

Easyriders®

\$2.00

May 1982

£1.35

**Our (Your) TV
Commercials Are
Ready For You!
(see page 20)**

**Six, (count 'em)
Six Righteous
Scooters**

**The History
of Beards**

**The Best In
Motorcycle
Women!**

**Lotsa Humor,
Mind-bogglin'
Fiction, and
Serious Stuff**



Drag Specialties... Where legends are created—one part at a time



P.

R.

Q.

N.



A.



B.



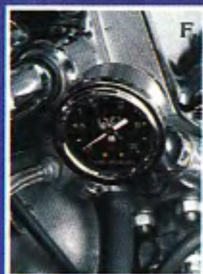
C.



D.



E.



F.



H.



I.



J.



K.



L.



M.



Because legends are created, not born, Drag Specialties is constantly working to develop new products. This offers you, the rider, the ultimate choice—to create your own legend. The following is just a sampling of our unique new legend builders.

- A. Contoured headlight & spotlight visors w/24K gold plated wing, \$12.35-\$17.85.
- B. Sundance™ foam grips, \$18.95 pr.
- C. Chrome Big Twin trans end cover, \$54.95.
- D. Pullback risers, \$39.95.
- E. Deluxe gas cap w/ or w/o vent, \$9.95.
- F. Deluxe liquid filled oil gauges, \$43.95.
- G. Magnum kicker lever, \$30.70.
- H. Chrome taillight visor, \$6.15.
- I. Drag-8™ plug wires, \$10.50 set.
- J. V-Twin Eagle insert; chrome, brass, copper, gold, \$14.95-\$19.95.
- K. Wide Glide taillight kit w/ Catseye light, \$39.95.
- L. Baron marker lights, \$9.95 ea.
- M. Miss Drag Specialties 1982 calendar, \$3.00.
- N. Quickbob™ 4.5 gal. gas tank, \$102.45.
- O. D.S. Sacramento leather jacket, \$169.10.
- P. D.S. Bomber leather jacket, \$136.35.
- Q. D.S. Leather jeans, \$128.20.
- R. Dragard™ face shield in black or white, \$19.95 ea.

Legends grow part by part. These original creations, from our total accessory line, are your beginning. Coming soon, Drag Specialties 1982 catalog! To get your hands on one, see any of our 8,000+ authorized dealers worldwide.



DRAG SPECIALTIES™
finer accessories for all motorcycles
P.O. Box 9336, Dept. E2, Minneapolis, MN 55440

Easyriders

Number 107



Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Spider's latest news findings	5
Dodgin' bullets an' gettin' credit	6
What they're sayin' in other bike mags	9
Time is on this knuckle's side	12
Gettin' the facts on face fur	18
Takin' a look at your commercial	20
Can a kid inspire a road vet?	22
Hi-tech tip on closin' cases	24
You tell us what they're sayin'	26
Slithering saga of a wannabe	28
Four more fine sleds to examine	30
Kansas bros go all out for charity	38
Whatta way to wind up a wild run	40
Here's a mirage that didn't fade	42
News items for and about bikers	43
Dusty says we all eat it this month	47
Mutha's weird, wicked advice	50
Pick up on this cheap hone tip	51
The Animal lays bare another unknown	52
Above average broad to ogle over	54
Upclose look at an old racin' scoot	66
Tellin' it like it is, was, an' will be	71
Captivatin' crop of hopeful ol' ladies	72
Gettin' acquainted with a bike's help	76
High court justice gives prison impetus	78
Bikin' history you may have missed	83
Readers give us their best tales	118

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 Hottinger. Advertising Graphics: Eileen Draeger. Roving Editor: Woody. Vet Rep.: Doc. Tech Editor: Frank. Overworked Editor: Louis Bosque. Fred's Sweetie: Brenda Trolinger. Projects Art Director: Denise Pierson. Art Director: Michele Ficks Hellman. Art Assistants: Louis Ujuela, Billy Thornbury. 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 107, May 1982. Vol. 12. Easyriders is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 28210 Dorothy Drive, Agoura, California 91301. (213) 889-8740. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. (213) 889-8740. Second Class Postage paid at Agoura, California 91301 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 1050, Agoura, California 91301. (213) 889-8740. 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 1050, Agoura, California 91301. 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). This number for advertising information only.

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

Cover photo of Cindy and Spanky by Billy Tinney



TA-2B Death Tripper
Solid Black



TA-4B Harley Eagle
Solid Black

TA-1 TA-3 TA-7

- Full Dress Black and White T (¾ sleeves) Full color, photo silk screen on finest quality 50/50 blend.

\$10.95 ea.
S, M, L, XL.

TA-1B TA-2B TA-3B TA-4B
TA-5B TA-6B TA-7B TA-8B

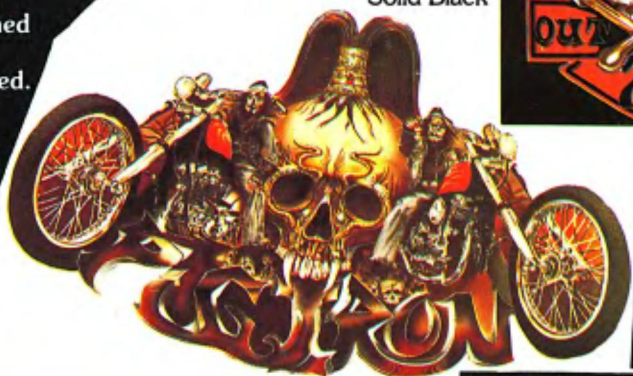
- Full Dress Black T 7 color direct screened image on 100% top quality cotton.

\$10.95 ea.
S, M, L, XL.

- Highest quality — Best T's on the road.
- Patterson Originals. Do not mistake our quality with others.
- These are not iron-ons.
- Directly screened on shirt.
- Fully guaranteed.
- Fast Delivery.

TA-3
Pig Iron
Black & White

TA-6B
Outlaw 74
Solid Black



TA-8B Milwaukee Reaper
Solid Black

TA-7B
Righteous Ruler
Solid Black



TA-1B Harley Crest
Solid Black



TA-5B Number 1
Solid Black



TA-1
Harley Crest
Black & White



TA-7 Righteous Ruler
Black & White

Custom Sensations Dept. TA
P.O. Box 12352, Florence Station
Omaha, Nebraska 68112

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Cash, Check or Money Order.
Personal Checks Must Clear.
Foreign Orders — U.S. Funds Only.
Add \$3.00 Airmail, Postage and Handling for first shirt and \$1.00 for each additional.

Quantity	Design No.	Size	Price

\$1.50 postage and handling — U.S. and Canada.
\$2.50 Airmail, First Class
Nebraska residents add 4% tax.

Total Enclosed



TA-3B Pig Iron Solid Black

You know what they'd do to you if you held up a bank with a gun. A member of the Secret Service was recently charged with the crime, but they released him on his personal recognizance! Of course he couldn't have meant it when he stuck up the joint, belonging to such an exclusive club of good fellows. Nooo, never.

Another hard luck story: He walked into a gas station and robbed it of \$100. A couple of hours later, the same dude drove into the same gas station, this time not knowing where he was. He asked the same attendant he had robbed earlier for directions to a certain town. He then went to his car, which wouldn't start. He asked for help from the attendant, who told him the mechanic wouldn't be back until later. So the dude wears down his battery trying to start his car. It just wouldn't start. He asks for a phone, so the attendant shows him the pay phone. While the dude's waiting for the tow truck, the attendant calls the police who come and bust him.

Surprise! Surprise! Women correctional officers in a male prison feel they are sexually harassed because they accidentally run into dudes poundin' their meat in their cells on occasion, and have seen pornographic photos of women (which help the deprived to remember what a snatch looks like). The state's afraid that their recruitment program for female officers will be hurt if these situations are not eliminated. So, to have female guards, the forces of nature will have to be changed—the stags in spring shouldn't butt heads anymore. Ya think a pound of saltpeter a day is in their future diet?

The D.O.T. has found a use for bikers. The D.O.T. wants to hang corpses up and let cars crash into them to see how much damage is done. Fun, fun. They want the feds to put up \$380,000 in order to use actual stiffs in testing, instead of dummies. Of course, they say they'll use only bodies donated to science and will get written permission from the families. But what about the wino nobody wants, with no family, or just someone the power structure doesn't want around and "can't" locate the family? And can you imagine it in the hands of people like Claybrook when she was in power? No, let's restrict it to used-up bureaucrats who are still on the job after so many years.

The dudes were gonna rip off this beautiful pot plant in a yard. They come back at night to rip it off, but a dog is barking, protecting the plant. So they go home and get their police attack dog, come back, and their mutt runs the first barker off. They grab the plant and shove their dog over the fence; but shit, they shoved him over the wrong fence. So one of them goes to the house next door, claims he's Sgt. Such-and-Such and wants to get his dog outta their back yard. He goes through the house to the back yard. But while doing so, the owner calls the police because the dude wouldn't show him any ID. A patrol car nearby was manned by a cop with the same name the guy was faking. He got there fast and arrested all three dudes with their dog and (even though he didn't understand why they did it) he took along as evidence a huge tomato plant that the dudes had taken out of the yard.

Shit, I fucked up my old age (if I live that long). The latest scientific discovery reveals that the more sex you have, the better chance you have of getting arthritis. It seems that when you have an orgasm, you deplete yourself of something—do I ever!

Who'd stop a little old lady anyway? It seems that when an 80-year-old woman, waiting her turn to be called up by the judge (on a drunk beef) decided to wander south, she musta kept on wandering, 'cause they never did catch up with her, and the bailiff had a hard time explaining how she got past him. He musta nervously had his eye on that biker who was in on an equipment violation—something tough like the handlebars being too high, ya know.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

A Slug

Hey, ya know why God put legs on a woman? So she won't leave a track like a snail does.

C. Elliott
Boulder Creek, Colo.

Smelly Boots

When I was last arrested, the crew at the county lockup took away my boots, and I would like to know whatda-fuck their purpose was in doing that? (Yes, they were steel-toed.)

Twitch
Vine Grove, Ky.

You guessed it.

Christmas Grinch

Where the hell is the Dave Mann Christmas centerfold? What're you trying to do, ruin my Christmas spirit?

Nipple-Kneed Faust
Wappingers Falls, N.Y.

Didn't think of it until we got your letter, which was too late. The raisins were removed from the pie for this month.

A Kick In The Ass

I've read *Easyriders* only a few times, and I really dig it. The other day I got hold of *In the Wind* #5, and after reading the dedication on the first page and lookin' at how a biker's life really is, I realized that's what I'm going to do as soon as I get out of here. Thanks for the little kick in the ass I needed to get me goin'.

Jeff Andersen
Warner Robins, Ga.

That Idiot Spider

I have been an avid reader of *Easyriders* for many years and have always enjoyed your magazine thoroughly until I read the article entitled "Motorcycle Types" (December '81 issue), written by that fuckin' idiot who calls himself Spider. I agreed with the article until he started talking about boycotting Laconia. What is he, fuckin' stupid?

Motorcycle roadracing

events are too few and far between to start boycotting them. Instead, we should build up the number of bikers who attend and force them to open up fields and woods to public camping again. Instead of trying to fuck your New England brothers, you should flock to New Hampshire and support us and help us to change the few fuckin' up laws and people in our state. I agree that 1975 was a kick in the balls, but so was AMF. We weren't stupid enough to boycott Harley-Davidson then. Instead, some of you still bought what they sold and changed them to your own tastes. The same applies here. Don't boycott Laconia. Let's work together to make it the best yearly biker event in the world.

Bitter
Nashua, N.H.

Spider had nothing to say about New England bros, just the cops and the general anti-bike attitude while you fill the town with your bucks.

Article Sucked

I picked up the February '82 issue and started reading "The 101% Biker." At first I thought it was going to be as good as all the other stories, but it fuckin' sucked. Get your shit together.

Guy
Fort Campbell, Ky.

We try.

What's The Trick?

Did the chick on February's cover walk in, drop her drawers, and then become yours? Just what did she do to get on the cover?

Punki Paula
Rowland Heights, Calif.

Can't say in print because this is a family magazine.

Give Cagers A Break

Now to all you bikers, I once almost hit a small motorcycle. I had to get off the freeway at the next exit because I was so upset. I love to

ride, and my cage doesn't need any hood ornaments. I have seen many of you ride crazy. I have seen you drive very fast past me. I always pray that I won't see your body a few miles down the freeway. I use my eyes and ears and try to give you some sign that I see you. I sometimes drive a truck and you really scare me. Please be careful and give me and other cage drivers a break.

Patrice Reid
Torrance, Calif.

Wise With Pigs

One of my bros decided to fuck off and get wise with the pigs one day. In New York there is a helmet law that clearly states all riders must wear helmets. Okay, fine, you gotta wear a helmet; but it doesn't say where you gotta put the damned thing. My bro really got his rocks off puttin' it on his elbow and ridin' his scooter around, and the pigs couldn't say or do anything.

Li'l Angel
Palham, N.Y.

Oh, they have ways of expressing themselves.

He's Alive!

I saw an old flick a while back and in the credits at the end up popped the name of A.J. Solari. Is he related to our own fucked-up J.J.?

The movie was "Two-Lane Blacktop," with James Taylor driving a '53 Chevy.

Razz
Liverpool, Australia

That's J.J. himself.

Blast Back

Why is it that there's always some self-righteous fucker who complains about the choice in the Ol' Lady Contest?

If you're the Harley God or some righteous sonofabitch that can stand in judgment of someone else's ol' lady, great. But don't come to my side of town, 'cause I'll kill over that.

These narrow-minded dick-

heads don't realize that the readers send in the pics, and the readers pick the winners. Obviously, the ones who can't read enough of the rag.

If you gripin' assholes have something better sitting on your p-pad (pillion-pad to you 100 percenters), then you've got room to talk. And if you do, get it up. Go ahead and go through the hassle of model release and all that shit — if it's worth it. If you don't have anything worth shoving in your back yard, then shut the fuck up.

I hate anyone who brings down scooter women, 'cause I love 'em all.

D. Keith
Austin, Tex.

So do we — all of 'em anytime, anywhere.

"Male Call"

Why don't you publish ads from chicks in the joint looking for dudes to correspond with?

Ace
Bridgeview, Ill.

We will. Just send 'em to us and mark the envelope so we'll know it's not a regular male call.

Top Dog

I just thought I'd let you know that you guys have top-dog mag.

Tom
Columbia, S.C.

Daniel's Tour

Just wanted to let you know I took your advice on the Jack Daniel's Distillery tour (December '80 issue) — a worthwhile one, for sure. Tennessee is a righteous spot. Thanks for the idea.

Dave Diamond
Plainview, N.Y.

Our Past

Just got through reading the first page of the 10th Anniversary issue. Now I would say that's what it's all about. Got to hand it to you guys — you've got a no-bullshit magazine. I shit you not, you're fucking great. Keep up the good work and keep your faces in the wind. Ride on!

Dave
Germany

A View

I ride a riceburner, as you call it, for my reasons and you ride a Harley for yours. So when I cruise into town don't bother me with you

"Fuck You" T-shirt and similar attitude. I'm doing the same damn thing you are, only I'm doing it my style.

Gladiator
Bird Island, Minn.

Snortster Hell

My brother bought a 1981 Snortster last April, and ever since he's had it, all his friends keep buggin' him about how he bought the cheapest, lowest-of-the-line Harley. They give him shit like sayin', how could you be a real Hog rider if you can't kick-start your own Hog? Did the guys over at the Harley factory fall asleep when it came time to put the kick shaft in? So fuckin' what if he didn't spend a lot of dough — it still says Harley Fuckin' Davidson on the gas tank, right?

Mad Dog Mike
Spring Valley, N.Y.

Harley Heaven

Miss Peggy told us in the February '82 "Wordmonger" that to get to Harley Heaven, we must respect, obey, and submit. If she gets off on being a slave to her master, that's cool. But it's not the only way to get to Harley Heaven.

I cook, clean, and do the laundry. I rub his back and he rubs mine. I don't turn my paycheck over to my ol' man, but I do spend it on him. He shines his own bike, and I shine mine. I don't ask if I can go riding with Mudd, he's proud to have me riding alongside him and I'm proud to be there.

I have respected, loved, and shared my way to Harley Heaven.

Swan
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

I pity you, girl, because you obviously have yet to learn the age-old secret of "pussy power." If you are beautiful and intelligent, love to ride, and are a decent wife or ol' lady, then you won't have to be kicked around to ride with your man. If you are a stupid asshole who isn't worth shit, or if you don't think you're worth shit, then you are probably with the right guy anyway. And if you think your ol' man is the only kind of biker there is, then you haven't met my ol' man and thousands like him — men who love and respect their women, who don't want puppy dogs that have no

minds of their own. My ol' man wouldn't give a chick like you a second glance anyway. He likes women with spunk. Learn to respect yourself, and you'll be a better ol' lady for it — much better.

N.B.
Tabernacle, N.J.

Head Jobs

My friend and I were discussing the art of giving head, and neither one of us has the answer for one little bitty problem. We are hoping you do. We're both crazy about giving head because it is always so graciously accepted and it's good for our skin. Yum-yum! The problem concerns the removal of our tonsils. We want to know if this will put an end to gagging when our mouths are full. We've been rated as fifteen on a scale of one to ten in this art, but I'll bet we could get a twenty if there's a cure. Come on, fellas, help out two ol' ladies.

Debbie and Denise
San Diego, Calif.

Can't help ya — the deep throat experts on our staff have never run into that problem.

17-Year-Old Wannabe

I'm younger than most bikers, but Harley-Davidson is in my heart. Anyway, I was trippin' down Hollywood Boulevard one night and this bitch came up and asked me if I rode a Harley-Davidson because I wore a Harley-Davidson headband. I said not yet, but I will. She said to take it off. I refused and started walking away, and the dumb cunt popped me in the back of the head and ran. That's fucked, 'cause every scooter tramp was once a wannabe biker like me. Ya gotta wannabe before ya can be. Bikers are the coolest people anywhere, but I guess she just didn't understand that I wear that headband to show that I love Harley-Davidson, and I'm gonna be a biker. Amen!

Jim Parks III
Palmdale, Calif.

You can be a wannabe, but if you dress and act as if you already are, you may run into shit like you did — or worse. In Hollywood there are a lot of freaks wearin' leathers to attract other leather freaks. They get off on leather, whips, chains,

and shit like that. Hollywood Boulevard and Times Square are the armpits of the world, and you'd better have your act together when you're there, 'cause some woman might try to butt-fuck you with a strap-on dildo.

7-11 Again

I thought I'd walk over to the local 7-11 to see if I could cop some decent reading material to tide me over for a couple of days. Well, after lookin' through the magazine rack for a minute, I asked the clerk if they had *Easyriders*. She politely informed me that 7-11 is not allowed to sell *Easyriders* or *Hustler* in Colorado.

Now I realize biker women are known for an occasional walk on the wild side, and I even know you folks at *Easyriders* are easily tempted by pretty women, but I've never put *Easyriders* in the same class as *Hustler*, *Penthouse*, or even *Playboy* — they're all on a much lower scale.

Anyway, I borrowed a subscription page from a buddy and sent it in, and I've been boycotting 7-11 ever since. But I want to know what you jokers did to piss off 7-11 like that.

C. Balls
Colorado Springs, Colo.

It doesn't figure. They could at least keep copies under the counter for their customers and away from their big-buck Slurpee and penny candy customers.

Rufus Recognized

My dog, Buck, says hi to Rufus.

Smitty and Buck
Vancouver, Wash.

Open Letter to

American Motorcyclist

I am not an AMA member. My father is and he sends me his *American Motorcyclist* and my *Easyriders* each month. (I don't read his.)

For the life of me, I cannot understand why a magazine with your name rarely, if ever, features articles on Harley-Davidson. It seems not only unpatriotic but also downright degrading to the Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc.

In all their brochures and magazine advertisements, Harley-Davidson supports the AMA. I am not surprised at all that I've never seen a single advertisement by

There's All Types of SCOOTERS...



and they're
all in
IRON HORSE



Subscription Department
Iron Horse Magazine
Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Check one:

☐ Here's \$16 for 12 issues ☐ New
☐ Here's \$31 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? _____

TWO COMPLETELY DIFFERENT ★ ALBUMS! ★

NOT FOR SALE IN STORES!

★ DAVID ALLAN
★ COE ★
★ UNCENSORED! ★

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
★ X-RATED, ADULTS *only* ★
PARTY RECORDS, NOT FOR AIR PLAY.

UNDERGROUND

SIDE ONE
1. ROCK & ROLL FEVER
2. PANHEADS FOREVER
3. N.P.*
4. COFFEE
5. ONE MONKEY

DAC0003 BLACK COVER
RECORDED IN 1981
THIS COLLECTOR'S
ALBUM IS \$15.00

SIDE TWO
1. I'D JUST LIKE TO N.P.*
YOU ONE MORE TIME
2. LITTLE SUSSIE SHALLOW
THROAT
3. PICK EM. LICK EM.
STICK EM
4. N.P.*
5. N.P.*



NOTHING SACRED

SIDE ONE
1. Jimmy Buffet doesn't live
in key west anymore
2. 3 biggest lies in the world
3. I was into whips & things
and she was into pain
4. Lay me down some rails
5. N.P.* blues

DAC0002 WHITE COVER
RECORDED IN 1979
THIS COLLECTOR'S
ALBUM IS \$12.00

SIDE TWO
1. NOTHING SACRED
2. N.P.* 3. N.P.*

4. I MADE LINDA LOVEACE GAG
5. N.P.* ANETA BRIANTE

ORDER TODAY!

Coe Album
Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301

He'll Yes! I want some of these.
Please send me _____ UNDERGROUND album(s) at \$15.00
and _____ NOTHING SACRED album(s) at \$12.00.

Enclosed is a ☐ Cashier's Check ☐ Money Order
for \$_____ to cover the total cost.

Postage charges included in above cost for shipment
within the United States only.

NO CASH! NO PERSONAL CHECKS! NO C.O.D.'S!

SHIP TO:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Harley-Davidson (that I can remember) in your magazine. I don't blame them and can't understand how they support you at all since you don't (to my knowledge) feature or support their motorcycles in return.

You may call your magazine *American Motorcyclist* and be Americans who ride motorcycles, but that's about as far as it goes. You also have Harley-riding members, but they are few compared to the total number of Harley riders nation/worldwide.

Mr. Amrick, you can keep your fringe benefits of being a member of the AMA. I'll keep the soul and brotherhood of the non-AMA bikers. You'll probably never understand that.

Glen R. Kendall
Yardville, N.J.

Claybrook Commercial

☐ In one of your past issues you mentioned a TV promotion about bikers that we all helped support through contributions sent to *Easyriders*. All I know now is that the TV spot has been completed and copies are being made. We, ABATE of Nebraska, want a copy as soon as it is available.

Angelo Bruno
Carter Lake, Iowa

☐ See page 20. Two commercials are finished and are about ready to be distributed.

Wants Angels Patch

☐ I guess I'll have to trust *Easyriders*, since the Angels are too heavy to write to. I want their patch to hang on my wall, not to wear (except at rallies). What I want is access to all the drugs I've dealt forever. Pass the word that Bloodshot won't ever set anyone up. I'm a retired drug dealer and drug runner (also convicted), but I plan to stay high for the rest of my life. I need quality and I know where it's at. So, when I show

up in Houston or anywhere else, I'd like to know that the name of Bloodshot the Knight is clean — and I'll kill anyone who dirties it.

Bloodshot the Knight
Michigan City, Ind.

☐ Patches (colors) are earned, never just handed out. No way could you get one. The fact that you'd ask the magazine for such a thing indicates you're not too tightly wrapped. Give up the idea or you may encounter a boot dance — for openers.

Settle Bet

☐ A friend and I are on the verge of poundin' on one another because we can't agree on the displacement of that fuckin' monster V-4 Harley you featured in the February '82 issue. He says that each side of the engine is 150 cubic inches, and I keep tellin' him he's fulla shit. So if ya would, write back and tell us the deal and settle this shit for us, once and for all.

Joe DeWitt
Tennessee Colony, Tex.

☐ Your buddy loses — 150 is closer to the total displacement of the engine.

☐ Your feature on the V-4 was super. It goes to show that you can gather a bunch of bike minds together and come up with the future. You just can't do what they did to a Jap ride, so here is a hearty pat on the back for the people who put it together. It sure was nice to see dudes like Bob George and Andy Hansen get their due. They have been doing things like that for years.

Woody T.
Grand Rapids, Minn.

☐ We know it well. They're tight friends of ours.

☐ Just scoped that V-4 in your February '82 issue. That bike gets me hard. Wonder if

H-D might be talked into producing 'em.

Pinger
Keesler AFB, Miss.

Start Doin' It

☐ Many times on TV, bikers are depicted as a horde of dope-crazed morons. Such was the case recently ABC's "The Greatest American Hero." If anyone else was angered by this or any other program aired on ABC, I'm involved. Let the network know what you think! Write ABC Television Network, 1330 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019.

Robert W. Pacheco
Ripon, Wis.

☐ Why don't we get a hardcore biker on a soap opera the daytime? But we got to convince the network to him be a good guy. If he could change the biker image for the housewives across the country, everyone else would follow suit.

Jeff
El Paso, Tex.

Ten Years

☐ Just a quick note for the past ten years of reading your rag have been great (fuck-ups and all). Hope the next ten are just as good.

By the way, does Mut train her crabs, or are they wild?

Walls
Boblingen, Germany

☐ They're old-timers who found a huge, warm, happy home and are no longer wild.

Have anything to say? Write to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the back? Poison pen letters, postcards, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may be sent to the Wordmongers, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. ■

Correction

apologies to anyone who was confused by this latest example of the staff's inability to keep our shit straight, and our special thanks to bossmen Gary Frye and Jake Ross of Maverick Cycles, 1115 South Greeley Highway, Cheyenne, Wyoming, who prepared the bike we

In issue 104 we incorrectly stated that the new H-D Sturgis raffled off by *Easyriders* during the '81 Black Hills Classic had been bought from and prepared by Maverick Cycles of Gillette, Wyoming. Actually, the good bros at Maverick do their thing in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Our

had at Sturgis, the one we had intended to give away there — but that one was ridden by some of our staff and then taken back to California, so we had to give the winner a brand-new scooter, also prepared by Maverick, and untouched by any of our staff's grubby paws.



Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Helmet Controversy

If you thought 1981 was the motorcycle industry's "Year of the Helmet," you are in for a pleasant surprise in 1982. Even in the grayness of a questionable economy, an unpredictable OPEC, and the opening controversies over polycarbonate versus fiberglass helmets, the 1982 market for the number-one selling accessory item indeed looks promising.

Industry heavyweights like Aral, Shoei, Simpson, and Nava are all introducing either new helmet lines or new models within existing lines, while companies like Bell Helmets are stepping up production to eliminate dealer back orders and improve their overall product delivery efficiency. The updated Snell 80 rating has manufacturers' R&D men working overtime to perfect their top-line helmet designs, and in the lower-to-middle range lines competition among \$70 to \$100 helmets is expected to be fierce due to the influx of foreign entries into the market. And, to be expected, the controversy over the protective effectiveness of polycarbonate helmets, compared to those made of fiberglass, is raging stronger than ever.

—Dealer News

Knows What's Good

Bob, who has been dealing with the problem of parts availability for a long time, is discussing an immaculately restored dark blue and cream Indian Scout. "You can ride 'em like that. I rode mine to Visalia like that," he says. He's been riding since the twenties. Now he works on old bikes and owns several: two '47 Indian Chiefs, a '29 Henderson, a '26 JD Harley, a '16 Indian, a '33 Indian Four, and a '50 Indian in the proc-

ess of restoration. His car is a '41 Cadillac. "I drive an Indian Four '33. I'd go anywhere on it. I'd go to New York City on it — never hesitate. That's what people used to do." And what they used to do, Bob still does to a remarkable degree. "I've never ridden anything that's newer than a 1950. In fact, I've never ridden it yet."

He points out a '28 dual-cam Harley. "Never should have quit making that bike. Never. They could sell that bike today. Lots of people would buy 'em."

—Cycle Guide

Styling And Comfort

Ever since the preppy choppers arrived on the scene, we've been between a rock and a hard place. We've faithfully reported they are less comfortable, slightly less manageable, and generally less practical than their more conventional counterparts; our attitudes have been pretty standoffish. The flak starts arriving about the same time the magazine reaches the stands. Various departments and agencies associated with the manufacturer in question barrage us with phone calls and letters stating that we haven't got a clue, that we are certainly incompetent, that our understanding of the marketplace and of motorcyclists' requirements is less than zilch, and that we should go back to doing something for which we're qualified — like drooling in our soup. A certain segment of our readership concurs, claiming our preference for sporting bikes and well-done tourers is elitist snobism. After all, they harmonize, don't we know that buckhorn-barred, slim-tanked, step-saddled boulevard-trollers outsell com-

parable standard models by 87.6 to 1? Doesn't that indicate people want all those things we complain about so religiously?

We don't think so. We don't think anyone wants uncomfortable seats, bars that interfere with control, limited range, reduced fender protection, or other inconveniences that go with this kind of styling. They may like the styling enough to suffer through some of the other problems, but everyone likes to be comfortable. We don't believe it's our job to judge styling.

—Dexter Ford
Motorcyclist

Gettin' Together

So many people seem to want to have freedom, but they don't want to put any effort forward to get that freedom. Anyone can complain about things, just like anybody can just sit back and do nothing. It's those people that get out and do things to keep their freedom that really deserve it.

We as bikers have our rights infringed upon quite often; but it has been proven that, when we join together and let people in political positions know that we as registered voters and citizens should be entitled to the same rights as any other citizen, we get respect and receive the rights we deserve. This works only when we merge together in one association and work as a unit instead of an individual.

If we don't stay united, then the only thing that is going to happen is that we are going to lose our rights. If this happens, then the day of being able to ride your motorcycle the way you like will disappear.

—Custom Cycle

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 Calistoga 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 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

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/FPO, 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.

ITS REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN ISOLATES
THE ENGINE FROM THE FRAME.



ITS AMAZING PERFORMANCE SEPARATES

**INTRODUCING THE FXR.
THE NEXT GENERATION.**

The FXR Super Glide II® may be the newest model in our line. But it wasn't born yesterday. Unlike all those foreign sport touring bikes that are still wet behind the ears, the FXR grew out of a colorful heritage and years of experience. It is the proud recipient of our best road-tested technology.

But FXR has some very special



traits all its own. To begin with, it has a revolutionary frame and chassis

design that makes it the best handling motorcycle we've ever built. Then we added road gripping Dunlop tires to make sure you get everything out of it that we put into it.

Another key innovation is the FXR's unique tri-mount chassis system. Maintenance-free elastomer engine mounts isolate the entire rear swing arm, drive train and engine from the rest of the machine. So road shock and vibration are dampened to deliver miles of smooth riding.



THE MEN FROM THE BOYS.

A new 5-speed transmission delivers loads of usable power and miles of smooth performance. And when it comes to long range cruising comfort, that Harley-Davidson laid back riding position and superb styling, FXR definitely takes after the other members of its family. Naturally, it has exclusive Harley staggered shorty duals, a fat 16" rear tire and a new one-piece fat bob tank with a new console and gas gauge. It also has a new plush, soft wrinkle seat that

flips up for easy access to the oil tank and battery.

The FXR is loaded with far reaching innovations. But also, all the Harley-Davidson heart and soul has been handed down. Immediately FXR was given the biggest production engine made, our massive 80 cu. in. V-Twin. In short, the FXR has inherited the Harley hunger for the open road.

True, FXR has only just arrived. But when you look at all those foreign bikes scrambling for position, FXR is

way ahead of them.

The future obviously belongs to Harley-Davidson. The next generation is FXR.

**MOTORCYCLES.
BY THE PEOPLE.
FOR THE PEOPLE.**



Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc.,
P.O. Box 653, Milwaukee, WI 53201

TRADITIONAL



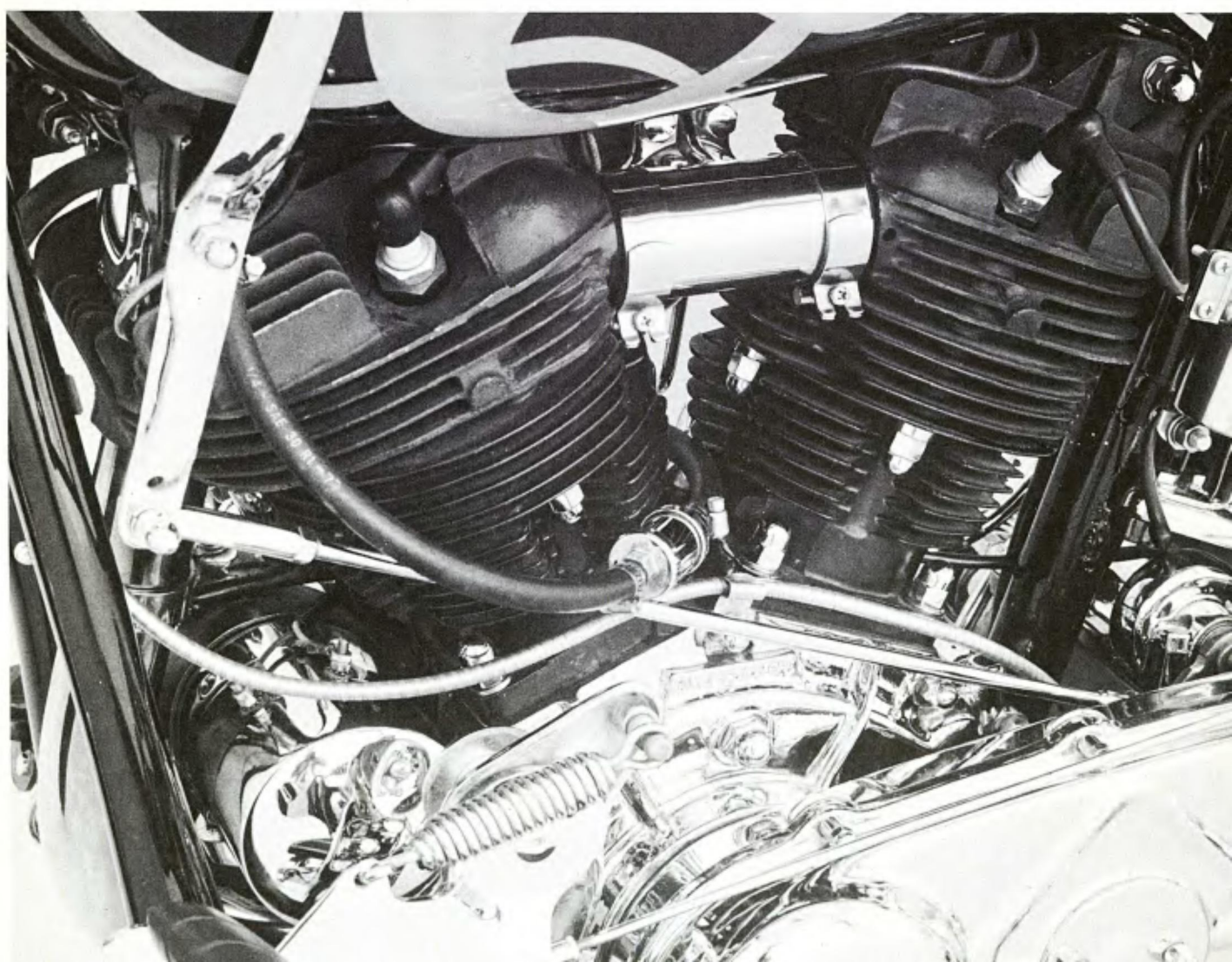
KNUCKLE



Everyone has some sort of a tradition, whether it is having a blind drunk on his birthday, or a turkey at Christmas. According to the dictionary (a book that no one has made into a movie yet) tradition is, and I quote, "The handing down of information, beliefs, and customs by word of mouth, or by example." What we're showing you here is an example of a fine knuckle scooter, a tradition that has been passed on for years, and is now with Danny Watson, the present owner. This traditional customized style goes back a whole lot of years to the era when the first custom scooters, and custom bike shops, were few and far between. As the dictionary says, "by word of mouth or by example," many rolling examples of tra-

Continued after two pages

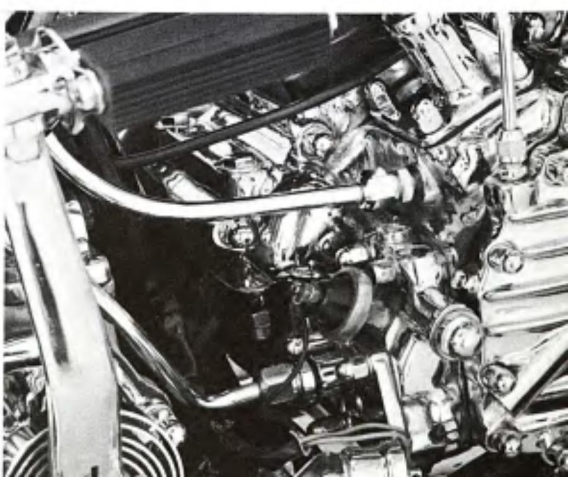
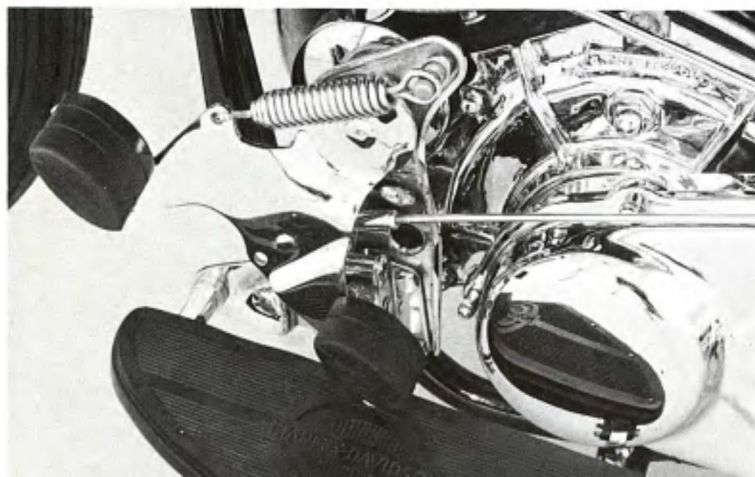




Owner: Danny Watson		City: Modesto, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Cycle Specialties		Year: 1957 straight leg	
Year and make: 1947 Harley-Davidson		Builder: Harley-Davidson	
Model: knucklehead		Type: rigid	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: back to stock	
Assembly by: Scooter Bob/Cycle Spec.		Stretch: none	
Time: 4 months		Other alterations: frame deraked to stock	
Chroming by: A1 Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: apehangers	
Year: 1947		Risers: 15 in.	
Model: 1947 FL		Fender(s): H-D FLH	
Rebuilder: Cycle Specialties		Headlight: stock	
Ignition: distributor to Sudco coil		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: Drag Specialties	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: stock floorboards	
Balancing: stock		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: std. resleeved		Electrics: original	
Cases: chrome		Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: Paughco 4-qt.	
Cam(s): FL		Oil system: it works	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): polished and chromed Linkert		Seat: Jammer solo and pad	
Air cleaner: Paughco		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: Paughco upsweep fishtails		Height: original H-D fender braces	
Muffler(s): in fishtails		Material: Harley steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews low-ratio gears		Type: stock springer	
Year: 1947		Extension: none	
Shifting: original tank shift		Builder: Harley-Davidson	
Engine sprocket: Phase III belt drive		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: x-wide 16 in.
Molding: Gary Wienholtz, Cycle Spec.		Hub: H-D spool	Hub: H-D
Painter: John Wienholtz, Cycle Spec.		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM6
Color: black/orange-red-yellow flames		Tire: Avon	Tire: Avon
Type: acrylic lacquer flames		Brake: stock mech.	Brake: stock mech.
Special paint: Imron clear			
Other special modifications: runs like a mutha, ribbed stock toolbox, original rocker clutch tank shift.			



Photos by Pete Chiodo





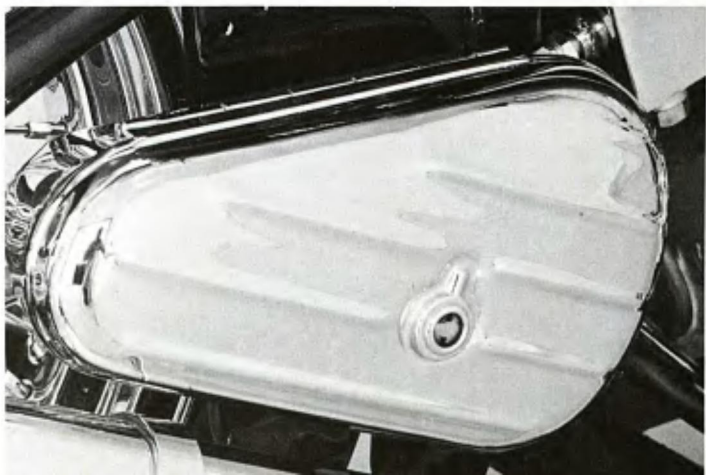
ditional scooters were built from the raw material provided by the bike factories.

Some traditions go back farther than others; for instance, the first custom scooter owners stripped their bikes of all unneeded garbage such as front fenders, windshields, crash bars, and the humongous saddle seat. Factory-made accessories were non-existent for custom scooters. If you wanted something different from what your partners rode, you had to make it yourself.

