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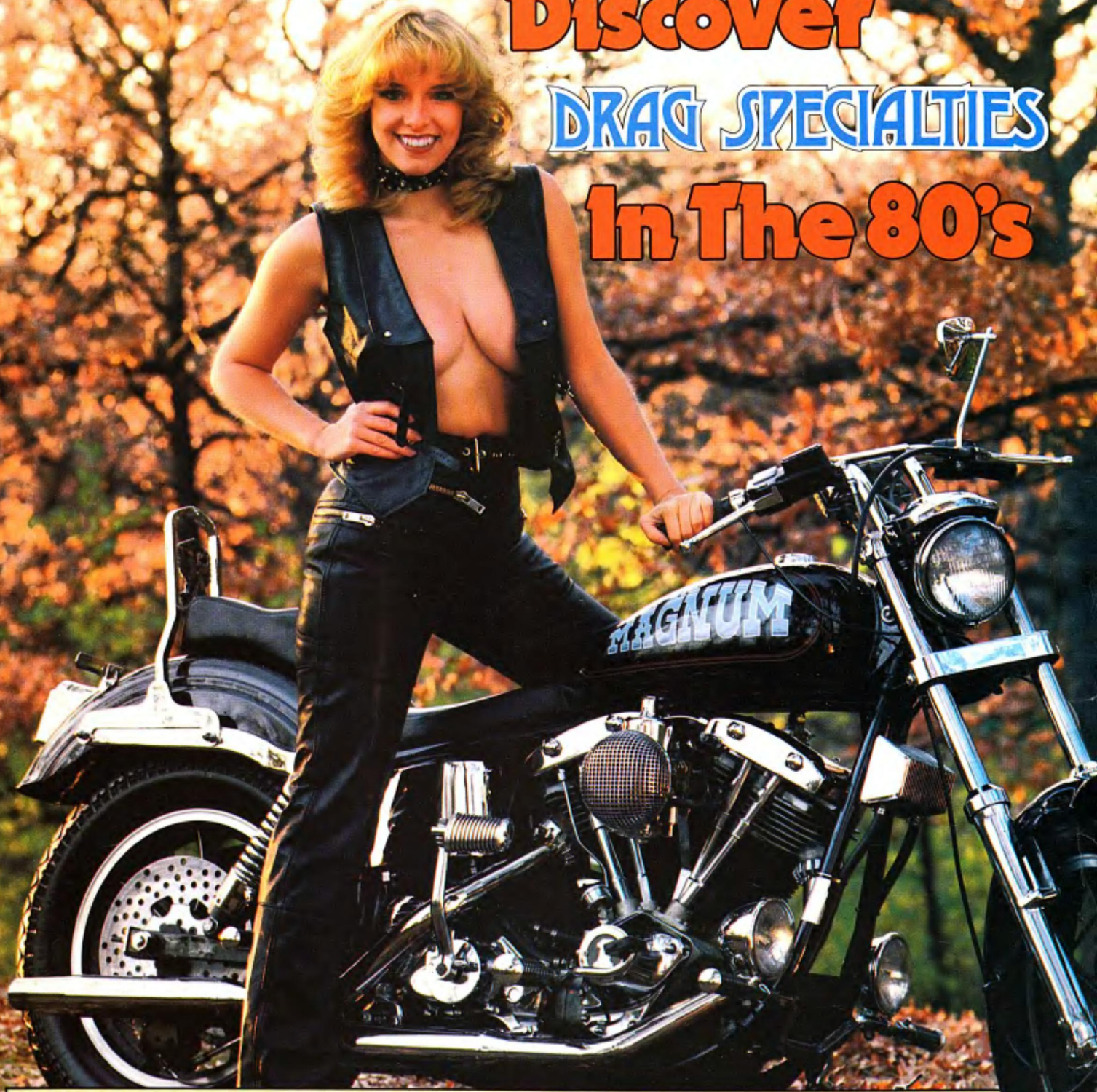
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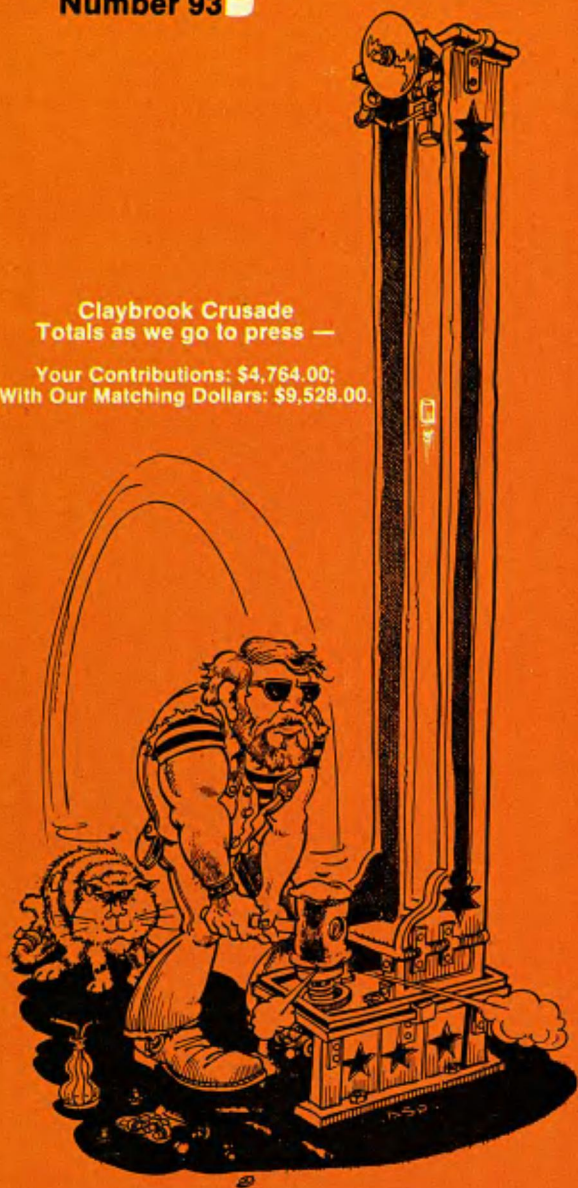
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Easyriders®

Number 93

Claybrook Crusade
Totals as we go to press —

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Easyriders magazine ISSN 0046-0990 Number 93, March, 1981. Vol. 10. Easyriders is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 676 South Glenwood Pl., Burbank, California 91506. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 889-8701. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91505 and at additional offices. Copyright© 1980 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints and changes of address must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Circulation Department, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503. (213) 843-3277. 1 year \$23 two years \$46 in the United States and its possessions and Canada. Add \$4.00 additional for foreign subscriptions. Single copy price \$2.00. Postmaster: Forms 3579. Return to Box 711, Burbank, California 91503. Advertising: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Audited Paid
Circulation

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale February 24th.

Cover photo of Arden by Billy Tinney

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

Who can you trust file: The church member was pleased when his pastor expressed interest in his coin collection, and so he took the collection back to church to show the reverend. Surprise, surprise. When he got there, the pastor beat the shit outta him and took his \$40,000 in coins from him! (From the religious hucksters I see and hear on TV and radio, there are many ways to take money from people. This pastor just wasn't subtle enough--he should have at least yelled "heal" as he whacked the dude between the eyes.)

Doing my bit for women everywhere: The national parks are advising women who are wearin' da rag--excuse me, menstruating--to stay away from bear country. It seems they (the bears) can sniff a woman doin' her thing and then out of curiosity alone --not sex--will search out the source of the smell (and sniff them to death?).

In 1923 Montana had a state law that read: "A cow, or any other animal, which becomes addicted to the narcotic habit in Montana, may be arrested and confined in the state sanitarium until pronounced cured by the physicians in charge." When they woke up to their error, they changed the law to allow ya to shoot a cow or other animal if it goes crazy after eating loco weed. (Loco weed sounds like my homegrown.)

Progress dept.: Ya don't have to worry any more about your ol' lady gettin' even someday and bitin' off your crank as she gives ya head. They can re-attach a prick if they can operate immediately. A prick has just been stuck back in place after being cut off by a circular saw, and the doc says that if the patient can't get an erection after it's well, they'll put an ice cream stick in it -- or something like that. (Hey, doc, while you're at it, my ol' lady would like ya to add about four inches and a pound of meat.)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Speakin' of cranks, most reports I read mention off-the-wall causes for a dude bein' minus his prick, but the sickest is the one where an 8-year-old boy was punished by his father, who cut off his son's crank and flushed it down the toilet. The reason? The kid was late to school. The boy has a new prick and his old man is in jail.

But are they worth it? In Jakarta you have to pay 50 rats if you want to get married. Kids are gettin' filthy rich, buyin' new yo-yos and all that good stuff with the 8 cents they charge grooms to catch each rat for them. (I ask ya, can a marriage last that starts on a payment of 50 rats?)

We've all felt this way at times--but he did something about it. Two cars were going along a freeway. One driver tried to pass, and when the other wouldn't pull to the right and let him pass on the left, he pulled out a revolver and fired through the back window of the car ahead. Shot in the shoulder, the front driver pulled to the right fast, and in the confusion, the other car sped by on the left, never to be seen again.

This golden eagle, with a six-foot wing span, got pissed at a helicopter that was busy herding reindeer to winter grazing lands. Or maybe he had the hots for the 'copter and was tryin' to screw it. Either way, the eagle dived with the sun behind it and attacked what to him musta been a weird-lookin' bird. The first pass was across the front of the cockpit, which scared the shit outta the 'copter pilot. The second attack was the eagle's undoing. He dove into the 'copter blades, becoming instant eagleburger.

I always wanted to do this. He was served with a subpoena by a process server. The server threw the subpoena inside the house when it was refused. As the server started to walk away, the man being served pulled a toy pistol and made the server eat the subpoena--really--bite by bite.

Car fetish file: He test drove 82 cars, one right after another. He would drive a cage until it was about to run outta gas, then go to another car agency and "test drive" another car, leaving his former out-of-gas test car as security. He had just got out of prison for stealin' 25 cars. Think maybe he was tryin' to relive his youth? What? ■

WORDMONGER

Talk About Luck

☐ Wanna know what good luck is? It's when you're short 10¢ for a copy of *Easyriders*, and ya find 20¢ in the pay phone just around the corner. (True story!)

The Kid
Tucson, Ariz.

■ Except for readin' this rag, you must live right.

Keep Tryin'

☐ Thought I'd let you in on a few things that are happening in Maryland.

First of all, the loving representatives of the people are trying to protect us from ourselves again — yep, more crap about mandatory helmets.

The state highway people have discovered a wonderful new way to resurface the roads (what few they work on) with cute little squiggly grooves in the pavement that make your bike feel like all the bearings just fell out.

The above items, combined with the general populace's driving their cages from an almost impossible position (their heads up their asses), make it very interesting to ride around here.

But there are a bunch of us that they can't scare off, so they will have to try something else — and I'm sure they will.

Bert
Aberdeen Pr. Grd., Md.

Florida Protest

☐ Just wanted to let all the bros and sisters who went to the Daytona Beach helmet protest in July '80 know that I finally went to court last week, for "no protective headgear."

Well, would you believe this? The judge asked the cop what I was wearing and he said, "It appeared to be a leather flight cap." (The law states that you must wear secured protective headgear and eye protection.) The judge then asked if I was wearin' eye protection and I said, "Yes."

Then the judge asked the cop where the "list of protective headgear" was and the cop said, "I don't know. I couldn't find anything on it."

The judge dismissed my case on a technicality, stating that he didn't know whether my particular headgear was protective or not.

So remember, if ya protest, do it to the max — all the way to court. Make sure it's secured headgear and ya have eye protection. You may win if you try!

If we're goin' to beat this rotten law, let's stick together and ride to Tallahassee when they vote in April '81.

Krazy Kathy
Inverness, Fla.

Tech Tip No. 1

☐ Prison is like a pussy. It's always there waiting for someone to come in.

The Crazy Wolf
Canon City, Colo.

Helmets Are Comin'?

☐ Well, it seems that all the effort Utah's ABATE put in a few years back does not exist among Utah's brothers and sisters anymore. Some self-righteous politicians at the state capitol are trying to throw out the hard-fought helmet repeal bill that Utah enacted a few years ago due largely to the efforts of Wheelz and ABATE.

Dig this. It looks like we in Utah will be wearing skid lids next year because of the lack of an active biker organization to fight against the politicians who dislike all people different from themselves.

Paul
Marysville, Utah

An Attitude

☐ You know what? Fuck it! Fuck cops, fuck rednecks, fuck Jack the Ripper, and if the Easter rabbit's readin' this shit, fuck you too! I guess my attitude has somethin' to do with this letter, but fuck it.

Pak Rat
Reno, Nev.

Prison Mag

☐ Thanks, Brown Rat and Cactus Jack (Dec. issue), for information on the CURE newsletter.

Y'all might also try *Joint Endeavor* magazine. It's an anti-prison magazine published by in-

mates at the "Walls" unit. I've only seen one issue but it had some interesting stuff on the Texas parole system and joints all over the world. I think it's a bi-monthly publication. They want \$5 per year for a subscription. Check 'em out at P.O. Box 32, Huntsville Unit, Huntsville, Texas 77340.

B. Finch
Tennessee Colony, Tex.

Joint Action

☐ I'd like to send ya a joint for your good work, but I live in one, so that's dead action. Hey, on second thought, you can send me one.

Buzzard
Shelton, Wash.

Bridging The Gap

☐ I'm writing you this letter in appreciation for your printing of my name in "Male Call." I have received many letters from people around the states, and I'm currently corresponding with a lot of new friends. I'm especially grateful that you have given us prisoners the opportunity to bridge the gap between these camps and the world beyond.

Joe Marshall
Marion, Ill.

Real Chicks

☐ It's about time ya realized you're not *Penthouse* or *Playboy*. Randy, in the December issue, is real scooter trash, not some plastic bitch ya see in a jack rag. It's about time ya showed a chick out of a clubhouse and not a beauty contest. It's about time ya snapped. Don't fuck up now. Keep featuring real women.

Shifter
Sugar Land, Tex.

Dope In A Bottle

☐ I wish to comment on your Jack Daniel's whiskey article (Dec. issue). I'm sorry to say that I had never partaken of this fine spirit, but that article made the stuff sound so damned delicious that I went right out and bought me a bottle. All I gotta say is, that stuff is dope in a bottle.

Weirdo Wardo
Ontario, Canada

☐ I thought your fuckin' rag was for motorcycles. Now you're doin' a piece on Jack Daniel's! Keep the fuckin' bullshit out of your rag.

Casmalia Lenny
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dave Mann Fan

☐ Hey, just wanted to let you guys know that I think Dave Mann's artwork is outtasight. His work is to bikes what Frank Frazetta's work is to fantasy and science fiction.

John Haurey
Dunellen, N.J.

■ You should see Dave's fantasy and science fiction stuff.

More On Marilyn

☐ Your November issue had to be your best yet! The pics of Marilyn Chambers made me cream my jeans. I once saw an act she had here in Vegas. I guess it was too good, because the city made her change it so much she closed down, much to our loss.

Rick Ashwood
Las Vegas, Nev.

☐ Hey, what's happenin' down there? Chuck trained her and Marilyn got hers. If I wanted to read about them twerps, I woulda bought a copy of *Hollywood Stars!* Didn't you have anything better to do with the twelve pages ya wasted on 'em?

Scurv
Chicago, Ill.

Tech Tip No. 2

☐ The Biker's Dictionary defines "cockfight" as a situation in which 20 dudes go to a gangbang and everyone draws a short straw.

C. Coatney
West Germany

Said It All

☐ I read that last paragraph on page 85 of the Sept. '80 issue fifteen fucking times, and I think Hal deserves a joint of the best weed you've got to lay on him. He said it all.

Al Lovelock
Australia

HEAVY WEIGHT!

Thanks! and Ride Safe!

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WIND

Number Two

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Easyriders



Some of the finest shots of motorcycle and biker lifestyle that readers around it. Stripped color and black and white photography. Strange and sleek, taken from all over the world.



Some of the finest shots of motorcycle and biker lifestyle that readers around it. Stripped color and black and white photography. Strange and sleek, taken from all over the world.



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Last Frontier

☐ Jody Via has said in his article "The Last Frontier?" (Dec. issue) just about everything I've always wanted to say but didn't know how. It is an article every brother and anyone else who believes in individual freedom should read and take to heart.

Tennessee Tee
Nashville, Tenn.

☐ Right on, Jody. Maybe enough people will snap to what's happening now. But what's enough, huh? Come on, people, a few people can't do it alone. Orwell's 1984 is but three years away. That's three summers left — nine months.

Big Al
Susanville, Calif.

☐ Jody's top-of-the-line article was enough to make me join New York ABATE, something I should've done long ago. But because of laziness or apathy, or whatever, I just never did. There are plenty of other bikers who live and ride in the Bronx, and I'm gonna bug em to join. We must all make certain that our freedom won't ever be taken from us, but we'd better wake the fuck up now.

C. Kolinsky
Bronx, N.Y.

■ A lot of it has been taken — the idea is to hang on to what we have.

☐ Jody's article made me realize one thing in particular: Just 'cause I'm doin' time and can't vote or attend any runs, meetings, or rallies, doesn't mean I'm fuckin' helpless! Not as long as I have pen, paper, and stamps.

Mad Dog Stallings
Bunn, N.C.

☐ So let's do it. Fuck talk!

Andre D. Zeffebre
Brazoria, Tex.

☐ It's estimated that one letter sent to one of your elected officials represents the opinion of 10,000 people on a given issue. Also, some politicians will check with the state or county's list of registered voters. If the citizen who was concerned about an issue isn't registered to vote, his letter is scratched!

Get off your butts, bros, and register to vote! Don't say "Let George do it" or "My vote won't make any difference," cause your vote does make a difference, and George might be the asshole who's running for office.

White Fawn
Modesto, Calif.

☐ I know many bros are thinking that there isn't much they can do. That's dead wrong. We found that out this past spring. The feds were going to stop funding a program here that was doing some people some good. We made up a form letter to all the senators and congressmen from this area and flooded their mail boxes! Worked like a charm. They just didn't know anyone was interested. Now they know.

W.L. "Prof." Sims
Horning, Okla.

Sexism

☐ Lately you've printed a lot of letters from females who are pissed off because they don't get equal time in your mag. They're worrying about surface bullshit. For a lot of chicks the main issue is more like this: I'm no Women's Libber and I'm certainly no lez, but I've had it up to my eyeballs with hearing men say, "You can't do that — you're a woman."

So what? Did anyone ask me before they stuck me in this body? How would you like it if one morning you woke up and found out somebody'd changed you into a chick? You'd still have the same brain, same spirit, the same love for riding and partying and fighting — but the shell would be different. But all of a sudden you wouldn't be one of the bros — you'd either have to be somebody's ol' lady or you'd be just so much pussy.

I'm not saying that I want to be a man — I just wish that guys could look beyond our skins, stop labeling us "pussy," and realize that many of us have the same guts that they do. Give us a chance to be partners instead of slaves and find out how good it is to have us on your side.

Stephanie Feld
New York, N.Y.

☐ I want to say I love your mag completely. I'm tired of women telling you you've got a bad attitude toward women. Personally, I like being treated like a lady and having doors opened for me, etc. And it tickles me pink to have men admire my body. If they didn't, I dunno what I'd do. I'd be awful lonely. So keep showin' them tits and asses, and keep your sexist attitude. Without it, it wouldn't be the life we love.

Slimy
Salt Lake City, Utah

☐ I ride behind my ol' man on top of his special ol' lady. These gals out there who get on a selfish trip should feel special and feel proud that their ol' men let 'em ride behind. Dudes look their best with that free wind in their

hair. My ol' man has a Sporty that is beautiful, and when he lets me ride behind him I give him extra loving that night because I know he must love me to take me along. So, gals, treat your guy special and maybe he will take you along more often.

Tumbleweed
Abita Springs, La.

☐ Do you know that one of the many reasons I prefer my bike to my ol' lady is that it doesn't whine like a bitch? Besides, men have always been and always will be superior to women. If you don't think so, just ask me.

Jake Rice
Marquette, Mich.

Claybrook Crusade

☐ We, the people of Mountain Home, Idaho, are proud to announce that we have gathered \$141.55 in donations toward the Claybrook Crusade. We thank you for matching every dollar to this worthy cause! We support our senators who have voted to crush unfair legislation against motorcyclists here in Idaho. We will continue to support them, and we will support you too.

We feel that Ms. Claybrook wants to deprive Americans of freedom of choice. We won't stand for it.

Sue Hull
Mountain Home, Ida.

■ On behalf of all bikers, we want to thank you and everyone else for your generous donations. Every little bit helps — even the one 25-cent donation we received.

Ol' Lady Of The Year

☐ I'm not tryin' to put the ol' lady of the year down, 'cause she is a totally beautiful woman and her bad bod is, to say the least, invitin' to my senses, but I notice she's wearin' a cross in all the pictures. If she's so religious, how does she justify posin' in the nude?

Hawk
Van Nuys, Calif.

Who cares?

Trouble In Tasmania

☐ I came across "What's In A Man's Purse" and started reading it. On the first page every second word has more than ten letters in it. Now us bros in Tasmania ain't exactly dumbass cunts, but we ain't all college grads either. So do us a favor and stick to plainness English that we can all understand.

Ugly Pete
Hobart, Tasmania.

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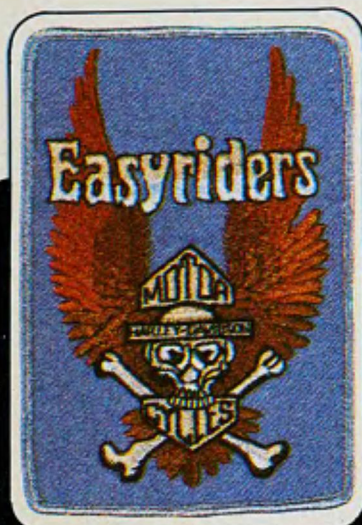
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Here it is. Like everything else, it took seven years to get it together. But this patch is definitely worth it. It's 6 inches by 4 inches and we broke some skulls to get the colors just right.

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

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

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

(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)
California residents add 6% sales tax.

Vet Voice

☐ Just wanted to give Doc a pat on the back for his "Vet Voice" column. The latest one (Dec. '80) brought back memories. Doc was talking about Long Binh stockade. I was a grunt in the Army in the Big Red One (drafted, of course) from '68 to '69, and I did some time in Long Binh stockade. But at the time we called it LBJ (Long Binh Jail), named after President Johnson. Sundown New Castle, Ind.

☐ I just read your article, "Vet Voice," and had to sit down and try to put a few words together.

The first paragraph hit me right between the eyes. That person fits me and probably one-half million other Nam vets to a tee.

If someone badmouths my bike, I pass it off as his opinion. If some nurd who wasn't in Nam starts voicing his opinion of the place, I feel like caving his fuckin' head in. I put in two tours of Nam (on the rivers), and the most vivid recollections of my entire life are back there.

Even though Nam was strictly a political war to put the almighty dollar in the fat cats' pockets, I don't regret being there one bit. I was one of the lucky ones who made it.

The only thing I got from Nam is that it turned me into a misfit in society. So I'll keep riding and taking one day at a time and see where the road leads.

Jamie
Olympia, Wash.

Changed Man

☐ About two years ago I was laid up in the hospital. While there I started thinkin' about the way I was doin' things. I was twenty, married, and trying to play Joe Citizen and feelin' like some asshole 'cause I wasn't happy with what I was. Anyway, when I got sprung from the hospital, I grew long hair and a beard and got me the best-lookin' Sporty in Jersey. My ol' lady says I changed like this because of readin' your rag while down. So I've got two things to say to you muthas. One is you've got a bro for life, and the other is thanks, I needed that!

Mr. Kansas
Toms River, N.J.

Still At It

☐ Just thought you bros might like to know that Nashville's Metro Police Chief, Joe Casey, has recommended the death penalty for people who have several convictions for selling grass. He said that it was the only way to get them to stop. I'm doing time in the state pen under the class "X" felony law, so it is easy

to believe that he could have his way in Tennessee. You might be wise to drive around the state.

J.E.
Nashville, Tenn.

☐ They have a thing about tossin' people in prison for long stretches in many southern states. Sixty percent of the total U.S. prison population is in joints in southern states.

☐ I'm doing four for two pockets full of pot. I ain't complaining. But the dude in the cell with me got the same time for the sale of one lude.

Seems it took a GBI agent six months of drinking and partying to get the dude. Now, is that justice?

Bullhead
Carrollton, Ga.

Hawaii's Not Safe

☐ Man, if you want to hear some crazy shit, just listen up. If you're planning an exotic trip, you'd better plan it somewhere other than Hawaii. Crime here is out of control. If you come to Hawaii, you're on your own. I don't care how bad you are or what you've done or where you've been. You will probably get killed or fucked up here, and there ain't shit you or anyone else can do about it. The police won't help you. All you've got is a million locals who can't stand anyone, let alone themselves, and who never got past the second grade — and their only source of income is you!

I've heard it said several times that the island of Oahu is a terrorist's playground, and I believe

it. Agatha Christie would have a field day here. (I've been lucky — I just got fucked up a little.)

Titus Claw
Oahu, Hawaii

Handy Hint

☐ It has come to my attention that a few motorcycle enthusiasts have been freezing their asses off. Cold-weather riding can be a real bummer, if you know what I mean — so run, do not walk, to your nearest Army/Navy store and get a jump suit or flight suit with a zillion pockets in it. Then go to the camping department and pick up a zillion Jon-e pocket warmers. Don the jump suit, insert the pocket warmers (turned on, of course), and ride.

Daniel Holland, Jr.
Lynbrook, N.Y.

Hot Stuff

☐ So I join the ranks of those who have had their scooters ripped off — and the thing that pisses me off the most is knowing that it was ripped off because of the so-called "bros" out there who have no qualms about buying hot parts.

A Scooterless Tramp
San Diego, 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. ■

Easyriders



"I was gonna come back, man! I was just going to get a pack of cigarettes."

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags



Anti-Harley?

For those readers who write to tell us that we were anti-Harley and anti-American, maybe we should put you in touch with those letter writers who insist we're anti-Japanese jingoists. No one can write an accusation we haven't seen or heard before: if something has been built and this magazine has tested it — or said anything about it — the resulting praise and fury from respondents is predictable, and there. But the vast majority of readers understand where we're at: How does the thing work and how well does it work compared with something else a reader could buy? The better products work, the better we like them. We're pro-function. No regrets, no apologies.

— Phil Schilling
Cycle

Flat-Track Harley

If all it took to beat the XR750s was fitting an appropriately powerful engine to a flat-track frame, that surely would have been done by now. Much of the Harley's advantage on the dirt track is credited to the 45-degree angle between its front and rear cylinders. The resulting spread of cylinder firing (and power pulses), combined with the considerable flywheel effect of the H-D crankshaft, gives a smooth and controllable power delivery. According to dirt-trackers' theory, the reason vertical twins don't succeed is traceable to their 180- or 360-degree firing intervals.

— Cycle

Let Them Vote?

Another remembered remark; it happened on primary election day last

spring. I'd ridden to the polls and as I walked in, helmet in hand and wearing my biking gear, I met a pair of elderly ladies on their way out. I bid them good morning and continued on my way. As they passed me, one turned to the other and asked a question. I had taken several more steps before her comment registered. I stopped, stunned. What she'd asked was: "Do they let them vote?"

Were motorcyclists the *them* she meant? Probably. The politicians may recognize us as a voter group, but the general public remains unaware of this, still tending to regard us in terms of the media stereotype.

— Roger Hull
Road Rider

Claybrook Flip-Flop

...The course would also be available through adult education programs to anyone who applies for a motorcycle license or learner's permit. The course is the NHTSA recommends is the Motorcycle Safety Foundation's "Motorcycle Riding Course."

This comes as a slight surprise because a few years ago Joan Claybrook, the NHTSA's administrator, criticized rider education on the grounds that it might expose more people to motorcycling, encourage them to ride and therefore cause more crashes. In typical backward bureaucratic form, the NHTSA said that there was no proof that rider education programs would not increase rider exposure and accidents.

This appears to be a major step in the right direction to us, since most riders learn from less-than-expert friends, a method which usually neglects important

basic techniques like front wheel braking and countersteering. However, we feel that the greatest contribution to rider safety would come from educating four-wheeler pilots, who usually cause the bad accidents.

— Motorcyclist

Bad News

At the last meeting of California's Air Resources Board the smog people indicated that catalytic converters might not be the hot tip for motorcycles. That might be history.

Although the board members are reluctant to set smog standards that would require catalytic converters, the staff members who actually prepare the air pollution regulations for the board happen to like catalytic converters. They like the converters so much there are new smog rules being drawn up that would almost certainly require catalytic converters to be installed on large motorcycles.

— Cycle World

Autobahn Flyers

At one time or another you've probably heard wild tales about how outrageously fast European motorists drive, especially the Germans rocketing down their legendary autobahns. Tall exaggerations, you say? Well, believe every word, because it's all true. Although the autobahns do have a speed limit of 130 kph (80 mph) posted in plain sight, the signs are little more than roadside decorations for ignorant tourists. In reality you can put the pedal to the metal for as long as your wheels can handle it — and most everyone takes advantage of it.

— Motorcyclist

MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

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

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



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some native transportation is stamped
"Made in Milwaukee"

HARLEY PEOPLE MOVERS



I know you. You were born with grease under your fingernails. A hayburner-pulled hansom cab ride through Central Park is not your idea of an exotic thrill. How about a Harley-powered jitney ride through the teeming streets of New Delhi, India?

India? Yes, India! India, where birth control means going to some little room at the railroad station and havin' the cord between your balls and your cock cut in half. India, where they don't eat cows and do eat curried cockroaches. India, home of veiled blowjob artists and also home of 400 1942-model Harley 45s abandoned

by the British when they pulled out of the country in 1947.

About 1950, some inventive Indian got the idea to start using some of the three-wheeled Servi-Cars as replacements for the bicycle-powered taxis then common. Unfortunately, he neglected to allow for the difference between hog-power and horse-power. When the rigs were under acceleration, startled passengers would often fall off the back; under braking, they would often fly off the front. It was fun while it lasted — remember the last time you got *really* loaded and didn't even notice that you were lyin' in a ditch

with your pan sleepin' on top of you? Eventually, however, India's version of the Department of Transportation outlawed the suicide carts.

Going back to the drawing boards, the dog-tired (or is that tired dogs?) bicycle-cab peddlers of New Delhi quickly came up with a more practical Harley taxi. This time they removed the cargo carrying box from the Servi-Cars, added seats, grab rails and a canopy. Thirty years later that design is still proving that where there is work to be done a Harley can do it.

Though the trikes are universally called four-seaters, they actually seat five or six. Most are

used as line taxis, traveling back and forth along the most heavily used roads between Old and New Delhi. Passengers can get off where they want, when they want, and others can then get on. If there is a seat free, the driver will linger at the curb and blow his horn until he gets a fare.

Next to the bus, the hustlin' hogs are the cheapest form of transportation in India — you can go four miles for about sixteen cents American.

So there it is. Number umpteen thousand in a mythical series that could be called "Harley Around The World." Next time you flip a leg over the seat of that Sportster or Glide, take one slow toke and pay an instant's homage to the hard-workin', world-traveler awaitin' your command.

— P.T. Carnahan



Photos and original text by Jaroslav Poncar



Special thanks to Elliott White for translation

Top End Oiling Trip

Whether it's a late alternator engine or an early knuck, cleanin' up the Big Twin's act can burn up more midnight oil than Miraculous Mutha's antique furnace. It takes a lotta time to plan, place, and conceal stuff like wires, cables, and oil lines. And 'cause ya gotta have at least a few brain cells workin' to do it right, this sorta operation ain't good to do in the midst of a party, on a weekend run, or with three or four young yummies brushin' impatiently against ya.

But rather than snivel further about this some-



times sorry state of affairs, I got the finger workin' in the nostril and came up with a new, effective, easy, and asbestos-free scooter improvement. Well, at least it won't put ya in the poorhouse or the doghouse. The trip goes something like this: Any scooter tramp who can tell the difference between a shovelhead and a swelled head knows that this engine uses a top-end oil line. It comes out of the crankcase and runs up to the back of the rear rocker box. And there's a second, short line that

carries the feed from the rear box to the front, over the intake manifold.

It all looks a trifle busy, and there's also another disadvantage. When the engine starts up, the oil

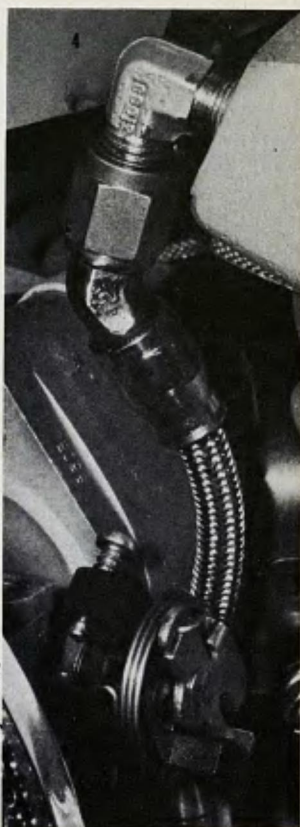


pressure has to go up through the rear line, across both rear rocker shafts, through the transfer line, then through yet another shaft before it finally gets to that starvin' front rocker arm. Of course, some oil remains upstairs from the last time the engine ran; but it can be a long time before that front rocker gets a full shot of goo, at least with the full force that Mutha Harley intended.

Here's a way to improve the situation: That rear line is relocated to run forward and up behind the carburetor (photo one). The original hole in the rear rocker box is plugged (photo two). With the use of a pipe tee, the oil line is split in two, to go around the manifold (photo three). These two new lines then feed both rocker boxes from the center via 90-degree pipe elbows. This setup lets the oil reach both rocker boxes in equal amounts and at the same time, improving lubrication. There's a cleaner

appearance as well, for two reasons. First, the center oil feed is now largely concealed by the carb and air cleaner. Second, you've eliminated the transfer line between the heads and replaced it with two inconspicuous fittings.

The parts you'll need for this changeover include: a 1/8-inch pipe (NPT) plug to close off the rear tapped rocker box hole (photo four); a 1/8-inch pipe (NPT) tee for dividing the line in two (photo five); and two 90-degree pipe elbows (1/8-inch NPT) to bring the center rocker box lines down toward the tee. Most of these things are available in cast iron or brass from your local plumbing, gas fitting, or automotive parts supply house. Brass is easier to polish and plate. Aluminum fittings are sometimes available; but use lots of care and anti-seize on the tapered threads when assembling. Depending on the fatness of your wallet, these fittings can be hooked up to regular



Photos by Jake

flanged steel tubing ends (also photo five) or (with the appropriate adaptors) to the aircraft-type braided stainless line shown here.



This stuff is available from places like Earl's Supply in California and Henry's Engineering in Maryland.

In either case, you've done two good things for your scoot—without wreckin' a whole weekend of Harleyin' and honey-dippin'!

— Mystery Man

Tech Tip



DOUBLE JEOPARDY

"I thought you weren't comin' over till noon," Bud snarled, jerking open the front door with one hand while with the other he attempted to hold up his pants. Vic always arrived either early or late, and it pissed Bud off. He was prepared to launch into his expected visitor with fury. Everyone knew he didn't like to be disturbed before midday, and the bitter dryness in his mouth and throat, caused by the previous night's drinking, added to his anger. When he yanked the door open, however, he was surprised to find that Vic, his riding partner, was not the one standing on the porch.

There were three men standing there, arms akimbo, faces frowning. They were members of a rival club, and Bud tensed, crouching and stepping back, ready for the unexpected. But the leader of the group, Salvo, held up a hand, palm outward, and placed

a booted foot so that the door couldn't be slammed in his face.

"Hold on," he said. "We didn't come here for trouble. That's already

been taken care of. This is somethin' we gotta talk about. It's a peace mission."

"Oh, yeah?" Bud asked suspiciously. He backed away from the open door, eyeing the sawed-off shotgun leaning against the wall, easily within reach should he need it.

The trio came into the house uninvited, but there was nothing in their manner to suggest violence. Not at the moment, at any rate. Bud took four cans of beer from the fridge and passed them around, motioning for his guests to sit while he studied them with apprehension.

"There was a problem last night," Salvo said, after downing half his beer at one swig. "Your bro, Vic, fucked up, man. He fucked up real bad, an' there's gonna be some heavy shit comin' down if it ain't taken care of right away. Word's gettin' around, an' my bros are pissed."

Bud tensed again as he swallowed a mouthful of beer. Vic was always getting into one jam or another, causing problems for the club, and now it looked like he'd done it again. Only this time, from the tone Salvo was using, he'd overdone it.

"What'd he do?" Bud asked, squinting suspiciously.

"He did about the worst thing a dude can do, man," Salvo answered. "He raped Turk's ol' lady. His wife,

man. He caught her hitchin' home from work, beat the shit out of her, an' fucked her in the ass. Then he dumped her out in a field with no clothes on. Turk's pissed an' so are all his bros. There's gonna be a war over this unless we can think of some way to straighten it out. You know what the last war cost us."

"Yeah," Bud answered. "I remember." He glanced at the memorial tattoo on his forearm, a wreath of flowers under which were tattooed several names. Salvo turned his arm, showing an almost identical tattoo with an even longer list of names. Five years earlier they had fought it out for months, bushwhacking, bombing, and running each other off the roads with cars and trucks.

"Fourteen dudes went down last time," Salvo continued. "We don't want no more of that shit, but it'll happen again if this don't get straightened out, and quick."

"So what the fuck ya want me to do — dust my best bro?"

"Uh-uh," Salvo said. "It ain't that easy. An' if Turk does it on his own there'll just be another battle. We gotta go about it with diplomacy."

"Whatta ya suggest?" Bud asked. Sweat beaded his forehead and his palms were damp. He knew this was a serious situation, and whatever decisions he made as president of his club had better be the right ones. The last war between the clubs had been vicious, and that had been over a chick, too. He didn't want to see it happen again.

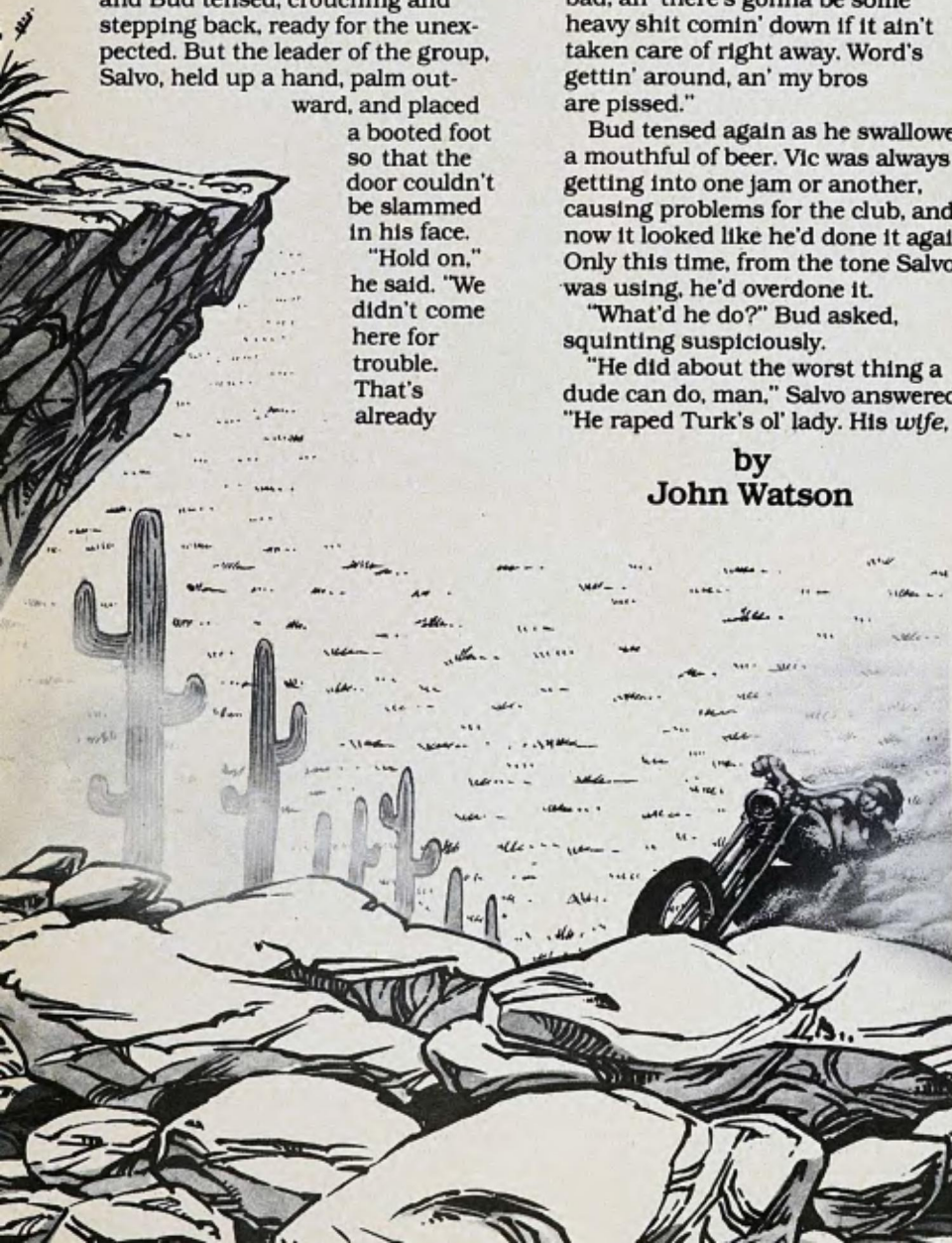
"Turk wants satisfaction, man," Salvo said. "He wants to have it out with Vic in his own way, an' since he's the one that's been wronged, he gets the choice."

