

Easyriders®

\$2.00
February 1982
£1.35

**Are
Sports
Fans A
Menace?**

**Rare Movie
Poster**

**Foxy Women!
Free Iron-On**



On Sale Now...

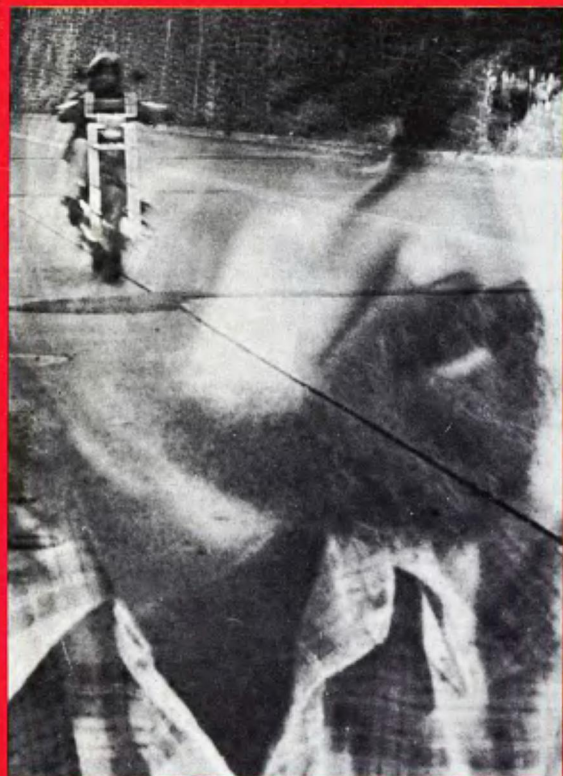


or Buy Direct...

from Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. All you do is send \$3.00, check or money order, and add \$1.00 for postage if mailed

within the continental United States, add \$2.00 if mailed to Canada, and add \$7.00 for (air mail) foreign postage. (Don't blame us, blame the post office.)

(California residents add 6%)



Easyriders

Number 104

Spider finds more funny items	5
Readers tell us where it's at	6
And they call us animals?	11
Here's how many got an image	12
Bro goes ape over ridin' H-Ds	14
Defendin' our right to bear arms	16
Gettin' an eyeful of Dutch riders	18
Are ya ready for a Harley V-4?	22
Stokin' the fire in his heart	28
Here's lookin' at lookers lookin'	30
Class 45 comes from under the ground	34
Avoid saddlebag drag with this tip	39
One brew that didn't sit too well	40
Dude's one-in-a-thousand chance pays off	42
Biker current events — Easynews	43
Freewheelin', broadminded Aquarians	47
There's gotta be somethin' funny	48
Watch out — it's the nurd people	52
Bro takes her musical bait	53
This sweetie passes the test	54
Bros from then and now In The Wind	58
He got back to where he once belonged	66
Here's a soggy fish story for ya	70
Tough makin' picks on these chicks	72
Comments from other biker rags	75
Great homecookin' from dear Mutha	76
The most off-the-wall marketplace	79

Staff: Office Dog: Rufus. Office Cats: Big Red, White Rat, Willard. Executive Janitor and Connection: Spider. Subscription Complaints: Kathy Gibson. Troubleshooter: Tom Kimzey. Arbitrator and Bill Collector: Two-Ton Tony. Office Mouse: Sharon Bleichner. Southern Mouse: Shirley Yarber. Mother Superior: Izzy Petty. Resident Nympho: Miraculous Mutha. Chick with the Figure(s): Paulette. Outside Rover Back: Rip. Print Man: Bob Wilcox. Contributing Photographers and Party-Timers: Billy Tinney, Kim, Woody, T-Bird, Wino Joe, David. Cartoon Editor: Asp. Production Director: Skip Spear. Composer: Alex Lopez. Products Manager: David Kelly. Advertising Associate: Lizette Hotinger. Advertising Graphics: Eileen Draeger. Roving Editor: Woody. Vet Rep.: Doc. H-D Curator: Frank. Overworked Editor: Louis Bosque. Projects Art Director: Denise Pierson. Art Director: Michele Ficks Hellman. Art Assistant: Louis Ujueta. Artists: David Mann, Duffy Duggan, Shep, Tom Kuntze, Jody Roberts. Associate Editors: Lin Schonberger, Kim Peterson, E.K.B. Editorial Secretary: Theresa Lapinski. Man About Town: Steve Lynch. Porno Dept.: Siuol Yezmik. Wordhead: Frank Harding. Photo Editor: Pete Chiodo. Circulation Director: Sanford Meyers. Managing Editor: Tex Campbell. Editor at Large: Mil Blair. Events Director: Joe Teresi. Editorial Director: Lou Kimzey.



Easyriders magazine ISSN 0046-0990 Number 104, February 1982. Vol. 11. Easyriders is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 676 South Glenwood Pl., Burbank, California 91506. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. (213) 889-8701. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91505 and at additional offices. Copyright© 1982 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints and changes of address must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Circulation Department, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503. (213) 843-3277. 1 year \$23, two years \$46 in the United States and its possessions. Canada add \$3 per year. Foreign add \$6 per year. Single copy price \$2.00. Postmaster: Forms 3579. Return to Box 711, Burbank, California 91503. Advertising: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.



Audited Paid
Circulation

National Advertising Representatives: The Lifestyle Group, Box 88469, Atlanta Georgia 30338. (404) 394-6767. Dale Naef, Frank Fittanto. Los Angeles: (213) 244-7044 Toll free: (800) 835-2246 (ext. 129).

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale January 26th.

NASTY FEET

From

EASYRIDERS

NOTHING COMES CLOSE

You've picked your pleasures . . . the scoot, the ol' lady. Now it's time to follow the famous. Get yourselves into a pair of Nasty Feet, the undisputed king of the road!

Everyone's wearin' 'em. Well, why not! Here's the finest specially-treated leather, lots of it, combined with some heavy duty hardware for soles, heels, shanks, then all meticulously handcrafted to our high standards by the bros Chippewa. Add the largest selection of color and size available, from steel-toe engineer & lace-ups to our flashy western, the interstate, and you and your come out miles ahead.

Don't settle for crap. Demand the best and you'll get the best. Nasty Feet. Nothing comes close . . . unless you say so!

**Made Exclusively
For Us By Chippewa**



Send your order today to:

Nasty Feet, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Style _____ Size _____ Width _____ Easyriders Logo* Yes ☐ No ☐

Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling — inside U.S. only.

Add \$9.00 per pair — APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii.

International orders shipped Air Mail Insured — add \$30.00 per pair.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear. California residents add 6%.

Style See Photos	In Stock Sizes	Special Order Sizes—Allow 10-12 Weeks
	8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 D Width Only	All other Sizes 6-14 B, C, D, E, EE Widths
A*	\$84.00	\$94.00
B*	\$84.00	\$94.00
C*	\$94.00	\$104.00
D*	\$94.00	\$104.00
E	\$104.00	\$114.00
F	\$104.00	\$114.00
G	In Stock Sizes Only — 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½, 12 \$90.00 D Width Only	

Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.

It must be the full moon, folks. This dipshit had his head under the hood of a car, workin' away at unbolting the battery cables when a cop walked up. The dude, seeing the cop, pulled his head out from under the hood and said, "I guess I'm under arrest." The cop scratched his ass and asked what for. The dipshit replied, "'Cause I'm stealing a battery.'" Then there's a woman who was watching TV and saw a crime being re-enacted on a weekly program titled "Crime of the Week." She watched a woman sticking up a gas station, and for some reason she thought the program was about her and the time she had stuck up a local station. After the program was over, she went to the police to see if they had a warrant for her. They wanted to know what for. She told them. They checked. She stayed.

Then there were the two 17-year-old girls in Tulsa who were feeling no pain. They walked up to two plainclothes vice cops in an unmarked car and asked them if they had any marijuana. The cops said no, they didn't have any, but asked the girls if they did. The chicks said sure and one pulled out a plastic bag and gave the cops a big pinch. The cops, of course, didn't want a freebie, so the girls sold it to them, and as soon as they completed the "buy," they arrested 'em.

I thought of doing this myself. I knew it would happen. A man in Phoenix watched religious programs on TV for three days straight and finally went berserk, shot the shit out of the TV, killed his dog, and, when his neighbor came over to find out what the hell happened, shot him, too. So much for "Heal! Heal! Heal!"

You gotta admit it's original. This guy was working in his garage, heard a noise in the trash, grabbed his hatchet, went over and thought he saw an ugly raccoon, so he whacked it with the hatchet. On second look it turned out to be his mother-in-law—so he hit the "ugly raccoon" again. Now get this. A jury of ten women and two men found him innocent. They must have thought she looked like an ugly raccoon too.

Now after all those tales of dumb crooks, how about the guy who was in jail for fifteen years for stealing automobiles and was asked by the warden if he would mind fixing his (the warden's) motorcycle. When he'd fixed the motor-

cycle and had it running, a delivery truck arrived at the gates. The motorcycle never worked better as it flew through the gates, never to be seen again.

They grow 'em tough in New York. This chick in her early twenties decided not to go through labor pains and wanted her infant delivered by caesarean section. So she whipped out her Buck knife and delivered the premature baby herself. (She chewed through the umbilical cord and sewed up her belly with a needle and thread.) She was busted afterwards, as she walked down the street with her two-pound rugrat—for messing up the sidewalk, I guess.

Bad luck file: This dude successfully escaped from the prison and was hiding in the bushes. Later, when a conditioning class was jogging by, he joined them—and jogged right back into the police academy.

She was arrested for pedaling pot and acid. She told the judge a sad story about her mommy not talking to her for over a month since she had been arrested and would he please just fine her and let her go, which he did, telling her that with the fine and her freedom, her mommy would probably understand and to go home and tell her. Big deal? Well, the lady was 82 years of age and her mommy was 98!

This guy found a book on how to be a wild turkey caller and he started practicing. When he went out to the woods one day to see if the calls would bring in any turkeys, the calls were so good that he got ventilated with sixteen rounds of buckshot from frantic turkey hunters. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Lichter Spotted

☐ Hey! Mad Mike Lichter: Your article on the Three-day Harley Rally in Denmark really hit me. You're showin' some class now, but I'm still not gonna forget the nude photographer bit at Perry Lake. Hope to see ya on the road soon, partner!

Swede
Seward, Neb.

Another Tech Question

☐ I am sitting in the can thinking about laws prohibiting convicted felons from possessing firearms. What happens if I am attacked by a rabid rabbit?

Jeff Underwood
St. Albans, Vt.

Blow smoke in its face.

Sportster Lament

☐ Here I sit broken-hearted, been kickin' my scooter, but it hasn't started.

Pappy Joe
Valley Stream, N.Y.

Dudes In The Wind

☐ I was wondering if it was possible to get in touch with some of those guys from "In The Wind." I mean some of those dudes are so mean and nasty-looking, but I'd bet my tits that they're all little boys deep down inside.

Theresa DeMayo
Bridgeport, Conn.

They'd feel like men deep down inside too, Theresa.

Remember R.O.S.

☐ Just a few words to say to all ol' ladies that they should be proud to be property of their ol' man. (I am property of Brian and proud of it.)

What is more pleasant than to shine his Hog, rub his back (and other things), give him your paycheck, cook his

meals, and wash his clothes?

I cannot understand why some chicks refuse to do all these things and more and then cry because they cannot ride on the back of the H-D with their master. They refuse to do things they were basically created for.

Ol' ladies, believe me, Respect, Obedience, and Submission — those are the three key words to get into Harley Heaven.

"Miss Peggy"
St-Hubert, Quebec

Via Heard From

☐ I'd like to thank everyone who spotted my address in this magazine and wrote to me. It was great hearing from so many bros and sisters out there in the free world. I sure as bears shit in the woods appreciated hearing from everybody. Well, almost. Sending a doobie in a letter to a penitentiary isn't exactly a class move, Debbie-from-Dallas. You caused me some awkward moments. And Thor in Michigan, I ain't a girl, you dipshit. But I have been locked down a long time, so what the hell, I reckon you can kiss it if you really want to.

Good thoughts, to all y'all.

Jody Via
London, Ohio

Mature Naugas

☐ I just started reading your magazine. Now I read it all the time. But your Biker Term Dictionary has a mistake in it (I caught the tenth anniversary issue).

Naugahyde is no longer made from fetal Naugas. The colors weren't distinct enough, and the patterns weren't solid enough until the Nauga reached maturity. Humane reasons also compelled a change in produc-

tion methods. Now they make the stuff from deceased, mature Naugas.

Times change.

Trooper
APO, N.Y.

'Bout Time

☐ Jus' wanna say it's about fuckin' time ya put somethin' in yer mag that makes sense. I'm referin' to "Motorcycle Types" (December '81). I just hope some of them Joe Citizen types read it. Fuck-in'-A, Spider, keep it up!

J.P.
Waltham, Mass.

Slippin' Again

☐ Hey, you guys are slipping. In your October '80 issue, you had an article on a V-4 Harley being built by one of you assholes. Well, what the fuck happened to it? You said we would be kept up to date. So?

Solo
Diamond, Mo.

So, look in this issue.

Likes Sandra

☐ I just want to say how beautiful Sandra is in the November '81 issue. I can't put the book down. You guys really had good taste this time.

Admirer
Gloucester, Mass.

Liked Show

☐ I just wanted to say that the story "Bike Show for Shut Ins" by "Pan" (November '81) was really great. Even the photos taken really had class.

Frank the Animal
Woodbury, Vt.

☐ I must say it was an excellent article, and what everyone did for our locked-down bros was really nice.

Alison Lozada
Ft. Pierce, Fla.

Likes Fiction

☐ "Jack The Ripoff" by L.M. Lussky (November '81) is a superb piece of literature. It also pays tribute to those who have had their metal loves stolen.

Night Rider
Dallas, Tex.

☐ I just finished "Jack The Ripoff" by L.M. Lussky, and I was so moved, I had to write. I could almost taste that sweet vengeance myself. There are plenty of us up here in the Silicon Valley area who know how to wire up that sort of trick shit, too, and I hope the next scum-sucker who swings a leg over someone else's saddle gives it some long, hard thought.

Grizzly
Belmont, Calif.

☐ I have to say the story "Jack The Ripoff" was the best I have read in a while. If it was up to me, the whole staff would get extra raisin pie this month.

Dog Breath
J-City, Ill.

☐ Hooray for L.M. Lussky. I just read "Jack The Ripoff" and laughed my ass off.

Bruce "Coop" Cooper
Marysville, Ohio

Findin' Somethin'

☐ I believe I've fallen in love with you and I was just wondering if we could meet and find each other together, if ya know what I mean?

Sunset Lover
Roswell, N.M.

■ Now you got us fightin' each other tryin' to figure out who the letter was to. Be specific, woman!

An Imitation

☐ If Mutha ever decides to give up Spider, send 'im to

Tyler, Texas. Hell, send 'im here anyway, I'm easy! Piss on Mutha!

Veronica
Tyler, Tex.

■ Mutha doesn't have Spider; she wishes she had him.

It Got To 'Im

□ Just wanted to let ya know that I shit three times while readin' your last rag. Just wanted to let ya know, that's all.

Rick Murphy
Huntsville, Tex.

■ Case of the drizzles, eh?

Naval Facts

□ Just completed reading "Beatin' the Reaper" and Tex's rebuttal in issue 98 and found it all to be true as to the rebuttal side. Let me tell you what I've found on the general information side, as I've been running my own information data bank in the Navy by interview, to fight some of the stupid bull that our misinformed leaders have laid on us.

175 accident victims interviewed and hospitalized.

160 had less than six months experience and admittedly were at fault (drunk, showing off, or just plain lack of control, i.e., riding over their heads).

15 with over six months experience, of whom two had over three years, were either centerpunched or lost it in competitive riding (legal).

Of the 160, most were in the 750 class or larger and the rider had little or no prior training, except for taking it out back and self-learning, or had ridden small-cc bikes long enough to get a license. All — I say again — all of the 160 riders with less than six months experience were under 21, and they all, after talking, felt they had done it wrong.

Something else I've noticed: There is no big campaign to prosecute the cage drivers who kill, cripple, and maim in excess of 55,000 innocent people per year while driving drunk, but put a couple of people in the hospital because of a bike and all hell breaks loose. Ask the officials why they aren't going after those cage drivers, or is a cage your license to kill without reprisals, or do a lot of them (like 100 percent) drink and drive?

One word of advice from

my good ol' dad, who's been riding daily since 1941. "Son, drive like every son of a bitch out there is out to run you down and has a war going against all motorcycles, and you just may survive each day. The first time you forget that they are out to get you, they will." That's how it's done! I don't trust any of them. The other side is to train the cage driver as well; his is no longer the only voice on the road.

"Li'l" Ed
Loner Dego, Calif.

■ We say about the same thing: putt as if you're invisible and everyone's out to get you.

Doesn't Like Her!

□ What the fuck is wrong with you burnt-out, blind sonsabitches? The thing you had in a recent ol' lady contest shouldn't be allowed outside, even in the dark! We would rather look at a picture of a riceburner than be subjected to such an obvious mistake of nature.

Shafe, Marlin, Scott
Ft. Bragg, N.C.

■ We don't send in the photos.

He's Got It

□ I don't need a woman or a wife; I don't want a fucking dog. I've got all I want out of life, and that's my Hog.

Greg
Marion, Ill.

Words In Stone

□ In response to Rude Awakening in the December '81 Wordmonger, there's more that goes to the saying on that headstone.

Remember me as you pass by.

As you are now, so once was I.

As I am now, soon you will be.

Add to that:

To follow you I'm not content,

Until I know which way you went.

Long-Legged Lucy
Meadow Grove, Neb.

What Is Life?

□ Just sitting here deep in thought, and I wrote a poem I would like to share with all the bros and sisters who read this rag.

What is life
if you're living a lie?
What is freedom

if you're not truly free?
What is happiness
if it's masked by hatred and contempt?

What is a proud man,
who holds his head high
only to satisfy others?
They are a humiliating
waste of life,
The most precious resource
of all.

Bob Simmons
Ft. Carson, Colo.

Phraseology

□ Okay, I'm writin' and you're readin', so pay attention. I suppose I've ridden two-wheelers more than some and less than many over the years. My bike and I have been attacked by most species of the insect world, and we've been rained on, hailed on, shit on, and on several occasions abused by blown sand, thrown sticks, bouncin' gravel, various members of the animal kingdom classified as wildlife (including people), a watermelon off the back of a truck, and the clingin' odor from a striped kitty. Now I'm bein' abused by my favorite rag. I continually read terms, words, and phrases unfamiliar to my vocabulary of biker lingo, and it's a real bummer when a guy doesn't understand what he's readin'. When are you staffers goin' to put out a special dictionary of biker lingo? Some of us need help!

Doctor Bob
Kansas City, Mo.

■ There is no such thing.

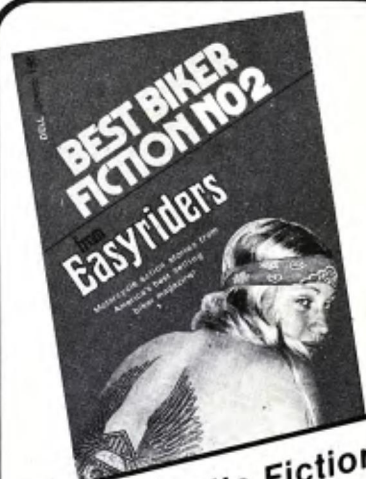
A Masochist?

□ After owning seven trouble-free Jap bikes, I recently bought my first Harley Low Rider. During the first week the circuit breaker broke, a muffler bolt vanished, an exhaust manifold bolt loosened, an electrical connector snapped, and the kick starter no longer kicks. Also, the instrument panel is a blur when I'm cruising over sixty, and the engine leaks oil. But what really pisses me off is that I still love that piece of junk motorcycle.

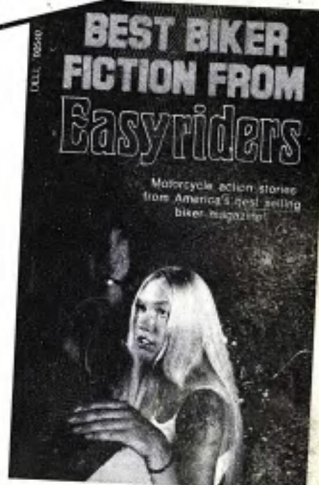
Crazy Guymor
Portland, Ore.

Life Outside

□ I roll over on my back, the small bunk soaking wet under me from the constant heat in the 6x10 cell. Flies and mosquitoes are my companions. Roaches and waterbugs come out at night when it's dark. I get up and stand



Our Dynamite Fiction
In Book Form!



Best Biker Fiction No. 2 from the pages of **Easyriders** — more of the great fiction that made Volume 1 a runaway best-seller. Written by and about bikers, these stories contain the same honesty, the same action, the same outrageous humor that we always deliver. You can buy your copy now from us at only \$2.00 (we pay postage).

Best Biker Fiction No. 1 is also available. Taken from the early years of that outtasight rag, stories you might have missed — or could dig readin' again. Fifteen of 'em in a 320-page book. Both are available from us for only \$2.00 each.

Best Biker Fiction

P.O. Box 52
Malibu, California 90265

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

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

There's All Types of Scooters...



and they're all in
Iron Horse

Subscription Department
Iron Horse Magazine
Box 638, Burbank, Calif. 91503

Check one:

- ☐ Here's \$16.00 for 12 issues ☐ New
☐ Here's \$31.00 for 24 issues ☐ Renewal

Add \$4 per 12 issues on all foreign subscriptions
U.S. funds only

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Do you own a bike?

next to the barred window and look outside. I see the highway in the distance, and past the fence is a parking lot for The Man. Shift changes and herds of guards and women teachers or nurses make their way to their cars; their laughter and shouts float up to my cell to haunt and remind. But even in this hellhole there's one thing to bring hope and good feelings and remind a downed tramp that there's still good people out there: My *Easyriders* comes once a month!

"Crazy Bear"
Robert Grant
Florida State Prison

Laid Off Again

☐ I got laid off at the mill for the last time. I've filled the tank on this ol' H-D of mine. I'm going to blow this rat-hole, never to return.

I'm leavin' the ol' lady (she's a bitch anyway). I'm headed where ever this black-top leads. I got my smoke in my pocket and good old J.D. in the bedroll. The first place I stop, I'm going to get so blown away I won't give a shit.

You can sit behind that desk or work your fingers to nothing and punch that 9-to-5 routine. But this ol' boy's got better things to do on down the line.

I'll stop in on a bro in Houston or a bro in L.A. It won't matter to me. My troubles are miles behind.

K.P. Boucher
N.Y., N.Y.

Color Green — Again

☐ I didn't before, but now I do, believe that green is an unlucky color. Me and a brother were hot-roddin' around town when all of a sudden we were being chased by the fuzz. So we split up, and wouldn't you know it, me and my pan broadsided a green Monte Carlo. But don't fret, I told the officer, "I didn't see the automobile." (Heh, heh.)

Clownfoot
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Grateful Dead

☐ I really enjoyed your article on the Grateful Dead. I have been a Dead Head for as long as I can remember. I feel they represent life and freedom as much as a Harley-Davidson on a long and lonely highway.

Spike
M.A.F.B., N.J.

Balls Out

☐ Just a safety tech tip: If your choke linkage is located on the dash of your scooter, it may prove hazardous to your health (especially if the knob deal on top is missing). My ol' man's '74 stock Electra Glide was like that, and as a result ripped his gonad bag open, almost spilling his nuts all over the car that wanted us and the bike as a permanent hood ornament. Luckily for the both of us, he was able to get more stitches than I could count to put and hold everything back together again. Still hard to believe that such a little bare-threaded choke linkage on the dash could have destroyed the family jewels and given my ol' man a sex change!

Iron Balls' Ol' Lady
Lodi, Calif.

Sheep-Ballin' Hint

☐ After you determine the best one, and her legs are in the knee-high boots (I always used GummBoots; they stretch more), get her next to a cliff and pretend to push her off. (Or off the back of a pickup truck will work.) She'll push her ass backward at you.

Frogman Hudson
Chandler, Ariz.

Short Note

☐ If you dudes don't print this, I'll be very disappointed! So go ahead and disappoint me; everybody else does.

Cosmo
Fort Stewart, Ga.

A Real Friend

☐ "The proper office of a friend is to side with you when you are in the wrong. Nearly anybody will side with you when you are right."

—Mark Twain
Sundown
Miami, Fla.

Where Are The Bikers?

☐ Are there any true bikers in England? I know a lot of you are out there. Will someone show me where it's at? Won't someone help a screwed-up, frustrated female?

Kate
19, Regents Park Terrace
Hyde Park,
Leeds 6,
Yorkshire,
U.K.

Freedom Fighter

☐ I have just finished your

article on the Freedom Fighters in the December '81 issue. It was great! To carry it one step further would be even better.

Please print something that tells people to keep their big mouths shut when they are arrested and talk only to their lawyer. Nine times out of ten the arrestee hangs himself before he even gets into court.

Gypsy
Sinners MC, Mich.

A Harley Woman

☐ When my ol' man first bought his Harley, I thought he was crazy. But when I put my ass on that fine machine, I knew I was in love. I remember my first run and how I loved it, and those crazy, beautiful, beer-drinking, woman-loving bikers! I am a Harley woman forever.

I am even getting my own Harley — just had to throw that in!

Teresa
Kearney, Neb.

Another Ripoff

☐ Just a question. I went to the local night-and-day store to get the October '81 issue. Now the question: Can the bastard who runs the store add 35¢ on top of the newsstand \$2.00 charge?

Thanks for your answer. It may help me with the argument.

Mumbles
Fresno, Calif.

■ Hell no! Send us his name and address — we'll take care of the rest.

Big, Bearded Bunks

☐ I'm an Aussie chick and really dig bikes and the big, bearded bunks that ride them.

I really dig your mag too and get into it every month, even though in Aussie Land they're two months behind.

I'd like to offer my hospitality. If any bikers are wanting to come to Surfers Paradise QLD and need a place to stay for a few days, they can drop a line before they come over.

Suzi Jackson
c/o Main Beach Post Office
4215 QLD Australia

Thompsons Have Hammers

☐ Tell Chief from Giessen, W. Germany, that the Thompson SMG models 1921, 1927, 1928, and M1 do have hammers and fire from a closed bolt. He should check his head for technical accuracy.

All This!

Nothin' To It!

Four Do-It-Yourself
Harleys

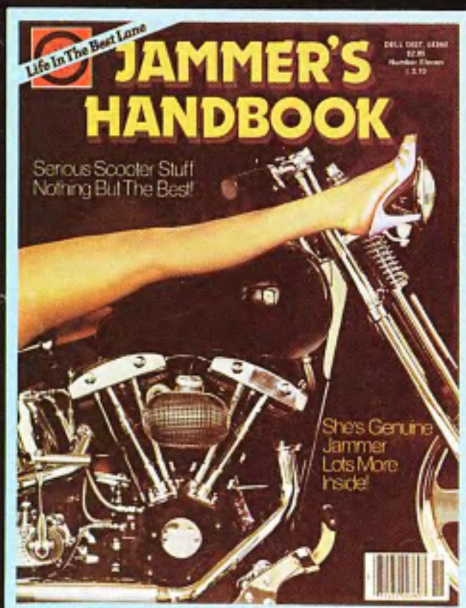
How To & How Much
Special Color
Section

Everything For
Every Bike!

6 Ways To Score!
Our Big Give-Away

Thousands Of
Bolt-On Beauties
Over 400 In Color!

& More!



Your favorite newsstand has one waiting.
If they've sold 'em all by the time you get
there, mail \$3.95 (a buck covers postage)
to Jammer Cycle Products, 801 (ER)
S. Main St., Burbank, CA 91506



MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors



Big, wide, old-style fireman's suspenders with sturdy clasps — no buttons required. Fits all sizes of men (and women). Black with an orange stripe down each outer edge. Please print your name and address when ordering. Quality is fully guaranteed and money will be refunded if not completely satisfied. Immediate delivery. \$8.95. Personal checks require three weeks to clear.

Send money order or check for \$8.95 per pair to:

Good
Products
Box 807
Yucca Valley, Calif.
92284

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

Nothing is worse than someone running his mouth when he has only half the facts. The Thompson he was talking about was the MIAI made during WW II, using shortcuts and cheaper methods, thus firing from an open bolt.

Chet
Reno, Nev.

A System

□ Don't you assholes remember what you write from issue to issue? You have an article titled *The Texas Department of Public Safety* on your "Taking It Easy" page in the November '81 issue. The same article was also in your September '81 issue. Some of us do remember what we read.

Maureen Smith
Pompano Beach, Fla.

■ The art department has a fail-safe, sure-fire, bullet-proof system to prevent pickin' up used type from a previous issue. Well, so much for bullet-proof systems — maintained by chimps.

■ The art department has a fail-safe, sure-fire, bullet-proof system to prevent pickin' up used type from a previous issue. Well, so much for bullet-proof systems — maintained by chimps.

■ The art department has a fail-safe, sure-fire, bullet-proof system to prevent pickin' up used type from a previous issue. Well, so much for bullet-proof systems — maintained by chimps.

■ The art department has a fail-safe, sure-fire, bullet-proof system to prevent pickin' up used type from a previous issue. Well, so much for bullet-proof systems — maintained by chimps.

Some Views

□ I doubt that I qualify as a bro and I'm up to my ass in establishment, but I pick up a copy of *Easyriders* occasionally for alternative recreation. I buy it for the parts I like; the other half I wouldn't give house room to.

One of the parts I liked in the November '81 issue was "Devil's Run," by Jody Via. Very good. This type of scan-sion, reminiscent of Charlie Daniel's Devil fiddle song, is very difficult to maintain for any length. Jody Via did an exceptional work of art in this

matter, and were it not for a mere one or two pointlessly distasteful and chauvinistic lines, I'd be pleased to pass this work among my friends for their enjoyment.

I also liked Sandra (if her mind is as pretty as her bod and she can stay away from assholes who love things and use people, she'll have a great life), "Hindsight," "Bike Show for Shut-Ins," and — well, most of the magazine. The raunch I can do without; I make love to people, not pussies. But otherwise, you have a good ratbag rag.

Donald L. Cline
Santa Clara, Calif.

Scooter Tramps

□ I just want to say I think scooter tramps are the most disgusting, degrading, sadistic, gross, filthy, mean, low-life fuckers that ever crawled on this earth.

I still can't figure out why I love 'em so much.

Stormy
Baldwin, Mich.

He's Mine!

□ In reference to the letter from Cheech in your November issue: So ya want a man who'll give ya a long, hard, high-geared, teeth-grittin' fuckin'. Well, ya can't have him. He's mine!

Vulture
Commerce City, Colo.

Happy Contributor

□ Right fuckin' on! You printed my story in "Ridin'" and my subscription ran out the same month it appeared. I got your check, renewed my subscription, and had some left over to party with. You guys are all right, no matter what anybody says.

Neice
Vallejo, Calif.

Another Calendar?

□ I checked out your magazines and didn't see any kind of *Easyriders* 1982 Calendar advertisements.

Let me know if you will be selling them for '82. Also, how I can go about getting one?

Joey
'The Wild One'

■ No amount of extra raisin pie could get anyone around here off his ass to do a calendar in addition to regular chores.

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.



"You'll never get away with it, Gonzo!"

Panheads and Pigskins: A Few Reflections on Scoots and Sports

If you had to guess the most head-busting, anti-social, cop-producing, bad-press-making event to crop up during the fall of every year, what would you guess? Sturgis? The U.S. Motorcycle Jamboree? Traditional Labor Day runs? Aspicade? Bonneville Speed Week? The Christmas Toys for Tots run? Nope. The correct answer is any Monday Night Football game played in Foxboro, Massachusetts, home of the New England Patriots.

In a lengthy article published last September in the *Los Angeles Times*, Randy Harvey gave the night's box score for the previous Monday's Pats-Cowboys game: 42 arrests inside the stadium, 20 arrests on the access road outside the stadium, 20 persons taken into protective custody (that is, too fucked up to know their ass from a hole in the ground) — and one stabbing (a Dallas fan who was enjoying the Cowboys' 35-21 win too much).

And all this happened on a good night. As a routine procedure, Patriots security officials bring in close to 200 officers to handle a Monday night game, a force beefed up by an additional 100 men (mostly cops) from surrounding boroughs, representing the city of Foxboro. To give you a perspective on this, consider that the National Football League employs 45 security guards for a Super Bowl game at the Rose Bowl. If you need a more graphic idea, check out a *Boston Globe* reporter's account of a game last season, including "lewd remarks made to women in the parking lot, sodden men urinating into restroom sinks, people vomiting in the aisles, shirtless celebrants with sagging bellies, beer being spilled on neighbors, obscene shouts at Patriots players and gynecological suggestions directed at their cheerleaders, drunken brawls in the parking lot, and beer-swilling males packed six to a car knocking down highway cones on the way home." And all that took place on a Sunday afternoon, not a Monday night, when the fans *really* act up.

If you're wondering what I'm driving at, let me first of all assure you that this isn't an attack on the unique and wonderful American institution of football. Next to tequila, my scoot, and pussy (not necessarily in that order), I love football more than anything life has to offer. In all fairness, there are some extenuating circumstances pertaining to Monday Night Football on the East Coast, the main one being the late (9 p.m.) starting time for the game. Both the day of the week and the late hour mean (a) that the fans are mostly men leaving the wives and kids (who have to get up for school next morning) at home, and (b) that working fans have four hours to get shitfaced

between quitting time and kickoff. Furthermore, while for these reasons the problem is especially severe on the East Coast, Monday Night Football is something of a problem for the cops in whatever city the game is played.

Beyond this, football's critics are quick to point the finger of blame at what they consider a violent institution of socially sanctioned barbarism, full of broken bones, demolished knees, and brain-scrambling concussions. Well, they're right, of course. Such injuries are inevitable in a sport that, more than any other, relies on the power of collision to win. But that's also, to my mind, part and parcel of football's primary appeal — its beautiful, classic simplicity of concept: You're not gonna get past me, asshole, 'cause I'm gonna knock ya down. Only boxing (another sport I hold dear to my heart) rivals football in its fundamental physical purity. Subtler activities like baseball, basketball, or track are essentially for pussies wearing lace-trimmed underwear (but don't tell Steve Garvey or Bill Walton I said so).

No, I mean no adverse criticism of football here. I would, however, like to draw a few comparisons between those occasions when bikers gather in large numbers and similar congregations of football fans. For openers, consider that most motorcycle events are multi-day affairs, so any law and order problem is compounded by the fact that you're talking three, five, or even seven days of crowd control. By contrast, Monday Night Football is a three-hour event.

But all these differences aside, what really caught my attention in reading about the Monday night "Shame of the Week" was the attitude of the security and media people. While each recognized the profound anti-social dimensions of 61,000 (Schaefer Stadium's seating capacity) booze-crazed rowdies congregating to raise

holy hell, both seemed inclined to regard the phenomenon as inevitable and — to one degree or another — amusing. After all, football is an American tradition, a big money-maker, and, hell, boys will be boys — right?

Too bad the cops and the press can't summon up such philosophical attitudes when it comes to large (or even small) gatherings of bikers. When that happens, the locals and the cops start pissin' their pants weeks in advance, secure in their preconceived beliefs that an invasion is about to take place second only to the bloody depredations of Attila the Hun. They prepare for all sorts of hassles and confrontations that either never take place or, if they do, are frequently triggered by the cops themselves. Likewise, the media, those

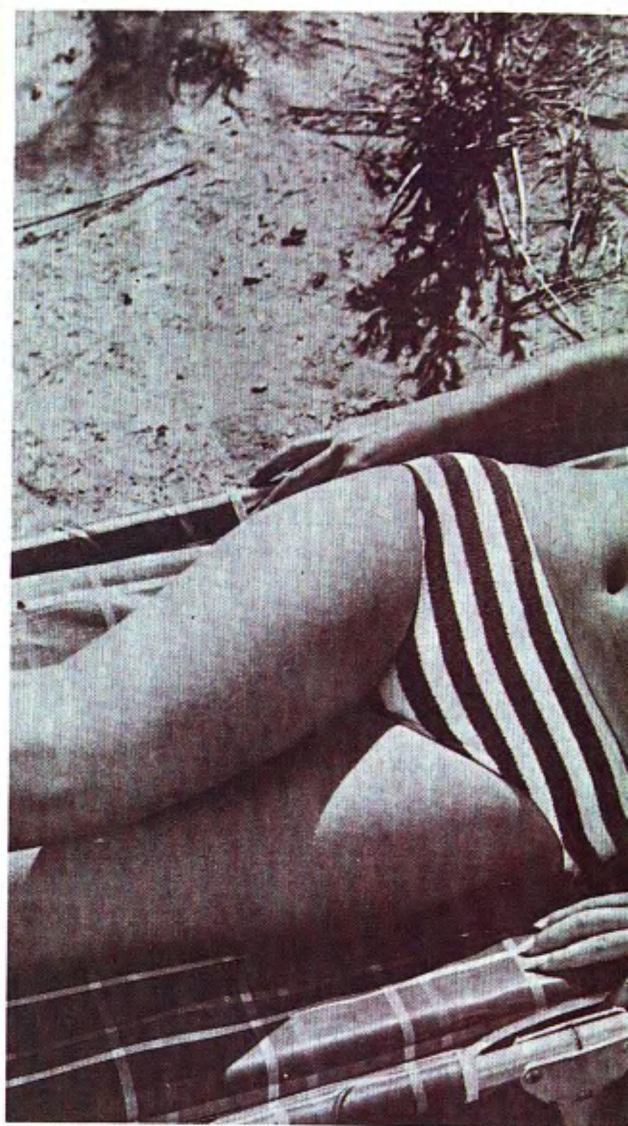
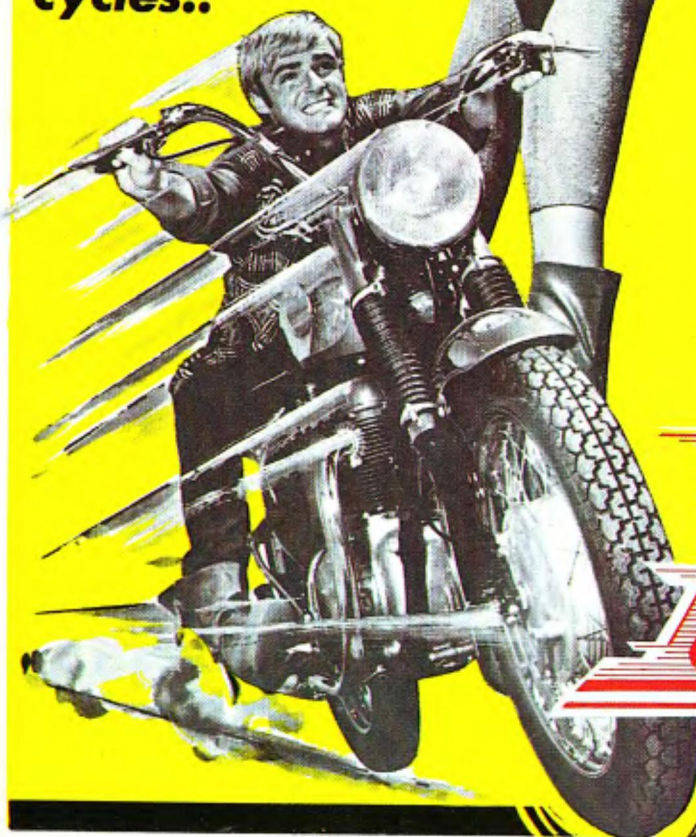
Continued on page 85

"Let's not kid ourselves. Biker horror stories sell papers, so it's not surprising that stereotyped bullshit is what most journalists expect — and hope — to report."

by Tex Campbell

**THE
ACTION
BEHIND THE
HEADLINES!**

**Bike Riding
HOODLUMS
FLAT-OUT on
their MURDER
cycles..**



AN EVE PRODUCTION
Produced and Directed by RUSS MEYER

MOTOR

Starring STEPHEN OLIVER, with HAJI, ALEX ROCCO, HO



Psycho

WINTERS, JOSEPH CELLINI, SHARON LEE and THOMAS SCOTT

How's this for a clutch-burnin', rubber-searin', chain-poppin', balls-out ride down Memory Lane? This particular cinematic bomb came out in the early '60s, and is one of a series of flicks by exploitation king Russ Meyer.

In the unlikely event that the name Russ Meyer doesn't ring a bell — well, he's best known as a genius at turning tits into bucks. Specifically, Meyer launched the era of the buck-producing skin flick (ancestor to today's high-yield porno classics like *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones*) way back in 1959 with a cheapo quickie titled *The Immoral Mr. Teas*. Seen today, this flick and its peek-aboo display of titties seems laughably tame. But way back then it aroused moviegoers' dicks to stand at attention in record numbers. Meyer continued to turn soft-core tits and ass into dollars and change with milestone skin flicks like *Lorna, Woman of Passion* and *Cherry, Harry, and Racquel*. In this, along with rougher stuff like *Faster Pussycat, Kill, Kill*, Meyer, as one critic put it, "combined a penchant for big-breasted voyeurism with brutal violence and melodrama." Now that's a formula for box-office success if there ever was one.

Meyer also dabbled in the biker exploitation genre with such masterpieces as you see depicted here — movies devoted to furthering the stereotype of the blood-crazed motorcyclist (here seen astride his faithful BSA, presumably before the Killer Biker discovered Harley-Davidsons) and his lust-saturated woman, a hussy like the one here strutting her stuff. (Maybe I passed out during this era or something, but I don't really remember the vogue of babes wrapped in terrycloth Spandex jumpsuits and Beattie boots.)

Anyway, if you wonder why John Q. Public regards bikers about the same as granny-rapers and cop-snuffers, the accompanying movie poster should give you a clue. This kind of shit set the tone for the depiction of scooter riders for a decade or more — at least until the motion picture *Easy Rider* came along to show bikers in a halfway favorable light.

All of us, of course, are still struggling to counteract the negative depiction that's simply been part of our heritage as bikers, but maybe one of these days the public will wise up and all of us can laugh without reservation at such examples of Hollywood nonsense.

—Flick Freak



It happened somewhere between here and there. Returning from a long-distance run that had featured a mingled week of multi-club summits and some exhaustive partying, Riffraff and his brothers were booking along a busy freeway.

All of them saw the 18-wheeler suddenly jump the center divider, shearing the chain link fence and ponderously hurtling into their lane. Riffraff was the only rider who was unable to escape the oncoming juggernaut.

As he and his cherished panhead vanished beneath the murderous wheels, he thought: Aw, shit. Now I don't get a hot shower, a few cold beers, and the chance to fuck that big-titted little broad who rented the trailer next to mine! There wasn't enough time for his entire 29-year life to pass before his widened eyes. Consciousness ended like the last foot of film leaving a reel.

Now he stood at the gleaming high gate with no idea of where he was or how he got there. The misty walls on each side of the glowing gate stretched away into a pulsating brightness. Underfoot, a glittering fog undulated.

This is a weird scene. Wonder what kinda shit put me on a trip like this, he thought, knocking loudly on the unyielding gate. Hope there's somebody home and they're no straighter than me.

Slowly the gate swung open, revealing a chubby old dude in a nightgown that kept changing colors. The old fart was bald but sported a long white beard. Bushy white eyebrows lifted above the piercing dark eyes. He held a thick book under one arm.

"Sorry to bother ya, man," said Riffraff, "but I think I'm lost."

"I know you are," said the gatekeeper gently.

"Where am I?"

"Purgatory."

"North or South Purgatory, man?"

"Well, I like your sense of humor. Purgatory has no directions. It simply exists between Heaven and Hell."

Taking two steps backward, Riffraff studied the gate and the gatekeeper for a long moment. "It jist can't be, but I bet it is! Well, I'll be goddamned!"

"You could be," warned the gatekeeper. Opening the thick book, he peered into it.

"You're Saint Peter, ain'tcha?"

SP nodded, intently running a plump finger down the entries listed on the page.

"And that's the Golden Gate."

SP nodded again, producing a pair of spectacles and reexamining the entries.

"Shit, I'm dead!"

"No, you're just no longer alive on Earth. Now you're alive and well in Purgatory until we get this problem untangled." SP lifted his eyes, smil-

THE 101% BIKER

ing sternly. "Don't get a case like yours very often."

"What's with my case, Pete?"

"You don't qualify for Heaven. Yet, you weren't bad enough to be returned to Hell to live another lifetime and learn how to be better." SP shook his head, closing the book. "I suppose the best thing would be to —"

"Wait a minute, ya old poop!" fumed Riffraff. "Ya got me mixed up with some other bastard's case. I ain't never been in Hell! Not yet, anyway."

"Yes, you have. You were born there, raised there, and existed there for 29 years, humanly speaking."

Riffraff stared at him. "E-earth is H-hell?"

SP nodded sadly. "How about we send you back, just for a limited time? Say, another year? Give you a chance to do a few nice things, good things, get your record balanced in your favor?"

"Will that git me in the big time?"

"If it doesn't, nothing will."

"If it don't, then I gotta go back and live another whole life before I git another crack at Heaven?"

"That's the policy," admitted SP softly. "We operate on a wear-them-down basis. Sooner or later, most get so tired of the Hellish life on Earth, they try harder — and usually make it. It's a proven technique."

"Well, I dug bein' a biker. It had a lotta excitin' good times that went with it. I could stand bein' a scooter tramp for eighty or a hunnert years."

SP sighed. "Nobody is sent back to live out the same life. We're just extending a year's time to let you get your act together. There's a difference, kid."

"Okay, I'll go along quietly with the drill. But kin I ask one question first?"

SP nodded warily.

"Does God really ride a Harley?" Riffraff asked wistfully.

"God does everything worth doing."

"And He actually rides a Harley, no shit, Pete?"

"From time to time."

"Okay, I jist wanted to be sure. Any place run by a dude who rides a Harley is where I wanna be."

"Remember," said SP, "one full year."

"I'll do my fuckin' best," Riffraff promised.

"You might start with that dirty mouth," suggested SP, "and gradually work your way around to all the worse traits."

"Gotcha, Pete!"

Everything exploded silently into a blinding brilliance that dimmed Riffraff's consciousness instantly.

Ignoring the medics' assurances that he was likely to live to a grand old age (he knew better) when they released him after thirty-three months in their hospital, Riffraff wasted no time setting about to change his ways.

Getting a crewcut and shaving off his beard, he hung up his club colors. Next, he sold his partnership in The Nunnery (a rather cloistered cat-house where all the paid action took place by candlelight with distant bells tolling the trick time), divested himself of both weed farms, and took a modest job delivering soda pop.

The months rolled along and he was getting straighter than a Kansas Interstate. Finding a Nice Girl (which was harder than kicking whites, reds, acid, and smokes), he legally married her, joined a noisy church, and started voting a straight Republican ticket. He couldn't quite hack jellybeans, but he did stop chewing tobacco. *Continued on page 83*

by Carl Kohler

Gun Ownership In A Free Society



The controversy surrounding proposed national gun control legislation affords an interesting and important example of the potential for conflict between civil liberties and community standards in a free society. Because of the 2nd Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, the lobbying efforts of the National Rifle Association and the tradition of violent frontier individualism that Hollywood has glorified in hundreds of films, Americans generally assume that their liberties include the right to own firearms. Most Americans believe just as adamantly that criminals, the mentally unstable, and untutored minors should not have access to guns. Law-abiding citizens cannot imagine any reasons why they should be denied weapons, because they cannot picture themselves committing criminal or irrational acts. This article will review the traditions that contributed to passing the 2nd Amendment, and attempt to place gun control and the "right to bear arms" guaranteed by the 2nd Amendment into proper contemporary perspective. Then, perhaps, we can better appreciate the issues and rights at stake in what threatens to become a crucial question of individual rights in an increasingly corporate society.

Under the Constitution, American government rests upon the popular consent of a sovereign People, and posits several basic liberties as the property of every American. When government ignores the expressed wishes of the governed, or when it becomes "destructive" of the liberties and interests that the People have charged it with protecting, the People have the right (others would add the duty) "to alter or abolish" their governments.

The Founding Fathers did not invent the foregoing political philo-

sophy. They merely refined and defended pedigreed "English liberties," which stretched from the Magna Carta in 1215 through the "Glorious Revolution" in 1689.

Although most men agreed that governments were originally constituted to quell the anarchy that imperiled men's persons and property in the pre-social "state of nature," disagreements arose over whether individual rights or communitarian values should predominate within the politics men had established to preserve and defend their rights. Men also pondered the obligations they had assumed by adhering to



these original compacts or "social contracts." What measure of their absolute natural freedom had men forfeited to enjoy the security of civil society?

John Locke formulated the best-known theory of individualism. He asserted that man's natural rights to life, liberty, and property could not be justly superseded by any authority. He considered any effort to abridge those liberties a tyrannical act that one might justly resist. Lockians championed individual interests as the cornerstone of the general welfare.

The "moral sense" philosophy of Scottish theorists like Francis Hutcheson and Adam Smith placed the relationship of man and society on different grounds. They believed society must seek the greatest happiness of the greatest number. This

required subordinating individual self-interest to the community's larger interests.