Danny wanted a traditional scooter, but didn't want to limit himself to just stripping a bike of unwanted junk. What he wanted was to keep a tradition alive the best way he knew, by having a flash knuckle. After all, what can be more traditional than a knuckle? The bike on these pages does not even bear a close resemblance to its former self. When Danny first bought it, it had a mile-long front end, with enough rake for four bikes. The engine had seen better days, and the rest of the bike wouldn't have made a good boat anchor. But with determination and the help of some friends, John Wienholz and Scooter Bob of Cycle Specialties, the knuckle was brought back to life — a life of cruising to work each day, and to parties when the urge strikes.

Tradition is important to us all, so we would like to pass along what we consider a traditional knuckle.

—Wrench



CHIN CACTUS: A Short History

by Jay Drott

If Joseph Palmer were alive today, he'd probably be a biker. He had the biker mentality: a contempt for conformity and senseless restraint. It was that element of his personality which caused all the trouble. That, and his blooming beard.

He moved to Fitchburg, Massachusetts, in 1830. His father had fought in the Revolutionary War, and Palmer himself was a veteran of the War of 1812. He was law-abiding, hard-working, and respectable. Respectable, that is, except for his beard.

At the time, beards were thoroughly unpopular, especially in the eastern United States. But even then, ours was a tolerant society — so much so, that Palmer immediately found himself abused and insulted by the Fitchburg townspeople, who wanted him to shave.

He refused, and the harassment intensified. Finally, Palmer was ambushed by a group of vigilantes armed with razors and soap. With only a pocketknife he fought off the mob, and was later arrested on charges of "unprovoked assault." (Sound familiar?)

Palmer refused to pay the fine levied against him and was sentenced to a year's solitary confinement in the local jail. Before long, his plight became a national issue, with newspapers throughout the states condemning the Fitchburg populace. The local police, not equal to such an uproar, decided to release him.

Palmer, however, refused to leave his cell, maintaining that he had been forcibly imprisoned and would have to be forcibly removed. Realizing they were beaten, the constabulary carried Palmer to freedom.

Many people regard beards as rather silly displays of male vanity. The Palmer affair is an excellent illustration to the contrary. Throughout history, beards have been a means by which men have announced their beliefs on the most profound human issues: religion, politics, and society itself.

The trouble probably started as the world entered the Bronze Age. After all, if a Stone Age man wanted to shave, he had to resort to such instruments of torture as clam shells, sharks' teeth, and sharpened flints. To what extent a

"sharpened" flint is superior to the standard item is unreported.

As long ago as 4000 B.C., the Egyptians were using razors of gold and of copper. However, they seemed to have some theological conflicts over the question of shaving. They regarded a clean-shaven face as a sign of royalty and nobility, and an unshaven face as an indication of low status. Still, their gods wore beards, and were praised for them in prayers and hymns.

The Egyptians apparently resolved this conflict to their satisfaction. The nobility were clean-shaven, but for ceremonial occasions they wore artificial beards. Even some of the queens of the time wore them.

The Babylonians, Assyrians, ancient Greeks, and Jews regarded their beards as marks of full manhood. Indeed, in those days, tampering with a man's beard was regarded as the gravest of insults.

Alexander the Great (356-323 B.C.) is said to have introduced shaving into Greece. The reason given is that he didn't want his troops wearing fuzzy handles into battle. More likely, he wanted to break with tradition. Razors were introduced into Rome about the sixth century B.C., but their use didn't become wide spread until the following century. The Romans regarded the full beards of the Greeks as effeminate. Things became more complicated with the arrival of the prophet Muhammad (570-632 A.D.), founder of Islam. He demanded that his followers wear beards, but ordered that they keep them trimmed, to distinguish themselves from the full-bearded Jews. The Norman Conquest (1066) introduced shaving into England. Previously, the old Saxons had worn beards.

By the 1700s, beards in Europe had gone through many cycles of ascent and decline. Even the church had gotten into the act, ordering a ban on beards during the reign of Henry I of England, who ruled from 1100 to 1135. As if they didn't already have enough trouble, women with beards were regarded as witches.

Peter the Great, who came to power in Russia in 1689, considered beards a symbol of the primitive ideas which were keeping his country weak. He intended to "westernize" Russia, to make her

the equal or superior of any of the European powers. He ordered his troops to shave, and even placed a tax on beards. His campaign against beards was also part of his scheme to weaken the power of the church, which favored them. He was serious — when his son opposed some of his reforms, Peter had him executed.

By the early 1800s, beards were intensely disliked in western Europe and the United States, as the Palmer affair shows. In the public mind, beards were associated with radicalism and social outcasts. Not one signer of the Declaration of Independence or framer of the Constitution wore so much as a moustache. But by the middle of the last century, the American attitude had shifted again. Beards had become associated with the western pioneers and prospectors, generally a rugged, courageous, and independent group. During the Civil War, beards were worn by ranking officers on both sides and, of course, by Abraham Lincoln, our first bearded president.

However, by the turn of the century, public opinion had again reversed itself. Beards were regarded as the trademark of social and political extremists and anarchists. The extent to which this attitude prevailed is shown by a bizarre incident which occurred in 1894. Christopher Columbus Jones was a Populist, a member of the National People's Party. The party was one of the many radical reform groups which were active at the time. Jones had been a member of Coxe's Army, a large civilian (despite the military-sounding name) group which had marched on Washington to dramatize its demands for employment. After the throng dispersed, Jones went to Blandensburg, Maryland, where he resumed his political activities and was arrested.

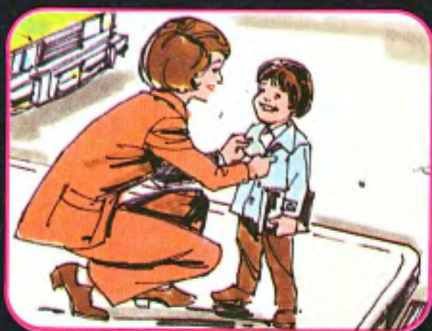
Jones's arrest created a problem for the local police. They had little legal justification for keeping him in custody. Moreover, prolonged imprisonment could have made him a martyr, a focus for further unrest and agitation. The police solved the problem with, to them, extreme cunning. They merely shaved Jones, then released him. They reasoned, perhaps correctly, that a beardless radical would not be taken seriously, and would be ineffective, at least for a time.

Today, beards are favored mostly by rebels, those who wish to separate themselves from the herd. Someday, they may again become fashionable with the public. In that event, the rebels may decide to do away with their chin cacti. It could happen. ■

Illustration from The Bettman Archive



LOOK OUT FOR BIKERS



MOTHER

Look both ways for cars before crossing the street.

BIKER (Voice Over)

We're taught to be aware of cars at an early age. . .



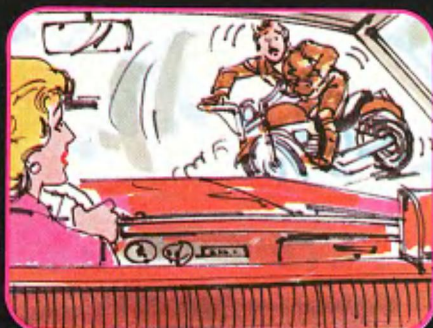
BIKER (V.O.)

But what about motorcycles?



BIKER (V.O.)

To most drivers bikes are "Unfamiliar Objects."



BIKER (V.O.)

They may look right at the biker and still do this.



SOUND EFFECTS. . .Crash!



BIKER (V.O.)

Wearing boots and leathers can help protect the rider but. . .



BIKER (V.O.)

Sixty-five percent of all motorcycle/car accidents are caused by the so-called "innocent" driver. . .

MOTHER

But, officer, I didn't see him.



BIKER (V.O.)

Safety is everyone's responsibility. So, drivers, wake up and look out for bikers.

LET THOSE WHO RIDE DECIDE ABOUT HELMETS

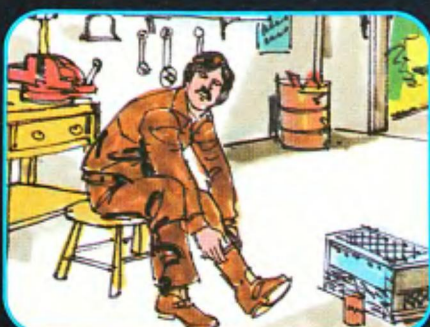


BIKER (Voice Over)

You didn't buckle up. Were you against seat belt laws?

WOMAN

You bet. I know when to wear seat belts. I don't need to be told.



BIKER

That's why I'm against a mandatory helmet law. I have a helmet. I just don't want to be told when to wear it.



BIKER

Most motorcycle injuries are to the bikers' legs.



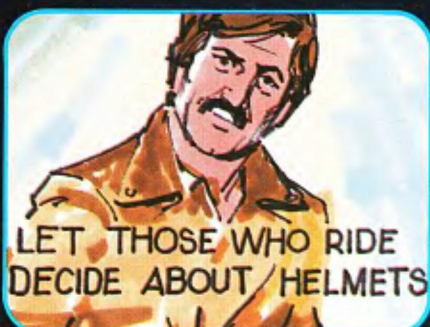
BIKER

That's why I wear boots and leathers.



BIKER

Instead of states pushing for ineffective helmet laws, we should support stricter licensing and public awareness programs.



BIKER

And let those who ride decide... about helmets.

Two For The Price Of One

Spider sat facing the TV guys and the familiar black-labeled bottle stood at half-mast on the table between 'em.

"The bad news is..." Spider paused and shot the TV guys a hard look. "The bad news is that half the bros who wrote want us to tell cage drivers to watch out for bikers, and the other half want us to campaign against mandatory helmet laws."

"I've thought it out: This fifteen thou has got to buy two 30-second spots instead of one 60-second spot."

Anyway, somehow it was done — two, 30-second, professionally-produced, living color, public-service television spots (to meet all TV standards) are now ready to spread the biker message from coast to coast.

On these pages are the story boards depicting what happens in each film. The dialogue underneath each drawing is either said by the actor on the screen or read by an off-camera narrator (known as voice over).

With the two spots, "Look Out For Bikers," and "Let Those Who Ride Decide About Helmets," we believe we have provided

bikers in all states, both with and without helmet laws, with a powerful message to lay on the public. Now it's on you to get them broadcast.

As we promised, copies of either spot — on two-inch videotape as used by TV stations everywhere — will be made available to anyone who wants one for exactly what it costs us to make the copy. That's \$16, including a special protective carton and postage to anywhere in the United States. To order a copy, send a check or money order for \$16 to **Easyriders Biker Ad**, Box 62, Malibu, CA 90265-0062. Be sure to specify which spot you want.

Also, we promised to let you know exactly how we spent your money. Well, here's how that worked out: Amount contributed by readers, including bank interest — \$7,900.66; Paisano Publications matching contribution — \$7,900.66; Total — \$15,801.32; Cost of producing the two commercials — \$15,000; Amount remaining — \$801.32, to be used to fight helmet laws or... we welcome your suggestions. ■



It was a typical February day in the frozen north. The sky was a dead primer gray and the snow came mixed with rain. I opened the garage door just enough to watch down the street for Mike's scooter. Old Dog growled a little and moved farther back away from the chill wind that swept in around me. I took a drink from a fresh pint of Wild Turkey and stared into the gloomy evening.

'Course I heard those free-breathin' duals of his long before he rolled into sight. He thundered up the street and into the driveway, then wallowed across the wet, brown, winter grass of my front yard to the garage. I stepped back out of the way and shoved the door open wide enough for the big shovel to slip through. Mike rolled his sled over beside mine and shut down. For a couple of seconds he just sat astride the dripping, steaming machine, shaking his head. Then, in one motion, he laid the Harley over on its stand and rolled off onto my weight bench in a soggy wet heap.

After I shut the door, I walked over and put the open pint into his gloved hand. He moaned something through chattering teeth, then took a drink.

"Dumbass," I said. "Don't expect no sympathy from me. I told you it was nuts to ride in weather like this. If God intended for man to ride in shit like this, He wouldn't have made cars and trucks. Down to freezing, spitting sleet and you decide to ride. What the fuck ya tryin' to prove?"

"Fuck it. . . just wanted to get in the wind, man!" Mike took another long pull at the pint and handed it back. "Everybody quit ridin'. Buncha fuckin' pussies."

"Well, you sure showed 'em. Probably catch the flu and end up spendin' Speed Week in bed — by yourself!"

He kinda ignored what I was sayin' and started concentrating on gettin' his frozen fingers thawed out enough to peel out of all that soggy leather. I loaded spare parts, tools, oil, and such into the back of the truck while the mutt shifted spots,

trying to keep me from droppin' stuff on him.

When Mike looked about halfway warmed up, I passed the jug back his way and said, "You shoulda let me swing by your place in the mornin' with the pickup. We could have loaded your scooter there and saved you that cold ride over here."

"No way," he said between drinks. "At least I can say I rode it this far."

"Still hung up about haulin' the bikes down, huh?"

"We *should* ride 'em down!" Mike put the bottle down on the greasy cement floor and shoved his numb fingers into his jeans. "It don't seem right to haul your scooter to Daytona. It's like lyin', Jake."

"A lot of people do haul 'em down. Good people. Tough dudes, some of 'em. Might wad you up like a gum wrapper for talkin' down about 'em like that."

Mike shook his head. "I don't mean it that way. But it ain't right for me. Daytona is special. Jesus, I been hearing about Speed Week since I was just a little shit. The ride down and back was always as much a part of the stories as the bars or the races or the women. If you go to Daytona you just oughtta ride your bike. It's like. . . I don't know. . . kinda like those monks that walk for thousands of miles over high mountains and burning deserts and shit, just to see some kinda shrine. That's what makes it important. . . a pilgrimage. *They walk it!* They don't take the bus!"

I squatted down and leaned back against my old '74. "Look, kid, I've made the ride, I've towed down, and I've hauled 'em down. The booze don't taste no better if you got pneumonia and the bitches get a little pissed when you sneeze in their muffs."

"But didn't you feel better when you rode down?"

"Feel better? Shit, man, last time I pushed a scooter south I left in sixteen-degree weather. You got any idea what the windchill factor for sixteen degrees is when you're doin' sixty miles an hour?"

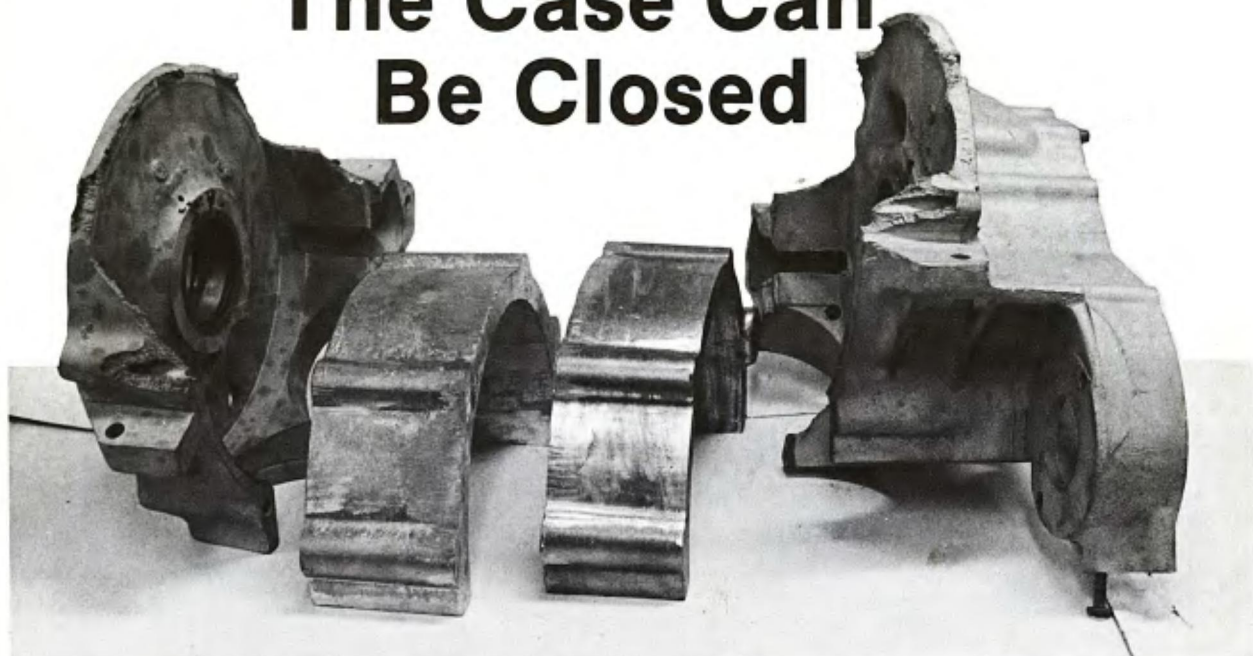
"No."

"Well, we didn't" *Continued on page 84*

DAYTONA RUN

BY COOL BOB

The Case Can Be Closed



The dude's '82-inch shattered glass for a city block before he locked the binders to the stops, crossed up his smoking Goodyears, and brought the smoldering pan to a stop in front of Oil Can Charlie's beer bar. It was there, in the middle of the cracked asphalt street, that Snake turned his tangled-mane-framed face at us, and his chipped ivories twinkled in the neon and twilight, and he grabbed so much throttle that our ears began to crystallize from the scream. And with all the glee that a new carburetor can bring to this poor racin' fool, he dumped the clutch. The noise of the explosion made Vietnam vets hit the dirt as the end came to Snake's engine cases. Flashes of price tags passed before his eyes.

But he was in luck. Hans Hanson of Harley Engine Specialties recently spent a year developing replacement



Photos by Frank

case inserts to close up and save exploded cases. You see, about 95 percent of all over-zealous lower ends shatter the belly of big-twin cases. Since new cases can be out of reach and out of stock for early models, the idea of repairing blown engine cases ain't bad. But it takes equipment and expertise to complete a motorcycle repair job of this magnitude. Unless some fool turned me onto his machine shop to play around in for a year, I wouldn't attempt it. Not counting the experience, you also need a heliarc welder, a serious mill, and a horizontal-vertical

rotary table as minimum required machinery.

What we are showing you in the photos are before and after shots. I am sure you can see by the first photos that these engine cases are seriously hurt. The two pieces in between the case halves are the new inserts, which will be fitted and welded to each case half to keep the flywheels from getting cold. Every step of this operation is conducted on special alignment jigs, designed specifically for this purpose. All tolerances are considered with maximum strength and long life in mind. The after photo shows

what looks like a new or undamaged case. Believe it or not, this is one of the actual cases in the photo above. H.E.S. buffs up the outside of the completed job on a belt sander to remove the ugly welds. The only sure way to tell that the cases have been repaired is to look inside.

Now, if yours or a brother's lower end hears a voice in another world calling it and it attempts to escape its assigned duty within your thundering 74, you have a couple of choices. H.E.S. will install their inserts on your originals or, if you have a machine shop available, they'll ship the case savers to you — or you can spring for replacement cases at twice as much. The inserts are made of 356 aluminum and can be ordered separately or in pairs. For more information, contact H.E.S. at Box 66294, Los Angeles, Calif. 90066. Peel out!

—K. Ball



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.

"Hey, fox,
I charge
women for rubbin'
their snatches on my scoot."

"Shit, I was just
gettin' in the mood
to sit on your face,
in order to talk you
into helpin' me
win \$100 from this
contest."



Caption Contest

That's right, we're giving away one hundred big ones to whoever can come up with the funniest dialogue for the two players in the accompanying cartoon. Who are they? Is he a righteous biker or a narc? Is she scooter trash or a bored housewife hungry for a biker bone? Why is he playing pocket pool with his hands outside his pockets?

What funny conversation between these two characters is being said to each other? You tell

us. Send us your words to replace the unfunny examples in the comic-strip balloons above their heads. We'll pick out the funniest, print 'em here, and award \$100 for first prize, \$50 for second, and \$25 for third. Send your entries to: Comic Contest, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. Contest ends May 31st. Decision of the judges is final; all unused captions will be shitcanned. ■



Don't Hassle It!

Look at the people in the picture above. Do they look happy? Were you happy the last time you encountered this scene in front of the *Easyriders* rack at the local bread and beer stand the last time they were sold out?

Forget it. Subscribe now and get *Easyriders* delivered right to your home. It's easy — any ol' lady can be trained to carry your *Easyriders* in her teeth right from the mailbox, as she crawls across the floor on hands and knees, stark nekkid, with her buns high in the air (just where they should be).

So subscribe today and get a free, full-color decal (below). Do it now — your ol' lady's probably longing for a new way to show you her respect and devotion.



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

Subscription
Easyriders Magazine
Box 1050, Agoura, California 91301

Check one:

107

- 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.
☐ Here's \$37.00 for 24 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? _____

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

HANGAROUND

by Garbage

Way out in the desert, where it's so damned hot even rocks sweat constantly and twilight comes in toasty brown hues, there was a matched set of rattlesnakes named Bonnie and Clyde.

Pit vipers to their last drop of poison, he was over six feet in length, while she was shorter, but had a vile temper that could scare the living shit out of a horde of hairy tarantulas.

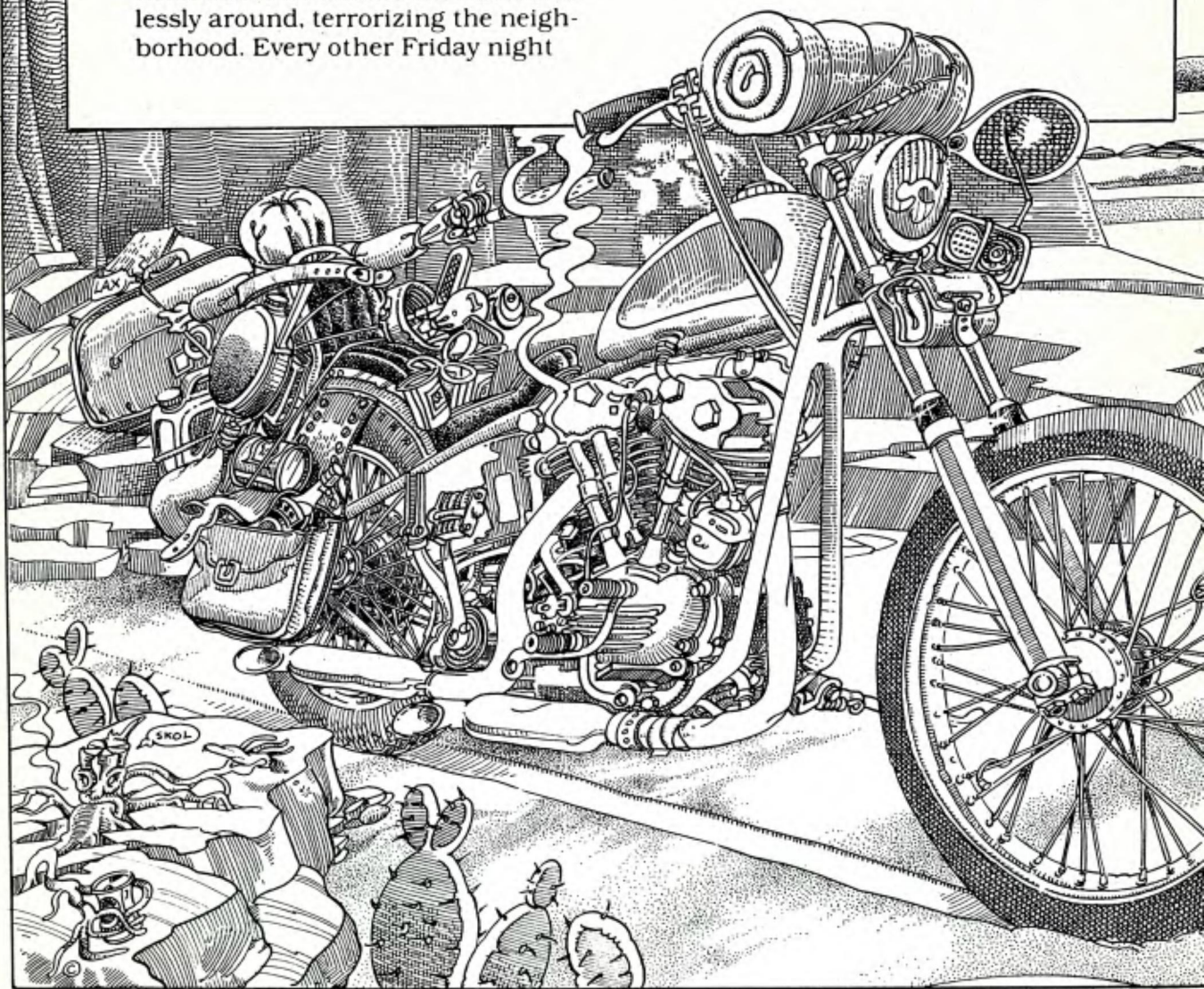
For the most part, they did what their kind does: snooze in their stony lair during the scorchy hours, emerging from their cool subterranean den after sunset to slither aimlessly around, terrorizing the neighborhood. Every other Friday night

was for food. The first week each spring was for fucking. The rest of the time was just for cruising. Although both were equipped with plenty of rattle-buttons at the end of their tails which, when briskly vibrated, created a harsh buzzing sound that could pucker a coyote's rectum at a distance of a half-mile, neither snake used its warning device much.

"Make the hit, then sound off!" snickered Bonnie.

"Huh?" asked Clyde.

"You don't listen" *Continued on page 110*



THIS SPACE
FOR RENT



READERS' Rides



In our ongoing attempt to give you the best in custom bikes, we're featuring four more outstanding Harleys supplied by our readers. Though the material they sent to us was short on photos, all the sleds are long on style. We feel they've earned the right of recognition.

We're constantly on the lookout for choice scoots, from all areas of the country. Maybe yours can make it. We can't be everywhere, so we're asking you to send slides and/or black and white prints. The staff votes 'em in or out, and when we can get together enough like these, we'll feature them regularly.

Owner: J.C. Harper, The Berkshires

If you wanta take in a serious on-the-road machine, then lay those bloodshot orbs on this hunka heavy-metal madness. It has not only stood the test of months of hard puttin' on those rugged roads up in New England, but it has also tripped, traveled, and trucked the northeastern circuit from Manhattan to Montreal with an ear-splittin' rock and roll show known as the J.C. Harper Band.

For J.C., the steel, aluminum, cast iron, and chrome of this creation mean heavy-metal thunder in more ways than one. Heavy metal is more than just a description of kickass rock 'n' roll; it's a mental attitude toward the potholes in life that you find — almost always — in the fast lane. Heavy metal is a way of living that lets you climb out and keep on movin'.

This panhead has taken J.C. on a heavy-metal trip — through rain and sun, by night and day, on smooth interstates and rocky backroads. It's been doused in mud puddles, sprayed with road salt, pelted with gravel, and buried under snowdrifts more times than J.C. would care to remember — and yet, it keeps coming back for more.

I think that's the reason a lotta bros still ride these ol' bucketheads — whether they're customized to the nines like this one, or restored, or road-ready rats. They'll take whatever life dishes out and still start on the first kick in the morning.

—Jake





Photos by Jake



READERS' RIDES #2

Owner: Ron Lysebo, Somerville, N.J.

Yeah, I know, it's green! And I know it's supposed to be bad luck, but not for me. I was born on Friday the 13th, so what the hell, I love green. As a matter of fact, the paint job before was green too." So much for taboos. Ron Lysebo, from Somerville, New Jersey, shatters all the bullshit rap of goblins, black cats, walkin' under ladders, broken mirrors, and ol' ladies on the rag — traditional bad-luck omens — with his personal fanaticism, a refined pan/shovel.

He's overcome the superstition of a color bein' bad for two wheels, as evidenced by his ten-year, injury-free scooter relationship.

Ron has combined parts from his profession, plumbing, with the needs of his desire and main concern, the sled. He says the theme of the bike is simplicity. So he shined on a frivolous paint job in favor of the basic spray-can Schwinn green.

Most of the work was done by the owner, though he credits Tom Tarlazzi for his welding work on new brackets and reinforcing old ones, Fred Rodgers for helping with the sissy bar, and Pete Lear's hand in shootin' a top coat of Imron.

Any way you paint it, it's a clean, austere ride outta the East. Keep puttin'.

—Whitey

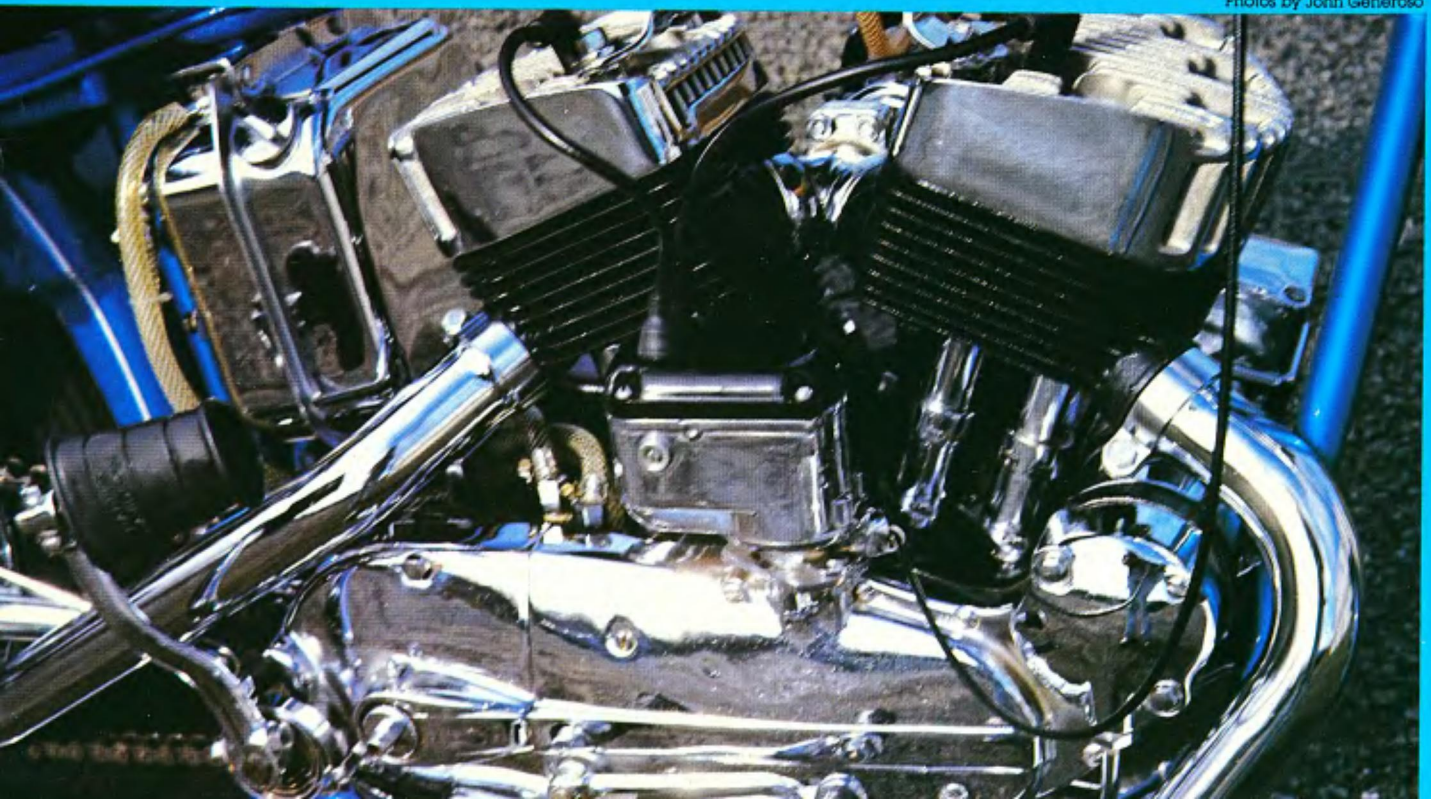


Photos by Carole Trautwein





Photos by John Generoso



READERS' RIDES #3



Owner: Al Generoso, Boonton, N.J.

You a head too? I don't mean the smokin' type, although you're probably that kind too. Who ain't? What I mean is, do you also dig pans and knucks because of their distinctive head configurations? Sporties and shovels, though admittedly quick, sharp, and streamlined, just don't get it for me when compared with their dinosaur cousins.

For oldies, take this K-Model, a hard-to-find relic that was a forerunner to the current Sportster. These beefed-up, flat-top, finned heads are an eyecatcher.

Al Generoso's refurbished 1952 K is a looker in other respects as well. It's a fine culmination of tedious months of runnin' down obsolete original parts to produce a stock, yet custom, scooter — something that would eat up rut-plagued roads while also keepin' Al free from the heat.

The owner did all his own metal and molding work, including the candy blue and four coats of clear to prevent those nasty chips and dings from cropping up. Nice job. Now it's time to get all that wonderful paint out from under the snowdrifts and onto some dry blacktop.

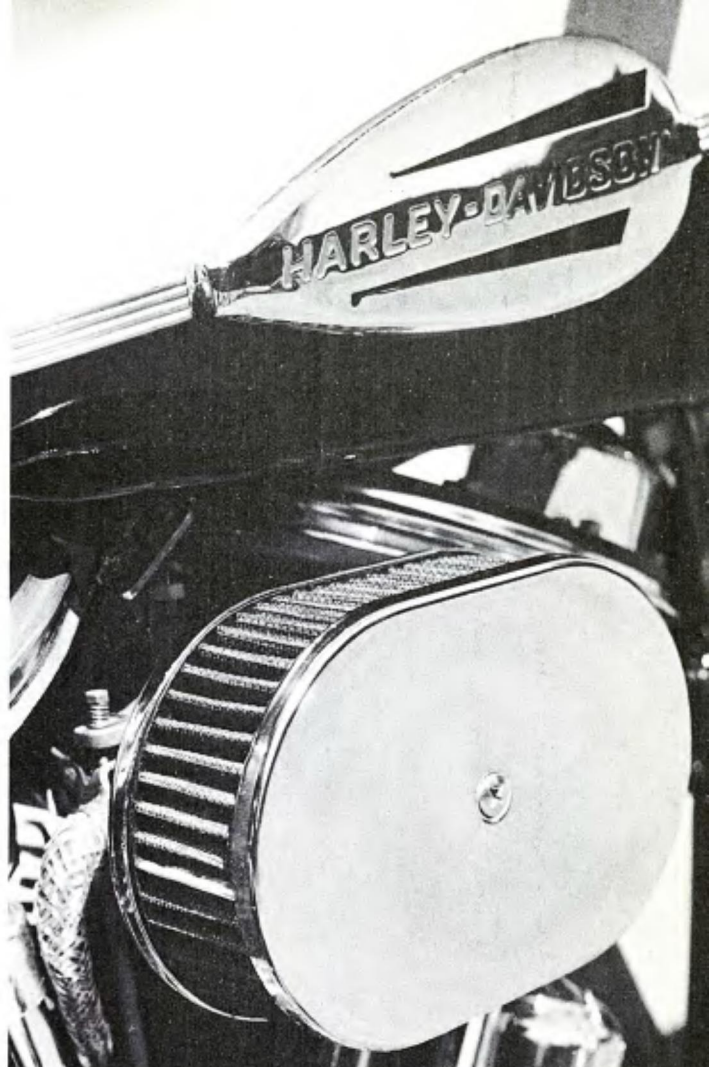
—Frosty

READERS' RIDES #4





Photos by Kim Peterson



Owner: C.E. "Abe" Bolton, USA

This bike is a classic example in terms of this column. Nearly a year ago Abe Bolton checked with us on the possibilities of havin' his bike featured. He was workin' in a brewery, weldin' pipes to keep the beer flowin'. His job was about finished. Soon he'd be headin' back home — on the road, mostly.

We stuck a dude with a Brownie in front of him an' the sled. The dude had a go at it, but before anyone could get much information, Abe split.

But we lucked out — we located Abe and found out he'd been workin' on the putt for years. It's a combination set of several different Harleys, like the 1958 FLH motor, the '48 rigid frame, '42 catseye dash, '40 tail-light, the '41 gas tank, and the '70 footpegs. Abe made his own pipes, put on a blackout switch, and had his seat done by Charlie Dunn, famous bootmaker from Austin, Texas.

There musta been some mental telepathy involved on this feature. Just as we were comin' down the deadline stretch and it was lookin' like we wouldn't be able to locate Abe for the missing facts, outta the blue he calls.

—Ride safe, Rags



Here's To Heart In Kansas

Ever stop to think how involved bikers are in what the straight world calls "good works"?

Where there is an orphan without toys, a crippled child who needs hospital care, or a dry blood bank crying for replenishment, you'll probably find bikers, individually and in clubs, rolling up their sleeves and pitching in to raise the money, to get the job done.

Another thing that separates the motorcycle brotherhood from most other people is the bikers' sheer joy at lending a helping hand. The average redneck, if you press him hard enough, will dig into his jeans for a buck or two for the Muscular Dystrophy Association, but he'll grumble about it endlessly. Asked for the same donation, bikers will gather their bros and turn the event into a party. Who says a run to the Red Cross Blood Bank can't be as much fun as a run to some campground?

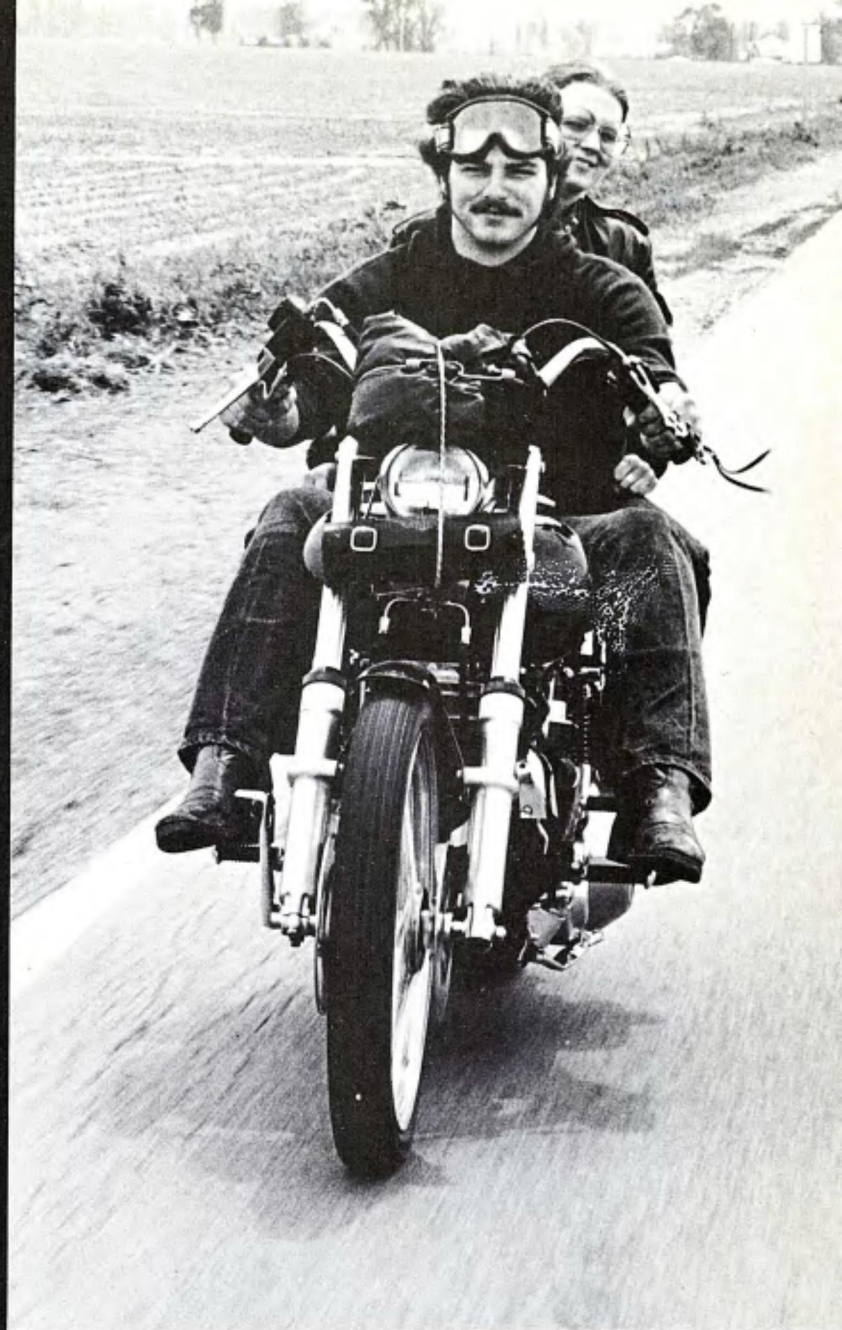
So it shouldn't come as any surprise that brothers

and sisters from throughout the Prairie State hauled ass to Lawrence, Kansas, to take part in the big ABATE of Kansas Easter Seal Run.

The rules were simple — each "runner" had to find sponsors who would donate a certain amount of money for each mile of the run their contestant completed. About 150 bikers started out on the run, which began in Lawrence, snaked out through the fields and across the prairies, and then returned to Lawrence. By the end of the day, they had raised the staggering sum of \$12,000.

"It was fantastic," an ABATE spokesman said. "We've never done this well before, but I'm not surprised, because the response gets better every time we do something like this. It's a matter of all the bros finding out what's going on. Let 'em know what's going on, and they'll come through every time."