Considering the matter didn't take Bud very long. He stood up and began dressing, and as he did so he added up the misery that Vic had caused the club in the past. Even though he was a bro, he had no right to jeopardize his friends with such frequency. It was becoming obvious that he had taken advantage of the protection of the brotherhood long enough.

"You lay it out," Bud said. "Then let me know what to do. We'll deliver Vic, an' so long as it ain't just an execution — you gotta give him a chance — we'll agree to whatever terms you come up with." They shook hands and parted.

Continued on page 80

by
John Watson



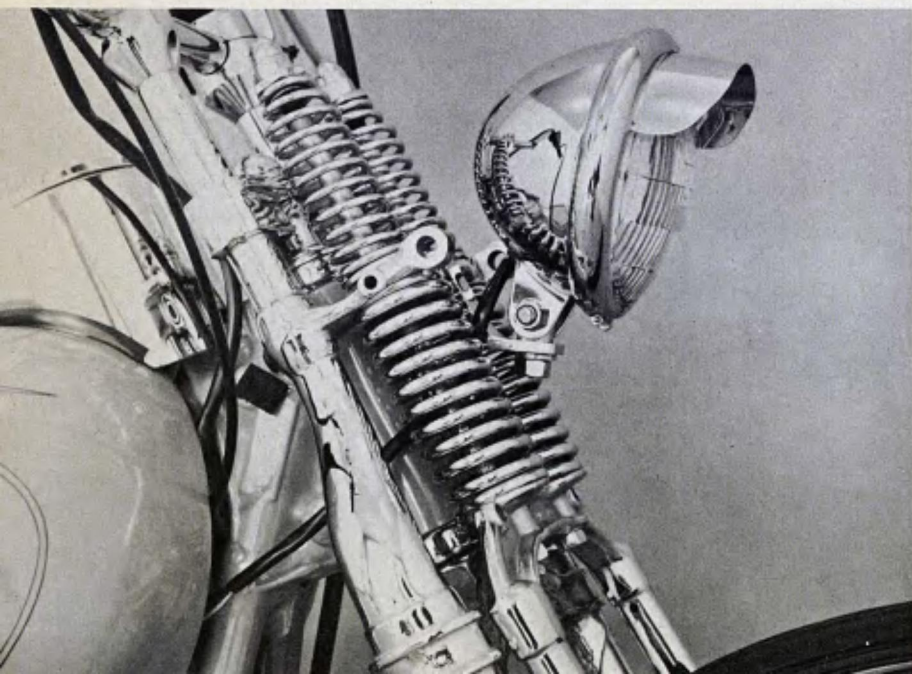
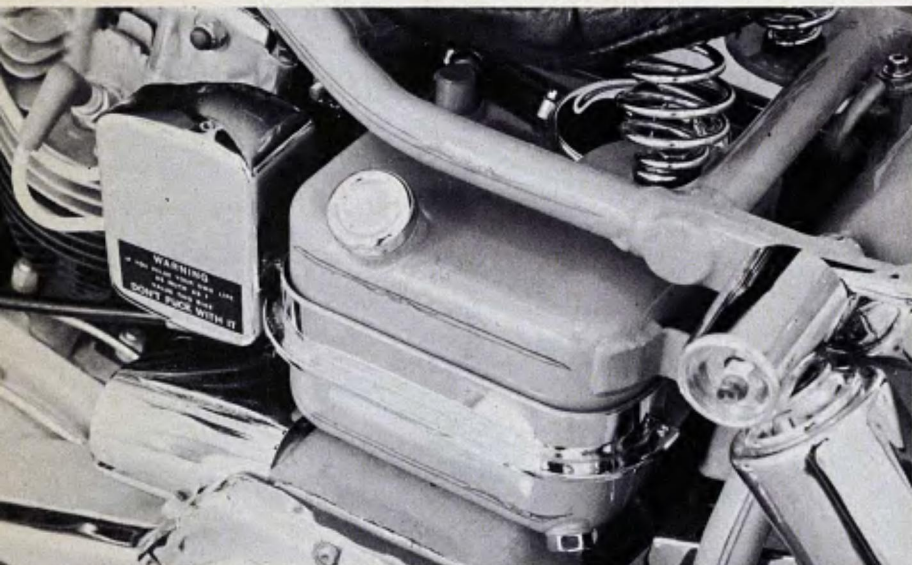
The Only Way To Fly!

In our previous, what we laughingly called an office, we had our juice-and-smoke meeting room near the front. Spider, while scroungin' around one day, had found a good deal on a regulation-size pool table, and before anyone knew it, our juice-and-smoke room was taken over by this humongous green felt monster.

Everyone on the staff stored and parked their scoots inside the building — in the waiting room, along the hallway, or anywhere a bike could fit. Visiting brothers who had a sled they didn't dare leave unattended outside the building would bring theirs in too.

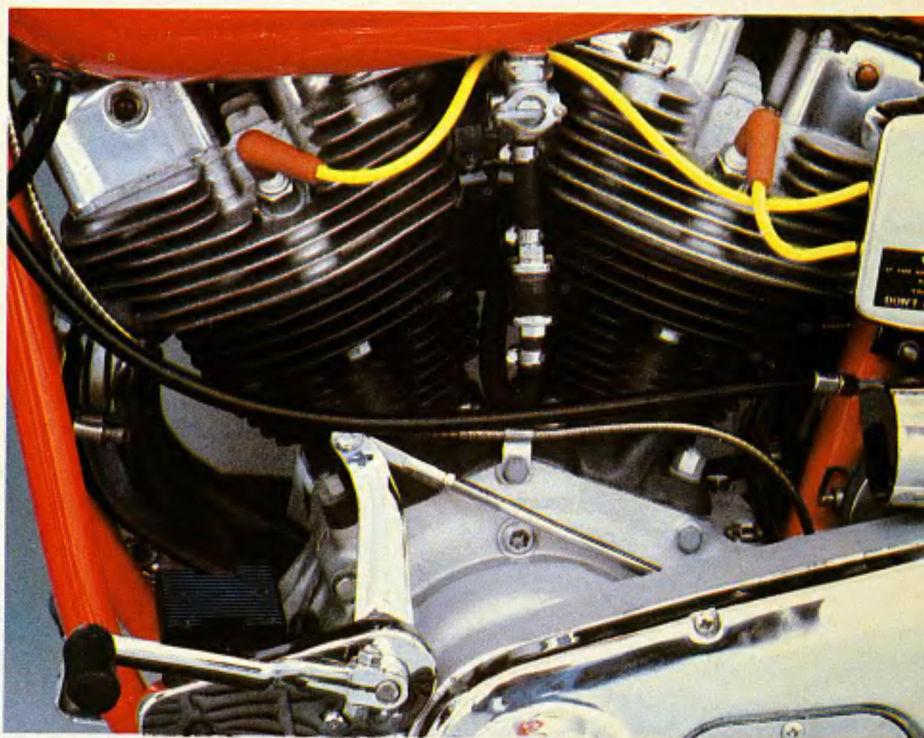
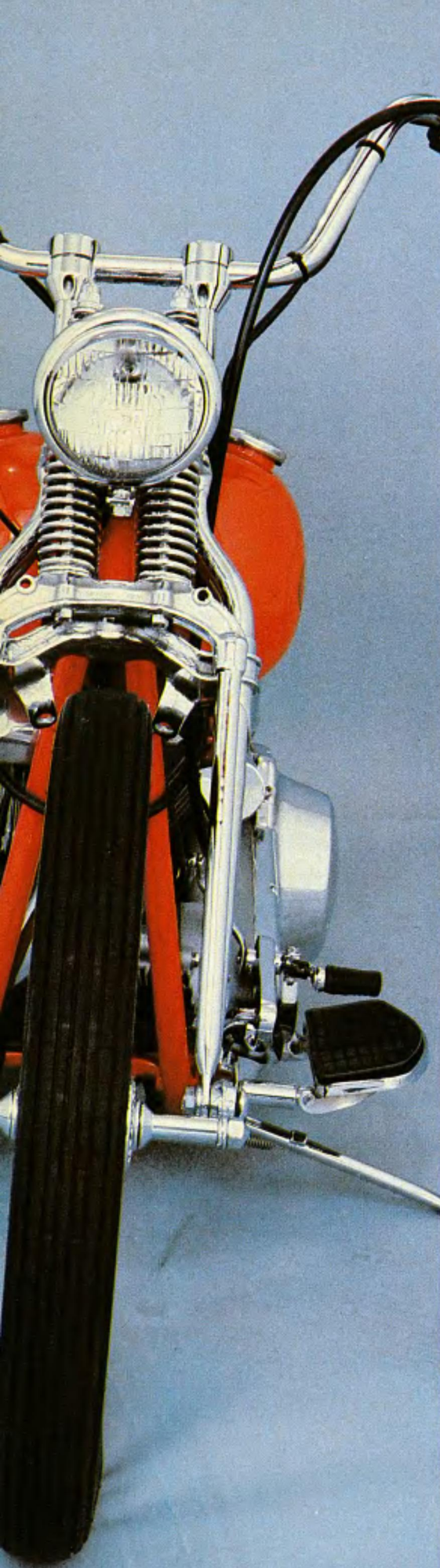
The point of all this drivin' is that a friend of a couple of us — his name was George — had the tastiest bike around, and it was closely eyeballed whenever it was parked in the office. It was all black and chrome and was designed, as I remember, pretty much like the Mondo Ortega scooter you see here. It was flawless, as is Mondo's. It too was basically a solo bike — a chauvinist's bike, if you will. It did have what some women call a torture rack — the good ol' pillion pad — for an occasional chick passenger. The pillion is at least a wee bit more of a seat than the small knob Mondo has on his bike.

High handlebars, risers, upsweeps, all give the bike the look of a design









from the fifties and sixties, before they came up with handlebar height limit laws of so many inches above the seat, or rider's shoulder height — a law that was vigorously enforced in the past and still is in many places such as Florida (no matter what your state law allows). The cafe racer type who rides his bike all bent over, to reduce wind resistance I suppose (or merely bending to reach down to the fuckin' bars), has commented to me — or rather, has asked — if my arms got tired hanging on to the apehanger bars. He couldn't understand that it is actually comfortable to ride with arms extended, legs forward on highway pegs, sittin' down into the bike rather than on top of it. A kicked-back position sure as hell not only feels better, but looks better than going ass-high down the street appearing as if you're straddling a rail on a fence. To each his own, of course, but my personal tastes go for a bike that looks like the one featured here. (That's why they gave me the assignment to write this bit.)

There was a period when this style lost out to the stretched-out, raked front end with peanut tank look, but with the return of the more practical, large fatbob tanks, more and more bikes are taking on the look of the "choppers" back closer to the beginning of the chopper trend in bike design. I won't say the "good ol' days," as that might date me, and how



could I explain that to the little chicks I've got conned around the country?

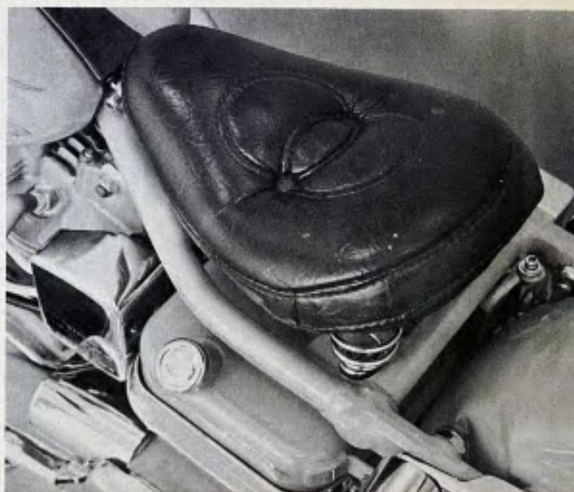
Needless to say, there's something about bikes designed like Mondo's that I like — it all started when I had a bike of similar style in 1965 and the good feelin' was revived whenever I had to crawl around or over George's bike parked in our hallway during the mid-'70s.

Ornit, who am I kidding? I like all bikes — as long as they're Harleys with a saddle seat and a chick's best friend — the pillion pad, or no pad at all. To my way of thinking, a solo bike is the only way to fly. (She can follow in a truck, bring the beer, dope, spare parts — and pick up anyone who breaks along the way. There's always someone who does, or is in no condition to continue under his own power — just ask me.) — Dog Breath

Owners: Mondo Ortega		City: Sanger/Fresno, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: '77	
Year and make: '77 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FLH		Type: swing	
Value: \$6,000		Rake: none	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 1 year		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Valley Chrome		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: '77		Risers: 4 inch	
Model: shovel		Fender(s): one-piece rear	
Rebuilder: H-D		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: 12 volt		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: running boards	
Balancing: almost		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: two		Electrics: H-D	
Cases: blasted		Gas tank: 3-gal. fatbob	
Heads: front and rear		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): somewhere		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: Manley		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Danny Grey	
Air cleaner: stock		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: stock		Height:	
Muffler(s): stock		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: springer	
Year: '77		Extension: none	
Shifting: 1 down, 3 up		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 24		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: owner		Hub: spool	Hub: disc
Painter: owner		Rim width: 2 3/4	Rim width: 4 1/4
Color: pearl tangerine		Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer/Imron		Brake: none	Brake: disc
Special paint: striping and leaf by Richard Avery.			
Other special modifications: special thanks to the bros in Sanger.			



Photos by Pete Chiodo



BROTHERHOOD IN GERMANY





Brotherhood between bikers is a way of life not only in the United States but also in Germany, where bikers from all over Europe gather to attend rallies throughout the year. They come from Switzerland, Austria, and Germany, where a good many are American civilians and servicemen.

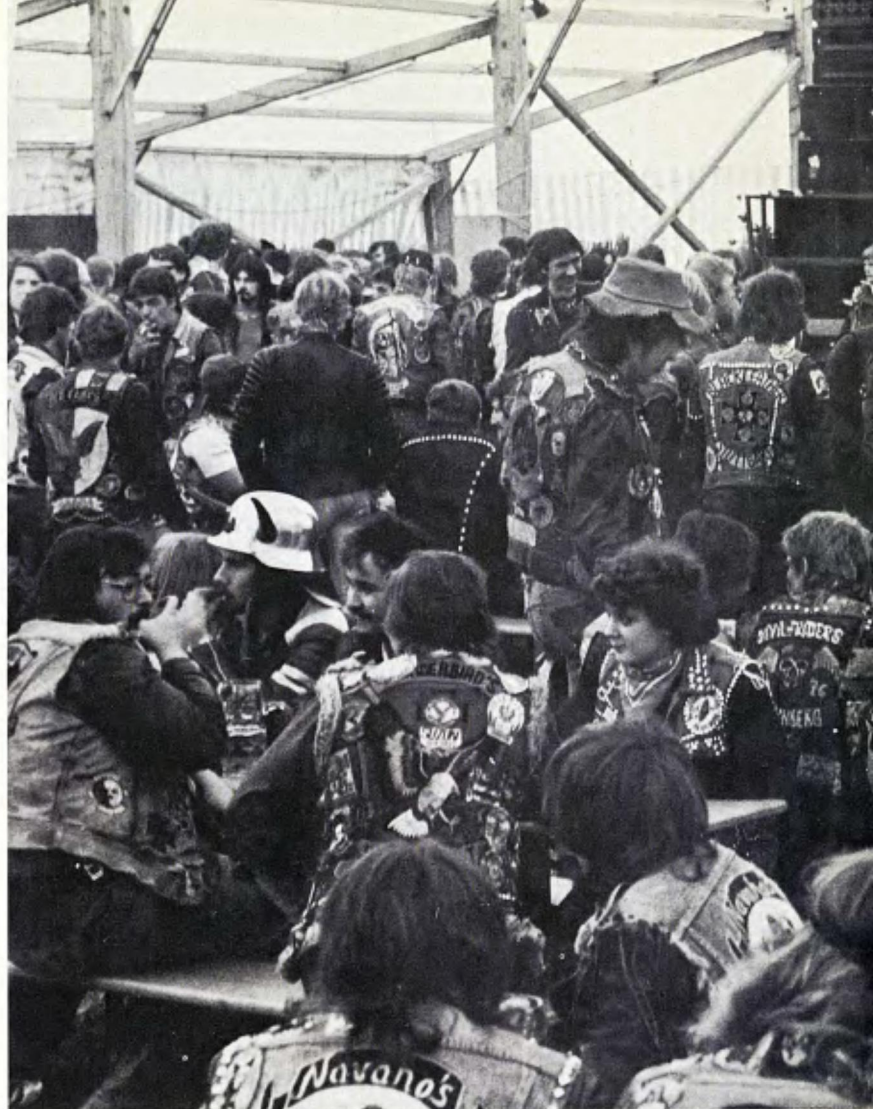
Each rally is sponsored by a different club or clubs. The purpose of these get-togethers is to give the different clubs and bikers a chance to meet each other, party, swap patches, and check out each other's putts. A lot of the clubs in Germany are either German clubs with American members or American clubs with German members.

One of the recent rallies, held at Neu Ulm, Germany, was sponsored by a club called simply Bikers. It started on Friday, and by noon on Saturday there were close to a thousand partying bikers there. A beer tent had already been set up for food, drinks, and music. At about nine Saturday night, the band started and the tent was packed with bikers, ol' ladies, and even a few future bikers.





Photos by Mike Sponseller





BROTHERHOOD

The rally was held in an open, grassy field near Neu Ulm. Not once during the weekend did the police show up. Several times during the event, some of the local senior citizens were spotted checking out and rapping with some of the bikers. The atmosphere was really calm and relaxing.

Sunday morning found only the most hardcore still partying. The rest of the crowd was in tents, on the ground, or wherever they'd finished that one brew too many.

With the last good-byes said and the last brews downed, the rally broke up and the bikers headed home to get primed for the next time.

The publicity the Caveman Blood Drive Rally received was a real bummer. At the Biker's Rally, the only thing I saw going into anyone's bloodstream was booze. As for the orgies that are supposed to go on, I couldn't find a damn one.

I would like to express a special thanks to Rebel and Sunshine, two great friends, and the rest of the Warlords in Germany, who really know how to make a dude and his ol' lady feel at home. Ride forever, bros.

— S.Sgt. Michael Sponseller



Farts Start

My Steve farts constantly. No lettin' up and no shit! He wonders why our spider webs aren't growing. Please help. Send your pic and I will hang it on the ceiling. Might help the spider webs, but I don't know about his fartin'.

Steve's Lady
Salt Lake City, Utah

- You're probably right! It's worth a try.

Yellin' Felon

Last time you got a letter from me was in '75. I was doin' time in Washington state. I was paroled but I'm down again. Believe me, shotguns are bad news for a felon. Furthermore, the state of Washington is fucked! My reason for writing is to tell you I'll buy one of those Mutha patches if you'll wipe your come-guzzlin' pussy and ass on it first. Do let me know.

Big Red
Seattle, Wash.

- When you get out you can do it yourself.

Hangin' Tongue

Hey, you sweet-lookin' bitch. I'm doing time in the Adams County Jail and my ol' lady brings me the rider's rag every month. I've heard from some buddies of mine that you got the sweetest cunt from here to So. Cal. I was wondering if, when I get out, I could dip my sixteen-inch tongue in that snatch of yours just one time?

Rick
Adams, Ga.

- Bet ya can't dip it just once!

Death Wish?

My problem is, I'm afraid of bikes! My man is a

trucker and an ex-biker who wants to get a Harley and have me go riding around the country with him, but I don't feel safe on a bike. Do you have any suggestions? I'd do anything for my man. I've learned to drive a truck, work on car engines, and hold my own in a fight. But bikes scare the piss outta me. Please help, 'cause I love my man.

Charlie
Fresno, Calif.

- Look, honey, if you really love your man, you'll learn to love puttin' too. I really get off on ridin' with Spider.

Trouble's Bubbles

Hi, sister, what's goin' down? Speaking of goin' down, I was wondering if you ever have the same problem I have. Well, it's not really a problem; as a matter of fact, I kinda enjoy it. Seems like every time my ol' man goes down on me and I get off, my wet twat kinda spits and sputters and makes a racket that sounds like a fart! My ol' man says the damn thing is talking to him. Does your pussy ever talk?

Trouble
Asheboro, N.C.

- You betcha! Love them bubbles!

Wishful Thinking

You know, bitch, every time I read your articles in this rag, all I can think of is how nice it would be to bury my face in that bush of yours while we give each other around-the-world. Just keep up the good work. Us bros that are down dig your rag, and especially you.

Snake F.C.I.
Ashland, Ky.

- I know I'm great, but thanks anyway!

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Hello, Mutha. I'm presently incarcerated in the Lompoc Federal Institution. Been reading *Easyriders* for five years now, mainly your section. I'm very much interested in a personal reply and a photo, something to deal with when I give myself pleasure. Also, please give me information on how to satisfy a female, and break it down if you will. Thank you kindly.

Darrell T. Lewis
Lompoc, Calif.

- When you get out, I'll be happy to break it down for you, and show you how to satisfy a woman, too!

Tit Time

I'm quite different from you. I'm fifteen, have long blonde hair, and big tits (38-30-36). I've only been to bed three times, with a guy, I mean. The thing I found most annoying is when they sucked my tits. They always sucked the right one longer and more passionately than the left one. But while they were sucking on the right one, I was so pleased that I never said, "Hey, you're forgetting someone" (the left one). So, Mutha, won't you tell these men to please me and both my tits.

Unequal Tit Time J.T.
Nannie, Pa.

- Yeah, that's discrimination! Constant stimulation of only one tit makes 'em lopsided. Hey, bros, take note!

One Per Customer

Well, I've known you for a couple of years now, so

what's new happenin' with ya? You're a mean-lookin' momma and I bet you can fuck the hell out of some bros! Well, anyway, my ol' lady's name is Mutha, too. I'm doin' some time now and wondered if I could get a pretty picture of you (a big one). I got one before (small) of you sitting on a bike with that big hairy pussy of yours. If you could send me one, I would really like that!

Doper
Norwich, Conn.

- Sorry, can't get anyone to blow it up any bigger.

Mutha's Expertise

I just got out of the slam after doing five years, and I'm hornier than a rock in heat. I'm going through women like an elephant goes through shit in the jungle. If I don't get help soon, my nuts may explode. No shit! I can hardly walk. This situation needs your expert help. How soon can you be here? Or send your sister or something. But God, hurry!

Tonto
Parry Sound, Canada

- You shoulda come to me first. I'm booked solid for the holidays. Good luck!

Huh?

Mutha, dear, I wouldn't fuck you with Spider's dick, but how about a cunt hair for my collection?

Too Loose
Birmingham, Ala.

- Grease sundae. You lose, Too Loose!

— 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



One-man Harley-powered Tank



Ever get into a tight spot and need some heavy-duty backup? I know I've needed it. This little beer-fetcher is the hot tip if the only bar open late is in one of those war zone neighborhoods. No sidewalk commando would want to step up and run his 60-grit fingers across the finish on this scoot.

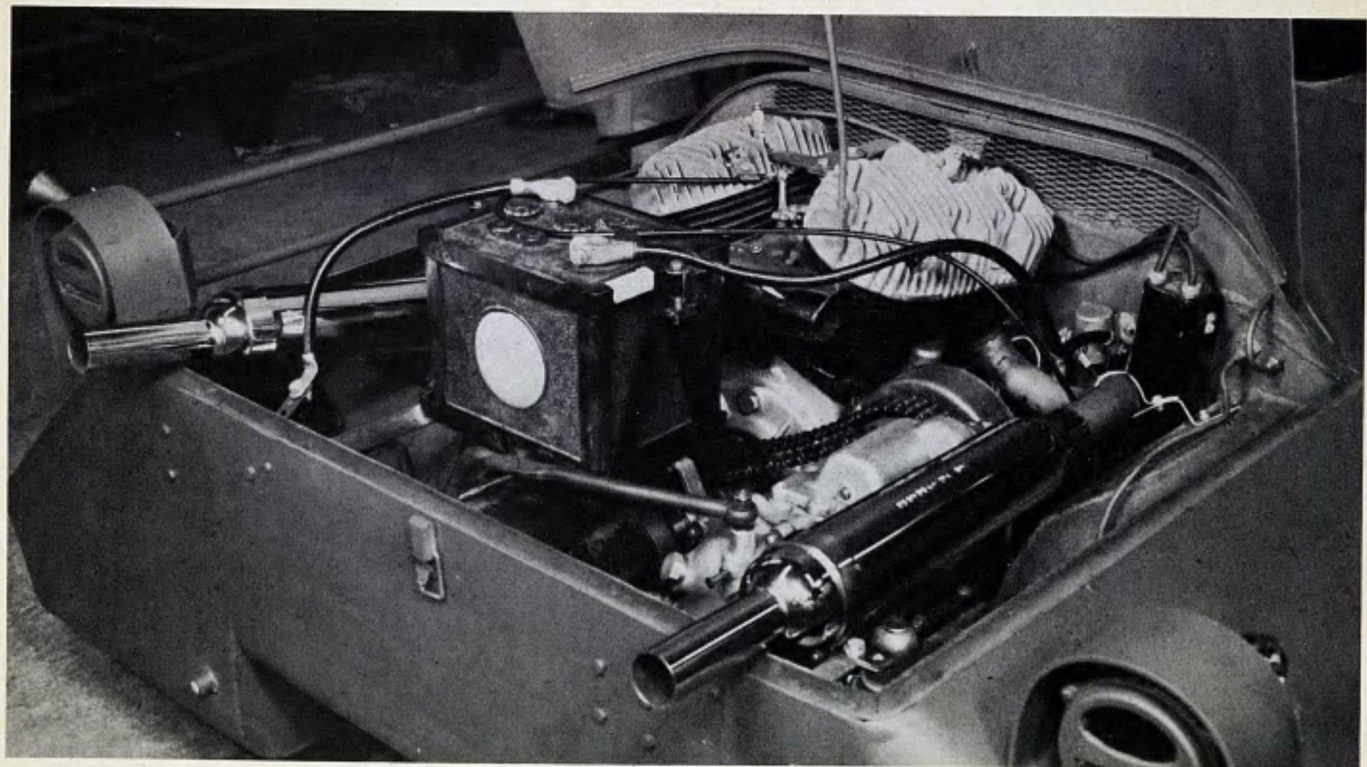
There must have been some heavy shit coming down in Cockesville, Maryland, in the early '50s when this one-man SWAT team was built. The UL 74-cubic-inch motor and trans came from a wrecked cop bike (what else?) and both were rebuilt by the Crest Motor Co., the local H-D dealer at the time. The motor is mounted sideways, with the tranny mounted off to the side. The shifting linkage and clutch arm had to be modified a bit to accommodate the new mounting position. The shotgun pipes were handmade, using stock Harley mufflers. It also featured an electric starter, a few years ahead of the factory.

But check out the hardware. There ain't nothin' funny about a 105mm recoilless rifle and a .50-caliber

machine gun. This setup could put the pump shotgun out of business. Of course there has to be one drawback to everything, and this alley cruiser is no exception. To ride this baby, ya gotta lie belly-down and peer out of a plastic windscreen. Steering is like a tank's, where you brake one side and power the other. Out on the highway, you can really appreciate the handling, with a top speed of 40mph. One look oughta cause folks to give you plenty of room to maneuver in. Door slammers are not totally stupid. They know when to back off, especially when you're carrying something that could make its own exit ramp!

A lot of people tend to overreact when something completely off the wall comes up on them, so watch out when pulling into the drive-in window at the local liquor locker. Those booze hustlers get a little trigger-happy when the only thing they see is the business end of a 105 asking for two sixers of Bud, a pint of Old Charter, two packs of Kools, and a half smoke with mustard an' onions.

— Dr. Wingnut





WILLIE And The WEED

(a fairy tale)

by
Richard Bennett

The village was small, quaint, and could be found in the bayou country of the deep South. The cottage was tiny and of white stone, and the nearby garden held nothing but dried, sun-blackened sticks and vines. No rain had fallen all summer.

Willie's mother was round. Her face was round, her hands were round, her feet were round. She had huge, round ears that protruded from her round head. Every part and every appendage of her body was round.

Round people are fat people, and fat people are often thought of as being fun-loving, happy, laughing folk. And Willie's mother was like that — most of the time.

But not lately. Times were hard; the garden was dead and food was scarce everywhere. An underfed fat person quickly becomes grumpy and quarrelsome. And mean.

In every place where Willie's mother was round, in all of those places where she was smooth and plump, Willie was jagged and lanky. If his mother could be compared to (and she certainly could) a pebble, worn smooth and round after countless years of tumbling at the bottom of a swift-flowing mountain stream, then Willie himself could be likened to a grasshopper — all legs and arms and elbows and knees.

That Willie's mother was grumpy when he rose that Monday morning was apparent in the way she slammed his bowl of porridge down on the table. Willie stared gloomily at the watery, grayish liquid before him; it was meager fare for a growing boy accustomed to plates piled

high with hotcakes doused liberally with thick, rich cane syrup and heaps of eggs and sausages on the side.

Willie's mother glared at him. "Hurry and finish your food, Willie," she said as she lorded over him, hands on hips. "I have a very important chore for you today."

Willie sampled the porridge and found it not to his liking. The constant rumblings that came from his mother's stomach were growing unbearable and sometimes he thought he could feel her eyes on him — eyes filled with hunger.

Willie was more than ready to leave the cottage, regardless of the chore. "I'm not too hungry this morning, Mother," he said quickly. "Tell me, what is it you want me to do that is so important?"

"We have to have food," his mother answered, desperation in her voice. "And since we have no money, we have to sell something, then buy food."

"Sell something?" Willie questioned. He knew they owned nothing that anyone would pay money for, unless...

"That's right," his mother said, reading her son's thoughts perfectly. "I want you to take your father's motorcycle to the village and sell it and buy groceries with the money."

His father's Triumph! Willie couldn't believe his ears. Before his father had been killed in a mudslide almost fifteen years ago, his '58 Trumpet had been his most prized possession. Things had to be even worse than Willie had suspected for

his mother to be willing to sell that beloved bike.

"But, Mother," he argued, "we can't sell Father's Triumph. You know how much he loved that bike; how, when the mud was about to cover him completely, the last thing he did was shove the bike clear. He could have saved himself, but no, Father chose to save his sled. There has to be some other way to get money."

"There is no other way," Willie's mother said with finality. "Go and sell your father's Triumph."

Willie knew when it was useless to argue. He went to the shed near the garden and pushed the Speed Twin outside and into the sunshine. After several attempts, the bike started, amazing him. It was the first time the machine had been cranked since his father's death. That it ran ragged, coughing and spitting, did not bother Willie. At least it ran and he would not have to walk to the village, pushing the heavy machine before him.

He rode off toward the village center, toward the marketplace where the people gathered to sell their wares. He knew the marketplace would be almost deserted, thanks to the drought. The village people had neither anything to sell nor money with which to buy. With the breeze in his face, Willie recalled the fun he and his father had had on the bike. The memories were pleasant and Willie hoped he would find no buyer for his father's scooter.

But that was not to be so. Willie was trying to think of some other way to get money for food when he

Continued on page 94





Photos by Buck Lovell





CHERRY

Remember them old column-shift cars? You pushed in the clutch, grabbed this floppy lever, and wiggled it around until you got the next gear. Bet you didn't know Harley once had something in common with those machines: a three-speed transmission.

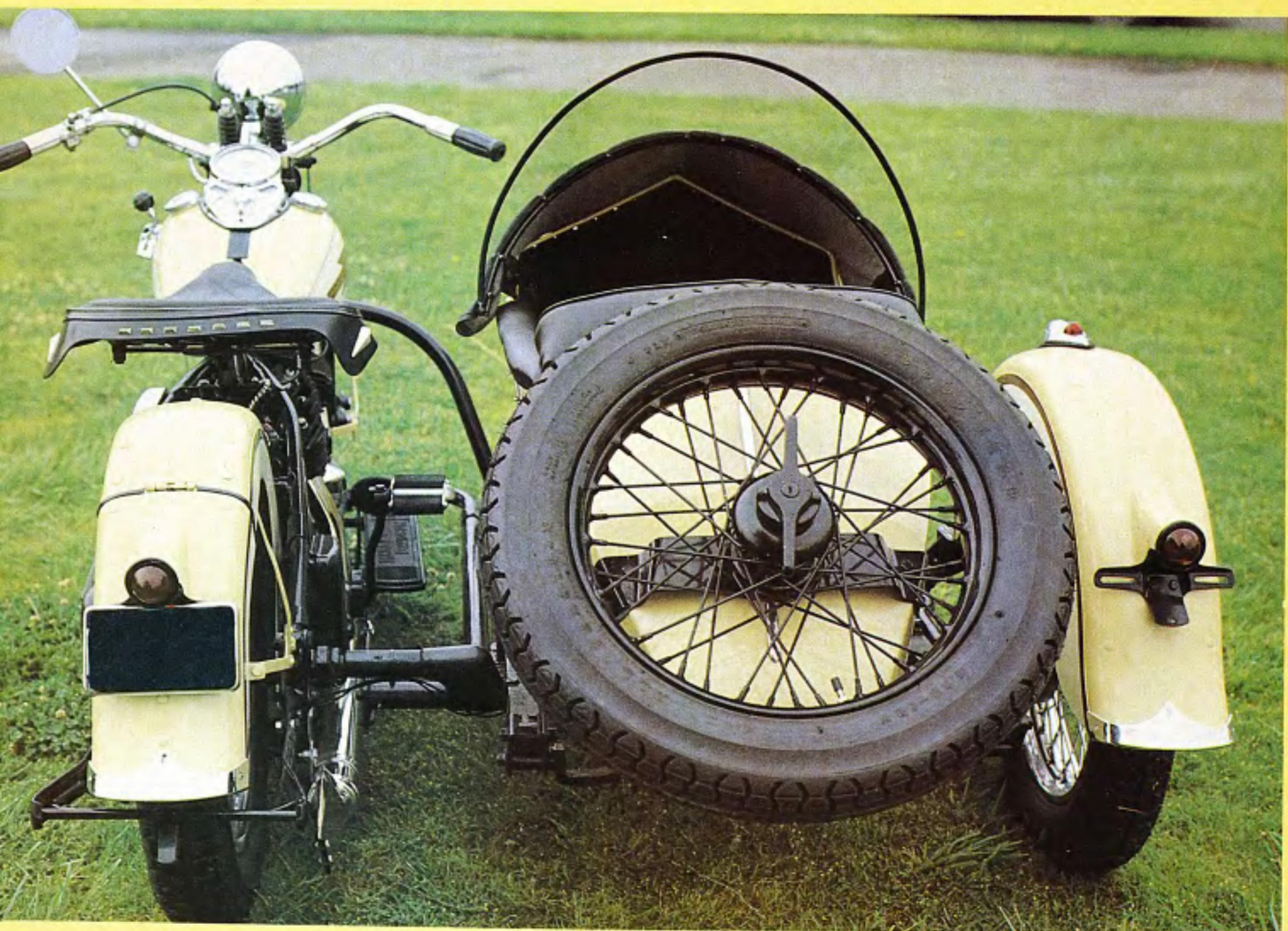
That's right, all Hogs weren't born with four-speed trannies. Take the famed 74-inchers, for example. Until 1937 the Model UL flatheads, probably the choice of more sidehack drivers than any other bike in history, sported three-speed shifters.

According to Ralph Wigginton, owner of this prime '37 UL, a transmission change wasn't the only bit of upgrading the 74-inch received after the end of the 1936 model run.

"Nineteen thirty-seven was the first year that the factory used a full oil return system," Wigginton says. "This was especially important to sidecar pilots because it increased cooling and decreased wear, despite the added weight of the car."

Well, well! H-D paying attention to its customers! I sure hope the brass at AMF can handle that thought without steamin' up the inside of their face shields and fallin' out of their executive chairs onto their brain buckets.

— Mad Bomber



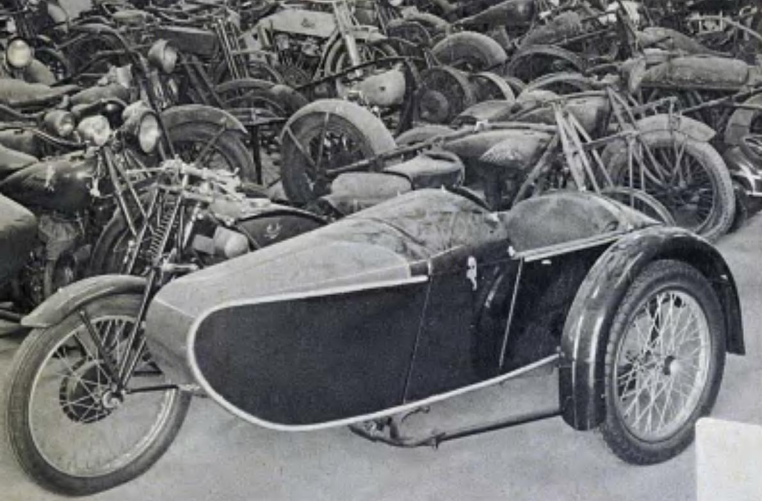


Photo reprinted from Malibu Surfside News

Steve McQueen

— a biker's biker

never met Steve personally; however, we did talk by phone a few times, and he set the office girls' hearts aflutter whenever he called me. You see, Spider had a '27 Harley JD, and we had offered to swap it with Steve in exchange for a lengthy, nitty-gritty interview — nothing personal, just bike stuff. Steve wasn't giving out any interviews at the time because, like so many motion picture stars, he had had it with reporters taking his words and distorting them to their liking just to sell a few more mags at the star's expense.

In our case, we had something of an inside track. He lived not far from the office, and he and most of our staff used Mark's gas station. We would see him putting around on cherry Indians, at the gas station getting gas, or bench racing with the hangarounds at the station. But, like most locals who are used to seeing famous people, we never bothered him or came on like a tourist.

Knowing about the huge collection of bikes he was restoring, we sent him a copy of **Easyriders**, and he was kind enough

to write and tell us how much he liked it. Although he was a race driver, sort of a clean-cut AMA type, he also read **Easyriders**. As the color photo indicates, he did start to look like the rest of us in his later years. Because of his interest, and knowing he had Sam Pierce slowly rebuilding his antique bikes one by one to their original condition, we thought we'd get off our (Spider's) JD to try to entice outta him a first-hand report about where his head was at and an opportunity to photograph his collection.

He was interested, but we never seemed to connect — I suppose it was about this time when he started to become ill, something we weren't aware of until we read all the sad news items prior to his death.

You've read it all by now. You know that Steve McQueen liked living in the fast lane — fast bikes, Grand Prix, and motocross racing before it was named that. He loved motorcycles so much that he had Sam Pierce, the former owner of the old Indian Motorcycle Company, scrounge up enough spare parts to restore over thirty tasty old

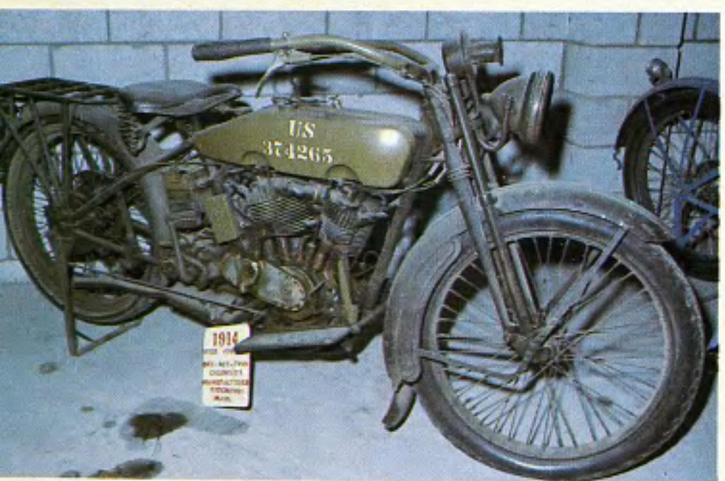
Indians. Steve also had over a hundred additional antique motorcycles of all makes waiting to be restored to cherry condition. He had so many bikes after a while (Indians were his favorite) that he started to pick up old Harleys — so many, in fact, that there was some grumbling among Harley owners about his scooping up bikes with his bucks, then putting them in his warehouse, never to be seen again. Things loosened up, however, and the grumbling died down when word got around that McQueen was planning a motorcycle museum so everyone could enjoy his collection. Here's hoping his survivors follow through with his wishes, for what could be a more fitting tribute to one of the most famous bikers of all time? And what an opportunity for the rest of us to see bikes we've only seen pictures of. And of showroom quality — what a mind-blower that would be. Keep your fingers crossed that other members of his family want and do complete his dream.

