

Easyriders®

\$2.00
October 1982
£1.60

Hooker-Supported Flat Tracker
Motorcycle Women Show Their Stuff!
A Bunch Of Bitchin' Bikes
She's In Love With Harley's XLX!



**THE TERROR
LASTED FOR
THIRTY-SIX
HOURS...**



**...WHEN IT WAS OVER,
THIRTY-THREE PEOPLE
WERE DEAD.**

February 2, 1980... New Mexico State Penitentiary
erupted with sudden, mind-searing violence.

Fortified with liquor and homemade knives,
sixty-two inmates overpowered the officers on duty.

W. G. Stone was there. This is his eyewitness account.

ON SALE SOON

A DELL PAISANO BOOK



Easyriders

Number 112

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Spider's strange-but-true file	5
Our responsive readers sound off	6
Clips from other bike mags	11
Get off on this slick '53 pan	12
Bro's past helps his present	18
Somethin' to dazzle yer quizzical self	22
The whores were payin' the bills	24
What ya get for messin' with sweats	30
It's the yellow Hog of Sweden	32
Here's a rare trike feature for ya	35
Another dude with a tit fixation	40
Protests, million milers, laws, an' lucky finds	43
Laid-back Libras and others get examined	47
More humor from a pathetic prospect	48
\$20,000 for a view of the inside	50
The Blasters do their own American music	52
When the magic's gone, the scoot's there	54
Showin' off your super stuff — In The Wind	58
Checkin' out bikers doin' good deeds	66
There's a reason for this one	70
Tip on fixin' stripped holes on shovels	78
Flea-bitten whore comes back for more	79
Eastern Sporty customized to the max	86
Here's all ya need, an' some ya don't	111

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, T-Bird, Wino Joe, David. **Cartoon Editor:** Asp. **Production Director:** Gregg Daniel. **Production Assistant:** Phil Lozano. **Compositor:** Alex Lopez. **Products Manager:** David Kelly. **Advertising Associate:** Lizette Hotinger. **Graphic Design:** Matt Foster. **Advertising Graphics:** Eileen Draeger. **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 Ujueta, Billy Thornbury. **Artists:** David Mann, Tom Kuntze, Jody Roberts. **Associate Editors:** Lin Schonberger, Kim Peterson, E.K.B. **Editorial Secretary:** Theresa Lapinski. **Man About Town:** Chuck Johnson. **Porno Dept.:** Siuol Yezmik. **Wordhead:** Frank Harding. **Photo Editor:** Pete Chiodo. **Circulation Director:** Sanford Meyers. **Editorial Supervisor:** Don Pfeil. **Editor at Large:** Mil Blair. **Events Director:** Joe Teresi. **Editorial Director:** Lou Kimzey.



Easyriders magazine ISSN 0046-0990 Number 112, October 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.

National Advertising Representatives: The Lifestyle Group, Box 88469, Atlanta Georgia 30338. (404) 394-6767. Dale Naef, Frank Fittanto.

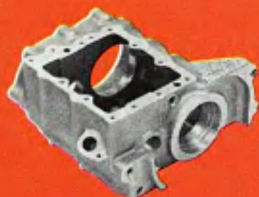


The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale September 28th.

Cover photo of Charey Warren by Ralph Hampton



THE ABSOLUTE FINEST MACHINE PRODUCTS



Heavy Duty Tranny Case

Machined from 356-T6 aircraft alloy. Will accept stock or custom gearing. All stress areas have been reinforced to withstand any stock or high performance application. Fits 65-78.

No. 50-71 \$359.95



Lifter Blocks

Finally there are lifter blocks available to replace the unsightly H-D cast iron units. Machined from 7075-T6 aircraft aluminum billet, they are the ultimate for all big twins.

Polishing, add \$13.00.

No. 50-74 \$144.95



Transmission Plates

These outstanding transmission mounting plates are machined from solid aluminum billet, three times stronger than the stamped out stockers, but lighter in weight. Anodized or machine finish.

Black, gold or red anodized finish. Add \$8.00.

No. 50-43 1965 to present \$49.95

No. 50-51 1937 to 1964 \$53.95



Oil Filter Kit

The first custom oil filter that is virtually invisible once installed. The filter will mount on any after-market oil bag. The kit comes with a filter element the same as a H-D, mounting bolts, "O"-rings, pressure relief valve, necessary oil line fittings, and easy to follow instructions. Black or Gold anodized finish, add \$8.00.

No. 50-73 \$48.95



Wide Glide Kit

At last a kit to convert your stock late model H-D front end to a Wide Glide. Triple clamps and disc spacers machined from aluminum billet. Fork stem, axle, wheel spacers mounting bolts, taper adapters, and a solid brass fork stem nut are included in the kit.

No. 50-110 Complete Kit \$359.00

No. 50-112 Triple

Clamps & Stem \$239.00



Pushrod Covers

A revolutionary new design for the perfectionist, machined from aluminum to meet our high standards. Will fit stockers or strokers. "O"-rings included. Black or gold anodizing add \$12.00.

No. 50-61 \$79.95



Arlen's Fender Struts

A direct replacement for stock H-D fender struts. Machined from aircraft alloy, counter sunk to accept flathead allen bolts.

Black or gold anodizing add \$9.00.

No. 50-908 \$64.95



Folding Footpegs

A perfect match to the solid brass pegs standard on our Universal Brake System. "O"-rings included.

No. 50-80 \$37.95



Sportster Lifter Blocks

These heavy duty replacement units are machined from solid bearing bronze castings for longer lifter life. Complete with allen bolts and "O"-rings.

No. 50-940 each \$29.95



Sportster Exhaust Clamps

These super gripping clamps will crush the exhaust pipe tightly to the header flange, eliminating annoying leaks and loose pipes. Must be tried to be believed.

No. 50-801 \$17.95



Cafe Style Front Fender

Hand laminated fiberglass front fender fits most glide type front ends such as Honda, Kawasaki, H-D Sportster, Super Glide, and Lowrider. Easy to mount, ready for primer and paint.

No. 50-403 \$29.95



Universal Brake System

Our Universal Brake System is designed to increase pedal response 40% over a stock H-D system. This is a bolt-on system and will fit any 74 transmission in a stock or custom frame. Instructions and allen bolts are provided. Please state exact year of transmission. Matching shifter with brass pegs is included.

Black or Gold anodized finish, add \$8.00.

No. 50-98 1965 and later \$239.95

No. 50-99 1964 and earlier \$247.95

Doherty Machine Products
3205 Fujita Street, Torrance, CA 90505
(213) 326-2204



Doherty Machine Products is proud to offer the complete line of Arlen Ness products.

Payment in full by money order, certified check, Visa, or Master Charge. Allow six weeks for personal checks to clear. C.O.D. orders require 50% in advance. Calif. residents must add 6% sales tax. All prices subject to change without notice. When ordering, include part number, year and type of motorcycle. Send \$4.00 for catalog

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Phone _____

A dude was sitting in a bar with a pet cockatoo perched on his shoulder when a man walked up and asked to pet it. He said yes, the guy took the bird, bit its head completely off, and ran from the bar pickin' feathers outta his mouth. They didn't catch the guy, so they don't know whether it was a lost election bet, he was hungry, or he just didn't like birds in bars while he was drinkin'. What's your guess?

Dipshit of the month: They always make it easy for the cops to arrest 'em. Take, for instance, the narc goin' along the highway, pickin' his nose and mindin' his business, when all of a sudden this nerd in the car next to him holds up a homemade sign: "Grass For Sale." The narc signals him to the side of the road as if to buy some. The nerd had twenty lids for sale at only \$20 each. The narc says, "I think you've made a serious mistake." The nerd replied, "You're a cop, aren't you?" The click of the cuffs answered his question.

I've heard of everything a bike can hit, but this is a first. The dude was ridin' along when all of a sudden a hippo came out of nowhere and stood facin' him. Nothin' he could do but hit the critter. This resulted in the guy flyin' over the hippo and gettin' his lights put out. When he woke up, the hippo was alongside the road, eatin' grass, none the worse for the collision. The dude's bike was totaled and he had some ribs caved in. All this means don't get shitty with an elephant or a hippo, 'cause they'll win.

When you grow up: As a kid, you learn to believe in your government, your President, and so on; but by the time you've grown up, you know they're just people like you and me or someone we know. For instance, the car dealers wanted to get rid of a law that forced them to tell a car buyer what was wrong with it and whether it was a lemon. So what did they do? They just spread around money to key members of the committee that would decide whether or not to kill the law. Eleven members received \$4,000 or more—and they all voted against the law. Thirteen members received less, but ten of them voted against it, and two didn't vote at all. Ten members didn't get any money and voted to keep the law. Money talks, even against a law that only protects the little guy from being cheated. The law for good was defeated with m-o-n-e-y.

Then how about the bear that comes up to the cycle, sits on it, but doesn't know how to start it. Finally he gets pissed because he can't make it go and mangles it, so now no one can ride it.

Remember when I told you about the guy who got carried away and drank a drink called the Sourtoe Cocktail? A drink that had a real pickled toe floating around in it to see if you were man enough to drink it, but return the toe on the next drink? Well, apparently he was drunk and drank the whole thing, toe and all. The bar in the Yukon at Dawson City's Eldorado Hotel has been lookin' for another toe. A man's big toe was recently amputated, so the drink is back for anyone with a strong stomach.

Some Nevada prison officials were tipped off that a helicopter was being built inside the prison. They couldn't believe their ears, but with much searching they found that a one-man helicopter had been built and the convicts had just installed a motorcycle engine that day. All they needed to complete it were the rotary blades. Where they were going to get those was anyone's guess. But anyway, the helicopter was found in a section of the prison that was occupied by the roughest inmates, and the guards didn't go into that section very often. The finding of the helicopter meant that five years of convict work had gone down the drain.

A thunderstorm started, so she took a shortcut through the park, but a lightning bolt struck the metal in her reinforced bra, and zap! It fried her tits and killed her dead. Mother Nature doesn't like metal in bras, I guess. Neither do I. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Holland Photos

☐ I would like to thank you very much for printing some excellent photos from Amsterdam in your February '82 issue. Sure as hell enjoyed it! Hope you'll print more.

Richard
Purmerend, Holland

☐ All you gotta do is send us some.

He Liked It

☐ I ain't never wrote to a magazine, newspaper, the IRS, or my mama, but I just finished readin' "Bros of the Road" by Jalil Damon. That one got me, folks. Big-time goose bumps. Thanks.

Bob Jarrard
Garden Grove, Calif.

A Word of Thanks

☐ Just dropping you a line to let you know that we, the undersigned members of the Modified Motorcycle Association, really appreciated the print in your "Easynews" section of the May issue concerning the MMA's Look Twice, Save A Life program. With programs like this one and the two films you have made up, maybe we can make the average four-wheeled-vehicle operator a lot more aware of us on two wheels.

Signed by 27 members of the Hemet area MMA
San Bernardino, Calif.

Proud Ol' Lady

☐ This is to "Blondie" in your July '82 issue.

You say we women are to blame for the bullshit we get from bikers. Well, I think you'd better take a hard look at yourself, 'cause it sounds like your attitude is what's giving you problems.

I'm a woman who likes to rest her "tiny rear" on her ol' man's snatch pad. That's my privilege. I also shine it for him — it's my way of thanking him for working hard all day, loving me all night, and riding me around the country-

side all year — not to mention the custom trike he's building for me.

About self-respect: I have plenty of it. Enough to even share with you. I have my own job, so I won't ever have to stand in a welfare line. I keep my house and myself looking good. I keep my ol' man with an ear-to-ear grin (I've got one too), party with him all night, cover his back in any barroom, and am the best friend he's got.

Since I do all this for him, he doesn't treat me like dirt when he's with his bros. Instead, he brags about the things I do and treats me with the same respect and love I show him. Maybe you get treated like filth by your ol' man and his bros because that's how you treat them.

Biker macho is not to degrade us. They have better things to do. They realize that women are part of their lifestyle. They treat us like they'd treat a bro. If you're a fucked bro, that's how they talk about you. If you're a righteous one, they'll stand beside you forever, no matter what comes down. My ol' man does — tall, proud, and free. We both like it that way. I get more respect from all the bikers I know than I could ever think of. All of them are macho and the finest group of friends I could ever have. Quit trying to fight against them and start working with them. It'll get you a lot further.

Peppermint Patti
Lake Tahoe, Nev.

☐ This is for Blondie, whose letter is in the July '82 issue, and any other ERA bitch calling herself "A Biker's Woman."

Whose fault is it that you are a woman? Whose fault is it that you chose this lifestyle? You have no idea of what it's all about, as you showed us all in your letter. Respect has to be earned, not just given 'cause you've got

tit and whine a lot. You can dazzle 'em with your bullshit, but deeds speak louder. Maybe that's why you get hooted at when the bros gather in groups. Could be they all agree on something.

You should do a favor for yourself and for any other chick who feels the same. Find yourself a hippie and a Honda. They'll give you all the respect you need and deserve. After all, if you can't stand the stink, get outta the shit.

Miami Rich
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

In Good Company

☐ Just want to mention we love your rag. It's the highlight of the month, besides makin' love and that big number 69.

Sundance's Ol' Lady
Huntsville, Tex.

Wants Recipe

☐ Why don't you cats show some class and run the recipe for makin' that potato booze Steve McQueen and those other cats got shit-faced on in the movie "Great Escape"? I figure if I guzzle about three gallons of that stuff, I'll be able to ride my scooter just like old Steve — maybe jump a few barbed-wire fences!

Mess Munroe
Toronto, Ontario

☐ If you drink three gallons of that stuff, or just pruno, you can ride through the wall and fences — or at least you'll think you can.

Painting's Right On

☐ I just got a look at the Dave Mann centerspread in the August '82 issue, and I just wanna say he's succeeded in touching my very fucking soul this time! Hell, I can't leave it at that. I'm doing a 90-year bit here at Florida State Prison with a 30-year mandatory so, as you can imagine, more than a few images of my being paroled

flutter past my lids after lights-out each night.

Mack
Starke, Fla.

☐ Your centerspread in the August '82 issue was really to the point and made a lot of us here at CDC, Tehachapi, dream good dreams about our release dates.

Cool Hand Luke, Yancy Webb, Fuckin' W. Dago, Anthony McNeile, R.J.A., Stanley V. Guess, Mooney, Larry Lucas, S.F.V.

☐ Dave Mann's poster in the August '82 issue is righteous. I'll be getting out of prison in 1987. I hope my release is just like that poster. I don't know how Dave knew it, but that poster is every bro's dream here in this rathole.

Ernie Franklin
Florence, Ariz.

Sorry Iron-on

☐ I bought all the Easyriders for two years for the iron-ons to make a neat T-shirt. I made one all right. As soon as I washed it, they all came off the shirt.

Pretty shitty, wouldn't you say?

D.J.
Detroit, Mich.

☐ Yes — which is the reason we don't print them any more. The ink isn't as good as it once was.

Drug Tests

☐ This letter is in reply to Mad Dog in Bremerton, Washington, (August '82 issue, page 8), who inquired about a means by which he could obtain a negative piss test result for THC in Uncle Sam's canoe club. Please keep in mind that my reply is not an official position of the U.S. Navy, but rather my knowledge gained as the former LPO (leading petty officer) of the sickbay at a Naval Drug Rehabilitation Center.

The test for THC in urine is 97-percent accurate, and new methods will push that percentage of accuracy higher. This accuracy rate is also true for other drugs: amphetamines, barbiturates, hallucinogens, etc. In short, the only way to obtain a negative test result is to have not used.

Mike Hardester
NAS Miramar, Calif.

Wants Correspondence

☐ My name is Debbie Anderson. I am European, 20 years old, and single. I weigh 53 kg and am 5 ft. 3 in. tall. My eyes are hazel-green. My hobbies are surfing, outdoor life, night life, various sports, travel, and absolutely anything! I would like to correspond with males or females from twenty to thirty years of age in any state (including Hawaii). All letters will be answered. Please send photo, if possible. Will be visiting the U.S. sometime in 1983.

D.J. Anderson
58 Goodliffe Avenue
Brighton Beach Bluff
Durban, 4052
South Africa

Still Loves Him

☐ I have a serious problem. Every time I look at my ex-ol' man, I want to make love to him. I don't know if I'm doing the right thing, because I still love him very much, but he thinks it's a joke that I love him and I want to go back with him.

Sad Eye
Cambridge, Ontario

Same Ol' Tits

☐ If you guys want to sell more T-shirts, try showing some new tits for a change. I've seen the five sets of tits in your ad more than I've seen the ol' lady's knockers! Show some new tits, and I might even order a damn T-shirt. Better yet, maybe a nice pair!

Bob "Pearl" Hurley
Seaford, Del.

■ Okay, we'll hold ya to it.

Another Fuckup

☐ You thought you didn't have a fuckup, or that no one would find it, didn't you? If you look at page 38 in the July '82 issue, the word Red Rider is spelled Red Irder, but in the solution on page 84, it is spelled right. Well, I found the fuckup, and will you tell Mutha that I want to eat her crabby crotch?

Hard Ass
Washington, Ill.

Tellin' 'Em Off

☐ To the Programming Department of ABC-TV:

Please accept my congratulations for successfully extending and adding to the "bad biker" image in the eyes of the general public.

Your prime-time, highest-

viewing utilization of an episode of "The Fall Guy" showed a stroke of genius in its research, prop usage, and subliminal nuances.

You also reached a pinnacle of alienation heretofore unparalleled by other shows: the alienation of all bikers, not just the nastiest of the nasty, Harley folks.

To have Mr. Majors overwhelming in his use of Harley-Davidson identification, astride a Japanese dirt bike, was not only ludicrous but bordered on heresy. I'm sure those who ride in the weeds (dirt-bike enthusiasts) were as elated by the mixture as I was, a Harley-Davidson rider for twenty-five years.

Mr. Majors's portrayal of a latter-day Marlon Brando was pure professionalism. He did his homework well in his imitation of the role set out for him in "The Wild One." The six H-D pins on his leather cap complemented the eagle on the back of his leather jacket; the eagle on one collar balanced the #1 patch on the other collar, not to mention the H-D name patch affixed to the right arm of his jacket (I can't recall what was on the left arm, but I'm sure you thought of something), and under all this, a Harley T-shirt. Thank goodness no one viewing could misconstrue his allegiance.

Your taste in omitting swastikas and Maltese crosses was admirable, what with the world situation as it is today. As to the addition of the Japanese sun patch, worn by Mr. Majors's girl... well, I'm sure that The Big Four, making millions in the U.S., were, to say the least, thrilled — not to mention those still around who remember WWII.

Yes, gentlemen, you did it well. You mixed it all together and came up with a winner in your cheap shot at all who ride two wheels. Please pardon my error; you even included a Japanese three-wheeler.

I might offer a word of caution: *When*, not *if*, the day comes that those who ride begin to decide, the sponsors of these continually propagated "bikers are bad" shows are going to feel a great decrease in the purchase of their products.

And you, the cheap-shot artists who represent programming, are going to feel some vibrations in ratings.

Remember, gentlemen, the ratings *do* affect your salaries, and even, it's to be hoped, your future with the network.

Robert H. Lanier
Cincinnati, Ohio

Forgotten

☐ I can't think of anything to say, so let's just forget it, okay?

Rider 9
Nazareth, Pa.

Framed

☐ Concerning the letter from Grape Ape, August '82 issue, about information on frame building: Texas Frame Works builds wishbone and straight-leg frames, using stock Harley dimensions.

Tell Mr. Ape to contact Rick Nichols of Texas Frame Works at the address and/or phone number below for the information he needs.

Rick Nichols
Texas Frame Works
606 Chaparral Road
Austin, Tex. 78745
(512) 441-4472

A Chicken

☐ I've just finished reading my first *Easyrider* (you got a cherry), and the only thing I have to say is, *Easyrider* is the most disgusting, degrading, sexist piece of trash that I've ever read (from cover to cover, I might add), and it left me "dripping wet" and hungry to plop my ass on the back of a scooter, legs raised up to a hot, sweaty back pushed into my thighs! Shit, I make myself sick!

But I must admit (most humbly) that there is something terrifically sexy about all those dirty, hairy fuckers that putt around on those powerful Hogs. I squirm with desire when I see a pack of 'em out on a hot, sultry day, leaned back against their scooters (which are all in a neat row, demanding notice from square slobbs passing by), slugging down the JD right from the bottle and acting like they own the world and don't give a shit.

I fantasize about going up to the grungiest but foxiest dude in line (probably the head badass) and asking him if I may have the honor of sucking his cock while he kicks back on his bike. Of course, he says, "Go for it, bitch," and I immediately fall on my knees and pull out the biggest, hottest cock I've ever seen in my life! And

QTY		USA	CAN	FOR
	A. MC W/O Pain	\$ 9.00	\$10.50	\$15.50
	B. What Fits What	\$7.00	\$8.00	\$12.50
	C. Special Tools	\$7.00	\$8.00	\$12.50
	D. Harley Cookbook	\$10.00	\$12.00	\$18.50
	Sub Tot			
	Cal. Tax			
	Tot			

Paisano Publications

P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

All prices listed above include cost of postage and handling. All foreign orders are sent air mail insured. Canadian-first class. Please, make all payments payable in U.S. funds only! Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Thank you.

MUST BOOKS FOR BIKE OWNERS



A. What Fits What #5

Completely revised 5th Edition. Interchangeability for all Harley V-twins, 1936 through 1982. Build a stormin' Sportster, change a pan to a shovel, and more.

B. Painless Electrics

Revised edition with practical info. not theory, on solving electrical problems. A down-to-earth solution to the riddle of electrics.

C. Special Tools For H-Ds

Facts on all special tools needed, or recommended, for working on V-twins. Where to get 'em and how to use 'em.

D. Custom Harley Cookbook

Building custom Hogs with step-by-step explanations of what works and what doesn't. Everything is in words and diagrams anyone can understand.

Make EXTRA MONEY Fixing Just One Motorcycle



According to a survey made by a leading publication, motorcycle mechanics average over \$800.00 a month. And if you work for yourself and charge typical prices, you might make even more. How much you can charge for any job will depend upon the competition in your area and the quality of your work. And, of course, how quickly you do the job also determines how much money you will make. But it's not the money alone—just think of the satisfaction in knowing you've got the best performing bike in town.

If you like to ride a cycle for fun... learn how to fix it for profit! Can you imagine a better way to earn your living whether you choose to work in a cycle shop for someone else or decide to start your own cycle repair business? Now, thanks to North American, there's a fast, easy way to get training at home in your spare time. No need to quit school or your job. Experts show you step-by-step everything from minor tune-ups to major overhauls.



CYCLES ARE BIG BUSINESS... AND SO IS FIXING THEM!



More than 5 million cycles are registered in the U.S. today. Plus an estimated million more dirt bikes. And they all need maintenance.

Graduation from this course does not insure that you will get a job. To find out how our graduates have done, send for our job placement record. And be sure to check with repair shops in your area!

SEND FOR FREE INFORMATION

Get all the facts now... without obligation. Be among the first in your neighborhood to cash in on profits in motorcycle repair. No cost or obligation. No salesman will call. Accredited Member, National Home Study Council



Mail Coupon Now!

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MOTORCYCLE REPAIR
4500 Campus Dr., Dept. E00A2 Newport Beach, CA 92660

Rush free color brochure and full information on how I can learn motorcycle repair for only a few dollars a month.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

while the whole gang looks on, I eat that bastard's cock like he's never experienced before in his depraved life. He explodes violently, but I don't stop. I suck on that fuck-stick until he begs me to stop. And of course, all his bros line up for a piece of this crazy bitch, and I get fucked and sucked like an animal, each one amazed at my endurance and sheer carnal appetite.

When the orgy is over, I hop up on the baddest scooter in the bunch (of course owned by that same foxy dude, head badass), legs up, shoulders back, wet crotch against tattooed back, and embark on the most thrilling ride of my life.

If only I wasn't such a chickenshit cunt! I'm as scared of "them" as I am turned on to "them." I know I could lay one of their asses as good as (probably better than) any of their ol' ladies, and holy shit, how I crave to be "the bitch on the back of the scooter."

But I'll never pull my shit together and walk up to that "badass," and that's all it is: just a fantasy that's got me rubbing my crotch and breathing hard.

So I'll just sit and "tweek" on, read the scum you call a magazine, and know that the next time I pass a pack of those wild-eyed, free-spirited biking bastards, I will sigh and squirm with desire, hoping the wet spot on my jeans doesn't show.

So, bros, next time you pull into this little town in northern California, park your scooters up against the high curb and kick back, notice that sweet-smelling, middle-class cunt demurely walking by. See how she looks at you coyly with her light-brown, eyeshadowed eyes, see the way she smiles with those soft, moist lips. It could be me, and I'm hot to trot and wired up for 220. Go for it—I'll drive you crazy (someday, maybe).

Rosebud
Sacramento, Calif.

Remember Pappy

□ The ol' lady and I just moved to the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia where, unfortunately, there are sucky-ass helmet laws. I left Connecticut where there haven't been helmet laws for six years now, largely because of a deceased bro,

Donald "Pappy" Pittsley and the now-organized Connecticut Motorcycle Riders Association. As one of the executive members of the CMRA, I've seen the strength in numbers work for motorcyclists' freedom.

I urge all our brothers and sisters in Virginia to contact me, so we can stand up together and squash this unjust communist law and enforce the motto "Let Those Who Ride Decide."

I fuckin' care.
Bill Flyer
P.O. Box 11
Bentonville, Va. 22610

■ We knew Pappy personally and are aware of what he did. Glad to see someone learned something from the results of his efforts.

Nothin' Bothers Him

□ Fuck the dirt, grease, rain, bugs, cops, assholes, pot-holes, rent, hangovers, pissed-off ol' ladies, beer cans all over the damned place, no dope, legal fees, expensive Harley parts, and whatever the hell else bothers you. But whatdafuck—it's life.

C.J.
Cumming, Ga.

Gucci Shoes?

□ I just sat down about an hour ago with the July '82 issue, smoked five or six bowls (I forget), and did your word search puzzle.

Now I ain't sayin' you fuckers screwed up (God forbid), but I found twenty-two words that weren't even listed. Come on, guys, my home-grown ain't that good. Some were okay. Stoned, pot, cunt, bar, ass, toot (with three o's), and heads all made sense to me, but Gucci, man? Give me a fuckin' break. For some reason, I just can't see Spider and the rest of you fuckers in Gucci shoes.

P. Martinez should get an extra piece of raisin pie for sneaking in the good words, but for that fuckup he should have to eat it from Mutha's snatch.

In case you can't find it, look in row two next to Indian.

Big Bob
Green Bay, Wis.

■ Don't know how Gucci shoes, jock straps, long hose, or whatever got into the puzzle or within two feet of Easyriders.

Likes Slant Eyes

□ As one of the guys who married an Oriental girl, I thought I'd give a brief response to some of the letters I've read in "Word-monger" lately.

I fell in love with (and married) this woman not because she's Oriental or because I don't like American women, but because of the person she is. I didn't marry an Oriental woman, I married a woman who happens to be an Oriental.

And if anyone isn't willing to get to know her as a person, because of the shade of her skin or the slant of her eyes, well it's his loss.

Rich
San Diego, Calif.

Defends Sportster

□ In the July '82 issue in "Workin' Out To Get A Biker" it says, "Believe it, bros, the dolls are twitchin' for the thunder of a big twin. Shit, they're so desperate they'll even ride a Sporty."

After owning a pan, a flat-head, and two shovels, my Sporty is my choice for looks, sound, and reliability. A Sportster is a Harley-Davidson and, to a lot of us, the best they build. I personally take offense at the bad-mouthing, especially from a magazine that devotes its time and talents to Harley, the best bike in the world. Some of us think sixty-one inches is just fine. No need to mess with the best.

Flex
Pocatello, Idaho

■ We were kiddin' a dude on the staff. We have nothin' against a Sporty—we were just havin' fun.

New Law

□ I heard a really depressing piece of news today. According to a ruling by the Supreme Court, cops can, upon suspicion, open locked glove boxes, suitcases, trunks, and anything else he or she (the cop) feels needs to be looked at! And on suspicion only!

Do you have long hair? A beard? Jeans? T-shirt? What's to constitute proper suspicion?

Big Brother is here, and they didn't even give us a chance to vote on it.

All bros: Get your shit in one sock and fight. This is worse than helmet laws. And this ain't no light shit. If there ever was a cause to join, this

is it! There is no way we can let Big Brother do this. If you care about your freedom, or anyone's freedom, you gotta fight back. There's no way to express the importance of the loss of freedom. If we don't stop it now, we never will. I want my freedom and I'm gonna fight!

Pugs Robinson
Worcester, Mass.

Question

Can you please help me? A case of beer and a piece of ass is on the line.

Has California ever had a helmet law?

Leslie
Schaumburg, Ill.

Never.

Goin' Downhill

You know everyone writes and complains about your fuckups. Well, I caught ya this time. On page 9 of the July '82 issue (2nd column), I noticed that the lines started to run uphill. At first I thought it was the good weed I'd been smokin' till I asked around. It was you, not me. Oh well.

Michelle
Dodge City, Kan.

Do you think you're the only one who smokes good weed?

For Belushi

The staff at *Easyriders* is to be commended on outdoing itself and any other magazine published in the world. Why? Your tribute to John Belushi, God rest his mind and soul. You went past the call of the magazine's norm, but then again, you're not a magazine of norm. John Belushi, dammit, accident or not, we still and always will love you, and I will personally look you up when my card gets pulled.

Kurtis Samples
Dallas, Tex.

It's Her Birthday

I was so excited that I felt I had to write y'all. Yesterday was my birthday (May 6, 26 years old), and my ol' man bought me some really nice leathers (no whips and chains). Well, I thought it was for when we went puttin' on his scooter. He asked me to help him take his rear tire off to have it fixed, and lo and behold, when he opened the garage door, there she stood—the most beautiful 1974 Hog (1200 FLH, all

stock) with a red ribbon around it.

I stand 5'3" and weigh 120 lbs. I'm a good rider 'cause I learned from the best, my ol' man. So all you *Easyriders* readers, I just wanted y'all to know that now I have something nice between my legs besides my nice tush. Thanks, "Wordmonger," for all your good work.

Outlaw Babydoll
Riverside, Calif.

Horny Artist

This letter is to the asshole who thinks he is a tattoo artist. His ad is in the classified section, page 83, the July '82 issue.

Just think what you are doing for the real tattoo artist if you think we depend on pussy or sex for a living. We wouldn't be able to sit down in our chairs to work. And another thing—we make money (good money) on our skills and years of hard work, not on sex.

If a man or woman trades sex for a tattoo, then that person is not interested in art. He is just doing it for the sex.

People like you are selfish and are not artists.

Tattoo Lady
Omaha, Neb.

Jumpin' Sheep

I was just looking at the June '82 issue of *Easyriders*, and in the "Taking It Easy" column there was an article about some kind of sheep that jumps six or more feet into the air.

Seein' as how I would like to cruise my scooter to Sturgis this summer, could you tell me where these fuckers are

and what they look like? By the way, you people have a fine magazine. Keep the good shit coming.

Bob Dog
San Diego, Calif.

They're called Great Woolly Sheep and I think they're in Australia.

Another Goof

No full-fledged critics here, but you cats goofed again. If Greg, the owner of the beautiful '49 FL called Lady Luck in the July '82 issue, hasn't written you yet, then here's why he should. The little brass hand that you said held the clutch cable, doesn't! It holds the brake cable, dipshit! Come on, when you feature scoots that fine, give the owner all due respect and get it all right! I mean, if we can catch a mistake like that at six o'clock on a Friday morning, when the fuck do you write your articles?

Keith Cahall
Houston, Tex.

Four o'clock on a Saturday morning, but in worse shape than you probably are.

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

Easyriders



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 nitrone 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.

HEAVY WEIGHT!

BADASS BIKER LEATHERS

Sexy Skins
Get one fer yer favorite Bitch



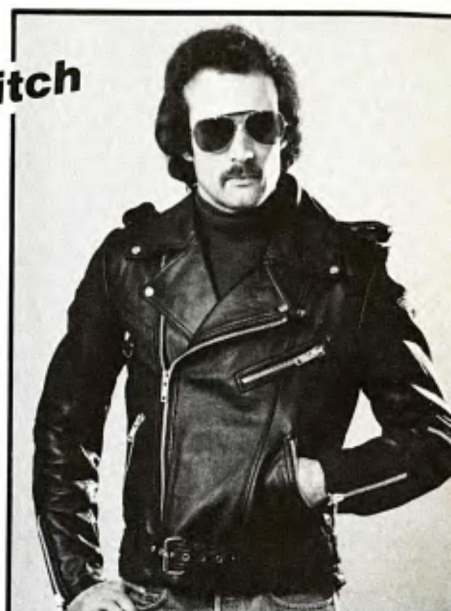
HEIN GERICKE BOMBER JACKET: This beauty is fashioned after the U.S. Air Force jacket & modified for motorcycle riders. Jacket features a mandarin style collar to keep out the weather, with a snap on the inside to prevent wind flap. Extra padding on the elbows & shoulders. Full quilted lining keeps the cold out & the warmth in. Elastic cuffs & waist bands insure a tight, warm & snug fit. Sizes 32-48 \$159.95, 50-52 add \$10.00, 54-56 add \$15.00.



HEIN GERICKE LEATHER PANTS: These ain't no fuckin' designer jeans, these are biker jeans. We made em just like a boot cut Levi, same cut with a slight flair so ya can wear yer favorite boots. Size 26-40 \$149.95, 42-44 46-48 add \$15.00.