—Grape



Photos by Kurt Jackson



Facin' It

Raising my gloved hand, I gave the club's "later" signal and peeled off from the pack of twenty-seven bros jamming along the freeway, crossing two lanes to the exit ramp. It had been a good run. Plenty of uneventful, enjoyable riding, round trip, from Lubbock to the south coast of Texas. Plenty of camping sites during the three-week absence from town and my shitty job. Enough wild-ass partying to poop even a big, insatiable, iron bastard of twenty-six like me. Pleasant memories tingled in my mind and cock, recalling the seven horny, pretty ladies I'd had — one at that campsite just north of Lake Brownwood. The sassy-assed little redhead with the hunger-hardened nipples on her proud jugs. Pissed at some dude in the other club that had encountered us there, she had damn near fucked me silly in one sweaty night.

Descending the wide ramp from Loop 289, I braked the dusty panhead behind the line of cars at the stoplight. Waiting for the line to move, I watched early evening traffic rumbling past me along 50th Street. And mused upon the five lovely cunts into whom I'd dipped a relentlessly hard wick while doing the beach-bum thing on Mustang Island. Four of the dolls, ranging from bleached blonde to the real thing, had been biker women, extras the Corpus Christi and Houston chapters had thoughtfully provided for assholes like me who insisted upon showing up womanless.

Two of them — Hetti, the blabbermouth who proved she could out-suck a Hoover vacuum, and Norma, the shapely exhibitionist, who insisted upon taking it doggy style where old biddies in tennis shoes were collecting shells along the water's edge could see us, so as to remind the poor old hags that sex still existed and was being practiced — well, those two had wanted a new man. They had begged, pleaded, and wept to be packed home and allowed to play house mouse for me.

That scene had sent me stumbling ripped and lucky into that other partying group on Padre Island where Carla and Kim were joyously screwing everybody who staggered within reach of their arms, legs, twats, and tongues — and I had lasted four sleepless nights, sharing them with the rest of the dazed brothers fortunate enough to be in the same orgy.

The cage behind me bleated its horn. Looking up, I saw the green light just shifting to warning amber, and I lifted my arm, giving the impatient dipshit in the cage the finger. His face, in my rearview, darkened with anger, but he wisely stayed put. While I can be exhausted from

riding, fucking, or working, Missus Quinn's boy, Willy, is never too tired to fight, especially when it's some dumb-fuck cowboy complete with a feathered Stetson, sideburns down to his belly button, and a van.

My mind darted back to the fifth ginch I'd had on those eerie sand barrier islands. Dark-eyed, dark-haired Connie with the pointy knockers, who had seemed so unsure of herself. That had mystified me until the first time we tangled and my tool tasted virginal blood. I'd damn near brought the shy sweet thing home with me, but common sense prevailed. She said she was eighteen. She looked eighteen. With my luck, she'd have a daddy with clout in fifty counties and a birth-certificate that proved she was sixteen. I knew such bummers were possible because it had happened just like that with the other cherry darling I'd scored five years earlier when I'd just started riding a bike — a scary situation that no pussy-addicted, trusting young lush of a biker should ever experience.

Abruptly, the red light blinked to green and I gunned the scooter around the corner, puttin' un-hurriedly east toward Toledo Avenue and my waiting apartment. Again, my gloating mind relived that last piece of ass I'd had on the trip homeward. A spacey, ugly chick had wobbled into our campsite outside of dead-quiet Lorraine, a tiny community that had died years ago but was still lying there, rotting in the sunshine beside I-20. She had serviced every party-worn bro in our bunch, demanding twenty bucks a man afterward. We had run her greedy ass out of camp, of course, but from the nasty way she had giggled while we did it, I wondered how many of us had been given freebie cases of herpes — or worse.

Piss on that kinda thinking. I decided, cornering again at Toledo and steering the machine into my driveway. If you wanna worry about sumpin', asshole, I told myself, climbing off the bike, worry about facin' another week at Marty's Motorcycle Repair Shop with suspicious old Marty breathin' down yer fuckin' neck every time ya touch a sled with a wrench.

Tromping up to my front door, I found a scrap of paper taped to it. The handwriting was my mother's. Short and sweet, the note read: *Your sister is in St. Mary's Hospital. Meet me there. Mom.*

"Oh, Christ!" I groaned aloud.

Returning to the clicking, cooling Harley still loaded with all my shit, I got back on it. Stomping the machine to life again, I wearily made my way to the hospital and whatever awaited me there.

Continued on page 89

"Somebody, some gutless excuse for a man, had nearly punched her out for good. All I wanted right now was his name."

by Duke Shannon



Desert Cool-Off

The sun was gleaming brilliantly off my Sportster's headlight cowl directly into my road-weary eyes. The speedo had taken a shit about two hundred miles back and it was strictly guesswork as to how much gas was left in the two-and-a-half-gallon tank. The reserve had been turned on a while back, and my thought was that if I were to run outta gas here in this godforsaken but somehow beautiful desert, I'd be meat for the vultures or whatever eats ya in a desert.

Visions of my fried, picked-over carcass lying just feet from the Sporty out here in no-man's-land flashed through my mind while I tried not to twist the throttle too much. The rest of the pack of fourteen fire-breathin' fatbob-packin' seventy-fours had last been seen moments before on the distant horizon. Finally I crested a hill and got a panoramic view of Death Valley, but the scene wasn't complete till, down at the bottom of the grade, I spotted a gas station. A sigh of relief replaced the grim visions I'd been havin'.

Pullin' up to take my turn at the pump, I thought I was seein' a mirage. A young, dark-haired, reasonably shapely sweetie was beatin' the heat with a hose-down. Sprayin' water from her head to her toes, she had sopped her shirt into a see-through affair filled with nice tits. Noting this, one of the bros yelled out, "Wet T-shirt contest!" Another barked, "Show yer tits, honey." This was all said laughingly, but all eyes stayed riveted as our darling of Death Valley continued her cool-off. She doffed what duds she had on, a shirt an' undies, then flopped around the gas islands creatin' scenes with the attendant. You would've loved the look on the straights' faces as they eased up to the pumps where this nude chick was dancing around. You could read the lips of Mrs. Cagelady tellin' her hubby not to look.

The gal was havin' a great time blowin' minds, and later on the highway, after a ranger who came by said it was time to pack it, she flashed on what we all know: no matter where bikers go, there's always somethin' excitin' happenin'. We have a ball, even out in no-man's-land in the desert.

—Scar



Photos by Kim Peterson

National

 Abate
Easynews

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

Bring-back-bucket bill bared

Helmets rear ugly heads in Wisconsin

"It's not the government's responsibility to protect people from themselves," Joy Finger Wood of the Alliance of Women Bikers told members of the Wisconsin Assembly Highways Committee during a public hearing on a bill to reinstate mandatory helmet use.

More than 100 people attended the hearing. Of the almost 30 participants registered to speak, only three testified in favor of a new lid law.

Also revealed at the hearing was the result of a three-year study of helmet use ordered by the legislature when it re-

pealed Wisconsin's original helmet law in 1978. According to a spokesman for the Motorcycle Safety Foundation, which conducted the study for the State Transportation Department, repeal of the helmet law resulted in the death of 77 riders during the three-year period. The study did not say how many of the 77, whose lives allegedly would have been saved by helmets, would have been paralyzed or suffered irreparable brain damage if they had worn helmets.

Despite the results of the study, the state transportation department went

on record as opposing the helmet law. "I ask that we be given a chance to prove that we can cut the fatalities without a mandatory helmet law," a department spokesman told the committee. The spokesman stressed that rider training and driver awareness programs would be more effective than helmets in limiting highway carnage.

After the meeting, Rep. Stephen Leopold, sponsor of the new lid law, said he may amend his bill to require that only new cyclists with two-year probationary licenses wear helmets.

U.S. sailors stage toy run in Japan

Bikers at U.S. Navy installations in Japan have succeeded in exporting a bit of American charity to the Land of the Rising Sun.

Spearheaded by Joseph McNealy and

Charles Johnson, a group of American GI bike clubs and native Japanese bike clubs combined to put on the first-ever All-Japan Toy Run this past Christmas. Though such runs are common ges-

tures of goodwill among stateside bikers, this was the first such run in all of Asia, and both the sponsors and the recipients were surprised by the great turnout.

Over a thousand bikers made the run to Enoshima Island and, when the loot had been tabulated by the Council of Social Welfare, which handled distribution of the toys, about 10,000 toys and over 50,000 yen had been collected. In addition, bikers at the event donated 113 blood units at a strategically placed Red Cross bloodmobile.

New safety tips from MMA

The latest attempt at finding a cure for the "Sorry, Officer, I didn't see the motorcycle" syndrome is a Modified Motorcycle Association program entitled "Check Twice, Save A Life." The program features a film on motorcycle awareness that will be offered to civic groups, schools, fraternal groups, etc. In addition, pins and bumper stickers stressing bike awareness are being distributed. For information on getting involved in this worthwhile activity, call Ruth Surad at MMA, (213) 696-0096.



Photo by Kim Peterson

Correction

On page 44 of our February issue we mistakenly identified a picture of a bro playing "Harley Polo" as being taken by John Cross. The photo was actually taken by Audrey Kletscher of the Mankato, Minnesota, *Free Press*.

Sorry, Audrey, sometimes the smog out here does strange things to what little is left of our minds.

Bayou bikers organize

A new organization, the Louisiana Motorcycle Riders Association, has been formed to fight the Louisiana lid law.

According to a spokesman for LMRA, many of the new group's founders were among the people who worked successfully to abolish the original Louisiana helmet law in the '70s.

"We definitely have a helmet law now, and the only way to get rid of it is to appeal it through law," the spokesman said. "A million miles of protest rides and ten million signatures on petitions will not

do it now. We have to play their game.

"Just complaining to each other will not do. We have to get organized first, and fast. Large numbers of voters are heard. We have to talk intelligently to our senators and representatives and let them know how we want it."

LMRA claims it already has several senators ready to introduce a helmet-repeal bill, but says, "We need a few more to have a majority and kick the bill out this year."

For more information, contact the LMRA, Box 8398, Alexandria, La. 71306.



After six months of intense negotiations, ABATE of Oklahoma was finally allowed to stage a bike show on the grounds of the maximum-security McAlester State Prison. More than 275 inmates took advantage of the chance to view about thirty righteous Hogs (prison officials refused to allow more than thirty bikes and riders in the yard, but about 100 bikes made the run anyway), and shoot the shit with bros from the outside.

"Like a king on a throne"

"He was moving around like a king on a throne," says Dick Tkacz of Mayor James Griffin's appearance as he rode his motorcycle down the streets of Buffalo, New York, during a recent parade.

What bothers Tkacz is that the mayor was doing his profiling bareheaded — an apparent violation of New York's lid law.

"There's a state law that says anybody riding a motorcycle has to wear a helmet. He wasn't. So he was breaking the law," Tkacz says. "If I have to go

by the law, so does he."

Tkacz has been trying to get the Buffalo police to cite the mayor for riding without a bucket, but the police commissioner, noting that state law gives him the right to grant permission for individuals to ride bareheaded in a specific event, such as a parade, has so far refused to prosecute.

Mayor Griffin seemed troubled by his alleged criminal conduct. Informed of Tkacz's crusade, the mayor replied, "I couldn't care less about him."

Smaller Harleys planned

Rumors that Harley-Davidson is planning an assault on the most profitable stronghold of the Japanese motorcycle moguls, the 500cc to 1000cc middleweight market, have been confirmed.

Confirmation, as it should, came right from the top. "What we're thinking of is a broader product lineup of 15 or more models, ranging from 500cc up to our big 1340s," H-D chairman Vaughn Beals told the press. "You can't just rest on your laurels in this business. You have to be going after a larger slice of the market all the time."

Commenting on Beals' announcement, H-D public relations director Bob Klein admitted that a development program for smaller Harleys is under way but refused to be pinned down to a timetable for introducing new models.

"We have a firm policy of not revealing our plans for releasing new models," Klein told *Easyriders*. "There are several reasons for this. One, we have found that talking about new models can affect sales of current models, and, two, we find that new-product development is not something that can be kept on a rigid timetable. Dates change all the time."

Not mentioned by Klein, but an almost certain factor in H-D's code of secrecy, is a desire to leave their Japanese competitors little time between introduction and on-sale dates to react to any new Harley models.

The admission that Harley

is not totally committed to producing only large V-twin bikes came at roughly the same time that a series of "bootleg" photos — purportedly showing a four-cylinder Harley undergoing tests at Talladega Speedway — was circulating through the industry.

Though the bike in the photos had no manufacturer's ID marks on it, and even though the exact engine configuration was hidden by shrouds, many observers insist it was a prototype of a future Harley model.

"I can't comment on that at all," Klein said, when asked about the pictures. "I can't tell you what that bike was."

Helmet firm to pay \$2 million

A helmet maker has been ordered to pay two million dollars to a rider who suffered severe brain damage while wearing one of the company's skid lids.

New York State Supreme Court Justice Thomas Aloï recently awarded the two million to Leonard Wood for a 1979 accident in which Wood was thrown from his bike, causing his head, covered by a helmet manufactured by the American Sports Co., to strike the side of a barrier.

Wood went into a coma and, after recovering from that, suffered from recurrent speech problems and lack of memory. The judge also awarded \$250,000 to Wood's wife for loss of marital relations.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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



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

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

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

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

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

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 ¹¹
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	Yes
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	No	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	*
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, ¹¹ Certain cities may require lights. *Lights must be on 24 hours on all bikes equipped with automatic-on wiring when originally sold.

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. 90265-0052.



Beginning Jan. 1, 1983, all new motorcycles sold in Britain will have to be equipped with special lights for daytime operation, though such lights need not, under the law, be turned on. Sounds like a pointless way to raise the price of the bikes. . . The United States Motorcycle Jamboree will be held at the Ventura County Fairgrounds, Ventura, California, over the Memorial Day weekend. . . ABATE of Nebraska has scheduled its Fifth Annual Spring Run For Fun for Memorial Day weekend. For more info write ABATE SPFF, Box 1034, Kearney, Nebraska 68847.

Everyone riding a bike at Hurlburt Air Force Base in Florida is now required to wear an orange safety vest. Anyone not complying is issued a citation by security police. Needless to say, the Air Force refuses to issue the vests, and riders have to buy their own. . . A man in Australia deliberately ran down two teenage bikers because he was "getting telepathic messages" telling him the bikers were bank robbers. "I had to do it: I had to stop them; I had to kill them," the man, whose name was not released, told police. The killer was originally charged with murder, but authorities, deciding it was difficult for him to "distinguish between reality and fantasy," dropped the charge and sent him to a mental hospital for observation.

New Hampshire doctors have discovered a new hazard for bikers: mad moose. In one recent month the state recorded the first two motorcycle-moose collisions in its history. Both riders suffered head injuries but are recovering. Noting that the state's moose population had increased fifty percent in the last five years, doctors predicted an increase in such incidents with, according to an article in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, "a generally favorable prognosis for the motorcyclist but an invariably fatal result for the moose."

Despite the news given above, you might be better off taking your chances with a moose than with a brain bucket. Colliding with a car in Redondo Beach, California, Jason Nice, 23, had his throat slashed by the chin strap on his lid. As this is being written, he is in critical condition. . . Michigan has started issuing motorcycle awareness reminders with new driver's licenses. . . A Motorcycle Fun Festival and Swap Meet will be held at the Wisconsin State Fair Park, Milwaukee, on May 1 and 2. . . ABATE of Oregon will hold their Fifth Annual Fossil Run May 8 and 9 at the Shelton Wayside Recreational Area south of Fossil, Oregon. Camping, music, contests, and other events are planned. For more info call Mike Button at (503) 459-1336.

Didja hear about the dude in Trenton, New Jersey, who tried to buy a new Lowrider the cheap way — with a .357 magnum instead of cash? The deal fell through when he discovered the bike had no gas or battery acid in it. While waiting for the dealer to "prep" the bike, the gunman noticed a pair of leather pants he liked and put down his pistol long enough to try them on — giving a salesman and a customer the chance to flee the shop and call police.

St. Louis ban may be lifted

A bill to end the banning of motorcycles from St. Louis city parks has been introduced.

According to the bill's sponsor, Alderman Thomas E. Zych, the current law is unfair because all bikes are excluded from the parks, even though the purpose of the measure was simply noise abatement.

Under Zych's proposal, the city would work with the AMA to draft a set of noise standards. Only bikes not meeting these standards would be excluded from the parks.

Here's a drink named for a hack jockey

Though red-blooded American bikers are probably the per-capita booze-hound champs of the world, the one drink most closely associated with motorcycles was actually named in honor of a British bro of World War I vintage. What drink? The sidecar, of course.

First put to military use by the British

Expeditionary Forces during WWI, the sidehack was a favored means of transportation for junior staff officers not important enough to rate a staff car. They would jump into a waiting hack, stare up at the enlisted man next to them on the motorcycle, and bellow orders: To the front, Corporal, and all that — except for our intrepid drink-

inventor, a pilot in the fledgling RAF whose name has long been buried in the sands of time. His favorite order, between sojourns over enemy lines in his Sopwith Camel, was "To the bar, Corporal."

Arriving at his favorite Parisian bistro one day after being grounded by poor weather, the captain discovered — or so the legend goes — that wartime shortages and rationing had left the cupboard almost bare; only brandy, lemon juice, and Cointreau were left in the house. Undaunted, the Britisher stepped behind the bar and, using only these limited ingredients, whipped up a brand-new drink. After tasting it, he prepared a round for the house. The patrons loved it, and the captain, scooting from one end of Paris to the other in his trusty sidecar, re-created it in bars throughout the City of Lights.

Though no one seems to have gotten his name — perhaps he declined to give it for fear of being reported to whatever passed for MPs in those days — his rank and his mode of transport were long remembered by grateful Parisians, who later christened the new concoction in his honor.

To try one, mix 1½ ounces of brandy, ¾ ounce of lemon juice, and ½ ounce Cointreau (Curacao can be substituted). Shake with ice and strain into a chilled cocktail glass. The more refined of the club's mammas might prefer that the rim of the glass be sugared first, but that's a matter of individual taste.

Squeaky gets her Harley man



Photo by Mike Jackson

Squeaky Johnson had Sher man and she wasn't about to let him slip away.

It wasn't easy, though. She had to kick him to get him started toward the courthouse marriage bureau and, once there, she had to drag him into the elevator, but before long, his tire was inked and run over the marriage license, and Squeaky and her fiancé — Harley "79 Glide" Davidson — were ready for the preacher.

Fortunately for the course of true love, Rev. Jerry "Preacher Jerry" Ridge was equally ready for them and, in a ceremony attended by dozens of friends and well-wishers from the couple's hometown of Nederland, Colorado, the age-old vows, modified just slightly for the occasion (Harley was allowed to use his horn to respond to the query: Do you, Harley, take Squeaky to be your lawfully wedded wife to have and to ride in breakdowns and health...), were said, and the couple booked off into the sunset for their honeymoon.

Check out these mileage figures

From moped to Saturn V rocket, here's how far the following conveyances will go on a gallon of fuel.

- Moped: 120 miles
- Harley-Davidson 1200: 50 miles
- Volkswagen Rabbit Diesel: 42 miles
- Model A Ford: 25 miles
- Piper Cherokee: 15 miles at 144 miles per hour
- Maserati Quattroporte: 8 miles
- GMC Astro tractor/trailer combo: 5.4 miles
- GM diesel locomotive: 632 yards, pulling 40 to 50 loaded freight cars at 70 mph
- Boeing 747: 632 yards at 39,000 feet
- Oil Supertanker: 31 feet, fully loaded, at 17mph. (This ship needs 41 gallons of fuel to travel its own length.)
- Saturn V: 10 inches to infinity. (While the Saturn consumes enormous quantities of fuel in its early stages, once it escapes the earth's gravitational field, no more fuel is consumed.)

—Reader's Digest

you don't say

"There is a way that women, women of every age, look at you when you ride a big H-D. It...combines disgust and fascination — as though you were walking around in public with your principal organ of reproduction hanging out of your pants, but also as though that organ were an exceedingly large one."

—P.J. O'Rourke, *Car and Driver*



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Taurus

Once a Taurus makes up his mind, nothing short of castration can change it. He takes his time about everything and no amount of prodding will change him. He also takes his time making friends, but will stick to you like a pair of sweaty shorts, even when they're uncomfortable. A Taurus is stubborn to a fault.

Taureans are generally artistic, (Salvador Dali) with a different perspective on life (Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud). Most have pleasant voices (Barbra Streisand, Cher, Judy Collins, Ella Fitzgerald, Bing Crosby, Glen Campbell, Rick Nelson) and a way with words (Rod McKuen) that leaves a lasting impression (Adolf

Hitler). Slow, but sure (Gary Cooper, Henry Fonda), lovable (Shirley Temple), laughable (Carol Burnett), sexy (Ann-Margret, Lee Majors, Candice Bergen), but best of all, very good with money (W. Randolph Hearst).

Taureans are great in the sack 'cause they take their time and know all the right spots to tickle. They have large appetites when it comes to sex, and pig out between the sheets.

Don't mistake Taurus's good nature and patience for being pussy, though. Taureans may do a slow burn, but when they do lose their temper, it's a real disaster area. Furthermore, you'll be put on their shit list permanently. Basically, Tau-

rus has an easygoing attitude, doesn't bitch, stir shit, or hand out unwanted lip service, yet he's willing to lend an ear to partners' many mindfucks.

On the negative side, Taurus can be lazy, rebel against any changes, and be overly materialistic. Some even tattoo dollar signs on the head of their dicks (and expect change).

Taureans are susceptible to strep throat, laryngitis, and strains of the gonads. Unless they watch their tendency to overdo in eating, screwing, and sucking suds, they burn out early. Otherwise, they have very strong constitutions.

If you have a Taurus friend or lover, value him, but never, ever piss him off!

someone else to front the bucks, all the better. Keep smiling and wag that silver tongue in the right direction. Don't let a few blank stares put a dent in your endeavor (look it up). Partners are always ready to party down. Remember, all work and no play will make your nuts ache.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

Don't fall for hard luck stories, or you can make book on a few of your own. Keep a grip on your gripes and let others do the same. Get in the wind a while — and be sure to come back with joy juice on your seat and a smile on your kisser. Brush up on your bedside manner (trim your toenails?) and keep your crank at attention; put yourself on hold and ease in. Be careful, pleasure comes in double doses.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

It's your turn behind the horn and people better boogie when they see ya comin'. Right now, you've had it with the lames and the leeches. It's time to throw in the towel on losers. The same advice applies on the job. Give yourself a rest from the weight of the world. Let 'em wipe their own ass and you do the same. Relax, cut yourself some slack before you acquire an ulcer or worse yet, burn out.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

This month is an instant replay of the last one. It seems you've taken an installment plan for shitty attitude, and it'll take more than an apology to wipe off the results. Self-righteousness has its place, but is it worth losing a tight partner? Drop a happy pill or dispose of your welcome mat. If you've been on the rag all month, it's time for a major change. In fact, maybe you need an overhaul.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

Don't get your balls in a sweat, 'cause the odds are in your favor this month. With a pinch of effort on your part, you can relieve yourself of bum head-trips and horny hang-ups. Small changes now make you a champ later. Just don't be a chump; make sure the door swings both ways. It's time to quit working your ass off and gettin' farther behind. Save strength for some mat-tress calisthenics.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

Life in the fast lane has more bumpin' and less humpin' this month. Slow down, especially in the decision dept. Give everything a second thought. Better yet, (unless it's a piece of ass) sleep on it before deciding. By being a tad patient, you're clever enough to work the kinks outta mind-bogglin' mistakes that partners won't cop to. Sorry, but problems come in pairs and large sizes!

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

Happy birthday, sexy! Those of you whose favorite sport is fucking, hold onto your horns! There's a lot of audience participation now, and anything goes. This month gets you over the hump in more ways than one. Extra cash comes from unexpected sources and adds jingle to your tingle. Zip up long enough to take care of biz, and don't forget to check for bedbugs. Enjoy!

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

This month it's jokers wild time. It's hard to play your cards right when partners aren't holding a full deck. Use your resources to give 'em the royal flush and find out who stacked the cards against you.

It could just be a misdeal and not intentional. Although you can't win 'em all, you've still got a very good chance at a winning hand this month.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

A domestic crisis is too close for comfort and the shit hits the fan now. You may have to work off steam by doing a dance on someone's head. It seems you're on the outs with everyone, including in-laws. Use your best toilet-mouth approach to clear the cobwebs outta your crib and set your situation straight. If need be, a swift boot to the butt might bring the best results. Hang in there!

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

A shakedown on the job could leave you with empty pockets. Someone could put the con on you and cornhole you at the same time. Don't fall for schemes, or promise more than you can deliver. Be on the lookout for financial fucks that guarantee quick satisfaction. Steer clear of office pools, unless you're in the swing of things. This month people talk a good game, but they don't play the game fair.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

It's time to stop flappin' your gums and grab yourself by the seat of your pants and get your act together. You have the potential now to put yourself in a top position. Your insight into a fucked situation is not only right, but will blow people away! Attend to all those mind-bogglin' details you've been shinning on. Stick to what you know. Do not try to fake people out. You'll come out ahead.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

You could still be bent out of shape the first two weeks of the month, but then it's anything goes! Dust off flaky friends and do your own thing. You're a regular Sherlock Holmes when it comes to figuring out ways to get what you want. Too bad you don't always want it when you get it. Use your persuasion positively and get what you need (for a change). Make good use of that die-hard battery in your britches. Enjoy!

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

A bad case of the blahs makes you want to cut loose and tie one on. Shitcan your usual conservative self and go for it — and if ya can get

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.

An Avon lady was riding in an elevator alone when she let wind. She reached in her bag for a can of pine air freshener. At the next stop, a stoned biker got on the elevator as she was getting off and he shouted, "What the fuck is that smell?" Innocently she inquired, "Why, what does it smell like?" "Well," said the bro, "It smells like someone just shit a Christmas tree!"

—Poppa Doc
San Jose, Calif.



Easyriders

"Whatever gets one through the day, I suppose."

Abro had been trying for years to get his ol' lady to give him a blowjob.

"I can't," she pleaded. "If I do you won't respect me."

When the bro was dying, he pleaded with her again and she finally consented. While she was blowing her brains out, the phone rang and he reached over and answered it. Tapping her on the shoulder, he said, "Hey, cocksucker, it's for you!"

—T.A.
Gardnerville, Nev.



Easyriders

"You should have known better than to buy rubbers from the Salvation Army!"

Asweet little old lady was riding on the train. Much to her horror, she noticed an elderly gentleman seated across from her asleep with two buttons on his fly undone. She called the conductor and pointed out the disgusting display. The conductor awakened the man and called his attention to the open fly. The man glanced down and replied: "So what? Did you ever hear of a corpse falling out of a second story window?"

—Slim
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Rick married a gorgeous gal and for some time everything was going great. Then he had to go out of town on a buying trip for his company. He assured his wife that he'd be gone only seven days. At the end of three weeks, she got a telegram: *Still buying. Will be back in a week.*

Her suspicions were aroused, so she sent a return telegram: *Better come home, sweetheart, before I start selling what I think you're buying.*

—Sally Bojinoff
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Easyriders



"I love these no-helmet states."

Aguy was walking in a park at dusk when suddenly he stepped on something. The next thing he knew, some biker was beating the hell out of him. The cops were called and both dudes were arrested. The judge asked to hear their stories and the man said he didn't know what happened. He had stepped on something, and the next thing he knew this biker was beating him up. The biker's story was somewhat different. He was getting it on with this mama, who charged him two dollars an inch. He was doin' fine on four dollars when this dude stepped on his back and ran his bill up to fifteen bucks!

—Tanny
Northridge, Calif.

Easyriders



"Holy shit!"

Two beautiful Swedish gals were having their pictures taken. The photographer was posing them and getting them in focus, etc. One of the girls became nervous and asked what he was doing.

"I'm trying to focus," he replied.

"Take our picture first and focus after, please!"

—Stutz
Oroville, Calif.

Areally flat-chested girl was sitting alone at a bar when a guy walked up to her. "Honey," he said, "I'm gonna tell you a joke that will knock your tits off. Oh! I see you've already heard it!"

—Renee Dubois
Quebec, Canada



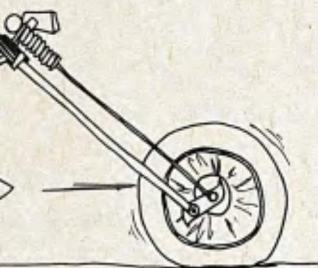
CHENEY

A biker came stumbling into his house after a hard night of partying. He slid into bed next to his highly pissed-off ol' lady, who just lay there with her back to him.

"Hey, honey, why don't you roll over and give me a little shot of pussy?" he murmured. "I'll be damned if I will," she snarled.

"Well, you'll be cornholed if you don't!" said the biker.

—J. Barry
Reno, Nev.



Three little boys were walking down the street when they found a five-dollar bill on the sidewalk. The first one said, "Hey, let's buy some candy."

The other two said, "Nah, candy rots your teeth."

The second little boy said, "I know, let's go to the movies."

The other two said, "Nah, we can't all go to the movies on five bucks."

The third little boy said, "Let's buy a Tampax!"

The other two asked "What's a Tampax?"

"I don't know," came the reply, "but you can go horseback riding, skiing, swimming, and camping with it."

—Debbie Maness
Austell, Ga.

Why doesn't Smokey the Bear have any kids? Because everytime his ol' lady gets hot, he beats her with a shovel.

—David
Minden, Nev.

There was a young lady named Mabel,
Who said, I don't think that I'm able,
But I'm willing to try,
So where shall I lie,
On the bed, on the floor, or the table?

—'45
Simi Valley, Calif.

When the chick learned that wher ol' man had taken up with another bitch, she asked, "Does this mean that you've had enough of me?"

"Hell, no," he replied, "it means I haven't had enough of you!"

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

What do women and jello have in common? They both quiver when you eat them?

—Big Buck
Grass Valley, Calif.

Did you hear about the one-legged lady who got raped? She couldn't cross her legs to save her ass.

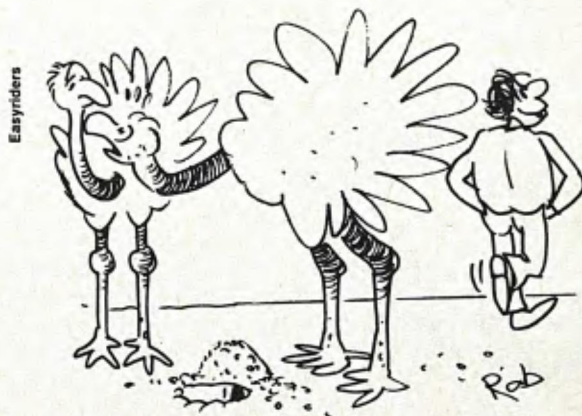
—Daddy-O
Simi Valley, Calif.



"Getting hold of these legal books was a real break."

A little boy was peeping through the keyhole on his sister's wedding night. "How do you like that?" he muttered, "and they scold me for sucking my thumb!"

—Rachael Winston
Pinola, Minn.



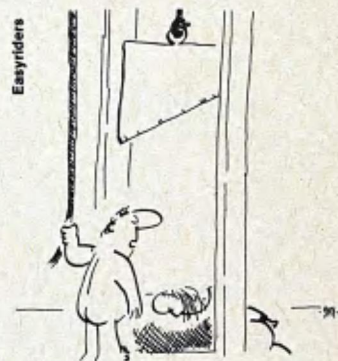
"That's the last time I'll ever put my head, in the sand."

Then there was the one about Johnny when he was in the first grade. He told his teacher to blindfold him and to put anything in his mouth and he could tell her what it was. First she put a piece of apple in his mouth. Sure enough he said it was a piece of apple. Then she put a piece of orange in his mouth and again he knew what it was. Then she put a candy kiss in his mouth and he couldn't figure out what it was. His teach said, "I'll give you a little hint. It's what your mom gives your dad when he gets home from work". He still couldn't figure what it was. Then suddenly a kid in the back of the room hollered out, "Spit it out quick, it's a piece of ass."

—David
Markleeville, Calif.

What are three two-letter words for small?
Is it in?

—Big Deal
Calabasas, Calif.



"Okay, Alice, you gonna give it French style, or do I take it French style?"

Ronald Reagan went into a pharmacy and asked the salesgirl very politely, "Ma'am, do you handle rubbers?"

Surprised by the question, she thought a minute and said, "Why yes, but..."

"Then wash your hands please and give me a dime's worth of jelly beans!"

—Tommy
Placerville, Calif.

This biker walked into a local lumberyard and asked the salesman for a 4 by 2.

"You must mean a 2 by 4," replied the salesman.

"Just a minute, I'll go ask my bro."

When he returned, he said, "You're right, it is a 2 by 4 that I want."

"How long?" asked the salesman.

Again, the biker said, "Just a minute, I'll go ask my bro."

When the biker returned, he said, "For a long time, I'm building a garage."

—Breeder
Winnetka, Calif.

What is the difference between living with the same ol' lady for ten years and having the same job for ten years? After ten years, the job still sucks.

—T.A.
Gardnerville, Nev.

Mr. Big Talk

Hey, bitch, who do you think your fuckin' with? Do you think I wrote you for the hell of it? What's the matter, are you ashamed to print my letter? Have I set your soul on fire? Don't know how to act now, do you? You'd better snap and realize who this is talking to your dumb ass.

I'll put some shit on you that you ain't never seen, heard, or dreamed of before—me. From now on, don't ever try to figure me out or try to stay up with me. Just accept the fact that I'm here and I'm making myself available to you.

Jerry T.

Rosharon, Tex.

- You remind me of a pimple I once had on my ass—if I don't sit down real careful, you'll pop.

Frigid Ol' Man

Hope you can help me with this problem. My ol' man is turning frigid. He won't even let me touch his body, and I only get fucked when he wants to.

When he does decide to fuck me, he only lasts five minutes, then he either turns over and goes to sleep or watches the tube. I'm beginning to think the damn tube has a better bod than I do. Please don't tell me to ditch him because I really love the fucker. How can I get him interested in sex again?

Underfucked

Pierrefond, Quebec

- Three easy steps: (1) Remove the back of the TV set; (2) Bust the neck off the picture tube; (3) Press the jagged glass edge of the busted neck lightly against yer ol' man's ball sack and whisper the ancient magic chant, "Abracadabrauseemorloseem."

What's With Wenches?

Whatdafuck happened to all the wenches who used to serve their ol' men hand and foot and were grateful to get a thumpin' for their efforts? It seems the wench population is gettin' so frigin' liberated that it's above them to polish a bro's scooter.

I went to a helmet rally recently and some wenches gathered around my ol' lady as she was cleaning the tread on the tires with a toothbrush. Within a matter of minutes, they turned my ol' lady against me and they all walked off into the sunset, patten' each other on the ass. I'll tell you, Mutha, Spider is damn lucky to have an old-fashioned cunt like you to do for him. I say, fuck the ERA and all those liberated pussies. You can wear my colors any day.

Erhardt

Dinglebury, Conn.

- Maybe ya shouldn't have made the bitch use the same toothbrush on the tires that she used in her mouth.

Wildflecken Rose

I am an in-flight missile mechanic for Uncle Sam here in Germany. It seems as though they let a few bitches come in the Army and get the pleasure of staying here. Believe it or else, but I think I saw one of your relatives working in the colonel's office the other day. Do you have a sister working over here? The resemblance is remarkable.

Klutch

Wildflecken, Germany

- My daughter, Horrible Heidi, tried to enlist in the Army once while trying to skate past doing hard time for assaulting a bar; but they told her they hadn't had any uniforms that would fit her since they phased out the horse cavalry and got rid of all the blankets.

Virgin Child

I have a problem. I'm sure you had the same one a long time ago, probably before you were two days old. My problem is that I'm a virgin and I want my first fuck to be with a biker, but I can't seem to find one. What shall I do?

Bunny

San Francisco, Calif.

- Frisco's about 350 miles from L.A. When ya get off the bus, call here and ask fer Spider.

The Road To Hell

I just got back from the

local Harley shop with a brand-new Jap carb for my '68 shovel, only to find out from my father-in-law that the new carb is my ticket to Honda Hell! Whaddafuck, does this web-headed old geezer know somethin' I don't?

Howard Hog

Blooming Prairie, Minn.

- Better start fine tunin' yer taste fer slope-eyed poontang.

Throwin' The Bull

I have been imprisoned in North Carolina for 104 months but will be released soon. I have been a regular reader of your rag and think it is number one. I am also a veteran of World War II and a member of the Biker's Association.

If you know any lovely ladies who want a good biker for their lover or husband, please have them write to me. I am a virile 33-years-old, 6 ft. 4 in. tall, 210 pounds. I have blue eyes, wavy hair, and guarantee sexual quality and quantity.

Chas

Tillery, N.C.

- If yer a 33-year-old World War II vet I'm a snappin'-snatched debutante. Better practice keepin' yer stories straighter if ya want ta stay on the streets after yer release.

Nose Trouble

I'll bet your pussy is so big you have to use a five-gallon can to douche. I'll bet eating your pussy is like eating skunk cunt. When the winds blow from the west, we can smell your pussy 'way out here on the East Coast. So, please douche with Harley oil (60 weight) so we can have fresh air again.

Birdman

S.C.I., Delaware

- If things have gotten so bad ya can't tell the difference between pussy perfume and farts, ya better stop packin' yer nose fer a while.

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





DI Cheapo Hone

It was snowing like hell last night and I was in the basement working next to the furnace, soaking up the only warmth to be had. Outside, the wind was bending the smaller trees parallel to the ground and piling the falling snow in five-foot drifts against the house. It was so cold that I was ready to throw the ol' lady's furniture in the furnace, rather than venture outside to the frozen woodpile.

Anyway, what the hell was I going to say? Oh yeah, I just got my chrome back from the plater's and everything looks all right. Starting with the master cylinder, I began piecing my sled back to its full road-burning glory — just a tad flashier than it had been. After locating my rebuild kit and other related parts, I held the master-cylinder body up

to the light and peered down the bore, checking it out for pits. About halfway down on the reservoir side of the bore was a spot of chrome that had leaked through in the plating process. Whipping out the trusty emery paper, I rolled it up till it was almost the size of the master-cylinder piston and started turning it inside the bore of the master cylinder.

After ten minutes of getting nowhere fast, I remembered a quick and dirty little tool I had seen Arno use at Routt's to deburr freshly-bored engine cylinders. It was so simple I kicked myself for not thinking of it out of the gate. Arno took a quarter-inch bolt three or four inches long and cut the head off. He cut a slot in the end of the bolt about an inch and a quarter deep. Then, tak-

ing a strip of emery paper, he folded it in half and fit it in the slot cut in the bolt. The bolt was then inserted into a drill motor and passed through the cylinder a few times.

So wouldn't the same thing work here on my master cylinder? Two or three bolts later, I finally managed to cut a slot down the middle. I then cut a couple strips from a sheet of emery paper, wrapped the master cylinder in a clean shop rag, and clamped it in the vise. I squirted some brake fluid into the cylinder bore and slid the homemade hone in and cranked up the quarter-inch drill eight or nine passes through the bore of the master cylinder, wiped it clean, changed the emery paper, honed it eight or nine more times, and the chrome spot was gone. In fact,

the bore of the master cylinder was smooth from top to bottom. The master cylinder body was given a good cleaning in lacquer thinner and reassembled with the rebuild kit, using brake fluid for lubricant. I didn't even have a chance to put down my new toy when I came across the same type of chrome spots on the inside walls of my tappet blocks. I cut a few more strips of emery paper and went to work on the tappet blocks. Thirty minutes later I was ready to bolt them on.

I don't even want to start on how many uses this five-minute miracle has when put to serious use on scooters. But one thing ya gotta admit — this tool won't bite your back pocket when you drop it in your toolbox.

—Wrench

Tech Tip

by *The Austin Animal*

Kenny Wayne comes across on vinyl with the thumb-your-nose-at-conventional arrogance of a duck's ass haircut, the low-slung, rumbling swagger of a chopped and channeled Crown Victoria with throaty-purr mufflers, and the awful economy of a switchblade knife, an instrument as "dated" as the music he plays. But like switchblades, some things never grow old. Wayne is like four inches of musical stiletto in your belly, leaving you thrashing and twitching on the sidewalk, bleeding your rock and roll guts all over the concrete, another victim of a slash from the past.

The switchblade metaphor isn't as exaggerated as it might at first appear. In fact, the switchblade seems a perfect symbol for the distorted picture of the '50s current today. Kenny Wayne evokes the '50s and the heyday of rhythm and blues better than anyone I've heard in a coon's age. Now, I'm talking about the '50s as they were lived, not as they're remembered today by the media. Today, the '50s are recalled as a quaint period in which we can all — old and young alike — find a sort of smug nostalgic amusement. You know, the Fonzy and sock hops and all that shit before we lost our innocence and got tough.

What bullshit. In the '50s, the switchblade was a newly-discovered weapon, the perfect teenage talisman to go with the new teenage music — perfectly blended in the seminal flick, *Rock Around The Clock*. Lemme tell ya, ace, the '50s were tough. One listen to Kenny Wayne's **Borned With The Blues And Raised On Rock 'n' Roll** and you'll know what I mean. *Happy Days*, my ass — no cornball, quaint decade could have produced music like this, a music that, I'm sorry to say, will never come again.

