

Easyriders®

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April, 1981
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The Lowdown on Fake Upper Pills!

Special April Fools' Issue! (Turn page for explanation)

Mann Painting from 1968

**Motorcycle
Graveyard**

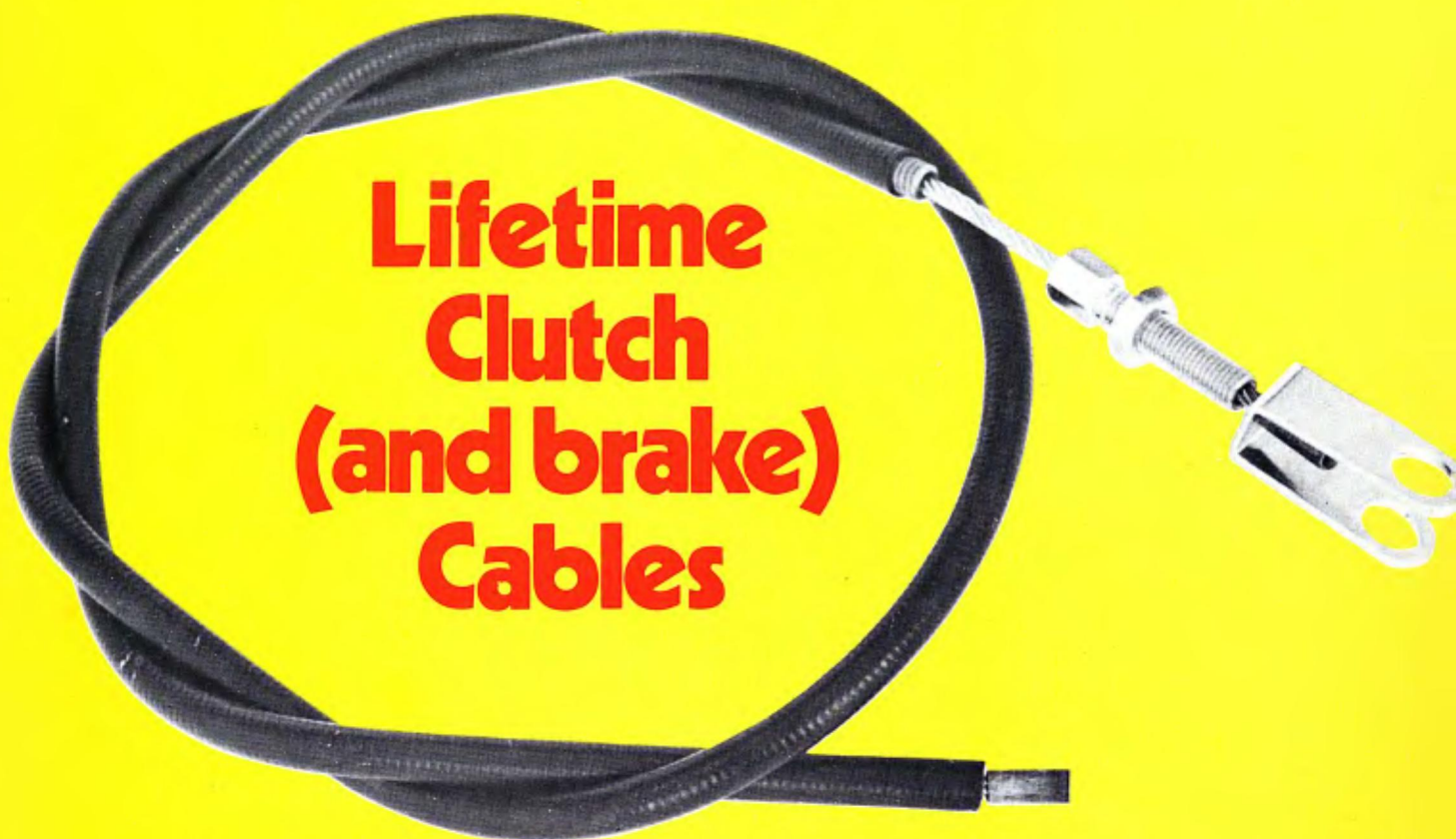
***Girl of
the Month***

**Fantastic
Scoots
and
Fiction**

***Ol' Lady
Contest***



Lifetime Clutch (and brake) Cables



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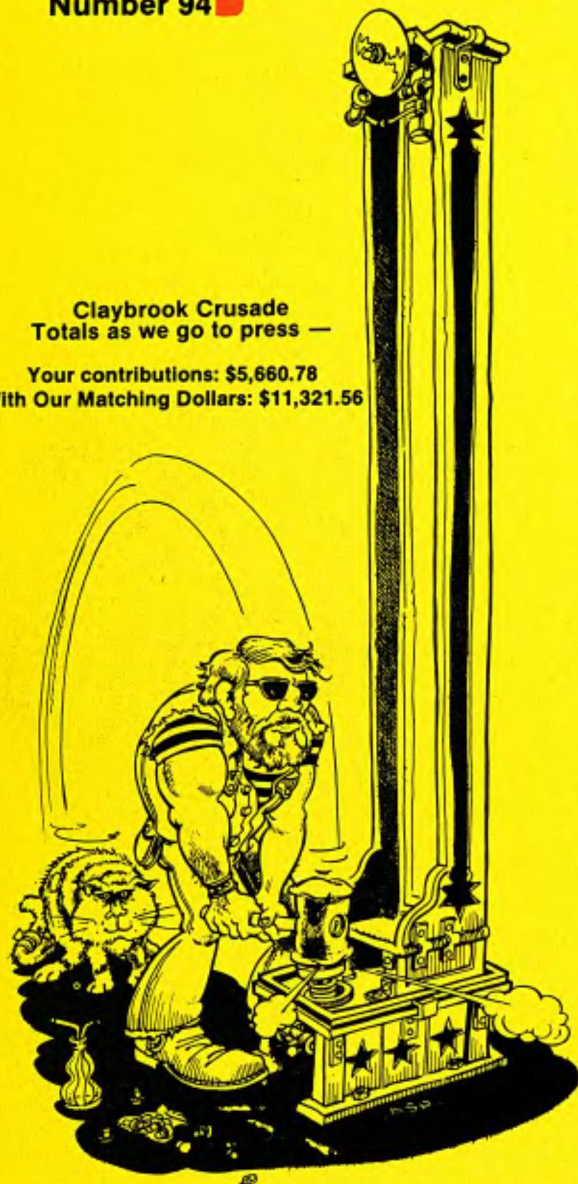


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I hope my idea for this issue's backwards trip doesn't bug ya. Some of you old-time readers will remember we did a lot of off-the-wall things in the early years and featured a lot more bikes—well, we've gone back to being the rowdies we were (and still are), so be prepared, as in the past, 'cause you never know what you'll see or read in this rag.

Dipshit of the month file: Everything was cool. He slipped through a small hole a plumber had left in the ceiling of his cell; but in his rush, he stepped off the beam he was walking on and fell through the ceiling right on top of the dispatcher's desk. He was dispatched.

Dogs stick together dept.: He got pissed at his wife, so he took it out on his bitch dog. He grabbed his 12-gauge and blasted away at his best friend, missing her every time because he was so drunk. He was still in the back yard when a policeman arrived with a narc dog (male). The narc dog, seeing the poor bitch cowering in the corner of the yard, immediately took off after the drunk and chewed the shit outta him.

Unbelievable file: This actually happened. A dude rolled a joint on the street. Needing a match, he went over to a bearded, tough-looking guy and asked for one. He lit his joint and noticed "Metropolitan Narc Squad" printed on the matchbook. He thought it had to be a joke and shined it. The bearded guy asked him if he knew where he could buy a lot of pot. "Sure," said the doper and took the bearded dude who had the matches right to his connection's house. The bearded guy made a big buy and then promptly arrested both dudes. The last thing heard as they were being lead away was, "You saw the matchbook and still brought him to my pad?" (They're no longer speaking.)

Good ol' mom: A woman's son was getting a ticket for double-parking while waiting for his mom to pick up something in a store. When she came to the car and saw her son getting a ticket, she grabbed the cop's writing hand and sank her teeth into it. (She damn near croaked from copitis!)

Snooze ya loose: He balled and partied with two hookers. When he awoke in the morning, the girls were gone, along with a valuable bag. He freaked out and pulled the fire alarm (for instant help, I guess). He told the police the bag had \$28,000 in jewels in it. But a fast search found his shavin' kit on top of a car beneath his sixth-floor apartment—it didn't have diamonds in it, but instead contained \$500,000 worth of high-grade coke. It turned out he was a mule, got sidetracked, and fucked up. He now wants to stay in jail—said he'd be killed if he was bailed out, not so much for the lost coke as for his stupidity.

New law: You can take a crap or pull your meat in Oregon in a public shitter now says the Oregon Court of Appeals. The police must now have search warrants to check out heads—even doorless shitters. As the court said, "The fact that there were no doors on the stalls does not foreclose an individual's reasonable expectation of privacy from clandestine surveillance." What brought this about was a dude jerkin' off in a doorless shitter when the police happened to walk in, catching him in the act.

A man got only \$17,000 for fallin' through some rotten floors in a state-owned outhouse. And get this—he fell into a head-high hole of human crap—female shit too—which shoulda got him at least \$170,000 for that alone!

Cops can help the energy problem! A university in Toronto has discovered they could heat a building with just the methane gas produced by 250 to 300 pigs. (I was kiddin' about the cops—but who knows? If four-legged pig shit can heat one building, maybe a city's two-legged pig force could heat a whole complex of office buildings!)

Another dipshit: He figured the perfect bank robbery—baggy clothes and a motorcycle helmet with big black ski goggles. He was busted only a few hours after the holdup. What'd he do wrong? He forgot his full name was emblazoned on the helmet. The goggles must have covered the name when they were up on the helmet, so he didn't see it when he donned his disguise.

Talkin' about biting: A chick in Hollywood bit a guy's tongue off because he wanted her to slow down on her drinking at a party. This is the second time I've had a report about a woman biting a guy's tongue off. Both were sewn back on, but man, women are turning freaky—that's like us bitin' off a nipple or a clit. But fuck, who'd wanna waste such good things? (No punishment could be too severe for a chick who is lovin' you up while planning to bite off your tongue—or crank.)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Good Meat

☐ I am one lady who really appreciates the piece of meat you tramps hung on the cover of my January issue.

Pam
Brush Prairie, Wash.

Dug Interview

☐ Just picked up your December rag and want to say that the interview with Himmler is one of your best articles to date — I laughed all the way through it. Do ya suppose it was because of the dyno hash or just my ability to relate to an animal's personality?

David M. Johnson
Anchorage, Alaska

☐ Both of you are at the same intellectual level.

☐ My dobie just read your interview with Himmler. He said it musta been the combo of reds and mushrooms, 'cause dogs don't talk. Think I'll trade him for a pit. He's startin' to talk shit in his old age.

Tattoo
Brookville, Ohio

Dearest Wordmonger

☐ You are sarcastically funny, but when it's time to be serious, you're as funny as a toothache. You're absolutely fantastic even when you're not stoned. You can't fool me — the only influence you're under is a great mind and personality.

Linda
Redwood City, Calif.

☐ My first fan letter and it had to be from my mom.

Alice's Brownies

☐ After making some chocolate chip cookies, following your recipe, I got to wondering if there was a way to make brownies without adding a lot of foul-tasting shit. So I looked around the supermarket one day and found a brownie mix

that had the magic words right on the front: Just add egg and oil. So I mixed a few grams of hash oil with the ½ cup of cooking oil called for in the recipe, and voila! Stone City!

The mix is Pillsbury Deluxe Fudge and it works like a dream. Ya can't taste anything but brownies. Honest. Give it a try.

Wild Bill Hickok
Wichita, Kan.

Reason for California Visit

☐ As always, your rag is great. I just wanna know who's the fine fucker on the cover of the January issue. Looks like not everything will fit into his chaps. Mmm! Mmm! I think I've just found my reason to make a trip to California.

Terri
Mandeville, La.

☐ Our entire staff gets well hung whenever we're around Holly. She'd give a brass monkey a hard-on.

Gas Problem

☐ A lot of youngsters fill their dirt bikes and such at the gas station where I work, and a few of them are just plain sloppy.

Aside from ruining a paint job (which most of these kids don't worry about), there are other reasons to be careful. Would you please, graphically, explain what can happen to someone who dribbles a nozzle full of gas over the open tank, down the engine, around the plug wire, and into the manifold?

Bill Peters
Mt. Vernon, Wash.

☐ First, don't allow *them* to put in the gas. Next, a drip on the tank is worth at least a knee in the nuts.

Tech Tip No. 1

☐ Life can be good. Life can be bad. But we have to make

the best of it. It's the only life we have.

Mad Mark
Perth, Australia

No Skid Lids

☐ Did any of you people catch the flick on NBC called "The Car"? It's a thriller-chiller that featured a cage possessed by a demon as the "bad guy" and a bike-ridin' cop as the "good guy."

What I liked best was that of all the riding scenes in the movie, only once did they show the cop with a skid lid!

It may not be the biggest advance in our private little war, but it sure as hell is a start! Butterfly
Pompano Beach, Fla.

Too Many Words

☐ Hey, what the fuck is this queer-assed poetry bullshit? Lately we've been seeing more and more of this junk. After seeing *In The Wind* #4 full of this drab-dribble, cultured crap taking up good picture space (what'd you do, run out of pictures?), I'm sending it back.

Fat Jack, Bringdown, Wally, Shithouse, Warlock, Wizard, John, Vano, Manson, Ernie, Mike, Sniffy, Tissue, Moon, etc.
Hasbrouck Heights, N.J.

☐ The editor thought he'd try to improve on an already-proven format. *In The Wind* #5 will be back to the great photo-jammed magazine it should always be.

Same J.J.

☐ Is the J.J. Solari that sometimes writes for you the same "Jay-Jay" Solari that was one of the original Mickey Mouse Club Mouseketeers back in 1955?

Crap
Milwaukee, Wis.

☐ Yep — but don't hold it against him.

What An Offer!

☐ Just a short note about Phil Caprioglio, whose 90 in. shovel was featured in the December issue. Besides having what looks like one of the nicest scoots on the road, he's gotta be the finest looking piece of biker flesh that ever straddled a Harley.

I sure wouldn't mind licking his dick for a week or two!

Friction Lips
Tampa, Fla.

☐ I'd love you to ride me. If only you would sit on my face as you sit on that bike.

E. Dickens
San Antonio, Texas

Need More Mags

☐ I don't understand why King Kwiks don't order more of the best mag around, *Easyriders*. It is really rough finding your mag in Reading and Lockland, Ohio. Maybe they don't like your mag, but that's no reason for keeping those of us who do from reading it.

T.P.
Reading, Ohio

☐ Ask 'em — they can get as many as they want. Managers can ask for and receive as many as they want.

Lost Leg

☐ I've got something of interest to those who snivel and gripe 'cause yer leg's been lopped off due to some redneck in a cage. I'm a below-the-knee amputee since September, 1980. If ya got bros like mine, listen to 'em. They'll get you up in a flash. Because of 'em, I made it to Aspenade 10 an' been ridin' since. Thanks, bros.

It ain't no trouble at all to shift an' clutch with the same hand if ya use yer imagination. Just wish my arm was longer to flick the ol' jiffy stand up.

J.V.L.
Hobbs American, N.M.

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A Question

□ Is *Easyriders* a bike rag or a beaver rag? Sure, there are a lot of illiterate, hard up, sad sack dudes that beat off on your rag. But give hardcore biker bros more credit than that. Experiencing a relationship based on honesty, intelligence, and equality (working together) is the ultimate. But if you insist on exploiting females, at least pay more for nudie beauties, not dog meat ex-porno sluts you people seem to know plenty of. And feature more bikes as requested by other bros.

Now write your usual ignorant comeback!

Bikers Boycott *Easyriders*
Phoenix, Ariz.

■ Are you saying you can't get off on dog meat and want better girls? Or do you want fewer or no girls and more bikes? Anyway, it'd be an awful fuckin' dull world without women around, and remember, one man's dog meat is another man's sirloin steak.

New Club

□ Some bros and I want to get a club started and were wondering if you could give us some ideas. We've got a name picked out, but we don't know if it's a first. We came up with the name Rainbow Demons M/C. If there's another club with that name, we apologize.
Bambi
Lubbock, Texas

■ We have no official list, but I'd say you're more than safe with a name like "Rainbow Demons."

Claybrook Crusade

□ You guys just changed my opinion of your rag by agreeing with Maddog and starting your Crusade Against Claybrain. Ever since that long past issue when you decided to stop being political and, to a great extent, got out of actively being in Abate, I thought you had copped out, but now I take that back. I may be Canadian and not live in the U.S.A., but here is my five bucks for the Crusade.

Big Sid
Pierrefonds, Quebec

Lessons Learned

□ For a few years I was working for a small city government which told us when to get a haircut, where to live, and so on. Anyway, one day I happened to meet a biker lady. One thing led to another and we lived together for about one year. During this time I found out what bikers were really like — damned good people, totally. No bullshit fronts or put-ons. I quit my job, got a Harley, and began the long road to recovery, but my lady's patience ran out. I fucked up one too many times, and she split.

D.S.
Tulsa, Okla.

■ You didn't fuck up — you're totally free, aren't you?

California Tits

□ I just reread your March '80 issue. I don't see where this Little Jon from Plattsburgh, N.Y. gets off saying that women from California don't have tits. I was born and now live in California and my chest measures 39 inches and my waist is 26 inches, not 40.

Shannon
Charleston, S.C.

Wants Mann

□ I would really like to see a story on Dave Mann. I imagine most of your readers would like to know what inspires his work and how he does it. Thanks for your time.

Bob Warfield
St. Jacob, Ill.

■ I see Dave's relatives can write too.

One More Request

□ Just one request: Spider, get out of Mutha's box or mouth and print more of those old ads. I love 'em.

Willy Holloway
Lexington, Ind.

No Bandit

□ Last issue I noticed that Keith "Bandit" Ball was no longer listed as a staff member. What's goin' on?

S. Burgess
Hurricane, W.Va.

■ He decided to move on to greater things. Like Howard

Hughes's "Spruce Goose," he decided to wing it from the nest.

Digs Poems

□ I'm writing to tell you that *Easyriders* has printed two of the best poems that I have ever read. They are "Broken Wings" in the December issue and "Sunshine Dreams" in the January issue. Both of them are by Crow's Ol' Lady. The chick writes some class stuff and really tells it like it is. I would really enjoy seeing more of her work in the future. Right on, sister!

Beverly Arnold
Danville, Va.

Sexism

□ I've got a little something I'd like to say to any chick who's been bitchin' about sexism shit. Any good woman is a man's woman, and a good strong man certainly isn't going to cater to the likes of you.

Hampsters
Columbia, S.C.

A Compliment

□ With all the half-assed grease monkeys out there pretending to be qualified motorcycle mechanics, it's a real pleasure to find a bunch of bros who really know what they're doing. Hats off to all the ace wrenches at Harley-Davidson of New York City.

Steve Yagoda
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Gutsy Mag

□ I've read many letters criticizing *Easyriders* for degrading women. That is bullshit. *Easyriders* is a gutsy rag that portrays bikers and their babes as a bunch of people out to enjoy themselves and live a good life. *Easyriders* also assumes that its readers have intelligence, which is more than I can say for many so-called women's magazines. Some are funny as hell, especially *Cosmopolitan*. They are written by idiots for idiots.

Read one of those magazines. Who knows? Maybe you can find a really neat article on how to make nifty stocking stuffers.

Eric T.
East Brunswick, N.J.

WIND

Number Two

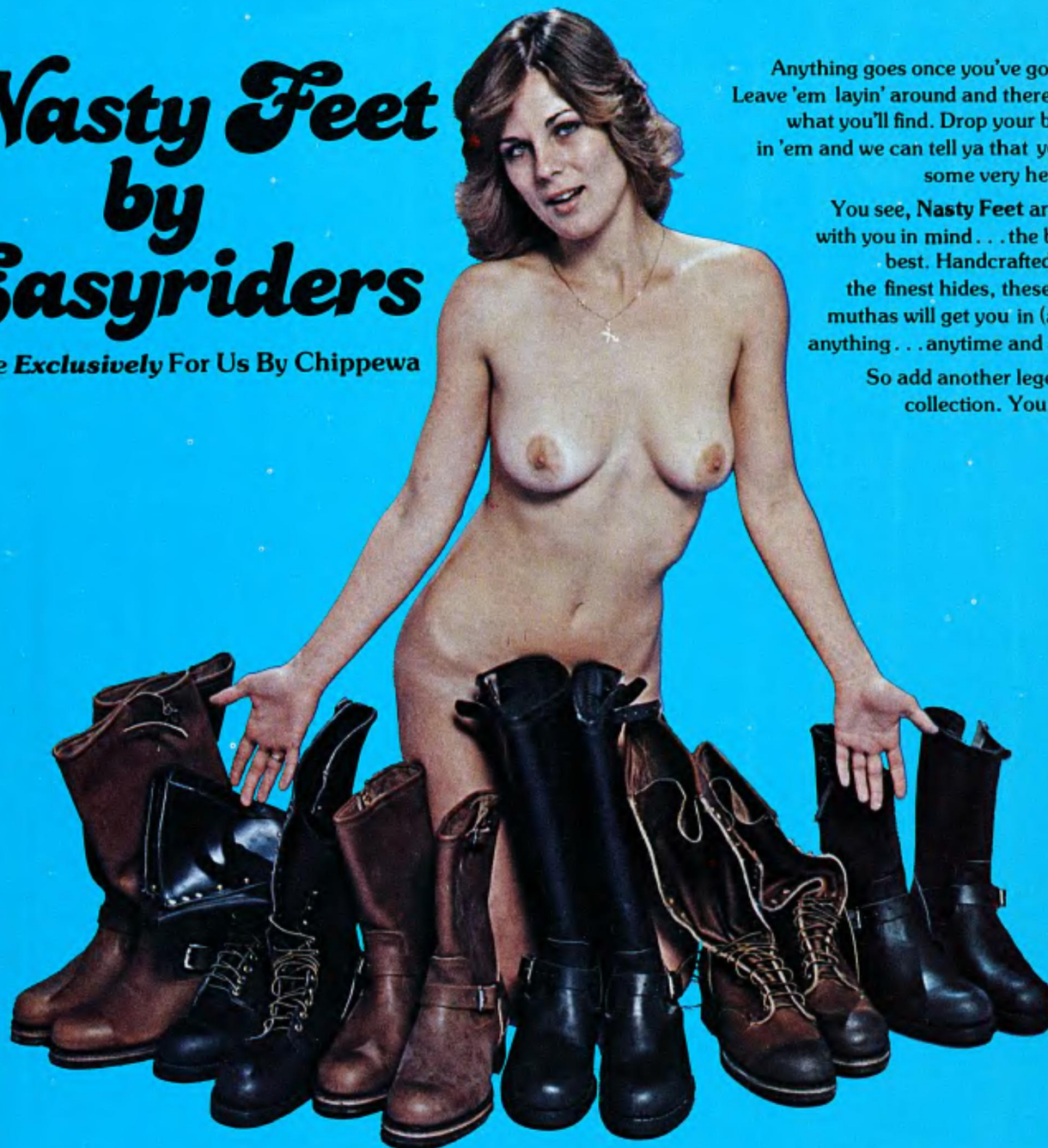


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Digs Calendar

After almost two months of exhilarating searching, I finally found your 1981 calendar. It's kinda slow over here, which is why it took so long. I have but one thing to say about the calendar. It's immoral, disgusting, and tasteless. The nude pictures corrupt the mind, but ya got the dates right. You must have done something right because I love every fuckin' thing about it. In fact, I liked it so much I'm getting another one.

Virgin Killer
APO N.Y.

Digs Santa

I just read the story about Santa Claus being a biker (January issue). It was the best story I've ever read.

Sparky
Sault St. Marie, Canada

Just wanted to say that the story "Santa Claus Is a Biker" was really put together well. Rabbit used his ears on this one. It made our lunch break for the day.

Utter
Providence, N.J.

Digs Tattoo

I just got my first tattoo. I love it. First I was scared, then I was nervous. All of a sudden I

was high, but then that wore off and now I'm just plain fuckin' proud. I can't wait to go back. What a rush.

Neice
Vallejo, Calif.

Question?

When will the rich people (upper class) of this world find a purpose in life other than greed?

Mad Dog
Calumet City, Ill.

A Rebuttal

Here's a letter of rebuttal to Jody Via's position as presented in the December issue.

You miss the entire point of freedom. You said it in your article "The Last Frontier?" but you didn't pick up the importance of it. "It" is the statement "Either it changes, we make it change, or we risk going down altogether. There is no middle ground. And we have to fight this war on their terms, on their ground, by their rules." You cannot force your views on a more powerful person. How the fuck do you plan to change the system if you can't be involved?

I own my own furniture company, have medium long hair, my tattoos are still on my body. I'm free to come and go as I please, I'm free to party as I see

fit, but it's hassle-free, man — no cops, no jail, no parole officers, no one-room hovels! It feels fuckin' great!

I never have some asshole tell me when I can eat breakfast or shit or go home. It's a fact that, like it or not, people judge you by your actions and how you look. Since the power structure you want to topple won't even let you get into the building to make the charges, how are you going to succeed? You gotta be able to move about freely, and if people don't like your initial impression, you're fucked. It doesn't take any more work to lead an "acceptable" life than it does to lead an "unacceptable" life.

Do as you please, bro, but I've played both sides and like a hassle-free life. I'm not about to spend more downtime just to prove how "free" I am.

Steve Mann
Merriam, Kan.

Yeah, You Tell 'Em

I've been a biker's ol' lady for two years now and have been reading *Easyriders* faithfully for the same amount of time. One thing really amazes me. There are a lot of women who write in to say that they are tired of not being treated equally or fairly. I hope this is not the feeling of the majority. I've learned firsthand that a biker can be most generous, understanding, and very supportive.

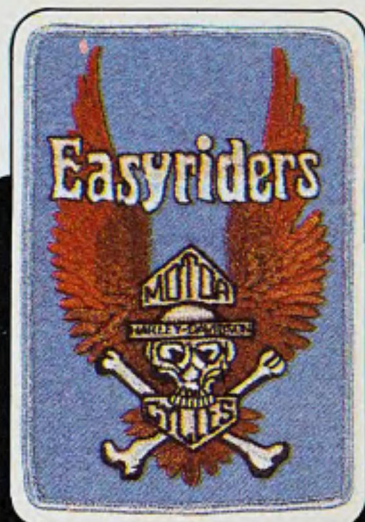
Mama Jaws
Elizabethtown, N.C.

Long Lines

Have ya ever seen bikers stand in line to get the newest *Easyriders*? Well, I'll tell ya what I suggest to every rider: Subscribe to *Easyriders* to beat long lines at the newsstand.

Hawk
Missoula, Mont.

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 Patch

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

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

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

Large Enough To Make Info A Pants Pocket!

Canadian and foreign orders: Payment must be made in the form of an International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. currency.

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

California residents add 6% sales tax.

Easyriders



"I'm sending you back up...you're a disruptive influence around here."

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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Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags



Molotov Cocktail

No matter what plan, if any, the planners devise, everyone will, in the quiet sanctuary of his garage, make his personal energy choice. In my own garage, I know what guzzles premium at 13 mpg, what draws 25 miles out of every unleaded gallon, and what strings 49mpg from every buck-thirty-three. I'm running my own conservation program and those guys in Washington should be happy about that.

Look at it this way. My scooter is doing a bit better than six miles per Molotov cocktail.

— Phil Schilling
Cycle

Statesman's Disease

"The Statesman's Disease," John Ryan contends, is an ailment that too often afflicts otherwise normal, healthy Americans when they become federal bureaucrats. The symptoms are always the same: the bureaucrat promptly suffers the delusion that there is no such thing as a bad federal program. A federal program that flops, according to the delusion, is merely the victim of insufficient red tape, too few regulations, and perhaps too little bureaucratic management.

I have come to the conclusion that the second stage of "The Statesman's Disease" brings the delusion of a divine mandate. The bureaucrat — and the Congressman — decide that they have been annointed with special wisdom that will convert America into a state of perfection overnight.

For example: The National Highway Transportation Safety Administration. There, the bureaucratic premise is (1) that highways can be made as secure as the Oval Office, and (2) that the reigning NHTSA bureaucrats have

been annointed with the extraordinary wisdom and power to achieve that state of security.

Small wonder that such astonishing regulations are pouring forth from NHTSA!

— Senator Jesse Helms
Road Rider

Between Brain And Hand

There's always an extra ten horsepower between a rider's brain and his hand. When they are in the right frame of mind, everything's cool, the suspension is okay, and it's all good. If they aren't feeling right, you might as well put the bike away in the corner and forget about it.

— Mike Sinclair
Motorcycle Racing

Forgot To Look

This is the way we crash. It ain't racing or speed-crazed kids or overpowered bikes. It's being human. Not paying attention, not taking the precautions, not using the equipment you bought or the sense God gave you, being so busy doing something else that you forget, yes, forget to look where you're going.

— Allan Girdler
Cycle World

Spokes In Tune?

The majority of wheels on motorcycles have spokes of equal length divided into right and left, inner and outer. Some wheels are built with hubs that are smaller in diameter on one side, necessitating longer spokes on that side. Whatever the configuration of your spokes and hub, each of the right, left, inner, and outer spoke groups will have their own distinctive tone when struck if they are properly tensioned. All the left-hand inner spokes will sound the same when tapped lightly

with a spoke wrench. If the wheel is straight and undented, simply tap each spoke and tighten those that are too low in pitch when compared to the other spokes of its type. Of course, you should also loosen those that were too high in pitch (too tight). There is a potential problem here. If the spokes are tightened so much that they are about to break, a large bump or hard landing will break them. The best way to determine the proper tone for your spokes is to tap them when the motorcycle is new and the spokes are (hopefully) correctly tensioned by the manufacturer. If this is not possible, compare your spokes' tone with those of a motorcycle on your dealer's showroom floor. The wheel used for comparison should have spokes of the same length and diameter as your wheel.

— Joe Minton
Motor Cyclist

Smoke-Crazed Bros

Ya know, the majority of smoke-crazed bros who buy this rag can't read worth a fuck, so there's really not much more that can be said that a few good flicks won't lay before peoples' eyes. And if ya can't see the pictures, you're too fucked up or blind — and we ain't into Braille.

— Shadow
Iron Horse

Instruments Of Sport?

Fortunately for those of us who enjoy humiliating Corvette drivers and like the feel of arms pulled taut, motorcycles have never developed towards fuel-efficient transportation devices. They have become instruments of sport. And to answer the next question, we expect they shall remain so.

— Cycle World



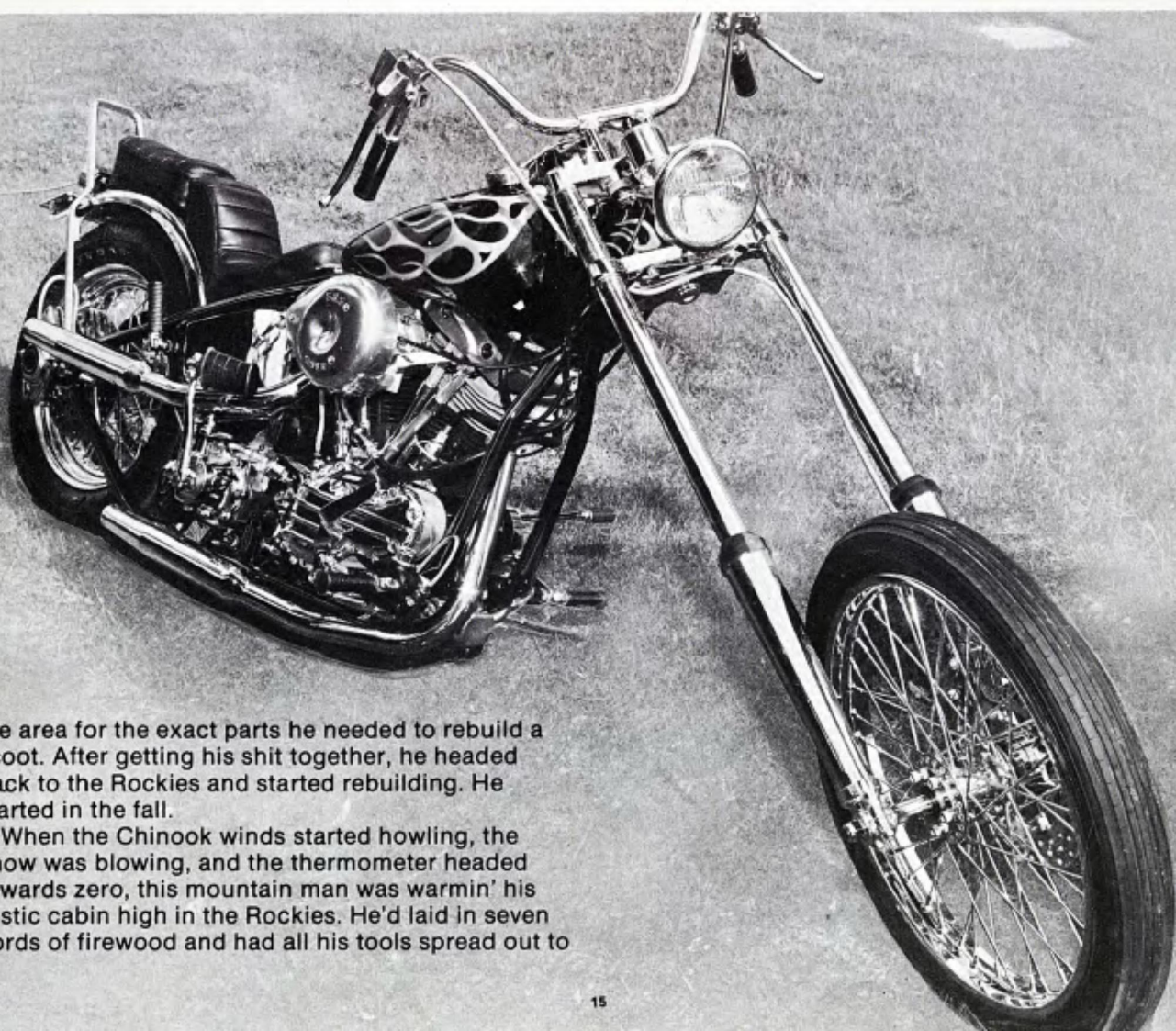
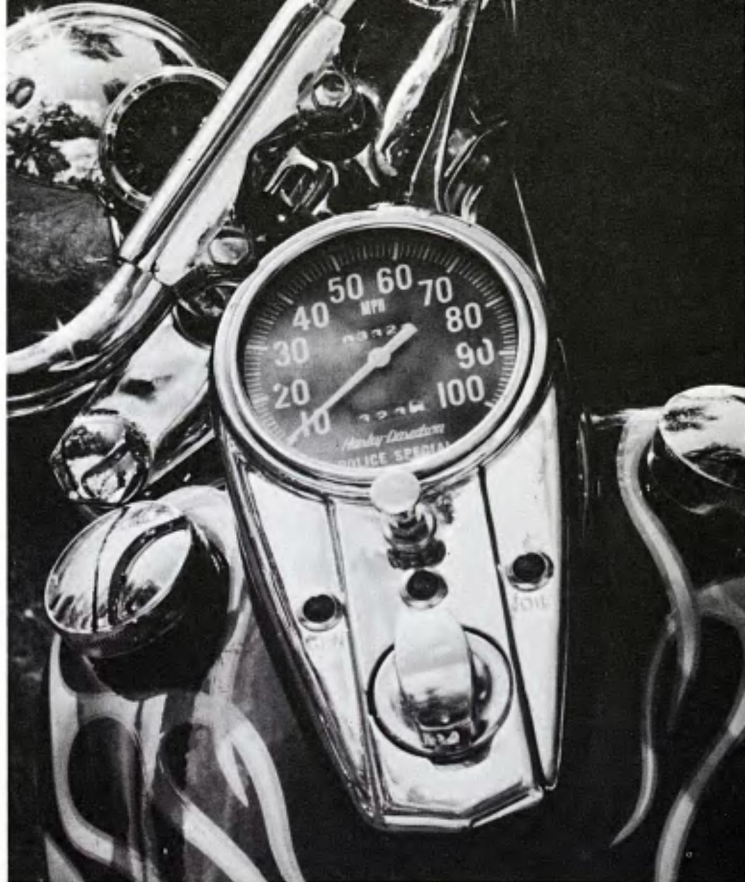
Mountain Thunder

Thunder vibrated off the mountain as Ted Lyons jammed away from his log cabin. The flames shot from his exhausts, melting the last of the spring frost off his fatbob as he hurtled down the twisty, icy road that took him away from his home in beautiful Colorado. His shovel-pan kicked up gravel as he roared down a dirt road toward the highway that went to Grand Junction.

Eight years ago Ted sold everything off his bike, except the cases and the pink slip, to finance a trip to California (of all places). Then he had to scour



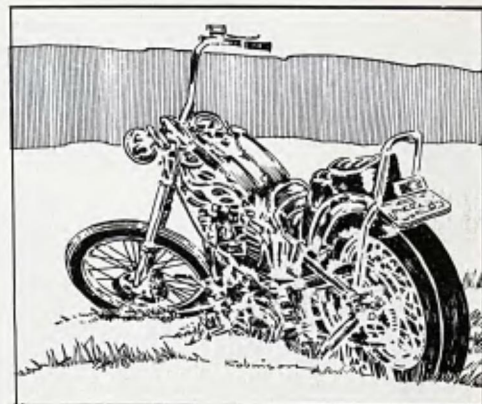




the area for the exact parts he needed to rebuild a scooter. After getting his shit together, he headed back to the Rockies and started rebuilding. He started in the fall.

When the Chinook winds started howling, the snow was blowing, and the thermometer headed towards zero, this mountain man was warmin' his rustic cabin high in the Rockies. He'd laid in seven cords of firewood and had all his tools spread out to

Owners: Ted Lyons		City: Grand Junction, Colo.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1948	
Year and make: 1960 H-D		Builder: H-D, owner	
Model: Duo-Glide		Type: rigid	
Value: priceless		Rake: just enough	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: lots of years		Other alterations: handmade tank mounts	
Chroming by: Rocky Mt. Plating Works		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Sporty	
Year: 1960 (cases)		Risers: Sporty	
Model: pan-shovel		Fender(s): chrome 6 in. flat	
Rebuilder: Handcrafters		Headlight: D&C Enterprises	
Ignition: points & coil		Taillight: D&C Enterprises	
Displacement: 93 cu. in.		Speedo: H-D Police Special	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: S&S		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: owner	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 3.5-gal. H-D	
Heads: Branch Flowmetrics		Oil tank: 4 qt. D&C Enterprises	
Cam(s): Andrews,		Oil system: Ford cooler	
Lifters: S&S		Primary cover: D&C Enterprises	
Carb(s): S&S Super Carb		Seat: leather cover	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: Jammer	
Pipes: D&C Enterprises		Height: 4 in.	
Muffler(s): one piece		Material: 1/2 in. hex	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: 1st, 3rd, 4th, speedo, driver		Type: Wide Glide	
Year: ?		Extension: 16 in. over stock	
Shifting: stock H-D		Builder: owner & H-D	
Engine sprocket: Super Max		Special features: custom fork stop	
Trans sprocket: 25 tooth		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51 tooth		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Crim, owner		Hub: Perf. Mach.	Hub: H-D
Painter: Jerry Crim		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Gdyl. Eagle A/T
Type: acrylic enamel		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: H-D
Special paint: flames hand striped			
Other special modifications: mechanical tach, custom oil filter, late style disc brake, machining by "Pete's Thing."			



Photos by Dave Canaday



work. When snowfalls blocked his house for the winter, Ted started to work on rebuilding his scoot. He started with a raked '48 rigid frame, followed by 12 over wide glide forks, some S&S goodies, an Andrews cam, and a modified tranny. Jerry Crim threw on the colors and hand-painted the flame job.

Ted has entered his bike in four ISCA shows, taking "most outstanding bike in show" in each event. He's ridden cross-country several times on it

and has raced just about everywhere, and says he's never been beaten by a factory Jap bike. The only time he's bit the dirt was when he was blown away by another big-bore Harley.

In the spring when most of the snow was gone and the bike was back together, you could hear mountain thunder rolling down from the peaks.

Yep, winter was over, and Ted was loose again.

— Beast

After a little too much of you-know-what and far too many hours in a row, we decided to call it quits for the night right here. Only Spider thinks you can go night and day with nothing but toilet breaks. His favorite saying is "Try a little of this stuff and you'll work three days straight and still have enough energy to paint the building outside." He says this to anyone who is about to go belly-up from severe exhaustion. But fuck 'im - we stopped for some needed ZZZs. So we owe you a page - but have pity on our health. Spider feels nothing matters except getting out a good mag on time. We hope you give us some slack - Spider won't.

- The Zombies

The last thing I remember before the lights went out was sliding across an intersection on my ass and elbows with my scooter chasing me sideways after I was hit broadside by a cage at a stoplight. I closed my eyes as a city bus lumbered into the intersection nose-on at me. I thought sure I was gonna die.

When I opened my eyes again I was lying on my back, arms folded over my chest, in the middle of the biggest empty room I had ever seen. A second, closer look around tipped me that the room wasn't empty after all. It was only the eerie flickering light casting wavering shadows all around that made it appear to be. What I had first taken for a wall behind me turned out to be a heavy, draped curtain that hung from somewhere in the shadowy darkness above and reached to within inches of the rough stone floor. As I watched, a silent figure came through the curtain and passed by me with no sign.

