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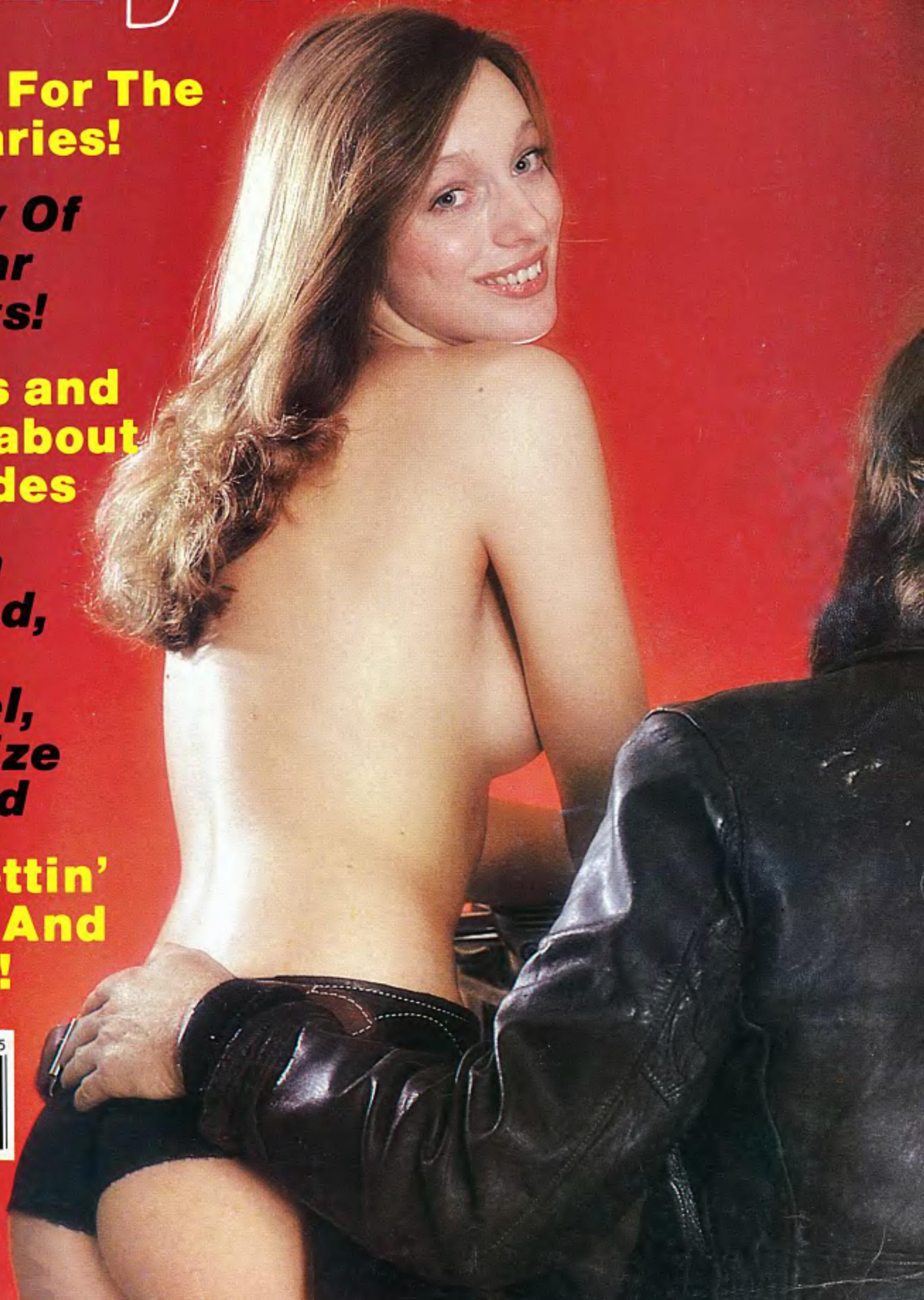
**Thanks For The
Mammaries!**

**Ol' Lady Of
The Year
Finalists!**

**The Ups and
Downs about
Quaaludes**

**80-inch
Flathead,
Classic
K-Model,
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**Leg-Wettin'
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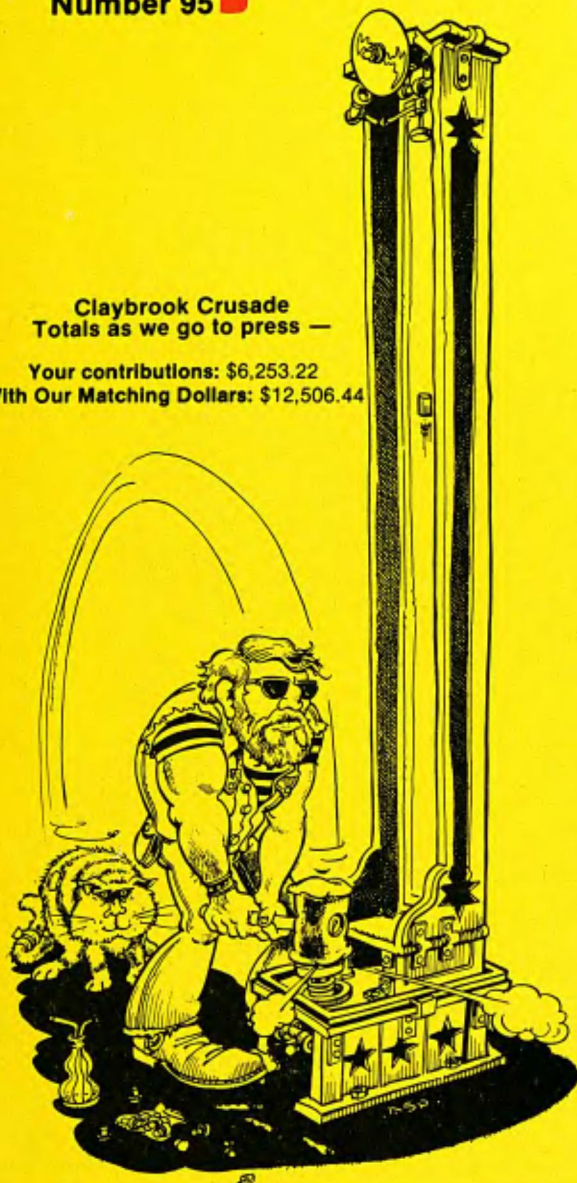
Easyriders®

Number 95

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Claybrook Crusade
Totals as we go to press —

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With Our Matching Dollars: \$12,506.44



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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale April 28th.

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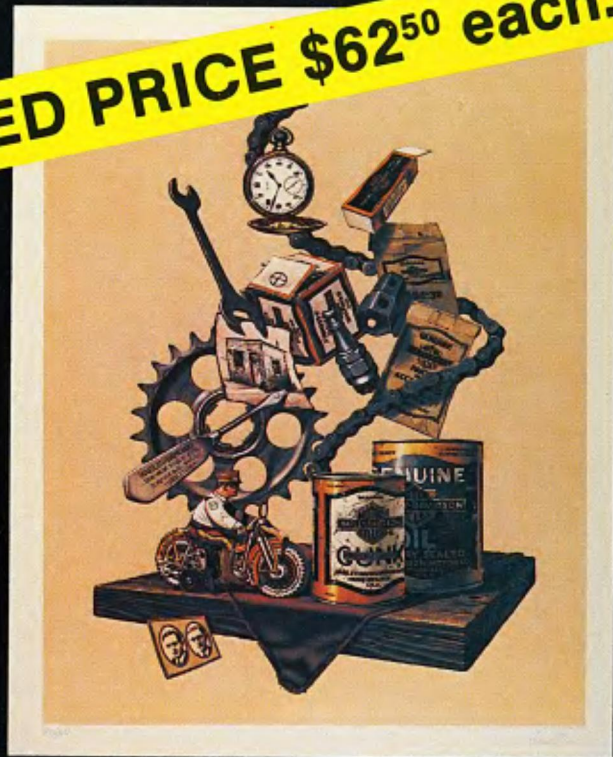
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I don't know anyone with this problem, but in case it happens here's good news. If your prick goes south on ya for a while because of overindulgence, don't sweat your ol' lady gettin' a divorce. It's been decreed in London that havin' sex only once a week is not grounds for divorce.

Speakin' of ballin' your wife: In California there's a law against rapin' your ol' lady. (How could you rape your ol' lady? Maybe if she just lolled back there and ate ice cream instead of you.) Anyway, a dude did rape his wife and got 16 years for doin' it.

Blackmailed again: If states don't enforce the 55mph law, they lose federal (aka pork-barrel) highway funds. So which states get hit most? Yep, the western states where a stretch of highway goes straight ahead as far as you can see and cities are a jillion miles apart. Anyone—and I mean anyone—having to make that long, boring drive is gonna have to get his foot into it. But the feds say if you don't hold it down to 55mph, it'll cost your state highway bucks. California, New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas are a few of the worst offenders. Of the California drivers, 68% exceed the 55mph limit, so it looks like this state could lose eleven million bucks of our tax dollars. I think we should just keep our freedom and tell the feds to stick the eleven million where the sun doesn't shine—which our Gov. Brown did the last time the feds threatened.

Rufus musta had something to do with this, 'cause California has just passed a law making it illegal to have a cat or dog for dinner. You can invite 'em to join ya—ya just can't cook and eat 'em in California. Sorry, folks, you'll have to eat your animals in your own state.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



The judge honestly didn't know what to do with the guy. He was on trial for bigamy—not just a run-of-the-mill bigamist, but married to five wives at once! The judge felt sorry for him and fined him only \$200, figurin' he had enough problems.

Musta been a woman judge, because a dude was recently sentenced to a 5- to 7-year stretch—and all he did was clout his ol' lady with a can of Bud and throw a ham sandwich into her face (guess she hated mayonnaise).

He ripped off a \$4,500 diamond and swallowed it when he was arrested. So the police got a special court order for him to be kept in a cell without a shitter—just a chamber pot—until he crapped it out. After several days of cops takin' turns searchin' through his shit, he finally pooped it out, to the delight of all the police involved in the siftin' and pickin'.

Someone decided that somethin' should be done about all the dogshit everywhere you step in town. So they passed a law against a dog havin' a healthy one and the owner not cleanin' up his mess. But the police dept. objected, sayin' they had better things to do than go around bein' poopersnoopers. So the law was finally vetoed, and the mayor pleaded with the people to clean up after their dogs—or at least teach 'em to go to the next city.

Ya heard about someone puttin' superglue on a two-holer and then a dude havin' a helluva time gettin' free from the outhouse? Well, consider what this chick did. Visitin' her husband in the joint, she shook his hand while sayin' goodbye after the visit was over. She had super-fast glue on her hand, which stuck to his. They were taken to the hospital, and after several hours of work, they were unglued. (Shit, she shoulda put it on her snatch.)

Embarrassin', man, embarrassin'. The dude offered twenty bucks to a likely-lookin' hooker for a head job. It turned out she was an undercover cop and she arrested him. But get this: The dude turned out to be an off-duty cop from the same police force. It goes to show that cops like their joints munched on just like the rest of us—but for twenty bucks? ■

WORDMONGER

Easyriders Is Everywhere

☐ I'm in the Navy. I was in transit in Subic Bay, Philippines, when a bro told me about a bar called Easyriders Inn in Subic City. So, the second night I was in transit, some of my bros and I went to this bar. It's run by a CPO named Dirt, and he uses your rags as wallpaper — that ain't no shit. Dirt rides an old pan. There are seventeen more Harleys in Subic Bay, and every one of the fuckers parties at Easyriders. Hell, Dirt's got about sixteen women working there to satisfy the horny Harley riders. Damn, I loved it there.

Troy Adams
FPO N.Y.

Almost Perfect

☐ I don't usually comment on a letter, but if D.W.L. in Blanchester, Ohio, has been reading this rag for three years and has found only one mistake, I want some of the shit he's been smoking!

Nancy Everts
Richmond, Va.

Me too!

Fake Uppers

☐ I just read in Spider's column that you refused advertising from those creeps dealin' that pseudo-speed (I've seen fake 'ludes, orange sunshine, and coke too).

Anyway, I've gotta tell ya you're right fuckin' on. The dope scene is badly in need of some righteousness, and these jerkoffs just make it even worse.

Noah
Phoenix, Ariz.

☐ There's an article in issue #94 on fake uppers.

Freedom

☐ Was reading the local paper, looking for used Har-

ley parts, and ran across this interesting little paragraph. Check it out: "For in truth there is no sure way of holding other than destroying. And whoever becomes master of a people accustomed to living in freedom and does not destroy them, may reckon on being destroyed by them."

I, for one, am tired of the sneaky way the feds are trying to regulate the biker off the road.

Scump
Lemoore, Calif.

☐ Only they're not so sneaky about it.

Bad Luck?

☐ Where did I go wrong? Six months ago I came home from partying and found my trailer burned to the ground. I lost everything from my David Allan Coe albums to my *Easyriders* collection.

Another night I came home and my wife comes up with this divorce bullshit. She said something about being too young.

So now I'm twelve hundred miles from home, down to one hit of acid, and have five *Easyriders* to read from cover to cover. What I want to know is this: Is bad luck better than no luck at all?

Rambo
Wichita, Kan.

☐ You're free, aren't you?

A Pat On The Back

☐ I would like to say that in the last nine years I have never read a rag as good as yours. Keep up the good work, bros.

Pirate
Pocomoke, Md.

☐ We're gonna be ten years old with the issue cover-dated June.

A Beef

☐ Just sitting here in the damned chain gang and got a bitch I want you to publish.

I was making some good speed and ran out of chemicals. I saw an ad in *High Times* magazine for rare chemicals, so I got hold of the people who were selling the shit and gave 'em fifteen hundred for one gallon of P2P and a couple of gallons of other chemicals. They sold me the stuff, and then the shit-eatin' dogs followed me home and busted my ass.

I thought *Easyriders* and *High Times* were the kind of rags you and I could read and trust; but now I see there's only one, and that's *Easyriders*! So, all you bros and chicks, beware of those low-life narcs who put ads in rags for chemicals.

Burrell Ricketts
Columbus, Ga.

☐ We don't accept ads like that, figuring they have to be phony or they'd be busted themselves. Your case sounds like entrapment, which the feds are good at.

Hey, Dog Breath

☐ In defense of the Red Sled in issue #91, I'd like to say the only taste you have must be in your mouth, and that has to be bad, thus giving you your name.

Keith Seaberg
Rockford, Ill.

☐ Dog Breath's article on the Red Sled should be rammed up his ass with a 2x4. That was a good sled, and even if it wasn't, what gives him the right to shit on a Harley? Betcha he really rides a Midnight Special by Honda.

Gill and Spike
Grand Falls, Canada

☐ He didn't knock the Red Sled — he just ran off at the

mouth about what he personally likes. No putdown intended.

Dope Book

☐ Having nothing better to do these days, as I have been sentenced to fifteen years, I am attempting to put together a book on laws, dealing mainly with drug and sex laws. Anyway, being in here (prison), I am having a difficult time getting information.

If you or the readers of *Easyriders* know of any laws that you think are weird, outdated, or just plain ridiculous, send them to me. Please include penal code. I would greatly appreciate it.

Robert L. Williams II
#B-40543
Birch Hall 944
P.O. Box 441
Chino, Calif. 91710

☐ No how-to's, or he'll be in deep shit.

Another Goof

☐ What are you assholes doing? Running out of cartoons, or are your heads up your asses? In the Dec. '78 issue (#66) on page 103, you have a fucked-up cartoon of a real asshole playing a trumpet. In the Jan. '81 issue (#91), the same cartoon is on page 114. You must be smokin' good shit or you're all fuckups.

D.L.
Blanchester, Ohio

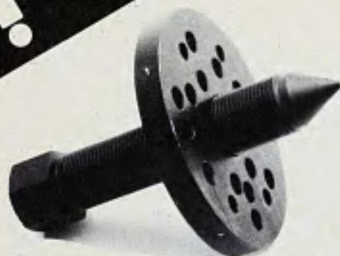
☐ I caught ya cheatin'. The cartoon on page 114 of issue #91 (Jan. '81) was the same one printed in an earlier issue. Ha! Ha! You're busted.

Krazy Fuzzy
Brooklyn, N.Y.

☐ The art dept. is fucked up at times, and it's natural, not dope.

HEAVY WEIGHT!

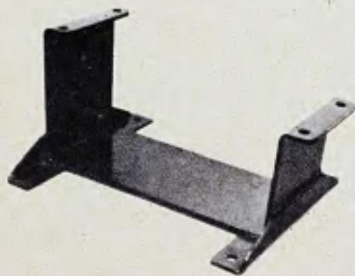
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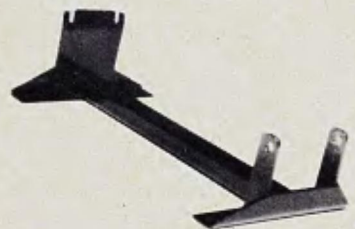
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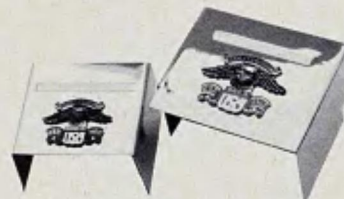
Super Suspenders. These are so neat ya gotta have a pair. 2" wide straps 40" long. Black with orange print or orange with black print. **\$9.95.**



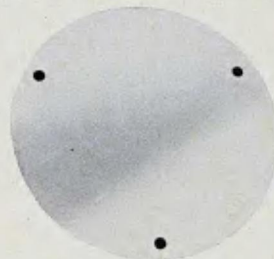
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More On Freedom

☐ I agree with Jody Via on most of the points in his piece "The Last Frontier?" Each day more and more of our freedom is being stripped away by the fools who inhabit Washington, D.C. They are not there as public servants, as the bureaucracy would have us believe. Instead, they are there for one reason: Power. Power to control the lives of others through the law. They would like us to serve them instead of their serving us. Think about it. How did they get there? The vote. This is the one point on which I disagree with Jody. The vote perpetuates the same clowns to do the same things every four or six years. The election process, as it exists today, keeps the same morons in power — yes, the same folks that brought you helmet laws, Joan Claybrook, and the other jokers who are in control.

Jody Via is correct. Most people can't handle the freedom we experience. With freedom, there is a certain amount of insecurity. Free people have to bust ass to stay free. Some folks would prefer security to freedom. Why, I don't know. Maybe they don't mind the interference in their lives because that check keeps coming in. I'd rather go hungry a few times than have everything I do monitored and regulated. Freedom means a lot of things to a lot of people. For me it means two things: First, I take care of my own problems without government intervention; second, you don't fuck with me and I won't fuck with you.

Ope
Erlangen, West Germany

☐ Your vote does count if you want somebody out of office; but most people don't use it.

Digs Rabbit

☐ I have just finished "Santa Claus Is A Biker" by Rabbit and found it to be heartwarming and well written. Also, only a biker could give a fuck enough to do something

like that. I commend you for running the story.

The Pole
Marshfield, Wis.

☐ Just thought you'd like to know that "Santa Claus Is A Biker" was super and rivaled "The Storyteller," which appeared earlier. Both stories should be included in your next publication of the paperback *Best Biker Fiction*.

Ed Hausafus
No Eagles Creek, Ore.

☐ I just finished reading "Santa Claus Is A Biker" to my kids and my ol' lady. They got a fuckin' charge out of it. Tell ya the truth, so did I. I laughed my fuckin' head off while reading, and my two girls just sat there and stared in amazement.

Keep up the good work, Rabbit.

Illinois
Palos Hills, Ill.

☐ I used to skip some of the stories in your rag until I read "Santa Claus Is A Biker" in the January issue. I'll read every story from this day forward.

My compliments to you, Rabbit! Now I have the perfect story to tell my rugrats, and theirs when it's time. I never could come up with an explanation as to why they could never see the fucker in the sky. All the time he was on his sled.

Larry Bales
Denver, Colo.

☐ In your Jan. '81 issue, you fucked up again on spelling. In your story "Santa Claus Is A Biker," you spelled animal s-n-i-m-a-l. I know California has good smoke, but start proofreading once in a while.

Mike Roberts
Wichita Falls, Tex.

☐ Our proofreaders are the most fucked up of all of us.

She Saw The Light

☐ Whenever the word "biker" was said, I had a mental picture of a dirty, lazy troublemaker who attacked women, destroyed property, was always hooked on drugs, and drunk.

Then the other day I was asked to read "Santa Claus Is

A Biker." As I looked over this issue (#91), I found photos in great taste, smashing articles, and news bits. I found that, after all these years, I was misinformed about you people.

I wish more people would take a moment or so and read through one of your issues. I know you have re-educated me about bikers.

J.B.
Lincoln, Neb.

Better World

☐ I have never written to a mag before, but after reading "A Real Hero" in the January '81 issue, I feel the actions of Bill Martin deserve a hearty "Congratulations and well done, bro," whether he rides or not. His actions are what it's all about, people helping people. If there were more like him in this fuckin' world, it sure would be a hell of a better place to ride in.

Nimrod
McHenry, Ill.

For Women Too!

☐ While reading the December '80 issue, I came across a letter from a Ruth Finley. She was asking to see "a young, healthy male sprawled out in full color." Your answer to her letter was so fucked up, I just had to write. You replied, "This rag is published for men."

You tell me where in your rag it says "Published for Adult Male Bikers." On the cover it reads "Entertainment For Adult Bikers."

I'm an adult and a female biker. So either you guys print an apology to Ruth Finley or just admit you're stupid assholes.

Trixie
St. Louis, Mo.

☐ I thought everyone already knew we're stupid assholes — but we're also not faggots, and so, we ain't gonna print any cock photos.

Jesus And Bikers

☐ I want to say that there are a lot of biker men and women who believe in Jesus. Some of the heaviest partiers are the strongest believers. God won't turn his back on us just

because we ride Harley-Davidsons. All he asks is that we try to believe and treat brothers and others as we would want to be treated.

Why don't you ask the people what they think? Your magazine is about biker lifestyle. Jesus is in a lot of biker (brotherhood) lifestyle.

Delaine
Greenville, S.C.

How Much Sugar?

☐ Hey, what the fuck's with you assholes? In your January '81 issue, you have recipes for Holiday Cheer. We were gonna mix up some raisin jack, and you told us we needed sugar. But how much? Let us know how much per gallon and a half of water. We wish you guys would get your shit together when you're givin' recipes and give amounts for everything.

Silver and Half-Pint
Bethlehem, Pa.

☐ You all really fucked up on your recipe for raisin jack. You didn't say how much sugar I need.

M.S.L.
Overland Park, Kan.

☐ You bunch of shitheads! Lefty forgot to say how much

sugar to use to make raisin jack. Now I love wine nearly as much as I love your rag, but you people should get your heads outta your asses and read the shit before you print it.

Rainbow Lady
Ft. Carson, Colo.

☒ Lefty says sorry — he got too involved with his work. It shoulda read six pounds of sugar.

Ring In Clit

☐ What the fuck is the matter with you? In the November '80 issue you have Marilyn Chambers showing some tits and ass, which is right on, but I've also seen her in another rag, and I was wondering why you didn't have her pose with the ear-ring in her box!

R.J.
Ft. Carson, Colo.

☒ 'Cause we're a family rag — whatdafuck?

Thing Of The Past

☐ Today I attended the ten-minute vigil for John Lennon at Red Rocks Amphitheater, and ya know what? I saw a bunch of bikers paying their tributes and it made me happy because I know that

they, too, want to keep the spirit of him and his beliefs alive — and that is peace. Fighting should be and will be a thing of the past.

Sheri V.
Arvada, Colo.

Mistaken Identity

☐ In the wind? Bullshit. Hey, readers, if your idea of touring is having your legs stretched out in front of you and your arms level with your ears, sitting on a half-ton bucket of bolts that doesn't handle around corners, then you are all as fucked as the dudes who write this mag. Touring doesn't consist of cruising down a dead-straight, six-lane freeway. So get your hands off your dicks and think again.

Tourer
N.S.W., Australia

☒ This isn't a touring mag — no stereo radios, bags upon bags, cop windshield, etc., for us. *Road Rider* is the mag you want.

Treatment Of Women

☐ I just read "Cry Us A River" in the January '81 issue. Bros like you who go around hitting us women for things we do amount to no good. Bros like you suck. If ya can't solve problems without hitting, why try?

In the first place, ya don't listen to what bros tell ya. Ya make your own decisions. If ya can't make your own decisions, then it can't be all that important. Don't ya know how to treat us women right?

How low can ya get? Now, after all, we women do a lot for you bros.

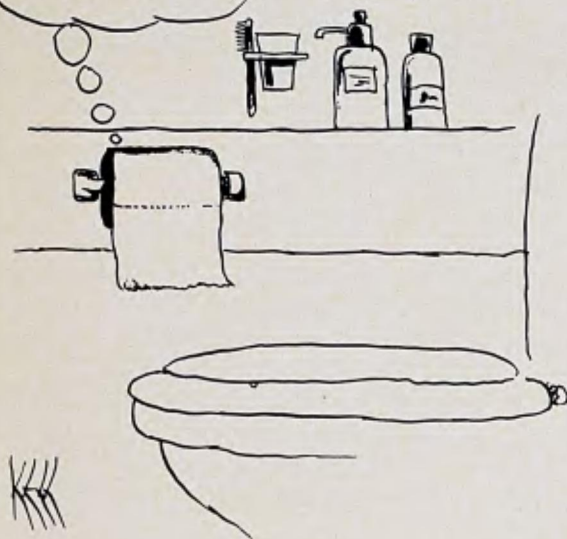
Supertramp
Schoharie, N.Y.

☒ Do you ever!

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its 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

Reincarnation isn't all it's cracked up to be.



MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

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

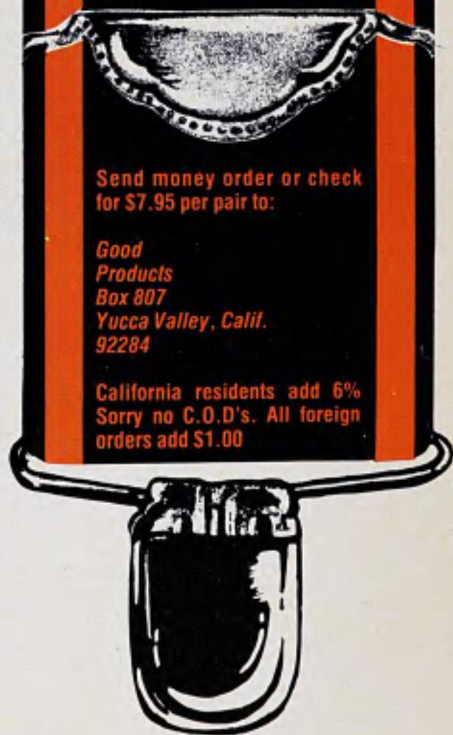
Quality is fully guaranteed and money will be refunded if not completely satisfied. Immediate delivery. \$7.95. Personal checks require three weeks to clear.



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

Good
Products
Box 807
Yucca Valley, Calif.
92284

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





BEST OF SHOW.

The 1981 Harley-Davidson Wide Glide.



When the custom show bikes turn out, you and your lady always turn up. And why not. Custom Harleys win nearly every show, but the one you ride wins in the street. This is more than a machine. You're riding a 1981 Harley-Davidson® Wide Glide™. The only factory built custom in sight.

You do have to admire this bike. It has a 21" laced front wheel, extended front forks with Electra Glide® sliders, staggered shorty duals and a bobbed rear fender over a 16" fat rear tire.

But this bike isn't only for show. It was built for cruising. Grab the pullback buckhorn handlebars and kick your feet up on the forward controls. Wide Glide is the only factory bike that mounts the rear brake *and* shift lever up front.



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

When you get down in the Wide Glide's stepped seat you ride low, surrounded by the sound, feel and power of a massive 80 cu. inch V-Twin shovelhead. The handling? Outstanding! There's an exclusive triple clamp system upfront to eliminate the flop you get on homemade front ends. And now you can fill the 5 gallon bob-and-a-half tank with regular leaded gas.

You can get your new Wide Glide painted in vivid flames over black or choose from four deep metallic colors

with gold pinstriping.

The 1981 Wide Glide. It steals the show wherever you take it. Wide Glide tells the whole world nothing stands between you and biking. Only Harley-Davidson could build this one. That's why it's more than a machine.

**HARLEY-DAVIDSON
DEALER NETWORK**

We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the A.M.A. Specifications subject to change without notice. Support the Bikers Fight Against Muscular Dystrophy.





80 in. Flathead

There are several ways of gettin' a bike together, some bein' more legal than others. And as far as the legal methods go, there are probably two basic paths in gettin' a scoot built.

First, you have the perfection fiends among us who feel that if they can't do it themselves, it ain't possible. This type biker has stashed in his garage fortress an arsenal of parts and every necessary tool







needed to build a fantastic bike. This category also includes those poor sonsabitches whose poverty has driven them to scrounging parts from partners and puttin' them all together by any means available—usually meaning stripped bolts and several spools of bailin' wire.

The second category of bike builder, even though the parts and needed equipment are available, usually hasn't the time, desire, or the abilities to build his own ride.

Got a partner, Hank, fittin' this description. Poor dude has problems zippin' an' unzippin' his jeans, let alone wrenchin' tight some nuts an' bolts or even changing a plug on his scoot. But Hank has found a way round his lack of mechanical ability. He's found that supplyin' some shit-kickin' home-grown and ample supplies of beer to the right people can get just about anything necessary goin' for his Hawg.

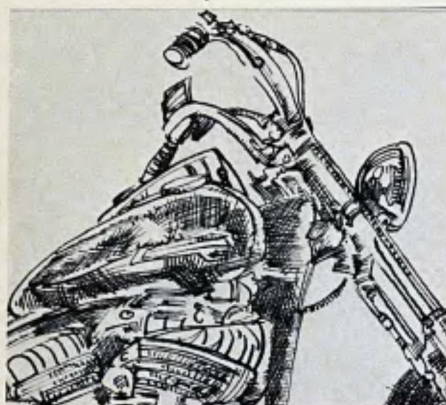
Ya see, the key to operatin' in this second category isn't what ya know, but who ya know. And

after ya know the right people, it's then havin' the cash or some other reasonable substitute necessary to get the job done. Steve Pascones's flathead 80 Harley featured here came into bein' via this second method.

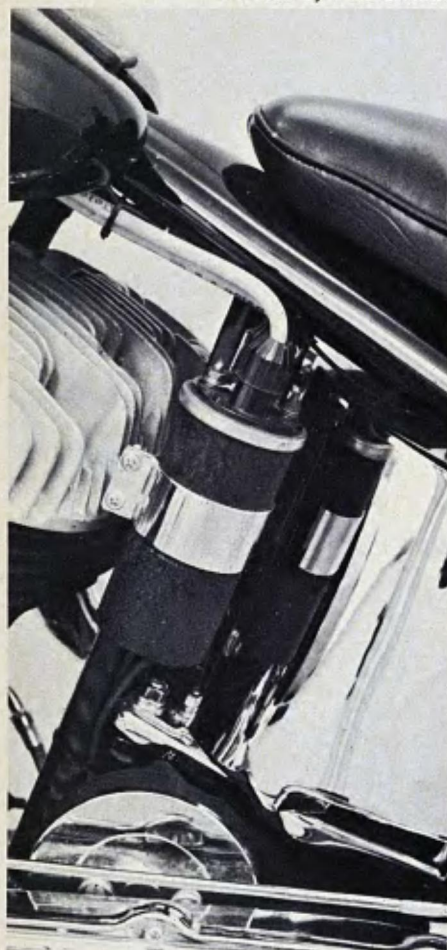
First time I laid eyes on Steve's flathead was several months ago. I was warmin' a milk crate in the back of a local bike shop, tryin' my damndest to drown a purely fucked day with quantities of beer.

Steve came cruisin' into the shop haulin' a cardboard box packed with every nut an' bolt from a thoroughly thrashed flathead 80 motor—or so he hoped. Gypsy replaced the box of parts in Steve's hand with a cold beer and offered him a crate to park his butt on.

A few beers later, Steve started layin' out a whole story 'bout how for years he'd been hankerin' a hard-on every time he got near a Hawg. But frankly, he hadn't had the abilities, time, or cash flow to put one together. But things had changed for the better



Photos by Pete Chiodo



recently, as far as cash went, and this meant finally gettin' a scoot together.

Sure, he'd pondered the idea of pickin' up a fairly clean scoot already on the road. But that didn't set right in Steve's mind—sort of reminded him of jumpin' on some little sweetcakes for a session of sloppy seconds. No doubt there'd be an initial thrill to the ridin', but sure as shit he'd have to be dealin' sooner or later with whatever the previous rider had left behind. And besides, Steve hadn't seen any scoots for sale that were worth heavy bucks.

From the ground up, that's what Steve wanted.

Owner: Steve Pascone		City: Canoga Park, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: MMCC		Year: 1980	
Year and make: 1947 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: flathead 80		Type: rigid	
Value: \$6,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: MMCC/Gypsy		Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: gussets neck	
Chroming by: Supreme		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1980		Risers: Custom Chrome	
Model: flathead 80		Fender(s): fatbob/Gary Bang	
Rebuilder: MMCC/Stosh		Headlight: Gary Bang	
Ignition: H-D stock		Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 80 cu. in.		Speedo: stock	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Gary Bang	
Balancing: factory		Rear pegs: Gary Bang	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: stock	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: 3.5 fatbobs	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: Gary Bang	
Cam(s): stock		Oil 'system: stock/Scooter Flex	
Lifters: stock		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: Gary Bang solo	
Air cleaner: stock		Sissybar: Jammer	
Pipes: upsweep, Paughco		Height: 8 in.	
Muffler(s): Manx		Material: rolled steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: stock rebuilt		Type: Wide Glide/Expert Cycle	
Year: 1980		Extension: 4-over stock	
Shifting: stock/4-speed foot		Builder: Gypsy	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: turned down legs	
Trans sprocket: stock		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 x 275	Size: 16" x 500
Molding: Bob Brouett		Hub: H-D	Hub: stock
Painter: Bob Brouett		Rim width: 2 1/2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Gdylr. HST
Type: acrylic enamel		Brake: drum	Brake: mechanical
Special paint: for sure			
Other special modifications: Special thanks to Gypsy/Todd/Stosh/Micah McCloskey's Custom Cycle.			

(From the looks of the basket motor, it was more like Steve would be startin' off from a deep hole.) Rigid frame, fatbob tanks an' fender, Wide Glide front end, and a jet-black paint job were just a few of the details floatin' in the back of his mind—as long as someone else did the wrenchin'.

Well, bullshittin' turned into long green business between Micah and Steve, and all the fine details were slated on paper. Beer flow dried up for the moment and no one was motionin' to get more, so I decided to exit my crate while I could still function on two wheels.

—Flyer

Six-pack To Go

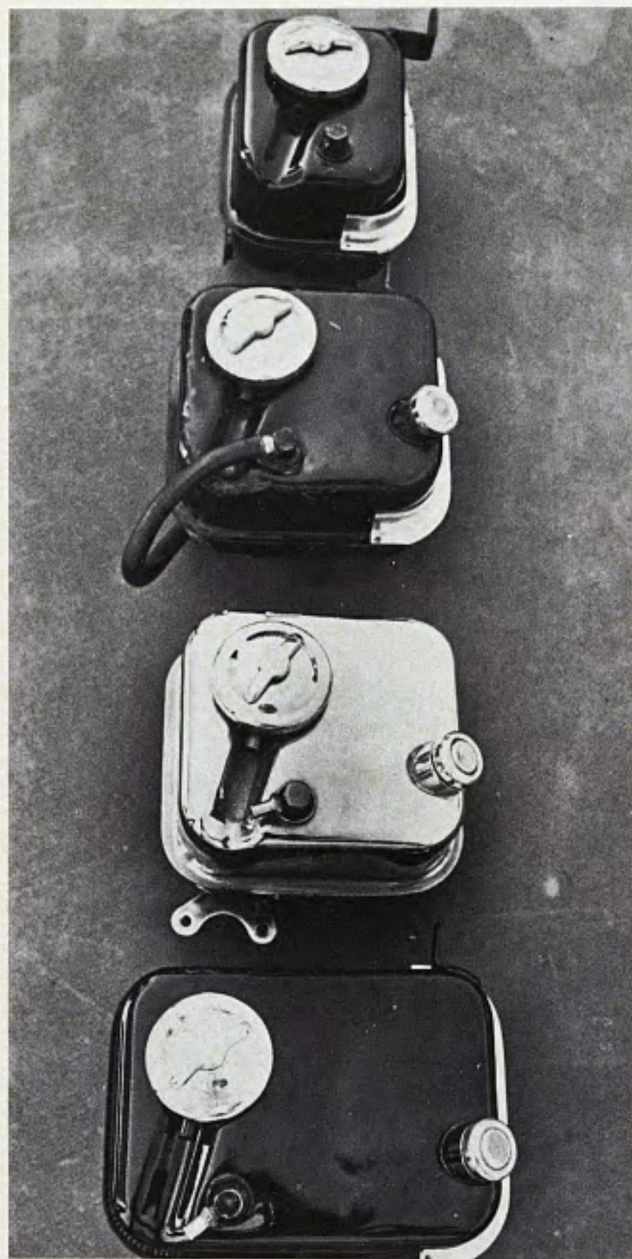
Yeah, they're all oil tanks, you're saying to yourself, so what? If you look at 'em close enough it's sorta like goin' to an A&W Root Beer stand and checkin' out the menu. Do you want a Papa tank, a Mama tank or a Baby tank? I'd say it depends on the application.

Of course, I'd take the papa tank if I did a lot of long-distance puttin'. It holds over two quarts more than stock; and if you live in or near the desert, you know you're goin' to like it. Also, if your engine is tired and burning oil, you'll feel a lot better carrying a couple of extra quarts. It's like chicken soup — can't hurt anything and might help.

The mama — the middle tanks, one the old style without a side fill, the other a later model — is your run-of-the-mill stock job.

The tabs can be cut off and the bracket that holds the mousetrap eliminator can be welded to the front of the tank. When you do this, also weld a piece of angle iron with two holes drilled in it to secure the rear portion to the back fender.

Now we come to the baby tank. Cute, ain't it? It holds about two quarts. I guess if it was chromed out and most of your cruisin' was done at night, it could make it. It would be about the same as if you had a stock tank and didn't check the level regularly — like runnin' a quart low, in other words. To me, it's like a young hardbelly — cute, but dangerous. If you have a trick drag bike, this would be



one way to cut down the weight.

Say, before I forget, let me say that I can't take the credit for this project 'cause I stole the idea from my bro Popeye from El Cajon, California. We were talking about doin' this while on a run — I think it was in Denver. Anyway, I haven't seen

one on the road yet (but that doesn't mean they're not out there), so you've got a good shot at bein' the first kid on the block to have one. Also, I got a shitload of help from Randy and Terry of Ark Engineering, out Yucaipa way.

The first thing we did was acquire two stock

square Harley oil bags. One has to be of the older variety, without a side fill, the kind made back when the seat had to be lifted to check the oil. The other tank is one of the later ones (side fill) still used today. Take the older tank and cut the left end off just before it starts to curve. Then, cut the side-fill tank as close as possible to the left side of the U-shaped bracket. If you want a big tank, heli-arc the two large pieces together. If you want a small tank, guess what — ya weld the two small pieces together.

If you're makin' the smaller oil bag, be sure to weld a mounting tab on the left rear. Then go to a plumbing supply store and get some plugs so the tank or tanks can be pressure tested. Take a metal tubeless tire valve and carefully braze it into an oil fitting. That way, some air can be pumped into the tank. Then hold it under water to check for leaks. Now, if you want to be fancy, get out the body filler and smooth the lumps and bumps out of the metal before applying paint. Incidentally, what I tell nurds who happen to comment on the size of the tanks is that it came off an early Police Special. Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke.

Anyway, I'm gettin' hungry writin' and talkin' about this shit. Wonder how a Papa burger and a nice cold, frosty mug of root beer would taste right now? Later. Fuck this rat trap! I got the munch-ollas — knew I shouldn't have smoked that lumbo

— El Gordo

Tech Tip

STRAY MEAT

by Charlie Smith

Yvonne flew off the back somewhere in the night, but I was bookin' so hard I didn't find out till I made Kingsport. It was a shame, really, but it saved my ass, 'cause the cops forgot all about me when they came across Yvonne hangin' in the honeysuckle. She didn't have any clothes on. It wasn't my fault. They don't register with you in advance for a convenient time to drop in and search for controlled substances.

When we heard the front door break down and the brothers catchin' hell downstairs, we climbed through a window onto the roof. My Harley was in an old shed that stood ten feet away. As soon as the cops covering the back of the house went inside, I dropped onto the ground and grabbed a ladder resting against the shed, and Yvonne climbed down. Even through my panic I felt a rush as I looked up. You can't believe what a kick it is watchin' a sweaty naked woman come down a ladder.

Things weren't really bad just yet. The little lady and I had made it this far, hadn't we? And there in the dark stood my scooter. The ol' pan looked magnificent under any circumstances, but right now I could've kissed her chrome ass.

There was one problem. I'd have to kick the bitch and hope she came through on the first thrust. This was one time I could have swallowed my pride and used an electric start. I kicked hard; the whore didn't fire. Once again, and again. The sweat broke out and I got frantic. Voices. They could hear this shit, dammit, and they were comin' on the run. Then she suddenly turned sweet, and just as they reached the shed, she fired. Yvonne had her ass planted on the seat when I hit first and cracked the throttle.

