikers didn't know the area as well as Santa Claus did. And they didn't know all the things the kids had asked for. So, some of the kids didn't get exactly what they asked for."

After finishing the story, he hesitated, waiting for Angel to figure out the rest. At first, he thought she'd missed the point, but then she suddenly beamed.

"Then that's the reason!" she yelled triumphantly.

"Huh?" asked the scooter tramp innocently.

"That's the reason I didn't get my dinosaur! Don't you see? Santa had the bikers helping him, and the bikers didn't know I had asked for a dinosaur, and so they left me a little doll instead!"

"Well," said the tramp, "I'll bet that is the reason!"

Throwing her arms around the massive neck of the big biker, little Angel planted a

Easyriders

2



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Extra-large texturing all over the shaft puts this battery-operated vibrator in a class all by itself! The big studs are soft and pliable — fitting you with such pleasure it'll take your breath away. The outer casing of the STUD Vibrator is made of super-soft latex so incredibly fleshlike it rivals the real thing, but the inner shaft is firm enough to probe everywhere that needs special attention. A full 1 1/2" in diameter at the base and rises a manly 7" long. Try one for yourself. Batteries included. \$14.95 with money-back guarantee.



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kiss on his cheek and then went scurrying off toward the door.

December 24th found Big Ralph watching the clock impatiently. He released a long sigh of relief when it had finally dragged its way to 9:00 p.m., and with tired shoulders he headed to Mr. Mergatroyd's office to pick up his check. Mergatroyd glanced up as the biker entered the room.

"Well, Ralph, I have to admit that you were one of the best Santas we've ever had. And I'm personally going to recommend that you be our Santa next year."

"The hell you say. I'm headin' for California as soon as I cash my check."

"Well, I'm really sorry to hear that. You helped to make this one of our biggest Christmas seasons ever, sales-wise, that is. Fact is, except for the rather high number of missing items — shoplifters probably — we had a most successful year. And even the stuff we, uh, 'lost,' was worth it, because we made up for that in our total sales."

Ralph stared at the man. "Yeah, well I don't know anything about no missin' shit, so if you'll just give me my check, I'll be on my way."

Mr. Mergatroyd started to add something, thought better of it, and handed the big biker his check. "Merry Christmas, Ralph."

The scooter tramp let out a sneering "Christmas! What a fuckin' ripoff!"

* * *

None of the kids at the children's home believed Angel's story about a biker being Santa Claus. And they didn't believe the reindeer had been hit by a car, or that the bikers had delivered the toys last year. More than anything, they definitely did not believe that a biker Santa was going to bring Angel a big stuffed dinosaur. But Angel believed, even though she did cry herself to sleep that night.

* * *

Before returning the Santa suit the next morning, Ralph cashed his check, left most of the money for his sister, and made one important stop before he headed for the expressway and California.

Several hours later, he eased his scooter into a gas station. The attendant rushed out with a loud greeting. "Merry Christmas!"

Big Ralph uttered a disgusted groan. "Christmas! What a fuckin' ripoff! I don't believe in that shit. Fuck Christmas!" After filling his tanks, he paid for his fuel, fired the bike into life, and headed back toward the expressway. As the bike pulled from the driveway of the service station, the attendant noticed something come flying from the inside of the rider's cutoff. He tried to catch the tramp's attention, but the roar of the powerful engine drowned out his yells. Stooping, the gas jockey retrieved the fallen object. Unfolding it, he saw that it was a ribbon, a bright-green ribbon. On it were printed the words *Not For Sale — Dino The Dinosaur.* ■

Belt Buckles

Stock/Custom Made

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

IF YOU CAN'T
FIX IT
FUCK IT

SHOW ME
YOUR TITS

Coco
P.O. Box 451
Calabasas,
CA. 91302

CON JOB

—Continued from page 77

impoverished losers whose folks live on food stamps and a stupid outdated dignity no government can dent.

"Si," I agreed quietly. "Yes, I have injured the animal."

She started sobbing silently. That really tore me into little rotten pieces. The hell with being on time to buy the grass from Dealer Jack. This scene was more important. Gently I picked the dead kitten up with both hands.

The dark eyes questioned me from a thin face wet with anguish.

"Con su permiso," I said respectfully, "with your permission, little one, I shall have the animal repaired."

"This is p-possible?" she stammered in confused hope.

"Not only possible, little sister, but promised."

She stopped sobbing.

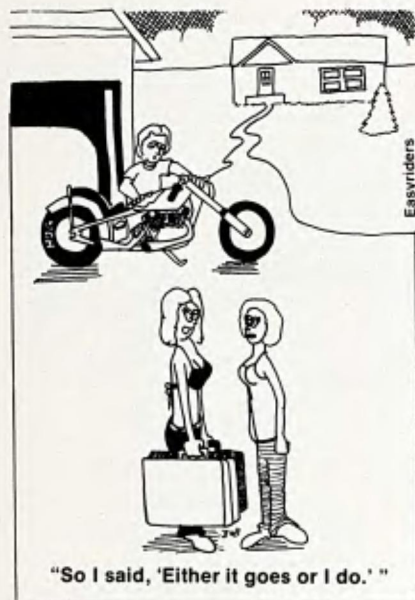
"Wait here," I told her firmly. "I will return with the animal within an hour. It will be fully recovered."

Hope glowed in the depths of those big eyes.

Clambering onto the panhead, holding the mashed kitten by its limp tail, I got the fuck outta there *my pronto*.

* * *

Thirty-seven miles, six animal shelters, and two hours later, I finally found a gray and white kitten that matched the dead thing dangling from my hand. The lively one mighta come from the same damned litter, it was that close in size, age, and coloring. The minute I spotted it, I dumped the flattened kitten into the nearest wastebasket, paid for the replacement, and ignored the restrained expression of astonishment on the Animal Control dude's face. What the shit, I'd earned some penance.



H-D Banner

Give the ol' pad some character. This full-color, 100% nylon banner will brighten any run-down crash pad, bike shop or garage. Or they make fantastic curtains for a cage. It's a big 40" by 30" and trimmed with white nylon fringe for class.

The big durable banner sells for only **\$16.95** plus **\$1.50** postage and handling.



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We've re-introduced the best Harley ring we've come across and strengthened our skull ring with additional silver. Either silver ring goes for **\$26.95** and will last as long as you want to punch walls with it—or forever.

Be sure to state your size.



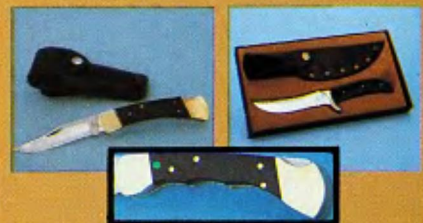
Wrist/Watch Band

It's a **hand-made**, two-inch-wide hunk of fine leather that has a leather flap riveted on one side, with the other side snapping shut over your watch for protection. The top of the flap comes either plain (so you can do your own thing), with a Harley emblem, or "Ride to Live. Live to Ride" emblem branded in the thick leather. **\$8.50** plus **50¢** for postage and handling.

Scooter Wallets

Branded with either Harley-Davidson or "Ride to Live." The large trucker's wallet is made of heavy cowhide, has three pouches and comes with a safety chain for only **\$17.75** plus **\$1.00** postage and handling.

Our most popular wallet is the riveted biker wallet. Heavy leather and strong rivets make this a life-time wallet. It also comes stamped with Harley-Davidson or "Live to Ride" and with a healthy safety chain for **\$11.50** plus **75¢** postage and handling.



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Model #402, Akonua, a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade. **\$54.95** plus **\$2.50** postage.

Model #110 (photo on left), the traditional biker's knife. 4-inch locking blade, brass bolsters and Macassar ebony handle. **\$24.95** plus **\$1.75** for postage.

If you'd like that special grip feeling on your 110 Buck, we ran across a craftsman capable of the job. For 10 bucks, he will notch the ebony handle and brass bolsters, then buff the custom crafted knife back to the original shine.

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The INTERSTATE



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Exclusively
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by Chippewa

No shit, our secret sauce went into this one! Here's a classic "all leather" Western we've redesigned to handle the kinda stuff you'll be gettin' into, workin' or playin'.

Check out the recipe... 14 inches of primo stuff—Cayenne Calistoga leather. A sweat-proof leather insole—no crackin', no stinkin'. The front's leather lined—no cheapo canvas. Then there's a steel shank for support, Goodyear welt and a great stacked heel. Throw on a non-marking nitrile sole tough enough to get ya past any shit and now you're looking at some real Nasty Feet.

If you size up at 8½–12 in a "D" width, we'll put you in a pair for \$85.00. The coupon below says it all.

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

Size (Circle) 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12

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Enclose \$85.00 per pair & remember these are "D" width.
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International orders accepted—Inquire for shipping costs.

Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear.
California residents add 6%.

Dealers Inquire on your letterhead.

Stuffing the shrilly complaining kitten into the roadbag and making sure it couldn't escape, I headed back to that alley. This time I putted damned slowly down the rows of trashcans. She musta heard my scoot and recognized its rumbling, because she sprinted to the sagging wooden gate at the back of her yard and peered eagerly through the unpainted slats.

I stopped the bike, groped for the squalling kitten, and handed it to the pair of small hands straining to reach over the gate. Her tender murmuring as she cuddled the protesting animal was music to my ears. It sure as shit beat those pathetic little sobs that had silently shaken her scrawny shoulders. Dark eyes gleamed with happiness through the slats of the gate.

"Muchas gracias, señor," she babbled joyously. "Thanks for making my kitty all well again!"

"Por nada." I grinned. "It's nothin', kiddo. But I wanna have your promise that you won't play in this alley anymore. Too dangerous for little girls and kitties."

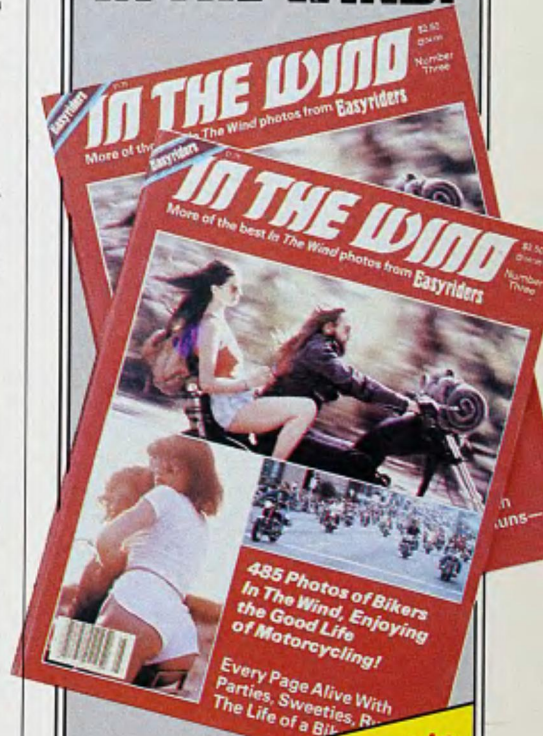
"I promise," she said shyly, still hugging the cat.