The thing — garbed in a cowed robe so I couldn't tell whether it was male, female, or neither — brushed my arm as it continued into the blackness beyond, and I felt a sudden bone-deep chill that carried with it an inexplicable feeling of dread. But that ain't the strange part. Its coming through, not around, the curtain was what brought me all the way to my feet. That was scarier than the six o'clock news. I mean that thing passed through the curtain.

After he, she, or it had gone I shook myself and tried to figure out where I was as the first step toward getting gone. Heavy curtains like the one behind me hung all over the place in every direction as far as I could see. Most of them had smoke rising from them. . . and if you don't see anything screwy about smoldering drapes and flickering lights going off and on just beyond the corners of your eyes, not to mention silent monks — or something — strolling through solid objects, plus a stench in the dank air like bristling brimstone and old socks burning, then you just aren't gonna understand at all why I was in a confused state of mind.

State of mind! That explains it, dummy, I told myself. You're high, that's all. None of this weirdness is real. You're simply in what bro Zonker would call an "altered state of awareness," like he sometimes gets in after sniffing a few lines of funny dust.

Or maybe I've just gone crazy, I speculated further, and felt a surge of relief when that thought stuck. It explained everything. Sure, that was it. I'd just gone insane, lunched out, turned into a real live gooneybird, that's all. Everything else was peachy dandy.

A flash of lightning suddenly illuminated the scene and I could see I wasn't in a room at all. It was some kind of cave. Toadstools with stalks like clammy dead fingers grew from cracks in the rocky walls. Rats as big as small dogs, and other things, bigger than the rats, with claws and slaving jaws, scuttled in the shadows. Odd-looking people stumbled between the curtains and wound their way among up-jutting stone spires. Some of them seemed to be wandering aimlessly, while others appeared to move with obsessive purpose. They all looked. . . funny. There's no other way to say it. And no way to explain it. They were people, dudes and chicks, but every one looked changed

somehow. Different, but in a way that somehow defied description. Several of them stopped at a nearby curtain to breathe in the slowly rising smoke. One chick got too close and her hair burst into flame. A naked dude rushed over and turkeyed her head.

All of them were naked, I realized when the dude's bouncing dangle brought that little detail to my attention. And everybody looked high, but like they had a helluva reds attitude with it. The hotheaded chick vanished just as a trio of fruity-looking characters in capes and silly caps pranced by jabbing slow movers in the rump with chromed pitchforks. I guessed they were the goon squad.

Off to one side a dude with blistered skin was crashed in a pile of ashes, and another group of horned pretty boys stood around in a circle golden-showering him. The piss hitting those hot ashes stunk like hell. I squeezed my nose shut and turned away in time to see four more

goons tackle a running chick and knock her sprawling. When she hit the ground they scrambled for her arms and legs, pinning her face-down while another hoodoo ran up from behind and stuck a big bellows up her ass. Then he started pumping it. When she was so full of smoke that it wisped from her ears, they pulled the bellows out and took turns toking her. Another chick stumbled past with sucker-bites on her neck that looked like nasty wounds. When I peered closer I saw they *were* wounds. It all looked pretty kinky from where I stood.

"You're out of place and you haven't even signed in yet. That will add another ten thousand years to your minimum," a hollow voice behind me said. I went straight up in the air, not more

than ten feet or so, and came down facing the other way with both hands fumbling for my chain. All I found was my crank. That was when I realized I was naked too.

"Who the hell are you? Where the hell am I? What the hell is going on around here?" I demanded of the super-weirdo who was standing there smiling at me with pointed teeth. He was a slick-haired dude with a high widow's peak and Vulcan ears. His face was gaunt, the skin pale and unhealthy looking, framed in long sideburns and a pointy black goatee. He looked like a cross between a parole officer and a used car salesman, the kind of sonuvabitch who's so devious that when he goes home at night he sneaks into his own pad trying to get the drop on himself.

"I am Shaitan, the All-Powerful! The dark idol of all men!" Smiley intoned.

"Shaitan? Is that your name? Well, I don't know where you're coming from with that idol business, but I can tell you one thing for sure. Nobody in the world is gonna want to be you in about one minute flat when I get hip-deep into kicking your ass, which is what I'll be doing unless you tell me what this is all about!"

"It's really very simple," he said, smiling even wider. He sure had a lot of teeth. "This is Hell. You're here. I run it. You do what I say."

"I'm really dead, huh?"

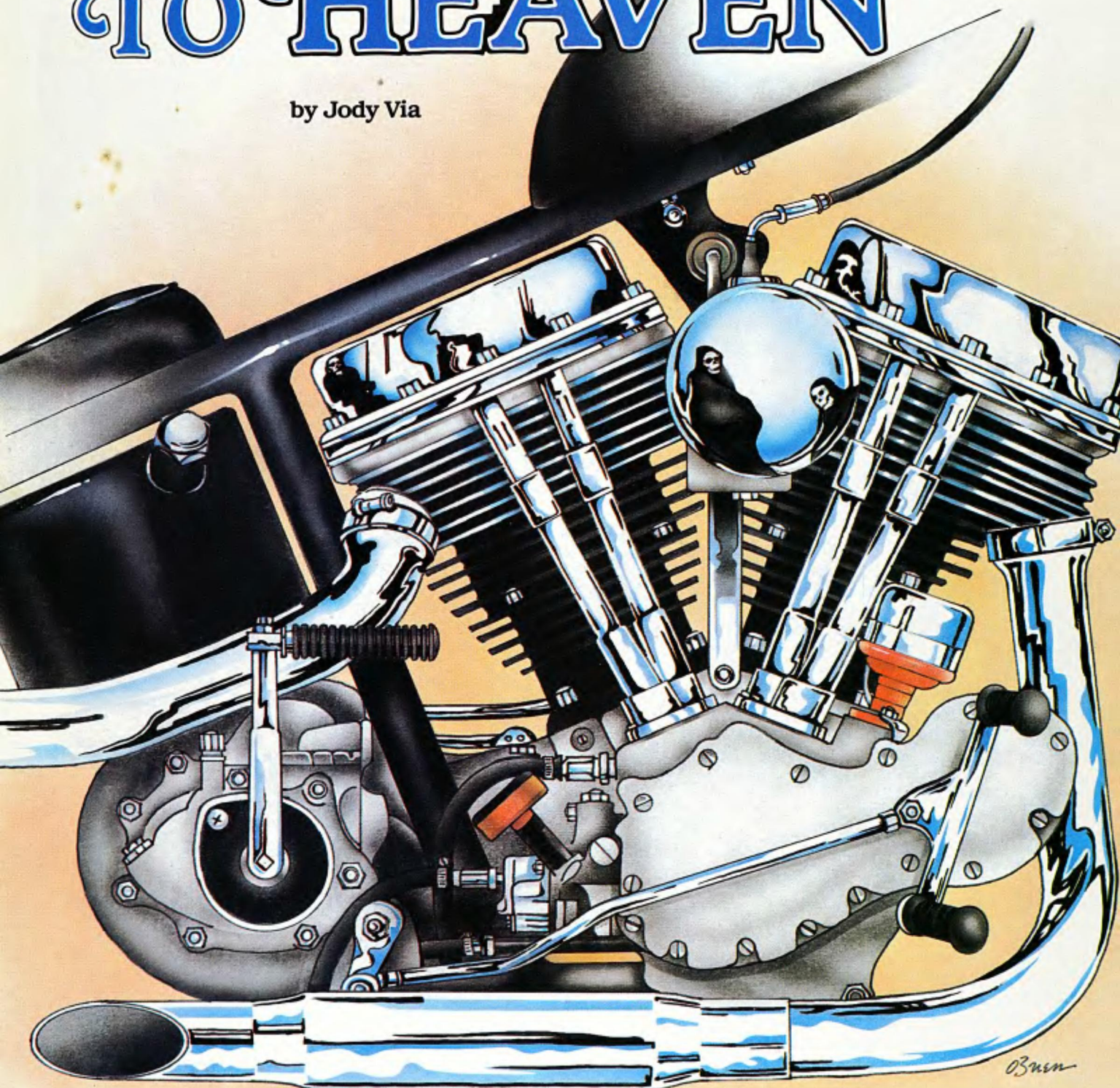
He nodded.

"And this" — I gestured around me — "is it? Eternity and all that?"

"The thing — garbed in a cowed robe so I couldn't tell whether it was male, female, or neither — brushed my arm as it continued into the blackness beyond, and I felt a sudden bone-deep chill that carried with it an inexplicable feeling of dread."

STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN

by Jody Via





Get a free reprint of this painting at participating dealers while supplies last. © 1980, AMF Harley-Davidson

shovelhead. And you have your hands on what a custom motorcycle should be.

Next to you sits a pure, distinctive statement about custom styling. The 80 cu. inch 1981 Wide Glide™. What says it better than the flamed 5-gallon bob-and-a-half tank. Or the extended forks, the chromed staggered shorty duals, the bobbed rear fender.

Wide Glide combines Harley-Davidson custom styling with great performance. With forward-mounted controls and superb front-end balance and handling, you

can get down and ride a long, long way. And for 1981, Wide Glide and Low Rider take regular leaded gas.

What's happening here, or any place custom-minded riders meet, is 78 years of tradition that starts with the sound and sensation of our legendary V-Twin. These bikes are the soul of Harley-Davidson. That's why each one is more than a machine.

**HARLEY-DAVIDSON
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We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the A.M.A. and recommend you ride with lights and helmet. Specifications subject to change without notice. Support the Bikers Fight Against Muscular Dystrophy.





JOINING THE TRADITION.

The 1981 Harley-Davidson Low Rider and Wide Glide. The Boot Hill, Bike Week, Daytona Beach.



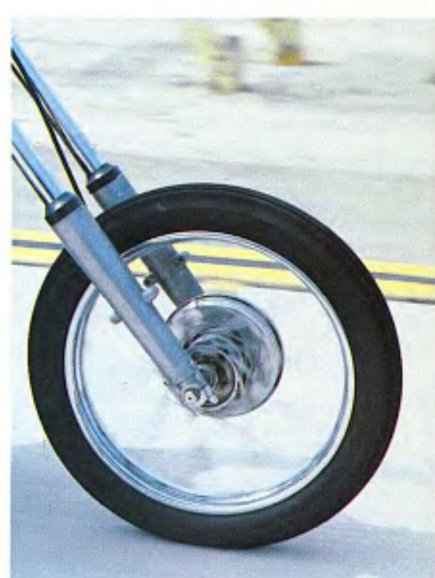
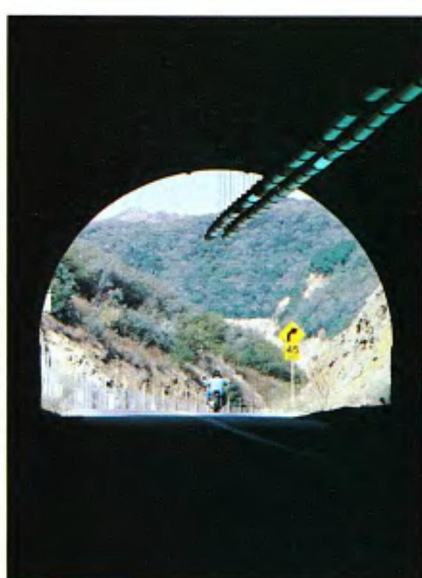
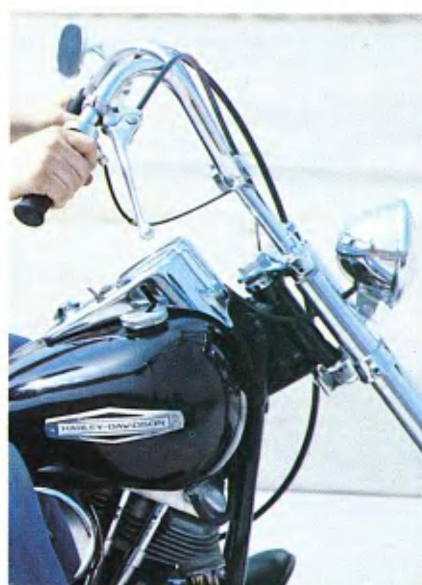
The Boot Hill. It's more than just a meeting place. It's a tradition to make this the first stop when you hit Daytona for Bike Week. Now you can be part of it because you're riding a 1981 Harley-Davidson® Low Rider.® It's more than a machine.

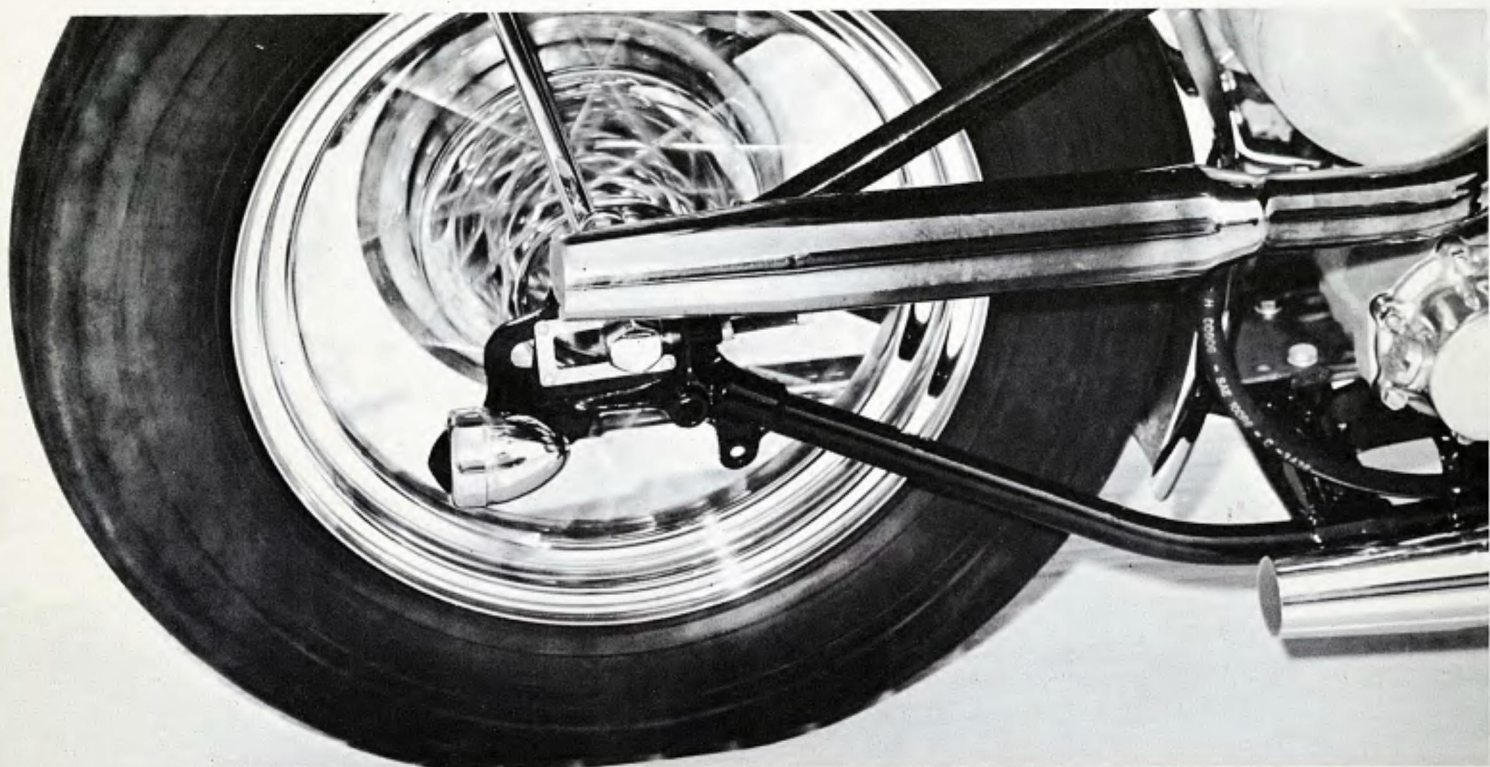
This is what custom styling is all about. Slide your

eyes to the extended front forks and 9-spoke cast wheels. Check out the three distinctive black engine finishes. And—keep looking—new chromed, staggered shorty duals are standard equipment.

There's new custom paint, too. Pinstriped bloodstone red and black or solid black with red pinstriping. Both with all new tank graphics.

Then there's the ride. You get down low—just 27" from Main Street, or any street. You grab the pullback buckhorn handlebars. Fire up the 80 cu. inch V-Twin





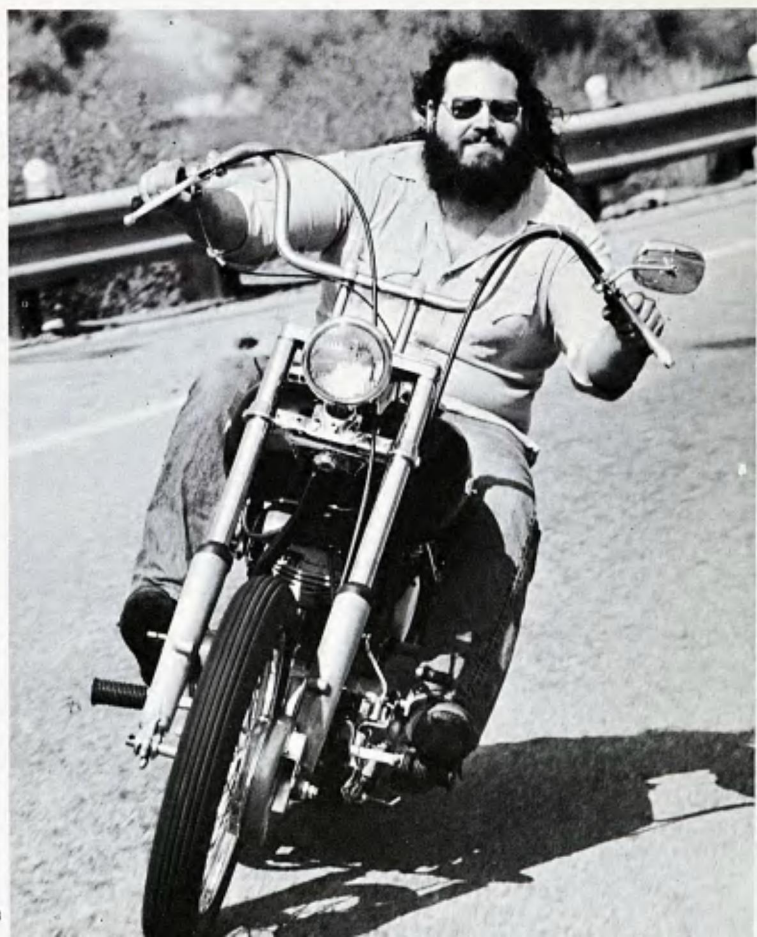
Doin' It The Hard Way

This entire feature was photographed with the bike in motion while the photo editor (in a cage) chased after it. There's not one stationary, posed shot — every photo was taken while the bear ridin' the bike zigged and zagged like he'd accidentally eaten a field of 'shrooms.



A few years ago a dude named "Baltimore Frank" arrived on the West Coast from Maryland (he had just been hired to be the editor's assistant). The first thing he wanted to do — even before unpacking completely — was putt around and survey the wonders of the area. Spotting that the editor had several bikes, he asked if he could borrow the scoot that had just been bought from Bandit a few days before. Within minutes he was astride the two-week-old beast and on his way to look things over — specifically, a beach that's near the office, a beach overflowing with some of the best-lookin' and best built eatin' stuff you'll ever see anywhere.

Our chief photog always seems to manage to be around that beach, too — lookin' for



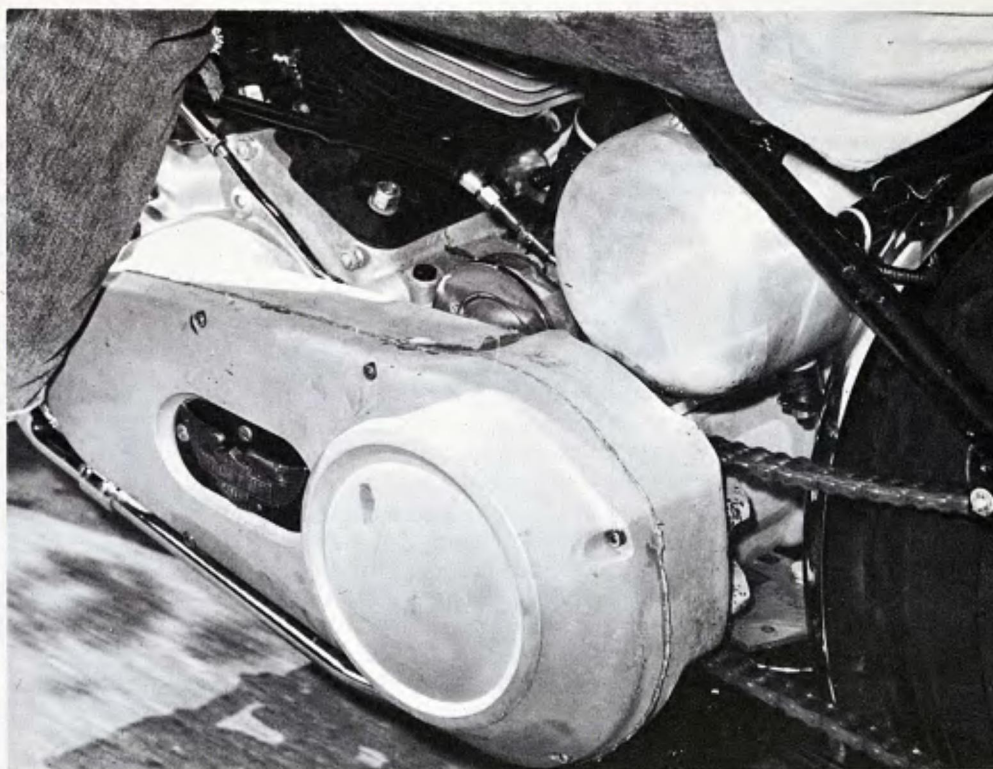


are you with — *Biker News?*"

Pete said he was really with *Easyriders* and that if Frank would just pull over they could make arrangements. Frank was gettin' tired of the bullshit, so he yelled back to Pete, "Hey, man, if you really wanna take shots of this bike you're gonna have to do it on the fly — 'cause I ain't stoppin' for any pictures taken by any wanna-be photographer."

Frank dropped it in first gear and putted off, goin' slowly along the beach, eyeballin' all the nice young flesh bulgin' outta too-small bikinis.

Pete turned to one of his ever-present (and usually huge-titted) mamas and had her take over the drivin' chores so he could hang outta the car window to snap the photos. With a long lens and fast shutter speeds he was almost successful in stopping the bike's movements in the shots you see here. Pete chased Frank all over the place, even when Frank got it up to 80mph, and Pete still damn near managed to get his usual sharply-focused, well-lighted, studio quality in spite of all the unreal movements and various lighting problems.





talent, ya understand. Well, today he spotted the bike Frank was puttin' around on. Frank wasn't movin' too fast — not wanting to miss anything — so when Pete liked the sled he saw Frank ridin', he took off after it, and caught up with Frank at a traffic light. He pulled up near Frank and yelled over the engine noise that he was with *Easyriders*, and asked if Frank would like to have his bike featured in the mag. Frank didn't know him or any other members of the staff yet, so he instinctively shined Pete on as a phony or some kind of biker groupie.

Pete didn't give up, though — he caught up with Frank again at the next stop sign and yelled out that he was serious, asking him again if he would like to have the bike featured in *Easyriders*.

Frank figured this guy musta played with himself too much, 'cause if he was with *Easyriders*, why the fuck would he be askin' him if it was okay to shoot the editor's bike for a feature? If the dude was really with the magazine, he'd ask the editor, certainly not Frank, a stranger. Frank fucked with Pete a little, yelling over to him, "What rag



Photos by Pete Chiodo



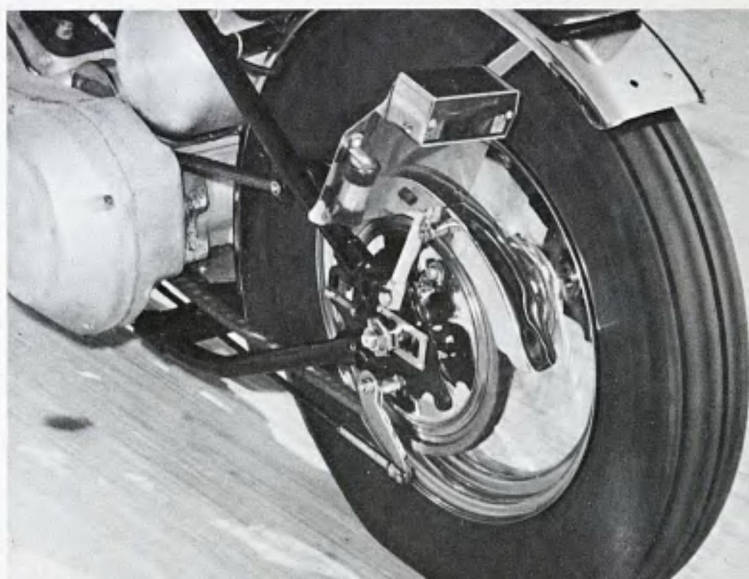
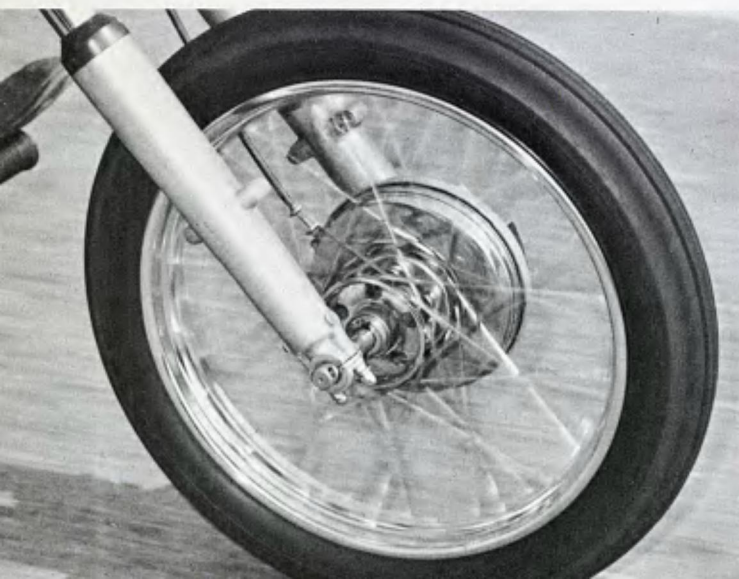
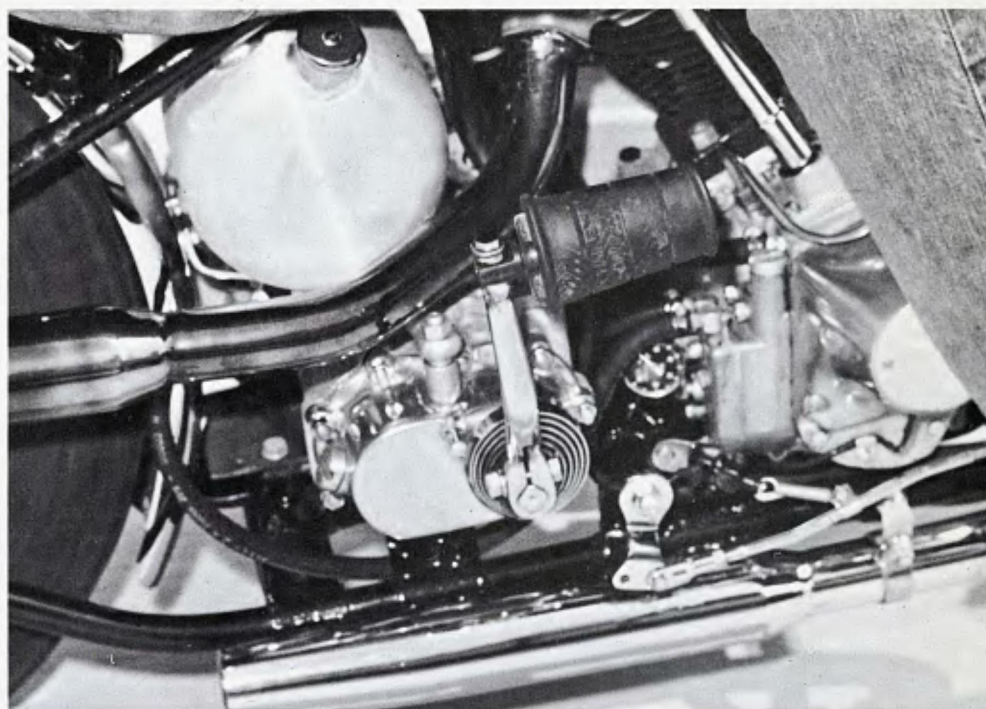
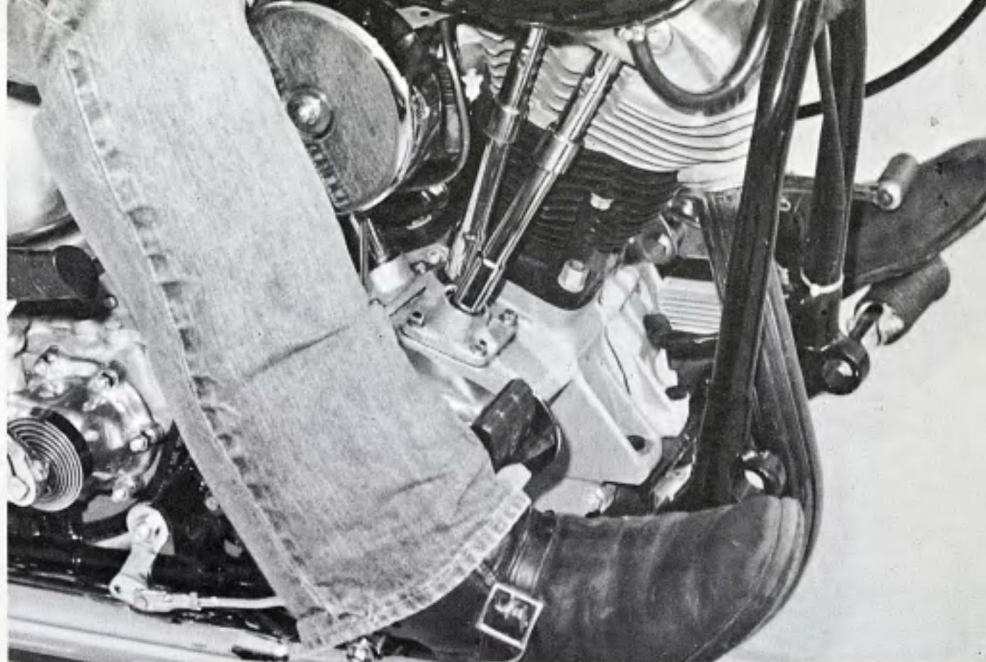
Finally, Frank headed back to the office with Pete in front, in back, on this side or that — always snapping away. When they pulled up to the office, the editor walked out and grunted a "Hi" to Pete.

Pete and Frank about shit their pants when they discovered they both worked for *Easyriders*. They told the editor what had happened, and after a good laugh, the editor told both of 'em he didn't think the sled was detailed enough to be used as a feature bike anyway. It was put together for highway haulin' — no pretty stuff. But he did think the feature could be used when we had space for it sometime, especially because of the unusual way it was photographed. It would be the first bike feature entirely photographed while constantly in motion.

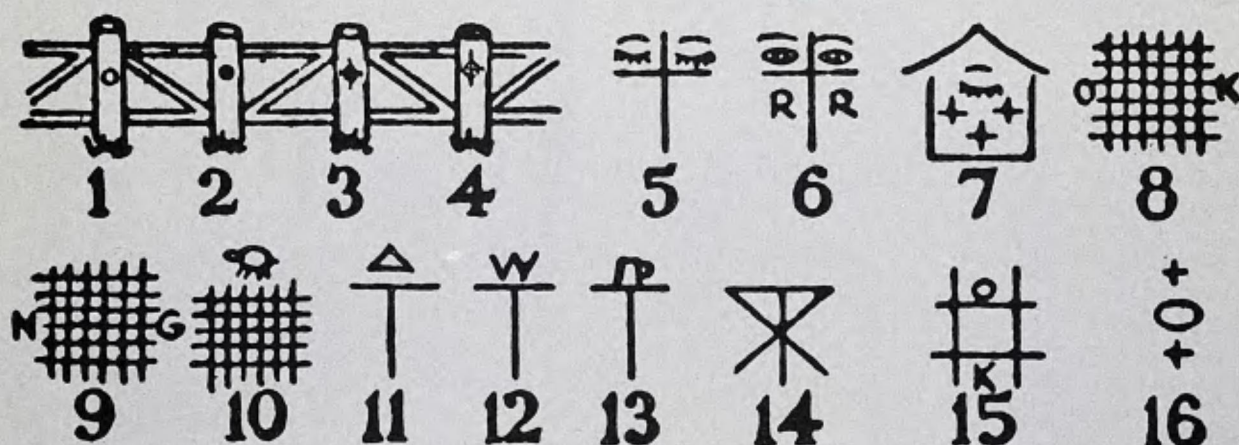
So things worked out okay. The bike wasn't good enough for Pete's usual nitty-gritty studio treatment; but because of the strange and difficult way it was photographed, it was still usable. And, at last, we found room for it — in this issue. What better issue in which to feature this off-the-wall idea?

Frank (Baltimore) Kaisler is now back in Maryland as our eastern editorial representative, as well as H-D curator for Spider (he checks out old barns, etc.). The only trouble is, he keeps all the good shit he finds and sends Spider old issues of *Street Chopper*. Nice guy.

— Rev. Fangshyster



PSYMBOLMANIA



Hobo, or Tramp, Signs. 1 Good for a handout; 2 Cranky woman or bad dog; 3 Not generous; 4 Stay away; 5 Police not hostile; 6 Police hostile (R R used for Railroad Police, if applicable); 7 Jail good for a night's lodging; 8 Clean jail; 9 Jail food no good; 10 "Cooties" in jail; 11 Jail has rock pile; 12 Jail is a workhouse; 13 Saloons in town; 14 Town is hostile; 15 Streets good for begging; 16 Plain-clothes detectives here.

Vagabond code system of yesteryear revived

What would your reaction be if you were puttin' through a strange town and you saw  on a tree or telephone pole? Naturally, you'd ignore it, thinkin' it was some punk's graffiti.

Hobos (tramps) of an earlier era, however, depended upon symbols like this for their very survival. These Depression-era hobos, much like today's bikers, had their problems with a straight and often hostile world. Because of the constant harassment, abuse, and overall rejection these bindlestiffs received, they adopted this system to tip off fellow wanderers to possible trouble or the chance of a good break.

Bein' as how us tramps of today ain't exactly loved and honored either, we thought it might be a half-assed idea if a similar system could be devised to warn bros of hazards like speed traps, hostile natives, and places where the bars close early. Symbols could be painted or chalked on road signs, poles, the sides of buildings — just about anywhere a passin' bro might see 'em.

Before ya get excited and panic, lissen up. Symbols in this sense is not the same intimidatin' word you an' me both



Rip-Off Bike Dealer



Good Bros



Soft Touch



Whorehouse



Narcs Posing As Bikers

remember from flunkin' geometry. Everybody uses symbols. For example, you're usin' a symbol every time you flip

the bird to some asshole in a cage. Remember the good ol' hippie days when all the girls wore miniskirts and most of 'em used the V for Victory sign to mean peace, as in "I wanna give you one"? Well, that V sign is just the kinda symbol we're talkin' about. Our somewhat wasted staff did some research and came up with a few old signs used during the Depression. We were thinkin' a system like this might be useful for today's scooter tramps so we thought up a few. Now it's your turn. All ya got to do is think up an appropriate situation and create a symbol for it.

Keep it simple, so your symbols can be duplicated by bros with less artistic talent than you, and who'll have to work with primitive materials in less-than-ideal locations. We'll pay \$100 for the best one submitted to us each month. Send your entries to Symbols, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. You can submit as many ideas as you want, but there will be only one judged best, though we'll publish all symbols that might help a bro.

**"Douche
with Drano?
She must be
nuts!"**



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Miraculous Mutha's advice does blow some people's minds. Other features in the mag blow other people's minds, too. But the mag isn't published for them — it's produced only for adult bikers. Anyone else who doesn't like it can shove it.

But as you know, it's very popular (unless you're the "anyone else" type dude mentioned above) and sells out fast. So the only way to be certain of getting your very own copy delivered right to your door (in a plain wrapper to protect the squeamish) by a government messenger is by subscribing. So start your copies comin' your way by filling out the coupon, adding the necessary bread, and mailing it to us today.

If you do that, we good guys will even throw in a free full-color decal that's so good it'll make your leg wet. Do it today before you forget.



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ROAMIN' AROUND

I left town on my Harley Wide Glide the day my divorce decree became final. Why didn't somebody tell me before I married Gloria that she was the type who'd slip a scorpion into your pocket and then ask you for a match? She was one asshole ol' lady. All I wanted was away from her and her entire asshole family.

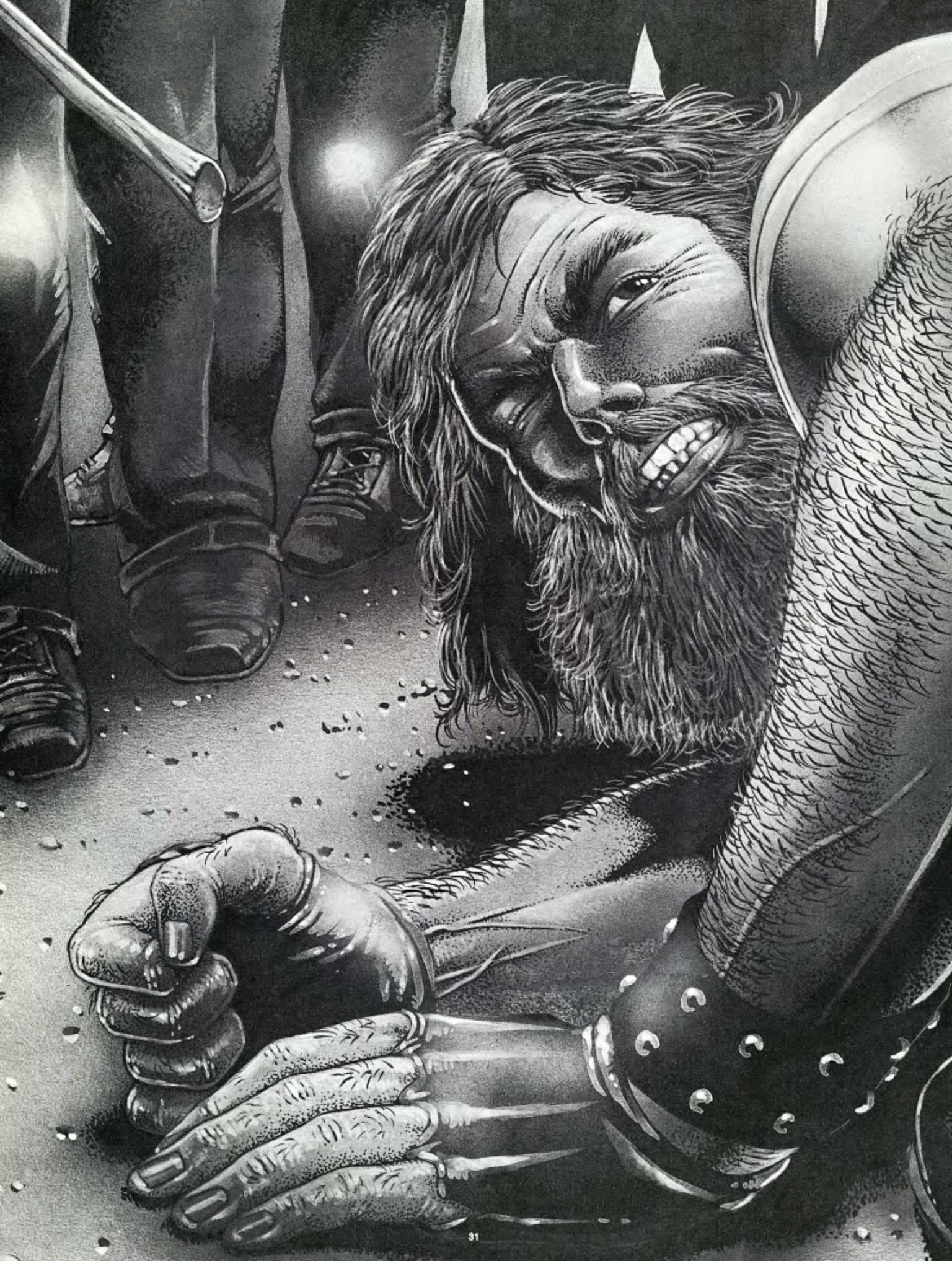
Mostly I let the Harley pick my route, because I had no set destination in mind. Since I started from the West Coast, I rode east, with side trips in the direction of anything that sounded interesting. Whenever the contents of my money clip got down to a single bill, I stopped off and worked for a few days at this and that. Then I'd ride on again.

