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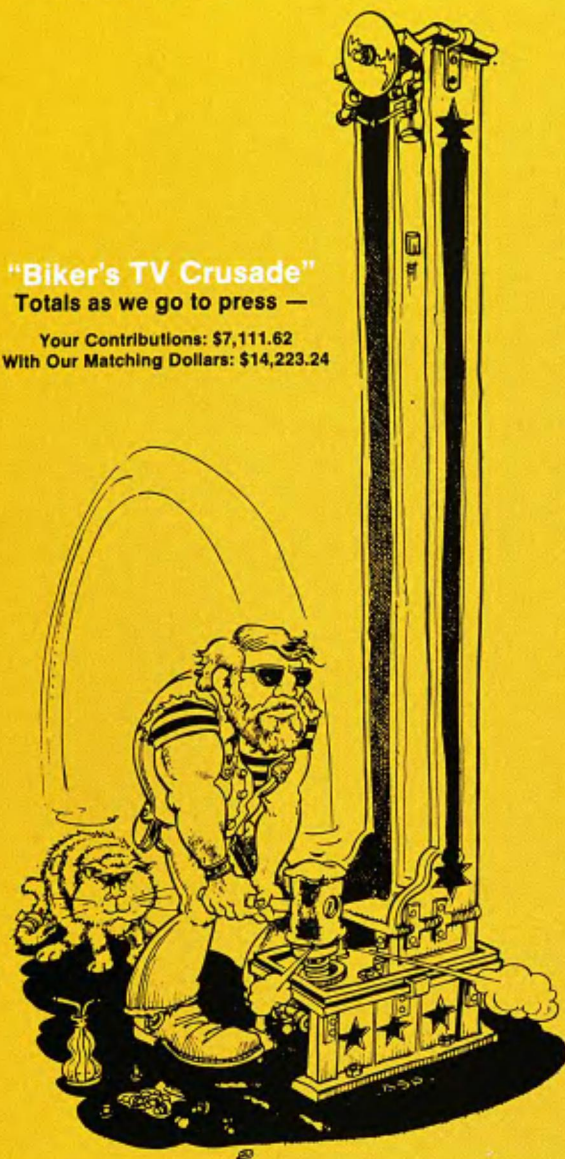
Number 101

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Cover photo of Sandra by Billy Tinney

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You're not gonna believe this. An Atlanta dude collected 100,000 bucks in damages from a circus after he slipped, fell, and fucked up his knee. He slipped in elephant shit. What're the odds of slippin' in elephant shit?

Sixty-two people in Ohio have been hospitalized by a severe case of the drizzlin' shits. What freaked the health authorities was they were all caused by contaminated marijuana. Maybe they got some of that shit Nixon had sprayed on the crops in Mexico. Or do ya think they're sprayin' again and not tellin' us?

The government is looking for a pot grower (are they ever). No, this is serious. The National Institute on Drug Abuse is asking for bids on a three-year contract to grow, harvest, store, ship, and analyze about 1,000 kilos of grass a year--that's about five acres' worth. The crop, allegedly used for research (snicker, snicker), is worth about \$250,000 profit when sold to the feds (no side deals). But they want a professional, someone with experience in growing pot. Shit, all they have to do is just go to the nearest prison and release someone. I'd volunteer, but that 'experienced' shit could be a trap and I'd wind up on a computer for future federal and local use.

It's frustratin' dept.: This man got divorced and his ex-ol' lady, with the help of the court, got most of what he had. To protest it, he put on an orange-colored helmet, got on his bike, and went ridin' around the city with nothin' else on except a tie, tellin' anyone who would listen that his ex took everything else. I know how he felt, but he'll find out the freedom's worth it--after he gets outta jail.

A woman in Dallas came home to find her dobie floppin' around on the floor gaggin' and chokin' to death. She rushed him to the vet and freaked when the doc discovered a couple of fingers lodged in the dog's throat. Everyone rushed to the woman's apartment to see what was left of whatever he gnawed on. A search of the place turned up a freaked-out former burglar (he had decided to give up this shit a couple hours earlier), who had lost a bunch of blood, two fingers, and a heluva lot of flesh.

The daily police log reported in the local papers leaves ya hangin' at times.

For instance, a man was arrested for public indecency at a restaurant. He was sitting in a booth with his pants unzipped, 'performing a private act.' What the hell was he doin'? Beatin' his meat while looking at the girl on the Pepsi sign? Havin' a go at a jar of fruit salad? Draggin' his meat through warm mashed potatoes? Lettin' his dog lick chocolate off his joint? What? Frustratin', man, frustratin'.

This 450-pound gorilla (the animal kind) drove a motorcycle in a nightclub act for seven years. Recently, when presented to a zoo and given the opportunity to ball some gorilla chicks, he couldn't get his dick outta the dirt. Now zoo officials are thinking that there's a tie between bikes and sterility--while all his friends know that he had dropped too many pills to get up for the nightly performance he was made to do. (Them Sportys are hard to start at times.)

Women's lib is gettin' outta hand. He sees a chick and whistles appreciation. A female cop hears him do it and slaps a citation on him for 'offensive whistling' and violating the city's noise ordinance. Think maybe the cop felt neglected?

The Texas Department of Public Safety, in a scare thing called 'Student Handout,' says that if you smoke grass continually, it will affect your brain and cause insanity. And to think that some of you snivel about a few mistakes when you should be making offerings for our editorial staff's fried brains. (!pleH)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Chip Buzz

□ Having tried CK's Chocolate Chip Buzz with 1½ oz. of good Colombo, we got real high, real fast, but there was a slight telltale taste. We also had a hard time buying pot to cook with. So we tried the next batch with 2 oz. of roaches — something most people throw away. Instead of raisins, we used shredded coconut, chopped walnuts, and butterscotch chips. You could have fed those cookies to anyone from your grandma to the DEA. They tasted great!

The only drawback we found was a bad case of munchies. They were incurable.

Dave and Julie
Battle Creek, Mich.

■ Whatta ya mean "throw away"? I don't know anyone who doesn't have a roach clip — or charred fingernails.

From Africa

□ A few months ago, while I was waiting in Rome for a plane to Africa, a guy named Mike Moody came up and commented on my H-D T-shirt. We got to bullshittin' around and he happened to have copies of the current *Easyriders* and *Iron Horse*. He gave them to me, and they sure made the plane ride back to Africa a lot easier to take. It just goes to show that your mags can be found anywhere.

Klem
Musonoie Camp

Probably

□ I wrote to you fuckers once before and you didn't print it. Not that I really give a shit as long as you read it, which I'm sure you did. That was probably your reason for not printing it.

Stoney
Garlsedt N., Germany

■ Usually is.

Fucked Copy

□ I just got my September *Easyriders* and want to thank you for the article on one-wheel motorcycles by Gordon Schindler. Too bad it was all written in that fake German dialect instead of English.

Jay Seckels
Portland, Ore.

□ Who the hell gives a fuck about unicycles except maybe some circus clown? Will y'all get your shit together and stop wastin' our script money with that kinda shit?

Freebird
Yardville, N.J.

□ With shit like "A History of the Unicycle," you just went back eleven years to the point where you didn't know whether you could make *Easyriders* what it is today.

A Bro
Tennessee Colony, Tex.

□ I just read "A History of the Unicycle" and thought it was good shit but was sorry I couldn't read the words. Then I realized it wasn't the shit I was smoking — it was the shit you were smokin'! Man, it must be nice to get the good stuff. It's not only that you can't write English but you put two two-wheelers in a story about unicycles.

Buzz Bender
Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

■ Sorry — we did goof. Rushed at deadline and impressed by the art and familiar with the author's previous work, the decision-makin' editor put the article into the grinder without review, thinking it would get edited by someone else. Everyone along the line figured it was fucked, but also figured it musta been approved by the first editor, and so passed it on — theirs is not to reason why. A lot of

strange shit is approved, so who knows? It would have been better if the author hadn't gimmicked the copy; it was a good subject. Ya wins some and ya loses some.

Searchin' For It

□ I've searched everywhere for your 10th anniversary issue. All the places that did have 'em were sold out, and the other places won't bother to order 'em. Any possibility of ordering from you?

Linda
Brooklyn, N.Y.

■ See ad in this issue.

□ I just bought the 10th anniversary issue, and God, what an number! You couldn't have done better!

Cas Zimmerman
Bismarck, N.D.

A Beef

□ Okay, fuckers, just one fucking time can I pick up and read *Easyriders* and not see one or two or more of Galen Olson's bikes? Is it advertising? Do you have your hand in his pocket or what?

No Shit
Farmersville, Calif.

■ Don't know what your hardon is. All you've got to do is read most issues. When he completes a bike, we feature it because we like his workmanship and style. Can't imagine anyone's not feeling the same. No one pays to get into this rag.

Horror Story

□ In regard to "A Horror Story" in the September '81 issue, the bro who wrote it must have done time in Texas. I found only one fuck-up: If you chop down a row of new corn, they don't chew ass, they stomp it. After that they give ya a little extra duty

to get your heart right. Other than that, it was a damned good story. Thanks for the laugh.

Lee J. Scott
Tennessee Colony, Tex.

□ Even though the article didn't say what state the prison was in, the inmates at the Texas Dept. of Corrections know what state he was referring to. All I want to say is that the part in the story about conditions here was not fictitious. So if you live in Texas and get the urge to do a crime, the first thing you should do is get your ass out of the state.

R.J. Alexander
Huntsville, Tex.

□ To say the least, that is a superb piece of writing — highest quality work I've ever seen in *Easyriders*.

Joe's Ol' Lady
Placerville, Calif.

□ You've finally done something right! "A Horror Story" is the best damned thing you've done in a long time. James Jennings sure does tell the truth behind the bullshitt in the administration.

Dennis Rios
Hutchinson, Kan.

A Case Of Grins

□ Those little fucked-up, stupid, sick cartoons y'all print at the bottom of the pages are the best fucking things around to give anyone a case of the grins!

Shib
Schweinfurt, Germany

Have Bikers Changed?

□ Man, I've got a gripe. I just read in the paper that the Hells Angels had this big rally in Virginia, and there were no incidents of violence, drunkenness, fighting, sodomy, burglary, drag racing, or other shit reported. Now this really pisses me off. I'm 22,

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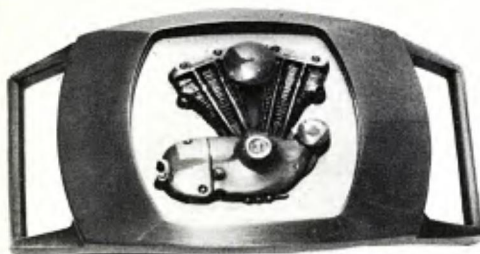
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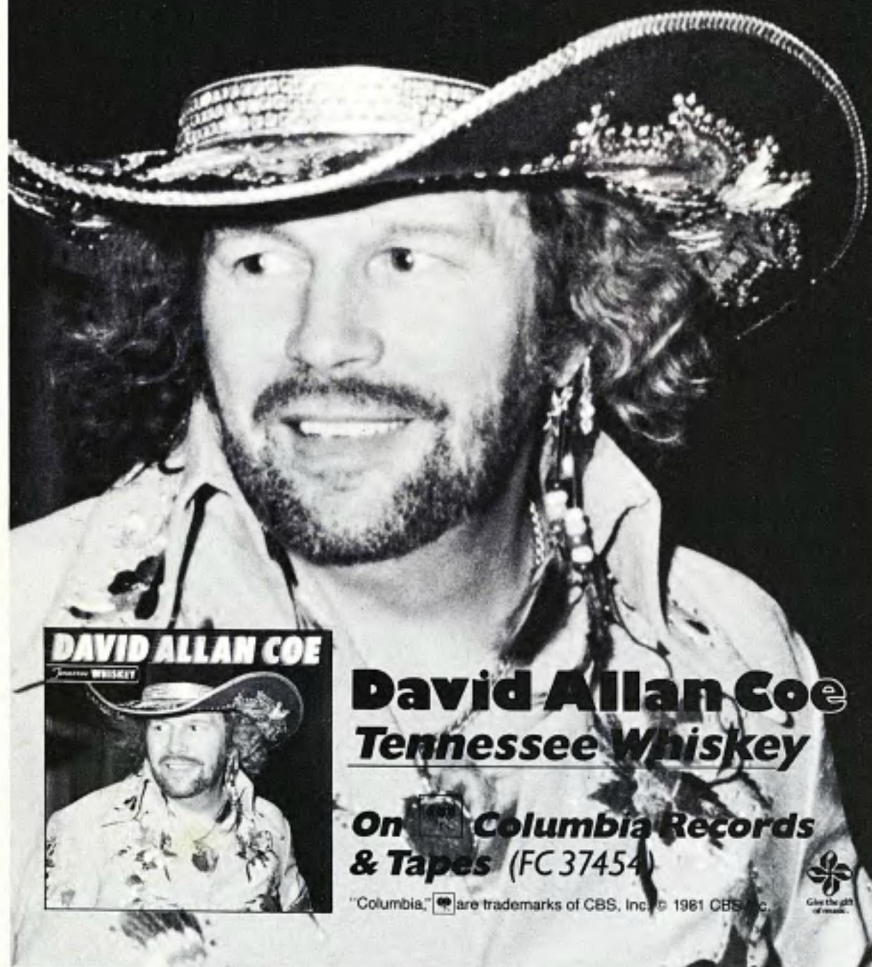
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never been to Nam (or even in the service, for that matter), never been to jail, never been arrested, only been in one fight, and on top of all that shit I just got my hair cut and my beard trimmed. Now what I want to know is what the hell happened to bikers. Has the fucking system won? Hell, the reason I live the biker lifestyle is to give everyone shit, get drunk and rowdy, steal things, commit acts of sodomy, drag race, and get arrested.

So tell me, has the system won or have bikers changed their lifestyle to suit society just enough that we don't get hassled by the straights all the time?

Nuts
Phoenix, Ariz.

■ Get arrested a few times and you find out it's better not to be. Spend time in the slammer and you discover the air is fresher and that snatch is on the outside. The more mature you get, the more you learn you can go through life and have your fun and games without hassles. I think your name says it all about you.

Goin' To Dogs

□ Why is Spider telling us about dogs chewing up the cops all the time? Tell him to get back to the human race and quit smoking the good shit with police dogs

J.D. Musick
Ft. Worth, Tex.

■ He digs dogs and thinks it's funny when they assert themselves or do something off-the-wall, something not expected of 'em.

He's Been Saved

□ Now you've done it! I quit riding (except for my dirt bike) in 1966, turned straight, got a 3-bedroom, a white shirt and tie, an 8-to-5 job, and a lovely wife.

Coupla years ago I stumbled across *Easyriders* on the newsstand and began reading it regularly just to vicariously enjoy the old days.

My boss and I made a business trip recently, and he stopped at an appliance shop

begone overpriced competitors!

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to pick up his wife's blender. There was a bike shop three doors down, so I strolled over to see what was new.

Well, one thing led to another and before I knew what was happening, a deal had been made. But I want you dipshits to know what it cost me! I had to give up a lot to get my knees back in the breeze.

I've lost my ulcer, my uptight attitude, my hypertension, and my Valium habit! And I had to buy the ol' lady a new range and oven to calm her down.

At least now I can eat chili for dinner and not have to get up at 2 a.m. to take four Alka-Seltzers.

Thanks. I needed that.

Jake
Rocky Ford, Colo.

■ Soon you'll be eatin' all kinds of things — all shapes, sizes, and descriptions.

Discrepancy

□ I've been readin' your rag for years and have seen goofs before, but I just had to write you about this one.

In the July issue the story "Cold Comfort" says the dude was standing in the road with the tire leaning against the bike when the truck came by. In the picture, he's sitting on the bike, holding the tire. How come?

Whiskey
Fenton, Mo.

■ The art department can't read, and some of the editors are asleep.

Extra Pie

□ There were some exceptionally good stories in the September issue, but "Gypsy" stood far ahead of them all. Spider Lady well deserves an extra slice of raisin pie.

Durty
Represa, Calif.

Color Green

□ Believe what you want about green-colored bikes, don't walk under ladders, avoid black cats, freak out when you break a mirror, don't step on a crack in the sidewalk for fear of breaking your mother's back, and per-

haps all that shit will be real to you, not me. If you're scared of old wives' tales, try painting your scooter pink! There isn't anything wrong with green bikes unless you believe there is — the curse is bullshit.

Prevert
Carson City, Nev.

□ The color green is unlucky for bikes because it's in the sign of Capricorn, and Capricorn has a tendency to be accident-prone.

N. Pallozza
Tucson, Ariz.

No Brakes?

□ Since when do you feature incompleated bikes? I'm referring to Big Red (August '81). I damn sure would like to know how this bro gets his front brakes to work. Maybe he talks to them. Otherwise, it's a fine-lookin' piece of machinery.

Broke Dick
Mercer, Pa.

■ He has dual disc brakes on the front. Send me some of that stuff you're smokin' — it must be blindin'.

Who Does He Belong To?

□ Picked up the new David Allan Coe album, "I've Got Something To Say," a short while back. Lots of good songs on it, and true to its title, it does have something to say. Shit, that ain't why I'm writing — damn near forgot. It has the photo credits going to Billy Tinney. Is that

your Billy Tinney? Just wondering.

Hop
Springfield, Ill.

■ It's the same Billy Tinney who's on our staff, but shit, don't say he's ours — his mommy doesn't even lay claim to him!

She's Tired

□ I'm tired of fuckers (or rather, nonfuckers) so fucked up on 'ludes that their cranks won't stay hard, so they eat pussy instead. Are you guys a bunch of wimps, or what? Did riding hardtail Harleys break the bone in your dick? What happened to good, long, hard, high-gear, teeth-grittin' fuckin'? That's what I want to know?

Cheech
Topeka, Kan.

H-Ds in Dixie

□ Don't know what most of you flong-dongers are riding out West, but since I moved to the heart of Dixie, nine out of ten bikes I see are H-Ds.

Fat Boy
Montgomery, Ala.

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. ■



"Damn mosquitos get bigger every time we make this run."

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Auto Mags And Bikes

I confess. I've had this wonderful idea to go into the automobile-testing business, precipitated by all those car magazines now courting motorcycles and otherwise poaching in the two-wheeled preserve. I'm dying to test one of those glitzy cars that cause automotive journalists to sweat heavily over the typewriter and scream out in hyperbolic prose; I'd love to try one of those wunder-kars built by a bunch of overrated little munchkins, Barstow-to-Vegas, Overland. Irreverent, you say? How dare some motor-sick philistine, who'd pay to see Cadillac Eldorados trash themselves in a figure-eight demolition derby, suggest the pillage of Old World Craftsmanship? The answer is, *easily*. What do you need to know to test something you know nothing about? Hey, *nothing*. That's the beauty of it. We don't like that kind of easy beauty here. I figure these four-wheeled poachers who occasionally lift two, should scavenge elsewhere. Why not test toasters, or baby bottle warmers, or electric hair dryers? Anything but motorcycles.

—Phil Schilling
Cycle



Golly! Gee Whiz!

Blockbuster! That sums up the power and impact that "Rocky" and "Rocky II" had on the vast public and the box office. The character Rocky, performed by Sylvester Stallone, has become not only a household term but a definite folk hero.

Well, you had better check to see that your shoes aren't tied together because here

comes "Rocky III"! "Sly" Stallone in the leading role, as it should be, will be seen going rounds with "Clubber Lang," who in real life is Mr. T, the man who recently won the Nation's Toughest Bouncer title.

In this latest version the rough edges have been finely honed from Rocky's appearance. He has become a well established successful fighter and much of the tough "street" look is absent, replaced with a more worldly and sophisticated stature.

As you have surely guessed by now, "Rocky III" has been injected with a small but effective touch of cycling. Just how much and to what extent these sequences will entail we were unable to find out. What was clear is that Harley had supplied several new machines for the bike segments and Stallone will be on at least one of them.

—Street Chopper



The Real Problem

Drunk driving is a major issue in motorcycle safety. A large percentage of street riders who turn up DOA are drunk at the time of their accidents, and a large percentage of the drivers who kill and maim motorcyclists are drunk when they do it. The problem is that most of the attempts to reduce drunk driving have thus far been unsuccessful. The Insurance Institute for Highway Safety (which has often been guilty of some heavily biased anti-motorcycle activity) recently reviewed the situation and discussed various studies, surveys, and methods. Predictably, they stated that more is known about what doesn't work than what does,

although there are several approaches that might deter alcohol-impaired persons from driving. Several differing strategies include decriminalization, vigorous enforcement, and swift, certain penalties.

—Art Friedman
Motorcyclist



DOT Pushin' Bikes!

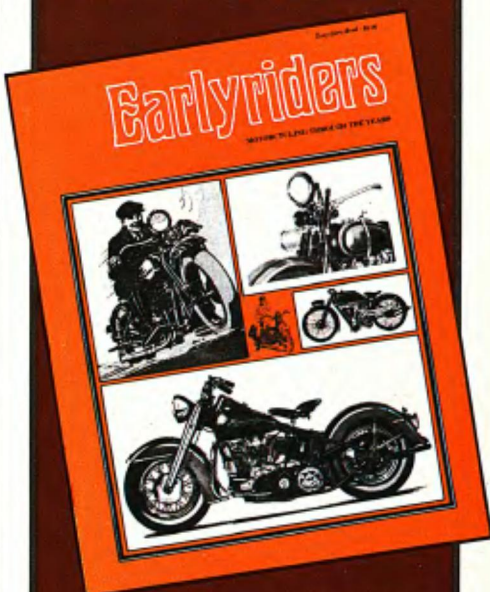
As unusual as it may seem, there's actually a government agency which is actively advocating motorcycle usage. It isn't a federal agency, but it is the Department of Transportation of the most populous state in the U.S. Caltrans is the agency. They have been flashing pro-biking slogans on the lighted signs on the Santa Monica Freeway, alleged to be the most heavily traveled freeway in the U.S. These slogans have emphasized the economy and fuel efficiency of motorcycles.

• • •

One aspect of the Caltrans motorcycle programs is informing the public of motorcycling and balancing (where possible and practical) the anti-motorcycle sentiment held by many. There may be instances where a letter from a state office is published more readily than one from an individual or motorcycle publication or manufacturer. If you see such a letter or article printed in a publication circulated in California and would like to pass it on to Joe Mariner, Motorcycle Coordinator, he may be reached at California Dept. of Transportation, 1120 N Street, Sacramento, Calif. 95814.

—American Motorcyclist

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As you know, we sell Spider's **Earlyriders** — a 224-page collection of motorcycle memorabilia in a hardcover edition. (The ad is elsewhere in this mag.) We just discovered a stash of the exact same book, only with a "soft cover" on it — still a heavy, 100-pound cover, but it can be bent over, whereas a hardcover edition cannot. That's the only difference — inside you'll find the very same quality throughout. Because it's a softcover edition, we can let 'em go for 2 dollars less. That's right — only \$7.95 each (with us payin' postage and handlin').

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Bike Show For Shut-Ins

Freedom is a word a lot of people use, but not that many of them know what it's all about. Bikers know freedom and they use up every ounce of it. But every once in a while

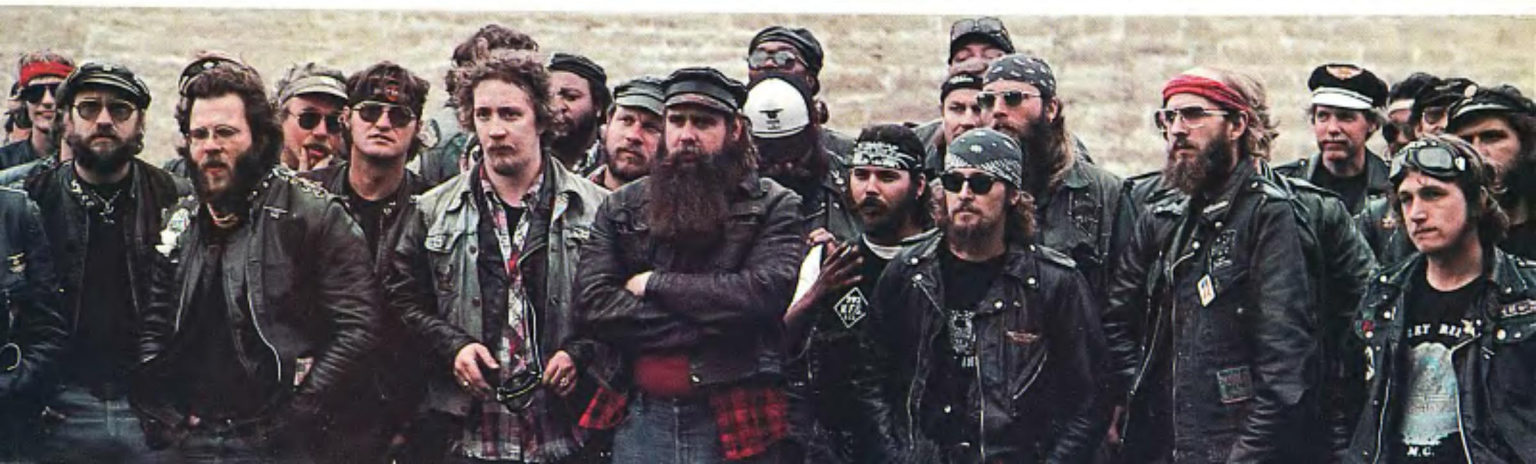
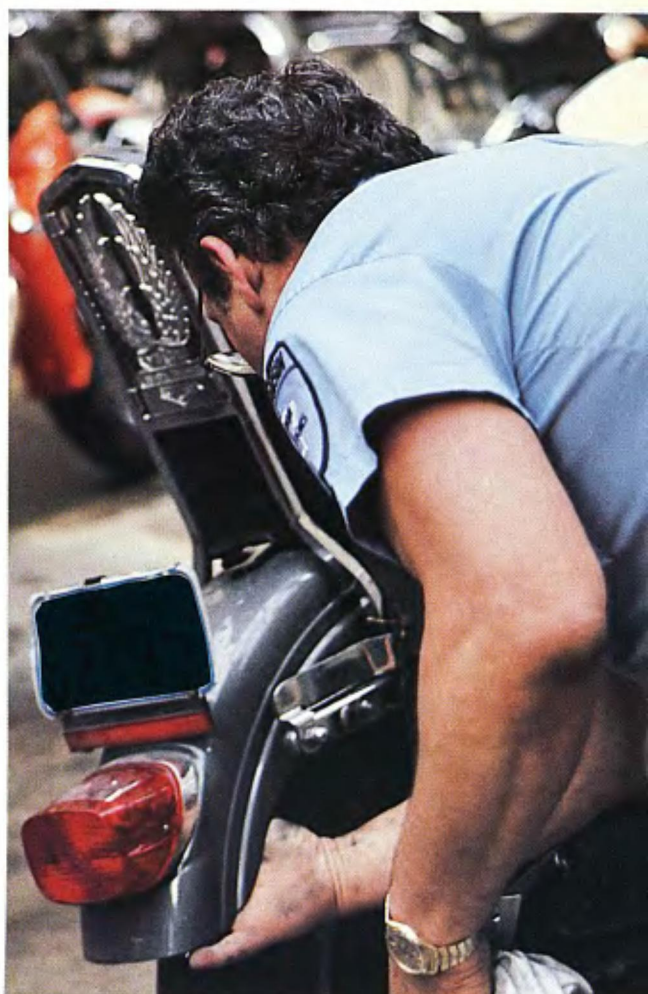
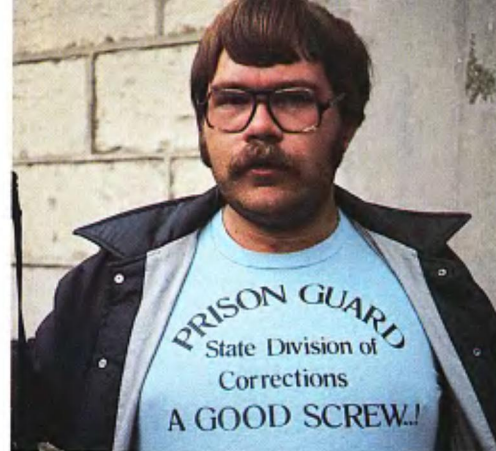
a bro gets caught up in a situation that may get him some down time, courtesy of the state. So a bunch of scooter burns got together in Wisconsin back in 1977, after reading about some

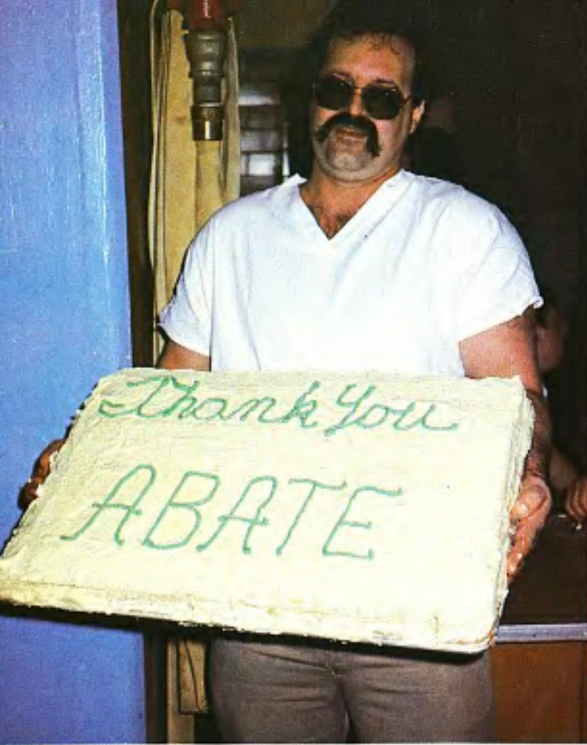
bikers visiting their bros out in a California slammer. That '77 Wisconsin show, with just over twenty bikes, has grown to where it is today — namely the bitchin'est

bike show behind bars in the country.

It took a lot of work from a whole lot of people, on the inside as well as the outside; but when the planning was all over, we









ended up with 175 of the craziest bums who ever kicked over a ride. Sit back now and try to picture how this went down.

The week before the show, everyone from all over the state was doing the last-minute little things, like polishing chrome, checking tires, putting the rings back on a piston or two that had been on the bench for a week or so—you know, the essential stuff. The show was set for Saturday, June 20; but most of the boys were getting together earlier on some land in Oshkosh

about thirty miles from the prison. The land belonged to the Zodiacs MC, and their boss said we could stay there to rest. Seems we had to be at the gates of the joint at 6 a.m. Shit, ever try to tell a bunch of stew bums to lay off the sauce 'cause they had to get up early? Well, the beer ran out around two in the morning, but that didn't stop the party. By 4:45 a.m., when we had to get ready to hit the fast lane, we had a crew that looked as if they'd just got done setting a world record for doing some-

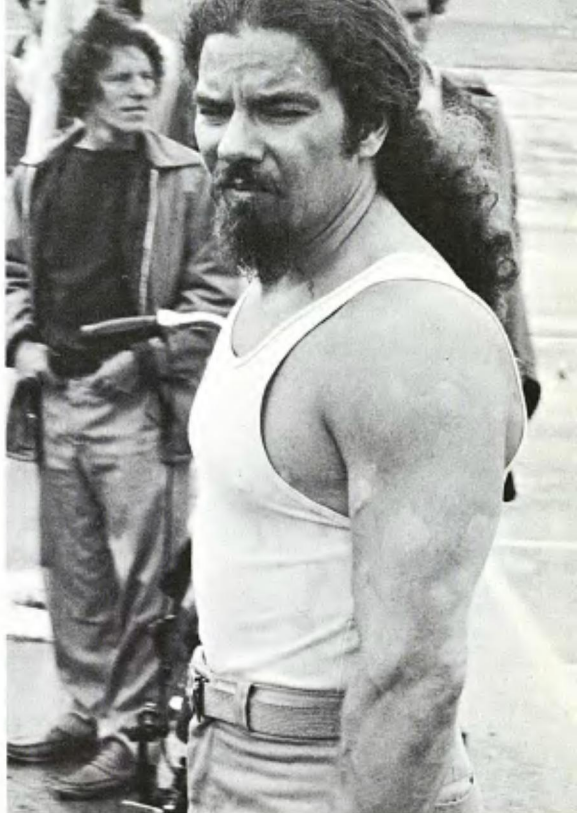
thing wrong. Somehow we hit the breeze on time, leaving behind only about three dudes who must have been having erotic dreams or something.

The pack was impressive, to say the least. You don't often see that many bikes rolling before the sun comes up. After a shakedown at the gate we lined up inside the wall, and at the signal from the head security cat, we cranked 'em over and made as much noise as possible rolling into the recreation field. The looks

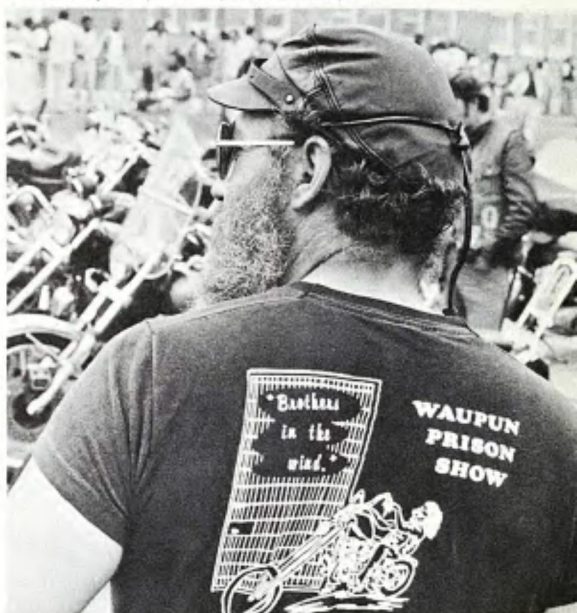
on the faces of the residents would have been enough right there to make it all worthwhile. But there was a lot more in store. Morning rains bitched up the first rec period a little. The band, Short Stuff, couldn't play because their equipment got a little damp, and electrocution isn't allowed in Wisconsin. Had to call off the tug-of-war contest too, but the annual baseball game went off as usual.

The food services from the prison whipped up their goodies again this





Photos by Billy Tinney and Woody





year: hot dogs, salads, and Kool-Aid. Last year, when I pigged out on that food, I couldn't get anything going with my ol' lady for about a week (I think they put something in the food).

The afternoon rec period was a little better than the morning's. No rain this time, and you could see things were a little more mellow. When trophy time came around, it just about blew everyone away. The residents came up with some great stuff. About twenty dudes were responsible for

coordinating the classing and judging of the bikes. And more were involved in actually making the trophies. The head man for the residents this year was Flapper, who organized the judging and various work details. His club bro Junkyard helped out, even to the point of baking a special cake presented to ABATE of Wisconsin for their efforts in getting all the bikers up to Waupun for the gig. Many of the hand-crafted awards were made by a righteous bro named Kelly. It would take three

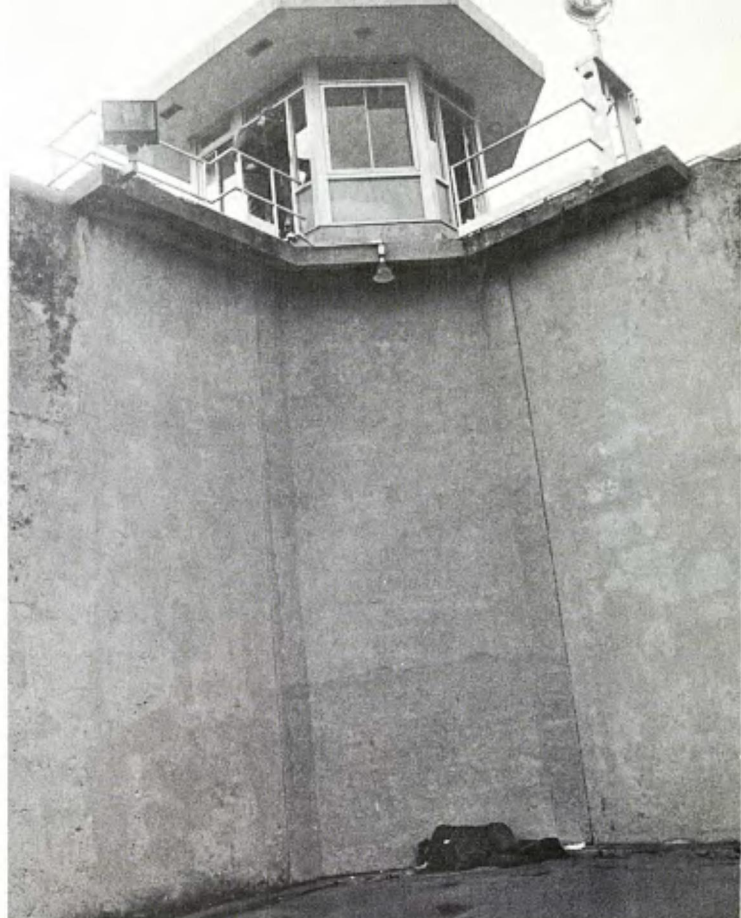
pages to name all the people involved in the show, so let's just say it couldn't have happened without the combined effort of over a thousand true brothers. Inside groups, such as the lifers and the Latino group, had a major role in the show, as well as the many ABATE members and patch holders who rode in.