See ya later, Steve.

— Lou Kimzey

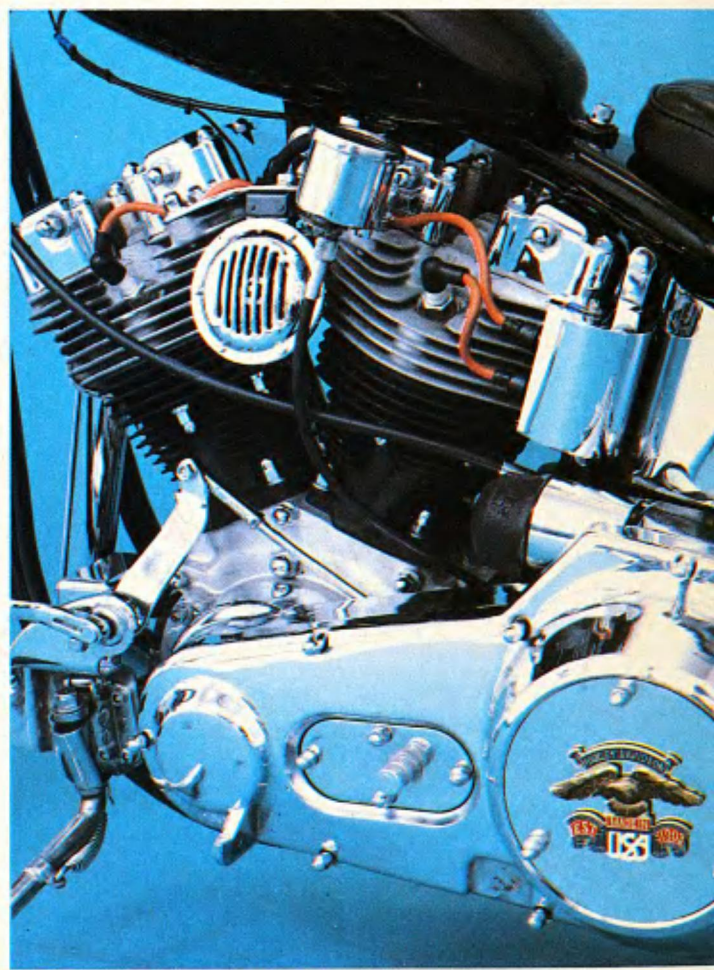


Photos by Pete Chiodo and Kim Peterson



"To fear death, gentlemen, is nothing other than to think one-self wise when one is not, for it is to think one knows what one does not know. No man knows whether death may not even turn out to be the greatest of blessings for a human being; and yet people fear it as if they knew for certain that it is the greatest of evils." — Socrates





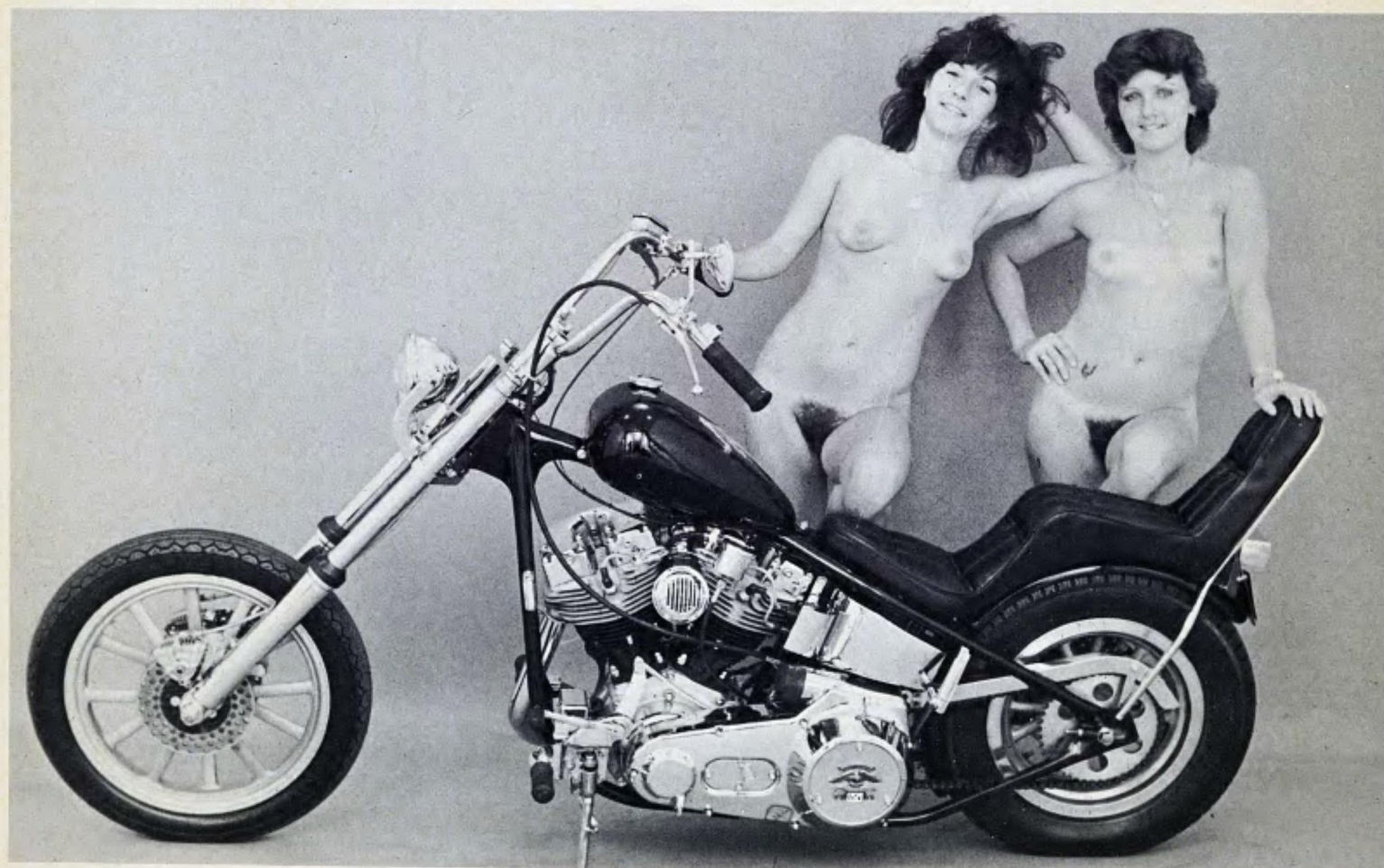


Sequoia Sam

He Works It His Way

Down a pine needle-covered dirt trail leadin' away from Black Bart's rotted-out stump exists maybe the most ornery operator of two-wheeled machinery this side of a porcupine. He's a hermit — a hermit by choice. That is, he doesn't go to town to putter 'n' putt with the boys, or chase hot mamas. He stays in his cabin, readin' an' re-readin' old, yellowin' Harley manuals so's he can pass the knowledge on to the varmints he keeps around, two of which are pictured here.

One may wonder why these sweet juice producers just hang around. Well, as you know, ya can never talk sense to females, right? I mean, if they think they're happy, whose gonna tell 'em what they could be missin'? Sam greets 'em with a snaggle-toothed smile when they come trampin' up the trail, hopelessly lost, or tired from a long Girl Scout hike. From the instant the whiskers turn up on his moustache an' he beams into the unsuspectin' lassies' tired eyes, it's like fifty pounds of U.S. Steel's best had been removed from their backs. Oh sure, the first cup of Jack Daniel's-spiked coffee is made by sly Sam, but

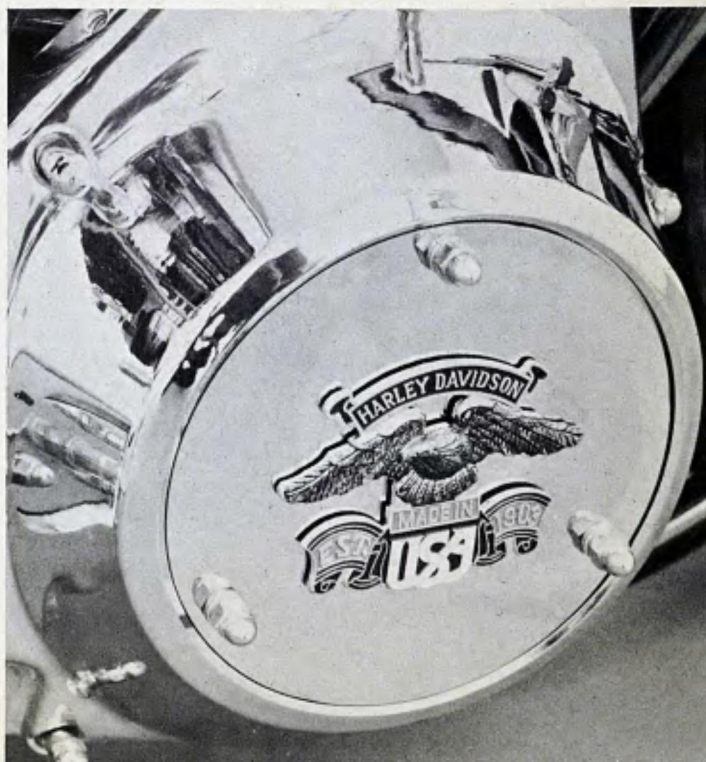


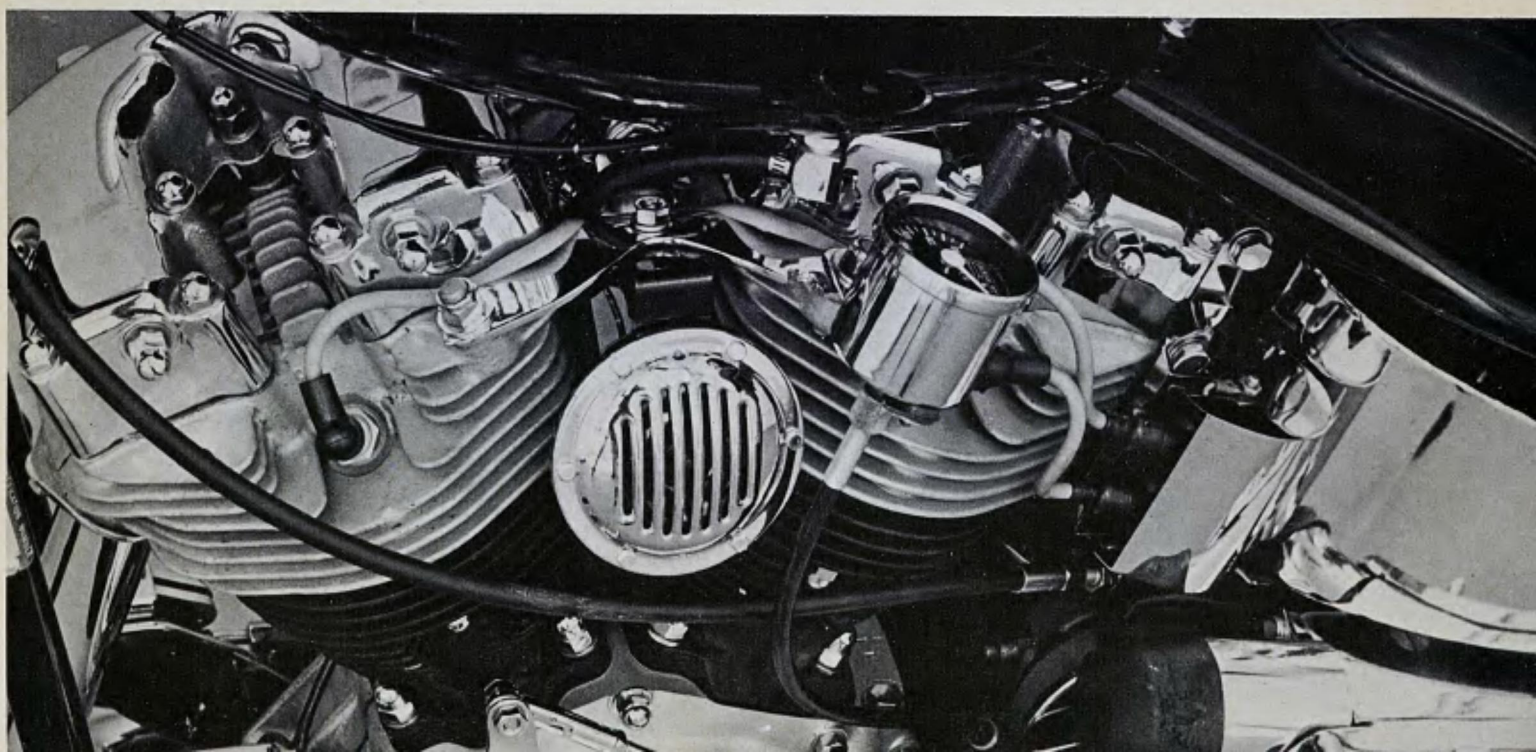
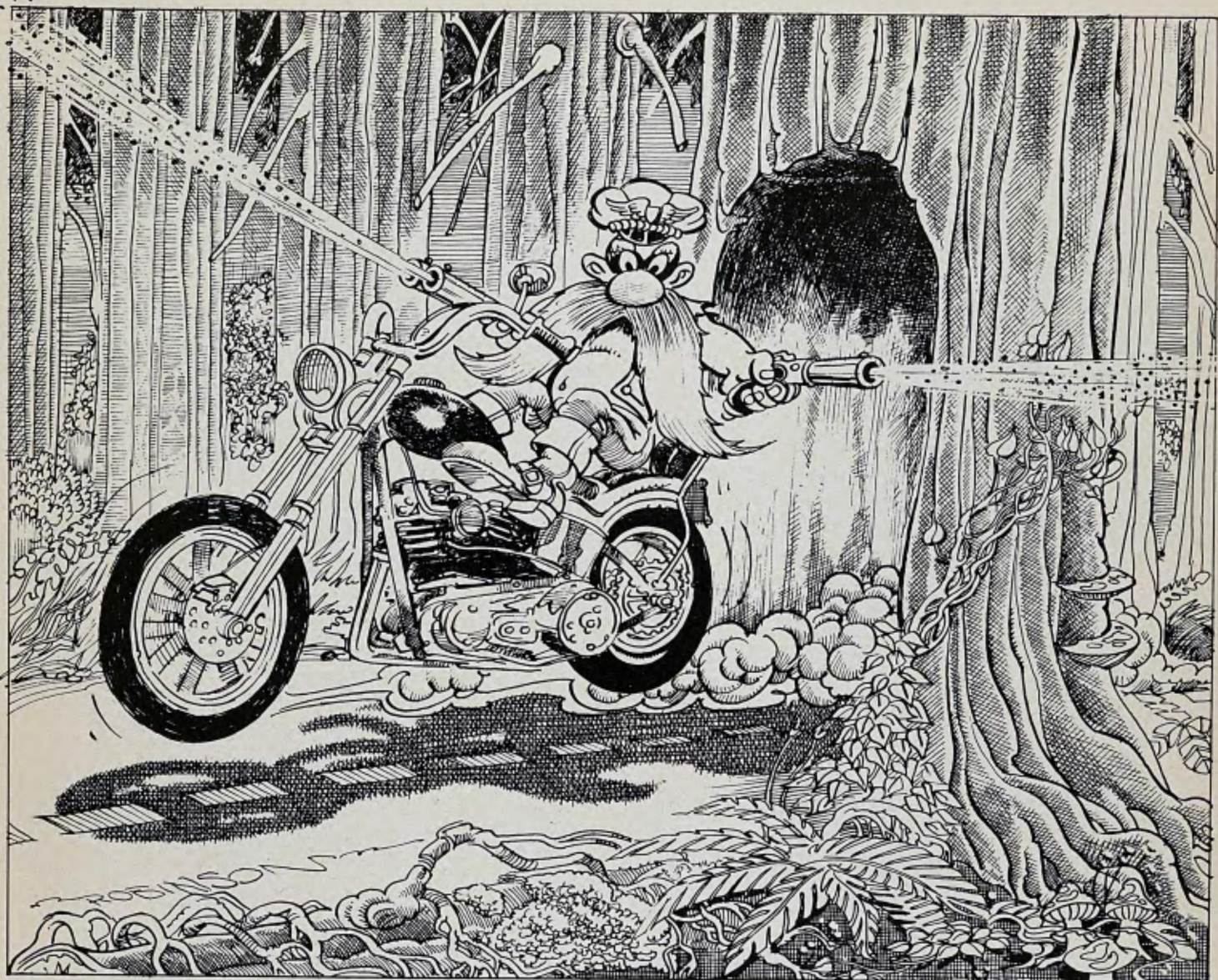


that's it. From that point on it's down to business, the business of buildin' the finest bikes possible in the confines of the Sequoian outback.

I like his style. His grandpappy logged the area, his pop chopped the gigantic Sequoias, an' young Sam took his turn at fellin' the standin' lumber yards. It got to him though. After a while, he couldn't figger out why he should be whittlin' on that bark for some other feller, 'stead of hisself. So he became a hermit. With one love — motorcycles. Deep in a grove of the world's most fully-blown plants, he gouged out a shelter, at first big enough for a scoot an' bedroll to take refuge, then an area big enough for a giant satellite dish antenna. Livin' space was enlarged by some others recently who dug Sam enough to help him out.

Now his whole trip is to kick back and teach his young talent, Socketmouth an' Wrench Wench, the art of redwood bikin'. He's had enough of that workin' shit. It's time to relax. Let the chicks spin the spanners. They dig it. No one else ever let 'em. They can get as grubbed up as they fuckin' please. Sam's lookin' out for 'em. He's up on his observation point, top o' the tree. Through an intricate maze of ladders he can climb to water an' attend to his small pride 'n' joy pot crop. Sittin' on an old tractor

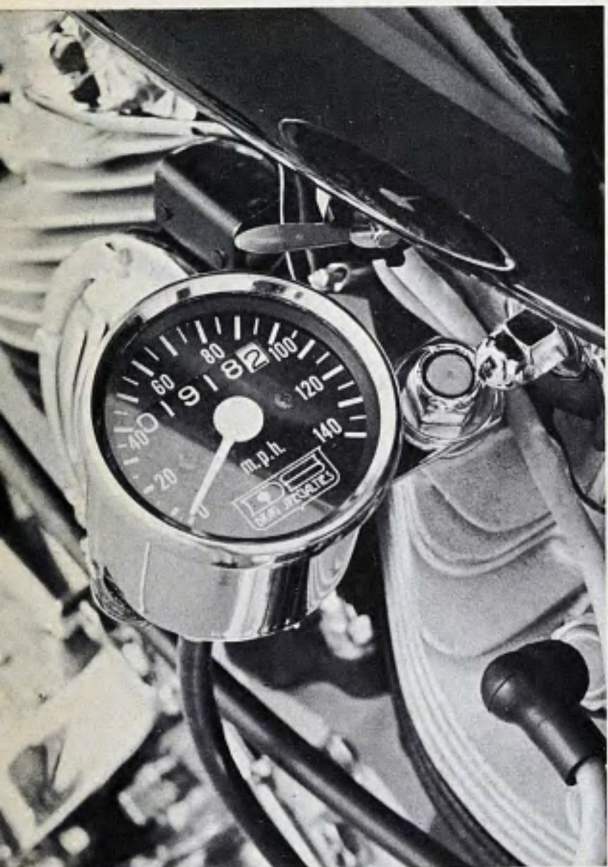




seat he sprays a mist onto the buds nearest him to saturate them in a combo of warm early mornin' sunlight an' water — both conducive to growth.

Meanwhile, a bell is tinkling through the trees. It's Sam's women, signaling — it's time to ride!

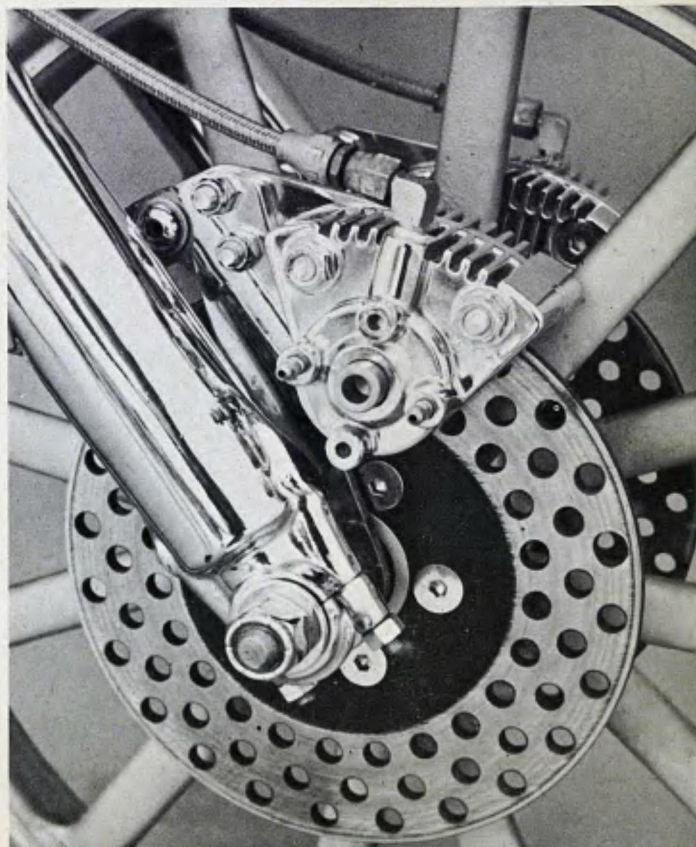
— Pipes



Owners: Sequoia Sam		City: Backwoods	
General		Frame: modified factory	
Fabrication by: Micah McCloskey		Year: '68	
Year and make: '68-'72 H-D		Builder: Micah McCloskey	
Model: shovel		Type: rigid	
Value: 10 polar bear pelts		Rake: 1/4-inch	
Assembly by: Micah McCloskey		Stretch: none	
Time: one harvest		Other alterations: cleaned up	
Chroming by: Supreme Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1972		Risers: Custom Chrome	
Model: shovel		Fender(s): Custom Chrome	
Rebuilder: Micah McCloskey		Headlight: Gary Bang	
Ignition: stock		Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 84		Speedo: Drag Specialties	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Bates (early)	
Balancing: West Valley		Rear pegs: Gary Bang	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: stock 12v.	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: Mustang	
Heads: ported		Oil tank: Gary Bang	
Cam(s): Andrews		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: S&S		Primary cover: factory chrome	
Carb(s): S&S Super B		Seat: Gary Bang	
Air cleaner: Super B		Sissybar: Micah McCloskey	
Pipes: Micah McCloskey		Height: 14 in.	
Muffler(s): Gary Bang		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: close 1st & 3rd		Type: stock	
Year: '72		Extension: 4 in. over	
Shifting: foot (stock)		Builder: factory H-D	
Engine sprocket: 40-tooth pulley belt drive		Special features: dual discs	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 3.25x18	Size: 15
Molding: Bob Brouett		Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Painter: Bob Brouett		Rim width: 3	Rim width: 5
Color: black		Tire: Continental	Tire: Pirelli radial
Type: catalyzed acrylic enamel		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: yeah			
Other special modifications: here and there.			



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Attention



A Contest For Dave Mann Freaks

This contest is one of a kind—so belly-up, all you Dave Mann art lovers. Now's your big chance to own a set of 74 saddlebags painted by Dave himself. They're unique — no one else in the world will ever own a pair of bags like these.

I can already hear all of you who don't own a 74 bitchin' that the prize ain't for your kinda scoot. Well, use some imagination, make the bags into planters, trash cans, dirty clothes hampers, ice buckets, whatever.

Now that you have found a use for these bags I'll tell ya how to get your filthy mitts on 'em. We all know that Spider is a collector of unusual and/or unusable things. Now, rustin' right out front of his hole is just such an item — a faded green 1954 Buick. All you have to do is tell us the mileage on its speedo. Don't worry, Spider took it out before tellin' us his contest idea and then hid it, so no one could cheat.

That's it, easy as sayin' "Mutha." So get on it — send all entries on a postcard or on the back of a sealed envelope (anything else will be shitcanned) to Dave Mann Contest, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. In the event of more than one correct entry, all those with the right number will be put into a barrel and one winner will be drawn. If no one guesses the correct mileage, then the closest guess, over or under, will win. Only the first five digits count — no tenths of a mile. The deadline is March 31, 1981.

True Love

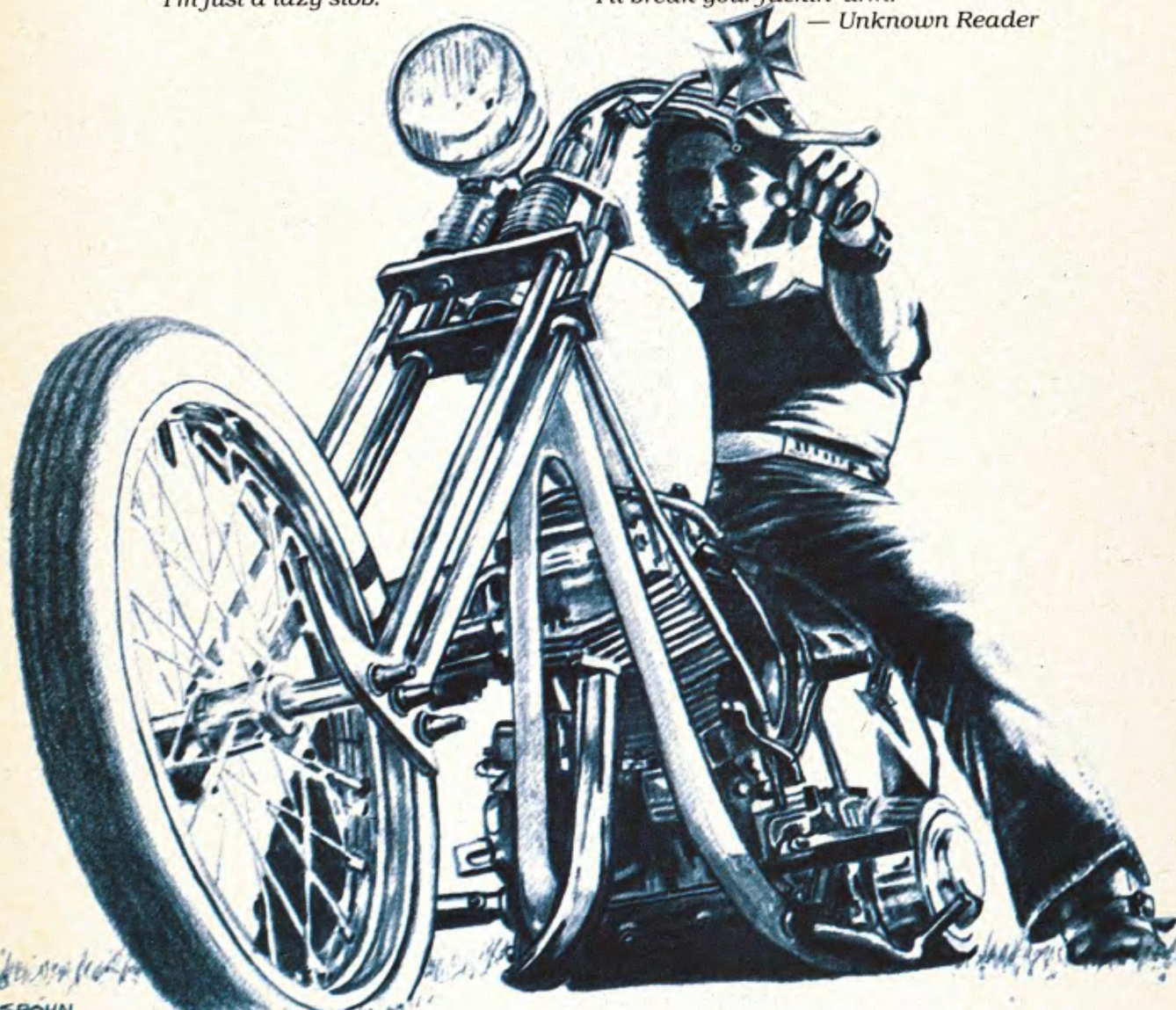
Ridin' on my chop all day,
That hardtail gets my ass.
The only time that things are right
Is when I smoke your grass.

If I didn't have so much to do,
I'd go out and get a job,
But, oh well, what the hell —
I'm just a lazy slob.

And I know you really love me,
'Cause ya give me all your cash,
But what really makes me feel so great
Is the way you move your ass.

But let me tell you one thing,
With all my grace and charm —
If ya say my bike is junk again,
I'll break your fuckin' arm!

— Unknown Reader



National

Abate
Easynews

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

More Incomplete NHTSA Statistics

The repeal of mandatory helmet legislation in 32 states since 1976 has been a positive move that has been instrumental in the reduction of motorcyclist fatalities.

The state police of Maryland reported that within the first six months of repeal, motorcyclist fatalities decreased by 30 percent. The state of Rhode Island reported a 166.7 percent increase in fatalities in 1971 when their helmet regulation was in effect but a 40 percent reduction in fatalities in 1979 when such regulation had been repealed.

Such reports of reduced fatalities following repeal are not unusual. New York and New Jersey have maintained the helmet regulation, and fatalities in New Jersey have increased 340 percent since the implementation of its helmet regulations. Last year helmet-related fatalities increased 41 percent in New York.

The 1980 National Highway Traffic Safety Administration report on motorcycle helmets, claiming increased fatalities, has disregarded these facts. The report is based primarily upon projections and incomplete statistics and is limited to only four (not 50) states with information predominantly current to 1978.

Motorcycle helmets are purely a cosmetic device that do not prevent accidents but do aggravate injuries. The State of Kansas Health and Environment Department noted in 1979 that no concrete evidence could be found to support the concept that any increase in motorcyclist fatalities had resulted from repeal of helmet regulations.

Helmets are an unnatural weight upon the head of the rider and radically increase cranial temperatures. Helmets severely restrict peripheral vision and significantly reduce hear-

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Assassin Who Slayed Biker From Pickup Truck Convicted

Indiana: The State Supreme Court upheld the second degree murder conviction and life sentence of Phillip Buhr in Steuben Circuit Court for the slaying of a motorcyclist on U.S. 30 the night of May 29, 1976.

Buhr was the driver of a pickup truck from which a passenger, identified as John Shock, shot and fatally injured Curtis Atteberry, Jr., a motorcyclist who was traveling on the same highway with them. Tes-

timony was that Buhr had suggested shooting the motorcyclist although he later testified he thought Shock's gun was not loaded and Shock was "just joking around."

The Supreme Court concluded, however, there was sufficient evidence to support the jury's conclusion that Buhr "actively participated" in the fatal shooting.

— *The Shelbyville News*

Another Example Of Misleading "Facts"

New Jersey: Some people continue to ignore the facts and rely on the repeatedly discredited National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, headed by Joan Claybrook, for the sake of a shocking headline.

The report released by the NHTSA back in 1978 compared motorcycle

fatalities in 1977 and 1976. It concluded that the national fatality increase in 1977 was due to the repeal of the helmet law in many states. Of course the NHTSA failed to mention that seven of the states, including New York, whose motorcycle fatalities had increased, were in fact states that had helmet laws! In fact, when the American Motorcycle Association and the Motorcycle

Continued on page 44

NHTSA Cash Cut

The House has voted sharp cuts in funds for the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA), nearly \$5 million of it being taken from research and analysis allocations.

As part of the Department of Transportation's appropriations package for fiscal 1981, which began Oct. 1, 1980, the House sliced \$11.1 million from the administration's recommended budget for NHTSA operations and research, setting this year's appropriation at \$82.253 million. That would amount to a \$1.5 million cut from this year's appropriation, with most of the money coming out of NHTSA's highway safety program and research and analysis work. (The "highway safety" program consists primarily of federal grants to the states to aid in conducting state and community safety efforts.)

House members voted to discontinue any subsidy for consumer participation in NHTSA's regulatory process and eliminated funding for the agency's fuel economy and odometer compliance programs. In other action, the House voted \$23.6 million for the state and community highway safety program, with a massive \$20 million of it earmarked for enforcement of the 55mph speed limit.

Continued pressure by motorcycle groups might have finally paid off. — *Status Report*

More On Roger Lyons

U.S.A.: In the January issue we printed an item about the third anniversary of Roger Lyons's death. Lyons was an Outlaw member who, according to many eyewitnesses, died as a consequence of a severe beating at the hands of the police. (A more complete account of the case appears in the February, 1978 issue.)

Continued on page 44

Roger Lyons

Continued from page 43

Mid-West Biker reports that the response to their petition to have the Department of Justice re-investigate the crime has been good. They are now undertaking a campaign to get the CBS news program *60 Minutes* to do a segment on the Lyons case, and they say letters of support would be helpful. If you would like them to do a story on the Lyons case, write *60 Minutes*, c/o CBS-TV, 524 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019. ■

"I Showed Them." Cage Driver Convicted of Smashing Harleys

Virginia: A man who police said was angry that motorcycle riders were hanging out at a Roanoke restaurant has been fined \$1,000 for ramming his car into their bikes.

Roanoke General District Judge Charles Cornelison convicted Wayne E. Gibson, 43, of reckless driving and told Gibson that he might spend 90 days in jail if he didn't pay any damage to the motorcycles that was not covered by insurance.

Police said that when they arrived at the parking lot of Star Bar B-Q, a crowd had gathered and a group of bikers was angry with Gibson, whose car had smashed five Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

The car was sitting on top of a vintage 1949 Harley and three other motorcycles were sandwiched between the car and a brick wall. A fifth bike, a three-wheeler, had been thrown several yards by the impact.

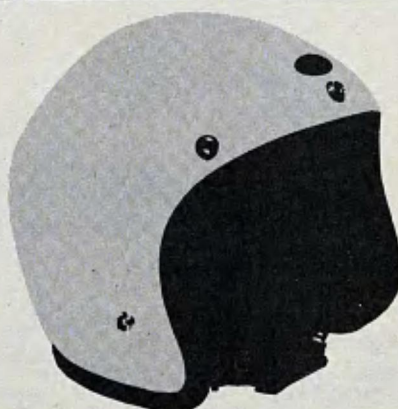
Gibson, who was placed in a police car for his protection, told officers he had lost control of his car while turning into the parking lot and skidded into the bikes. Police said there was no evidence to indicate he had skidded.

Assistant Roanoke Commonwealth's Attorney Gaston Williams argued that Gibson deliberately smashed the bikes.

Williams pointed to statements from others who said Gibson had been in the restaurant a short time before the accident and had complained to the manager about bikers being in the place. He reportedly got nasty and was ordered to leave, police said.

Police also said Gibson reportedly was overheard saying something to the effect of, "I guess I showed them." — AP, Roanoke ■

When you need helmets **FAST...** and **CHEAP!**



980

Price Effective 11/1/80

Any Quantity

CHOICE OF COLORS

Black • White

CHOICE OF SIZES

S, M, L, XL

Freight Paid on Orders Over \$200

We Stock Only Helmets Made in U.S.A.!

All 1981 models...inventory includes production overruns
and some helmets with minor cosmetic blemishes.

This is one more example of what is wrong with the dough-headed thinking of the pro-mandatory-helmet people. As mentioned in the last issue, they want helmet laws passed because they're supposed to protect us. But they don't pass mandatory helmet specification standards. So it's possible to buy a \$45 watermelon-sized helmet or a cheapo nine-buck one. Neither one may protect you in an accident — or do what the bureaucrats and lawmakers want us to believe they do. You may as well wear your kid's toy football helmet for all the good they do — better yet, no helmet at all. ■

\$1.75 Million For Lost Arm Caused By Bad Risers

Pennsylvania: A jury in Delaware County has awarded \$1.75 million in damages to a Folsom man who lost his right arm in a motorcycle accident four years ago.

James Bascelli, 26, said he was stunned when the verdict in his favor was announced.

"I'm a little relieved that this court stuff is over, but you know that whatever you get, it ain't gonna pay for an arm," Bascelli said.

He said it was still too soon for him to start thinking about how he would use the money. Indeed, it was uncertain that he would be able to collect it, since the company he sued, Randy Inc., a manufacturer of

custom motorcycle parts based in La Habra, Calif., has gone out of business.

The accident occurred Oct. 30, 1976, on Route 291 in Eddystone. Bascelli, who was then 22, said he was cruising at about 35 mph on his customized Harley-Davidson when the risers — parts connecting the handlebars to the motorcycle's front end — suddenly came off.

The motorcycle went out of control and Bascelli was thrown to the pavement. His right arm was torn from his shoulder.

During the trial, Howard Richard, Bascelli's attorney, argued that the accident was the result of defects in

the design of the custom front end Bascelli had had installed on the motorcycle in 1974.

Of four defects that he cited, Richard argued that the most critical was a cap screw that sheared off. The screw, according to a metallurgist who testified as an expert witness for the plaintiff, had too small a diameter for the stress it was expected to endure. — from Mike Lockey, Thornton, Pa. ■

"Facts"

Continued from page 43

Industry Council were allowed to review those figures, they found that the "repeal" states had a slightly superior safety record compared with the "law" states. Talk about misleading reports. — from Debby Samuels, N. Bellmore, N.J. ■

4,500 Crashes Studied

—Prove What We Know—It's Those Crazy Muthas in Cages

California: A study of 4,500 motorcycle accidents conducted by the University of Southern California shows that other drivers are at fault more often than motorcyclists.

The analysis, made public recently by the Transportation Department, showed that in 65 percent of the crashes, the driver of the other vehicle violated the motorcyclist's right-of-way.

The motorcyclist was to blame only 33 percent of the time. Other factors — the roadway, the motorcycle's condition, a pedestrian or animal or something else — were blamed in the remaining 2 percent of crashes.

In almost every instance in which another vehicle (spell that c-a-g-e) was blamed, that vehicle's driver said he did not see the motorcycle or saw it too late to avoid a crash.

The study proposed that motorcyclists keep their headlamps on, even in daylight hours, and wear highly visible garments, particularly yellow clothing.

The findings are based on an in-depth investigation of 900 crashes in the Los Angeles area, a review of police reports on 3,600 accidents, and interviews with more than 2,300 cycle riders.

Helmets Effective? Hell No!

Helmets are not effective in reducing head injury.

1. "Helmets usage does not significantly affect head injury severity." — Utah Highway Safety Division report, 1975.

2. 90% of the helmets tested off the shelves were defective — USDOT News, October 1972.

Helmets can cause accidents.

1. Restricted hearing: (a) Moderate to severe hearing loss — University of Utah Speech and Hearing Clinic. (b) Cannot properly identify the direction of sound — easily demonstrated.

2. Heat fatigue: Temperatures can reach 130 degrees within a helmet — Road Rider Magazine, July 1975.

The research indicated that helmets can prevent serious head injuries. In the 900 accident investigations, 78 percent of the motorcyclists killed were not wearing helmets. (They don't say how many of that 78 percent were killed by head injuries, or how many out of the 900 accidents were fatal, or how they decided which 900 out of the total 4,500 accidents they'd get nitty-gritty on. Did they pick only those that proved NHTSA's point?)

The detailed analysis of 900 accidents found that 74 percent involved more than one vehicle; 90 percent took place in urban or suburban areas; 88 percent required medical treatment for the motorcycle rider and 6 percent resulted in his death; 34 percent produced leg injuries, but chest or head injuries more frequently resulted in death; 75 percent took place during daylight and 98 percent in good weather; 68 percent took place within the first 12 minutes of the motorcycle trip; 70 percent took place with the motorcycle moving straight prior to the crash; and 38 percent of the multi-vehicle crashes happened as the other vehicle was turning left. Sixty-seven percent took place at intersections or driveways.

3. Physical fatigue: The helmet weighs an average of 2½ to 3 pounds.

4. Restricted movement.

5. Irritation and general discomfort caused by helmet and chinstrap.

6. Trapped bugs.

7. Induces a false sense of security in some riders.

Helmets can add to the severity of the injury.

1. "Tests carried out showed that helmets only slid for two thousandths of a second before they grabbed. The sudden stopping of the helmet twists the head and causes the brain to move inside the skull. This tends to rupture arteries that supply blood to the brain." — Dr. Bettil Aldman, professor of traffic safety at Chalmers University of Technology in Gothenburg, Sweden.

Continued on page 46

One Voter More Powerful Than A Hundred Riders

Malcolm Forbes, who has a magazine bearing his name, had a very simple message: one registered voter who writes to his representatives has more power than a hundred people riding around the capitol. Forbes, who rode his bike through Russia with Roger Hull of *Road Rider* magazine, talked to the group during a dinner. Forbes also pointed out that motorcycle rider groups (ABATE, AMA, NYMRO, NYMC, etc.) are very important because, as he put it, "Most of us would rather forget about legislation and just ride — but somebody has to watch for it." — from ABATE of New York.

Power Trip

The biker says: What you are telling me is that I am being discriminated against because I belong to a highly visible minority group.