I had a little trouble in some small towns. A few residents didn't take kindly to a bearded biker, even one minding his own business. I had to change the minds of a few young jacks about the program they had in mind for me. It was never anything serious. Usually all I had to do was slip free the chain I kept wrapped

Continued on page 86

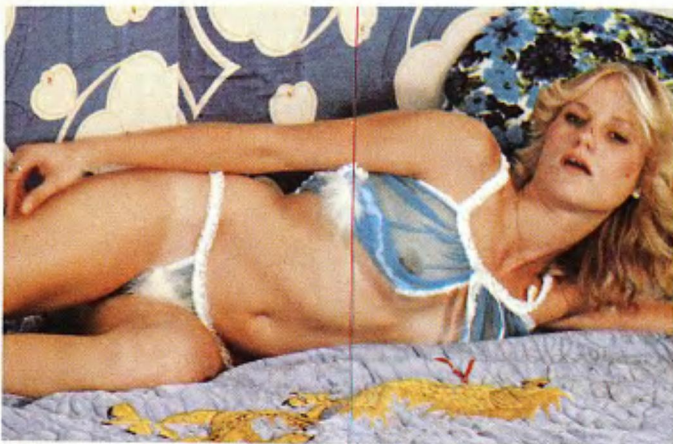
Illustration by Duffy Duggan

by Dan J. Marlowe





Barbara

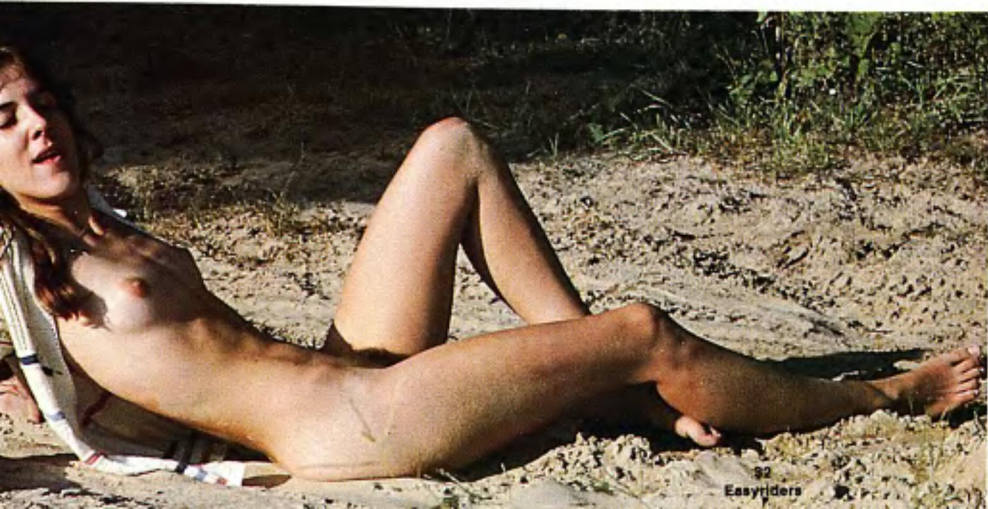


Ol' Lady Of the Month

Here she is, folks — Gayla, the tenth monthly winner in the 1980 *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Cheri, Heidi, and Debi.



Jimie



Barb



Danielle

Ol' Lady Contest

Look over this month's crop of cuties in **Easysiders** Fourth 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 **Easysiders Ol' Lady of the Year** for 1981. 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 **Easysiders**. 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 March 26. We'll print the winner in the June issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #94 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easysiders**, P.O. Box 52 Malibu, California 90265.



Rhonda



Tina

Ol' Lady Contest

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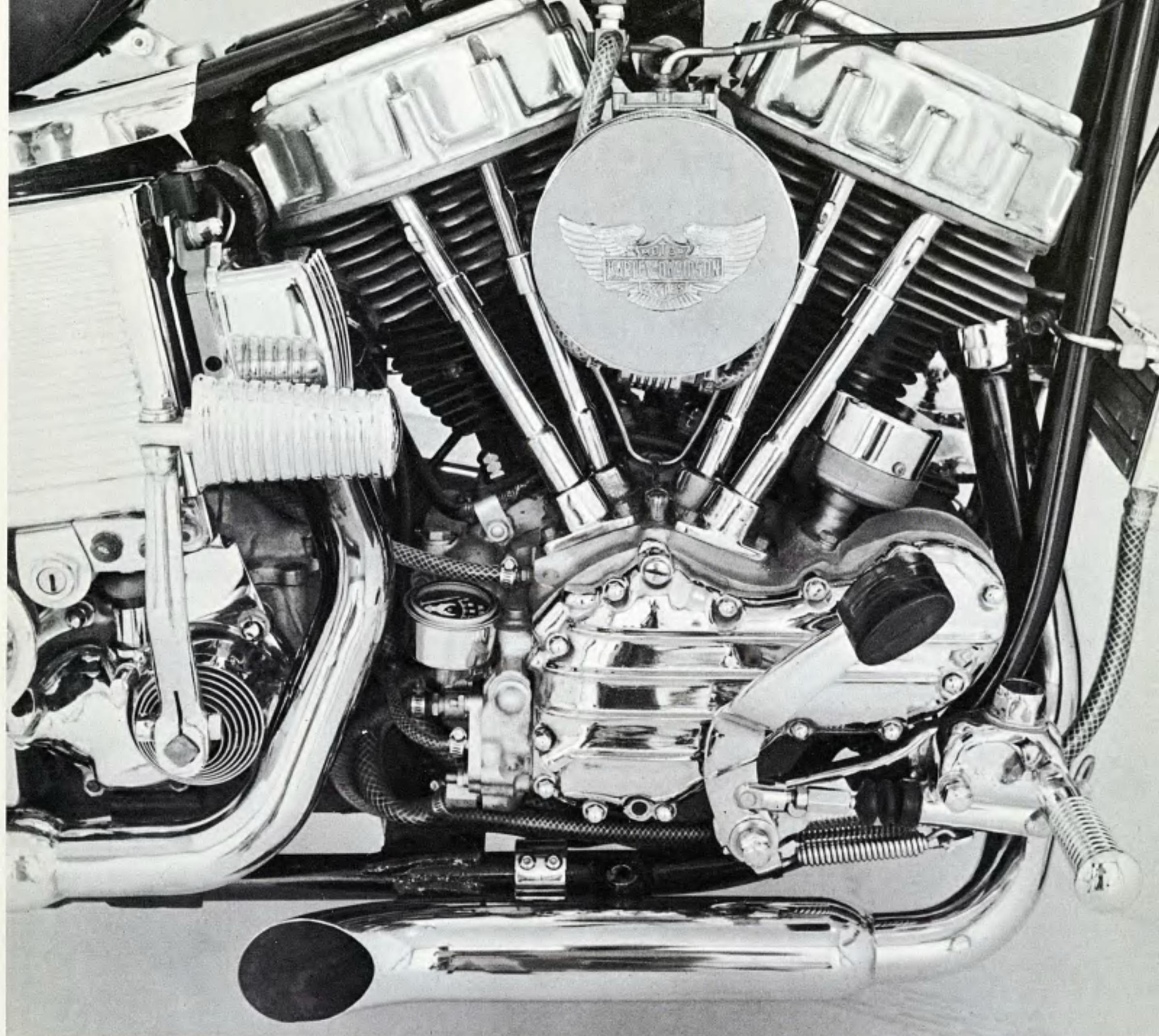
such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

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.



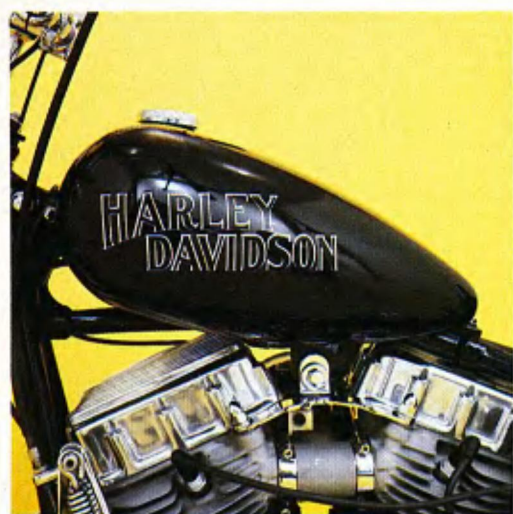
Always Healthy

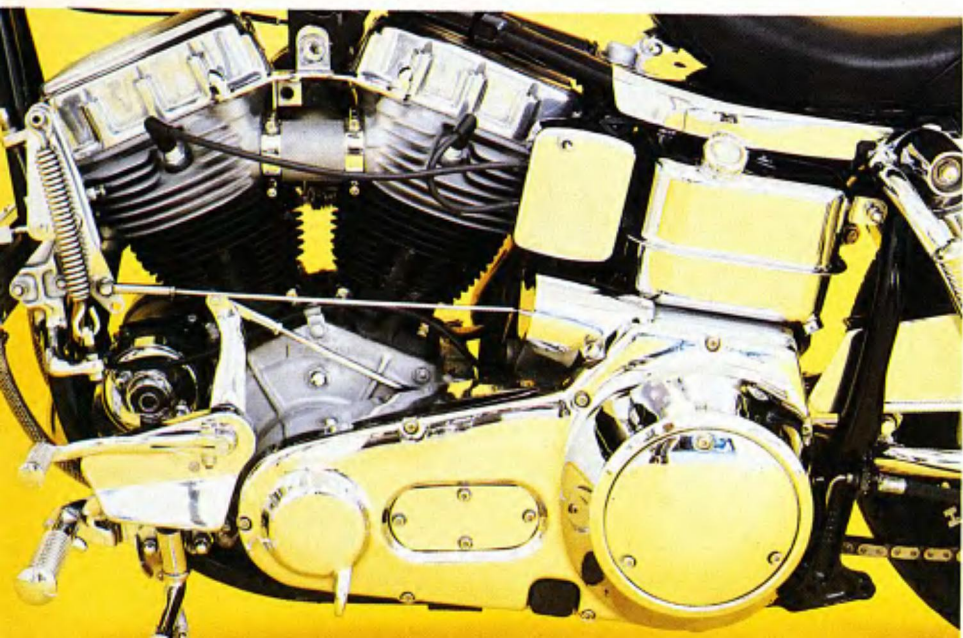
Plenty Of Use Keeps Her In Top Form.

This pan's got so damn much chrome shinin' an' glitterin' off it that even Pete, our resident photo wiz, couldn't eliminate the reflection of the yellow background from the mirror-like high-gloss finish. So don't think we raided an infirmary to get this sled. It really doesn't have jaundice. It's well fed an' healthy — from the braided oil lines pumpin' 50 weight through beaded cases, to the '47 stock springer.

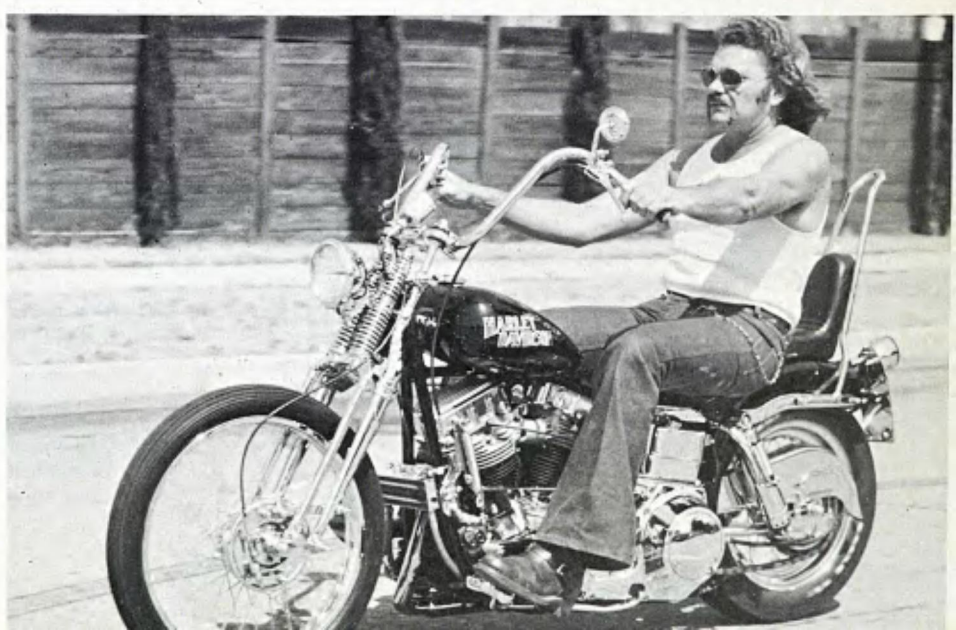
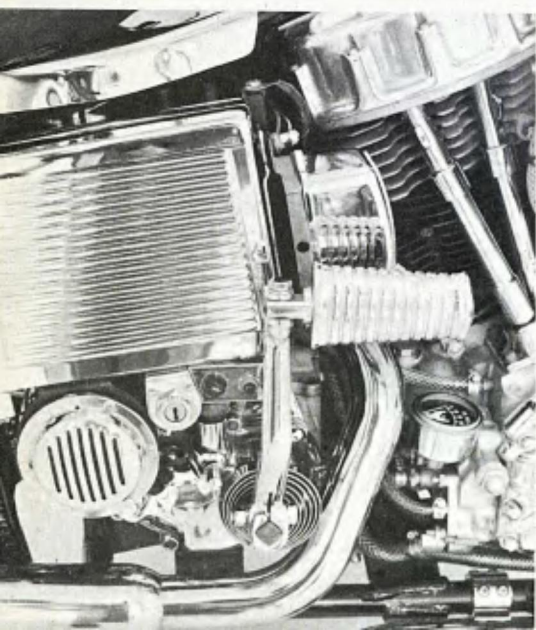
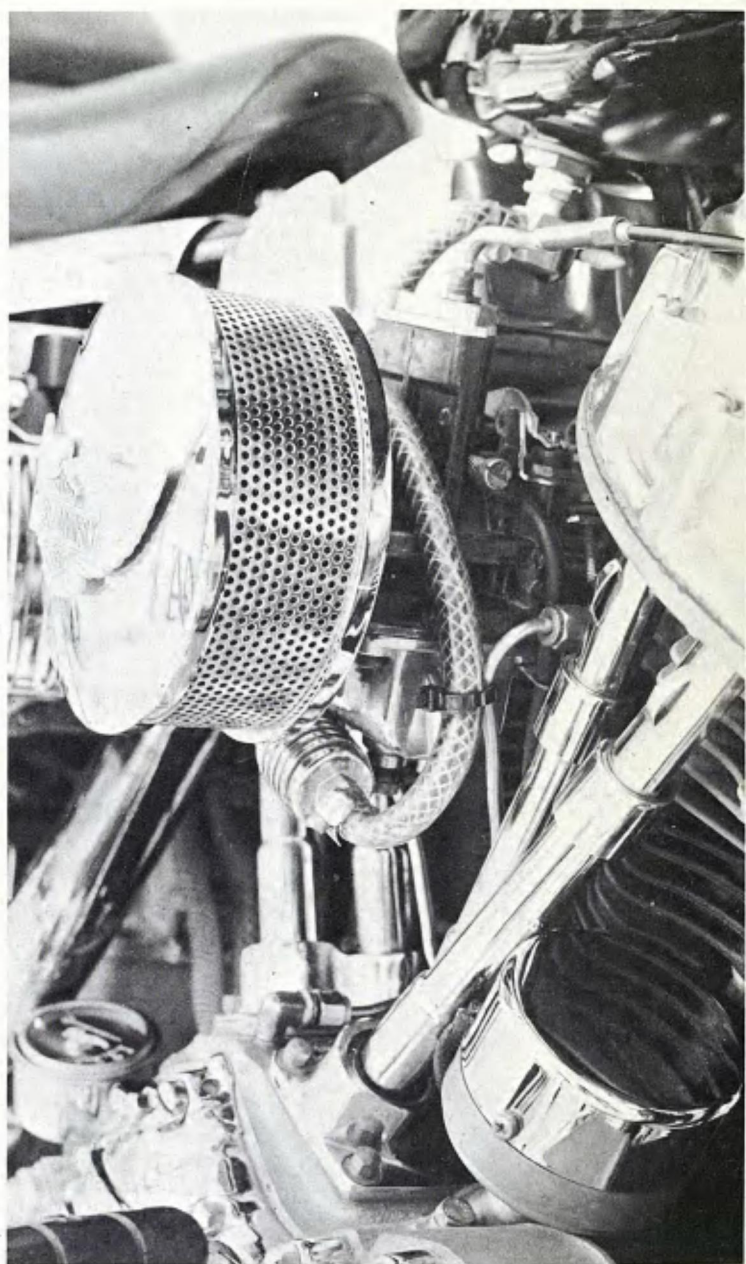
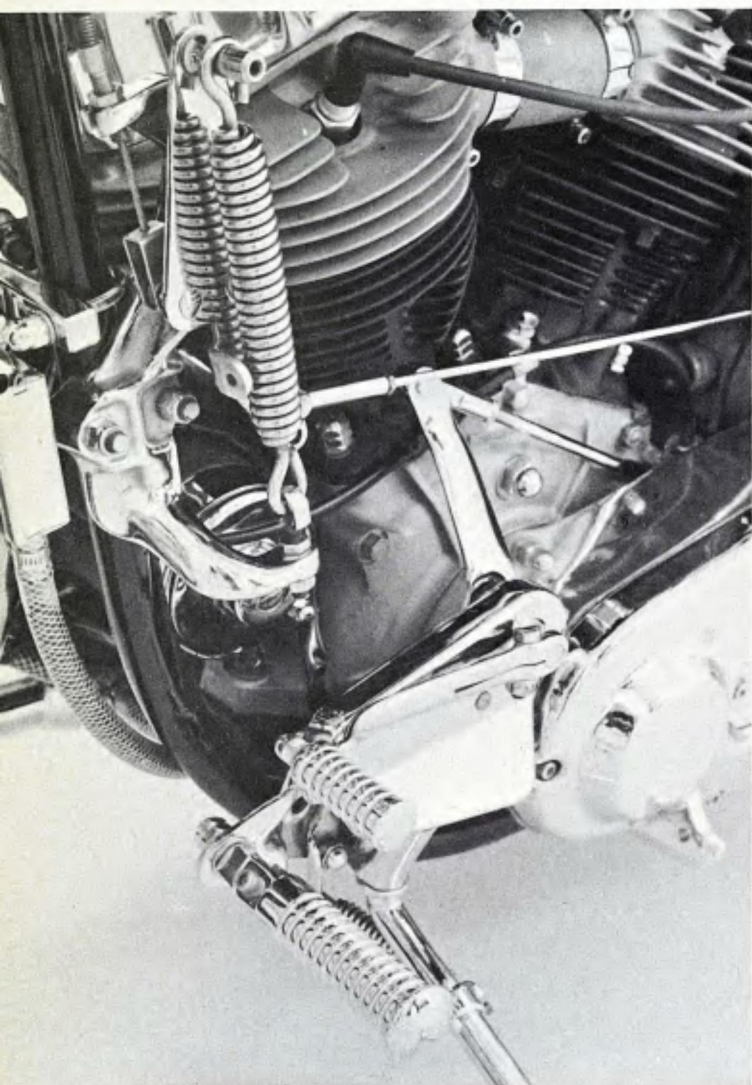
You can count on one hand the number of bike builders that consistently put out flawless custom scooters, and Galen's one of 'em. You could buy a custom rebuild from him even if you were blind, and absolutely not lose any sleep over wondering about havin' just bought one of the best. His designs and workmanship are known the world over.

The beauty you see here was put together in 1974 in





just over a four-week period. Shit, it takes me four weeks just to get away from the lines, and get enough energy to even open the toolbox an' spread out the concoctions of gunk, WD-40, Loc-Tite, girlie mags, and other important goodies to keep things goin' along. At least, that's what



Owners: Galen Olson		City: Visalia, Calif.
General		Frame
Fabrication by: Galen Olson's MC Parts		Year: 1965
Year and make: 1965 FLH H-D		Builder: H-D
Model: FLH		Type: swingarm
Value: not for sale		Rake: 30 degrees
Assembly by: Galen Olson		Stretch: none
Time: four weeks		Other alterations: minor molding
Chroming by: Valley Chrome, Fresno		Accessories
Engine		Bars: apehangers
Year: 1965		Risers: Flanders
Model: FLH		Fender(s): Custom Bob
Rebuilder: Galen Olson		Headlight: Gary Bang
Ignition: stock coil		Taillight: round universal
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: VDO
Lower end: stock H-D		Front pegs: Jammer round
Balancing: factory		Rear pegs: Jammer round
Pistons: Gary Bang 8½-1		Electrics: stock
Cases: stock beaded		Gas tank: Paughco 3-gal.
Heads: stock pan		Oil tank: stock chrome
Cam(s): H series		Oil system: stock with cooler
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: late shovelhead
Carb(s): Lectron 38mm		Seat: front Bates/rear homemade
Air cleaner: Drag & Jammer		Sissybar: owner
Pipes: Fubar		Height: 18 inches
Muffler(s): Fubar		Material: hex
Transmission		Forks
Modifications: none		Type: 1947 springer
Year: 1965		Extension: none
Shifting: 1 down 3 up		Builder: Harley-Davidson
Engine sprocket: 24 tooth		Special features: chrome
Trans sprocket: 24 tooth		Wheels
Wheel sprocket: 51 tooth		Front
Painting		Rear
Molding: Galen Olson		Size: 300x21
Painter: Galen Olson		Size: 4½ in. x 16 in.
Color: black		Hub: stock
Type: Imron		Hub: stock
Special paint: could be.		Rim width: 2 in.
Other special modifications: rider peg brackets by Galen, rear struts altered, ribbed pan covers, much chrome.		Rim width: 4½ in.
		Tire: Avon
		Tire: 500x16 Gdylr. HST
		Brake: springer
		Brake: hydraulic

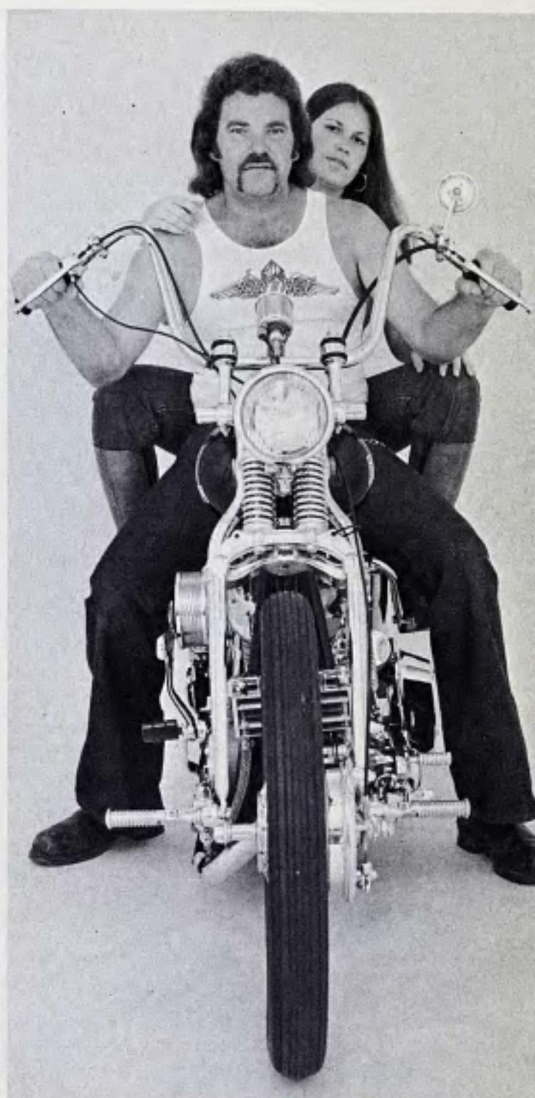
doin' anything mechanical does to my head and what I need just to get started. Not Galen, though — he seems to get out there in his shop, and like magic, presto! All of a sudden there stands a bike that could be both a show winner and a good-puttin' scoot at the same time.

Included on this beauty is an electric start (stock on '65 pans, but shitcanned with shovels). The pan tops are ribbed and the rear struts have been altered. He's partial

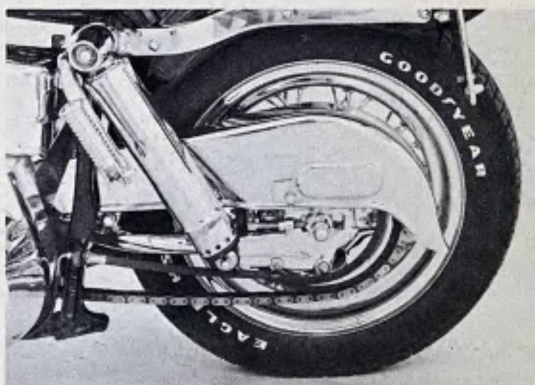
to apehangers, but he kept the H-D tranny box stock. He knows a good thing when he sees it.

This baby's got about twenty thousand on it, an' it never looks it — it's always as good as what you're lookin' at now. It gets hell ridden out of it all year round; nevertheless, it receives a good rubdown after every exercise, which beats the piss outta the raisin pie this lunkhead gets.

— Scar



Photos by Pete Chiodo



VET VOICE

Now Vets Are Getting Screwed Out Of Some College Benefits — When Does The Nam Vet Get His Recognition?

"Dustoff, Dustoff, this is Red Hawk Three-Two. We have one wounded indigenous personnel at this location. Over."

The snipers were at it again. They were able to stop the progress of a whole battalion at will. The suckers were shooting at us from at least a thousand meters and they were too damned accurate. They always shot at the largest bodies, thinking, correctly, they were Americans. This time though, they had hit Y Mip Boun Ya, a six-foot Rhade medic.

We were "sweeping" Nui Coto. Our Montagnard strikers were eager for contact, but this intermittent sniping had them disturbed. They liked seeing the enemy. This slow, deliberate movement seemed to frustrate their natural aggressiveness.

We would move around the base of the mountain, sending out squads to check out trails and caves. As we came around the base of a huge black cliff with a tiny pagoda at the very tip, a shot snapped over my head; the sound of the rifle came six or seven seconds later. I had covered forty yards and dug a fox-hole in the mud with my stomach muscles by the time the shot sounded. Fuckin' gooks must not have liked the way I walked. They were really zeroed in on my fat ass. I stuck out worse than a wart on a toad frog. At that moment, I wished I were only four feet tall so I would blend in. Those damned snipers really made my life miserable till after dark. It was very frustrating, having to eat mud pies and cowflops and unable to move

because of one person I couldn't see, who seemed to be taking this fuckin' war personally.

Strange as it seems, the snipers were like bureaucrats, and the frustration with them is similar. How could one individual, with a seemingly nonchalant gesture, frustrate, stymie and fuck up our every move?

I have received scribes from many vet prisoners who are affected by a recent Veterans Administration decision to limit G.I. benefit rights to incarcerated vets to the amount of only the dollars equal to college tuition and fees, thus depriving them of sustenance and expense money.

I wonder if, when the veterans received their honorable discharges, there was a flyer attached that stated "Warning! Do not get in trouble and go to prison, for we will renege on all or part of this agreement." I don't know — there wasn't one on mine. So tell me, how can benefits "guaranteed" by the U.S. government be taken away by the whim of a political bureaucratic appointee? I don't think it matters whether someone goes to the joint or not. After he has put his life on the line for his country and received an honorable discharge he has earned his rights, period. There is an implied contract between the government and the vet whereby, if

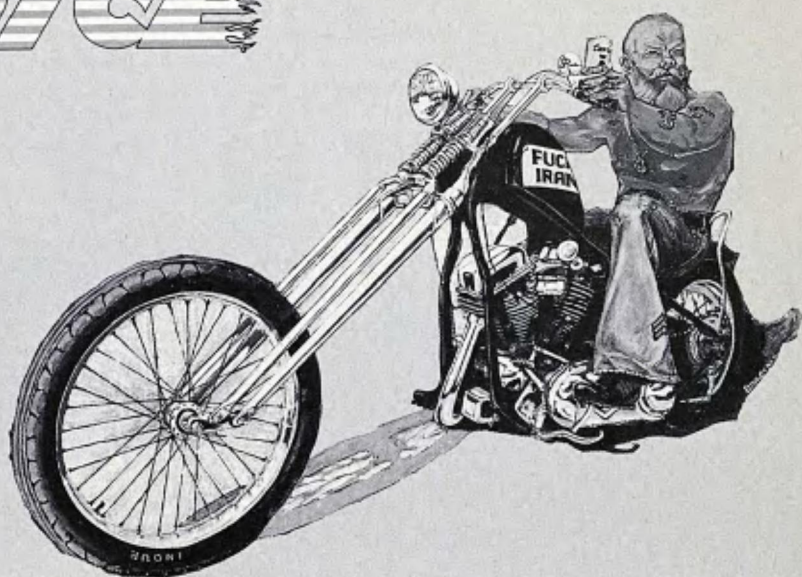
the vet serves his country, does his duty for the required time, then the government will pay the vet a certain amount of money per month for a certain number of months of schooling. Right?

What I want to ask these non-elected bureaucrats is: "What the fuck do you think you're doing? We vets fought, many died, and some are horribly crippled forever, all done for a country but only to have that country take away benefits promised and voted on as a "thank you" to us assholes who believed in our country's promise.

If those fatcat politically-appointed "veteran representatives" don't get their noses out of their political patrons' asses and, instead, start representing veterans, then we can, as citizens of the U.S., petition for their removal.

Ronald Reagan is in office. A letter to him might be effective, as he seems to have the veterans' point of view under close scrutiny and is in sympathy with it.

He has announced veterans' rights will be extended to victims of Agent Orange. This is certainly a step in the right direction but the politicians will still bear watching because they flip-flop so fast that some new law has come down before the common dude even knows about it — money talks and bullshit walks, you know! — Doc

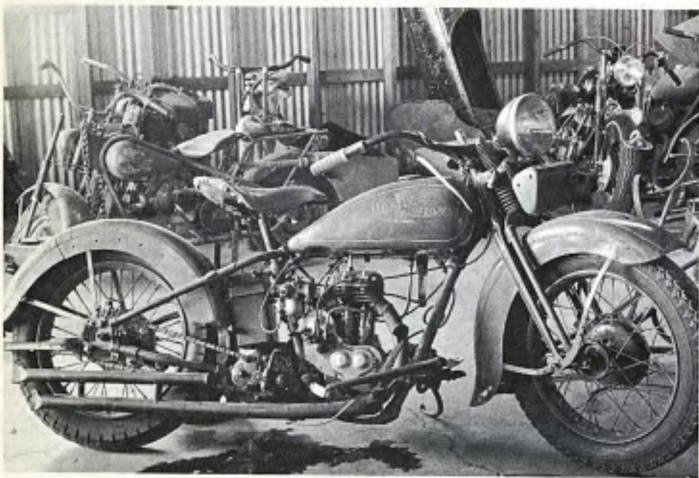


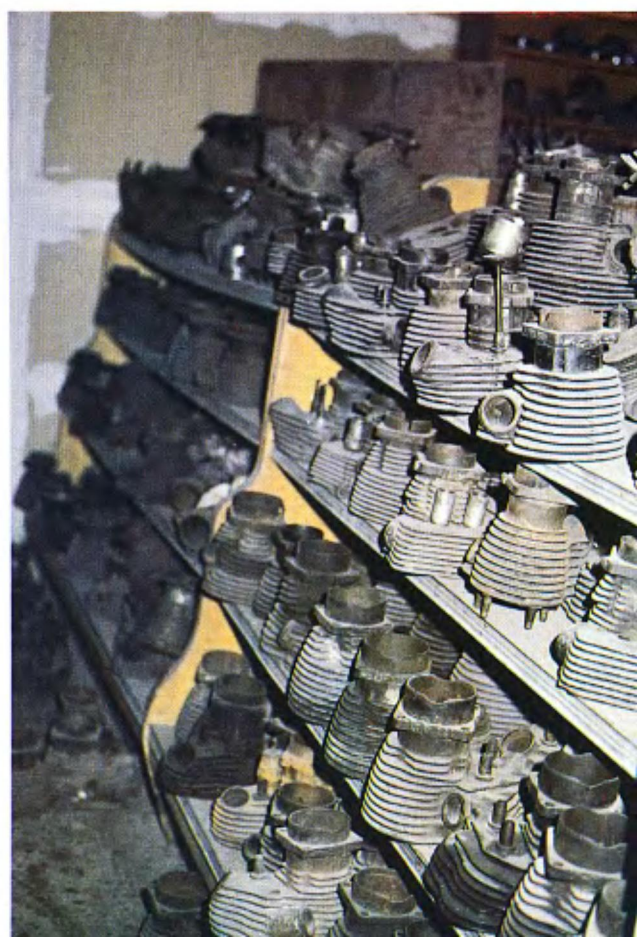
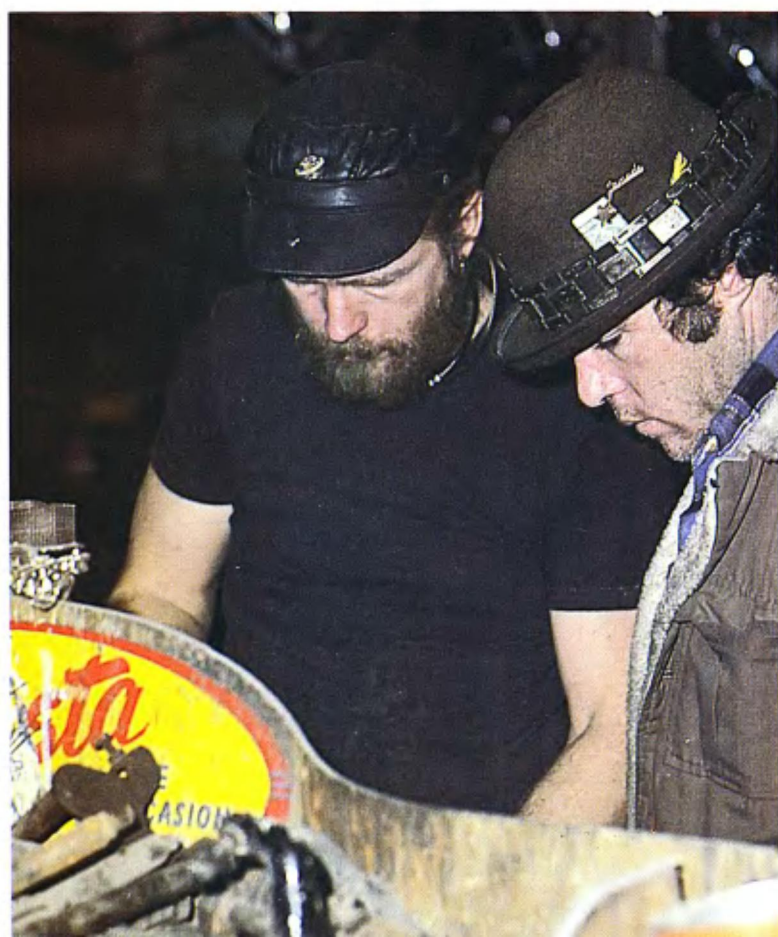
MOTORCYCLE GRAVEYARD

by Scar

I was just puttin' around for a few days, goin' nowhere, takin' back roads, goin' to small towns — lookin' for the unusual. Well, can you imagine the head trips I did when I found myself wandering into a motorcycle graveyard?

I found it in the middle of an industrial section south of the San Francisco Bay Area, right off 101, and next to a dog pound. It's without a doubt one of the largest stashes of Harley and Indian parts on the West Coast. Sure, ya say, everyone's heard that line before. Well, feast your eyes on the parts stacked to the roof, tacked







Photos by Buck Lovell



to the walls, piled in corners, an' some just strewn about — and there's two buildings full of this stuff.

The bitchin' thing about the place is that it's not some old gopher's pet parts palace. It's owned and run by brothers who are serious about restoring vintage bikes — all kinds, as long as they're old. Bill McMenamy, the owner, used to get his kicks from gathering parts like a collector or pack rat, and hanging on to the stuff. That was back in '74, out of his garage in Santa Clara. Word of mouth spread like wildfire, bringing curious scooter freaks and potential customers to browse. And before long Bill had a full-time business.

We never plug commercial businesses. But in this case we're not really plugging a company — our hope is to help when it comes to turning up that impossible-to-find part.

So whether you're lookin' for a whole bike or just a certain part to finish a restored stocker, you may be able to get what you want just by making a telephone call to Bill. If they don't have what you want and the item comes in, they'll notify ya.

It was something else just to visit these halls of fame with their vintage scooter material. An old Indian dealer's sign from Florida hangs from the roof, while an original neon Harley sign opposes it in a timeless battle of lights.

Here's the info you need to contact Bill and the bros: Antique & Modern Motorcycles, 920 Martin Ave., Santa Clara, Calif. 95050. (408) 727-7045. Hope this article helps a bro to find that part.

— This is *not* an April Fools' joke. We think it's fair to mention that, since this is intended to be a helpful article, not a gag. ■

SERGEANT STREAK and his Harley-Davidson

THERE'S THAT WILD KID TONY POWERS STEPPING OUT AGAIN! - I'M ALMOST CERTAIN HE'S THE ONE WHO GAVE ME THE 'SLIP' THE OTHER NIGHT!

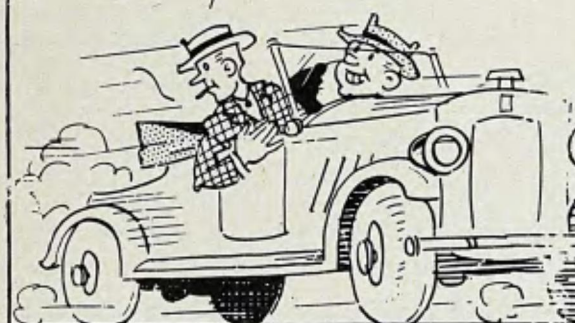


WHAT D'YE WANT WITH ME?
YOU WERE CROWDING THE LIMIT AND I'M JUST WARNING YOU TO TAKE IT EASY! RUN ALONG!

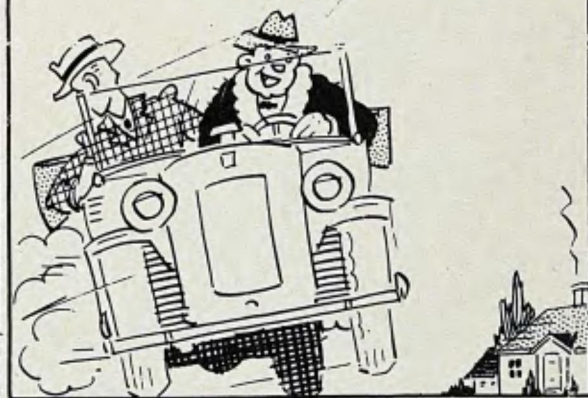


IS HE GONE? THE BIG BALLOON IS ALWAYS PICKIN' ON ME! WATCH ME MOVE NOW! THAT BIRD COULDN'T CATCH A COLD!

YEH! HE'S GONE!



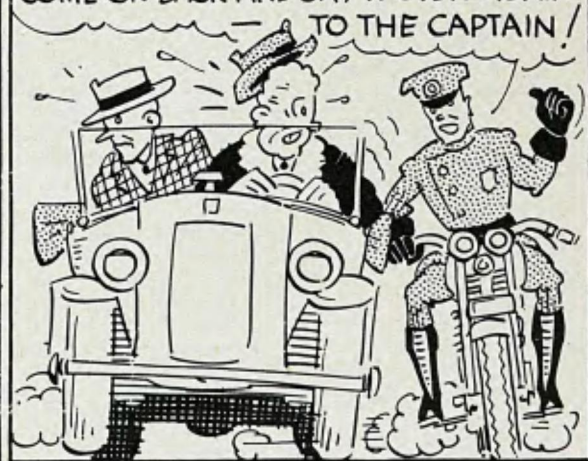
HE SUSPECTS I'M THE ONE WHO GOT AWAY FROM HIM THE OTHER NIGHT BUT HE CAN'T PROVE A THING!



I HAPPENED TO KNOCK SOME KID OVER WHEN HE WAS CHASING ME AND OF COURSE THE HEROIC SERGEANT STOPPED TO PICK HIM UP - KNEW HE COULDN'T CATCH ME ANYWAY!



YEP! I'VE BEEN RIGHT BACK HERE ON MY SILENT HARLEY-DAVIDSON ALL THE WHILE! - HEARD EVERY WORD YOU SAID! COME ON BACK AND SAY IT OVER AGAIN TO THE CAPTAIN!



Washington ABATE Wins A Big One!

Using the argument that a mandatory helmet law for motorcyclists was discriminatory towards them if not applied towards automobile operators also, a group of three dozen ABATE members testified before the Washington Citizens' Advisory Committee on Highway Safety. As a result of well prepared and delivered evidence against House Bill 5, which called for a helmet law, the committee voted not to recommend this bill to the legislature.

The pro-helmet stand was based upon the argument that the taxpayer was the ultimate victim in that it was his money that was used to patch up bikers involved in accidents and that somehow a helmet law would help to stop this "drain" of money from the state. ABATE folks countered with the vastly larger amount of auto accidents in the state

and that tax money paid for them, too; therefore, they should wear helmets also. Needless to say, by the end of the meeting emotions ran high.

House Bill 655 (Motorcycle Education) was the alternative provided by the ABATE delegation and it was accepted by the committee as a better alternative to House Bill 5. The only problem is where the money will come from to fund the bill. (Perhaps the Feds would be interested in putting some of the money they waste on their motorcycle smear campaigns towards this type of progressive state program.)

Members are urged to write their elected representatives about this determination and to urge official support of 655. For further information, check with your chapter president. — from Greg Walter, ABATE of Washington.

National Abate Now Has Chapter In Indiana

Indiana: Richmond has started a National Abate organization as of May, 1980. Any Abate members or anyone interested in joining National Abate please contact them. They're chartered out of Sacramento, California, and at the present time they're funneling their funds to Sacramento.