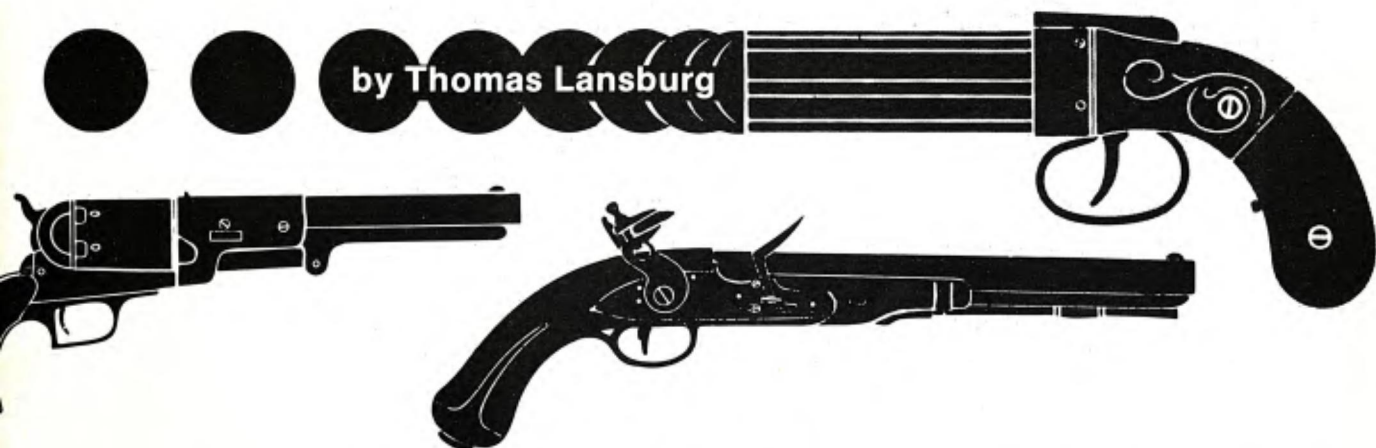
The Constitution attempted to reconcile the individualism and communitarian values that had become part of 18th-century America's "climate of opinion." James Madison favored ratifying the Constitution, arguing, in part, that the Constitution would abet national needs by balancing the self-interested strivings of aggressive interest groups or individuals.

The Constitution unshackled the national government, which had been arrested at every turn by the restrictive Articles of Confederation, a document that reflected the suspicions, rivalries, and turmoil that divided the several states, and the fear of usurpations by the central government that had prompted the Revolution.

But the old fears of tyranny persisted. Americans, like their English forebears, suspected the national government's potential for mischief far more than they worried about renewed hostilities against England, rampaging Indians, or incursions by other European states. Americans somewhat arrogantly supposed that they need only safeguard their liberties against themselves once the Constitution established the national government's authority.

The Constitution carefully specified the federal government's responsibilities and powers. It did include the "necessary and proper" clause's sizable loophole for enlarging federal authority. But the Framers also drafted the Bill of Rights to insure that the new government could not infringe various liberties.

The showcase amendments began with the freedoms of speech, religion, press, assembly, and petition. The ideas that men live by, and the rights to express and defend



them, seemed most important after the Revolution. Today, they seem no less, and perhaps even more essential.

Unfortunately, the right to air and uphold one's ideas can prove futile, failing the means of physically defending those rights during political crises. Thus, the Framers composed the 2nd Amendment to place the means — firearms — in the hands of their posterity: "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

The Framers wished to minimize the danger of the national government's acting as had George III, "to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power." But they did not expect us to rush from our living rooms, gun in hand, to defend the Constitution.

The Framers tied the right to bear arms to the duty of participating in state-organized militias. They expected militias to become the ultimate watchdogs of the Republic's virtue and liberties. Possessing guns, then, was bound to the obligation to bear those arms to defend the community in a "well-regulated militia."

Vigilantism was not envisioned by the Framers as an acceptable response to tyranny. The revolutionary generation esteemed order too dearly to condone undisciplined individual or collective violence. Jefferson's observations about periodically "manuring" the tree of liberty with patriotic gore better expressed the theatrical style of his era than the sentiments of his predominantly conservative contemporaries. As John Adams said, Americans believed they could judge the legitimacy of executive acts, but they retained "the utmost abhorrence of treason and rebellion."

As the nation's growth pushed its frontiers ever westward to the Pacific, the men and women who accepted the challenge of wresting the continent from its Indian and Mexican owners found rifles and shotguns as essential as plows in pacifying the wilderness. Lawlessness reminiscent of Hobbes's state of nature infected the frontier. Sudden, violent adjustments of grudges replaced the mannered *code duello* of the "haughty sultans of the South." Honor seemed less sacred than survival on the frontier. Gun control measures ill-suited the frontier's lawlessness, where callous



individualism usually vanquished communitarian values. Guns had a value neutral quality best described by the gunfighter Shane's assurance to his sobriety hostess, Mrs. Starrett, that "a gun is like any other tool. It is as good or as bad as the man who uses it."

Then, in 1890, census authorities solemnly proclaimed the passing of the frontier. Cities had surpassed the hinterlands as the center of American society. Towns with Chambers of Commerce could not tolerate the shootist's menacing "get out of Dodge" mentality. Communities devoted to getting ahead demanded a businesslike appearance. So, only policemen sported sidearms; ordinary citizens put aside their weapons except to hunt or to parade on the 4th of July. Even criminals hid their guns to accom-

modate society's insistence upon an orderly facade.

When gang violence terrorized America during Prohibition, the nation's largest city passed the Sullivan Act, which virtually outlawed handguns for New Yorkers. Other cities also licensed handguns to monitor and regulate their use. Urbanization had only fashioned a veneer of order. Violence still seethed within cities whose "frontier" days had ended a century or two before. Ethnic and racial enmities, economic disparities, graft and bureaucracy, overcrowding and filth, and random or organized crime all led to the dangers to pocket or person that now frighten or outrage most Americans.

In 1939, the Supreme Court ruled that the 2nd Amendment was intended to buttress the state militias as an obstacle to possible federal tyranny, and not to guarantee an individual's right to firearms. The eminent constitutional historian Edward Corwin later concurred, insisting that the Framers wished only to checkmate potential designs to disarm the state militias.

When anti-gun groups implore Congress to outlaw handguns they can augment judicial judgments against gun "rights" by citing some horrifying shooting statistics. In 1979, for example, ten times as many Americans died from gunshot wounds as in Canada, France, Great Britain (including Northern Ireland), Japan, and Sweden combined (roughly 9800-980). In April of 1981, the FBI reported that the American figures had nearly doubled to about 50 shooting deaths daily (about 17,500 annually). With 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 handguns presently circulating in the United States, gun control advocates seem able only to lament the timidity of Congressional

Continued on page 87

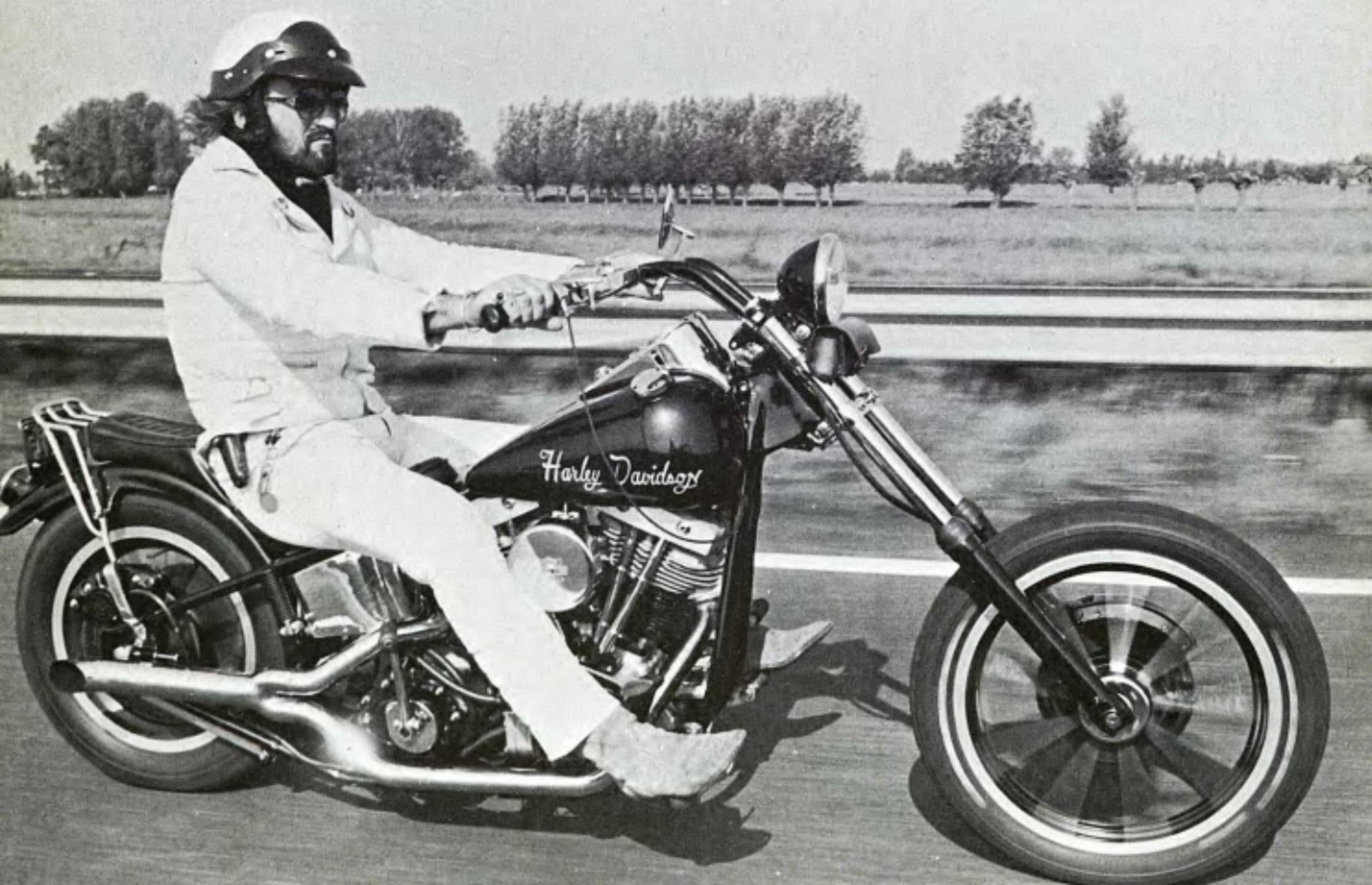
The Great Impostor

Dear Tex:

Well, li'l buddy, ah made it, ah really did. This is me and ah am heah in Europe. Ya know, ah really like ta keep mah flyin' ta the asphalt, but that there sacka Jack Black ya laid on me at LAX really got me through.

Ah started out sittin' between two old bags with stockings rolled beneath their knees and tits that rested on their guts as they slouched in their seats, but by the time ah'd humped through half that JD they was gone an' ah had the aisle to mahself.

Really, bro, that was



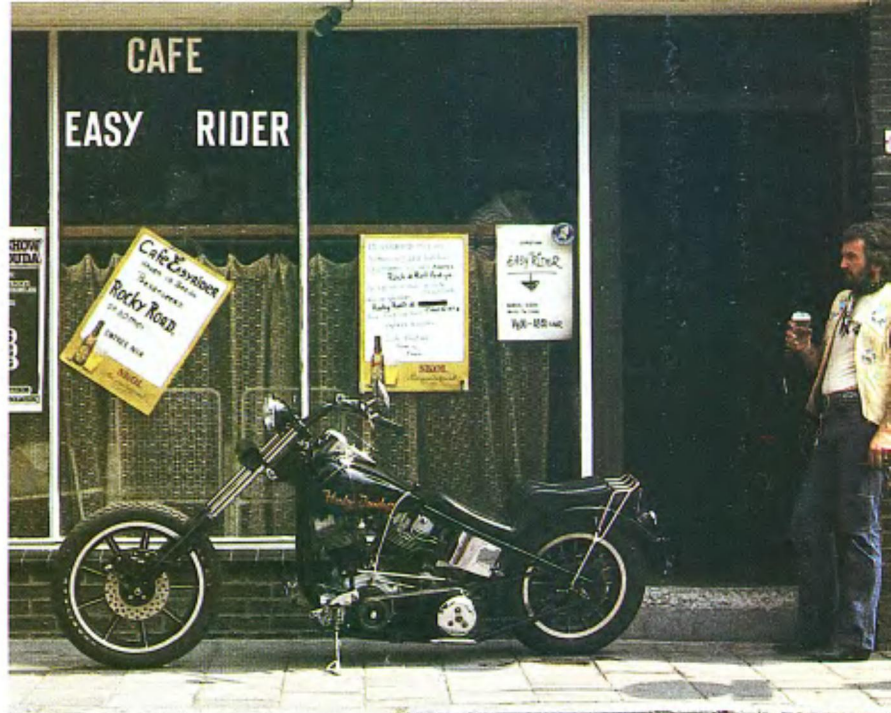


mucho more comfortable and ah even came close ta gettin' the red-headed stewardess to protect me from the elements by coverin' mah face with the most protective part of her bod as I laid across the three seats; but ah think ah passed out before we could get it together. Ah think ah passed out before then, anyway. Maybe not; could be she did. Mah mouth did taste kinda rank when they woke me up at Frankfurt. Shit, fer all ah 'member, anythin' coulda happened. Ya know me.

Anyhow, ah been heah 'bout a week now and ah gotta tell ya--Europe ain't like home. Ah mean Texas is big and Europe is small. Ya know that song 'Waltz Across Texas'? Shit, ya could jitterbug 'cross Europe on a six-pack an' a half o' Lone Star. Bros here spend more time diggin' in their jeans fer passports than they do lookin' fer gas money. Ever'time ya turn around you're at some kinda border crossin'.

Seen a buncha righteous scoots, though. Harleys are the thing to ride, the status putt. *Continued on page 78*





Photos by Michael Lichter



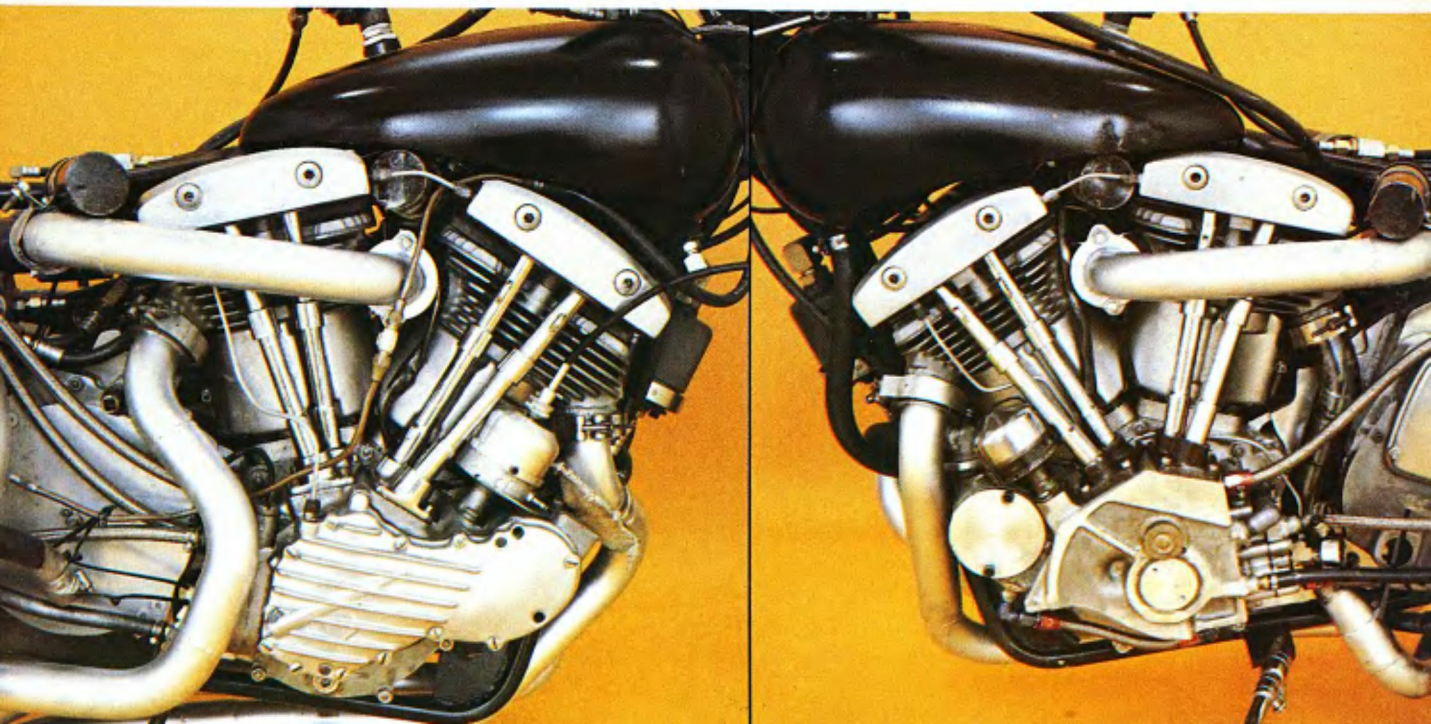
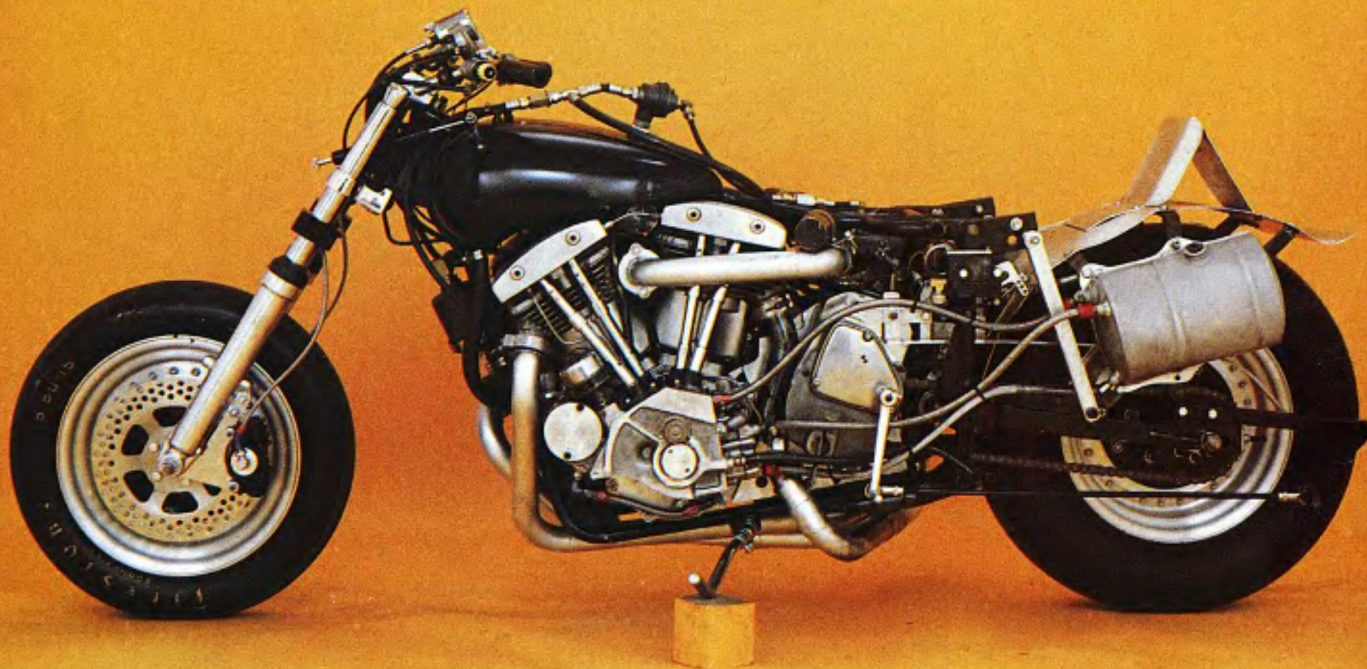
167mph Harley V-4!

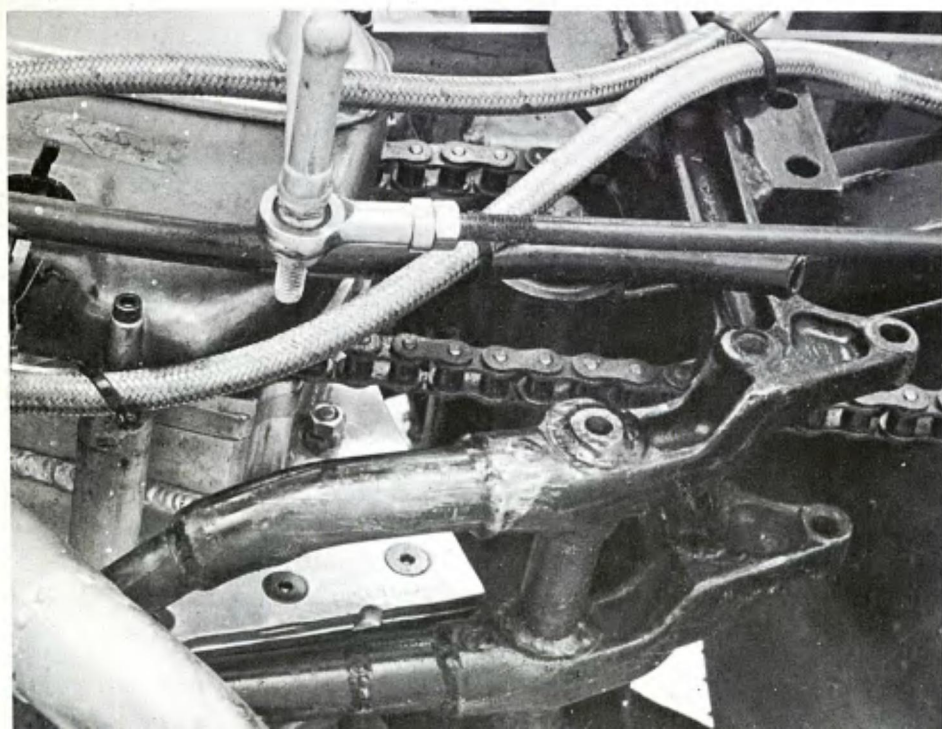
First Attempt Not Too Shabby When The Record Is 180mph!

Back in the October 1980 issue we ran a small article on a new concept for a big-inch Harley engine. We titled the article "Double Trouble" and featured photos showing the main engine components laid out part by part. This time we went the whole nine yards and shot the bike in our studio. The builder, Kenny Lyons,

had got in touch with us right after the '81 Speed Week at Bonneville, where he set some impressive times. Although Ken's original intention was to have an ultimate street scooter, the world speed record seemed to fall in with his plans.

He is no newcomer to the salt, and with the help of one crew member (Tut), the V-4's best

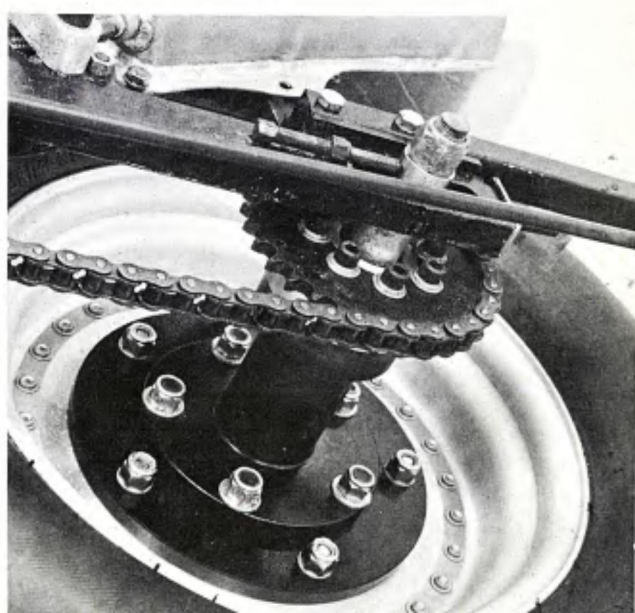


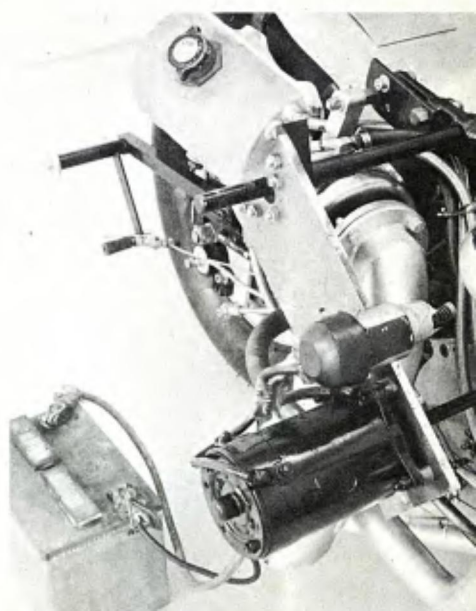
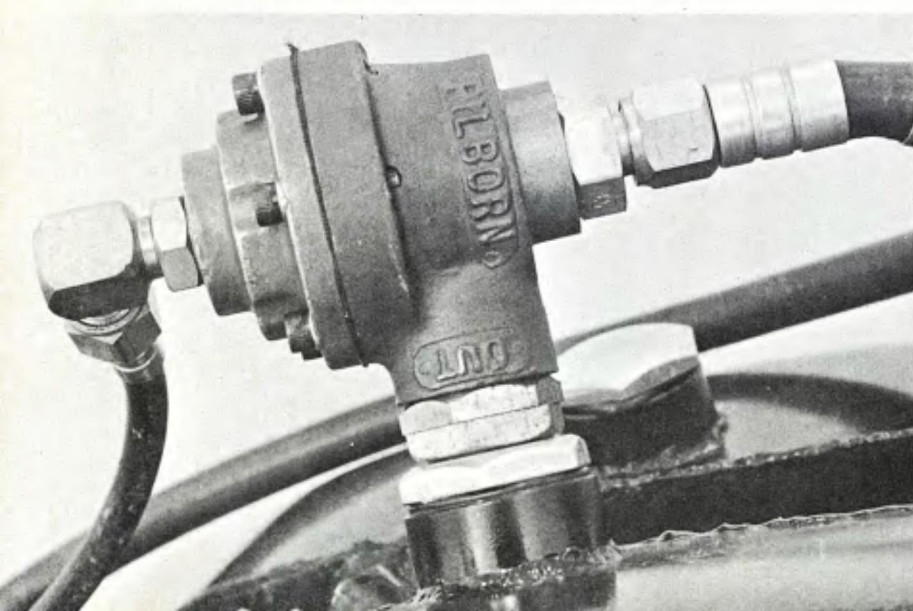
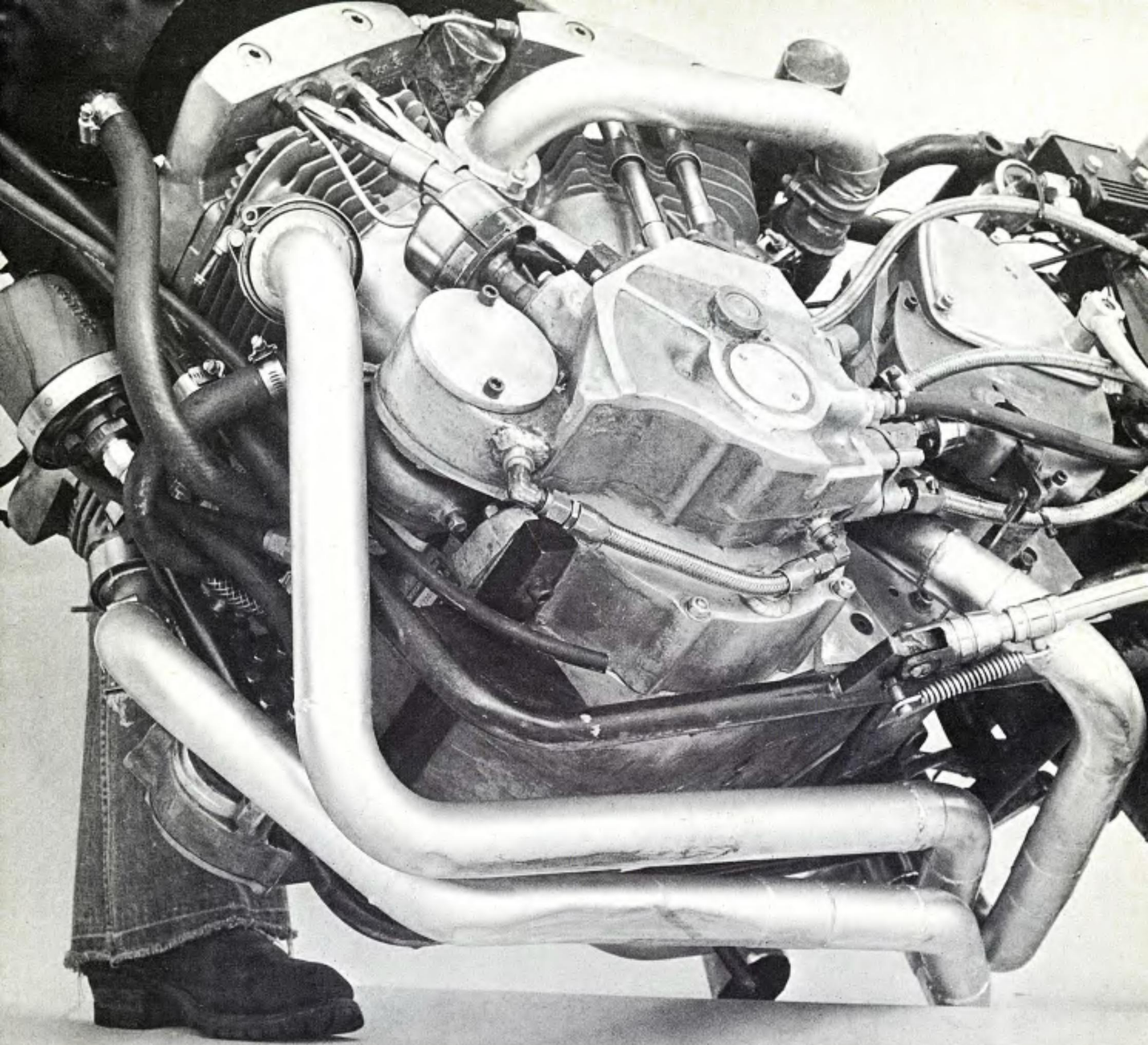


attempt was 167.910mph. Not too shabby, considering that the class record is 180mph. The V-4 would have set a record if the rear axle had not bent on a second gear shift that resulted in a handling problem at around 170mph. (I must admit I'm in awe of someone who casually talks about handling problems at 170, when the rain grooves on the freeway turn anything above 80 into a real nightmare for me.) When there is plenty of horsepower on tap — and this V-4 certainly has it — speeds of over 150 are an everyday routine. According to Ken, the only

mechanical troubles were a bent pushrod and a bad lifter at 6100rpm.

It took him three years to gather all the necessary parts and do the countless hours of machining, so a bent pushrod is nothing to worry about. The engine is made up of a combination of handmade and H-D parts. The two center cases were designed by famous engine wizard Bob George, who also built the four water-jacketed cylinders. The rest of the engine cases came from Cal Products or were used H-D cases, including the timing-gear section for

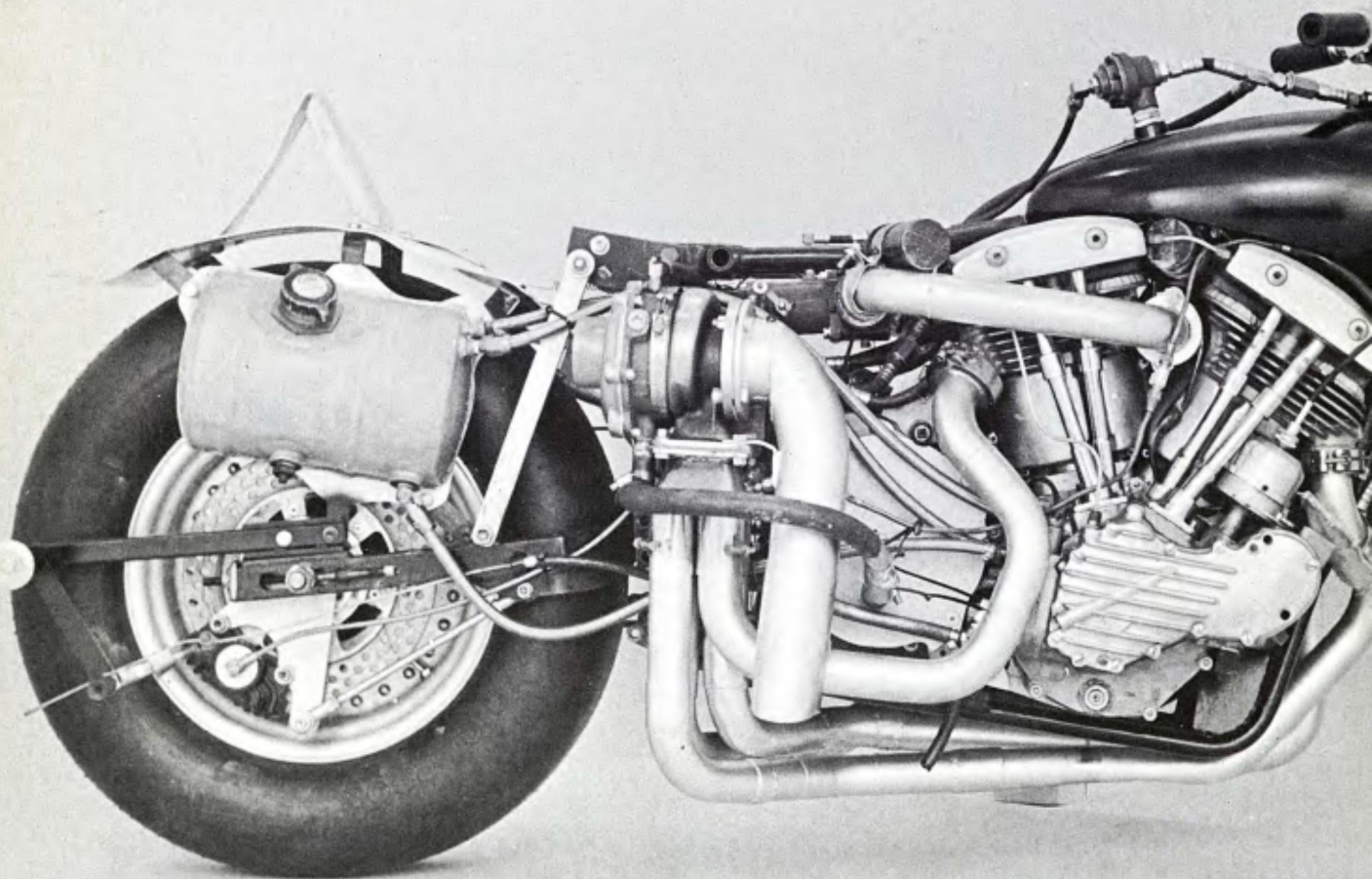
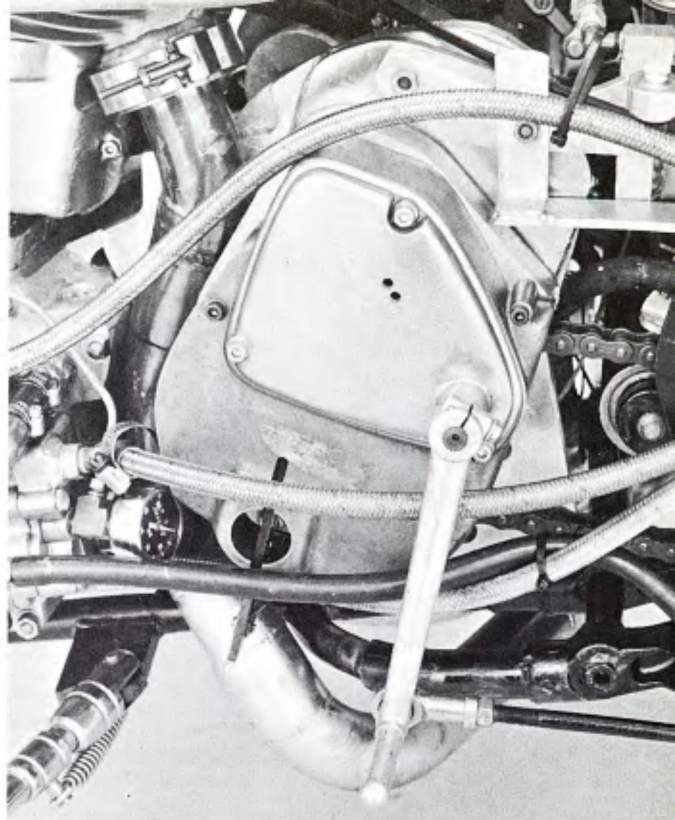


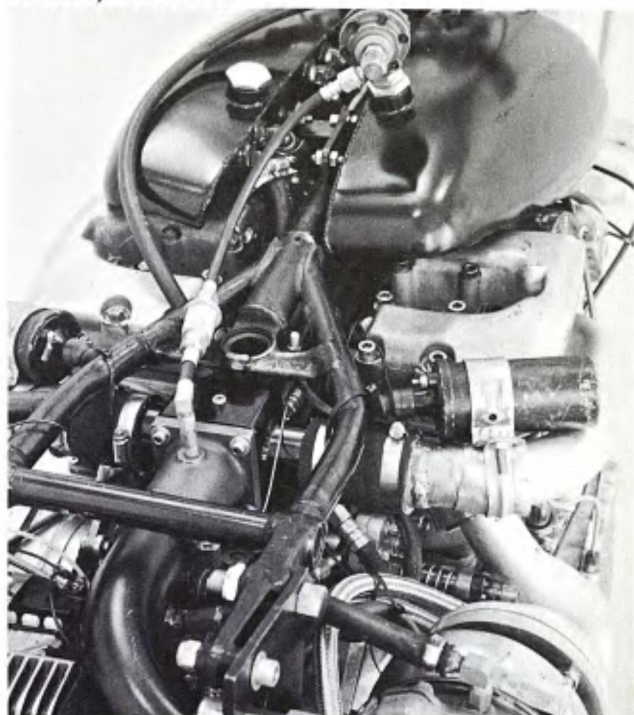


the left side of the engine, which had been sitting in a stream bed for a number of years. Ken cut away the flywheel housing material on the stream-bed case to leave the timing-gear cases and the oil pump intact. Both oil pumps turn in the same direction, so there is no need to retune or redirect oil flow. The left cam is a mirror image of the other. Basically, that means the left cam turns the same as the right, except that the cam gear is on the flywheel side of the timing case. All four heads are 1978 H-Ds. The transmission is a 5-speed, all hand-built out of various components, and the trans case is cast into the engine cases to keep the whole assembly smooth running. The engines themselves are approximately 150 cubic inches, so you can imagine what kind of speed the bike could put out if they were bored and stroked. But with Hilburn fuel injection and a Rajay turbo, the big inches weren't needed right now.

Well, with Bonneville behind him, Ken is looking to next year's meet for a record run and to make his V-4 a part of motorcycling's history. For me, Ken's V-4 is part of motorcycling's future.

— Wrench





Special thanks to the following people, who gave products or labor on the V-4 Harley project, without which I would still be dreaming.

—Kenny

Larry, Cal Products Co., East Jordan, Mich. L/S Harley engines, cases, Rocket Fuel.

Jim and Rick, Dew Mfg. Co., Inc., Westminster, Calif. Fork tubes, triple trees, and risers.

Robert George, Marina Del Rey, Calif. Water-cooled cylinders and jackets, fairing.

Roger and Steve, AAA Shot Peening, Phoenix, Ariz. Shot peen rods and hone true.

Bill Blair, Jammer Cycle Products, Inc., Burbank, Calif. Loan of front Firestone tire.

Bob Alford, Christian Customs, Oakview, Calif. Painting.

John Moreland, Carson, Calif. Machine work and parts.

Bruce Morton, Sunland, Calif. Heliarc welding.

Terry Smith, Carson, Calif. Machine work and parts.

Robert Ashley, Costa Mesa, Calif. Trans parts.

Jim Thiessen, Jim's Machine Shop, Camarillo, Calif. H-D engine parts and raw stock.

Garry and Bill, Holliday's, Camarillo, Calif. Head and valve work. Ultron synthetic lubricants.

Mac and Shelly, Mac Motor Works, Tucson, Ariz. Dynamic engine balancing.

Barry, Ellison Engineering, Gardena, Calif. Electrical discharge machining.

Perry and Nancy, Performance Machine, Paramount, Calif. Wheels, brakes, and hubs.

Andy, Harley Engine Specialties, Culver City, Calif. High-flow pinion shaft bushing, pressure plates, rocker shims.

Tom and Kennie Graves, Garden Grove, Calif. Exhaust pipe bending and ghost writer.

Mike, Barnett Tool & Engine, Santa Fe Springs, Calif. Clutch plates.

Skip, Phase 3 of America, Paramount, Calif. Inner clutch hub.

Tim, Doherty Machine Products, Torrance, Calif. Machine work and parts.

Greg Bennett (Tut), Head wrench.

GUT FEELING

Starkey squirmed out of his coveralls and stuffed them into a saddlebag. He threw a tired leg over his Harley and dropped his weight on the kick-starter. Two kicks later the bike awoke and Starkey headed for the gate.

His boss stuck her head out the office doorway and squirted some tobacco juice into the crabgrass. "Hey, Stark, you be here an hour early tomorrow, we got a big day."

Starkey pretended not to hear. Yeah, he thought, maybe.

As always, the ride home was a tonic. The bone-deep vibrations loosened the stiffness that had accumulated during his ten-hour day at the charcoal plant. As the blacktop tunneled through the woods, the evening sun broke the Ozark two-laner into a mesmerizing patchwork of light and shadow. He leaned back against the stepped saddle and let his body slacken into relaxation.

Starkey had been making the same five-mile ride to the charcoal ovens for three years. The pay wasn't great, but the job was as secure as the county jail. At least he didn't have to worry about eating. His boss was a 25-year-old widow with puffy cheeks and a fat wallet. Stark was her only employee, and the two of them worked like masochists side by side, six days a week. Her name was Sam. She wasn't bad looking, but she was what some folks might call crude. Raised on a backwoods dirt farm, Sam had never acquired the trappings of femininity that city girls do. She tended to regard perfume as a fancy thing for wearing to church, and she hadn't been to church in years. To her, being "ladylike" meant not letting her tobacco spittle splatter on a man's boots. She judged it was time to do laundry when the smell of her clothes heaped next to her bed was strong enough to wake her in the morning.

But Sam had one great attribute: she was getting rich off the charcoal plant that her husband had left her when he died. She lived in a beautiful house that he'd built for her near the ovens. It was only a month after he finished the house that she found him in the doorway of one of the ovens, his hands and face burned away. The county coroner figured he'd had a heart attack while tending the fires.

Since then, Sam hadn't shown much interest in men. She hid her young body in frumpy work clothes

and made no attempt to attract males. Not that she didn't have the chance. Most all the truckers who came for the charcoal had their eyes on her. She could've had her pick of the lot; but she knew they believed she was Starkey's woman, and she did nothing to set them straight.

Fact was, though, that Sam kept ol' Starkey at arm's length. The only time he'd ever been in her house was the night she called him over to chase out a crow that had come down through the chimney. Stark had been really impressed with the house, especially with the den that harbored a huge stone fireplace. He'd also admired for the first time the fleshy curves revealed by Sam's nightclothes. But it was of no use. The woman was cold.

Like Sam, the charcoal plant itself was unassuming. Laid out on a naked swath of clearcut forest, it was nothing more than a row of brick-lined ovens, an equipment shed, and a small office. Underfoot were six inches of hard-packed charcoal and fragments of mutilated trees. Work at the plant was uncomplicated, but strenuous. Starkey and Sam loaded the ovens with timber, fired them, and unloaded the charcoal when the fires burned out. Unburned pieces had to be removed by hand. They staggered the burnings so the work remained constant, day after day.

Starkey arrived home as the stars began puncturing the sky. In the twilight, his little house took on the shape of a wounded bear slumped against the mountainside. His most recent live-in woman had taken off a month ago for California, so the only warm body to greet him was that of his psychotic little beagle named Barf, who ran up and licked the soot off the biker's hand after the bike came to a stop.

Starkey could never figure out what that crazy dog was up to. He glanced suspiciously about the yard and spotted it under his

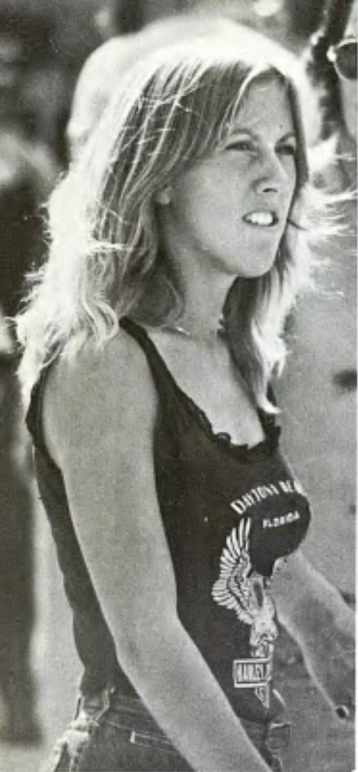
hammock — a formidable mound of shit — Barf shit. "You fucking shit-bag dog," he commented. The dog had acquired a nasty habit: Starkey called it creative shitting. Among other places, Barf had left his sculpted mounds on a toolbox in the garage, in the center of a coiled garden hose, and perhaps most daringly of all, on an open biker magazine left lying in the yard. Starkey guessed it was boredom that caused this, so he had rigged a leather pad on his gas tank and started taking the little mutt for rides. The dog turned out to be a natural biker — he even barked at Winnebagoes — but he still shit wherever he damn well pleased.

Starkey stepped into the house and realized the power line had shorted again. His stereo sat sulking powerlessly in the corner, a Grateful Dead album lying corpse-like on the turntable. He shrugged it off and lit some candles. He sat peacefully and pulled from his bottle of Jack Daniel's until a familiar fuzz settled down over his brain. Another catatonic night in southern Missouri.