Satisfied that she really believed she was holding the same damn pet I had snuffed, I congratulated myself on a magnificent con job as I putted away. Glancing at my watch, I saw it was pretty late. Too late to do any business today. Maybe tomorrow. But I decided I deserved something nice for being such a good fuckin' guy—like maybe a few beers and making a big girl real happy, too. ■



Easyriders

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JOHN KAY

—Continued from page 54

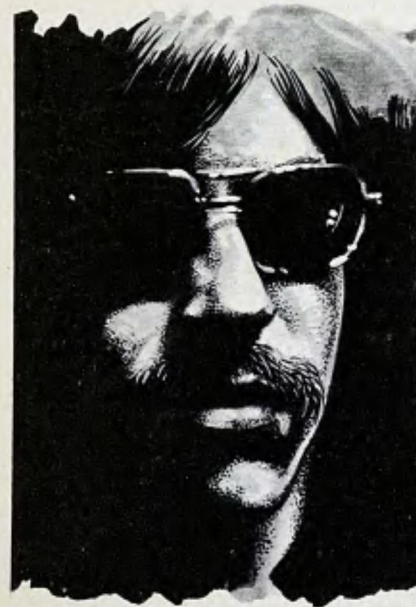


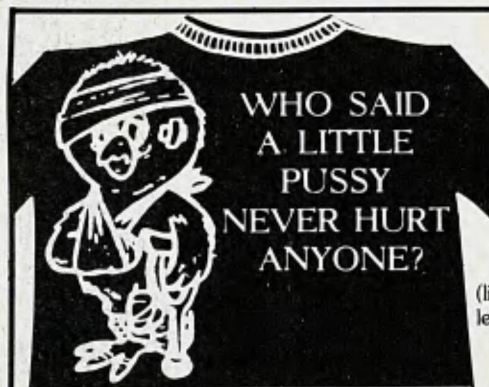
Illustration by Duffy Duggan

Canada in '58. After picking up a cheap guitar and teaching myself a few chords, I started slowly hacking around on it and copying various records. I went through a number of different musical influences, ranging from rock and roll to rhythm and blues to country and western to gospel. By the early sixties, there was a folk music revival going on. And so, from within that whole grab bag of music, I got a smattering of bluegrass, Appalachian Mountain this and that, but basically country blues, which I then played as a solo act while traveling back and forth across both Canada and the U.S.

ER: How old were you when this was going on? And is this what led to the eventual formation of Steppenwolf?

KAY: I was just out of high school, and it was on a return visit to Toronto, where I had lived for five years prior to that, that I stumbled across this Canadian rock band, The Sparrow. I was playing one club as a solo act and they were playing next door as a band. We started sitting in on each other and liked the resultant sound, so I finally joined the band. In '66 The Sparrow came to New York and subsequently Los Angeles, and finally wound up in San Francisco just at the beginning of that Haight-Ashbury psychedelic era. Because of various label and money problems, the band split up. I went back to Los Angeles, which I had started to consider my home. After a couple of months of taking a look around to see what I was going to do, I got The Sparrow's drummer and organist together with myself and two new fellows from Los Angeles and formed Steppenwolf in late '67. By '68, we had our album recorded, and in the summer of '68, "Born To Be Wild" was out. The album was in the top three, the song was our first hit single, and from then on it just snowballed.

ER: What was the whole Sunset Strip riot scene about?



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Class!

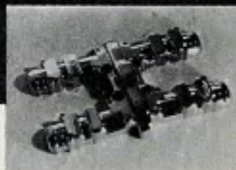
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KAY: Well, that was the start of the psychedelic period that happened in San Francisco later. Los Angeles was really where it happened first, that underground movement of alternate lifestyles. The Strip was busy with a whole bunch of clubs, places featuring the likes of Donovan, and the Byrds, and the Airplane. At the same time, groups of street people were beginning to form, like Vito and his freaks, who totally defied description and who were striving to remain outside the mainstream of society by their lifestyle, the way they looked, the drugs they used, the clubs they frequented, and the bands they championed or patronized. They themselves began to be a tourist attraction and they were attracting young people from all the outlying areas.

By late summer or fall of '66, things came to a boil. Between all the clubs and all the bands, all the freaks hanging out and all the young people they were attracting, this element sensed its power. The cops didn't want the hassle, and the straight establishments didn't want this element congesting Sunset Strip, where they were accustomed to Greyline busloads of tourists with their cameras. So there was Chamber of Commerce pressure to get the freaks off the Strip. The cops, typical of that day, busted a few heads and pretty soon it became a riot. The result was the closing down of the clubs for a while as a means of removing the gathering places. Out of necessity, The Sparrow went up to San Francisco.

ER: Looking back, I recall that San Francisco, by contrast, was a very warm and hospitable place, totally accepting this new lifestyle. At least, it looked that way to a tourist. Was it?

KAY: Oh, yeah! the cops up there were laid back, and there were lots of people slowly rolling into Marin County and Mt. Tamalpais. Grass was consumed in unprecedented quantities, and there was Owsley acid, and the Avalon and the Fillmore were going strong. The whole scene flowered. It became known nationally, and the runaways poured into the city by the hundreds, bringing tourist exploitation and the municipal power structure trying to put clamps on it, and organized crime moving in because of the drugs, and all

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manner of lowlife elements essentially destroying the whole thing. But the few months before all that were really sensational. This was before the FBI grew its hair long and before certain lowlife elements would dress the same way as the mass of people in order to rip off each other and rip off the unsuspecting, naive, peace-loving brotherhood.

ER: So it was a time of real freedom.

KAY: Yeah, it was. A lot of people didn't know what to do with it, unfortunately. It was a combination of innocence and inexperience and youth together with mind-expanding drugs and the harsh realities of the outside world. And it was doomed to fail from the very beginning because, rather than the older generation and the establishment sensing an opportunity to use all this enthusiasm and idealism and energy and nurturing it along constructive channels, they feared it. They couldn't understand it.

ER: Bikers can certainly relate to that automatic prejudice based on appearance and lifestyle. Even today, anyone who dares to be different is constantly confronted by a society that prefers to judge rather than understand. And yet, within today's society there are still small signs that the movement did make some impact, though not enough.

KAY: Oh, yeah, we still have the superficial trappings that found their way into the mainstream of society. Hair, as a rule, is somewhat longer than it was before, and the clothing and the lifestyles are a little looser. And the lifestyles and the philosophy of live and let live did change aspects of the morals of America. In '68, we hired off-duty cops when we were in the South to make sure we remained physically intact, because that's how foreign and alienating long hair was to the mainstream of people down there. Now you go down there and it's like it never happened—everybody looks the same way everywhere. It's just that, unfortunately, some of the potential that all of this represented wasn't really used. Instead, the attitude was, if you don't think like me or if you are different from me, then you must represent a threat to me.

One of the things during those days that was hard for longhairs to figure out was that disadvantaged people in general resented that whole trip tremendously. Although they didn't always put it in those words, what was really going on was that they were viewing white, middle-class kids rejecting their parents' values, and what they were feeling, if not saying, was how dare you reject something that I am still trying to get? You know, How can you shit on a Cadillac? They saw it as a put-down of all the things that represent success and affluence and a degree of achievement and comfort, all the things they and their parents, even grandparents, had been struggling for. And so, when you have all this friction and lack of communication and understanding, it's not surprising that almost everybody was just waiting for that whole scene—the peace—love—brotherhood thing—to be totally crushed.

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your musical struggles with the group back in those days in San Francisco, saying, "Some of us wanted to follow the current trend — in other words, leave the musical integrity behind — but this belief was not shared by the majority." Was that one of your first rifts?

KAY: Well, we came to a point in our career where it became very obvious that we were not getting anywhere. We couldn't make ends meet financially, and so everyone was attempting to figure out what the problem was and what could be done to rectify it. Essentially, that split the group into two factions. Two people felt that we should cater to the viewpoints and the desires of the record company so that, once we satisfied it, we would have an opportunity to get our stuff out. The rest of us felt that the record companies didn't know what was going on because they were of an establishment nature, used to dealing with Perry Como and Harry Belafonte and people like that, and they still viewed rock and roll as the black sheep of the family. Even when the label was headquartered in New York and Los Angeles, where changes were occurring, the record execs still read about it in *Newsweek* and had no feel for it. So that caused the rift in the band that finally resulted in three of us staying in touch with one another after the band broke up. We three got together to form what turned out to be Steppenwolf, which was really a logical extension musically of what The Sparrow had started. In fact, some of the tunes were the same.

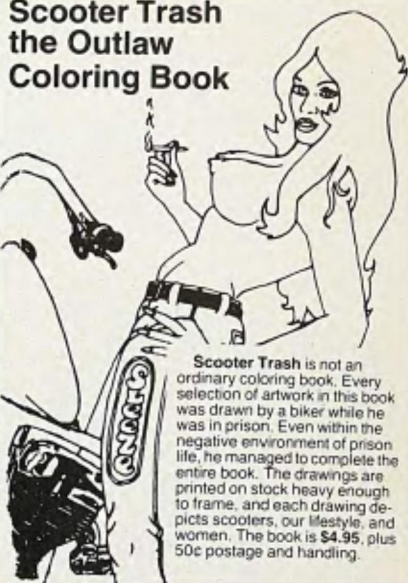
ER: And there was still some of the strong blues influence at that time?

KAY: Yeah, there was a lot of blues influence even in The Sparrow days because of my having joined the band and the fact that I played that stuff all the time, and because the drummer, Jerry Edmonton, was big on the likes of Jimmy Reed and John Lee Hooker. So, between the two of us, there was a very definite leaning toward blues, like Paul Butterfield stuff. And later on, in Steppenwolf, that just continued and we actually refined it a little more.

ER: Over the years, you have had some solo recording ventures that achieved neither commercial success nor critical acclaim. Nonetheless, they stand as statements of doing what you believe in, much as you are doing today. How do you feel about that solo work?

KAY: The three solo albums were mixed blessings. For the most part, the first album did, in fact, receive considerably better reviews than any other previous Steppenwolf albums had and it sold fairly well for a new product and a new solo act. The second album went absolutely nowhere. It didn't receive any favorable reviews for the most part. The complaint seemed to be that, because we had used studio musicians, the album was a lot more contemporary and less ethnic than earlier ones. The last solo album, *All In Good Time*, was cut in 1978 down in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, with a bunch of Southern players. It got mixed reviews. Some of the critics thought the material was good and the performances were good, but the production and so forth was too slick.

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At different points in your life you do what means the most to you, what you feel is necessary. And those solo albums still contain some of my favorite recordings. One thing, when you do solo work, you are not burdened with making creative decisions on a committee basis, with five people putting in their little tidbits. As in any group of people, there are those who assume control of things, and then there are those who follow, but since everyone has an ego and everyone feels that this is supposed to be a democracy, everyone puts in his two cents' worth. So those who are determining the direction are burdened with the tedious process of taking the dissenters into the corner and hammering away at them until they come around.

ER: Now you have re-emerged with a whole new group known as Steppenwolf. How long have you been together?

KAY: The current lineup has been together since this past February.

ER: Is it difficult to meld a group together?

KAY: It can be. It can be horrendous, depending on playing ability and the personalities, the egos involved. The way this new group is set up, it's more like Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band or Neil Young and Crazy Horse. You see, Steppenwolf was originally a democracy. What I wanted to strive for this time, and what I have so far succeeded at, was finding players who, in addition to their playing ability, were mature individuals who would have no difficulty in taking direction and leadership, but who would know that their own individual creative contributions would be appreciated and welcomed — without a guarantee that they would be used all the time.

The new group began with the Palmer brothers. I have known them both for almost eight years, but had never played with them because, during all those years, they had their own band, Tall Water. Their band split up, Steppenwolf was dissolved, and we started on a very casual basis, just knocking around tunes a couple of years ago. They had worked in the studio with a keyboard player, Danny Ironstone, and they introduced him to this trio of ours, making it a quartet. Then, lastly, we had a bass player, but he went off on some New Wave trip, so early this year, when I decided to go out on the road as John Kay and Steppenwolf, we found a bass player, Chad Perry, who had been with Bob Welch's band. He joined, and

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one week before we went out on the road, the final lineup came together.

ER: During your recent performance at the Golden Bear, you mentioned that you have found people in small towns to be much more appreciative. Do you think we suffer from large-stadium overkill?

KAY: Yeah, to a certain extent I think that's true, because you lose the intimacy and it becomes an event, like the Romans feeding the Christians to the lions. I mean, it's just this colossal coliseum thing, where the event is almost more important than the act. I have to qualify that a little bit because what I was referring to was that over the years, Steppenwolf, and a certain number of other bands, fell into a routine. There are only so many major cities in the country that you can play, and you can play only them because you want to play only the big stadiums and the big arenas, and make your big money, and then go back and record again, or take off six months.