But as they grow, they hope to have their own state lobbyist. They have regular meetings and put on a few runs a year.

For information on their meeting dates or on how to join National Abate, please write to National Abate of Richmond, P.O. Box 404, Richmond, Indiana 47374.

Motorcycle Safety Course

Washington: The Evergreen Safety Council in Seattle, an affiliate of the National Safety Council, offers a defensive driving course for motorcyclists — the only course of its kind in the state.

The course includes four five-hour sessions, usually on consecutive weekends. Both classroom and on-the-road instruction (at the Sand Point Naval Station) are covered.

The fee is \$45. Motorcycles and helmets are provided. Students must bring heavy shoes or boots, long pants, protective glasses or goggles, leather gloves, and a leather jacket with long sleeves.

Buckets for Cutting Trees

A whole new line of crash helmets is in the works, thanks to a flock of bird watchers at the UCLA School of Medicine. Scientists, using high-speed cameras, discovered that woodpeckers working out on a tree hit their target with an impact of over 1,000 g's. What keeps the little peckers' heads unscrambled? Total lack of side motion, say the eggheads. They're now working on an anti-whiplash bucket based on the woodpecker principle. Now, if they take Joan Claybrook an' put one of them helmets on her, an' shove her into a torpedo tube, an' fire it at a big redwood, an'...

Iowa Helmets May Be Back

The Iowa Transportation Commission agreed recently to support legislation that would require motorcycle riders to wear helmets.

The helmet requirement was one of 30 priorities the commission set for the 1981 legislative session, which began in January. The commissioner gave the Department of Transportation staff the go-ahead to develop drafts for the proposed bills, requiring motorcycle and moped riders to wear helmets. These proposed laws were among the "A" priorities presented to the Iowa commission by the DOT.

Shirley Robinson of DOT said the helmet bill is probably the most controversial of the priorities and admitted it will

probably meet resistance from several groups.

But Ms. Robinson said improved safety is the goal. "We have significant fatality statistics to support the helmet measure, but we still expect resistance from motorcycle groups," she said.

So Iowa bikers had better start fighting now. We beat them the last time they tried to force helmet laws down our throats, but it's certain we'll have to keep fighting.

Start now by writing your state senators and reps about the DOT's proposal. Send letters to your local newspaper's editorial page whenever possible — use any means possible to defeat the DOT's so-called facts.

Claybrook Tends To Overlook Some Facts

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. — from Lee Pierce, Jamaica, N.Y.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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



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

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

- ☐ National Abate membership and favorite organization, \$10.00
- ☐ National Abate membership only, \$5.00
- ☐ Information on becoming an approved charter.
- ☐ Information on becoming an approved organization.

Name, nickname, or mark _____

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

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

-----Thanks for not giving up—We never will.-----

National

 Abate
Easynews

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

Surprise! Cages Are Much More Dangerous

A Mayo Clinic study on head injuries shows what we have been saying for years — cages are more dangerous than scooters. Cars are the leading cause of head injuries, accounting for 50 percent of all head injury deaths.

The other causes of head injuries are as follows and in order given: recreational activities, bicycle accidents, occupational accidents, assaults, and then motorcycles—followed by gunshots. Falls were the major cause of head injuries in kids

under five, and the elderly (those over 74).

The study was done by Dr. Edward Laws, a neurosurgeon, Dr. Jack Granbow, electroencephalography, and Dr. Leonard Kurland and Dr. John Annegers, medical statistics and epidemiology. They said the incidence of head injuries from car and recreational accidents has been climbing, while most other categories have remained the same, or have fallen. — from R. Hess, Minnesota.

Michigan's Anti-Helmet Law Is Halfway Defeated

Michigan's state senate has passed a bill which gives bikers the right to ride without helmets. This bill was a victory for motorcyclists disgruntled by helmet laws.

"Let those who ride, decide," was the rallying cry of the bikers who gathered to lobby for this bill. Their campaign to repeal the helmet law has been active for years.

"The present law which requires motorcyclists to wear helmets is discriminatory," says Senator Edward C. Pierce,

a doctor from Ann Arbor. He says that until car passengers are required to use lap straps, bikers should not be forced to wear helmets. This bill will not become law until Michigan's House of Representatives passes it. With only five weeks of this session left, lawmakers are unlikely to devote any time to the helmet question unless there is immediate letter-writing action by Michigan bikers. You have half of the vote, men — now push even harder to get the other half.

Motorcyclists' Rights Rally

Florida: Meet Your Legislator Day is Monday, April 27, beginning at 9 a.m. at the state capitol in Tallahassee.

Numerous bills pertaining to motorcycles are scheduled to be introduced in the 1981 Florida legislative session. It is important that people interested in preserving motorcycling freedom show up and let

the politicians know how they feel.

Camping and social activities are planned for that weekend. Why not put something together through your local shop, organization, or club?

— from Rogue, ABATE of Space Coast, 2415 S. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne, Fla. 32901.

Motorcycle Safety Program Needs Your Help

Florida has a new State Motorcycle Education Program, administered by Neil Robar of the Institute of Police Traffic Management, University of North Florida, 4567 St. Johns Bluff Rd. S., Jacksonville, Fla 32216.

The course must be sponsored by a law enforcement agency and held at a community college. It will be funded by grants, and the course will include use of both motorcycles and other train-

ing materials. For further details, contact Neil Robar.

The program also needs a logo, posters, and a slogan. There is also a need for qualified instructors and people who want to be instructors.

We fought hard and got a rider education bill through the legislature. Now we have to work even harder to make it a successful program. — from ABATE of Space Coast Box EG1294, Melbourne, Fla. 32935.

Image Of Many Bikers Is Usually Set By A Few

Nova Scotia, Canada: Since the Atlantic Folk Festival, stories have been flying rampantly throughout the public about the evil deeds of hordes of motorcycle riders.

Although there was some minimal trouble with the almost 200 "bikers" attending the festival, the reports on the situation were largely overblown.

We do not wish to get into a dissertation on the events of the festival, but it does bring to mind the whole mania which affects people whenever two or

of a few reflect upon the many.

By a textbook definition, this is classified as discrimination when a whole group is negatively stereotyped by an example set by a few. We believe that most bikers are just ordinary people, following a little different lifestyle than the average person. The contention that bikers are only out to cause trouble is as erroneous as saying that all Germans are Nazis.

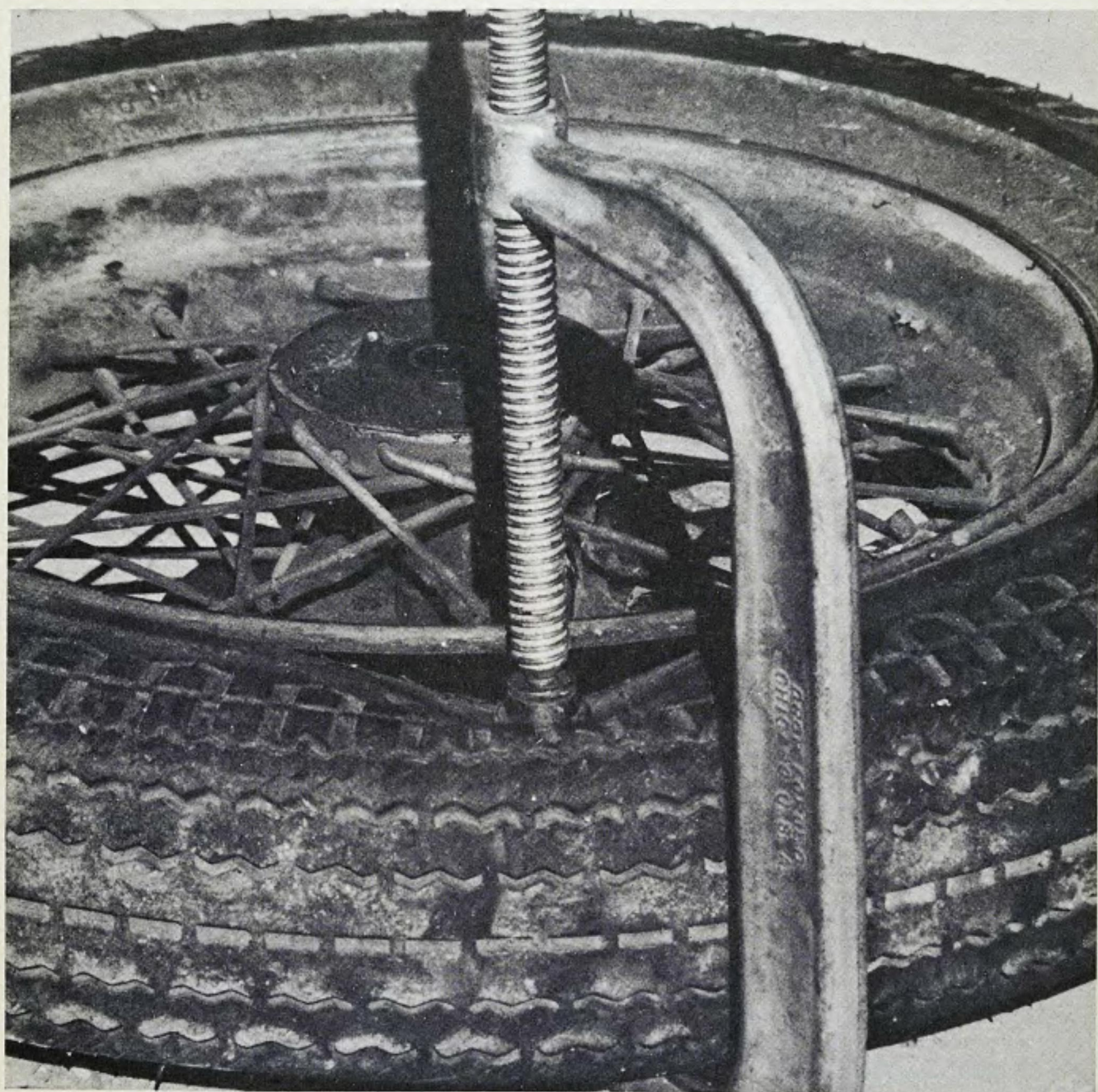
Exaggeration runs rampant when stories are told about the evil doings of some bikers, and no matter what the incident, blame always falls on those who wear the leather.

We are not defending the actions of those who are in the minority; we are merely trying to draw some proper perspective on a particular segment of society which is largely misunderstood. This misunderstanding breeds fear, and unwarranted fear is a real danger. — from The Dartmouth Free Press.



more persons mount two-wheeled forms of transportation and don leather attire.

There is no doubt that there exists an element within the ranks of what are known as hardcore bikers. The actions



Breaking Rubber

Having a hard time breaking down the old 500x16? Tired of driving a one-ton truck over the rim, trying to break the bead, only to bend your wheel into a pretzel? Well, Pol-lack Mike has come up with one of those sitting-in-front-of-us-the-whole-time tech tips. All it

takes is two C-clamps; eight-inch clamps did the trick for me. If you don't already own a couple of C-clamps, one of your partners probably does. After I borrowed a couple, I was checking around for a good test to try on these clamps and I flashed on the wheel that came with an early for-

ties sidecar that had been rescued from the rear of the barn. The tire looked to be original; in fact, there was no telling where the tire started and the rim stopped. Playing it safe, I put both of the C-clamps together up against the rim. I then tightened the clamps at the same time

until the bead popped. It was all downhill after that. But remember, when putting a new tire on the front, back or side, it's a good idea to take it easy the first 50 miles or so to let the tire seat itself on the rim before you start burning the tread off.

— Wrench

Mental Case

I love to fight, fuck, and have fun. I believe the best things in life are bikes, beer, and broads. Because of this, they put my ass in a mental hospital. The doctor says I'm nuts because I would rather eat shit than act like a "Respectable Young Man." Am I wrong for my love of freedom, fun, and *Easyriders*, or is this just another way to keep a bro off the streets?

Outlaw
Poquoson, Va.

- The Establishment sucks!

Handy Love Affair

Dear Ms. Miraculous Mutha, I'm an eighteen-year-old male that got suckered into the good ol' USN, but this ain't my problem. My problem is that I got a girl in Tennessee — and two in Michigan — but every time I try to talk to, or even get close to talkin' to the ladies, the asshole in me comes out. I don't mean just a little asshole, I really go all out to make them think I'm the complete and total ass. I can't figure out why this happens. Could you please help me before I have a mad, passionate love affair with my hand?

Overanxious
Virginia Beach, Va.

- With three girls already on the string, you must have a case of the guilties. Relax, don't talk. Act!

Head Cheater

Dear Horny Bitch. My ol' lady is a good fucker and all, but when it comes to givin' head, she just can't cut it. She'll wrap her lips around my nuts, but when I come she just won't swallow. She just spits the flood back at me. I think it's unfair, seein' how when I go down on her, I suck through blood and all. Oh, you herring-

smellin' twat, how can I get her to swallow my come? Or will you wrap your lips up in the mail and send 'em to me?

Scholly
Atlanta, Ga.

- Maybe if you got your nuts out of her mouth she could swallow.

Passionate Reply

Outta curiosity and needin' a good woman, I'm sending you a request for a photo of your sensual, luscious self. The desires are set deep, the heart throbs with anticipation, and satisfaction is but a gaze toward your thighs. If you need anything, want anything, then I'll deliver to your heart's desire. Mine is to have you, babe! I'm dying with love for you.

The American Gigolo
Lansing, Kan.

- Send me a photo of your sensual, luscious self.

Harley Hopeful

A word or two from a downed bro who just had to get rid of his sled. H-D it wasn't, Triumph it was, but fuck — now I got a reason to get a H-D. Anyway, I want to say that you bring me out of the blues, so keep up the good work. If you are ever up this way, goddammit, stop by. There are always parties here.

Dave Goff
Myrtle Creek, Ore.

- Glad you dumped the Triumph. Hope you're on the H-D highways soon. Party on, bro.

Slick Trick

Every time I start reading the latest issue of *Easyriders*, some asshole will start bitching that I am corrupting my mind by reading sleazy trash. I need a quick solution to this

problem. What do you think?
Dana Fore
Anywhere, U.S.A.

- So? Remember, it's *your* mind.

Hair Soup

I'd eat a bucket o' buzzard shit just to go down on your cave. But since we're so far apart, could you send me some hair next time you shave that pusspot of yours? Just so I can put it in my soup, of course.

Horny as Hell
Sioux City, Iowa

- Spider says to shred a Brillo pad in your soup and *pretend!* Bon appetit!

Sick On Dick

I have a really farout ol' man and we are really good together, except that we have one problem when it comes to sex. He likes a good head job, but no matter how much I try, I just can't do it without getting sick! What should I do?

Upset Stomach
Merced, Calif.

- Make it, take it, and fake it! Practice makes perfect.

Who's The Offender?

My ol' lady has been fuckin' with one of my best bros. I don't know what to do. Should I chop the fucker's balls off or shoot her? I was reading in the June issue about a debt to pay. But that shit didn't turn out too well.

Ed Henderson
Euclid, Ohio

- Shoot him, chop off her balls (she must have some), then get a new righteous and loyal ol' lady.

Flick Chicks

Wanted: Harley riders with long front ends. They say Mutha knows best. Well, where in hell are they? No shit, Mutha, we are two hell-raisin', bike-ridin', Southern women who can't find enough good men. Can you drop us a line on how to locate, or get located by, some good-lookin', long-lastin', down-gettin' bikers? We even make home movies. We're cold and lonely.

Dee and Sher
Knoxville, Tenn.

- No, but I'd like to star in your movies.

Collectors' Items

Just got done readin' your advice page and came to Cow Cunt. I'm not much for cow cunt, but if you want to send anyone your used rags, send 'em to me. Would love every stinkin' one of them! Love everything about you.

Rick the Crip
Dekalb, Ill.

- Sorry — I send 'em to the Smithsonian for posterity.

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

Miraculous Mutha Tells All





CHANCE ENCOUNTER

It was cold, miserably cold, with winter's last bitter wind raging in defiance of the oncoming spring, striking the rider head-on and driving the fine, needle-like particles of sleet hard into his unfeeling face. Miles ago the fingers of his gloveless hands had gone numb, utterly beyond the ability to feel the cold. The man's face was set in hard, grim determination, but inwardly he smiled as he listened to the song of the wind in his ears. For the first time in more than eight years, he was riding, and to ride was to live.

Then suddenly, looming out of the blackness of the night as the rider rounded one of the sharp mountain curves, there stood a tall, brightly lit oil company sign. Nothing unusual in that, but the mountain area was so forsaken that human habitation was totally unexpected. Rising tall behind the service station and almost touching the building itself was the sheer, towering wall of a solid granite cliff. The property where the station stood had been chiseled from the mountain's stony mass.

Webber guided his Harley into the place, taking care to avoid the darker patches of slick ice. He parked his machine in front of one of the gasoline pumps, and after killing the motor, he stooped to warm his hands with the heat from the engine block. The door of the building opened against the force of the wind and a heavily bundled figure trudged out. The sleet, hard and dry, swirled in eddies on the concrete apron, and Webber watched as the figure slowly approached.

"It's a mighty cold night to be out ridin' on that thing," the girl said when she was near enough to be heard above the howl of the wind. "Need gas?"

"Yeah. Fill 'er up," Webber replied. Why else would anyone stop at such a desolate place? He stood and looked upward into the light cast by the station sign. The sleet was

falling harder, and he could almost feel the temperature dropping.

The girl noticed his stare and read his thoughts. "It's gonna get harder 'fore you get to the top," she said. "The pass might even be blocked by now."

"Pass?"

"Yep. You got 'bout fifteen more miles of climbin' 'fore you get to the hump — the Continental Divide, the sign up there says. You'll know when you get there; it's like a canyon the way that pass is cut through the mountain. You'll climb more'n a thousand feet, and 'tween here and there the ridin's liable to get pretty rough."

Pretty rough, Webber thought. He looked back up at the light. It set off each individual particle of sleet, and he thought that if he tried, he could count them as they fell. The north wind was blowing the sleet almost horizontally, fat flakes of snow were starting to mix in, and the stuff was coming down so hard now that the light was just a dim, faraway glow. And the girl had said that it might get pretty rough before he got to the top.

Webber's hands were still freezing cold but no longer numb; the feeling was gradually coming back with a sharp, tingling pain. Without knowing it, he had been rubbing his palms together as he gazed into the light.

The girl finished pumping the gas and replaced the nozzle. She stood there for a moment, watching Webber stare into the light and rub his frozen hands. She seemed to be trying to make up her mind, and when she did, she said, "Why don't you come in for a while? I can get you a hot cup of coffee, and I think I can round up an old pair of gloves for your hands. I got a big ol' coal stove in there and it's stoked full and cherry red. It'll make your hands hurt so bad, you'll think your fingers are gonna drop off."

Continued on page 102

by Richard Bennett

Illustration by Duffy Duggan



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 **Steve "T.J." Jones**. You are in the wind now, bro. Ride free, Bones, S.L.O., Calif.

In loving memory of **Ricky Knowles**. You parted heartily but went down much too young. I'll meet you on the other side. Remembering lovingly, Linda.

In memory of **Jerry Villalpando**, who rode and died fast. May we ride together again. Big Dick and Mary.

In memory of **Dale Cunningham**. You will be missed and never forgotten. Watch over us, bro, till we meet again. The Gang, McAlester, Okla.

In memory of **Elaina Bebo**. You lived hard and died hard and too young, so live on and on in Harley Heaven. Always, Rachel and all the gang, No. Highlands, Calif.

In memory of **Keith "Swede" Ingraham**, Ken "Tiny T." Thomas, and Dave "Frenchy" La Follette: You all took a piece of my heart with you. We shall ride in the wind for eternity! Always love, Dee-Dee.

In memory of our brothers **Lowrider, Grapes, and Turf-1ers**. "To die on wheels is to live forever." We drink to you, Apache, Muskrat, and Shaft, Wheels of Soul MC, Philadelphia, Pa.

In memory of **Billy Farmer**, our brother who hit a parked semi-truck. You were always smiling and we know you are now in Harley Heaven. We'll miss you, Steve, Debi, and Kris Emery.

In memory of **Brice Slawson**, 12/13/79, a true bro run over by cancer. I love you, Dad, Greg Slawson, McLeansville, N.C.

In memory of **Rowdy Rick and Pete Knell**, AFFA, who will live in our thoughts forever. Charlie, HAMCSC.

We miss you, **Ha**. We love you. Even though you're not seen or heard, you're partyin' with us. You'll live in our hearts forever. From Forest City to Texas and all over.

In memory of **Mark McClurg**, alias Funnel Face, the best thing that ever happened to me. Only the good die young; but, babe, you went too soon. Your memory lives strong in my heart. Panheads Forever! I love you, Sheri.

To my ol' man, who was killed in May of '78. We miss you; but I know you died happy with the ol' bitch and a nice buzz. Peaches.

In memory of **Nelson Alves**, a good bro who rode hard and died young. You're in our hearts forever. The Terrace, M.P.T., N.J.

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.

33-yr.-old desperado is ready to come down from his fences, but needs a Queen of Hearts for correspondence and possible future. Michael Moore #C-07585, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Down for too long. Need to hear from some hot chicks. Don Boag #32655, Box B, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Our dicks are hard, and our balls are smokin'. We need some mail and we ain't jokin'! Kenny Thorn #C-13657 and Steve Schriver #C-11823, Box 688, D-235, CTF-C, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Just a con lookin' for some mail. Feel free to write 'em and gimme hell! Mark Carico #70110, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Righteous Latin American bro, doin' time, would like to hear from a lady who likes to party! Hector Acevedo #76A4242, Attica Corr. Facility, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Mr. Lonely looking to hear from young ladies. No age barrier. Doing hard time. Rick Marto, Rt. 3, Box 110A, Gainesville, Ga. 30501.

I'm in the zoo for a year. Need letters and flicks from mamas anywhere. I feel like I'm hangin' from the balls with no mail comin' in. Steve Heycox, Box 7 COOMA, N.S.W., Australia 2630.

This Viking is looking for some chicks to write me. It's really a bummer when you can't get pussy. Harley Lovell #86395, Oak 3, Angola, La. 70712.

Downed hunky needing some lines from you fine ladies! Ernie Kolenc #157-031, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

I am lonely and would like to correspond with you. Bobby Joe Sparks #242677, Rt. 4, Box 1500, Angleton, Tex. 77515.

I'm a lonely biker down for a spell. Give me a chance and I'll ring your bell. All letters and pix answered. John Rheinheimer #14-177, Box 28, Apt. 9-SC, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Ladies, got one year to go. Want to hear from down-to-earth chicks. Kenny Barlow #10987, Box 28, O.S.D., Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Ladies: Down and out tramp lookin' for some love. Shoot me a kite! Don Dorough, Box B-36712, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Friends wanted! Jerry Davis #91-624, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Am down and out, and in the slammer for nine big ones. Would like to receive scribes and pix from any foxy ladies. Help, before I waste away from loneliness! Vernon Overcash #292970, Ellis Unit, Rt. 3, B-3, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

24-year-old, brown-eyed Aquarian, down and lonely. Need scribes and flicks from foxy ladies. Show me you care. Ray Michael McClure #10256-05, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Help! Good-lookin' Dago from Detroit feeling down. I need help coming back up. I'll send a picture if you do. Matt Franges #151-453, 2400 Sheridan Rd., Muskegon, Mich. 49442.

20-yr.-old single, lonely male in prison, who's trying to get it together, wishes to find a girl to write and share a few kind words and understanding. Will answer all. Kenneth Schofield, Box 431, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

Someone zip me a line, for I am doing hard time. Any lady will be fine. I'm 19, Mike Cornella, Box 14, Boise, Ida. 83707.

Florida bro would love to hear from you luscious ladies. Flicks would be great; will answer, Martin Merwin #289187, Jester II, Richmond, Tex. 77469.

Down biker in bad need of correspondence. Will write anyone. Please send picture. Vincent Domello #79A2631, Box B, Danemora, N.Y. 12929.

25-yr.-old dude wishes to hear from groovy chicks 18 and up. Clayton Preston #A-50492, Box 38, Sheridan, Ill. 60551.

I am a stranger in a strange land. Communication with the female world is vital. Marilyn E. Marrs #301854, Ellis Unit C/5, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Young Virgo needs letters from nice ladies. Will answer all. Mike Wolfenbarger #74836, Box 500, Bks. 11, Grady, Ark. 71644.

Ladies, write this young Gemini. Will answer all. Billy Cameron #74814, Box 500, Bks. 11, Grady, Ark. 71644.

Young Cancer wants letters from nice women and will write all. Tony Wilson #74834, Box 500, Bks. 11, Grady, Ark. 71644.

22-yr.-old Aries likes to correspond with nice women from 18 up. Will answer all. Bruce Bailey #74813, Box 500, Bks. 11, Grady, Ark. 71644.

Ladies, please drop this 25-yr.-old a line and warm his cold heart. Clyde Billups #7217, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

I have no family and I need friends. Arizona has not been good to me, so maybe I can find some good people out there in the riding world. Spencer Watson #30756, Box B, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Would like to write some of the bros and sisters out there in the sweet world of freedom. Michael Watson #31403, Box B, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Down and lonely. Need a little help from you ladies. So please drop a line or two. R. J. Serna #30992, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Down and out and lonely as hell. Will answer all letters. Send flicks if possible. Help me do this time as easy and fast as possible. Mark L. Bell #290567, Rt. 2, Box 1200, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Con would like to correspond with a lady who would consider livin' in Alaska. (Marriage?) Serious replies only. Jerry Tauscher #36-735, 2605 State Street, Salem, Ore. 97310.

Need some honeys to write to: 18 to 40 preferred, but will accept ya if you're blind, crippled, or crazy. Ed Figgs #143793, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Ladies, the Goose is down. Sagittarian, 27 years old, 5'11", 185-lbs., wants all you pistol-packin' mamas who dig puttin' and gettin' down to write. Dale S. Hoin #259-982-D-2-12, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Calling all women who like to travel, party, and get down. I'm out of action for a while, and I'd like to hear from you. What's happenin' out there? Jeffrey R. Lowrie #268501-D-2-12, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Hello, ladies. Doin' time in Texas and sure would like to hear from you. I'm 5'9", green eyes, brown hair, 155 lbs. Randall C. Abear #282086-D-2-12, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Tried to get my own justice and got eight years in this greystone hotel. Now I sure could use some mail from anyone, anywhere. Will answer all letters I get. Rick Griap #53100A, Box W. R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

I'm a Scorpio and lonely for love. Ladies, please write and send pictures. David L. Marlin #C-05513, Rm. 3146, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

24-year-old bro down in Ohio needs your letters. "Doc" Schouman #110-236, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Ladies, I'm lonely for your lovin' letters. Tom Palinski #W-4654, Box 10, R.D. 2, Greensburg, Pa. 15601.

A Detroit bro down and lonely wishes to hear from warm and interesting chicks whose hearts have been broken or lost. Send pictures. Thomas Ydrogo #A-158436, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

20-year-old Italian, good looking, would like to hear from foxy ladies. Plx, please. Will answer all. Mario Moley #K-4903, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Downed bro from Central Calif. would like letters and pics from foxy ladies. Conrad Noland #94-168, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Attention, righteous ol' ladies: Desire to have you write and send photos to help these last few go by quickly. All will be answered. Terrence Kronk #Y2789, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

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 37588, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Young, sincere w/m, very lonely with no one to write to, looking to hear from foxy young ladies and all interested individuals. Will answer all. Francisco R. Cruz #A-049379, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

I would like to hear from all kinds of chicks out there. Vernon L. McConnell #A-60092, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

DOWNTIME

By Max Blither

There's only two things worth doin' in this rotten world. I'm doin' one of 'em now — stridin' my 74, though it's a drag headin' for the fuckin' airport. But I'll be pickin' up a bro who, I hope, is holdin' some other worthwhile trip — puna butter. His flyin' cage was due in at 12 a.m. An' I'm an hour late. That was due to my third most enjoyable act, fucking. Which had been numero uno while all the ballin' was hot 'n' heavy, but after blowin' my wad, it dropped in importance — 'specially when I remembered I was supposed to pick up Greg and his supply of puna.

Not wantin' to leave the scooter alone at the curb, I started blarin' the horn, creatin' a bit of a ruckus. An airport rent-a-cop wanted to know what I thought I was doin'. "Pickin' up a passenger," I answered as I was bendin' over an' tryin' to pry the kickstand down. He volunteered to keep his eye on my love if I wanted to check inside for my friend. I thought about it while I continued to blast the horn and the engine kept turnin' a low rumble. Incidentally, I love causin' a scene.

Someone musta made a pass through the bars explainin' that a crazy biker was outside, cause I noticed Greg comin' my way from about forty yards away. As he came up to me, he eyeballed the situation. I got off the horn, straightened up the bike, toed up the kickstand, and got ready to blow the joint. Greg swung a leg over the packer bar, patted me on the shoulder, smiled and gave a thumbs-up to the friendly rent-a-cop.

We got a little distance between us and the airport madness, then pulled off to guzzle a brew an' toke a doobie. Greg reached into his boot and offered to roll a few as he dragged out a baggie

that had been wedged between his foot an' boot for the last eight hours. Even the stench of his size fourteens couldn't mask the aroma of the homegrown he was packin'. But I had my usual supply, so he didn't have to, but he did anyway. Rollin' his stuff up caused a commotion

Having overcome the initial rush, we switched into glide mode, and the miles disappeared as we turned into the dirt driveway leadin' to the farm. I was livin' in a converted dairy barn, pretty fucked lookin' on the outside, but set up for good acoustics inside, which is most im-

swirlin' in big chicken fence patterns. We were loaded, Jack.

The tunes were good. Givin' a slice of reality. Cheech and Chong had come a long way, shitcannin' the funny schtick long enough to get to the basics of guitar an' wailin' blues. Flushin' the fashion. Cheech was really rockin' it, too. Gettin' down.

A couple broads from the main house had heard atomic sounds emanating outta Chong's Stratocaster, and decided to have some. Listenin' to hits like "Pig Fucked and Pork Fried," "All Sliced Up And Nowhere To Go," "Rotten Smells," "Jello-Head," "Gas Wars," "Pinheads In Outerspace," "Who's Making Love To Your Rubber Dolly?" (Tex's favorite) an' "Burgers At Tom's No. 5" — everyone really got into 'em. The chicks, who had about as much idea of music as Ronny Reagan has of pan-heads, got our minds back into the realm of lust. Back up to number one on my list of priorities.

As daylight crept through the windows, the dazed lassies drifted through the morning dew to the house, satisfied. Cheech and Chong were still at it hot 'n' heavy; a large ball of dust caked the needle from the enduro it had been subjected to. Greg and I spaced out on the floor, an' were starin' up at the ceiling — it's traditional after some heavy brain burnin'. He was trippin' on how strange it was to be one place so far away in the morning, then crossing the pond in the big bird to wind up in this dump. He blew out the smoke on yet another puna bud and confided, "You know, you'd really have to be out of yer gourd to believe Cheech and Chong would have a rockin' album out."

"Yeah," I said, "like an April Fool."



amongst some heads hangin' around and within minutes the bidding had begun. I licked the residue, known as puna butter, which can be balled up into a hash-type substance, and proceeded to fire the little ball up.

Half an hour later we were back on the Interstate, headin' for my home. Except I wasn't really sure if the rubber was hittin' the highway. That shit had made me one stoned sonuvabitch. Greg threw his head back, lettin' his red hair unfurl like a freedom flag, flyin' in the wind. He'd been tokin' that wild stuff all summer an' got a chuckle from the reactions of newcomers to his powerful herb.

portant to me. Fact, I damn near rate it right up there next to the kicks of puttin' on my priority list.

The night started to look like it had great potential of becomin' a heavy waste scene as some fresh 'shrooms were passed around and munched. Greg continued rollin', never stoppin', even to clean the stems — he sez that's the way them mokes do it in Hawaii. I bumbled around an' grabbed a new record that blew our minds. A new effort by Cheech and Chong. Heavy blaster material. The room began revolving, like lookin' in a kaleidoscope. Somethin' in the middle would be still, with a melting background



We thought we'd run a trike design contest among the various editors and the staff of our art department. It had to be a three-wheeler that would steal everybody's attention at all the bike shows. The art department came up with some great ideas, but a couple of wenchies designed and even produced this whatever you see here — and it even runs. Needless to say, they won the first prize, a case of Ripple. Their trike obviously would have gotten attention of some kind, and would also have

at least given everyone there a bad case of the drizzles.

I should inform you that the winning editors were moonlighters from other bike rags. Their trike does run on three wheels. Anyway, within minutes we poured them some of their Ripple (with some added bright-light stuff) and then showed them the gate, tellin' 'em to forget us and not to return unless they brought a back-up ambulance so that whatever remained of the bodies could get back home. ■

Choppershopper

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

vertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Note: closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

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

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)

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

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)

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)

Hollywood: Hope you had a happy 30th birthday Jan. 26th. Love, Susie, Harley, and Fat Bob. (94)

Texas prison rodeo: To the bro who let his ol' lady give me a show. Let's do it right; send flicks and kite. A bro, Russell Gardner #289796, Rt. 2, Box 20, Midway, Tex. 75852. (94)

James Jackson, formerly of Dallas: Where are you? James, 681-2364. (94)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (94)

Skull and wings buckle, die struck and solid brass. Will last a lifetime. Very high quality. 3 1/4 x 2 1/4. Also has place for club or other name to be engraved. Engraving not included. \$10 each. Postage paid. S&E Collectibles, Box 21, Bladensburg, Md. 20710. (94)

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)

Novak, Cherokee: Contact Drifter now, (214) 563-2794, 1317 West Walnut, Garland, Tex. 75040. (94)

Fast Eddie: Merry Christmas and happy birthday (3-27). Will never forget our place. Tell Tim, Lynn, and Ron hello. You are all welcome Bike Week. I bought a rice-burner, 850 Yamaha. You'll have a good laugh after seeing me on the Low Rider. Will never forget. Always your Florence Nightingale (B.D.), Fla. (94)

Be legally ordained, perform marriages and other rites. Start your own church, worship your own way, tax free. Reverend Marshall, c/o Faith Gospel Church, 1274 North Sierra, San Bernardino, California 92405. (96)

Outlaw #1: I love you, babe. I'm waiting till the day you walk into my arms. Outlaw #2. (94)

Alky says Season's Greetings to those who care in Newark. (94)

J.D.: I miss you all so much and hope to see you soon. Love, Bette. (94)

Gary: Happy anniversary. Thanks for all the happiness. We all love you. Ragnar, Sloop, Snail, and (JR). (94)

Ain't love a bitch? Tell it to Mama. Guaranteed personal advice. \$5. Box 394, Westfield, N.J. 07901. (94)

Independent rider needs sincere, responsible lady. Give me a break. I'm in the joint 'cause I got caught. No gamers. This ad expires 1986. Must exchange photo, answer all. Please write, if you might. Jim Masino #63774, Lock Bag R, Rahway, N.J. 07065. (94)

Greg Rainwater: Contact Charlie at (512) 756-2357 or Rt. 2, Box 248, Burnet, Tex. 78611. (94)

Wanted: 1965 pan 74 engine and tranny. Dungus, P.O. Box 23466 AMF, Vancouver, B.C. V7B 1W2 Canada. (94)

Polack Mike, last seen in Colo., contact in Florida: Triumph Nick (305) 686-1284, or Little Jim from Texas (305) 848-9731. (94)

Lyn: To my man, happy birthday 3-15-49. You're the best thing that could have ever happened to me. I love you so much. Yours forever. Bernice. (94)

Chicago: Custom cycle shop for the right price. Rick (312) 882-8676. (94)

Crazy Joe: You're the best ol' man in the world. Happy birthday. Love ya. "Biscuit Butt." (94)

Barb Roberts: Texas? Been a long time. Still have all that long blond hair and nanook? Cotton Kern Pratt, RR 2, Box 218, #14, Cartersville, Ill. 62918. (94)

Patty: Vicky's had a good 1-yr. anniversary. Tell Bebe his bonzo will busto. Just us and Hell Raisers are with, don'tcha know! Elder, or 24:15, de boat drace lives brothers. Brook Trout 35266-408960. (94)

In memory of Doug, a Colorado bro in the truest meaning of the word "brother." Ride on, bro. You'll be ridin' with us forever. Fast Fred, Pete, Kenny, Mark, and Prem. (94)

Tattooing outfits and instruction manuals for starting you in business or hobby. Artist, Box 242-F, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (94)

Wanted: 45 flathead, stock or semi. (305) 769-0116. Britt. (94)

Biker, 6', 180 pounds, looking for a righteous, good-looking lady to ride and party with. Rick T., 15 Grafton St., Rochester, N.Y. 14621. (94)

Ex-pilot, ex-parachutist, ex-biker, ex-husband seeking return to the good life. 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., and steady job. Northern Wisconsin. Good 750 ricegrinder. Will keep a good woman well fed and well loved. Drunks, hotheads, cry babies, and libbers can save their stamps. William, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (94)

Wanted: Any Indian Chief parts or whole Chief, running or not. Any info regarding stashes of parts appreciated. Preferably in the West Coast area. Write Dave Tkachuk, P.O. Box 94049, Richmond, B.C. Canada V6Y 2A2. (94)

28-year-old female biker from Holland wants to travel from New York to California. Possibly buying H-D over there, otherwise using my own BMW chopper. Would like to get in contact with other bikers before I start my trip in May. Please inform me about biker meetings, rallies, parties, and festivals. Help me to have a good time during my stay in the States. Letters to Toni Weel, Huygensstraat 84, 9727 je Groningen, Holland. (94)

Collector's item: Old record album promotion poster of John Lennon and Yoko Ono, completely nude. Supply limited. \$7.95. Write Posters, P.O. Box 689, 104 Charles St., Boston, Mass. 02114. (96)

Mike: Late wishes for a happy 25th birthday (2-5-56). I'll love you always. Linda. (94)

White workers and soldiers, stand up for race and flag. Sample News, \$3. Moltis, P.O. Box 277, Hooksett, N.H. 03106. (96)

Beautiful girl seeking that one-in-a-million biker of her fantasies. He's over 27, tall, good-looking, well-built, with long, dark, shaggy hair and a chopped Harley. No hardcores, just a pleasure-riding loner type. Valerie in Baltimore. 483-9466. (94)

Lonely and blue; lady, I need you. Could really dig letters and flicks from sweet and foxy chicks. Steve Apostolides #133567, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (94)

Down and lonely. Need some female from sincere ladies, Edward Figs #143793, Rt. #3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (94)

Pretty ladies: I'm a Texan, 6'3", 175 lbs., big blue eyes, long brown hair. I'm 28, a Virgo, a pilot, speak fluent Spanish and French, and ride a "mean" Sporty. I lived in South America 10 years. I'm good-looking, got my shit together, and I'm looking for that special lady to share the beautiful experiences in life with. I dig ladies who are freaky, no hangups, and who've got their heads together. I want a dynamite lady who's looking for a beautiful future with a righteous dude. Send flick with first letter. J.C.W., P.O. Box 453, Crosby, Tex. 77532. (94)

Rick Elsass: Old friend would like to say Hi. Mutual friend, Ray, thought he saw your pic in Easyriders. If you remember, write Debby Kaufman, 4307 Ericson, #1, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80906. (94)

Need bikers from central California, Canada, New York, and Texas. Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Florida 32301. World's only biker dating service. Send a buck and find out. Female prisoners—write to us. (94)

Ohio: Cleveland's 3rd annual South East Harley-Davidson swap-meet, to be held April 26, 1981. The gates will open Sunday at 10:00 a.m. Vendors may arrive as early as 7:00 p.m. on April 25, 1981. There will be free camping available for vendors only. Last year the vendors made money and had fun doing it. We'll have hundreds of motorcycle parts, food and beer, along with the best entertainment available. See our 3rd annual Dirty-Wet T-Shirt Contest, with prize money in excess of \$250. No losers; everyone wins something. The swapmeet goes on rain or shine. Sorry, there is limited space available under the pavilion; first come, first served. For information, call or write South East Harley-Davidson Sales Co., 23105 Aurora Rd., Cleveland, Ohio 44146. Attention: Jim Gelardi. Phone (216) 439-5300. (94)

New and different Harley T-shirt designs. Free brochure. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, Pa. 16041. (105)