I came out on one wheel. Some sonuvabitch nearly yanked me off, but he let go when a big 5.10 Goodyear rolled over his foot. As soon as I hit the driveway, I saw that the cops had it blocked. I headed across the yard, and for the first time I saw guns as the place was flooded with light. Guns! Like they were expectin' Al Capone or somebody. I flat-ass panicked.

Both sides of the yard were fenced, and the cops had the front blockaded. A garden lay between the back yard and another house. It was time to boogie. I don't recommend puttin' through cucumbers and tomatoes on any scooter you respect. Face it — you can stray from the white line when you buck and bounce over clods and mounds of shit.

God, I don't know how I made it. I've always heard bros talkin' about close calls and miracles they've had, and times they should've been dead by all rights. You've heard the

shit. There've been a coupla times I figured I'd somehow miraculously pull one out, but I went ahead and crashed. I guess somebody was savin' me for something worse this time, 'cause I didn't go down. I bounced out of the garden and tore up somebody's yard gettin' to the road.

And, like I said, I lost Yvonne somewhere. You'd think a dude would notice somethin' like that. Any other time, babe. There were sirens, and headlights comin' down the road after me, and nosy-ass neighbors flippin' their porch lights on, and wild animals runnin' out in the road — I was scared shitless. But my ass was on the line, so I cracked that throttle and boogied. I needed to get off the main route. That's experience talkin'. I hung a left onto Coverdale, a country road that would circle a few miles and lead me toward home.

Funny thing about cops, they can see. They followed my light onto Coverdale. The fences were overrun with honeysuckle that formed a thick cushion on either side of the road. If I lost it, at least I'd land soft — if I didn't hit a post or something.

Then I came to the stretch that my bros on the chain gang missed last time they were out throwin' tar. The pavement was busted all to hell and you couldn't trust your scoutin' reports. I had forgotten about it. What reminded me was, I hit a chunk at routine escape velocity (90-plus, asshole), and I think both wheels were off the road for a moment. Some wizardry of the wind kept me up, and I kept on crankin'.

Pop! The right side of my head exploded in pain, and a million colors blinded me. My hand flew up to check if there was anything left, but my vision began clearing, and I was comin' sideways into a bad curve. Fuck the bug and the eye it nearly put on waivers; the hand was

needed in a save-the-fucker effort. And it was close. For the third time that night, I nearly joined the pine-box brigade. Just before I was slated to appear before the mountain to demonstrate what a man going 90 miles an hour can do to the stone face of a cliff, I got her ass straight and hung like a dingleberry till the road gave up on me. Hell, as long as I was invincible, might as well flaunt it. I rode like a whore in a locker room.

As I coasted into the yard, my head came out of orbit. Hey, wasn't there a chick back there before? Stark naked? Then where the fuck was she? No way I'd go back after her. At first I couldn't believe it. Ah, hell yes, it was just like me. I was always pullin' some stupid stunt or other. Like the time I didn't see Daddy around anywhere, so I jumped in his Dodge and backed out.

Continued on page 102

"I circled the hill and pulled up beside her. She was a pretty girl, about eighteen, with innocent tits. She had quickly wiped at a tear, but only succeeded in smearing it, and hurriedly adjusted her tank top to hide her hard nipples."



Illustration by David Mann



STURGIS, 1981: BREAKING NEW GROUND.

The 1981 Harley-Davidson Twin Belt Drive Sturgis. Campgrounds outside Sturgis, South Dakota.



Twin belts, no chain: a remarkable, ground breaking idea for a stock motorcycle. That's custom engineering at its best. And, the idea behind Sturgis,™ a motorcycle inspired by this annual rally in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

The Harley-Davidson® Sturgis is the first and

only stock bike in the world with twin belt drive.

Compared to shaft drive, Harley's Black Belt™ system is stronger, lighter, simpler and doesn't waste horsepower. Compared to a chain, the Black Belt system gives you even quieter, smoother shifting. It never needs a lube, rarely needs adjustment. The Black Belt system has a 12 month, unlimited mile warranty.

Sturgis is also the first production bike built with a compensating sprocket on the primary belt drive, to give you remarkably smooth power flow.



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

Sturgis is breaking new ground in custom styling—as well as engineering. It's as black as they come, but signed on the tank, wheel rims and belt guard in Harley orange.

Sturgis means extended forks, drag bars on 3½" risers, highway pegs and new staggered shorty duals. You'll be sitting just 27" from the pavement. And a massive 80 cu. inch V-Twin is providing power and sound that is uniquely ours. For 1981 the big V-Twin runs regular leaded gas—without losing

any horses.

The twin belt drive Sturgis. A truly unique custom motorcycle, from the people who know what custom really means. You see, Sturgis is a Harley-Davidson. That's why it's more than a machine.

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Photo illustration by Gypsy

A Man And His True Love

Look closely. Note the scratch on the tank, the oil here and there, the chipped chrome, one rim a little bent. Now if there was anything to say against perfection in motorcycle assembly, I'm just

humble enough to say it. But there isn't. I want this to be a statement to and for Lucille and any other diamond in the rough. She's a '47, which means she's seen more of this life than I have; so when she

talks, I listen. Some folks talk to their bartender, barber, or shrink—whatever. I talk to Lucille. We don't always agree—like the time in Nebraska. Helluva rainstorm and I

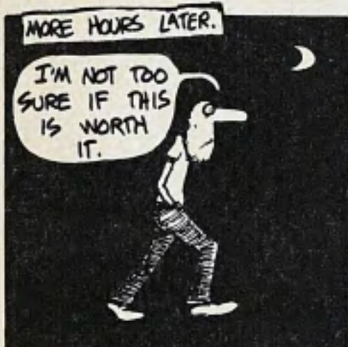
Continued on page 117

by Hoo Dunnit

Bikin' with

FRED and FRANK

- FRANK - "GIMME HEAD FRED"

Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage



Astrological Profile for Taurus

Most Taureans are passive, patient, and peace-loving; nonetheless, it doesn't pay to piss 'em off because, although they'd rather fuck than fight, when they do fight it's to the finish!

As friends, they are an unbeatable combination of loyalty and compassion. Their stubbornness and determination come in handy when other bros have long ago given up. A Taurean will stick like glue and always be there when you're in a jam.

On the other hand, once he feels he's been treated unfairly, you might as well forget that Taurean buddy, 'cause he'll write your ragged ass off. A Taurean may forget, but he will never give in.

Both sexes are extremely sensual and have enormous appetites when it comes to sex or food. One of their favorite fantasies is eating a seven-course meal while screwing the same number of people, or fucking in a tub of Jello.

There are a lot of famous Taurean "voices": Barbra Streisand, Cher, Bing Crosby, Adolf Hitler, Rick Nelson. Taurus rules the throat, which is why Taureans are good at givin' hummers. They are susceptible to strep throat, laryngitis, and blue balls. (They should always wrap old socks around their nuts to prevent sore throats.) Otherwise, their health is robust even when they are rotund.

Taureans are materialistic and tend to measure things in dollar signs. This trait may irritate others, but is to the Taurean's benefit. They are artistic, often in the areas of design and graphics. They are also good as bankers.

Some of the more negative Taureans push their way through life and make such pigs of themselves that they burn out long before their time. They are incapable of seeing anyone else's point of view and are too lazy to wipe their own asses.

If you have a Taurus friend, treat him right, 'cause he'll be good in a pinch and won't let you down. Besides, Taureans are lovable, laughable, and hot fucks!

Scorpio (Oct. 23 — Nov. 21)

Your ol' lady has such a shitty disposition this month that it would be cheaper to buy her jewelry than asswipe! But she ain't the only one stirrin' up a stink — your boss is on the rag half the time. Don't be funny at work, or ya might end up bein' the new punch-out clock. Worse yet, maybe ya oughta feed the goldfish with a long stick. And you're even too weak to blow your wad. Help!

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 — Dec. 20)

Ya can't lose this month! Even your dumbest pickup lines land a load in your face. You are so damn charming that you could have butt-breath and crotch-rot and still get laid! (For a few of you, this is encouraging news.) The problem is trying to get a good night's snooze, or give your ass any time alone. Keep up your vitamins and hope that your balls return to their normal size next month!

Capricorn (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

If you receive an opportunity to form a partnership with a tight bro, jump on it. Good connections have you crackin' the whip and callin' the shots now. As long as it's legal, follow your hunches. Just keep your trap shut until the deal is cinched. On the other hand, if you're up to your ears in a partner's crap, don't let the shit slide any longer. Follow hunches — don't pull punches.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

This month the focus is on bendin' your brain to figure out which end is up. (Sitting down could help — but not necessarily!) Some personal problems have you ready to flip off the world — either shitcan 'em or take a chance on those unchangeable situations. The gambler's streak in you could work to your advantage, and the unusual could come to your rescue.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

A temporary cash shortage may have your balls in an uproar and your ass in deep shit. With some minor adjustments, you can cut it down to a few drizzles. If blowin' your bucks is makin' you a basket case, let partners pay for partying for a while. After that, hustle your buns to keep one step ahead of your competitors. An' knock off that wishful thinkin' — it just won't work!

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 20)

Don't get caught with your pants down, 'cause your ego can be overdue for a rear attack. You could find yourself needin' some drastic changes in personal values. On the other hand, your impatience with responsibilities could leave you knee-deep in shit. Looking at both sides of situations can leave you cross-eyed and tongue-tied. Forget what you've read and get drunk!

Taurus (Apr. 21 — May 20)

Happy Birthday! You're really in heat now, and it makes it hard to take care of business. Don't leave all the dirty work till the last minute, or you'll still be cryin' in your beer next month. Quit poking fun long enough to get serious. Instead of target practice with your dick, draw a bead on important goals and fire your best shot. You may need to reload — be prepared!

Gemini (May 21 — June 20)

The ol' homestead could look like something out of a Marx Brothers' flick, but you won't be laughin' — either your relatives are takin' up

space or the wild bunch is ridin' through. The mind-bogglin' part is findin' a way to stop these hogs without goin' bankrupt. Just don't let 'em take advantage of your sweet disposition (ha!) by overstayin' and taking a dump on the welcome mat.

Cancer (June 21 — July 21)

It's time to clean up your act — an' I don't mean dipping your balls in a birdbath. Stop procrastinating and get your wheels repaired, pay those tickets, give your ol' lady some head, bone the broad next door, and take two days to wipe the smile off your face! Then harass your ol' lady into shaping up. After all, six months on the same come-stained sheets makes it hard to slide outta bed!

Leo (July 22 — Aug. 21)

You Leos may think that patience is a pain in the poopchute, but it pays off this month. Anything done in a rush will need to be redone. Another source of embarrassment arises when your undercover lover catches a case of the Hershey squirts and leaves you with more than a red face. Otherwise, destiny

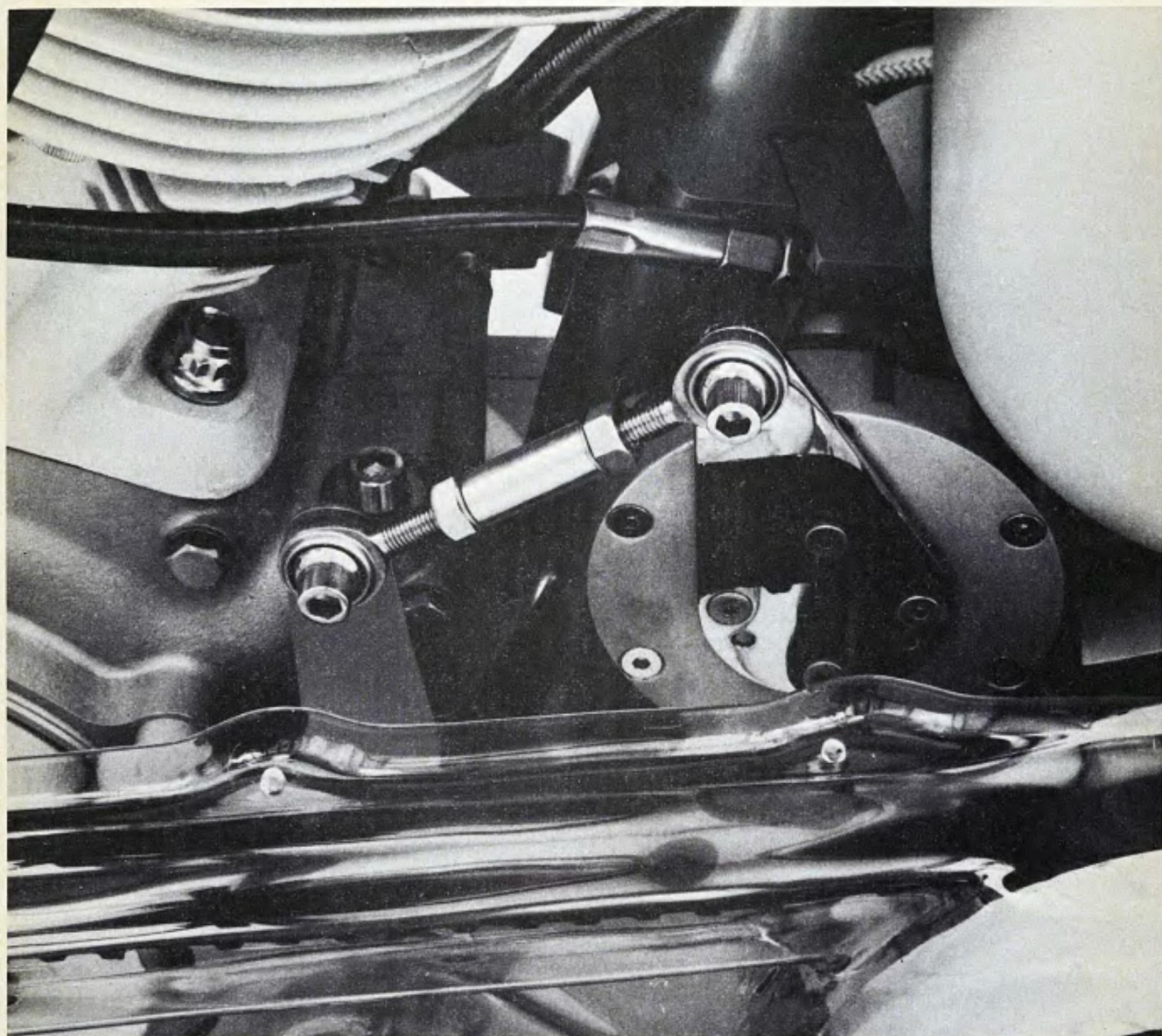
dumps another load of goodies in your lap. Just be sure to slow down enough for a good dump yourself!

Virgo (Aug. 22 — Sept. 21)

Any of you involved in shady deals best have your ass covered, 'cause the dude you've left hangin' on a limb is gonna drop some shit on your head. You'll have to either retreat or run for cover fast. Furthermore, keep your nose outta bro's hassles and don't horn in where you're not wanted. You'll have enough bullshit to contend with yourself this month to turn the hairs on your nut sack grey!

Libra (Sept. 22 — Oct. 22)

Keep your guard up this month, especially when your pants are down. Don't let anyone see your weak points. You could be wheelin' an' dealin' with some unsavory characters. Make sure you've got the right info — otherwise, kiss your ass and your hard-earned bucks goodbye. It's best to shut your eyes to shady deals and amuse yourself with some leftover hair pie. Be sure to pick the bugs out first!



Barin' The Shift Drum

The great-granddaddy of today's scoots — the bob job — was born when bros comin' home after World War II began chop-pin' off unnecessary parts from big twins, producin' sleds that looked less gussied-up, and went faster to boot. This trip continued as aircraft materials and other high-technology stuff became available, allowin' bike builders to substitute parts that were not only lighter but

stronger. Today, a lotta sleds are a combination of these two schools of thought, and most major modifications are well known from New Hampshire to Nevada — many are even incorporated in some factory "specials."

One small, new trip I stumbled across recently is the exposed shiftin' drum pictured here. It looks like a custom-machined part, but actually it's the standard

drum. The trick is that the thin sheet-metal cover has been removed, the aluminum outer drum casting has been bead blasted, and the countersunk retaining screws are chromed. The only real modification is that thin 3/16-inch washers are used in place of the drum cover — so when the bracket (here attached to the shift linkage with a rod end) is bolted on, it is spaced away from the

drum as it was originally.

The drum cover provides some water and dust protection, but the bro who runs this modification keeps the drum itself well packed with heavy grease to contend with muddy roads. Barin' the shift druin adds an additional detail to scoots with a technical look and saves a coupla ounces in the deal by doin' away with the cover.

— Mystery Man

Somethin' To Sit Your Ass On

When the finals of the Women's Southern Arm-Wrestling Championship were over, Honey Jackson raised a clenched fist for the title she had won, held the three-foot-high trophy in her winning right hand, and sent out a challenge over national T.V.

"I want Gripp."

Honey Jackson was a female body builder, and she had gone about it the way a man builds his body. Her arms were massive, measuring eighteen inches flexed, and on the right biceps was a heart with an arrow through it that read "Dad." Her muscular forearms led down to thick wrists and callused palms that had spent years wrapped around barbells and handlebars. Her chest, a natural thirty-six, had grown to a firm forty from years of bench pressing, and her natural blonde beauty and wide blue eyes were the envy of any woman who saw her.

The small, skinny man with the microphone, interviewing Honey, seemed intimidated, but asked the question that was on his mind.

"Do you think you can handle Gripp? He's the fiercest arm wrestler in the South. That's how he got his name, isn't it?"

"You're right," Honey Jackson said, "and it's his name that I want." Then, staring directly into the TV camera, Honey cut loose. "If you're out there somewhere listening, Gripp, perk up your ears. This is Honey Jackson talking, and I want to arm wrestle you. If I down you two outta three times in an arm-wrestling match, I become the new Gripp, and you gotta find yourself a new name to go by." Then Honey reached out and pulled a black-haired girl from the crowd. "Hazel here is my backer," Honey continued, "and she owns Hazel's Downtown Harley Shop in Tampa. We say you can't beat me and we're willin' to bet on it. If you can beat me, you can have your pick of the lot from Hazel's shop, right, Hazel?"

"That's right. Any custom he wants to sit his ass on."

"What do you say to that, Gripp?" Honey growled directly into the camera as the crowd behind her let out a tremendous shout that grew to a deafening chant.

"We want Gripp! We want Gripp!"

Five hundred miles away, in a hotel room that looked as if a hurricane had just passed through it, Gripp smacked the side of the television set with his famous right hand.

"I say bullshit!"

A solid strongman with a heavy growth of black hair running up over his chest, down his back, and covering his forearms in thick, curly mats, Gripp had earned his name. His hands were huge, big-boned, with stout, hard fingers that had wrapped around the neck of more than one man and around the waist of many a woman. He had won every arm-wrestling championship in the South for the last five years and had done so convincingly. There were rumors that he didn't need to press his opponents' fists to the table anymore, that he simply crushed their knuckles in his hand, causing them to drop their arms in pain.

An hour later, Gripp had packed his gear on his bike and set off down the road. The image of Honey Jackson with her perfect, muscular body and thrusting chest burned in his mind all night. The nerve of that woman, he thought, to challenge him on television like that. But the more he thought about it, the more he realized it hadn't taken much nerve at all. Honey Jackson wasn't risking anything. Gripp was risking his name, a name he had built his reputation on. If he was to lose to this woman, he would lose a name and a reputation, and what would he get if he won? Gripp recalled the exact words as he had heard them on television earlier. Any custom he wants to sit his ass on. Hell, there wasn't anything in existence that was worth the name Gripp. He thought about the possible selection in Hazel's shop, picturing the polished chrome, the shiny engines, and the fiery decals of the newest Harleys. He twisted the throttle wide open, watched the speedo climb to 100, and cracked a wide smile in the wind. Hell, he was happy with the bike he had.

That Saturday, at Hazel's Downtown Harley Shop in Tampa, crowds lined the sidewalk and rows of street bikes filled the parking lot. Bikers from across the state had

Continued on page 114



Lost Sack Time

I'm about done with two years at the Jean Women's Prison in Nevada and I figure I've been ripped off for about 500 lays. How do I make up for lost time?

Horny Helen
Jean, Nev.

• Usin' my fingers and toes and nipples and warts and other countin' devices, I figure you've been ripped off for exactly 1825 fucks and 730 muffedives. There's also a couple of thousand blowjobs you've been cheated out of givin'. As soon as you hit the pavement, thumb up here. Spider and his greasy bros will catch ya up in a hurry.

Zucculent Zits

You'd suck a dick even if it was covered with runny red pimples. You believe in being a sex slave and will lie down for any dude that looks your way. This is one chick that doesn't spread for anyone unless they beg for it.

Heavy Debbi
Opelika, Ala.

• Spider's runny red pimples are the best tastin' part.

Another Love Letter

Harlot! You display yourself for gain. I can almost forgive the other sluts spreading themselves in your sickening magazine — they are but young innocents led astray by you drug-crazed perverts. But you, an older woman, should know better. Have you no shame?

A Straight Person
Wanamassa, N.J.

• Dear Schmuck Puller. You win the fuckin' asshole of the decade award. In ten years you're the first creep that's been able to insult me. May your next piece have meat-eatin' ants in her pants. Imagine callin' me an *older woman*!

What A Bust

I got busted for lifting up my goggles to rub my eyes while sittin' on my Hog at a red light. I've heard of bein' busted for no brain bucket or no eye protection, but this was really somethin'. I wasn't even fuckin' moving. It only cost me \$25 to beat the eye protection rap, but the bastards want \$230 that I ain't got to release my scoot from the impound. What should I do?

Tom Serb
Carson City, Nev.

• Take the lenses out of your goggles. Then you can rub your eyes without bein' so fuckin' obvious.

Clapped Out

Dear Mutha: Last week my ol' lady caught me plugging her kid sister and walked out on me. And the kid sister went too. Couple of days later my crank started burnin' and some of the bros told me the sister's got the clap. Yesterday was the worst shit yet. That fuckin' ol' lady called the finance company and told them where I been crashin' and I woke up to find my chop surrounded by tow trucks and dudes with boltcutters workin' out on my chains and a dude with a uniform and a badge an' a shotgun standin' between me and them. Am I bein' pissed on or what?

Bikeless Bro
Akron, Ohio

• Don't come cryin' to Mutha, you snivelin' lightweight.

Jap Jailbait

Sometimes I see really good-looking young chicks packin' behind dudes on Hondas and shit like that and I wonder what they've got for brains.

Panhead Parker
Hayes, Kan.

• When it comes to satisfyin' the heavy-hung dudes who ride Harleys, those gals know they can't compete with me.

Mutha A Cherry?

I heard you were so young when you started screwin' around that you didn't know what a virgin was until after it was too late for you to be one. Is this true?

Buck's Ol' Lady
Ellenwood, Pa.

• Didn't know and didn't care.

Snail Tracks?

Do you know why you have legs? Well if you didn't, when you walk you'd leave snail tracks. Send me three large buggers and a pair of old stinky undies.

Disgusting Jim
Okieland, Calif.

• Do ya know why you have legs? To keep from getting a concussion as ya move around with your head up your ass.

Will The Real Mutha Please

Hello, you wench. We're sitting around this damn joint horny as hell. Now me and another tramp are arguing about whether you're the old Mutha or not. Bitch, I think you're a fake. I bet your asshole ain't even been touched. Renegade agrees with me, but others don't. If you are the real Mutha, prove it — put this in the next rag and tell me what to do like the original Mutha (my love) would.

B.C.
Angola, La.

• Not only is my asshole fucked, but my nostrils are now

three inches wide. Get the picture?

Rats In Our Cage

My cellie and I are downed bros and thought it would help if you would send us a picture. We both like to read every issue we can get our hands on. Sometimes we even get one just so we can read your section of the rag. Besides, we are getting tired of fighting the rats for bunk space. We need something to frighten them out of the cell.

Dirty Harry and
Mister Ed
Mansfield, Ohio

• I'd send you my pussy to eat your rats, but the post office won't take a package that big.

Live 'n' Learn

I saw this Army recruiting ad on TV and it showed these dudes and chicks swingin' down the streets of Paris havin' a ball. The sergeant at the office said I could sign up for that same deal. Now I'm eatin' snow in Greenland and my bike's gatherin' cobwebs back home. Why did I get fucked so bad?

GI Jerk
Thule, Greenland

• Never volunteer for nothin' more complicated than stud service.

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



Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



Grey Eyes

She sits in a late-model Chevrolet
in a near-empty supermarket parking lot
just before closing time,
and her ol' man
(she would probably say husband)
is busy talking to another guy —
has been for a long time now.

And the motor is running
and the ice cream melting,
and she is staring out the window,
thinking, thinking, thinking.

Her beautiful face tells me
the thoughts are not happy
as I pass by on my way
to get cigarettes.

"Yessir, this Mercedes is the best thing

I've ever owned," the other guy is saying,
and her ol' man
is nodding, nodding, nodding —
in agreement, I guess.

On my way back to the bike
the scene is the same,
except for the moment
her grey eyes watch mine watching.

I smile a small smile,
and she shrugs her shoulders,
and driving off slowly
I see her husband and the other guy
laughing, laughing, laughing
about cars or something — as she
watches me ride away.

— Dan Pierce



I didn't notice any of them when they walked in, not the overweight, thirtyish guy in the trench coat, not the short man with the small, bald head shining beneath the store's neon lights like a piece of Cadillac chrome, not the skinny, long-haired hippie with ragged jeans that looked even worse than my grease-stained Levi's, and certainly not the man in a white

coat who was filling prescriptions behind the pharmacist's counter when I arrived at the drugstore to buy some sunglasses. It was a Sunday afternoon, the California sun beat lazily on my girlfriend's face outside the store, and there was still plenty of time to ride in the warm breeze blowing in from the Pacific.

Nor did I pay any attention to the man who waltzed in a minute or

two after I did and headed straight for the pharmacist's counter to pick up his prescription. He looked just like any other guy on the street: flat brown loafers, wash-and-wear stay-press tan pants, and a light-blue Ivy League shirt hanging on his middle-aged body. He resembled any other man who does an eight-to-five office trip every day of the week. Only when he handed over the

adulter

by Falcon

few bucks for his medicine did I notice something wrong. The pharmacist took his money, handed him the drugs and a receipt, and then said, "Wait a minute." Whipping open the white coat, he produced a badge. Instantly, the trapped man looked around for a fast exit. No luck. The fat man, the short dude, and the hippie had him trapped, and the hippie was showing a gun.

Busted. And I, who prided myself on being able to spot a cop at any distance, was totally fooled.

When I went outside I was more than a little shaken. If these guys in polyester shirts and penny loafers were getting busted on Sundays, the heat on the pharmacy scene had to be extreme. With a bit of digging, I found out from a pharmacist friend exactly what had happened. Follow-

ing this man's pattern of buying on weekends by tracing his prescriptions (written by legitimate doctors) through a number of different drugstores, state pharmaceutical agents, along with officers from the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration, had come together for a Sunday bust. Was he a big dealer? No. Previously convicted? Nope. An addict? *Continued on page 80*

Deidre

Dangerous Texas Woman



The band was hot and so was the crowd. From the bandstand at the far end of The Across the Border Bar in Juarez, the band was singing about Texas girls. Two women fought in the center of the room; the tall one, Deidre, had flying fists and kicking boots. She beat the shit outta the other girl and the band played on.

"Well, I met a girl from Texas 'bout a year ago/ Hadn't known her for too long when I had to let her go/You see, she had a razor that was ten inches or so/And every night you'd hear her knockin' at my door/She said, baby, I'll give you the clothes off my back/You can have everything that I've got in my shack/But if you ever try to







Photos by Billy Tinney



leave they'll take you home in a sack/'Cause me and my razor will see to that./(Chorus) That's the way the girls are in Texas (repeat, etc.)"

"I'm jealous, I never want him to leave me, I couldn't live without him." Deidre speaks of her man, "I'm so jealous, when I see him looking at another woman, I erupt. I can't stand to think of him with anyone else, yet sometimes I dream of him with another woman and it really turns me on. Then I really get pissed off at him."

"If I ever see another woman on his bike she'd better be ready for battle," she steams on, "'cause I'll scratch her eyes out. Another woman will never take him away from me, I'll fight for him, all the way if necessary. I have in the past, and I will in the future. I can really kick ass, so they'd better not let me catch them with my ol' man — or else."

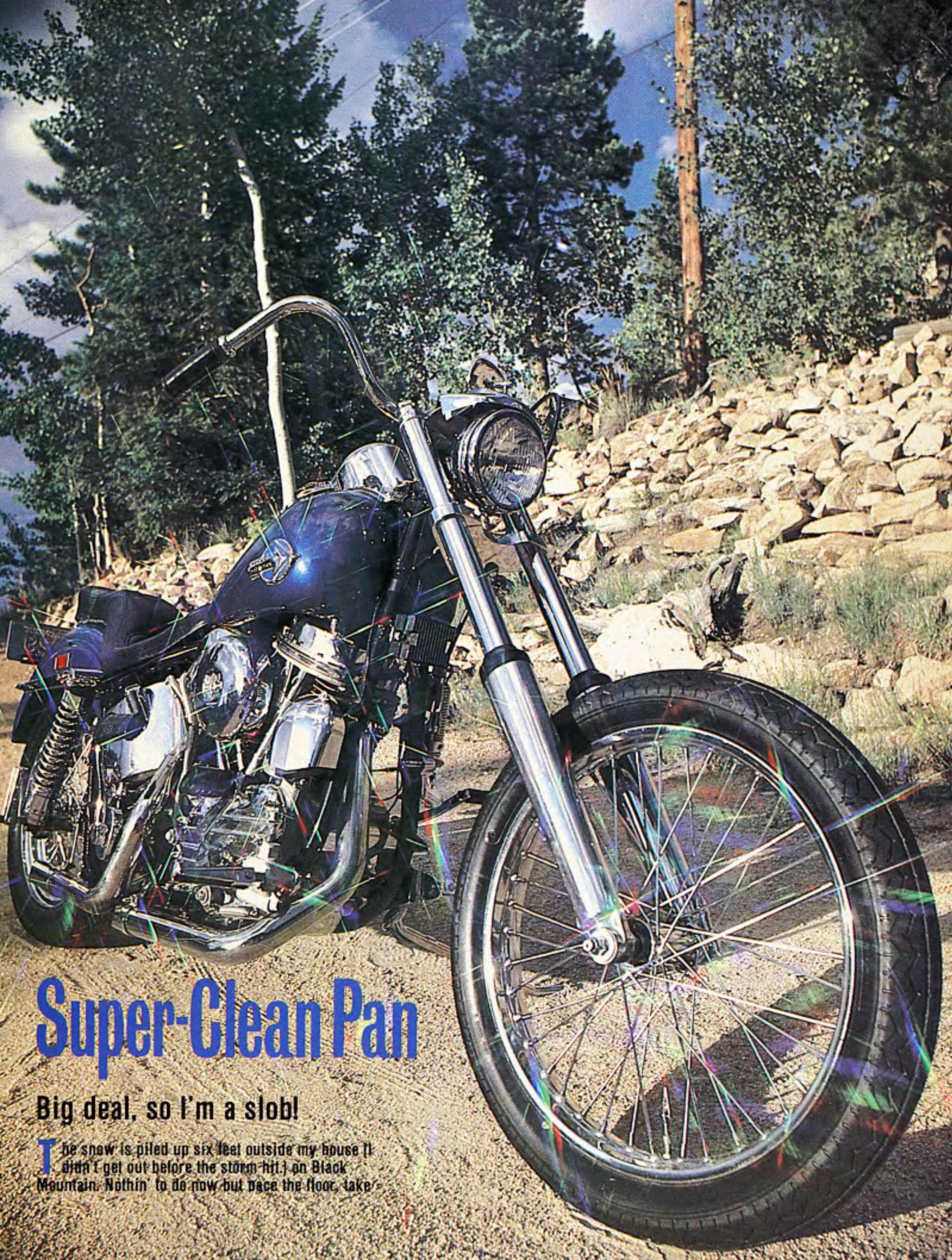
If fiery-tempered ladies are your fantasy, Deidre might interest you. Many men like the spice of living with a dangerous woman. It's like having a love affair with a Harley.

A Harley is very similar to a dangerous woman — it's responsive, vibrates with power, has a satisfying rush, and an exhilarating high. But in true lady-like style, it might refuse to start, ruin your knee, run out of gas, encrust you with road rash, and if you are not careful and lucky, really hurt you.

Watch out for Deidre, she might be too hot to handle. Don't get burned.

Well, that's the way the girls are in Texas. — Beast

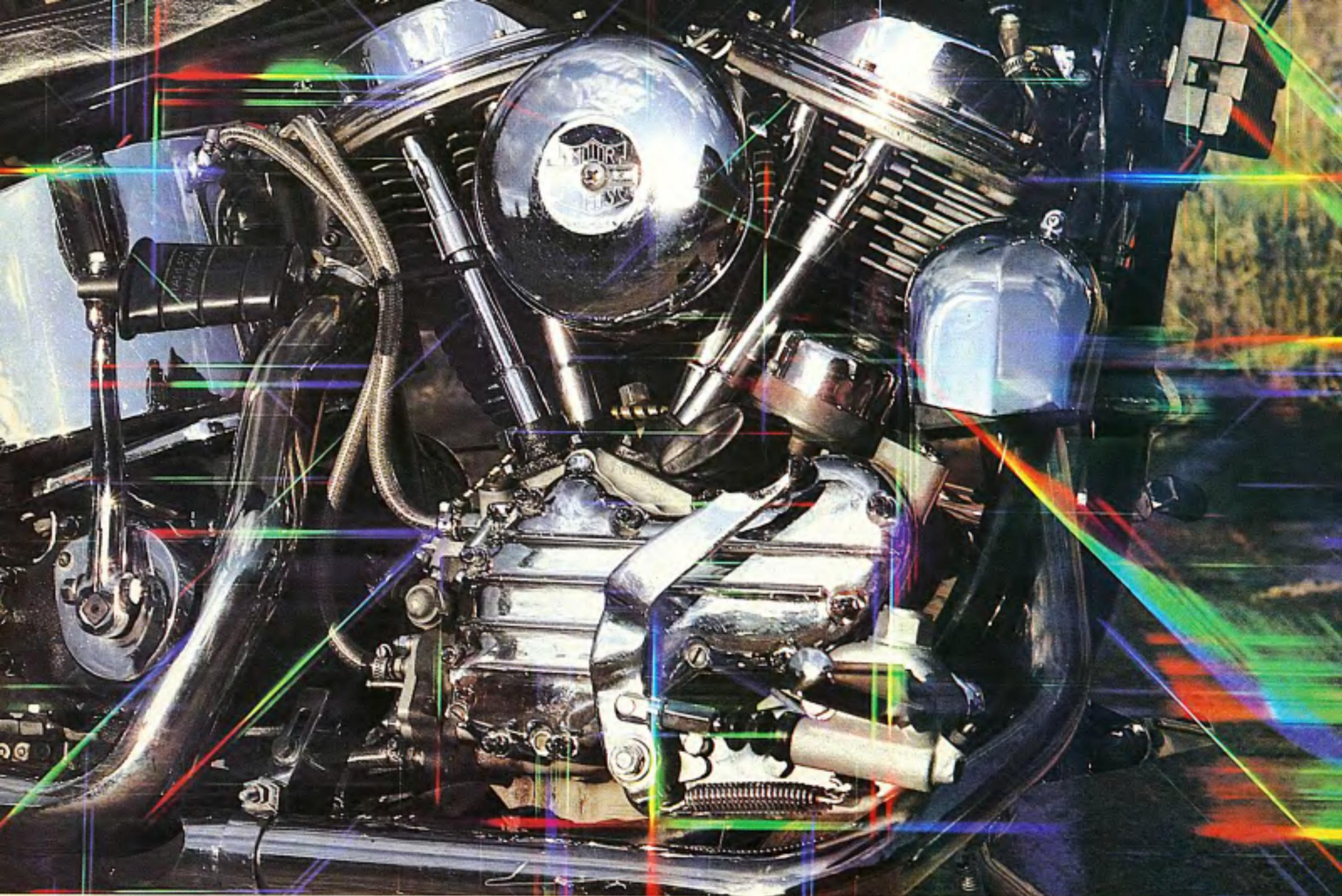
* "The Girls From Texas," sung by Ry Cooder on his Warner Bros. album, **Borderline**.

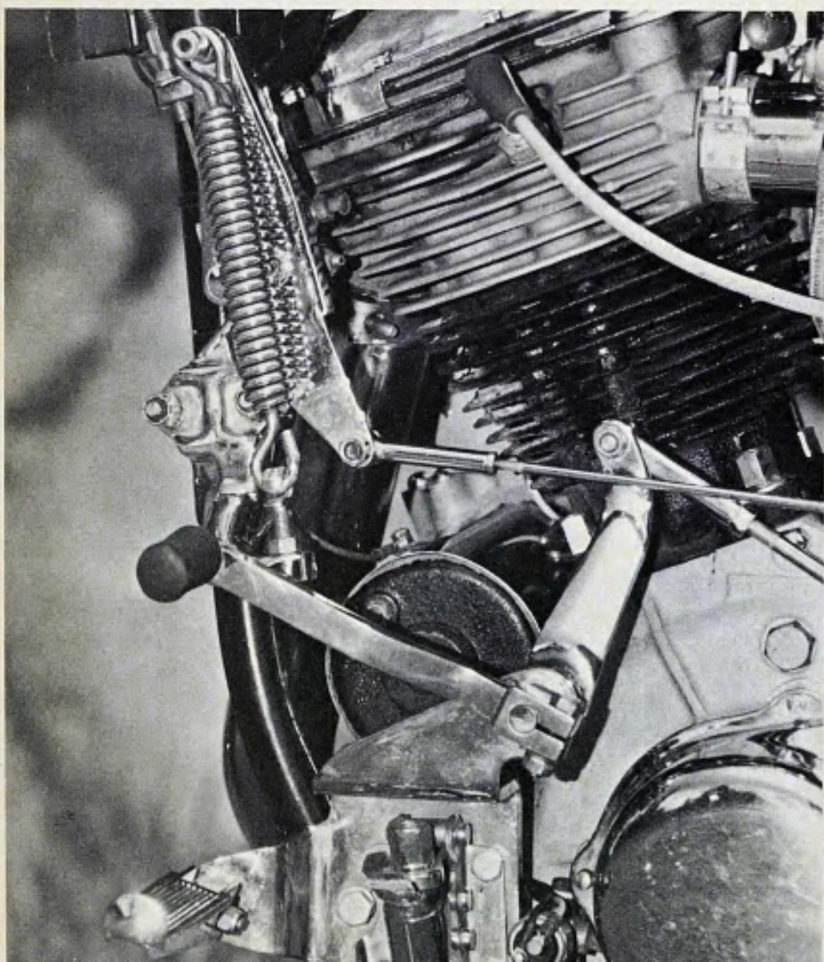
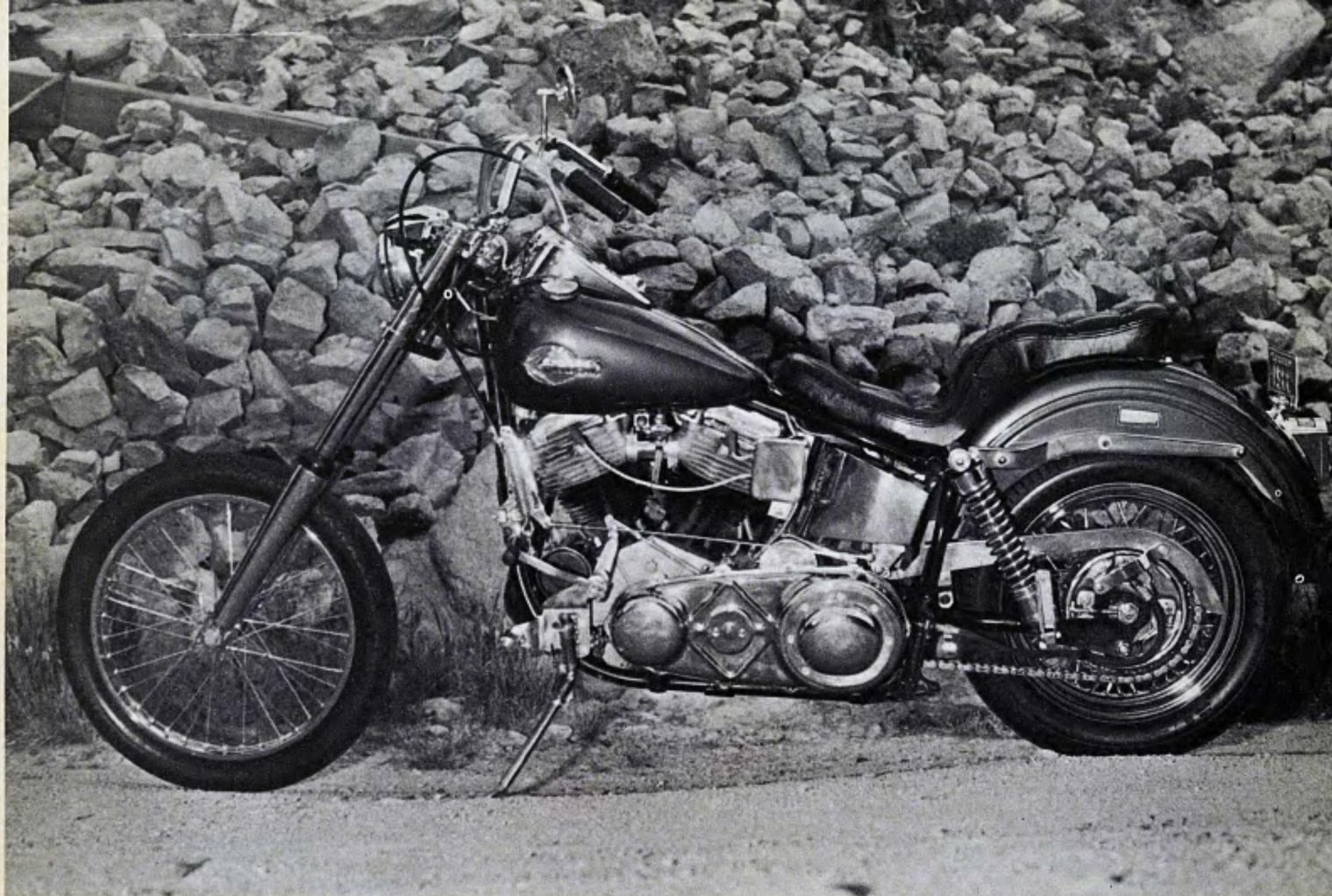


Super-Clean Pan

Big deal, so I'm a slob!