This year's show was dedicated to the memory of Bob Hinze, an ABATE member who was killed in an accident about a month before the show. He was a leader of the

Zipper Band, which performed at the last two prison shows, and he was one of the original crew of bros who got that first show going back in '77.

Things will regress to the institutionalized life for our bros back in the walled city, but they can at least pass the time knowing we haven't forgotten them, and we will be back again next year to give them the sights, the sounds, the smells of Milwaukee iron and the taste of a day's freedom with their bros.

—Pan



JACK THE RIPOFF

By L.M. Lussky

You are a prick, a punk, a bastard, a liar, and a thief. You have, on occasion, been pricked yourself or screwed or ripped off, but the prickings, screwings, and rippings-off you've given are a thousand times more numerous than those you've got. You take a tremendous amount of pride in that. You've made it your life's work, to out-prick, to screw and damn them all, to inflict on fellow humans so much misery that any misfortune you might have suffered yourself shrinks into insignificance by comparison to the dirty deeds you've dealt out.

Now you have to move. You've been in town two weeks and everybody you've met is on to you. The word has hit the streets, watch out for Jack, he's poison. He'll be a friend just long enough to slip you the crabs and make off with your wallet, your stereo, your stash.

And so you get set to drift. There's other towns. Other shitheads to be ripped off. The sheep are standing patiently in line just waiting to be fleeced.

After Sweet Steel was stolen, I sorta went off my head. For over a week I chased all over town looking for some kind of trail. It was like a fever that inspired me to collar certain bikers at drive-ins, to demand to see their pink slips, to insist on a close inspection of the serial numbers on their machines. This was not something that they were fond of and I think I may have offended some of them. It was fortunate that I was able to shake the fever after spending several days in bed.

The heat that had tormented my brain was then replaced by a cooler, almost icy resolve, but one no less deeply felt. I would build a new bike, of course. But this one would not exist for the sole purpose of my personal gratification. It would be a creation with a higher purpose, one that would be shared with the world of my fellow bikers. The bike would have a mission and I would name the machine Nemesis, after the ancient goddess of retributive justice, of deserved vengeance, and righteous revenge. The mission would be pure payback.

You travel light. Why carry anything along with you when you can help yourself to people's goods? You'll go in style, you leech, on someone's bride of steel. To some, you know, a bike has greater value than a wife. The stupid fools. You'll let them work for years at jobs they hate, squirreling away cash to build their dreams, let them smash their knuckles when their worn-out tools give way, brand themselves with glowing torch tips, suffer the screams of nagging wives, and then — then you'll steal their bikes, you louse-ridden sneak, and ride away laughing at the way they'll look, the way they'll moan

and hurt deep inside when they discover what you've done to them. You sniveling bastard.

I started with a used-up panhead. I wouldn't bother to do much with the innards, just fancy up a frame with lots of geegaws on it to attract his attention. All form and no substance, but as flashy as a fishing lure, and created for a similar purpose. I painted it all up like a whore after molding everything in a single piece. No need for maintenance on this one. The tank was the best part. Since it wouldn't be going very far, it could hold only about a gallon. The rest of the tank was sealed off and stuffed with electronics. Just as the cobra seat was stuffed, in its own fashion.

The town is filled with bikes, each one yours for the taking. You know the tricks, you bastard sonofabitch — how to bypass the ignition switch, roll the bike down a driveway in the dark, kick it over a block away and you're home free, it's yours, you're off. You laugh at chains; they barely get in your way. You have a kit of special tools for just such obstacles. You have it with you now. So you walk along in the light of early morning, piggy eyes alert to bikes and where they're parked and how they're guarded, just taking your pick.

Here's a row of shops that specialize in the art, none as yet open for business. They're all locked up, of course, with windows barred and grates across their fronts. They've heard of you, or trash just like you — vermin born in human shape. But one of them is separate from the others. Its lights are on and it sounds as if someone is doing some work inside of it.

You slither close and see a glossy panhead on the street in front. It looks as though it has just been wheeled out of the shop. What a prize it would be, a brand-new chop stolen before it had even been

delivered. Like giving a virgin the clap — something worthy of a creep like you. From the back of the shop come the sounds of metal being worked. As long as it continues, you're safe — you've got it made in the shade.

What luck! The keys are in the switch. This shithead's begging for it. What a sap. You leap into the seat and ease your way with snake-like stealth into the street. Now the tricky part. You kick it over and right away it fires. You stinking rat. Your luck still holds, you dirty shithead. You dump the clutch and race away. Now to the Interstate and in a matter of hours a whole new state of people to be screwed. Thanks for the bike, chump.

I thought I heard some noise from the front of the shop, so I turned off the lathe and went to take a look. Even before I got my goggles off.

Continued on page 84

"You think for an instant of diving off, but you look at the concrete rushing past beneath your feet and think of how it would look all stained with blood. So instead of leaping you clutch convulsively at the handlebars and ice water boils out of your skin and the summer morning is quite suddenly as cold as death. How can you stop this cursed machine?"

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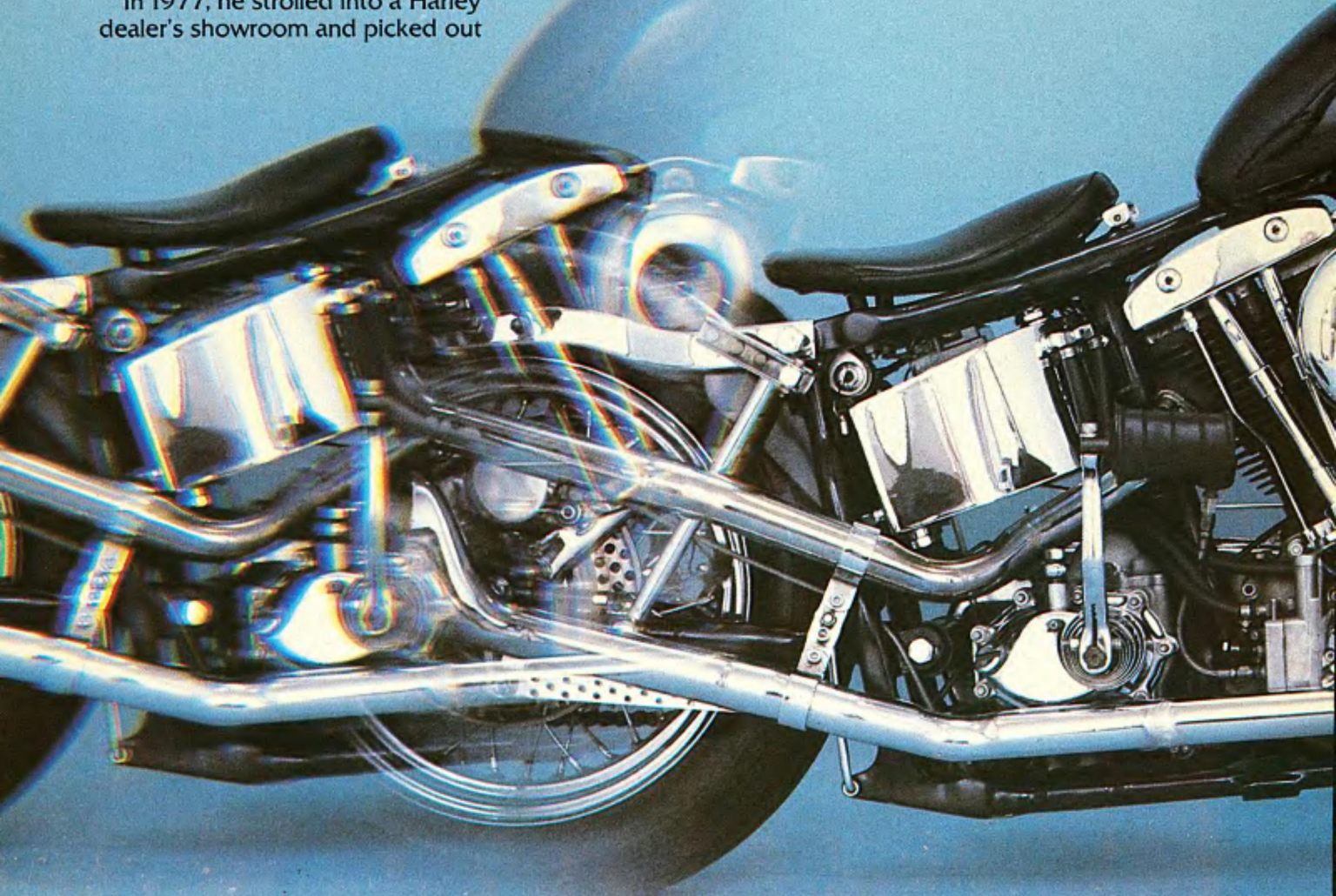


DETROIT PIONEERS

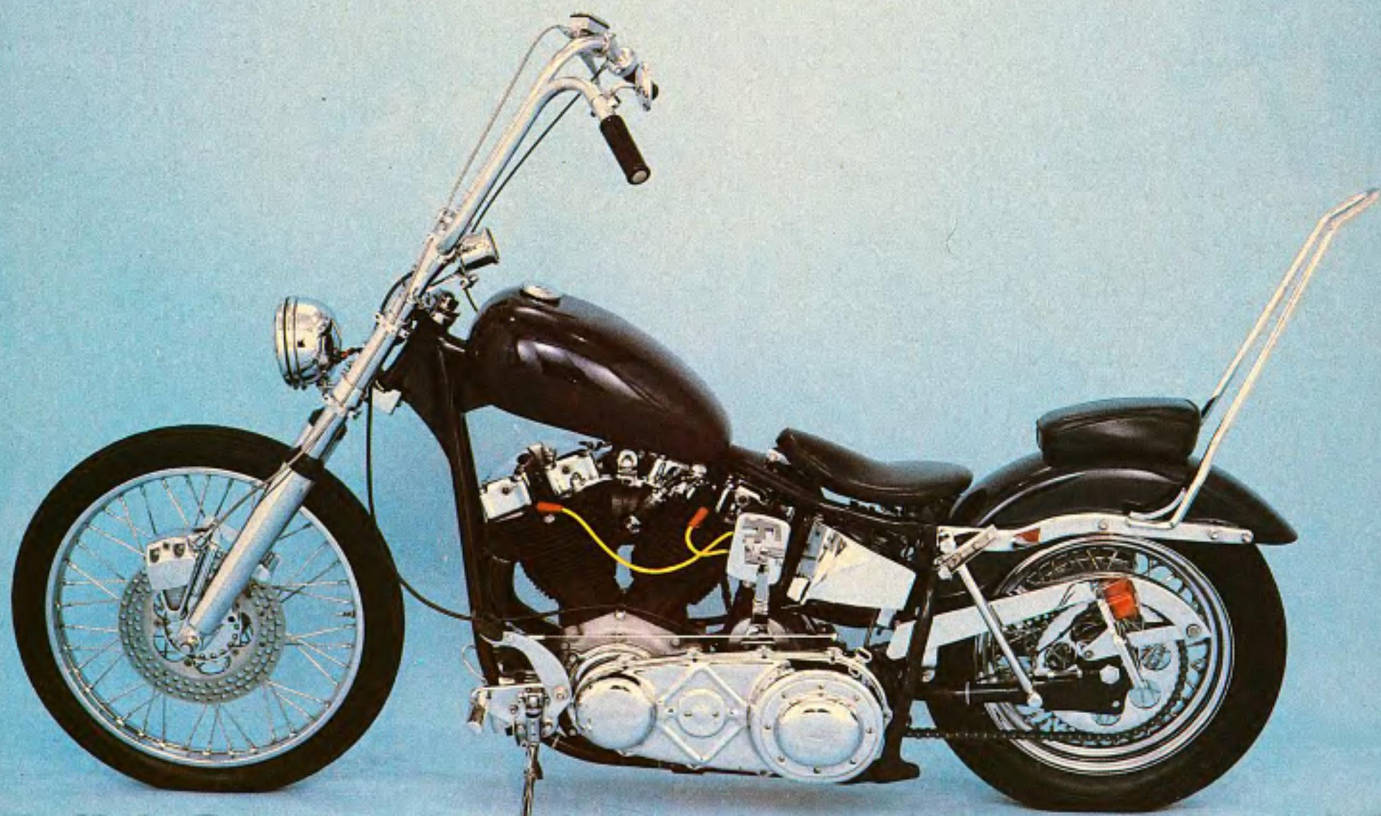
Sometimes the brain lights up with an idea at the strangest times. It might be while you're strainin' out those greaseburgers in a gas station shitter, or maybe while twistin' the wick, scootin' down the highway. Jeff, the owner of the bike you see here, got some ideas for his sled while flashin' on the masterpiece you have in your hands.

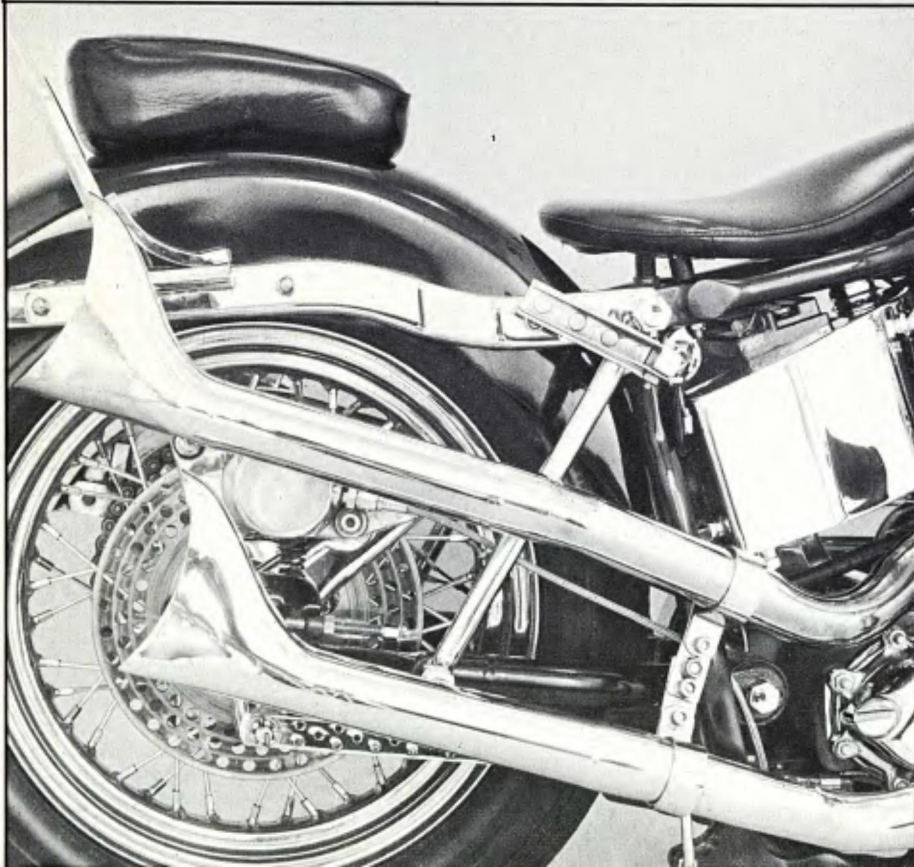
Jeff's pursuit of a different putt began when he made the decision to shitcan his Sportster an' get a 74. Don't get me wrong, his Sportster was a beauty, a flashy show bike. He spent hours at a time cleanin', polishin', waxin', an' lovin' it like a pup. Well, pups grow up to be dogs, an' in a way, so did the Sporty. It hounded him. He got fed up with the Mr. Clean routine.

In 1977, he strolled into a Harley dealer's showroom and picked out





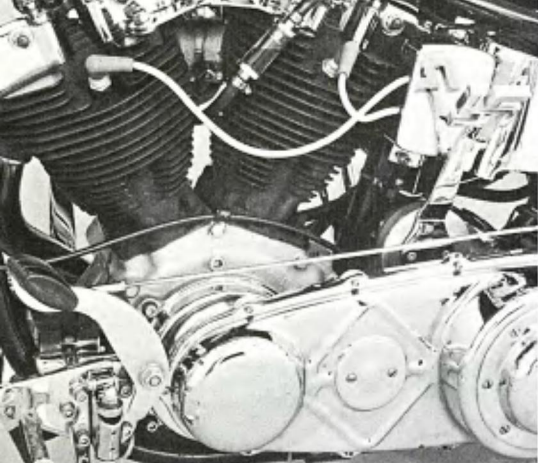




a shiny, new, stock Super Glide. He rode it constantly, without havin' an ulcer every time the road splattered the bike. He could finally just gunk off a machine without gettin' prissy with it. They're meant to be ridden anyway, right?

Six months after the purchase, his eyes scanned the bike his own would someday resemble — sorta. He was leafin' through this non-pedestrian rag when he spotted somethin' that made him quiver. It was a knucklehead — and he had a shovel. The task would be to toss off a helluva lot of stock parts an' generally drag the bike back through the years.

Behind the help of his bros, an' usin' the knuck as a guide, he did his own creative thing. His vision began to live. One of his bros brought over an old wide glide to



Photos by Pete Chiodo



replace the impersonal stock front end. Jeff did his own moldin' an' paintin'. His imagination had him flippin' back the pages on the calendar to the fifties. Doin' away with the shocks, he put on a set of struts, a '72 round swingarm, an' a new rear axle. The knuck he got his inspiration from had shotgun pipes, but Jeff's a fishtail fan an' that's what he went with. Apehangers, a jockey shift, a tin primary, a solo seat an' a pea-pad for the ol' lady brought his bike to what he wanted — a traditional, bitchin', early-chopper look.

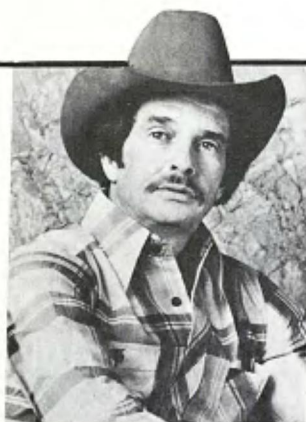
All his restylin' an' reconstruction took one ballbustin' year. The sled's been runnin' strong since '79, and the last time I saw him, Jeff was on his way to Sturgis.

When asked if that was gonna be it for a while, as far as chasin' down a dream an' then buildin' it was concerned, he chuckled somethin' about the search was over, an' he planned on hangin' onto this one, then passin' it on to the kids.

—Stubs



Owner: Jeff		City: San Pedro, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: '77	
Year and make: '77 H-D		Builder: owner	
Model: FX		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$6,000		Rake: factory	
Assembly by: Jim and Jeff		Stretch: same	
Time: one year		Other alterations: strutted	
Chroming by: Supreme Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: apehangers	
Year: '77		Risers: 1 in.	
Model: FX		Fender(s): Electra-Glide	
Rebuilder: never		Headlight: stock	
Ignition: stock		Taillight: red	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: VDO	
Lower end: fat but tight		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: tightrope		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: two		Electrics: H-D	
Cases: finned		Gas tank: 3½ gallon	
Heads: preferred		Oil tank: 3-qt.	
Cam(s): radical		Oil system: full return dry sump	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: tin	
Carb(s): Bendix B		Seat: solo	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: chromed	
Pipes: fishtails		Height: 14 in.	
Muffler(s): straights		Material: hex	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: jockey shift		Type: wide glide	
Year: '77		Extension: none	
Shifting: jockey shift		Builder: owner/Harley	
Engine sprocket: Belt drive		Special features: fine as is	
Trans sprocket: 24 tooth		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 57 tooth		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: 3 in.	Hub: 5 in.
Painter: owner		Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 3½ in.
Color: midnight blue		Tire: Avon 3.25	Tire: Gdysr. 5.00
Type: acrylic enamel		Brake: H-D	Brake: H-D disc
Special paint: applied fast			
Other special modifications: just look.			



Some Music For The Drinking Man: My usual attack of the summertime blues (it's early August as I write this) was relieved somewhat this year by the release of a couple of fine country albums, one by Merle Haggard, the other by Gary Stewart. I've been playing the hell out of both of them and they've been holding up well to frequent listenings, which is, pretty unusual for me, in that I tend to burn out quickly and lose interest in most anything that comes in repeated doses — except for bikes, sex, and drugs, of course.

This long-term listening potential is additionally peculiar in this case because neither album is composed of new material. Yet both records seem fresh and vital in spite of the familiarity of the music. Hag has cut plenty of live stuff before, but never in front of an audience of this size and enthusiasm — you can really feel the difference this crowd made. And Stewart's tunes, while familiar as individual hits, come across with additional impact grouped together; the whole is greater than the sum of the parts. Stewart has never had the full recognition he deserves, but this collection of his hits serves as a reminder that he's among the best songwriter/performers around today.

Both albums rely heavily on the ol' booze 'n' broads theme — getting fucked over by a gal and drinking your way out (or around) the blues, at least temporarily. Merle's album kicks off with three straight drinking tunes ("Misery And Gin," "I Think I'll Just Sit Here And Drink," and "Back To The Barrooms Again"), while song titles like "Drinkin' Thing," "She's Acting Single (I'm Drinking Doubles)," and "Whisky Trip" give

you the flavor of much of Stewart's material.

Merle Haggard/Rainbow Stew:

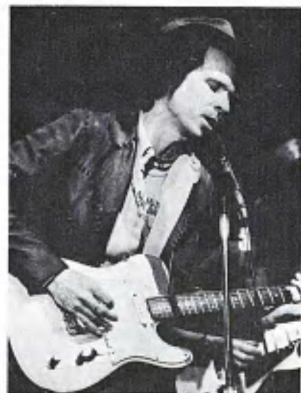
This album was recorded at a big all-day country music bash last year at Anaheim Stadium. This was a concert I had the pleasure of attending, and one I'll never forget because I thought I was going to die. I'll explain. To begin with, it was a perfect day for an outdoor concert — a cloudless fall sky and just warm enough to make you want to guzzle cold beer, which the promoters had thoughtfully provided in great quantities. So I sloshed down big dollar-cups of the stuff hand over fist, along with the other 30,000 or so fans there. (This audience was proclaimed on the huge out-field TV screen as the largest country music crowd ever, but I'm not so sure that's true — a couple of Willie's Picnics were pretty big.)

Hag came on after sets by Alabama and Emmylou Harris, and by then the whoop-it-up beer drinkers were ready to cut loose. Pretty soon Merle had everybody in the place on their feet deliriously dancing and stomping — so much so that the whole stadium began to sway (no shit), the upper decks bouncing in time to the beat as the out-field sign blinked futile warnings to stop it for the sake of our own safety. But nobody (including me) gave a shit, so we stomped on, and I watched the glass in the broadcast booths flexing to the crowd's movement, the surface twisting in the waning sun in time to the music and the audience's frenzy. If you think I'm bullshittin' or exaggerating, listen carefully to Hag's rendition of "The Running Kind" and you'll plainly hear the stadium announcer's voice cut in over the music to beg the crowd not to dance on the upper decks. The place held together, no thanks to us drunk fans, but believe me when I say that I was there when Hag brought the house down — almost literally.

Anyhow, *Rainbow Stew* is a solid collection of Merle at his best, offering live versions of tunes that, almost without exception, are even better than the studio originals, "Misery And Gin" and "Back To The Barrooms Again" being good examples. The

title cut, the only new material included in this live collection, is an amusing, tongue-in-cheek commentary on pie-in-the-sky promises in the venerable "Big Rock Candy Mountain" tradition. Hag gives the lyrics (which he wrote, by the way) the whimsical treatment the material deserves, but the skepticism is real. In a nutshell, there are no easy answers, you're always gonna have a tough row to hoe, and no amount of positive thinking or hopeful bullshit will change those basic facts of life: *There's a big brown cloud in the city and the countryside's a sin/The price of life is too high to give up — it's gotta come down again/When worldwide war is over and done and the dream of peace comes true/ We'll all be drinkin' that free bubble-up and eatin' that rainbow stew./When they find out how to burn water and the gasoline car is gone/When an airplane flies without any fuel and the sunlight heats our home/One of these days when the air clears up and the sun comes shinin' through/ We'll all be drinkin' that free bubble-up and eatin' that rainbow stew.*

In a nutshell, this is Hag's best live album to date, which is no small compliment, considering his fine live recordings in the past. Merle demonstrates once again that he's one of the three or four most talented country musicians on the scene today. Like a vintage Harley, Hag just seems to get better and better with age.



Gary Stewart/Greatest Hits:

This album has to be the best country buy so far this year, and if you're not too familiar with Gary Stewart you should buy this collection without

further delay. Stewart's voice has a great range and he knows how to sing a song like few others do. Evocative, powerful, and affecting, this album is an instant classic — dynamite music without a bad cut in the batch.

While Stewart has been known as much for his songwriting as for his singing, others wrote most of the stuff on *Greatest Hits*. All country fans and plenty of pop fans will immediately recognize tunes like "Your Place or Mine," "Drinkin' Thing," and "She's Acting Single (I'm Drinking Doubles)." But even the less familiar material sustains the level of the better-known tunes, and when Stewart applies his unique singing talents to a great song like "Quits," the impact is almost unnerving: *What do we call it now? It isn't magic anymore/Call it new and different, it's not the way it was before/Out of all the words to choose from, there's only one that fits/Call it what you want to, I call it quits.*

Nobody, not even Merle himself, handles drinking tunes better. The themes in Stewart's music run to the core of everyone's experience, whether it's getting married too young ("Ten Years Of This"), losing your woman and taking comfort in the bottle ("Whisky Trip"), or a horny encounter in a bar at closing time ("Your Place Or Mine"). And Stewart doesn't ignore the good times, either — check out "Flat Natural Born Good Timin' Man": *My uncle Joe Dan was a ladies' man/He taught me the what-to-do's and whens/And when I'm through with you, you won't want to move/You'll lay on back and smile at what you've just gone through.*

Greatest Hits is an investment in good listening — unconditionally recommended.

Short Takes — A Couple Of Lesser Achievements:

Two other albums caught my attention this month, but neither is quite up to the level I hoped they'd be. One is Rick Nelson's *Playing To Win* and the other is Hank Williams Jr.'s *Rowdy*.

If you can get over remembering Rick Nelson as the young brat on "Ozzie And Harriet" or later as teenage heartthrob, you'll discover he

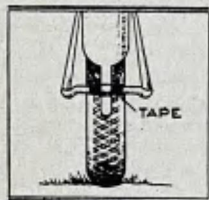
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Handy Tips From Readers

No, the tips are not from *our* readers. These little leg-wetters are from an ancient book — probably early '20s. The first pages were missing, and there were big, round holes eaten through it by something, but it was originally a collection of handy hints submitted to *Popular Mechanics* by readers of that era. While Spider was amusing himself recently, he salvaged the following items from the book — to give ya somethin' to read on the can.

Stopping Rattle in Motorcycle Stand

Annoyance while traveling over rough roads by the rattling of the rear stand on a motorcycle may be overcome by taping the part of the brace which hooks into a catch at the end of the rear mud guard. The sketch shows a



view of the lower portion of the rear wheel with the stand raised and in place in the catch.

Motorcycle Tires

Caution in the use of motorcycle tires with a minimum of abuse will result in a considerable tire saving. Tremendous wear on a single spot results when the power is thrown in so suddenly that the driving wheel makes several revolutions before gripping the ground. The proper air pressure must be maintained in the tires in order to obtain good wear. Guessing is a poor method of determining the air pressure, and the exact condition should be noted from time to time with a gauge. Ordinarily, a pressure of 45 to 50 lb. should be maintained in the rear tire and about 20 per cent less in the front tire, in the case of 3-in. tires. Rim-cutting from running motorcycle tires underinflated is the commonest abuse. Dents in the edge of the rims cause undue wear on the tire, the fabric being worn through by the constant rubbing. Bent rims are often caused by insufficient air pressure in tires, the liability to injury being increased when crossing tracks or bumps with an improperly inflated tire.

Hand Guards for Motorcyclists

When riding my motorcycle in cool weather, my hands became very cold, and in order to overcome this, I had guards, like that shown in the sketch, made of oilcloth. A piece, tapered from 10 in. at one end to 4½ in. at the other, and 12 in. long, was formed



into a cone, the smaller end being fitted, with an elastic band, over the handlebar. The guards keep the hands comfortable without gloves in cool weather, and, with gloves, are of great service in the winter.—George Westaway, Davenport, Ia.

Homemade Roadster with Motorcycle Engine

By mounting a 5-hp. motorcycle engine on a frame built of 2 by 4-in. stuff, and rigging the outfit on running gear made of gas-pipe axles, old buggy springs, and motorcycle wheels, I made the light roadster shown in the photograph, at small cost. It develops 30 miles an hour easily, carrying only the driver, and has carried five persons. The frame is suspended from the springs, with an underslung effect, on the front axle. The power is transmitted by a friction drive, consisting of a fiber contact pulley, obtained from an old commercial car, and a disk used as a cutter on a plow.

The front axle is of 1-in. gas pipe, fitted with suitable-size solid nipples,

Changing a Motor-Car Tire without a Jack

It occasionally happens that a motorist fails to have a jack at hand when a tire needs to be



changed on the road. The situation is easily met with the aid of a strong board and a couple of blocks or rocks. Driving the desired wheel onto the incline, provided in the manner illustrated,

and setting the brakes, a block is placed beneath the axle. The board is then knocked out of the way.—John Peters, Milwaukee, Wis.

and washers, at the bearings. The steering knuckle was made of steel shafting turned down to fit a pipe tee, set in the axle. The drive shaft is ¾ in. in diameter, and has a ball thrust bearing on the end. Sprocket gearing

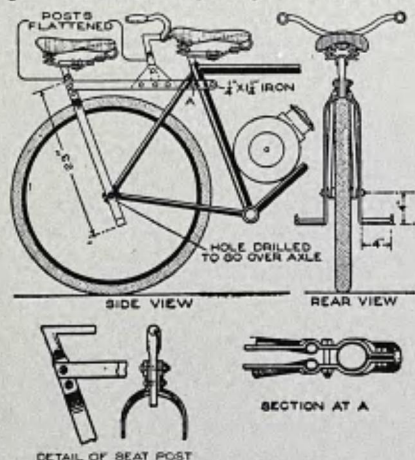


This Friction-Drive Cyclecar was Built in Spare Time by a Mechanic, Using Largely Makeshift Material

gives a ratio of 6 to 1, on high speed.—E. L. Munsen, La Conner, Wash.

Rear Seat for Motorcycle or Bicycle

A rear seat mounted on a light support that can be quickly attached to a



DETAIL OF SEAT POST
This Light-Weight Home-made Rear-Seat Fixture Is a Convenience for a Strong Bicycle or Motorcycle

strong bicycle or a motorcycle is handy, and one like that shown in the sketch can be made in the home workshop. The supporting frame, consisting of two main sections forming a fork over the rear axle, and a brace extending to the bicycle frame, are made of $\frac{1}{4}$ by $1\frac{1}{4}$ -in. strap iron. The seat and the handlebars are supported on posts of the usual type, flattened at their lower ends, and riveted to the fixture. The lower ends of the fork are bent to form foot rests. The detailed construction of the seat post and the method of clamping the brace at A are shown in the smaller sketches. The fastenings of the seat and handlebar posts are made with rivets or bolts.—P. P. Avery, Garfield, N. J.

Reinforcing Handlebar Grips

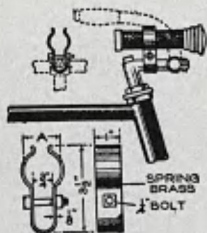
The flexible rubber grips used on bicycles and motorcycles have good shock-absorbing qualities, but they have a tendency to break off at the end of the handlebar. They may be reinforced by a small stick projecting from the end of the handlebar tubing. One end of the stick is cut to fit tightly in the opening, and the other to fit the flexible end of the grip.—George M. Zimmerman, Fort Sumner, N. M.

To Uncork a Bottle with a String

A convenient method of uncorking a bottle, from which liquid is to be poured frequently, is to thread a strong string or cord through the cork, tying it in a loop, which remains at the opening of the bottle. The cork may be removed easily by drawing on the string. This is more satisfactory than the use of a corkscrew, as the latter frequently tears the cork.—Lee A. Collins, Louisville, Ky.

Clip Holds Flash Lamp on Handlebar as Headlight

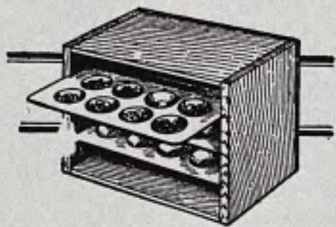
An ordinary pocket flash light makes a satisfactory headlight for a bicycle if fitted to the handlebar with a suitable clip. The arrangement shown makes it possible to remove the light quickly for use in the usual manner. The clip, as detailed, is of spring brass and is clamped over the post of the handlebar.—P. P. Avery, Garfield, N. J.



Nail Cabinet with Muffin-Pan Trays

Muffin-pan trays used by the housewife in baking make serviceable containers for nails, screws, and other small articles used in a shop. The illustration shows the pans fitted into a box, and sliding in grooves cut into the sides with a saw.

The box is made with the end pieces lapping over the top and the bottom, this being a better construction to

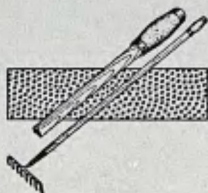


The Metal Trays Are Substantial and may be Removed Readily for Use Elsewhere

carry the weight of the trays. The wood used in the sides is $\frac{7}{8}$ in. thick, in order that a saw cut may be made to a depth of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. without weakening the support. Thinner wood may be used if instead of saw cuts small strips of wood are nailed against the side on which the trays may slide.—Contributed by Harry J. Blackledge, San Rafael, Cal.

Bicycle-Handle Grip on Rake Handle

By fitting a bicycle handle to the end of a rake handle a grip is provided that is comfortable in the hand when considerable raking is to be done. The sketch shows the grip attached. Several small brads were nailed through the handle and countersunk so as not to injure the hand. This prevented the grip from becoming loosened easily.



Bicycle Runner for Winter Use

A bicycle may be used with satisfactory results in winter by arranging a runner under the front wheel, which is lashed to the fork as indicated in the sketch. The mudguard is used as a runner by releasing it and dropping

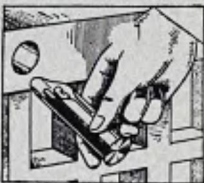


The Mudguard is Fastened to the Rim of the Wheel and Acts as a Runner over Ice and Snow

it to the position shown. It is then tied securely to the rim of the wheel and the wheel is tied at the top to the fork. This idea may be adapted by providing a special runner of sheet metal, making it unnecessary to wear the mudguard.—C. H. McCaslin, Portland, Ore.

Concealing the House Key

The time-honored custom of concealing the house key under the doormat, or in the letter box, when the family has not enough keys to go around, is so well known that an unauthorized person seeking to enter the house would look in these places first of all.



A simple and effective hiding place for the key can be quickly and easily made with the aid of an auger and two pieces of tin. Pick out an obscure section of the porch railing, and in the edge of this bore a $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. hole, about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. deeper than the length of the key. Make a piece of tin into a cylinder, the same length as the key, so that the latter will slide easily into the hole. At one end of this cylinder solder a 1-in. disk of tin, which will make it appear as in the illustration.

If the key is placed in the cylinder and the latter pushed into the hole until it is flush with the surface, it will scarcely be noticed by anyone not in the secret. ■



*"You ain't got any water and this damn heat's a killer!
We'll probably find ya before sundown — and even if we
don't, those rocks crawl with rattlers after dark!"*

Native Son

Flicking a glance at the trio of retarded hyenas in the booth opposite us, I was pretty damned sure they were the same dudes who had shown up a few minutes after us at the last two coffee stops.

"Really, I think you're full of it!" Orla babbled happily, squirming and giggling.

"Full of what?" I asked uneasily, pulling my mind back to her world.

"You're not listening to me!" The full lips pouted in mock frustration. The rust-colored eyes gleamed impatiently. "When you were talking to Darlene back at the party, you told her you were part Cherokee on your great-grandmother's side."

Another glance at the moronic-faced jackals huddled in the booth, now hungrily eyeing Orla's sassy curves. Two sly runts and a taller clown. There was maybe enough intelligence among them to keep a gnat going if he didn't have to go too far, too fast. I had them wired now. The gaudy van — a mud-splattered Dodge emblazoned with piss-poor science fiction art over a crappy purple paint job — was their

cage. Somehow, all three creeps could've come out of those weird designs on the damn van. My attention flickered back onto Orla's pert, intense face.

"Well, it's true. My great-grandma grew up on a little Wyoming farm near Fort Bridger. The way the story goes, it was either red meat or cavalrymen, and she hated uniforms as much as the rest of the family that's come after her."