Authority says: Visible and noisy. A person can smoke a cigarette without levitating an old lady out of her tennis shoes. The alcoholic may bill the taxpayer for an expensive abuse of his liver, but his hiccups do not under the night.

The biker says: Then what we are talking about is a mixed bag of prejudice against the people who ride on two wheels instead of four. And what about the fact that most accidents happen in the home? Why not make it illegal to climb into the bathtub without a helmet?

Authority says: We have considered this, but enforcement is awkward. What makes the biker an ideal subject for prosecution is that he flaunts his challenge to fate. He turns his vulnerability into a type of aggression. This is objectionable to the general public as compared with, say, the person over 65 who insists on climbing ladders.

The biker says: Then the bottom line is that the helmet law is political.

Authority says: Of course — isn't everything? The government inspects the scales of justice regularly, to make sure that our thumb is on the balance of power.

The biker says: I shall fight you in court.

Bully for you, says Authority. You will lose, but no hard feelings, eh? Try to think of the helmet law as the homage that one power trip pays to another. — from Eric Nicol, Vancouver, B.C.

Fatalities

Continued from page 43

ing. No helmet, regardless of cost or design, is capable of rejecting impact stresses above 13 miles per hour, as Federal Department of Transportation testing has evidenced, and in lateral skids, helmets deteriorate at two and one-half miles per hour. And as with mandatory seat belt laws, helmet laws are unconstitutional.

Socially responsible legislative initiatives should seek to repeal mandatory helmet regulations while implementing programs of motorcyclist safety education, and motorcycle awareness programs for automobile drivers. — David S. Mangeim, Executive Director, New York Motorcycle Coalition.

Helmet Law

Florida has passed a law (Senate Bill 493) making motorcycle safety education a part of driver education programs in the state's secondary schools beginning in the 1981-82 school year. Instruction may be limited to classroom work only.

Helmet law repeals were under consideration in Florida, Hawaii, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina, Vermont, Virginia, and West Virginia this year. South Carolina was the only one, however, to join the list of states without helmet laws. Their law requires riders under twenty-one to continue wearing their helmets.

A minor change was made in Maine's helmet law — riders under fifteen (both on and off road) are required to wear helmets.

The Colorado Medical Society tried a different approach to reinstating Colorado's helmet law. Petitions were circulated to have a helmet law referendum on the November 7 ballot. Only 45,200 signatures were collected by the deadline, falling 17,000 short of the required number for the referendum. Plans are already underway to introduce a helmet bill in next year's legislature.

MSF has a helmet repeal information chart available. Dates of repeal and restrictions are included on the chart. Copies are available free from the Legislative Relations Manager, Motorcycle Safety Foundation, 780 Elkridge Landing Road, Linthicum, Maryland 21090. — from the Motorcycle Safety Foundation.

NHTSA's False "Facts" Again NHTSA Will Do Anything To Try To Prove Its Point



The Nation: Forcing motorcyclists to wear helmets for their own good smacks of "big brotherism." Because cyclists are a minority group, their right to free choice regarding helmet use is being trampled.

National Highway Traffic Safety Administration Director Joan Claybrook states that the cyclists' death toll has risen 46 percent in the last four years, as 28 states relaxed or repealed their laws. **What was not mentioned is the fact that in Alaska, where the law was repealed, the death rate went down 11 percent.** In addition, the Motor Safety Foundation reports that, while motorcycle registrations nationwide in 1979 went up 10.4 percent, both accidents per 10,000 registrations and fatalities per 10,000 registrations went down.

Clearly, there is no easy solution to the safety problem. Better rider education and licensing procedures as well as addressing the major cause of motorcycle accidents, the four-wheeler, will do more to reduce accidents and fatalities than any ill-conceived and unjust mandatory helmet law. ■

Buy American Help Our Own

Wisconsin: The State Patrol's decision to buy five Japanese-made Kawasaki motorcycles instead of cycles made by Milwaukee-based Harley-Davidson was criticized recently by a state legislator.

Rep. Ron Lingren, D-Menomonee Falls, said it "just doesn't make economic sense" to buy the foreign-made cycles in light of a 17-day layoff recently announced for 700 Harley-Davidson employees because of the firm's declining sales.

Harley-Davidson's bid to the state was \$500 more per cycle than Kawasaki's, Lingren said.

"The department (of transportation) maintains that the law requires preference for U.S. or Wisconsin products only if all other factors remain equal. I have to question the department's interpretation of equality," Lingren said.

He said the Department of Transportation's "narrow interpretation" of the law contributed, albeit slightly, to the economic hardship of laid-off Harley-Davidson employees and their families.

"In a time of economic austerity, we should be supporting our own people, and the state of Wisconsin should set the example," Lingren said. — from R.U., Superior, Wis. ■

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
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☐ 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

Continued from page 45

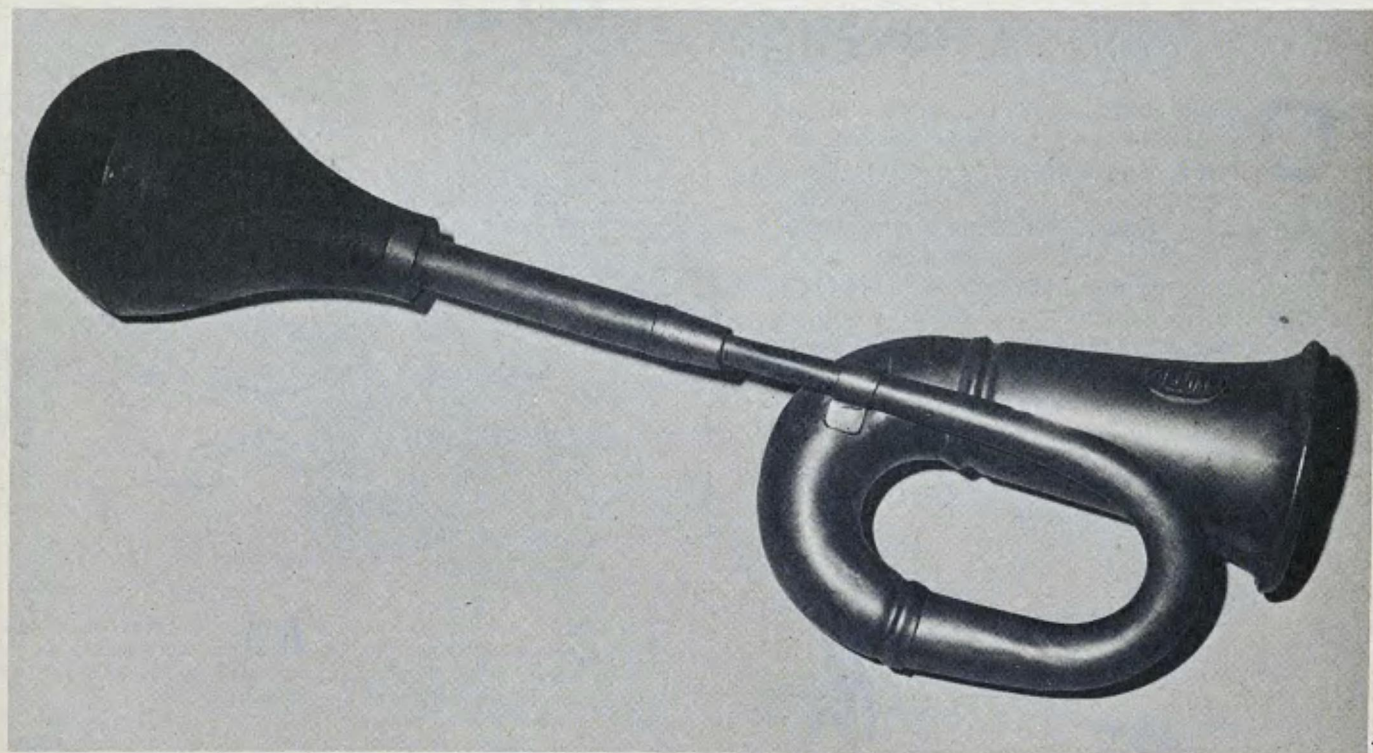
- Broken necks: Serious and fatal neck injury increased 75% in New York State the first year of mandatory helmets.
 - Concussion with no fracture: Can be caused by a helmet and can result in massive internal head injury. — Dr. D.M. Kuland, Rhode Island Hospital.
 - Concussion with a fracture: Can result in the brain swelling into the helmet — followed by removal of the helmet by an unknown "Rescuer."
 - Pieces of the shattered helmet can become embedded in the head.
 - The chinstrap was compared to a hangman's noose in a US Naval Study — "The Cervico-cranium and the Aviator's Protective Helmet," Cdr. E.J. Colangelo, MC, USN, Naval Safety Center, Norfolk, Virginia.
- Head injury is getting undue attention.**

1. Automobile accidents produce the same proportion of head injuries as motorcycle accidents.

2. With or without a helmet on, a motorcyclist is many times more likely to die from multiple injuries than from head injuries. — from ABATE of Idaho.
— from ABATE of Idaho. ■

Playin' With Figures

Louisiana: A recent report stated that motorcycle deaths had increased 46 percent since 1976. However, it did not mention how much motorcycle sales had increased. If motorcycle sales had increased 50 percent since 1976, then the death rate compared with the number of motorcycles would have decreased instead of increased. When you put more of anything on U.S. roads you're going to have a death increase. — from Blondie and Candy, Shreveport, La. ■



Big Noise From The Handlebars

Believe it or not, bros, this here tech tip is about horns — bulb horns, that is. Vehicle inspection regs for many states require that a horn be operable with the engine shut off. If ya got a battery to power an electric squawker, that's all well and good. But for sleds running magnetos, battery eliminators, and the like, somethin' else is needed.

I have seen a few scoots that used a small, engine-driven compressor to store pressure for an air horn. Ingenious — and kinda complicated. You can simplify this by pickin' up a comparable horn powered by a freon can. Try sportin' goods or marine supply outlets if your local bike shop don't have 'em.

But the good ol'-time hand-squeeze bulb horn is probably the best solution ta keepin' the cages alerted to your presence out on the superslab.

These jobs come in various sizes and styles, and prices that range from the sublime to the ridiculous. Our vote for the most sublime is shown in photo number one, a brass 'n' butyl beauty. This is a replica of the notorious Bombay taxi horn — a hunk of funk-up tubin' reputed to have made Buddha do the hula in his grave, and forced the Ganges River to flow backwards each time it was tooted. Similar types are available through classic auto suppliers, sports car part houses, and even J.C. Whitney. Prices are usually high. This kinda blaster is a trifle big for a solo putt, but right for a sidecar outfit or trike.

Photo two leads the pack as our pick for the best all-around sled horn. It gives a very sharp triple tone not unlike an Eldo, and will pierce the fiercest freeway cacophony. (I think he means a lotta

noise — ed.) I found this one in a pile of dust at the



back of an old Western Auto store. A similar double-tone number, from Wassel Limited in England, can be ordered from most British bike dealers.

Before proceedin' further, here's a hunk of info about horn mounting. The bulb is the most fragile part, so it's usually best to mount the horn as close as possible to the bulb to keep it from shakin' too much in the breeze or from vibration. And to keep the rubber from goin' south prematurely in the corrosive city smog, a regular application of a preservative like Armor All is a good idea.

The most ridiculous noisemaker I stumbled across in the heavy research for this article is the puny Hollywood goose horn (photo three) you'll



find on the shelves of most bicycle shops. The plaintive little bleat that issues forth from its bell wouldn't stop a hummingbird. 'Course, that ain't necessarily the point since this little sucker weighs less than an eighth of a pound and meets the legal requirements in many places. So it might be a choice for a go-fast scoot where every ounce counts. After all, that kinda machine has likely got a set of straight pipes that'll let everyone know it's comin' — horn or no horn.

— Mystery Man

Witty Willie's Revenge

Our search for a new title for this feature went over like a fart in a spacesuit — nothin'. So we turned to our staff for help — specifically, Willie, our man in charge of office latrines. We call him Witty Willie, 'cause his I.Q. is barely measurable and he's never been known to string more than four words together at a time. Anyhow, since he was the only one left around here who could stomach readin' the jokes we receive, we decided to promote him and put him in charge of this page. 'Course, if he blows it, it's back to swabbin' toilets for Willie. We cough up a big 25 bucks for each joke we use, so if you've got a gag for us, send it to Witty Willie, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.



"Did you come yet?"

The biker got a talking parrot from his ol' lady on his birthday. The bird was okay for a while, but pretty soon he started causing trouble. Every time the chick started loving up her man, the parrot yelled, "I know who's getting fucked tonight!"

Finally the bro couldn't stand it any longer, 'cause his broad got turned off when the parrot started squawking. He figured maybe the feathered fiend needed some screwing himself, so he bought an owl and put her in the cage with the parrot. The next time his chick got horny, the biker waited to see what would happen with the birds.

Sure enough, the parrot yelled, "I know who's getting fucked tonight!"

The owl turned her head and said, "Who? Who?"

Immediately the parrot screamed back, "Not you, you flat-faced bitch!"

— Dennis Weatherford
Crescent, Iowa

At least you can say this about a well-built girl in a tight sweater: she has more than one point of interest.

— Jess Tarpey
Red Oak, Okla.

"Hey, man, you still dating that wild broad with the wooden leg?" one biker asked the other.

"Naw. I had a quarrel with her and broke it off."

— James Allen
Fort Smith, Ark.

A woman walked into a bar with a goose tucked under her arm. She ordered wine, and every now and then gave the goose a sip.

"Quit feeding that pig wine," a customer yelled.

"I beg your pardon," the woman said. "This is a goose, not a pig!"

"I was speaking to the goose," the customer said.

— G. Brown
Las Vegas, Nev.



"The fungus is free."

"Is that you knocking, dear?" asked the shy young bride, giggling in bed with her head under the covers.

"Yes, it is, my sweet," the bridegroom answered from the other side of the bathroom door.

"Well, come on in."

"All right," said the eager dude, "but aren't you going to ask me what I'm knocking with?"

— Dwight Lupinista
Weston, Mass.

Biker Bob: After all that shit, they're back together again. Cop: Who?

Biker Bob: The cheeks of your ass
— G. Laureyns
Greenfield, Mass.

What do a vibrator and a sack of soybeans have in common? They're both meat substitutes.

— Doc
Las Cruces, N.M.

Two men were waiting outside the delivery room of a hospital. One of the men had already fathered many children; the other was a young man who had never had any.

"How long would you say it'll be before I can have sexual relations with my wife again?" he asked the experienced father.

"That all depends," was the reply, "on whether she's in a private room or a semi-private one."

— Tommy Yates
Jackson, Miss.

Efforts by police and firemen trying to talk the first American clone from jumping from the roof of an apartment building were failing. They spotted a passing priest in the crowd below and called to him:

"Father, see what you can do."

The priest looked shocked. "I didn't come here to save the bastard," he said. "I came here to see an obscene clone fall."

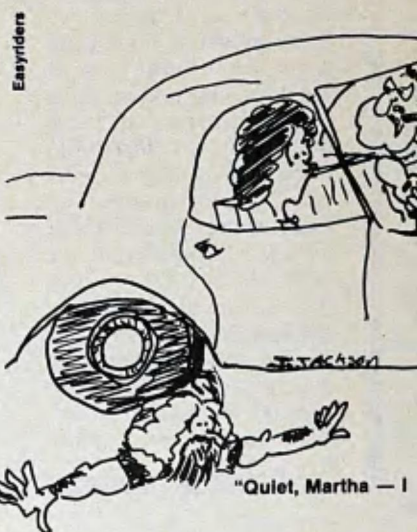
— T.E.O.
Philly, Pa.

Dirty Dave: Did ya hear about the biker who lost his ol' lady?

Tex: No.

Dirty Dave: Yeah, he forgot where he laid her!

— Craig Musgrove
Port Arthur, Tex.



"Quiet, Martha — I

A biker was just coming out of the restroom when a very dignified businessman came in. The biker told him that there was no toilet paper in the head. The businessman asked, "What did you wipe with?"

The biker replied, "A dollar."

A couple of minutes later the businessman came out of the head and his hands were covered with shit. The biker said, "I told you there wasn't any toilet paper in there and that you'd have to wipe with a dollar."

"I did," replied the businessman. "Three quarters, two dimes and a nickel."

— David Puie
Litchfield, Ohio

Why do men sleep better on their sides? Because they have kickstands.

— K.E. Beach
So. Boston, Va.

Easyriders



"Hey, man, my ol' lady's gone — how far back ya figger she fell off?"

Easyriders



"Hey, man, I don't think it's gonna work."

An old bro of eighty married a twenty-year-old girl. After the ceremony he was bragging to a former girlfriend about what he'd done. After some thought, all she had to say was, "When I'm eighty years old, I'll marry myself a twenty-year-old boy. And let me tell ya somethin': Twenty goes into eighty a helluva lot more often than eighty goes into twenty!"

— Panama Red
Holley, N.Y.

Health food waiter: Excuse me, miss. If I wasn't a vegetarian, I'd say you look good enough to eat.

Young lady: Well, pretend I'm an orange and suck the juice.

— Richard Byrd
Stormville, N.Y.

What's the difference between an Iranian and piles? No difference. They both come out, won't go back in, and are a pain in the ass.

— Paul de Sallies
Australia

The third-grade teacher was teaching sex education when she asked if anyone knew what a penis was. Johnny quickly raised his hand and said, "I know, I know. My daddy has two of them."

"Your daddy has two penises?" questioned the teacher.

"Yeah," said Johnny. "He's got a small one that he goes peepee with and a big one that he uses to brush the babysitter's teeth with."

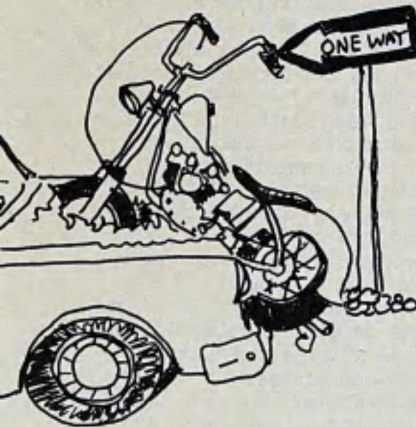
— S.C.
San Jose, Calif.

You show me a broad who's never seen a cock, and I'll show her mine.

— The Fly
Long Beach, Calif.

Feeling down and out? Cheer up and think how good you felt when it was up and in.

— David Tyler
Kansas City, Mo.



An old dude was approached by a female resident at the nursing home. "I'll betcha \$50 I got more hair on my chest than you do around yer root," she croaked.

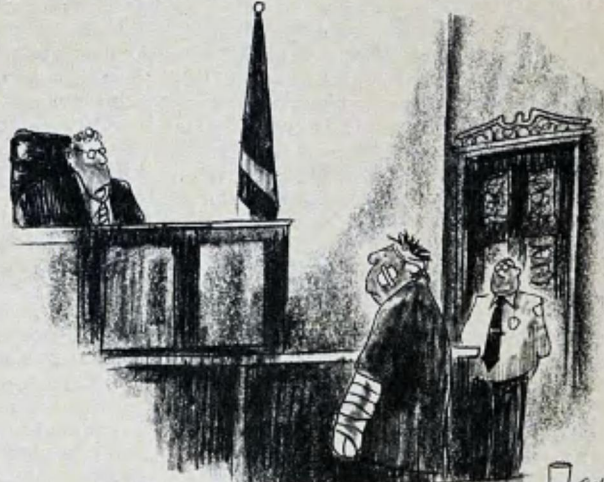
"Yer on!" shrieked the old fart as he dropped his pants and held out his hand for the cash. The ol' bat raised her skirt and flashed him her heavily overgrown bush.

"Hey," retorted the old dude, "that ain't yer chest."

"Hell it ain't," cackled the bitch as she grabbed the bill out of his hand. "Before I got married it was my hope chest, during my marriage it was the chest that housed the family jewels, and now it's the community chest!"

— Tony Primo
Chicago, Ill.

Easyriders



"Mr. Nelson, you have been charged with attempted wife beating — how do you plead?"

Cotham

VET VOICE

Stand up! Hook up! Shuffle to the door!
Jump right out and count to four!

— Paratrooper's Anthem

Six Air Force C-130 Hercules roared through the dawn sky, skimming the green rice fields, rising to seven hundred feet a few miles from the drop zone. Inside, seventeen teammates of B-55, 5th Special Forces readied themselves for the mission. Six hundred Montagnard strikers, the 5th Mobile Strike Force (Mike Force) from Nha Trang checked their weapons and adjusted their chutes. The Tribesmen, Rhade, Cham, Rugalai, and Coho were all professional soldiers recruited, trained, and equipped by the berets. Tension filled the air as each soldier readied himself for the plunge into the unknown.

I checked my equipment for the hundredth time. Shotgun slung under my right arm, .45 on my right hip, .38 in my belt. Emergency chute okay, main okay, jumpbag filled to capacity with my rucksack, major medical kit, PRC-25 radio, three spare batteries, one hundred-fifty double-0 buckshot shotgun shells, four frags, a Willie Peter, green and red smoke, film, survival pack, two-and-a-half-pound bar of C-4 for cooking, four plastic one-quart canteens, one collapsible five-quart canteen, poncho, poncho liner, cord, two full .45 clips, spare matches, Viet Cong shovel, cleaning kit, six LRP rations, six Butterfingers, four frozen canned Cokes, three cans peaches, pre-sweetened Kool-Aid, six pairs of dry socks, and a large roll of toilet paper.

My modified Air Force combat vest had its many small pockets filled with frags, smoke, flares, compass, strobelight, and bandages. My Bowie knife was mounted upside down over my heart. From the snap pocket belt attached to the bottom of the vest hung my .45, two canteens, fifty shotgun shells, camera, serum albumin IV pack, morphine syrettes, red and green smoke, bandage packs, etc.

"Stand up!" the jumpmaster, Sergeant Major John (Pappy) Birch, signaled. I staggered to my feet and the weight almost pulled me over.

"Hook up!" Pappy yelled, as he gave the signal. "Stand in the door!"

My heart was pounding so hard I couldn't hear the engine noise. I was standing in the door, first man out. From seven hundred feet up you could see the individual plants in the fields, the dikes and canals dividing the water like giant

picture frames, the water reflecting our six planes in line over the drop zone.

Go! Green light! Tap. Into the slipstream. Airborne! Check my MC-1 chute, hit the quick release to drop the jump bag. Splash. Under water, shittiest tasting water I ever swallowed. Billy Choate yelling for help, being pulled under by the weight of his equipment. I was too tangled in my own gear to reach him, but he finally struggled to the surface. People were under water everywhere, chutes floating on the surface like giant camouflage lily pads, the 'yards cutting them up for tents. Lots of incoming fire, but too busy — just ignore it.

Like giant mosquitoes, the flat-bottomed, propeller-driven boats, piloted by our brothers from the Triton A-Camp raced to our rescue. Thirty-caliber machine guns mounted on the bows, the swamp boats circled, gathered us up, and deposited us on a canal bank.

All our radios were filled with water, the scrambler didn't work, my camera was ruined, weapons covered in mud. I was dripping wet, trying to get a head count, distribute gear, while trying not to step on a booby trap.

We picked our way down the dike to the base of Nui Coto, Superstition Mountain. The only mountain in a hundred square miles of rice paddies. Our first night's camp was a tree-shaded area, dominated by an ancient pyramid. The stairway to the top was guarded on each side by large stone cobras. On top, bombed-out walls, covered in paintings, like LSD posters, pink skies, golden waterfalls, and yellow trees. Walking upright, dressed in long robes, were blue elephants, and red crocodiles. They had human hands and feet and most had halos around their heads. Golden Buddhas, inside gilded temples, the smell of incense, ancient writing covered the walls of this sacred place. The courtyards

had stone fish ponds, and walkways and live sacred cobras slithered everywhere.

To one side of the pyramid was the monks' dormitory, the eaves were wooden dragons, the ornate chairs stared with demon eyes at the interlopers disturbing their sleep. Altars mounted with candles and brass incense holders were in every corner. Deserted many years before, the place made me feel like a burglar in a house, wondering when the owners would come home.

I could almost see shaven-headed, saffron-robed initiates, holding altar candles, waving incense, chanting Krishnas, practicing some ancient ritual not witnessed by Western man. Through the twilight golden ghosts floated down from the sacred mountain to protest the disturbance of their most holy temples.

In the twelve years since I made that jump, I have never encountered a stranger day or a stranger place, though in my travels I have run upon some pretty bizarre situations. But that day in 1969 tops them all. When I am involved in a tight situation, I just think back to that day in March, and the crisis comes into perspective. I can handle any situation that occurs because I have lived through extremely weird times and places and am not freaked out by the unexpected. The experience I gained has had a profound influence on my life, an influence I would not exchange for anything.

When you are out, you run into more vets and war stories abound. Every vet has stories that would blow most civilians' minds. After a night of war stories, I feel better, more at peace, and closer to brothers left behind. If you have a war story, I would like to read it. I don't know what I'll do with it, but I will read and understand each one. A letter is all it takes. Hearing a war story would make me feel better, telling it might make you feel better too.

— Doc





The Business Staff Tested Spider's Homegrown!

The fuckin' business lightweights were gettin' together to figure ways the editorial staff could reduce costs, but Spider convinced them they should get into a serious mood before gettin' down to business — like us editorial people do. So they did, and before they crashed, some of 'em even thought they were members of the 76 Trombones Band.

Well, the good news is that they didn't decide shit — except they liked those tiny cigars Spider smokes and the brownies Mother Superior passed around to go along with their milk.

So while the mag continues to improve, the subscription prices stay the same — despite paper price increases. And we'll still send a free full-color decal with every new subscription.

Better subscribe today before that mind-bendin' shit of Spider's wears off and they go on another price rampage.



Our subscriber list is not sold or rented to any organization.

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Check one:

93

- Smiley, you old pot-smoking, pill-droppin' lecher,
☐ Here's \$18.99 for 12 issues.
☐ Here's \$36.99 for 24 issues.

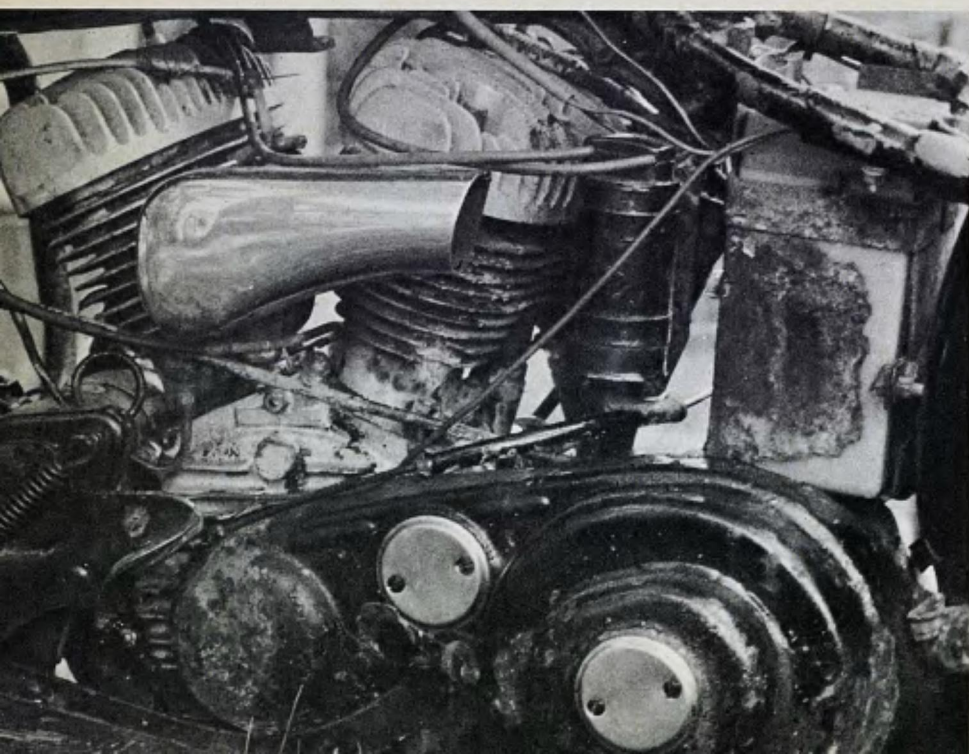
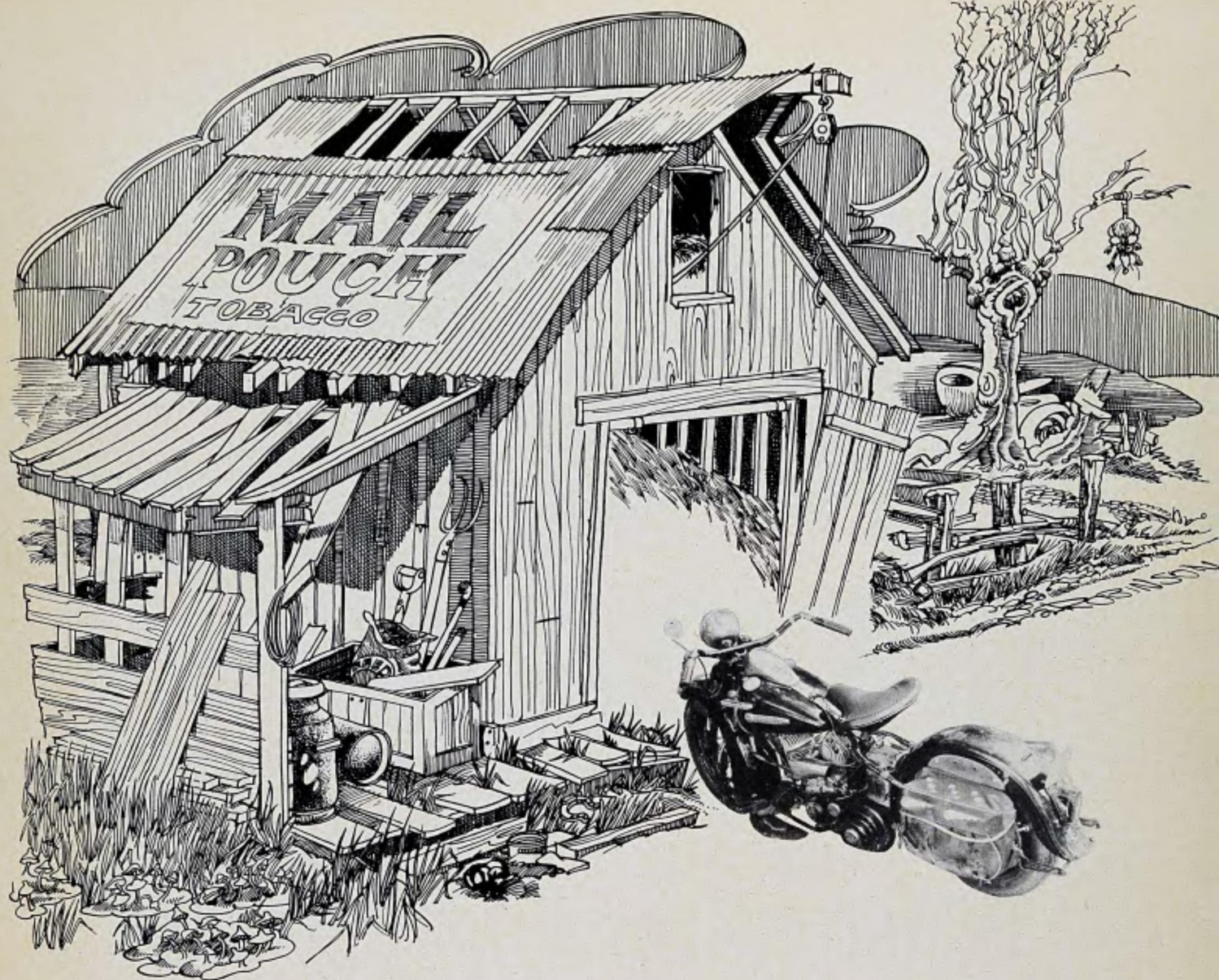
And quit flopping around on the damned floor, it's only a lousy penny.

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He Got There First

EAT YOUR HEART OUT!

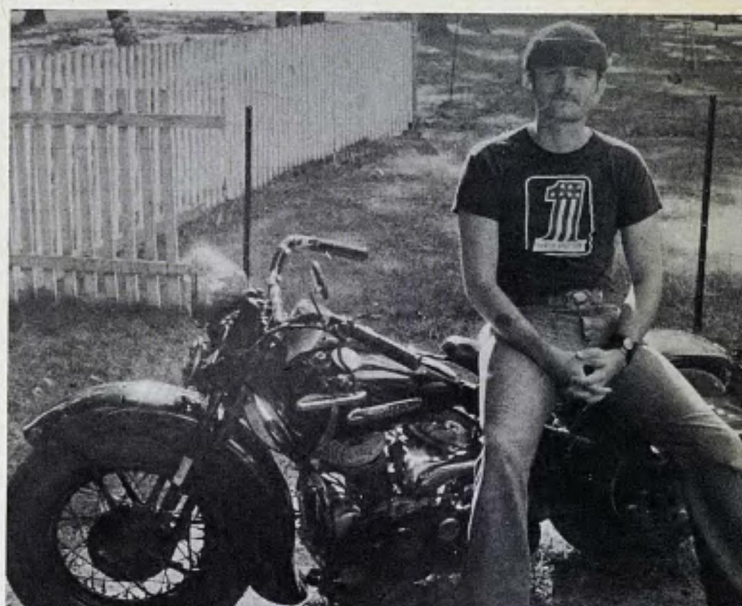
There's probably not a Harley-ridin' mother's son anywhere who hasn't dreamed of finding a really righteous old iron in some obscure place and making it his own. Seems like some lucky bro is forever successful, too. There are always stories going around and rumors about one or another treasure, rusting away under tarps in some old codger's barn. But either the place is too far away or you get there and find that it was only a rumor.

This dude actually struck it rich — while bustin' his ass in the Army Special Forces School, no less. There, in

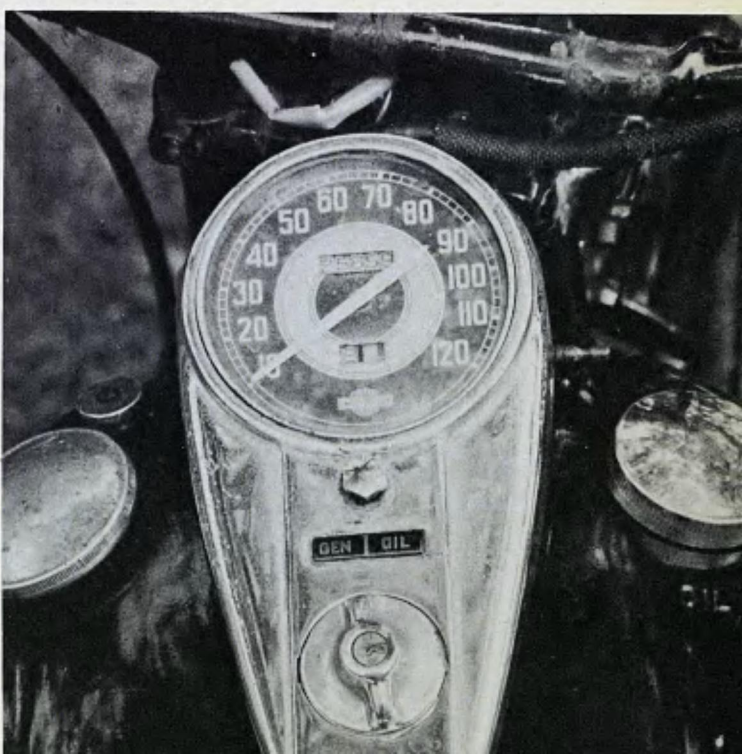
Troy, North Carolina, he found this sweetheart of a '41 flathead. The owner had stored it in his shed for fifteen years, only riding it around his property enough to keep the battery charged.

And there she is: 45 cubes, with a three-speed shift and suicide clutch, and every piece stock, right down to the tires and saddlebags. Only the wiring, the battery, and the reupholstered seat are new. She runs like a charm and has more than convinced Walker that dreams do come true! Maybe next time. . .

— Jealous



Photos by Greg Walker



PAYBACK'S A BITCH

"Damn!" swore Paul Renozza, better known to a limited number of acquaintances as "Sleazy Reno."

"What'd ya say, Reno?" queried a sultry voice from the kitchen.

"It's this story in the *Times*," he replied. "I just can't believe it!"

"What's that yer sayin', babe?" His ol' lady, a paunchy, big-breasted, bottle-spawned blonde stepped through the archway that led from the kitchen into the living room. Perching her elbows on the back of his chair, she leaned forward, letting her breasts fall smotheringly about the head and neck of her current live-in lover. "Ya see somethin' good?" she cooed.

"Good? This is too good to be true!" he said, oblivious to his woman's advances. "Just listen to this, Marsha!" And with a shit-eating grin spreading slowly across his face, he began to read:

A bizarre burial service was conducted at Millstown's Hillcrest Cemetery yesterday. The body of Bruce "Demon" Williams, 26, was laid to rest beside the Harley-Davidson motorcycle he had been riding when killed in a collision with a tractor-trailer.

According to a bearded spokesman for the Satan Spoilers Motorcycle Club, Williams was buried with his motorcycle because "he's gone to a better place now... a place where he can ride free and high without bein' harassed by cops and speed limits and drunk cage drivers."

The biker, who refused to be identified, said the club had restored the motorcycle to perfect condition before burying it.

Reno put down the newspaper. "Hah! How 'bout that?"

"Hmmpphhh," said Marsha, shrugging as she wrapped her arms around Reno's neck and pulled herself closer to him. "Ain't that somethin'?"

"Hold on, lady!" Reno struggled to free himself from her grasp. "Is that all you have to say, 'Ain't that somethin'?' Don't you see what this means?"

"What *what* means?" Marsha countered, a look of bewilderment on her face.

"Why... ahhh... oh, hell!" Reno rose from the armchair and carefully folded the paper over twice. He approached his plump companion and held the article directly in front of her eyes. "Look at the picture, babe. The caption says it's a recent photo of Williams and his sled."

"Yeah. It's pretty. So what?" Marsha pushed the paper away from her face. "I seen it before, when I was lookin' over your shoulder."

"Well, you should look again," he advised, pointing to the photograph. "You should've looked closer at that bike. It's a

'76 Super Glide! It's got chromework up the ass, and the paper says it's been restored a hundred percent."

"Hey," Marsha interjected. "What are you gettin' yerself all w rked up about? I mean, that bike's in a hole with a friggin' stiff. I'm sure this guy Williams is in no shape to sign the pink slip over to you." She shook her head and smiled, amused by the thought, as she returned to the kitchen.

Reno continued to stare at the newspaper. A hungering look began to glaze his eyes and, only half-conscious of his words, he muttered a belated reply to Marsha's statement. "Who said anything about needin' the stiff to sign over the slip?"

"What was that?" shrieked her voice from the other room. She rushed to his side and looked directly into his eyes. "Just what are you talkin' about, Reno? What are you plannin'?"

"Give me the keys to the van, Marsha!"

"Reno! No! That's fuckin' grave robbin'. Besides, you read the paper. Maybe that dude *knows* his brothers buried that Hog with him. You want someone with an attitude waitin' for you in Hell? Ya can't do it, Reno — it'll come back on you."

"Lissen, bitch, no fairy story about Harley Heaven is gonna keep me off the seat of that scoot. You haul ass and get me them keys. I'm gonna take me a ride to Millstown."

