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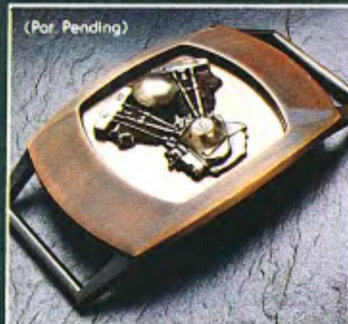
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**See More
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on Page 72**



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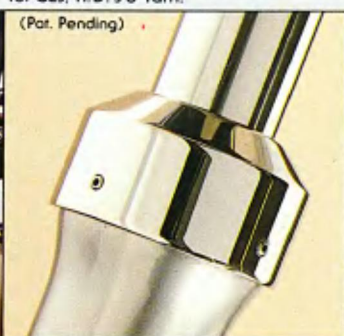
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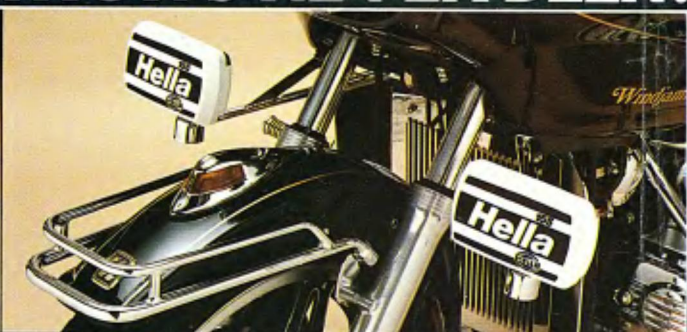
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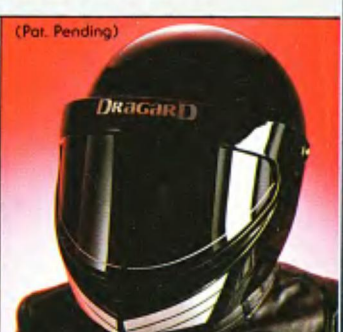


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Easyriders

Number 96

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Easyriders magazine ISSN 0046-0990 Number 96, June, 1981. Vol. 10. Easyriders is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 676 South Glenwood Pl., Burbank, California 91506. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 869-8701. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91505 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1981 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints and changes of address must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Circulation Department, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503. (213) 843-3277. 1 year \$23 two years \$46 in the United States and its possessions and Canada. Add \$4.00 additional for foreign subscriptions. Single copy price \$2.00. Postmaster: Forms 3579. Return to Box 711, Burbank, California 91503. Advertising: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



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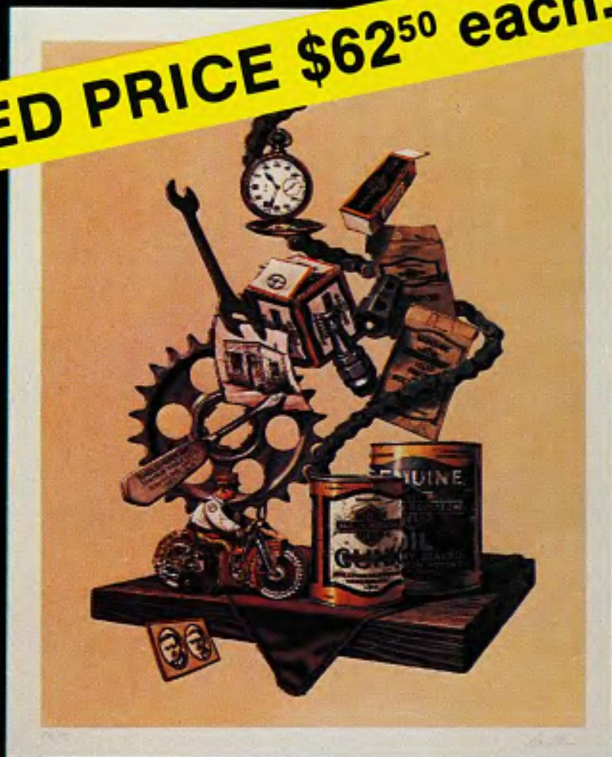
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There's a medical value in munchin' on a tit (I always knew there was some reason they attracted me, no matter what size). A university physician tested 60 bottle-fed babies and 40 breast-fed babies. He discovered the bottle-fed babies got sick more often: 75% of the breast-fed babies never had to visit a doctor, but only 3% of the bottle-fed babies never had to. (No wonder I'm so healthy: I'm a tits and ass man.)

There was an advertisement offering \$125,000 for an interview with anyone who had anything to do with the bombing of the Lake Tahoe Hotel/Casino. The interview would be for a New York magazine that the writer wouldn't identify, but it turned out that he was the publisher of a heavy-sounding mag called International Intelligence Report and Organized Crime Review. Anyone answering that simple-sounding ad for an interview could find himself/herself in deep shit.

You think you can drink? Well, how about the 231-pound, 6'2" dude in England who can drink 11 1/4 gallons of brew in 3 hours? He also holds the record of drinking 3 pints in just 5.4 seconds. Besides that, he can gobble 13 raw eggs in 2.2 seconds, 32 boiled eggs in 78 seconds and, 14 hard-boiled eggs in 58 seconds.

Imagine this dude's problem: He and his ol' lady moved into a former whorehouse. Now he has to answer the door constantly, "No, it's not a cathouse any more." One dude recently came to the door with a throbbin' hardon, and once again, the dude said, "No, this isn't the place." The dude who was gettin' the stonies saw the owner's ol' lady and asked about havin' her, at which point the owner turned his dobie loose on the asshole and got in a few punches himself. But guess who went to jail. That's right, the guy who owned the house! Figures.

The Dept. of Transportation seems to be fucked up even if it's a state DOT. Consider Arizona. The judge ordered a driver's license to be taken away from a dude for reckless driving, but the DOT revoked the judge's license instead of the culprit's.

Wanna raise condors for a livin'? In case you didn't know it, a condor is a humongous bird that has a 10-foot wingspan and weighs about 25 pounds. In order to mate them, you first have to determine which is male and which is female. You can do this by pluckin' a pin feather and dippin' it in a solution. Question: how do you get this close to one of those muthas, and just how are they gonna act if you try to pluck a feather? But they're one of our rarest birds, so there's bread in it if you figure a way of climbin' a mountain and connin' them into cooperatin' with ya.

Want your ol' lady to knock off her snoring? It's been reported in a medical association magazine that wearing a plastic collar similar to the one you see people wearing after a whiplash or sprained neck will stop snoring by holding up the chin while the wearer is lying down. Of course a tight rope may do the same thing, but she won't be able to give you any head in the morning. She may die and go up in the sky and make the sounds during thunderstorms.

Happy tenth birthday to us: We (Lou, my ineffable self, and Louis Bosque) actually started planning this issue long before the one cover-dated June '71 hit the newsstands, but we're counting from issue number one. Like so many companies that have started small, Easyriders started (art work, layout, typing) on a dining room table in a three-bedroom apartment. Later, one of the bedrooms was converted to an "office" and was used as such for three years. Robinson and Chiodo were the other first members of the staff. Teresi, Blair, and Kimzey formed the corporation as owners. Keith started with issue number 12 (March 1973), and at that time we needed office space, so we rented it in the form of an apartment above the one Kimzey was living in. We were in this small apartment in Seal Beach until we moved to Malibu, where we worked out of a garage for a year. Mother Superior started working with us at that time. Then we had a secret office in Calabasas. We've had two different secret office locations in the mountains over the years. So have a toke for us. We started with an idea and spit; but now we're larger than any other motorcycle mag on the newsstands -- because of you. Thanks a helluva lot from all of us for making it possible. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

A Few Comments

□ I've read all the *In The Wind* rags, even the newest. You've never been able to match the excellence of the first one. *Easyriders* is the same — just great. It basically doesn't change, which is fine with me and the rest of the bros. Keep the *Wind* format the same as the first, which was the best.

Liebo 17

East Atlantic Beach, N.Y.

■ You'll like *In The Wind* #5, which will be out soon — it's like #1.

More Prizes

□ Hey, do you think you guys could afford to give a year's subscription to more than one winner of the Dave Mann contest?

I mean there couldn't be that many good guessers, could there? Just a thought.

L. Killham

San Mateo, Calif.

■ We might do that, especially if anyone comes close to the actual figure. Only Spider knows for sure.

Reverse Courtesy Card

□ It's a real fine idea to have your club card to give to good people after you help them. Too bad that all bikers also need a way to communicate with incompetent drivers. If you want to print a card with a message to the people who cut us off every day, here is an idea:

Lonely?

Like to meet new people?

Like excitement?

Like to change your appearance?

Like to get a new car?

Just drive like that around me again!

Hand it to the "law-abiding" citizens, or if they are too paranoid to open the car win-

dow, stick it under the windshield wiper. It will look so much like a parking ticket that any "good" citizen will rush to read it. There are so many of these citizens that we'll need a truckload of such cards.

Dave Dufell

Las Vegas, Nev.

■ Just don't make a direct threat.

Not Associated

□ In the club card section of the Feb. issue (#92) was a card reading Saddle Tramps M.C. They are in no way associated with the Saddletramps Motorcycle Club of Minnesota — we've been together now for over fifteen years.

Steve

Carlton County, Minn.

Only Harleys

□ All I read about in your rag is Harleys — Harleys this and Harleys that.

Lobo

Toronto, Canada

■ No shit?

A Code

□ Did you goof? Let me clarify myself. In your January '81 issue, left column, page 53 of "Choppershopper," there's a memo in a supposed "code." It translates as follows:

To: C.I.C. From: Goat. Subject: Iran; continued tolerance details: Did you know their entire oil supply moves through one port?

The code is one we used back in grade school to write love notes. The point I'm trying to make is that if a dumb cycle schmuck like me can work it out, no telling who else might. I mean, shit, I might just be paranoid; but what if an Iranian here or abroad picked up on it and

passed it on to Scatter Brains himself? Now that might be far-fetched, but what about our government? They're in enough hot water as it is. This might make them blow their head gaskets.

Catch my drift?

J.D. McDougal

Indianola, Iowa

□ While looking through "Choppershopper" in the January '81 issue, I came across a coded message on page 53. This is what it means:

To: C.I.C. From: Goat. Subject: Iran; continued tolerance details: Did you know their entire oil supply moves through one port?

The method I used to decode it was: The letter written represented the letter before it in the alphabet. Therefore, B would really be A and C would really be B, etc., etc. — each letter representing the preceding letter. Only U represented itself, and that only at certain times.

Klutch

Wildflecken, Germany

New Owner

□ We really enjoy your rag here in Alabama. Would like to let you know that Beech Bend Park in Bowling Green, Kentucky, is now under new management. It has been bought by Ronnie Milsap.

Judy

Hanceville, Ala.

■ It's a beautiful piece of land.

We Goofed Again

□ I would like to make a comment to the ignorant bastards who wrote the article "Eat Your Heart Out." First, I would like to say that the machine featured in your rag, which was supposedly a stock, original, cherry 1941

45-incher, according to the buildup in the story, is your everyday parts machine. To be particular: the front end is pre-1940, tanks and emblems are 1948, late-model shift gate, speedo and instrument cluster are post-1947, headlight post is 1942, air cleaner is pre-1940, coil is "circa 1980," muffler is 19? Just plain wrong; missing front fender light and tool box; tombstone taillight did not come to the scene until 1947; and last but not least is the brake lever. Harley changed to what is called a "new positive brake lever" in 1941. The one pictured is pre-1941.

You may think from the tone of my letter that I'm pissed. You're right, I am. Many of your readers (since Harleys, especially old stock ones, have become collectible) look to your rag for guidance in restoration of their particular models. Being a magazine dedicated to the motto H-Ds forever, how about at least not fucking up articles concerning old stock bikes? I know you gentlemen, from past articles, have stirred great interest in antique motorcycles. I would like to thank you for this current interest, but please get your shit straight in these areas.

Mike Hashem

Barrington, N.H.

■ We just present the scoop as it is. People like you can spot obvious things, but that article wasn't presented as a nitty-gritty tech feature.

Road Memories

□ I'm writing to everyone who put forth any effort at all on *In The Wind* #4.

It brought back many memories. I shouldn't say "brought back," for they are

always there. It's just that *In The Wind* refreshed them for me.

I was on the road for a long time, especially for a person my age. Reading the poetry in #4 made me realize how much a part of "road life" I am and always will be — and how much I miss it.

I gave it up because I was given the opportunity to go to school and become a nurse.

I hope one of these days in my near future I can go back to it even if it's only for a little while at a time. I miss it a lot. I realize now that I will always have my heart and soul on the road.

Melanie Ziermann
Portland, Ore.

A Lesson

□ Maybe now (via our released hostages and their psychological problems) John Q. Public will understand why so many ex-cons have trouble "conforming to society."

Biggie
Montebello, Calif.

Digs Us

□ No bitchin' or complainin'. Just thought I'd write you fuckers and tell ya what a great rag ya got. Keep up the great work.

Each
Norfolk, Va.

Mom's A Fan

□ Far fucking out. Just got home to find my ol' lady (mother type) reading through my *Easyriders*. When I asked her what part she liked best, she told me "Taking It Easy" by Spider. She's 60 years old, and everyone around here knows her as "Mrs. Skull." Who knows? Maybe she'll order a subscription for herself and I won't have to for me.

Roach
Beaver, Pa.

Exposed Again

□ I was recently reading an article in a magazine that was written by Dean Batchelor. In the article he says that Lou Kimzey and he started what is known as the 200-mile-per-hour club for people who had gone over 200 mph on land. According to the article, this

was back around '53. Lou and Dean worked for *Hop Up* magazine. I am wonderin' if the Lou Kimzey who is with your magazine is the same Lou Kimzey who helped start this club.

Robert Krafton
Brockton, Mass.

■ He also designed the emblem.

A Bet

□ Diane said Roger said that Mutha is a man. A piece of ass is riding on this.

Young Stuff
Fort Polk, La.

■ She sure as hell looks and acts like one.

Another Bet

□ To whoever reads this shit: Sitting here, taking a number, and seeing who can tell the most lies, when my good friend decides he ain't telling no lies — just the fuckin' truth — and expects me to go ahead and believe him. Am I hallucinating or is he? Anyhow, we ended up with a five-joint bet and we need you to settle it. He says that there was a David Mann centerfold with a yellow '55 Chevy Nomad and a yellow Sportster at a light. I say that the Nomad was black with yellow flames, as was the tank on the Sportster. Hurry up and settle this and I'll send you a joint so you can celebrate along with me.

David "Hard" Oreski
Pittsburgh, Pa.

■ Check the November '79 issue. You win.

Monthly Selection

□ Who the fuck judges the monthly "Ol' Lady Contest"? You say the readers are the judges, but I just can't swallow that crap because I don't believe there's that many readers who need stronger eyeglasses!

Dan Wise
Anthony, N.M.

■ The annual final vote for the grand prize is made by the readers. The monthly contestants are chosen by our staff, the choices based on

printability of photography and/or the submission of the required releases, etc. Monthly winners are also chosen only by the readers.

□ I would like to know just how much coke you assholes are freebasing before you pick the winners for the Ol' Lady Contest! Fuck, I wouldn't poke some of those winners with my dick.

Snake
Burlington, Iowa

■ They're not winners — they're contestants. Also note answer above.

A Death Trap

□ In response to the piece of shit that resembles a Harley (featured in your February issue — "The Ratster"), you guys are kidding yourselves if you think the readers are interested in junk like that.

Walt
Tulsa, Okla.

□ I just can't fuckin' believe that with all kinds of people spendin' lots of cash and knuckle-bustin' hours tryin' to build a respectable scooter, you would feature such a disgrace and a death trap as you did. I refer to the Ratster.

D.A. Lorenzen
River Falls, Wis.

■ It proves a Harley will run forever. All you need is string, spit, and gum (to keep the old tractor running).

Outdid Ourselves

□ I think every bro who reads *Easyriders* should send you idiots a joint, because you really outdid yourselves on the March '81 issue on pages 72-75. She's the foxiest babe I've ever seen.

Mad Man
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Nothin' To Say

□ I'm writing to say — well, I guess I shouldn't say that. Maybe — well, not that either.

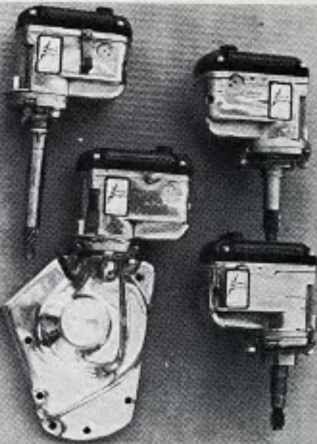
To tell you the truth, I don't have shit to say. I just want my bros to see my name in your rag.

David Casey
Jackson, Mich.

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Vet Voice Letter

□ The Lenox Cramer letter in the "Vet Voice" column in the December (I think) issue was the most emotional thing I have ever read. He said all the things I feel but could not put into words. A lot of what he said, I've been saying, but with different words.

I know what he went through, even if I wasn't there with him (I was there Oct. '65-May '67). I think he has found peace of mind. I haven't.

A Brother
Florence, S.C.

We're Human

□ You have finally shown that you are human and do have compassion for your fellow human beings. The piece you did on John Lennon was great and showed respect. For the first time ever you wrote something without "shit" or "fuck" in it.

Delude
Santa Barbara, Calif.

■ That wasn't the first time ever.

Michigan Prisons

□ I'm writing you concerning prisons in Michigan, especially Jackson State Penitentiary. I have six bros in the joint. The way they are treated is wrong. For instance, most prisons raise their own food. Jackson Prison has a farm with 3,000 head of cattle, but they get only one piece of steak a week — on Sunday. It's a shame that the fuckers who run the prison use it for themselves.

The federal government gives the state enough money for the bros to have steak seven days a week. It's a shame that they don't get it. For instance, the government granted them fifty to sixty thousand for substance-abuse programs, and a lot of the money goes to the rich bastards who run the state prisons. As an example, the feds were investigating this program and found that a lot of money wasn't accounted for. Conveniently, the room where the records were caught on fire and they were destroyed. It's a shame that

things like this happen — because the money is to help the people in prison to get out on parole. Some of my bros never see daylight, and the ones who can, keep getting their parole turned down. This is because they say they're not rehabilitated. It's a shame that the government grants the prison money for these programs. To repeat, most of the money goes into the pockets of the fuckers who run the prisons. I wish the bastards who run the prisons could walk a mile in my bros' shoes. I'm sure that Jackson State Pen isn't the only one that does these things.

Little Dee
Taylor, Mich.

Rare Dealer

□ I'm just writing in hopes that you'll print this for a guy who really helped me out. Last year I moved to Georgia from Cleveland, Ohio. No one knew me from Adam.

I was trying to buy a Low Rider with a trade-in of a Super Glide and some cash. Well, I came up \$400 short. This guy, Dusty Skelton, of Skelton's Harley-Davidson in Rome, Georgia, financed the rest. Not only did he do that, but since then he has financed Phase 3 belts, front shifter controls, assorted chrome parts, and fork seats — just about everything. Well, you say, big deal. It is to me. This man has never even asked me my address or phone number. He has given credit to three of my friends on the spot with no questions asked.

All I want is for this guy to get the attention he deserves, 'cause if ever a man was a brother, Dusty Skelton tops them all!

Michael Davis
Trion, Ga.

Prison Plans

□ Wisconsin Corrections Institution at Waupun is proud to announce plans to erect 150-foot-tall light towers around the institution. The purpose of the lights is to illuminate shadows, thereby making escapes more difficult.

The proposed plans should work very well if you overlook the fact that all the roofs are at least 40 feet in the air, while the tallest guard tower is under 30 feet. Also overlooked is the fact that the last man to escape walked out the front gate dressed in civilian clothes.

I want some of what they've been smoking.

P.F.
Waupun, Wis.

For Apes?

□ What the hell is an "ape-hanger"? Every issue of your magazine has this great poster with the graffiti on the wall. I asked all the older and much wiser bikers what this meant, but they all told me to fuck off. Needless to say, I didn't ask twice. You guys might tell me to fuck off, but then again, you can't rip my arms off and beat my head in with them for asking such a dumb question.

How about it? What were the "apehanger" days?

Jeff Shaller
St. Paul, Minn.

■ Before handlebar height limits became law, many bikes had high handlebars so the rider had to reach up to use them. High bars and low seats gave the bike a tasty look. Now each state has a handlebar height limit of some type (strictly enforced, as in Daytona, for instance).

Wrong Mag

□ You must be complimented and I must be in love.

Arden is so eye-catchingly beautiful that I never got past the cover of the March issue. Am I reading the right rag?

AZ
Pittsburg, Calif.

Nam Vet

□ Just want to say right on to all bros raising hell about the hostages. I'm getting fuckin' sick of hearing this and that about the hostages. What about the Vietnam vets who suffered and have brain lapses? I don't care who the fuck says what. The vet still went through more hell.

Little Fat Buddy
Germany

NASTY FEET

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Needs Rear End

□ I'm putting a shovel trike together for a bro who's paralyzed from the waist down. Need a brake drum (or a pair) for a pre-'50s Servacar rear end (mech. brakes). Anyone got a line on one?

Big John
1172 Terry Jean Drive
Fenton, Mo. 63026

Dog Protection

□ I've read a few articles in this rag about bros having their scoots ripped off.

Take some good advice, man: get yourself a couple of asskickin', fightin' dogs and keep 'em in the garage, or in the yard next to your bike. They might piss on your spokes once in a while, but having a bike to wash is better than having no bike at all. And you can feed the fuckers anything.

Critter
Menard, Ill.

After Him

□ The March issue of your rag didn't come this week. So I drank a drink. Smoked a couple of bong hits. Passed out. And pissed all over myself. Are you guys out to get me?

The Acid-Soaked Mind
Granby, Colo.

■ We're not, but your postman might be.

On The Shelf

□ Back to what goes around comes around — a bro tightened up with one of my more recent ex-ol' ladies. It felt strange. I was always into using ex-ol' ladies like old books, shelving them till it's time to use them again. Guess I'd better get better breath, stronger rope, shorter chains, bigger scoot, and a longer tongue. Fuck ex-ol' ladies, hemorrhoids, and the tooth fairy.

Moses
Marlborough, Conn.

Bikers Care

□ I'm not even a biker fan but picked up a copy of your magazine that belonged to my brother. I think it's wonderful that you allow prisoners to place ads, because

I know they must live in a lonely hell.

I have written to one in Folsom and hope I can make some of his remaining time a little more pleasant.

I never realized that bikers had a human side and cared about people until now.

Renee
El Paso, Tex.

Errors in McQueen Eulogy

□ Let's get the story straight on Steve McQueen. Starklite Cycle did most of his restorations. Steve Wright did a lot of the old race bikes. I know, because I restored five personally while working at Starklite. Steve used to come in drinking Bud or Old Milwaukee and tell me how he liked the "Bob Stark" touch. Bob also set up a lot of deals on the collections he bought. Steve told me once he had an old round oak barn in San Francisco and had it torn apart piece by piece. He was going to use it as a museum in the Fullerton area. Get the facts straight!

Randy Finley
Chanute, Kan.

■ Sorry if we slighted anyone. His death happened just as we were going to press. We couldn't get co-operation fast enough from anyone, so we winged it.

Truth

□ All you cunts should wake up after reading Stephanie Feld's letter in the March issue about sexism. It's about us ol' ladies being treated equal, and I think we should give her a hand.

Nickel Nicole
Louisville, Ky.

Who Won?

□ One question for you burned-out fuckers: Who won the croak-off contest that was in the October issue? Five hundred bucks worth of whisky is a lot of whisky to be hoarding.

C.W.
Killeen, Tex.

■ No one. The shah kicked off while we were on the printing press — before the issue saw daylight.

Women Bikers

□ Just a line to let you know the article in the February issue on "Alliance To a Women's Prison" was inspiring. I'm glad to know you guys recognize the fact that there are women bikers. And remember, in your fight against helmet laws, Sisterhood is Powerful!

Marthe "Scooter" Fletcher
Asheville, N.C.

□ Thanks for your article about the Alliance of Women Bikers. But you sorta fucked up a little bit. You forgot to mention that we are a national group with over 140 members in 31 states and that we are non-discriminatory in every way. I have been active in organizing a Minnesota chapter, and out of 24 members, two are guys; we have four more on our prospective list. You can get information about the national organization by writing Alliance of Women Bikers, P.O. Box 484, Eau Claire, Wisconsin 54701.

Morf Hentz
Alliance of Women Bikers
Minnesota Chapter
RR 1 Box 1074
Shakopee, Minn. 55379

Special Breed

□ I'm down until October '81, and until recently had never read your mag.

I love being out on the road, but I have always been in a cage or have let my fingers do the walking.

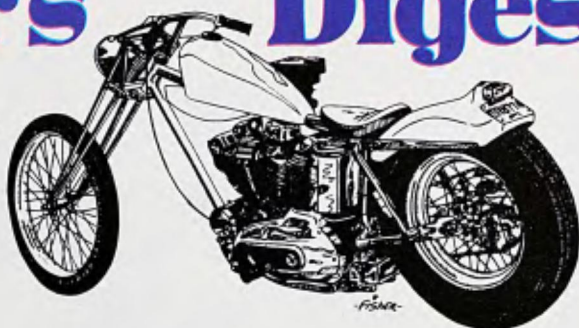
I now realize, since reading *Easyriders*, that bikers are a special breed of people and that the freedom I have always longed for lies only in the saddle of a Harley. The pictures and articles in *Easyriders* are enough to let me know what I've been missing.

Savannah Raven
Columbia, S.C.

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.

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags



Pain In The Butt

The ache begins at the base of the spine, radiating to what we'll modestly refer to as the buns, and gradually develops into a royal pain in the butt.

The process routinely begins around 125 miles into a 250-mile tank of gas, reaching its discomforting peak at 150 miles. The pain then mercifully subsides as numbness sets in, and becomes bearable just about the time the bike sputters onto reserve. Then it's gas up, suck down a quick soft drink, climb back on, and do it again.

—Bill Amick

American Motorcyclist

Outlaw Sailors?

Mobsters ride in cars. Smugglers use boats and airplanes. Has there been any bill introduced to deal with Outlaw Private Pilots? Outlaw Offshore Sailors?

Shucks no. There's no image to dwell on. We know what outlaw bikers look like. But somehow outlaw sailors conjures up — what? An America's Cup boat crewed by pegleg pirates?

So we get singled out. If major crimes like drug smuggling and extortion are committed by outlaw motorcycle gangs, then it follows that outlaw motorcycle gangs commit awful crimes.

Next? The American Motorcyclist Association has been asked, in seriousness, by local law enforcement agencies to provide a list of AMA clubs in one region. Right. So the officers can distinguish between lawful and outlaw.

The AMA properly refused. There are motorcycle clubs that don't belong to the AMA. That doesn't make them bad guys. Start demanding membership cards and what's next? Interrogation because of the bike you ride, the

clothes you wear, the length of your hair?

What's been missed is that the outlaw gangs, of the type subject to the proposed strike force, simply are motorcycle gangs the way the drug smugglers are pilots; that is, not much.

—Cycle World

Blown

We motorcycle enthusiasts — you and I — have lived in blissful inefficiency. Perhaps you more than I, but all of us nonetheless. You see, if you ride a two-stroke, only one-fourth of all the liquid energy you pour into your bike's gas tank is converted into useful work. If you ride a four-stroke, things are somewhat better; you might get the benefit of perhaps one-third of your fill-up. The rest we waste in heat rejection.

—Don Fuller

Cycle Guide

Hydroplaning Advice

If you find yourself hydroplaning, there are some do's and don'ts. You'll know you're hydroplaning when the scooter stops responding to any sort of control. Do get off the gas. Do say a quiet prayer or two. Don't get on the brakes. Don't make any effort to steer. Ride it out until the tires regain contact with the road. Any effort to stop or steer will only worsen the condition by causing further water buildup under the tires. Keep it straight-away and freewheeling until the tires are back in contact with the road, and hope you don't run out of road before that happens. If you feel you absolutely have to do something besides hope for the best, an occasional tap on the rear brake is the least likely to cause more serious problems, but you might as well put your right hand in your pocket, because there's

nothing up there on the right handlebar that will help the situation in the least.

—Charles Schilling
Road Rider

Stop!

Water-laden brake fluid looks murky, but water isn't the sole enemy. The deterioration of the inside of brake hoses can cause the brake fluid to cloud up. When your brake fluid gets hazy, change it. Don't open up the master cylinder and dump out the old brake fluid. Brake calipers have "bleed" orifices, which look a little like grease zerk fittings, with six- or seven-millimeter hex-head collars. Loosening these fittings opens the caliper fluid chamber. Don't pump all the old fluid out. This will make bleeding the brake a tedious job. First, open the master cylinder. Be careful. Most brake fluids eat paint. By opening the caliper bleed orifice you can pump down the old fluid; by adding fresh fluid you can keep the level in the master cylinder above the piston feed hole.

The pump down works just the same as bleeding the system to purge the air. Attach a clear hose to the bleed screw. The hose should be long enough to fit into a container filled with brake fluid; this is your insurance that air will not be sucked back into the caliper from the bleed line. Loosen the bleed screw, and when the hand lever bottoms against the grip, close the bleed screw. Then release the lever. Repeat. And repeat. Don't let the master cylinder reservoir level fall below the piston feed hole. Eventually, you'll be able to see fresh fluid coming out the bleed hole. You're finished at this point if the hand lever doesn't feel spongy.

—Mark Homchick
Cycle

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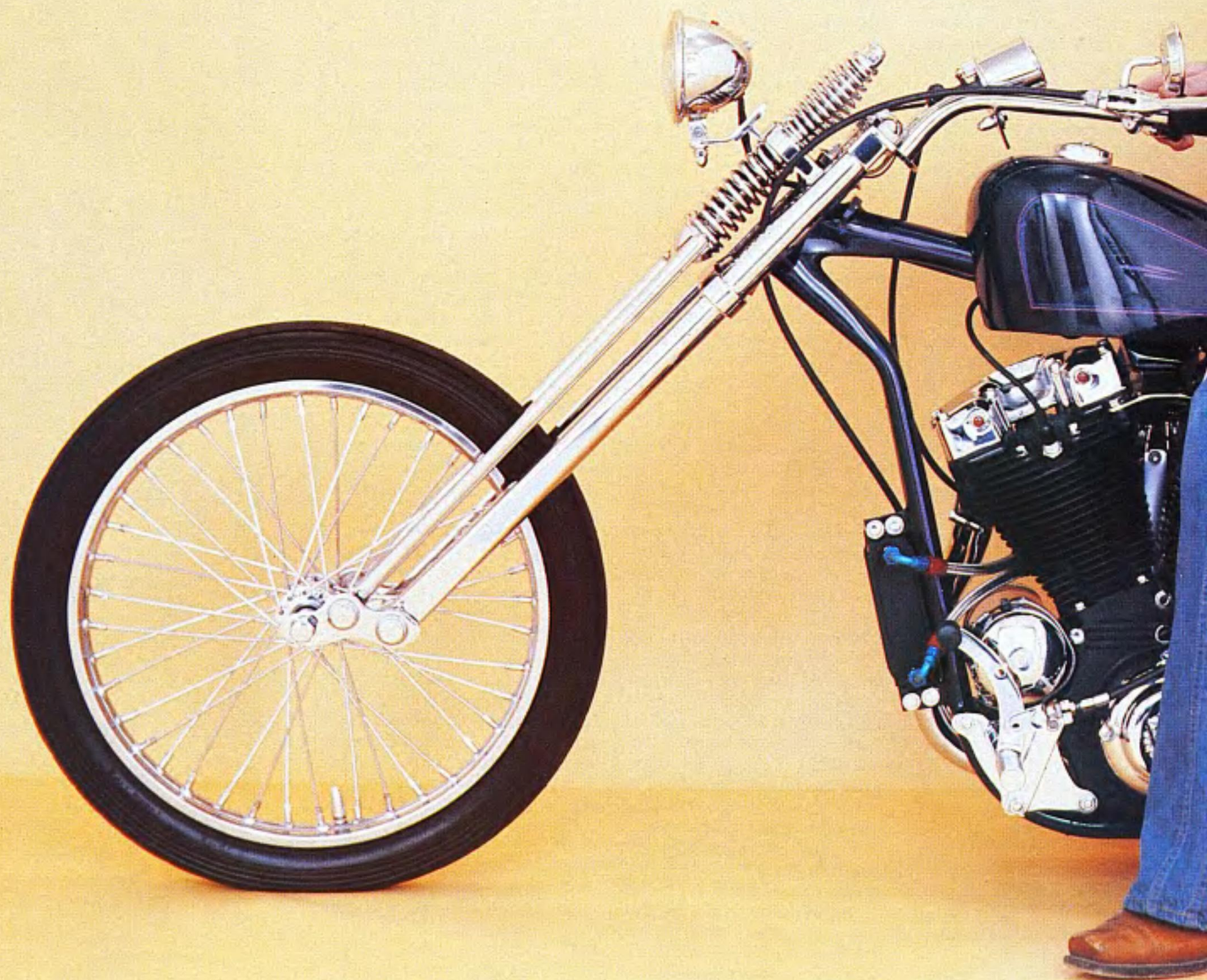
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School Project

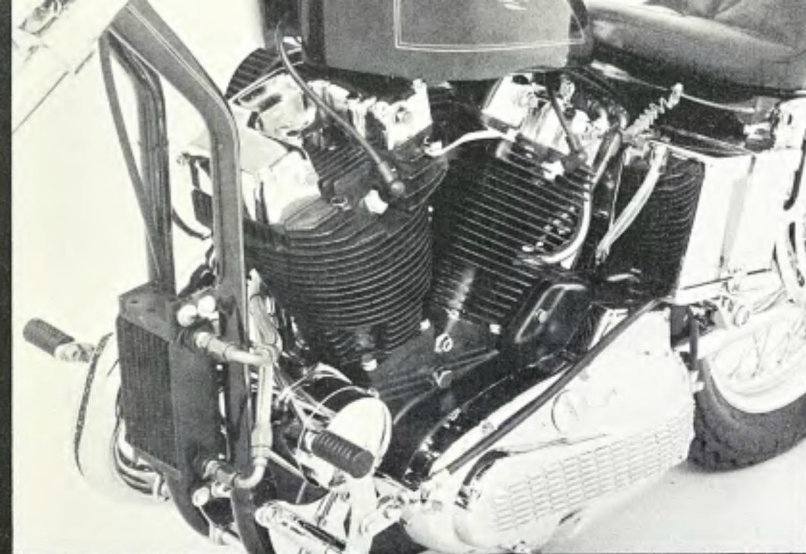
On a night when all you need is a quick splash, a hot fuck, an' a good-bye, all you get is an empty mattress an' a power outage. To think you could be lookin' at this slick Sportster hangin' its pud out there on its tank for all God's peckerheads to stare at in wonder.

Yep, you've got it, this bike is named after man's best part — his wang-dang doo-dah — the business end of the stick. The Tallywacker. His mom named it and Larry stuck with it. He stops at bars like Granny's an' tells the little cuties, "Crawl up here on my Tallywacker."









Then it's off to the races, Lake Kawea, Coalinga, and just about everywhere else in the Sierras.

This bike was created at night school. Larry spent two an' a half hours every Tuesday night welding, milling, and turning parts for his sled. The pipes, shifter, brake system, battery box, seat struts, fender struts, bars, and heat-shield were all crafted at night school. The other students offered advice and help now an' then. Took Larry three years of classes to finish his ride. Can you imagine, three years in school buildin' a bike? I'd like one of those college credits, myself.



Owner: Larry Woodall		City: Visalia, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner, Dale Kelly		Year: 1968	
Year and make: 1968 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: Sportster		Type: strutted swingarm	
Value: a lot		Rake: 40 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 3 in.	
Time: 3 years		Other alterations: neck section	
Chroming by: Dave Turner		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: by owner	
Year: 1968		Risers: 1/4-in. plate steel	
Model: XLH		Fender(s): altered	
Rebuilder: owner, Galen Olson MC		Headlight: 5 in.	
Ignition: stock, distributor		Taillight: stock	
Displacement: 900cc		Speedo: tach VDO	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: knurled by owner	
Balancing: Dick Boone, Galen Olson		Rear pegs: knurled by owner	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: H-D	
Cases: altered		Gas tank: stock	
Heads: big intake valves		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): PB		Oil system: Bob Rehfeld	
Lifters: stock		Primary cover: altered	
Carb(s): Mikuni 38		Seat: Mike Smith	
Air cleaner: 5" x 2"		Sissybar: what?	
Pipes: owner hand-made		Height:	
Muffler(s): Gary Bang		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: shifter shaft shortened		Type: springer	
Year: 1968		Extension: stock	
Shifting: moved forward		Builder: Jammer	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: show chrome	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19	Size: 18
Molding: owner		Hub: spool	Hub: stock
Painter: Dale Kelly, Ruben		Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: fleet blue		Tire: Avon 2.75 x 19	Tire: Avon 4.70 H 18
Type: lacquer, Imron		Brake: none	Brake: drum
Special paint: striping and mural by Ruben			
Other special modifications: handmade shifting and brake systems, battery box, seat struts, fender struts, coil, license plate, bars, heat shield. Special thanks to: Pete Zarounian, Dale Kelly, Ruben, Jeff and Robin Charest, and Larry Brown.			



Larry graduated this year and had to leave behind his free workshop. "So long, lathes; so long, milling machine; adios, drill press; hasta manana, welding torch; ciao, impact wrench; vaya con Diablos, free workshop."

If anyone knows of a shop as fine as his last one, please let him know. Meanwhile, Larry's thinking of getting a Ph.D. in machine shop, with a dissertation titled "The effects on females of highway usage and stress on highly modified two-wheeled vehicles," or "Tallywacker: If you need more inches, stroke it!"

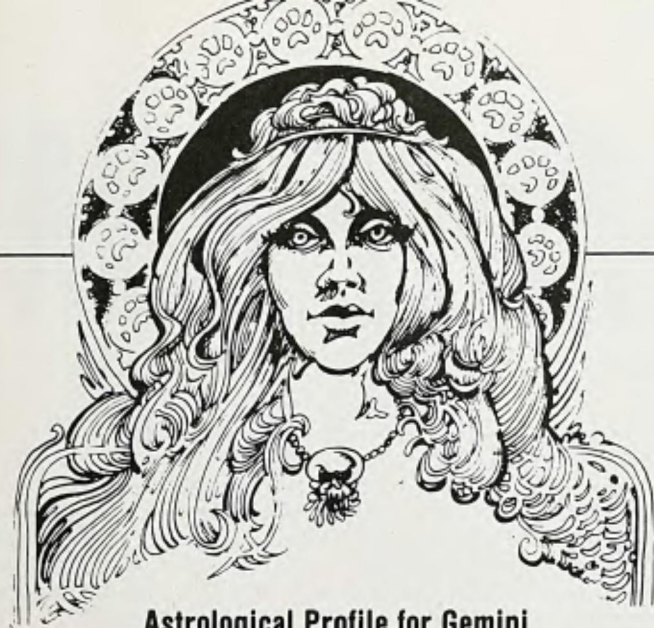
— Ben Doverdahl

Photos by Pete Chiodo



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage



Astrological Profile for Gemini

Gemini are the most versatile of the zodiac and so damned entertaining that everyone should keep a Gemini as a pet. Their quick wit makes 'em as popular as poppin' pimples on Dolly Parton's chest.

Some famous Geminis and their attributes: highly imaginative and able to hold their public's interest almost indefinitely: Ian Fleming (James Bond) and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (Sherlock Holmes); can get into a lot of trouble, but manage to escape: John Dillinger. There are

the sexy ones, like Clint Eastwood and Karen Valentine, and the ones who can scare the shit outta you, like Vincent Price and Basil Rathbone. Some Geminis, like Paul McCartney and Bob Dylan, are musically attuned to the now generation, while one like John Wayne was a significant part of every generation. And then there's the unforgettable John F. Kennedy. Geminis make great con artists (check your friendly neighborhood used car salesman) and can also be charming and persistent in a dif-

ferent way, like Wallis Warfield Simpson (the Duchess of Windsor, who charmed a king into giving up his throne), or Pat Boone, who persists in wearing white shoes!

Geminis are supercharged talkers, clever enough to bullshit their way into any field and not get caught in lies.

Geminis are prone to respiratory ailments (cut down on those cigs) and accidents involving the arms and hands.

Geminis should try not to scatter their forces by having too many irons in the fire at once. It would also help if they remembered that not everyone is in high gear the way they are, and they might show a little patience.

Geminis are far from perfect. They'll talk your ear off, then leave you squattin' in a cloud of dust while they tear off for other parts and other pussies. (Yeah, they're fickle, too.) But they're so fuckin' much fun to be with that you'll always welcome 'em back with open legs. If you've got a Gemini, be grateful!

monumental mess. Get your facts straight before shooting off your mouth — then keep a low profile. Stash any new projects with your dirty socks and pussy-foot your way around. Otherwise, you could end up knee-deep in your own shit!

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 — Dec. 20)

It's party time and, for a change, you can afford to cut loose something more than hot air. 'Course, havin' a fling with someone sleazy could get your ass in a sling, and cause some embarrassment — so what's new? Don't be such a hero with your hardons. Actually, the only friction now comes between the sheets. Take time to cheer up a bro whose luck is in the shitter.

Capricorn (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

Your "good 'n' plenty" could suddenly go, leavin' you with an empty nut sack. Depression leaves you with a case of the hershey squirts and either your deodorant has gone south, or you're usin' your ass for a decoy! Blowin' your wad might help temporarily, but you'll regret it afterwards. Sorry, but there's a real shortage of cash and ass most of the month.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

This month finds you in first place and you finish by a nose! (Brown-nosing, that is.) Hell, we all have to do it sometimes — if the stakes are high enough. Eatin' a little humble pie now will lead you to a better position later. Face it, gettin' ahead nowadays takes some extra effort. Just remember that kissin' ass doesn't mean you have to ask for seconds. Once should do her!

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

Neighborhood hassles could evolve into a lousy situation and put you through a load of changes you're not ready for. You'll have to either take drastic action or find yourself another homestead. You may have to leave a trail of stepped-on tails. Don't be shy about dottin' someone's eye if that's what it takes. Fuck that double standard of "one rule for the citizens and another for the dude with the bike." Hold your ground! ■

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 20)

It seems Mutha Nature has her finger up your ass with the ol' cough routine. If you don't pass on a few of those easy pieces, you may have to pass on pissin'. Try chargin' up your battery with some vitamins and your bod with some rest — maybe it's just the mileage catchin' up with you! Except for a few grunts an' groans, this is an average month.

Taurus (Apr. 21 — May 20)

Either your shorts are too tight, or this month is another assgrabber. You've been in some rough spots before, but this time someone is goin' for your gonads with gusto. Remember, if you catch the fucker, don't turn the other cheek. It could take more than Valium and Vaseline to get through this mind-bogglin' situation. Stick with the tried, true, and tested — don't take chances now.

Gemini (May 21 — June 20)

Happy Birthday! Unzip your fly and have a big piece of hair pie. Relax and get your head together before you blow a fuse.

Write down that long list of mindfucks on a few Zig-Zags, then roll up some of that primo shit you've been hoarding and let your troubles go up in smoke! Don't let things slide financially, or you might as well wipe your ass with your bankbook.

Cancer (June 21 — July 21)

Self-motivation is great, but right now it wouldn't hurt to get a little help from a friend. Two heads can be better than one. As long as you mind your own meat, you'll be able to rise to the occasion and take the situation in hand. Be realistic and you should realize some important beginnings in long-term goals.

Leo (July 22 — Aug. 21)

Any problems now originate with a sneaky co-worker who is a bona fide shit stirrer. If you play your cards right, you can beat him at his own game. Set the record straight by putting the blame where it belongs. (Give 'im five upside the head!) Put a stop to gossip before it gets outta hand. If you can, grab your grip, pack up your pussy, and get in the wind awhile.