The secondary markets, from Buffalo, New York, to Billings, Montana, are just as lucrative if you're willing to tour extensively. They are usually full of people who get to the really major cities only on a limited basis. And they are highly appreciative of someone coming through their town and performing for them directly, in other words, going somewhat off the beaten path. So we did, playing the known clubs in cities all across the country, with the exception of the Southeast and the St. Louis-Kansas City area. At times the response really surprised me. The name had been absent in a legitimate form for at least four years. After Steppenwolf broke up, there sprang up some groups calling themselves Steppenwolf. Promoters were fooled for a short time, but the audiences wanted no part of a group that I was not involved with. They booed and walked out. And here we were, fresh on the scene, with nothing new to plug. Yet, ninety-five percent of the places were sold out, and many times extra shows were added. This was more than just welcoming us back. This was also a response to the quality of the musicianship and the level of performance. And even the new material, which was totally unfamiliar to the audiences, received considerably more than just a polite smattering of applause. It was a very slow, hard-working rebuilding process, but it had its results. It stimulated record sales from the past — catalog sales.

ER: Do you see some of this support from the public as a response to whatever is current in popular music — in other words, support of rock over whatever the latest fad is?

KAY: To a degree. Our band has always been fortunate in having a following that gravitated to us because they always knew that we said what we meant. It wasn't a lot of bullshit that we were talking or singing about. We were the kind of band that was popular one month if we had a hit single and totally forgotten the next if we didn't have one — only to pop up again six months later. We had hit singles for the first three or four in a row. After that, the singles were possibly somewhere in the

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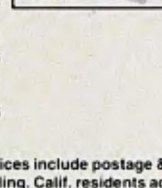
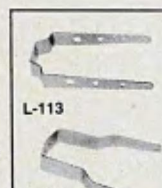
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Top Forty, but they weren't huge smashes. Nevertheless, we had eight gold albums in a row and our concert appearances were always well attended. We always maintained a certain level of success, due to the fact that our following stayed with us. The turnout this year, twelve years later, showed that loyalty.

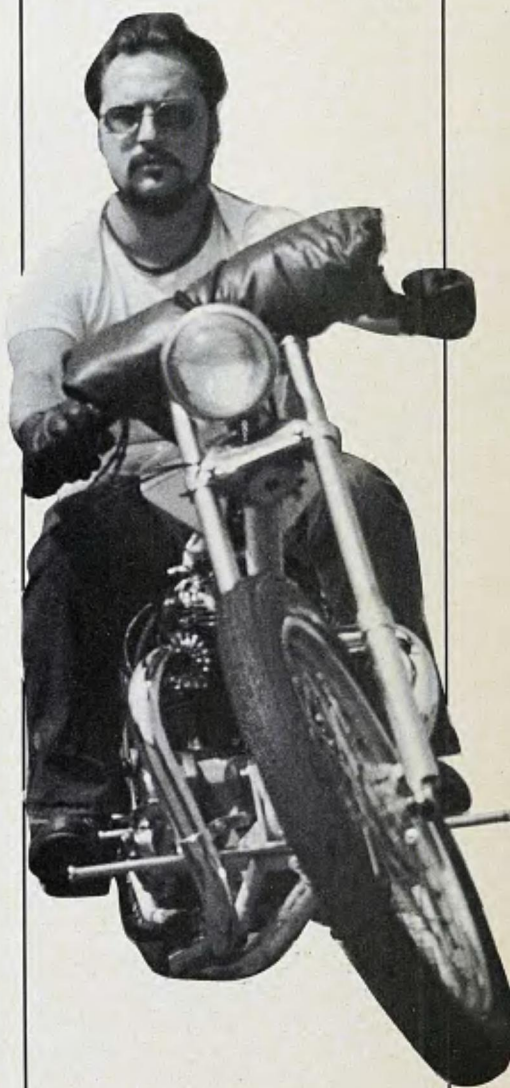
I think the enthusiasm shows that what we said stuck with them, really meant something to them. We were a part of that era, the sixties. We never thought that we were laying any profound revelations on anyone, but we took social and political stances. We always felt that we were reflecting the concerns or the preoccupations of the people from whom we came and for whom we played, in spite of some of the isolation that comes with being really popular — the limousines, the Lear jets, the presidential suites, and all that other stuff that really separates you from the people you play for. Aside from, or rather in spite of that, we always made a serious effort to stay accessible to our audience. Sometimes that was on a direct level, by talking to them before or after sound checks and concerts. We would do things like invite three or four dozen people to our hotel for a party, whoever seemed like good people to have around. We would all sit around and talk and find out what these people had on their minds — things they were troubled about, that they were against, that they wanted to change. So, all that stuff found its way into our music and into my lyrics.

ER: Judging by the response down at the Golden Bear, you are still accessible to your audience, still reflecting what they feel. It was amazing to watch kids who must have been tuned in to Romper Room twelve years ago responding intensely to what the group had to say.

KAY: That's really gratifying. You know, we had people who are thirty-five years old, who may not go to hear rock and roll anymore but who came to hear us, and I appreciate that. And I want them to know that I will always view them with a particular fondness because they were our first fans and they are the ones who are the foundation on which we are trying to build our future career. On the other hand, seeing the young people is a real thrill because it means that we are not just a bunch of fuddy-duddies recycling nostalgia.

ER: There's a whole style of music that

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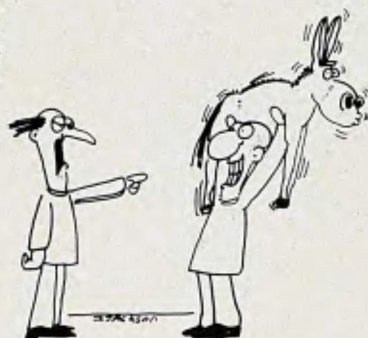
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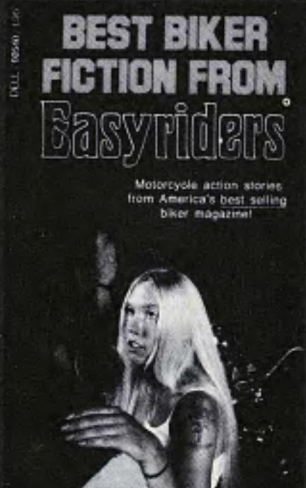
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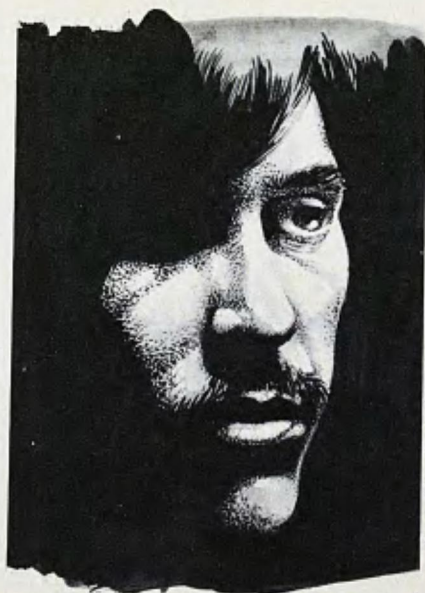


Illustration by Duffy Duggan

chooses to snivel in self-absorption. But your writing a song like "Hot Night In A Cold Town" shows that you are aware of those kids on the street corners. You know that those same kids are everywhere, from coast to coast. And that song reaches out to those kids and lets them know that you care about them.

KAY: Right. That's one of the songs I didn't write, but it's one of the tunes that you wish you had written, like "Born To Be Wild." But I do songs like that because you say to yourself, "Hey, this is a tune that's tailor-made for me because I like it musically; it's lyrically intelligent, and it has a point of view that I wholeheartedly agree with." I wrote "Magic Carpet Ride," "Monster," and "Rock Me," and many, many others during the Steppenwolf days, so not having written all of them doesn't faze me. It doesn't really matter where it comes from as long as I can do it with credibility, and "Hot Night In A Cold Town" is one such tune. I came across it about a year ago, and it was very much an accurate depiction of that whole aimless, street corner life that zillions of street kids and runaways are going through. Well, you hit it on the head there because that tune is one that many, many of the young kids instantly identify with.

ER: You did a song on the album *Slow Flux* that had that same kind of accessibility. That was "Smokey Factory Blues"—and it reaches out, obviously, to an element that's not your own, and yet you invest the song with so much poignancy that you make yourself a part of that scene.

KAY: Well, I worked in a factory. Actually, I worked in a number of factories. I worked in a kitchen countertop factory, where the acid took the skin off my hands. I worked in a factory run by the Association for the Blind in Buffalo, New York, making religious candles and burning my hands with hot wax all the time. But all these odd jobs—dishwashing, working as a floorman at the Troubadour, working for the carneys and the Shriners' Circus in Toronto while I was still in high school—

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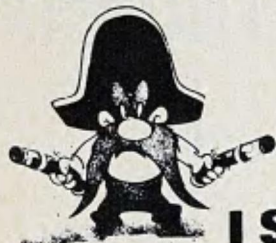
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were designed, in the early days of high school, to provide spending money. We played a lot of pool and you could lose a lot of money. Back then, I had this Braille pool cue with a scope mounted on it! Anyway, the factory jobs I had were designed to make spending money and money for the instruments I needed. The first guitar I had was a disaster within a couple of years. The neck made a U-turn on it. So, when I had finally gotten a little money together, I upgraded my equipment. I went from acoustic to electric, then I needed an amplifier, then this, that, and the other.

ER: This must have given you a somewhat different perspective on menial labor. You were working in order to keep yourself in your music.

KAY: Right, but I'll tell you one thing that work was awfully good for, and that was letting me know early that it wasn't what I wanted to do forever, wasn't my life's ambition. I can't think of anything worse than someone dropping out of high school because he sees some job opening for two-fifty an hour, or three-fifty an hour, and figuring, why should I go to school when I can make money now? I was doing totally unimaginative, meaningless, boring, monotonous, turn-your-brain-to-jello kind of work. And I was doing it six days a week, twelve hours a day, in Toronto, where the factory was hiring immigrants right off the boat because they didn't know about the minimum wage and all that stuff. I was in there doing all that and I was saying to myself, as soon as I have enough bread together to get this guitar I want, that's it. So when I came across "Smokey Factory Blues" with those lyrics, I could certainly relate to what it's like to have to get up at five in the morning to be at work at seven, and to get home close to eight-thirty at night and have maybe an hour and a half to yourself before collapsing in bed, and to be physically and mentally fatigued after six days of that to the point where, on the seventh day, you don't have any choice but to rest. So that tune was something I could very easily identify with because there are literally hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of people in this country and all over the world that are going through that hideous experience of waking up every morning still tired and having to face a whole day of drudgery with the only promise at the end of the line being enough money to get by on.

ER: You have said that your limited vision kept you out of serious sports as a youngster and probably headed you into

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"Yeah, I'm helping her to quit smoking."

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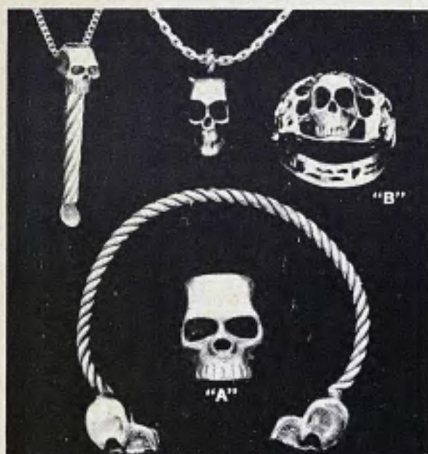
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music. Do you think that the freedom and
individuality of a musician's life might
have lured you, even if you had been
otherwise oriented?

KAY: Sure. First of all, you have all man-
ner of fantasies and illusions as to what
that life would be like. You see it at dis-
tance and everything looks like it's a bowl
of cherries. It's like the kid who sees a
rodeo cowboy. He doesn't see all the
broken bones; he just sees this guy who
bounces up and down and everybody ap-
plauds and he gets a gold belt buckle.
There are a number of things you have to
be prepared to handle if you are going into
this kind of profession. One, of course, is
the fact that no one can guarantee you will
ever be successful, even on a minimal
level. Then, if you do become successful,
you have a whole different set of obstacles
to overcome, like taking yourself too seri-
ously, believing your own PR, and letting
the people around you turn into yes-men.
You have to have a certain stability within
your own personality that permits you, at
times, to take yourself into a corner and
say, "Hey, wait a minute. It's all well and
good to read about yourself, but don't start
living that way."