Here's what rock critic Pepi Plowman wrote about this record: "On Kenny Wayne's **Borned With The Blues And Raised On Rock 'n' Roll**, we hear an impressive array of musicians — the Bugs Henderson Group, the Rockets, the Juke

Jumpers, and more — backing him up in his gravel-voiced interpretations of a collection of rhythm 'n' blues classics as well as on a couple of songs of his own composition that fit right in. The shoop-bops on 'Hang Up My Rock 'n' Rock Shoes' are a joy to hear, and anyone who isn't embarrassed to sing 'St. James Infirmary' has got to believe he's a born blueser. Wayne could hardly have done any better in his selection of real winners: 'Oop Poo Pah Doo,' 'Tell It Like It Is,' and 'There Is Something On Your Mind,' to name just a few. This is *real* rock 'n' roll; it must have been a gas making this record."

Somewhere deep within the welter of what's been written and said about rock 'n' roll, somewhere lost in the dense matrix of what's been heard and recorded, is *The Secret*, the thing that makes rock 'n' roll utterly and forever different from all pop music before or since. Some performers work with that tradition and try to go beyond it, writing (and in some cases, performing) their own music. This category holds the legendary names — Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly, Bob Dylan — performers who've established so distinctive a niche for themselves that they will forever remain watershed figures in the history of rock 'n' roll.

But other artists have confined themselves to performing — employing their talents in interpretations of others' writings. Nonetheless, in the case of the very best, they stamp the tunes with the unmistakable mark of their own individuality. I'm talking about names like Jerry Lee Lewis and Roy Orbison and Little Richard. But only one name stands above them all, of course, a name alongside which all others in the r&r pantheon pale by comparison — Elvis Presley.

Be that as it may, here and there a few performers continue to pay direct homage to the men and the tunes that made rock 'n' roll an entirely new art form, and Kenny Wayne is one of these.

Rhythm and blues and/or rockabilly is undergoing a revival these days, either in

the form of clearly imitative performers like Robert Gordon or via formative influence, such as the so-called New Wave phenomenon. This revival is, naturally, a recurrent phenomenon, something that seems to manifest itself in cycles for reasons no one exactly understands. Every few years, it seems, some entertainers "rediscover" the "roots" of rock 'n' roll and, apparently under the impression that they've unearthed a cultural artifact the rest of us had forgotten about (like the Dead Sea scrolls), proceed to lead a "back to basics" purification rite.

While the impetus and intention of such "movements" are laudable, the results are generally predictable and the resultant pale music serves only to remind us of the strength and energy of the original tunes and their special performers.

Occasionally, however, a singer comes along who's equal to the task, and such an artist is Kenny Wayne. This, bros, is rhythm 'n' blues with a vengeance, and if the current crop of rockabilly revivalists needs a reference work on how this music should be performed, they'd be well-advised to rush out and buy a copy of **Borned With The Blues And Raised On Rock 'n' Roll**.

This album opens with "Hang Up My Rock 'n' Roll Shoes," a tune that was originally backed with "What Am I Livin' For" and, ironically, the last hit recorded by the late Chuck Willis, who died back in 1958 at the age of 30. Wayne's voice, which sounds sort of like a combination of Wayne Cochran and Bob Seger, but without their unfortunate mannerisms, is perfect for recapturing the exuberance and flash of the '50s. It's a perfect opening vehicle for the album — a mainline, true-to-'58, rhythm and blues stomper full of the verve and impact much of today's music sadly lacks.

The first side also contains a couple of slow blues — "I Wanna Go Home," and "There Is Something On Your Mind," both done with the sort of understated deliberateness essen-





tial to making this kind of music effective, that is, not lose the feeling in the performance. Wayne also provides some tasteful harmonica work here.

But it's on the house-rockers that Wayne really shines, those tunes like "Ooh Poo Pah Doo" and "Turn On Your Love Light." Wayne tackles this music with an abandoned enthusiasm that's a delight to hear, and it's hard to imagine hearing this stuff in person and not dancing.

Side two is equally successful, containing kickass versions of "I Need Your Loving Everyday," "Baby Come On Home," and "Texarkana Baby." These tunes all jump; this is danceable, rocking material, hand-clapping, foot-stomping music with blistering back-up vocals. My personal favorite on this side is "Tell It Like It Is," the classic hit by Aaron Neville from 1967. Wayne revives the feel of the original perfectly, yet stamps his rendition with his own distinctive character.

Kenny Wayne is a great singer, with a great feel for rhythm 'n' blues. With a tight band behind him, he's an absolute killer. And fortunately, word seems to be spreading, because lately he's been touring in the South and Southwest, opening for such acts as Muddy Waters, The Fabulous Thunderbirds, Delbert McClinton, and The Atlanta Rhythm Section. If Kenny Wayne turns up anywhere near your town, you should catch his show. You won't be sorry.

Likewise, you won't be sorry if you buy **Borned With The Blues And Raised On Rock 'n' Roll**. Better buy it now, before the robots of the New Wave try to ban it and it becomes a collector's item, like a Harley 74 before emission controls choked off its breath. Wayne, on the other hand, has no controls, and if you like wipeout r&r, you've hit the mutha lode. The album may or may not be in your record store, but if you have any trouble getting it, you can obtain it (as well as on cassette or 8-track) through Amazing Records, P.O. Box 26265, Ft. Worth, Texas 76116. Tell it like it is.

DOWN



Jaded



I was ready for anything, ya dig? I mean, I'd been to so many girl feature shootings I could hardly blink an eye, no matter what I saw.

As I guided my panhead through the rush-hour traffic toward the photog's studio, I tumbled around some fantasy scenarios in my mind, like each arm and leg of the gal tied to identical models of the latest Super Glide pulling in different directions. Or maybe we'd do the shooting out in the boondocks, showin' a doll gettin' porked by a gorilla before bein' rescued by a passin' scooter tramp. Or maybe we'd photograph some chick doffin' her duds in some public thoroughfare, to the amazed stares of passers-by.

But nooo. Nothin' so farout and off-base. It was another damned studio shooting — this time with some gal sportin' a garter belt and steel-belted radial stockings, the same kinda shit we've been doing month after month.

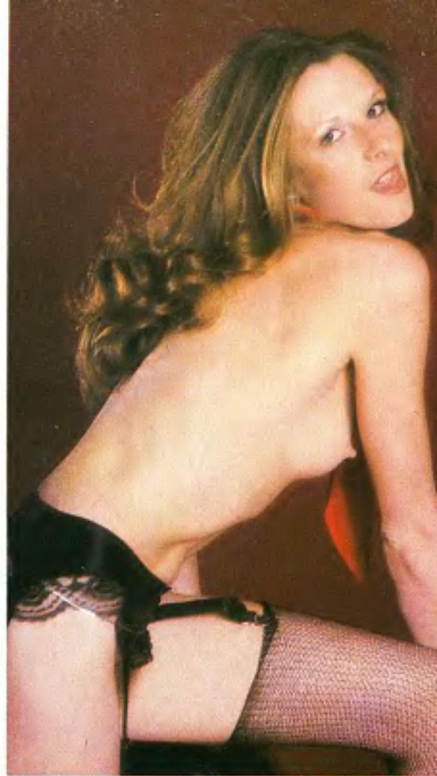
Now I know what yer thinkin' — just give me the job and I'll never complain.





Photos by Billy Tinney



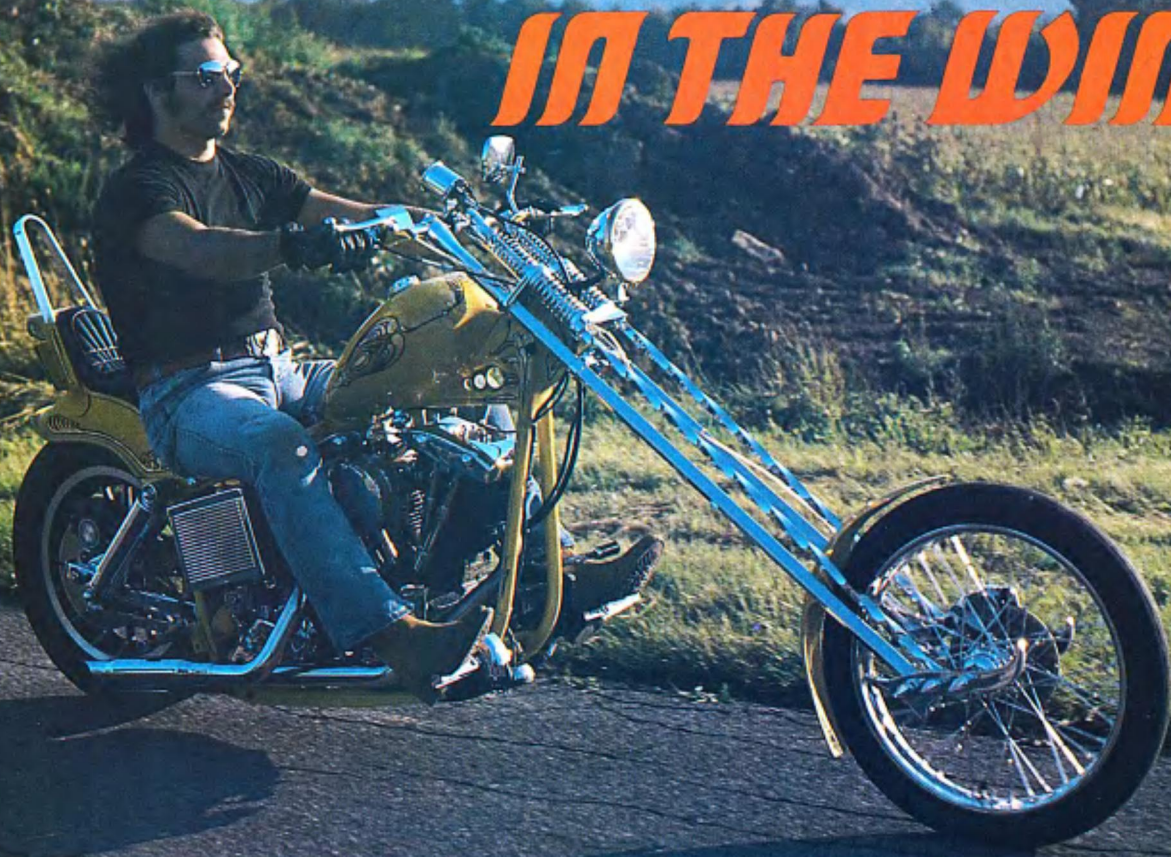


Everybody thinks these damn girl features are fun — believin' it's a thrill and a half to see some fox's box and knockers. All I can say is, try it for a while — it's fun for ten minutes, while ya check out the unadorned size of the broad's tits, the spread of her nipple area, and the bushiness of her crotch nest. But after ten minutes go by, yer wonderin' how long this shit's gonna go on, where the nearest burger joint is, and how long the beer will hold out. I mean, nude women are a thrill —but only for ten minutes or so. Then, give me a sixer, my scoot, and my regular ol' lady — she gives better head anyway. (But I wouldn't want her to know how I know that.)

Well, shit, I don't know. Sure, I could lie to ya, but I thought girl features were supposed to be off-base and appeal to a man's worst instinct. And I've seen this shit before and there's nothing much to say about it. The gal's okay, I'm okay, and you're okay — but what happened to the gorilla?

—Liar

IN THE WIND



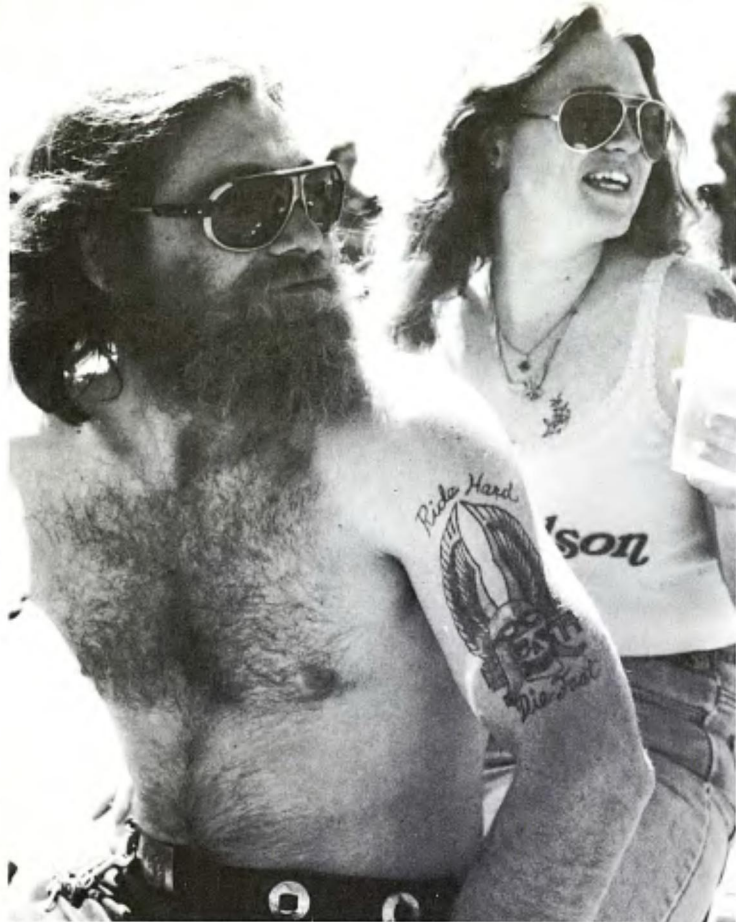
—from Rod Battaglia, Reynoldsville, Pa.

—from Mudflapp, Victoria, Australia

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 Dirty Ernie, Neb.



—from Lyle Chamberlin, Yakima, Wash.

—from Bob Touchette, On the road, N.H.





—from Big Ed, Portland, Maine



—from Buck Lovell, San Jose, Calif.

—from Paul Saunders, So. Australia



—from Scooter Bob, Modesto, Calif.



—from Bob Krueger, Aspen, Colo.



—from Wayne E. Rogalski, River Rouge, Mich.

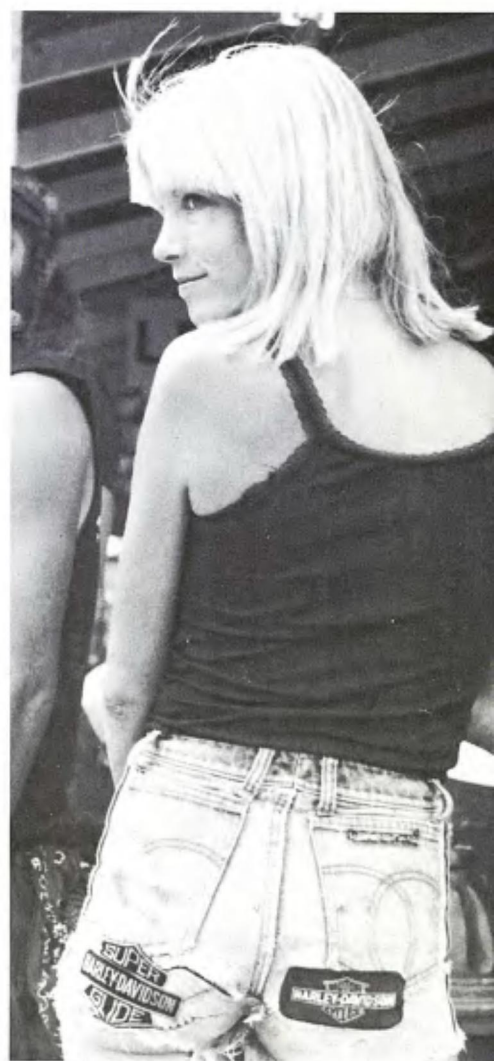




—from Scooter Bob, Modesto, Calif.



—from Bob Touchette, Merrimack, N.H.



—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.

—from Big John, On the road



—from Snake, Deep River, Conn.



—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



—from Bob Krueger, Aspen, Colo.





—from Kim Peterson, Daytona Beach, Fla.

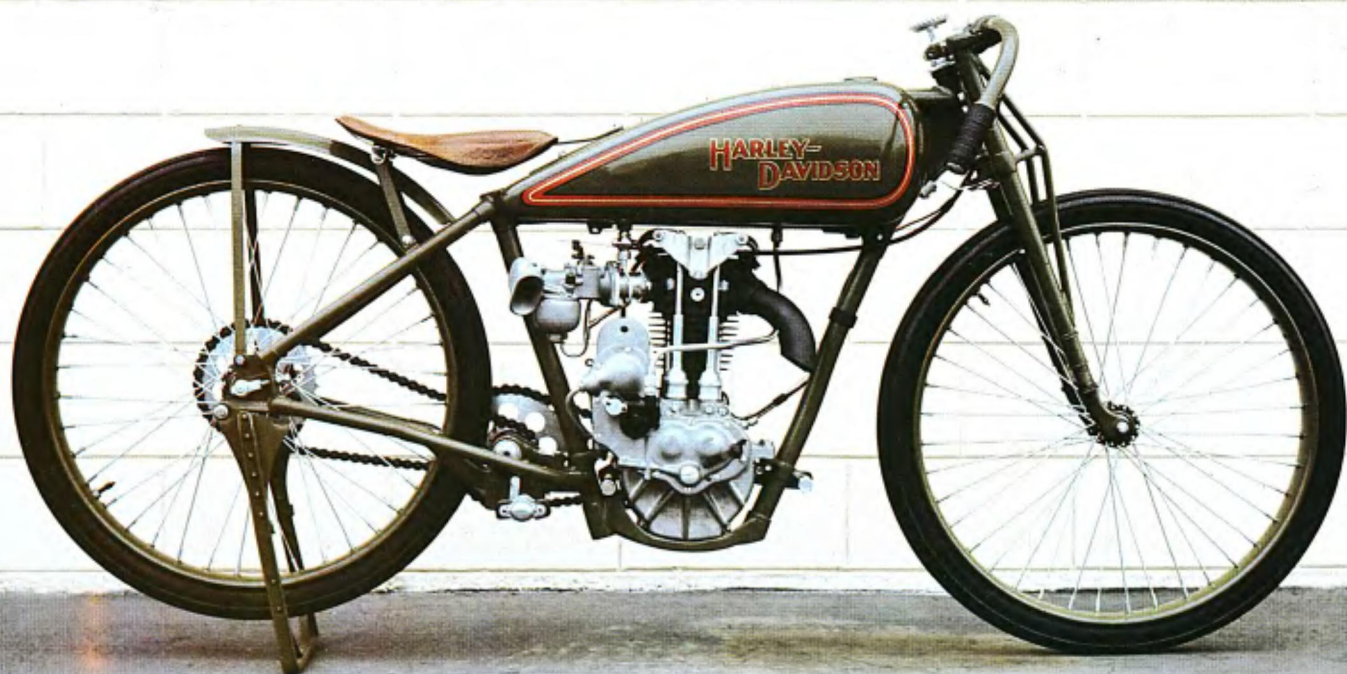
—from Star and Gina, Monrovia, Calif.

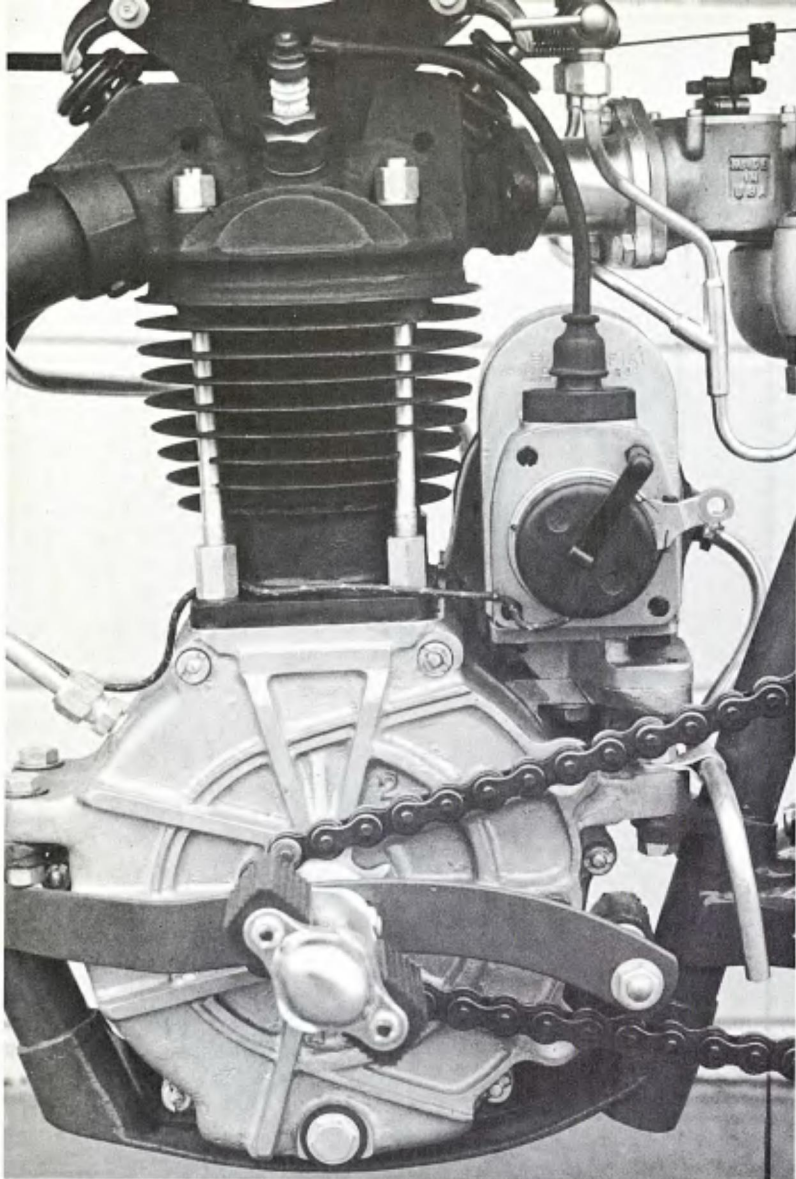


—from Grant Kern, Denver, Colo.









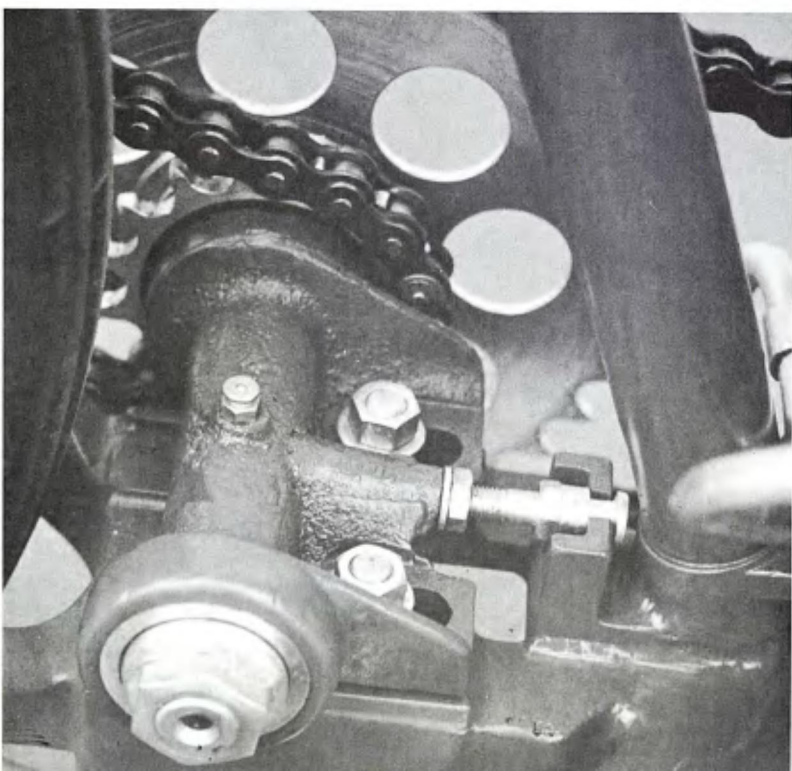
Speedway RACER

This motorcycle is an authentic restoration of a 1929 Class-A speedway racer, right down to the 23-inch Firestone racing tires. These bikes are nicknamed the Peashooters, undoubtedly because of the sound that emits from the short exhaust pipes.

This motor is only 21 cu. in., or 350cc. It burns alcohol through a Schebler carburetor, which has no butterfly, but rather a drum in which the venturi rotates. A Bosch magneto gives it the spark it needs to fire. The single head is of a hemispherical configuration and its solo piston has about a 12-to-1 compression ratio. The stock cases have extra-heavy webbing cast into them over the Harley-Davidson logo, which the earlier cases didn't have. These motorcycles were built only between 1926 and 1929. They weigh in the range of 175 to 185 lbs., and were sold only by Harley dealers. Their main competition on the racetrack came from Excelsiors and Indians.

It took Pete Smiley, the owner of this bike, ten long years to find all the parts necessary to complete this project. Ten years seems like a long time, but it was a labor of love to Pete. You see, for years he has enjoyed the reputation around racing circles as a straight-shooter and not a bullshit artist. When I go to visit Pete in Downey, California, it's like going into a shrine or a motorcycle museum. The first and last things you see are motorcycles. Pete is semi-retired and doesn't have to punch a time clock, which leaves time for his various projects, such as this racer and several more bikes that he is restoring.

This bike is a serious, no-nonsense piece of machinery. As you look at these pictures, you will notice that there isn't any clutch lever, brake pedal, or transmission. Where the trans would generally go is a jack-shaft, holding roller bearings and a sprocket. The top speed is determined by the number of teeth on the sprockets, which can be changed very quickly, depending on the size of the



track. The small lever on the right case is a compression release. In the earlier days, there were no gates to hold the participants back. They would push-start the bikes, line them up according to the time trials on their individual heat laps, and let them go. Hence the term, "flying start." The Peashooters raced on the longer tracks the way you see the bike here. On the shorter tracks, an extra piece of tubing was bolted from the lower part of the front down-tubes around the engine to the rear part of the frame. This tubing was added to relieve the stress that the motor put on the frame.

This is the type of scooter that the legendary Californian Joe Petrali rode to take the number-one factory ride to so many American dirt-track championships from 1933 to 1938.

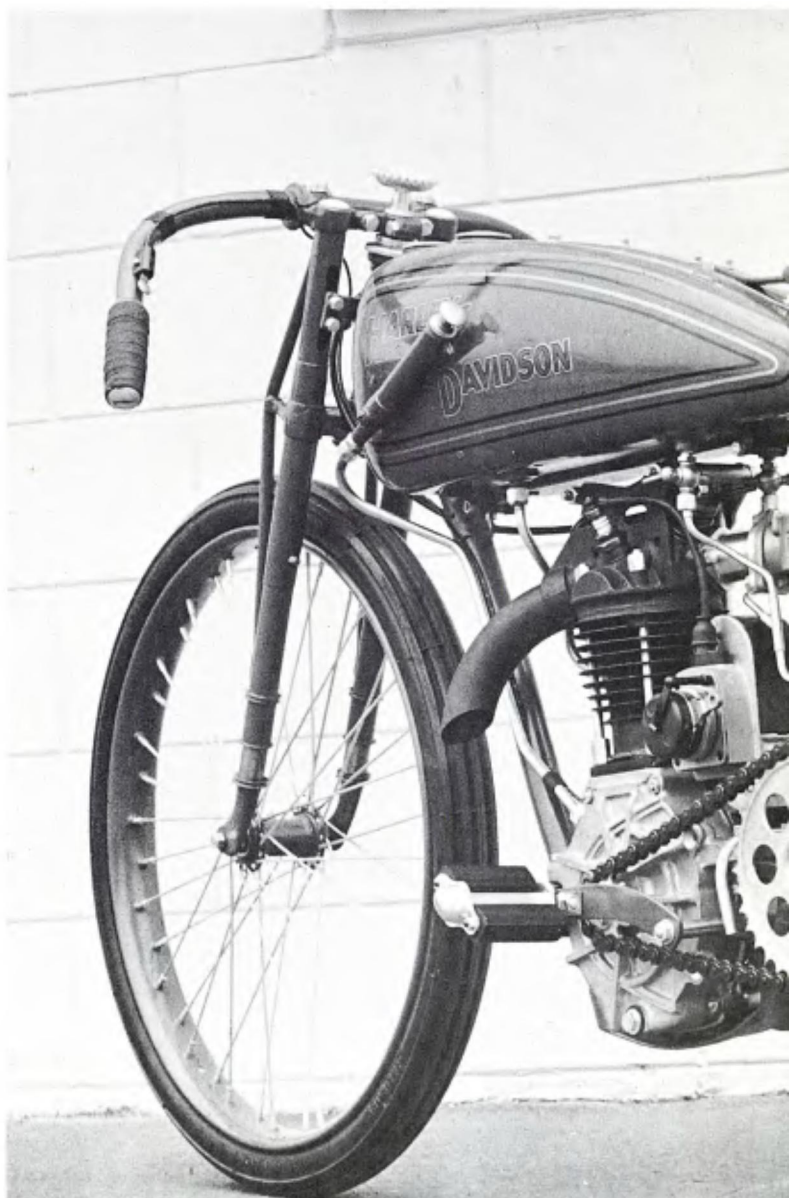
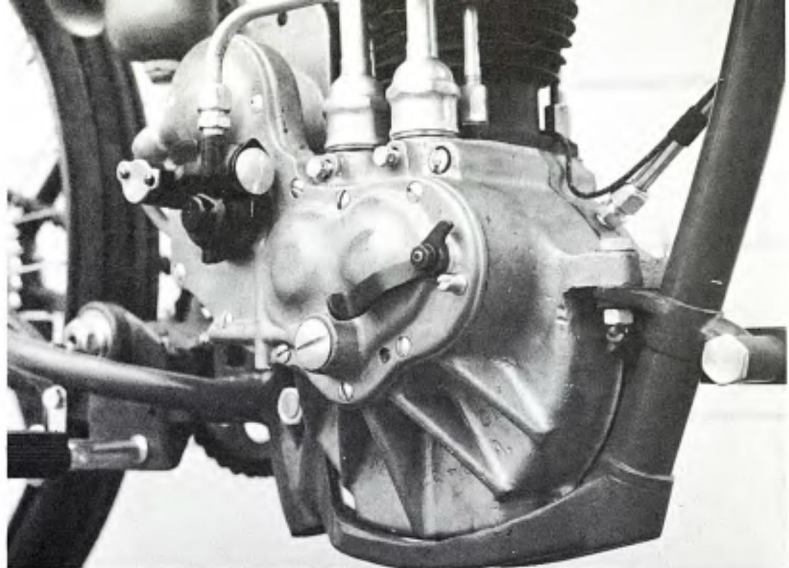
You will notice that the frame is rigid and the front end hasn't very much travel. This is so the rider can get the feel of the track and look for a good groove. I understand, from talking to some of the old-timers, that when Joe got his bike in a slide on the corners it was a thing of pure beauty, and he could race anywhere on the track—inside or outside grooves. As the saying goes, speedway racers do it sideways.

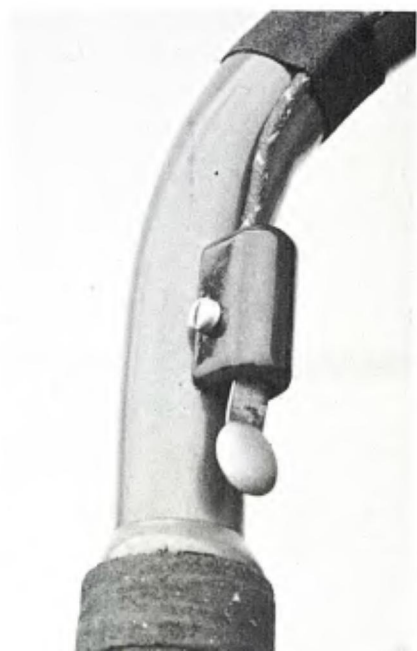
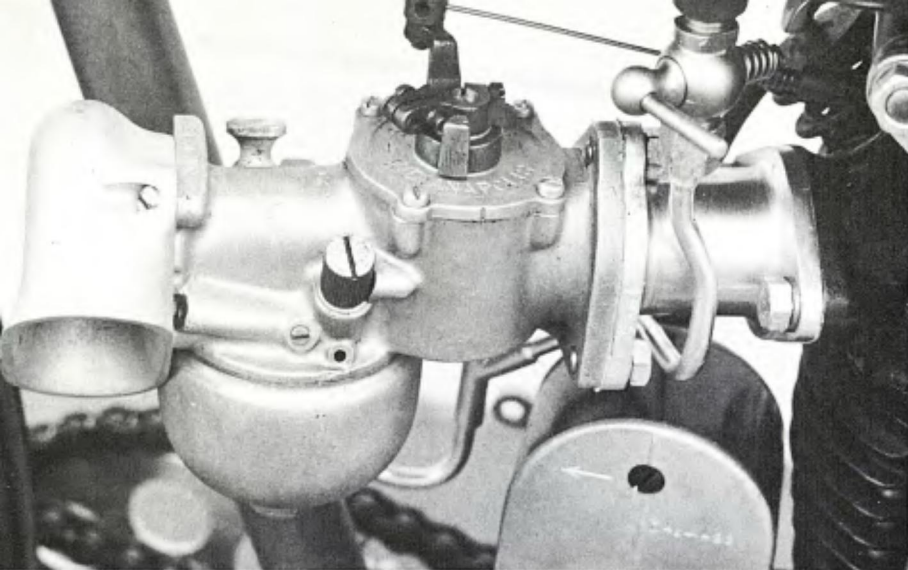
The Harley factory stopped their official sponsorship around 1936. Until that time, they ruled the tracks. Joe has some records that are still standing, one the ten-mile run at Laurel, Maryland. In 1925 he went 111.1mph. That same year in Altoona, Pennsylvania, he ran 100.3mph for 100 miles on a board track, at a time when the land speed record was only 119.3mph. These records of Joe's were probably set on a Harley V-twin with 45 cubic inches, or thereabouts.

In the late 1920s, some of these Peashooters found their way to Australia and New Zealand, where they gained great popularity. They were raced on greyhound dog tracks, cinder, and horse tracks. Australia is looked on as the birthplace of the cinder speedways. From there, the popularity of these races spread throughout the world.

We understand that speedway racing is very popular over on the Continent and in the British Isles. The racers are supported by their hometown folks and looked up to as national heroes. It's on a par with the NFL over here.

No American had held the world speedway championship since 1939, when Jack Milne won it. That's 42 years ago. But in 1981, another young Californian, named Bruce Penhall, went to Wembley, England,

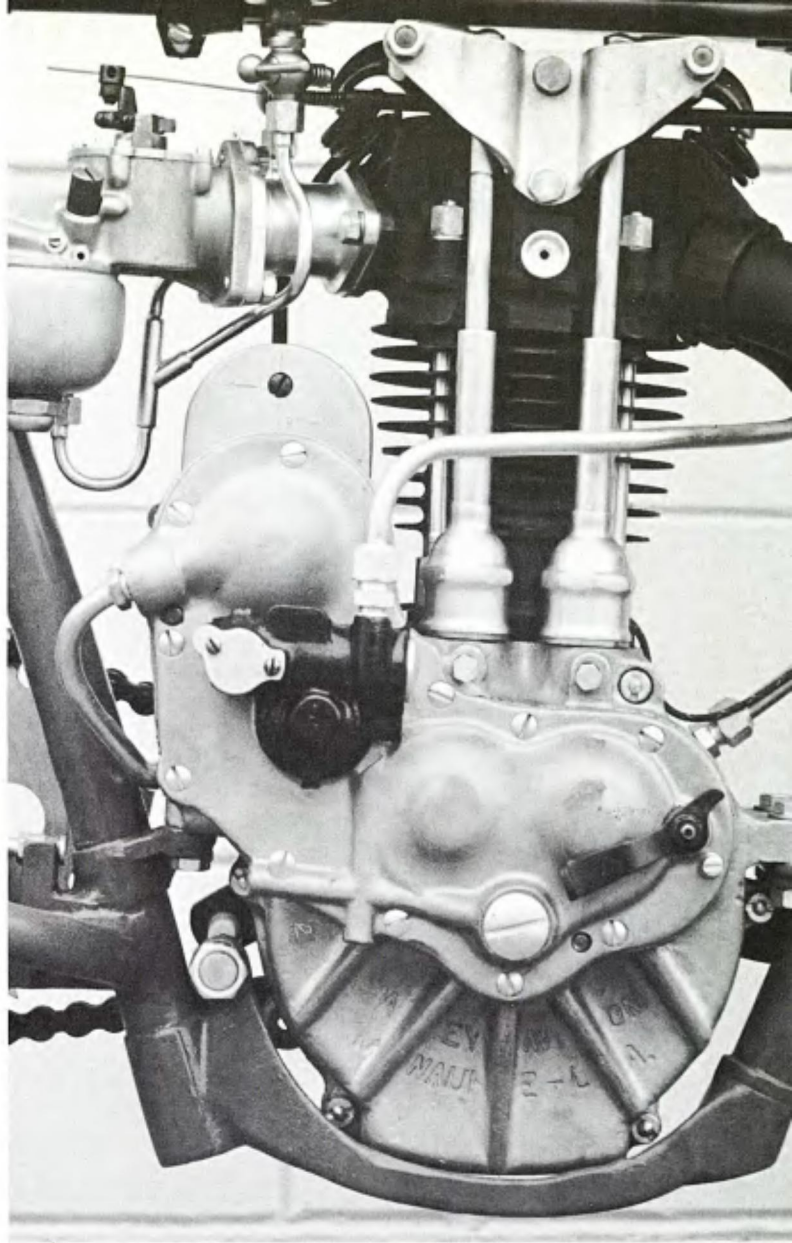




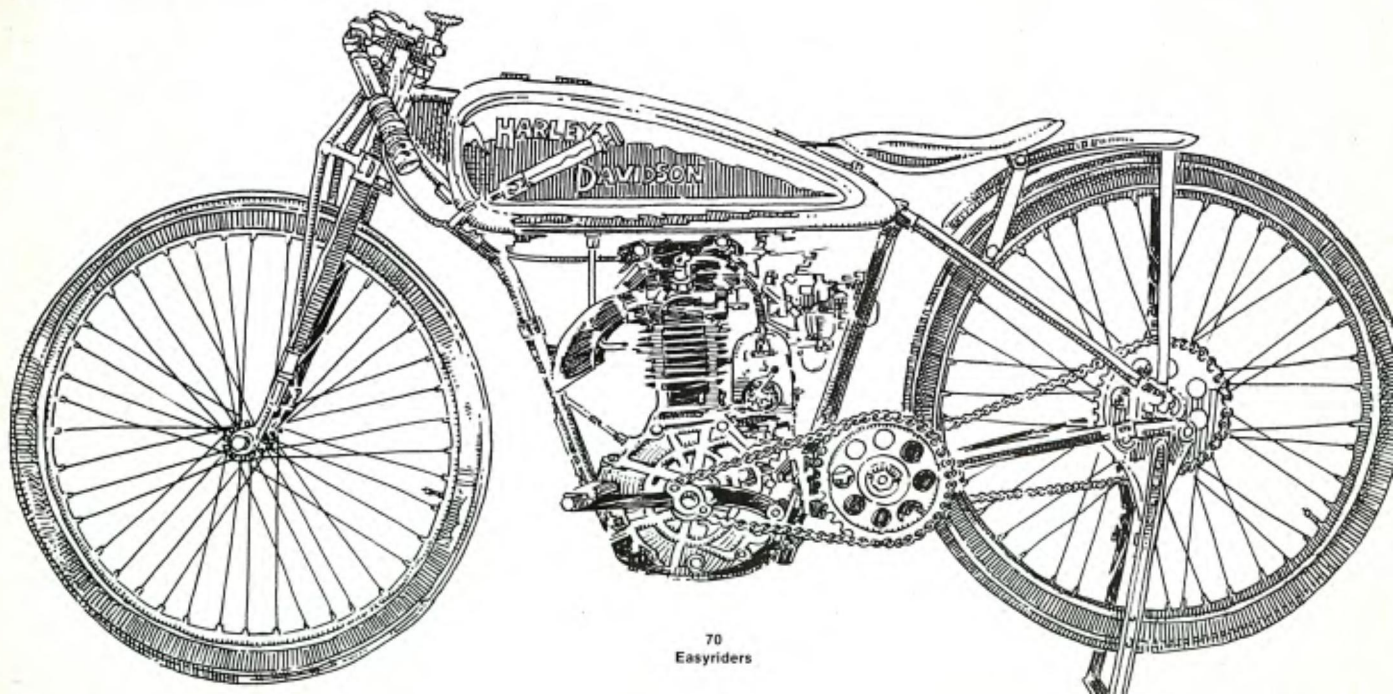
and shocked the racing world by bringing back the trophy and laurels for being the world's very best speedway rider. America is proud of you, Bruce. We love you—keep kicking ass!

What if some motorcycle business heads got together and developed a bike over here that could compete with the Jawas? (They, incidentally, are made in a communist-bloc country.) How about a dual-overhead-cam 500cc motor? If the units were sold cheaply enough for the average racing family to afford one or two, would we see a resurgence of the so-called golden era of motorcycles?