HEIN GERICKE LONG LIFE LEATHER BIBS: These high quality bibs are for stylin on the bike as well as off. Full length leather covered spandex side panels allow full freedom of movement in all standing, sitting & squatting positions & also prevent sagging. They feature adjustable shoulder straps & lined unfinished legs that can be trimmed for a custom fit. With full front & rear chest panels, they offer great rough weather protection. Basic black for men in waist sizes 28-36 & both black & sexy red for chicks in dress sizes 6-20. \$189.95.



HEIN GERICKE HIGHWAY JACKET: The most popular style of jacket with the Harley crowd. It features an action back for a comfortable riding position. Snaps to enable you to ride with the collar open to prevent wind flap. Well padded with fully lined pockets & strong zippers. Tradition speaks for itself. Sizes 32-48 \$179.95, 50-52 add \$10.00, 54-56 add \$15.00.



HEIN GERICKE BIKER CHAPS: These class ass fuckers were designed by bikers. Fully adjustable front with Spandex band section, allows for a snug fit. The lining is ventilated for breathing. The leg zippers have a Velcro flap over them, to keep rain & cold out. Sizes 26-40 \$139.95, sizes 42-44 46-48 add \$15.00.



Ask about our catalog.
\$4.95 with coupon for refund.

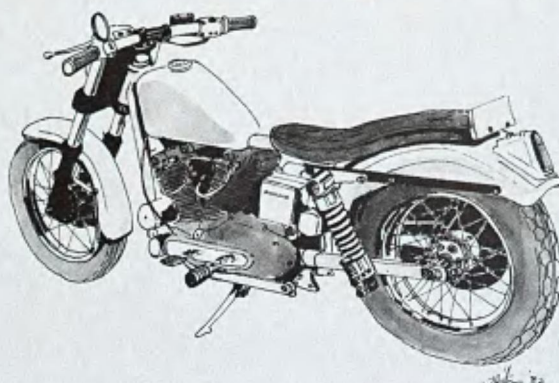
1433 W. 38th Ave. / Denver, CO 80211
(303) 433-7025 / (303) 433-0564

SHIPPING EXTRA
call 303-433-7025 or 303-433-0564

All orders sent UPS/COD.
Foreign/overseas orders prepaid only.
No Fuckin' Checks!

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags



DOT Gives Up

The Department of Transportation recently decided to slash funding for motorcycle safety programs, despite their generally acknowledged effectiveness. Now, the DOT has explained its decision.

The DOT admits that the programs have "high program potential" and "evidence of impact" supported by scientific research, but says that other highway safety programs were thought more important than motorcycle safety because two-wheel accidents account for 5,000 deaths annually, too few to warrant national attention.

Unless Congress objects, the DOT decision will take effect on October 1, 1982. This is expected to sharply reduce the flow of funds to states for those safety programs. It is estimated that those funds totaled almost \$4 million last year.

—Motorcycle Product News

Against 55 Limit

So you're mad as hell about the 55mph speed law and you're not going to stand for it anymore. What can you do? For starters, join the Citizen's Coalition for Rational Traffic Laws, a fledgling organization dedicated to eradicating "Mandatory 55." The CCRTL believes speed limits should inform motorists of the speeds that can be safely maintained on a given highway by a normally skilled driver or rider. They should not, they think, serve to raise local revenues or slow traffic to a point where accident or injury can be avoided by even the most

inept, intoxicated, or incompetent operators. The organization sees speed limits as an information source, not an arbitrary standard that defies logic. The CCRTL also believes that legislation that reduces fines or demerit points for speeding while leaving the limit at 55 mph skirts the heart of the issue. If you agree, contact the CCRTL at 6678 Pertzborn Road, Dane, WI 53529, or call (608) 849-4054.

—Cycle

V-Twins Are Strong

No motorcycle has ever exuded toughness like a Harley-Davidson Sportster. The staggered beat of its 45° V-twin engine is a strong, powerful sound, muffled or not. All the business pieces are hung out in the open, where riders and the less fortunate get to see them. There is as little plastic on a Sportster as on any product made in this decade. Sportsters are powerful, too, with a kind of chugging, tractor-like pull occurring at every engine speed, a power that high-spinning smaller motorcycles can't duplicate. Most of all a Sportster is durable. For 25 years now Harley-Davidson has been building Sportsters, starting with the 900cc ohv conversion of the KH and continuing right up to the present 25th Anniversary Edition.

It's hard enough finding motorcycle manufacturers who were around 25 years ago, let alone models of motorcycles that have endured a quarter of a century. Twenty-five years ago the motorcycle industry was a mirror image of its current

self. Moto Guzzi was racing a V-eight, the English and Italians were dominant, Japanese bikes didn't exist in this country, and Harley-Davidson was surviving much as it had for years. Harley's smallest full-size motorcycle was the KH, a flathead V-twin of 55 cubic inches. That was the basis for Harley's racing in this country, being used for roadraces or miles or TTs.

—Cycle World

Down With Radar

After more than four years of research and money-spending (to the tune of \$675,000 of your tax bucks), the National Highway Traffic, Etc., has decided not to require that standards be set for the training of police in the proper use of radar and its correct operation. In a complete reversal of the agency's original position, the NHTSA has now turned over regulatory responsibility to state legislatures.

Early last year National Highway issued a detailed list of proposed standards, after much publicity about such instances as trees being clocked speeding along at 80 miles an hour. The list specified performance standards for radar units, a minimum training program for policemen on how to use the units, and a list of manufacturers whose products met federal standards. But that's all history now, as the NHTSA has decided no such rules are necessary. The next time you're out riding your tree, watch out: a rookie cop with a new Pac-Man Pocket Radar Snitch might trim your branches for speeding.

—Motorcyclist

Protect Your
Valuables

Stash Pouch



Won't
open
until
you
open
it.

Goin' into a heavy neighborhood?

Won't slide when jumping or running.

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 pouch 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% sales tax.

Mackenzie Company,
Box 29, Calabasas,
California 91302

STASH
POUCH

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(U.S. funds only. Thank you.)

TRADITION



One of the main problems with hangin' around and writin' for this rag is that it's makin' me old. Or maybe it's just that the years keep on goin' by one at a time, and it ain't got nothin' to do with whether I'm writin' this shit or not.

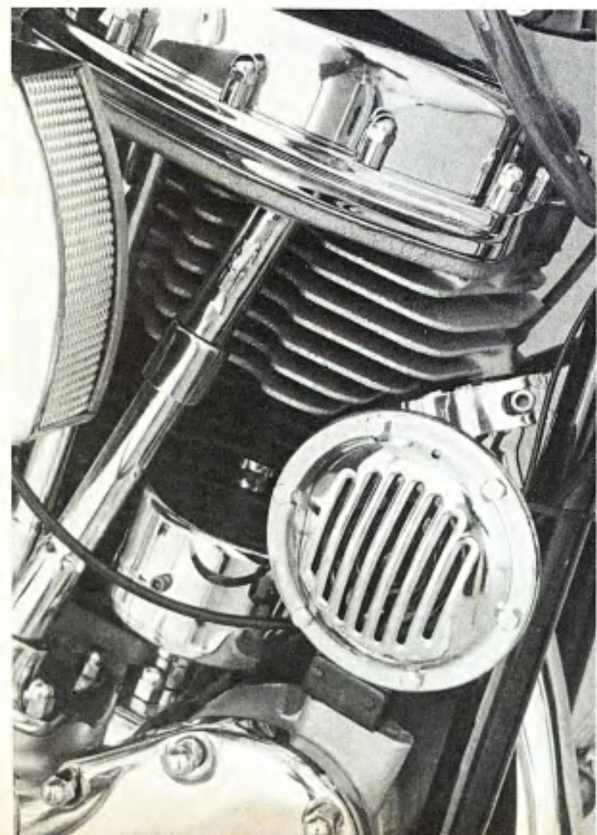
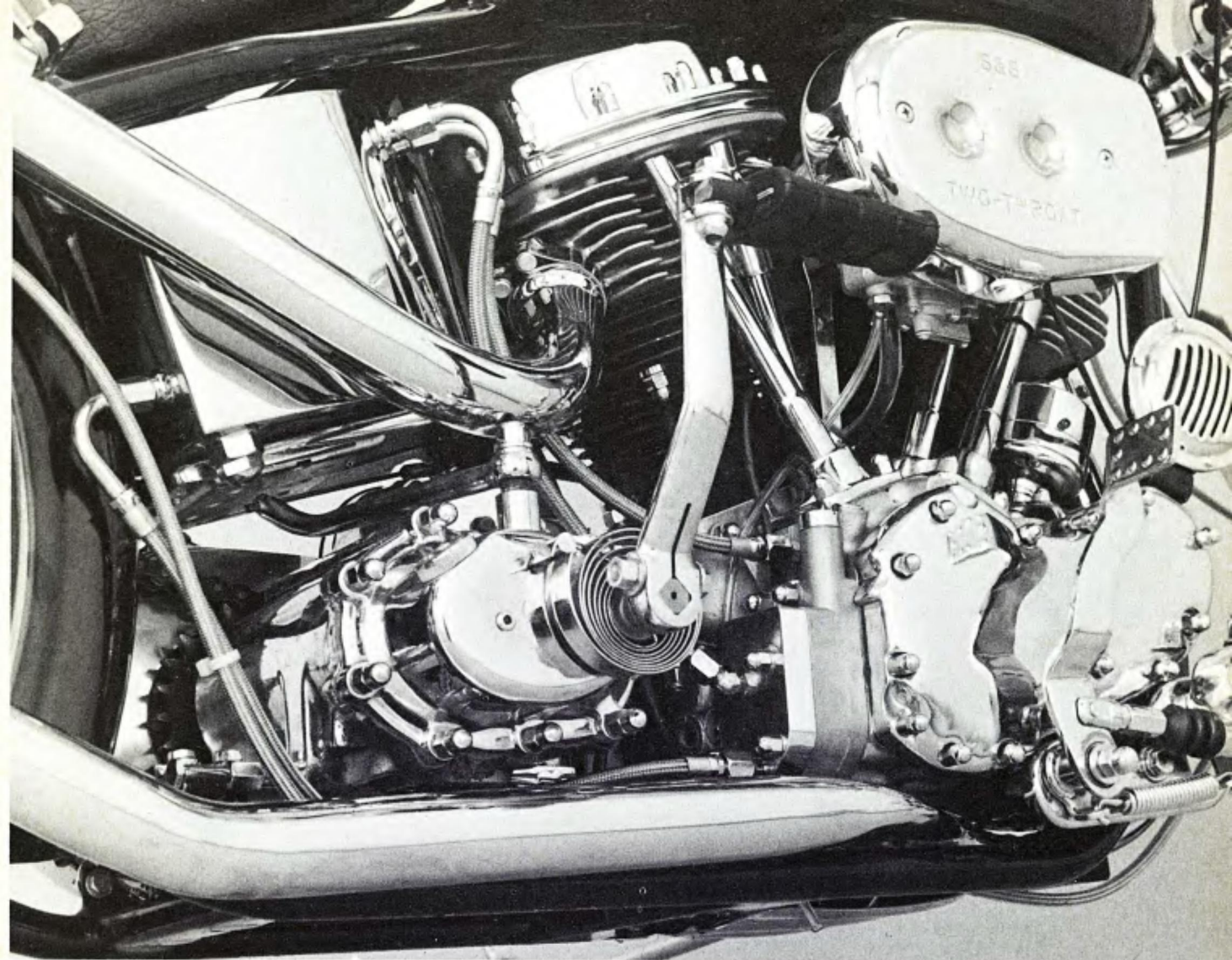
Whatever. Maybe it's just the bum dope that's been around lately makin' me feel old. Or the fact that I'm sittin' here tryin' to think this shit up when I should be out puttin'. But gettin' old does have one ad-



vantage. I've been doin' this same old stuff for so long that I can stand back and see how scoots have changed over the years — and how some of those changes are moves back to where we were. You know, that old "once upon a time" bullshit.

Well, once upon whatever fuckin' time it was, scoots looked a lot like Sal "Pappy" Blydenburgh's '53 pan. But there's another of those old sayin's; somethin' about rose-colored glasses. So maybe





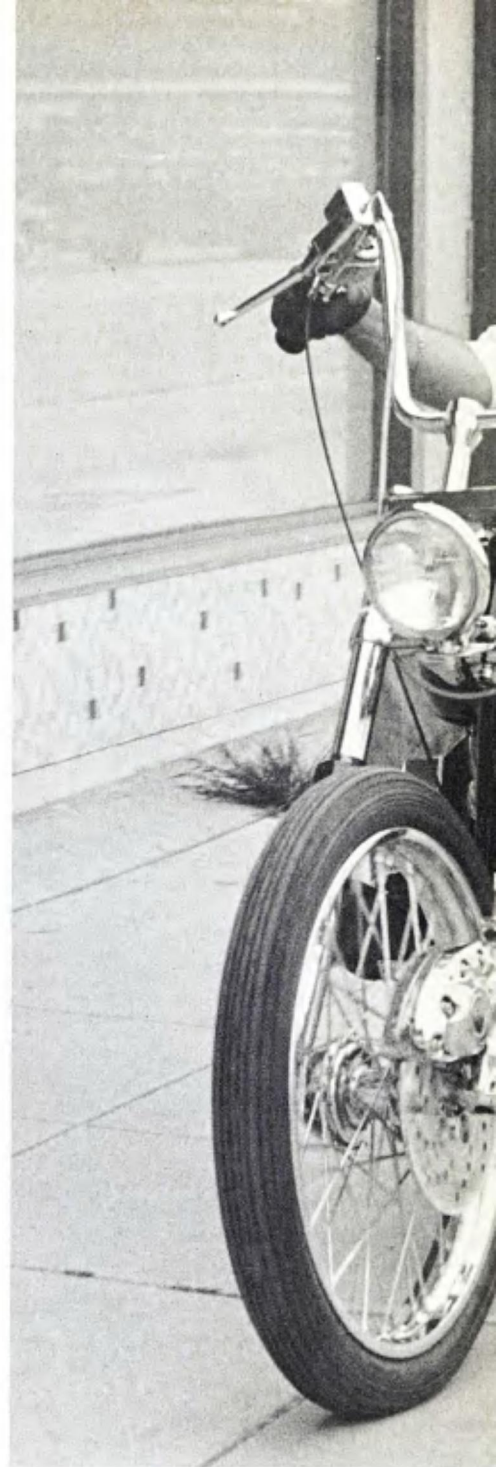
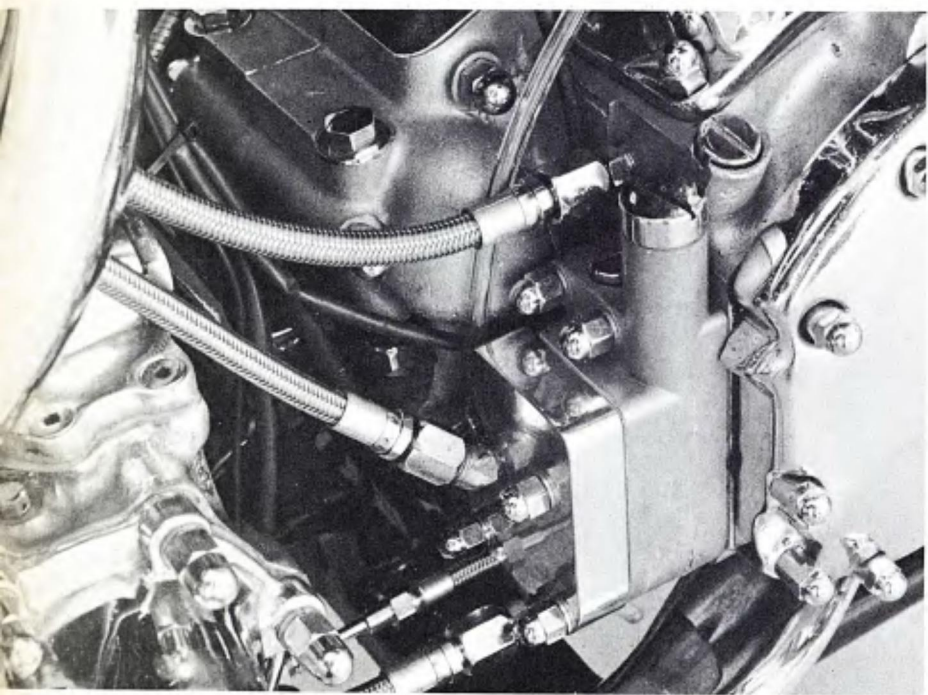
Pappy's pan doesn't look just like them old-time scoots I used to see and ride. I dunno. I do know, though, that they sure as hell didn't have some of the fine tech stuff that not only looks bitchin' on Pappy's sled, but also makes it a balls-out pleasure to ride.

When Pappy hits the road from his Thousand Oaks, California, home he knows that between his legs, besides his balls, he has one of the finest fuckin' hunks of Milwaukee iron on the west coast, designed for those long stretches of open highway, but also right at home on the twistin' roads of the coastal mountains or cruisin' the beaches and SoCal night life scene.

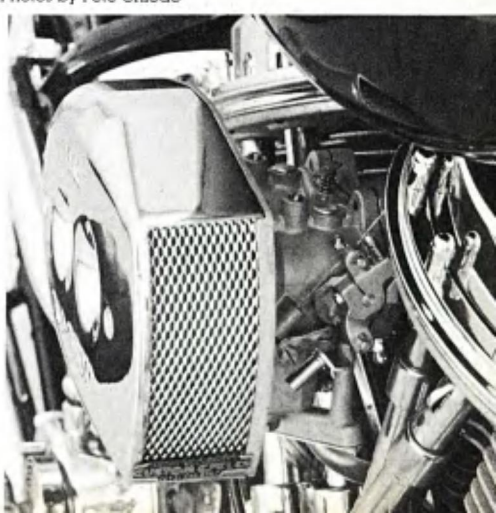
The combo traditional/latest-tricks scoot was put up for Pappy by Micah McCloskey's Custom Cycle, and he didn't miss a single trick in makin' the pan a fast but comfortable and reliable ride. I could fill some space here by listin' all the good shit that went into the bike, but that's what the chart's for. So instead of sittin' there draggin' your eyes over this drivin', why don'tcha check out the flicks and begin thinkin' back at how scoots once looked like real live motorsickles (as we used to call 'em back then). In other words, just like Pappy's fine ride.

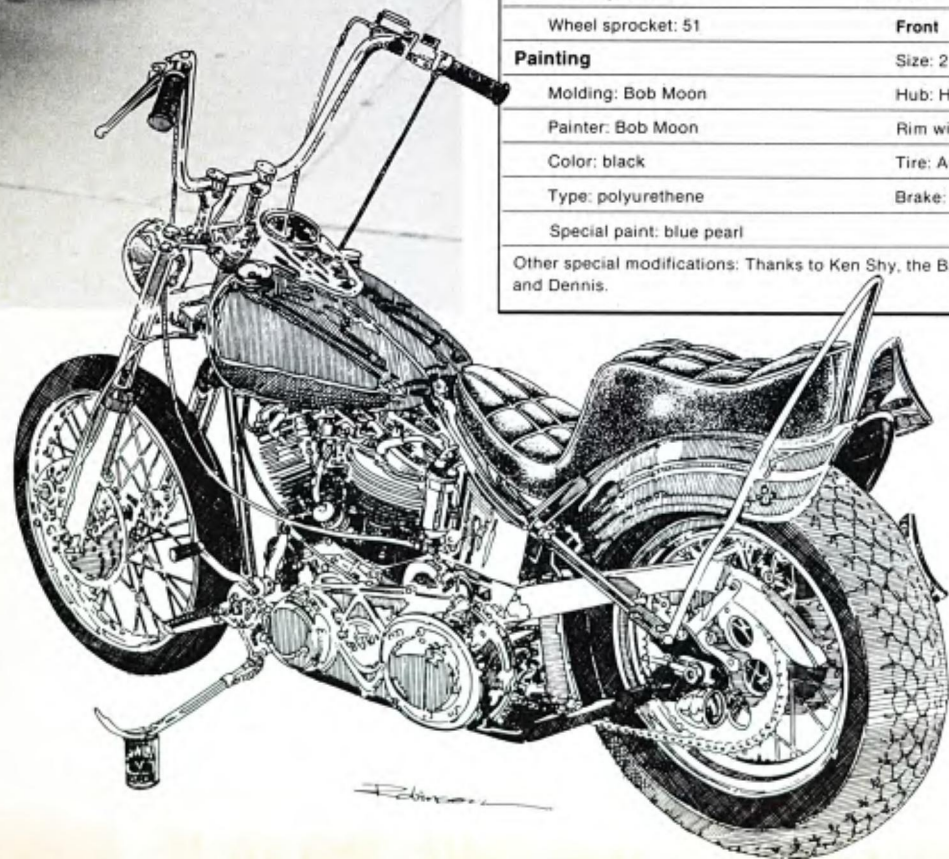
— Easy

Continued on next page



Photos by Pete Chiodo





Owner: Sal Blydenburgh **City:** Thousand Oaks, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: Micah McCloskey
Year and make: 1953 H-D
Model: panhead
Value: \$10,000
Assembly by: Gypsy
Time: 6 months
Chroming by: Supreme Plating

Frame

Year: 1982
Builder: Paughco
Type: rigid
Rake: stock
Stretch: none
Other alterations: disc brake mount

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1953
Model: FL
Rebuilder: Micah McCloskey
Ignition: points
Displacement: 84 cu. in.
Lower end: S&S
Balancing: West Valley
Pistons: S&S
Cases: stock
Heads: R.D. Machine
Cam(s): Andrews "B" grind
Lifters: S&S solids
Carb(s): S&S dual throat
Air cleaner: S&S
Pipes: Micah McCloskey
Muffler(s): none

Bars: Flanders
Risers: Gary Bang
Fender(s): Gary Bang
Headlight: Micah McCloskey
Taillight: Gary Bang
Speedo: Police Special
Front pegs: Gary Bang
Rear pegs: Stacy
Electrics: J.C. armature
Gas tank: Harley-Davidson
Oil tank: Gary Bang
Oil system: 1970
Primary cover: stock
Seat: Martins
Sissybar: Micah McCloskey
Height: 8 in.
Material: 5/8 cold roll steel

Transmission

Modifications: extensive/close ratio
Year: 1953
Shifting: foot
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt
Trans sprocket: 24

Forks

Type: wide glide
Extension: 2 in. over
Builder: Micah McCloskey
Special features: shaved/chromed

Wheels

Painting

Molding: Bob Moon
Painter: Bob Moon
Color: black
Type: polyurethane
Special paint: blue pearl

Front	Rear
Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Tire: Avon	Tire: Beck
Brake: disc	Brake: disc

Other special modifications: Thanks to Ken Shy, the Bazornos, Chris, Sal, Tobbi, H.A. Terry, and Dennis.

JUSTICE

A blood-red sun hung low in the western sky and the wind blew warm and sweet in his face as he cruised along the old highway, pockmarked with disuse since completion of the Interstate. As always, he was comforted by the familiar throb of the V-twin between his legs, and a strange calm settled over him, despite what he was about to do.

He rode at an even 60 for about twenty minutes, then cut off on a dirt road and followed it until it intersected with Route 27. The sign at the junction said *Central City — 35 Miles*, and he turned onto the blacktop and headed north.

Ten minutes later, he pulled into a small rest area, shut down the old shovel, leaned back against the sissy bar, rolled a joint, and lit up. It was peaceful here; the only sounds were the birds chirping and the small pops and ticks given off by the hot V-twin.

He figured he had about ten minutes — plenty of time to reflect on the tangled events that had brought him to this strange and somehow inevitable place in life.

He'd shown up about six months earlier, just another saddle-sore scooter tramp passing through on his way to God knows where. He hadn't planned to stop; his gas tank and his belly were almost full, and he wanted to press on, nursing the ailing tranny to a bigger town. Chances of finding a decent bike shop in this burg were about nil, he thought, as he braked to a stop at the town's only traffic light.

The light turned amber, then green, and he kicked the shovel down into first, wincing at the ominous clashing of gears.

What the hell, might as well keep on booking, he thought, hitting second. But the tranny wasn't listening. It let out an anguished howl, then spewed parts all over the street.

He coasted to the curb, shut off the engine, and sat back against his bedroll. Once, long ago, he would have been royally pissed. But a lot of things had happened since then, and now little things like a blown transmission didn't seem all that important. He knew that no matter how bad things seemed — no matter how many times the bike broke down, or how cold and wet and hungry he got — things could be worse. And he thought back

bitterly to what it had been like not long before, when things were indeed worse.

His bike was stored in his old man's garage then. His kid had been taken away and he was locked down in a six-by-ten-foot steel and concrete cell with a hole in the floor for shitting, a pine plank for sleeping, his good right hand for loving, and eight hundred stir-crazy cons for company.

He wouldn't have minded so much if he'd done something; he was always willing to accept responsibility for the consequences of his own actions. But when he thought about the reason he was sent to prison, his face tightened, his fists clenched instinctively, and anger stabbed at his gut.

Then he sighed and relaxed. And finally laughed out loud. Here he was with a blown tranny somewhere in the asshole of the universe, and life was beautiful because there was a big sky above and an open road stretching out ahead.

Finally he climbed down off the bike and surveyed the town. It wasn't much: a downtown business district about two blocks long, the usual retail shops, a drug store, a supermarket, three gas stations, and a laundromat.

There were also two bars. In the window of one hung a fly-specked sign identifying it as Madge's Place, and in front were several scooters, including a righteous pan and a ratty Sportster. He headed for it.

He pushed through the door, waited for his eyes to adjust to the dim light, then walked slowly to the bar and ordered a beer. The barmaid, a tough-looking middle-aged broad (Madge, he guessed

correctly) looked him over with no great interest, then slid a Budweiser across the bar to him. It was a typical small-town saloon: sawdust and cigarette butts on the floor, a couple of pool tables in the back, a pinball machine and an electronic video game against the wall.

There were about twenty people in the place: a half-dozen bikers clustered around the pool tables, a few cowboys, a handful of local rummies nursing their boiler-makers, even a couple of hippies playing Asteroids.

But the mood was laid back and there was none of the tension usually found among such a mixed bag of characters. With the raw voice of

Continued on page 92

“He figured he had about ten minutes — plenty of time to reflect on the tangled events that had brought him to this strange and somehow inevitable place in life.”

By Rod Clarke



Ridin' Free

**Riding down the highway,
cruising at 85;
Knowing what it feels like
to be free, to be alive;
Forgetting all our problems,
having not a care;
Just enjoying the wind
blowing through our hair;**

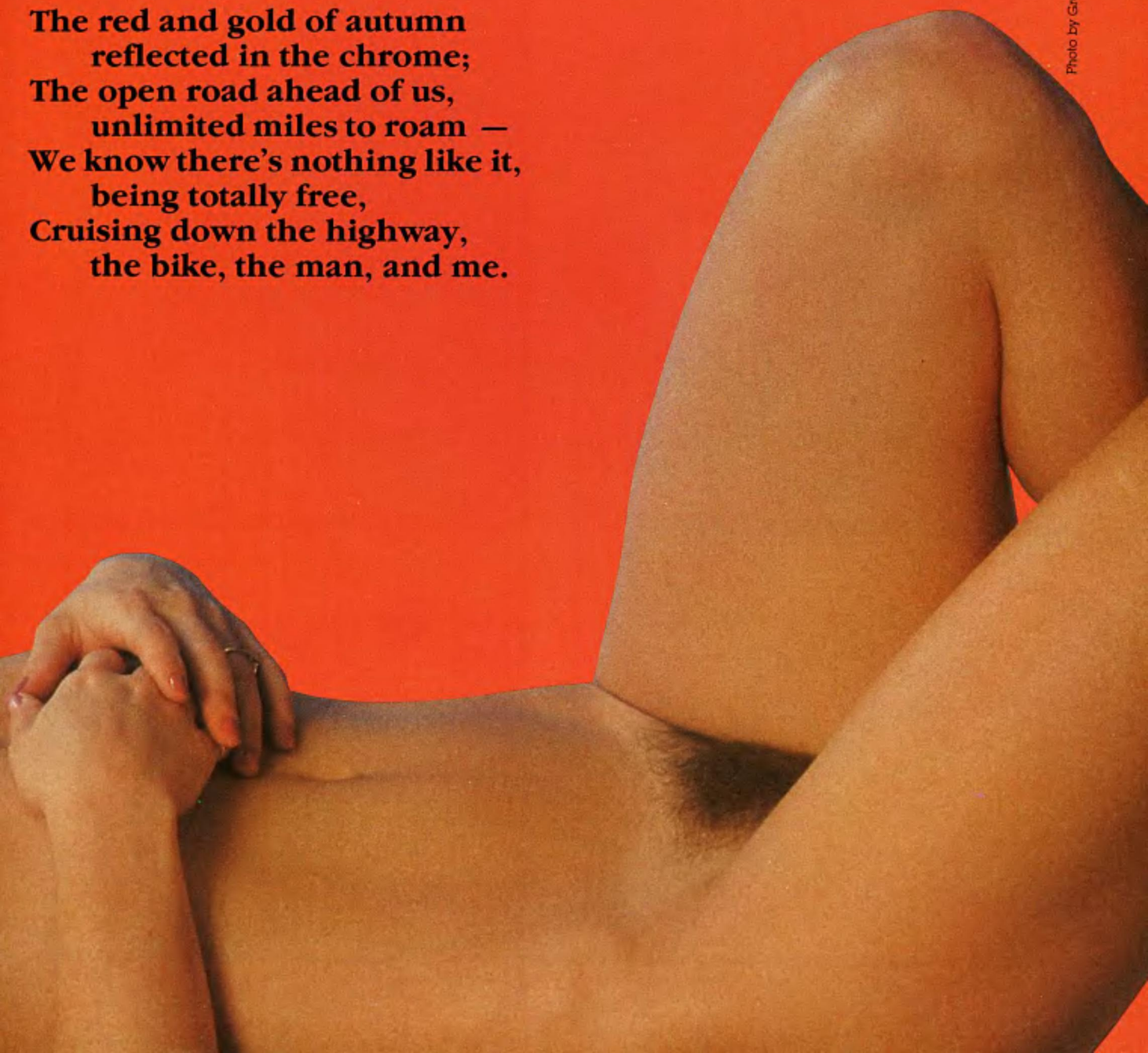
**Feeling the vibrations
rumbling between our legs;
Kicking back and cruising,
our feet upon the pegs;
Those winter-morning runs,
cold and crisp and clear;
The heat of summer sun
soothed by ice-cold beer;**

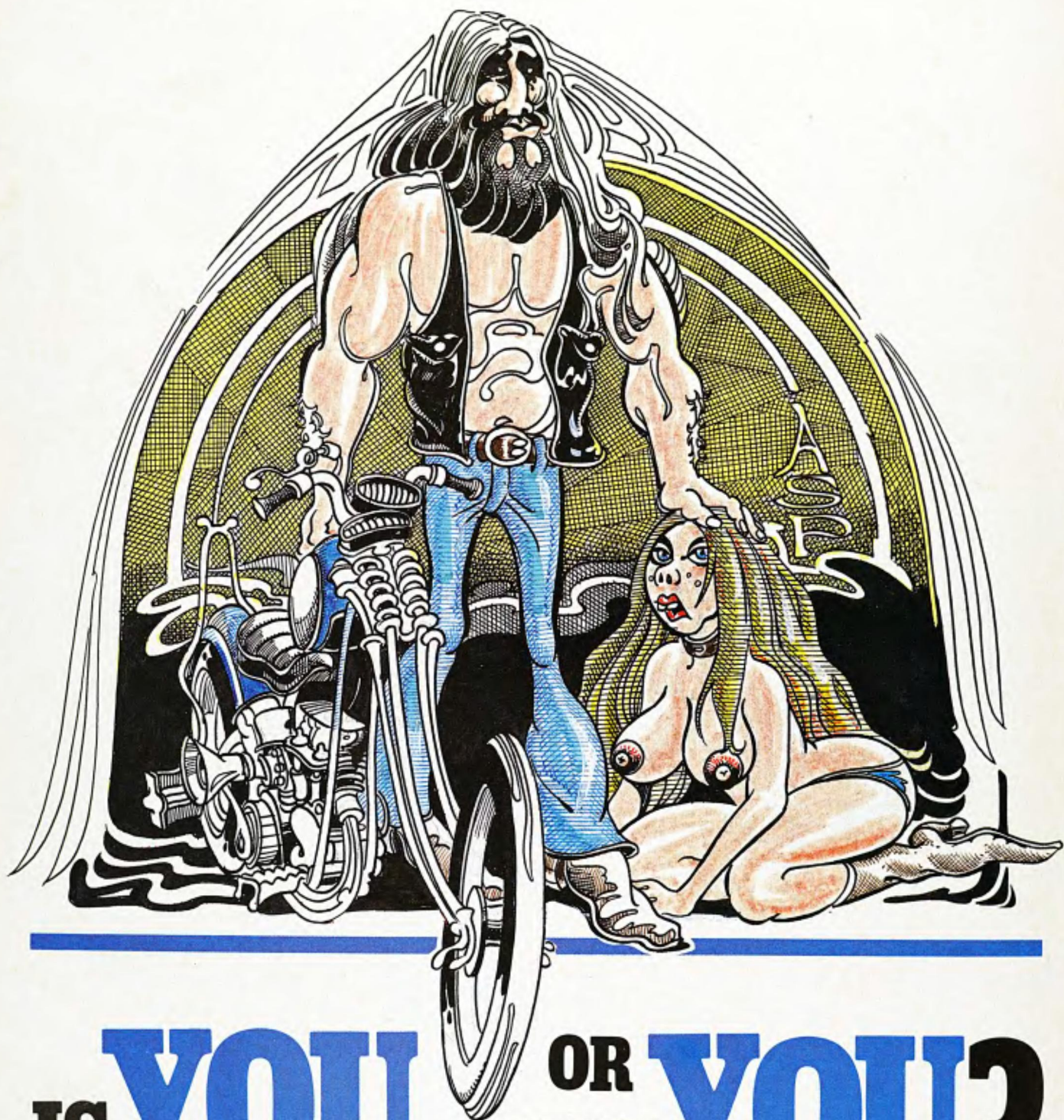


by Bonnie Gaudette

**The red and gold of autumn
reflected in the chrome;
The open road ahead of us,
unlimited miles to roam —
We know there's nothing like it,
being totally free,
Cruising down the highway,
the bike, the man, and me.**

Photo by Grant Edwards





IS YOU OR AIN'T YOU?