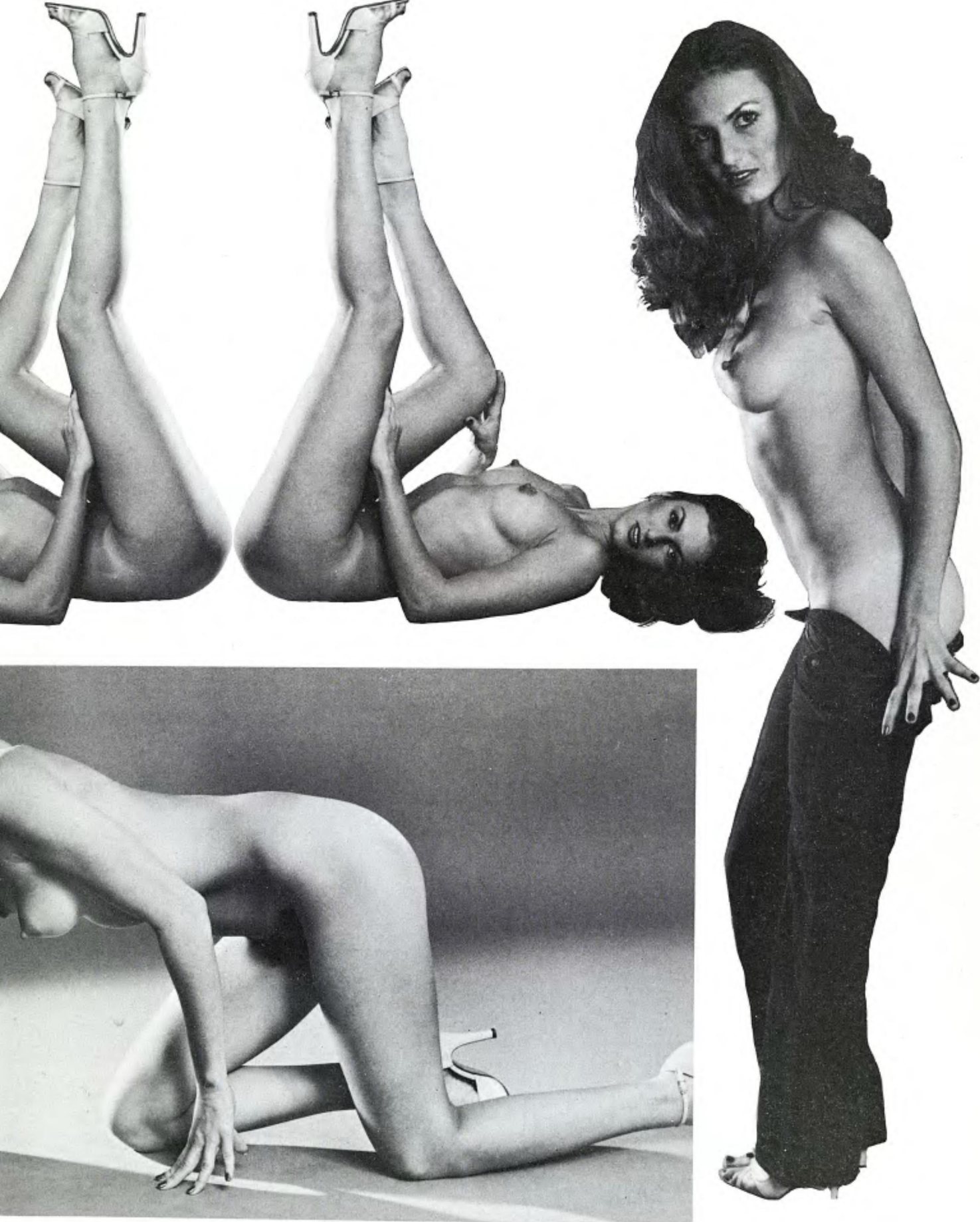
White male, 27, recently divorced, seeks loyal, good ol' lady. I'm looking for a chick who's tired of constantly partying, or possibly straight. Tired of going to jail, not getting ahead, and off-and-on women. Would like someone sincere in helping me start over, keep me out of trouble, and get ahead with a permanent relationship. I've lost a lot lately; still have a chopped Sporty, Great Dane, small business, etc. Interested? Steve, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (94)

Professional tattooing handbook. Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets, expert instructions, and valuable tips. 71 pages. \$16.95. Steele, Box 242-F, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (94)

Harvey: You still owe me love on top of a hill! Rose. (94)

Wrench: A little late, but happy birthday 12/5/50. Looking forward to a ride this year. Love. A sister in San Diego. (94)

Ideas, inventions wanted! Write IMI-ER, 701 Smithfield, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222. (94)



TRUDY ~ A MAN'S WOMAN

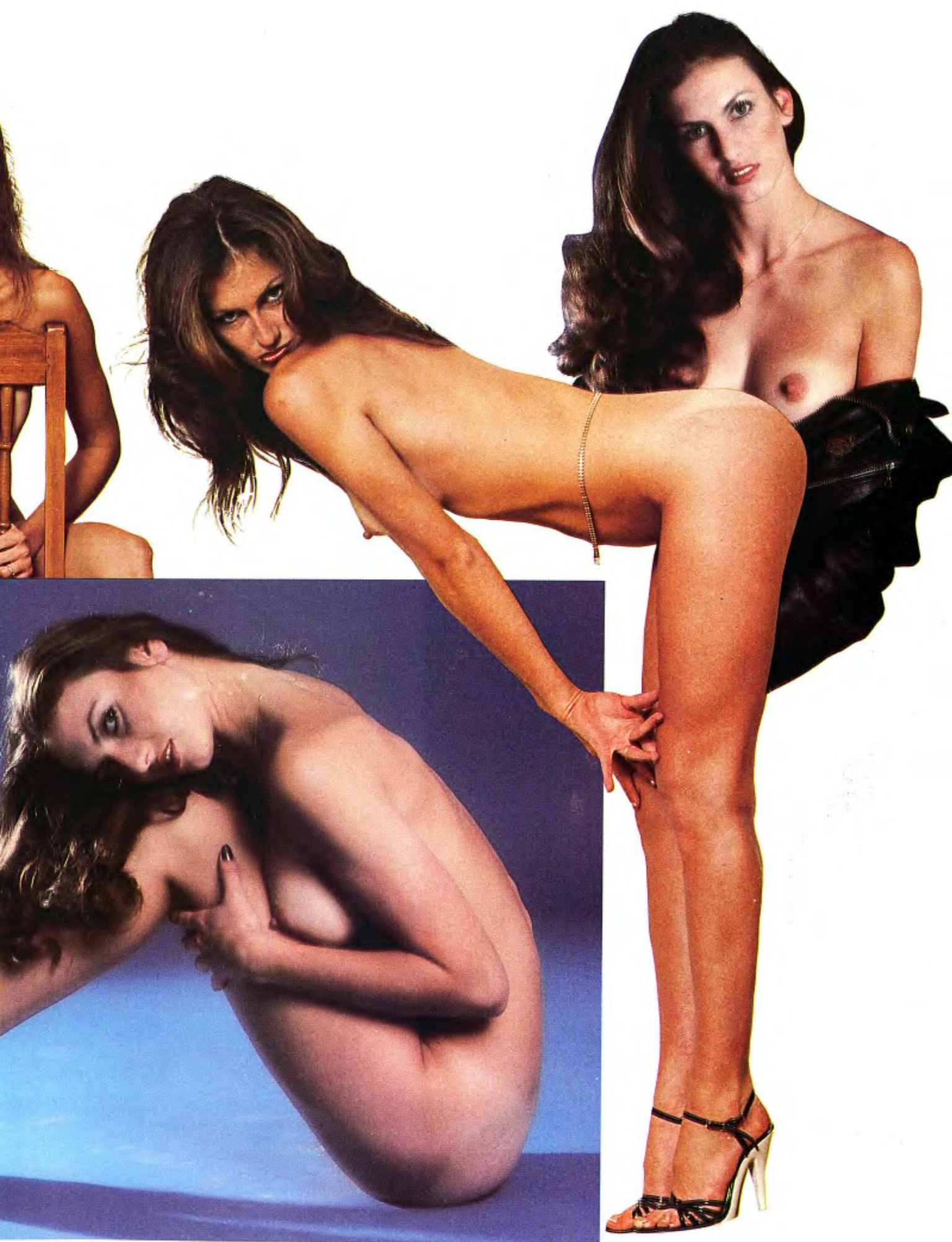
No! We have not gone Hollywood!

Trudy, this month's feature girl, is an authentic biker's ol' lady. She's not even a Hollywood, want-to-be; she's a real down-to-earth beauty from Tennessee. And she's a lady — she's feminine, she knows men, and she knows how to act in public. Many women, it seems to me, don't know the first thing about how to act. They just do not seem to know when they are addressing a gentleman and are too damned ratchet-jawed about inane things. Many times, I've seen a chick get loaded at a business party and start running off at the mouth to the nearest male about something she knows nothing about. Usually, the person she chooses to badmouth is the prez of the local club. 'Nuff said.

Trudy is not ratchet-jawed; she is a lady all the time and treats her ol' man with respect. She



Photos by Billy Tinney





senses when she should remain silent and when she should speak. She doesn't interrupt his conversations and never brings heat on him in any way. Trudy shows respect to his brothers, and in turn they respect her. She is her man's ally and he trusts her — a fair exchange.

"My main interest in life is my man; he's what I live for. He makes me happy," Trudy beams as she speaks. "The security of living with him for the last three years has given me the confidence to deal with any problem I might encounter. He makes me feel whole, directs my life, and loves me. I love to ride behind him on his Harley. On a run or just a putt, I'm so proud that he acknowledges our relationship in public by allowing me to pack with him.

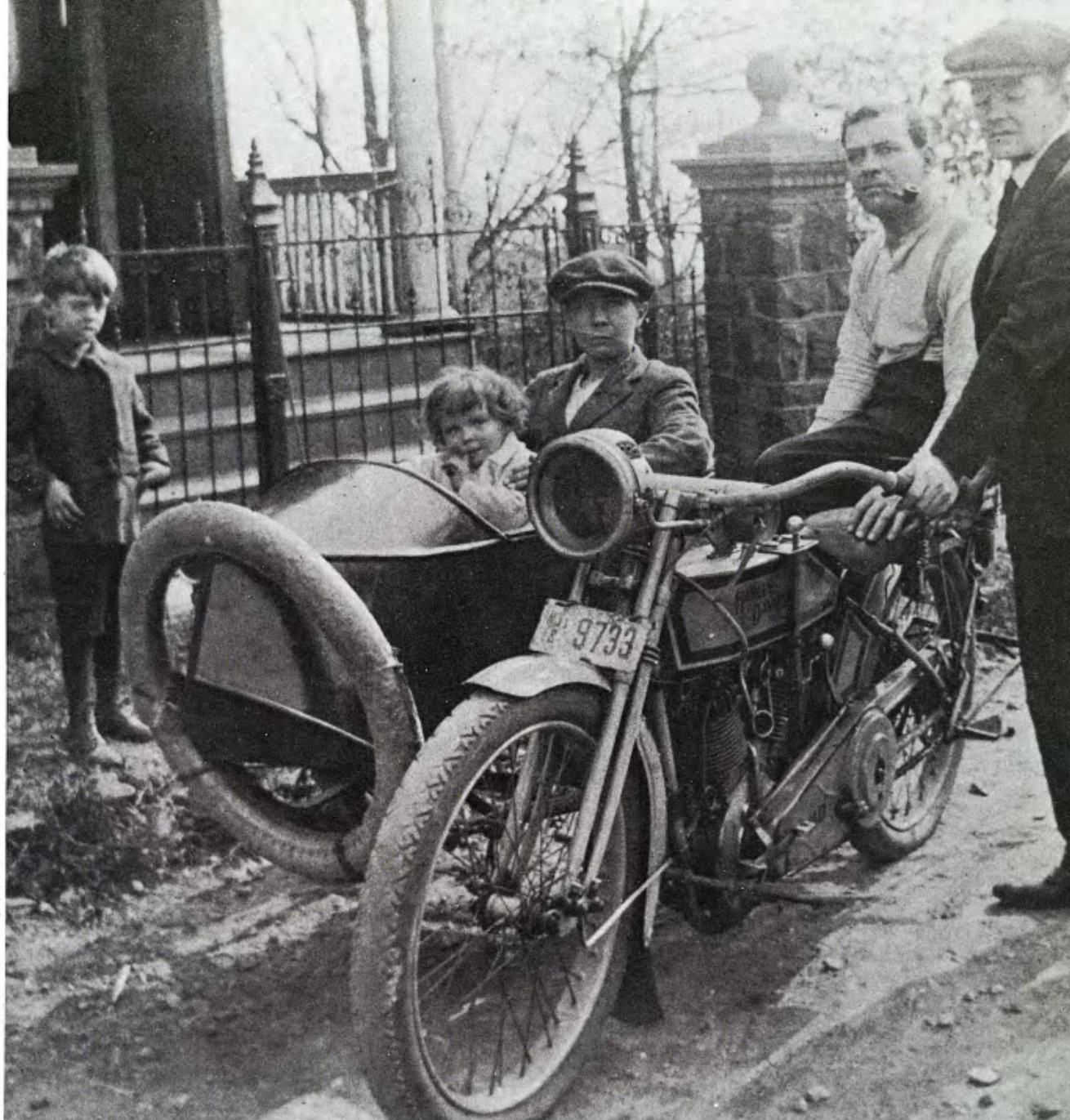
"I know he has excellent tastes. His bike is immaculate, he chooses carefully, pays attention to all the details of whatever he works on, and is very discriminating when selecting anything." Trudy smiles affectionately, "If that's any indication, I think I may reflect that style. It's a privilege to have a man like him, and I'm prepared to work to keep our relationship."

This is a real biker's ol' lady, searched out by intrepid photographer Billy Tinney. He went to extra lengths to find someone special, not photographed by other mags or found at a modeling studio. I think he succeeded, but what about next month? Where will next month's feature come from? We look everywhere for beautiful biker women. If you know of a woman like this, send us a few pics and let us check her out. Never can tell, she just might end up on these pages for the bros.

— Load Brain



— from J.R. Cullerton, Fairport, N.Y.



— from Munchkin, Ellsworth, Kan.

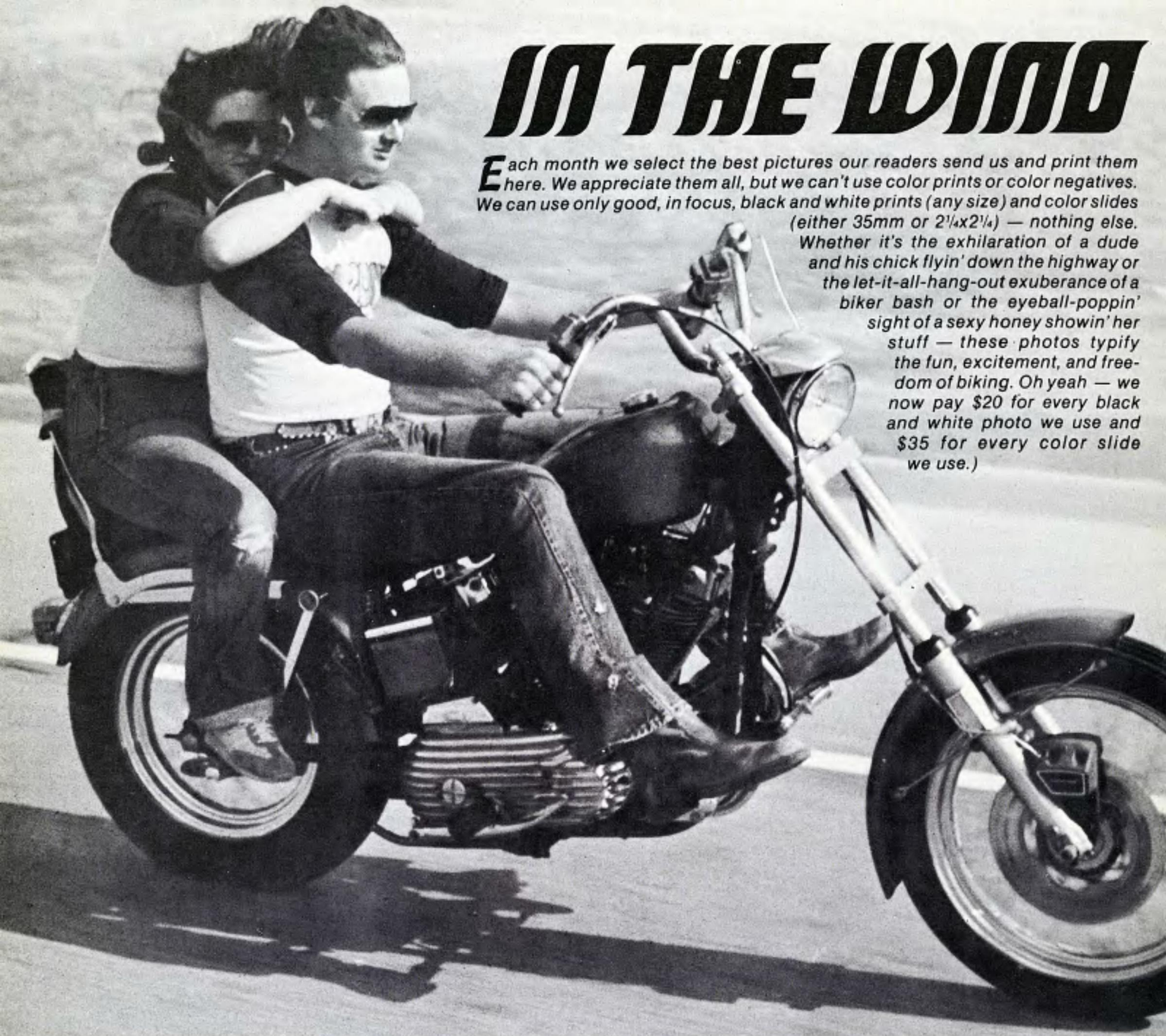


— from Greg Vettel, Minot, S.D.

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 Kelly Crenshaw, Dallas, Tex.

— from Ron Stone, Robinson, Ill.



— from Betty Ann Munter, Oxford, Pa.





— from Ed, Westwood, N.J.



— from Pete Chiodo, Burbank, Calif.



— from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

— from Michael Lichter, Boulder Colo.



— from Deborah Riley, Windsor, Mo.



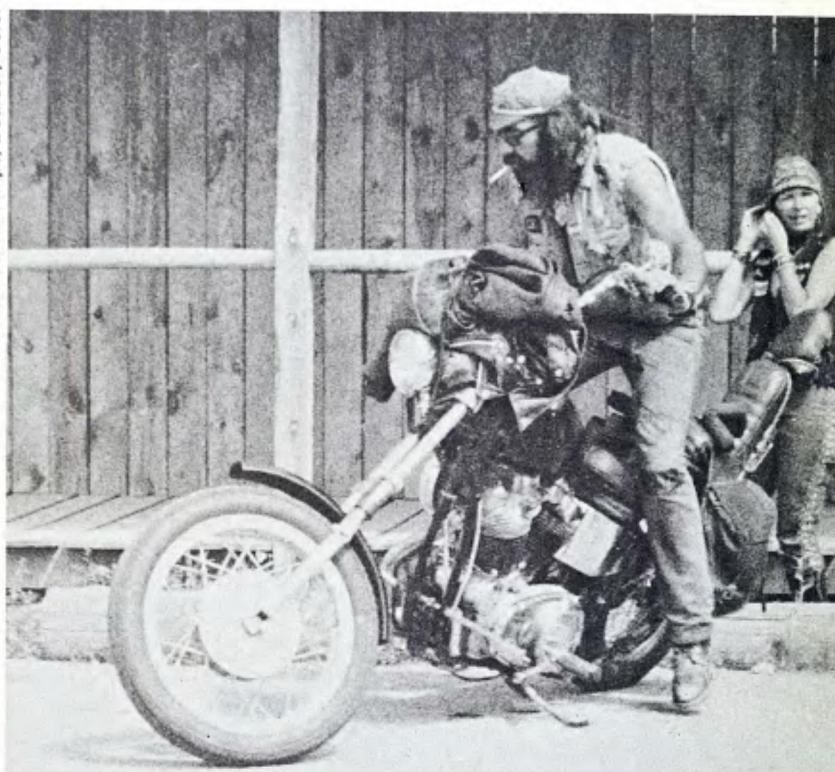


— from Michael Lichter, Boulder Colo.



— from Dagger, Amersfoort, Holland

— from John Phillips, Boulder, Colo.



— from Michael Lichter, Boulder Colo.

LOWDOWN ON UPPERS

Inside facts on how you've been taking it in the shorts.

Gettin' wired is not the same thing as gettin' burned. Like Spider told you in his column a couple of months ago, we are constantly bein' hustled to accept advertising for all kinds of phony drugs—uppers, downers and inside-outers. Some of this shit is so real-looking that even an experienced dooper could get conned into thinkin' it's the real stuff, straight off the drugstore shelf.

Which brings us to the point of this long rap. What ya see at the bottom of the page are reproductions of a couple of letters from some clown who wants us to sell his "legal speed" to our brothers. The pictures of the pills are reproduced from a card that came with the letters. He wants us to buy his capsules — guaranteed to get you no more speedy than an Allerest with a coffee chaser — for thirty-five bucks a thousand (that's three for a dime) and sell to you for whatever we can skin you out

of. Which we won't. But other people will, if you ain't careful.

As you see in the picture, these coffee capsules have been carefully made to look exactly like some very common types of prescription speed. They even have apparent manufacturers' code numbers and initials on 'em. So be careful. Use your head. If you're a heavy buyer, invest some bucks in a PDR—the Physician's Desk Reference, the handiest book this side of a Harley shop manual. This will enable you to compare what is being offered for sale with full-color pictures of the real thing—including markings and the authentic code numbers.

We have cut out from the letters all specific references to particular persons and places. Otherwise, the letters are presented exactly as we received them. We're not snitches—but we are tryin' to save your hard-earned bucks.



The pills pictured here accompanied the sales letter printed on this page as an indication of how "authentic" they looked.

Dear Fellow Businessman,

The reason I am writing you this letter is because I know you are money minded and interested in business opportunities. I chose you through your advertisement to offer you an opportunity to earn alot of BIG EASY MONEY. Since you are in mailorder you have acquired a mailing list. By me being in cosmetice, my mailing customers wouldn't understand this type of letter. You would have the perfect mailing list, and the type of people interested in this type of product.

I want to aim this letter at showing you the potential you can have with this new line of products you can offer all your customers. I have experienced making big money, like two to three thousand per week. That is what I used to believe big money was. By you being a business man and money minded, you can understand what I am talking about. I like to associate with people who think on the terms of making money the way I always have. This new line of products is the best I have ever sold for making such Big Easy Money as I call it.

I am enclosing these cards in your letter showing you my products. These pills are made by my manufacturer to look exactly like perscription diet pills. They have a super speed effect, and are safe and legal to sell. I am enclosing a page on the contents of the pills and all the legalities.

All you have to do is take these cards and show them to your friends and potential customers. Then you will begin to get a glimpse of what I have been trying to write to you about, even before you mail them out to all your mailorder customers. When you start sending them in the mail, watch how fast your mailbox will fill with BIG EASY MONEY EVERYDAY.

I am sending you a wholesale price list so that you can get started without putting up alot of capitol. You can make big money with these products almost on a shoestring. I do not know of any type of business you

could go into to make this kind of money without putting up alot of capitol, and my way of thinking would be that you are buying yourself a job along with alot of grief. This business is enjoyable, exciting, and fun, along with you making more money than you ever experienced in such a short time.

I suggest you make up a price list to send your customers, along with some cards, and a letter explaining your new line of products. It is a good idea to send them the cards to hand out to use as a tool to promote their business. So in promoting their business, your business will boom and the money will come in faster than you have ever had it before in such a short time.

I am going to be running four or more promotions a year, and only my preferred customers will receive these special offers. I am sending you one now, and if you are the person I think you are, you will be on my preferred customer list. As I stated earlier, I have made good money at alot of things, but nothing that would cost such little capitol and bring in such BIG EASY MONEY as I call it.

Here is the promotion I am offering you now to get on my preferred customer list. An introductory offer of \$35.00 per thousand pills for as many thousands as you may want. When you take advantage of this offer, I know you are on your way. These promotions will be offered one time and will not be repeated. Each one will be different, and to your advantage in promoting your business. This offer of \$35.00 per thousand expires May 15, 1980. All orders must be postmarked no later than May 15, 1980. So act Now, as this offer will not be repeated.

In closing, I want to urge you to get started right now. The beginning of a journey is to take that first step. I hope you will take that first

Continued on page 111



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DAVE MANN

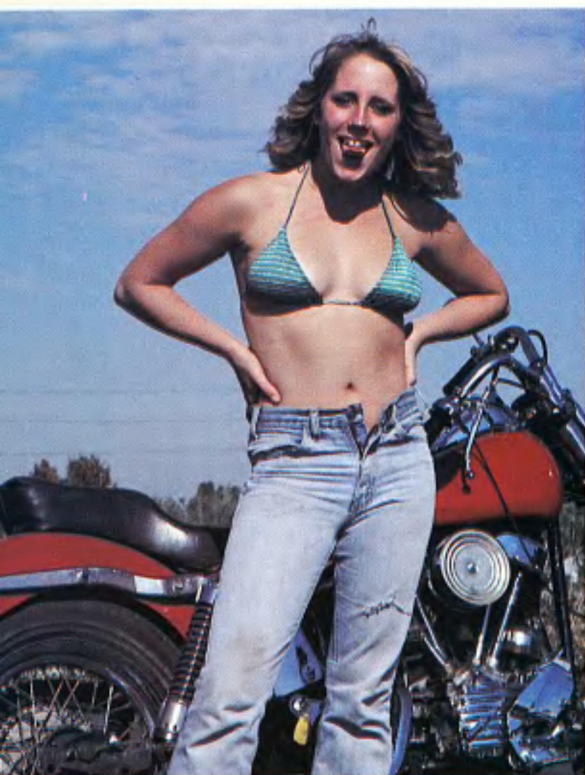
NEW YORK

Easyriders

'68



— from *Bones*, El Paso, Tex.



— from Tom Stone, Spencerville, Ind.



— from Jas Mundy, Highland Park, Wash.



Believe it or not, the painting on the following pages was painted by Dave Mann. If the style looks a little different, it's because this baby dates back to 1968, and that's the way he was doin' his thing back then. (Look closely and you'll see his name on the tank of the second bike from the left.) This painting was one of a series of posters distributed by Big Daddy Roth, whose name originally appeared on the artwork too, but we replaced it with the creditline you see in the lower right corner.

Don't freak when you turn the page and see the catalog in the middle of Mann's painting. It can be removed very easily and then you can enjoy the full Mann painting as usual.

— from Dave Sonazzaro, Los Angeles, Calif.



DRAG SPECIALTIES™

finer accessories for

AMF HARLEY-DAVIDSON



Dress Your Iron For The Open Road.



The acknowledged leader in cutting the wind on an open road deserves special treatment. Superbly designed and carefully manufactured accessory equipment from Drag provides it. All the touring essentials you ever hoped for are right here. Plus lots more you haven't even dreamed of. Feast your eyes and feel the tingle.



U Clamp Footpeg/Sec. 2



Front Fender Light/Sec. 6



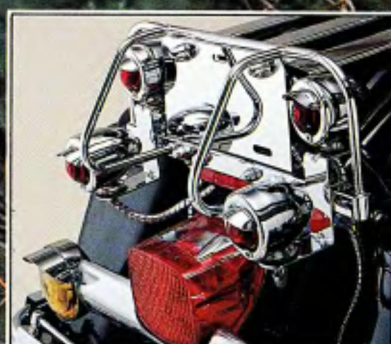
Marker Lights/Sec. 6



Tour Pack/Sec. 12



Taylor Mate Lights & Hitch/Sec. 11

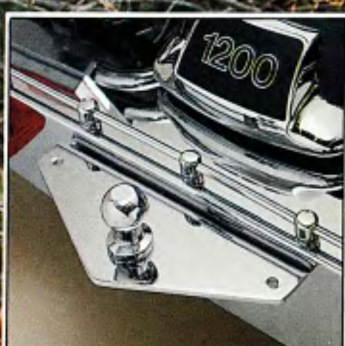


License Plate Lite Bar/Sec. 6

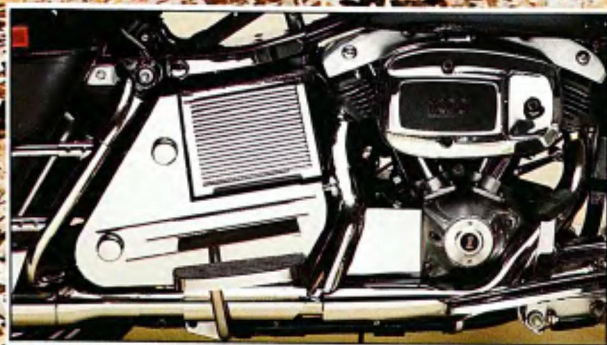


FLH Mufflers/Sec. 1

FLH Passenger Footboards/Sec. 2



Taylor Mate Hitch/Sec. 11



FLH Side Covers & Oil Pump Cover/Sec. 11



Taylor Mate Fender Trim/Sec. 11



Disc Brake Caliper & Rotor Cover/Sec. 11

Drag Specialties Finish Line





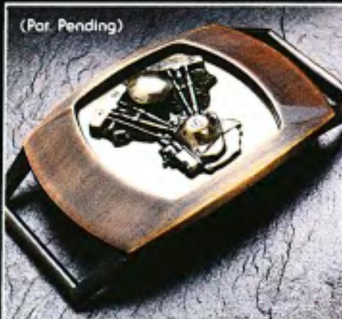
Drag Specialties Has Your Look... Second Skin Luxury Leather

Functional yet comfortable garments. Exclusive European designs. Protection from the elements. There's a Second Skin to suit your style. Nobody can offer you more.



Even though these products have brand names inserted, they are intended for brand identification only. They are after market products and are not necessarily endorsed or recommended by any motorcycle manufacturer.

DRAG SPECIALTIES LEADS YOU



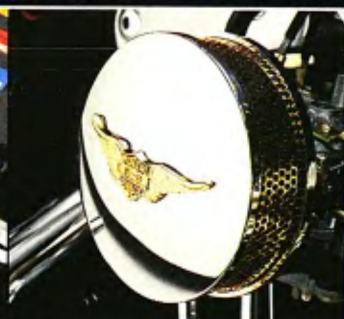
(Pat. Pending)
Designer Belt Buckle w/Optional
FX, XL & Pan H.D. Engine



Bolt-On Bobbed Chrome Fender
for H.D., XL & FX



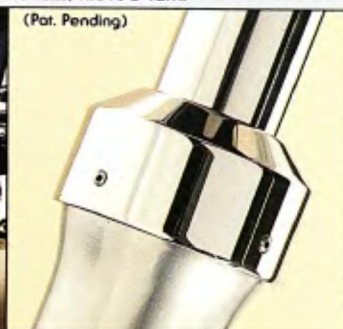
(Pat. Pending)
Custom Upper Handlebar Clamps
for GL's, H.D.'s & Yam.



High Performance Dragtron™ for
H.D. w/24K Trim



Show Chrome Primary Cover, Derby Cover & Solenoid for H.D.



(Pat. Pending)
Chrome Kup Boot Covers for H.D.,
Honda, Yam. & Kaw.



Heavy Duty Deluxe Liquid Filled
Oil Gauges for Most Bikes

WHERE THE COMPETITION'S NEVER BEEN!



Chrome Carb and Valve Covers,
w/GW & 1100 Wing Emblems



Custom License Plate w/Several
New Light Combos



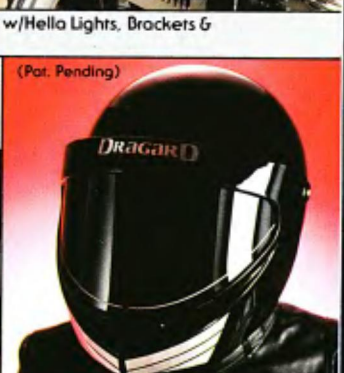
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Headlight Visor/Sec. 11



Chrome Battery Cover/Sec. 11



Chrome Chain Guard/Sec. 9



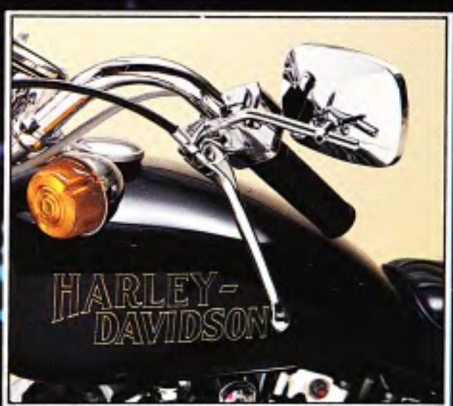
Sissy Bar & Six Pack Plus Rack/Sec. 5 & 12



Custom Seats/Sec. 5



Drag Specialties Tapered 'M' Pipe/Sec. 1



Chrome Levers/Sec. 3



Chrome Outer Primary Cover/Sec. 9

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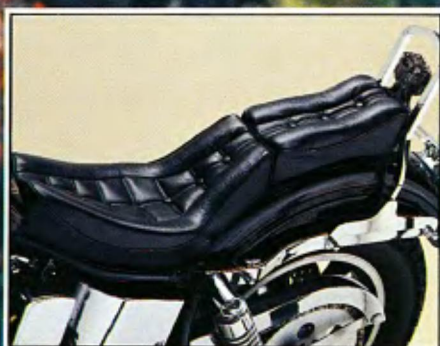
Motormount Highway Bar/Sec. 2



Sundance Footpegs/Sec. 2



Die Cast Mirror w/Scroll/Sec. 13



Custom Two Piece Seat/Sec. 5



Custom Oil Tank FL,FX,XL/Sec. 4



CFX-2000 Oil Cooler Filter FX-XL/Sec. 4



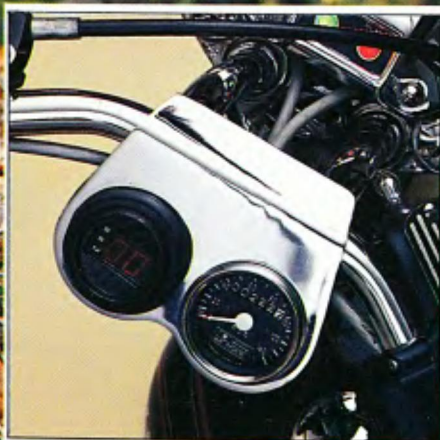
Chrome Kups/Sec. 2



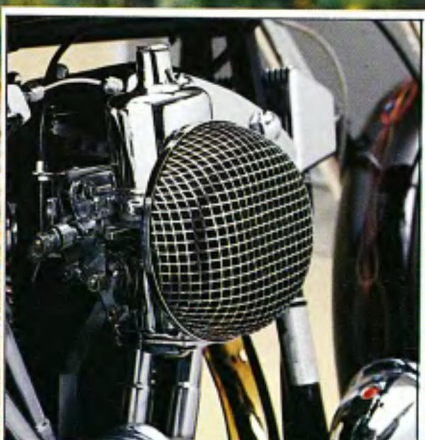
'M' Pipes/Sec. 1



Sundance Pedal/Sec. 2



Speedo & Tach Mounting Kit/Sec. 6



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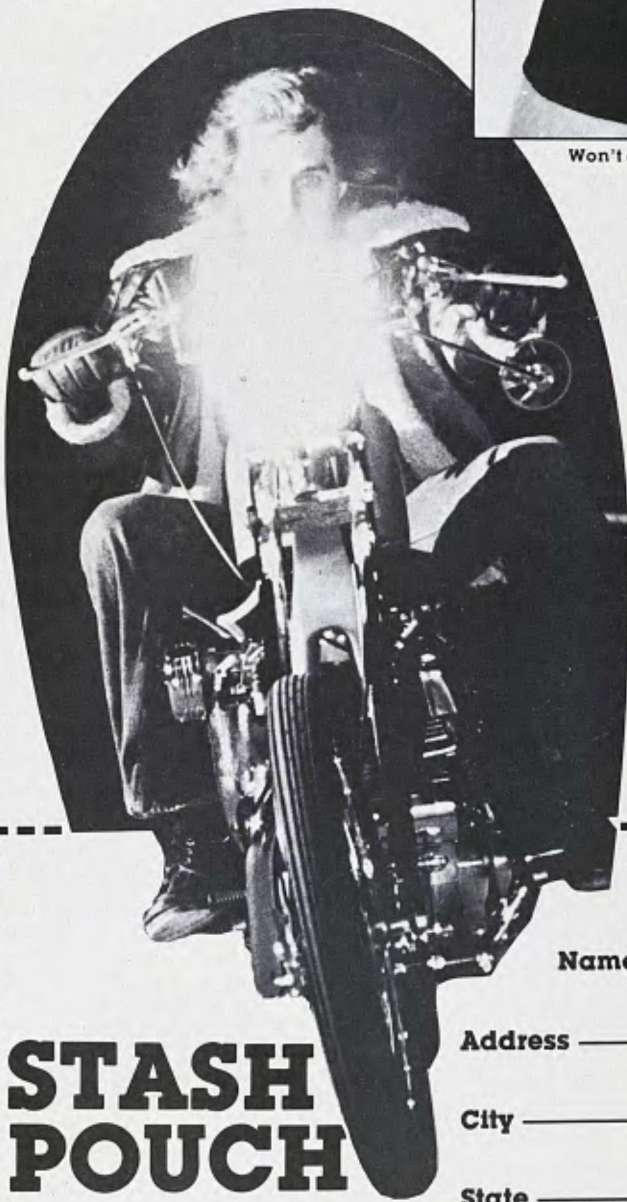
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GROWIN' UP— FAST

by Smilin' Jack

Smuggling, love, vengeance, lust, violence, and bloodshed — in a few measly pages.

Big Ed carefully tied the last cords holding the sleeping bag in place on the handlebars of his Glide. He was, you see, a lot less worried about losing the sleeping bag than he was about scattering a great quantity of twenties, fifties, and hundreds all over South Florida. This bag was not meant to be slept in. It was more like a giant wallet, or maybe a sort of briefcase. Big Ed was a businessman, and he was about to do some business with, well, let's just say some folks in the Keys.

Little Ed watched his father closely, not really wanting him to leave.

"I guess you've got to go, huh, Pa?"

"Yeah, partner. But I'll only be gone for a few days. And if everything goes okay this will be the last trip for a while. C'mere and hold this rope tight while I tie it off."

"Sure, Pa. Say, you're not going to have any trouble or anything, are you? I mean, you know. Like maybe you could use somebody else to kind of, uh, help out. Or something."

Big Ed glanced at his boy. Little Ed was trying his best imitation of his daddy's stance: thumbs tucked in his Levi's pockets, one leg slightly bent at the knee. The effect was spoiled only a little by the peanut butter on his "Vee-Twin" T-shirt. Big Ed had to concentrate to keep from smiling. *Continued on page 82*



Illustration by Fitzsimmons

Lady In Waiting

Continued from page 77

she'd never even used her college degree and how she could pick up her life now on the "right track."

But she really didn't care about them. She didn't care about the verbal repercussions or the social idiocies of her upbringing. She just wanted him to come home.

Ironically, the only ones who'd really cared were his friends, that disreputable, crazy bunch of dudes who were never welcome in her parents' home (and who never wanted to visit anyway). While the only calls she received from those "solid citizens" were meant to reconfirm and remind her of her solitude and emptiness, those bros of his would stop by even in the worst weather with a six-pack, a bag of groceries, or a couple of joints, and pass the time, telling raunchy jokes and unbelievable tales of adventure and never once mentioning him. Everyone knew that he was on her mind already, and she didn't need reminding. They never came on to her, just gave her their own brand of rough friendship. It had helped lots of times when she'd felt especially alone.

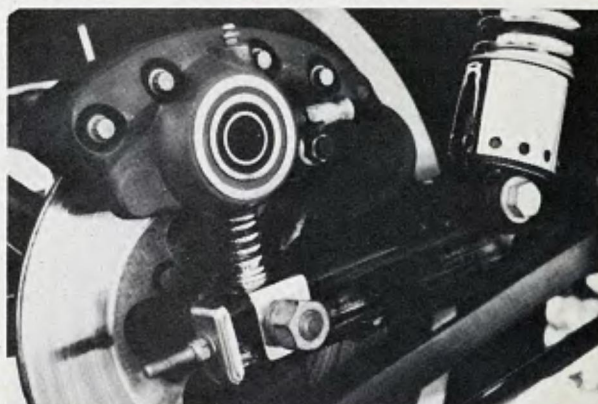
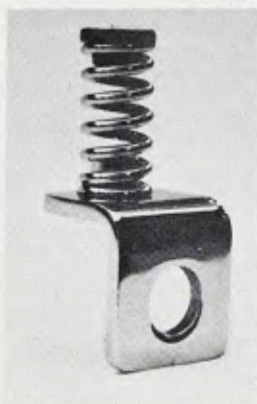
She smiled a little, thinking of the long evenings passed in front of the fire with these loyal and strangely sensitive men that he quite rightly called his friends. So she wasn't surprised to be jolted back to reality by the sound of a big bike chugging up the road. She noticed the rain had stopped and the sky had cleared enough for her to see the sunset. She sighed and got up to open the door, trying not to think of the cold, empty bed and the long, lonely night ahead.

There was just enough light left for her to pick up the sight of the bike and rider roaring up the road. Funny, she didn't recognize either of them. It was a brand-new Low Rider, black, with lots of chrome, and the rider was bundled against the cold behind heavy goggles, a scarf, and thick leathers.

As he killed the motor and swung off the bike she started slowly down the porch steps, wondering who'd come so late in such lousy weather but feeling grateful for a few hours of company. Then, suddenly, she was running, splashing through the puddles like a little kid, not caring about the mud or the cold or the holier-than-thou assholes who'd made her life a hell for three unending months.

He had come home.