Virgo (Aug. 22 — Sept. 21)

This month may be a slow burn for some of you. Otherwise, taking matters into your own hands could light a bonfire to your balls. Be sensible over a personal situation that has blown way outta proportion. Better to go to small claims court than jail. Try not to be so damn shitty to partners who are unaware of your situation. In fact, confiding in one could be just the right answer.

Libra (Sept. 22 — Oct. 22)

Either some horny honey or a bro you were once tight with comes back on the scene to put the squeeze on yer cashbox. Follow up on the "what fors," 'cause the reasons could shock your shorts off, and leave a few stains! The financial aid that's laid out now will leave ya holdin' a bag of butt biscuits later. It could be your turn to get burned — so think twice.

Scorpio (Oct. 23 — Nov. 21)

Telling it like it is — that's what a Scorpio does best, except for this month. Your info could be a taste ragged and trigger a

THE FORTY-MILE RUN

Corporal Steven "Boots" Krampler leaned back against the fading warmth of the Harley's engine and puffed nervously on his cigarette. From time to time he glanced at the brush-and-canvas structure that housed the lieutenant, sergeant, radioman, and a couple of others — dressed in civilian clothes — that he didn't know. Again he thought of drifting in that direction, nosing in on what the big conference was about, and again he decided against it. The high, crisp air of the mountain was too cold and the still-warm engine of the '42 WLA too inviting to merit such an investigation. Across the way his buddy, Billy Spencer, also a corporal in Clayton's special reconnaissance force, lit a cigarette, shielding the glow of his match as best as he could with hunched shoulders. Billy's face wore a worried, half-scared look that seemed almost a permanent fixture, like the hard knot that had settled in his own stomach ever since the sarge had booted him in the butt and told him to haul ass over to the lieutenant's bunker. That had been better than a half hour before. The sun had been warm and shining then, and a breeze had rippled the tall mountain grass. But now the sun was gone, all but a faint rosy tint to the west, and the temperature had probably dropped twenty degrees.

Billy coughed, then flashed Boots a weak, almost apologetic smile. "Sarge caught us smoking, he'd kick our ass," he said.

Boots nodded and slipped the cherry coal under his heel. Billy did the same a moment later when the flap over the lieutenant's bunker opened and the radioman stepped out.

"Boots? Billy?" the radioman called softly.

"Over here, Mick."

Mick moved over near the pair. "They're ready for you guys now."

"What's up, Mick?" Billy asked. "Come on, be a sport, tell us."

"I can't. You know that. The 'tenant will tell you everything you need to know."

"Is it big?" Boots asked.

Mick hesitated, then said quietly, "Yeah, it's big. Damn big. Maybe as big as all of Germany."

Boots and Billy exchanged glances but said nothing. Mick led the way to the lieutenant's bunker, then stepped aside to let them enter.

The bunker was bigger than it looked from the outside; over a third of it was dug back into the side of a hill. Boots stood next to Billy before the lieutenant's small table and listened numbly, catching only odd bits and phrases. "Important," the lieutenant said. "Vital. . . too close to send

by radio. . . General Parish must receive by dawn. . . town of Villa Romora. . . forty miles by mountain road. . . Careful. Krauts could already be between you and. . ."

Boots was stumbling through the darkness then, clutching at the leather satchel the lieutenant had thrust into his hands. Stopping near the olive-drab Harley 45, he took a deep breath. Billy stopped near him and clapped a hand roughly against his shoulder. "You okay, ol' buddy?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," Boots replied, "scared shitless, but fine."

"We'll make it."

"Sure. Hell, yeah. No sweat."

Boots stored the satchel away in his saddlebags and slipped the Thompson from the scabbard mounted to the front forks. There was a full clip already inserted. Boots jacked a round into the chamber, hit the safety, then slipped the gun back into its leather sheath. He checked the small bag of grenades strapped to the handlebars, then the rest of his gear — the extra ammo, the maps,

the tools, oil, C-rations, his own warbag. A few yards away Billy was doing the same.

"You ready?" Billy asked shortly.

Boots nodded, then realized Billy probably couldn't see that well in the dark, so he said, "I'm ready enough. Let's get this over with."

"I'll take the lead," Billy said. "You follow about fifty yards back. If anything happens to me, that'll give you time enough to stop or find a way out."

Billy fired his machine, and Boots's "Good luck" was lost in the roar.

Boots pulled his leather helmet and goggles on as Billy sped away in a shower of sand and dirt. Boots straddled the Army model Harley and kicked it into life, then slipped it into gear and removed his foot from the clutch, quickly shifting to

second, and finally into high. The twin orbs of Billy's black-out taillights showed feebly, and Boots held his cycle to a steady fifty to maintain his distance.

The air was cold on the move, slipping through the protective layers of his clothing to nip frostily at his flesh. The whole underside of his left arm was soon chilled, and a thin, blue line ran down the center of his chest where the long leather coat he wore failed to close tightly. His nose began to drip almost instantly, an annoyance he knew would be with him for the rest of the ride.

It was a short trip through the meadow, and then they were climbing for the pass, shifting to second and cutting their speed to maybe thirty miles an hour. It was all tall spruce here, dark and forbidding. The road, hardly more than a cowpath,

Continued on page 84

"The kid moved his machine in closer and Boots felt his heart jump like a fish when he realized what the soldier had in mind. No guns here. Not at this speed and on this road. It was a duel. A duel between the two riders."



A HERITAGE OF WINNING



This Grand National Champion is H-D's potent XR-750.

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WALTER DAVIDSON, SR.,
AFTER HE WON THE FEDERATION
OF AMERICAN MOTORCYCLISTS'
ENDURANCE RUN IN 1908
WITH A PERFECT SCORE.

1908: Walt Davidson and Silent Grey Fellow after winning endurance run.

SLEEPING GIANTS

With the sound of modern exhaust tones all around, the Silent Grey Fellow sits. Beside Grey Fellow is a collection of Harley-Davidsons — a collection displaying H-D's evolution and telling the fascinating story of America's only surviving motorcycle manufacturer.

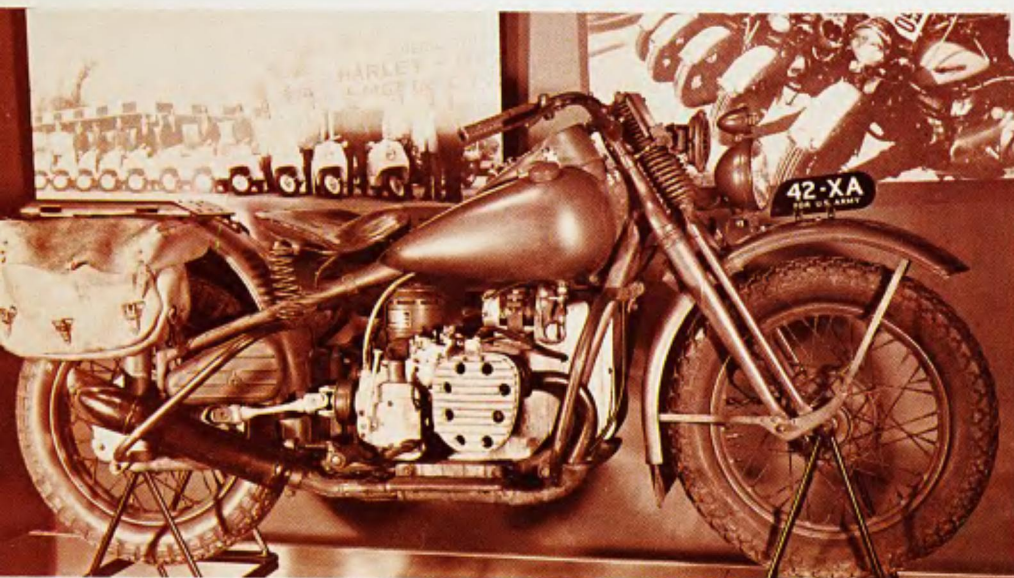
After nearly 65 years of Milwaukee production history, AMF of York, Pa., purchased the Wisconsin-based company and moved much of the operation eastward. Consequently, the new resting place for these Sleeping Giants is the Rodney C. Gott Harley-Davidson Museum.

The iron horses on display encompass the full evolutionary scale of H-D development beginning with a 1903 original. This model was one of three bikes produced during the initial year.

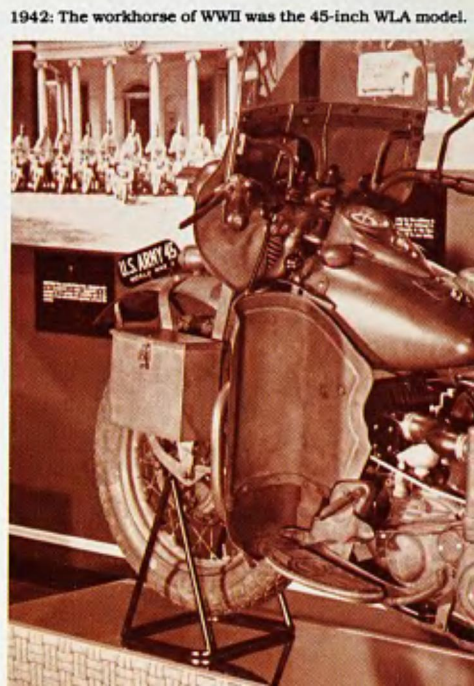
A plan for a motor-driven two-wheeler, though not new, stemmed from an idea in 1901 to "take the work out of bicycling" by "adapting a gasoline engine to a bicycle." The innovators, William Harley, a draftsman and later engineer, and Arthur Davidson, a patternmaker, planned and designed an air-cooled engine. In due time the furthering

of their dream would require additional assistance. Brothers Walker and William Davidson added their machinist and toolmaker experiences to finally construct a prototype that ran with the aid of what looked like a tomato-can carburetor. Although it was capable of motion, the vehicle was quite undernourished. Enlarging the engine's displacement to 25 cubic inches enabled the 1903 model to cruise at 7-8mph with its 3hp engine.

The single-cylinder design was of close-grained grey iron with non-detachable head. The intake valve



1942: This horizontally opposed 45-inch twin was one of nearly a thousand shaft-driven XAs constructed.



1942: The workhorse of WWII was the 45-inch WLA model.



Representative of H-D's Golden Anniversary, the Model KH was the immediate predecessor to the XL Sportster series.

was positioned vertically above the block-mounted exhaust valve and was referred to as the "Intake Over Exhaust" or IOE. Induction was quite simple: the piston's downward intake stroke drew the intake valve open to allow the fuel's entry into the combustion chamber. A spring returned the valve to its seat during the piston's compression stroke. Exhaust valve operation was by camshaft. This head design lasted until 1912, at which point an improved version was released.

All early H-D motorcycles were single-speed units and utilized a double-ply leather drive belt that connected the engine with a large hoop mounted to the rear wheel. Starting was accomplished by elevating the rear wheel and spinning frame-mounted bicycle pedals which, via a connected

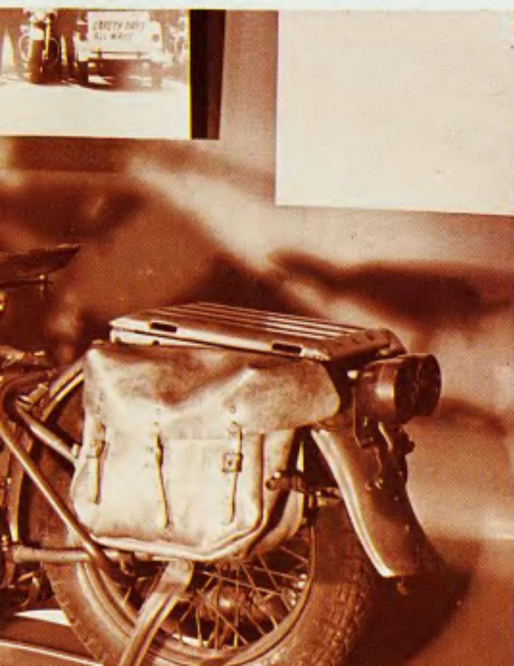
chain, turned the rear wheel. The drive belt then carried this motion to the engine.

Sometime in 1904 (presumably) a moderately more powerful engine emerged that provided an increase of one-quarter horsepower resulting from an eighth-inch overbore. This 27-cubic-inch powerplant was retained through 1908 and coincided with the factory's final year for their then-current model identification system. Basically the early method identified their respective models with the number of years H-D had been in production; the 1908 model was therefore referred to as the Fifth Year Model, since 1904 was, at this point, considered their formal commencement.

Approximately two years prior to this classification change, the 1906 Third Year Model was granted the

luxury of an option to the "Piano Finish Black" color. Immediate appeal was generated with the introduction of Renault Grey with carmine-colored striping. For the next several years the legendary "Silent Grey Fellow" took root. Its affectionate nickname was due to three Harley-Davidson entities: a quietly muffled engine, an extremely popular color combination, and a symbolic companion.

By 1907 a modest Sager-Cushion Fork emerged to assist with whatever consolation the solo seat might offer. Due to the primitive condition of American roads, larger and more capable front suspensions continued to come forth in the form of external springs, and by 1949 the hydraulic suspension series became predominant. Rear damping remained unexploited until 1957.



1958: The Duo-Glide was the premier model of H-D's first rear suspension.



Most powerful of its time for sidecar usage, the 80-inch ULH V-Twin is a highly prized item for collectors.

When the company's first sales brochure announced the 1907 Fourth Year Model, it stressed safety and reliability. Only top-of-the-line equipment was purchased and installed to typical Harley-Davidson production standards. Carburetors were the reputable Schebler automatic float-feed unit, and electrical apparatus included items from Dow, Packard, and Rajah.

Tire selection up through 1908 was all 28-inch x 2½-inch sizing, and in that year tires were available from Empire, Pennsylvania, Goodrich, and G&J. Additional standard equipment involved a choice of Thor, New Departure, or Morrow hubs with wheels of single- or double-clinch style and heavy-duty spokes. The Fifth Year Model was listed at \$210, and that also included tools and holder, tire repair kit, and a factory guarantee protecting each machine against defective parts or workmanship.

During this same year, 1908, Walter Davidson added to the growing collection of trophies and medals a first place win in the Federation of American Motorcyclists' Endurance Run. The event occurred over the mountainous terrain of the New York Catskills and included competition against 60 other entrants. At the finish two days later, Walter, aboard the only H-D entry, was awarded a perfect score of 1000 points plus 5 for outstanding consistency of both rider and machine. One week later the same pair set a new F.A.M. (now A.M.A.) economy record of 188.234 mpg. Walter's machine was the soon-to-be-released 35-cubic-incher.

If ever there were milestone years for Harley-Davidson, the year 1909 must be given due consideration. In addition to the release of the new 4.34hp (NACC), 35-cubic-inch single to replace its 27-incher, a trademark was spawned. The exciting new 45-



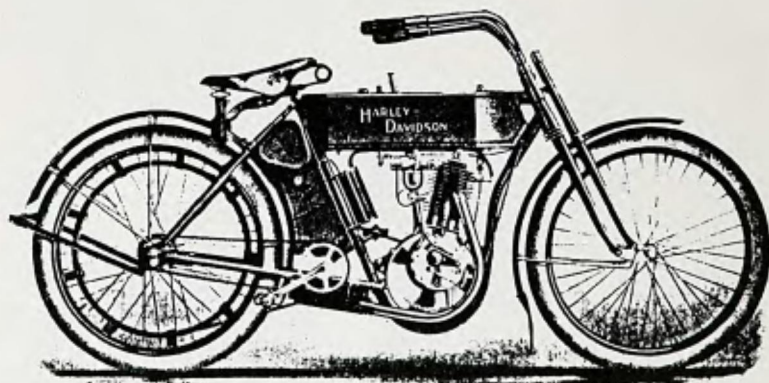
To promote the new OHV 61-inch series, H-D produced an alcohol-fueled, twin carb version that turned 136.183 mph.

degree V-Twin engine design was introduced and, besides being a vast improvement, is still the basic format for contemporary production. From the revised system this monster, rated at 7.2hp (NACC), was given a model designation of "5-D" and represented a total capacity of 49.5cid. Although the suction-type of intake valve was still utilized, the hot-sparking Bosch magneto was now introduced into the options list. Up to this point the standard form of ignition was composed of three dry-cell batteries, coil, points, and related equipment.

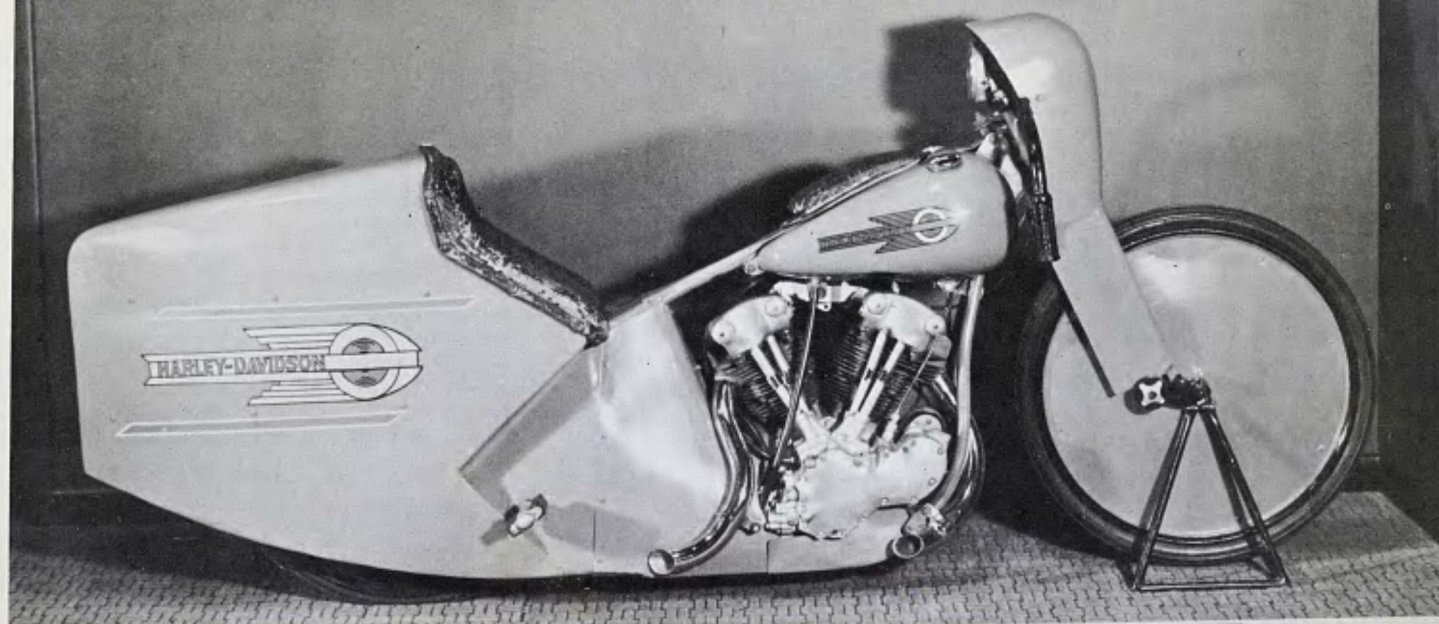
Concurrent with the standard 28-inch wheel, the smaller 26-inch size made its debut, though lasting only two additional years. As a result, 5 models could be reviewed from the 1909 lineup: Model 5 — battery ignition & 28" wheels; Model 5A — Bosch magneto & 28" wheels; Model 5B — battery ignition & 26" wheels; Model 5C — Bosch magneto



A high compression side-valve engine and olive drab paint made this second generation 74-inch VL model quite popular.



1910 Model 6, 4hp — \$210.



& 26" wheels; Model 5D — 49.5" V-Twin & Bosch magneto.

The concept of the single-cylinder Silent Grey Fellow became so popular with the American public that the once-original color (black) had to be dropped, because only "the greys" were in demand. The new 1909 model identification format now represented the difference between the current calendar year and the 1904 formal production date. This revision remained through the Model 11 of 1915.

Big news marked the year 1910 when the factory's first stock racer made its entrance as the Model 6-E, with a price tag of \$275.

Also new to the Model 6 Series was the addition of H-D's patented idler setup. The main difference between this innovation and the original was its means of actuation. Formerly, a rod, harness, and lever provided the necessary tension for the pulley. Now, the revised mech-

anism was moved forward toward the engine and resembled a gear-like operation. Proper manipulation of the lever would provide an action similar to clutch disengagement. To ease the greater stresses imposed upon the drive mechanism, the endless leather belt was increased in width from 1½ inches to 1¾ inches.

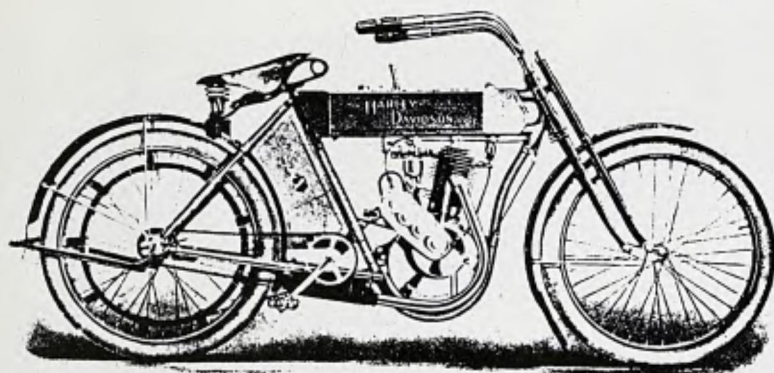
While the continuous-loop frame had not been designated for major changes, the 1910 unit did acquire an additional top bar to increase its rigidity and serve as an improved mounting point for the 35's newly introduced double gas/oil tank. One highlight of the double tank was the three-quart oil capacity, which would enable the rider to travel between 600 and 800 miles with the current form of constant-loss engine oiling system.

Vital lubrication was provided by a drip-gravity feed apparatus that could be observed through a glass "sight" tube as the oil passed from

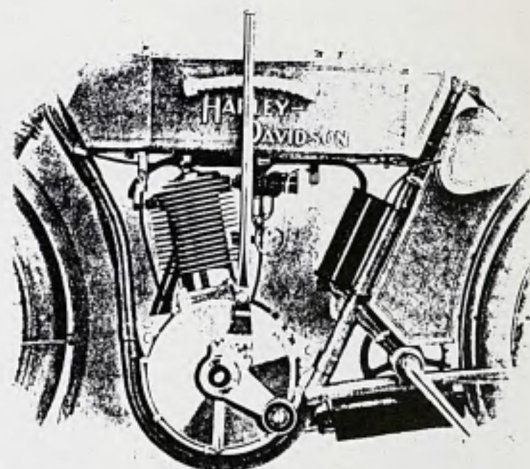
the oil tank en route to the crankcase. Here oil channels within the flywheel and crankcase received the engine's life blood. The oil was then fed directly to the bearings. Centrifugal force from flywheel rotation would send the lubricant to the piston and cylinder wall. What oil was not burned then fell to the bottom of the crankcase. This used oil would have to be manually drained, since a recirculation device had not yet been invented.

An important improvement over the current oiling system was announced for the 1912 Model 8 Series. The simple addition of a tank-mounted, hand-operated oil pump would effectively increase the volume required for higher-speed operation and other special needs.

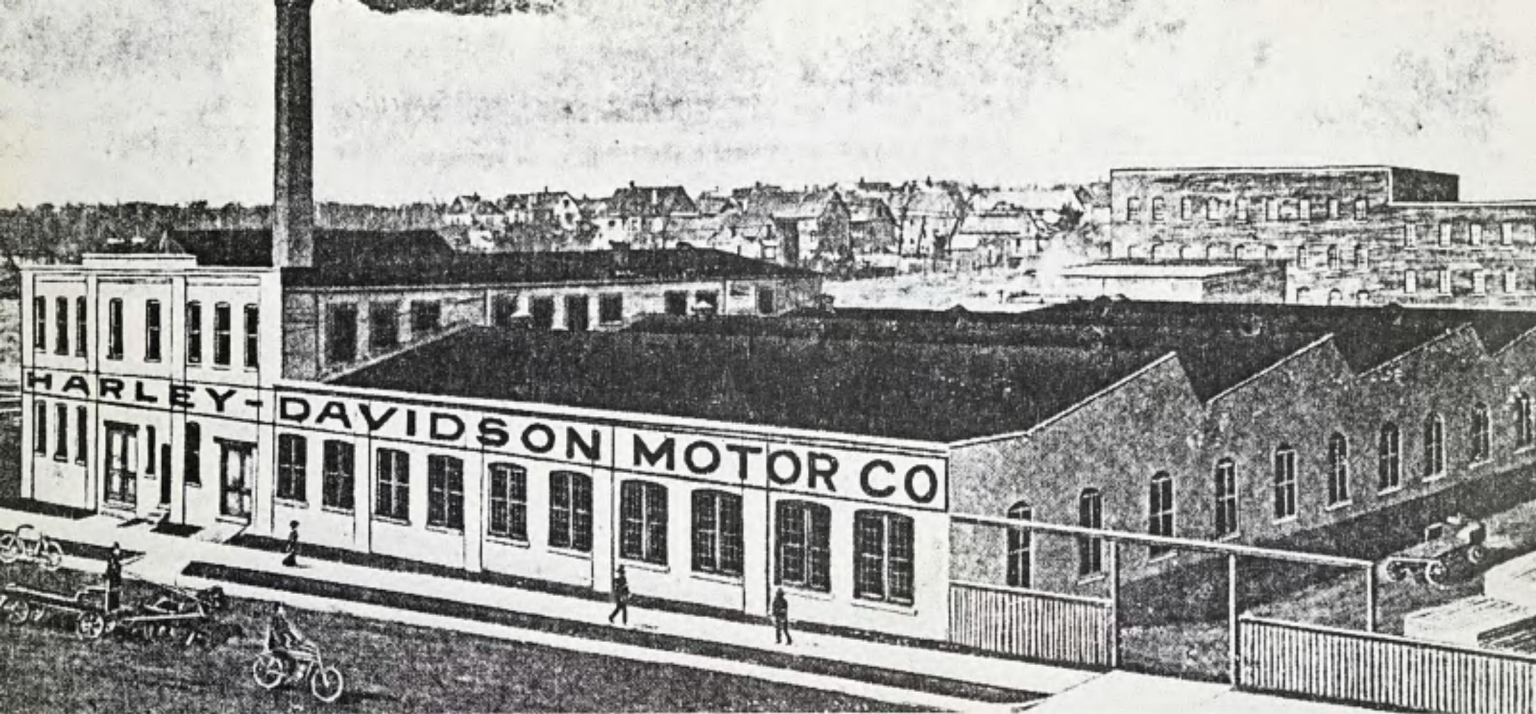
The year 1912 also marked the introduction of an improved head design. Though the intake valve was still perched above the exhaust valve, the suction method of opera-



Model 6 "A" — magneto ignition, 4hp — \$250.



1910 idler mechanism is simple.



Home of God's motorcycle.

tion was abandoned in favor of camshaft activation, complete with exposed pushrod, rocker arm, and stronger valve spring. The cooling fins were redesigned on the non-detachable head from a horizontal pattern to a vertical-radial style. This also increased horsepower.

The most notable addition, however, to this year's selection was the muscular new 61-cubic-inch V-Twin model. Given an overbore of 5/16 inch from its smaller V-Twin partner, the 61 received an 8.68hp (NACC) rating. In order to cope with the resultant power, the Model 8-E was released with a new and more positive type of chain drive.

Cautiously the single-cylinder models followed suit, and by 1915 the chain drive was standardized.

World War I was by now stirring in the wind, and the small though energetic handcraft shop was awarded an experimental military contract. This required mass production methods, and led to

H-D's first strong foothold in the business world.

The single-cylinder 35 had, a year earlier, been increased to 5hp, and the Silent Grey Fellow acquired a new nickname, the "5-35." The advanced chain-drive operation aided a unique new engineering advancement, namely, the utilization of the hand- or foot-operated clutch for deactivation of the rear hub. In 1914 the addition of a two-speed rear would promote this two-wheeler that now only moderately resembled a bicycle to a vehicle of much higher speed. A new foot starter was welcomed by the public. Although a forward step or spin from either pedal was still required, the rider no longer had to elevate the rear wheel to start the engine.

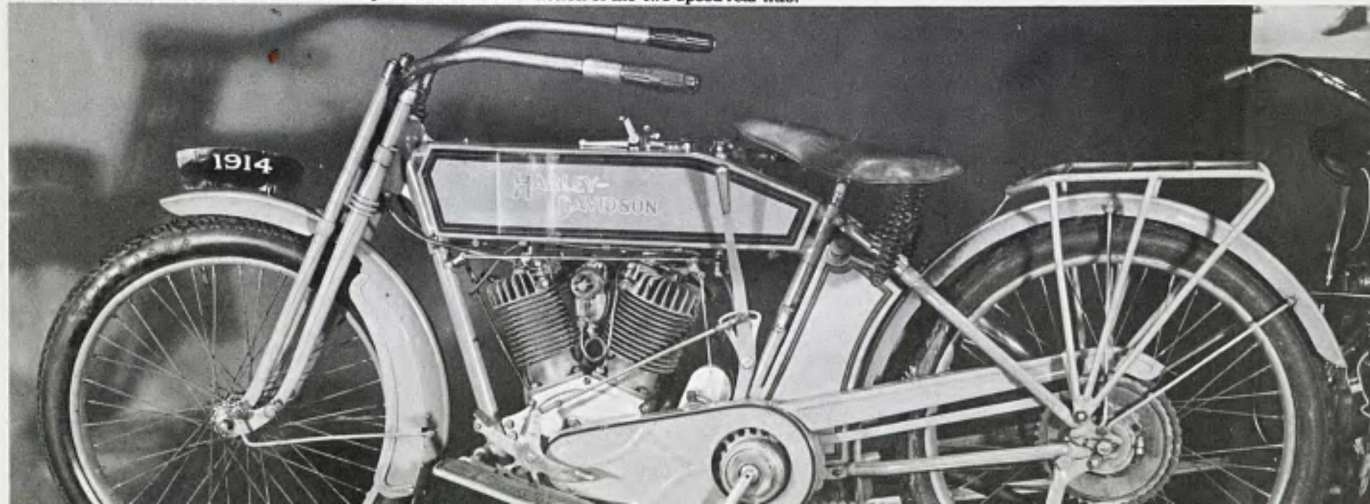
Updated for 1915, the 61-inch V-Twin exercised its brashly advertised 11hp (though 8.68 NACC rated) beside an optional \$75 sidecar. Typical Thor coaster-style rear brakes became undependable

for the additional mass represented by the ever-increasing frame weight plus the sidecar addition. Internal-expanding rear band brakes were now provided by an in-house operation, an improvement over previous brakes of Corbin manufacture. In later years the superior external-contracting form became dominant.

To further the evolution, an attractive addition from the transmission listing was offered: a new-born three-speed sliding gear unit was mounted directly behind the engine. The foot starter was now directly routed through the transmission, as opposed to its former mounting within the frame. This restructuring of the pedal arrangement became the precursor of the transmission-oriented "kicker-gear," which originated in 1916. Starting then was accomplished by a single backward kick or thrust.

Another innovation, the "L Series" engine *Continued on page 105*

1914 marked the end of the leather belt drive system and the introduction of the two-speed rear hub.



DOWNTIME

By Bomber



I'm not usually an asshole. Hell, my ol' lady calls me honey. But gettin' burned on a dope deal will put my normally docile personality into an altered state. Pissdom, I call it. Rage boils through my blood. Veins pop in my wrists from the clenched fists surroundin' the beer-bottle neck in my left hand, and the heavy-duty chain, complete with an Abus lock — the 401 Discus variety — locked midway through it for maximum leverage an' respect in my right.

I'd just channeled this pig-fucker's head. Awaitin' his next move, squirm or whatever, I thought I detected somethin' an' promptly put a boot on his fingers, grindin' till a cracklin' sound, paralleled with a whinin' plea bargain offer, was produced. Somehow the coin that couldn't be found a few short minutes before had magically made it out of the slime's bank account and into the house. I'd been compensated.

As I putted back from the snivelin' wretch's shack, a tickle overcame me. At first I was sorta confused as to why I was suddenly laughin' in the wind about munchin' this punk. Then I suddenly flashed back to 1971 outside a concert hall in Southern California, waitin' with a headful of Sunshine an' a gutload of red Ripple for The Doors to get goin' an' take a load off my skull. My brothers were on about the same level. When the doors opened and the mob of hippies started ram-pagin', that tore it for us. Fuckin' creeps. You'da thought Christ had just putted in an' was gonna give an oration. Well, we stopped that shit real quick. The promoter dug it, an' stuck us up front as symbols of terror to the kids. You can't argue with that. Though it ain't like we wake up every mornin' and take ugly pills. But that's what had flashed to me on my scooter leaving the ripoff's hovel — terror. That certain look that says it's *all* over now, baby. Fear has no equal. It was painted on the kids' faces at

the show, and it was pourin' off that rumpkin like hot butter off a grill.

Jim Morrison realized this power. And he knew we did too. Respect was born out of the three-hour journey through the paths of his ramblin' orator, and the band's uncanny way of stayin', not up with him, but around him. And us. My head was swelled with pride. To be with my brothers at what seemed like the only religious ceremony I'd ever been to. Maybe Christ *did* put in. "Celebration of The Lizard" capped it. With the nightmare, Mansonesque vision of "the beast rotting in the city," and "the cool, smooth tile with blood running down it... the game of go insane... forget your name," and, brother, did we.

It had to be heavy, 'cause I can recall with perfect clarity the whole scene. Wide-eyed, slack-jawed faces followin' Jim Morrison's every move. Lulled along, then jackknifed by a quick change of pace... "dead president's corpse in the driver's car... Run with me." We would. There was so much energy in the air you could see cops eyein' each other for their own security. That kinda shit put The Doors in a jam and eventually outta business. By bein' blackballed.

Sure, Morrison died, but that was after gigs had been canceled right and left by small-balled promoters — and gutless city officials — all over America. They feared riots and the dreadful, ever-present danger of Jim's hangin' his dong out at the kiddies. Shit, this is the kinda dude we'd want at our club party. A go-for-it character. Did what and who he wanted.

Got good news for ya. There's a relatively new Doors album out. It's a "best of" trip, titled **Greatest Hits**. And it makes a damn good attempt. Ten Doors' epics. Robby Krieger, guitar; John Densmore, drums; and Ray Manzarek on the keyboards — the survivors — salvage the classic vocal style of the dead —

or maybe not dead, but definitely not around — Jim Morrison. His lyrics are short and simple. To the point. You all know that. The good trip about this record is that it comes along at a time when all my old records by the band are frisbee material. So ya get the good sound of the original. Songs like "Hello, I Love You," "Light My Fire," "People Are Strange," "Love Me Two Times," from 1967, their first year — when goblin' some acid an' lookin' at the sun was the rage. When the Doors helped us to "Break On Through" to the other side. Ah, yeah, the "good ol' daze."

Well, the good ol' daze has come and gone. Now we've got neurotic rock, laser music, and synthesized crap crawlin' into our heads. On the surface, that is. If you've got some green, a sense of adventure, and a halfway decent record store around, you can capture some of the ol' fun. Go to the "N" section of the racks and check out **The Nighthawks**. It's a kickass band of bikers from the D.C.-Baltimore area. And you're damn right, I don't mind tootin' some other brothers' horns for 'em. We're all on this sinkin' ship together.

A few years ago we got our first inkling of what Nighthawks were about when a package containing their first three efforts arrived at the shack. A tune called "Tramp On The Highway" caught us by the balls, but the rest was kinda ordinary. The stuff was recorded on the Adelphi label and evidently didn't make platinum. That was the last time we heard them, because we switched office locations and lost most of the staff's record collection in the move. In the meantime, reports of their concerts cropped up from time to time from various parts of the country — thanks to our unique staff of musical stringers, you, the readers. Keepin' this info in the back of my burned-out brain, I hopped on a new release, **The Nighthawks**. Their 300-date road log last year musta

impressed some big-wigs, 'cause they got a contract with a major label with big-time producers, facilities, the whole guacamole.

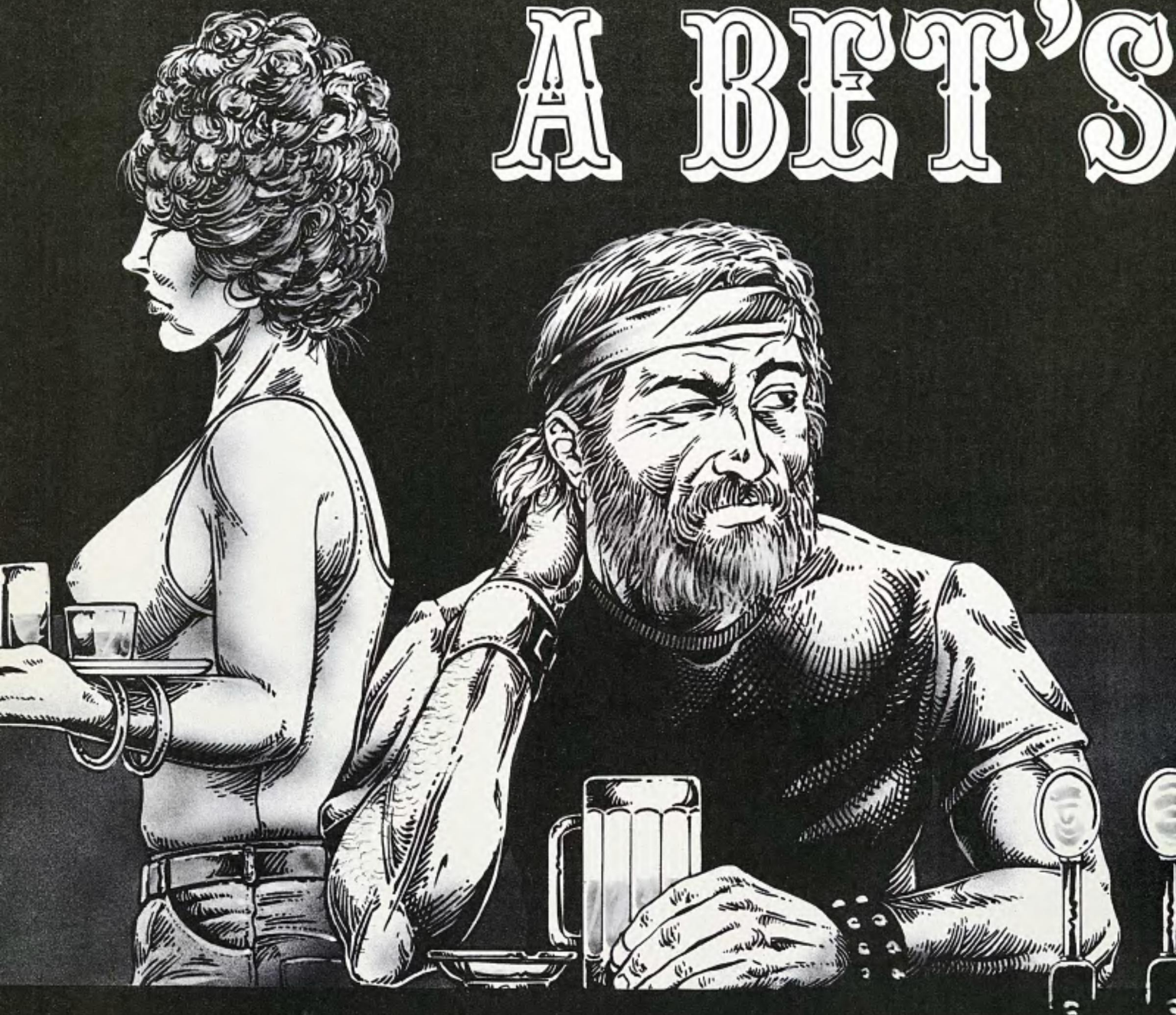
The band, a four-piece, includes a dude named Mark Wenner, who can blow the fuck outta the harp, an' can definitely sing his way down the road. Wenner's backed by a respectable guitarist, Jimmy Thackery, bassist Jan Zukowski, and Pete Ragusa on drums. All help Wenner on vocals, and all have been together through thick and thin since '74. You can bet there's been plenty of thin. But with pride in their own thing, and confidence gained from jammin' with people like Johnny Winter, George Thorogood, Muddy Waters, Elvin Bishop, and other stars, they know they're on the right track.

Funky blues. Get down an' party rock. That's where they're at. The new album's got some killers. "Mainline," the opener, is right on, as is "Upside Your Head" and "Brand New Man." They do a version of Elvis's "Little Sister" that don't take a pea pad to the original. It's even got Thackery tossin' in a riff from "Satisfaction" to bring it out of the fifties. "Teenage Letter" has got the old drum beat from the aforementioned decade, coupled with super-sani licks on harp and guitar.

Wenner and Thackery both have some good-lookin' art on their arms. But nothin' matches the art of "I Wouldn't Treat A Dog (The Way You Treated Me)." Abso-fuckin'-tootly the story of my love life.

With these guys around, we won't have to keep goin' back ten years to find somethin' to listen to. The eighties are lookin' brighter already. Wonder if those dudes still have time to ride? ■

A BET'S



Maybe it was having to motorhike those last three miles into a shit-nothing town. Maybe it was just having a bellyful of Lardass Stimson's endless bragging. Whatever it was, I perched on the barstool, gulping down mouthfuls of cold beer and seething with rage.

Behind me, huddled in a chatty group, Lardass and the other moronic rednecks filled a booth. Chubby, grinning faces and gaping mouths. Exaggerated sideburns and handlebar moustaches. Fat bellies

hanging over huge, ornate belt buckles. The group looked like they had been fathered by the same slob-cowboy. Even their goddam pickups, parked outside The Silver Spur, all looked alike.

Draining the stein, I held it up to catch Winona Hobb's eye for a refill. Resentfully she allowed her attention to wander in my direction, reluctantly interrupting the fucking proposition she was getting from the fat asshole under the cowboy hat sporting two feathers. Waddling over, she scooped up my stein

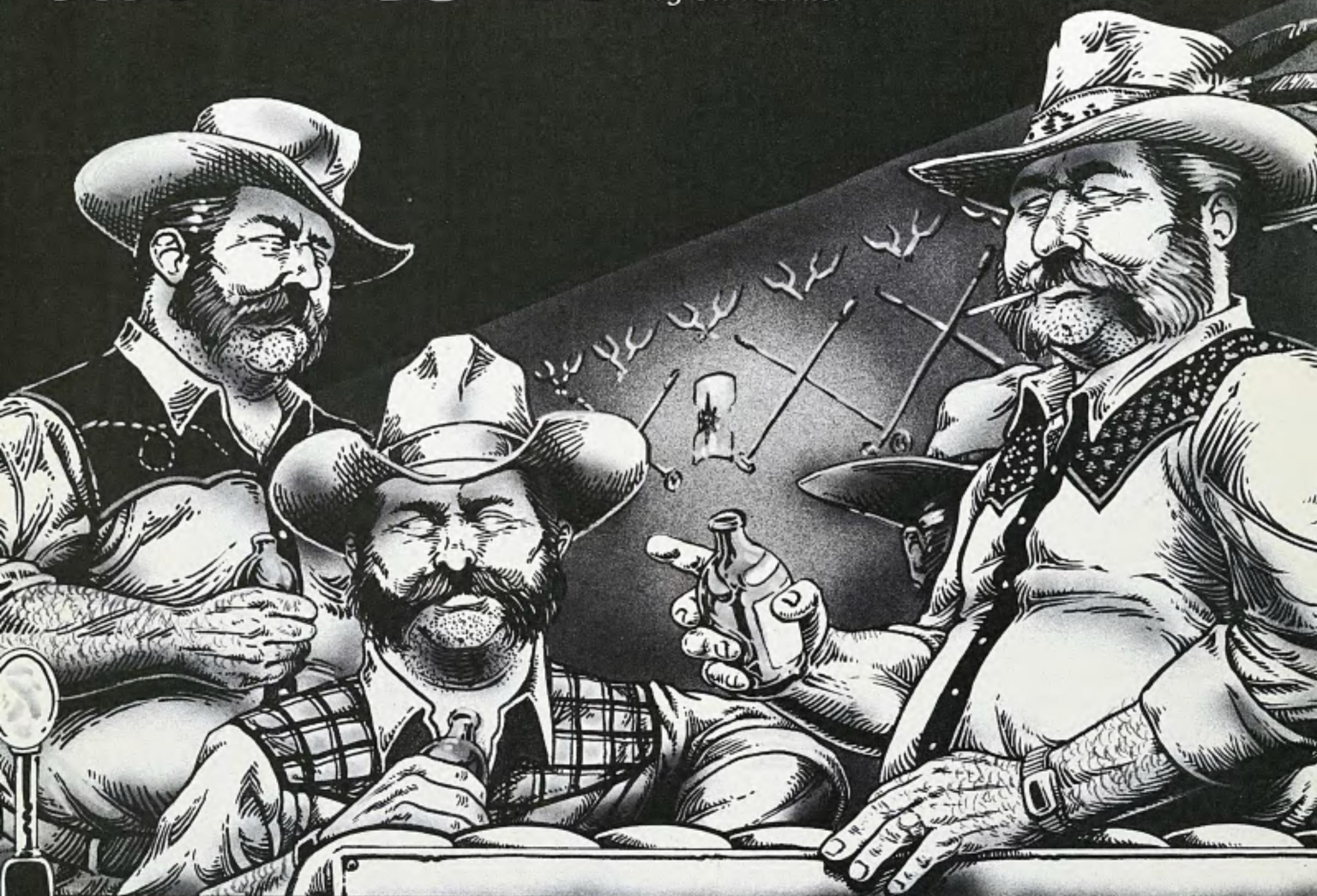
without a word. Winona despises dudes who never get haircuts, never shave, don't dress western, and always ride motorcycles. Since I've been the only guy in shit-nothing Muleshoe to fit that description, she reserves most of her contempt for me.