The snow is piled up six feet outside my house (I didn't get out before the storm hit.) on Black Mountain. Nothin' to do now but pace the floor, take





toots of white powder, and stare at John's detail-freak's dream.

You know there ain't a bigger slob than me. Everything is where it belongs, in piles — but only I know which pile anything's in. I call it organized confusion. It might take me a while, but I'll find whatever I'm lookin' for. See, these long winter days in the basement during the snow season could lead to total mental dysfunction. I had two main things to cope with: (1) staying high, and (2) watchin' John clean up.

Number one I had well in hand: sixty-six elbows of Thai sticks, some puna buds, and a hundred hits of blue lightnin', not to mention ol' Mr. Cry-zank or even Miss Sparkle, who hid out in my secret compartment.

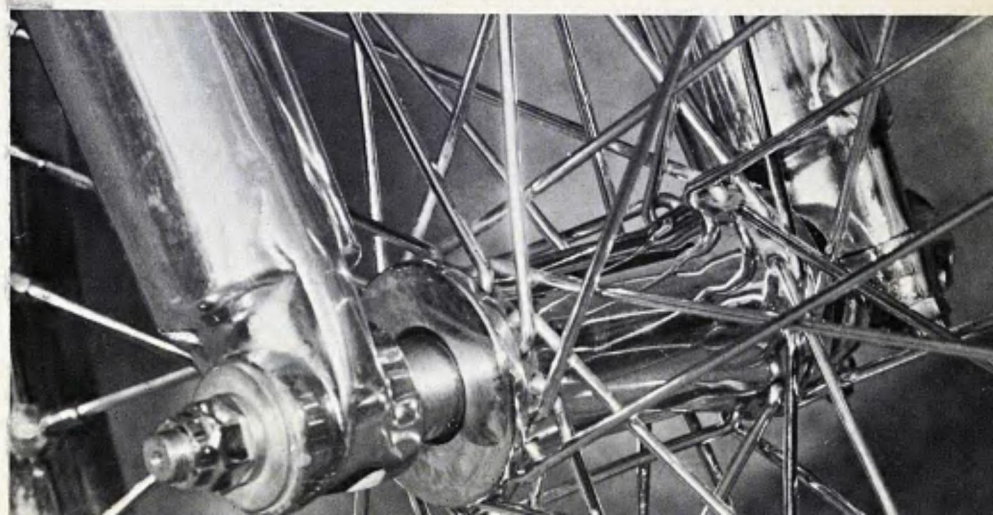
Number two was impossible to cope with. My house looks like a dump compared to John's spic and span pad, car, scooter — even his grass was neat and clean, all rolled up into perfect little joints. Fuck that, such cleanliness is against my instincts. My theory of two types of bikers applied here. The first, the mechanic, never rides, 'cause he's too busy working on his sled to putt. The second, the rider, is the can't-keep-'em-off kinda scooter freak.

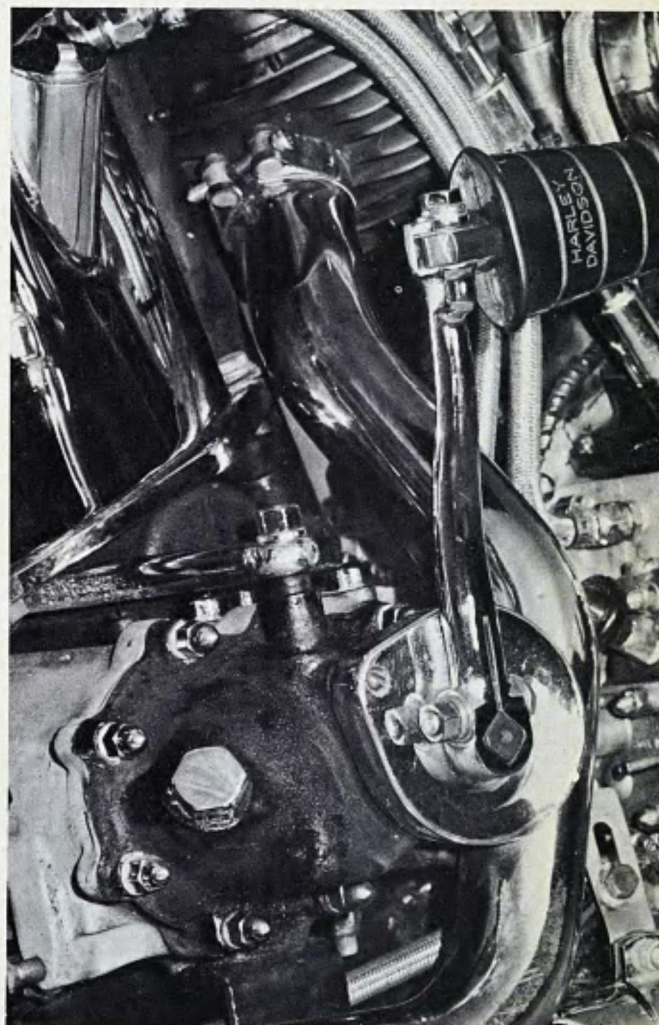
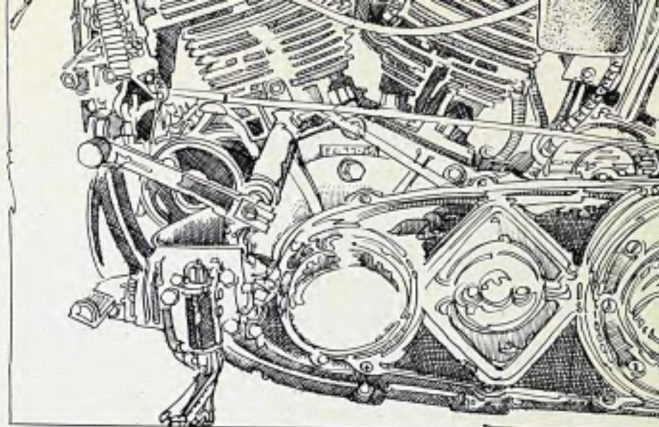
John worked every day on his scooter — that is, when he wasn't bitchin' at me about what a slob I am and why didn't I at least clean up the oil spot under my shovel. I musta told him a thousand times I wouldn't do it because it would be right back on the floor tomorrow. So he would always clean it up. Sure

Owner: John Lamana		City: Evergreen, Colorado	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1961	
Year and make: 1961 Police Special		Builder: H-D	
Model: FLH panhead		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$6,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: molding on neck	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: stock	
Year: 1961		Risers: stock	
Model: FLH panhead		Fender(s): Super Glide, modified for taillight	
Rebuilder: H-D World of Baton Rouge		Headlight: stock	
Ignition: 12 volt		Taillight: all-glass tombstone	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: stock Police Special	
Lower end: H-D World of Baton Rouge		Front pegs: custom	
Balancing: stock		Rear pegs: custom	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: modified to 12v.	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: custom side-fill	
Cam(s): Sifton 412		Oil system: braided oil lines	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): Bendix adj. main jet		Seat: custom by Bubba Fenn	
Air cleaner: stock		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: 2"-diameter straights		Height:	
Muffler(s): yes		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews Gears 1st and 2nd		Type: Wide Glide with narrow trees	
Year: 1961		Extension: 4 in. over	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Frank's Forks	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: turned lower legs	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: custom	Hub: stock
Painter: Bubba Fenn		Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: blue		Tire: Eagle AT	Tire: Eagle AT
Type: lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: drum
Special paint: some			
Other special modifications: Only The Shadow knows.			



Photos by Billy Tinney





enough, next mornin' the big Harley juice spot was back. His fuckin' sled never leaked a drop. But that's too freaky for me — if it doesn't drip, it isn't a Harley. OSF/FOS (Oil Spots Forever/Forever Oil Spots)!

Ya gotta admit, this pan is clean, neat, and well put together. Neat, neat, neat! Besides its neatness, it also runs great, too. Mountain cruisin' is only possible during June, July, and August here at 9000 feet; but the altitude sure is great for detail freaks. It gives them even more time to get into details to try and get it even more perfect. But fuck it, I'd rather ride than wrench any day, so most of the time I move on to warmer places where I can ride and party even during the winter months.

— A. Klutz

We've All Had Days Like This ~ Almost

Houston was already halfway past the ramshackle collection of wooden houses and trailers that appeared, suddenly, after fifty miles of empty desert, when he realized that between two of the trailers there was something that looked like a cop sitting with his big feet propped on the dashboard of a brand-new, bright-blue patrol car. Houston caught a glimpse of a startled face as he flashed past, doing about eighty. Shit, shit, shit! He contemplated making a quick run for it, but realized glumly that there wasn't anything but desert for the next forty miles, and the tank was getting near empty. He eased down on the brake.

The cop caught up to him about a half mile out of town. Houston stopped the bike, put down the kickstand, swung in the seat to face the cop, and waited.

The cop, a skinny man dressed in a new, light-blue uniform, had a gun on his hip that looked like a small cannon, and strangely, he was smiling.

"See your license?" he asked, squinting at Houston.

Houston had it ready.

"You're from California, I take it?" the cop said, pointing to the license plate on the bike.

"No, the bike's from California. I just bought it a month ago and I haven't had time to change the registration. I'm from Texas," Houston replied, arms folded. "Here's my registration, owner's papers, and insurance card," he added, handing them to the cop.

The cop looked at the mass of papers. "Well, I guess you know you were speeding. The limit is thirty-five in town. I clocked you going about seventy. Now, since your bike is from Texas and you're from California, you have to pay at the JP's office."

"No," Houston said. "I'm from Texas and the bike is from California." The cop looked again at the mass of papers and then at the bike. "Yeah," he said. "But you still have to pay at the JP's office. You have cash on you, I hope." He gave Houston a toothy smile as he wrote busily. "Now you turn around and go on into town ahead of me. Sign here, please."

"For speeding?" Houston asked, trying to read the illegible scribble on the form.

"Yup," said the cop, grinning broadly and turning a page, "and here."

"What?"

"Your brake light is burnt out. I noticed when you stopped."

Houston signed, glanced back at the bike and sighed.

"And," the cop said, "here," turning over yet another

page. "Your back tire is worn and should be replaced. Today. Bald tires are dangerous."

The tire was new, but Houston figured arguing was a waste of breath. He'd argue with the JP, though he doubted it would do any good.

"That I won't sign," he said.

"Suit yourself," said the cop. "I'll just keep your papers till we talk to the JP. But I really think you should get that rubber replaced. It looks bad to me. Now you head on back into town. The JP is in the first building on your right past the gas station. You can't miss it."

The only thing he forgot was to wish Houston a nice day. The town, Houston saw as he rode back in, was no thriving metropolis. It was, in fact, twelve houses, six trailers, and a bar. The JP's office was in a trailer adjacent to the gas station.

Houston parked the bike and waited. The cop climbed a set of wooden stairs to the trailer, pushed a button, and swung the door outward.

The office inside contained a small desk, three folding chairs, and an ancient adding machine. Beyond the office, a small boy about five sat in front of a television set watching a football game. A deer head with an antler missing was mounted above a collection of bowling trophies. The JP came out of a back room, wearing a bathrobe and a towel around his neck. He sat down wearily.

"Have a speeder here, Judge," the cop said. "Clocked him going through town at seventy miles an hour. Stopped him for a taillight and worn tire, too."

The JP pulled out a sign that read James Manley, Justice of the Peace, and put it on the desk before him. He regarded the cop and then turned to Houston. "That true?" he asked.

"Some of it is and some of it ain't," Houston said.

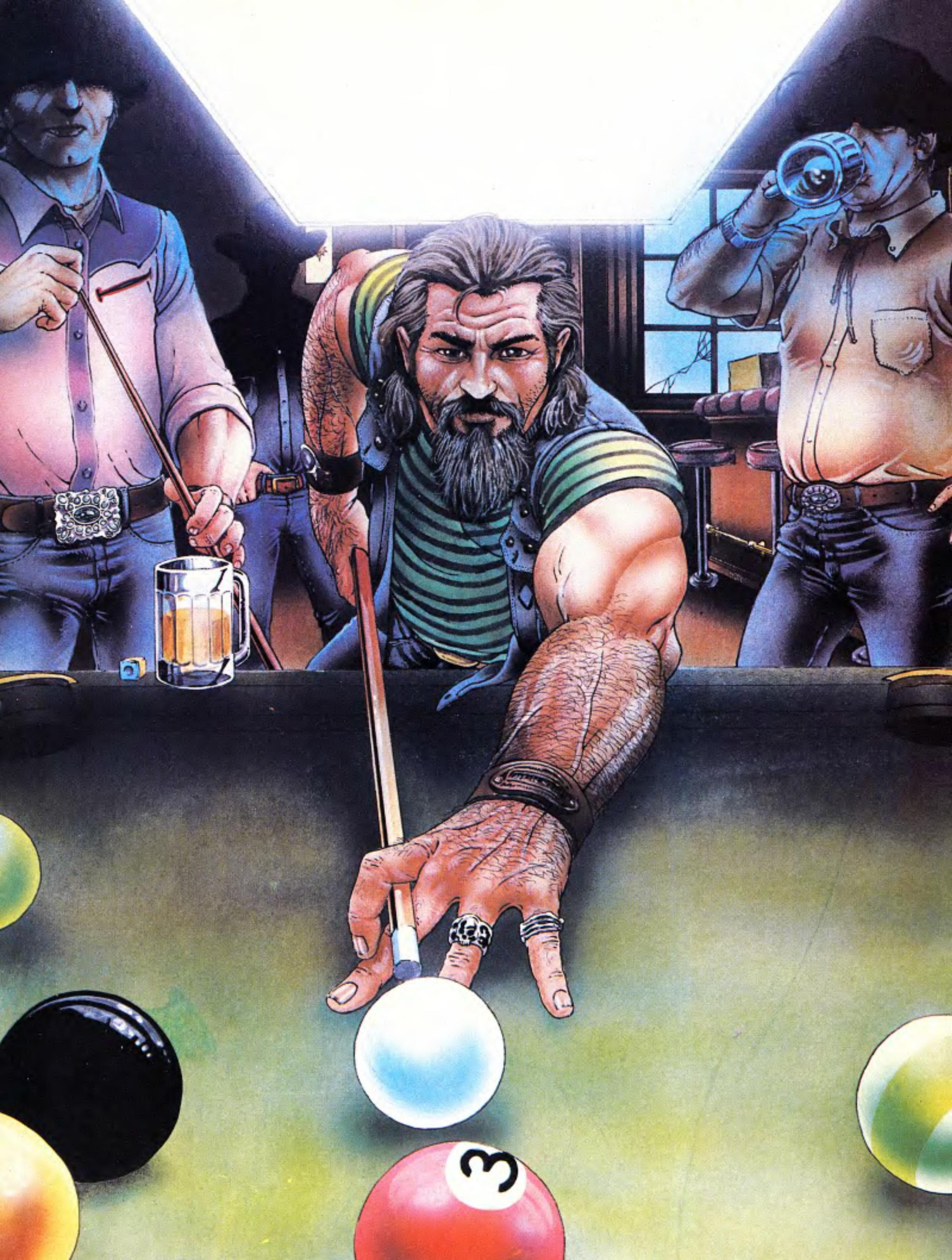
"Were you speeding or weren't you?"

"I came through the town a little fast. I didn't see any signs for reduced speed and I was halfway through town before I realized. My light's broken but the tire's fine. Perfect."

"Well, mister," the JP said without irony, "we don't like speeders here." He sifted through the papers in front of him with one damp hand. "You were speeding, and there's the light. The tire I'll take your word for. The fine will be two hundred fifty dollars and fifty cents. Five dollars for every five miles up to fifty-five is twenty; fifty for the ticket; another twenty for speeding in town, where there are children; ten dollars for every mile over fifty-five is one-hundred-fifty; and eight-fifty

Continued on page 95

by John Tracy



Unbelievable But True!



Auto-industry critic Claybrook goes hunting for job with Ford

DEARBORN, Mich. — (AP) — Joan Claybrook, the former Ralph Nader associate whose regulatory zeal as director of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration angered much of the auto industry, has applied for a job as an executive with Ford Motor Co., a spokesman said Saturday.

Claybrook's resume was mailed to about 50 companies, including Ford, by an unofficial clearinghouse set up to find jobs for political appointees who, like Claybrook, lost their jobs when President Reagan took office.

As one of her last official acts in office, Claybrook pushed for the recall of between 10 million and 20 million Ford cars and trucks that allegedly had defective transmissions.

"It was so bizarre, we almost couldn't believe it," one amused Ford executive said.

"Nobody ever accused her of a lack of nerve,

but we think this is a bit much. After all, her last major crusade in office was the attempted recall of some 10 million Fords," the executive said.

Claybrook could not be reached for comment.

Ford spokesman Jerry Sloan said it is "highly unlikely we would have a job available for Ms. Claybrook. I know of no jobs available at Ford that she would be able to fill."

Sloan said Claybrook's resume was one of several received from former Carter administration appointees.

The recall of the Fords was averted when Transportation Secretary Neil Goldschmidt overruled Claybrook and allowed the automaker to mail warnings to the car and truck owners instead. The warnings advised that the vehicles' automatic transmission could slip from park into reverse without warning.

Yeah, she grabbed her broom and flew off to parts unknown, but before she barked at the moon prior to takeoff, she whipped out a fast 50 job resumes and sent them to different companies — even a company for whom she had been a pain in the ass for several years. For instance, she sent one to Ford Motor Company, a company she recently attempted to make recall 10,000 Fords. Researchers for her said she probably forgot Ford was one company she had taken many shots at — not to mention all the goody-two-shoes laws she's tried to have passed against motorcycles.

But now she's OUT, wearing tennis shoes, and using a beat-up broom (government-supplied).

Who'll be the next head of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration is anyone's guess. Just maybe we'll get someone this time — just maybe — who is knowledgeable — even a little bit — about motorcycles.

This next issue we're going to change the name of the Crusade now that Claybrook has flown the coop. We'd like your ideas for a new name and suggestions for the TV commercial that would do the most good. Please fill out the coupon and con-

tribute. Even if you already have contributed, we still want your ideas about what laws you want rescinded. Or better still, how about making an anti-mandatory helmet commercial to help those bros who still have to wear helmets or those bros in the states where they're going for reinstatement of the mandatory helmet law because of that woman in the sky and her crew of yes-men and manufacturers who want such laws passed because it will sell more of their products.

Let us know what you want us to do with your bread.

Name _____ Age _____
(not necessary)
City _____ State _____
1. Make an anti-helmet TV commercial _____
2. Criticize NHTSA _____
3. Dispute Claybrook and NHTSA statistics _____
4. Other _____

Return coupon to:

Survey Claybrook Crusade
Box 52
Malibu, California 90265

National

 Abate
Easynews

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

Beware Of Killer Jeeps —More Deadly Than Bikes

According to the preliminary results of a new study being sponsored by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, just the single-vehicle, fatal crash experience of Jeep CJ-5s is worse per registered vehicle than all types of fatal crash experience — including single- and multiple-vehicle impacts — of motorcycles. It is particularly significant that nearly 90 percent of the Jeep CJ-5 single-vehicle fatal crashes involve rollovers, according to the study.

These are some of the preliminary findings of a study being carried out jointly by the Institute and the Highway Safety Research Center of the University of North Carolina.

The study is examining the crash experience of popular utility vehicles and pickup trucks in Maryland and North Carolina, together with the national fatal crash experience of such vehicles as described in the Fatal Accident Reporting System maintained by the NHTSA.

Preliminary results from the study indicated that in 1978 and 1979 the Jeep CJ-5 had 11.0 crashes with at least one occupant fatality for each 10,000 registered — 8.6 single-vehicle crashes and 2.4 multiple-vehicle crashes, in contrast with 8.2 motorcycle rider fatalities per 10,000 registered motorcycles. — from IIHS Status Report.

Good Bike-Ridin' Test

Motorcycle Operator Skill Test (MOST) is the current license exam for the state of California. It was developed by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and has been revised to its present form. It consists of starting on a hill, driving through a curve, accelerating in a curve, stopping in a box, higher-speed curve, panic stop in a straight line, evasive maneuver, and a panic stop in a curve. It sounds a lot better than a figure-8 and a stop. The current Michigan test is a joke. It does not test skills and it does not properly prepare people to ride on the street.

I took the MOST test this summer in Maryland for the Chief Instructor Course. I thought it was an acceptable test for an endorsement. It is not a pushover, and I feel that if you don't know how to ride,

you should not be on the road. I am tired of people who don't know how to ride being in accidents and bringing up the death rate. The MOST is our answer to Miss Claybrook's position on the helmet law.



Easyriders

The MOST is a good test of a rider's skill and it is recognized as a credible test that should be Michigan law. Educate, don't legislate. Let those who ride decide. — from Vince C., ABATE of Michigan.

Not To Change Biker Image

Norwich, Conn.: You can't get much further from the image than a motorcycle club made up of clergymen and a retired nun.

"All the clubs do things on Sunday, which is, of course, our busy day. So it made a lot of sense to have a club just for clergymen," says the Rev. Jerry W. Dill, pastor of Greenville Congregational Church and founder of the Circuit Riders Motorcycle Club.

Mr. Dill first advertised the club in motorcycle magazines in February of 1980. He has 75 members and associate members in this country and Canada.

Sister Hilda, a retired Dominican nun in Racine, Wisconsin, is an honorary member of the club. In her 70s and unable to walk, she rides an electric, three-wheel cart.

"The club doesn't have any standards toward owning a motorcycle. The basic requirement is that you be ordained, although it helps if you have a motorcycle," Mr. Dill says.

Associate members are laymen, but work for the clergy.

Although he has ridden a motorcycle for thirty years, the 51-year-old minister says he was astounded to find that hundreds of clergymen are motorcyclists.

"I thought that maybe there were twenty-five or thirty of us out there in the country and that if maybe ten or fifteen of us wanted to get together, well, that's fine," he recalls.

Announcements of the club's formation drew 150 inquiries.

"After throwing a few names around, like Heaven's Angels, we decided on the name Circuit Riders because of the connotation it has with the old clergyman who would ride the circuit of churches on his horse. Now we ride it on motorcycles," he says.

Mr. Dill says the club's members are not out to reverse the stereotyped image of motorcyclists, but simply love riding. — from Roberta Wilson, *New London Day*.

Canadian Mountie Jailed For Beating Biker With Club

Victoria, B.C.: A ten-year constable with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police was sentenced recently to three months in jail for beating a prisoner he arrested last year in nearby Sidney. A county court jury found Grand Bottrell, 29, guilty of two counts of assault causing bodily harm last May to David Krenbrink by hitting him with a nightstick and kicking him after he fell, causing a head wound and breaking a cheekbone. Judge Leslie Cashman was told Bot-

trell's discharge from the force would be delayed until after an appeal. The assault took place as Krenbrink, a member of the Bounty Hunters Motorcycle Club, and a companion were being taken from a police car. Another RCMP constable and two Victoria city police officers were witnesses. Cashman said it was obvious Bottrell lost control of himself and may have allowed some bias against motorcycle riders to influence his behavior. — from ABATE of Washington.

Racine Bikers Face Noise Law

Wisconsin: The chief of police in Racine submitted a noise ordinance, along with an ordinance similar to one aimed at nailing prostitutes in Milwaukee (a loitering ordinance that can be used against anyone).

It's being looked at by the city attorney right now. According to the noise ordinance: "No person shall operate any vehicle on the alleys, streets, and highways of the city of Racine which, as a result of the nature of the vehicle or the manner in which it is driven, exceeds the noise level adopted by the Health Offices."

On modification of vehicle equipment: "No person can change any muffler in such a manner that the noise emitted

is increased above the noise originally emitted from the vehicle."

Then there's a rule tacked onto the end of the ordinance that says: "No person shall race the engine to produce unreasonably loud and unnecessary engine noises."

The problem is that we don't know what the Health Offices are going to use as legal noise levels, or whether the police will be equipped and trained to monitor these levels. To leave this up to an officer's discretion would be unjust and too broad an interpretation of the law. We may just take this to court if bikers are getting tickets without justification. — from Keith Hanson, ABATE Regional Director, Racine and Kenosha.

Off-Road Bikers Blamed For Threatening Unnamed Plant

Walden, Colo.: A plant so rare that it has no household name is threatened with extinction because its sandy habitat is being pounded into pavement by dirt bikers, federal officials say.

Only about 117 of the plants, *phacelia formosula*, were found during a count this summer in North Park, according to the Bureau of Land Management. Karen Wiley-Eberle of the bureau said a botanist first discovered the plant in 1918, and made vague records about where it could be found. When BLM botanists finally located the area, they found it laced with motorcycle trails.

They say they never saw any riders, but residents of Walden reported they had seen motorcyclists in the area.

"Finding it was like working out a puzzle and took weeks for trial and error," a BLM spokesman said. "When they found it, they became discouraged because it was about to be wiped out by motorcyclists."

The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in Denver has attempted to get the plant placed on the national endangered species list, which would prevent development in the area, about 80 miles northwest of Denver, said Jim Miller, a botanist.



Easyriders

The plant's habitat is publicly and privately owned, Miller said, and motorcycle use could be prohibited on state land to protect the plant species. — from *The Plain Dealer*

A Really Bizarre Reason To Outlaw Helmet Wearing

The drug wars in the Colombian city of Medellin have had one interesting side effect: the banning of helmets. Seems hit men there ride motorbikes to the murder scene, do the job, then disappear in the traf-

fic, all the while wearing helmets. Consequently, authorities there have made it against the law to wear skid lids, so the murderers can't hide their faces behind the visors. — from *The New York Times*.

Surprise! Feds Encourage Bureaucrats To Bike To Work

Washington, D.C.: We'll bet it came as a surprise to employees of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) when they received a memo encouraging them to ride their motorcycles to work. Given their boss Joan Claybrook's view of bikes and those who ride them, such an official blessing of two-wheeled transportation was indeed out of character.

But the memo did not come from Claybrook, nor was it limited to NHTSA employees, or even to employees of the Department of Transportation, NHTSA's mother agency. In fact, every employee of the executive branch of the federal government has been advised that there is something in it for them if they ride a bike to work.

Specifically, the Office of Management and Budget (OMB), which answers to the Executive Office of the President, has issued a document titled Circular No. A-118, which establishes a new parking policy for federal employees. The new policy is based on the recognition that the federal government is the nation's largest employer; and thus, government efforts to encourage fuel conservation will ring a bit hollow until Washington puts its own house in order.

To that end, virtually all employees of the executive branch will now be required to

pay to park in federal lots at rates competitive with those charged by commercial lots in the area. In turn — and in order to encourage more fuel-efficient forms of transportation — those employees who ride "two-wheeled vehicles," or participate in van pools of more than eight people, receive a blanket exemption from the parking payment.

Nowhere in Circular A-118's pages of gobbledegook and bureaucratese is there a clear statement that motorcycles are an effective transportation alternative for an energy-conscious America. However, the total exemption from parking fees is vivid evidence that even the federal government recognizes that simple truth about motorcycle transportation.

AMA's Government Relations Director Ed Youngblood says of the new federal parking policy, "While we're not likely to see any government agency openly hailing the motorcycle as a solution to our energy problems, we are seeing government and industry begin to acknowledge its contribution throughout the nation. States like California and large corporations like Lockheed have established new programs within the last year to reward employees for motorcycle use, and we are especially pleased to see the federal government taking similar action." — from *The American Motorcyclist*.

Biker Hospitalized After Being Hit By "Fool" In Cop Car

An Albany, New York, man was hospitalized recently with injuries suffered after his motorcycle collided with an Albany police car.

Mike Vosberg, 33, was in stable condition at Albany General Hospital with a shattered elbow and multiple cuts and bruises.

Vosberg, contacted by telephone, said he was on his way home from his job around 9:30 on a Friday night when the accident occurred. He said he was driving down Queen Street in Albany when "some fool driving a police car" col-

lided with his motorcycle. Vosberg said the police car failed to stop at a stop sign.

The stretch of Gearty near the Queen Street intersection "is like coming out of a tunnel," Vosberg said. "I don't know why he didn't stop."

An Albany Police Department spokeswoman could give no details of the accident. "The complete report hasn't come in on it."

Vosberg, meanwhile, said he did not know how badly his motorcycle was damaged. "I'll be okay, I think," he said. "I'm just real sore all over." — from *Corvallis Gazette Times*.

State Attorney Approves Late-Night Biking Ban

City fathers of Oak Park, Michigan, are within their rights in barring motorcyclists from cruising residential streets during late night hours, State Atty. Gen. Frank J. Kelley said.

Kelley, in an opinion requested by Sen. Doug Ross (Oak Park), specifically upheld

Oak Park's ordinance banning motorcycles and mopeds from residential streets between 10 p.m. and 7 a.m.

The law excepts motorcycles ridden by persons going to or from their homes on the streets or being used for delivery or emergency purposes. — from *Detroit News*

Motormedics: A New Way Of Saving Victims' Lives

Although the program has been in operation for a number of years in Europe, it's just catching on in the U.S. It got off to a good start earlier this year in Chicago and is being considered by cities.

Paramedics on motorcycles can get to a crash scene with minimum delay. Once there, they can stabilize casualties until mobile intensive care units (MICUs) get there.

The MICUs must be used to remove casualties from the scene of an accident, but evacuation time isn't critical, because the patients have been stabilized quickly, sometimes long before the ambulances can work their way through heavy traffic.

The Northfield (Ill.) Rescue

Squad has initiated a training program for paramedics that includes motorcycle safety, approach procedures, and traffic control. Northeastern Illinois University offers Motormedics an initial twenty-hour program—twelve hours of practice on a motorcycle and eight hours of class time.

Dr. Willis Wingert, a member of the American Medical Association's Committee on Emergency Medical Service, recommends that the "Northfield system be developed and documented as a national demonstration program."

The Motorcycle Industry Council sees the Motormedic program as a creative use for motorcycles to save lives.

Still Another Good Example Of How Inaccurate Claybrook's Facts Really Are

Washington: The Consumer's Guide To Car Buying, issued by the Transportation Department, contains 24 major errors, but the government doesn't plan to recall it.

The 68-page guide was issued by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, as departing Director Joan Claybrook's "Christmas gift to consumers." The book has color charts and graphs and was supposed to tell buyers all they needed to know before purchasing a new car.

However, after it was issued, the Traffic Safety Administration was forced to issue an "errata sheet," listing 24 major errors the agency had made in rating the new cars on safety, fuel economy, maintenance, and insurance costs.

For example, General Motors' Olds Cutlass diesel is listed as failing a government-sponsored crash test at 35mph. Now, the agency concedes, this car was never tested. Neither was the Mercedes 3000, also listed as failing this test.

The agency, the safety arm of the Transportation Department, estimates the costs of printing 500,000 copies of the book at \$270,000.

The agency also said it plans to have a similar number of "errata sheets" printed up for inclusion in the copies given to consumers.

However, that sheet does not contain the word "error" or "mistake." And it does not spell out the mistakes in detail. — from Whitt Flora, *Columbus Dispatch*

Maryland Bikers Need Help

Maryland: Members of MABATE and all concerned motorcyclists: Word has come out of Annapolis, from our friends in the General Assembly, that a highly concerted effort is in the works to reinstate the helmet law.

Another problem that we have is that Gov. Hughes is also backing the helmet law drive. Therefore, the opposition, only has six steps to go through. Gov. Hughes told one of our members that he would do everything in his power to return the helmet law.

What I'm saying is that we need to return to Annapolis, in the large numbers that were seen in 1978 and 1979, when these new bills come up for committee hearings. We need letters pouring in to all delegates and senators, letting them know your feelings. You can find their numbers in your local directory. Ring those damn phones off the hook.

The staff is working on presentations for these hearings, but so is the opposition, and they've got all the gory pictures guaranteed to shock everyone.

You all know how much money each of us pays in taxes. Well, this money is available to our opponents to use against us. The only thing we have to combat these financial excesses is our strength of numbers.

Start thinking of taking time to be in Annapolis this year. — from ABATE of Maryland, P.O. Box 1733, Annapolis, Md. 21404.



Easyriders

Now, we know that it is hard to get a bill through the seven steps necessary to make a law, but it's one helluva lot easier for the other side to do it than it is for us. They have the money to crank out the misleading statistics that we've all been seeing too much of lately.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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



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

National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast. National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action Group of your choice.

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

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

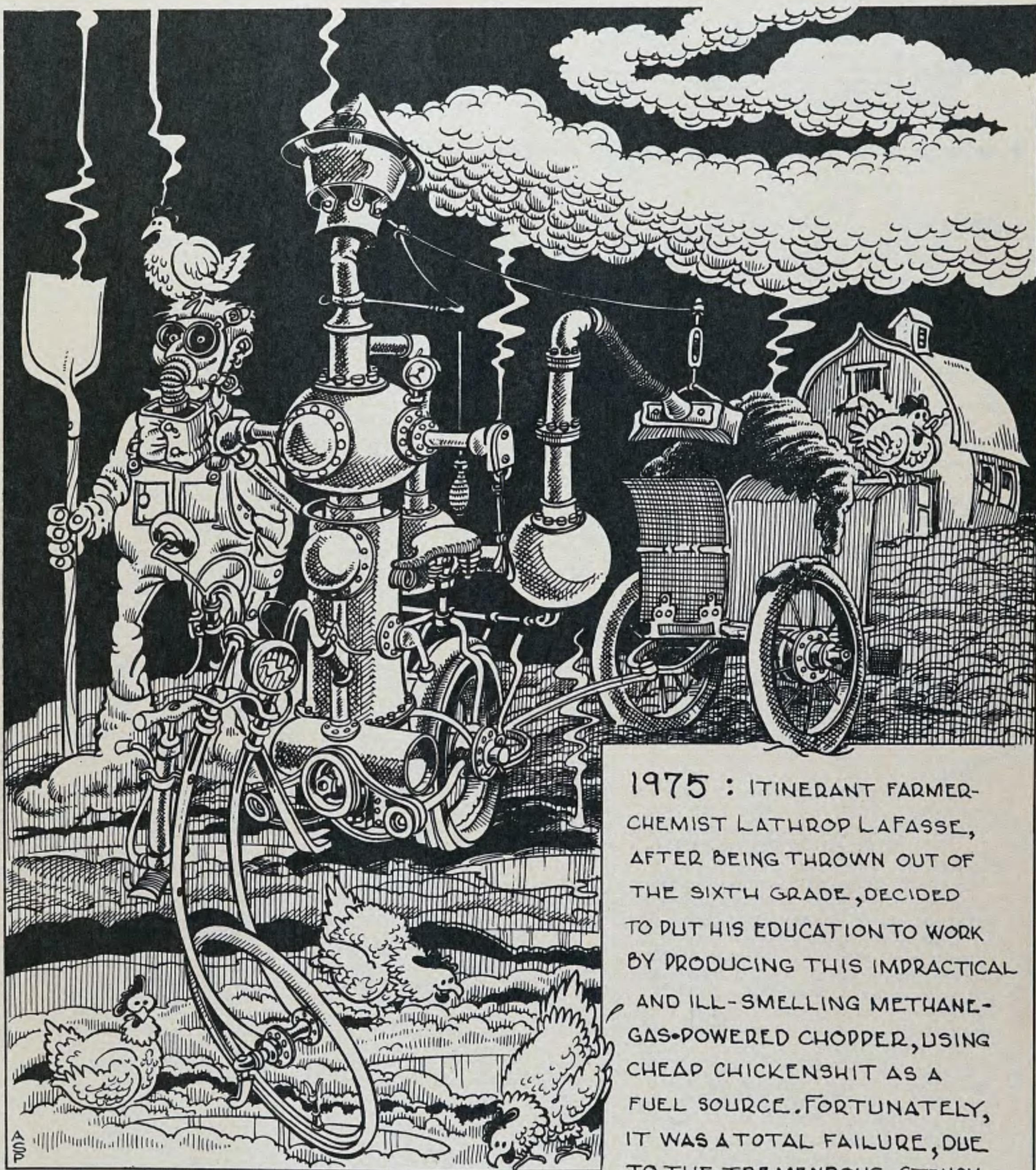
Name, nickname, or mark _____

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

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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



1975 : ITINERANT FARMER-CHEMIST LATHROP LAFASSE, AFTER BEING THROWN OUT OF THE SIXTH GRADE, DECIDED TO PUT HIS EDUCATION TO WORK BY PRODUCING THIS IMPRACTICAL AND ILL-SMELLING METHANE-GAS-POWERED CHOPPER, USING CHEAP CHICKENSHIT AS A FUEL SOURCE. FORTUNATELY, IT WAS A TOTAL FAILURE, DUE TO THE TREMENDOUS STENCH GENERATED BY THIS DISGUSTING CONTRAPTION.

Biker Types

VET VOICE

The smell of a thousand bodies rotting in the sun forced its way up our noses as we rounded the south hill of Duc Lap, 5th Special Forces A Team Camp A-239. The wire was cut or blown in many places by bangalore torpedoes. Bomb craters pockmarked the landscape, unfired artillery and mortar shells were scattered everywhere. Bunkers destroyed by sappers, sandbags ripped, twisted tin sheeting, blobs of unburned Napalm laying on the blackened red soil. Worse was the taste floating in the smoke- and dust-filled air, the taste of death, filling my mouth and lungs, making me want to puke.

The A Camp was almost overrun by an NVA battalion, and we were there to drive them out and relieve the camp's survivors. The North Vietnam regulars were everywhere, wearing pith helmets and armed with AK-47s, looking like something out of a jungle movie. Finally, our elusive enemy had decided to face us and the Mike Force was eager to taste their blood. The Rhade, Raglai, and Jarai Montagnards were fierce and our Nungs were well-trained, so everyone was anticipating a life-or-death battle, a struggle to the end.

Eyeball to eyeball we fought, toe to toe, took their best licks and still destroyed them. Out of a thousand NVA inside the wire, only a few survived to nightfall. We were in the trenches, finally face-to-face, sometimes inches from our foes. Our ferocity and tenacity paid off in their deaths.

We lost many good men ourselves. SP/5 Forestal A. Stevens, Lt. Baldwin, SSG Brucker, were killed while leading the Montagnard strikers against the NVA. SSG Skinner shot through the hips, Lt. "Hardluck" Wilson shot in the stomach, SFC Nunez shot in the hands, and many brave Montagnards dead or wounded. They were shot to lie wounded or die beside me, blood and life dripping onto the red dirt.

The rest of us died there too, a piece at a time, zapped by zipperheads and maybe even worse — living to be looked down on, to be called murderers, baby killers, suckers for fighting a war we felt was right, stopping "communist aggression" from spreading in the world.

Look who the suckers really were — not us, brothers, but the students, the demonstrators, the antiwar pacifists who stabbed us in the back. I dare one of them to tell me to my face that the war in Vietnam was unjust or unwarranted.

I say to them, the snivelling cowards, the spineless, gutless, misinformed sonsofbitches, "What the fuck are you going to do now that the 'nonexistent' communist menace has taken over Afghanistan, Cambodia, Laos, San Salvador, Nicaragua, Chile, Yemen, Tibet, most of Africa, and is now sitting on the border of Thailand?"

What is wrong? Has your civilized mind shut itself off from the obvious? Are we doomed to allowing the whole world to be taken over without raising a finger? Did Vietnam propaganda so shake out your backbones that you are afraid to stand up for what is right?

Afghanistan is held by Russian troops who invaded with tanks, planes, and poison gas. They are killing babies and women. What are we doing about it? Is the guilt over Vietnam affecting our moral stance?

I, for one, do not feel guilty. I fought, won battles — worse, saw

my brother blown up. The guilt I do feel is not for leaving dead friends behind, friends who died for a now-proven just cause, but the guilt of allowing my living brothers to be deprived of their benefits.

I would also like to ask the Armed Forces: now do you think you can trick the kids today into joining the service? What promises are you going to make them, what carrot are you going to dangle in front of their noses to trick them into signing up? And most important, as we Vietnam Vets know, what promises are you going to break, what lies can you come up with to trick this generation of gullible youngsters?

I am proud of having served in the U.S. Army, but I will tell every kid I meet to avoid the draft, to not believe one word anyone says about Veterans' benefits, or bonuses, or college payments. They will lie to you, tell you what you want to hear, offer you any enticement to get you to offer your body as cannon fodder.

They are liars. They have guaranteed us benefits for fighting in Vietnam but have arbitrarily decided we don't need them.