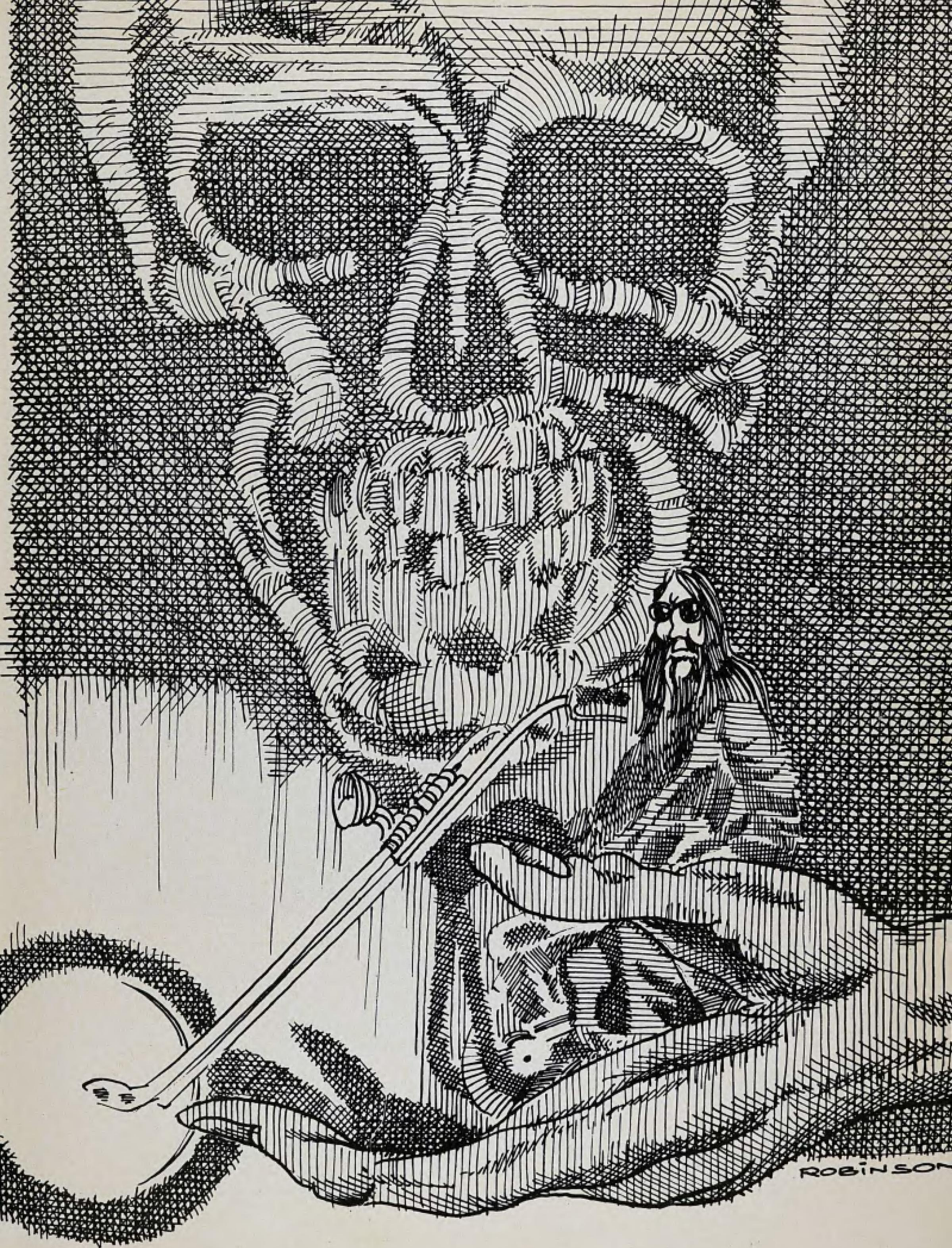
• • •

The lengthy bolt cutters easily snipped the rusted chain woven through the wrought-iron bars of the Hillcrest Cemetery's entrance. The aged hinges made an eerie screech as Reno pushed inward on the gate. Entry assured, he returned to the battered, idling van and glanced at his watch. Beneath the hazy glow of a waning moon, he could see that it was exactly 3 a.m. He looked in all directions. Except for the rustling of leaves in the gently swaying trees, there was no sound to be heard, no one to be seen. Reno was the only living person on the shadowy, wooded hilltop.

With his headlights out, he drove directly toward his goal. He'd hung around the cemetery for a week, refining his plans. He knew just where the equipment garage was located, hidden from mourners' eyes by a stand of trees. Once again the trusty bolt cutters did their job. Within ten minutes, Reno was driving the hot-wired backhoe out onto the neatly trimmed sod surrounding a gravesite marked by a headstone bearing the name *Bruce "Demon" Williams*. As he regarded the stone momentarily, beads of sweat began to dot his brow despite the chilling breeze.

Suddenly, as if breaking free from a trance, he shook his head wildly and swung the backhoe scoop into position over the grave. Though he'd brought a fluorescent torch with him, the full moon he had planned on provided more than enough light for his grisly task.

Continued on page 111



ROBINSON

Ol' Lady Contest

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

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

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

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

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

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is February 26. We'll print the winner in the May issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #93 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52 Malibu, California 90265.



Donna

Ol' Lady Contest

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

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

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

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

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

Darlene



Debbie

Crazie Annie



Ol' Lady Of The Month

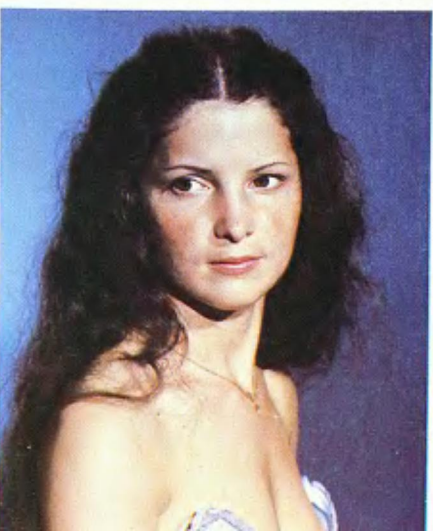
Here she is, folks — Ellen, the ninth winner in the 1980 *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Susane, Carolyn, and Renee.



Debbi



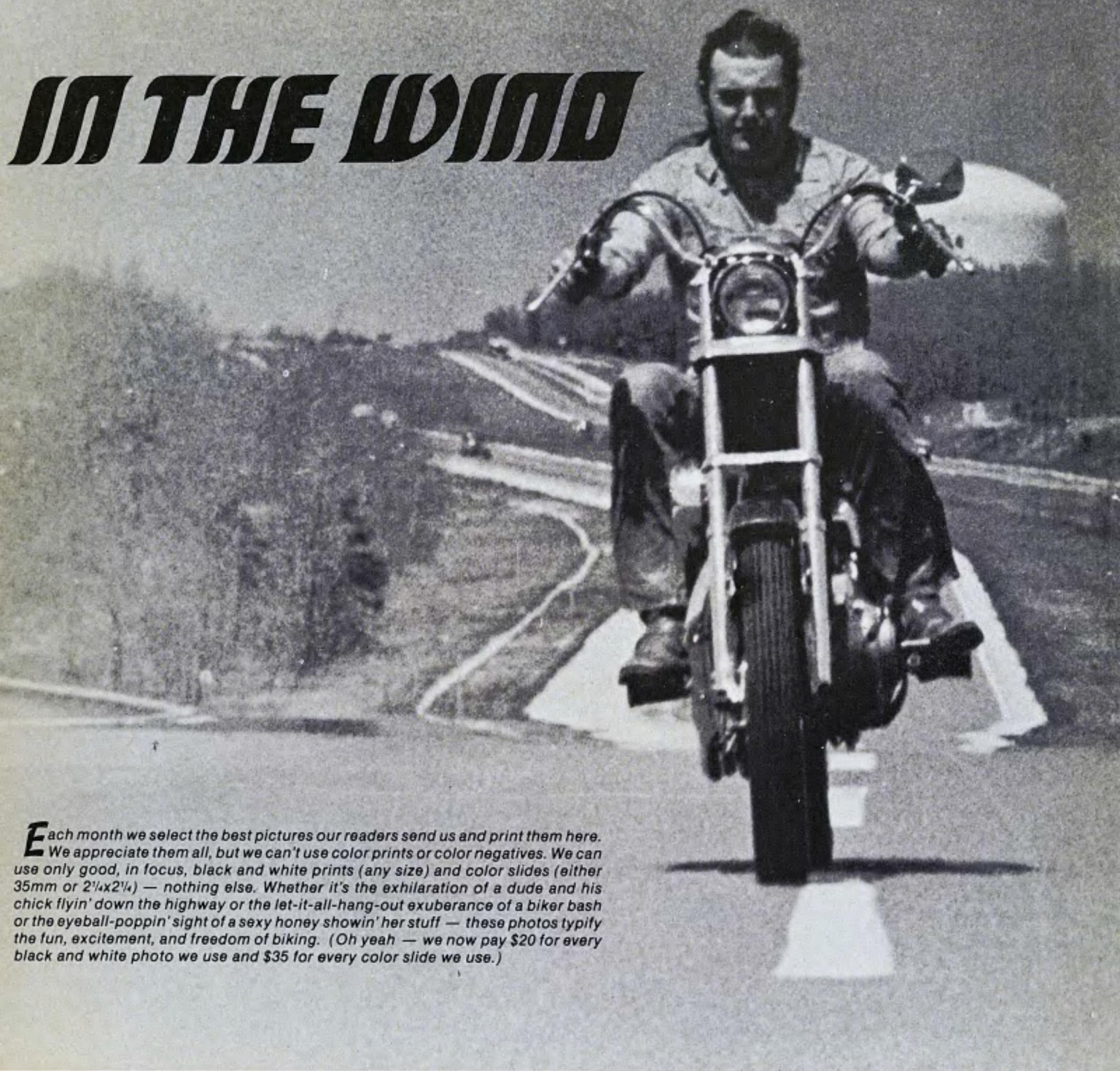
Madonna



Lori

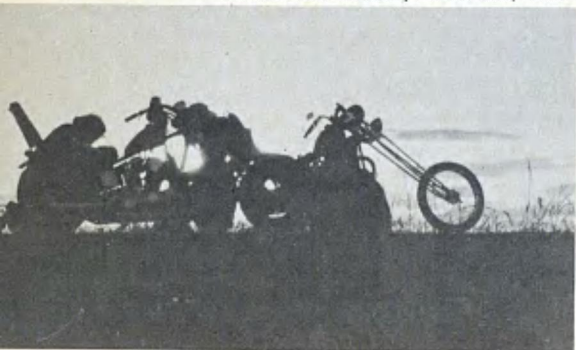


IN THE WIND



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 Linda Barbour, Placerville, Calif.



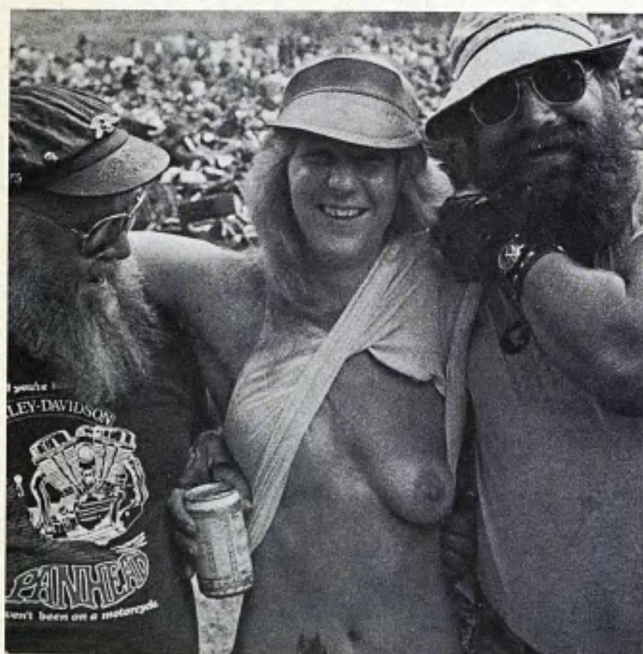
— from John Moyer, Vineland, N.J.



— from Dan Richards, Martinez, Calif.



— from Big Ed, Portland, Maine



— from Al Goldberg, Philadelphia, Pa.



— from J.K. Krummel, McKeesport, Pa.



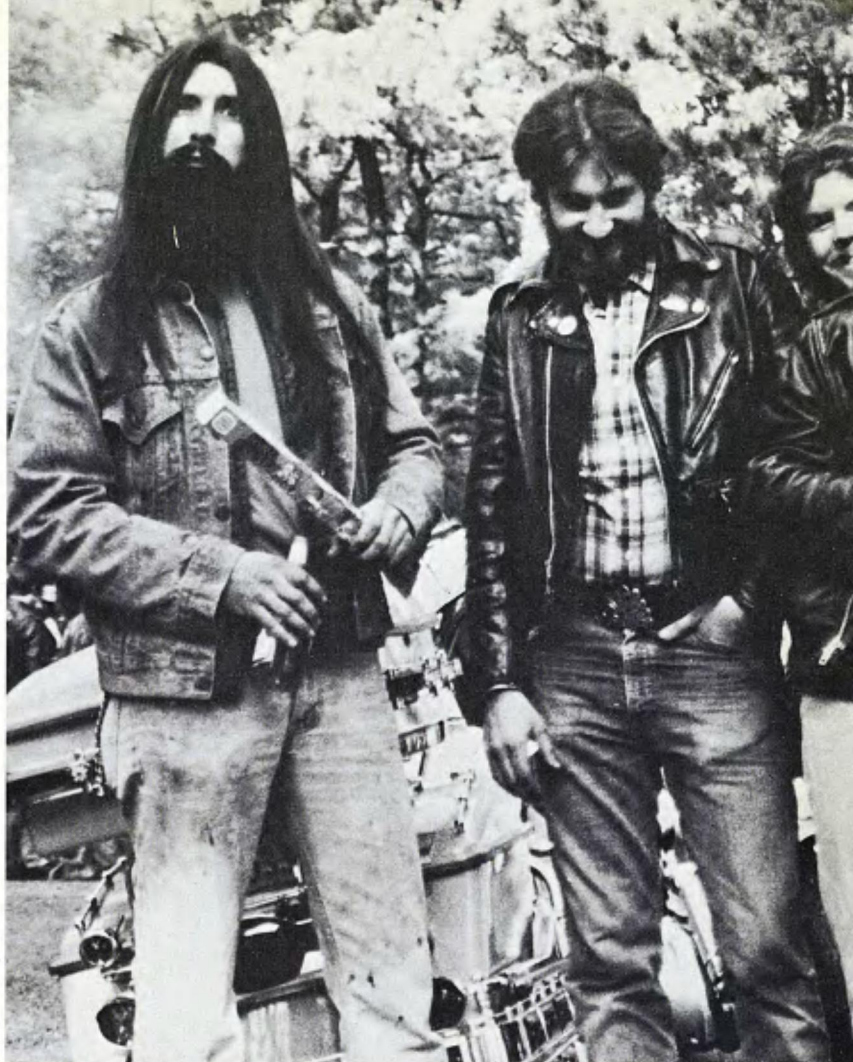
— from David Gazo, Bridgewater, N.J.



— from Red Hot, Jackson, Tenn.



— from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.



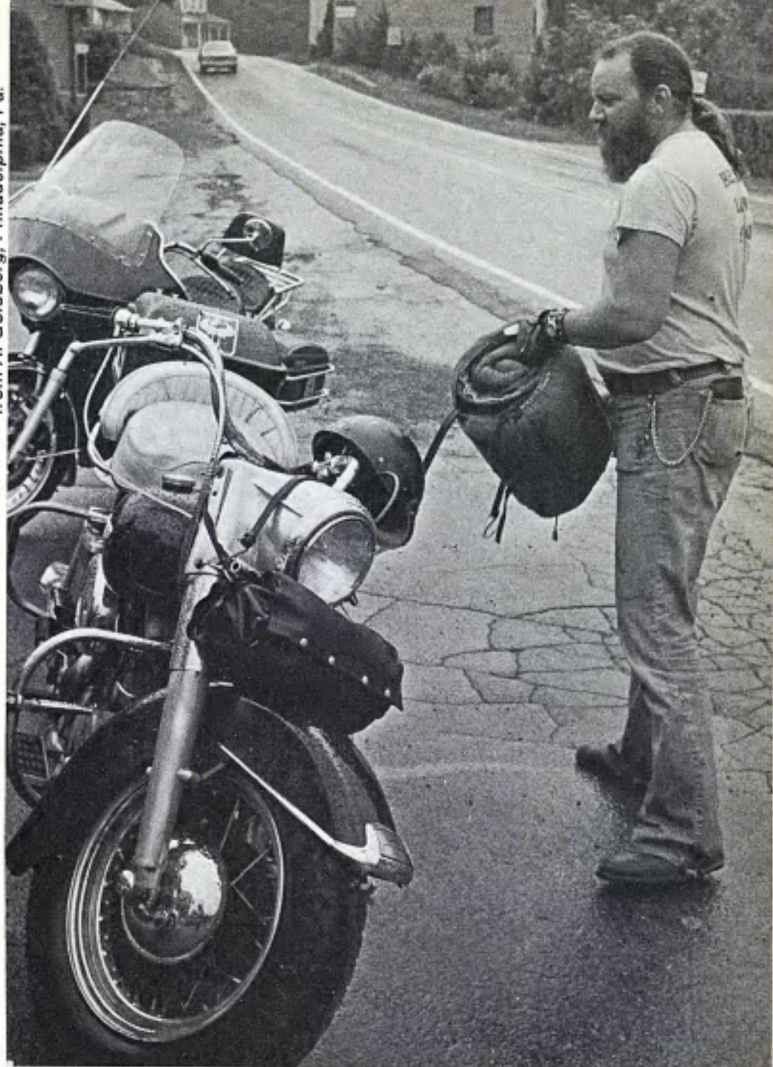
— from Sammy Garcia, Corrales, N.M.



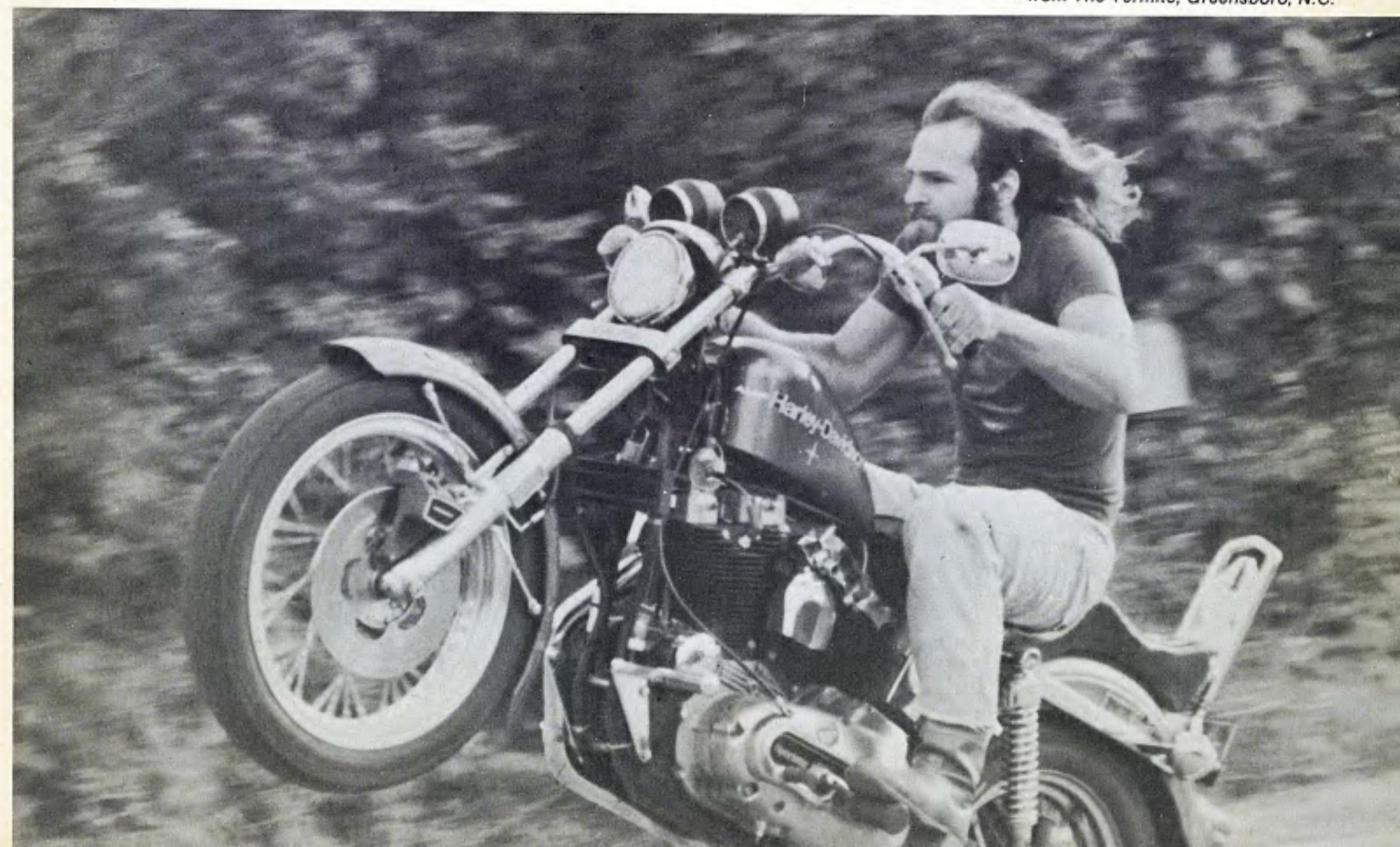


— from Barb Gillespie, Cohoes, N.Y.

— from Al Goldberg, Philadelphia, Pa.



— from The Termite, Greensboro, N.C.





— from Big Ed, Portland, Maine



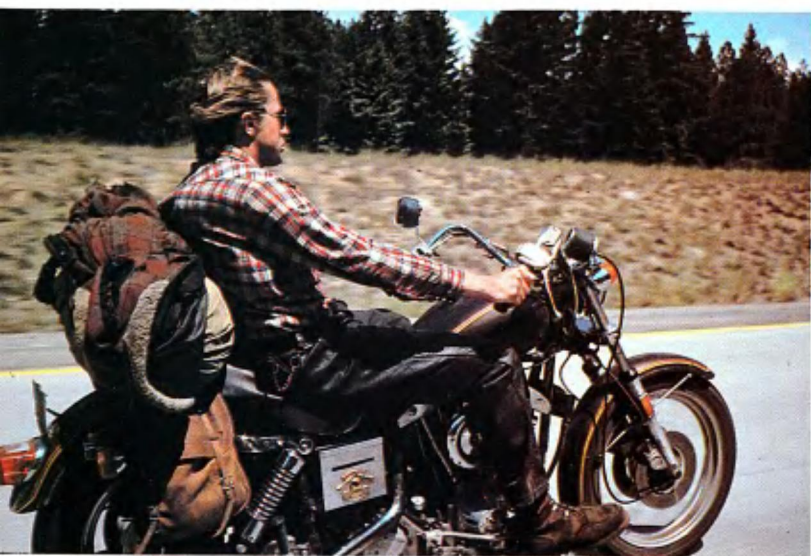
— from A Bro, Wellesley, Mass.

— from John E. Easler, Ft. Hood, Tex.





— from L. Gypsy Cobb, Jr., Daytona Beach, Fla.



— from T., Spokane, Wash.



— from Spaceman, Scotia, N.Y.

— from L.D., Lakewood, Ohio





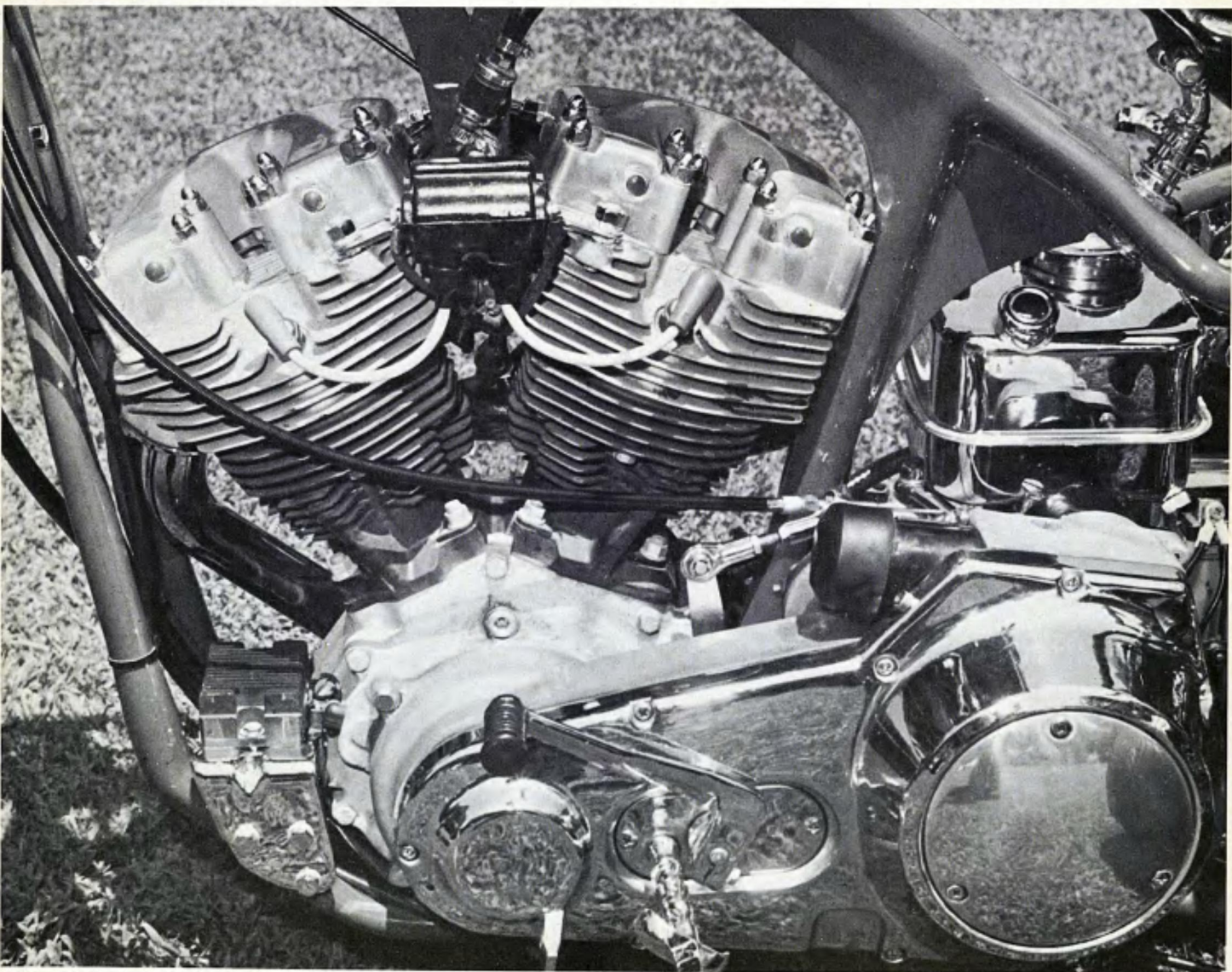
Clean, Lean, and Mean

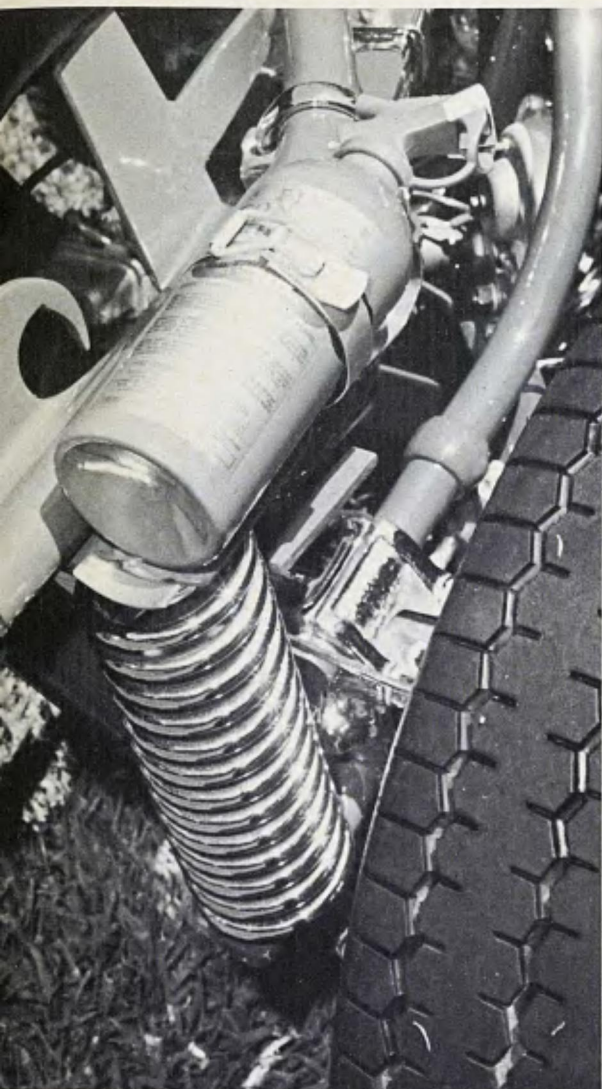


We were drinkin' brew, firing up doobies, and sluggin' down Cuervo Gold when, as usual, the conversation focused on free-way flyin'. Which was best, knuckle, pan, or shovel? Mobility versus stability. Gas mileage or carrying capacity? Comfort or sore ass? Two wheels or three? More dope, more booze, and much more discussion. Sounded like a pack of dogs fightin' over a bitch in heat.

"Two's better'n three!" No, three's definitely better'n two." Yells filled the night, the A-frame rumbled and shook like Mt. St. Helens ready to spit out a load. The battle raged on into the night, each biker had his opinion and each was voicing that opinion at a hundred decibels.

"Dangerous!" "Stable!" "Ain't worth a shit, might as well drive a cage!" "Metemorphs drive, eat!" "Better'n any two-wheeler!" "Fuckin' motorized wheelchair!" "Won't fall over!" "Bigger and can be seen easier!"

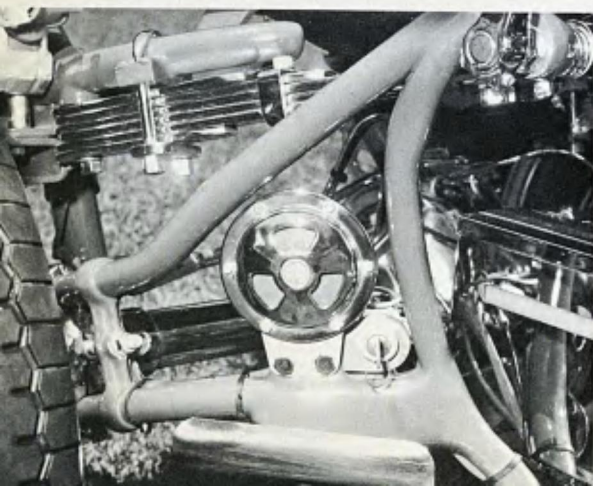




Photos by Pete Chiodo

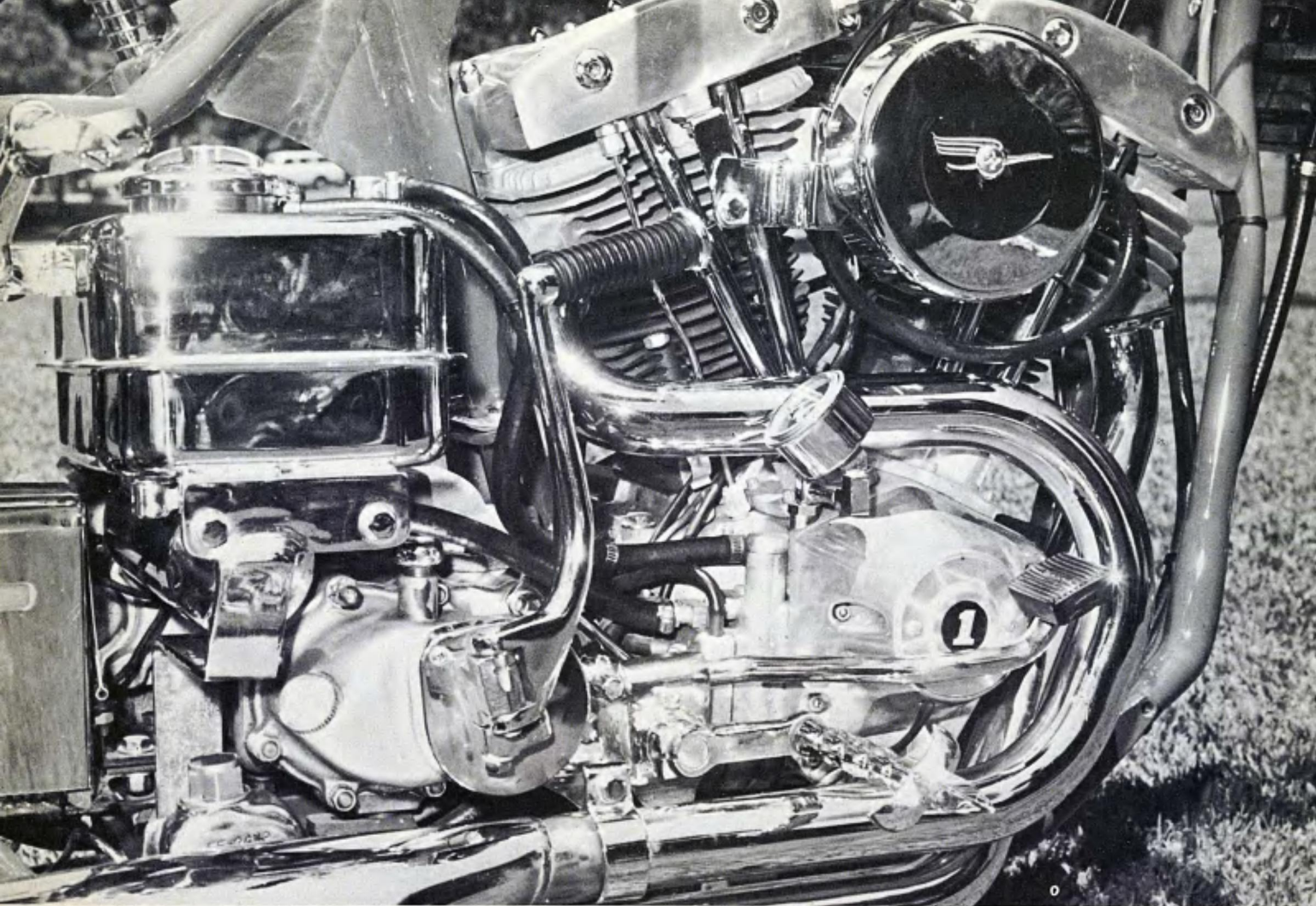
Owners: Dutch Schultz		City: San Diego, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: started out 1956	
Year and make: 1978 Spcns		Builder: Terry the Tramp and Renegade	
Model: 3-wheeler		Type: rigid/swing arm back/section.	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: 1 inch	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 12 inch	
Time: 4 months		Other alterations: many, many, many	
Chroming by: various		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Renegade	
Year: 1978½		Risers: part of bars	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): custom fiberglass	
Rebuilder: new		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: electronic		Taillight: Maltese Cross	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.		Speedo: VDO	
Lower end: stock 80		Front pegs: Drag Specialties	
Balancing: stock 80		Rear pegs: Drag Specialties	
Pistons: stock 80		Electrics: electric and kick start	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 3.8-gal. Paughco	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: stock H-D square	
Cam(s): stock 80		Oil system: cooler and gauge	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: stock alum. H-D	
Carb(s): Khien		Seat: Fat Ray	
Air cleaner: Jammer		Sissybar: Bruce Jones	
Pipes: stock FX		Height: over 6 feet	
Muffler(s): modified FX		Material: mixed	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: 72 gears		Type: springer	
Year: 1970		Extension: 30 inch	
Shifting: ratchet		Builder: Denver	
Engine sprocket: 19		Special features: look	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 42		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 inch	Size: 15 inch
Molding: owner		Hub: Mel's	Hub: Crager
Painter: owner		Rim width: 2.75	Rim width: 15
Color: brilliant red		Tire: Avon	Tire: Firestone
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: tank designs by 'Tattoo Paul'			
Other special modifications: rear seat section, fire extinguisher, handlebar mounts, top motor mount, tool box, cables, suspension, exhaust deflector shield, all by owner and Renegade.			





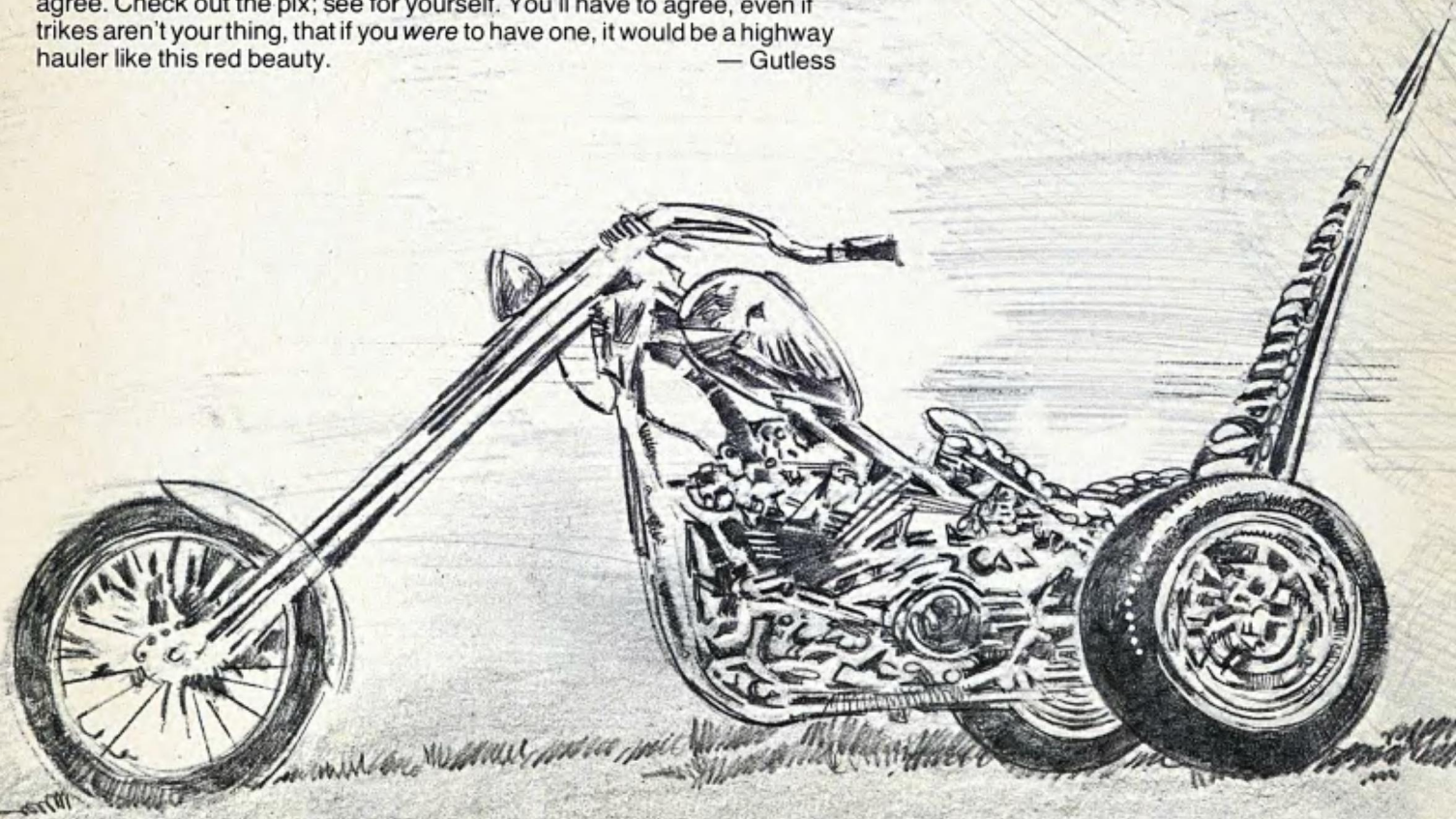
"Sucks!" "Packs three cuties, all the beer, and the toolbox!" "Great stash places!" "It's easier to ride; you can pack more." "It don't track across the highway, and your back don't hurt after ridin' it!" "I like the way they look." "Ain't many beautiful trikes around; lotsa bikes." "Yeah, well just try white-linin' on a trike. You'll wedge yourself between the last cages in line, while I putt through miles of stalled four-wheelers." "Can't catch me on a machine like that." "Forty-fives shouldn't be allowed on the freeways; can't go fast enough."

Maybe, but the trike you see here is not your standard three-wheeler. Not a forty-five or VW-powered — it's an eighty-inch shovel, with a rigid front, swingarm rear, raked and stretched. This owner-built trike stands on its own and then some. Even some of the earlier snivelers had to

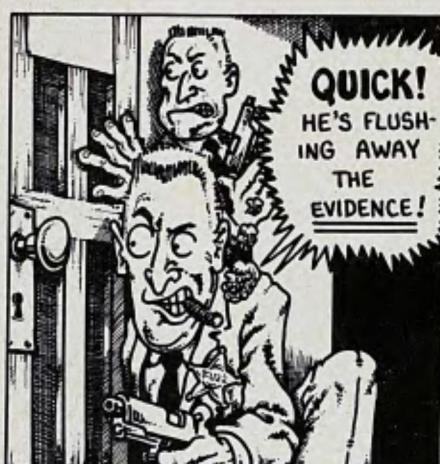


agree. Check out the pix; see for yourself. You'll have to agree, even if trikes aren't your thing, that if you were to have one, it would be a highway hauler like this red beauty.

— Gutless



A BUST



by Duffy Duggan



Old-Fashioned Girl

"I just love to clean his exhaust pipes. They're so long, hard, and shiny," sighs Barbi. "I keep his most prized possession polished till it sparkles. Next to it, he says, he loves me the best. I like it when he tells me that, because I know his Harley is the most important thing in his life. I know it sounds submissive, but I'm just an old-fashioned girl and know my place."

"I used to run with young, immature guys, make out anywhere, dance, party, raise hell, and get loaded or drunk. I was pretty wild and loose before Mike tamed me and made me his house mouse. We don't go many places. We prefer to stay in, or take long rides on his bike. We make unreal love, sunbathe nude, and I cook. That pace keeps me content and happy. Sometimes after a ride, while I'm still real horny from the vibrations, I will dress in sexy clothes — like you see me here — just to turn Mike on."

