

Easyriders®

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February, 1988
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**Whaat?
A Prison Rodeo?**

87 Club Cards!

**Bikin' Women
Organize**

**Mind-Bendin'
Fiction**

**Four Leg-Wettin'
Harleys**

**— and other
disgustin' stuff!**



If you like *Easyriders*, you'll like *Iron Horse*. The major difference between the two mags is that *Easyriders* restricts its feature bikes to Harley-Davidsons, while *Iron Horse* features all makes of customized motorcycles as well as cherry, restored old bikes. You'll find the same off-the-wall humor, great fiction, and, of course, beautiful women. Lotsa color photos and all the good things you've come to expect in *Easyriders* — but with a difference.

Pick up a copy of *Iron Horse* today and check it out — you won't be sorry you did.



**iron
horse**

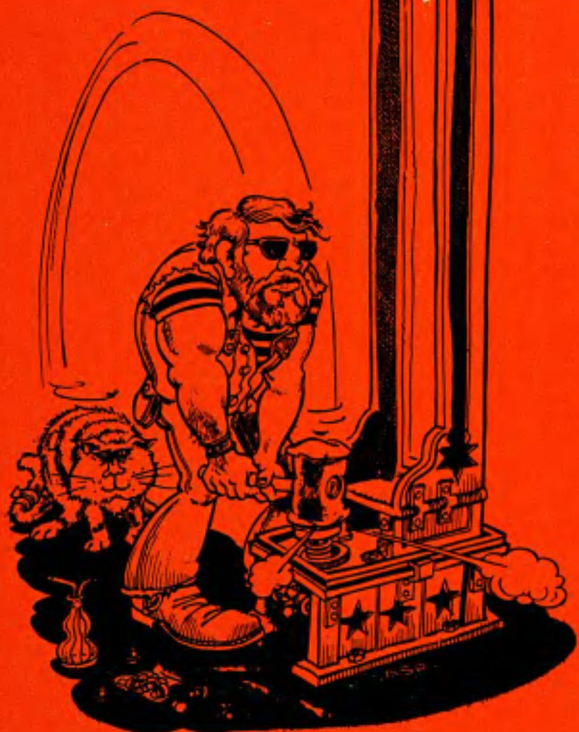
FOR THE ADULT MOTORCYCLE ENTHUSIAST

Box 999, Calabasas, California 91302

Easyriders®

Number 92

Claybrook Crusade
Totals as we go to press —
Your Contributions: \$4,313.56;
With Our Matching Dollars: \$8,627.12



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Like this month's cover girl? See more of her in our next liver-quiverin' issue, on sale January 27th.

Cover photo of Barbie S. by Mike Henderson.

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Here's a fact that won't come as any great shock to ya--twice as many women as men have nervous breakdowns.

Did ya hear about the tit freak gorilla at the Columbus zoo? The keepers had women (the human kind) breast-feed their children in front of the female gorillas so they would learn how to do the same with their own babies. But it didn't work, because the male gorilla in the cage got a front-row position and really dug watching the women breast-feed--so much so that he wouldn't let any of the female gorillas watch. He hogged all the room. They didn't say whether he whacked off afterwards.

I didn't dream this up--she did. A woman was just awarded \$2,000 because she kept having nightmares that giant Coke bottles chased her and exploded when they got near her. Seems she's had the dreams ever since a 32-oz. Coke bottle exploded in her hand.

Wanna know what women do to men? Women start life as a minority--105 males are born for each 100 females. But by age 85 there are 100 women for each 48 men.

Talk about hair: He stuck up a store and forced the people working there into the cooler. He went to get the bread, but there was only fifty bucks. So what did he do? He kept the store open for three extra hours, managing to convince suspicious police twice that he was a new employee. He then casually drove away when he got enough money and goodies from the store.

This wimp breaks into a house, loads up his car, and then decides to take a rest before driving off. He sets his wrist-watch alarm and falls asleep. The alarm doesn't go off, and the police awaken him with a few thumps on the head.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Dog fucked up. The narc dog was sent into a building to get a mental patient who was hiding inside. But the dog and the patient became friends. Later, when the cop came in, the dog attacked him. Needless to say, the mutt was retired from the force--probably sniffed too much dope and fucked up his head.

Don't kill that mouse! Scientists have just discovered that mouse spit has fantastic healing powers. It has some hormones in it that will help human wounds heal. Now they just have to figure out how to make a mouse spit.

He picked a pillowcase full of marijuana from his pot farm and wanted to dry it fast so he went to the neighborhood laundromat and tossed the works into the dryer. When the machine stopped, he opened the pillowcase and pulled out a few leaves to have a toke while he gave the pot more dryer time. He smoked the joint, someone snitched, and he and his pillowcase of grass were taken to the slammer.

An obscene caller who didn't like people hanging up on him came up with a gimmick to keep them on the phone while he did his thing. Here's what he came up with: He'd call first, tell the person answering the phone that he was the police, that the phone was tapped, and to keep any obscene caller on the line as long as possible so the call could be traced. Then he'd call back, change his voice, and have his fun and games--until he came, I guess, or whatever they get from that trip.

The bag decided to snuff her ol' man and started pounding on his head with an iron frying pan as he slept. But he kept on breathing, so she didn't know what else to do. Now get this: she called her dear ol' mom. Her mom's advice? Keep poundin' the shit outta his head until he's dead, and then call an ambulance. She claimed to the police that he attacked her first. They didn't buy it.

Then there's the dude who was arrested for drunk driving. So what? Well, he was in a battery-powered wheelchair. Or how about the dude who raped two chicks because he thought they were from outer space. He said he had the rifle because they were such ugly space creatures he wanted to capture them, which he did. Then he wanted to see if they screwed like earth creatures. They did. The police are getting the dude's head examined. ■

WORDMONGER

Fallen Bro

☐ I just bought the new Charlie Daniels Band album, and not only does the fucker have some righteous tunes on it, but on the back of the album cover there's a dedication to a fallen brother and a hell of a musician, Tommy Caldwell of the Marshall Tucker Band, who was lost and is deeply missed by friends, family, and fans. For those interested, here's the dedication:

I guess us who take the highway
Are a different breed of men
With a special kind of feeling
For the ones who we call friend
It's an arm around your shoulder
When the morning comes too soon
And a late night conversation
In a thousand motel rooms
It's a flood in California
And a snowstorm in Saint Paul
And it takes a tough old soldier
To keep going through it all
But we're so much less than human
When we lose one of our own
Now there's one more empty saddle
This old cowboy has gone home.

Marc Payne
Fenton, Mich.

Ron Cobb Is Alive

☐ In answer to the queries about Ron Cobb: Ron did all those great cartoons every week in the *L.A. Free Press* (*Freep*). In one of those cartoons he invented (and donated to the public) the ecology symbol. Then he went to Australia on a lecture tour of Aussie colleges with his good friend Phil Ochs. He decided to stay in Australia for a few years. While there he and his Australian wife-to-be, Robin Love, made a student travel film of Southeast Asia called *Cheap Horizons*. Then they came back to the States — it looked as if his talent was needed again (Nixon was

elected president) — and he did more cartoons for the *Freep*. He designed some of the aliens for the cantina sequence in *Star Wars* (see the book *The Art of Star Wars*). Then he designed nearly all the Nostromo for the film *Alien*. He began work on a mountain-men film for John Milins. This work was interrupted by a new project, *Conan the Barbarian*.

For the last two years Ron Cobb has been the art director for the *Conan* film. I am proud to have worked for the last one and a half years on the same project with this genius. Ron is currently in Spain for the construction and shooting of *Conan* (played by Arnold Schwarzenegger). There have been several collections of his work. The best are the two Australian collections of his *Freep* and his Aussie cartoons, *Ron Cobb and Cobb Again*, published by Wild and Wooley and distributed in the States. At the printer's now is a fabulous book of Ron's little-known but fantastic paintings, called *Colorvision* (same publisher). Excerpts have been printed in *Heavy Metal* magazine. New for '82: *The Art of Conan*, a book of the art Ron and I have done for the film. Now you know.

William Stout
Hollywood, Calif.

■ His success doesn't surprise us, and we were glad to get the update. Do wish he were still into political art.

About Time

☐ It's about time you stick-licks discovered there is more to life than bikes, broads, and booze. As president of the now defunct Big Chicken Motorcycle Club, I would like to congratulate you on the cockfighting article in the October issue.

I bought my first motorcycle thirty years ago and had my first gamecock before that. If anything has a lifestyle like a biker, it has to be the game rooster. Protective of his family, always willing to go against the odds, the gamecock and his "fuck you" crow in the morning is telling something to

the world. I'd like to offer a quotation from the *Royal Pastime of Cocking*, by Robert Howland in 1709: "Cocking fits a man for peace or war; it makes men bold and forward for the field and learns them there to rather die than yield."

Thank you again, and keep 'em crowin'.

Blue Eye Jim
Bellingham, Wash.

☐ You ought to stick to features on bikes and the people who ride them. Leave the sado/masochism shit for the other rags.

Merry Mary
Mesa, Ariz.

☐ Just a note to let you know we did not dig your cockfighting article.

We recognize your right to print freely articles you believe have interest to your readers, and we have enjoyed most of the *Easyriders* articles in the past, whether we agreed with them or not.

It seems that, to attract a larger readership, you have opted for an easy way out, appealing to that special mentality of the redneck sports fan who delights in watching animals suffer.

You show biker people involved in cockfighting, but we're sure your research must have turned up the fact that cockfighting is popular almost exclusively with rednecks and Hispanics.

Gerard Hahn
Cliffside Park, N.J.

Gun Laws

☐ All you bros and sisters get off your lead butts and vote! As I'm sure all of you know, the gun control laws are gettin' totally outta hand. Because my ol' man pulled our gun out of his pocket to give it to me during a fight, he is going to the Idaho state pen for three years! In most states simply displaying a gun is a mandatory three-to-fifteen pull. It doesn't even have to be loaded. I don't dig havin' my man locked down for three or more, and you people better take some fuckin' notice, because it can happen to you!

Grunt's Ol' Lady
Pocatello, Idaho

Where Is Brotherhood?

☐ I just got word that my baby had been stabbed to death. Once in the heart did it, and I have this to say about it. Since when do bros start stabbing bros and shooting each other? I always thought bros stuck together through thick and thin, but I guess things happen when jealousy takes over or when some fuckin' cunt starts sleazin' around and causin' more shit. A damned good bro ends up pushing daisies. As he said a couple of days before he was killed, "Don't ever trust a pretty face." But then who the fuck can you trust? I hope brothers everywhere will read this and realize how much they need each other and that there should be love between brothers and trust in one another.

E.C.
San Bernardino, Calif.

More On

☐ Those pictures of Marilyn Chambers were the best. Could have used about a hundred more pages just for her. Oh yeah, the interview with her ol' man, Chuckie, was good too. I'm jealous!

Buckwheat
St. Paul, Minn.

☐ Personally, I wouldn't fuck Marilyn Chambers with Miraculous Mutha's dildo. I'll just bet ya ate the shitter on that critter.

John Graham
Soledad, Calif.

Snivel, Snivel

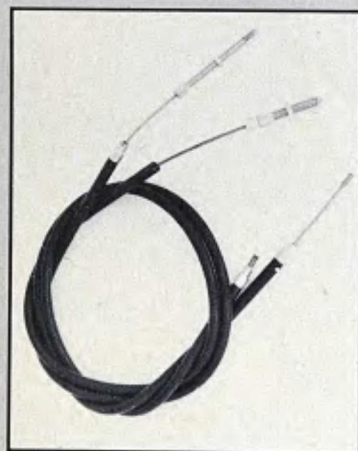
☐ This is a question in dire need of being asked: What the fuck are you smoking? It must be carpet pad, because this time you came all over yourself and never even got it in. I picked up the October *Easyriders*, and you dumb fuckers want to know if the Shah or the cuntlap from Iran is gonna die first. The Shah has been dead for ages and you ain't picked up on it? You're weird bastards, I'll tell ya that.

The Pole
Marshfield, Wis.

■ The magazine had already gone to press before the Shah croaked, so he fucked up our contest idea. (Figures.)

Lifetime Clutch (and brake) Cables

New Design! Guaranteed Not to Break on Ya!



That's right. Now you can travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch or brake cable ain't gonna crap out on ya in the middle of Tighttwat, Texas—where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard drivin'. Your worries are over! Get these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or next gallon of gas is coming from—because you **never** have to worry about your cable goin' south on ya anymore!

Cable is 1/8" diameter 7 x 19 (seven strands of 19 wires each strand) galvanized carbon steel. Prelubed!

Each cable is preformed and prelubed—thus eliminating stretching and lubing. It has a minimum breaking strength of 2000 lbs. In assembling the product we use coil wound outer housing with a nylon inner sleeve to prevent cable abrasion. All of the end fittings are pneumatically swaged and pull tested to 500 lbs. This insures no slippage and negates the possibility of heat damage to the cable strands. The 7 x 19 cable design is for super flexibility, thus it can be used in areas of bending and flexing without causing any damage, or wear.

It is common knowledge that most clutch cables break at the clutch release handle pivot pin. It is also a fact that all stock and replacement clutch cables are made utilizing the 1 x 19 (1 strand of 19 wires). We use 7 x 19, not 1 x 19—and we won't break!

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WIND

Number Two

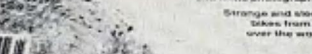
1 IN THE WIND
Easyriders



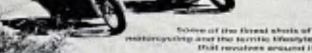
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This is not your ordinary garden variety motorcycle magazine. This 197-page mutha has over 178 mind-bogglin' color photos of bikers doin' their thing. Over 243 black and white photos of bikers doin' other things! Everyone happy with their faces into the wind. Now you can buy this liver-quiverin' masterpiece directly from the animal farm. Just send \$2.50 to Box 52, Malibu, California 90265 — and we're such good muthas we'll pay the outrageous postage and fondling costs. Do it right now before your mind wanders. Now, we said!

(U.S. Currency Only. Thank you)

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

Claybrook Crusade

How is the Claybrook Crusade doing? I think it's a good idea for you to match every buck that comes in. It will take a lot of bucks for any TV station to let a commercial about bikers go on the air, but the only way to show them is to try.

Charley
Dayton, Ohio

See contents page for total and page 47 for an update.

Has Approval

Here's a reply to "Concerned Person" in your August issue's Monger column.

So you think it's disgusting for a dude to show off his ol' lady's bod as well as for the ol' lady to show off her bod on her own? First, a dude would not show off his ol' lady's bod if he didn't think she was the best thing going. Second, the ol' lady would not show off her bod without the dude's approval.

When you get right down to it, the bod is a form of art by itself. You either like the art or you don't. However, there are some people who have nothing to show and are jealous of those who do have something to show!

Bonehead
K-town, Germany

Tech Tip No. 1

"Harley-Davidson": the second best thing a girl can sit on.

Jane Horn
Red Lion, Pa.

A Bet

My friend says you won't print a letter from me, so I bet him ten 'ludes and a dime bag.

Stoner
Culver City, Calif.

Share your winnings and I'll do anything.

Philippines Stash

I'm in Uncle Sam's floating nuclear circus, and we just pulled in to the Philippines.

Remember the article you ran a while back about this Toby dude who had a shitload of Harley parts stashed away? Well, I kept those directions for close to a year, figgerin' I'd get here sooner or later.

Tryin' to follow 'em was a bitch, to say the least. First off, they changed the name Moons Bar to Rip 'n' Root. That's where you make the vital turn.

Anyway, the old directions are right after that, but you don't want to go there and disturb Toby's ol' lady. Ya see, since you fuckers made Toby famous, he opened up a bike shop in Manila and another one called Toby's Big Bike Shop, in Olongapo.

He's got some dynamite sleds out there: Indians, pans, and 45s, even a couple of trikes. It's well worth checkin' him out and maybe even score on an engine, like I did.

Big Red
Philippines

Some Advice

In Spider's "Takin' It Easy" column in the July issue, he reports that oral sex has contributed to a rise in dysentery, but because of the editorial humor with which he treated the item, a lot of folks may not understand what he was trying to say. I could almost hear the screams of those who would follow his prescription and stuff their wad in a glass of mouthwash or take a Listerine douche.

First of all, there has been no sudden skyrocketing in either of the two types of dysentery. One is caused by an amoeba and the other by a bacterium, and they both exist in a substantial fraction of the population in most parts of the world, including the U.S. Many of those who have amoebiasis or shigellosis have only mild symptoms (usually a chronic case of the shits) or no noticeable symptoms at all, but they still may shed the little buggers in their feces.

Usually, the diseases are transmitted by contaminated water or food, such as unwashed vegetables, but they may be transmitted by anal-oral sex. Dysentery doesn't exactly fit the description of the term "venereal disease," but it does fall into the newer category of "sexually transmitted disease." Because of the increased sexual freedom enjoyed over the past two decades, many people get off on anal-oral sex, and this has contributed to the prevalence of dysentery today.

Anyway, as I hope your readers realize, bathing the tender parts in Listerine will only cause more discomfort than getting your dipper caught in your zipper. A fairly short and simple lab test can tell if someone has the infection.

Doc
Westwood, Mass.

Can't Draw

You fuckers talk a lot of shit, but when it comes down to it, ya can't even draw an American flag. Check out page 3. Your flag has fifteen stripes. Dumb shits.

D.J.
Chantilly, Va.

We were accused of this once before and proved we were correct. You check the back issues; I'm too lazy.

Liberated Chick

I have a beef and it's against the people who write to you and complain how "chauvinistic" your magazine is. I consider myself a liberated person and don't find your attitudes the least bit offensive. Everyone is entitled to an opinion, and everyone is entitled to voice that opinion, but what no one is entitled to do is to be abusive about stating his views to others. This only gives the effect of shoving ideas down someone's throat. It also gives other people the idea that they are dealing with an asshole. Maybe these people who call themselves liberated should look up the word in the dictionary.

Lynn Connor
Scarborough,
Ontario, Canada

Strong Gas

I have a bitch of a problem with my ol' lady's asshole. She has the rottenest, stinkiest, shittiest, rat's-ass farts in the world, and is proud of it. The breeze from her little cry hole wakes me out of a dead pass-out-drunk sleep. She'll give any one of us bros a run for our money in a stink-fart contest. We can always have Miraculous Mutha for the judge. There is no gas shortage here.

Smellin' of Bunghole
Corpus Christi, Texas

Do they have stink-fart contests in Texas?

A Warning

I know who you are, asshole, so take this as a warning! Tire Iron Sonny Pendleton, Ind.

Who'd you send your note to? No one here is coppin' to anything.

Tech Tip No. 2

Sitting Bull once said, "White man full of bull."

Redeye
Naples, Fla.

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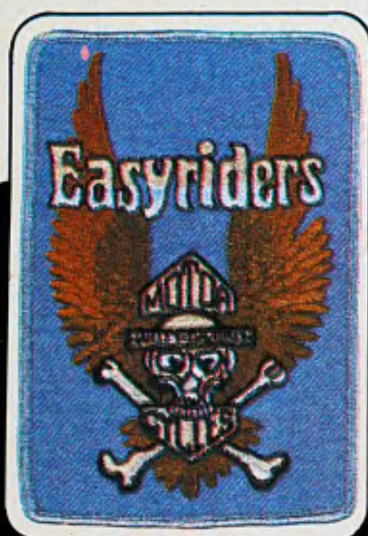
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Easyriders Patch

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

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

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

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

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California residents add 6% sales tax.

St. Helens And Mutha Nature

☐ Your article "A Run To Our Death" in the October '80 issue was outstanding, especially the photography. I am originally from that part of the country and have climbed Mt. St. Helens. I can only say that the bikers who wrote the article are very fortunate to be alive.

Bad as St. Helens was, however, it was nothing compared with Krakatoa. This was a small, volcanic island between Java and Sumatra that became active and exploded in 1883. There were four explosions on the day it happened, but the third was the big one. The resulting bang was heard on the island of Rodriguez, 3,000 miles away — the loudest noise in recorded history. It generated a tsunami, or tidal wave, that drowned 30,000 people. The shock wave traveled around the earth four times, and there was so much dust that sunsets all over the world were blood red afterward. From a mountain rising several thousand feet over the ocean's surface, Krakatoa became a hole in the bottom of the sea 900 feet deep. Vulcanologists have estimated that the force of the explosion was equal to ten gigatons — that's ten billion tons — of TNT.

D.W. Reilley
Kodiak, Alaska

Good Bet

☐ I bet if only half the bikers in the U.S. shouted at one time, it could be heard all the way to Washington, D.C.

Wild Bill
Carson City, Nev.

■ And if half of 'em voted and wrote letters, they would also be "heard" in D.C.

Rename Contest

☐ My friend and I were looking over the competition in the Ol' Lady Contest. We can't enter ourselves 'cause we're both uglier than catshit. But those broads are sure no better than we are. Since their ol' men are the ones who enter them, we think you should rename this the Love Is Blind Contest.

Rosie and Twatie
Omaha, Neb.

■ Beauty is only skin deep, as someone once said — and especially when all the skin is stacked and filled out right.

More Bird Gripes

☐ I've just read the October issue, the one with the cover banner proclaiming "Six Pages

of Cockfighting." Knowing this is a magazine for the betterment of biking, I visualized several bikers with megawatts, covered by little boxing gloves, dukin' it out at waist level. Nope! Didn't happen! Nada!

Instead, I see a poorly written, pathetic article, doing its damndest to make a clean, respectable sport out of a sadistic, disgusting, and useless piece of shit. Trying to justify cock slaughter is pure drivel. There is absolutely no justification for that shit. I like to fight as well as anyone, but you suckers show carnage for sport, and this shit does nothing to better biking. It presents us as ignorant, drooling troglodytes who get off on the pain and suffering of others.

Father Guido
Portage, Wis.

Wants Unknowns

☐ Man, what the fuck is Marilyn Chambers doing in *Easyriders*? Hey, don't get me wrong — she's a fine babe. But shit, if I wanted to see all of her, I could have bought *Genesis* (or whatever the fuck the name of that cookbook she poses for is) or seen her flicks. I mean, shit, it's better to have some nice-looking babe who's unheard of than some rich porno star.

Rodney Buzz Bearar
Ft. Carson, Colo.

Bikers Are People

☐ Bikers are people too. The

main difference is simple. We're not ready to lie down like an old dog and play dead.

People hate us, not so much for our bikes, but because of our sense of freedom and justice and the fact we are ready to fight and die for what we believe in, unlike others who are willing to accept anything as long as they get a pat on the head and get told how good they are.

So let them enjoy their bone while I enjoy the wind in my face and brothers I can count on and who can count on me!

Dwayne
Slidell, La.

Four-legged Kind

☐ You should check out San Marcos High — we've got a swimming pig here. No, man, the animal.

Bullett
San Marcos, Texas

Tech Tip No. 3

☐ Any man who thinks he's better than a bike tramp ain't fought one. Any woman who thinks she's too good for a bike tramp ain't been fucked by one.

Big Al
Susanville, 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. ■



"I dropped a seed in my bellybutton and it started to germinate, so I thought what the hell!"

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags



Court Appearance

The single most beneficial thing you can do to help your case is to present yourself well in the courtroom. That means that leathers and cut-offs, dirty Levi's and motorcycle boots are out, as are lank, greasy locks and a "screw you" attitude. Like coppers, magistrates have their likes and dislikes and you should play up to them, however distasteful.

There's nothing to be gained from standing up for your principles and going to court looking like you do before setting out for a run if it means that you're going to walk out of court with a heavier fine or a longer ban. Play their game for a while; it certainly won't do you any harm and it may make their attitude toward you more lenient which, in the end, is what the game of getting busted is about.

— Jim Lindsay
Bike

Big Iron

When the Harley freak defended his choice he had to speak in the abstract. He spoke of soul, of the wedding of flesh and blood with steel, of the way his spirit soared when his total sensory perception locked in on wind in his face, and raw, guttural power pounded between his legs. He spoke of heavy and inefficient as though they were virtues somehow beyond the understanding of the limey lover. He talked of a machine that, for all its bulk, could easily burrow beneath your skin and infect you with an unbreakable and abiding love for the "big iron."

— Larry Kummerman
Supercycle

Brotherhood

The idea is still there. Bikers are brothers. No mat-

ter what style they are into, as long as being a biker is a way of life and there is honor between them. Those who break the rules or go outside those lines of trust deserve to have their heads handed back to them.

Long live brotherhood, trust, and the free biker's way of life, and may those who break that trust go to hell.

— Bob Blitchin
FTW

Riding The Rails

Let's face it — rails are designed to trap wheels. It keeps the trains off the street, you know. The problem is, rails also trap cycle tires, and you can't steer. If you can't steer, you can't balance.

So, whenever possible, we want to cross at right angles.

Maintaining a nice reasonable speed (30 to 35 mph) will keep those gyros, front and rear, working to add stability.

And finally, while you're trying hard to aim away from the worst spots, don't forget about that aggressive quad-racyclist back there nuzzling your taillight. Most car drivers don't understand the cyclist's track-crossing tactics, and often become unreasonable about your "reasonable" pace. It isn't much fun to crash, but it is even less fun to get ironed by a Detroit sled after crashing. So remember to shake sharks before you get to the tracks.

— David L. Hough
Road Rider

"I Didn't See Him."

How many times have you looked an oncoming car driver straight in the eye only to have him turn left directly in front of your cycle? It's the

old story of "I didn't see him," recited by car drivers in 70 percent of the accidents that occur between cars and motorcycles at city intersections.

The best training you can get won't keep those drivers from violating your right-of-way. Of course, you will be better prepared to handle the situation when it comes up if you've had training. But, something more is needed.

We've long recognized that rider education isn't the only answer to motorcycle safety. Education for the other road users is also an important element in making motorcycling safer. And we're doing something about it.

— Dr. Charles Hartman
American Motorcyclist

Most Common Items

An informal survey of professional motorcycle mechanics reveals the following as the most common items of neglect on machines brought in to them for service and repair. They are listed in order of frequency. 1. Low tire pressures, 2. Dry chains, 3. Loose chains, 4. Worn steering head bearings, 5. Low oil.

— Motorcyclist

True Wholesale Prices

Unfortunately, in today's motorcycle market, many private sellers are onto the fact that they can get high dollar for their used bikes; they are often unwilling to sell their bikes for a true wholesale price.

One retailer, however, has found that even if he buys a used bike high, it is easy to recoup his money. "Nowadays many bikes are selling for more than they did new. They're still cheaper than a new one."

— Kathy Weinert
Dealernews

MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

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

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

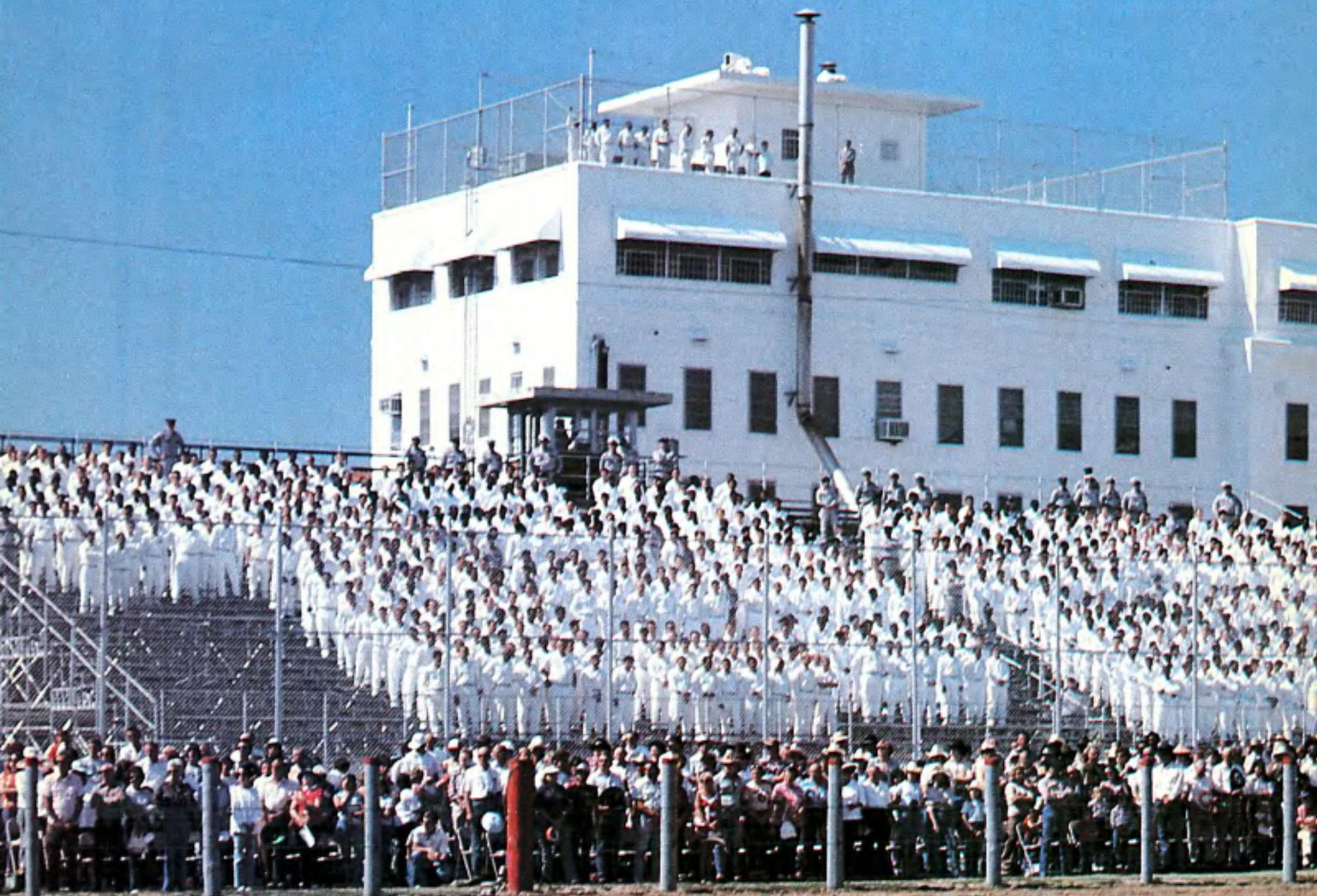


Send money order or check
for \$7.95 per pair to:

Good
Products
Box 807
Yucca Valley, Calif.
92284

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

Inmates



Turned Cowboys

Makin' Bucks Gettin' Bucked

I know some of the snivelers will want to know what the hell a rodeo has to do with bikers. Well, this one is kinda different. It's put on by the Texas State Pen in Huntsville, and the inmates are the show. Now, if you're a biker and you ain't been "in," I know you've got friends or bros who are doing time now or have at one time or another. The Texas Prison Rodeo is an annual event and they have had one every Sunday in October for the past 49 years. I've been in Texas for fourteen years and had never quite made it to the rodeo at Huntsville, so







when the discussion got started at the office, I volunteered 'cause I got lotsa friends and bros in Huntsville.

If you've never been to this rodeo, you're really missing something. Can you imagine bein' in the joint and along comes the chance for a free ride? To these cowboy prisoners it must be like a chance to race bikes would be to biker prisoners. They have the street and the front of the Big Walls blocked off and it's like a midway all day — bands, munchies, T-shirt booths and so forth. They even have prisoners' art for sale. And the crowd — hell, I guess that everyone in Texas who has friends or relatives in the joint shows up and pays five bucks to get in.

There's a big arena set up next to the walls and it's all sectioned off with separate areas for the public, the inmate spectators, and the inmate participants. My roommate Jim shoots rodeo a lot, so I dragged along him and one of our feature cover girls to tote our lenses and film. I figured we wouldn't get much cooperation because of our outlaw looks and nature, but we were greeted in a most friendly fashion by officials and were escorted into the actual arena and set free — no guard or nothin'. First thing I'm thinkin' is, "Fuck this! Where's them bulls?" (I was thinking of the animal kind.) But here came an inmate clown, who told me that one of my inmate bros had sent him to say hi and keep the bulls off us and to tip me off to what's happenin' next. I think he saved our ass a couple of times, too — them bulls stomped hell outta some of them riders.

Now I've seen rodeos before, but these guys went at it like it was their last ride and if they made it, they'd get set free. They even had a section of gals from the women's joint who chased down calves for bucks. Then they turned loose a bunch of prisoners called Redshirts, and they chased around a bull with a tobacco sack full of money tied to his horns. I saw that mutha really put the hurt on them — but they caught him and got to keep the money.

They also had a local DJ cuttin' up on the mike with stuff like, "Next, ridin' a bull named Parole, which is as close as he'll get to it. . ." When one guy hit the dirt, the DJ said, "That's all right, folks — he's got forty more years to try it again."

During intermission, Ernest Tubb and Faron Young entertained from a bandstand at center arena. During that time we were allowed to talk with the prisoners who were participating, but we couldn't talk with the prisoner spectators in the stands. They were in a fenced-off area across the way — off-limits and loaded with guards. There seemed to be a large percentage of biker prisoners — nothin' unusual for Texas bikers. One told me he had forty bros in the audience from Louisiana. We saw one biker visitor who was puttin' cross-country from Virginia. He stopped and chained his backpack to his Harley so he could watch the show.

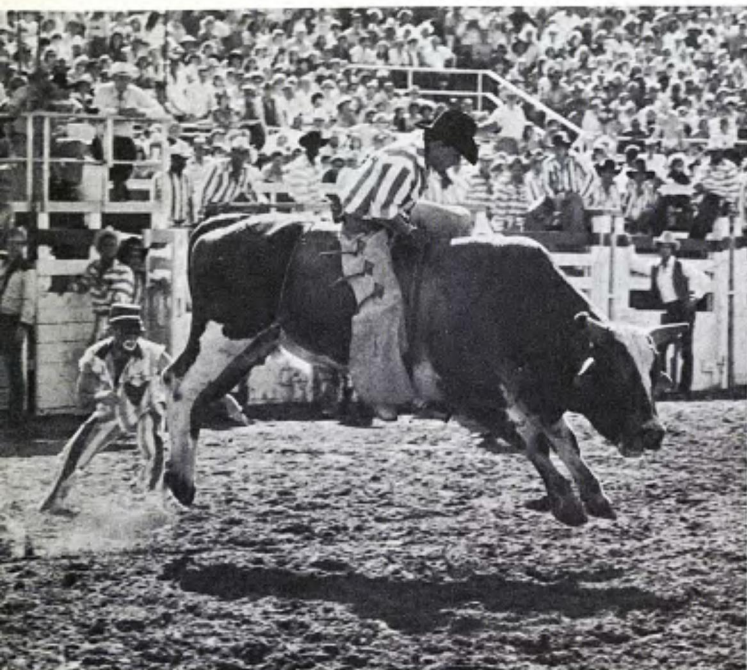
At one point, W.J. Estelle, Jr., head of all the Texas joints, showed up in the chutes to talk with the riders. I shot a couple of flicks of this scene and one prisoner asked me, "You ain't gonna put him in our magazine, are you?" Kinda made me feel good when he called it his magazine.

All I can say is, I never had a better time at any event. The vibes were absolutely great. Bein' able to ride in that great show musta been like Christmas to them guys, even though they couldn't keep on ridin' right through them gates.

— Billy T.



Photos by Billy Tinney and Jim Kent





Half A Century of Convict Cowboys

Down Huntsville way, there's a bunch of Texas cowboys who will almost surely make it to heaven someday — if only because they've been through hell here on earth. They're the stars of the Texas Prison Rodeo, and their circuit is a short one, just four or five performances — four or five chances to make a few bucks, to entertain brother inmates, to contribute something to the world behind the walls.

These few short afternoons of pseudo-freedom may not sound like much, but if you've ever been down, if you've ever spent much time staring at gray walls, or green walls, or iron bars, you know how much you would give for just a taste of freedom, a slice of the outside, to reassure you that there is still a world out there waiting for your release.

For almost 50 years the Sundays in October have been the Christmas, New Year's Eve, Fourth of July, and Labor Day of the Huntsville penitentiary calendar. The Texas Prison Rodeo may be the only event of its kind — certainly it is the longest-running, best-organized and most profitable such event — and it really, honestly-to-God fills the joint with a little hope, a bit of joy, and the feeling that life behind bars is not just one hellish hassle after another.

About that word "profitable": since 1931 the rodeo has made over \$2,000,000, all of it going into various prisoner welfare programs.

This year the rodeo provided about \$350,000 for the prison Education and Recreation Fund, which provides special medical treatment and educational programs for prisoners. Among the items paid for out of this fund are special medical care such as amputations, rare disease treatment, facial reconstruction, eyeglasses, dentures, band instruments (there's a full-time music director and staff), and college courses.

Individual prisoners also get a chance to make a few bucks during the rodeo. In addition to prize money, inmates can cash in by selling their art (90 percent of the price goes to the prisoner, 10 percent to the E&R fund), or by selling prison-made rodeo programs, souvenir booklets, record albums, and cassettes.

If a would-be cowboy is down in Texas and wants to get in on the action, what does he do? The first prerequisites are a clean disciplinary record and top physical condition. About 75 of the 200 or so inmates who sign up for tryouts get past this step to the fun part — a chance to go a round or two with one of those mechanical bulls like they have at Gilley's Club in Houston (well, Pasadena, actually). If the motorized mutha doesn't get 'em they have a final tryout on an actual, rip-snorting bull. Eventually, the final 50 survivors win their "colors" — the stripes that identify a Texas Prison Rodeo cowboy.

It's easier for drugstore cowboys to cop prize money these days. It seems that old-time professional rodeo riders were real hell-raisers and the prison system was full of them. Now that sponsors like Skoal snuff and Black Velvet booze have turned rodeo into a respectable, big-money sport, many of the real cowboys wear leisure suits and carry ball money.

Every prisoner in the rodeo — including the clean-up crews and the convict cowboy

clowns — is paid \$10 for each Sunday he participates. Top prize in the rodeo events — bareback bronc riding, saddle bronc riding, and bull riding — is \$55. The wild cow milking contest pays cash to the winner and gives all the contestants a rare chance to yank on some tits.

Then there's the Redshirts.

"You take a sack of money and tie it between the horns of a bull that doesn't have a friend in the world," explains Joe Weshifesky, a veteran Redshirt. "Then you tell 40 or so would-be cowboy convicts (Redshirts) that whoever gets that sack full of money keeps it. As you watch the Redshirts chase the bull, or should I say,

watch the bull chase the Redshirts, you can't help but think to yourself, 'These guys are crazy.'"

Prize money in this event starts at \$100 and goes up every time the bull wins. This year the bull wasn't nailed until the fourth week, by which time the tobacco sack — swollen by contributions from spectators and

guest entertainers — contained a heart-stopping \$1120. If the weight of all that hard cash hadn't slowed the bull down, he might never have been caught.

And if the bull wins? An emergency crew and two doctors are always in attendance, and a nearby hospital keeps its X-ray department on standby. Actually, serious accidents are rare, despite the fact that most participants are rookies, possibly because many riders jump off before their full eight seconds are up.

No rodeo would be complete without cowgirls. Each year 20 sisters from the Goree Facility for Women compete in a greased pig chase and in calf roping.

The rodeo starts at 2 p.m. every Sunday in October and lasts about two hours. Attendance this year was about 80,000, including about 8,000 prisoners, some of whom traveled close to 200 miles to get there (the rodeo is open to all Texas inmates).

Neither prisoners nor prison clubs are involved. A special staff handles management, and judges are brought in from outside the system. The Texas experience has proven that imaginative, large-scale programs can both boost prison morale and provide much-needed funds.

The rodeo has had only one escape in 49 years, and that one couldn't have come off without unwitting help from a guard. It seems two cons got some street clothes and headed for a hole in the fence. A guard spotted them, thought they were trying to sneak in, and chastised them severely for trying to crash a benefit event. He then pointed dramatically at the hole in the fence and ordered them to get out. Well, what would you have done?

Easyriders would like to thank Don Reid, Rodeo Press Coordinator for the past 35 years, and W.J. Estelle, Jr., Director of the Texas Department of Corrections, for their cooperation and assistance in the preparation of this article. Also, a special thanks to former prison officials and rodeo founders Colonel Lee Simmons, Albert Moore, R.O. McFarling, and W.W. Wald for coming up with a way to make life for our brothers and sisters doing time a little more bearable.

— E.K.B.

When I die, I may not go to heaven; I don't know if they let cowboys in; If they don't, just let me go to Texas; Texas is as close as I've been.

— as sung by Tanya Tucker



Club Cards

Club cards aren't easy to come by. Some clubs only give them to bros they like, while others give them to people they help along the road — to dispel the myth that all scooter people are bad and won't help a straight person. We're lucky. We receive cards from bros all over the world. Most of them we have met, but others send us their cards for this feature that we run occasionally. Someday, when we have a decent office, we hope to put all the cards on a wall — if we can convince Spider to get off of 'em.