What I want to know is, how are they going to explain their treachery to this new generation? Give us our benefits now, restore all of them — we will not stand for it anymore. If you want fighting men, take care of these who fought before. Because if you don't, we will yell at the tops of our Veterans' voices, "Kids, do not listen to these liars. Their word is no good. They desert the fighting men when the fighting is over."

If you think the most unjust part of the Vietnam war was not the war itself, but the way the Vietnam veteran has been treated, then make your voice heard. Write now to Doc, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265, and I will try to get them all delivered to President Ronald Reagan. Make Vet Voice be heard in Washington, D. C. Make these government officials keep their word.

Danny Shephard, Chuck Willoughby, and all Sneaky Petes, where are you? I need you, now!

— Doc

Vietnam Memorial

★ If anyone ever gets around to building a monument for American Marines who fought and died in the Vietnam war, they should consider asking someone who has been there for suggestions on design.

The monument builder might be told that a piece of stone chiseled into features of a man, with a few words inscribed at the base, can't tell the story of that war.

He might be told that the following could be some of the necessary ingredients of his monument: 1. A stretch of white sand from Chu-Lai; 2. A junk of jungle from the Central Highlands; 3. Several

hundred acres of rice paddies; 4. A Vietnamese dike encircled by a trench line and punji sticks and a booby-trapped gate; 5. A heavy monsoon deluge that can change into a beautiful clear day with the temperature a mere 130 degrees in the shade; 6. A sound machine that produces the never-ending pounding of artillery and mortars in quadraphonic; 7. A transistor radio tuned to "Hanoi Hannah"; 8. A "Dear John" letter; 9. An old Vietnamese woman chewing betel nut, holding a basket of warm "33" beer and asking, "You buy? You buy?"; 10. A tattered New Testament opened to a blood-spotted

Vets! Speak out and be heard!

scripture; 11. A Huey helicopter full of bullet holes and wounded and dying grunts; 12. Hordes of bloodsucking leeches, giant mosquitoes, and pit vipers; 13. An empty canteen with a shitload of salt tabs; 14. A carton of ham and lima bean C-rations and a stale pack of smokes; 15. A bottle of spoiled plasma, a Navy corpsman giving the wounded morphine and crying silently; 16. A squashed, rounded anthill with no ants, but memories; 17. And last, but most interminable, the black plastic body bags with tags and dead brothers.

If the bulldier were to combine all these elements, plus many more, he might have a memorial befitting this war and the men who lived and died in it. But never, no never, can the dead ever be honored fully. We who are left must always pay honor to our beloved brothers who gave their lives. God rest them and peace be with them. Damn our souls if we ever dare forget them. Amen, my beloved brave brothers.

Unknown

Agent Orange

★ I'm a Vietnam vet who was exposed to Agent Orange between 1967 and 1969. I've had a kid who was born with a birth defect and the V.A. told me there was no fuckin' way it could have been from Agent Orange. I've been going to the V.A. hospital for the last couple of months for shit that's been happening to me. I'm tired of their bullshit and would like to know just what the fuck is really happening.

Mouse
Dillard, Ore.

Tips About Agent Orange

★ I am a U.S. Navy veteran having served during the Vietnam era (1972-1973) at a shore base for submarines in the San Diego Naval Base

complex. I have here for you and your readers information from published sources on Agent Orange.

It consists of tear sheets from two monthly periodicals (back issues are available), detailing a short list of organizations which solicit veterans' claims of exposure and disability and petitions U.S. Government agencies' help and advice on the matter. Don't overlook these few organizations listed at the conclusion of the "Agent Orange Editorial" in the tear sheets of WIN magazine.

Steven F. Wavra
Staten Island, N.Y.

★ For more information on Agent Orange, contact Citizen Soldier, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010.

Environmental Protection Agency Pre-Hearing Brief on the Risks Associated with Registered Uses of 2, 4, 5-T and Silvex, Jan. 25, 1980, EPA legal brief, 103 pp. Contact the EPA, 401 M St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20460.

Bibliography on 2, 4, 5-T, TCDD, Citizens Against Toxic Sprays, 1385 Barley Ave., Eugene, Ore. 97402.

Vet Info

★ I got out of the army two and a half years ago. I thought your readers might like to know that (1) the V.A. allows only one change of type of school or course of learning; (2) they can schedule you for counseling at their convenience; and (3) the V.A. can hold a hearing to determine if you are still eligible for benefits, but any lawyer you get to represent you at the hearing must charge a fee of only ten dollars. I don't know too many lawyers who will even let you in the office for ten bucks. I attended a state university for one and a half years, failed, and got out. A year later I enrolled in a vocational

school. Then the V.A. told me that if I changed schools or even courses (welding to accounting) again, I would have to be counseled, with any further benefits having to be approved by the counselor. If the counselor turned down any planned changes in my education, I could request a hearing and have an attorney represent me before the reviewing board only if the attorney's fee was ten dollars or less. Vets planning to use educational benefits might like to know about this.

J.C. Simmons
Karnack, Texas

Benefits Taken From Prisoners

★ I think what you and the Easyriders family out there are doin' is great, to say the least. I want to personally thank you and whoever else has a hand in "Vet Voice"

There is something our lovely government did on October 1, 1980, that I and millions of other vets will be affected by. As of that day, veterans doing time in prison will no longer be able to receive "full education benefits." Because we are locked down, the V.A. will pay only tuition — no other bread to compensate for our families.

I did my time in the Corps, and now these fuckers ain't gonna give me or any other veteran what we got comin' because we're doin' time. That's not the clinker, though. It seems that those sorry fuckers are gonna "re-

evaluate" our service-connected disabilities and not give us all our money for these either. If you've got a sixty-percent disability, you might, if you're lucky, get fifteen or twenty percent of what rightly fuckin' belongs to ya for doin' "more than your fair share." The veterans on the outside "will not be affected" and the disabled vets out there may get their disabilities "upgraded." That's fine, 'cause the disabled vets out there have got it comin'; but we in prison are gettin' flat fucked and the fuckers won't even give us what we have coming.

As I see it, we are "obligated" to serve out our contracts with Uncle Sam; and now that some of the few good men are in prison, they are no longer obligated to fulfill what we served our country for. They promised us educational assistance, home loans, and all that shit for doing our share to stay a "free country," but they are stickin' it in us even further now that it's over.

If you all can help us any in regard to this crap, please do. Maybe someone can help us get what's ours.

Pat "Gunny" Mixon ■



LEATHER ANGEL



WOW! WHAT A NEAT OL' MORNING!
I CAN'T WAIT TO GO FOR A SPIN!



OH, GOD! I SHOULD'VE NEVER LOANED
MY SCOOT TO OL' SHABBY ASS
LAST NIGHT!



IT LOOKS LIKE HE USED IT FOR A
FUCKIN' DIRT BIKE! I CAN'T BE SEEN
ON A FILTHY RIG LIKE THAT! I'LL
HAFTA' CLEAN IT UP!



WILL MEUGNIOT



"This will give you an idea of what it's like to ride a bike."

It's hard to believe there's actually some people who've never ridden a motorcycle. You'd think *everyone* rode one when you go lookin' for the latest copy of **Easyriders** — right?

Well, there's one sure way to solve that problem and get this masterpiece delivered to your very door by a government employee every month — and that's by subscribing. That's all. Drop some bread in an envelope, fill out the coupon, and kite it our way. We'll not only send you this rag every month, we'll send you, by return mail, a free full-color decal! And if you'll notice, you'll even save a few bucks over the single copy newsstand price. Now this ain't no give-it-away, half-price shit — this rag costs bucks to publish. But it's a discount anyway, and think of saving your ol' lady's time runnin' around tryin' to find the latest issue when she's got better things to take care of —you.



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95

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WITTY WILLIE'S REVENGE

Willie warned us. He said that if the jokes didn't get better he was gonna drown himself. Well, he's in the toilet and goin' down for the third time. Only you can save Witty Willie. No, asshole, ya can't save him by holdin' hands and chantin' "I believe"; ya can save him only by sendin' him your best funnies. You know, the jokes you've been savin' to tell at your landlord's funeral. We'll be so grateful to ya for gettin' Willie out of the can (ever try an' piss with someone clawin' at your balls?) we'll pay ya \$25 for every joke we use. Send 'em to Witty Willie, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Once there was a sailor whose greatest dream was to marry a virgin. He searched far and wide, but couldn't find one anywhere. He finally decided the only way he'd ever get a virgin bride was to grow his own. So he adopted an eight-year-old girl from an orphanage and took her to sea to raise as his own.

On her sixteenth birthday he married her. Following a ship-board ceremony, he took her down to his cabin, laid her gently on the cot, stripped off his clothes, and was considerably rubbing his cock with Vaseline when she said, "Why don't you just spit on it like the rest of the crew?"

—John Beardon
Santa Fe, N.M.

"Wait a minute — you were raped by a spider?"



Big ships always have three letters in front of their names. The United States has USS for United States Ship; England has HMS for Her Majesty's Ship. Do you know what Italy has AMB for? It's for 'Atsa My Boat.

—Connie Allison
Eaton, Ohio

A trucker, hauling a load of cattle, stopped at a diner for a cup of coffee. When he returned to his rig he noticed an old drunk sticking his fingers up a cow's ass and wiping them on his mouth. The truck driver yelled, "Man, what the fuck are you doin'?"

The drunk replied, "I got a fever blister."

The trucker said, "Man, that won't cure a fever blister."

"No, but it sure as hell will keep ya from lickin' your lips."

—Al Ahank
City of Industry, Calif.

This dude and his ol' lady were going to a Halloween costume party dressed as a cow, he in the front and she in the rear. They were taking a short cut through a field when this big bull spotted them. The bro was cool. Said he to his ol' lady, "Let's get this thing together. I'll bend down and pretend to be eatin' grass; you stoop over and brace yourself."

—Joe Tirone
Macedonia, Ohio

The young girl, on the witness stand, was asked by the prosecutor whether or not she had screamed for help while being raped.

"Yes, I did."

"And did anyone come?" asked the prosecutor.

After a slight pause, the victim replied, "Yes. I did first, then he did."

—Dutch Henderson
Omaha, Neb.

A man and his son, out for a walk, came across two dogs screwing in a yard. The little boy asked what they were doing. His daddy said, "That's how puppies are made."

The kid seemed satisfied, and they went home. That night the boy had a nightmare and woke up scared, so he ran into his parents' room and caught them screwing. When he asked what they were doing, the man replied, "Son, we're making babies."

The little boy got a flustered look on his face and said, "Well, then, turn her over. I want a puppy."

—Lucy Webber
Buena Vista, Colo.

Abiker was scheduled to return from a run on Friday. Finding he would be earlier, he covered his territory and sent his wife a telegram: *Will be home Thursday.* Arriving home, he parked his scooter and walked up to the house. Through the picture window, he was shocked to see his ol' lady getting it on with another dude. Instead of going in, he decided to go see a bro about it. "I'm not gonna stand for it!" he shouted. "I'll file for divorce in the morning — after I bust her lip a time or two!"

"Now just be cool," the bro said. "I'm sure there must be an explanation. Let me go and talk to her." He went to the house, and returned after fifteen minutes. "I told you there'd be a good explanation," he offered. "She didn't get your telegram."

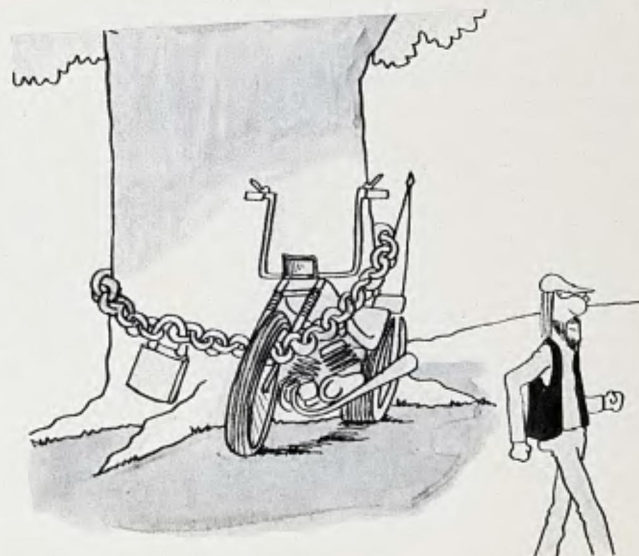
—Paul Stowers
Soledad, Calif.

After a day of hunting, a bro and I were sitting around the fire cooking our only catch of the day (a rabbit), with a pot of coffee brewing beside it. All of a sudden, we heard the damndest thing you could imagine. Before we knew it, here came this Big-foot-looking dude riding a bear and whipping it with a rattlesnake. When he got to our camp, my bro and I were standing there with our mouths open and shit in our boots. He jumped off the bear and grabbed the rabbit off the fire with one hand and the coffee with the other. He downed the rabbit in a couple of bites and followed it with the coffee. Then he slowly turned around and looked at my bro and me with our heads just barely sticking out of our bags and said, "Look, you guys, I didn't mean to scare you, and I don't usually eat and run like this, but there's a mean fucker after me!"

—Crazy Carl
Jacksonville, Fla.

This guy went to a doctor to have a broken leg set and was warned that it would be rather painful. The guy said he was quite used to it, since he'd experienced such pain twice before in his life. The doctor asked him what had happened, and the man replied that while hunting one day, he'd caught his balls in a bear trap while taking a crap. After a few moments of silence, the doctor asked what was the second time the man had experienced such pain, and he said, "When I ran out of chain!"

—Alan Lansburg
San Fernando, Calif.





Easyriders

This bro picked up a chick at a bar. As they were leaving, she told him that she was on her menstrual cycle. The bro said that was all right, because he had his Harley out back and he could just follow her home.

—Bob Mackin
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

Abiker and his ol' lady were aridin' down the road when his ol' lady leaned over and whispered seductively in his ear, "Honey, what's long and hard when it goes in and soft and wet when it comes out?"

Slowing his bike, the biker was about to answer when his ol' lady whispered, "Gum."

—Bright Eyes
Glendora, Calif.



Easyriders

**"Cunnilingus during the menstrual period
leave you with an unpleasant aftertaste?
Why not try Banit mouthwash?"**

While doing a survey, a reporter stopped this guy and asked him a few questions.

"Sir, I'm doing a survey and would like to ask you a few questions. What do you think of LSD?"

"I think he's the best damn President we ever had."

"That's fine. What do you think of marijuana?"

"Well, personally, I think it would be a nice place to visit, but it's too damn hot to live there."

By this time, the reporter had figured out that he was talking to some kind of idiot, so he threw one more question at the guy and prepared to make a quick exit.

"Okay, sir, one more and I'll leave. What do you think of the Israeli position?"

"Well, I can tell ya right now that I don't like it at all. I tried it Saturday with my ol' lady and it hurt her back."

—Allen Thurston
Wilmington, Neb.

The biker is in a bar downing some suds. This sleazy-looking chick struts over to him and says, "Baby, I'll take ten inches from you any day."

The biker turns to her and says, "Sorry, but I ain't gonna fold my cock in half for no scuzzy cunt like you."

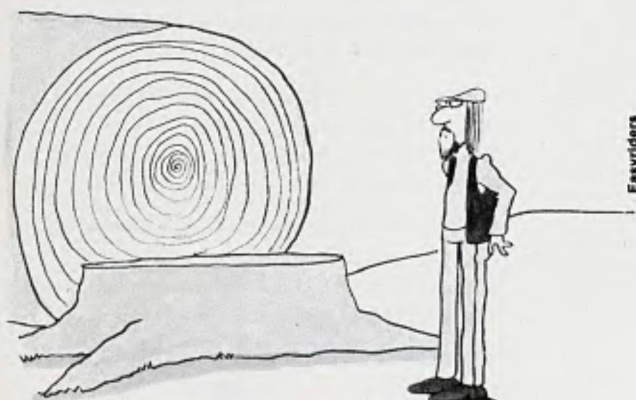
—John Lucas
Orange, Calif.

After a wild party, a biker woke up to find his clothes thrown all over his room. The problem was, he was still in them.

—BB
Hesperia, Calif.

What's the difference between a boxer and a lady? The boxer stands up to get knocked down. The lady lies down to get knocked up.

—Toon
Houston, Tex.



Easyriders

One day a farmer decided he was getting too old to do all the work himself, so he called the employment office and asked for an elderly man to help with the chores.

The lady said, "Why not a young man? We have one in the office right now."

The farmer replied, "I want an older man because I have an old tractor and a young wife and I don't want a rod thrown in either one of them."

—Wayne Massey
Pasadena, Calif.

A BMW mechanic, who prided himself on the quality and expertise of his work and tools, stopped to help a Harley rider in distress.

"Would you lend me a wrench for a few minutes?" asked the Harley rider.

"Sure," said the BMW rider. "What size and type do you need?"

"It don't matter a fuck to me, I'm gonna use it for a hammer anyway!"

—Ross Nixon
Edmonton, Alberta

TO: All Male Taxpayers
FROM: Internal Revenue Service
SUBJECT: Increased Tax Payments

Dear Taxpayer:

The only thing the Internal Revenue Service has not taxed is your pecker. This has been due to the fact that 40% of the time it is hanging around unemployed, 30% of the time it is pissed off, 20% of the time it is hard up, and 10% of the time it is employed but operates in the hole. Furthermore, it has two dependents and they are both nuts.

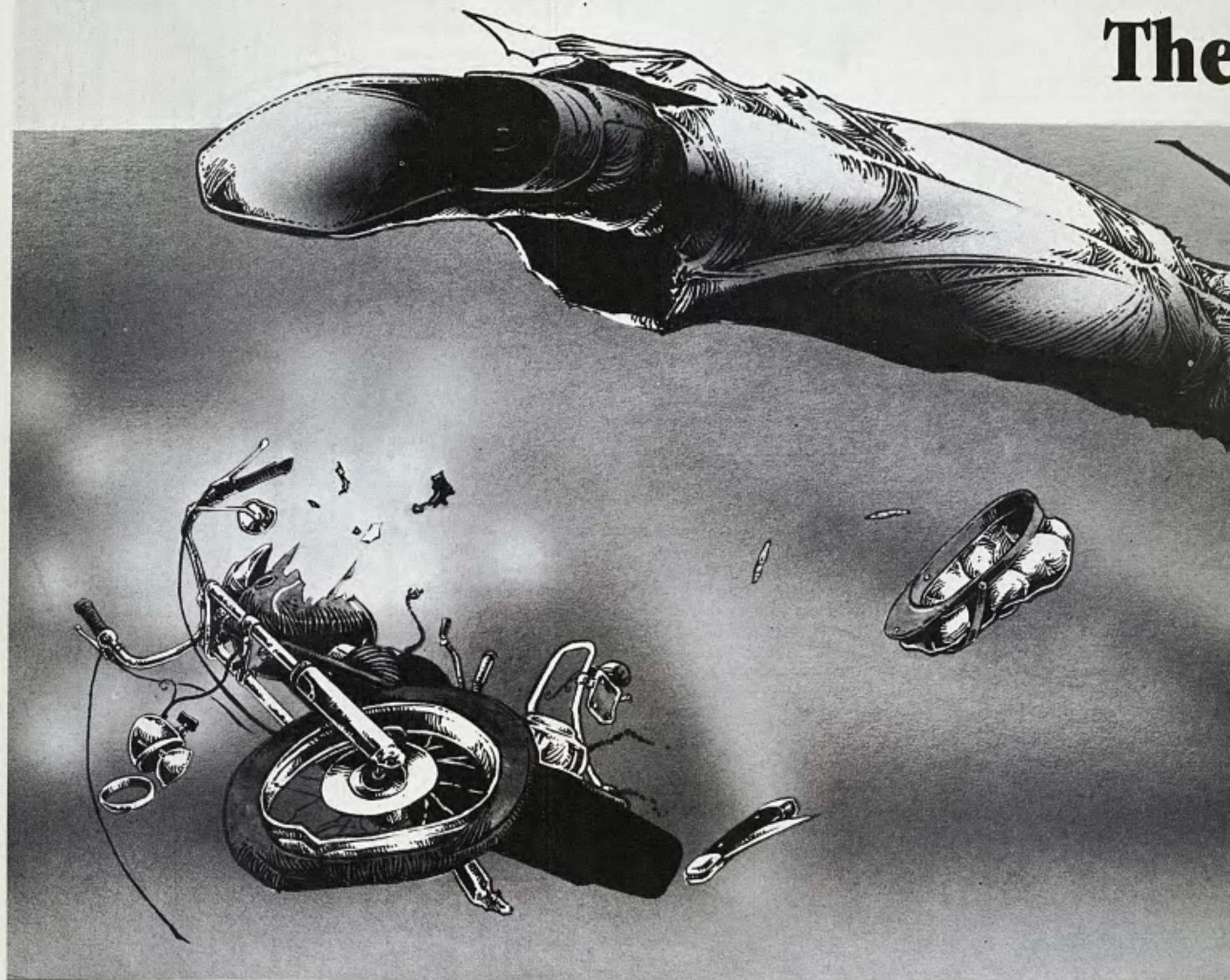
However, after February 1, 1981, your pecker will be taxed according to its size, using the "Pecker Checker Scale" below. Determine your category and insert the additional tax under "Other" taxes—Page 2, Part V, Line 62 of your standard income tax return. (Form 1040)

Pecker Checker Scale

10 to 12 inches	Luxury Tax	\$50.00
8 to 10 inches	Pole Tax	\$25.00
6 to 8 inches	Privilege Tax	\$15.00
4 to 6 inches	Nuisance Tax	\$ 5.00

Note: Anyone with under 4 inches is eligible for a refund. Do not apply for an extension. Males with peckers in excess of 12 inches should file under *Capital Gains*.

—Sweetest Pussy Around
Atlanta, Ga.



Now bikin' lore is full of gore
And tales of sudden death,
How many a bro fought many a foe
And breathed his final breath.

There's the tale of Ace, who lost his face
When he skidded on Highway One,
And Sid the Kid, who caught a slug
When his life had hardly begun.

They'll talk of Wade, who ate a blade
For screwin' a married gal,
And how he gasped as he breathed his last,
"I shoulda never fucked over a pal."

But a special tale that'll never grow stale
Is the story of Panhead Jim,
So roll up a few and pop open a brew
And I'll tell all I know about him.

He was six-foot-four as he stood on the floor
Of Fat Al's Bar and Grill,
Two-hundred-and-two of muscled sinew,
With an instinct for the kill.

He was raucous and crude and pity the dude
Who got in the way of his wrath,
'Cause he'd pound a guy flat and stomp on his back
If he thought he'd been given the shaft.

He'd been in the jail, he'd been out on bail,
Been shot at a time or two,
He'd lost count of the nights he'd been in barfights
And the noses he'd pounded to goo.

A scar on his cheek zig-zagged like a creek
Through his beard, a jagged pink crack,
But everyone said that scar glowed red
When he spoke of Sportster Jack.

You see, years before, a gal named Lenore
Had been very special to Jim.
A fine-lookin' lass with long hair to her ass,
Her eyes smiled only for him.

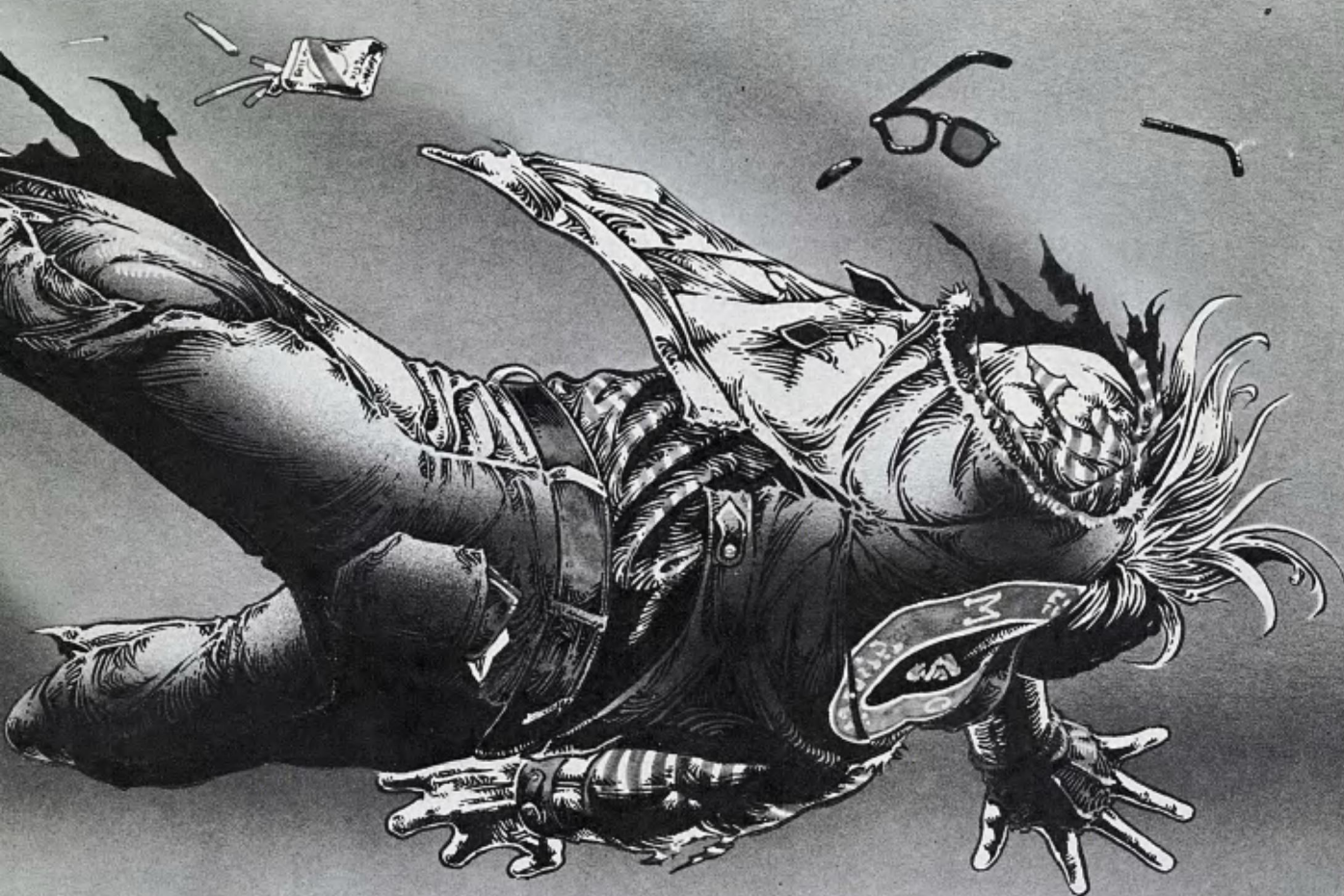
Her beautiful face was matched with such grace,
That she seemed to float, not walk.
She had a set of tits that wouldn't call it quits
And a body that made men gawk.

Now Sportster Jack dressed in black
And a patch covered up one eye.
He'd had it gouged out in a barroom bout —
He was one no-shit badass guy.

Jack was out for fun and drunk on rum
When he first caught sight of Lenore.
Aflame with lust, he snarled and he cussed
And he shouted out loud with a roar:

Saga of Panhead Jim

by Hog Rider



"By damn and by hell, it's been quite a spell
Since I've seen such a fine-lookin' twat!
You can bet your last buck that gal I'll fuck —
Whether she likes it or not!"

His whole body stunk from the booze that he'd drunk
And the dirt from days on his Sport.
His good eye gleamed with his crazy scheme,
And the coke he loved to snort.

Like you'd turn out a light, the bros all got quiet,
And every eye turned toward Jim.
His face showed he'd heard each and every vile word,
So Jack's chances of livin' looked slim.

Not makin' a sound, Jim spun Jack around,
And socked him upside the head.
The force of the punch made a skullbone crunch
And Jack hit the dirt as though dead.

Jim aimed a boot at his foe's ugly snoot,
Then gave him a few in the guts.
He was covered with crud and coughin' up blood,
But Jack's fist caught Jim in the nuts.

With a painful groan Jim dropped like a stone
While Jack snapped open his Buck,
And Lenore right then jumped between the two men
When she saw Jim was gonna get stuck.

Jack's blade found its mark and pierced deep in the heart
Of Lenore, that fine-lookin' lass.
Jack knew she was dead and he ran to his sled
Before Jim's bros killed his ass.

It fired with one kick and Jack twisted the wick
And the bike shot away with a swerve.
Like a bat outta hell he turned back to yell —
And a car nailed him right at the curve.

Jack's body was mangled and his scoot was tangled
And he croaked right there on the spot.
The sonofabitch wound up in the ditch
And we all said, "Just let him rot!"

Well, that's the whole story, and I know it's been gory,
But sometimes that's just how life goes.
Jim rode all alone from that day on,
With her memory and all of his woes.

But now and again when he'd slugged down the gin,
Jim spoke of that terrible day,
And the scar on his cheek would grow red as a beet,
And this is what he would say:

"The thing of it is, there's unfinished biz,
And though it's been quite a spell,
I'll follow that rat to the place he's now at
And we'll finish that fight in Hell."

Annual Eyefuls

Here they are, girl watchers, your picks for the twelve best-lookin' surrounded cavities of the past year. From forehead to foot, from twat to tit — these ol' ladies have something for everyone.

And now comes the hard part — ya gotta pick one, just one, as the **Easyriders** Ol' Lady of the Year. That lucky lovely will win a \$1,000 grand prize and will be selected solely on the basis of our readers' votes — in other words, how bad Spider wants to ball his favorite don't enter into it. So sid-down, cozy up with the pictures, and vote for your choice. Mail your vote, written on the back of a postcard or sealed envelope, to **Easyriders** Ol' Lady of the Year, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. The winner will be bared in the August issue.



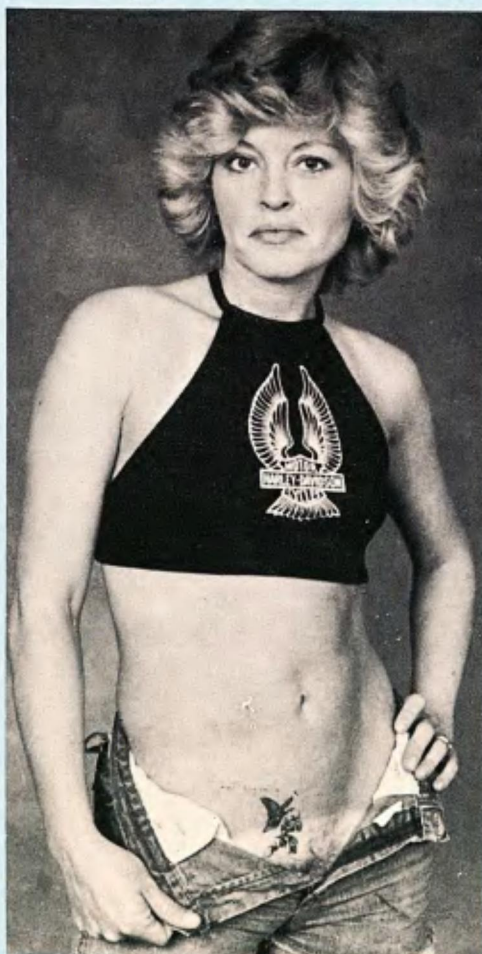
Gayla



Darlene



Rose



Janie



Sylvia



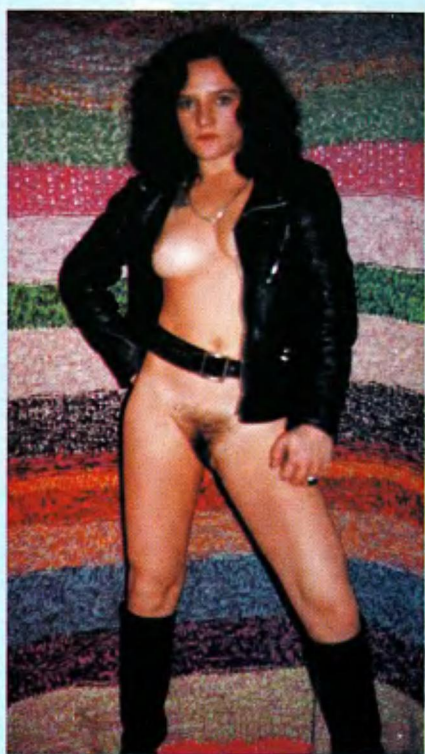
Jean



Lisa



Deborah



Terysa



Leslie



Ellen



Dru

IN THE WIND

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



— from Longjaw, Reno, Nev.



— from Bob Touchette, Cambridge, Mass.





— from Hump, Sioux Falls, S.D.

— from Glover, Bradley Beach, N.J.



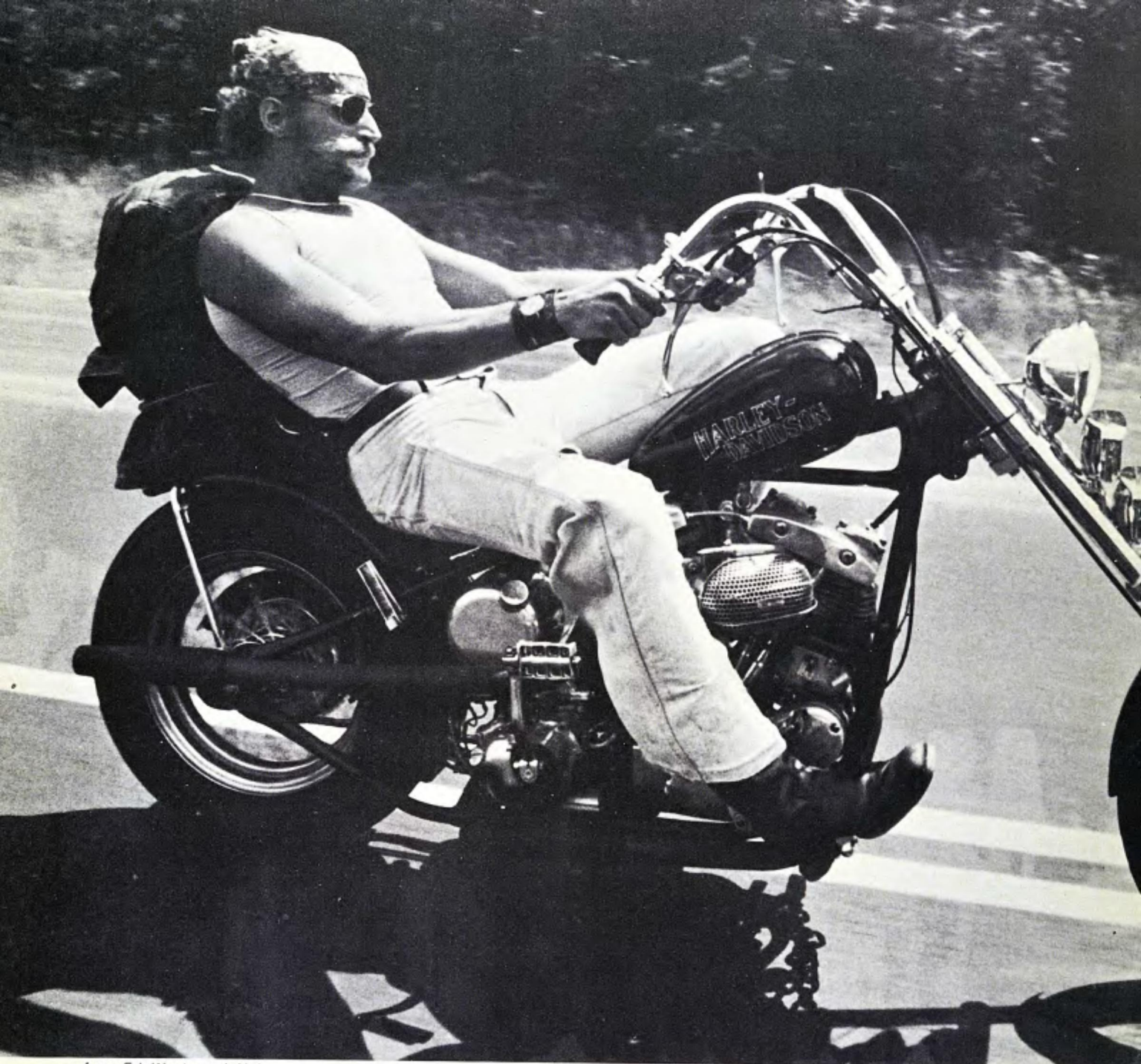
— from Eric and Leif, H-D Club of Sweden



— from Ribs, Westbury, N.Y.



— from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



— from Ed, Westwood, N.J.



— from Rap, Collinsville, Ill.

— from Spider, Seattle, Wash.



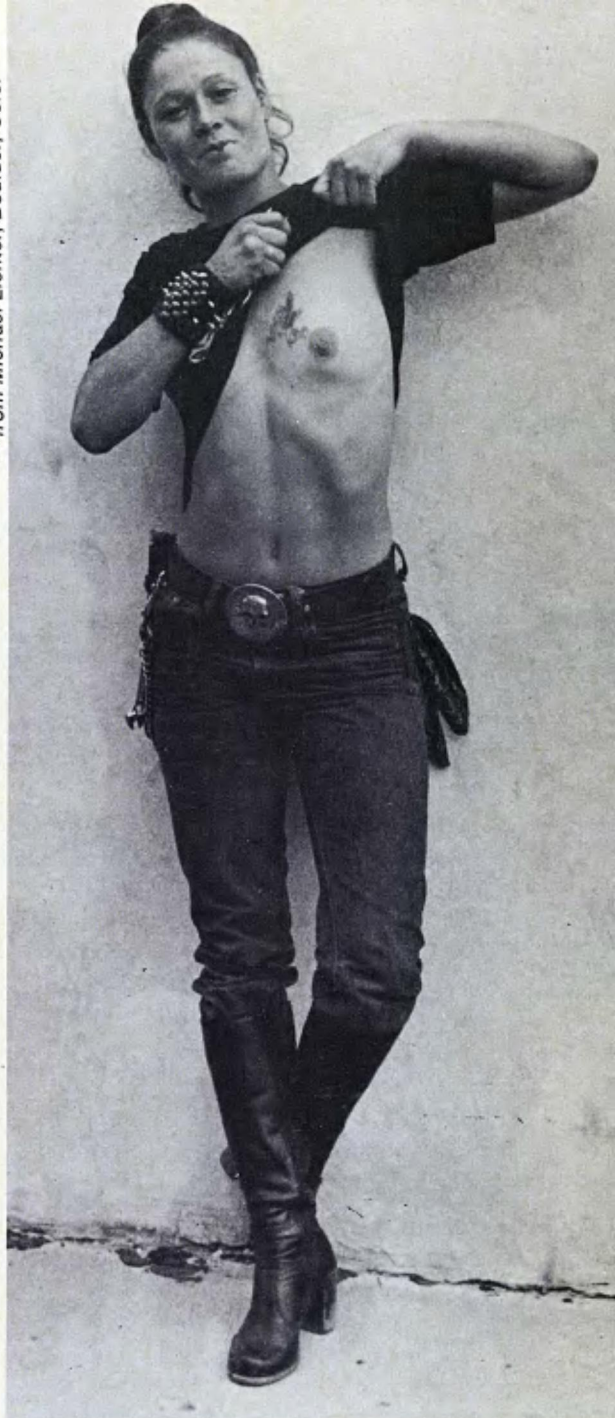
In Memoriam
Ed Carcone
1954-1981

Puttin' home from a Super Bowl blast, he hit a pothole that would be his last.

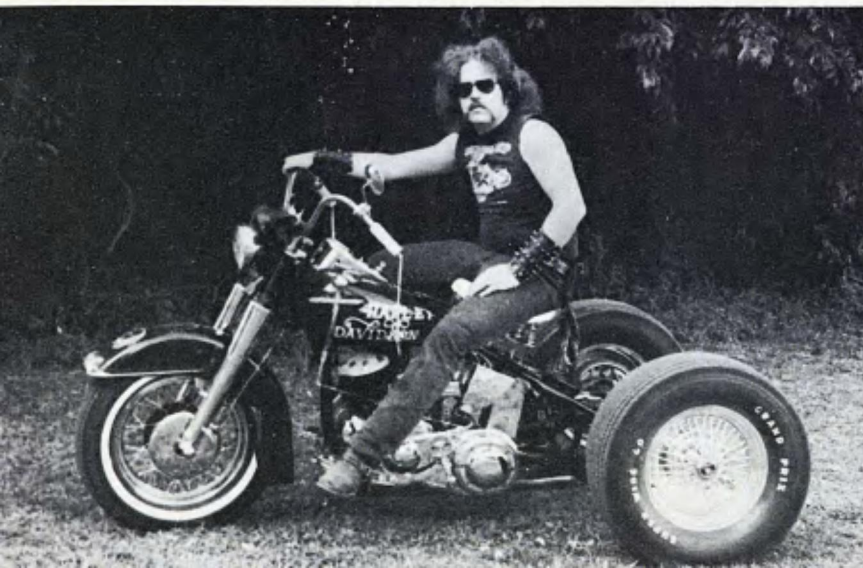
He is a free spirit, at home in the wind, and though he's gone now, his photos live on — forever.



— from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.



— from Cliff Harsh, Cambridge, Mass.



— from Woody, Wantagh L.I., N.Y.