We often make love on the seat of his bike. The cool leather on my skin makes me shiver, and the goosebumps spring up on my breasts.





"The first time I saw Mike I was working at Mr. Hot Dog; you know, the place where eight inches is only average. He rode past every day on his red Harley, his long black hair blowing in the wind. He looked so strong and masculine that I got wet every time I heard a Harley.

"When he finally stopped and talked, his voice was so deep and powerful that I



Photos by Mike Henderson



almost jumped the counter. He said he liked the way I wrapped my buns around the wieners. By the time he asked me to go for a ride, I just couldn't resist.

"Flying up the mountains, swooping up, down, and around the curving roads, I held him tightly, almost going crazy. The vibrations of that big bike set my body on fire. My hands searched his jeans. I was hot. When he finally pulled onto an overlook, with the beach stretched out below us, I devoured his body. I've never been hotter or higher. It was like a rocketship shooting me into outer space. I blasted into another dimension and haven't come down yet. We've been together ever since."

At five feet one inch and ninety pounds, Barbi is a real head-spinner. She likes home life, biking, camping, and being with her man. She likes to sew and works on makin' him a new cutoff every chance she gets. She feels it's important to maintain a healthy atmosphere at home so her man can concentrate on bringing in the bucks.

If an old-fashioned girl is what you're looking for, you might stop at your neighborhood hot dog stand. Check out the young stuff workin' there, especially how they pack those wieners into buns. If you see one that appeals to you, slip her the word. You just might end up with a genuine, certified, Harley-Davidson wingnut, like Barbi.

—Sneaky Pete

MOTORHIKING

by Jody Via

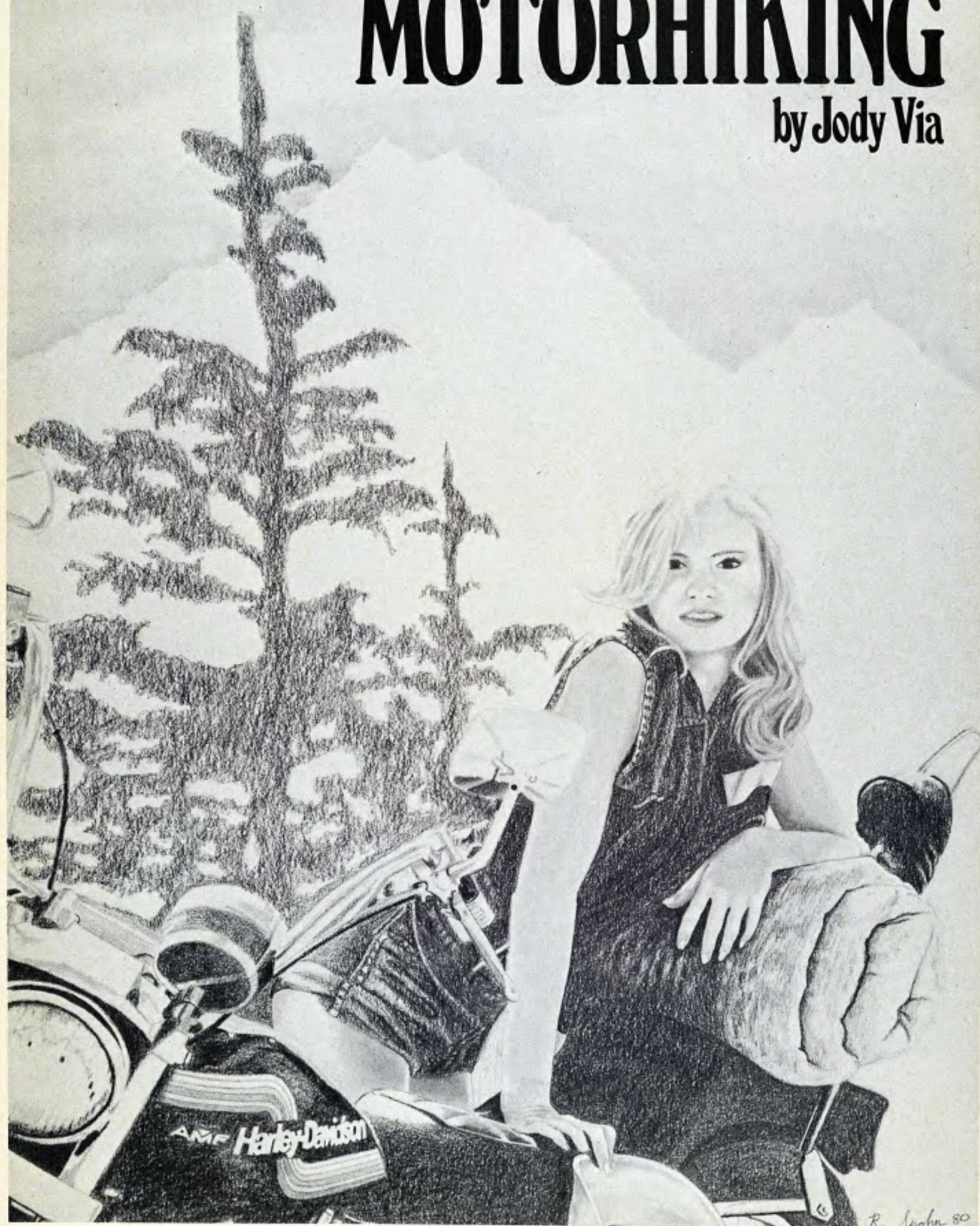


Illustration by Ronald Spohn

Have you ever gone motorhiking? It starts out just like regular puttin'. In fact, in the early stages motorhiking is no different from any other ride a biker might take down the mind-bogglin' road of life's adventures. But midway through, things take a drift toward abnormal and proceed from there to get completely out of hand. The first hint you'll usually get of something out of the ordinary happening is when your engine suddenly starts to sputter. The next move, of course, is that you run out of gas. After that you have the option of either languishing on the side of the road for the rest of your life while you wait for the Good Samaritan to wander by, or pushing your sled untold miles over bad roads fraught with danger to the next sign of civilization. If you make it, you win. And if you've been there, you've been motorhiking.

Motorhiking ranks among the oldest and most unavoidable of all the dues a biker must pay. Even if you're one of the few who have been riding uneventfully for years, that still holds true. It matters not how carefully you measure mileage and count mile markers; the fact remains that thou shalt run outta gas someday. It's as inevitable as death and taxes. Sooner or later ol' man Fate is going to flip your number up, and when he does you're going to take a long, blister-building hike. Just you and your sled and whatever decides to happen to you out there. Oh, and part of it is going to be uphill. That's a guarantee. When it happens, there is only one thing you can do, unless you want to risk staying out there in the boonies for the rest of your days. After you finish beating up the nearest tree and get your breath back from cussing the last passing car you're likely to see for quite a spell, it's time to start pushing, bro.

There are only a few simple rules to remember. First, don't drink your last two beers right off the bat to lighten your load. You'll be sorry a few miles later when the sandstorm passes. Be sure to push your bike from alternate leaning angles, changing position from throttle side to derby side every half hour or so to insure even tread wear on your tires. And whatever you do, don't forget that large red-faced fellows in passing pickup trucks can turn around and overtake you fairly easily if you flip them off from the roadside as they go by. It's those little details that may give you

Continued on page 102

Protect your valuables

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

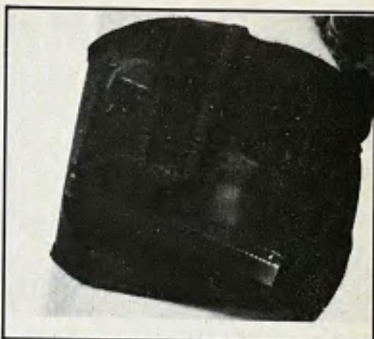
The pocket stretches and can hold more than its apparent capacity. It has a flap that holds everything securely inside and will not open.

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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.)

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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)

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)

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

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

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)

Pussy juice! Who says girls can't really come? \$12 will get you some. Lola, P.O. Box 3193, Falls Church, Va. 22043. (93)

Downed bro, 6', 175 lbs. and personable. In need of correspondence from babes who care. Write Russell Yeager, Box 607 NSP, Carson City, Nev. 89701. (93)

Be the meanest, grossest, rudest, baddest heavy-duty biker alive. Join the Petus Fuckers Motorcycle Club. Send \$10 for patch and membership card with certificate to F.F. Club, 6409 18th Ave. So., Richfield, Minn. 55423. (93)

Hi, Charlie, From Sue. (93)

I want to know of anybody in Australia who has any Indian Trailblazer parts or anybody, anywhere, who can get me some. Toe Rag Taylor, c/o 27 Sutherland St., Broadford, Victoria 3658, Australia. (93)

T-shirts for the true Harley rider. Send \$5 & \$1 (refundable on 1st order) for catalog. Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (112)

Want sincere, good-looking, one-man biker woman between 17 and 21. I'm 18, 5'5", 140 lbs., and have long hair. Like riding, partying, painting, and acid rock. Send pic to Robert, 126 Rembrandt Circle, Wichita Falls, Tex. 76306. (93)

Wanted: Information or pictures from anyone knowing anything about a Simplex automatic Sportsman motorcycle. RR #1, Coggon, Iowa 52218. (93)

Ol' lady wanted, 19-30. Slim, intelligent, attractive; no heavy dopers or heavy boozers. Have a lot to offer right woman. Willing to relocate to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, area. Picture, please. Tom, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (93)

Dum Dum: Happy 27th birthday (11-17-53). You're the only one I ever loved. You really helped me get my head together. Sorry I'm late. Your ol' lady always, Sexy Wenck. (93)

Females want to send intimate thoughts your way! Will answer all. Ann & Karen, 9707 S. Gessner, #2401, Houston, Tex. 77074. (93)

Rustler: I love you; hurry back to me. Want you in my arms. Marcy. (93)

Mike: Happy birthday and 2nd anniversary. I love you, and that's all I know. Rhonda. (93)

Single biker, age 35, has two rugrats, a nice place to live, and a good, steady job. Desires housemouse (age 18-30), for live-in lover and possibly more. Nothing wrong with getting high, but please, no crazies or drug addicts. One rugrat all right. Just looking for a good woman to have a good time. Call collect after 6 p.m. "The Drifter" (1-504-362-8576). (93)

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

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)

Michael "Kickstand" Coast: You are my strength for life and I will love you forever. Your crazy lady, Mary. (93)

Need out-of-town postmark? For each letter you want mailed, send 50¢ and stamp to P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (106)

Swamp wizard / occult medium prays for dead bikers. State birth/death dates, name, precise location, and type death. Send photo and biker's boots, caps, jackets, etc. Spirit is located, aided, and released into light. No fee for counsel. Box 104, N.Y., N.Y. 10011. (93)

Joe: I love you and miss you. Hope to see you soon. Call information for new phone number. Love, Connie. (93)

Amy: Forever No. 1 in my heart. Stay strong and proud. I live for the day we will be together. Rhino. (93)

Quiet, loving, attractive! Christian lady, 19, seeking similar qualities in a man, 24-30. Recent photo appreciated. Interests: photography, travel, music, and more. Ruth, 710 W. Franklin, #205, Richmond, Va. 23284. (93)

Wine: Kickass and delicious. Make it yourself from tomatoes in 11 days. Unbelievably cheap and easy. Recipe \$3. Kite, Box 131, Quinton, N.J. 08072. (93)

Rob: Thanks for taking me to Daytona. You're the best friend a chick could ever have. Luv ya forever. Lisa. (93)

Roger: Can't last much longer. Got to see ya. Be hitting Daytona with Rob. Be there if possible. Sweet Lips. (93)

Look out, world! A future Harley rider is born: Louis Thomas (Little Louie) Miller, born Oct. 17, 1980, at 7:19 a.m. Weight, 8 lbs.; height, 21". Parents, Mike and Beckie Miller. May he ride forever free. Love, Your bro, Bobby D. (93)

If ya snooze, ya lose. Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301. World's only biker dating service. Send a buck and find out. (93)

Grateful Dead Ronn: May we ride free in the wind forever. Happy birthday 2-24-80. Love, Irma and Chuckie. (93)

Kahlua, Mexican coffee liqueur. Make it at home for 1/3 regular price. Also recipes for tanning snake skins for belts or handbags. Send \$2 for each recipe to 803 Porter, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501. (93)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (93)

Dean: Happy birthday. You're still the best. Love you, Becky. (93)

This is Half Breed. I am locked down in Texas. Would my house mouse, Jody, Half Pint, and Pat contact me. Billy R. Glass, "Half Breed," #298124, Rt. 2, Box 20, Midway, Tex. 75852. (93)

Aryan biker seeks correspondence with bros or foxes in New Zealand. Need info on bikin' scene Down Under. Seth, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (93)

Sunshine: Where are you, baby? Been trying to find you for months. You're still my little girl. Call Renee and get my address. You-know-who. (93)

Swordsmen seeks battle, stands manly. White hetero, 23 yrs. old. Bears heroism nurse suite. Delty is Jesus, fell, Perry Gill Ward, 3541 Del Lago Circle #161, Tampa, Fla. 33614. (93)

Big Roy W.: Are you lost? Come on down to Texas and get found by me, same number and address, Sherry in Houston. (93)

Repair motorcycles—save money tuning up and repairing your own, and make extra money fixing motorcycles for others. Write for free details. Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC21, 4500 Campus, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660. (95)

Lonely bro doing time, gets paroled in Dec. of '81. Seeking righteous ladies with heart and class to correspond with and have a possibly permanent relationship. Will share life, home and bike together with the right ol' lady. Write Kip Powers #C-11183, Box 686, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (94)

In memory of Crazy Gary: I can say no words, my bro. We rode hard and took shit from no man. You lived and died once for her, but my God, why twice? May she rot in hell forever! I love you! Brown. (93)

Noodle: Your Boo Boo misses you. The fast-lane bitch is polished and waitin'. Come home soon. I love you. Rosebud. (93)

Home tattoo kit: \$25 to C&D Products, Box 9895, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80932. (93)

Few Harleys, others. Also new/used parts. Cheap! Send 2 stamps. Ed Howell, Folly Beach, S.C. 29439. (98)

I'm a 26-yr.-old lady, 5'2 1/2", brown hair and blue eyes. Looking for man over 27. All letters answered. Pictures, please. Wilma Montank, 453 Soledad St., Salinas, Calif. 93901. (93)

Rob: Happy tenth wedding anniversary to the man with three loves: motorcycles, music, and me. May we ride to forever together, just you and me and that old H-D. Only God knows how proud I am to be your ol' lady. Love you, Virlee. (93)

Good-looking, w/m, musician, singer, 35, 5'10", 170-lb. hunk seeks slim, trim, sincere lady, 18-??, who is into music, outdoors, and loving relationship. Will answer every letter; especially interested in Pa. foxes. Write to Jay, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (93)

Hey, Spot: Happy birthday! The ER gang. (93)

Mike, you're the best ol' man I've ever had. I love suckin' your sweet cock. You're the best! Happy birthday (1-14-61). Love ya always. Peckerhead. (93)

Sheri (2-27-80): Happy 21st. You'll always be No. 1 to me. Dino. (93)

Downed tramp in need of a righteous ol' lady. Will answer all letters and exchange photos. Wayman Harris, Rt. 1, Box 36, Jackson, N.C. 27845. (93)

Cash paid for Japanese or Chinese swords, daggers, or knives. Also helmets and some other war souvenirs. If you have some, or know somebody who does, send brief description and address or phone to Tom, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. Midwest area preferred, but all answered. (94)

Wanted: Ol' lady with class (though not snobbish) 18-30. I'm 26 years old, 6', 150 lbs. white, mellow, and easy-going. Dig puttin' to as far places as gas and money can get. Love to party, loyal, what else? James A. Gragg #231-84-3721, Drawer A, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. 66027. (93)

Continued on page 126

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

Cooped Up And Cookin': A few weeks back this knockout little filly I'd been after finally accepted my invitation to take a weekend putt with me. And man, was I looking forward to that ride. This honey had glossy brown hair down to her ass, the longest legs tapering downward from the smallest butt I ever hope to see, dark eyes that caused you to forget what you were talking about in mid-sentence, and a pair of little stand-up titties that made you want to force your fender. A hundred and ten lean pounds of these and other marvels came wrapped in flawless, tawny skin with its own delicate, exotic aroma. I day-dreamed of burying my nose in the warm hollow of her throat and... well, you get the idea. I was a man obsessed.

The rain began on Friday and continued Saturday. Rain — hell, it poured. Sheets of water, millions of bigass drops washing my plans right down the drain. Even as I sat glumly staring out the window at the dismal grey skies, trying to think up a way to salvage my weekend hopes, I got a phone call from the sweetie herself. She sounded like Slim Pickens — her throat raw, in bed with a fever, a victim of the previous day's deluge. That, as they say, was that.

A buddy of mine was throwing a party that night and I went, determined to fight my disappointment with chemical warfare. In other words, I got loaded to the gills. And I mean loaded, friend. I got together with my ol' Latin-American compadre, Jose Cuervo, and his charming wife, Mary Hoocha, and we tore it up. I mean, I was hitting that special plane of oblivion ordinarily known only to lobotomy patients. And along the way (I'm told) I reached new heights of obnoxious behavior. My best friends wanted to beat my ass unconscious and stick me in the trunk of somebody's car so that everybody else could breathe a sigh of relief and have some fun.

Bomber knew I was beyond the reach of reason or common sense, but he still managed to save me. Maybe he hated to see a bro get his

drunken ass kicked unnecessarily, or maybe he just didn't want blood on his rug. Anyway, he shoved me over to the stereo, wrestled the ear-phones over my head, and, knowing I was a sucker for rhythm and blues, slapped on a cassette he'd just recorded. It worked — I shut up and listened to the tape over and over. So if it seems like God's blown his nose on your life, drop one of these albums on the turntable — it'll make a new man out of you.



More George Thorogood and the Destroyers/George Thorogood: I don't know who comes up with these clever titles for Rounder Records, but I sure hope they pay him enough. It's weird — here's this little label nobody ever heard of, a fringe-of-the-industry company specializing in stuff like Arkansas hogcallers and old gaffers who clack spoons against their teeth while shouting hymns, and it's like they don't know what to do with Thorogood, a genuine kickass talent who can sell more records for them in a day than the rest of that shit can in a decade. Thorogood's last album, *Move It On Over*, went gold and apparently that scared Rounder so badly they went to a black and white cover and a jerkoff title in hopes of reducing sales as much as possible.

Well, it won't work, because George and the boys are back

with another butt-kickin' batch of brain-rapin' rock that flat smokes. While it's undeniable that **More George Thorogood** sounds a lot like the first two albums on Rounder, any rhythm and blues fan will dig the shit out of this new material. Furthermore, the addition of sax man Hank Carter opens up a whole new dimension, as he cooks with commendable backup work and provides a couple of absolutely blistering solos that damn near steal the show from George's famous guitar licks.

Everything works on this album, right from the first cut, Willie Dixon's "I'm Wanted." Give a listen to George explain/brag about why he's wanted — for fuckin' other dudes' gals and beatin' their time. And check out Carter's solo sax break — a honking, split-reed, blurred assault on the ears that's worthy of the best classic sax breaks from the fifties. If ever a tune made you think of high school pussy, it's this one.

George tears his way through covers of John Lee Hooker's "One Way Ticket," Elmore James's "Goodbye Baby," Hound Dog Taylor's "Just Can't Make It," and Carl Perkins's "Restless," but my personal favorite is James Moore's "Tip On In." This is a primo example of that low-down, nasty music that George does best: *Oh, I dig them crazy clothes/Lemme feel them fishnet hose/They're cut kinda low at the top and high at the bottom/In fact, I don't know how we ever did without 'em.*

Thorogood also offers up rippin', rockin' versions of oldies like "House of Blue Lights" and "Bottom of the Sea." In short, if you're tired of the bullshit pseudo-rock ground out by frauds like the Pretenders and the Police, tap back into the mutha lode and rediscover what three-chord blues can do to your head. Like they say, let George do it.

The Jealous Kind/Delbert McClinton: This west Texas bluester has been waiting for the public to catch up with him for about twenty years, and this just might be the



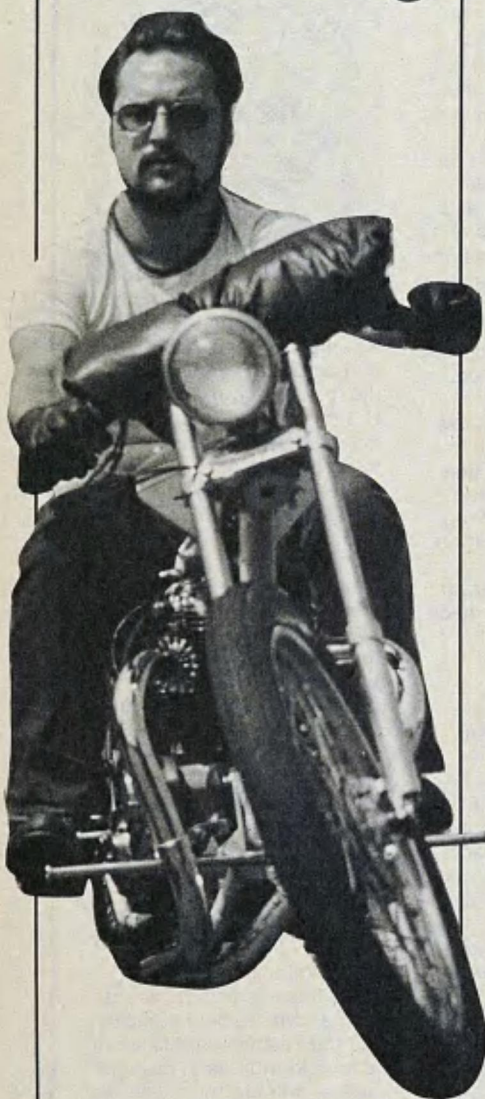
album that does it. Actually, it's no better than the three albums he cut for ABC in the mid-seventies or the two he did for Capricorn a bit later. But this one's on Capitol and maybe they'll promote the thing, for crissakes — something his previous labels failed to do.

McClinton can be proud of another good album, but I'd like to know why the hell his dynamite harmonica is heard so little on this disc. Except for that considerable drawback and a mite too much production on a couple of numbers, this is a first-rate release. Check out the ear-nest punch of "I Can't Quit You": *I quit drinkin', I quit smokin'/I quit lyin' and I quit jokin'/I quit some things that I really ought to do/I quit teasin', I quit cheatin'/I quit all my midnight creepin'/But I just can't quit you.*

McClinton's past stock-in-trade has been songs about women who fucked him over, but the balance on this album is toward tributes to do-right gals — witness tunes like "My Sweet Baby" and "Givin' It Up For Your Love." The best one in this vein is "Baby Ruth," a tribute to a chick who'll cover your ass when it needs coverin'. (I'm thinkin' of you, Sportster Debbie.) There ain't a lot of gals like this around, and you ought to damn sure be grateful for the ones that come your way.

Delbert McClinton is probably — fuck it, no probably about it — the best white r&b singer alive today. This latest effort is well worth owning — primo shit from the Boss of the Blues (with apologies to Chuck Willis). ■

Riding Our Way?



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Double Jeopardy

Continued from page 17

By the following day, all the rules for retributive punishment had been laid out. Vic, the rapist, and Turk, the victim's ol' man, were to ride their motorcycles far out into the Arizona desert, where, alone and far from anyone who might interfere, they were to settle the matter with finality. If neither returned by the following day, members of both groups would go in search of them. If Vic's brothers found him alive and safe, he would be brought back and kicked out of the club, but he would be allowed to live. If, on the other hand, the members of Salvo's group found Vic alive, his victory would be short-lived. He could survive the ordeal only by riding back out of the desert on his own. If not back an hour after sunup, he was fair game. Turk would lose nothing, but would gain honor unless Vic somehow managed to defeat him in battle. For Vic it was a case of double jeopardy.

Their bikes loaded into the back of vans and pickups, the entire group headed south toward the chosen place, a remote area of the desert criss-crossed with miles of seldom-used jeep trails. The dirt would hold the weight and traction of heavy bikes, but the trails created a maze that would make finding them difficult. The area abounded in giant saguaro cacti, coyotes, poisonous snakes, wild burros, and, only occasionally seen by man, the ferocious wild pigs that ranged northward from the Sonora Desert. The pigs were small and quick and deadly, attacking any human or animal that penetrated their domain, tearing the interloper to shreds with razor-sharp tusks. They traveled in large packs, and were indomitable.

Neither combatant looked at the other as he prepared to leave. Each checked over his bike, honed his knife, and bound his head with a bandana for protection from the sun. They took no water and wore only Levi's, boots, and T-shirts. Vic headed into the desert first, and a minute later Turk roared away in hot pursuit. Soon the sound of their engines faded, and their companions settled down for an afternoon and night of partying.

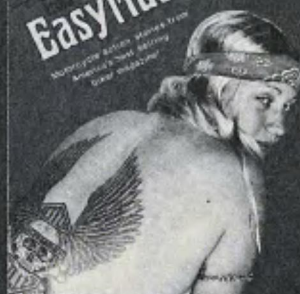
Time, winds, and desert heat had made the narrow road like smooth concrete. Vic twisted his throttle to the stop, bending over the tank against the wind. Now and then he

Continued on page 86

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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage



Astrological Profile for Pisces

Pisces can be creative (Michelangelo), inventive (Alexander Graham Bell), brilliant (Albert Einstein), daring and innovative (Peter Fonda), talented and popular (George Harrison), big (Jackie Gleason), beautiful (Elizabeth Taylor and Jean Harlow), and slippery as their sign of the two fishes (Patty Hearst).

This is one of the most misunderstood of the zodiac signs.

Because Pisceans are so sensitive, people often think they're pussies, and that's a big mistake 'cause once you abuse or misuse a Piscean's kindness, he'll get downright sneaky on ya. In fact, he'll run a few games just to fuck with your mind — for openers. Afterwards, he'll avoid you like a case of the clap.

As I've said before, female Pisces are sympathetic enough to give Godzilla a courtesy

fuck ('course, they'd appreciate some head in return!) The male counterpart is an "ever-ready battery" when it comes to helping a downed bro.

Pisces is a winning combination of practicality and peculiarity — not too together at saving bucks, but dynamite at spending 'em. These folks also do better at jobs that give them full rein or allow them to be their own bosses.

Pisceans are often too easily influenced by their friends and usually take sides with the underdogs of the world. They also tend to overdo booze and drugs.

Pisceans are susceptible to injuries of the feet and bunions on their meat, also liver ailments and blood poisoning.

They aren't too realistic, but Pisceans outdistance the rest when it comes to idealism. And without them this planet would be nothin' but a piece of shit.

intrigue (a hump in the wrong rump) and get-rich-quick schemes. Otherwise, it'll take more than a heavyweight douche to clean up the mess you'll be in. Tone down that Scorpio temper, or the shit will hit the fan and you'll just complicate things. Take it easy and let those heavy decisions slide till next month.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 — Dec. 20)

This month finds your dick draggin' in the dirt. Your get up and go has got up and gone! In fact, you'll be damned lucky if you can even get it up now. You'll be in between the sheets an' the shits. Even a case of pepper-uppers will fizzle out on ya. What you need is some rest and tender loving care to get your bod back in shape. Take care of yourself.

Capricorn (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

This is one of those kick-back times. You're laid and played out. You Capricorns always need to get a second wind this time of year. It's prime time to focus attention on improving your financial status. Your imagination and foresight can result in some brilliant ideas to cash in on. Just listen to your intuition and you'll be rakin' in the bucks.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 19)

You really need to polish up your practical side this month. Beware of bumfuck advice around the tenth, or be ready for ankle-grabbin' time. If you use your head, instead of your hard-on, you'll sail through and come out smellin' like a rose. But if you follow your usual eccentric way, you'll wind up with your head up your ass — smellin' shit!

Pisces (Feb. 20 — Mar. 20)

Happy birthday! Get your buns ready for a big bash and a few birthday bangs. You can slip through any minor mess and still maintain a smile. You're in for a double dose of energy now — just don't scatter it in too many directions. Take time to savor some of the tit-ticklin' times in store for you birthday bikers. ■

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 20)

This month you're apt to be sporting a shitty attitude over job changes. Worse yet, your past efforts won't hold up now. Co-workers are primed to jump on your piece-of-cake position. If ya snooze now, you'll not only lose, but ya could turn into a ripped-off Van Winkle. Remember, while your enemy's shakin' your hand, he's got an enema in the other one for ya.

Taurus (Apr. 21 — May 20)

It looks like your social calendar and your glands will be overactive this month. In fact, ya might gallop yer gonads into a pain in yer groin. And friends who get a tad too familiar may give you a swift pain in the ass. Friends are fine, but no one needs professional houseguests. Otherwise, premature ejaculation could be your only problem now. Slow down and take longer strokes.

Gemini (May 21 — June 20)

You could easily boggle a few brains this month. The old creative juices are flowing and you're

feeling inventive. Just keep a realistic approach — there probably isn't too big a market for an automatic nosepicker. Watch out for a tendency to show off, 'cause it'll backfire on ya. Save some ball-bustin' ideas for later — but make good use of that die-hard in your britches now.

Cancer (June 21 — July 21)

If you've been thinkin' of gettin' in the wind for a while, you could be bum-tripped. And confusion over dates and delays in legal documents could fuck with your mind. Breakdowns in communication and in your machine add to your woes. It'll take more than a roadmap to ride this one out. Use all your patience to keep from gettin' pissed this month.

Leo (July 22 — Aug. 21)

If you've been seriously thinking of some major changes, fate gives ya the green light this month. Some long-term obstacles can finally be flushed out. The only fly in the pie now is getting overanxious. Slow down and think twice, 'cause you're in

an accident-prone period. Your keyword now is timing. Remember, if it don't fit, don't force it!

Virgo (Aug. 22 — Sept. 21)

There's a load of shit-stirrin' goin' on — and you could be left holdin' the dipstick. Hold onto your goodies and don't give away any secrets. On the other hand, shine on the urge to be stubborn on the job. This is not the time for jackass tactics. Watch for unexpected hassles or bumper attitudes that screw up things with co-workers.

Libra (Sept. 22 — Oct. 22)

Lady Luck may spread her cheeks and blow a kiss your way — so much so that you could enter a chicken-plucking (not fucking) contest and win. Or the local whorehouse sends a welcome wagon that leaves your tongue draggin'. In other words, expect the unexpected. A lot of opportunities can break wind in your face that'll bring long-range benefits.

Scorpio (Oct. 23 — Nov. 21)

Best to steer clear of romantic

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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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 a sister and a truly righteous chick. She liked to ride hard and love tenderly. "Stoney" was taken so early in life by a bullet. Ride on, Stoney, in Harley Heaven. You are one who will never be forgotten. We all love you. Bobby Ray, Suicide, and Debi, Lake Jackson, Tex.

In memory of **Jerry Betman**. You lived free and died too young. You'll be in my heart forever, and we will meet again. I love you. Debbie Armour, Harrisburg, Pa.

In memory of "Little Al," 4/26/80. He'll be riding with us in our hearts forever. From all his brothers and sisters. Halfbreed, and Gertrude.

In memory of **Sammy Jo**, leader of the Commandos, also **Fridgie**, **Mike**, **Ron Lee**, and **Brucie**, loyal brothers who were snuffed out by an unknown sniper. We will always love and miss you. Now you can ride the road that has no end. Little Sis Lik-al, Big Man, and Big Jim.

In memory of "Li'l Jesus," who was killed by a drunk driver. You will always be there up front and on top, especially in my heart. I love you. Your ol' lady, Pam.

In memory of **John "BJ" Smith**. Rode off 4-26-80. May he never be forgotten. Someday, we will ride together again. Bros from Overton, Tex.

To one of our beloved bros, "Stogie." May you ride free forever. We love you always. Butterfly and Snake.

In memory of **Bobby Salvatore**, who lived and died crazy. God took him before he finished building his dream scooter. R.I.P. Pete, Glenn, Mike, and Vinny.

In memory of **Dave Eyster** and **Debra Boear**, April 15, 1980. Fish, Lincoln, Neb.

In memory of our brother "TR Hayes," who rode hard, lived hard, partied hard, and died hard. You're gone now, but we know that you left this world in the only way you ever wanted to: free, high, and in the wind. We loved you with all our hearts, just as we always will! Your family. "The San Diego Gogeggers."

In memory of brother "Chi" **Darrell Mathis**. Birth to Earth Womb to Tomb. We'll be together always. Bruce.

In memory of "Skeeter," 4-11-80. One of the best there ever was or will be. A big man with an even bigger heart, a true bro to the end. Atlanta will never be the same without you. Slow Poke, Slinky Toy, and all your bros and sisters.

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.

23 years old, down and out. Will be headed for L.A. when I'm out. So all you sweet ladies write and help a downed bro. Please send plx. Warren Cain #87821, Louisiana State Pen., Angola, La. 70712.

Two and a half down, one to go. I'm 23, brown hair and eyes, and need letters from good-looking. Ron Loveday, Box 1242, Merchant Rd., Framingham, Mass. 01701.

Need your letters, photos, and visits. Doing time in Nevada. Edward Victor Paxon, Jr. #14460, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Downed bro has need for real, all-the-way-live, strong-minded lady for mind-blowing conversations and possible hookup when released. Terry Johnson #108061, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Downed outlaw tramp looking for scribes and photos from old friends and young ladies. Preacher McKinley #97184, Star Rt. E, Box 220, Hominy, Okla. 74035.

19-year-old dude sitting here in jail with no mail. Ladies, please write. Raymond Roff #111-474, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44921.

Venice, Santa Monica, and Hollywood! You ladies show me your spirit. Looking for something to come home to when I get out. Will answer all. Michael S. Noel #206-347, Box 16-G, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

Locked-down bro needs letters, and photos if possible, from sexy, open-minded ladies. Isaac Robinson #155-966, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Bro down and doin' time. Needs ladies to write and send plx. Bob Denman #N00935, Box 1000, Lincoln, Ill. 62656.

In jail, and could use some female mail. Mike Wall #C-10175, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Downed biker needs to hear from lonely and abused women, 'cause I can relate to bein' lonely and abused. Grand Funk #062559, Florida State Prison, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Downed bro looking for foxy ladies for possible get-together when I'm freed. Please send photo. Dennis Morrison #270138, Rt. 1, Box 1, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

29-year-old down bro could use a few lines from foxy ladies. Only two years to go, so help me make it. Bo Christian #94642, Box 128, S.C.C., Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

Doin' time in Butler County Jail. Would like to have some ladies write and send shots. Mack Hendricks, 121 So. Gordy, El Dorado, Kan. 67042.

In need of beautiful young ladies to make my time go by more pleasantly. Tom Phelps #79-B-1229, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

Mellow youngster of 20 is looking for some correspondence from together females. Age and looks of no importance. I'm looking for good people. Mr. Logan #C04304, G248, C.T.F.C., Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I need a foxy lady to brighten my dreams. Will answer all. Darrel Miller, Box 711-62735, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Down awhile. Would be nice to hear from some foxes and dogs. Ron Holowaychuk, Box 1497, Bismarck, N.D. 58501.

Looking for a lady to write to. Max Warkman #33536-138, M-Unit, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

Any of you ladies got a minute? If so, please drop this bro a letter. If possible, send flick. Answer all. Steve Miller, Box W. R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Downed bro looking for a place to parole, so all you foxy ladies send letters and flicks. Robert Hall #109-619, O.S.R., Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Would like to get letters from ladies who care. Terry Neukam #7983, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

I'm down and out, broke and busted. Doing this time has got me disgusted. Please write. Eddy Brophy Campbell #35963-118, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

Lonely bro needs to hear from ladies. Dick Stambuk #16369, Box 14 Max., Boise, Idaho 83707.

Another lonely bro needs to hear from ladies too! Send plx. Rocky Sandy #16106, Box 14 Max., Boise, Idaho 83707.

21-year-old wants to hear from foxes. Pictures, please. Harold Blevins, 300 2nd St., Parkersburg, W.Va. 26101.

Downed 19-year-old bro, up for three to five, needs letters and photos from good-lookin' mamas in or around the Tennessee area. Dale Ellis #88299, Nashville Regional, 7177 Cockrill Bend Rd., Nashville, Tenn. 37219.

I'm down and out and broke and busted; doin' time has got me disgusted. Bro needs to hear from ladies. Steven Marland #04600-039, U.S.P. Terre Haute, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

18-year-old young man down and wishes to hear from warm and interesting young ladies who would like to help a man out. Tony Lacock #110-170, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

I'm 19 and could really dig some mail from some foxy ladies out in the free world. Photos too. Mark Liederbach #80510, Box 147, Fox Lake, Wis. 53933.

Would like to hear from honest and sincere ladies. Will answer all letters. Jim Stahl #30654-120, FPS, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

A white bro is lonely and down. Needs beautiful ladies to lift spirits. Give me a break, send pix and letters. Bobby Dan Scott #74822, Box 500 Max. Sec., Grady, Ark. 71644.

I am 37 years of age, and the woman who writes to me doesn't have to be a biker. Just be sincere. Who knows? Your response to this ad just could be the beginning of your life. Grover Wright, Box B-8569, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Downed Calif. biker, white, has one year left to go. Looking for a foxy house mouse to write and take home when released. I will answer all letters. Charles Thomas, Box 37585, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Attention, sisters. Drop a line to James Stevens #072273, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Have been confined for five years now and have no one to correspond with. Gary Thompson #33-647, Box B, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

24-year-old man in the can seeks slender, obedient ol' lady from Boston area for visits, furloughs, and settlin' down. Roger Lottailie, Box 73, Norfolk, Mass. 02056.

29-year-old Virgo, patch holder and prez of the Tramps MC, Texas. Will answer all scribes. Johnny Rucker #272204, Rt. 2, Box 1200 (SE), Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

White brother from Arizona down in New Mexico. Got eighteen months left. Would like to hear from any and all ladies. Will send plx. Al Barber #28035 A-1, Box 1059, Santa Fe, N.M. 87501.

Folsom convict in need of a good woman. 18 to 2? I'll be out in '81. Looking for that special lady. Letters, photos, and visits appreciated. Michael R. Gehman #79236, Box B, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Lonely 29-yr.-old bro doing six would like to hear from sincere ladies. Will answer all. Steve Bernstein, Box C-00100, C.T.F. North-RA317, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Come on, ladies, and write a lonely prison man. Ronnie Cash, #10 Dorm. 2, C.C.I., Box 7150, Garden City, Ga. 31408.

I'm 20 and lonely and could really dig getting some letters and pix from some fun-loving chicks to ease this lonely time. Tom McNulty, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Ex-biker doin' five would like mail from foxy ladies and photos too. Will answer all. Donald Lay #77023, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

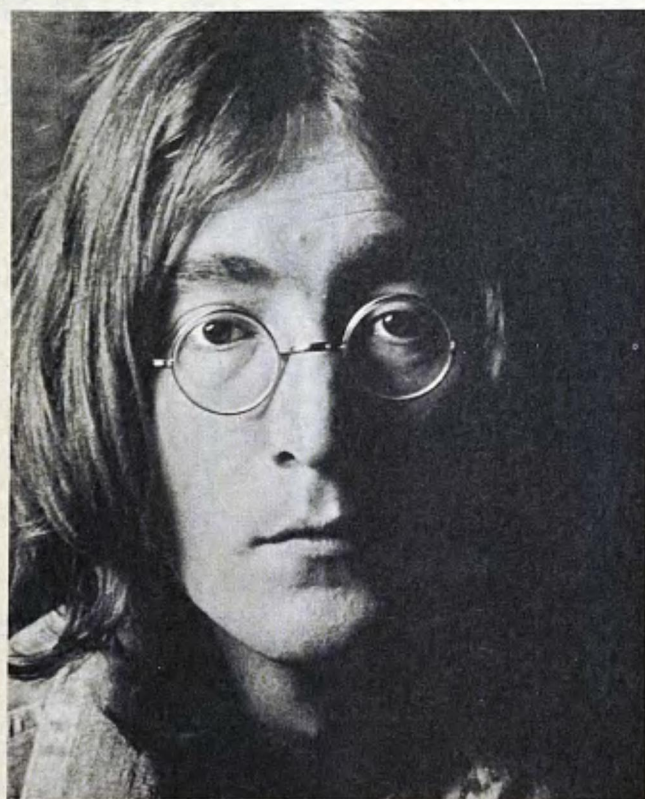
The Snake is behind bars and needs letters from girls 16 to 40. Don Allen Gear #249883, 501 Poli, Ventura, Calif. 93001.

28-yr.-old w/m Sagittarius wishes to correspond with all sincere foxy ladies. Help ease the pain of doing time. Pix, Denny Killerlain, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

24-year-old, good-lookin', w/m down-and-out racing nut, would like to correspond with good-lookin' ladies. Photos would be greatly appreciated. Steve Brandenburg, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

25-yr.-old bro down in Illinois. Release date '81; need ladies to correspond with. Help me fill my time. John Farrell #C-62015, Box 500, Vandalia, Ill. 62471.