"So you say. How come you suntan brown, if you're part Indian? How come you've got hair on your chest? How come" — her voice took on a leer — "you don't push out any war whoops while you're plunkin' your lily-white squaw? Darlene had a real Indian once and she said —"

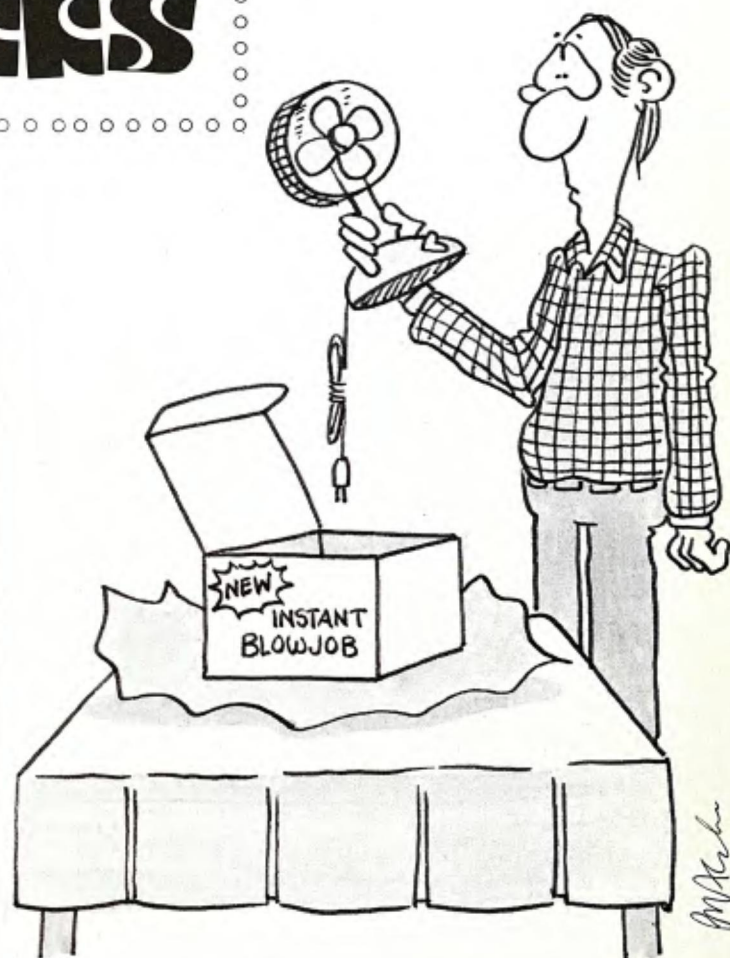
"Fuck Darlene!"

"You better never let me catch you tryin'!" Orla's brittle laughter filled my ears as she playfully, but not gently, stabbed me in the forearm with her fork. I jerked the arm away, rubbing at it and silently damning my stupidity for making this run without a piece. It was being reblued back in El Paso, leaving us

Continued on page 90

by Carl Kohler

Silent Flicks





Sandra

What could anyone here say that would add anything to these three pages? She doesn't need any elaboration — except that you might like to know her name is Sandra, and she doesn't mind packin' on a bike, and the photographer said he had a hard time giving her posing instructions due to his stiff tongue.

—Dogbreath





Photos by Billy Tinney and Woody



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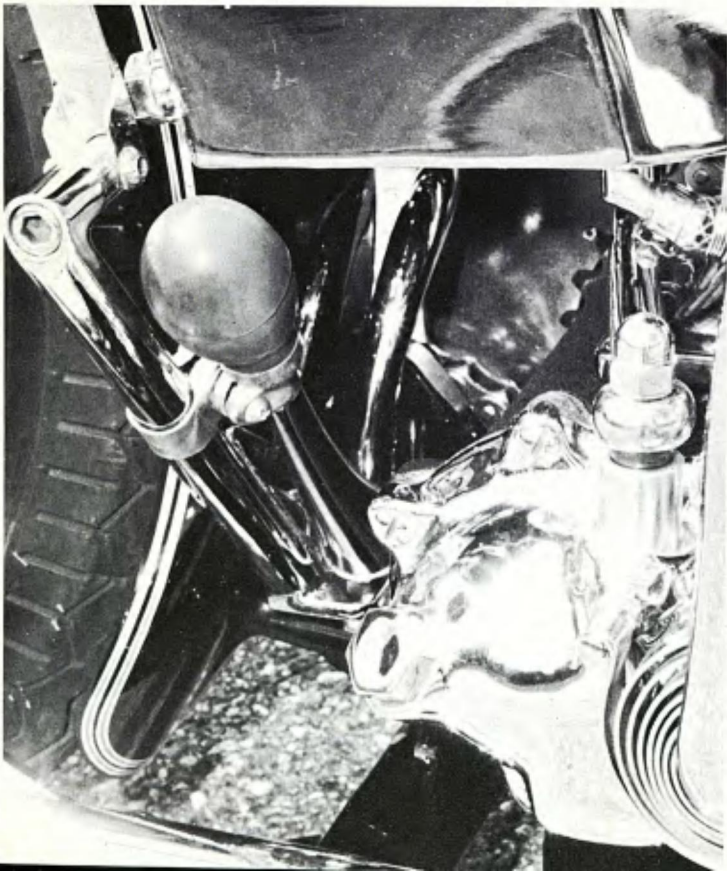
Pay by International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. currency.

A man with long brown hair and sunglasses is riding a custom motorcycle. He is wearing a white t-shirt and blue jeans. The motorcycle is a chopper style with a large headlight, chrome handlebars, and a prominent front wheel. The background is a clear blue sky and some greenery.

Praisin' Panheads

Man, it's getting to be that a roadworthy panhead, whether it's righteous or rat, is as scarce as the dodo. I guess that's because they don't exactly pop out of the factory anymore (the last model was made in 1965), and also because a lotta bros prefer the later refinements of the shovel (deeper breathin', better valve geometry, etc.) or the serious old-time soul of the knuck.

But as the sled on these pages demonstrates, a pair of panheads can still be put to



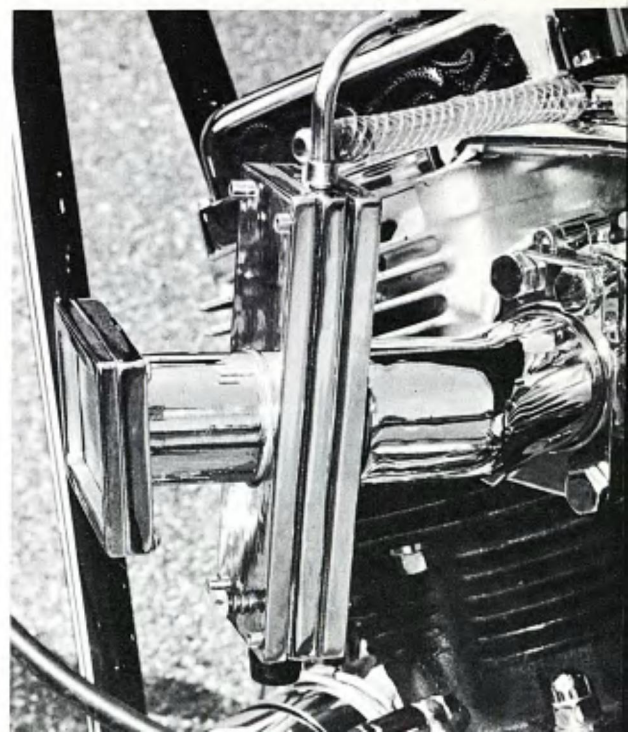
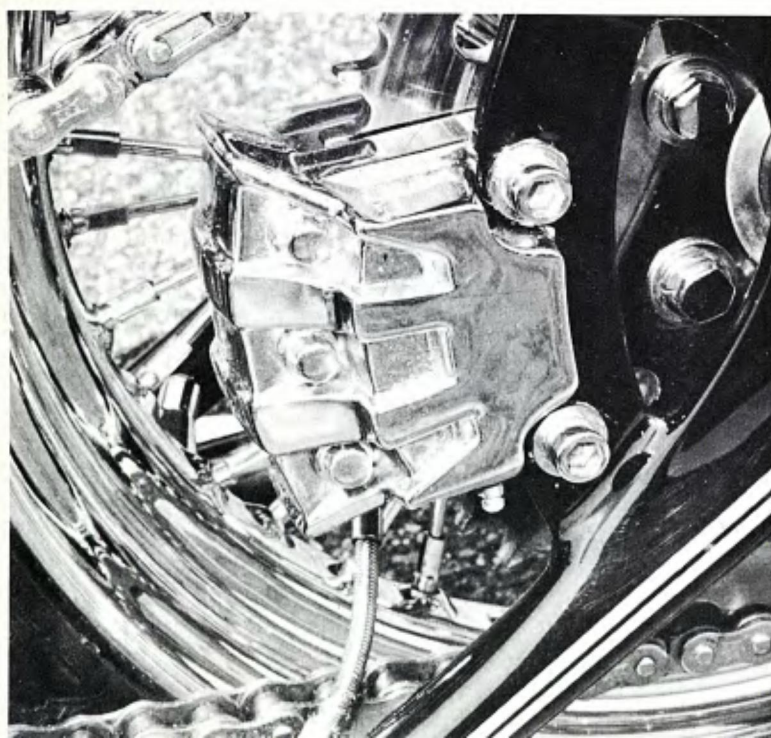
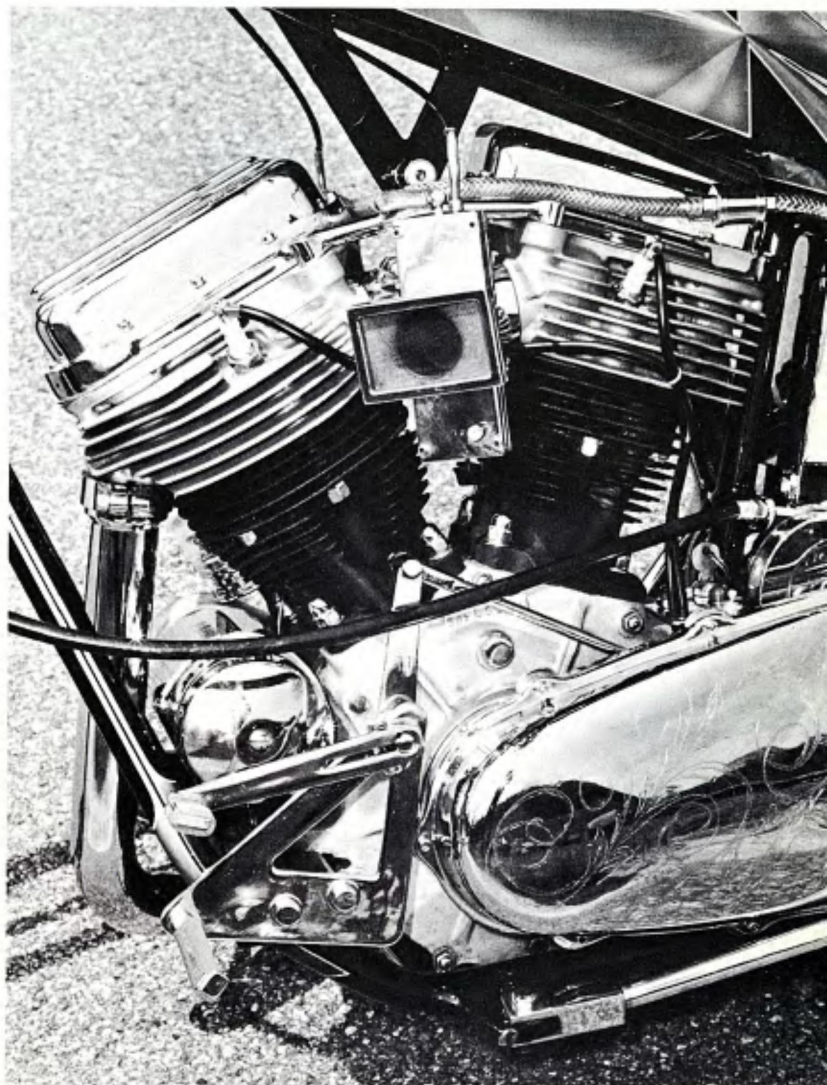




Illustration by Hal Robinson



use as something better than ashtrays, fish weights, or doorstops. Because the pan was produced over a span of seventeen years, and because of the easy parts interchangeability with all versions of the Big Twin, a panhead-engine builder has an eye-bogglin' choice of alternatives — all factory stock — for personalizing his scooter. In valve covers alone there are three styles: early tin hats, steel dishpans reinforced with D-rings, and aluminum dishpans for weight-conscious freaks. (Just to keep you on your toes, in 1953 only, the factory treated riders to a passel of other aluminum parts as well, including lifter



Owner: Don Coffey		City: Rochester, N.Y.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: new construction	
Year and make: 1958 H-D		Builder: Lance Grenanger/owner	
Model: FL		Type: rigid	
Value: some bucks		Rake: 10 degrees over stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 2-in. downtubes	
Time: 7 years since stock		Other alterations: rear chain adjuster	
Chroming by: Crown Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Ness, 4-in. pullbacks	
Year: 1958		Risers: with bars	
Model: panhead		Fender(s): one piece with frame	
Rebuilder: Bill White/owner		Headlight: Bates 4-in.	
Ignition: 6v Volt Pak		Taillight: Drag Specialties	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: rebuilt		Front pegs: by owner	
Balancing: B&M Speed Shop		Rear pegs: by owner	
Pistons: .020 over		Electrics: switch plate behind engine	
Cases: bead blasted		Gas tank: Arlen Ness rocket	
Heads: Sifton valves and guides		Oil tank: 5-quart	
Cam(s): FL		Oil system: pressure gauge	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: engraved by Cycle Fab	
Carb(s): Lake injectors		Seat: Park Avenue Fashions	
Air cleaner: screen, by owner		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: straight drags		Height:	
Muffler(s): none		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews internals		Type: gooseneck springer	
Year: 1958		Extension: 8 in.	
Shifting: custom linkage		Builder: Arlen Ness	
Engine sprocket: Karata belt drive		Special features: brake anchors	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Lance Grenanger		Hub: Star	Hub: Hallcraft
Painter: Lance Grenanger		Rim width: 2¼ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: candy brown, gold base		Tire: Avon 3.00	Tire: Gdylr. MT90
Type: lacquer		Brake: disc	Brake: sprocket/disc
Special paint: striping, Imron top coat			
Other special modifications: Gold plating, wiring in frame, and many, many more.			

stools and pushrod covers.) Panhead frames you can bolt your mill into range from the old cradle rigid, through the sought-after straightbar (mostly 1957), to the swing-arm (1958 and up) that gave rise to the name Duo-Glide. And even in something as basic as cylinder heads you have a choice of internal (most years) or external (1963-1965) top-end oiling.

Of course, when a scooter is

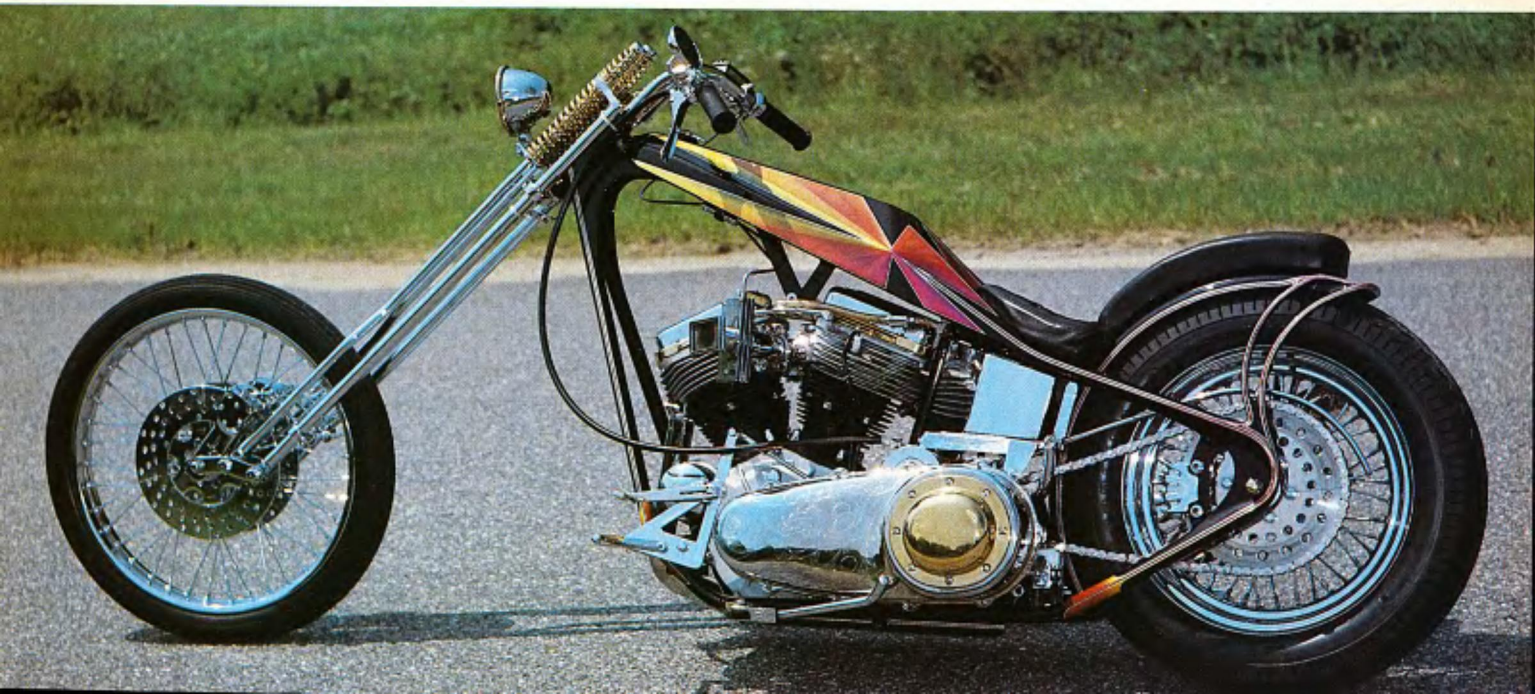
built by a tool-and-die maker like Don Coffey, and it's set up with all the crafty details you see here, it might take you a while to even notice the engine, nestled among the handmade foot linkages, the kicker cover reworked for matching cam-cover screws, the hidden rear master cylinder, the almost-invisible top motor mount, the... well, I think you get my drift.

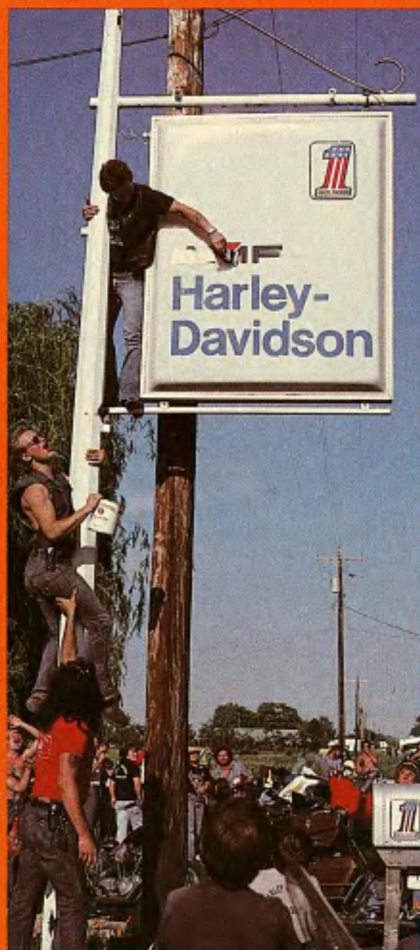
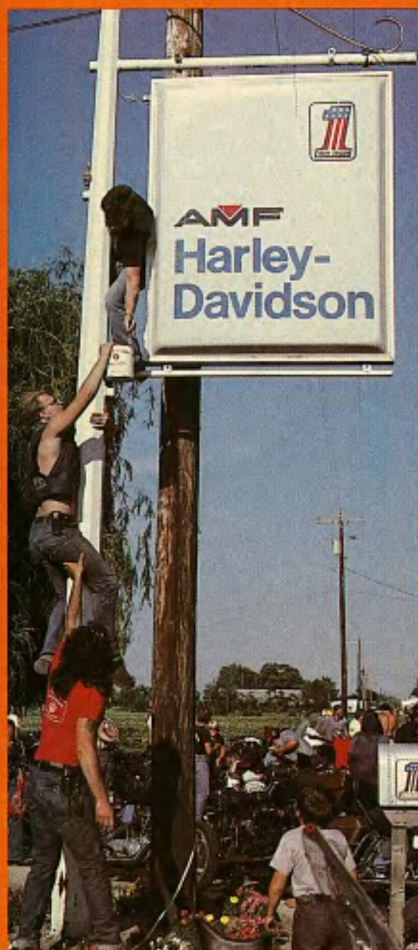
—Sniveler



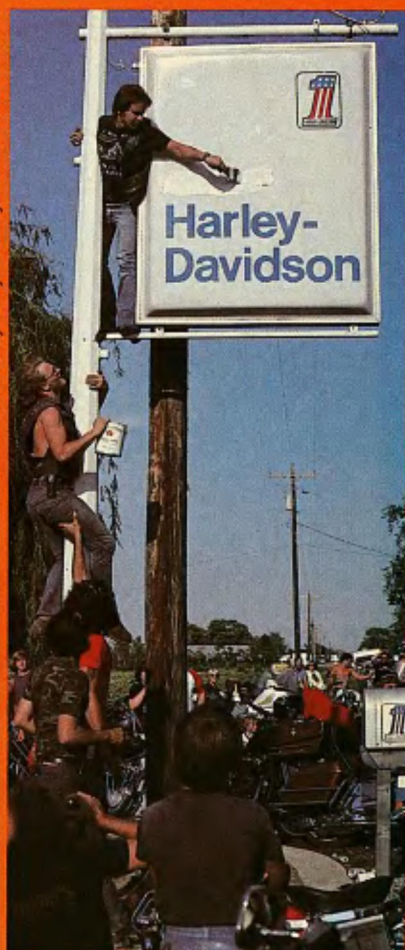


Photos by Jake





Photos by Billy Tinney and T.G. Consumo



So Long, AMF

It didn't break too many hearts to see the plastic people leave the scene. All the devoted Harley enthusiasts meant to AMF was bucks totalled in their annual report. The street people bore the brunt of their cost-cutting efforts and ap-

parent lack of any semblance of quality control. Their customer service was a joke, and a lot of scooter people say good riddance and looked to the born-again Harley-Davidson people to restore our faith in their organization. ■

National

 That's
Easynews

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

Bikes Can Be Banned

Motorcycles can be banned from public parks under a ruling handed down recently by the Missouri Court of Appeals.

The ruling overturned a lower court decision in favor of the American Motorcyclist Association, which held that banning the vehicles was a violation of the cyclists' constitutional rights.

The appeals court said that a motorcycle is merely a mode of transportation and not a form of communication or assembly. The appeals court said the benefits of banning motorcycles include eliminating loud noise, stopping motorcycles from racing and speeding in parks, freeing other park users from dangers of motorcycles traveling in groups, and "enhancing the purpose for which city parks

were created."

The ordinance in question, passed by the city of St. Louis in 1979, was never enforced because of a lower court ruling that prohibited police from issuing citations to motorcyclists and stopped the city from posting signs in parks announcing the ban.

The AMA and six city residents had challenged the ban, saying that it violated the due process and equal protection provision of the Missouri and U.S. constitutions.

The court said the ban is "rationally related" to the "public peace and safety" and cited the city's argument that the prohibition would eliminate loud noise and racing of motorcycles in the park.

The three-judge panel that rendered the ruling was unanimous in its decision.

NHTSA Snivels For Bread

The National Highway Traffic Safety Advisory Committee has warned Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis that budget cuts from highway safety programs are excessive.

"The magnitude of the budget cuts has been far greater in highway safety than in most other areas," the committee said. "The cuts and their size are especially serious because motor vehicle injuries represent an area that has not received funding and attention at a level commensurate with its importance as a major public health problem."

As the need to conserve fuel results in increased numbers of small cars and two-wheeled vehicles along with heavier trucks and buses, the death and injury rate will accelerate.

"Every state legislature as

well as the Congress is struggling with the serious problems of health cost containment, while motor vehicle injuries remain a continuing drain on our economy," the committee said, adding, "The secretary has within his authority the power to do more immediately to save lives and to improve the health of Americans than all other federal health programs combined."

The advisory committee urged Lewis to strengthen safety programs and to reinstate the "safety" category in the administration's proposed highway legislation submitted to Congress earlier this year. If adopted, the department's proposal would eliminate many of the Federal Highway Administration's safety programs.

—from *Status Report*.

New Louisiana Helmet Law Features 6-Month Slammer Stays

The Senate passed 21-16 and sent to Gov. David C. Treen a House bill to require motorcyclists to wear helmets. The governor signed it, making anyone riding a motorcycle without a helmet in the state of Louisiana, on or after September 11, 1981, subject to a heavy fine and days in the local pokey. The bill makes it mandatory that all cyclists caught riding without a helmet face a maximum fine of \$500 or six months in prison or both.

In 1976, the legislature repealed a law requiring motorcycle riders under 18 to wear helmets. That repeal, said Sen. John Saunders, D-Ville Platte, was more or less "a social experiment." Since then, he said, "We've realized we made a mistake." Statistics prove that

helmets prevent death and injuries, Saunders added.

In 1975, the last year helmets were required, 54 motorcyclists were killed in traffic accidents, he said. Last year, with a 30-percent increase in cycle registrations, 121 deaths occurred. Based on these figures, he said, estimates say that helmets would save 40 to 50 lives a year. Motorcyclists make up only 2 percent of the motoring public, Saunders said, but 10 percent of the highway deaths occur among them.

Sen. Henry E. Braden IV, D-New Orleans, said seat belts were added to automobiles and everything possible was done to get motorists to use them. That could not be enforced, and neither could the helmet law, he said.

It was, he said, "a gross denial of human rights" to force individuals to wear helmets if they chose not to. "It's a case of Big Brotherism," he continued.

Sen. Ned Randolph, D-Alexandria, said helmets cause weight on the neck and shoulders and might fatigue cyclists and cause more accidents.

Adults are not required to wear life jackets on waterways, Randolph said. "Why should we require adults to wear helmets if they don't want to do so?"

Sen. Nat G. Kiefer, D-New Orleans, said if a person is wearing a helmet when thrown from a motorcycle into a tree, onto pavement, or other fixed objects, the individual will be better off. "At least they're

going to live and won't be a vegetable the rest of their lives," Kiefer said. He said he knows of no university students who oppose the bill and attributed the only opposition to a group "that looks like Hells Angels."

The bill almost did not make it to the Senate floor, after senators had to vote to override a committee report that sent the bill to the floor "without action."

Senators from the metropolitan area voted as follows: For — Casey, Hickey, Kiefer, and Windhorst of Orleans; Lauricella and Nicholson of Jefferson, and Nunez of St. Bernard. Against — Braden, Jefferson, and O'Keefe of Orleans, Landry of St. John the Baptist, and Tiemann of Jefferson. —from Hargroder

Surprise, Surprise, Fed Statistics Prove Wrong

The American Motorcyclist Association has updated its position on voluntary helmet use in a new report, "A Review and Analysis of Government Claims About the Effect of Motorcycle Helmet Laws." The report challenges assumptions and information released a year ago by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. At the time, NHTSA said

that helmet law repeals had been responsible for motorcycle fatality increases since 1976, and it predicted the trend would continue.

The AMA study reveals that fatality increases have taken place in states both with and without mandatory helmet laws at a rate that would point to factors other than mandatory helmet use.

Let Freedom Ring!

California Assemblyman Dick Floyd's introduction of anti-helmet Bill 996 does not involve a question of whether helmets impair motorcyclists' line of vision and hearing levels. There's no question of whether or not helmets save lives or prevent head injuries. Nor is there a question of whether helmet chin straps add to one's risk of breaking one's neck should one land on one's head during an accident. There is not even a question of whether a motorcyclist will have an accident in the first place.

No, the question is simple: Does any government have the right to introduce, pass, and enforce any law attempting to protect an individual's personal safety whether or not he wants such protection?

The answer is even simpler: No.

If a government or legislature is permitted the right to pass a mandatory law requiring an individual to wear a helmet when riding a motorcycle, what is to stop that same government or legislature from passing a law requiring an individual to wear gloves in weather below freezing, a law requiring one to wear a life jacket while swimming, or any number of similar laws? Extreme? Of course. But if Americans sit back and allow the passage of totalitarian enactments such as these, we may one day wake up to find more than just a crack in our Liberty Bell. So let us not tolerate unconstitutional laws of any nature — let freedom ring! — a letter to *Cycle News* from William H. Kosbab, author, *Dictionary of Motorcycle Terminology*, Los Angeles, Calif.

Cage Driver 'Finds' Cycle Buried In Grille Of His Van

A driver telephoned authorities to say he believed he was involved in an accident, because he found a motorcycle embedded in his van's grille after he got home.

But authorities already had been told of the accident.

The motorcyclist, Christopher T. Irwin, was flung 150 feet into a field by the force of the crash, deputies said.

He was listed in serious condition by the hospital, having multiple scrapes and bruises and possible internal injuries.

Kevin O'Neill, driver of the van, was charged with driving while intoxicated.

Deputies said Irwin also was charged with driving while intoxicated. —from Tod Oenoin, ABATE of N.Y.

Buy American Police Cycles

Pittsburgh, Pa. — City Councilman Ben Woods has registered a protest

Woods, chairman of the council's supplies committee, said the Department of Supplies will open bids shortly and the specifications are designed for "Honda 500cc motorcycles."

He said he was told by the department that the Honda was chosen because the city would save "a few hundred dollars" on each cycle.

"But unless somebody proves to me that the Harley-Davidson, an American-made motorcycle, is an inferior product, I will oppose the purchase of the foreign product," says Woods. "I believe it is our obligation to buy American."

He says he understands the Hondas would have to be modified for sidecars, and he doubts the 500cc model "is large enough for our rugged terrain." —from the Pittsburgh Press.



against city plans to purchase 25 Japanese motorcycles for police use.

Must Make Room For Bikers

There are times when motorcycle riders are turned down at motels because the innkeeper does not like bikers.

Section 365 of the California penal code states the following:

"Every person, and every agent or officer of any corporation carrying on business as an innkeeper, or as a common carrier of passengers, who

refuses, without just cause or excuse, to receive and entertain any guest, or to receive and carry any passenger, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

So the next time you are refused service at a motel in California because you are a biker, you can have the innkeeper arrested. —from MMA Newsletter.

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.

This chart is accurate as we go to press, but keep in mind that laws are constantly and suddenly changing. Because of this, we would appreciate help from our readers to aid us in maintaining an accurate, up-to-date chart of laws affecting all bikers. Send us any new laws passed (and any corrections to this chart you spot), to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

This will be a regular fea-

ture. We plan to make it more sophisticated as we go along. For instance, a designation for states that have reciprocity laws — areas where they will respect laws in your state while you are passing through theirs — that is, if such laws do exist. It certainly seems that they should; however, many of us are familiar with the wild-eyed cops in Florida who want all bikes to conform to their laws even if you are only visiting the state for ten days.

United States Motorcycle Laws

	Special M/C License	Helmet	Eye Protection	Lights on at all times
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ¹	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
California	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ¹⁻⁴	Yes ³	No
Florida	No	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
Idaho	Yes	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	No	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	Yes ⁵	Yes	No
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes ³	Yes
Mississippi	No	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	Yes	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes ³	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
South Carolina	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁵	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ¹	Yes	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No

Canadian Motorcycle Laws

Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	No	No	No
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	No	Yes	No	No
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁸
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	No
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

¹Under 19

²Under 18

³Required even if bike has windscreen

⁴Helmet must be reflectorized

⁵Helmet for both rider and passenger

⁶Lights on if bike is made after 1977

⁷Required for speeds above 35 mph

⁸Bikes of 1970 or newer



Sunrise. Only a few hours to T-time. This one should be a real trip. Rumor has it that OAK is the final shot and the trigger alone is equivalent to ten Fat Boys. According to the boys in the game

the other night, OAK is ten megatons. Hoo-boy!

Hope it goes off and the techs get all their dope okay. Waiting for a re-shoot would drive about half of us crazy. I guess we're all experiencing

FIGMO. And twenty-five hundred nutcases would be more than even Uncle could deal with. Maybe they'd fire it off here and solve both problems.

Continued on page 102



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Scorpio

In many ways, Scorpio is the most powerful sign of the zodiac. Scorpios are extremely strong-willed, with intense emotional desires. They often struggle deciding which to use first, their minds or their meat! Scorpios possess an enormous sexual appetite that is seldom overrated, more likely to be x-rated. They are infamous for their endurance in the sack, and equally infamous for holding a grudge and being short tempered.

Most Scorpios have the kind of staying power that it takes to outdistance the strongest opponent, and they have an overabundance of personal magnetism, too. Scorpio's keyword should be control, because once he loses his self-control (even worse, his temper), he loses all

sense of perspective and the end result is one big fuckup.

Scorpios are not the most tactful people, preferring to say nothing rather than sugar-coat their comments. Their advice may be insulting, but at least it's honest. The only flaw is that they can dish it out, but they can't eat it—unless it's got hair around it!

Scorpio's highly developed intuition gives him the edge over others. Although he tends to be secretive about himself, Scorpio is adept at wheedling secrets from others, especially those erotic, juicy types, which are stored for future use (in case you cross his ass the wrong way). He just doesn't always fight fairly, but he usually wins.

Some famous Scorpios are Richard Burton, Jonathan Win-

ters, Henry (The Fonz) Winkler, Charles Atlas, Michael Landon, Dan Haggerty, Loretta Switt, Tatum O'Neal, Sally Field, Jaclyn Smith, Kate Jackson, Mackenzie Phillips, and Grace Slick.

Scorpios seldom get sick, and when they do it's seldom for long. They practically refuse to stay in bed unless it's playtime. Get out the whips and chains! They are, however, prone to sore throats, nosebleeds, pains in the gonads, and venereal disease.

A Scorpio is a powerful friend and a dangerous enemy. Remember, he'll be as loyal to you as you are to him. If you fuck over a Scorpio, you'll be lucky if the least he does is ignore your ass till doomsday—but most likely you'll end up wearing your asshole as a turtle-neck sweater!

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 19)

Congratulations! Opportunity's bangin' you upside the head, and if you recognize the ring (sounds like hell and looks like the one around your ass), you'll be able to catch a winner. Course, you'll have to do some fancy footwork to catch up with it. So don't wait for Lady Luck to crap in your lap—get your ass in gear and set the wheels in motion. Rewards merit the effort.

Taurus (Apr. 20 — May 20)

There's a trail of tail too long to tally, plus a stream of pecker tracks leavin' you too tired to wipe your ass. This month you've got a hardon for a herd and are heading for headaches, or worse yet, the unemployment line. Best zip up your golden rod long enough to take care of biz. Learn to mix business with pleasure. If you're smart, you can speak your piece and have it, too.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

This month you're tempted to shitcan some important proj-

ects. Right now the Hershey squirts would be a pleasant diversion from the crap coming your way. Find a way to stall for time, 'cause the second half of the month brings a solution that will tide you over. You may find that a gut-level discussion with your partner helps to dissolve a die-hard dilemma.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

Money hassles, mindfucks, and red tape have your knockwurst in knots, and you might have to contend with extra-heavy workloads. Sorry, but November is your lemon of the year, so pucker up and push your way through. Remember, the world may be flipping you the finger, but you don't have to sit on it. Even your sex life is double duty, double trouble, or both!

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

You have a ball-bustin' amount of excess energy, and your social life is sexually charged. Ignore any envious assholes who put a damper on your

good luck and extra nooky. Just go ahead and plug yourself in and recharge your battery and all those old, dead cells. Don't let anyone burn you out or whine in your wine. The only low blows now are oral and long-winded, so get your lion's share.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

There are some tricky elements comin' at ya, so beware! What appears to be a big break could turn into a big bust. Check out your sources as well as your resources. Be careful of your partners—they could be victims, too. Items purchased now will either fall apart or not hold up in court. Stay far away from under-the-table tactics or get-rich schemes.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

If you're lookin' for a house mouse, now's the time to give 'er all you've got. Cupid's arrows are gonna catch you in the crotch this month like a homesteadin' crab. Don't fight what you can fuck—just relax and enjoy breakfast in bed, even if she

can't cook. (Maybe she's good with a wrench.) This is the time to initiate long-range plans. Things are in a peak position, so grab your gonads and aim high.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Happy birthday, horny! Some rewards from the past (an extra-good headjob?) could be a welcome surprise, along with a large case of the horny honks. There's plenty to celebrate—extra beaver, good party people, extra bucks—and what the hell, you're still alive! (Even if you don't always look it.) Nobody has to stroke your ego now. It's as big as the Goodyear blimp, and just as full of hot air.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

This month is a real eyeball opener. Insights on partners or key people on the job will jostle your jollies and jolt your mental equilibrium. There's at least one weirdo you'd best weed out before he whittles you down to his size. There's a bundle of backstabbin' being done; but if you keep your eyes peeled and your lip zipped, you'll catch who's kicking you in your goodies.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

Hang onto your horns, 'cause this one's wet and wild! Go ahead and splash on your "La Treen" biker cologne. It's time to party till your shorts stick to ya! Surprise visitors stir fire in your hole and burn through your wallet. The wad you blow now will be well worth it, so lighten up, tightwad, and enjoy. Either double up on your vitamins or get a refill at the sperm bank.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

It's time for heavy-duty decisions that focus on home base. Reaching a happy medium is far better than a knockdown confrontation (unless that's the way you get your exercise), and the sooner the better. Time is an important element right now. Ignore minor mindfucks and petty sniveling. In fact, getting out and doing your own thing could bring better results than you realize!