— from Big John, on the road



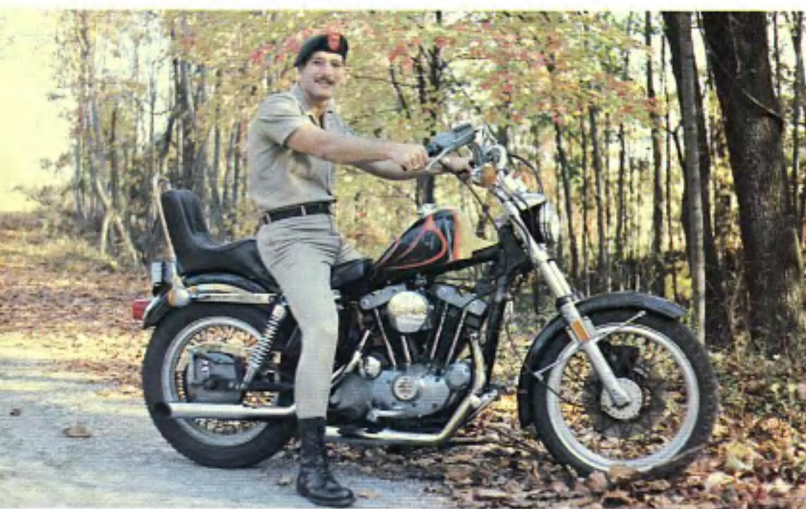
— from Bob Touchette, Claremont, N.H.



— from Mad Mike, Boulder, Colo.



— from Joe DeRuvo, Long Island, N.Y.



— from Cpt. Keith M. Huber, Clarksville, Tenn.

— from Mad Doctor, Gary, Ind.

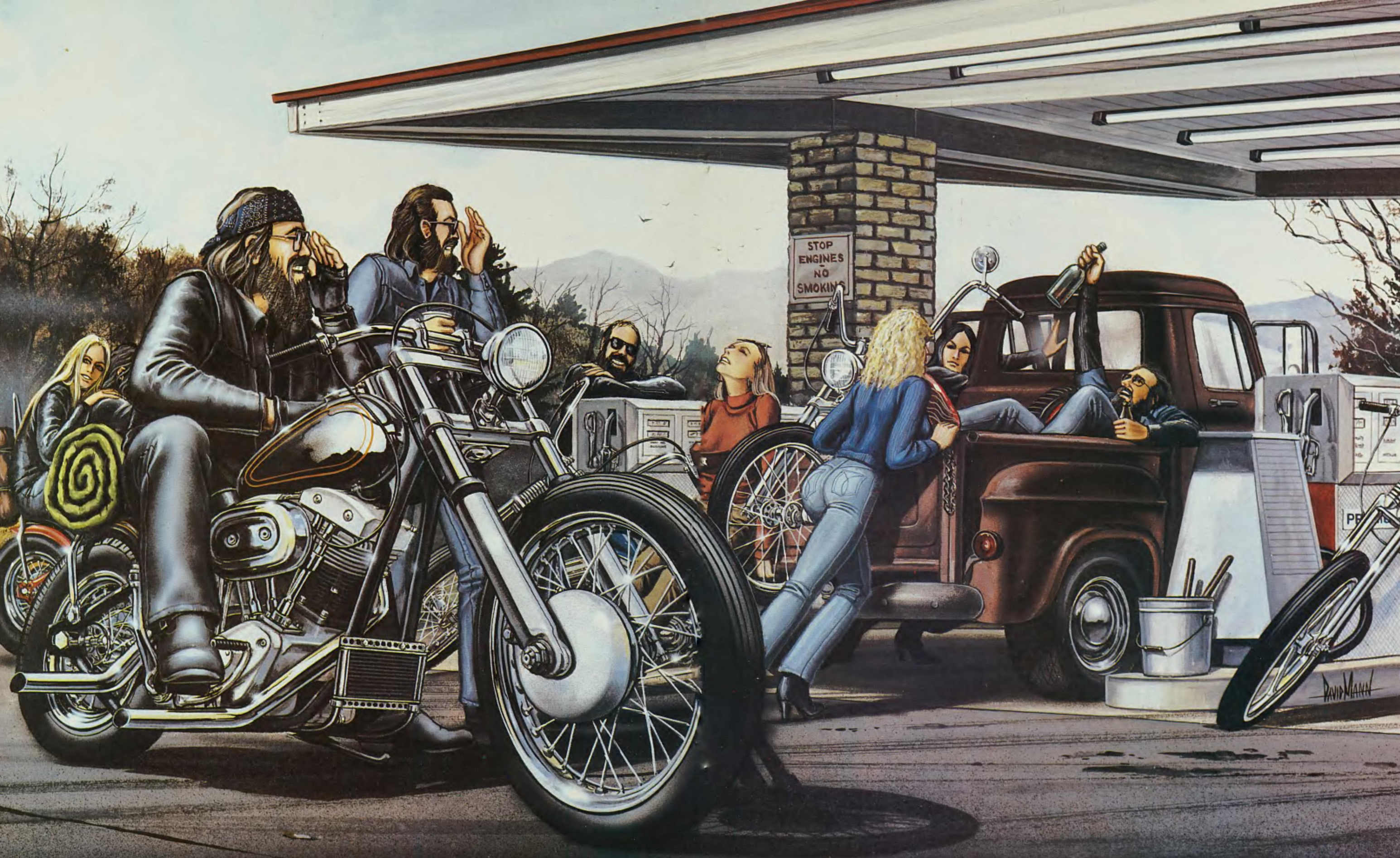


— from Jim, Lancaster, N.Y.

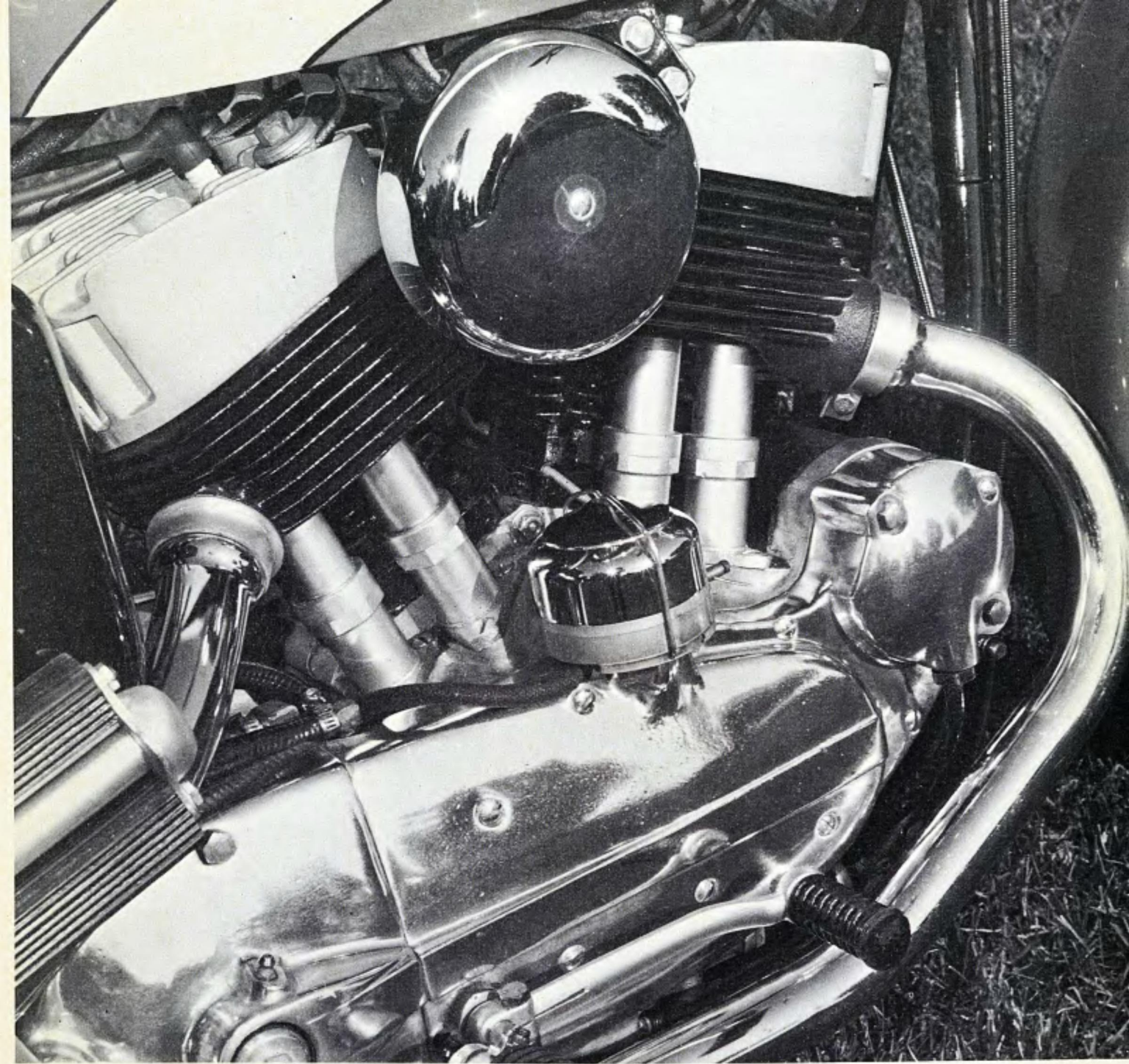


— from Bob Fraser, Princeton, Iowa









TIME MACHINE

There is somethin' particularly mind-messin' about layin' eyes on a scoot that's so carefully restored there's hardly a single crank-case screw or transmission shim in the whole thing that ain't new old stock. I mean, it kinda takes ya back toward the peachfuzz stage to see a twenty-

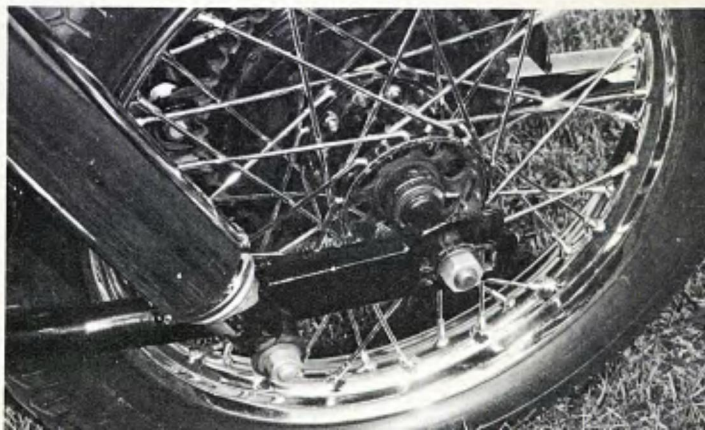
four-year-old (sled, that is) as showroom new as this 'un.

As these rantin's and ravin's were goin' through my noggin, I tried to keep the crosshairs focused on this rarest of the rare K-model Harleys, a KHK—a version of the 750 flathead stroked to 54



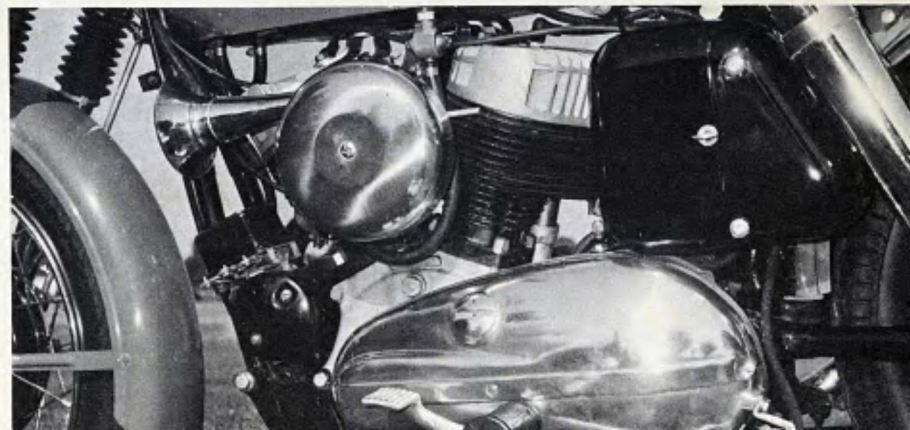
cubes, with headwork to boot. But when the flashbulb popped, the whole world around me kinda gurgled away like 60-weight down the cracks in the ol' garage floor.

And all of a sudden it was 1956. Bros were ridin' Hydra Glides in chaps 'n' caps like the getups in *The Wild One*. Citizens were sweatin' bricks about three-percent mortgages. Reefer and rockabilly were a Communist plot. And there was a drive-in with cuties in short-shorts where the computer factory is now.





Owner: Mike Di Santo		City: Boston, Mass.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: restored by owner		Year: 1956	
Year and make: 1956 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: K-model		Type: swingarm	
Value: won't sell		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: arm's length	
Time: 1 year		Other alterations: what ya see	
Chroming by: new old stock, H-D		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: original buckhorns	
Year: 1956		Risers: stock	
Model: KHK		Fender(s): H-D	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: original, w/tree covers	
Ignition: 6 volt		Taillight: stock	
Displacement: 54.2 cu. in.		Speedo: 120mph	
Lower end: Jim Murray		Front pegs: stock	
Balancing: E.E. Lindskog		Rear pegs: stock	
Pistons: .020 over		Electrics: stock	
Cases: bead blasted		Gas tank: 3.5 gal.	
Heads: aluminum		Oil tank: stock	
Cam(s): P's		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: early 3-bolt	
Carb(s): brass Linkert		Seat: solo, stock	
Air cleaner: early stainless		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: 2 into 1		Height:	
Muffler(s): original		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: not really		Type: stock	
Year: 1956		Extension: stock	
Shifting: foot		Builder: rebuilt by owner	
Engine sprocket: 30		Special features: none	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 49		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Brian Doherty		Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 3 1/2 in.
Color: red and white		Tire: Gdyl.	Tire: Gdyl.
Type: lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: frame — black Imron			
Other special modifications: stainless bolts, original accessory horn, front fender tip, toolbox, decals, and tank badges.			



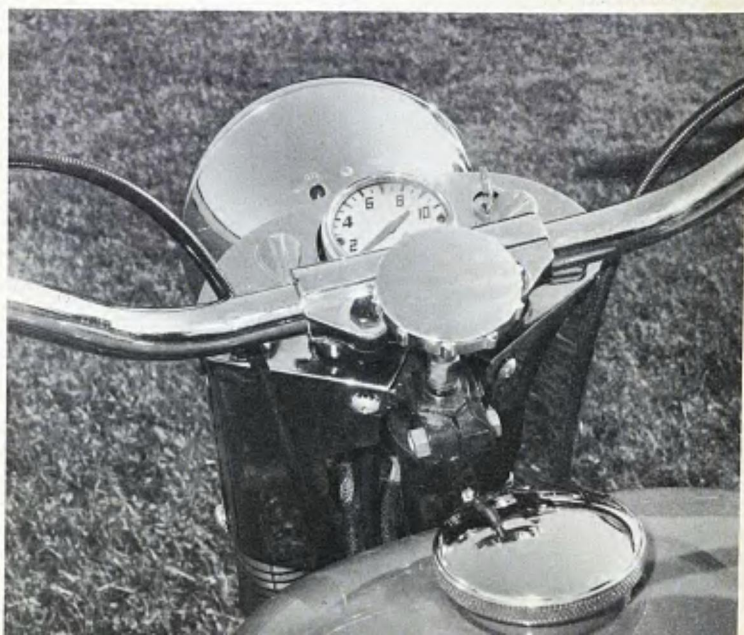


Photos by Jake

As luck would have it, some of the other bros from the rag were along on the shoot. They grabbed me, still mumblin' shit about Eisenhower and T-birds, and pointed my telephoto lens at the pair of very foxy—and very 1981—legs you see here. After a few minutes of droolin', I was my old modern sex-fiend self again.

So beware if ya come across this cherry KHK restored by Mike Di Santo. Take too close an eyeball, and ya may need something fine 'n' female like Maureen to bring you back from the '50s.

—Lecher



You Ought To Be In Pictures— And You Are!

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

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In The Wind Number Four

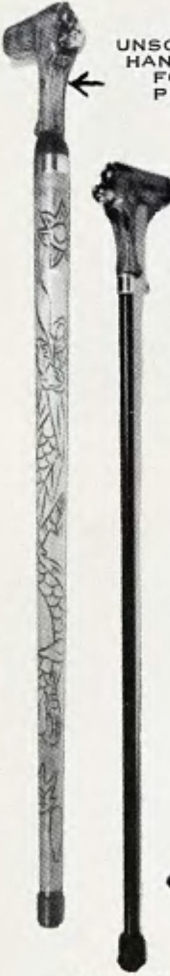
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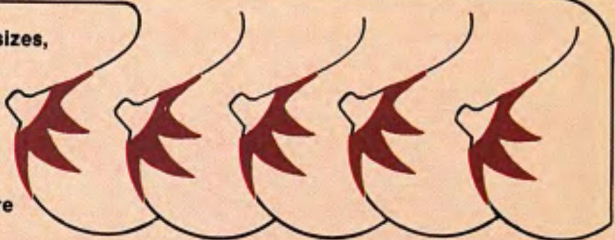
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 Address _____
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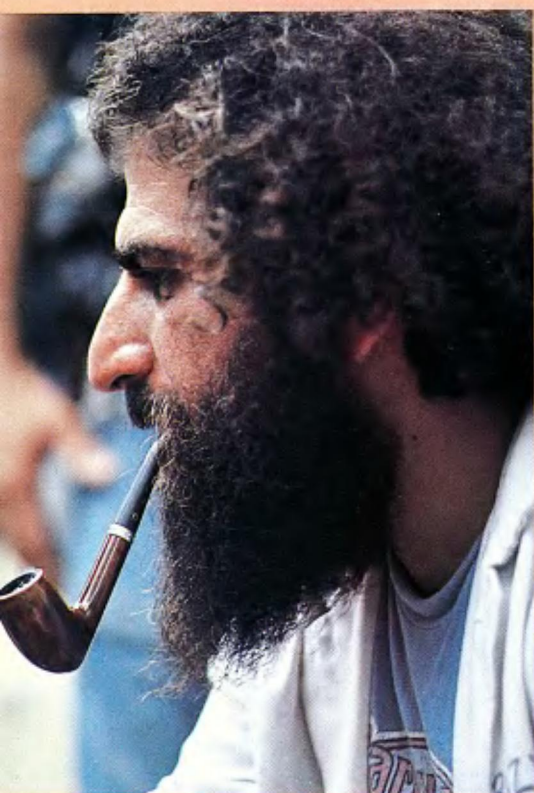
Add \$2.50 shipping. Calif. residents include 6% sales tax. Allow four weeks for delivery.

THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES

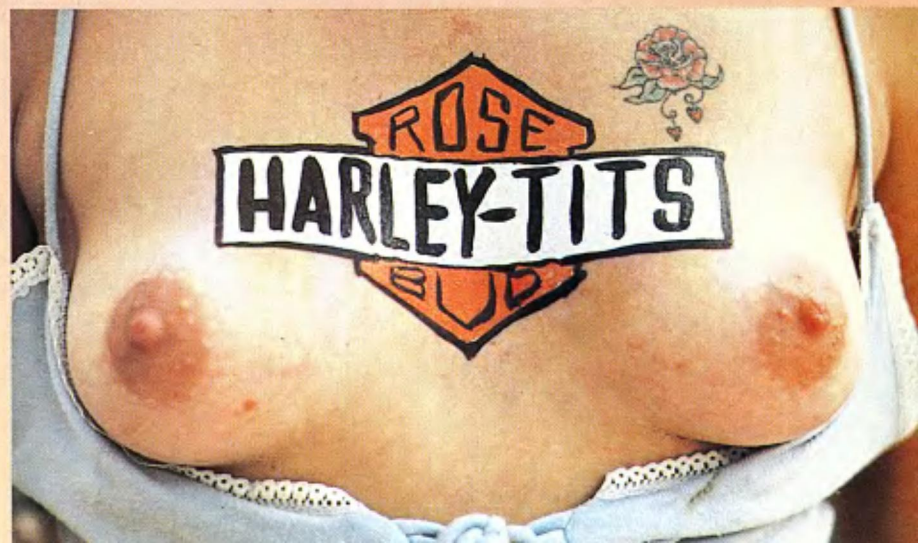
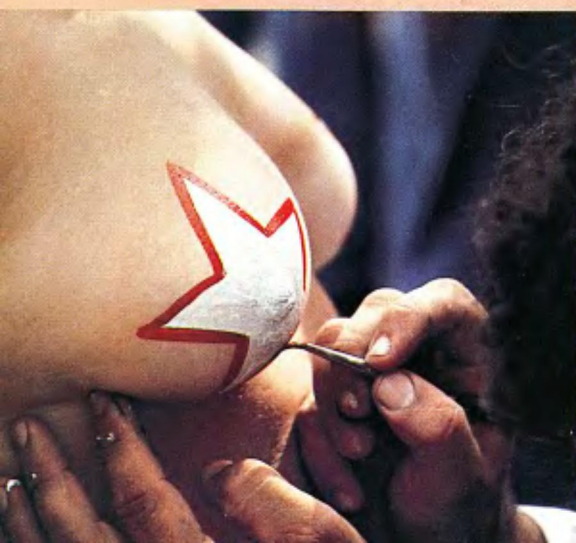
Big ones, little ones, hangin' ones, fried-egg ones, itty-bitty ones. All types, sizes, shapes, and descriptions — as long as they're on a chick who digs bikes and us crazies who ride 'em.

Bein' with this rag, we have an advantage, for many chicks will show their tits to our cameras as soon as they find out where we're from. Of course, the wet T-shirt contests at various runs and meets are great too — especially when the contestants get carried away with the enthusiasm of the crowd and take their wet T-shirts off to really give everyone an eyeball full of man's favorite munchies. What you see here are decorated tits, all painted real pretty, but nothin's better than the real thing(s).





Photos by Michael Lichter





by Jack Starbuck

Harleys Have A Certain Appeal



Illustration by Chris Andrews

Like, I mean, who has to rationalize ridin' a Harley? I ride a full-dress Electra-Glide Classic, man, and it's the thirteenth bike I've

Continued on page 112

Protect your valuables

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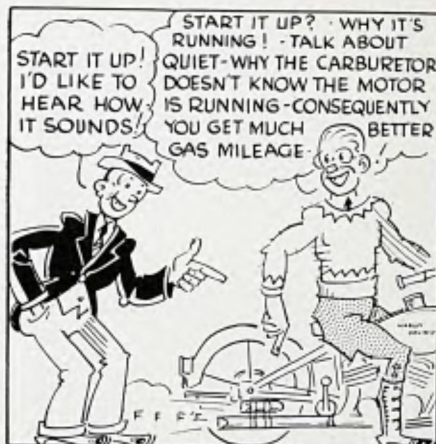
STASH POUCH

HUSH - HUSH STUFF ! by VAN

IN KEEPING WITH THE QUIETNESS OF THE 1929 HARLEY-DAVIDSON EQUIPPED WITH THE NEW FOUR TUBE MUFFLER - ALL RIDERS ARE REQUESTED TO REFRAIN FROM WEARING LOUD CLOTHES -!



SILENT POWER -



SILENCE HAS IT'S USES -



The Great HARLEY-DAVIDSON Silence Test

IN THE RESEARCH DEPARTMENT OF THE EXPERIMENTAL LAB - ORATORIES IT WAS CONCLUSIVELY PROVEN THAT TWO EXCEPTIONALLY QUIET MICE DROPPING COTTON ON A QUIET DAY PRODUCED MORE NOISE THAN THE NEW 1929 HARLEY-DAVIDSON 4 TUBE MUFFLER -!



I usually don't give head on credit, but for a copy of *In The Wind* I'll go along with you - so remember, you said *In The Wind* #5 was better than the others, and that it would be on sale soon. Which means I'll be expecting my copy any time - so unzip, dipshit.

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags



Future Sled?

The 750 is the perfect size for a sporting roadster. Not too big, not too small, with no excess weight and room for two people. We're thinking here of a new engine, rather than a street model of the racing XR or a destooled Sportster 1000, so if you used aluminum barrels and heads and designed the lower end and gearbox to take advantage of modern metals and casting techniques and quality control, and seeing as how Triumph has already proved that 750 Twins needn't be heavy, you could have the Harley 750 (we'd call it the 45, maybe even revive the K designation) weighing not much more than 400 lbs. By tuning the engine for torque, and because you don't need extra power if it doesn't have to haul excess weight, the gearing could be tall, with the engine loafing on the highway. Extra miles per gallon, and you could have 200 or more miles per fill-up with a 4-gal. tank. A bike for the future, one might say.

—Cycle World

Cheap Is Okay

Helmets are serious tools, and there's no question that when you're involved in an accident on a motorcycle you're better off wearing a helmet than not. "It's hard to find a bad helmet," says Dr. Harry Hurt of the Traffic Safety Center at the University of Southern California. "In the typical accident we studied — a 22-mph impact, the car driver at fault — we found that a twenty-five-dollar helmet protects as well as the most expensive models."

—Cycle Guide

Glutton For Punishment

Man, you want to see a real glutton for punishment? A stone let-me-bend-over-so-you-can-stick-it-to-me-deeper-cause-I-worship-the-ground-you-drip-on type of dude? Take a look in the mirror, bro. You know, the one with the Harley wings etched into it.

—Mike Skvorzov
Supercycle

Warm Riding

It is still critical to dress properly — in layers. The layers should be loose enough to maximize the pockets of dead air that will adjust to your body heat. A fully rigged, arctic-ready outfit would start this way: thermal underwear, top and bottom; jeans and T-shirt; flannel shirt or sweater; quilted vest, plus riding jacket or, more conveniently, a Minnesota snowsuit, ankle to neck, which combines the quilted layer with the windproof outer polyurethane-coated nylon layer. There are also a variety of electrically heated vests, pants, and snowsuits that connect to the bike's battery.

Likewise, you can in some places buy electrically warmed gloves. For the feet, oversized boots can be helpful, because you can get two pairs of thick wool socks into them.

—Peter Ross Range
Playboy

Nothing Exotic

My machine was the basic 1980 BMW 1000, the R100T. Thanks to the Environmental Protection Agency, it shares precisely the same engine with the S, the RS, and the RT — a 980cc, OHV, flat twin, with 8.2:1 compression

ratio and two 40mm-diaphragm carburetors. It's red-lined at 7,400 rpm. Nothing exciting: No overhead camshafts. No fuel injection. The EPA has mandated carburetors on which the only thing we can adjust is the idle, and an exhaust scavenger (or pulse air system) that feeds fresh air into the exhaust, giving roughly the same results as the hotshots got years ago by drilling tiny holes in the header pipes, making the mufflers snap, crackle, and pop when backed off. It gives the exhaust note a somewhat tinny sound, but that is a minor hitch.

The engine is cradled in a double-loop frame, with a single-plate dry clutch running 60-odd horsepower through a five-speed transmission and a shaft drive. Cast alloy wheels, with a 3.25H19 tire on the ground. A pair of 260mm discs bracket the front wheel, and a simple drum keeps the rear in line. Nothing exotic.

—Clement Salvadori
Road Rider

Horror-Shock Headlines

Along with Soviet malevolence, banana republic fascism, illicit sex, and official corruption, motorcycles score well in the top ten circulation boosters as good news material for horror-shock headlines. As Hunter S. Thompson's book *Hells Angels* amply illustrated, a handful of facts can easily earn worldwide notoriety — particularly when the raw materials include among them that most emotive of issues: the dirty, noisy, dangerous motorbike.

—Barry Winfield
Bike

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biker magazine



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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-

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

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)

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

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 handmade—about three inches in diameter. The reason for a classified is that I make them myself, and I want to take my time with each one. Besides, I can't afford a big ad. No two buckles will be alike. I figured a fair price is fifteen bucks. Send cash or money order to Weed, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (101)

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)

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)

Snake: Hope you'll soon be free and we'll be together again. You're the best. All my love, Trish. (95)

Iron Man: Happy birthday, baby. After one year of marriage I've got more love for you than ever. Looking forward to that run to Tennessee. Ritane. (95)

Trouble: Belated best wishes for your birthday. Still love you and thinking of you. II Trouble. (95)

Red Dragon: Happy birthday. Wish you were mine. Bleached Blonde. (95)

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)

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

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

For sale: Indian Chief frames, engine, transmission and wheel parts. Send sale to Roman, 325 Randall St., Waterloo, Iowa 50701. (95)

Ladies: 27-year-old prisoner wants correspondence with sincere, open-minded females who have themselves together. Been down six years. Female inspiration and companionship earnestly wanted. Arlen Georges, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603. (95)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (95)

Beth: Where have you been? You are Number One. Gus. (95)

Very lonely, white and single downed bro, 31, doing time. These blue eyes are looking for some sweet or hot correspondence. Appreciate photos from a righteous entrepreneur woman who is looking for some money and an ol' man. Glenn Martin #270194, P.O. Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851. (95)

White male, trim and fit. Parole in 1981. Wanting mail from something nice. Tom Whitlock, Box 4000R, Fort Grant, Ariz. 85643. (95)

Selling all my Harley-Davidson parts (some Indian). I have frames, engine parts, transmission parts, wheels, tanks, etc. Send \$1 and save for list of available parts and prices. No dealers. B. Ross, Drawer CP 309, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266. (95)

Weed: Happy belated anniversary, ol' man. I love you. Your ol' lady, Thunder Ryder. (12-26-80). (95)

Bradley (that's white): Happy birthday (May 16) to you, honey! May we have many more years of loving and riding together. You're the best ol' man a woman could want. All my love. Your lady, Kt. (95)

Lady wanted to share good times and bad with biker who's just getting on his feet after a hard couple of years. I'm 30, 6 ft., 230 lbs., long-haired blond, beard, blue eyes, Gemini, and Harley fanatic. Into Harleys, loving, partying, and being alive. Looking for a lady who fits the back of a Harley, a long-haired hell raiser who loves life and wants all of it she can grab. Write and get acquainted. Photo appreciated but not necessary. Danny Smith, 131 Creek St., Apt. 6, Wrentham, Mass. 02093. (95)

Attention: George Turman (Saint). Write to Danny Mills, Box 68, Fort Stanton, N.M. 88323. (95)

"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)

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

English biker would like to correspond with ladies in the U.S. Write Dave, 15 Garfield Rd., Buckland, Portsmouth, Hampshire, England. (95)

40-year-old biker looking for lady to ride, take trips with, and have some fun. Age doesn't matter, but prefer someone over 30. Write and send photo to P.O. Box 11263, Greensboro, N.C. 27409. (95)

Biker-hippie, 33, looking for understanding, together ol' lady for travel, camping, concerts, partying and ridin'. Rug rat okay. Photo and phone for quick reply. Let's get together and in the wind. Write Mouse, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (95)

J. W. Johnson (Scooter) of Chattanooga, Tenn. You're a daddy-O. Please call me at (317) 842-3504, or stop by. You will always be welcome. Kathy, Indianapolis, Ind. (95)

RDOA: The Roadmuffs say a big "Ahooy" to the Roaddogs on Capella. All right! Pam and Rocky. (95)

Male, 25, looking for woman to share living, partying, and loving. Kids no problem. Send phone no. Write C.C., Box 177, Independence, Kan. 67301. (95)

Tattoo Ron: What's cookin' down? Miss the hell outta ya, I'm doing okay up here in the snow. Waitin' for warm weather, then puttin' down your way. Love ya, bro. Jesse "Tramp." (95)

Dave: Happy birthday (2/29). It's late as usual. Love you and miss you. Live for the future when you're free and we'll be together then. Love, Kat, Cara, and Barb. (95)

Tom: Happy late birthday, honey (2-19-81)! Thanks for making these last few months the happiest ever. Here's to more. You are the greatest. Love, Your lady, Lynda. (95)

Lady, 28, seeks correspondence with sincere dude, toward future relationship. Must love kids. Anne, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (95)

Far East remaining, 50¢ for one, three for \$1. Box 399B, Charlotte, Me. 04666. (96)

Little One: Still need you really much. Moved to Mad City. Contact me, please. Willie, (608) 251-8472. 1333 E. Wilson, Madison, Wis. 53703. (95)

Down for four, 26, strong and white. Righteous ladies send flicks and write to "Crazy Ricky" Hedberg #C-10917 5161, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93401. (95)

Marriage certificates \$10. Birth certificates \$5. Rev. Ferguson, Box 52, Rutledge, Pa. 19070. (95)

Meet sexy women nationwide. Call Tracy (312) 262-9800. Box 405-ER, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (96)

Rita: Remember that red ride? Let's write, okay? Sam Stone. (95)

Tattooing outfits and instruction manuals for starting you in business or hobby. Artist, Box 242-G, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (95)

Renee Neblett: Please call home and let us know you are okay. We will accept anything. You can live your own life. What matters is that you're okay. We love you and miss you. Please do it for us. Love always, Imogene Neblett, 429 Alabama St., Paducah, Ky. 42001. (95)

Sex makes \$\$! Call Monica Gold (312) 465-8800, 54 W. Randolph, Suite 606 E-3, Chicago, Ill. 60601. (96)

Linda, Debbie, and Colin: I love you all much more as each day passes. Life has been so empty without you three. Come home to stay and let's get our love and family back to where it belongs. Love you all. Lizard. (95)

Virginia biker visiting most states in 1981. Would like to meet interesting ladies. Drop me a line. Will reply. Easy Rider, P.O. Box 475, Colonial Heights, Va. 23834. (95)

Professional tattooing handbook: Trade secrets, valuable tips, tattooed women's photos, removing formulas. Expert instructions. Illustrated. 72 pages. \$27.45. Steele, Box 242-G, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (95)

Single. Would like down-and-out males to write. Darlene Rushton, 54C Onoway Ave., Red Deer, Alberta, Canada. (95)

Maggie: Happy 22nd! Hope we both have our bikes soon. Should I save a virgin pillion for your tea-cup? "You Needed Me." I need you, I miss your rootbeers. Jim. (95)

Attention, Northern New Jersey riders: Semi-organized club looking for those not wanting 1%ers or sanctioned clubs. Just easy-riding bros and ladies with no heavy scenes. Looking for brotherhood, weekend runs, and good partying. Will not infringe on other clubs. Would appreciate helpful info from other clubbers. All letters answered. Lopez, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (95)

Prisoner (27) would like to correspond with a warm, intelligent, attractive, and understanding lady. Age unimportant. Would be nice if you are interested in the outdoors too. Please send photo and I will reciprocate. Write soon. David Duncan #31174, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043. (95)

Chuck Hudson and Wayne Wagner: Write Norman Adams #219-545, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (95)

Death row prisoner would like to correspond with ladies. Jim "Fuzzy" Jeffers, Box B38604, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (95)

"High," Sunshine! Happy 20th birthday (2-13-61). This may be a little late, but I wasn't. Take it to the limit. Stay sweet. Love you, Smitty. (95)

Lt. Gary and Kathy: Contact me. Terry Camden, A 1-76 FA, APO 09033. (95)

David Barshinger: You are my dream come true. I love you more than words could ever say. We have had hard times, but just think of the good times ahead of us together. Promise. Your lady, Darla. (95)

Candyman: Missing you, the knucklehead, and the Junior Fox. Thanks for everything. Think of your mysterious lady, please. (95)

To Bitchin' Bob Ricca: May the wind always be in your face, and your shovel under your ass. Happy belated birthday 2-20-81. Your friend and ol' lady, Kath. (95)

Continued on page 126

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

Saved by the bike. Once in a great while, trouble with your bike can be a blessing. I had a minor problem with my scooter a while back and it turned a bad night into a good one. Let me explain.

I have an unfortunate knack for incurring unpleasant obligations due to a chronic distaste for hurting people's feelings, which is simply to say that I have a hard time telling people no. On the particular occasion in question, I had foolishly agreed to have dinner with some friends of a girl I was dating. I'd met this bunch of clowns before, and a more pompous, boring, full-shit crowd you can't imagine. I mentally kicked my butt as I pulled on a pair of clean Levi's and rummaged for a fresh T-shirt among the piles of grubby clothing tossed about the room. I thought about calling my girlfriend with a fake excuse, but I'm a lousy liar, so I resigned myself to taking my medicine.

But when I went outside to unlock the bike, there it was, my salvation — the rear tire was flatter than a 7th grader's titbits and I couldn't possibly fix it in time to make the dinner date. For once I was happy about a bike breakdown, though I tried to keep the elation out of my voice when I called the gal with the sad news. I pulled off my boots, fired up a number, popped open a brew, and listened to records all night by myself in glorious isolation. What follows are some thoughts about two of the albums I played.

Heartattack and Vine/Tom Waits: I've been a Tom Waits fan for some time, though I always found Waits himself somewhat more interesting than his music. If you've ever seen him in person, you know what I mean. Waits usually looks like he followed a four-day speed run with a three-day drunk on Four Roses:

wrinkled black suit with that slept-in look, Goodwill-quality, needle-pointed roach-killers on his feet, eyes like a roadmap of New Jersey, and a voice that has to be heard to be believed. Truly, Waits's voice is unique among today's — or any day's — singers. It's a gargling, wheezing, gravelly croak perfectly suited to his songs of sleazy bars in the early morning hours and the hustlers and losers who live and die in the streets.

While past albums like **Blue Valentine**, **Closing Time**, and **Nighthawks at the Diner** demonstrated Waits's power as a songwriter and performer, too many cuts were like amphetamine verbal rambles sung (or, more accurately, said) to the accompaniment of an upright bass and drums played with brushes, not sticks. Interesting stuff, but a little goes a long way.



Well, I'm happy to report that Waits has chucked that post-beatnik coffee house sound and has produced his best album yet. Many of the tracks flat-out rock, and even the ballads have strong rhythmic foundations. His voice still sounds like he gargled with battery acid shortly before going into the studio to record, but it's a better-than-ever vehicle for the songs, all of which Waits wrote himself.

The title cut, "Heartattack and Vine," is one of Waits's best tunes to date. Funny and

sardonic, it offers a drugged-out series of scenes from life's other side: *Benny's high on China White, Shorty found a punk/Don't you know there ain't no Devil, there's just God when He's drunk/Well, this stuff will probably kill you, let's do another line/What you say you meet me down on Heartattack and Vine.*

"On the Nickel" chronicles the wino's existence on Skid Row and "Downtown" further explores the gritty panorama of central Los Angeles. But perhaps the best tune on the album is "Mr. Siegal," any verse of which is like a graphic mini-novel of street life: *I spent all my money in a Mexican whorehouse across the street from a Catholic church/Then I wiped off my revolver and buttoned up my burgundy shirt/I shot the morning in the back with my red wings on/I told the sun he'd better go back down/And if I can find a book of matches I'm gonna burn this hotel down.*

If you're into Waits already, you'll probably be pleased by the new harder-edged rock sound on this album. If not, this disc is a good introduction to one of the rawest, realest dudes making music today. I mean, how can you help but like someone who describes himself as follows: "I'm the type of guy who'd sell you a rat's asshole for a wedding ring."

North-South/Paul Butterfield: The title of this new release harks all the way back to Butterfield's second album, **East-West**, now fifteen years old. That was his best album, highlighted by the thirteen-minute title cut, full of inspired guitar work by Mike Bloomfield and Elvin Bishop. This album and his first, **The Paul Butterfield Blues Band**, still hold up to playing today, the music retaining its vigor and integrity over the years.

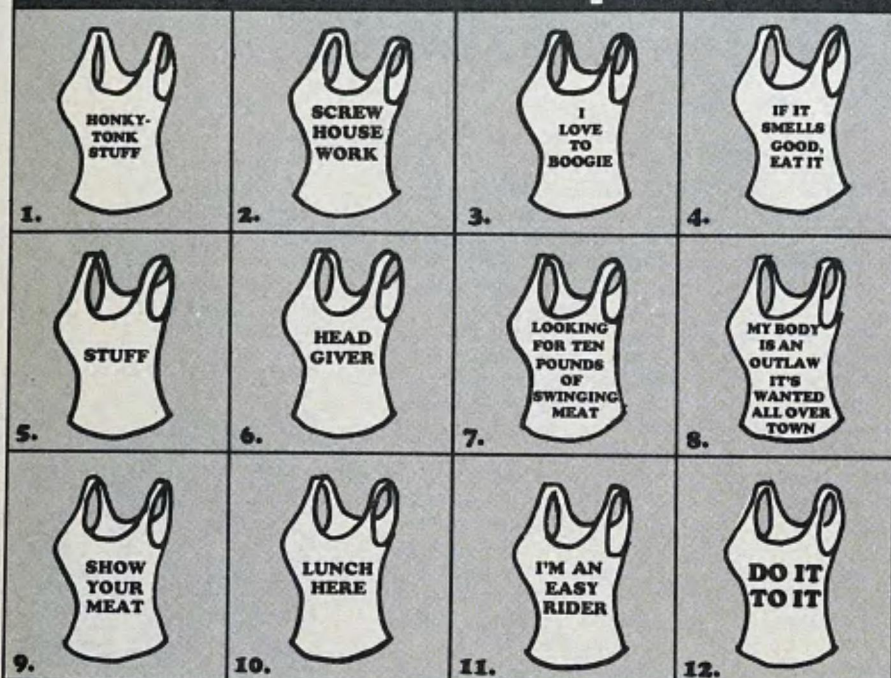
North-South, unfortunately, suffers by comparison to its predecessors. Most of the tunes are thin in the lyrics — no great drawback if the music can carry itself, but in this case the playing is subdued and restrained, so



the result is music without impact. As I listened to these cuts I kept wishing I could hear the tunes played by a backup bunch like Booker T. and the MG's or the Bar-Kays or any of those Stax musicians who long ago set the style in rocking the blues. Butterfield's harmonica playing is equally remote and his vocals lack punch — the material cries out for someone with the drive of Sam and Dave to show how it ought to be done. All the raw material for a good package is here, but it never quite comes together in this album.