The house walls were barren except for remnants of Starkey's past — photographs of friends and landscapes and motorcycles, feathers of owls and hawks he'd salvaged from road kills, and most cherished of all, twenty consecutively dated Missouri cycle tags nailed up chronologically. These were the most visible evidence of his years of poking around the Ozarks on his Harley. Above the tags hung a set of mangled handlebars, a memento of a head-on encounter with a Volkswagen that had broken his legs, ripped jagged holes all over his body, and mercilessly dismembered. *Continued on page 113*

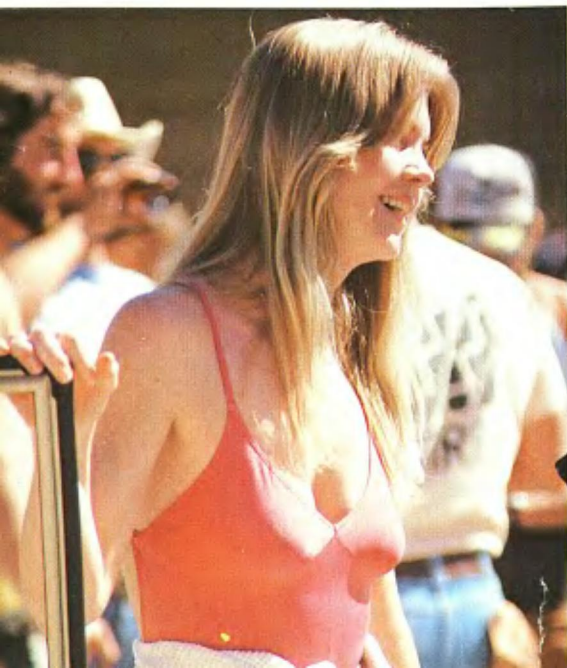
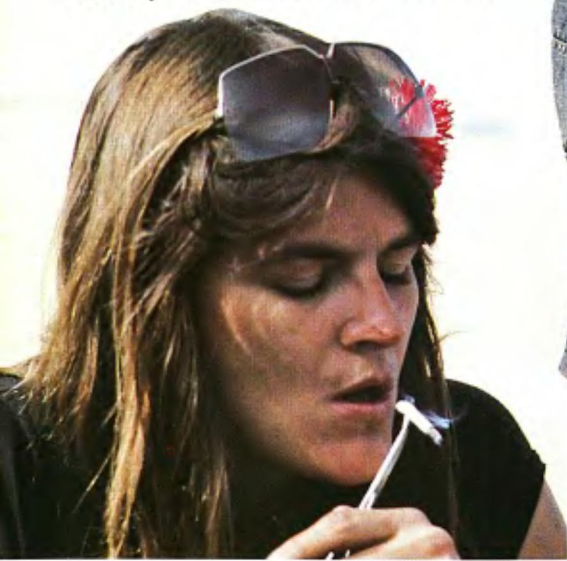
by
**Sherwood
Stuckey**

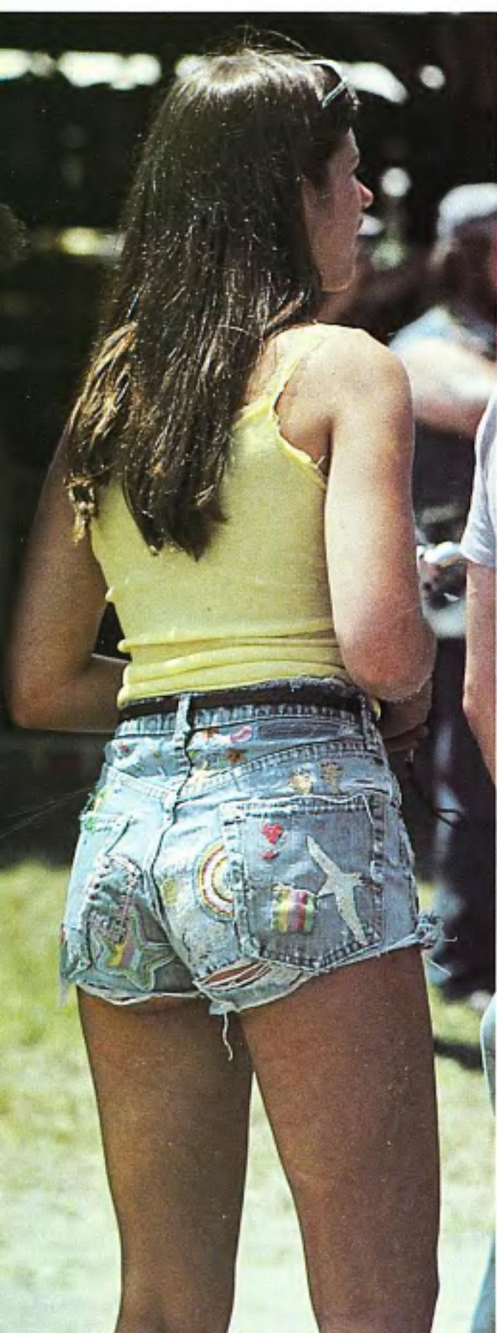
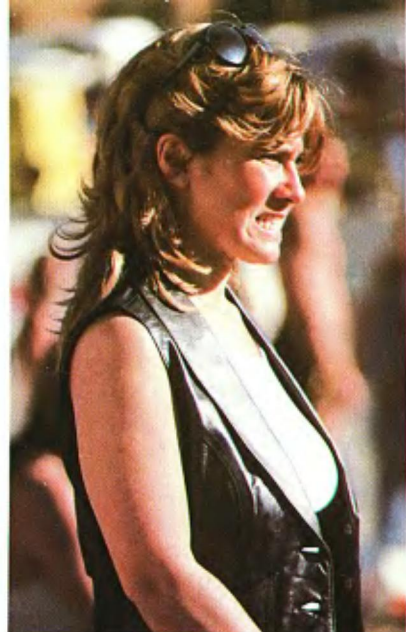
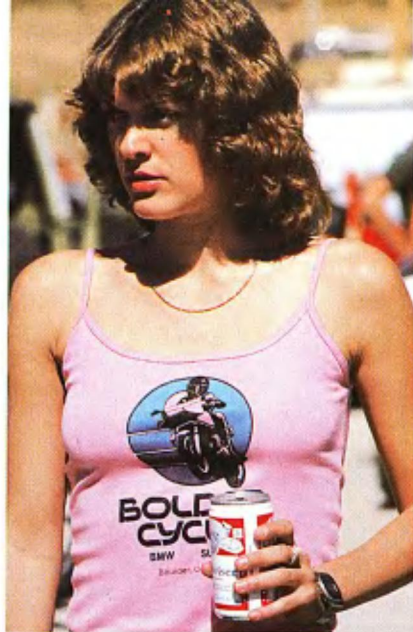


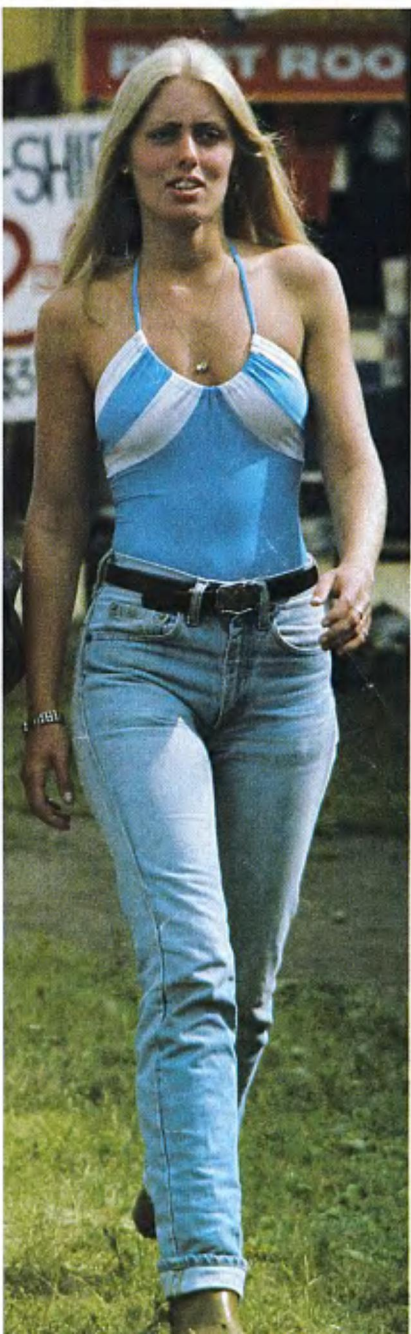
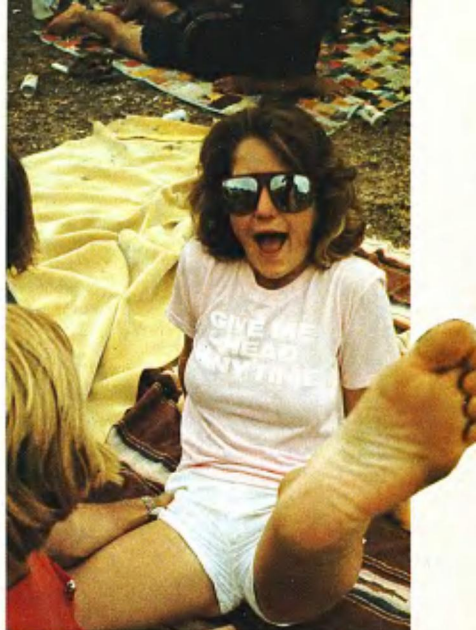
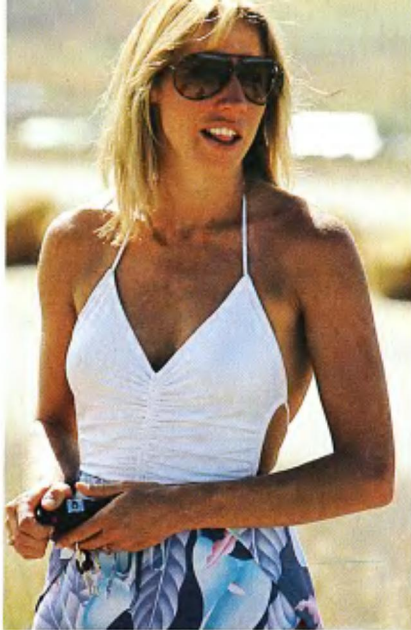
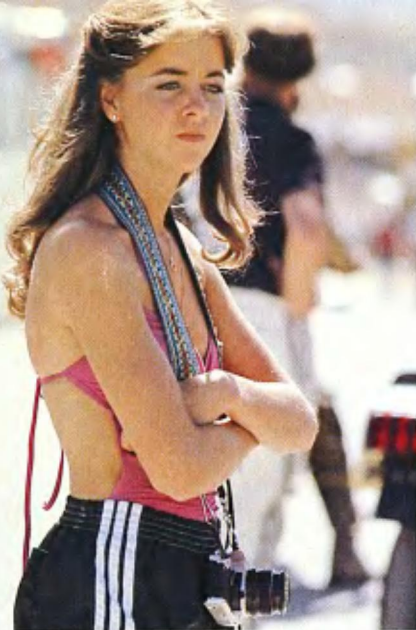


Just Checkin'

Now I ask you, is there a more tantalizin' sight than sun and shadows on a luscious set of tits? Or the seductive symmetry of bodacious buns clad in a frayed cutoff? Or how about those eye-catchin' bikinis? Can you dig followin' a glinting cascade of hair as it undulates over a bare-down-to-there young girl's back? And do



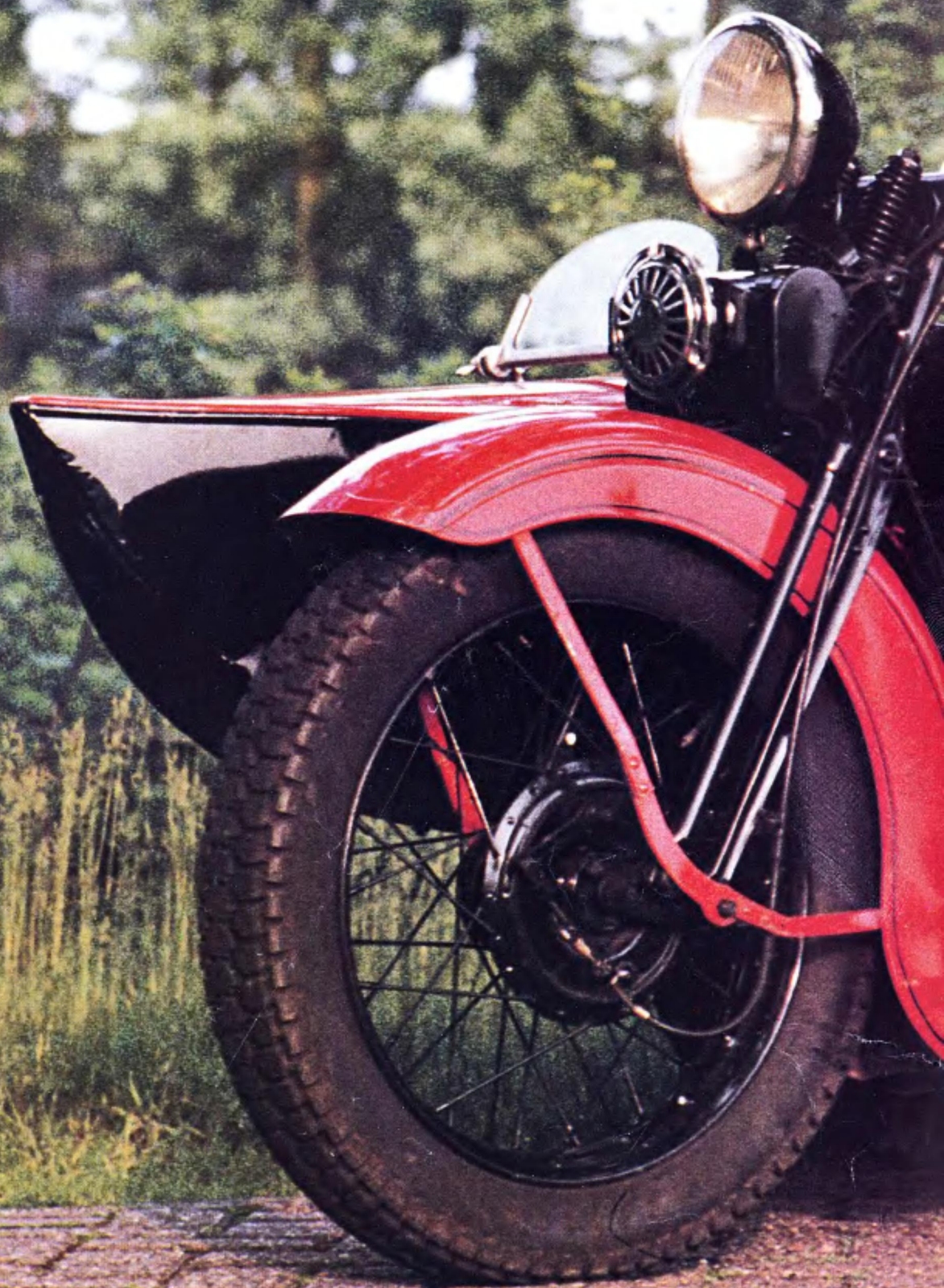




you sometimes find yourself winkin' back at a cute li'l hard-belly's navel? Yeah — me too.

We can't get enough, nor can our ace lensmen. The photos here are an example of what they bring back every time we assign them to cover such events as Sturgis, Bowling Green, Daytona, drag races, hillclimbs, helmet protests, blood runs, toy runs, poker runs, bike shows, and swap meets.

Bikes — what bikes? They attract the women — and besides, how do you shoot a bike with a hard tongue in the way? — Kodachrome Freaks



In all my travels, I've never seen a gem like this one — a 45-cubic-inch 1934 H-D R model, complete with sidehack. Ya gotta admit, it's not the kind of thing ya see puttin' down the

road too often. What's really amazin' is that this one hails from across the sea, callin' Holland its home.

Now any bike that's nearly a half century old is gonna have a real inter-

SURVIVOR

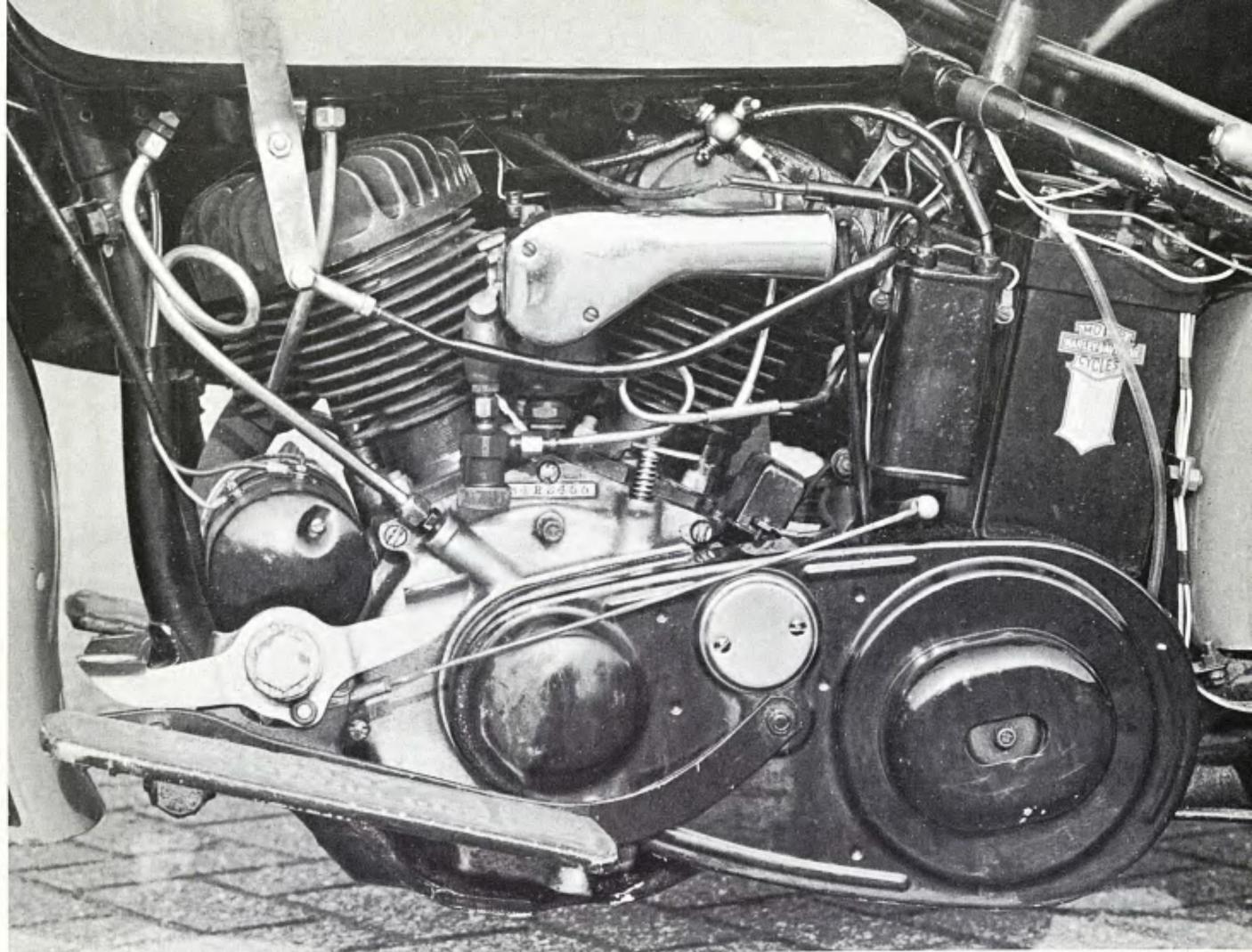
Text and photos by Mike Lichter



esting story, but ya gotta wonder how many of these bikes had to be buried to survive a war. Ya see, back when Hitler was stompin' his way across Europe, he'd nail everything in sight

that could be melted down and aimed our way. Imagine this American beauty as thousands of bullets shootin' through the air at its own flesh and blood. It could make ya sick. The

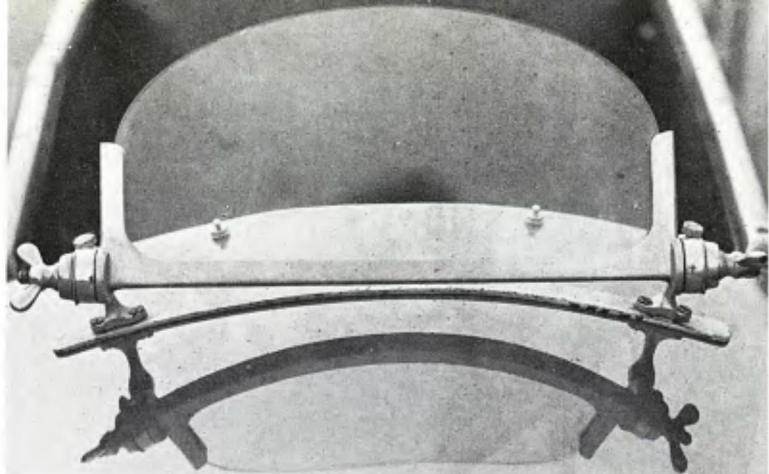
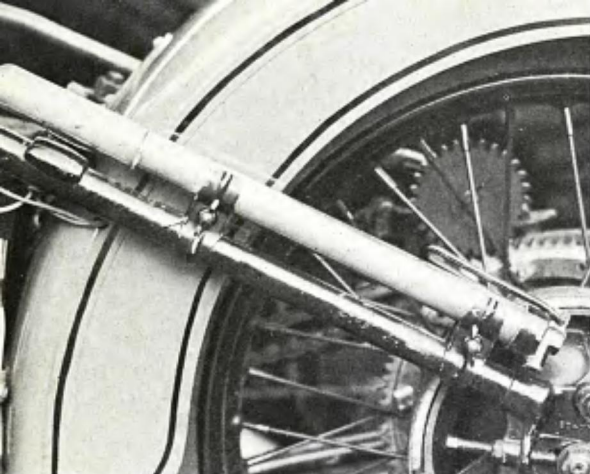




original owner couldn't see it, either, so he put her into the Danish underground, right out back in his barn. She spent a good five years split in pieces under a mound of hay. The only thing that stayed in sight was the leather seat, which he figured would work pretty well in the house. Meanwhile, thousands of later-model 45 liberators were out doin' the dirty work.

When the war was over, the bike was reassembled, but sat for yet more years until she was bought from the family and taken from Denmark to Holland in '70. The new owner went through everything and did the paint job you see here. My buddy Jan Kennis went through the insides again when he got her a while ago, but basically, this is how he found her.

Ya couldn't hope to find one of these machines in better shape, nor could ya hope to find one with fewer miles (or kilometers, as they go by over there). The original Corbin speedo

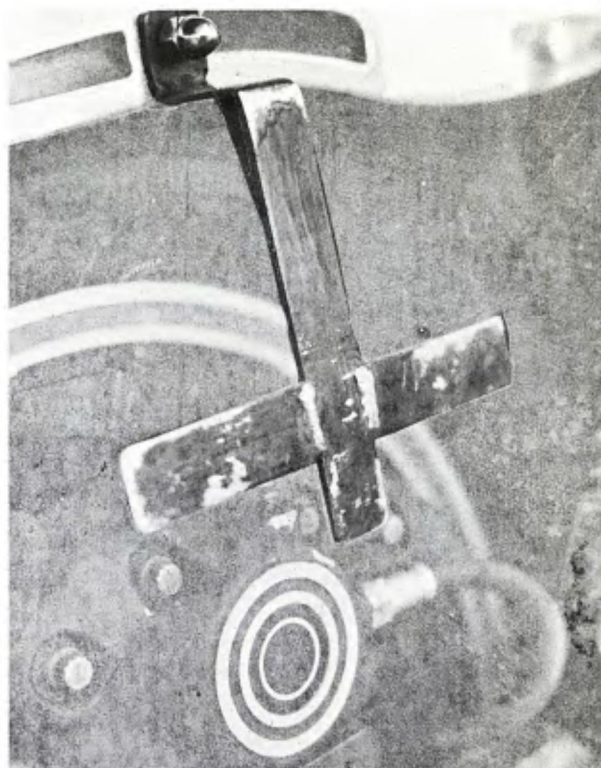
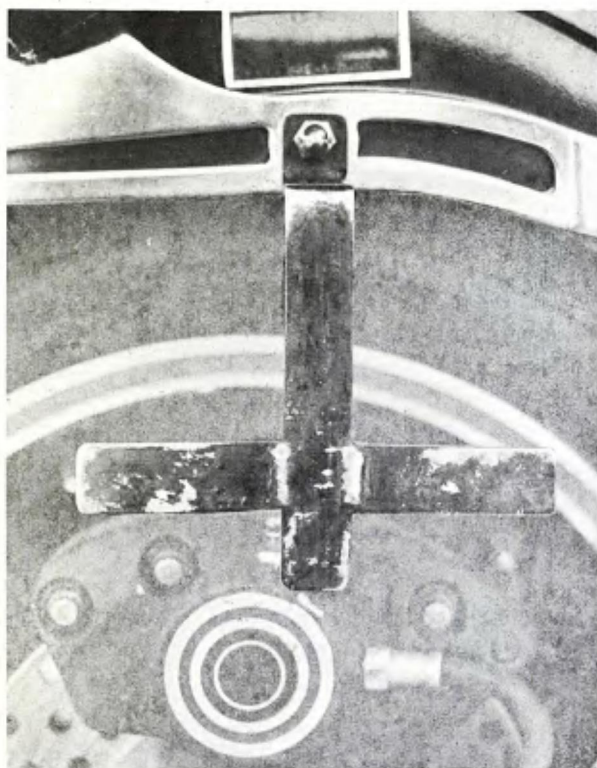


read 73,804 kilometers when I looked. That's less than 46,000 miles total, or less than a thousand miles a year since she was born in June of '34.

She still rides great and is a blast to use. Up in Amsterdam, where we had her one day, she fit right into the scene, since almost everything you see is old and well kept.

Sure, I'd like to see her back over here someday. But hell, if we're gonna be represented abroad, it might as well be by the best.

Owner: Overseas Int'l. Trading		City: Breda, Holland	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner and H-D factory		Year: 1934	
Year and make: 1934 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: 45-cu.-in. R model		Type: rigid	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: none	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: one year		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: O.I.T., Breda		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: original sidecar bar	
Year: 1934		Risers: none	
Model: H-D 45-cu.-in. R		Fender(s): H-D original	
Rebuilder: O.I.T., Breda		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: H-D	
Displacement: 45 cu. in.		Speedo: Corbin	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: running boards	
Balancing: O.I.T., Breda		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: new 6v	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: H-D	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): stock		Oil system: oily	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: soft H-D leather	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: factory		Height: fender supports	
Muffler(s): stock fishtail		Material: U.S. Steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: springer	
Year: 1934		Extension: none	
Shifting: far-out		Builder: H-D/O.I.T., Breda	
Engine sprocket: sidecar gearing		Special features: painted	
Trans sprocket: sidecar gearing		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Flip		Rim width: WM5	Rim width: WM5
Color: red-black-gold		Tire: Firestone	Tire: Firestone
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: stock H-D	Brake: stock H-D
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: original factory sidecar.			



Metal Support For Leather Saddlebags

I rode to the beach last weekend with a loose bunch of fifteen riders. We left around dark on Friday night and I was all set for a nice three-hour putt, since the beach is only 150 miles away. I knew I should have rolled more joints when it took us four hours to go the first 80 miles. During that first four hours on the road, the need for various tools came up quite often. This never-ending supply of tools came from the leather saddlebags on Chuck's Sturgis. As I watched the roadside activity, I finally realized that Chuck must be carrying some serious weight in his bags. My next thought was to wonder

how the hell he kept the saddlebags from hanging down against the rear caliper and the rear belt guard. Chuck must have read my mind while my eyes were glued to the shiny buckles on the side of one bag. He walked over to his bike and lifted up the bag, exposing a rigid support, the one you see in the photos — a simple bracket made out of 1/8-inch by 1-inch strap steel, held on by one of the fender bolts. As all this info was clicking through my brain, Chuck started telling me about his first trip with leather saddlebags and how the right-hand bag hung down against the rear brake caliper and wore out a set of brake

pads in less than five hundred miles.

One bracket took about 30 minutes to construct from some cold-rolled strap steel. The center section of the bracket started off as an 8-inch piece of metal, drilled 3/8 inch on one end. The drilled end was measured down 3/4 inch and bent 90 degrees. Or you can measure over on the long part 1 3/4 inches and bend the steel at a 90-degree angle going the opposite way, as in the photos. A small triangle of the same steel is used as a support under the second bend to keep the bracket from folding in toward the wheel. If you have stayed with me through this tech tip it

shouldn't be too hard for you to figure out how the cross-pieces are welded on to support the saddlebag longways. The total length of the cross-piece is seven inches.

About the only improvement Chuck could think of would be to rivet a couple of snaps or some Velcro fasteners to the bags and the support brackets to keep the saddlebags from flopping up and down like the wings of a chicken trying to take off in a tail wind.

By the way, we made it home in record time from the beach. The only casualty was my clutch cable 20 miles outside of town.

—Wrench

PAID IN FULL

by Wise Man

He was only half asleep in the sterile darkness. Beads of perspiration formed a glistening crown across his forehead, and here and there rivulets of sweat trickled over his body, plastering the starched hospital sheets to his skin.

Suddenly he was in bright daylight that hurt his eyes and forced him to squint. He was lying on the ground again, puzzled by the warm, thick liquid that ran down the side of his face, forming a crimson pool under him. With an effort he turned his head and saw the three figures moving away from him, their boots crunching on the gravel.

Then the screams started. A twisting, agonizing knot tightened in the pit of his belly, threatening to rip out his insides. He tried to cover his ears, but he couldn't move. He could only lie there helplessly and listen. He clenched his teeth, and the tendons in his jaw stood out like cables, bearing down with such force that he thought his molars would shatter into a thousand little pieces.

After what seemed an eternity, the screams finally subsided, and for a time all he could hear were the guttural sounds of men taking their turns. But eventually they, too, stopped — and there was only the quiet darkness again.

• • •

The nurse wheeled Jake out through the doors of the hospital and down the ramp that led to the street. He felt a little foolish being wheel-chaired around, like he was a fucking invalid or something. But the nurse had insisted that rules were rules. And Jake didn't feel much like arguing.

Still, it didn't bother him nearly as much as it would have just a short time ago. After all, he was no longer the same Jake — not by a long shot. A man is bound to change some when he comes back from the dead.

He and the nurse were about halfway down the ramp when he saw it. Even from a distance it was beautiful, so beautiful it nearly took his breath away. The chrome glinted sharply in the afternoon sun, making it almost painful to look directly at it.

It was propped up on its stand, the back wheel resting against the curb. As Jake's eyes took in every line, he thought back to the long hours he had spent in Bigfoot's garage, where he had started building the bike virtually from scratch, with nothing more to work from than a vision that kept floating around inside his head. Every day after work he had gone to the garage. Weekends too.

Often he was so exhausted he could barely drag himself home. But the hard work paid off. Gradually the formless rods of steel had turned into something halfway resembling a motorcycle. Then finally, after a year and a half, it was finished — the last coat of paint dry and the last nut tightened. And it was a beauty. No one who saw it could deny that. Jake felt his chest swell up with pride just gazing at it.

The brothers must have brought it to the hospital for him, figuring that the first thing he'd want to do when he got out was ride. They were right. After six months in that lousy sick bin it would feel good just to lean back in the saddle and savor the awesome power of the seventy-odd thundering horses of that finely tuned Harley engine. His pulse quickened at the thought.

"Over there," he said to the nurse, motioning with his hand over to where the bike stood silently waiting.

The nurse wheeled him to a stop. "There you go," she said in a cheery tone of voice.

"You're now a free man."

Jake gripped the arms of the wheelchair and pushed himself to his feet. He took a few tentative steps toward the bike, causing the nurse to let out a startled gasp.

"Omigod! You're not going to ride that thing! You just got out of the hospital!"

Damn right I'm going to ride it, he said to himself. It was time to renew an old, old love affair. And it was also time to settle a few scores that cried out in the night for vengeance.

As Jake made his way over to the curb, he opened and closed his fists a few times, making sure that the long hours spent in rehab had gotten all his moving parts back in working order. He could ride, he decided. The docs had done a good

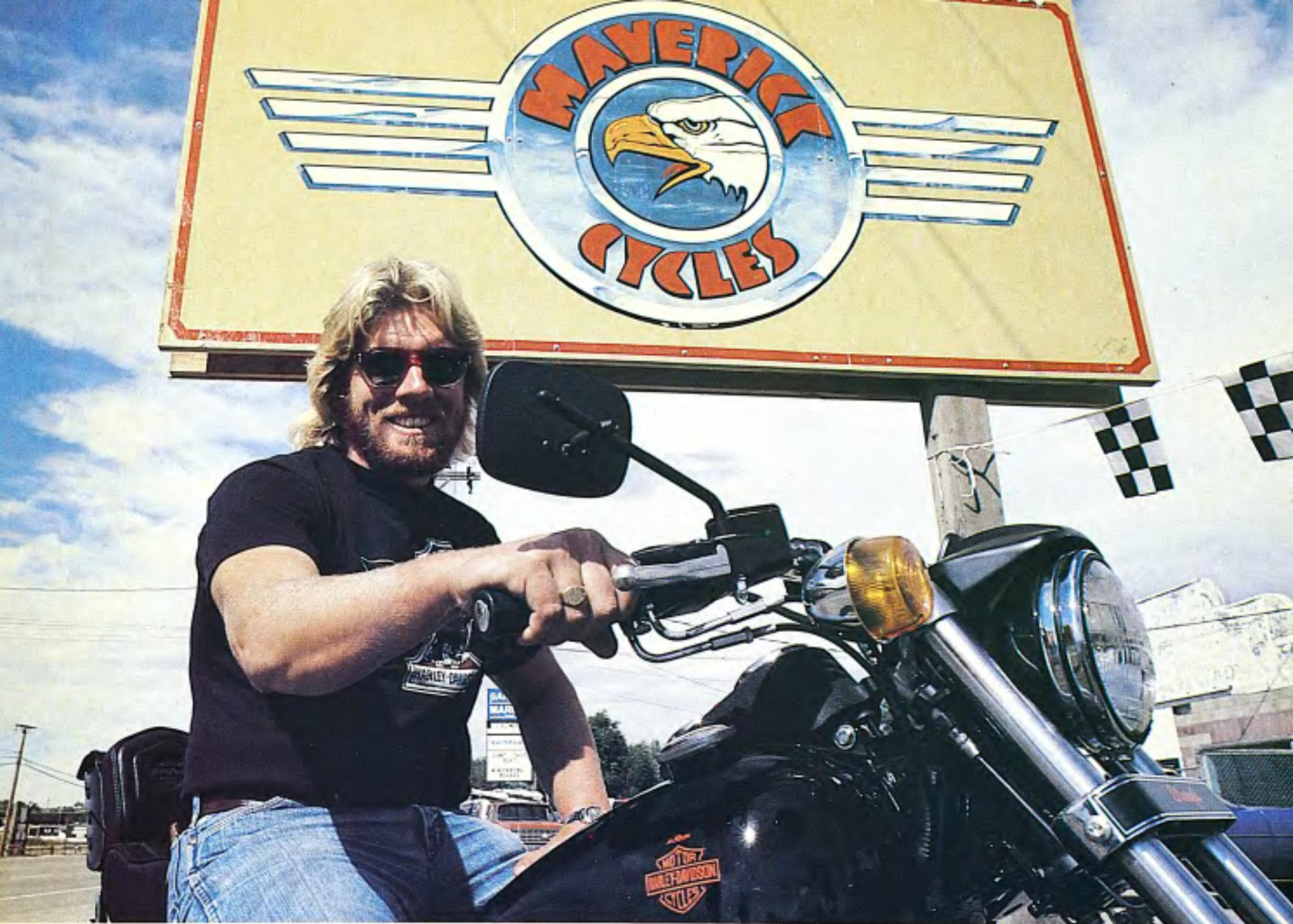
job. For all his pissing and moaning the last few months, he had to give those quacks credit, especially considering that he wasn't even supposed to be alive — not after sustaining multiple fractures of the skull so severe it was lucky his brains didn't just come oozing out his ears. He had lain in a coma for five days, and the doctors didn't hold much hope. While he was unconscious the brothers had gotten together and decided that they would pull the plug on him if it didn't look like he was ever going to wake up. They figured it was better to go that way than wind up a vegetable for the rest of his life. Hell, if a biker couldn't ride, what was the use of living anyway?

But somewhere deep down inside him there was spark that would not go out. He had awakened in the middle of the fifth night, screaming

Continued on page 97

"Damn right I'm going to ride it, he said to himself. It was time to renew an old, old love affair. And it was also time to settle a few scores that cried out in the night for vengeance."





ER Raffles A Hog

When Spider decided the boss way to celebrate Sturgis was to raffle off a brand-new Hog of the same name, it really got the bros schemin' and dreamin'. Some even took time off from watchin' the mud rasslin' to buy fistfuls of tickets, hopin' to seed the barrel.

Not Dave Hurff — he breezed into Sturgis Friday night, dropped in on the "ER" festivities Saturday and bought one ticket for himself and one for a buddy — seems he owed for a beer and needed to break a twenty to pay his friend. By Saturday night he was too blitzed to make it to the drawing. He putted home to Gillette, Wyoming, on Sunday, unaware of the bonanza comin' his way.

Meanwhile, things were getting hectic. The mud wrestling ring was being dismantled, the last wasted bros were bein' swept out the back door, and there,

gleaming, sat a \$7,200 H-D Sturgis, waitin' for someone to claim it. Nobody answered at Dave's phone number — he was still on his way back home —

so Big Joe made an executive decision: "We gotta keep this here bike safe for the winner," he said. "Since I can't trust none of you guys, I'll ride it back to California. Sooner or later the winner will answer his phone and we'll figure out how ta get the bike to him then."

Well, despite getting busted in Colorado for riding with both hands scratching his ass instead of grippin' the bars, Joe fell in love with the Sturgis and was no way gonna part with it. So, a few weeks later,

Spider kited Maverick H-D in Gillette to prepare a new H-D for Dave. There went the raisin pie budget for the next five years — and Dave Hurff had his Sturgis.



National
TO DECIDE
DEDICATED TO FREEDOM OF THE ROAD
Abate

Easynews

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

Dead biker harassed!

"They want me to either pull that tombstone down or dig him up and move him," La Vonne Eller says of a lawsuit filed against her by the trustees of the Old Tombstone Cemetery in Roanoke County, Virginia.

The four-foot-high monument to La Vonne's ol' man, Jerry "Squirrel" Eller, killed in a crash almost two years ago, is topped by a carved motorcycle wheel containing the following inscription:

Squirrel a true bro who rode hard and died young 1 percent.

In its suit, the cemetery board contends that only ground-level markers are allowed in the section of the graveyard where Squirrel is buried. According to La Vonne the gravesite was selected because it faces Tinker Mountain, one of her ol' man's favorite spots.

La Vonne says the reason the trustees want the tombstone yanked down is actually that Squirrel was a righteous biker and former president of the Pagans MC chapter in Roanoke.

"If your husband had been a

high official," she says one trustee told her, "we might have considered letting him have a headstone."

La Vonne, who is supporting herself and her son on \$500 in monthly Social Security payments, plans to continue fighting the move to desecrate her ol' man's grave.

"The worst part is that I don't have the money to pay my lawyer," she told reporters. "I went out until two o'clock the other night putting ads in bars to sell my drag bike. Who's gonna buy my drag bike?"

Say, whaaat?

"I don't understand it, but the girls say there's something magical about a motorcycle. Once they ride on that motorcycle, that's it. Eventually, they'll do anything."

—John Reilly, district attorney, Media, Pa.

Roadblocked bikers get \$18,000 after collision with police chief's car

A jury in Pittsburgh has awarded two Pennsylvania bikers injured in a police roadblock almost \$18,000 in damages.

The accident occurred back in 1978 while Edward Bowles, 23, and Edward Sedlock, 32, were puttin' down a street in the McKeesport area. Accord-

ing to testimony by a McKeesport police officer, the two bikers were speeding, so he radioed ahead, asking Police Chief William Kruczek of nearby Versailles Borough to set up a roadblock.

Chief Kruczek's police car came "tearing over the top of the hill," Bowles testified. "It

suddenly turned right in front of us with its tires skidding and smoking."

Unable to stop, Bowles rammed the prowler car and was thrown thirty feet into the air. Sedlock missed the cop car but went down trying to avoid it. Both bikers denied speeding and testified they

were at no time aware that the police were chasing them.

Bowles, who will get \$14,775 of the judgment against Versailles Borough, suffered fractures of the breastbone, ankle, wrist, and toe. Sedlock, who was awarded \$3,000, was treated for a broken finger and cuts.

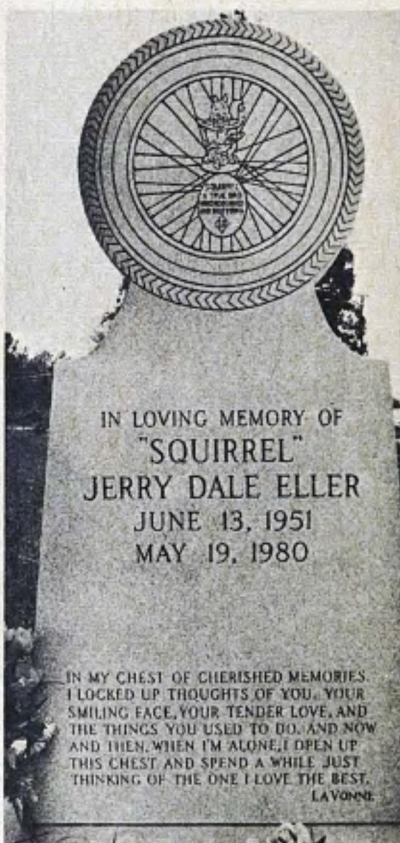


Photo from Wide World

Harley polo a "fair" game

Brew-filled trophy to the top team

"If you come out without bleeding knuckles and bruised shins, you're not playing like you should," says Harley polo player Randy Wiltcheck.

Harley polo, which is played by two six-biker teams, apparently originated forty years ago when two teams competed as one of the attractions at the Minnesota State Fair.

After that brief performance, the game was apparently forgotten until about ten years ago when the Flying Dutchmen MC of New Ulm, Minn., and the Mankato MC of nearby Mankato, revived it for what has become a series of annual matches.

"It's something between polo and soccer," Flying



Photo by John Cross, Mankato Free Press

Dutchmen president Steve Sprenger said. "There are rules prohibiting intentional ramming of bikes, the use of hands, and driving into the goals."

The object of the game is for the bike-mounted players to roar up and down the field, trying to kick or otherwise ram the ball (using any part of the body except the hands) past the V-twin-powered goal-tender into the goal.

This year's annual match was noteworthy in that it was played before paying customers at the Brown County Fair — the first time since that day forty years ago that Harley polo has been treated as a genuine pay-to-get-in spectator sport.

According to the Flying Dutchmen, the only practicing they do prior to game time is organized chugging of Schell beer, a local brew. Could be important to master that, after all. The game trophy that passes to each year's winner holds a small bathtub supply of brew and, tradition has it, the president must down whatever is poured into it, or else.

Alberta reinstates helmet law

Ruling that "the legislature may restrict the liberty of individuals as long as

it observes due process," the Alberta, Canada, Court of Appeals has reinstated the

province's mandatory helmet law.

The three-member court reversed a provincial court judge's decision that the helmet law violated the Alberta Bill of Rights.

According to a spokesman for the Alberta attorney general's office, the province will immediately begin prosecuting all outstanding cases against lidless riders. Prosecutions had been halted for the almost four months between the law's being found invalid and its reinstatement.

The wrangle started back in April when Judge Ray Thomas, acting in the case of James "Jungle Jim" Pennington of the Bikers' Rights Organization, ruled that the mandatory helmet section of the Highway Traffic Act was discriminatory against bikers because it regulated safety in a manner not intended by the act.

In essence, the judge agreed with Jungle Jim's contention that requiring motorcyclists to wear helmets violated a provision of the Alberta Bill of

Rights guaranteeing all persons equality under the law. Jim argued that since cage drivers and their passengers are free to decide on their own whether or not to use helmets, bikers are entitled to the same freedom.

Arguing for the province, Crown Counsel Nolan Steed claimed, and the appeals court agreed, that the provincial government has the power to enact laws directed toward one segment of society.

"Not every law need apply to everyone in every situation," Steed said.

The appeals court sidestepped the issue of whether or not the helmet law is a reasonable exercise of government power. "We cannot invalidate legislation just because we feel it is ill-considered," one justice noted. "Mr. Pennington's complaints belong not before the courts but before the government."

The Bikers' Rights Organization has, at this writing, not yet decided whether to appeal the decision.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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



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

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

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

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

Name, nickname, or mark _____

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

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

U.S. And Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
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	No ¹⁰	Yes	No
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	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	No	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	No ⁹	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	No	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
Wyoming	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
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

¹ Under 19, ² Under 18, ³ Required even if bike has windscreen, ⁴ Helmet must be reflectorized, ⁵ Helmet for both rider and passenger, ⁶ Lights on if bike is made after 1977, ⁷ Required for speeds above 35 mph, ⁸ Bikes of 1970 or newer, ⁹ If over 21, ¹⁰ If over 16.

This chart is accurate as we go to press — but keep in mind that laws are constantly changing. Send information on new laws in your area to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Short Strokes



The first Prison Bike Show ever in Illinois has been successfully held at Menard. Sponsored by the MCC Brotherhood of Bikers, the event featured the awarding of trophies to the top bikes, a special buffet-style meal for the inmates and their visiting bros, and a lot of rappin' about good days on the outside.

A petition drive, calling for an election to decide the fate of the controversial ordinance banning bikes from parking downtown during the Black Hills Motorcycle Classic has been started in Deadwood, South Dakota... A Motorcycle Safety Foundation poll revealed that 65 percent of bike riders have more than five friends who also ride; less than 2 percent have no friends who ride. The same poll shows that almost 60 percent of riders have other members in their immediate family who also ride.

ABATE of Florida will hold a rally at the state capitol in Tallahassee the weekend of Jan. 16-17. Emphasis will be on the repeal of the helmet law and the institution of training programs... Bikers in Lachine, Quebec, have defeated a proposed anti-noise law that would have banned bikes from most city streets. A city hall visit by 150 bikers helped convince the city fathers that the ban was discriminatory.

Cage drivers in Michigan may soon understand what all the anti-helmet law fuss is about. Top state officials there, including Gov. William G. Milliken and the head of the state police, are planning to introduce legislation making it a criminal offense to ride in the front seat of a cage without a seat belt on... The Pennsylvania House Transportation Committee has approved a bill that eliminates mandatory use of helmets for all bikers, except those under 19 and those who have been in the wind less than a year. A similar bill died on the floor of the legislature last year.

Air Force bans trikes on Alaska installations

Civilian employees of the U.S. Air Force in Alaska are burning mad at the banning of trikes from 13 aircraft control warning sites throughout the state.

Many of the workers depend on their trikes for 100 percent of their transportation needs and, for others, trikes are a major source of recreational fun.

"Any way you look at it, they're giving us the shaft," said Bruce Brightman, a teletype technician at the Tin City base. "They're pushin' civilian people around like they are part of the military."

The first attack on the three-wheelers began last July, when the Air Force issued a series of so-called safety regulations regarding trikes: rules requiring the wearing of "protective equipment," mandatory attendance at "safety" lectures, etc.

Less than a month after the issuance of those regulations, and before the impact of the new safety rules on the trike accident rate could possibly be assessed, 11th Tactical Group Commander Leland Kennedy, without any prior warning, banned the trikes completely.

Biker uses pantyhose cage cure

Many bikers make it a habit to stop and assist stranded motorists. Some clubs even have printed courtesy cards they hand out to grateful drivers whose cages the club members get back on the road.

Peter Lorimer of Toronto, Canada, however, *really* believes in duty above and beyond the call.

Stopping at a gas station in a barren section of west Canada, Peter found a Calgary woman and her daughter stranded. The woman's car wouldn't start and the pump jockey had no idea why. Making some temporary repairs to the electrical system, Peter got the car started and offered to follow them to the next service station.

A good thing he did, for ten miles later the fan belt came off and flew out of the car. Peter chased it back down the highway, retrieved it, and proceeded to put it back on — only to discover one of the radiator hoses was shot. Peter rode back to the first gas station and was informed that they didn't have the proper size hose in stock.

"He came back with a hose that didn't fit," the older woman said, "but he used

a familiar sight



Photo from Point Photo Service

a nail file and scissors to adapt it. He burned and cut himself in the process, but he got it on."

Off the intrepid trio went, but soon the fan belt gave up the ghost completely.

"He asked if we had any pantyhose to be used for a fan belt," the woman recalled. "We had three pair, but each lasted only a few miles."

Eventually they found a fully-equipped gas station and had all necessary repairs made; but fond memories of a biker who cared linger on.

"The biker told us he was on a tight schedule and had to get back to Toronto," the woman related. "He had planned to ride up to Edmonton to see a friend but, instead, he spent almost ten hours helping us."

President Reagan thanks biker for saving kidnapped 18-year-old chick

The villain is whipping the shit out of the horses as the pretty li'l victim screams her lungs out from her trussed-up position in the back of the buckboard. Champion's white legs blur as Gene Autrey rides to the rescue.

Stride for stride, Champion matches pace with the four black steeds pulling the buckboard as Autrey swings out of his saddle and jumps into the middle of those galloping, 1500-lb. stallions. Slowly, pulling himself through the rigging hand-over-hand, Autrey reaches the buckboard, vaults onto the seat, and dispatches the bad guy to dreamland with one well-placed punch.

Move Over, Gene!

Alerted by the screams of an 18-year-old girl kidnapped at knife-point from the parking lot of a Houston supermarket, Jim Dickson, 25, a club bouncer, jumped on his bike and started chasing the kidnapper's car through the early morning streets.

Pulling alongside the cage, Dickson jumped from the seat of his bike to the roof of the moving car. He then managed to fight his way through the sun-

roof, capture the villain and rescue the distressed damsel.

For Dickson, who shrugged off praise, the sugar arrived in the mail a few days later in the form of a letter from the White House: "I want to com-

mend you for your bravery and cool-headedness," the President wrote, in part: "Your actions averted a terrible tragedy. All who know you will never forget your caring enough to come to the aid of someone in such trouble."

Old, bold, and bitter 'bout buckets

Have you ever worn a crash helmet?

I am more than 70 years old and in my day was a keen motorcyclist. But I never wore a helmet.

A few months ago I had occasion to ride a motorcycle and accordingly (because of the law) I had to wear a helmet. I found it horribly uncomfortable and very restrictive — both as to seeing where I was going and to hearing the sounds of the road.

Why are politicians so keen on telling me what I must and must

not do, particularly in matters in which I should be allowed to please myself? Why should I have to wear a helmet — supposedly for my own protection — when it is my opinion that I am safer without it and in better control of my machine?

Politicians should be forced to go around wearing a crash helmet themselves for a period so that they can find out what it is like.

—from a letter to the editor in the Manchester, England, *Daily Mail*.



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Aquarius

Aquarians are highly original, eccentric, independent, and worth their weight in gold. Their strange but fascinating approach makes 'em interesting conversationalists. Aquarians have an overload of friends, but can always find time for a new one.

Aquarians are broad-minded toward other people's ideas, lifestyles, sex life, and even their prejudices — as long as such things don't infringe on their own behavior. When that happens, look out! Aquarians will put you in your place and will not sugar-coat their feelings or words. They are seldom impressed by traditional methods or authority figures. Most abide by their own code of ethics.

Some descriptions of notable Aquarians are: humorous and unique (W.C. Fields and Benny Hill), innovative (Jules Verne, Charles Lindbergh, and Charles Darwin), inventive (Thomas Edison), unforgettable (Babe Ruth), a sign of the times (James Dean), strangely provocative (Tallulah Bankhead and Zsa Zsa Gabor), weirdly creative (Yoko Ono and Lewis Carroll), sexy (Burt Reynolds, John Travolta, Robert Wagner, Clark Gable, Paul Newman, Lana Turner, Kim Novak, Claudine Longet, and Farrah Fawcett), talented (Jack Lemmon and Mia Farrow), musical (Mozart), bald (Telly Savalas), and often put a foot in their mouths (Tommy Smothers).

Aquarians are into casual sex and hate to be tied down to one bed partner, which is why they're so hard to catch. But they are well worth the chase, and can be loyal when caught. They make a ball-bustin' combination of friend and lover. The male Aquarian's middle name is freedom!

The female Aquarian is usually just as rugged and difficult to tie down. She is both lover and buddy, who can wield a graceful wrench, party hearty, and whip on something feminine — all while telling a raunchy joke.

Aquarians are susceptible to varicose veins, weak ankles, cracks in their turds, and leg pains from poor circulation. Otherwise, they're healthy.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 19)

This month, love has your nuts in a knot and puts on enough pressure to blow your socks off! Watch out for an urge to stay in the sack, or you'll get stuck in a sticky situation. Mentally you're still in high gear, but don't pack your bags for a long ego trip. Furthermore, you can't afford to be so friggin' headstrong, or partners will pull the old switcharoo on your ass.