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

You really have the world by the balls this month. The only fly in your hair pie could come from eyeballin' the wrong sleazy situation from the wrong viewpoint. Otherwise, you can't bend over without hearin' applause. Remember, good things come in small packages and a seemingly small break received now could turn into a gold mine, or at least blow the dust off your piggy bank! ■

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.

Shockley goes to the doctor's office and says, "Doc, everyone I see tells me, 'Shockley, you look bad.' But I feel good."

So the doctor goes through his medical book and finds *Looks good... feels bad*. That's not it, so he looks some more. *Looks bad... feels bad*. That's not it either. Then he finds it. *Looks bad... feels good*. The doc studies it for a minute, and Shockley asks, "What is it, Doc?"

The doc replies, "Hmmm, Shockley, you 'Look bad... feel good.' You are a pussy."

—Ronnie Oakes
Modesto, Calif.

Then there was the biker who finally got married so he could join a wife-swapping club.

—Jerry Brown
Kernville, Calif.

A cunt is a wonderful creature, all covered with cute little hair. It looks like the face of a preacher, but smells like the ass of a bear.

—Randy Burkey
N. Lima, Ohio

Did you hear about Ronald McDonald? He got busted for stickin' his big mac in Wendy's hot and juicy.

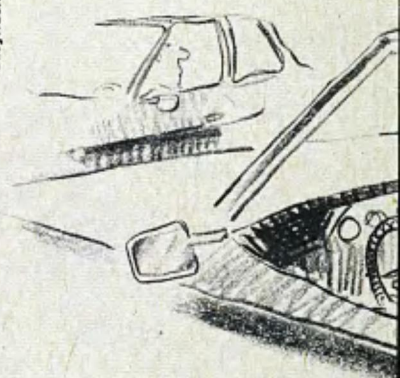
—J.D. Wileman
Wyoming, Ill.

One old bro and one not-so-old bro were sitting in a bar. The old bro reached up to the top of his mug and started feeling around like he was looking for something. The not-so-old bro looked over and asked, "What-cha lookin' for?"

The old bro said, "Ya know, pussy's like the hair on my head: the older I get the harder it is to find."

—Wes Holt
McAlester, Okla.

Easyriders



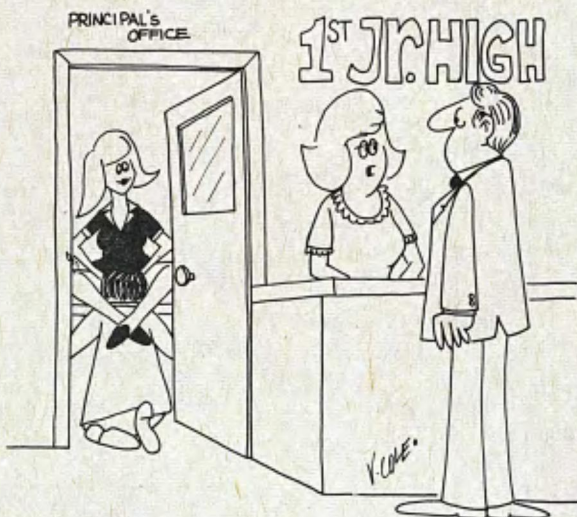
"Wrong finger, you idiot!"

Young Sammy was being read the riot act by his father after having been caught abusing himself in the attic. "But it was a patriotic gesture, Pop," insisted the boy.

"Patriotic gesture?" questioned the father.

"Sure, I had a red cock, white knuckles, and blue balls."

—Charles Lester
Reidsville, N.C.



"Sorry, but Mr. Hedman is administering a licking to a misbehaving student right now."

"I said, 'Let's fuck!' Wanna make somethin' of it?"

A secretary at the small-town welfare office was interviewing an applicant who asked for financial aid for herself and her thirteen children.

"I don't understand," said the secretary. "I thought you said that your husband left you over ten years ago, yet eight of your children are under ten years of age."

"Oh, that I can explain," said the applicant, smiling from ear to ear. "You see, he comes back now and then to apologize."

—Harry Stride
Waterbury, Conn.

Easyriders

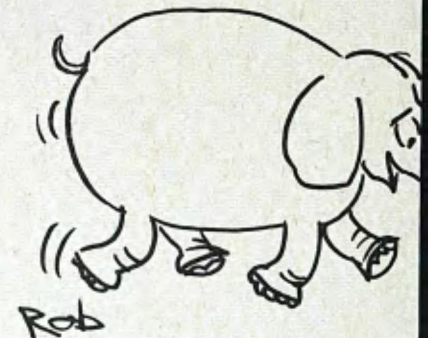


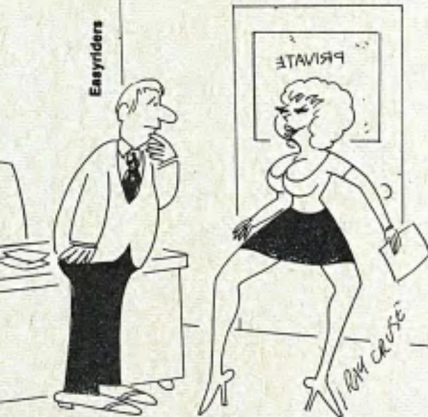
"I hear this has been proven to cause children in humans."

The Jimmy Heap Band once played a town so small that there was nowhere to eat out. A band member volunteered to pick up some sandwich fixings, but he couldn't even find a grocery store. Spotting a big fat woman waddling down the street, he said, "Excuse me, ma'am, but where's the Safeway?"

She shrugged. "Around back, I reckon. I don't take the pill, and my teeth are snagged."

—Big Buck
Des Moines, Iowa





"It's hard to walk with your hair up in curlers."

What does a biker's ol' lady use for a dildo? Two flies in a beer bottle.

—J.D. Smith
Las Vegas, Nev.

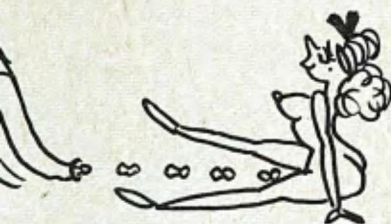


Colham

Biker Bill was known to be overendowed in the meat department, and when a young fox saw what was hanging between his legs, she screamed, "You're not sticking that big thing in me!"

Bill smiled as he locked the door and said, "Wait until I get it hard and watch me."

—Rick Newman
Pine Grove, Ky.



Easyriders

A biker went to a doctor for a routine checkup. Afterward, the doc said, "You're in great shape, Mr. Buggicker, but you've got the dirtiest balls I've ever seen."

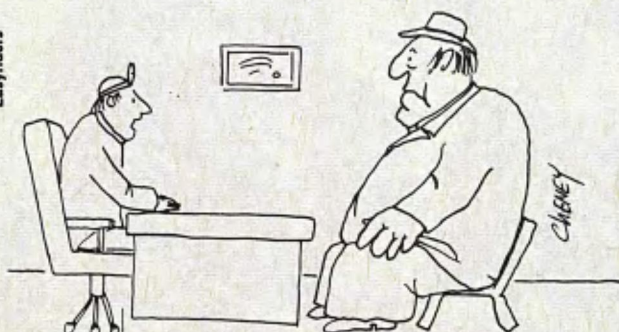
The dude left and went straight home. Walking in, he called for his wife, "Hey, baby, come in here a minute. I've got something I want to talk to you about."

His wife yelled back, "Can't now, I'm busy. I don't even have time to wipe my ass."

"That's just what I want to talk to you about," said the bro.

—Rick Frame
Charleston, W.Va.

Easyriders



"The solution to your problem is simple. You just have to let yourself fart once in a while."

How can you tell that a biker has class? The words in his tattoos are spelled right.

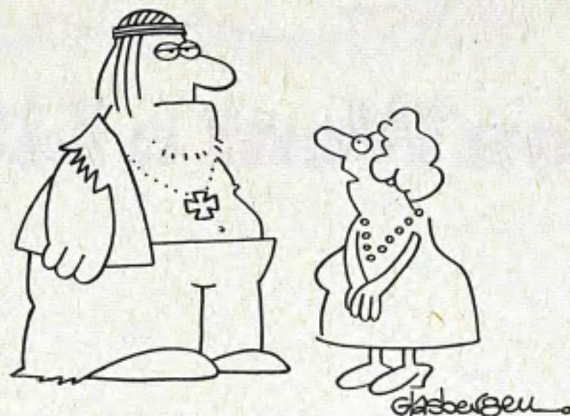
—Nat Owens
Peoria, Ill.

The fat biker was sitting contentedly on his front steps drinking a can of beer when a lady from down the street yelled at him for the way he looked.

"What a disgusting sight," she said. "If that belly was on a woman I'd swear she was pregnant."

The biker smiled and said, "Lady, it was and she is."

—Rosie
Anaheim, Calif.



"Donald, has it ever occurred to you that there might be more to life than kicking people in the balls?"

PARKING
RESERVED
FOR THE
HANDICAPPED



"I am handicapped. I'm impotent, remember?"

Women are to blame for most of the lying men do. They insist on asking questions.

—Kirk
Stevens Point, Wis.

The wife, worth billions, caught her husband in the act. "Randall!" she cried. "How is it I find you making love to the cook?"

"I don't know, dearest," Randall replied. "Perhaps it's because you're wearing sneakers."

—Hercules
Racine, Wis.

Why are birds so ugly? You would be too, if you had a pecker sticking out of your face.

—Ed Juengling
Fullerton, Calif.

There once was a girl named Molly Brown, And no one could get her down. But over the hill came Piss Ball Pete,

Ninety pounds of swingin' meat. Pete laid Molly in the grass And stuck his dick right up her ass.

Then Molly let a wicked fart, And blew Pete's dick all apart.

—Kenneth Melvin
Chelan Falls, Wash.



"She thinks oral sex is the founder of a religious college."

The drunk biker staggered home at dawn, but couldn't quite make it. He toppled over on his front porch and fell sound asleep. Soon a couple of chicks came by and discovered the biker with his fly open, his private standing at attention. One of the chicks took a blue ribbon out of her purse and tied a bow on it. Finally the biker woke up and staggered into the house.

"Where you been and what's the blue ribbon for?" shouted his ol' lady.

The biker replied, "I don't know where I've been, but wherever it was, I won first prize."

—John Chrestensen
Sioux City, Iowa

Easyriders

She's Off The Market

A couple of issues ago you ran a letter from a chick named Bobbie who needed help rebuilding her dead bro's pan-head. I am a long-time biker who's not a bad hand with either a wrench or a wrench, and if, in return for some help, the chick was really willing to ball her next-door neighbor, who doesn't know shit about bikes, she'd be a lot better off ballin' me, 'cause I can really get that scoot back on the road for her.

How can I get hold of her?
Roadburner
Seattle, Wash.

● We sent her the first eighteen or so mailbags full of offers to help, and last I heard, she was busy measuring dicks to see who had the best tool for the job. Unless she's as hard to please as I am, she's probably found what she needs by now, so the rest of you tramps might as well save your stamps.

Tripping Over His Tongue

Remember me? I'm the stud with the seven-inch tongue. Well, it's still growing, and it's ten inches now. What am I to do? My friends all call me Lizard. Can I eat your snatch? That will surely shorten it.

Tom H.
Eddyville, Ky.

● Only if I haven't fed the beast for two or three days.

Biker Women

What's up, sweet thing? I'm in prison, and a friend and I have a bet. In your mag #93 you have a story called "An Old-Fashioned Girl." I would like to know if that girl is a model or what. And I would like to know if she is a true biker's woman.

Let me know. Is she a biker bitch or a model?

Li'l Animal
Indiana State Reformatory

● Every bitch we show is a real biker woman — if they ain't when they get here, they sure are by the time Spider gets done auditioning 'em.

Pissed-Off By Pop-Off

I just had the biggest let-down of my life! After a year of dreamin' about it, I finally got a piece from this fuckin' beautiful dude. Beautiful physically, but a fuckwad of a person. I don't think I ever met a bigger asshole.

I figured he'd be a dynamite lay, the best piece I'd ever have. I just knew it — he

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



thought so too! Mutha, that was the worst piece I ever got. I imagine a seventh-grade kid could do better.

Worse than bein' a bum fuck, he didn't even gobble in the gulch! I had just gotten out of the shower, so it had nothing to do with his dislike for fish.

He had a nice crank, I'll give him that much; but just as I was getting a little turned on, he copped a nut. That was it, no more nothin'. Talk about a letdown.

A friend of mine punches dudes' lights out if they don't get her off, but I want another opinion.

Disgusted
South of New Orleans

● Your friend isn't my long-lost daughter, Horrible Heidi, is she?

For Every Disease A Cure

Have you invented a cure for butt breath yet? Mouthwash don't work worth a shit (pun) and we'd appreciate all ya kin do to help. We really need it so we can talk face to face without having to squint.

Escapade
Midway, Pennsy Turnpike

● Suck on my new wart — that's the one between the third and fourth toes on my left

foot — and your breath'll never be the same.

Tipoff Toppers

I'm getting pretty disgusted with all this bullshit about helmets. We should go lobby in Washington, D.C., for the politicians to wear hats with the word *Politician* on them! If they can tell us to wear helmets, we should tell them we won't do it until they start wearing their Politician hats.

Jimbo
Great Falls, Mont.

● Why not? Identihats for everyone. Gotta order one that says "Muff Diver" for Spider.

Fine Words Don't Butter Parsnips

If I ever got hold of you I would rape hell out of you. First, I would rip all your rags off, then I would suck your tits till your nipples were swollen and sore. I would scarf your box till you creamed all over my beard. After that, I would stick my prick inside your juicy pussy and bang away till you ached. Then I would do sixty-nine with you. Interested?

Jerry the Step
Brooklyn, N.Y.

● And your hat could say "Dildo."

Big Mouth

Get this fuckin' right for once. With all that bullshit of yours, you'd think you were the last bit of ass left in the world. Let me tell ya, if you got my nine-inch crank stuffed back to your tonsils it would soon shut you up. So let's hear what you got to say, ya ugly ol' bag.

E.M.
Galway, Ireland

● Your potato-fed crank might reach (barely) from my lips to my teeth.

Why Not Ask Your Priest?

Here's my problem. All I want to do is ride, fuck, and get bombed; but my ol' lady wants to hitch up and get married. What should I do, drop the scoot or drop the broad?

John D.
Brentwood, N.Y.

● Whodafuck do you think I am, Dear Abby with big tits?

Like A Ramp?

Roses are red.
Violets smell bad.
Do you really have the crab?
Violets make me sneeze.
Do you have venereal disease?
Does your ol' man run over your armpits like a ramp?
If he does he's a fuckin' tramp.

Honey
Keene, N.H.

● What is this pits like a ramp? Spider's been known to come in my pits from time to time and he's all tramp.

A Proposal

I like your style, slut. Will you marry me? Don't worry about being tied down. I insist that all thirteen of my wives participate in extra-extra-marital sex. I try and ball every foul strumpet I meet, so why not you? I'm not worried about your being raunchy. I have a credit account at the VD clinic, and I keep my shelves well stocked with 90-weight oil, Jack Daniel's, and A-200.

The Wizard
Passaic, N.J.

● I wouldn't want to spoil you for those thirteen other bikin' sisters.

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. ■

2 WHITE



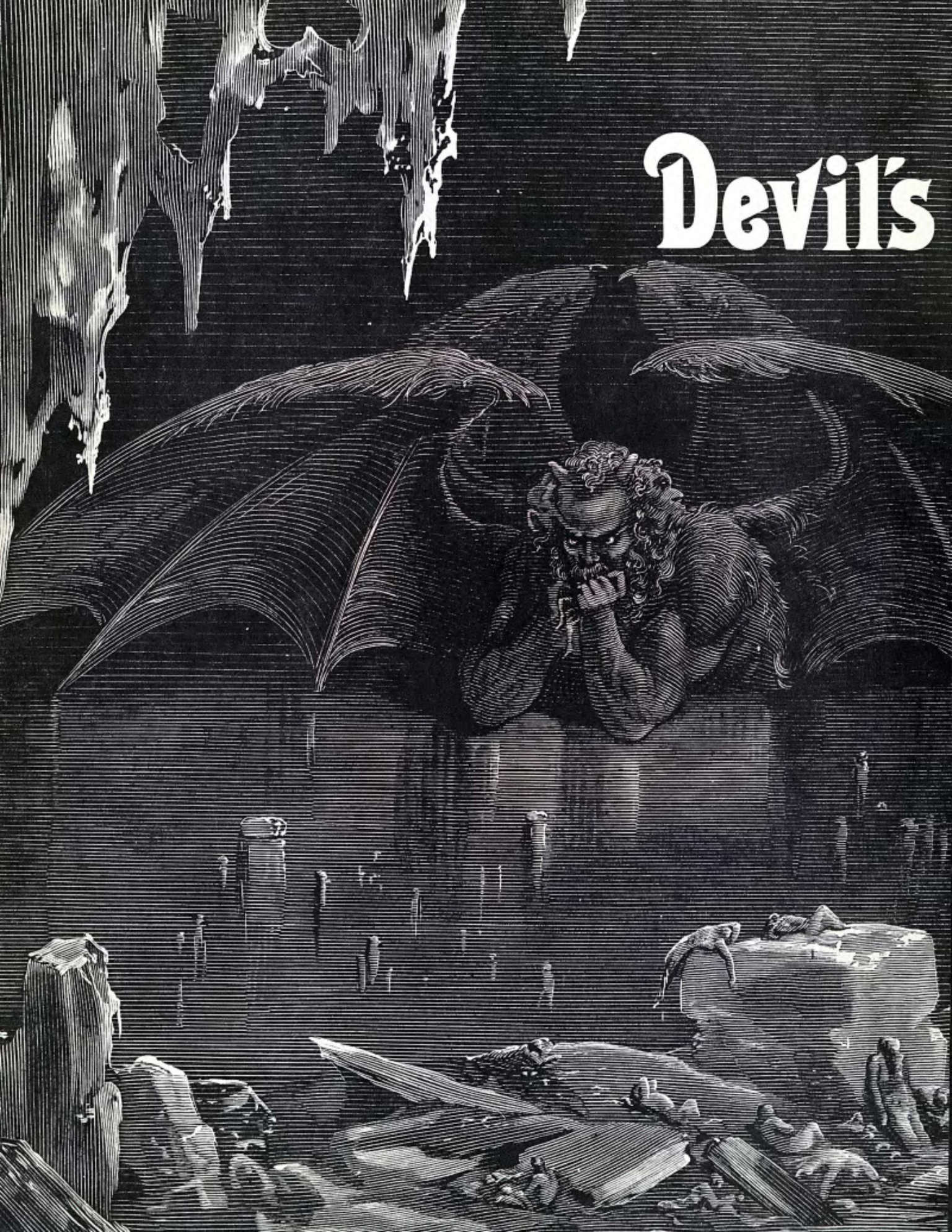
If You Want a Little!

Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work. Get together the following material: ironing board and iron; scissors; transfer from this magazine; sheet of white tissue paper; piece of stiff cardboard that will slip inside shirt; a new or used 65% polyester-35% cotton T-shirt.

Transferring the pattern:

1. Use a dry iron at the "linen" temperature setting.
2. Slip the T-shirt over ironing board, with stiff cardboard under surface to be ironed.
3. Trim around the transfer, removing all the printing. (It's okay to leave some of the blank paper around the design.) Place the transfer ink side down on the shirt, using the bottom edge of stiff cardboard for alignment. Place the sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer.
4. Pin papers to shirt at one top corner and at the opposite bottom corner, making sure to smooth all 3 layers. Pin through all thicknesses.
5. Move the iron back and forth over the transfer for only 30 seconds. Be sure that you apply very firm and even pressure to all parts of the design, especially the edges. (If you don't have a clock with a second hand, you can time 30 seconds by counting briskly from 101 to 127.)
6. Lift the bottom edge of the transfer page and peel it off, pulling straight up. That's all there is to it.

Devil's





Run

by Jody Via

There was rain in the sky and a wind that cried
Like an unborn corpse's howl,
And the night was as dark as a witch's heart
Wrapped in a sorcerer's cowl.
From out of the east came the sound of a beast
Riding o'er the wind.
It screamed in fear and shook with fury,
And it cried like mortal sin.

It was a shriek of soul-fucked grief
Voiced in timeless dread
By spirits doomed at dark of moon
To fuel the Devil's sled.
With the essence of their burning souls
Powering his mill,
Satan rode where the black winds blow,
While the stormy heavens filled.

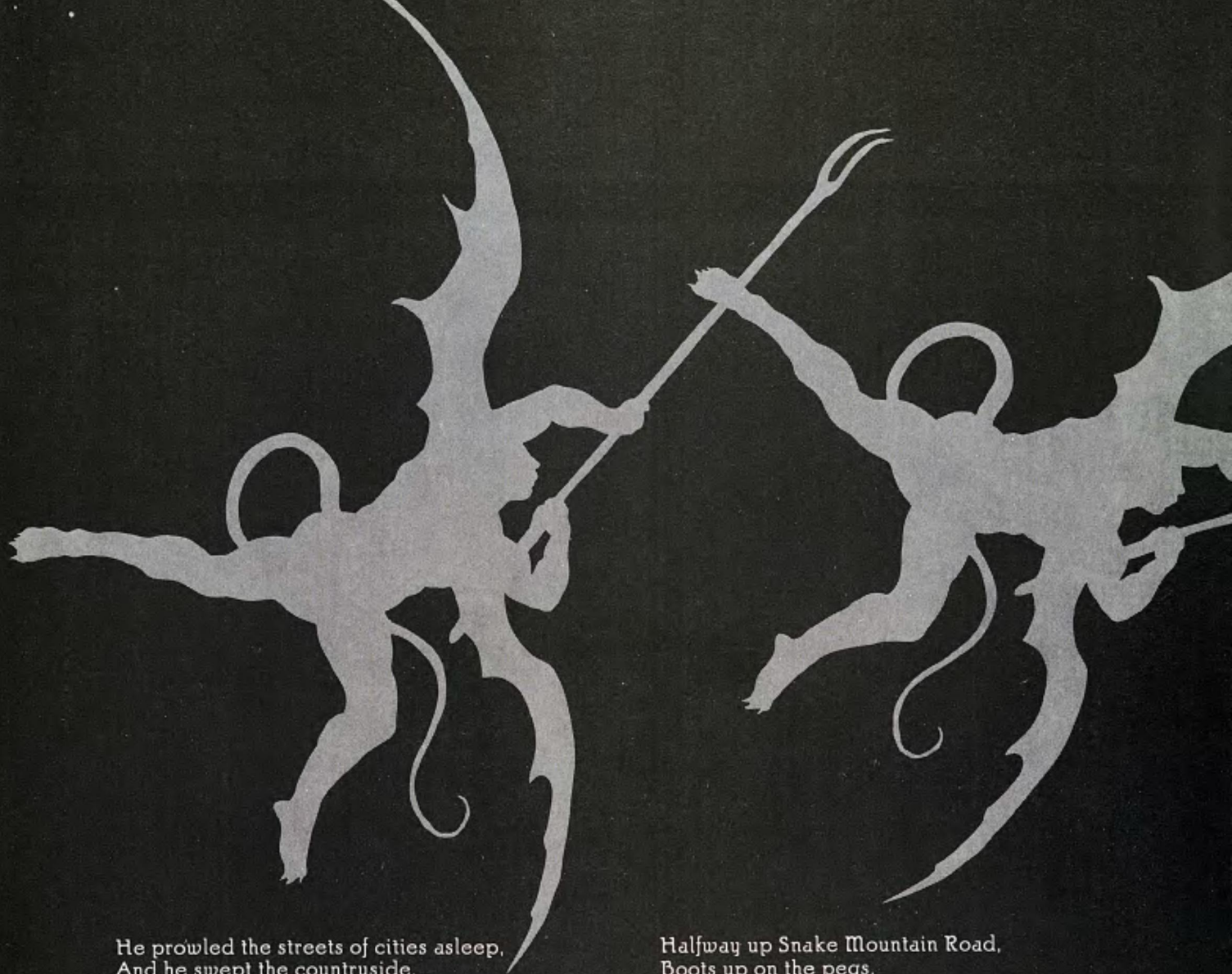
Now the souls who grill in the Devil's mill
In everlasting flame,
Are all the left-turn drivers
Who ever blocked a lane,
And all the outraged daddies,
And irate husbands too,
All the jocks and traffic cops,
And ladies left unscrewed.

Pompous little bureaucrats,
Hordes of courthouse clerks,
Long-nosed preachers and morals keepers,
And redneck jailers with quirks.
Everyone who's ever done
Injustice to a bro —
Sentenced to Hell with an endless yell,
And to eternal woe.

So thunder growled and a wild dog howled
And the night turned bitter cold,
For there is no warmth on the face of the earth
When the Devil's hunting souls.
And of all the souls that Satan seeks,
He will himself declare,
The best ones come from scooter bums,
And on that fact he'll swear.

For a biker's soul is strong and bold,
With a will that will not weaken,
And as Satan jammed 'cross the blackened land,
'Twas a biker he was seekin',
'Cause he wanted to put a stroker up,
And he needed a chopper child —
One with pride enough to ride
When the night was hellish wild.

The Devil figured if he added a bro
To all those soulsabitches,
The fear and hate he'd generate
Would bore it out a jillion inches.
So he rode through the night and demons in flight
Kept watch from the rain-choked sky,
While he searched the roads in the lowlands,
And the roads on the mountains high.



He prowled the streets of cities asleep,
And he swept the countryside,
But he could not find a scooter bum,
No matter where he tried —
Until at last he reached the pass
Where Snake Mountain Road began;
Then through the swirling blackness,
The Devil spied his man.

High up on the mountainside,
Going 'round a bend,
Satan saw a taillight flash,
And he grinned a devilish grin.
Then he gave chase and the race was on
Up the twisting turns,
While demons in flight made gleeful cries,
And souls in Hellfire burned.

Thunder rolled and crashed and roared,
And the wind did madly scream.
Rain came down like drops of lead,
And the world was an acid dream.
Trees uprooted and rockslides slid,
Oceans rose and fell,
And from every church that ever burned
Came the toll of graveyard bells.

Halfway up Snake Mountain Road,
Boots up on the pegs,
Cutoff whippin' out behind
And leather on his legs,
Damning the pain of the icy rain,
The biker cocked an ear
And glanced across his shoulder
To see what he could hear.

He saw the light from his own taillight,
And heard the Hellhounds bark,
And he heard the Devil coming
Up the mountain in the dark.
He saw the inky blackness
And the demons in the sky.
He heard the ghost bells tolling,
And he heard the lost souls cry.

Then the heavens split and the night was lit
By a jagged lightning bolt,
And what the biker saw next
Gave his heart a jolt.
Satan came roaring around a turn
On his screaming sled,
But instead of chrome the forks were bone,
Torn from living dead.

His chain was made of bloody teeth,
His pipes were lengths of gut,
And the bolts that held them on
Were screwed down tight by hairy nuts.
Satan himself wore gory rags
With a skull and crossbones patch.
His earring was an asshole,
And his pinky ring a snatch.

The bro said "Shit!" and geared to split,
Then the night went dark again,
And he knew he had a race to run —
One that he had to win.
So he jammed his stroker cap on tight,
With a grim look on his face,
And with steely nerves for the winding curves,
The biker set the pace.

He figured fast that it was his ass
If the Devil took the lead,
So he put his trust in Lady Luck
And rode at breakneck speed.
The road was slicker than the slit of a slut,
And twisted like a snake,
And the odds were all with Satan —
But ain't that how it breaks?

The biker ran those hairpin turns
On hope and what-the-fuck,
While the Devil kept on coming
And damned the biker's luck.
For the rockslides didn't stop him,
And neither did falling trees,
And the driving rain didn't slow him down,
Nor did the Hellblown breeze.

So up Snake Mountain Road they raced,
Until they reached the crest,
With the biker running flat out,
And Satan second best.
They flashed across the mountain top
And down the other side.
The icy rain, it turned to sleet,
And the biker's headlight died.

The demons cheered and the Devil sneered,
Sure as Hell he'd won,
But the biker did a wheelstand,
And gave his scooter the gun.
His speedo hit the redline,
And then the damn thing broke,
As he hauled ass down Snake Mountain,
Leaving Satan in his smoke.

The Devil stopped and his eyeballs popped,
Amazed as he could be,
At the wide-open run of the scooter bum,
Down a road he couldn't see.
Riding blind with the thought in mind
That he'd only get one mistake,
The biker swerved around the curves,
And never touched his brakes.

He rode by guess, by God and feel,
And he rode Snake Mountain down,
And when he reached the bottom,
He turned his sled around.
He gave a yell that challenged Hell
And raised his right arm high,
As a bolt of jagged lightning flashed
Across the roiling sky.

The biker clenched his upraised fist
And held his arm aloft,
And with his middle finger
He flipped the Devil off.
He said "Hey, Devil! On the level,
That race was pretty wild!
But you'll have to make a better run
To catch this chopper child!"

Satan shouted in reply,
"We'll run this race again,
Next time I see you on the road
When the night is black as sin!
I'll run you down and pass your ass,
And then I'll take your soul,
And I'll bake your bones for a thousand years
In my hottest-burning coal!"

The biker grinned and shook his head
At Satan's angry boast,
And wondered why sore losers
Always seem to yammer most.
But that's the way it's always been,
And how it's bound to be,
So the biker shrugged and rode away,
Jammin' loose and free.

From high up on Snake Mountain,
Satan watched him go,
While the freezing sleet quit falling
And the cold winds ceased to blow.
Then the Devil turned and lost souls burned
As he putted back to Hell,
And from far below came the last echo
Of the tolling graveyard bells.

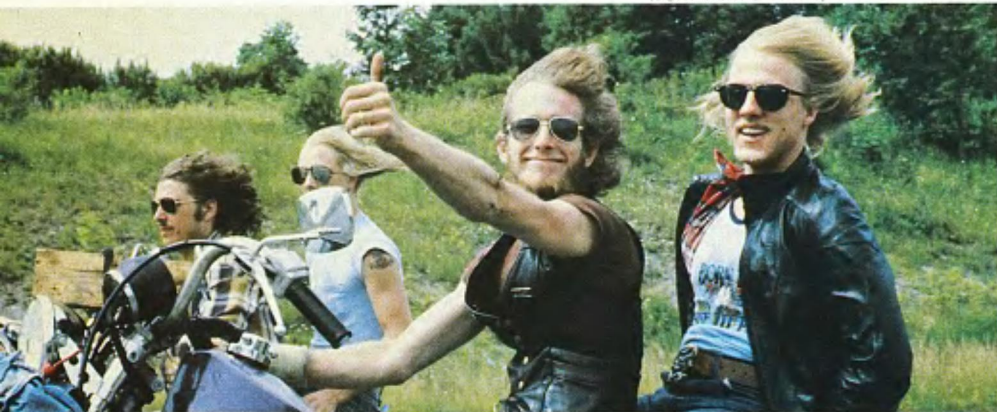
Now the moral of this epic yarn,
And one there is indeed,
Is if you race the Devil,
You'd better have the speed,
You'd better have the courage,
And you'd better have the will,
To damn the risk and never quit,
And beat the Devil's mill.

'Cause if he gets behind you,
Riding hellbent for your ass,
You daren't let him catch you,
And you daren't let him pass.
For the rules of the run are only one —
Win it or you're through,
And if the Devil gets ahead,
Bro, that's all for you. ■

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 Tom Dennis, Cleveland, Ohio



— from Wizard, On tour, Midwest



— from Wizard, On tour, Midwest



— from Russell Kaul, Martinez, Calif.

— from Dena Trail, Watervliet, Mich.

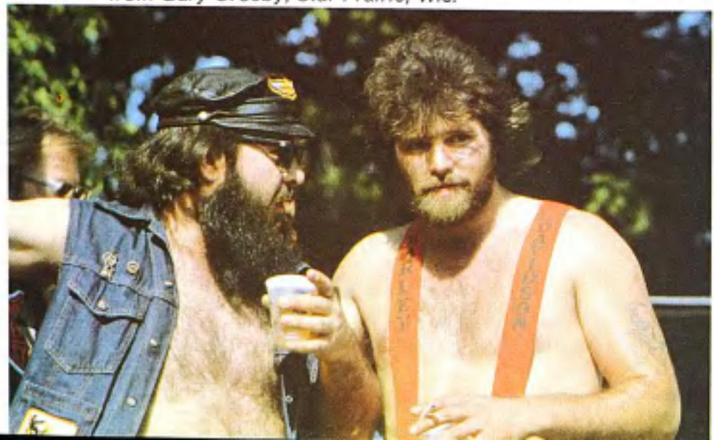




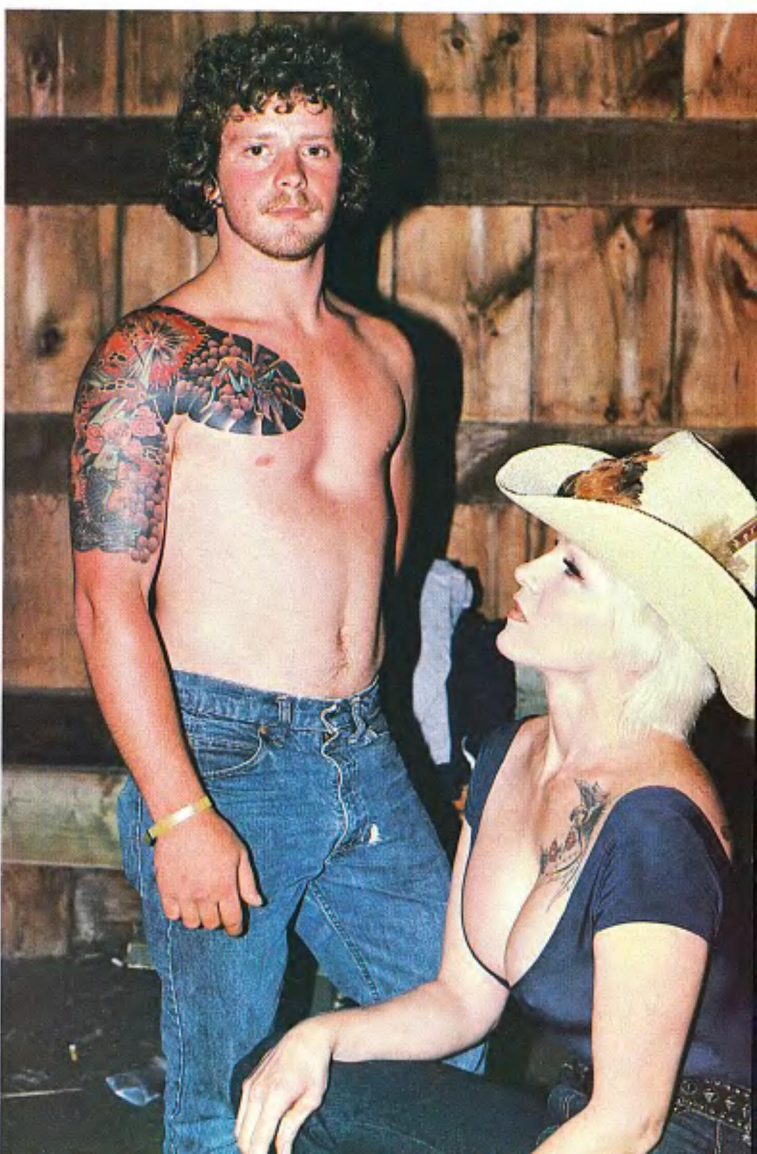
— from Candy Flowers, Pensacola, Fla.



— from Gary Crosby, Star Prairie, Wis.



— from Wizard, On tour, Midwest





— from Biker Linda, Globe, Ariz.

from Frank, Baltimore, Md.





— from Warren Lingg, Alma, Neb.

— from Ruth, Goleta, Calif.



— from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.

— from The Ort, Austin, Tex.



— from D.C. Heath, Champaign, Ill.