Butterfield fans will want this record for nostalgia's sake if for no other reason, and a few cuts are well-handled, like "Slow Down," featuring an excellent guitar solo by Michael Toles. I'd like to see Paul Butterfield return to prominence, but this album isn't going to be the work that makes that happen. Butterfield was as influential as anyone you can name when it came to introducing the blues to a young white audience in the 60s, but that audience is hipper now and won't accept weak efforts like this. I don't know, maybe you can't go home again. ■

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Colors: White, blue, peach, yellow. Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 50/50 "stretch." Send size, color, and shirt number along with \$6.50 to: **Grayhound's Tanks**, P.O. Box 1309, South Gate, Calif. 90280. Also available: 100% cotton bikini panties with above printing, \$5.00 pair.

Quaaludes

Continued from page 31

Probably not in the physical sense of the word. What this man had done was visit doctors, complain of sleeplessness, and through suggestion and manipulation, had persuaded them to prescribe Quaaludes. Through a series of close examinations of pharmacies, doctors' records, and other documents, the cops had figured out that they had a Quaaludes dealer on their hands.

To most people, Quaaludes are just another sleeping pill. But to the guy who was popped in the drugstore, they meant a chance to make a tenfold return on his investment. Bought for under 50 cents apiece in drugstores, Quaaludes are sold on the street for around five bucks. Why would anyone pay five dollars for a small white sleeping pill, or an equal amount for a poor-quality bootleg version?

To those who have never taken a Quaalude, it may seem strange that people can hunger after this drug like crazy and risk getting shoved in the slammer on a drug abuse charge — especially when some of the "benefits" of this substance, as described in medical journals, can include "sudden loss of consciousness, loss of feelings in the extremities... and death." It just doesn't seem to make much sense. But many who have taken a Quaalude decide that the risk and expense are justified. For them, the Quaalude is the world's mellowest drug.

The greatest difficulty in describing the effects of Quaaludes is in attempting to do justice to the sensation. I mean, how do you describe lying numbly around the porch all day so it sounds good? Instead, let me cite an article in the May 1978 issue of the *Archives of General Psychiatry*, in which two respected doctors, Michael Gerald and Patricia Schwirian of Ohio State University, reported on some tests and a series of interviews they conducted with methaqualone users. (Methaqualone is the generic name for Quaaludes, which means it's the actual name of the chemical substance rather than the trademark as registered by the manufacturer.) The most interesting aspect of these tests is the section subtitled "Respondent-reported desirable effects associated with methaqualone use." This compares what

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COCO

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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Riding Our Way?



the users of the drug expected its effects to be before they ever took it with their actual experiences after ingesting tablets containing methaqualone.

Of the Ohio test subjects, 95 percent expected to experience a "relaxed feeling" after taking methaqualone, and 100 percent actually did experience this reaction. No surprise there. A mere 59 percent expected "everything to feel good," but 95 percent later did feel good. Only 32 percent expected to "feel more confident," although 70 percent later experienced this effect. Whereas 42 percent of the users anticipated that the drug would "increase your sexual desires or break down sexual resistance of others," 95 percent got horny. But the clincher was that, although a modest 77 percent of these folks expected that they would "want to make love" under the influence of methaqualone, a whopping 97 percent of these people apparently screwed each other blind! So now we have it straight from an official medical publication: Quaaludes can make you mellow out, feel great, more confident, and increase your sexual desires. So what formerly seemed like a steep street price of five bucks per tablet now seems more understandable.

It's interesting to note the early history of methaqualone, if only to point out the fact that the same country produced both the century's best-known laid-back human and chemical. If Mahatma Gandhi advocated passive resistance in a non-violent setting, then the Quaalude can be said to be the pharmaceutical stepchild of his teachings. On Quaaludes, you

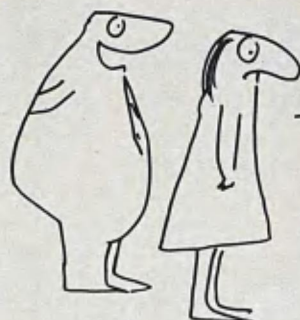
simply don't feel like fighting. If you took two Quaaludes you'd probably sound like a 78rpm record played at 33, and your sentences might take hours to complete, if they ever got finished at all.

At any rate, two Indian researchers, M.L. Gujral and R.P. Kohli, of the country's very proper King George Medical College, created methaqualone in the early 1950s. To this day, rumors abound to the effect that the discovery of the drug was an accident, that methaqualone was an unwanted byproduct, a residue left over when the men attempted to conduct some more significant chemical experiment. Whether the janitors ate the shit left over from this supposedly greater experiment for science and didn't appear until four days afterwards, or whether the researchers somehow dipped into the leftovers in some unspecified manner is not detailed in these rumors, but one thing is clear: somehow, they wound up with methaqualone. And naturally, if you had stumbled upon something this heavy by accident, and you were a professional chemist, you probably wouldn't admit that it was an accident or error, would you? I mean, it would have been, shall we say, *unwise* to own up that you just happened to find a drug that makes people go into a trance and fuck themselves silly.

Reports of recreational use and abuse of methaqualone first surfaced in Japanese medical journals, but Western observers thought such use was confined to "social outcasts." It was probably pretty similar to the way the West invented the transistor, thought it impractical, and ignored it until little radios

Easyriders

ADULT
PRODUCTS
69



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A Tribute to Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. **Note:** No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of **Lew**. We'll miss ya a lot. Ride high and forever in Biker Heaven. It's from all of us, The Veetwin People, Ridgecrest, Calif.

In memory of **"Savage"**. When all us biker bro die, we shall go to Harley Heaven because we already did our time in Hell! Ride free forever! Kid Outlaw, Satan's Reapers MC, Elmira, N.Y.

In memory of **Chuck Delany**, who lost his head 'cause two punk kids strung a wire across the RR bed. Chuck, you rode fast and died too young. May you keep on biker in Scooter Heaven. From Jack (J.D.) and every other righteous bro.

In memory of **"Boatman" La Fore**. Ya took a fat chance by the pants and landed six feet under. May you putt your balls off in Harley Heaven. You are loved and missed by all. "Captain Reaper" MC and friends.

In memory of **Steve Fellows** and his girl, **Lillian Peed**, who were killed by an asshole on their way home. May you both ride forever and together in Harley Heaven. Ron Dickson, Westerly, R.I.

In memory of my husband, **Mike Daw**, a good man who loved his Harley, his kid, and his ol' lady. Ride like the wind. RIP, babe. Your ol' lady and son, Eric, Houston, Tex.

In memory of **Winston Price**. Rest in peace, bro. You are gone but never forgotten. From your bro Kevin "45" Bretz and all the bros in Omaha and Austin, Tex.

In memory of **Yahey and Weasel**. Gone 12 years, but to live in the hearts and minds of people who know you is not to die. We miss ya, bros. Renegades MC, So. Calif.

In memory of **Gary Bennett**, who could ride no harder and love no deeper. We will always remember you, Hyper and Debby, Fairmont, W. Va.

In memory of **Steve, Crazy Dave, and Dave**. We will always love ya and miss ya, bros. IFFI, Invaders MC.

In loving memory of **Tim "Betty" Smith**, who rode hard and free. No one will ever take your place. You were the best. At least you died happy. We never got to tell you how much we really loved you. May you ride forever in Harley Heaven. Always thinking of you. Bucky and Betty.

In memory of **"St. Bernard"**. It'll never be the same puttin' without ya. Mad Anthony, Rotten Ron, Loco Joe, Poacher, Congo, and Wonka. Crotch Cannibals MC, Zanesville, Ohio.

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.

Lonely dude looking for letters from ladies 18-40 to help me pass my time. Will answer all. Picture would be nice. Reed Burgess, Jr., Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Summertime biker, nationwide trucker, been looking for submissive mouse who appreciates a good-timing man. Send photo. T. R. Clark, Box 386, Stony Ridge, Ohio 43463.

29 and lookin' for that rose in my mind. Ralph L. West #B98679, Box 600, D.V.I., Calif. 95376.

Young man of 25, 5'3", would like to hear from some fine wild flow-ers. "Li'l" Joe Portillo, Box 686 (B-94783), CTFC, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

German Jimbo is down again. Write this Libra to bring up spirits. I'll return the favor. Jim Knecht, 130 Plymouth Ave. S., Rochester, N.Y. 14614.

33-yr.-old trucker and biker down for five. Need correspondence with foxy ladies to help fill my lonely hours. Robert J. Scarborough, Box 16-290720, S-line, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

Don't have a family. Would just like to hear from someone out there. Julian Lassere #306268, Ramsey Unit, Rt. 2, Box 1200, Rossharon, Tex. 77583.

Southern bro trapped in a cowboy state. Two more years or less. Need lots of letters. Richard Bennett #16019, Unit 11, Box 14, Boise, Ida. 83707.

I would like to receive mail from females any age to keep me strong in the struggle here in my 5x8 cell. Daniel Snodgrass #154670, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, Md. 21202.

Frenchie is my name; gettin' an ol' lady is my game. Would like to hear from women who like to write. Jean Packwood #72233, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93438.

Ladies, my name is Stash, from them thar hills of Tennessee, 1800 miles down the road without mail or visits. Do y'all care? Far out! Jerry Stewart #02492, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93438.

Good-lookin' Leo, 28, needs letters from sincere foxy ladies. Will answer all and exchange photos. Mike Easton #40069, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

40-yr.-old will write to anyone. Can't ride, so I'm down. Andy Torres #C-18729, 8-38, Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Lonely white boy would enjoy letters from good-hearted white girls. Larry Botsford #B-90404, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Looking for some hip chicks who love the good life. Write Blaine Little #N08005, or Mike Korstick #A82592, Box 500, Vandalla, Ala. 62471.

Very lonely bro down in Nowhere-land, Maryland. Sincere chicks with spare time, please write. William Smith #146-207, Box 3333, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

When I get out, I'm coming home to Lancaster, Calif. I'd like to hear from a few darlins. John Walsh #073113, Hendry C.I., Rt. 2, Box 13A, Immokalee, Fla. 33934.

Need letters from ladies. All answered. Bruce L. Lyons #629967, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

Lonely, sensitive, good-looking young man needs someone who is looking for a lasting relationship. Age 16-25. I am 22. Daniel L. Haase, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Mont. 59722.

19-yr.-old prisoner looking for nice women to correspond with. Age and looks not important. Robert Freeman #A-067509, Drawer 1072, DeSoto Correctional Institute, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Outlaw tattoo artist, parole January '81, seeks solid ol' lady. Serious. Leo Harper #B-59519, Tama, Calif. 94974.

30-yr.-old biker doin' time would like to hear from any ladies, any age, anywhere. Dave Kountz #15-7216, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

28-yr.-old, trying to keep my sanity while being "rehabilitated." Richard Graves #25491, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Wanted: Young ladies to help take care of me. Down for about three more. Darrell Zeckzer #160056, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

All alone and need a special lady to touch my life. Gerry DeNormandie #43648, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Ladies: Two short-timers looking for ladies of heart. Contact immediately for exciting details. Mad-dog and Dipstick, c/o Jack Roder-mund #30991-138, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

Biker and partner want some ol' ladies to write and visit. Terah (20) #12133, and Old Timer (38) #118712, Bland Correctional Center, Rt. 2, Bland, Va. 24315.

Blue eyes and nice looking! All ages. Photos? William Giles #27-417, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

44-yr.-old half-breed needs sincere, secure lady. Calif. residence. Release 11-1-81. Lee Davis, Box A-1206, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Bodybuilding Harley rider will raise in one year. Will exchange photos. Wants to hear from adventuresome chicks. Sigmund Wortherly #77A3792, Drawer B., Stormville, N.Y. 12582.

Long time lonely and lookin' for love. Been down four and have one to the bricks. Looking for dependable ol' lady. Aubrey Bonderer #B-94101, Box 600, DVI, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Down only about 1 1/2 years, but it's time, and I'm used to being free. Write: Cory Faltz #265068, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

Young guy (22) in deep need of female correspondence. Vern Houser #C-15618-N-203, Box 686, CTF Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Ladies, they got my body but not my mind. I'm still in the wind. Letters would sure help. Noel Heathman #33061, Box 2500, Lincoln, Neb. 68502.

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

Down bro would like to hear from all foxy women in Arizona. Elf Al Rix #38657, Box B, Florence, Ariz. 85322.

Would like to hear from foxy ladies to help me through lonely nights. W/m, 34, with 8 months to do. Raymond McCulley #N-00839, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Sittin' here in the pen. It's a real bummer. Please send a pic. Kevin J. Kelly #00414-041, Box 1000, Sandstone, Minn. 55072.

Be out soon! Young, lonely bro wishing to hear from any of you lovely ladies. K. C. Snider #104-016, Box 514, Granite, Okla. 73547.

All you women out there, time is getting me down. Sure could use some mail. Terry Price #261579, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

Girls only! Write Scooter-Tramp Spider, Greg Taylor, 16350 Filbert, Sylmar, Calif. 91342.

32-yr.-old biker from Michigan, doin' 5-15, needs foxes 15-40 to drop a few lines and photos. Will answer all. Larry Schleicher #D-121788, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Lonely Gemini doin' hard time. Would like to receive letters and photos from one-man chicks. Marshall Nutall #111893, 500 Spring St., #321-B, Richmond, Va. 23219.

Used to own a bike, never owned a trike; still want the ladies to write, except for da dykes. Osborne #A-90424, Box 1000, Lincoln, Ill. 62656.

Just want a few letters from a few chicks of all types. Joseph Wright #N-02331, Box 1000, Lincoln, Ill. 62656.

Please write me! Rick Brockel #79-B-1664, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

31-yr.-old convict needs mail from foxy ladies. Send photos. Steve Schriver, Box C-11823, CTF Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Ladies! Downed scooter tramp needs letters and pix. I'm lookin' for a woman with heart and staying power. Out in '81. Bobbie Lee McFarland #C-19925, Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Please, someone, write me, because I am a very lonely man. Please hurry! I need a friend bad, anybody and everybody. Marcellus Gaines #158-641, CCF, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

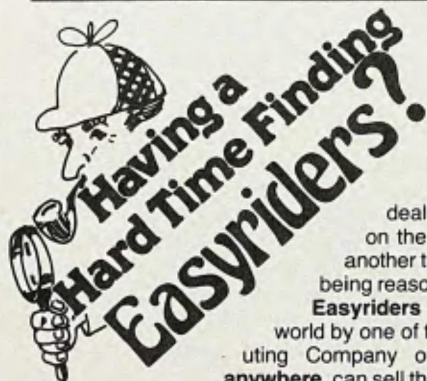
Need an ol' lady for a lonely tramp. James Shuett #267641, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

Down for a while, but not for long. So show some slack, ladies, and write Mike Frye #87412, Brushy Mountain Prison, Petros, Tenn. 37845.

30-yr.-old scooter tramp needs letters from anyone. Larry Martin #159-383, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

started appearing everywhere and threatened the American electronics industry. At any rate, the authorities here and in Britain thought nothing of it, but my belief in the power of the Quaalude, or methaqualone, is only strengthened by the circumstances surrounding the first reports of abuse in Western countries, which centered in Northern Ireland. According to *The Journal of The American Medical Association*, in 1969, 89 percent of all physicians in Northern Ireland were prescribing a drug called Mandrax. Mandrax was a particularly potent form of methaqualone, since it was combined with an antihistamine to make it even more powerfully felt. When Mandrax was suddenly withdrawn from widespread distribution in the area in 1971 as a result of the British Drug Prevention Misuse Act, the Irish Republican Army violence escalated dramatically, as did other seemingly random non-political acts of warfare. Coincidence? Or were those 89 percent of Northern Ireland doctors, in effect, keeping the country safe and quiet by prescribing a powerful sedative? You figure it out. But think of our own war in Vietnam. Those of you familiar with the drug know that any war would have ended (had it ever begun) a lot earlier if the troops had been taking Quaaludes. Can you imagine trying to pilot a helicopter on the stuff? Or repair one? You would have had men jumping from helicopters from 40 feet up and feeling no pain, spending weeks in the hospital.

Methaqualone wasn't made available to the American public until 1965, when William H. Rorer Pharmaceuticals, the same firm that manufactures Milk of Magnesia, introduced the Quaalude and inaugurated a new era in American underground drugs. The Quaalude came in two strengths, then as now: a 150-milligram tablet marked Rorer 712, and the legendary 300-milligram tablet inscribed Rorer 714. The second version is what is generally referred to in conversation as Quaaludes or 714s. Interestingly, the British Mandrax, which contained 250 milligrams of methaqualone along with 25 milligrams of the antihistamine diphenhydramate, and was widely used overseas, was never to see the legal journey across the Atlantic. Although it's tough to agree with any form of Big Brotherism, it's easy to see that this drug-store cocktail was extremely volatile, perhaps even unstable in its effects,



If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

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

Easyriders is distributed throughout the English-speaking world by one of the largest distributors in the business, Dell Distributing Company of New York — which means **any** newsstand, **anywhere**, can sell the magazine.

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when combined with alcohol. Certainly, many of the needless deaths that occur with methaqualone users can be traced to inexperienced people taking too much booze with the drug. In fact, this very unpredictability, which was magnified when the antihistamine was combined with methaqualone in Mandrax, is the drug's most dangerous characteristic. Consequently, Mandrax was banned, although various companies had reportedly lobbied for its sale, or for the sale of a virtually identical compound.

But American enterprise was able to market methaqualone in a variety of ways, despite the fact that this substitute for barbiturates, seen by the medical establishment then as a cure-all for insomniacs who might become addicted to downers, was simply one substance sold under a variety of different company trademarks. For example, the second most popular form of methaqualone, at least according to street experts, was Arnar-Stone's version, known to fans as the "soaper," which also came in 150- and 300-milligram varieties. Each type was marked with the letters A S, and came in chrome-yellow for the smaller tablet and in bright-orange tabs for the stronger mix. Sadly, their baby of the line, a 75-milligram green tablet, was discontinued. Other domestic brands of methaqualone flooded the market, including Wallace's Optimil, Cooper Labs' Somnafac, and Strassenburgh's Tuazole. But with the exception of two variations, one form of methaqualone was pretty much the same as the others.

While most forms of methaqualone came in tablet form, Parke-Davis's Parest, along with Optimil and Somnafac, came in capsules. This helped regulate and quicken the release of the methaqualone; consequently, these capsules were in high demand. Furthermore, these three manufacturers produced the capsules in strong dosages. In contrast to the 150mg and 300mg versions of the tablet from Rorer and Cooper Labs, the capsules all came in 200mg and 400mg strengths. Another interesting aspect of these versions was that they were made with the hydrochloride form of methaqualone, which is more readily absorbed by the bloodstream because it is a salt.

But if these three manufacturers can be singled out for imaginative twists in their production of methaqualone (as can Smith, Miller

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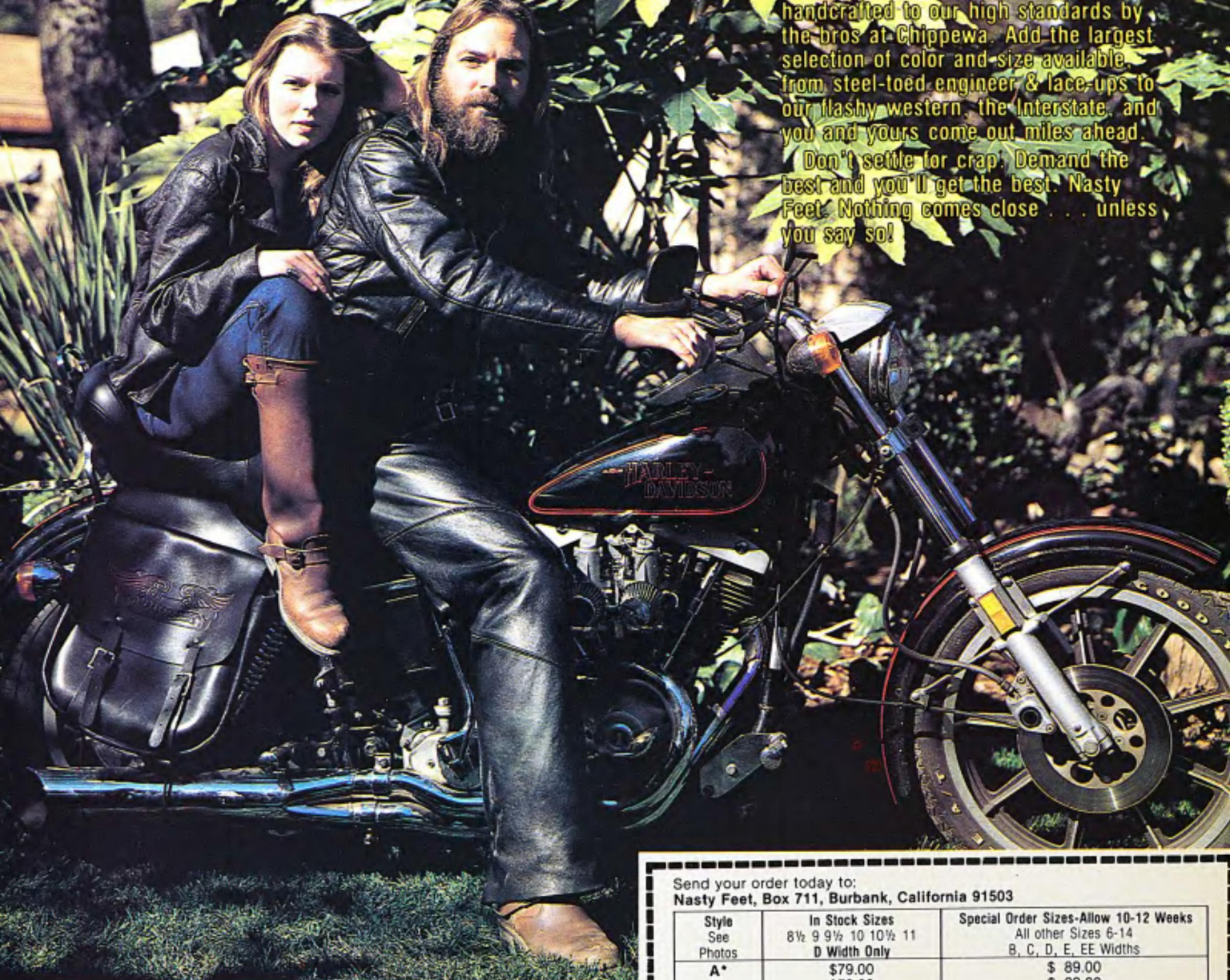
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& Patch Company, which now makes Somnafac), the Strassenburgh operation should be cited for genius in creating what was the best drug cocktail ever to hit the legal prescription market. They combined their brand of methaqualone, called Tuazole, with speed in the form of their crank brand name, Biphetamine, and wound up with Biphetamine T. Supposedly, the reason the company combined these two drugs from opposite ends of the spectrum was that reports were surfacing about overweight people lashing out at their children, housepets, and members of the general populace. I know, it's tough to believe that a pill containing both upper and downer in the same container could be approved by the government, but that was the case. There were two strengths of this highball, but unfortunately, neither the drug in this form nor the company survived.

Although Quaaludes (714s) became far and away the most popular form of methaqualone, the Rorer company decided to lease out its rights to the name and pill form, which provides us with one of the most perplexing questions regarding this drug. Although all drugs containing methaqualone were designated controlled substances by the Food And Drug Administration on April 15th, 1974 (which meant that there were certain pain-in-the-ass procedures doctors and pharmacists had to endure when prescribing or selling the drug, and should have resulted in a decrease in sales), Rorer did not grant to others its rights for manufacturing until late 1978. It's generally acknowledged that Rorer received an enormous amount of bad publicity in connection with the manufacturing of Quaaludes, and that the designation of methaqualone as a controlled substance increased badmouthing by the press, but it still seems strange to give up something that's made your company enormous amounts of money. The company doesn't want to comment about this, but reports have surfaced to the effect that many of Rorer's trucks carrying Quaaludes were hijacked, which, when you consider how valuable the pills are on the street, seems plausible. However, both Parke-Davis and Lemmon Pharmaceuticals, to which the Quaalude rights were leased, report no trouble in transporting the drug.

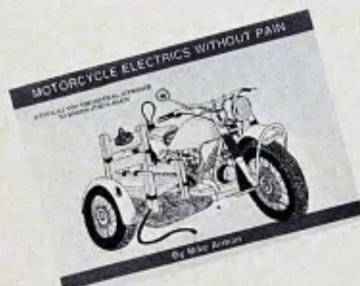
The really remarkable fact is that Rorer released the rights to Quaaludes for a comparatively paltry \$4.5

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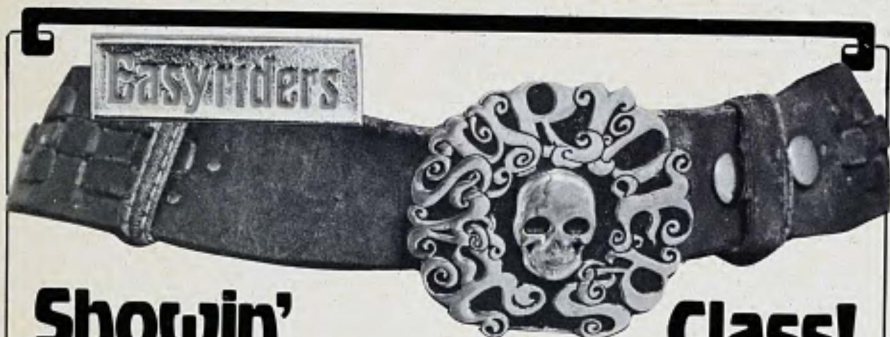
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million. If you're going to sell or lease the rights for a trademark you own, basic business sense suggests that you would want to choose a company that had sold lots of stuff and could efficiently handle distribution, etc. But, according to *IMS America*, a trade magazine for the pharmaceutical industry, Lemmon sold only \$4.8 million worth of all their manufactured goods in 1978, not including sales to hospitals. We're not talking about profits, but sales. So why was Lemmon chosen? The company is privately held, meaning that it's virtually impossible to figure out who owns it, and it's located just a few miles from the Rorer headquarters. Are the owners of Lemmon also stockholders of Rorer? Nobody's talking, and since Lemon is a private company, there seems to be no way to force them to speak. But, according to Elliot Fisher, vice president of corporate affairs for Lemmon, the company has "a long history of successful experience as a pharmaceutical manufacturer of controlled substances, something Rorer might have been uncomfortable doing." Well, at least in one aspect of its operation, Lemmon has carved a niche for itself in the Downer Hall of Fame, right next to the Strassenburgh folks and their Biphedamine-T, and alongside the Roman Polanski statue. Lemmon earned this distinction, in my mind anyway, by introducing Mequin, which was first shipped to drugstores on August 5, 1979. A brief call to Lemmon headquarters resulted in the following conversation.

"Hello, Mr. Fisher, it's me, Mike Falcon, the guy who's doing some research on Quaaludes for an article." There was a long pause.

"Oh, hi, Mike."

"Hi, Mr. Fisher." Another long pause. "Say, I'm a little confused about your new drug."

"You mean Mequin?"

"Yeah, Mequin. From what I see, it comes in the same strengths as Quaaludes, right?"

"That's correct."

"But you're still manufacturing Quaaludes?"

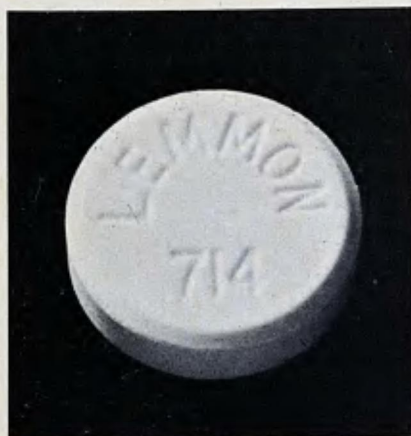
"Yes."

"Well, since they both contain the same amount of methaqualone, just how do the two substances differ?"

"Gee, Mike, they don't. Mequin is just basically for doctors who feel uncomfortable writing the word *Quaalude*."

"I don't suppose you have a mail order department, do you?"

End of conversation.



The future of Mequin is at the moment unclear. Right now the drug industry and the doctors and pharmacists in this country are under extreme pressure to keep anything containing methaqualone under tight scrutiny. In fact, through a widely circulated letter, your local pharmacist has been warned by Stephen Stone of the Drug Enforcement Administration to keep section 1306.04, Title 21, Code of Federal Regulations firmly in mind when filling prescriptions for controlled substances. These, another group of rules in a seemingly endless array of federal red tape, provide that pharmacists share fully in the responsibilities and penalties for "irresponsibly" dispensing controlled substances. Unless you live in some remote small town, this means that gone are the days when you could waltz into any drugstore, hand over your sweat-soaked prescription and quickly walk out with 50 Ludes. Right now there are a lot of very jittery pharmacists behind the drug counter, because in addition to new heat from the DEA placed on doctors to regulate their Lude prescriptions, "a corresponding duty rests with the pharmacist who fills the prescription," according to Stone.

In the face of doubt, most pharmacists turn people away, and suspicious prescriptions and their possessors should, according to the DEA, be reported immediately. Penalties for indiscriminately dispensing methaqualone can include felony charges and loss of license, and the aforementioned letter establishes firm guidelines for pharmacists. If you ever intend to cash in a Quaalude prescription you should know exactly what they look for.

First, the prescription must be for a condition the drug is designed to relieve. Ludes are for sleeplessness, so even if you can persuade a doctor

to write you a prescription for Quaaludes for your "nervous exhaustion," you're playing with fire. And you're going to get busted long before they get your doctor. If they ever do. If your doctor is a pill-pusher and writes a larger number of prescriptions for the drug than other physicians in the area do, or if his prescriptions are for larger quantities, your pharmacist has been directed not to fill it. What the DEA has done, in effect, is turn that formerly friendly guy in the white coat behind the counter, that same guy who sold you your first rubber, into a snitch by threatening him with loss of license if he steps out of line. And if they go through your pharmacist's records and find that he hasn't lived up to their expectations, he's in big trouble.

Other tip-offs include patients who return too frequently (and various agencies check pharmacy records, by the way, so skipping from one pharmacy to another only temporarily delays the attention you're likely to get), patients who attempt to fill prescriptions written for other people, and patients who appear simultaneously or within a short period of time, sent by the same doctor. Same thing for people who are not regular patrons of the drugstore, or nearby residents. If your doctor's office is some distance from your pharmacy, you could get refused, as you could for trying to pass prescriptions for drugs that



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are "antagonistic," that is, prescribed for opposing symptoms like "can't sleep" and "tired all the time." And if you have a prescription for methaqualone from out of state, you might as well frame it.

Fake prescriptions are popular among Lude lovers, but they are dangerous. You could probably learn how to write a passable one from a sympathetic medical student, but they would be tough to pass by the eyes of both pharmacists and inspectors. And don't forget you have to provide positive identification when presenting a Lude prescription. Thus, any doctor who is unfamiliar to the pharmacist will usually be called while you wait. And since many prescription pads are stolen or forged, many doctors and local pharmacies have an arrangement in which the pharmacist looks for a smudged "i" or a crumpled corner, or some other apparently random and small thing, as a means of telling the real from the bogus.

The effectiveness of the DEA and local agencies in suppressing prescriptions, both real and fake, has resulted in a thriving black market for Quaaludes. Consequently, there has been a big boost in their manufacture. In the vast majority of street buys, you are not purchasing the genuine item, a fact readily apparent when you notice that most pills sold on the street still have the "Rorer 714" logo across the top. Since the Rorer mark was replaced by a tag that says "Lemmon 714" in late '78, it's extremely unlikely that anything marked "Rorer 714" is the real thing. The effects may be great, but it's probably not a Quaalude. And in response to those guys who say that they've had them in a closet for two years, just ask yourself how long you could hang on to a real Quaalude.

But, assuming that the tablets you have in front of you say "Lemmon," there are a few worthwhile tests you can run to help determine whether they're real Ludes or bootlegs, although these tests are not foolproof. In fact, the best bootlegs are all but impossible to tell from the original, and the best reproduction I've come across has been a mint candy sold as a hoot in gift stores.

You need to have a real Lemmon 714 around as a basis for comparison. Notice that the manufacturer's logo and the scoring (the line across the bottom of the tablet that allows it to be easily broken into two pieces) are distinct, clean, and razor-edged. The white of a potential buy

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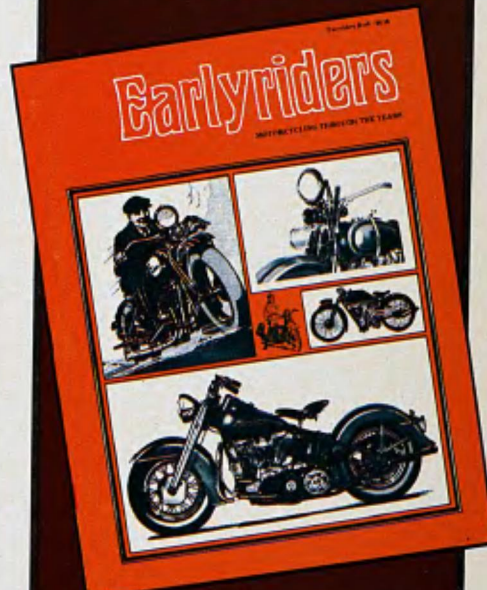
should be the same white as the original — not almost the same, but exactly the same. If you have trouble with this, get hold of a good art student, ask her to look at the colors, and then have her swallow the pill and have sex with her. Draw your nail across the side of the tablet. Genuine Lemmons are resistant to pressure, and you'll also notice that the cut your nail makes is clean and precise. If the new tablet you're considering doesn't have the same resistance, or if your nail draws out ragged chunks of tablet, leave it alone. Even a two-year-old Rorer is stiff. If the pills still look good, buy one, crush it thoroughly, and drop the powder into a glass of warm water. Methaqualone will not entirely dissolve, as sugar does, and once you've tried this test with a genuine Lemmon 714 you'll have a visual standard that's remembered easily. Of course, taste is another good test.

Probably the most interesting test, and one of the best, is to line up a number of the supposed Quaaludes on a piece of glass so that each tablet's lettering is lined up very precisely with the next. Then raise the piece of glass and look at the score lines on the bottom. They should not be lined up exactly. This is due to a quirk of the legitimate manufacturing machines, big rotary jobs that alter this orientation with each tablet. Bootleggers generally use smaller hand presses, which have a simple two-sided stamp that stays the same from tablet to tablet.

There remains only one thing that you need to know about Quaaludes. Taken with alcohol, they are much more unstable and unpredictable than barbiturates, and it is comparatively easy for someone to take too many. Signs of overdose include any of the following: convulsions, delirium, involuntary tremors, and internal hemorrhaging. First aid includes emergency medical treatment immediately and keeping the victim awake at all costs. You can make the victim vomit by having him drink soapy water or sticking your finger down his throat, but professional help is still essential because much of the drug will have already entered his bloodstream. The onset of a coma may occur quickly if he is not kept awake, but if the victim seems near sleeping do not make him vomit, because his throat muscles may be numbed and he may choke on his own food. The basic rule here is to keep Ludes and booze separate.

Be cool.

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Days Like This

Continued from page 40

for the light makes two-fifty-fifty." He recited the amounts in a bored voice as if he had done them a thousand times, which he probably had.

"And the alternative?" Houston asked.

"You stay in the jail here for two days until they can come to take you to Alamagordo," the JP replied. "Pay here in cash, if you please."

Houston had to dig to find his wallet. A bit numbed by the size of the fine, he paid, watching his trip to Colorado, planned for months, disappear into the cashbox. A hundred, two twenties, and a few dollars in change was all that was left of his original stash.

"Now I'll just keep your papers here, for security," the JP said. "You can take your motorbike next door to the gas station and get it fixed. When the light's done you can bring it back here and show me and then you can go. No problem." He stood up, took the license and papers in one massive hand and went back to the TV set.

The cop followed Houston outside, still grinning as he climbed into the patrol car. They sure are polite around here, Houston thought wryly, but then they could afford to

be, at those prices.

At the gas station, Houston spoke quickly to the attendant, a lanky teenager with long hair sitting behind a desk with a dismantled carburetor before him. The attendant said he had a replacement light, but would have to look for it.

"We've got everything here, man. It's a parts warehouse for lights and signal covers. I don't know if we've got exactly what you need, but I could probably rig something up. In any case, if I can't find it, I'll let you know and you can do the work yourself. Smiley got you?" he asked.

"Smiley?"
"The cop. That's really his name, too. No charge, man; I'll do the work for free, but you'll have to wait an hour or so. Nice bike you got."

"Terrific," Houston said sarcastically. "Just terrific. The bar open? I'll be over there. The bike's parked in the garage."

There was a hitchhiker standing near the pumps, an Indian with a rough cardboard sign that read "Santa Fe."

"You going north?" he asked Houston, pointing to the sign.

"Yeah, maybe," Houston said. "You throw in for gas?"

"I been here for four hours. Sure. I'll pay for gas. Can't be much on a bike, and I'd like to get to Santa Fe tonight. My sister's getting hitched."

"Okay. I'll get you there. But it'll be



"In layman's terms, I think you're full of shit!"



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an hour or so. The bike's getting fixed. Till it's done, I'll be across the street."

The bar was bigger than it looked from the outside: a few tables, a bar and grill, a jukebox and two full-size pool tables in the back. There were three cowboys, two of them looking like teenagers, and the third an older one, lounging at one table, and a hard type, fat and balding and probably the JP's brother, behind the bar. Houston ordered a beer and stood at the bar.

"You play pool?" a voice behind him said. The oldest of the cowboys, a blond kid in his early twenties, with slicked-down hair and side-

burns, was asking.

"Yeah, I play pool," Houston said. He looked closer at the kid and noted a turquoise belt worth a few hundred dollars, a cowboy hat, and Adidas tennis shoes. A hustler. Probably had a hard time getting much out of people once the JP's office got done with them.

"Name is Smiley," the kid said. "But folks call me Junior. Eight ball okay to start?"

The cop's son. Only smarter.

Houston let the kid break, observing that he played left-handed with a custom stick. He himself played right. They shot quietly, seriously, for a few games, starting slowly and

playing better and better. The kid was good, a lot better than he showed, but Houston warmed up and took the first four games. The kid won the next two, beating Houston by small margins.

"Not bad," the kid said, "not bad. How about some nine ball?"

"Fine," Houston said. "How about some for some real money?" He put a twenty on the table.

They played. With two bills folded under the edge of a cushion, Houston broke and sank the one, two, and three balls in quick succession before missing. The miss left the cue ball hidden behind another, a difficult but not impossible shot for



the kid. The kid chalked his stick, formed an elegant bridge, and sank the ball in an instant. He sank the five and then missed an easy shot on the six. Houston sank the next three balls, then missed, leav-

ing the nine in the open near a corner pocket. The kid took the game and the money.

Houston racked and they played again, for twenty. Houston let the kid run most of the balls off the

table and then took the last two balls and the game with one of the best right-handed shots of his life, a triple-cushion bank that was half luck and half desperation. They were back to even.

Houston wanted out of the town fast, with at least as much money as he'd lost. There wasn't time to work the game up to a sizable sum of money, so he decided to gamble big and put everything he had on the table, hoping that the kid would go for it.

"This is all the money I've got," he said, pulling out the hundred and two twenties and putting them on the table. "You're good, you shoot



Easyriders

"I can't get started with everyone watching."



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good, but I think I'm better. I'll take your money." He paused. "If you want to bet."

The kid didn't even blink. Expressionless, he pulled a roll out of his pocket, peeled off a hundred and two twenties, and laid them on the table.

"I'll beat you," he said quietly. "You sure you want to play?"

Houston broke cleanly, sinking nothing. The kid circled the table and began sinking balls. He worked methodically and sank five before missing. The cowboys had gotten up from their table to crowd around, cheering with each shot. Houston didn't care. Nine ball is the perfect betting game because it is short, sweet, and only the last ball matters. Houston sank the six and missed on the seven. The cowboys laughed and moved in closer, with knowing smiles on their faces.

Houston figured quickly. The two younger cowboys looked like high school football players, brave but inexperienced. The third, Houston's opponent, looked as if he might have seen a few dozen bar fights; he could be a problem. But the tall, burly bartender, who was still standing behind the bar, was another story. Houston knew the type — experienced, vicious, and willing to do anything to keep his bar from being smashed up.

The kid chalked his stick and sank the eight ball but miscalculated on his English and left himself a difficult shot on the nine. He squinted down the stick and tried a risky shot. The ball bounded off two cushions and came to rest in the center of the table, the cue ball sitting against a side cushion. It left Houston two choices: sink the nine on a bank, or try some English and sink the ball in the far corner. The watching cowboys crowded in closer. Houston straightened and checked his exit. Possible. He took a deep breath and concentrated. The stick felt slippery under his hand. He chalked the cue, wiped his fingers, and imagined the shot in his mind, saw it drop in his imagination, and then stroked the cue ball, sending the nine rolling into the corner pocket — almost. A foot before the pocket, the ball hit a tiny tear in the felt, veered slightly, and came to rest an inch in front of the pocket.

The cowboys cheered, and Houston could feel the tension behind him evaporate.

"Goddamshitfuckpiss!" he screamed, playing it for all it

was worth.

"Tough luck," the kid said. Then he sank the nine ball with a casual flip of his wrist. "Come on, I'll buy you a beer," he said, scooping the money up from the table.