Taurus (Apr. 20 — May 20)

That infamous New Year's hangover could hang on long enough to put your dick in the dirt and get you labeled a lightweight. You're feeling so low, you're trippin' on your tongue. Worse yet, bummer attitudes can cause encounters of the worst kind. Better shake the dust off your dong and pull yourself together before you put your foot in your mouth or earn a big boot in the butt.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

The year starts out with you gathering a new source for wheelin' and dealin'. Look before you leap! Otherwise, you might muscle in on another dude's territory. Remember,

payback can be a bitch and a half. The gamble that's up for grabs may not be worth the game. Check out the ground rules before rolling with the punches. Save enough time to recharge your batteries in bed.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

Steer clear of all forms of shit-stirring, especially if you're on the end of the stick. The fickle finger of fate can put a crimp in your crank this month if you overdo your mattress athletics. Otherwise, you can finally pole-vault over a few financial hurdles. Aim high, but don't get greedy. Hang loose on those shaky days 'cause next month is high gear!

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

Save some room in that space between your ears to store info that can even an old score. You'll be turned on to a secret that'll not only let you save face, but show class while you're at it. This month you're the one who has the last laugh; even better, it's the longest! Be alert for behind-the-scenes shakedown and use 'em to your own advantage. Time to tie up a few loose ends.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

Time to cut your partners some slack and let a few mind-fucks slide. Right now you have a tendency to get a lot crazier than usual. Go ahead; you deserve an extra helping of both raisin and hair pie. While you're at it, pass your ol' lady more than hot air. It'll boggle her mind and keep her guessin'. She may even think you're someone else and give you a good piece of ass for a change.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

Slow down on the road, or learn the real meaning of "breakneck speed." Don't be in such a hurry to get creamed. Be doubly careful around electrical equipment (unless you want your hair curled and your shorts shredded). Watch what (or who) goes in your mouth, and don't get caught with your pants down. Money is scarce and collectors beat on your door. Best stay in bed (or hide under it) — your only concern there is premature ejaculation!

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Scan your brain waves before throwing in the towel on a

mind-boggling situation. Don't underestimate your mental resources now. You can set people straight and still keep things legal and friendly. Brush up on your diplomacy (if you can find it), use a taste of righteous indignation, and if all else fails, polish up your bullshit! Enjoy, but don't let the bulge in your britches overload your brain.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

Air out past problems and come up with fresh perspectives, even if you have to use the other dude's mistakes to make yourself look good. There's a need to tidy up some loose ends. You've got the green light in this area. Just be sure to proceed with caution. By month's end, you'll be in high gear and knee-deep in nookie. Any low blow now is well worth a second try.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

Keep your nuts nailed down to home base and bolt the door. Involving yourself in neighborhood hassles can leave you with a set of gray balls and a bruised ego. Put on your blinders and tend to your own biz. This is a good time to wear a trail to the bedstead and screw yourself crosseyed. Afterwards, amuse yourself with some hair pie, but be sure to play with your food before you eat it!

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Happy birthday! Party till your pits stink, your tongue's tired, and you feel as if the Loch Ness monster had crapped in your mouth. (How can so much fun feel so bad?) Then take a box of Alka Seltzer, dump it in the john, grab a straw and suck till your head caves in. (If this works, let me know.) Afterwards, if you're able, don't forget your birthday piece. Oh yeah, it's a good month if you make it.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

This month there's a tingle in your dingle, plus an itch to bitch. If you've got a case of the horns, you've got a heavy case of the beat-off blues, too. Remember, a bumfuck attitude will get you just that — if you're lucky! A change of scene could be what the doctor ordered now. You need relief from the ratrace of reality. Don't forget to feed your venus flytrap (or was that penis?). ■

WITTY WILLIE'S REVENGE

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

The state trooper pulled the speeder over to the side of the road. To the lecherous cop's delight, the driver turned out to be a gorgeous girl who was very obviously under the influence of alcohol.

"Miss," the trooper said, "I'll either have to give you a ride to the station and you'll lose your license, or give you something else."

So she wouldn't miss his meaning, the trooper started to unzip. "Oh no, offisher!" she cried. "Not another breathalyzer test!"

—Arlene
New York, N.Y.

Easyriders



"You're not people, asshole! You work here."

Definition of *incorrectly*:
When it is in right, up tight, and feels right, it is in correctly!

Definition of *hereafter*:
If you're not here after what I'm here after, you'll be here after I'm gone!

—P. Cowart
Liberal, Kan.

On his first visit to the zoo, the biker's kid stayed and stayed at the stork cage. After standing and staring for a long time, he finally turned to his dad and said, "Shit, Dad, let's go! He don't even remember me."

—Pops
Detroit, Mich.



"Actually, it's only the female skunks that smell bad. No one's ever taught us how to douche."

Then there was a neighborhood butcher who was charged with beating his meat in public.

—Dino
Portland, Ore.

Do you know what is really gross? When you're fuckin' a pregnant woman and something grabs your dick!

—Scott Morris
Chanute, Kan.

The hung-like-a-horse bro had died with a hardon and the funeral directors were having fits. They tried strapping it to his body, but it pulled him into a sitting position. They tried tying it to his leg, but the leg sprang up into the air.

So they called his ol' lady and told her the problem. She advised them to cut it off and shove it up his ass. The undertakers agreed and wondered why they hadn't thought of it.

At the funeral, the widow walked by the casket and noticed a pained expression on the departed's face. She leaned close and said, "See, you bastard, I told you it hurts!"

—Tim Eugh
Williston, N.D.

Easyriders



"Hey, Frank, you about givin' me the..."

Q: What's red and has seven dents in it?

A: Snow White's cherry!

—J. Smith
Tulsa, Okla.

Easyriders



"Jesus, lady! The stamps don't taste that bad, do they?"

Q: What's the difference between drinkin' and drivin' and smokin' and drivin'?

A: When you ask the drunk to let ya drive, he argues with you. When you ask the pothead to let ya drive, he says, "Man, I thought you were."

—Charlotte
Daytona Beach, Fla.

In today's world, be average — and fuck everybody up.

—Michael Austin
Springfield, Mass.

Why do farts stink? So deaf people can enjoy them too!

—Jackie Bauer
Clarkston, Wash.



SCOTTY

"As members of the morally outraged, we demand you do something about a masturbating chimpanzee."



lookin' great! How
name of your dealer?

What did the bug say after it hit a biker in the head? "If I had the guts, I'd do it again!"

—Tips
Chatsworth, Calif.

My Ol' Lady

Well, you can nag, nag, nag.
You dirty old hag,
You slithering slimy slut.
May maggots lie between your thighs
And fester in your butt.
I'd rather drink dead men's puke
Than suck your slimy clit,
And every time I see your face
I think of vulture shit!

—Scarecrow Allen
Gulf Port, Miss.

Then there was the rat biker who got a pair of Odor Eaters. The next day, all they found of him was his chain belt and Buck knife.

—Hard
Malone, Fla.

"Hello, darling," breathed the obscene phone caller. "If you can guess what's in my hand, I'll give you a piece of the action."

"Listen, schmuck," replied the target, "if you can hold it in one hand, I'm not interested."

—Lisa Devaux
N. Central Islip, N.Y.



"He looked between Big Millie's legs last night and complimented her on her flowered panties. He only found out today that Big Millie never wears panties!"

1st Biker: Do you know why little girls put goldfish in their panties?

2nd Biker: No, why?
1st Biker: So they can smell like big girls!

—David Puie
Litchfield, Ohio

Q: Do you know the difference between sperm and piss?
A: One is coming and the other is going.

—Boo Boo
Owensboro, Ky.

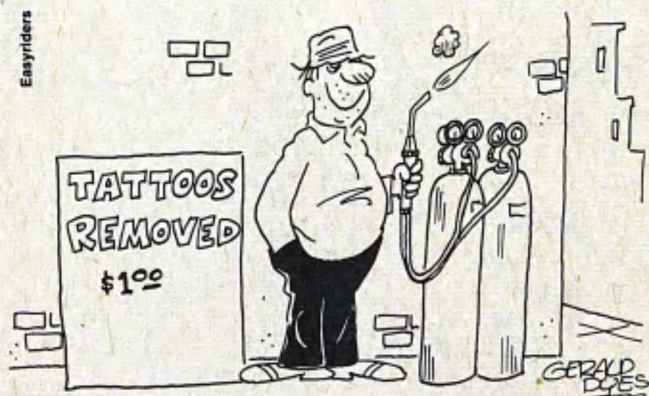
One day, Miss Piggy and Kermit were playing a little slap and tickle when the phone rang. "May I talk to Miss Piggy?" asked the voice.

"I'm sorry," answered Kermit. "Miss Piggy can't talk right now; she has a frog in her throat."

—Wolf and Giggles
Sun Valley, Calif.



"Man?..What man, dear?"



Definition of illegal: A sick bird.

—Nails
Simi Valley, Calif.

Definition of virgin on a waterbed: cherry float.

—Meat Ball
Crofton, Neb.

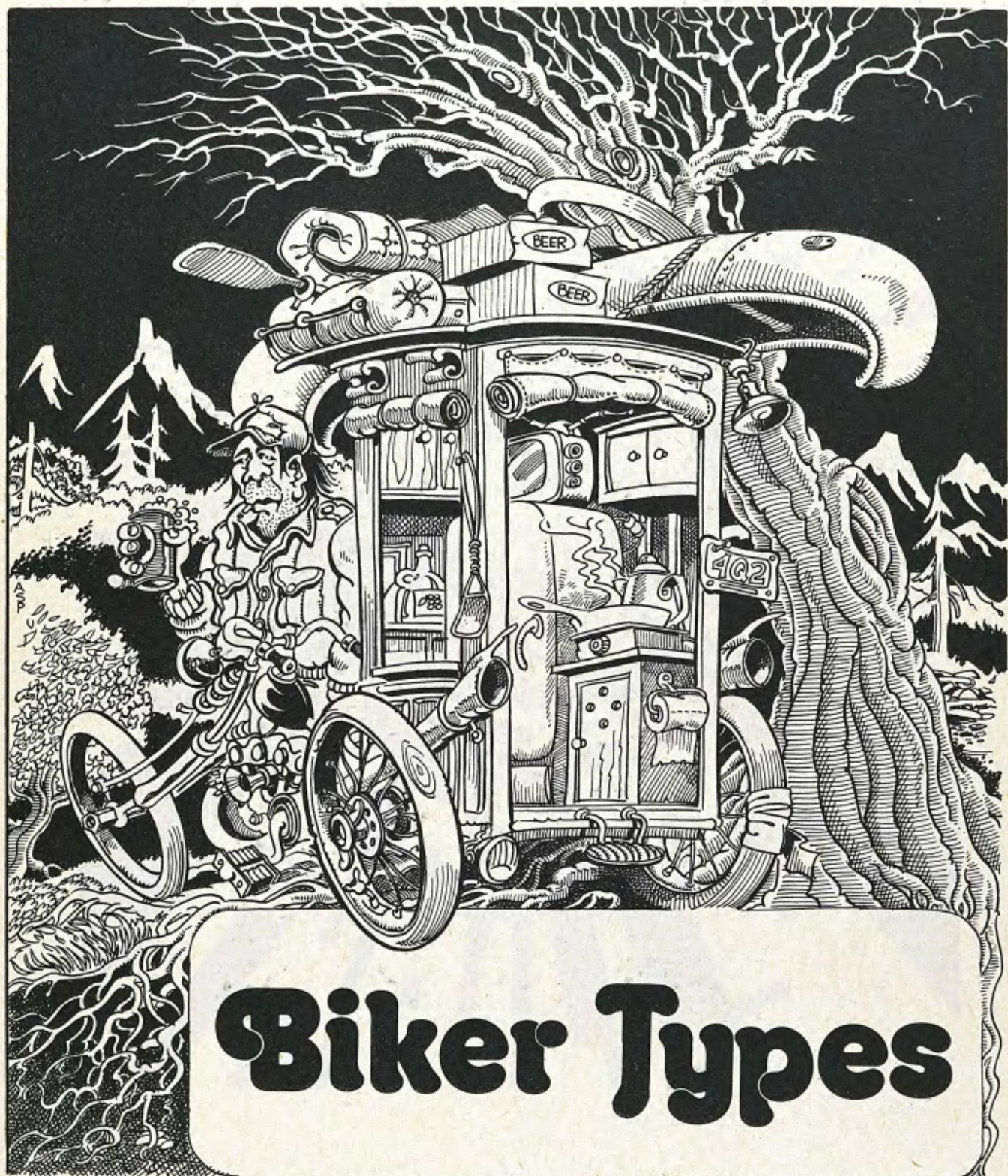
Once a biker and his ol' lady were on an airplane. The ol' lady was giving her ol' man head when the stewardess stopped and said, "That's disgusting."

To that the biker replied, "You bet your ass it's disgusting, stewardess. Just look how little leg room there is in this damn thing!"

—Rick Gottardi
Juneau, Alaska



"Did you have to have him cough just after he finished eating?"



Biker Types

1960: THIS AMAZING THREE-WHEEL CAMPER-SCOOT WAS DESIGNED AND BUILT BY ART BUNG. ART, WHEN ASKED ABOUT THE ABSENCE OF SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS, REPLIED, "WHO NEEDS 'EM, WHAT WITH THE AVAILABILITY OF UPPERS ON TODAY'S MARKET AND PLENTY OF SERVICE STATION RESTROOMS TO SACK OUT IN?"



FREE IRON-ON

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:

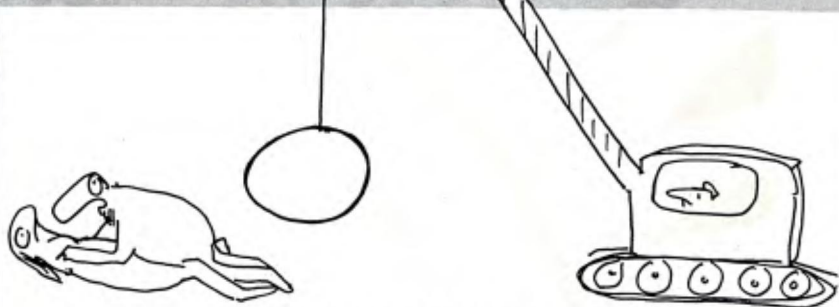
1. Use a dry iron at the "linen" temperature setting.
2. Slip the T-shirt over ironing board, with stiff cardboard under surface to be ironed.
3. Trim around the transfer, removing all the printing. (It's okay to leave some of the blank paper around the design.) Place the transfer ink side down on the 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.

NURD PEOPLE

TAXIDERMIST



"I wish I had a picture to work from. Where did you run over it?"



"Hope you don't mind. I figured, since I was good for only one hump, I'd make it a good one."



"Actually, it's biker's jewelry. The teeth belonged to some guy who insulted a Harley."



"Oops! Man overboard!"



"Hey, man, I'm sure it's not because you stepped on her stomach. Lots of girls get sick at a party."

DOWNTIME

By
Ben Doverdoll

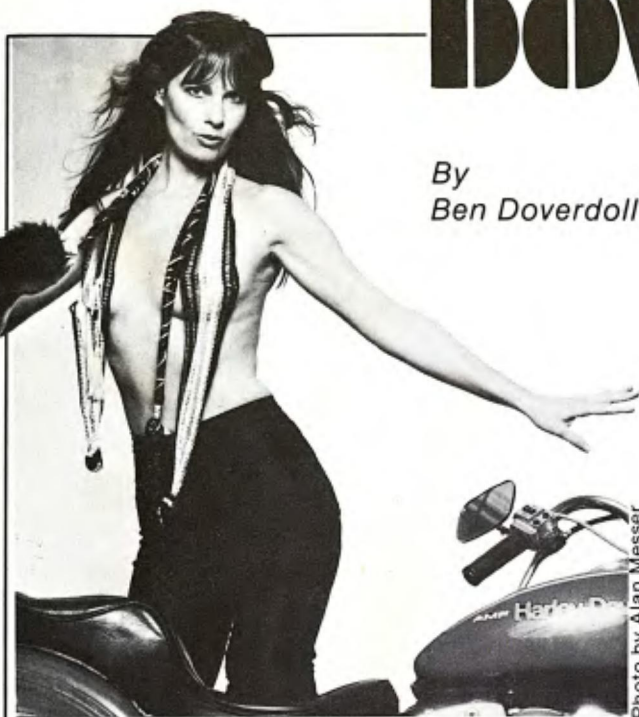


Photo by Alan Messer

Life hadn't been smilin' on Scar when he pulled out of the shop where his panhead had been a patient. It had just gone through major brain an' heart surgery. New pistons, barrels, rings, a 12-volt conversion, an' Bendix B carb had been prescribed an' installed. That, along with new heli-arc'd cases and a bondo tank job, had him toe-deep in dough. So you didn't have to be there to know how pissed he was when the straight on the Gold Wing at the stoplight casually advised him, "Those ol' Harleys look better in front of bars than out on the freeway." The light hadn't changed to fully green when the helmeted Hun was gone in a purr of four-cycle shifts and into the speeding traffic.

Scar was left feeling alone and bummed while Ma Nature hurled lightning bolts on the hills, an' pin-sharp hail at his face. The bike was fresh out of sick bay. Spurtin' an' fartin', the misadjusted carburetor wasn't givin' any slack, nor was it timed right. So here he was, fightin' the elements, to say nothin' of his machine. Nursing his baby, unable to crack the throttle open quicky without a "pffft" out of the 74, he was, in a word, embarrassed.

With great coddling care, the pair made it home. Two bros were there waitin' to take him to a porno flick in town, but Scar couldn't get it up for a gash bash. He got in out of the rain, muscling the fatbob rigid through the slider and into his living room. Lighting a roach at

his turntable, he put on the new ZZ Top record, **El Loco**. Oddly, he felt better glancing at the bumper on the cover, showing the heroes, Dusty, Billy, an' Frank gettin' nabbed by El Man for a few sacks of green. The cold rolled out of Scar's body with the warming tunes. Sizzlers like the opening, "Tube Snake Boogie," "Ten-Foot Pole," (he wouldn't touch her with one), the raucous "Don't Tease Me," from side one, an' "Pearl Necklace," "Groovy Little Hippie Pad," an' "Heaven, Hell Or Houston," kinda made him wish he'd gone out partyin' with his bros. During "Party On The Patio," he got a call that made him forget all about the bros, skin flicks, and hassles of the day — he had a homecooked meal waitin'.

He put away the vinyl containing the awesome guitar work of Billy Gibbons, the cowbell clanks, clicks, 'n' clacks from Frank Beard's drums, all propelled by a high-pressure pulse outta Dusty Hill's bass. Power blues.

He was gonna fight the bike again. But this time it was a labor of love. Scar had received a courtesy call from a lost (but not forgotten) sweetie. He slapped in a new set of J-12Y plugs to get around the block. Nothing like makin' a grand entrance on a Hog.

He rolled up to Malinda's rear door, out of plain sight, sheltered by an awning from bein' completely drenched an' close to the kitchen, where he usually held court.

Malinda wasn't a bombshell-type broad, but attractive in a rounded, big-titted way. The girl had a good head on her shoulders — quiet and a great cook. What the hell else could a starvin' scooter tramp want?

She opened the door an' swung open the screen door to greet Scar. He was hit with a fearsome one-two — first the stocky gal's body an' lips, then the knockout aroma of fresh, piping-hot lasagna. The sweet thang knew a few things about hookin' men. They hugged tight, exchanged pleasant-ries, and shared a joint that Scar produced within moments of entering her domain. It was her pad, an' he was just gonna let it roll as long as he could.

Malinda went scurrying to her stereo complex, raving that she had the song for Scar, that this song and others had made her remember the two or three times they had stumbled home from the local tavern together, before she had suddenly split town, how they had got down an' dirty without the least hesitation or resulting mental anguish that she'd had with other guys who would later label her a slut bitch.

The record needle went down and the sound came on. It was a Harley startin' up, followed by a get-down band, an' a strong-voiced, sultry chick named Aleda Pope beggin' her ex to "Come Home," 'cause she missed his Harley in the yard, despite the difficulties of livin'.

Continued on page 111

ZZ TOP



POCO



TEST SHOTS





This honey showed up at our offices one day and grabbed our resident letch photog, sayin', "Bikes and bike men do things to me." Well, you can bet we had some ideas about doin' things to her - but that's another story. Our shutter ace took a bunch of test shots to see how she photographed. The results produced so many editorial hardons that we decided to run the test photos as a full-fledged girl feature. So that's about the size of it - a gal popped up wantin' in the mag and she dropped her drawers



Photos by Billy Tinney



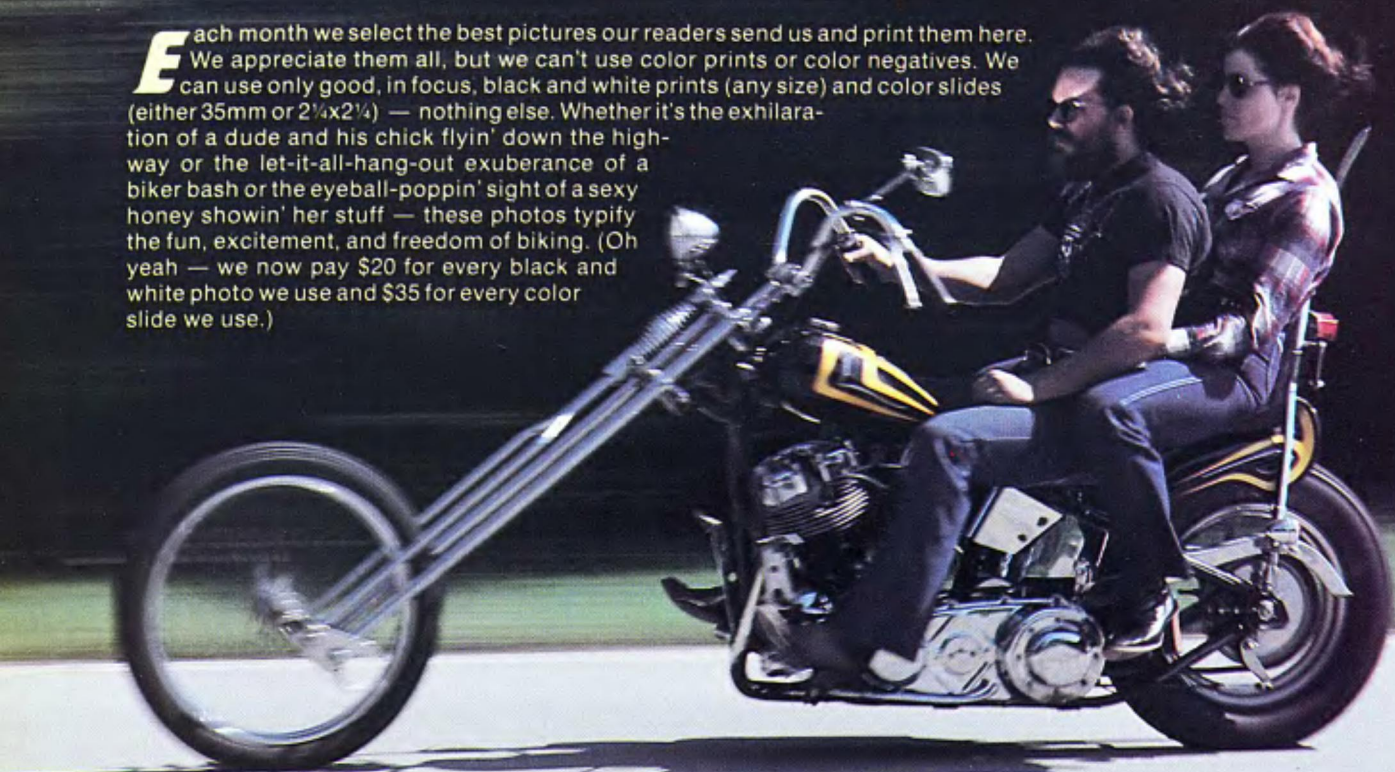
for our cameraman. We don't know where this chick is now or what she's up to, so don't write to the mag if you fall in lust with her — we just don't know anything more about this doll. But we do know she's a knockout and that you can't help gettin' off on the foxy flicks.

—Groper



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 Brad Wernick, S. Holland, Ill.



—from Walter Jegodtka, Marl, W. Germany

—from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.





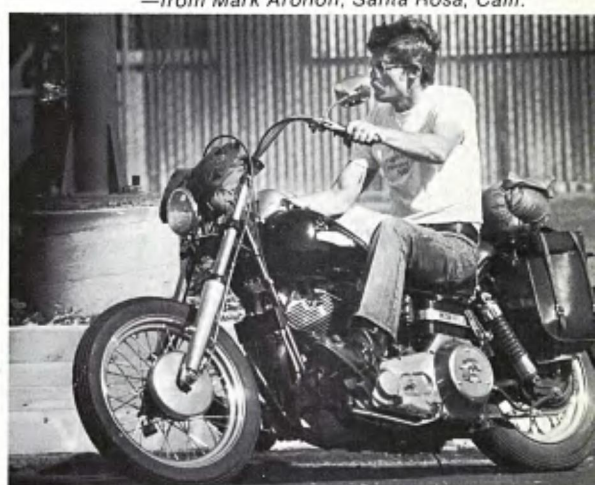
—from Craig Weaver, Sodus, N.Y.



—from Valerie Morgan, Phoenix, Ariz.



—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



—from Al Goldberg, Philadelphia, Pa.





—from Big John, On the road



—from Sally Hoffner, Fogelsville, Pa.



—from Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio

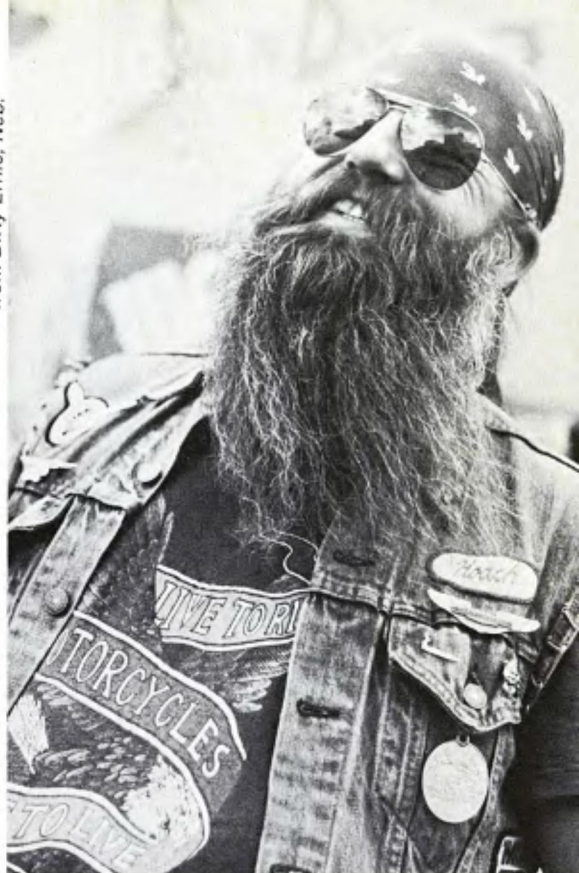


—from W. Brady, Rockford, Ill.



—from Bob Touchette, Albany, N.Y.

—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



—from Sally Hoffner, Fogelsville, Pa.



—from Piglet Bill, Portland, Ore.



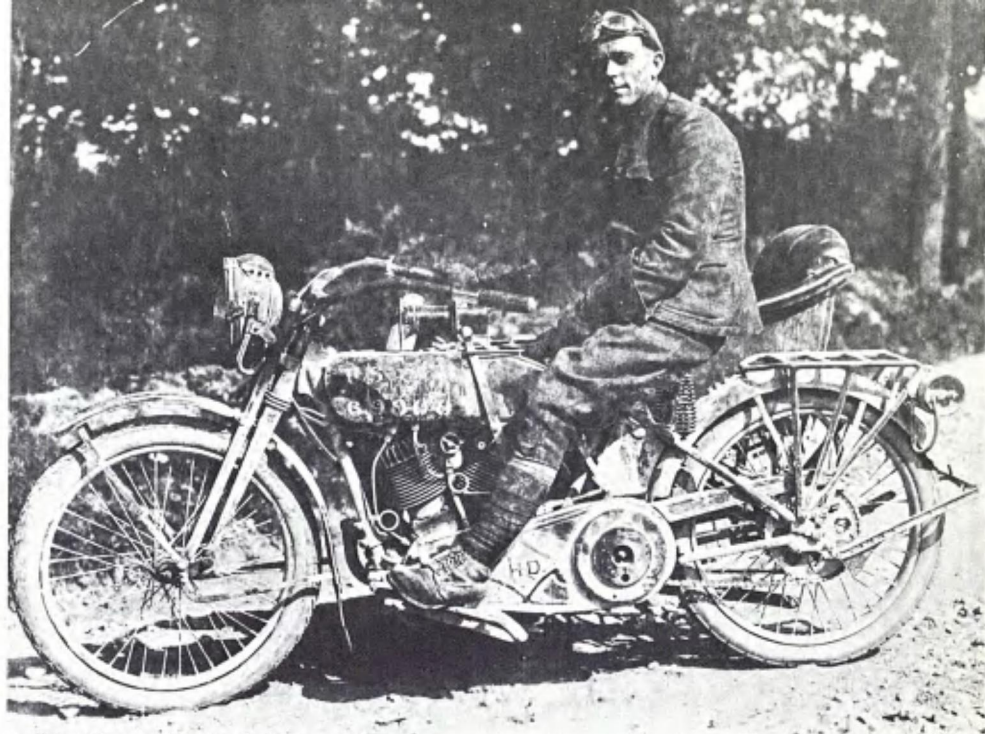
—from Big John, On the road

—from Berna Dunlap, Springfield, Mo.





—from Bushpilot, Old Bridge, N.J.



—from Howard Mauer, Lakewood, Calif.



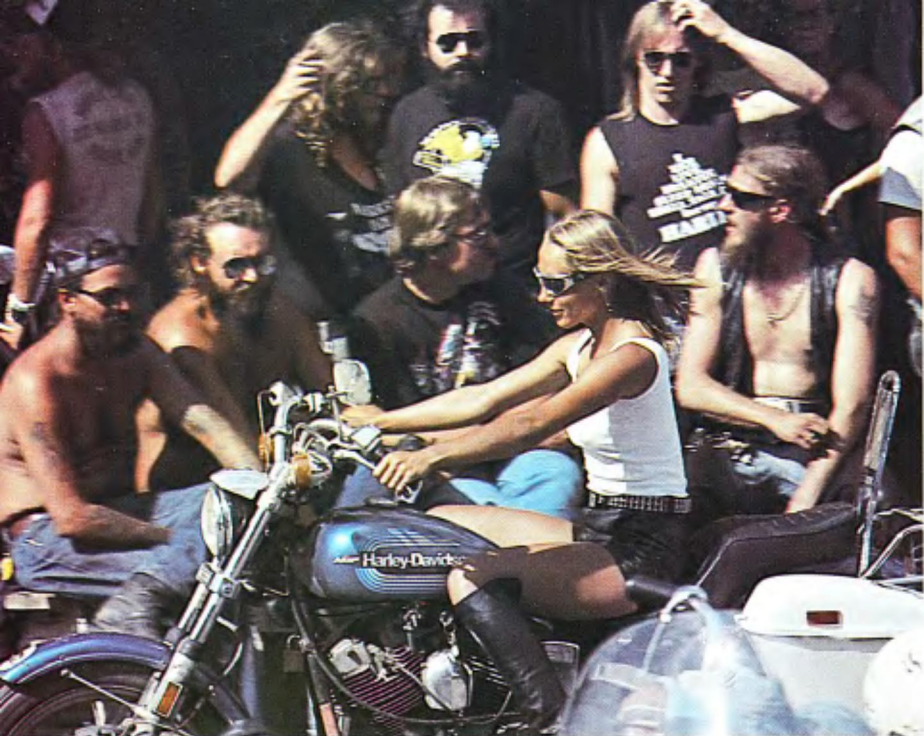
—from Big Ed, Portland, Maine



—from Scott Meidl, Sioux Falls, S.D.



—from Bob Krueger, Aspen, Colo.



—from Red, Springfield, Ore.

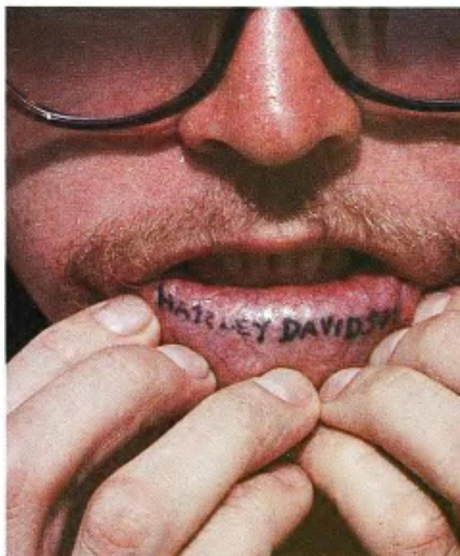
—from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.



—from Painless Paul, Phoenix, Ariz.



—from Deb Bennett, Greeley, Colo.



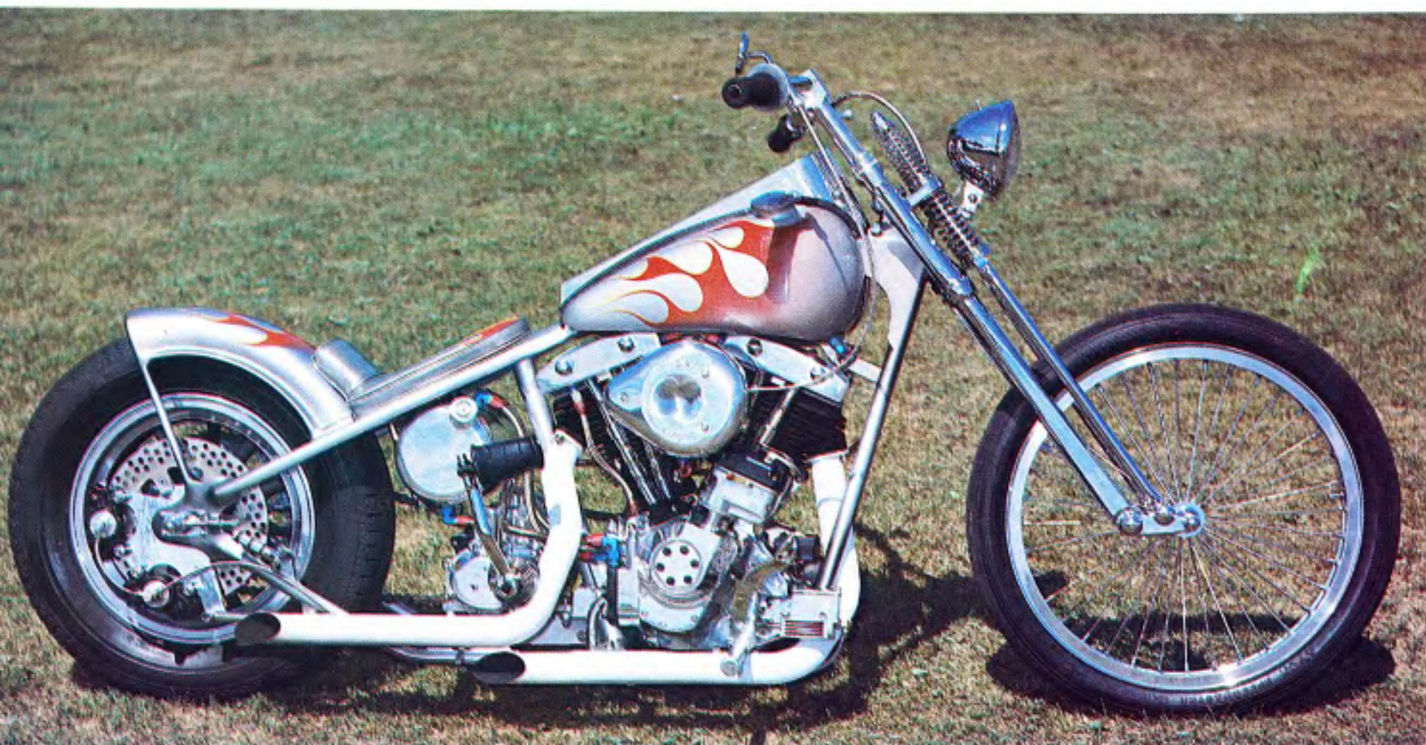
—from Rick The Prick, Fla.



—from T-Bird, Durango, Colo.







BARHOG HEADS EAST

Sometime back in the early 1970s Johnny Pag decided to make a two-week winter visit to a bro of his in southern California.

Some vacation. He ended up stayin' six years. Like a lotta people from the East, at first he tripped on the sunny year-round weather and the sunny women. But what made him stay was the righteous scooter people and the bike-buildin' ideas he found all around him. Soon he was buildin' and ridin' with the best of 'em, constructin' a big twin the way he wanted it. And not too long after, one of those sunny women became his wife.

But the years passed and things changed, and now Johnny and his wife have come back to the East that he'd left, missing California but all the same appreciatin' the things that make New England special. Like the last clear, crisp putt



in the late fall. Or watchin' the snow fall from a warm garage where next season's sled is takin' shape. Or blastin' out those same doors on the first warm spring day.

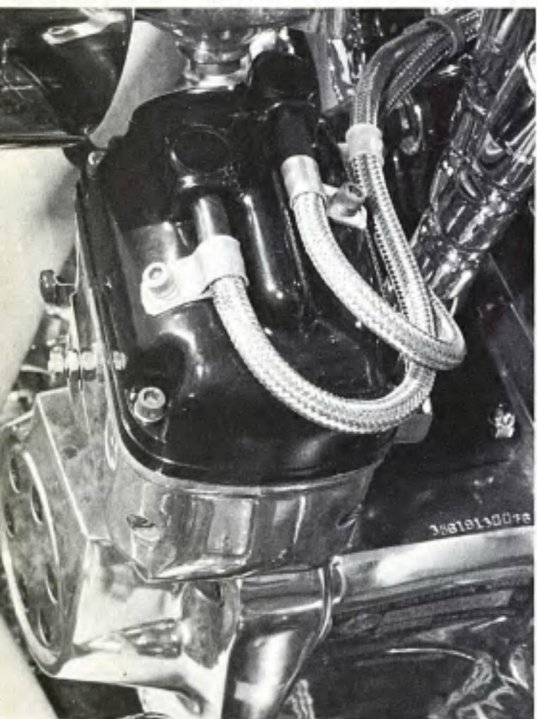
The motorcycle that's poppin' your eyeballs out of their sockets here is Johnny's last California scoot. It was slowly and carefully built from the best of his six years there. And he brought it cross-country with a heavy heart. Why? Because in the job of packin' up and movin', he had never found the time to have a California motorcycle magazine photograph his scoot for a feature. And now, some three thousand miles away, he was afraid it would never happen.

Well, Johnny had been in the East hardly more than a few days when his worries vanished. He found there are friendly bike





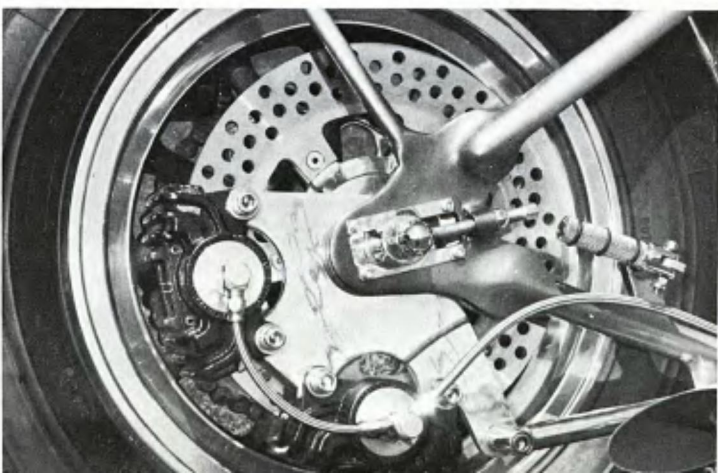
Photos by Jake



people everywhere. And even before he had time to change his license plate, *Easyriders'* eastern photographer had discovered him and was there with camera, flash-bulbs, and a small truckload of film to shoot.

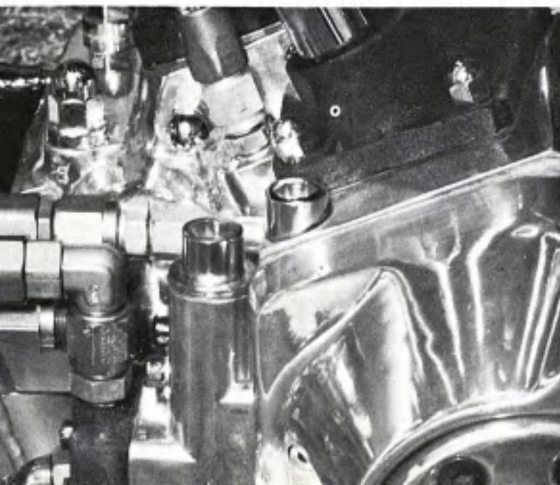
So you see, Johnny, when it comes to buildin' and ridin', anywhere in America is home.

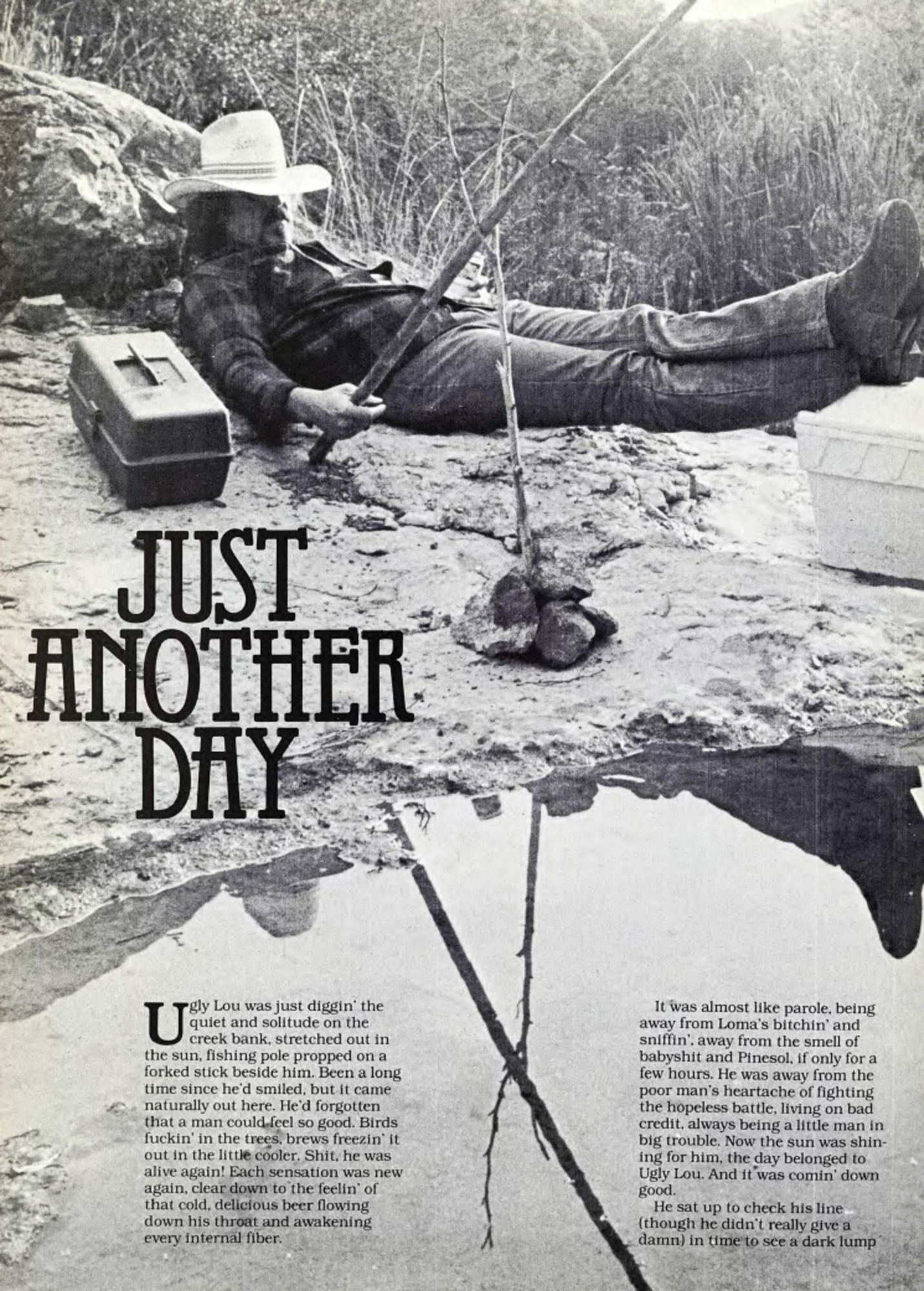
—Jake





Owner: Johnny Pag		City: Brockton, Mass.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Pag Bros.		Year: new construction	
Year and make: 1979 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: FLH		Type: cradle, rigid	
Value: too much		Rake: 5 degrees over stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: just enough	
Time: one year		Other alterations: state numbers	
Chroming by: Wally's		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: stainless	
Year: 1979		Risers: billet aluminum	
Model: shovel		Fender(s): rear, owner	
Rebuilder: Pag Bros.		Headlight: Lenny/Bates	
Ignition: Joe Hunt/Ratley Ferg.		Taillight: Lenny	
Displacement: 98 cu. in.		Speedo: passing fenceposts	
Lower end: S&S 4¼-in.		Front pegs: freeform development	
Balancing: Pag Bros.		Rear pegs: Ness	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: batt. elim., wires in frame	
Cases: S.T.D., Canoga Park, Calif.		Gas tank: 3½-gal. bobs, CCI	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: Elite 5-quart	
Cam(s): Sifton		Oil system: braided lines, temp. gauge	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: left leg	
Carb(s): S&S, B series		Seat: C&H Upholstery	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: owner, 2-in. aluminized		Height: to the fender	
Muffler(s): sure		Material: cold rolled	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: late model rat top		Type: springer	
Year: 1979		Extension: stock	
Shifting: foot, late-model linkage		Builder: Paughco	
Engine sprocket: 24, Phase 3		Special features: shiny	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 52		Front: Buchanan	Rear: Perf. Machine
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 165 x 15 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: spool	Hub: mag
Painter: California Clyde		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: silver		Tire: 2.75 Avon	Tire: Michelin radial
Type: straight lacquer		Brake: st. lace	Brake: dble. caliper
Special paint: flames, California Clyde			
Other special modifications: bob cover, clutch arm, aircraft plugs. Special thanks to Ricky, Lenny, Kerry, Steve, and Lynette.			





JUST ANOTHER DAY

Ugly Lou was just diggin' the quiet and solitude on the creek bank, stretched out in the sun, fishing pole propped on a forked stick beside him. Been a long time since he'd smiled, but it came naturally out here. He'd forgotten that a man could feel so good. Birds fuckin' in the trees, brews freezin' it out in the little cooler. Shit, he was alive again! Each sensation was new again, clear down to the feelin' of that cold, delicious beer flowing down his throat and awakening every internal fiber.

It was almost like parole, being away from Loma's bitchin' and sniffin', away from the smell of babyshit and Pinesol. If only for a few hours. He was away from the poor man's heartache of fighting the hopeless battle, living on bad credit, always being a little man in big trouble. Now the sun was shining for him, the day belonged to Ugly Lou. And it was comin' down good.

He sat up to check his line (though he didn't really give a damn) in time to see a dark lump



by Charlie Smith

float around the bend. He knew right away it wasn't a log; more like somethin' with an appetite. Except it couldn't be too badass, in this pissy little creek. Gently borne by the currents, it drifted closer, and suddenly Lou broke off in mid-fart. It was a *body*, classic dead-man float and all. Lou stood up slowly, staring at the bloated form.

The whole deal coulda been cool, he coulda let the thing float on past and out of his life, except that the black jacket with skull and crossbones had

Continued on page 90

Protect Your Valuables

Won't open until you open it.

Stash Pouch

Goin' into
a heavy
neighborhood?

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

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

It's black and (in case you're interested) it's washable.

Don't be ripped off — put your valuables in a safe, secure **Stash Pouch**.

To protect your valuables send \$4.95 for each **Stash Pouch**. We pay all postage and handling.

California residents, add 6%

Won't slide when jumping or running.



Mackenzie Company,

Box 29, Calabasas,
California 91302

(U.S. Currency Only,
Thank you)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

OL' LADY CONTEST

Here's another crop of cuties in our Fourth Annual Ol' Lady Contest, showing their stuff tryin' to win the \$1,000 grand prize.

Each month we publish as many photos of good technical quality — in focus and properly exposed — as space allows. You readers select the winners. Monthly winner gets \$100; and first two runners up, \$25; with the contributor gettin' \$10. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders'* Ol' Lady of the Year.

All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on this page must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarized documents. For a small fee

(usually under a buck) they watch you sign it, look at your ID, and stamp the form, certifying that your signature is really yours. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used.

One last favor. In your own handwriting and in very few words (as little as 25 or less) describe the type of man you like or dislike.

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*. Judges' decision is final.