Every sunny day, we see a lot of easy riders out on their putt-putt machines. Just how many are real,

blood-and-guts, greasy, dirty-nailed, fulltime bikers? See how you stack up in this quiz we've prepared just for you:

By L. Ray Raimonda

- (1) **How big is your rod?**
☐ a. What rod?
☐ b. Average.
☐ c. 10 inches.
☐ d. To the floor.
- (2) **When was your last traffic ticket?**
☐ a. Never had any.
☐ b. Last year.
☐ c. Last month.
☐ d. Last minute.
- (3) **How do you take care of traffic violations?**
☐ a. Pay them.
☐ b. Ignore them.
☐ c. Tear them up.
☐ d. Feed them to meter maids.
- (4) **Do you get an urge for:**
☐ a. Alcohol.
☐ b. Drugs.
☐ c. Women.
☐ d. All the above.
- (5) **Did you ever strike:**
☐ a. Your father.
☐ b. Your ol' lady.
☐ c. A cop.
☐ d. The Pope.
- (6) **Are you a:**
☐ a. Subscriber.
☐ b. Leech.
☐ c. Redneck.
☐ d. Scumbag.
- (7) **Name your personal favorite organ.**
☐ a. Tongue.
☐ b. Foot.
☐ c. Harvey.
☐ d. Electric.
- (8) **If you had a choice, which would you take?**
☐ a. A Harley.
☐ b. A million bucks.
☐ c. New shoes.
☐ d. A night with Loni Anderson.

If you did not pick b., stop and take a rest! You don't have enough brainpower to continue.

- (9) **Spell your name _____ . Did you:**
☐ a. Get it right.
☐ b. Misspell it.
☐ c. Put down a phony.
☐ d. Get pissed off.
- (10) **What kind of chick do you like?**
☐ a. Blonde.
☐ b. Female.
☐ c. Biker.
☐ d. Two-legged.

- (11) **Do you use a wrench to:**
☐ a. Brush your teeth.
☐ b. Fix your Hog.
☐ c. Hammer nails.
☐ d. Bean your brother-in-law.

- (12) **Pick your favorite word.**
☐ a. Fuck.
☐ b. Fuck.
☐ c. Phooey.
☐ d. Fuck.

If you picked c., get the fuck out of here!

- (13) **Are you superstitious?**
☐ a. No, I'm not hard of hearing.
☐ b. Not me.
☐ c. Knock on wood.
☐ d. Where's the nearest fortune-teller?

- (14) **If you saw a cow in the middle of the road, would you:**
☐ a. Stop and milk it.
☐ b. Take it home.
☐ c. Wait for it to cross.
☐ d. Ramp-jump the sucker.

- (15) **How did you spend New Year's Eve?**
☐ a. Alone.
☐ b. With friends.
☐ c. In bed with friends.
☐ d. Don't remember.

- (16) **What kind of insurance do you carry?**
☐ a. Health.
☐ b. Theft.
☐ c. Accident.
☐ d. .44 magnum.

- (17) **How fast can you zip your fly and jump out the window when her ol' man shows up?**
☐ a. 5 seconds.
☐ b. 2 seconds flat.
☐ c. Don't bother zipping.
☐ d. I am her ol' man.

- (18) **Name a drug dealer.**
☐ a. _____
☐ b. _____
☐ c. _____
☐ d. _____

Police question.

- (19) **Who's William Smith?**
☐ a. A bitchin' biker/actor.
☐ b. William Smith who?
☐ c. Pocohontas's boy-friend.
☐ d. Ten guys in the Friendly Night Motel.

- (20) **How do you fight?**
☐ a. With style.
☐ b. With rules.

- ☐ c. With gusto.
☐ d. With feet, nails, teeth, brass knucks, and three shots of bourbon.

- (21) **A hitchhiker means:**
☐ a. A road companion.
☐ b. Less mpg.
☐ c. A good time.
☐ d. A rape charge.

- (22) **Some cops are my best friends.**
☐ a. True.
☐ b. False.
☐ c. If I pay them.
☐ d. No comment.

- (23) **How do you describe yourself?**
☐ a. Bad news.
☐ b. Salt of the earth.
☐ c. Ladies' man.
☐ d. Virgin.

Really?

- (24) **Do you wash:**
☐ a. Every day.
☐ b. Once a week.
☐ c. Leap Year.
☐ d. Period.

- (25) **Would you rather:**
☐ a. Go to the zoo.
☐ b. Cop a z.
☐ c. Spend time with your ol' lady.
☐ d. Spend time with my ol' lady.

- (26) **Love is:**
☐ a. A four-letter word.
☐ b. A five-letter word.
☐ c. Two porcupines in heat.
☐ d. Three times a day.

- (27) **Did you vote for:**
☐ a. The Republican candidate.
☐ b. The Democratic candidate.
☐ c. Willie G. Davidson.
☐ d. The Prohibition Party candidate.

- (28) **The last time you were spanked, you:**
☐ a. Cried.
☐ b. Took it like a little man.
☐ c. Liked it.
☐ d. Found religion.

- (29) **Would you rather be:**
☐ a. A fish.
☐ b. A mule.
☐ c. Swinging on a star.
☐ d. Stoned.

Continued on page 114



was over at Snapper Bill's, swillin' down a couple buckets of suds, when he mentioned that his dad used to be a flat-track racer back in the '40s and '50s. Not only that, but it turns out his father, Elmer Enzweiler, used to ride Harleys and Indians for a whorehouse in Newport, Kentucky. I allowed as how they must have had a hell of an incentive program, and Snap got kinda pissed and started yellin' that Elmer was a serious, genuine, sure-as-shit nationally-ranked expert flat-track racer and that, by God, he

was gonna call him up right now. (Ol' Snap tends to get a bit touchy every now and again.)

When Elmer got there, he damn near broke my hand shakin' it. He wasn't glad to see me or pissed off or anything like that. It's just the way he shakes hands. I guess Elmer is livin' proof that bike crashin' and heavy drinkin' at a young age are great insurance that you'll still be a pretty good man when you're over fifty. Snap and I wanted to hear about the ladies, but he was more into talking about the racin':

I started racing in 1948 and I made money from then on. I was at a race at Wilmington, Ohio, watching as a spectator with a bunch of rats. We were watching the racers going around the track and I said to these guys, "Shit, I can go faster than that." So one of the guys said, "All right, loudmouth, if I build you a racer, will you get on it and race it?" By the time he got it put together, it was the last race of the season there

in the Cincinnati fairgrounds. In fact, there were a couple of people killed, spectators. I got in the race and ran last. It wasn't as easy as it looked.

That's interesting, but how did you get involved with the whorehouse?

I'll get to that pretty soon. See, I was hanging around the track the next racing season, and I met these two

guys, Bobby Hoh and Jim Vickers. Since then they've got pretty big, but when I met 'em they were gettin' started and needed some crazy bastard to race for 'em. 'Course, I said yes. So they went and bought a 1945 H-D army surplus flathead engine, which was about the slowest thing around. Bobby took the engine apart. Jim decided he was going to do some innovations on it and he took out the flywheels and

WHOREHOUSE FLAT TRACK RACING IN THE FIFTIES

by Cap'n Booger



shaved them to one-tenth of their original thickness. He did some valve work on it, too, with just a plain motor tool. All homemade. And he took the cams out. Between him and Bobby, they cut the cams on a standard grinding wheel in the basement. They didn't have a machine shop. They put it together, and we took it to the first race in Franklin, Indiana. Away I ran in the first heat, and must've won it by a quarter lap. These other guys were running factory bikes with magnetos. All we had in that H-D was battery ignition. You don't run a competition machine with a battery ignition. And we were scroungy looking, to say the least, with old borrowed leathers and borrowed boots. And the bike looked like a piece of junk. Everybody laughed at it. But it would run because Jim Vickers knew his motor, and Bobby Hoh would keep it tuned and keep everything together. We won 36 straight races on it, including heats and features.

I was really feeling my oats. So, the following year, I got the big head and left those guys that had done all the work for me. I got on a brand-new factory-sponsored Harley-Davidson. It was a Ray Konkler H-D.

How did you manage to do that?

H-D was looking for someone to put the Indians down. The Indians were really doing good, so Harley said they needed a man in the South on the local racetracks. They had a guy named Carl Spencer running the team. He was a real engineering expert, but I didn't like racing for him because you had to clean your tools off and you wasn't allowed to smoke in his car. But the worst was no booze, no beer, and no women. And you had to be there on time every week, you know, and start out

early enough. He had real good equipment, though, and I thought I was finally in the big time. The first race I went to was in Lebanon, Ohio, and had it not been for a guy falling off, I wouldn't have got a second. I was running third. The second-place guy went through the fence, so I came in second. I got a third in the feature. I wasn't very happy with Carl, but I stayed the whole year in 1949, when I wasn't doing very good.

That's interesting, but how did you get involved with the whorehouse?



Well, I was pretty unhappy with Carl, and I guess the word got around. Anyhow, the middle of the next year, this guy approached me. I'll just call him Big Jim. He was a famous local whoremonger. I don't know if we should use those words, but uh, that's what he was. He drove a Fleetwood Cadillac and had a LaSalle and a fancy trailer to pull all the bikes in. He also had two Indians. Now, at this time, you got to remember, Indian was right with H-D in sales and probably ahead in competition. So I went with Big Jim, 'cause he paid whether you won or not.

So what was a guy like Big Jim doing in the flat-track racing business anyhow?

Well, for one thing, he was a motorcycle rider himself, and a damn good one, too.

You mean he did it for the fun of it, not gambling or making it off prize money or anything?

Oh hell, no, he lost money at it. He made more money at his whorehouse. It cost him \$500 on a Sunday when a guy only made 90 cents an hour. If anybody [a motorcycle racer] was in need of money, you got \$20 to go home on if you were an Indian rider. If you were a Harley rider, you only got \$10. If you were a foreign rider, you didn't get shit.

Did he bring the girls with him?

Well, yeah, he always had one or two girls with him. There was always a couple girls with us. See, at that time, Newport was a wide-open town, casinos just like Vegas. And Big Jim was into lots more stuff than the whore business.

Did you do much partying when you rode for Big Jim?

Oh, shit! Did we ever! We'd go to the racetrack and they'd say, "Here comes that bunch of whoremongers from Newport." There were times the referee couldn't start the race because they had to move Big Jim's Cadillac. They'd always come and get me. "Elmer, would you move your drunken friend, or two of your drunken friends, who are in the car, passed out?" Some of these guys would be in the middle of the track, crossing the track during the races with a tub of ice and beer. These guys really drank. When I say drank, they kept the brewery running — the local ones, anyway. There was a guy always with us, an engineer for





Wiedeman Brewery. He got all the cans that weren't filled to the top, and he'd bring 'em by, maybe ten cases. Everybody got to drink that way. The whole racing team would stay drunk most of the time. I remember one night, Rusty [another racer] was passed out in a barn in Lucasville, Ohio. So, a few of the guys took his cock out and painted it red and left it out. Next morning he woke up screaming. He didn't know what had happened. Sometimes they'd park a truck over him so when he'd raise up he'd hit his head on it. We were known throughout the racing circuit as trash from Newport. Anybody with an "L" behind his number at that time was Kentucky. It got bad enough that Big Jim would usually get us arrested on Saturday night, so he could be sure we'd make the race on Sunday.

But you won races anyway?

Oh hell, yes. We won by intimidation most of the time. A lot of the guys figured they would rather have you in front of them than in back of them.

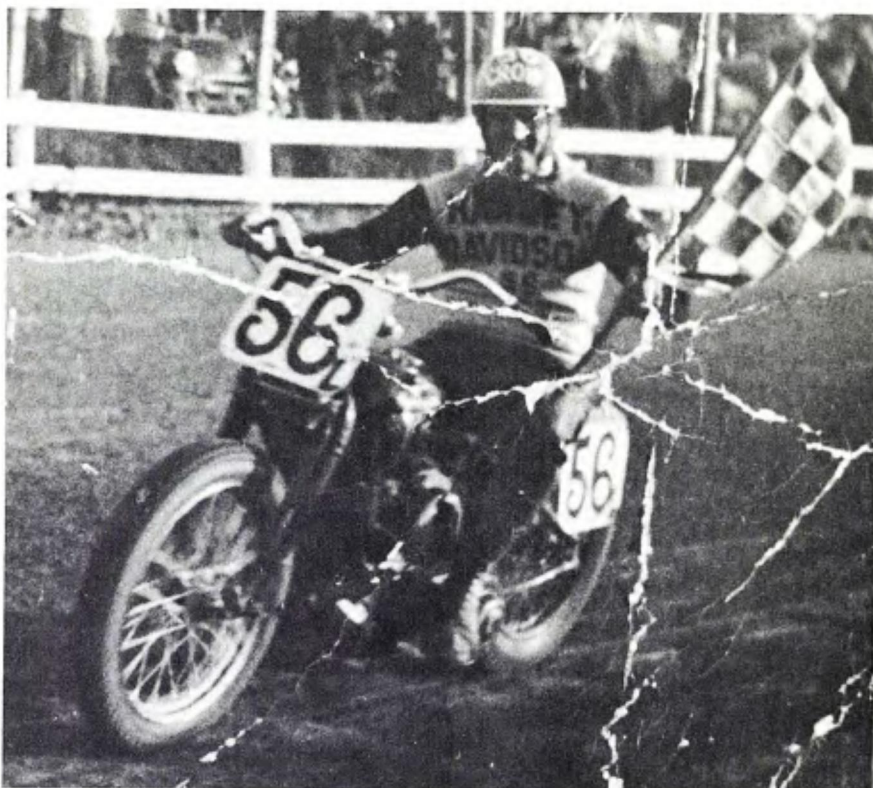
Not much sportsmanship involved at all, huh?

Hell, no. If you wanted somebody out of the way, all you had to do was knock him out. We started out using 145-octane aviation gasoline, a good way to cheat.

In nationals they check your fuel at the end of the race. It couldn't be higher than 70 octane, and if a guy put up \$25, he could protest your machine. If you were illegal on any count that he protested, he got his money back and you lost everything — your license and everything. So, if you're using 145 octane

and you're in the lead, you don't want to lead by too much. On a mile track you could kinda ease off a little to make it look good. After you won the race you'd come down the straightaway and make the turn to

would lower the octane. We had 'em fooled on that. Nobody ever picked up on it. They never figured out we were running enough benzine to put frost on the carburetor on a 100-degree day. But, oh, did you run!



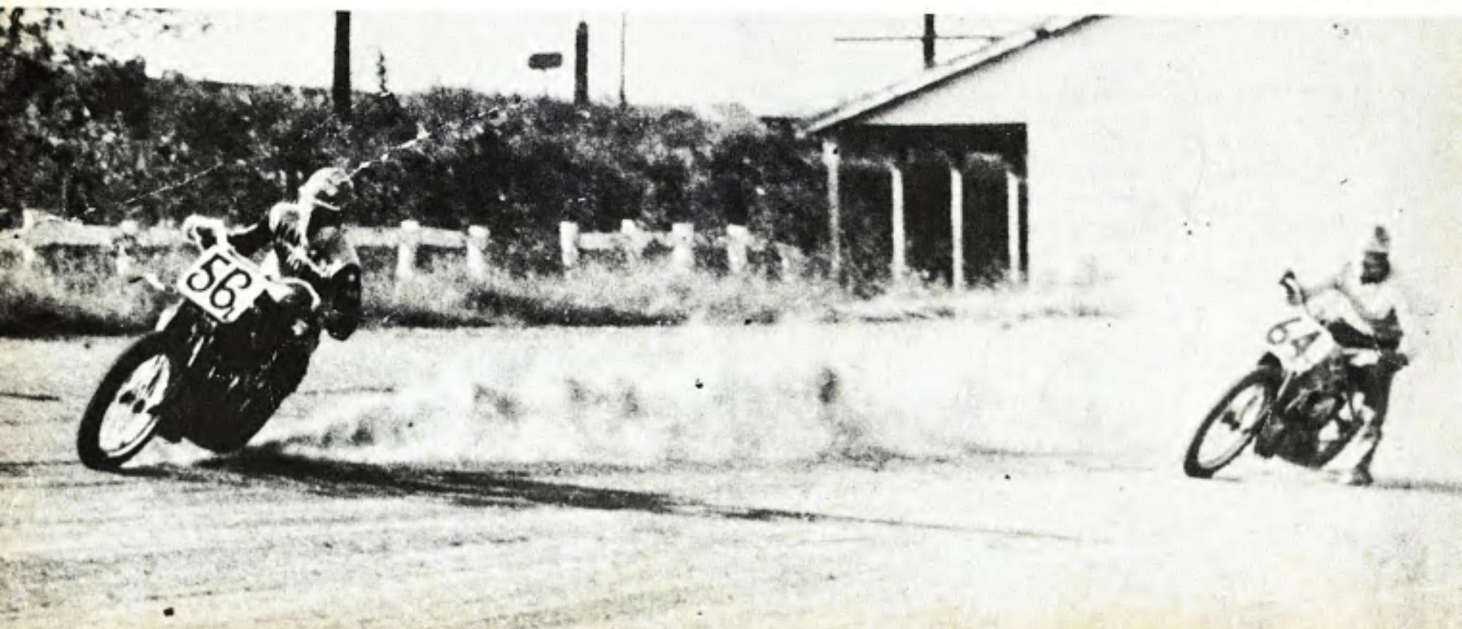
slow down, 'cause you had no brakes, mind you. You carried a plastic bottle with about two ounces of normal motor oil or fuel oil or kerosene — any of it — in one of your pockets. As you were going down the backstretch, you'd open the cap and pour this oil into the fuel. In you'd come and they'd take a sample. It would come out 60 octane instead of 145. That's how much it

What kind of protection did you have when you raced?

You had to wear a helmet and leather pants and boots with a steel shoe.

Could you wear a leather helmet?

No, you had to wear a good helmet. I wore a British helmet — can't remember the name, but it wouldn't



pass today's standards. It was a standard racing helmet made in England. Fact is, I'd probably be dead now if I hadn't been wearing it. I was running Big Jim's Indian. I always tried to do my best, even though I would get paid anyway, and I went into a corner and must've lost it — started sliding. It was in Lebanon, Ohio. As I went into the corner, I slid and I was passed by three guys on the inside. So, at the next corner, I was going to get them back all at the same time. I

end, I took out a few other riders. The bike would turn over, and every time it turned, it took me with it.

How much did the bike weigh?

About 300 pounds.

How the hell did you live in that cast?

I don't know. The first week or so was the worst. I wanted to break out of it, but I couldn't. So I just made myself accept the fact that I was going to have to live with it. I had to

"We were known throughout the racing circuit as the trash from Newport...It got bad enough that Big Jim would usually get us arrested on Saturday night, so he could be sure we'd make the race on Sunday."

was going to go around the whole bunch in the corner. I knew I was capable of doing it, and I had the engine. I hit one guy as I was passing, and everybody in the race ran over me. All seven people hit me. I was in the hospital for three to five weeks, and I was in a body cast for a year. I had seven broken ribs, both ankles were broken, both insteps, all ten toes, fractured skull, left arm broken in two places. The doctor didn't think I was going to live, so he didn't set it right away. The steel shoe over my boot got caught somewhere in the frame, and when the bike started turning end over

keep going back and getting new casts, because if something itched me, I'd drill a hole in the cast and run a coat hanger down there to scratch it. Sometimes it would get caught in all the cotton underneath and I'd pull half the cotton out. See, plaster of paris will burn you. It causes heat — I've got scars all over me from burns. But I knew I wanted to go back to racing after a year and half or two. So I just said to myself, this is going to be it. You lay there and you can't turn because you got bars between your legs.

What did you do for entertainment?

Big Jim bought me a TV set. At that time, TV was new. I could wiggle my way down there and tune it with my toes. They took me home after a few weeks.

Were they paying you all the time you were sick?

Jim would stop to see me and he'd leave me 20, 40, 60 dollars — whatever I wanted. He even had an ambulance take me to the races whenever I wanted to go. It'd pick me up on a stretcher. They'd put me on the infield and I'd watch the races like that. And before you ask — no, he never sent whores over to me. He would have if I'd asked. But it would have just frustrated me. Hell, I couldn't even take a piss by myself.

So did you ever race again?

Oh hell, yes. I went back with Bobby Hoh, a team I never should have left. It took a couple-three years, but I got back in the expert class. Then I remember one day I was in an expert race with Dick Clampert, Bobby Hill, Paul Goldsmith, and some others. I think I got a good jump. I lost one place going into the backstretch and was moving on my WR Harley when I got passed by Dick Clampert. My old WR, by the way, is at a museum in Daytona Beach now. The next lap, we were really going strong. Then I got scared. I said to myself, here I am married and I got a kid now, so I quit right then and there and never went back. I was still in the first three in the expert class; but I felt scared and I knew it was time to quit. It was still in the back of my mind about when I'd got run over by seven guys and wore a cast for a year. So I said the hell with it. ■



Photos provided by Bill Enzweiler



Love, Money & War

When I woke up, my head was pounding. Must be Saturday, I thought, and from the tilt of the bed, she must be a real beauty. Opened my eyes and wished I hadn't. The bitch must've weighed 300 pounds, and she looked as if she'd lost the Vietnam war single-handed. Why is it that every time I get wasted, I lose all sense of taste and proportion?

I threw her out, no easy task. She wanted to cook "us" breakfast, "dear," do her hair, eat, wash my clothes, clean the house, eat, take a shower, eat, polish the scooter, etc. I stopped and thought about that last one, but naa, this bitch was gross, and if one of the bros saw her here, my rep for having only the finest of foxes around was shot. I put my foot into the small of her back, helped

her out the door, and slammed it behind her. I watched through the glass as momentum carried her out into the yard. When she could finally stop, she turned and screeched something like "But, dear, I thought you said you'd love me forever!"

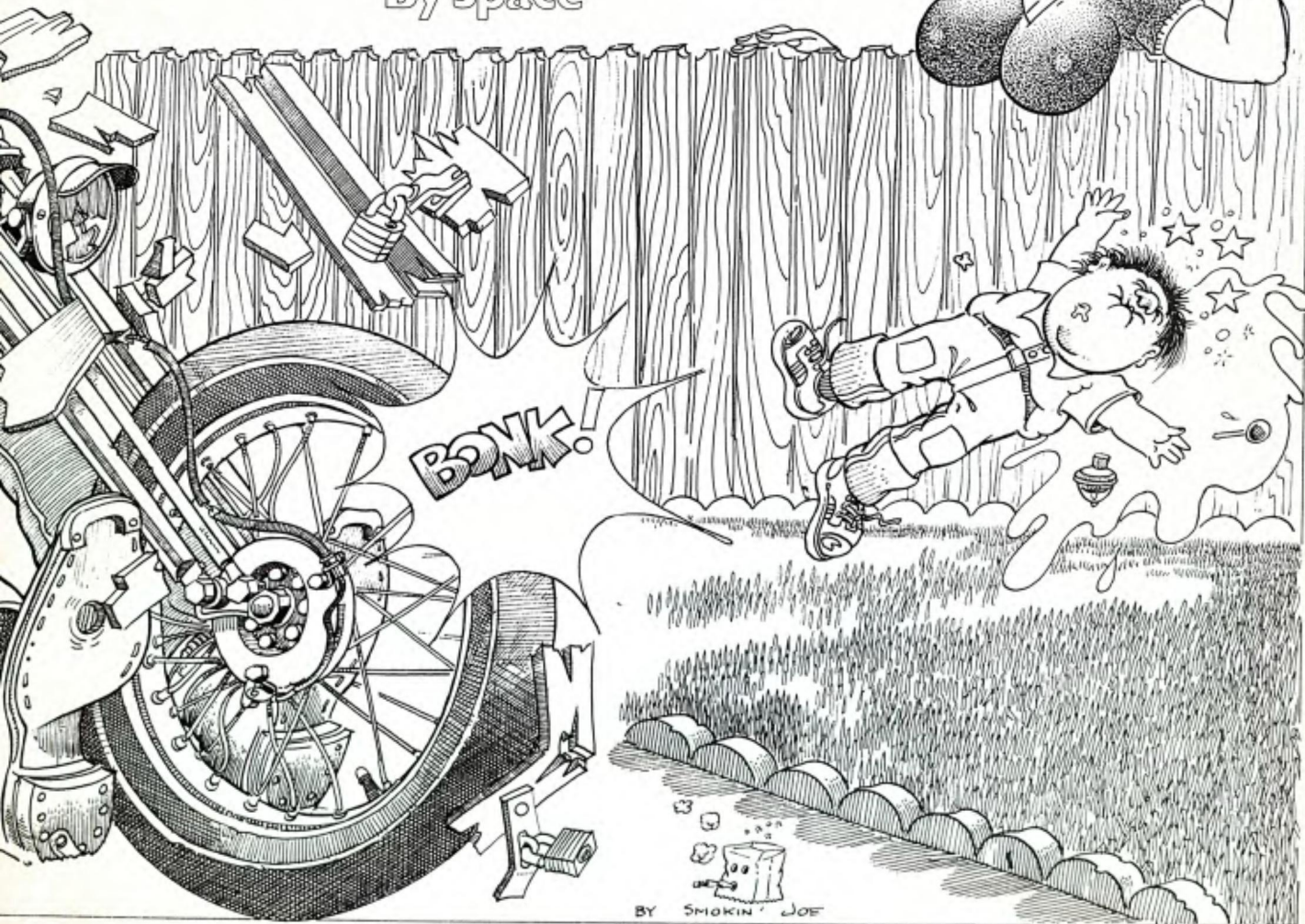
Finally she got the hint and turned and waddled over to her car. Just as she got there, the worst of my fears were realized: two bros pulled into the drive. Not much was said at first, everybody just sort of looked at everybody else. Then The Hippie got off his bike, dug a camera out of a saddlebag, and started taking pictures. The bitch was gettin' into it, "posing" and all, my "friends" were just short of rolling on the ground in laughter, and I was getting sick. I stepped out onto the porch and yelled for all of them

to get the fuck off my property. Everybody left, but only after some snide remarks, some giggles, and my threatening to go get my sawed-off. I went back into the house and dug for a cigarette.

I lit the wrong end of my last smoke and threw the match down in disgust. I stomped off to the kitchen to see if there was any brew to mellow me out some. There wasn't. I slammed the

Continued on page 80

By Space



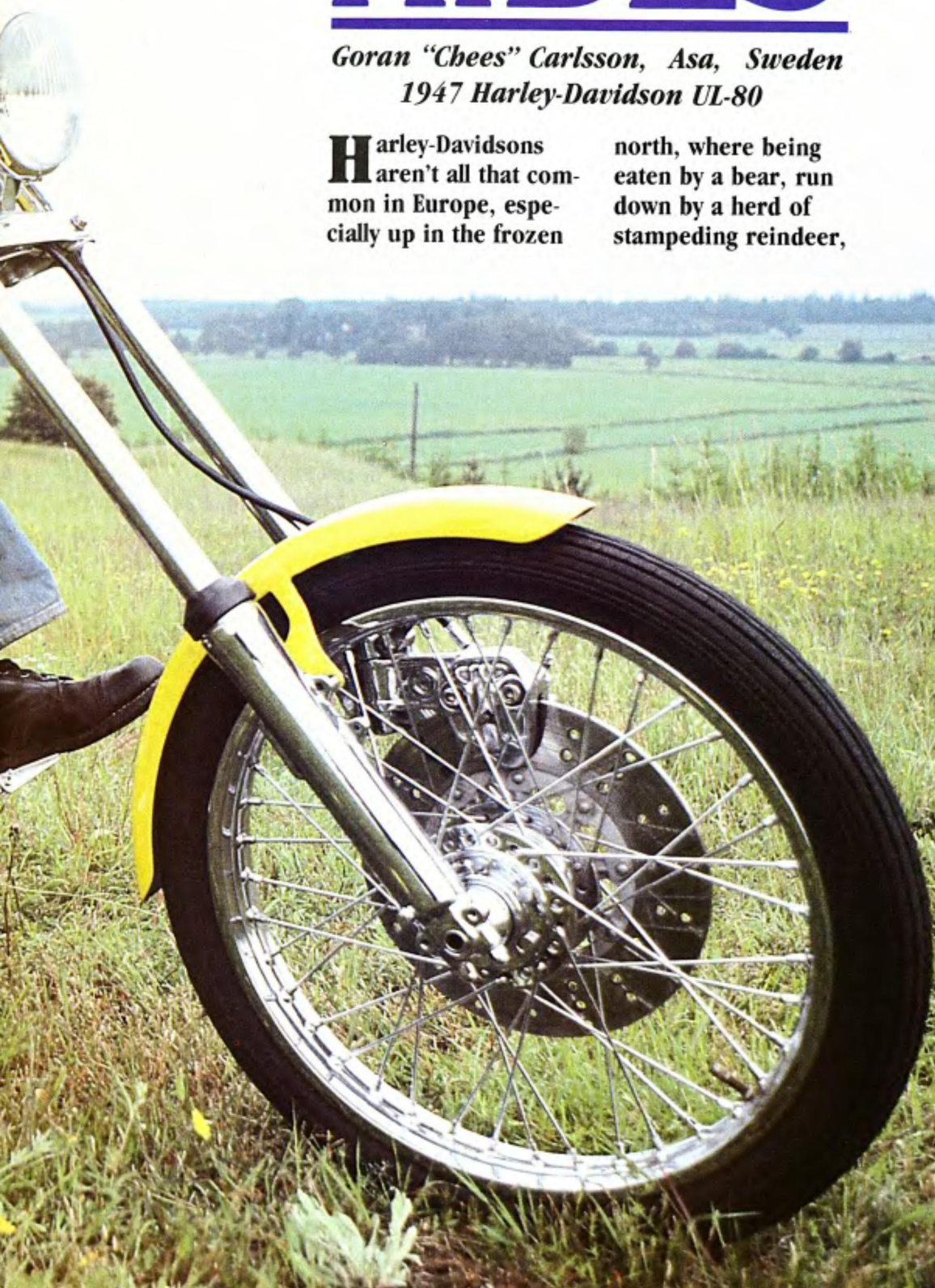


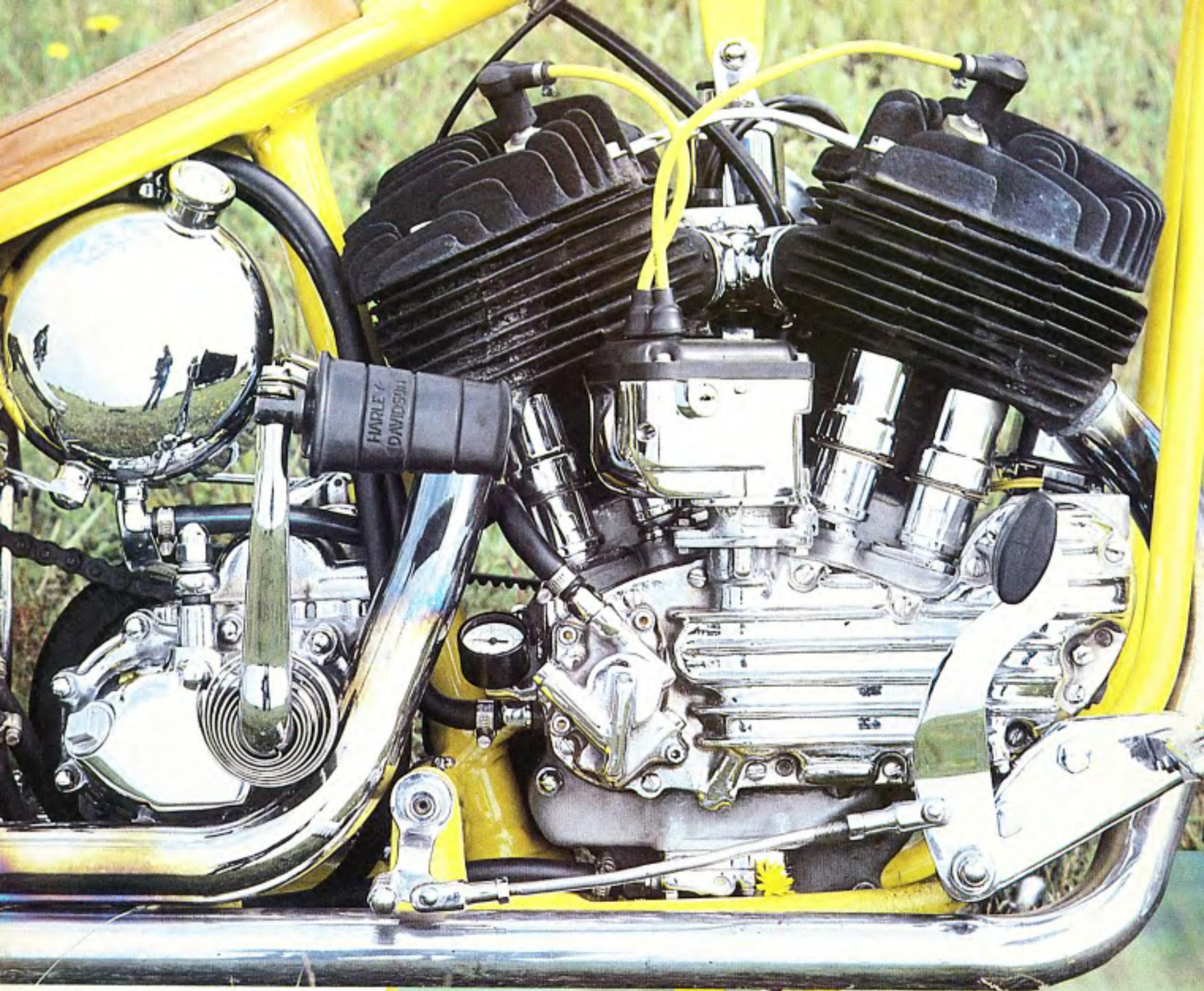
READER'S RIDES

*Goran "Chees" Carlsson, Asa, Sweden
1947 Harley-Davidson UL-80*

Harley-Davidsons aren't all that common in Europe, especially up in the frozen

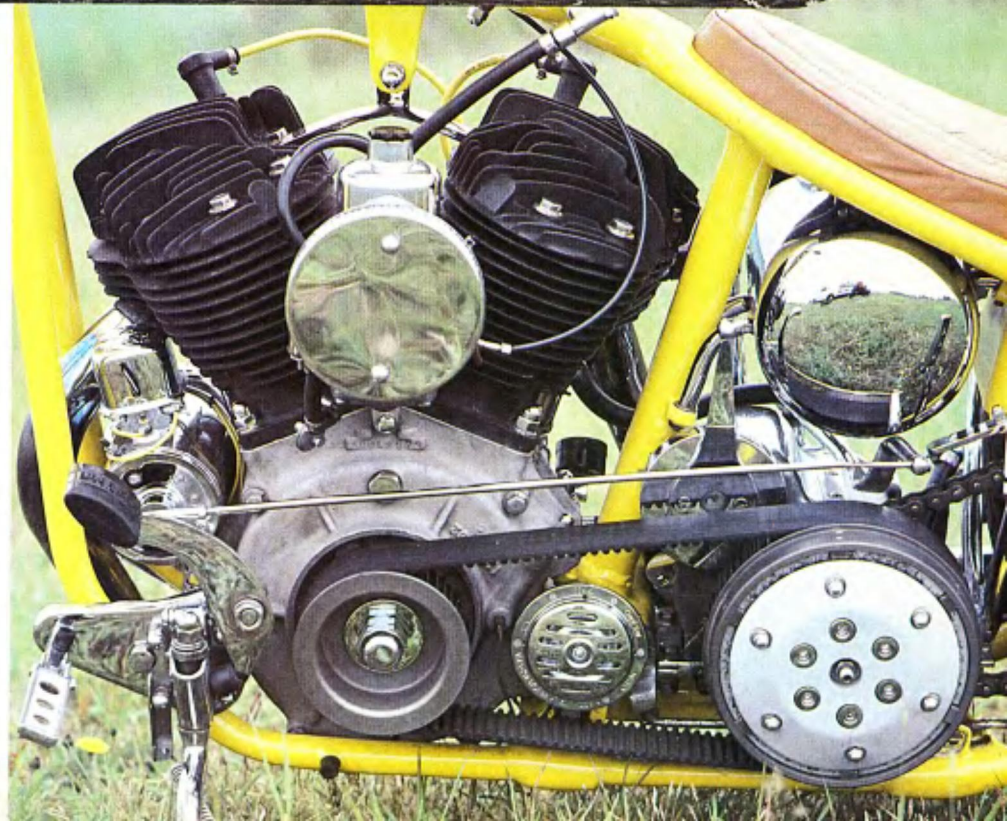
north, where being eaten by a bear, run down by a herd of stampeding reindeer,