WE LOVE OUR MACHINES
AND THOSE WHO UNDERSTAND

**LIVE
TO
RIDE**

Gypsy Jokers

The Haliants

Denver Colorado

ONLY the LONELY
MOTORCYCLE CLUB
CEN. WIS.

12
13

WE RIDE
TOGETHER
... WE RIDE
FOREVER

You have just met a **D.C. EAGLES** motorcycle

IT'S HARD
FOR US TO
BE HUMBLE
"WHEN WE
ARE
THE BEST"

MARAUDER
MOTORCYCLE
CLUB

OUTCASTS

COURTESY CA
You have had
You have been

Satan's Soldier

WHEELS
UNLIMITED

VICE
PRESIDENT

RATHPAK





Gun The Collector

October 27th is no time to be makin' your way across northern Pennsylvania, at least not when you've gotta make L.A. by November one. Now they say that P-A has more different kinds of deciduous trees and bushes than any place on earth, with the possible exception of some forest in mainland China; but having viewed three lifetimes' worth of Asian autumn from my POW camp, I figured a putt across U.S. 6 was the better deal.

Oh, the leaves were fine. I don't have to tell anybody who's looked out over Pennsylvania's grand canyon in October that it doesn't give up nuthin' to the one on the other side of the Divide. In fact, a couple of times I had to remind myself of what was waiting for me across the continent, lest I linger too long and lose out on the finest pie from sea to shining sea. But it was dark now, a cold front was moving in, and I was wishing I'd listened to everyone and swung south through the Carolinas before heading west. *Splat!* A raindrop smacked my cheek. It felt big as a fucking fist.

Then a second and a third. *Kr-rack!* The dark skies opened up violet-white and thundered down in bucketfuls. I could barely see the Rolling Rock sign outside the tiny roadhouse as I wheeled my scooter into the gravel lot.

There were three people in the honky-tonk and all three turned away from the TV and stared as I sloshed in the front door.

"Shit, Amelia," a big coal-mining type bellowed to the barmaid, "try to tell me there ain't no rats under yer place. I told you a good rain'd wash 'em all up to the surface!"

"Aw, shush," the beefy woman snapped, raising her arm across her huge bosom as if to slice him with a backwoods karate chop. "Can't you see the poor feller's had a rough enough time?"

"Shit, Amelia, he knows I'm jest havin' some fun. Give the guy an Iron!"

"How do you know he doesn't want a Rock?" she demanded, turning to me.

"Uh, an Iron'll be fine." I nodded, not wanting to get involved in local politics.

"Where you ridin' to on such a night?" a skinny old guy hollered to me from the other end of the bar. The temperature had already dropped twenty degrees since sundown.

"California."

"Oooeee!" the three voices cried in unison.

"Boy, you shoulda took the southern route, 'less you wanna freeze yer ass off," the coal miner advised me.

"Yeah," I agreed. "Tomorrow, I'll cut down through Tennessee."

"Lest you get snowed in," the big barmaid chimed in.

I don't remember what kind of mindless shit they had on the tube, but everyone locked in on it when the special

bulletin came on. Then I knew I should have headed south.

We interrupt this program to bring you this bulletin from the U.S. Weather Bureau. Traveler's advisory for the following counties: Potter, McKean, Clinton, Tioga. Heavy rain, hail, and wind gusts up to sixty miles per hour have been reported moving eastward between Bradford and Port Allegheny.

"Hell, that's comin' right this way. Looks like you ain't goin' nowhere tonight," the barmaid advised me.

"Gotta make L.A. by the end of this week," I informed her.

"You won't make no place but the undertaker's in that storm. I got a shed out back. You can lay yer bedroll down in there for the night."

I looked out the window and saw that the rain had subsided. I chugged the remains of my beer and rose from my stool. "Gotta make time," I said, marching to the door.

"I was wrong. That ain't no rat," the coal miner said as I walked out the door. "A rat's got more brains."

The air was cold and the wind gusts nearly took me off my scooter a couple of times but, keeping a steady pace, I soon put another forty miles behind me. That much closer to the Coast, I thought. I wasn't too tired, so I figured I could ride all night if my luck held out. Then the skies opened up like before, only this time the drops weren't just the size of fists, they hit like them too. Hail!

It felt like cannon fire, and for the first time in my life I found a use for brainbuckets besides shittin' in 'em. I slowed down to twenty

miles an hour, but couldn't even see to pull off the road. A screeching sound arose and then the vague silhouette of a fucking cage pulling out of a driveway or gravel road; I couldn't tell which. There was nothing to do but lay down my trusty scooter and hold my breath while three thousand bucks worth of paint and chrome, not to mention my hide, skidded along the asphalt and gravel.

I shut the engine off as soon as we came to rest. No broken bones; wasn't going fast enough. I picked the bike up to survey the damage. It made a sizzling, crackling noise when I got it upright, and then I sickened when I found the cause. The weld along the bottom of my tank had split; I was going nowhere.

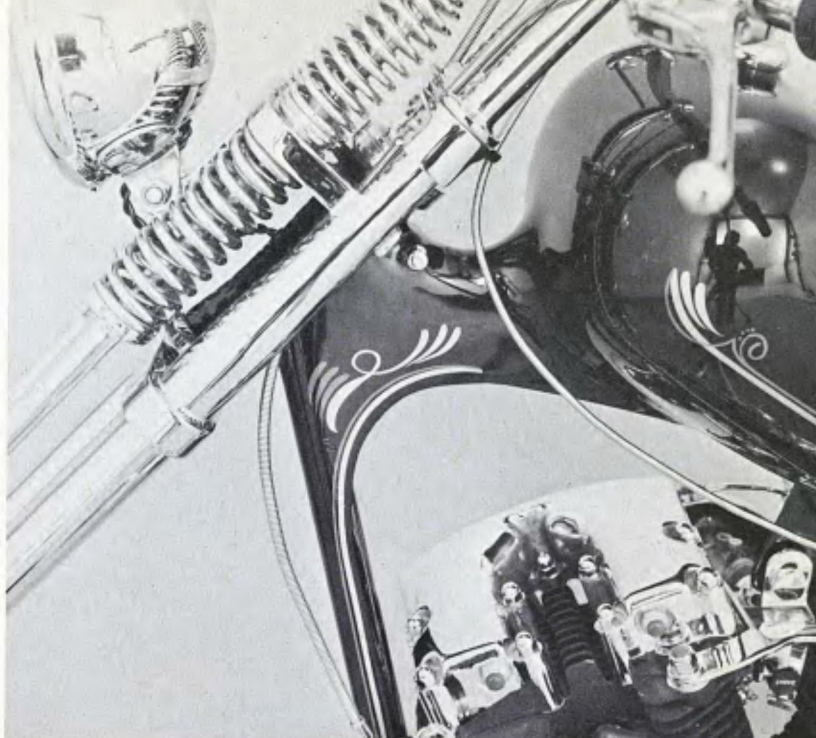
I pulled the tank off the bike as fast as humanly possible. Could be all that freezing slop is what kept the sucker from going up in flames. I looked around for signs of life, a light, anything. I spotted an outbuilding of some sort about fifty yards down the road, so I pushed the scooter toward it. It was long abandoned, no doubt about that. Didn't even have a door on it. I examined the rafters with my flashlight, apprehensive of the shack, recalling the threat of sixty-mile-an-hour winds. I was in no

Continued on page 110

"A thousand miles did nothing to erase the uneasiness I felt each time I recalled that a man had died while I got my rocks off twenty feet away."

by P.A. Crude





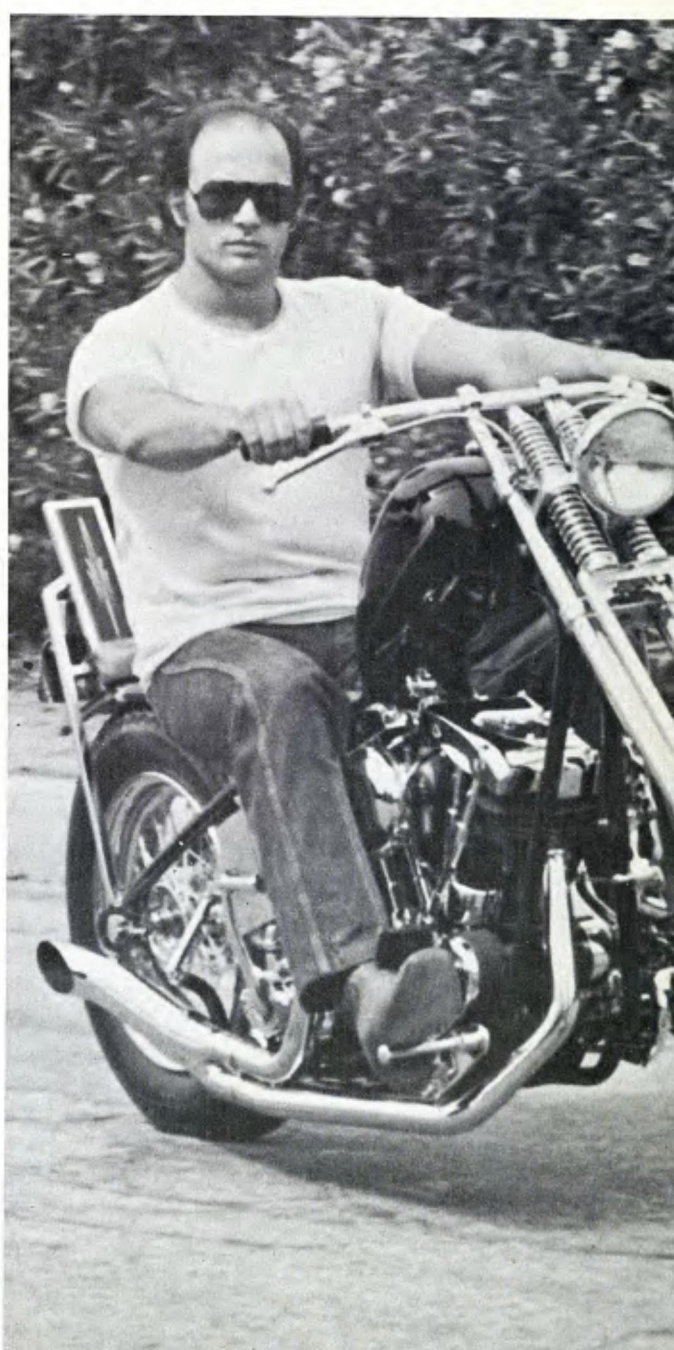
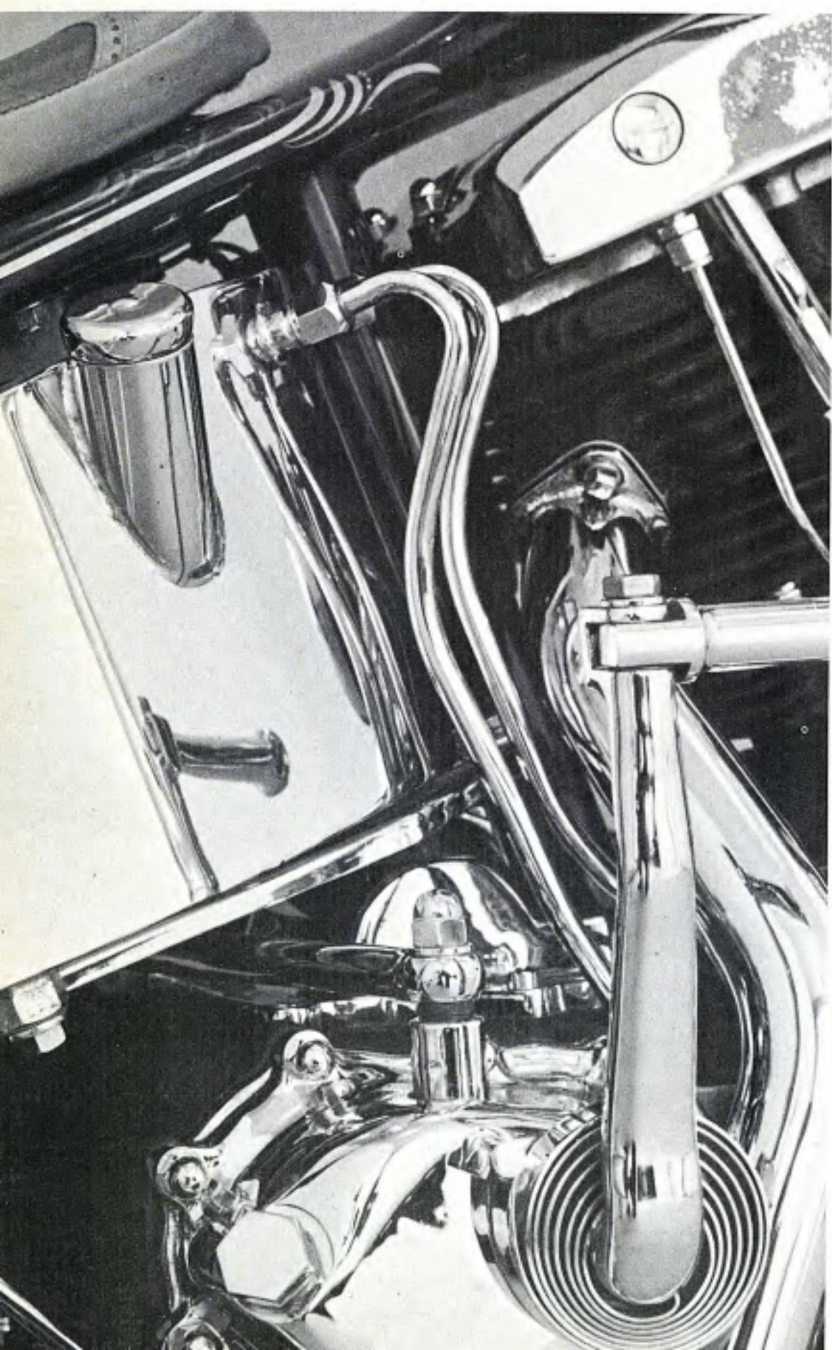
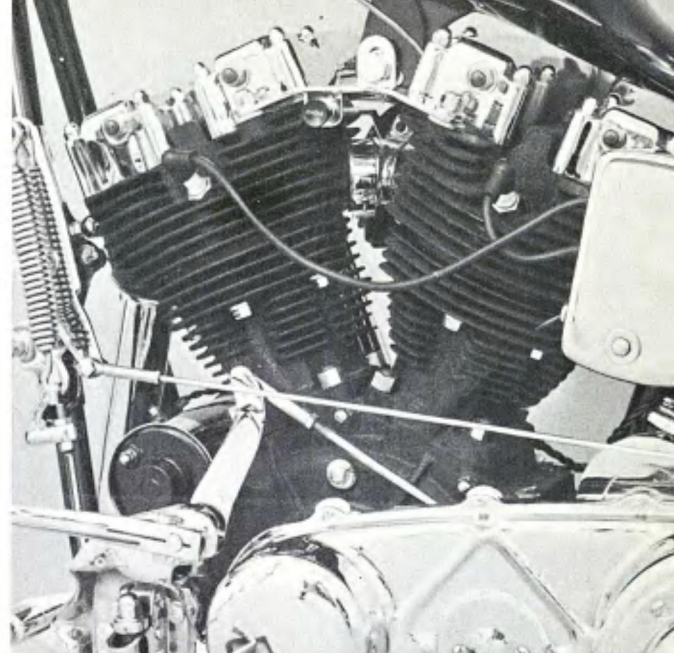
TLC

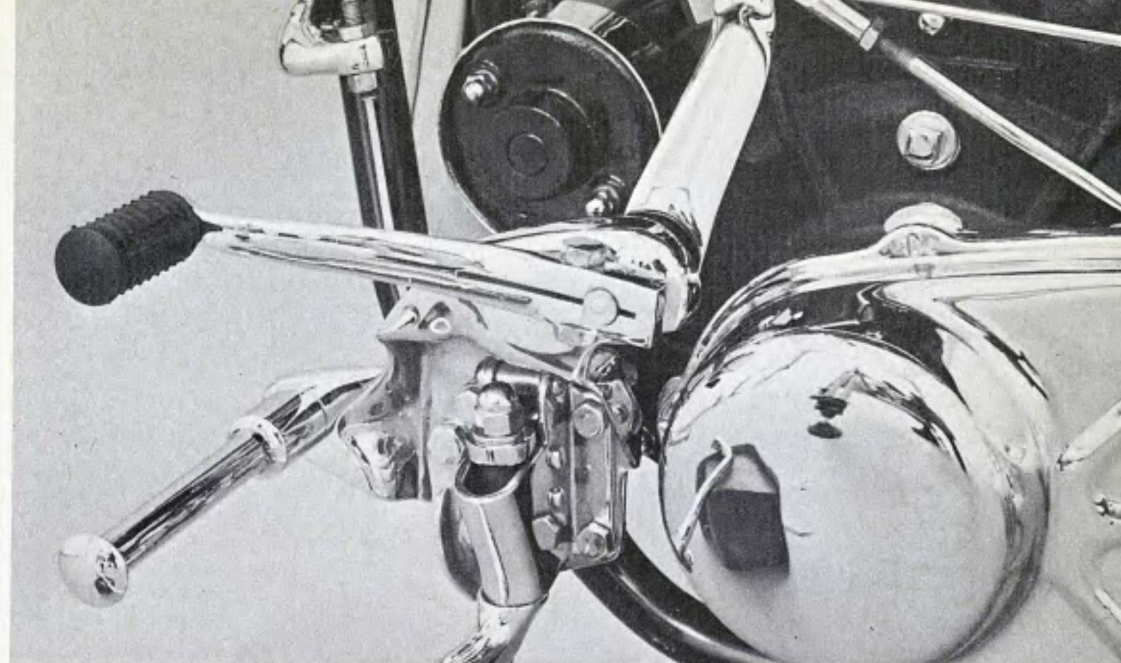
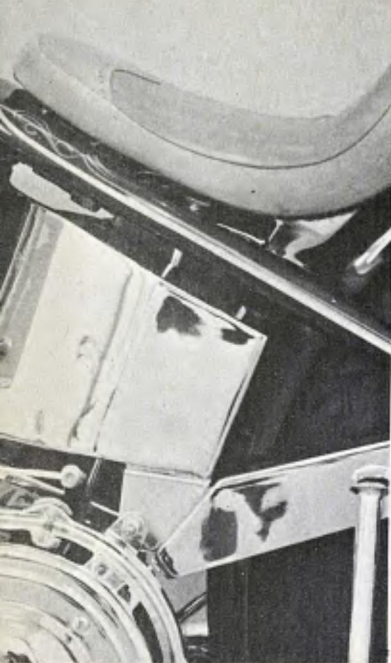
(Tender Loving Care)

When you first flash on a bike, it's the overall profile that hits ya right off. If ya like that and ya don't see anything else that might turn ya off (say, like with me, a king-queen seat would blow it), ya start looking at the nitty-gritty: the quality of the workmanship, the paint job, and all the little extras the owner put into his bike to make it all his and not an also-ran.

The profile of John's '67 shovel is improved by the Jammer frame and kicked-out springer front end. Runnin' the exhaust into a collector adds to the heavy

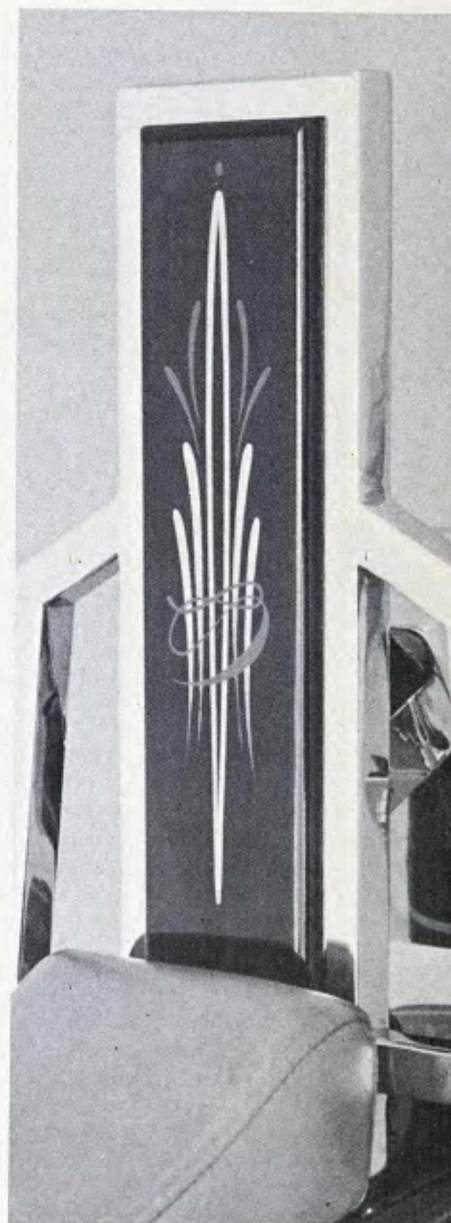
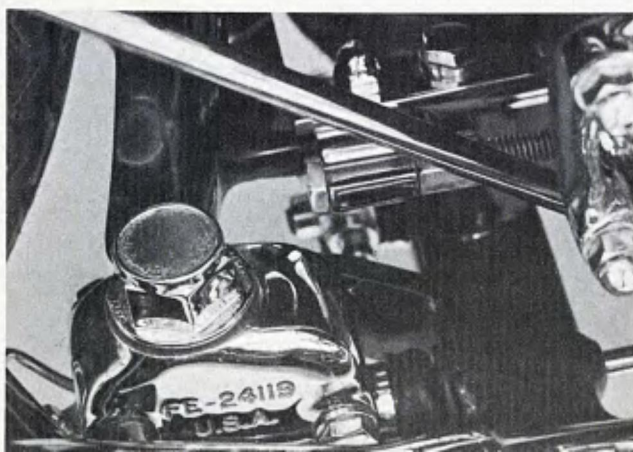


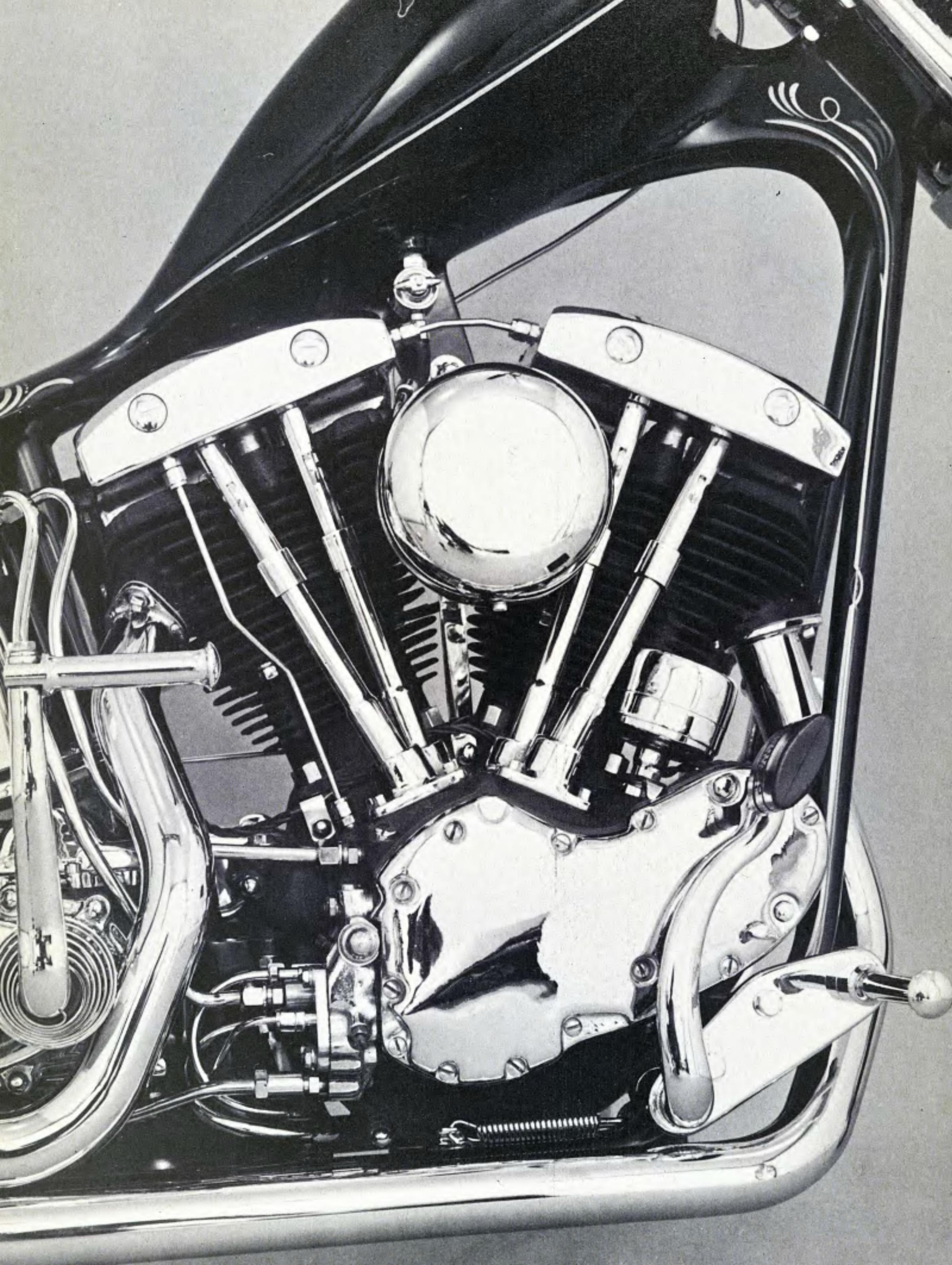


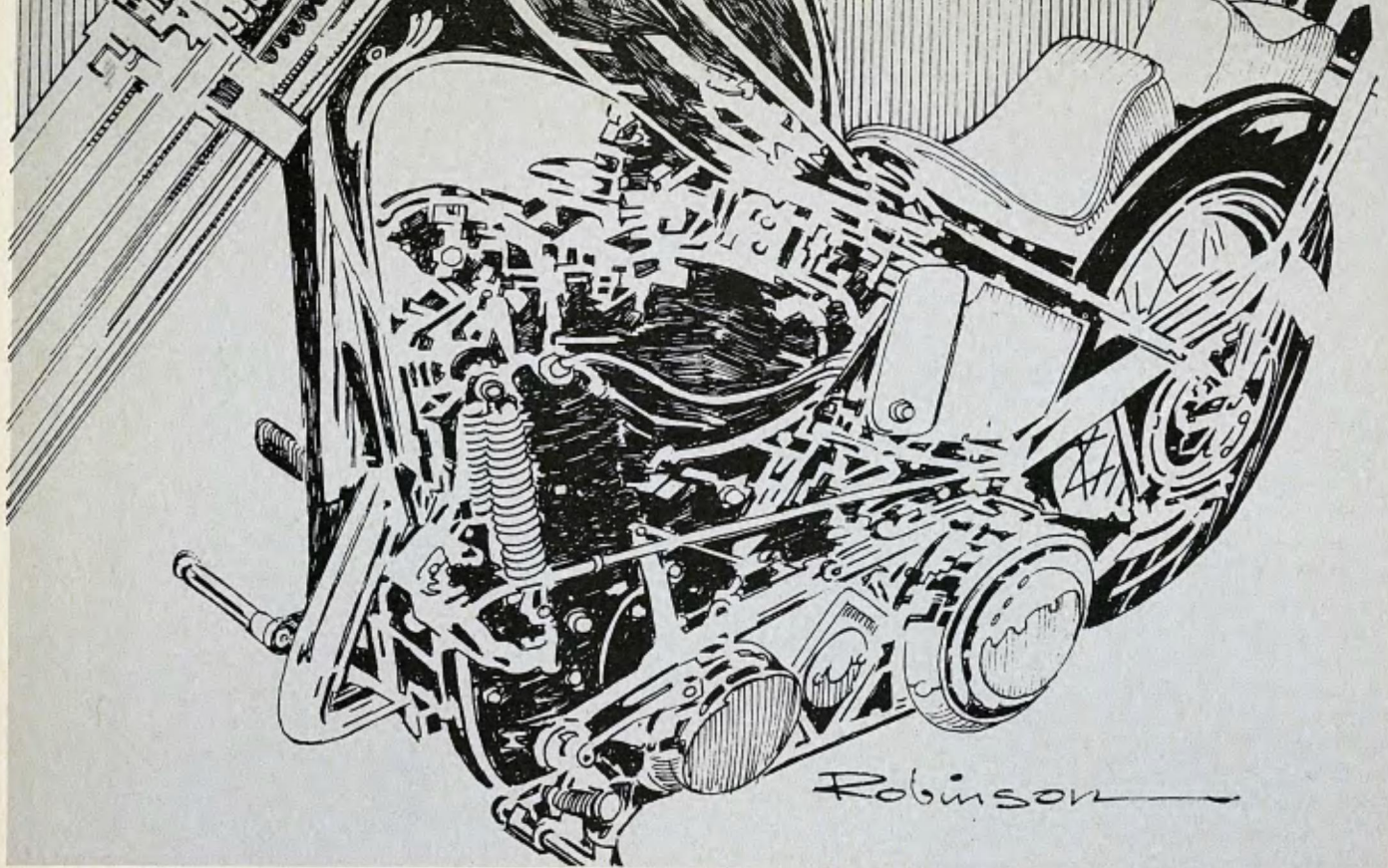


Harley look. After deciding this is a scooter you wouldn't mind doin' a little profiling on, you start taking a closer look at the details. Little things to make the sled have a cleaner look, like running the brake cable inside the rear leg, the rear fender fabricated to the frame, the homemade pegs and tasty striping — even the fact that the gas cap was formerly an antique brass knob. All those little things you have to look for make the real difference between just a pretty bike and a bitchin' one.

John Briandi has himself a bitchin' one — at last. (He won't say how long it took to get to this point.) But it takes bucks for the parts and time to put it together, to put it together especially so it doesn't come off like a kit bike. He put it together and worked with the other people he had to hire



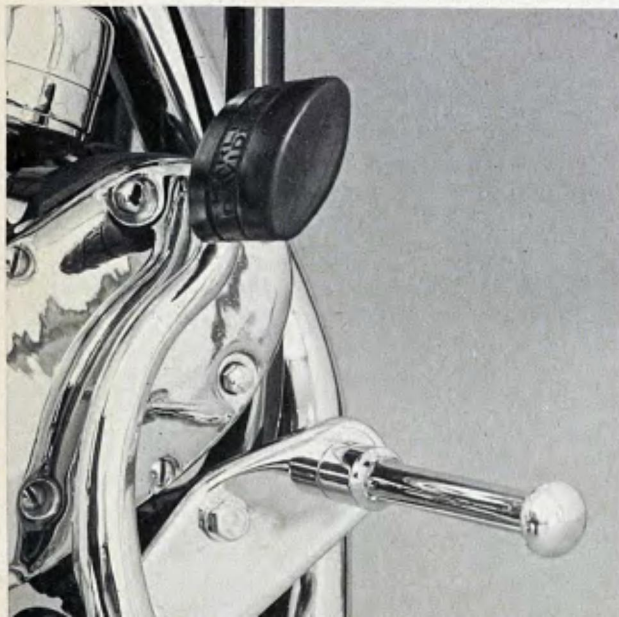




when he needed something special done. By participating, by directing, by changing even the stock items he bought to the way he wanted things, he came up with a bike he could call his and done his way, the way he wanted his sled to look. I think you'll agree that he and the people he got to work for him did a damned tasty job — a nice selection of parts and goodies from a variety of suppliers. A damned nice job, John. — Moose

Owners: John Briandi		City: Santa Barbara, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: hard tellin'	
Year and make: 1967 H-D		Builder: D&D modified	
Model: shovelhead		Type: rigid	
Value: make an offer		Rake: secret	
Assembly by: Ron Grygus		Stretch: same	
Time: too long		Other alterations: lots	
Chroming by: Father & Son		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: hand made	
Year: 1967		Risers: yes	
Model: 74		Fender(s): rear, metal to frame	
Rebuilder: Ron Grygus		Headlight: Paughco	
Ignition: auto advan. dist.		Taillight: Jammer	
Displacement: 74 in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: custom by owner	
Balancing: could be		Rear pegs: custom by owner	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: 6-volt, 2-brush generator	
Cases: wrinkle black		Gas tank: modified Paughco	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam: stock		Oil system: steel lines	
Lifters: stock (hydraulic)		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Leo's/owner	
Air cleaner: custom		Sissy bar: Ron/owner	
Pipes: Cycle Shack		Height: 12 in.	
Muffler(s): collector		Material: 3/4-in. square	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: stock		Type: springer	
Year: 1967		Extension: 7 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: D&D/Ron	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: cable inside rear leg	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	
Painting		Rear	
Molding: metal by owner		Size: WM-1-19	
Painter: Paul Van Meter		Hub: Santee	
Color: black		Hub: '67 H-D	
Type: acrylic lacquer		Rim width: 2 in.	
Special paint: artwork & striping by Walt Prey		Rim width: 5 in.	
Other special modifications: gas cap fabricated from antique brass doorknob.		Tire: Avon	
		Tire: Arco	
		Brake: Santee	
		Brake: '67 stock	

Photos by Pete Chiodo



VET VOICE



Mortars, incoming! Gooks in the compound! Wake up, wake up, shouts in the hall, they're kicking the door down. Shit, they're killing everyone in the room. AK-47s chatter in the night, grenades explode. I can't move, can't wake up. They're killing my friends in their beds, shooting them in their sleep. Blood on the sheets, screams in the night, smells of death, moans of the dying, but I'm still alive. Why me? They're shooting at me, but I'm still alive. Save me, my gun, why can't I reach my gun? Shit! Wake up, slopes are killing my teammates. Yellow faces, slant eyes glaring at me in my bed, laughing like it's a joke to leave me alive.

I awake, covered with sweat, heart pounding, fear rushing through me — another nightmare! I'm afraid to sleep without the door barred and my gun beside me. The nightmares come like waves, one after the other, never ceasing, never easing up, always with the faces of dead men staring, voices asking, why you? Why do you live and we die? Why you?

I have no answer for them. I've pondered their questions many times, the guilt of leaving them behind, better men than I am, with wives and kids and homes, things to return to, and me with nothing — still to this day.

If nightmares and guilt about surviving when others have not haunts you, the VA has finally decided you may be eligible for medical care and/or financial compensation for a condition that shows up months or years after armed service.

To qualify for treatment you must meet two conditions: 1. An

exact diagnosis by a VA physician. 2. A history of a life-threatening situation during service in the armed forces. This experience must be considered by a VA medical examiner to be the cause of the traumatic stress disorder.

The syndrome is described as re-experiencing the event, numbing of response to or involvement with others, and having at least two of the following symptoms not present before the event. These symptoms may be hyperalertness, troubled sleep, guilt feelings about surviving when others have not, memory impairment, avoiding activities that remind you of the event, and intensified symptoms when exposed to events that resemble the original traumatic experience.

To make a claim, a veteran should seek the assistance of a veterans' benefits counselor at the nearest VA regional office, or seek help from a Vet Center.

A vet may receive treatment in a VA mental hygiene clinic, a psychiatric ward, a day hospital, or in alcohol or drug-dependence treatment programs, where techniques such as rap sessions, group therapy, Pentothal (hypnotic interviews), or individual psychotherapy are

used. Sometimes the rap group is the best, with men learning to communicate again, expressing their feelings about Vietnam experiences. The Vet Center concept has proved to be very effective in treatment.

Post-traumatic stress neurosis, in my opinion, is a normal reaction to a situation where your friends are killed next to you, in a war you didn't ask to be in, and you are called baby-killers for being there.

If you need help, the following is a list of ten major Vet Centers. This is not all of them, but if you will write or call they will give you the address of your local center, or write Vet Voice, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

— Doc

Maryland

1400 East Federal St.
Room 215
Baltimore, Md. 21213
(301) 782-1847

Alabama

2145 Highland Ave.
Birmingham, Ala. 35205
(205) 933-0600

Idaho

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

Massachusetts

480 Tremont St.
Boston, Mass. 02116
(617) 451-0171

Wyoming

1810 Pioneer St.
Cheyenne, Wyo. 82001
(307) 778-2680

Georgia

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

California

251 West 85th Pl.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90003
(213) 783-1391

Colorado

Silver State Building
1500 Grant St.
Room 303
Denver, Colo. 80203
(303) 399-8020, Ext. #205

Montana

2708 Montana Ave.
Billings, Mont. 59101
(406) 657-6071

Washington

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



Spider got busted for pot at an early age!

He got busted for other things at an older age too — which isn't exactly unusual for the scooter trash we have workin' on this rag. The main requirement for the tramps that slave for you each month is that they know, love, and own Harleys. There's nowhere else you can get such a miserable collection of Harley types all together in one place, all workin' together (that takes some doin') for one thing: to produce a rag for other people who are ape for Hogs. So be sure of getting your copy (they sell fast, ya know) by subscribing. And — now get this — if ya subscribe today, we'll even throw in the leg-wettin' full-color 3" decal that you see on this page. Subscribe today before ya spend the bread for beer!



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Treasure Falls



by
Michael Zimmer

When Frank finally topped the last long rise and saw the cluttered yard and peeling adobe building squatting against the sun-baked desert floor, he thought he'd found paradise. When he saw the antique gas pumps sitting out front with the sun gleaming dully off their stained glass tanks, he thought maybe it wasn't paradise; maybe it was the Garden of Eden.

He rolled along, wishing he could see the look on Tony's and Ray's faces when they saw the station below;

but the road was too rutted for him to do more than keep his hands tight to the grips and his eyes glued to the road. The last few miles flashed past and within minutes he was swerving into the dirt service area, shutting the engine down and coasting to a stop beside the ancient pumps. He never questioned the possibility that the pumps might not be

working, shut down permanently years before. Ray's shovel had gone on reserve miles back. They had to work.

The two bros riding with him rumbled in close to the pumps and killed their engines. After three hours of steady travel, the sudden silence was deep, almost unnatural. It was several seconds before Frank could pick up on other sounds, the popping and cracking of their bikes' engines, the hum of an invisible jet, and from the shadowy opening of the station's smaller door, the heavy drone of flies.

Frank used both hands to peel the dusty goggles from his shaggy head. Even the deeply tanned area around his eyes seemed white compared with the rest of his face, which had been exposed to the high desert sun for three days. It gave him a wide-eyed, comical look that made Ray laugh, then spit and swear when his chapped lips split and began to bleed and sting.

Tony let his pan lean against its stand and

shook his head ruefully. "Let's go to sunny Mexico this summer," he said, mimicking Frank's speech of several weeks before. "I'm tired of freezing my ass off in the mountains every year. Shit!" He shook his head once more and leaned over to shake a pump. "This fucker still work? Man, we gotta have gas!"

Frank shrugged and slid out of the saddle. He stared at the huge, dusty window of the station and wondered if whoever waited for them inside was going to give them any

trouble with American money. They were pretty deep inside the state of Chihuahua and even farther off the beaten path. "Gas up for me and I'll see if anybody's home," he said.