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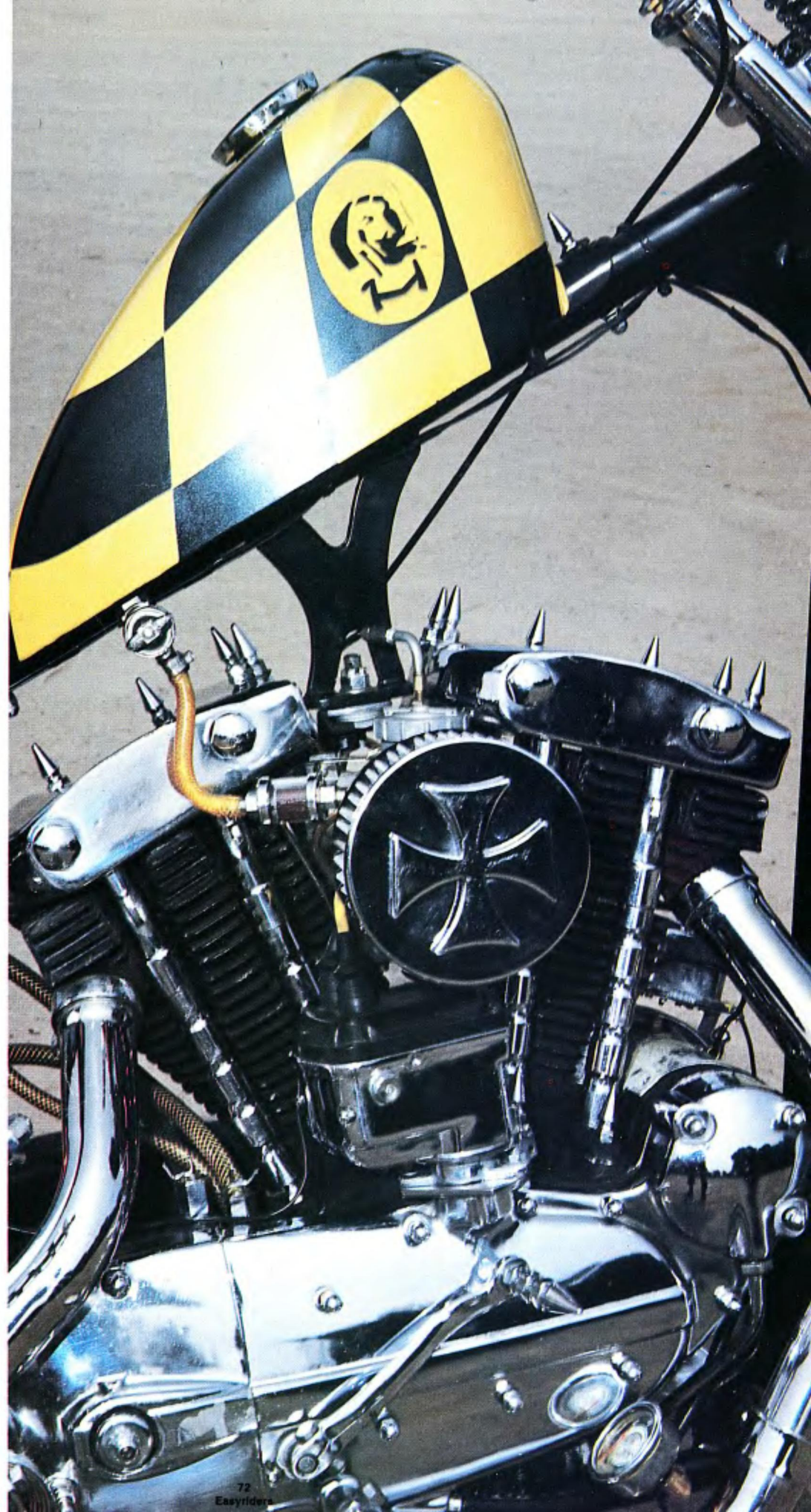
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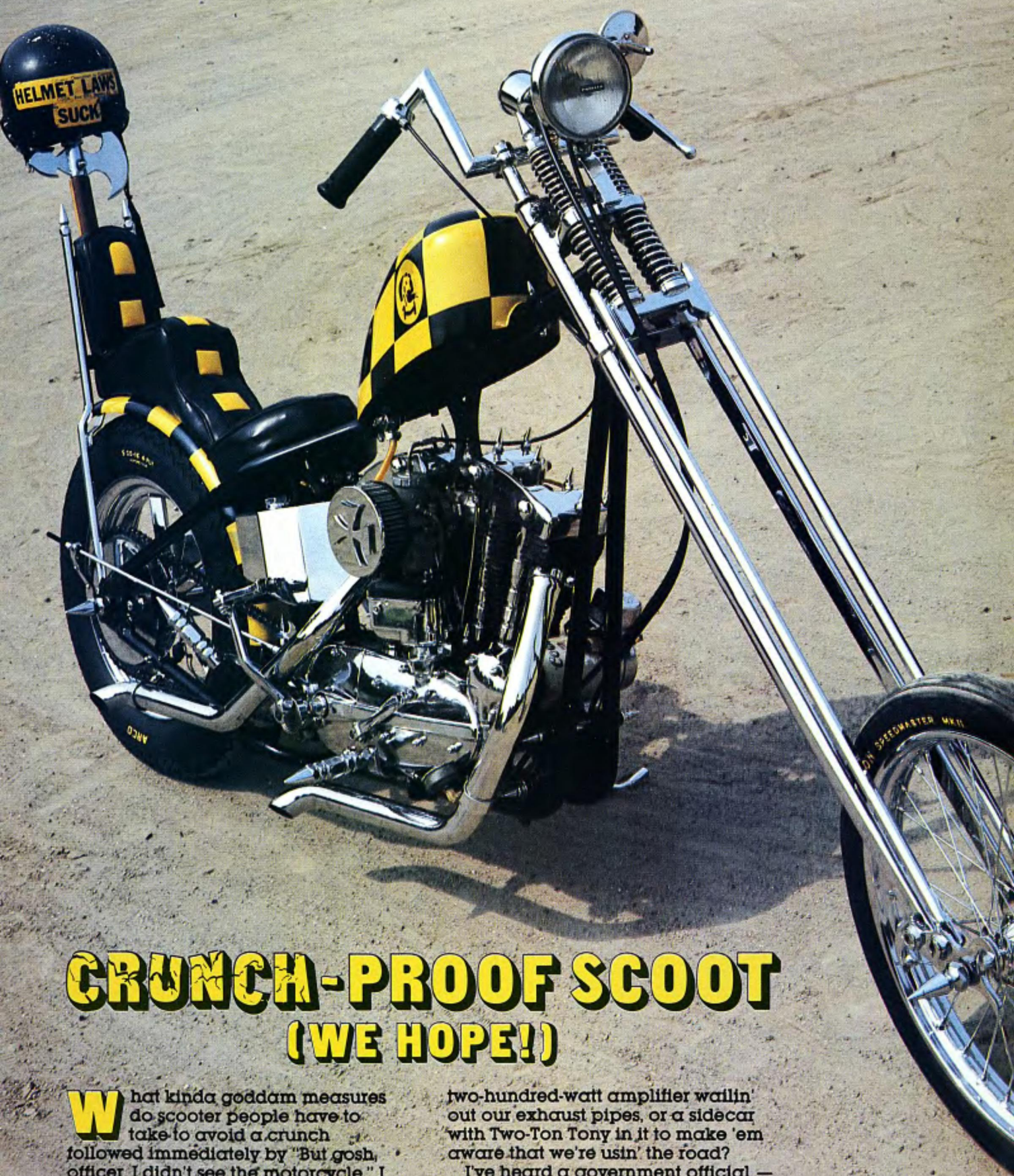
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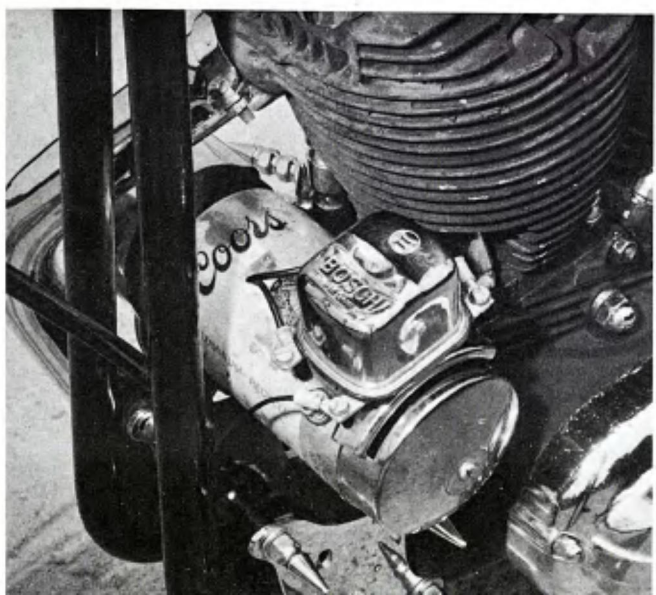
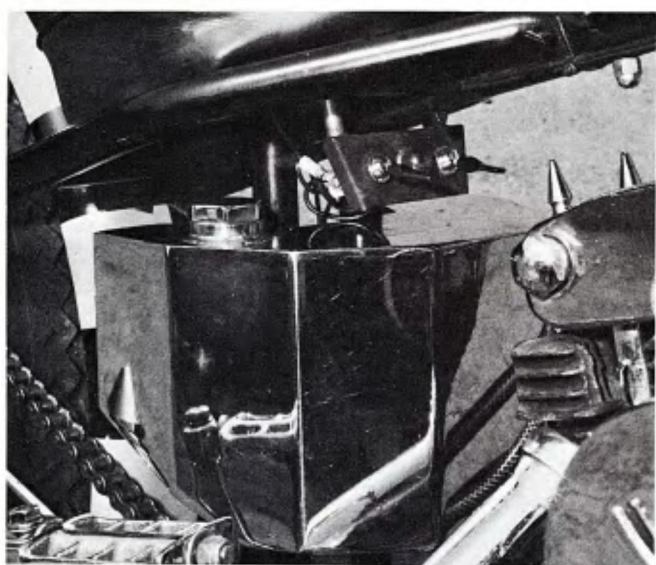


CRUNCH-PROOF SCOOT (WE HOPE!!)

What kinda goddam measures do scooter people have to take to avoid a crunch followed immediately by "But gosh, officer, I didn't see the motorcycle." I mean, is it gonna take aircraft landing lights on the lower fork legs, or a

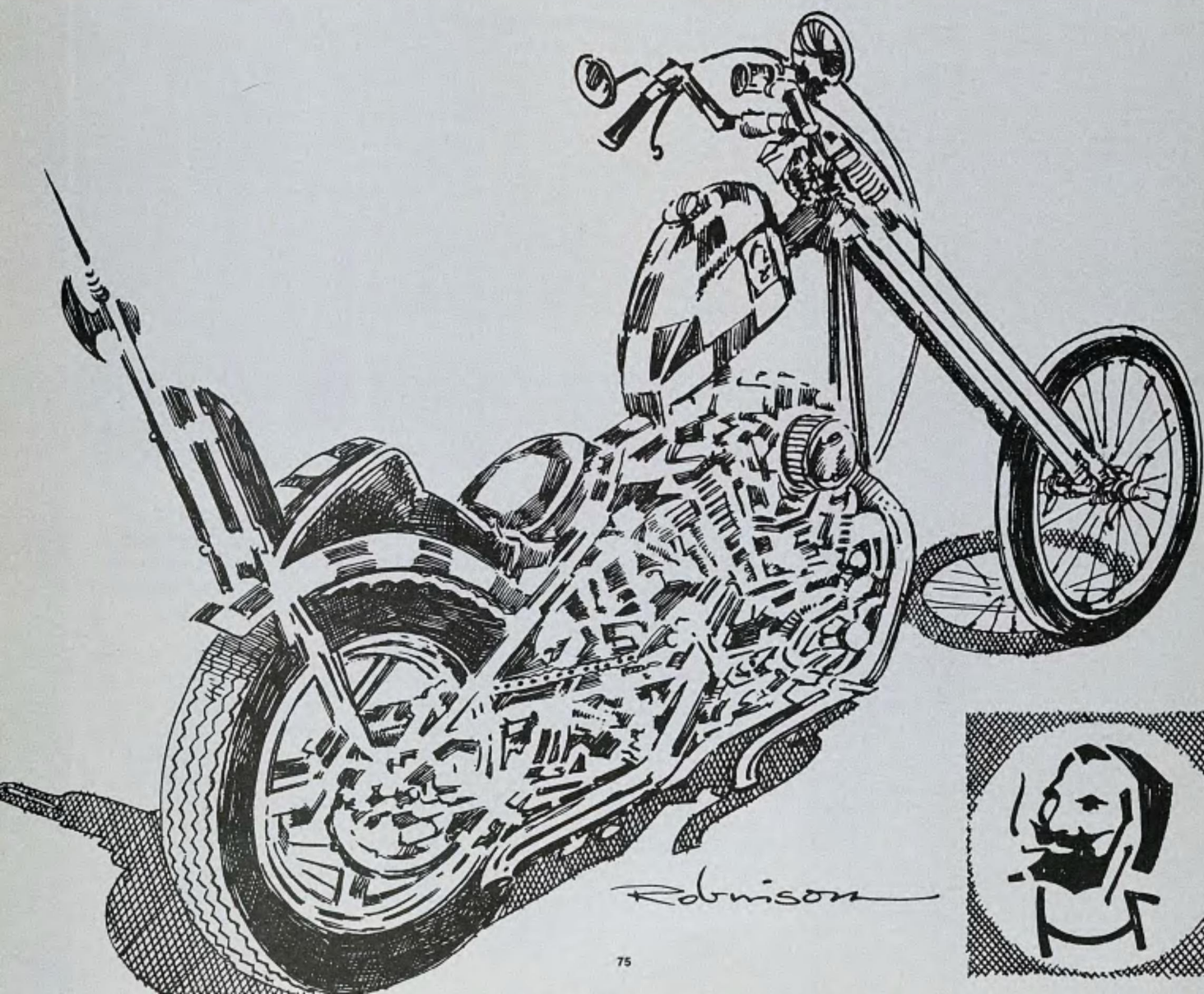
two-hundred-watt amplifier wailin' out our exhaust pipes, or a sidecar with Two-Ton Tony in it to make 'em aware that we're usin' the road?

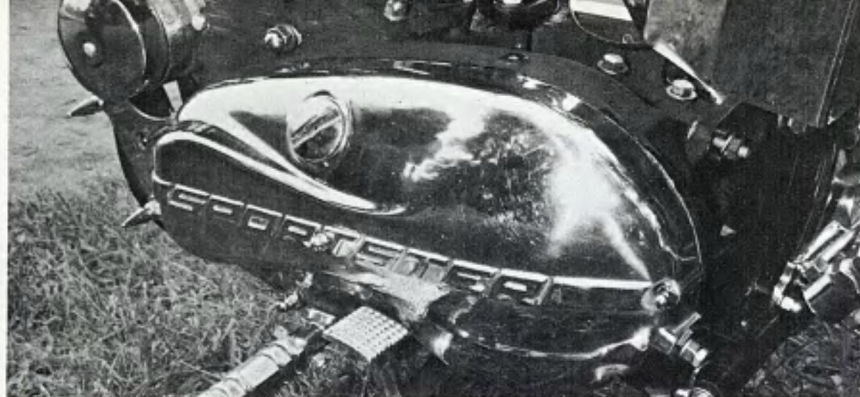
I've heard a government official — not an elected one — say that a pencil held at arm's length will obscure a



motorcycle at one hundred feet. What kinda half-assed logic is that? A cigar held at eight inches will wipe out a double-trailer truck rig, a bridge abutment, or a low-flyin' 747 if you follow that Swiss cheese rationale. Does that make it excusable to run over a motorcycle and its operator? Someone who's got a blind spot the size of the pencil — or even a pencil lead — in his field of vision has no business cuttin' grass with his Toro, much less pilotin' two tons of Detroit lead at a mile a minute. And someone who spouts that kind of defense has no business formulating laws and being paid by our taxes.

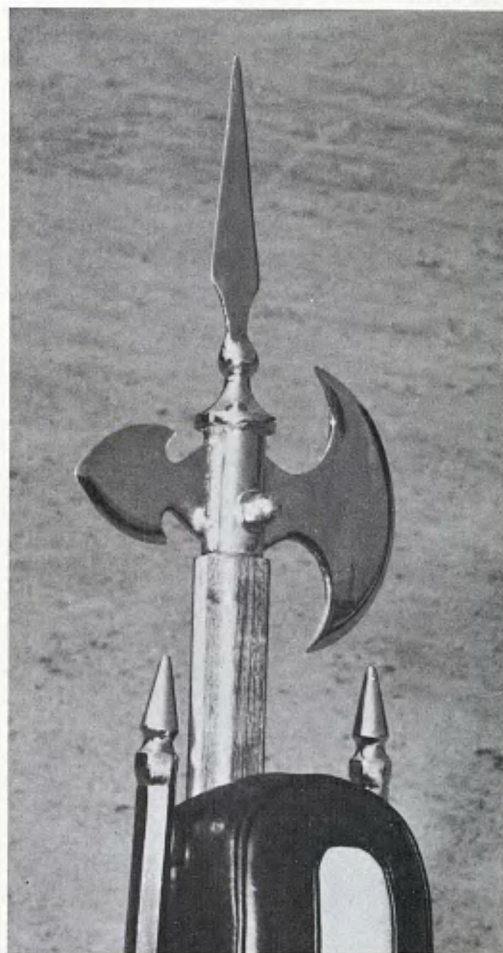
They already want to put our lights on in daytime; next they'll want to strap neon signs on our backs. Yet, at the same time, they're mufflin' scoots to the point where you could drag race inside a cardiac ward





Photos by Jake

Owners: Beat-on		City: Stockholm, N.J.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1973	
Year and make: 1964 H-D		Builder: Corbin-Gentry	
Model: Sportster		Type: rigid	
Value: \$4,000		Rake: 5 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 8 in. front, 6 in. rear	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: fork stops	
Chroming by: Top Notch		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: W bars	
Year: 1964		Risers: D&D	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): 5 in. flat	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Carello iodide	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: Drag Specialties	
Displacement: 55 cu.in.		Speedo: VDO	
Lower end: Country Power rebuild		Front pegs: Colony Tool	
Balancing: stock		Rear pegs: Colony Tool	
Pistons: .040 in. oversize		Electrics: 12v	
Cases: flat black		Gas tank: low tunnel Sportster	
Heads: owner		Oil tank: hex	
Cam(s): PB's		Oil system: pressure gauge	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: early XLH	
Carb(s): 38mm Mikuni		Seat: Custom Corner	
Air cleaner: pleated		Sissybar: metal axe	
Pipes: turn-outs		Height: 30 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 1/2 in. square	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: springer	
Year: 1964		Extension: 18 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: D&D	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: chromed	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Little Joe		Hub: spool	Hub: Invader
Painter: Larry's Custom		Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: yellow jacket & black		Tire: 2.75 Avon	Tire: 5.10 Arco
Type: lacquer		Brake: ain't none	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: checkerboard black			
Other special modifications: Coors-can generator cover, switch panel below seat tip, Colony dome nuts, Accel plugs and ignition wires.			



without poppin' a single aorta. At least with straight pipes there was a chance they'd hear us — and the satisfaction of momentarily deafenin' anyone who claimed he didn't as we blasted by.

There ain't much left that a builder of a modified motorcycle can do, but Beat-on's got one idea. He's painted his scoot bright yellow — now let 'em say they didn't see it. The way he's tripped on the yellow and black looks good — and more important, how the hell could you miss a putt that's the same vibe as traffic signs, caution lights, and even school buses? Let 'em talk their way outta that.

—Sniveler

Lady In Waiting

by Linda England

She stared out the window at the first real spring rainfall since the melting snow had disappeared. The sky was a dull steel grey, waterlogged like the dripping trees and soggy dirt road, the road that separated her from the small New England town so similar to the town where she had grown up. That same road had swallowed up the last sight she'd had of the most important person in her life.

Her man had ridden off on his old bike almost three months before. She'd cried then. They'd parted on good terms, no anger, just mutual needs. He needed work and financial and personal independence. She needed to help him. This time she helped by saying good-bye. Besides, it was only temporary. He'd reminded her repeatedly that he'd be back in the springtime, promising to return on a new Harley just to prove the trip had been worth it. She'd believed him then; she reminded herself that she still believed him. The winter had been lonely and cold and she'd needed that trust to keep her going.

Everyone said she was crazy to trust him. He was everything she'd been taught was untrustworthy — a biker, a man who didn't have a steady job, a man who liked booze, appreciated broads, and (heaven forbid) even smoked dope.

She hadn't cared what anyone said. She'd liked him from the start. She liked his laid-back attitude, she liked his quick smile that slowly made his eyes light up, she liked his humor and laughter, and she liked his lean, long body that moved with a casual grace whether he was walking or handling his beloved bike or making love to her.

She missed that. In fact, she missed everything about him. The winter had been bearable only because they'd agreed to it. No promises were made and no commitments mentioned — just that silent trust. But now winter was gone and for the first time she allowed the fear to creep in. What if



he didn't come back after all? What if they were right, all the self-righteous, all-knowing, I-told-you-so voices of the people called friends and family?

They would enjoy doling out hypocritical sympathy. They would generously take her back into the stifling fold and quietly discuss her

in private and make sure to remind her, whenever possible, of how lucky she was to have seen the light before something worse had occurred. (God forbid she'd gotten pregnant, that most horrible of dishonors.) They'd remind her of how superior she was to him, how

Continued on page 70

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11-201 S 11-203 L
11-202 M 11-204 XL

PLAIN BLACK
11-211 S 11-213 L
11-212 M 11-214 XL



11-200 Harley Black
11-210 Plain Black
11-209 Plain Brown

STUDDED WRISTBANDS

11-750 \$8 (type "A" studs)
11-760 \$12 (type "A" studs)
11-790 \$19 (type "A" studs)

\$22

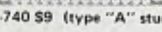


HARLEY BLACK
11-241 S 11-243 L
11-242 M 11-244 XL

PLAIN BLACK
11-251 S 11-253 L
11-252 M 11-254 XL

STUDDED WATCHBANDS

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11-730 \$14 (type "A" studs)



WRISTBANDS
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06-401



06-400



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(A) \$19

(B) \$21

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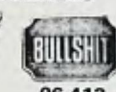


	S	M	L	XL	BUCKLES NOT INCLUDED
Style A	11-431	11-432	11-433	11-434	
Style B	11-435	11-436	11-437	11-438	
Style C	11-439	11-440	11-441	11-442	

\$5 SOLID BRONZE BUCKLES



07-725 Harley 07-793 Yamaha
07-726 Honda 07-822 Kawasaki
07-727 Triumph 07-821 Suzuki



06-413



07-749



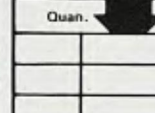
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06-477



06-436



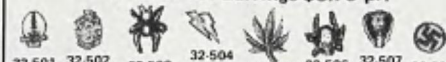
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This Row Post Earrings \$3.75 pr.

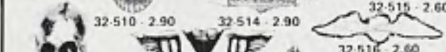


32-501 32-502 32-503 32-504 32-505 32-506 32-507 32-508

Following Pin On Except Where Noted



32-509 2.90 32-511 2.90 32-512 2.60 32-513 2.60



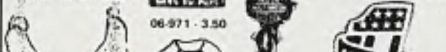
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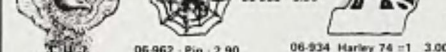
06-961 Pin 2.90 06-974 Neck 3.50 06-966 2.50 06-974 2.75



06-970 2.90 06-967 2.75 06-954 Pin 3.00 06-975 Neck 3.50



06-971 3.50 06-958 3.50 06-934 Harley 74 -1 3.00



06-935 Low Rider 3.00 06-936 Superglide 3.00 06-937 Sportster 3.00



06-902 Neck 4.50 06-917 Pin 3.00 06-945 3.00 06-959 3.50



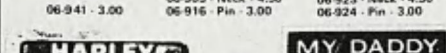
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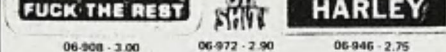
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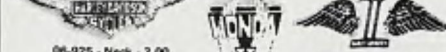
06-908 3.00 06-972 2.90 06-946 2.75



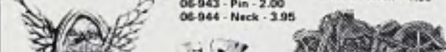
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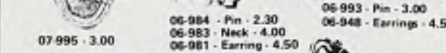
06-943 Pin 2.00 06-944 Neck 3.95 07-993 Pin 2.90 06-978 Neck 4.60



06-984 Pin 2.30 06-983 Neck 4.00 06-981 Earring 4.50



07-995 3.00 06-907 3.00 07-987 Pin 3.00



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02-484 4x2" \$1

02-678 \$2 02-616 \$2 02-446 \$1

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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage



Astrological Profile for Aries

Aries gets things done faster than any other sign of the zodiac. Being fast also makes Aries the most impatient sign. The Aries mind is always going in third gear — and there's no reverse, not even in sleep. All projects are full speed ahead (including head), and anyone who can't keep up is left with his dick dragging in the dirt.

Some famous Arians and their attributes: Independent to the

extreme (Marlon Brando), knows the value of quality (Hugh Hefner), unusual (Spider), quick to get out of mind-bogglin' situations (Houdini), sexy (Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Ali McGraw), original sense of humor (Charlie Chaplin), heavy-duty personality (Rod Steiger, Joan Crawford, and Bette Davis), often erratic and debatable (Anita Bryant and Howard Cosell), and above all, remem-

bered (Steve McQueen).

Arians can be adventurous with innovative ideas, and are capable of recognizing ways to change old into new with an original touch. Although they can be the trailblazing leaders with great ideas, they often expend their energies in too many directions. They bore so easily that they are always ready to move on to something new, leaving others to work out the details. As a result, Arians do well in positions of authority.

Sometimes this leadership syndrome is carried to extremes in an Arian's sex life. Some have been known to tattoo a map of their erogenous zones on their big toe (or the head of their dick).

Arians refuse to be bored — so the best way to keep one coming back for more is to be versatile, a taste nutsy, and maybe wear crotchless panties.

cally fit. Great time to undergo a physical fitness program or break bad habits (or start new ones). Since you're not in the mood to kick ass now, you can really make some points at home. Give your ol' lady a break for a change — let her have squatter's rights on your face and keep smilin'.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 — Dec. 20)

Slow down long enough to put your pants on one leg at a time. Some ambitious asshole may be grabbin' for your gonads an' goin' for your gold. If this happens, back off pronto! The financial promise involved was never meant to be kept. Don't try to compromise on a possible snow job. Keep your guard up for financial fuckups. Play it safe and save those low blows for bedtime.

Capricorn (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

You barely have enough time to wipe your ass this month. And if anything can go wrong, it will! Just hang onto your crotch and it won't be as hairy as it seems. Stick to the familiar and don't let the ol' bod get run down to where your farts are barely a fizzle. Better double up on your vitamins, and sleep through that second helping of hair pie. Don't make major changes now.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Playing games while pussy-footing around gets your nuts in a sling. Someone who tickles your testicles now will be hard to get outta your hair later. Don't mix business with pleasure, or you'll wind up with a lot of folks pissed off. On the other hand, anyone stupid enough to take advantage of your good nature will be cut short by bros protectin' you without your knowledge. Appreciate!

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

This month's like screwing a glass ass. There's a lot of back-sliding going on, which can affect you for a long time. Be especially careful in your dealings with partners, 'cause what you say jokingly will be taken seriously. You'll regret it if you shine on this advice.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 20)

Happy birthday! Take off a week to ram, cram, and enjoy some blow-by-blow discussions with your horny honey. Your keen imagination adds some dash and daring to the dribble in your drawers. This month you can stir up a stink an' still leave 'em smiling. You have an overload of charm, combined with personal magnetism and far-sighted vision to let you plan on a large scale. Enjoy!

Taurus (Apr. 21 — May 20)

Your usual practicality is down the shitter for most of the month. There's a need to make a clean wipe of some loose ends. If you follow your hunches, you can get outta any ruts and complete any unfinished business. Be alert for behind-the-scenes dealing and use it to your own advantage. One word of Sage advice: Save your bucks (except for needed repairs on your scooter) for hard times.

Gemini (May 21 — June 20)

If you really keep your eye peeled, you'll discover an opportunity that harkens from your past. Keep checking out the situa-

tion an' you'll come out on top. This month could find you rubbing humps with the right people, and you may be wined and dined (or at least wined) more than usual. Check your ol' list of VIPs.

Cancer (June 21 — July 21)

Those of you stubborn muthas who've been breaking your nuts in an impossible situation may finally break outta your shells and pick a winner. There's some real bucks coming for those trying to get a finger into the folds of self-employment. Just don't let yourself get hooked into some asinine hassles with partners and you'll skate on through like a champ. Good luck!

Leo (July 22 — Aug. 21)

Put some of that infamous Leo pride in your pocket and take a back seat for a change. You'll make more points this month by letting the other dude fuck up first. Use the other guy's mistakes to make yourself look good (otherwise known as "politics"), and benefit in the long run. Next month will be a better time to haul ass and break your balls to be first. Until then,

keep your motor running.

Virgo (Aug. 22 — Sept. 21)

It's still sort of tough-titty time, but not in all areas. The bucks look good and your sex life is anything but fucked. Romance may be upside down (this position is known to cause migraines), but you'll be too busy counting your extra coin to care. If you keep yourself informed on the job, you'll be in for a raise that really pays off. Keep your ears open and clean for a change.

Libra (Sept. 22 — Oct. 22)

Look before you leap this month or you'll end up limp. The excitement of some mind-bogglin' hot stuff or something new is great, but don't rock the boat just to get your rocks off. If you put a dent in your basic security, you could regret it for a long time to come. It will take more than a case of bondo to patch things up. Remember, don't go off half-cocked.

Scorpio (Oct. 23 — Nov. 21)

This month, you're laid in the shade (and any other place you can plant your seed) and physi-



A man was informed one day by his doctor that he had a rapidly-advancing incurable disease and would not live to see the next sunrise. He immediately rushed home to his wife with the news, whereupon they leaped into bed and proceeded to screw wildly until they both collapsed from exhaustion. About three-thirty in the morning, he woke her with a request for "just one more time."

"That's easy for you to say," she whined. "You don't have to get up in the morning."

— Strawberry
Des Moines, Iowa

The sweet-talkin' biker had finally convinced the foxy chick that he wouldn't touch her if she slept with him, but after getting into bed he asked, "Can I just stick my finger in your belly button?"

"You promised you wouldn't do anything nasty," she replied.

"Aw, c'mon, it's just your belly button."

"Well," she said, after thinking about it for a minute, "all right, but just once."

Suddenly, she let out a scream that rattled the windows. "You liar," she wailed, "that wasn't my belly button!"

With a shit-eatin' grin on his face, the dude looked down at the startled chick and said, "So I missed, but what the hell, that wasn't my finger, either."

— Roger Parquet
Arleta, Calif.

"I'll go crazy if I don't confide in someone," the worried wife told her sister. "I'm really afraid that my husband is going to bed with his new secretary."

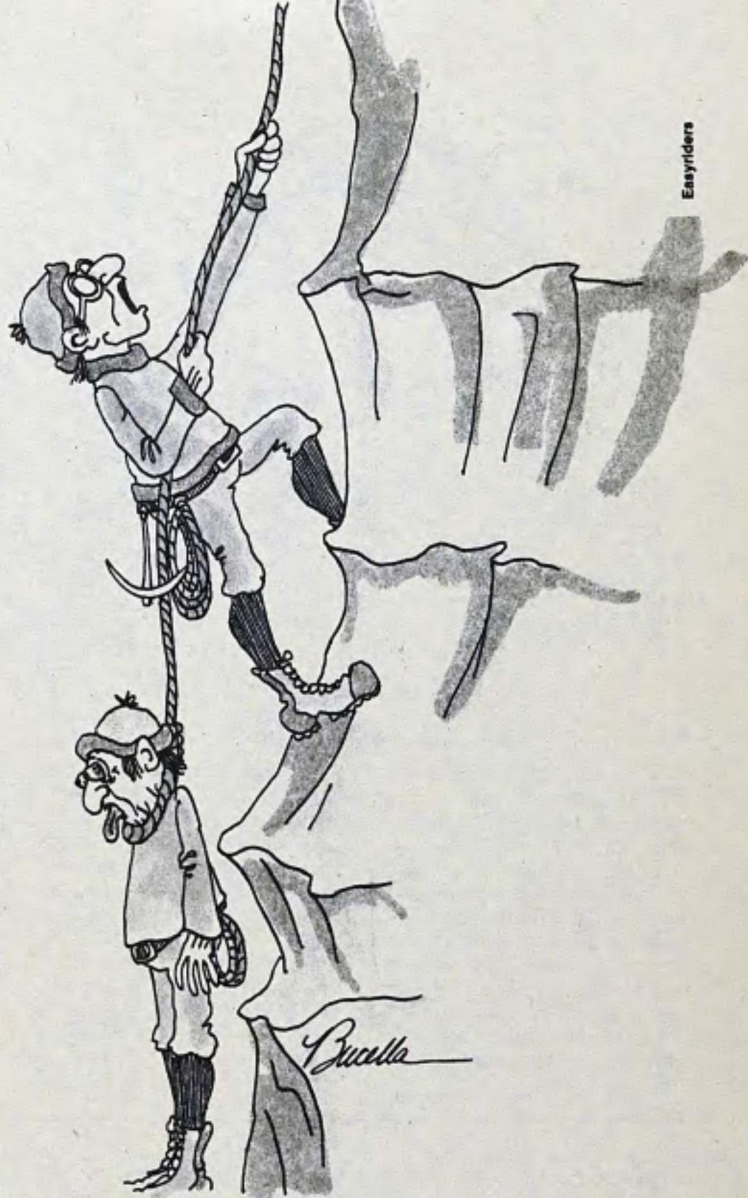
"What are you trying to do," retorted the sister, "make me jealous?"

— Chuck Vadnais
Cape Cod, Mass.

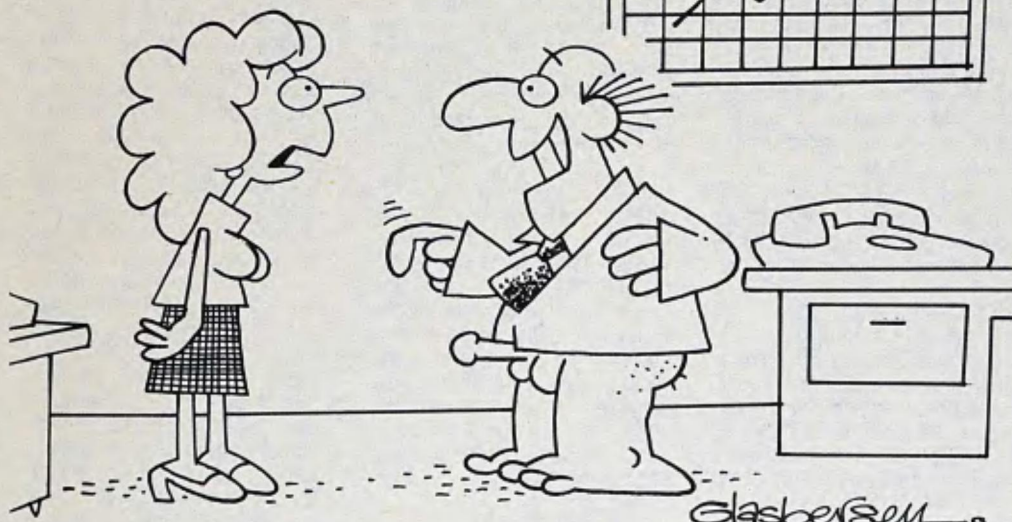
What do you get when you cross a donkey with an onion?

Most of the time, you get an onion with big ears. But every once in a while, you get a piece of ass that's so sweet it brings tears to your eyes.

— Funky Lady
Canoga Park, Calif.



"Don't give up now, Bert — we're almost there!"



"Mr. Baxter, when you said I'd be in charge of the house organ, I thought I'd be publishing a newsletter."

What do you get when you cross a Harley with an ol' lady?

An Easyrider.

— Doc
Salem, Ore.

A young Chinese mother, Nancy Wong, told her husband she was tired of all the stale Chinese jokes they had endured since they arrived in this country.

"Sometimes," she said, "I wish our children had been born Caucasian."

Her husband replied, with typical Oriental dignity: "Two Wongs don't make a white."

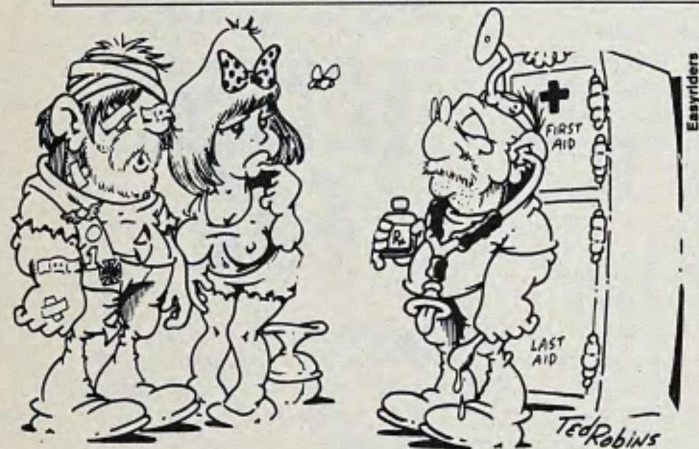
— C. Chan
Honolulu, Hawaii

People who live in glass houses should fuck in the basement.

— Wesley Duncan
Austin, Tex.

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.



"We was doin' it dog style an' she ran under the porch."



"The family that sucks together fucks together."

Discussing their sex life, one bro complained that every time he tried to fuck his ol' lady doggy style she ran under the bed and gave him a knot on the head. Another bro complained because that was the only way his ol' lady ever wanted to do it — she hated to miss watchin' TV.

The third bro, a new member, also had a problem. "I've been tryin' to get my ol' lady to do it doggy style for a long time, but she don't wanna get naked on the front lawn," he told them.

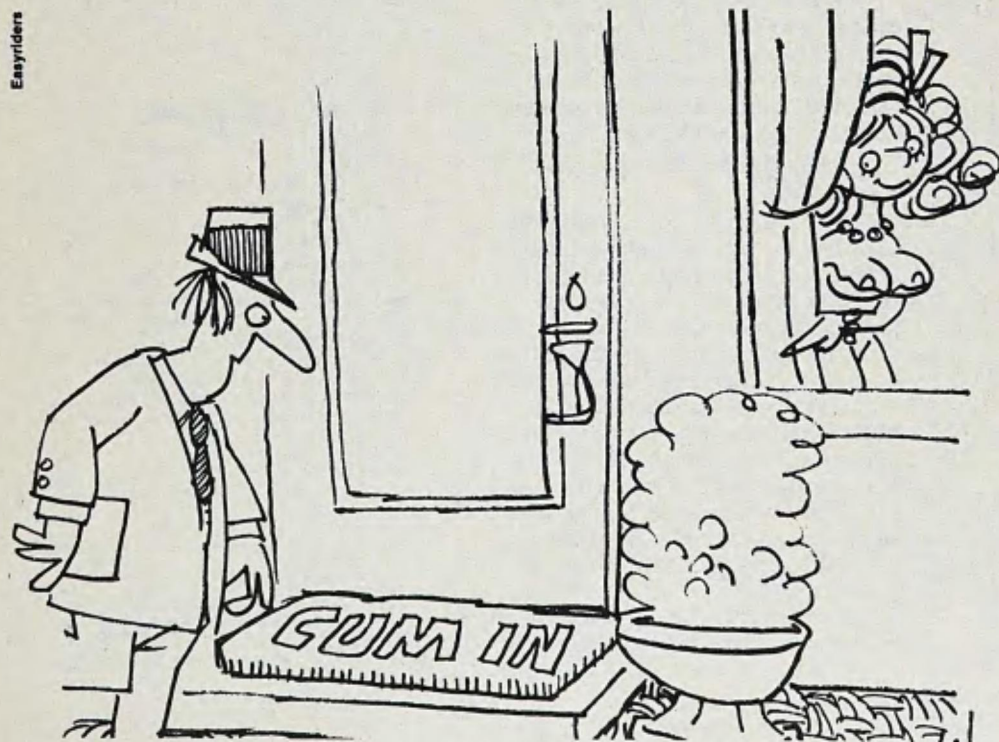
— Marvin Jensen
Cloverdale, Ala.

They were selling kisses at the church bazaar. The sign said: "Kisses range from \$1 to \$25. A man asked about the difference in price. "Are they for the duration of the kiss?"

"My goodness, no," the beauty replied. "Not duration. Location!"
— Bobby Grieve
Tabiona, Utah

The Biker's Dictionary defines bad luck as having a virgin and catching the clap from her, or marrying a prostitute who quits fucking.

— T.R.P.
Phoenix, Ariz.



A rather wealthy businessman received a call one morning from his broker, informing him that the market was falling and he would do well to cut back on his extravagant lifestyle. When he went home to dinner that night, he explained the situation to his wife and said, "I have an idea. Why don't we fire the cook and you can learn to prepare the meals?"

His wife was having no part of that. "Absolutely not," she replied. "I haven't set foot in that kitchen in twenty years, and I'm not about to start now. I have a better idea. Why don't we fire the chauffeur and you can learn to fuck?"

— Linny Beaver muf
Lompoc, Calif.

A bachelor is a man who comes and goes.

— Robert Huff
Alpine, Tex.



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Growin' Up Fast

Continued from page 69

"Well, everything's cool as far as the trip goes, but I expect you to take good care of your mama and baby sister while I'm gone. Think you're up to that? It's a lot of responsibility."

Little Ed snapped this thumbs out of his pockets and stood up straight.

"Heck yes, Pa. After all, I'm almost ten."

Now Big Ed did smile. His boy had turned nine about a week and a half earlier.

"Well, all right then. You keep an eye on everything around here. And don't cause no trouble for your mama. I'll want a full report when I get back. If everything's been smooth we'll go to that custom bike show that's coming up."

Little Ed brightened instantly. "Yes, sir!" Big Ed smiled back, put his hand on the boy's shoulder, and they headed up toward the house.

"Rita, honey, I'm about ready to shove off." Rita met him at the door. Almost twenty-eight, she was a fine-looking chick. Took good care of her house and her man.

"Here's your Ray-Bans. And your jacket. I just saw it in the other room."