"Fuck that," Houston said, slamming a dollar down on the bar to pay for his last beer and stomping out the door and down the stairs.

He hurried across the street. The hitchhiker was still there.

"You still want a ride with me?" Houston asked. "Look, what's your name?"

The hitchhiker said his name was George.

"Well, look, George, how'd you like to get to Santa Fe tonight and make fifty bucks besides?" Houston asked. He explained briefly what he wanted George to do, and the Indian nodded and smiled.

Houston filled the gas tank with his last three dollars, and with a receipt from the attendant, he retrieved his papers from the JP's office. Then he parked the bike in front of the bar, nose to the street. George, the hitchhiker, was just where he was supposed to be. Inside the bar, the jukebox was going full blast and the sound of laughter mingled with the music. The sun was going down behind Houston in the direction he had to take to get out of town. The sky was blinding red. Perfect.

"All right!" one of the young cowboys yelled as Houston entered.

"You can drink a beer with us."

"No hard feelings," the kid said, swigging on a bottle.

"I want another game," Houston said. His jaw muscles tensed.

"You ain't got no money left on you, if you were telling the truth," the kid said, putting down the beer.

"I ain't got no money left, that's true, but I've got a bike that's worth a few thousand bucks. I paid four for it a month ago. I've got the pink slip right here. You give me a thousand against the bike and I'll play you another game."



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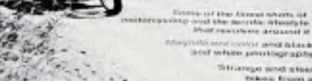
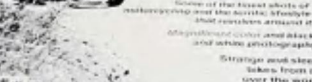


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"You serious?"
"Come look at the bike," Houston said.
They crowded outside, gathering around the Harley-Davidson. The kid looked it over, ran his hand lightly down the gleaming chrome of the front forks.

"Yeah, the bike's worth a thousand bucks, easy. But I'll beat you again and then you'll have nothing. No money, no bike."

"Put your money where your mouth is, then," Houston said.

"You're crazy, man," the kid said. "But what the fuck, I've always wanted to own a Harley. Sure, I'll play, but I want the pink slip up front. You can give it to the bartender. I've ruined enough customers for him, so he doesn't like me enough to take sides."

Inside, the kid peeled off five hundreds and a wad of tens and twenties onto the bar. Houston signed the pink slip and put it on the table. The bartender, expressionless, put it all in a neat pile in front of him.

"I'll beat you again this time," the kid said. "You just threw away your bike."

The kid broke, cleanly, leaving everything on the table. Houston sank the first three balls and hid the cue ball, missing purposely on the four. The kid tried to jump the cue ball but missed. Houston missed. The kid, regaining his control, chalked his stick, re-formed that elegant bridge, and sank the four and the five. He missed on the six. Houston excused himself and went to take a piss. George, the hitchhiker, was waiting back in the alley. Houston called softly to him from the window.

"Start the bike up just like I told you and have it running," he said, handing out the keys. "I'll be out in about three minutes. You be on the bike and ready to go when I come out, 'cause we won't be staying around long."

George nodded, his face impassive. A few seconds later Houston emerged from the men's room, drying his hands on a paper towel. The two young cowboys and the kid were waiting. The bartender was still behind the bar. Good so far. Houston walked over to the jukebox and dropped a quarter in. He found a nice loud Stones number and pushed the button for it.

"C'mon, man," the kid said, "play the game."

Over the blare of the music, Houston heard the rumble of the Harley

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starting up.

"My shot?" he said, taking up the cue stick. The cowboys made room for him as he turned to the table, leaving a clear space between him and the bar. That made things easier. He chalked the cue stick, lined up his shot, and switched the stick to his left hand. Like the kid, he shot best with his left hand.

"Sonofabitch," the kid said.

Houston slowly, deliberately sank the six, the seven, the eight, and with exaggerated slowness, the nine.

"You cheatin' cocksucker," the kid said, but Houston had already grabbed the money from the bartender and was headed toward the door, just as he'd planned. He ran, cue stick still in hand, straight into the kid, who had gotten behind him and was blocking his way to the door. The two younger ones came up quickly beside the kid, standing nervously in front of Houston. Shit! Houston didn't want a fight — that would put him in jail. He wanted out. He gripped the stick and figured his odds.

"You low-down bastard!" the kid screamed, standing in front of Houston. "Give me my money back!"

"No way," Houston said, watching the bartender out of the corner of his eye. "You want it, you take it. I beat you, asshole. You lost." The bartender stood impassive, arms folded.

For a long instant, no one said anything. Then the door creaked behind the cowboys, and George the hitchhiker walked in, calmly slipping around the cowboys to pick up an empty beer bottle from a table. He shattered it against the side of the bar. The bartender stiffened.

"Don't you think it's about time we were leaving?" George said, coming alongside Houston. He held the broken bottle casually about an inch from the kid's nose. "You don't want to fight with me, man," he said. "I got nothing to lose."

Continued on page 111



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Stray Meat

Continued from page 18

He was underneath changin' the oil.

Now Yvonne was probably dead. Yeah, I'd have to go look for her, but not on my chopper. I'd take Lan's pickup. He was on a run out west, and had left me the keys. I hid my pan in the garage and walked quickly toward the back door. There on the porch in the dark sat Skinny Coons.

"I wondered if you'd got outta there," he said. "I saw you raisin' hell in the yard."

"Where the hell were you?" I asked. "I thought they had everybody downstairs." I unlocked the door.

Skinny shook his head. "Couple dudes got out when you raised all that hell outside."

"Look, man. I lost Yvonne somewhere," I said. "I think maybe back on Coverdale. I gotta go look for her. Shit, it's the least I could do."

"You what, man?" He stared at me like I had a tit growin' out of my head. Then, uninvited, he got in the pickup beside me. "How come you didn't, you know, stop when she came loose, man?"

"I was makin' book at the time. Haul-assin' down the county, and I didn't notice nothin'. Hell, I didn't have time to notice nothin'."

"By the way, man," Skinny said, "they'll probably have to let everybody go."

"What for?"

"They shouldn't find nothin'. Razzle was up and he saw 'em out front. He flushed everything away." He paused. "You didn't have anything upstairs, did you?"

"Nothin' but Yvonne."

We covered the trail back to the broken pavement, and Skinny shouted and nearly jabbed off my eye pointing. I stomped the brake and we slid sideways to a stop. My vehicles seem to prefer sideways to forward, even though there's no gear for it. We got out. The honey-suckle was beaten down and there were tire prints in the grass. It was apparent this had been the place. It seemed possible Yvonne had made it, considering the thickness of the growth that had cushioned her fall — unless she broke her neck or somethin'. Why couldn't she just be here?

Skinny poked his head out of the weeds. "I don't see no blood, man. I figured if there was any, it mighta run down here in the gully."

"She ain't a fuckin' dinosaur."

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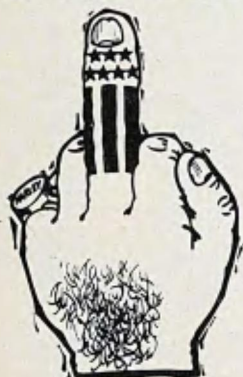
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I was walking slowly toward the truck, wondering what I was going to do next, when a small, familiar object caught my eye. It lay neatly in the center of a cluster of pebbles alongside the road, as if carefully placed there.

I picked up the H-D earring I had given Yvonne — just as a friend. She had been crazy about it, and put it on right then and there. Hell, you know women.

That earring was one of the few things I ever acquired legit. Well, if the bitch couldn't keep up with it, maybe I oughta give it to somebody else. It had been pretty damn easy to find, though. Maybe she left it there to tell me something. But what the fuck would that be? "Here's your earring." One thing it did verify: she'd been here, and now she was gone.

About the only thing I could do was kinda drive by and check out the situation with the bros from a safe distance. Maybe the cops had picked her up. Hell, they must have. I hoped Yvonne was okay, but I started worrying that she'd rattle her mouth to the cops about me. They'd want to frisk me, and charge me with fleelin' their wrath and livin' dangerous, and they'd want to beat on me, and impound me for casting a naked lady into the weeds.

"I hope that bitch keeps quiet," I said, rubbing the eye that Shorty had gouged.

"Yvonne? Listen, man, if she made it, she won't say nothin'. She's stray meat, like a puppy. Be good to her once and she's loyal for life. You



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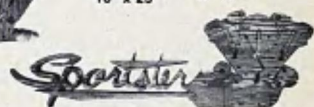
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could kick her, starve her, even
throw her off your scooter — I don't
care — she'll be there. She's good
people, man."

Yvonne had qualities I had not
begun to suspect, according to
Skinny. But that was just opinion,
the opinion of a man who once
got his dick caught in a vend-
ing machine.

We pulled up quietly across the
street from the scene. The bubble-
gum machine wasn't flashin', but
the cops were still there. Without
warning, the passenger's door was
thrown open and Skinny fell back-
ward. A strong hand caught him. It
was Shark.

"What's goin' on over there?" I
asked him.

Shark shook his great white head.
"They're still searchin'. But Razzle
done the job on 'em. All they got is
Yvonne, and they can't do much
with her."

"So they've got her. She all right?"
"She must be. She's been givin'
the cops hell, boy. Right now she's
over there in that cruiser with a
blanket around her." He pointed,
and I dimly saw her huddled in the
back seat.

"What's she saying?"

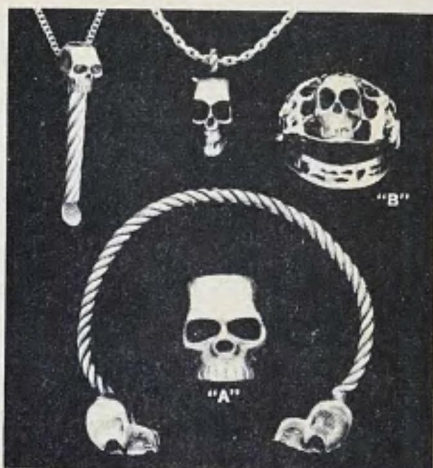
"She ain't spoke a word about
you. Said she was kidnapped by a
renegade. By the way, what hap-
pened out there? You put her off,
or what?"

I suddenly felt like marryin' the
chick. I didn't know what the hell
was comin' over me. Maybe I
always had somethin' for her, and
never realized it. But seein' her
caught like a little rabbit in a snare,
not sayin' a damn thing about the
dude that got her there, was
almost enough to turn me from all
my evil ways.

"I think they might swing a deal
for Yvonne," said Shark. "Rick and
Del got roughed around a little
bit. Plus, they been tearin' up a lot
of shit they're gonna have to
answer for. The Man fucked a duck
here tonight."

For some reason we started laugh-
ing. Like idiots. And it did good for
our systems. It let out the tension
like openin' a flood-gate. It restored
my heart rhythm and stilled the
deep waters of my soul. It nearly
made my dick hard.

It turned out the cops were more
than glad to let Yvonne go. And you
know, I got me one hell of an ol' lady
out of it. She understands that I'm a
fuckup of sorts, that, contrary to
rumor, I do have my bad times, and
that my mind is sometimes off



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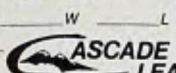
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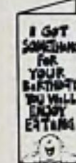
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explorin' other planets. But I did go
back to look for her at the risk of my
own ass.

"Sure," she muttered when I told
her so.

Ordinarily, that's as far as I go,
and just say to hell with 'em. Then
how come I wanted to prove it to
her? I showed her the earring.

She just smiled and stared at me.
Maybe it had just popped loose out
there on the road. Maybe she hadn't
even missed it.

"I left it there for you to find,"
she said.

"Why?"

"So you'd know I was okay. I
thought you'd figure the cops had
picked me up."

"Or a truckload of shitkickers.
Why the hell didn't you hide till I
came back?"

"I was hangin' in the goddam
vines in a state of shock. Then the
cops were there. You're lucky I had
the sense to drop the earring."

Lucky? What the hell was I lucky
for? "You just wanted to see if I'd
come back, didn't you?"

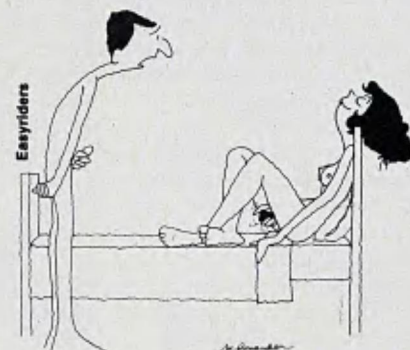
"I thought you would. Maybe."

"What the hell d'you mean,
maybe?" I was pissed off that she
could think so low of me.

"You're lucky I left it," she said.
"Otherwise, you'd still be out there
with a flashlight, goin' crazy."

What's the use? If you must know,
I ended up sayin' things like you
hear at the movies. I told her I
wished we could get it together,
'cause I never met such a beautiful
human being (that's right, ass-
hole, that's what I said). And I told
her any woman you can count on
that much should be with me, and
only me.

Skinny was wrong. Yvonne wasn't
a stray. She had always lived the



"Look, Marcia, I know that when we got
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you'd do your thing — but once in a while do
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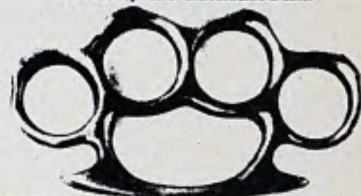
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same as we did, sharin' good times and not countin' on any long-term commitments. Her loyalty to friends wasn't from helplessness, it was from friendship. None of the dudes had ever been able to think of her as simply a friend, because they didn't understand her. I guess they thought she needed affection wherever she could get it, or somethin'. All the time, she was just waiting for a man she could be devoted to in exchange for at least some semblance of recognition.

The bros eventually came to see this about Yvonne, but they watched from the sidelines, because Yvonne and I rewrote the books on livin' and lovin'. Suddenly the road life was better than I'd ever thought it could be. Yvonne was like the missing half of a dream I'd been tryin' to have. She was my ol' lady!

That was a couple years ago, and our asses are permanently callused from seelin' the country hard-tail style.

Other day I was out alone, puttin' along at the lake, takin' in some of the sights and scents of a late fall evening, and I came across this dipshit shovin' a chick around. I eased on by, then tooled up a road that curled back up the hill behind them. I sat and looked down on God's country, and there was the dipshit in his shiny red helmet, climbin' on his ringding. The chick was pickin' herself up off the ground.

The shithead's grinder lurched forward three or four times, and the girl ran after him. Be damned if this dude didn't wait till she was just about to reach him, then he broke out and left her ass standin' there! I waited, but he didn't come back around. The girl just stood there by the side of the road.

I circled down the hill and pulled up beside her. She was a pretty girl, about seventeen, with innocent tits. She had quickly wiped at a tear, but only succeeded in smearing it, and hurriedly adjusted her tank top to hide her hard nipples. I shut my bike down.

"Look, I thought maybe you might need packin' into town... or somethin'." My glistening pipes crackled their approval as they cooled in the evening air.

She didn't speak.
"Hey, you want a ride, or not? It's gettin' late, a long walk..."

"Thanks," she said. "But my boyfriend'll be back. He just went for some cigarettes."

"You sure? Okay, baby. Your ballgame."

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"Yes. Thank you."

I nodded and stared at the ground, bitin' my lip. So what if the fucker did come back? It was obvious what he thought about her — stray meat. Then I looked at her face, and an old feeling returned. She knew her boyfriend's game, and she was just playing her role, like somebody else I knew used to do.

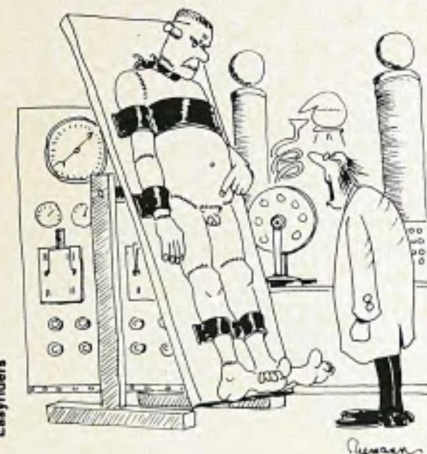
I smiled at her. "You're all right," I said, gettin' ready to start my scooter. It gave me real pleasure to hear the ol' gal come alive with the first kick.

Sure enough, about halfway to the main road, I met Kilroy on his way back to pick her up. I didn't believe for a second he'd been to get cigarettes. He'd just been out feelin' powerful. But it was technically none of my business, so I just flipped him a rod. You better wake up, I was telling him. That girl's just waitin' to be treated right by somebody, and she won't be waitin' long when she meets a real man.

What the hell, I thought, smilin' as I laid back and relaxed in the young night. That dumbass didn't have a chance. Even when it was too late, he'd never admit it. He'd probably stray around the rest of his dipshit days, braggin' about little pieces of meaninglessness. But when the talk shifted to deeper things, he wouldn't have anything to say.

I cracked the throttle and the response filled me with a new wave of euphoria. The bass bellow of my shorty duals brought the old music to my ears. "I damn sure don't jump to a lot of conclusions, do I?" I said to the wind.

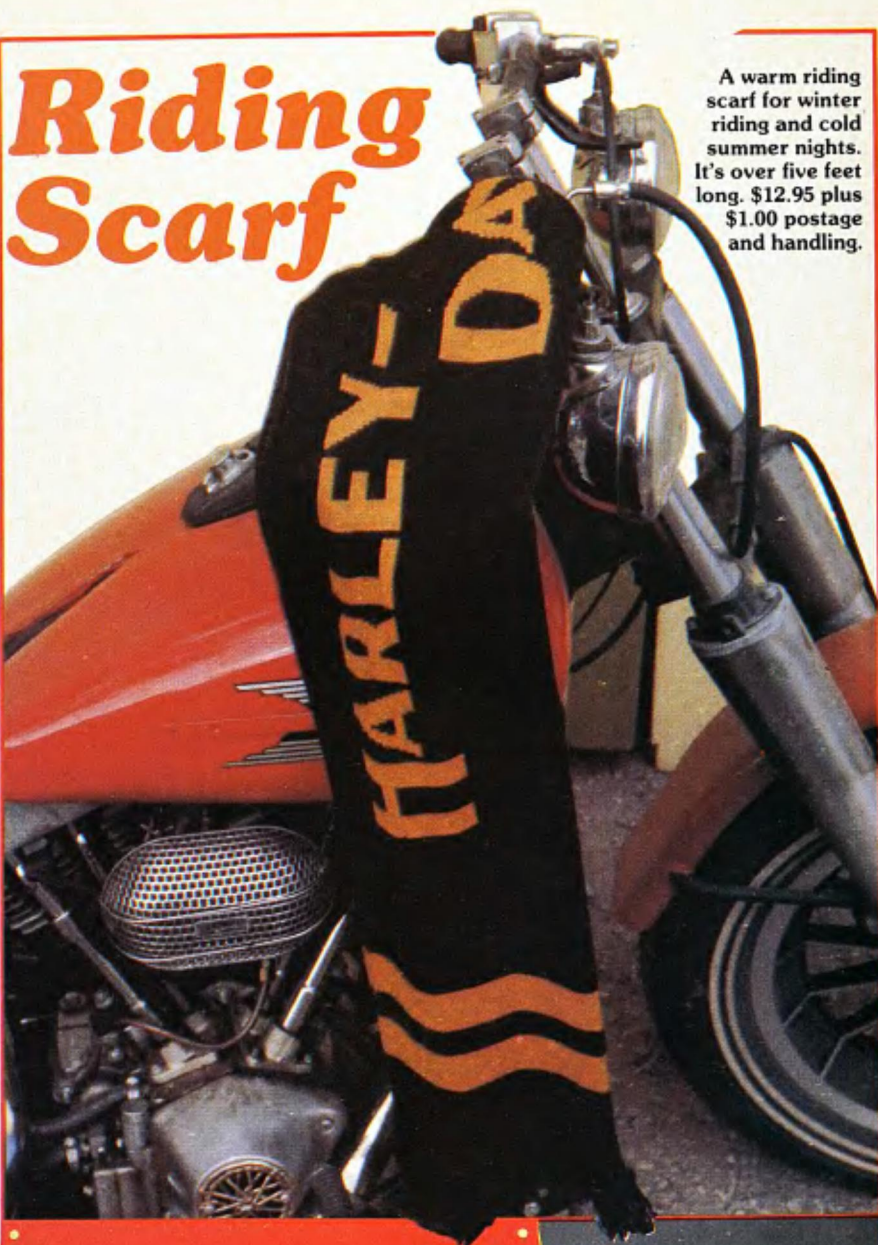
Fuck it — I had a woman waitin'.



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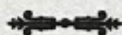


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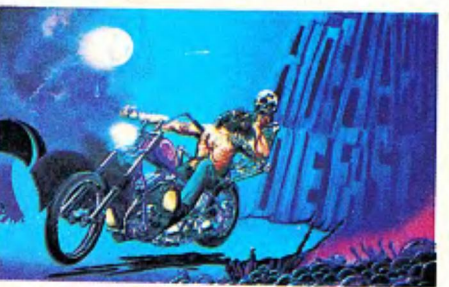
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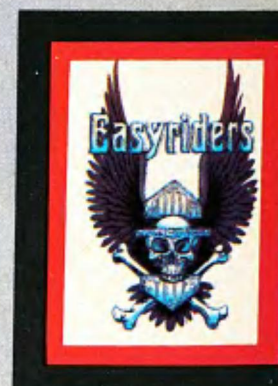
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Days Like This

Continued from page 101

No one moved.

George calmly bit into the shattered bottle. The silence was broken by the crunching sound of glass being chewed.

The cowboys' eyes widened, and as if by magic Houston found himself walking past them and out the door. He dropped the cue stick, hopped on the bike, pulled George on behind, and shot out of the parking lot. He kept the bike at a steady 35 mph, waved to the cop as he passed, and as soon as he was over a rise and out of sight, he opened the throttle and left the town behind.

They stopped a few hours later in Santa Fe to get flowers for the wedding of George's sister.

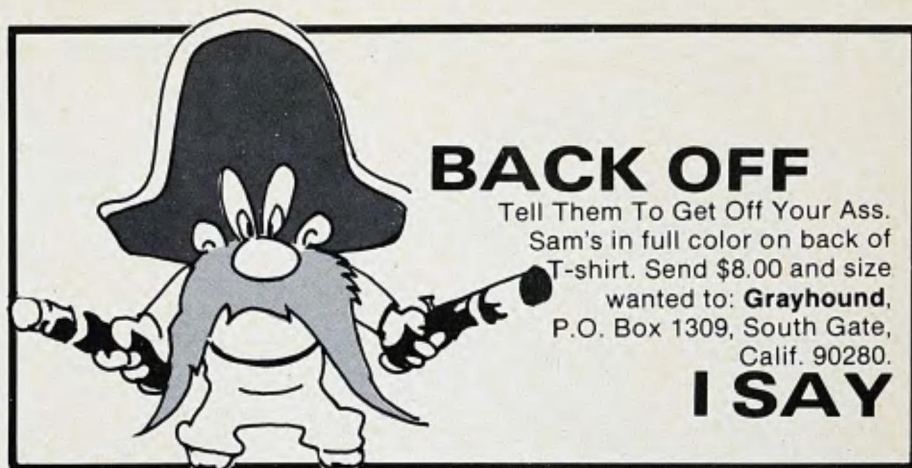
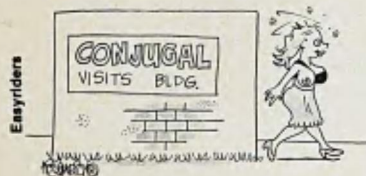
"You saved my ass back there. How the fuck did you do that thing with the bottle?" Houston asked, laughing.

"Just a party trick. Somebody showed me how in the army. Dangerous as hell if you don't know what you're doing, but it's saved my ass more than once in a bar fight. I looked in the window to check things out and saw you blocked."

"Yeah, but what the fuck made you come in and risk your ass like that?" Houston demanded.

George shrugged. "Thought I'd see if it would work. And it did," he said.

They made it to the wedding just in time. ■



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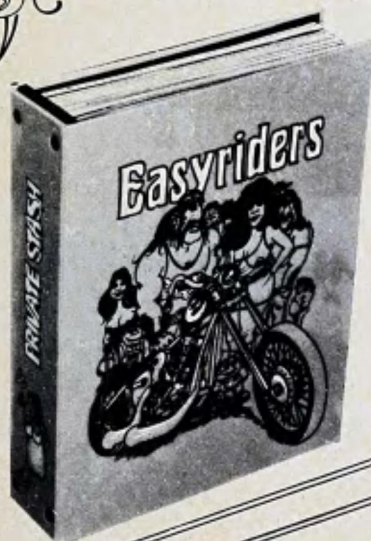
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A Certain Appeal

Continued from page 75

owned. I've had Triumphs, a BSA, and Hondas out the wazoo, but there ain't nothin' that compares to my Harley.

Look, I mean, no matter what you ride, somebody's going to give you shit about it. When I rode Honda dirt bikes, Yamahas were faster. When I rode Triumphs, my nuts hurt like a bitch 'cause they vibrated so much. Chopper jocks gimme shit about all the junk I got hangin' off my bike. Even my damn factory-fuckin'-trained mechanic calls my full-dresser a garbage barge. Shit, you just can't win.

Rode that sucker into Hollywood last night and parked right on the boulevard in front of the pizza place, man. It was fuckin' beautiful; you know, there musta been thirty bikes lined up in three or four parkin' spots. Parked mine right next to a black Sportster, see, and this guy comes up and starts tellin' me how fuckin' righteous my Classic looks. Shit, it shoulda, man, 'cause I spent the whole fuckin' day cleanin' it up. Then that smart little fuck asks me can he use my bathroom. See what I mean?

This dude I work with, man, he rides a fuckin' six-cylinder Honda. Thinks he's hot shit. Sonuvabitch needs a fuckin' computer just to do the carbs and set the goddam valves. Guy asks me one day do I want to ride to lunch with him. Yeah, whatdafuck, I don't care. Starts givin' me a ration of shit right in the fuckin' parkin' lot, before we even started. Quarter-mile this, fuckin' top-end that; man, it was pathetic. To top it all off, the damn centrifugal advance is stickin' again, and my damn Hog kicks back on the 'lectric starter. Sounded like somebody swung a fuckin' crowbar into the frame. Shit, he's sittin' there on top of six goddam cylinders; probably each one ain't no bigger than a damn spark plug, and the sonuvabitch is runnin' like a sewin' machine. To make it worse, the prick starts laughin'. Shit, I hit the Harley starter again, and praise the Lord — the sucker starts up! Get out on the open road and this asshole wants to drag race, man. I mean, can you fuckin' believe it? Fuckin' riceburner must be doin' a hunnert and ten and you can't even hear the bastard. Shit, I'm just lopin' along doin' about forty-five; you know, everything's cool.

Pull into the restaurant, man, and the first thing he asks me is if he

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can borrow three bucks for lunch. I work with the guy every day, so what the hell, I lend him the three bucks before we go in.

Found us a table, man, and this good-lookin' bitch comes over to wait on us. I mean, my side of the table is bein' fuckin' lifted by the hardon this bitch is givin' me. She drops off these menus, man, and like I'm fuckin' hypnotized.

Old six-cylinders starts studyin' the damn menu like he was gonna take a test on it, talkin' the whole fuckin' time about state-of-the-art motorcycles and shit, and 'bout how my Harley don't handle worth a shit. Damn. Me, I'm watchin' this fuckin' waitress leanin' over wipin' off another table. Had on cutoffs, you know, and you could just see where her ass started when she leaned over like that. Fuckin' legs were beautiful, man, reached all the way to the ground. Red hair. Green eyes. Shit. I gotta be in fuckin' heaven, man.

This vision of loveliness floats back over to our table, see, and she asks what do we want to eat. Me, I figure I'd best lie, so I tell her I'll make do with a cheeseburger and a beer. Honda-san takes his helmet off the table and orders a salad. Can you believe it, man, a fuckin' salad?

Well, shit, I knock off my damn cheeseburger, drink my fuckin' beer, and watch this guy finish his damn lettuce. Time to check out, see, so the two of us go over to the cash register, but there's nobody there.

Then I get lucky. This little dynamite bitch I been tellin' you about comes over to take our money. She sees the helmet this other guy's carryin', see, and asks do we ride motorcycles. Shit, do birds fly? I tell her I do every chance I get. Lady wants to know what kind. Sol-chiro over there tells her, real proud-like, that he rides a Honda CBX. "Oh," she says, and then she asks me what I'm ridin'. So I tell her, you know, a Harley. "Far out," she says. "Is that yours out front?" I look to see if my hardon is showin', but she's talkin' about my bike. Woman gives me a piece of paper with her telephone number, you know. Fuck it, man, ain't nothin' like the appeal of a Harley. ■



"Whataya mean I should restrain myself?
Lotsa guys give hickies."



If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

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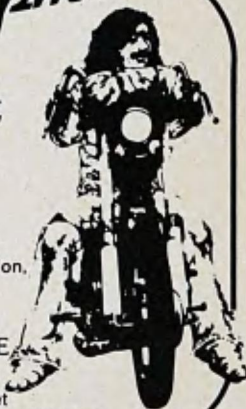
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Sit Your Ass On

Continued from page 27

heard about the challenge match and had ridden in droves to see it.

At noon, Honey Jackson made her appearance, welcomed by whoops, hollers, and whistles as she strutted in a tight, white "Hazel's" T-shirt above a pair of cutoff jeans that clung to her sturdy, tree-trunk legs.

The crowd cheered her until the tremendous roar of a motorcycle engine drowned them out. With a sarcastic look on his face and a devilish gleam in his eye, Gripp cleared a path and rode his heavy machine through the front door of Hazel's and directly up to the roped-off table where the match was to be held.

A chorus of voices roared, the crowd surged forward, and the TV cameras moved in for better shots. Hazel, acting as master of ceremonies, jumped up on the small table to introduce the opponents.

"In this corner, the only woman I ever knew who has balls, Honey Jackson!"

Honey stepped forward with both hands clasped above her head.

"Her opponent, the man with the feared right hand, Gripp!"

When the two opponents sat down face-to-face across the contest table, Gripp looked hard at Honey, who sat staring straight ahead. Her blonde hair flowed in waves to her shoulders, and her lips were a crimson red that made Gripp lick his own.

The referee stepped in and slapped their two right hands together. Gripp noticed that Honey's arms were almost as big as his, and her hand fit snugly into his own as they squared off for the first round. Their elbows were set firmly, their hands locked, their bodies tense against the chairs, and their feet glued to the floor. The bell sounded and the match had begun.

Honey's grasp was firm. The crowd watched avidly. For several minutes the two were deadlocked in a straight-up position. Then Gripp squeezed. The veins of his arm swelled. Sweat broke from his forehead. A steady murmur among Gripp's supporters grew louder and louder until a wild, frenzied cheer broke out as he poured all his power into an overwhelming thrust, slamming Honey Jackson's arm down on the table.

"There you go, bitch," Gripp yelled in triumph, and jumped up from the table.

"We're not through yet," Honey

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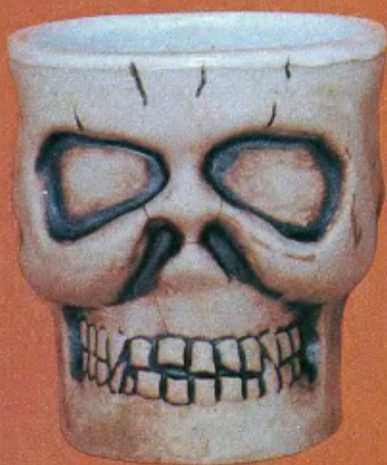
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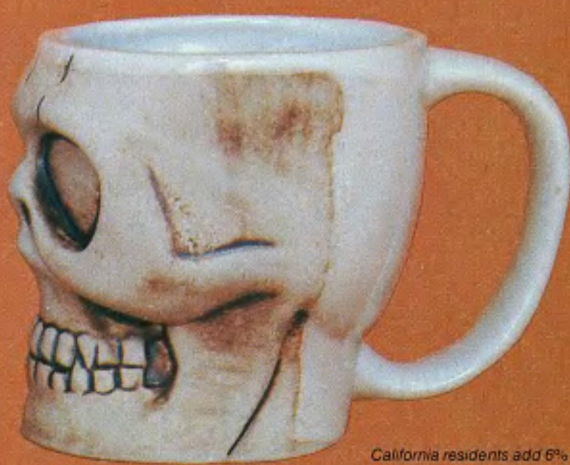
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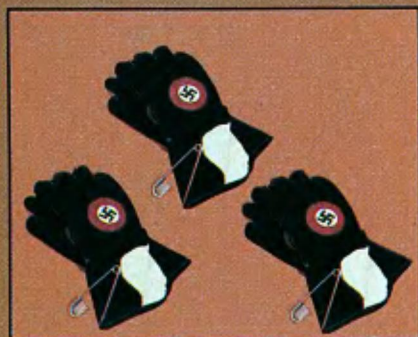
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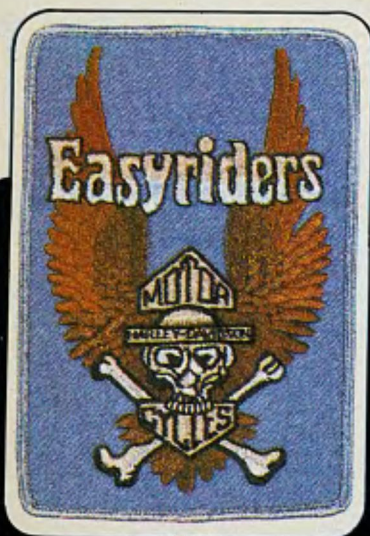
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said, backing away into a corner with Hazel.

"I don't have a chance, Hazel," she whispered.

"Yes you do, Honey," Hazel said. "If you can't outwrestle him, you can outfox him."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean act like a fox. I seen him lickin' his lips when he looks at you."

As the referee signaled for round two to begin, Honey eased her hand into Gripp's. Her blue eyes gazed widely into his and she ran her tongue seductively over her lips. Just before the bell, she took a deep breath, straining her swollen chest against the thin fabric of her T-shirt.

Gripp gasped open-mouthed as Honey looked him in the eye, puckered, and blew him a kiss. He forgot about his right arm altogether and Honey seized the opportunity to pin it to the table.

"Winner, round two, Honey Jackson!"

The place went crazy. Gripp sat stunned at the table. When the bell sounded for the deciding round, he had still not recovered. Honey gritted her teeth and forced Gripp's arm toward the tabletop. Gripp could not take his eyes off her pouting face, blue eyes, and luscious lips. He felt a weakness in his arm and in his knees. He couldn't squeeze tightly. Honey bent his arm closer to the table.

In desperation, Gripp's mind raced. Suddenly, he had an inspiration. Any custom he wanted to sit his ass on. He knew what to do.

The huge biker squeezed with a grip worthy of his name and heard Honey utter a slight cry of pain. Gripp took control, slammed Honey's hand down authoritatively, and won the match.

"The winner is Gripp," Hazel declared flatly. The crowd broke into applause. "He's entitled to his choice of the shop."

Gripp looked around at the shiny Harleys, precision-made machines with powerful engines and rigid frames. He still clutched Honey's right hand in his own, and she struggled, but she could not free herself from his iron hold. He leered at her and hauled her away from the table.

"Honey Jackson is the custom I want to sit my ass on!" he shouted jubilantly. "And believe me, I'm going to sit my ass on her all night!"

Then, full force, he lugged Honey over to his bike, sat her on it, and roared off down the road.

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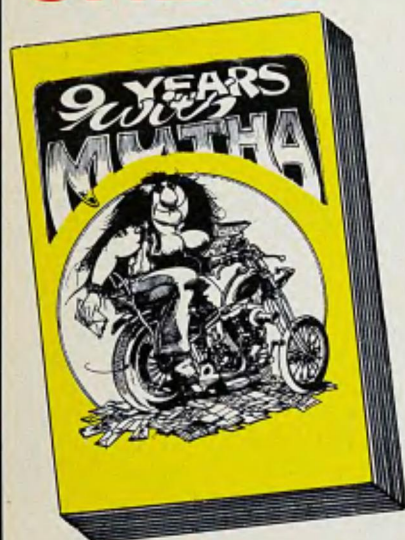
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True Love

Continued from page 22

felt we should keep goin', but she said no. So, soakin' wet and smokin' hash, we just sat there. Sure, I was pissed, but when the sun broke through, the rainbow it brought was one of the prettiest I'd ever seen.

Another time, I was fixin' to putt over to Froggie's for a nightcap. A nightcap under a full moon can be hairy when you consider I was already walkin' on my hands. Naturally, and because she loves me, Lucille said no dice. Well, I threw every scooter insult at her I could think of and then poured myself into the family cage. The drive to Longmont takes fifteen minutes. The drive back should take about the same amount of time—unless you take a shortcut like goin' a half mile out into a cabbage field. The guy in the tow truck just smiled, and the state patrol wrote me a ten-dollar ticket for driving in the wrong lane. Since I could still recite the alphabet, I was deemed fit to motate.

I came to at home. Lucille didn't say anything, she just sat there knowingly. So I gave her a hug and a little kick and crawled off to bed. Yeah, she takes better care of me than I do.

Like the time me and a couple of bros were cruisin' to Boulder City. I was ridin' right side of the lane with a '48 Injun on my left and a rice-rocket behind. (No offense, Alvin.) Well, we were clippin' 65 or so when I hit a pothole that they coulda dry-docked the Queen Mary in. Tom said he saw blue sky between Lucille's belly and the cold black pavement and started wonderin' where the nearest hospital was. I've been ridin' for quite a while and I'd love to think I pulled her straight; but the men who could do that can be counted on one hand. Well, before my life could flash before my eyes, she shot into a perfect landing while I continued to mentally and



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verbally rape and pillage every ancestor and descendant of the Highway Department.

We have our quiet moments too, like when I'm too pissed or hurt to talk. That's when she's at her best. I believe that as life gives you mountains, God gives you ways over them. I'm not a religious nut, but when they say God rides a Harley, you best believe it. More than once Him, me, and Lucille have talked over a real problem at 90mph on the Valley Highway. Laugh if you will, but I always seem to feel better when we get back. The saying "More than a machine" is definitely a pre-AMF one—Lucille was more than a machine from the day she was born and will still be long after I'm gone. What better legacy for my sons than peace of mind on two wheels? I'm sitting here listening to the wind whistle over her heads and up the hollow of her pipes, wondering about the warriors she carried before me. They must have treated her fairly well, 'cause when I first met her, she was mechanically sound. Oh, I went through her and took her .030 over and ported and polished her; but remember, she was goin' through me at the same time, and she had her work cut out

for her. As far as looks go, I can honestly say I'd seen prettier mud fences. Sorry, Lucille, and you're right: no one says I'm a Newman or Redford either. Well, after a few sessions with a club in Denver, lots of beer and drugs, makin' and losin' some friends and some money, all I can say is that me and Lucille are pretty much where we want to be. Now, she's pretty and I ain't. Neither of us is perfect, and we don't expect it of each other.

Sure, we've tried other things. I forked out two hundred and nineteen bucks for a dual-throat Mikuni that bolts right on. You think she'd wear it? Hell, no! So we talked about it. I told her I figured it would make her a lot quicker, but she said she was a Cadillac, not a damned Jaguar. I argued that I had just spent

Easyriders



"Someday, all of this will be yours."

all that dough on her, and she 'bout knocked me over with a dose of reality when she said that money does not always a motorcycle make. She went on to explain that she was just an ol' country girl with enough spirit to move with the wind and enough soul to like what she was—and finally she said, kick all you want but I'm not wearin' it. So her M-35 is what she wears, and ya know what? I like it, even with gnarled gas-line fittings and a bowl pock-marked by 33 years of an occasional stuck float.

I suppose, if it were possible, me and Lucille would ride together through St. Peter's gates, where all her smoke would be pearly white and mine would be homegrown by friends. I guess this would be a good time to thank all the brothers and sisters, from coast to coast and beyond, who helped me and Lucille when one of us was too broke down to ride or too far out of adjustment to run right—me more than her. I could thank the ol' lady and the kids here, but this is just a short note, not an epic.

So here's to a Lucille for every man in the world and to each man lucky enough to find and recognize her.



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You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of \$21.95 plus \$4.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$7.85 over the single mug price.)