Yes, of course, I was lured by what I
thought would be independence and free-
dom. I would rather have some small busi-
ness that I am totally in control of than
have to compare notes constantly with a
bunch of people.

ER: But there's a high degree of self-
control required within that freedom.
Would you say that the absence of that
self-control is what killed so many of our
friends in the sixties?

KAY: Exactly. Take someone like
Hendrix or Morrison or Janis. They were
very intense about what they did, and they
were so idolized that they were sur-
rounded by people whose whole function
was just to live off them. And some of the
most insecure people I know are perform-
ers. There's a certain courage it takes to
get up in front of people and not be in-
timidated by a crowd that might turn on
you if they don't like what you do. But
aside from that aspect of courage, the in-
security often causes the performer to
gravitate to someone. Dylan did it with
Grossman as a father figure. Sometimes
it's a manager, sometimes it's whoever the
latest girlfriend is. You know, I knew Janis
very, very fleetingly, but I knew Jimi fairly
well. Our paths crossed repeatedly. He
had a house in one of the canyons near
here and we spent some hours over there
talking. He knew what was going on
around him. I mean, he had grown up
playing for the likes of Little Richard and
the Isley Brothers, so he knew the whole
scene. It wasn't as though it came out of
the clear blue sky. And he was not unduly
influenced, from what I could tell, by
hangers-on and leeches. He was pretty
well in control of his own trip. But he liked
drugs and he did quite a bit of them. Un-
fortunately, what so often happens is that
you get into a yo-yo effect. You get too high
and you know you need rest, so you take
too many of these to come down, and when
you're kind of zonked after forty-eight
hours, you take some more of the first
batch to get back up. Some mix it with

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booze. What some guys mix together could
fuel a jet engine!

ER: You seem to be very much in control
of yourself.

KAY: Well, I've learned over the years to
become increasingly more in control. I
find that certain things in my personality
don't mix. I don't really drink alcohol. I
drink some beer, I drink some wine, I
drink some liqueurs occasionally. I drink
beer and wine with a meal. I find that in
order to keep myself from falling apart,
there is a certain amount of physical fitness
preventive maintenance needed. In the
last few months, my touring schedule has
not permitted it; but up to then, I ran three
miles every other day, I worked out with
weights, and so forth. I find that in order to
get everything done that needs to be done,
I can ill afford to get shitfaced the night
before and wake up with a headache a
mile wide.

In the late sixties, sure, we all did too much
of everything, although I must say that by
comparison with some people, I was a
mere piker in drug consumption. I smoked
grass, but always after the show because I
don't want to be restrained or constrained
by the duties of having to perform on stage
when I am high on grass or hash. You
know, I want to be able to trip. The prob-
lem is, you want to put the guitar down, go
over to someone who looks real nice, and
say, "Hello, darlin', what's happenin'?"
You can't trip and perform, so I decided
that that's out. I mean, I cut that out in The
Sparrow back when we used to play The
Matrix in San Francisco, where everyone
from the manager on down to the last
patron and everybody on stage was stoned.

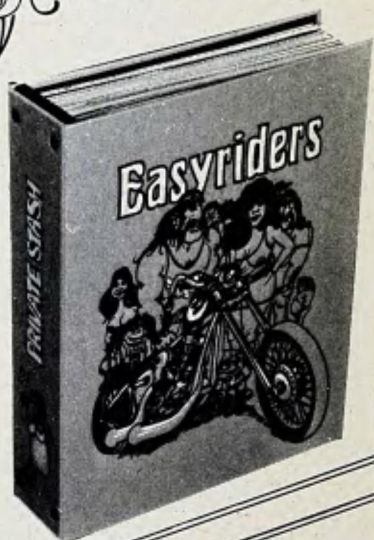
ER: I enjoyed reading your liner notes
about that place — on the live *Early Step-
penwolf* album.

KAY: The Matrix? Well, you know, it had
its moments. But since then I have never
smoked grass before a performance, and
the only drug I ever performed on was a
minuscule amount of speed in the form of
half of a cross-haired mini-white, courtesy
of Mexico pharmaceuticals. I'd take that
only when we did too much partying or
had insane travel schedules and we hadn't
had enough sleep the night before. It gave
a little bit of energy so I didn't look
lethargic on stage. But I don't like speed; it
sets my teeth on edge and I become real
ornery behind it. In the sixties, it was acid
and I had an almost religious thing about



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acid. I mean, I would plan weekends to go to Big Sur and have a nice place tucked away amongst the trees, with a tent and so forth. And I'd take a day to cool out after a trip. It never made sense to me to drop acid in L.A. and go play pinball or hang out at Barney's Beanery. You know, like Richard Pryor says, "White folks are crazy — drop acid, go see *The Exorcist*." That's unthinkable to me, and I've never had a bad acid trip in my life. I quit doing that many years ago. I just wasn't getting anything out of it, beyond taking it for sort of semi-medicinal purposes, trying to get in sync with my environment and nature and finding out what was going on inside me. It served that purpose to a certain degree, but after that it was really just getting high. I didn't always like that acid high because there was frequently speed in it, and again, I don't like speed. I'm fairly energetic to begin with. The last thing I need is nervous energy. The whole drug thing just kind of mellowed out, and now I smoke an occasional joint or once in a while I like a little hash, and that's it. Other than that, it's multi-vitamins and a certain amount of physical preventive maintenance. I get most of my satisfaction through controlling my own environment and activities as much as anyone can and out of what I do professionally — the writing, the performing, the touring, and getting off the road and returning to this little hillside oasis, where I can rebuild my mind and body.

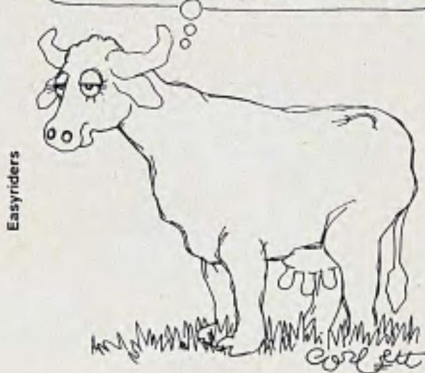
ER: If you had it all to do over again, would you? The ups, the downs, the mistakes — everything?

KAY: Oh, hell, yes! I don't know of any other job quite like this. But I wouldn't do the mistakes, of course — that would be the height of idiocy. But I would choose the same profession. I would do a few things differently. There's a certain bunch of people I would never have hired. And instead of going through the constant fluctuation between group and solo acts, I would do what I am doing now, which is really the result of having learned that it's not one or the other, it's both.

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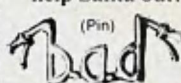
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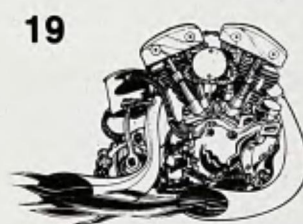
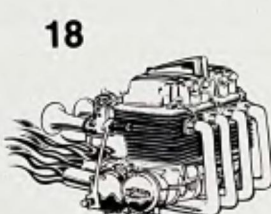
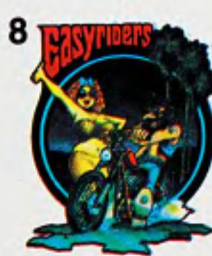
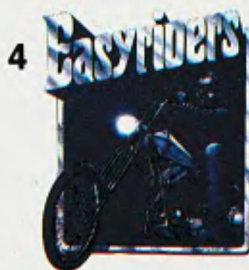
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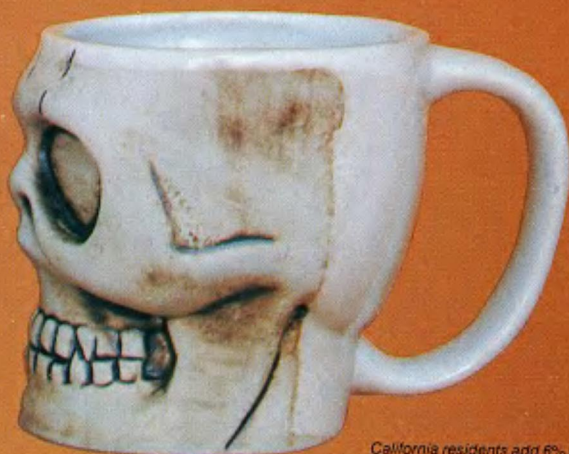
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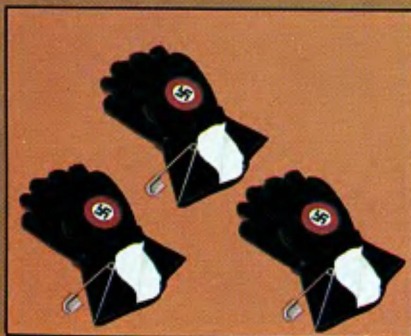
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JOHN KAY

—Continued from page 106



Illustration by Duffy Duggan

paid good money to buy a supposedly good record or ticket to a good concert. They don't want to see some idiot up there being self-indulgent, pissing on them. That was one mistake I made — I let too many people stay around too long when they deserved to be replaced much earlier.
ER: Do you think you've mellowed any over the years?

KAY: I hope not. No, I don't really think so.

ER: It would seem that without a strong emotional involvement the music couldn't be there. Roger Staubach said, when he retired, that the old emotional charge wasn't there anymore. Not only wasn't he there physically, but he wasn't there emotionally.

KAY: It isn't always magical. The best you can hope for is that the majority of shows are good and that a few of them are really high. It's like anything else — you can't expect to have something happen over and over again with the same degree of intensity every night.

ER: You mentioned that you're going to tour Europe. How long is that tour?

KAY: Four or five weeks.

ER: When you come back, are you going to tour again, or are you going back to the studio?

KAY: We may do a college tour and then we're going to prepare some new material, and we hope to go back to the studio and start recording.

ER: You've been very generous with your time and I know that now you have some other matters to attend to, but is there anything else you'd like to say before we wrap this up?

KAY: I would like to say to those who care one way or the other that there is only one legitimate "Wolf" and that is John Kay and Steppenwolf. Unless it's billed as such, they can be assured that it's an imitation ripoff band.

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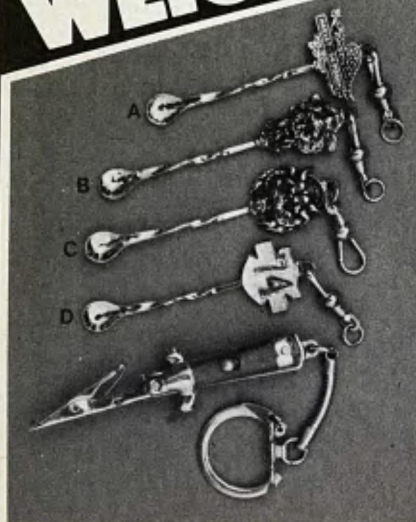
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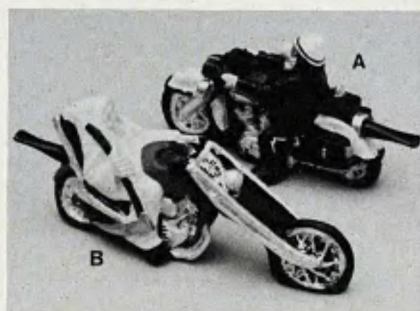
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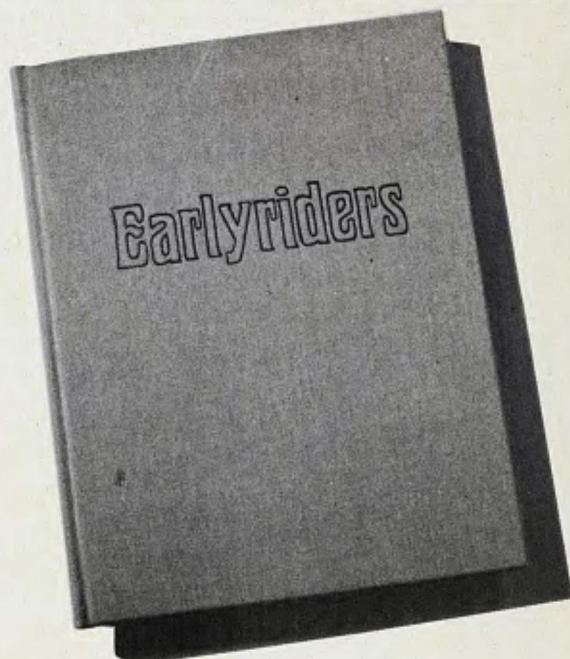
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TEX AND CANUCKS

—Continued from page 34

life — bigger even than that ol' re-hab jail in Houston, and that's a big mutha.