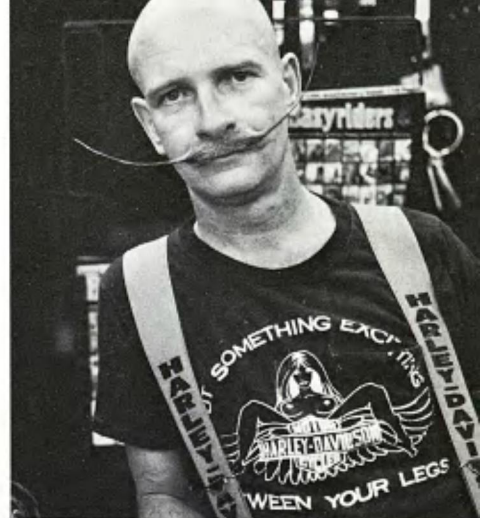


— from Kirby, Bossier City, La.





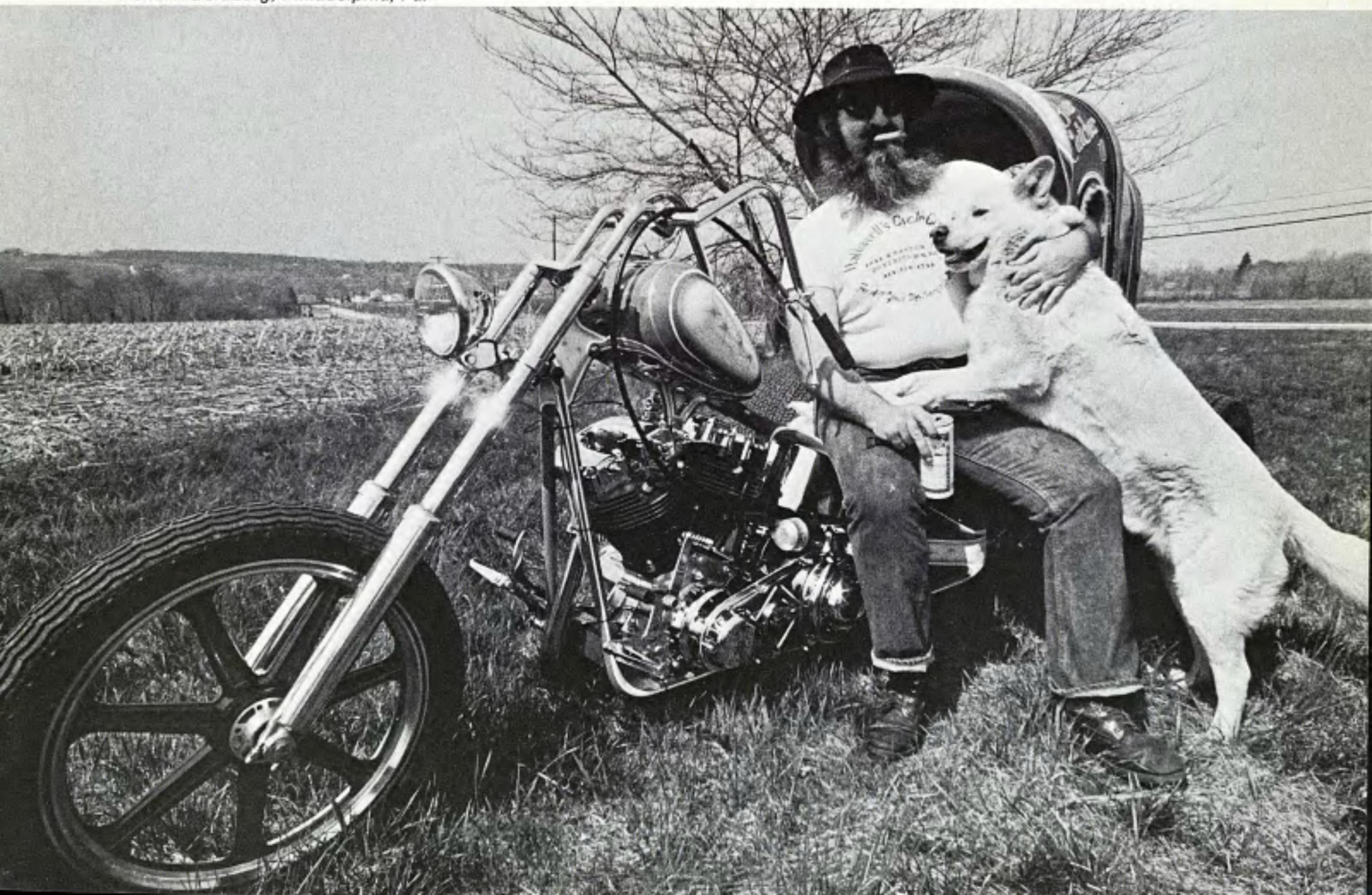
— from Al Goldberg, Philadelphia, Pa.



— from Merle Briggs, Massillon, Ohio



— from Whip, Malibu, Calif.



Stavana rode easily. Beneath him, the sixteen-year-old V-twin engine purred smoothly. He felt the keen sense of nervous excitement he always did before a big sale, a feeling that didn't make him nervous or careless, but in fact did exactly the opposite. His senses were heightened and he became more alert. It was, he thought as the chrome spokes and Avons spun beneath him, the best time for riding.

There was a bulge in the grease-stained denim of his vest pocket, a bulge caused by a translucent little brown bottle, the kind drugstore prescriptions come in. The little bottle held two ounces of very high grade cocaine. Stavana was a dealer.

He was also very wealthy, although he didn't look it, nor did he really understand or even care about wealth. He lived and dressed the way he always had, shabbily but comfortably. Even though he had over six hundred thousand dollars hidden in the cheap two-bedroom house he rented, money meant nothing to Stavana. He enjoyed accumulating it, but only for the same reasons some governments or industries did. He used it to keep score.

The only thing Stavana truly cared about was his Harley. He rode it every day, and every night he ran it motocross-style up the rickety wooden front steps of his rundown house and parked it inside. He thought that he did it to keep the evening dew (and prowling fingers) off the precious machine; in reality, he enjoyed being able to look at it when he drank, smoked, and watched television.

Once, his landlord had dropped in unexpectedly and become furious when he saw the old sled parked directly over an oil spot on the dirty, once-light-blue carpeting. The fat old man had started to shout, but controlled his mouth when he saw the cold glint in Stavana's eyes. Stavana scared the crabby old dude when he stood up, but instead of hitting the old man, he simply pulled eight hundred dollars out of his vest pocket and handed it to him. He told the fat, greasy little man to recarpet the place after he left, and then motioned toward the door.

The landlord, who certainly had no intention of wasting any of the money on a place he planned to eventually burn down for the insurance, immediately went to a bar and spent several hours (and almost a hundred dollars) buying drinks, at first for himself, and then later for people he didn't even know. His generosity didn't go unnoticed, and later, in the back seat of his Oldsmobile, he spent another hundred (up front) on a forty-seven-year-old hooker. He gave her another fifty to get on top when he couldn't come, and yet another fifty for her to go down on him when he still couldn't. Dedicated to her profession, the tired prostitute kept working on the overweight drunk until he passed out. She then promptly relieved him of his remaining five hundred dollars, cleared her throat, spit, and then left.

While the hooker was mentally calculating how much money she would have left after paying off the bartender, Stavana was sipping an ice-cold beer at home and looking at the Harley. The TV was on, but he ignored it. As he drank, he admired the visual integrity of the bike. He never seemed to get tired of looking at it.

He had bought it right after he was paroled. At four

hundred dollars, it had taken nearly every cent he had. The pimply-faced kid who sold it to him had tried to make a chopper out of it; as a result, it didn't run and most of the stock parts were missing. The kid didn't care. He thought of himself as a casual heroin user, but (and he didn't know it yet) he was already a full-fledged addict. He wanted six hundred, but when he saw the eight neatly folded fifty-dollar bills in Stavana's hand, the kid thought of nothing else except how sweet the needle would feel. He never missed the Harley because he died six months later from hepatitis, complicated by pneumonia, and was buried at the state's expense when his family refused to claim the body.

Stavana worked at restoring the bike for a little over a year, without getting very far. Parts were expensive and hard to find. He had just managed to get the sixteen-year-old machine running when he met a man he had known in prison. Stavana had ridden the rough-running, unlicensed

Harley to a bar to privately celebrate its transformation from a collection of parts to a running machine. It was there that he recognized the former prison hospital orderly.

Back in prison, the orderly had established a thriving drug trade. Once released, he used his prison experience and a local ex-offender rehabilitation program to obtain a similar job. As in the prison hospital, the right people could be paid to look the other way, and he resumed his drug business. He wasted no time in expanding his business from stolen prescription drugs to other, more profitable and readily obtainable items. One, of course, was cocaine. The man had a supplier in Canada. He needed a delivery man, and he asked Stavana to take his Harley back and forth across the Canadian border.

Stavana hesitated, partly out of a very deep-rooted fear of being sent back to prison, and partly because he didn't know whether the bike was up to that kind of riding. When the man told Stavana how much he would be paid, though, he agreed.

The money was good — not outstanding, but good enough to allow Stavana to take the Harley to a first-rate shop that specialized in restorations. He gave the mechanic two thousand dollars and told him to make the bike new again. When Stavana returned a month later (after borrowing a car for the Canada runs), he found that his ratted-out old 74 looked as if it had just rolled off the assembly line in Milwaukee.

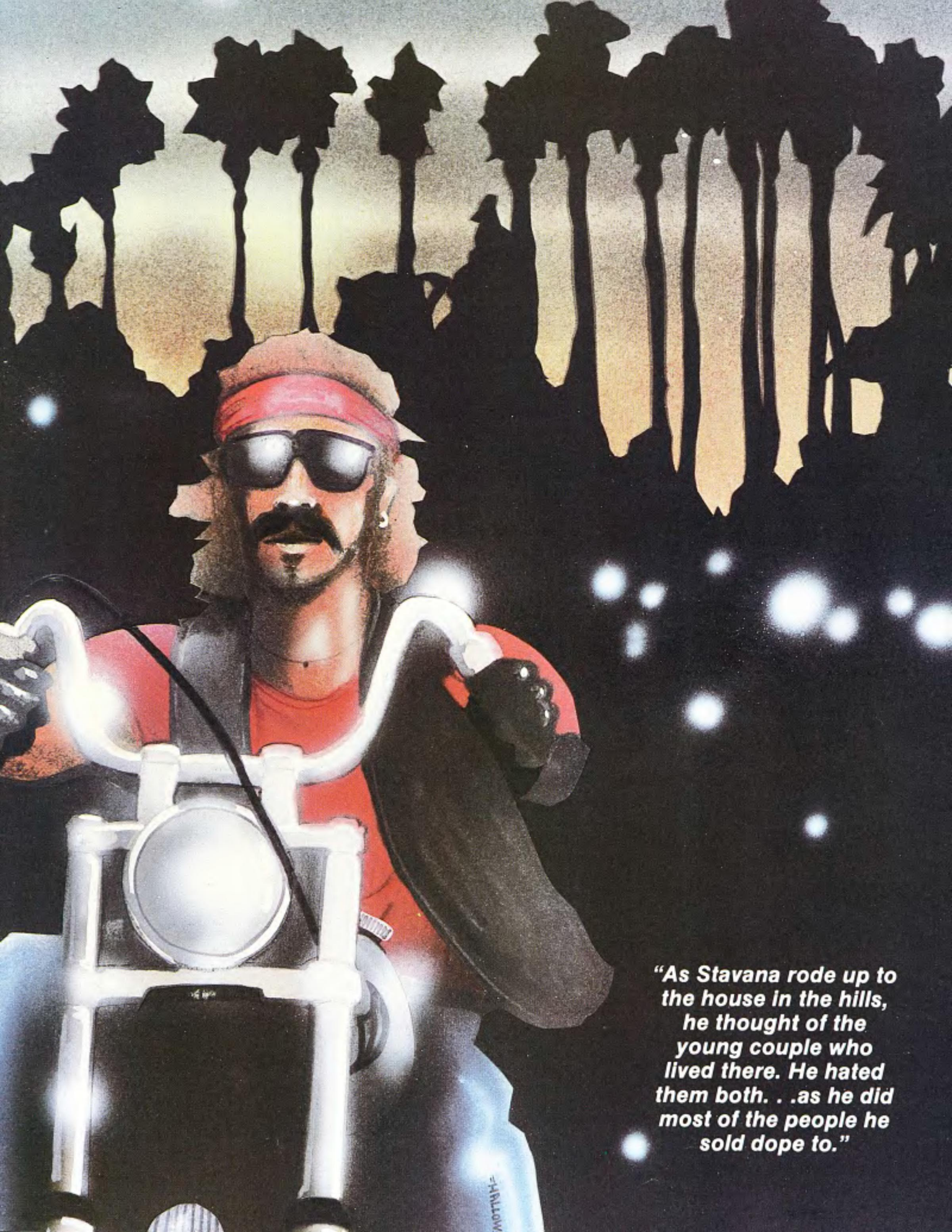
The mechanic who had restored the panhead was good. The machine was immaculate. When Stavana first saw it, he focused on the candy-blue and silver gas tank with its old-fashioned Harley-Davidson emblems. He drifted back sixteen years and became a kid in high school again, staring at a senior's brand new scooter and wishing it was his. He forgot everything that had happened between that afternoon in 1965 and the present. His mind erased the rice paddies, the AK-47 round that took out most of his stomach, and the four years he did in state prison for breaking a cop's jaw (after the man made the mistake of touching the girl Stavana was drinking with).

He looked at the old Harley for thirty minutes before he even tried to start it. The restoration was perfect. He twisted the petcock

Continued on page 112

Ashes to Ashes

by Jack Starbuck



"As Stavana rode up to the house in the hills, he thought of the young couple who lived there. He hated them both. . .as he did most of the people he sold dope to."

RNIGHT
L

NIGHTA
PO

FIGHT AFTER

DAVID MANN





Hindsight

There's nothin' better than takin' a putt somewhere, parkin' your bike, lightin' up a smoke (of some kind), and just kickin' back, people watchin' (spell that g-i-r-l-s). You're lucky if you live near a beach where you can watch women in bikinis pass by. But if not, every city has its best girl-watchin' spots during the summer. The local park, shopping center — wherever girls with skimpy summer clothes on would be. Of course there's the bike events, but most of the women

there are dressed for ridin' and they're usually with someone who might mangle ya if ya look too much and slobber over his chick. But even dressed for ridin', they look good in their tight-fittin' stretch jeans, and with their jackets off they usually wear a tit-top, T-shirt, or loose, filmy blouse. No matter what the attire, they look damned good.

Because it wouldn't be too cool to be caught by a chick starin' and gawkin' dead-on at her with your mouth hangin' open and droolin' (wear sunglasses),

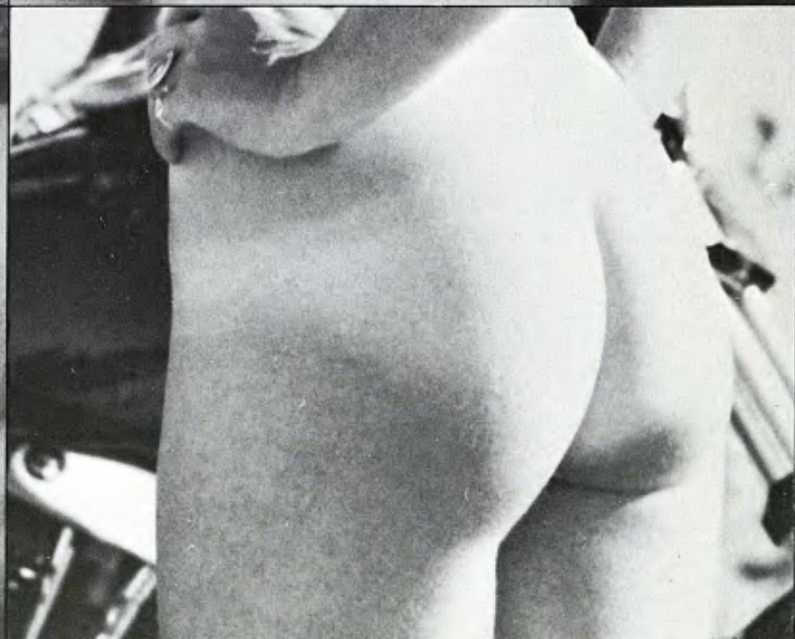
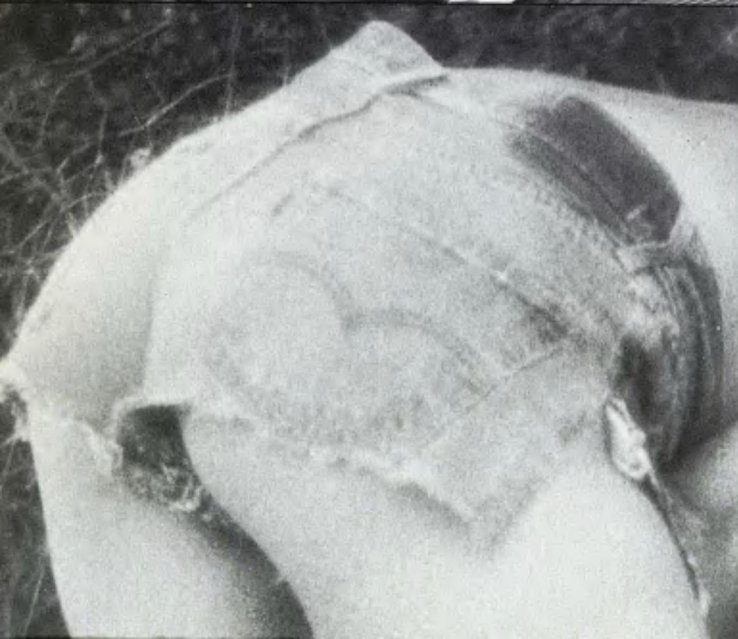




the safest area to really zero in on and enjoy without interruption is her tail end as she walks away — you can do that even if she's with a seven-foot gorilla. If you're a card-carryin' bona fide ass man, summer is the time to enjoy yourself, and it doesn't cost you anything. And who knows, in this day of women's lib, if your scoot is good-lookin' and snot isn't hangin' outta your nose, you'll probably be approached by some — especially by a group of girls (they're bolder when in groups, as you know).

So, check out these pages, refresh your memory, (in case you live in a small town fulla skags) 'cause portrayed here is what it's all about. Here's a toast to man's favorite pastime — girl watchin' and in particular, some hindsight.

—Assman







FAST FRED

His given name was Fred. He had to give the name to himself because ordinary cockroaches don't have names, except for what their human enemies call them — and he damn well wanted something with more fuckin' dignity than any of those insulting sounds.

Hatched in the stenchy depths of the city dump, Fred quickly learned the risky ways of a violent world. Instinct taught him the credo of his ancient race: *survive*. Armed with a matched set of super-sensitive antennae and three pairs of muscular, hairy legs, he could detect trouble before it came down and be long gone at speeds attained normally only by lightning. Survival became his second name.

His needs were simple and few. He could eat and digest everything, and enjoy it. He could drink filthy water that might've poisoned a maggot, and thrive on it. His sleep consisted of short naps in any dark, quiet place where — with at least one eye open and the twin, graceful feelers briskly frisking his surroundings for warning vibes — he often crashed safely.

Now, only one bug among a zillion-jillion-billion insects has smarts enough to be a natural-born loner, and Fred was that bug. He hated crowds. And the dump was a seething, swarming confusion of living, multi-legged creatures, even though it was also a deliciously rich feast of rotting garbage, putrefying animal carcasses, and other delectable goodies. But Fred decided it was no place to find peace and privacy. So he began hunting a better home and soon discovered the abandoned house at the edge of the dump. The house sagged defeatedly upon its crumbling foundations, threatening to collapse at any minute into the dump almost directly below its precarious site.

Fred studied the house, his feelers quivering excitedly. Hell, I could live

up there, he reasoned, and eat down here. That way, I get the best of two fuckin' worlds.

Warily, he began exploring the house that very night. It was huge. It was peaceful. It was quiet. It was empty, except for a few real snotty spiders (who thought they were hot shit because they had eight legs and twelve eyes, and wove artsy-fartsy webs for a living) and a shy horde of timid termites who were too busy, blindly having the munchies for the structure, to even notice Fred.

After several scuttling tours of the place, he knew he had found a home. *All this fuckin' space*, he rejoiced, racing from room to room with wildly twitching feelers, *and fresh garbage arrivin' daily right at the goddam back door! I got it made in the mansion-type shade!*

Settling into cherished isolation, he relaxed peacefully and happily for the first time in his life, only visiting the nearby dump for meals and snacks.

A month later, They arrived.

His feelers dizzy with the onslaught of vibrations from all the noise, Fred went up a wall and peered through the dirty window into the front yard.

A truck followed by a half dozen choppers was just pulling up to the place. Suddenly the porch was alive with big, mouthy humans milling around while one of them began fucking with a key in the door lock.

Fred retreated to a kitchen shelf that allowed him a clear line of sight into the living room. Abruptly the jabbering, shouting, and laughing humans who poured through the house, yelling merrily to each other.

"Christ, this is wonderful!" screeched a female human.

"Goddam!" rumbled a bearded male, whistling, "seven bedrooms and three shitters, each complete

with a shower! And only fifty-five a month!"

"And don't that fuckin' dump out there in back give the shack real atmosphere!" snickered another.

"I haven't seen one damned cockroach yet," growled the yellow-maned giant who looked and acted like a leader, frowning at all the corners and cabinets, "so I guess this family kin call it home."

Shit! thought Fred disgustedly; there goes the fuckin' neighborhood!

Dully studying them while they staggered in and out the front door, carrying in furniture that didn't look as good as the ruined beds, chairs, and tables sandwiched between the succulent heaps of trash and garbage in the dump, Fred's nervous system went numb when more females and their nose-pickers arrived.

"I wanna find a cute little bug!" wailed a small female child, her wide grin bracketed by twin streaks of snot coursing down her cheeks and chin. "And I'm gonna pull its fuckin' legs off its wiggly little bod!"

Fred shuddered.

Then he noticed the haughty spiders leaving unobtrusively through a jagged hole in the back door. Cautiously, he scabbled over to them.

"Can't handle this scene, huh?" he inquired.

"Who can weave amid this ruckus and uproar?" they replied. "Or haven't you seen the mops and brooms they brought with them, you poor, uncouth creature?"

Fred stiffened, offended.

"Bye-bye, chickenshits," he snorted. "I was here first. I'm gonna see this through."

"Something stupid with only six legs would think like that!" they retorted arrogantly, departing just as little snoface romped onto the back porch.

"Mommy! Mommy!" she shrieked furiously. "Them cute little leggy bastards is gettin' away!"



BY GARBAGE

"Yer kid's a real bug freak, ain't she?" purred one of the women, hugging her own whey-faced retard.

"Yeh," cooed the other mother, "but she ain't a fuckin' chronic case of ringworm like your junior moron."

Analyzing their hateful vibes, Fred concluded it was going to be a stormy household.

"Will you two dumb cunts stop standin' around, snipin' at each other, and start cleanin' this shanty up?" snarled their glorious leader through his yellow beard. "And keep yer goddam eyes peeled fer cockroaches!"

Fred scrutinized the giant closely. An enemy to end all enemies. A real bigoted fucker. I'll try to live with this zoo. Fred promised himself, but I may hafta run them the hell outta here before it's over.

Then he devoted himself to being damn near invisible.

* * *

During the hectic weeks that followed, Fred learned to time his trips about the house so that nobody ever saw him and so that he stayed safely clear of all their clomping feet that would've mashed him into a crisp puddle of cockroachy goo. Never having lived with humans, he was finally forced to seek instruction from an elderly cockroach who had successfully lived in a motel until it burned down.

"If ya like fresh garbage," he advised, "then stay tight with them lousy humans."

"How do I manage that?" asked Fred humbly.

"Only patrol at night. You'll learn a whole new lifestyle. Especially if the muthas spill their booze, weed, and other goodies." The oldster sighed blissfully. "God, but I miss them righteous hits! I'd join ya over there but I can't sprint like I once could, so this goddam dump is safer for old farts like me."

Continued on page 104

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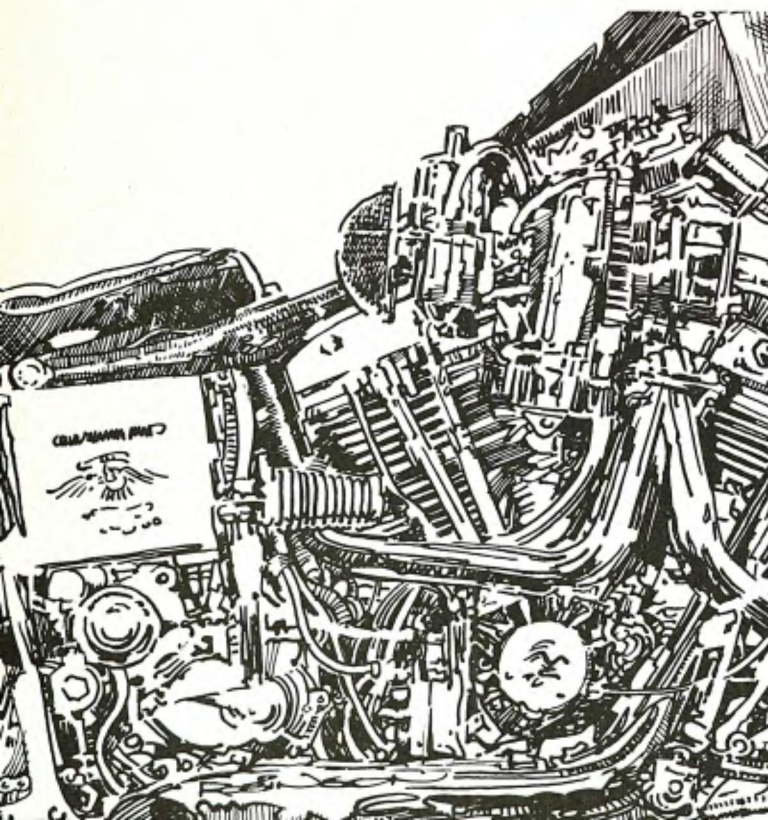
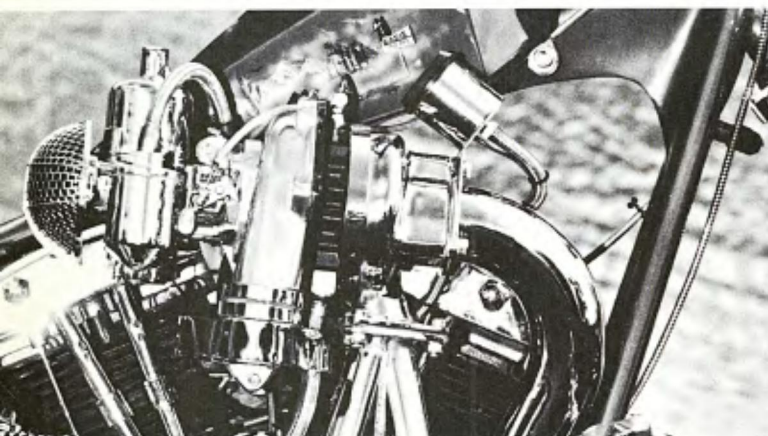
ALMOST STOCK

And Strong-hearted, Too



Everyone knows that Harleys are strong, but check out this turbocharged shovel-head — it has pulled its own weight plus an additional three hundred pounds for over five years. I saw this bike at the Waupun Prison Run (featured at the beginning of this issue), and I noticed that the scoot didn't look practical for everyday use. Not so — after five years of hard use, the bike's 80 cubes are still churnin', haulin' the same giant around.

Jingles, the aforementioned three hundred pounds, thinks nothing of riding his bike a couple of hundred miles through rain so thick that geese are grounded. He says it runs so consistently and keeps runnin' so well because he used basically stock Harley parts in the construction and be-



cause he kept the compression ratio down.

The turbocharger kicks in only at high revs, and this is the only thing Jingles says he would change. He plans on installing a supercharger on his next scooter, so the power boost will be constant, not just a surge of power at the top end.

After the recent prison show, we partied with the people from ABATE of Wisconsin. A rainstorm hit and the shovel refused to fire. Jingles checked everything and discovered that his problem was the braided steel sparkplug and wire covers.

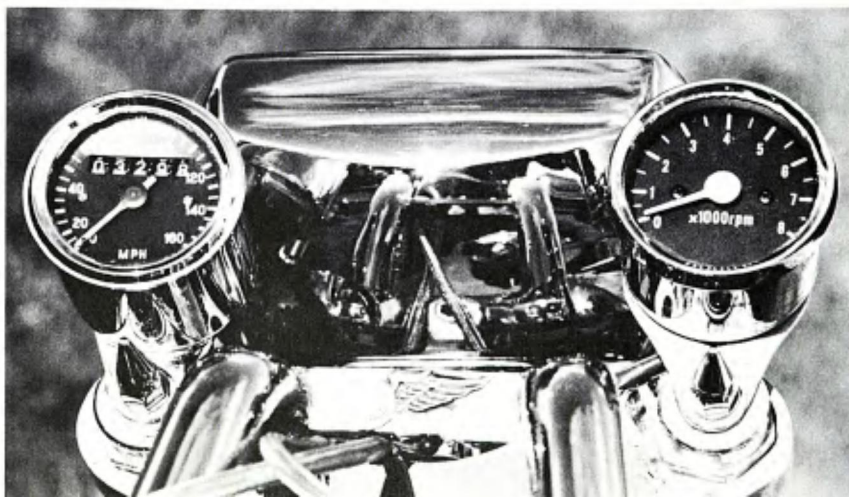




Those metal covers got wet and were shorting out, keeping the bike from starting. Having spotted the problem, he got out a stock set of wires and covers from his toolbox. He popped those fancy suckers off, put the stock wires on, and it fired right up. Sometimes it's simple, sometimes not — that's life in the fast lane with a Harley.

—Highpockets

Owner: Robert Reagan		City: Milwaukee, Wis.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Don Foshey (Jingles)		Year: 1974	
Year and make: 1974 H-D		Builder: Cycle Empire	
Model: Super Glide		Type: swingarm	
Value: your life		Rake: 10 degrees	
Assembly by: Jingles		Stretch: 3 in. top, 5 in. bottom	
Time: four weeks		Other alterations: stretched	
Chroming by: Big Ed		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Ness	
Year: 1974 H-D		Risers: none	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): 175 Honda/6-in. flat rear	
Rebuilder: Jingles		Headlight: quartz	
Ignition: electronic		Taillight: square	
Displacement: 80 cu. in.		Speedo: Jammer	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: ugly	
Balancing: Big Ed		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: FLH		Electrics: 12v	
Cases: chrome		Gas tank: Gary Littlejohn	
Heads: ported and polished		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): Sifton 440 Avenger		Oil system: braided steel	
Lifters: hydraulics		Primary cover: tin outer	
Carb(s): SU		Seat: uncomfortable	
Air cleaner: Alphabet		Sissybar: Smith Bros. and Fetrow	
Pipes: drag		Height: 6 in.	
Muffler(s): internal		Material: square 1/2 in.	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: H-D single disc	
Year: 1974		Extension: 6 in.	
Shifting: ratchet		Builder: Junous Mfg.	
Engine sprocket: 24		Special features: turned downlegs	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 3.00-19	Size: 15 155SR
Molding: Rev Customs		Hub: Invader	Hub: Invader
Painter: Robert Verhing		Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: tangerine		Tire: Pirelli	Tire: Pirelli radial
Type: candy		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: vulture job			
Other special modifications: RaJay turbocharger, electric start.			



LOCKDOWN

The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread. —Anatole France



by Boomer

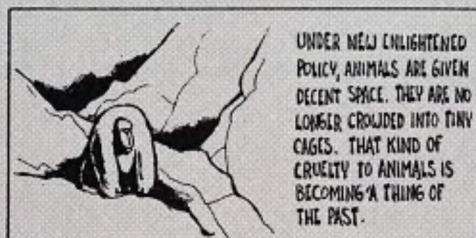
Ready for meals catered by McDonald's and guards recruited from Manpower, Incorporated?

It could happen if corrections officials start paying attention to a report issued by Peter Greenwood of the Rand Corporation think tank.

"There is nothing about running a prison that requires the government to be involved," Greenwood says. "If private agencies can run government-funded hospitals, drug- and alcohol-treatment programs and job-training programs, they can run prisons, too."

Before laughing this idea off, remember that a great number of jails and prisons have already done away with the institution of the prison doctor and prison hospital in favor of contracting with private companies — some of which operate nursing homes or small private hospitals — for medical services. And a few prisons are already experimenting with having their food prepared and brought in by outside suppliers.

The reason for these changes is the same as that used to explain 98 percent of all the changes made in our institutions: money. Budgets are tight, prison population is growing, and over half the states in the country contain at least one institution that is under court order to improve conditions. Some corrections administrators have found that it is cheaper to buy food service from some company that is already preparing thousands of meals for college dormitories or airline passengers than it is to maintain a full kitchen and kitchen staff to supply the prison. Same thing with medical care. The state pays some contractor a yearly sum to have a doctor at the prison a couple of days a week for sick call, to have a few attendants around for emergencies, and to provide all pharmaceuticals and supplies. The contractor, who employs maybe six doctors to service twenty-five clients — prisons,



And second, what will the old cages be used for now?



schools, nursing homes, factories, etc. — makes a profit and still can afford to charge less than it would cost the prison to hire its own doctor and staff.

"The government is not going to give us better prisons, better programs or better personnel," Greenwood says. "There are no incentives for the government to control costs or do things better. And, under government personnel practices, there are few incentives for any but the least able people to make a career of correctional work."

Maybe the dude has a point. One of the big problems now is that, under civil service rules, it's almost impossible to fire anyone. If a corrections officer or program administrator fucks up it's almost impossible to get rid of him, even if his superior officers want him out. If a private company were running the joint it wouldn't be bound by these laws; it could hire and fire at will.

Obviously, all the decisions regarding who gets sent up, how long he stays behind bars, and what his security classification is would remain in the hands of the courts and the state's parole and probation departments. Probably the courts would also insist, in order to protect

inmates' due-process rights, that the state retain control over disciplinary hearings and punishments.

It's an idea to think about, anyway. Greenwood sums it up like this: "Since private enterprise would take on the job only if profits were in the offing, contracts could be written to provide incentives for improved services. Contractors could be paid bonuses for reducing the recidivism rate or increasing the number of inmates who successfully completed educational or job-training programs. Or they [the contractors] could be penalized [nice pun, Greenwood] for allowing escapes or attacks by one inmate on another."

Decisions, Kites, and News Getting The Mail Out

I'm an inmate in a North Carolina unit and have received word that many people have not received my letters. This problem is also shared by other inmates. We are able to get our letters notarized and can send them by registered mail, but because of the cost it isn't practical for a prisoner to register every letter mailed.

Is there a procedure for mailing that would give us some evidence our letters had been mailed even if they are not received?

W.K.
Henderson, N.C.

Since you can use registered mail, I assume you have access to a real post office of some kind, instead of a trusty mail clerk. At the time of this writing, a regular one-ounce letter sent registered costs \$3.30. For 58 cents you can mail your letter and get a "certificate of mailing" from the post office. This certificate gives the date, the name of the person you sent the kite to, and signifies that the letter was mailed. The reason it is so much cheaper than registered is that the person on the other end

Continued on page 111

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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

In memory of **Dave "Rudy," Steve "Outs,"** and **Peter "Fearless."** Ride like the wind, high in the sky, Harley Heaven it's called. Once through the gates for your bros. We love and miss you all. Skip, Nancy, and all your bros back home in East Bridgewater, Mass.

In memory of **Don Belden.** May one of your Harleys find its way to Heaven to be with you. We all miss you. Gensy.

In memory of our brother **"Gordy,"** killed 10/2/80. Gone but not forgotten. You got yours; they will get theirs. Sons of Silence MC, Ind.

In memory of **Joseph.** You touched my soul as no man ever has or will again. I can't understand why you are gone, babe, but I'm trying to live for you. And I'll remember all you taught me. "You're the reason that I'm traveling on; don't think twice, it's all right." You ride in our hearts and touch us in the wind. I love you more than life. Always your lady, Mimi.

In memory of **Andy Melick.** A bro to my ol' man and a friend to me. Hope you are happy up there, even though you left way before your time. Carol.

In memory of **Boogie Dan,** someone we have always loved and respected. We hope you've found your freedom. Keep your face in the wind, babe. And may we meet again in Harley Heaven. Love always. Wendy, Eli, and everyone else who has known and loved you.

In memory of **Albert "Track-Boy" Manzana.** An unknown biker forever. You might be gone, but not forgotten. Your spirit will ride forever in my heart. May we reunite in biker heaven. Love. Your bro Alicat, Bikers New York MC.

In memory of **Jason "Snoop" Hooper.** You got your wings too soon. We never even had the chance to give you all the love we feel. We will always miss you. From your many friends.