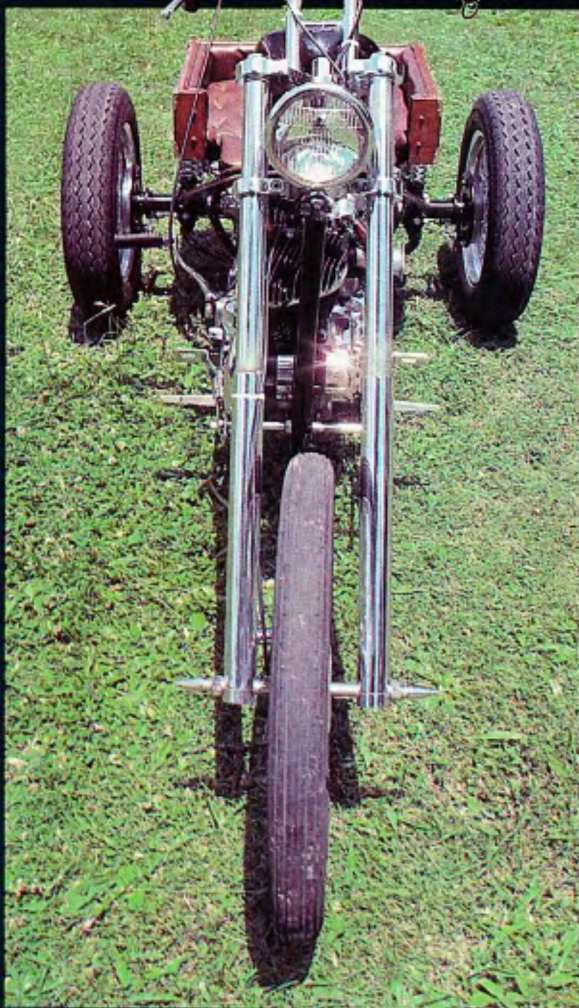
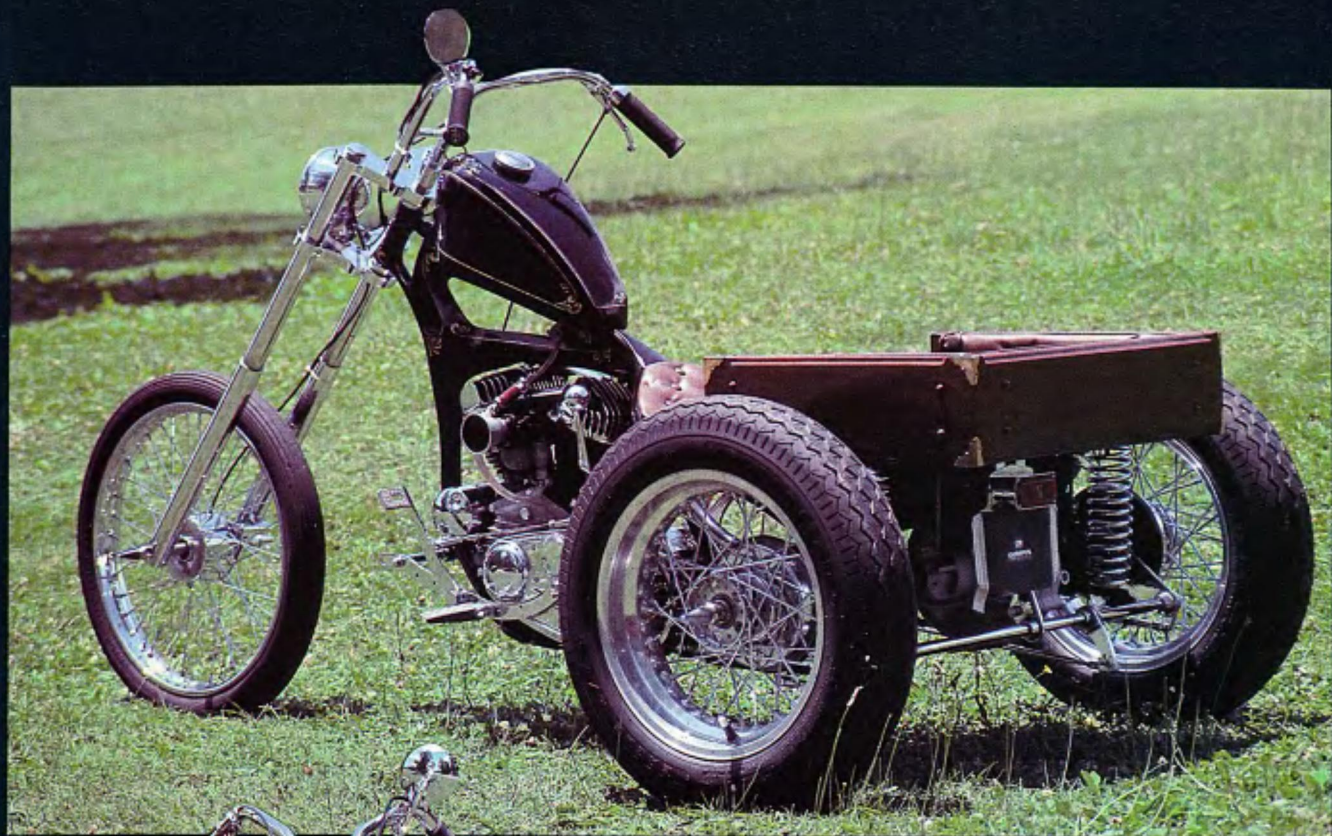




or runnin' into a glacier (which *always* has the right-of-way) are common puttin' problems. But "Chees" has himself not only a fine Harley, but also a 80 flattie at that. Of course, he had to make a few changes and a few compromises, like a carb and generator off a car, to get the bike on the road, but now he's got a scoot that can take him anywhere in Europe he wants to go — in style.

— Snooze





READER'S RIDES^{#2}

*Neil Kavanaugh, Baltimore, Maryland
1954 Harley-Davidson Trike*

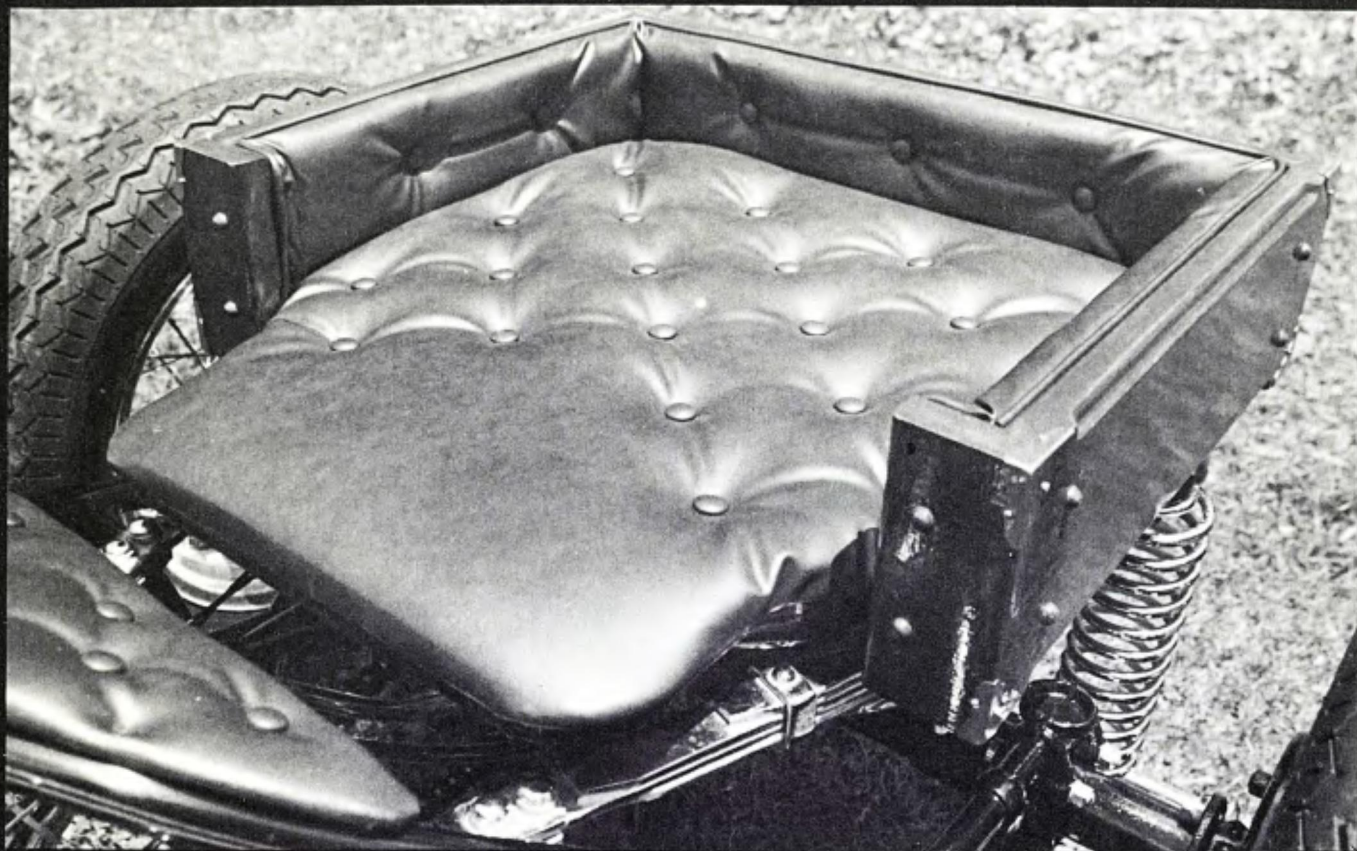
Trikes are the perfect sled for bar hopping. Your feet can stay planted on the pegs at all times without the worry of falling over and making a spectacle of yourself.

Neil has owned the trike you see here for the last seven or eight years. It hasn't always looked this good, though, and it took a considerable amount of work from Steve Pensel to make it shine under the neon lights. I hope you enjoy it as much as I do.

— Frank

Continued on next page





Motorcycle MILESTONES

NO. 7



all
New

only
5¢

Secret Bike Clubs

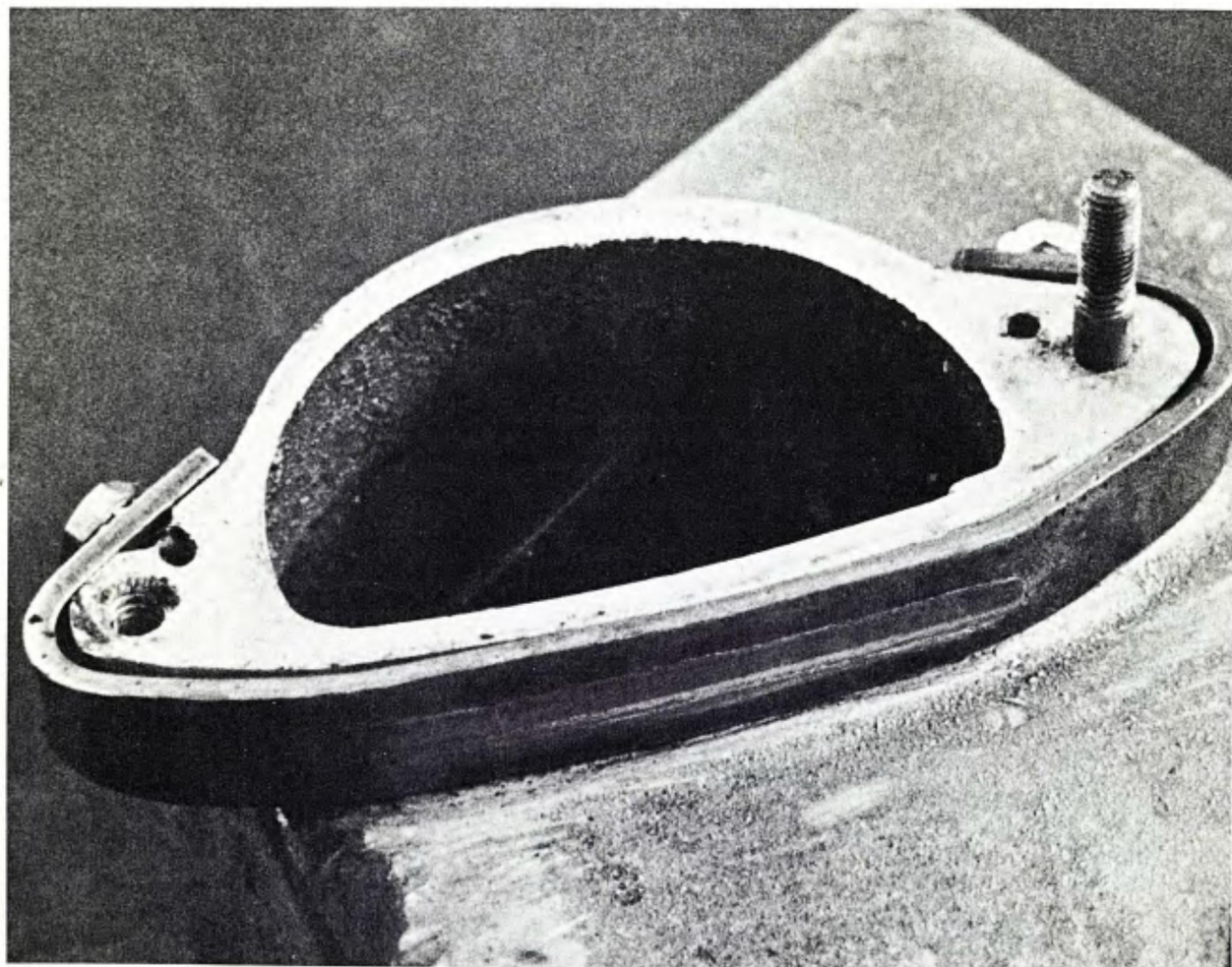
After months of research into vast tomes of motorcycling lore, the brilliant but bellicose biker buff Bernhard B. Brainlag has uncovered another chapter in the bizarre history of motorcycling. Bernhard has admitted that a great number of his statements are based on rumor and innuendo; nevertheless, his discovery of the existence of secret motorcycle clubs in the late thirties and forties is startling, to say the least.

Bernhard claims that these clandestine clubs sprang up overnight, and fortunately, died out almost as quickly. Because of the secretive nature of the

somewhat limited membership of these unorthodox outfits (many of them didn't own motorcycles or associate with anyone who did), we know little about them today, not even why they were so despised. But then, little is known of Bernhard B. Brainlag, including why he is so despised. When asked to explain the phenomenon, Bernhard blurted out a string of obscenities, slumped to the floor, and vomited on his notes, thus obscuring any further probe into this unusual but fascinating subject. (Readers will be pleased to learn that Bernhard is not with us anymore, thanks to a timely accident.)



How Not To Score



For all electric-start primaries excluding FLT, FXR, and FXRS.

The next time you remove the inner primary cover, take a look at the back side below where the starter motor is bolted to the cover. More than likely there will be some score marks on it from not adjusting the secondary chain properly or from running a large transmission sprocket with a loose chain. For years I had two inners because one was always in the shop being heli-arc'd. The welder would cut out the bad section and then

replace it with a chunk of aluminum.

One afternoon, I was at Terry's house (a bro who does my welding) when he came up with this idea. As you see in the picture, the area that catches the most hell is wrapped with a 1/4-inch steel strap. The bolts holding the strap to the cover are 1/2-inch long and the thread size of the bolts is 1/4-20. The strap is 8 inches long and less than 3/4-inch wide.

What Terry did was hand fit the strap by bending it and then trying it over the area to see how snug he could get it.

After about ten minutes with a hammer, vise, and pliers, he had it fitting like the proverbial glove. Next, he clamped the strap to the cover with two vise grips and drilled two pilot holes through the strap into the cover, where the two locating holes are. (That's where the starter motor housing bolts up to the inner.) Then he removed the strap and drilled it out, using a No. 3 drill. Next he took a No. 7 drill and cut the pilot holes approximately 1/2-inch deep, then tapped the holes with a 1/4-20 tap. After bolting the strap

back on, he took a 1/8-inch drill bit and drilled the bolts holding the strap on the cover to about 1/4-inch deep. This is necessary to keep the bolts holding the strap from backing out. With the starter motor housing in place, the locating pins went into the bolts holding the strap.

I've found that it works better than any lock washer. Be sure to clean the primary cover of all aluminum chips, dirt, etc. And be extra careful when drilling and tapping aluminum.

— Rip

Tech Tip

Titman

by Action

I love women. Their wraparound legs, soft pliable thighs, and holdable waists attract me like shit draws flies. Their shining eyes and soft red lips make me feel like a million bucks, and how they use them could make me spend most of it. But most of all I love them for their tits. Those yummy bulges on the front of their chests.

Call them boobs, jugs, bazooms, breasts or, as Steve Martin says, "Winnebagos," they're what I like best about women. Some broads have even said I have an obsession with their tits and didn't really appreciate them as people with minds and other body parts. That is ridiculous; I know they have minds and other body parts and just what they're good for. But I do like tits, though. Large firm ones are best, and they are even better if they have rosy-red nipples that stand right up there. Of course, there is no such thing as a bad boob, from big ones with dark nipples to small ones with light nipples, or vice versa and everything in between; they are all just right for someone. Besides being great to look at they can also be licked, kissed, grabbed, and held on to. They hold up tit tops and make T-shirts a thing of beauty — and if worse comes to worst, they can be a cheap source of milk for any newborn rugrat you have around.

Every time you open your eyes, you could be in for a titillating experience. You stagger out of your favorite bar and, as your eyes are adjusting to the sunlight, it happens. As they slowly focus, they automatically pick out the broad with the biggest pair, or the only one not wearing a bra. She comes bouncing down the street, her tits acting like two cats in a sack trying to get out, and you immediately prove you're the kind of man she'd love to meet. As you casually wipe the drool off your chin and try to make your eyes look somewhere besides her chest, a suave and cultured remark like "Great tits, honey" can draw a response that will let you know if she's the type of woman who can appreciate a man of your wit. If she is, a smile should appear. If she isn't, her screams of "dirty pervert" could bring a group of people who take an even dimmer view of you; so when you do this, it's best to keep a fair amount of distance between the two of you, to allow for any last-minute changes you may want to make in your choice of location.

A beach or summer resort is another place where the female chest appears in all its glory. Of course, you run the risk of doing yourself serious harm from the number of times you have to turn your head so as not to miss anything. Over there is a babe whose tit top has come untied; coming out of the water is a top-heavy honey in a soaking T-shirt with her nipples standing at attention; and way over there is a buxom beauty more out of than in the smallest bikini ever made. The only thing good about this is that when you get whiplash, your neck won't be the only stiff part of your body.

The only thing harder than walking gracefully through a resort is trying to ride your bike through without killing yourself. There you are, trying to be the cool badass biker and checking out the chicks, when you run into the back of some mobile home. It's real hard to stay cool lying on your ass in the street with an exhaust pipe burning a hole in your leg. The only thing you can hope for is that, when the ambulance arrives, the attendants will misinterpret your screams of pain for those of a lunatic and haul you off to a booby hatch instead of a hospital. Given normal biker appearance and way of thinking, a dude could be in for a long stay, so make the most of it and go for the music treatment, instead of shock, to readjust you to society. That way, when you are finally cured of your obsession and released back onto the streets, you'll be able to play a musical instrument and can support yourself by playing it — in a jug band, of course. And then you'll be almost as normal as I am. ■

Photo by Billy Tierney



They're out there everywhere — potential killers in armor. Their weapons? Two tons of steel, glass, and plastic.

They're cagers, and you're surrounded by them every time you put your bike on the road. You see them running red lights, turning in front of you, and trying to back into you. You see them performing all sorts of dangerous maneuvers, like suddenly drifting across three or four lanes. You see them, yes; but most of them don't seem to see you.

At least that's what they say. "But, Officer, I didn't see the motorcyclist." Case closed.

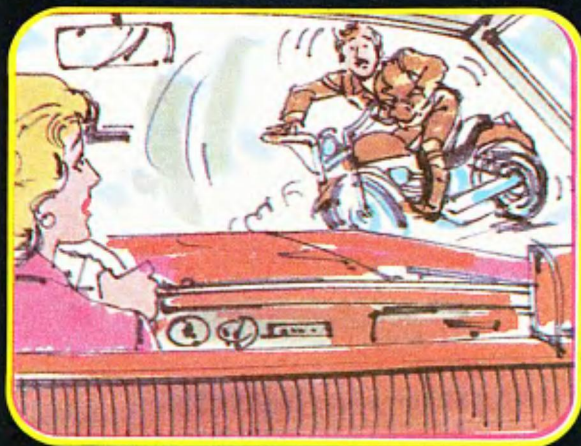
When will it end? Only when we educate the cagers to the fact that we exist and that we have the same right to use the roads that they do. To help teach them this lesson, we set up what was originally called the Claybrook Crusade. We asked you to contribute money to produce a TV commercial that would present bikers' viewpoints in a forceful, attention-getting way. We matched your donations dollar for dollar and came up with two commercials. The first, "Look Out For Bikers," is a powerful reminder to cage driv-



Let Those Who Ride Decide:

A biker describes, in reasonable, factual terms, the fallacies of mandatory helmet laws.

Teach 'Em A Lesson



Watch Out For Bikers:

An eye-opening lesson in how cycle/cage accidents happen... and why.

ers that we're out there, too.

Another lesson you, as a freedom-loving American, should be teaching the caged world is the lesson of liberty. Thirty-seven states still drastically curtail bikers' liberty by the imposition of mandatory helmet laws. The second biker commercial, "Let Those Who Ride Decide," is an eloquent rebuttal to those who would forever confine us in plastic skullcaps, and a reminder that we have as much right to ride without lids as they do without seat belts.

As we had promised, we are making these professionally produced, full-color commercials available to you at cost: \$16 apiece, including postage and a special protective carton. The 25-second spots will be supplied on two-inch video tape, as used by every TV station in the country. The FCC requires TV stations to show a certain number of free public service messages each month, so why not talk your local station into running these and offsetting the bad publicity given bikers? Act today; teach 'em a lesson they won't forget — it could save your life.

It's about time you layabouts got those commercials done. I'm ready to spread the word. Send me: (Write number of copies wanted in appropriate box.)

☐

Anti-helmet law spot
30-second commercial

☐

Look out for bikers spot
30-second awareness commercial

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Make check or money order for \$16 for each 30-second commercial payable to Easyriders Bike Commercial and mail to: Biker Ad, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. We pay postage.

National
TO DECIDE
DEDICATED TO
Abate
FREEDOM OF THE ROAD

Easynews

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

— Founder's grandson canned —

Harley cuts production, hundreds fired

The Harleys always seemed to get the short end," says John Harley Jr., 35, grandson of H-D designer and co-founder Bill Harley. "Willie G. always was the one who received the notoriety."

Not only that, but Willie G. Davidson has now become the one who still has a job in

the company bearing his grandfather's name. John Harley, however, for eight years a technical writer in the company's service department, is pounding the bricks looking for a job.

"Recession knows no prejudices," says Harley about the corporate decision to

eliminate his job. "I'm not bitter, I'm just disappointed. I was always raised with the idea that I would go into the factory."

Harley, whose father was H-D's manager of parts and accessories prior to his death in 1976, never inherited any stock in the company his grandad helped create.

"I don't own any percentage or a piece of the action," he says. "I'm just like everyone else. I have to work for a living. I'm looking for a job."

Harley's pink slip was one of hundreds issued after the company announced plans to cut daily production of bikes 22 percent due to what it called "a sharply declining overall motorcycle market."

The move followed the May shutdown of all Harley production facilities — in an attempt to reduce inventories — and led to the permanent layoffs of 170 hourly workers in Milwaukee and 256 in York, Pa. Also put into effect were a freeze on salaries for workers, a cut in salaries for executives, and a 12-percent staff reduction in the company's office force.

"It is necessary that we immediately take action to adjust the company's cost structure to a lower level of business," Chairman Vaughn Beals said in a statement to employees. "Companies that postpone such actions risk becoming casualties of the economy."

Beals noted that sharply declining motorcycle sales for all manufacturers indicate that H-D sales for 1982 will be more than 25 percent below those of the last two years, despite the company's increasing its share of the heavyweight market from 32 percent to 38 percent during the same period.

Beals said the actions "will affect everyone in the company. While we believe the market will eventually recover from its current low level, we are not confident that this will happen soon."

H-D currently employs about 3100 people, down from close to 3800 at this time last year.

— You don't say —

"All automobile drivers should, at the time they get their licenses, be forced to ride on a motorcycle one time through city traffic and on a freeway. Then they would learn the proper respect for cycles."

— John Gilbert, Minneapolis Tribune

Union protests imports



photos from AFL-CIO News

About 100 biking members of the Allied Industrial Workers Union local in Milwaukee, many of them victims of a month-long layoff of all Harley-Davidson production workers, staged a run to the state capital, Madison, to protest the purchase of Japanese motorcycles by the state and federal government. At the rally, local president Jerry Knackert, above left, pointed out that both the Wisconsin State Patrol and two U.S. Army divisions have recently bought Japanese-made bikes, despite the fact that Harley has been building specially equipped police cycles since 1906 and has faithfully supplied the U.S. military in two world wars.



Stonehenge run saved at the last minute

The end of a tradition going back more than ten years has been averted thanks to the determination of a group of bikers and the willingness of a local undersheriff to negotiate with them.

For about a decade, Pacific Northwest bikers have converged on the Stonehenge Monument near Goldendale, Washington, for the annual Memorial Day run. This year, under pressure from the director of the Maryhill Museum, which owns the monument, Undersheriff Joe Churchill ordered the monument closed.

But the bikers came anyway. They came, in fact, a week early, having decided that they'd waited long enough for spring to arrive. All Friday night, Churchill and a couple of his deputies turned bikers away from the monument. By Saturday, more than a hundred bikes were lining Main Street in Goldendale, and about seventy

were cruising nearby Bingen. Local tavern owners were busy getting rich, while Churchill was busy studying reports that more bikers, unaware that he was trying to cancel their party, were on the way.

Churchill decided to compromise and reopened the monument after getting a promise from biker spokesmen that they would confine their partying to the monument site, instead of on residents' front lawns.

After that, everything was blue skies and cold kegs, with the bikers, as usual, earning grudging compliments from local residents for their thorough job of policing their own party and leaving their campsite as clean as they found it.

Some of the bikers even took time out to visit the museum, just like tourists.

Explaining one of the reasons for his reopening of the monument, Churchill

admitted that bikers "may ride motorcycles instead of drive cars, and look ugly, but they have the same rights as any other citizen. That is something many people don't want to believe, but it's true."

In a rare display of media support for bikers, the local newspaper went even further. Noting that the signs posting the closing of the monument had not been up more than a day before the bikers arrived, the *Goldendale Sentinel* editorialized: "The bikers, it seems, had committed no crimes in the county. The decision by Churchill to open Stonehenge to the bikers does not seem a capitulation of 'law and order,' although to have kept them out, without legal grounds, may have been."

"In a democracy, when the rights of minorities, even unpopular minorities, are protected, the rights of everyone are protected."

Bike-riding lawyers organize for rights

A group of bike-riding lawyers is joining with the American Motorcycle Association

to form a committee dedicated to helping motorcycle people get their rights.

Perth poker run pulverized

A Canadian man has been charged with careless driving for poleaxing a poker run by driving his cage into a row of parked bikes, destroying 16 scooters worth an estimated \$72,000.

About 18 bikes were parked outside one of the poker run stops, a bar in Perth, Ontario, when a car driven by Daryl Burns, 34, went out of control and crashed into them at about 40 miles per hour.

"The car only came to a stop when five bikes got caught underneath," said Dave Kerr,

who was just starting up his scooter at the far end of the row. "The two wheels on the passenger side of the car were lifted right off the ground. If it hadn't been for that, I think he would have hit me, too."

Run organizer John Carson lost his white Harley 74. "My bike was under the rear wheel of the car," he said.

Added another bystander, "Several of the guys were crying because their bikes meant so much to them and, of course, all the girlfriends were in tears."

An initial organizing meeting, held during Bike Week at Daytona, produced a name for the group — the Committee on Motorcyclists' Rights — and two initial objectives for the committee: establishing a graduate assistant program to endow law students to research constitutional issues

affecting riders, and establishing a continuing education program for attorneys who wish to gain special expertise in dealing with motorcycle-related issues.

The committee will serve for advice and educational functions only and will not handle legal cases for riders.

Officer gets probation

A Los Angeles police officer, who had been charged with felony drunk driving and misdemeanor vehicular manslaughter in the death of a biker, has plea bargained his way out of any substantial punishment.

Marc C. Alphin, 35, pled no contest to one charge of misdemeanor drunk driving and was sentenced to one year of unsupervised probation and a \$504 fine.

According to a prosecution spokesman, Alphin, who was

off duty at the time of the Nov. 9, 1981, incident, was driving on Southern California's Pomona freeway when he changed lanes and almost caused a truck to rear-end him. Swerving to avoid being hit by the truck, Alphin's car hit the freeway center divider and spun into the oncoming traffic where it was struck by two other cars, one of which ricocheted back across the freeway into the path of a bike driven by Gerald A. Woods. Woods died in the collision.

Biker saves two women

A 25-year-old biker has been credited with saving the lives of two women in a fiery three-car accident near Amsterdam, New York.

The biker, George Vosburg of Palatine Bridge, N.Y., was on his way home from Schenectady when he came upon the three wrecked cars, two of which were burning. Racing to the first flaming car, he pulled the trapped driver, Kathleen Kartner, 23, free and carried her to safety. Returning to the second blazing cage, he extracted driver Sheryl L. Zink, 22, from the compacted front seat of her vehicle.