He had to duck a little to enter the low door. Inside, he stopped to let his eyes adjust to the cool dimness. The place wasn't a lot different from any run-down, back-road station found in America, except that

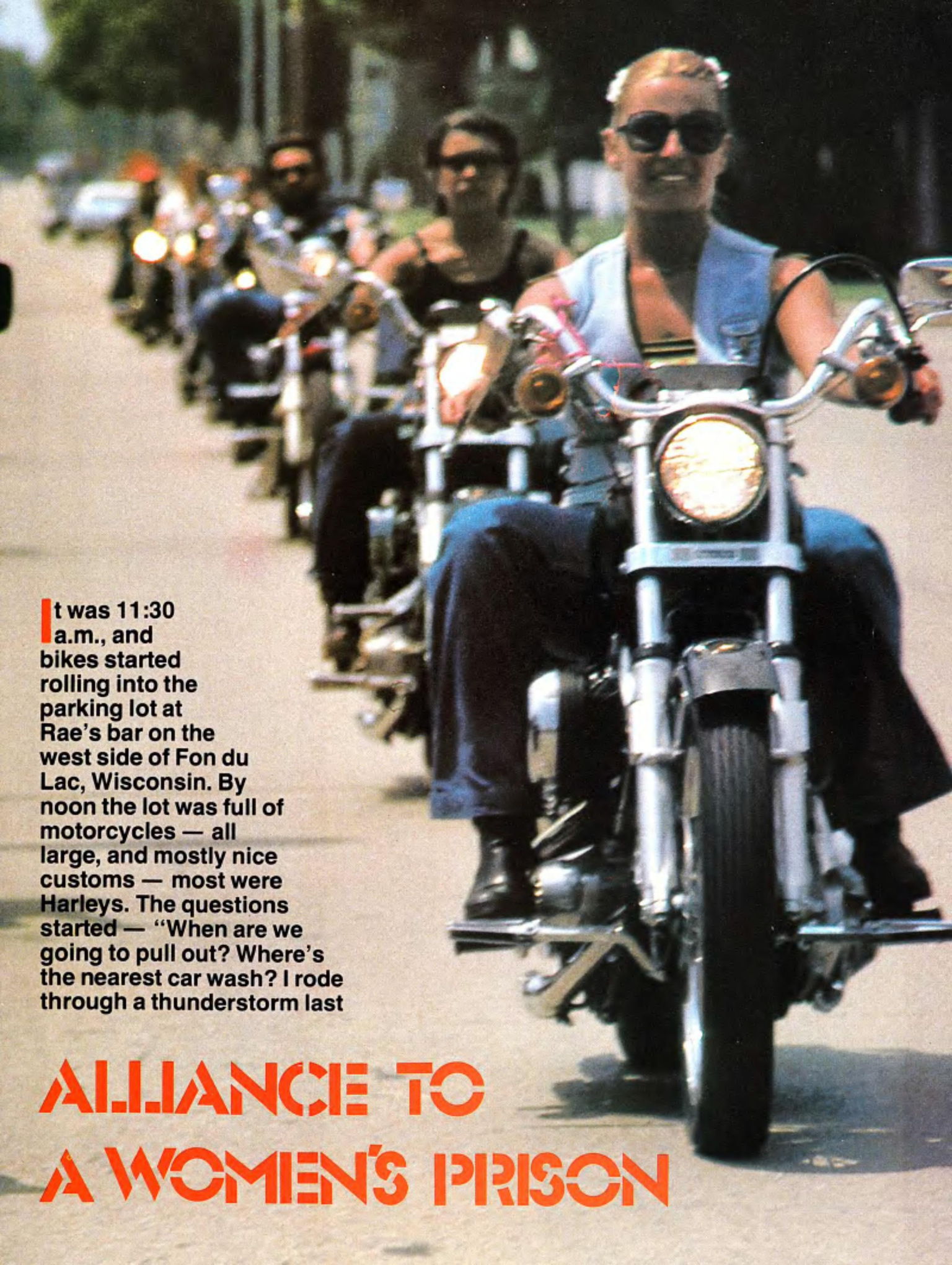
everything was in Spanish. There was a heavy, scarred desk, cluttered with parts books, old pens, and empty beer and soft drink bottles, most with either cigarette butts or dead flies stuck to the bottom. An old swivel chair, an even older refrigerator, a small table with a hotplate and a well-worn late-sixties copy of *Playboy* magazine, a lid-type Coke machine, and cans of different grades of oil stacked in the far corner. There was a large topographical map of the area hanging on one wall, cracked and faded with age, and a Spanish calendar on another, the picture showing the lakes of Mexico City from a distance. Any over everything, there was

Continued on page 94

**"Frank, Sweet Jesus,
Frank, we walked
into a trap."**





A photograph of a group of women riding motorcycles down a street. The woman in the foreground is wearing a light blue vest over a dark top, dark pants, and sunglasses. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. Behind her, several other women are riding motorcycles, some wearing vests and sunglasses. The street is paved and there are trees and buildings in the background. The lighting suggests it's daytime.

It was 11:30 a.m., and bikes started rolling into the parking lot at Rae's bar on the west side of Fon du Lac, Wisconsin. By noon the lot was full of motorcycles — all large, and mostly nice customs — most were Harleys. The questions started — “When are we going to pull out? Where's the nearest car wash? I rode through a thunderstorm last

ALLIANCE TO A WOMEN'S PRISON



Photos by Jane Kalk and Jim Hewitt



night and my Sporty's a mess. How much time do I have? How far did you ride to get here? What time did you leave last night? Hey, I'm going to have a beer, is there time for...?"

The feeling was togetherness, oneness of purpose. It could have been a gathering of chapters of a club, or just old friends getting back together, but this run was special. Most of the people there were women riding their own scoots, members of the Alliance of Women Bikers.

The brown van filled up with people's gear, tools, and stash as the 1:00 p.m. leaving time drew near. Engines fired and the run to the Taycheedah Correctional Institute got underway — 35 motorcycles strong. The ride was in order, and even though many had never before ridden together, they held a strong, tight formation. The ladies were high with enthusiasm that helped spread energy all down the line.

The together group reached the prison gates and the stern-faced guards were ready for us. The sounds were ominous — walkie-talkies blared unpredictably, keys jangled, and an unspoken distrust enveloped the area as the motorcycles were searched for contraband. We sat a while longer when the head count didn't match the signature count — due to a miscount by one of the trained professionals.

The gates finally slid open to the immaculately kept, park-like grounds of the prison. The bikes roared onto the grass next to the softball field, lining up in rows. The cheers of the women could be heard above the booming

bikes — we were welcome! Groups of residents moved quickly toward the line-up of bikes. One of the AWB members was heard to say, "Hey, can we just talk to them?" "Sure," was the reply and the line of communication blossomed.

It was announced that the bikes would be judged by popular vote among the prisoners. It was also decided we would have a softball game, bikers vs. Taycheedah. It was more a slaughter than a game.

After four innings we were getting short on time, so the massacre ended: Bikers 0. Taycheedah sisters 12. We got plenty of laughs from the stands.

While the game was going on, the rest of the people were busy rapping, tripping on the bikes, and getting to know each other. A representative of Triniteam (an Eau Claire, Wisconsin-based organization formed to help newly released prisoners) had ridden in with us and was busy answering questions.

Suddenly a guard gave the word, "All residents on the bleachers," and goodbyes came hard for us. Those three hours seemed to have gone in seconds. Last-minute exchanges of names and addresses did not go unnoticed by the guards, armed with binoculars and perched at strategic positions, making sure nothing else was exchanged.

The show ended, and the residents gave us a "Taycheedah cheer" as we fired up the scoots and blasted out the gate, thus ending a day of sisterhood that will be long remembered.

—AWB



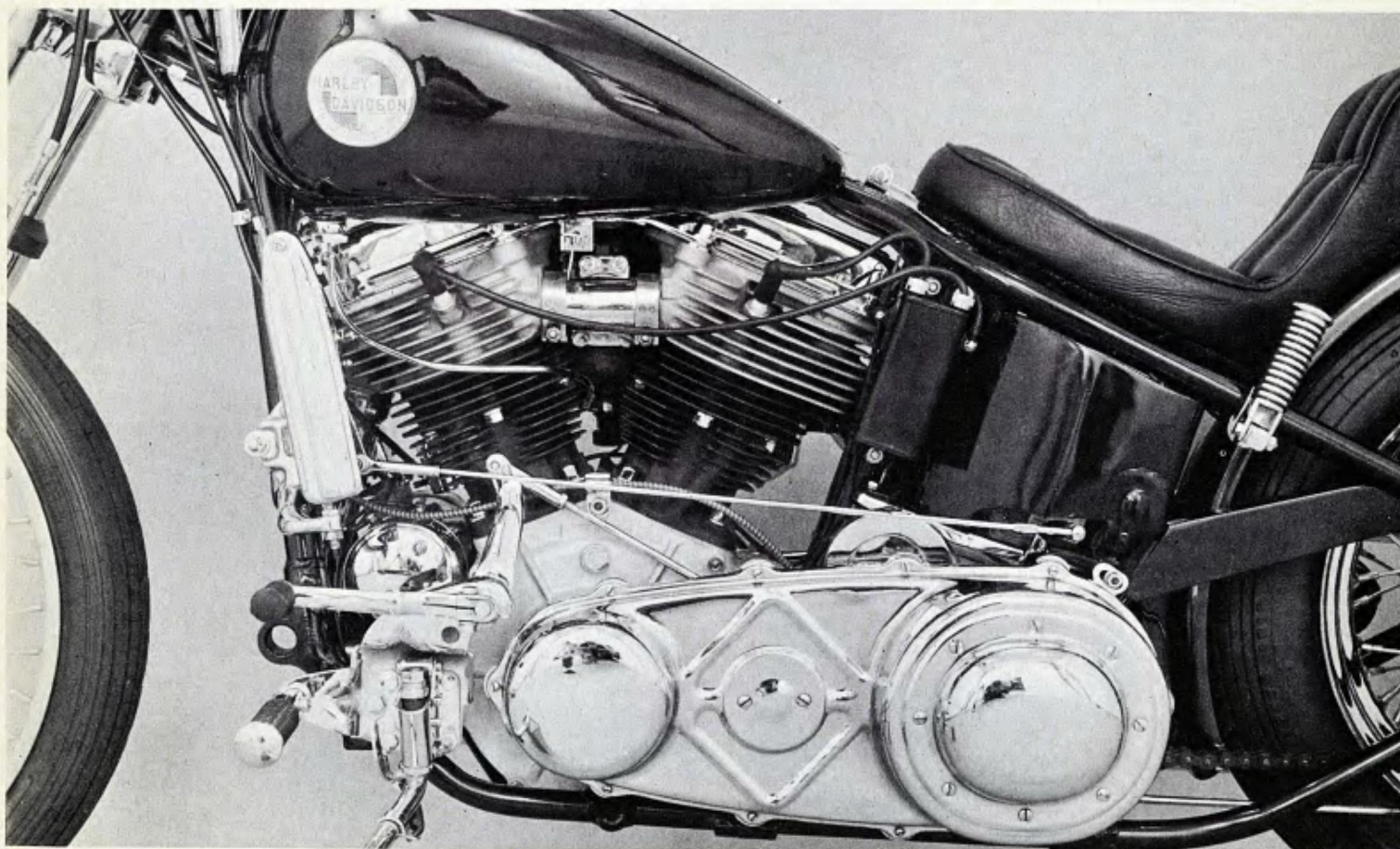
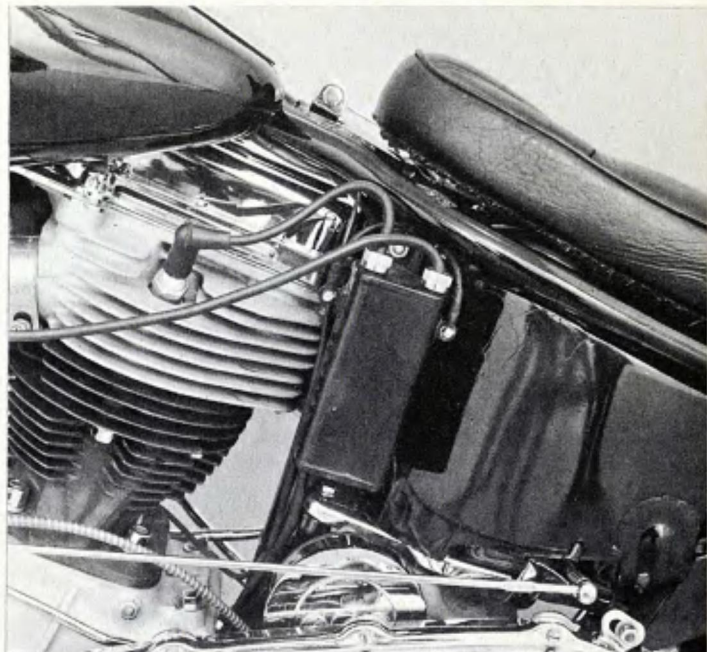


The West Got



To Him

Pillhead had just reached into his pocket, pullin' out a handful of pills, either to be used for awakenin' or calmin' himself down. Ya can never be sure which way the dude's goin' with



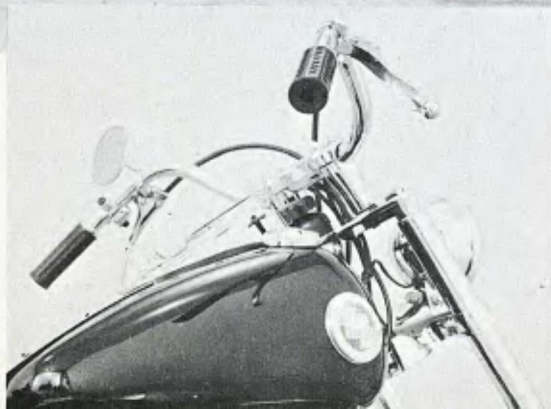
those things; fifteen minutes usually gives ya an indication which direction he's headed. He finally got down to business and started porin' over the tech chart on the pan you see here. He was checkin' the color an' mumblin' to no one an' anyone who'd listen 'bout how a bro he useta run with had a sled just like this one except it didn't have a tool box an' wasn't as prettied up, but he liked it anyway. Then, in the time it takes to choke



a frog, ol' Pillhead gagged like he'd just had somethin' rerouted upstream through his gullet.

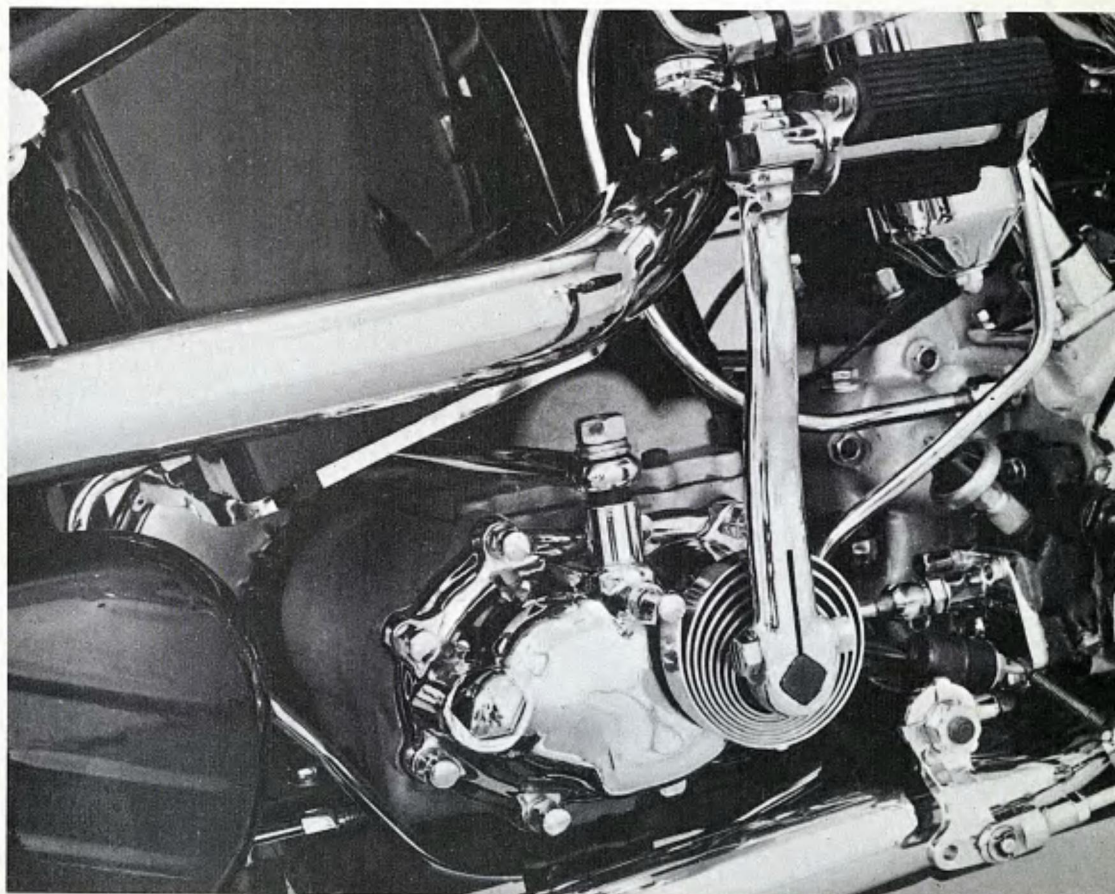
"Agghh. Why do these damned nurds always wanna fuck wit' perfection? Says here he wants to chop this marvel!"

Letch spoke up and said he was at the photo shootin' an' didn't give a fuck what it said on any damned chart, he didn't do it. Pillhead started to get steamed that someone could even think it was possible that he, the renowned (in his own scattered head) authority on readin', writin', an'



rampagin', could even be questioned. But the previously mentioned handful of gems hit 'im like a brick betwixt the eyes an' he slowly went over backwards. He was out like a light till at least the end of this particular smoke 'n' juice session.

With Pillhead zonked, all eyes turned toward Letcher. "Now that Mouth over there has found his natural locale, lemme run this scoot down to ya.



brothers." With a beer an' chaw firmly entrenched in his beard, he brought the tale of this '57 pan to life.

Seems the owner, Bill, had migrated out to the West from the former murder capital of the world, Detroit, bringin' with 'im a tattered semblance of a motorcycle. The original idea in Bill's mind was to make it as cool as possible. In his vision it would be

chopped to the max, stretched, an' generally turned inside out from the original. This must've been what Pillhead had reacted to, but he hadn't read on, as usual.

When Bill began seein' what was really goin' on in terms of style out there on the Coast, he shitcanned the illusion he'd had an' went all out for makin' his machine as stock as the day it rolled off

Owners: Bill Anders		City: Huntington Beach Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1957	
Year and make: 1957 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: Hydra Glide		Type: straight leg, rigid	
Value: not for sale		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 9 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: LaHabra Plating & Micah		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: reworked H-D	
Year: 1957		Risers: stock	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): 6 in. flat	
Rebuilder: McCloskey's Custom Cycle		Headlight: Drag Specialties	
Ignition: manual dist/stock coil		Taillight: stock	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: stock	
Lower end: Micah McCloskey		Front pegs: Drag Specialties	
Balancing: West Valley Engine Balancing		Rear pegs: Drag Specialties	
Pistons: .040 over		Electrics: 3 brush gen., relay	
Cases: bead blasted		Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: rebuilt		Oil tank: stock horseshoe	
Cam: Andrews A		Oil system: stock external oil filter	
Lifters: hydraulics		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): Linkert M74B		Seat: Paughco	
Air cleaner: stock		Sissybar: Dana Stettler	
Pipes: Paughco shotguns		Height: tall as it is	
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material: ½-in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: glide	
Year: 1957		Extension: 2 in.	
Shifting: mousetrap-ratchet lid		Builder: H-D & owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase III belt		Special features: lower legs turned	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: Stetts Custom Paint		Hub: star	Hub: star
Painter: Stetts Custom Paint		Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: garnet red		Tire: 3.00 Avon	Tire: 5.10 Goodyear
Type: nitrocellulose lacquer		Brake: stock	Brake: stock
Special paint: polyurethane clear		Other special modifications: Center tank plate & horn bracket by Dana Stettler, engraving by Don Crout. Special thanks to Connelly Machine Works, Bob, and Pete.	



Photos by Pete Chiodo



the assembly line. Other than the handlebars, which are from an early sixties pig scooter, he's got it lookin' new. . . ah, old? Whatever, he got it the way he wants it.

The thing's taken a first at an MMA run at Prado Park for custom bikes. But it hasn't been all trophies an' ice cream out in the land of fruits 'n' nuts. F'rinstance, he was hittin' it down a busy street (ain't they all?) when a blind-as-a-bat broad ran over his center tank plate after it popped out.

Anyway, he digs the lengthened ridin' season Out West, but he hasn't forgotten the bullshit lid laws in Michigan and feels for his bros back there.

— Spark





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NOW Is The Time To Start Fighting!

Back in the 70s *Easyriders* was very active in anti-helmet battles against city, state, and federal nards who were forcing the use of something on us. Yet this item was unproven, wouldn't do the protecting it was supposed to do even if you wore it, and was commonly sold as cheaply as \$9.98! Imagine having to wear a helmet merely because of a law — not because doing so actually did any appreciable, proven good (only one helmet was officially approved), but all because the bureaucrats thought it was for our own good.

Well, folks, they're starting to come at us again, this time using new statistics to back their claims and thus getting good ink from newspapers because, after all, the propaganda is from a government agency, so it must be good shit. With the weight of the government and the luxury of having our tax dollars to pay all their bills, they send out barrages of propaganda to prove to everyone that they're working hard to earn every tax dollar they take from us. With their charts, one-sided "facts," and slanted statistics, various writers (wanting to earn an honest living) pick up this ton of shit the feds crank out and then write even more articles repeating the approved line. Shit, a do-gooder article will sell anywhere, so they grab the federal handouts and write their news stories, short features, and full-blown magazine articles from them. We have seen more and more of this lately (Claybrook must want to hang onto her job) so you'd better start fighting *now* before the legislators in your state buy her line of shit and



start passing mandatory helmet laws again. They listened to us the last time. The handwriting is on the wall — if we don't fight now, we'll have the laws back.

As an example of what they're saying, the following is a front-page article from a very influential newspaper, *The Wall Street Journal*.

Motorcyclists Again Battle Helmet Laws

By Peter W. Barnes

A climbing death rate from motorcycle accidents is heating up the debate over the right of motorcyclists to ride without wearing protective helmets.

Motorcycle fatalities nationwide are up 47% since 1976, when Congress struck down a strong federal helmet regulation and states subsequently began repealing or weakening laws requiring helmet use.

"The single most significant factor in the increase in fatalities is the repeal of helmet laws and the consequent decline of helmet use," says Lewis Buchanan, a federal motorcycle-safety specialist. One federal report shows riders triple their risk of death if they ride without helmets.

Still, motorcyclists plan to keep pushing for the right to ride helmetless, arguing that it should be a matter of individual choice. But some states are considering strengthening or reenacting helmet-use laws.

Alarming Evidence

In Maryland, where helmet laws were eased in 1979, motorcycle deaths are 56% higher than in the like period last year. State police suspect the weaker law is to blame, and one legislator promises to renew the fight for stiffer requirements.

And in Ohio, safety officials believe they have a good chance to strengthen the state's law, which requires helmet use for riders under 18 and first-year operators only. The law was changed in July 1978. In the second half of that year, deaths of helmetless riders jumped to 92, from 10 in the first half, when the more stringent law was in effect.

Nationwide, fatalities from motorcycle accidents climbed to 4,893 in 1979 from 3,312 in 1976, while registrations stayed about the same. The deaths per 10,000 registered motorcycles rose to 9.7 last year from 6.7 in 1976. (Oddly, as helmet laws have eased, sales of helmets have risen. In 1976 through 1978, sales were about two million a year; the figure last year was about 2.5

Continued on page 44



Expensive Buzz

South Dakota: A pilot was ordered to pay a fine of \$3,064 for failing to reply to a court summons.

Claude Harrison of Lucas, S.D., in Gregory County, was cited by the Federal Aviation Administration after buzzing two motorcyclists near Winner last year.

FAA officials charged Harrison with flying within ten feet of the motorcyclists, forcing one into a ditch.

FAA officials said Harrison did not show up at a court-ordered hearing and asked for a default judgment. — from Fred, Denver.

NOW Is The Time

Continued from page 43

million, and a like number is expected this year.)

Federal and state safety officials believe that the increasing number of deaths and injuries will lead states to con-

MOTORCYCLE DEATHS

State	'76	'77	'78	'79
California	598	684	785	865
No Helmet law				
Connecticut	55	55	76	89
Repealed law, '76				
Indiana	81	96	121	157
Repealed law, '77				
Pa.	112	162	172	178
Helmets required				
Virginia	62	65	74	62
Helmets required				

Source: National Highway Traffic Safety Administration

sider the "social burden" side of the helmet issue. In Texas, for example, 28 motorcycle-

accident patients with head injuries collected \$42,000 in medical benefits to pay their hospital bills. That was in the first year after the state's helmet law was changed to cover riders under 18 only.

The Indirect Cost

"When you start looking at...the burdens that are put on society by motorcycle-accident survivors, especially those that end up in the paraplegic and quadriplegic range, you're looking at significant indirect public costs," says Tom Lankard, chairman of the National Association of Governors' highway safety representatives.

Helmet-law opponents aren't convinced, though. They accuse the government of juggling statistics. And they scoff at the social-burden argument, saying auto accident

victims drain public funds much more than injured motorcyclists.

Gary Winn, chief lobbyist for the American Motorcyclist Association, asserts that voluntary helmet use "just puts motorcyclists on parity with every other road user."

Motorcycle groups agree riders should wear helmets, but they disagree over how effective mandatory use is in preventing deaths. "Our problem isn't with the helmets, it's with helmet laws," Mr. Winn says.

Explaining the Deaths

Opponents of the laws say the growing number of deaths among the nation's 10 million motorcyclists is due only in part to relaxed and repealed laws. They put much of the blame on the energy crunch; because of rising gasoline costs, they say, riding time has increased among regular motorcycle users. Further, there are more novice riders on the roads. As a result, more

deaths are inevitable. Opponents note that fatalities also have been increasing in many of the 19 states that will have helmet laws.

Since 1976, opponents of helmet laws have gotten 28 states to repeal or amend their helmet codes. Now they are aiming at six more states — Florida, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Virginia and West Virginia. They believe their "personal choice" position will continue persuasive.

Until 1976, 47 states required helmet use. Then Congress stripped the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration of its power to withhold 10% of federal highway construction funds from any state that failed to adopt a helmet law. When well-organized opponents turned the question into a States' rights issue, Congress abandoned helmet authority to state legislatures, where foes found it easier to attack.

Editor's note: The following article is from the insurance industry's newsletter, "Status Report." Its concern is that by teaching young people — or anyone — how to ride a

motorcycle safely, instructors may be teaching people (or rather encouraging people) who wouldn't ordinarily ride a bike, thereby creating more riders and, as a result, more

accidents! More accidents mean more insurance payouts, so the insurance industry is saying why not keep payouts to a minimum by just letting the regular wimps, who on their own want to ride,

kill themselves. Don't teach 'em, because if you do, that'll mean more bikers on the road — and heaven forbid that! Up go insurance rates, and they build another fifty-story building.

There's No Evidence It Will Help But...

NHTSA Pushes Mandatory Cyclist Education

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) is urging states to adopt mandatory motorcycle rider education, but the agency admits there is no proof it won't expose more young people to death and injury.

In a recently published traffic safety program paper, NHTSA outlined a policy recommending "that the education be required by the licensing agency and be provided by the school system as part of an adult extension educational program. Additionally, legislation requiring rider education as a prerequisite for obtaining a motorcycle operator's license under eighteen years of age should be considered."

NHTSA conceded that there "have been no well controlled evaluations" of the effects of cycle riders' education. However, the agency explained that it is funding a project in Jefferson County, Colorado, to evaluate the effects of high



school courses on motorcycle operator licensing rates. "This study will help provide an

answer to the question of whether or not providing training has a significant effect on licensing rates for high school students," NHTSA said. A contract is to be let this year for New York State to conduct an extensive research project on the effects of rider education on subsequent driving records, the agency said.

Industry-Sponsored Course Endorsed

The policy outlined in the NHTSA paper put the agency in the position of endorsing and recommending motorcycle rider training as proposed by an industry group of motorcycle manufacturers. States are urged to "use the Motorcycle Rider Course as the official novice training program in the state." The course has been prepared by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation, a group organized by the five leading motorcycle manufacturers.

NHTSA indicated in the program paper that it is not unaware of the risks of

promoting rider education courses. "In addition to a potential effect in terms of reduced crash rates for licensed cyclists, consideration must also be given to the possibility that cyclist education may increase the number of persons who decide to become licensed," NHTSA said. "This possibility was recently pointed out in the general driver education area."

The agency cited both a British study suggesting that driver education increased the number of licensed drivers above what might normally be expected, and an Insurance Institute for Highway Safety study suggesting that driver education increased the number of teen-age drivers licensed without decreasing their fatal crash involvement.

"While the magnitude of the effect on licensing rates of offering a course has been questioned," NHTSA said, "there is little doubt that there is a positive relationship between high school driver education and licensing. It is logical to expect that ridership and licensing of

Continued on page 46



Uninvited Guests

Arizona: Words can't describe the deafening sound of 200 Harley-Davidson choppers taking off simul-

taneously — they make the earth shake and the heart quake.

It's an ominous rumble.

Freedom of Choice

Maryland: Delegate V. Lanny Harchenhorn believes government shouldn't interfere with citizens' lives and "tell people how to live."

And although motorcycle fatalities are on the rise, the Frederick County Democrat contends the decision to use helmets should remain with motorcyclists, not lawmakers.

"It's not a thing government should get involved in," said Harchenhorn, who co-sponsored the bill that repealed the mandatory use of helmets in July, 1979.

Police figures show that since January, 1980, 65 Mary-

landers have died in motorcycle accidents, compared with 65 for all of 1979.

And 11 of the 18 cyclists admitted to the University of Maryland Hospital's Shock-Trauma Unit in Baltimore during the last six months of 1979 died of their injuries. None wore helmets when they crashed. The seven who survived were wearing the protective headgear.

Deaths from motorcycle accidents have increased 15 percent, said Jean Metzger, public information officer at the Shock-Trauma Unit.

"It's pretty definite" that the

It is no easier to describe the 400 men and women who drove them through downtown recently to the state capitol to protest police tactics.

These are people who live outside the system. They dress and act so everyone knows they play by their own rules.

They say they are victims of prejudice and suffer from the violent image bikers created fifteen years ago — one of taking over small towns and leaving them in shambles.

They say that image is of a biker from another time, but they still look like him. They carry guns and chains and knives and tattoo their bodies with devils and curses.

They asked the system they scorn and scare for sympathy and support.

They said their "brothers and sisters" were indiscriminately Mace and beaten with nightsticks by Phoenix police who raided a wedding not too long ago.

Police Chief Ruben Ortega said that police were forced to use Mace and nightsticks to break up the crowd because bikers threatened to assault the officers and would not disperse.

The protesters were bikers who looked the part, but the system treated them pretty well the day of the protest.

Scott Phelps, press secretary to Gov. Bruce Babbitt, walked from his capitol office to the east parking lot where bikers and their women gathered.

No one even had asked to talk to him or anyone from Babbitt's office.

He met with Richard Mast, 29, who was the host of the wedding party.

Mast, sporting a T-shirt that read "I got Mace in the face at Rich's place," tried to quiet the crowd for Phelps and even had words with one of his louder "brothers."

There was Mast in his black T-shirt, grubby Levi's — bearded and long-haired — trying to communicate in a "system" way with Phelps, a soft-spoken, elegantly dressed "system" man.

Phelps tried to talk above occasional hoots and jeers and explained that he would accept petitions criticizing the Phoenix Police Department on behalf of Babbitt.

Phelps promised that someone would look into the matter and determine what should be done.

Robert Dickeson, director of the Arizona Department of Administration, took the time to meet with Mast and discuss protest issues.

"Don't know if anyone will believe us," one biker said, referring to the party incident. "Probably not. We don't look like the believable type. But, hell, it keeps us from getting whopped again, that's enough."

The parking lot where bikers met had been reserved for them by the Phoenix Police Department.

The two-hour gathering broke up after the meeting with state officials. The bikers and their "ol' ladies" climbed on their loud, sparkling machines and headed out for a party at the home of a brother they called "Dum."

The wedding-party incident is under investigation by the Phoenix Police Department's Office of Internal Affairs. — from the brothers and sisters of Arizona.

increased fatalities are directly attributed to motorcyclists not wearing helmets, she said.

But Harchenhorn, who rides his small motorcycle to his law office in Westminster each day, said he wears a helmet only in inclement weather. And he maintains that the number of motorcycle deaths is small compared with overall annual highway fatalities.

"If a law was passed forcing the use of seat belts, it could save thousands of lives each year," he said. "Nobody has any intention of doing that. It's just that motorcyclists get more attention."

States began passing laws requiring that cyclists wear helmets in the late 1960s after

the U.S. Department of Transportation threatened to cut off highway funds to states which did not have the legislation, he said.

But, he said, Congress passed a bill a few years later prohibiting DOT from withholding highway funds from states with no helmet laws. Since then, about 30 states have repealed their helmet laws.

Del. Theodore Levin, D-Balt., is expected to push for a new helmet law again this year, Harchenhorn said. Levin, who also rides a motorcycle, tried unsuccessfully last year to get a bill through the General Assembly. — from George Tice, Minersville, Pa.



Cheese Eaters Helmet Facts

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

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

NHTSA

Continued from page 44

motorcyclists would increase if courses were provided and financed in a manner similar to automobile driver education, that is, as part of the secondary school curriculum. In order to prevent such an effect from compromising the safety effects of a cyclist education program, such a program should involve only persons who have already expressed the intent to become licensed as cyclists."

Contrary To Claybrook Message

The newly defined NHTSA program is in contrast to views expressed two years ago by Joan Claybrook, the agency's administrator. In a speech to the Motorcycle Safety Foundation, Claybrook said, "Motorcycle safety education has its critics who point out that there are no data showing crash reduction results from safety education and they suggest that widespread availability of motorcycle education courses increases rider expo-

sure which is not offset by crash reduction. We are sympathetic to the charge that promotion of these training courses in the school system serves to entice large numbers of young people to ride motorcycles and we are concerned that such availability of motorcycle training courses may, in terms of total crashes, be counterproductive."

The NHTSA program paper offered four recommendations to each state: 1. Provide motorcycle rider education on a statewide basis to those individuals who have made application for a motorcycle operator's license or learner's permit and through adult education programs; 2. Consider legislation requiring completion of a motorcycle rider education program as a prerequisite for obtaining a motorcycle operator's license at ages under eighteen; 3. Use the *Motorcycle Rider Course* as the official novice training program in the state; 4. Establish meaningful programs to determine the effectiveness of its motorcycle rider education programs. ■

A Rebuttal...

Status Report distorts NHTSA rider ed stance

The Insurance Institute for Highway Safety (IIHS) inaccurately reported that NHTSA's program paper supporting rider education was a push for "mandatory cyclist education."

IIHS stated in its "Status Report" that "NHTSA is urging states to adopt mandatory rider education, but admits there is not proof it won't expose more young people to death and injury."

NHTSA's Charles Livingston, Assistant Director of Driver Pedestrian Programs said, "We never meant training to be required for all riders. We did say that it should be available to every rider, and that states should think about whether or not to require riders under eighteen to take it. That's all we said."

— AMA Action ■

You Can Sue State Officials

State officials can look forward to a rash of lawsuits accusing them of failing to carry out federal programs, thanks to a new Supreme Court ruling.

In a 6-3 decision, the Court ruled last June that citizens

may sue state officials when they believe a state policy violates a federal law. The justices also said that citizens who win their cases can have their attorneys' fees paid by the state. — from ABATE of Nebraska. ■

Our Bright Legislators...

Black and white cycles illegal in California

A bill was passed by the California Assembly to make it illegal to operate a car or motorcycle that resembles a police car or Highway Patrol vehicle.

Why?

There was evidence that the famous "Hillside Strangler" lured his trusting victims into a vehicle that resembled a police car.

The bill, AB-2439, was introduced by Los Angeles Assemblyman Chester Wray (D-78), and has been amended twice to make exceptions for funeral escorts and movie motorcycles.

A spokesman for the California Highway Patrol told AMA's Gary Winn, legislative analyst, that a motorcycle should be considered a police vehicle if it sports an all white or black gas tank, a white on black tank, or black on white tank, or all white fenders. Or black ones. Or decals. . .

— AMA Action ■

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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



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

National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast.

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

Give Name here _____

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

☐ National Abate membership and favorite organization, \$10.00

☐ National Abate membership only, \$5.00

☐ Information on becoming an approved charter.

☐ Information on becoming an approved organization.

Name, nickname, or mark _____

Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

Helmet Law Thrown Out

An Alberta, Canada, judge has thrown out a provincial law requiring motorcyclists to wear helmets.

The judge ruled that Alberta's law is contrary to freedoms guaranteed in "either or both the Alberta or Canadian bill of rights."

He called the law "big-brother legislation attempting to protect the individual from himself, the type of legislation we don't need."

"If the government wants people to wear helmets or seatbelts they should say so through an educational series. The next thing they will tell you is that you can't swim in the deep end of a pool without wearing a life jacket." ■

Claybrook Crusade Update

The Claybrook Crusade was started out of frustration at the fact that non-elected bureaucrats are able to distort facts and figures against us, to bend them, if you will, to perpetuate their jobs at our expense. They have jobs and want to keep them, so they search for things to keep them busy, and they select segments of the population that will give them the least amount of trouble. If this were not so, then why would they spend so much of their time wringing their hands over motorcycle safety? They tried picking on automobile drivers, which means almost everyone—rich man and poor man alike—but as soon as a congressman and a rich man were forced to use a seat belt and shoulder harness (or else a buzzer kept blasting away), the law was soon done away with.

The mandatory helmet law was finally eliminated in most states after the bikers in the various states convinced their state politicians that they were being blackmailed by the feds into passing and enforcing laws that their constituents in the states did not want. They were doing the bidding of the feds—for a buck—and dismissing or ignoring the true desires of the people who lived within the state.

Who, other than someone with a Nixon mentality, would think the federal government could force the states to pass laws against the wishes of the people living in the state? And who would have believed this would come from a bureau of salaried, non-elected people whose primary interest is keeping their jobs, searching for more and more things to do "for our good"? Dig this, "research" is produced that deliberately uses statistics, even to the point of blatant dishonesty, in order to convince naive state officials. Everyone with a smattering of intelligence knows that statistics, especially when broken down into percentages, can be manipulated to prove any point a person wants to make. The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) has been repeatedly guilty of distorting various figures to prove its point. At times when they are not distorting, they are omitting facts—anything to sell their case.

The leaders of NHTSA have been guilty of this since inception; however, this politically-appointed position has recently had a leader who is worse and more ignorant about motorcycles than any one of the other ignorant leaders in the past. Her name is Joan Claybrook. She is so opinionated, so out of it, so square, that it's impossible to think she is in a position to determine what is best for us. She should be checking the safety of tampons or of imported women's shoes—not things mechanical about motorcycles. Surrounding her are her "experts"—the same pro-helmet types like Buchanan, who's been with NHTSA since inception and wants to keep his job no matter who happens to be the head of the department—which changes under each new administration.

The reason for mentioning this is that the campaign to raise funds for the commercial we will be producing has been called a "Crusade Against Claybrook," while the actual commercial will be against NHTSA and in defense of our individual rights, states' rights, the automobile drivers' contribution to the statistics, rider

education, etc. But so long as Joan Claybrook is in office, there certainly will be something against her.

In the August 1980 issue, a reader from Ames, Iowa, suggested we start the Crusade Against Claybrook campaign, to develop a TV commercial against Claybrook and the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's propaganda. The idea was to come up with a TV commercial to be shown on prime time.

As of this writing, we have received \$4,313.56, and we are matching every penny. The grand total as of today, Oct. 30, 1980, is \$8,627.12. As you can see, the amount is really growing but we are afraid, not fast enough to be able to pay \$90,000 for a prime time spot on national TV. We have checked around with some TV commercial companies in Hollywood and have found that the cost for a half-minute professional commercial—including music, professional announcer, models, the whole tamale—runs around \$30,000.

After checking further, we found a qualified company to do a commercial for approximately \$15,000. So here's our plan. We take the first \$7,500 that comes in, match it with our bucks, and produce a top-quality commercial against the NHTSA. Then we'll

either sell it at film cost only (approximately \$45.00, plus postage) to those who want it, or rent it at no profit, or perhaps just lend the film commercial to anyone who can get it on their local TV on prime time or any time. We feel this would be better than waiting to collect the 90 grand for a one-time national prime time shot. In this way it could be played anytime and anywhere—wherever an organization can raise the funds to buy the TV time or persuade the local TV station to run the commercial as a public service.

Remember, the commercial will be pro. No TV station will have a reason to object to it for lack of professional quality or for reasons of good taste. We plan to present the facts, a factual

rebuttal that never gets heard.

By the time you read this, either Carter or Reagan will be President. If it's Reagan, it will mean that Claybrook will be replaced. If it's Carter, it may mean Claybrook will keep her job, unless we write a lot of letters to the Prez.

We would like input from you as to what you would like to see in the commercial and the points you would like stressed. Over 1200 people have contributed money, from 25¢ to \$144. In addition to continuing support by sending in additional money, we would also like you to send in ideas. If you've already contributed, then take the time to write us a note telling us how you'd like your money spent. If you haven't contributed yet, when you do so, send along your ideas. Send all mail regarding the commercial to the Claybrook Crusade Trust Account, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Remember, we're matching every penny sent in. We know what your beefs are because we have them too, but the reason we want to hear from you is to make certain the commercial covers as many bases as possible, with the main emphasis remaining on the complaints about the NHTSA. —The Editors

***Joan Claybrook is so
opinionated, so out of it,
so square, that it's
impossible to think she is
in a position to determine
what is best for us."***

Ain't Nothing Like a Harley

by Jack Starbuck

Look here, bro, you know how I feel 'bout my Harley. That's right, man. There ain't nothin' like it. You got to know where I'm comin' from by now. I dig Harleys. Like, we both know, man, Harley's king, right? But you gotta wonder, bro, what makes it be that way. I mean, nuthin' stands on its own for too long. Even a Harley's got a kickstand, man. See, me bein' such a smart fucker and all, I think I got it figured out. It's the peeps, man! That's right, the people. Harley people are cool. Think about it, bro. You're one of us. Me too, man.