—Rip

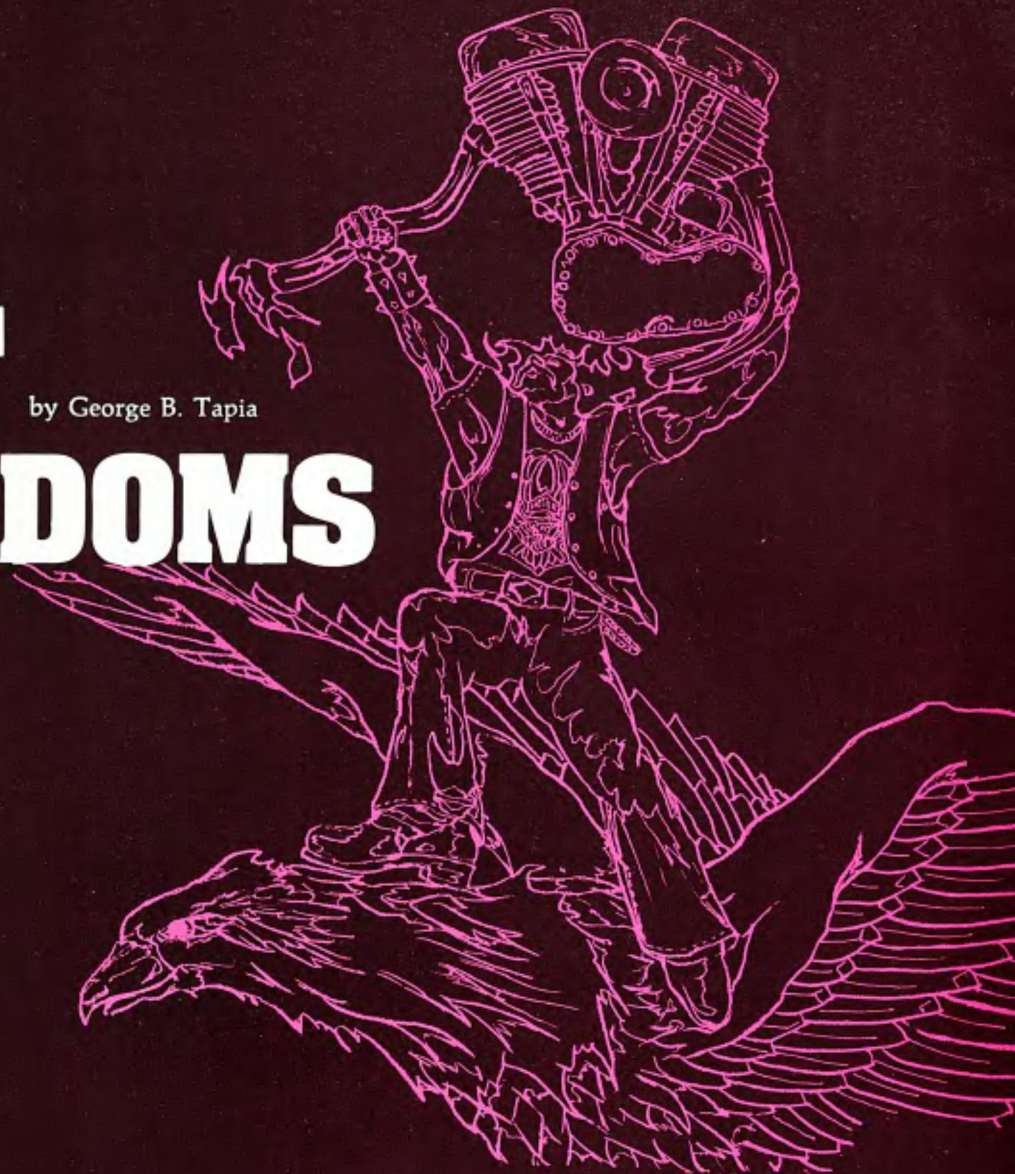


Photos by Pete Chiodo



LAST FREEDOMS

by George B. Tapia



Thirty-five years ago
I was twenty-four.
The war over,
no job, no family.
My only possession,
my Harley.

Like hundreds of my brothers,
I rode America's
highways.
You saw us
in the early years,
Leather jacket riders
on iron machines,
Roaring through villages
on dirt-packed roads.

In my life,
H-D was reality.
I lived in my
rolled bag;
Sometimes in a strange
woman's arms.

Years hardened by body,
my Harley.
My leathers were
oily and used;
My hands
tanned and scarred.
My past recorded
by marks on my H-D.
Futures foretold
by my body's deep scars.
I became outlaw
by America's choice,
A biker by
nature.
I am the legend
of modern America.
My stories of women,
booze and drugs,
Was life taken
only for the joy.
My brothers
are fewer,

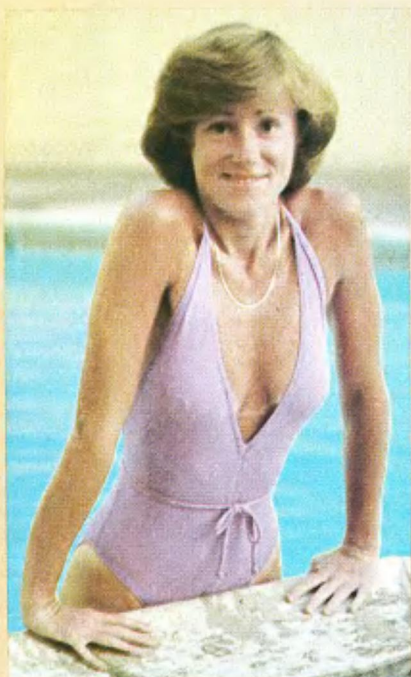
The famous
ones dead,
From self-neglect,
from cages,
From the years.
In my older body
and younger mind,
My life renews
when my H-D turns over.
I have created
the power of my machine.
It responds to touch
and my need.
I am the legend
of modern America,
Enjoying the
last Freedoms of the Wind.
I ride
America's highways;
My life
is my H-D V-Twin. ■



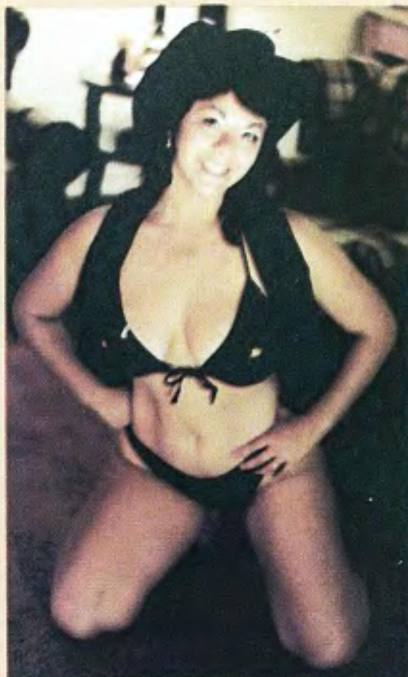
PAT



LYN



MELISSA



MARIA



Here she is, folks — Pam, the ninth monthly winner in the 4th Annual Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Nancy, Donna, and Sherrie.

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 notarize 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.

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 April 28. We'll print the winner in the September issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #107 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. ■



RISÉ



EVA



KATHY

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.

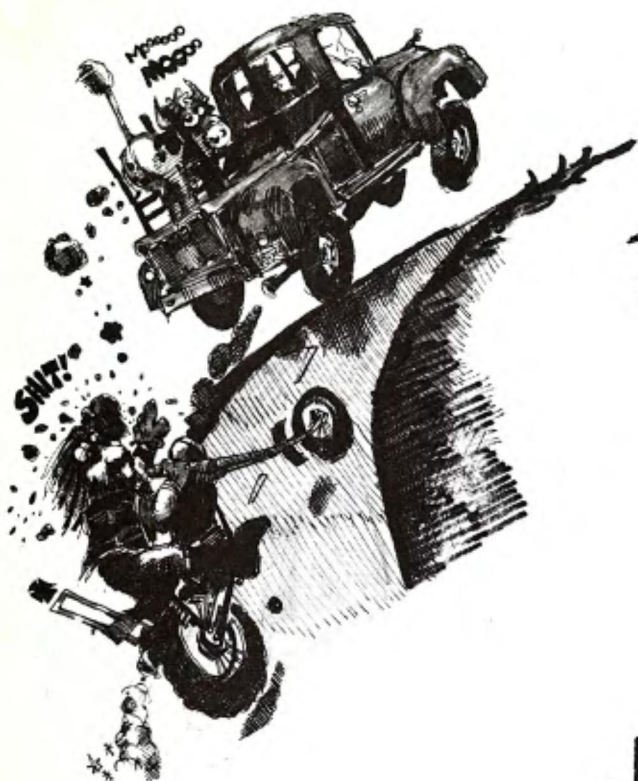
Model's Legal Signature _____

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.

WELL SUMBITCH!!!





PUTTERS' PERILS

by Don Penny

50/
50



by Carl Kohler

The morning after I moved in with Yolanda and her three kids, I stepped from the kitchen into the adjoining garage to check my scooter. I'd left it leaning on its stand beside Yolanda's old cage.

Kevin sat atop the washer-dryer, swinging his legs.

"Hi," I said quietly.

"You live here now, don'tcha?" he asked, staring past me where his twin sisters, age two, were romping on the lawn with Ferpy, the family dachshund.

I nodded, sipping the hot coffee.

"Mom told us last week that you were gonna live with us. It's okay with me, I guess."

"How old are ya?" I asked, digging a pack of butts from my shirt pocket and lighting one.

"Eleven."

"That's a good age," I sauntered across the cluttered garage, noting the workbench that had never been completed. I stopped beside the Pro-Thunder pedal-dirtbike. Its front tire was flat and the chain dangled loosely from its sprocket. I squatted beside it, putting my cup on the concrete flooring. "Yer bike needs work."

"Dad was gonna fix it. He always promised to fix it, but he never did." Kevin sighed softly. "I tried but I ain't got any tools. Dad sold all our tools."

"See that small metal box on those cartons behind my bike? The kinda blue-ish one?"

"Yessir."

"Tools. Yer welcome to use what ya need."

"You mean it?"

I swiveled, picking up my cup and staring him straight in the eye. "I mean it. I try not to say anything unless I mean it. Got that?"

He nodded somberly, going to the toolbox.

"Dad didn't wanna live with us anymore," he said, opening the toolbox. "Boy! You got everything!"

"Tell me about it, kid," I murmured, draining the cup.

"Huh?"

"Nothin', Kevin."

I smoked in silence, watching him struggle with the unfamiliar tools as he tried again and again to repair the busted chain. Finally I did it for him. Then I removed the useless front tire.

"You got any kids?" asked Kevin.

"Naw."

"You gonna be our — our dad?"

I looked down

Continued on page 106

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

**STASH
POUCH**

(U.S. Currency Only.
Thank you!)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

LOCKDOWN

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



by Boomer

Citing the fact that almost two billion dollars is currently being spent nationwide for prison construction and rehabilitation, Supreme Court Chief Justice Warren Burger has called for "a drastic change" in the state and federal prison systems.

"When a society places a person behind walls and bars it has an obligation—a moral obligation—to do whatever can reasonably be done to change that person before he or she is released.

"The question I raise is this," the chief justice continued. "Are we going to build more warehouses, or should we change our thinking and build factories with fences around them where we will first train inmates and then have them engage in useful production?"

According to Burger, most current so-called rehabilitation programs are failures because they return inmates to the streets unskilled and unfit to earn a living. Under his proposal, inmates would not only be taught specific job skills, but they would also get to hone these skills by working in prison-based industries, whose products would compete with those of outside industries on the open market. The inmates would be paid wages comparable to what workers on the outside get for the same jobs, with a portion of their earnings deducted for room and board.

"What job opportunities are there for unskilled illiterates with criminal records?" Burger asks. "What business enterprise could conceivably continue with the rate of recall of its products that we see with respect to the 'products' of our prisons?"

"If we had begun 25, 35, or 50 years ago to develop the kinds of programs in correctional institutions that are appropriate for an enlightened and civilized society, the word 'recidivist' [repeat offender] might not have as much currency as it does today. This is not simply a matter of compassion but a hard matter of our own protection."

In a speech at the University of Ne-

braska at Lincoln, Burger laid down a series of requirements he would like to see imposed on any state applying for federal funds to improve its prison system.

"If federal grant legislation is enacted," he said, "it is important that the new standards include: (a) conversions of prisons into places of education and training and into factories and shops for production; (b) a repeal of statutes which limit prison industry production; (c) an affirmative limitation against any form of discrimination against prison products; and (d) a change in attitudes of organized labor and in the leaders of business toward the use of prison inmates to produce goods or parts.

"These new standards are crucial and they should be developed with the participation of representatives of the state and federal prison administrators who deal face-to-face and day-to-day with the problems and understand the needs," Burger added.

One of the big impediments to such programs that Burger mentioned—opposition from unions and outside businesses—has frequently stifled inmate work programs in the past. Though some prison-industry programs, particularly in Minnesota and Kansas, are working successfully, attempts to start them in larger states, where they are most needed, have inevitably been stymied.

In New York, for example, an extensive prison-industry program, including salesmen and a full-color catalog, is currently threatened by a shortage of funds because the state legislature, under pressure from business and union lobbies, is refusing to allow the prisoner-made products—desks, office equipment, soap, and clothing—to be sold on the open market. All sales must be made only to state entities—school districts, for example—at heavily discounted prices.

Despite this, Burger remains optimistic. "In the closing decades of the twentieth century I am confident the enlightened leaders of labor and busi-

ness will no longer support reactionary restraints on production of goods in prisons and the movement of such products in commerce," he said.

"It will be three to five years before programs of this kind have a market impact," he added. "I cannot believe that this great country of ours—the most voracious consumer society in the world—could not absorb the production of even as many as 100,000 prisoners—hardly a drop in the bucket in terms of the Gross National Product.

"Place [an inmate] in a factory, whether it makes ballpoint pens, hosiery, cases for watches, parts of automobiles, lawn mowers, computers, or parts of other machinery; then pay that person some reasonable compensation, and charge something for room and board and keep, and we will have a better chance to release from prison a person able to secure gainful employment. Added to that, it will be a person whose self-esteem will at least have been improved to a level where there is a better chance of living a normal life.

"The benefit to the inmates—and to society—would be incalculable in the long run," the chief justice concluded.

DECISIONS, KITES AND NEWS

Progress In New York

New York State Supreme Court Justice Con Cholakis has issued an order forbidding the state department of corrections to double-bunk inmates, or to house them in recreation rooms and corridors.

In order to comply with Cholakis's order, Corrections Commissioner Thomas Coughlin announced that he would defy an earlier order in which another judge had ordered the state system to take state prisoners out of New York City jails within 48 hours of the completion of processing. Coughlin says the state system is now twelve percent over its housing limit and cannot handle any additional prisoners without violating Cholakis's order and creating unsafe conditions in its institutions.

Continued on page 105

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 Pepperell Plwy., Opelika
Custom Cycle H-D 116 Noble St., Anniston

ALASKA

House of Harley 4334 Spennard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Piggy's H-D Parts & River Bottom H-D 403 S. Arizona Ave., Chandler
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix

CALIFORNIA

The Purple Hog 642 Plumas St., Yuba City
Napa Valley Custom Cycles 956 Kaiser Rd., Napa
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Main St., San Fernando
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Mick McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
Little Mama Custom Cycle Parts 1150 Pike Lane #5, Oceanside
Hutchins H-D 55405 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
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
Chryde's Custom Cycles 5040 Olivehurst Ave., Olivehurst
Biker Bob's Rag Shop 425 El Cajon Blvd., El Cajon
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Road, San Jose
Klein's Tezaco & Motorcycle Accessories 1801 Truman St., San Fernando
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Rd., San Jose

COLORADO

Conner's AMF — H-D MC Sales 1505 E. 4th St., Pueblo
Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises 725 Pithin, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 213 W. Arapahoe, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Colorado Custom Cycle 1430 Lanning, Aurora
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Flatirons H-D 2685 Pearl St., Boulder
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheatridge
Dave's Auto Body 2201 State Ave., Alamosa
Joe Danby's Cycle Emporium 418 Harrison Ave., Leadville
A Righteous Ride 1103 1/2 5th St., Greeley

CONNECTICUT

New London County MC Sales 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 184, Groton
Ritep Cycle Parts & Accessories R.F.D. #1 Box 214, Voluntown
Sparkle Cycle Accessories 76 Union St., Rockville
Honest Injury's Custom MC Acc. Elgig Plaza 120 Boston Post Rd., Milford

DELAWARE

Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle

FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
H-D South 9860 E. Fern St., Miami
Pinellas Custom Cycle 4967 72nd Ave. North, Pinellas Park
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 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
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg

GEORGIA

H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonestown Rd., Morrow
Big John's Cycles 7884 N. Main St., Jonesboro
Chamblee Custom Cycle 2400-A Old Stone Mountain Rd., Chamblise
Southern Cycle, Inc. 30 N. Ave. Hwy. 20, Buford

HAWAII

Motorcycle Alley 1342 Kamalie St., Honolulu

ILLINOIS

Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine
Cycle Goodies Galore 1214 Hwy. 41, Lake Bluff
On Any Sunday, Inc. 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein
R & H Choppers 1108 Mill St., Plainfield
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6988 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
Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet

INDIANA

Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
The Hog Shop 3309 S. Memorial Dr., New Castle
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 748 E. Virginia, Evansville
The Cycle Shop 118 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Marion

IOWA

Dave's Cycle Accessories, Inc. 330 E. 2nd St., Iowa City

KANSAS

Blackwater Custom Cycle 413 Jackson St., Topeka
Free Wheeling 624 W. 8th St., Topeka
Hank's Cycle Shed Rt. 1, Box 107, St. George
Horizons Harley-Davidson 1811 West 6th St., Lawrence

KENTUCKY

Appleton Harley-Davidson Sales, Inc. 383 New Circle, Lexington

LOUISIANA

Motorcycle Products Co. 2662 Barksdale Blvd., Bossier City
Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
J's Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur
Iron Horse Corral 1211 S. 2nd St., Monroe

MARYLAND

Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Puasay Hwy., Edgewood
Ezekiel's Cycle Salvage 15879 Fields Rd., Rockville
Desperado Cycle Supply 126 B Mayo Rd., Edgewater
Creative Design Specialties, Inc. 1399 Ramsey St., Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS

Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton, Worcester
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 716 W. 34th St., Minneapolis
York Brothers Custom Cycle 7 Westlake St., Chisholm
Lakeside Cycle West Lind St., Mankato
Reiger's H-D Cycle 435 10th St. N.E., Austin

MISSISSIPPI

Ocean Springs Custom Cycle Hwy. 90 E., Ocean Springs

MISSOURI

SL Joe H-D 402 S. 9th, St. Joseph
County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Harley-Davidson of Kansas City 10529 E. 40 Hwy., Independence

MONTANA

Eagle Custom Cycle 586 Meridian Rd., Kalispell

NEBRASKA

Silver Wings MC Parts 2311 11th St., Columbus

NEVADA

Nevada Cycle Parts 2550 W. Las Vegas Blvd., N. Las Vegas
Motocycles 550 E. 4th St., Reno

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Motorway 85 Hancock St., Manchester
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
Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway
Country Cycle Center, 1594 Rt. #9, Pleasant Plains Mail, Totins River

NEW MEXICO

Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Dynamic Cycle 700 Broadway, Bayonne

NEW YORK

H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
A's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Brenster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brenster
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
The Sportsman 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, Staatsburg
Rolling Thunder Accessories 199 Main St., Nanuet
Rolling Thunder Cycle 1056 Little E. Neck Rd., W. Babylon
Rolling Thunder Cycle, Inc. 189 Main St., Hempstead
KFK Cycle, Inc. 211-19 Jamaica Ave., Queens Village
Ace Chopping Co. 87 Brown St., Johnson City

NORTH CAROLINA

Deal Harley-Davidson 3818 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
Nodak Harley-Davidson, Inc. RR 1, Box 151, Hwy. 83 North, Minot
The Scooter Shop 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

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
Cycle Accessories Rt. 1 Box 203, Bayesville

OKLAHOMA

Brinkley Harley-Davidson Hwy. 81 North 921 N. Choctaw, El Reno
Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater
The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Still Blvd., Lawton
Stony's Cycle 2315 Gore, Lawton

OREGON

H-D of Albany 1285 Commercial Way S.E., Albany

PENNSYLVANIA

Chopper Shop II 2832 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
Cycletic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
R & S Cycle Shop 230 Westwood St., Minersville
H & S Cycle Shop Inc. 1400 St. RP, Cornwell Heights
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Paryville

SOUTH CAROLINA

Motorcycle Salvage 4816 Rivers Ave., Charleston
Southeastern Choppers 108 Bluff Ave., N. Augusta
Doug's H-D Rt. 1 Box 326, Sumter
Warpaint 2639-H Broad River Rd., Columbia

TENNESSEE

H & D Southern Cycle 1191 Ft. Campbell Blvd., Clarksville
Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
K.D. Enterprises 3909 Chapman Hwy., Knoxville
Colboch H-D Sales Rt. 9 Box 517, Morristown

TEXAS

Larry's M/C Service 217 S. B. Harlingen
The Basket Case 2826 Elm St., Dallas
American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killen
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
Doc & Wendy's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 31 West, 842 A West 7th Ave., Corsicana
Whicker's Cycle Repair 17123 Spiller Rd., Spring

VIRGINIA

Lilly H-D Inc. Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 W., Abingdon
Master Performance Cycles 9823 Jefferson Ave., Newport News
Joker's Wild Motorcycle Dell Rt. 17 & I-95, Fredericksburg
T.R.'s Cycle Shop & Leather Rack 1110 S. Military Hwy., P.O. Box 13428, Chesapeake
Repairs Unlimited 1826 A. Jamestown Rd., Williamsburg
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond

WASHINGTON

74" Or More 1449 Bridge St., Clarkston

WEST VIRGINIA

Mike's Cycle Rt. 2 Box 102, Delbarton
H-D of West Virginia 4924 MacCorkle Ave., S. Charleston

WISCONSIN

Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burlingame St., Milwaukee
H-D of Green Bay, Inc. 727 Memorial Drive, Green Bay

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.

To Gary. Know you must be ridin' and fishin' in the great upstairs. Missing you—RHW, Donna, Darcy, Rich, Karol, Joe, and Jennifer love you and miss you too.

In memory of Mike "The Hitman" Harbin, who was redeemed from us 11/22/81. The smokinest, tootinest, drinkinest muthafucker that ever lived and rode with all us here on the mountain. You'll be missed by all forever. Teddy Bear, Little Joe, Linguini, Shilow, and the whole mountain family.

In loving memory of "Panda" Gahagan, father of Amanda Maree. Tony, you were the best part of me. Wish I could still tell you so. I'll love you forever... Diana.

Ride on, "Bubble". Gimme Shelter. Rolling Stones in D.C.

In memory of Neville Bramich. Dec. 1, 1981. To one true biker. May you never be forgotten. Sharon Brown, Penguin, Tas., Australia.

In memory of a fallen friend. Chris Hawkins, killed 12/14/81. You lived free and died young. You'll never be forgotten. Riders of AV.

A tribute to our lost brother. Greg Stead. Forever be in peaceful happiness, and one day we'll all be together doin' it up again. Brothers and sisters of Ambridge, Pa.

In memory of Paul Orbino. Nothing meant more to him than being in the wind. He rode hard and died free. You'll always be partying with us in our hearts. Till we meet again. Love from Gypsy Lady and all of us in Suisun and Fairfield.

In memory of Chain, Dutch, Schab, and Splash, bros gone but not forgotten. Fates Assembly MC, Balto, Md.

In memory of Joe "Behind the 8-Ball" Dalporto, a bro who rode hard and died fast. Remembered forever for what he was. There was never a down moment when he was around. I'm sure he's the same way where he went. Ride free.

In memory of Ray Palmer White, who gave me my first Harley ride in a sidecar when I was three and he was supposed to be baby-sittin'. Thanks, man. If you look down from Harley Heaven, the scooter bitch with green eyes is me. Gone, but not forgotten and sadly missed. Your little sis, Nancy.

In memory of Frances "Sis" Greene, a real sister to everyone, who lost her life on an icy road 12/16/81. You're missed so very badly by all of us who loved you so much. Now you're free as you always wanted to be. Till we meet again, James and Joan.

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.

Blond-haired, blue-eyed, handsome gunslinger in Folsom seeks sensual girls, women, ladies, and movie stars. Jim Molloy, P.O. Box C-24320, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Hey, now! Can a tramp get a play? Lookin' for a woman with a whole lotta heart for letters an' visits to this downed tramp. Steve Radey #068024, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Hey, all of ya foxes out there, I am locked down and am desperate for a few nice letters and pictures. Come on and make me happy. Write to Danny Randolph #37136, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Down doin' 14 years to life and would like some mail from sweet-looking ladies. Will answer all. Jamie Godfrey #0381, Box 2290, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5J 3H7.

Blue-eyed, blond-haired, well-built young bro would like to hear from some nice, fine ladies who give a damn. Please write and send a picture. I'll answer all. Age isn't important. James Pike #C-32443, P.O. Box 686, CTF Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Downed bro, 38, white, needs attention from swinging ladies who care. Send photo to Larry Davis #96608, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

W/m, 235 lbs., 6'3", would like to receive letters and flicks from all you hot, sexy mamas. Any age, answer all. James J. Terry, P.O. Box 56, Elmore, Ala. 36025.

Downed bro, 22, in need of letters from all ladies. Send flick if ya got one. Will answer all. Greg S. Anderson #15817, P.O. Box 607 N.S.P., Carson City, Nev. 89702-0607.

California woman, foxy, lonesome, and in need of love and help from good people. Beverly Benton, Box A, Alderson, W. Va. 24910.

Lonesome, foxy bitch needs friends and someone to care. Please write. You'll be pleased. Sher Mitchell, Box A, Alderson, W. Va. 24910.

22-year-old biker needs some ladies to write to. All letters answered. Send photos if you want to. Favijts Ludo, Astridlaan No. 8, 9400 Ninove, Belgium.

Good-looking white male, 28, doing the last six months of a three-year bit, would like to receive pictures and letters from serious ladies 20-50. Chris O'Connor #80-A-1215, Greenhaven Corr. Fac., Stormville, N.Y. 12582.

30-year-old white bro from S.F. Bay area wants to hear from you women out there. Will answer all. Robert "Tree" Foster #C-35240, P.O. Box 2000, H-306, Vacaville, Calif. 95696-2000.

Hostage lookin' for correspondence and visits from female with external beauty and internal fortitude. Jim Koutrouba, Box 43, Norfolk, Mass. 02056.

Downed bro, 22, in need of scribes from all ladies. Will answer all. Send flicks. Greg S. Anderson #15817, P.O. Box 607 NSP, Carson City, Nev. 89702-0607.

Been down a long time, about got it done now. 29-year-old biker tramp looking for a sweet house mouse, young loving fox. No games. Will answer all. Send photo. Ken "The Ol' Buzzard" Waybright, Box 45699-140-099, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Canadian bro doing a stretch. I'm downed and lonely; pics and letters sure would help. Will answer all. Trevor Boughey #22278, 4216 Wilkinson Rd., Victoria, B.C., Canada V8Z 5B2.

Lonely convict, desperado needs kites and flicks from mamas and chicks. Keith Heartsill, 620 H St., 3-South-3, Sacramento, Calif. 95814.

Down, but not out yet. Biker would like to hear from all you fine young chicks 18-24. I'm 24, have blond hair and moustache and blue eyes. I'm 6'1" tall and 225 lbs. I would also like some really sharp pics. Keith "Tank" Spirson #47446, Unit 27 MSA, Miss. State Dept. of Corr., Parchman, Miss. 38738.

It's a fact that fat women have good personalities and make better lovers; so all you beautiful heavies, write to me. Bill Harmon #98725, P.O. Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

22-year-old blond, blue eyes, 6'2", 170 lbs., down for 3 1/2 years. Need some foxy ladies to write. Comin' out soon and I need to be ready for good fun and fast life. Wm. D. Johnson #068630-52-028-01, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Attention, all badguys in concern: Southern-fried outlaw doin' time would thrive on exchange wires of strange days and evil ways with sweet lil' fillies. Flicks accepted and appreciated. Milton H. Brotherton #298215, P.O. Box 16, Eastham Unit, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

W/m, hazel eyes, brown hair down to waist, full beard, 5'11", 185 lbs. Send photos. Answer all. Jerry Randolph #62939, CN-861, Trenton State Prison, Trenton, N.J. 08625.

Honestly in high hopes that some sweet lady will care enough to write. Scotty Johnson #32477, 5-2-B-12 Ky. St. Prison, Rt. 2 Old Eddyville, Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038-0128.

I'm 5'9", 170 lbs., with black hair and brown eyes. I'm looking for a sweet, attractive lady who's willing to help me in any way. Joe Rosario #79A1040, Box 307, Beacon, N.Y. 12508.

Wanted desperately! Am white, 25, and in need of mail from caring women. Will answer all. Also exchange photos. Steve "Bubba" Lackland #203919-8, Box B, Anamosa, Iowa 52205.

Downed white bro from So. Calif. wants to hear from sincere ladies, especially from Ariz. Will answer all. Richard "Frizz" Sauter, #32610, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

32-year-old downed rebel would like to hear from ladies with brains and a heart. Larry D. White #011029, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Mont. 59722.

Ladies 18-80: Southern half-breed with no family, lookin' for solid ol' lady for traveling partner. Will be out soon. Let's get to know each other now. Stiles Forkum #118646, Baskerville Corr. Unit 4, Baskerville, Va. 23915.

Looking for a good ol' lady. I'll be out soon and ready for a long-lasting relationship. I'm 24, 6'1", and thinking about the future. Kenneth Daugherty #37917, Box 539, Rt. 1, C.M.C.C. Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

3 homeboys from California would like to hear from some fine young ladies from everywhere. Write to Lou Grenard #74204, Darrell Baker #74154, or Tom Bird #74212, P.O. Box 1500, El Reno, Okla.

Biker down in the Florida pits. Would some of you righteous ladies out there take a little of your time and write? Thanks, Ron "Red" Jeter #B046595, P.O. Box 444, Starke, Fla. 32091, V-1, 4 North.

If you're single and hot, send us pictures of your twat. James Wallace #149366, or Michael Reynolds #156470, Rt. 3, Box 3333 MCTC, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Half-breed Indian (Libra) doing time. Needs to hear from foxy ladies 18-40 with photo. Will answer all and return letter and photo. Come on, girls, give me some help doing this down time. Michael T. Whitaker #317888, 2 Tank, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

28-year-old bro doin' 5 and could and would appreciate letters and photos from any considerate ladies out there. Scott Maynard, P.O. Box B-38134, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

W/m, 22, 6'1", 175 lbs, lookin' for serious-minded foxes to brighten up remaining days in the cage. Will be free in spring of '83. Michael "Grock" Gibson #151594, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Man, 30, doing time, would sure appreciate hearing from any women who genuinely care. For those who do, may the sun shine forever upon you. Alan Pierce c/o Millhaven Penitentiary, Box 280 Bath, Ontario, Canada.

I'm a Canadian lookin' for an American lady to drop a line and pic. Just finishing a fin and plan on coming south. All mail answered. Jerry Lanthier #0703, P.O. Box 2000, Agassiz, B.C., Canada V0M 1A0.

Righteous biker been down two years on a nickel. Good possibility of parole. Looking for that special lady to help me wake up on what I've been missing. All letters answered, those with pics first. Joe Richardson #305735, Hilltop Unit S-1A, 1500 State School Rd., Gatesville, Tex. 76528.

Hey, I really need some good-looking gal to correspond with. I'm currently serving seven and need to keep up on what's going on. All letters will be answered and I love pictures. Billy Ray Thurman #321114, 1500 State School Rd., Hilltop Unit, Gatesville, Tex. 76528.

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 you in 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)

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. (414) 261-8811. (107)

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)

Swingers accept singles! Wild swinging action for singles nationwide! Melinda (312) 274-9600 or write SSCD, Box 300-S, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (108)

45 rider-collector club forming: 2- and 3-wheelers. Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Contact Mangler, P.O. Box 560, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603. (107)

Easyriders collection, first issue through Nov. 1979. All like new. \$175. 1338 W. Maumee St. #148, Adrian, Mich. 49221. (107)

"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." Tatoo 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)

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

Rear belt drives, 74 and Sporty. Super-Max, Box 285, Gardena, Calif. 90247. (107)

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

Caroline: Your leaving like you did hurt me a lot. I guess you did what you had to do. Love you forever and always will. You know where I'm at if you ever need someone to turn to. Luther. (107)

Gentle country dude, 32, seeks phone calls from mellow mountain mamas 18-38. Steve (702) 882-7725. No collect calls. (107)

Easyriders collection for sale. All issues, 1-103, except these eleven: 5, 14, 15, 17, 61, 69, 73, 74, 78, 79, 94. All in primo shape in plastic, with two ER binders. \$250, or might trade for good band saw or drill press. Denver. Phone (303) 466-6961. (107)

Doing 99 and need to hear from old friends and any ladies young or old. Write James I. (Dresser Jim) Durham #315509. Wynne Unit B2-3-11, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (107)

Harley stationery—Classic eagle design. A righteous gift for your ol' lady or man. Each order includes 20 printed sheets, 20 plain sheets, 20 envelopes. No long waits; most orders mailed day received. \$4.95. Cee Bee, Box 12632, San Diego, Calif. 92112. (108)

Ladies 21-30: Want to live on the coast in S.W. Oregon? I am a young retiree (38), blond hair, blue eyes, 5'11 1/2", 185 lbs., who needs a good ol' lady to put in the wind on the roads of Oregon this summer. No kids. Send photo and letter to Crazy George, Rt. 1, Box 1465, Bandon, Ore. 97411. (107)

Downed bro doing seven yrs. in this Texas prison. Coming up for parole soon. Would like to hear from some together women, especially Orientals. Will answer all. If can, send photo. I'm 29, 6'1", 175 lbs., hazel eyes, dark blond hair. Send to Larry York #308680, O.T. #15, Wynne Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (107)

T.C.: Happy birthday! This lady with the 6 ft. of leg wants to straddle your saddle and wrap her legs around you forever. May you be happy and ride free. I love you. C.C. (107)

New York: Point Lookout, April 25. Cross Island MC field meet at Point Lookout Park. Donation \$4. Fun and games on your motorcycle. Contact Barry August (516) 826-3436. (107)

Wild Bill's Tattooing, Roseville, Calif. By appointment only. (916) 783-9090. (107)

Wanted: Schematic for Trident T160. Throwing basket together, would like to correspond with owners of same. Greg, P.O. Box 933, Bensenville, Ill. 60106. (107)

In memory of our brother, "Splash," killed 11/1/81. At least you lived to fulfill your dream. May you always be proud and ride forever in the wind on those golden highways of Harley Heaven. We all love and miss you! Frito, Brandy, and all your brothers and sisters of Fate's Assembly MC. (107)

Doin' time and goin' to school, this college gal is no one's fool. She plays guitar and sings a bit, and writes some songs that just won't quit. Auburn haired, with eyes of green, wants someone who'll make it seem he's by my side, hand in hand. Please write to me if you're that man. Nikki Lee Diamond, 12510 Barneburg #1011, Frontera, Calif. 91720. (107)

Extremely disabled vet needs your immediate help. Have four children and no wife. The VA won't help, and I desperately need help. Please write to Cliff Conn, P.O. Box 50579, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303. Critical. (109)

Wanted: Nude photos of ladies. Photographer needs nude model, must travel, good pay. Photos to Jimmy Frame, P.O. Box 137, Tillery, N.C. 27887. (107)

Ladies: Russian will ride again. All letters answered. Send photos. Munch ya by mail. C'mon, it's lonely here. Write now, ride later. John Tkacz #15954, Box 607, Carson City Nev. 89701-0607. (107)

N.Y. white lady, 27, 5'7" tall, long blond hair, would like to be in the wind on a Harley this summer, and some partyin'. "Sundown" K., 39 Brookside Ave., Valley Cottage, N.Y. 10989. (107)

Mouse: Happy 1st anniversary 5/23/82. I hope we are riding high together for 100 more. Love always, Lyn. (107)

Erotic panties for ol' lady, No. 12 ("Paramour"). Cover her tender joy spot with sheer red satin pouch with black lace trim. It's the briefest bikini made and comes off in a jiffy when the tie on the side is pulled. \$12. No. 21 ("Risque"). This brief garment has a reputation for putting new life into limp romances. It's a romance romper with an open crotch and comes with a matching beaded bra, \$12. No. 11 ("Play Panties"). A wispy nothing with a split crotch for special evenings. Her fun spot is ready for any action you may have in mind. \$10. No. 14 ("Be Mine"). Delightfully indecent, this extremely brief, open-crotch bikini pantie lets everything show. The opening at the crotch is carefully contrived to arouse and captivate. \$10. No. 15 ("Sweet Nothing"). This little nothing number is one of our most popular. Guys go ape over it because it looks great on any public mound. Heart-shaped, it's an all-lace G-string. \$12. The above are all available in black or red with black trim. One size fits all. Any of the above is sent to you C.O.D. with a 50-percent cash deposit. Send all orders to Bikers' Candy Store, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (125)

He-Bear, Happy belated (12-17-81). You're still down, but we're not out. Hopefully by the time of this rag, and our 1st meet, you will be. Till then, I love you. I am with you, Queen-Princess Kitten. (107)

Randy: Happy birthday (2/14) to my sweet and sexy ol' man. I pray that nothing will ever come between us again. I live only to be yours and to keep you happy forever. Please, baby, don't give up on us. Love you always and forever. Your lady, Annette. (107)

W/m, 31, 5'7", 180 lbs. Biker from the start. I'm peace-loving intelligent, employed, and steady. Would like to meet a lady, 25 or 30, cute, smart, and mildly ambitious. No libbers. In the immortal words of what's-her-name; we've got too much to do to be fighting about who's in the driver's seat. Shag, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (107)

Big Bird: Happy 30th. Love you forever and always. Butterfly. (107)

CJ; JAC: In Army, at Denver. It's best that we are apart. Do what is best, which is not always the easiest. DLK, Festus. Mo. (107)

To a brother, Dee Lawson, which there will never be no other. Riding crazy and free. May you ride up in the sky as free as you can be. We love you, brother, Deviants MC & Hobbs America. (107)

Wanted: 6'3", white male, 200-215, age 32-43, dk. br. hair, dk. br. eyes, ruddy complexion, hairy chest, great sense of humor a must in my business. Must own a good, dependable Harley. Must appreciate everything, including a 5'5", strong-willed, aggressive woman. Size 12/13, dk. hair, dk. eyes, and an 11-year-old son who golfs, racquetballs, fishes, bikes, shoots pool. His mom rides her own '82 dresser. No jaded, pill-popping drug nuts need answer. No alcoholics, no lazy-ass slob, No bullshit. D.P., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (107)

Wanted: One-man woman, good- looking a must. Send picture. Be willing to relocate. P.O. Box 2624, Delray Beach, Fla. 33444. (107)

Harry: Happy birthday, 2-21-55. Hope it was a good one. Still missing you and loving you. Maybe we can get it together again someday. We'll always love you. Your ex ol' lady, Julie and kids, Justin, Sherri, and Carrie. (107)

Continued on next page

Choppershopper

Continued from page 81

Donna: Friendship's forever. There's no way out, bitch. Luv ya, crazy burn-out Betty. (107)

"Survival knives" (40+ pages) catalogue, \$2/airmailed. Selectline Box 391ERX, P.C., Hawaii 96782-0391. (107)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$2 brings photos. Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (107)

Issues 19-29, and 32-104, inclusive. 5 Easyriders binders. "In the Wind" 1-6, and 1 copy of Trash. Best offer. Ed (412) 423-6620. (107)

Harley friends, one and all, come see Ray "Omar the Divine" Anez's complete headshop! Head Trader Too, 5827 Lee Hwy., Chant., Tenn. 37421. Free coffee to Harley riders. (107)

To the lady of my life, Barbara, my wife. I will always love you till the wheels fall off. Forever and a day. "Big Daddy" Pirate. Happy anniversary 6-22-82. (107)

Jim, Marylyn, Kathie, Robert, Bill, or Mike. I went to find you and you weren't there. Write, get in touch. I miss you. Barney c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (107)

Two scooter bros doin' time, need white girls to help us through. Gary "Easy" "Evangel" C-22291 #8186, Louis "Lewd" Locks C-20748 #8159, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0001. (107)

Steve: Our friend, we miss you. Till we ride again! (Dr. Rich), (Wild Bill). (107)

Odin lives: If you're a sincere follower of the Germanic god of war, wisdom and magic, if you're a biker who's in the wind, if you believe that the biker lifestyle best expresses the Germanic spirit, if you're tired of political groups that pretend to be religious, if you're tired of dictatorial secret societies that pretend to be biker brotherhoods, if you want to work, worship, ride, and party with others like you, and if you live anywhere in the U.S., you may find it worth your while to send your handle and mailing address to S. Harbard, Box 1308, 2000 Center St., Berkeley, Calif. 94704. (107)

Attention, Ross Nelson: Feb 1st, happy 10th anniversary for you and your pan. Fans rule. Bobby, Mo. and the Albanians. (107)

White dude, 23, doing time, needs chicks to write. Send photo. Write to Greg Moeller, 85930 W.L.A. Box 11401, Yardville, N.J. 08620. (107)

W/m, 26, Gemini, seeking lady for livin' and lovin'. C.C., Box 177, Independence, Kans. 67301. (107)

Brad: We are going to have good times scootin' together. I love you forever. Anne Marie. (107)

Cash paid for used biker clothing. Jeans, boots, socks, drawers—anything. Send name and address for information. T. Perdue, 216-B E. Glendale Ave., Alexandria, Va. 22301. (107)

Grubby: As beautiful as a rose, and as everlasting as its fragrance. You've made a dream come true! I love you. Michael, Judy, Joni, fuck off, Linda. (107)

Tryin' to find a bro I lost contact with. Send a line to me. Pony. Michael L Brown, 110 W. 19th., K.C., Mo. 64108. (107)

Joni: Happy birthday, babe, 6/30. Thanks for the best year I've ever had. But the best is yet to come, 6/26. I hope it will be a long and strong life together. Love you forever. Pig Pen. (108)

Two downed tramps interested in foxy babes. Who loves ya, babe, you're beautiful. Write Orland Allen and La Ron McKinley, Box 661, Waupun, Wis. 53983. (107)

Mellowed-out biker, white male, 33, hard-working man into photos of Harleys and art. Looking for a sexy and attractive woman with a good heart. 18-30, for permanent relationship. Will accept one small child. Serious one-man woman only. Rod West, Sky-Vw-Apt. 5, 4824 Samuel Blvd., Mesquite, Tex. 75149. (107)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets. Expert instructions, valuable tips. 71 pages, \$19.95. Tattooer, Box 242-U, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (107)

Beautiful Mexican-Oriental ladies needing American husbands. Free details, photos. World Box 685-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (107)

Mr. Wizard (Chuck): I love you. Happy birthday! New Year's Eve was the finest ever. Lady Bug (Nat). (107)

Biker, 35, seeks ladies in No. Calif. for partying. Mike, P.O. Box 565, Little River, Calif. 95456. (107)

Nelson: Happy birthday, #1, 3/28/82. Love ya. Knucklehead Fred. (107)

Wanted: Easyriders 1-42. Must be in good condition. Neely, Box 431, Walnut, Calif. 91789. (107)

Want to buy the record "Hot Barrycuda", new or old. Please write to Per Joa, Hollen 4633, Norway. (107)

Flash, (G.L.M.) Still love you, want you, and need you. Please come home, Bear. Same place, same phone. C. & Thor. (107)

Tobey: Happy belated birthday 3/22/82. Hope we're together forever. Luv ya, Diana. (107)

Putts-Poon-Tats-Tits Giant uncensored photo posters, from your returned photos, drawings, cutouts! Anything goes! Guaranteed quality. B&W: 2 x 3 foot, \$12. Color (Kodak heavy paper) 20" x 30", \$29—16" x 20", \$25. No slides, negatives. We pay UPS. Send name, street address. Send to RVC, Box 551, Warrington, Pa. 18976. (107)

Indian monkey wrench \$1,000. Contact T.C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (107)

Hey, Nancy from ER's Jan, issue of the Ol' Lady Contest. It's the "Kink"—drop me a line. M. McDonald, 2208 Foothill S.W., Albuquerque, N.M. 87105. (107)

Snotty Scottie: Happy birthday! I love you only. Garbo. (107)

Lynette Spaggetti: God rides a Harley and someday you, will too! Happy birthday. With love, your sister. (107)

Boo Boo: Happy birthday, honey, 4-24-82. I'll always love you, Tiny. (107)

Continued on page 126

FLICK-A-HIGH™

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

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
\$19.95



PIPE

POOL CUE
INSIDE CANE
\$49.95

\$24.95

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.