According to police, the accident occurred when the car driven by Zink rammed a car driven by Kenneth Zydes as it idled behind Kartner's car at a railroad crossing. Zydes's car shot forward into Kartner's car, which burst into flames, trapping Kartner. Zydes managed to get out of his car without injury, but Zink's car also caught fire, trapping her.

Kartner was hospitalized with serious burns on her ankles, and Zink was hospitalized with head and knee injuries. Zink was charged with speeding and driving while intoxicated.

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.

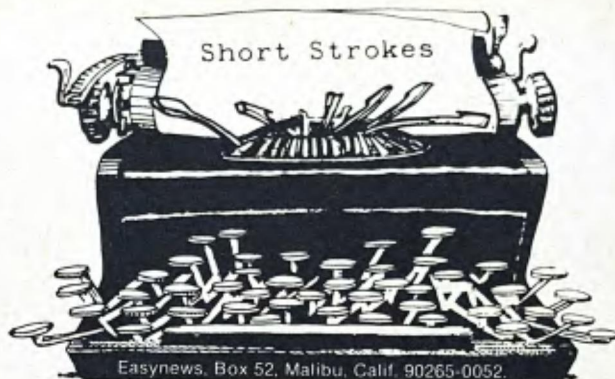
Name, nickname, or mark _____
Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

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	No	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	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	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	Yes ⁶
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 ²⁻⁸	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	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	No	Yes	No	No
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁶
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 Lights on if bike is made after 1977, ⁶ Required for speeds above 35 mph, ⁷ Bikes of 1970 or newer, ⁸ If over 21, ⁹ If over 16, 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.



Talk about cold. Two slime in Detroit pulled up in a truck and ripped off a dude's bike while he lay dying under the car that had run him down. . . Improved licensing tests for novice bike riders can reduce new-rider accidents 15-20 percent, according to a study by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation.

You read it here first. A few months ago, we predicted Harley-Davidson would sell their golf cart division to raise money to finance the development of new bikes. They've done it. . . A commemorative stamp depicting a motorcycle is currently being considered by the Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee, the group that recommends what subjects the Post Office pictures on its stamps. Send your comments to them, care of the United States Postal Service, Philatelic Programs Division, 475 L'Enfant Plaza SW, Washington, D.C. 20260.

South Dakota, Minnesota, and Washington have all passed bills setting aside a portion of motorcycle license and/or registration fees to be used for rider-education programs. . . ABATE of Maryland and District 7 of the American Motorcyclist Association have scheduled their second annual "Operation Santa Claus" toy and food run for October 16, or for October 23 in case of rain on the 16th. Free coffee, soda, donuts, and music will be offered and a new bike will be raffled off. The event will be held at Pier Six of the Baltimore City Inner Harbor. For more info, write 'em at 6403 Lochcrest Road, Baltimore, Md. 21239, or call (301) 435-2520.

A study by the Champion Spark Plug folks shows that 14 percent of all U.S. families own at least one two-wheeled motorized vehicle, up from 11.8 percent in 1969. . . Some police cars in Zanesville, Ohio, are being equipped with external microphones wired into a mini-computer to aid in enforcing the town's 80-decibel noise ordinance.

Washington State has made it illegal to ride a bike of greater displacement than the one you took your license test on. In other words, if you want to ride an 80-inch Hog, you can't take your test on a bro's Sporty. . . August is Motorcycle Awareness Month in California. A full slate of runs and related activities will commemorate the occasion.

Aussie riders denounce threat to lid exemptions

Thousands of bikers rallied outside Parliament House in Sydney, Australia, recently to protest changes in the Motor Traffic Act that would severely limit the right of doctors to provide riders with medical exemptions from obeying the country's mandatory helmet law.

Also protested was a new Motor Traffic Act provision that would require all cycles to carry twin rearview mirrors.

"It's easy to screw the bike rider because of our reputation," said a spokesman for Bikers Ltd., one of the groups organizing the rally, "but it won't solve anything, because it's not the bike riders who cause the accidents. It's the drivers of bloody cars."

'Blessed' bikers aid senior citizens

Over \$1,000 was contributed to a Lake County, Michigan, senior citizens' group by bikers attending the annual blessing of the bikes in Baldwin, Michigan.

One of the first such events, the Baldwin blessing has been held at this small western Michigan community's airport since 1974. Officiating, as he has since that first blessing, was Catholic priest David Hawley.

Rev. Hawley, comparing this year's crowd of over 2,500 bikers with a 1974 attendance of about a dozen, noted that blessing vehicles setting out on perilous journeys has long been a part of Christian tradition. He cited Roman chariots, Gulf of Mexico shrimp boats, and Venetian gondolas as vehicles that have been subjects of organized prayers.

Even today, in fact, the private trains of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bai-

ley Circus are blessed by a priest as they leave their winter quarters in Florida each spring.

After welcoming the riders and thanking them for coming, Father Hawley gave the blessing: "Dear God, who gave us this earth to love, share, and protect, we ask you for your blessing on all who have

gathered here in friendship. We thank you, Lord, for these people and for the spirit in which they've come. Inspire them to keep your creation beautiful."

Following the blessing, members of the organizing clubs circulated through the crowd, collecting donations for needy Lake County senior citizens.

— Grass ain't always greener —

Ponder this the next time you see one of those classified ads that say, "Good jobs, big money in Australia." The state government of West Australia, not content with hassling bikers, wants to put all cage drivers and passengers in helmets.

According to the assistant minister for health, the proposal, made by a committee studying ways to reduce highway fatalities, would be seriously considered by the government, despite the fact that even

members of the committee making the recommendation admitted that the proposal "would not be seen as reasonable by most people."

In another move, the National Safety Council of West Australia recommended helmets for roller skaters and horse riders.

Talk about gung ho, they might as well elect Tom Landry governor and let somebody who knows how to deal with a field full of helmeted bozos run the place.

Million-miler keepin' his knees in the breeze

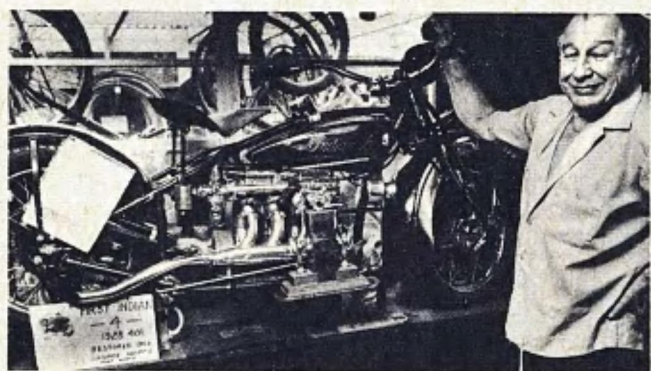
There's one motorcycle club so exclusive it never has meetings, doesn't sponsor runs, and doesn't fly colors. Most of the members don't even know each other; yet, despite all this, only the best of the breed ever get in it. It's called the Million Milers Club.

Think about it. A million miles riding a bike — 50,000 miles a year for 20 years, or 35,000 miles a year for 30 years, or 20,000 miles a year for 50 years. Fifty years. Well, Florida Indian expert George Hopps has been in the wind for more than 50 years. He joined that Million Milers Club some time back and, at 69, he has no intention of giving up the road for a rocker.

To put it in perspective, George's first motorcycle memory was of packing behind his father through the streets of Detroit, dragging a bunch of clanging tin cans behind a Harley to celebrate the war's being over. World War I, that is.

George got his first scooter, an Indian Scout, in 1928 when he was 16. It was a timely purchase. The Depression struck in '29, and George was able to stay alive by using his Scout and a homemade sidehack as a gypsy truck — delivering mail, blueprints, parts, ball bearings, and anything else for anyone who could afford to pay for the deliveries.

By 1933, he was married and had a family and was making \$25 a week as a machinist. In 1939, the bottom fell out of



— photo from Fred D. Fox

the auto business and George was out on the street — he even had to sell his bike for food money.

Undaunted by the fact that he no longer owned a bike, he set about starting a new motorcycle delivery service — looking for work in a borrowed cage.

"An outfit called me and said to come to work. . . I went to the Indian dealer and told him I was broke, but had a job and needed a motorcycle. I told him I'd give him \$15 a week for it. The dealer found a used Indian for \$200, but it didn't have a box. There were some wooden crates lying around, so I built a box for the sidecar. I was finished by midnight, and by seven the next morning I was ready to go."

George's overall view of economic hard times? "I don't care what you are or what you want. If you've got ten fingers, good eyes, and good health, you can make it."

In 1950, George decided to buy and restore an example of every bike he'd ever owned. Before too long, however, his collecting impulses had expanded. Among the approximately 50 bikes now in his collection are a 1913 Excelsior, a 1922 Super X, a 1910 Yale, and a lovingly restored 1928 Indian Four — one of only three known to exist.

Many of the bikes in George's collection were found during the two decades after World War II, during which George worked as a field rep for General Motors. The job took him to small farm towns throughout three states and, just as in every bike lover's favorite fantasy, bikes kept turning up, rusting away in fields and barns.

Typical of George's acquisitions was the Indian Four, found in a Burr Oak, Indiana, barn. "He had a small shop out back," George recalls. "There was the Indian sitting there. I

didn't have much money with me, about \$33. His wife had just left him and taken everything. All he had were the cups he'd won racing his motorcycle. He took my money. We didn't have any place to put the cycle, so we tore it apart. Within two hours I was headed for home with the motorcycle."

In 1975, George, his wife, Nancy, and their son, Larry, moved to Anna Maria Island in Florida, where he opened George Hopps's Island Cycle, specializing in the care and appreciation of Harleys and Indians.

Anna Maria is a quiet place, a place where it is easy to imagine that the dull '50s, the riotous '60s, and the disco '70s never happened — especially if you happen to be stopped at an intersection when George comes gliding by on, say, his 1945 Army-drab Indian. At such times it's easy to imagine you've fallen into some kind of time machine, except for one small state-mandated detail — a helmet.

"They do more harm than good," the million-miler said. "They're too confining, too dangerous in traffic. You lose some of your senses with a helmet on."

"There's a sense of freedom on a motorcycle," he continued, summing up his feelings about his favorite subject. "The nearest sensation to riding one is flying in an open-cockpit plane. It's quite a thrill."

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

On the domestic front, it's a matter of who flung the first dung. Worse yet, no one's gonna 'fess up. This situation could put you through some heavy head trips before it's settled. It might be shape-up-or-ship-out time. If your sweetie has turned sour on you and your pucker power has pooped out, it's time to bail out before it's too late. Think it over, fast!

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

You've got a strong urge to get out and let your hemorrhoids flap in the wind awhile. Go ahead and hump yourself into a hernia, or pig out on pussy. Relax, before pressures erupt and leave your balls lookin' like a set of pancakes with an ego to match. Boogie off to catch up on the bull with long-lost buddies. It could be the answer for what ails you.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

There may be a shortage of cash and cracks, but don't let it put a dent in your daydreams. Keep your mind open to suggestions for promoting some valuable ideas you've been kicking around. It pays to toot your own horn once in a while to let others know where you're coming from. Otherwise, get the lady of the moment to douche with vinegar, and get pickled.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

This one can be a real weirdie! Either your rugrat snaps at the mailman, or your dog catches the measles. You get your ol' lady's (or whoever's) IUD caught in your hangnail, and your mother-in-law streaks city hall. Someone laces your stash with a lightweight laxative. In other words, it's stop and go all month. Worse yet, you wonder why you went.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

A recent heavy workload gives you a case of mental diarrhea and you break out in a rash. It seems you've developed an allergy toward work that requires a massive dose of kickback time. Even a weekend putt could set the old noggin straight. Clear the cobwebs and can the complaints till a later date. If you freeload on a friend, return the favor.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

Don't get your balls in an uproar or go off without double-



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Libra

Libra, if you could just make up your mind once in a while and stop procrastinating, you'd have the world by the balls! Your outstanding qualities are fairness, adaptability, and a strong desire to be impartial. On the other hand, you hate to take sides for fear of making the wrong decisions. If anyone screws you over, you are quick to forgive and forget. (Nix on all that forgetting crap!) You prefer to live and let live.

Libras are a tad lazy and often work harder trying to keep from working than they would if they were actually working. They are also clever enough to bluff their way through life (like Gemini) with a minimum of effort. Libras can charm the pants off just about anyone, but in the sack they expect their partners to do most of the licking and smelling, while they do the screaming, creaming, and smiling.

Unlike most signs, Libras would rather fuck than fight and will do anything to avoid a hassle. (Ladies, if you want to turn a Libra off — nag!) He prefers lookin' at the world through rose-colored glasses,

checking your source. Your self-righteous attitude could backfire and leave you lookin' like an ass-lip. Keep a low profile or take shorter strokes, and then proceed with caution. Fly-by-night schemes are low blows that could be whistling your way, so keep the old eyeballs peeled and the ears open.

To show you an example of how versatile Libras are, here are a few famous ones: the late President Eisenhower, Eleanor Roosevelt (able to lead), Mahatma Gandhi (able to sit in one position for long periods of time), Barbara Walters (says the right things the wrong way), Johnny Carson (says the wrong things the right way), Brigitte Bardot (made it with her tits), Bela Lugosi (made it with his teeth), George C. Scott, Mickey Rooney, Angie Dickinson, Groucho Marx, Buster Keaton (unusual sense of humor), and last but not least, John Lennon and Timothy Leary (who made it better!).

Libras are prone to kidney problems. This tendency is exaggerated by overindulgence in booze. To alleviate the problem, Libras should always drink enough water to float a battleship. Better yet, keep a straw handy when you bathe and use it to drain the tub. (Refrain from taking a whiz or breaking wind in your water.)

Libras are artistic, diplomatic, make great professional house guests, and are popular pets.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

Happy birthday, baby! Full speed ahead, no holds barred, and go for the gusto. Everything is in your favor and your favorite flavor, so go ahead and wade in — just don't get in over your head. Lots of get-down time is grabbing at your goodies. Money may be loose,

but pussy is tight. Don't let your meat loaf, but don't get your joint outta whack, either.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Leftovers from last month's wild one leave you with your zipper jammed and a pinched expression. Before you work yourself into a case of jock itch, slow down and don't trip over those snail trails and skid marks. This month it's best to play it safe — blow your wad in one hole, instead of making so many pit stops. Give your worm a well-deserved rest!

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

First, the good news: You're fit as a fiddle and ready to diddle. Now, the bad news: You could end up with a drip in your drawers, a problem with your drain, and a bonfire in your balls. Don't panic; either your worm's a tad worn or you have the worst head cold you've ever seen! It's tough-titty time, and don't expect a kiss on your boo-boo.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

It's time to refresh a few memories and collect long-overdue debts. Drop some hints that lip service won't feed your face. (Rent a billboard.) Scan your brainwaves for solutions that won't make you look like El Cheapo but will still get the message across. Don't allow legal settlements or joint finances to get you bent outta shape or frustrated.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Petty mistakes boggle a few pea-brains at ye old work. Use these stumble bums' screwups to make yourself look better and make points with VIPs. When everyone else is losing his cool, keep your butt biscuits together, head for the gravy train, and dig in. Besides, being ahead of the game doesn't require any ass-kissing to win.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

It's your turn to shine, and this month puts you in the spotlight. Even passing gas and premature ejaculation make you popular. You've got a generous helping of "get down an' boogie" coming your way, plus your pick of the litter. A lot of little waggin' tails and wet tongues are heading you off with a pass. You're the gallopin' gourmet with the glorious gonads to give. ■

WITTY WILLIE'S REVENGE

Ever since we put Witty "No-Relation-To-The-Red-Headed-Stranger" Willie in charge of the yuks page, it's been one snivel after another. Seems the sorry-assed little prospect can't take a joke (pardon the pun) and gets all het up at seein' the same stale gags pop up in the mail every full moon. Now he's gone and mined what we laughingly call our evidence room (you know what the cops keep in evidence rooms) and he's threatening to blow it sky high if you don't shape up. Have a heart, bros — we can't get out a decent rag while our dope's fallin' down with the acid rain. Brainstorm up some real hot zingers and kite 'em off to Witty Willie, Box 82, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0082. We'll even send ya \$25 bucks for every one Willie prints.

I think that I shall never see
A poem as lovely as a she.
A she that looks at me all day
And spreads apart her legs to
lay.
A she whose soft, wet pussy's
pressed
Against my hard cock once
ingressed.
A she who may, when I come,
wear
Some of my sperm in her pubic
hair.
Poems are made by fools like
me,
But it's much more fun to make
a she.

—Dominic Procopio
Weymouth, Mass.

Then there was the man who
came home and caught his
wife in bed with his best friend.
He shot his wife, but spared the
dog.

—John Smalley
Lake Ridge, N.J.

Easyriders



"It's a miracle, a fuckin' miracle!" the biker yelled, waking up his ol' lady. "When I went to the john just now, the light came on — and I didn't even touch the switch. Then, when I finished, the light went off all by itself! It was a fuckin' miracle, I tell you!"
"It wasn't any damn miracle," his ol' lady groaned. "You just pissed in the refrigerator again."

—Syndi
Gardena, Calif.

Coke makes you feel like a new man. The trouble is, the first thing that new man wants is another hit of coke!

—Keith Burr
Pittsburgh, Pa.

What's the difference between kinky sex and perverted sex?

With kinky sex, you use just a feather. With perverted sex, you use the whole bird.

—M. Mollohan
Chicago, Ill.

FAT RAT & MOLE



Why is a man's dork like a Rubik's Cube?

The more you play with it, the harder it gets.

—Glen Gilman
Boonsboro, Va.

Q: Why do ol' ladies like to play Ms. Pacman?

A: 'Cause for a quarter they can get eaten three times.

—Valley Girl
Chatsworth, Calif.

Then there is the story of the 70-year-old biker who called on his doctor.

"Doc, I would like you to examine me, to see if I'm sexually fit."

"Very well, let me see your sex organs, please."

The aged biker replied, "Aw right," and stuck out his index finger and his tongue.

—Harry Irquist
Jackson, Miss.



"Omligod! The baby fell into the damn menudo!"

Swing it to, swing it fro. Watch the little bastard grow. When it's hard, on with the hunt. Back to the bar to find some cunt.

—Jerry Bryant
Crossville, Ala.

Have ya heard the new hair gunk jingle? Make an extra batch and dye your snatch to match.

—Reen
Greencastle, Ind.

Did you hear the one about the biker with the bad disposition?

It seems that one morning, after a night of heavy partyin', his ol' lady wanted to please him so he wouldn't kick her ass. So, when the dude got out of bed, she asked, "Honey, what would you like for breakfast?"

"Two fuckin' eggs," the bro yelled.

"Okay, honey," she said. "How would you like them cooked?"

"I want one fried, and scramble the other fucker," he barked.

"They'll be ready in a minute," the ol' lady called sweetly.

A few minutes later he sat drinking his coffee and she placed the plate in front of him. He jumped up and punched her so hard that he knocked four of her teeth out.

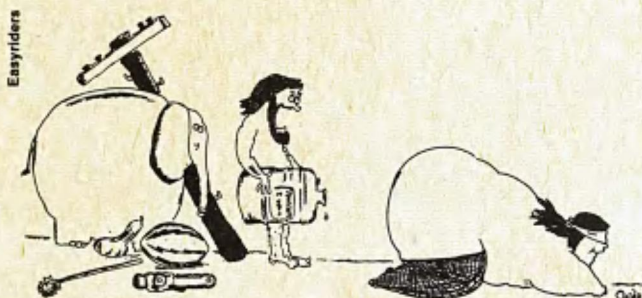
"What did I do wrong? I did just like you asked," she cried.

"You stupid cunt," he yelled, kicking her into the hall, "you fried the wrong fuckin' one!"

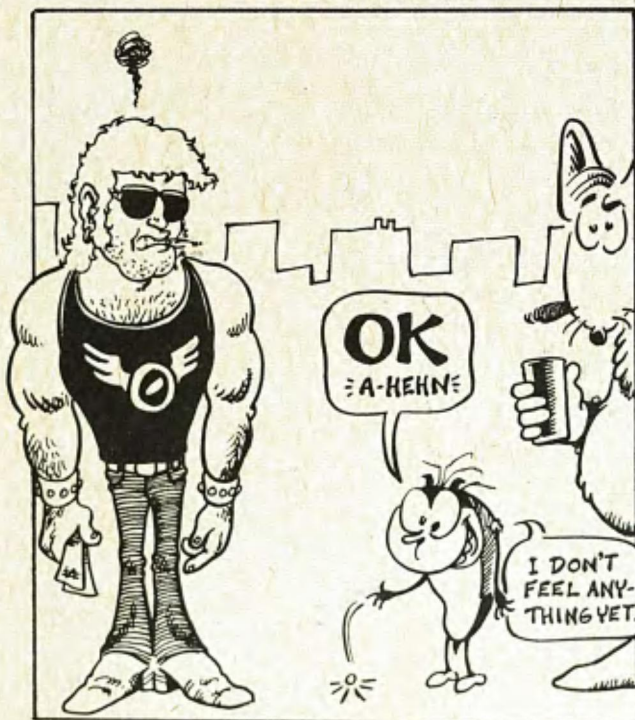
—Rob Gorden
Marquette, Mich.

There once was a girl named Louise, whose cunt hair hung well past her knees. The crabs in her twat tied the hair in a knot and made a flying trapeze.

—M. Page
Belcher, La.



"Okay, honey, you ready to play our little guessing game?"



"Hey, Bill, you know the guy who picked up his rebuilt engine yesterday? He'd like to talk to you!"

The best thing about young stuff is, you try something kinky with them and they don't realize you're a pervert; they just think it's something they haven't learned yet.

—Big T
Carson City, Nev.

There was once a biker named Kit, who loved to chew his broad's clit. He got fucked up one night and took such a bite, that she now has a split in her clit.

—E.E. Jackson
Detroit, Mich.

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

One of the most amusing items to cross this desk in quite a while is a news story detailing the plans of the Connecticut Department of Corrections to hire a "philosopher-in-residence" for its prison system.

DOC officials may not realize it, but unless Connecticut's inmate population comes mostly from Mars — or some other place entirely unlike the U.S. of A — they've already got roughly one philosopher-in-residence for every two inmates. Why spend \$20,000, the amount budgeted, to hire another?

Well, okay, the state legislature might not take the ruminations of some motor-mouth con as seriously as they would those of some college-educated double dome — maybe that's why they need an expert.

According to the dictionary, a philosopher, among other things, is a "person who meets difficulties with calmness and composure." I guess that means someone who won't bust his hand punching out the cell wall after his parole is turned down, or maybe somebody who sings "Happy Days Are Here Again" while bending over for a cavity search.

Whatever, the folks in Connecticut may be on the right track here. I mean, if I were going to pay someone to go to jail, I would sure enough want it to be a calm, composed dude, not some mattress-burning radical.

Aside from putting in his time, pardon the pun, exactly what is this philosopher supposed to do to earn his twenty grand? According to the press release, he is supposed to distill his experiences and conversations with cons, guards, etc., into a report on the philosophy of crime and punishment.

The philosophy of crime and

punishment, eh? According to some bozo on TV, the philosophy of crime and punishment is "don't do the crime if you can't do the time," but for twenty grand there's got to be more to it than that. Maybe that word, *philosophy*, means more than we think it

analysis of the principles underlying the nature of the universe." That's not too helpful, either. After all, a person brilliant and imaginative enough to find any logic in the principles underlying that peculiar universe known as the penal system wouldn't need any bullshit \$20,000-a-year job; he could be running the real universe.

Perhaps this next definition of philosophy is the trick: "a study of human morals, character, and behavior." That seems like fertile ground for a philosopher. After all, some of the wildest characters I've ever met were behind bars. Also, the prison environment provides the philosopher with an unparalleled chance to study human behavior in its most elemental form: behave one way, and you live; behave another way, and you die.

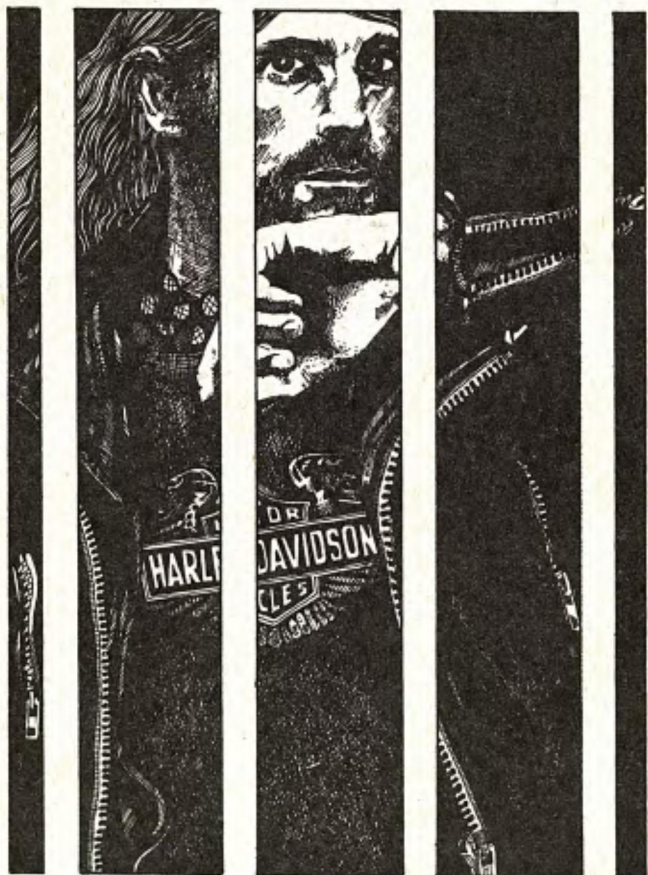
But it's that first item — morals — that I think would most fascinate any philosopher-in-residence. Where else but in prison would such a person ever get to study a system of morals that so perfectly suits the society it is used by, a system of morals uncomplicated by irrelevant issues such as logic and right and wrong? A moral system that says, basically, if you have something I want, and I am bigger than you are, you'd better

give me that something if you intend to stay healthy.

Yes, thinking about it seriously, I have to admit that I may have been wrong calling this item amusing. What is amusing about paying \$20,000 to someone to go to jail for nine or ten months when there are thousands of folks who would gladly pay twice that to get out?

Really. No shit. It isn't funny. It's a no-joke position. The folks in Connecticut really

Continued on page 126



does. Let's check it out.

Philosophy: the first dictionary definition is "the search for wisdom or knowledge." That seems kind of broad, doesn't it? I mean, by that definition everyone in stir is a philosopher searching for knowledge and wisdom. . . knowledge on how to get sprung and, in most cases, the wisdom necessary to avoid getting caught the next time you do something a judge might frown on.

Let's try another definition: "logical



I Used To Be Normal Until I Missed An Issue!

That's right, the bro above used to read this rag every month, gettin' his fill of them fine scoots, balls-out fiction, and mind-bendin' articles. But then he got to the store late one day, and they was sold out.

So, if ya don't wanna miss out on a single issue of this leg-wettin' rag, and don't wanna end up lookin' like the bro in the picture, get yer **Easyriders** subscription in today. If ya do, we'll even send ya a free decal like the one below to remind everybody that ya read **Easyriders**.



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

Subscription
Easyriders magazine
Box 1050, Agoura, California 91301

#112

Check one:

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

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

- ☐ Here's \$19.00 for 12 issues. Add \$3 per 12 issues to Canada and
☐ Here's \$37.00 for 24 issues. \$6 per 12 issues foreign. U.S. funds only.

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?

DOWNTIME

THE THE BLASTERS

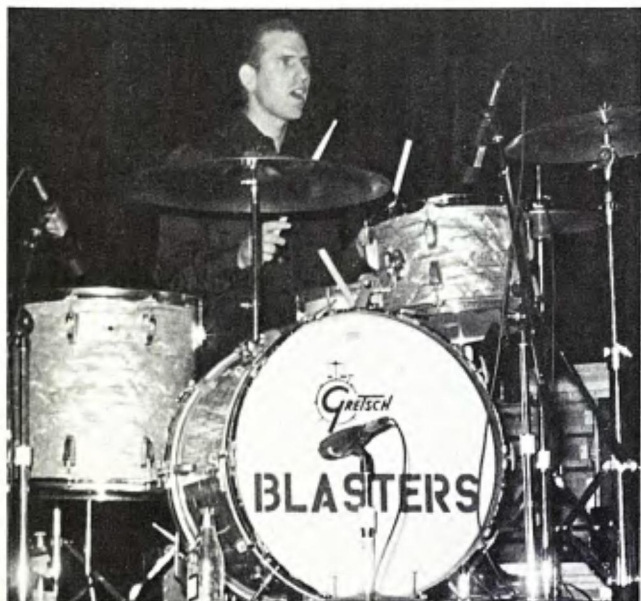
by The Austin Animal

Phil Alvin



"When we first got together there were four of us playing this stuff in a little bedroom. We decided to see if we could get people to come see us, pay money to hear what we were doing. And it's happening, which is fine. But if this whole thing explodes tomorrow, we'll still get together in a week or so and sit down in the bedroom and play."

— Dave Alvin



Bill Bateman

To compare the Blasters with most of the groups making the so-called '50s sound these days is like comparing a motorcycle restoration job with a great customized bike. There are plenty of bands around these days — some of them quite good, in fact — whose stock in trade is, in one form or another, a re-creation of the rock of the '50s. Just like a meticulous restoration job, the work of the best of these bands (like the Kingbees or Levi and the Rockats, for example) involves a some-

times-remarkable duplication of the sound of a bygone era. The effect is often both visual (greasy d.a. haircuts, pink dress shirts, and charcoal-gray pants with a little belt in the back), as well as aural (the sound of an old Stratocaster over the slapping rhythm of an unamplified, upright bass).

But, like even the best restorations, the results of such efforts are invariably predictable, a re-creation of something we've all heard before — like an old card trick, the outcome of which



Gene Taylor

we already know. No matter how much pleasure we may take in the proficient execution of the idea, it's still too familiar to generate real excitement, especially the sort that accompanied our original, naive first hearing of the material years before.

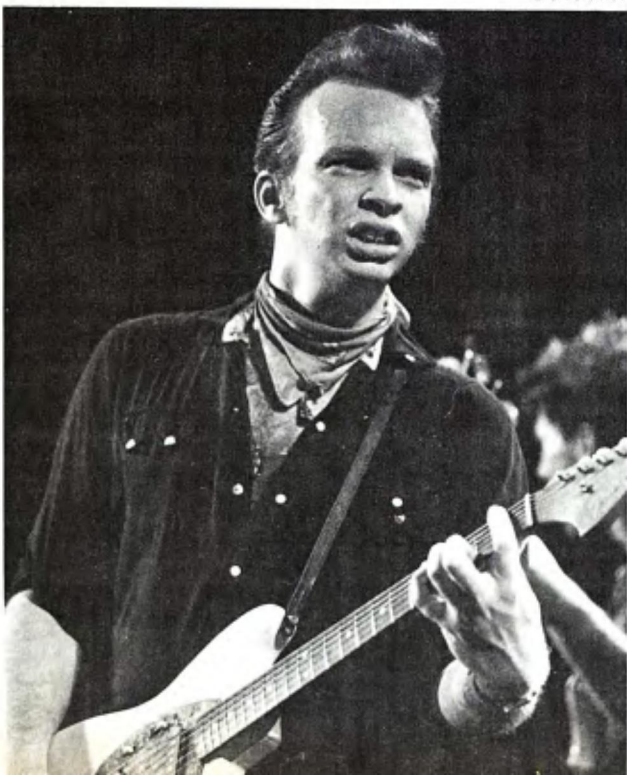
The Blasters, on the other hand, are like a tasty custom bike: a special effort that remains faithful to the spirit of the original and simultaneously uses it as a basis for unexpected new wrinkles and further development. The Blasters are

another product of the fertile Los Angeles rock scene, a bunch of smart but basically down-home boys from Downey, California, a group whose unique sound is an ideal mixture of rhythm and blues and rock and roll. This band is like a good blended whiskey, a powerhouse mixture of the old and the new.

The core of the band is a pair of brothers, Phil and Dave Alvin, on vocals and lead guitar, respectively. Phil also plays rhythm guitar and honks a pretty mean blues

Continued on page 84

Dave Alvin



Steve Berlin



FREEMAN

So, this is it. Today they call me a freeman. Divorced, just like that. No court, no judges; just a lawyer, a check for twenty grand, and two signatures. It was an automatic-type divorce: married today, single tomorrow — and now it was tomorrow. When I woke up this morning, it didn't really feel too awfully different to be single. In fact, the only thing that reminded me that I was no longer married was waking up to the aftermath of my "welcome back to bachelorhood" party. The roaches seemed to be having a good time, but even they didn't seem any different now that I was divorced. Actually, the only thing that was different was the way the scooter was running. I mean, it still burned oil and started hard, but somehow it didn't mind the fact that there wasn't any weight on its back seat. What the hell, if the bike didn't mind the missing weight, then neither did I. Not yet, at least.

It's not like she was a load of dead meat or anything. Hell, we had a lot of good times together, times that I'm gonna miss. Like the first time we crossed the Continental Divide.