Either way — it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

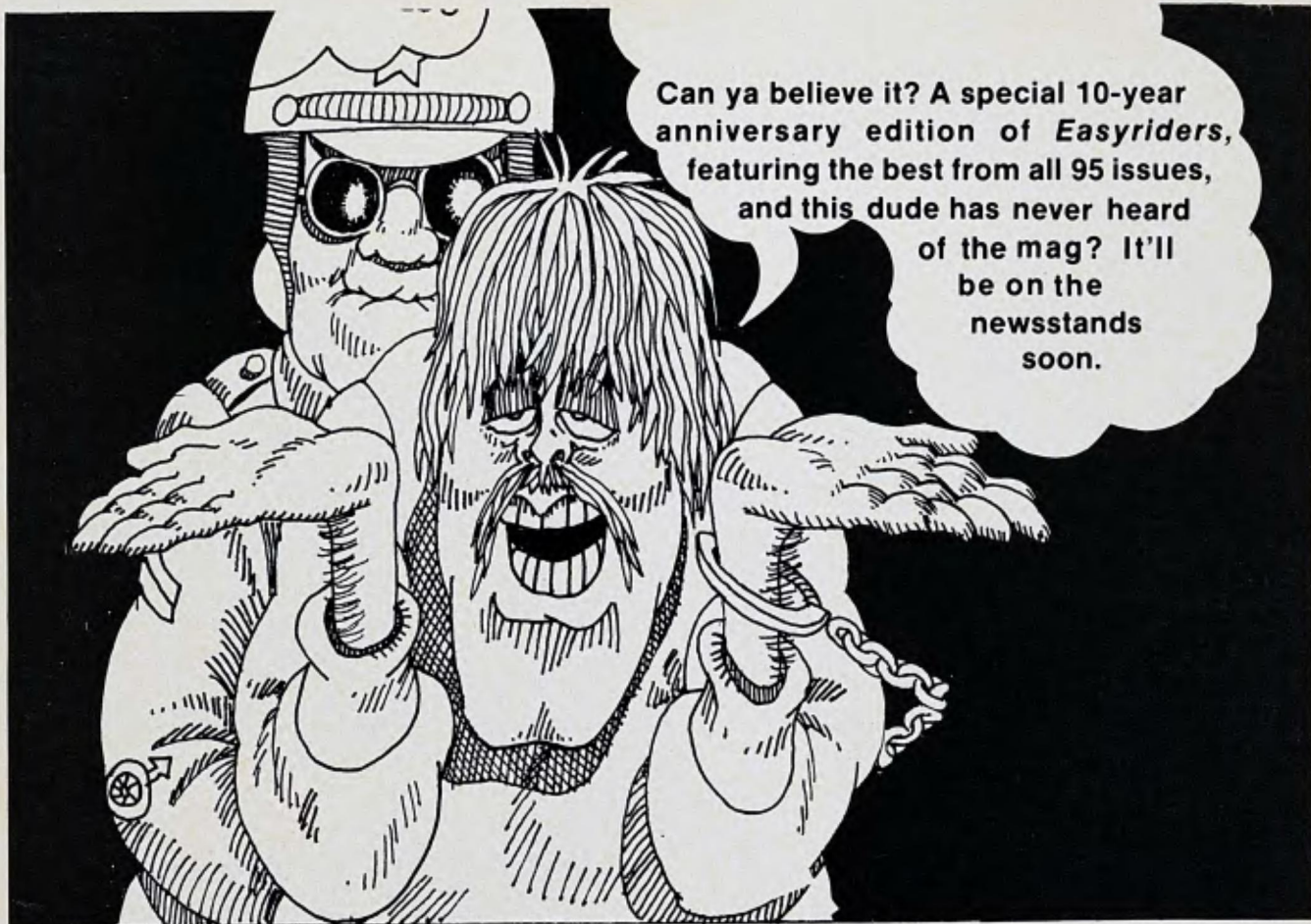
Foreign orders add \$1.00 per mug.
Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

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.

Can ya believe it? A special 10-year anniversary edition of *Easyriders*, featuring the best from all 95 issues, and this dude has never heard of the mag? It'll be on the newsstands soon.



Just Out!

Only
\$14.95



**1941 to 1954
Harley 45, 61 and 74
Parts Catalog!**

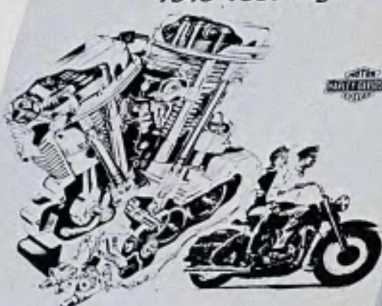
Original Harley Catalog complete with names and addresses where you can buy obsolete parts.

✓ **Knucklehead
Service Manual** **\$9.95**

for the OHV 61 and 74
cubic inch engines and
the side valve 74 and 80
cubic inch engines

✓ **Harley 45
Service Manual**
\$7.50

Harley-Davidson
**Panhead
Service
Manual**
1948-1957 Rigid



**Reduced to
\$9.95
(Limit 5 to
a customer)**

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Panhead Manual	\$12.50	Both for \$19.95
and Spare Parts Manual	\$14.95	
	\$27.45	
Package #2		
Knucklehead Manual	\$ 9.95	Both for \$18.95
and Spare Parts Manual	\$14.95	
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45 Manual and	\$ 7.50	Both for \$16.95
Spare Parts Manual	\$14.95	
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California residents add 6%

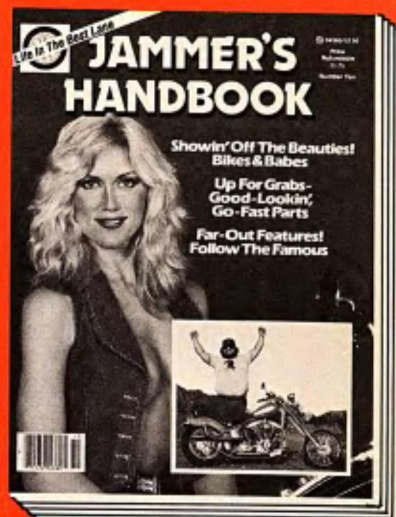
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(Personal checks must clear) Postage Paid

**FOLLOW
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Get your taste of eyeball heaven now!
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Jammer Cycle Products,
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Jammer!

**They Began With The Best
... Nothing Less!**

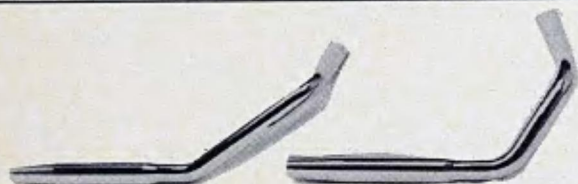
2" HARLEY

1 3/4" TRIUMPH PIPES

Santee Industries **Santee Industries**

Santee, long known for their quality and trend-setting exhaust systems, has developed what we feel is a great representation of contemporary custom pipes. From drag pipes to fishtails and shotguns, any custom creation can come alive with new style, sound and performance. Manufactured and triple nickel chrome plated by meticulous craftsmen, Santee pipes are backed by a reputation that has successfully kept exhaust systems in tune with the demands of all riders.

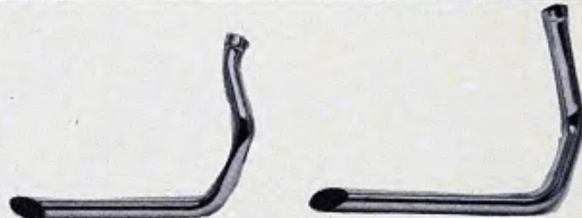
ADVERTISEMENT



Muffled Drag Pipe Systems

Sleek tapered 2" drag pipes with Sportster-type baffled mufflers. Designed to fit all models listed below in a rigid, swingarm, or velvet ride frame. All bracketing and mounting hardware included with these pipes.

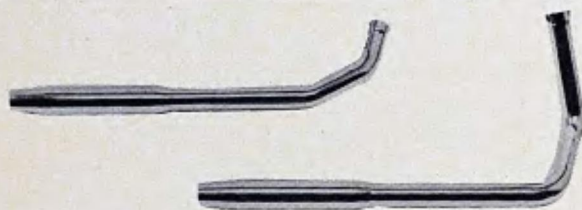
- | | |
|---|-------|
| 151043 ... Panhead, All Years | 99.95 |
| 151044 ... Shovelhead, 1966-1969 | 99.95 |
| 151049 ... Shovelhead, 1970-1971 | 99.95 |
| 151045 ... Shovelhead, 1972-1979 (Except FLH w/Stock Batt.) | 99.95 |
| 151046 ... Sportster, 1978 & Earlier (Swingarms Only). Use 1 3/4" Clamps #152023 | 99.95 |
| 151048 ... Sportster, 1979. Use 2" Clamps #152026 | 99.95 |



Harley Drag Pipe Systems

Clean looking 2" drag pipes custom crafted to fit all models listed below in a rigid, swingarm or velvet ride frame. If baffles are used, our #147018 are ideal.

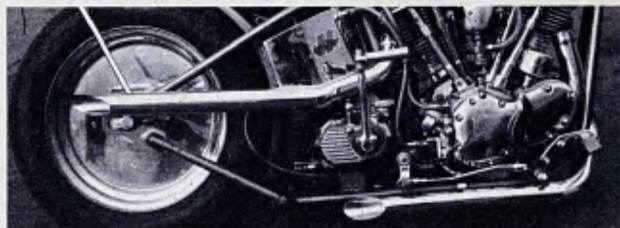
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| 147013 ... Panhead, All Years | 46.95 |
| 147015 ... Shovelhead, 1966-1969 | 46.95 |
| 147016 ... Shovelhead, 1970-1979 (Except FLH w/Stock Battery) | 46.95 |
| 147014 ... Sportster, 1978 & Earlier. Use 1 3/4" Clamps #152023 | 46.95 |
| 147017 ... Sportster, 1979. Use 2" Clamps #152026 | 48.95 |



Shotgun Muffled Systems

Ever-popular 2" shotgun pipes that add that extra dimension to those models listed below in a rigid frame only. All bracketing and mounting hardware included with these pipes.

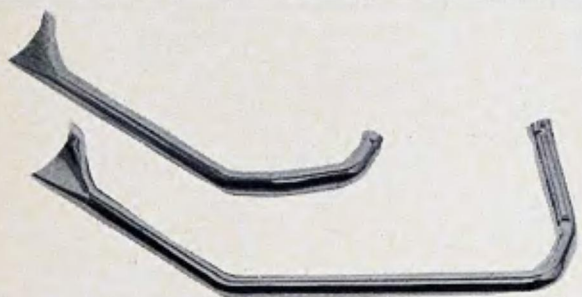
- | | |
|--|-------|
| 150020 ... Shovelhead, 1970-1980 | 99.95 |
| 150021 ... Shovelhead, 1966-1969 | 99.95 |
| 150022 ... Panhead, All Years | 99.95 |
| 150023 ... Knucklehead, All Years | 99.95 |
| 150024 ... Sportster, 1978 & Earlier & 1980. (Not for 1979) | 99.95 |



Shotgun Drag Systems

The newest set-up! The contemporary shotgun that incorporates the classic drag pipe look. These 2" jewels fit all models listed below in a rigid frame only. Bracketing and mounting hardware included.

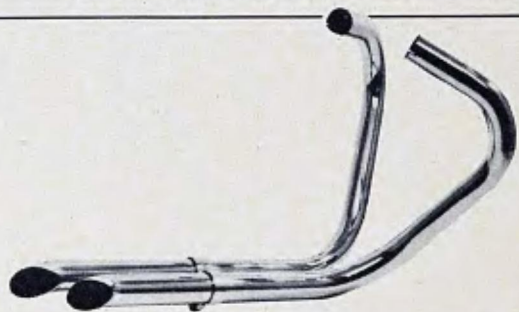
- | | |
|--|-------|
| 15006 ... Shovelhead, 1970-1980 | 48.95 |
| 15007 ... Shovelhead, 1966-1969 | 48.95 |
| 15009 ... Panhead, All Years | 48.95 |
| 150010 ... Knucklehead, All Years | 48.95 |
| 150011 ... Sportster, 1978 & Earlier & 1980. (Not for 1979) | 48.95 |



Fishtails

Superb classic looking 2" fishtails. Constructed with built-in steel baffles. Easily installed on all models listed below in a rigid frame only.

- | | |
|--|-------|
| 150031 ... Shovelhead, 1966-1969 | 94.95 |
| 150032 ... Panhead, All Years | 94.95 |
| 150033 ... Knucklehead, All Years | 94.95 |



Triumph 650 Drag Pipes

1 3/4" O.D. pipes with turned out, slash cut ends for the ultimate in styling. Designed with large radius sweeper bends for a smooth and powerful exhaust flow. They feature 12" integral baffles. Fit single down tube frames only, swingarms and rigids. Hardware shown in photo not included.

- | | |
|---|-------|
| 151021 ... Triumph 650, 1970 & Earlier | 49.95 |
|---|-------|

MORRIS MAGNETOS

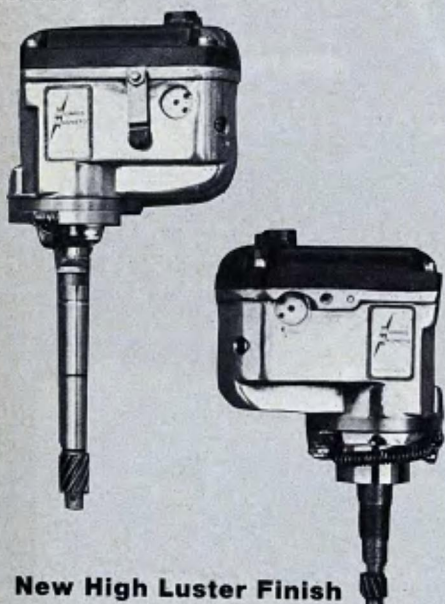
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At last! Here is magneto power, performance, convenience and styling now engineered for easy starting.

At last! The Morris Magneto is **manually retardable** (patent pending). This makes starting easier. Once the engine is running, timing advances automatically.

At last! Quick starts, more horsepower, performance for your bike, right now.

Select your kit knowing that it can do what you've always wanted a magneto to do.



New High Luster Finish

Big Twins 1970-1980

13605 ... 1970-1980 343.25

Big Twins 1969 & Earlier

13606 ... 1969 & Earlier 246.60

Sportster

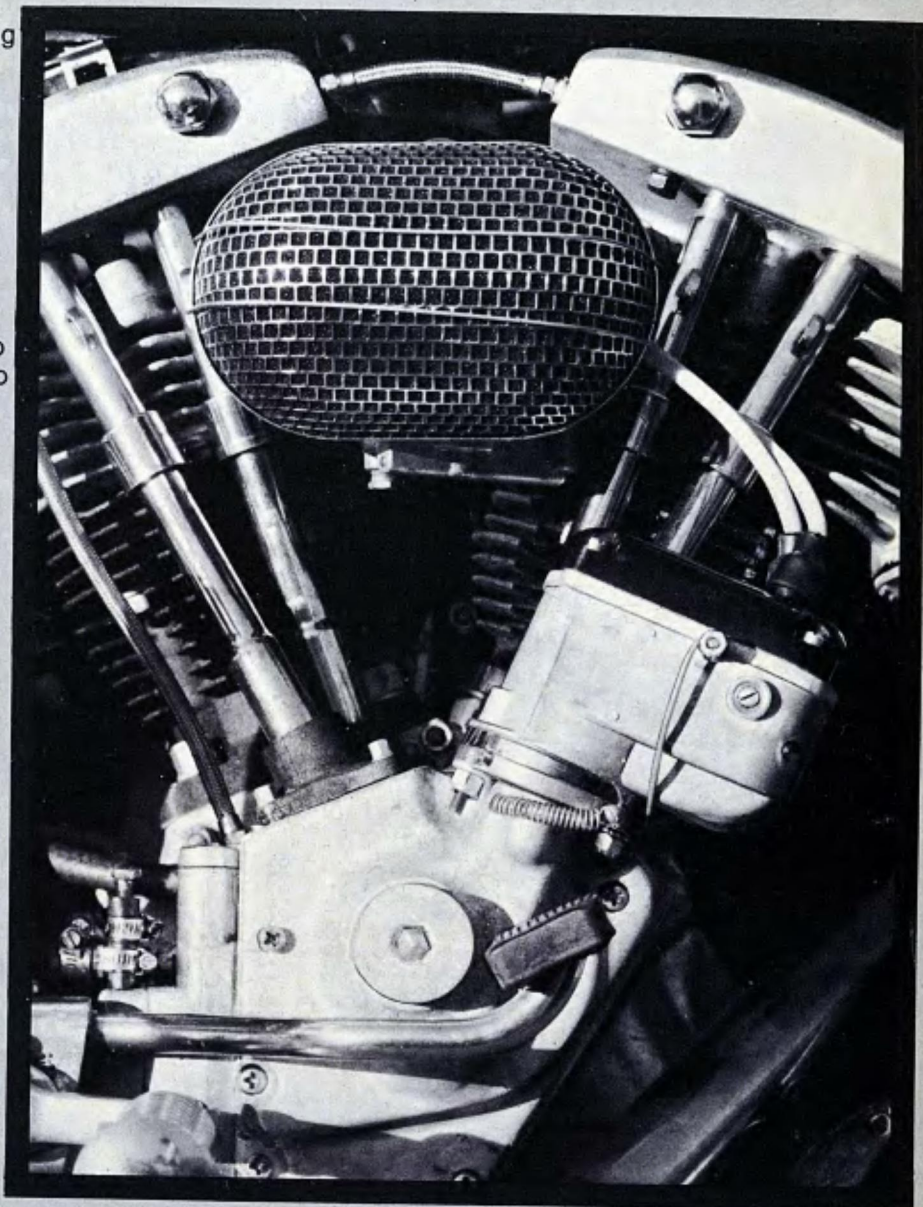
13607 ... 1971-1980 257.75

13608 ... 1957-1970 239.95

13609 ... Early Conversion Kit .. 129.25

136010 ... Tach Drive Kit 26.95

136011 ... Kill Switch Lever 2.50



**MORRIS
MAGNETO**

Part Number	Fits Harley	Advance-Retard Mount	Automatic Advance Feature	Tach Drive Optional	Fits Kick or Elec. Start†	Additional Features
13605	Big Twins 1970-1980	✓	✓	✓	✓	New cam cover is furnished. Magneto mounts upright. Plug is same thread as Sportster clutch adjuster plug.
13606	Big Twins 1969 & Earlier	✓	✓	..	✓	Bolts into distributor hole. Unique design eliminates pushrod cover or cyl. and head fin clearance problems!
13607	Sportster 1971-1980	✓	✓	✓	✓	Bolts into tach drive hole. Cam cover need not be removed. Similar to early XLCH mags.
13608	Sportster 1957-1970	✓	✓	*	✓	Comes complete, eliminates leaky stock mount. Can be used with handlebar advance cable.
13609	Sportster 1957-1970	✓	✓	*	✓	Use to convert old stock magnetos to 13608. Comes with new magnetic rotor and mount.

†The magneto itself requires no battery

*Carburetor may interfere with tach cable on some models

**Tach cable may not clear fins on some models without notching fin

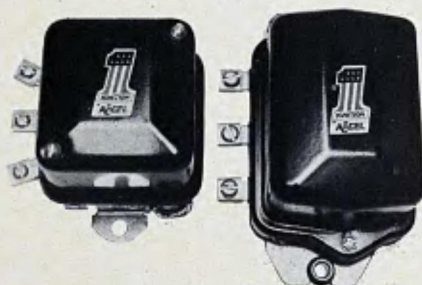
Tach drive kit includes magneto cap — Kill switch lever mounts on magneto

Underlining denotes a feature presently not available from other manufacturers.

HARLEY REGULATORS & GENERATORS

Delco & Bosch Type Voltage Regulators

Manufactured to the highest standards, these Delco and Bosch type Harley voltage regulators were designed to handle heavy service. Exact voltage and cut-out relay ranges are factory adjusted for each application. All units feature beefed up shock mounted steel bases, vibration resistant internal wire connections, hard finish gloss black stock style covers, fiber & mylar insulating pads and large diameter contact surfaces. Full instructions included.



Delco-Type for Harley Twins

Jammer Part No.	Harley Part No.	Model Year	Model Application	Engine Type	Engine Displacement	Price Each
4601 12 Volt Voltage Regulator	Replaces OEM No. 74510-64	1965-69	FL, FLH Twins	OHV	1200cc/74cu."	15.05
		1967-71	XLH Twins	OHV	900cc/55cu."	
		1972-77	XLH Twins	OHV	1000cc/61cu."	
		1967-73	Servi Car Twins	SV	750cc/45cu."	
Note: This regulator is designed to be used with model #64 and later 12 volt generators.						
4602 6 Volt Voltage Regulator	Replaces OEM No. 74510-47A	1958-64	FL, FLH Twins	OHV	1200cc/74cu."	15.05
		1957-64	XL, XLH Twins	OHV	900cc/55cu."	
		1952-54	All "K" Model Twins	SV	750cc/45cu."	
		1954-57	All "K" Model Twins	SV	900cc/55cu."	
		1963-66	All single cylinder models	Two cycle	125cc/165cc/175cc	
Note: This regulator is designed to be used with model #52, 58 and 61.6 volt generators.						

ACCEL
Made in U.S.A.



Bosch-Type for Harley Sportsters

Jammer Part No.	Harley Part No.	Model Year	Model Application	Engine Type	Engine Displacement	Price Each
4603 12 Volt Voltage Regulator	Replaces OEM No. 74511-65	1965-71	XLCH Twins	OHV	900cc/55cu."	25.52
		1972-78	XLCH Twins	OHV	1000cc/61cu."	
		1965-66	XLH Twins	OHV	900cc/55cu."	
		Note: This regulator is designed to be used with model #65 and later generator versions. Ideal for use with magnetos in 12 volt applications.				

Harley Generator Parts

Armatures

Do it right, do it once with these premium quality armature assemblies. Each 6 and 12 volt replacement unit features heavy gauge copper wire windings, precision machined and finished shafts, exact bearing race diameters, long life solid copper commutators and extra duty lamination segments.

Jammer Part No.	Harley Part No.	Voltage	Generator Model	Model Year	Model Application	Engine Displacement	Engine Type	Price Each
4604 Armature	Replaces OEM #30851-61	6 Volt	#61* Two Brush	1961-64	XL, XLH, XLCH	900cc/55cu"	OHV Twins	41.02
				1961-64	FL, FLH	1200cc/74cu"		
4605 Armature	Replaces OEM #30851-65A	12 Volt	#65 Two Brush	1965-71	XL, XLH, XLCH	900cc/55cu"	OHV Twins	41.02
				1972-81	XLH, XLCH, XLT, XLS	1000cc/61cu"	OHV Twins	
				1965-69	FL, FLH	1200cc/74cu"	OHV Twins	
*Note: This armature is designed only for late style needle bearing type generators; not compatible with bushing style models.								

Field Coil Sets

Rely on these 6 and 12 volt coils, along with our armatures and brushes or OEM parts, to make generator overhaul both reliable and long lasting. Strict supervision in production and testing assure you of the best — high strength, warp free iron laminates, matched paired for exact amperage values, heat resistant, heavy gauge, copper core wiring and soldered field and ground terminals. Insulation is wrapped woven cloth, not paper!

Jammer Part No.	Harley Part No.	Voltage	Generator Model	Model Year	Model Application	Engine Displacement	Engine Configuration	Price Set
4606 Field Coil Set	Replaces OEM #30201-58A	6 Volt	#58, 61 Two Brush	1958	XLH	900cc/55cu."	OHV Twin	14.18
				1959-64	XLH, XLCH	900cc/55cu."	OHV Twin	
				1958-64	FL, FLH	1200cc/74cu."	OHV Twin	
4607 Field Coil Set	Replaces OEM #30201-65	12 Volt	#65 Two Brush	1965-71	XL, XLH, XLCH	900cc/44cu."	OHV Twin	16.86
				1972-81	XLH, XLCH, XLT, XLS	1000cc/61cu."	OHV Twin	
				1965-69	FL, FLH	1200cc/74cu."	OHV Twin	

Brush Sets

Get a perfect fit from our long life carbon brush sets. Contour ground to exact specifications, they maximize commutator contact. Made from high grade carbon-graphite, all sets feature copper alloy cable leads, brass or copper-tin brass terminals and brush springs made from top grade tin music wire.

Jammer Part No.	Harley Part No.	Model Year	Model Application	Engine Displacement	Generator Type/Voltage	Price Set
4608 Brush Set	Replaces OEM #30426-58	1958-64	FL, FLH Twins	OHV 74 cu. in.	#58/61-6V	2.44
		1958-64	XL, XLH, XLCH Twins	OHV 55 cu. in.		
		1965-69	FL, FLH Twins	OHV 74 cu. in.	#64-12V	
		1965-81	XLH, XLCH, XLS Twins	OHV 55/61 cu. in.		
4609 Brush Set	Replaces OEM #3025-51	1952-57	FL, FLH Twins	OHV 74 cu. in.	#52-6V	3.33
		1952-54	All "K" Series Twins	SV 45 cu. in.		
		1954-56	All "K" Series Twins	SV 55 cu. in.		
46010 Brush Set	Replaces OEM #30425-32	1948-52	FL, FLH Twins (Pan Head)	OHV 74 cu. in.	#32-6V	3.33
		1941-47	E, F, FL Twins (Knuckle Head)	OHV 61/74 cu. in.		
		1932-52	G, W, WL, WLA Twins (Flat Head)	SV 45 cu. in.		
		1937-47	U, UL (Flat Head) Twins	SV 74 cu. in.		
		1937-48	UH, ULH (Flat Head) Twins	SV 80 cu. in.		
NOTE: Brush Set No. 4608 consists of two (2) brushes; Nos. 4609 and 46010 have three brushes.						

■ STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS ■ STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS

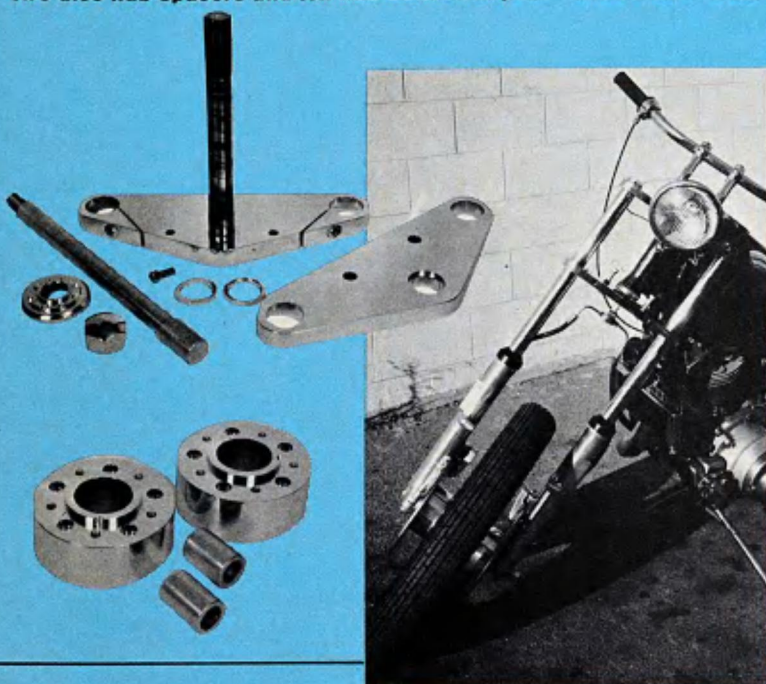
STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS

BARBARA M. HICARD

"THE WIDE LOOK"

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

Ever wish you could turn your Narrow Glide into the "Old Wide Glide"? Well, stop dreamin' and start lookin'! Each of these Harley Conversion Kits allows you to transform your Narrow Glide to the width of the "Wide Glide." Included in the complete kits are everything needed for this instant face-lift... triple tree, top nut, crown nut, axle, two axle spacers, two disc hub spacers and ten hub bolts. Get your "Wide Look" from the listing below.



Kit Part #	Converts Narrow-To-Wide	Price
6301	74 or 80 in., 1978-1981 FX, FXS, FXE, Lowrider or Super Glide. These models must have dual disc brakes with a Harley wire or Harley mag wheel. Complete kit supplied.	239.95
6302	Sportster, 1978-1981 equipped with dual disc brakes with a Harley wire or Harley mag wheel. Complete kit supplied. Note: To convert a 1978-1981 Sportster with a dual disc front fork to fit any year Harley 74 use complete kit #6301 above.	239.95
6303*	74 or 80 in., Harley 1973-1981. Includes triple tree, axle, top nut, crown nut only. Note: Hub and brake kit is not included.	179.95
63010*	Sportster, 1973-1981. Includes triple tree, axle, top nut, crown nut only. Note: Hub and brake kit is not included.	179.95
*Important: Due to the number of differences between wheels & brake styles on the market, no hub and brake conversion kits are available for the above #6303 & 63010 kits.		
63011	1978-1981 Harley 74 or 80 in. & Sportster disc hub spacer kit. Includes axle spacers, disc spacers and bolts.	89.95



HARLEY STARTER COVERS, ARMS & GEARS

Harley "Super" Kicker Cover



Here's high performance from the highest grade of aluminum alloys available, then machine finished for the best possible fit and performance. Reinforced in all possible areas, this super cover offers you an added luxury. Use your stock mounting studs and nuts or go all-out by removing your studs and using the allen bolts supplied. Just so nothing was overlooked, the cover is machined so that the allen bolts are countersunk. Here's high performance with real class! Fits all 74s and 61s, and flathead 74s and 80s.

103010... Harley "Super" Kicker Cover 59.50

Harley Stainless Steel "Super" Kicker Arm



Forget everything you've ever known about kick starter arms... this is the ultimate, the one that's been worth waiting for! Made from aerospace 17-4 stainless steel, which yields 195,000 p.s.i., the super arm features a completely new design... it's longer by an inch for added go-power on the kick, especially for those big inch bikes. A countersunk allen is supplied for mounting your favorite kick pedal. To make this gem stay put and look great, both the mounting allen bolt and the self-lock nut for mating on the shaft are countersunk! Added insurance comes with an allen set screw to cover standing on any year shaft. The best news is that the "super" arm works for both 74s and Sportsters.

143031... 74/Sportster "Super" Kicker Arm 62.50



Kickstart Mainshaft Gear

For all 74s. Replaces gear OEM #33430-59.
103050 26.95



Starter Crank Gear

For 74s, 1936 & up. Replaces gear OEM #33350-36.
103051 26.95



Starter Clutch Gear

For 74s, 1939 & up. Replaces gear OEM #33381-39.
103052 22.95

Choppershopper

Continued from page 78

Ronnie (Dark Horse): You've given me everything! No lady has ever been happier. But most important is your love. I love you more now than ever. Your lady, Connie. (95)

Outlaw lifestyle, bikers, violence, tattoos, etc. Writer is still looking for letters, stories, tapes, photos; small payment possible. Would like to contact those who've lost touch with me. Dave Hurler, Box 3004, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. (100)

Girls wanted: By the time this ad is printed I will be free from prison after 5 years for counterfeiting. I will be looking for a young lady to help me catch up on the years I have lost and to begin a new life. I'm 36, w/m, 5' 10" tall with slim build at 140 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, and considered by others to be good-looking. I'm financially secure with my own business. I will answer all letters, but make sure you enclose a picture and phone number. I also enjoy cassette recordings if possible. I am marriage-minded and the younger the better, but no jail bait. Jim Maltaler, 1858 West Arrow St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. (95)

Let a woman tell you. Ten sure-fire places to meet women. My personal list. Anne Nonner, Box 11776, Coddington, Calif. 95406. (95)

White 22-year-old needs letters from sincere ladies 16-23. Don Wield, P.O. Box 431, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (95)

For sale: 1952 Harley panhead hardtail, chrome and extra parts. (515) 276-4688, \$2,200 or offer. (95)

Spike: Where the hell are you? Me and the ol' man need some ink. Fuck Bear's! Call collect (501) 633-5182. Ronda and Tommy Crook. (95)

Porky: I love you more than peanut butter. Kinky. (95)

Samantha: Happy 7/12/81. I want you. Love, Waldo. (95)

White male, 28, needs some letters from members of the tender gender. William "Pogi" Maxson #A-71491, Box 7711, Centralia, Ill. 62801. (95)

21-yr.-old Aryan, white racist. Looking to write ladies in the Fla. Keys or anywhere else. Release date 10/6/81. Answer all letters. Write Clifford Johnson #067906, E-202, P.O. Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513. (95)

If ya snooze, ya lose. Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301. World's only biker dating service. Send a buck and find out. (95)

Mike: Good luck where you are. It will go by fast, and remember, I will always be here when you need me. Your one and only. Love ya, Debbie. (95)

In memory of Donny Dixon. He really didn't know what his life was about. We'll always remember him. All who knew him, just remember him, the beautiful way he was, just remember him. Cheryl and George. (95)

Chris: Happy 29th. Hope it was a good one. Miss ya, Porky. (95)

A.K. amputee seeking other A.K. amputee bros with prosthesis-equipped bikes for advice. Photos helpful. Write to Pegleg, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (95)

Tim: Happy birthday 4/30. Happy anniversary 5/81. I love you more. Val. (95)

Whitey: Keep it upright and off guard rails. Happy birthday. Love, Sport and Wheaty. (95)

Biker couple, both 32, would like to correspond and swap photos with liberal couples. Bill and Tina, Box 9893, Atlanta, Ga. 30319. (95)

Houdini: Couldn't be prouder: seven years with the best man around. Happy anniversary from your ol' lady, Doris. (95)

Happy birthday, "Hamsome" (R. W.B.) April 21. Love you forever. Babe. (95)

For sale: 1948 74" Indian Chief. Call (316) 793-3391. (95)

For sale: 1938 61" Harley-Davidson. Call (316) 793-3391. (95)

Lonely and in need of mail from all ladies. Frank McClendon #89-408, Gary Fuqua #91855, Mike Brown #87565, W.C.C. H-4-A, P.O. Box 351, Haynesville, La. 71038. (95)

Looking for a man to write? Try me. I might be right. Phil Jones #2659, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (95)

T-shirt "Fuck it-Just-Fuck it." White on black, \$8.50. Scratch, 6825 Ramsdell, Rockford, Mich. 49341. (97)

Sugar Butt (Daria): Happy birthday 4/16. You're the best there is, and here's hoping we ride together forever. Animal (L.L.). (95)

Patrick De Bussey: To one hell of a man, who died before his time. No one will ever know how much I loved you. I always will. Ride free, my love. Your wife, Terry. (95)

FFFF? Pussies forever, forever pussies! Paybacks will be super-bitch! W.M.C., Norristown. (95)

Kellye: Happy birthday, sis. Love you (and Seth) forever. Stew. (95)

Wide Glide damper units. Complete, new, and ready to install. Superior, tested design. \$47.50 per set. Dampers, 5125 Pacific, Long Beach, Calif. 90805. (95)

Trippin' Toledo kid, you don't love me 'cause your bread ain't done, and none of us tramps are in the same place anymore, so stay lost. Indianapolis: Jammin' Jamie, you are my real heart, honey; you can love me to my death. Dennis "Little Bob" Slaven. (95)

Steve: When all the others are gone, I'll be waiting. Let's demolish the wall. I understand now. Peppermint. (95)

To the fox who reached for a ride during Sturgis '80, main campsite. I (Harley #1 on back) was too freaked out to realize anything then. Will be riding with a straight head this summer. Just in case you wanna contact me: White Owl, Gen. Del., Yorkton, Sask., Canada. (95)

Ladies: 28-year-old convict, 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, intelligent, open-minded, good sense of humor, many varied interests, good-looking, and a little crazy (at times), seeks correspondence from women 18-35 for friendship or possible deeper relationship. Good looks, figure desirable. Sincere only; no game players. Will answer all and exchange photos. Mike Easton #40069, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310. (95)

Weird: Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia. Congrats on getting hitched. Ten-Penny fever forever. John. (95)

Lou "Wolfman" Vaith or Hack-saw: Call Herb, Peggy, or Mary in Seattle. Urgent! Collect (206) 938-0694. (96)

Candice Rose: So, how goes it? Caught wind you were around, but our paths never seemed to cross. We've heard country life agrees with you. Glad to hear it. Got to say, lady, a full cycle has run, so one more kite to our long lost friend. Time never waits for those who hesitate. Call soon, Captain Crunch and Molly. (95)

River Rat from Detroit: Get in touch with The Bear, Beckem Creek, Parthenon, Ark. 72666. (95)

24-year-old bro, 5'8", 165 lbs., has vacation June-Nov. Need sincere chick (18-26) to share summer (or longer). Will be traveling complete U.S.A. with van and chopper. Send reply to Mike K., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. Send picture. (95)

Hey, Sil: You don't like my face? Then fuck it! Guess who. (95)

Nice girls like bikers too. Call Mary (312) 274-9600, Box 345, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (96)

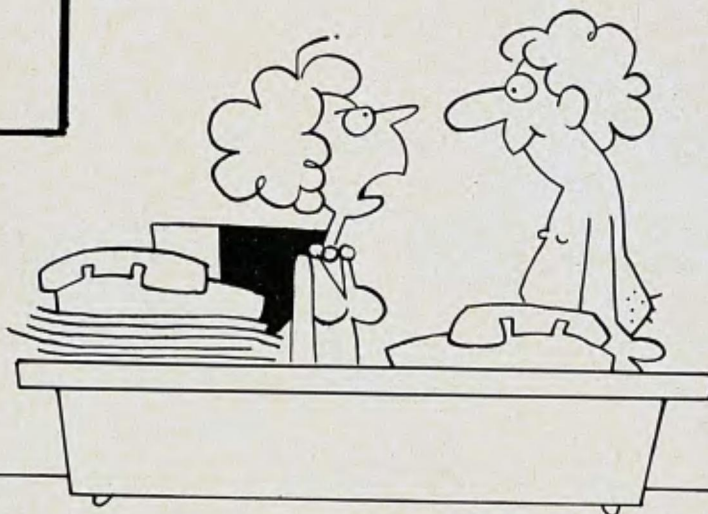
Mike Manis: I'm still around if you're still interested after all these years. Please write me. Kathy Costa, 624 Carson Ave., Modesto, Calif. 95351. (95G)

Max: Say, bro, I'm in BVCF again. Need to get in touch with you right away. VIP. Little bro, Squirrel. (95G)

In memory of our lost bro, J.J., that we all loved and partied with. Party on in Harley Heaven. Loved and sadly missed since 12-12-80. BRMC. (95G)

Prisoner due to be released soon, after doing 8 1/2 years, needs help to make a new start. Has no outside attachments; not seeking sympathy, just guidance and help. Any assistance that you would care to offer would be greatly appreciated. No person is without faults. Age 29, one year of college, physically attractive, has no emotional hangups. Jonathan Prunty #136-288, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699. (95G)

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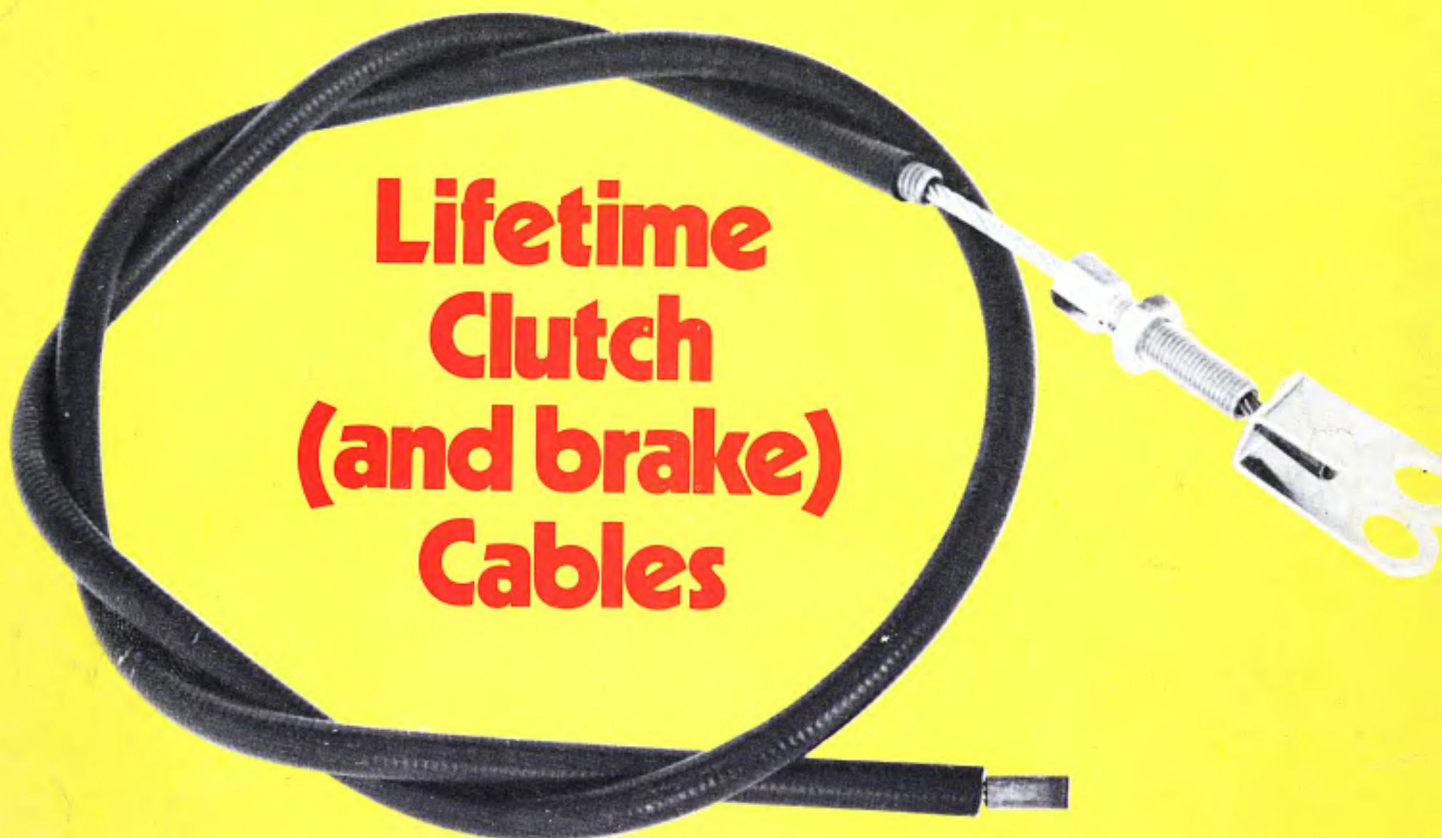


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