But that ain't all they done to me, Joe — not by a damn sight it ain't all. The next thing them Royal Canadian fucking Mounted Police done was to take me in front of a squinty-eyed, funny-talking, Canuck federal judge, and he up and sent me off to the federal pen for two fucking years.

Honest injun, Joe, two fucking years for them little bitty ol' hits of acid, and weren't no more than twenty thousand pops left in that ol' Listerine jug by that time. And then — dig this action, Joe — they went and told me I was a wetback, and said they was kicking my Texas ass clean out of their ol' K-beck country soon's I got out of their pen.

Them bastards really had me up a tree by now, Joe. So what I done was, I wrote mama a long letter telling her 'bout them RCMP taking all my acid and my money and my panhead, and 'bout them calling me a wetback and then sticking my ass off in their damn pen. I told mama the whole story and asked her to send me a sweet letter with a bunch of that liquid acid on it. Of course, Joe, I had to smuggle that kite out 'cause them Canucks read all the mail there just like they do here.

It was then that them Canucks really done some more lowdown shit to me, Joe. The very next day after mama mailed me that sweet acid letter, the whole fucking Canuck mail service went on strike, and I didn't get no mail for six weeks. All I could do was watch the news every night and see them Canuck mail people run up and down the street with them little signs saying, "We Ain't Never Gonna Work No More." And all that time my acid letter was sittin' right there in that mailbag that I could see on TV, and they wouldn't bring it out to the pen to me. I tell you, Joe, I got some het up at them people. I called them assholes. But they still didn't bring me no mail for six weeks.

Finally, after six weeks, them Canucks did bring the fucking mail, and the first letter that screw mailman handed me was my acid letter from mama. Joe, I was real happy.



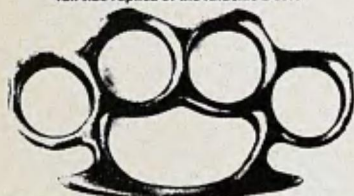
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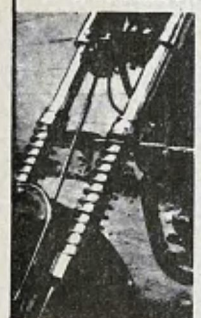
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Now I gotta tell you 'bout a couple of them Canuck cons, Joe. There was one called "Injun," which I think means "Indian" in Canuck, and another called "Potat," which I'm pretty sure means "Tater-Head" in that funny language. At least, Joe, they acted like a Tater-Head and an Indian — crazy! You know what I mean, Joe? Well, while I'd been waiting without no dope for six weeks, this Potat and Indian had shared a couple of their funny ol' spliffs with me. Of course, Joe, I had sort of hinted to them that I'd make them rich as soon as the mail decided to start running again.

I'd done told that damn dumb Tater-Head and Indian all about that badass acid. I'd told them about my ol' lady getting volcanoed, and about the iguana venom and the chief's herbal service that made the stuff for me. And still, Joe, even after I told them Canuck idiots how mean it was, they still wanted some.

You can bet your sweet ass, Joe, that as soon as that Canuck mailman handed me mama's letter, I lit a shuck real fast for my house where my razor blade was stashed. Shit, Joe, I almost forgot to read mama's letter before I sliced it all up in one-inch squares. Old Tater-Head and Indian had seen me take off for my house with mama's letter, so they was kicking on my door in five minutes.

Soon's I got the letter all sliced up in one-inch squares I handed them a square apiece and told them, "Heaven be with you, boys."

You know for sure, Joe, that any idiot with half a brain would have went to his house and locked himself in his cell, which is what I told them two to do. No such luck, Joe. 'Bout an hour later — just when my own hair was starting to get kinky — I went off down the hall to get some hot water for a cup of coffee. On the way, I had to pass right by them idiots' house. Their door was wide open — their radio was wide open — and them two idiots was standing up, slapping each other in the face, and laughing as loud as they could scream. When they saw me they started to point their fingers at me and holler, "Hey, Texas, you trying to kill us? We all fucked up!"

Now me, I looked the other way like I didn't even know them idiots. Shit, them RCMP had already give me two years for bringing the shit to Montreal. Just how



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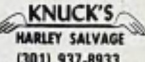
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many more years would the bastards give me for trucking a load of it into their federal pen?

It scared the shit out of me, Joe. I had a whole stack of them one-inch squares in my letter box in my cell, and all them damn Canuck screws knew I had brought that ol' Listerine bottle to Montreal in the first place. And on top of all that, Joe, by this time I was getting big ol' red superhigh-ways running all across my own eyeballs.

After I got the hot water for my coffee, I had to walk right by them idiots' house again to get to my house. I was scared, Joe. This time them idiots was out in the hall, radio and all. One of them, the Indian, was standing on his head, and ol' Tater-Head had him by the feet, holding him up. Soon's they saw me, ol' Tater-Head turned the Indian's feet loose, and he fell flat on his ass. And then both of them started hollering again. "Hey, Texas, you trying to kill us? We some fucked up!"

This time, Joe, I didn't walk — I ran to my house and locked myself inside. Right away I took my stash of one-inch squares and hid it in the shitcan. Soon's I drank my coffee I hid it again. Joe, I spent all night hiding that shit in that little bitty cell.

That was one paranoid night for me, Joe. Ol' Tater-Head and Indian had told everybody on the wing what was wrong with them, and who had the stash. The whole wing was full of Canuck bikers (some of them had Hondas tattooed on their foreheads), and all of them wanted to get their heads in the same shape ol' Tater-Head's and Indian's was. They begged and pleaded and kicked on my cell door all night long but I wouldn't open it. I told them all the same thing: "No more! All gone!"

You know, Joe, the next morning I had me a real problem. Every Canuck in that whole joint knew where that acid was, and they all wanted some. I could see them Canucks was too crazy for me to sell acid to, so I sent my striker off to find the head moneymen on another wing. I'd decided to sell the whole lot to another Canuck and let him fade them crazy bastards' heat.

Well, Joe, finally my striker showed up with the moneymen, so I sat down and made a deal with him. He would buy the whole stash for five dollars a square. Then he would sell it for seven-fifty a square.

Joe, that was the deal that broke me from no more eggs. After that deal I never had no more desire to do no more business with none of them crazy, lying Canucks.

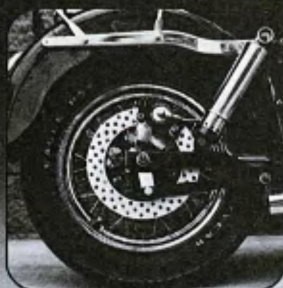
Let me tell you what happened, Joe. The next day, when I finally went back out to the yard, I heard some of them Canucks talking. Seems that moneymen I had sold the stash to had spread a big damn lie around saying the stuff was LSD-25 he had scored in California. The lowlife, lying bastard had cut each one-inch square into four pieces and was selling each little piece for five dollars.

Right after that, the Canuck cops came and hauled my ass down to New York. They said they didn't want no Texas wet-backs in their ol' K-beck country.

I was some glad of that, Joe. And you know something else, Joe? I don't think I'll ever go back up there. ■

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CHEER

—Continued from page 18

mix has cooled and cap 'em. Let stand until fermentation is completed. Finish and bottle as in previous recipes.

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Cover about six joints of weed with boiling water and let stand for 36 hours. Strain four lemons and two oranges into the mix. Add the juice. Mash the mess up well and let it stand for 24 hours more. Add a yeast cake and when scum rises to the top, skim it off and then add three pounds of granulated sugar and enough water to make a gallon. Add two egg whites and let the whole thing stand covered for three days; then transfer it to a 1-gallon glass jug and cap as before. When fermentation is over, bottle the result. Marijuana wine is supposedly good for indigestion, ingrown toenails, and also for twisting your gourd.

Pot Beer

Making beer isn't anywhere near as difficult as you might think. But it is better made in five-gallon batches. So, cop a five-gallon water jug (like the ones they use on a water cooler) and a plastic garbage can (clean it out). Don't use a metal can, or your brew will taste like Mutha's box. If your can doesn't have a tight-fitting lid, use a sheet of plastic held in place with a string, or a plastic garbage bag will do the job. The object is to allow the carbon dioxide gas formed during fermentation to escape without leaving the batch to the germs that may be hovering around. Also, it helps if you let the bros know that the shitcan contains fermenting beer. Otherwise, somebody'll piss in it, wash up in it, or give the mutt a bath.

Put a gallon of water on to boil and to it add one or two cans of Blue Ribbon hop-flavored malt syrup. Health food stores generally carry it. Boil the mix for about a half hour and then remove from the heat and add about 30 joints of weed (less rolling papers). Let stand until cool, then add about ten pounds of sugar and stir. Add yeast, cover and let stand for about four days. Scoop off the scum that collects on top and then ladle off into the five-gallon jug or syphon off with a 3/8-inch-diameter plastic hose. Top off the jug with water and cover it with a small square of plastic wrap tied in place loosely with a string. Leave it until all traces of bubbling have stopped and then pour it into the plastic can once again. Add and mix in a heaping cup to a cup and a half of cane sugar. Bottle immediately. Now, for the bottles, you don't



"I didn't know it was a seizure, I thought she was having a multiple orgasm."



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

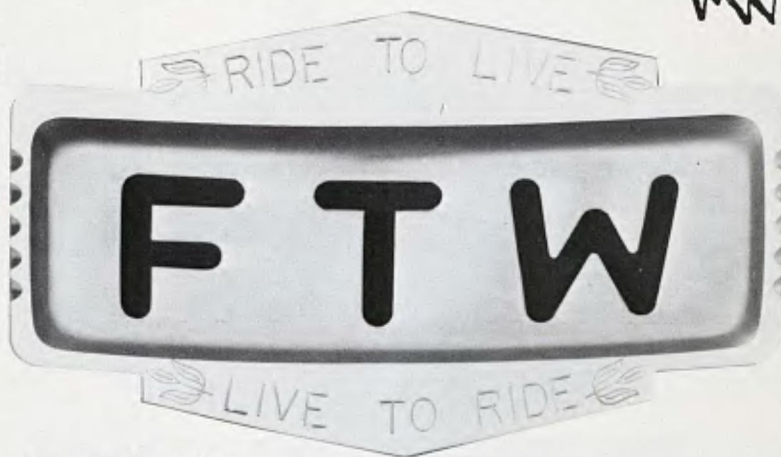
NEW!

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)

HIGH QUALITY — HAND CRAFTED

Send \$14.95 plus \$1.00 postage & handling to
K-9 Creations, P.O. Box 322 Flushing, N.Y. 11367
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**Triple plated show chrome
base with removable
stainless steel front plate.**

Dealer inquiries welcome

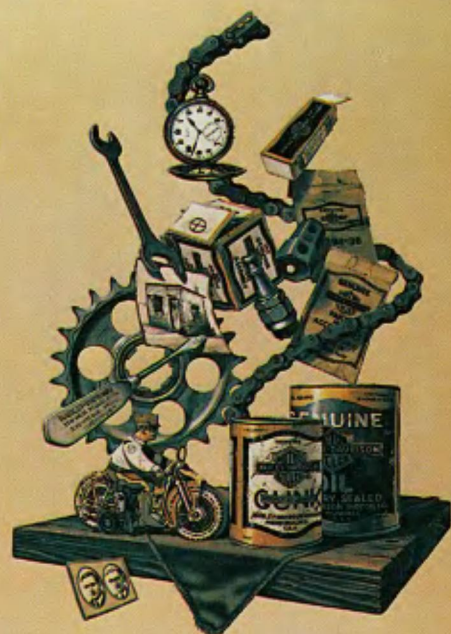
Limited Edition Personally Signed and Numbered Dave Mann Prints

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

**SPECIAL LIMITED HALF PRICE
XMAS OFFER
NOW \$62.50 EACH**



A.