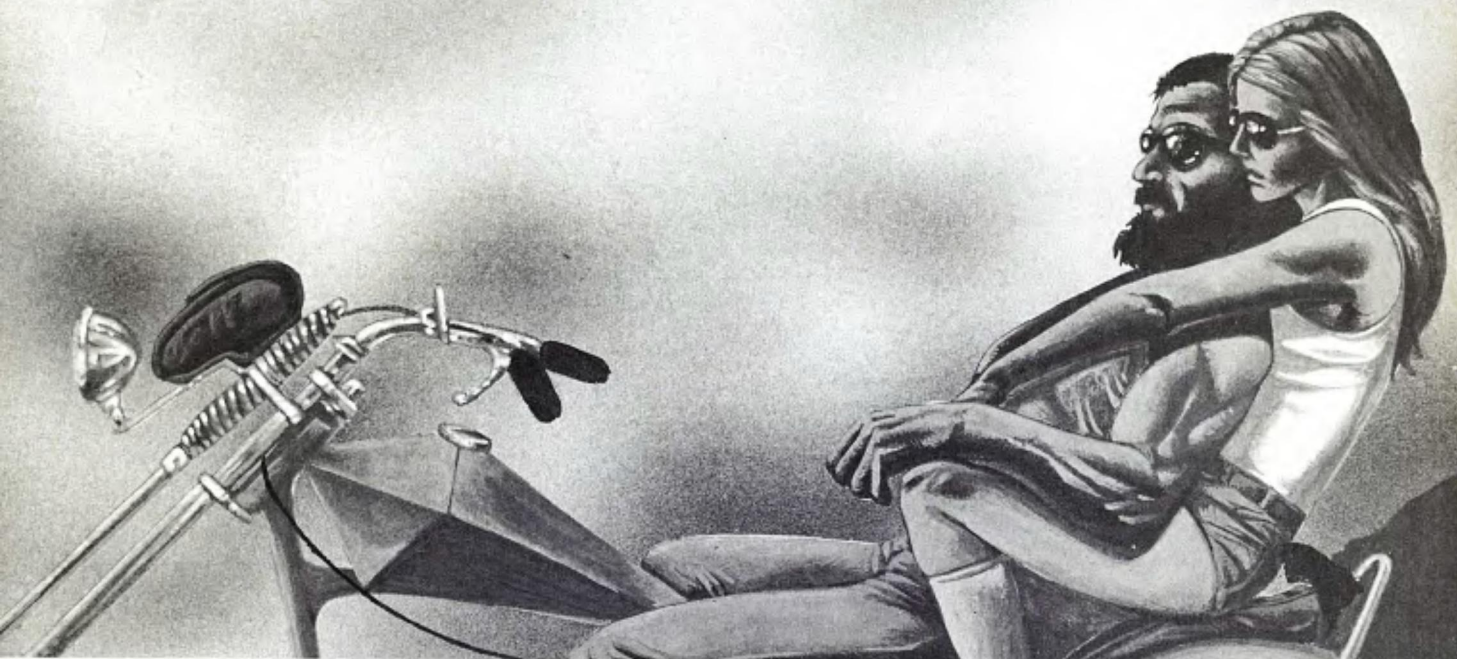
It was a cloudy day, with a cold breeze that stung right through my jacket. We were on our honeymoon, and just as we reached the Divide, the drizzle started, just enough to make things miserable. I pulled into this rest area that had a picnic table and a sign saying, "you're now on the Continental Divide." It was more like a wide spot in the road, actually. Anyway, we screwed right under that picnic table for the first time in our married lives. Our asses were flapping in the breeze, turned all red from the cold; and all our temporary sweat and goo was flowing half into the Pacific and half into the Gulf of Mexico.

Sometimes it seemed like she was a little girl and a woman, both rolled into one. I remember one day we were riding through Coalgate, Oklahoma, and all of a sudden she starts hollering for me to stop, 'cause we have to go back to Waco to pick up her camera. I tried to tell her that that was three- or four-hundred miles back and that it really wasn't worth the trip, but there was just no saying "no." So back we went, not for the camera — hell, that only

cost \$10, but for the picture she took of me with some drunken Mexican who called himself Paco.

I don't mean to make it sound like it was always me doing things for her, 'cause that ain't so. In fact, she was always real good to me. She always had good meals, a warm fire, and lots of encouragement waiting for me when I got home. She wouldn't think twice about staying up half the night working on my bike with me, even if I did more cussin' than workin'. She was the optimist of the two of us. She was the only one I knew who could change a freezing-ass March rain into a "nice brisk ride in a spring shower." Stupid maybe, but at least it kept me smilin'. She was not your average house mouse either, she had some balls. I saw her do some shit that even I was a little unsure of.

There was one time somewhere on the road that she really saved my ass. I had made the mistake of stopping at this redneck roadhouse for a cold brew. I mean, it was an honest mistake; we'd been on the road a long time. Anyway, it wasn't long until I was standing



with my back against the wall, facing three of the ugliest farmers I have ever seen. Well, I was just about to throw the first punch, figuring on leveling at least one of them, when my wife jumps in. It was really funny, looking at the faces on those farmers as they stood looking at this petite woman, pool cue in one hand, busted bottle in the other. She was tellin' them that they could start fightin' now 'cause the sides were even. And, hell, they must have believed her, 'cause they backed off. Of course I hollered at her for pulling such a dumb stunt, but deep down I was real happy and more than just a little proud.

For sure there were lots of good times, but I guess it just started to get old. We'd been together since we were fourteen or so, and never did any growing up on our own. I guess that was really just my problem. It seemed like all of a sudden she was real interested in being domestic and raising a family. Settin' down and being secure was suddenly more important than whoopin' it up and seein' the sights. Not for me, though. With every year older I

got, I got a little more crazy; every time I bought something classy, I had to get a little more disgusting.

I guess it all comes down to the fact that I had to kick up some dust, fuck some whores, and just generally go off my nut for a while. She, on the other hand, needed to settle, have kids, and just be a secure mother and wife. Needless to say, the two don't go together, so we split.

There is probably more to it than that, but it really doesn't matter. We were crowding each other and things just weren't working any more. So we sold the house, split the money fifty-fifty, and went our separate ways. Now here I am, blowing down Route 17 on my way to nowhere. I got a pocket full of money and no responsibility, except to me and my bike. Actually, the wind does taste a little sweeter than I remember, and the hunger to be somewhere is gone. It just feels good to be on the road in the sun. Hell, it would probably feel good in the rain. I don't know, somehow it feels better riding today — fewer worries, I guess.

The odd thing is that there is

this girl who's been hanging around Murphy's Bar and is real sweet on me. She's a real good looking, too: soft butt, hard belly, and long blond hair. She's just my type, and to say that she was real broken up about my divorce would be a lie. In fact, she wanted to come with me on this trip. To tell you the truth, I was real tempted to take her. She really would have looked good on my scooter and on my face, but I just couldn't see it. What the hell, I just got divorced today — why the hell should I get hitched right up again? For the first time in my life, I'm my only responsibility, and damned if I'm going to fuck that up. I'm not sayin' that it wouldn't be nice to have some female along, especially during those cold, lonely nights, but I reckon I can find 'em along the way. Today, the State of New York says that I'm divorced, free from the responsibilities of marriage, and I'm going to live the life of a single male scooter tramp, even if it kills me. But it won't. Hell, I've got my bike between my legs, money in my pocket, and the sun in my face. What more could I need? ■

by Raunch

OL' LADY CONTEST

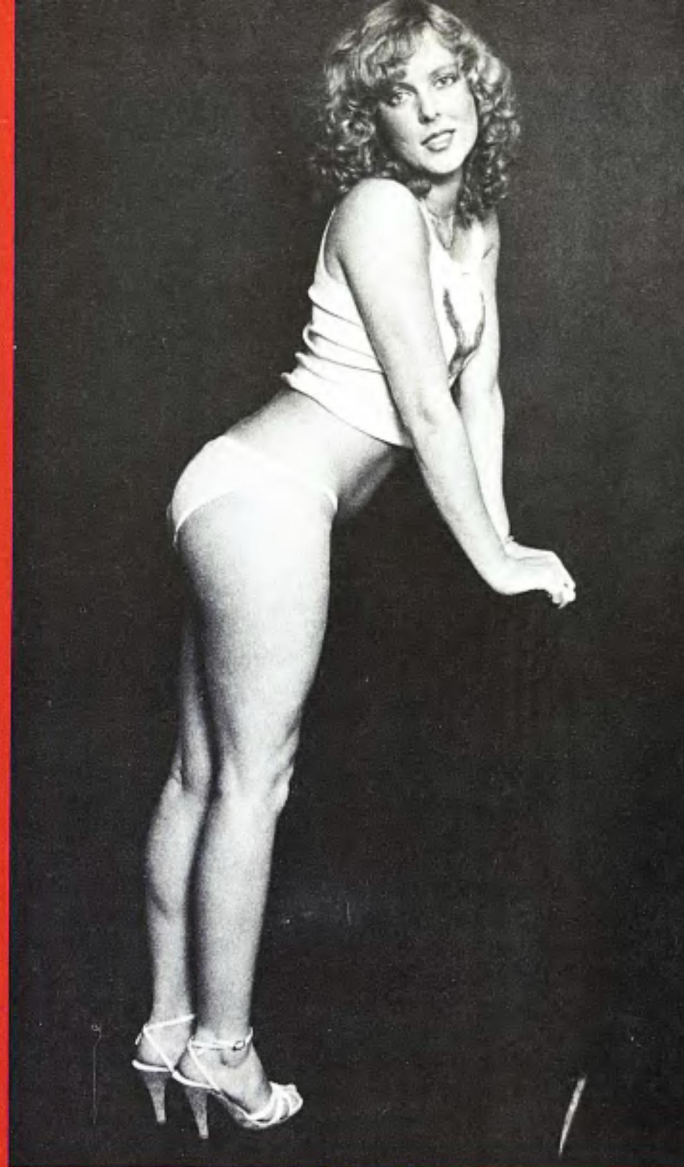
Here's another crop of cuties in our Fifth Annual Ol' Lady Contest, showin' their stuff, tryin' to win the \$1,000 grand prize.

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 runners-up each get \$25, with the contributors 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 these pages 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.

One last favor. In your own handwriting and in very few words (under 25, if possible) 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 September 28. We'll print the winner in the February issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #112 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.



Yvonne

OL' LADY CONTEST

Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

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

Model's Name _____ Phone _____
Model's Legal Signature _____
I am _____ years of age, born _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Photographer _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Witness to Signature _____

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



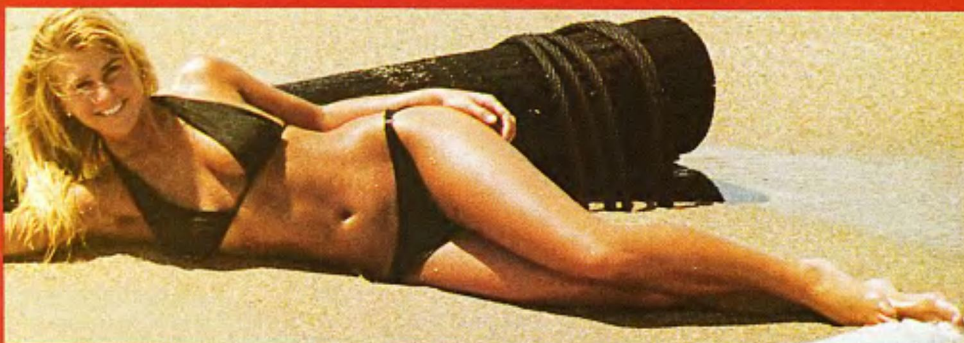
Lauree



Lynda



Teri



Here she is, folks —
Gina, the second
monthly winner in
the 5th Annual *Easy-
riders* Ol' Lady Con-
test. The runners up:
Doretta, Stone, and
Gin.



IN THE WIND



—from Wizard, Pittsburgh, Pa.



—from Mad Doctor, Gary, Indiana



—from Jake, On the road



—from Dave, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

—from Buddy, Staten Island, N.Y.

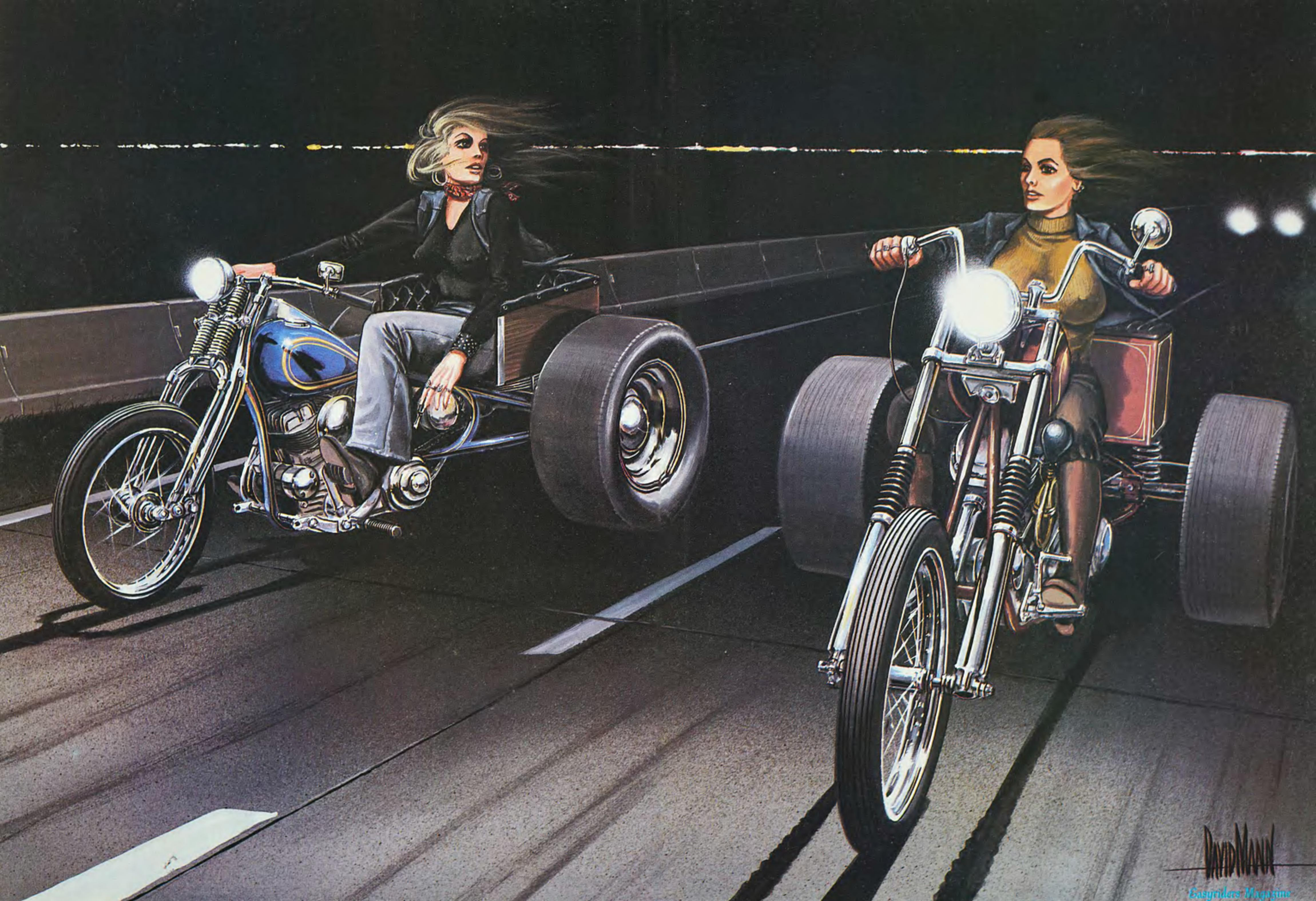


—from Fingers, Swanton, Ohio



—from Gary Porter, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.







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 Dave, Westwood, N.J.



—from Jess Rodriguez, Loveland, Ohio





—from Randy Waite, Malibu, Calif.



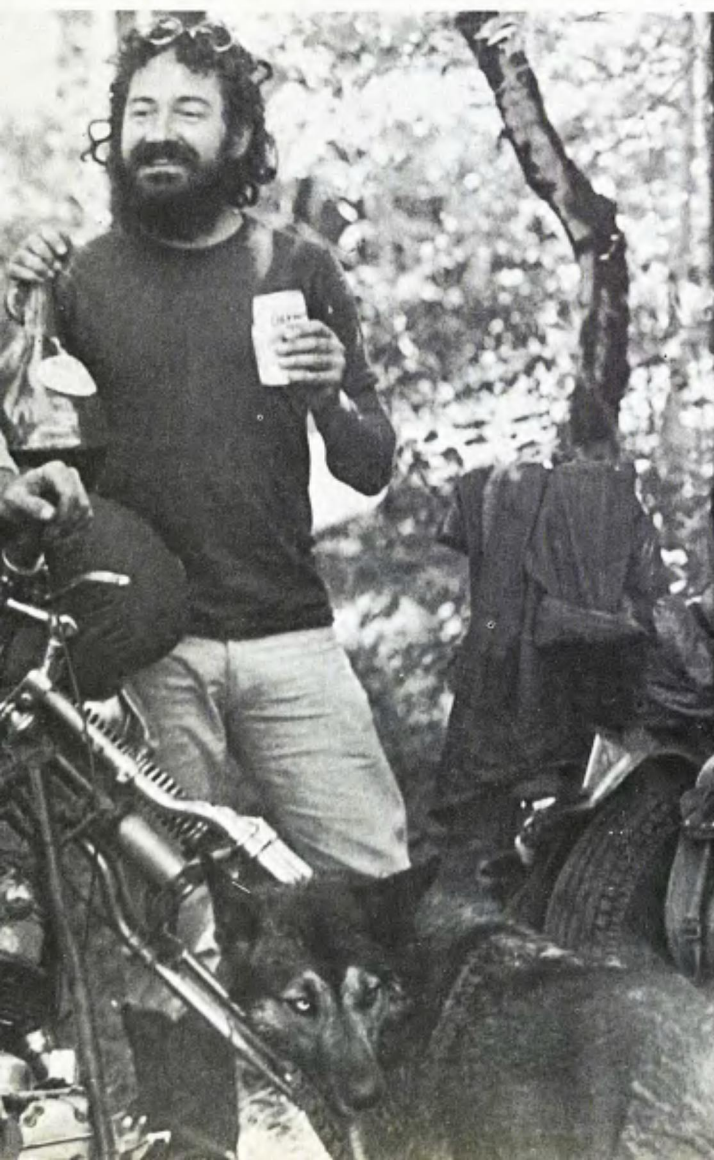
—from Shadow, Parts unknown



—from Carole Trautwein, Great Meadows, N.J.



—from Carole Trautwein, Del.



—from Kim Peterson, Ventura, Calif.





—from Mike Lichter, Boulder, Colo.



—from Snooze, Montrose, Calif.

—from Frank, Daytona Beach, Fla.

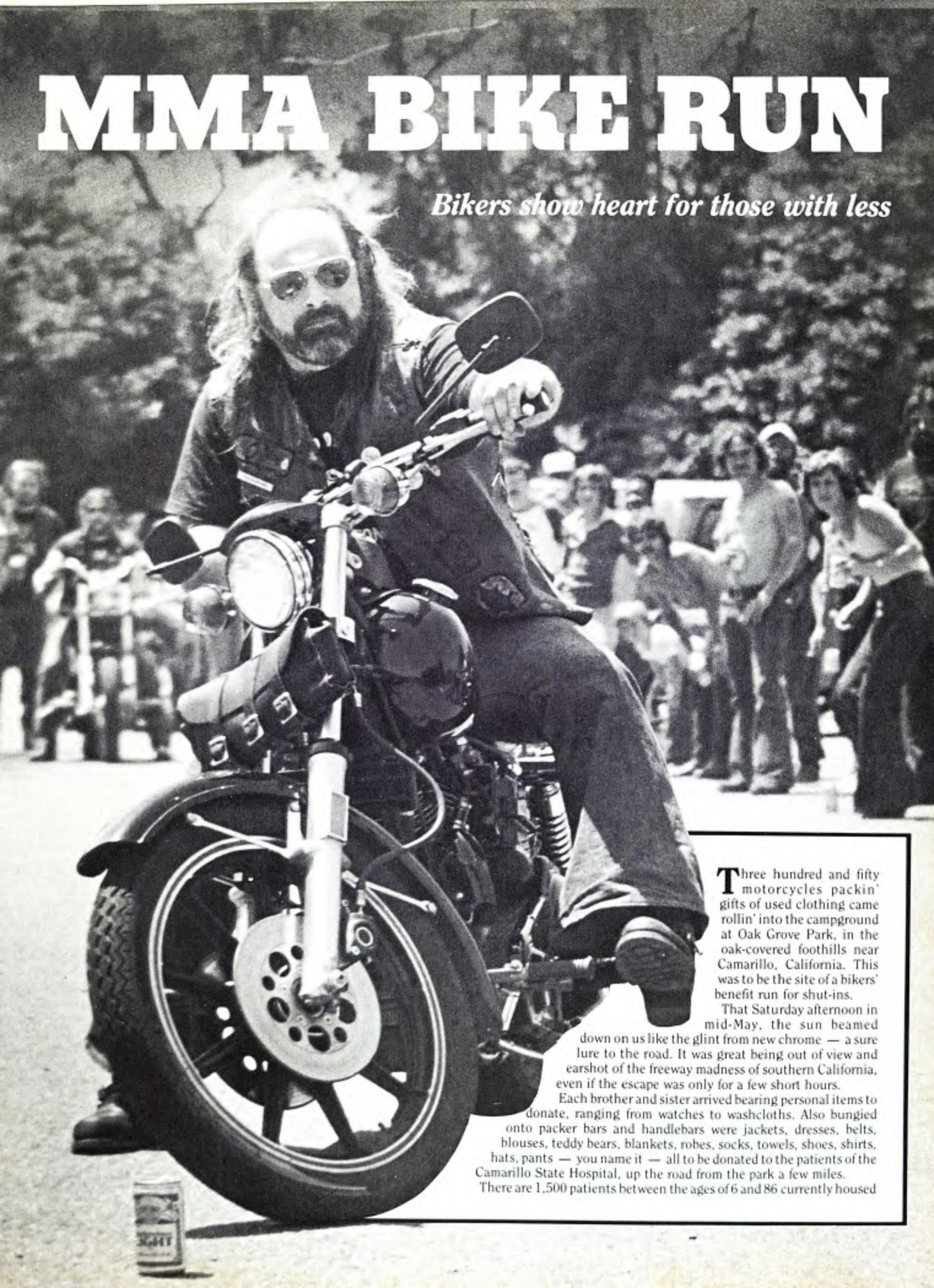


—from Mad Mike, Lake Perry, Kan.



MMA BIKE RUN

Bikers show heart for those with less



Three hundred and fifty motorcycles packin' gifts of used clothing came rollin' into the campground at Oak Grove Park, in the oak-covered foothills near Camarillo, California. This was to be the site of a bikers' benefit run for shut-ins.

That Saturday afternoon in mid-May, the sun beamed down on us like the glint from new chrome — a sure lure to the road. It was great being out of view and earshot of the freeway madness of southern California, even if the escape was only for a few short hours.

Each brother and sister arrived bearing personal items to donate, ranging from watches to washcloths. Also bungied onto packer bars and handlebars were jackets, dresses, belts, blouses, teddy bears, blankets, robes, socks, towels, shoes, shirts, hats, pants — you name it — all to be donated to the patients of the Camarillo State Hospital, up the road from the park a few miles.

There are 1,500 patients between the ages of 6 and 86 currently housed

in the facility. Since Camarillo is a mental institution owned and operated by the state, it is occasionally faced with bureaucratic red tape involving basic human needs, like clothing and personal care items.

This problem came to the attention of a bro named Dan Schmidt through his wife, who works at the hospital. Being a biker, a marine machinist (diesel mechanic) at the Port Hueneme Navy base, and special events chairman for Division 5 of the Modified Motorcycle Association, he combined his talents as a coordinator and organizer to put together the benefit.

May, being National Mental Health Month, was as good a time as any for the event, Dan reasoned. He made it his duty to get in touch with the local TV station about his plans, and with the help from the MMA, the benefit was in full swing. It took three months of intense work to pull off. Special thanks should go to Robert "Bear" Accinelli, the Division 5 manager; Harry Roach, a district manager; Sleepy, who ran the games; and World Famous Baby, a dude who donated fifty-five cases of soda pop, along with cases of gum, candy, games, and transistor radios.

Who the hell else but bikers would go all out for people who can't do it for themselves, and have an action-packed partyin' good time while doin' it? With a minimum of hassle from the heat, thanks to thorough planning and organizing, everyone there made a commitment to goodwill.

To keep the scooter folk as well as other spectators entertained that day, there were rock bands, and Sleepy put together some two-wheeled competitions featuring slow races and water-balancing events.

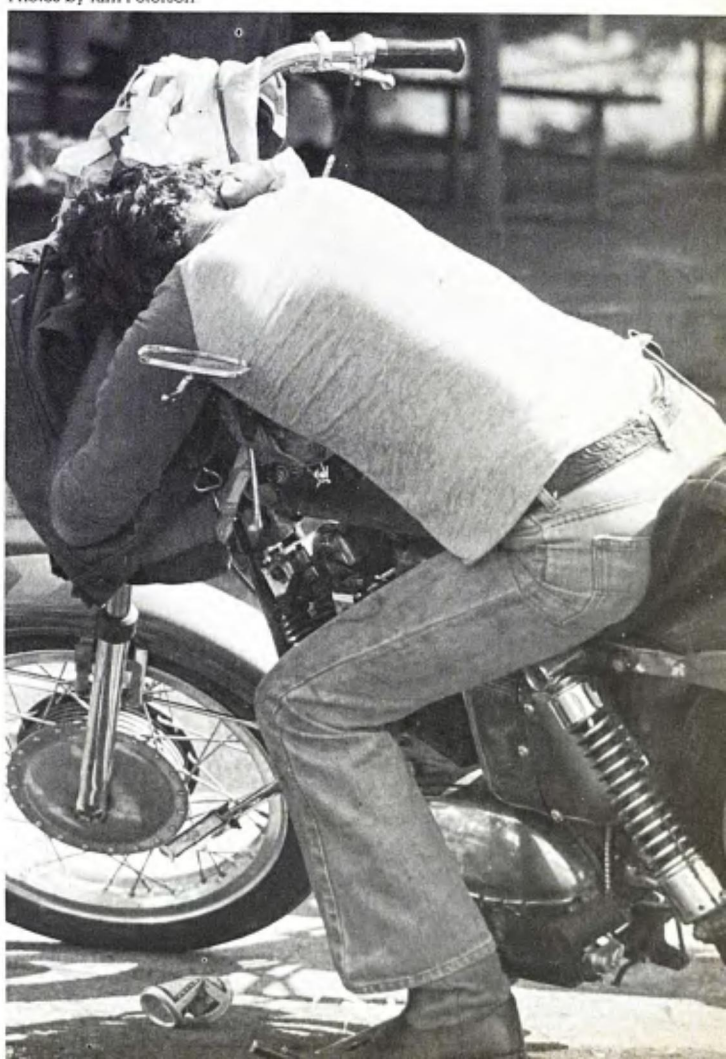
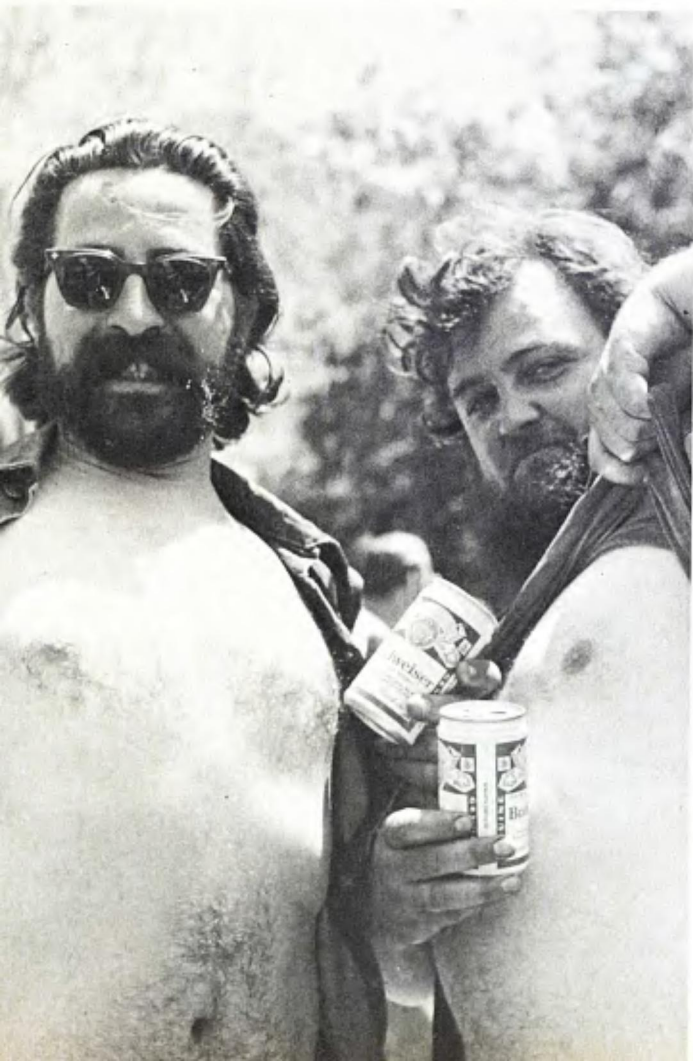
Later in the afternoon two state hospital trucks pulled into the campsite to pick up the donated goods. The truck drivers, from Voluntary Services, made it obvious that they appreciated the bikers' benevolence as they loaded the stacks of merchandise onto the trucks. You might say the whole affair was a real image buster.

— Spud



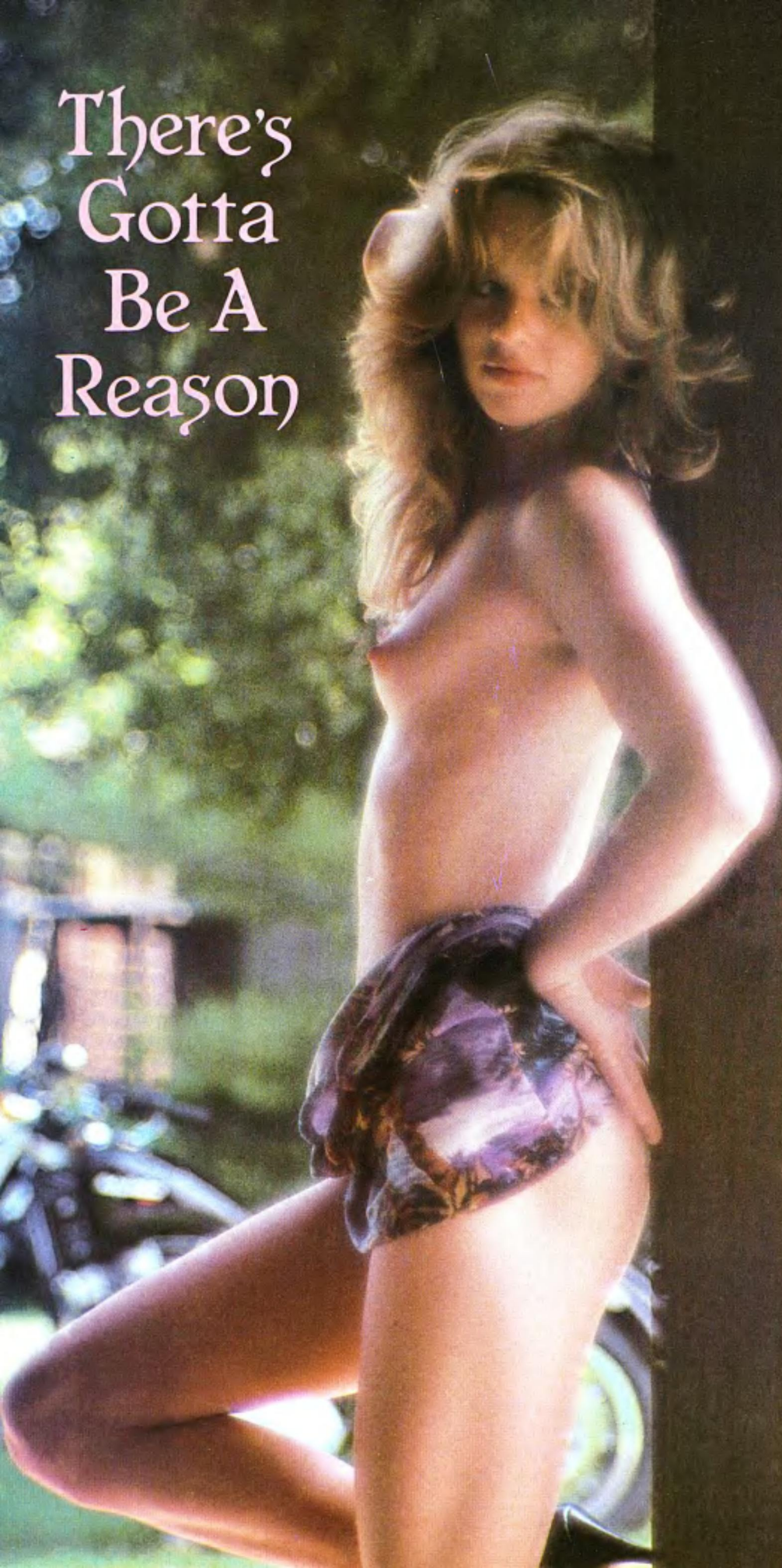


Photos by Kim Peterson





There's Gotta Be A Reason



“Hey, man! Whatcha doin’?”

“Whadda ya mean, what am I doin’? What the fuck does it look like I’m doin’?”

“It looks like you’re takin’ some pictures of that chick.”

“Man, you’re gettin’ sharp. I’ve got a camera, some lights, and a chick with no clothes on. I’m surprised ya was able to figure out what was goin’ on just from them little hints.”

“Okay, smartass, come on over here. Let’s have us a little talk.”

I took our ace photographer off to the side, away from both the chick and the new Sporty she was droolin’ over. “Look, man,” I said, “I thought you were gonna be shootin’ the feature for *Easyriders* today. So how come you’re workin’ on somethin’ else?”