Behind me, Lardass chortled loudly. "I mean to sit here and tell ya," his voice droned, "that big ol' dawg is the meanest thing any little ol' bitch ever dropped!"

Trying to ignore him and his stupid story, my eyes wandered over

A BET

by Carl Kohler



the walls. Hundreds of spurs mounted on each wall. Spurs with every style of rowel ever forged. Between the spurs, branding irons of every size and design. Spurs and branding irons. Muleshoe. Texas. Fucking cowboy heaven. And my hometown, God help me.

Why, just why the hell, I silently asked myself, did I come back to this hole in the sand when I had L.A.? Even San Diego or Phoenix woulda been better than this dumbfuck wide place on a highway. All that concussion in Nam musta

scrambled my brains. Remembering Nam, I smiled faintly for the first time all day — recalling that the only other poor bastards who had left Muleshoe for Nam had never come home. Either dead or smarter than me, I decided bitterly.

Winona plunked the filled stein down hard before me, beer slopping all over the scarred bar top. Her tiny, piggish eyes glittered at me. "Y'all kin pay me now," she hissed.

I shoved cash wetly through the spilled suds toward her. Her plump face hardened. "Ya sorry hippie

sonuvabitch!" she snapped, daintily lifting the soggy bill by a corner and glaring furiously at me.

"Now is that any way to speak to a homeboy, hon?" I smiled pleasantly. "After all, you and I go clear back to grade school, Winona. Way back when you were first throwin' your legs in the air for any of us with pricks hard enough to punch your little pussy."

"Leave her alone, Moore!" rasped Lardass's voice.

I swung around on the revolving barstool.

Continued on page 98

Illustration by Duffy Duggan

Annual Memorial Run

Editor's Note: Publishing the following article is an unusual step for us. In fact it got all the resident Karnacs around here thinkin' karma, 'cause it was written and photographed by a brother who worked at Easyriders for a brief period before also gettin' aced on his scooter a year ago.

Our finding this article in the files was too strange a coincidence to dismiss as merely cryptic. It's a drag Ken couldn't have seen it published when he was still alive, ridin' an' partyin'. But Ken, being Ken, wouldn't have cared anyway. His interest was in delivering quality to the readers, and he did. Then, now, always. Besides, he's probably the one who stuck it where we'd find it.

The death of a brother is a tragedy that we all have to face sooner or later. It's part of the dues we pay for the lifestyle we enjoy. But that doesn't make our loss any less painful or unexpected. Either singly or in a group we all have our personal ways of showing our grief and love. Some of us send our bro off to Harley Heaven with a long procession of scooters as a final escort, followed by a large, solemn funeral. Others hold a wake, acknowledging the pain by partying away their sorrow. It can even be a small, intimate group of mourners, each paying his respects in his own personal, silent fashion. No words are ever enough, but we all say, "So long, bro, we'll putt with you soon enough." We all carry a special picture or memory of our bro in our hearts forever. However we handle our goodbyes, most final respects end with the funeral. But one Southern California motorcycle club gathers each year to honor one of their own and repledge their devotion.

Rodney Williams high-sided his sled on October 13, 1978. On October 13, 1979, his bros threw his one-year "birthday party," as they call it. Instead of a cake and candles, they brought a special wreath and banner for a memorial service. We were invited not just to cover the event but because they wanted to share with everybody just how much Rodney had meant to them. "You'd have liked him a lot," one member said proudly, a slight tremor in his voice indicating the grief he felt.

We didn't see a bunch of bikers putting on a show for the cameras; we watched a group of caring brothers and sisters unite to let their comrade know that he would never be forgotten as long as they were alive. A few brothers stood in groups, leaning on each other's shoulders, comforting each other in a masculine but moving manner.

Things went like that for most of the service. Brothers told stories about Rodney, reliving the good times, stubbornly ignoring the fact that he was gone. "Rodney would have liked that," said one, gesturing toward the wreath. "Sure wish Rodney could be here for this," another murmured wistfully.

Rodney would have been proud. His wife, Leanne, and his sister, Terrie, were there, drinking Jack Daniel's over his grave and crying. Tears and whiskey spilled in drops on the earth, causing Leanne to smile bravely and joke with Rodney. "I know you'd have liked Bud better, but this'll hafta do."

Rodney's own children couldn't make it to the service, but other kids he'd treated like family were there, manfully shouldering their hurt so Rodney would be impressed. Even retired club members were there, brought back by a tremendous love and respect for the first and youngest member to buy it.

Everyone signed a guest book, writing short greetings directly to Rodney, secure in the belief that he was reading each and every one of them. This is a tradition that will be carried on every year.

Also, every Memorial Day weekend, the club will make a special run to Arizona to visit Rodney's parents.



The club has had a special plaque made on which they inscribe the names of other clubs that make the annual run with them.

Any member will tell you that Rodney was special, but they'd have done the same for any member. They've never believed in hiding their feelings behind some gruff, artificial attitude. What they felt for Rodney was too precious to deny. To us, their tribute seems a truly righteous and unique way to express love for a fallen brother. We know that, like all our lost brothers, Rodney is riding along just out of sight, just beyond the corner of our eye, waving us on. He was that type of biker. ■

Text and photo by Ken Stambaugh



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HYDROPONICS

In another "biggest marijuana bust yet," the San Francisco Police Department recently announced that the technological revolution in agriculture continues. They raided a rented warehouse in the suburbs where unknown persons were discovered to be growing two hundred marijuana plants in a "sophisticated state-of-the-art" setup. What the growers were doing was growing their plants by using the hydroponic method.

Hydroponics is a term used in describing non-soil culture, and it comes from a Greek word meaning "working water." The method was used by the ancient Aztecs and was also described by Marco Polo after his visit to China. Since the mid-eighteen hundreds it has been used extensively for experimentation and for the cultivation of super-plants.

During World War II, hydroponics was used on barren Ascension Island in the South Atlantic to grow fresh vegetables for the U.S. Air Force, who used the island as a stopping point on overseas flights. There was an extreme need for fresh vegetables, and with the hydroponic method, growth was faster than ordinary and produced healthier products.

One of the beauties of hydroponics is that plants can be grown indoors, without muss and fuss, and with a minimum of equipment. Almost any plant will thrive, producing healthier strains. Marijuana plants, for example, that are grown in hydroponic containers produce almost twice as much THC as the best Colombian grass. The only possible expense that might be incurred, aside from prison terms and fines if you happen to get busted, are electrical costs, since electric equipment is a necessity. In the case of the San Francisco warehouse, police became suspicious when the electric bill jumped from twenty-five dollars a month to three hundred and sixty dollars a month.

A simple description of hydroponic equipment goes like this: A large, plastic dishpan filled with clean pea gravel. In the center of the bottom of the pan is a wire-mesh-covered drain hole, and beneath that a plastic bucket. The bucket is filled with a fertilizing solution, which is recirculated through the gravel by use of a simple pump, much like those used in aquariums. Overhead lights, preferably those emitting ultra-violet rays, should be operated on a twelve-hour basis. If the lights are on for longer periods of time, the plants will become weakened by forced overproduction.

The temperature at which the plants are grown should remain warm and fairly constant, depending upon the type of plant. (If you want to smoke tomatoes or bananas, that's your problem.)

Usually, no metal of any kind should be used, although bronze valves are acceptable. However, PVC valves, pans, tubing, and other containers are available.

The knowledge and directions for growing plants by the hydroponic method would take up too much space here, but a couple of books are available at the public library. In the index of each, there are listed suppliers of hydroponic equipment, fertilizers, and other necessary paraphernalia, as well as complete directions for installation.

All nutrient mixtures are liquid and consist of basic chemicals available at hardware stores, drug stores, and greenhouse suppliers.



by Dr. Twatburger

(Growing plants with solutions)

To verify the success of hydroponically grown agricultural products, we visited a local greenhouse that specializes in lawn products. Ordinary lawn grass grows eight to ten inches in only seven days from planting time.

For more info, check the following sources: *Home Hydroponics* by Lem Jones, Beardsley Publishing Co., 5523 N. Homestead Lane, Paradise Valley, Ariz. 85253; *Hydroponic Gardening* by Raymond Bridwell, Woodridge Press Pub. Co., Box 2053, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90213; Department Of Vegetable Crops, Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850.

This is a simple hydroponic system. Easy enough for a youngster to build and operate.

Build frame with 6" square hole. It must be high enough for a pail to sit underneath. The cork, or stopper, should be removed from below. An oval-shaped plastic pan is preferred.

Place plastic screen over hole to keep media in pan. Fill pan with media, mix plant food and water (pouring gently into media).

Use enough of this solution to bring solution level to within 1/2" of the top of the media (top 1/2" should always be dry). Plant seeds or set plants in media just as you would in soil. Let solution drain into pail. Feed in this manner 2 to 3 times daily, letting solution stand in media 10 to 15 minutes each time. Check pH level each morning, using vinegar or aspirin to bring to correct level. Make up fresh solution weekly.

As your plants and evaporation use up the solution, make up the lost amount at the same ratio of the plant food to water. Give the plants as much sunlight as possible. If used inside, a small "Gro-Lux" light will cause good growth where adequate sunlight is not available.

Some of the vegetables and flowers that do well in this system are tomatoes, green onions, lettuce, pepper, radishes, tulips, roses, coleus, amaryllis, ivy, and many others. Any plant grown in the soil can be grown in this manner although some are more adaptable than others to hydroponic or gravel culture.

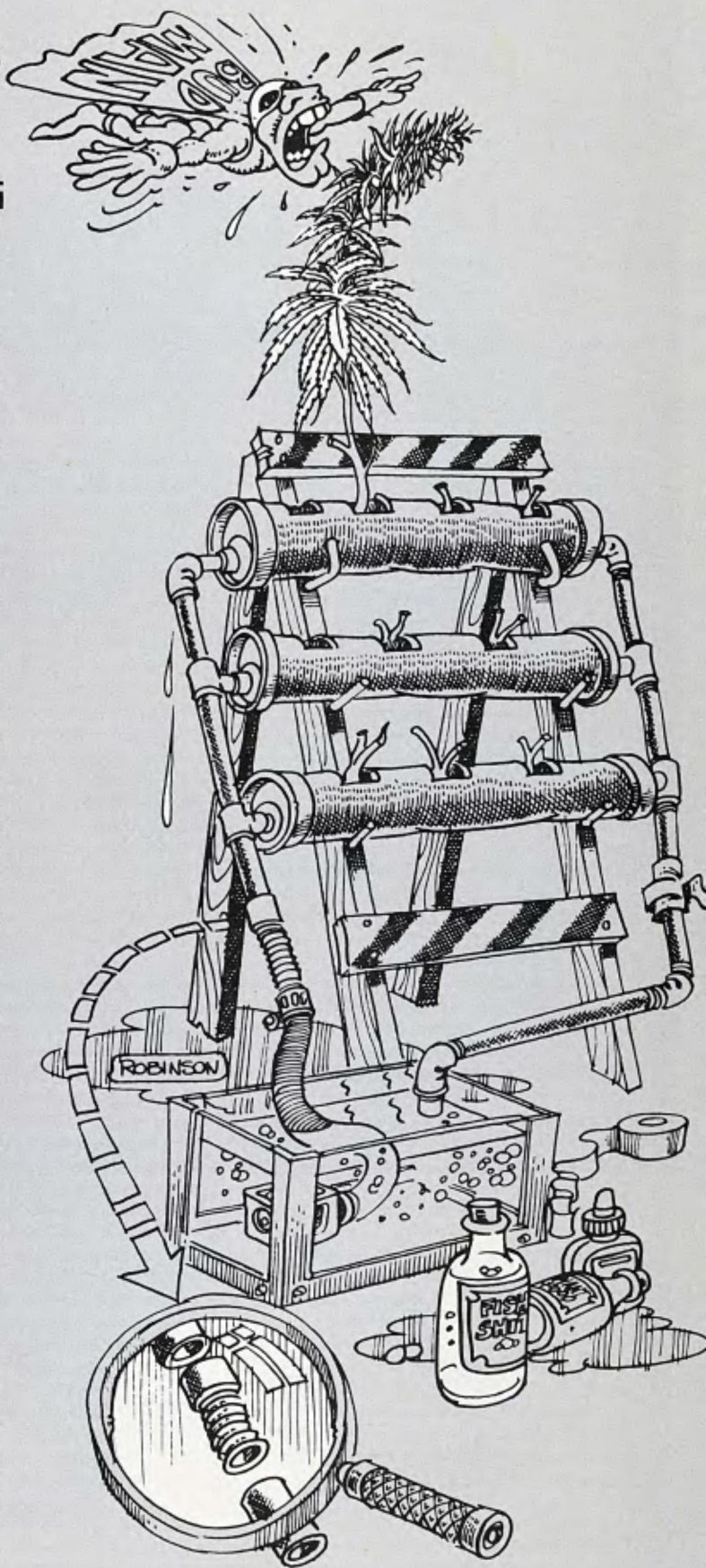
IMPORTANT — Before mixing plant food with water, the pH level of the raw water should be adjusted. Most city water has a pH level of approx. 8.0 The correct pH for growing most plants hydroponically is approx. 6.2 Two aspirins dissolved per one gallon of water will usually bring your pH very near the correct level. White vinegar can be used in place of the aspirin. This should *always* be done before adding the plant food to the water. Test again after the nutrient is added to the water.

This system can be installed in a greenhouse, or climate and weather permitting, outside.

In this system 3 to 5 growing pipes may be used (Shown are three growing pipes for illustrative clarity).

Build frame of 2x4s. Mount metal brackets to hold 4" growing pipes.

All piping and fittings must be plastic. Use 4"-diameter, thin-wall plastic piping for the growing pipes. Cut square holes in the growing pipes for the planting blocks by using an electric soldering iron with the tip filed down to a thin knife edge. Holes should be spaced 6" apart. They should measure approx. 1 1/4" to 1 5/8" square (size to growing block). Use 1/2" pipe for fill-line and 1" pipe for over-flow line. All ells and tees sized to fit.





RUN TO THE SUN.

The 1981 Harley-Davidson Wide Glide, Low Rider, Roadster and Sportster. Valdosta, Georgia to Daytona Beach, Florida.



It happens every year. The classic union of Harley-Davidson® motorcycles and the men who ride them, running down to Bike Week in Daytona Beach. But the run means more. Because you're on more than a machine.

You have the unique sound and feel of our legendary 1000 cc and 1340 cc V-Twin engines, the heartbeat of every Harley-Davidson. No other motorcycle built can match it.

You have our tradition of custom styling. The look that *means* American. You see it in all our gas tanks, from the original teardrop Peanut to the Fat Bob.™ You feel it with our pullback buckhorn handlebars, low stepped seats with sissy bars and the unique Harley riding position. And chrome is where it belongs: on select engine parts and the staggered shorty duals.

We do more with custom paint, too. There are matching painted tanks and fenders. Hand-applied pinstriping. Unique tank graphics and dramatic engine finishes.



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

Yet every 1981 Harley-Davidson has a distinctive character completely its own.

The Wide Glide.™ From extended front forks and custom bobbed rear fender to the bob-and-a-half tank, it's the first California-style, factory built custom.

The Low Rider.® It's where custom styling begins. Extended front forks, 9-spoke cast wheels and a riding position just 27" from the ground.

The Roadster.™ With a lot of Low Rider styling and flashing new 2-tone silver metallic paint with black pinstriping or all black with red pinstriping.

Then to this custom trio add our stylish '81 Sportster.® Latest edition of the classic American street machine. The one so many riders choose to join the Harley-Davidson tradition.

Your own Run to the Sun starts the moment you get on a Harley. Now you're part of a 78 year tradition that announces your commitment to motorcycling. Harley-Davidson. It's more than a machine.

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

**HARLEY-DAVIDSON
DEALER NETWORK**



Ol' Lady Contest

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

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

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

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

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

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is May 26. We'll print the winner in the September issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl our choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #96 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Muffim



Brenda



Stormy

Easyriders'

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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

I hereby give *Easyriders* Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

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

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



Mary



Brandy



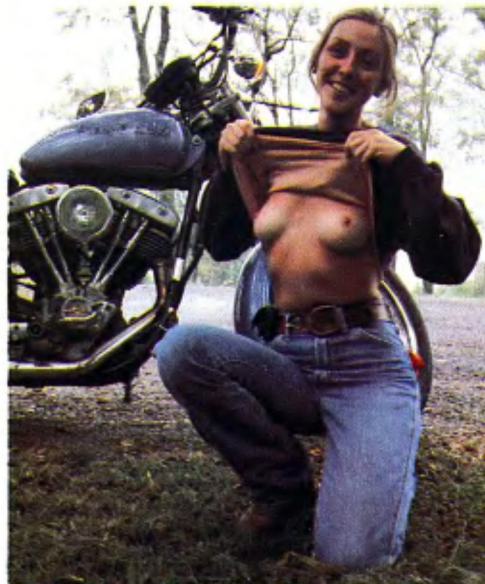
Barb



Mara



Glenda



Shawna



Lavonne

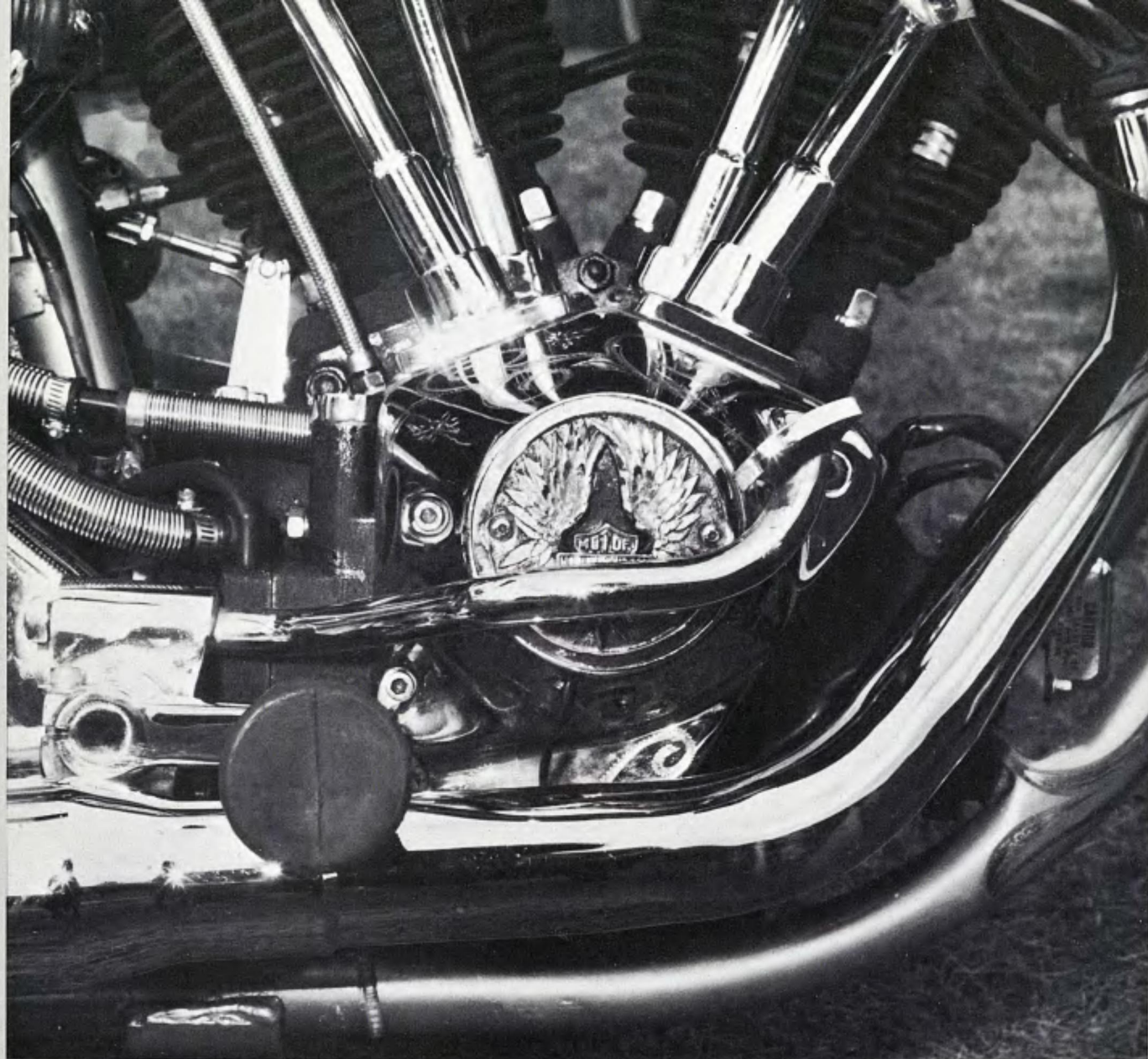


Carrie



Kim



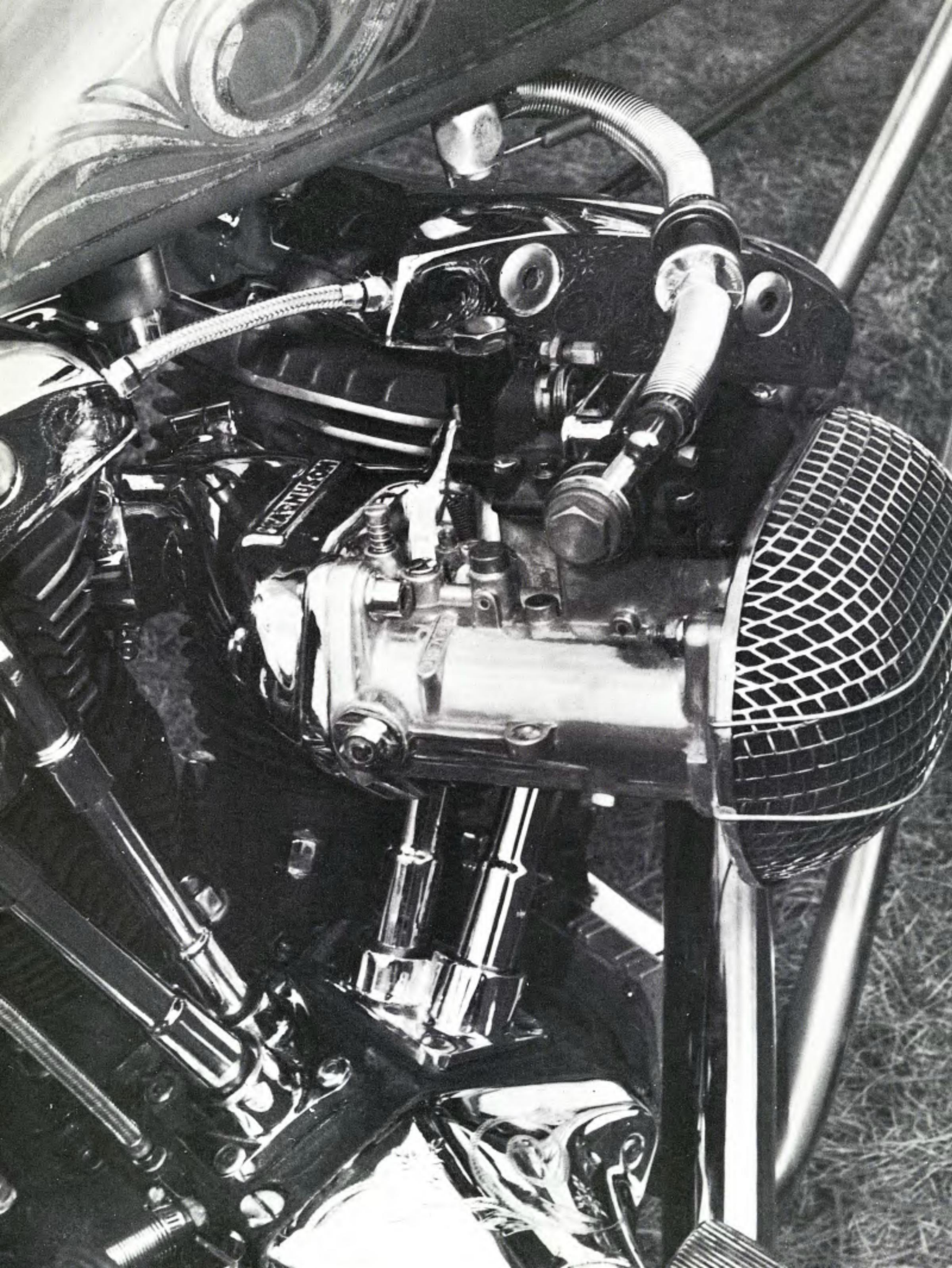


All-Season Scoot

Buildin' and ridin' a putt on Cape Cod, which is sorta like the northeastern version of Malibu or Miami Beach, sounds like paradise. Well, almost.

I mean, it can be tough on the ol' eyeballs to simultaneously adjust points and watch the yummies in postage-stamp bikinis across the street. It's rough to party at the beach all weekend long — and then try to remember whether it's one up, three down, or four and a half sideways to get your ass back home for some rack time.

But there are some advantages. That stop'n'go handle-lever clutch-and-brake workout on the crowded Cape Cod Highway keeps the mitt in shape for grabbin' and liffin' a few tall cold ones when you finally get where you're goin'. Dodgin' left-turnin' cages makes the reflexes sharp (all the better to notice nubile hitch-hikin'





All-Season Scoot

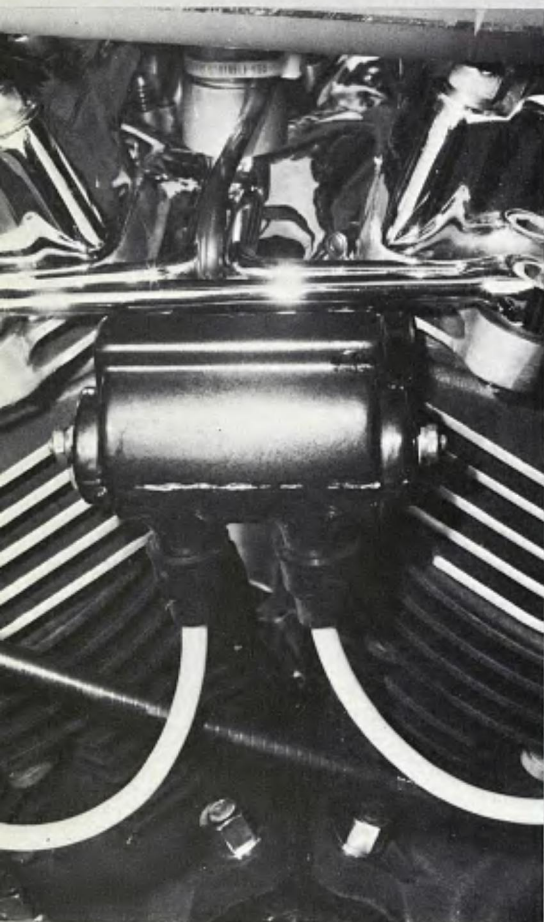
lasses) and the biceps beefy (so you can turn that big twin on a dime to pick 'em up).

Bob, the bro who put this low-slung scoot together, lives in this sea-side resort and puts up with these hardships all year round.

So, for the sun and sand season, he built it for some profilin', with a taste of engravin', gold leaf and many-color tank squirtin', shaved cylinder-head fins, socket-head fasteners all around, and a close-coupled rear fender. But for some serious ridin' after the tourists have split for the winter, you'll notice a solo seat, twin-choke carburetor,



Photos by Jake



Owner: Bob Vidal		City: E. Falmouth, Mass.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1972	
Year and make: 1972 H-D		Builder: Cycle Fab, H-D, owner	
Model: FX		Type: swingarm	
Value: who knows		Rake: 45 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 3 in.	
Time: 4 months		Other alterations: Ness front section	
Chroming by: South Shore Pltg., Quincy		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Ness Lowrider	
Year: 1972		Risers: plug-in	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): Ness Digger	
Rebuilder: Joe Dutra		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points/coil		Taillight: cat's eye	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: Dutra		Front pegs: shortened stock	
Balancing: Dutra		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: wires in frame	
Cases: black wrinkle		Gas tank: Ness Sporty	
Heads: hexed fins		Oil tank: Drag Spec.	
Cam(s): H-D		Oil system: coiled line covers	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: engraved aluminum	
Carb(s): Weber 40DCOE		Seat: C&H Auto Top	
Air cleaner: Rivera Eng.		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: one piece		Height:	
Muffler(s): glass packs		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: glide	
Year: 1972		Extension: none	
Shifting: through primaries		Builder: owner and Cycle Fab.	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: trimmed trees	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 52		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner and everyone		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Dave Perewitz		Rim width: WM 2	Rim width: WM 6
Color: many		Tire: MH90 Gdylr.	Tire: 5.10 Carlisle
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: juice	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: striping and gold leaf by Roy Mason			
Other special modifications: drilled brake discs; top motor mount; rear fender mounted to swingarm by Bob, Steve, and Animal; coil cover turned into switch box; relocated and shortened shocks; engraving, gas cap, and cable clamps by Cycle Fab; Sifton master cylinder; socket-head fasteners; braided stainless brake lines.			

All-Season Scoot

drilled discs, and a swingarm rear for some speed and handlin' on the deserted roads.

All that's about two wheels, two cylinders, and 74 cubes more than I could put together in this summertime Garden of Eden, with a mess of distractions like a couple thousand half-naked Eves runnin' around showin' off their bouncin' apples — if you know what I mean.

— Lecher



PATCHES

As most of you old-time readers know, Spider is a collector of everything to do with motorcycling — especially anything involving Harley or Indian memorabilia. Recently a couple of bros sent him some patches used in other countries. It has always been interesting to see patches and rockers in a foreign language. Even the ones in English, like those from Canada, England, Australia, etc., are interesting to study. But the foreign languages like German and Swedish are really different. A bro in Canada sent most of these and Spider thought he'd share them with you. ■



National

 Abate

Easynews

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

Kills Two Bikers — Driver Pays Only \$100 Fine

Manitoba: A 23-year-old man was fined \$100 in provincial judges court in Winnipeg on a charge stemming from a traffic accident last summer in which two people were killed.

Edward Gordon Figler was convicted and given the maximum penalty under the highway traffic act for not yielding to a motorcycle in the mishap last August 2.

The accident occurred at the intersection of St. Anne's Road and Bonita Avenue. The driver

of the motorcycle, Grant Pascoe, 20, and his passenger, Bela Varga, 25, both died after the collision.

The accident resulted when Figler's westbound car collided with the southbound motorcycle. A charge of careless driving was stayed by the Crown.

Crown prosecutor Bob Gosman said other charges such as criminal negligence were considered by his department but thought not to be appropriate. — from Winnipeg Free Press

\$1.5 Million Awarded Biker

Maryland: A 24-year-old Silver Spring man who was paralyzed from the shoulders down in a motorcycle accident was awarded \$1.5 million in settlement of a damage suit he filed in Prince George's County.

The settlement, described as among the largest ever in the county, will go to Dennis Blush, whose motorcycle collided on Aug. 31, 1977, with the rear of a van.

Blush sued two employees of Potomac Ford Truck Sales, Inc., who were towing the van.

After several months of out-of-court negotiations, the employees' insurance company, Fireman's Fund, agreed to a settlement that will provide Blush \$3,650 a month for the next 25 years. In addition, the insurance company will pay Blush \$140,000 immediately to help him buy a specially-equipped van and house. Blush's legal fees, totaling \$280,000, will also be borne by the insurance company.

"I'm just happy everything worked out and we settled,"

Blush said. He also said he was relieved that the damages agreement was reached before the case went to court.

"You can either win or lose in court, so going in would have been a lot of worry," Blush said. "This way I have a sure thing in front of me."

He said he is considering enrolling in college next fall, but would not say where.

Since the accident Blush has received psychological and vocational rehabilitation to help him adjust to life in a wheelchair.

The accident occurred when Blush failed to see a slack 20-foot chain connecting the tow truck and the disabled van. As Blush attempted to drive between the two vehicles, the tow truck moved forward, pulling the chain taut directly in his path. He swerved to avoid flipping over it and collided with the van.

Albert Brault, a lawyer for the two truck company employees, called the negotiated settlement "fair." — from Washington Post

New Legislation Proposed Against "Violent Groups"

California: In a step sure to stir controversy, Attorney General George Deukmejian said he will sponsor a bill that would make it a felony to knowingly belong to a "violent group."

The conservative Republican said Sen. Diane Watson, a black liberal Democrat from Los Angeles, would introduce the measure shortly.

Deukmejian said the bill would apply to the Ku Klux Klan, among other organizations.

Deputy Attorney General Vance Raye said that to convict someone under the bill, it would have to be proven the member knew of the violent nature of the group and had specific intent to further its violent goals.

"We are not talking about a card-carrying member that

has no knowledge of the purposes of the group," he said.

Raye said the measure would apply to "any group that engages in violent activities against persons or other groups (or) advocates death or great bodily injury to others."

Penalties have not yet been included in the measure, Raye said.

The idea will undoubtedly draw strong opposition from civil liberties groups. Brent Barnhart, a lobbyist for the American Civil Liberties Union, said his organization would have "serious problems" with the bill. "Once it's established that government can disallow membership in one group, it's only a matter of time before that's turned on any other group that's despised by the majority," he said. — from Sacramento Bee



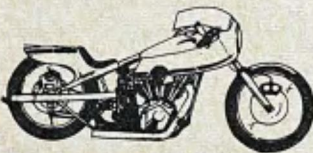
Easyriders

Gold Mine Stock Buy Queried

Kansas: The annual meeting of ABATE of Kansas, Inc., was held recently to elect a new board of directors to serve a two-year term of office and to conduct such business as is usually handled at the monthly state business meetings.

The first order of business was the reading of the Treasurer's Report by James D. "Boogie" O'Berg, Treasurer. Considerable discussion followed the report when it was disclosed that more than \$3,150 had been spent to purchase stock in a gold mining venture in South Africa entitled West Dry Fontagne Gold Mine Corporation and coded WDRY on the New York Stock Exchange. The treasurer was most reassuring that this was a sound and sensible investment; and the membership did not seem to disagree with or disapprove of the investment, in fact, but they did disapprove of the fact that a sum of such size had been invested without the knowl-

edge of either the membership or the remaining members of the board of directors. It was, therefore, concluded by the members present that all future expenditures up to but not exceeding one thousand dollars could be handled by a quorum of the board of directors, but any amounts in excess of one thousand dollars to be expended by ABATE of Kansas, Inc., would be decided



by a quorum of members attending the regular monthly state meetings. It should be reiterated that this was only the consensus of the members present. It was not, however, formally placed before the body as a proper motion, seconded and voted upon. — from ABATE of Kansas

Helmet Repeal Is Defeated

Wyoming: I regret to inform everyone that our bill (House Bill 163) to repeal the mandatory helmet law failed to pass in the House of Representatives. The vote was 27 in favor of repeal, but 30 were opposed. If two legislators that were opposed to repeal had voted for repeal, we would have had a favorable majority and the bill would have stayed alive. Close, but no cigar.

We did make substantial progress from two years ago, and we are not going to give up now. We can rid ourselves of this mandatory helmet law. We damn near did it this time.

If you are a Wyoming motorcyclist and want a repeal of the helmet law, contact me. We need more help and support. — Dennis E. Smith, state coordinator, ABATE of Wyoming, 4011 E. 13th St., Cheyenne, Wyo. 82001.

Ohio Motorcycle Deaths Decline 7% In A Year

Columbus: The state's 1980 traffic death toll registered the biggest one-year decrease in six years, down 11% from 1979, according to statistics released recently.

The state highway patrol said 1,969 people died in Ohio traffic accidents last year — down from 2,219 deaths in 1979. That marks the biggest one-year decrease since 1974, when the 55mph speed limit was imposed and the state's death toll fell by nearly 500.

Highway Safety Director Earl Reich said Ohio's statistics look even better when compared with national figures, which show an overall

increase of 2% to 3% in 1980.

The number of motorcyclists killed was down 7% — from 211 to 195 — and the number of motorcycle passengers killed was down 23% — from 37 to 28.

The number of bicyclists killed was up 16% — from 43 to 50.

The most dangerous day to drive was Saturday, with 412 deaths, followed by Sunday, 326, and Friday, 296.

The most dangerous hour of the day was between 2 a.m. and 3 a.m., with 178 deaths, followed by 10 p.m. to 11 p.m., 159, and 11 p.m. to midnight, 154. — from Columbus Star

Aussies Ride For Equal Rights

Sydney, Australia: They came on Harley-Davidsons, wearing leathers, denim, club colors, badges, and earrings, long hair flying in the wind.

The throaty roar of their big motorbikes filled the air, so that Macquarie St. looked like a scene from a biker movie.

Three thousand motorcyclists were there, but the mood was peaceful. Clenched fists were raised in salutes, but that was for the TV cameras.

The bikers drove through Sydney and gathered outside Parliament House as part of an "Equal Rights Ride" demanding big improvements in road safety programs, better driver

and rider education, and representation on policy-making bodies.

Keith Moody, president of the NSW branch of the Motorcycle Riders' Association, said: "40,000 bikers have been killed or injured in Australia over the last five years."

"It's too easy to get a motorcycle license. Kids aren't taught how to use their bikes properly. Drivers should be educated about driving more safely. But we're treated like second-class citizens. We've got to get the public to realize that we're not a mad pack of raping deviates." — from Liz Porter, *The Sun*

Helmets Can Cause Accidents

Wyoming: Some people continue to ignore the facts and rely on the repeatedly discredited National Highway Traffic Safety Administration for the sake of a shocking headline.

The report released by the NHTSA back in 1978 compared motorcycle fatalities in 1977 and 1976. It concluded that the national fatality increase in 1977 was due to the repeal of the helmet law in many states. Of course the NHTSA failed to mention that seven of the states, including New York, whose motorcycle fatalities had increased, were actually states that had helmet laws. In fact, when the American Motorcycle Association and the Motorcycle Industry Council were allowed to review those figures, they found that the repeal states had a slightly superior safety record compared with the law states. Talk about misleading reports.

A recent report stated that motorcycle deaths had increased 46 percent since 1976. However, it did not mention how much motorcycle sales had increased. If motorcycle sales had increased 50 percent since 1976, then the death rate compared with the number of motorcycles would have decreased instead of increased.

Are helmets effective? Helmets are not effective in reducing head injury. 1. Helmet usage does not significantly affect head injury severity. — Utah Highway Safe Division report. 2. 90 percent of the helmets tested off the shelves were defective. — USDOT news.

Helmets can cause accidents: 1. Restricted hearing,

(a) Moderate to severe hearing loss. (b) Cannot properly identify the direction of sound. — University of Utah Speech and Hearing Clinic. 2. Heat fatigue: Temperatures can reach 130 degrees within a helmet. — *Road Rider* magazine. 3. Physical fatigue: the helmet weighs an average of 2½ to 3 pounds. 4. Restricted movements. 5. Irritation and general discomfort caused by helmet and chinstrap. 6. Trapped bugs. 7. Induces a false sense of security in some riders.

Helmets can add to the severity of the injury. 1. Tests carried out showed that helmets only slid for two thousandths of a second before they grabbed. The sudden stopping of the helmet twists the head and causes the brain to move inside the skull. This tends to rupture arteries that supply blood to the brain. — Dr. Bettil Aldman. 2. Broken necks. Serious and fatal neck injury increased 75 percent in the first year of mandatory helmets. 3. Concussion with no fracture: In a helmet can result in massive internal head injury. — Dr. D.M. Kuland. 4. Pieces of the shattered helmet can become embedded in the head. 5. The chinstrap was compared to a hangman's noose in a U.S. Navy study.

Head injury is getting undue attention: 1. Automobile accidents produce the same proportion of head injuries as motorcycle accidents. 2. With or without a helmet on, a motorcyclist is many times more likely to die from multiple injuries than from head injuries. — from Casper *Star Tribune*

How To Influence Your National Lawmakers

U.S.A.: Letting our elected representatives know what kinds of laws we want is a vital part of our political system — but many organizations don't realize the importance of timing when speaking out on legislation.

One technique that has worked successfully for many groups is a "watch and chain" strategy — they keep a close watch on key bills, and set off a planned chain reaction of member communications to lawmakers before crucial votes. Here's how it can work:

Get Ready

By membership or governing board vote, choose your legislative priorities at state and national levels. Select issues slated for action in upcoming legislative sessions which affect your group, as well as those issues you want your representatives to bring before legislative bodies for action.

Check Timing

The local staffs of congressman, senators, or state legislators can advise your group about the critical stages for certain bills, when citizen opinion can have the most effect. These times include when a bill is introduced; committee hearings on the bill; committee mark-up sessions (when a bill is revised or written); when it is sent to the floor; when compromises are being effected (not all legislatures are bicameral); and when the measure is sent to the President or Governor for signing.

Set a Watch

Assign a legislative chairman of your club or organization to keep track of each state and national bill your group is interested in, and to sound an alert when membership action can be most effective.

Trigger a Chain

Spread the word swiftly with a pre-planned telephone network, where the legislative "watcher" calls six members, who each call six members, and so on. Within hours, hundreds of members can be contacting lawmakers with opinions on legislation your organization cares about — in time to affect votes. Other groups are finding this effective.

Say It Right

Give specifics on how a measure will affect the local economy, consumers, public safety,

etc. Successful groups provide members with fact sheets giving specifics necessary for successful argument on legislation.

Send a Message

Consider your opinion your vote. Legislators understand the written ballot best, and your written message provides documentation of your opinion as a voter. Calls provide no documented record. When



time is short, two Western Union message services offer speed and impact — in writing.

Personal Opinion Telegram

This service is a very special way to reach elected officials fast — usually in less than 24 hours — and economically. It costs about \$2.50 for a 15-word message.

Write your opinion in 15 words or less — there's no charge for your name, organization affiliation, and address.

Then phone your message to Western Union. The local number is listed in the white pages of the telephone directory under Western Union Telegraph Company.