"Damn. Forgot all about that thing. Well, I can make room on the pack. I start thinkin' about business, sometimes I can't keep up with the little details."

"Don't I know it. Remember the first trip? You almost left barefoot."

They smiled at the thought and each other. "Look, Ed. Take care of yourself, okay?" Big Ed was just a shade under six feet, about two hundred pounds, none of which was excess. He moved like a big cat.

"I guess I better. Ain't nobody else gonna."

They walked out and stood by the bike. Big Ed was now all business as he slipped on his Ray-Bans and swung a leg over the Super Glide. It was not without a great deal of sadness that he had parted with his old kick-start pan, but he had to admit that some days his right leg gave him trouble. Somewhere in the back of his thigh was the tip of a Colombian's switchblade. The doctors had said it was too small to dig for, but when the weather was right Big Ed swore it was about the size of an anvil.

The eighty coughed, roared, faltered, coughed, roared again, and



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smoothed into a steady rumble. Without really thinking about it, he was listening and feeling for a dozen different sensations. Everything was good. He looked at Rita and nodded.

"I'll be seeing you." There was nothing casual in what he said. It was more like a guarantee.

Rita smiled and nodded back. Big Ed slipped the bike in gear and eased out into the street. It would be dark in about twenty minutes; rush hour was pretty well shot. He would make good time.

Rita and Little Ed didn't watch too long. As soon as Big Ed had moved down the driveway, they turned around.

"Okay, big shot." Rita took Little Ed's hand and they walked to the house.

"Find something to do for a while that won't wake up your baby sister. Bedtime is just around the corner. If you're good, maybe we'll have some ice cream later. Maybe."

"Sounds good, Mama." He tore off to his room with a great many plans.

• • •

In the kitchen Rita was cleaning up the last of the dinner dishes when she heard the sound of a big motorcycle idling up the driveway. The engine noise died and was replaced by the creaking and clicking of hot machinery and then of booted footsteps.

"Now what did he forget?" she wondered aloud.

"I guess he forgot about me."

"Sidewinder. Jesus, what do you think you're doing here?"

"I just came by to, uh, see Big Ed."

"He's not here. But he'll be back in a few minutes."

Sidewinder laughed. "Bullshit. I saw him leave with that rig, headin' south. He won't be back for days."

Sidewinder was not a club man. He had existed on the fringes of a



"Dammit, Roger, how many times do I have to tell you not to play with your boogers before you eat them?"

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couple of them for a while, but he was so totally worthless that sooner or later they had all given him the boot. Still, he was not bashful about showing up in the biker bars or dropping in on the bigger parties. He was a general pain in the ass.

On a couple of occasions he had seen fit to disagree with Big Ed. The first time resulted in several large areas of skin on Sidewinder's body being changed to various shades of blue, purple, and yellow. The second time, in addition to an even larger area of even more spectacular color changes, he acquired two loose molars, two broken fingers, and the ability to piss red for the better part of a week. Sidewinder claimed he would get revenge. Big Ed assured him he would die trying.

"I'm telling you he just went to see a friend. He could be back any minute."

"Right." Sidewinder pulled open the refrigerator and looked into it. He took a can of beer and studied the label closely, as if checking the vintage. The refrigerator was still open.

"Sweetheart, I'm doin' Big Ed a favor. Good-lookin' woman like you needs watchin' over. Figure I'll just make myself to home here for a few days and then maybe head out west. At least that's the way I've had this planned. What you got to eat in here, anyway?"

"There's some dogshit in the back yard. You and the other maggots can fight over it."

"Now, I'm gonna pretend I didn't hear that, sweetie, 'cause I want us to be real friendly." He was standing face to face with her now, but she wasn't about to give an inch.

"Get away from me, you..." Reaching behind her, she had grabbed a coffee mug from the sink and swung it at his head. He caught her wrist and shook the mug free of her hand, covering them both with dishwasher. He stared into her eyes, his face a mask of pure hatred. Releasing her wrist, he grabbed her by the hair, almost picking her up by it. With his free hand he began to slap her in the face slowly and deliberately with all the strength he had. Rita couldn't stop him or cover herself. She tried to scream, but the force of the blows kept her from catching her breath. He finally paused for a moment and she clawed at his eyes, scratching his face slightly. He touched the scratches with his free hand. Seeing blood come away on his fingers, he slapped her on the side of the head.

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Rita sagged to the floor and Sidewinder began ripping the clothes off her. He had just started on her slacks when he realized they weren't alone.

"You turn loose of my mama!" Sidewinder looked across the room. Little Ed was standing there, holding his pa's .38 with both hands.

"Well, a regular tough guy." Sidewinder turned away from Rita and stood up. He walked slowly toward Little Ed.

"A regular chip off the old block. Well, this ain't no movie, you little bastard. I'm gonna stick that gun up your —"

He was right on top of the boy when Little Ed pulled the reworked hair trigger. The .38 hollow went in Sidewinder's right nostril and shoved most of his brain out a hole in the top of his skull as big as a fist. The room behind him suddenly appeared to have been spatter-painted in shades of red and pink. What was left of Sidewinder fell backwards, upsetting a chair and adding the stink of shit to the already disgusting scene.

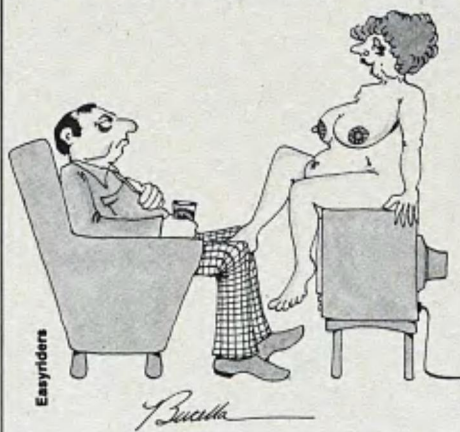
The recoil of the pistol sent Little Ed sprawling. It would be hours before he would realize how badly it had hurt his hands.

Little Ed got slowly to his feet, ears ringing from the sound of the gun. He made his way through the terrible mess to where Rita lay moaning. One of her eyes was swelling shut and both of her lips were split. When Little Ed got a good look at her he began crying in deep, gasping sobs.

"Oh, Mama, Mama! You're hurt real bad! Oh, Mama! When Pa gets. . . when Pa gets home, he's gonna. . . he's gonna. . ."

Rita managed to get an arm around him and pull him to her.

"He's gonna be proud of you, little man. He's gonna be real proud!" ■



"Is it halftime yet?"

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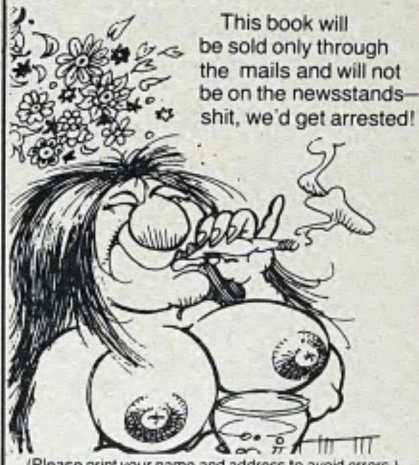
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Roamin' Around

Continued from page 30

around the frame. That generally withered the smartass conversation aimed at me. There were only a couple of times I had to get the chain into action.

It was by accident that I found myself riding through the West Virginia mountains. Once I'd sopped up a little of the redneck attitude in those hills toward me and the cycle, I had no intention of doing anything but clear out. There's times when the screwing you're giving isn't worth the screwing you're getting. Or going to get.

But then, halfway up a dirt-road hill one morning, the thrumming roar of the Harley changed to a coughing sputter. I pulled over to the road's edge as the hiccuping became an agonized wheezing before the engine gave a final gasp. It sounded like a piston had gone, and right that minute I didn't have the bread for parts, even if they were available anywhere in the green hills through which I was riding, which I doubted.

The night before had been chilly, even inside my sleeping bag, but the early morning sun was already hot. I stood in the roadside grass under a box elder tree and kicked at the motionless rear tire. It didn't solve anything, so I shucked out of my leathers, top and bottom. I unrolled my pack, shook out a pair of Levi's, and pulled them on after kicking off my boots. I didn't bother with a cutoff. The way it felt, anything more than T-shirt and Levi's was going to be too damn uncomfortable for pushing the Hog, and to get anywhere I had to push it.

I had no idea where I was. I'd been noodling along, stopping here, stopping there. I hadn't found myself the life of the party anywhere recently. Some of the rural gas stations hadn't even wanted to sell me gas. I stamped my feet into the boots again, grabbed the Harley, and began pushing it up the hill.

The road was loose soil with a fine, powdery dust on top. After a hundred yards my boots were gray to mid-calf. The bike slithered and slid in the yielding gravel. I had to muscle it along by brute force. My shoulders started to ache, and my throat felt cottony. Before I reached the top of the hill, I was cursing myself for not filling my canteen the night before at the mountain stream alongside which I'd camped.

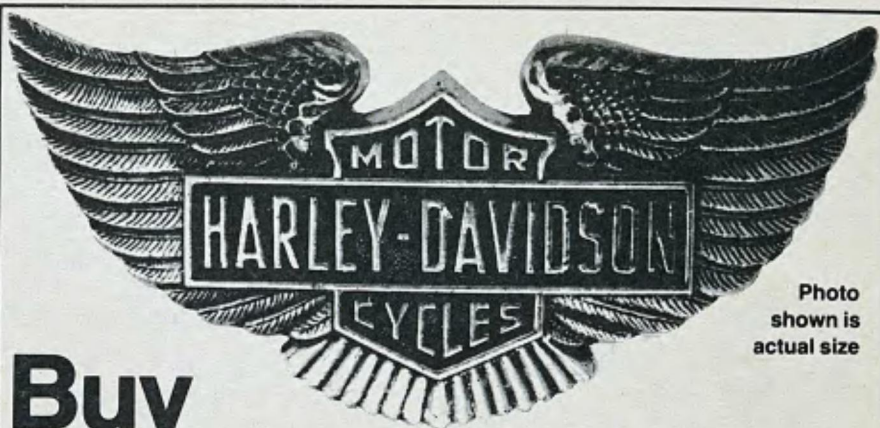


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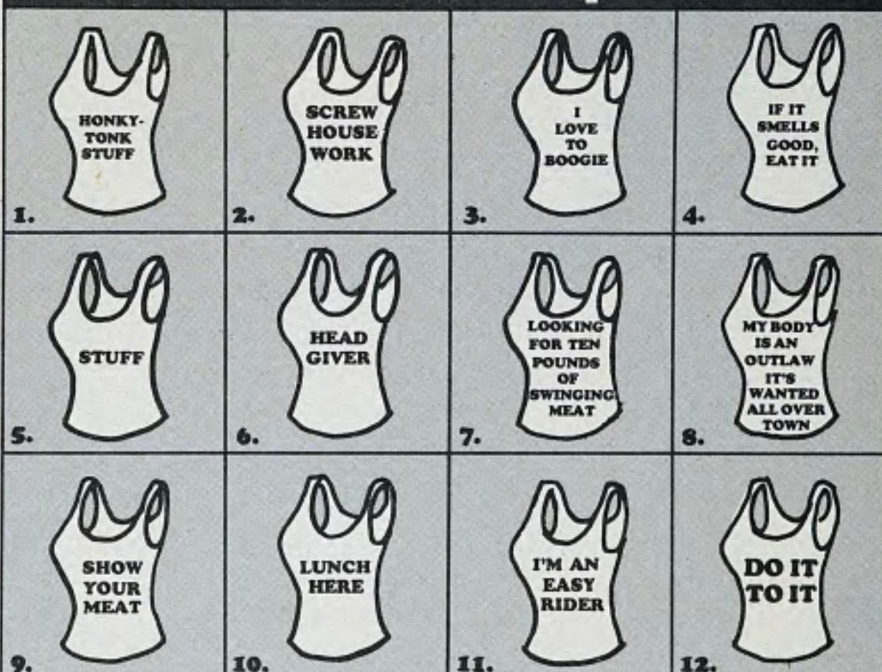
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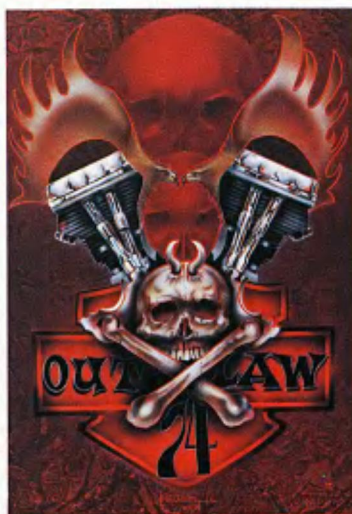
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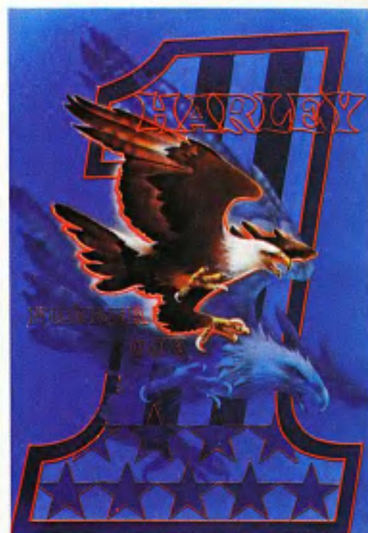
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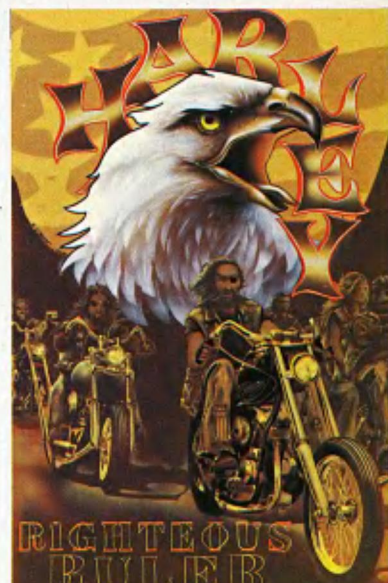


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I crested the rise and stopped to get my breath. At least I could coast down the hills. The road wound down a steep incline and disappeared around a corner. I threw a leg over the saddle and started down, digging in a boot to slow my descent.

That's how I happened to see the small house in a clearing behind a low stone wall. Sort of a calendar-picture deal of a hillbilly shack. At my usual speed I'd have been past it before it registered. What caught my eye especially was a pump in the front yard. I stopped the Harley, dropped the kickstand, unslung my canteen, and walked toward the house.

At closer range it was more of a cabin than a house. Chickens scratched and cackled in the yard. The front door of the cabin opened and a woman stood in the doorway. Her face was in shadow, but I could see that her shapeless dress covered her ankles. I held up the canteen. "Hey, Granny, I'd like to fill this at your pump," I called out.

She didn't say anything, so I walked to the pump. Mind you, I didn't exactly charge into the yard. I'd seen a lot of grammar school kids toting shotguns. I levered the pump handle up and down. It squeaked noisily, but no water came out.

"Y'all got to prime it," the woman said from the doorway.

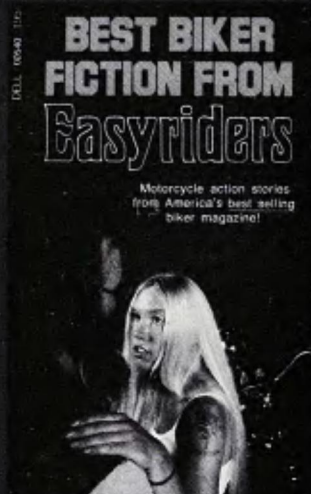
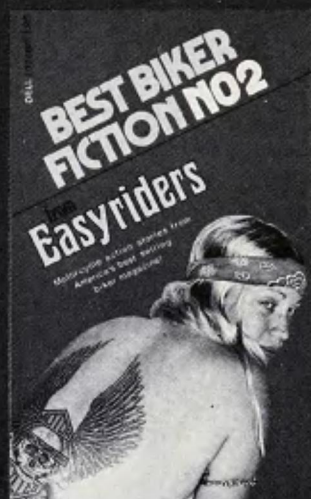
I looked at her. "What do you mean?"

"Y'all from Mars?" she demanded. She left the doorway, and for a second I thought she'd cut out altogether, but she came back in a minute with a bottle of water. She stepped down from the rickety-looking porch and dumped the water in around the plunger. "Try it now, flatlander," she said, starting back toward the porch.

I watched her go. She was black-haired, and a whole helluva lot younger than I'd first thought. Maybe thirty, maybe not even that. Barefoot. Plump. Even the shapeless dress couldn't disguise the bulge of her ass. And although she tried to hide it by keeping her face averted from me, she had a gorgeous black eye.

I pumped again, and in a moment the water came gushing, clear and icy cold, possibly from the same stream I'd camped beside. I drank thirstily and filled the canteen. The woman had retreated to the porch but not to the doorway. I nodded to her. "Thanks," I said. "I don't suppose I could pay you for a meal?"

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She considered it. "Clem wouldn't like it," she said at last.

"Was it Clem who gave you the black eye?"

She nodded. "I heard tell he's fuckin' Milly Blocker over to Granger, an' when I called him on it, he whopped me." She said it matter-of-factly.

"You ought to pay him back," I suggested.

"Pay him back?"

"Take on one of the neighbors." I waited for a moment. "Or me. Why should Clem have it all his own way?"

"I been thinkin' on it," she admitted. "Although he'd purely skin my ass if he ever found out. Not that he doesn't skin it anyway." The second part of my recommendation filtered through to her. "You?" She giggled shrilly. She was looking at my hair. "You look like a girl."

I smiled at her. "But I'm not."

I was still standing by the well. The woman stood on the porch. I'd decided she wasn't going to pick up on the offer so I thanked her for the water and walked out to the road. I straddled the Harley and coasted down the rest of the hill. For the next two hours I pushed the machine up long hills and rode it down the other side. I hadn't even thought to ask the plump little woman how far it was to the next town.

Then I topped another hill and saw a crossroads village in the valley below. I coasted all the way down a dirt main street into a single-pump service station/garage. A bull-shouldered, gray-haired, farmerish-looking type came out of the greasy-looking garage. He glanced at my hair curiously.

"The bike needs parts," I said, "but I'm broke. I'm a good mechanic, though, if you need anything fixed."

He let fly a stream of tobacco juice that went for yards. "They's a tractor out'n back," he drawled. "See what you kin do with it."

Tractors I know from nothing, but machinery is machinery. I pushed the bike into the shade alongside the garage and went around in back and looked over the tractor. It didn't take a genius to discover that the problem was in the drive train. I went into the garage and selected a few tools from the skimpy array on a pegboard, added a couple of my own, and went to work.

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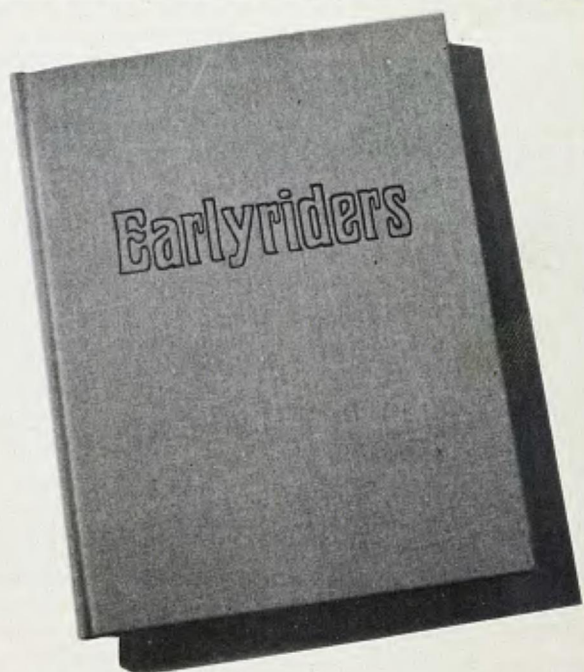
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he said. "Jed Purdy mighta had a sight more of his silage put up. Want a job?"

We haggled about payment, settled it, and I was employed. I found room and board at Sam Booth's place a quarter-mile up the road. Sam was a snaggle-toothed widower with a 16-year-old daughter who flaunted her sassy, tight-jeaned little split tail at all the boarders.

When we weren't busy at the garage, which was a lot of the time, I worked on the bike. It had needed a good overhauling. The only fly in the ointment was the garage owner's son, Seth. He was a big kid who hung around the garage, pretending to work. Anything he took hold of ended up in worse shape than when he'd started. He developed a real crush on my Harley. "That's quite a sickle you got there," he said the first time he saw it.

He had one of his own, but it was a dirty-looking dog. He saw me in my leathers once — leathers stiffen up if they don't get body heat once in a while — and he about lost his mind with envy. "Hurry up an' git your sickle fixed so's I kin ride it," he urged me.

"Nobody rides this Hog but me," I said flatly.

"You work here, so I git to ride it," he decreed.

We were all in the garage where I'd been doing a little tin-knocking on a dented pickup fender. Seth's father was sprawled in a broken-down rocker, reading a comic book. Seth walked over to the bike and rocked it back and forth, testing its weight. His little eyes glittered possessively, and I could feel a charge of adrenalin.

"Would you like to have your mind changed?" I asked him, walking over to him and knocking his hands off the bike.

He turned toward me. "Don't fuss me none," he advised me. "Or I'll whup your skinny ass." He had a mean grin on his face.

"Try it," I invited him. With my body between him and the bike, I reached around for the chain on the frame.

Seth started toward me, and I whipped the chain free and showed it to him. He hesitated, then kept coming. The hero type, in his own mind. His kid-like pride wouldn't let him back off. I swung the chain and hit him a full-armed shot across the shins. If I hadn't still needed the job, it would have been his face. He went down on his back, yowling and rolling over on the greasy floor.

I kept one eye on Seth's old man,

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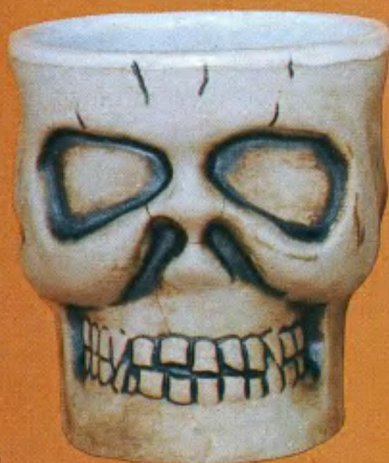
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but he never moved from his rocker. "You damn fool, Seth," he said calmly, "maybe that'll teach you not to play the other man's game till you count the aces in the deck." He turned another page of his comic book.

Seth limped for a week, and I knew I'd have to keep an eye out for him. Not that it bothered me. Despite his size, I knew that as long as I had him in front of me, it just wasn't going to be that much of a problem.

Everybody's hip these days. One morning I came back from the bathroom down the hall and found young Sally, my landlord's daughter, in my bed. She had on a boy's shirt and her usual tight jeans. I'd seen her hanging around Seth, and I was sure she wasn't cherry.

"No!" she said when I reached for her.

"No?" I echoed. "Then what the hell are you doing here?"

"Let's talk. What's it like where you came from?"

"It's like girls don't get into a man's bed without taking off their pants. I know you're putting out for Seth," I bluffed.

"Seth's family," she giggled. "Almost. His brother's married to my sister."

"So?"

"So around here sister-in-laws don't count when guys get to braggin' how many girls they've had." She wriggled closer to me. "What's it like where you were? What do the girls wear?"

I told her what I thought she wanted to hear. She drank it all in like a burned-out lawn in a light rain. "I've never been farther from here than Cutlerville," she said wistfully after I'd run out of descriptions of exotic girls' underwear. Cutlerville was 20 miles down the road.

Sally scrambled from the bed and fled to the doorway when I reached for her again. "Thanks for tellin' me all those things," she said over her shoulder before she ran down the stairs.

It didn't bother me too much that I hadn't got into her. I'd had all I could handle lately. Agatha Cooney, Sally's aunt, lived with the Booths. She was a big, rawboned woman with a wind-burned face. About the second day I was there she passed me on the stairs and shoved her hip into mine. I thought it was an accident that time. Two days later when she did it again, I knew it wasn't.

The third time she tried it I was

ready. I grabbed her, sat her down on the stairs, picked her legs up, got two fingers under her loose panties, and frigged her till she was whistling like a tea-kettle. I let her go when we heard someone start to leave the kitchen below us.

"I thought you wasn't goin' to ketch on," she whispered before we separated.

She came to my room that night and we sucked and fucked till daylight. Out of her nightgown she wasn't as rawboned as I'd thought. She had a solid, meaty ass and an outstanding set of tits. She didn't have much imagination, but on her back she had enthusiasm. She flung her solid ass around with abandon.

But I still had Sally on my mind. The day I had the Harley running again, I rode slowly past the boarding house. Sally was sitting on the porch. "Jump on," I invited her.

She was straddling the pillion with her arms around my waist and her perky braless breasts mashed against my back before I could say it again. I buzzed up the road, then left it, and climbed a ridge into the woods. I braked to a stop in a glade deeply cushioned with pine needles. Twilight was just overpowering the late-evening sunlight.

We got off the Hog, and I took her jeans and panties off. She didn't give me any argument. "Put your shirt on the ground," she murmured in my ear. "I don't like to get pine needles in my crack."

I put my shirt down. The tight, springy little hind cheeks of her bare ass glistened almost phosphorescently in the shadows. She wasn't as tight as I'd expected. I made a mental note to ask her how many brothers-in-law she had. She wasn't as tight and she wasn't as good as her aunt, but what the hell, any piece of ass is a good piece.



"Dammit! I told ya it was gonna rain!"

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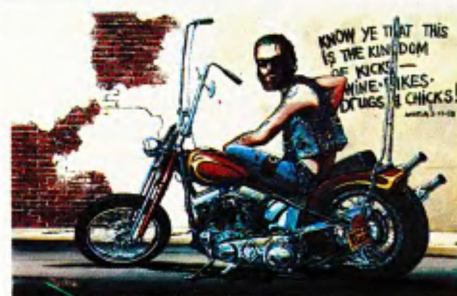
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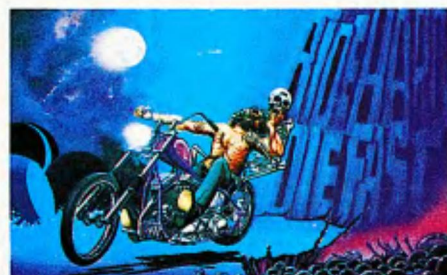
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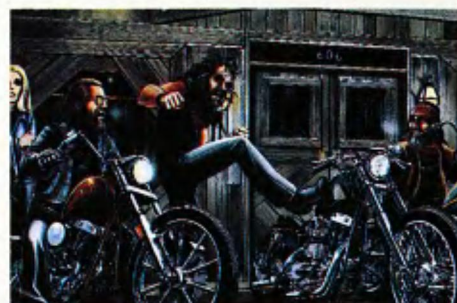
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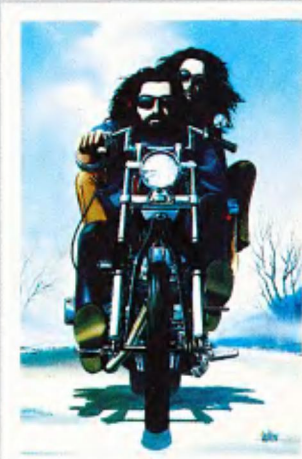
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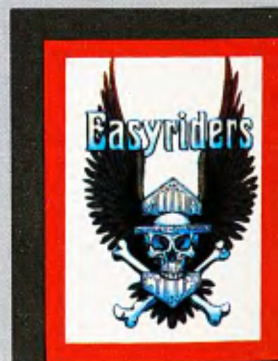
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After the first round we went into a second and blew our fowling pieces together. "You only good for two?" she said to me when I got off her.

"You'll get old someday yourself," I told her. "Haul your pretty little ass up out of there and let's get going."

She stood up and turned so that her cute bare behind — which despite my shirt had somehow accumulated a few pine needles — was pointed at me. "D'you really think it's pretty?" she wanted to know. "No one ever told me that before."

"It's gorgeous," I told her, picking pine needles from her sweat-damp pelt. "C'mon, let's go."

She stuffed her pink panties into the back pocket of her jeans after she'd pulled the jeans on, then climbed up behind me again. She was silent all during our ride back down the ridge into town, but I thought it was the engine noise keeping her from making herself heard.

It was still light in the valley. A hundred yards from the boarding house Sally squeezed my shoulders. "Stop here!" she shouted when I turned my head. I stopped. Sally slipped off the pillion seat. Without looking at me, she unbelted and slipped down her jeans. Then she clawed at her bare belly with her fingernails. Long red streaks sprang up and then began to ooze blood. "I'm sorry," she said, still without looking at me. "Seth made me."

She started toward the boarding-house, wailing like a banshee, her jeans still at half-mast.

People sprang up out of the ground. Men were in the front of the crowd, women in the background. Seth appeared as if by magic in the front row. "The bastid raped her!" he screamed. He caught hold of Sally's arm and pulled her shirt up. A collective "Ahhh-h-h-h-h!" escaped the crowd when they saw the deep gashes on her belly and her well-crusted bush.

I had let the cycle engine die. I tried to re-start it, but a tide of men battered me from the bike to the dirt road. I sprawled on my back in the dusty street, tasting my own blood and trying to get my breath. There was a picket fence of legs around me.

"Let me git that chain off'n his bike an' whup his balls off!" Seth urged.

"No." It was Seth's father's voice. "We'll do it like we always do. Get your truck, Tom."

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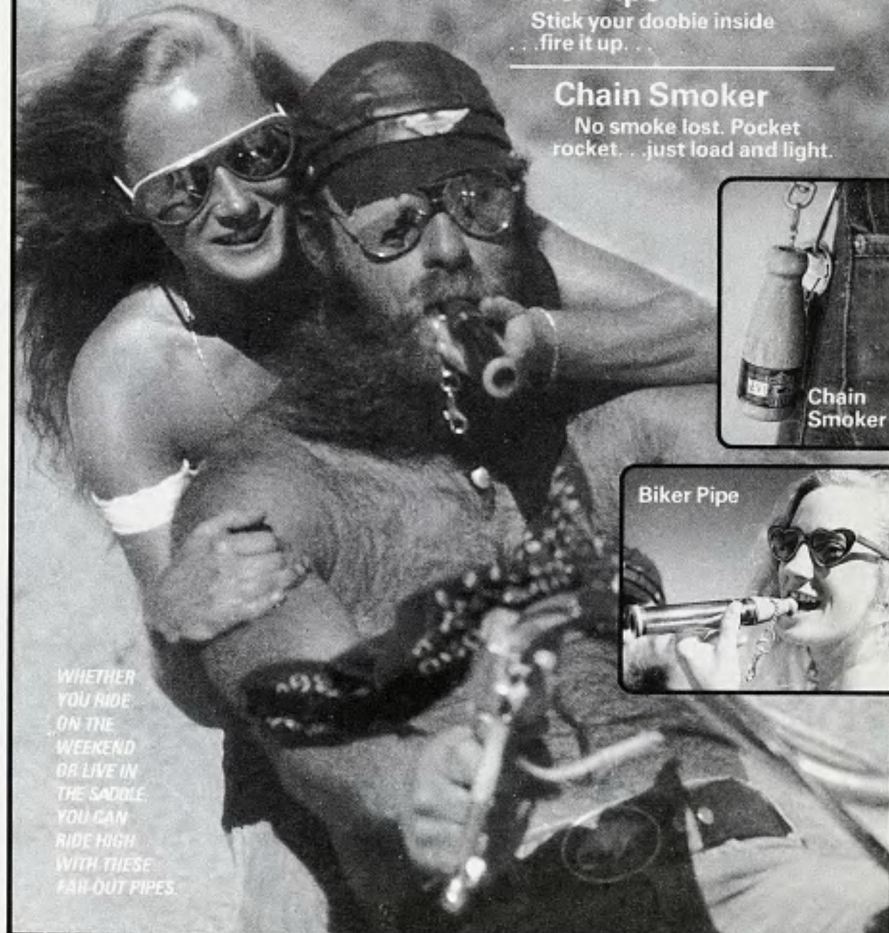
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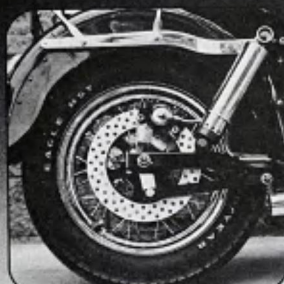
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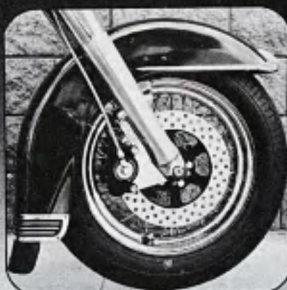


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Nothing happened for a good five minutes. A slow swirl of dust kicked up by the feet milling around me was blown into my face by the evening breeze. A pickup pulled alongside, and two dozen hands picked me up and slammed me into the back of it. Before I could move, the Harley landed in with me.

The pickup started up with men jammed into the cab, standing in the back, and clinging like flies to every available surface. It stopped at the foot of the long hill down which I'd coasted on my way into town the first time. The gang in the back of the pickup shoved me and the Harley out onto the road. All of them were threatening me. There were no women in the crowd.

Seth roared up on his woebegone cycle, brandishing a rifle. "Ah'm ready!" he shouted. "Ah'm ready!"

"Lissen, you," Seth's father said to me coldly. "We got a treatment for types like you. Y'git a chance, but that's all y'git." He paused for effect. "Ride yore sickle over the hill there an' we'll forgit you." I looked at the hill as he paused again. "But ol' Seth here is a right fair hand with a squirrel gun, an' iff'n he plugs you, no matter where, we'll throw you an' your sickle into the gorge, an you'll have had a most un-fortu-nate accident."

"Watch, city boy!" Seth called. "See that pine cone?" He raised the rifle and fired it all in the same motion. A pine cone at the top of a tree seventy-five yards away burst into feathery fragments.

"Let's see you ride outta here, you damn raper!" someone in the crowd yelled.

"Try to, y'mean!" several voices said.



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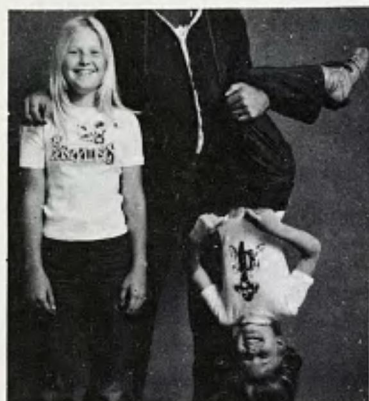
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I was sure I could make the hill. I could do things with the Harley these slobs had never seen, like riding one side of it like an Indian on a mustang. Seth wouldn't have much of a target, and it would be a fast-moving one.

But once in a while there comes a time when you don't care. The bile was bubbling deep in the back of my throat. This crowd, setting themselves up as judge, jury, and executioner: who the hell did they think they were?

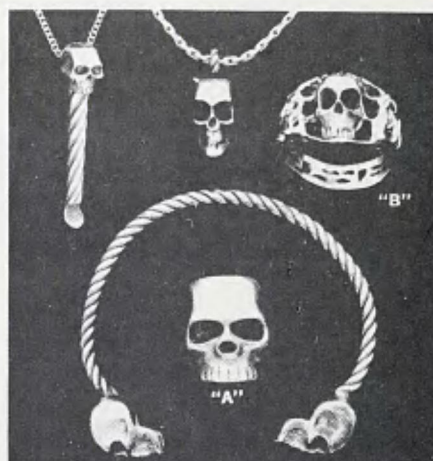
I picked the bike up slowly and swung a leg over it. I had a bunch of aches from the going-over they'd already given me, but that was the least of my immediate concerns. I kicked the Harley's engine into life, then vroom-vroomed it a couple of times, listening to the sweet sound of its power. Despite its previous rough handling, it was singing smoothly.

"Go, damn you!" Seth hollered.

I turned my head as if to say something to him at the same time I gave it as much clutch as I felt the loose dirt of the road could handle. I ripped it out of there before anyone realized what was happening. I blasted up the road for forty yards, then brodie'd a 180 and roared back toward the crowd, accelerating every foot of the way.

I was doing forty and upping it every yard when I reached them, and I was swinging my chain in a blurred circle. Men scattered like dropped buckshot, open-mouthed and stumbling over each other as they tried to get out of the way.

Seth already had his rifle elevated, expecting to pick me off on the hill. His eyes bulged like a tromped-on



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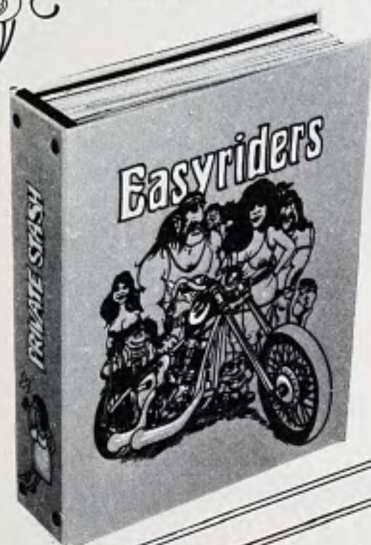
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frog's as he tried to aim at me when I was practically in his face, but he was a helluva lot better shot when the target was a harmless pine cone. His shot went whistling away somewhere, and then I was on him.

I would have loved to dehorn him, but I had a billiard shot to play. I splattered him, taking him at an angle as he turned to run. He caromed into Tom, the man who had driven the pickup. I saw enough before the cycle burst free from the tangle of bodies to be sure there'd be some sorting out necessary before the crowd got their shit together. There wasn't going to be any effective pursuit.

I went through the middle of town at a flat-out eighty. I had a quick glimpse of a circle of women on Booth's porch. Startled female faces turned in my direction as I roared past, and I gave them a derisive one-fingered salute.

A single arm on the porch raised itself in a wave.

It was Agatha's.

Then I was zooming up the hill on the far side of the valley, the power in the quarter-ton of steel between my legs exhilarating me as it always did. I cut my speed at the top, braked to a stop, and turned to look behind me.

Nothing was moving on the road.

I kicked the Harley into motion again, switched on the headlight as the trees closed in over the road and darkened it further, and settled down to ride through the night.

I would like to ride back into those hills some day just to listen to the ballad they'll be singing about my stay there, but I'd hafta be outta my fuckin' mind if I ever did.



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Chance Encounter

Continued from page 48

Webber was not listening. He was thinking, wondering if it was actually possible for the weather to be worse higher up. He did not hear the invitation, but somehow the word *stove* got through his frozen ears and registered on his brain. Without answering, he followed the girl.

Inside the building, the heat was a solid, almost tangible thing. The stove, just as the girl had said, was glowing cherry red and radiating such great heat that Webber had to stand at a distance to keep from being stifled. The hot air smelled of oil and gas and sweat.

The girl went behind the counter and hung her heavy coat on a wooden peg. She poured Webber's coffee into a blackened, grease-stained, broken-handled cup, passed it to him, and poured one for herself. Of the two, the cup she gave to him was the better. The heat from the cup caused a sharp, prickly sensation to run through Webber's fingers, almost a pain. He took a quick, tentative sip, and then put the cup back on the counter.

A single incandescent light bulb hanging in the center of the one-room building cast a glow that softened the girl's features. She had a rounded, heart-shaped face and large, dark-brown Muppet eyes. Her hair was dark and shiny, and it fell to her waist. A smudge of grease stained her left cheek. The girl was just a little less than pretty, but she was by no means plain.

Her brown eyes were alive with curiosity, bright and vivid and quick. They took in everything about Webber — the thin fabric of his pants, the black, sharp-pointed, low-cut shoes, the light green jacket that was hardly more than a shirt. The close-cropped hair — none too professionally done — held her attention briefly. Everything was brand new, and the girl's eyes made note of that.

"You owe me three dollars and twelve cents," she said. She punched a key on the cash register and the drawer sprang open.

As Webber dug the money from his pocket, he could not keep from staring at the amount of cash in the drawer. It was so abundantly stuffed that when the drawer jerked to a stop at the end of its run, a couple of bills flew out. The girl's quick hands caught them before they hit the floor. When she stuffed them

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back into the cash register, Webber saw they were fifties.

"I hardly ever get to go to the bank and I don't usually let people see me make change," the girl said as she hastily extracted change for Webber's five and quickly closed the cash register drawer.

Like taking candy from a baby, Webber thought. He pushed his change into his pocket and tried the coffee again. Either his hands had warmed and the heat of the cup no longer bothered them, or the coffee had cooled. He took a long swallow and liked the feel of the warm liquid as it traveled to his stomach.

"It's not much of a night for travel," the girl said. "Where you goin'? Must be somewhere special to get you out on a night like this." She poured more coffee into each cup.

Webber thought ahead, to the warmth he could find west of the mountains in the tranquil California sun. He thought of the pleasant rides that waited — maybe up the coast to Portland. And from there? No way to know. Just riding, just going. The whispering wind would tell him when and where to go. He looked deep into her eyes and saw that she was truly interested, not just making conversation, but he knew no words that could give meaning to the call of the road.

"No," he answered. He looked around the room, his eyes taking in the almost empty shelves behind the counter — a few spark plugs, dusty oil cans, a dirt-stained parts catalog opened in the middle, a



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couple of broken parts. "No, I'm not headin' anywhere in particular — just ridin'."

"Really?" the girl arched her eyebrows. She looked out the window at the cold, driving mixture of sleet and snow. Again she seemed to be thinking, weighing the consequences. "Let's go and sit by the stove," she said. "Coffee's all right; it'll warm you; but I've got something under the bed that'll really take the chill out."