B.



C.

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

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

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

Once in a lifetime offer. \$125.00 each (remember, it will start increasing in value the day you receive it and especially when all 300 of each are sold). First come, first served—order yours today. Money orders shipped immediately. Allow 3 to 4 weeks for checks to clear. California residents add 6%. We pay all handling and shipping costs.

Mail orders to: *Mackenzie Company*
Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302.

(c.o.d.s accepted with \$50.00 down, balance upon delivery—you pay c.o.d. charges. We'll pay all costs of shipping and handling for money orders.)
(U.S. Currency Only. Thank you! (Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

MUTHA PATCH

MIRACULOUS MUTHA



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

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

Thanks,
Mutha



(U.S. Currency Only, Thank you)

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740

Show Some Class!



Wear or display the Easyriders logo. Show everyone that you're no lightweight and that you're a kind, considerate, honest, trustworthy, straight-arrow mutha. Dispel the rumors that you're a snatch-eatin', low-life scooter tramp—show some class (fool everyone).

Our righteous embroidered emblems are bright orange, black and white (2 3/4" x 2 3/4").

The decals are the same colors and size. Emblems cost \$2.00 each. Decals cost 3 for a \$1.00.

California residents add 6% sales tax. Send your bread today to:
Show Class Department, Easyriders Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, Ca. 90265
(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

want just any kind, not unless you like the sound of busting bottles in the middle of the night. If you have a line on a couple of cases of Grolsch bottles, you got it made. If not, used champagne bottles with the plastic cork wired down will work, or screw-cap pop or beer bottles, or get a chunk of pipe with an internal diameter of 1 1/16th inch and tap it down over a pop or beer bottle. Or use a pair of large pliers to re-crimp the ol' cap. But expect to lose about one out of seven bottles. The best bet is to go to a winemaking shop, or write the people at BUI Imports, and they can furnish you with tools that will cap a bottle better than when it came out of a brewery.

Once you've got your brew in the bottles, it will have to age for at least a week in order to build up a head of carbonization. Cleanliness is very important in making beer. Failure to clean your equipment and bottles in steaming-hot water can result in a brew so foul-tasting you wouldn't wish it on a politician. Bottle with too much sugar, or too soon, and you'll have stuff that may explode or shoot foam all over the ceiling. Add too little sugar, and you end up with a brew tasting like stale piss.

Now for the hard part. Once you have bottled your wine or beer, try to resist the urge to guzzle it immediately. Aging will transform your godawful mess into nectar of the gods if you will just show a little patience. If necessary, hide your brew in a secure place, and then sit back and relax. Gone are the days of wondering where your next brew is coming from. If it tastes like shit, it's on you. Anyway, keep your brew in a cool, dark place for about a month, minimum, and then chill and enjoy.

Making wine is legal in all states of the union. Brewing beer is still illegal in some states — as if that would make any difference. Brewing of Mary Jane in any form is still a no-no (no shit) everywhere. One last note for all of my bros who will be brewing with no grass, but want to raise alcohol percentage. You don't need a still to increase the potency of wine; just pour it into ice-cube trays and allow it to partially freeze. Every half hour, scoop off the ice crust that forms until the volume of liquid is reduced to about half. The remainder should be about 40 proof.

So there you got 'em, my secret recipes for Holiday Cheer and Marijuana Beer. Now goddammit, don't get blitzed and ride! Come down before ya go puttin'. Have a great holiday.



"How gross! Quit pickin' yer nose!"

SAVE MONEY ON THIS CLASSIC

Earlyriders



As you know, we sell Spider's **Earlyriders** — a 224-page collection of motorcycle memorabilia in a hardcover edition. (The ad is elsewhere in this mag.) We just discovered a stash of the exact same book, only with a "soft cover" on it — still a heavy, 100-pound cover, but it can be bent over, whereas a hardcover edition cannot. That's the only difference — inside you'll find the very same quality throughout. Because it's a softcover edition, we can let 'em go for 2 dollars less. That's right — only \$7.95 each (with us payin' postage and handlin').

Send your check or money order to:

Earlyriders,

Box 52,
Malibu, Calif. 90265

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Please print name and address to avoid errors.

PHASE 3 BELT DRIVES

74 & Sportster Super 8

74 2" Belt Drive Open Primary

Our competition unit, designed for the heavy handed. Designed for kick start and open primary use only, looks impressive on a stock motor too!

143058	Open Primary, 1937-1954	246.75
143059	Open Primary 1955-1979	246.75

74 Belt Drive Open Primary

This unit is designed with the stroker in mind. It has ample margin of safety of big inch "killer motors." It is an open unit—that is, it is not intended for an enclosed primary cover.

143060	Open Primary, 1937-1954	204.75
143061	Open Primary, 1955-1979	204.75

74 Belt Drive Closed Primary

This unit is designed for a closed installation. It will comfortably fit within all 74 primary covers, aluminum or steel. It too is amply strong to withstand the power of the big inch stroker motor. Specify year.

143062	Closed Primary, 1937-1954	187.95
143063	Closed Primary, 1955-1964	187.95
143064	Closed Primary, 1965-1979	187.95

74 Belt Drive Electric Start

An electric start application, can be installed in either an open or closed unit. It is more than capable of handling 74 horsepower, including larger strokers. Specify year.

143065	Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1965-1969	210.00
143066	Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1970-1979	210.00

Sportster Belt Drives

These units are designed to fit easily within stock primary covers, aluminum or steel. They are capable of delivering high horsepower loads without fear of failure. Three models are available, differing only in clutch pulley configuration, depending on the model/year requirements. Electric-start units are available. Specify year.

143067	1957-1968 See Footnote 3	187.95
143068	1969-1970 See Footnotes 1 & 3	187.95
143069	1970-1976 See Footnotes 2 & 4	187.95
143070	1977-1978 See Footnote 4	187.95
143090	1979-1980 See Footnote 4	187.95
143071	Electric Start, 1969-1970 Footnotes 1 & 3	215.25
143072	Electric Start, 1970-1976 Footnotes 2 & 3	215.25
143073	Electric Start, 1977-1978 Footnote 3	215.25
143091	Electric Start, 1979-1980 Footnote 3	215.25

Footnote 1 Fits '69-'70 models with double needle bearings in rear hub.

Footnote 2 Fits '70-'76 models with large bearings in rear hub.

Footnote 3 Accepts #143083 1 1/2" belt

Footnote 4 Accepts #143089 1 3/4" belt

Replacement Belts

The Super 8 belt weighs only nine ounces, but it will outlast the primary chain by five times. Designed and engineered by Uniroyal. Fiberglass cord reinforced. Specify model when ordering.

143081	74 Belt, Closed Primary & Electric Start	30.35
143082	74 Belt, Open Primary	30.35
143085	74 Belt, 2" Open Primary	35.70
143083	Sportster Belt, 1 1/2"	30.35
143089	Sportster Belt, 1 3/4"	30.35



Get your taste of eyeball heaven now!
Send \$3.95 (a buck goes for postage) to
Jammer Cycle Products,
801 (ER) S. Main St.,
Burbank, California
91506.

ACCESSORIES

Polished Aluminum Primary Covers

Here are the primary covers you've been waiting for. They're designed to allow you to replace your aluminum outer primary while still using your stock inner. These beauties come with starter bearing and will work for both kick and electric start models. Three covers are available—Early, 1965-1969; Late, 1970-1980; Late, for FX with Center shift only.

105018	1965-1969	96.00
105019	1970-1980	98.50
105020	FX, Center Shift	98.50

Belt Shroud

Recommended for protection on all open primary Harley 74 belt drive units. Heavy steel construction and show chrome plated. Two models.

143074	1937-1969	38.80
143075	1970-1979	38.80

Aluminum Side Guard

For the added bit of safety and that touch of class on an open primary Harley 74 belt drive. Designed to fit all Phase III shrouds. Polished aluminum finish.

143077		19.90
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Competitor Clutch

Multi-plate hi-performance clutch for all Harley 74s. Eliminates clutch slippage and reduces lever pull.

143088		204.75
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Clutch Dome

Add the finishing touch to your clutch on open primary belt drives. Protects your clutch studs & leg from moving parts. Heavy aluminum, highly polished.

143084		30.45
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Pressure Plate

A precision machined and polished aluminum pressure plate for the 74 Harley. This pressure plate provides the strength, accuracy, heat dissipation and dimensional features needed for high performance.

143021		29.95
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Alternator Cover

Recommended for all Harley 74 cone motors with an open primary. Add the finishing touches to your belt drive and protect your alternator. Polished aluminum finish.

143076		30.45
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Engine Nut

The last word in functional beauty. Available for the Sportster and the 74. Massive yet graceful, the acorn engine nut keeps the front pulley snug. Show chrome.

143078	Harley 74 1937-1954	9.40
143079	Harley 74 1955-1980	9.40
143080	Harley Sportster All Years	9.40

Bearing Support

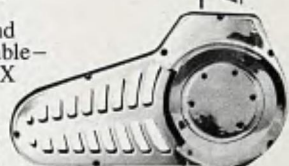
Longer clutch shafts (1966 and up to 74 Harleys) require additional external support. Stock inner primary covers are fitted with a bearing to provide support, but when the cast aluminum primaries are removed for open drive units or steel primaries, the support is absent.

10404	Bearing Support	21.95
10405	Bearing	11.75

Sportster Primary Spacer

Recommended for all Sportsters 1957-1969 using steel primary cover.

143086		26.25
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Santee Hardtails

Years of proven engineering excellence have made Santee the overwhelming choice of those riders who demand the finest bolt-on and weld-on hardtails. Each unit incorporates a unique style all its own. Heliarc welded, these hardtails are made from quality Kaiser CRS 1010 tubing and low carbon domestic steel plate. Begin your building assured that crafted quality coupled with good looks is here for the taking.

See next page for a complete selection of hardtail & custom frame oil tanks, electric boxes, chain guards and brake rods.

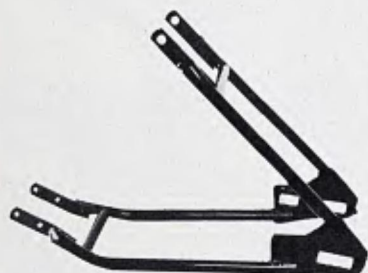


Harley 74 Weld-On



A

Sportster Bolt-On



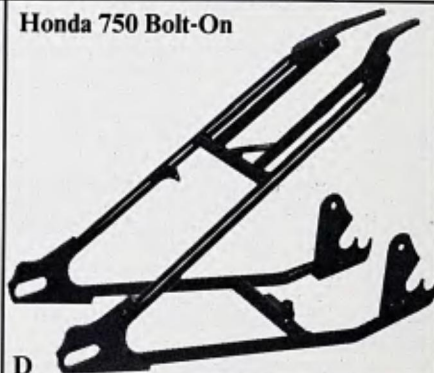
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Sportster Weld-On



C

Honda 750 Bolt-On



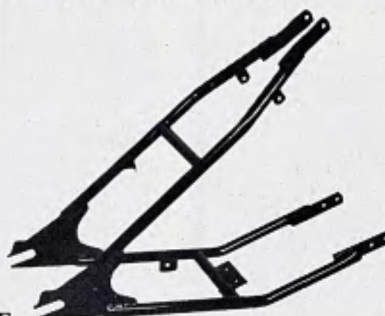
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Honda 450 Bolt-On



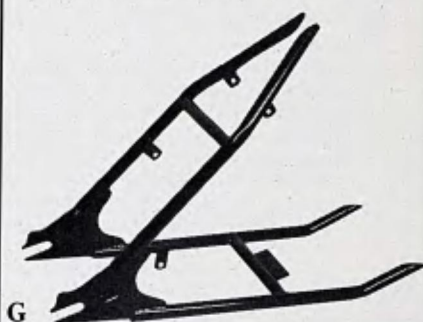
E

Triumph 650/500 Bolt-On



F

BSA 650 Weld-On



G

A. Harley 74 Weld-On Hardtail

Get the original, classic rigid look with this weld-on unit. No additional lengthening or lowering involved. Designed for all swingarm kickstart models, but will fit electric start models if Honda 750 battery is used.