These messages are sent directly to terminals on Capitol Hill, at the White House, or in state capitals, and are delivered in writing.

Special rates are available for sending an identical message at the same time to everyone in Congress: \$200 to all of the 100 Senators and 435 Representatives, \$100 to Senators only, and \$150 to Representatives only.

Mailgram Service

If you want to say more, a Mailgram message allows 50 words (including sender's and receiver's name and address, salutation and close) for about \$2.80. Use the same phone numbers to reach Western Union. Mailgram messages are transmitted electronically to a post office near the addressee for delivery with the next business day's mail. Note: Include the addressee's zip code.

Wants Help In Proving Feds Are Wrong In Statistics

The Nation: All concerned brother and sisters, your help is once again needed. Instead of listenin' to everyone yellin' "educate the motorcyclist," let's get control of the facts. 1. The stupidity lies with the drivers, not with us riders. 2. The drivers need to be educated. 3. They can be educated, and we can educate them.

For years automobile drivers have legally killed brothers and sisters by pulling out in front of them and then telling the police, "I just didn't see 'em coming." Now we can use their own ways to beat them at their own game. Their game is spending tax dollars to "make motorcycling safe."

Today's politicians get off on runnin' their face to "get something done," and with your help, I'll bring it to them and won't quit until they give in or say "no." And when they say "no" I can put it out in the open so their reputations will be definitely degraded and their chances of re-election slim to none. It's simple to do and won't cost you anything but 30¢ and 30 minutes. I'll do the rest.

Here's how it's done:

Every state has at least one DOT, and every DOT has a "Survey Division." The survey division is there to provide information to anyone who requests it. Believe it or not, no DOT likes to record automobile/cycle accidents and will support any sensible suggestion to avoid an accident, but all DOT's are affiliated with the NHTSA, so that puts them in the same category as NHTSA — not worth a fuck.

However, simply copy the following letter and send it to the Survey Division of your area DOT and send me their response. I'll guarantee a

drastic change on this educational line of screamin' eagle-shit or refund everyone's 30¢. You've got nothing to lose and it's doubtful that you'd mind lying to DOT.

Here's the letter.

Gentlemen:

I'm writing you in hopes of receiving some information needed for a magazine article I'm writing to show the need for helmet usage while riding motorcycles. The information I seek is as follows:

1. The total number of automobile/motorcycle accidents in — (your state) during 1980 (Jan. 1, 1980, through Dec. 31, 1980.)

2. A. The total number of motorcyclists killed as a result of the accidents.

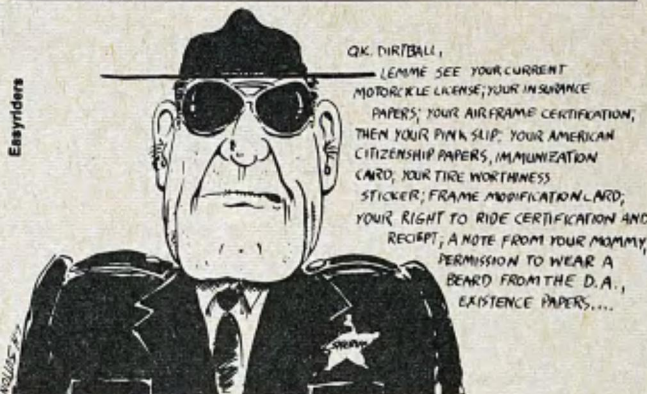
B. The total number of motorists killed as a result of the accidents.

3. Any location (intersection only) where two or more of these accidents have occurred, and total number of motorcyclists not wearing a protective helmet.

I sincerely thank you in advance for your cooperation.

(your signature)

After sending the letter, relax for a week or so, and when the results arrive, send them to R.L. Robinson, Box 514-96980, Granite, Oklahoma 73547. I already have responses from Oklahoma's DOT, so Oklahomans need not write. Anyone concerned about or interested in what I hope to gain from this, feel free to write and ask. All will be answered. However, all correspondence between myself and all senators I write to will be published in *Easysiders*, even if I have to publish it in "Choppershopper." Watch for it. — from a concerned bro, Shotgun, Granite, Oklahoma.



65mph Loses

Wyoming's bid to become the first state to challenge the federally imposed 55mph highway speed limit ran into a dead end when supporters backed down for fear of jeopardizing a popular snowmobile registration bill.

Earlier that the senate took advantage of a special legislative session to tack the proposed speed limit increase — to 65mph — onto a bill that would hike snowmobile registration fees.

But when the amended bill was sent back to the house, representatives refused to buy it. The house also rejected an attempt to tack the speed limit onto another bill during the closing days of the legislature's regular session.

Sponsor's Tactic: The chief sponsor, Sen. Cal Taggart, attempted to write a clause into the bill so Gov. Ed Herschler could still sign the snowmobile bill even if the speed limit portion were struck down by the courts. But the Republican dropped his efforts later when state Atty. Gen. John Troughton advised against it.

Opponents of the 55mph limit question whether it saves lives or fuel in sparsely populated states such as Wyoming.

Wyoming could lose \$60 million a year in federal highway aid if it raises the speed limit, opponents of the 65mph limit have said. — from *L.A. Times*.

ABATE Backs Winners In North Dakota

North Dakota: Although the last election may have had some unexpected turns, motorcyclists generally came out very well. From the top on down, the election was very good for motorcyclists.

On the state level, the election of Allen Olson as Governor may have some ramifications for motorcyclists. When Olson was Attorney General, his office issued an opinion regarding the helmet law that helped most cyclists considerably. This opinion held that while it may have been illegal for motorcyclists to ride without a helmet, there was no penalty for doing so. This meant that the law was unenforceable. Olson will be responsible for appointing a State Health Officer. The present administration has not made a public stand on the helmet law, but the Health Department under Dr. Jonathan Weisbuck, played a leading role in promoting a helmet bill in the last legislative session. Weisbuck, who apparently was forced to resign under pressure, publicly stated that: at least one of the reasons for his forced resignation was his role in promoting a helmet law in North Dakota.

The new governor will also be responsible for appointing the head of the State Highway Department. In the past, ABATE of North Dakota has enjoyed a good working relationship with the Traffic Safety Division, and any change in administration is expected to continue this relationship.

Another election change that may affect motorcyclists is the election of Dr. Joe Crawford as Superintendent of Public Instruction. The Department of Public Instruction is responsible for administering

the motorcycle education and safety program established in the last legislative session.



The legislative returns indicate that ABATE has made some impact on legislators' opinions regarding a mandatory helmet law. Most of the legislators elected have opposed mandatory helmet laws in the past, or took a position opposing mandatory helmet laws during the campaign.

ABATE members may have made an impact in at least one North Dakota legislative race. In District 32, Senator Bonnie Miller-Heinrich was defeated by a handful of votes. Approximately 250 ABATE members live in this district, and Miller-

Heinrich's poor voting record on motorcycle issues probably affected the outcome of the election. Senator Marie Tierney, the victor in that race, opposed mandatory helmet laws.

It is important to recognize that for the first time ABATE has exercised its clout at the polls. In the past, ABATE relied upon an organized lobbying effort to promote its goals. However, in the last election ABATE took a step toward more local involvement in legislative races by publishing the voting records of legislators in the Newsletter. The close race in District 32 would seem to confirm that in an election that is closely contested it pays to have the support of ABATE members.

Because of this impact, it is expected the future candidates for elective office will actively seek — from ABATE of North Dakota

New Helmet Law Pending

ABATE of S. Carolina: New helmet law in House, *H-2207. Written by W. Sterling Anderson, Spartansburg, S.C., and 16 co-signers.

Contact ABATE of S.C., P.O. Box 70428, Charleston Heights, S.C. 29405, (803) 871-3323.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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



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

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

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

Name, nickname, or mark _____
Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

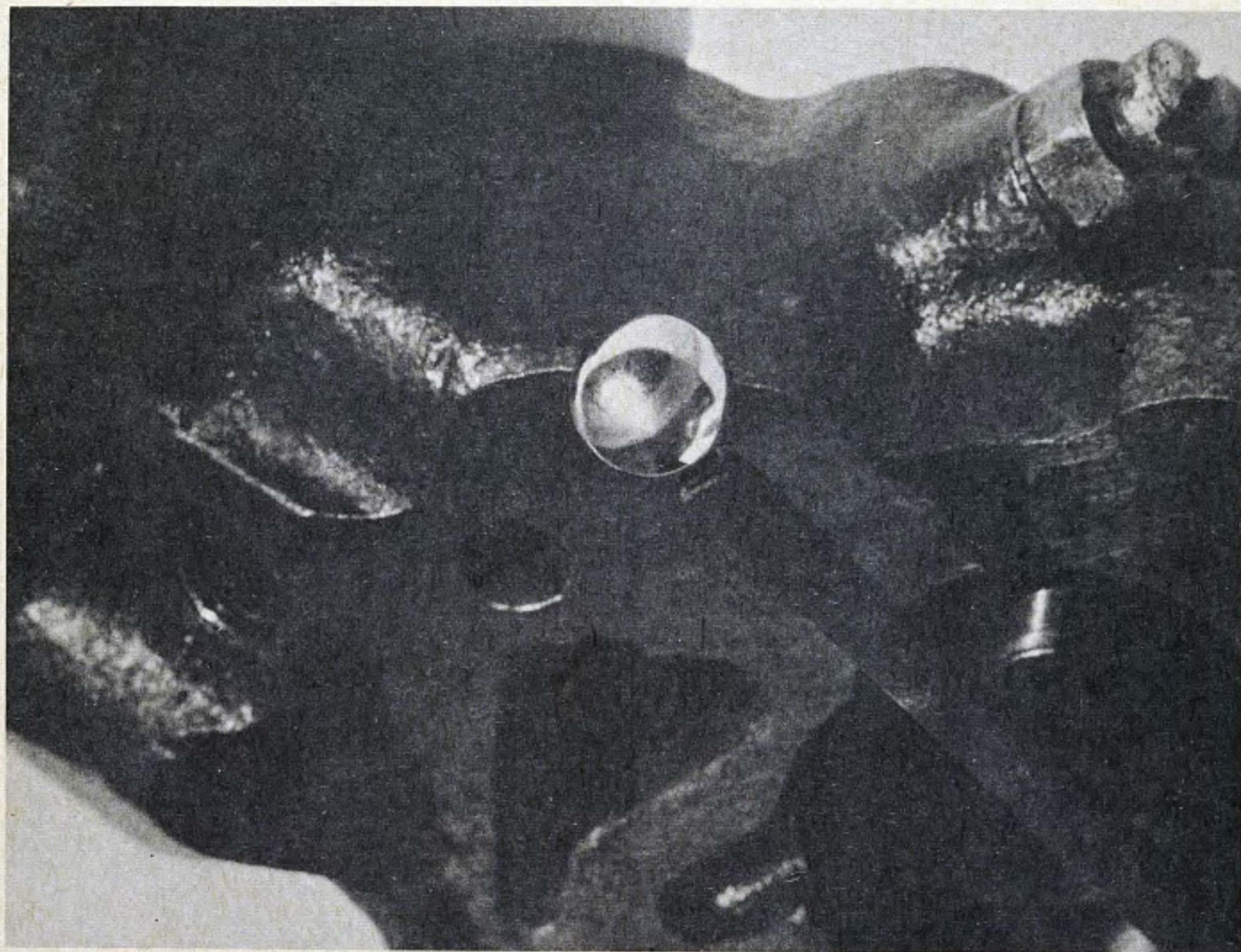
More Than Four Motorcycles Jamming Maybe Unlawful

I would like this opportunity to say that the legislators of this state are trying to suppress the constitutional right of freedom of those who ride motorcycles. First, they handed down the helmet and lights-on laws, saying they knew better than we did about our safety. The helmet law was repealed, for they woke up to the fact that it should be up to the people who ride motorcycles to decide whether they want to wear helmets.

Now they are trying to pass a bill that will stop more than four motorcycles riding together. Why should it be illegal for us to ride in this state by being with a group of people? When asked the question, one of the state representatives endorsing this bill said it was

for traffic reasons, that it was too hard to pass a large group of motorcycles. Well, to reply to him, it's very seldom you see a large group of cycles, and when you do it's usually on the Interstate highways, where there's no problem passing. Finally, most motorcycle riders drive the speed limit, so if someone wanted to pass, they would be breaking the law by speeding. They do not say it's illegal for more than four people to walk together, or more than four cars, or semi-trucks, or even four school buses to move together, yet more than four motorcycles will be.

Call or write your local state representative and tell him how you feel on this issue. — from Pollock, Van Buren, Ind.



Oil Pump Check Valves

Is there a small lake of oil under your 74 from sitting overnight? Are the major oil companies hitting you up for drilling rights while you're spending a couple of bucks a quart for the life blood of every Big Twin? On late-model oil pumps, '68 and up, the round tower that sticks up out of the oil pump body is for controlling the gravity flow from the tank. On early-model pumps, this check valve is on top of the oil pump body. Under this cap is a spring and slide or check ball. This check valve has to seal against a seat at the bottom of the tower. When it

doesn't, and the bike sits for a while, gravity forces the oil past the check valve into the engine. This oil loads up the lower end and comes out through the crankcase breather into the primary. If the bike has tin primary covers, the oil usually ends up on the ground.

The easiest way to find out if this is the problem with your Big Twin's heart is to remove the check valve and see if there is any dirt or foreign material on the valve seat. Next, inspect the check ball or slide. Check balls are better than check slides because slides can hang up against the sides of the

pump body, causing oil to drain from the tank into the engine. The ball should be replaced if there is a groove worn on it. Before dropping the check ball back in and letting it go at that, you should check out the valve seat, because if it isn't right, oil will still leak even with a new check ball. The pump body should be removed, disassembled, and cleaned. Then relap the seat with some fine lapping compound and a tool made from an old check ball with some good surface area. The lapping tool in the photos was made by Dave Presly. You can make one by touching an

electric welding rod to the old check ball on about 65 amps, using a buzz-box welder. Now smear a small amount of lapping compound on the check ball and insert it into the tower. Spin the electrode between the palms of your hands as if lapping a valve in a head. When you pull the tool out, wipe the check ball off and see if you get a consistent seat pattern. A couple of spins should do it. Clean the pump body, making sure to remove all the lapping compound. Replace the pump and keep the oil where it will do the most good — in the engine.

—Wrench

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.

The birth of a candy bar: One Payday, Mr. Goodbar wanted a Bit-o-Honey, so he took his Miss Hershey behind the Powerhouse on the corner of 5th Avenue and Clark. He took what he needed, feeling her Mounds and Almond Joy, which definitely made his Tootsie Roll. He let out several Snickers as he slipped his Butterfinger up her Kit Kat which, of course, caused a Milky Way. She screamed O'Henry as she squeezed his Peter Paul and Zag-nuts and told him he was better than 3 Musketeers. She soon became Chunky and, nine months later, gave birth to Baby Ruth.

—Witty Humble, Tex.

Abiker's wife called from her vacation spot to see how her ol' man was doing on his own. "There's nothing to worry about," he told her. "One of the girls from down the street is here to help with the housework."

—Shorty Owens Fairbanks, Alaska

Complaining of the distance between campus buildings, the veterinarian's daughter wrote home for money to buy a second-hand bike. But by the time the money arrived, she'd changed her mind and bought a pet monkey instead. After a few weeks, the animal began losing its hair. Hoping her father might know a cure, she wrote: "All the hair is falling off my monkey. What shall I do?"

Two days later came a terse directive: "Sell the motorcycle."

—Robert Herman Richmond, Va.

Having been rudely awakened by screams in the night, the husband turned groggily to his wife and mumbled, "What's that noise?"

"It sounds like the woman next door is having a fit," she replied.

"Yeah," he agreed, "and a tight one at that."

—Jess Tarpey Red Oak, Okla.

The insecticide salesman needed the order so badly that he offered to strip, spray himself with his product, and chain himself to a chair in the high pasture to prove its effectiveness. The farmer told the man that if he could do that and escape without a bug bite, he'd place an order.

The next morning the farmer found the salesman in a state of utter exhaustion. "Did the bugs get you?" he asked.

"No," said the salesman breathlessly, "the bugs didn't get me. But tell me, doesn't that calf of yours have a mother?"

—John Neville Providence, R.I.



Easyriders

An observant acquaintance of ours points out that female pubic hair may display marked variations in color, texture, and abundance, but there is one unchanging characteristic: It's always parted in the middle.

—Lance Bergman Buffalo, N.Y.

Abiker we know has discovered a new way to get a girl to sleep with him.

"I tell her that I'll name her as beneficiary on a fifty-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy," he declares, "with double indemnity if I fuck myself to death."

—Hammerin' Hank Mojave, Calif.

"I haven't been feeling myself lately," the biker told his doctor.

"Good," said the medico. "At least that's one dirty habit you managed to shake."

—Lee Forrester Arlington, Va.

The nun and the priest had been lost in the Sahara for weeks. The water was gone and their camel was dying. After a long, hot, sandy, windy day, night finally fell and so did the camel.

"I have never had a woman," the priest confessed after prayers. "It seems we are almost certain to die soon, and I think the Lord will forgive us for our lust after a lifetime of faithful service."

"I have never had a man," said the nun. "It wouldn't be a bad way to die."

So they took off their clothes.

"What's that?" gasped the nun, pointing to his groin.

"This is the staff of life, Sister. It gives life to all things," explained the priest.

"Well then," cried the nun, "stick it in the fucking camel and let's get the hell out of here!"

—M. Rutherford Tucson, Ariz.

Seeing her brother undressed for the first time, the little girl inquired of her mother, "Why haven't I got one of those?"

"Be patient, dear," the mother answered knowingly. "If you're good, you'll get one when you grow up. And if you're very good, you'll get quite a few."

—Mark Odum Phoenix, Ariz.

An obviously inebriated biker stumbled up to a policeman at a busy intersection and voiced a thick-tongued complaint. "Somebody stole my scooter, Officer," he announced groggily. "I had it right here on the end of my ignition key."

"We'll go right to the station and report it," the patrolman replied, amused at the fellow's condition. "But I think you should zip up your pants before we leave."

"Omigod!" exclaimed the biker, noticing his open fly. "Somebody's stole my girl, too!"

—Billy Holton Frankfort, Ky.

Steering the attractive miss into his examining room, the physician said, "Please take off all your clothes; I'd like to give you a complete physical."

"But Dr. Jones found me perfect this morning," objected the patient.

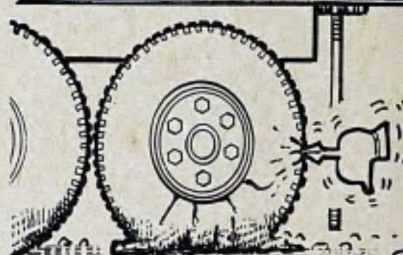
"So he told me."

—Jack Frye Kingman, Ariz.



"I know you've been seein' me for fifteen years, but it's not my fault you were never promoted."

Easyriders



"Just my rotten luck — the fucker was wearing a helmet."



Easyriders



"Other than that, why can't I join?"

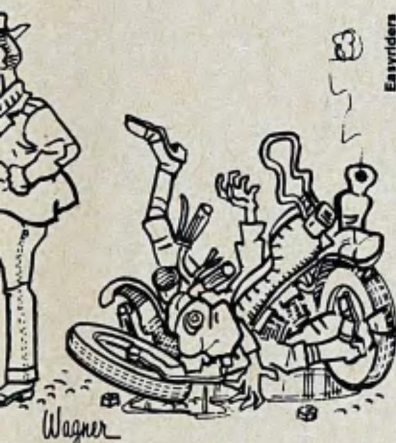
The biker married a stuck-up society debutante. Later he told her, "Listen, if you don't like the way things are going, you can blow."

The bride replied, "Darling, I'll do anything for you, but please wash first."

—Greg Sterling
Laramie, Wyo.

After the grand jury had viewed the film on which it was to vote for or against an indictment, one member stood up and said, "I think I can speak for the entire jury when I request another showing of the revolting scene with the midget, the giraffe, and the three go-go girls."

—Art Eckman
Pontiac, Mich.



After calling in one of the sisters for a chat, the priest asked, "What would you have been if you hadn't become a nun?"

"A prostitute," the nun replied.

The priest fell back in his chair aghast, and then, after regaining his composure, he repeated the question.

"A prostitute," the sister answered again.

"Oh, thank God," sighed the priest. "I thought you said a Protestant."

—Tony Channey
Arvada, Colo.

She lay asleep, her legs apart; Her breasts were round and fair. But though asleep, her cunt was deep And covered round with hair.

He climbed upon her sleeping form, And pushed his chopper down. Then once inside her cunt so wide, He wiggled it around.

The maid awakened with a start, And at first seemed to be put off. Then like a clam, her legs went slam And chopped his chopper off.

"My knob is gone," he cried, forlorn. "What woe has come to pass?" Then he tore her tits into little bits, And stuffed them up her ass.

—Pig
NCNR, England

What's green and bumpy and smells like Miss Piggy? Kermit the Frog's finger.

—N. Lingley
B.C., Canada

Three bikers, being held for murder one and sentenced to death, were given the option of how they wanted to die. The first biker said, "I want to die in my sleep." So they gave him enough horse to kill ten men and he shot it up.

The second bro said, "I want to die on my bike." So they tied him to his bike in the exercise yard and had a diesel truck run him over.

The third bro said, "I want to die fuckin'." So they locked him in a room with fifty beautiful whores and put two guards at the door to make sure he didn't abuse the bitches. The next day, when they opened the door, they found fifty dead whores, two guards with bloody assholes, and the biker sittin' in the corner jackin' off and groanin' "More, more..."

—Nightrider
Baltimore, Md.

There was this gorilla hunter who needed a partner. After finding one, he was explaining how to go about the hunting. He said, "There are only three things we need: a shotgun, a baseball bat, and a bulldog. When I climb up and shake the gorilla outta the tree and he falls to the ground, the bulldog will grab him by the nuts and he won't move. Then all you gotta do is clonk him on the head with the baseball bat. That way, we don't fuck up his hide."

The other guy sat there, thought about it a minute, and said, "Well, what do we need the shotgun for?"

The hunter said, "That's in case that gorilla knocks me outta the tree—you kill that goddam bulldog!"

—Robert Little
Golden, Colo.

As the time drew near, the patient asked her obstetrician, "Will my husband be permitted to stay with me during the delivery?" "Oh, yes," answered the physician. "I feel that the father of the child should also be present."

"I don't think that would be a very good idea," the woman said. "He and my husband don't get along."

—Curly Wilson
Provo, Utah

"My boss keeps drumming his fingers all the time I'm in his office," said the secretary, "and it's beginning to bother me."

"Can't you just ignore it?" her roommate inquired.

"Oh, I suppose I could — except that it's murder on my nyons."

—Willie Clark
Hamilton, Mo.

Some of the biker parties we know of are so great that the last to leave is usually the riot squad.

—Paul Senion
Darby, Conn.

A young biker went into a bar and ordered six double shots of rum to go. He returned to the bar later and ordered six more. When he came back for the third time and ordered six more, the bartender refused to serve him. "You're drunk," he said.

"Drunk!" the young bro slurred. "If you think I'm drunk, you ought to see my girl. She's so drunk she has her socks on her hands, and when I kiss her, she farts in my face!"

—Carl Turgeon
Birmingham, Ala.



"Piss on 'em? Okay, but it'll cost you extra."

George's scooter glided to a halt on the edge of a lonely country road.

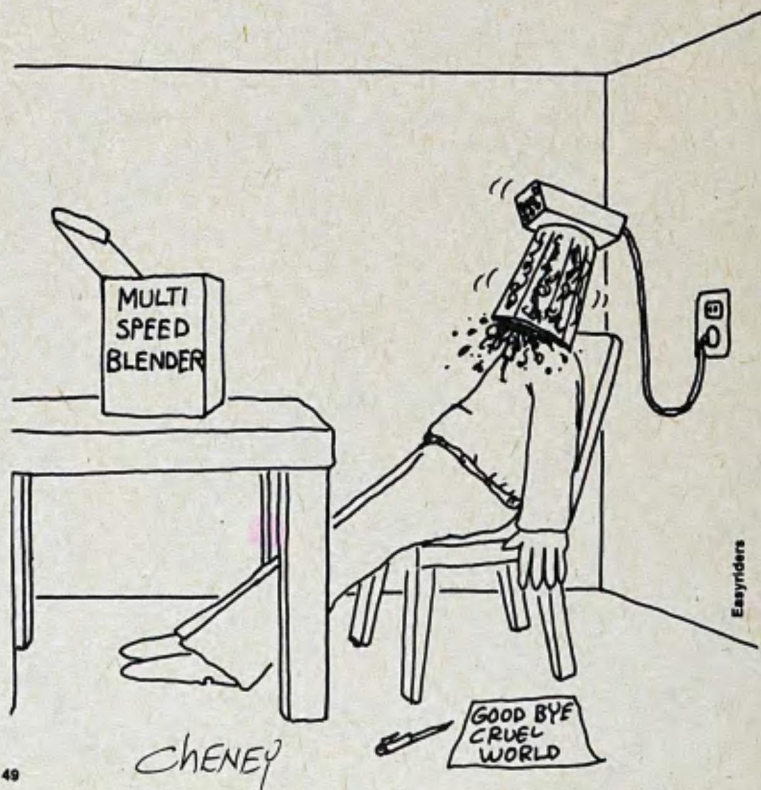
"I suppose," said his pretty-but-reluctant date, "you're going to pull the old out-of-gas routine."

"No," said George, "I'm going to pull the here-after routine."

"The here-after routine — what's that?"

"If you're not here after what I'm here after, then you're going to be here after I'm gone."

—Jon Campbell
Seattle, Wash.



TEAM STEAM

by Gordon Schindler

The steam-powered motorcycle was proposed before the actual invention of both the motorcycle and the automobile! Fig. 1 is evidence of this. Although it was a satire on the then-current vogue of velocipedes and steam power, its presentation in 1818 foretold the development of powered cycles by some fifty years.

Entitled *Velocipedraisiavaporannia* (steam-powered velocipede), Fig. 1 purported to depict "a very surprising *mecaéconomique* invented in Germany which was demonstrated in the Jardin du Luxembourg, Paris, on Sunday, April 5, 1818." The droll justification of the satire was the explanation that should the horse become extinct suddenly, transportation could continue with the *mecaéconomique*. Employing direct drive to the rear wheel, the design can be faulted only for its high center of gravity and lack of footrests.

Other cartoonists also took up satirizing steam-powered vehicles, and efforts might actually have been made to produce a steam-powered cycle, since steam-powered carriages had already come into existence, but it was not until 1867 that the first recorded vapor velo appeared. That year, Ernest Michaux, pioneer of the pedal-driven bicycle, attached a light steam engine to his marvel. One of his 1869

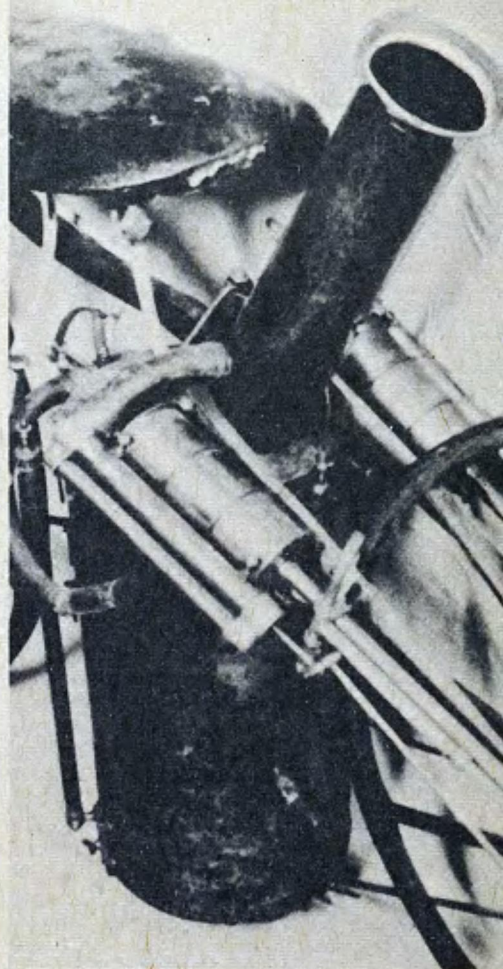


Fig. 3A



Fig. 2



Fig. 1

Fig. 3



models is seen in Fig. 2. Despite its high center of gravity, it performed well and apparently had the distinction of being the first rear-engined conveyance.

Silvester Roper of Roxbury, Massachusetts, developed his own steam-powered model in 1869, apparently independently of European influence. With large, wooden wheels and iron-band tires, the machine was propelled by two cranks from the single cylinders connected directly to the rear wheel, as seen in Fig. 3. No evidence exists that he attempted to manufacture the machine in quantity, but Roper did exhibit it at county fairs and even circuses, as the handbill seen in Fig. 4 reveals. He met his death on June 1, 1896, apparently from a heart attack while piloting another of his two-wheel vaporizers on a bicycle track at Cambridge, Massachusetts. This machine is now on exhibit at Horn's Cars of Yesterday at Sarasota, Florida.

In 1881, Sir Thomas Parkyns designed the steam trike seen in Fig. 5. A.H. Bateman built it on a contemporary Chelyesmore pedal-cycle. The boiler supplied steam at 200 pounds per square inch to a small, two-cylinder, double-acting engine that drove one of the rear wheels through shaft and bevel gears.

It was displayed at the Stanley Cycle Show and a considerable number of orders were received for it. Commercial production, however, was prevented by contemporary laws that severely restricted mechanical locomotion on English roads. Among these were the Locomotive Acts of 1861 and 1865, which set excessive road tolls for such vehicles, thus hampering the development of English motorcycle design exactly as similar laws had hampered the development of four-wheel, steam-powered vehicles in the 1830s.

One of the most successful steam cyclists was Lucius Copeland of Phoenix, Arizona. In 1881, he attempted to attach a small steam engine to a Columbia high-wheel bicycle, but discarded the idea as "inefficient and dangerous." He then designed and built a small lightweight steam engine, which he proposed to attach to a Star bicycle. By 1884, he had completed the task, seen in Fig. 6. Complete boiler and engine weight is said to have been only 18 pounds. It attained a speed of 12 miles per hour.

Copeland appears to have been the first experimenter to attempt commercial development of the steam cycle. In 1887, he organized the Northrop Manufacturing Company in Camden, New Jersey. The firm was named after one of the backers. The first vehicle produced was a three-wheeled model called the Phaeton Moto-Cycle, seen in Fig. 7. In Fig. 7A it can be seen in front of the Smithsonian in 1888. A short time later a safety-cycle was produced with an added outrigger carrying another saddle — perhaps the first sidecar.

By 1890, the firm claimed to have made 200 steam Moto-Cycles which had a range of 30 miles and a speed of 10 miles per hour. It required only five minutes to get up steam.

French automobile pioneers Count Albert de Dion and Leon Serpollet constructed steam tricycles in 1887 and 1888, though these were strictly experimental machines, designed and built to test ideas for four-wheel motor cars.

Before the 19th century had come to an end, the introduction of gasoline-powered motorcycles had displaced all attempts at steam-powered cycles. An interesting exception was the French Dalifol of 1894. This is seen in Fig. 8. It is currently in the National Museum in Washington, D.C. The Dalifol was obtained from England in 1940 after having been abandoned for many years. It is supposed to have taken part in the first London-to-Brighton run in 1896, where it was listed as "Number 18. French steam bicycle." It is credited with a speed of 25 miles per hour.

The more or less standard bicycle frame contained the flash boiler. It was headed

THE GREATEST MECHANICAL EXHIBITION IN THE WORLD

THE STEAM BUGGY!



Pronounced by scientific men to be the most wonderful invention of modern times. It can be driven, with two persons in it, 10 miles a day, upon common roads. It is light and strong, and can be managed better than any horse, and can be driven faster than any person dare to ride. Will match it against any trotting horse in the world.



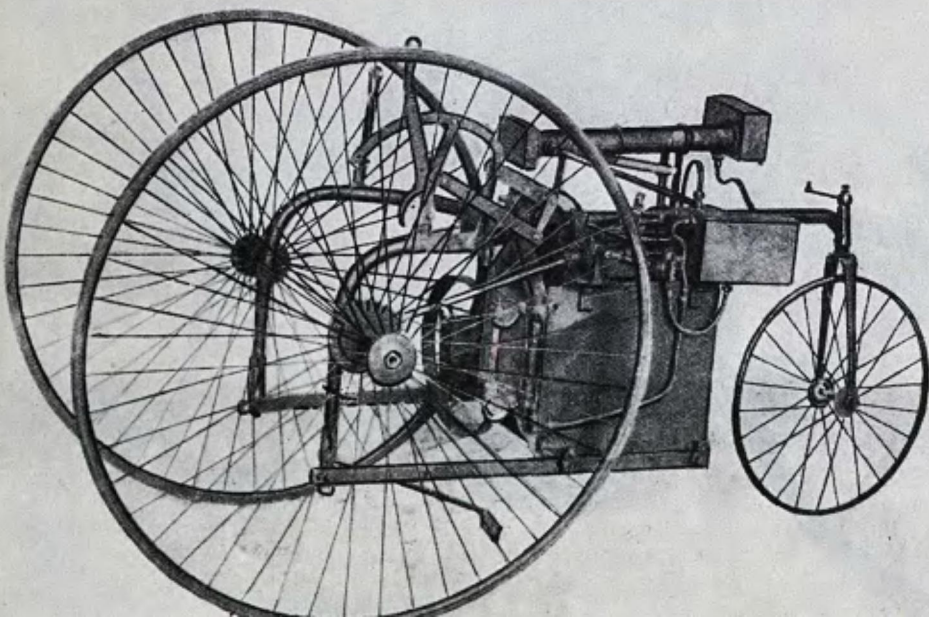
THE ONLY
Steam Velociped
IN THE WORLD.

Pronounced a perfect triumph in mechanism. It can be driven up any hill and will out speed any horse in the world.

TO BE SEEN AT
600 BROADWAY

ADMISSION 25 Cents

Fig. 5



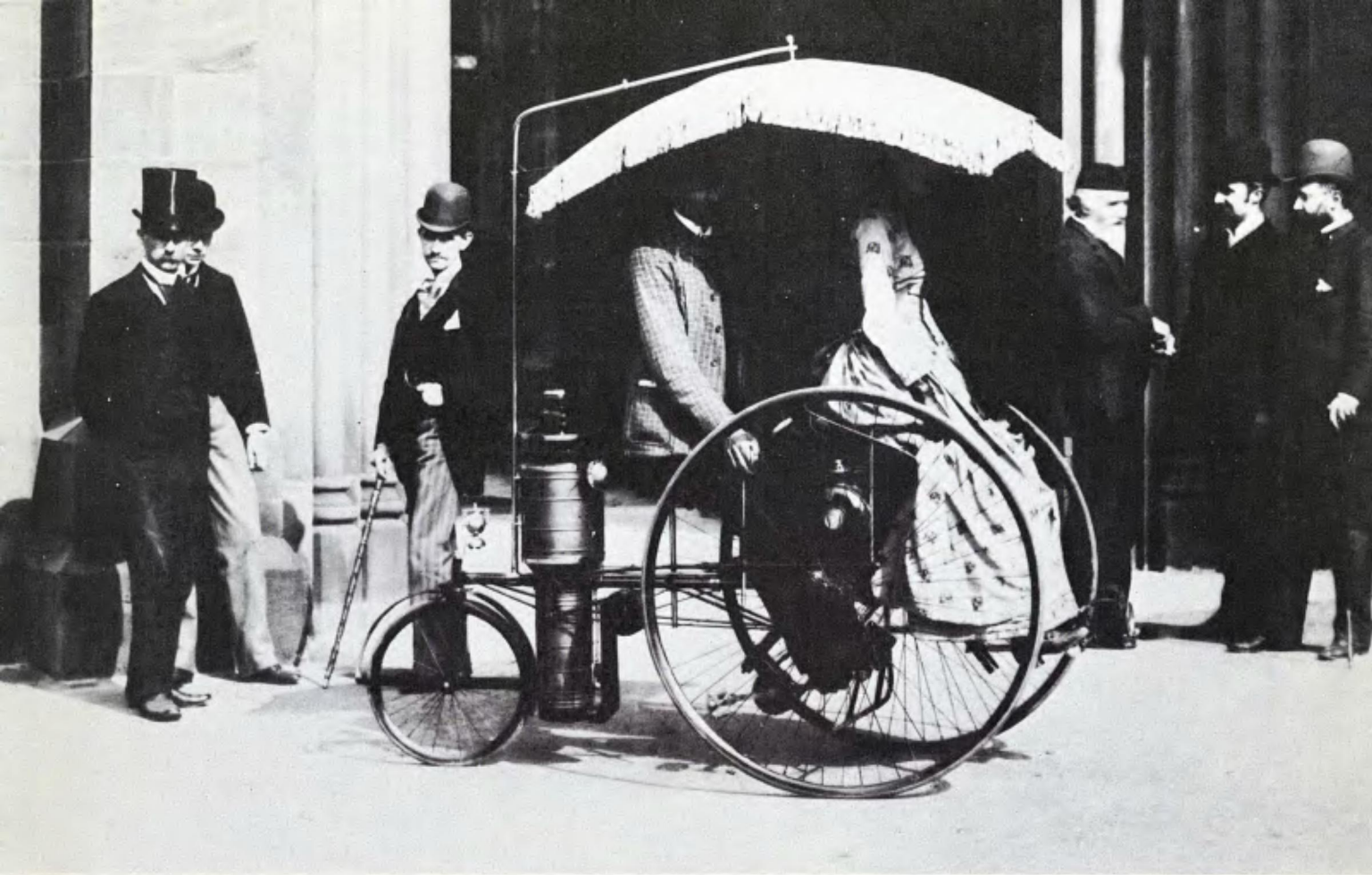


Fig. 7A

Fig. 6



Fig. 8

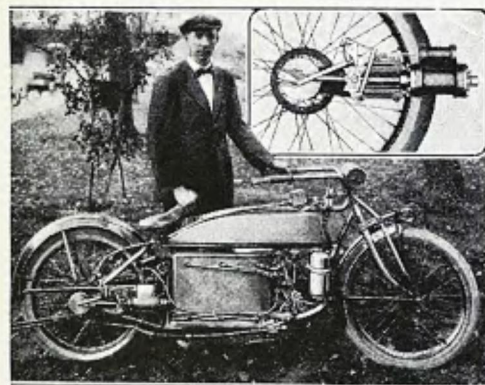
Fig. 7



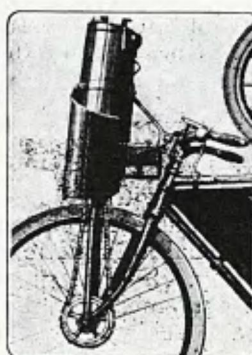


Photos courtesy of the author

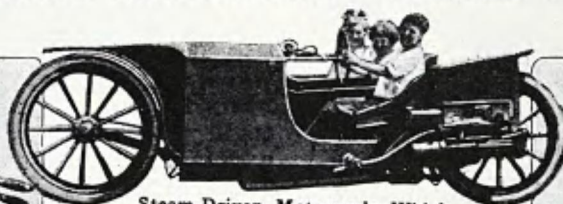
ODD-LOOKING MOTORCYCLE DRIVEN BY STEAM



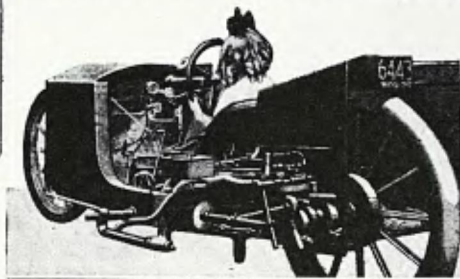
Steam Motorcycle Showing the Kerosene and Water Tanks and Various Piping. Insert: Engine and Eccentric on Rear Axle



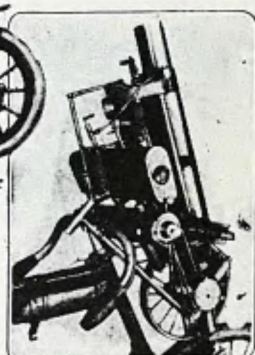
An Improvement on the Early Model Provided with Chain Instead of Friction Drive



Steam-Driven Motorcycle Which can Develop a Maximum Speed of 70 Miles per Hour

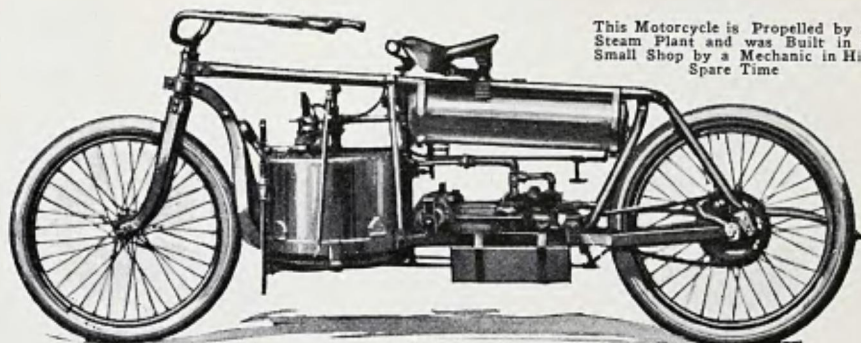


View Showing the One-Cylinder Engine Which is Connected with the Rear Axle



The Designer's First Attempt at a Steam Engine for a Bicycle, Showing the Friction Drive

Fig. 10



by small-sized pieces of coke, fed by a hopper to the furnace. Water was contained in the rear mudguard, which was semi-circular in shape and held about five gallons. The water was supplied to the boiler by a plunger-feed pump, driven by a small crank. Power was controlled by varying the amount of water fed to the flash boiler.

The single-cylinder, double-acting engine had the usual slide-valve mechanism. A primitive form of telescopic front fork was applied to later models. The original model used standard bicycle forks. The only other firm to build steam bicycles appears to be the English Pearson & Cox Co., which produced, according to one source, "quite a few" from 1912 to 1914. An early example is seen in Fig. 8A. This same source, incidentally, makes the following most interesting statement: "Cope-land had become convinced that there was no money to be made from cars and retired from the scene, leaving steam motor cycles mainly to amateur engineers including apparently, the aviation pioneers, Wilbur and Orville Wright."

Although the steam-powered motorcycle disappeared from the commercial market many decades ago, stout individual experimenters continued to produce one-off models.

In 1916, for instance, Wallace Oakes of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, built the model shown in Fig. 9. The long tank under the saddle contained gasoline as fuel. The flash boiler was contained in the circular tank in front of the engine. The water tank can be seen as the rectangular form under the engine. With a wheel base of 75 inches, it weighed 350 pounds. "The machine can be reversed quickly and no clutch is used," it was reported.

In 1918, *Popular Mechanics* ran the odd-looking steam cycle shown in Fig. 10. It was described as "capable of a speed of 70 miles per hour, built by an eastern manufacturer for his own use. . . It is steered by a wheel, weighs 600 pounds, and is so constructed that a sidecar can be attached to it." The boiler was concealed under what corresponded to an automobile hood, the sides of which served as water tanks with a combined capacity of 23 gallons. Gasoline was used as fuel and was carried under the driver's seat! The engine was a single-cylinder with a four-inch bore and a five-inch stroke, working with 500 pounds pressure per square inch. It was connected directly to the rear axle. Speed was given as 30 miles per hour, which could be increased to 70 for short distances.

In 1922, *Popular Mechanics* ran the picture in Fig. 11. It was described as "An economical steam-driven motorcycle. . . built by a Denver, Colo., man, and as there are no gears, chains, belts, or clutches, it is practically noiseless." It achieved a speed of 60 miles per hour, used kerosene as fuel, and could travel thirty-five miles before pulling into the nearest gas station — for water. The engine consisted of a two-cylinder, double-acting unit. The article concluded by saying, "It is estimated that the steam machine can be operated at one-fifth the cost of a gasoline motorcycle, not including the saving in tires due to the smooth, even application of power."