Lemme give you a fuckin' example, man. I'll tell you 'bout a bro named Dick. Hey, cool down, ladies. Man's name is really Dick. No shit. Dick is one cool dude, too. Got his act together, man. Like we used to say in the fuckin' Airborne, all his shit is in one bag. This dude runs his own chopper shop. Builds bikes that make your dick hard (no offense, Dick). Man rakes in the big bucks, too, and he don't make nobody mad in the process. He's really got life fucked. Oops, there I go again. Ol' Dick's prob'ly gonna wanna punch my lights out now. Oh well. Shit. I'll tell you the fuckin' story anyway. Hope I don't step on my dick again. Aw fuck.

Lemme see now, how should I start? Okay, here we go. Once upon a time — no, shit, that ain't gonna make it either. Okay, I'm out ridin' my Harley, right? Everything's cool, man, just like it always is. In the wind, like they say. 'Cept all of a sudden it's uh-oh time. Sonuva-bitch! Fucker's rattlin'. Not s'posed to do that shit. Fuck. So I pull off the road, see, and check this shit out. There's this little fuckin' pipe, man, it's like a bracket, and it holds the fuckin' EPA-approved, FBI-stamped, CIA-chromed official Harley-Davidson muffler in place. Damn thing is cracked. A genuine "Aw shit." After runnin' through some of my favorite bad words, I figure maybe it'll hang together till I get home. Fucker does, too. Life's just amazin' sometimes.

Got home and called the Harley dealer, right? You know how that shit goes.

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DOWNTIME

by Ben Doverdahl

Larry, a big-hearted, wrenchin' whiz of a bro, was bummed. It didn't take a clairvoyant to see he wasn't his usual howlin' self as I made my way around milk crates of bike parts. I asked him, "Hey, Lar, what's with you today?" My blood began to boil as he told me about his pickup tires bein' slashed the night before while the truck was sittin' right at the curb in front of his garage. When he took me around the side of the garage an' showed me the spray-canned message of a non-ridin' fucker who didn't dig hearin' the sounds of scooter buildin', there was no doubt there had to be a pay-back, an' then some.

Me bein' a rock freak, I flashed on an idea. "Let's blast 'em out — it was probably your neighbors, wasn't it?" Larry winced, pullin' on his cowboy hat an' thinkin' of the five big bills that were gonna go into the slashed rubber, an' the consequences of the shit hittin' the fan, then growled. "Yeah."

Twenty minutes later we were on our scooters — my pan, his knuck — roarin' into the downtown zoo to a record/head shop. A plan was in the works.

This was the idea I had. If the ol' geezer responsible for bringin' a load of crap down on my buddy didn't dig the sound of tappin' barrels, or weldin' torches, or the people who regularly visited the garage-turned-shop — well, we'd just hafta eliminate the sucker.

Larry wasn't quite sure of what was in store, an' was definitely in unfamiliar territory as we weaved through aisles of record racks. Rock records. We bought three blasters: the newest AC/DC, Black Sabbath, and

Pat Travers sonic sensations. Lemme give ya a rundown on these gems.

AC/DC Back In Black: This is the one that beats the cock to the crow. "Larry, I don't care what the fuckin' name says. It ain't a fag thing — the letters stand for voltage, an' that's what we want." I had to explain this shit to a country fan, an' it wasn't easy. "Ya see, it's rock gone berserk." Larry went along with me, still not bein' quite sure of the plot.

They open with a funeral toll for one of their own, the late Bon Scott, a heavy-drinkin', tattooed Englishman who got his from chokin' on his barf after an all-nighter at the bottle. These guys play hardball rock throughout; always have. Lead by Angus Young, his bro Malcolm on guitars, Phil Rudd on drums, Cliff Williams on bass, an' a new singer(?) — well, screecher — Brian Johnson, an' it's Katie, bar the door!

My familiarity with these bros from Limeyard and Downunderville is due to havin' one of their six albums, **Let There Be Rock**, with its "Bad Boy Boogie," "Problem Child," "Hell Ain't A Bad Place To Be," and "Dog Eat Dog." These boys ain't out to paint no pretty pictures. Strictly real live fire.

Outta the pearly gate with "Hells Belles," an' into "Shoot To Thrill," goes **Back In Black**, titled as a memorial to Scott. What followed were amp-blowin' crunchers like "What Do You Do For Money, Honey," "Shake A Leg," a heart-felt "Let Me Put My Love Into You," a bed-breakin' "You Shook Me All Night Long," an' the final capper, "Have A Drink On Me,"

intentionally ironic. This record had the ol' codger duckin' for cover.



Black Sabbath/Heaven and Hell:

With a wall of speakers aimed toward the unsuspectin' gap-headed neighbor, down went the needle to the wax; but not more than a second into the first tune, there came a pop an' that was it for poor Larry's amplifier. A sacrifice to the rock god.

We borrowed a drivable cage (ugh) an' split for the monster system at my pad. This was a situation that called for no holds barred. Hours later, a setup that would make Johnny Winter jealous was arranged in such a way as to deliver the maximum in sonic vibes.

As always, Sabbath rushes off with the spark of the needle, like blastin' outta the middle of the pack on a rural road anywhere, any time. Just you and your bros, Neon Knights. That's the name of the first quencher.

It didn't take long for the desired effect. About midway through "Heaven and Hell," the old fart realized he'd be headin' for the latter, his fight about to be lost. Louder than any shotgun pipes could muster, Ronnie James Dio's voice broke the afternoon calm.

Heaven and Hell could throw ya for a clone of Dio's last band, **Rainbow** — so big fuckin' deal, that wasn't such a bad job. Now he's mixed with the intensity of Tony Iommi's searing guitar, Bill Ward's drums, an' Geezer Butler's five-fingered assault on bass. The basics. They get cute once on side one for a minute (literally),

where the music isn't blowin' out the walls, and I think that might have let the ol' man off the hook long enough to go scramblin' for the door. With his ears bleedin', he hopped in his Studebaker an' skipped the scene. A rock victory.

Two sweet coeds moved into his joint a month later. Turns out they love fidgetin' on the back seat of a thumpin' seventy-four to relieve the pressure of their academic endeavors. They also turned us on in a number of ways, one of which was Pat Travers.

Pat Travers/Crash and Burn: We met these broads when they pulled a stunt sorta like our own: you know how chicks'll try to get ya interested without really tryin' too hard. Well, it worked. When our stoned ears heard the first quiverin' vibrations of a synthesizer and organ beatin' out the opening and title cut, Larry decided he had to borrow a cup of sugar, or somethin'. Crafty sonuvagun. Travers makes music that's rich with deep tones of bass, the aforementioned keyboards, and his own low voice an' decent guitar.

The dude's originally outta Ottawa. He's got six albums behind him and a wide-open future in front. He's got the same band that rocked out "Boom, Boom, Out Go The Lights."

For me, I'll take his crunchin' "Snortin' Whiskey" ditty. Yes, sir, "snortin' whiskey and drinkin' cocaine." I'll take a double 'fore I hit the streets. Watch out, world! Then again, there's nothin' wrong with his remake of Cream's "Born Under A Bad Sign." I mean, ain't we all?





Photo by Frank

Don't Get Brushed Off

If you currently own or have ever owned a Sportster or a Big Twin (69 or earlier), I'm sure that at one time or another the brushes in the generator have gone south. Installing a new set of brushes is no sweat. All you need is two pairs of hands to do the job — one pair to hold back the spring-loaded brushes and another pair to slide the armature into the housing. But what about the bros who have the number-one luxury on their scooters, the easy-to-appreciate electric foot? In the electric-starter motor there are four brushes. That works out to six hands. Personally, I don't know three bros who like to work and would also be in any condition to lend a hand for a

four-brush operation. Checking the ever-present H-D manual, you may catch a glimpse of these small finger-clamp tools to hold the brushes in place, making it possible for only one set of hands to slide the armature into place. There is no getting around the fact that those finger clamps are a trick item; but at three or four bucks a clip, that's a lot of brew sitting in the old ammo box of a tool chest. Mauro, who comes up with choice little time-and-money-savers every other week, showed me how this four-brush operation can be handled easily by one person and four small cable ties. Cable ties are plastic and come in every size and color seen in a good acid trip. The small cable ties are

easier to work with. Take a cable tie and make a loop with it. Slide one of the brushes into a brush holder and push it in until the brush is almost flush with the brush holder. Then take the cable-tie loop and slide it over the brush holder and the brush, holding the brush in place. Tighten the cable tie until the brush is held far enough into the brush holder that, when all four brushes are held in place, the armature will slide into place easily. Once the armature is in place, take a small screwdriver and slip the cable ties off the brush holders, letting the brushes come out and contact the commutator. Simple, ain't it?

Later — I'm headed for a cold case and a hot half-pint.
— Wrench

Tiny Tim Lost

When I was in California with a couple of bros, I saw you drive up on a Harley and use a telephone booth with Tiny Tim in it as a dildo. Do ya know you walked off with the phone booth and Tiny Tim still in your smelly snatch? You can keep the phone booth, but give Tiny Tim back. He owes me fifty bucks.

Stewart Sawyer

- If I find him, I will.

Marriage Proposal

Hey, Mutha, if you marry me I'll go on a rampage in town and get all the bikes that ain't Hogs — Nortons, Indians, and all bikes along that line (including the Jap crap) — solder them all together, and build a monument just for you. Okay? Wadda ya say?

Ben

Newcastle, NSW, Australia

- When I'm ready for monuments and marriage, I'll give ya a tumble.

Cock Bequeathed

Being here on Death Row, I decided to make out my will. I've left most everything to my bros, but thought maybe I'd leave something to you. So I'll make a deal with ya. You send me a picture of your smelly, creeping lips and I'll leave you my 8½-foot crank to play with, share, or whatever you'd do with a new decoration. By the way, it has a mind of its own, so think nothing of it when it starts to wander.

Crazy Dog
McAlester, Okla.

- Nothing of mine ever wants to wander.

Eatin'... Huh?

I wanted to write to Ann Landers but I couldn't find her address, so maybe you can help me. At the park where I go

to raise heck on my Honda 125, there is a bunch of bikers that keep talking about "eating pussy," but I don't understand. My brother-in-law told me a guy he knew was so mean that when he was visiting some friends, their cat came through the room, and he grabbed the cat and took a bite out of it. Is this what they mean by eating pussy? Why do they like to do it? It sounds kind of cruel. I'm counting on you for an answer. But, you can't reply to my house because my mother opens all my mail and it would embarrass me for her to know I wrote to such a trashy magazine.

Junior
Baton Rouge, La.

- What's a Honda 125?

Fuckin' Perfect

I got no problems! I got no complaints! I just dig the rag and you, you old bag! Just sayin' hi!

Ed

- How sweet! Me too. You're neat. Same to you!

Paradise Lost

You nasty scumbag, two-bit whore bitch. Your cunt smells worse than a ton of dead fish, you sweet bitch. Me, Crab, Ox, and a few others were sittin' around plannin' a party with you as the guest of honor! Think about it... forget Spider and come east for a while. The plan is for ya to come to Central Prison in N.C., where I got a thousand tongues waitin' to eat your fishy cunt until you can fill Spider's tanks ten times with the sixty-weight come from your smelly twat! You'll be in paradise here, so whatta ya say? You won't have to worry about us runnin' away!

Satan 1%ers
Raleigh, N.C.

- In my honor? I don't have any. But sounds like Spider would love the outcome.

No Bullshit

I got a big problem. I'm 24 years old and in prison for the third time. I don't have a place to go when I get out. My wife left, so I don't know where to go for a fast, good piece of ass! All the chicks I know are young, and every time I fuck them, they fall in love. At 17 I was going with a chick 31, and my wife was 33, so I know my stuff. Can you please tell me where to go for a good piece of ass? Satisfaction is guaranteed. I don't want a love affair. I need the address of a lady fox who loves it and won't fall in love.

Starlight Stud
Tracy, Calif.

- Here! I'm already in love with Spider.

Shitfaced

What do you think of a biker getting drunk and wanting pussy and not getting it? If you know chicks who want some, send them my address. Please answer.

Kenny
Mariba, Ky.

- Either your ol' lady is a shithead or you got too shitfaced. Next time, get your pussy first!

Going Crazy

I know this guy who is a real fox and I really want to jump in his pants, but I never did it before and he is really shy. We go up to the mountains and get high and talk, but that's all that happens. What do you think I should do?

Deprived and crazy
Anchorage, Alaska

- Never did it before? Shit, hon, jump on his bones and see what comes up. Grab anything that moves — you'll blow his fuckin' mind.

Sex-Starved?

When I was married, I hated sex with a purple passion. Now, I love it! I never get enough. Sometimes after a full night's workout, I still go home to my vibrator. I seem to need a man 24 hours a day, and I love it. I think it's that I was sex-starved while I was married, though I got it every night. Could it be that I didn't like the thought of being married? Fuck, woman, please give me an answer.

Sex-machine Chantelle
Charlotte, N.C.

- You're not married now, so what's the problem?

Sheltered Mama

I'm a shy, protected, and sheltered woman, living in a small Midwest town. I'm 30 years old; my ol' man is 26 and into bikes. He's been puttin' for ten years. I was wondering if you could give me some advice on how and what I could do to please him and fit into his lifestyle. Please help me to become an unsheltered mama!

Little Red
Lake Park, Minn.

- Just fuck 'im till ya blow the roof off. That'll unshelter ya!

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

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



Choppershopper

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

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

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

Downed bro needs panhead motor, tranny, and clutch (suicide) in good condition and at a fair price. Send price to Troll, 930 E. 300, #31, Salt Lake City, Utah 84102. (92)

Dutch from Modesto: All is forgiven, almost. I'm back in Tahoe. Please write P.O. Box 3416, Incline Village, Nev. 89450. Love, Spunky. (92)

Bear: Yes! I'm here if you want me, for as long as you want me, Munchkin. (92)

Wanted: Issues 1-17, also 21, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30, 32. Must be complete, in good shape, and reasonably priced. Barry, Box 2, Belmont, N.Y. 14813. (92)

Bikers from Austria want you to send some mail-size color or b/w photos from your club. Also some old, never-needed records, 45s or LPs, or write just for fun to Vikings MC Vienna, Langegasse 25/23, 1080 Vienna, Austria. (92)

Greg West: Where are you? We're still at the same address. Dan Hoefer, P.O. Box 143, Edwards, Colo. 81632. (92)

Bozo Hensgen: Where the fuck are you? Sure would like to hear from you, bro. Cap and Gaylene, 475 Murry St., Lodi, Calif. 95240. (92)

Sexy Bobby: Happy 23rd birthday! With lots of love, Teena. (92)

White, 30, and crazy. Could dig hearing from any chick, any age, from anywhere. William Ross #147-278, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302. (92)

Attention: Fine foxy ladies, Harley jockey from So. Calif. played the game and lost—now in the penalty box. Stop by and let's share some thoughts, Steve (Sleepy) Radey #068024, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091. (92)

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)

"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)

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.)

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. 21413 Sherman Way, Canoga Park Calif. 91303. For more information call Bill Reed (213) 887-9698 (93)

White workers and soldiers, stand up for race and flag. Sample News, S3, Moltis, P.O. Box 277, Hooksett, N.H. 03106. (92)

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

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

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

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)

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)

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)

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 through the night. Write Sheila Sanders, P.O. Box 11548, Tucson, Ariz. 85734. (99)

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

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

Wanted: Early panhead parts for my wrecked pan. Need engine, tranny, and chassis parts (frame). Will buy or trade. Send list and price to Spot, Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (94)

Been down for a while and need some mail. Easy-going, mellow, and looking for anything from a letter or two to a lifetime lady, whatever develops. I don't put everything on looks; it's what's inside that counts, and I will answer all letters. I come with only one guarantee: I don't play head games. Write William Mengedoh #C-10543, P.O. Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259. (92)

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

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

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 Marl, West Germany. (92)

Pete, "Dreamer": I will love you forever and always. You're #1. Jillian. (92)

Attention: Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Wade Richard Wagner, age 20, 6' 1", dark brown hair (long) and brown eyes. Last known to be in Angel Camps. Important! Please contact Edie at (714) 785-5031 (collect). (92)

David: Happy belated birthday. To the best man ever. I love you, Rosanne. (92)

Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." Craig Briggs, 428 N. Washington, Lima, Ohio 45801. (92)

Lonely, blue-eyed, handsome biker needs love. Been down for 3; need righteous biker lady to plan the future with. Will answer all. Al "Shotgun" Schrum, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043. (92)

Ho! Ho! Ho! Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to darling Thomas J. Hoffman! Mistletoe kisses. Sandi. (92)

Terri A.: This is for you, beautiful. For all those times you helped me home. And for all those times we've shared our love. Also for waiting the time to come, and for just being my special one. I love you, honey. Brian. This is for them: Fuck you, Army! (92)

Hope: Such a quiet ending, for such a quiet kind of love. Dave. (92)

Bushwhacker: Happy birthday. You're my one and only No. 1 man. Love ya always. Wendy. (92)

Brass knuckles, 9 solid oz. of the real thing. \$5.95. "Don't take lip; bust one." Outrageous catalog \$1. Axis Surplus Sales, Box 9933R, Atlanta, Ga. 30319. (92)

Secret remailing from Virginia. Details, sase. Ty. 138 Atlantic St., Norfolk, Va. 23510. (95)

Jim Spray (or anyone who knows him): Haven't seen since Delhart-74, Randy Corbitt, Rte. 1, Leesburg, Texas 75451. (92)

Big-twin owners: Two simple tools to speed up your tuneups and tear-downs. While they last, \$2.50. No checks or CODs. Frank L. Robinson, Rt. 1, Elkhart, Ill. 62932. (92)

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

Beautiful woman or two for good loving, security, and adventure. Come join very attractive couple, 35, wasp, for the long ride. Have new Yamaha eleven special and Maxim. Comfortable living in beautiful country setting. Prefer college degree. No drugs or tobacco. Letter and photo. Boxholder, Box 454, Staunton, Va. 24401. (92)

Important: Carl, where the fuck are ya! I'm headed for the rice paddies. Get in touch. Bert. (92)

Lost, forgotten, and dying down here. I haven't ridden yet, and need a woman to make me feel alive. Jimmy Ray Hinton #272943-A, Box 16, 5 dorm, Lovelady, Tex. 75851. (92)

Nazi flag, 3'x5', \$29.50. Nazi war art \$9.50. Send sase for free list of Nazi flags, records, medals, books, and more. NSDAPAO, Box 6414-EZ, Lincoln, Neb. 68506. (92)

Ever have a pig club you in the nuts? I'm collecting information on police brutality and prison abuses. Voodoo, Box 143, Sedalia, Mo. 65301. (92)

Letters remailed and forwarded. Details: B.M.D., Box 8-E, Buffalo, N.Y. 14212. (94)

Protect wife and kids. Emergency information. Medical alert/G.I. dog tag; 4 styles from \$2. Free brochure. Kaufman's, P.O. Box 4582, Albuquerque, N.M. 87196. (92)

This ad is for anyone, anywhere, who feels that the pressures to cope are just too much for you to handle. You know loneliness, despair, heartache, and sorrow for one reason or another. You wonder if life is anything more than a big joke. Why not see what Jesus Christ can really offer? We would like to send you a free New Testament and each month some free Christian reading material. God loves you, and Christians care. Send your name and address to Steve and Joy Flowers, Rt. 2, Box 43, Stillwater, Okla. 74074. (92)

To all sincere, righteous scooter ladies (20-30) in New Jersey: Been doing some downtime since December '78, and I'll be hittin' the bricks in the spring of '81. Need mail and visits from a lady who cares and who'd like to help me make it through these last few months, and for a possible future once I'm sprung. I've had lots of "jailhouse promises," so only sincere ladies need answer. All letters with photos answered first. Write to Glen R. Kendall #84297, P.O. Box 11401-SIC, Yardville, N.J. 08620. (92)

Professional tattooing handbook: Trade secrets, valuable tips, tattooed women's photos, removing formulas. Expert instructions. Illustrated, 72 pages. \$24.45. Steele, Box 242-E, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (92)

Continued on page 126



The Lady's a Bitch!



Did I say bitch? Victoria is definitely the lady for that title. This bitch is a man-trap — she attracts and collects men like a butterfly collector. She likes to love them, then devour their hearts while they're still weak from the lovemaking.

Victoria says, "It would take a very strong man, both mentally and physically, to conquer me. If he shows any weakness at all I will take advantage of him, treat him bad, and make him beg for my sweet love. I like to keep them on a string, make them jealous, stand them up, and discard them like empty shells."

"In the last five years, I've devoured all these men's hearts," she states proudly, as she shows me her collection of victims — pictures on her wall — the men she's destroyed.

"These were bikers, these two were gangsters, here's a bail bondsman. He is a painter in Houston. These two were karate instructors — tough, but lost their starch after one round with me. This one with the long hair is a professional wrestler, excellent in the ropes, but weak in the holds. This one said he was a hit man, but turned out to be a shoe salesman, the asshole. I like them to be hard on the outside and soft inside."

Victoria says her fantasy man is tall, blond, and exudes an aura of evil that will overpower her black heart. "I like to be treated badly, I need to fear a man to love him. If he gets soft at any time, I will impale him and add him to my collection."

"I need constant refueling to satisfy my appetite for blood. The only prey I'm currently stalking is 'Billy the Kid,' a retired biker, who has successfully evaded my web for many years. He treats me like I'm just another dumb cutie,





which I'm certainly not. Maybe that's why I've been trying to subvert his will and imprison his mind with my perfect, talented body. I make plenty of money, and that doesn't seem to matter to him. He takes my body when he wants it; but most of the time he says he doesn't have time, and walks out the door.

"I'll get his heart, yet."

If you are ever in cotton country and see this tall, long-legged beauty, Beware! It might be a trap. If you are strong, evil, mean, and nasty, like wicked women, and sleep lightly, then this bitch might be perfect for you. Just keep in mind that at the first sign of weakness, she will stick her black widow fangs in you and suck you dry.

Stay strong and she's all yours.

As she says, "A hard man is good to find."

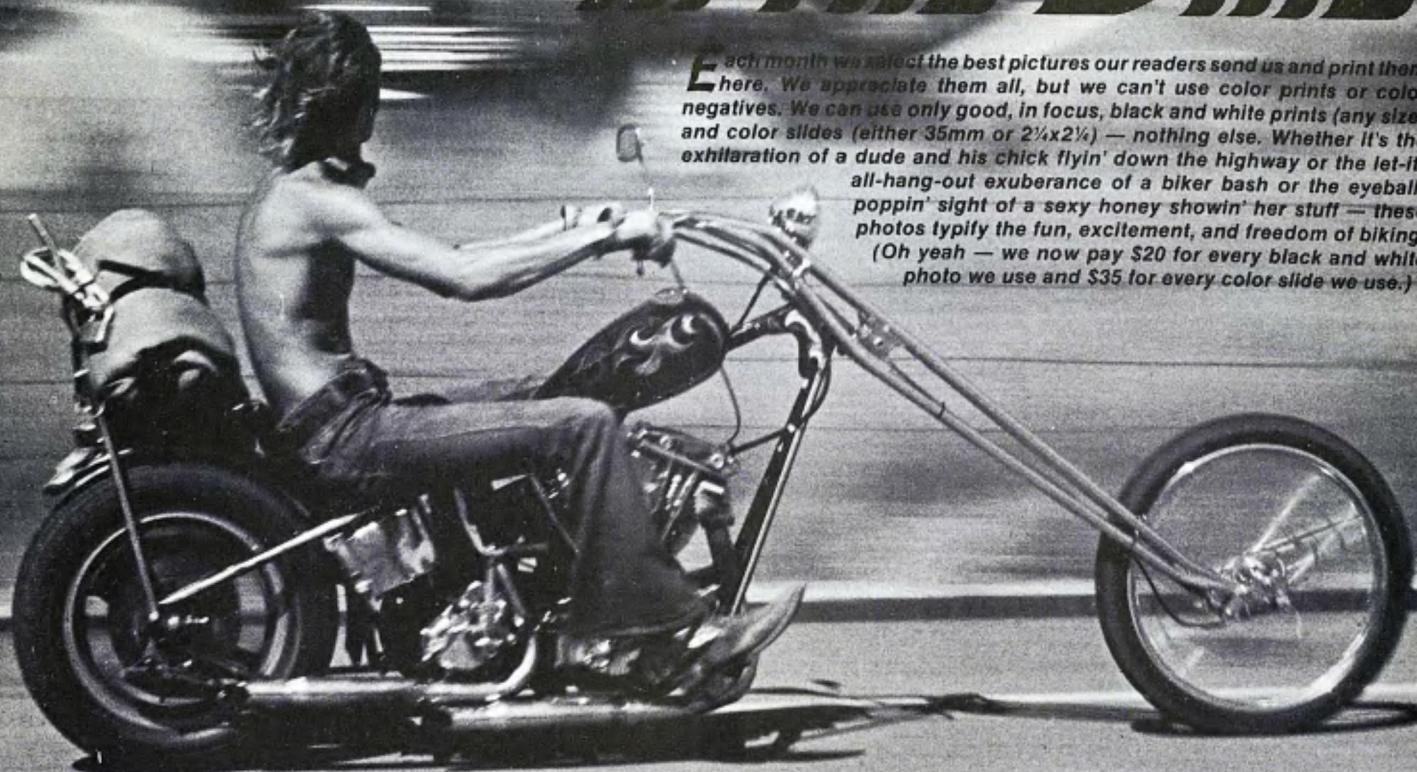
— Beast

Photos by Billy Tinney



IN THE WIND

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



— from Longjaw, Reno, Nev.



— from Dirt and Weege, Cape Cod, Mass.

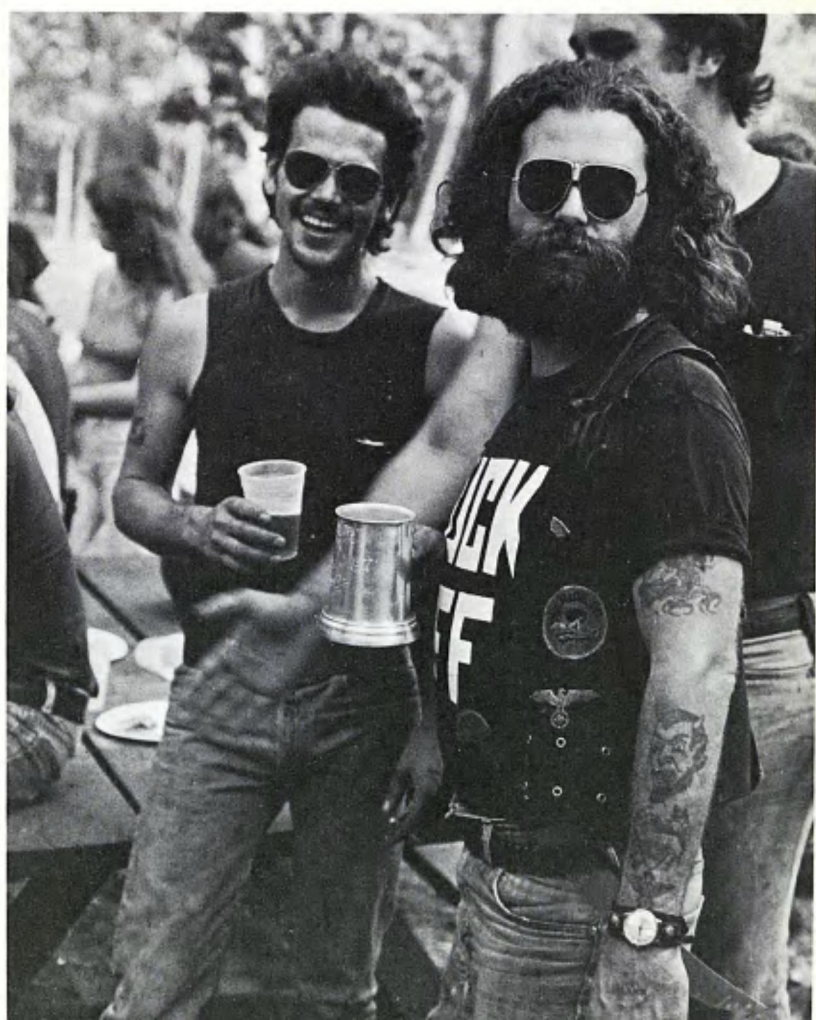




— from Cris Sommer, Elmhurst, Ill.



— from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

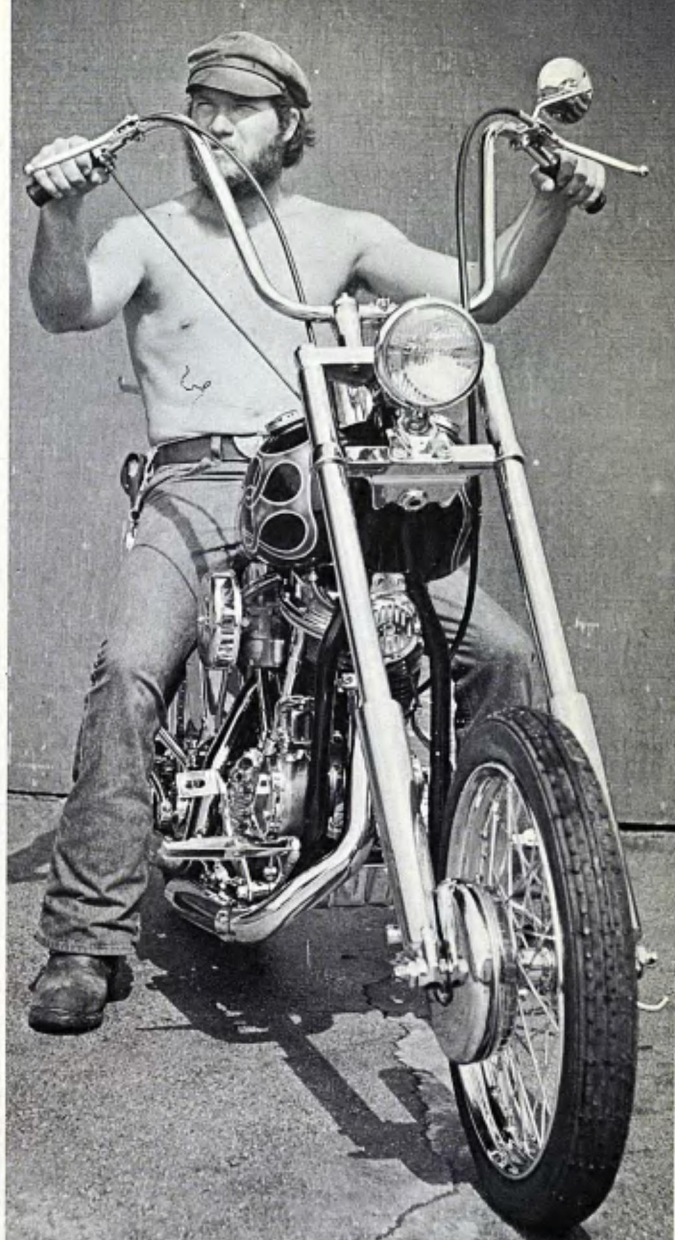


— from Ed, Westwood, N.J.

— from Gypsy, Roseville, Mich.



— from Dennis D'Angelo, Middletown, Conn.



— from Ray Reyes, Baldwin Park, Calif.



— from Pat Sullivan, Las Cruces, N.M.





— from Evy Chandra, Jakarta, Indonesia

— from Mark Aronoff, Santa Rosa, Calif.



— from Dago Red, Wis. Rapids, Wis.





— from Aurelia Anderson, Muskegon, Mich.



— from Kat, Pinellas Park, Fla.



— from Tom Hallman, Kennewick, Wash.



— from Dirt and Weege, Cape Cod, Mass.

— from Longjaw, Reno, Nev.





— from Evel-A, Boston, Mass.

— from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



— from Fluid Floyd, Ft. Worth, Tex.



— from Terry, San Rafael, Calif.



— from R.W. Morgan, Denison, Tex.



— from Sandy Walker, Ocean View, N.J.



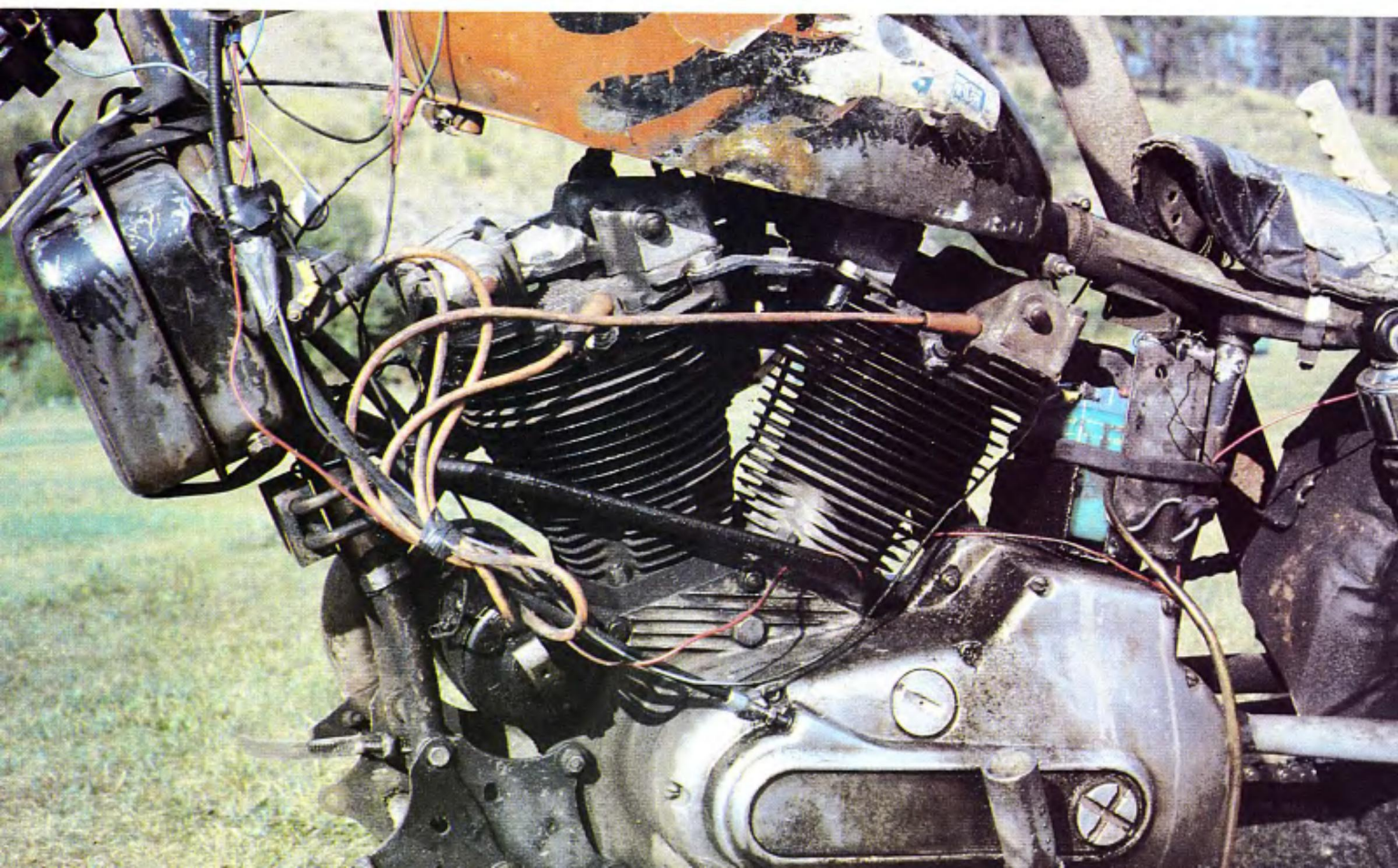
— from Leslie Walksler, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

BLUE BURRO



RAND MANN

Easuciders



RATSTER



"What the hell is that? Just what the hell is that?" I kept repeating to myself.

Whoa, let me start this war story from the beginning. Popeye and I had just hit Deadwood and we were running free, hitting all the bars in town, looking for some home boys or some partners that we'd met on previous runs around the country. In fact, we were on a mission of mercy, trying to buy or bum some pot, since we were dry as a popcorn fart in July. We stepped out of the #10 bar in Deadwood (that's the place where Wild Bill Hickock bought the farm), and there in front of us, parked at the curb, was this motorized thing.

Bob, the owner, looked at me and I looked back, shrugging. It was the scuzziest ratster to come down the trail in many a day. I mean, it sorta looked like a pit bull — so ugly it was pretty, if you get my drift. I couldn't let that bike get away, so I told Bob to stay there while I rode my Hog over to Sturgis to look for Wino Joe or Billy Tinney. After cruising City Park and all the bars in town, I jammed back to Deadwood wide open, lest ol' Bob got away.

I had Popeye sitting on him, but Bob was bigger. Come to think of it, everyone is bigger than Popeye. When I got back I talked Bob into following us to the Union Campground just outside of town to do this bike feature.

All I can add is that if Bob and his ol' lady rode this thing all the way from Minnesota, he must have gotten some pretty weird looks from the average citizens along the way. But they probably got cut a lot of slack, because most people must have thought they were nuts. Bob kept drinking our beer and saying, "How come you're wasting film on this thing, anyway?"

The pot we were looking for? Well, you can't win 'em all.

— Gnarly



by Bennie McGahey

family

Eightball opened his eyes and tried to focus. Man, his fuckin' head hurt. Seems like all he did anymore was get drunk so he could forget. The last thing he remembered, he was saying his ex-ol' lady's name over and over. Shit.



nine reefers, two 'ludes, and a quart of Jack Black still wouldn't let him forget the bitch. The past three months had been pure hell on him. After six years with his ol' lady, it hurt like hell when she split with another dude. *Continued on page 87*

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.

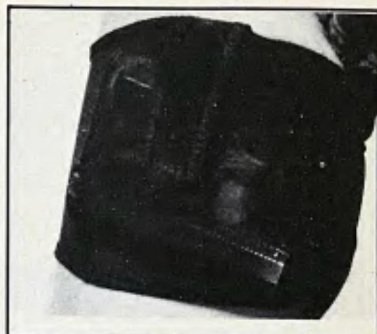
The pocket stretches and can hold more than its apparent capacity. It has a flap that holds everything securely inside and will not open.

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

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

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

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Won't open until you open it.