Webber glanced into the corner behind the stove. For the first time since coming into the building, he saw the bed, an old army cot that had been repainted a light blue. Two wooden, straight-back chairs were behind the stove near the bed. He looked back at the girl and felt stirrings. Eight years was a long time.

They walked over to the chairs, and Webber stood for a moment studying a photo that had been thumbtacked to the wall over the bed. It was a picture of a man, a boy about twenty, and a small girl. The photo had been taken at the front of the service station. Webber moved a step closer so he could see it better. The boy was sitting sidesaddle on a parked Harley, a proud grin of ownership on his young face. His U.S. Army hat was in his right hand, between his knees, and his left arm was around the little girl. The man, standing by the front wheel, looked nervous about having his picture taken. The little girl was smiling brightly. The bike was a '64 Sportster, and in the photo it looked brand-new.

The girl had produced a gallon jug from somewhere. It was almost full of an amber liquid. "Finish your coffee," she said, "and I'll pour you something that will warm you plumb through." Almost as an afterthought, she added, "It was Daddy's."

Webber drained the coffee from his cup and the girl poured it brim full with strong-smelling whiskey. His first drink in more than eight years scorched his mouth and throat and he almost gagged. When he had his breath back and could speak, he pointed to the photo over the bed and asked, "That you — the little girl in the picture?"

The girl nodded and took a swallow from her cup, trying to drink as much as Webber had. She somehow managed to keep it down and gave Webber a weak smile of victory.

"And the dude on the bike?"

"Mark," she answered. "My brother. He had just bought that bike the day before the picture

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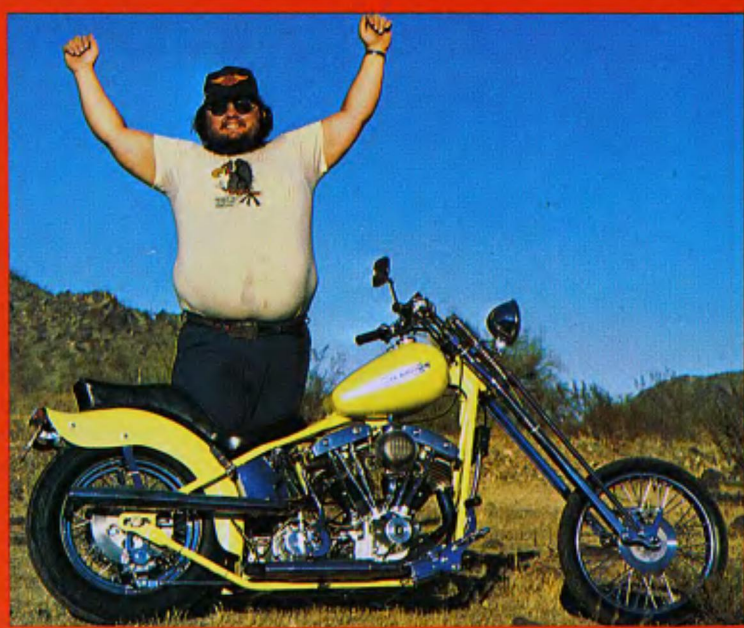
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Continued from page 66

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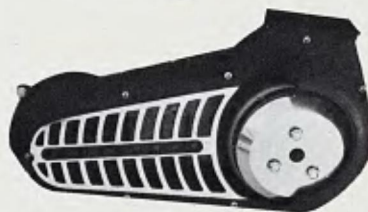
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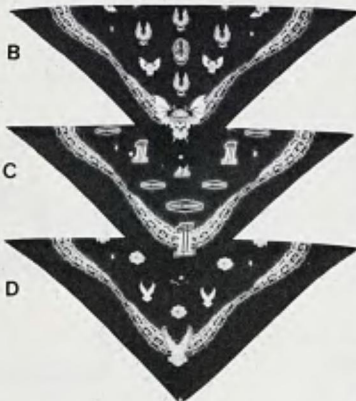
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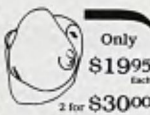
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Stairway To Heaven

Continued from page 18

"That's right," he said smugly.
I shook my head. "I ain't going
for it."

The Devil's laughter boomed like
thunder. His eyes glowed like the
coal on the end of a cigar. "You don't
have a choice!" he gloated. "You
have met your fate!"

"No way, man. I'm splitting.
Where's the exit?"

"Your duty station for the first
century will be stirring volcanoes at
the bottom of the sulfur pits.
Report to the demon over there," the
Devil directed.

It kind of pissed me off, being
treated like a stepchild that way.
You know, being talked at, not to —
and then his tuning me out like I
was nobody at all when he finished
his little spiel. So I reached out
while I could still see the sucker and
hooked two fingers up his nose like
it was a bowling ball. Then I pulled
him back from wherever he thought
he was going.

"One more time," I said, "so listen
up. I'm not sticking around. There
was a way in here, so there has to be
a way out. All I want is to find it;
then I'll split and you can go back to
whatever the hell you were doing
before I dropped in. Where's the exit,
man?" I took my fingers out of his
nose and let him have it back once I
was sure he was paying attention.

"Don't make me get tough with
you!" he warned.

"Up yours, Slick. Are you gonna
show me the exit or do you want to
do the nose trick again? Next time
I'll pull it all the way off and give it
back to you in your hand. I told you,
I'm not playing this number. None.
Nada. Not any at all. You got the pic-
ture yet?"

"It isn't me who doesn't have the
picture!" the Devil said with an out-
raged snort. "But never mind; all
shall be made clear to you very
shortly!" He snapped his fingers,
and a thick cloud of smoke instantly
billowed up around us. When the air
cleared, I could see nothing had
changed. He was just standing
there, gnashing his teeth and
tapping his cloven hoof impatiently.

"Is that the whole show?" I asked.
"If it is, I've got to tell you I've seen
better at a Rolling Stones concert." I
had turned around, picked a direc-
tion at random, and started to walk
off when the Devil cut loose with a
shriek like somebody had stepped
on his tail or sprinkled him with
holy water.

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"You can't walk out of here like that! Who in Hell do you think you are! You can't!" he screamed, jumping up and down and stamping his feet so his hoofs struck sparks on the stony floor.

"Who's gonna stop me?" I demanded. "Do you want to try me one on one?"

"Me?" he exclaimed, blinking in surprise.

"Yeah, you. You're supposed to be the tough guy around here, aren't you?"

He took a deep breath that flared his nostrils like a set of fishtail pipes. "I certainly am!" he declared.

I shrugged. "Well, show me something then," I invited.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I want to make sure we understand each other. Do you mean you want to fight me for the right to ascend from Hell?"

"Nope, that's not what I mean at all. Say, you're really pretty dense, aren't you? I don't see how you ever managed to take over down here, to tell you the truth. The reason I want to get it on with you is that it looks like you need to have your ass kicked. It doesn't have anything to do with my leaving or not. I'm splitting and that's how it is, period, bottom line, as soon as the rumble is over. Uh, do you want to take your cloak off so it doesn't get in the way while I'm bouncing you all over Hell and back?"



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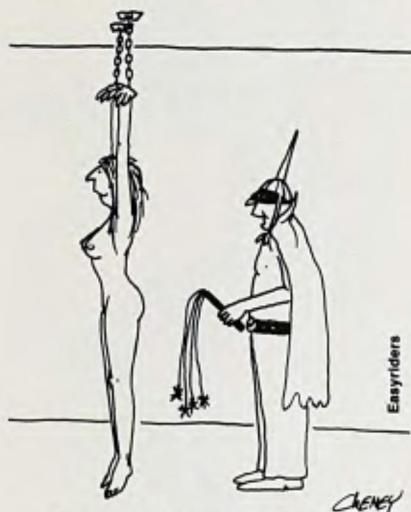
"Good idea!" The Devil smirked like he was going to prove something to somebody. "I don't want to stain it with your boiling blood. I'll lay it right here on this bench while I dispose of you." When he put his hands up to unfasten the heavy chain holding the cloak around his neck I sucker-punched him so hard it knocked fire off his ass. He spilled backwards and staggered against the bench. I ripped the chain loose from the cloak, and then went alongside his head with it four or five times — maybe more, but I didn't count the exact number. I wasn't there to keep score.

The Devil fell and tried to crawl under the bench. I side-kicked him all the way out to the other side, and then jumped over the bench to straddle his back. Digging my knees into his ribs, I kept swinging until the chain broke. I threw it aside and went to work with my fists. Somehow he squirmed loose from my leg grip; but before he could get away, I grabbed him by the tail and jerked him back. Then I kicked his balls so hard they popped up his poopchute and disappeared. After that I tied knots in his tail.

By the time I got through stomping the remains, there wasn't enough left in him to worry about. I picked him up by the scruff of the neck and dumped him across the bench. "The sooner I get out of here, the better off we're both gonna be," I pointed out with irrefutable logic.

He was reasonable. He agreed with me. "Over there, between those two pillars," he panted, pointing to a smoking curtain not far away. Little pieces of broken fang sprayed from his mouth with the words.

"You aren't lying to me, are you? I



"Don't be ridiculous — of course I'll still respect you."

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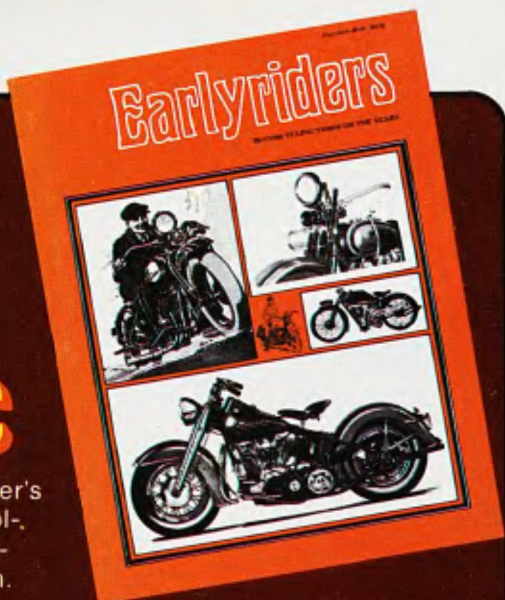
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mean, I'm not gonna go over there and find out this is some more of your crap, am I?"

"No shit, that's the way out," he assured me. I believed him. He looked sincere.

I snatched up a pitchfork that was lying on the ground nearby and went behind the curtain he had indicated. The open area beyond the pillars was pocked with deep pits filled with bubbling lava and screams. I made my way around them to a high iron door set into a wall several hundred feet away. The door didn't have a knob, just a big pull-ring fastened in the center of it. I gave the ring a tug. It didn't budge. I pulled again and felt it give slightly, then stick. One more jerk brought the door creaking open, and a shaft of brilliant sunlight bathed my face.

When I looked out, blinking from the unaccustomed brightness, I saw a long, golden stairway stretching upward in front of me. The top was hidden in a distant cloud. As I put my foot on the first step, a blare of trumpets rang out somewhere far, far above. Then I heard a guitar riff, and faintly over it the unmistakable sound of motorcycle engines starting up. Shee-it! I hoped the beer would be cold when I got there.

I turned around to spit goodbye on the fires of Hell, and spied a horned face peering past the edge of the iron door. I threw my pitchfork at it and the lost soul squawked and ducked back inside. The door slammed shut with a thunderous crash. I felt like whistling, but when I pursed my lips they were too dry to pucker, so I settled for humming an old Led Zeppelin tune as I started climbing. ■



Easyriders

"It's my mother, sir. Book her — she's got needle marks all over both thumbs!"

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Don't let your Harley down.

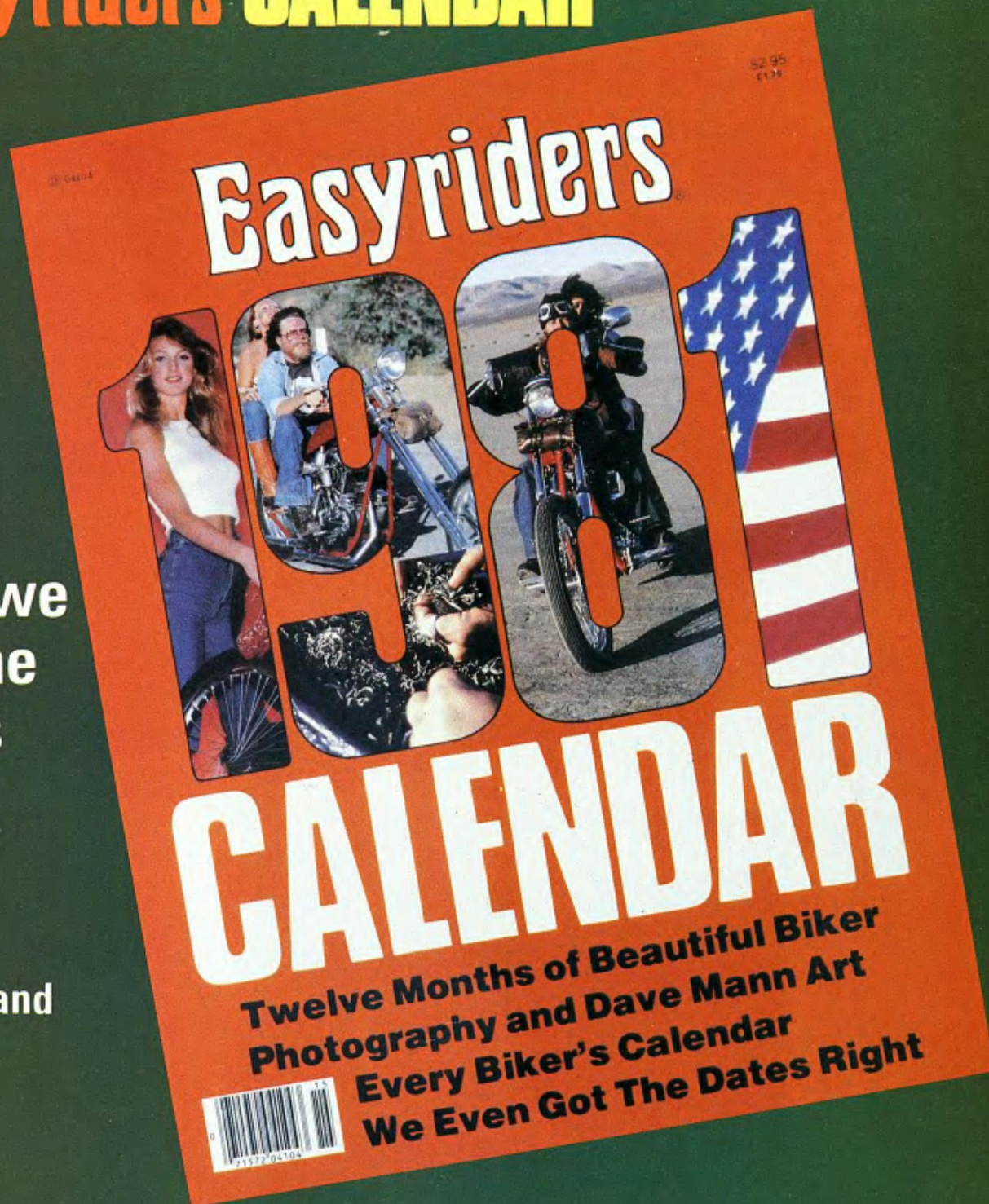
Pick up the complete Parts and Accessories catalog at your local Harley-Davidson dealer. We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the A.M.A. Always ride with lights and a helmet.

**HARLEY-DAVIDSON
DEALER NETWORK**

All-New Easyriders CALENDAR

Hey, we
got the
dates
right!

Buy it
at your
newsstand



Yeah, we know we blew it last year — but this year's calendar will be right, with all the dates and holidays where they belong. Plus, you'll get twelve mind-blowin' scenes — Dave Mann painting and excellent color photos. All this on very heavy slick paper, hole-drilled for hanging and securely stapled. A

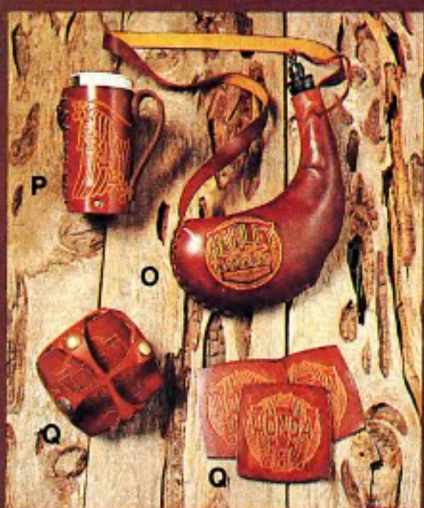
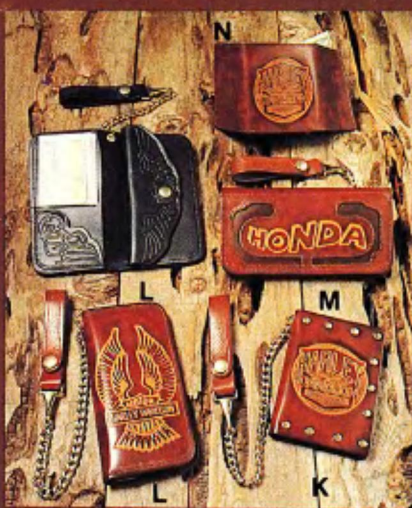
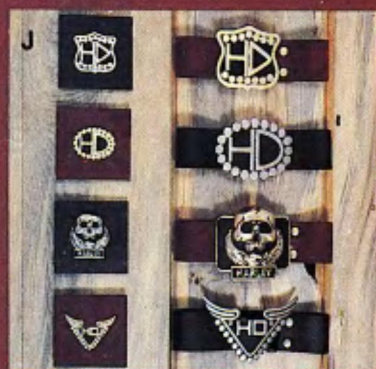
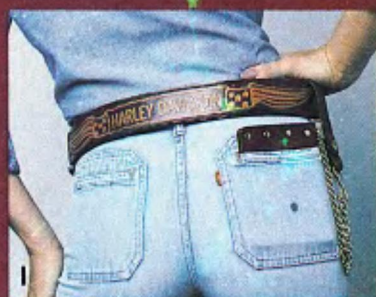
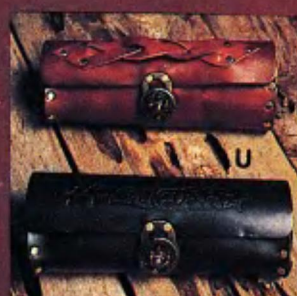
first-rate calendar from a first-rate magazine. And for less than before. Available October 15, 1980 — so visit your favorite newsstand or order directly from us by sending \$2.95 to Calendar, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Not available in Canada

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Nothing Less!
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**THE
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WORKS**

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JAMMER DEALER

LE PERA SEATS

When you buy a seat from this section you're buying pure comfort. A Le Pera seat is backed by people who are not only experienced but manufacture seats that are top notch in quality, stylish and above all, comfortable. We think they're the finest seats your money can buy. Each and every Le Pera seat is individually handcrafted using genuine Uniroyal Naugahyde, braided dacron thread, molded 4 lb. high density foam and steel base plate. All seats mount like stock — no modifications are required. Invest in comfort and style. Le Pera . . . the only way to sit!

SUPER GLIDE SEATS



LE PERA
ENTERPRISES, Inc.

Super Glide seats include all brackets to assure mounting like stock and provide easy access to oil filter. All of these seats have steel base plates and carpeted bottoms.

- A. Super Glide Elite II**
115032 . . . Black 75.00
- B. Super Glide Elite I**
14" back. Built-in sissy bar.
115034 . . . Black 86.00
- C. Super Glide Duke II**
115039 . . . Black 85.00
- D. Super Glide Duke I**
14" back. Built-in sissy bar.
115040 . . . Black 105.00

- E. Super Glide Monarch Touring II**
116031 . . . Black 120.00
- F. Super Glide Monarch Touring I**
14" back. Built-in sissy bar.
116033 . . . Black 135.00
- G. Super Glide Monarch Touring IV**
Double bucket styling provides that snug cushion support for the avid rider.
115043 . . . Black 143.00



Naugahyde®
vinyl fabric



PHASE 3 OF AMERICA BELT DRIVES

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

ADVERTISEMENT

Our Phase 3 belt drive units and accessories for stock and stroker motors offer the finest combination of motorcycle and rubber technology available. Begin with pulleys fully machined from 356-T6 prime aluminum alloy with a special additive that increases hardness to aircraft specs. Add engine shaft inserts precision machined from strong & lightweight 4130 chromeoly, along with high performance belts 60% stronger than previous timing belts and you're into the proven winner... an 8 mm or an all new 11 mm unit 60% lighter than your stock chain drive and designed to live for longer!

Some of the great features common to all our units

- Needs no lubrication • Reduces noise • Eliminates drive chain vibration by 75% • Increases top speed • Provides a quicker horsepower transfer to the rear wheel
- Does not stretch due to wear • Needs no break-in • Provides increased all around performance

Remember these units are Bonneville and dragstrip proven!

Harley 74, 80 & Big Stokers — 8 mm & New 11 mm (Use Roller Bearings)

1 1/2" Belt Drive Electric Start — 11 mm

The overall winner for electric start 74 or 80 cu. in. motors as well as big stokers up to 106 cu. in. Designed for open or closed primary use, this unit will bring out the best of your bike.

143065	Electric Start, 1965-1969	210.00
143066	Electric Start, 1970-1981	210.00

1 1/2" Belt Drive Closed Primary — 11 mm

Designed for closed primary installation, this unit gives you all the great benefits of running a belt plus the opportunity to enclose your system within all 74 or 80 cu. in. primary covers, aluminum or steel. Safe and strong, this baby will handle all 74, 80 and up to 106 cu. in. motors.

143062	Closed Primary, 1937-1954	187.95
143063	Closed Primary, 1955-1964	187.95
143064	Closed Primary, 1965-1981	187.95

1 1/2" Belt Drive Open Primary — 8 mm

The very popular kickstart and open primary unit for any 74 or 80 cu. in. motor. Reduce the common drive train hassles with added overall performance.

143060	Open Primary, 1937-1954	204.75
143061	Open Primary, 1955-1981	204.75

2" Belt Drive Open Primary — 8 mm

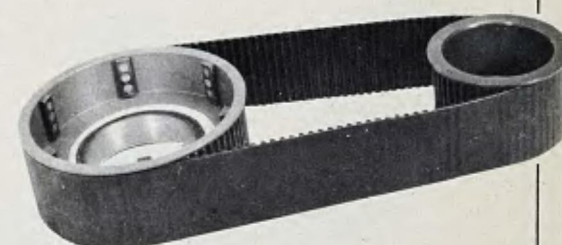
Here's the popular competition unit made for the heavy handed. Run this on your 74 or 80, and all the way up to 106 cu. in. motors. It's designed for kickstart and open primary use only.

143058	Open Primary, 1937-1954	246.75
143059	Open Primary, 1955-1981	246.75

3" Belt Drive Open Primary — 8 mm

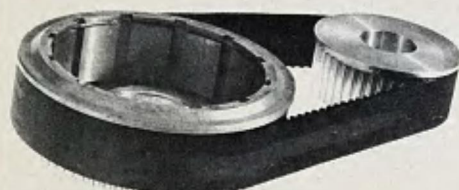
The big one! Put this on your 74, 80 or big stoker up to 106 cu. in. Built-in safety to handle the power, plus proven performance make this unit a great booster. Intended for kickstart and open primary use only.

143024	Open Primary, 1937-1954	300.00
143025	Open Primary, 1955-1981	300.00



Harley Sportster — New 11 mm

Fitting easily within stock primary covers, aluminum or steel, these 11 mm units are capable of delivering high horsepower loads without fear of failure. The kickstart models differ only in clutch pulley configuration, depending on the model/year requirements. Available too, are electric start units.



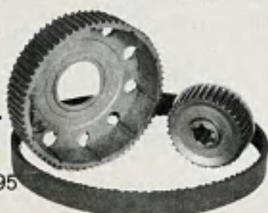
143067 ...	Kickstart, 1957-1968	187.95	143072 ...	Electric Start, 1970-1976, Footnote 2	215.25
143068 ...	Kickstart, 1969-1970, Footnote 1	187.95	143073 ...	Electric Start, 1977-1978	215.25
143069 ...	Kickstart, 1970-1976, Footnote 2	187.95	143091 ...	Electric Start, 1979-1981	215.25
143070 ...	Kickstart, 1977-1978	187.95			
143090 ...	Kickstart, 1979-1981	187.95			
143071 ...	Electric Start, 1969-1970 Footnote 1	215.25			

Footnote 1 Fits '69-'70 models with double needle bearings in rear hub.
Footnote 2 Fits '70-'76 models with large ball bearing in rear hub.

Harley 45 & Triumph — 8 mm

Harley 45 Open or Closed Primary
143095 ... All Years 187.95 |

Triumph, All Unit Construction
143096 187.95 |



Replacement Belts

Fiberglass cord reinforced replacement belts for our units. Weighing only nine ounces your belt will outlast the old primary chain by five times. Available in 8 mm or the new 11 mm.

8 mm Belts

143081 ...	74, 1 1/2" Closed Primary & Elec. Start	30.35
143082 ...	74, 1 1/2" Open Primary	30.35
143085 ...	74, 2" Open Primary	35.70
143092 ...	74, 3" Open Primary	65.00

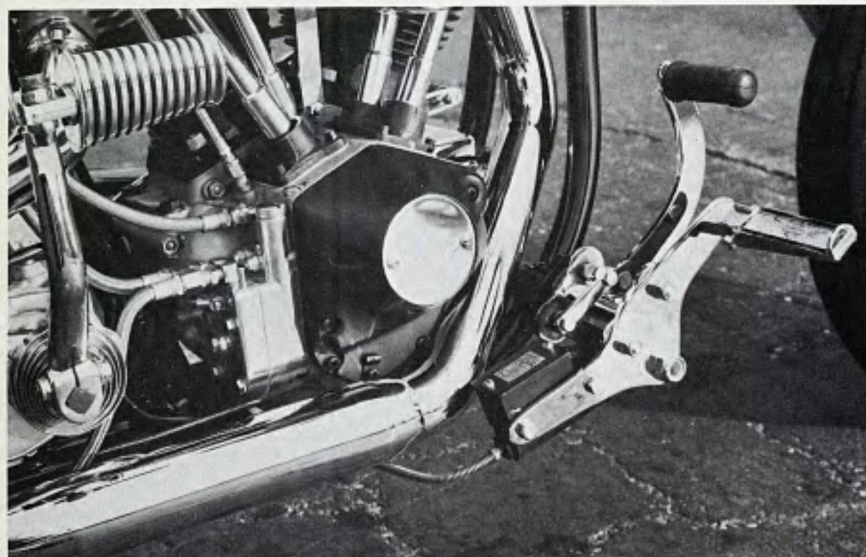
143083 ...	Sportster, 1 1/2"	30.35
143089 ...	Sportster, 1 3/4"	30.35
143093 ...	Harley 45	30.35
143094 ...	Triumph	30.35

11 mm Belts

143029 ...	74, 1 1/2" Closed Primary & Elec. Start	37.95
143030 ...	Sportster	35.95



HARLEY BRAKE & SHIFT ASSEMBLIES



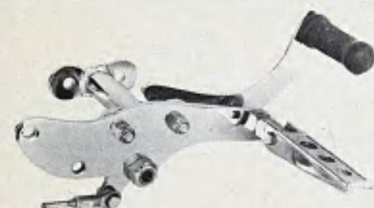
**Hallcraft Wheels Purchased
From Jammer Come
With Large Master Cylinder**



Harley 74 Shift Assemblies

Show chromed forward control shift units for Harley 74s, 1936-1980. Use your stock shifter peg with these units. Linkage included.

- 141014 ... 1936-1973 76.95
- 141015 ... 1974 & Up (No '80
Wide Glide) 76.95
- 141040 ... 1980 Wide Glide Only . 76.95



Harley 74 Brake Assembly

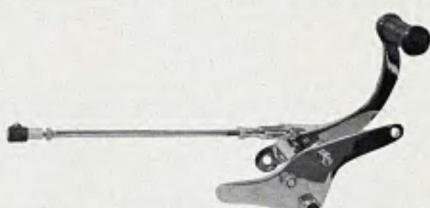
Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s with Lockheed master cylinder. Use with hydraulic or rear disc brakes.

- 14101 81.50

Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for 74s, 1978½ & up with stock Harley (Kelsey Hayes) master cylinder.

- 141039 81.50



Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s with stock mechanical brakes. All linkage included.

- 14104 81.50



Sportster Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for Harley Sportsters, 1954-1974. Order our 141020 master cylinder.

- 14105 81.50



Sportster Brake Assemblies

Show chromed forward control brake units for Harley Sportsters, 1954 & Up with stock brakes. All linkage included.

- 14107 ... Sportsters, K'54-'66,
'67-'74 86.50
- 141035 ... Sportsters, 1975-1978
Excpt. Cafe 86.50
- 141037 ... Sportsters, 1979-Up .. 85.50



Weld-On Bracket

This bracket is a "must" when using the above 14101 brake assembly on 1977 & up Super Glides only.

- 141032 4.80



Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s. Order our 141020 master cylinder.

- 14102 81.50



Sportster Shift Assemblies

Show chromed forward control shift units for Harley Sportsters, 1954 & Up. Use your stock shifter peg with these units. Linkage included.

- 141016 ... Sportsters, 1954-1974 . 81.50
- 141034 ... Sportsters, 1975-1976 . 91.50
- 141036 ... Sportsters, 1977-1978 . 81.50
- 141038 ... Sportsters, 1978½-Up . 81.50



Hurst-Airheart Master Cylinder

Large rear master cylinder.

- 141020 49.95



Replacement Shift Levers

Chrome shift levers for 74s with foot shift transmissions, 1974 & later Super Glides and 1952-1975 Sportsters.

- 142016 ... 74s w/foot shift,
Spst. '52-'75 14.95
- 142017 ... Super Glides, 1974
& Up 18.95

Replacement Parts

- 141021 ... Long Clevis 3.95
- 141022 ... Short Clevis 3.85
- 141023 ... Swivel Bolt 2.85
- 141024 ... Mono Ball End 5.50
- 141025 ... 1/4" Cotter Pin & Key .. .50
- 141026 ... 5/16" Cotter Pin & Key .. .45
- 141027 ... Oil Lite 5/8" Bushings
(pr.) 1.70
- 141028 ... 5/8" Shoulder Bolt &
Lock Nut 4.30
- 141029 ... Brass Tee 3.10
- 141030 ... Sending Light Unit 3.45

Choppershopper

Continued from page 53

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

Business cards that say it straight
out. Fuck you; go fuck yourself;
who the fuck do you think you
are, God?; and dozens more. All
cards are standard 3 1/2 x 2, busi-
ness-card size. For sample cards
and flier, send 50¢ to cover post-
age and handling to A-Artistic,
P.O. Box 303, Glendora, Calif.
91740. (94)

Sundance: Got a new apt. in No-
vember. Call when you can. 261-
7299. I miss you, Denise. (94)

Bruce Nielsen: Happy birthday 3/
12/81, and happy 1-year anniver-
sary 4/5/81. Thank you for show-
ing me what love really is. I'll love
ya always, babe, Kim. (94)

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

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

25 beer and wine recipes, includ-
ing bread made with beer. Send
\$3.98 to P.O. Box 1787, ASU, Ark.
72467. (94)

Home tattoo kits: Free brochure.
C&D, P.O. Box 9895, Colorado
Springs, Colo. 80932. (94)

Daddy, I'll never forget you and
all our good times. Keep playin'
your music. This girl's pushin' for
ya. Get that pan up and ride hard
and safe. Miss you now, love you
always, Debbie. (94)

Mario: Soon the time will be here.
Soon you'll be out of DJ 32 and
in the wind. Love you, Bunny. (94)

Panhead Ed: Yo, babe, happy
23rd. Miss yer hot and happy
heart. Your ever-lovin' babe, Sara.
(94)

Downed bro, 39 years old, 5'11",
200 lbs., and four years to go.
Would like to hear from ladies;
age and looks not important.
Help me make it through these
hard, lonely times with letters
and pictures. Miles Brown, Box
28-48844, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.
(94)

Little honey, 5'3", 28, 110 lbs.,
looking for bro w/head together.
Send picture w/reply to P.O. Box
85, Baker, Calif. 92309. (94)

6', blue-eyed Scorpio, down for an-
other year. Needs mail from lady
who wants to get it together in
1982. Ernie Bonser #41730, P.O.
Box 791, Safford, Ariz. 85546.
(94)

Attention, ol' ladies: Recipes for
bikers only. Free gift with every
order. \$1. Recipes, 2345 Van Iburg,
Box 14, Ft. Mitchell, Ky. 41017.
(94)

David "Scraps" Thomas: Waited
to hear from you after your re-
lease from Elmira. Please get in
touch. Lyla, 5404 5th N.W., #2,
Albuquerque, N.M. 87101. (505)
345-3901. (94)

Happy birthday, Sweet John, 3-8.
Always loving you. Your little
lady, Cindy. (94)

Newspaper Al, I will love you al-
ways and forever. Susie. (94)

Friend, partner, lover, and hus-
band: Couldn't carry your weight.
It's permanently off. Precious, let
go or hurt. Bye, Linda, Chicago. (94)

Need 19" spool front, 16" rear
"Midnight" mags and hubs for 74
Super Glide. For show wheels
only. Tom in Ill. (815) 624-2271 or
389-3517 anytime. (94)

Skip: Yeah, you jarhead. Get in
touch with Richie and Denise at
Lot 14, Shady Oaks Trailer Park,
Burton, S.C. 29902. We miss ya.
(94)

Horrible horoscopes just for laffs.
All signs of the Zodiac. Perfect for
parties. Send \$2 to P.E. Box 325,
South Lyon, Mich. 48178. (94)

H.D.: Hope your new year is be-
ing filled with lots of rainbows.
You sure left one in my heart.
Keep in touch, Susan. (94)

28-year-old w/m prisoner, getting
out in mid-1981. Looking for a
good ol' lady. Benny Gambrell
#132856, Muskegon Corr. Facility,
2900 S. Sheridan Rd., Muskegon,
Mich. 49442. (94)

Hey, Tee: Hope you had a happy
21st birthday (1-27). You're final-
ly legal—party hearty! Your sister
loves ya. Cath. (94)

Jim: You rescued me from a bad
time. Get yourself free for me,
'cause I love you. Cath. (94)

Ladies: I specialize in the erotic.
Let my words and drawings flush
you with warmth. Photographs
please. Randall Lane Wilde #249-
494, Wynne Unit, Huntsville, Tex.
77340. (94)

Ken: Happy belated birthday
(2/1). Better late than never.
Love, Mouse. (94)

Bachelor biker, 25, looking for
woman of Italian nationality, 19-
27, for possible marriage. Must be
a one-man woman. No heavy
drugs. Send recent photo and let-
ter to Joseph, 2623 Scheetz,
Youngstown, Ohio 44509. All re-
plies answered if you're of Italian
descent. (94)

Have a belated Merry Christmas
and a jammin' New Year, Joe.
You're the greatest. With love al-
ways. Elaine and J.P.C. (94)

Spacecase, Spacelady, and Terry:
You disappeared and we never
knew where or why. Get in touch.
We love ya! Dirt and the ol' lady,
Box 18, Healy, Ark. 99743. (94)

Amphetamine: The "Last New
Treatise." A complete paper deal-
ing with all aspects of real speed
and OTC speed. Synthesis, what
it does, how it works, practical
information you really need to
know. The unique source of infor-
mation to those concerned. Only
\$7 with this ad. C. Connelly, P.O.
Box 130, San Fidel, N.M. 87049.
(94)

Harley shield and eagle money
clip, solid brass. High quality, \$1
each. Postage paid. Dealer inquir-
ies invited. S&E Collectibles, Box
21, Bladensburg, Md. 20710. (94)

North Carolina: Charlotte, CBA/
ABATE Spring Bike Show and
Swapmeet. Sunday, March 29,
1981. Metrolina Fairgrounds, Hwy.
21 N. For further information,
call (704) 536-8535 or (704) 390-
8109. (94)

Cyndi, see Sherry. Important!
About Jesus. Or call Jesus's pa-
rents. (94)

Check it out, lady. If we're think-
ing alike, write and we'll give it
a go. I'm tired of the rut. I've
been on the road for eight years.
Burnt out on down time in red-
neck towns, no more seven-day
relationships, McDonald's, sleeping
bags, fleabag fucking motels,
three-day drunks, bad dope, wom-
en who don't know up from down,
and no place to call home. I'm 27,
wm, 6'1", 160, brown, blue, and
have my shit together. Money no
problem: nice sleek black scooter.
Just looking for a good ol' lady
who wants a good life for her, her
ol' man and babes, who likes to
ride, smoke, and forget the hassles
of cops, patches, and food stamps.
If you've got your head together
and want to be needed and loved,
write to Steve, c/o Easyriders,
Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (94)

Righteous lady sought. I'm white,
29, honest, good build, tattooed,
employed, and have apartment
near beach. She should be natural,
attractive, love animals, level-
headed, and ready to settle down.
R. Haynes, 4553 Bougainvillea Dr.,
Lauderdale by the Sea, Fla. 33308.
(94)

Help save a starving American
band; buy our record. Please send
\$2.30 to Free Enterprise, P.O. Box
352, Three Rivers, Mich. 49093.
(94)

Rocky: Love you just as much as
I hate you, but what the hell. Har-
py birthday. Susie. (94)

'Im Prince: I know you're busy
learning one end of the wrench
from the other in Florida, but take
a minute and send my fuckin'
plate, so I can ride. Your bro
Camando, Gen. Del., Sitka, Alaska
99835. (94)

Ray L.: Fuck 'em all. You're in
my heart, you're in my soul.
Couldn't love nobody the way I
love you. Even more than you
know, Lynn. P.S. We're gonna
feel that wind again for real and
forever. (94)

Spike: I wish we could be to-
gether for the holidays; '83 is a
while away. My love is with you,
Breezy. (94)

Wanted: Two uninhibited young
females for partying, putting, and
sharing some good times. Crazy,
(317) 786-2190. (94)

Wanted: Sincere ol' lady who un-
derstands an outlaw's life. Will be
rolling soon. Location no problem.
Dipshits, weak-minded bitches,
don't reply. Photos, Tim Rich #86-
427, Camp D Falcon 3, Angola, La.
70712. (94)

Hey! 30-year-old biker, splendid
tattoos, coming to U.S. next sum-
mer. Looking for somebody and
U.S. address to get a visa and
have great moments together.
Write to Didier Lebellois, 14 bis,
Rue Robert Ferrer (94700), Mail-
sons-Alfort, France. (94)

Young cycle tramp with 40D tits
has nude photos available. \$20
gets you five photos and a loving
letter. Also will meet for a photo
fun session. Single bi-girls wel-
come. Also looking for a single
house mouse to live in. Send photo
and letter. Would also like to
party with other couples and
single girls. Photos and sase
please to Sunshine, c/o Easyrid-
ers, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.
(94)

Shotgun, Highwaymen MC, New
York: May the road beneath your
wheels run smooth and the winds
in your face be fair. Have a good
year! S. (94)

Birdie, I really fucked up. Gimme
another chance. Big Jim. (94)

To my one and only Sanctus: Har-
py belated 27th (2-6-81) to my
Nirvana-seekin', juut keen do
practicin', Harley bikin', drum-
min', rockin' ol' man. Love you
ever so much for our first 5 to-
gether (11-5-80). Your ol' lady
Yank, May. (94)



"Why can't you buy a laxative like everyone else — shithead?"

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Audited Paid
Circulation

IMPORTANT NOTICE

You're in for a surprise — and you can blame it on Spider. We were at one of our weekly juice-and-smoke sessions (some mags call them editorial meetings), when right after letting out a humongous belch, brought on by having just inhaled a 12-oz. can of brew, Spider shouted out, loud enough to let everyone know that the meeting, er, session, had started. First he wiped the excess suds from his heavy mustache and beard — after all, there were a few women present.

"Okay," Spider said, "this meeting is called together." Seein' Kim playin' grab-ass and not paying attention, he roared, "That means you too, shit-for-brains!" He then had everyone's attention — what there was left of it after that last joint was passed.

"The next mag," Spider announced, "is our April cover-dated issue, and I've got a pregnant idea." He looked around the room to make certain everyone was still listening. "Let's play some April Fools' jokes on our readers." He smiled, waiting for everyone to flip out. But instead of approval, Mother Superior objected immediately.

"I don't like it."

Others joined in.

"The idea is fucked."

"You really oughta lay off that shit for a while, man."

Bang. One after another, they grumbled or sniveled.

Finally Spider reminded them, "Hey, assholes, I didn't ask for comments or approval. I was tellin' ya a great idea." His glare, his special mean one, freezes people in their tracks — and it did this time too.

"I'm not talking about any fuckin' kid games. I'm talkin' about doin' a number on our readers' heads — havin' some fun — twistin' their gourds — doin' something entirely different for a change."

As you've gathered by now, no one argues with Spider. He has almost the longest seniority, and he runs the mag like a club, even has Two-Ton Tony as sergeant at arms, so he merely continued talkin'.

"I got this wild idea while puttin' back from Tex's party last night. I thought, why not run the magazine backwards? Make people read it from the back to the front — the exact opposite of the way they'd normally read a mag."

All kinds of objections continued to be raised — mostly about the amount of work that would be involved, and the fact that we usually fuck up on the regular mag, so imagine what we'd do with this. Everyone complained — the editors, the art department staff, the printer, the binder — everyone. Now it's your turn. *Turn this mag to the back page and start leafin' the pages and reading forward.* It's a good issue and we've even thrown in a few extra April Fools' jokes just to keep ya on your toes.

Again, please turn to first page inside back cover. 

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