“I ain’t workin’ on somethin’ else, man. This is the chick for *Easyriders*.”

“Ya gotta be kiddin’. We ain’t gonna put no Skinny Minnie like her in *Easyriders*. If ya stood her next to a sissy bar, ya wouldn’t even see her.”

“So we won’t stand her next to no sissy bars.”

“Wait a minute, man. This chick just won’t work for *Easyriders*.”

“Sure she will.”

“No way. *Easyriders* chicks are built. They’ve got big tits and a hard belly and a nice round ass. They’ve got somethin’ ya can grab ahold of. Shit! This chick’s got so many sharp corners on her I’d be afraid of cuttin’ myself.”

“Yeah, she is a little skinny. But she’s got some good things goin’ for her.”

“Like what?”

“Well, she really gets off on that Sporty. She told me it’s the sexiest thing she’s ever seen, and she just can’t wait to take a ride on it. I told her you’d take her around the block a few times when we finish the shootin’.”

“Ya told her what?”

“Hey — what can it hurt?”

Continued after two pages of photos





Harley-Davidson
XLX





"I'll tell ya what it can hurt, fucker. If she gets me with one of them knees, I'll bleed to death before you can get me to the hospital."

"She ain't that skinny."

"The hell she ain't. Now what's the real reason ya got her out here? She blackmailin' ya with somethin'? She catch ya with somebody else's ol' lady? Her brother's a narc and she's gettin' ya off a drug bust? She saw ya ridin' a Whizzer with trainin' wheels? What's the story?"

"Well, ya ain't gonna believe it."

"Try me."

"Ya know that exercise club they built down the street from my place? The one where all them broads show up for the aerobics dances, or whatever the fuck they call it?"

"Yeah."

"And ya remember when ya was over last week? All them fine foxy bitches ya saw goin' in?"

"Yeah."

"And ya remember how yer tongue was hangin' out on the sidewalk, ya was droolin' so much?"

"Yeah, I remember. So what?"

"Well, this is the chick that teaches that class. That's why she's sorta thin. She's been gettin' all that exercise man."

"So she's healthy. So what? She still ain't built like no *Easyriders* chick."

"Man, she can do things with her body ya just wouldn't believe."

"And that's why yer shootin' her for the magazine?"

"Nah. I wouldn't do that."

"Then why?"

"Because she told me that if I'd shoot her for *Easyriders*, she'd bring her whole class over to the office for the party when we finish the issue. That's why."

"Ya got an extra camera? Come on, bro. Let's get this show on the road!"

— Whiskey



AN EXHAUSTING PROBLEM

Stripped-out bolt holes are a pain in the butt. Aluminum is usually worse than steel, but it can happen in either. Anyhow, this tech tip can help solve one of the most common problems of stripped bolt holes, the shovelhead exhaust pipe flange hole. The exhaust flange hole comes from the factory tapped 5/16-18. But after

you change exhaust pipes once or twice, besides tightening up the pipes when they loosen from vibration, the threads tend to pull out of the head. The easiest way to fix the problem is to install a heli-coil insert in the head itself. Such a coil, properly installed, will last almost forever, but to make sure the heli-coil threads stay in

the head, replace the exhaust flange bolt with another bolt, 3/8" to 1/2" longer. Before you install the new bolt, put on a 5/16 nut and run it down on the bolt as far as it will go; then screw the bolt into the head till it's snug (not tight). Now tighten the nut down against the exhaust pipe flange till it's good and solid. This way, when

you remove your exhaust pipes, all you have to do is loosen the 5/16 nut and unscrew the bolt with your hand. One last note: To keep the threads of the bolt from corroding, coat them with a little Never-Seiz before installing the bolt in the head.

I'd like to thank Arlen Ness for turning me on to this tech tip. — Wrench

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



A Real Problem

I'm an all-the-way Harley man and dress all in leather and chains, but I can't get a Harley and am having a serious problem getting a long-term ol' lady.

My problem is that in some past life I had a bad cycle accident, and when I was born this time I was missing both legs, one arm, and two of my fingers on the other arm — but it hasn't got me down.

I've had ol' ladies before, and foxy-looking too but it don't last long because I can't do as much as a normal person. Chicks just seem to want to be my friend and not get serious, but I'm ready to get down to business.

I also can't get a Harley. It would be easy to fix up a trike for me, but no one will allow me to get one. Another problem is getting a job. As soon as they find out what condi-

tion I'm in they turn me down. (You can't tell my condition by looking at me, because I have artificial legs and an arm with a hand on it that looks real, and I walk with a little sway. So, you can't actually tell unless you know me.)

Getting back to my problem, I was going to get Social Security disability, but they called last week and told me I wasn't handicapped enough to qualify for the \$200 a month. So I am fucked up the ass both ways. What's a poor disabled biker to do?

A.K.

Northern California

• I'll bet you sway when you walk. If you're really makin' this rap up, and I suspect you are, send me some of that thalidomide shit you're smokin' and I'll crawl off and get stoned while you write the column for a while.

Goodbye Party

I recently learned that I won't be able to attend my own funeral, so I have decided to hold it before I die so I can get down with all my bros. I was wondering if you could come, because you'd certainly be the main attraction. I hope you can, but if you can't, I'll understand.

Doctor Ed
Stockton, Calif.

• What kinda food and dope are ya gonna serve at this fake wake? I gotta see a menu before I decide.

Taste Treat

I give my ol' man head all the time and it makes him hotter than two ducks fuckin' in a pepper patch. The problem is that he never eats me anymore. What can I do to let him know that I like for him to go down as much as he likes for me to go down?

Kathy
Baltimore, Md.

• Balance some acid tabs on your clit.

No Problem

I'm a bro who's got a 14-inch cock and gets very horny whenever there are women around. It's really bad. Where I work there are two pretty chicks, and every time one of them walks by, my cock gets stiff and makes the front of my pants stick out. What should I do?

Horny
Boise, Idaho

• Ask me again next time Spider's on a run.

Love Letter

You're my kind of woman. I love your goat-smelling ass. Keep slinging that shit forever.

Danny
Yucaipa, Calif.

• You keep catchin' it and I'll keep throwin' it.

Song For A Slut

Flopping titties
in a loose brassiere,
A twat that twitches like a moose's ear,
Ejaculation in my beer:
These foolish things remind me of you.

Edward J.
Springfield, Mo.

• Feel your pecker runnin',
Burnin' down the highway,

Lookin' for a sawbones
To make the pain go away —
Well, I'm the chick that made
it happen. . . de-da, da,
da, da, do — dah dey. . .

Talk, Talk, Talk

I'd eat your pussy while you were on the rag. I'd fuck you till you were blue in the face. Then I'd turn you over and fuck you in the ass and eat your asshole out, bitch.

I'd pop your eye out and skull-fuck you. You could keep your other eye for the next time I get your bitch ass. How about it? Do you think you can handle this wild fucker, bitch?

Box Car
Canton, Ohio

• You lightweights are all alike. I've seen your big hat — but where are the fuckin' cattle?

Bit Of Advice

My ol' lady totally refuses to give me head, no matter how hard I try. She won't even put her mouth near my big dick. Guess she's afraid I'll choke her or something. Mutha, please give my ol' lady a word of advice before I put my boot up her ass.

TNT
Detroit, Mich.

• Word of advice to TNT's ol' lady: Keep your ass tight to the wall, bitch.

Three Holes, Four Stoppers

I can handle two ten-inch sausages in my pussy and my ol' man's nine-inch-plus prick up my poopchute. Would you think I could take a second cock up my ass at the same time?

See, we love threesomes, but I think I might like four-somes even better. Please answer fast before a fourth meat stick appears on the scene.

Big Stretch
Kingston, N.Y.

• The trouble with you straight chicks is that you always wanna bury your bones in a hole like a dog, instead of puttin' 'em in your mouth like a person.

Send your problems or questions home to MUTHA, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■

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 that can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

In memory of **John "JD" Dawson**, 4/23/82. I'll always love ya, miss ya, and be with ya. A cage took your life. You're as free as you'll ever be, but please remember me. Free Spirit, Buffalo, Mo.

In memory of **Steve "Flash" Shaner**, 5/11/53 to 7/11/81. You went the way you wanted, baby; just way too fuckin' soon. I'll never forget your ass. Love you forever, Diana.

In memory of **Debbie L. McLellan**, 5/3/82. Missed by all of us who knew you. You're not gone, just away. We'll see ya again in Harley Heaven. Away, but not forgotten. Love and miss you. Scorpio Ruthie, Tequila Sheila, and the ranc.

In memory of **William C. Houston**, 6/10/50 to 6/15/81. We both died that night, but you gave me the strength to fight back. Because of you, we shall both live forever. With my eyes I see for the both of us now. Until we meet again, your woman, Cynthia, sons John and Sean, and daughter Shawana.

In memory of **Crazy J.**, 8/22/79. No sis will ever take your place in my heart. I'll think of you every step of the way. Dora.

In memory of **Daniel "Boone" Roberts**. You were the best Tennessee Mountain Man any bro could have. You'll be in our hearts and every mile we putt. Flatheads forever. Your Texas blood-bros. Shut-Eye, Keno, KayRay, Pepaw, and the Baytown gang.

In memory of my loving husband, **Russell Rodarte**, 12/21/80. You went the way you loved most of all in the world. I'll see you when I get there. Loving you always. Your wife, Tamra.

In memoriam **Greg Stice**, 1956-1982. Here's to a good person who found good in everyone and everything. The memories live forever. Loras Feller.

In memory of **Dewey "Crip" Kibodeaux**, who died in a southern Louisiana prison cell on 5/14/82. There's just no way he could have hanged himself with a broken arm, broken ribs, and a broken leg. Ride free in Harley Heaven, bro. There ain't no concrete and steel up there. And no murderin' prison guards. From Pete, your bro at Angola, and other people who give a fuck.

In memory of **"Tricky" Dicky" King**. The party'n'est, get-the-highest, tootin'est, most righteous brother I ever loved. You were the best friend I'll ever have. I still don't believe the suicide bullshit. Ride on home to Harley Heaven. I'll always think about ya, bro. We'll ride together again soon. Fat Boy, Mich.

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.

Four downed 1%ers in need of some female words. Loosen up, girls, and send us some words and flicks. Jim Collins #18705, Billy Lowe #3125, Barry St. John #19523, Mike Staggs #23194, Box 30, K-6 Dorm, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Show me you're white; sit down and write; convince this fool you could be Ms. Right. John Robb #C-44202, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

White male seeks letters from women 18-55. Will answer all. Lt. brn. hair, blue eyes, 5'9", 160 lbs., Gemini, Am interested in all things, free and easy, love bikes and outdoors. Write to John Behan, Box C-18711, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

Old 1%er, now pushing 40 hard. Looking for chicks between age of consent (whatever that may be) and 35 to correspond with, to help mellow what's ahead. No strings attached, Buddy Pelletier #24465, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

I'm a down bro who's looking for someone to write to. So if any of you good- or bad-looking chicks want to write, I'd do my time easier. Cory Runge #C48220, Box 441, Chino, Calif. 91710.

I'm from L.A., Long Beach, and Berdoo, and am in the joint in Nevada. Lost all contacts and ol' lady. Bros and chicks who remember or care, write to Carl L. Shipton, Jr., Box 208-SDCC, Indian Springs, Nev. 89018.

Glendale, Calif., boy wants to hear from old and new friends. 6'2", 30 yrs. Doing time in Nevada prison. Ernie DiGennaro #16896, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

I am 24 years old, 5'8", 155 lbs., I have brown hair and blue eyes, and I don't have a friend in the world. Please write; I'll answer. Thank you. Charlie Miller #58458, CN-861, Trenton State Prison, Trenton, N.J. 08625.

Handsome hunk in need of a happy honey. Irish, green eyes, 25. Please write for serious relationship and possible marriage. Prefer northern Calif. ladies, but will answer all. Ron Meagher #C41703, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

W/m, 31, 6'2", 225 lbs., needs serious-minded outlaw lady to help pass this time. Letters and flicks; no sweatshops. Greg Winchell #C15473, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

38-yr.-old w/m, doing time in Louisiana, needs correspondence. Robert Baker #92031, Camp A Trusty, Angola, La. 70712.

W/m needs lady's friendship. Seeks mail and sexy pics from those who are not afraid. William Tent #80-A-4380, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Hey, ladies and bros. Write a downed tramp and give me a lift. I'm a few miles from home with no family. I need a lifeline to reality to get me through my time. So send me a note, and a photo would be nice. Gary Wendler #15580, Box 7000, Carson City, Nev. 89702.

Two bros locked down; would like to hear from anyone who cares. All kites with pics will be answered. Any state, any country; good people are few. Daniel Willis #K-5600 and Harvey Piperata #M-5667, Drawer K, Dallas, Pa. 18612.

Would like to hear from any Houston ladies who'd like to help a guy with a relationship in mind. Would like an ol' lady waitin'. Am 27, 6'2". Write Wes Radabaugh #334258, Ramsey #1 Unit, Rt. 4, Box 1100, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Ladies: 6'5" w/m, 200 lbs. of tall, good-lookin', lean, tender, and juicy meat. Send photos for one in return. Jeff Saal #N-20431, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Scotter tramp, 23, 5'9", 150 lbs., brown hair and eyes, lookin' for ol' lady to putt with after release. Joseph Homin #297587, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Downed and lonely bro in need of correspondence with single ladies from all over. All letters answered. Joe Leighton #C39274, Box 608-5-15, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Ladies: Tired of the head games? Looking for a real dude? I'm looking for a real lady offering no head games, everything straight and aboveboard. Down Canadian bro looking for letters and pics. Age, rug rats, no problem. James Fenny, c/o Whitby Jail, 200 Victoria St. W., Whitby, Ontario L1N 5G3, Canada.

Convict wants letters from women of all ages. Doing all day and need someone adult and sincere enough to understand what I'm all about. I'm 32, white, and single. Write Danny Bangs, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

20-year-old downed biker doing time, needs letters and flicks from chicks to make the time go easier. I'm 6'4", 13 stone, black hair. Will answer all. Mike Cole, c/o H.M. Gaol, Box 71, East Maitland, NSW, Australia 2323.

26-yr.-old caged tramp lookin' for a righteous lady to help keep his mind intact, reminisce the good times, and dream of the future. Need a lady who loves outlaws and ain't weak. I've still got a few to do, and it takes a strong woman to do them with me. Donald Barton #34371, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102-0900.

Colorado ladies: White, Vietnam vet from California down in your state. I want and need letters and visits. 6'3", 190 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes. Help! Robert Swanson #40131, Box 600, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Lonely, blond white boy, 22 and feeling blue, needs TLC in the form of kites and flicks from loving ladies. Robert J. Lindsey #C-06026, 5-07, CTF-South, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm looking for some honest male penmanship to get me through some hard times. I'm a 32-year-old feline with brown hair and blue eyes. I'm 5'5" and weigh 125. So, if you like sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll, you can very easily capture my soul. Lorene M. Wood, 1034 Bragg St., Raleigh, N.C. 27610.

W/f, 24, 5'5", 120 lbs., down for two on a drug rap. Would love to hear from w/m's nationwide. Will exchange pictures and answer all letters. Vicky Chamberlain #128252-A, Box 33, Taycheedah, Wis. 53090.

White male, 25 yrs., Pisces, 5'7", 150 lbs., brn. hair, bronze eyes, desires correspondence with females 17-32. Send pic. Will answer any and all, but no head games or sweatshops. Don't have to be a fox, just cute and caring. Floyd R. Allen III #077978, C-56, Box 488-A, Polk City, Fla. 33868.

Two slick chicks got busted by The Man, but coming out soon with a new plan. Good-lookin' and need to get something cookin'. Brenda Riley #111092 and R. Silk Nauni #109100, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73136.

This biker lady is down and out and unable to ride. Would appreciate hearing from the guys on the road. Age 23. Theresa Bramble #111221-A, Box 33, Taycheedah, Wis. 53090.

Outlaws looking for blind, crippled, and crazy broads to write. If you meet these strict qualifications, write to Richard Williams #319895 or Samuel Swoape #287930, Box 16, Eastham Unit, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

W/f, red/brown hair, 5'6", blue eyes, 122 lbs., non-biker lady but can be converted (smile). Would like to hear from any and all righteous brothers and sisters. Will answer all. Julie Vaughan #150738, FCI 384, Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

W/f, 20, long brown hair, green eyes, 5'7", 120 lbs., lonely biker chick from up north doin' down time in Fla. Need scribes from old friends and new to help me through this time. Marna Kinney #150663, FCI 249, Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

W/f, 19, brown hair, blue eyes, 110 lbs., 5'3". Went out for some good times and wound up in quite a few binds. My bro done me wrong, but still I have to be strong. Spendin' time in the pen hopin' to hear from a few friends. Misty Livingston #150706, FCI 248, Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

I'm a Southern lady doin' four on four. They told me to take my time to the door. Need some flicks and scribes from righteous scooter tramps. W/f, 21, long dark-brown hair, hazel-green eyes. Maria Poole #150786, FCI 278, Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Lady from Colorado down for two in Louisiana. Need some good company. All letters answered. Jackie McCrary #97305, La. Corr. Inst. for Women, Box 26, St. Gabriel, La. 70778.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

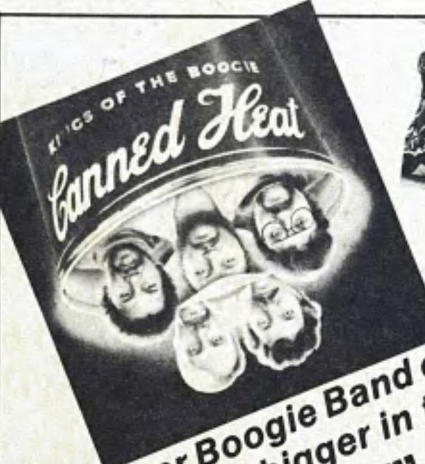
You got it—just make any purchase of fifteen bucks or more from any of the bike shops listed here, and walk away with a free copy of the best bike rag in the world.

FLORIDA (Cont'd)

- ALABAMA**
Willie's Customs 1904 Pennington Pkwy., 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
Flexible Flyers, Inc. 15621 N. Cave Creek Rd., Phoenix
74 Cycle House Hwy. 7-7, Russellville
- ARKANSAS**
Bob's Quality Motorcycle Acc. Rt. 7 Box 349-A, Hot Springs
74 Cycle House Hwy. 7-7, Russellville
- CALIFORNIA**
Purple Hog Leathers 642 Plumas St., Yuba City
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Macley St., San Fernando
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Anas Rd., La Puente
Mick McGlothy's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
H-D West 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey
Little Name Custom Cycle Parts 1150 Pike Lane #5, Oceano
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 S. State St., Ukiah
Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Clyde's Custom Cycles 5040 Olivehurst Ave., Olivehurst
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Rd., San Jose
Klein's Texaco & Motorcycle Accessories 1601 Truman St., San Fernando
A-Abie Enterprises 220 A Division St., Pleasanton
Liberty Bros. 14015 Inglenwood, Hawthorne
- COLORADO**
Conger's AMP — H-D MC Sales 1505 E. 4th St., Pueblo
Custom Cycle Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises 725 Pliffin, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arapahoe, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 4533 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Colorado Custom Cycle 4320 Lansing, Aurora
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 2970 W. Bowles, Littleton
Flatirons H-D 2655 Pearl St., Boulder
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheatridge
Joe Denny's Cycle Emporium 418 Harrison Ave., Leadville
A Righteous Ride 1103 5th St., Greeley
Denver Used MC Parts 1618 Lafayette St., Denver
Brown & Silvey Custom Motorcycle 223 8th St., Colorado Springs
- CONNECTICUT**
Harley Davey's 502 Main St., Alamosa
- NEW LONDON COUNTY MC Sales** 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 164, Groton
- REPEL** Cycle Parts & Accessories R.F.D. #1 Box 214, Voluntown
Sparkle Cycle Accessories 76 Union St., Rockville
Honest Injun's Custom MC Acc. Elgin 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 9660 E. Perry St., Miami
Pinellas Custom Cycle 4567 72nd Ave. North, Pinellas Park
- FLORIDA (Cont'd)**
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1681 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., Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
- GEORGIA**
H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow
Big John's Cycles 794 N. Main St., Jonesboro
Chamblee
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
- HAWAII**
Motorcycle Alley 1342 Kamele St., Honolulu
- ILLINOIS**
Baba Chop Hide 3147 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Reid Rd., Palatine
Cycle Obsidies Galore 1214 Hwy. 41, Lake Bluff
On Any Sunday, Inc. 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6988 N. Western, Chicago
Markham Cycle Center 3838 W. 159th Pl., Markham
Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 8000 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet
Jobba's Custom Cycle 1334 Main St., Ogle
- INDIANA**
Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
The Hog Shop 3309 S. Memorial Dr., New Castle
Brand's H-D Inc. 1817 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
The Cycle Shop 118 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Marion
- IOWA**
Dave's Cycle Accessories, Inc. 330 E. 2nd St., Iowa City
Lucky's Cycle Haven 620 Church St., Ottumwa
P.M. Cycle Specialties 308 W. 5th St., Waterloo
- 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
Newton Cycle Shop, Inc. 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton
- 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
Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Standard, Sulphur
Iron Horse Corral 121 S. 2nd St., Monroe
- MAINE**
Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland
- MARYLAND**
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Puaski Hwy., Edgewood
Satan's Cycle Salvage 15879 Fields Rd., Rockville
Desperado Cycle Supply 126 B Mayo Rd., Edgewater
Creative Design Specialties, Inc. 139 Ramsey St., Baltimore
Blue Earth Boutique 220 Washington St., Mini Mail, Havre de Grace
- 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
P&P Cycle Products, Inc. 2524 N. Woodward, Royal Oak
Cook's H-D Sales 272 S. Ford Blvd., Ypsilanti
- MINNESOTA**
D.S. Specialties 2933 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis
P.J.'s Everything MC 100 E. Center, Rochester
Smith Bros. & Pelrow 719 W. 34th St., Minneapolis
Lakeside Cycle West Lind St., Mankato
- MISSISSIPPI**
Ocean Springs Kustom Cycle Hwy. 90 E., Ocean Springs
- MISSOURI**
St. 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
Perryville Cycle Center 713 N. Kings Hwy., Perryville
- MONTANA**
D&G Cycle, Inc. 802 8th St. North, Havre
- NEBRASKA**
Silver Wings MC Parts 2311 11th St., Columbus
Performance Unlimited 340 N. 27th, Lincoln
- NEVADA**
Motorcycles 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
Morrison Cycle 103 Washington St., Morrisstown
Cycles Inc. 1307 U.S. #1, Rahway
Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Country Cycle Center 1594 Rt. #49 Pleasant Plains Mall, Totowa River
- NEW MEXICO**
Precision Cycle Shed 105 W. 44th St., Bayonne
- NEW YORK**
All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold N.E., Albuquerque
H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
Ar's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
The Sportsman Shop 237-17 Jamaica Ave., Bellmore
V-Twins 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville
Custom Cycle Inc. 1985 Newbridge Rd., N. Bellmore
Rolling Thunder Accessories 199 Main St., Hempstead
Rolling Thunder Cycles, Inc. 169 Main St., Hempstead
KFK Cycle, Inc. 81-19 Jamaica Ave., Queens Village
Ace Chopping Co. 87 Brown St., Johnson City
The Motorcycle Supermarket, Inc. 6695 S. Transit, Lockport
- NORTH CAROLINA**
Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville
- NORTH DAKOTA**
Bennie's Cycle Service 3701 S. Broadway Hwy. 83 S., Minot
Nodak Harley-Davidson, Inc. RR 1, Box 151, Hwy. 83 North, Minot
- OHIO**
The Scooter Shack 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. Warren
Cycle Accessories Rt. 1 Box 203, Bylesville
Lake Erie Cycle 7770 Lakeshore Blvd., Mentor
- OKLAHOMA**
Brinkley Harley-Davidson Hwy. 81 North 821 N. Choctaw, El Reno
The Chrome Link 2808 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton
Stony's Cycle 2316 Gore, Lawton
- OREGON**
H-D of Albany 1286 Commercial Way S.E., Albany
Yeha's 4522 Cleveland St., Klamath Falls
- PENNSYLVANIA**
Chopper Shack 11283 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
Cyclodetic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
R & S Cycle Shop 230 Westwood St., Minersville
East Coast Cycle Shop Inc. 1400 St. Rt. Cornwell Heights
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Paryville
Bassett Cycles 2672 S. Park Rd., Bethel Park
- SOUTH CAROLINA**
Motorcycle Salvage 4816 Rivers Ave., Charleston
Southeastern Choppers 108 Bluff Ave., N. Augusta
Doug's H-D Rt. 1 Box 326, Sumter
Low Country H-D 1957 Belgrade Ave., Charleston
- TENNESSEE**
D & D Southern Cycle 1191 Ft. Campbell Blvd., Clarksville
Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
K.D. Enterprises 3308 Chapman Hwy., Knoxville
Colboch H-D Sales Rt. 9 Box 517, Morristown
Reed's H-D 39 W. Spring St., Cookeville
- TEXAS**
Larry's MC Service 217 S. B. Harlingen
The Basket Case 2828 Elm St., Dallas
American Cycle 112 W. Highway 100, Kilglen
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., Conroe
Whitaker's Cycle Repair 17123 Spiller Rd., Spring
Texas Custom Motorcycles 2621 N. 18th St., Waco
Fly's Cycles P.O. Box 870 Hwy. 59 & 150, Shepherd
Brio Only Harley 11300 S. Post Oak, Suite 209, Houston
Trio Cycle 2001 Avenue D, Galveston
- UTAH**
Five Star Cycle 317 W. Main St., Vernal
- VIRGINIA**
Lilly H-D Inc. Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 W., Abingdon
Master Performance Cycles 9823 Jefferson Ave., Newport News
Joker's Wild Motorcycle Deli Rt. 17 & 1-95, Fredericksburg
T.R.'s Cycle Shop & Leather Rack 1110 S. Military Hwy., Chesapeake
- WASHINGTON**
Departure Bike Works 3053 Hull St., Richmond
74" Or More 1449 Bridge St., Clarkston
- WEST VIRGINIA**
Mike's Cycle Rt. 2 Box 102, Dolberton
H-D of West Virginia 4924 MacCorkle Ave., S. Charleston
- WISCONSIN**
Tri State Cycle 3928 W. Burlington St., Milwaukee
H-D of Green Bay, Inc. 727 Memorial Drive, Green Bay
RB's Custom Cycle 1501 W. Court St., Janesville




The Biker Boogie Band of the '60s-'70s, is back even bigger in the '80s with "KING OF THE BOOGIE" BY CANNED HEAT

The cost of this biker gem is \$7.98, plus \$1.50 for shipping. If you send cash or money order, the album will go out the same day as the order comes in. Dealer inquiries invited

Checks take 4-6 weeks to clear. Make all checks and money orders out to Record Offer, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. Be sure to specify record, 8-track, or cassette.

If you're a bro in the joint and out of funds, we know what it's like. Have your librarian write to us on library stationery and request a copy of the record — we'll send one out at no charge.

Love, Money & War

Continued from page 31

door of the fridge so hard the damn thing fell off. While I was surveyin' the situation, I noticed it was gettin' kinda smoky, and I soon realized that smoke was startin' to billow in from the direction of the living room. Oh shit, the match. I stomped back into the living room and yep, sure enough, the sucker was ablaze. Now, lessee, this calls for some quick thought — living room connected to the house, house connected to the garage, garage is where I keep my — eeyaaaahhhh! There wasn't time to go through the necessary locks, chains, and booby-traps I keep my garage locked up under, so I did the sensible thing: I put my head down and charged into the burning wall adjacent to the garage, landing on my ass eight feet behind the bike amid glowing embers and flaming 2x4s. Even in the flickering light and clouds of smoke, she was still beautiful. It had taken over two years of sweat, blood, and money to get my baby in the shape she was in today. And here she was about to burn, like so much garbage.

I staggered up from the floor and threw a leg over the tank. Two kicks and she fired (I work on that beast!). I let her idle for exactly 1.3 seconds before giving the throttle a twist and dumping the clutch. With a scream (mine) and a roar (hers) we went crashing through the garage door like gangbusters. I caught a board across the forehead and was momentarily stunned. Didn't realize until it was too late that my neighbor's kid was standing right there watching my house burn. Ran over various parts of him. Both wheels.

I stopped as soon as I could and ran back to see what I could do to help the little tyke. Suddenly I heard gunshots and saw my redneck neighbor running toward me with a piece. I'm crazy, but I ain't dumb; I ran back to the bike and got the fuck out of there. As I pulled away, I heard sirens in the distance. I figured that maybe, just this once, the authorities could handle the situation better than I could.

Once I was clear and had a chance to think a bit, I decided to hit the bar for a while. Explainin' my way out of this one was goin' to take at least a dozen brews.

I rolled on by the first bar — a brawl was spreading out the door and into the parking lot, and I just



Can't Find It?

Buy Direct...

from Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 1025, Agoura, California 91301. 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% sales tax.)

MAKE LIFE A LITTLE EASIER

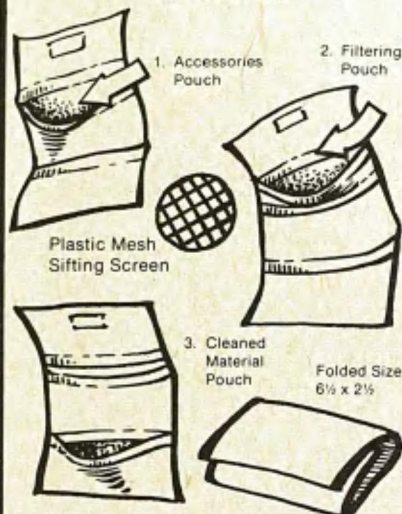
INTRODUCING

EZ BAG

Sifting Pouch

3 MAIN AREAS

VELCRO LATCHES



Send \$8.95 to: Buns & Co.,
2505 Thousand Oaks Blvd., Box 114,
Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91362.

Slider

the paperless joint

no more papers
to hassle! what
you load is
all you taste!
a "screen"
that never clogs!

— only \$5.95 plus
75¢ postage.

California residents
add 6% sales tax.

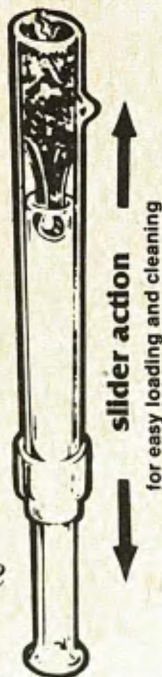
PYREX®
does it!

(shown
60%
actual
size)

**Mackenzie
Company**

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous To Your Health.



didn't feel like getting involved.

At the Utopia there were several familiar bikes parked out front, so I pulled up and went on in. Lonesome Dave was sitting at the bar and I joined him. Over a couple of beers I told him about the shit that had gone down. He said something like "Gosh, that's awful" and passed out on the bar. That's how Dave stays lonesome. Anyway, I tried my sob story on Craig, the bartender, and he was a little more sympathetic; at least he let me have credit, seein' as I had left my wallet at the house.

Three or four hours later I was getting pretty waxed; another three or six beers and I'd be ready to go talk to The Man and tell my side of the story. Somebody tapped me on the shoulder and asked if that wasn't my house they were showin' on the tube. I turned and looked and, sure as shit, there it was, right there on the wide screen — my house! Ex-house, I should say: mostly all that was left was a pile of smoldering ashes. Craig must have recognized it too, because he shut down the jukebox and turned up the tube. A reporter came on and ran down "tonight's top story." Madman with gun, 34 residences burned, boy with mysterious injuries, one cop hurt trying to subdue madman, 14 warning shots into madman's head and groin, 700 acres of woods burned, little girl mauled while trying to pet fire-panicked bear, etc., etc. Unidentified man being sought for questioning.

Me.

Everybody moved away from me on the bench.

It didn't last for long, though, because Craig started setting up beers in front of me, and eventually friends came back around to share 'em and offer advice. Probably the best I got was to split till things cooled down a bit. After a few more brews I decided to go for it. I grabbed a couple beers off the bar and headed out the door. My bike wasn't there. Of course not. This,

Easyriders



LAZY Ol' Lady's ONE-PAN



* THE EASIEST TO ASSEMBLE
* 15 MINUTES OR LESS

COOK BOOK

GET THEM WHILE THEY LAST!
Free with every book ordered, biker booze recipes.

Written by an Ol' Lady

Quick and easy-to-fix delicious
biker recipes. Great for travelin'
or at home.

Send Only **\$2.95** plus \$1
for p/h

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Foreign/
Hawaii: \$3 for air mail. Foreign orders
must be in a money order payable in U.S.
funds. Checks take 4 weeks to clear.

Charley Company

Box 335, Agoura, CA 91301

MUTHA PATCH

MIRACULOUS MUTHA



WHS HERE!

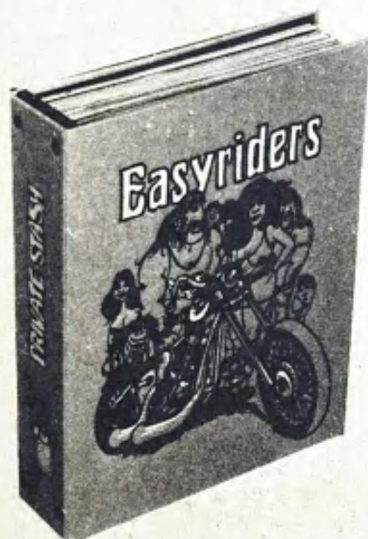
You may think that workin' for this
rag is all peaches 'n' cream. Only if
ya steal yer own peaches. So, while
sewin' a patch on my rusted-out
Levi's, I came up with this idea to
make a little extra bread. Make a
patch for coverin' cum stains, bat-
tery acid holes, grass stains—what-
ever.