Deaf, dumb, or lazy: 36-yr.-old w/m looking for an ol' lady or wife, and for that matter, a letter! Frank Leon #C00268, Box D (West), San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.



John Lennon is dead. It was the first thing we heard when we walked in. Usually, when us outriders come into town it starts an all-night party, but this was a downer. Nobody wanted to deal with it. Probably none of us could have. John Lennon was a pivotal figure during our lifetime. Much of the good that happened happened to the accompaniment of The Beatles. John was the heart and soul of one of the most important musical developments of the century, because his music and lyrics changed people's feelings and outlooks on life. He experimented, and we reaped the benefits of his own personal expansions — only to have a punk take it all away in a flash.

We can only hope that the dream ain't over, that it's just beginning. "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da, life goes on." We'll miss him.

— The Editors

You Ought To Be In Pictures— And You Are!

Here you are, all you brothers and sisters, living the biker life and sharing it through flicks — yours, ours, everyone's. *In The Wind* Number Four is loaded with scenes of every aspect of this great lifestyle of ours — and it's rich with more great biker-poetry from the heart. Don't wait. Send for your copy today and share what we love the most — bikin'. Only \$2.95 postpaid.

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Double Jeopardy

Continued from page 80

looked back under his arm to view the small cloud of dust, far behind, that told him his pursuer was gaining ground. Vic's knuckle was over-bored and well tuned, but it was obviously no match for Turk's stroked and balanced panhead. Since the entire area was strange to both riders, Vic counted on reaching a range of low hills ahead, hoping to find a low cliff or erosion cut, some tenable position where he could defend himself and have an advantage. He thought, suddenly, of Jessie, Turk's wife, and the fun he'd had with her on the night that had got him into this fix. It was almost worth it.

Jessie was a slender blonde with big blue eyes that made a man melt like a candle under their gaze. She had large, pointed breasts that barely jiggled when she walked along, swinging her firm little ass, and she had a provocative way of leaning sideways, lifting one foot off the ground when she thrust out her arm to hitch a ride. That was how Vic had seen her on the fateful night, and the sudden impulse to snatch her was more than he could resist.

Jessie was seated in the van before she realized who the driver was, but it was too late to escape. She made a grab for the ignition key, but a short chop to the back of the neck paralyzed her. The rest was easy, and inside the insulated van, made nearly soundproof with heavy shag carpeting and the low bed that took up half the room, her screams of protest went unheard.

Vic wanted to fuck Jessie, but most of all he wanted to humiliate her for teasing him in the past, and he did a good job of it. She had once told another chick — who had passed the word around — that she'd kill any man who ever tried to enter her from the rear, but those threats did her little good as she lay stripped and tied on the bed. Vic had enjoyed himself immensely before dumping her nearly unconscious form out into the night.

The ground began to rise and Vic topped the crest of a hill. Ahead, the road led down into an endless desert expanse, shot through with erosion channels and forested with giant saguaros. A mile further on, the road banked and turned, zig-zagging across a dozen trails, and near a low pile of heat-shattered boulders a few bright green bushes,



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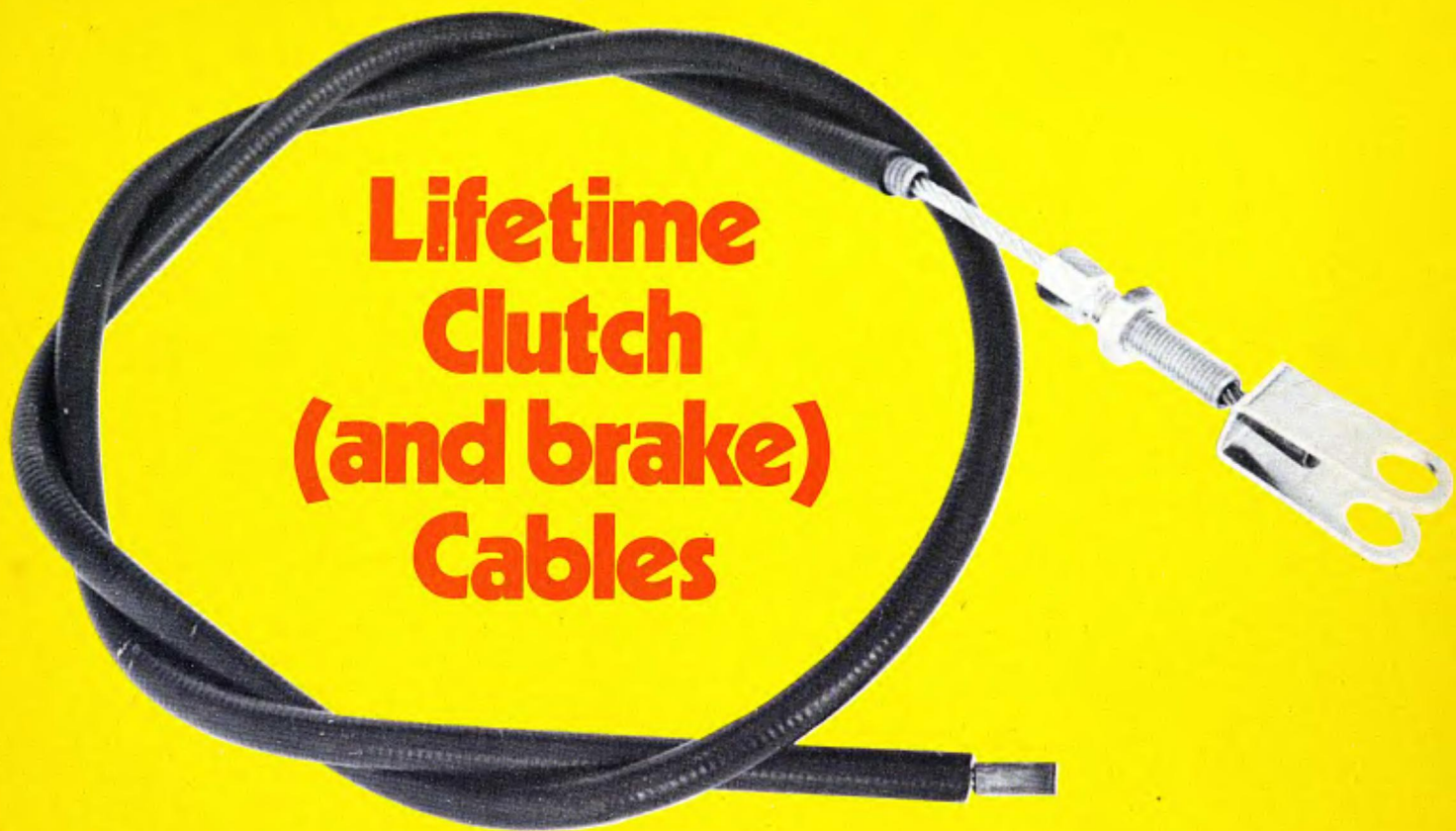


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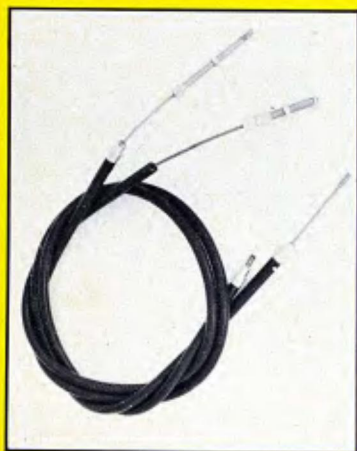
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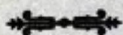


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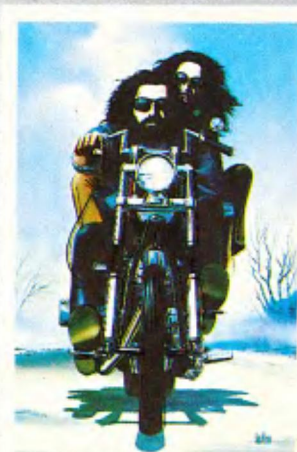
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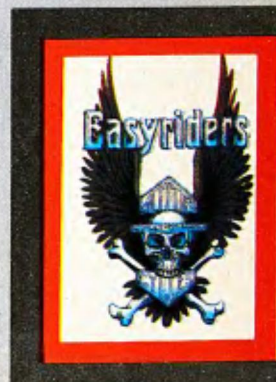
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like willows, pushed their heads above the ground. Vic manhandled the knuckle around the turn, skidding and sliding the ponderous machine, heading for the low trees. Behind him, closer now, he could hear the roar of Turk's engine.

There was a deep, narrow gully near the turn in the road, and below, near the base of a rocky cliff beside the road, were green trees and the rising smell of cool water. But Vic's thought of stopping here was interrupted by the sudden impact of Turk's panhead smashing into his side. As the two riders and their machines catapulted over the low cliff into space, searing pain and darkness engulfed Vic.

The phantom desert twilight cast full shadows on the land when he opened his eyes. The pain in his hands and arms was excruciating, and the lower part of his body felt numb. There was a great weight on him, making breathing difficult, and movement was impossible. He found himself lying face down, the knuckle apparently resting on his back. By turning his head what little he could, he saw that one of the solid footrests had penetrated the muscle of one leg and was driven into the ground. His right arm was twisted around and lay across the small of his back, pinned there by the weight of the bike, and being in a slightly downhill position, he could find no leverage. He coughed and spit gravel out of his mouth, and at the sound, he heard Turk's voice.

"Finally awake, huh, fucker?" Turk said, but there seemed little animosity in his tone. "Well, don't worry, when I get loose here I'm gonna cut your balls off."

Vic laboriously turned his head in the other direction, scraping hide off his cheek on the jagged lava rock. He could get only a partial view of Turk, but it was enough to assure him of his safety. At least for a while.

Turk's heavy panhead was lying on top of his body, too, and worse than that, he was jammed down between two large rocks. Both arms were bent at odd angles between the elbow and wrist, and his hands were bloody and swollen, the fingers bent back awkwardly. A foot protruded up into the air, his leg passing between the rear of the engine and the frame riser. It had been a hell of a crash.

"I can't move an inch," Turk grunted. "If I could, you'd be dead by now."

"Same here, asshole," Vic

T-SHIRTS



4. "Indian Motorcycles", 5. "Indian Engine", 6. "Pussy Builds Strong Bones", 7. "Show Me Your Tits", 8. "I Snatch Kisses And Vice Versa", 9. "D.O.T. Will Get My Motorcycle When They Pry The Handlebars From My Cold Dead Gripping Hands", 10. "Men Don't Grow Up They Just Get Better Toys — Bikes-Booze-Broads", 11. "Warning! Society In General Has Determined That Motorcycle Riding Is Dangerous To Their Health", 12. "BSA", 13. "Suzuki", 14. "BMW", 15. "Honda", 16. "Yamaha", 17. "Triumph", 18. "Kawasaki", 19. "Helmet Laws Suck", 20. "Fuck Helmet Laws".

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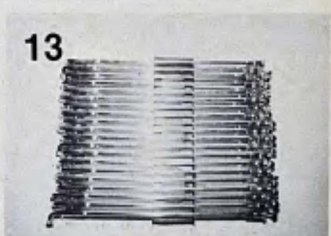
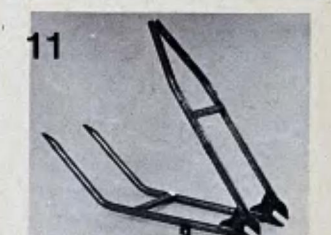
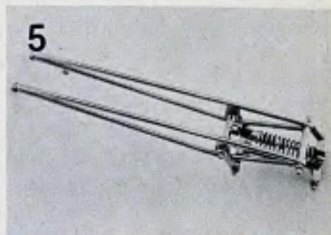
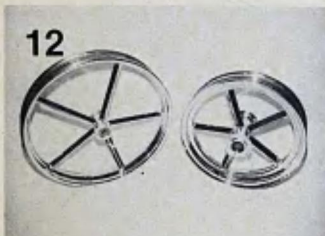


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answered, "but I can move a little bit, an' I'm gonna dig my way out of here an' cut your fuckin' throat." He began to struggle, but all he could achieve was a flapping of his one free hand against the ground and more scraping of his face against the stones. "Shit!" he said.

"Pinned solid."

"Wait'll my bros get here," Turk said. "They'll come lookin' before long. When they find us it's your ass."

"You got a long wait," Vic sneered, "but as long as we're pinned down like this, want me to tell ya how much I enjoyed your ol' lady?"

Turk grunted and cursed wildly, but only his head moved, flopping against the rocks that held him. His bloody, twisted fingers began to ooze more blood, and he fell silent, gasping in pain.

Night fell suddenly. One moment it was soft and golden and beautiful, and the next it was dark and cold and ugly. After a while a wicked-looking moon rose and scythed its way across the sky, slicing its way through the stars.

In the stillness of the night they heard the rustling of small animals in the dead leaves beneath the trees and bushes. They heard the distant twittering of some unfamiliar night bird and the cry of a wounded rabbit, far away. A light breeze stirred, and above the still surface of the small watering hole the topmost branches of the willows stood out against the sky, trembling as if they were wild things afraid of the intruders.

Ghostly shapes moved down to the water's edge, almost hidden behind low rocks and bushes. They moved on soundless feet, but tiny ripples on the surface of the pool betrayed their presence before they disappeared as silently as they had come. Both men dozed intermittently, moaning or cursing in their sleep, each sound followed by the faint fluttering of wings and the scrambling of feet.

During the early morning hours, when the sun had not yet risen but its glow made copper images on the land, a desert tortoise moved ponderously along, drawing in its head and hissing when Vic moved. And when its courage returned, it moved away with a regal stride.

"Was that a snake?" Turk asked, fear in his voice. "I hate snakes. I been layin' here all night thinkin' about 'em."

"Fuckin' snake'd die if it ever bit you, asshole," Vic answered.

"Yeah, well, pretty soon my bros

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are gonna come along, an' then it's gonna be you that dies."

"We'll see," was Vic's only reply.

The sun sprang up into the sky, catapulted from behind the distant mountains as if by some unknown force. It touched the surrounding hills with gold, then flamed up into the sky, and the heat was instantaneous. It bore down on them, searing their exposed skin and chasing away the gnats that had buzzed around their eyes and wounds all through the night. Before long, they heard the faint rumble of engines.

"They'll be comin' soon," Turk said. "You're gonna get it. My bros'll be first. You'll see. Gonna cutcha balls off."

"No way," Vic answered. "I'm the one that's gonna come out on top. You ain't gonna get outta here with nothin' but busted bones an' a butt-fucked ol' lady."

Twice the engine sounds came near, and twice they faded into the distance. Another time they seemed to be close, and then the sounds stopped suddenly, as if the searchers had stopped for a rest, or, perhaps, to search on foot. Hope filled each man's heart.

"Over here!" Turk tried shouting, but the pain and the heat of the desert had robbed him of a voice, and all he could manage was a loud whisper. And then there was another sound.

Footsteps echoed along the narrow gully. The sound came from downwind, below the waterhole. Bushes rustled in the distance, and the sound of rocks being disturbed by a number of feet gave each man renewed hope of rescue. Vic tried calling out, but he, too, could manage only a croaking sound. He pressed his bloody cheek against the ground in futility.

"They're close," Turk said.

"They're comin' up the gully. I can't see around this rock. Can't even move my fuckin' head. Can you see who it is? Mine or yours?"

Vic turned his head again, and with great effort managed to twist his neck far enough around to enable him to look down along the dry gully, where the heavy brush soon parted and shapes appeared.

"It ain't neither," Vic said in a whisper. He turned suddenly cold in the scorching heat of the day. "It's a bunch of little pigs. Oh, Christ!"

They came on, then, their feet rattling against the stones. They came on like a brown wave of bristling hide and muscle, their narrow eyes hungry, their ivory tusks flashing. ■

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Willie and the Weed

Continued from page 30

heard the sound. "Psssst," he heard. Willie stopped and looked around. Nearby was an old tumbledown shack. The sound had come from somewhere inside it. He switched off the ignition and the engine sputtered to a wheezing halt.

"Psssst," he heard again. Willie dismounted and opened the door. He peered inside the shed and there, lying on the floor in a heap of dirty rags, was an old man. His skin was pale and crinkled and he held up a forearm to ward off the sunlight that streamed through the door held open by Willie.

"Close that door, you fuckin' baboon," the old man said. His voice had the sound of a hissing snake. Willie closed the door and waited. When his eyes had adjusted to the darkness, the old man spoke again. "I heard your motorcycle outside," he said. "Wanna sell it?"

It was unbelievable to Willie that he would find a buyer so soon. He wanted to avoid selling the bike. "It's just an old Triumph, almost twenty years old and not good for much, I'm afraid."

"Ha!" the old man cackled and jumped to his feet with amazing dexterity. He danced around in the darkness of the shed, then went to peek through a crack in the wall. "It's just what I've always wanted!" He looked around the shack as though other ears might somehow hear what he had to say, then came over to whisper in Willie's ear. "I want that Speed Twin, and I want it bad," he hissed. He removed a worn leather pouch from inside his shirt and shook the contents into Willie's palm.

Willie stared at the three round objects in his hand. "What's this?" he questioned.

"Shhh," the old man cautioned. "Sometimes the walls have ears. Those are seeds, very special seeds."

"Seeds?" Willie looked again, more closely this time.

"Yes." The old man had drawn even closer. "They are marijuana seeds, and you can plant them. When they grow, you can harvest the leaves and the blossoms and sell them for thousands of dollars."

"Marijuana?" Willie questioned. "But everyone knows there has been a terrible drought and nothing will grow."

"These will," the old man said. He reached over and closed Willie's fist around the seeds, sealing the deal.

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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.

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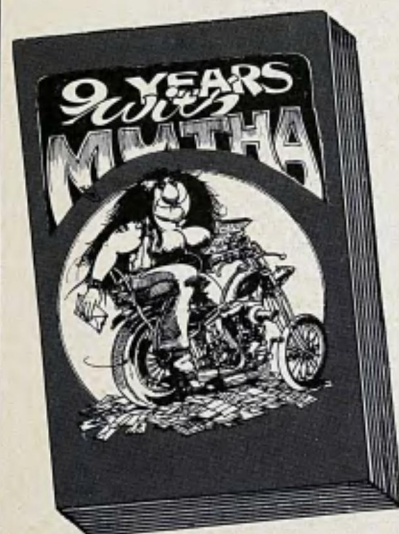
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"They are magic. Take them home and plant them — you'll see!"

At the thought of making so much money, Willie had completely forgotten the bike. He had forgotten his mother's instructions to sell the Triumph and buy food. Happily, and with the three seeds in his tightly closed fist, Willie ran home.

"Mother! Mother!" he shouted as he burst into the cottage. "Come look at what I've traded Father's sled for. Come see! We're going to be rich!"

Willie's mother rushed into the room, excitement on her face. That excitement faded fast when she saw her son standing there, apparently empty-handed. She had expected food. She ran to the window and peered outside, hoping that Willie had traded for so much food he couldn't bring it into the cottage.

Disappointed, she turned back to her son. "Where is it? Where is the food? I don't see any food anywhere."

"It's not food I've brought, Mother," Willie said. He was still joyful over the deal he had made with the old man and did not notice her disappointment. "I have something better — far better."

"Better than food?" his starving mother demanded. "What could be better than food?"

"These," Willie answered, proudly displaying the three marijuana seeds.

"What the fuck are these?" his mother screamed. She grabbed the seeds and carried them over to the window, where the light was stronger. She inspected the seeds carefully.

"They're marijuana seeds, Mother," Willie answered. He was beginning to have some doubts about the wisdom of the trade.

"They're magic marijuana seeds, and when we plant them and they grow, we can sell the dope for thousands. That's what the old man who traded them to me for Father's Triumph said," he finished weakly.

"Thousands?" his mother said. There was murder in her eyes.



"Remember, if there's even a shadow of a doubt, you must find this guilty bastard innocent."

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Who Sez You Can't Smoke at 60 m.p.h.?

Biker Pipe

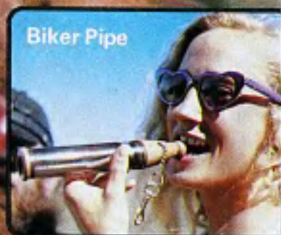
Stick your doobie inside
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Chain Smoker

No smoke lost. Pocket
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Biker Pipe

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ON THE
WEEKEND
OR LIVE IN
THE SADDLE,
YOU CAN
RIDE HIGH
WITH THESE
FAR-OUT PIPES.

"Plant them? What the fuck do you mean *plant them*? We can't even get the garden to grow and you want to plant marijuana seeds? You fuckin' pothead, we can't eat marijuana. Even if we could get these damn seeds to grow without water, we couldn't eat marijuana." She flung the three tiny seeds out the window. "I would have thought that an eighteen-year-old would have had better sense than this but, considering who your father was, I should have known better. Get your skinny ass to bed before I kill you. No porridge for you tonight!"

"But, Mother, we can plant them and when we sell the dope — "

"Bed!" His mother pointed up the stairs.

Willie had never seen his mother so angry. There was a very real threat to his life. He went to bed.

Morning came and brought the sun. Willie rose, yawned, and stumbled to the window in his room. He had not yet remembered his mistake of trading his father's motorcycle for the marijuana seeds, and when he saw the giant plant towering upward and upward until it disappeared into the clouds, he could only blink in disbelief. He pulled on his clothes and hurried outside.

He stood there for a moment and just stared; the base of the marijuana plant was bigger than even the largest oak in the village square. From somewhere high above, one of the smaller leaves had broken off and it came drifting down to strike Willie squarely in the face. The leaf had fallen for so long and for so far, it was dry when it reached him.

Willie weighed the leaf in his hand; it had been one of the smaller leaves on the plant, but still it weighed almost a pound. Thoughts of great riches ran through his head as he rolled the leaf into a giant cigar. He would become the biggest dealer in the South, he thought as he lit the joint. Shit, he would be the biggest dealer in the country, in the world.

Two tokes and Willie was shit-faced. He extinguished the joint, put what was left inside his shirt, and began the long climb to the top of the giant marijuana plant. It seemed only natural that he should see how far his plant rose.

Three days later, still stoned and with half the joint remaining, Willie reached land. He hadn't expected land; he really didn't know what he had expected to find, but he was so stoned that he didn't care. Off in the distance, he could see a huge, dark castle, but it didn't seem to be worth

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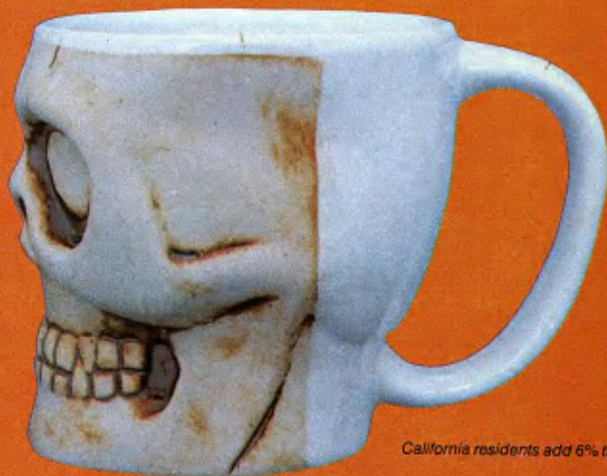
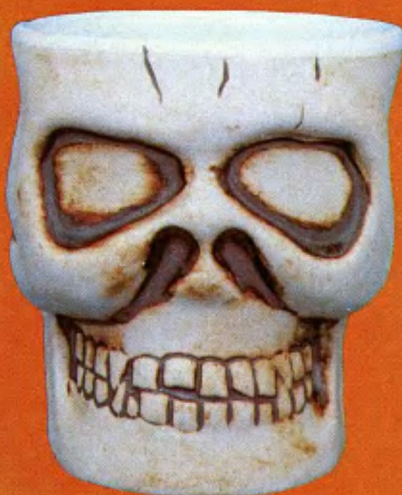
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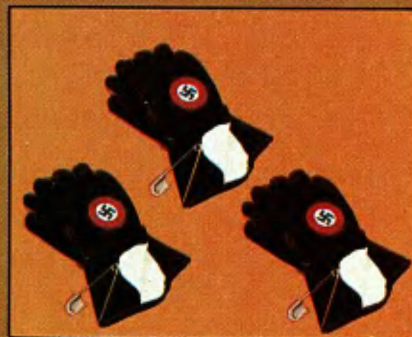
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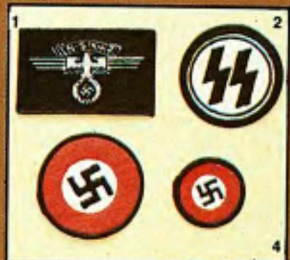
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the effort to investigate. He lay down in the shade of a giant tree and fell asleep.

When he woke he was clear-headed — not even a trace of a hangover. Amazing weed. His first notion was to take a couple of hits from his joint, but then he thought better of it. He wanted to investigate the castle and it was mid-afternoon before he reached it. The structure was surrounded by a massive stone wall, but the gate was standing open.

The large castle door was closed, but there was enough room for Willie to crawl under it and into the castle. Inside, he was awestruck; everything was of gigantic proportions. The slippers that rested at the foot of a huge armchair were so large that when Willie stood in them, their tops almost reached his knees. Then Willie smelled food — beans — and he remembered how long it had been since he had eaten. His nose led him to the kitchen, where a large pot of beans bubbled over the blaze in the fireplace. Using a spoon for a bowl and his hands to eat with, Willie demolished the beans, all of them. He burped contentedly and settled down against the fireplace wall to snooze.

"Wake up, you fool!" Willie felt someone shaking his shoulder and thought it was a part of his dream. He opened his eyes and saw the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She had long, yellow hair that spilled over her shoulders and shone like strands of pure gold. The maid's outfit she wore was perfectly fitted to her perfect body. She had high, smooth cheeks and her eyes were incredibly blue.

Willie farted, grunted, belched, and sat up. "Who are you? What's goin' on?" He rubbed sleep from his eyes and looked again to be certain that it wasn't a dream. The girl did not disappear.

"You've eaten the giant's dinner," she said. "He'll be raging when he comes home expecting his supper."

"Giant?" Willie rubbed his eyes once more.

"Yes, you fool," the girl snapped. "Who did you think lived here, midgets?"

"You're no giant," Willie said, staring at her huge breasts. Their size seemed to repudiate his statement. Her cleavage was magnificent, and if she would move just a little to the left, the way her blouse was unbuttoned at the top, he was certain he would be able to see —

"Quit staring, you asshole," the girl said. "Of course I'm not a giant. Any fool can see that! I'm an acid

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3. We'll get
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as soon as
you realize
I'm God

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.

QUESTION
AUTHORITY

9. HAVE AN



ORDINARY DAY

7. Sounds Like
BUTSHIT
To Me

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princess. The giant is a top narc, left over from the Nixon years. He stays up here in his eye-in-the-sky and spies on dopers everywhere. He caught me doin' a deal and threatened to send the video tapes to my parents and the DEA if I didn't come up here and serve him.

"He keeps me here to take care of the Golden Stereo and to cook and clean for him and to suck him off while he reads old police training manuals aloud." She giggled. "He's not really all giant, if you dig what I'm sayin'."

"In fact" — she screwed up her plexie face in thought — "you could say that when it comes to sucking and fucking and all, what the giant's got is a classic case of the law of compensation."

The girl stopped. She was interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps. The castle shook.

"He's coming," she warned.

"Hurry. I've got to hide you before he gets here. I'll make some excuse about the beans. If he finds you here, he'll kill you!"

She took Willie by the hand and led him into another part of the castle. The room she took him into was massive, and in its center stood a Solid Gold Harley.

Willie stopped and stared at the beautiful machine. His mouth was drooling. "That — that Harley is solid gold," he said breathlessly.

"I know what it is, you idiot," the girl said. "Come on, I've got to hide you."

She hid Willie in a corner cupboard. Willie remained silent and waited. The building was shaking with every step the giant took. Willie farted.

"Where is my supper?" the giant yelled when he reached the kitchen and discovered the empty pot. "My pot is empty and my supper is gone! I want my supper and I want it..."

The giant stopped for a moment, sniffed the air, and said: "Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell a fart from a motorcycle bum. Be he strong or be he weak, when I catch that fucker I'll bust the geek!"

Damn, Willie thought. The asshole



"But officer, I didn't even see him — he didn't have his lights on or anything."

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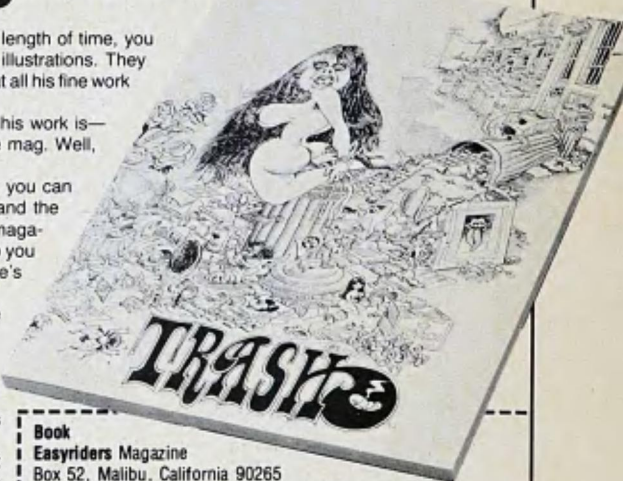
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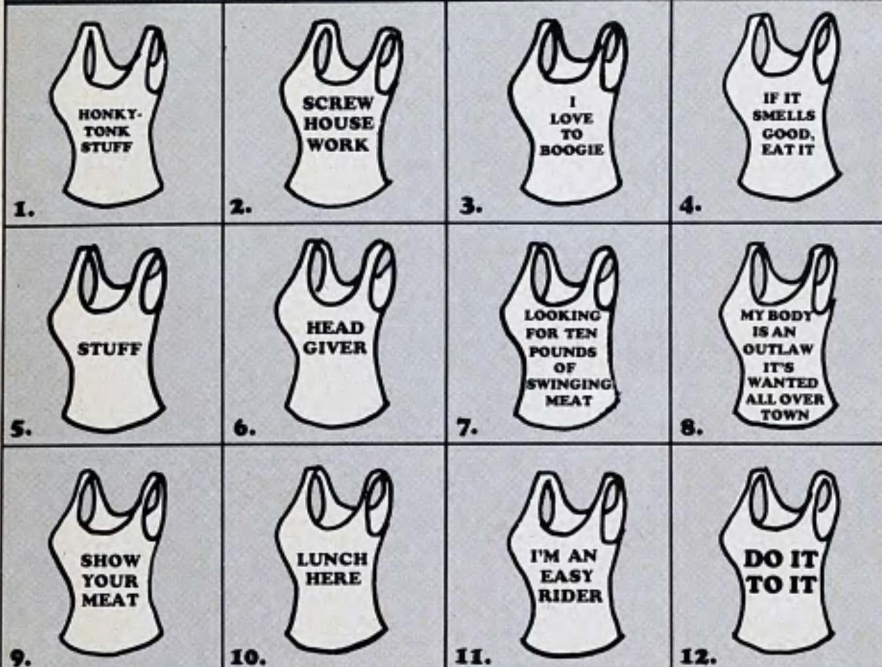
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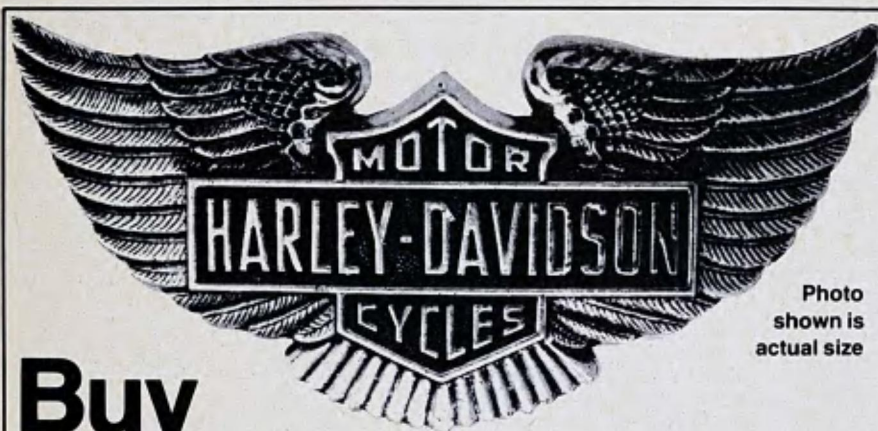


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is a real law 'n' order freak.

The giant stomped into the room where Willie hid. A fart Willie had been desperately trying to hold back broke with a loud *whoosh*. The noise and the aroma led the giant unerringly to Willie's hiding place. A squirming Willie was withdrawn.

"Well, well," the giant said, holding the frightened Willie close to his face. He wore a khaki uniform and had a Smokey the Bear hat perched on his head. "What have we here?" He poked Willie's bean-filled belly, and that produced another fart. "A little skinny," the giant commented, then turned Willie around and pulled up his sleeves to check for tracks. Then he stuffed Willie into an empty bird cage.

"Lulu!" the giant thundered. "Bring the Golden Stereo. Something mellow. I want some mellow music before I toss him down to the feds. While I relax with the *Police Gazette* and listen to the music, you can make me some supper. Hurry!"

The beautiful girl appeared with the mag and the other things the giant had demanded. While he leafed through the rag, the girl brought in the Golden Stereo. The record she selected was by Linda Ronstadt and the first tune was "Blue Bayou." Willie was very homesick at the sound of the tune and wished he was at home with his loving mother.

While the giant read and enjoyed the music, Willie could hear the girl, busy in the kitchen preparing food. Lulu staggered under the weight of a huge plate of french fries when



"Gloria, it's for you."

she delivered them to the kicked-back giant. He ate the potatoes hungrily while he eyed Willie in the bird cage. His eyes were clouded with hate.

Then, slowly, his head dropped forward and he began to snore loudly. Lulu came over and unlocked the cage so Willie could get out. "Keep quiet," she cautioned. "I put some knockout drops on his french fries, but I don't think they will last long. You've got to get out of here."

"Not without you," Willie said bravely. "I'm taking you and the Golden Stereo, and I'm taking the Golden Harley. What a bike!"

"You fool," Lulu said. "Run for your life while you can! I'll be safe here and —"

The giant moved his head and shifted his weight in the chair. Willie eyed the monster cautiously. "Get the fuckin' stereo and get your ass on the back of the bike. We're leavin'."

The giant stirred once more as Willie cranked the Golden Harley. It took the efforts of both him and the girl to kick the engine over. The bike responded; it roared to life, and the giant jumped out of the chair at the sound. He was rapidly closing the distance between himself and the bike when Willie farted and shoved the machine into gear. They roared out of the castle and toward the marijuana stalk.

Now it may seem strange that a man could ride a bike down a marijuana plant; but in times of stress, incredible feats can occur. Besides, it was a Harley.

Willie rode hard and fast, and the machine grew hot and spewed sparks behind them. As they neared the ground, they were well ahead of the giant, but could hear him coming. By chance, the sparks ignited the leaves at the very bottom of the marijuana plant. Smoke billowed upward and the girl hung on for dear life, but managed to keep tight hold on the Golden Stereo.

The thick cloud of smoke reached the giant and encircled his head. He breathed deeply — twice — and then fell. Stoned. The fall was great and the giant heavy; he died instantly, with a very mellow expression on his face.

The giant marijuana plant burned through and toppled, extinguishing the fire. There was plenty left to sell, and Willie had himself a beautiful ol' lady, a Golden Stereo, and, more important, a Solid Gold Harley.

They lived happily ever after. ■

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COCO

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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Motorhiking

Continued from page 77

trouble until you get the hang of motorhiking.

The weather plays a large part in the sort of story you will have to tell after you've survived a motorhiking odyssey. When it rains, for example, you have to try to get your bike under cover. You'll find that the nearest shelter is usually that overpass you trudged under about three quarters of a mile back, with nothing in sight ahead but swamp grass growing to the horizon and a big tree trunk bobbing down the flooded highway toward you.

Once I was nearly struck by lightning while motorhiking outside Salinas in the Kansas wheatland. With no warning, a terrible thunderstorm had come raging over the earth's curve and straight at me, spitting jagged streaks of lightning and pushing a dark wall of rain on madly howling winds. A guy in a battered station wagon with a big yellow tomcat on the seat beside him came along just as the first swollen raindrop splatted on my nose. He stopped and jumped out to help me muscle my bike into the back of the wagon, just as a lightning bolt of surefire shitkicker voltage zapped down from the turbulent heavens and struck the top of his ride — so close to where I was standing it singed my beard. The cat was fried to an instant crisp.

Animals, dead and alive, figure prominently in many motorhiking stories. Besides the ever-present danger of skidding on a dead possum in the middle of a curve and causing a helluva motorhike right then and there, you have to be alert for such nasty incidents as birds taking a dump on your head and flying fish leaping out of the water to smack you in the mug. Cats will claw you, dogs will bite you, and God only knows what those red-eyed critters out there in the darkness will do if they get within nibbling range of your ass. How motorhikers cope with such situations is part of the history of biking lore.

One time a pack of farm dogs came yalluping after my bro Concho as he pushed along the road and he was forced to stop and uproot a fence post to beat them off. While he was battling the canines, a herd of cattle came through the hole he had torn in the fence. The cows stampeded the remaining hounds and settled down to drop flop-flops all over the road. One heifer — they're

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the young ones with jaunty titsacks — followed Concho along the road for a mile or so, slobbering on his taillight every plop of the way before heading off down a side road toward the border. Cows dump an awful lot, and Concho doubted if that one made good its escape, what with the shitty trail it left for a posse to follow.

The first time I went motorhiking it like to scared me to death. I was just a pup who hadn't been out past two ayem without permission in my whole life and, instead of getting laid like I'd fantasized the first time I stayed out all night, I found myself stuck on a dark, deserted mountain road twenty miles from home. It was so dark that if I could have seen my hand in front of my face I wouldn't have recognized it. I literally couldn't see the road surface to guide my bike, but it wasn't until I ran the final fumes out of that old Triumph's tank and stumble-pushed my way another quarter mile toward the top of the mountain that I gave up. The grade was so steep I wondered a time or two if I was going to have to set pitons, and there were wild animals all around me. I could hear them breathing out there. I was pushing my scared young heart out when I stepped into a hole in the road and fell, my bike toppling onto me, rashing my hands and the side of my face. I crawled out from underneath and got the Trumpet back up, then felt my way like a shuffling blind man to the shoulder of the road, where I waited throughout eternity for morning to come. Cougars and grizzly bears tipped through the trees all night, but I whistled an old Indian charm that kept them away, and actually nothing else happened until daylight except for a strafing run made at my head by a vampire bat. I coped with that pretty well, considering. After I wiped, I felt around in the dark until I found my bike again.

Easyriders



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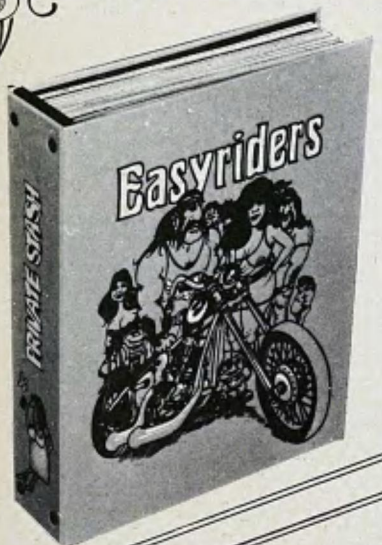


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then laid down beside it and used mind control to hold the beasts of the forest at bay until morning.

The blare of a truck horn scant inches from my danger-sharpened ears sent me springing ten feet into the air. I had fallen asleep — worn out by all the mental alertness I was projecting, no doubt — and suddenly I found myself wide awake and running for my life from what I took to be a Bengal tiger roaring hungrily in my ear. It took me a minute or two to get my bearings while the old guy in the truck kept asking if I was all right. I shook my head groggily and wondered how the hell I was supposed to know; I wasn't a doctor. Part of my brain was still waiting for that tiger to roar again, and with the rest of me seeing stars from hitting my skull I was having trouble with the simple fact that it was daylight. Add to that the pain of roadrash, and the discomfort of wearing stiff drawers, and it shouldn't be difficult to understand why I spoke somewhat disrespectfully to the old man when it turned out he was only going to hang a For Sale sign on a closed gas station around the next bend. He wouldn't give me a lift anyway — hitchhiking was against the law; didn't I know that? Naturally, there was no chance of siphoning enough fuel from his tank to take me home. "Neither a borrower nor a lender be!" he shouted as he disappeared around the mountain.

It all ended well, though. I came out of the wilderness alive — even if I did have to walk most of the way — and caught so much hell from Ma that I almost wished a tiger had got me. It couldn't have chewed my ass much worse than she did.

A few years and two motorcycles later, after a stretch in the army and an ex-ol' lady had taken turns at Ma's old job of raisin' hell with me, I ran out of gas money near a national park. I pushed my sled to the nearest point of scenic interest and walked through the parking area sticking my head in tourists' cars and saying, "Hi there! For a mere five bucks I'll be glad to go away and leave you alone!" It took almost no time to raise enough of a bankroll to run my sled all the way to the Coast, and that was where I was headed when the law pulled me over and arrested me for extortion. The judge gave me six months and I ended up cleaning floors in the county slammer. By the time my bit was up I had won a hundred bucks in the cellblock poker game and was able to go on my way in style.