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Calabasas,
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Thank you)

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State _____ Zip _____

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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

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Fidelity Motorcycle Co., Inc. Hwy. 31 North Athens
Willie's Customs 1904 Prosperity Pkwy. Opelika
- ALASKA**
House of Harley 1204 Chugach Way, Anchorage
- ARIZONA**
Performance H-D 3383 N. Ridgely Blvd., Tucson
Phoenix Cycle Accessories 1826 W. Pecos Ave., Phoenix
Arizona Custom Cycles 2901 W. Thomas Rd. Suite G, Phoenix
- ARKANSAS**
- CALIFORNIA**
The Purple Hog 642 Plymouth St., Yuba City
Napa Valley Custom Cycles 555 Kazer Rd., Napa
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
San Fernando MC Service 347 N. Mottley St., San Fernando
D & G Choppers Inc. 3715 Valente St., San Francisco
Crazy Dave's 7880 Old Redwood Hwy., Colton
Mickie McCloskey's Custom Cycles 21426 Sherman Way, Camarillo Park
H-D West 2699 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey
Little Man Custom Cycle Parts 1150 Pine Lane #5, Oceanside
L.H. Mike's Custom Cycle 1141 N. Wilson Way, Stockton
Blaker Bob's Rag Shop 425 E. Capon Blvd., El Cajon
Hutchins H-D 35405 28 Palms Hwy., Yucca Valley
H-D of San Rafael 725 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael
H-D of San Francisco 801 S. Bay St., San Francisco
Merced Harley-Davidson 1745 Yosemite Hwy., Merced
Cycle Specialties 301 Main Blvd., Monterey
Zaidels New & Used H-D Parts 4076 University, San Diego
Jambone Junction 2811 Schaefer Ave., Suite C, Chino
Cycle Parts Unlimited 1660 Yosemite Park Way, Merced
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 South Shore St., Utah
- CANADA**
J & M Cycle 180 Clarke St., Thunder Bay, Ontario
Mum's Tattoo Association 3557 A. Park Ave., Montreal, Quebec
- COLORADO**
P. Davidson 2685 Pearl St., Boulder
Conger's A.M.F.—H-D MC Sales 1505 E. 4th St., Pueblo
Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises 725 Park, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arroyo, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Colorado Custom Cycle 1433 W. 38th Ave., Aurora
Dave's Auto Body 2201 State Ave., Alamosa
Howell's House of Harley 3750 Morrison Rd., Denver
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 2910 W. Bowles, Littleton
- CONNECTICUT**
New London County MC Sales 1416 Good Star Hwy., Rt. 184, Groton
- DELAWARE**
Herbs for Health and Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle
- FLORIDA**
H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
H-D South 9860 E. Fern St., Miami
Harley's Only, Inc. 300 N.W. 2nd Ave., Hialeah
Pinellas Custom Cycle 4967 72nd Ave. North, Pinellas Park
Pletcher's Harley-Davidson Sales 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
Miller's Custom Harley Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
C.G. Harley 1111 N. Highway 1, Palm Bay
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3300 Palm Beach Blvd., Rt. 80, Ft. Myers
H-D Performance Specialties 1320 21st Ave. North, St. Petersburg
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First Chance Cycles E. Main St., Blue Ridge
Harley Davidson Co. 1504 Woodstock Rd., Marietta
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1354 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Cycle Parts Unlimited 1409 43rd St., Columbus
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Chicago H-D Inc. 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston
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Triumph MC Services 534 W. North Ave., Chicago
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The Chopper Shop 744 E. Virginia, Evansville
- IOWA**
Shiva's Cycle R/R #1 Box 25, Crescent
- KANSAS**
Blackwater Custom Cycles 413 Jackson St., Topeka
Free Wheeling 524 W. 6th St., Topeka
- KENTUCKY**
Asplettan Harley-Davidson Sales, Inc. 1245 Industry, Lexington
- LOUISIANA**
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Wallace H-D Sales 3545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
J's Cycle Shop 458 N. Starford, Sulphur
- MAINE**
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Erekiel's Wheel Shop 15879 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
Salami's Cycle Salvage 15879 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
Suburban H-D Sales, Inc. 15809 Frederick Rd., Rockville
Erekiel's Wheel Boutique 8473 Riviera Plaza, Pasadena
Desperado Cycle Supply 126 B Mayo Rd., Edgewater
- MASSACHUSETTS**
California Chopper Specialties 405 Coggeshall St., New Bedford
Johnny's Cycle Shop 143 E. Central St., Worcester
Cycle Parts of Boston 156 Brighton Ave., Allston
Garney Motors 20 East Central St., Franklin
- MICHIGAN**
Cycle Moore, Inc. 1775 U.S. 31 South, Interlochen
GM Cycle 32242 W. 8 Mile Rd., Farmington Hills
Cycle Supplies Specializing 402 W. Willow St., Lansing
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D.H. Cycle Shop 435 10th St., N.E., Austin
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P.J.'s Everything MC 108 E. Center, Rochester
Smith Bros. & Fellow 718 W. 34th St., Minneapolis
York Brothers Custom Cycle 7 Westlake St., Chisholm
- MISSISSIPPI**
Ocean Springs Custom Cycle Hwy. 90 E. Ocean Springs
- MISSOURI**
Heavy Shop 3747 Graves, St. Louis
Don's Cycle Parts 8554 St. Charles Rock Rd., Charleok
St. Joe H-D 402 S. 9th St., Joseph
County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Harley-Davidson of Kansas City 10029 E. 40 Hwy., Independence
- MONTANA**
Quality Custom Cycle 2323 Beknam, Billings
Mark's-A-Lot 1800 Cedar, Helena
- NEBRASKA**
Silver Wings MC Parts 2311 11th St., Columbus
- NEVADA**
Nevada Cycle Parts 2560 45 Las Vegas Blvd., N. Las Vegas
Southern Nevada H-D Sales 2983 Boulder Hwy., Las Vegas
- NEW HAMPSHIRE**
McIntyre's 85 Main St., Manchester
Brother's Custom 21 Union St., Milford
- NEW JERSEY**
H-D of Trenton Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton
Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway
GT Cycle Specialties 4 New Market St., Salem
Competition Cycle Inc. 249 E. Buckwell St., Dover
- NEW MEXICO**
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Big Twin Cycle 9817 Alcoma S.E., Albuquerque
- NEW YORK**
H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
KFK Cycle Inc. 211-19 Jamaica Ave., Queens Village
Brooklyn H-D Inc. 1525 Conny Island Ave., Brooklyn
"H.P.F." Cycles 51 B. Heister Lane, Farmingdale
All's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Locomotion Choppers 144 E. Main St., E. Ilio
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
The Sportster Shop 237-17 Jamaica Ave., Bellerose
V-Twins 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville
Cycles Inc. 8955 Needham Rd., N. Bedford
Harley-Davidson of the South 1000 Plaza, Rochester
Harley-Davidson of Ramapo Rt. 17 N. P.O. Box 2, Shalimar
North Shore Cycle Service 182 Depot Rd., Huntington Station
- NORTH CAROLINA**
Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Yadin Rd., Fayetteville
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville
T-Bird Cycle Shop 3725 Wilkinson Blvd., Charlotte
- NORTH DAKOTA**
Bennet's Cycle Service P.O. Box 983, Minot
Fosses Fantastic Finishers R.R. 4 Box 12 C, Mandan
- OHIO**
Custom MC Sales 4611 East 131 St., Garfield Heights
Columbus Cycle Shop 200 N. State Ave., Columbus
Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Kustom Korner & Van 2017 Knox School Rd., Alliance
Ashland Cycle Supply 1241 U.S. 42 Rd. 1, Ashland
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison St., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
Bear's Bikes & Welding 415 W. Main, Ravenna
- OKLAHOMA**
Brinkley Harley-Davidson Hwy. 81 North 821 N. Chocoma, El Reno
Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater
The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Sil Blvd., Lawton
- OREGON**
H-D of Klamath Falls 1409 Main St., Klamath Falls
- PENNSYLVANIA**
Chopper Shack II 2632 Sate Hill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
Cycletic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Brodgrile
R & S Cycle Shop 230 Westwood St., Minersville
E & Z Rider MC Parts 300 S. Front, Slaton
Mike's Bikes 1739 N. Front St., Philadelphia
East Coast Cycle Shop Inc. 1400 St. Rt. Cornwall Heights
Bicycle Emporium Rt. 248, Jarryville
A.E.E. MC Parts & Service 615 Chester Pkwy, Ridley Park
- SOUTH CAROLINA**
Motorcycle Stage 451 E. Rivers Ave., Charleston
Southern Cycle Shop 108 Bull Ave., N. Augusta
D.C. Cycle 901 S. Monet St., Lancaster
C & J Harley-Davidson Rt. 3 Box 161 A, Cheroh
- SOUTH DAKOTA**
- TENNESSEE**
D & D Southern Cycle 1191 Ft. Campbell Blvd., Clarksville
Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
- TEXAS**
Larry's MC Service 217 S. B., Harington
Doc's Motorcycle 2420 B. Robinson, Grand Prairie
The Basket Case 2920 Elm St., Dallas
The Harley Shop 1501 Highway 130, Killeen
J & J Cycle Shop 2100 Oaklawn, Dallas
B & W Harley-Davidson 112 N. High St., Longview
Andy's MC Sales 1502 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
Carter's Antique Cycles 1212 E. Marshall, Longview
- UTAH**
Quality Motorcycle Parts 3231 South State, Salt Lake City
- VERMONT**
- VIRGINIA**
Lilly H-D Inc. Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 West, Ashington
T.R.'s Leather Rack 1110 S. Military Hwy., Chesapeake
Don's H-D Broadmoor Shopping Center, Shant's Draft
Master Performance Cycles 9823 Jefferson Ave., Newport News
- WASHINGTON**
Loft's Custom Cycles 115 N. 7th St., Pico
House of Speed 9500 Lacey Blvd. S.E., Lacey
Super Scoot Motorcycles 13803 N.E. 4th Plain Blvd., Vancouver
- WASHINGTON D.C.**
H-D of Washington 1407 Livingston Rd. S.E., Washington D.C.
- WEST VIRGINIA**
Mike's Cycle Rt. 2 Box 102, Debarbon
Dennis Harley-Davidson 4824 McCook Ave., S. Charleston
- WISCONSIN**
Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee
- WYOMING**
Coody Custom Cycle West Coody Strip, Coody

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 **Mike Fike**, from friends who will never forget him. Ride on forever, Ohio.

In memory of **John Bonham**, Led Zeppelin. Drummed to live: lived to drum. Nomad, Reseda, Calif.

In memory of **Ray**, who was taken by a group of assholes. You'll live in our hearts forever. Now, you're on the stairway to heaven, but when you reach Cloud 9, turn around and tell us what it's really like. We love you, Ray, and we'll think of you every Sunday game. Love, The gang.

In memory of **Wayne Labonte**. Ride high in the sky, bro. We'll always have a part of you in our hearts. Carl and Dee.

In memory of **Mike Taylor**. A drunk driver took you from us. Until we ride together again, we'll be missin' you. I love you. Your ol' lady, Honey Bee, Berdoo, So. Calif.

In memory of **Cowboy Calvin Wyatt**. We all miss your partyin' ass in Baltimore. We'll meet again someday and you can tell me the whole story. Always thinking of you, Mad Mike, Baltimore, Md.

In memory of **Michael**. I never had a chance to tell him I love him, I'll see him soon, H.

In memory of **Michael "Junk" Johnke**. You will always live in our hearts. You and Layton putt cool in Harley Heaven. Your ol' lady Tonia and the bros.

In memory of **Mustang**, who got electrocuted after our last ride. We miss you, brother. Keep our places warm for us, Eagles MC, Montreal.

In memory of **John Renshaw, Jr.** ("John the Baptist"), who loved his Jack Daniel's. A curb brought you down, never to get up again. Here's to you, John. May you ride free. We'll be thinking of you. Turkey, Scoot, Squirt, and Michell.

In memory of **Super Mex Perez**. May the sounds of our rumbling Harleys always reach your ears. Ride on forever. From your many bros and sisters. Shortster.

In loving memory of **Debra Ryan** (9-21-54 to 9-7-80), a sister who went down in the wind. We miss you. All your friends from Tacoma.

Thanks to a fuckin' drunk, **Randall "Red" Jones** and **Vickie "Flick" Dunnin** are just statistics that didn't wear helmets. We still love y'all and we're still wrenching on them wheels of justice. The "Evil Weavil" and the bros on the bay, Ingleside, Texas.

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 \$12 for twelve issues (\$12 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.

Handsome 25-yr.-old doesn't deserve to be without foxy lady to keep his heart warm with letters, pics, and visits if possible. Dave Bostic #4383, Box 700, Jessup, Md. 20794.

W/m interested in sincere relationship with any young female for love and friendship. Photo if possible; same in return. William Thomas, 8519 Comolette St., Downey, Calif. 90242.

Lonely 19-yr.-old, doin' lots of time. Ladies, please write and send pictures if you can. Answer all. Mike Trumbly #35662, C-212, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Ladies—age 16-50. Down-and-out bro needs letters and photos. Harold Hagler #80-A-2766, Box 445, Fishkill, N.Y. 12524.

Good-lookin' 29-yr.-old down but sincere. Lady willing to let things take their course, please write. Picture too, 18-30 only. Come on, girl, write me. John Liferi #80-A-2770, Box 445, Fishkill, N.Y. 12524.

Down-and-out lonely biker would like to get letters from anyone. Please write. Harold E. Smith #6084, Box 87, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Man behind the wall w/13 months to go seeks lady who wants to ride Cloud 9 with a prince. Herman Dixon #033793, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32901.

Two white bros could use some female conversation to soothe our savage souls. Will exchange letters and photos. Eddy L. Earle #B-50335 and Bryant Clifton #B-87573, Tamal, Calif. 94974.

Here I am, a lonely dude who would love to hear from you! So, all you nice chicks write me a line and I'll make damn sure it will be worth your time. Dalton Brown #120208, St. Brides Corr. Cntr., 701 Sanderson Rd., Chesapeake Va. 23322.

Help! I am being held in prison against my will and would like to correspond with young women to help me overcome this loneliness. Lasting relationship in mind; interests many and diverse. Shayne Abbey #109613, Mecklenburg CC, Box 500, Boydton, Va. 23917.

Two lonely inmates doin' hard time, should be out in '81. Would like to hear from some foxy ladies. J.R. Garrett and Doyle Waymon, Box 188, La Grange, Ky. 40031.

I'm 33 yrs. old, 6'2", 180 lbs., hazel eyes, and brown hair. Detroit native, Taurian of French and Irish descent. Wish to correspond with sincere lady from Michigan or elsewhere. Three yrs. till out. Raymon Durand #155978, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Attention! Now accepting applications for ol' lady. Rugrats okay. Uglier or fatties need not apply. Send photos for Virginia biker doin' time. John Kofron #30400-083, Box 1000, Petersburg, Va. 23803.

Downed bro in desperate need of some kites from foxes of all ages who love puttin' and gettin' it on! John D. Koop #104321, Box 316, Fort Madison, Iowa 52627.

Young man pulling time, trying to finish off this dime. Some letters from ladies sure would be fine. Age doesn't matter. Matt Todahl #262654, Box #900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Lonely bro doin' time needs letters from ladies in the joint or others. Elmer Northern #79771, Unit 2 11/9, Station A West, Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

Biker, 6'3", with brown hair, and hazel eyes, needs to hear from ladies. All letters answered. James Moeller, Box 2839, Asheville, N.C. 28802.

Been down just long enough to make us wonder, is there really a free world? Looking for some bros crazy enough to write us. Cinde Killebrew and/or Lisa Saltzman, Box 26, St. Gabriel, La. 70776.

Sincere bro going to hit streets soon. Wants to meet a foxy lady for letters, partying, and a world cruise. Pierre Limage #80A1991, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Downed bro wants foxy, freaky females to write and send flicks. Been down too long. Thomas Ebright, DCC, Smyrna, Del. 19977.

Bro in prison and doesn't get much mail. Would love to hear from some loving ladies. Larry Burton #117145, MCC, Box 500, Boydton, Va. 23917.

Help! Two downed bikers looking for wild women who love to ride. Please write us and send pictures. Will answer all. Willie Elmore and/or Bryan Floyd, Madison County Jail (Cell A-1), Huntsville, Ala. 35801.

Shit-eatin' mongrel, 25 yrs. old, blue eyes, brown hair, 5'6", could really dig some sexy letters and photos. Buddy Dawson, Del. Corr. Cntr., Smyrna, Del. 19977.

Lonely bro down, would love to hear from a true and sweet lady. Dennis Towns #068366, Box 488, Polk City, Fla. 33868. Mail No. A55.

Down bro wants to correspond with together ladies. Johnny Fulford #10450-16, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Need some mail. Out in '82. Gals, sure could use some pix. Answer all. Bill Bricka #K-5409, Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pa. 16652.

23-yr.-old would like to correspond with some lovely ladies. A letter would make my day. Anthony Dacayana #C-17847 C-202, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Two lonely Harley riders (21 yrs. old) would love to hear from some sweet ladies (16-25). Send photos; we'll meet up after we do our time. Tom Burke and Darryl Munger, Saratoga County Jail, Ballston Spa, N.Y. 12020.

Love is beautiful and ladies are too. I need letters and photos from all of you. David A. Martin #36499, Box 900, HU-1-43, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

We desire female correspondence from anyone. Donnie Cormier #03572-158, and Louis A. Morgan #00038-158, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

I'm in jail now, waiting for one of you nice, foxy ladies to write. Have plenty of time on my hands. W/m 24 yrs. old and righteous. Thomas Moore, 501 N. 9th St., City Lockup 8145, Richmond Va. 23224.

A true bro needs plenty of nice ladies to write to. Looking for someone to take care of. Paul S. Roberts #120787, Buchanan Unit 29, Rt. 1, Box 99, Van Sant, Va. 24656.

I'm 23 years old, blue eyes, brown hair. Down till '82. Would like letters and pix from women 18-40. Will answer all. Jim Burke, Box AE5120, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

23-yr.-old won't be free till '83. Need letters from all sincere women who care. David Navarro, CMC-East-C-13379 #7380, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Lookin' for fine ol' lady with shit together. Handsome, w/m tattooed down, 29 yrs. old, 5'10", good build from pumpin' iron. Send photos and vital statistics. Out in eight months. Frank Wingfield #C-12788, CTF-North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I would like to write to some fine lady with good understanding. Michael Ladd #29395, Missouri State Prison, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Bro who is down for a long count wants to hear from ladies. Looks not important; what's in your heart is. Gene Wirtjes #067224, Box 488 (K-29), Polk City, Fla. 33868.

Lonely bro needs letters and pics from available ladies. Daniel Dewey #15269, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Lonely dude needs letters and pics from foxy ladies. Will answer all. Robert G. Marsh #86730, Station A West, Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

Prisoner in need of foxy chicks to write to and send pics. Pat Grant #46689, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

44-yr.-old half-breed needs secure lady. California resident preferred. Release late '81. C. Lee Davis, Box A-1206, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Downed bro would like to hear from horny chicks 18-80. Send flicks. Jim Eskridge #523499, Rd. 1, Box 500, Smyrna, Del. 19977.

Are you lonely and need to be told how beautiful you are? Write to "Rick" and send stamp and flick for fast reply. Richard A. Woodman #B-85757, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

21-yr.-old Capricorn biker w/14 mos. to go, just beginning to see the light, so why don't one of you foxes be my star and drop me a line. Kevin Osterman #N-08118, Box 500, Vandalia, Ill. 62471.



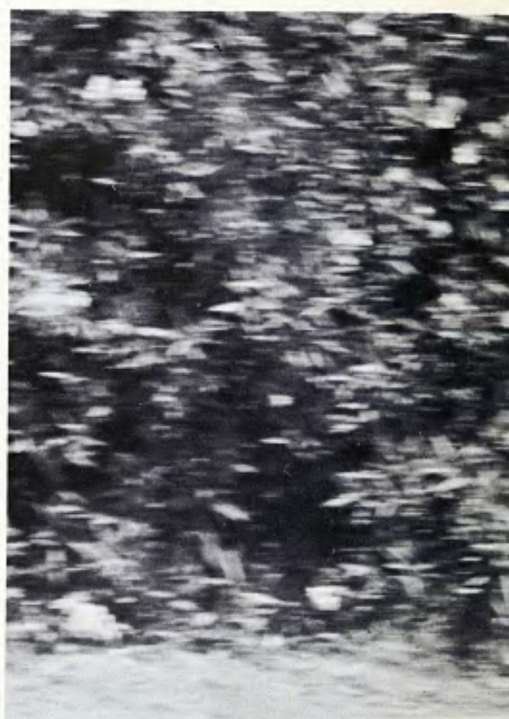
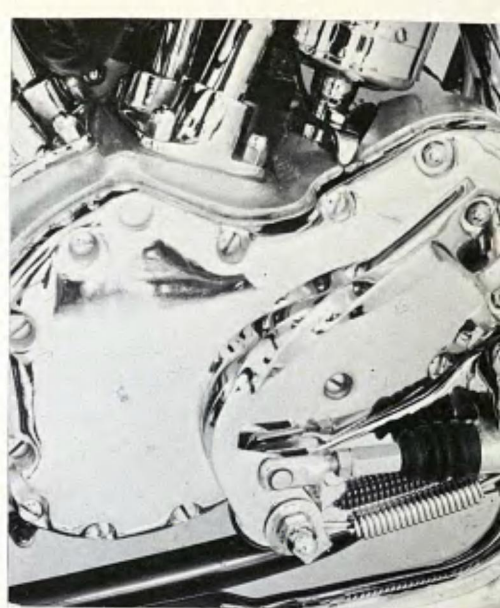
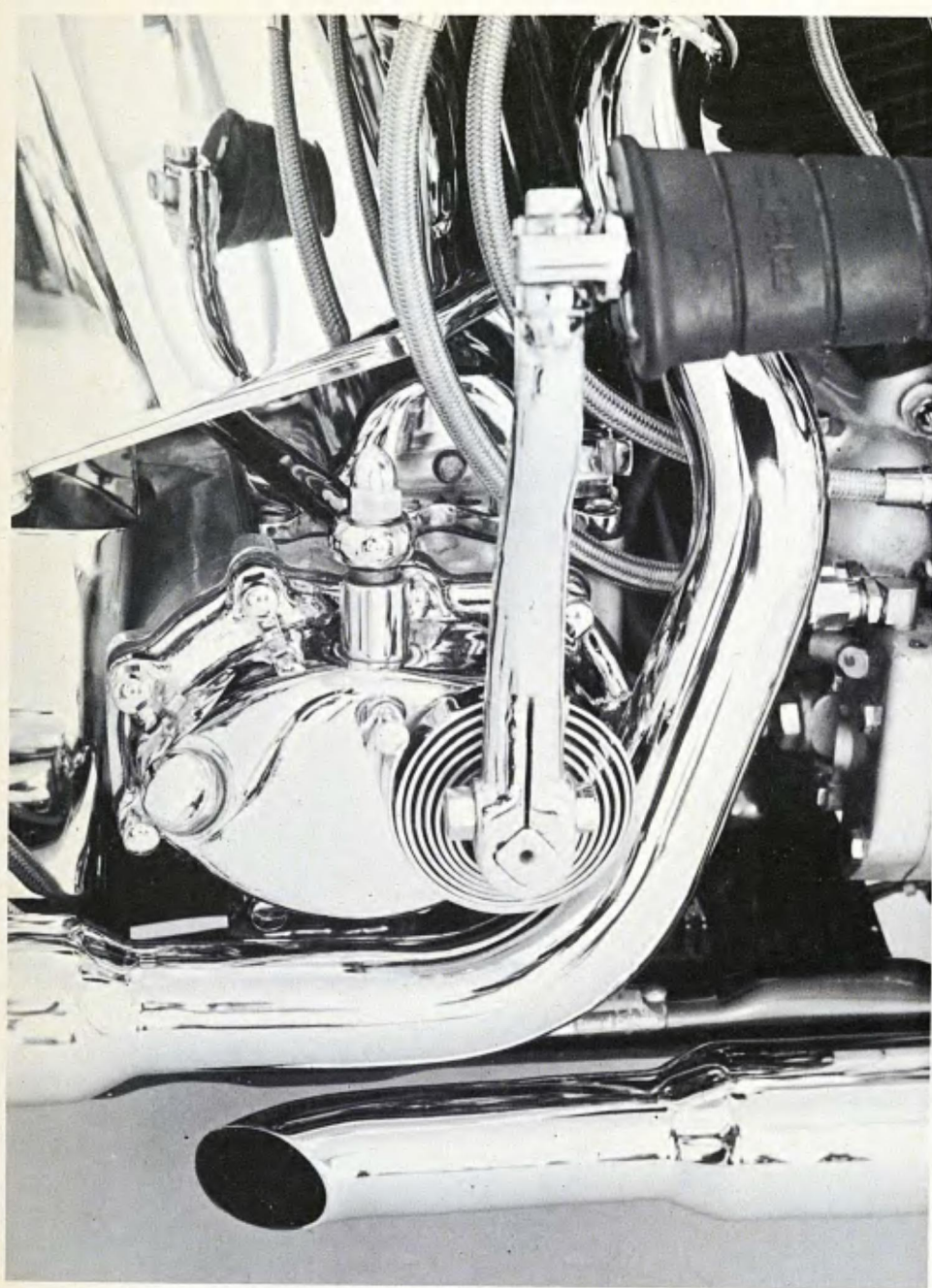


THEY'RE PROUD OF IT

The American dream to build and own a Harley is shared by many of us. John Yeats, a wrench on the Harley that broke the world speed record in 1970, realized his dream. For two years he tried to buy a '68 dresser from a bro. No go, but one morning a phone call woke him. "Still want my dresser?" the voice asked, then continued, "I'm hard up for bucks and you could take it off my hands, cheap."

John was up like a shot, counting his stash money and saying, "Not enough! What can I scrounge up to sell, so I can buy this scoot?" He tore through the house and garage, gathering anything worth money — fatbob tanks, wraparound oil bags, ducktail fender, and a Police Special speedo. Then he headed for the clubhouse, sold his spare parts, counted up again, and was still short.

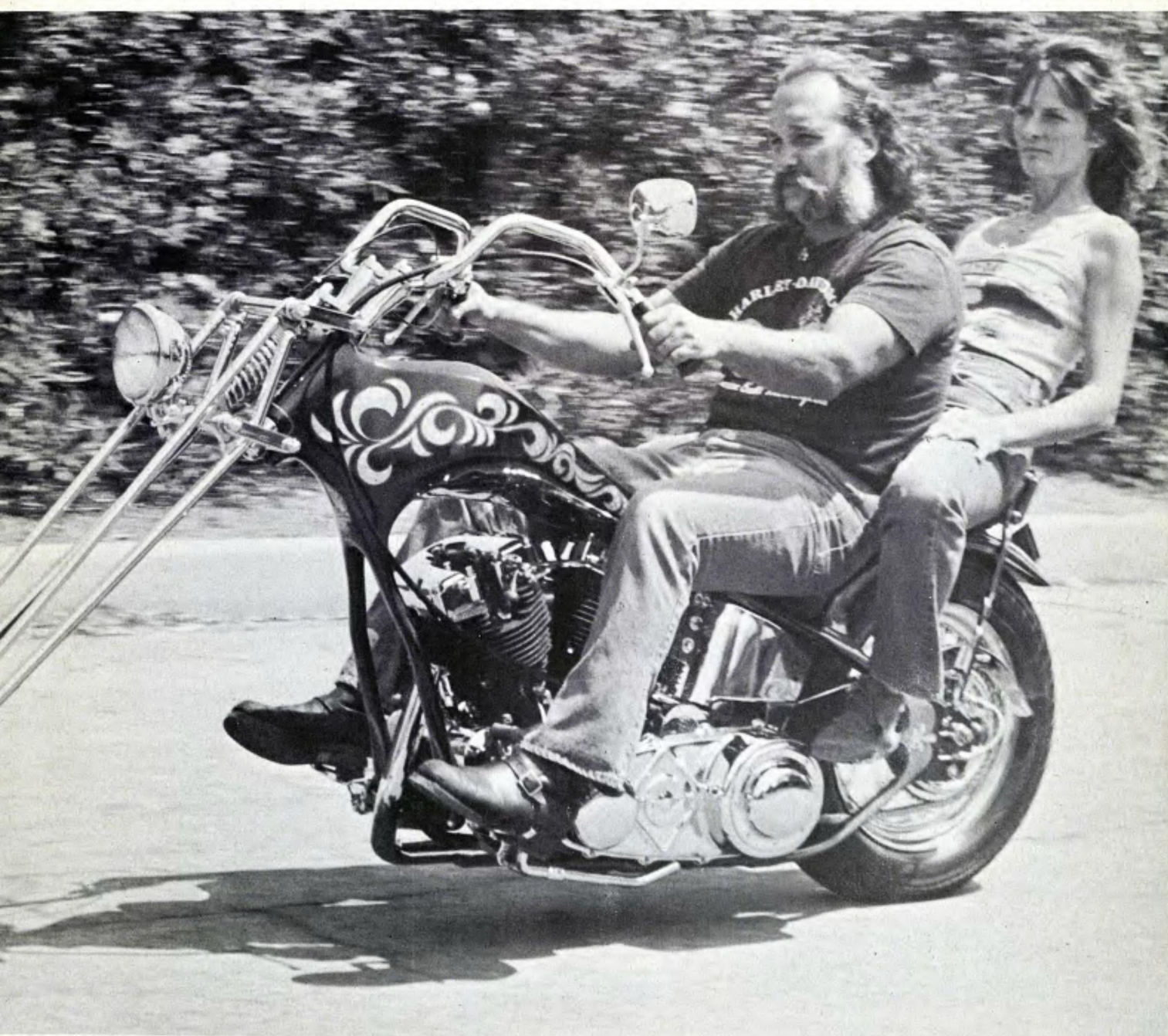
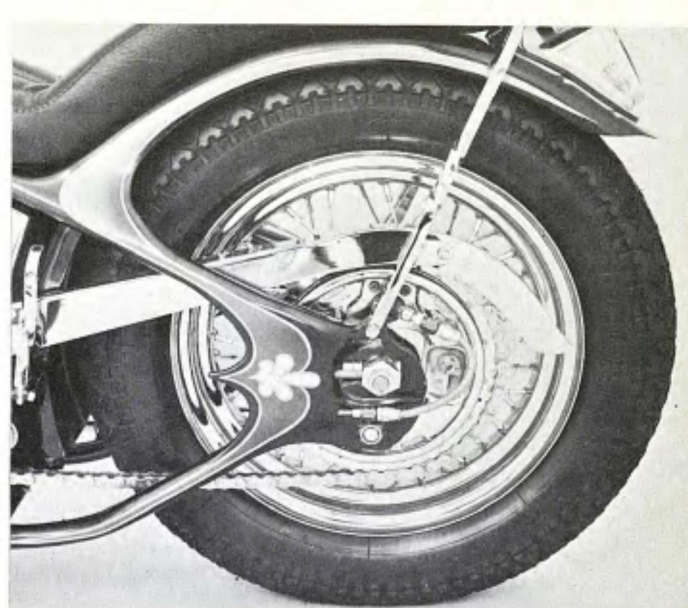
Back at home, despair was setting in when his ol' lady, Peggy, came up behind him and dropped the pink slip on the table. "I know you've been dreaming of a Harley for a long time. Here's the title to the



Triumph; sell it so we can start on our new ride."

With the money for the limey bike, John had just enough to score the dresser, and after paint jobs on three or four cages, he had enough to buy a rigid frame and a girder front end. He built almost everything himself, from the footpegs to the sissybar. He rebuilt the mill, stretching it to 88 inches, shoved in a Sifton cam and an S&S lower end, polished and ported the heads, and installed an S&S carb so the bike could breathe. He sanded, molded, and painted it blue pearl, then had Jack Burr lay on the





Owners: John Yeats **City:** Baldwin Park, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1968 H-D
Model: shovel
Value: priceless
Assembly by: owner
Time: 5 months
Chroming by: M. McCloskey

Frame

Year: 1952
Builder: H-D
Type: rigid
Rake: 35 degrees
Stretch: two ways
Other alterations: lots

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1968
Model: FL
Rebuilder: owner
Ignition: H-D
Displacement: 88 cu.in.
Lower end: S&S 4 1/4 in.
Balancing: weights and measures
Pistons: S&S
Cases: glass beaded
Heads: ported
Cam: Sifton 468-S
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): S&S
Air cleaner: S&S
Pipes: Rose Bowl swap meet
Muffler(s): same

Bars: Santee
Risers: 4-in. Paughco
Fender(s): Santee
Headlight: Santee
Taillight: tombstone
Speedo: none
Front pegs: owner
Rear pegs: owner
Electrics: owner
Gas tank: owner molded
Oil tank: Paughco
Oil system: H-D
Primary cover: Paughco
Seat: Paul's Upholstery
Sissybar: owner
Height: 30 in.
Material: 1/2-in. square stock

Transmission

Modifications: cut gears
Year: 1968
Shifting: foot
Engine sprocket: 24
Trans sprocket: 24
Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: girder
Extension: 16 in.
Builder: Santee
Special features: none

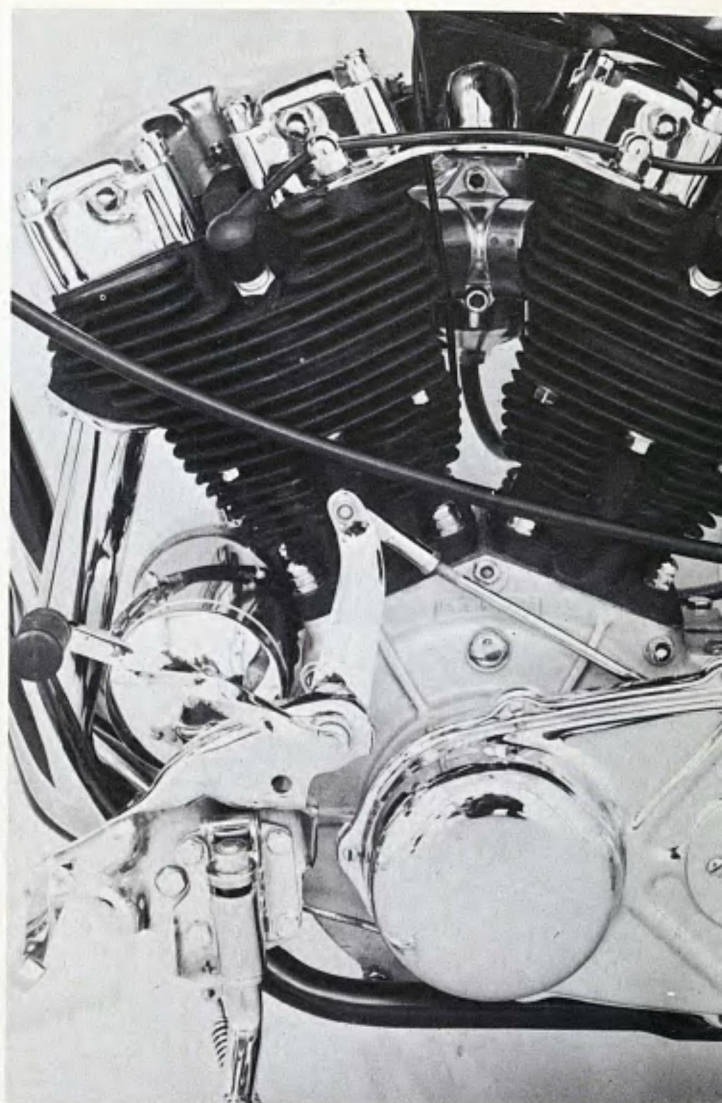
Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 19	Size: 16
Hub: Santee	Hub: H-D
Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: 2.75	Tire: 5.10
Brake: Santee	Brake: juice

Painting

Molding: owner
Painter: owner
Color: black-blue pearl
Type: acrylic lacquers
Special paint: pinstriping by Jack Burr

Other special modifications: Super Max belt drive. Thanks to George Smith of S&S, and Paul's Upholstery of San Leandro.



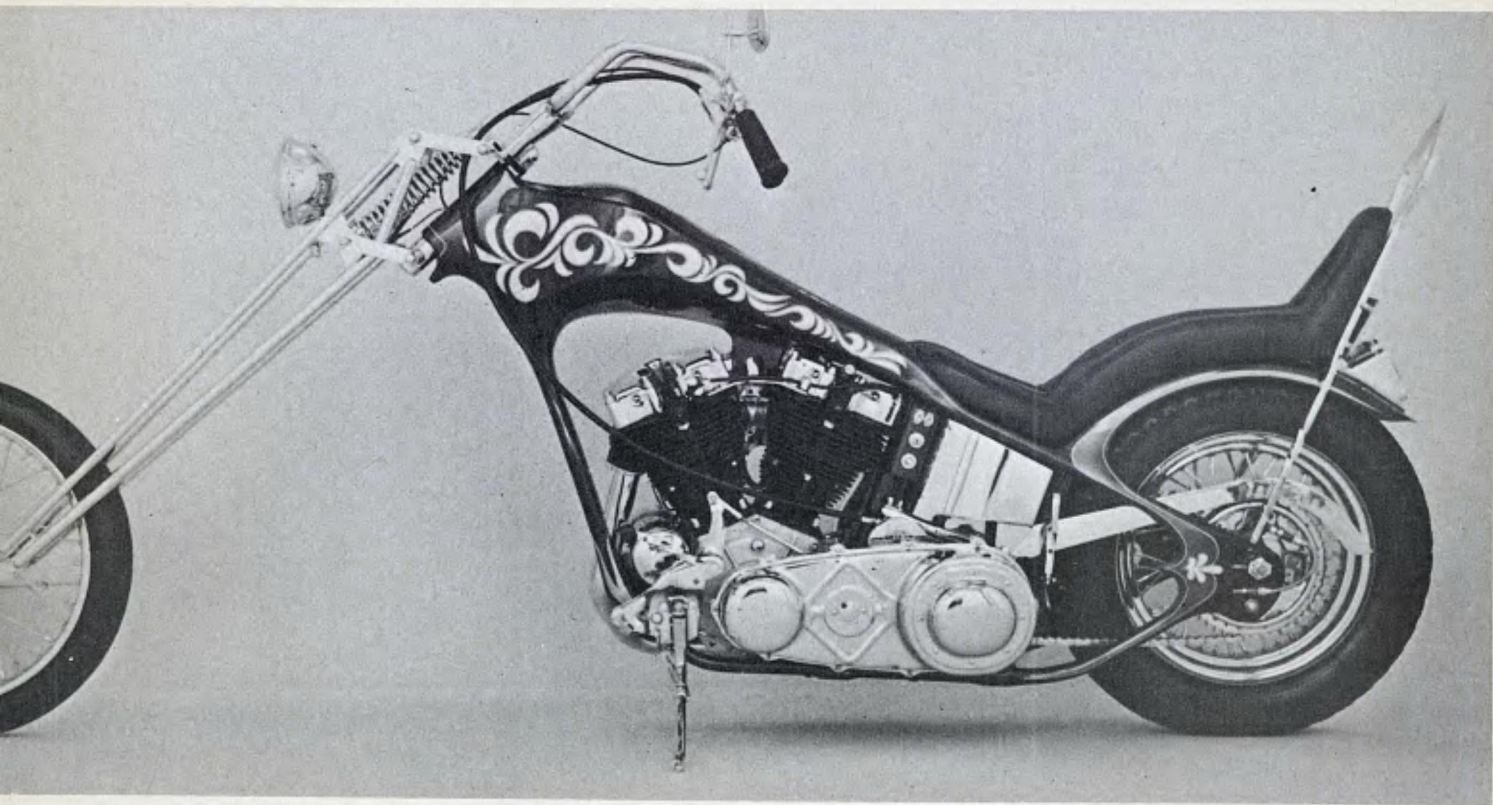
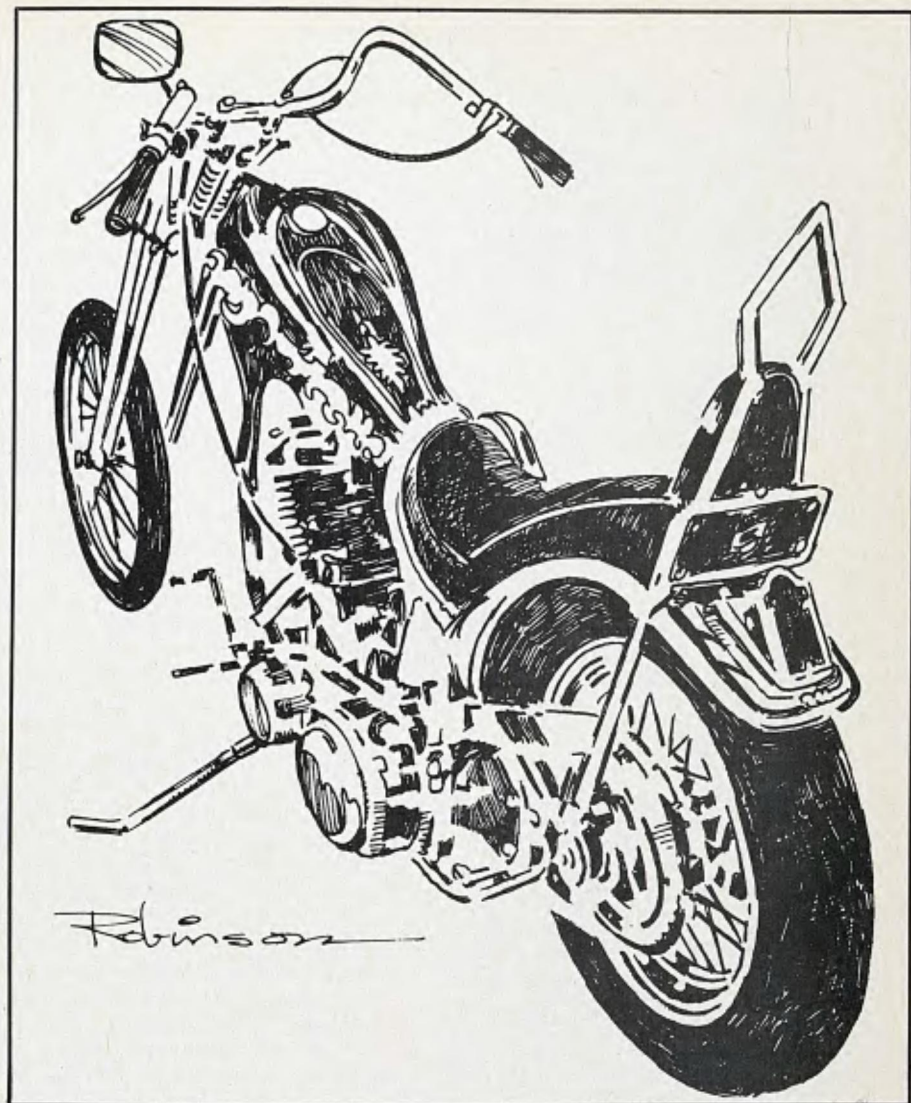
gold leaf and pinstriping. For John's birthday, his ol' lady had the seat covered at Paul's Upholstery.