Vote now. The deadline for this month's contest is Jan. 28. We'll print the winner in the May issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #104 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. ■



LaVelle

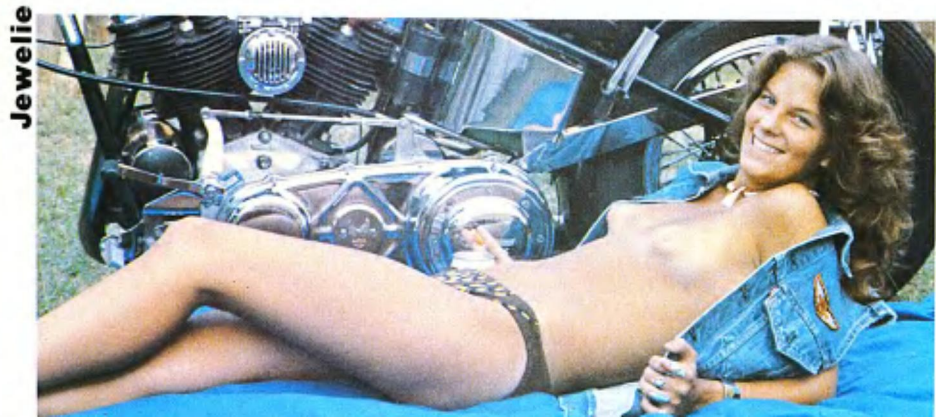


Ol' Lady of the Month

Here she is, folks — Julie, the seventh monthly winner in the 4th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Linda, Randy Lee, and Carla.



Melanie



Jewelie

Mary





Michelle

Summer



Mona



Maid Marion



Angla



Q' LADY CONTEST

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

Model's Name _____ Phone _____

I am _____ years of age, born _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Photographer _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I hereby give **Easyriders** Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copy-right and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such

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

Model's Legal Signature _____

I am _____ years of age, born _____

Witness to Signature _____

In 25 words or less, describe type of man you like or don't like. Unfortunately, photo sent in without a **notarized** model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.



In September 1981, Richard S. Schweiker, Secretary of Health and Human Services, announced that a search of Vietnam War records had revealed exactly what we vets have known for a long time: that forty-one previously unknown instances of dumping the toxic chemical Agent Orange from airplanes in Vietnam, sometimes directly onto U.S. military installations, had been discovered.

Schweiker said, "The number of people exposed to Agent Orange was substantially larger than originally thought. I don't think anybody quite foresaw we would be dumping chemicals on our own people — but apparently we were. The veterans have been saying that for quite some time."

A government-wide panel called Agency Orange Working Group, which President Reagan raised to cabinet council level in July 1981, had discovered that about ninety chemical spraying missions in Vietnam had been aborted because of enemy fire or engine failure. Forty-one of them involved Agent Orange, Schweiker said. When the missions were aborted, the chemicals were dumped by the aircraft before landing.

The group was also looking into additional reports of bank-spraying and base-clearing around U.S. military facilities.

Until September, Schweiker said, only twelve hundred pilots and support personnel, known as ranch hands (and exposed to AO), were known to exist, but there are no concrete figures on exactly how many. He said the Defense Department will try to determine exact dates, times, and places of the aborted missions.

Until now, the Veterans Administration has refused to provide free medical care to Vietnam vets who have attributed their health problems to Agent Orange. A bill approved in June 1981 by both houses of Congress would provide federally financed medical treatment under certain circumstances to vets exposed to Agent Orange.

If we continue to work together on this major problem we may obtain satisfaction in the form of treatment and compensation. I have received so many requests for the Agent Orange information pack that instead of sending it out I am going to print it here. Read it carefully, write or call the organizations or people listed below, and you will receive enough information on Agent Orange to start your own library. Do it now!

Agent Orange is a fifty-fifty mixture of 2, 4-D, and 2, 4, 5, -T, two commonly used herbicides.

Agent Orange was intended for use by the U.S. military in Vietnam as a means of defoliating jungle and destroying crops that were presumed to be a vital food source for the enemy. It was used in all forty-three provinces of Vietnam between 1965 and 1971.

Tests performed on unused 55-gallon drums of the defoliant showed the presence of 2, 3, 7, 8, -Tetra-chlorodibenzo - Para - Dioxin. Dioxin in amounts of 3 parts per million is considered to be one of the most toxic substances known to man. Over one and a half million gallons of Agent Orange were used in Vietnam. The use of Agent Orange was discontinued there by the Air Force after the results of a study sponsored by the National Cancer Institute showed that Dioxin-contaminated 2, 4, 5, -T caused birth defects in lab animals, and reports of human birth defects were attributed to Agent Orange by Vietnamese newspapers.

The best known toxic effect of Dioxin is chloracne, manifested by unexplained sores on the body, ranging from pimples to large cysts. Other symptoms that have appeared in veterans exposed to Agent Orange in Vietnam include headaches, upper respiratory distress,

stomach and kidney pain, edema, gastric hyperplasia and ulceration, decreased immunoresponses, vascular lesions, gastric ulcers, acute psychosis, severe depression, and memory and concentration disturbances.

Birth defects linked to exposure of the fathers to Agent Orange include cleft palates, open eye, kidney abnormalities, enlarged liver, club foot, enlarged head, intestinal hemorrhage, inner cell cancer, kidney cancer, cell carcinoma of lungs, and carcinoma of the ear duct.

These people can help provide you with useful information.

—Doc

The Vietnam Veterans of America

329 Eighth St., N.E.
Washington, D.C. 20002
Hotline — 1-800-424-5402
Anyone calling will receive a Self-Help Guide and a medical questionnaire for an independent epidemiological study of Vietnam vets.

CAVEAT (Concerned American Veterans Against Toxins)
P.O. Box 3324
Country Fair Station
Champaign, Ill. 61802
(217) 356-7842
Ron DeYoung

Vetline-Hotline, Inc.
1195 Oxford Court
Highland Park, Ill. 60035
(312) 433-3721

Winter Soldier Archives
2000 Center St.
P.O. Box 1251
Berkeley, Calif. 94704
(415) 549-0541, ext. 1251
Director: Clark Smith

Flight of the Phoenix
5514 Woodward Ave.
Detroit, Mich. 48202
(313) 871-3233
(313) 378-8798

Agent Orange Victims International
42 W. 13th St., Suite 1C
New York, N.Y. 10011
(212) 741-2316

Jerry C. Hamilton
Administrative Officer
VA Outpatient Clinic
4600 Broadway
Sacramento, Calif. 95820

Barclay M. Shepard, MD (102)
Special Assistant to the Chief Medical Director
Dept. of Medicine and Surgery
Veterans Administration
810 Vermont Ave.
Washington, D.C. 20420

Seattle Veterans' Action Group
2024 E. Union
Seattle, Wash. 98122
(206) 625-4656

Agent Orange Information Center
Agent Orange Newsletter
and Swords to Plowshares
944 Market St., Rm. 500
San Francisco, Calif. 94102
(415) 391-6894

Agent Orange Veterans' Advisory Committee
1027 University Ave.
Berkeley, Calif. 94710
(415) 540-6175

Citizen Soldier
175 Fifth Ave., Suite 1010
New York, N.Y. 10010
(212) 777-3470

Minnesota Veterans Coalition
Agent Orange Update
2040 Juliet Ave.
St. Paul, Minn. 55105

National Veterans Law Center
Washington College of Law
4900 Massachusetts Ave. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20016

Vietnam Veterans Against the War
The Veteran
P.O. Box 25592
Chicago, Ill. 60625

Vietnam Era Veterans Network of Washington
P.O. Box 20396
Broadway Station
Seattle, Wash. 98102
(206) 625-4656

National Association of Concerned Veterans
41 W. Coolidge
Battle Creek, Mich. 49017

National Veterans Task Force on Agent Orange
National Office
P.O. Box 15972
St. Louis, Mo. 63114
(314) 428-0113

Michigan Veterans Action Committee
MCCC Center Campus, Rm. G-105
44575 Garfield
Warren, Mich. 48048

Subscription Publications:
Stars and Stripes
P.O. Box 1803
Washington, D.C. 20013
(15 issues a year, \$15.50)

National Vietnam Veterans' Review
P.O. Box 35812
Fayetteville, N.C. 28303
(12 issues a year, \$9.60)

Agent Orange Newsletter
(See Agent Orange Information Center)
(\$15.00 a year)



Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

120mph Speedos

Had it up to here with those federally dictated, Claybrookian 85mph speedometers? Help is on the way... there is a 120mph replacement unit (recalibrated) for 1968 and later Harley-Davidsons which goes for \$129.50 from Custome Chrome, Inc. (2919 Zanker Road, San Jose, California 95131). Now, you do understand that these things ain't street legal and are for off-road riding only, don't you? Right!

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Stolen Bike Help

Motorcycle Trader, a twice-a-month classified ad publication for motorcycles, will list information on missing motorcycles free of charge. Send information, including serial number and other identification marks, to Ed Howell, *Motorcycle Trader*, P.O. Box 73, Folly Beach, S.C. 29439. Howell will send a sample copy to anyone sending him two stamps with a request. *Motorcycle Trader* lists motorcycles, parts, and literature for sale or wanted.

—Cycle World

Claybrook's Revenge

During the Carter administration, NHTSA's Joan Claybrook emerged as a symbol. As the most visible of our professional handwringers, she came to represent all our enemies. When Claybrook went away at the first of the year, most motorcyclists relaxed. Too many of us regarded her departure as a major victory; we'd won our battle and now we could relax. But the war continues; the focus has merely shifted from the federal to the various state governments. There are many other Claybrooks out there still pushing for the same things Claybrook did... but on a state-by-state basis. Recently Louisiana reenacted a helmet law. Motorcyclists in Louisiana didn't

think it could happen. As a result, they made little or no effort to prevent it. It did happen and, upon the urging of a few individuals and without much opposition on the part of the state's motorcyclists, Governor Dave Treen signed the law. In Louisiana, Joan Claybrook has her revenge. It came about through apathy, a failure on the part of Louisiana's motorcyclists to remain alert. And if America's motorcyclists remain relaxed and disbelieving, it is going to happen in other states and in other forms. And it could happen in your state. Any day now.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Debut For New Harleys

The "new" Harley-Davidson recently unveiled the 1982 Sportster, a machine with some radical functional changes over previous editions. Most significant is the new welded tubular frame, which eliminates steering-head flex — or at least much of it — and greatly improves handling. Harley also unveiled a Super Glide version of the FLT, but without the shopping-cart steering geometry.

In case you're wondering, half of H-D sales are made up of the Super Glide and its variants, one-fourth are dresser models, and one-fourth are Sportsters. Most Harleys are sold in the Northeast, and the fewest in southern California.

—Motorcyclist

Wear A Safe One When You Wear One

The Snell Memorial Foundation has released specifications for its 1980 Standard for Protective Headgear. The new standard, which is more demanding in its severity of requirements, updates the previous one of 1975 and is considered to have become effective on July 1, 1981, according to George G. Snively,

M.D., director of research.

The new standard incorporates several new aspects of testing for safety. The new tests include a flammability test to gauge the helmet's resistance to fire, a dynamic "jerking" test of the chin strap which differs from the former "slow loading" test, and an additional impact test which incorporates multiple impacts of the type which might be encountered in a turnover. "This test gives us a better idea of the reserve capacity of the helmet," explained Snively. A test of the chin piece in full-face helmets has been developed.

—Dealer News

Bikes Are Big Bucks

I would loosely reckon that the gross amount of money generated annually by the motorcycle industry is around \$15 billion. Next time you're cruising along on your bike, appreciate the fact that an awful lot of people have meat and potatoes on the table because you're riding that motorcycle.

—C. Salvadori
Road Rider

Biker Clothes

Motorcyclists, I would guess, have been slow to embrace motorcycle duds and threads because motorcyclists, according to my reckoning, are individuals who by their nature follow their own maps. What's in or what's out doesn't much matter. Motorcyclists like machines, nuts and bolts, the whirly visceral stuff of speed and sound. Traditionally, threads have been peripheral. Maybe things are changing a bit. Perhaps as the trade-in cycle grows longer, motorcyclists focus less on the machinery and more on the activity. Good riding gear and mileage go in lock-step. Unless you believe that suntan lotion can protect you from anything.

—Phil Schilling
Cycle

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

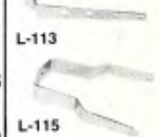
- L-111 Fender brace, chromed—\$27.50

- 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.

onesome MFG

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

Heavy Interest

I just started seeing this biker about a month ago and I need to know more about being a biker's ol' lady. How do you act? How do you dress? What do you do to keep your man interested?

I am really confused. Please help me. I really care for this bro and would do anything to keep him.

Perplexed
Pittsburgh, Pa.

- Spider says it's the smell that keeps him interested.

Electric Erection

While down in Colorado I invented a new sex device. It's a cock ring hooked up to a 6-volt battery. My bro's think I'm a sick puppy and my ol' lady starts crying when I mention it. Fuck them. Whadda you think?

By the way, it removes warts too.

Woodfin
Troy, Mich.

- Hook it to a field-telephone generator instead of a battery and you could use

your cock to herd cows into the slaughterhouse pens.

Can The Cur

Hello, you pig-faced, come-sucking bitch. We'd like to tie your ass up and shit in your face while our dog Smokie fucks you. That's how much we love your smelly ass.

Deano and Smokie
Saginaw, Mich.

- Don't have time to waste on needle-dick dogs; let me know when ya get a horse.

Friggin' With Fatbobs

I finally found out why you smell so bad. I think it's because you inhale the dingle-berries after giving Spider a ring job. Besides, Spider probably doesn't wipe his ass after he takes a crap. And another thing, your pussy wouldn't be so big if you'd quit using that Harley tank as a dildo.

Norman
Susanville, Calif.

- Spider wipes his ass every time. Sometimes he even uses paper.

A Big Question

I heard your snatch is as big as the moon and that Spider fell in last January and didn't come out till June. Tell us the truth, bitch!

G.L.E.

Tennessee Colony, Tex.

- I don't call roll. Maybe Spider was there, maybe Spider wasn't.

A Plea For Aid

Help! How do I get my babe to suck me off and let me eat her at the same time? Another problem is that she won't try sexual positions like doggie-style.

B.G.

Haverhill, Mass.

- Chicks like that need to be romanced a bit. Wait for a nice warm night an' take her, a sleepin' bag, an' a quart of muscatel up on the roof and ask her real nice for what you want — while danglin' her over the edge by one ankle.

Fuck The Dog

Hey, you good-smellin' cankered cunt. I have a problem. When I got busted my ol' lady killed my fag dog, Bruce, who could give head as good as you. Should I kill my ol' lady or just make her a new asshole?

Monkey Man
Terre Haute, Ind.

- Put a leash on her and walk her around town.

Holdin' 'Em Tight

I'm a kinky little bitch and I have a problem. When I'm hot and fuckin' the shit out of some bro, I get so into it that my snatch tightens up like a vise on the poor guy's cock and he can't handle it. I try not to tighten up so much, but I can't help myself. What can I do?

J.A.M.
Sunol, Calif.

- First ya gotta yank the teeth outta the beast.

Who, Me?

When I first saw your picture — them slanty eyes, humongous tits, bulgin' biceps — I knew we'd tangled before.

It was back in the year of the first shovelhead. On a Rosarita, Mexico, run with a club of knowin' riders. Yeah, sister, it's me, Loose Louise, remember? You bashed in my face with a tool bag, put

the boot to me (busted three ribs), and split with the spoils — a yellow-haired, heavy-hung bro and a half-gallon of Canadian whiskey. You left me to suck half a mile of cock just to get my ass home, you bitch.

What I'd like to know, lady, is this: Was the bro you copped as good as he tasted? Are you willing to give me a rematch, one-on-one, for the whiskey? If not, how about arm rasslin' for a hot-blooded young prospect's attentions? I know the two of us could give all the wings he needs.

Loose Louise
Freeport, Tex.

- Those were the good ol' days. I think of 'em whenever the dent your ribs put in my steel tip starts massagin' my corns.

Hungry For Head

Before I got married my ol' lady used to go down on me and suck my dick like it had never been done before, although she wouldn't let me come in her mouth. Now that I am married to her she won't even attempt to suck me off. I have to beg her to do it.

I eat her pussy till her forehead caves in, but still no fuckin' head job. I only got off in her mouth once and I get a hardon just thinkin' about it. Please print this so she can read how much I need head. After all it's only 9 1/2 inches.

Atomic Punk
Florida

- Hey, bitch, the punk needs some head. He also needs to grow some in the cock department, but you probably already know that.

Who's Licked?

Just got a hell of a tongue lashing from the ol' man and was thinking about the time in Lemmon Valley, Nevada, when I met Spider and challenged him to a tongue-twisting thigh match — me, my ol' man, you, and Spider. Guess we had you licked — you weren't there!

Dago
Leadville, Colo.

- It takes a hell of a lot more than three tongues to lick me.

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

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All





it's amazin' how hard it is to get the mag out to the public. Shit, between what the Border Patrol confiscates comin' up from Mexico and the stuff Customs nabs comin' in on flights from Hong Kong and what local dealers try to slip by neighborhood snitches, it's amazin' *Easyriders* gets read by anybody.

There's only one way to make sure you'll get your copy of the rag, and that's to subscribe. That way, a federal agent will actually deliver each issue directly to your door. Not only that, but we'll toss in a free *ER* decal as a reward for outwittin' the forces of repression. It's the deal of a lifetime — so whattaya waitin' for?



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

Subscription
Easyriders Magazine
 Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

104

Check one:

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

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

- ☐ Here's \$19.00 for 12 issues. Additional postage: Canada \$3 for 12 issues.
☐ Here's \$37.00 for 24 issues. Foreign \$6 per 12 issues.
 Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

- ☐ This is a new subscription ☐ This is a renewal
☐ Please extend my present subscription.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____
 Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____
 Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do you like best about
Easyriders magazine? _____

U.S.-MADE BLACK T-SHIRTS



THE MORE
I LEARN ABOUT
WOMEN
THE MORE
I LOVE MY
HARLEY

IF YOU DON'T RIDE A HARLEY
YOU AIN'T SHIT

IF THEY WON'T ALLOW
HARLEYS
IN HEAVEN
WE'LL RIDE THEM
STRAIGHT TO
HELL

PUT SOMETHING EXCITING
BETWEEN
YOUR
LEGS

YOU
TOUCH MY
TITS
AND I'LL
BUST YOUR
BALLS

A WOMAN'S PLACE
IS ON MY
FACE

Comfortably
Numb

Send \$6 plus \$1 postage per shirt;
state size. Money orders fast service.
HOTH CO., 8705 Batavia Pike.
Cincinnati, OH 45244.
(No foreign orders.)

SPEEDOMETER REPAIR

(Guaranteed)

Harley-
Davidson

Cable & Housing
From:

'41 to '61 — \$16.95;

'62 to present — \$14.95;

Custom made — \$18.95

Front wheel adapter/cable,
housing included, for use on 2-to-
1 calibrated speedos. Price \$24.95

SPEEDOMETERS

1936-1961 — \$125.00

1962 & later — \$125.00

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 speed-
ometer to:

Paramount Speedometer

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

Phone: (213) 630-9753

Calif. res. add 6% tax.



Impostor

Continued from page 20

The bros heah
reco'nize that mucho
cubes and American iron
are what bein' a biker is
all about. They're okay.
Makes me glad that us good
ol' boys took the time ta
bail their asses outta
them World Wars.

Most of these pix were
made in Holland, home o'
the cutest, blondest,
bluest-eyed young thangs
ah evah did see. Problem
is that they're mostly so
short--cute, tight, flat-
bellied, an' willin', but
short. Man, it were a has-
sle the first coupla days.
Ever'time ah'd get loaded
an' reach out ta grab me a
tit, ah'd wind up with mah
hand around some cutie's
porcelain-perfect throat.
Just used to them long,
leggy Texas wimmin, ah guess.

Still, like yer pappy
always used ta tell us
when we'd get our asses
whupped fer playin'
stinky finger with the
sharecroppers' daughters
in high school, it always
works out in the end. The
squeeze has all learned ta
duck when ah get near 'em,
and their takin' a dive
like that puts their tulip
lips right close ta where
ah like 'em best.

Anyway, ah gotta run
now. Some o' the local
poontang's throwin' me
another party. Damn
amazin' the reception ya
get when the natives think
you're Willie Nelson come ta
Europe ta recover from a
smog-induced sore throat.

—Brokenneck Crane ■



"What'd he mean by an ol' lady, a doobie,
and an Easyriders?"

Easyriders

Easyriders

Solid Sterling Silver Rings



COMMANDO—\$75.



TOP HAT—\$65.



FANG—\$55.



PIRATE—\$55.

DEEP IMPRESSIONS

SEND GPO Box 2011, N.Y., N.Y. 10116
your money order or cashier's
check, along with the ring descrip-
tion & your ring size. Add \$3.
for postage and handling.

Our rings will last as long as you want
to punch walls — or FOREVER.

Dealer inquiries welcomed — other items
are available

GRIM REAPER SOLID STERLING SILVER

\$59.95

also available
silver plate \$39.95

*send finger size

HEAVY DUTY
DESIGN



THE
RING
For the Man
Who is a
Breed apart

CREATIVE HORIZONS

P.O. BOX 10952 -E

PARKVILLE, MD. 21234

Sterling Prices Subject
To Change 301-882-5664 Catalogs \$1.00

- REVENGE - SOLID STERLING SILVER

ONE OUNCE
HEAVY DUTY
ORIGINAL DESIGN

\$59.95

also available
silver plate \$39.95
Catalogs \$1

*send finger size

Sterling Prices Subject
To Change



For the Man
Who is a
Breed apart

301-
882-5664

CREATIVE HORIZONS

P.O. BOX 10952 -E

PARKVILLE, MD. 21234

Choppershopper

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

Send to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

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

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

Reproduction WWII Nazi motorcycle buckle: Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze plated for a lifetime of tough wear. Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2 1/8" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick. Belts are handmade from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1 3/4" wide and is available in either dark brown or black. Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable. (Be sure to specify "round" buckle). For picture of buckle, check out the October '81 issue, page 100. Give accurate waist size and color (brown or black) of the belt desired. Send \$16. Price includes postage and handling. Add \$4 for overseas air mail. California residents add 6%. Righteous Products. Box 361, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740. (120)

Become a legally ordained minister. The certificate of ordination is granted for life, legal all states, and the minister is entitled to perform all ministerial services, such as baptisms, marriages, funerals, and the conduct of church meetings. He is entitled to all the privileges and considerations usually granted a minister. For wallet-size ordination credentials and 8 1/2 x 11 wall ministerial credential, send \$10 to Rev. Dave, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (120)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start your business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (113)

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)

Beef Jerky: Make your own at home. Send \$3 and sase for recipe to "Ducey," 12689 Monte Vista, Chino, Calif. 91710. (104)

Sex! Ladies, now that we've been caught your attention, we've been down a long time and need to hear from you. We're sincere and lonely convicts. Send letters and flicks to Bill Burnett #43321 or Rob Derrick #41767. 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310. (104)

Beautiful Mexican-Oriental ladies needing American husbands. Free details, photos. World Box 685-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (104)

Swap Meets—Jan. 10 and March 14: Kansas City Trade Mart. For info. P.O. Box 543, Blue Springs, Mo. 64015. (104)

Missy Fox: I love you, little lady. Kenny "Hairbear" Harris, doing time, Davie, Fla. (104)

Ladies: Would love to hear from you. Down for about three more. I am 24 years old, 6 feet, and 150 lbs. Will answer all, Lonnie Kahler #76646, Box 600, Canon City, Colo. 81212. (104)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets. Expert instructions removing formulas. 72 pages \$19.95. Tattooer, Box 242-R, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (104)

Gals in lockdown: I'm 32, 5'8", and 160 lbs. Quit the drugs, booze, and lost my woman. Still ride (FLH), and like country life with sunsets. How about when you get out? Let's write. Box Holder, Box 6531, St. Paul, Minn. 55106. (104)

Mad Dog: I'll love you forever. Your ol' lady, Sandy. (104)

Ladies 18-35: I'm 25, 5'11", 154 pounds, dark-blond hair, and hazel eyes. Help my thoughts drift in the wind. Pictures are my freedom; your thoughts will find a friend. James Marinella #289321, 1 Circle Dr., Sugarland, Tex. 77478. (104)

Hippie: Happy birthday 1-1-54. I love you. Mean Jean. (104)

Wildchild: It's still till death do us part. Ride that wind, but don't forget when it dies down to come home to your ever-lovin' ol' lady. Love always. Sunshine (In New York). (104)

Write attractive, 5'5", 125-lb. blonde, down on a dime in Canada. Needs intelligent, good-looking guy with a lot of patience and love. No drug addicts, boozers, or game players. Letters and pictures from serious-minded men answered. So come on, guys. 30-40 years. Malorie Caldwell, FSCI, 9930 101st St., Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta, Canada T8L 1V7. (104)

Issues 27-98 inclusive, dups 4, 12, 20, 19, 44, 50, 74-76. Best offer by mail. Send no money. Bruce Roberts, 6990 Hiatt, Loves Park, Ill. 61111. (104)

Biker pen club, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265 (104)

White male, 24, seeks Libra female, 18-24, to ride with through life's little mysteries. Will help relocate. Photo and letter a must. No heavies, please. Also no head games. Only sincere ladies need apply. Barney, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265, (104)

Hey, Shela, I saw your sister Sandy out here at the summer blowout. Like to hear from you—miss ya. Bob 94-129, Poalani Cr., Waipahu, Hawaii 96797. (104)

Susan Schneider, former assistant manager of Cooperwood Apartments, now in Arkansas: Contact Mike Melton #311495 Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861. (104)

Easyriders: Just wanted to let you know that I love you guys! I've fucked up my life real bad and I'm sorry. I hope to hell if this shit blows over that I'll have a place to rest my head, 'cuz I sure miss you all and I sure need family. Philadelphia Freedom. (104)

Doug (Louisiana): Happy belated birthday. Love you forever. Pat (Cleveland). (104)

Michael "H.P." Coultas: I need to see my head prick again, on any terms. All is forgiven. P.O. Box 593, Baldwin, Mich. 49304. (104)

Congratulations, Ken and Barbie. The Benson and the Sewer Rat are going to do it 11-7-81. (104)

Happy birthday Bob, Petie, and Bub. I'm too cheap for three ads. Love, Lyn. (104)

White male, 28, looking for a sexy and attractive woman with a good figure and heart 21-45 for permanent relationship or marriage. Large-busted, slender ladies okay also. I'm trying my hardest to start my life over and build a very secure new one to share with this very special lady. I've been lonely and without this woman too long, and now I find I need this special woman not only to help me start over but to share my life. She must be able to share her patience, understanding, and thoughts with me while I do the same in return. Remember, the beginnings are always the most difficult; that's why I need her now and permanently. She must be honest, level-headed, loyal, gentle, caring, understanding, and a very loving one-man woman. She must be able to share failures and successes with me, especially until I have my situation secure with her guidance. Must be able to keep me out of jails and troubles. I am very sincere and will want to learn from her how to keep her happy and satisfied. There will never be any hurt or games from me. She should be a free-willed, sensual lover, receiving the same. No drunks, way-outs, game players, etc. Send photos if possible. If you're the special lady, write to Marla B., Box 127, Kenosha, Wis. 53142. (104)

Bobby: Happy 12/29/81. "Death till we part." All our love, Sherry, Joey, and Brandi. (104)

Overhaul your nose legally with Dean Swift Imported Snuffs. Ask at any tobacco store or send U.S. \$5 for intro assortment to DLS Ltd., Box 2009, San Francisco, Calif. 94126. (104)

Freddie: My love for you will never end. Lisa. (104)

Sprockets wanted: Looking for several 28-tooth VL counter-sprockets. Please write 22333 Pacific Coast Highway, Suite 101, Malibu, Calif. 90265, Dave Mann. (104)

I've been down for 11 years, 1 to go; lonely outlaw looking for wife for life. Montey Bentley #B-46475, CMC Camp Cuesta, P.O. Box "D", San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0006. (104)

Pino: Happy birthday, hon, and may your plumbing never be fixed. Love you always, Wendy. (104)

Magic: Love you, no shit. Yeah. Let's do it again. Forever and ever. Homie. (104)

Larry: Happy birthday (10/27) to my sweet, gentle, loving (don't worry, I won't tell the fellas) daddy. My life is only for loving you. When that gate opens for you, we'll make it through and make up for the hours and miles that keep us apart. I love you. Your slave, Tuffy. (104)

Priscilla: Six weeks without you was pure hell. By the time you read this we should be back in the wind together. May we never be separated again. Heinrich. (104)

Panhead and 45 parts: 100 cylinders, 74 flywheels, 58 heads, 28 cases, wheels, and 25 boxes assorted parts. Only \$3500. 1947 flathead 74, \$1700. (205) 945-8699. (104)

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. (104)

To the guy who shot "Sleeper" Bobby Love. Look behind you forever, 'cause someday I'll be there. Cat. (104)

Young biker chicks, short on cash, will send revealing photos. Send \$2 for each one wanted (cash please, guys) to Box Holder, P.O. Box 2071, Costa Mesa, Calif. (115)

Don "Mad-Dog" Johnson: Happy 28th 2/6. Keep your spirit in the wind and your heart next to mine. Love ya always. Your lady, Debbie. (104)

Lonely bro needs mail from ladies. Michael Diorio, Box 51, Comstock, N.Y. 12821. (104)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (104)

Outrageous designs on black T-shirts for the motorcyclist. Send for free info. Nightrider, P.O. Box 902, Simi Valley, Calif. 93062. (107)

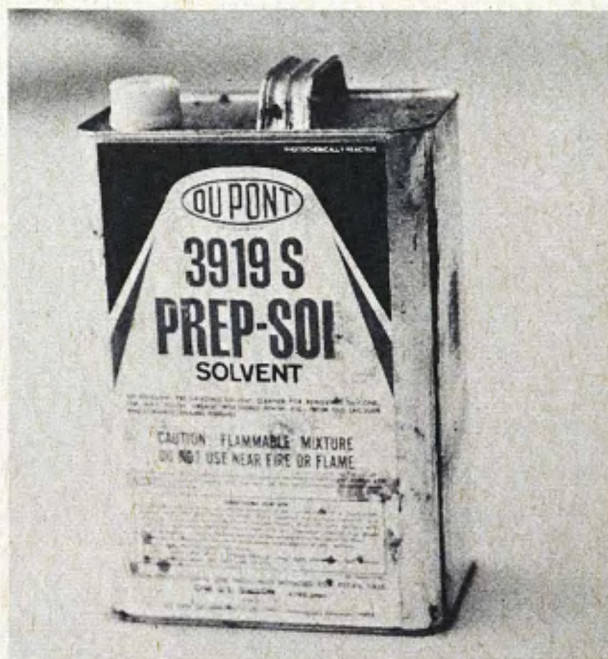
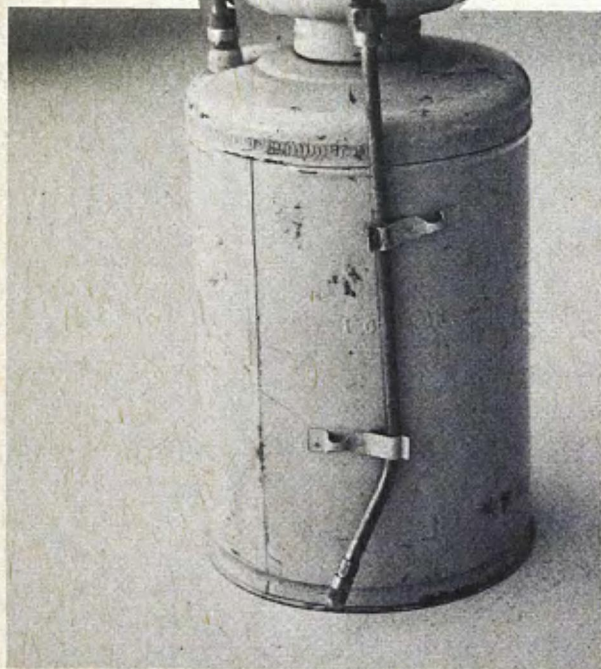
Ladies: 25, w/m, 6', 170, getting out after six years in Uncle Sam's Canoe Club, Mardi Gras bound. Looking for lovely ladies in need of livin' to party hearty with along the way. Could have interesting possibilities. Send letter and pics to Sundown, 205 N. Canal, Carlsbad, N.M. 88220. (104)

White workers and soldiers stand up for race and flag. Sample News \$3. Moltis, Box 227, Hooksett, N.H. 03106. (104)

"The Tattooists" This oversized hardcover book features interviews, color, and black and white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." Tattoo News. "A bargain at the price." Fetish Times. "An in-depth exploration of artist in an intriguing manner." Los Angeles Times. Photographs featured in Easyriders. Send \$35 plus \$1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. (107)

Continued on page 126

Easy Elbow Grease Eliminator



I ain't sayin' cleanliness is next to godliness, but an accumulation of scooter crud can eventually rot wires, clog cooling fins, and obscure oil leaks — to say nothing of the unwelcome decoration it'll put on the back of your ol' lady's halter top.

So once in a while, even in a rat bike's life, comes time for a good cleaning. There are a lotta ways to get the sleaze off your sled and headed down the drain — from Simichrome to soap and water to high-pressure steam. But most of them require a heavy application of elbow grease as well, if you know what I mean.

While tryin' to score a check-out cutie at the

local discount store, however, I came across a cleaning device that uses pressure in place of horrendous sweat-gland activity.

This gizmo (see photo one) is called a garden or fruit sprayer. It's normally used by suburban citizen types to kill weeds with herbicide, douse bugs in insecticide, or squirt rugrats tearin' up the garden on mini bikes. The contraption works in a fairly simple way. You just pour whatever fluid you want to spray into the tank and close it up by screwing the handle back on. Then, to build up some pressure inside, you grab that same handle and pump your brains out for a few

seconds. Now you've got a pressurized tank that's capable of squirtin' — with considerable force — whatever's inside. Load it up with a solvent or liquid soap and you'll go through a crud-encrusted mill, slime-coated forks, or a filthy rear wheel faster than the White Tornado.

For a sled with a lotta bead-blasted or aluminum metal-sprayed parts, a low-penetration solvent like kerosene or Prepsol (see photo two) is very effective and won't harm the paint on frame or gas tank like stronger stuff. (Solvents get expensive in quantity, so I usually catch the run-off in a big automotive drip tray, strain it, let the swill sink

to the bottom, and reuse it.) Good results can also be had with hot water and Tide (or a household cleaner like 409 or Fantastik) if the putt to be purified is mostly paint and chrome.

These sprayin' jobs usually have an adjustable nozzle so you can vary the stream from a wide fan for big surfaces to a needle-thin point for crevices. They come in sizes from two to five gallons. And you can probably get your mitts on one at a sale for under twenty bucks. At that, maybe you oughta get a second one to butter up steaks, popcorn — or your ol' lady when she's in the mood for somethin' kinky and close!

—Mystery Man

Tech Tip

FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it—just make any purchase of fifteen bucks or more from any of the bike shops listed here, and walk away with a free copy of the best bike rag in the world.

- ALABAMA**
Willie's Customs 1904 Popper Rd., Phenix
Custom Cycle H-D 116 Noble St., Anniston
Fidelity Motorcycle Co., Inc. Hwy. 31 North, Athens
- ALASKA**
House of Harley 1204 Chugach Way, Anchorage
- ARIZONA**
Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Phoenix Cycle Accessories 1626 W. Peoria Ave., Phoenix
Arizona Custom Cycles 2501 W. Thomas Rd., Suite G, Phoenix
Piggy's H-D Parts & River Bottom H-D 403 S. Arizona Ave., Chandler
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 801 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix
- CALIFORNIA**
The Purple Hog 642 Plumas St., Yuba City
Napa Valley Custom Cycles 955 Kaiser Rd., Napa
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Macley St., San Fernando
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Mach McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
H-D West 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey
Little Mama Custom Cycle Parts 1150 Pike Lane #5, Oceanside
Hutchins H-D 35405 28 Palms Hwy., Yuca Valley
H-D of San Rafael 729 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael
Janner Cycle Products 801 S. Main St., Burbank
Cycle Specialties 301 Main Blvd., Modesto
Cycle Parts Unlimited 1600 Yosemite Park Way, Merced
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 South Gate St., Ukiah
Cobra MC Accessories & Parts 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Clyde's Custom Cycles 5040 Olivehurst Ave., Olivehurst
- COLORADO**
Conger's AMF — H-D MC Sales 1505 E. 4th St., Pueblo
Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises 725 Phipps, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arapaho, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Colorado Custom Cycle 1430 Lansing, Aurora
Howell's House of Harley 3190 Morrison Rd., Denver
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 2970 W. Bowles, Littleton
Flatiron H-D 2685 Pearl St., Boulder
Quality Machine 9550 W. 44th Ave., Wheatridge
Dave's Auto Body 2201 State Ave., Alamosa
- CONNECTICUT**
New London Custom MC Sales 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 184, Groton
Retro Cycle Parts & Accessories R.F.D. #1 Box 214, Voluntown
Sparkle Cycle Accessories 78 Union St., Rockville
Honest Injun's Custom MC Acc. Elgida Plaza 120 Boston Post Rd., Milford
- FLORIDA**
H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
H-D of South 9600 E. Fern St., Miami
Harleys Only, Inc. 300 N.W. 2nd Ave., Hallandale
Pinellas Custom Cycle 4987 72nd Ave., North, Pinellas Park
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1681 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 607 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
C & L Hog Shop 1111 Orange Ave., Ft. Pierce
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers
- GEORGIA**
Last Chance Cycles E. Main St., Blue Ridge
H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Big John's Cycles 7884 N. Main St., Jonesboro
Chamblee Custom Cycle 2400-A Old Stone Mountain Rd., Chamblee
Southwestern Cycle, Inc. 30 N. Ave. Hwy. 20, Buford
- HAWAII**
Motorcycle Alley 1342 Kamele St., Honolulu
- ILLINOIS**
Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Cycle Service & Sales 311 Rt. 59 Grand Ave., Lake Villa
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine
Cycle Goodies Galore 1214 Hwy. 41, Lake Bluff
On Any Sunday, Inc. 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein
Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet
House of Cycles 11109 S. Western, Chicago
R & H Choppers 1108 Mill St., Plainfield
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6808 N. Western, Chicago
Markham Cycle Center 3858 W. 159th Pl., Markham
Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
H.E.L. Sport & Cycle Inc. 12040 South Doty, Chicago
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
L&S Cycle Supplies 300 N. Central St., Gilman
- INDIANA**
Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
The Hog Shop 3309 S. Memorial Dr., New Castle
Brand's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
The Cycle Shop 118 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Marion
K&D Chopper Shop 415 College Ave., Vincennes
- IOWA**
Dave's Cycle Accessories, Inc. 330 E. 2nd St., Iowa City
- KANSAS**
Blackwater Custom Cycle 413 Jackson St., Topeka
Free Wheeling 824 W. 6th St., Topeka
Hank's Cycle Shed Rt. 1, Box 107, St. George
Middle Earth Cycle Accessories Fifth & Elizabeth St., Scott City
- KENTUCKY**
Applon Harley-Davidson Sales, Inc. 383 New Circle, Lexington
- LOUISIANA**
Motorcycle Products Co. 2662 Barksdale Blvd., Bossier City
Wallace H-D Sales 3545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr's Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur
Cycle Brothers Inc. 4695 North St., Baton Rouge
- MARYLAND**
Ezaker's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Eastern Shore Cycle Location, Secretary
Ezaker's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pikesville Hwy., Edgewood
Salmon's Cycle Salvage 13879 Fields Rd., Rockville
Suburban H-D Sales, Inc. 15069 Frederick Rd., Rockville
Desperado Cycle Supply 126 B Mayo Rd., Edgewater
- MASSACHUSETTS**
Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton, Worcester
Harley Heaven, Inc. 116 Mansfield Ave. Rt. 140, Norton
Johnny's Cycle Shop 143 E. Central St., Worcester
- MICHIGAN**
GM Cycle 32242 W. 8 Mile Rd., Farmington Hills
- MINNESOTA**
D.S. Specialties 2953 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis
P.J.'s Everything MC 108 E. Center, Rochester
Smith Bros. & Fellow 718 W. 34th St., Minneapolis
York Brothers Custom Cycle 7 Westlake St., Chisholm
Lakeside Cycle West Lind St., Mankato
Riegett's H-D Cycle 435 10th St. N.E., Austin
- MISSISSIPPI**
Ocean Springs Kustom Cycle Hwy. 90 E., Ocean Springs
- MISSOURI**
Don's Cycle Parts 8554 St. Charles Rock Rd., Charlack
St. Joe H-D 402 S. 9th, St. Joseph
County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Harley-Davidson of Kansas City 10528 E. 40 Hwy., Independence
Perryville Cycle Center 713 N. Kings Hwy., Perryville
- MONTANA**
Eagle Custom Cycle 586 Meridian Rd., Kalispell
- NEBRASKA**
Silver Wings MC Parts 2311 11th St., Columbus
- NEVADA**
Nevada Cycle Parts 2560 #5 Las Vegas Blvd., N. Las Vegas
- NEW HAMPSHIRE**
Cavanaugh Bros. H-D, Inc. 101 Upton, Manchester
- NEW JERSEY**
H-D of Trenton Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton
Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Mitsun Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway
Country Cycle Center, 1504 Rt. #9, Pleasant Plains Mall, Toms River
Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Dynamic Cycle 700 Broadway, Bayonne
- NEW MEXICO**
All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold N.E., Albuquerque
Big Twin Cycle 9817 Acoma S.E., Albuquerque
- NEW YORK**
H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
A's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
The Sportster Shop 237-17 Jamaica Ave., Bellerose
V-Twins 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville
Custom Cycle Inc. 1895 Newbridge Rd., N. Bellmore
Harley-Davidson of Ramapo Rt. 17 N. P.O. Box 2, Shoksbury
MC Custom Accessories 109 N. Plain St., Ithaca
Rolling Thunder Accessories 189 Main St., Nanuet
Sal's Early Cycle Parts 1056 Little E. Neck Rd., W. Babylon
Rolling Thunder Cycles, Inc. 189 Main St., Hempstead
KPK Cycle, Inc. 211-19 Jamaica Ave., Queens Village
- NORTH CAROLINA**
Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville
- NORTH DAKOTA**
Bennie's Cycle Service 3701 S. Broadway, Hwy. 83 S., Minot
Foxes Fantastic Finishers R.R. 4 Box 12 C., Mandan
Nodak Harley-Davidson, Inc. RR 1, Box 151, Hwy. 83 North, Minot
- OHIO**
Custom MC Sales 4614 East 131 St., Garfield Heights
Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Ashland Cycle Supply 1241 U.S. 42 Rd. 1, Ashland
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
Bear's Bikes & Welding 415 W. Main, Ravenna
Pegasus Cycles 2556 Elm Rd., Warren
Warren Custom Cycles 1914 W. Market St., Warren
- OKLAHOMA**
Blinkley Harley-Davidson Hwy. 81 North 921 N. Choctaw, El Reno
Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater
The Chrome Link 2908 Fl. Still Blvd., Lawton
- PENNSYLVANIA**
Chopper Shack II 2832 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
Cycladic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
R & S Cycle Shop 230 Westwood St., Minersville
East Coast Cycle Shop Inc. 1400 St. RP, Cornwall Heights
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Paryville
- SOUTH CAROLINA**
Motorcycle Salvage 4816 Rivers Ave., Charleston
Southeastern Choppers 108 Bluff Ave., N. Augusta
D.C. Cycle 904 S. Market St., Lancaster
Doug's H-D Rt. 1 Box 326, Sumter
Warpaint 2639-H Broad River Rd., Columbia
- TENNESSEE**
D & D Southern Cycle 1191 Ft. Campbell Blvd., Clarksville
Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
K.D. Enterprises 3909 Chapman Hwy., Knoxville
Celboch H-D Sales Rt. 9 Box 517, Morristown
- TEXAS**
Lorry's M/C Service 217 S. B. Hayling
The Basket Case 2826 Elm St., Dallas
American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killean
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview
H&H Cycle Accessories 1710 Belle Plain, Brownwood
Livingston Custom Cycles 622 S. Washington, Livingston
- VIRGINIA**
Lilly H-D Inc. Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 West, Apingdon
Don's H-D Broadcastmore Shopping Center, Stuarts Draft
Master Performance Cycles 9623 Jefferson Ave., Newport News
Joker's Wild Motorcycle Dell Rt. 17 & 146, Fredericksburg
T.R.'s Cycle Shop & Leather Rock 1110 S. Military Hwy.,
P.O. Box 13428, Chesapeake
- WASHINGTON D.C.**
H-D of Washington, Inc. 9407 Livingston Rd. S.E.
- WEST VIRGINIA**
Mike's Cycle Rt. 2 Box 102, Debarbon
H-D of West Virginia 4924 MacCorkle Ave., S. Charleston
- WISCONSIN**
Tri State Cycle 3928 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee

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.

7/5/81—In memory of **Rowdy Dog** and **Bucky**, the only partner he ever knew. May they guard the bikes of Heaven forever and run free forever. Rebel and Blue.

In memory of **Rodger "Bear" Brooks** who went down on his bike 7/3/81. You are gone, but will never be forgotten. Ride high and forever in Harley Heaven. Guy and Anna and all your bros in Redding, Calif.

In loving memory of **"Warren"** 7/4/80. You're missed by many, bro. Here's to you and your peace of mind in Harley Heaven. Till we meet again. Love ya, Tammy.

In memory of **Patrick James Norton**, loved by everyone he touched and forgotten by none. We all love you. Riding with and for you, Always. Sheri.

In memory of **Rummy**. A bro forever. forever a bro. Your end is a story too often told. Two drunk rednecks in a pickup head-on in your lane. You are gone, but forever a part of us. See ya later. All your bros and sisters in Mobile, Ala.

A panhead engine made of steel and chrome; where you parked that scooter is where you called home. When the next run comes you will be on our minds; we will remember you. **Butch**, until the end of time. **Vulture**, Commerce City, Colo.

In memory of **John "Hoovah" Rich**. May you putt and love your balls off in Harley Heaven. Gone, still loved, not forgotten. From your bros Meatball, Twister, Buddy, Chris. and the rest in So, Jersey.

In memory of **Phil "Scooter" Bauer** 7/12/81. Now you're as free as you always said you wanted to be. We all love and miss you, bro. Buckshot and Kat.

In memory of **Mike "Swivel" Longo**. We miss you, and have not forgotten you, Eileen and Sharron.

In memory of **Tom "Squiddle" Pechous** 6/28/81. You'll always be in our memories as a great musician, poet, and friend. You're jammin' with the best of 'em now. We know you're right at home. **Chewie** and the **Hooters** I.G.H., Minn.

In memory of a true bro, **Arthur Brown**, who lived fast, loved hard, died young, and left his smile with us—it said it all. We love and miss you, Your bros Sonny, Terry, and Chuck.

In memory of **Ted Schmidt** 7/29/80. Sorrow is not forever, love is. Your ever-loving Babe.

Male Call

Because of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. We also sell subscriptions to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate—\$12 for 12 issues, a saving of half over the newsstand price. Just send \$12 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Note: Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

Wanted: chick or chicks to write and share a smile and a picture. Jerry Bush, Box 911, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57101.

Looking for a good woman who may be looking for a good man with lots of love and much tenderness to give. **James Rogers**, Box B-85775, CTF Central (E-135), Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I need some friends and I'll answer all letters. **Roy Wolfe** #7B-190, Luther Luckett Corr. Complex, 1612 Dawkins Rd., Box 6, La Grange, Ky. 40031.

Lonely bro needs help to do this time. Answer all. **J. R. Mosley** #239688, Box 16-S Line, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

22-year-old, blue-eyed, 6'3", 180-lb. crazed bike lover locked down and needs to hear from foxy ladies. Send pic if possible. **Andrew all, John W. Armstrong** #314430, Rt. 1 Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

Blond hair, blue eyes, nice build, would like to correspond with a nice lady. **James Pike** #C-32443, Box 441, Chino, Calif. 91710.

I'm a 32-year-old male in prison and I would like to receive letters from young ladies. All will be answered. **Curtis Barrentine** #276-474, Box 1100-196, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

Crankster gangster down till '83. I'm a w/m, 25, 6'1", with blond hair and blue eyes. Looking for a serious and lasting relationship. All letters answered. **D. W. Swing**, Box C-15993, Tamal, Calif. 94974.

Is there anybody out there who remembers **Rocco Sepe**? Or is it that nobody gives a fuck? **Rocco Sepe** #80-A-3541, D-2-39, Auburn Corr. Facility, 135 State St., Auburn, N.Y. 13021.

I'm doing 28 to 35 years here in N.C., so all you sweet ladies write to me. **Richard Davis**, 200 Sutherland Ave., Monroe, N.C. 28110.

Downed bro, 6', 165 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, 23 years old, got one calendar left. **Lookin'** for sincere ladies to scribe to. All letters answered. Please send photo. **Rod Phillips** #C-12616, Box 2210, 4709, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

We're down and a long way from home. Need some good letters and conversation from scooter people (chicks). **Bruce Waller** #307545, and **Michael Richardson** #289191, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

I'm 18, 5'8", with brown hair and blue eyes, and am serving time in jail. I know you good-looking girls got hearts, so give this lonely boy a break and send me a line and a picture, too. All letters answered. **Bruce Pastorfield**, Chesterfield County Jail, Chesterfield, Va. 23832.

N.Y. tramp, 6'6", would like to hear from some righteous chicks. **George Wright** #073003, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Need letters for sincere relationship as friends only. Will answer all. **William Brooks** (age 31), 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Been down a long time; about got it done. 38-year-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.

Down bro needs letters and pictures from a few ladies who still care. **Jack Wyrick** #89703, Turney Center, Only, Tenn. 37140.

I'm a down bro looking for correspondence with some nice chicks. Send pics. All letters answered. **William H. Smith** #81-D-59, Fishkill Corr. Facility, Box 307, Beacon, N.Y. 12508.