In 1935, *Popular Mechanics* ran still another article, captioned "Motorcycle Driven by Steam Operates Almost Noiselessly." The cycle is seen in Fig. 12. This also was powered by a two-cylinder, double-acting steam engine. The six-gallon boiler was capable of developing "steam pressure of 500 pounds but normal operating requires only 250 pounds." It required "only twenty minutes to get up steam when the engine is cold." Speed was controlled by a conventional pedal. It was reported to have run fifty miles on a gallon of gasoline, kerosene, or distillate, and was another example of direct drive.

The most recent example is that of John Barr of Middletown, Ohio. He made a Rankine-rider in 1944 that was described as attracting a great deal of interest. Barr's steam engine was mounted in a Henderson frame. His primary objective in building the machine was to test a new-type water feed for flash boilers. Boiler pressure was 250 pounds per square inch and kerosene was used as fuel. Speed was given as 45 miles per hour.

Since then, no additional reports on two-wheeled steamers have surfaced. One can expect, however, to read any day now about the next development in cycle power, a machine with the steamer's second cousin, the Stirling hot-air engine.

That's not just a lot of hot air, either — just wait and see!



Fig. 8A

Operates Almost Noiselessly Motorcycle Driven by Steam



Builder is shown on steam motorcycle which operates smoothly at all speeds. A faint chug when it starts is the only noise

Fig. 12



JOINING THE TRADITION.

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



The Boot Hill. It's more than just a meeting place. It's a tradition to make this the first stop when you hit Daytona for Bike Week.

Now you can be part of it because you're riding a 1981 Harley-Davidson® Low Rider.® It's more than a machine.

This is what custom styling is all about. Slide your

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

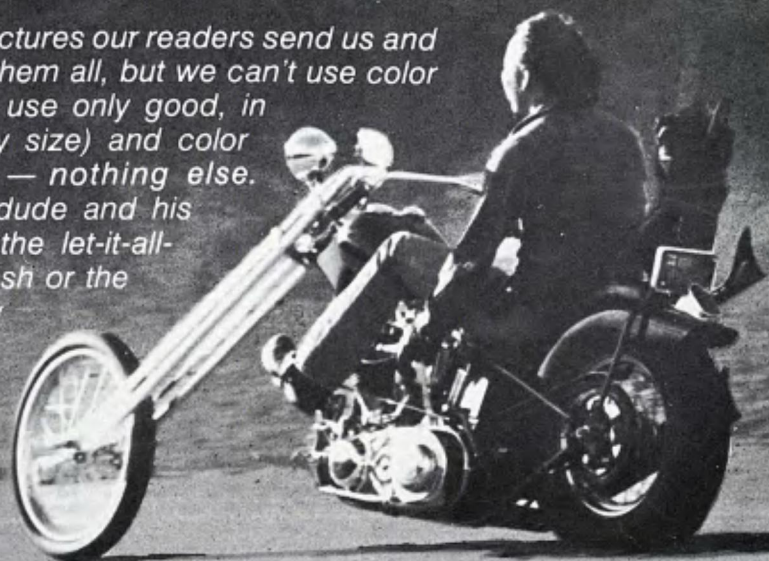
We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the A.M.A. Specifications subject to change without notice. Support the Bikers Fight Against Muscular Dystrophy.

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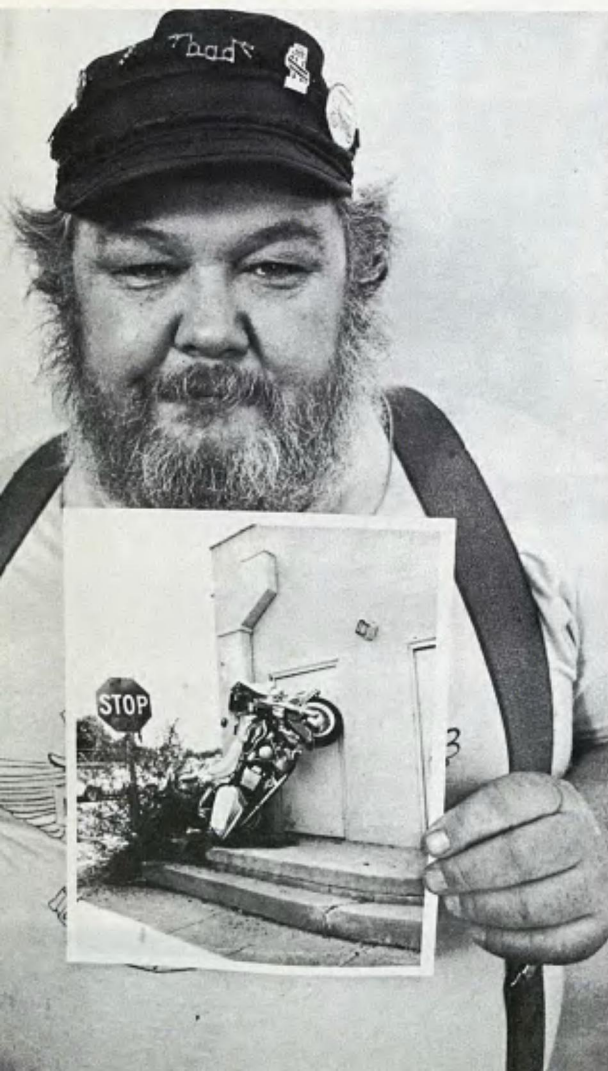


IN THE WIND

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.)

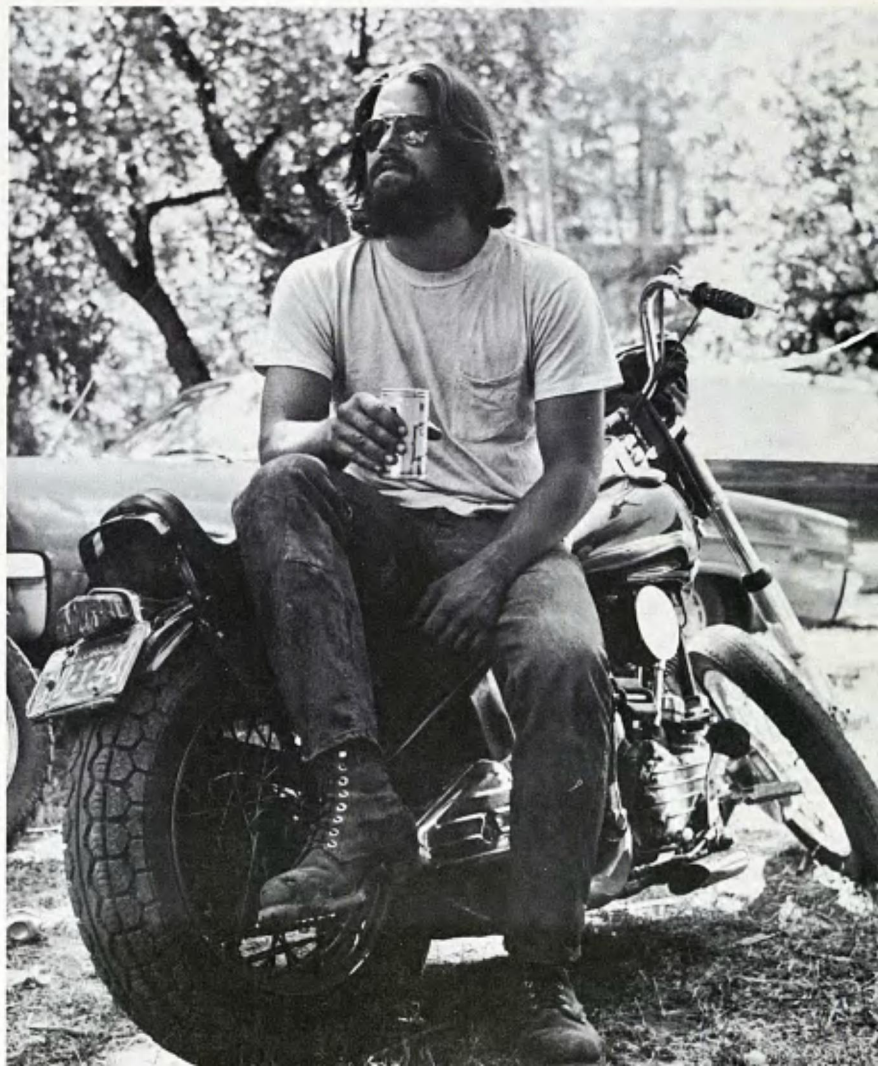


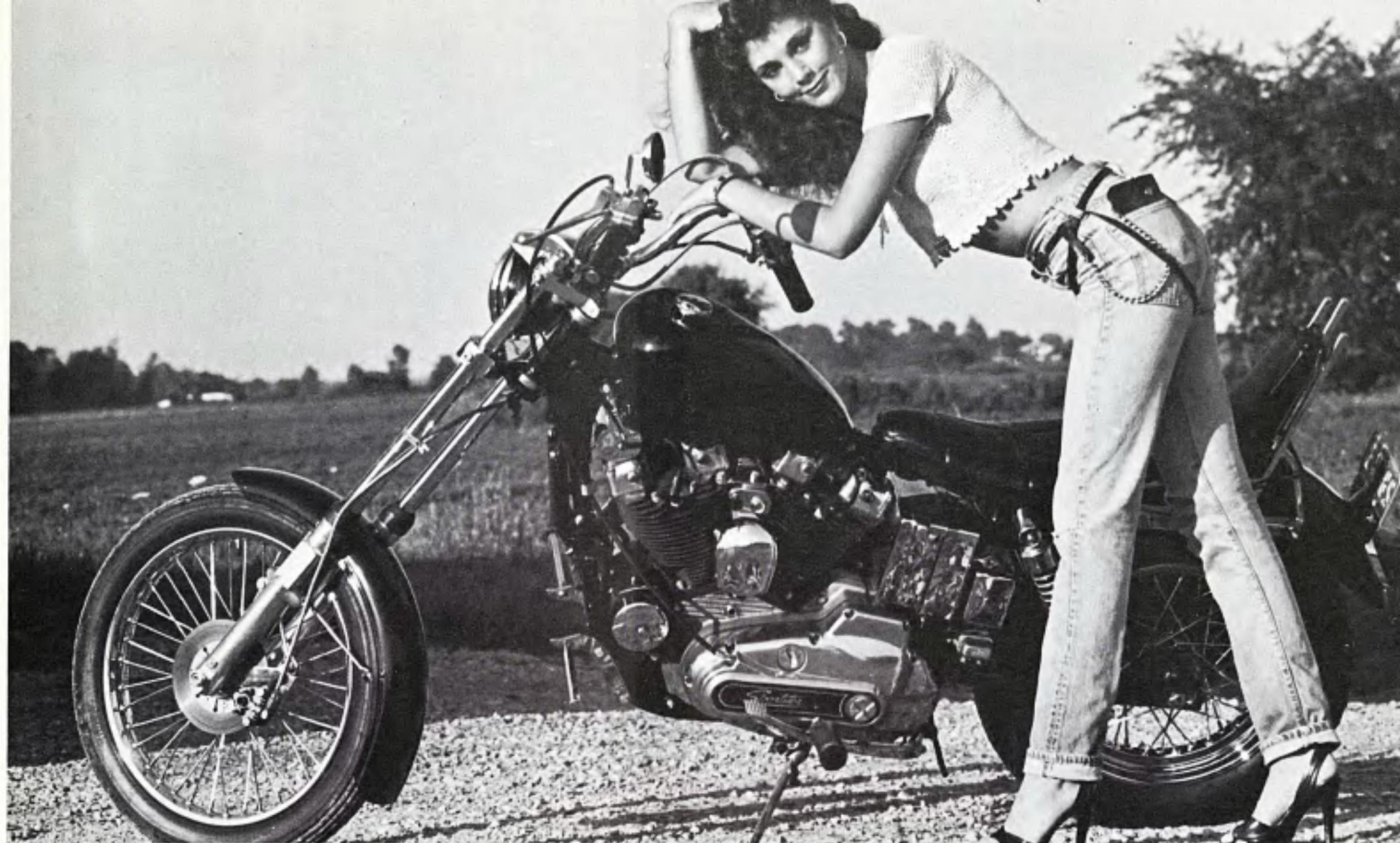
—from Woody, Incredible, Tex.



— from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.

—from Mad Mike, Boulder, Colo.





—from Dale Muhleman, Toledo, Ohio



—from Charles Pfaff, Fayetteville, N.C.



—from Radical Rick, Dayton, Ohio



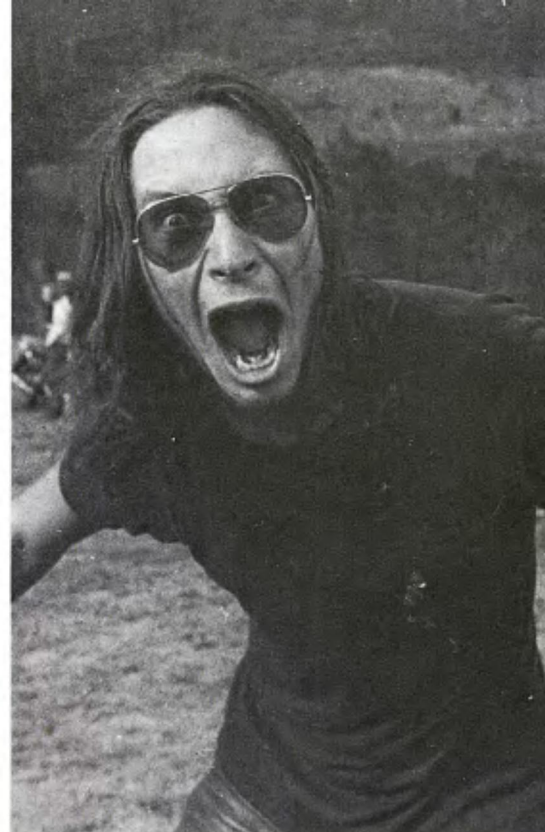
—from Choo Choo, Sunland, Calif.

—from Melanie Howard, Greensboro, N.C.





—from Woody, Houston, Tex.



—from Mud, M.R.A., N.S.W., Australia

—from Paul Silveira, Tracy, Calif.



—from Woody, Boulder, Colo.



—from Melanie Howard, Greensboro, N.C.



—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.

—from Ken Baller, Cadillac, Mich.



— from Flash, USA

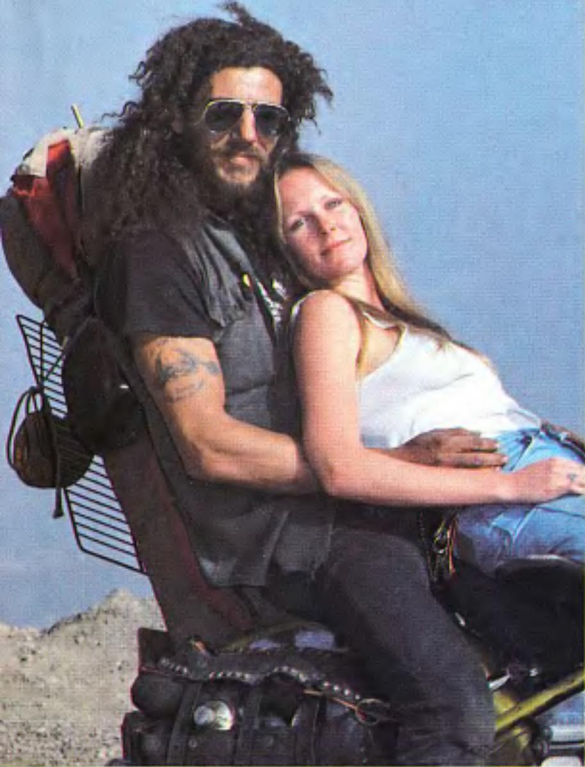


—from Carter Whitaker, Trancas, Calif.



—from Bill Cotton, Somerville, N.J.





—from Tim Biglow, Pt. Dume, Calif.

—from Tony Stiles, Dallas, Tex.



—from Gary Gulig, Fond du Lac, Wis.



— from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.

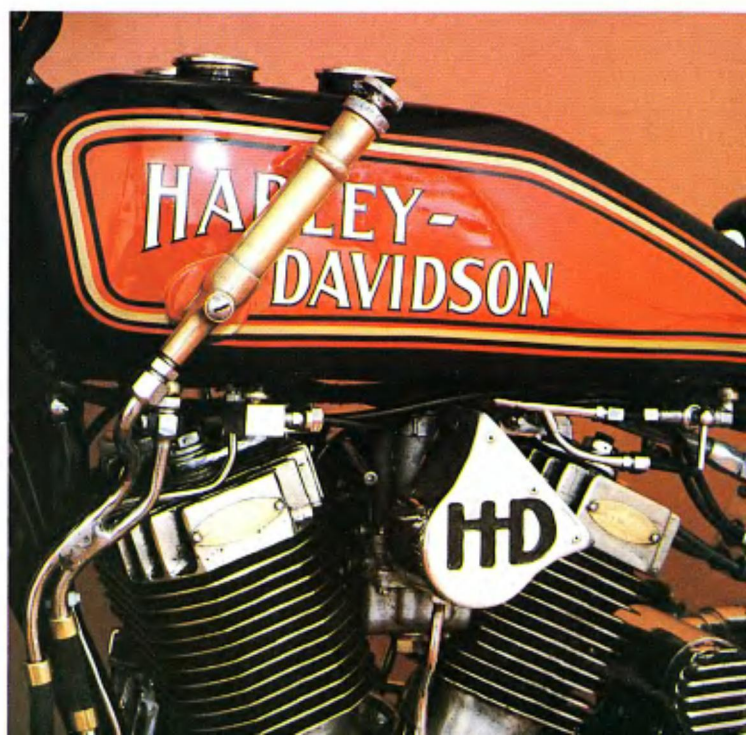


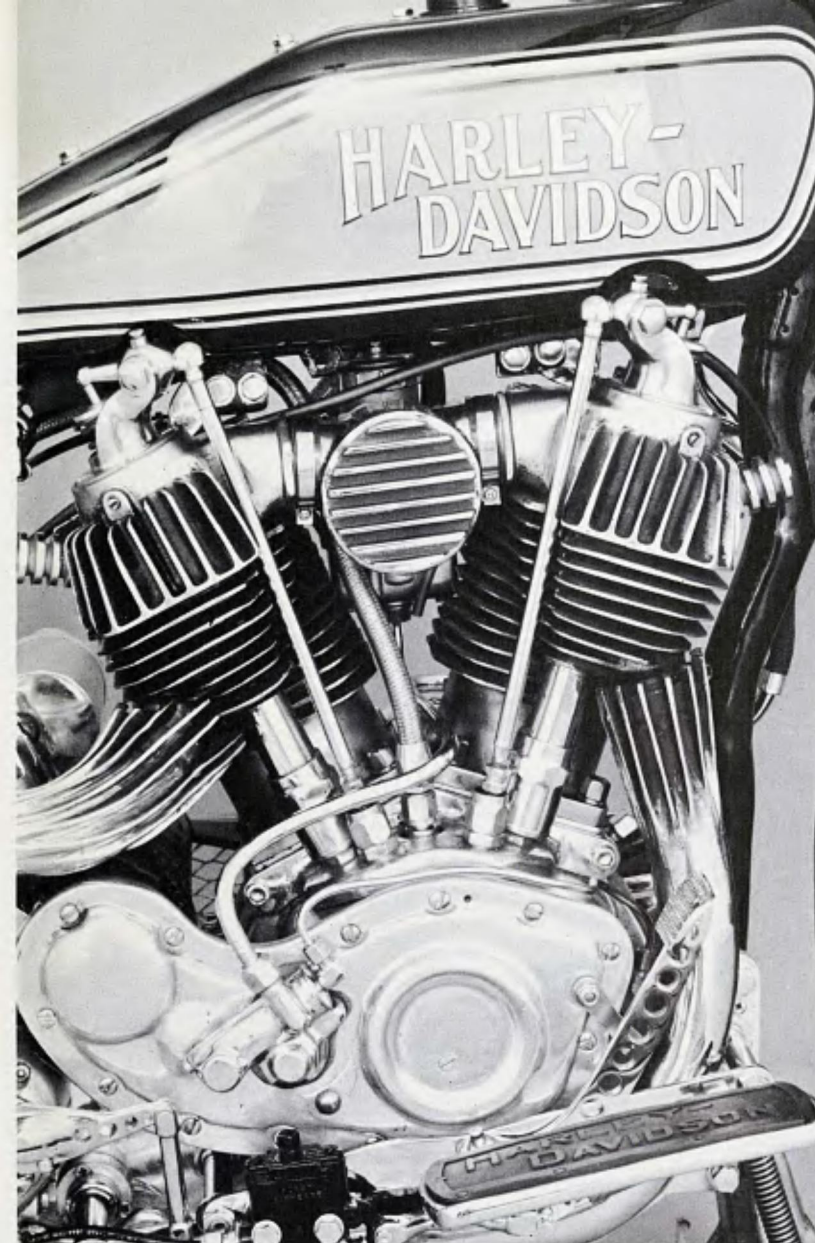
—from Woody, Boulder, Colo.





David Mann
Easyriders





PART OF THE FAMILY

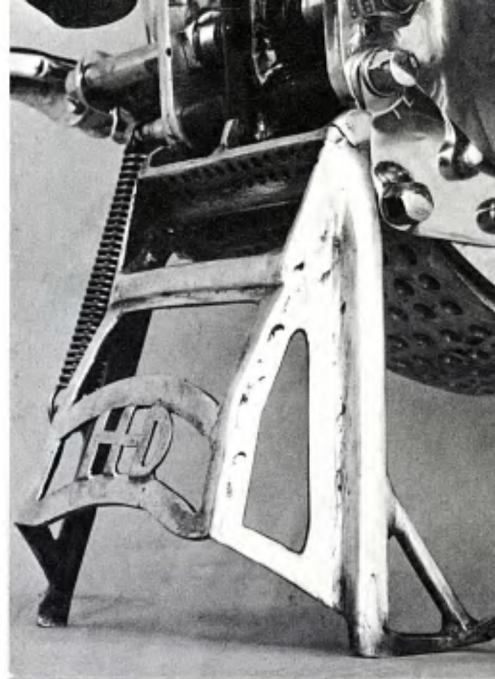
Yep, Ol' John outdid himself again. Not too shabby for an old Booze Fighter. We were at Pete's photography studio getting ready to watch Pete shoot the flicks for this feature. John had done so much work on this scooter that we just sat there staring at the sled for quite a while. How many times have you caught yourself just staring and admiring your scooter? John said that he and this old bike have been in lotsa races, more Big Bear Races (the race of races in its day) than any other scooter. He also raced it at Catalina Island, 26 miles off the coast of California, when they used to have races there. He promised himself that, since the bike was so faithful and had given him so many hours of pure enjoyment, he would sorta retire it and put it out to pasture, in a manner of speaking. That he would just break it out on special occasions and when he feels froggy and wants to fuck around. To the average turd off the street this relationship with a pile of iron would seem strange, but as a motorcycle enthusiast I can see where the scooter would seem like part of the family.

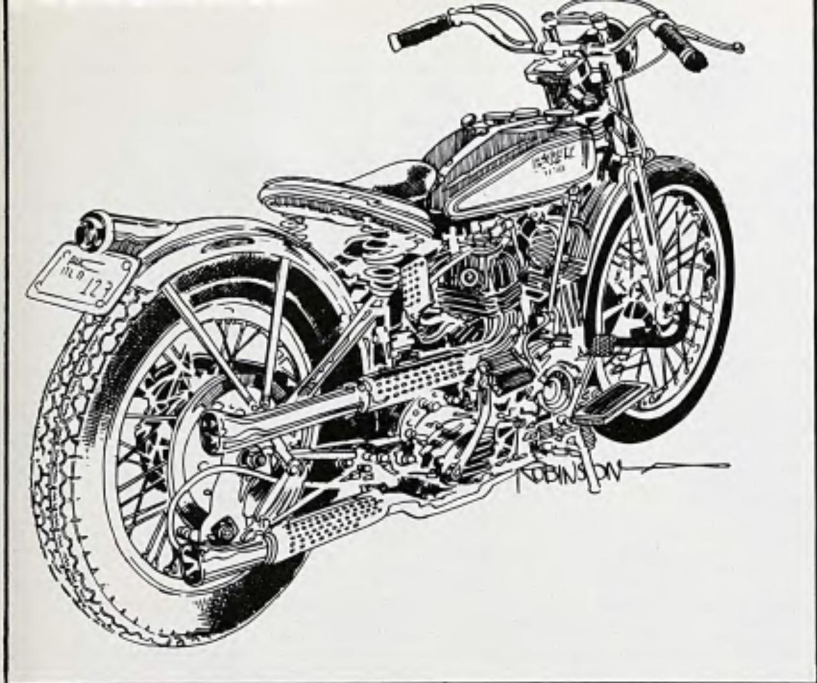
For this photo session, Lance Tidwell was also there. Well, we all popped the tops on some brews and started cutting it up. I mostly listened,





Oldest motorcycle in the race — Johnny Cameron's 1917 Harley-Davidson model JD, Catalina Road Race, 1952.

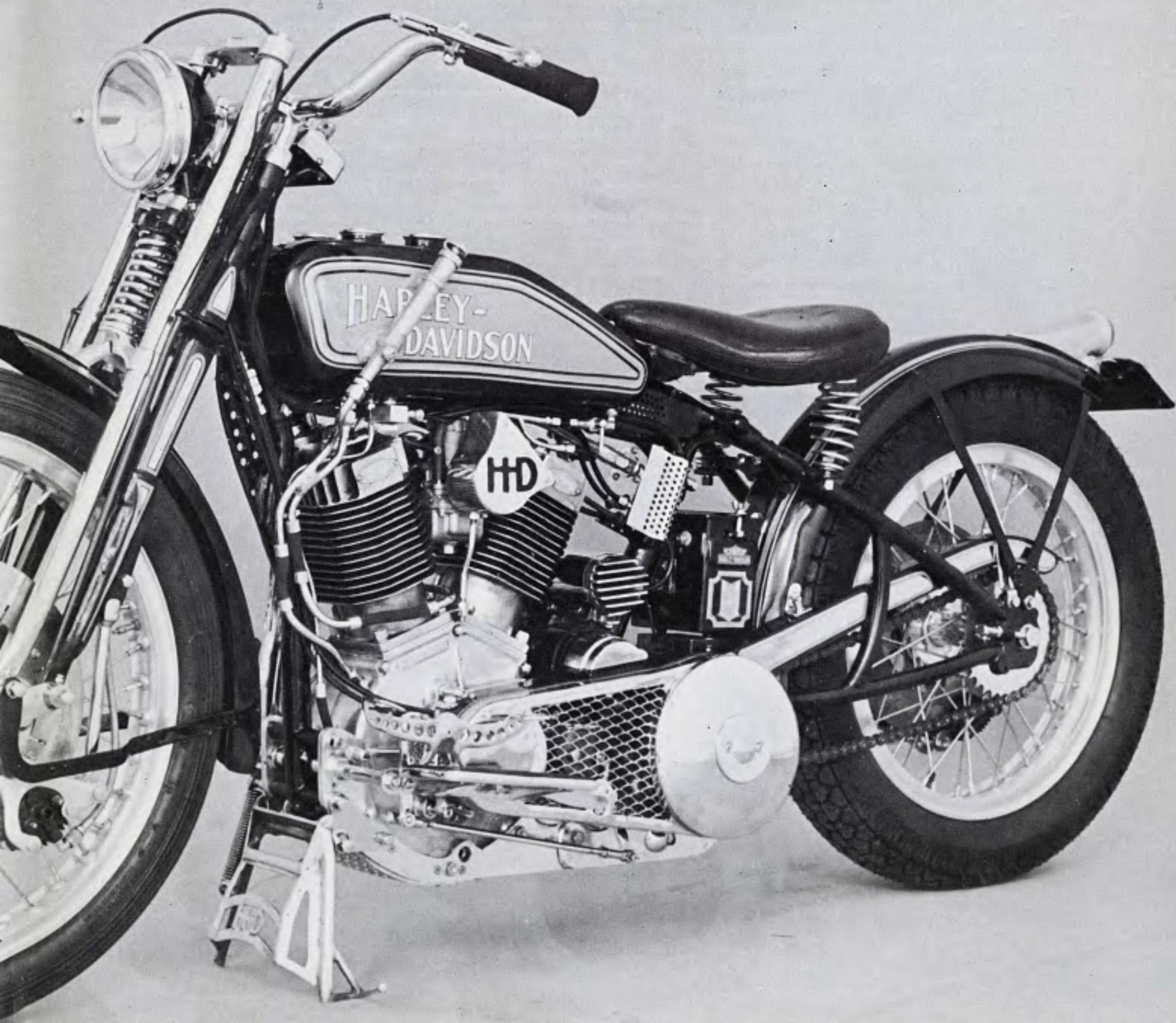




'cause you can learn from these gents. Here are a couple of riding partners who are of legal retirement age and are still doing it after all these years. You just have to respect and admire these guys because of their accomplishments in the motorcycle field. I guess you can tell they're a couple of my heroes.

Some so-called motorcycle purists would shit a gold brick after seeing what John has done to some of these antique parts, but what the fuck, it's his ride and he should be able to do what he pleases. He has one of a kind. It doesn't look anything like it did when it left the factory. Check it out.

That switch box is off a 1927 Harley. The wire loom was hand-knitted. Gas and oil lines were fabricated from welding-hose fittings and flex hoses with Harley ends. The motor mounts were cut off and engine plates were made up using strips from a Peterbilt aluminum bumper to fit the keystone frame. A 12-volt Ford Indy car generator was relocated inside the JD generator.

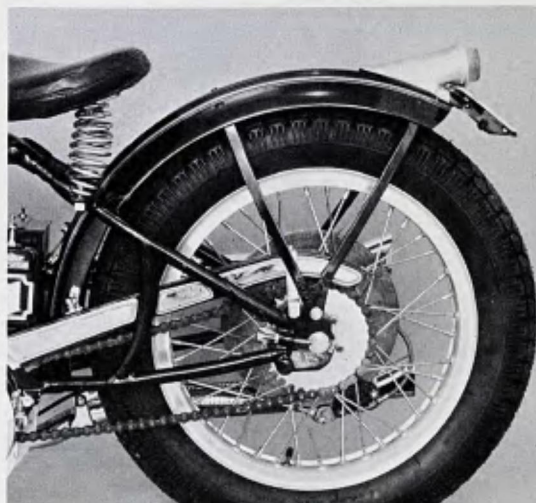


The voltage regulator is under the hand-built battery box. The old cylinder heads were cut off and new heads were machined and welded on. Dual spark plugs can be used, or when one set is used, cooling plugs are screwed into the other spark plug holes. The exhaust ports were also opened up a quarter inch over stock. The rear exhaust port was relocated to allow the rear pipe easy access above the generator. The handmade intake manifold has a plenum chamber, and he used the late Harley screw-in nipples. The gear train in the engine has been lightened, and the two cams are Harmon & Collins regrinds. The oil system is no longer a total-loss system, thanks to the use of an outboard-motor fuel pump. John guesstimates the bike weighs in at a trim 340 lbs. He still hasn't gotten it out of his craw that the AMA outlawed the F-head JDs. Hap Jones was the 1936 National Champion aboard a JD. I guess it's the way they went about it. — Gordo

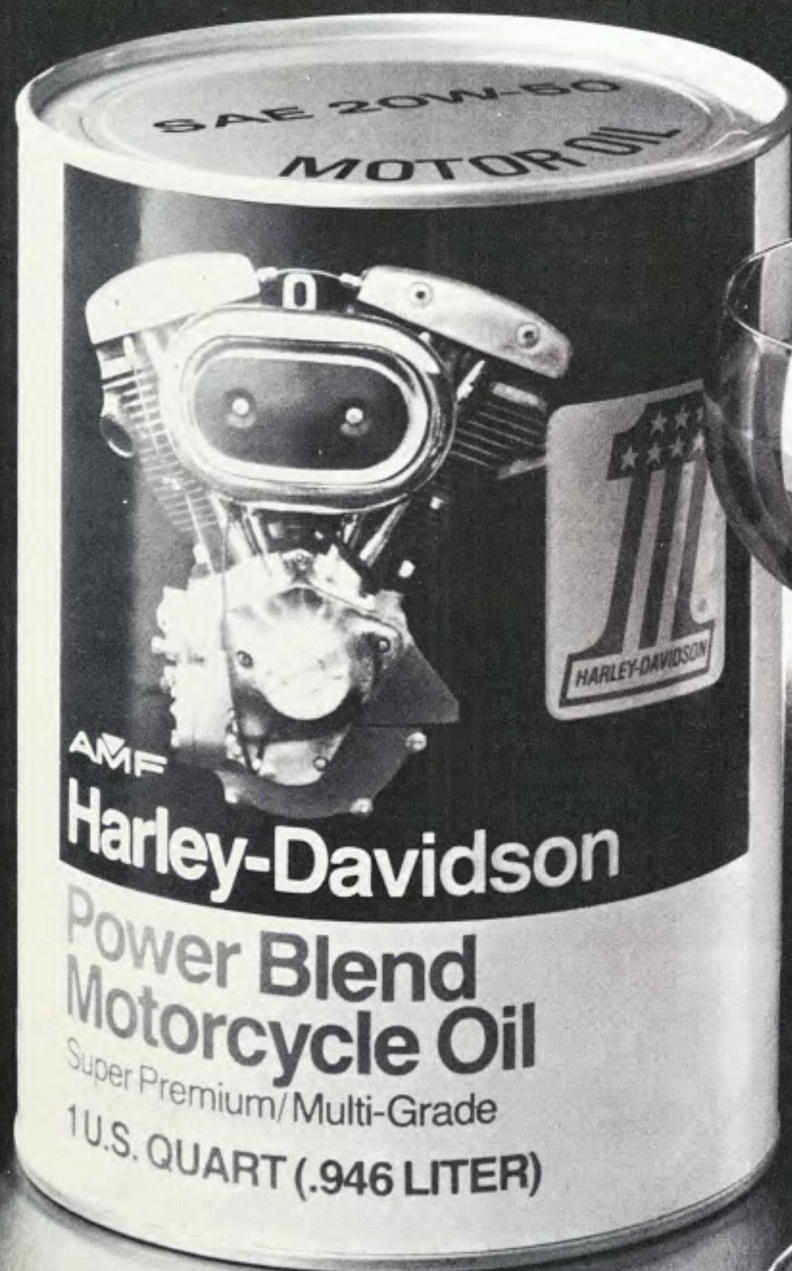


Photos by Pete Chiodo

Owner: John Cameron		City: La Mirada, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1917	
Year and make: 1917 Harley-Davidson		Builder: L. Tidwell	
Model: JD two-cam		Type: Long Beach — cut frame	
Value: not for sale		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: shortened 3½ in.	
Time: long enough		Other alterations: Keystone frame	
Chroming by: friends		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1925 Harley-Davidson racing engine		Risers: homemade	
Model: FH 2 cam		Fender(s): 1914 Harley-Davidson	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: S.M. spotlight	
Ignition: 12 volt coil		Taillight: Crocker	
Displacement: 88 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: 4¼ in. flywheels		Front pegs: shortened floorboards	
Balancing: Motorcycles Only		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: Jans		Electrics: 12-volt generator	
Cases: engine plates		Gas tank: stock shortened 6 in.	
Heads: modern comb. chambers		Oil tank: stock	
Cam(s): Harmon Collins		Oil system: semi-dry-sump	
Lifters: roller		Primary cover: handmade	
Carb(s): Mikuni		Seat: Harley-Davidson racing	
Air cleaner: handmade		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: handmade exhaust enlarged		Height:	
Muffler(s): handmade		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: belt-drive primary		Type: Castle type	
Year: 1958 BSA		Extension: center spring	
Shifting: foot		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: 3-phase belt drive		Special features: military braces	
Trans sprocket: 19		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 34		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 18
Molding: none		Hub: handmade	Hub: Esso Speedway
Painter: Tidwell		Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: black and red		Tire: 3 x 21	Tire: 4.00x18
Type: Imron		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: striped by Jim De Blois			
Other special modifications: handmade intake manifold, spark plugs relocated, old cylinder heads cut off, new heads machined and welded on.			



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Gina



The Instigator

There is a bizarre girl at the party; she's dressed in leather and chains. Most of the men in the room are standing around her. The leather gear and chains seem to have everyone mesmerized. Her sexy clothes and the gleam in her eyes shout trouble. In the corner, the men's ol' ladies steam, while the men flirt with Gina.

"I like to put a bulge in their pants," says Gina with a smirk. "Rubbing my ass against their crotch always works. Their ol' ladies know exactly what they're up to — serves them right."

Unless you're very tough or have a very





Photos by Billy Tinney







good sense of humor, this lady should be avoided. She's the kind of girl who rubs her tits on you, flirts outrageously, and leads you on.

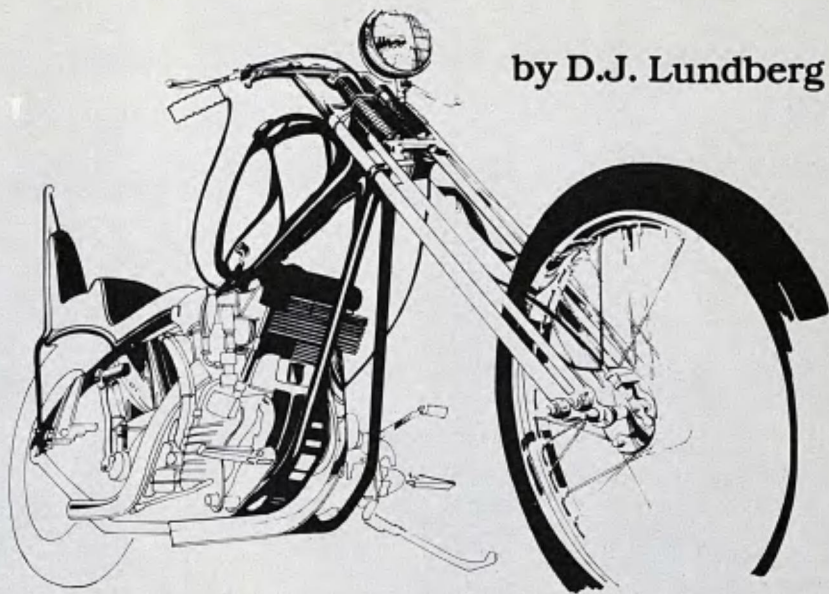
"I like to tease them, light up their eyes, and make them hard," Gina sighs provocatively. "That really makes me horny. To see lust in their eyes makes me hot. I just love to instigate. I dress scantily to attract male attention. They drool all over themselves. The ol' ladies usually kick their men in the balls when they see the looks in their eyes. It's fun to start a fight between a man and his lady." She smiles. "All I do is get his attention by leaning over. Unless the dude's blind, his eyes usually bug out and sweat pours off his forehead as he stares at my boobs. The fight really starts when I smile at him and he smiles back. And men always smile back — they're so naive they go for it every time."

Heat — that's Gina!

— Beast

BIG DAVE

by D.J. Lundberg



Big Dave curled his muscular body lazily against the old oak. In the half light of the warm evening, he took in the easy movements of his dozen or so biker friends. Bros in every sense, he thought, as he listened to mixed conversations about rebuilding Satch's old pan, the two crazy chicks Larry found camping in his garage, and the run on Saturday when Done-For-Danny had a head-on with a wheelbarrow as they laid into the big curve at the Mac Farm. The alcohol was playing a wild game with Dave's senses; he felt good; he was living life his way. A smile added more irregular lines to his face.

That was last Thursday. Now, Dave recalled the moment as the last time he would ever see life as simple and unhassled. The damned heaviness in his chest was like an insult to his youthfulness. Somebody had pulled the plug wires in his brain. He wasn't firing. He sat motionless in the worn chair, as lifeless as his partner, the sleek knuckle outside, had been a year ago when he bought her in a basket. "Basket, casket," he ruminated. A sickening surge rose in his gut. The foggy, jumbled images of the recent violent death of his fine ol' lady at the hand of riled cops swirled nightmare-like in his mind. Nothing ever happened in those demonstrations of hers before, he thought. Just women, mostly sweet, foxy women like his Lory. And they even brought the little rugrats with them. "Why, it was like a day in the park," he mumbled to himself. That's what he had always supposed. He had

never paid any attention to what Lory was into. Women got all wired about the craziest things; he just loved her and fucked her and let her do as she pleased. And for the most part, she never hassled him. She took little Davey everywhere, kept him out of Dave's hair and, in a joint effort, he now realized, they had kept his son out of his life pretty much altogether.

Sitting absolutely motionless in the chair, Dave wished his insides were as still, numb instead of vibrating torturously. He looked at his son. Davey was so small, lying there on his belly and resting on his elbows as he studied the elaborate roadway and bridge he had made for his plastic cars to collide on. Christ, kid, he thought, you go on buildin' and yer mama's dead and yer daddy don't know shit about being a daddy, let alone a mama as well. Do you put on yer own rags, kid? What in hell do ya eat? What the fuck am I gonna do? He got up slowly, never taking his eyes off his son, and moved toward the refrigerator. He grabbed one beer, then two, then — with a sick feeling — replaced the second in the box.

For weeks he let the glistening bike sit — silent and, he supposed, impatient. But it didn't matter. He was like a ghost haunting his own house. Bros and their ol' ladies came and went daily, taking care of Davey, bringing groceries and beer and dope. With the instinct of true friends they left Dave alone. Some of them knew what it was like to have life get turned inside out. Some chicks came over and cooked a few meals and cleaned up the place,

but they didn't come on to him. He was glad.

Even though he had packed up and moved from the world to a place inside himself, he made a point each day of studying his son. He spoke quietly to him, testing for common ground. He touched him playfully one day, hugged him warmly the next. He got on the floor with him and shared the intricacies of building imaginary roads and staging momentous events. He watched the expressions travel over the child's face and he constantly reviewed what he felt about life, what he had come to believe was right and fair, what was worthwhile and pleasurable, what was pure bullshit and hypocrisy. The boy responded quickly and happily to his father's attentions. He seemed to like his bigness and listened intently to his occasional spoken words. Dave thrived on the growing new sense of purpose while his son carefully checked out Dad's hairy arms and the multitude of tattoos. He likes me, Dave thought as his son smiled up at him. And later, when he held the sobbing boy in his lap, he murmured, "He trusts me." That was good. Most parents wanted their kids to love and need them. He felt that liking and trusting would be much better. With that thought in mind, he embarked on his plan.

Months had gone into the preparation. Everything had to be right. He was sure it was as he made a last

mental check. Today was Davey's fifth birthday. They had gotten up before dawn and dressed in near-matching Levi's, T-shirts, and bandanas round their necks. Then Dave brought out his gifts for the excited boy. A pair of real leather boots almost like Dad's and a soft leather jacket that one of the women he knew had covered with silver studs. The boy danced about as he put on his new things, and he raised one small hand in an unmistakable biker salute. Dave made coffee and shared the hot, strong liquid with his son. They would have breakfast later, he thought with a smile. Minutes later, with the sun just beginning to expose the town again, Dave and Davey were outside looking at the big knuckle, all tuned and clean and promising them the open road. The sissy bar was bound front and back with their gear: a two-man tent, sleeping bags, bare cooking essentials, and Davey's own canteen. Dave had carefully secured tools, a first aid kit, a map, and a camera to the load. He patted his wallet confidently, remembering the nights he spent working for a bro in his shop. Yes, everything was ready. He looked at his son, who looked straight back at him. They had made a pact. Together they would share this adventure. Dave stood beside the machine that was born of his own sweat and blood. With half a kick, he brought the eager twin to life. He listened for a moment to the guttural idle with a pleasure that seemed to have been born in him, then he turned and lifted his son into the saddle. He squeezed the small hand in his and mounted the bike. As they made their way to the open road, he felt his son's arms on his sides. He knew from their grasp that Davey was sharing the always new pleasure of the mighty machine's acceleration. He smiled against the wind and rounded the bend out of the city limits.