After five months' work, this clean, functional bike emerged, a tribute to American ingenuity and know-how. The American dream of a quality machine, produced at home by a man and his lady, was realized, and the result is a symbol of that quality that true craftsmen hold dearest: pride in workmanship. — Bulldog





Photos by Pete Chiodo



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Like A Harley

Continued from page 48

It costs twenty-three dollars and change. Shit. I need that like I need the clap again. Time for some heavy thinkin'. What am I gonna do? Then the light comes on. Every fuckin' day I go to work, right? Well, okay, I call in sick a lot. Whatdafuck. Sun shines a lot in California, man. It's not my fault. Can't work on them days. That's why the man (and I mean, The Man) gave bro Adam and his woman, Eve, their own Harley. Don't bother lookin' for that shit in the Bible, though, 'cause it ain't in there. I think it's got somethin' to do with the Pope and birth control. Well, fuck it, that's another story. Let's get back to this one. Like I was sayin', on the days that I go to work, I go past this chopper shop, see. They got to do weldin' there, right? Damn, I'm a smart little fuck.

So I get out my wrenches, man. Real ones. None of that kamikaze millimeter shit. I'm just gettin' comfortable, see, preparin' myself for some serious wrenchin'. Yeeoowww! Damn, them pipes stay hot a long time! Shit, I'll just go back in the house and get another beer. Standin' in the door, sippin' a cold brew, and lookin' at my Harley. Can't get too much better, bro.

Four beers and maybe thirty minutes later I got the bracket off. Sucker's cracked, all right. Shit, I shoulda been a doctor. Stuck the damn thing in my belt and fired up the Harley. Sounds great, though a full dresser does look a mite peculiar minus the muffler. An' you can just shove that "garbage barge" routine. I ride a full dresser and, in case you ain't noticed, I'm telling this story.

So, I got on the bike and boogied on over to this chopper shop I been tellin' you about. Wouldn't you know it, the place looks all locked up. Shit. I putt around to the back, see, and then all hell breaks loose. Oh, yeah, I forgot to tell you that I got short hair, too. It was a really weird fuckin' scene, man. The bros in the shop were doin' a little tokin', you know, and here I come rollin' up on this full dresser with my short hair and a black pipe stuck in my belt. Dudes thought I was the heat. Everybody's either swallowin' the shit or tryin' to hide it.

Finally, this guy comes over and asks me am I a cop. Gimme a fuckin' break, brother. That's what the hookers are s'posed to ask. I just

Continued on page 119

MUTHA PATCH



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)

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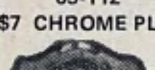
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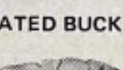


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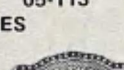
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Style G 11-455 11-456 11-457 11-458

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The Last Space Filler

(no shit)

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. Send your bright ideas to Snuff Space Filler Contest, c/o Easyriders Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.



The model interrupted the painter to exclaim, "You're really quite an artist!"

"Tell me what impresses you most," responded the man with obvious satisfaction.

"I like the swift, bold, self-assured strokes with which you work!" cooed the girl.

"If you think this is good," exulted the painter, "just wait until I start painting!"

—Louis Spivak
Cleveland, Ohio

A youngster, dressed as a pirate, knocked on his neighbor's door on Halloween.

"Well, well, what have we here?" asked the neighbor.

"I'm a pirate," the boy said.

"I can see that," the neighbor said. "But where are your buccaneers?"

The little boy looked puzzled. Finally, he said, "Under my buckin' hat."

—Sam Griffin
Atlanta, Ga.

A biker, visiting his brother, stepped out of the shower to find his brother's little girl in the bathroom with him. "What's that?" asked the eight-year-old, pointing at his cock.

Caught off guard, the biker hastily replied, "That's just my birdie. Now get out of here so I can get dried off and take a nap before tonight's party."

A half hour later the little girl's father came racing into the bedroom, drawn by the biker's agonizing screams. "What ever happened?" he asked his daughter.

"I was playing with uncle's birdie, and it spit at me," replied the girl. "So I broke its neck, stomped on its eggs, and set its nest afire."

—Bill Lewis
Lakeland, Fla.



"He et a moped!"

Why did the biker trade his ol' lady in for an outhouse? The hole was smaller and it smelled better.

—Steven McCoy
Dallas, Tex.

Then there's the one about the young woman who tried her first vibrator. She broke every tooth in her mouth.

—Dusty
Portland, Ore.

A woman who has made a hobby of collecting husbands announced she was shedding her fifth mate.

A friend remarked, "She'll be so happy, she'll feel like a new man."

—David McKay
New Orleans, La.

There was an 80-year-old man who was arrested for rape. He got off the rap because the evidence wouldn't stand up in court. But they got him on a lesser charge, assault with a dead weapon.

—Rock
Greensboro, N.C.



"I can't talk right now. The boss is chewing me out."



A busty chick attended church in topless attire. The shocked preacher blocked her entrance and suggested she go home and return dressed properly.

"But I have a divine right," the chick insisted.

"You also have a beautiful left," the preacher countered. "But you can't come in here dressed like that."

—Tim Hamel
Las Vegas, Nev.

A biker walked into the local bar with a frog atop his head. The startled bartender asked, "Hey, where did you get that?" The frog croaked, "Would you believe it started out as a wart on my ass?"

—Norman Kroll
Kinder, La.



"Hey, Weasel, you're gonna get a ticket for parkin' there, man."



While examining the young man's lip infection, the doctor asked, "Have you done anything unusual lately, like, say, learning to smoke a pipe or trying a different shaving cream or maybe sucking a lot of oranges?"

"There was one thing, doctor," answered the patient. "I had a birthday last week and my father took me to a whorehouse, where he paid an attractive girl to give me some practical experience in the facts of life."

"That explains it," said the medical man. "Tell me, didn't your father warn you never to lick a gift whore in the mouse?"

—Paul Senion
Darby, Conn.

According to a friend in New England, massage-parlor girls in Hartford are popularly referred to as Connecticut Yankers.

—Victor Miranda
Lordsburg, N.M.

Did you hear about the gynecologist who gave up his practice and became a hairdresser? The only style he could do really well was a finger wave.

—Jimbo Dugan
Cliffside Park, N.J.

We know a nearsighted girl who can't recognize her friends until they're on top of her.

—Slim
Simi Valley, Calif.

A healthy-looking biker was having a soft drink at a neighborhood bar when a devastating blonde approached and made a familiar proposition.

"No, thank you," he said politely. "This might sound strange to you, but I'm keeping myself pure until I meet the girl I love."

"That must be very difficult," the girl said sympathetically.

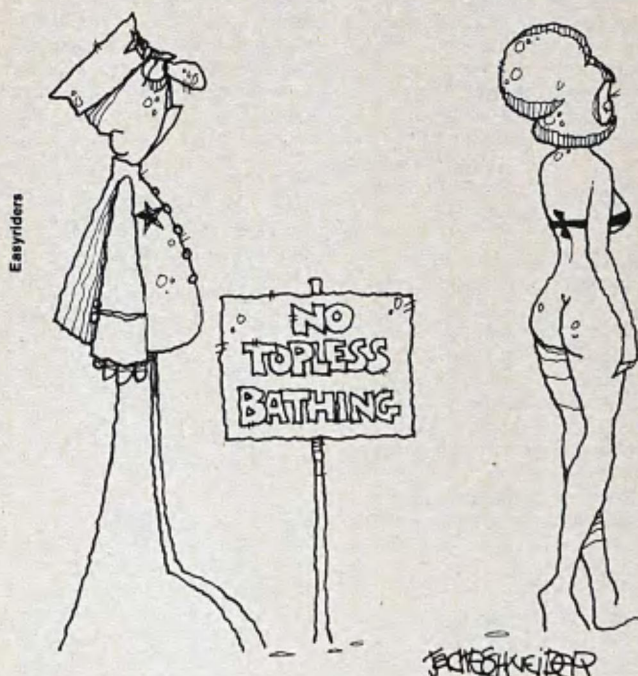
"I don't mind," he said, "but it has my wife pretty upset."

—Dusty Baker
Boise, Idaho

Following a well-meaning visiting bro's suggestion, an under-endowed biker took to sleeping standing up in a specially rigged harness with a weight attached to his dong. Some months later, the friend came through town again. "Tell me," he said to the standing sleeper, "how much has your prick lengthened?"

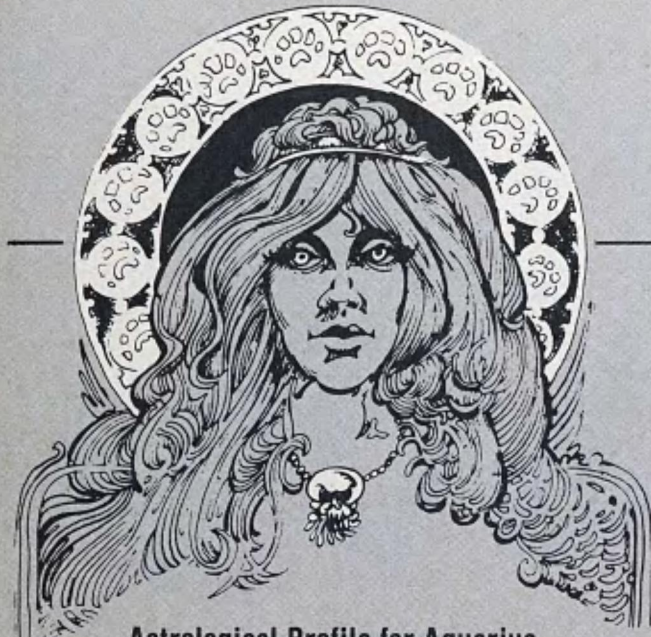
"It's really hardly changed," was the reply, "but it does keep perfect time."

—Mike Sullivan
Boston, Mass.



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage



Astrological Profile for Aquarius

Aquarians are witty and clever and can rap about almost any subject. They are not only intelligent, but also downright interesting conversationalists. Most Aquarians tend to view life with a large dose of humor (Benny Hill and W.C. Fields), which makes 'em popular company.

Aquarius represents universal brotherhood, the Woodstock of the zodiac. Aquarians often live by their own philosophy, free of conventional laws and way ahead of their time. They really

dig weird things and people.

Some notable Aquarians and their attributes are: Jules Verne and Charles Lindbergh (innovative), Thomas Edison (inventive), Burt Reynolds, John Travolta, Paul Newman, and Clark Gable (sexy), James Dean (unforgettable rebel), Tallulah Bankhead, Yoko Ono, Zsa Zsa Gabor (strange), and Jimmy Durante (nosy, but likable).

Aquarians are free spirits in their outlook, as long as nothing infringes on their personal independence. They may try out

every position in the book (and invent a few more), but it has to be their own idea. Since Aquarians are not out to impress anyone, they couldn't give a fuck less about approval. (This applies to females of the sign, too.) They are a rare combination of lover and friend. Although they're hard to catch, they're worth the chase, 'cause once they're caught, they'll stick to ya like an old pair of shorts — and are just as comfortable to be with, too.

Negatively, Aquarians can be highly impractical, impossible to figure out, eccentric, and overly concerned with friends' trivial problems. Hating serious confrontations, Aquarians will devise all sorts of bizarre methods of avoiding them.

Aquarians are susceptible to circulatory ailments, varicose veins, and hardening of the arteries (and penis). Otherwise, except for a tendency toward sprained ankles, they're as healthy as hell.

Scorpio (Oct. 23 — Nov. 21)

Keeping that infamous temper of yours from taking priority now won't be easy. If you blow up, you'll fuck up; sooo, if you gotta fuck up, do it in the sack! Don't depend on your partners to bail your sweet ass out when you drop your drawers in someone else's private pussy stash. Hope you can run with your pants down.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 — Dec. 20)

This is an extension of last month, with no sign of ball-bustin' excitement. About the most you can hope for is that your ol' lady will accidentally douche with Tidy Bowl and let you play with her man-in-the-boob. If you get too bored, drag out your old issues of the rag, kick back with some brew, and enjoy. If that doesn't add some spice to your life, nothing will!

Capricorn (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

You're just a tad accident-prone during the first week of this month. Be alert, 'cause it's not just while traveling. If you're in the garage wrenching on your wheels, be careful — you could whack off something besides your wand and lose more than just your wad! Good vibes and righteous bros ease you through any bummers. In fact, close bros can be counted on for some sound advice.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Happy Birthday! That birthday piece is not only a favor, but it's also in your favorite flavor — vanilla vagina! Don't let petty mindfucks ruin your month. Instead, coast through with that mind-bogglin' sense of humor. Actually, this can be a productive period, with the least effort on your part. VIPs recognize your worth and single you out.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

You've got a heavy workload dumped on you this month. Keep your nuts (or whatever) to the grindstone, 'cause the ball-bustin' results will be worth your effort. One word of advice: If you feel the urge to gamble, take a strong laxative. You'll be better off on the shitter than taking chances. Stick to sure deals and don't count your chickens before they hatch!

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 20)

This month, you're geared for high speed and ready to tackle anything that moves. Besides the horny honks, you're full of enough energy to tear down and rebuild your machine, along with working the kinks out of your own crank. With all that jamming around, be sure you don't get in the wrong kind of crackup. Don't let a strong itch to get out and boogie screw up your present job security.

Taurus (Apr. 21 — May 20)

Look out! Someone is thinking about wedding bells, or using her clit for a clanger and making you the dingdong. On the other hand, if you're looking for a permanent house mouse, go for it! There could be a worse fate — like having no one to polish your scooter after a long run, or living on beans with no one to appreciate the aroma of your farts. Lady Luck may be knocking (or knocked up) now!

Gemini (May 21 — June 20)

Best keep your eyes on your rivals, 'cause your goodies could

be up for grabs. This applies to both job and home base. You clever Gemini should be able to keep one step ahead of the competition, as long as you don't lose your cool. You're holding all the aces (or was that asses?) up your sleeve. Save some bucks for unexpected repairs on your wheels. Don't forget!

Cancer (June 21 — July 21)

If you've been feeling below par, or have had the Hershey squirts, you may need to bend over while the doc yodels up your gas tank. Have a complete checkup from asshole to appetite. It's time to safeguard your health. Be careful where you dip your wick, or it could end up in an invasion of the killer tampons. On the other hand, one good plug deserves another.

Leo (July 22 — Aug. 21)

This is prime time for getting in the wind for a while. Just don't neglect important obligations, or sacrifice the security you broke your balls for. If you choose to stick around home, be prepared

for an overload of spur-of-the-moment parties. It could even take a bulldozer to clear out the leftovers, including guests. Best bet is to boogie off.

Virgo (Aug. 22 — Sept. 21)

Sorry, but you may be forced to wade through a few domestic hassles. It could be a case of things coming up missing frequently. Don't be shy if you find that a friend has sticky fingers. (With friends like that, who needs enemas?) It's the shits, but you gotta weed out the bad guys sometimes, especially when it's your weed they're after.

Libra (Sept. 22 — Oct. 22)

Confine your activities to areas or projects you're sure of, even if it means only toking, screwing, and putting. You'll be better off exposing your bare ass than your ignorance. In other words, if someone challenges your abilities in a field that's unfamiliar to you, 'fess up! Besides, you're likely to benefit by listening to others in the know, especially during the second half of the month.

So, the way I figured it, the rush to the bank started with that damn calculator. Me and the ol' lady had just gotten a big check in the mail. It was for \$180,000. That's right, \$180,000.

Naturally, it didn't come free. It was an insurance check. One of the company's beloved "insureds," as they call the nards, had jumped a median with his pickup. The pickup slammed me, my Sportster, and the ol' lady, at fifty miles an hour. Totalled my scooter. You couldn't say the wreck exactly helped the ol' lady, either, though she wasn't messed up as bad as me. As for me, I still had a brace on one leg the day I got the check.

Anyway, the check had come to our lawyer in Forth Worth. It carried three names: the lawyer's, the ol' lady's, and my own. On Friday, the lawyer had signed it over to us, and mailed it down to Austin, where we lived. It arrived on Monday. I opened the envelope, stared at the six figures awhile, lit a joint, and telephoned the ol' lady at her job. "Babe, don't you never say I didn't give you nothing," I told her. "I *did* give you a ride on that Sporty," I said, in reference to the deceased bike and to the \$50,000 share of the check that was hers. After that, I sat down and tried to figure out what to do with all that money. It was all so new.

The lucky thing was we didn't owe much. In the first place, the ol' lady's insurance from work paid most of our medical bills. In the second place, we'd hired the lawyer smart — by the hour, not by contingency. Lawyers on contingency take a share of what insurance companies pay off; in Texas, the lawyers usually get 30 per cent. But we'd hired our lawyer by the hour, like anybody offering a service for hire. He'd cost us about ten grand and we owed him less than half that. The ol' lady had kept him paid up all along. But third, and most important, the insurance checks are tax-free. That's right, tax free. Uncle Sam can't touch 'em. We had pretty near the whole check, the whole \$180,000, clean as a whistle. Absolutely amazing.

I thought about the panhead I'd been wanting. Now I would get it. I'd even get the custom shop bros to build it. And new leathers — the ambulance boys had cut mine off me. And some jewelry; I hadn't had much, but the ambulance or emergency room crew had lifted it all. Then, too, I'd get me a van. Everything, bro, that's what.

The ol' lady came home from work that afternoon and immediately asked to see the check, to see if it was real. The check was drawn on the First Mission National Bank in San Antonio, the place where the insurance company had its headquarters. It sure looked legitimate. After looking the check over for a few minutes, the ol' lady began talking about how she'd spend her little fortune. Mainly, on her sumbitching relatives, my dearly-beloved and sainted in-laws. But I didn't say nothing about it. After all, she'd earned her settlement just like me: by trading busted bones for that check.

I went out drinking with some of the bros that night. There was a big celebration, you might say, but since I didn't have any coins — I'd been nearly broke ever since the wreck — the bros paid for it all. They knew, bastards, that I'd someday be good for it all. Soon we'd all be rolling in it — mounds of money.

The next afternoon when I woke up, there was a notion in my head. Something new. It was... well, maybe greed. I dunno. I got to

thinking about that check and I realized I'd better put it in a bank and earn some interest or something. I was loosing money otherwise.

The ol' lady had given me a palm-sized pocket calculator a couple of Christmases back. I dug it up and started punching buttons. Banks, I'd heard, pay about 5.5 per cent interest on savings accounts. We could put the check in a bank while we were waiting to spend it all, and make .055 x \$180,000 a year. The calculator said that would come to \$9,900. Of course, it

was bullshit to think we'd have all that money as long as a year — hell, we might not have it a month, the way we planned on spending it. Still, that calculator had me thinking.

I divided that \$9,900 by 365 to find out how much we'd make by holding onto that money for just a day. \$27.12, the calculator said. Not bad, I thought, so I called up a local bank to see if they really would pay us 5.5 per cent interest on that money. I figured the call was important because according to what my calculator told me, even a difference of one percentage point

would amount to \$4.93 a day. That seemed a big deal.

The call was even more important than I'd figured.

"Savings account?" the puzzled banker asked me. "How much did you say you wanted to deposit?" The dude talked like I was crazy. "You say you have a check for \$180,000?"

So I told him the whole story about the pickup, and the broken bones, and the insurance check, and then he said that *in good conscience* he could not advise me to put all that money in a savings account.

"In good conscience" — those were his actual words. It was the first time I ever heard of a banker having a conscience, and I still ain't particularly convinced, especially because of all that happened later. Who knows?

The banker told me that I should put the money in certificates of deposit. Now, certificates of deposit usually come in denominations, meaning you can't get one for a dollar. Usually, you have to ante up \$10,000, and promise to let the bank keep it for six months or a year. And the rate of interest is usually a big 10 or 11 per cent per year.

I put that info in the calculator while the banker was still on the phone. A certificate of deposit, or a series of them, \$10,000 each, would pay us nearly \$50 a day. Now we were cooking.

But the banker kept talking. On certificates of deposit for \$100,000 or more, on big money, banks give special rates. I wouldn't have to put the money in the bank for six months — I could deposit it for as little as one month. The rate went up with each month I pledged to leave it in the bank: 12 per cent for one month, 13 per cent a year, and fractions of percents for time periods in between.

The banker said that if I'd buy one certificate of deposit for \$100,000 or more, I'd draw not 5.5 or 11 per cent, but a cool 12.8 per cent merely for pledging the money for three months. I put that in the calculator

too. The calculator said that, on the entire amount of the check, I'd make \$63.12 a day. And that bro, is seven days a week. The calculator told me the whole thing would come to \$441.84 a week. A damn good paycheck, for doing nothing I hadn't already done — except go to the bank. I was ready.

That was a Tuesday. When the ol' lady got home from work we talked it over and decided to do it, just like the banker said. With \$441.84 a week, plus the ol' lady's check from work, we could buy the pan, put

The Big Payoff Fiasco

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Allow 4-6 weeks for personal checks to clear.

braces on the ol' lady's little sister's teeth, and do damn near anything we wanted. The ol' lady signed her name on the check and the next morning, a Wednesday, I went running to my neighborhood bank in Austin.

That's when the bullshit began. The broad behind the counter, a teller, told me she couldn't accept the check, and the vice-president backed her up. They said they would have to send the check for collection, to the San Antonio bank on which it was drawn. And sending it for collection would take seven to ten working days. Meanwhile, I wouldn't be collecting any cash or interest. Seven to ten working days for a bank — that's almost two weeks for the rest of the world. Having suspected some shit would come up, I whipped out my calculator. It said that if I deposited the check in Austin, I'd lose about \$883.68 in interest while I waited for the check to be collected.

No way, brother, no way. I decided to take it to San Antonio, to First Mission National, the bank on which the check was drawn. They wouldn't have to wait for collection.

So the next day I took the bus to San Antonio. Just to catch another load of red tape, it seemed. The officers at First Mission National said they wouldn't honor a check that big unless all three people whose names were on the check — me, the ol' lady, and the lawyer — were present for the signing. Either that, or I had to get the other signatures "guaranteed," which means that I had to have a banker sign and seal the check, saying the signatures were authentic. I told the tellers and the officers that the lawyer was in Fort Worth and the ol' lady was in Austin, but that didn't cut any ice with them. The first thought that ran through my head was to burn the First Mission National to the ground. But then I realized that if I pulled that, I'd never get the check cashed.

Wednesday was shot, and another \$63.12 interest was lost. Worse, I didn't know what to do.

I called the lawyer the next morning, Thursday. He said I'd have to come to Fort Worth to get his signature guaranteed, and he promised that his bank would guarantee the ol' lady's signature if I brought her with me on Friday. So the ol' lady took off work Friday and we went to Fort Worth.

Everything went as planned. A stuffy dude in a three-piece suit took out a little rubber stamp that said he was a high officer of the Ft. Worth bank and that he was authorized to guarantee signatures. The stamp was so simple, though, that anybody could have duplicated it. After he put the stamp mark under the lawyer's and the ol' lady's signatures, he signed himself. Said his signature was listed in books all banks keep, books that tell who is authorized to guarantee checks and where.

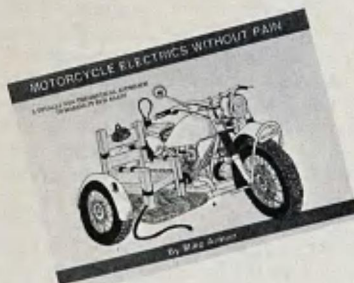
It was noon Friday before we left the bank in Fort Worth, 250 miles away from The First Mission in San Antonio,

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the only bank in the world which could pay on the check that same day. Worse, we'd seen a little white sign in the Forth Worth bank as we'd gone out the door. It said that banks would be closed on Monday, for Columbus Day, of all idiotic things. I put that in my calculator as we walked towards the bus station: no interest Saturday, or Sunday, or Monday. None until Tuesday. The calculator said those circumstances would cost me \$63.12 x 3, or \$189.36.

No, the ol' lady reminded me, I was wrong. If I could deposit the check that day, Friday, I could also collect interest for Friday. Another \$63.12 lost.

There was only one way to make a 250-mile trip to San Antonio between noon and five, closing time for the bank. I'd have to fly. We put that into the calculator. The flight would cost \$65, plus another \$15 or so in taxi fares. But if I got into San Antonio before five, I'd gain, not three, but four days' interest. The calculator told me that would come to \$252.48. I stood to make about \$175 by flying to San Antonio.

So I left the ol' lady in Forth Worth and hopped a plane. When I got to the San Antonio airport I had \$8, not a penny more. I laid it all on the cab driver, whose fare was \$7.25. I went into the bank dead broke but with a helluva check in my hand.

More bullshit. The check, in the lower left-hand corner, said "Payable Through First Mission National Bank," not payable "by" the bank. That, the clerks explained, is bankers' language for "not immediately payable." It's a deal worked out between banks and the biggest clients, like insurance companies.

If you, or me, or some citizen writes a check, it's payable on demand. But big-

BLACK T-SHIRTS
for the true
Harley rider

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- My Ol' Lady Yes, My Dog Maybe, My Harley-Davidson NEVER.
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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.

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shot companies don't play that way. They keep a copy of their big settlement checks, and tell the bank not to honor the checks until the bank receives the copy, called a counterfoil. First Mission, I was told, hadn't yet received the counterfoil of the check I presented. And since it was half an hour from closing time, and Monday was a holiday. . .

Brother, that was it. I didn't even have the money to catch a bus home. So I ran down a little scenario for the bank officials. "Don't cash this check today, don't accept it, or don't start paying me interest today, and I'm going to spread that money around. The day when you do honor it, I'm going to give a hundred bucks to each of my 1800 club brothers, and we're all going to come here to make deposits." The truth was that I had 18 brothers, not 1800 — but how were these jerks to know?

They blinked.

"There are going to be 1800 motorcycles out front, and 1800 bros and their ol' ladies inside, all waiting to make \$100 deposits. We'll be gritty and grimy," I warned, while the bankers took a close look at gritty, grimy me, "and we'll be your customers."

They gasped. It could actually happen.

"Then, after we make the deposits, we'll make withdrawals, one at a time, all 1800 of us."

They began shaking their heads.

"And we'll deposit and withdraw and withdraw and deposit until you're ready to sell us this whole damn bank for my lousy \$180,000."

They swallowed and shuddered. And they conferred. And a vice-president called up the insurance company, and the vice-president begged. And the insurance company said okay, cash the check.

So the vice-president told me yes, he'd be honored to honor my check. But I was too hassled by now to deposit all of it. I took \$10,000 in cash with me. That would be enough, I figured, for the custom panhead I'd pay for tomorrow. And for the pistol and beers I wanted right now, and for the Greyhound I'd need after that.

I took a cab from the bus station home. The ol' lady was asleep when I walked in. She was exhausted from all the check hassle we'd had these last few days.

But the shots woke her up.

She came running downstairs, upset and afraid.

"What the hell?" she shrieked.

Then she saw the smoking .357 in my hand and took a step back.

She looked timidly around, and in the half-darkness, on the wooden floor of the living room, she saw what I'd done.

My hollow points had torn hell out of that calculator.

"Red, why in hell did you do that?" she asked, a little afraid that I was mixing whiskey and black beauties again.

"Well, babe, we're rich folks now," I mumbled. "If we need any damn calculating done, we're going to hire somebody else to do it!"

And to top it off, she'd gone and left two rugrats behind with him. They'd been staying with his folks since the split and he hadn't seen much of them lately. Fuck her. He wouldn't have let her take those kids with her even if she'd wanted them. They were his boys and one day they might make pretty good scooter tramps.

While Eightball was thinking all this, he heard the throaty rumble of Hogs coming down the street. Only one place they would be stopping on his street. "Shit, hoped I could get a couple more hours shuteye. Oh, well, fuck it. Bros are welcome any time."

Sleazy and his sidekick Top came walking through the door, looking at him. "Jesus," said Top. "You look like shit."

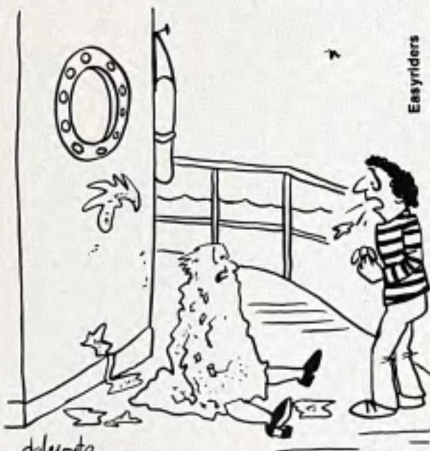
"Thanks, asshole," Eightball replied, and then he grinned. "Sit down and we'll twist up a couple, if you've a mind to."

Sleazy spoke for the first time as Eightball reached for his stash and tray. "Not now, man. We come here to help you get your shit straight."

Suspicion clouded Eightball's eyes. "What you mean, bros?"

Top leaned forward and stared him straight on. "We mean that for three fuckin' months you ain't done nothin' but get fucked up and mope. You ain't gone on no runs, you ain't chased no pussy, you ain't seen yer kids. Hell, when was the last time you kicked over yer pan?"

Eightball tried to think, but his head hurt too much. But for sure the bros were right. He'd been going downhill at a fast pace for three months. He felt he was now as low as he could get. "What do you suggest?" *Continued on page 90*



"Gesundheit!"

Easyriders



H-D Banner

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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.

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Tanya



Jean



Here she is, folks — Sylvia, the eighth winner in the 1980 *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Fussy, Kim, and Little Bit.



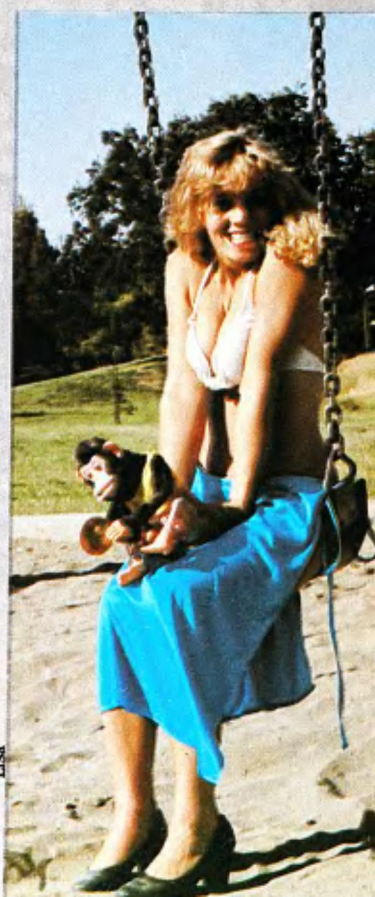
Kim



Annette



Rani



Lisa



Noelle

Ol' Lady Contest



Mary Anne

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 'ookin' 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 January 25. We'll print the winner in the April issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #92 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

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.

Ladies' Tank Tops \$7.50

Family

Continued from page 87

"We suggest you get off your fuckin' ass and forget that goddam bitch. She ain't around no more and you ain't gonna change things doin' this. Me and Top got some extra bucks, so we been thinkin' we'd help ya rebuild yer scooter — and then you hit the road fer a while."

"What about my rugrats, man? What do I do about them?"

Top eyed him. "We ain't got all the answers, Ball. We just got some goddam suggestions. So whatcha say? First things first. Let's build a putt."

Why not, thought Eightball; why the fuck not?

It took them two weeks to get the putt together. Man, what a machine. A 1960 pan with a '62 tranny, dual points, Linkert carbs, Sporty tank, bobbed fenders, short pipes with no mufflers, oversize intake valves, and all American. He'd forgotten what a prime scooter he really had. When they were putting on the finishing touches, he stunned his bros by suddenly asking, "Remember that knuckle with the sidecar that Shorty crashed and burned last year?"

They looked at him and said, "Yeah, what about it?"

"Well, if I could get that old sidecar from him, it wouldn't take too much to modify it for what I want it for. Ya see, I've decided to take my kids with me."

Top rolled his eyes back and moaned. "Man, you are plumb crazy. You can't be takin' two rats with ya on a searchin' run. You'd be defeatin' your purpose."

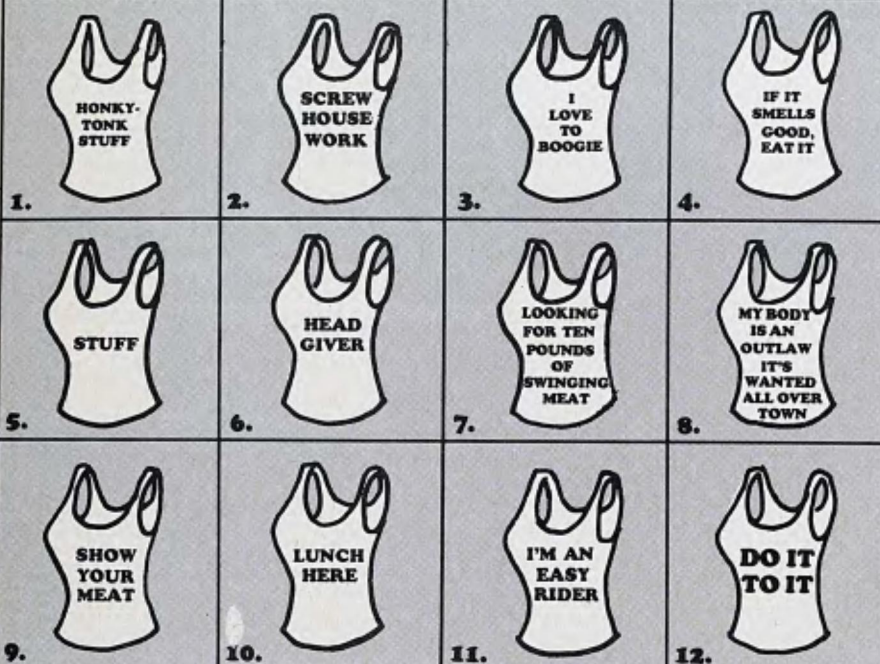
"Maybe, but when I lost my ol' lady, they lost their mama and they ain't got no way to go searching for a new life if I don't take 'em with me."

"How ya gonna feed 'em, man?" asked Sleazy.

"I figgered that out, too. I'll sell my van and shit and collect me a poke. I should be able to get enough to get by for a spell. And when I run out, I can get work somewhere till I get another poke and then we'll head out and hit the pavement again."

Both bros tried all day to change Eightball's mind, but finally gave up when he flatly stated, "Hey, you guys wouldn't leave a part of yourselves, like your legs, or hands, or balls, behind voluntarily, would ya? Well, I ain't leavin' a part of me behind either. My mind's made up."

It seemed that things were finally going to straighten up for Ball.



Colors: White, blue, peach, yellow. Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 50/50 "stretch." Send size, color, and shirt number along with \$7.50 to: **Grayhound's Tanks**, P.O. Box 1309, South Gate, Calif. 90280. Also available: 100% cotton bikini panties with above printing, \$5.00 pair.

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4. Life is like a shit sandwich. The more bread you have the less shit you have to eat.

5. I don't know I don't care And it doesn't make any difference

6. Those of you who think you know everything are very annoying to those of us who do.

8. Sounds Like BULLSHIT To Me

9. If you can't dazzle 'em with BRILLIANCE baffle 'em with BULLSHIT

7. HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY

10. "QUESTION AUTHORITY" 11. "It's not that you and I are so clever, but that the others are such fools." 12. "IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS" 13. "Just because you're PARANOID doesn't mean everyone isn't out to get you." 14. "SO?" 15. "Don't ask me no questions. I just might tell you the truth." 16. "When choosing between two evils I always like to try the one I've never tried before." 17. "I know you think you understood what I said, but what you heard was not what I meant." 18. "I'm not cynical. Just experienced." 19. "There are no rules." 20. "WARNING! This t-shirt contains a highly sophisticated bullshit detector. When alarm sounds please reengage your brain." 21. "ASK ME IF I CARE" 22. "WHO KNOWS? WHO CARES? WHY BOTHER? Silk screened blue on tan or white on black. First quality 100% cotton Hanes t-shirts. S,M,L,XL. MONEYBACK GUARANTEE. US FUNDS ONLY NO COD'S

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When he went over to Shorty's and told him he wanted to buy his old sidecar and why, Shorty said, "No fuckin' way, man. It ain't for sale. But if you can make it work on your pan, you're welcome to use it for as long as you like. I ain't gonna be needin' it, that's for damn sure. The doc says I probably won't be able to ride again, so you might as well make use of it."

After digging it out of the shed, Ball loaded it in his van and then went inside to say his farewells to Shorty.

"Man, I really appreciate the loan. I'll try to take good care of it."

Shorty had managed to sit up in bed so he could talk to Ball. "Don't worry about it, man. Just put the wind in yer faces and teach them little guys good. And tell 'em about ol' Shorty."

They shook hands and, as Ball was going out the door, Shorty yelled, "Watch out for them drunk ol' dames in cars!"

Ball felt a lump in his throat and a sting in his eyes. Man, what a fuckin' bro Shorty was!

Another week went by and Eightball was ready to go. He got only two hundred and fifty for his old Ford van and another fifty for his stereo and loose shit he had sold. But three hundred was better than broke. It'd taken some talking on his part to convince his folks that he wasn't crazy, but he'd finally won out. After all, they were his kids, weren't they?

The boys had changed somewhat since he'd last seen them. Luke was taller than he remembered and

Shane had filled out around the middle somewhat. Both favored their mom but Ball thought that was okay. She was the good-looking one of the two of them, and he sure didn't want the kids to be as ugly as he was.

After a tearful goodbye from his mom, he and his dad walked outside to load the kids in the sidecar. Ball checked to make sure that he had everything he needed, then he turned to say goodbye to the old man.

"Well, I guess we're goin' now. Don't know when we'll be comin' back."

His dad stuck out his hand and said, "No matter. You just be careful, and when you come back, come back safe. All of you." Then he handed Eightball a neatly folded hundred-dollar bill. "Comin'-home money, kinda like insurance if you get in a jam."

No more was said as Ball kicked over the Hog. He grabbed the clutch lever and the machine *ka-chunked* into first. Eightball turned and said, "Later." And then they were gone.

Only one more stop to make before leavin' town. All the bros would be at Gilbert's Saloon about now and he had goodbyes to say. There must have been forty scooters in the lot when he arrived. Everybody had heard about what he was doing, thanks to Sleazy and Top. All the guys had to shake his hand and wish him luck, and all the ladies got to kiss him goodbye. After about twenty minutes of goodbyes, Eightball cleared his throat and said, "Well, me and the little guys best be



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It's a beautiful hardcover book, with 176 pages (including lots of color photos) of 40 different famous old bikes you've heard about but seldom see any more.

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These are just a few of the bikes featured — the book even includes the Indian vee-twin! And remember, these are not new or late model bikes — only the old-timers that have made motorcycle history.

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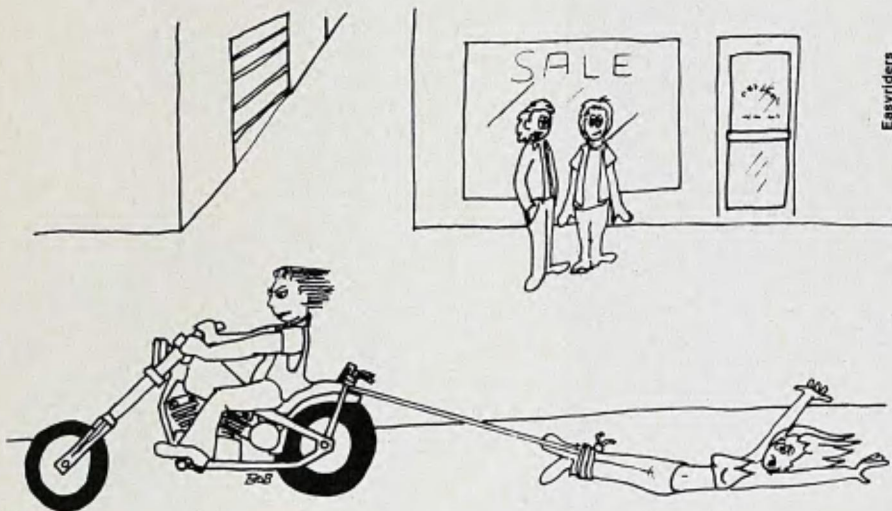
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"The way I hear it, she bought groceries with the money he was saving for a valve job."

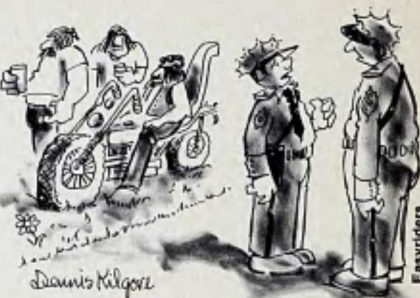
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2. THINGS TO DO TODAY

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"Yeah," Red Dog agreed. "One crazy dude and two rats leavin'. But when they come back, they'll be a fuckin' family."