30-year-old Asian male would like to correspond with ladies of any age. As long as they're sincere, that's all that counts. Been down 6 years and don't have time for childish game-playing. If you care to drop a few lines, send them to **Ronald Nakashima**, Box 874993, Tamal, Calif. 94974.

Righteous bro needs letters from ladies to help pass remaining 1½ years. Will answer all. **Richard Harris** #128435, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Two solid white dudes doing lonely, lonely time. **Ron Jones** #36503 (age 29), 2D-624, and **Don Alexander** #38606 (age 21), 2D-562, Box 7, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Would like a sister to keep me company. I'm lonely and bored and need someone to dream and fantasize about. **Timothy J. Gatten** #305566, Rt. 2, Box 20, S-44B, Midway, Tex. 75852.

Ladies, help! I'm being held against my will in San Quentin. Need foxy ladies to write and send pictures. I'm 33, with blond hair and blue eyes. **Calvin Wynn**, Box C15748, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Down and need to hear from big mamas. Thin may be in, but fat is where it's at. Will answer all letters soon as possible. **Dave McGee** #161-099, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

I am 29 years old with brown hair and blue eyes, 6', 190 lbs., and am doing time in Folsom. Getting short—2 years to the pad. So come on, all you ladies out there, let's hear from you. Help a bro pass the time. **Mike Gollon**, Box B89113, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Hey! I'm a w/m looking for you. I'm breathing fresh air 12/82, so for fun and runs, ages 16 to 21. Write **Dave Loranger** #A90731, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

I'm a lonely dude in jail in the hills, locked down with no booze, no smoke, no pills. I'm hoping some ladies will see this and write; I need some lovin' because being in jail is a bite. Send a pic and I will. **Thomas R. Bell** #157215, MCTC, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Doing some time. Need foxy ladies to send me pics and a few lines. **Charles McDonald** #A-225295, D-93-T, SCI, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

22-year-old male seeking serious-minded woman who knows where her head's at. **James McGhee** #C-25160, CTF North, WB-245, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm sitting in my cell wishing I had someone farout to write to. Will answer all letters. **C. Learned** #11286, Box 112, Stateville, Ill. 60434.

Lost touch with reality. Hope to regain it with letters and flicks from chicks. **James L. Roberts** #282019, B-2-6, Wynne Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Doin' time for organized crime. Need letters and flicks from scooter-minded honeys to keep my soul in the wind. **Jerry Morris** #314383, B-2-6, Wynne Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Lonely white 24-year-old bro needs to hear from serious-minded ladies. Got 2½ to go and need someone to come out to. **K. T. Strack**, Box B-74931, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Need some sweet-smellin' kites to get me through these nites. Send flick for fast reply. **Lester Ingle**, PSI 201 Waterman Rd., Ione, Calif. 95640.

A 23-year-old, blond-haired, blue-eyed devil needs letters from No. Calif. women. Gotta have your shit together, though. **Gary Showalter** C-04068, Box 600 Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Looking for a young babe who would like to write a bro who's down on his luck. **Philip Cantone, Jr.** #81A2709, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, N.Y. 10562.

I'm a kind-hearted, good-looking young man looking for a sincere, loving woman to lend a hand. Send pic and stamp to **Dominic Murabito** #39817, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Need a chick to share feelings. Doing time and am lonely. Please write and exchange photos. All letters answered. **Kenneth A. Browning** #303429A, Coffield Unit, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

Looking for a fine white lady to take care of this outlaw. **Joe Garriep**, Box C-04998, Represa, Calif. 95671.

I am 26 and have brown eyes. I weigh 168 lbs. and am 5'11" tall. I am a convict who deeply desires to relate with the outside world. **Lamont Hale**, Box B-64974, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Doing 8 years. Would like to hear from some chicks who would like to help a bro do his time. Send pics and all your love. **J. W. Thedford** #316516, Ramsey II, Rt. 4, Box 1200, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Wish to hear from ladies of any age. **David T. Lawson** #071503, Hendry Ct, Rt. 2, Box 13A, Immo-kalee, Fla. 33934, Mail No. 270.

NEW!



...The "FLICKET"

**OPENS LOCK-BACK BLADES
FASTER THAN A SWITCHBLADE
WITH A FLICK OF A
THUMB...LEGALLY!**

The FLICKET gives fast, one-hand opening access to the single-lock-blade knife with a flick of the thumb. Spring steel attachment clamps securely to top edge of blade. FLICKET and single-lock, stainless-steel-blade knife with brass and wood handle, only \$9.95 ppd. Or order the FLICKET for your own single-lock-blade knife. Three sizes available: 1/8" (#1), 1/10" (#2), 3/32" (#3). Specify size.

FLICKET alone, only \$4.95
Cash, m.o. or certified check.
Add 5¢ if cash.
Specify right- or left-handed

P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302

PRIVACY GUARANTEED!



THE PHONE GUARD guarantees your privacy. This ingenious electrical device lets you know if someone is listening in to your conversation (through an extension, switchboard or wiretap) by silently lighting up a red signal. Takes only seconds to install by simply unscrewing your phone's mouthpiece & replacing with the **Phone-Guard**. Carry it with you for use on hotel or office phones whenever security counts. A cheap price for peace of mind! Send **\$49.95** (add \$4.00 postage & handling. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax). **NOTE:** Indicate phone type: Bell or GTE.

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED!
COCO COMPANY
P.O. BOX 451
CALABASAS, CALIF.
91302

101% Biker

Continued from page 15

and switched to sugarless gum.

The only habit he didn't shitcan was riding his beloved collection of Harleys, affordable now that he no longer pissed money away on anything else besides food, bills, rent, and (considerately) enough life insurance to keep his dull little wife secure for decades.

Exactly twelve months later to the minute, a sweet little old lady in a cage (who had never seen a biker in her entire 77 years) deftly nailed him in an intersection — cleanly, quickly, and fatally.

Once again, it was Golden Gate time.

"By golly, you did it!" approved SP, beaming at him. "In only one short human year you completely shifted the balance, qualifying for entrance into Heaven!"

"It was Hell," Riffraff admitted.

"I told you so."

"All righty," Riffraff said happily, rubbing his hands with anticipation. "I'm ready to prospect for God, see? Where do I get my sled?"

"Certainly. Would you prefer a British Snorten, a German Beemy, or a nice Japanese Hondasaki?"

"Fuck that shit, Pete!" raged Riffraff. "I wanna genuine Harley jist like the one —"

"Sorry, but only God rides a Harley here."

"Wh-whaaaat?" screamed Riffraff.

"Rank has privileges, y'know."

"Ya never told me that, ya dirty old —"

"Lower your voice," said SP, retreating into a coldly dignified stance. "You never asked."

What seemed like an eon of bitter silence passed.

"Ain't there no way I kin rate a Harley, man?" pleaded Riffraff. "It don't even hafta be a new one, jist so's it's the real thing."

SP shook his head. "No way. Look, I've been here for a long time and the best I could swing was a rebuilt Moto-Scuzzi trike. And I got here the hard way."

"That's it, huh?"

"I'm afraid so."

"No Harley?" Riffraff peered pathetically up at the taller, stouter man.

"Why must it be a Harley?" snapped SP irritably. "We have the best roads here. Perfect, you might

NOW!

**EASYRIDERS T-SHIRTS
FOR YOUR RUG RATS.**



Yeah, even your rug rats can now wear them with pride. Finest quality white shirts with either of the two above designs (A. Easyriders, B. Biker) that you and the ol' lady have been wearing. Each sells for \$6.95, postpaid in U.S. only. Shirts come in three sizes: small 4, medium 8, and large 12.

Send your order to:
KIDS T-Shirts, Box 711
Burbank, Calif. 91503

Make all checks and money orders payable to Easyriders. Cal. Res. add 6% Sales Tax

Moving?

ATTACH YOUR MAILING
LABEL HERE

(If possible print old address here)

If you are, then you must let us know at least six weeks **before** changing your address. **Important.** Attach current address. Your filling out a change of address card at the post office will not help us, so if you want uninterrupted service, without missing a single copy, send us the info in advance of your move.

MAIL TO EASYRIDERS
P.O. Box 711
Burbank, Calif. 91503

PRINT NEW ADDRESS HERE

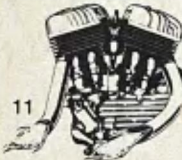
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Black T-shirts With White Designs



and on the 8th day God created Harley-Davidson

I'm Hers Because She Gives 10 Good Head



My Ol' Lady Yes, My Dog Maybe My Harley-Davidson NEVER.

BORN ON A MOUNTAIN RAISED IN A CAVE BIKING AND FUCKIN IS ALL I CRAVE



Gimme' Head Till 12 I'm Dead



23. "Pussy Builds Strong Bones," 24. "I Snatch Kisses And Vice Versa," 25. "D.O.T. Will Get My Motorcycle When They Pry The Handlebars From My Cold Dead Gripping Hands," 26. "Men Don't Grow Up They Just Get Better Toys — Bikes-Booze-Broads," 27. "Warning! Society In General Has Determined That Motorcycle Riding Is Dangerous To Their Health," 28. "Helmet Laws Suck," 29. "Fuck Helmet Laws," 30. "Girls! Avoid The Draft Let Me Get You Pregnant," 31. "Boogie Till You Puke," 32. "Piss On Disco," 33. "Harley Riders Make Better Lovers," 34. "Support Your Local Harley Rider," 35. "Fuck Ya If You Can't Take A Joke," 36. "Do It Till You're Dry," 37. "The Customer Always Comes First," 38. "Ass, Gas, or Grass — No Free Rides," 39. "Harley's Best Fuck The Rest," 40. "Harley Riders Have Longer Front Ends," 41. "I'm A Lover, I'm A Fighter, I'm A Motorcycle Rider," 42. "Sworn To Fun, Loyal To None," 43. "No Butt — No Putt," 44. "Harley Riders Do It Any Way They Damn Please," 45. "Ride Hard — Die Free," 46. "If God Hadn't Meant For Man To Eat Pussy, Then He Would Not Have Shaped It Like A Taco," 47. "Mustang Ranch Quality Control Supervisor," 48. "Scooter Trash," 49. "Harley Riders Don't Get Mad, They Get Even," 50. "I Am The Person Your Mother Warned You About," 51. "Better Your Sister In A Whorehouse — Than Your Brother On A Honda," 52. "Eat Shit And Die," 53. "Harleys-Sex-Rock & Roll," 54. "Harley Riders Have Longer Rods," 55. "Warning!!! The Surgeon General Has Determined That Fuckin' With A Motorcycle Rider Is Dangerous To Your Health," 56. "Moustache Rides 25¢," 57. "Support Social Intercourse," 58. "Get Off My Ass," 59. "Bikers Are A Crazy Bunch. What Most Call Pussy, They Call Lunch."

Any of the above designs on any one of seven colors (yellow, light blue, navy, green, white, tan, or black). Send \$8.00 for each shirt ordered (be sure to state size, color, and wording wanted) to: COCO, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. Allow 4-6 weeks for personal checks to clear.

*Outside U.S.A., please send money order (U.S. funds) for \$10.00 per shirt ordered.

say, in every way. So why only a Harley?"

"If ya hafta ask, ya'd never unnerstand," Riffraff mumbled brokenly. "Okay, let's get after it, man. Do the return-trip number on me."

"You're rejecting Heaven?" SP's expression was incredulous.

"I'd rather ride a Harley in Hell."

"Wait a minute," urged SP, hastily opening the thick book. "Give it some thought. Aha! Just as I told you! If you return, you cannot live down there as the same creature with the same tastes you experienced earlier. Would you risk that just for a particular—"

"I'm gonna be a born-again Harley rider, no matter what," Riffraff stubbornly insisted. "The feelin' goes soul deep. Send me back, man."

"You may regret it," SP said wearily.

Everything vanished in a burst of blazing light.

The two men stood surrounded by the shabby tents and weatherbeaten fun rides of the cheap little carnival. Nearby, a battered Harley flathead thundered endlessly around and around atop a shoddily constructed wooden platform — its rider steering the machine with blissfully glazed eyes, hairy hands clutching the pullback bars.

"You believe in reincarnation?" asked the manager.

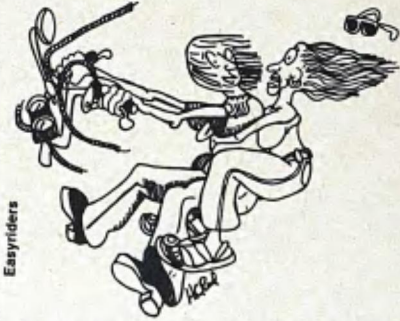
"Oh, I dunno," evaded the roustabout. "Why?"

"I swear to God that fuckin' orangutan musta been a biker in another life. Real picky bastard, too. Refused to ride anything and everything until we lucked out with that ancient Harley!"

"Let's bill him as Riffraff the Rowdy!"

"Where'd ya get a screwy name like that?" asked the grinning manager.

"Oh, I dunno. It just seems to fit the poor ape!" ■



Scoots and Sports

Continued from page 11

supposed bastions of objectivity and First Amendment neutrality, report on the event in familiar, predictable, alarmist fashion, concentrating on and emphasizing the few incidents that fit the stereotype of the grubby, psychotic, subhuman biker, ignoring the fact that thousands of motorcyclists got together for a prolonged gathering of the tribes and behaved themselves far better than the drunken fans of professional football in their weekly rampages every fall and winter.

Let's not kid ourselves. Biker horror stories sell papers, so it's not surprising that stereotyped bullshit is what most journalists expect — and hope — to report. But even when no amount of preconceived bias and selective reporting can twist the truth into yet another biker tale of rape and pillage, the tone of the media accounts is almost invariably one of nerve-racked astonishment that the town was somehow spared complete destruction at the hands of the invading barbarians. Once in a

while there's acceptance of and tribute to the bikers' orderly and responsible behavior, but such reports are the exception. Generally, the usual hysterical tone permeates the reports even when the facts don't fit the stereotypes, thereby manipulating the public's attitude into familiar patterns of fear and mistrust.

The thinking processes of the straight world never cease to amaze me. Swilling booze, an American institution even older, more profitable, and more protected than football, is a socially approved, legally sanctioned, and widely encouraged accompaniment to recreational activity. But pot smoking, an activity that almost invariably results in a mellow, less belligerent individual, is regarded with mistrust, distaste, and smug satisfaction in the strict enforcement of outrageously unfair and antiquated laws prohibiting its consumption.

Think about it. Alcohol is a drug that, for a great many people, is literally addicting, a drug involved in approximately half of this nation's murders and fatal car wrecks; yet, according to the

straight point of view, it's okay for hundreds of thousands of sports fans to abuse this substance each Sunday during fall and winter. Even worse, smoking marijuana, an activity with effects demonstrably far less socially destructive, is frequently regarded as one step from the needle.

In addition, I find it remarkable that no one ever comments on the bikers' tendency to police themselves. At a biker gathering, if some asshole is acting up in a manner likely to produce a general brawl or split the partyers into warring factions or bring the heat down on everybody, he's likely to be taken aside and given a crash course in common manners, which is simply another way of saying that a biker has far less need of outside regulators hired by unsympathetic agencies (in other words, cops) than does the average sports fan when he gets a few beers under his belt. On that subject, the closest approximation of what bikers routinely do occurred this year when New York Yankee fans turned in a creep who threw a bottle at Los Angeles Dodgers outfielder Dusty Baker during the first

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, stash 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.

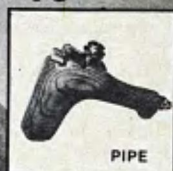
TOKE, STROKE AND SMOKE IN STYLE

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

Combination Cane-Pipe-Poolstick

Pat. No. 1,146,042
Copyright 1980, RM/LM

PIPE
\$19⁹⁵



PIPE

POOL CUE
INSIDE CANE
\$49⁹⁵

\$24⁹⁵

HANDLE UNSCREWS FOR A SHORT SELF-LIGHTING PIPE.

CANE-PIPE
MADE OF COLD ROLLED STEEL

Send cash, check or money order to: MACKENZIE COMPANY Box 29, Calabasas, Calif. 91302

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____

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.

BLACK FRENCH CUT TOPS FOR OL' LADY'S

I'M EQUIPPED WITH GENUINE
HARLEY — TITS & ASS
MADE OF PROPER MATERIALS
MADE TO SHAKE PERFECTLY
GUARANTEED SATISFACTION



I LOVE
TO PUTT
SUCK &
FUCK

LIQUOR
UP FRONT
POKER
IN THE REAR

HARLEY RIDERS
WANTED
INQUIRE
WITHIN

HARLEY RIDERS
OL' LADIES
DO EVERYTHING
BETTER
AND LOOK
BETTER DOIN' IT

I'M HIS
BECAUSE
HE GIVES
GOOD FACE

MUSTANG
RANCH
TRAINEE

MOTORCYCLE
MAMA

SHOW ME
YOUR
DICK

Hot
and
Juicy

NO PUTT
NO BUTT

Enclosed \$9.00 for each top ordered.
Be sure to state size.
COCO P.O. Box 451
Calabasas, Calif. 91302

game of the World Series. If a similar chickenshit act had taken place at a big biker bash, it probably would have been regarded as a family affair, meaning the offender would have been given a quick and memorable lesson in holding his mud, after which everybody would have returned to the harmless pursuit of fun with friends. Bikers are no dummies, knowing full well that by policing themselves they avoid needless confrontations with the cops as well as negative publicity by the media. For contrast, consider that, during a Bills-Patriots game last year, a number of flipped-out fans were temporarily handcuffed to the chain link fence surrounding the stadium because the paddy-wagons couldn't haul them away fast enough.

Now, I know I've come down mighty hard on football, but as I've already explained, that's really neither my intention nor the point of what I'm saying. I single out football games only as examples against which to contrast the attitude of the public and press when it comes to similar gatherings of motorcycle riders. But when it comes to socially accepted bad behavior, with equal appropriateness I could have cited the prestigious Bohemian Club of San Francisco, a recreational organization composed of some of the richest, most powerful, and influential men in the country. Members include President Ronald Reagan, Vice-President George

Bush, Cabinet members Caspar Weinberger and William French Smith, former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, ex-Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart, and media biggies Walter Cronkite and William F. Buckley, to name only a few.

The function of this august organization is R&R for the stressed leaders of the Free World, a retreat for that handful of men who hold the destiny of the United States (and the survival of us all) in their hands, men whose gravely deliberated decisions send shock waves, for good or ill, through the lives of every man, woman, and child in this country. So what do these universally admired leaders do when they get together for a little party? Well, according to an article in the September issue of *New West* magazine, among other things they chase coke-sniffing pussy, ritually piss on the redwood trees, and laugh together at drag dramas put on by the club's employees (one of whom is the reigning Miss Gay San Francisco).

Now I've seen a lot of weird shit in my day, and maybe I'm old-fashioned, but this crap's just a little too offbeat to suit me. Still, live and let live, I always say; and anyway, who am I to question the leaders of the Western World? However, I do have a suggestion: Since these guys are liable to hurt themselves while cavorting around like this, shouldn't they be made to wear helmets?

Easyriders



M. F.

"That's funny — 'Lick the hair off the balls of my syphilitic dog' doesn't seem to be one of the categories."

Out of Control

Continued from page 17

efforts to strengthen the federal Gun Control Act of 1968. Since President Reagan (an NRA member) reiterated his opposition to gun control measures even after John Hinkley's attempt on his life with a handgun, the Handgun Crime Control Act (S. 794) sponsored by Senators Edward Kennedy (D., Mass.) and Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D., N.Y.), and pushed in the House by Congressman Peter Rodino (D., Mass.), may well fail to pass. But does it matter? What have the approximately 20,000 other federal, state, and municipal firearms ordinances done to curtail shootings?

We need to admit that gun control laws have not worked, and cannot work, in America. When gun control advocates parade statistics about shootings and gun ownership they simply underscore the gut insecurity felt by law-abiding Americans that leads them to purchase weapons. Bumpersticker mottoes like "When guns are outlawed only outlaws will have guns" capture the meter of folksy homilies, and the fears of increasingly beleaguered urbanites.

We also need to admit the irrelevance of the 2nd Amendment arguments of NRA types, or misguided civil libertarians. Precedents lurk within our heritage and the documents of our liberties to sanction the pro-gun lobbying effort. But first, let them candidly allow that guns employ thousands of Americans and pay some hefty corporate dividends. Or, that when gun lobbyists concede the need to regulate "Saturday Night Specials," they are

simply saying let's outlaw those cheap imported jobs and let Americans buy superior — and much more expensive — American substitutes.

Insecurity stalks each of us because we cannot escape the malaise that has sickened our society. Civil libertarians speak bravely about individual rights, but forget that within an increasingly mass, consensus culture, individualism has largely perished. De Tocqueville warned Americans that their intolerance, their inability to accept alien ideas or alternative points of view, might finally destroy their precious democracy. When the consensus speaks, it can shout down dissenting voices and oppress minority rights unless safeguards are carefully protected. The Open Society then becomes the Closed Society of 20th-century totalitarians or 17th-century Puritans, or perhaps Moral-Majoritarian America in 1981.

Mass man has been alienated from his peers, and from himself. Impotent rage consumes him, manifesting itself in chauvinistic nationalism, fundamentalist zealotry, or irrational outbursts of random violence. American moviegoers applauded the screams of "I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take it any more" that popularized the film *Network*, because they saw their heads poking out of apartment or tenement windows. But they raised their voices only to cheer in darkened theaters.

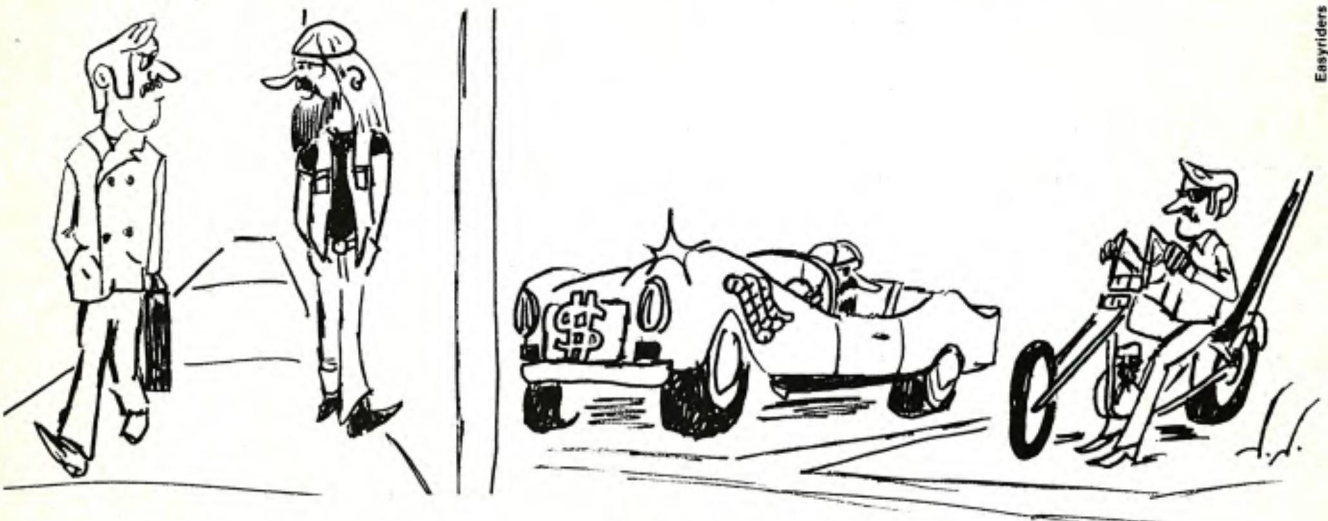
Any one of us may yet be branded "an enemy of the people" because we dared to become a "majority of one." Hitler and Stalin proved how readily mass man can cross the line of Reason into an Orwellian world of

thought control, state terror, and emotionless alienation of all from all. Given those possibilities, 20th-century Americans may yet seek recourse in the 2nd Amendment.

But if most Americans shrink from conceiving an Orwellian 1984 suffocating American liberties, they do recognize the ubiquity of physical peril in American life. While recovering from gunshot wounds, Vernon Jordan, outgoing Urban League president, called for renewed exertions to gain Congressional gun control legislation. He argued that the absence of a frontier negated the need for widespread possession of guns. Mr. Jordan is, of course, mistaken. The frontier thrives on street corner "turfs" in every major American city; it lives in the mind of every suburban rapist, every mafioso, or every oil company board member who callously plots to rape the economy or the environment to garner greater corporate profits. Because this urban frontier persists, guns will continue to endanger careless or unlucky victims of the random or calculated violence we inflict on one another for profit or pleasure.

Let the guns alone. Perhaps individualism as a constructive credo of private conscience and personal initiative will follow the sense of responsibility some people gain through protecting their persons and homes. Certainly, our right to our property in ourselves existed long before the 13th Amendment outlawed slavery and involuntary servitude, or Jefferson touted our entitlement to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Although the 2nd Amendment sought to preserve the militias as an



Easyriders

internal bulwark of American liberties, and not to make man more secure in his castle — his right under common law — the 4th Amendment does guarantee the security of the people's "persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures." Common law and common sense suggested that Americans would obtain the means of implementing their rights without transgressing against the laws of God or Man.

Rightfully or wrongfully, gun-wielding men have come to symbolize the mythic notions of American freedom that have lured millions to our shores. The trailblazing Boones, Crocketts, Bridgers, or Carsons epitomized the archetypal American hero, Natty Bumppo, James Fenimore Cooper's "hawkeyed" *Pathfinder* whose code suited the wilderness in which he roamed free. The late John Wayne personified the 20th-century remnants of the frontier individualism that the historian Frederick Jackson Turner acclaimed as the source of our democracy's vitality. In his final film, *The Shootist*, Wayne's character capsulized a now archaic but still important form of Americanism: "I

will not be wronged, or cursed, or be put hands upon. I do not do these things to others. . . ."

We may bemoan the notion that one needs to strap on a .45 to defend one's rights. But physically upholding one's liberties accords more faithfully with American history than does the rhetorical blood-letting favored by Jefferson.

Recently, Zack Coombes, a former manager at one of the South-

land Corporation's 7-11 Stores in Texas, confronted a dilemma that forcefully illustrated the conflict now existing between individual and corporate (or community) standards. Southland prohibits its employees from carrying weapons, ostensibly to diminish the chances of unnecessary bloodshed as a result of accidental or precipitate action by a Southland employee that might provoke otherwise avoid-



"Now I ask you, do I look like the type who would break the law?"

New Improved

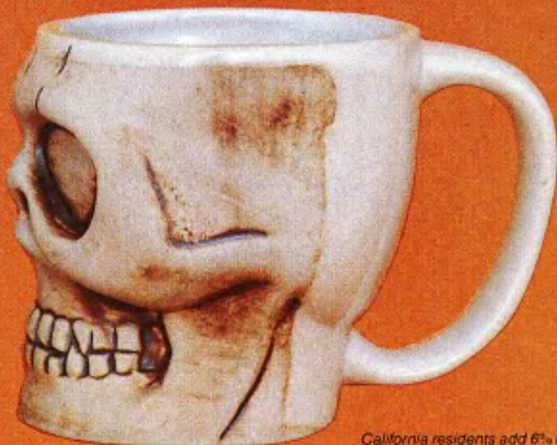
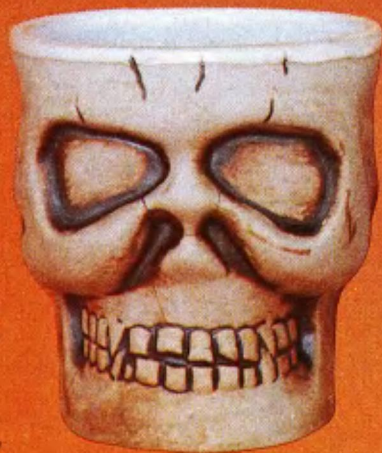
Finest Quality, Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mug.

New Improved

Heavy! (Weights two pounds!) It's Big! (Holds 1 quart.)

\$13.95 each
includes postage
and handling

U.S. currency only. Thank you



California residents add 6% tax.

Massive mugs that are something special. Expensively handcrafted out of bone china. High fired (2300°). Top quality — a functional conversation piece if ever there was

one. They cost bucks, but remember, these are not mass-produced, plastic cheapos — these are individually made — outta fine bone china. Quality guaranteed.

**Mackenzie
Company**

**Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302**

All boxes, route numbers, and Armed Forces, please add \$1.50 for postage. Mugs go by either U.P.S. or First Class.

able gun battles in 7-11 stores. Since the current crop of felons have apparently disregarded the intent of the Southland edict and proceeded to murder a number of unarmed convenience-store employees (dead men tell no tales?), Mr. Coombes also ignored his company's policy. He armed himself to better defend his property in himself — his life — the primary right every man enjoys under our system of government. When a robbery threatened to follow the now-infamous snuff scenario that Mr. Coombes had apprehended, he shot his assailant.

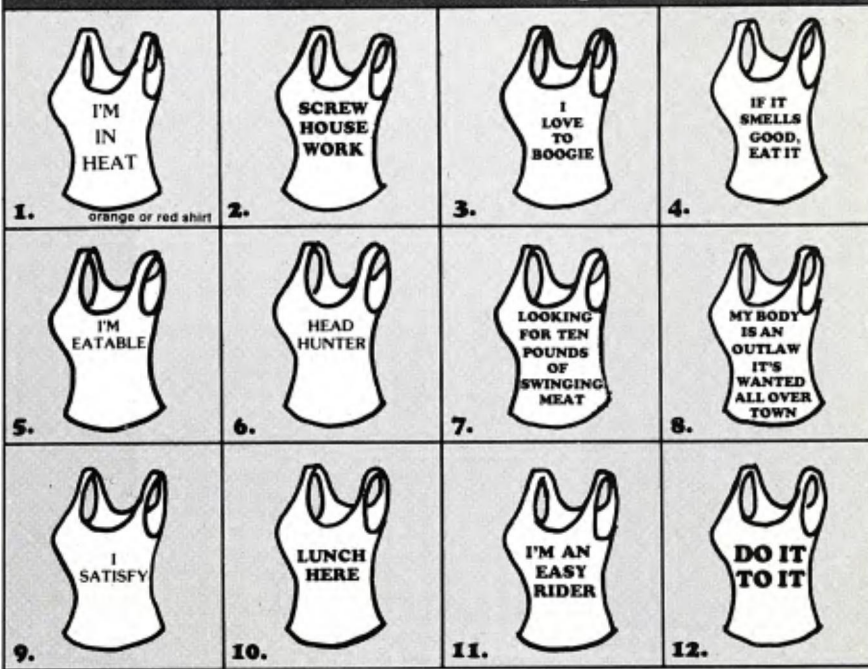
The Southland Corporation registered its horror and anger about the danger that shadows its employees, and then Southland dismissed Mr. Coombes for violating its policy to save his life. Mr. Coombes gamely supported the equity of Southland's decision. Presumably, however, Mr. Coombes preferred his life to the life insurance check his heirs would have received from Southland to compensate the family of a loyal employee.

Mr. Coombes's dilemma underscores the basic problem surrounding gun control. The standards of the community cannot constrain the individual who seeks nothing but peace within the community, when the community itself has so deteriorated that the concept of community has become almost meaningless. When the community attempts to legislate morality — always a dubious enterprise at best — irrationality or amorality cannot have so suffused the community that morality becomes a mockery. Guns involve these very pregnant considerations because the community depends upon the individual happiness — the secure lives first — of its members if the general welfare is to prove either general or well-faring.

Control guns? We must control ourselves first. We need to steel ourselves to defend our existing rights. We need to set and observe personal codes that we will uphold against any infringement. That form of individualism might even renew the communitarian values of the "moral sense" Scotsmen, who emphasized the compassionate heart over the calculating mind, community over private interest. Then, too, we might understand why frontier paladins like Shane politely but firmly reminded us that guns are only tools. They become instrumentalities of crime only when criminals hold them.

Under New Ownership

Ladies' Tank Tops \$7.50



Colors: White, blue, peach, yellow. Sizes: 12, 14, 16; 50/50 "stretch." Send size, color, and shirt number along with \$7.50 to: BIKERS' CANDY STORE, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. Also available: 100% cotton bikini panties with above printing, \$6.00 each.

It's rank, it's gross— and it's great!

Order Robinson's
Trash now.

If you have read *Easyriders* for any length of time, you have to be aware of Robinson's great illustrations. They are meant to be cartoons, but we feel that all his fine work makes them more than just cartoons.

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, 8 1/2 x 11) 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.

This is a top quality book—but remember, it is rank—and you have been warned.



Book
Easyriders Magazine
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Send me _____ copies of Robinson's book called *Trash*. Enclosed you will find \$5.95 for each copy plus 50¢ for postage. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

You must be 18 years of age to order this book.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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



Photo shown is actual size

Buy The Very Best

Our expensive steel dies make possible a handsome buckle with the nitty-gritty detail that sets it apart from the cheapass copies of our original buckles. Ask the bro who owns one. Satisfaction guaranteed.

This is a huge, man-size buckle made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze-or silver-plated for a life time of rugged wear. Each is individually hand-polished, and comes with 1 1/2"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders — unless you request otherwise.

Send \$17.00 (includes postage and handling). Overseas air mail, add \$4.00. Silver or bronze buckle, send only \$9.00. Give accurate waist size, belt color, (brown or black) and buckle finish (bronze or silver). California residents add 6%.



RIGHTeous
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740. (U.S. Currency Only. Thank You!)

Must Books For Bike Owners

What Fits What

The newly-revised Fourth Edition is finally available. The only complete book on Harley-Davidson parts interchangeability for all V-twin models between 1936 and 1981. Special sections on Sportsters, going faster, making Hogs last longer, and building stompin' engines of up to 101 cubic inches. Unique at any price — only \$5.95 plus 75¢ postage.



Motorcycle Electrics Without Pain

A totally non-theoretical approach to making it run again. Theory is great for textbooks — but practice is what does it for broken motorcycles. Latch onto this down-to-earth approach to the mysteries of electrics. It's a must for any biker's workbench — and a steal at only \$8.00 plus \$1.00 postage.

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



RIGHTeous
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, Cal. 90740

Just Another Day

Continued from page 71

to be biker rags. Lou wasted no time breaking off a long limb and finding a spot downstream where the body would float within reach. He waited, cussin' his heart for breaking into some wild drum solo. Hearts can't handle much shit, he mused, reaching out with the limb.

It was a croaked bro, all right, so Lou didn't get uptight about touchin' him, figurin' the dude had to be pickled enough to kill any germs that had tried to infest him. He didn't even stink. In fact, Lou thought there was a certain wholesomeness to the bro's smell, like at clubhouse fish fries back in the ol' days. Lou dragged him back to camp and propped him up against a stump. He didn't want to be the dude to report it, especially with his record. Top of that, somebody mighta helped ol' deadass here into the drink, intendin' for him to stay there. You don't want to piss that kinda folks.

Well, the day was young, and Lou didn't see as it was gonna hurt anything to just lay back for a while. Plenty of beer left, nobody likely to happen along, and the dead dude wasn't goin' noplase.

"Say, man," Lou said to the corpse, "when you mellow out you don't fuck around, do you?" At some point he had spilled his beer. He popped another, took several gulps, and looked at his lifeless friend. "Sorry, man. Hope you don't mind; I'd offer you one, honest to God, but I'm out." It was a lie, Lou's standard, but this time he got to feelin' guilty.

"Aw, shit, man. I reckon if any fucker deserves a cold one right now, it's you." He fished out an icy brew, popped it, and wrapped the dead biker's hand around it. Water still dripped from the matted beard

Easyriders

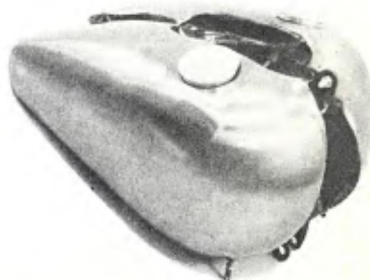


"When the price of regular milk goes back down — that's when!"

HEAVY WEIGHT!

FAT "BOB" SEZ IT'S TIME TA BUILD

NEW!



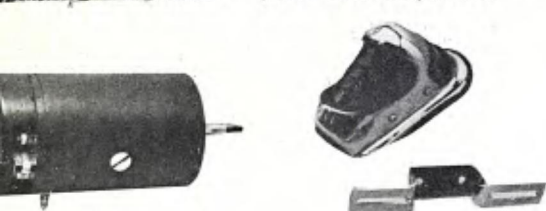
Quick Bob Tank: This bitch will fit right on yer Superglide. Gives ya the Fat Bob look. Accepts all stock mounting hardware & holds 4.5 gallons. \$99.95. **Gas Caps:** H-D wing logo cap. \$11.95. Plain Gas Cap. \$4.95. Specify left or right side. **Chrome Petcock:** New style with reserve for late model tanks. \$19.95. **Fat Bob Tanks:** Add some fuckin' paint & yer ready to roll. (3 1/2 gal. \$119.95. 5 gal., \$129.95.



Chrome Replacement Dashes & Mounting Plates for Hogs: A) Cateye Dash \$59.95. B) 2 Light Dash \$59.95. C) 3 Light Dash \$59.95. D) Low Rider Dash Chrome \$34.95. E) Old Plated \$49.95. E) Cateye Mounting Plate. \$59.95. F) Light Mounting Plate. \$49.95. G) 3 Light Mounting Plate. \$49.95. H) Fat Bob Tank Rubber Divider. \$14.95. Low Rider Engraved Tank Panel. \$39.95.



Hogtank Emblems: Mount yer favorite fuckers on yer Fat Bobs & show some class; A) 1961. \$39.95. B) 1940 46. \$19.95. C) 1947 54 \$24.95. D) 1966 and up. \$34.95. E) 1955. \$39.95. **Fat Bob Gas Tank Mounting Kit:** This fuckin' kit allows ya to run Fat Bobs again. Restores original looks & value of Hog frames. \$39.95. **HD Switches** Specify early or late. \$29.95. **Dash Mounting Bolt Kit:** \$8.95. **Fat Bob Speedo:** Its about damn time, an original reproduction (Transmission Drive) \$99.95.



D 12 V Generator: Tired of 6 volt hassels? Its about time to switch e bitch. \$129.95. We have all related components. **Bee Hive** **Light:** You won't find any of these fuckers at a swap meet. Show me class on yer Hogs Ass with one of these. \$54.95.



Fat Bob Fenders: Rear for H-D 74" & 80" swing arms. \$49.95. Rear for rigid frames, specify right or left chain. \$39.95. **Wide Glide Fl. Fender:** Fits 18", 19", 21" front tires. \$39.95.



Sweat Shirt: Finally a damn black sweat shirt that says it all. Specify S-M-L-XL. \$15.95. **Base Ball Cap.** \$6.95.



H-D Btry Tops & Straps: A) FX & Sportster 1965-1978. \$10.95. B) FXE-FXS-XEF & Low Rider. \$12.95. C) FL-FLH. \$14.95. **Btry Straps:** 65-69 FL-FLH-67 later XLH-70 & later FL-FLH-70 & Later FX-XLCH-73 & later FXE \$11.95 ea.

Ask about our catalog. \$4.95 with coupon for refund.

SHIPPING EXTRA
call 303-433-7025 or 303-433-0564

All orders sent UPS/COD. Foreign/overseas orders prepaid only. No Fuckin' Checks!

2 WHEELER'S M/C SHOP, INC.
1433 W. 38th Ave.
Denver, CO 80211

CUSTOM CHROME PLATING

STEEL • ALUMINUM • POTMETAL



All parts triple plated (copper, nickel, chrome). We also offer nickel and 24 karat gold plating.
FAST SERVICE. Write for a free price list.

GRAVES PLATING COMPANY

Quality Plating Since 1945

P.O. BOX 1052 INDUSTRIAL PARK FLORENCE, AL 35631 (205) 764-9487

THE EAGLE SOARS ALONE.



COMMEMORATING THE RETURN
TO PRIVATE OWNERSHIP OF
HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY
JUNE, 1981

POSTER 24 1/4" x 35"

SNOWBALL LTD.

HISTORY WAS MADE JUNE 16, 1981 OWN A PIECE OF IT!

Copy of Factory Issue
Commemorative Poster
PLUS — Copy of Confirming
Mailgram from Pres. of
Harley Davidson Motor Co.
\$10.00 Incl. Postage &
Handling - No C.O.D.

P.O. BOX 30085
TUCSON, AZ. 85751



Hanes 100% /Cotton T-SHIRT
White on Black
\$7.50 each

Does THE RED SCARE, scare YOU?

Show 'em how YOU feel!

The Russians are already
in Vietnam, Poland, Cuba,
and So. America. Africa,
Germany, Lybia, and
Afganistan.

C & N Enterprises, 2554 Lincoln Blvd.
Suite 145, Marina Del Rey, CA 90291

NAME _____ M L XL
ADDRESS _____ cash - check - M.O.
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

and long, scum-caked hair. The swollen tongue lolled out ugly and blue, but it seemed to Lou that the livid face might've brightened just a bit.

Lou looked him over. "So how long you been dead, brother? You know, you're the first drowned fucker I ever seen. I seen dead men before, but you're the first drowned one. It don't do a lot for your looks, neither. 'Course, maybe you always looked like that, I don't know. Hell, I knew this dude named Randy Watson that looked like that. Anyhow, I fished you outta there, bro. Shit, ol' Lou got some respect for a brother, if nobody else does. I got a lot of respect for the dead anyway, but 'specially a bro. Anybody that turns his back on a biker ain't worth a stinker's damn — write that down.

"Hey, man. By the way, thanks for the bread and the Buck knife. I can really use that shit."

He lay back, hands clasped behind his head, and closed his eyes. "Don't really make a whole helluva lot o' difference how you check out, or really when, though. Dead's dead; ain't that been your experience?" He took a drink. "Man, just think. You used to be up walkin' around — partyin', puttin', fightin', fuckin' — now look at you. I wonder, if you'da foreseen this, would you've took a different turn or two? Wouldn't you've been better off in Texas or somethin'?

"Damn, man. Life is fuckin' short. Somethin' like this kinda makes a man aware of how he oughta get his own shit together before it's too late. Take me — wrapped up so tight in this American nightmare that it's cut my blood off. Pushed and pulled and tromped on, always bein' used for the other man's betterment, taken advantage of, like I'm a fuckin' character in somebody's cartoon strip. Everybody screws me over; even my dog screws me over. You know what I mean, man?"

He looked at his expired comrade, who appeared to be giving it some heavy consideration. But the



"As soon as I figure out how to stop it, I'm gonna ride it!"

GIGANTIC DAVE MANN POSTERS!

Some are 2' x 3' and others are 1½' x 2½'!



M-7 "Run Heat"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-9 "Hollywood"



M-10
"Starburst"



M-11
"Easyriders
Forever"

The best of the Dave Mann paintings in beautiful color on heavy art stock!

All posters shipped in wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube.

\$4.00 each or four for \$12.95 (On orders less than \$6.00, please add \$1.00 for postage and mailing tube.)

Printing quality will be even better than paintings as they appeared in **Easyriders**, for posters are custom printed specifically for much finer quality than a mass-produced magazine, and posters are printed on much heavier paper.



M-6
"Apehanger
Days"



M-8
"Comin'
at Ya"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-13 "Won't Start"



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"

EASYRIDERS POSTERS,

Box 711, Burbank, Calif. 91502

Enclosed is \$_____ for the posters indicated below.

@ \$4.00 each. Four for \$12.95

(Plus \$1.00 postage and mailing tube on orders under \$6.00)

☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ M-5 ☐ M-6 ☐ M-7 ☐ M-8 ☐ M-9 ☐ M-10 ☐ M-11 ☐ M-12 ☐ M-13

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 6% sales tax

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



M-12 "Country Style"

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.

Remember, after she's fixed ya a great meal, polished your scooter, 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.*

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



RIGHTIOUS
Products

Box 361,
Seal Beach, CA 90740



MUTHA PATCH

MIRACULOUS MUTHA



You may think that workin' for this rag is all peaches 'n' cream. Only if ya steal yer own peaches. So, while sewin' a patch on my rusted-out Levi's, I came up with this idea to make a little extra bread. Make a patch for coverin' cum stains, battery acid holes, grass stains—what-ever.

Anyway, it's 3 bucks, 3 inches in diameter, and black 'n' white.

Thanks,
Mutha



(U.S. Currency Only, Thank you)

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740



BULLET Key Rings

\$3.95 Postpaid each

The real thing, made of solid brass and lead. Satisfaction guaranteed by the good people at



RIGHTeous

PRODUCTS

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

fucker hadn't touched his beer.

They sat in silence for a long time. It was the kind of company Lou needed — just enough that he didn't feel alone, but not enough to scramble his thoughts and get on his nerves. He started thinkin' there might be a corner back in the garage for his dead bro. Bein' around the stiff kinda made him feel powerful.

Suddenly a loud sigh exploded from the corpse and it lurched forward. Lou blew out three good loads somersaulting into the air. His beer rained from the trees. He fell and crushed his cup of worms, rolled, and broke down the forked stick that held his fishing pole. The pole hit the water. He had to grab a root to save himself.

He fought his way back up the bank and lay heaving for breath, staring at the body. It had fallen over, that's all. Just fallen over. The beer it had held was soaking into the ground. And the fucker's hand was stretched out as if asking for another one!

When he could breathe again, Lou got to his feet and knocked the dirt off his britches. There were little twigs and shit hangin' in his beard and a damp place on his ass where he'd squashed the worms. His lip was bleeding. It felt like somethin' was twisted in his neck.

Frowning, grimacing, he eased over to the stiff, got behind it, and braced himself against the stump. He gave a powerful shove with his boot. The body flopped down the bank and into the creek. It hung around, floating in slow circles, until Lou found a stick and nudged it out into the current. He sat down and nursed his lip as he watched the body drift away.

If the truth was known, the day was just too fuckin' hot. The damn bitin' flies were everywhere, hoverin' over his head in little clouds; birds droppin' shit on him from the sky; pissants nestin' in his hair. Why, he was a fool to be out here.

And shit. Trailboss Beer wasn't a bargain at any price; it sucked. Delicious? It tasted like sweat out of Loma's house shoes. That company oughta go to hell, and probably would. The more shit Lou thought about, the more upset he got. Pretty soon his head got to hurting, and it felt like his right eye was gonna pop out. Finally he got his shit together and climbed on his rat and went home, before it got cool and the mosquitoes came out to bite his ass off.

The INTERSTATE

New
Nasty
Feet



Made
Exclusively
for Us
by Chippewa

No shit, our secret sauce went into this one! Here's a classic "all leather" Western we've redesigned to handle the kinda stuff you'll be gettin' into, workin' or playin'.

Check out the recipe... 14 inches of primo stuff—Cayenne Callistoga leather. A sweat-proof leather insole—no crackin', no stinkin'. The front's leather lined—no cheapo canvas. Then there's a steel shank for support, Goodyear welt and a great stacked heel. Throw on a non-marking nitrile sole tough enough to get ya past any shit and now you're looking at some real Nasty Feet.

If you size up at 8½–12 in a "D" width, we'll put you in a pair for \$90.00. The coupon below says it all.

Send your order to:
Nasty Feet, Box 711, Burbank, CA 91503

Size (Circle) 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclose \$90.00 per pair & remember these are "D" width. Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling—inside U.S. only. Add \$9.00 per pair—APO/FPD, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii. International orders accepted—Add \$30.00 per pair.

Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear.
California residents add 6%.

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

Limited Edition Personally Signed and Numbered Dave Mann Prints

(only 300 of each print—no more will be printed)

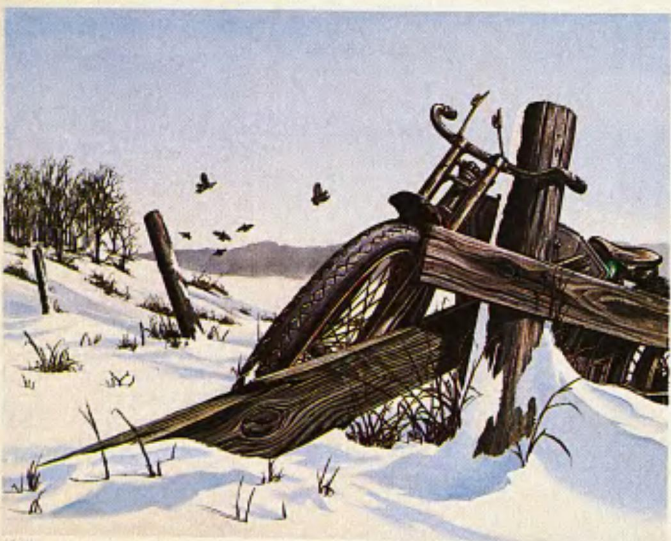


SPECIAL REDUCED PRICE \$62⁵⁰ each.

A.



B.



C.

Here are three Dave Mann prints, painted exclusively for us. Only 300 of each painting were printed. Each one is personally signed and numbered.

An ideal investment, for it will appreciate in value each day you own one. Be one of only three hundred people having one. To get a low number, order yours today. They are printed lithographs on high quality, heavy paper—all ready for you to put into a frame. Mailed to you in sturdy mailing tubes. Each print is guaranteed to be only

one of three hundred and to be personally signed—Dave Mann's signature is not printed.

Once in a lifetime offer. \$125.00 each (remember, it will start increasing in value the day you receive it and especially when all 300 of each are sold). First come, first served—order yours today. Money orders shipped immediately. Allow 3 to 4 weeks for checks to clear. California residents add 6%. We pay all handling and shipping costs.

Mail orders to: ***Mackenzie Company***
Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302.