The herald's message is clear. Last call for these issues is virtually here. Don't delay and end up with tears in your beer.

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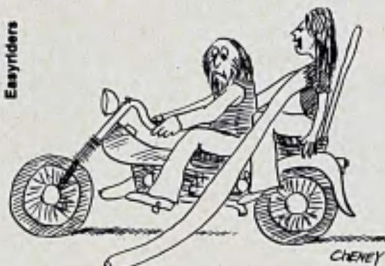
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In the usual course of bikehiking events, a broad encountered in a secluded spot will have the vehicle locked with a slaving Doberman in the back seat and be armed with anything from a Stillson wrench to her policeman hubby's off-duty .357. Or she'll be uglier than a transsexual walrus with the mange. Either way, she'll be about as sociable as Idi Amin in a bad temper. But still, once in a while you get lucky.

I was riding the back roads down the coast of the eastern bay late one balmy summer afternoon when — yep, it happened again — my tank ran dry. I was twelve miles from town, and half again that far in the other direction from the nearest gas station. Pushing my sled was impossible because of a sore ankle I had injured the night before helping some drunk get his head out of his ass. After a while I started walking circles around my bike; when I tired of that I sat down on a flat rock and took a looksee into my stash. It was down to seeds and stems, like I already knew, but I rolled a fire-cracker doobie, leaned back on my elbows, and studied the starry heavens to pick out constellations I could recognize — all two of them. Later I made a wish on a falling star that swooped down over the bay, and still later I watched an airliner cross the sky far to the south. I passed some time whistling old blues tunes, and some more trading hoots with an owl in a tree on the hill behind me. The poor fucker sounded as lonely as I was. After the owl flew away I sat and hooted to myself for a while, just to keep the rap going.

And then, about a thousand o'clock in the morning, when everybody but me and the long-haul truckers had packed it in, along came the miracle I had asked that shooting star for. The moon was casting a silvery glow over the earth. Down the road toward me, with long legs flashing like ivory and hair shimmering in the pale light, came a chick in T-shirt and shorts with



"Shit, Lee Roy, do you always have to stop so damn fast?"



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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.

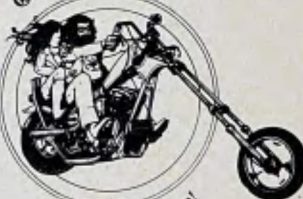
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If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on the newsstand, he needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain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

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a small knapsack on her back. She was a wide-eyed young fox with high cheekbones and a biteable lower lip. Just my type. She had small, firm breasts, and her pointy nipples, chilled by the night air, were visibly stiff under her tight T-shirt; her full hips strained the fabric of her cut-off jeans. Lush thighs and an easy-two-hand-span waist, trim ankles, exactly my type. Now please, star, if she'll just be packing a gas can in her pack. Or at least know where the Big Dipper is.

"Can a girl get a ride?" she asked. Her voice sounded the way honey tastes, sweet and richly soft.

"I'm out of gas, but I'll pick you up and carry you if you don't want to go too far. I don't suppose you've got anything to smoke in your duffel, have you? Want to sit on my rock?"

She smiled and sat down, then rummaged in her pack for a small baggie, which she handed to me. "Will you do the honors?" she asked.

Well, we lit it and we hit it, and after a while we laid back and discovered several brand new constellations that nobody had ever seen before. Over the course of the next couple of hours, between waving at a trucker who saluted us with a passing hornblast while we sat on the roadside and the chick waving her legs at a weather satellite as we lay in the grass, we got a lot of rapping done. I told her some of my swashbucklin'est yarns, guaranteed from past experience to impress wide-eyed girls, and she told me her story. I wonder why it is that so many chicks have only one story to tell.

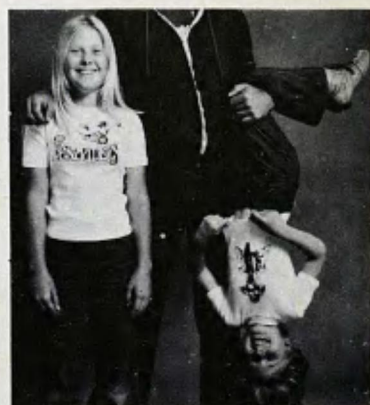


M. Hall

"How many times do I have to tell you not to play with your cock at the table?"

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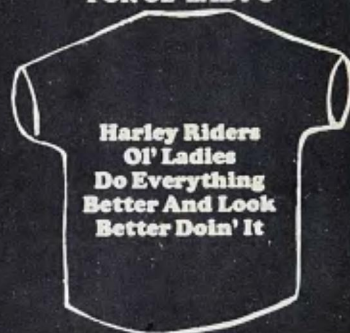
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Anyway, hers was the same old one up to the part where she left him because he was just no good, the last straw being when she caught the dumbie between the sheets with either her best friend or her kid sister. Hell, maybe it was *his* best friend. I kind of nodded out on some of the minor details, but that was the gist of it. It was when she got to the next chapter that I sat up and started paying close attention.

The reason the little darlin' was out hitchhiking in the middle of the night was that her dear uncle had recently died and bequeathed her all his worldly possessions, and she was on her way to take possession of 'em quick as she could. Said worldly goods being — I ticked them off on my fingers as she spoke — one ten-room lodge on a wooded lot fronting a private lake, a small cabin cruiser with waterbed in the captain's cabin, two cars (she didn't know what kind, but they were both foreign and sporties), assorted bank accounts and a safe-deposit box (plus a hidden safe in the lodge, which she almost forgot to mention), and a swanky downtown nightclub that she was going to have to find a suitable manager for. At least until she finished high school, when she might turn it into a roller disco joint and run it herself.

The chick was a few days past her eighteenth birthday, but she had flunked her senior year on account of that no-good dude who done her wrong, and she was going to go back and make it up so she could graduate. I just comforted her as best I could — and later she thanked me to the best of her ability.

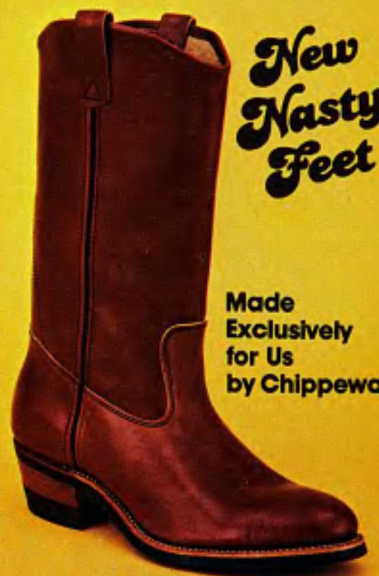
Dawn was coloring the eastern sky when we rose and fumbled our clothes on, laughing at each other's sleepy clumsiness, and stumbled down the hill to the road. Then she twined her arms around my neck and gave me a long goodbye kiss.

"Think that'll hold you until I get back?" she asked with a wink.

"Hurry," I said, and patted her bottom. I turned her around and gave her another pat to get her started, then stood with my foot on her pack and watched her walk out of sight. She stopped just before she reached the bend in the road and waved. I waved back, then rolled my bike out of the bushes where I had hidden it and twisted up a bomber to keep me company until my new ol' lady returned with some gas so I could take her home.

The INTERSTATE

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Payback's A Bitch

Continued from page 54

After removing about four feet of soft loam, he shut down the tractor and grabbed his shovel.

"Wouldn't want to bash any of that nice metalwork Williams's brothers slaved over," he chuckled. It was 3:34 a.m. when he reached a depth of about five feet and the tip of his shovel struck a pliant, immovable object.

"Pay dirt!" Reno carelessly bellowed aloud. He dropped the shovel to one side and his fingers carefully worked the soil away from the rounded protrusion of Goodyear A.T. rubber. "Look at this fuckin' tread," he continued in a voice lowered to a hiss. "Even the tires are practically new!"

From that point on, he proceeded even more cautiously, not wanting to add to the minor damages probably inflicted on the machine in the course of the burial. Pursuing his grim work by digging with his fingertips, he soon discovered that the fallen biker's coffin lay mere inches to the right of the Hog.

"I'll have to winch her out from the other side," he muttered as he worked closer and closer to the rear of the machine.

At 4:02, the bike was all but completely unearthed. Only one section of the rear wheel, which was butted against the side of the coffin, remained encased in soil. Reno sank to his knees, soaked with sweat and blackened by the earth. Ardently, he resumed his work, his clawing fingers sinking again and again into the moist, dark soil.

In an instant he realized that something was wrong. His nails had sunk into a substance that was unfamiliar to him. He brought his hands up to his face to study them. His eyes began to widen with a recognition that part of his mind sought desperately to deny. He slumped over backward, away from the spot where he'd been concentrating his efforts.

"My God!" he moaned. "It can't be! It just can't be!"

Slowly, with trembling hands, he took up a trowel and leaned forward. He loosened the remaining soil away from the wheel. The earth fell easily away and Reno stared, neither blinking nor breathing, at the repulsive sight before his eyes.

The head of Williams's coffin had somehow burst open beneath the weight of the soil. A cold, white-fleshed limb, bloated and decaying,



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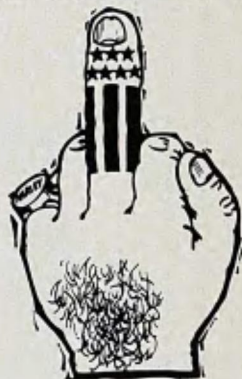
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extended out from the side of the splintered coffin — out to the machine that it had so recently controlled. Much to Reno's horror, the putrefying hand at the end of the arm was rigidly grasped about the spokes of the Glide's rear wheel!

Reno glanced at his watch. It was 4:16; he had no time to waste. He had to finish what he'd started and abandon Millstown prior to sunup. Taking a long, deep breath and suppressing the urge to retch, he took hold of the stiffened, clammy wrist and tried to wrench the hand free from the wheel. There was little room to maneuver between the coffin and the bike, and Reno quickly realized that his repeated efforts were fruitless.

In an act spawned by desperation, Reno grasped the dead man's index finger, which was curled over two of the spokes. He closed his eyes and grimaced with disgust as he pried back the digit until it broke free from its hold with a dry snap. Heartened with the promise of success, he repeated the action four more times until a disfigured, decomposing arm fell back and away from his sought-after prize.

Reno sprang to his feet. Shaking and shaken, but still not wanting to waste a second, he fired up the backhoe and drove it back to the garage. Returning with his van, he aimed the front-bumper-mounted winch at the gaping, open grave. By 5 a.m., as barely discernible rays of misty light were sprouting along the eastern horizon, Reno was pushing the dirt-encrusted Harley up a ramp into the back of his van. He tossed his soiled tools in front of the passenger seat and slapped the mud from the front of his jeans. His shoulder-length hair was stringy and matted from his toil, and his lower back and arms ached as they'd never ached before. Yet, despite his discomforts, he could not suppress a pleased smile.

"Thanks a lot, sucker!" he yelled, directing his words toward the grave he'd so carefully refilled. "This scooter would only have overheated down where you are anyway, Williams! I'm sure I'll enjoy her much more than you would. So long now. Don't get up to see me out!"

During the evening, three days later, Reno flopped down on the bed beside his woman's unmoving form. "Well, she's all ours, honey," he gloated. "She's stripped and painted. She's sporting a brand-new

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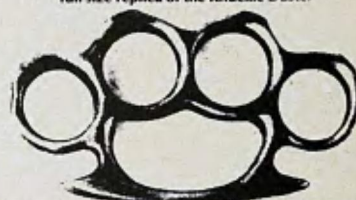
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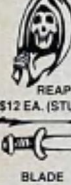
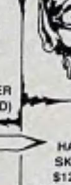
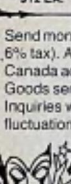
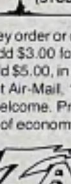
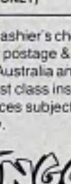
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saddle and a new set of pipes. I've altered her numbers like a pro, and Frenchy did one helluva job on that title and registration. Yep. She's ours all right."

Reno regarded the woman lying silently beside him. Marsha stared at a page of her magazine, ignoring him. "So whataya think, huh?" He nudged her with his elbow. "You ready to go out cruisin' tomorrow?"

Marsha let the magazine slip out of her hands. Reaching to the nightstand, she retrieved her cigarette and took a lengthy drag. She shifted onto her side and stared coldly at her bedmate.

"I still don't know," she finally began. "It still don't set right with me. You know what they say, 'what goes around, comes around.' What if there is somethin' after this? What if some kinda restless spirit is walkin' the earth lookin' for its bike — and plannin' payback for you?"

"Oh, come off it, bitch! Why don't you grow up? You're always talkin' weird shit like that." Reno sat up beside her, the tendons in his neck spasmodically rippling with stress. "Ain't nothing wrong with what I did. How many times do I have to tell you that? That bike would have rusted to shit in weeks if I'd left it in that hole. That would have been wrong, leaving a cherry Hog to rot to hell under six feet of dirt!"

"Restless spirits, payback, bull-shit! You're starting to sound just like those clowns that buried the bike — his brothers!" Reno spat out the word. "What a crock. There was probably plenty of them that would've liked to get their hands on that scooter if the others weren't watching.

"Don't you see, Marsha? We could never have afforded a mount like that on the money I'm making."

"But, Reno. You're working part time! You refuse —"

"Yes, I'm working part time," he interjected. "I can't work a dragassd eight-to-five shift like all the other schmucks. I need time for myself. I need time for that machine



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out there. And mostly, babe, I need time to be with you."

Marsha realized that he was handing her a line, but she smiled her reply, determined to take full advantage of his romantic response. "I guess you're right, babe," she cooed in his ear. "But let's let that scooter slip from our minds for a while and concentrate on that time you need for me."

She wrapped her arms around his waist and pulled him over on top of her. She engulfed his mouth with her own as she reached under the blanket for his cock. Reno, hard with anticipated pleasure, almost jumped out of the bed as Marsha's fingers closed around him like five icicles digging into his groin.

"What the fuck is wrong with your hands? How the hell did they get so fuckin' cold? Wait. . . shut up! Didja hear that?" Reno jumped out of bed, confused and angry. "There, that noise, didn't you hear it?"

Marsha, staring wide-eyed at him, shook her head.

"Then you're deaf as well as dumb. Somebody's trying to rip off my bike." Reno yanked open the nightstand drawer and grabbed his .38 and a flashlight. "I already chopped off one hand that tried to snatch that bike," he hissed. "I'm ready to deal with the rest of those fuckin' Spoilers."

Reno shivered violently as he stepped out into the cool night air. As he approached the detached garage, he directed the flashlight's amber beam onto the building's door. The wide metal portal was the sole entry to the interior and all the locks and chains appeared to be secure.

"I'd best go in and have a look around anyway," he told himself. "Otherwise, I'll never get any sleep."

The key slipped easily into the case-hardened lock, and the well-oiled mechanism sprang open. Reno took firm hold of the pistol grip, breathed deeply and pulled the garage door upward. As the white-paneled door swung up, he stood with arms extended, directing the gun and light toward the interior of the garage. He released the air from his lungs with a sigh. There was nobody in there.

"You're gettin' fuckin' paranoid, man," he chided himself. "You been listening to Marsha too —"

He stopped suddenly. The beam from the flashlight had drifted down toward the floor, and there it held fast on the staggered, black-soiled trail of bootprints; prints that led directly up to the side of the idle 1200.

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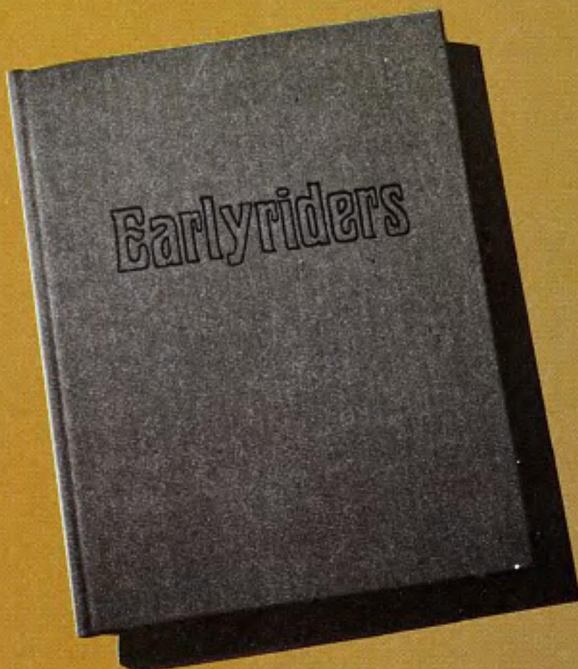
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hand and the revolver in his right, Reno cautiously followed the trail into the garage. Though his steps were sluggish and uncertain, his mind was racing. "What the hell is goin' on?" he muttered. "Everything around here is goin' crazy. I'm sure I swept my tracks out of here. Whose could they be? Nah, I musta forgot; it's gotta be my mud."

He directed the light toward the mudprints nearest the Hog. He noticed nothing unusual. There was nothing disturbed. He passed the beam along the length of the bike. The front end, the bars, the gauges, the tanks — wait a minute, the bike was turned around. Reno had rolled it into the garage by hand, its front wheel pointing toward the back of the garage. Now it faced front, as if, Reno thought with a shudder, it had decided to leave. He moved forward for a closer look. He saw the five fingerprints etched on the gleaming chrome of the handlebars and shrieked like a madman. In his terror, he dropped his revolver, which struck, cocked hammer first, on the concrete and discharged, sending a slug tearing through Reno's shoulder.

The searing pain ripping through him seemed to restore some of Reno's sanity. "Damn," he swore, pressing his palm to the wound. "Damn it all! This can't be happening. He's dead! I buried him over! It's just me. All her ghost shit's got me crazy. I musta turned the bike around myself and forgot. Sure, that's it. I was plannin' to take Marsha for a ride tomorrow an' I turned the bike. Those got to be my fingerprints on the bars. There ain't no such thing as ghosts. I just got a guilty conscience, or something, and it's makin' everything seem weird."

In partial shock from his wound and less rational than he thought, he reached to the floor and retrieved the .38. He stuffed it under his belt and straddled the Harley with a pained, sluggish effort. "I've got to be sure," he murmured, touching the starter button and bringing the mount to life. "I've got to go and see."

He rolled from the drive at a reckless pace. The bike began to skid on the loose blue gravel accumulated along the shoulder of the road, but at the last moment the Glide seemed to right itself, avoiding a spill. The mount and its rider went on toward the Hillcrest Cemetery.

The gates, which he'd forcibly breached, had not yet been recharged. They still stood wide

open and he drove right in. As he rolled through the cemetery grounds, the big V-twin began to waver under him. An obscure blackness had begun to cloud his consciousness, but he fought back furiously, shaking his head from side to side and forcing his eyes to stay open. "I... can't black out now," he blurted. "It's just... a little... further. I gotta be sure."

He goosed the smooth, black throttle and the Glide sprang forward. The headlamp's brilliant high beam brought the block-shaped form of a grey mausoleum into view.

"There it is! The mausoleum! Now... I turn right bef... no, after it! Or is it — damn! He swung to the right just before the shadowy monument. As he rode down the narrow, sandy trail, he leaned more heavily onto the handlebars, trying to support his slumping torso. He was so intent on locating the Williams gravesite that he was oblivious to an occasional spattering hiss as the blood from his worsening wound dripped down on the staggered chrome exhausts.

"It's right up here," he gasped, easing off the throttle. "I'm almost sure!"

The Harley's headlamp wavered wildly as Reno, weak from losing blood, struggled to direct the bike's course. It happened in an instant. Reno, his mouth wide in a silent scream, sought to deny what his eyes were seeing. The grave of "Demon" Williams lay open once more. It loomed before him — a gaping, blackened void roughly cut into the crust of the earth. It seemed to beckon to him.

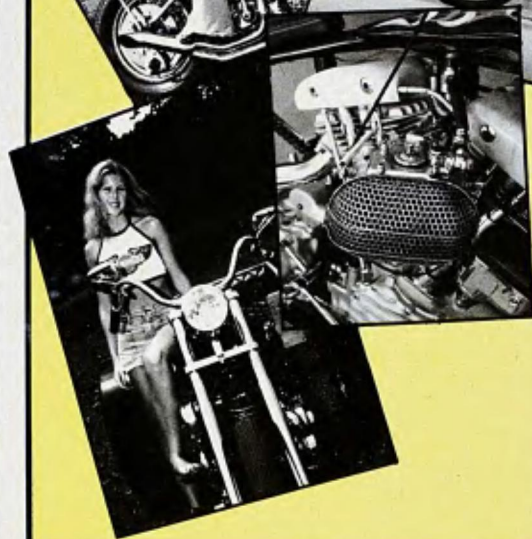
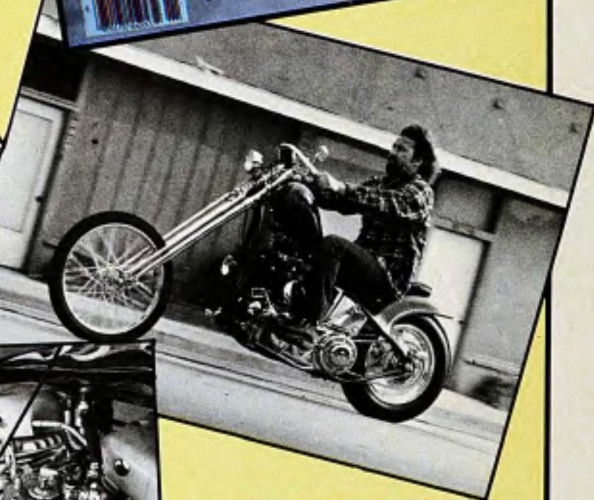
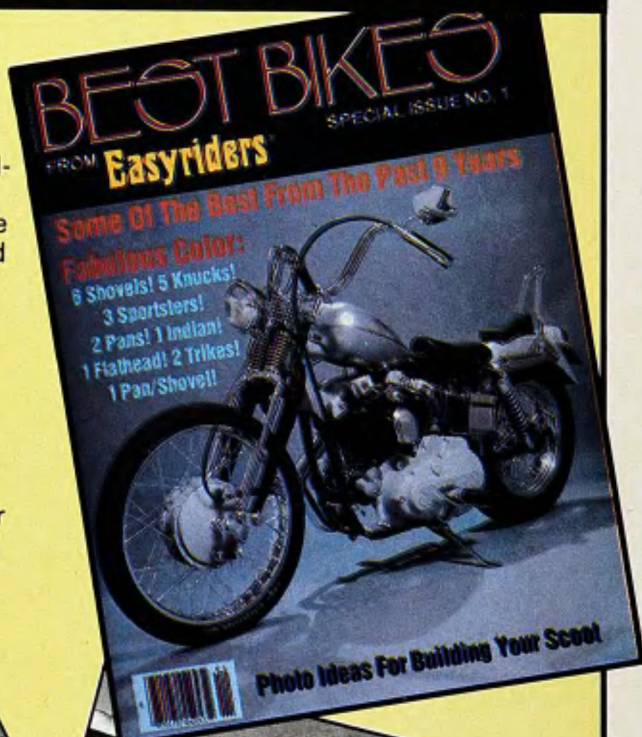
Reno forced his thoughts to stop drifting. Time was of the essence!



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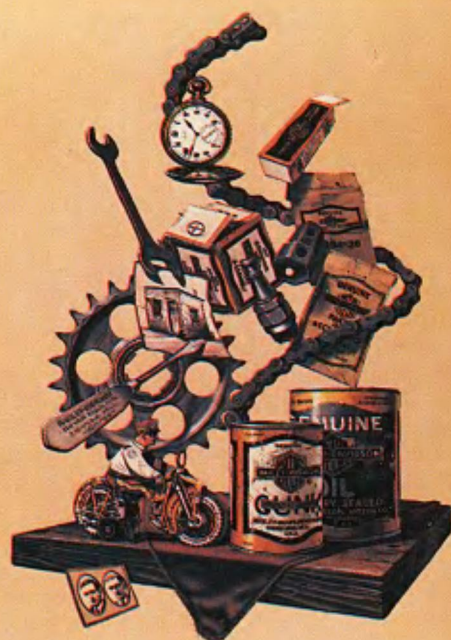
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His right hand and foot darted to the brake controls and activated both with desperate, powerful efforts. Yet the bike, despite his rapid motions, continued its forward momentum, rolling unchecked, up to and over the edge of the freshly-dug grave.

Minutes after the fall, Reno's eyes cracked open as he regained consciousness. The throbbing pain in his shoulder reminded him of his wound and, glancing toward it, he could see that the bleeding had stopped. "Well, at least I got one thing going for me," he groaned.

He tried to turn within the translucent gloom of the grave, but the weight of the Harley lying across his chest prevented him from doing so.

"Shit," he roared. "This fuckin' hole in my arm made me so delirious that I musta rode down the wrong friggin' trail and up to the wrong damn grave. This can't be Williams's grave, it just can't. I covered that bastard! It can't be him!" For the first time since he had been a small boy, Reno felt like crying. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," he repeated, his hysteria growing. "What do I do now? There's no way out. Maybe Marsha followed me; shit, I hope Marsha followed because —

The clattering sound of earth falling onto the Hog's dented tanks drew Reno from his wild speculations. He lay there silently, looking up toward the edge of the grave, a look of horror dawning on his face.

A second shower of soil cascaded into the grave, landing directly on Reno's face, stinging his bulging eyes, blinding him.

"Hey! What the fuck is goin' on up there?"

The answer came swiftly, in the form of still more dirt raining down into the grave with a rattling, irritating clamor.

"Damn it!" Reno yelled. "Who's up there? Is it the Spoilers? Hey! If it is you, I'm sorry I stole your bro's mount. I really am! I'll make amends somehow. I'll get together some bucks and give it to the — hmmmpphhh." His words were choked off as a cloud of thick black soil fell into his mouth. He gagged and hacked repeatedly, pushing the grit from his mouth with his tongue. He turned his eyes up toward the edge of the grave. He was about to plead for his life, offer anything to his oppressors, if only they'd let him live. But the bloodied, frightened grave thief aborted his final request, for just as he'd opened his mouth to utter the words, he thought he saw a fingerless hand shove another clod of dirt down onto his face.

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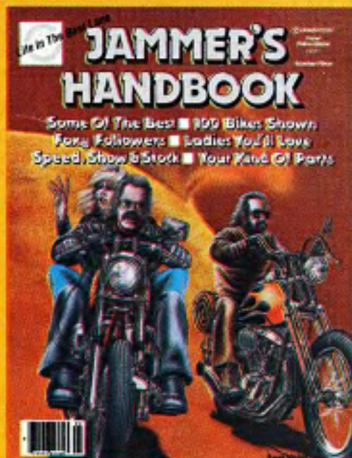


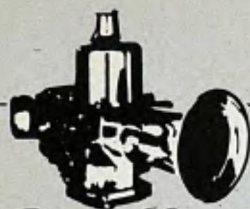
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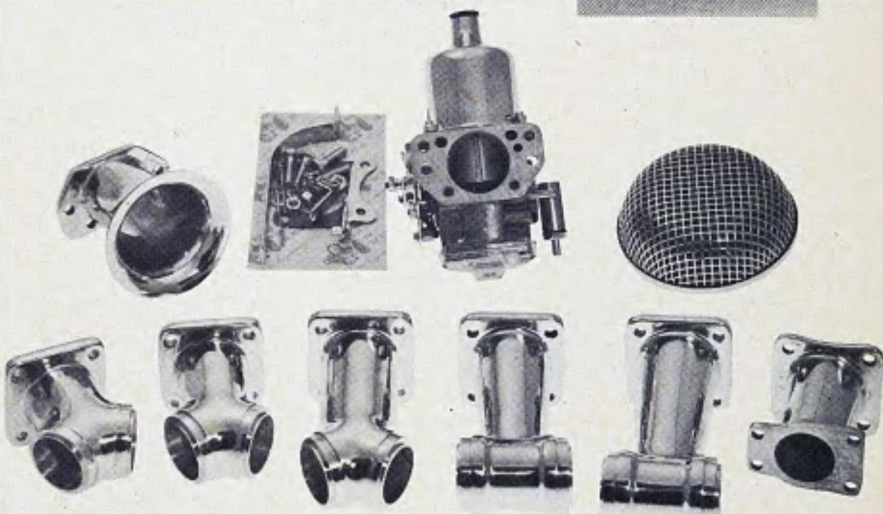
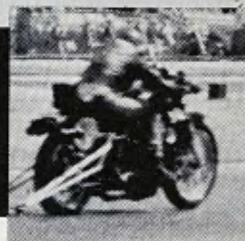
All Rivera SU kits offer highly polished manifolds and piston domes. The body is cast aluminum. Included is either a breathable air cleaner or velocity stack. All carburetors will be set-up and ready to bolt on. The jetting will be for stock Harley engines. Included in the kits will be two extra needles, one slightly richer than installed, plus one slightly leaner to cover any installation from stock to highly modified engines, such as cams, head work, special exhaust. There will be no jetting for stroked engines included in any kit.

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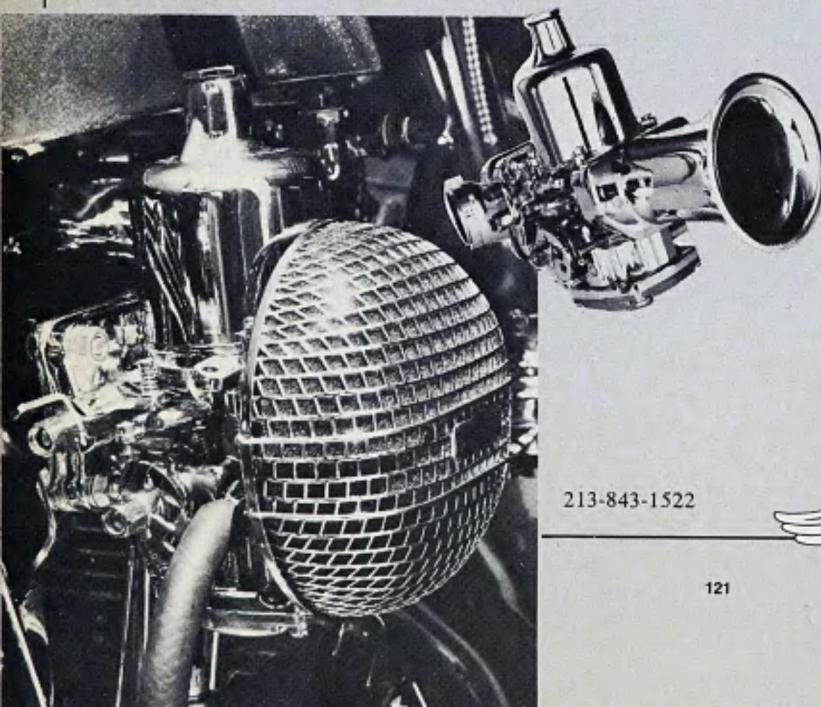
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122012	Generator Screw Kit—Big Twins 1936-57	5.50
12203	Timing Cover Screw Kit—Big Twins 1936-70	16.00
12204	Circuit Breaker Screw Kit—Big Twins 1936-75	7.00
12205	Lifter Base Screw Kit—OHV Big Twins 1936-75	12.00
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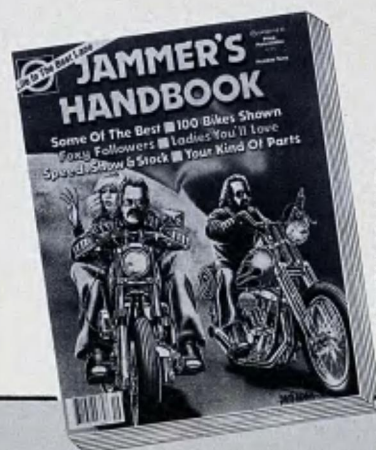
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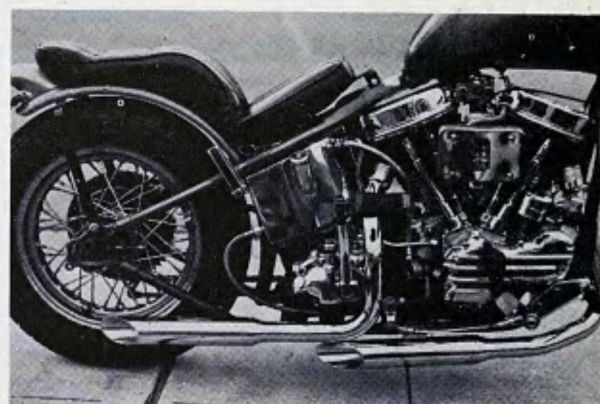
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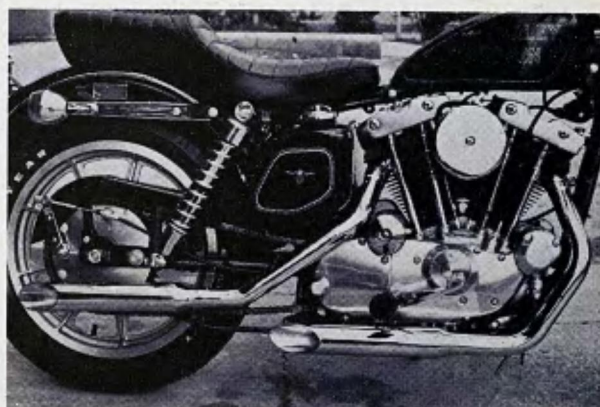
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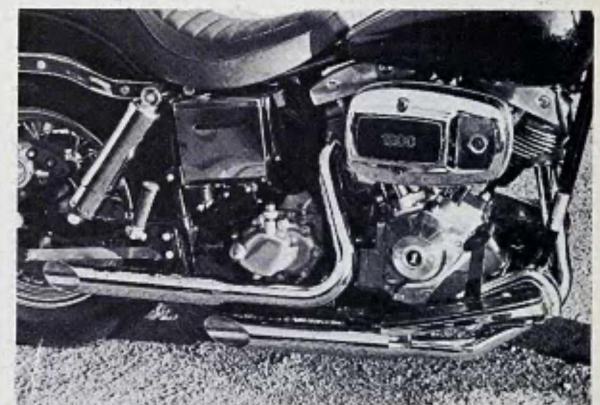
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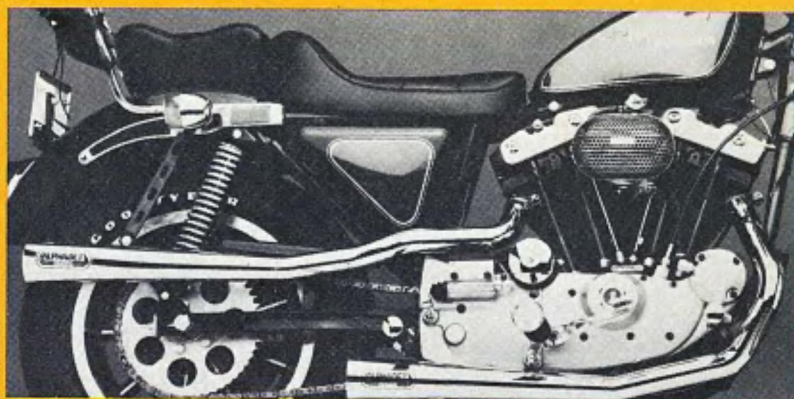
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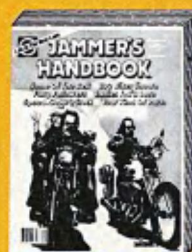
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Choppershopper

Continued from page 78

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Hey, Togs, Black Jack's out, and we're in the wind. You can contact us at (208) 482-7605. Easy. (93)

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. (93)

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Dave: Happy 33rd birthday. This lady will always love you. Fox. (93)

God made Him who had no sin to be sin for us, so that in Him we might become the righteousness of God. Please write: Craig Briggs, 428 N. Washington, Lima, Ohio 45801. (93)

Teaser, Chico, Richard: I love and miss you. Write P.O. Box 125, Severance, N.Y. 12872, Kasey, (Cyclone). (93)

Mature biker, 45 yrs., riding solo, has huge hunger for small-size, affectionate house mouse for living, loving, and riding in Calif. Must be free to relocate. Send scribe, photo, and phone to Solo, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (94)

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Virginia Wootan: I've been tryin' to make contact with you for the last couple of years, but to no avail. Please contact me. It's important to me, and it will be important to you too! Leonard Lomonaco #76A4758, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582. (1G)

Tim Shea: I would like to hear from you again. Sharon Gruetz-macher, 2703 E. Walnut, Des Moines, Iowa 50317. (2G)

21-year-old American/Dutch man lying in a hospital for a year (bike crash) would like to correspond with any lady young or middle-aged. Pictures, please. Will answer all letters. Gerald Joe Simons, Provinciaal Ziekenhuis "Duin en Bosch" (AFD Westlinge D), Post Bus 305, Igoo AH Carstricum, Holland. (3G)

Watch Dog (J.P.): Come see your people. It's time. (93)

Con needs a woman to write to. I'm 23, brown hair and eyes. Write to Daniel Cahill, Box B-40905, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (5G)

Professional tattooing handbook: Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets. Expert instructions, valuable tips. 71 pages, \$16.95. Steele, Box 242-D, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (93)

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

Meet sexy women nationwide! Call Tracy (312) 262-9800. Box 405-ER, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (93)

Harley rider lookin' for a lady to live, ride, party, and make Daytona with in March. Send info and photo (if possible) to Dan Wade, 7 Joanne, Cleveland, Ohio 44135. (93)

"The Tattooists." This oversized hardcover book features interviews, color, and black and white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." Tattoo News, "A bargain at the price." Fetish Times. "An in-depth exploration of artists in an intriguing manner." Los Angeles Times. Photographs featured in Easyriders. Send \$35 plus \$1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. (99)

Cunts, whores, and wenches, write the C. Send photos; will answer all. The C., 713 Rapp St., Thomasville, N.C. 27360. (93)

Attention, nymphs: Getting out in January. Who wants first shot at this 2-year cherry? John Perotti #155-639, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699. (93)

Ladies: Please write to me, Gene O. Meyer #195246, Box 32 (21-B-9), Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (93)

Secret remailing from Virginia. Details, sase, Ty, 147-537 Granby St., Norfolk, Va. 23510. (96)

Jordan and Signe Applebee, where the hell did you go? I'll be back in Jersey in May. Get in touch with me real quick like. Mike Schott, P.O. Box 1538, APO N.Y. 09023. (93)

New black T-shirts: For the ol' man "Mustang Ranch Quality Control Supervisor." For the ol' lady "Mustang Ranch Trainee." Each one comes with great (new X-rated) design. T-shirts \$8.50 each, French cut tops \$9 each. Be sure to state size. Send all orders to Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (112)

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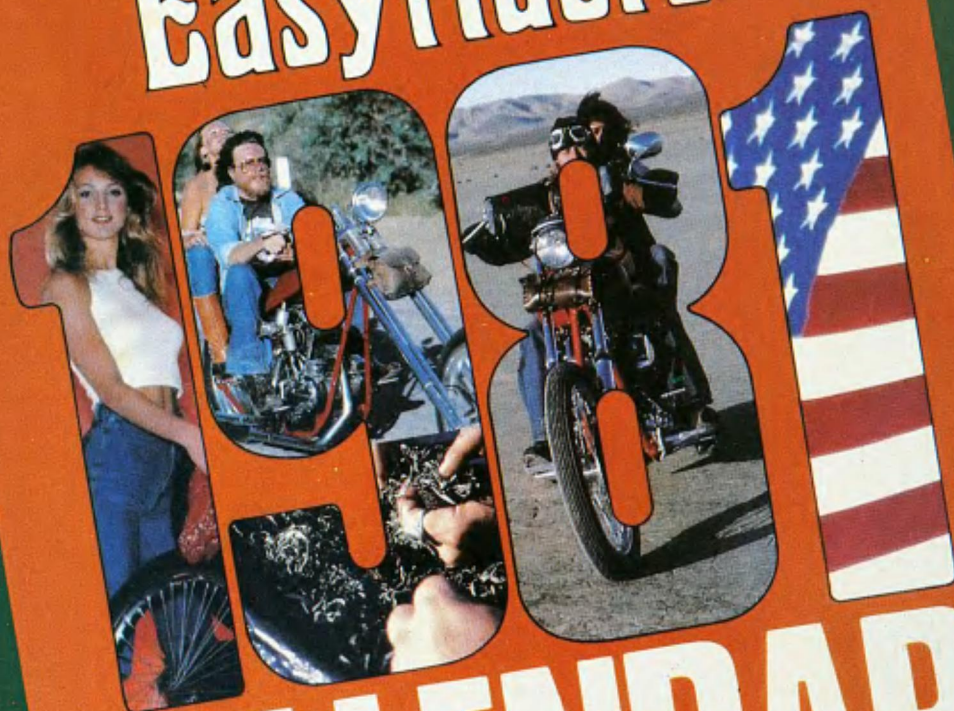
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