His thoughts lingered for a moment on the promises of the next two months, then images and a complete scene unfolded in his mind. He was standing in the town's elementary school, Davey by his side all tan and tousled. The kindergarten teacher, holding the registration forms in her hand, eyed Dave suspiciously. "Where is the boy's mother?" Dave looked at her with that smile that added more irregular lines to his face, the smile that told anyone who might see it that no one would ever fuck with little Davey West and get away with it. ■

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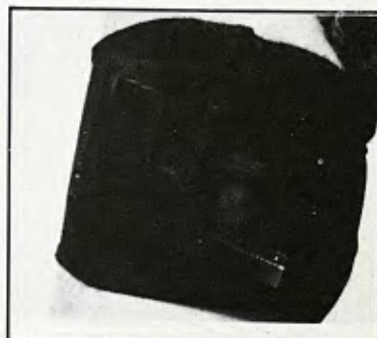
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STASH POUCH



Westy slept in the sun, his head propped up on his flak jacket, his mouth open, drool running through the red dust caked on his face, like a stream through the desert. Flies landed and drank, then settled on his eyelids, but he was too exhausted even to blink them away. He was dreaming of riding his panhead down Main Street, USA. His sweat-soaked jungle fatigues stuck to his body, the steam rising from them smelling of three days in the Rung Sat Special Zone, a swampy Viet Cong-infested district a few miles west of Saigon.

This was one of the last refuges of the true Viet Cong, the hard-line South Vietnamese who had fought as Viet Minh against the French; some had even fought against the Japanese in the '40s.

The North Vietnamese army generals had ordered most of them in suicidal waves against Allied strongholds during the Tet offensive. This accomplished two things: it overran many outposts, and it eliminated many of the South Vietnamese communists by sacrificing them to the American guns, a devious and very effective gambit to rid the communist party of South Vietnamese influence.

The leftovers of all these wars, plots, and counterplots were the epitomes of the survivor. They lived in malaria-ridden swamps, slept in mud domes less than two feet tall, and attacked U.S. ships in the Saigon River with homemade 500-lb. mines attached to the bows of their handmade, hollow-log canoes. Somehow, year after year, they lived on rations a dog couldn't survive on, and they continued to resist what they considered tyranny.

Westy slept on, dreaming of putting with his girlfriend back home, till the explosion and the pain woke him. A homemade VC claymore mine had blown his leg off. "It couldn't happen, it couldn't happen. I'll never ride again," he thought as the dustoff chopper medevacked him out of The Zone.

Now, ten years later, One-leg is still a biker and up on two wheels.

If you are an amputee with an Honorable Discharge, or know one, this information can be very helpful. It will help you or your friends to get back in the wind. Here's the word from One-leg himself on how to get your bike up with VA money.

—Doc

I am a disabled Vietnam veteran, and a full-time Harley rider. As I was reading "Vet Voice," I realized that I was sitting on some useful info for your rag. First, I have been getting **Easyriders** since your very first issue, and also I think "Vet Voice" is right fuckin' on. I am sending you a copy of this VA letter of approval for special equipment for my putt. Depending on what benefits your state offers, you may be entitled to reimbursement for these items. If you're like me, you don't even own a fuckin' cage worth putting anything on. So, after about six months of hard press bullshit and paperwork by the ton, I finally convinced the VA that the benefits that I was entitled to were being wasted with no car, so now they pay for all these things on my scooter. South Dakota is my home state at present. For more info contact me.

One-Leg
427 So. Garfield
Sioux Falls, S.D. 57104

Following is the letter he received from the VA:

Your application for reimbursement for the cost of adaptive equipment on your 1980 motorcycle was considered by our Station Major & Special Medical Equipment Committee on March, 28, 1980.

The above Committee approved reimbursement to you for the cost of adaptive equipment as follows: automatic transmission (parts only), \$237.70; front power brake assembly, \$393.95; rear power brake assembly, \$395.95; mounted brake & shift controls, \$162.90; and citizens band radio, \$216.90. You are also being authorized reimbursement for 3% state sales tax on the first three items of adaptive equipment listed above and 5% sales tax on the last two items of equipment. The total amount of reimbursement being authorized is \$1,476.19.

Sincerely,
Donald C. Halligan, Chief
Prosthetics & Sensory Aids

Post-War Syndrome

★ I'm writing this note because of a radio announcement I heard the other day on KOZZ-FM in Reno, Nevada. The announcement concerned vets who thought they may be experiencing post-war syndrome or other related aftereffects.

I just wanted to mention that I developed or picked up a skin disorder while on active duty in the U.S. Army in Vietnam (14 months) and have been receiving outpatient treatment through the V.A. hospital since March of 1972. I get treatment but I still have a skin problem to this day that can flare up and even be painful, and I was wondering if this was a common occurrence for G.I.s while serving in Vietnam.

James W. Manning
P.O. Box 2495
Carson City, Nev. 89701

Listening, Not Promising

★ Been keeping my yap shut seems like forever, waiting for some of the old bunch to come along and really sound like they give a shit about the rest of us. I completely ignored the bunch of assholes that paraded out in front of the White House tossing medals that the fuckers had bought in hockshops over the fence, and when the multi-

plegic mutha that the Big Brothers tried to con us with started spoutin' shit about what he was gonna do for us, I ignored him too. Now, out of the blue, you guys hit the bricks not promising shit, but listening — that's good. A lot of us might stick around for this act.

I'm an old fart that was a one percenter when Christ was a Corporal, but I parked my H-D and came back in the Corps in '64 thinking that we had a righteous scrap going on. Four years of bullshit and a bullet wound later I said screw it and went back to the streets — not that the 'Nam was a bitch, only the politicians that sat on their fat asses and led the generals around with the military nose in the congressional ass. What a real handjob we got! But then there was always the home to go to, right? Ratshit! How many of us sat in a frigging unemployment office while the fatcat's kid who was busy in college learning how to protest got the cream of the jobs ahead of us? Ever had an employer tell ya, "If you weren't a Vietnam vet, you could have the job?"

What it finally boiled down to was that the government had ya by the ass. Either you got shit on by the job market, or you sat on a corner with a *Continued on page 119*

Choppershopper

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

vertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

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

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

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

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

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)

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)

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. Moltis, P.O. Box 277, Hooksett, N.H. 03106. (96)

"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)

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

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

Sex makes \$8! Call Monica Gold (312) 465-8800, 54 W. Randolph, Suite 606 E-3, Chicago, Ill. 60601. (96)

T-shirt "Fuck it-Just-Fuck it." White on black, \$8.50. Scratch, 6825 Ramsdell, Rockford, Mich. 49341. (97)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start your business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (97)

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 Hurles, Box 3004, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. (100)

Lou "Wolfman" Vaith or Hack-saw: Call Herb, Peggy, or Mary in Seattle. Urgent! Collect (206) 938-0694. (96)

Hawg parts: 1200 eliminator clutch cable \$6.95. Disc pads \$11.95 pr. Chrome pan covers \$19.95 pr. Price list with more parts at comparable prices \$2. Custom Cycle Supply, P.O. Box 47, Waynesville, Mo. 65583. (314) 336-4900. (101)

Brad: Happy birthday (5/19). You're the best, babe. I love you, Sue. (96)

Michael, happy 27th birthday 5-25-81. Love. Your first wife, Diane. (96)

Sex! Sex! Sex! You can enjoy sex at any age with the proper approach. Amazing new discovery makes this possible. Send \$1 for information. Newlife, Dept. E, P.O. Box 1528, Lubbock, Tex. 79408. (96)

Two down and lonely tramps need letters from serious ladies 20-35. Letters w/pictures answered first. John Houk #219816, Bill Owens #227437, Ellis Unit, J-22, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (96)

Mellow, young, good-looking biker, 24, getting out soon. Looking for correspondence from sincere, together chicks. Age and looks not important. Looking for good people. Seeking permanent relationship with righteous lady. Will share life, home, and bike with right ol' lady. Answer all letters, and exchange photos. Write Don, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (96)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (96)

That sweet young thing on page 35 in the Feb. 1981 issue, the one sitting on the chopper. I think you're about the foxiest thing I've ever seen. If you're not all hitched up and involved, take a chance—I did. Call Dago. (313) 732-2814. (96)

Iowa bikers: Ward is your ass, and grass is sweet, so get off your asses and get one of those sweet ladies to write. Send a flick. I will write all who write. Ladies should be in their late 20s or early 30s. I am paroling to Iowa in late 1981. Frank Leon, P.O. Box D-314, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (96)

Ladies: I'm down and depressed, doing 4-9. Grab a paper and pen and drop me a line. I've got blue eyes and blond hair. All foxy chicks show me you care. Gary Price #P-3848, P.O. Box 200, S.C.I., Camphill, Pa. 17011. (96)

Clutch: Happy anniversary (6-30). I love you, Donna. (96)

Sweetcakes: Happy 1st anniversary 8-11-81. I love you, Your ol' man, Rocky. (96)

Mouse: Happy 27th. We'll love you forever. Lyn and Stacey. (96)

Ladies: Outgoing, attractive w/m, 30, 6'1", 185 lbs., seeks slim, attractive lady 18-35 who enjoys riding, people, places, new experiences, and fun. Non-smoker, no rugrats, mellow, smoke okay, no heavy drugs. All letters with picture answered. Brad, Box 4298, Yuma, Ariz. 85364. (96)

Distributors wanted for Pharmaceutical Products. Earn high income. Contact Victor Industries, Box 1254, Lake Grove, N.Y. 11755. (96)

Latin doing time, 30 yrs. old, 5'10", brown eyes, black hair, looking for a sincere marriage-minded lady. Help me start all over again. Send picture. Guillermo Flores, P.O. Box C-12877, Tama, Calif. 94974. (96)

Will pay \$5 for old toy motorcycles. M.J.N., Box 758, Yorba Linda, Calif. 92686. (100)

The Freedom Riders M/C of S.W. Minn. invites all clubs with Freedom Riders patch to a national party and get-together at the Seven-Up Bar and Ranch in Lincoln, Montana, August 1 through 4. For more info call (507) 427-3879 or 427-3362. (98)

In memory of Tim Lorenz, May 11, 1980. The highway took his life while he was riding his Harley. We will miss him forever. Freedom Riders M/C, S.W. Minn. (96)

Young lady, would you like to correspond with a man who has a desire to develop a significant relationship with you? I'm an inmate hoping for release soon. I am 34 years old, 6'1 1/2", 185 lbs., black hair and brown eyes. All letters will be answered immediately. Write me and send photo. You won't be disappointed. Allen Tigner #283712, Ramsey #1 Unit, Rt. 2, Box 1100, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (96)

Looking for Vicki Mager. Remember Current Rider? Alhambra? I do! Get in touch; call collect any time. Jeff Ballantyne (208) 529-2036. (96)

23-year-old Norton rider looking for contact with American bikers and ladies in order to have a good time in the USA at the end of '81. Please write to Marc Hasendonckx, Wuytsbergen 217, B2410 Herentals, Belgium. (96)

Identify real amphetamines and prescription stimulants by using this \$3 pocket guide of the most copied capsules and tablets. Mail to Truckers Numbers List, Box 3932, Wilmington, N.C. 28406. (96)

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

"The Tattooists." This oversized hardcover book features interviews, color, and black and white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." Tattoo News, "A bargain at the price." Fetish Times, "An in-depth exploration of artists in an intriguing manner." Los Angeles Times. Photographs featured in Easyriders. Send \$35 plus \$1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. (100)

Tattoo artists and fans: Subscribe now to Tattoo Life magazine. Really righteous. Full-color photos. Monthly contest. \$25 for 12 issues (\$30 overseas). Groovy, 110 Indian Alley, Winchester, Va. 22601. (96)

45 rider-collector club forming: 2- and 3-wheelers. Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Contact Mangler, P.O. Box 560, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603. (102)

Mature biker, 45 yrs., riding solo, has huge hunger for small-size, affectionate house mouse for living, loving, and riding in Calif. Must be free to relocate. Send scribe, photo, and phone to Solo, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (96)

Tattooing outfit, complete with points, colors, and carry case. Runs on batteries; use it anywhere. Earn extra money or for fun! Send money order for \$102 to S&W Tattooing, Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (97)

Transmission rebuilding: 74s and 45s, 1936 to 1981, and 4 and 5 speeds. Call or write for free catalog. All work guaranteed. Jesus & James, 11870 Edgewood Rd., Auburn, Calif. 95603. (916) 885-1672. (98)

Secret remailing from Virginia. Details, sase, Ty, 147-537 Granby St., Norfolk, Va. 23510. (97)

Lurch: You're different, but you're just like every other ol' lady's ol' man. The fuckin' best! I.L.Y. Number 1%. (96)

Ringo: Happy birthday May 15th. You're the best. I'll love you forever. Jenny. (96)

Bros: Legally save your life. \$12.95 plus \$1.75 postage to P. Hanamoto, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. Money orders only. (96)

"Ruffles" Fitzhugh: Remember Charlie 2/5 Cav, Ft. Hood. If so, contact Stewart now. Rt. 1, Box 374-B, Harmony, N.C. 28634. (96)

Hey, White Lightning: I've got your diamond earring. Love. Scales and Tails. (96)

Legs: Lean, long-legged, small-to medium-breasted women who want to putt and party along with wine and dine, please write me with photo. Thanks. P.O. Box 5082, Glendale, Calif. 91201. (96)

Biker has had scot ripped off. Looking for lady (20-40) who is financially secure and willing to help get another up, so that we can putt around the county. I'm w/35, 6', 165 lbs., blue/gray, lovable and easygoing. Send letters and photo to Nightstalker, 5136 Leonardo DaVinci, Sierra Vista, Ariz. 85635. All letters answered. (96)

Digger: Happy 4th! May we laugh and skinnydip through the rest of our lives together. I love you more today than yesterday. Pam. (96)

Single biker, age 31, 5'10", 170 lbs., blond hair, and blue eyes is looking for one-man woman with no hangups. I am loyal, honest, and have a good sense of humor. Please, no heavy boozers or drug addicts. Let's ride and share life together. Write with pic to Bill Y., 6435 Newville Ave., Las Vegas, Nev. 89103. (96)

Wild Bill's Tattooing, Roseville, Calif. By appointment only. (916) 782-9090. (96)

Somewhat erudite biker looking for lady to ride the summer away. Reserved but easygoing 34-year-old into meaningful dialogue. All correspondence answered. Would enjoy a picture. Bill B., P.O. Box 137, Felton, Calif. 95018. (96)

Hawk: Happy belated birthday, 3-26-81. Would've been our fourth. Love, Lyle. (96)

Scouter: To the only man I need or want. Happy birthday, lover! Let's have lots more together. Love, Carol—and Kobi too. (96)

Forced to sell: 82 back issues #1-#96. \$250. S. McKeown, N. Grand Ave., Poughkeepsie, N.Y. 12603. (96)

Continued on page 126

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.

For Ron "Chain" Anderson, In Phoenix, you had the love of everyone who knew you. The short time we spent living, loving, and riding has changed my life. Love you always, T. Robin and all of us in Phoenix.

In memory of Bob "Speedy" Balagno. You always said, "Fight hard, love hard, die young." You are a permanent bro of ours. You lived life to the fullest; lived through fiery hell. A real special being. Glen and Sarra.

In memory of "Tae-Kwon-Do Joe" Mancuso. Now we know only the good die young. May you ride your 80 in heaven forever. We all love you, Jim "Disco" Ovellette and all your bros in Willimantic.

In memory of Lobo and Shorty, July 1, 1980. They ride forever in the sky. We ride for those who die. Love ya both, Giant.

In memory of my brother Lance W. Hupp. I hope you're resting in peace now. Ride forever. I'll never forget you, L'il Brother Kevin, D-13 MC.

In memory of Doug Anderson, 11-1-80. An easy-going bro who loved life as much as we loved him. The good die too young. Ride on, bro, till we all ride together again. Fast Fred, Pete (Dog), Kenny (Pig), Mark, and Prem.

In memory of Robert J. "Unrighteous Bob" Stewart. We are all still loving you, bro. We'll miss that dirty devilish laugh of yours and especially you. Ride 'em hard in Harley Heaven. All your bros and sisters forever. Monica, Kathy, Maechelle, and Laura-Lea, Spokane, Wash.

In memory of Hill, 3-19-80. You're gone a year and I still love and miss you. Your ol' lady, Tracy.

In memory of Wild Bill, V.P. Black Sabbath's MC, ambushed by a chickenshit 11-2-80. You are gone from us but you will never be forgotten. You will always be in our hearts and thoughts. Your brothers, Black Sabbath's MC, Charleston, W. Va.

In memory of Steve McQueen, a true motorcycle enthusiast, R.I.P. Jonesy, Conn.

In memory of Keith Kohak, who put a roof over my head and treated me like a brother. Your bro will always remember you. I'll always drink a beer and crack the throttle for you. Good memories forever. Batch from Canada.

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.

Downed soul of the road doing a short bit wants to hear from women, Christopher Botana, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

Lonely bro needs some lovely young ladies to write and send pix. I need you to help keep up the work of getting out. Harvey Smith #23376-168, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

27-year-old Minneapolis bro ain't found no female pleasure. If you'd like me to come all over your picture, send it to Johnnie Knudsen #23376-168, Box 1000, Milan, Mich. 48160.

Need pics and chicks to brighten my day. Down hiker in N.Y. Ronnie DeFeo #75A4053, Box B, Danemora, N.Y. 12929.

I'm 29, 6'4", 210. Looking for serious-minded ladies to write to. If I ever get out, maybe we can get a thing going. Danny King #307879, D-1-15, Box 16 Eastham, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

I really need a lady to send a few sweet words to help me make it through this shit. Billy McKinney #287520, Ellis Unit, H-19, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Lonely man will accept mail from anyone. Lee Arney Page #101-795, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Downed bro looking for ladies of any kind to write and send flicks. Charles R. Turner #A049035, D-164, 500 Orange Ave. Cir., Belle Glade, Fla. 33430.

Downed scooter freak doing time would like to hear from some foxy lady. Also, anybody who knows Gypsy from Devils Demons, write to Harold Jock #36566, 177 Weston St., Hartford, Conn. 06120.

Lonely incarcerated Libra, 27, 6'1", 170, with brown hair and blue eyes, seeks sexy, sincere, semi-wealthy females for correspondence. Richard Ray Stalker #C-16791, B-75, Box 107, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

With no family, mail, television, or radio, life is boring. Any women who care, please write Raymond Maxson #A91093, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434.

Been a rollin' stone too long. Need a woman with a heart and soul that won't let a man down to stand alone. Anthony Cappelletti #126290, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, Md. 21202.

Very warm and compassionate lonely bro needs help very badly. Would appreciate a letter of friendship or encouragement. Ronald Thompson #B-8251-A, H-265, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

26 years old, doing time. Could use letters from ladies 18 to 30 and photos. Bob Hayes #155127, MCTC Box 3333, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Downed bro doing time could use mail from all ladies. Will answer all. Douglas Stokes #84235, Box 188 DI, La Grange, Ky. 40031.

Lonely white male seeking a friendly or unfriendly letter from nice female. It's lonely in the joint. L. Donnie Brown, 260 Kemper Rd., Shelby, N.C. 28150.

40-year-old doing time and lonely as hell without any mail. Come on, ladies, send this con some letters. Will answer all. Charles Jackson #152333, Box 534, Jessup, Md. 20794.

Lonely 20-year-old outlaw would like to hear from ladies everywhere. Dave Riemer, Box C-14624, San Quentin, Calif. 94974.

I need some sweet-smellin' female mail. Bruce Fortin, Box B76762, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

26-year-old bro who's in a fix till '86. Henry Durden #EF-123442, G-2, Reidsville, Ga. 30499.

23-year-old w/m would like to hear from nice lady. Please send flick. Dean A. Goble #A-90004, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.

Good-lookin' sweet-talkin', lonely prisoner got words of love for sincere lady. Write and send flicks. Clifton Miller #B-88596, CTF Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Death Row inmate would love to hear from any willing to help in any kind of way in his last days. Roosevelt Green, Box 3877, H-1-20, Jackson, Ga. 30233.

Sincere prisoner, 26, needs letters from warm, loving ladies. Please write to Clyde W. Haire #44097, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

I need free people to write a downed scooter tramp. It's lonely way out here in the sticks. Pete Mayes #075701, M-12, Apalachee Correctional Inst., Box 699, Sneads, Fla. 32460.

Lonely prisoner needs letters. Willie Williams, Box B-60860, CTF North, L8113, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Mex/Tex, 24, needs pretty ladies to write and to cheer me up. Please hurry and drop a line. Joe Garcia #N-00880, Box 500, Graham Corr. Center, Hillsboro, Ill. 62049.

W/m, 36, 6', with brown hair and hazel eyes. Looking for that special lady 18 to 36. Stanley N. Garrett, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

A young buck downed in Vermont needs any female 20-35. Please write soon. Bill Pfeiderer, 7 Farrell St., South Burlington, Vt. 05401.

Down, but not out. Could dig a few words from some sweet babes and some pictures, too. Larry Williams #10213, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Make our days brighter and drop us a line. Will answer all. Terry Robinson #96187 and Kenneth Laughlin #109414, JHCC, Rt. 1, Box 548, Lexington, Okla. 73051.

Downed midwestern bro would enjoy letters and photos. Robert Bienkowski #39903, Box 7, 2-A-326, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Lookin' for some little mamas to keep me. Lookin' up ones with spirit and foxy pictures. Michael Stewart #33133, Box 2800, Lincoln, Neb. 68502.

White, 21, redheaded, and wild. Lost my ol' lady and am in need of letters from sweeties 18-40. Send pics; be sincere. Forrest Elliott, Sr. #112-342, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Lonely bro doing time would like some sincere ladies to write and send flicks. Will answer all letters. Mike Johansen, 901 E. Musser Ave., Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Lonely bro would like to hear from ladies. K. Lowenstein, Box C-17095, CTF North, LA-248, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Another year and a half and we'll meet. So write and let's get acquainted. Craig Bauwens, Box C-16860, MCU-335, CTF Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Been down seven years and need some letters from some foxy ladies. All you ladies who know me, write, okay? James Cupit #97147-131, Box 33, Unit 3-J, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

Bro looking for freedom, if only in the mind. All ladies, please write and help the blind to see again through the heart. Michael W. England #116-235, Deep Meadows Corr. Center, State Farm, Va. 23160.

Southern tramp down and wants correspondence with big-hearted, pretty ladies who will write. Charles Ingle #10659-05, Box 428, Newland, N.C. 28657.

Will answer all letters from single ladies. Robert Elkins #4978, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

This loner has fallen again and needs to hear from all you open-minded young chicks. Flashy photos more than welcome. Eric Ford, Box B-34630, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Looking for that gorgeous garden of freedom to ease my lonely days. Write Kim Anthony Ballone, Box 431, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

Anyone want to write a nice guy? Steve Curington #A-92932, Box 87, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Crazy, kinky, can't spell, but try like hell. Need letters and photos to pass the time, so come on, drop me a line. Woodrow A. Morgan #98062, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

28-year-old wants mail, photos, and maybe visits from any good-looking young ladies 18-40. Doc Holiday #19345, Box 911, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57101.

I'm a 25-year-old biker, sincere, honest, and lonely. Please write and send a smile. Looks and age not important, as long as you're real. Dennis S. Owens #90101, Camp D, Eagle 2, Angola, La. 70712.

Young scooter tramp's looking for some foxy, righteous ladies who would be interested in visits. Send flick if possible. John Rhoades, 135 W. Market, Warrensburg, Mo. 64093.

He Likes Me!

You scag, you hag, you sleazy slut, sweet fungus lies between your thighs, and worms crawl out your butt. Before I'd climb your scaly leg to lick your greasy tits, I'd drink a gallon of buzzard piss and die of the screamin' shits.

Renegade
Georgetown, Del.

- Do you kiss your mommy goodnight with that mouth?

Advice For A Wimp

I'm almost 16 and in love with a guy that's 21. He's in Fort Bragg and I've been trying to get into his pants for two years. Just when I think we've got something going, he stops writing. I don't know if I should keep trying or tell him to get butt-fucked.

The only reason I'm still living with my parents is that if I left, he wouldn't know where to find me. I've been dying to go on the road with my friends, but if there's a chance left with this dude, that would blow its balls off. What do you think I should do?

Confused and lonely
Fresno, Calif.

- Go down to the biggest truck stop in town and let the rednecks pound the baby fat off your sickenin', wimpy ass.

Sleazy Remarks

Hey, bag, can you open your mouth without some sleazy-ass remark comin' out? We really wanna know.

Rodak & Wispy
Moorehead, Minn.

- Shit, piss, fuck. No!

She'll Be Taken Care Of

I need your expert advice! I am in the Navy and getting married in a few months. Right after that I'll be going to sea for six months, leaving the ol' lady all by herself in this crazy place.

What should I do?

Road Runner
Norfolk, Va.

- Send Spider her address.

Miraculous Mushrooms

Ha, bitch! I'm in the Army (one of my worst problems) and I'm on my way to Colorado, where the mushrooms grow wild. I was thinking you might be able to help me find a book on mushrooms and how to prepare them for the best buzz. Can you help me?

Denver-bound
Fort Monmouth, N.J.

- First, ya gotta let 'em grow between your toes and in the crack of your ass for a few months.

Sell Your What?

Can you tell me what's wrong with a girl when she wants ya to sell your Harley so you can marry her — I mean besides being un-American?

A faithful reader
St. Louis, Mo.

- She has her head up her ass and is sufferin' from diarrhea.

Try It This Way

Listen, Mutha, I'm not a bad-lookin' chick! I've got brown hair, blue eyes, and I'm not fat even though I do have a big chest (44D). I have lots of friends and a couple of bed

partners, but none of them seem able to satisfy me. I'm 18 years old and I've never reached the breaking point (climax).

Either I've been fucking the wrong guys or the guys don't know how to fuck! Why don't you suggest a couple of bros for me to try, or let me borrow Spider for a couple of hours.

B.T.
Twinsburg, Ohio

- Maybe the dudes you're fuckin' can't get all the way in with them 44s in the way. Try takin' it doggy style. As for Spider, I think I better go check the padlock on his cage; it seems someone heard him say somethin' about baggin' out for Ohio.

Scum Flick

Did you ever appear in a class-D biker movie called "Run, Angel, Run"? We caught the turkey today. There was this old, ugly, drunk broad passed out at the bar, sitting next to five bikers. I swear it was you. You haven't changed in twenty years.

Speed and Fido
Jonesboro, Ark.

- Even Mutha's got a mother.

Too Hot To Handle

If you're so great, how come you never print any pictures of you and that greasydick Spider doin' it?

Jim
Chino, Calif.

- They ain't invented any paper strong enough to handle it.

Noisy Blowjob

I have a problem I hope you can help me with. I'd write Dear Abby, but I don't think she knows which end of a dick to suck on. My ol' lady loves to give head. A lot! This is not the problem. After years of giving

me head, her jawbone socket is wearing out. Now when she gives me head her jaw snaps. It's hard to get an intimate blow-job with everyone around knowing exactly what's goin' on. Can WD-40 be injected into the socket, can it be rebushed, or is there any other way you recommend?

Sasquatch
Loomis, Calif.

- Only a pussy — an' I don't mean a tomcat — would be embarrassed to have his bros know he's gettin' a headjob. Be grateful her jaw ain't snappin' shut.

A Love Note

You ain't nothin' but a weak-kneed, slack-jawed, take-it-in-the-mouth, crave-it-in-the-ass bitch. Not to mention dog-ass-eatin' whore. And if ya don't print this in yer fucked-up "problem column" you ain't shit. And if ya don't send me the flick ya owe me from last year, I'll put the word out that you acquired that big-ass belly of yours from suckin' pig dicks!

Now what? Ya want more?
Redeye #1
Soledad, Calif.

- Yeah, more! More! Ya turn me on. Ya make the hair stand up and curl all over my body.

Mr. Tease

I wouldn't stick my talented tongue in your tainted twat for all the tea in Taiwan, and that's that.

Ol' Teflon Tongue
Tapatoo, Tenn.

- Tough titty, you turkey.

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.



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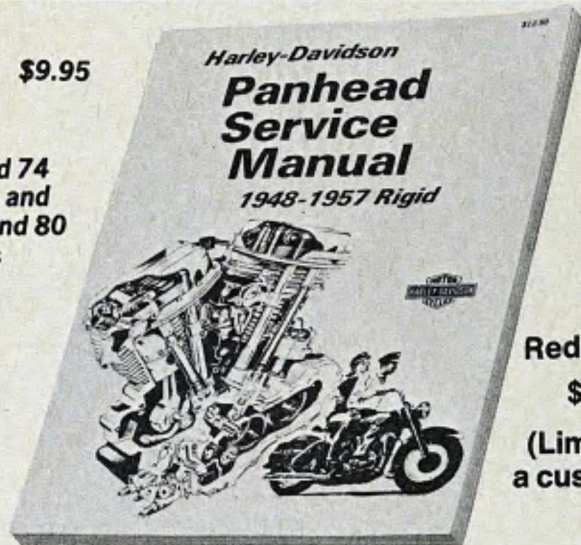
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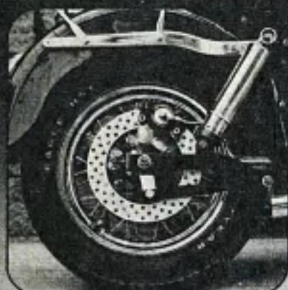
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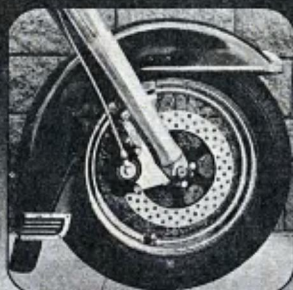
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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

40 Mile Run

Continued from page 18

twisted and turned through the forest. The two big Harleys skidded through ruts and over fist-sized rocks, keeping their riders balanced precariously, often maintaining only the thinnest edge of control.

When they reached the top, Billy paused and Boots rolled to a stop beside him. Above the popping, cracking roar of the exhaust, Billy shouted, "Ten miles down, maybe thirty to go."

Boots nodded. "All downhill from here."

"Most of it," Billy agreed. He was moving then, and as his taillights disappeared around the first bend, Boots followed.

Around the next bend there was nothing but darkness, and the bend after that held the same. Boots found himself unconsciously twisting the throttle, far outriding the weak beam of his headlight and more than outriding the few months' riding experience he'd received. Loneliness set in with the solitude, and tiny fingers of fear gripped at his throat. Only the vague smell of Billy's exhaust reassured him that he was not alone.

Finally, after another ten miles, the road leveled, dipping through a dry streambed before cutting a straight line through a long, wide hay field. Billy slowed, and Boots sped up until they were racing side by side past mountains of dried hay that stood as silent sentries to their passing. They flashed smiles, nothing more, both glad to be together once again. Both bikes flew over the nearly smooth surface of the dirt road and a tingle of excitement washed through Boots's body. That was a feeling that had been totally alien to him until only a few short months before, when he and Billy had first flown over from the States to join Clayton's special task force in the fight against the Fuehrer.

The speedometer was reaching for seventy when Boots rolled off the throttle to let Billy take the lead again. The end of the field was approaching fast, and soon the dark bulk of Billy and his bike vanished into the long-reaching shadows of the forest. Boots cut his speed even more, keeping his eyes glued to the road ahead and the now familiar orbs of Billy's taillights. And then the whole night turned sour. Billy's

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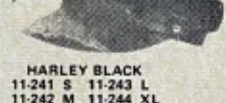


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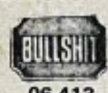


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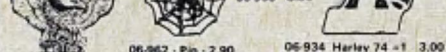
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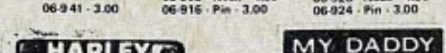
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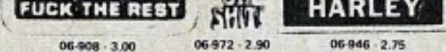
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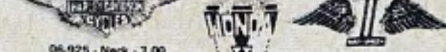
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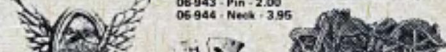
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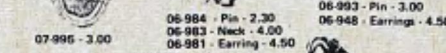
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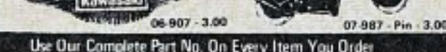
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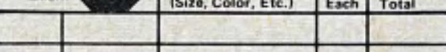
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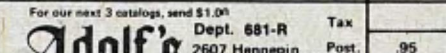
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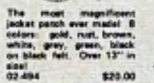
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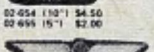
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02-671 51" 00-927 52" 02-448 54.75



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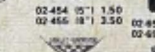
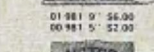
02-684 \$1.00



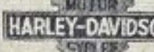
01-981 9" \$6.00
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02-454 10 1/2" \$4.50
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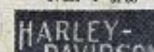
02-663 \$1



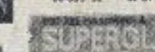
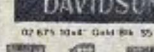
02-681 \$1



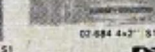
02-674 11" \$6.00
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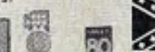
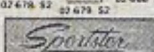
02-675 10 1/2" 04 1/2" \$5



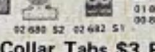
02-676 \$2 02-679 \$2



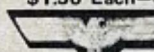
01-984 10 1/2" \$3
06-944 5 1/2" \$1



02-680 \$2 02-682 \$1



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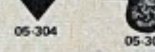
02-678 4 1/2" \$1



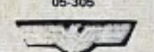
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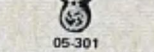
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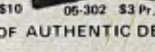
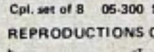
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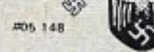
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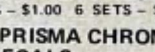
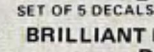
05-302 \$3 Pr.



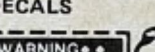
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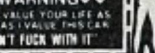
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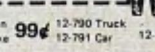
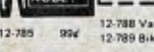
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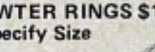
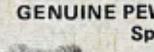
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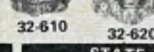
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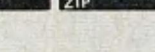
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taillights were wobbling, his bike skidding out and going down. Boots's hands and feet moved in a blur, locking the brakes and shutting the Harley down to a standstill.

Boots kept the Harley in low while he braced the big machine with one leg. Billy's taillights still burned but they were down now, unmoving. Boots waited and watched and listened. He heard no sound and he saw no movement. Finally he eased the cycle on a little, keeping one foot on the ground while his headlight played over the road ahead. He was closer then, and in the glow of the outer reaches of his lights he saw movement on the trail, above the trail.

A dry, wrenching sob tore at his body and he rode closer, knowing what he was going to find. He stopped the motorcycle a few yards away and jerked it onto its centerstand, letting it idle in neutral. Ahead of him Billy still swung gently by the neck. A fine strand of piano wire stretched between a pair of close-growing spruce had stopped an inch short of taking his head off completely.

Boots snapped the wire with his pliers and lowered Billy gently to the ground. It was over. Billy was gone. The soft, still warm piece of flesh he held in his arms was no more Billy than the memory of their last race across the fields. And because of the goddam Army and a sonofabitch named Hitler and a satchel full of papers, he wasn't even going to have time to see to the body.

Boots knelt beside his friend for a moment longer, fighting back his feelings of sorrow and panic. A cold wind brushed his face and an uncontrollable shiver shook his body. He pulled Billy into the woods and laid him out under the spreading branches of a spruce. Next he went back for the cycle, riding it in close to the body. Billy's tent half was strapped to the rear fender, and Boots used this to cover the body. It was all he could do. It was all he had time to do. When he got back, if he got back, he would see that Billy was taken care of properly. Until then all he could do was leave the Harley to watch over his friend.

The next several miles passed in a blur and it wasn't until the dark forest ended and he was again riding in the open that Boots was able to pull his mind back to the present. He downshifted to low, then coasted to a stop, looking startled at the brightness of the moon. He hadn't remembered it being like

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this earlier. Everything hadn't seemed so clear. It was probably two full miles to where the two bikes sat so close together, but he could see them as clearly as if they were only a few hundred feet away.

He rode on, taking his time and keeping a wary eye on the bikers until they started to ride out to meet him. He smiled then and his body relaxed with relief. He'd made it. Sentries ahead, and shortly after he could turn his satchel over to General Parish and be through with the evening. He had a lot to do tonight. A lot that didn't involve the Army. But first, before he did anything, he needed some time to himself. Time to think. To feel, if he could. Maybe even time to mourn. Billy had been a very good friend for a very long time.

The cycles weren't Harleys. That's what first touched his senses. They didn't have the Harley sound. And to one who knew, the Harley sound was unmistakable. So it was the sound that gave him his first warning. And his first inkling of fear. And looking closer, he saw that the moon hadn't been so bright after all. Because it wasn't until now, when they were a mere fifty yards away, that he saw that they weren't Harleys at all, but rather BMWs. And astride them two young German soldiers were exchanging uncertain glances.

There was only one opening that Boots saw and he took it without hesitation. As the two young Germans were slowing to a standstill, Boots poured it on. He gunned the Harley in an explosion of dirt, dust, and exhaust, putting the front wheel in a direct line with the narrow gap between the Krauts. Shouts and screams came at him from above the roar of the bike and he felt the brief patter of an exhaust against his leg as he shot between the two. One of the pair veered off through the field while the other lost control and dumped his machine.

And then Boots was free, racing through the long meadow toward whatever came next. A shot rang out behind him, then another. Soon both soldiers had opened up on him with their rifles and from time to time dust was kicked up in the road ahead of him. At least two bullets struck the canvas warbag he carried strapped to his rear fender. The rifle fire slackened, then stopped altogether, and for a while he thought he'd made it. Until a solid *whomp* took him in the back of the left

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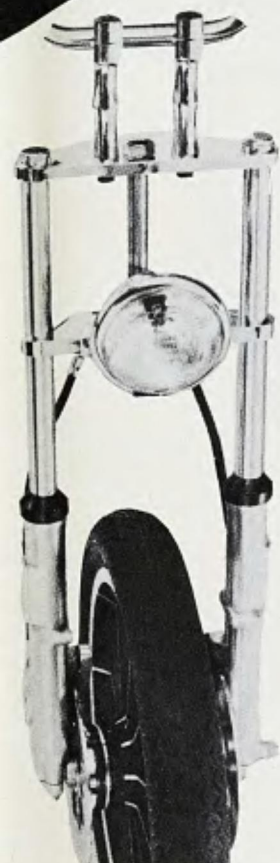


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shoulder and quickly spread through his body. For a moment he was flooded with dizziness and the road faded in and out of focus. His bike swerved and almost left the road, but he managed to bring it back under control. The night air was cold against his face and it bit at his lungs. He'd automatically slowed some, but now he was pouring it on again, his head clearing with the cold. Within minutes he was out of range and, shortly after, he was topping a ridge and starting down the far side.

The lights of a village glowed below, maybe twenty or thirty houses, with a few businesses near the center, sharing the same road he took. The Harley picked up speed on the downgrade and the handlebars were bucking against his hands. His left hand still held the rubber grip, but there was no strength in it, and his shoulder was numb. A warm, sticky sensation was spreading across his chest. Blood! His blood. And suddenly the road was blurring again, swimming before his eyes.

The road widened and he passed the first of the houses on his right. The front wheel hit a chuckhole and flipped to the left. He couldn't hold it. The handlebars were torn from his grasp and he cried out as the bike spun out from under him, throwing him from the saddle to land with a bone-jarring impact. He rolled three times before stopping face down against the hard-packed earth.

It seemed like a long time before he was able to move. He pushed himself over with his good arm, and when the giddiness passed, he staggered to his feet. His face felt raw and there was a salty sting to his lips. Three teeth moved loosely beneath his tongue.

The whole town was dark now, not a light showed. A dog barked at the far end of the street, then quieted with a yip. Boots turned to face the ridge, and his breath caught in his throat. The two BMWs were halfway there and closing fast. He looked at his own bike, dead and dark, and at himself. Both were in the shadows of a two-story Swiss-styled cottage. And with a little luck both were out of sight of the Krauts.

Boots reached for the Thompson and his knees buckled, dropping him to the ground. He reached again and grasped the scarred, wooden butt of the weapon and pulled it toward him. The two Germans were just entering the edge of



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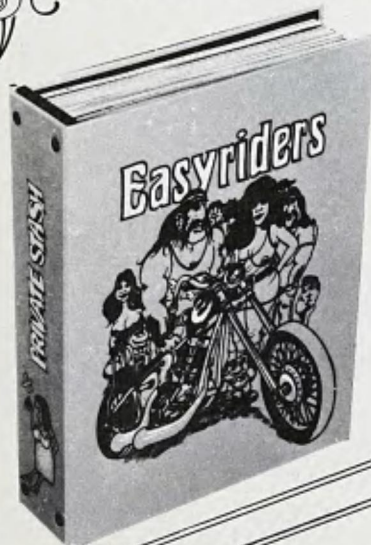
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town when Boots drew down on the lead bike and fired a quick burst. The Thompson bucked against his shoulder, and for a moment he was blinded by a muzzle flash. The first rider swerved into the path of the second, and they both went down in a scream of metal. Boots let go with another burst, then turned and headed for the safety of the cottage.

The door was barred from the inside, so he made his way around to the far side, expecting the flesh-tearing impact of a Luger every step of the way. But he made it without a shot being fired, and when he did, he put his back against the building and slid into a sitting position. As his heart slowed and his breathing returned to normal, he once again began to feel the effects of his wound. For the first time, it really dawned on him that he had been shot and the implications caused his breathing to quicken once more. He removed his coat, then gently unbuttoned his shirt and peeled it away from the wound. His whole shoulder was bruised, and in back a small, purplish hole oozed blood.

Boots leaned back against the building and sucked in a lungful of air. It was going to take a lot, but he had no choice. That satchel had to get to Parish, and he couldn't waste time playing cat and mouse with any Jerries. He was the only one left to do the job, and with his shoulder, he knew he wouldn't have much time left before the fever and sickness set in.

What was it to Villa Romora? Five miles? Ten at the most. Chances were the road between here and Parish's headquarters would be more traveled and in better condition. Say twenty minutes if he could get to his bike and get a headstart.

He glanced out at his machine, and his lips went dry. How had the



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shadows seemed so dark before, when it looked so clear now?

In answer, the whole valley darkened for a moment, then cleared almost immediately. Of course. Clouds. He looked upward, to where a scattering of clouds moved almost lazily to the north. There was his solution. He would have to make his escape when the moon was darkened.

He watched the mass of torn metal for any signs of life and saw none. Was the German lying in wait behind the cycles or had he moved off to other cover while Boots was examining his wound? Or were both of them dead, one under the barrage of Boots's Thompson and the other in the crash?

He looked at his own cycle again, and as he did the light began to fade. He looked up as the darkness spread. The moon slid behind another mass of clouds. Now, now, now! he thought. No time for thinking, no time for plans. Just time for action. Boots surged to his feet, took one step forward, then broke into a run, his eyes shifting constantly from one threatening shadow to the next. He reached his cycle and stooped, sliding the Thompson into the leather scabbard and grabbing the handlebars in one easy motion. He jerked and grunted and a sharp, wrenching bolt of pain stabbed through his torso. A white-hot flash of light crossed his vision and the blood drained from his face. Even in his urgency, Boots was unable to move for a long minute.

The clouds were passing quickly. By the time the spasm passed and Boots was able to swing his leg over the saddle, the moon's light was racing across the valley. Somehow the Harley's switch had been shut off in the crash. Boots flipped it back on, checked the spark, then lunged against the kickstarter. The cycle coughed, choked, and died. Boots almost cried out in the silence. Again he lunged. This time, miraculously, the engine caught. Boots adjusted both throttle and spark, dropped the clutch into first, and spun out.