MOTORCYCLE MILESTONES

One of the most unusual contraptions ever devised was the ill-fated Cycle-Bus, created by a little-known, unemployed mechanic, Gus Mobius. This turkey was doomed to failure from the start, despite Gus's catchy slogan, "Next time, take the Cycle-Bus and leave the driving to Gus."

Gus blamed the poor highways for his

record of never having completed a trip. However, most experts believe that a combination of poor management and false advertising led to Gus's being jailed for fraud, thus putting an end to this wild idea of a nationwide Cycle-Bus system. Needless to say, after serving his time, Gus caught on as a technical adviser for *Easyriders* until his death by strangulation in 1932.

1982 SALE

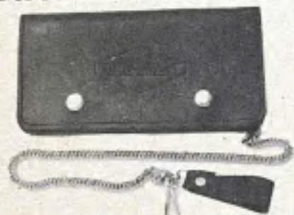
No charge for postage and handling, except for overseas.

ALL NEW CATALOG \$2.00 Scooter Wallet

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

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

Trucker Wallet



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

Bikers' Buck Knife



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

Silver Pendants



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

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 85¢ postage and handling.

I.R.S. Limited, P.O. Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91362
California residents add 6% for the man.
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.

Daytona Run

Continued from page 39

either. We'd just ride till we couldn't take any more and then roll off, try to warm up, and do it again. There ain't nothin' glamorous or magical about a thousand miles of that shit, let me assure you."

Mike didn't look quite convinced so I decided to give him the full benefit of all my experience. I snagged the bottle, took a long swill to finish it, and started to really lay it on.

"In the old days, I guess there was a kind of magic. It was Harley Heaven and we were all young and fulla juice. . .like you are now. And the women. . .man, they were all sweet and willing and the booze and dope were cheap. The sun always shined around Speed Week time, even up here, and I swear it seemed like you could ride in nothin' but a tattoo once ya got south of the Blue Ridge. . .and even the bikes were better then. Hell, they just didn't break down and if they did, ya could fix 'em with a pocket knife. But it ain't that way anymore, Mike. . .if it ever really was. . ."

The kid kinda shook his head and gaped over at his mud-spattered Harley. "I just want to do it right. That's all. I mean, this is my first long run. . .my first year at Daytona. I just want to be a part of it for real, not play at it, you know?"

"Daytona's different now, okay? It ain't like it was in the old days. Nothin' is. A lotta bros quit goin'. The cops went a little crazy. I mean one guy I used to work with went down in '80 and got a ticket for no

chain guard. . .on a fuckin' BMW! Hell, I hear they even outlawed topless dancin' this year. It ain't the same anymore, Mike, and you can ride in the rain and cold till yer dork falls off and it won't change a thing but your sex life. Let's just go down there and enjoy what's left, huh?"

"Ah fuck! You're right. I was just born too late, I guess!"

"We both were, little brother. . .we both were."

We spent the rest of the evening getting the bikes loaded on my old pickup and packing up the little odds and ends ya always fool yourself into thinkin' you have to have. After that, we went upstairs for some chow and sat around talkin' about all those old days that he'd missed and I'd just barely got in on. He wanted to hear all about it, so I told him. Maybe I embellished it a little, but then that's one of the privileges ya get when you become an old vet.

I told him about the time we rode down in shirt-sleeves and rode back through snow so bad we had to rope the tires of those old Triumphs. And about the time I'd practically sold my ass to buy an old, fleece-lined leather flight suit at the army-navy store so I could ride to the sunny south in style, and then busted my leg and couldn't get the damn thing on over the cast. I even drug out the old one about how we ran over the tractor trailer recap in the dark on I-95 South and put a whole bunch of bikes airborne at 75 mph.

After a while we ran out of Turkey and I ran out of Daytona stories. We bedded the kid down on the couch and me and the ol' lady

Easyriders



"I see a tall, dark, beautiful woman in your future. She may or may not hire you."

sauntered back to the bedroom to say our pre-Daytona goodbyes. In the old days it would have taken us all night; but let's face it, we're both gettin' on in years. It only took a coupla hours till she was ready for some sleep and I was prowlin' through the icebox, lookin' for somethin' to eat. It kinda reminded me of the way things were when we first took up serious fuckin'.

I sat down with some leftover chili and the last few beers in the house and got to thinkin' about Mike, and ridin' and all the old friends, dead, down, or partied out. All my serious riding partners were gone and right then, I just didn't feel like breaking in any new meat.

As usual after goin' a few rounds with the ol' lady, I was in no mood to sleep so I grabbed a couple of spare beers and wandered around the house looking for memories. The garage was full of them. Ten-year-old bikin' magazines, old flat-trackin' trophies, beer cartons piled full of greasy scooter parts, and even some old pictures on the walls — pictures of old friends who had helped make a religion out of life in the wind.

Sorting through some of that old shit, I came across that raunchy leather flight suit I'd told the kid about. It had been wadded up into a ball and stuffed down in the bottom of a box of old Beezer parts left over from my limey days. The leather was stiff and the fleece lining smelled like 40-weight Castrol in a few places, but the damn thing was really in pretty good shape.

Just for somethin' to pass the time, more than anything else, I popped open a can of saddle soap, lathered up and began to clean up the scuffed brown leather. As I polished and softened the old suit, I thought about what I'd sacrificed to pay for the damn thing. It probably had a lot of stories to tell, but I wouldn't be in 'em 'cause I'd never even worn it. Seemed like after my broken leg screwed up that trip, we had just gotten in the habit of hauling the bikes down. And lately, we didn't even bother to go. Like the kid said, everybody just quit ridin'. Then he'd showed up lookin' for somebody to ride with.

It wasn't long before I had the ol' suit lookin' pretty much the way it had when I bought it. Ready to fly up over the Channel and fight the Battle of Britain. . . or maybe make the long, cold ride over the Blue Ridge to Daytona.

I folded the suit and draped it



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 takes a longer look.

So get on the stick and treat yourselves to some righteous sightseeing in bandit black and rogue red.

Mail To:

EASYRIDERS TUBE TOPS

P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Qty	U.S.	Canada	Foreign	Cost	Total
	\$7.95	\$9.95	\$11.95		

Prices listed above include cost of postage and handling. Foreign orders shipped air mail. Please make payable in U.S. currency only. Thank you.

Sub

Total \$

Calif.

Tax. 6% \$

Total \$

Name _____

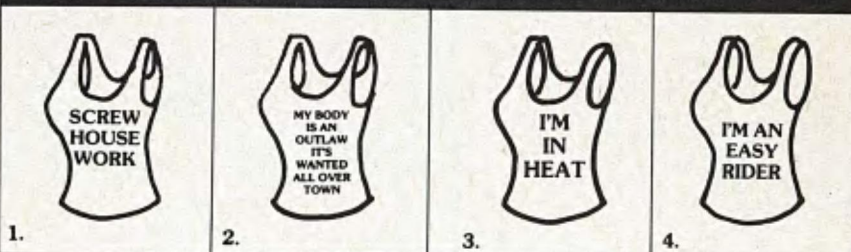
Address _____

City _____

State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____

Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax. Please print your name and address on coupon to avoid errors. Thank you.

Under New Ownership



5. I LOVE TO BOOGIE. 6. IF IT SMELLS GOOD, EAT IT. 7. I'M EATABLE. 8. HEAD HUNTER. 9. LOOKIN' FOR 10 POUNDS OF SWINGIN' MEAT. 10. I SATISFY. 11. LUNCH HERE. 12. DO IT TO IT. 13. I LOVE TO PUTT, SUCK & FUCK. 14. LIQUOR UP FRONT, POKER IN THE REAR. 15. HARLEY RIDERS WANTED, INQUIRE WITHIN. 16. I'M HIS BECAUSE HE GIVES GOOD FACE. 17. MOTORCYCLE MAMA. 18. SHOW ME YOUR DICK. 19. HOT & JUICY. 20. NO PUTT NO BUTT. 21. HARLEY RIDERS OL' LADIES DO EVERYTHING BETTER AND LOOK BETTER DOIN' IT. 22. I'M EQUIPPED WITH GENUINE HARLEY TITS & ASS — MADE OF PROPER MATERIALS MADE TO SHAKE PERFECTLY — GUARANTEED SATISFACTION. 23. YOU TOUCH MY TITS I'LL BUST YOUR BALLS. 24. A MAN'S PLACE IS ON MY FACE. 25. DON'T ASK ME, I'M JUST A DUMB CUNT.

Colors: Black, Yellow, Light Blue, and Royal. Sizes: S, M, L (and XL for \$1.00 more). Also available in ladies' french-cut tops (same sizes and colors) for \$9.50 each (\$10.50 for XL). Send size, color and wording wanted along with payment to: **BIKERS' CANDY STORE**, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. Allow 4-6 weeks for personal checks to clear.*

*Outside U.S.A., please send money order (U.S. funds) for shirt price plus \$2.50 for additional shipping and handling.

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.
—\$25.50

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

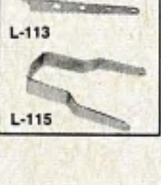


All prices include postage & handling. Calif. residents add 6%. No C.O.D.'s. Allow six weeks on personal checks.

Dealer inquiries invited.

onesome MFG

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



over the tailgate of my truck to keep Old Dog from curlin' up in it. I rubbed his scruffy neck just to hear him growl, finished the last of my brew, and went back upstairs. Crawling under the sheets beside the ol' lady, I fell asleep thinking about old friends and old times and ended up dreaming something weird about monks and deserts and shit.

I got up early like I always did before a run. By the time Mike came down, I already had the bikes out on the frosted lawn. My Super Glide was packed and ready to roll. His gear was piled beside his scooter, waiting to be loaded. If you looked closely, you could see a fine dusting of grainy dry snow gathering on the seats and packs.

The kid rubbed sleep from his eyes and looked first at the empty pickup bed and then out the open garage door to where I stood beside the scooters in the pre-dawn darkness. Mike didn't say anything. He just grinned, zipped up his jacket, and started loading his gear for the run. Fifteen minutes later, we were in the bitter wind.

We topped the Blue Ridge about noon and started that long slide down the coast. I kept seein' things outta the corners of my eyes. Jimmy. . . Eli. . . the Bugman. . . Mad Dog. At one time or another they all rode shotgun while I led the kid south.

I must have made a pretty comical sight, all decked out in my fleeced leather suit, smelling like saddle soap and Wild Turkey, 'cause the smile stayed frozen on the kid's face all the way to the beach. Then again, it could have just been the cold.

To tell ya the truth, I never noticed. ■



"Mildred, I've given the matter a lot of thought and I've decided to become a sexual deviant."

Moving?

ATTACH YOUR MAILING LABEL 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.

(If possible print old address here)

MAIL TO EASYRIDERS
P.O. Box 1050
Agoura, Calif. 91301

PRINT NEW ADDRESS HERE

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

We feed the American mind. Take a bite.



Consider for a moment. Your body needs nourishment about three times a day. But your mind has an insatiable appetite. It's the world's first and still our most intricate computer. It senses. And it absorbs. From the printed word, for example. Meaningful ideas, concepts, thoughts.

You'll find magazines and paperback books at 155,000 stores all across this land. We think they're the kind of nourishment you need. More and more.

Bite into some good reading today.

DELL D. 04360

\$2.95

Number Twelve

£ 2.10

Jammer's

Handbook



**YOU'LL
LOVE IT!**

**On Sale
At Your Favorite
Newsstand**



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"

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 \$8.00, 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.

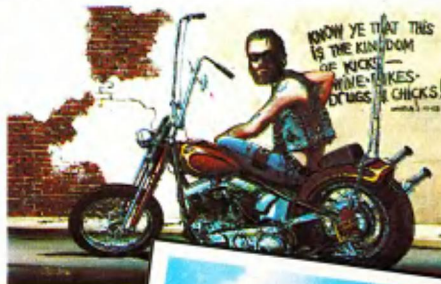
M-11
"Easyriders Forever"



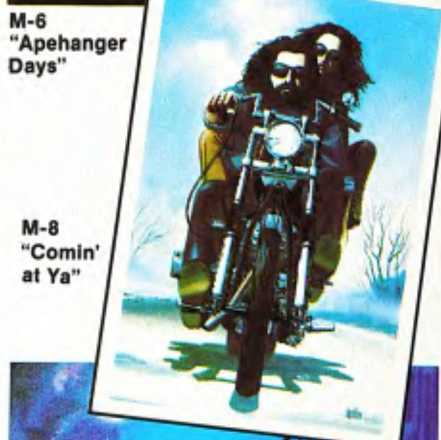
M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-13 "Won't Start"



M-6
"Apehanger Days"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"

EASYRIDERS POSTERS,

P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Enclosed is \$_____ for the posters indicated below.

@ \$4.00 each. Four for \$12.95

(Plus \$1.00 postage and mailing tube on orders under \$8.00)

☐ 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"

Facin' It

Continued from page 40

My wan-faced mother, looking a lot older than her fifty-four years, sat dully in a waiting-room chair with an expression of mute despair on her face. I eased my smelly, filthy carcass into the chair beside her, putting one of my travel-dirtied paws around her shoulder.

"She won't tell us," Mom said, her voice quavering. "Debra refuses to tell who did it!"

"Did what, Mom?" I asked gently.

"Attacked her. Beat her up. Beat the poor child half to death!" Her face dropped into her hands, her shoulders convulsing as she cried softly. I just sat there, holding her and feeling the first faint flickers of rage igniting in my gut. After a few moments, Mom got herself under control, raising a tear-stained face. "She absolutely refuses to tell anyone — the doctors, the nurses, the policemen, even her own mother — what happened or who did this to her!"

I looked at my Mom directly, eyeball-to-eyeball, seeing the good person whose rotten husband had deserted her and her kids when I had been about ten, Debra about a year old. She had done her best for us, raising us according to what she believed was right. She worked like ten slaves to keep us fed, clothed, and housed until I was old enough to get crappy jobs and help out. We'd had our differences of opinion. She wasn't exactly thrilled with my love for bikes and the people I rode with, but she accepted my right to be whatever I am. Anybody who hurt my kid sister had hurt my mother. That shit wasn't going down without some action from me — balls-out payback and then some.

"Debra will tell me," I promised her. "But, first, you're gonna have a steak sandwich and some hot coffee with me, and then you're gonna go home and get some sleep."

She nodded, wiping her eyes.

An hour later, having put my mother into a cab and having gotten permission from a cold-eyed nurse to see my sister briefly, I walked carefully into the room where the kid lay on the sterile sheets. Standing beside her, I studied the battered face partially swathed in bandages. Ordinarily, Debra is a pretty girl. Now she looked grotesque, like raw meat pounded and smashed until it turned purplish-black, her mouth a swollen, shapeless slit and the delicate planes of her features blurred in the discolored, puffy mask that some sadistic mutha had created

WE'LL TAKE ON ANYBODY IN LEATHER.

And beat the pants off'em. Because we're the only company that makes leathers only for bikers. So we have to know what goes into good biking leathers. And we put features on our clothes nobody else does. Look for us at top bike dealers only.

BROOKS
LEATHER SPORTSWEAR, INC.

14511 W. 11 Mile Road
Oak Park, Mich. 48237

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.



RIGHTIOUS

Products Box 361, Seal Beach, Cal. 90740

The T-Shirt that says it all!

BLOOD AND IRON



If you've been there you know what it's all about.

Multicolor photo silk-screen
Finest quality T-Shirts (Black only)
Specify quantity & size (S,M,L,XL)

ONLY \$8.95 EACH

Includes postage & handling
Calif. residents add .54% sales tax.
Send check or money order to:

P.O. Box 1175

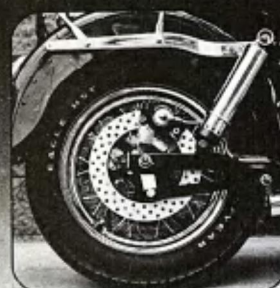
El Granada, CA 94018

Allow 4-6 weeks delivery Fully guaranteed

K-SIDE ENTERPRISES

Go-fast Harleys Need Stop-fast Brakes

ELIMINATE RATTLING, DRAGGING, DISC GOUGING HARLEY STOCK DISC BRAKES. REPLACE THEM WITH PERFORMANCE MACHINE DUAL ACTION, NON-FLOATING CALIPER DISC BRAKE SYSTEM.



11R Rear Disc Brake System
for HD74 & Sportster



Performance
Machine, Inc.

15520 Illinois Ave.
P.O. Box 927
Paramount, Ca. 90723
Dept. 73

(213) 634-6532
Catalog \$2.00



11D Front Disc Brake System
for HD Wide Glide



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.

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.



Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Products,

Box 361, Seal Beach, CA 90740

Canadian and foreign orders: Payment must be made in the form of an International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. currency. (Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

with his lousy fists. According to the crisp-voiced nurse, Debra had broken facial bones, busted ribs, and internal injuries. Somebody, some gutless excuse for a man, had nearly punched her out for good. All I wanted right now was his name. Just the fucker's name, if my little sister knew it. I ain't much on prayer, but standing there looking at my abused sister's sickeningly crushed face, I silently prayed that she knew who had done this to her. Hell, I had to have a name, a description, something for a starting point.

Her unbandaged eye, barely more than a blackened, pus-filled pucker in that unholy mess of a face, opened and stared up at me.

"Who did it, Debra?" I whispered. Silence.

"Sis, this is Willy. This is your big brother, honey. If you know who did it, fer crissakes, just tell me his name. That's all. Just give me a name." I winced at the pleading, wheedling tone of my own voice.

More silence.

"I won't get off yer case until I know. Somehow. I got this gut feeling ya do know, that it wasn't some rapist, some stranger ya never saw before."

The wounded eye closed, then opened again.

I knelt beside the bed, awkwardly getting down on my fucking knees and hoping none of the nurses would enter the room and catch me like that. A slim hand, trembling and mottled with bruises, crept painfully across the sheets, lightly touching my bearded face.

"Ya gotta tell me, Debra," I said thickly. "Ya owe it to Mom. Ya owe it to me."

The lipless, swollen maw opened slightly.

I bent closer toward her, listening hard.

"Gr-Grudd," she panted.

"Grudd? Y'mean Grudd the Stud? Stan Grudd, fer God's sakes? Him?"

"H-Him," she said, passing out.

Clumsily getting to my feet, I hunted up the nurse, telling her my little sister had relapsed into unconsciousness. I paced a waiting-room carpet, smoking one damned cigarette after another, trying to figure out what I should do next. Like find Grudd and dust the sacka slime? Or just cripple the bastard for life? I knew he'd be carrying a piece. He might or might not be ready and expecting me. The more I tried thinking calmly, the more confused my fuckin' mind became. Finally, I decided I'd better relax in a hot shower; that might revive me. It had been a long day — about two hundred-eighty miles of riding

HEAVY WEIGHT!

HAWG STUFF



Fenders: #1) Mounts on 73' later FX, Sporty, Honda, Kaw, etc. Plastic. \$29.95. #2) Clamps on tube type ft. ends. Plastic. \$19.95. #3) Clamps on springers & girders. Plastic. \$19.95. #4) Sportster original style for pre 73' tallight. Steel. \$44.95. #5) Sportster bobbed. Steel. \$44.95. #6) FX bobbed. Steel. \$44.95. #7) FX without light mount. Steel. \$44.95. #8) FX stock. Steel. \$44.95. #9) Fiberglass bobbed. \$44.95. #10) Arlen Ness tallight fender. Fiberglass. \$36.95. #11) Arlen Ness Slimline fender. Fiberglass. \$36.95. #12) Arlen Ness fatbob license plate fender. Fiberglass. \$44.95. #13) Clamp on type. Steel. \$24.95. #14) Univ. ft. Steel. \$14.95. #15) Univ. ft. Steel. \$15.95. #16) Wide Glide ft. Steel. \$39.95. #17) 6" flat flare. Steel. \$24.95. #18) 6" flat. Steel. \$12.95. #19) 5" flat. Steel. \$12.95. #20) 3 1/2" flat. Steel. \$9.95. #21) 74' & 80 Swing Arm. \$49.95. Rigid fatbob left or right. \$39.95. #22) Sleek fatbob left or right. \$24.95. #23) Old style 6" rib fender. \$19.95. #24) Arlen Ness 6" skirted digger fender. \$69.95. #25) Early Sporty. \$34.95. #26) 73' up FX & Sporty. \$34.95. #27) 73' up FX, Sporty bobbed. \$34.95.



Rails & Trim: A) Chrome fatbob sissy bar, square or round. \$54.95. B) Rigid rear flat fender support. Plain. \$14.95, Chrome. \$19.95. C) 3 piece univ. ft. fender mounts. Chrome. \$19.95. D) Univ. chrome fender clamps. \$2.50 ea. E) Arlen Ness fender rails fits Sportster's or FX. \$49.95. F) FX replacement shocks. \$129.95. FLH with chrome covers (not shown). \$139.95. G) Struts fits Sportsters & FX specify 12" or 13". \$34.95. H) Ft. fender trim for FX & Sporty type. Brass. \$17.95. Chrome. \$18.95. I) Rear fender trim for fatbobs. Brass. \$17.95. Chrome. \$18.95.

Tailites: Lite up yer hogs ass. A) Side mt. \$19.95. B) Bee Hive. \$44.95. C) Early Sportster. \$24.95. D) License bracket. \$14.95. E) Ft. fender lite. \$19.95. F) Lucas style lite. \$5.95. G) Box lite. \$11.95. H) Fender mt. \$19.95. I) Tombstone. \$29.95. J) Univ. fender mt. \$21.95. K) Red running lite. \$6.95. L) Red running lite w/wings. \$7.95. M) Cateye tallight. \$20.95. N) Knight lite. \$11.95.

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

capped by tremendous emotional shock. If I could get my damned eyes to close, maybe a short nap would clear my head and keep me safer while hunting Grudd and dealing with the nasty, chickenshit fucker.

I went home, took the shower, and dried off. Pouring myself half a tumblerful of Jack Daniel's, I sat naked on the edge of my bed, sipping the whiskey, smoking, thinking, and finally dialing the unlisted number of our club's prez, Dewey Nelson.

"Yeah?" mumbled a sleepily irate Nelson.

Glancing at my watch, I saw it was now 2:00 a.m.

Quickly and apologetically, I identified myself and tersely described what had happened to my sister. Sticking strictly to the bare facts took no more than a minute or so.

"Okay," Nelson said, sounding more awake and less pissed. "I've got the picture, bro. So what's your plan?"

"I wanna handle this alone," I insisted.

"Is that sane, man?"

"I dunno. But it's not club business. No point in draggin' all the brothers into it, dig?"

A pause, then, "Okay, if that's the way ya wanna see it handled. But we're there if ya need us, y'know."

"I know — and thanks."

Concluding the conversation, I sprawled with my back against a pile of pillows, putting together what few things I actually knew about Grudd. He was a loner who rode solo. He had no visible means of support. He was just a guy about my size with sandy hair and a curly beard who drank in biker bars, rode an ancient flatty, and had kicked the living shit outta my helpless little hundred-pound sister.

I went over these facts again and again, hoping something helpful would pop out of my tired mind. During that process, aided by most of the fifth of whiskey, I fell asleep.

Stopping by the hospital early the next morning, I was told that Debra was in a coma and I couldn't see her. As I was leaving, a young medic approached me as I waited for an elevator. Pulling me to one side, he studied my face for a couple of minutes without saying anything.

"What's on your mind, man?" I demanded.

"You're Debra Quinn's brother, aren't you?"

It's a Harley custom to back her up.

Lean on the classic Harley Sissy Bar with your choice of designs. Composite eagle insert shown mounted. Custom eagle shown on right.



Don't let your Harley down.

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

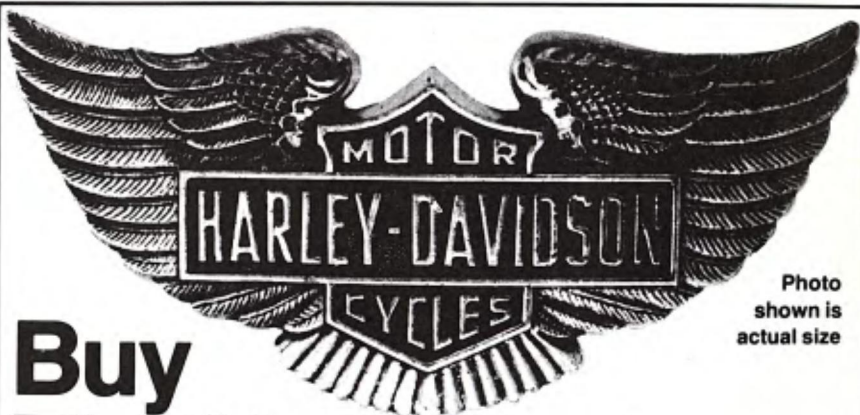


Photo shown is actual size

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!)



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.

I nodded.

"Then I think you should know she's a user."

I kept my face blank, even though the news was a punch and a half in my gut. "Oh, yeah? What kinda user?"

"Heroin. She has a very large habit."

"Don't tell my mother," I said harshly, grimacing. "And thanks for cluing me. Will she be all right, otherwise?"

"In time, yes."

Leaving the hospital, my next stop was my mother's small house on West 40th Street. She looked better, less frantic. Over coffee and rolls, I asked: "Is Debra holding a job somewhere, Mom?"

Looking troubled, she shook her head. "No, and I'm not real crazy about the hours she's keeping. She dropped out of school last year. I can't talk her into going back. But she's given me no real trouble beyond those ungodly hours she keeps. It's just not good for a girl to live as erratically as that."

"You meet any of her dates?" I asked casually.

"No. She seems evasive about that — always leaves and returns by herself."

Padding the visit with some small talk after I'd changed the subject, I gave my mother the impression that everything was going to be just peachy-keen and back to normal, convincing her that I'd hand over to the heat any information I could get from my baby sister regarding her attacker.

Riding the scooter across town in the growing traffic, I faced another shitty fact — my sweet little school-girl sister was probably an accomplished whore who financed her smack habit by selling that gorgeous bod of hers. And I was reasonably fuckin' sure Grudd was tied into her habit and professional status. That certainty fed the rage in my belly. Sooner or later, my mother would have to know these ugly facts. But it might damn near kill her, because Debra had been the light of the old woman's life since I started biking. Now Mom would have to learn to live with less than she ever had before, so far as her kids' chosen lifestyles were concerned. Oh, I knew she'd forgive Debra. But Mom would never be quite the same again — another score I had to settle with Grudd.

It was then I decided to waste the mutha. Nothing public, nothing crude and visible. Maybe just force him to accompany me into a remote

It's a Harley custom to clear the air.

Dress up your engine with one of Harley's three new performance air cleaners. (Approved for off road use only on '78 and later models.)



Don't let your Harley down.

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



New

JUG MUG

For V-Twin Lovers



Heavy gloss black, kiln-fired ceramic mug. Authentic Harley cylinder size — holds a full quart!

\$12.95, plus \$3.50 for postage and boxing. Save money on a set of two. \$25.00, plus \$5.00 for postage and boxing (add \$6.00 on foreign orders).

Immediate shipping on orders paid with cash or money orders — U.S. currency only.

H.R.E. P.O. Box 1000, Westminster, CA 92683

Ride with the Lightning!

**MORRIS
MAGNETO**



**WANT MORE
RELIABILITY, LOOKS & POWER
FROM YOUR HARLEY?
BOLT ON A MORRIS—**

THE FINEST MONEY CAN BUY!

- now hotter sparking!
- no battery needed — prevent break-downs
- patented automatic advance mount for easy starting and no kickback
- eliminate your stock ignition — simplify your wiring
- models for all H-D's

**DRAG RACERS: ASK ABOUT OUR
INJECTOR PUMP ADAPTERS**

Send For Free Catalog
MORRIS MAGNETOS INC.

103 Washington St., Morristown, NJ 07960
201-540-9171

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

area outside the city limits, where I'd blow the fucker to hell and gone. It wouldn't solve the smack and whorin' problems for the whole damn world, but it might save somebody else's baby sister from the needle and doing tricks to stay loaded.

In the first biker bar, I learned only that Grudd no longer drank there; but in the second bar I collected some fascinating information on the shithead. Perched on a bar stool, sipping the chilled suds, I watched the gabby, hard-faced cunt who was tending the empty bar. Her eyes had lit up when I entered the place. Now I gazed at my reflected image in the back mirror, deciding the crazy broad was turned on by guys with scarred faces, flattened noses, and beady eyes, because that's what gazed back at me from the tarnished mirror.

"Grudd's downright crazy, y'know," she said, dumping fresh ice behind the bar. "S'posed to been that way since he was a kid. Some say he drove his ma to the nut-house. But this dude Jack, from Amarillo I think, said he'd heard his folks just up and disappeared so's to get away from him."

"Sounds like a real nut," I murmured.

"Yeah, and he talks to himself, too," she continued. "Bart went out the side door one night and heard Grudd carryin' on this whole damn conversation — only there wasn't nobody else out there. Maybe gettin' the clap too many times can make ya crazy."

"Maybe — is that one of his specialties?" I felt like pukin' at the thought of this clap-ridden bastard gettin' within a hundred miles of my sister. She used to be a righteous, stand-up gal, and my gut told me that he'd contributed a lot to her changin'.

"Ah, shit," the bitch hissed. "he's forever braggin' about how many times he's had the clap. And how he don't go to doctors fer it 'cause he's got this secret way of healin' diseases that he learned from some gypsy, fer crissakes!"

"A genuine mystic, huh?"

"A genuine bullshittin' asshole, baby! Gives me and some of the other girls the creeps whenever he so much as looks at us — and we're not exactly shy virgins, ya know! The way I hear it, that repulsive jerk actually has some dolls stashed somewhere. Peddles their asses and lives off the money those poor gals earn the sweaty, grunty way."

"And drinks in here regularly, right?"

MUTHA PATCH



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—whatever.

Anyway, it's 3 bucks, 3 inches in diameter, and black 'n' white.

Thanks,
Mutha



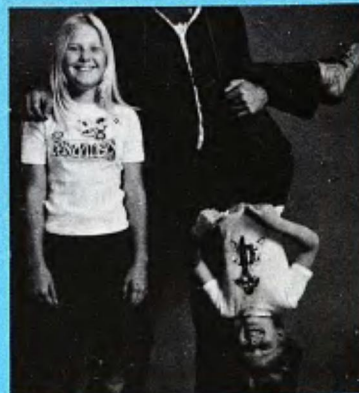
(U.S. Currency Only. Thank you)

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Products

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

Special Offer-Buy 5-Get 1 Free!

CAL METAL ART



CAL METAL ART

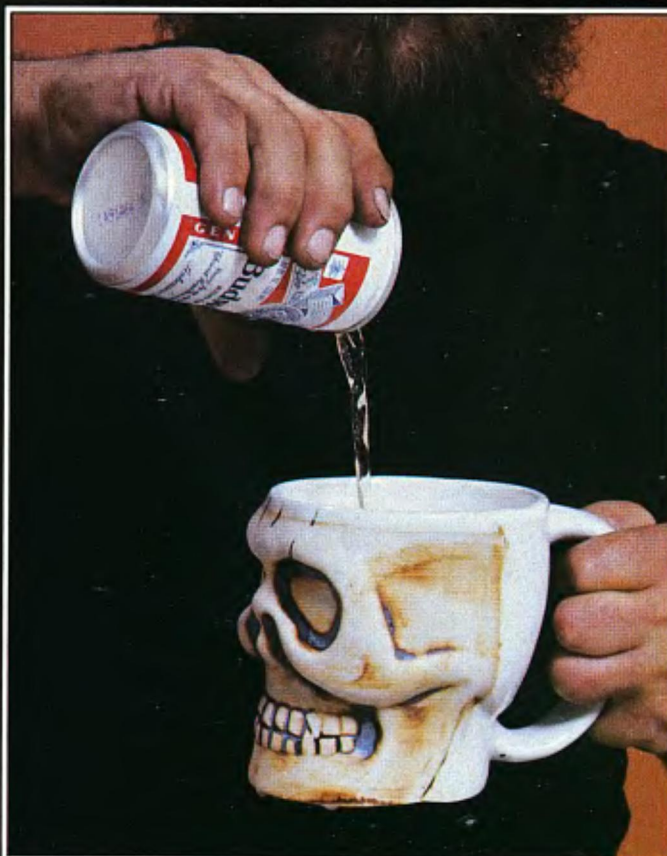
SEND YOUR ORDER TO:
CAL-METAL ART Co. P.O. Box 1038, Burbank, CA 91507

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED ON YOUR LETTERHEAD

#	#	#
#	#	#

Total Pins _____ X4.95 _____ plus 1.50 Postage
7.00 CANADA/9.00 FOREIGN. WE PAY FREIGHT.
WHEN ORDERING: Please specify quantity, part number and amount
enclosed. Calif. residents add 6%. Send \$1.00 for WW1 & WW2
Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear. Authentic Original Replicas Catalog



Finest Quality, Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mug.

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

\$13.95 each includes postage and handling

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.

U.S. currency only. Thank you
California residents add 6% tax.

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.

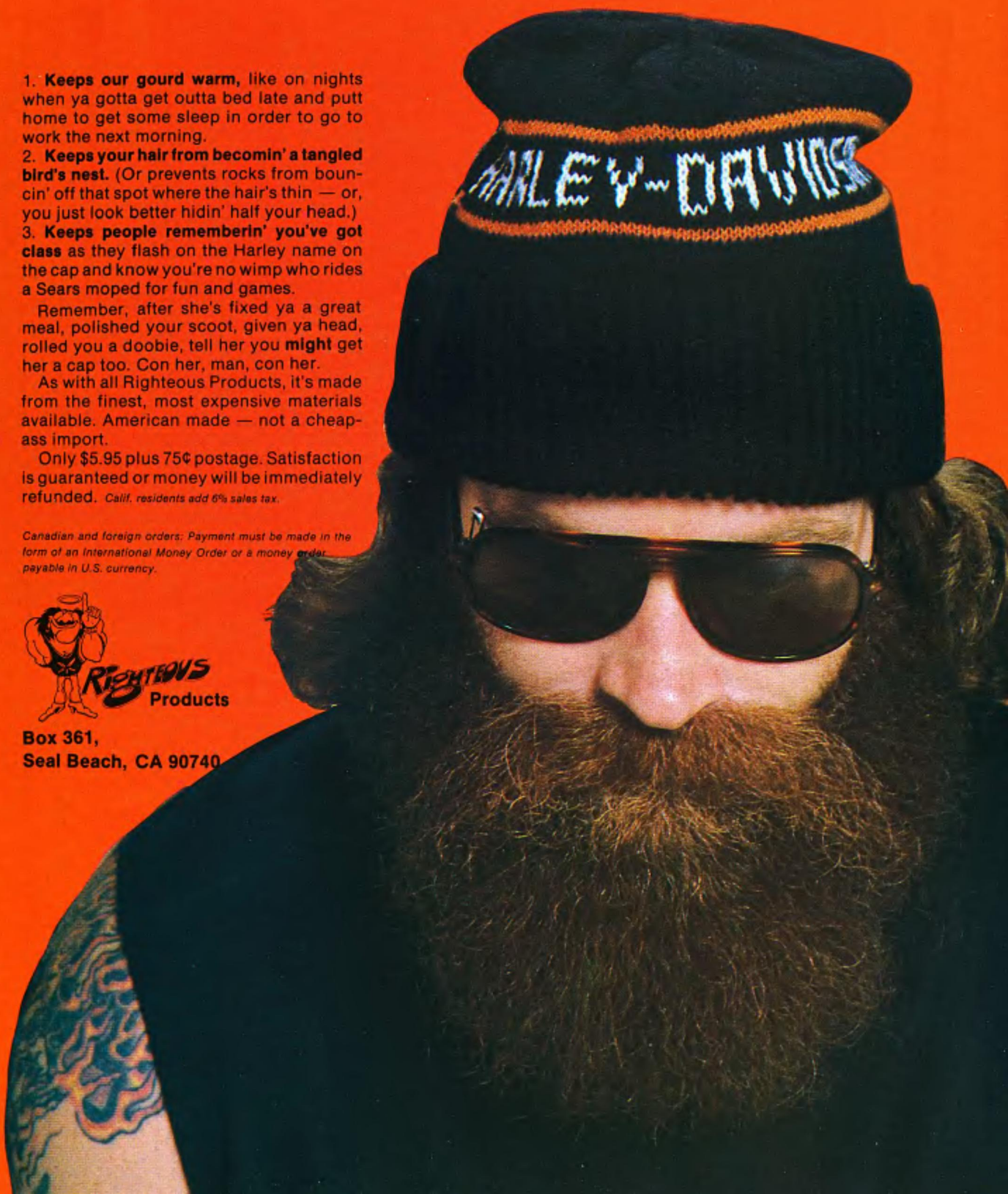
Only \$5.95 plus 75¢ postage. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded. *Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.*

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.



Products

Box 361,
Seal Beach, CA 90740



"Every fuckin' night, man. Listen. I dig your type. How about we twist a few doobies at my place? I'm off at noon, see? And I live right across the street." Hunger glittered in her pale eyes. I was right — she craved scary-lookin' dudes like me. Didn't even hafta know them for any longer than it took their fucked-up faces to ignite her humpin' system.

"It's a date," I agreed. "Only, first I gotta do a small errand, hon. See you at noon. Uh, ya gonna keep your name a secret?"

"Helen," she said softly, running a moist tongue over her pouty, wet lips. "They call me Head-Lovin' Helen, and they're so right!"

I went home and picked up my piece, checking the loads in the deadly .22 revolver before shoving it into a specially-sewn, deep pocket on the inside flap of my left-hand vest front. That runty popper makes a lot less noise than the bigger iron and, if used properly, is just as reliable for killing anybody real dead. Locking my bike and chaining it to a water heater, I backed my clunker Ford pickup outta the garage, locked the doors, and returned to Helen's shabby cave just shortly after noon.

She had some fine Colombian, some weirdo wines I'd never heard of, and the most skilled tongue that ever caressed a hard-on. In fact, she was so damned good with it and obviously enjoyed her own lickin' technique so much, that I made it my business to see that her mouth was kept full all afternoon.

That was a lot better than listenin' to her fuckin' nasal voice. Just about the time she was in danger of developin' lockjaw, I rewarded her by throwing a hearty fuck into her tight little box — after which we both drifted into afternoon dozing. It was after dark when I finally awoke, refreshed and ready to go across the street and corner Grudd the Stud, soon to be Grudd the Dead Crud.