'Whatta we do now, chief? I read them their rights and told 'em they're under arrest, but all they said was, 'So what?' "

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TREASURE FALLS

Continued from page 31

the aroma of dust, heat, and grease.

Frank looked over the contents of the room twice before looking through the inner door that led to the service bay. A smile split his face, white teeth gleaming through his beard. It was like finding an old friend in a strange city or that next-to-impossible-to-find part needed to finish a putt.

Leaning up against the far wall, its chrome gleaming dully in the gloom, was an early model shovel, chopped just enough to make it clean. The old style, though, with apehangers and fishtailed pipes pointing skyward.

Frank stepped into the service bay and stopped just past the door, the smile vanishing as suddenly as it had appeared and a chill quivering the flesh under his sweaty shirt. There was something he hadn't seen from the other room and should have. Something covering the bike. Reddish-brown in color, dried and flaking. It covered the tank and the seat, and rivulets of it marred the chrome on the mill.

It was on the floor too. Frank's eyes followed the path of old blood across the bay, between his own scuffed boots, and back into the little office. There were two other doors leading from the office besides the two Frank had used. One had a little metal sign above it, *Hombres*. The men's room. The other had a thick trail of dried blood leading into its black chamber.

Tony came in and saw the blood immediately. He and Frank exchanged glances. Frank swallowed and stepped forward. His heart hammered at the back of his throat. He slid his hand around the door frame and fumbled for the light switch. Nothing.

He stepped back and again exchanged glances with Tony. Tony nodded, to indicate a string hanging from the center of the ceiling. Frank felt light-headed now, and shaky. He wasn't all that sure about his stomach, either; but there was a bro in there, a bro in trouble, likely. He really had no choice.

He took a deep breath and went in quickly, before he had time to think. He had his hand up, swinging gently through the darkness like a blind man's. His fingers brushed the string, grabbed for it, missed, fumbled, and had it. He hesitated only a second before tugging.

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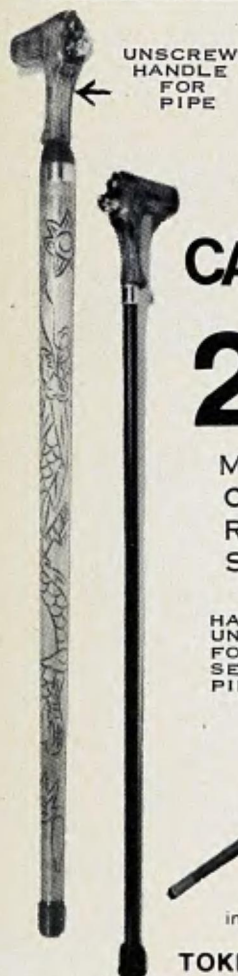
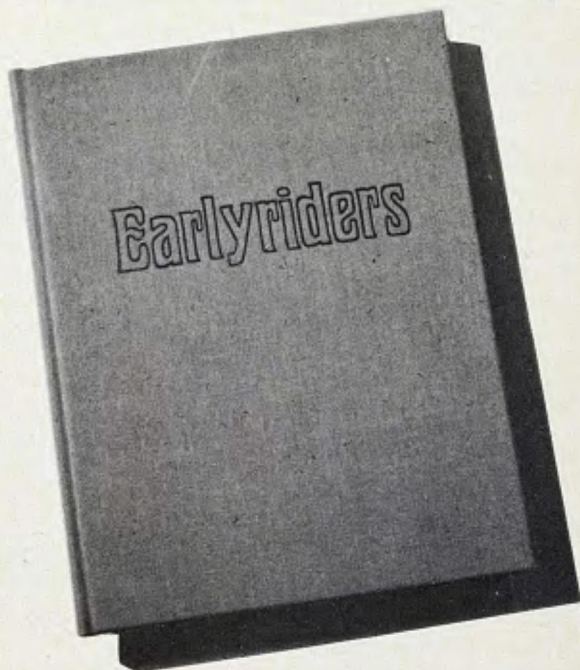
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The room leaped into view — a small room, living quarters. Metal closets, a bench, a dresser with mirror. A bed with a sawed-off shotgun. And behind the shotgun, a face. A wild mane of hair matted to fleshless skin by perspiration. Eyes red and raw looking, filled with a savage rage that came close to insanity. Bony fingers clutched the shotgun, so thin-skinned it looked as if the knuckles could pop through at any time.

Frank backed off a pace, his hands out. Fear was familiar, a companion that sometimes rode with him and sometimes fought with him. But terror was a new sensation, as powerful as any of Afghanistan's best. He wanted to shout at the old man, even tried to, but all he could manage was an incoherent stutter.

In the end, he stood and waited for the crazy man to shoot, mustering enough courage to bring himself back under control and to stand calm, at least on the outside. But the man with the riot gun remained where he was, braced on his pillow, the muzzle tight on Frank's chest.

The quiet held for a long time,

each locked in the other's gaze. It was the flies that finally broke Frank's concentration. Hundreds of them created a black fog over the man's blanket-covered legs.

"A biker?" the man croaked. "Maybe there is somebody up there who looks after old bikers."

Frank lowered his hands slowly. Again he glanced at the blanket. The flies were settling back on the wild man's abdomen. "Hey, bro, you need some help." It wasn't a question. One glance at the blanket had told him this dude was hurt bad.

The man sank back into his pillow, his breathing shallow and raspy. There was a faint rattle in his chest.

"Lemme look at you, man."

"You alone?"

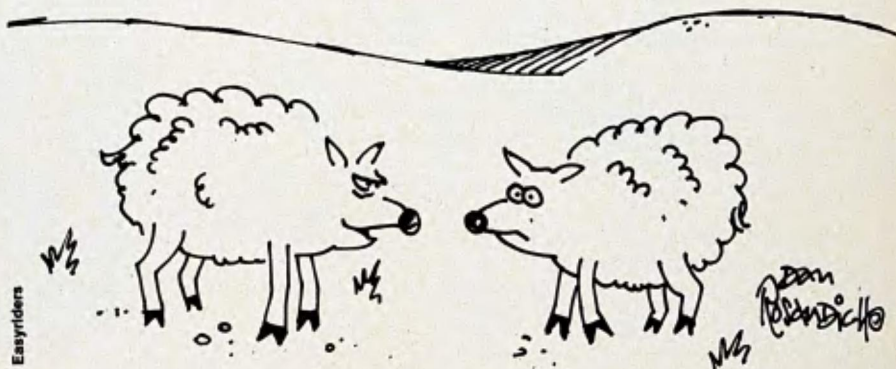
"There's three of us."

"Tramps?"

Frank nodded.

"You can look but you ain't gonna like what you see."

Frank crossed the room slowly and knelt beside the faded old biker. Not old really — fifty-five, maybe sixty. Maybe younger. It was hard to



"Are you virgin wool?"



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tell. His face was that of a man who had spent his life in the desert, and pain had pulled the features tight. Maybe fifty, Frank decided, but no younger.

"You gonna look?" the man asked.

Frank moved the blanket back gently, using his fingers where it stuck to the flesh. His stomach started churning as the sight unfolded. The whole upper right side of the chest was blown away. Torn, mangled flesh, red and raw. The skin nearest the wound was dead white, already lifeless.

Frank's vision blurred as he held the blanket, looking at bone and mangled muscle. Hundreds of crawling maggots had begun feeding on the man's body.

Frank let the blanket drop, lurching to his feet and stumbling toward the door, his breakfast pushing against the back of his throat. The whole room seemed to close in on him. He saw Tony in the doorway and elbowed him aside. Bent double and fighting the vomit that kept rising, he was trying for fresh air and sunlight, hoping that if he could make it that far he might hold everything down.

He never made it. There was a wastebasket near the table and he fell to his knees above it while the vomit kept rising and rising and rising.



"I told ya what would happen if ya checked the gas with a joint in yer mouth, asshole!"



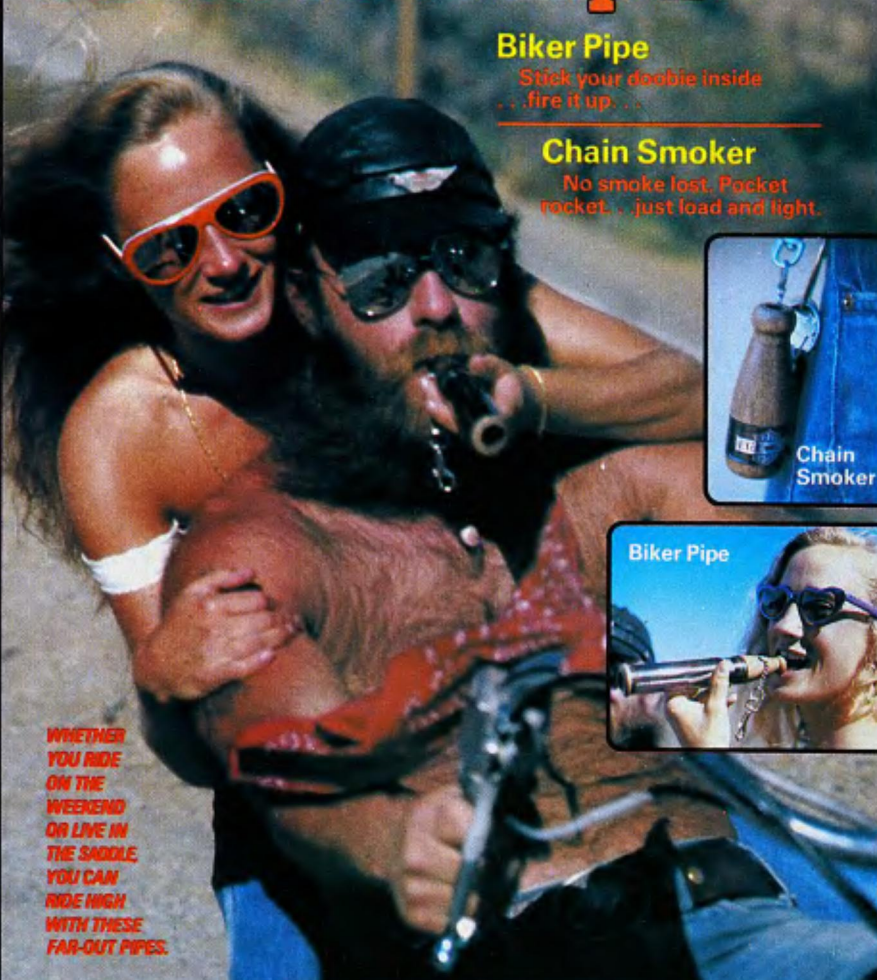
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Tony came out near sundown, his face almost as white as Frank's still was. He joined Frank and Ray in the shade of a huge oak while the evening sky turned red and gold.

"Cigarette," he said.

Frank fished two from a pack of Winstons.

"He awake?" Ray nodded toward the station.

"Uh-uh. His breathing is rattling worse all the time too."

Frank shook his head and inhaled deep, letting the tobacco ease his stomach. Tony and Ray had switched off sitting with the wounded man all afternoon. So far, Frank hadn't been able to steel himself for another visit. They smoked in silence until their smokes were almost gone. A bat swooped low for insects and Tony flicked his butt at the creature. He stalked away for half a dozen paces, spun on his heel, and came back. "We've gotta talk," he blurted. "We have to decide what to do about this old dude."

Frank and Ray exchanged glances.

"Do we believe what he's been telling us? Or is he so crazy with pain he's just rambling?"

"He hasn't told us much of anything yet," Ray said. "He talks about some old friend who's over a hundred, then shifts back to bike clubs in the sixties."

"He's also mentioned millions and millions of dollars," Tony countered.

"We better let him tell us," Frank said, "if he ever starts to make sense again."

"He will," Tony replied, staring at the amber light that spilled from the station's window. "They all do, right before they die."

The dude's name was Lester Morrison, according to his long-



expired driver's license. Frank was sitting with him in the early morning hours, half asleep in a faded and frayed easy chair, when he looked up to find the old biker's eyes on him. Different eyes this time. Not the wild-eyed look of madness, but gray and clear. And amused too, Frank thought.

"I said you wasn't going to like what you saw." Morrison grinned, his voice hardly more than a raspy whisper but gaining with each word. "You figure you might get me some water?"

"You sure you can handle water?"

"Hell's fire, boy, you let me worry about what I drink. I don't need any fucking wet nurse this late in the game."

Frank brought him the water, helped him get some in his mouth, then held the cup while he spit the water back.

"You don't know what it took not to drink some of that. I drank some the other day, and I remember what happened when I tried to swallow. It felt like hot lead pouring into my chest. Guess I'd rather go by dehydration than go through that again."

"Why don't you let us get you some medical help —"

"No!" Morrison cut in sharply. "I know what's down there." His voice softened and his eyes went to the ceiling but looked beyond. "I've seen myself. And I know what a dying man looks like. You just let me go in peace without a bunch of frigging doctors filling me with needles and tubes."

Frank shrugged and set the cup aside. "This is your trip, bro; take it how you want."

Morrison looked at him for a long time before finally nodding. "Scooter people are good people. Always did say that. Go get your friends, boy. I've got a lot of talkin' to do, and my time's running in the fast lane now."

Frank got Tony and Ray inside without taking time to tell them who was wanting them. The old man looked them over while Ray wiped the sleep out of his eyes and Tony zipped up. He looked them over and nodded again, the same way he'd nodded at Frank earlier. "You'll do," he said.

"I'll try to make this short and sweet," he began. "I got myself into some trouble up in the States. Bum trip, but a buddy got shot during a club scuffle. I wasted the fucker who did him in just in time for the whole state of Texas to go shit blind against bikers. This was when all

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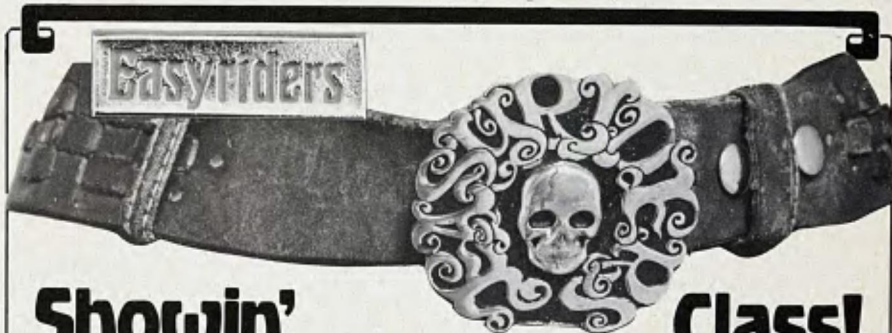
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those crazy movies were playing every drive-in theater in the country and people were ready to believe anything. A couple of killings was like pouring gas on an open flame.

"I hauled ass for Mexico, figuring I'd wait until everything cooled down. Spent a year in Mexico City and another in Acapulco. Did a lot of riding, all over the country. Somewhere in there I started to mellow out. So when I broke down here back in seventy-four, I decided I'd stay for a while.

"It's a helluva place. Rattlesnakes outnumber people ten to one, probably, and you could go two weeks without a customer sometimes. But the old geezer who ran this place was an all right guy. Name was Mateo and he must've been pretty wild himself when he was younger."

Morrison stopped for a moment, tipping his head back and shutting his eyes. The rattling in his chest was worse now, a steady sound that had already become a part of the night. Blood-flecked foam appeared at the corner of his mouth. His voice was lower when he went on, hardly more than a whisper.

"Mateo was probably eighty years old when I came. We hit it off from the first, both drifters and outsiders, yet we both wanted to stop for a while. He was part Indian and part Mexican, and who the hell knows where he got blue eyes. He came from the mountains back in the twenties sometime. It was a long time before he ever told me anything about his childhood."

Suddenly Morrison's eyes snapped open and his voice strengthened for a moment. "You gotta remember — these mountains, they're wild, wilder than any-



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thing you can imagine. People up there, they still live in the past. No modern law, no schools. Nothing. When Mateo was a boy, they were still making human sacrifices to their gods. Even the government can't control them. Scattered little bands. Missionaries won't even go up there any more."

He paused one last time. When he went on, they had to lean close to hear. "Mateo told me about those fuckers. Told me about a solid gold chalice studded with rubies they used to drain the blood into. Said there was all kinds of gold trinkets up there. But he said the real treasure was behind the falls. A little room behind them filled with gold."

"He died during the only snowstorm we had last year. I buried him behind the station. Damn near packed up and moved on after a while, but decided I'd stay. Till fall, anyway."

"I was alone. Days at a time. And I kept thinking about that treasure. Hell, you hear about it. Spaniards came through here in the seventeen hundreds. Raided some Indian town for all their religious stuff. Maybe made some of their own for gifts. Then they got into trouble somehow and had to hightail it back to safety, hiding the gold where it ain't likely to be found, but never getting back to reclaim it."

"And I would remember what Mateo said. Solid gold, rubies. That kind of money, man, I could buy off the law in Texas, then ride north and buy Wisconsin — Harley-Davidson and all!"

"I knew where the place was. Forty miles back, a canyon leads straight up into the mountains. It has the only water for miles around. I strapped five gallons of gas to the sissy bar and Mateo's shotgun to the handlebars. I could only go so far up, then I had to hoof it."

Morrison's head had come off the pillow but his eyes had lost their excitement. Instead they looked glazed, receding. "I saw it. I saw the falls. No more than thirty feet high and a dozen across. But in all that dry land, it was beautiful. A hundred colors in the spray where it hit the pool below. A continuous rainbow. *I was that fuckin' close!*"

"And then they spotted me. "They are fighters. Goddam, they are fighters. I had a ten-shot magazine and they were coming after me with clubs."

"I shot at the ground at first, but toward the end I had to maim a little. Might've killed one — I ain't

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sure. They were running ahead of me and getting up on the rim to stone me without being seen. At last I thought I'd outrun them. I made it to my bike and got her started. Still nobody showed up. I decided to take time to strap my shotgun on and catch my breath — I must've run half a dozen miles.

"And then the fucker was just there, in front of me. He came out of nowhere, a scrawny little runt not over five feet tall. He had a home-made shotgun that was taller than he was. Everything was rough-forged and rusty; the barrel was wired to a hand-carved butt. I didn't think the sonuvabitch would fire, but it did. Goddam, it did! Blew me from hell to Sunday. I was already on my bike so I just dropped her in gear and cut out. Don't ask. . ."

Morrison stopped talking and his eyes closed. Bright-red froth seeped from his mouth. A second later the rattling in his chest finally stopped.

"Goddam!" Frank said in open-mouthed awe.

Really, it had been decided when they hadn't gone for help after finding the old biker. Bros stuck together, and this brother needed to be avenged. Of course, that was before the gold. Now the whole thing took on a different meaning.

Ray leaned on his shovel and stared off to the west where the mountains rose with the dawn. Below him the freshly packed earth had been covered with stone, and around him his friends smoked and shivered in the early morning chill.

"Like a goddam movie, ain't it?"

Ray finally said.

"Helluva lot different from another trip to Yosemite."

Tony agreed.

"Do you believe him?" Ray asked quietly.

Frank and Tony both shrugged. Believe him or not, they had to find out.

They left at noon and found that Morrison had been right: The only water for miles around meant the only trees for miles around.

They camped on the canyon's floor that night and enjoyed the dampness of the river. Ray dropped a red and washed it down with beer cooled in the icy stream. Frank and Tony shared a joint and stared at the darkness. They partied in silence and it was a long time before they rolled out their sleeping bags.

"The secret," Frank said next morning. "Is to keep the bikes close.

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It didn't take long. Fifteen minutes later the three bikers were guiding their machines up a narrow trail against the canyon's wall. The unmuffled rumble of the three engines preceded them by miles. Frank knew they'd have to stop soon. Morrison had said six miles, and that was a long way, but if anybody up ahead had sharp hearing, they were already pushing their luck.

Still they rode on, covering a couple of miles before Frank decided they'd risked enough. And it wasn't an eyeblink later that the trail topped a ridge and dropped straight toward the village.

Frank's heart dropped as he grabbed for the binders. Six miles, Morrison had said, but Morrison had to have been one mixed-up fucker. Either that, or they'd moved the whole damn village of better than a dozen mud huts four miles down canyon.

They hadn't, though, because right then he saw the falls. They were as beautiful as Morrison had described, bursting out over the upper lip of the canyon and falling uninterrupted into the multi-hued mist below.

Frank slid his shovel to a stop in the loose dirt, and the others flanked him. For a while they just sat and watched the scene below. Finally, Tony said, "Where the fuck is everybody?"

"Hunting?" Ray ventured.

"They wouldn't take the old ones," Tony replied. "Or the kids either."

"Hiding," Frank said. "Everybody's scared shitless of the motorcycles. If we play this right we can be in and out before they find anybody to tell them to attack."

"Goddam!" Tony shouted. "Then let's haul ass. Treasure Falls, here we come!" He kicked the tranny into first and shot out with Frank and Ray hot behind him.

They roared through the village without opposition and came to a sliding halt near the pool. Frank pulled an empty pack from his bike and headed for the falls while Tony unstrapped the shotgun and Ray pulled his Buck.

The first Indian appeared just as Frank's boot hit the water. He didn't



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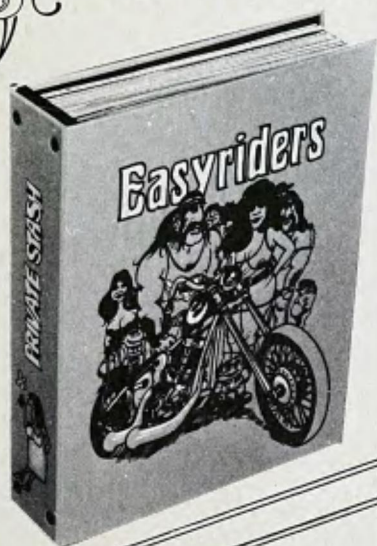
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see this one but he saw the second,
up where the falls began its down-
ward flight. Tony's voice reached his
back, tight with apprehension.
"Frank. Sweet Jesus, Frank, we
walked into a trap."

Frank knew it then, too, as a
dozen figures appeared out of
nowhere, all squat, bowlegged, and
barrel-chested. All men and all mad.
Frank looked around. More than a
dozen now, probably two dozen.

"I've gotta do it," Frank said.
"We're too damn close."

"Frank." It was Ray, scared.
Frank took another step and all
hell broke loose. Tony's shotgun
thundered and thundered again.
Frank was running, the falls throw-
ing a steady spray against his face
that half blinded him. The pool rose
past his waist and stopped at mid-
stomach. The falls beat against his
shoulders, driving him to his knees.
He was up then, throwing himself
against the force of the water and
into a tiny cavern carved by the
pressure of millions of gallons of
water through nobody knew how
many years.

The light that filtered through the
falls was faint but enough. More
than enough. The room was empty;
the only imprint against the
streaked stone was what the water
had done.

He stared at the empty walls until
the falls exploded with shot, shower-
ing him with chips of stone and
water. A sliver the size of a finger-
nail sliced into the meat of his
cheek. Through a sheet of water he
saw a hard-faced Indian lowering a
long-barreled shotgun, smoke still
oozing from the muzzle.

Frank yelled and his boots slid on
the slick stone, dumping him. The
swirling water sucked at his body,
pulling him under and away. An
arm hooked him and he rose, stum-
bling and coughing. Ray was
screaming in his ear and he saw
Tony straddling his bike, his eyes as
wide as the bore of the shotgun.

"Let's get the hell out of here!" Ray
screamed, tugging on his arm. They
started for their bikes amid stones
hurled from the shelter of the
cottonwoods that grew near the
pool. An arrow still quivered in the
sand nearby and the squat little
Indian was there, facing them
across the bikes. His shotgun
came up before either Tony or Ray
could act.

They were on the bikes then and
not sure how they'd gotten there.
They were all rolling, wheeling their
bikes in a tight circle and racing for



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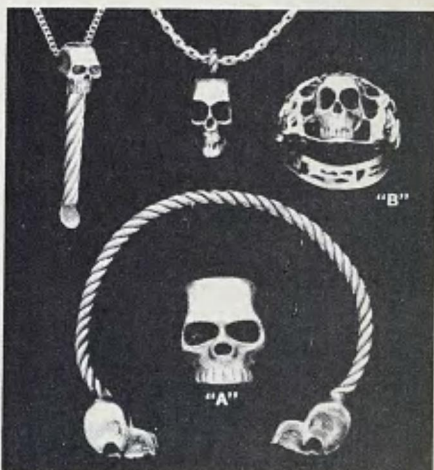
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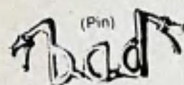
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the trail on the far side of the village. Behind them, what was left of the Indian still jerked spasmodically in death. The shredded barrel of the shotgun remained as the only tribute to a weapon that had lasted long and well before finally exploding under a heavy load.

They made it somehow, racing hell-for-leather over a course that would have slowed a dirt rider. The shouts and stones fell behind and, as the miles dropped away, the bikers began to slow. At the canyon's mouth they stopped altogether, scratched, bruised, and bleeding. But they were alive, and considering the stones and arrows that had come from everywhere and that old Indian's leveling down on them with his home-built version of a shotgun, their present condition seemed pretty remarkable.

Frank dropped his stand and slid out of the seat. Ray had his arms resting over his handlebars and his face buried in the darkness they created. Tony still straddled his machine, hands on hips and head hanging, breathing hard and deep.

"We blew it," Ray said from the protection of his arms.

"There was nothing there," Frank said quietly. "Somebody was full of shit. Morrison. Mateo. somebody."

"You mean the goddam thing was empty? Cleared out?" Both Ray and Tony raised their heads.

"Not cleared out," Frank said.

"Empty. Slick walls that have never held anything but water."

"No gold," Tony muttered. "Are you sure?"

"Fuck yeah, I'm sure!" Frank yelled. "I about drowned and we all about got our friggin' heads blown off because of that lying bastard!"

"Mateo. He's the one. Morrison died because of that old sonuvabitch. Morrison was a bro and he was a tough old bird. I don't think he would've set us up like that."

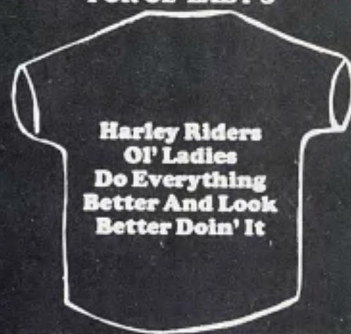
"Doesn't matter," Frank said, quietly. "We keep our mouths shut and get our asses back to the States before the authorities get wind of what happened here." He was bent over his tanks, picking the sliver of stone from his cheek with his knife. It came easily enough, bloody but intact.

"Souvenir?" Ray quipped.

"Fuck it," Frank growled, flinging the piece as far into the brush as he could.

It didn't fly far. It was such a tiny piece. Probably no more than seven or eight dollars on the gold market. ■

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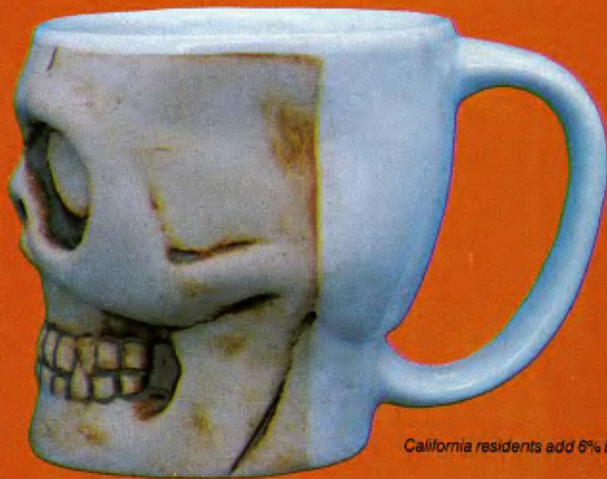
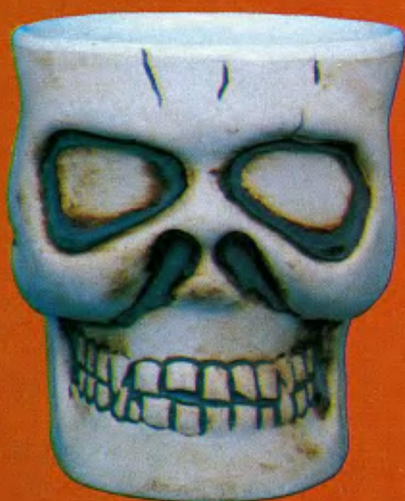
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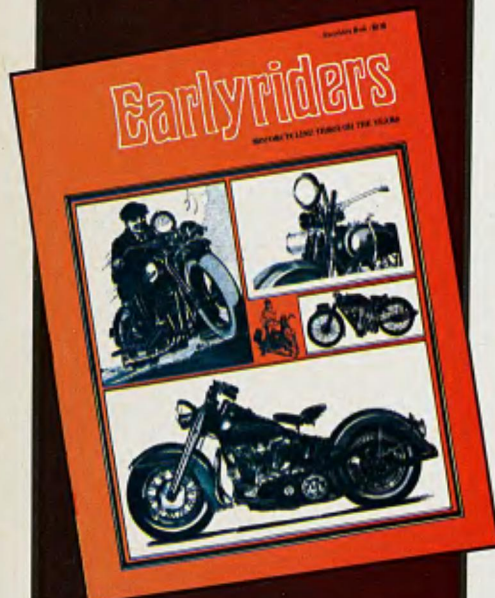


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The Gun Collector

Continued from page 21

position to be particular. Besides, better to have my brains dashed by crashing timber than to die of fuckin' exposure.

Not that it was warm and dry inside that little crib. It was just a damn sight better than the road is all. Can't say for sure if I actually fell asleep, but I was damn sure feeling more peaceful than I would have been outside when my peace was intruded on by cold steel pressing against my temple. I opened my eyes to find the old dude from the cornflakes box, only instead of his gray old wife and pitchfork, the geezer clutched a kerosene lantern and a double-barreled shotgun. I stared, motionless, into his grim face.

"You with a gang?" the old-timer asked with a voice so steely and hydraulic it could have split logs.

"Naw. Just travelin' through — by myself."

"You better not be with a gang, 'cause if I find out you lied to me, I'll put a bullet in ye."

"No. Honest."

"What you doin' out ridin' a motorcycle on a night like this for?" "Gotta get to California."

"California! What the hell you doin' here? Why ain't ya takin' the Interstate?" It was a good question. I should have been on the Interstate, southbound.

"I wanted to see the leaves," I confessed, but it seemed like a piss-poor excuse at that moment.

"Shit. If you ain't up to no good, you damn sure are a stupid sonuvabitch. Git yer satchel and come inside with me. If there's a gang headed here, I at least want one of 'em in my sights." He beckoned me outside with a wave of his shotgun.

The hail had changed back to rain, but it was much colder, no more than thirty-five degrees, I figured. Whatever his plans for me, I welcomed the prospects of a solid roof and heat. We entered a ramshackle farmhouse through the kitchen; the place was cluttered and in need of repairs. The roof leaked, the plaster was peeling, and patches of floorboard showed through the cheap linoleum. We passed right through the kitchen and into a den that appeared to be of a different world. It had a hardwood floor, covered by a fine Afghan rug. The furniture was Early American, just a little frayed on the armrests. Solid

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"Whiskey, thanks," I answered. He propped the shotgun against a glass case and got out a half-full bottle of bourbon and two glasses.

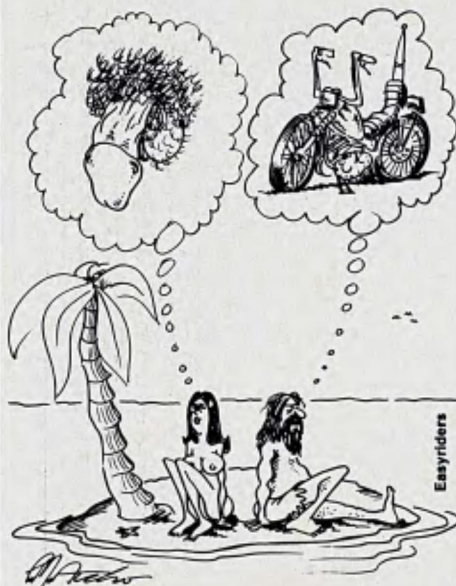
I looked around the room. There were no trophies, no plants, not so much as a picture hung on the wall. The only adornment, except for the racks and racks of guns, was a framed copy of the Second Amendment.

A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to bear arms shall not be infringed.

The old-timer poured me a glass of bourbon. "You ain't one o' them gun-control fanatics, are ye?" he snarled.

I looked into his steely gray eyes and knew I wasn't. "Man's got a right to protect what's his," I said.

He gnashed his teeth. "You'd be surprised how many people these days can't figger that out for themselves." He pulled up his pantsleg, revealing a two-inch depression that looked like a knot in a pine tree. "I risked my life to make this country safe, and I'll kill to protect what I've worked for."



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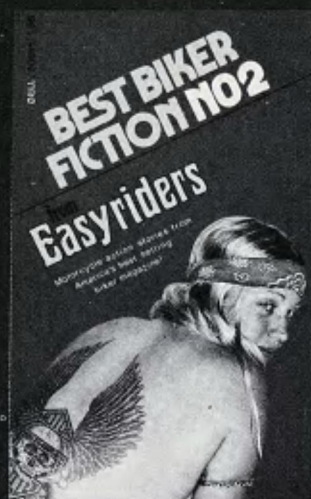
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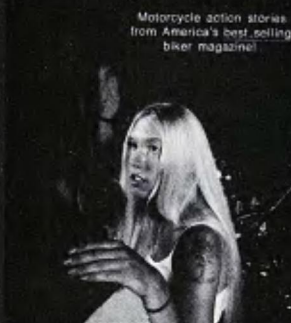
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"Must have pretty good hunting around here," I said, trying to make conversation.

"This here was God's country till all the goddam citified trophy-chasers come along. Call themselves hunters! A gun is for killin' food and protectin' family an' property!" I nodded and took a sip of my whiskey. "People got no respect for things no more. They don't appreciate old things or old people. I'm seventy-three years old, and the only thing I worry about in this life is what's goin' to become of them guns when I'm gone."

"Well, you sure have a collection to be proud of. Mind if I have a look at it?" Making conversation with this cat was about as easy as disarming a nuclear warhead.

The old guy stared for a protracted moment before he nodded grimly. "I reckon it'd be all right."

It was fucking incredible. He had whole cases filled with nothing but guns from particular countries, like Korea and Turkey. I stared through the glass at a collection of handguns. Some, like the tiny three-barreled job, didn't even look like firearms, they were so exotic. Peering intently, I spotted something more familiar.

"Well, I know that one at least: a Kentucky rifle!" I beamed.

"That's a lie!" the old man snapped. "Proves how much people care about old things. That rifle was made in Pennsylvania, and if it wasn't for that weapon, you'd be pledgin' allegiance to the Queen right now!" He unlocked the case and pulled the ancient rifle out. The curly maple was as smooth as a baby's ass and the polished brass glistened even in the dim lamplight. "My great-granddaddy's great-granddaddy shot and killed General Fraser with that gun from three hundred yards away! That was the shot that turned around the whole American Revolution, and the sons-obitches still call 'em Ken-tucky rifles! There ain't no such thing as a Ken-tucky rifle!"

He handed the long rifle over to me for examination. It was incredibly light for its size. While I studied the elaborate engraving on the brass box cover, he pulled a book down off the shelf, *The American Rifle* by Townsend Whelen. He thumbed through it as he must have thousands of times before and began reading: "Rosser flintlock, Lancaster, Pa., 1739, muzzle velocity 1483 foot seconds, muzzle energy 239 pounds, velocity at 100 yards 850

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foot seconds, energy at 100 yards 79 pounds, velocity at 200 yards, 617 foot seconds, energy at 200 yards 41 pounds." I had the feeling that he really didn't need to look at the book at all to recite the figures. Then he took the rifle from my hand and replaced it with a powder horn that appeared to be of the same vintage. It was carved so thin and smooth that the lamplight penetrated it, except where the figures were carved into the surface: deer and bear, a cabin, a pioneer in buckskin, and an Indian. "That's the story of my family homestead carved into that horn," he informed me, and then he removed it from my hand as abruptly as he had given it to me.

One by one, he guided me through each case, one for Civil War weapons, one for gas guns, one for electric. He even had a drawing for a steam gun designed by Leonardo da Vinci five hundred years ago. Sensing my fascination, he slid back a certificate of merit from the American Rifleman's Association, revealing a wall safe. Gingerly, he clicked the tumblers with leathery

old fingers and reached inside.

When he pulled out his hand he had in it the most garish instrument of torture I'd ever seen. It was massive, heavy and medieval looking, part bludgeon and part sword, with iron spikes and no less than three barrels. He held it in both hands, raising and lowering it to indicate its heft. Then he smiled, the first time since we'd met hours earlier. It was the meanest, sickest fucking smile I'd ever seen.

"Holy Water Sprinkler," he drawled. "Henry the Eighth's walking staff. Only two believed to exist in the world: one in the Tower of London and one in New York." He stood clutching the gun for another ten seconds, and then the demented smile returned to his face. "And the one in New York is a fake!" He hissed and rubbed one of the iron spikes against his bony chin.

Folks that know me will tell you I'm not a dude who scares easily, but nothing I ever witnessed in 'Nam or Newark left me trembling the way that spooky old man did. He closed the safe door, but before he did I noticed a second piece resting inside. It looked like a Colt revolver, not all that exotic, and I wondered why he hid it in the secret safe. But I wasn't about to start interrogating the old coot. "I'd sure be proud to own a collection like that," I offered weakly as the safe door slammed shut.

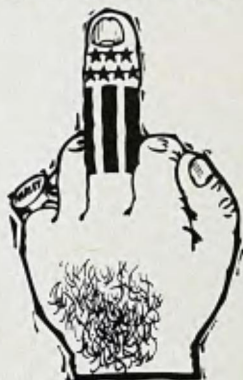
"An' I got ammunition for every last one of 'em," he snarled. "I'll show ya my foundry in the mornin'."

The only thing I wanted to see in the morning was the long, low shadow of my scooter blowin' back another eastern winter. He picked up the double-barreled shotgun and showed me to my quarters, a cedar-paneled room with a quilt-covered single bed in the center. There was a chest of drawers with a framed color photograph of a woman, maybe fifty, and two teenagers, a boy and a girl. "Is that your family?" I asked, pointing to the picture.

"Was," he answered dryly, and I asked no further questions. He turned and left the room. Then I heard a clicking from the door latch. I waited a minute and tried the door. Locked.

I walked across the room to the window and tried to open it. Nailed shut. Gotta smash it, get the fuck out of here! Shit, what good would that do? I couldn't get very far with a downed Hog and a one-man armory on my trail. Aw, shit, the old fucker was just a little paranoid was

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B. Paid circulation		
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2. Mail subscriptions	48,193	49,157
C. Total paid circulation	493,078	510,926
D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means. Samples, complimentary and other free copies	1,190	1,218
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F. Copies not distributed		
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2. Returns from news agents	238,757	244,086
G. Total (Sum of E & F 1 and 2 —should equal net press run shown on A)	734,896	759,850
11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.		

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all; I'd get some rest, and with a little luck I'd be back on the road by mid-morning. The quilt on top of the bed didn't look too warm, so I looked in the dresser to see if maybe there was a blanket or something. I opened each drawer. Empty; I don't suppose he got much company.

I was just closing the last drawer when I noticed it: only a small piece of paper, a newspaper clipping, but I picked it up and scanned it. There was something strange about it; words had been blacked out with a marker. I began reading. "Wave of terror... motorcycle gang... mangled bodies... mother... two teenagers..." I flashed to the photograph of the old man's wife and children and then scrounged for more details. There were none. He'd blackened out all the names and dates. There wasn't even a town name that hadn't been covered. I felt a sudden wave of shivers crawl over me.

Turning out the lamp, I peered through the old-fashioned keyhole. The old-timer was still awake, steadfastly polishing one of his guns. I slumped to the floor with my back pressed into the corner where the chest of drawers met the wall. I clutched the heavy antique lamp against my chest. I wasn't about to fall asleep.

I heard the fumbling of a key in the clumsy lock and sprang to my feet. There was a sharp twinge in my back, and daylight came streaming through the window; I had fallen asleep, but I clutched the lamp and raised it over my head, ready to strike. After more fumbling, the door finally flung open and I tensed for the blow.

"You sure know how to welcome a lady," the silky voice chided as I checked my swing at the last moment. Then the tender young figure glided across the room and set down a tray loaded with orange juice, fried eggs, ham, hot biscuits, and coffee. She was a country girl, tan and full-figured, legs long and strong, and shimmering golden hair. She wore only cutoffs, tailored for maximum exposure, and a man's undershirt that barely contained her country tits. She couldn't have been more than nineteen years old. "You look a mess! What did you do, sleep in them wet clothes all night?" She walked over to me and unbuttoned my shirt. Then she led me by the hand over to the unused bed, where she sat me down and pulled off my boots. "Grandpa is

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out in his shop fixing up your bike, but I guess I'd better fix you up too!" She stretched me out across the bed and slid a warm biscuit into my mouth.