The popping of the exhaust rolled out against the buildings before thundering back in a lusty roar. Yet, even above the roar, he could hear the German. Shouts and curses in a strange language. The bark of a pistol. Twice the wind that whistled past his ears carried a buzz. Shot after shot was fired after him, and the bike seemed to jerk like a live thing as a chunk of metal was

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severed from the rear fender. Yet, no damage was done, and soon both he and his bullet-riddled cycle were safely free of the village.

He shifted to high, and even that small effort seemed to take its toll, yet he knew he was going to make it now. Like a swimmer getting his second wind, he felt the strength flow through his body. His vision cleared and, at the same time, so did his mind. He was thinking clearly, seeing clearly, hearing clearly.

The road beneath his tires was smooth and flat, and the trees that threatened to thicken into another forest flashed past in a blur.

The road curved to the south and began to drop. Two large mountains towered above him, and he figured the road would wind down between these. Villa Romora would likely be near the base, at the far side of the mountain.

The trees were thickening more and more, and ahead the road dipped near a rocky outcropping. A river appeared at his left, and this also disappeared near the rock. A canyon, then. And the road would go with it, following a course the river had cut ages ago. Boots slowed as he approached the first sharp drop, and it was then that he risked a backward glance.

The single beam of a motorcycle's headlamp bounced over the road a quarter-mile behind him. Boots looked forward just as the front wheel dropped with the road toward the canyon's floor.

It seemed that he rode for hours as each second stretched toward a minute. The road, still hard and smooth, twisted and turned, as a snake would, writhing from a fatal wound. The river thundered on his left, cascading downward in white, turbulent foam. Its power far out-matched the power of Boots's cycle. Or the cycle behind.

How far back was the German now? Or was he gaining at all? And if so, how fast? How far to Villa Romora and General Parish? And how long could he last? His body was taking a beating, and his shoulder, which had started bleeding soon after leaving the village, was still flowing freely. Although he still felt he could make it, there was a tremor in his hands and his reactions were starting to slow. And while his mind was still clear, both his vision and hearing were beginning to dull, to lose their sharpness.

He rode on, the thumping beat of the Harley lulling him into a kind of stupor in which only he, the Harley, and the road existed. They flashed

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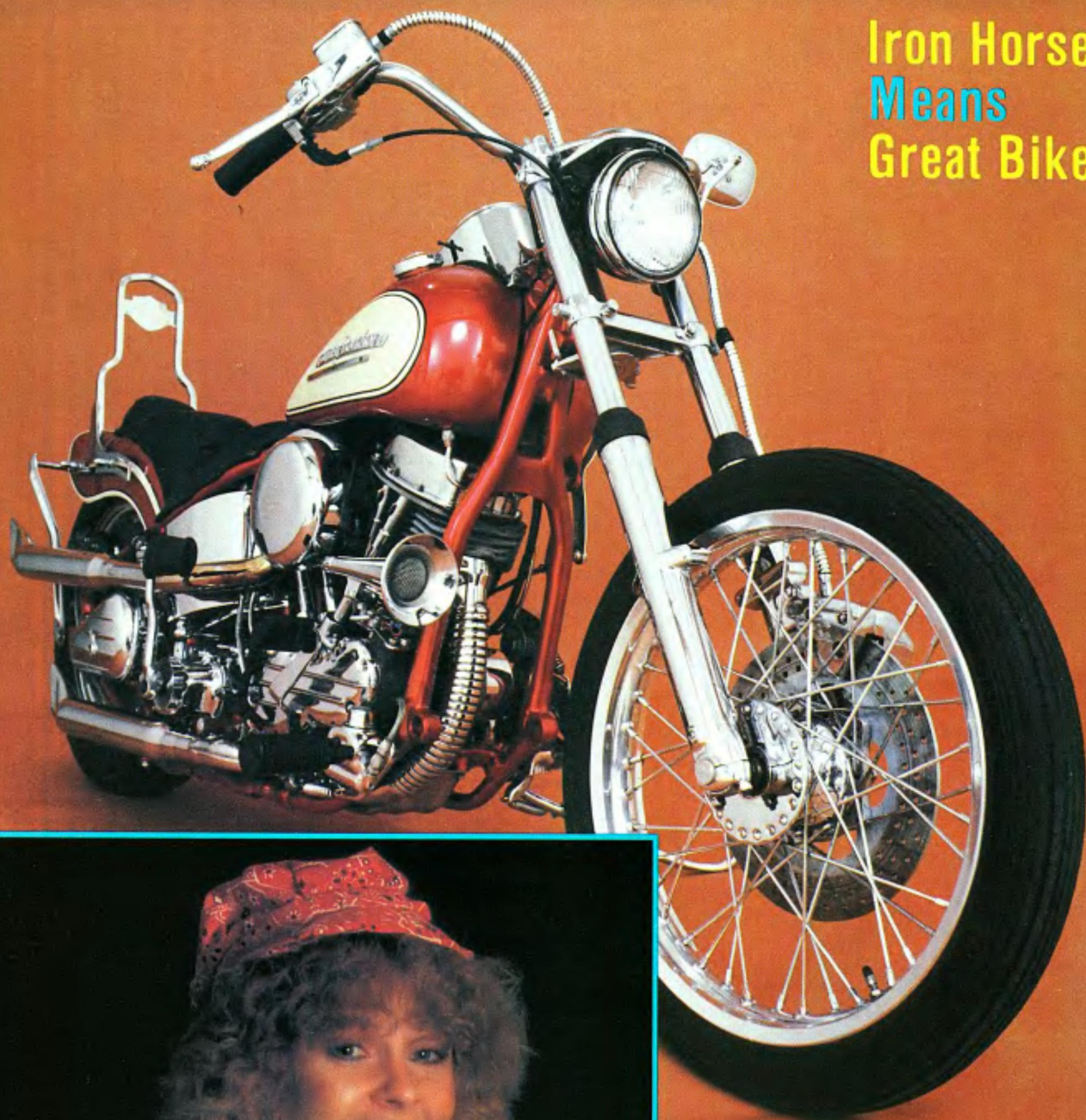
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on and the miles dropped away. His speed decreased. The Harley's roar was a rumble now, and above it, unnoticed, came the high-pitched whine of a BMW, wound to its limit. It wasn't until the front wheel was nudging past the corner of his vision that Boots was broken from his trance and jolted back into the harsh reality of his position. As he straightened in the wind, his hand momentarily rolled off the throttle and the BMW surged up beside him, barely four feet to his side. Boots stared at his enemy with a startled look. It was his first close look at his foe.

He was a kid. A blond-haired, blue-eyed kid with more guts than sense. The kid perched atop the tall leather seat and hung onto his handlebars tightly. He gave Boots a quick glance and his eyes were wide with fear. The kid moved his machine in closer and Boots felt his heart jump like a fish when he realized what the soldier had in mind. No guns here. Not at this speed and on this road. It was a duel. A duel between the two riders.

They raced side by side for a while, then suddenly the kid darted in. Boots's reaction was instant, if a little clumsy. As soon as the kid closed, he lashed out, twisting the wick as he did. His boot struck the kid's bulky tank and threw him back. The BMW jerked to the side, the tires losing traction, and then Boots was once again riding by himself.

He slowed to a mere crawl and looked behind him, but the road was empty; the only spot open was the cliff above the river. Boots looked again at the white water and thought of its raw, surging power. There would be no survivors from that.

After the private led Boots from the general's expensively decorated private office, Parish turned to his orderly and said, "Christ, Howard, how could I tell him?"

"You handled it just right, sir. It was all you could've done."

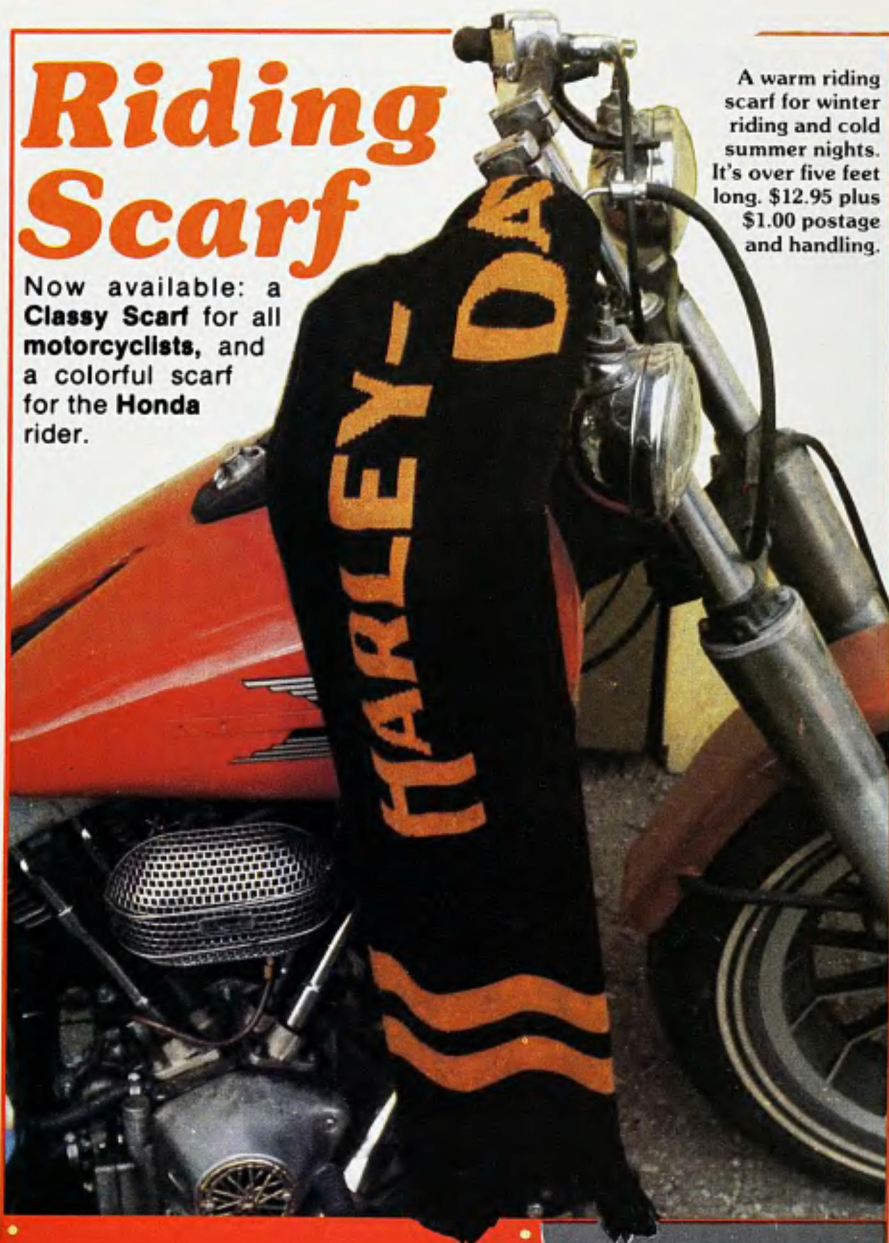
The general shook his head and sank wearily into an overstuffed leather chair. "It's a hell of a note, Howard. What are we going to do with false information that was supposed to fall into enemy hands six hours ago?"

Howard brought the general his early morning cup of coffee and set it on the desk before him. "It's a rough war, General."

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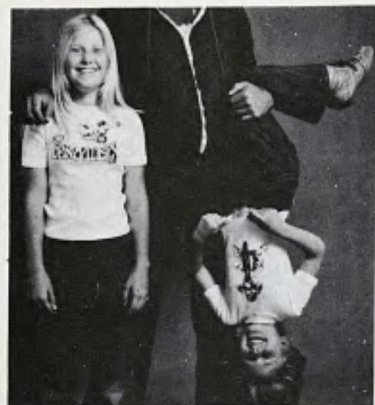
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A Bet's A Bet

Continued from page 27

grinning straight into his beady little eyes. That alone made him nervous enough to tilt his fancy cowboy hat over his fat face, trying to look tough. "Has inheritin' your daddy's junkyard softened your alleged brains, man? Neither you or your goat-ropin' buddies" — I scanned the array of uneasy expressions — "tell me what to do, remember?"

His overweight audience took an immediate interest in every direction but mine and I knew they were clearly recalling the night I'd last kicked Lardass from one end of Main Street to the other, just for exercise. And from the way his thick lips quivered, not to mention the pure hatred simmering in that stupid, bloaty face, I figured he was reminded, too. Abruptly, a crafty expression came into those watery eyes.

"Moore," he said, clearing his throat. "Lemme ast ya somethin', okay?"

"I'm listenin'."
"Ya hate this town and damn near everybody in it. Why do ya stay here?"

"Too broke to leave." My tone was flat with truth.

He smirked at the others. "And too proud to work for the money, right, Moore?"

I shook my head. "You know better than that. When we were kids, I chopped cotton in circles around you. Even your daddy, while he was still cussin' and breathin', preferred havin' me to you — for labor in that junkyard. Naw, I ain't too proud. I just won't knuckle under to all the bullshit rules. Piss on shavin' and short hair just to get work."

"Well, maybe I kin he'p ya, Moore." He shot another oily smile around his group but they were still pretending to have gone deaf and blind.

"Fuck you and your loan," I said quickly.

"Wasn't gonna offer any such thing," he protested, still smirking shrewdly. "Had somethin' entirely different in mind, man. No shit. Something that might be good for everybody!" Eyes sunken into fatty slits flickered around his group, judging the effect his words were having. They were openly fascinated now.

"Like what, dipshit?" I demanded.
"Dogfight. My new pooch against

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anything ya got out there on your brother-in-law's place." He smiled balefully into my eyes. "I hear tell there's all kinds a dogs out there. My new junkyard dog needs a scrap to remind him jist how goddam mean and strong a bastard he really is. Bein' tied up all day and penned in that junkyard nights is makin' the poor booger rusty!"

"What kind of stakes?" I asked.

"Fifteen grand?"

I shook my head. "Couldn't raise a third of that."

"All right." His moist eyes were humorless now. "I'll try this deal on ya. My fifteen grand in cash against your Harley. . ."

"The bike's only worth seven at most."

"... and six months of free labor outa you in my junkyard!"

I gave that deal some thought for a few seconds.

Sweet Jesus on a moped, how Lardass would love winning my panhead and giving me orders for six months. I told myself. Still, fifteen grand would pay my back board with sis and her ol' man — and still finance a good start somewhere. Anywhere. Just so it's away from this fucking town. I might even be able to finance that weed farm I've always dreamed of owning.

"Stop stallin', Moore," growled one of the braver onlookers. "Take it or leave it."

"You got a bet," I told Lardass.

"Okay, Moore!" His multi-chins trembled with joy under the wide smile wreathing his fat-encrusted features. "When do we hold the roll?"

"The what?"

"The roll — the little ol' preliminary encounter between your loser and my winner, to see if they're fairly matched an' all." He winked confidently at the others. "Not that



Easyriders

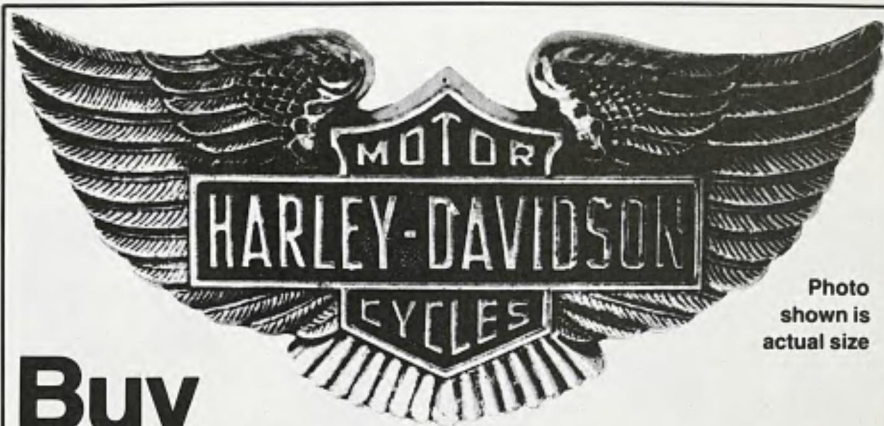


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"Forget all that shit about preliminary anything," I said quietly. "We do this thing once. Just once. I ain't aimin' to have my happy ass slung in the slam. It's as illegal as cockfighting and carries an even heftier penalty."

Lardass's face fell. The bastard loves making a big deal out of small things, and I knew he was going to have one hell of a crowd at the dog-fight. "Maybe you're not just chickenshit, but you're right," he mused, motioning to Winona for more suds. "It wouldn't set so good with that ol' mean-assed judge if a leadin' citizen like me got caught breakin' local laws."

"So we hold it outside town limits," I said firmly. "There's that natural little arena down by the sand hills south of town."

"Tomorrow night," he insisted, grinning.

"Around ten," I agreed.

Then I left to walk my scooter down to the closest service station so I could repair the flat rear tire. With that chore done, I went to the junkyard and peered through the chain-link fence at the big black dog tied to Lardass's office. Studying the deep-chested animal, I could see pit bull, mastiff, and just a tad of border collie in him. His badly scarred front legs and snout told me the beast was an experienced fighter. The fact that he had only one ear left proved he was no quitter.

Vaguely I wondered if I'd stupidly helped sucker myself into a for-sure losing deal. Well, too fucking late to worry about that now, I thought bitterly. If Diablo can lose an ear, the iron-jawed mutha can damn well lose a fight. At that moment Diablo let go with a long, menacing snarl, baring the sharpest, whitest fangs I'd seen in a long time. Turning the sled away from the junkyard, I headed for the rundown ranch owned by my sister and her straight-arrow husband, already worrying about how long the old panhead would be mine to ride.

"Why can't you use Tiny?" demanded my sis, adjusting her bared tit so the newest baby could feed more completely. I kept my eyes averted, watching the other nose-pickers crawling around on the cracked flooring.

"Great Danes are too big, too heavy, and too goddam clumsy," I replied sourly, shifting my weight in the rickety old wooden chair. "The only pooch on this place that might stand a ghost of a chance is that bulky little spotted terrier."

"Feisty?" She shook her head sternly. "No way. Feisty is John's favorite dog. Won't any of the others do?"

"Nope. They're too easygoing. Diablo would chew any of those pets into bloody pieces within a minute of reaching them." I stared glumly around the cluttered kitchen, promising myself that this kinda scene was never gonna be my way of life.

"I've — I've got an idea," she said, stuffing her swollen tit back into her threadbare blouse and burping the grunting baby over her shoulder. "You probably won't think much of it, though."

I shrugged. "I gotta do something."

"Visit all the other ranches. If you find a dog that has a chance of winning, offer to buy it."

That notion made sense. Wondering why I hadn't dreamed it up, I got to my feet. "Thanks," I mumbled. "It's worth a try."

"Good luck, little brother," she said, smiling warmly. "We want different lives, you and me. I hope you come out of this corner with all flags flying — and go about getting the life you need."

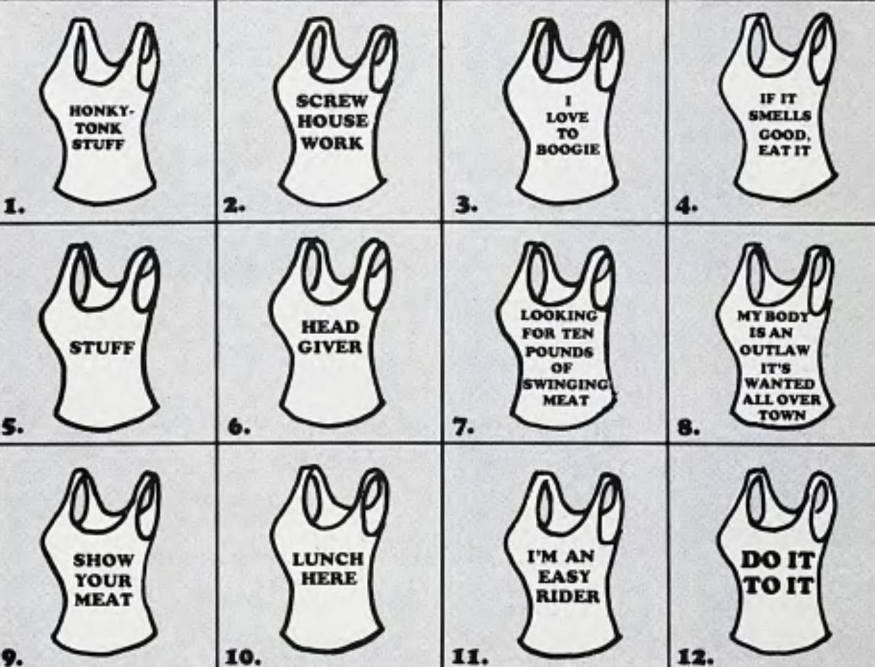
I nodded, heading for the putt outside.

Rumors of the scheduled dogfight had preceded me at every fucking ranch I hit. Nobody had a hound they would sell me. Some were polite. Some weren't. One guy ran



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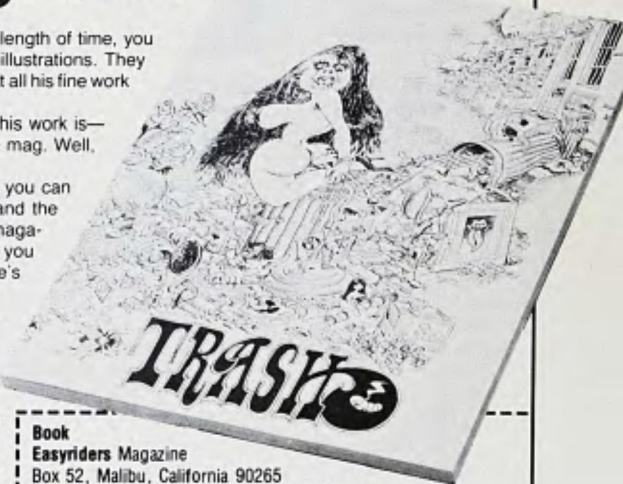
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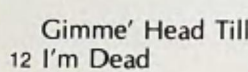
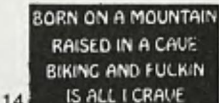
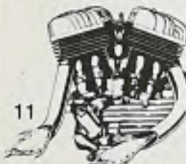
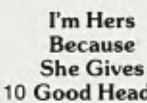
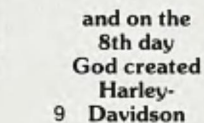
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me off his property with a shotgun, hammers cocked, while listing my character defects in a steady scream.

And it was while riding gloomily home that the crazy goddam idea of entering Spot exploded inside my head. I wasn't even high, having smoked the last of my stash two days earlier. But there it was in all its insane glory!

Twisting the throttle, I rode the rest of the way at top speed, grinning like a jackass eating cactus and wondering if this nutty idea would really work.

• • •

Through the rusty wire mesh, Spot regarded me with supreme calm. This pen and the shelter protecting him from wind, rain, snow, and lightning had been the only home he had known from the day I'd found him — helplessly abandoned and starving, probably because his mother had been killed by hunters. That had been a year ago. I'd built and located the pen far enough behind my sister's house so none of the kids or dogs could bother Spot — and I'd hand-fed him, daily, as he grew.

The huge amber eyes stayed on me as the lithe, muscular body flowed smoothly toward me. Spot's purring tone rumbling from his deep-chested, red-spotted, 85-pound body.

"I saved your ass when you needed help the most," I murmured, unlocking the pen door. "Now it's your turn, big boy, to save mine. But win, lose or draw, you'll get your freedom, unless you let that goddam mongrel waste you. And I don't think you will."

Purring throatily, he padded silently into the crude carry-cage I'd made from an old crate. Those fierce, golden eyes, with total wildness in their depths, never blinked while I loaded the crate onto my brother-in-law's battered truck bed. The great, thickly tufted ears swiveled constantly as I climbed behind the steering wheel. He sensed the differentness of this visit, knew something strange was happening.

"Just dust that damned dog, Spot," I whispered, reaching for the ignition key, "and we'll both be free!"

• • •

"You're late!" bellowed Lardass.

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A ripple of awe went through the crowd.

"Moore, that's a goddam bobcat!" Lardass protested, his expression shocked. "Nothin' was ever said about any fuckin' wildcat, ya asshole chiseler!"

"You're right!" I yelled. "And because nothing was said — that left me free to have any comparable weight and size entry!"

"Fuck that old shit!" Lardass raged. Diablo whined, eagerly straining to be free of his owner's grasp and have at the big cat.

"That's no goddam bobcat," said an excited bystander. "That kitty's a fuckin' lynx!"

"Right again," I agreed, grinning. "Y'all gonna let Lardass weasel outa this pathetic contest just because he's chickenshit and his dog's not?"

Stunned, Lardass knelt there, clutching at the witlessly aggressive Diablo, listening to that shrieking crowd of psyched-up on-lookers loudly demanding that there be a fight. We both knew they'd half kill him if he seriously tried another backoff.

Abruptly, Lardass released Diablo. I released Spot, slapping him on his high hindquarters and stubby tail just as he shot toward the moving dog. They tangled briefly, in mingled snarls and spitting hisses, parting in a spray of bloody froth, then circling swiftly and attacking with matched violence again.

Diablo's jaws locked onto Spot's right shoulder in a stubborn grip. With a deafening squall of rage and pain, the cat writhed — suddenly pulling those powerfully muscled hind legs up into a striking position and lunging them into the dog's unprotected belly, all ten razor-sharp claws raking the belly's length



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and slashing it wide open. Three times in rapid succession those wicked claws sliced through hide and muscle.

The dying dog collapsed, jaws still clamped onto the frantic cat's shoulder. Leaping into the pit, I pried Diablo's lifeless jaws open with breaking sticks, freeing Spot, who sprang unhesitatingly to the pickup roof in two effortless bounds. Even by the uncertain light of the few Coleman lanterns I could see his shoulder wasn't too seriously bitten, despite the blood clotting into the thick fur. He'd be all right in a few days.

The great wild eyes seemed to stare intensely into mine and I thought I saw contempt as well as dazed fury and bewilderment in them. There's a price for everything, I realized silently. It's just been paid. That cat will never allow another human near him.

With a guttural snarl rising to a savage scream of defiance, Spot hurtled from the truck top into the darkness beyond the lanterns' dim glow.

Only then did I begin hearing the heated conversation taking place just a few feet distant. One of the locals, a gaunt-faced, ordinarily quiet dude named Williams, was facing Lardass. Williams looked fiercely determined.

"You'll pay the man," Williams said thinly. "You'll pay the man his winnings or I'll personally —"

"You pay the lucky bastard!" said Lardass thickly, shoving the fat wad of new bills into Williams's hand and stumbling blindly away into the night. "I can't stand the fuckin' sight of the goddam catlover!"

Slowly, accurately, Williams began counting freedom into my waiting hand, one crisp bill at a time.

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2. PARDON ME, BUT YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A SHIT

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

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

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

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

8.

QUESTION AUTHORITY

9. HAVE AN

ORDINARY DAY

7. Sounds Like
BULLSHIT
To Me

10. "SO?" 11. "When choosing between two evils I always like to try the one I've never tried before." 12. "It's not that you and I are so clever, but that the others are such fools." 13. "Just because you're PARANOID doesn't mean everyone isn't out to get you." 14. Don't ask me any questions. I just might tell you the truth." 15. IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS" 16. "If you can't dazzle 'em with brilliance, baffle 'em with bullshit." 17. "I'm not cynical. Just experienced." 18. "I know you think you understood what I said, but what you heard was not what I meant." 19. "ASK ME IF I CARE" 20. "If you have to ask you'll never know." 21. "THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS" 22. "There are no rules." 23. "If I tell you you have a beautiful body will you hold it against me?" 24. "MURPHY'S LAW: Whatever can go wrong, will. And at the worst possible moment." Silk screened blue on tan or white on black. First quality 100% cotton Hanes t-shirts. S,M,L,XL.
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"Wow! That movie scared the shit out of me!"

Sleeping Giants

Continued from page 24

design served as an optional replacement for the then-current means of gas lighting. All L engines came equipped with a Remy generator to activate the electrics, while all other models still relied upon the Bosch magneto.

Sales records show that the 1915 Model 11 J (L-Series engine) was undoubtedly the most popular H-D motorcycle produced at that point. It accounted for 75% of all known H-D sales to date in 1915.

The company billed the 11 F (Magneto-Series engine) as the logical choice for Grand Touring and sidecar usage. Of course the buyer could invest an additional \$70 to obtain the 11 J (L-Series engine), complete with electric lights.

An automatic-rotary-valve oiling mechanism was included in the 1915 advertisement that indicated 66 improvements over the previous year. This automatic form of engine oiling also included a manual adjustment for its pressurized flow. The constant-loss oil system still persisted, but contained a more powerful hand pump for occasional use only. In later years an improved method of oil flow was created that involved shim placement for more precise regulation. By 1936 Harley-Davidson began introducing their first total-recirculation oiling mechanism that made the old constant-loss version history.

A revision for the 1916 Model Identification System now brought the actual year of production into view, the Model 16 being produced in 1916. Kickoff with 1917 models furthered this direct relationship by including the year of production as a prefix to the engine number. The dissection of number L17T15492 would indicate the following: "L" for the L-Series engine in which a Remy generator was supplied for electric lighting; "17" for the year of production and model group; "T" for twin cylinders, and "15492" for the production number. The inclusion of the year of production as a prefix to the engine number persisted until AMF's 1969 takeover. Since then, AMF-produced H-Ds include the year of production as a single-digit suffix.

Military involvement prior to U.S. entry into WWI encouraged H-D to devise its first mechanic's school as well as a "Now and Then" edition of

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HE GIVES
GOOD FACE

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I LOVE
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a factory magazine, *The Enthusiast*. Like the company, both faculties are still active to date.

A direct result of Uncle Sam's beckoning during 1917 rerouted most H-D production to coincide with the Army's entry into Europe. Those models released for public conveyance were, like the government versions, painted in official olive drab and included maroon trim. Amusingly, this trend continued until 1932, when the frugal company had finally depleted their stock of OD color.

As an experimental marketing theme in 1919, H-D offered the Model W, a 37-cubic-inch, longitudinally opposed Sport Twin. Set to operate in a horizontal plane, the 180-degree opposing cylinders were pointed front to rear. The much-loved mid-size motorcycle lasted only until 1923 and, although it was notably fast, a flaw in its engineering design may have assisted in its demise. The cooling-fin arrangement had not been altered from that of the 45-degree V-Twin. Consequently, the rear cylinder operated at a higher temperature and curtailed engine life. However, the Model W was virtually vibration free.

Standard production for 1920 was basically limited to a duet of 61 V-Twins and the 37-inch Sport Twin, with the exception of a limited single-cylinder commercial product.

In addition, three remaining sidecar options prevailed: the solo (L), the dual (QL), and the parcel delivery (M). The prices were \$110, \$150, and \$115 respectively.

Responding to the increased popularity of sidecar usage, the factory recognized the need to enhance the low-rpm hauling capacity for its V-Twin. A clever addition of an eighth-inch spacing plate (called a compression plate) was sandwiched between the crankcase and the cylinders. In effect, the compression ratio was favorably reduced.

Following suit with the oncoming craze, the Wisconsin firm unleashed another milestone, which represented 74 cubic inches of delight. In addition to the remaining two 61-inch V-Twin models, the F and J, their magnetic new counterparts, the FD and JD, were introduced (F for Magneto Series and J for L-Series generator). Today the Model JD, produced between 1921 and 1929, represents the grandfather of current 74 fabrication now available in H-D showrooms.

Continued on page 111

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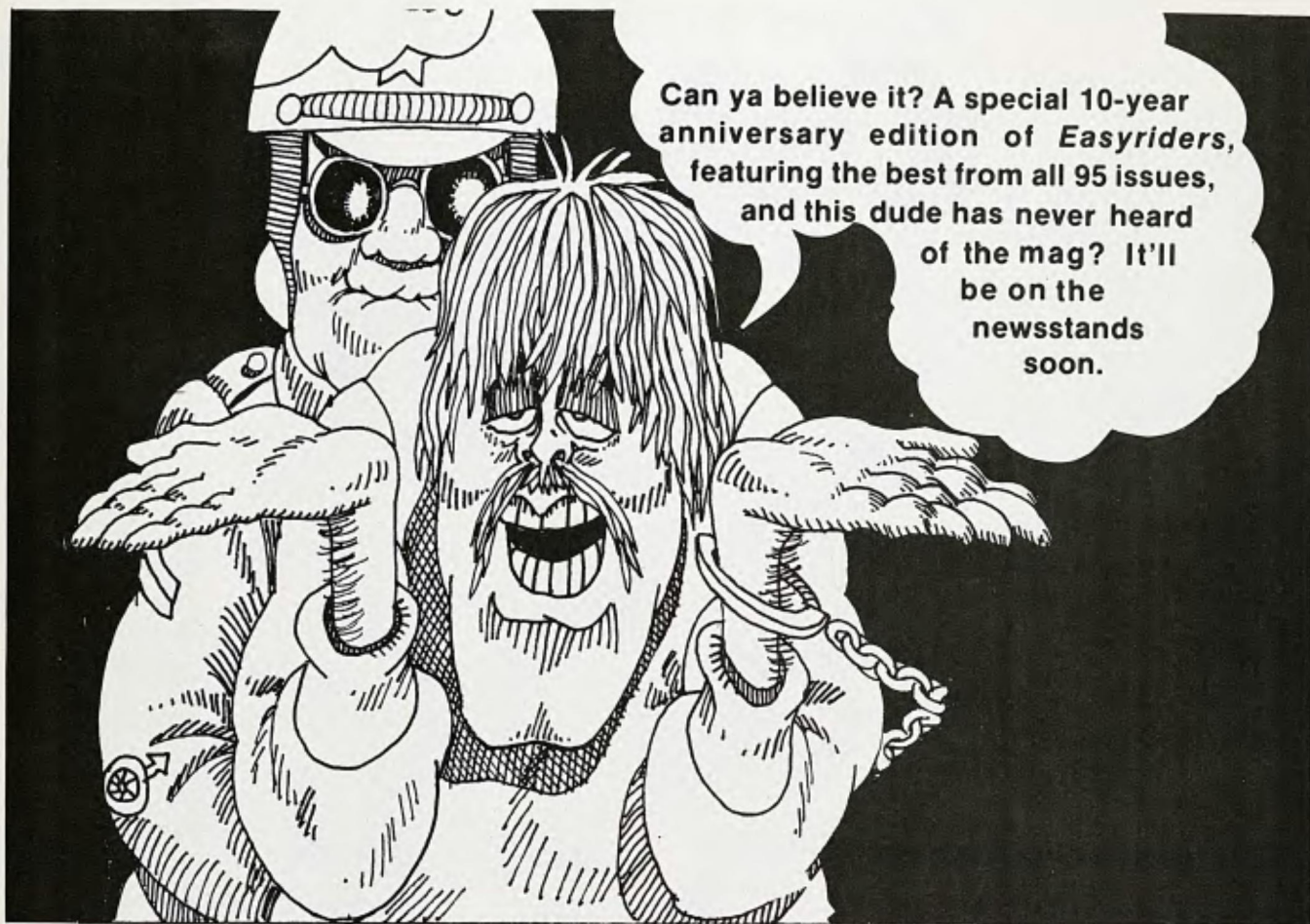


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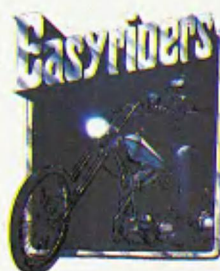
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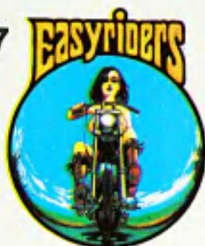
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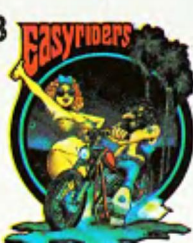
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Sleeping Giants

Continued from page 106

Performance options for the 61- and 74-cubic-inch engines were basically restricted to two separate sections of this decade. The first was the introduction to aluminum pistons and was contained mainly within the year 1924. The second segment of V-Twin performance listings was confined to 1928 and 1929.

As a reintroduction of single-cylinder engines came into being, 1926 presented its motorcycling market with two radical forms of H-D cylinder-head designs. Both were based on the newly created 21-cid unit. The models A and B sported the detachable Ricardo head and were referred to as side-to-side-valve engines. Overhead valves made the Models AA, BA, and SA significant. Unfortunately, only the side-valve Model B, with its electric lighting, survived regular production after the 1929 appearance of the enlarged 30.50 Model C single. All single-cylinder (4-stroke) engines were terminated by 1934, because of the increased popularity of the hearty V-Twins.

The Model SA Hillclimber represented the desirable multi-exhaust-valve feature to enhance its competitive construction. Only the famous "8-Valve" 61-inch V-Twin Racer from 1916 had previously utilized multi valves.

Another improvement for 1926 was the revised gas tank. Like the 45-degree V-Twin engine, the new teardrop tank became a trademark.

Vast improvements now dominated the V-Twin engines as a result of single-cylinder experimentation. The introductory year for the special "H" engine was 1928. The 61-inch JH and 74 JDH power plants, though rare, were highly capable and utilized twin cams and alloy pistons.

Front brakes for the big twins were also a current feature, as was the throttle-regulated oil pressure system now devoid of the secondary hand pump.

The new mid-size 45-inch V-Twin, which replaced the 61-inch unit, appeared in 1929. The bikes of this new D Series were entitled D, DL, and DLD. Basically, the variance pertained to performance capabilities. The Model D was lower in compression for sidecar usage, the DL had standard compression, and the DLD was high-performance.

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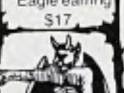
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Representing fast, high-revving potential, the 45 became quite popular, particularly with the inclusion of the side-valve head. This adaptation provided improved air flow within the engine. New alloy pistons became standard a year later.

The large 74 cast aside its old non-detachable head in 1930 to be renamed Models V and VL. The high-compression VL was rated at 28 advertised hp and represented a 6hp increase over the Model JD. Due to the improved breathing, speeds in the vicinity of 100mph could now be obtained.

A factory revision for the 1932 market included the replacement of the D Series 45 with the newly devised R Series 45. Although side valves were still dominant, the high-rpm capacity had been removed to cater to low-speed potential. Showroom stock in 1932 consisted of the following: Model B — 21" single-cylinder side-valve, 3-speed trans., complete electrics; Model C — 30.50" single-cylinder side-valve, 3-speed trans., complete electrics; Models V and VL — 74" V-Twin side-valve, 3-speed trans., complete electrics; Models R, RL, and RLD — 45" V-Twin side valve, 3-speed trans., complete electrics.

As the year 1936 dawned, several engineering advances occurred. The innovative dry sump oil recirculating system was incorporated and became merely one feature of the now-reawakened 61" V-Twin. The distinctive feature of overhead valves made possible the return of this roadworthy colleague. An absolute sensation, the Model EL produced an advertised 40hp at an astounding 5000rpm and was now chained to a four-speed transmission. The lower-compression Model E was most compatible for sidecar usage.

Concurrent with the OHV 61's "King of the Road" attitude, the mammoth 80-cubic-inch VH and VLH also thundered their way into the hearts of enthusiasts everywhere. The VLH had power equivalent to that of the EL, but obtained its potential at a lower rpm.

One year later the 45-, 74-, and 80-inch side-valve engines became recipients of the same recirculating oil system, as noted on the OHV 61, and were suitably renamed. All 45s became members of the W/WL/WLD Series. The 74 was entitled either U or UL, and unlike other members of this displacement, received a configurational change. In following suit, the giant 80 became the UH/ULH.

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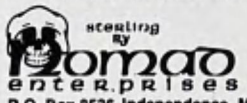
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The achievements obtained by the 61 OHV rendition persuaded the company to promote the original-configuration 74 now cloaked with its own OHV wardrobe. First purchases of the F/FL/FLH Series were available in 1941 and were, in part, responsible for the downfall of the once-dominating 80-inch side-valve models. The side-valve 74 still remained in production until 1948 despite the addition of the anxiously awaited aluminum head for optional performance and cooling. All side-valve engines of V-Twin nature were given the opportunity to adorn themselves with this feature. Racing versions of the 45-inch engine, in particular, benefited from the alloy head and helped make the WR and WLDR more reliable and successful.

World War II started and Milwaukee responded by issuing a 45 V-Twin for the Army and dubbing it the WLA. Roughly 90,000 units were produced, with an additional 30,000 as spare parts. The gross load capacity for 885 pounds provided the military with a strong work-horse, and the machine was constructed for reliability. Today many WLAs are still operating as trouble-free as the day they were conceived.

In 1942 came an experimental model copied directly from the German Army's BMW that had been flattening the sands of North Africa under Rommel's command. A U.S. Government contract was given to Harley-Davidson (and Indian) for 1000 units. The H-D prototype was named the XLA and displaced 37



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cubic inches. A hot-oil problem led to the creation of the 45-Inch XA Model. A complete retooling procedure was required to put this horizontally opposed twin into production. Other unique features to this experimental Army vehicle included a shaft drive mechanism, three-speed transmission with two-speed rear axle, and two-wheel drive sidecar attachment. This unit was abandoned because of increases in Jeep production.

As WW II ended, the interests of the world returned to racing. The once successful WR 45 V-Twin was resurrected and in typical H-D fashion continued to dominate many racing events.

Post-war evolution produced several improvements for the street bike, however, in relation to the engine and suspension. In 1948 the cast iron "knucklehead" OHV arrangement was replaced by the novel aluminum "panhead" refinement. During the following year the large helical-cut springer suspension was transformed into an enclosed ultra-soft hydraulic mode and the Big-Twin units were reclassified into the F/FL/FLH Hydra Glide Series. In addition, the valve lifters were also changed into the hydraulic form.

Creative marketing in 1952 devised another mid-size cycle and tagged it the Model K. A typical 30hp, 45-cubic-inch side-valve engine was mounted into a light-weight frame and served to replace the heavier W/WL Series. The KR was ready now to tackle all racing assignments in place of the outdated WR version.

Popularity of the Model K was sufficient to put the smooth-running 61 into retirement during 1953. Later the 61 would be regenerated, but its constitution would be in contrast to the E and EL sequence.

An experimental 45-Inch V-Twin was developed and toyed with, with a 60-degree angle between its cylinders. The aluminum side-valve heads were retained despite their distinction of having the connecting rods attached in an off-set side-by-side fashion. Typically all Harley-Davidson V-Twins were (and are) fabricated in the fork and blade manner, where the big end of one connecting rod fits within the big end of the other. Development of the KL was restricted because of patent violations pertaining to the Vincent Motorcycle Co. The hopes of gaining an advantage that would permit twin cams and dual carbs to enhance their racing efforts would



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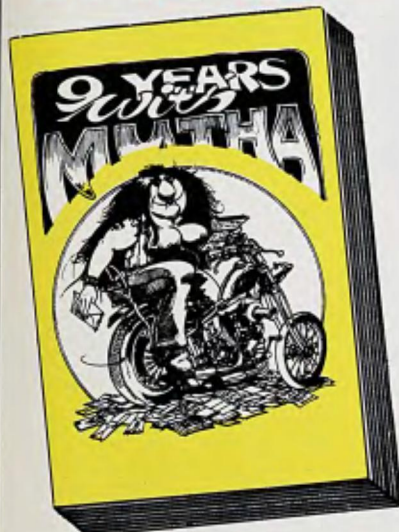


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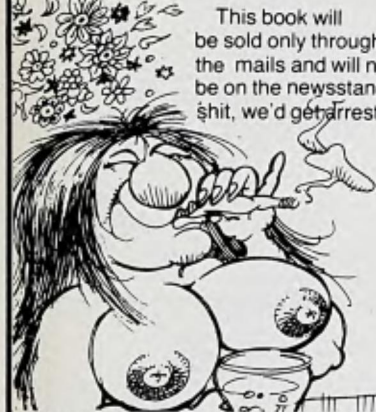
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have to be achieved by other means.