It wasn't going to be a teeth-clenching thing — just walk the slimy bastard to the truck, force him to drive out past Yellowhouse

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

Specify right- or left-handed

Cash, m.o. or
certified check.
Add 5¢ if cash.

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

HARLEY DAVIDSON SERVICE MANUALS



A



B



C



D



E

Harley-Davidson service manuals now available. Try our special offer, all five manuals for \$70. a savings of over \$12.

Send to: Paisano Service Manuals, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Letter	Item(s)	Qty.	USA	Canada	Foreign	Cost	Total
A	Panhead		\$17.00	\$19.00	\$25.00		
B	Knucklehead		\$17.00	\$19.00	\$25.00		
C	Spare parts		\$17.00	\$19.00	\$25.00		
D	45-Service		\$14.00	\$16.00	\$21.00		
E	K-Model		\$17.00	\$19.00	\$25.00		
F	All five		\$70.00	\$80.00	\$100.00		

Prices listed above include cost of postage and handling for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only, thank you.

Sub

Total \$

Calif.

Tax. 6% \$

Total \$

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State/Country _____

Zip/Zone _____

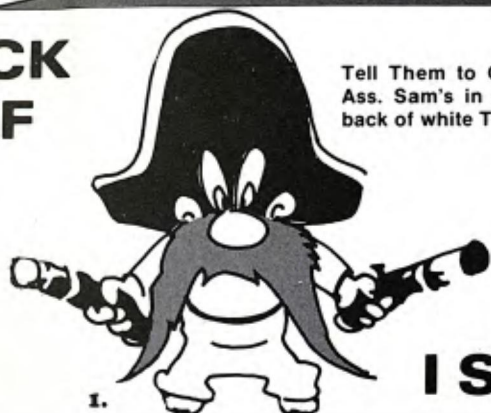
Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Dealer inquiries invited.



Easyriders

Under New Ownership Sam's Dirty Shirts

BACK OFF



Tell Them to Get Off Your Ass. Sam's in full color on back of white T-shirt.

I SAY



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



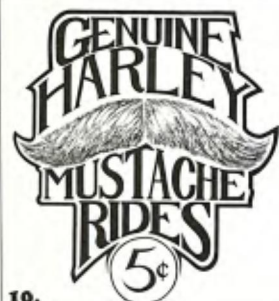
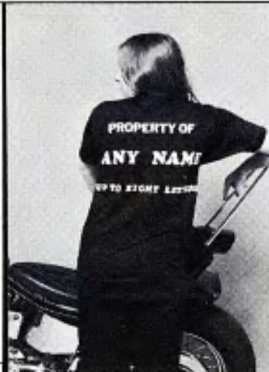
7.



8.



9.



10.



11.

Send \$8.00 plus \$1.00 shipping and handling with size (S, M, L, XL), color (Black, Yellow, Light Blue, or Navy), and wording wanted.

We also have men's baseball shirts available (white body with black sleeves and neck) imprinted with any of designs 2 through 11 for \$12.00 each plus \$1.00 shipping and handling.

*Outside U.S.A., please send money order (U.S. funds) for shirt price plus \$2.50 for additional shipping and handling.

Send orders to:

Bikers' Candy Store
P.O. Box 3069
Thousand Oaks,
Calif. 91360

Dealer Inquiries Invited

Canyon, and tell the liver-quiverin' whoremonger whose sister he had ruined and damn near beat to a dyin', pulpy mess. While he whimpered and sniveled, I'd pump some neat little holes into his head and drive away, leaving him for the coyotes, raccoons, and ants.

Snuffin' him would be a first for me, but then, shit, there had been a helluva lotta firsts of one kind and another since I'd earned my colors.

It was 8:10 p.m. as I walked into the biker bar.

It was a pretty smooth snatch, considerin' my lack of experience with such numbers. Once the fart-head knew I was pressin' a piece into his ribs, he walked real quiet and nice with me out of the noisy, crowded bar, not sayin' a fuckin' word.

Halfway to my truck, he suddenly whirled, grabbin' at a leather case on his belt.

Hesitating because I didn't wanna off him right there in the parking lot, I chopped at the knife I thought he was bringing up — and got a stunning faceful of Mace, instead, for my stupidity.

By the time I'd stopped strangling and choking, Grudd was long gone into the night.

Being the stubborn die-hard that I am, I kissed the dismal job with Marty goodbye, started drawing bucks from the thirteen-bill bank account I still had, and began hunting Grudd in widening circles. I almost nailed him in Amarillo, but apparently he spotted me entering the biker bar there and went out the back door, leaving town at once.

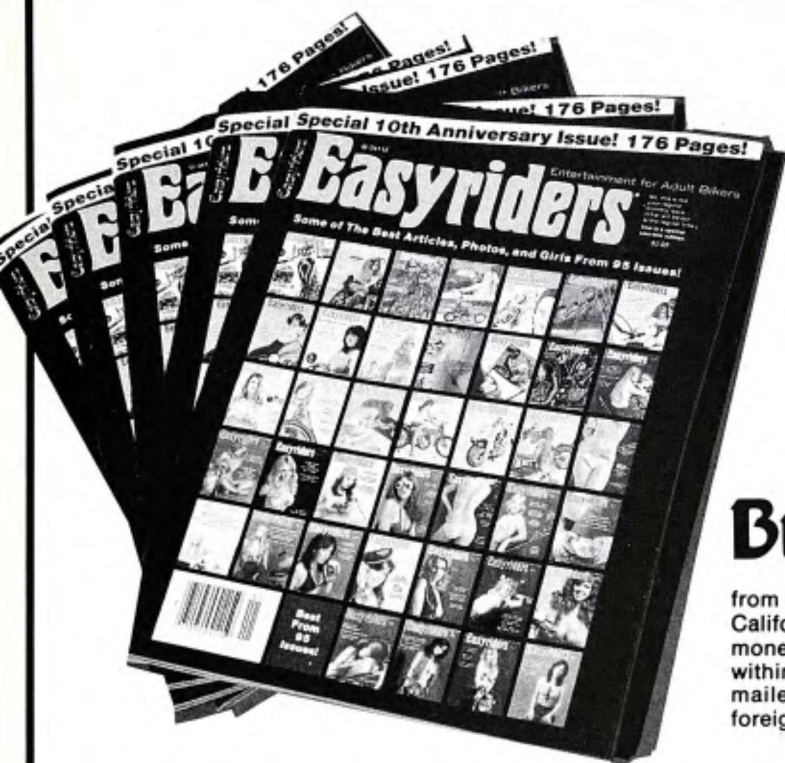
I kept on keepin' on, determined to get him.

Because there just aren't all that many bikers in the less densely-populated vastness of far west Texas, word got around. Soon it was spreading ahead of me. Every now and again, one of my own brothers would stop me, urging me to accept group help. My answer was always the same: a politely grateful but firm "No, thanks."

Twice between Odessa and Pecos, I lucked out and got on the wily fucker's tail, only to lose him each time out there in broad daylight. First, my pickup blew a rod just as I was closin' the distance to his screamin' old flathead. The next

***IN THE WIND* 7**

Now On Sale Everywhere!



**Can't
Find
It?**

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%)

Black T-shirts with White Designs



A.



B.



C.



D.



E.



F.



G.



H.



I.



J.



K.



L.



M.



N.



O.



P.



Q.



R.

S. And on the 8th Day GOD Created Motorcycles. T. I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head. U. Gimme' Head Till I'm Dead. V. My Ol' Lady Yes, My Dog Maybe, My Motorcycle Never. W. Born on a Mountain, Raised In a Cave, Biking and Fuckin', Is All I Crave. X. I'm a Pervert, In Case of an Emergency, Gimme' Head. Y. I Snatch Kisses And Vice Versa. Z. Fuck Ya If You Can't Take A Joke. AA. I'm A Lover, I'm A Fighter, I'm A Motorcycle Rider. BB. If God Hadn't Meant For Man To Eat Pussy, Then He Would Not Have Shaped It Like A Taco. CC. Scooter Trash. DD. I Am The Person Your Mother Warned You About. EE. Better Your Sister In A Whorehouse Than Your Brother On A Honda. FF. Warning!!! The Surgeon General Has Determined That Fuckin' With A Motorcycle Rider Is Dangerous To Your Health. GG. Bikers Are A Crazy Bunch, What Most Call Pussy, They Call Lunch. HH. Like You Are. . . I Once Was. . . Like I Am. . . You Will Never Be. II. Bikers Are So Horny The Crack Of Dawn Isn't Safe. JJ. Put Something Good Between Your Legs. . . ME. KK. My Philosophy Is Quite Simple, If Ya Can't Eat It Or Screw It — Piss On It!. Send \$8.00 plus 50¢ shipping and handling with size (S,M,L,XL), color (Black, Yellow, Light Blue, or Navy), and wording. (We also carry white in XXL only). Send Orders 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 orders (U.S. funds) for shirt price plus \$2.50 additional for each shirt ordered.

time, I was busted for cuttin' across a median, turning around after seein' Grudd flash past me, bookin' in the opposite direction toward Abilene, seventy-five miles to the east. I watched him vanish over a rolling crest while the pasty-faced, bulge-belly trooper lectured me and scrawled a citation.

Then for weeks I searched but heard nothin', saw nothin', and found nothin' that would give me any idea where Grudd might be. Five months had ticked by and here I was, still puttin' around in useless circles. Several times, relaxed over a cold beer, I almost gave it up, damn near decided it was time to quit.

When I found him, it was unexpected and strangely like a crazy dream. Having heard somewhere, from somebody, that the brutal snot-head came originally from New Mexico, I had been combing all the border towns from Roswell south to Las Cruces. Coming up empty-handed in all of them, I had turned east again and was cruisin' along I-20 with the discouraged notion of givin' the whole fuckin' thing a rest and maybe resummin' it later.

Seein' a rest stop looming up ahead in the dusk, I decided to take a leak. Stopping would also give me the chance to stretch my aching muscles, have a toke and . . .

The familiar flathead was the only machine parked at the curb by the shitters. Otherwise, the place was deserted.

Grudd lay sprawled face-down atop one of the concrete picnic tables. I could hear his raspy snoring the moment I killed the pan-head's engine, coasting silently to within twenty feet of the sleeping fucker. Leaning the panhead on its stand and drawing the piece, I walked quietly up to where Grudd was snoozing peacefully. Cautiously, I looked around in all directions.

Easyriders



"So, how would you two like to go for a ride?"

Nobody. Nothing but empty, quiet rest-stop buildings. I could spatter his brains all over that tabletop and be gone before somebody arrived. It was tempting as all hell, but that wasn't the way to do it — I wanted Grudd to know who was introducing him to death.

"Hey, sacka shit," I said loudly.

Grudd moaned in his sleep.

Carefully, I shook his shoulder with my free hand. He mumbled sourly, sittin' up and blinkin' at me. Gradually, his dazed expression changed to startled disbelief. Swiftly, surprise became terror — and something else.

"For my little sister, ya fuckin' —" I began.

Grubb grabbed the piece from my hand before I could squeeze the trigger. I just stood there — frozen and thinking, *Oh, shit, I'm a dead hunka meat* — watchin' him slide off the tabletop, backing away from me with a bizarre, contorted expression on his face.

"It'll never end!" he screamed. "You'll jst go on huntin' me and huntin' me! I'm so goddammed tired of bein' hunted like I was some kinda animal! I can't take it any more!"

I stepped toward him, hopin' I had maybe the teeniest chance of tacklin' him before he could fire that revolver at me — maybe even get the fuckin' piece away from him.

He moved away from me, raising the gun.

"I didn't hurt yer sister, man!" he screeched, agony and anguish etched into his straining features. "I don't even know what she looks like — but you'll never believe that. Never in a million years! I've had it — I just can't take it!"

Lifting the piece, he put it to his head and pulled the trigger. Just that fast, he popped two caps into his own skull before toppling to the ground, an expression of gentle disappointment flickering over his face as it went slack, like a small boy whose feelings have been hurt. Then he was just a twitching and jerking corpse, with muscular reflex action and the nauseating odor of bowels releasing their contents. His quiverin' fingers still clutched the .22.

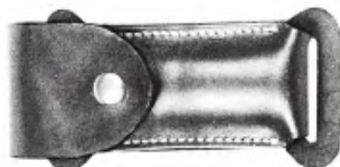
Right then, an 18-wheeler came rumbling into the rest stop.

Three months later, I was ridin' the panhead along 34th Street when I saw Debra standin' at the curb in front of a fancy-assed

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

Bitchin' Buckles



B1
SAME STYLE AS ABOVE
B-2 HONDA
B-3 YAMAHA
B-4 KAWASAKI
B-5 SUZUKI
B-6 H.D.



B7



B8



B9
SAME STYLE AS ABOVE
B-10 HONDA
B-11 KAWASAKI
B-12 H.D.
B-13 SUZUKI
B-14 YAMAHA



B15



B16



B50



B18



B19

SAME STYLE AS ABOVE
B-20 LOW RIDER
B-21 ELECTRA GLOE
B-22 FLH
B-23FX



B24



B25



B26



B27



B28
SAME STYLE AS ABOVE
B-29 H.D.

Send \$1.00 for WW1 & WW2
Authentic Original
Replicas Catalog

SEND YOUR ORDER TO:
CAL-METAL ART Co. P.O. Box 1038, Burbank, CA 91507

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

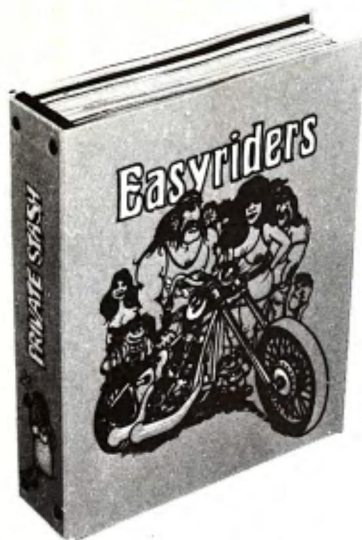
Zip _____

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED ON YOUR LETTERHEAD

X 10.95 _____ plus 1.50 Postage

15.00 CANADA/18.00 FOREIGN. WE PAY FREIGHT.
WHEN ORDERING: Please specify quantity, part number
and amount enclosed. Calif. residents add 6%.

Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear.



CLASS BINDERS

\$8.50

plus \$1.50 for postage
and handling.

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's 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 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301

\$8.50 each. Add \$2.50 postage for U.S. orders, Canada \$3.50, all foreign \$10.00 for each binder order. U.S. funds only.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Calif. res. add 6% sales tax.

clothing shop. Easin' the bike over to where she waited, I brought it to a stop, eyein' her steadily. She stared back, coldly and haughtily.

"Been lookin' for ya," I said. "Yer hard to find these days. No shit, sis."

"I'm a busy, successful girl," she boasted.

"Just wanted to let you know Grudd is dead."

"Wh-what?" She looked astonished.

"Grudd. The guy who beat ya up. He's dead."

"Oh, my good God!" she whispered, color draining from her no-longer-innocent face. "Willy, did you —"

"No," I said firmly.

"Y-Your brothers then?"

"Not them, either."

She laughed wildly, the sounds something between true mirth and something not as healthy. The rottenly raucous noise of it dinned mockingly in my ears.

"Stop it!" I shouted.

"I'm — I'm sorry," she said, still shaking with that lousy laughter but toning it down. "But I'm afraid I lied to you about Grudd. Shit, I am sorry!"

"You — you what?" I said between my teeth.

"I lied. Grudd never touched me.

He was just a patsy. It was a big, black pimp who worked me over — for refusing to let him —"

Without lookin' at her, I put the bike back into gear and, with a glance at traffic, eased back into the lane, ridin' off without lookin' back. It'll probably be years before I feel clean again. Meanwhile, whenever I see my baby sister around town, and it happens occasionally, I never stop to rap with her. The tracks on her arms tick off the days she has left, and I just don't care anymore. I could waste her too, but you know what they say about two wrongs. . . .

Easyriders



Feather Your Nest Before It's Too Late



It's no secret, the early bird gets the worm. The choicest, juiciest worm on the biker's breakfast table is a complete set of **Easyriders** back issues. Where else can you relive and recall the bikes, broads and banter of the good old days? But the vultures are circling, waiting to pick off the late birds who show up at the back issue counter after the issue they need to fill their collection is sold out. Don't be a late bird, don't risk ending your life as vulture meat. Bring your collection up to date today, it may be impossible tomorrow.

Please Circle Issue(s) Ordered.

20, 23, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 41, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 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, 104, 105, 106.

I have enclosed a total of \$ _____.

Send \$2.00 for each copy of **Easyriders**. (We pay postage.) Canadian orders, please add \$1.00 for each issue ordered. Foreign orders, add \$4.00 per issue.

Mail to: **Easyriders**
Back Issues, Box 1025,
Agoura, California 91301.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Money orders must be payable in U.S. currency.

Please print to avoid errors.

Black Halter or French Cut Tops For The Ol' Lady

Bikers' Ol' Ladies Do Everything Better And Look Better Doin' It



NEXT-TIME-YOU-PAY



TOO MUCH SEX



SEX IS BETTER THAN DRUGS WITH THE RIGHT PUSHER

Send size (S, M, L, XL for \$1.00 more) and wording wanted, along with payment (halter tops \$7.50/tank tops \$8.50/French-cut tops 9.50) to:

Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. Allow 4-6 weeks for personal checks to clear.

*Outside USA please send money order (US funds) for shirt price plus \$2.50 per shirt for shipping and handling.

Lockdown

Continued from page 78

From The Cellar

Four Montana State Prison inmates were allowed to plead guilty to reduced charges of misdemeanor criminal mischief after they convinced authorities that the digging they were doing under their cellblock was not for the purpose of escaping.

According to the inmates, the large hollowed-out area under the floor was really a wine cellar and a tunnel into the room and air vent. The prisoners told authorities they planned to use fruit and yeast from the prison kitchen to ferment wine, which would then be stored in the "wine cellar."

Powell County Attorney Ted Mizner, noting that the tunnel surfaced within the prison's walls, accepted the explanation and agreed to reduce the charges against the four.



Easyriders

Ass Kickin' Light Switches



Here ya are, at last — light switches that'll really turn ya on. "MUTHA" 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.

Specify "Mutha" or "Biker."



Send your order to:

Lite Switches
P.O. Box 1025
Agoura, Calif. 91301

Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we ship. California residents add 6%.

U.S. Currency only. Thank you!

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

TO RUSSIA



WITH LOVE

Give 'em the word in one grand gesture. The above red, white, and blue design displayed on a white T-Shirt. Send \$8.00 plus \$1.00* shipping and handling and size wanted to:

Bikers' Candy Store

P.O. Box 3069
Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360

*Outside U.S.A., please send money order (U.S. funds) plus \$2.50 shipping and handling.



FIREWORKS

Thousands of Items
to choose from
For best selection order early.

Full Color Catalog Kit—\$2.00
REFUNDABLE WITH YOUR FIRST ORDER

Toll Free Nationwide
1-800-321-6001

MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

FIREWORKS UNLIMITED
8550 ROUTE 224 ★ DEERFIELD, OHIO 44411

ORDER EARLY

YOU'LL EXCITE
EVERYONE WITH OUR
BIG AND BRIGHT ASSORTMENTS

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

PLEASE PRINT TO ASSURE PROMPT CATALOG DELIVERY!

FREE PHOTO BOOK!



To introduce you to Adam & Eve's exclusive line of sexual bestsellers, we're making an unprecedented introductory offer. A FREE 175-page book bursting with dozens of explicit close-up photos of the most arousing sexual positions you've ever seen! Send just \$2.00 for postage and handling, and we'll rush your free photo book, plus illustrated 40 page catalog.

GOOD VIBRATIONS!

Give your favorite person the VIP treatment with this flexible, multi-speed massager. It has all the best features. It's flexible and textured. And now it's variable speed! A quick twist at the base adjusts the massager from a low tingle to a powerful throb. Made of pliable rubber, it yields to body contours, a full 8" long. Only \$9.95. If you are not completely satisfied your money will be refunded in full.



SPECIAL CONDOMS!

Your choice of the best men's contraceptives — Trojans, Nuda, SCORE! Stimula, and 35 other brands! Plain package, satisfaction guaranteed. Sampler pack of 22 condoms. \$5.00.



A LITTLE HEAD SHIRT — A must for the aspiring multi-diver! Our newest base-ball style t-shirt has contrasting black sleeves and front design. Made of 100% cotton, its machine washable. Men's sizes S-M-L. Only \$14.95.

Adam & Eve

Box 900, Dept. ER-42
Carrboro, NC 27510



Please rush in plain package under money-back guarantee:

☐ #FB2 Free Photo Book (P&H Only)	\$ 2.00
☐ #7A Multispeed	\$ 9.95
☐ #C6 Condom Sampler	\$ 5.00
☐ #WW3 Little Head Tee (Size _____)	\$14.95
☐ #3NN Vibrator and Condoms	\$12.50
☐ #6NN All 4 products (Size _____)	\$24.98
CANADIAN ORDERS ADD \$4.00	

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All Products Unconditionally Guaranteed

50/50

Continued from page 77

into the serious gray eyes. "Before I get around to tryin' fer that," I said, grinning. "how about I jist try bein' yer friend?"

"Okay," he agreed, smiling faintly. "Go tell yer mom we'll be gone fer a while."

"Yessir." He ran into the kitchen. I heard him delivering the message. I walked over to the scoot, pushing the stand up with my booted foot, straddling the saddle and getting ready to start the machine.

"Where you going?" Kevin asked. "Grab ahold," I said, extending my hand. He took it and I pulled him onto the passenger seat. "Hang onto me by my belt. Tight."

"I never rode a real motorcycle before." He sounded awed. Maybe a little scared.

"There's a first time fer everybody. Got any idea where the nearest bike shop might be?"

He described its location.

The sled thundered to life. I glanced at the smaller face behind me. It was paralyzed all over with anxiety from hearing the unfamiliar roar and feeling the strange vibrations.

"Relax, Kevin!" I yelled. "I'll go like a pussycat until you got the feel of it. After that, we'll ride back here like the bikers we are! Okay, bro?"

"Okay!" he shouted, grinning.

Dropping into gear, we rolled forward toward the street. As grilling sessions go, I figured we came out jist about fifty-fifty. ■



"Now that you mention it, it has been a while. Let's see, there was Daytona in March, then Sturgis in August, then. . ."

Scooter Trash

A Collector's Edition of Dynamite Biker Art

A unique collection of biker art depicting the biker lifestyle in all its glory. Each drawing is printed on heavy stock suitable for framing. Order yours now — supplies are limited. \$4.95 plus \$.50 postage and handling.

Ride A Bike Go To Prison

A bold T-shirt with a message for every biker who's concerned about the increasing loss of our freedoms. Shirt comes in biker black with striking white lettering and is available in small, medium, large, and extra large. Only \$7.50 each, including postage and handling.

Send check or money order to:

Scooter Trash

P.O. Box 1615

Fontana, Calif. 92335

(Allow four to six weeks for delivery.)

Calif. residents
add 6% sales tax.

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

Wind 7 is now on sale everywhere

Back issues of the other *Wind* mags are still available. Just fill out the coupon.

In The Wind #7 from the pages of *Easyriders* and *Iron Horse*. Great new photos of bikes, women, partyin', more women, drinkin', and more women. Wind #7 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.

Send Your Order To:

In The Wind c/o *Easyriders*,
P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

X	Item(s)	U.S.A.	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
	In The Wind #2	\$3.50	\$4.50	\$10.75			
	In The Wind #3	\$3.50	\$4.50	\$10.75			
	In The Wind #4	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$10.75			
	In The Wind #5	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$10.75			
	In The Wind #6	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$10.75			
	In The Wind #7	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$10.75			

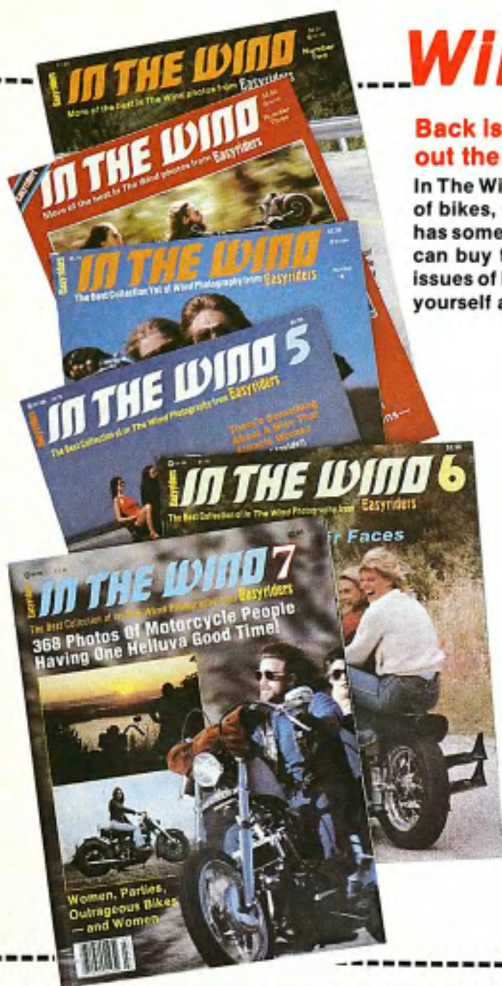
Prices listed above include cost of postage and handling fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only, thank you.

Sub
Total \$

Calif.
Tax. 6% \$

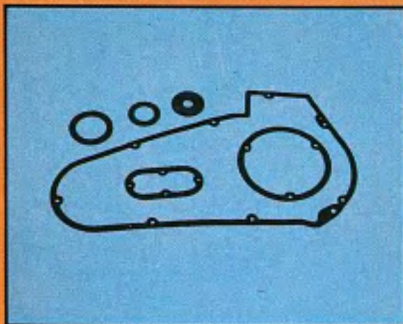
Total \$

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____



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

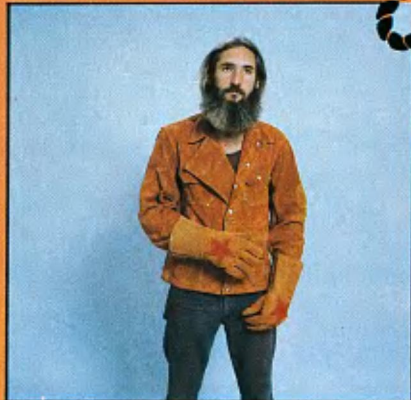


HERO GASKETS:

Recyclable primary cover, gas cap, and oil bag gaskets made from neoprene rubber. Gaskets fit all Hog 74s and 80s from '65 to present. Only \$8.50 + \$1.50 postage and 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.

Order today from:

HIGH POCKETS

Box 294

Cypress, Calif. 90630

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.

Buy
American



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



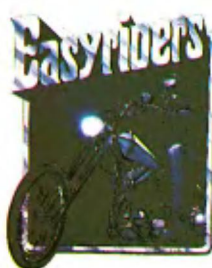
2



3



4



5



6



7



8

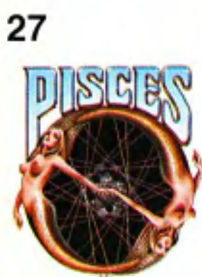
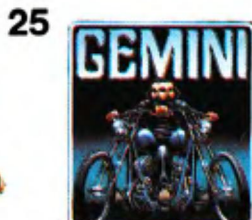
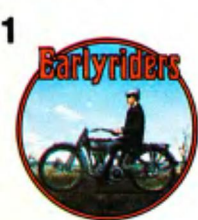
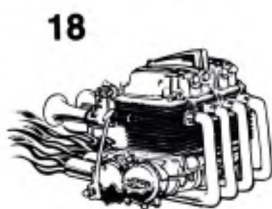


9



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

Shirt "B"



- Blue
- Peach
- Yellow
- Black

Sizes S-M-L-XL

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 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301

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.

HEY! CANADIANS YOU WANT IT — WE GOT IT

COMPLETE QUALITY HI PERFORMANCE SHOP —
BLASTING, BEADING, BORING, CHROMING, WELDING,
POLISHING, MACHINE SHOP WORK, CYCLES BUILT TO
ORDER, CUSTOM STROKER CENTER.

PETE SMITH'S
Motorcycle Supermarket
6695 South Transit Rd.
Lockport, New York 14094

GOOD PRICES AND THE
LARGEST SELECTION OF
CUSTOM MOTORCYCLE
GOODIES IN THE
NORTHEAST U.S.A.

Distributor for Colony Machine & Tool Products
Exclusive Dist. of ACU-TIME TIMING DEVICES
Send \$3.00 for Catalog, Prices & Postage.



Write or Phone
716-625-8271

UPS
2 DAY
MAIL ORDER
SERVICE

CANADIANS
WE'RE JUST
20 MINUTES
FROM THE
BORDER.

SEE YOUR REBUILT MOTOR
RUN ON OUR ENGINE TESTING
STAND BEFORE PICK-UP.

Stocking Dealer Of
JAMMER CYCLE PARTS
DRAG SPECIALTIES PARTS
GARY BANG CYCLE PARTS
MANLEY, SIFTON,
PAUGHCO, ANDREWS &
S&S PRODUCTS

DEALERS INQUIRE
ON LETTERHEAD

THE CANDY STORE FOR
BIKERS

Hangaround

Continued from page 29

worth shit, do ya? I said, 'Make the hit, then sound off!' An honest snake is a fuckin' hungry snake, dummy."

"Gospel truth, hon," replied her mate, who accepted anything told to him in a sincere tone at least twice. "Ethics is fer them dumb-fuck lizards who move like greased lightning but taste so juicy!"

So they went about their routine, expertly oozing into and out of bleached skulls, crannies, nooks, crevices, fissures, and over tons of lost treasure — and always being damned sure they were home by first light of day.

"A sun-fried serpent is a big dead worm," Bonnie reminded him grimly as they poured themselves downward.

"Huh?" hushed Clyde.

"I said, 'A sun-fried serpent' — oh, never mind. Just drag yer big ass in here and cuddle up close," she hissed.

"Right behind ya, baby!" mumbled Clyde.

One chilly Friday night, while they were hunting a good meal but having trouble nailing one because the cold air was slowing their strikes, Bonnie paused to warm herself atop a flat rock still radiating heat. Clyde continued on, his flickering forked tongue, being a genuine heat sensor, leading him to a clearing near the highway. There he found a sleeping biker, an impressively customized chopper, and a dying campfire. Soaking up warmth from the fading embers, Clyde admired the motorcycle leaning patiently upon its stand. When the night chill started aching into his scales, he transferred to a position directly beneath the machine, which was still making tiny popping sounds as its engine cooled. After that heat was gone, Clyde threaded his way up into the bike, found the roadbag gaping open, and went into its well-packed depths.

Not only was it cosy and warmer there, but he also encountered several legless roaches so paralyzed with fear that none of them moved — and he ate every last one of them.

Soon Clyde mellowed immensely. Funny, he thought, yawning, never had this munchy craving after a meal. Must be something in the bugs I just ate. Giggling contentedly,

BULLET \$3.95 Postpaid each Key Rings

The real thing, made of solid brass and lead. Satisfaction guaranteed by the good people at



PRODUCTS

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740



LAZY Ol' Lady's ONE-PAN

* THE EASIEST TO ASSEMBLE
* 15 MINUTES OR LESS

Special Beer Gangbang Dip

A handy 5 1/2" x 8 1/2",
64 page book!

COOK BOOK

* OPEN AIR STORAGE FOR ALL
STARTER INGREDIENTS
* EASY TO READ

Bikers' FAROUT Cookbook

Only \$2.95

postage included

THE BEST OF ONE PAN COOKIN'

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. Plus 75¢ postage/handling. 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

Dealer inquiries
invited



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



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

he fell asleep among the sweaty-smelling garments. Just before dawn he vaguely sensed movement nearby but ignored it. When the thunderous vibrations suddenly surrounded him, Clyde stirred, thinking: Piss on it. It can't eat me if it can't find me. Besides, it'll be daylight any minute and I'm too far from the den. Better stay put.

The bike rolled on to the pavement and departed down the highway, carrying its shivering owner and the snugly sleeping Clyde.

By eleven-fifteen, Bonnie was panting in the thin shade of a greasewood bush and wondering where that nit-witted Clyde had gone. Eventually she gave up hunting for him and returned to their lair distressed.

Three months, two weeks, and five days and nights later, Clyde wearily slid into the den, moaning with relief.

"Okay, let's hear it," snapped Bonnie. "It oughta be better than Goldilocks and them three bears. Where the fuck have you been, anyway?"

"Ya haven't lived until you've ridden a scooter," he told her. "It's a whole different way of life. But what a price to pay — four hunnert miles to home on my belly yet! I can't think of a better reason to get into bikering, baby. No shit."

"What happened?" she demanded testily.

"Secin' all them bright lights of Phoenix fer the first time, I got carried away and rattled up a racket. They heard me, see? Dumped my butt out, right there on the edge of



"Darling, I have a confession. I've been preparing you for this magic moment since the day we were married. This is why I gave you the chain saw for our first anniversary. This is why I've been calling you Lard Ass for the last five years."

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 speedometer to:

Paramount Speedometer

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

Phone: (213) 630-9753

Calif. res. add 6% tax.

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!

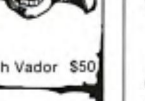
Send \$12.00 for Each Album to:

COE ALBUM

P.O. Box 711

Burbank, California 91503

SOLID STERLING SILVER

 Bones hand ring \$40	 Reaper Ring II \$45	 Death Vador \$50
 Wind ring \$35	 Sm. Dragon \$30	 Sentinel ring \$75
 Reaper ring \$75	 Tiny Skull Ring \$17	

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. Inquires 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

Fireworks

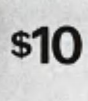
Largest Variety of Class C FIREWORKS IN U.S.A.

Fountains, Sky Rockets, Firecrackers, Sparklers and Novelty Assortments

Send \$2.00 For Our Giant Catalog
Refundable On First Order
Call Toll Free 1-800/321-9071

B.J. Alan Co. Fireworks, Inc.
12900(X) Route 14 & 16, P.O. Box 3
Columbiana, Ohio 44408
1-216/482-5595

BIKER WALLETS

\$10







Small plain wallet	\$10.00	Large plain	\$11.00
Sewn on Harley-Davidson patch	\$ 2.00	Postage	\$ 1.50

FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY Send money order or bank check.

Available in black only. Wallet Size: Small ☐ Large ☐

M & F Leather Products
P.O. Box 91 Meacham Branch
Elmont, N.Y. 11003

Patch: A ☐ B ☐
C ☐ D ☐

1-10 in fronta Momma Nature and everybody!"

"Who's everybody?"

"Biggest fuckin' buncha bikes and bikers ya ever saw, havin' a damned party. I hadn't hardly hit the ground than they went straight up in the air."

"Serves ya right, asshole!"

"Oh, yeah? You ain't never been chased by 63 infuriated members of the Wastrels M/C. clubbin' the fuckin' scenery with everything from tire irons to boulders — tryin' to murder a poor frightened little woodland creature without even takin' time fer a kangaroo court!"

"Ohmigawd!" gasped Bonnie.

"Whadjado?"

"They finally found some unlucky sidewinder. They was too ripped and shook to notice the difference in sizes. They figgered him fer me. Thrashing him into a bloodied pulp took'm off my case. I got away. After that, it wuz jist a matter of doin' the fuckin' distance without bein' spotted by hawks or roadrunners."

"So don't mess with motorcycles, fanghead," she laughed.

"Too late, baby. I'm committed. Promised myself I'd find a group who wanted me fer a mascot."

"Wh-what?"

"I gotta git into bikerin, y'know?" pleaded Clyde. "The engine vibes alone are a head trip. Did'ja know ordinary scenery is a total blur at 91mph?"

"Listen, beady eyes," snarled Bonnie, "you've slung yer little fling. It's time to get back to serious snaking and stop all this wild shit."

"No way, baby. Those humans are gifted! Did'ja know they actually make their own bugs and all? Dunno why they don't put legs on the bastards, but them handmade roaches beat any bug I ever hit! Those legless goodies are keys to the slow motion doorway of another world."

"Bullshit!" scoffed Bonnie, a trifle anxious.

"Don't knock it until you've tried it. Hell, I wuz a genuine, fifteen-foot cobra fer a while there!" Clyde's eyes glinted dreamily. "At a rest stop I moved over to an unzipped tank bag on another sled. Got into a double mouthful of colored pebbles. Turned into the world's biggest python! How'm I gonna go back to bein' jist a third-rate sand-crawler in this barren stretch of thorny nowhere after a trip like that?"

"Yer a fuckin' snake," Bonnie spat, tremors of fear rippling up her limber spine. "Snakes don't ride around the countryside on

the great clean-up kit



Simichrome, No. 1 all-metal polish in the cycle industry. Blueaway, finest product known for removing high temperature discoloration on pipes.

Simichrome & blueaway

COMPETITION CHEMICALS
Dept. 305, P.O. Box 820 • Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126

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 lacy panties, sheer bras, sexy 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

"The trouble with Boy Scouts is there aren't enough of them!"

WILL ROGERS

For ideas, or to make a donation to help make Will Rogers' wish come true —

write: (The World Friendship Fund
Boy Scouts of America
North Brunswick, NJ 08902)

Make Money on the Gas Shortage

Be A Motorcycle MECHANIC!

Train at Home in Spare Time

Motorcycles use far less gas than cars. And the more bikes on the road — both new and used — the greater the need for maintenance. Grab your piece of the action! No need to quit school or job. Easy-to-understand home-study course shows you everything step by step... you learn by doing. Special cycle tools, test instruments, lessons, manuals included. **Rush Coupon for FREE FACTS!**

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MOTORCYCLE REPAIR
4500 Campus Drive, EU052 Newport Beach, CA 92660
Rush free brochure on how I can train as a Motorcycle Mechanic at home in spare time. No obligation. No salesman will call. Check here for GI or VA ☐
Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FUCK SHIRT

fuck you very much
FUCK HERBAL TEA
FUCK SELF
FUCK SERVO
FUCK REAL PEOPLE
FUCK SOLAR
FUCK POLYMER
FUCK PETS
FUCK HOUSEPLANTS
FUCK FREEDOM
FUCK BOUTIQUE
FUCK CASSETTES
FUCK CLOTHING
FUCK PHONE
FUCK KEYS
FUCK REAL GAMES
FUCK BEER
FUCK DESIGNER JEANS
FUCK BREAKFAST MAIL CALL

GREY T-SHIRT - BLACK INK

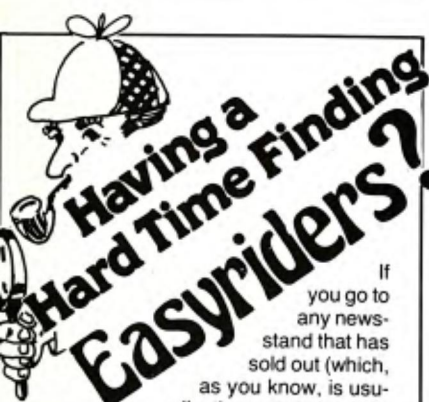
7.95 includes postage

Sizes S M L XL

Send check or money order to:

BLOW YER LUNCH &

BOX 460, BREWSTER, MA 02631



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.

machines! Snakes are fer snakin'!"

"Except when they're a club mascot."

"There, there," she crooned, softening her tone. "Ya had a terrible time wigglin' all those rotten miles to get home. Maybe the fresh air got to yer brains somehow or sumpin'. You'll be all right in a few days. Jist restin' up in our cosy —"

"Shove the teddy bear stories up an elf-owl's ass," Clyde said stubbornly. "Once these muscle spasms quit, I'm gonna catch a ride on the first right scooter bookin' through these boonies."

"What about me?" she wailed piteously.

"Since ya hate bikes," he suggested, "hop aboard an eighteen-wheeler. That way, we might pass each other once in a while. Settle fer what ya kin git, baby."

She wept bitterly while he snored.

That same night found Clyde stashed in a clump of cactus and lava rocks between the highway and a rest stop. Nearby, Bonnie lurked behind a trashcan, brokenly imploring him to reconsider. He tuned her out, alertly watching the traffic.

What he wanted most was a pan-head ridden by a genuine one-percenter, but he knew he'd settle for a shovel or a flatty with a loner on it, if necessary. In any case, it had to be a Harley. Nothing else would do.

After an endless stream of trucks, cages, and several riceburners, a garbage scow finally arrived. Getting off, its rider walked to the lava rocks hurriedly, opened his pants, and pissed all over the stunned Clyde hidden in the shadows.

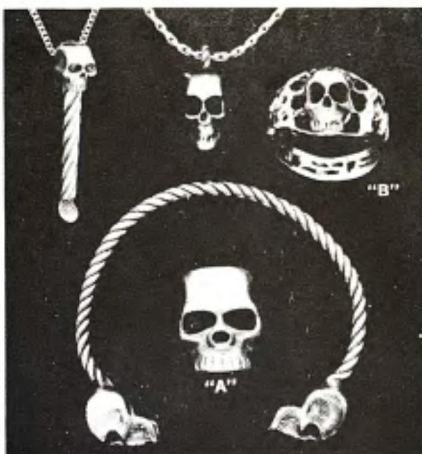
Blinking urine from his lidless eyes, Clyde thought: Any bastard with all that shit tied to his scooter had to be folded wrong. Fuck that drill!

"P-please give it up," sniveled Bonnie. "It ain't natural fer a snake to —"

"Save the stupid nature lecture



"I flunked my nature test at school. I thought beaver dam meant 'tampon.'"