In memory of **Howard "Hod" Evis.** You went far too soon. But you'll live forever in our minds. We love you, Wayne and Chris, Bonnie, and all who partied at Club Thomas.

In memory of **"Mouse" Hoffman.** To my No. 1 old and everybody's good bro. You still ride with us, even though you're riding with your own pack now. May you ride high forever. Love always and forever. Carolyn, Marine, III.

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.

Guaranteed righteous people, doing time in Miss., really tired of being misused and abused. If you are good people, lonely and want a good man, please write and send flick. George Schwindling #43467, MSU, Parchman, Miss. 38738.

Need fine females to write to. Ages don't matter; need pics too. Michael Wren, UH-3 Box 147, Fox Lake, Wis. 53933.

Need correspondence with the opposite sex. Fritz Poole, 1-C-1, 2310 Atascocita Rd., Humble, Tex. 77338.

34-yr.-old dude needs some correspondence from ladies. Looks don't matter; can use some flicks, too. James Magieva, 76D76, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Need letters from ladies; all will be answered. James Robert Warren #294983, Ellis Units, H-18, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Downed bro would like to hear from foxy ladies for sincere relationship, hopefully permanent. Will Watson #03352-085, Box 4000, Springfield, Mo. 65802.

Nice-looking bro from California needs mail from all chicks. Very lonely in here. David Dauchy, Box 87, #C-177, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Lonely Chicano would like to hear from good people. Please write me. Abel C. Martinez #283145, Route 4, Box 1200, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

20-yr.-old Latin-American bro, doing time, would like to hear from a lady who likes to party. Jonny H. Martinez #32447, 13200 S. Bloomfield Ave., Norwalk, Calif. 90650.

26 and lonely, looking for Ms. Right. Richard Eder #80A3002, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Downed bro, white, 21, would love to hear from some righteous ladies. Send flicks. Answer all. Terri Johnson #36336, Box 7-1-C-223, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Lonely, locked-down bro, 30, looking for female companionship. Send photo along with letter. Paul Henry Jordan, Springfield Med. Center, Federal Prison, Box 4000, Springfield, Mich. 65802.

28-yr.-old would like to hear from some beautiful ladies of all ages. Hobby: loving women. Larry Johnston, Box E-12965, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Downed bro in need of mail and photos from sincere, sexy ladies. Muff shots not allowed. E.R. Huff #00625-032, Box 888, Ashland, Ky. 41101.

I'm a friend of the working girl and a poet to all women, Italian, good-looking. Like to hear from ladies; pix please. Dave Lobaugh #M3763, Box 200, Camphill, Pa. 17011.

25-yr.-old professional tattooist downed and in need of mail and pictures. Will answer all letters. Ben Murphy #076657, Box 1449, A-118-T, Homestead, Fla. 33030.

Any good-looking females who wish to write, please do. Send photo and letters; all answered. Brent A. Knowlton #15258, R.R. 1, Box 162, Medaryville, Ind. 47957.

Lonely California scooter tramp doing time. Please, all sincere, sweet ladies, write and send photos. David Mauldin #A016298, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Mont. 59722.

25-year-old w/m would like to hear from some nice ladies. Will answer all mail. W.C. Sanford #307091, Eastham Unit, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

44-yr.-old lonely for someone to write. Will answer all letters. Robert Francis #283836, Eastham Unit, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

17-yr.-old Ind./m. would like to correspond with foxy ladies 17 and over. Will answer all. Vince Jourdain #100193, Box B, St. Cloud, Minn. 56301.

26-year-old male would like to correspond with warm, loving ladies. Clyde W. Haire #44097, Box 600, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

White male, 22, would like to correspond with bright young lady who knows something about TLC. Jeff Ahtzener #102033, Box B, St. Cloud, Minn. 56301.

W/male, 26, looking for good woman to write and help me over these bad times. All letters will be answered; trade my photo for one of yours. Frank English #01277-051, Box 700-A-1, Texarkana, Tex. 75501.

26-yr.-old likes to write to people who enjoy life and the profound human experience. By nature, I'm a romantic; love watching glowing golden sunsets, hearing the gleeful orchestration of birds breaking the quiet of early morning, or smelling the rich, spicy aroma of a field of wind-blown clover in the summertime. Gerald Vinson #148525, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

W/m, 28, would like to receive letters and pictures from all you chicks who love the good life. Also any who might be looking for a new ol' man. Age not important; heart is. Johnny Dale Fugitt #284467, Route 4, Box 1500, Angleton, Tex. 77515.

Ladies, please write; photos would be nice. Rickey Bright, Central Prison, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Lonely brother in need of correspondence. James D. Phillips #051896, Box 221 (73-103), Ralston, Fla. 32083.

20-year-old bro doing time. Making the break to Calif. when I am free. Would like to share myself with foxy ladies from there. Will answer all. Kevin O'Leary #101070, Box B, St. Cloud, Minn. 56301.

Lonely bro, 24, down and out. Would like to hear from all you ladies. Kenneth W. Aho #C-27034, Dorm 6-6A, Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Heavily tattooed bro, 39, wishes to write to ladies interested in tattoos. Prefer women 30 or over. Paul Chevront #79-A-2017, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Old biker needs a foxy ol' lady to party and travel with when he gets out. Richard Denise #81A0198 Clinton Corr. Facility, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Need a sincere, good-looking lady 18-24 to travel with. If you love to ride, write to me. Photos are nice. Will answer all letters. Shannon Davis #302443, Route 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

If you love to travel and could use a friend, write to me. Upon my release, we will do it together. Ladies 18-26, photos are welcome. Will answer all letters. Ricky Harpain #303443, Route 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

38-yr.-old biker tramp looking for a sweet young, loving fox—got to be an animal, but housebroken. No games. Will answer all. Send photo. Walter Sims #87972, Box 68, Taft, Okla. 74463.

Downed bro, white, 20, 5' 11", 160 lbs. Jeff Linduff #100852, Box 548, JHCC, Lexington, Okla. 73051.

Sicilian, down and out, would like to hear from all fine women. Will answer all. Joseph John Beneventi #80083, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62295.

Need to hear from the world. If there are any chicks out there who would like to help a bro, write and send flicks. J.W. Theford #316516, Ramsey II, Route 4, Box 1200, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Nowhere to go and no one waiting for me when I get out. Ladies, any age, any race, write to me and let's see what happens. Ron Smith, 1 W. Lincoln, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

23 yrs. old and 6' 1". I need a sweet lady to show me what I've been missing. Adolph Comer #049565, N-2-N-17, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Lonely con in need of a good woman. I'm 28 and prefer older, sensible chicks. Time to get a good hookup established and off the ground. Glenn Jones #055791, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

24-year-old Texan could dig some female correspondence. Terry Gordon, Rifle Correctional Facility, 0200 County Road 219, Rifle, Colo. 81650.

Lonesome; don't receive any mail at all. Would like to correspond with some chicks. Eddy Franz #R105-763, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

24-yr.-old body builder/martial artist seeks correspondence with lusty, adventurous ladies. Will answer all. David Holland #305196, Darrington Unit, A-1-8, Route 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Male, 34 yrs. old, looking for real friend. Please write to me. Charles Blassingame, Box EF129037 H2, Reidsville, Ga. 30499.

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Cycle Specialties 301 Main Blvd., Modesto
Cycle Parts Unlimited 1680 Yosemite Park Way, Merced
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Note: closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

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Tattooing Supplies: World's finest tattooing equipment. Over twenty years of reliability—that's why we're number one and king of the tattoo suppliers. Our gear is like a chopper—it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, everything for the tattooist. 76-page color catalog is yours for \$3. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. Inc., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (108)

Tattoo artists, tattoo fans: Tattoos by Johnny Inkslinger, the most righteous book of tattoo cartoons ever published. Soft cover in color, 102 pages black and white that will bust your chain. Shipped from stock. Price \$5.95 plus \$1.94 shipping. Money order only. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. Inc., Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (108)

Tattooing supplies: See our ad this section. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Fast huba huba service. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (108)

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

White male, 45. Have Harley and need an ol' lady 18-40 to putt. Tulsa area. Frank. (918) 341-1763. (101)

Virginia—Confidential remailing. Details free. Ed. 161 Granby St., Norfolk, Va. 23510. (101)

Somebody special: Domonic Humenik, you have become my life, you have helped us both to realize what true love is all about. Those feelings deep down inside that you've instilled in me are also like a glowing, burning, growing and ever yearning for you. The respect I feel for bikers is so enormous I find myself wanting to be so much a part of the wind and your world. I don't believe any one woman could love a man as I do you, unless of course she had you. Your Bren. (101)

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)

To the ladies of this world far and near, heed these words you're about to hear. We're two lonely dudes locked away in the joint, but that's not our problem, so I'll get to the point! Send us your cards, pictures, and mail, to help us do this time we have here in hell. Larry Rogers #286613 and Rick Talley #304949, Rt. 4, Box 1500, Angleton Tex. 77515. (101)

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)

Wild woman, slim, 5'3", blue eyes, blond hair, well-behaved, would like to meet easygoing biker, w/m, 30-45, single who enjoys doing things, to share his cycle seat and a farout relationship. Send letters and picture to Carol, P.O. Box 532, Chesterland, Ohio 44026. (101)

Hardleg: Here's to seven more years of puttin' suckin', and real good fuckin' I.L.Y. 11-15-81. Bubble Butt. (101)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (101)

Death row prisoner would like to correspond with ladies. Jim "Fuzzy" Jeffers, Box B-38604, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (109)

White male, 27, recently divorced, seeks loyal, good ol' lady. I'm looking for a chick who's tired of constantly partying, or possibly straight. Tired of going to jail, not getting ahead, and off-and-on women. Would like someone sincere in helping me start over, keep me out of trouble, and get ahead with a permanent relationship. I've lost a lot lately; still have a chopped Sporty, Great Dane, small business, etc. Interested? Steve C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (109)

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

Wild Bill's Tattooing, Roseville, Calif. By appointment only. (916) 783-9090. (101)

Two outlaw w/males, 29 yrs. of age, solid dudes, drug and sexually minded, looking for same in a couple of tough gals. Age and looks not so important. Send revealing photo with first letter if possible. Let's get to know each other; you won't be sorry. Write to Johnny Dale Fugitt or Terry Dean Evetts, Rt. 4, Box 1500, Angleton, Tex. 77515. (101)

Harley parts, new and used. Genuine Harley and custom parts available by mail. Also T-shirts, leathers, and more. Send for free catalog or state your needs. 10% off any Harley part mail-ordered. Harley-Davidson of Youngstown, Inc., 1707 Mahoning Ave. Youngstown, Ohio 44509. (216) 792-2002. (102)

Marijuana cookbook: New high-tasting foods that make your mouth glow. \$6. Rowdy Publishers, Box 27266, Memphis, Tenn. 38127. (101)

Fitz: Happy 26th 8-1. Hope your machine is running good. Lumber Jack. (101)

The Burnt River Scooter Tramp Band is booking parties and swap-meets right fuckin' now. N.E. Ohio (216) 476-0642. (101)

Fat Sam: Happy birthday 12/6. Special friends are never forgotten. Enjoy. Becky. (101)

Tattooing Techniques for the Artist: 1980, 86 pps., illus., \$30 ppd. A. Lemes, M.D., 6615 Franklin Ave., Suite 211, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. (Hotline temporary ink information \$1.) (101)

Bob: Happy birthday (7/2/81) and happy anniversary (5-18-81). Very proud; keep your head high; you're #1 always to me. Your ol' lady forever, Deborah. (101)

Steve: I hope we'll have lots more days together in the wind, and that they're filled with joint ventures. Your lovin' has made my life the best ever. Debra. (101)

Paul Edward Greenwood: Happy birthday! I miss your special kind of love and pray that one day we'll share love again. I can wait; until then keep on puttin'! Sherri. (101)

Ken: Happy 24th birthday (August 9th) I love you. Jan. (101)

Prophetic fiction at its best. The Turner Diaries \$5.45. National Alliance, Dept. EL, Box 33242, N. Royalton, Ohio 44133. (101)

Baby: are ya lookin' for love? C'mon and get your love. I'm from Calif., and slammed here in Ohio. Definitely in need of one righteous and hard-lovin' woman to write and come to visit me if things work out. If you're for real, and willing to share some time and love with me, write and send flick to Vic Henning #159-903, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302. (101)

Happy 21st, Canadian. Sorry we are not on schedule, but at least we're consistent. Love you, Sue Ann and Lu Ann. (101)

Happy birthday, Danny Corwin. You're the best! Love always. Wanda. (101)

Biker, 36, would like to meet together lady 21 to 40; would move for right lady. Moon, 1203 No. 15th, Melrose Park, Ill. 60160. (102)

Spork: Don't know where we are, but hope we're together. If not, why not? Don't let me go, babe; don't want to leave you. Need you to keep me warm and end my cold, lonely nights. Who else could love you like I do? If you've lost me, find me. Hugo and my mum know where I'm at. From the one who loves you, and you know I do. Make my dreams come true. Your sweet dreamer, Lori. (101)

Wolf: Love you forever and always. Chick. (101)

Pepsi: Happy 30th—fantastic memories! Love. Your li'l somethin' on the side. (101)

Lizzard wants to hear from old friends and righteous chicks. Write to Charles Sonntag #64939, Trenton State Prison, Drawer N, Trenton, N.J. 08625. (101)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled oriental beauty. \$2 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (101)

I would like to write to you, lady. Would you like to develop a beautiful relationship that is significant and for real? I'm an inmate who's getting out soon and looking to make you happy. I'm 5'10", 160 lbs., black hair, and brown eyes. Write me; all letters will be answered right back. Bobby Rap Johnson #292686, Rt. 4, Box 1100, Rossharon, Tex. 77583. (101)

Linda Perrin, contact me. Business. Jody Via 137-279, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140. Jester, Dallas, all you fuckers note new address. (101)

Frenchy: Happy birthday Oct. 3rd, and happy anniversary Oct. 19th. Our love forever, always growing. Sweet Pea and your rugrat. (101)

White Ohio biker, 27. Have country home, job, and Harley. Seeking special ol' lady to share life with. If you're tired of life in the fast lane gettin' ya nowhere, drop me a line and picture. Jerry, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (101)

Be legally ordained; perform marriages and other rites. Start your own church, worship your own way, tax-free. Reverend Marshall, c/o Faith Gospel Church, 1274 North Sierra, San Bernardino, Calif. 92405. (101)

Young lady would like to hear from men who can help. I'm lookin' for romance and finance. Stamps will help also. Will answer letters. Betty Butler, 2601 Bellevue Rd., Burlington, Ky. 41005. (101)

Wizard: You know I love ya, through thick and thin. Someday we will together be in the wind, but until those walls open wide, you have no worry 'cause I'm always dreamin' 'bout being at your side. Forever, Flash. (101)

To Pickles, Pomona, Devils Henchmen, So. Cal. Happy birthday August 18, 1981. Be good and remember this lady still cares. Love. Scooter. (101)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (101)

Fucked up! Ordered too many wide wheels, 16" x 40 hole, 1" wider than stock Harley. Will fit stock bikes. Will sell at cost \$25 plus shipping. Shea's Cycle, Rt. 1, Crescent, Iowa 51526, (712) 545-3246. (101)

Up-to-date service features, explosive investigative journalism, and the original "Girl Next Door"—that's Gallery magazine. Every month on every newsstand. (103)

Lonely bro would like to correspond; will answer all mail. Please write Frank G. Abbey #275560, Wynne Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (101)

Tina: Happy 20th birthday 10-30-81. Need to see ya. Address at your mom's. I love you. Your ol' man, Wag. (101)

Angle Viens, Melody and Ed, Ryan and Matt, and anybody I know that I've lost touch with—if you're reading this, send me your address. I'm in Korea till May 16, 1982. Don't have your addresses. Cindy Whitaker, HHC 19th Spt. Cmd., Camp Walker Chapel, APO San Francisco 96212. (101)

Li'l Bro: Happy birthday, bro. 9/14/81. Little Jesus, Cinn. Ohio. (101)

Stroker: We'll all be free soon. F.T.W. Li'l Bro and Little Jesus. Cinn. Ohio. (101)

Continued on page 82

Dipsticks and Plugs

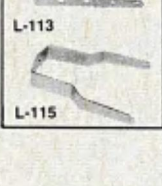
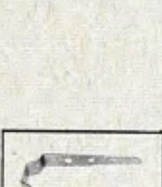
- L-101 Oil tank super plug—\$5.75
L-102 Oil tank dipstick—\$7.50

Pressure Plate

- L-103 Clutch spring retainer—\$8.95

S&S Adjustable Main Jet

- L-104 Designed for use with the S&S Super carburetor. Recommended jet size to use with this adjustable jet is 100-120. Starting adjustment is 1 1/4 turns out.



Regulator Brackets

- L-105 Regulator bracket (Bosch)—\$10.95

Motor Mounts

- L-106 Sportster top motor mount & coil bracket—\$16.50

- L-106K Sportster top motor mount & coil bracket with keyhole—\$17.75

- L-107 74 top motor mount & coil bracket—\$16.50 (Will not work on fatbobs)

- L-107K 74 top motor mount & coil bracket with keyhole—\$17.75 (Will not work on fatbobs)

- L-108 Knucklehead top motor mount & coil bracket—\$20.85

Fender Braces

- L-110 Fender brace, unchromed—\$21.95

- L-111 Fender brace, chromed—\$27.50

- L-112 Custom fender brace, unchromed—\$21.95

- L-113 Custom fender brace, chromed—\$27.50

- L-114 Fatbob fender brace, unchromed—\$25.50

- L-115 Fatbob fender brace, chromed—\$29.75



All prices include postage & handling. Calif. residents add 6%. No C.O.D.'s. Allow six weeks on personal checks.

Dealer inquiries invited.

Lonesome MFG

Lonesome MFG P.O. Box 20619 Sacramento Calif. 95820

Downtime

Continued from page 25

makes some pretty decent music. In fact, there's nothing really wrong with *Playing To Win* except that its laid-back style ultimately works against it. Even the rockers on the album are shot through with an undercurrent of relaxation, enhanced by Nelson's rather limited vocals. There's some pretty good material here, and if Tom Petty were to record a song like "Little Miss American Dream," at twice the speed and ten times the volume Nelson does, it would be a hit with rock fans. Such fans, however, are not famous for their appreciation of understatement, so Rick will probably continue to languish in the backwaters of pop music — which is too bad, really, because the guy's good.

Rowdy is something of a disappointment, especially when compared with the level of stuff Hank's been putting out the last few years — great albums like *Whiskey Bent And Hell Bound* and *Habits Old And New*. This release has Hank running through a pretty predictable batch of stuff, half the tunes written by him, half by others. It's not a bad album, just an ordinary one. The hits "Dixie On My Mind" and "Texas Women" are included (neither, in my opinion, among his best stuff), along with eight additional tunes, none of which really stands out. I can't say this album did a lot for me, but I sure would like to grab a double handful of those floozies Hank cavorts with on the album jacket. As Erskine Caldwell said, they make a man want to get down on the floor and lick something.



"Hey, Ruthie, how much for a squat?"



I.R.S. Ltd.

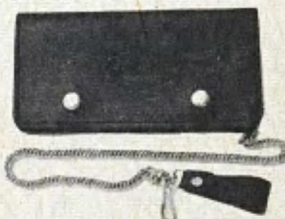
ALL NEW CATALOG \$2.00 Scooter Wallet

Our most popular wallet, small, convenient and made to last forever. Put together with brass rivets and safety chain attached for security for only \$15.95, plus \$1.00 postage and handling.



Can be branded with "Harley-Davidson," "Live to Ride" or ordered plain.

Trucker Wallet



Branded with either "Harley-Davidson" or "Live to Ride" the Trucker's wallet is made of genuine leather and made to last. Comes with double link safety chain. \$25.75, plus \$1.50 postage and handling.

Bikers' Buck Knife



Traditional biker's knife. Four inch locking blade, brass bolsters and Macassar ebony handle for (with sheath). \$29.95 plus \$2.50 postage and handling.

Silver Pendants



Heavy silver pendants and 2mm sterling silver, rope chain. Skull and Devil's head pendants \$20.00, Harley-Davidson \$15.00, 20-inch rope chain \$18.00 and 24-inch chain \$22.00. We pay postage.

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With either a plain flap or one branded "Harley-Davidson" or "Live to Ride" the flap on this wrist band acts as protection for your valuable watch. It's heavy leather for \$12.95, plus 85¢ postage and handling.

I.R.S. Limited, P.O. Box 109, San Fernando, California 91341
California residents add 6% for the man.
Catalog and I.R.S. T-shirt \$10.00 (indicate size) and.
Dealer inquiries invited.

APO, FPO, Alaska and Hawaii add \$1.00 postage and handling. But overseas orders please add \$4.00 for additional postage.

Choppershopper

Continued from page 80

Cheyenne Indian biker needs gypsy princess to share his life and dreams with. Larry "Edge" Wilburn, 604 Longview Dr., Johnson City, Tenn. 37600. (101)

Meet sexy women nationwide. Call Tracy (312) 262-9800, Box 405-ER, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (101)

Nice girls like bikers too. Call Mary (312) 274-9600, Box 345, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (101)

Dexter: It won't be long before we'll be back in the wind together for that midnight ride. I'm yours forever and always waiting on the other end. Love, Ellen. (101)

Down and lonely; would like to hear from ladies of all ages. Send pics and letters to Bobby Cline #152453, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (101)

Tammy: You leaving like that hurt me a lot. I guess you did what you figured you had to. I miss you badly. Your problem doesn't make a damn to me. I'm here if you want to come back. Big Mike, 112 Lake Conroe Hills Dr., Willis, Tex. 77378. (101)

Mellowed-out biker, temporarily in wheelchair, is looking for permanent relationship with good-looking, hard-working Taurus lady. One-man woman to help me back up and stay around after the work is done. No bullshitin' lazy, sloppy luses. Write and send pictures to Mel, 18 Whitman, San Antonio, Tex. 78211. Will answer all with pictures. (101)

Good-looking, 26-year-old white bro down with '82 date. So, Calif. females, drop me a line. Richard Falkenthal #27755, P.O. Box 500-D-381, Chino, Calif. 91710. (101)

Ron: Happy belated birthday Aug. 12th. I love you. Karen. (101)

Jimmy: Happy belated birthday. I miss you, I love you, and I'm still waiting. Your peckerwood princess. Janice. (101)

Tanyangelo: Alaska is so close, you are nearly there. Don't let us down. Love you. Moon. (101)

Looking for healer chick to straighten out my tortured leg since mc mishap. Photos please. Write Tom Higgins, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (101)

Bill: Happy birthday. You're not getting older, you're getting better! We love you and your Hog. Love always. Patti and Daniel. (101)

Lonely and blue; lady. I need you. Could really dig letters and flicks from sweet and foxy chicks. John M. Apostolides #157677, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (102)

Ladies: The Little Greek is lonely. Send pics and letters to Steve Apostolides #153567, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (102)

Harley stationery—classic eagle design. A righteous gift for your ol' lady or man. Each order includes 20 printed sheets, 20 blank sheets, and 20 envelopes. No long waits; orders mailed day received. \$4.95. Cee Bee, Box 12632, San Diego, Calif. 92112. (102)

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of a Sabrina Hall, last seen in Hawaii, '76, with her friend Rose: Last known address Boise, Idaho—her sister's. Please call collect Paul Szalay (206) 784-9732. (101)

Looking for young lady in northern New Jersey or New York City area, hopefully with own bike (but not necessary) to ride and party with. Write Box 414, Ridgefield, N.J. 07657. (101)

B. B.: Happy birthday to the best (9-29). Wish I could be with you. Keep it in the wind. Love ya always. Dana. (101)

Needed desperately: KR parts, two Tillotson HD-5s and rear frame section. Jed Greer, Box 328, Kirksville, Mo. 63501. (816) 665-2277, collect. (102)

Mad Dog: Sending lots of love from halfway around the world. Miss you with all my heart. Thanks for taking care of Stella. Denver's gruesome twosome, a sporter and trike, will be together in '82. Love, from Pook-er. (101)

Fast Eddie and Willie, from Durango, Colo.: Looking forward to seeing you guys whenever you appear in Malibu again. Ride safe. Theresa and Libby. (101)

Farmer: My very best to a good man who is thought of often. Ride free. Happy birthday, December 10, 1946. Elizabeth. (101)

Down with five years! 25-year-old Sagittarian, 20 months left to freedom and in the wind. Photos nice, but not necessary. Russell Hebert #93353, P.O. Box 174, St. Gabriel, La. 70776. (101)

President Freedom Riders, S.W. Minn.: I've just seen your advertisement in Easyriders. Please contact Freedom Riders in England, New club just formed. Slim the Holy. (101)

Branchy: You're the only one that can curl my hair, and my baby blues only have eyes for you. Damn you, I love you, and yea Thunder too! What a mess! Barbarino. (101)

Ladies 18-25, slim (I'm an ass man), attractive, with your shit together. I'm a well seasoned w/m, 5'10" at 175 lbs., looking for that one-of-a-kind house mouse who can handle living in a beautiful 4-berm house and can appreciate the good life. I want a happy mouse 'cause I know I'll keep her that way. Photo and details to Big D, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (101)

Special thanks to Duke and Ralph for their help on the anniversary issue. Denise. (101)

Ladies: I'm a white male, 24, 6'6" tall, 240 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, and looking for a loyal ol' lady 20-26 years young. Should be into good music, ridin' Harley-Davidsons, partying, camping, and of course sex! I would like a well-put-together and strong lady so she can ride and maintain one of my two '69 Hogs. I want to stay free, so no troublemakers. Send photo if you have one. Will try to answer all. For info write to Dennis Yeager, R.R. #2, 8374 West Block Rd., Pearl City, Ill. 61062. (101)

Smiley: Happy fuckin' 32nd! Hope you're riding by now. Flower. (101)

Continued on page 126

FLICK-A-HIGH™

The most revolutionary cane ever! Made of top-quality mahogany with scroll work carved on the shaft. The handle unscrews and becomes a self-lighting pipe with replaceable bic lighter. It features a built-in spoon, slash cap, and joint adaptor. The cane also converts into an 18-to-22-oz. pool cue and short stick. So now you can Toke, Stroke and Smoke in style.

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COMES WITH BIC LIGHTER, COKE SPOON, AND JOINT ADAPTOR.

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HANDLE UNSCREWS FOR A SHORT SELF-LIGHTING PIPE.

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MADE OF COLD ROLLED STEEL

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Cane pipe/Pool Stick ☐ 49.95 Separate Items & Prices: Pipe ☐ 19.95

Pipe Glove ☐ 19.95 Umbrella Pipe ☐ 29.95 Cane Pipe ☐ 24.95

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

Part Of It All

Then there was the time I went for a ride, packin' behind Kelly. . . up to the lake on one of those days, those hot fuckin' days when you are afraid to sit still for fear of drownin' in a pool of your own sweat. We thought the ride might cool us off.

We were still just as hot, but it felt good to be moving with the wind in our faces. Thinking of the lake and the cold water waiting for us eased our suffering for a while. It was just too damn hot.

After a few miles and a few beers, we reached the foothills. We started to cool off and enjoy the strobed shade of the oaks. The world was suddenly all right. Pop! A huge fuckin' bug slammed into my forehead — liked to knock me off'n the scooter. Kelly looked over his shoulder to see if I'd lost an eye as a welt raised — hot and red — right square between 'em. He opened his mouth to laugh and the wind sucked all the spit right out of it and pro-

pelled it straight into my left eye.

Kelly laughed wildly and accelerated up the winding road. His sweatshirt was open to the waist and his hood strings were whipping the hell out of my face, neck, and ears. *Shit!* I started laughing too.

We finally arrived at the lake. The welt between my eyes felt like a well-paddled Ping-Pong ball and there were red sting marks all over my face from his hood strings. I took a few agonizing steps and realized Kelly's seat wasn't the most comfortable fuckin' pad I'd ever packed on. It was the worst, actually. I slid down the hill, assaulted by weeds, bushes, and loose gravel. On the way down I slammed my hand against a rock, good and hard, and bit my lip. I peeled off my jeans and dived in.

As the cool water soothed my battered body, I thought: Good ride, good fuckin' ride!

—Denise "Neice" Millholland
Vallejo, Calif.

\$100 For Your Two-Wheel Tales

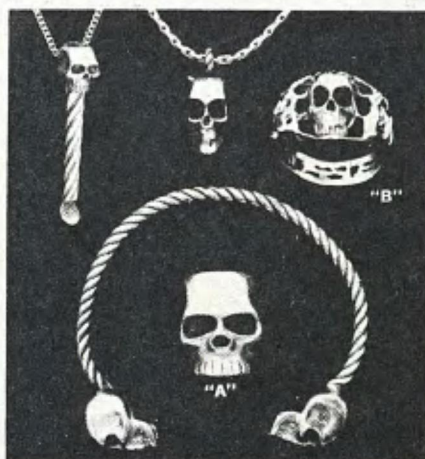
Remember the time you got really loaded before leaving the bar and forgot to put your feet down when you got to the first stop sign? How about the night you met that stone fox who arrived at the club next to some dude in a cage and left behind you on your scooter? Didja ever feel the adrenalin rush that comes from out-runnin' a county mountie?

This new feature is where you get to tell us about all the

good, off-the-wall, unusual times. The stoned times, the sexy times, the funny times, the wild times. Write us, in about 250 to 700 words, your favorite biking experience. We'll pay \$100 for every one we publish. There's only two rules — the stories have gotta be true, and about good times: no fuckin' downers please. Send your stories to *Ridin'*, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.



"I'd like to report a rape! I'd like to, but unfortunately nobody has so much as laid a finger on me in high on to thirty seven years!"



Heavy Jewelry

The cost of silver has forced an increase of all our products—but remember, silver is a good investment for years to come.

Handcrafted, Cast, Sterling Silver Rings, Bracelets, and Pendants.

As featured on the July '77 *Easyriders* cover. Righteous Sterling Silver Jewelry for those who want the best. Sterling by Nomad is the very finest.

Skull ring "A"—\$95.00

Skull ring "B"—\$80.00

Skull pendant (without chain)—\$35.00

Skull bracelet—\$100.00

Combo coke spoon and "staw"—\$130.00

Get exact ring size from any jeweler and send size and money (we pay all postage and handling charges) to:



P.O. Box 8536 Independence, Missouri 64054

SPEEDOMETER REPAIR

(Guaranteed)

Harley-Davidson

Cable & Housing
From:

'41 to '61 — \$16.95;

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Custom made — \$18.95

Front wheel adapter/cable,

housing included, for use on 2-to-1 calibrated speeds. Price \$24.95

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Speedometer Faces — \$8.95

(Specify exact year)

Postage & Handling \$2.50.

Price \$15.00 labor. Any parts required will be extra. Send \$30.00 check or money order. If total is over \$30.00, your package will be sent to you COD for balance. If less than \$30.00, overage will be refunded. Send \$30.00 money order with your damaged speedometer to:

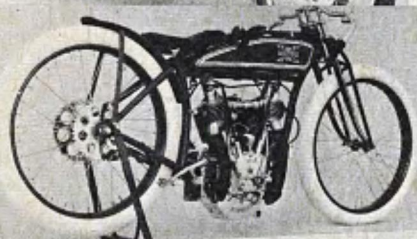
Paramount Speedometer

8845 E. Alondra Blvd., Paramount, Calif. 90723

Phone: (213) 630-9753

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do you own a bike?

Make? _____

Do you own a bike? _____

Jack the Ripoff

Continued from page 18

the alarm buzzer started humming and I knew some stinking bastard had taken the bait. I happened to see myself in the chrome of an oil tank; there was a hot gleam in my eyes and a grin on my face that had nothing to do with being amused.

With the wind in your hair you're at the top of your rotten world. Great to be on the road again, you worm. Especially great to have ripped somebody off again.

I went upstairs to my stock room. In the middle of the clutter of frames and tires and wheels was my electronics bench. I picked up the phone there and called a special number that I had had installed at my apartment some miles away. The receiver in front of me was just like the one in my bedroom. Between the two of them I could get a fix on the transmitter beeping away in the tank of the bike. Thus, I would know where that cocksucker was taking her.

I had a map of the city taped over a TV picture tube wired into an oscilloscope. The dot on the screen shone through the map; that was my Nemesis moving along the freeway at seventy miles per hour. Or should I say *his* Nemesis? Before he could get out of my range I closed one of the switches in front of me. A servo moved in the bike, bypassing

the ignition switch and locking the throttle and shifter. No, the twisted smile on my face could never be mistaken for one of mirth.

Now you're winging past a row of old-woman-driven Chevrolets and you decide to ease it back. It wouldn't do to be busted for speeding on a hot machine.

But, funny thing, the throttle won't roll back. Hung up, you think. No problem for a stinking creep like you. You'll work it free in a moment at the side of the road. You turn the key off, expecting to coast to a gradual stop. But no good, Jack, the engine just keeps on beating and you keep on doing seventy. You furrow your pimply brow as you wonder what the hell's this. You grab at the clutch; there's nothing left but free play. You stomp on the shifter only to find the linkage is jammed. Now it dawns on your malformed brain that something's going on and an insect of terror runs electrically down the length of your spine. You think for an instant of diving off, but you look at the concrete rushing past beneath your feet and think of how it would look all stained with blood. So instead of leaping, you clutch convulsively at the handlebars and ice water boils out of your skin and the summer morning is quite suddenly as cold as death.

How can you stop this cursed machine?

Easyriders



"You really should go on a diet, Floyd. I haven't seen your penis in six months."

After an eternity during which you are too frightened to be capable of thinking, it dawns on you: the fuel shutoff! You break your deathgrip on the bars to grope beneath the tank with one hand. But the valve you find is brazed into the on position. The plugs! You fumble some more after the spark plug leads, nearly dumping the bike when you jerk involuntarily after grabbing the blazing cylinder head. But the leads are epoxied to the plugs into a single assembly as solid as a rock.

Now your terror-stricken mind is as empty of ideas as your heart is of pity. The one thought that fills your mind is that you will never, never get free of this hell-possessed panhead.

But after a while you realize that your fears are ridiculous. Unless this is some kind of nightmare, eventually you'll run out of gas. And if it is a nightmare, why, you'll eventually wake up. So that's how it is, then. In a matter of hours you'll simply sputter out of fuel and coast to a stop, just as you had hoped to do only a moment before. Then you can push this damned maniacycle over a hill or something and walk away — steal some other machine.

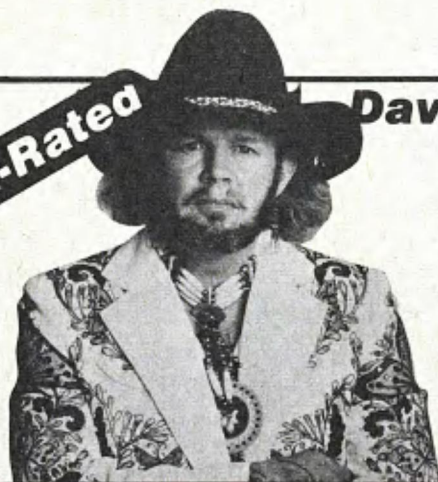
With this comforting thought in your scabrous brain you settle in for what you expect to be a long wait, but one with an inevitable conclusion.

I figured by now the sleazy punk would be getting worried. If he knew what was going to happen next, he'd be bawling. I flipped another switch and picked up the microphone. I'd



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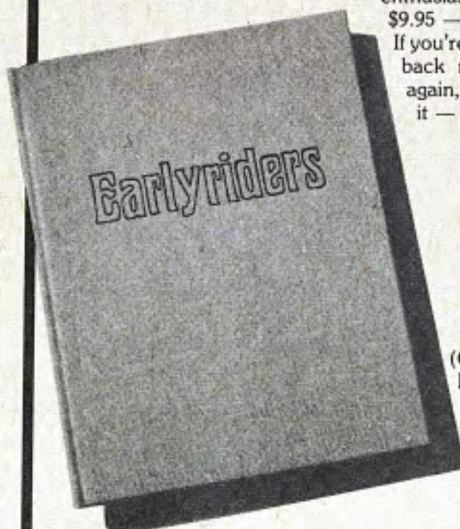
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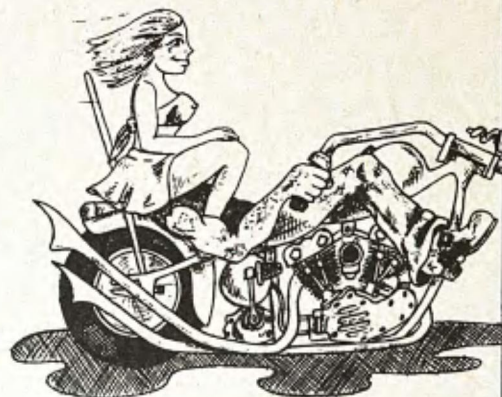
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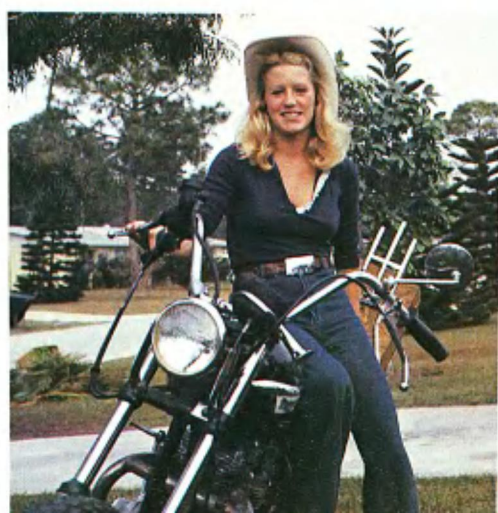
Clara



Frances



Sandy



Sunshine



"Randy Lee"



Pat

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 you 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 October 27. We'll print the winner in the February issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #101 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Carla

Ol' Lady Contest

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

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

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Model's Legal Signature _____
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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.