30016 69.95

B. Sportster Bolt-On Hardtail

A total bolt-on unit that'll give your Sporty that Shovelhead look. Lengthens 4 1/2" and lowers rear of bike 4". This hardtail leaves ample room for installation of our custom oil tanks and electric boxes.

30017 69.95

C. Sportster Weld-On Hardtail

Add 4" of length and lower your bike 4" with this beauty. Once installed, this unit forms a near perfect line with your frame backbone, leaving a clean one-piece look. To assure proper alignment it bolts on at the bottom first, making the top weld-on area a simple operation without the worry of alignment error.

30018 69.95

D. Honda 750 Bolt-On Hardtail

A total bolt-on unit that leaves you with the classic rigid Harley look. Once installed, your bike is 5" longer and 4" lower with a 6° rake. All necessary bolts and hardware provided with illustrated instructions. The welded mounting tabs allow for use of our oil tanks, electric box, chain guard and other accessories.

30019 85.75

E. Honda 450 Bolt-On Hardtail

Here's a bolt-on unit that lengthens 6" and lowers rear 4". Included are all necessary bolts and illustrated instructions. Tabs are provided for quick bolt-up installation of our chain guard and electric box, along with a welded-in-position brake stabilizer mount.

30020 80.75

F. Triumph 650/500 Bolt-On Hardtails

A great selection of bolt-on units for 1963-1970 Triumph twins. Each hardtail comes complete with mounting tabs for quick bolt-on installation of our oil tanks, electric boxes and chain guards. In addition, the axle plates allow you to add your personal touch when molding. Choose yours from the listing below.

30021 ... 650, Lengthens 6" 69.95

30022 ... 650, Lengthens 4" 69.95

30023 ... 500, Lengthens 5" 69.95

30024 ... 500, Lengthens 3" 69.95

30025 ... 500, Lengthens 1" 69.95

30026 ... 500, Lengthens 0" 69.95

30027 ... 500, Lengthens -1" 69.95

30028 ... 500, Lengthens -2" 69.95

30029 ... 500, Lengthens -3" 69.95

30030 ... 500, Lengthens -4" 69.95

30031 ... 500, Lengthens -5" 69.95

30032 ... 500, Lengthens -6" 69.95

30033 ... 500, Lengthens -7" 69.95

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30036 ... 500, Lengthens -10" 69.95

30037 ... 500, Lengthens -11" 69.95

30038 ... 500, Lengthens -12" 69.95

30039 ... 500, Lengthens -13" 69.95

30040 ... 500, Lengthens -14" 69.95

30041 ... 500, Lengthens -15" 69.95

30042 ... 500, Lengthens -16" 69.95

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30083 ... 500, Lengthens -57" 69.95

30084 ... 500, Lengthens -58" 69.95

30085 ... 500, Lengthens -59" 69.95

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30180 ... 500, Lengthens -154" 69.95

30181 ... 500, Lengthens -155" 69.95

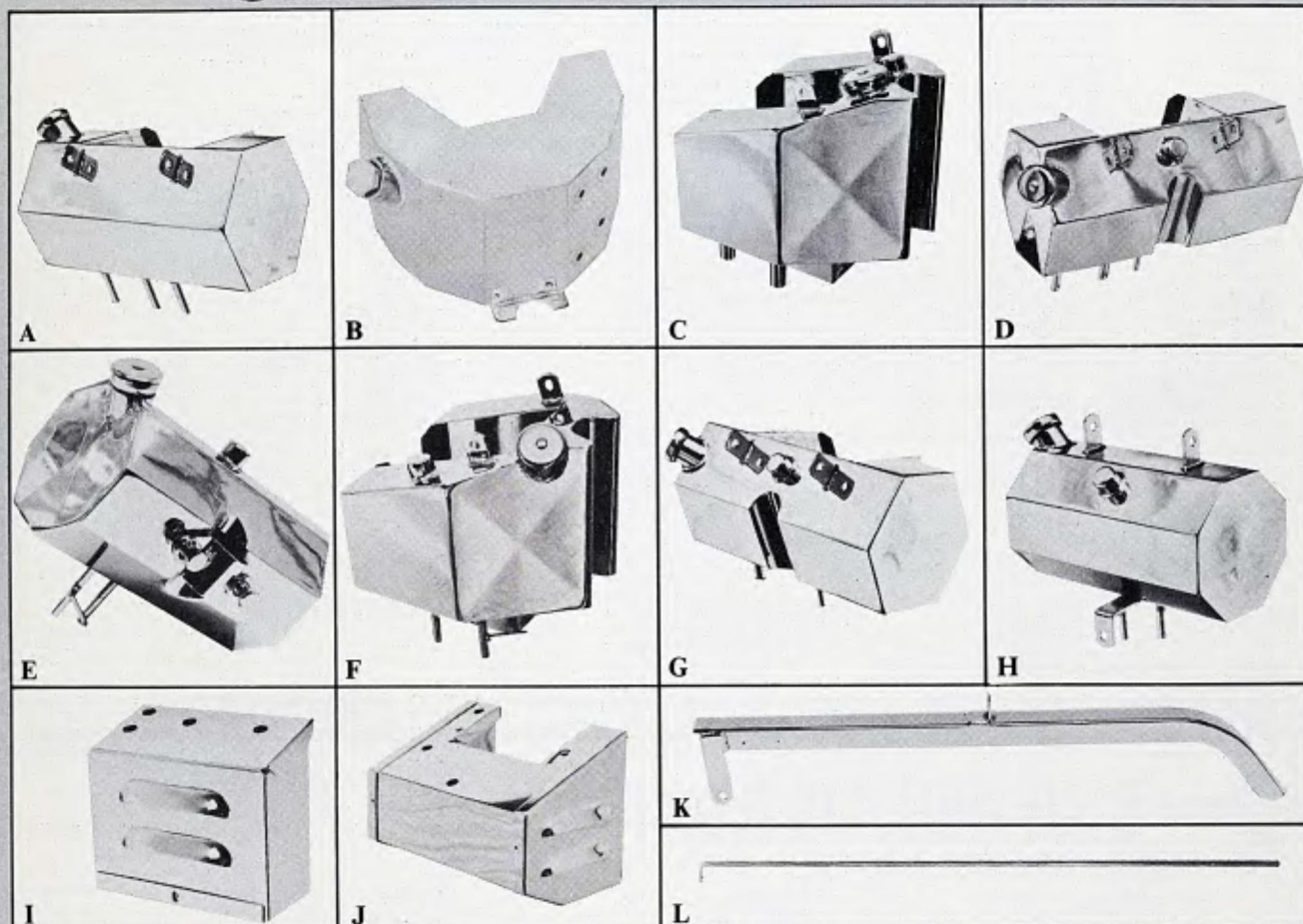
30182 ... 500, Lengthens -156" 69.9

HARDTAIL & CUSTOM FRAME ACCESSORIES

Here's a great selection of custom oil tanks, electric boxes, chain guards and brake rods for your hardtail and most other custom frames. Each accessory has been carefully manufactured to assure you of long service, easy installation and miles of eye-catching looks.



ADVERTISEMENT



A. Harley 74 Hex Oil Tank

This 3 quart hex styled tank mates up to our hardtail as well as swingarm and rigid Harley frames. Features include battery provision, top/side filler spout, star-pressed ends, deep chrome and includes cap. Kick start only.

37049 77.95

B. Sportster Octagonal Oil Tank

A 3 quart wrap around tank for our hardtails and most other Sportster frames. Highly chromed, and side fill for ease, this tank includes filler cap. Our #3805 battery box fits perfectly to accept your battery.

3804 85.95

C. Honda 750 Wrap-Around Oil Tank

Unique styling with a 3 quart capacity, this wrap around accepts a large 750 stock battery and stock oil lines. Includes welded tabs for quick bolt up to our hardtail and can be adapted to other hardtails and rigid. Deep chrome finish, cap included.

37010 77.95

D. Honda 750 Hex Oil Tank

This 3 quart hex tank bolts right up to our hardtail and will adapt to most other custom stock frames. Accepts large 750 battery and stock oil lines. Star-pressed ends, chain relief makes this show chromed beauty an instant winner. Includes cap.

3807 77.95

E. Triumph/BSA Hex Tank (Post Mount)

Mounting directly to the seat post, this 2½ quart hex tank works with our hardtail and is designed for Triumph/BSA twins and will adapt to many bikes. Uses Triumph filter screen and includes cap. Features star-pressed ends and chromed to a high finish.

37011 69.95

F. Triumph Wrap-Around Oil Tank

This 3 quart wrap around bolts directly to the tabs on our hardtail and fits up against the center down tube on Triumph frames. Battery provision area is 3½" x 5½". Uses stock Triumph filter screen and includes cap. Show chromed finish.

37012 77.95

G. Triumph Hex Oil Tank

A 3 quart hex styled tank that bolts right up to our hardtail and is adaptable to other hardtails and frames. Features battery provision, integral bottom exit breather and accepts stock filter screen. Includes cap. Star-pressed ends. Lustrous chrome.

37063 77.95

H. Triumph/BSA Oil Tank

Here's a 2½ quart, easy bolt up tank for our hardtails. Can be adapted to most bikes. Uses stock Triumph filter screen and includes cap. It's got star-pressed ends and is finished with bright chrome.

37064 69.95

I. Honda 750/Triumph/BSA Electric Box

A show chromed electric box that adapts easily to our hardtails and most other frames.

99023 34.95

J. Honda 450 Electric Box

Easily adaptable to our hardtail, this deep and lustrous chromed electric box will work on most other frames too.

99024 59.95

K. Extended Hardtail Chain Guards

A full selection of mirror chromed chain guards for our hardtail and most other extended frames.

120015 Harley 74 16.95

120016 Sportster 16.95

120017 Honda 16.95

120018 Triumph, 6" Longer 16.95

120019 Triumph, 4" Longer 16.95

120020 BSA 16.95

L. Extended Hardtail Brake Rods

These quality brake rods fit the stock adjusting nut and adapt to our hardtails and most other extended frames.

79066 Sportster 7.50

79067 Honda 750, 450 7.50

79068 Triumph 650, 4", 6" 7.50

Triumph 500/BSA 7.50



MORRIS MAGNETOS

At last! Here is magneto power, performance, convenience and styling now engineered for easy starting.