The Golden Anniversary was celebrated in 1954 with the unfastening of a stroked translation of the Model K. A revised name was bestowed on the Model KH. This new sport model now contained 55 cubic inches of displacement and for the first time employed a unit construction of engine and transmission.

No more than three years later the KH received a configurational change, though retaining its 55-inch capacity. The aluminum side-valve head was changed into a higher-performance iron OHV, and the archetype to the XL Series was realized.

By 1959 the XL became divided when the brawny XLCH was introduced. Using a magneto and various modifications, this was intended for off-road applications as the suffix "Competition-Hot" denotes. The standard "Highway" offering now became the XLH.

Electric starting became a highly sought after item during the mid-sixties on the popular F/FL/FLH Electra Glide 74 and the 55-inch XLH. Previous to this revelation of starting ease, only the announcement of the Duo Glide's hydraulic rear suspension in 1958 had generated so much enthusiasm.

Early in 1972 the Sportster (synonym for the XL Series) was upped to 61 inches of displacement, and though of different internal design, represented a pseudo-rejuvenation of a once-famous individual. The most illustrious of the reincarnated 61-inchers was the limited-production XLCR of 1977 and 1978. Paralleling Harley-Davidson's Diamond Anniversary, this "Cafe Racer" was the fastest and most powerful street/stock H-D yet devised. Cloaked in solid black and masked by a fairing, the XLCR pumped out nearly 70hp and should prevail as a collector's piece in the future.

The H-D founders helped pioneer the way from a basic bicycle to a highly sophisticated engineering entity; a phenomenal amount of change has occurred. Many patents and ideas have emanated from the creative minds of the four young men from Milwaukee, yet their attitude was of a conservative nature. A major component of this philosophy was a drive toward reliability. This helped nurture their success in the survival against 70 other motorcycle companies once in competition.

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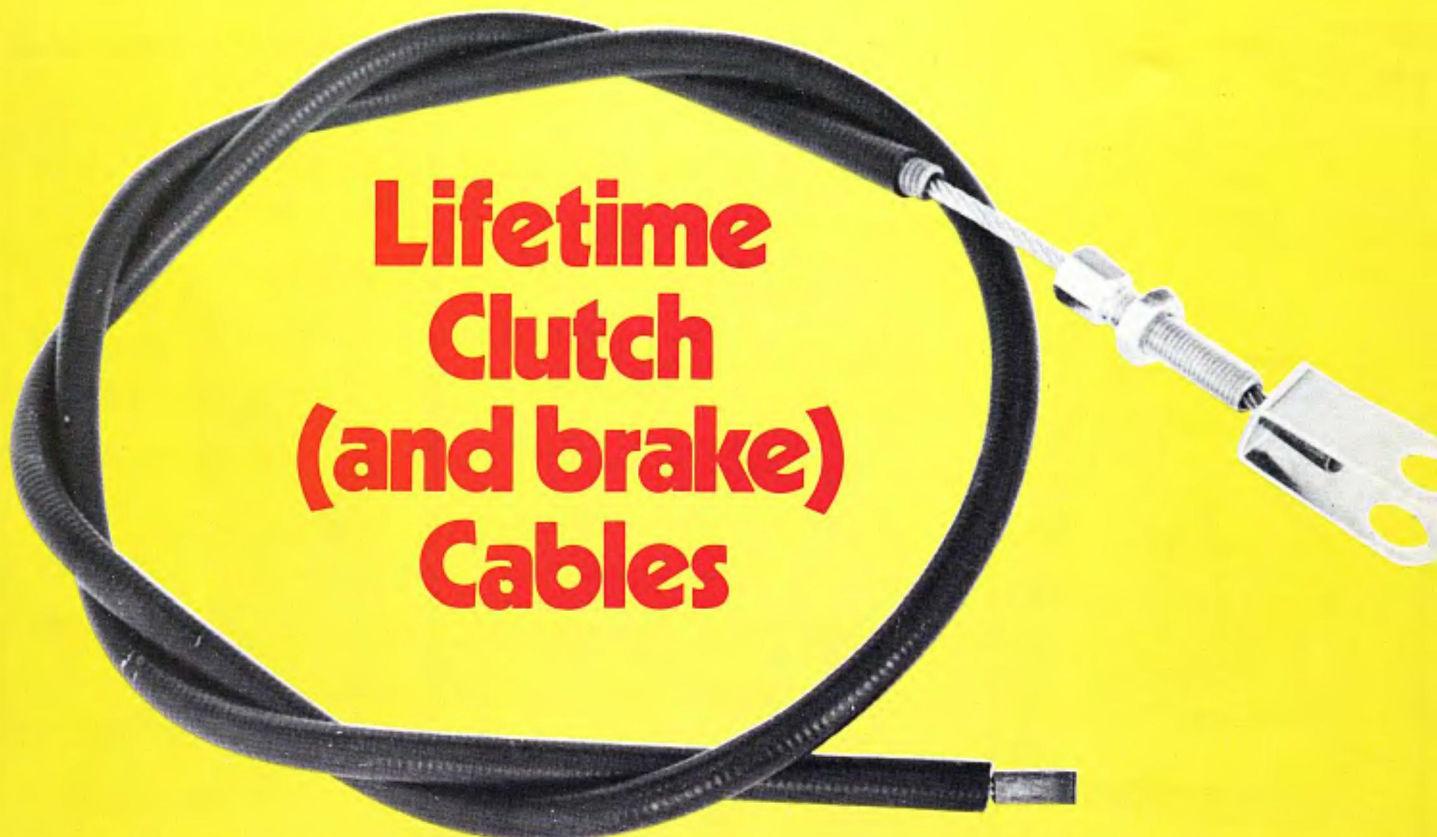
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Vet Voice

Continued from page 78

bottle of wine and tried to figure who you were going to roust for the next gas money for the scoot. Gettin' sicker than hell of the ol' home front, I went back in, like a lot of us. Re-treads, they call us. But it's easier putting up with the military than it is worrying about who's gonna stick it in yer ear in the civilian job market. We still can't get a break at home. Now the bastards want to tell us we're all psychos from the Nam. Maybe we are nuts, but I figured a way to beat 'em. I'm retiring from this outfit in January '82 — gonna let the government fill the tank, pay for the grass, buy the wine, and provide jukebox money for the chick. I'm pulling the old '62 Hog outta the garage and making it into the sunrise man.

D. Greer,

Master Sergeant of Marines
Seattle, Wash.

Nam Vet Words

★ I wish I'd been buried in a free-fire zone

But, alas, instead they brought me home.

America, land of the free, home of the brave

Tellin' me I'm wrong, but me they'll save.

With a program financed with a federal grant

Lord Jesus, can't help it, makes me want to rant.

I needed a job, but got a suspicious stare

How many you kill when you were over there?

So here I sit, sour, for all to see

So here I sit, sour, to even me.

I wish I'd been buried in a free-fire zone

But, alas, instead they brought me home.

A Nam Vet
U.S.A.

Wants Bumper Sticker

★ I had three tours in Nam, and in two of them I got shot up. I have been trying for the last year to get six of the bumper stickers that say "Vietnam Veteran" for me and five of my Vietnam vet buddies in town, but to no avail.

Do you know where I can get six?

Bro Bo

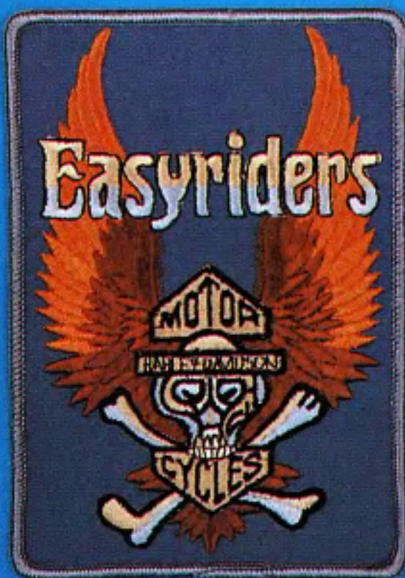
Mancelona, Mich.

☆ Maybe some of our readers know. If we hear from anyone we'll let you know.

Easyriders' Stuff!



Easyriders



SEND YOUR ORDER TO:
EASYSIDERS P.O. BOX 711 BURBANK, CA 91503

LETTER	DESCRIPTION	USA	CANADA	FOREIGN	QTY	COST	TOTAL AMOUNT
A	2 decks-cards	\$ 5.50	\$ 7.00	\$11.50		\$	\$
B	Easyrider Pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
C	Skull Tack Pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
D	D. Mann Patch	\$ 5.50	\$ 6.50	\$ 9.00		\$	\$
E	Belt Buckle	\$10.95	\$12.95	\$17.00		\$	\$
F	Skull Patch	\$ 2.50	\$ 3.00	\$ 7.00		\$	\$
G	Skull Decals (3)	\$ 1.50	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00		\$	\$

Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries shipped by air mail. (Send U.S. Funds only).

Sub Total	\$
Ca Tax	\$
Total Due	\$

Name

Street

City

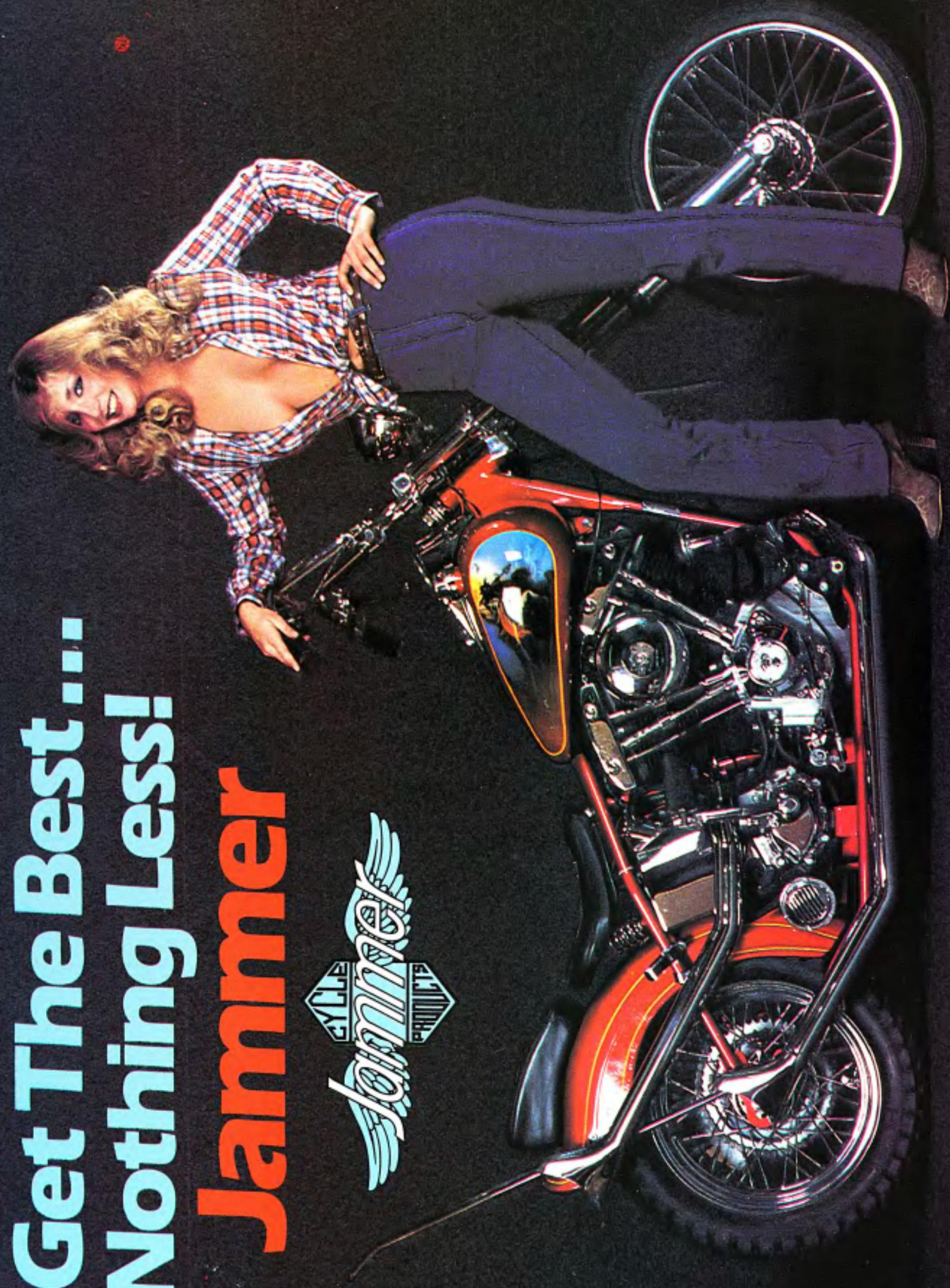
State

Zip

Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

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Nothing Less!
Jammer



BAR ENTERPRISES SOLO & PILLION SEATS

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

ADVERTISEMENT



What a selection of cushions!
Each and every Bar seat is custom constructed from only top of the line materials . . . the best leathers, choice all-weather naugahydes, high density foam, all steel base plates and triple braided nylon thread. Don't sell your seat short . . . sit on somethin' worth somethin'!

Deluxe Solos are 13" wide by 14" Long
Deluxe Pillions are 6" wide by 12½" long
Plain Solos are 9" wide by 12½" long
Plain Pillions are 5" wide by 10½" long
All Pillions taper down from 4" high in back to 2" high in front.

RTL Deluxe Solo & Pillion — Naugahyde
117023 . . . Solo 54.95
117024 . . . Pillion 34.95
RTL Solo & Pillion — Naugahyde
117021 . . . Solo 34.95
117022 . . . Pillion 27.95
Also available without Ride-To-Live Patch
Plain Deluxe Solo & Pillion — Naugahyde
117019 . . . Solo 44.95
117020 . . . Pillion 24.95
Plain Solo & Pillion — Naugahyde
11701 . . . Solo 24.95
11702 . . . Pillion 19.95

Seat Bracket

This bracket is the one most commonly used by custom builders. Chromed.

11706 3.95

Tilt-Up Seat Bracket

A universal, forward tilt, chromed beauty that adapts to most seats and frames. Fits all frame backbones up to 1¼" O.D.

117036 5.50

Chromed Solo Seat Springs

11703 5.95 pr.

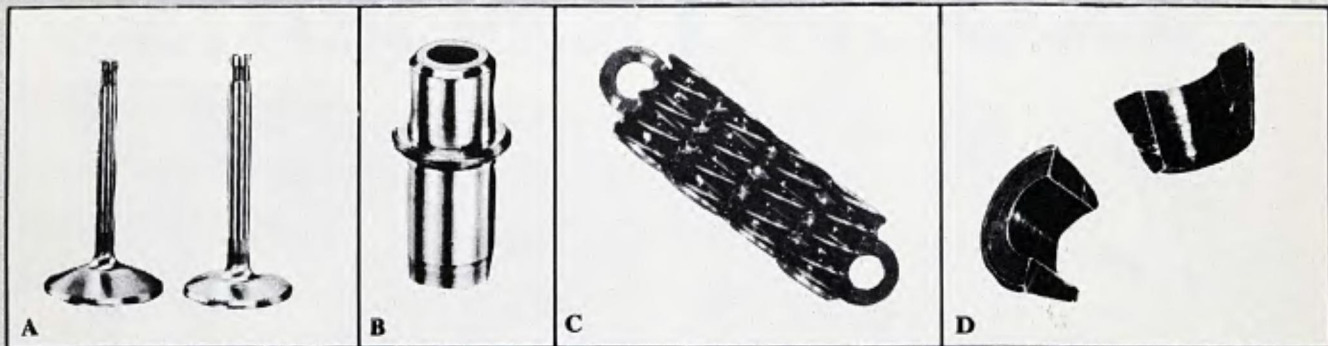


Get your taste of eyeball heaven now! Send \$3.95 (a buck goes for postage) to Jammer Cycle Products, 801 (E) S. Main St., Burbank, California 91506.

See page 131 of your Jammer's Handbook for more fine solo & pillion seats.



VALVES, GUIDES, SPRINGS & KEYS



A. Stainless Steel Valves

These high performance one piece stainless steel valves are designed to outflow stock valves. They are completely chromed to eliminate galling and are practically impervious to heat. Plus, they weigh up to 30% less than stock valves. Each part number supplies two valves.

Harley Shovelhead 1966-1980				
Part #	Type	Head Dia.	Stem Dia.	Harley Equivalent
126034	Int.	1 1/8 Stock	.3765 Stock	18074-66
126035	Exh.	1 1/4 Stock	.3745 Stock	18082-57

Harley Panhead 1948-1965				
126036	Int.	1 1/4 Stock	.3765 Stock	18071-48
126035	Exh.	1 1/4 Stock	.3745 Stock	18082-57

Note: 126035 Fits both Panheads and Shovelheads.

Harley Sportster 1970-1980				
126037	Exh.	1 1/8 Stock	.3385 Stock	18080-58A
126038	Exh.	1 1/8 Stock	.3385 Stock	18080-60R
126039	Exh.	1 1/4 Stock	.3385 Stock	None
126040	Exh.	1 1/4 Stock	.3385 Stock	18080-70R

Note: 126040 has a steep tulip-shape head design for maximum flow in high rpm engines.
126039 has a flatter head shape for street use.

126041	Int.	1 1/8 Stock	.309 Stock	18069-65R
126042	Int.	1 1/8 Stock	.309 Stock	18070-70

Note: 126042 is the stock length of the valve supplied in the bike from the factory.
126041 is the length of the Harley "R" valve which is .080 longer than 126042.

Harley Sportster 1958-1969				
126037	Exh.	1 1/8 Stock	.3385 Stock	18080-58A
126043	Int.	1 1/8 Stock	.309 Stock	18070-58

Note: 126037 fits both 1958-1969 and 1970-1980 Sportsters.

B. Bronze Valve Guides

Manley valve guides give long wear and trouble-free service in both stock street applications as well as total race machines. The special bronze material in combination with the chrome stem Manley valve is the best combination for drag racing applications. Each part number supplies two guides.

Harley 74				
Part #	Type	O.D. Size	Harley Equivalent	Price Set
126045	Int.	Standard	18163-48	16.50
126046	Int.	.002	18165-48	16.50
126047	Ext.	Standard	18188-48A	16.50
126048	Ext.	.002	18190-48A	16.50

Harley Sportster				
126049	Int.	Standard	18176-51A	16.50
126050	Int.	.002	18180-57A	16.50
126051	Exh.	Standard	18170-57	16.50
126052	Exh.	.002	1817-57	16.50

Note: The above valve guides fit stock stem diameter valves.

C. Valve Spring Kits

Each valve spring kit is manufactured from top quality materials. All kits are engineered with interference fit and reverse wound springs to reduce harmonics and control spring surge. Kits require special machining operations. Complete instructions included.

Harley 74 .600 Lift Kit			
Part #	Collars	Combined Loads	Recommended Coil Bind Cam Lift
126055	Aluminum Fits Stock Stem Diameter Valves	140 @ 1.600 160 @ 1.500 300 @ 1.100 330 @ 1.000	.930 Stock-.600 Price/Set 75.00

The above ".600 Lift Kit" features a special tri-spring (outer-intermediate-inner) interference fit combination to reduce harmonics and control spring surge. Tool 126057 is required for installation.

Harley Sportster .600 Lift Kit			
126056	Aluminum	110 @ 1.600 120 @ 1.500 320 @ 1.100 365 @ 1.000	.930 .500-.600 Price/Set 57.00

The above ".600 Lift Kit" features larger than stock 1.437 OD outer and inner springs for greater stability with interference fit to reduce harmonics and control spring surge. Tool 126058 is required for installation and complete instructions are included. The tool is shipped with both an 11/32" pilot and 5/16" pilot so that the valve guides do not have to be removed. Additional machining on the top of the guides probably will be required to avoid interference with top collars. Springs have more pressure than stock, but can be used successfully with either .500 lift or .600 lift cams.

Lift Kit Installation Tools

The proper tools for installing the Harley 74 and Sportster lift kits. The tools are precision quality. Using them and the complete kit instructions will make your work that much simpler and correct.

126057	... 74 Lift Kit Tool	66.60
126058	... Sportster Lift Kit Tool	66.60

D. Chrome Moly Valve Keys

Manley valve keys are made of special chrome moly material. Each keeper is hardened and black oxidized to a beautiful finish for attractive appearance and long wear. Each part number supplies 4 pair.

Part #	Application	Harley Equivalent	Price/4 Pr.
126060	Harley 74	18228-36	8.00
126061	Sportster	18228-30	8.00

MANLEY
Manley Performance Products, Inc.

SU CARBURETOR KITS

The one of a kind, classic looking carburetor that's known and respected for its dependability and superior performance. If you spot a great bike, chances are you'll spot an SU as its carburetor.

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

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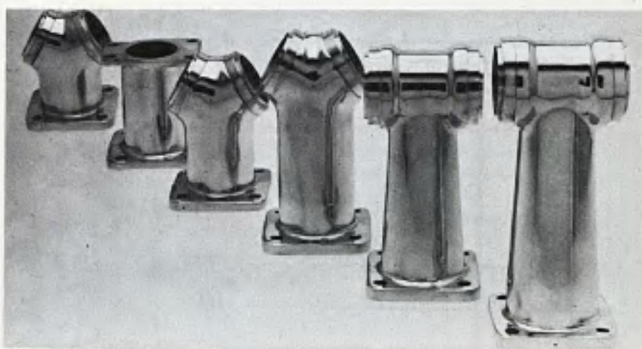
"Eliminator" SU Harley Kits

With Air Cleaner

135031 ... Shovelhead/Sportster	
Short Manifold	229.95
135032 ... Shovelhead/Sportster	
Long Manifold	229.95
135029 ... Shovelhead/Sportster	
Long, Long Manifold	229.95
135033 ... Panhead ... Short Manifold	239.95
135034 ... Panhead ... Long Manifold	239.95
135035 ... Knucklehead ... Manifold Adaptor ..	229.95

With Velocity Stack

135036 ... Shovelhead/Sportster	
Short Manifold	229.95
135037 ... Shovelhead/Sportster	
Long Manifold	229.95
135030 ... Shovelhead/Sportster	
Long, Long Manifold	229.95
135038 ... Panhead ... Short Manifold	239.95
135039 ... Panhead ... Long Manifold	239.95
135040 ... Knucklehead ... Manifold Adaptor ..	229.95



Manifold Selection

Shovelhead & Sportster — Short Manifold

For use on all XLCH and FX style tanks. Will fit all machines using a fuel tank of less than 3 gallons and most custom mounted high tanks.

Shovelhead & Sportster — Long Manifold

Designed for 3½ gallon fat bob tanks and all XLH 3.8 gallon tanks.

Shovelhead & Sportster — Long, Long Manifold

Designed for 5 gallon tanks.

Panhead — Short or Long Manifold

Designed for use on custom tanks. Will allow close to engine mounting on all high mounted fuel tanks. Makes for maximum leg clearance.

Knucklehead — Manifold Adaptor

One length adaptor designed for use with existing Linkert style manifold. Bolts directly on Linkert manifold.



Get your taste of eyeball heaven now! Send \$3.95 (a buck goes for postage) to Jammer Cycle Products, 801 (ER) S. Main St., Burbank, California 91506.

For further info on this great carburetor see your Jammer's Handbook, page 53.



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FRINDLE MARINE & SPORTS CRT., 719 N. Main St., Lawton/(616) 624-2941
ROCKY'S CYCLES & SUPPLY, 4014 S. Saginaw St., Burton/(513) 742-5420
SPIN CYCLE SHOP, 1800 Broadway, Bay City/(517) 894-2211

MINNESOTA
TWIN CITY JAMMER, 3756 Newton Ave., St. Louis Park/(612) 825-7133

MISSISSIPPI
BULLFROG HOG, 9080 Milbranch, Southaven/(601) 393-7591
BYKE BARN, 400 Pass Road, Gulfport/(601) 898-3661
TJ CYCLES & SPECIALTIES, 4531 Hwy. 90 West, Jackson/(601) 922-8463
MERIDIAN CYCLE SHOP, 311 Russell Dr., Meridian/(601) 695-4051

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CUSTOM M/C EMPIRIUM, 2520 Old Gravelly, High Ridge/(314) 376-3020
DUG'S CHOPPERS, 3003 Highway #10, Appleton/(417) 402-8169
FRED'S CUSTOM CYCLES, 112 W. Grand, Joplin/(417) 264-2871

MONTANA
BOZEMAN CYCLE SUPPLY, 1110 W. Main St., Bozeman/(406) 586-8928
HARLEY CHARLEY CHOP SHOP, 409 Montana Ave., E. Missoula/(406) 726-4799

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FIASCO ENTERPRISES, INC., 1930 Central, Kearney/(308) 234-2133
HD SALES, 1053 27th Ave., Columbus/(402) 356-8738

NEVADA
THE MOTORCYCLE SHOP, 213 Sage St., Carson City/(702) 885-7474
CUSTOM CYCLE ACCESSORIES, 2960 Westwood Dr., #21, Las Vegas/(702) 732-0442

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BARRACUDA SPECIALTIES, 500 S. New Road, Pleasantville/(609) 846-6170
HARLEY'S CYCLE SHOP, 821 River Road, N. Bergen/(201) 454-6675
HEAD HO CHOP SHOP, 2334 Central Ave., Philadelphia/(215) 454-4326
WADSWORTH CYCLE SALES, 34 Mulwiler Rd., Del Mar/(201) 238-2250
THE BIKE SHOP, 81 Main St., S. Bound Brook/(201) 396-1383

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REEFER BROTHERS, 605 Cornally St., Owens/(505) 762-7590
SMELL HD, 111 E. Ance, Farmington/(505) 327-3753

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AL'S CYCLE PARTS, 311 E. Dominick St., Rome/(315) 336-9090
CUSTOM CYCLE, 1610 Pine Ave., Niagara Falls/(716) 284-2615
FINGER LAKES JAMMER, 36 Water St., Seneca Falls/(315) 566-9621
IRON HORSE ACCESSORIES, 2905 E. Main St., Amsterdam/(518) 842-3565
JOHNSON M/C & SALES, NORTH #1 Longpoint Rd., Penn Yan/(315) 536-3585
MOTORCYCLES UNLIMITED, 225 Elm St., Elmira/(607) 254-2355

SOUTH DAKOTA
BENNE'S CYCLE SERVICE, 3701 S. Broadway Hwy. 83 S., Minot/(701) 852-0874

OHIO
BEAR'S BIKE & WELDING, 415 W. Main St., Ravenna/(216) 297-7279
HD OF YOUNGSTOWN, INC., 1717 Mahoning Ave., Youngstown/(216) 790-2032
JAMES SMITH PARTS CO., 4117 Main Ave., Ashakuba/(216) 922-2137
RISING SUN CYCLE, Route 1 Box 6A, Mentor/(419) 485-2429

OKLAHOMA
GILL'S, 1155 8th St., Woodward/(405) 256-5822
PHILLIPS BROTHERS CYCLE CENTER, 215 W. Main, Shawnee/(405) 275-2347

OREGON
MAK! IT RUN, 2164 W. 7th, Eugene/(503) 687-9762
M & J CUSTOM BIKES, 3650 S.W. 3rd, Corvallis/(503) 752-7402
SUNSHINE CYCLE, 500 Sumner, Medford/(503) 775-3818
SOUTHWEST CUSTOM CYCLE, 1254 S. Wadsworth, Coos Bay/(503) 888-0314

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CHOPPER SHAK, INC., 2942 San Marlin Rd., Pottsville/(610) 881-0433
CUSTOM CHOPPER SHOP, Route 22, Dalmat/(412) 468-1035
EAST AMERICAN MOTORSPORT, 20, D. #1, Pottsville/(610) 838-5710
KOSMIC KOLORS, Filter St., Easton/(215) 253-5333
SOUTH PHILLY MOTORBIKES, 2532 S. 24th St., Philadelphia/(215) 334-6644

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SUPER CYCLE, 620 S. Bellevue, Memphis/(901) 725-5961

TEXAS
BIG COUNTRY JAMMER, 4103 North 1st, Abilene/(915) 676-8921
BIKER'S CUSTOM, 7278 Alameda Ave., El Paso/(915) 772-4827
CHARLIE'S CUSTOM CYCLES, 1932 Se. Armstrong, Dallas/(214) 463-0841
CYCLE ACCESSORIES, 16 N. Main St., San Angelo/(915) 658-5049
NORTHSTAR CUSTOM CYCLES, 1318 S. Saco, Austin/(512) 326-1914
POLO CYCLE PARTS, 4801 Peach Tree Rd., Balch Springs (Dallas)/(214) 296-5351
SEAS CYCLE & SUPPLY, INC., 816 Amarillo Blvd., Amarillo/(806) 374-9760
VICTORIA HD, 1410 N. Main St., Victoria/(512) 575-7881

UTAH
QUALITY M/C PARTS, 2945 S. State St., Salt Lake City/(801) 467-4634

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CUSTOM CYCLES OF VIRGINIA, 3564 Womans Branch Blvd., Portsmouth/(804) 399-3616

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SUFFOLK HD, 911 N. Main, Suffolk/(804) 534-1476

WASHINGTON
EVERETT M/C GOODIES, 8303 Everett Hwy., Everett/(206) 347-2177
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LODI'S CUSTOM CYCLES, 115 N. 7th St., Puyallup/(509) 545-1067
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PERFORMANCE PLUS ETC., 33330 St. Albans Rd., Abbotsford, B.C./(604) 853-7853

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SOUTHERN CYCLES, Connors Estate, 69 Kingsland Rd., Leatherhead, Surrey/(Leatherhead 76000)

SOUTH AFRICA
RUSTY'S CUSTOM CYCLES, Hendrik Verwoerd Dr., Sandton/48-4509

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CYCLE PRODUCTS Order Form

For fast service order from:
Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.
801 So. Main St., Burbank, California 91506

(Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.)

Name _____ Address _____
(Please print or type)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone () _____
(Give area code number)

***Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.**

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price
		Sub Total	

Before mailing, please read the following:

1. Cancellations: There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10% service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
2. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank — which means you have to allow four weeks.
3. 25% deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.
4. Prices subject to change without notice.

Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

Orders: We will ship U.P.S. Ground unless otherwise specified. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

Shipping Time: Once your order has been picked up by the carrier, their approximate shipping times are: UPS, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; COMMERCIAL AIR FREIGHT, 1 to 2 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)
☐ UPS ☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Freight
☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

6% Tax - California Residents Only

Total

Less 358¢ G.O.D. Deposit

Balance due (F.O.B. California)

MC/B of A

number	Expr.
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*Credit cards accepted

*Credit cards accepted

O/S 4/28/81 ■ CV JUNE
#98 ■ BC

Sub Total

Total

Less 25% C.O.D. Deposit

Balance due (F.O.B. California)

MC/B of A
number*

Signed _____

*Credit cards accepted

O/S 4/28/81 ■ CV JUNE
■ #98 ■ BC



Your
BANK AMERICA CARD
prevents loss

REAR CONNECTIONS

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

If you're lookin' for an added touch of custom class that makes good sense, these Rear Connections are it!

- One or two piece seat exclusively designed to fit the fender contour perfectly with true style & comfort
- Steel spoon seat construction, top quality black naugahyde with custom nylon stitching & pre-threading mounting holes
- Heavy gauge steel fender that is simply strong
- Built-in taillight assembly with concealed steel wiring tubes for a clean & protected connection
- Steel sissy bar pockets welded in position for a quick, simple slide-in connection of a custom chromed round or square bar available under separate part number
- Guaranteed quality and workmanship

CFE
CRAZY FRANK
ENTERPRISES



**All Rear Connections
Require Molding & Painting**

Units That Accept Square Sissy Bars

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
7801	Harley 74	1-Piece	249.95
7803	Harley 74	2-Piece	249.95
7805	Sportster	1-Piece	249.95
7807	Sportster	2-Piece	249.95

Sps units fit 1978 & earlier models only

Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units

78023	9" Square	28.95
78024	12" Square	28.95

Units That Accept Round Sissy Bars

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
7802	Harley 74	1-Piece	249.95
7804	Harley 74	2-Piece	249.95
7806	Sportster	1-Piece	249.95
7808	Sportster	2-Piece	249.95

Sps units fit 1978 & earlier models only

Round Sissy Bars For The Above Units

78021	9" Round	28.95
78022	12" Round	28.95

Choppershopper

Continued from page 79

Wanted: 9 party-conscious women to trip to California on 6-16-81. Need \$40 and know how to drive. Cruisin' and partyin' in van. Call (618) 543-6635. Ask for Drifter, or write Ron Adams, P.O. Box 82, Joplin, Mo. 64501. (96)

Pete: Happy birthday, March 13th. Happy anniversary, March 19th. Forever yours, Carolyn. (96)

Crazy Ray Kimball: Contact Co-calene, 611 South Main. Same city. Need scribe. Bought 61-inch pan. (96)

Ku Klux Klan. Authentic literature sent free. Send self-addressed stamped envelope to White Knights, Box 624, Madera, Calif. 93639. (96)

Crawdaddy, Crome Dome, Swino, and Face. We love you and miss you. Get in touch. Baby Bull and Backwater, SMO, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (96)

Bayonne, New Jersey: White biker, 26, 5'9, 160 lbs., is looking for petite house mouse with heart. 20-25, easygoing, who likes to ride, travel, and work. No heavy parties. Serious inquiries only. Write and send phone number to Carl, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (96)

Need one sincere ol' lady, 26-34, in Iowa area, for biking and for friendship, or possible deeper relationship later. No game players. Honest and true with an open mind. All letters with latest picture will be answered. Jim Bones, 1115 Boone St., Pella, Iowa 50219. (96)

Crowfoot: Happy one year, to the best poker that ever stirred my fire. I love you and so does your rugger, Janiac. (96)

White male, 30, 6'1", and free in '82. Seeks letters and possible visits from together ladies. Larry Reynolds #133695, Box 2000, Rt. #3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (96)

Puki: Hope you had a happy birthday 3/30/81. Always us. Blue. (96)

Rikil, Warlords MC of Dorchester, Mass.: Happy birthday 7-15-81. I love you. Trisha. (96)

Attention, ladies: White, 24-year-old German/Irish first term seeks love from caring female. I'm 6 feet, 170 lbs., lonely brown eyes, brown hair, and filled with tenderness. All answered, but photo helpful. Richard Grimes #C-19324, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130. (96)

Sharp mahogany and pine clocks. Eagle with wings up, sitting on Harley-Davidson shield, 2" thick, 21" long, and 12" wide. No two clocks alike. Custom-made clocks; will mount your own picture. Covered with a high-gloss finish. Start at \$39.95. Special price for dealers. Send \$1 to Hawn Ent., Rt. 1, Box 625P, Leesburg, Ind. 46538, for pictures of our clocks. Look good on any wall. (100)

Charlotte Westfall Butler Bowns, I have your marriage certificate. Call Pete or Murph today! (615) 645-5158. (96)

Lonesome biker riding solo through the western states has huge hunger for a lady small and sweet to share my cycle seat. If you're slim and trim, quiet and tender, and looking for a good ol' man; if you're at home on a bike and the open road; if you dig living, loving, and riding in the wind with just a tent for home from June until Sept., then drop me a scribe with a flick and a phone no., at Box 166, 491-1004 Macara Ave., Sunnyvale, Calif. 94086. (96)

Randy (Panda) Melton: Write immediately to Denise (T.), Cronkright, 9655 W. 15th Pl. #1, Lakewood, Colo. 80215. (96)

Sexy Hippie: Happy 30th birthday from your main squeeze. Love forever, Lady Blue. (96)

28-year-old, blue-eyed biker, in for 16, looking for good sexy letters and flicks from any chicks. All letters with flicks answered asap! James Moore #273638, Coffield Unit, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861. (96)

Buy/sell used leathers, boots, etc. Bill Larsen, Rt. 1, Christiansburg, Va. 24073. (703) 382-4668. (96)

Carl: Together we felt with heart and mind; now, not even friends? We never said good-bye, we never said hello. Why? Love forever, Anne Starr. (96)

KC: Happy 7-31-77. Nothing could be better than being with you. Always, Fire Ass. (96)

Wild Ron: Three years have passed as quickly as our first day in July. I'm still lovin' you more, Little Fuzzy. (96)

Donna: Happiest birthday (7-11). We'll ride through many more together! You're great! Love, Rich (and Bear). (96)

Turn your FL or XL into a Low Rider. Your shock absorbers re-assembled with new heavy-duty short units, \$60 pp. Show chrome and gold plating available. Pictures and more information, \$1. Dave, 7210 S. Francisco Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60629. (101)

Blitch needed: Blonde, 18-25, sweet young sexy little girl to live and ride for 29-year-old Tucson H-D biker/truck driver. No bad girls. Rider, P.O. Box 43071, Tucson, Ariz. 85733. (96)

Ringo: Kinda late, but happy birthday on the 15th of May. You're the best. I'll love you forever, Jenny. (96)

Be a minister, marry, bury, et cetera. Legal all states. Pocket card, certificate, \$10. Brotherhood, Box 10672, Gladstone, Mo. 64118. (99)

Wanted: Original knucklehead or panhead. Any model. Must have title and must run. Send price and picture. Also list and prices for any spare parts. Mike Daniels, 3619 Shell Ave., Midland, Tex. 79703. (96)

Cub: Happy birthday from your little red-headed homewrecker. Love is a many-splintered thing. Good for one header, Mary. (96)

Animal: Happy late birthday to the worst and the best. In you I have been able to find my ideal companion, my mate forever, my better half. Every day I give thanks for our union and the 850 Commando. Loving you all the time. Sarah, B-Day 5656. (96)

Train: I love your caboose, and that powerful engine of yours. Can't hardly wait for June to come, so you can run over my tracks! Love ya, Lokey. (96)

Robert: The day will soon be here, and I'll be back to you. Hope you had a happy birthday 4-2-81. Red Fox. (96)

Glen: Happy 22nd birthday (6-15). I will love you forever, Peggy (King too). (96)

Windy of Germany: Thank you for being there when I needed you, for trying hard to understand me, and for the patience that you have. Though the world is against us, let's try forever. Ich bin dein, du bist mein forever, Jack. (96)

California youngster (21) desires perfumed correspondence with sexy photos to end the blues. Richard A. Bolt C#20249, Rm. #2193, California Men's Colony, P.O. Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93406. (96)

Bikers, truckers: Make tool bags from your old engineer boots. Plans \$1, Jerry, 1220 Greenwich Ct., Brookfield, Ohio 44403. (96)

For sale: 1946 Indian Chief 74 cu. in. custom. Featured in Easyriders magazine, #85, Indian Summer, Won 1st N.Y., 2nd Maine, 5th Daytona. Excellent running machine. \$5,000. Call after 5 p.m. Eastern, (207) 698-1945. (96)

The Burnt River Scooter Tramp Band is booking parties and swap-meets right fuckin' now. N.E. Ohio (216) 476-0642. (101)

Jeff: Darlin', you're the best punk man ever. I love you. Happy birthday, Tink. (96)

Free literature on tattooing outfits and instruction manuals. Artist, Box 242-H, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (96)

Wanted: Gino style aluminum helmets. Call for more info. (717) 564-2901. (96)

Have problems at home? Ex-biker family seeks single female or unwed mother 16-30 years old, for self-sufficient homestead. Permanent home for right people. Hassle-free environment. Boxholder, Box 205, Barstow, Calif. 92311. (96)

P. Michael Lanier: You Animal! Please give me a call. Lisa. (602) 386-5132. (96)

Stephen: You made lovin' fun. Will always remember the good times. Sorry you're down, Peace. Love ya, Diane. (96)

"Blue" Green: Still waiting, still loving you. Please contact me. Molly, 1218 N. State St., Syracuse, N.Y. 13208. (96)

Phil: Been down for two long years! Welcome home, daddy. Love forever, plus, Your Amazon Mama. (96)

Wanted: Two female tattoo artists. Must do good work! Send photos of your work to Lou's Tattoo Parlor, 475 Hay St., Fayetteville, N.C. (919) 483-1222. (96)

Mike: Happy belated birthday 3-31. You're the best champagne I've ever had. Here's hoping 34 is your bubbliest year ever! Love, Debbie. (96)

In memory of Julie Berdan: We loved you with all our hearts, and always will. Someday we will ride together again. From all your brothers and sisters of Bayside and Corpus Christi, Texas, Crazy Kirk. (96)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets, expert instructions, and valuable tips. 71 pages \$19.95. Steele, Box 242-H, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (96)

RW Agee: Happy birthday. You're special, and don't you forget it. Tennessee's Susie. (96)

Attention, British biker ladies: American biker, tattoo artist, seeking lady of British citizenship, preferably Australian or New Zealander, but will consider English, to correspond toward being brought to U.S.A. as ol' lady. Age 18-28, decent looks and together. Send letter and photo to W.R.R., P.O. Box 52, Bealeton, Va. 22712, U.S.A. (96)

2nd annual Plainsmen spring opener, Saturday, May 2, Berkeley Park, Denver. Open party \$3. (97)

George "Dancing Bear" and Roger, K.C. area: Hope you are doing okay. I'll be with ya this summer for sure. Too fuckin' cold to live here. Keep on dancin'. George—and Roger, have a cold one ready! Big Red, Norway. (96)

Gary: Happy 30th birthday! I still love ya; and may your '60 pan-head soon be on the road. Love, Kim. (96)

Soldouts: #69, #73, #61, \$4.50, postpaid. Dolowy, 12917 Muskegon, Chicago, Ill. 60633. (96)

El Diablo, best master around: I miss you more than anything I have ever missed before. I'm makin' it for us! Can't wait to be in your arms again. Your ol' lady loves you very much, Thumper. (96)

Information: Whoever made Dave Nye's turn-out manifold on his bike, 11-79 Easyriders magazine, please contact Al Docanto, 6 Bicknell St., Apt. 4, Quincy, Mass. 02169, or call collect any time at (617) 479-9358. (96)

Lonely, sincere biker out in '82, looking for sexy ladies (18-50). Any ladies looking for meaningful relationship, but still wishing to retain freedom, write to Stretch #P-4811, P.O. Box 9901, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15233. Please send photos. (96)

White male, 26, looking for an ol' lady to putt with this summer. No game players, please! Must be into sex, drugs, and rock and roll. Will answer all replies. Send photo, Chicagoland area. Write to Teddy Bear, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (97)

Re-key your fatbob dash switch. Send switch; returned c.o.d. Al's Locksmith Shop, 3549 Lake Ontario Dr., Fremont, Calif. 94536. 489-1140. (96)

Hard-riding Harley man enjoys hearing from young women, preferably tall and slim. Philip Banke, Rt. 1, Box 180G, Cornelius, Ore. 97113. (96)

Needed: 34B, 116 lbs. or less; send photo. Life student, Write L.G.C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (98)

Swap photos, club cards, shop cards, news clips, etc. Write M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Mich. 48910. (96)

Bumefus: Forever, "You got that shit right." I love ya, babe, Janny. (96)

For blonde, 24. Blew money on braces. Need money to buy my Harley. Also blew money on a stereo. Need some albums now. Please keep in touch. Will need driver for my Harley. Send albums, \$1, or questions to Kay Olsen, Box 145, Frankfort, Mich. 49635. (96)

Brucie: Happy 24th birthday, and happy 1st anniversary. We'll love you forever. Lubie, Casey, Spike, and Benny. (96)

Stoned and twisted underground comix by mail. Freak Brothers, Wonder Wart-Hog, etc. Catalog 50¢ from Rip Off Press Inc., Dept. M13, P.O. Box 14158, San Francisco, Calif. 94114. (96)

For Sale: Easyriders #20 through present issue. Like new. \$150 or best offer. Guy, 3468 Trumbull, Trenton, Mich. 48183. (96)

Tom Jones and Betty Lou, in Orlando: Get in touch with me. Very important. Love. Your little brother, Barry, P.O. Box 223, Farmingdale, N.J. 07727. (96)

Eric: Happy 31st birthday and 7th anniversary. Here's to a long, hot summer. Loving you always, Mary. (96)

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