25

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Native Son

Continued from page 29

unprotected unless I bought another one.

"You finished eatin'?" I demanded.

She nodded, stretching that toothsome bod and yawning.

I caught the hyena trio visibly drooling in unison at the admittedly interesting sight of Orla's jug-filled T-shirt in mid-stretch. They looked ready to spring right over with hopes of public rape.

"Tell ya what," I suggested, easing my skinny six-four out of the booth and standing, "let's call a halt. Find a cozy motel. Buy some suds and snacks. Catch up on our zees and other activities."

She came out of that booth, eyes glittering. "Well, all right! That's the best thing I've heard in the past two days, man!" She wiggled with every other word.

Paying our ticket, I led her out of the cafe to the dusty black Sportster chained to a water hydrant. And noted that all three hyenas watched us leave with hot-eyed disapproval. By now I *knew* the bastards had been tailing us. Probably figured they could stomp me, boost the scooter and borrow Orla to play with. Maybe a long night's wait would put the shitheads on somebody else's properties — or so I hoped. Spending our hard-earned partying money on another piece didn't thrill me.

"Didja dig my pantin' admirers back there?" Orla teased. "The ones with the low foreheads who looked like they haven't been laid since they wasted the last dinosaur?"

"Sure did, but don't worry about them," I said, not wanting her trip marred with the same unease I felt since I'd snapped to their game. "Once they found out what a bum lay you are," I teased her, "they'd have



"And to think that all these years, I thought you were a constipated Great Dane."

dragged ya right back into town and resumed huntin' broads with less looks and more moves."

My sarcastic comment had the full desired effect on the well-packed sex machine sittin' behind me. It kept her gigglin' and grabbin' and bitin' on me all the way to the nearest motel — where we eventually even got some sleep, the faithful bike parked beside the mussy bed.

* * *

Midday, booking in the heat, and suddenly there was that purple van in the rearview — with us isolated in the desert wilderness. Traffic had been practically nonexistent for hours except for an occasional pint-sized cage containing touristy grandmas and grampas who wouldn't be worth shit for helping us when that hyena-crammed van put us off the asphalt.

I twisted my face away from the wind. "We got company on our ass again, hon. Don't panic. And don't look back at the bastards!"

She made a soft, moaning sound of fear.

"I'm gonna grab the first fuckin' road that heads into those hills over there on our right, see?"

"Won't we be sittin' ducks?" she shouted.

"Not if you do everything I tell ya the minute this sled stops rollin'. Get ready to jump clear and follow me on the double. Can ya handle that?"

"Hope to hell I can!" Her voice quavered and her small hands clutched harder around me. I knew she was building terror, but Nam had taught me some facts about terror — and I also knew she'd be all right once I got her moving fast on her own feet.

Abruptly a sand road yawned



"Tell me all about yourself — what's your name, how old are you, do you still wet the bed?"

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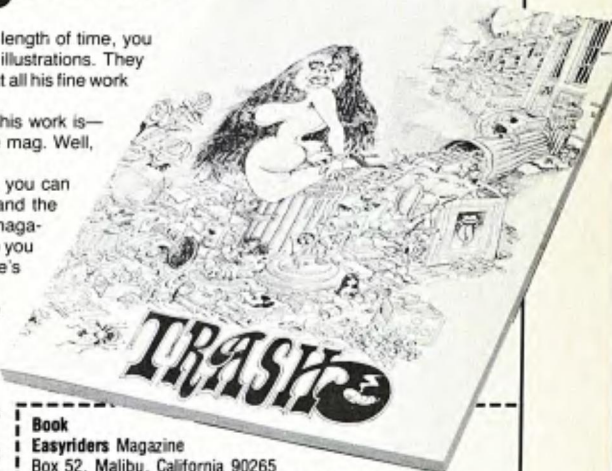
And you also know how outrageous his work is—some of it too outrageous to put in the mag. Well, now you can see the rest!

In one big (144 page, 8½x11) book, you can now see both the **Easyriders** rejects and the best of Robinson from the pages of the magazine. This time, they're printed larger, so you can see all the nitty-gritty details that he's so good at.

We want to warn you—some of the drawings are ranker than rank—gross is a better description.

This is the far-out book to have for blowing people's minds, for tripping over when you're loaded, for digging its great humor.

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A mile closer to the rocky, barren hills and the van was in the rear-view again, closing distance between us now that they knew that we knew. I couldn't tell how fast they were gaining because they kept disappearing into the billowing dust plume the Hog was leaving behind us.

When the washboard road veered without warning between two huge outcroppings of boulders and angled upward, I knew we were running out of road. Sure enough, it vanished a few seconds later into a wide gully spattered with ruts, smaller boulders, and clumps of cactus. I braked to a skidding stop and killed the engine. Pulling the ignition key and grabbing both canteens, I cleared the bike, yanking Orla after me with my free hand and letting the scooter topple into the sand. Together we ran toward the house-size boulders and stepped ledges thrusting up the side of the nearest hill, canteens thumping against each other and me as we stumbled and staggered into the safety of some rocky formations at least a hundred feet above the gully where the van was just coming to a stop near the toppled motorcycle. Gasping for air, I dropped the canteens in the shade of the ledge above us, pulling Orla to her knees alongside me and motioning her to be quiet. She nodded, trying to control her labored breathing.

Below us, the trio of grinning hyenas cautiously got out of their van. Both runts held rifles. The taller guy clutched a twelve-gauge. Despair



Easyriders



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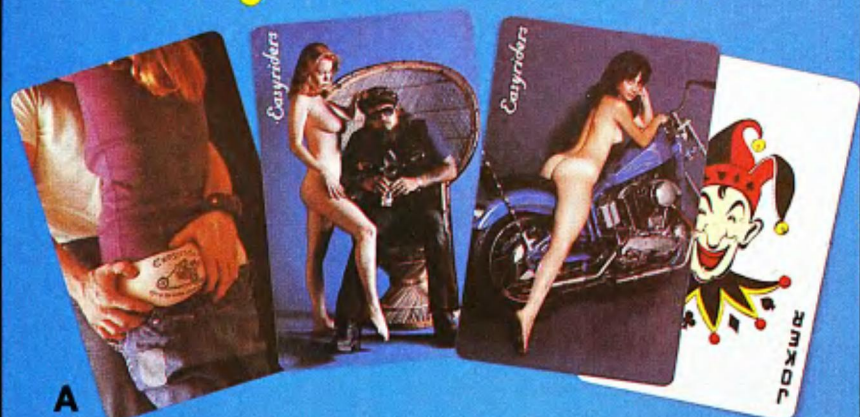
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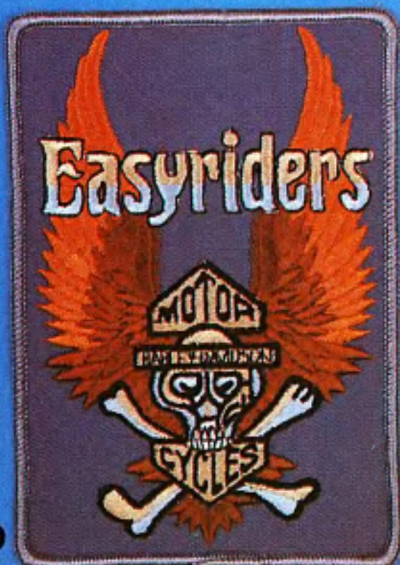
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washed through my mind, then subsided, replaced by a strange feeling that they weren't as deadly as they looked.

"We know ya kin see us!" yawped Taller, laughing. "Ya ain't got a fuckin' chance! Make ya a deal, dumbass. Jist leave the cunt and the bike. Don't give us any shit. Save everybody time and energy, see? We'll let you walk the fuck outta here! Honest!"

From the idiotic way they were grinning sideways at each other, I knew what that offer was worth — even if I was willing to throw poor little Orla and my beloved Harley to them on the thin hope of diverting them just long enough to circle them and try escaping afoot.

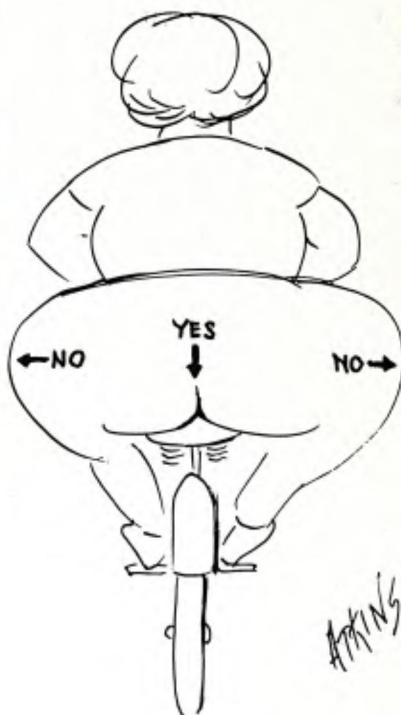
Orla shivered visibly. I put my arm around her, managing what I hoped was a grin.

"Listen, you dumb fuck!" called Taller in an irritable tone. "We know this country. You ain't got any water and this goddam heat's a killer! We'll probably find ya before sundown — and even if we don't, those rocks crawl with rattlers after dark!"

"Shit, he ain't listenin', Carny," whined the runt closest to him impatiently. "Let's go after them!"

"Shuddup, Orrin!" snapped the other runt. "Carny knows what he's doin'!"

"Well, bullshit, Max!" growled Orrin testily. "This time I git first go with the broad! If yer any kind of a



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brother, you'll see that I have her first!"

Orla shuddered again, moaning faintly.

"Think he's got a gun?" Max asked Carny.

Carny shook his head slowly. "Shit, he'd be poppin' caps by now if he had one. We're standin' right here in the fuckin' open, ain't we?"

"Yeah, that figures!" Max chuckled admiringly.

Carny gestured for the others to retreat and they followed him to the rear of the van where, no matter how I strained my ears, I couldn't hear the rap session taking place among them.

"You still got them tabs on ya?" I asked quietly.

"T-tabs?" Orla brushed long strands of black hair from her sweating face. "Ya mean the Ludes?"

I nodded, picking up one of the canteens and sloshing it. Uncapping it, I sniffed its contents. Tepid water. Capping it again, I opened the other one and sniffed. The pungent wine fumes filled my nostrils. Orla's extended palm dumped a handful of 714s into my hand. Counting them as I powdered each one before dropping the crumbs into the canteen, I laced those five inches of burgundy with damn near a dozen Ludes. Recap-ping the canteen, I laid it carefully in the middle of the sandy trail where we had crouched. One of the pricks was sure to find it when they came hunting us. Even if only one of the hyenas had a few swigs of that loaded wine, it would sure as hell reduce the shitty odds facing us.

"Follow me, hon," I said, leaning toward her and speaking calmly into her ear. "Step where I step.



"It's a four-word letter from your father — he ain't takin' ya back."

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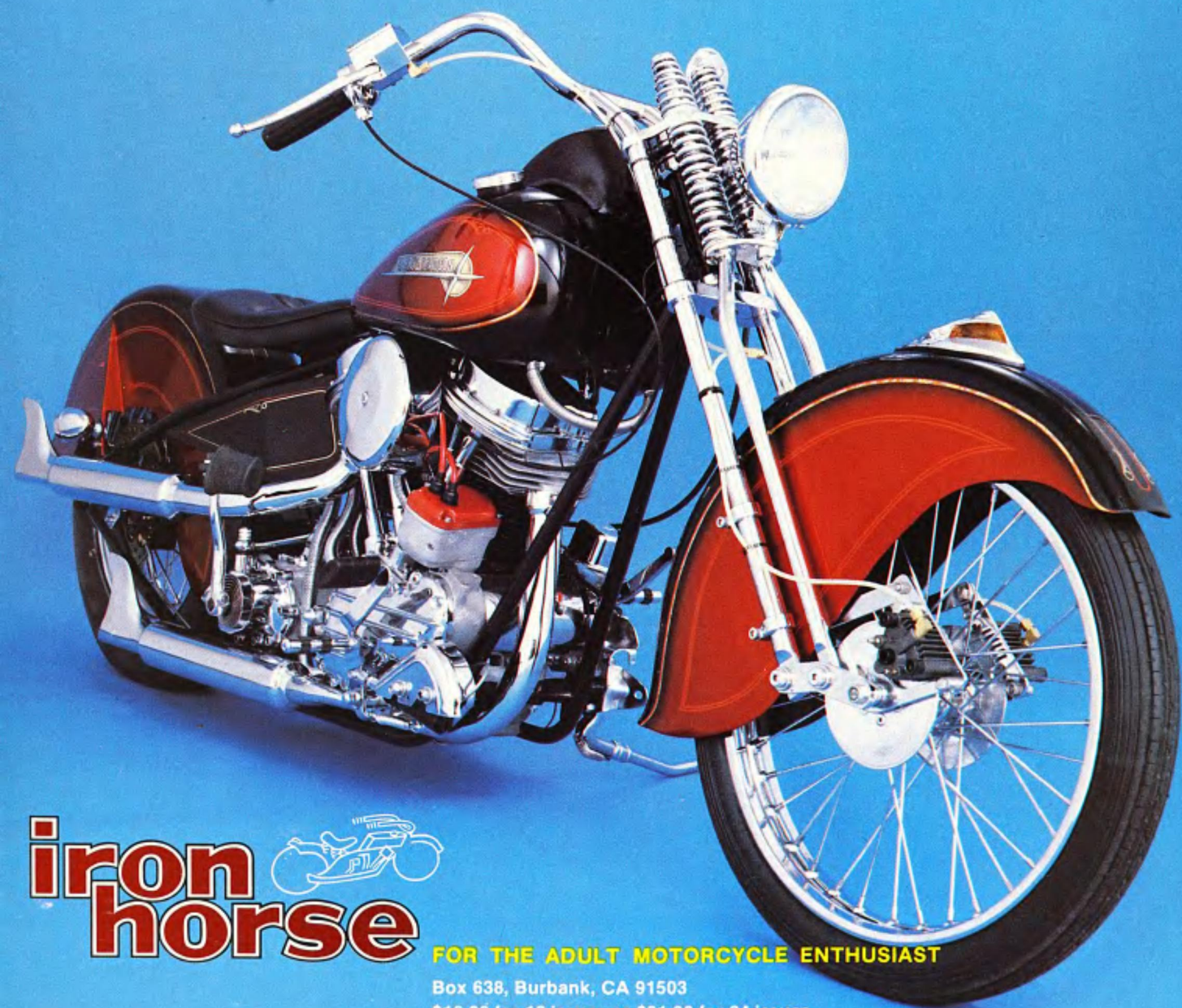
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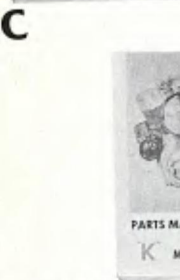
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Hold onto what I grab. Stay right behind me — and don't worry, we ain't been had yet. We got hope, baby!"

With me leading her, we retreated into a ravine.

Three hours later, bootless and flattened atop a mammoth boulder, I lay motionless, patiently watching the disgusted hyenas passing that canteen among themselves. Nearby, buried under two inches of dry sand and breathing through a plastic doobie pipe, Orla was safely stashed out of sight against the shady bank of the wide ravine. Five times those prowling assholes had trudged past her shallow grave without realizing how close they were to where she lay, relaxed and following my instructions not to move a muscle until either I returned or she could feel the night chill through the protective layer of sand completely covering her. The plastic holder was screened by some tumbleweeds I'd piled around it. No rattlers or scorpions could reach her. She was as safe as she was ever going to be in this fucking situation, and she knew it. I'd even given her a long drink of water to help hold her through the hours of waiting.

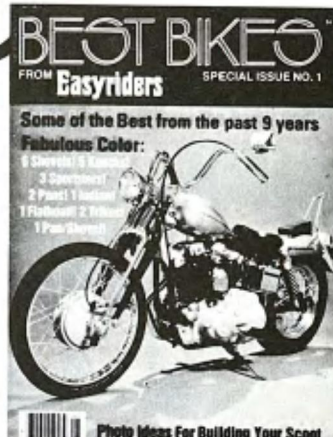
Below and beyond me, the Quaaluded wine was finally taking effect. One of the runts, Max, with a strangled sighing sound, slowly collapsed from his sitting position on a flat rock. Carny and Orrin watched him slump to a sprawl, face down, with blank expressions.

"Poor Max," Orrin said thickly. "Pooped from all this huntin' around fer them fuckin' bikers."



Max

"I whacked him off last night, it's your turn tonight."



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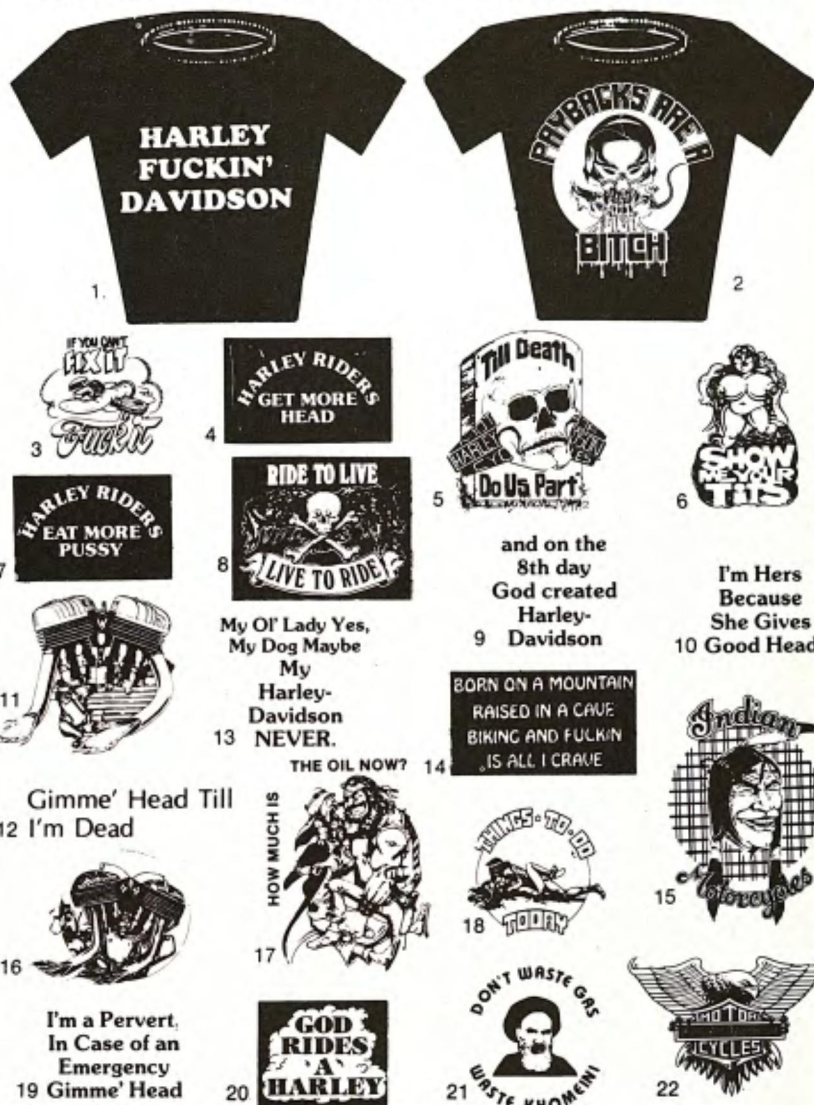
"I feel kinda funny," Carny said with obvious effort, slurring his words. "Ya don't suppose..." He never finished the thought. Clumsily, he keeled over right where he had been squatting with his back against a jutting slab of granite, hands twitching feebly a few times as he lay on his side. This was taking longer than I'd figured, but it was happening, and I was awful damned relieved about that. Warily, I estimated the distance between myself and Orrin, who sat on a rock with his back toward me, his rifle on the sand at his feet. Even with him drugged, I'd have to be silent and fast. The sun was completely below the hills, a chill washed through me from the rapidly cooling air, and the flesh of my face felt stiffly sunburned from all the past hours of exposure while I'd been staying hidden in various places, watching the hyenas stubbornly comb the area.

"Oh, shit!" I hissed through clenched teeth.

Orrin was unsteadily rising to his feet. Beyond him, Orla had wandered into sight, still brushing sand from her clothing. Apparently the twilight-cooled air had told her it was time to leave her temporary grave, and she hadn't spotted Orrin yet — but he saw her!

Grabbing a fist-sized rock and bunching myself, I drove headfirst off the boulder, tucking and rolling smoothly to my feet after hitting the soft sand, sprinting up behind Orrin, who was standing still and making hungry little noises as he

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started toward Orla, wide-eyed and frozen in her tracks as she watched me slam the rock into the back of Orrin's skull. Emitting a wet grunt, he folded, falling onto his face with his arms and legs scrabbling briefly. I pounded his head again with the rock, but stopped hitting him when he went limp.

Orla and I suddenly grinned wildly at each other across the distance separating us.

My hand seemed to go of its own accord to the Buck knife on my belt, and the overwhelming urge to let go a shriek of defiant triumph surged into my throat. My eyes dropped to Orrin's greasy mop of tangled, yellowish hair and for a tenth of a second I wanted badly to open that blade and start hacking joyously at his waiting scalp.

Orla interrupted the urge, trotting up to where I stood hunched over Orrin. Instantly the feeling began fading.

• • •

Before us, the Interstate unwound in the glare of the van's headlights. Behind us, the Sportster, two rifles, a shotgun, and assorted gear rode securely as we tooled through the flawless night. Orla lit a doobie, passing it to me.

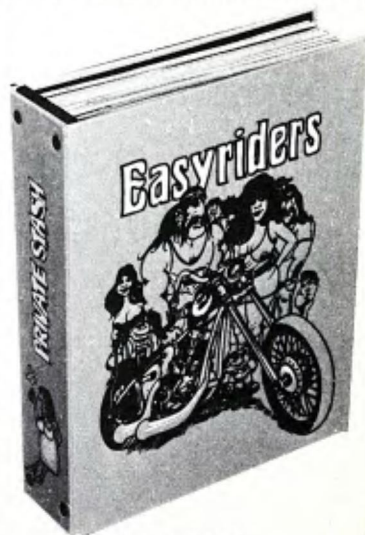
"Ain't we stealin' their goddam cage?" she asked.

"Only until it runs outta gas."

"Ya think that tricked-up wine



"Hey, buddy, want a great blowjob from a foxy cunt who'll walk behind you all the way to the hotel?"



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mighta killed them?" Mild worry etched little velvety furrows in her forehead. "It was a mean combination, y'know."

I shrugged, grinning. "Don't know. Don't give a shit. They asked for whatever they got, baby. Hell, you heard and saw them."

"I sure as shit did, man." She gave a shudder.

"So I'm writin' it off as one fuckin' good lesson: *Never* travel without a piece. *Never ever* again, and *amen*, sister!"

She grinned eerily at me in the faint dashboard light. "Wanna know sumpin' weird? You looked totally *different*, standin' over that downed little creep. No shit, darlin'. If it hadn't been for your fiery red hair and beard, I wouldn't have recognized ya!"

"Horsepucky!" I grunted.

"Wanna hear what ya looked like?" The smile was gone now in the solemn little face.

"C'mon, Orla!" I protested.

"Ya looked like a fuckin' Indian warrior who was gonna slice the scalp right off'n that helpless bastard!"

"Damn right I looked like an Indian warrior. It's about time you saw the savage in me." I couldn't help grinning. "Now let's pull this rig off the road and see if there's room for us to lay down next to the bike. If you're real good, maybe heap big brave will give 'um white-eyed bitch a few war whoops this time." ■



"Animal."

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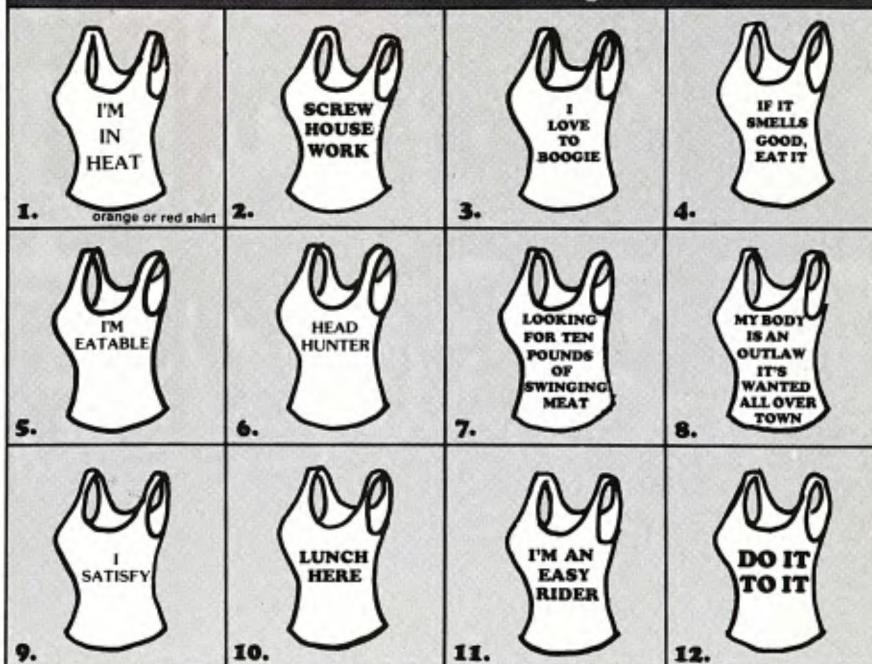
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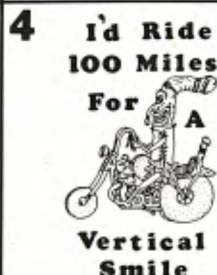
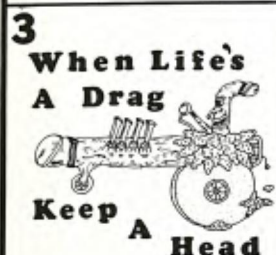
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Vet Volce

Continued from page 46

Putting on two pairs of fatigues, socks, boots, finding a cap, hurry up and wait — T-minus thirty minutes and counting.

Now what? The bullhorn has announced T-minus fifteen minutes and holding three times. Three times, for chrissakes! If one of my techs couldn't switch in a fix in one of those frames, I'd can him for incompetency. Hurry up and wait.

T-minus five minutes and counting. Finally. They always go if they get to five. Goggles on in a minute. They make your face sweat. Sure better than burned retinas, though.

T-minus one minute and counting. You can feel the tension now — worst it's ever been.

Thirty seconds. . .twenty. . .fifteen. . .ten. . .almost like counting off in boot. . .two. . .one. . .and now, into the crouch and wait for the shock wave.

Damn! Knocked me over from a full brace. I guess it's time to see what the end of the world looks like.

Whisps of cloud disappear at the touch of the shock wave. The fireball is still growing. Damn purplish hell had better stop soon, or the ol' lady gets ten grand for one two-legged briquette.

Ah, there she goes — the mushroom stem is lifting the cap. Never saw lightning in a fireball before.

You poor whitemeats. I'll bet that heat blast feels real good. Probably tanned everybody through these getups.

I'll bet a salvage company could make out pretty good on the leftover war machines in the lagoon. Never saw the water retreat so far from a



"All I did was ask him if he'd like to eat my cherry. . .next thing I knew, he was having a heart attack."

blast. This one must have vaporized half the water on the other side of the atoll. Good thing they had us put everything up on top of the lockers and roll up the tent walls. Damn! I'll bet half these guys can't swim.

Gotta hand it to the slipstick jockeys. The tidal wave didn't quite make it over the top. Scary as hell there for a minute, though. Twenty-two miles, ten megatons — and never lost a man. Congratulations, guys.

Well, back into the uniform of the day. Think I'll take the deuce-and-a-half out to the shack to monitor the returnees.

I think tonight it'll be stingers. Seems appropriate enough. Hope the EM club has enough green creme de menthe. Green sounds about right, too.

—Alan Beckley
atomic vet

Between 1945 and 1962 the Atomic Energy Commission carried out 235 atmospheric nuclear tests, most in Nevada and in the Pacific. The Department of Defense estimates over 220,000 people, military and civilian, participated in this testing.

The Merck Manual in its section on radiation reactions and injuries, states, "Radiation alters the 'information system' of proliferating somatic and germ cells. With somatic cells this may be manifested ultimately as somatic disease — e.g., cancer (leukemia, thyroid, skin, bone) or cataracts — or as suggested in animal models, by nonspecific shortening of life. Leukemia from substantial radiation in humans has been observed. It is asserted, but not proven, that there is no 'threshold' dose for leukemia, and that the incidence increases with the dose."

After the Center for Disease Control found three to four times the normal rate of leukemia among survivors of atomic test "Smoky," the Defense Department began a program checking on all atmospheric testing personnel.

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Continued on page 106

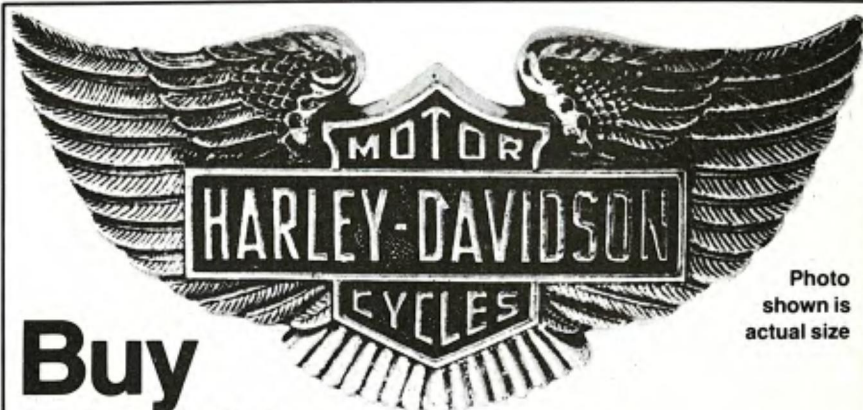


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Fast Fred

Continued from page 71

Wiser for the advice, Fred began sampling the tangy pools of drying beer, the scattered shards of resinous weed. They brightened his outlook and stifled his fear. But it wasn't until he gobbled some of the tromped-on, semi-powdered tabs that he got high enough to carelessly let himself be seen — and by the giant at that.

"Yahhhhhhh!" bellowed the giant, stomping his immense feet murderously around a desperately zigging and zagging Fred as the spacey insect wobbled toward an escape route. "I knew this fuckin' place was too fuckin' good to be true!"

Shitfaced and not really thinking clearly, Fred huddled between the walls, panting in the darkness. Then a bitchin' idea dawned in his dope-dazzled brain: If he could fake out the impression that the house literally crawled with cockroaches, maybe that cockroach-hating sonuvabitch would split the premises. Vaguely Fred hoped the dipshit wasn't the only human resident with a stash.

Streaking openly from room to room, Fred ricocheted through the entire house faster than a stoned bullet, making all the humans think they were seeing a different cockroach. Screaming and shrilling with revulsion, they clustered around their grim-faced leader, yipping about all the bugs they had seen.

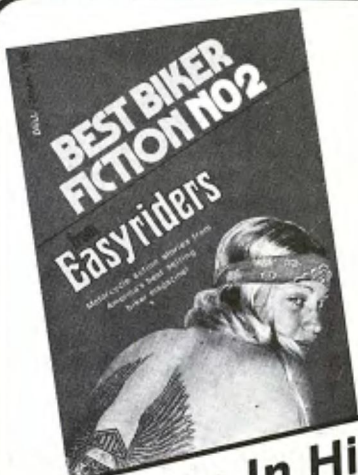
Hope it works, thought Fred smugly.

"Move outta here?" growled their leader. "Bullshit! We'll bug-bomb this fuckin' place! But first I wanna see everybody with a spray can of insecticide in their hands, givin' every goddam inch of this cockroach-infested two-story shed chemical hell!"

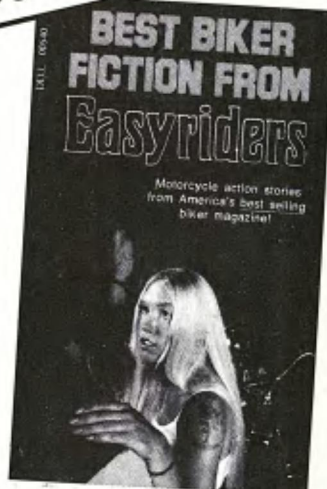
Fred barely made it through the piss-poor patch job in the back door ahead of the lethal liquids and fumes being sprayed in his frenzied wake. There, in the cool night air, he



"You're lucky you found them shades, bro. These bugs are gettin' real bad."



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started coming down as he listened to the shitheads making the interior leakproof for the merciless bug-bombing to be done.

Well, I blew that. Fred admitted ruefully, heading into the odorous safety of the slimy dump. Guess I better get that old poop to clue me to a solution.

After searching most of the night, he finally found the elder cockroach inside a mummified cat, where the old eccentric had taken up residence.

Fred detailed the problem. "Stop playin' it solo, asshole," advised the amused elder. "Bein' a loner is flat dumb!"

"But I like bein' a loner!" "So change your fuckin' attitude, dummy!"

"Like how?" The old screwball's feelers trembled gently. "Round up your own group. Then make a run to that buncha fuckin' hippies camped on the other side of this dump."

"Why, what do hippies have that I need?" demanded Fred.

"Hepatitis!" cackled the oldster. "Hepatitis?" mumbled Fred. The shrewd old schemer nodded.

"When that house has cooled out, you and your group just carry it over there and load all the dishware and eatin' utensils with it!"

"Is th-this hepatitis heavy?" inquired Fred.

"Ain't nothin' a fuckin' bit heavier!"

• • •

No long afterward, the humans took ill and moved from the house to the county hospital. They left behind most of their goodies, which Fred and his bug bros got into without delay or hesitation, mellowing out immediately and claiming the entire house as club property.

Moral: Size ain't got a goddam thing to do with comin' out on top of the problem. Solo can be stupid. Any worthwhile number requires some fuckin' backup and a little brainstormin' beforehand.

Easyriders

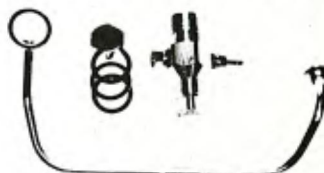


"I'm sorry, officer. I didn't see him because I had this bag on my head."

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| ☐ #SB All 3 Books | \$17.75 |

Vet Voice

Continued from page 103

them at government hospitals.

They have a toll-free hotline (1-800-336-3068) for all atomic vets to call and receive their exposure rating. The department handling this is the Defense Nuclear Agency, which is spending six to eight million dollars per year tracking the atomic vets. It's something like a research project to see if there are any adverse effects of radiation to the vets. But they are presently doing nothing to help. Neither will the VA. The VA says there are no proven radiation effects on the survivors and will allow no compensation to the veterans who are just now coming down with Atomic Veterans Syndrome, caused by Delayed Radiation Illness, as manifested by a seemingly well-feeling person's experiencing fatigue, malaise, vision problems, neuromuscular disorders, physical deterioration, and cancer.

Now there is hope for the atomic vets. The National Association of Atomic Veterans is locating and compiling histories of atomic vets, and lobbying for recognition of this long-term problem which is just now surfacing. The members are all personnel of atomic tests or their survivors.

They report large-scale manifestation of Delayed Radiation Illness among the personnel present at the test sites, with much cancer and blindness. Also, they report that the VA is very slow to show any interest at all in the atomic vets, and that it is almost impossible to be treated there for any long-term effects.

The address for NAAV is 1109 Franklin St., Burlington, Iowa 52601. The phone is (319) 753-6112.

After all these years, it's about time the government took responsibility for the illnesses and genetic damage done by them to the personnel exposed to radiation at the 235 atmospheric tests conducted by them for sixteen years. They spend millions of dollars tracking the atomic vets but so far have done little to help them. What do you have to do to receive compensation for a government-induced disease, one they claim to have nothing to do with? If you know anyone involved in the testing, have them contact the NAAV.