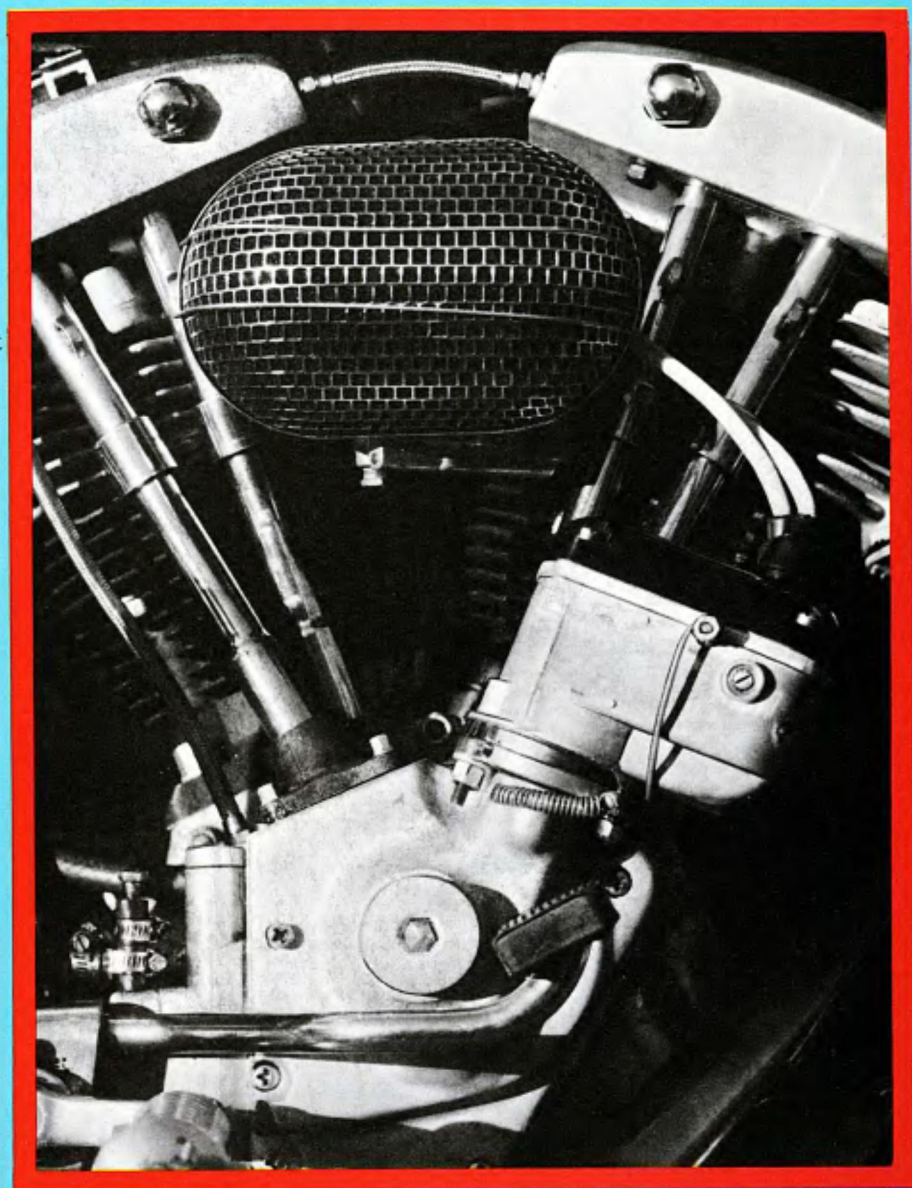
At last! The Morris Magneto is **manually retardable** (patent pending). This makes starting easier. Once the engine is running, timing advances automatically.

At last! Quick starts, more horsepower, performance for your bike, right now.

Select your kit knowing that it can do what you've always wanted a magneto to do.



Big Twins 1970-1980		
13605.....	1970-1980	319.95
Big Twins 1969 & Earlier		
13606.....	1969 & Earlier	229.95
Sportster		
13607.....	1971-1980	239.95
13608.....	1957-1970	219.95
13609...	Early Conversion Kit ..	124.02
136010..	Tach Drive Kit	24.95
136011..	Kill Switch Lever	2.50



ADVERTISEMENT

Part Number	Fits Harley	Advance-Retard Mount	Automatic Advance Feature	Tach Drive Optional	Fits Kick or Elec. Start	Additional Features
13605	Big Twins 1970-1980	✓	✓	✓	✓	New cam cover is furnished. Magneto mounts upright. Plug is same thread as Sportster clutch adjuster plug.
13606	Big Twins 1969 & Earlier	✓	✓	**	✓	Bolts into distributor hole. Unique design eliminates pushrod cover or cyl. and head fin clearance problems!
13607	Sportster 1971-1980	✓	✓	✓	✓	Bolts into tach drive hole. Cam cover need not be removed. Similar to early XLCH mags.
13608	Sportster 1957-1970	✓	✓	*	✓	Comes complete, eliminates leaky stock mount. Can be used with handlebar advance cable.
13609	Sportster 1957-1970	✓	✓	*	✓	Use to convert old stock magnetos to 13608. Comes with new magnetic rotor and mount.

[The magneto itself requires no battery
*Carburetor may interfere with tach cable on some models
**Tach cable may not clear fins on some models without notching fin
Tach drive kit includes magneto cap — Kill switch lever mounts on magneto
Underlining denotes a feature presently not available from other manufacturers.

**MORRIS
MAGNETO**

Choppershopper

—Continued from page 53

Dave: Happy birthday (12-14). Thanks for staying with me through such bad times. I'll always love ya. Your Nance. (91)

Harley riders ride the best American bike. Now own the best American dog: a registered American pit bull terrier. The best for my brothers. Healthy game pups \$300. Yvonne L. Frioux, 6718 S. Nogales Hwy., Tucson, Ariz. 85706. (602) 889-2370. No collect calls, please. (91)

Christian vegetarian housewife wanted. No drugs, no games. Must be gentle, supportive, involved, and resolved. Brunette preferred. W/m, 30, 5'11", brn/bl., 180. "Brook Trout," Box 263, Rye, Colo. 81069. (91)

Ron Chastain: Happy birthday to my man of the wind. Thank you for five and a half years of total happiness. I love you so much. I can't tell you. Ride forever, ride free. Your one and only Charon. (91)

Grin J.: I hear you, bro. Thanks, and you hang in, too. "Brook Trout." (91)

Larry: Let's ride the wind forever! Here's to the love in our hearts, and many more years together. I love you. Your ol' lady, Belfinda. (91)

Happy New Year, all you Point Dume rats. We'll do it next year. Kim. (91)

For sale: Major motorcycle shop. A successful and complete custom Harley-Davidson repair facility located in the heart of the San Fernando Valley. A find for any bro who wants to get into the bike-building business. \$150,000. 21412 Sherman Way, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. For more information call Bill Reed (213) 887-9698. (93)

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

Harley rider black T-shirts: Harley Riders Make Better Lovers; Support Your Local Harley Rider; Linda Lovelace Choked On Mine; Fuck Helmet Laws; Helmet Laws Suck; Do It Till You're Dry; Fuck Ya If You Can't Take A Joke. Send \$8 for each shirt wanted, and be sure to state size. Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (101)

Chokers from Greece for only \$5.95 plus \$1 postage and handling. Gleaming Greek chokers, of gold and silver-toned metal curves adorned with colorful Grecian beads. All threaded on a leather thong. Choose a color and send a check or money order to A. Ball, P.O. Box 592, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740. (101)

Downed, good-looking dude had wife killed while coming to visit. Out date Feb. '81. Need new spark in life. Send replies and pics to John Bartley #17275, P.O. Box 473, Westville, Ind. 46391. (91)

Freebird: Never a man like you. Never a love like ours. I might never see you again, but I'd bet my last dime you'll read this in Easyriders. Always. Pipsqueak. (91)

30-yr.-old downed So. Cal. "white-boy" lookin' to hook up with right lady. Will answer serious letters. Send pix, Bill Loy #424-50, 2605 State Street, Salem, Ore. 97497. (92)

In memory of Bummer Burke: You will ride in our hearts forever. Love, Rock, Gina, and Lisa. (91)

Transmit secrets safely. Encode and decode messages with pocket calculator. Faster, easier, safer than manual methods. Includes concealment cipher. Complete instructions with worked examples \$9.95. Reid, Box 642, Safety Harbor, Fla. 33572. (91)

"All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned everyone to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Write Craig Briggs, 428 N. Washington, Lima, Ohio 45801. (91)

Merry Christmas, Steve, Leana, and the rugrats(s)? I'll be around Oregon way in a couple of years. Glen, NPTR. (91)

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)

"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)

Mep: No promises, no expectations, no obligations. You don't even have to respond. I simply love you. Doreen. (91)

Warlock: Glad to hear from you. Please call collect. (219) 896-5149. I do love you. (91)

Bud: Merry Christmas, babe. The best one yet, just the three of us. I love you both. Celest. (91)

Fair-haired, 26-year-old with green eyes is looking for letters from foxy ladies now, and good times when he gets out. Will Williams, 206 West Parkwood, Stanley, N.C. 28164. (91)

Business cards that say it straight out. Fuck you; go fuck yourself; who the fuck do you think you are, God?; and dozens more. All cards are printed on standard 3 1/2 x 2, business card size. For sample cards and flier, send 50¢ to cover postage and handling to A-Artistic, P.O. Box 303, Glendora, Calif. 91740. (92)

Cowboy: You'll always be Number 1 to me. Hope you ride 'em forever. I love you, Rodeo. (91)

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

Sam: Surprise No. 2. You're falling behind, babe. Paybacks are a bitch—why not come down and let me sit on your face? Becky. (91)

Rick Summer: Fly free. Ramble away. Grow up. When you're ready to be tied down, call me. Your X. (91)

Shelled mini-pipes from Hawaii. Handmade \$10, plus \$1.50 for postage. Smith, Inc., P.O. Box 772, Kailua, Hawaii 96734. (91)

Magoo: I love you forever and a day. These four years have been wonderful. I'm yours forever. Love, Magee. (91)

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)

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

"Wheat" pennies — 25 different dates and/or mints, guaranteed, post paid — \$15. Good to fine condition; early, some dated to 1910 included. Send cash or m.o., no checks. Ron Winegar, P.O. Box 100064, Nashville, Tenn. 37210. (91)

Wanted: 1958 Harley step-down frame. Kraut, Box 9193, Fort Wayne, Ind. 46899. (91)

Tim Carson: We miss you! Please write or call. Big jam planned for '83 to California. Love ya. "Ma" (Sue) and Al, 1331 43rd St., Sarasota, Fla. 33580. (91)

Gus Bregy of Poway: Where the hell are you? Need to hear from you. Write or call Rt. 1, Box 11-A, Harwood, N.D. 58042; (701) 282-9558. Happy birthday 12-22, Susan and April. (91)

Elly, my love, you might not ever understand my reasons for wanting to be free, nor can I explain them. But as long as you're there, I'll always love you in my own special way. Love ya, Mike. Blue 76 Sportster. (91)

Pistol, you've given me meaning and you've given me pride—I will love you for all time. Your ol' lady, Pete. (91)

Chet, Moses, Smitty, and Pusher: Contact Vince and Pat at Box 174, Blowing Rock, N.C. 28605. (91)

Blue Eyes: Happy birthday, baby! We'll ride together again for sure. I do love ya. Scorpio Ruthie. (91)

Christina: Happy birthday to the best loving and most gorgeous lady ever. I love you. Zap. (91)

You would be amazed at some of the tasty ladies who write to us looking for a righteous ol' man. Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301. We match up bikers with ol' ladies. Send a buck and find out. Bikers only need apply. (91)

Outlaw club just starting; dropped old colors to start new breed. Looking for brotherhood and righteous bros who are interested in starting chapter for us outside Maryland. Contact George "Weed" Gibson, national president, White Trash MC, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (91)

Sincere man, 30 years old, 6 ft., 185 lbs. Seeking responsible, sincere lady 25-40 years old, for lasting relationship, possible marriage. Photo, please, Jerome Hamilton #41171-133, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048. (91)

In memory of F. S. Morgan, Jr., (aka "Fess"): In our daily thoughts the beauty remains of you; your heart of gold and love for others made you one in a few. Love, "Blondie," "The Brothers," and friends. (91)

Bud: It's been a wonderful first year (8/28/80). Here's to fifty more together. I'll love you till I die. Your two rugrats love you too. All our love. Your three ladies, Vicki, Crystal, and Brandi. (91)

Wanted: Female tattooist and female assistant. Send picture and letter to Lou's Tattoo Parlor, 475 Hay St., Fayetteville, N.C. 28301, or call (919) 483-1222. (91)

Hitler: Still love you with all my heart, regardless what has gone down. Many beautiful yesterdays; is there a tomorrow? Your butterfly-branded lady. (91)

Mep: No promises, no expectations, no obligations. You don't even have to respond. I simply love you. Doreen. (91)

Warlock: Glad to hear from you. Please call collect. (219) 896-5149. I do love you. (91)

German biker couple, 23 and 22 years old, want to stay with Harley riders (preferably Californians) of the same age for around six weeks in April/May 1981. Write to Karin Ziegler, Schwabenstr 37, 4370 Mari, West Germany. (91)

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



"Don't give him any shit or he'll sic the guard dog on you."



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Warmers!**

For Christmas!

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

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

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

Only \$5.95 plus 75¢ postage. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded.
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