Heavy Jewelry

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"—\$75.00

Skull ring "B"—\$65.00

Skull pendant (without chain)—\$25.00

Skull bracelet—\$85.00

Combo coke spoon and "staw"—\$100.00

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

Nomad
enterprises
P.O. Box 8536 Independence, Missouri 64054

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

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

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
PHOTO ID

As seen 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

**SHARE
THE COST OF
LIVING.**

**GIVE TO THE
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY.**

SWAPMEET SWAPMEET SWAPMEET

Providence, Rhode Island
Providence Civic Center

DATE CHANGE

New Date April 18th The Swapmeet
the northeast is waiting for.
Rainbow City
219-422-7790

SWAPMEET SWAPMEET SWAPMEET



HUGE CATALOG \$4.00

ANTIQUE CYCLE CEDAR SPRINGS, MI 49319

Road Rider magazine

... for the touring motorcyclist

Send \$1.50 for a sample copy, or
\$15 for a full year (12 issues) sub

P.O. Box 678
SOUTH LAGUNA, CA. 92677



Chrome and Gold Plating

Route 5, Box 534 Paducah, KY 42001
Phone (502)554-1146

BROWN'S
PLATING SERVICE, INC.

fer the tourists," laughed Clyde. "I'm as good as gone, sweetie!"

"I hate all bikers — includin' you!" she hissed loudly.

Well, that figgers, Clyde thought, noting several headlights strung along the highway in the darkness, all of them approaching fast. Always knew that broad was folded wrong and wrapped too loose.

He slithered into the Interstate's outer lane.

Maybe if I raise up a bit, I kin flag one of them muthas down, he reasoned. Straining, he lifted his triangular head and nine inches of bod from the pavement. The single-beam lights grew larger. The rumble of engines began throbbing on the night air.

Here we go, Clyde thought joyously.

Without slowing, the bike's headlight flashed over Clyde briefly. The front wheel missed him but the meaty Goodyear on the back wheel scooped him up instantly, his fangs punching into the sidewall of the heated rubber, neatly revolving him until his stunned carcass completely encircled the whirling tire. A mile later, his juiceless hide sheathed the tire like a diamond-splotted tread.

Twenty miles onward, the fangs had been driven far enough into the Goodyear to puncture the tube, creating a slow leak which eventually necessitated the rider's bringing his bike to a stop at an all-night garage. Later, after the tire had been changed, Clyde's unique presence and position provided the delighted biker with a wall-hanging conversation piece that lasted a lifetime.

Epilogue:

Somewhere along I-10 in the open reaches of the lonely desert, between Los Angeles and Phoenix, a hate-filled Bonnie ceaselessly patrols the edges of that highway, her strength and endurance fueled by the determination that drives her. Obsessed with a poisonous rancor for the biker who robbed her of her beloved Clyde, she bites every rider she can strike, innocent or not. So be awful damned careful when ya unroll that sleeping bag or pitch that tent to catch a few zees. ■



"I'm into soybean futures, utilities, municipal bonds, money market funds, and six out of eight girls in the secretarial pool."

ASSORTED CLASS-C

FIREWORKS

U.P.S. IN UNITED STATES

Send \$2.00

for 1982 whlse. catalog

Safety 4th Novelty Co., Inc.

Box 47,

Hammondsville, Ohio 43930

Phone: 1-216-532-2602

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
Oakview, Calif. 93022

Dealer inquiries invited.



**LAKE SHORE
HARLEY-DAVIDSON INC.**

"Home of the World's
Fastest Motorcycles"

**WANTS TO
BUILD
YOUR MOTO**



Machine Shop Service

- 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)

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.

CARDINAL PUBLISHING, DEPT. 465

BOX 5200 • JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA 322

PHOTO ID

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.**

TATEX LTD.

P.O. BOX 494 • PICKERING, ONTARIO L1V 2



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.



**Righteous
Products**

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

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.



1982 SALE

No charge for postage and handling, except for overseas.

I.R.S. Ltd.

NEW CATALOG SEND ONLY \$2.00



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.



Dealer inquiries invited.



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.

Send orders to: I.R.S. Limited, Department E, P.O. Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91362. California residents add 6% for the e. 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.

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

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

\$6.50 each
including postage

☐ BIKER PIPE

☐ CHAIN SMOKER

Calif. residents add 6%

(U.S. Currency Only. Thank you!)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send to: Mackenzie Company Box 29, Calabasas, CA 91302

Two-Wheel Tales

Love & Lust

My first Harley. Well, shit, now that I'm a man I wouldn't even dignify it by calling it a Harley. It was a garlic-burner really, a middle-weight, 250 or 350cc, made by Harley in Italy — in a factory that some Harley exec must have won in a World War II poker game.

I was a 17-year-old kid with a taste for speed and owner of a smoking, oil-leaking '62 Corvair with a frozen turbocharger cluttering up his life. The bike, that piece of shit — and much as I loved it, no other description fits — looked like a real motorcycle.

The Harley — the factory called 'em Sports — belonged to a friend who was doing construction work that summer and needed a car to hold his tools. Me, I was splittin' the Midwest and the old scene and heading for California. But even then, before I had ever been on a bike, I knew I'd rather do it on two wheels than four.

"Lemme try it," I said to my buddy "If it runs good, we'll trade."

We went out to a frontage road next to I-96 and he showed me how to shift — still on the right side in those days — and where the brakes were. I got on, moved out, and damned if it didn't feel better than I could have dreamed. Before long, the frontage road curved around the freeway — but the bike and I went straight.

Jeff, my buddy, came roaring up in my Corvair. When he saw me sitting on my ass in the bushes grinning like a fool, he knew instantly he'd found a live one. And so the swap was made.

And then there was Cia. I don't really know how Cia got here. I thought all those incredible long-legged, almond-eyed beauties with Yankee sex machine bodies and ass-length, raven-colored hair had been born in Japan back while the occupation forces were busy rememberin' Pearl Harbor. Who knows, maybe her ol' lady was fuckin' the milkman while her ol' man was gettin' his ass blown off by a U-boat. I never asked her. It didn't seem



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 Tighttwat, 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



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 - \$7.00
Send cash check or money order
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
ROLLS CHOICE Check style desired:
(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

Easyriders' Stuff!



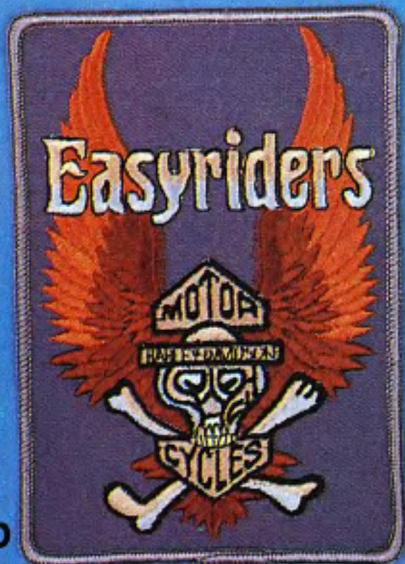
A

Easyriders

B



C



D



E



F-G

Send Your Order To: **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
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 are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only, thank you. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____

Sub
Total \$
Calif.
Tax. 6% \$
Total \$

important then, and it doesn't seem important now.

Cia was goin' to the nursing school in Lansing and living with three other chicks, two bow-wows and a chipmunk. You know, those girls with cheeks that look like little pouches. Cia and I had been out a few times. Nothin' serious, unless you consider lyin' awake all night, aching at the thought of the long, golden legs that weren't sliding up and down and all over my body serious. Anyway, we had a date to go to Detroit to hear the MC-5 that Saturday and I've got to admit that she looked a bit surprised when I pulled up at the girls' dorm on the bike instead of in my car.

But she was game, so she climbed on without a word, not carin' about her bare legs bein' an inch away from the exhaust pipe, wrappin' her bare toes around the back pegs. (Remember 1966, when all the best chicks fed their shoes and bras and long jeans and panties into the incinerator?) I had been in lust; then suddenly I fell in love. She slipped her arms under mine and around me, holding me high. I waved to the bow-wows and the chipmunk, who had somehow materialized on the sidewalk, and we were off.

At that point, I'd been riding all of three days and I'd figured out how to go around curves, but not much else. One thing I hadn't learned was that the old Boy Scout motto "Be prepared" applied to biking as well — especially in Michigan in the early spring. In other words, I didn't have a jacket or gloves or nothin' when the hail storm started — just me in Levi's and a T-shirt and this incredible chick in a tank top an' a pair of shorts.

It didn't matter then. It wasn't cold — there were just these rocks fallin' out of the sky. Besides, we were both so damn young we didn't know we were supposed to care about shit like that. She just held me a little tighter and buried her face into the side of my head, smiling into my ear. (You're right, I couldn't see it, but I could feel it. I mean, when a chick is packin' behind you smilin' in your ear, you just know it.)

The hail turned to rain and the rain, even to a pair of wet-behind-the-ear assholes, was damn cold. I pulled the bike to a stop under an overpass to wait it out and we walked up the gentle slope aways and laid down to try to dry ourselves in the soft grass.

Well, to make a long story short, I finally got to live out those aching dreams about those long, golden

legs, only my dreams took place to the beat of the rain and with the ozone scent of 18-wheelers hangin' in the air. And that just made it better.

I guess I don't have to tell you how the next two months went. Cia and I spent every minute on the bike or on each other in a never-ending whirl that, of course, ended. There were other chicks for me and other dudes for her and good memories for both of us.

I never did ride that Eyetallion Hog out to Frisco. The morning I was to leave, the bike wouldn't start. I kicked it over and over until the ground under me turned brown from my sweat. Then I tried to push-start it a while. Then I just kicked it some more, but not aimin' for the startin' lever. Finally, I unhooked my duffel from the back and stuck out my thumb.

Maybe I shouldn't have just walked away and left the bike like that. Probably it just needed a coil or something. But it was summer and freedom was calling, and it really didn't seem important at the time.

Know something? It still doesn't.

—Free Speed

\$100 For Your Two-Wheel Tales

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

This new feature is where you get to tell us about all the good, off-the-wall, unusual times. The stoned times, the sexy times, the funny times, the wild times. Write us, in about 250 to 700 words, your favorite biking experience. We'll pay \$100 for every one we publish. There's only two rules — the stories have gotta be true, and about good times; no fuckin' downers please. Send your stories to Ridin', c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. Sorry, but entries can neither be acknowledged nor returned.

More Easyriders' Stuff!



Send Your Order To:
Easyriders, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

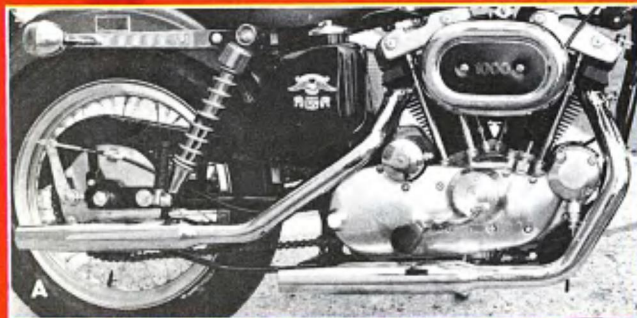
Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total Total
A	Best Bikes	\$3.95	\$5.00	\$11.00			
B	Earlyriders Softbound	\$8.95	\$11.00	\$17.00			
C	Earlyriders Hardbound	\$12.95	\$16.95	\$25.00			
D	Trash	\$6.95	\$9.00	\$15.00			
E	9 Yrs-Mutha	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$9.00			
F	Best Biker Fiction #1	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			
G	Best Biker Fiction #2	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			

Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail. (Send U.S. funds only). Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

Name _____ City _____ State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____

Sub Total \$ _____ Calif. Tax. 6% \$ _____ Total \$ _____

TAPERED PIPES FOR SPORTSTERS



A. Pipes For Sportsters

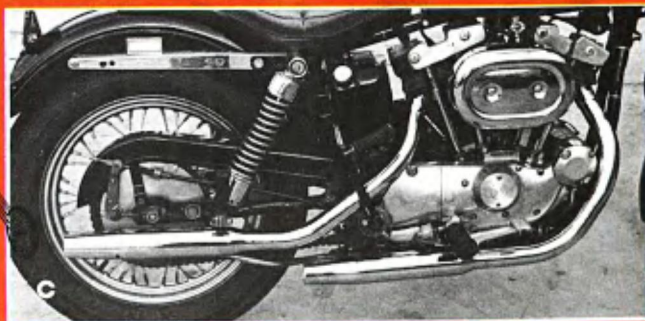
Fits Sportsters 1957-1978 & 1980 & up.
On 1980 & up use our #150039 brake
pedal stop listed below. Pipes
incorporate the original Sportster look.
15001799.95

B. Pipes For 1979 Sportsters

Fits 1979 Sportster and XLS. Features
that styled look made popular by the
early models.
15001899.95



CYCLE SHACK, INC.



C. XLR Style Pipes

Fits Sportsters 1957-1978 & 1980-up. On
1980 & up use our #150039 brake pedal
stop listed below.
15001999.95

Brake Pedal Stop

Allows you to run the above #150017,
150019 on 1980 & up Sportsters.
Replaces stock pedal stop and permits
mounting without welding to new
pipes.
150039(not shown)3.50

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.



COBRA SEATS

For Swingarm & Rigid Frames On Harleys, Honda, Triumph & BSA

Check 'em out! These beauties feature some great qualities that have made all our Le Pera cushions the overall choice to ride on . . . handcrafted using genuine Uniroyal Naugahyde, braided dacron thread, high density foam and steel base plates.

ADVERTISEMENT



LE PERA
ENTERPRISES, Inc.



26" Universal Cobra
Ideal for swingarm Sportster,
Triumph & BSA frames.
115028 Black



29 1/2" Universal Cobra
Looks great on swingarm Harley FX
and Sportster frames.
115029 Black 69.00



29 1/2" Rigid Cobra
Great on any rigid frame. Super
comfort and styling.
115030 Black 69.00



Tilt-Up Seat Bracket
A universal, forward tilt, chromed
beauty that adapts to most seats and
frames. Fits all frame backbones up to
1 3/4" O.D.
117036 6.95



Seat Bracket
This bracket is the one most commonly
used by custom builders. Chromed.
11706 4.95



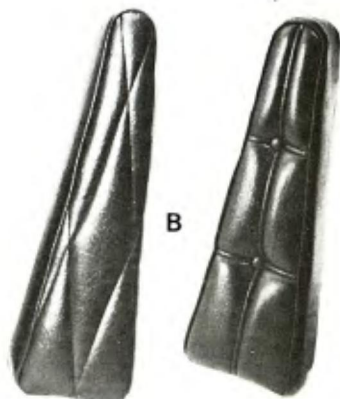
SISSY BAR PADS

These sleek diamond and single
stitch pleat pads are made from top
stuff, padded with 2" foam and fit
our Chameleon bars as well as our
27" & 36" rigid bars. They come
complete with all mounting
hardware.

- A. Chameleon & 28" Rigid Bars**
10 1/2" High, 4 3/4" Wide, 2 1/2" Thick.
115077 . . . Diamond Stitch 19.95
115079 . . . Single Pleat 19.95
B. 36" Rigid Bars
16 1/2" High, 5" Wide, 2 1/2" Thick.
Tapers to 1 3/4" at top.
115081 . . . Diamond Stitch 21.95
115083 . . . Single Pleat 21.95



A

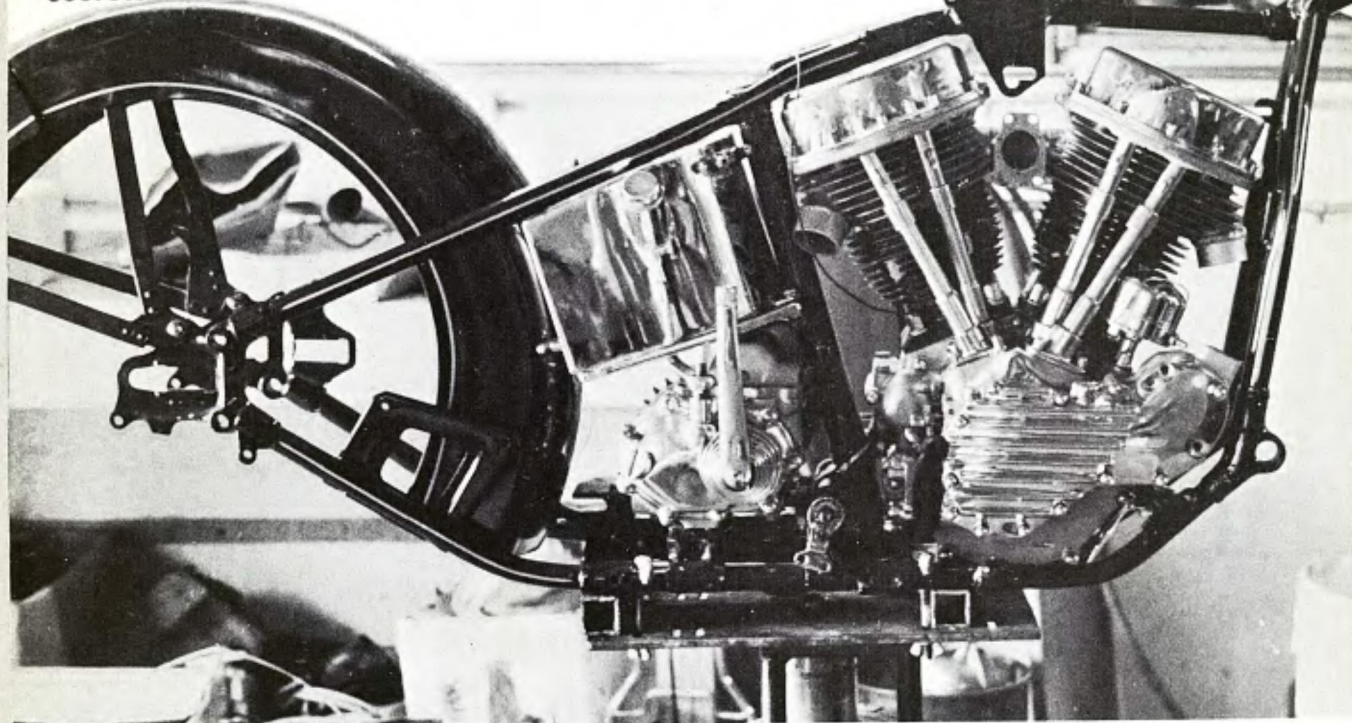


B



MILMEYER GASKETS

Milmeyer precision gaskets are designed to replace original manufacturer kits. They meet or exceed factory specifications and are guaranteed complete and without defect. Endorsed by Joe Smith, a household name in drag racing, Milmeyer precision gaskets are the result of manufacturing from expert advice and premium grade materials such as copper, high temperature asbestos-steel and asbestos copper laminates, nitrile asbestos, resilient silicone, neoprene-cork, acetate and a few trade secrets.



Gasket & Seal Kits



Milmeyer Precision Gaskets

Jammer # Description Price

— Complete Kits —

8401	Harley Shovelhead '66-E'78	20.50
8402	Harley Panhead '55-'65	15.90
8403	Harley Panhead '48-'54	14.20
8404	Harley Knucklehead '36-'47	15.90
8409	Harley Sportster '77-'80	15.40
8406	Harley Sportster L '73-'76	15.00
8407	Harley Sportster '72-E'73	14.10
8408	Harley Sportster '57-'71	18.95

— Top End Kits —

84019	Harley Shovelhead '66-E'78	10.00
84020	Harley Panhead '55-'65	10.00
84021	Harley Panhead '48-'54	10.00
84022	Harley Knucklehead '36-'47	10.50
84010	Harley Sportster L '78 and up	8.75
84023	Harley Sportster L '73-E'78	8.48
84024	Harley Sportster '72-E'73	8.71
84025	Harley Sportster '57-'71	8.48

Jammer # Description Price

— Transmission Kits —

84043	Harley Shovelhead/Pan '65-E'79	13.89
84044	Harley Knuckle/Pan '41-'64	7.70

— Oil Seal Kits —

84050	Harley Shovelhead '66-and up	9.66
84051	Harley Sportster '73-'76	11.20
84052	Harley Sportster '72-'73	13.85
84011	Harley Sp. '67-'70 XLH, '70 CH, '71 XL	15.40
84012	Harley Sp. '57-'66 XLH, '57-'69 CH	11.95

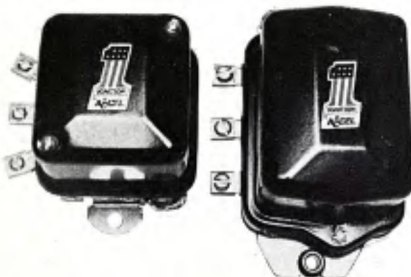
74 Copper Head Gasket

84027	Harley Shovelhead '66-'80	6.92 pr.
84028	Harley Panhead '48-'65	6.92 pr.

REGULATORS & GENERATORS FOR HARLEYS

Delco & Bosch Type Voltage Regulators

Manufactured to the highest standards, these Delco and Bosch type Harley voltage regulators were designed to handle heavy service. Exact voltage and cut-out relay ranges are factory adjusted for each application. All units feature beefed up shock mounted steel bases, vibration resistant internal wire connections, hard finish gloss black stock style covers, fiber & mylar insulating pads and large diameter contact surfaces. Full instructions included.



ACCEL



Delco-Type for Harley Twins

Jammer Part No.	Harley Part No.	Model Year	Model Application	Engine Type	Engine Displacement	Price Each
4601 12 Volt Voltage Regulator	Replaces OEM No. 74510-64	1965-69	FL, FLH Twins	OHV	1200cc/74cu."	23.99
		1967-71	XLH Twins	OHV	900cc/55cu."	
		1972-77	XLH Twins	OHV	1000cc/61cu."	
		1967-73	Serv. Car Twins	SV	750cc/45cu."	
Note: This regulator is designed to be used with model #64 and later 12 volt generators.						
4602 6 Volt Voltage Regulator	Replaces OEM No. 74510-47A	1958-64	FL, FLH Twins	OHV	1200cc/74cu."	15.05
		1957-64	XL, XLH Twins	OHV	900cc/55cu."	
		1952-54	All "K" Model Twins	SV	750cc/45cu."	
		1954-57	All "K" Model Twins	SV	900cc/55cu."	
		1963-66	All single cylinder models	Two cycle	125cc/165cc/175cc	
Note: This regulator is designed to be used with model #52, 58 and 61 6 volt generators.						

Bosch-Type for Harley Sportsters

Jammer Part No.	Harley Part No.	Model Year	Model Application	Engine Type	Engine Displacement	Price Each
4603 12 Volt Voltage Regulator	Replaces OEM No. 74511-65	1965-71	XLCH Twins	OHV	900cc/55cu."	25.52
		1972-78	XLCH Twins	OHV	1000cc/61cu."	
		1965-66	XLH Twins	OHV	900cc/55cu."	
		Note: This regulator is designed to be used with model #65 and later generator versions. Ideal for use with magnetos in 12 volt applications.				

Generator Parts

Armatures

Do it right, do it once with these premium quality armature assemblies. Each 6 and 12 volt replacement unit features heavy gauge copper wire windings, precision machined and finished shafts, exact bearing race diameters, long life solid copper commutators and extra duty lamination segments.

Jammer Part No.	Harley Part No.	Voltage	Generator Model	Model Year	Model Application	Engine Displacement	Engine Type	Price Each
4604 Armature	Replaces OEM #30851-61	6 Volt	#61 Two Brush	1961-64	XL, XLH, XLCH	900cc/55cu."	OHV Twins	50.13
				1961-64	FL, FLH	1200cc/74cu."		
4605 Armature	Replaces OEM #30851-65A	12 Volt	#65 Two Brush	1965-71	XL, XLH, XLCH	900cc/55cu."	OHV Twins	50.13
				1972-81	XLH, XLCH, XLT, XLS	1000cc/61cu."		
				1965-69	FL, FLH	1200cc/74cu."		
*Note: This armature is designed only for late style needle bearing type generators; not compatible with bushing style models.								

Field Coil Sets

Rely on these 6 and 12 volt coils, along with our armatures and brushes or OEM parts, to make generator overhaul both reliable and long lasting. Strict supervision in production and testing assure you of the best — high strength, warp free iron laminates, matched paired for exact amperage values, heat resistant, heavy gauge, copper core wiring and soldered field and ground terminals. Insulation is wrapped woven cloth, not paper!

Jammer Part No.	Harley Part No.	Voltage	Generator Model	Model Year	Model Application	Engine Displacement	Engine Configuration	Price Set
4606 Field Coil Set	Replaces OEM #30201-58A	6 Volt	#58, 61 Two Brush	1958	XLH	900cc/55cu."	OHV Twin	14.18
				1959-64	XLH, XLCH	900cc/55cu."	OHV Twin	
				1958-64	FL, FLH	1200cc/74cu."	OHV Twin	
4607 Field Coil Set	Replaces OEM #30201-65	12 Volt	#65 Two Brush	1965-71	XL, XLH, XLCH	900cc/44cu."	OHV Twin	16.86
				1972-81	XLH, XLCH, XLT, XLS	1000cc/61cu."	OHV Twin	
				1965-69	FL, FLH	1200cc/74cu."	OHV Twin	

Brush Sets

Get a perfect fit from our long life carbon brush sets. Contour ground to exact specifications, they maximize commutator contact. Made from high grade carbon-graphite, all sets feature copper alloy cable leads, brass or copper-tin brass terminals and brush springs made from top grade tin music wire.

Jammer Part No.	Harley Part No.	Model Year	Model Application	Engine Displacement	Generator Type Voltage	Price Set
4608 Brush Set	Replaces OEM #30426-58	1958-64	FL, FLH Twins	OHV 74 cu. in.	#58-61-6V	2.44
		1958-64	XL, XLH, XLCH Twins	OHV 55 cu. in.		
		1965-69	FL, FLH Twins	OHV 74 cu. in.	#64-12V	
		1965-81	XLH, XLCH, XLS Twins	OHV 55/61 cu. in.		
4609 Brush Set	Replaces OEM #3025-51	1952-57	FL, FLH Twins	OHV 74 cu. in.	#52-6V	3.33
		1952-54	All "K" Series Twins	SV 45 cu. in.		
		1954-56	All "K" Series Twins	SV 55 cu. in.		
46010 Brush Set	Replaces OEM #30425-32	1948-52	FL, FLH Twins (Pan Head)	OHV 74 cu. in.	#32-6V	3.33
		1941-47	E, F, FL Twins (Knuckle Head)	OHV 61/74 cu. in.		
		1932-52	G, W, WL, WLA Twins (Flat Head)	SV 45 cu. in.		
		1937-47	U, UL (Flat Head) Twins	SV 74 cu. in.		
		1937-48	UH, ULH (Flat Head) Twins	SV 80 cu. in.		
NOTE: Brush Set No. 4608 consists of two (2) brushes; Nos. 4609 and 46010 have three brushes.						

SU CARBURETOR KITS

The one of a kind, classic looking carburetor that's known and respected for its dependability and superior performance. If you spot a great bike, chances are you'll spot an SU as its carburetor.

All Rivera SU kits offer highly polished manifolds and piston domes. The body is cast aluminum. Included is either a breathable air cleaner or velocity stack.

All carburetors will be set-up and ready to bolt on. The jetting will be for stock Harley engines. Included in the kits will be two extra needles, one slightly richer than installed, plus one slightly leaner to cover any installation from stock to highly modified engines, such as cams, head work, special exhaust. There will be no jetting for stroked engines included in any kit.

The hardware kit will include manifold gasket, all necessary nuts and bolts, leveling bracket, plus 2 separable cable mounting brackets. Any throttle cable may be used with the "Eliminator" SU, push or pull, front or rear. There will be no necessity of changing throttle cables.

All Rivera kits have a special 3.5 mm Viton tipped needle with oversize brass seat for adequate fuel flow. The primer pump, manufactured from brass, using an automotive type accelerator cup manufactured from Viton has been tested over 1,000,000 times with no wear factor. It is a press fit into the body, and will require no service. It will insure one kick starting for most machines that are in tune. Also featured is a choke system with an automatic kick down for easy cold weather starting.

Tuning instructions are included in each kit. We offer complete mounting and tuning information complete with pictures detailing most critical adjustments. Normal installation is less than one hour. Also included in the tuning instructions is a complete needle guide listing all needles available and their proper use.

Manifold Selection

Manifolds are included in the "Eliminator" kits and are also sold separately under the part numbers listed below, should you wish to change your gas tank or replace the manifold at some future time.

A. Shovelhead & Sportster — Short Manifold

For use on all XLCH and FX style tanks. Will fit all machines using a fuel tank of less than 3 gallons and most custom mounted high tanks.

135071	28.95
---------------	-------

B. Shovelhead & Sportster—Long Manifold

Designed for 3½ gallon split tanks and all XLH 3.8 gallon tanks.

135072	28.95
--------	-------

C. Shovelhead & Sportster—Long, Long Manifold

Designed for 5 gallon tanks.

13507329.95

D./E. Panhead—Short or Long Manifold

Designed for use on custom tanks. Will allow close to engine mounting on all high mounted fuel tanks. Makes for maximum leg clearance.

135074... Short 43.95

135075 ... Long 43.95

F. Knucklehead—Manifold Adaptor

One length adaptor designed for use with existing Linkert style manifold. Bolts directly on Linkert manifold.

135076 **23.95**



RIVERA
engineering

Dave Mackie holds current national records in three different classes running SU carbs, besides being the national stock eliminator champ.

Get the choice of champs —
SU



"Eliminator" SU Harley Kits

With Air Cleaner

135031 ..	Shovelhead/Sportster	
	Short Manifold	229.95
135032 ..	Shovelhead/Sportster	
	Long Manifold	229.95
135029 ..	Shovelhead/Sportster	
	Long, Long Manifold	229.95
135033 ..	Panhead ... Short Manifold	239.95
135034 ..	Panhead ... Long Manifold	239.95
135035 ..	Knucklehead ... Manifold Adaptor	229.95

With Velocity Stack

135036	..	Shovelhead/Sportster	
		Short Manifold	229.95
135037	..	Shovelhead/Sportster	
		Long Manifold	229.95
135030	..	Shovelhead/Sportster	
		Long, Long Manifold	229.95
135038	..	Panhead .. Short Manifold	239.95
135039	..	Panhead .. Long Manifold	239.95
135040	..	Knucklehead .. Manifold Adaptor ..	229.95



Choppershopper

Continued from page 82

Jugs: If you're for real, you ain't actin' like it! Tell me something! Bo. (107)

Lockdown gals or X's, Minn.-Wis. area. I'll pick you up with a Harley dresser on your out-date for a date out. County falls welcome. I'm 28, 5'8", and 160 lbs. No hardcores, drug addicts, or sleezeos. Let's ride, camp, and bar hop. One-on-one. Box 6531, St. Paul, Minn. 55106. (107)

Harley man looking for sincere ol' lady. I'm 24, tall, and ready to settle down. Write to 208 E. 11th. Scott City, Kans. 67871. (107)

28-year-old Gemini, young, single, and determined to get it together with that #1 foxy lady. I'm 5'5", 145 lbs. brown eyes and hair. You serious-minded ladies (19-38) who will send me your full-length, up-to-date pics will definitely get a fast reply. Doin' time but will soon be out! Mr. Eduardo ("Eddie") Barrera #91124-#A. P.O. Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (108)

In loving memory of Kenneth Wayne "Hondo" Wall, who I never realized how much I loved, until he was gone and then it was too late, but I will always cherish the memories of the times we had together, forever, and have them close to my heart. Roberta. (107)

Free Tattooing Handbook (\$19.95 value). For limited time only, with purchase of "low cost" tattooing outfit. Artist, Box 242-U, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (107)

13 Butch, call home—concerned. (107)

W/m. 6'1", 170 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair, 24 yrs. old. Getting my freedom from Uncle Sam's canoe club in Aug. Riding from Norfolk, Virginia, to California, after that—? Looking for mellow-minded, attractive white female (18-25), who enjoys life, to share the ride and good times. Send pics and letters to Dan Dietzler, USS Texas CGN-39, CF-DIV, FPO New York, NY. 09588. (107)

Wanted for 1948 EL H-D: Original solo seat, rear fender side chrome, chrome headlamp and sales literature. Also want to buy knucklehead basket with title, engine or complete bike. Write "Dink" Shrader, Rt. 5, Box 347, Bluefield, W. Va. 24701. (107)

Wanted: Pretty, white, marriage-minded ol' lady. Down bro needs you. Photo and letter. John C. Wyse, P.O. Box #C-08523, Tamal, Calif. 94974. (107)

Needed: 2 foxy hardbellies to putt from Witch Wells, Arizona, to World's Fair in Knoxville, June '82. (Can pick up enroute). No fannies, big tits okay. Send scribbles (with pics preferred). Rowdy, P.O. Box 1023, St. Johns, Ariz. 85936. (107)

Female, 20, 5'5", 105 lbs., long brown hair, seeks gentle, righteous dude. Send pic and letters to Babe, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (107)

Ladies: Handsome biker, 35, white, in So. California with own pad, job, and H-D chopper, seeks aggressive, fun-loving female 21-32, for good times. Good looks and figure are desirable. Partiers are fine, but outright drunks or addicts are unwanted. No children. No game players or tramps. Photo appreciated and will be returned. I know the right woman is out there somewhere, so let's meet and putt in the wind. T. Bob W. c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (107)

Sincere man, 30, seeking sincere responsible lady, 18-35, for lasting relationship. Looks not important. It's the inner person I'm looking for. I am doing time and am sick of it and the loneliness that goes with it. I am looking for a friend and confidante. Can you be the lady I'm looking for? Sincere replies only, all answered. Jeff Glynn, 301 Troy Dr., Madison, Wis. 53704. (107)

Another future Harley rider is born. Trent Lee Casey, 9 lbs., 5 oz., Dec. 3, 1981. (107)

1948 Indian Chief: near show, 80 cube, one-kicker, I've owned this complete original putt since 1956. Will ride anywhere in Continental USA to deliver for expenses and \$6,000. Photos and information pack. \$3. Bill, P.O. Box 10045, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80902 or (303) 630-1857. (107)

Attention: Looking for Maureen (Mo) Conrad. Your ol' man needs you. I dumped the problem. I love you, Contact Mama Rose at (804) 588-0089. Love, Paul. (107)

Gene: Nobody does it better. I'm always here for you. I love you now, I'll love you forever. Kate. (107)

Chingaletta, our bro's in the Texas slammer. A tramp you'll never forget, so write and send pics. Dominic Manges #309998, Wynne Unit B4-2-23, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (107)

Rhonita: Wright, I need to know. Roy McCullough #114-650, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901. (107)

BSA Norton, and Royal Enfield parts bought and sold. Iota Products Co., 121 Selden, Detroit, Mich. 48201. (313) 832-1127. (107)

Scotter Mike: By the time you read this I hope we're together, but if we're not, I'll wait forever. Love, your "Dumba". (107)

Buried in bungy cords? Righteous removable rack. Carry tons. Press fit. Easy removal. Plans, send \$3 to Albert, P.O. Box 1738, Fontana, Calif. 92335. (107)

Thanks, Ron, Jane, Henri, Zoo, and all other bros in Jersey for many good years. We will ride again. "Fou Day" in Jasper, Ark., May 7, Sturgis '82, Fast Eddie. (107)

Steve and Cathy Crebs: Remember Dave Robertson over in Riverside, Calif. in 1975 at the boys' home? I lost touch when you went to Texas. I'm locked up now. Write to me, David W. Robertson, CYA #26945, 201 Waterman Rd., Ione, Calif. 95640. (107G)

24-year-old doin' time, would like to hear from some righteous ladies to share correspondence with. I will answer all, Randy Rotta, P.O. Box 351, Waupun, Wis. 53963-0351. (107)

\$100 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. (107)

Swap meets: April 25, May 23, 1-70 Drive-In, K.C., Mo., 8 to 4, Box 543, Blue Springs, Mo. 64015 for info. (107)

Divorced, 39, w/m. Harley rider since '58. Tired of head games and bullshit in general. Not into heavy drinking and hard drugs. Looking for loyal female 25-40 who feels the same. Thomas R., Box 41, Vandalia, Ohio 45377. (107)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (107)

Hi, Boob, just checking. Love and lips. Boob II. (107)

Toys for the adult biker and his ol' lady. X-rated playing cards for those hot poker games. \$6.50. Handcuffs to get kinky with the ol' lady. \$12. Pussy soap on a rope (need we say more?). \$7. Tasty Pants, eat them right off the ol' lady. \$6. Ben Wah Balls to keep her going when you're not around. \$8. Tit clamps for ya to tease her. \$12. Cock soap on a rope for the ol' lady to keep mound fresh. \$10. Swedish Erotica magazine, hottest rag around. \$11. 8mm X-rated film, our best. \$15. Free gift with every \$20 order, two free gifts with every \$35 order. We have no catalogs, we sell only items listed above. Any of the above is sent to you C.O.D. with a 50-percent cash deposit. Send all orders to Bikers' Candy Store, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. You must state you are over 18 yrs. or older to order any of the above. (125)

Ladies: W/m, 33, brown hair, blue eyes, High-sided hard in '79 bike totaled, ol' lady split. The body is healed, new side up, ready for the open road. Only thing missing is you. I'm looking for a lady with heart who loves to ride. I'm not a Saturday-night cruiser, I ride for pleasure, to be with other scooter people at events across U.S.A. My home is in San Francisco Bay area, Calif. I will help right lady relocate from anywhere in U.S. If you like to party easy, travel far, and have lots of gentle lovin', write to Preacher, Box 26325, San Jose, Calif. 95159. Letter and photo—same received. (107)

Ladies: Lonely mellow dude from Houston seeks female for ol' lady. White, 20, 5'11", 180 lbs., likes outdoors, riding free but not alone, partying, and working. So? 20-24, 5'6", 105-120 lbs., who knows what's happening in real world. Send pic and letter for more info. Trog, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (107)

Would like to meet a woman 18-28, tall, lean, non-smoker, and articulate, in the Miami or Southern Calif. area. Not interested in religion, children, tattoo mentality, or lasting relationships. I am tall, lean, educated, brn. hair, blue eyes, handsome (very), and working overseas, so I get every other month off, P.O. Box 9525 Marina Del Rey, Calif. 90291. A photo a must! (107)

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan: Fight for White Rights and against government tyranny! Write for free information and a copy of our newspaper, the White Patriot. We also have available Klan T-shirts, pendants, patches, flags, and other items. 1214 Old Lee Highway, Tusculuma, Ala. 35674. Phone (205) 383-5468. (116)

Clay Pollen: Please contact us, we miss you very much. Jane Pollen and Jasmine, 302 Ainsley Ave., Yuba City, Calif. 95991. (107G)

Need correspondence from lovely ladies. John Mitchell C-32442, California Mens Colony, P.O. Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (107G)

Lonely white man in for six years. Collecting pussy hairs from all sincere females. Seek letters and flicks from ladies to get something going. Write Richard Shaffer, P.O. Box C-35578, Repra, Calif. 95671. (107G)

To my husband: I love and miss you very much; it's been hell. Love, Lorean. (107G)

Needed for appeal case. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Helen Buchanan, of the Park Heights and Northern Parkway area in Baltimore, Md. Please notify me quick of whereabouts and address. Richard Cooper #159787, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, Md. 21202. (107G)

Debbie "Doll" Washenfeldt: You are the stepping-stone of love and all those precious things I dreamed of in a woman. With you beside me forever, I'll know happiness in the words, "loving wife." You're the very best! Your loving husband, Dan. (107G)

Bob: Happy 21st, 2-14-82. Remember, I will always love you. Love, your ol' lady Cheryl. (107G)

Need to hear from Zack, Doris, David, or Bonita Dodds, Concerning Pokey, Steve Ethridge, Box 43082, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310. (107G)

A Wiccan, involved in ritual magic, occultism, ancient mysteries. Blond, blue-eyed Cancer. My panhead still waits. Write to me, ladies. William Morehouse #138-951, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302. (107G)

Attention, Linda La Blaine from Canada: I need to hear from you. I am presently in prison in Columbus, Ohio, and know you from a mutual friend. It will be very much worth your while to drop me a line. Robin Kelly Mayes 163-134, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216. (107G)

Richard Simmons, Texas. Don't know if you got my letter. Please call. Urgent! Collect to (604) 378-6640. As ever, Princess. (107G)

Lonely bro down, wishes to meet and correspond with open-minded, free-spirited, and sincere women. No games. The only foundation for a strong and real friendship is honesty and being ourselves always. Respectfully yours, Eugenio A. Berentz #148-333, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699. (107)

Easyriders



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 at 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 yours 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 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

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 8 7/8 9 9 1/2 10 10 1/2 11						Special Order Sizes—Allow 10-12 Weeks All other Sizes 6-14 B, C, D, E, EE Widths	
	D Width Only							
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 — 8 7/8, 9, 9 1/2, 10, 10 1/2, 11, 11 1/2, 12						\$90.00 D Width Only	

Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.

All Makes Of Bikes Are Featured

You never know which of the most popular customized scooters will be featured in an issue — but you can be certain it will be one of the best bikes available. **Iron Horse** also devotes space to historical motorcycles. Along with the best in all types of bikes, we also have fiction, humor, and lots of photos of the good times and good people enjoying the fun of motorcycling.



iron horse

On sale everywhere. If they don't have it, ask them why not.