—Doc

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Scooter Trash is not an ordinary coloring book. Every selection of artwork in this book was drawn by a biker while he was in prison. Even within the negative environment of prison life, he managed to complete the entire book. The drawings are printed on stock heavy enough to frame, and each drawing depicts scooters, our lifestyle, and women. The book is \$4.95, plus 50¢ postage and handling.

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

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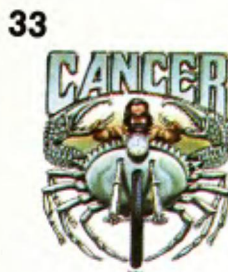
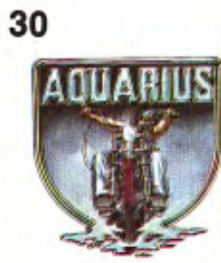
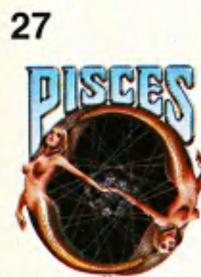
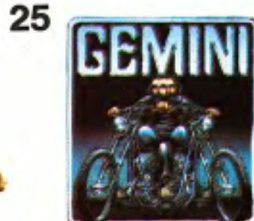


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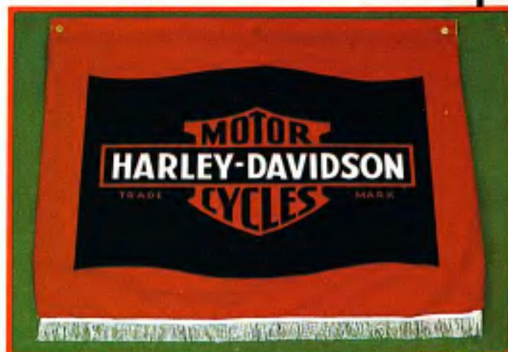
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Lockdown

Continued from page 77

doesn't have to sign for it when it is delivered.

Information, Please

Are there any books or publications that explain the programs available to a convict after his release? Secondly, I'm trying to locate a book called *The Prisoner's Self-Help Litigation Manual*. Do you know who prints it?

B.S.J.
Lewisburg, Pa.

I don't know of any books explaining programs available to parolees, but for a list of organizations that offer assistance to prisoners and ex-prisoners, contact the National Prison Project of the American Civil Liberties Union, 1346 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Tell 'em you need a copy of their Prisoner's Assistance Directory. "The Prisoner's Self-Help Litigation Manual" is published by Institution Educational Services, Inc., Box 3104, Washington, D.C. 20009. By the time you read this, a brand-new updated edition of the manual should be available.

A Real Lady Writes

What you are doing here is really fine and heartfelt. I side with you and the bikers doing time in prison. I might be able to visit some of the people locked up. If you need any help let me know.

Pearl
Huntington Beach, Calif.

There are a lot of lonely dudes reaching out to you from our Male Call page. If you, or any other sisters, want to help lift some of the weight of those iron bars, get your pens out and start writing.

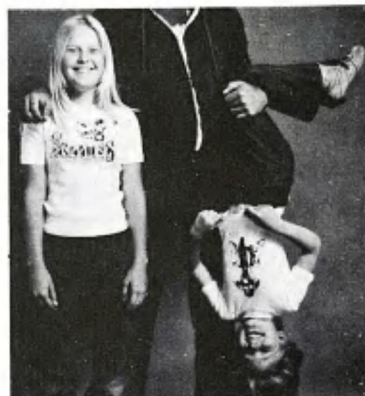
Continued on page 119



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Ashes to Ashes

Continued from page 62

and delicately pressed the plunger on the carburetor. He tried not to damage the new rubber pedal cover as he gently pumped the kickstarter to bring the 74 up on the compression stroke. When he switched on the ignition and put his weight into the lever, the engine angrily spit the kickstart lever back at him.

The mechanic smiled and said something about the compression being back up where it was supposed to be. He had seen reactions just like Staviana's many times before. The mechanic thought of it as the glass-doll syndrome, and he smiled every time he saw his work inspire such respect.

Staviana ultimately grew intimate with the vintage Harley. Along the way, he parted company with the former prison hospital orderly and went into business for himself. He wasn't greedy (as evidenced by the fact that he spent very little of the money he made), but he did want to see how much he could accumulate. To Staviana, who had grown up hungry, it was all a game and the chips were made of green paper.

As he rode up to the house in the hills, he thought of the young couple who lived there. He hated them both, as he did most of the people he sold dope to. Almost all of them had been born into money, and used cocaine because, in their restricted social circles, it was more or less required. Staviana didn't care for people who lived their lives by someone else's standards.

Neither of the people he was going to see had ever known what it was really like to have to work for a living. They both worked, but neither did so out of necessity. The husband was a vice-president in his father-in-law's brokerage house, but even with his impressive title he



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wasn't allowed to handle anyone else's money. Mostly he just hung around the office and tried to look important. As one of the privileged class, he had never been to Vietnam, or for that matter even in the service, although he had been a prime candidate for the draft. The closest he'd ever come to combat was when a classmate at prep school struck him in anger during a soccer game, at which point the future brokerage house vice-president promptly fainted. Like many others of his kind, though, he felt immensely qualified to speak eloquently and at great length about the "immorality" of that war. After all, he had minored in political science in college.

His wife, who had majored in political science at the same school, had started working only a year ago for the first time in her life. Having a career (a career, mind you, not just a common job) was a fashionable thing to do. Actually, her career consisted primarily of mailing out monthly checking-account statements and giving blowjobs to her boss at the bank. She especially enjoyed that, since her husband thought oral sex was nasty (a hold-over from his prep school days, when he had been forced to go down on upperclassmen).

As Staviana enjoyed the ride out, he had no way of knowing that he was riding into a trap. Unfortunately, at a very chic party two weeks earlier, the brokerage house flunky had offered a tiny spoonful of the white powder to a man who happened to be an assistant regional deputy director for the Drug Enforcement Agency. True to his oath, but also politically very savvy, the agent discreetly returned the next day. After identifying himself as a federal officer, and after



"Could I test-hop one in the back room?"

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reviving the college-educated prep-
pie (who not only fainted this time,
but also lost control of his bladder),
the agent offered to forget the in-
cident if young wet-pants would
assist in entrapping the supplier.
The assistant deputy director
knew that personally arresting a
cocaine supplier would almost cer-
tainly cinch his promotion to full
deputy director.

They were waiting inside when
Stavana rode up to the house. The
assistant deputy director was in the
hallway, just out of sight, thinking
that wearing his Pierre Cardin
three-piece had been a good move.
After the arrest, there would be a
brief press conference, and it was
common knowledge that the direc-
tor in Washington always reviewed
any press coverage his agency
received. In the closet just off the
front entrance, one other agent
waited, armed with a 12-gauge,
government-issue Remington riot
gun. Two others were in a van
parked an eighth of a mile away,
ready to record the entire incident.

Stavana rang the doorbell. The
recorders in the van started turn-
ing. The assistant deputy director
reached under his jacket for his
gun. The young stockbroker took a
deep breath, prayed that he
wouldn't lose control again, and
opened the door.

Stavana stood in the doorway and
looked at him. Without hesitating,
he walked inside, pulled the small
brown bottle from his vest pocket,
and asked Mr. Young-up-and-
coming for the previously agreed
upon six thousand dollars.

In the hallway, the DEA assistant
deputy director smiled, secure in
the knowledge that a promotion to
full deputy director would now be
only a few months away. Hoping the
recorders in the van would pick
everything up, he charged into the
room, holding his DEA-issue Model
66 in what he thought was his best
Dirty Harry stance (he had practiced
it for months in front of a full-
length mirror, until he accidentally
shot the glass out).



"You definitely have oral VD, Mr.
Flanders, but I won't ask you how you
got it from a toilet seat."

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Number Eleven

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M-7 "Run Heat"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-9 "Hollywood"



M-10
"Starburst"



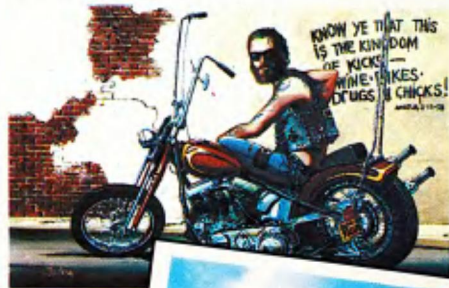
M-11
"Easyriders
Forever"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-13 "Won't Start"



M-6
"Apehanger
Days"



M-8
"Comin'
at Ya"



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M-12 "Country Style"

The assistant deputy director had planned for everything except the eighteen-thousand-dollar Persian carpet (a gift from Mother.) The carpet was nearly an inch thick, and he tripped. As the agent went down, his hand tightened in a reflex action and the little stainless steel .357 burned a hole through two walls. The agent crouching in the closet assumed the only thing he could. In a split second, he kicked open the door and fired a single, savage blast into Stavana's back.

Stavana never felt the pain. He experienced a violent forward shove, saw (but didn't understand) the red spray that emerged from his chest, and died.

The assistant deputy director saw his promotion disappear in the rich folds of the Persian carpet.

The preppie, predictably, fainted.

His young wife felt a surge of sexual excitement, and made a promise to herself to call the agent who held the still-smoking shotgun at waist level.

The two agents in the recording van burned rubber for a few hundred feet, and knocked down and then ran over the beautiful old Harley as they skidded to a stop in front of the house.

* * *

A month later a fat and nervous old man hid in the bushes outside a cheap, two-bedroom rental house. He held an empty gas can, and watched the street to make sure there were no cars passing by. When the street became dark and quiet, he ran up the rickety old wooden steps, struck a match, and tossed it into the house. The old man laughed as he thought of the insurance company's paying off on the twenty-thousand-dollar fire policy. As he looked in the rearview mirror, he saw the orange evening sky created by the flames consuming a run-down rental unit and the six hundred thousand dollars hidden in it.



"Sure, a lot of wives eat in bed — but other guys?"

**Having a
Hard Time Finding
Easyriders?**

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

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

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

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

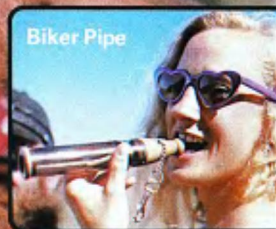
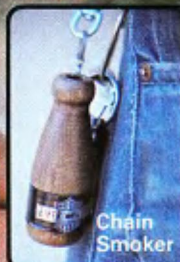
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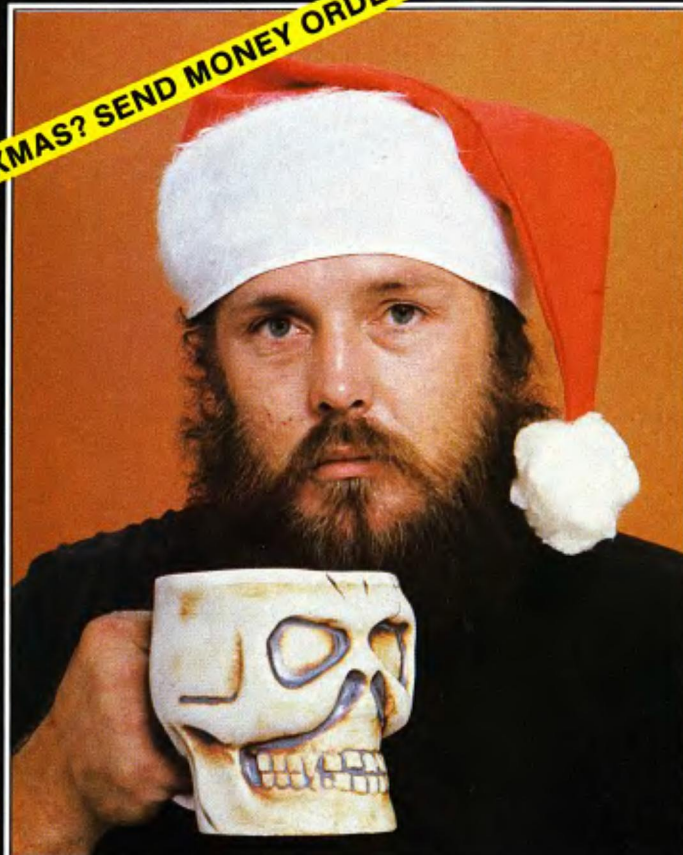
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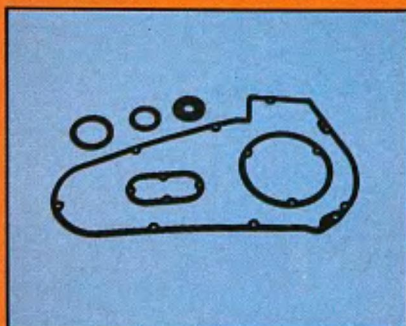
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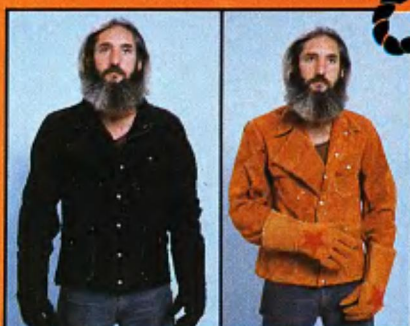


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A Backward Step

Nixon Supreme Court appointee Rehnquist has issued an order allowing the state of Oregon to refuse to implement court-ordered reductions in prison populations until the state has exhausted all possible appeals of the lower court order — which could take years. Commenting on the lower court's ruling, which found, among other things, that overcrowding at three prisons was so bad that it created an atmosphere of terror among both the inmates and the staff and prevented the staff from protecting the inmates from attacks by other prisoners, Rehnquist said, in part: "Nobody promised them a rose garden; and I know of nothing in the Eighth Amendment which requires they be housed in a manner... considered by even the most acknowledgeable penal authorities to be likely to avoid confrontations, psychological depression, and the like." — *Attieh, Governor of Oregon v. Capps, U.S. Supreme Ct. No. A-625.*

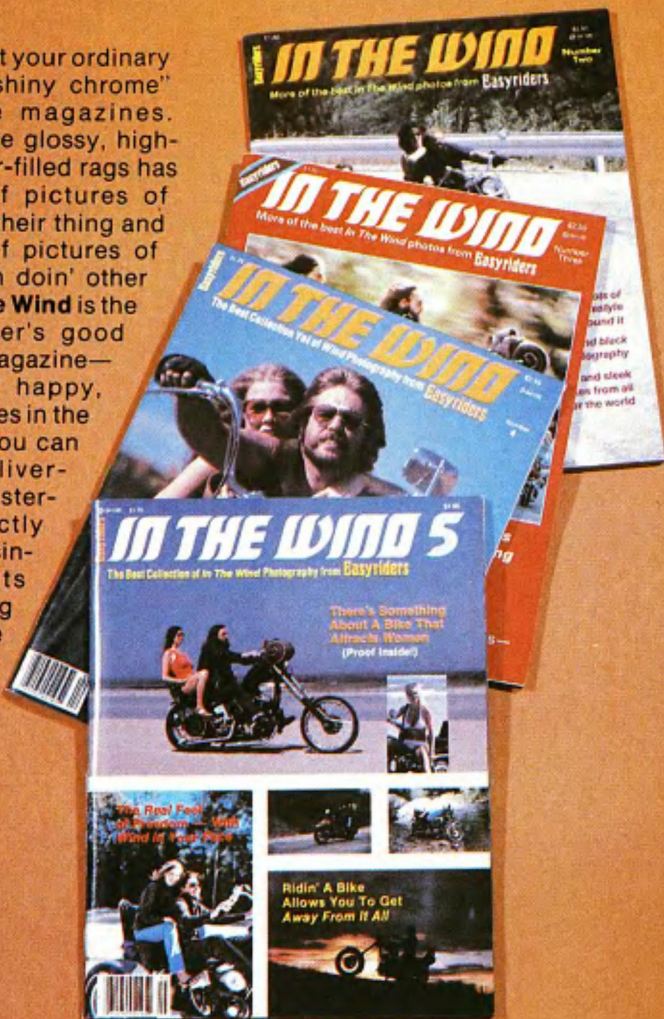
Changing Rules A No-No

A dude drew 15 years, less time served, in Florida in 1976. In 1978, the Florida legislature changed the law giving prisoners five days good time a month (increasing after the first two years) to one giving only three days good time a month (also increasing after two years, but not as much as under the old law). To put it in plain English, they told this dude that this new law, passed long after he had made his plea bargain and entered a guilty plea, was going to push his release back by over two years.

The Supreme Court said no to this flagrant attempt to change the rules of the game in the middle of an Inning. Reminding the Florida authorities that the Constitution prohibits passing ex post facto laws — laws that impose punishments for acts not illegal at the time they were committed or that increase punishments for acts for which the penalties have been assessed — the Supreme Court ordered that the new good-time formula not be applied to anyone whose crimes were committed before the law took effect on January 1, 1979. — *Weaver v. Graham, No. 79-5780, 49L.W. 4155.*

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These are not your ordinary "lookit the shiny chrome" motorcycle magazines. Each of these glossy, high-quality, color-filled rags has hundreds of pictures of bikers doin' their thing and a shitload of pictures of biker women doin' other things. **In The Wind** is the original biker's good time photo magazine — everybody's happy, with their faces in the wind. Now you can buy these liver-quirvin' masterpieces directly from the raisin-pie burnouts just by using the simple coupon below. Do it right now before your mind wanders. Now, remember?



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How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

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Sps units fit 1978 & earlier models only

Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units

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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
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74 RIGID FRAME

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

74 Jammer Rigid Frame

Made of mild steel. Frames have clearance for larger
strokers and room for all transmissions. It is possible to
install electric-start systems with no frame modification.
Frame is made for juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded
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2804	349.95
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Mechanical Brake Kit

Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required.

2805 19.95

74 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame

Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed.

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Added stress bar. Clearance for strokers. Provision for speedo set-up. Made with all mountings for fat bob tank.

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You can bolt any year Sportster engine, 1957-1977 kick or electric start into our frame. Will also accept 1978-1980 Sportster engines with slight modifications. The holes are reamed and tapped.

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Rake is 38 degrees.**

750 Honda Jammer Rigid Frame

Accepts any year 750 engine. Has Harley 74 neck and will accept all Harley 74 components to assemble springer to this frame. To accept a Honda front end order our custom Honda fork cups, #61023.

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PLEASE NOTE: All of the following engines, 1937 and later, will bolt into the 74 Jammer frame (kick or electric start);

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*All Frames will be Shipped with a Manufacturer's Statement of Origin. However, this statement may not be required in your state, and probably is not, unless you are building a bike from the ground up rather than converting an existing registered motorcycle to a custom bike.

How To Get 'Em! (See Page 124)

MORRIS MAGNETOS

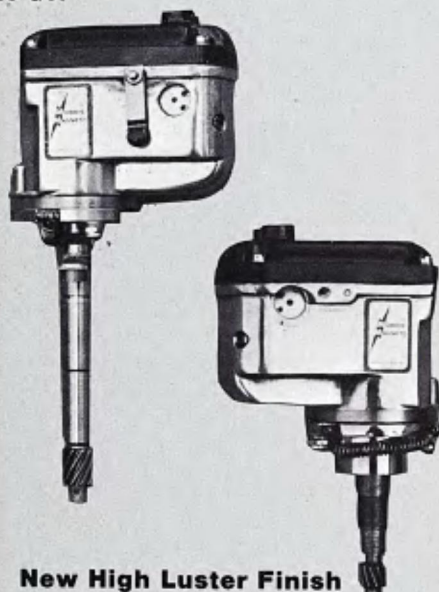
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At last! Here is magneto power, performance, convenience and styling now engineered for easy starting.

At last! The Morris Magneto is **manually retardable** (patent pending). This makes starting easier. Once the engine is running, timing advances automatically.

At last! Quick starts, more horsepower, performance for your bike, right now.

Select your kit knowing that it can do what you've always wanted a magneto to do.



New High Luster Finish

Big Twins 1970-1980

13605 ... 1970-1980 343.25

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Sportster

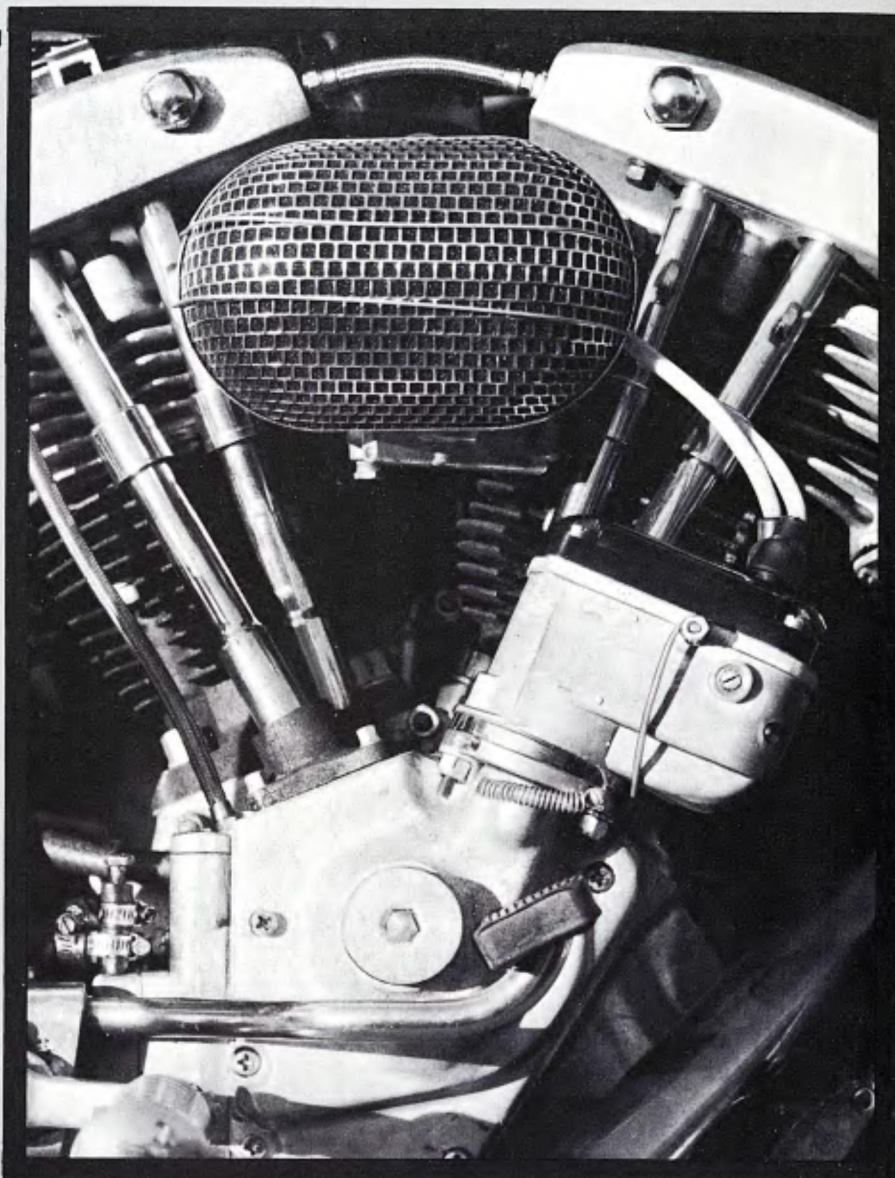
13607 ... 1971-1980 257.75

13608 ... 1957-1970 239.95

13609 ... Early Conversion Kit .. 129.25

136010 ... Tach Drive Kit 26.95

136011 ... Kill Switch Lever 2.50



**MORRIS
MAGNETO**

Part Number	Fits Harley	Advance-Retard Mount	Automatic Advance Feature	Tach Drive Optional	Fits Kick or Elec. Start†	Additional Features
13605	Big Twins 1970-1980	✓	✓	✓	✓	New cam cover is furnished. Magneto mounts upright. Plug is same thread as Sportster clutch adjuster plug.
13606	Big Twins 1969 & Earlier	✓	✓	**	✓	Bolts into distributor hole. Unique design eliminates pushrod cover or cyl. and head fin clearance problems!
13607	Sportster 1971-1980	✓	✓	✓	✓	Bolts into tach drive hole. Cam cover need not be removed. Similar to early XLCH mags.
13608	Sportster 1957-1970	✓	✓	*	✓	Comes complete, eliminates leaky stock mount. Can be used with handlebar advance cable.
13609	Sportster 1957-1970	✓	✓	*	✓	Use to convert old stock magnetos to 13608. Comes with new magnetic rotor and mount.

†The magneto itself requires no battery

*Carburetor may interfere with tach cable on some models

**Tach cable may not clear fins on some models without notching fin

Tach drive kit includes magneto cap — Kill switch lever mounts on magneto

Underlining denotes a feature presently not available from other manufacturers.

SU CARBURETOR KITS

How to Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

ADVERTISEMENT

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.



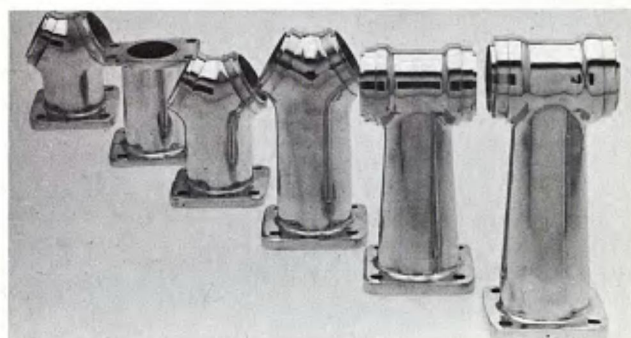
"Eliminator" SU Harley Kits

With Air Cleaner

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| | 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

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|-------------------|----------------------------------|--------|
| 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 3 1/2 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.

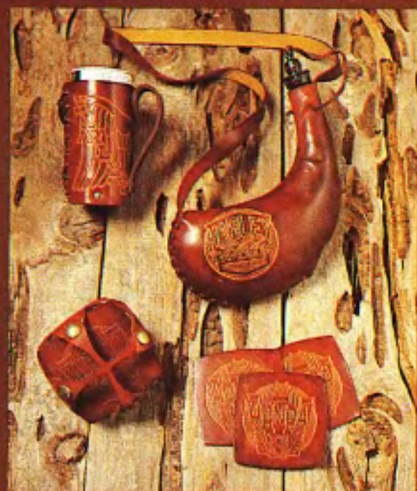
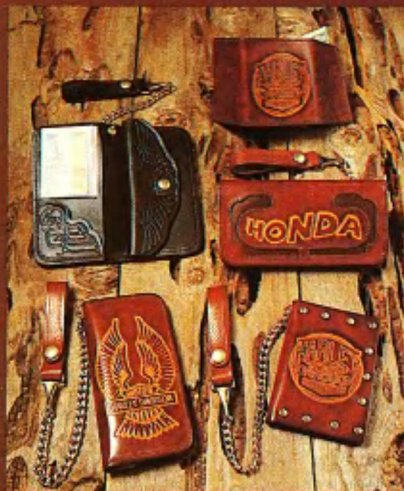


Get your taste of eyeball heaven now! Send \$3.95 (a buck goes for postage) to Jammer Cycle Products, 801 (ER) S. Main St., Burbank, California 91506.

For further info on this great carburetor see your Jammer's Handbook, page 53.



Leatherworks



**THE
LEATHER
WORKS**



AVAILABLE AT YOUR
JAMMER DEALER

Choppershopper

Continued from page 82

Two T-shirts for Vietnam veterans only! (1) "I'm A Vietnam Veteran" shirt is red with yellow lettering. (2) "We're Heroes Too" shirt is white with black lettering and the Vietnam Service Medal in four colors. Send \$8, plus \$1 postage and handling for each shirt ordered to Coco Company, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (120)

The time is now! Join the National Association for the Advancement of White People. Write David Duke, National President, NAAWP, P.O. Box 10625, New Orleans, La. 70181. (116)

Ladies with heart, 16-60, want to make the guards mad at mail call? Write to me. I'm 30 years old, w/m. Glen Chambers #047764, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083. (101)

Be a minister. Marry, bury, etc. Legal all states. Pocket card, certificate \$10. Brotherhood, Box 10672, Gladstone, Mo. 64118. (102)

Win money playing blackjack: 100% guaranteed foolproof method. Send five bucks and save to Greg, Box 573, Elyria, Ohio 44036. (101)

Coke: Happy birthday from David, Jason, and Joey. (101)

Wanted: Panhead Duo-Glide, Indian in-line 4, cash. (907) 724-1246. Loose Bruce, Box 1434, APO Seattle, 98715. (102)

H-D dashboard alternative. Fits fatbobs 1936 and up. Replaces all factory dash parts with one light, strong unit. Accepts small speedo. As seen feature, issue 87, page 14. \$89.95. For information or order write Dan Spurr Ent., Box 1428, Duxbury, Mass. 02332. (101)

Pussy-loving mwm, 39, 5'9", 180, gruff but gentle, seeks chick with sweet nest who loves being eaten. No strings, just good lovin'. Age, size, shape, don't matter so long as you enjoy it. If you do, write Russell, Box 11776, Coddingtontown, Calif., or phone (707) 526-9974. (101)

Tattooing handbook: Illustrations, trade secrets, expert instruction. Plus diploma on parchment paper with gold seal, \$19.95. Tattooer (49 years), Box 242-P, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (101)

Nubbin: Love you still and always will. Write me. CJB. (101)

Tricia: Love you always and forever: I need you, hon, to be all mine! Travis. (101)

Steve, 32, sweet and gentle, seeking understanding mama 18-38, (702) 882-7725. (102)

\$180 per week part time at home. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages; experience unnecessary. Call (716) 842-6000. Ext. 5275. (101)

"Fish" in Lewiston, Idaho: Remember the chick and the BV bottle. I'm down in Grand Junction, Colo.; need some cash fast. Later, and thanks, Mike Hutchings, Masa County Jail 81501. (101)

Easyriders magazines: 20-28, 30, 31, 33-85. Excellent condition; \$150 for all. May sell single copies. Send phone no. and I will contact you. Don't send money. Reply to Easyriders magazines, P.O. Box 502, Brandenburg, Ky. 40108. (101)

J.C.: Open yourself to all the love waiting for you on your birthday and always. My love is here when you're ready. An Intimate Other. (101)

Kathie: Mike's fine, and happily married as of June '80. His wife, Lindy Brown. (101)

Women: Let my letters fill you with beauty and confidence. The true inner woman can be brought to the surface, enabling you to achieve new meaning in life. Your new world will explode with happiness. Write Randy L. Wilde 249494, Wynne Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (101)

Important! Would the president of the Iron Raiders MC of New Jersey please write me concerning my ol' lady, Ellie O'Grady? Wayne Keune #B-60765, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376. (101)

Fla. Keys bro, center-punched by a cage, is looking for chicks to write and maybe settle down in paradise. I should be riding again by the time this ad is published. P.O. Box 1331, Islamorada, Fla. 33036. (101)

I'm 37, looking for company to Alaska, live in the wilds, build cabin, etc. Marvin Baker, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (101)

Easyriders collection, 1-97, 99% perfect condition. Best offer over \$300. This may be your last chance to get the whole stash. Bones, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (101)

Biker down, white, 34, 5'11", 170. Looking for a pretty lady 20-30 to drop a line and share a smile. Exchange photos with first letter. Jerry Zimmer 80C-264, Camp Parsalia, South Plymouth, N.Y. 13844. (101)

Tattooing outfits, instruction manuals "for sale" (best deal). Artist, Box 242-P, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (101)

Terry Waldrige in Stewart, Nev.: I fell down for four big ones and can't write you anymore. I want you to know and remember. I love you, miss hearing from you, and think of you every day. I'm going back before the bench real soon, so maybe I'll be in the wind quicker than I've anticipated. Thinking of you seems to keep me going in here, and the thought that we will get together someday. Babe, love me as I love you and dream of "blue skies above and high white sands," for we will share the view together when we're free. I love you. "Itti bitti" from Ocala, Fla. (101)

James, the Doc Holliday, will correspond with all fine healthy mamas 18-39, on any level, any time, any how. James Holliday C23411, WB101 North, P.O. Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (101)

Downed bro, fell in '65, rising soon. Need flicks and letters from non-game-playing, for-real house mouses. Rabbit Tyra A90836, P.O. Box A-E1375, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (101)

Rick: You put a storm in my heart and thunder between my legs. Keep riding me and I'll ride with you forever. I love you. Carole. (101)

Good-lookin' 26-year-old So. Calif. white bro, down with '82 date. Females, drop me a line. Richard Falkenthal C-27755, P.O. Box 500, D-381, Chino, Calif. 91710. (101)

JPF: Michigan may get you, but I'll keep you forever. No freedom from this ol' lady no matter what. But I'd still rather have a dose of your road rash and a funky pussy! TMF. (101)

TNT: You blew my mind, then you blew my cunt over and over. Wendy-O. (101)

Rosebud: Happy birthday, you steaming sexy woman. Hope the 5th is as good as the last 6 years. Multitudes of love for you. Wrongway. (101)

Happy birthday, Richard Corman, from the Pt. Dume Bombers. (101)

Nordics: Study your original Viking religion. Join L.A. Odinnist Fellowship, 16040 Rayen, Sepulveda, Calif. 91343. Order "This is Odinism" \$5. (101)

To my special lady: From the basement to the road you sat behind me. With a love I know we saw a lot. We made the rounds. I lie here now, I was run down; I might not ever ride again. Being hit four times I'm making my head spin. But whether I do or I don't, you're still behind me and that's what counts for us. The year is over. That is that, but we'll be back. Mario. (101)

Buy and sell used leather riding gear. Larsen Leathers, Rt. 1, Box 425, Christiansburg, Va. 24073. (101)

Lost and lonely without my man. Left me when sent to the can. Without you I have no hope. Drop me a line so I can cope. Needing your love, Mike. Your wife, Barbie J. Kane #226112, P.O. Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663. (102)

Widow must sell two garages of motorcycle parts. Mostly Harley, Indian, 1913-1980. Many in storage since 1957. Send \$2 for inventory list. Widow, Box 2774-E, Alameda, Calif. 94501. (101)

For sale or trade: Easyriders collection numbers 1 through 69, excellent condition. Respond to Hahn. Elec., P.O. Box 83, Casselberry, Fla. 32707. (101)

Aquarian, 27, w/m, needs mail from women who care. Ken Bunce, Box 31, Plymouth, Wis. 53073. (101)

Harley rendezvous camera toters: Would appreciate pics of wedding and/or shovelhead painting on my chest. Flower, Box 473, Averill Park, N.Y. 12018. (101)

Decorate your clubhouse walls with authentic Nazi pictures. For brochure reply Warpics, P.O. Box 236, Riverside, N.J. 08075. (102)

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of Sandy Cain, last known living in San Berdo: Please have her contact John Martin C-24319, 119, P.O. Box 500, Chino, Calif. 91710. Any info helpful. (101)



For A Few Measly Bucks, This Cap Does Three Things For Ya!

1. **Keeps our gourd warm**, like on nights when ya gotta get outta bed late and putt home to get some sleep in order to go to work the next morning.

2. **Keeps your hair from becomin' a tangled bird's nest.** (Or prevents rocks from bouncin' off that spot where the hair's thin — or, you just look better hidin' half your head.)

3. **Keeps people rememberin' you've got class** as they flash on the Harley name on the cap and know you're no wimp who rides a Sears moped for fun and games.

Tell your ol' lady to hit the streets! 'Cause this is one of the ten things you want for Christmas (start small — lead up to the new Wide Glide).

Remember, after she's fixed ya a great meal, polished your scoot, given ya head, rolled you a doobie, tell her you **might** get her a cap too. Con her, man, con her.

As with all Righteous Products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made — not a cheap-ass import.

Only \$5.95 plus 75¢ postage. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded. *Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.*

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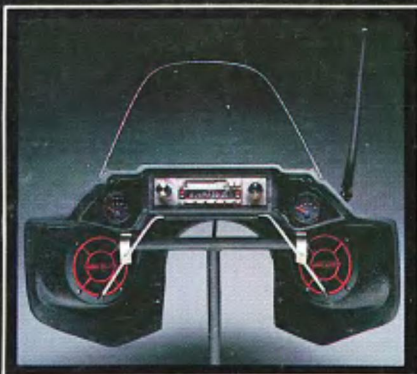
Box 361,
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Until now, Harley riders figured fairings were for sissies on riceburners.

That was before Vetter made the Rooster.™ Now you can give up eating bug splat at 60 miles per hour. You'll still know you're on a Harley but Rooster's wind cheating will make Sportsters, Wide Glides, and Fat Bobs, slide down the highway.

Rooster also gives you music to move by with an optional Rooster Sound radio kit. At \$59, it's only a little scratch for you and your old lady to take an earful of fantasy with you the next time you roll into the real world.* If you don't want music — you got storage — for whatever.



*Whether you move with Willie Nelson, Pink Floyd or the Talking Heads, Rooster Sound will turn you into a one man traveling band.

Only \$139. Be smart, tough and cocky. Next time you're working on your Harley, take 10 minutes, mount a Rooster on your Hog and live a little.

Rooster



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