(c.o.d.s accepted with \$50.00 down, balance upon delivery—you pay c.o.d. charges. We'll pay all costs of shipping and handling for money orders.)

Paid in Full

Continued from page 40

at the top of his lungs and scaring the hell out of the watch nurse as he ripped out the web of tubes and needles that had been stuck in various parts of his body. It had taken three orderlies to hold him down while the nurse gave him a sedative.

That was six months ago. Six of the longest fucking months of his life. The hospital stay had given him a lot of time to think — too much, maybe. Now he was finally free again; but he wasn't really free — not yet anyway. There were still matters to be taken care of.

He ran his hand across the tank, feeling the metal's smooth coldness. Gingerly he swung one leg up and over. He half expected some pain, but there was none. Just the good, solid feeling between his legs and the ever-quickening pounding in his chest. He reached up and gripped the handlebars. Suddenly thousands of miles of memories seemed to explode inside his head: vast stretches of lonely highway, the asphalt streaking past him beneath the humming Avons; the precise, controlled lean through a narrow mountain canyon somewhere, surrounded by walls of unforgiving stone. It was like being transported back to an earlier time, a time when the only important thing was to be on the road, feeling the hot desert wind on your chest, heading for nowhere, just putting the miles between where you are and where you've been. It all came back in a rush, as though he'd been re-incarnated and his previous life was flashing before his eyes like some unreal flick.

But that was all past. Now it was time to begin again. He put the key in the ignition, then checked the gas. The tank was nearly full. About to kick it over, he became aware of a sound from off in the distance, a deep, guttural growl that grew progressively louder.

Suddenly a lone motorcycle appeared from around the corner, heading straight for Jake. He recognized both the bike and the hulking form of its rider, but there was something missing. At first he couldn't figure it out, then it dawned on him: Bigfoot wasn't smiling. The toothless, hideous grin that seemed to perpetually split Bigfoot's face was gone. Instead, he looked like a candidate for Mount Rushmore. Jake racked his brain trying

Easyriders' Stuff!



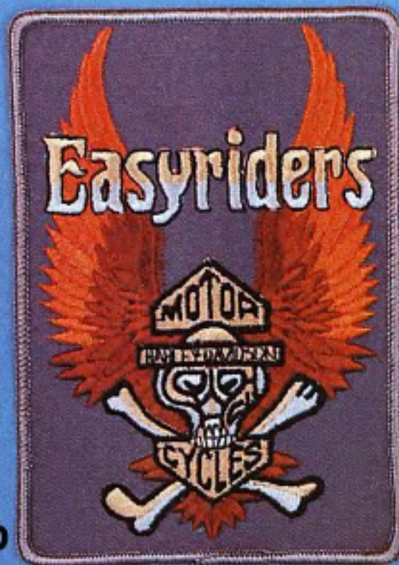
A

Easyriders

B



C



D



E



F-G

Send Your Order To:

Easyriders, P.O. Box 711, Burbank, Ca 91503

Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty	Cost	Total Amount
A	2 decks-cards	\$ 5.50	\$ 7.00	\$11.50		\$	\$
B	Easyriders pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
C	Skull tack pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
D	D. Mann patch	\$ 6.50	\$ 7.50	\$10.00		\$	\$
E	Belt buckle	\$10.95	\$12.95	\$17.00		\$	\$
F	Skull patch	\$ 3.50	\$ 4.00	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
G	Skull decals (3)	\$ 1.50	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00		\$	\$

Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries shipped by air mail. (Send U.S. funds only).

Subtotal

\$

Calif. Tax

\$

Total Due

\$

Name

Street

City

State

Zip

Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

Dealer inquiries invited

**LAZY
Ol' Lady's
ONE-PAN**
*THE EASIEST TO ASSEMBLE
* 15 MINUTES OR LESS
Special Beer Gangbang Dip
A handy 5 1/4" x 8 1/4",
64 page book!
COOK BOOK
*OPEN AIR STORAGE FOR ALL
STARTER INGREDIENTS
EASY TO READ

The FAROUT \$295

With us payin' postage for xmas

Cookbook with lots of cartoons.

THE BEST OF ONE PAN COOKIN'

***FREE
booze recipes
with every book
ordered.**

Not just another cookbook. This is a new and different, ass-kicking, farout, one-pan cookbook, written by an ol' lady especially for scooter people. Quick and simple-to-fix delicious recipes. No fridge is needed carry the stuff with you. Great for travelin' or at home. Boilermaker, High and Dry, Forbidden Stew are only a few of the cheap stews, munchies and more you'll find in this cookbook. Send only \$2.95. We even throw in the postage. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Foreign and Hawaii add \$3 for air mail. **Not for Sale in Stores! Buy Direct!**

Charley Company
Box 335, Agoura, CA 91301

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

Biker Pipe

Stick your doobie inside
... fire it up. ...

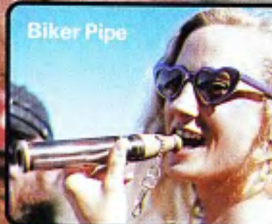
Chain Smoker

No smoke lost. Pocket
rocket. ... just load and light.

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



Chain
Smoker



Biker Pipe

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send to: Mackenzie Company Box 29, Calabasas, CA 91302

\$6.50 each
including postage

☐ BIKER PIPE

☐ CHAIN SMOKER

Calif. residents add 6%
U.S. Currency Only. Thank you!

to remember the last time he'd seen his best friend not smiling and laughing. But he couldn't remember the last time — or any time, for that matter.

Bigfoot pulled his pan up in front of Jake's, then coaxed it backward until it too was resting its rear wheel against the curb. He flipped the kill switch, and the great roar of the engine abruptly went silent.

"Howdy, partner," Bigfoot said as he pulled off his gloves. "Fixin' on doing a little riding today?"

"Yeah, I thought I might give it a try. See if I still remember how," Jake answered.

"You sure you're feeling up to it, man? It can always wait a while."

"No, no, I'm fine." Jake paused for a moment. "Thanks for bringing the pan. I appreciate it."

"Don't mention it. We figured it was the least we could do."

They both lapsed into an awkward silence. Bigfoot pulled a rag out of his back pocket and went through the motions of wiping a non-existent spot from his gas tank.

"You sure you ain't gonna need any help?" he finally asked, tugging nervously at his beard.

Jake pressed his lips together and shook his head.

Bigfoot shrugged his massive shoulders and let out a sigh. He knew it was pointless to argue. After all, he would feel the same way, if he were in Jake's shoes.

"Well, you know where we are if you need us. By the way, the brothers are planning a party tonight. And you're expected to be there. Hell, you'd better be there. You're the fucking guest of honor."

Jake let out a short laugh. "Don't worry. I'll make it."

Bigfoot's mouth finally opened up into its familiar smile, revealing considerably less than his quota of irregularly spaced teeth. But just as quickly he grew serious again. "Well, I guess this is it. Good luck, man. And take care." He stuck out a hand that was more like a bear's paw. Jake reached out and took it firmly. Their eyes met and held for a few seconds. Then Bigfoot reached back with his leg and kicked over the engine. In a couple of seconds he had disappeared around the corner, the sound of the bike fading away, leaving Jake alone in its silent wake.

Jake turned the key, then set the choke. One powerful kick, and the pan burst into life. God, but it sounded good — deep and vibrant, like some wild, untamed animal. He blipped the throttle a few times, and the engine responded eagerly and without hesitation to his command.

Now YOU Can Be A MOTORCYCLE MECHANIC



New Motorcycle
Riders Year After Year

Experts show
you what to do, how to do it...
guide you every step of the way
to become a skilled motorcycle mechanic.



If you like to ride a bike for fun... learn how to fix it for profit! Can you imagine a better way to earn your living whether you choose to work in a cycle shop for somebody else or decide to start your own cycle repair business. Now, thanks to North American, there's a fast, easy way to get training at home in your spare time. No need to quit school or job. Experts show you step-by-step everything from minor tune-ups to major overhauls.

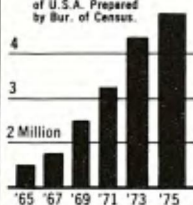
Wrenches, sockets, test instruments and more...
You Get Everything for a Fast Start!

Your Future is in Your Own Hands—You can decide for yourself whether you want to work for someone else or get into your own cycle repair business. Start in your spare time repairing cycles at home—or get a job with a motorcycle shop! After you've been a working mechanic, you can decide whether you want to start your own repair business.

You'll Be the Center of Attraction in Your Circle of Friends—Enjoy the admiration of friends and neighbors as they flock around to watch you tear down and tune up all kinds of motorcycles. And just think of the satisfaction in knowing you've got the best performing bike in town. Plus, you can make extra dollars fixing motorcycles for friends, neighbors.

Registered motorcycles in U.S.A.
Source: Stat. Abs. of U.S.A. Prepared by Bur. of Census.

Cycles are big business



Motorcycle registration increased by nearly 300% in the ten years from 1965 to 1975. And there were over 5 million cycles registered last year—and they all require maintenance.

Work Out of Your Home

We show you how to start in spare time at home—or if you'd rather, get the knowledge you need to apply for a job working for someone else.



Motorcycle Shops Employ Qualified Mechanics. Has your bike ever been out of action waiting for needed repairs? Some shops don't have enough mechanics to take care of everyone as fast as they like.

Graduation from this course does not insure that you will get a job. To find out how our graduates have done, send for our job placement record.

FIRST FOLD HERE

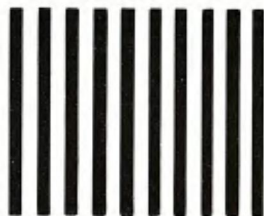
FIRST FOLD HERE

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY when you mail this ENTIRE Postage-Paid ad

To Mail—Fold ad in following manner:

1. Remove entire page—tear or cut on dotted line to left
2. Fold page in half on 1st fold lines
3. Fold page again, on 2nd fold lines
4. Tape or glue the 3 open sides and drop in the mail box today.

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES



SECOND FOLD HERE

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST CLASS Permit No. 363
Newport Beach, California

Postage will be paid by addressee

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MOTORCYCLE REPAIR

4500 Campus Drive, University Plaza
P.O. Box 2820
Newport Beach, California 92660

SECOND FOLD HERE

REMOVE AND MAIL ENTIRE PAGE



MAKE MONEY IN MOTORCYCLE REPAIR

SENT FREE
Rush FREE color brochure and full information on how I can learn Motorcycle Repair.



Special Cycle Tools and Test Instruments included to start you fast! We teach you how to use wrenches, sockets, impact screwdrivers, timing lights, compression gauges, vacuum gauges, degree wheels, wrench sets and much, much more. These are yours to use during your training... and yours to keep in your action packed career as a motorcycle mechanic.

Motorcycle Sales Mean Profits for Repairmen

Cycles are big business... and so is fixing them! There are more than 5 million motorcycles registered in the U.S. today. Plus an estimated million more dirt bikes. No wonder there is work for the skilled repairman.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MOTORCYCLE REPAIR
4500 Campus Dr., Dept. EU022, Newport Beach, CA 92660

Under New Ownership Dirty Shirts



BACK OFF

Tell Them To Get Off
Your Ass.
Sam's in full color on
back of T-shirt. Send
\$8.00 and size.
I SAY

TO RUSSIA



Give 'em the word!

Also available with **FUCK IRAN**.

Get your message across in one grand gesture. There'll be no mistaking this sharp red, white, and blue design displayed to perfection on a white T-shirt. In S, M, L, XL. Send \$8.00.

NEW

APPROVED

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF WHITE PEOPLE

Get your white T-shirt, with above printing, NOW, and join the struggle for White Equality. In S, M, L, XL. Send \$8.00.

He kicked up the stand and let out the clutch. The bike swung easily away from the curb and out into the street. Its raw power seemed just barely under control, as though it yearned to be set free, somewhere away from the tight confines of the city. But that would have to wait. There was still some unfinished business he had to tend to.

It was only a fifteen-minute ride from the hospital to the house. It looked lonely and deserted, the shades drawn down over the windows. As Jake parked the bike in the driveway, he noticed that the grass was long and shaggy, and that a few old, yellow newspapers littered the porch.

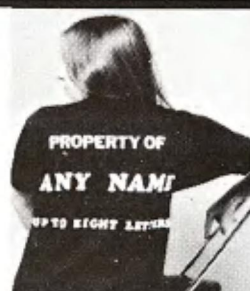
He hesitated for a moment before pushing open the front door. Inside it was dark and musty, and a layer of dust covered everything. He flipped on the light to chase away the gloom.

That's when he saw her. He felt something sharp and burning deep down in his gut, making it hard for him to breathe. But it was a trick. A stupid, idiotic trick. One that he played on himself.

It wasn't really her — just a picture on the living room wall, with her looking as beautiful as ever. But no photograph could really do her justice. The camera couldn't capture the way her hair shimmered like white fire in the sunlight, or the peaches-and-cream quality of her skin. For a minute Jake just stood there staring at her, while her big fawn-in-the-forest eyes gazed back at him in open innocence and total trust, loving him above all else. As he stared, a thousand different emotions waged mortal combat inside his chest. It took every ounce of discipline that he had, but he finally forced himself to look away. He couldn't allow himself to wallow in the past, going over old memories, reliving the good times — not yet, anyway. Later there would be a time for Karen, a time for putting her memory to rest. But only after he had avenged her death could he ease himself out of the past and try to start a new life without her.

Steeling himself, he walked into the bedroom. He pulled open the bottom drawer of the dresser and came up with an ominous-looking .45-caliber pistol, along with a box of cartridges. He loaded the clip with all it would hold, just to make sure. Three well-placed shots would be all it would take.

The pistol was heavy and solid in his hands. The feel of the cold metal



Ladies:

Show your 'ol man' and the world who you're with. Any name (up to (8) eight letters in a name) \$7.50 plus 50c postage and handling. Any name over (8) eight letters, 50c a letter, plus \$4.00 for the T-shirt and 50c postage and handling. Send size (S, M, L, XL) and color (black, white, green, orange, blue) and name on T-shirt to:

Bikers' Candy Store
P.O. Box 3069
Thousand Oaks, CA 91360

Send \$8.00 with size (S, M, L, XL); color (green, black, blue, orange) along with shirt number. (We also have men's tank tops available for \$7.00.) Send orders to:

X-Rated

**David Allan Coe's
Uncensored
(Too Rough
For Air Play) Album!
Strictly A Party Album!**

Examples of some of the songs by David Allan Coe:

- Pussywhipped Again • Cum Stains On The Pillow
- I Could Make Linda Lovelace Gag
- Masturbation Blues • And Six More Wild Songs

Written By David Allan Coe

Not For Sale In Stores! Buy Direct!

Send \$12.00 for Each Album to:

COE ALBUM
P.O. Box 711
Burbank, California 91503

DesertFox™



Attention

We are proud to present a limited edition of original AFRIKA-KORPS CAPS MADE IN GERMANY.

These quality, beige-colored desert cloth caps are manufactured by a FORMER OFFICER UNDER ROMMEL.

Each cap comes with its own NUMBERED CERTIFICATE strikingly engraved.

For sport and game — look smart. Act now while supply lasts.

BRALL INTERNATIONAL INC.
2082 S.E. Bristol, Suite 5
Santa Ana, CA 92707
(714) 966-0526, Dept. B-13

I'm enclosing \$18.95 for Desert-Fox Cap
Shipping + tax included.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Apt. _____
State _____ Zip _____
Size S-M-L-XL
Visa ☐ Master Card ☐ No. _____
Expiration Date _____
Signature _____

soothed him, turning the blood in his veins to ice. It was a familiar sensation, one he had learned while serving two tours as a Marine in Nam. It made killing easy, as though he were somehow detached, watching his own actions from somewhere outside himself.

He stuffed the .45 into the back of his waistband and pulled his shirt down over it so that it was hidden from view. He turned to leave, but suddenly stopped and hesitated a moment as an idea came to him. Instead of heading for the front door, he went out to the garage. He rummaged around in his hunting gear until he found what he was looking for — a Buck hunting knife slipped neatly into a leather sheath. He pulled the knife out and examined the lethal blade, running his finger across the razor-sharp edge. Satisfied, he replaced it in its holder. Then he pulled up one pants leg and slid the knife under the elastic band of his stash pouch.

Ten minutes later he was on the road that wound its way up into the heavily wooded hills that surrounded the city. It was a trip that was all too familiar, and as he rode, he couldn't keep the events that had taken place six months before from running through his head.

They had been on a run that day, Jake packing double with Karen on the back. They moved easily through the still cool and damp late-morning air. Sunlight came filtering down through the overhead leaves in broken patches, creating a crazy-quilt design on the pavement. As they rode, they savored the thousand and one different sensations that make up the pure pleasure of biking, and that only a real biker can appreciate.

The sun was finally beginning to burn off the morning chill when they pulled into a small town, which in reality wasn't much more than a



"Most guys are content with just the wind in their face."

Easyriders



I.R.S. Ltd.

ALL NEW CATALOG \$29.95

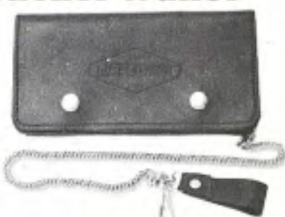
Scooter Wallet

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.

Wrist Watch Band



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 \$5 postage and handling.

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

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

SOLID STERLING SILVER



Send money order or cashier's check (Calif. residents add 6% tax). Add \$3.00 for postage & handling in USA. Goods sent Airmail. 1st class insured custom & club. Inquiries welcome. Postage—Canada \$5.00 Australia \$7.00 W. Europe \$7.00

Present prices subject to changes due to the fluctuation of metal prices.

ZANGOBANGO
P.O. Box 146, Hermosa Beach, Calif. 90254

The Elegance of Wood



Give a gift that's sure to be cherished — or treat yourself to one of these beautiful Harley plaques. The wood is thick, beveled, top quality western red cedar with the Harley emblem silk-screened in rich black, all protected by a hard clear sealer. Included are two brass finished hooks to be mounted where you choose. Each style is approximately 12" x 20" and 3/4" thick. These beauties have been sold in stores for \$22.95 — now they can be yours for \$19.95 each. Send your order today. COD's accepted with \$10.00 down, balance upon delivery — you pay COD charges.

COCO P.O. Box 451 Calabasas, Calif. 91302

junction in the road — a couple of houses, a small grocery, a gas station, and not much else. Jake figured he was a little low on fuel, so he pulled in to the gas station and started to fill the tank. It was about then that he noticed the run-down beer and pool joint across the road. Suddenly his mouth felt dry, and it occurred to him that he could use a fill-up himself. He paid for the gas, and after Karen had returned from the john, he idled the bike over and parked next to an old beat-up pickup truck that sat out front. The two of them spent about an hour in the dive, sipping beer and listening to the melancholy country and western tunes that floated out of the jukebox.

They came into the bar just as Jake and Karen were getting up to leave. There were three of them, talking loud and making all kinds of smartass comments. Jake had seen their likes before. Individually they were cowards, but together in a group they thought they were tough as hell.

Jake figured the best thing for him and Karen to do was to try easing their way out, hoping they wouldn't be noticed. He didn't want any trouble if he could help it, considering he was outnumbered. And he didn't want to chance Karen's getting involved in any rough stuff.

They had almost made it to the door when one of the three punks, a big fat puke who must have needed an extra pair of hands just so he could wipe his ass, spotted them.

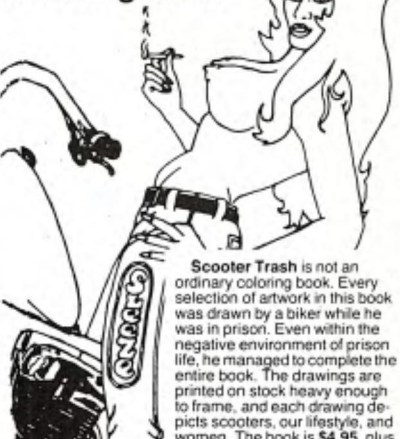
"Hey, man! You the dude that owns that piece of shit out front?" The other two lowlifes laughed uproariously.

Instinctively Jake turned, fists clenched, ready to strike hard and fast. Then he felt Karen tighten her grip on his arm. "Come on, Jake, let's go," she whispered softly. He relaxed at the soothing sound of her voice and reluctantly began sliding toward the door, Karen leading him.



"Quick, let's do it again. . . I almost came that time!"

Scooter Trash the Outlaw Coloring Book



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.

Meaningful T-shirt

Quality T-shirt with a message for the concerned biker. The shirt is black with white printing and is \$7.50. This price includes postage and handling. Indicate size small, medium, large, or extra-large. Send size and \$7.50 to:



Scooter Trash
P.O. Box 1615
Fontana, California 92335





All shirts made with highest quality inks. Top of the line Hanes T-shirts and tank tops, available in black with white print or white with black print. Important: specify type, color, size, and quantity of T-shirts or tank tops. Send 8 dollars per shirt to **MOORE GRAPHICS, P.O. Box 3699 Kent WA 98031**

"Yeah, he sure does mind good," chimed in the second one.

Jake kept backing up as if in a daze, until finally he and Karen were outside. The three assholes now stood in the doorway, laughing and making chicken sounds.

All three broke up into fits and howls of laughter.

He turned toward his bike and looked where Karen was pointing. Plopped on top of the tank was a roll of fresh dogshit. Somehow Jake stifled the rage that threatened to explode inside him. He reached over and knocked the shit off with his grease rag. After Karen had climbed onto the rear seat, he wheeled the bike around and kicked it over, then popped the clutch, sending a spray of sand and gravel against the pickup.

The truck came skidding to a halt right next to the bike. The three punks came pouring out from inside the cab, hooting and hollering like Indians. "Say, chump, looks like you had a little accident." It was the fat one with the big mouth.

A man can take only so much, and Jake's limit had been reached. He acted without thinking, his self-control all but gone. Instinctively he lunged at the laughing, quivering blob in front of him. Blinded by his own fury, he didn't see the last one out of the truck reach back into the bed and come up with a three-foot

Go-fast Wheels Need Stop-fast Brakes

**DISC BRAKE SYSTEMS
ALSO AVAILABLE
FOR STOCK HARLEY
WHEELS.**

15520 Illinois P.O. Box 927
Paramount, CA 90723 Dept. 81

Catalog \$2.00
(213) 634-6532

All oil-tanned leather uppers

ONLY \$59.95

Stock #	Size	Color	Height	Sole	Safety Toe
115	6-13, D,EE	Black	13"	Neoprene	Yes
116	6-13, Med.	Brown	13"	Vibram	Yes
902	6-13, Med.	Black	13"	Neoprene	No
117	6-13, Med.	Brown	15"	Neoprene	Yes
118	6-13, Med.	Black	17"	Neoprene	Yes
916	6-13, Med.	Brown	13"	Vibram	No
111	6-13, Med.	Brown	17"	Vibram	Yes

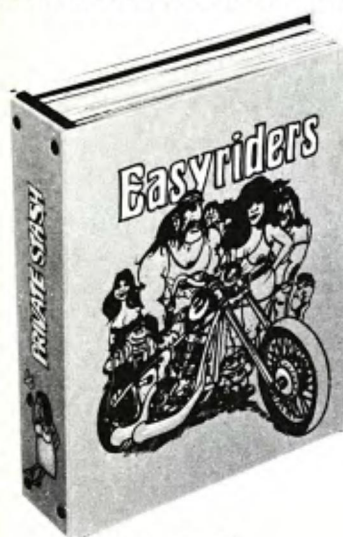
Master Charge or Visa. No shipping charge.
Allow 3 weeks for checks to clear.

Vibram

Manufactured by
Carolina Boot Company since 1883

Neoprene

M & M Boot Company P.O. Box 373 Coldwater, MI 49036



\$8.50

plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.

CLASS BINDERS

Now you don't have to stash your copies of **Easyriders** in strange places in order to protect them from being harmed by someone wanting to wrap fish, line a cat box, or paper-train a dog.

All ya gotta do is get yourself the binder you see here. It'll hold twelve issues of this rag, yet will lie flat so you can go back to any issue and sneak a peak with ease.

Our binder is like no other — strictly class — none of that stereotyped, embossed, cardboard crap for our readers! Our features scribbles by Robinson that are custom silk-screened on tough vinyl. Now how's that for liver-quiverin' class?

Mail to:
Easyriders Binders
Box 711, Burbank,
California 91503

Enclosed is \$8.50 plus \$1.50 for postage and handling for each binder I order.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

(Money order payable in U.S. currency.) Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Please print your name and address to avoid errors.

length of steel pipe. Jake landed one satisfying punch and savored the look of surprise on the blob's face as the grin became a mass of blood.

"Jake! Look out!"

Karen's warning shout came too late. As Jake turned, he caught the full force of the swinging pipe in his midsection. Suddenly the breath went out of him. His knees seemed to disappear, leaving only empty space for him to fall into. He sagged to the ground. A steel-toed boot came up in his face. Another one landed in his ribs, but the sensation seemed distant, as though it were happening to someone else. His head started to spin. He tried to orient himself by pressing his body flat against the ground, feeling somehow secure there.

He could hear Karen screaming, begging, pleading until a flat, heavy sound cut off her voice. He couldn't move, his anguished body wouldn't respond, and all the while, in some remote part of his brain he could hear the shuffling of boots. And one by one, Karen's tormentors gave out raw, animal grunts of satisfaction. Everything within him cried out for her — a mute cry in the eerie quiet.

Shadows were moving around him, and he could hear murmuring voices. "Finish him off," he heard one shadow say to another.

The man-and-pipe shadow seemed to move in slow motion, up and down, like a man chopping wood. Then all went black.

He woke once in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. He could hear voices again, above the wail of the siren. "Fractured skull. Ribs, too. It looks like. He's in a bad way."

"He should be dead, from the

Easyriders



"There's only one of those red devils out there, but he's a big sonofabitch!"

Don't leave the garden without 'em



Ya can't beat destiny, ya can't predict when that snake's gonna hip-roll up and slip ya the fatal apple. But, dig it, ya can be prepared. Why wander Eternity friendless, alone, and blue? Take a complete set of **Easyriders** back issues with you. Park your butt under the first tree outside Eden's gate, toss that snake the bird, and get down with some good readin'. But prepare now, 'cause the days are growin' short. Complete your set while there's still time.

Please Circle Issue(s) Ordered.
20, 23, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 41, 43, 44,
45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 51, 52, 53, 54, 56,
58, 59, 60, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68,
70, 71, 72, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 81,
82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91,
92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100,
101, 102, 103.

I have enclosed a total of \$ _____.

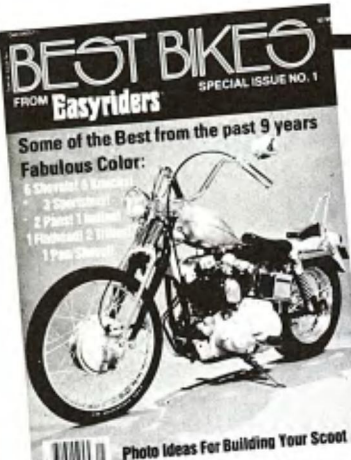
Send \$2.00 for each copy of **Easyriders**. (We pay postage.) Canadian orders, please add \$1.50 for each issue ordered. Foreign orders, add \$3.50 per issue. (Except Australia and New Zealand, add \$4.50 per issue ordered.)

Mail to: **Easyriders**
Back Issues, Box 711,
Burbank, California 91503.

Please print to avoid errors.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Money orders must be payable in U.S. currency.



Something New from Easyriders

It's going to be a collector's item. 160 pages of some of the finest bikes featured in ten years of *Easyriders* — a cross section of motorcycle design over the past decade — enough custom motorcycle ideas to keep builders creating for years. don't miss it!

ORDER DIRECT

\$2.95

we pay postage

BEST BIKES #1

P.O. Box 52 Malibu, Calif. 90265

TUBE TOPS!

These stretch-to-fit tubes will put a bulge in your britches. What you'll get is no-nonsense fashion designed to make your lady that much more of a bitchin' fox. And since they fit most any top end in sight there's no hassle with size.

We've even gone to the trouble of screening the *Easyriders* logo on this baby to make sure every dude gets a longer look.

So get on the stick and treat yourselves to some righteous sightseeing in **bandit black** and **rogue red**. At \$6.95 each or \$10.95 per pair you won't regret it.

Easyriders Tubes, Box 711 Burbank, Calif. 91503

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax

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



looks of him. What about the girl?"
"Dead. Hemorrhaging."
The darkness engulfed him again.

Trapped in his hospital bed those six months, Jake had mentally run a one-man dragnet of the entire county, had even considered enlisting Bigfoot and the other bros to quietly track down those vermin. Then one day while sweating through physical therapy, it had dawned on him. There was no need to go looking because they wouldn't be hiding. That shit-hole bar was their home turf and they'd be there as big as day. After all, they didn't think that killing a biker and his lady was any big deal — they'd just been having them some sport.

Jake's face was deathly grim and his body was rigid with pent-up emotions as he headed out that all-too-familiar road. This time there was no sunshine, no exhilaration, only the hard-pounding ride to that crossroads — and the bar.

The truck was parked in front of the bar. Jake could hear them as he pulled up on his bike. They were laughing and yelling, just like old times. It was apparent that life hadn't changed very much for them.

But the good times ended the moment Jake walked in. He had wondered if they would remember him. They did. The three of them stood at the pool table staring at him with mouths agape, looking as though they had just seen a ghost.

Jake walked up to the bar and ordered a beer. When it came, he turned toward the pool table and hoisted the mug in a mock toast, downing the brew in one long swig. He wiped the foam off his lips with the back of his hand and turned to

Continued on page 110



"Next time you hitchhike you'd better use your thumb!"

BROWN'S

Chrome and Gold Plating

Write or call for information about your make of cycle.



Route 5, Box 534
Paducah, KY 42001
Phone (502)554-1146

PLATING SERVICE, INC.

NEW! NEW! NEW! NOT NICE T-SHIRTS

1. "PARDON ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A SHIT." 2. "WHEN I'M GOOD I'M VERY GOOD. BUT WHEN I'M BAD I'M BETTER." 3. "I USED TO BE DISGUSTED. NOW I'M JUST AMUSED." 4. "I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW." 5. "WE'LL GET ALONG FINE AS SOON AS YOU REALIZE I'M GOD." 6. "IT'S HARD TO SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE WHEN YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY TURKEYS." 7. "LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH. THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE THE LESS SHIT YOU HAVE TO EAT." 8. "IT'S IMPOLITE TO SILENCE A FOOL AND CRUEL TO LET HIM GO ON." 9. "WHEN CHOOSING BETWEEN TWO EVILS I ALWAYS LIKE TO TRY THE ONE I'VE NEVER TRIED BEFORE." 10. "WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS WARNED US ABOUT." 11. "THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ARE VERY ANNOYING TO THOSE OF US WHO DO." 12. "I'D RATHER LAUGH WITH THE SINNERS THAN CRY WITH THE SAINTS." 13. "QUESTION AUTHORITY." 14. "MADNESS TAKES ITS TOLL." 15. "HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY." with (Un)Smiling Face 16. "LIFE IS WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHILE YOU'RE BUSY MAKING OTHER PLANS." 17. "SO?" 18. "YOU DON'T NEED AN EXPERT TO KNOW WHAT YOU WANT?" 19. "THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS." 20. "SEX IS DIRTY BUT ONLY IF YOU DO IT RIGHT." 21. "THEY NEVER LEARN." 22. "SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME." 23. "I DOUBT IT." 24. "IF YOU CAN'T DAZZLE 'EM WITH BRILLIANCE, BATTLE 'EM WITH BULLSHIT." 25. "THE MEER SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH AFTER EVERYONE ELSE IS THROUGH WITH IT." 26. "THERE ARE NO RULES." 27. "I DON'T CARE. I DON'T HAVE TO." 28. "IF I TELL YOU YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL BODY WILL YOU HOLD IT AGAINST ME?" 29. "THINGS AREN'T AS BAD AS THEY SEEM. THEY'RE WORSE." 30. "I'M MAD AS HELL AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE IT ANY MORE!" First quality 100% cotton HANES t-shirts. Silk screened white-on-black or blue-on-tan. S, M, L, XL. SPECIFY SIZES AND COLORS (PLEASE!). \$6.95 each. 6 or more \$6.50 each. 12 or more \$6.00 each. Add just \$1.00 p&h to your total order. CA residents only add 6% sales tax. US Funds Only. MONEYBACK GUARANTEE. IMAGE DESIGNS, 2000 Center Street, #1141-ER2 Berkeley, CA 94704

FuBaR
Performance
Big Bike Headers

Fubar designs and manufactures the largest selection of Harley exhaust systems in the World... Strip, Street or Show. From Dresser to Performance... we've Got you covered.

FuBaR
The Innovators

Send \$5 for fully
ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

ELIMINATES CHROME DISCOLORATION



Fully Inclosed FUBAR Performance Exhaust System u.s. patent pending

FuBaR

1035 E. THIRD STREET, CORONA, CA 91720 • 714-734-1162

A humongous-sized beer mug that holds 16 ozs., yet is authentic enough to be on display when not in use.



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

A perfect reproduction of the old original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black, and white — exactly like the original.

Besides being used as a beer mug, we've seen 'em used as book ends, pencil holders, flower vases, or just with the handle turned so that it looks like a glass can of Harley oil.

A different gift. Silk screened and individually handled. \$7.25 plus \$1.75 for postage and safe packing. Satisfaction guaranteed or money immediately refunded.

You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of \$24.95 plus \$5.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$6.05 over the single mug price.)

Either way — it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

Foreign orders add \$1.25 per mug. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



**Righteous
Products**

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740



Show up in the streets with an Easyriders T-shirt



No shit, we've got T-shirts and tank tops to flash, dazzle, get ya picked up, put down, held up, ripped off or make ya look downright ritzy. And we've got patterns to show what ya ride, smoke, where yer from, yer birthday, the women ya like or the proud magazine ya read — *Easyriders*.

If yer interested, they're American made, the finest quality we could find and sizes to fit every bro and his ol' lady or all the sweeties he hangs out with.

Design

1



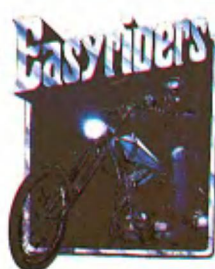
2



3



4



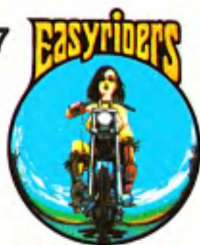
5



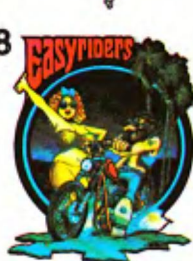
6



7



8

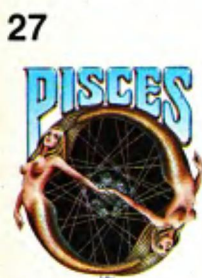
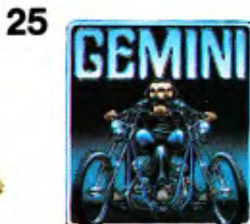
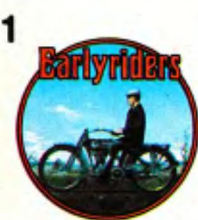
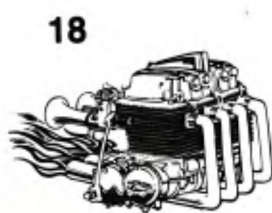
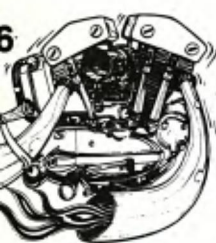


9



10





If you haven't got one of these T-shirts or Tittops, you're just not with it. Pick your own design and color. (But use your head, dipshit — not black lettering on a black T-shirt.) Each sells for **\$6.95**. Postage: U.S. only, \$1.*

Canadian, \$2; Foreign, \$5. Canadian orders please add \$1, for each additional shirt ordered. Foreign add \$2. Please send only International Money Order payable in U.S. Funds.

Shirt "A"



- Gold
- Beige
- Blue
- Brown
- Black

Size S-M-L-XL

Shirt "B"



Sizes: Petite — Average

Quantity	Design	Size	Type -A" or "B"	Color	\$6.95 each
Sub Total					
(California residents add 6%)				Plus tax	
<i>Money Order payable in U.S. currency.</i>					
Total					

Send your order today to:

**T-SHIRTS, BOX 711,
BURBANK, CALIFORNIA 91503**

Make all checks and money orders out to **Easyriders**
(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Note: Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.

TAKE IT ALL OFF!!

Rip off
Bra/Bikini for
Her
Brief for Him
Superstretch
spandex for
fantastic fit —
velcro tabs at
sides of brief
and bra center
for easy pull
apart fun.

SURPRISE SOMEONE!

His — \$9.99

Hers — \$19.99

Electric Blue — One Size Fits All

Send His at \$9.99 ea.
Hers at \$19.99 ea.

Add \$1.50 shipping plus .50 for
ea. additional item

Calif. residents add 6%.

Money order payable in U.S. currency. Total

Name

Address

City State Zip

Allow 4-6 weeks Delivery

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, CA 90740

ASS-KICKIN' LIGHT SWITCHES

Here ya are, at last — light switches that'll really turn ya on. You an' your ol' lady will both get your kicks, while flickin' the switch. Bitchin' nickel finish over solid metal. Only \$6.95 plus \$1.25 postage.

"MUTHA"

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

Send your order to:

Lite Switches
P.O. Box 711,
Burbank, Calif. 91503

Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we ship.
California residents add 6%

"BIKER"

(U.S. Currency Only. Thank you)

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

Paid in Full

Continued from page 106

leave. The three punks still didn't move, even after he had walked past them and back out the front door.

Once outside, Jake pirouetted the bike in a half circle and sped off down the road.

Thirty seconds later the pickup followed.

The second black-and-white pulled up with its lights flashing to where the first was already parked. Two patrolmen got out and scrambled down the steep embankment as another cop came up to meet them.

"Some old guy found 'em while he was down here fishing the creek. Says he didn't hear any shots, though."

"What kind of gun was it?"

"A .45, looks like. One slug each. He didn't mess around."

"No idea who did it?"

"All we know is that the guy rode a motorcycle. You can see the tracks. He obviously spent some time in Nam, though."

"How do you know that?"

"I served a year over there. You learn a lot of cute little tricks from Charlie."

"Like what?"

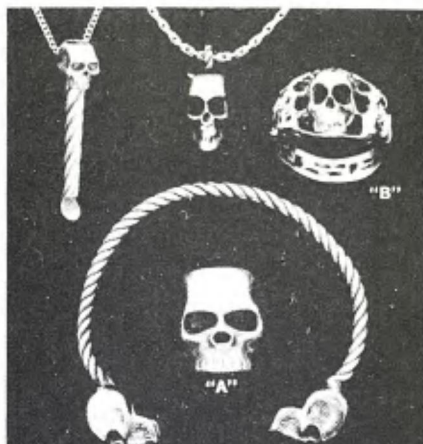
"See for yourself." He pointed to a spot about twenty feet away.

Three corpses were propped up against a tree, eyes wide open and staring in unimaginable horror, cheeks puffed out like squirrels hoarding nuts.

And through each set of pursed lips poked the forlorn head of what used to be a fully functioning cock. ■



"Michael, when you told me you were excited by black lace underwear, I thought. . ."



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 "stew"—\$130.00

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

Handcrafted by
Nomad
enterprises

P.O. Box 8536 Independence, Missouri 64054

The Feel Of Wood



11 screwdrivers with hardwood handles.

7 slotted, 4 phillips. \$10.50.

Why Pay More For Plastic?

Simple Tool Co.

#372 2505 Thousand Oaks, Blvd.
Thousand Oaks, CA 91359

LAKE SHORE HARLEY-DAVIDSON INC.

"Home of the World's Fastest Motorcycles"

WANTS TO BUILD YOUR MOTOR



Machine Shop Services
• Balancing • Blueprinting
• Frame straightening
• Case machining & repair

\$4.00 Catalog & Price Sheet
\$6.95 patch & T-shirt

HARD-TO-FIND HARLEY PARTS
CALL 800-323-3138
TOLL-FREE

1424 Belvidere, Waukegan, IL 60085
(312 — 623-2114)

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.

Downtime

Continued from page 53

with a one-percenter. Malinda allowed as how she'd heard Aleda on a radio station in Nashville during a rock music contest. Pope's band, Sexy, had placed in the top ten with the listeners out of 137 entrants, and Malinda had taped it. This tune, coupled with "Hot Shot Of Lovin'," also by Aleda, gave Scar a smile from ear to ear. Good things were in the offing.

She fed him till he couldn't force another bite through his beard-edged mouth. He flopped down on her sofa and kicked his bike boots off. She was busy with another music selection. This was a brand-new one from one of her oldest — and favorite — groups, Poco. Dubbed **Blue And Gray**, it was a gentle, Sunday-mornin', soothin' type of rock.

Poco has been in existence, in one form or another, since 1969. It was started when Buffalo Springfield was retired, and was founded by Richie Furay (who has since gone into religious stuff), Jim Messina, and Rusty Young, Neil's brother. They picked up where Gram Parsons and The Flying Burrito Brothers left off, the first group to blend country with rock. It had spawned such groups as The Eagles, Firefall, Jackson Browne, Dan Fogelberg, and a legion of cosmic cowboys that turned all music around.

The latest from them is a collection of tunes havin' to do with our Civil War, broken down into young men marchin' off to war, leavin' sweethearts at home, and bein' forced to go one-on-one with the enemy. It could be looked at as one man's Hell. Between Rusty Young, and his partner since 1971, Paul Cotton, an exceptional writer, singer, an' guitarist, the guy who comes up with the more alive tunes, compared with Young's softer ballads, they have a great combination.

All the lonely songs made Malinda remember Scar — though it was flopped, she was the one who left. Outstandin' cuts include "Glory-bound," the optimistic side of goin' to battle, and "Blue And Gray," where a soldier gets shot and is left for dead next to a tree. In the next song, he must then get through the enemy lines by bein' extremely

Harley-Davidson SERVICE MANUALS



A

B



C

D



E

HARLEY-DAVIDSON SPEED

STROKER FLYWHEELS

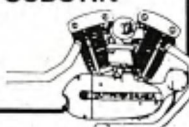
Sportsters & 74's \$170.00
Dealer Inquiries Invited

Ductile Steel with Thrust Washers
Unconditionally Guaranteed

PARTS — Cams, Pistons, Valves, Etc.
Complete Engine Building — Street or Race

TRUETT & OSBORN

3345 E. 31st South
Wichita, KS 67216
(316) 682-4781



THE BUSTED LOOSE EAGLE

T-SHIRTS
&
HATS



Made in U.S.A. Silkscreened 100% cotton
T-shirt. White on black, \$8 ea.
Baseball hats, black on white, \$6.95 ea.
State quantity and size (S, M, L, XL). We pay
postage. (N.Y. residents add sales tax.)
Make checks/money orders payable to:

THE BADLANDERS, 108 Rider Avenue,
Patchogue, NY 11772.

*The 45 is available by sending an inquiry to Aleda,
P.O. Box 23722, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

Harley-Davidson service manuals now available. Try our special offer, all five service manuals for \$45.00, a savings of over \$7.00.

Paisano Service Manuals
P.O. Box 711, Burbank, CA 91503

Letter	Description	Qty	Cost	Total
A	Panhead		\$11.00	
B	Knucklehead		\$11.00	
C	Spareparts		\$14.95	
D	45-Service		\$ 9.00	
E	K-Model		\$11.00	
F	All Five Books		\$49.00	

Sub Total \$ _____
Calif Tax \$ _____
Total Paid \$ _____

All U.S. orders postage paid. Canadian orders please add \$3.00 for each manual or \$10.00 for all 5 books, all other foreign countries please add \$8.00 for each or \$15.00 for all manuals, for postage and handling. (Send U.S. funds only)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.
Dealer inquiries invited.

THE TOUGH GET TOUGHER

1-3/4" WIDE

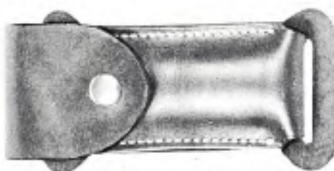


5/16" THICK

Take a tip from tough guys . . . start with somethin' that says somethin'. Thick belts, 5/16"s worth, rough or smooth grain, black or brown and each fitted with a big, bold brass buckle. Throw on our matching quick-draw sheath for your favorite blade (wear this one sideways or vertical) and the tough get tougher!

Just as you'd expect from heavyweights, nothin's been spared on this combo except our take. Belts in sizes 28-33, 34-37, 38-41 belong to you at \$19.95 each. Quick-draw sheaths, black or brown, are worn at \$12.95 each.

Lay it on us . . . size, color, grain and the funds . . . we'll lay it on you!



**Davis Leather
Box 446
Arcadia, Calif. 91006**

Allow 4 weeks for Personal Checks to Clear.
Calif. Residents Add 6%.
Dealer Inquiries Invited On Your Letterhead

low-key. That's "Streets Of Paradise." It has a biker feel to it — uptempo.

"Down On The River" reminded Scar of an old Twilight Zone movie, *Occurrence At Owl Creek*, about a soldier from the same period who was found hiding by the enemy and rigged up to be hanged above a river. There's some superb twinkling mandolin by Young on the cut. Two numbers that stand out as grade-A are "Widowmaker" and "Sometimes (We Are All We Got)." "Widowmaker" matches anything The Eagles have done lately — in fact, you'd be hard pressed not to think it was Don Henley softly singin'. Written by Rusty Young, it features a great opening of rockin' low notes from Cotton's axe, amid a floatin' keyboard riff from Kim Bullard. It stays heavy behind the bass of Charlie Harrison, the drums by Steve Chapman, and the windy-echo singin' courtesy of Rusty. On "Sometimes" the whole album comes together. It clears up earlier songs as it re-emphasizes the totality and abruptness of war.

By the quick ending of the record Scar and Malinda's limbs were entangled. She'd done a helluva job at woolin' the bro. He'd had worse nights. The love goddess went back to the music machine and produced the new Little Feat record, *Hoy-Hoy!* It's a two-record set, an' she dumped both of 'em on the spindle an' let it rip. They got back to gettin' sticky as "Rock And Roll Doctor" pre-scribed, "If ya wanna feel real nice, ask the rock and roll doctor's advice." The disc definitely had its sailin' shoes on.

But Scar wondered about one thing. Wasn't this group disbanded after Lowell George died? And how many new versions of old songs did he have to be subjected to? The two of 'em got to thinkin' about the album's cover art by the original an' classy Neon Park. It was a combined guess, but according to the six-inch-thick Webster's Dictionary, *hoy* means to incite or pursue, or to halt. The antler-headed, lei-wreathed German shepherd droolin' at a winged dogbone in midair, wantin' what ain't there, could be a message to fans that this is the last bone the band was gonna throw. The serene lake scene and the volcano erupting in the background might be an artist's symbolic look at a group that was ridin' a calm highway, only to have a twister spin outta nowhere and wipe 'em off the road as with Lowell's death. Just a twisted theory, bros.

Earlyriders

Now In
Hardcover

An unbelievable collection of motorcycle memorabilia. 224 great pages, 8 1/2 x 11 format (on good paper so all the photos, drawings, artwork, and type are perfectly reproduced). The old-time advertisements, the old photos, the old fashions. They're all together in one gigantic book called *Earlyriders*. And it's now available in a new, durable, hardcover edition. And it's only \$9.95 — plus \$1.00 for postage and handling. Here's a book that will bring back memories — a book that you'll read, read again, and save forever.

Send **\$9.95** (plus \$1.00 postage and handling)

to **Earlyriders,**
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

(California residents add 6% so that Governor Brown can keep the wheels turning up in Sacramento.) Be sure to include your zip code.

Canadian and foreign orders: Payment must be made in a Money Order payable in U.S. currency. Please print your name and address to avoid errors.

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

HERE SHE IS— in all her rotten glory!

The all Miraculous Mutha book (with Robinson cartoons). Nine years of her sick advice and comments — all packed into a 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", 96-page book! We'll send it in a plain brown wrapper and we'll even pay the postage and handling! for only \$2.50.

Warning! You must be 18 years of age or over to buy — and be sure not to leave it around where granny may see it, because she'll at least wet her long johns.

Mail your check or money order to:
Paisano Book Division, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. California residents add 6% for dear old Governor Brown.

This book will be sold only through the mails and will not be on the news-stands — shit, we'd get arrested!

Canadian orders add \$2.00 for postage and handling. Foreign orders add \$5.50. Thank you.

been on "Real People"



FREE
Brochure:
OVER 700
T-SHIRT DESIGNS



THE RAT'S HOLE

P.O. Box 5711 ER
Daytona Beach, FL 32018
Send \$2 for full color CATALOG

Exotic
and
Very Intimate
Lingerie
Negligees
Panties
Stockings



Skirts that Flirt

Specializing in
Garter Belts & Stockings
STF, INC.
Box 98142 Catalog \$2.00
Atlanta, GA 30359

**High blood pressure.
Treat it every day
and live.**

MOTOR CYCLES
OBsolete HARLEY PARTS
GOV'T SURPLUS H-D PARTS
OLD H-D TOOLS & ACCESSORIES
HUGE CATALOG \$4.00
ANTIQUE CYCLE CEDAR SPRINGS, MI 49319

THE HOG FARM
TAPS: 1/4x24 dist. base, cam cover, etc.
7/16x16 knuckle & flathead bolts. DIE:
3/4x18 left, tranny mainshaft. Joe Hunt
mag. 36-69, \$180.00. Fork tubes, \$65.00-
\$70.00. We specialize in knuckle and flat-
head motors, also new and used parts.
SEND \$1.00 for price sheet to:
The Hog Farm, P.O. Box 124
Hamburg, NY 14075
Dealer inquiries invited

PHOTO ID
IN FULL COLOR - SEALED IN PLASTIC
ALL STATES & PROVINCES
- FREE BIRTH CERTIFICATE -
24-Hour Service • Moneyback Guarantee
SEND \$6.00. Name, Address, Sex,
Height, Weight, Color Hair, Eyes,
Birthdate & Small Photo.
\$6
CARDINAL PUBLISHING, DEPT. 465
BOX 5280 JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA 32207
PHOTO ID

Gut Feeling

Continued from page 29

his Harley three years ago.