"That's your grandfather? I thought all his kin were dead."

"Just my grandma. Why do you ask?"

"Listen, I gotta get outta here. I don't think your grandpa likes me too much!"

"Ah, nonsense! Why would he take you in and fix your bike if he didn't like you?"

I handed her the newspaper clipping with the names blacked out. "He's gonna kill me if I don't get outta here!"

She chuckled at my excited state. "Aw, you're scared by this? Shoot, Grandpa's been doin' that for years. Buys every one of those weird newspapers at the supermarket. Then he comes home and cuts out stories and crosses out the names. He specially likes stories about motorcycle gangs." She wiped some juice off my lips as she massaged my bare stomach.

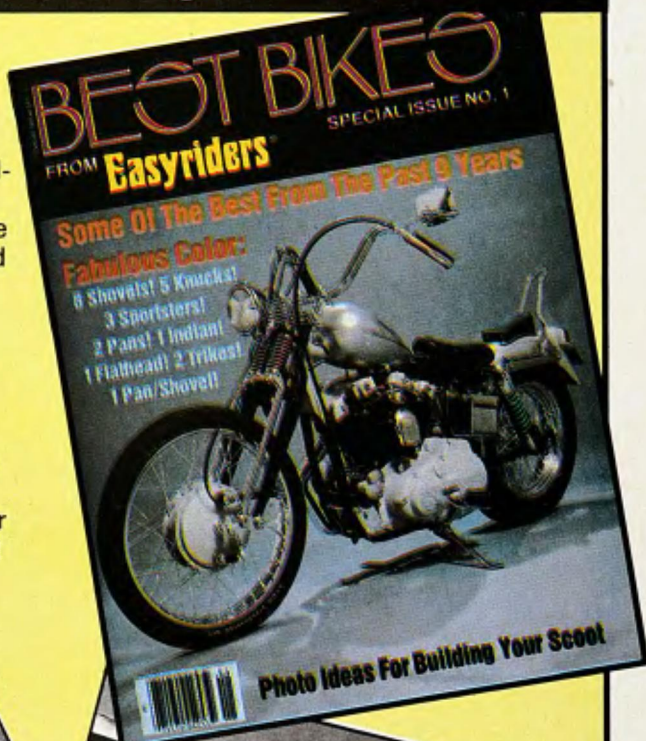
I was beginning to feel more comfortable when her soft hand crept down under my belt and explored the hardening territory below. "Wait a second," I cautioned her. "What about your grandpa?"

"Aw, he's clean back in his foundry, and besides, he's seventy percent deaf." I might have been inclined to worry about the other thirty percent had it not been for her moist, soft lips engulfing my shaft. It's a fact known to only the



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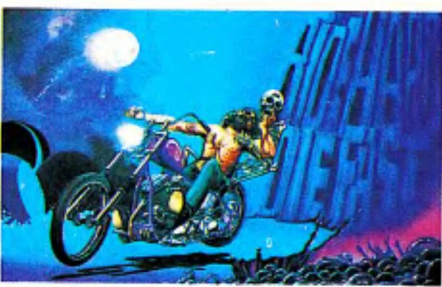
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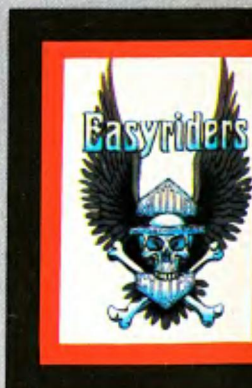
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It was easy to lose track of time, but after returning the favor, I knew I'd best get goin', so I dressed and pulled my boots back on.

"You sure you can't stay just a few days? I'd see to it you didn't get bored."

I knew she would've. I just smiled and shook my head. "Sorry." Damn, she was bitchin' to look at. I stood up and kissed her on the cheek.

Blam! Blam! We both hit the floor. I could feel her body trembling in my arms as we lay there. I looked around the room. The door was still shut. No bullet holes scarred the cedar panels. Slowly, I crept over to the door and opened it. Blood was splattered over the rug and furniture. Shattered glass covered the room.

"Oh, God!" the girl screamed as she saw the lifeless figure sprawled on the floor. I cautioned her to stand back, but she clung to my arm as I walked over to the body. A bullet had grazed the top of the skull, and a second had destroyed the right side of the old man's face. He lay on his stomach, everything above his shoulders afloat in blood. His right hand still clutched the little Colt revolver.

The girl drew a deep breath, rubbed her eyes, and fought back the tears. "He didn't know I'd found the medical report. It said he had terminal cancer — of the stomach. He wasn't the kind to knuckle under to anything. Guess he thought this was the right time."

"Why don't you go rest in the other room," I advised her. "I'll call the police." Outside the window, my bike sat waiting with the tank in place.

Her face took on a sober new look, a world removed from the innocent nymph who'd teased me into submission moments earlier. "No," she said, "I'll take care of that. You have to leave now."

I checked the bike over. The old dude was a class welder. I took the cap off and found the tank full. The bike fired on the third kick. I sat for a moment surveying the skies as the old knuckle warmed to the task. Mostly clear but breezy. Cold. All but the most spartan leaves had abandoned the trees, proof that the best stories sometimes have the ugliest endings.

I made Pittsburgh by noon. I figured the girl never told the cops about me. I thought about the strange clipping with the names

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

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

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



Book
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Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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

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blackened out and the confrontation in the shed.

You with a gang? If there's a gang headed here, I at least want one of 'em in my sights.

Had the old man meant to tie me in? No way; his hand was still on the gun. Cancer. . . not the kind to knuckle under. . . right time. Still, there was no suicide note.

The Mid-South was gray and uneventful. A thousand miles did nothing to erase the uneasiness I felt each time I recalled that a man had died while I got my rocks off twenty feet away.

The bleakness of the Texas panhandle reminded me of the stone-gray foreshadowing the gun collector had given me.

I'm seventy-three years old, and the only thing I worry about in this life is what's goin' to become of them guns when I'm gone.

And then it hit me. I've always been a man who prided himself on not being a mincer of words. I'll tell you if I like you and tell you just as quick if I don't. That's the way I've always been. Or nearly always.

I'd sure be proud to own a collection like that. . . proud to own a collection like that. . . proud. . .

The poor bastard wasn't out to pin anything on me. He liked me! I thought of how he'd proudly opened the safe to show me his contraband treasure. He'd taken me into his confidence, and in my moment of fright, I'd given him a bogus ray of hope. Yeah, he'd decided I was the cat to watch over his treasures after he'd gone. And he'd gone. But I had to think that, sooner or later, with or without me, he'd have written the final chapter of that medical report.

Riding across the desert, I thought of the tight little farm girl. She was goin' to be one helluva woman. I even fantasized about what it would be like to watch over the family homestead. There was a lot to be said for that place besides old guns.

Sundown, L.A., November one. My own good woman was waitin' for me, just as she had each November one for so many good years past, waitin' to hear what new tales of the road. I'd brought home. I wasn't ready to tell her about the gun collector. Oh, I felt a little guilty about my indiscretion, but she knows the kind of man I am, and that I need things a conventional life just can't supply. And she provides for me in ways a conventional woman never could come close to. In a few days, after I've had a chance to rest and put myself back in shape, I'll tell her everything.

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Like A Harley

Continued from page 78

want to get my scooter fixed, see. I show him the pipe that's cracked and ask him can he fix it so's it won't break no more.

Man looks at me sort of pissed off, like maybe he's gonna puke up some of that Colombian he just ate. He finally says he can fix it, see, but he ain't gonna make no guarantees 'bout it never breakin' again. Okay, I figure maybe I'm talkin' to a smartass lawyer or somethin'. Whatdafuck. I just want to get it fixed. How much?

What happened next you ain't gonna believe. Ol' Dick takes a fuckin' switchblade outta his pocket, flicks it open, and smiles at me. Fuckin' blade must be a foot long. Shit, man, I'm gettin' nervous now. I figure this guy sure ain't no lawyer. Maybe he's a frustrated rabbi. Fuck, I don't know. Before I can think up a way to talk myself outta this one, Dick reaches over and takes the bracket from me. Thought for sure I was gonna get cut, but the man takes that fuckin' pig-sticker and starts scrapin' the paint off around the crack. Scared the shit outta me, man — really had me goin'.

Dick asks me do I want him to paint the fucker after he welds it. Yeah, that'd be cool. How much? Man ain't even listenin', though. He asks me do I want a beer. Shit, do bees buzz? One of the other bros opens an icebox I ain't even noticed yet. Next thing I know I'm sippin' a Coors and Dick's got the mask on and is goin' to town with the hell-arc. Just like that and it's done. Dick scrapes it clean with a wire brush, see, and slaps a coat of black spray on it. I'm back in business, man.

Dick hands it to me and smiles. I'm smilin', too, see, 'cause my bike's fixed now. How much, Dick? Ol' Dick smiles and shakes his head. Then it dawns on me. Man's a fuckin' genius, see? This bro's got a handle on advertisin' tricks that'd put them fuckers on Madison Avenue to shame.

You see, ol' Dick don't know this yet, but I still got about five grand stashed in the bank. Saved it up when I was in 'Nam, dreamin' about the sled I've have built someday. Always wanted to get me a Sporty built up right, see. And guess who's gonna do it for me. You got it, bro. Good ol' Dick. He's good peeps. Harley people. Ain't nothin' like 'em!

The INTERSTATE



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 Callstoga 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.

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Each unit construction rear section will set any swingarm, rigid or hardtail apart from the rest. Classy and complete, each unit features:

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Harley Swingarm Frames

A



A. Radial Style

Units That Accept Round Sissy Bars			
Part #	Model	Seat	Price
7802	Harley 74	1-Piece	239.95
7804	Harley 74	2-Piece	239.95
7806	Sportster	1-Piece	239.95
7808	Sportster	2-Piece	239.95
Round Sissy Bars For The Above Units			
78021	9" Round		26.95
78022	12" Round		26.95

Units That Accept Square Sissy Bars			
Part #	Model	Seat	Price
7801	Harley 74	1-Piece	239.95
7803	Harley 74	2-Piece	239.95
7805	Sportster	1-Piece	239.95
7807	Sportster	2-Piece	239.95
Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units			
78023	9" Square		26.95
78024	12" Square		26.95

B. Prismic Style

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78010	Harley 74	1-Piece	239.95
78014	Sportster	1-Piece	239.95
Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units			
78025	9" Square		34.95
78026	12" Square		34.95



B



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C. Universal Rigid Radial

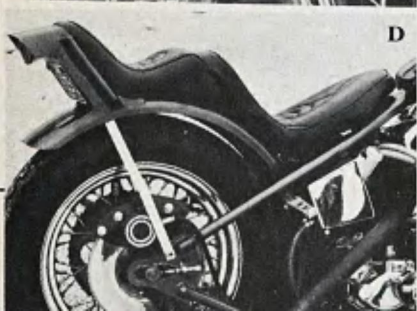
Units That Accept Round Sissy Bars			
Part #	Model	Seat	Price
7809	Rigid Radial	1-Piece	239.95
78011	Rigid Radial	2-Piece	239.95
Round Sissy Bars For The Above Units			
78021	9" Round		26.95
78022	12" Round		26.95
Units That Accept Square Sissy Bars			
Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78013	Rigid Radial	1-Piece	239.95
78015	Rigid Radial	2-Piece	239.95
Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units			
78023	9" Square		26.95
78024	12" Square		26.95



C

D. Universal Rigid

Units That Accept Round Sissy Bars			
Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78018	Universal Rigid	1-Piece	169.95
78020	Universal Rigid	2-Piece	169.95
Round Sissy Bars For The Above Units			
78021	9" Round		26.95
78022	12" Round		26.95
Units That Accept Square Sissy Bars			
Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78017	Universal Rigid	1-Piece	169.95
78019	Universal Rigid	2-Piece	169.95
Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units			
78023	9" Square		26.95
78024	12" Square		26.95



D

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High Performance Pistons & Rings

Harley Forged Pistons

Manley's Harley pistons are forged from special high silicon aluminum to ride smooth and skuff-free in the cylinders. The unique skirt design, along with the special cam profile and barrel shape, result in a piston up to 100 grams lighter than competitive brands while keeping the rings perpendicular in the bore for maximum seal and power.

The original dome shape promotes maximum flame travel and compression without blocking the spark plug as do most competitive pistons. The valve notches (properly located) will accommodate cam lifts up to .600 without additional fly-cutting.

Here is a true performance piston with unsurpassed durability that is equally appropriate for the most serious competitor as well as the street riding enthusiast. Pistons are shipped with pins, lock rings and piston rings. Pin hole location is stock. Each part number supplies one complete piston.



MANLEY
Manley Performance Products, Inc.

Forged Aluminum Pistons

Part #	Application	Comp. Price Size Ratio Each
12601	74 Stock Stroke	.010 10.5 57.90
12602	74 Stock Stroke	.020 10.6 57.90
12603	74 Stock Stroke	.030 10.7 57.90
12604	74 Stock Stroke	.040 10.8 57.90
12606	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.010 10.5 57.90
12607	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.020 10.6 57.90
12608	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.030 10.7 57.90
12609	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.040 10.8 57.90
126011	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.010 10.5 57.90
126012	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.020 10.6 57.90
126013	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.030 10.7 57.90
126014	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.040 10.8 57.90
126016	Sportster 1000	.010 10.5 57.90
126017	Sportster 1000	.020 10.6 57.90
126018	Sportster 1000	.040 10.7 57.90
126019	Sportster 1000	.060 10.8 57.90

Special Note on Piston Sizes

Forged pistons require more clearance than cast pistons because a forging is more dense than a casting (and therefore stronger). Manley pistons are to be measured at the level of the pin. This gives a more realistic picture of the actual clearance required by the piston. Set the Manley pistons at the recommended clearances and they will run quiet and skuff-proof. This desirable condition is achieved by our use of a high silicon aluminum material combined with a scientifically established cam grind and barrel shape to the skirt. We feel no other piston will perform as satisfactorily in your engine.

Harley Plasma Moly Piston Ring Sets

At last! Manley introduces piston rings for Harleys featuring up to date technology for significantly improved seal and horsepower. They are also the ideal match for Manley high performance pistons.

The top ring has a special plasma sprayed moly face for maximum seal and longevity. The ring face is radiused to maintain wall contact even while the piston rocks in the bore. The second ring is a reverse twist, taper face to give improved oil scrapping especially on the highly important—and after neglected—intake stroke when enormous pressure is put on the rings by the combustion chamber vacuum.

The oil ring is a three piece with a stainless steel expander and chrome rails. Tension of the ring is 13 to 15 lbs. which results in a free spinning engine with excellent oil control.

Both top and second rings are .005 oversize which "requires" the installer to file fit the rings.

Each part number supplies rings for two pistons.

Plasma Moly Ring Sets

Price #	Application	Comp. Price Size Ratio Set
126021	74 Stock Stroke	.010 10.5 32.40
126022	74 Stock Stroke	.020 10.6 32.40
126023	74 Stock Stroke	.030 10.7 32.40
126024	74 Stock Stroke	.040 10.8 32.40
126021	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.010 10.5 32.40
126022	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.020 10.6 32.40
126023	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.030 10.7 32.40
126024	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.040 10.8 32.40
126021	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.010 10.5 32.40
126022	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.020 10.6 32.40
126023	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.030 10.7 32.40
126024	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.040 10.8 32.40
126026	Sportster 1000	.010 10.5 32.40
126027	Sportster 1000	.020 10.6 32.40
126028	Sportster 1000	.040 10.7 32.40
126029	Sportster 1000	.060 10.8 32.40

Note: 126021-126024 rings will fit all 74 pistons listed above.



Piston Ring End Gapping Tool

This clever little hand operated grinder will allow the engine builder to custom tailor the end gaps of his rings for tighter fit and more complete combustion seal.

126031	End Gap Grinder	43.30
126032	Replacement Blade	10.80



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Round Girders (Includes Axle)

5901	Round, Stock Length	325.00
5902	Round, 4" O/S	325.00
5903	Round, 7" O/S	325.00
5904	Round, 10" O/S	325.00
5905	Round, 13" O/S	325.00
5906	Round, 16" O/S	325.00

Square Girders (Includes Axle)

5907	Square, Stock Length	360.00
5908	Square, 4" O/S	360.00
5909	Square, 7" O/S	360.00
59010	Square, 10" O/S	360.00
59011	Square, 13" O/S	360.00
59012	Square, 16" O/S	360.00

Girder Neck Kits

59033	Harley 74 & 80	9.95
59034	Sportster & 45	9.95
59035	Honda—All	9.95
59036	Kawasaki, 900 & 1000	9.95
59037	Triumph & BSA, '72 & Up	9.95
59038	Triumph, '71 & Earlier	9.95

**Requires
Girder Neck Kit**



Single & Dual Disc Brake Conversion Girders

Wow! Run your stock wheel and disc brake set-up with these super new, design-engineered beauties. These conversion girders are now available to accept a Harley or Honda stock front wheel and disc brake assembly. In addition, a dual disc conversion for 1977 and later Harleys is here for the taking.

Round Single Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59013	Round, Stock Length	345.00
59014	Round, 4" O/S	345.00
59015	Round, 7" O/S	345.00
59016	Round, 10" O/S	345.00
59017	Round, 13" O/S	345.00
59018	Round, 16" O/S	345.00

Square Single Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59019	Square, Stock Length	380.00
59020	Square, 4" O/S	380.00
59021	Square, 7" O/S	380.00
59022	Square, 10" O/S	380.00
59023	Square, 13" O/S	380.00
59024	Square, 16" O/S	380.00

Single Disc Caliper Kits (Includes Axle)

For the above conversion girders using the following stock wheels.

59030	Harley 74 & Sportster	29.95
59031	Honda 750, 1969-1976	29.95
59032	Honda 450, 500, 550, Late 750 '77-'78	29.95

Round Dual Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59025	Round, Stock Length	395.00
59026	Round, 4" O/S	395.00
59027	Round, 7" O/S	395.00
59028	Round, 10" O/S	395.00
59029	Round, 13" O/S	395.00

Dual Disc Caliper Kit (Includes Axle)

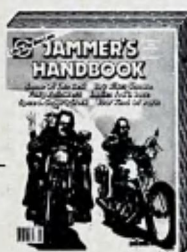
For the above conversion girders using the following stock wheels.

59039	Harley, 1977 & Later	29.95
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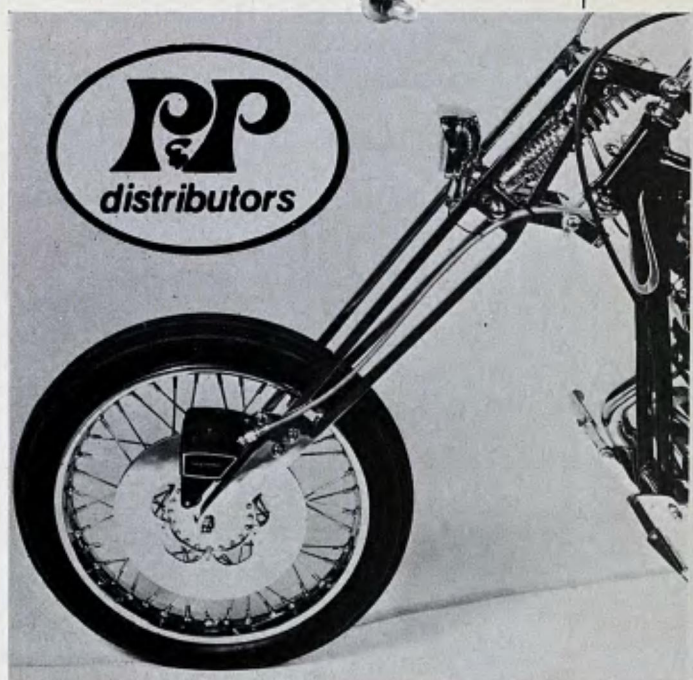
Girder Neck Kits

59033	Harley 74 & 80	9.95
59034	Sportster & 45	9.95
59035	Honda—All	9.95
59036	Kawasaki 900 & 1000	9.95
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Requires Girder Neck Kit



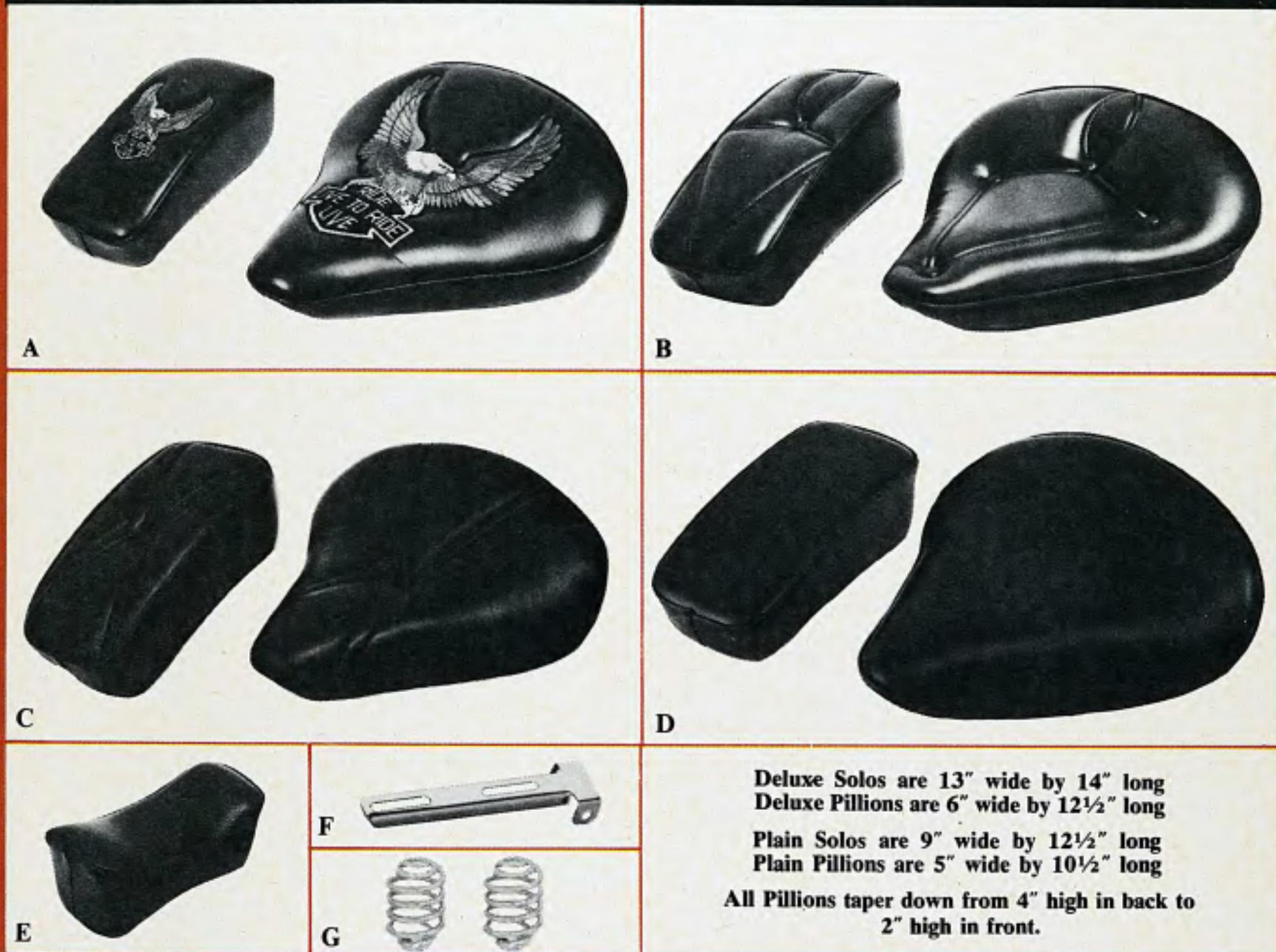




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Deluxe Solos are 13" wide by 14" long
Deluxe Pillions are 6" wide by 12½" long
Plain Solos are 9" wide by 12½" long
Plain Pillions are 5" wide by 10½" long
All Pillions taper down from 4" high in back to 2" high in front.

A. RTL Deluxe Solo & Pillion—Naugahyde		
117023	Solo	49.95
117024	Pillion	29.95
RTL Solo & Pillion—Naugahyde		
117021	Solo	29.95
117022	Pillion	24.95
B. Spear Deluxe Solo & Pillion—Naugahyde		
11709	Solo	42.95
117010	Pillion	24.95
Spear Solo & Pillion—Naugahyde		
117017	Solo	24.95
117018	Pillion	21.95
C. Wasp Deluxe Leather Solo & Pillion		
117015	Solo	69.95
117016	Pillion	39.95
Wasp Leather Solo & Pillion		
117013	Solo	49.95
117014	Pillion	34.95
D. Plain Deluxe Leather Solo & Pillion		
117011	Solo	64.95
117012	Pillion	34.95

Plain Leather Solo & Pillion		
11707	Solo	42.95
11708	Pillion	29.95
Plain Deluxe Solo & Pillion—Naugahyde		
117019	Solo	37.95
117020	Pillion	21.95
Plain Solo & Pillion—Naugahyde		
11701	Solo	21.95
11702	Pillion	16.95
E. Hump-Type Pillion—Naugahyde		
11705		21.95
F. Seat Bracket		
This bracket is the one most commonly used by custom builders. Chromed.		
11706		3.95
G. Chromed Solo Seat Springs		
11703		4.95 pr.



Choppershopper

Continued from page 53

Ladies: 28-year-old convict, 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, intelligent, open-minded, good sense of humor, many varied interests, good looking, and a little crazy (at times), seeks correspondence from women 18-25 for friendship or possible deeper relationship. Good looks, figure desirable. Sincere only; no game players. Will answer all and exchange photos. Mike Easton #40069, 2605 State St., Salem, Oregon 97310. (92)

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Dayna Lawrey: Where the hell are ya? Call collect (205) 343-8153, mornings. Pam Baker. (92)

Pete: Believe that you will find the happiness you long for. Just ask, June is soon. Love, Kathy. (92)

To Robert: Always trying to make me happier than I am. Thanks for the bike, I.L.Y. Corky. (92)

Hutch: Happy 29th. To the best ol' man that an ol' lady could ever have. My love for you will never die. JoAnn. (92)

For sale: Crude, Rude, and Unrefined, featured in December's issue of ER. \$6,000. Call (209) 233-1461. Ask for Phil. (92)

Black T-shirt: If God hadn't meant for man to eat pussy, then he would not have shaped it like a taco. Send \$3 and size wanted to Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (100)

Daytona Swap Meet: Dealers, get ready for the third annual Daytona swap meet, March 5-8, during Speed Week. Four big days at fairgrounds. This is a great meet; ask a dealer who's been there. Info rate: Jam-On Products, 4120 40th St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. (301) 423-7519. (92)

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. (96)

Transmission rebuilding: 74s and 45s, 1936 to 1981 and 4 and 5 speeds. Call or write for free catalog. All work guaranteed. Jesus & Jakes, 11870 Edgewood Rd., Auburn, Calif. 95603. (916) 885-1672. (97)

"The Mercenaries," the truth about men making war for pay. 300 pages and 39 photos. \$3. Free Companion Press, Box 542F, Sugar Land, Tex. 77478. (92)

Ronnie: Birthdays, holidays, and 4th of July have always been special. But never as special as the Bicentennial spent with you. Thinking of you. Love ya always. Deb. (92)

Flathead 45 trike, 1957. Original; runs great. Best offer. J. Pinney, Box 91B, Laurens, N.Y. 13796. (92)

Suicide, CRMC, Paducah, Ky.: A special thanks goes to you for showing a lady a good time and turning me onto life in the fast lane. Ride free and easy. White Girl. (92)

Rev Travis: I still ain't forgot, you backstabber. H.P. Nose. (92)

Need one sincere ol' lady 28-40 in Phoenix area. Like biking and partying. Send pic with letter; will do same. R.J., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (92)

Harley parts, new and used. Genuine Harley and custom parts available by mail. Also T-shirts, leathers, and more. Send for free catalog or state your needs. 10% off any Harley part mail-ordered. Harley-Davidson of Youngstown, Inc., 1707 Mahoning Ave., Youngstown, Ohio 44509. (216) 792-2002. (92)

Meet sexy women nationwide! Call Tracy (312) 262-9800. Box 405-ER, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (93)

Jester Jones is headed west from Ohio with plans to settle in San Diego. He's a shaggy-headed Beezer-riding galoot with considerable nose and a whole lot of heart to his story. Any courtesies extended to the bro will be righteously appreciated by Jody Via. (92)

To Tommy Welsh of Bethesda, Md.: Been to any crab feasts lately? Happy pickin'! Love ya. (92)

In Folsom prison, White Aryan, 28, body-builder, active. Seeking good white women for possible marriage. William (Buzzard) Jones, Box B-58617, Represa, Calif. 95671. (92)

Hud: Hope your birthday feels as good as the vibes of your scooter. Happy belated 24th, lover. Cyn. Mandy, Harley. (92)

Bozo-haired Bear: I enjoyed loving you. Miss you, babe. (92)

Wanted: Woman who is a lady and likes being treated as same. Wanted by man from Frisco Bay area, Italian, 6 ft., 220, good build, 30s, good-looking, good job, nice apt., pool, and new Harley next summer. Age doesn't matter; where your head's at does. Letter photo, and phone to Dennis, 1475 Castro Valley Blvd., Castro Valley, Calif. 94546, or call; work nights (415) 886-9947. Leave message if not working when you call. (92)

Restored 1948 panhead, \$3,500. Firm. Sportster, 1966, stock, \$1,800. Firm. Phone (606) 928-5296, Naples, Ky. 41101. (92)

Lookin' fer ya! Seeking mail and attention from interestin', mellow, attractive, together ladies (16-40), with heart for friendship, and possibly more. Answer and pic for all sincere, honest replies. Race, creed, and color unimportant. Petite bod would be nice. I'm nice lookin' w/35, 5'8", 170 lbs., athletic, into casual livin', straight fun, all easy bikin'. Enjoy reading, all music, especially country, writin' letters and meetin' ya! No loudmouths, lazy bitches, or hard-partyin' honeys needed. Please be up front—no game players. Like gals sensitive, affectionate, and independent. Lookin' fer a friend? Try me! Jim Rahn, Box 431, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (92)

Harley shield and eagle money clip, solid brass, high quality, \$4 each. Postage paid. Dealer inquiries invited. S&E Collectibles, Box 21, Bladensburg, Md. 20710. (92)

Deathshead and wings buckle, die struck and solid brass. Will last a lifetime; very high quality; 3 1/4 by 2 1/4. Also has place for club name or name to be engraved. Engraving not included, \$10 each. Postage paid. S&E Collectibles, Box 21, Bladensburg, Md. 20710. (92)

Enthusiast will buy original knucklehead. Must send to Norway. Tom Skjeldestad, Tangvall, Sogne, 4630 Norway. (92)

Attention, Americans: I'm English and pissed off with England. Is anybody prepared to go through the paperwork to give me a job? Legal. Do anything—pick apples to sell motorbikes for half pay. I ride a Harley, L.T., "The Roses." Maybury Hill, Woking, Surrey, GU22 8AB, England. (92)

John, best ol' man around: Happy anniversary 2-14. Love always. Dawn and Dakota John. (92)

Kandy: Please contact your smilin' Missourian. I still love ya. Dave Klatt, Rt. 3, Boonville, Mo. 65233. (92)

Good-looking con, w/m, 24, blond hair and blue eyes, from New Orleans, out in '81. L.A. bound. Send letter and pics. All will be answered. Write to Kim Phillips #80528, Unit 1, Dorm E, P.O. Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748. (92)

Free literature on tattooing outfits and instruction manuals. Artist, Box 242-C, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (93)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (92)

Monk: Belated wishes for a happy birthday. You're a damn good ol' man, and I love ya to the skies. Your ol' lady Li'l Red. (92)

Dixie Scooter Dating has tapped into a gang of tasty ladies who are looking for a biker to take care of home. Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301. We match up bikers with ol' ladies. Send a buck and find out. (92)

Wanted: One-man woman. Good-looking. Be willing to relocate and travel. Send picture and age to Ed Haynes, 612 Belmore Park Blvd., Lake Villa, Ill. 60046. (92)

Young man in prison, looking for young female to write; photo a must! Age 18-24. All letters will be answered. Michael T. Gallagher #111098, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036. (92)

Bob: I'll always love you. I can't explain. T.O.Y. Sunshine. (92)

Arm wrestling: In 1977 I won my first New England competition. Be a champion. Write Peter E. Goodnow, General Delivery, Forestdale, Vt. 05745. \$2.95. (92)

Chemicals: Don't know where to buy? Get everything you need—chemicals, glassware, and lab equipment. Send \$5 for list and prices. Raven Chemicals, P.O. Box 21372, Louisville, Ky. 40221. (92)

Sweet Cheeks: Happy birthday, ol' man. (1/20/81). I love you. Kissy Lips. (92)

Downed bro lookin' for a righteous ol' lady in the Florida or So. Georgia area. Must be sincere. Robert "Butch" Nordone #A-041447, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083. (92)

Professional tattooing handbook: Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets. Expert instructions, valuable tips. 71 pages. \$16.95. Steele, Box 242-D, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (93)

Wanted: Down bro needs sincere ladies to write. Send photos and scribbles to "Magnum" Andrew Harris, P.O. Box 11475, Lillington, N.C. 27546. (92)

Down-home chili. Feed the gang. \$2 and sase to Mike, Box 3840, San Angelo, Tex. 76901. (92)

Meet sexual friends nationwide. Call Tracy (312) 262-9800. (92)

Deets: Hope you had a happy birthday 10-31-80. Love, R.P. (92)

Mac: Congrats on beating the A.F. Thinking of you as always. I love and miss you. Thanks for turning me on to your life. I need you. Love, Bum. (92)

How to turn \$200 into \$2,400 a month. It's easy. I'll show you how in my great booklet, guaranteed or money back. Send \$3.95 to Starley Enterprises, P.O. Box 1911, Ft. Benning, Ga. 30195. (92)

Sly: I'm that one in a hundred. Forever. Darlene. (92)

Male, 24, going back to prison to back up parole violation. Need letters from sincere ladies. Age and looks unimportant. Will answer all. Joseph Bridges, Pinellas Co. Jail, 401 Markley St., Clearwater, Fla. 33516. (92)

Gonna hit the road, looking for family and friends on the way. Write! Jude, P.O. Box 10004, Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46802. P.S. to all the good folk at the nationals: I still love ya. (92)

Wanted: Good ol' lady. I'm 28 and I'm looking for a sincere lady to be my wife. I'm white and I'm working. So, if any good ol' ladies want a good ol' man, write soon. Slow Dan, 1236 Genevieve, San Bernardino, Calif. 92405. (92)

Biker jumper cables: Fit small, hike tool bag. Send money order for \$7.50. Jack Bailey, P.O. Box 1073, Minneapolis, Minn. 55440. (92)

Attention, ladies: I need your letters. Write to me; you won't be disappointed. I'm 6'1", 200 lbs., 28 years old. Robert Hackbarth, Box 147, Fox Lake, Wis. 53933. (92)

Tax time's comin'. Stuff your ol' lady's return (or your ol' man's) with somethin' useful—our "Hookers Kit." Includes a personalized 10"x12" three-color graduation certificate from Miss LeClaire's Latin Quarter Training School for Girls, a matching reproduction of the "Ten Commandments of the Trade" (both on parch-paper), and fifty 2"x3" cards listin' mouth-watering services and prices. Damn! Only \$5 for all. Hurry! Send his/her name to Golden Press, 16390-D W. 44th Ave., Golden, Colo. 80401. (92)

Biker wants female slave. I want a bitch who does what she's told, when I tell her. T.R. Clark, Box 386, Stony Ridge, Ohio 43463. (92)

Pete and Mike: Emergency about your brother. The Jew. Call Sis 974-9471. Your bros, Randy, Sam, and Chuck. (92)

Lonely Scorpio lady, 21, seeks kind-hearted, kinda crazy male 20-24 (Maryland area) for high times and occasional cuddling. Need an ol' man but no rush to settle. Send letter and photo to L. Maynard, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (92)

Michael Payne: I tried. L. Maynard. (92)

For sale: Easyriders Nos. 19-90, except 26. Complete with binders and centerfolds; \$250 or trade for silver coin. Glenn Durant, 1539 10 Ave., Greeley, Colo. 80631. (92)

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. (92)

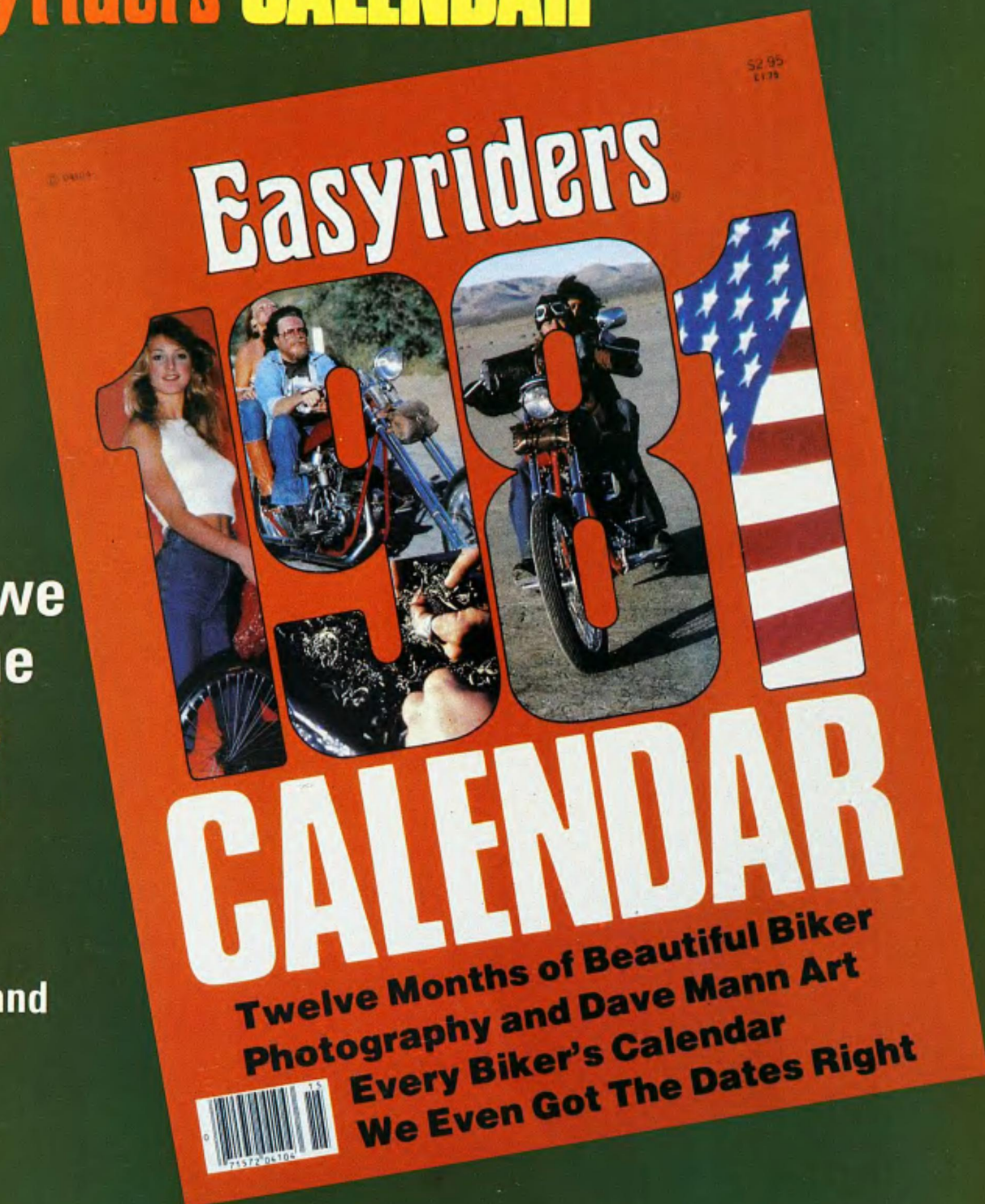
Deadeye, former SOS Nomad, or Uncle Benny needs to contact Elton John, Box 222, Riddle, Ore. 97469. (92)

Up: D.J.D. Gspn: Hpbu, Tuckfdu: Jsho: dpoujovfe upmfsboff efubimt: Eje jzp loxw ujfs foujfs pjmtuqgmz npwft ulsv pof qpsu? (92)

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