During the agonizing weeks that followed the accident, his legs had stitched themselves back together and the holes in his flesh had closed into dark red scars. But his most serious injury, which lurked imperceptibly at the edge of his unconscious, had never healed: a pervasive reluctance to ride beyond home territory. Before the wreck, he had toured almost every worthwhile piece of scenery in the U.S., as well as Mexico and Canada. He particularly liked riding the mountains of the West. But not once since he'd met that Volkswagen on a blind curve in Colorado's San Juans had he biked beyond the security of the Ozarks. He told himself it was because of his job, but the fear in his gut said otherwise.

But Starkey was content enough where he was, and he had learned how to push down his wanderlust when it tried to overwhelm him.

He stuck his head through the loop of his banjo strap and positioned himself in a rocker on the porch. He began filling the air with frantic bluegrass riffs, pausing now and then to listen to the cicadas and whippoorwills. His music coaxed the moon up over the horizon. Soon, however, his reverie was broken by a tugging at his pants leg. It was Barf. Barf hated banjo music. To appease the little bastard, Starkey set down his banjo and proceeded to yank some ticks off Barf's hide, squashing the disgusting gray nodules under his boot. Barf got off on it. The porch was stained with black-red splashes from this frequent ritual. The banjo was jealous.

The next morning, against his better judgment, Stark pried himself out of bed an hour early, as Sam had demanded. He stood at the front door and shot a colorless stream of piss out at the new day. His eye caught a glint from the mailbox. It seemed to be signaling him. What the hell. He hadn't had any mail in days. Sure enough, a long envelope was waiting. It was from a cousin in Kansas City, someone who hadn't trespassed in Starkey's brain for years. Stark knew his cousin didn't exactly admire bikers, if his description of them as greasy-assed freeloaders was any indication. Something important must be up.

FORKING BY FRANK



Fine fork tubes (there is a difference) and front suspension components for ALL CYCLES in any length, including stock and under, seamless tubing. Springs, collars, braces, kickstands, spring conversion kits, fork tube nuts. Reliable fit and freight paid delivery.

FRANK'S
Maintenance & Engineering, Inc.
945 Pitner, Evanston, Ill. 60202
(312) 869-6792

UNIVERSAL SOLVENTS Synthetic Specialists

Chemicals
Catalysts
Glassware
Equipment



312-887-9192

770 Burr Oak Ave.
Westmont, Ill. 60559

Allan Bird

Attorney at Law

Specializing
in left-turn
cage/scooter
victims

Berth 77 • Ports O'Call Village
San Pedro, Calif. 90731
(213) 547-9944 • (213) 775-6051

SHOW CHROME

Copper, nickel, chrome, 24K Gold, Brass & Antique Brass. Work guaranteed. Plating experience since 1955. Specializing in motorcycle and Auto Steel and aluminum parts.

Kilburn's Plating Company
P.O. Box 244, Rt. 1, Adamsville, TN 38310
Leon & Miley (901) 632-0481



TATTOO REMOVING

WITH THE TATEX METHOD
The Chemical "Do-It-Yourself" Kit

The TATEX METHOD will remove any tattoo, regardless of age! Use safely in your home. **ASK FOR FREE FOLDER NO. C**

TATEX LTD.

P.O. BOX 494 • PICKERING, ONTARIO L1V 2R7

The Mountain Men's cure for Cabin Fever...

THE BIG BLAST



SATURDAY, JANUARY 30
New Scotland Avenue Armory
ALBANY, NEW YORK

NEW FOR '82!

"SUPER SWAP"

INDOORS AT THE
WEST HARTFORD ARMORY
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13

WEST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT
AT BOTH EVENTS:

"WATERIN' HOLE" Bar ★ LIVE BAND!

VIDEO REPLAYS OF 81 HARLEY RENDEZVOUS!
& "KING OF THE HILL" HILLCLIMB!
Donation \$5. • Dealer (10x10 Space) \$20. Please Reserve
Doors Open 7am for Dealers, 11am for Public

P.O. BOX 210, WATERFORD, N.Y. 12188 PHONE (518) 237-8848
A "BONES FROM MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY" EVENT

**Gigantic
Busted Women
in 3 Magazines**



T-1 ALL COLOR MILK



T-2 BUST PARTIES

T-3 TIT BANGERS

To order, check box in front of each title or Special Offer Box. All prices include postage.

☐ T-1—\$7 ☐ T-2—\$7 ☐ T-3—\$7
☐ Special Offer—All 3 for \$18
☐ Free Catalog

PLEASE INDICATE METHOD OF PAYMENT: ☐ Check or Money Order (in U.S. dollars) enclosed OR charge to (order over \$15.00) ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Account No. _____
Interbank No. for MC _____ H

Expiration Date ____/____/____

Send to: H&S SALES, Box 126, College Point, NY 11356

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____ ZIP _____

Something important was up. In a terse paragraph, the letter informed him that his great-aunt had died, leaving a sizable estate to her heirs. The will was to be read the next day and, "It might be in your best interest to attend the reading." Nothing like giving me advance warning, you turdsack, Starkey thought. Fantasies of instant wealth filled his head. His great-aunt's family had run a profitable gas station in midtown Kansas City for 35 years, so there might be big bucks for those she favored. Of course she had never really favored Starkey, but maybe in her last feeble days of life she had remembered his cherubic boyhood face and had written him into her will on a sentimental whim. Anything's possible.

Starkey formed his plans quickly. He didn't like the idea of biking amidst the urban traffic of Kansas City, but if he got rich maybe he'd buy a four-wheeler and take off for the Coast, maybe even look up that woman of his in San Francisco. And if there were no mention of him in the will, he could still be back to work in two days. He decided not to tell Sam about the will.

He loaded the bike. Barf hopped on, and they headed for the charcoal plant. Starkey was aware that his bike appeared considerably overloaded for a two-day trip to Kansas City. When they got to the ovens, Sam was shuffling papers in the office.

"Hey, a helluva order came in here late yesterday. We may have to put in some overtime tonight. What's that damned dog doing here?"

"Who? Oh, you mean Ba. f. Well, I was too tired to drive today, so I let him bring me to work."

"Very funny."

Starkey wasn't particularly fond of bullshitting people, but some things couldn't be avoided.

"Sam?"

"What?"

"Something's come up, something bad. You see, my aunt in Kansas City called this morning. She's really sick and she wants me to come up there and see her right away, before she dies."



"Now that I'm divorced, I see how much times have changed — taking a girl to dinner and a movie first is now considered kinky."

PERSONALLY YOURS

I'm a lonely divorcee who lives in a small town and I want to share my sexy thoughts with you. I have a beautiful body and love posing for intimate photos.

If you would like some of my very personal photos, and a handwritten letter from me to you please write.

I will send you two color photos of me, and a letter for only \$5.00.



SUSAN D.
P. O. Box 47043A
Doraville, GA 30362

COLLECTORS OF GLAMOUR & PIN-UP PHOTOGRAPHY



Southern Gals wearing heels, hose, and a smile. Disrobing sets of lovely young women. Specialty sets featuring lac panties, sheer bras, sex garter belts, and stockings.

1 sample color photo and catalog - \$2.00

or Sample set of color photos - \$5.00

PM CORPORATION

P.O. Box 33326A • Decatur, GA 30033

SAY IT! A T-shirt that'll blow minds

These heavy T-shirts are designed in two styles, white on black or black on white. Specify color and size (small, medium, large or extra large). They go for \$6.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling.

Calif. residents add 6% for the Man.

Send \$1 for additional Designs!

F-Shirts, P.O. Box 367 Dealer inquiries invited.
Oakview, Calif. 93022



PHOTO ID

IN FULL COLOR - SEALED IN PLASTIC
ALL STATES & PROVINCES
—FREE BIRTH CERTIFICATE—
24-Hour Service • Moneyback Guarantee
SEND \$6.00, Name, Address, Sex, Height, Weight, Color Hair, Eyes, Birthdate & Small Photo.
\$6
CARDINAL PUBLISHING, DEPT. 465
BOX 5200 • JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA 32207

CHROME PLATING
"For the quality minded biker!"
ACID COPPER — COPPER — NICKEL — CHROME — GOLD
All work guaranteed
Atlantic Coast Plating
887 N.E. 30th Court, Oakland, FL 33334
(305) 563-5859 Free price sheet — Dealers invited



Lifetime Clutch (and brake) Cables

New Design! Guaranteed Not to Break on Ya!

That's right. Now you can travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch or brake cable ain't gonna crap out on ya in the middle of Tightwat, Texas — where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard drivin'. Your worries are over! Get

these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or next gallon of gas is coming from — because you **never** have to worry about your cable goin' south on ya anymore!

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

Each cable is preformed and prelubed — thus eliminating stretching and lubing. It has a minimum breaking strength of 2000 lbs. In assembling the product we use coil wound outer housing with a nylon inner sleeve to prevent cable abrasion. All of the end fittings are pneumatically swaged and pull tested to 500 lbs. this insures no slippage and negates the possibility of heat damage to the cable strands. The 7 x 19 cable design is for super flexibility, thus it can be used in areas of bending and flexing without causing any damage, or wear.

It is common knowledge that most clutch cables break at the clutch release handle pivot pin. It is also a fact that all stock and replacement clutch cables are made utilizing the 1 x 19 (1 strand of 19 wires). We use 7 x 19, not 1 x 19 — and we won't break!

This is the first flexible cable that will not break due to flexing, binding, or kinks.

74 clutch cable	\$22.00
Extended 74 clutch cable	\$23.00
Mousetrap cable	\$22.00
Extended mousetrap cable	\$23.00
OSSP	\$22.00
Extended OSSP	\$23.00
CSSP	\$22.00
Extended CSSP	\$23.00

Add \$1.00 for postage & handling



RIGHTeous

Box 361, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740

California residents add 6% sales tax.

A Touch of Class ROLLS CHOICE

THIS IS IT!

The Shotgun Pipe
that really works.
No more stale smoke.



Safe to smoke anywhere, anytime:
pool, bed, bath, or boat—even
a rainstorm.

Our patented one-way valve allows
you to enjoy it all.

Neat and simple to use, this pipe dis-
assembles for easy cleaning.

R.C. THE ONLY CHOICE

Brought to you from the
folks at Chimney.



Mackenzie Company Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302
Please send me ☐ Colored Plastic - \$17.00 ☐ Blue ☐ Green ☐ Yellow ☐ Silver
Send cash, check, or money order: (Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Canadian and foreign
orders. Money order
payable in U.S.
currency.

**NOW!
NEW CATALOG
SEND ONLY \$2.00!**

I.R.S. Ltd.

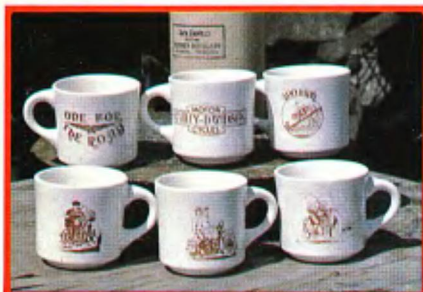


FIVE FOOT SCARFS

Keep warm in style, only \$12.95 + \$1.50 postage and handling.

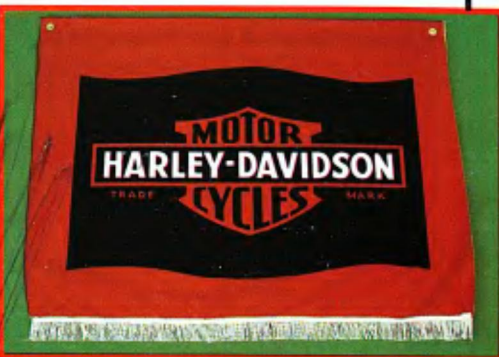
BIG HARLEY BANNER

All nylon, nearly three by four feet, brightens up any pad or shop, \$24.95 plus \$1.00, postage and handling.



RIDERS' CUPS

Kiln fired with antique bike art. Three styles: Harley-Davidson, One for the Road and 400 mph coffee (or whiskey). Only \$6.00 apiece, plus \$2.00 postage and handling, or any combination of three for \$16.50, plus \$2.00 postage and handling.



Dealer inquiries invited.

Send orders to: I.R.S. Limited, Department E, P.O. Box 109, San Fernando, California 91341. California residents add 6% for the State. APO, FPO and overseas orders add \$4.00 for additional postage. T-shirt \$8.00 plus \$1.50 postage and handling. (indicate size).

Distinctive Biker Accessories.



STRONG GLOVES:

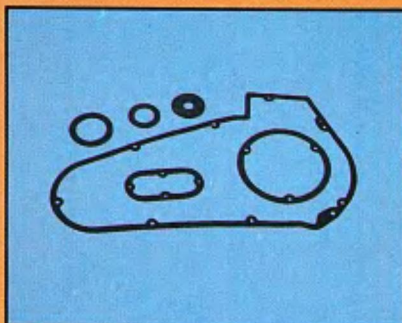
Heavy rough-out leather riding gloves with built-in liners. Upon request we will sew on red stars, any of our patches, or ship them plain. Sizes: Sm. Med. Lrg. Black or Brown. \$26.00 plus \$2.00 postage & handling. Total: \$28.00

Order today from:

HIGH POCKETS

Box 294

Cypress, Calif. 90630

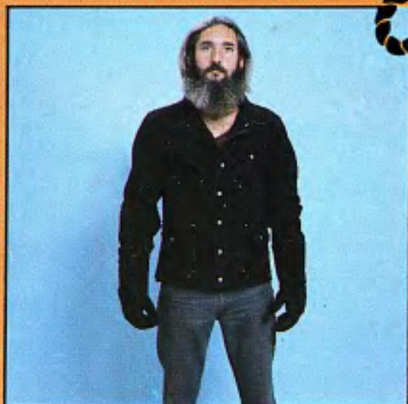


HERO GASKETS:

Recyclable H-D primary cover, gas cap, and oil bag gaskets made from neoprene rubber. Primary cover for all H-D 74 & 80 from '65 to present. \$8.50 + \$1.50 postage & handling: Total \$10.00.

PATCHES:

Each sturdy embroidered patch is an authentic reproduction. For picture please refer to *Easyriders* or *Iron Horse* Jan. '81. Oct. '81 (1) M/C patch: \$2.50 (2) E Patch: \$2.50 (3) Lrg. SWP: \$2.50 (4) Sm. SWP: \$2.00.



JACKETS:

There are four pockets on the front and two larger ones on the inside of these heavy protective leather jackets. Also featured are a flap down the front and straps on the sleeves. Black or brown, sizes 38 to 48. \$79.00 plus \$3.00 postage and handling. Total: \$82.00.

Buy
American



Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Calif. add 6% sales tax. Canadian & foreign (APO & FPO) orders add an extra \$3.00 for postage. Completely owned and operated by scooter people.

"Oh, I'm sorry." The bleak prospect of working alone started clouding Sam's brain. "Are you and her close?" she asked, not knowing what else to say.

"Yeah, really close. Like this," Stark lied, holding up clasped hands for emphasis.

"I don't mean to pry, Starkey, but what's she dying of?"

Stark named the first disease that came to mind. "Syphilis. She's got a hairy case of it."

"Syphilis?"

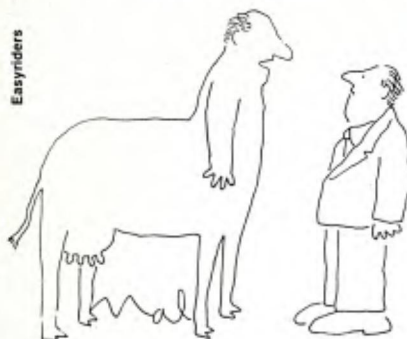
"Right, syphilis. That's sorta surprising for such an old lady, isn't it? They say she got it in her younger days, though, and it's just now catching up with her. I understand it has eaten away her brain."

"But if her brain's gone, how was she able to call you?"

"Jesus Christ, I don't know, I'm not a goddam doctor." Starkey felt he was getting buried in his own bullshit, and he needed to get out. "Hey, look, Sam, I'd love to stay and talk, but I really should be on my way. I'll be back in a couple days and we'll get that order finished. Sorry about all this."

Sam was unconvinced. She feared she'd never see her employee again. A sudden remorse washed over her like a swell of fetid tidewater. She now regretted the distance she'd maintained for so long. Maybe he'd needed something more than a paycheck from her all along. Maybe she'd been a fool to fear getting involved again. She gave it one last try: "Hey, Stark, I, ah, I know I've not exactly been real warm to you, but maybe that could change. Maybe you could start coming over to the house sometimes after work, and we could spend a little time together — when you get back, I mean."

Starkey knew such words didn't come easily for Sam. He wanted to say, "I pay the price for my fears, bitch, and you gotta do the same," but all he said was, "I understand."



"Actually, I'm not your run-of-the-mill centaur."

MISS FEBRUARY

Watch for Photo Contest in Next Month's Issue.



©T&A PRODUCTIONS 1981



\$10.95 A



B \$5.95

Like all T&A products, these shirts are made from the finest quality materials available. 100% heavyweight cotton T-Shirts — American made.

These shirts are available in black only.

with a vivid full color print of each month's lady printed on either the front or back; you specify.

Each month a new ol' lady is selected and featured on a T&A shirt to give you a full 12 months of biker beauties.

Each shirt sells for \$10.95, postage paid in U.S. only, and is available in sizes S-M-L-XL, Bro style only. Or you can get a regular T&A Productions T-Shirt for \$5.95 and become a T&A Talent Scout.

Must be 18 years or older to order.

Send your order to:

**T&A Productions, Box 7001
Sacramento, CA 95826**

Make all checks and money orders out to **T&A Productions**
(Please print your name and address to avoid errors)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

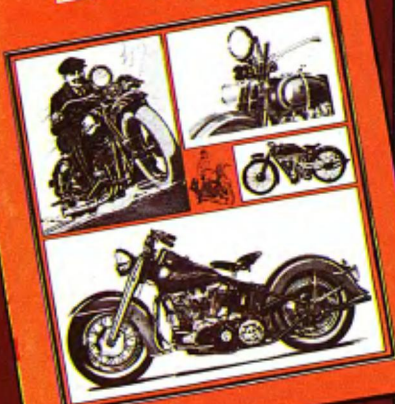
Canadian and foreign orders: Payment must be made in the form of an International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. currency. Add \$3.00 per shirt to cover shipping costs.

Note: Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.

Quantity	Size	Type A or B	Front Back
Sub-Total			
(California residents add 6%) Plus Tax			
Total			

SAVE MONEY ON THIS CLASSIC

Earlyriders



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 \$8.95 each (with us payin' postage and handlin').

Send your check or money order to:

Earlyriders,

Box 52,
Malibu, Calif. 90265

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Please print name and address to avoid errors.

Let's just see what happens when I get back. Take care."

He drove away feeling sympathy for the woman, and maybe a bit of guilt. But the soothing rumble of his bike and the serenity of the Ozark forest cleared his head of that garbage soon enough. As he pointed the bike into the northeast wind, Barf ground his little toenails securely into the leather, seemingly more eager than Starkey to see new road. Together, they climbed up through the wooded bowels of southern Missouri, stopping a couple of times for Barf to pollute the shrubbery.

The weather held long enough for them to reach the flatlands south of the city. As they hit town, a monotonous rain settled in, making the city streets shiny and slippery, like piss on a tile floor. Starkey found a cut-rate motel at the edge of town and smuggled Barf in discreetly. He hated soft mattresses, so Starkey took the floor and left the bed for Barf.

The next morning they drove to his deceased aunt's house for the reading of the will. It was a routine matter, holding no great surprises for Starkey. His cousin got the lion's share of the loot, and the biker left empty-handed, wondering why his cousin had even bothered to write to him in the first place. He realized there would be no four-wheeler in his immediate future.

Starkey retreated to his bike, where Barf had been barking at the end of a leash tied to the fork. He thought about what awaited him in the Ozarks, how Sam had softened to him finally, and how righteous his tag collection would look above that stone fireplace of hers. Yeah, he could get real comfortable in that house.

As they started back south, Starkey noticed some bikers cruising up the entrance ramp to Interstate 70, heading west. They drove away from the city in high gear. Starkey looked down at Barf, ears flapping in the wind, tongue hanging out like a strip of raw bacon. He hoped the little fucker wouldn't get cold in the Rockies. ■



"Just an old whore wound, m'dear."

Old Style All Leather BIKER CAP

Here's an all-leather cap that'll keep the scraggly mop you call hair in order and give your overall appearance some class — imagine. It's all black (also in dark brown) and it's bound to win over some broad.

Enclosed is \$21.95 for each biker cap. I understand that I may return the cap for a full and immediate refund if I am not satisfied with its quality and workmanship. It is the same fine quality I would expect from Righteous Products.

Be sure to indicate size and color:

☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Sm ☐ Med
☐ Lrg ☐ Ex. Lrg.

Canadian and foreign orders: Payment must be made in the form of an International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. currency. (Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

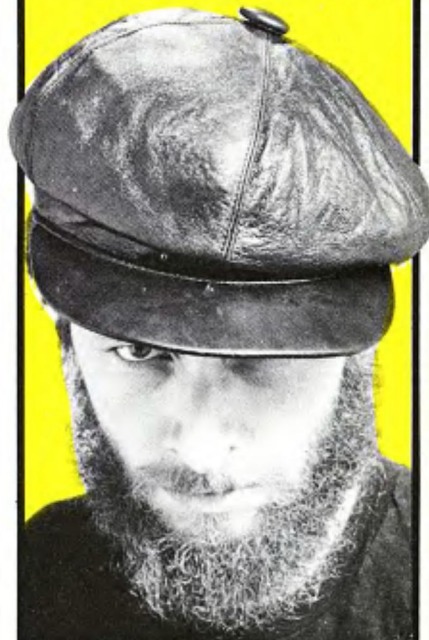
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Note: Canadian and overseas orders: \$1.00 for additional postage and handling charges. Add \$2.00 additional postage if you want it shipped air mail anywhere. California residents add 6% tax for Governor Brown.



RIGHTIOUS
Products,

Box 361, Seal Beach, CA 90740

Wind 6

ON YOUR

In The Wind #6 from the pages of *Easyrider* and *Iron Horse*. Great new photos of bikes, women, partyin', more women, drinkin', and more women. Wind #6 has something for everybody. If the local newsstand is out, don't worry — you can buy this masterpiece directly from us. And don't be left out of previous issues of In The Wind. Issue #1 is already sold out, so don't wait, make it easy on yourself and fill out the coupon. Do it now before they're gone.



MAIL ORDERS TO: Wind, c/o EASYRIDERS

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

I gotta get In The Wind. Send me:

___Wind 2 ___Wind 3 ___Wind 4
\$2.50 each \$2.50 each \$2.95 each

___Wind 5 ___Wind 6
\$3.00 each \$3.00 each

Total Enclosed _____

NEWSSTANDS NOW

(Please print)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 6% for the gov. Postage paid in U.S. and Canada. Foreign orders add \$7 each for air mail postage. Canadian and foreign orders: Payment must be made in the form of an International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. currency.

First Aid For Bikers

ACTUAL MEDIC-ALERT MEDALLION

"In Case Of Emergency" Give Me Head!

ENGRAVED ON BACKSIDE

Let 'Um Know What Brings You Around.

JUST \$9⁹⁵

LIMITED INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Order this Highly Polished Stainless Steel I.D. with Raised Red Enameled ALERT Symbol on 24 inch Stainless Steel Chain.

Mail \$9.95. Money orders receive immediate attention. Checks allow 4 weeks to clear.
To: Anglo American Corp./P.O. Box 9854/Houston, TX 77013 (Texas Residents Add 4% Sales Tax)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

A. 36027



B. 36031



D. 36020



C. 36032



G. 36034



E. 36018



F. 36019



I. 3603



J. 3605



K. 36036



H. 36035



L. 36022



N. 36012



M. 36021



Q. 36042, 36043



S. 36010

R. 36017



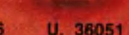
T. 36014



V. 36056



U. 36051



O. 36044



P. 36045



Gas Tanks & Accessories

Here they are . . . gas tanks and accessories to suit your scooter. Each item is a proven winner, backed by our long-standing reputation for nothing but the best . . . top quality and super styling!

A. Prismic Tank. 2.8 gallon designed for use on Sportsters and most all custom frames. Completely heliarc welded, fully tabbed and features twin petcock openings. Tunnel length, excluding tabs, is 22 1/2". The tank's high tunnel has a 2" width. This tank is too long for our Jammer frames.

36027 . . . 2.8 Gallon . . . 74.95

B. Longrider™ Sportster High Tunnel. 4.5 gallon, 16 gauge CRS 1010 steel, pressure tested. This tank has a double tunnel for additional strength and is all heliarc welded. Includes two 1/4" petcock holes at the rear and one 3/8" at the front left side. Fits stock Sportster frames 1978 & earlier. Will also fit, with modification, stock Sportster frames 1979 & later as well as most custom frames.

36031 . . . 4.5 Gallon . . . 69.95

C. Longrider™ Sportster Low Tunnel. 4.9 gallon, 16 gauge CRS 1010 steel, pressure tested. This tank has a double tunnel for additional strength and is all heliarc welded. Includes two 1/4" petcock holes at the rear and one 3/8" at the front left side. Has tab mounts for universal application.

36032 . . . 4.9 Gallon . . . 69.95

D. Extra Wide Mustang. A two hole 3.3 gallon classic mustang. Quality construction, including heliarc welding.

36020 . . . 3.3 Gallon, Two Hole . . . 54.95

E. Coffin Tank. 2.8 gallon, heavy 16 gauge steel with no welds or dips on the top side of the tank. Includes mounting tabs. Uses stock Harley cap and Sportster type petcock and has external vent tubes.

36018 . . . 2.8 Gallon . . . 46.95

F. Extra Wide Mustang. A one hole 3.3 gallon classic mustang. Quality construction, including heliarc welding.

36019 . . . 3.3 Gallon, One Hole . . . 52.95

G. Sportster High Tunnel. 2.75 gallon high tunnel extra wide Sportster styled tank. Two inches wider than stock, this tank is equipped with stock Sportster style mounts.

36034 . . . 2.75 Gallon . . . 49.95

H. Sportster Low Tunnel. 3.0 gallon low tunnel extra wide Sportster styled tank. Two inches wider than stock, this tank has tab mounts for universal applications.

36035 . . . 3.0 Gallon . . . 49.95

I. Fat Bob Gas Caps. A custom chromed pair of vented and unvented caps that'll give your fat bobs both the super seal and good looks your tanks deserve.

3603 . . . 7.95 pr.

J. Deluxe Gas Cap. A unique deep chromed gas cap designed especially to fit our gas tanks. To insure a super seal this cap is spring loaded.

3605 . . . 5.95

K. Harley Wing Gas Cap. Here's the finishing touch in a cap. Harley wing logo is raised from the surface surrounded by superb chroming. Fully vented and adjustable to show off the wing where you want it when the cap is tightened down. Fits any tank using Harley type cap.

36036 . . . 9.25

L/M. Harley Fat Bob Tanks. Beautiful well-constructed replicas of the Harley fat bobs. They will mount to a stock Harley fat bob frame as well as to our Jammer fat bob frames (#2807, #2808). These well designed tanks accept a standard Harley shut-off and stock or custom gas caps. Available in 3.5 and 5 gallon, they'll keep you on the road with fewer stops. To finish off that authentic look these fat bobs will accommodate the stock dash and speedo equipment.

36021 . . . 3.5 Gallon . . . 119.95

36022 . . . 5.0 Gallon . . . 129.95

N. Shut-Off Valve Assembly. A top quality replacement for your shut-off rod assembly. Manufactured to original Harley specs with a chromed rod seat to boot! This valve fits all 61" and 74" 3.5 gallon tanks with a left tank reserve, 1940-1965 (5 gallon only on 1965 tank).

36012 . . . 29.95

O. Gas Tank Emblems. A well made, detailed chromed pair of Harley tank emblems. 1940-1946.

36044 . . . 15.95 pr.

P. Gas Tank Emblems. A well made, detailed chromed pair of Harley tank emblems. 1947-1950.

36045 . . . 24.95 pr.

Q. Super Shut-Offs. American made with ball valves that work! Available in 1/8", 1/4" and 1/2" with reserve valve. All of these shut-offs work on any of our gas tanks.

36041 . . . 1/8" . . . 5.95

36042 . . . 1/4" . . . 5.95

36043 . . . 1/4" w/Reserve . . . 9.95

R. Gas Shut-Off. Harley type, 3/8". Will fit stock Sportster tanks. Chromed and complete with reserve and filter.

36017 . . . 3/8" . . . 11.49

S. Gas Shut-Off (Handle Type). A 1/4" x 1/4" shut-off with easy handle operation.

36010 . . . 1/4" . . . 6.95

T. Gas Shut-Off (Push-Pull). A 1/4" x 1/4" push-pull shut-off for a clean, finished look.

36014 . . . 1/4" . . . 7.50

U. View-All Gas Filters. Complete with an extra element these inline filters are designed to protect your carburetor. Features replaceable elements that work to trap all harmful dirt and water. These filters unscrew allowing simple cleaning or replacing of the famous Bendix element. Available in two sizes, mini or maxi, with nipple ends in three sizes. 1/4", 5/16" and 3/8".

36051 . . . 1/4" Mini Filter . . . 8.95

36052 . . . 5/16" Mini Filter . . . 8.95

36053 . . . 1/4" Maxi Filter . . . 9.75

36054 . . . 5/16" Maxi Filter . . . 9.75

36055 . . . 3/8" Maxi Filter . . . 9.75

V. Replacement Elements

36056 . . . Mini Element . . . 1.40

36057 . . . Maxi Element . . . 1.50



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.

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 123)



Santee Hardtails

Years of proven engineering excellence have made Santee the overwhelming choice of those riders who demand the finest bolt-on and weld-on hardtails. Each unit incorporates a unique style all its own. Heliarc welded, these hardtails are made from quality Kaiser CRS 1010 tubing and low carbon domestic steel plate. Begin your building assured that crafted quality coupled with good looks is here for the taking.

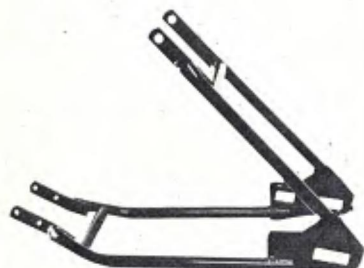


Harley 74 Weld-On



A

Sportster Bolt-On



B

Sportster Weld-On



C

Honda 750 Bolt-On



D

Honda 450 Bolt-On



E

Triumph 650/500 Bolt-On



F

BSA 650 Weld-On



G

A. Harley 74 Weld-On Hardtail

Get the original, classic rigid look with this weld-on unit. No additional lengthening or lowering involved. Designed for all swingarm kickstart models, but will fit electric start models if Honda 750 battery is used.

30016 74.95

B. Sportster Bolt-On Hardtail

A bolt-on unit that'll give your Sporty that Shovelhead look. Lengthens 4 1/2" and lowers rear of bike 4". This hardtail leaves ample room for installation of our custom oil tanks and electric boxes.

30017 74.95

C. Sportster Weld-On Hardtail

Add 4" of length and lower your bike 4" with this beauty. Once installed, this unit forms a near perfect line with your frame backbone, leaving a clean one-piece look. To assure proper alignment it bolts on at the bottom first, making the top weld-on area a simple operation without the worry of alignment error.

30018 74.95

D. Honda 750 Bolt-On Hardtail

A total bolt-on unit that leaves you with the classic rigid Harley look. Once installed, your bike is 5" longer and 4" lower with a 6° rake. All necessary bolts and hardware provided with illustrated instructions. The welded mounting tabs allow for use of our oil tanks, electric box, chain guard and other accessories.

30019 84.95

E. Honda 450 Bolt-On Hardtail

Here's a bolt-on unit that lengthens 6" and lowers rear 4". Included are all necessary bolts and illustrated instructions. Tabs are provided for quick bolt-up installation of our chain guard and electric box, along with a welded-in-position brake stabilizer mount.

30020 79.95

F. Triumph 650/500 Bolt-On Hardtails

A great selection of bolt-on units for 1963-1970 Triumph twins. Each hardtail comes complete with mounting tabs for quick bolt-on installation of our oil tanks, electric boxes and chain guards. In addition, the axle plates allow you to add your personal touch when molding. Choose yours from the listing below.

30021 ... 650, Lengthens 6" Lowers 3" 74.95

30022 ... 650, Lengthens 4" Lowers 3" 74.95

30023 ... 500, Lengthens 5" Lowers 3" 74.95

G. BSA 650 Weld-On Hardtail

Unit construction 1963-1970 BSA 650s will now accept this weld-on beauty. Coupled with good looks, you'll end up with an additional 5" in length and a 3" lower rear. Includes tabs welded in position to accommodate our hardtail accessories.

30024 74.95



Sissy Bars & Seats

Seats and sissy bars for your fancy! The bars are the finest available for rigid frames, fitting your flat, rib or fat bob fender. The seats are all handcrafted using only the finest naugahydes, leathers, base plates, foam and thread. In fact, our solos and pillions will mate to any bike, rigid or swingarm. What more could you want?

A. Rigid Bars — Flat & Rib Fenders. Each and every bar is carefully constructed from 9/16" steel with perfection in mind. Every detail on these beauties is highlighted by our mirror chrome finish. The length listed is measured from the bottom mount.

8301	36" Twist	49.95
8302	36" Round	49.95
83010	28" Round	49.95
83013	21" Hex	48.95

B. Rigid Bars — Fat Bob Fenders. Here's a show chromed tilt-back bar that'll finish off your fat bob. The length is measured above the fender.

83025	14" Round	44.95
-------	-----------	-------

C. Rigid Bar — Fat Bob Fender. The classic looking bar now made expressly for your fat bob. Clean mounting to your fender is built-in on this bar and finished off with our usual supreme plating. Length is measured from the bottom mount.

83015	21" Round	48.95
-------	-----------	-------

D. Sissy Bar Pads. These sleek diamond and single stitch pleat pads are made from top stuff, padded with 2" foam and come complete with all mounting hardware. Available for 28" and 36" bars. Pad for 28" bars measures 10½" high, 4¾" wide and 2½" thick. Pad for 36" bars measures 16½" high, 5" wide, 2½" thick and tapers to 1¾" at the top.

115079	Single Pleat — 28" Bars	17.95
115081	Diamond Stitch — 36" Bars	19.95

E. Rigid Baron Seat. A square tufted black naugahyde beauty with a built-in 14" back. This sleek custom gives you both the custom looks and the sound seating that'll put you miles ahead.

115038		92.00
--------	--	-------

F. Rigid Two Piece Seat. A custom tailored rigid frame seat. Square tufted, black naugahyde. Universal mounting that'll fit most rigid frame bikes.

115035		83.00
--------	--	-------

G. Tilt-Up Seat Bracket. A universal, forward tilt, chromed beauty that adapts to most seats and frames. Fits all frame, backbones up to 1¾" O.D.

117036		5.50
--------	--	------

H. Seat Bracket. The standard chrome bracket used by millions of custom builders.

11706		3.95
-------	--	------

I. Chromed Solo Seat Springs. Well-made and well-suited for every solo seat. Chrome finish for catchin' eyes.

11703		5.95 pr.
-------	--	----------

J. Spear Deluxe Solo Seat. Black naugahyde. Measures 13" wide by 14" long.

11709	Solo Seat	49.95
-------	-----------	-------

K. Spear Deluxe Pillion Pad. Black naugahyde. Measures 6" wide by 12½" long. Tapers in height from 4" in back to 2" in front.

117010	Pillion Pad	29.95
--------	-------------	-------

L. Ride-To-Live Solo Seat. Black naugahyde with sewn on ride-to-live, live-to-ride patch in full color. Measures 9" wide by 12½" long.

117021	Solo Seat	34.95
--------	-----------	-------

M. Ride-To-Live Pillion Pad. Black naugahyde with full color, sewn on patch. Measures 5" wide by 10½" long. Tapers in height from 4" in back to 2" in front.

117022	Pillion Pad	27.95
--------	-------------	-------

N. Plain Deluxe Leather Solo Seat. The real thing... black leather. Measures 13" wide by 14" long.

117011	Solo Seat	67.95
--------	-----------	-------

O. Plain Deluxe Pillion Pad. Leather pad in black that measures 6" wide by 12½" long and tapers in height from 4" in the back to 2" in front.

117012	Pillion Pad	37.95
--------	-------------	-------



Solo Seat Mounting Bracket

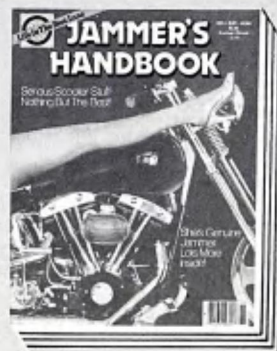
Here's the hot set-up for solo seat and spring mounting on Harley and custom frames. These chromed steel bolt-on brackets eliminate the usual chore of having to weld your own mounts.

117033	74 Rigid Frames	21.95
--------	-----------------	-------

117034	74/80 Swingarm	21.95
--------	----------------	-------

117035	Sportster	21.95
--------	-----------	-------

	Swingarm Frames	21.95
--	-----------------	-------



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.

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 123)



A. 8301



A. 8302

E. 115038



B. 83025



A. 83013



D. 115081

D. 115079



C. 83015

F. 115035



K. 117010

G. 117036

H. 11706

I. 11703

A. 83010



J. 11709



M. 117022

L. 117021



O. 117012



N. 117011

Choppershopper

Continued from page 79

Are you and your bike up to the Great Nevada Brothel Run? For complete details, send \$15 to KIVA Motorcycle Institute, P.O. Box 550, Henderson, Nev. 89015. (104)

Two bros down in the Florida joint. Need mail, so ladies, please write. Wayne Hill #120 or Bruce Kinnane #551, P.O. Box 518, Zephyrhills, Fla. 33599. (104)

Need to hear from bro Ood. Ood is "good" without the G. Contact Thor, c/o Danny Criswell #049-079, L-3-N-11, Box 347, Starke, Fla. 32091. (104)

Outlaw ladies and earth women only. The Gypsy man calls. Need rap and visits. James Hall #80-A3117, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582. (104)

Alligator teeth keychains \$3 ea. Earrings \$5 per pair, or large teeth for making your own 75c ea., five for \$3. Also, righteous handmade heavy-duty leather tool pouches, black or brown, \$20 each or three for \$50. Merchandise satisfaction guaranteed, or money back. All sent postpaid. Check or money order only; personal checks take 3-4 weeks to clear. \$3 minimum order. J. Castonguay 420 N. 5th, Watseka, Ill. 60970. (104)

Gene: Happy birthday 11-3. You are No. 1 with me. I love you now; I'll love you forever. Kate. (104)

Jose: Been ridin' like the wind to find you. I won't give up. Stay in touch. Don't lose me again. Love you. Your Patil, "Lady." (104)

Virgin! Not really, but feel like it. White bro, in late 20s, went down in late '80 and fucked up leg. Got back on feet in middle '81, but couldn't find any good women. Aren't there any understanding, real biker women in northeastern Mass., or middle to southern N.H.? Haven't had any since '80, but right now I'd settle for just some good talk, rides through the mtns, or along the beach, and the closeness of a good woman. Been riding H-Ds for 15 years, so you better like Hogs. If you're interested, any age, young or old, send photo and letter to P.O. Box 81, Hebron, N.H. 03241 Constantly in N. H. and Mass., so allow time for answer. (104)

Tall, handsome, easygoing biker, 37, very active, intelligent, financially secure, with beautiful home in the country, would like to meet an attractive, tall, slim, large-breasted young lady without children who is ready to settle down and willing to help start a small business and a new life. Joe, 2307 Seminary Rd., Milan, Ohio 44846. (104)

Dennis "Hard Luck" (S.M.C.): Thank you for taking me under your wing. 9/19/81 Kim. (104)

Li'l Sharon: Happy 19th 12/6. Don't let the past remind you of what we are not now. You're still my dixie chicken. Forever is my love. Donna. (104)

Buy/sell new/used jackets, pants, boots, gloves, etc. Write Larsen Leathers, Rt. 1, Box 425, Christiansburg, Va. 24073. Give sizes. Call (703) 382-4668. (106)

K-Model trans main shafts, new H-D parts. Part #35045-52A. I have three of these at \$65 ea. Big Bob, 12 Merrimack Manor, White River Jct., Vt. 05601, (802) 295-5764. (104)

Brock: Happy official anniversary. Thanks, babe, for a year of happiness. Love, Your ol' lady, Lynne. (104)

Full-blooded Indian, due out of Indiana prison in 13 months. I'm 31 years old and lookin' for some for-real-type women who don't bullshit around with life or their man. If you wanna know what it takes to have me when I'm free, then find out while I'm down. 'cause after that I won't be bullshitting around. I'm for real! All letters answered, those with photos first. Send letters and photos to Indian, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (104)

Pegasus: I'll fly with you always. I love you. Happy birthday 12-12-49. Your Piranha. (104)

Babies: Forever may your Harleys be in the garage, your leathers in the closet, and your body in my bed. Stinky. (104)

Need letters from women who care. Rod Walters (Rabbit), Box 31, Plymouth, Wis. 53073. (104)

Bobby Gilmore: Happy birthday, baby! Thank you for these last five years and for the next fifty! I love you. Your wife, Jayne. (104)

Ellen Y'Mer, where are you? I know you are somewhere in New York. I have got to talk to you. If anybody else knows, please have her contact Bruce at 207 Market St., Portland, Tex. 78374. Any info, please. (104)

Would like to meet a nice-looking, sincere Harley rider in the Atlanta area. I'm 24, pretty, and love to be in the wind. Please write; I'd love to meet you. Picture would be nice. Kathie, Box 1074, Forest Park, Ga. 30051. (104)

John: Thanks for the best year of my life. Happy anniversary, P.B. (104)

Downed w/m would like to correspond with straight-up, no bullshit women. Looking for a future of total bliss. Have less than a year to do. Send photo; will answer all. I'm 37, doing it the hard way. Hal Ralph McEntee #C-28915, P.O. Box 2000, J-317, Vacaville, Calif. 95696. (104)

Foxy ladies: Tired of one-night stands and disco-dancing candy-asses? Looking for a hard-riding real man? I'm free again, handsome, lean, mean, and prefer black leather to polyester. If you know how to take care of a man, shoot me a scribe, 'cause I'm looking for that one special lady who fits the pee pad on my Harley. Bush, 2721 Arnold St., Bakersfield, Calif. 93305. (104)

Happy birthday, Flash (11-4-81). I love you. Your ol' lady, Bonni. (104)

White workers and soldiers stand up for race and flag. Sample News \$3. Moltis, Box 277, Hooksett, N.H. 03106. (104)

Swingers accept singles. Wild swinging action for singles nationwide. Melinda (312) 274-9600, Box 300-S, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (103)

Ladies: 29-year-old convict 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, handsome, intelligent, good sense of humor, many varied interests, and a little crazy at times, needs correspondence from women 18-35 for friendship or possibly deeper relationship. Good looks and figure desirable. Sincere only. No game players. Will answer all and exchange photos. Mike Easton #40669, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310. (105)

Ever have a pig club you in the nuts? I'm collecting information on police brutality and prison abuses. Voodoo, Box 143, Sedalia, Mo. 65301. (104)

Outrageous designs on black T-shirts for the motorcyclist. Send for free info. Nightrider, P.O. Box 902, Simi Valley, Calif. 93062. (104)

Hey, Bear: Slow but sure we're getting there. Every second I'm with you is a reassurance of a worthy wait. Not always together but giving it hell anyhow. Loving ya more and more every day. Yeah, it's me, all the way live from Aptos, Love, Les. (104)

\$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. (104)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details. Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC12 4500 Campus, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660. (107)

Tramp: Merry Xmas! We'll be in the wind soon. Your bro, Shame. (104)

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

Royal Enfield Steven, Goat-Lovin' Mama moved to Idaho. I'm still waiting for an explanation. Miss you. (104)

45 rider-collector club forming: 2- and 3-wheelers. Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Contact Mangle, P.O. Box 560, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603. (104)

For sale: 1978 Lowrider minus engine and tranny. Very clean. (914) 967-2372. (104)

Crime pays: Learn the complete operations of the con man and counterfeiter, with step-by-step instructions, in order to protect yourself and your money. Send \$9.95 to J. Multalar 1858 West Arrow St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. (104)

Duane "Shotgun" Daggers. I need you now. Formerly Phila. "Originals." Call Barb Fedder (717) 652-8397. (104)

Settled white male, native Texan, 35, 5'11", 170 lbs., easygoing, with good job, seeking mature-minded, attractive and intelligent lady 22-32, to tour several western states in summer of 1982. No bullshitters, trouble makers or drug users. Your present location no problem. No strings attached. Just looking for enjoyable company to make a good summer even better. Send recent picture and letter. Paul, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (104)

Wanted: Any hard-ridin' and partyin' bros who live for the good times and know what brotherhood means when the bad times hit. Not on a power trip, but the more bros to party with and rely on the better. Punks who think a patch makes them badass, don't bother writing. Members must be at least 20 years old, white, and American; members must ride H-Ds—Indians okay too. Also, any other small clubs that have the same ideas and might want to combine under our patch, write to P.O. Box 37, Groveland, Mass. 01834; P.O. Box 81, Hebron, N.H. 03241; c/o Max or Conny, hiddenvej 19, Oster hindet 6630 Roding, Denmark. (104)

Chemicals and chemical glassware. Call or write for catalog. Georgia Laboratory Supply, 3405 Covington Dr., Decatur, Ga. 30032, Telephone (404) 288-8772. (104)

Meet sexy women nationwide. Call Tracy (312) 262-9800, Box 405-ER, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (105)

Lady, if you need lots of care and lovin', and feel it's time to find a good place to house your mouse after years in the wind, write this good-lookin' white male, 6'3", 185, 46, who has made it. I love a farout relationship with a (preferably) tattooed hard-fuckin' mama, 25-40, who needs roman-cin' and financin'. Photo and details to Larry O., P.O. Box 548, Deerfield Beach, Fla. 33441. (104)

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

How to start and run your own motorcycle gang. New book tells all. \$10 postpaid. Locomanics, Box 264-E, Mason, Mich. 48854. (104)

WW I, WW II military souvenirs, all countries, including collectors one of a kind. Complete catalog \$3. World Militaria Store, Box 29412, Honolulu, Hawaii 96820. (104)

W/m, 29, 5'11", 160 seeks sincere ol' lady to be his wife. Must be very sincere and loving. One rugrat ok. D.M., 1236 Genevieve, San Bernardino, Calif. 92405. Photo please. (104)

Michele: You and your dog rode behind me for one day, but I'll love you forever. Contact me at Box 312, HOC 101st Mi Bn, Ft. Riley, Kan. 66442. LeRoy, (104)

Paul C. Karlson, Charter Oak MC: I love you no matter what. Karlynn. (104)

Bill Newman, where are you? Went to Ashville. Please drop a line. Your roadie is ready. Rt. 1, Box 336B, Crawfordville, 32327. Love, Your Alligatorpear. (104)

Blue: Need to hear from you: what happened? I'll love you all my days. Allison. (104)

Brew good beer, easy and cheap. Send \$2.50 for recipe. Brewrite, P.O. Box 1812, Van Nuys, Calif. 91408. (104)

Now that Walt Smith has been acquitted for a \$380 ripoff, why hasn't he taken me to court for slander and defamation of character for ruining his good, outstanding name as a law-abiding citizen? Conrad Smith. (104)

Young white couple wishes to adopt child. Infant up to one year old. Within reasonable distance of Greensboro, N.C. Send information and phone number to Paul, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (104)

Good-looking 27-year-old wants letters and pictures from serious ladies. 18-30, who appreciate good times. William H. Quilliams, 977 Camp Rd., Salisbury, N.C. 28144. (104)

Gentle mountain dude, 32, seeks phone calls from mellow chicks anywhere (18-38). Steve (702) 882-7725. No collect calls. (105)

Paw: Happy 9th on 1-6-82. Bad times are behind us now. I love you more than you know. Toad. (104)

Jennifer's ear-otic sex line. Hot girls who are ready to please and tease you with pictures, scented panties, and much more to a shattering climax. Visa/MC. (213) 879-1900. (107)

**There Are Many Reasons Why
We're The Second-Largest-Selling Bike
Mag On The Newsstands! (*Easyriders* Is First)**

iron horse

FOR THE ADULT MOTORCYCLE ENTHUSIAST

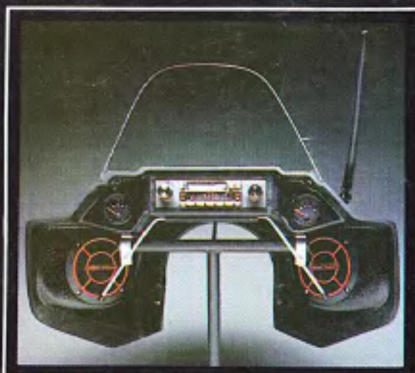
**Check Out One
Copy And You'll
See Why!**



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

by VETTER Rantoul, Illinois
217/893-9300

EAT BUG SPLAT OR GET COCKY