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

Thanks,
Mutha

PAISANO PRODUCTS
BOX 1025
AGOURA, CALIF. 91301

(U.S. funds only. Thank you.)



CLASS BINDERS

\$10.00

plus \$2.50 for postage and handling for each binder.

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

\$10.00 each. Add \$2.50 for each binder for U.S. orders. Canada \$3.50, all foreign \$10.00 for each binder ordered. U.S. funds only.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Calif. res. add 6% sales tax.

after all, was turning out to be "one of those days."

I sat on the curb outside and sucked down the two brews I had brought along for the ride. Shit. Well, so much for plan A. Time for plan B: drink myself to death. I went back into the bar and shared the latest bad news with Craig. He agreed to back my move and fronted me a quart of Jack and a shot glass. After all, the bar had been open for over six weeks now without a single fatality. Much longer and he'd start losing business. I headed back into the deepest, darkest corner of the bar to ponder fate.

Somewhere 'bout halfway through the JD my luck broke. Craig came back and dropped my keys on the table. Apparently I had left them hanging out of the alarm, 'cause that's where they were when the bike reappeared. Probably some semi-honest punk who just wanted to go for a ride. At that point I didn't care; I was just happy that the fucker brought it back before I was too fucked up to ride. I stood up to leave, but two chairs mysteriously ran into me and then the floor swung up and smacked me in the face. I passed out. Probably best. The last thing I saw before I went was the heat coming into the bar.

Woke up in the drunk tank, feeling like hell. Before the room even stopped spinning, the friendly local-yokel detectives were in asking me their friendly local-yokel questions like "Why did that psycho go and burn down your house? What was he beating his kid on the head with? Want a cigarette?" It finally dawned on me that they were trying to nail my poor, dumb, redneck neighbor with all this shit. I figured what the fuck and started going along with them. Before I knew it, they were giving me back my boots, belt, and keys and wishing me a nice day.

I know it sounds heartless, letting him take the rap and all, but I figured he didn't mind all that much; he was pronounced DOA after all them warning shots. Besides, his ol' lady was an absolute fox who was due some insurance money, and with the kid and all, she'd be needin' somebody to take care of them. I moved in after three days.

The kid was tough and turned out okay, too. Seems he's got an exceptionally hard head, just like me, his new father.

By the way, don't I remember a saying about how all's fair in love, money, and war? ■



Turning Tricks!

Bet you thought you knew what turning a trick meant. Really? Try sending the ol' lady out to do this for rent money. Here's an easier one. In fact, filling up the gaps in your **Easyriders** collection is no trick at all — just order the issues you need from the coupon below.

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, 80, 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, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111.

I have enclosed a total of \$ _____

Send \$2.00 for each copy of **Easyriders**. U.S. orders postage paid; Canada orders, please add \$2.00 for each issue ordered; and foreign, please add \$3.75 for each issue ordered.

Mail to **Easyriders**

Back Issues, Box 1025,
 Agoura, California 91301.

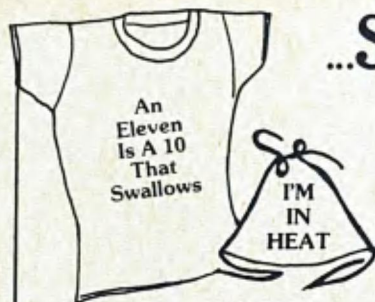
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

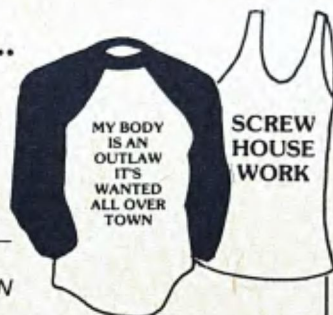
Money orders must be payable in U.S. funds.
 Please print to avoid errors.



...Shirts for Every... Body...

**T-Shirts — French-Cut Tops
Halters — Tank Tops — Baseball**

THESE ARE NOT CHEAPO, LIGHT-
WEIGHT CRAP. THESE ARE
QUALITY USA SHIRTS.



— SPECIAL —

ORDER 3 SHIRTS & WE'LL PUT OUR SHOP LOGO ON
BACK OF SHIRTS FREE.

1. Screw Housework; 2. My Body Is An Outlaw It's Wanted All Over Town; 3. I'm In Heat; 4. I'm An Easy Rider; 5. I Love To Boogie; 6. If It Smells Good Eat It; 7. I'm Eatable; 9. Lookin' For 10 Pounds Of Swinging Meat; 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 & 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; 26. Love Me Till I Scream; 27. Boy — I'd Sure Like To Touch Those (with artwork); 28. Why Don't We Get Drunk And Screw; 29. I Don't Have A Drinking Problem I Drink, I Get Drunk, I Fall Down, No Problem;

30. Bend Over I'll Drive; 31. I'm Not Wearing Any Underwear Film At 11; 32. My Face Is Leaving At Ten Be On It (with artwork); 33. You Are Cordially Invited To Sit On My Face; 34. Drugs Saved My Life; 35. I Wouldn't Fuck Her With Your Dick; 36. Go Suck A Fat; 37. I Fuck On The First Date (with artwork); 38. See Me, Feel Me, Touch Me, Eat Me; 39. Tell Me Now Before I Waste \$10 On Drinks; 40. Wild Beard Rides 5¢; 41. An Eleven Is A 10 That Swallows; 42. Too Drunk To Fuck; 43. I Might Not Always Be Right But I'm Never Wrong; 44. God Forgives, Bikers Don't; 45. I Don't Want To Be Like You Or Look Like You, So Stay Out Of My Face; 46. Thrill A Biker, Drive Naked; 47. I Know What You're Thinking Let's Try It; 48. Sex Is Better Than Drugs With The Right Pusher; 49. Too Much Sex Still Ain't Enough (with artwork); 50. No Teenie Weenies (with artwork); 51. I Love Tits; 52. I Love Head; 53. I Love Long Legs; 54. I Love It Wet; 55. I Love Tight Asses; 56. I Love To Fart. 57. Biker's Candy Store (shop shirt).

Colors: Black, Yellow, Light Blue, Dark Blue, Tan, and White. Sizes: S, M, L, XL (and XXL in Black or White Only-add \$1.50). Send \$8.00 for T-Shirt, Tank Top or Halter; \$9.50 for French-Cut Top (XL add \$1.00); and \$12.00 for Baseball shirt (white body with black sleeves and neck). Please add 50¢ shipping and handling for each shirt ordered. Send size, color, and wording wanted to: Bikers' Candy Store, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360.

*Outside U.S.A. please send money order (U.S. funds) for shirt price, plus \$2.50 for additional shipping and handling per shirt ordered. Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.

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
\$19⁹⁵



PIPE

POOL CUE
INSIDE CANE
\$49⁹⁵

\$24⁹⁵

HANDLE UNSCREWS FOR A SHORT SELF-LIGHTING PIPE.

**CANE-PIPE
MADE OF COLD ROLLED STEEL**

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

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____

Cane pipe/Pool Stick ☐ \$49.95 Separate Items & Prices: Pipe ☐ \$19.95
Pipe Glove ☐ \$19.95 Umbrella Pipe ☐ \$29.95 Cane Pipe ☐ \$24.95

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

ORDER TODAY!

Coe Album
Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301

Hell 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 _____

TWO COMPLETELY DIFFERENT ★ ALBUMS! ★

NOT FOR SALE IN STORES!
**DAVID ALLAN
★ COE ★
UNCENSORED!**

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

UNDERGROUND

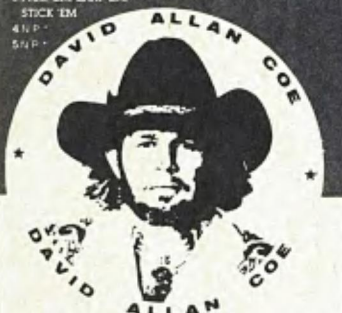
SIDE ONE

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

SIDE TWO

1. I'D JUST LIKE TO N.P.*
2. YOU ONE MORE TIME
3. LITTLE SUSIE SHALLOW
4. TROAT
5. PICK EM UP, EM
6. STICK EM
7. N.P.*
8. N.P.*

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



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

DAVID COE'S 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 Lovelace gag
5. N.P.* Aneta Briant

Downtime

Continued from page 53

harmonica; Dave writes most of the band's original material. Rotund, bearded Gene Taylor pounds the piano with exuberance, flair, and the assurance of a man who's played with the best — the legendary Ronnie Hawkins. John Bazz on bass and Bill Bate-man on drums keep the band's heart thumpin' like a well-tuned panhead. The result is the liveliest, most high-spirited rock and roll you're likely to hear this side of a Chuck Berry concert. And that's saying a lot.

The Blasters appear on Slash Records, not the biggest label in the country, but Warner Brothers is handling the distribution of their

John Bazz



album (titled — what else — *The Blasters*), so it shouldn't be hard to get hold of. Although nothing quite compares with seeing them in person (the energy and fun they generate is better than a couple of thick lines of primo coke) this album serves as an excellent showcase for their exceptional work.

Of the oldies on the album, Phil Alvin's spunky remake of Yodelin' Jimmie Rodgers's "Never No More Blues" deserves special attention. But perhaps the best oldie on this record is the Blasters' version of the vintage Little Willie John tune "I'm Shakin'." a sly and dramatic work charged with more sweaty sexual energy than the local singles bar at closing time on a Saturday night.

The material that really shines on this album, however, is the work of songwriter Dave Alvin. For example, check out the band's anthem, "American Music," a tight, unpretentious treatment of their formative influences and their robust pride in the tradition they work in: *It's a howl from the desert/The screams from the slums/The Mississippi rolling/To the beat of the drums.*

Or give a listen to "Border Radio."

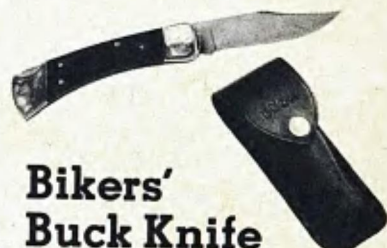


I.R.S. Ltd.



Our most popular wallet, refined, carefully crafted, convenient and made to last forever. Securely fastened with brass rivets - comes with safety chain for only \$15.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling. Indicate whether you want it branded with "Harley", "Live to Ride" or plain.

Scooter Wallet



Bikers' Buck Knife

Traditional biker's knife. Four inch locking blade, brass bolsters and Macassar ebony handle (with sheath), for \$29.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling.



Rollin' Roach Clip

The original motorcycle roach clip. It's functional and adds a bit of class to any valve stem, on any scooter.

They're show chrome plated and we'll ship 'em out for only \$4.50 apiece, plus 50¢ postage and handling.



ALL NEW Wrist Watch Band

We refined our original band design for more flexibility and comfort. The flap acts as protection for your valuable watch, and we'll brand it "Harley" or "Live to Ride" or leave it plain for \$12.25 plus 85¢ postage and handling.

I.R.S. Limited

P.O. Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, CA 91359
California residents add 6% for the man. APO, FPO, Hawaii and overseas add \$3 extra postage.

I.R.S. t-shirt \$10.00 (indicate size)
Dealer inquiries invited.

Alvin's evocation of the power (both literally and figuratively) of radio stations like XERF in Del Rio, Texas. XERF, like its sister station in San Diego, has its studio in the United States and its transmitter in Mexico, allowing it to exceed by far the maximum wattage allowed in America. That power causes the abandoned woman in "Border Radio" to believe that, by requesting the station to play an old favorite, she can reach her wandering lover, no matter how far away he may be.

Other fine Dave Alvin tunes on this album include "Hollywood Bed," "So Long Baby Goodbye," and "Marie, Marie," which was a big hit in England by somebody called Shakin' Stevens (no shit).

But, as I said before (and in spite of the fact that it's a familiar cliché of the music business), you should see the Blasters in person in order to catch their full impact and enjoy the sheer fun of hearing this band. Hear 'em once in person and you'll quickly discover that these guys really enjoy what they're doing, that they delight in old bluesmen like Lowell Fulson and T-Bone Walker, and that the pleasure they share by playing together goes far deeper than any desire to sell records and please an audience. These guys please themselves first, and that enjoyment is infectious, carrying over to their audience. Their concerts are genuine celebrations of rock and roll music and a testament to its enduring influence and power.

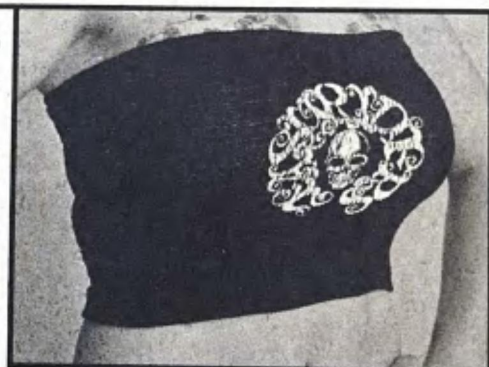
Dave Alvin summed all this up effectively: "When we first got together, there were four of us playing this stuff in a little bedroom. Four guys, and we decided to see if we could get people to come see us, pay money to hear what we were doing. And it's happening, which is fine. But if this whole thing explodes tomorrow, we'll still get together in a week or so and sit down in the bedroom and play."

That's dedication, brother, the same kind it takes to make a custom scooter right, a dedication born of the sheer personal enjoyment of the activity itself. What else can I say? If there's a rock and roll nerve alive in your body, you sure as hell don't want to miss this bunch. ■

Contest score from page 119

If you answered any of these questions, you just wasted your time. You should have been out screwing, riding, or hustling.

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 sight-seeing in bandit black or rogue red.

Mail To:

Easyriders TUBE TOPS

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

Circle Color desired BLACK or RED

Qty	U.S.	Canada	Foreign	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. funds 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.

SERVICE MANUALS for Harley Davidson



Harley-Davidson service manuals now available. Try our special offer, all five manuals for \$70. A savings of over \$12. Send to: **Paisano 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. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Dealer inquiries invited.

Sub Total \$

Calif. Tax. 6% \$

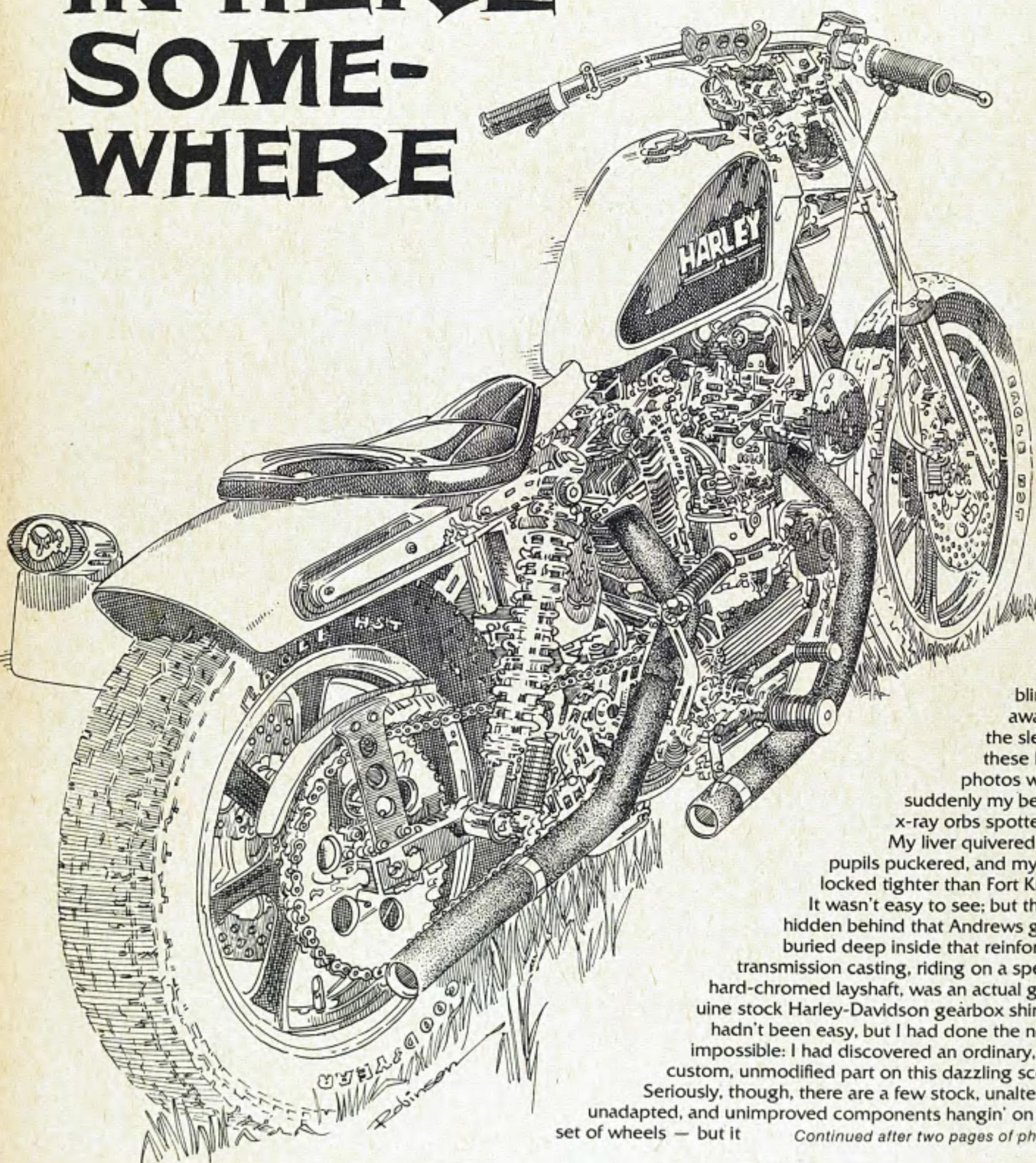
Total \$

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____

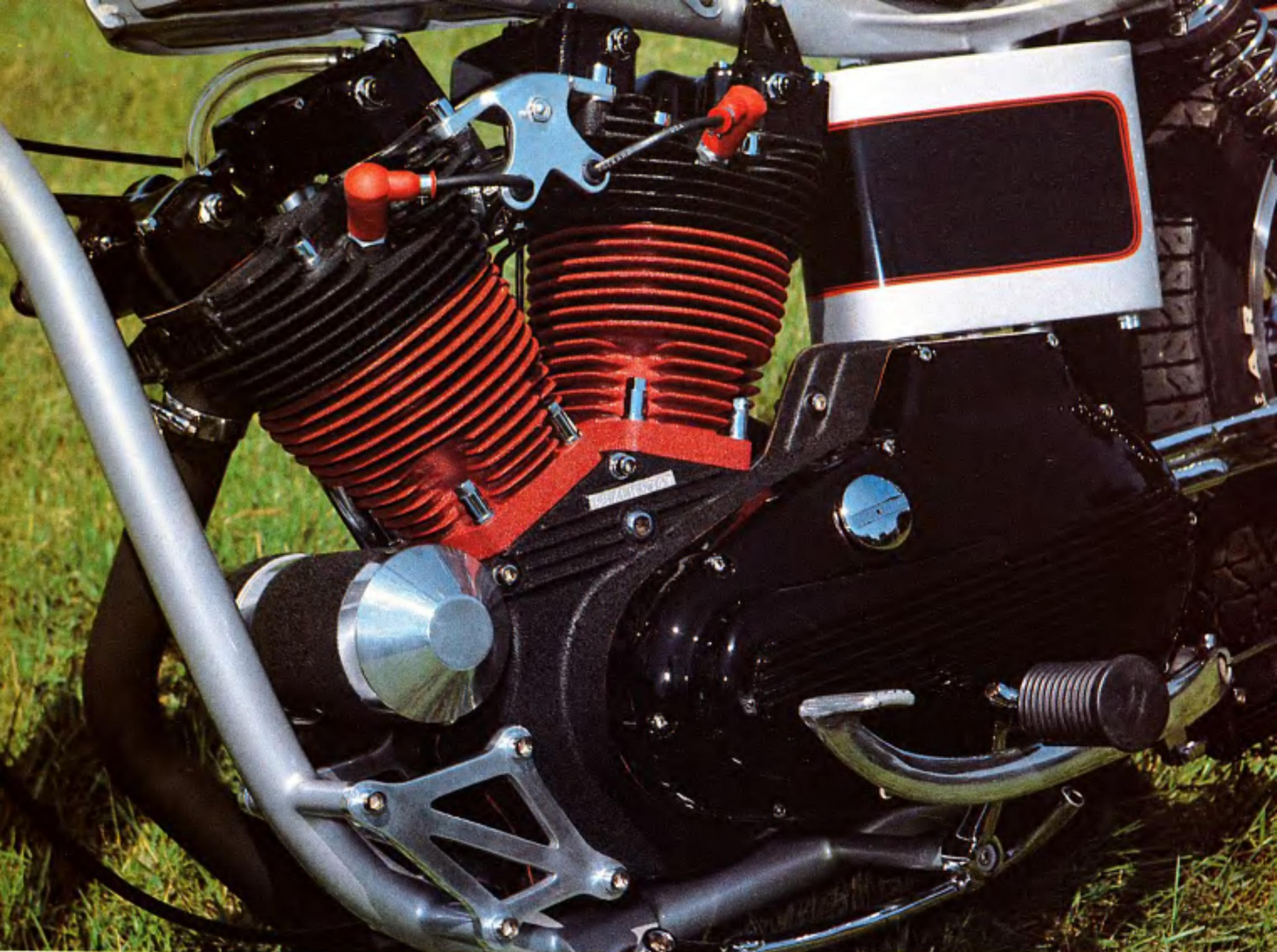
THERE'S A STOCK PART IN HERE SOME- WHERE

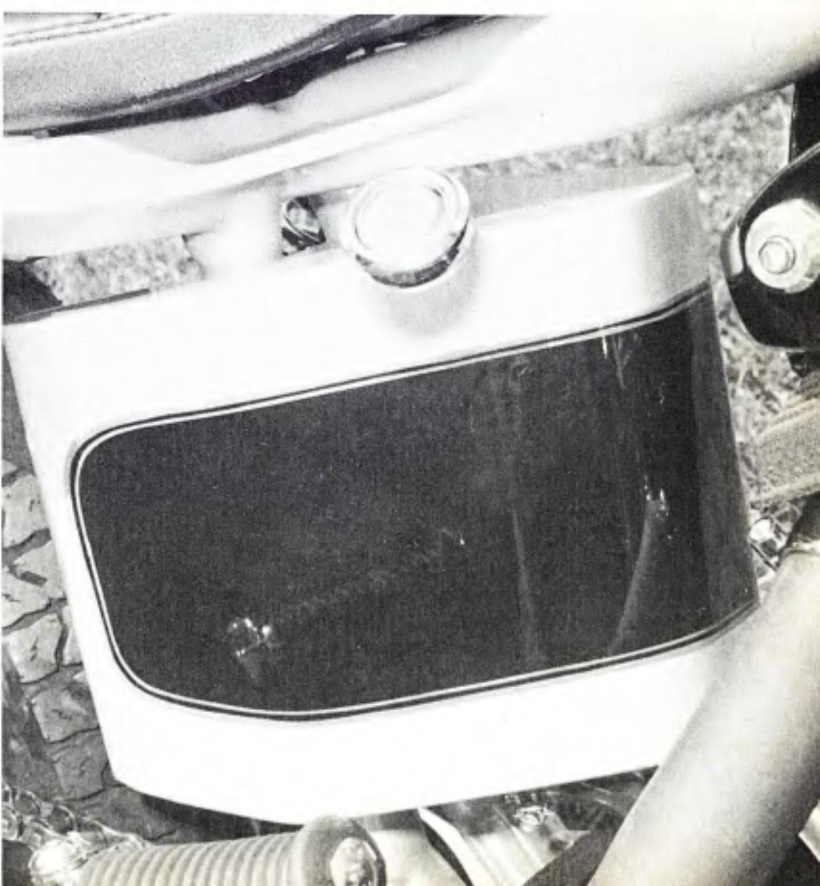
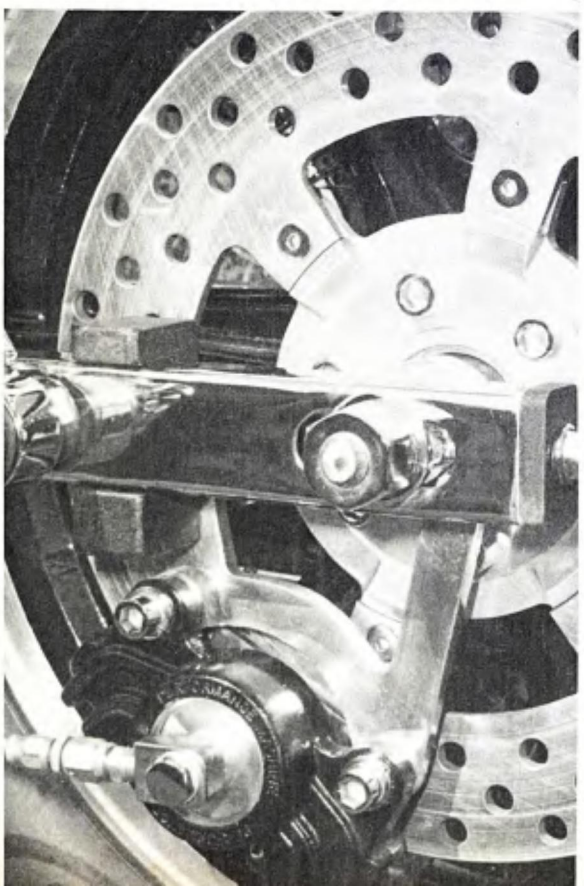
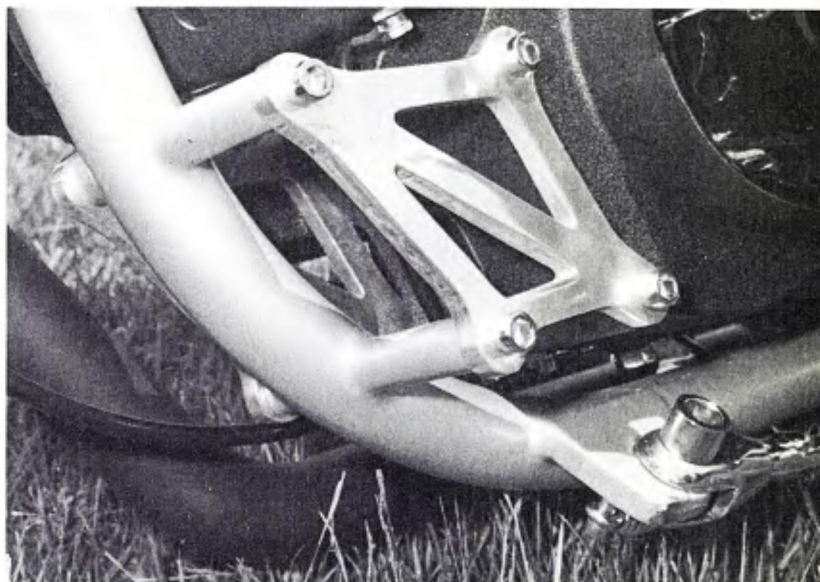
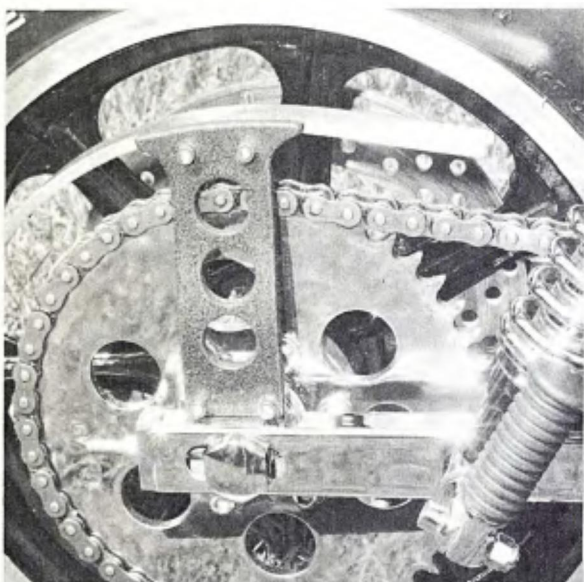
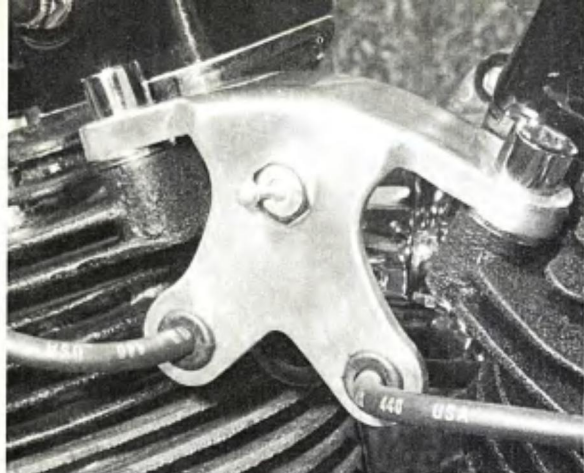


I was blinkin' away at the sled in these here photos when suddenly my beady x-ray orbs spotted it. My liver quivered, my pupils puckered, and my jaw locked tighter than Fort Knox. It wasn't easy to see; but there, hidden behind that Andrews gear, buried deep inside that reinforced transmission casting, riding on a special hard-chromed layshaft, was an actual genuine stock Harley-Davidson gearbox shim. It hadn't been easy, but I had done the near-impossible: I had discovered an ordinary, uncustom, unmodified part on this dazzling scoot. Seriously, though, there are a few stock, unaltered, unadapted, and unimproved components hangin' on this set of wheels — but it

Continued after two pages of photos

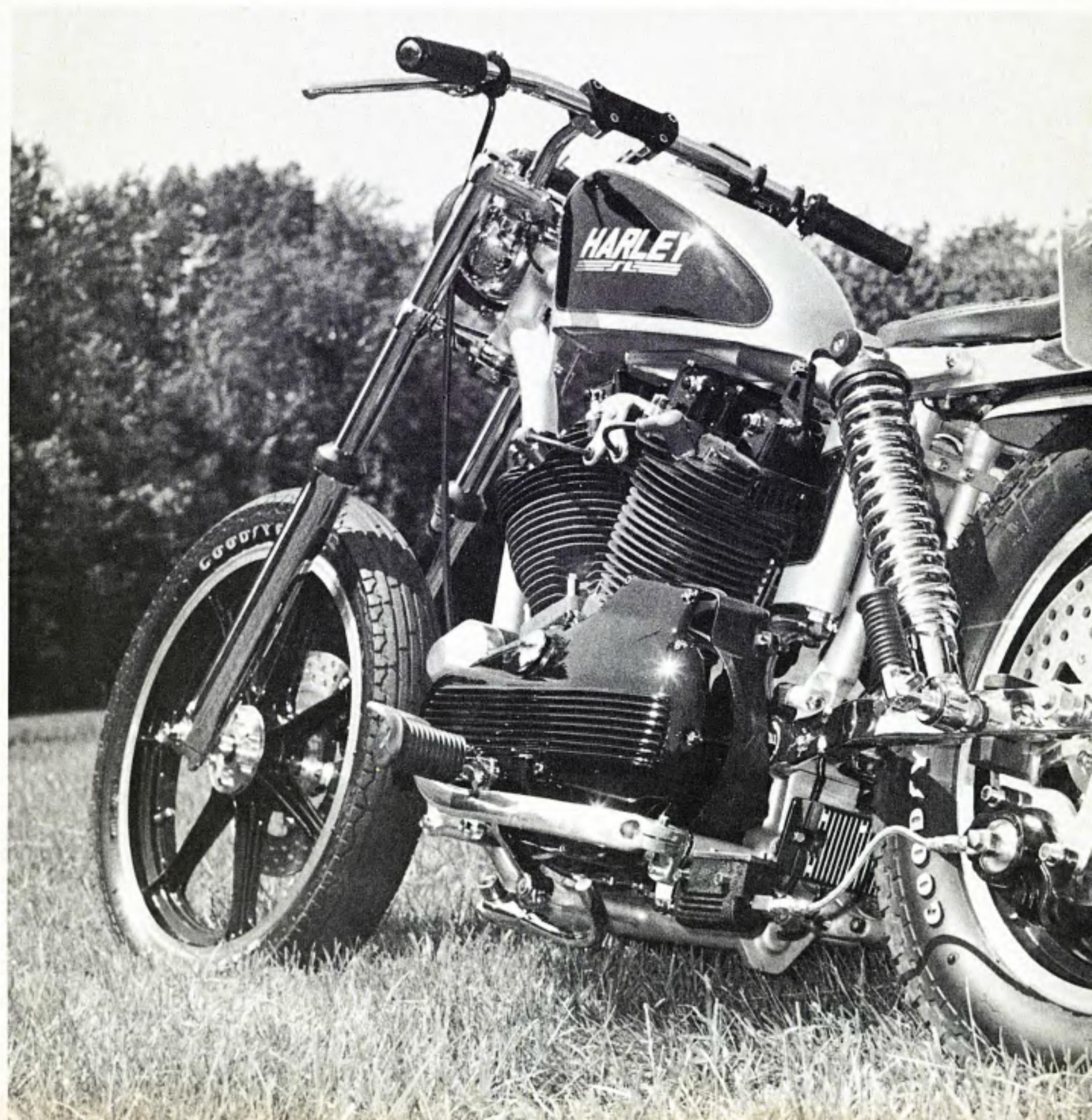


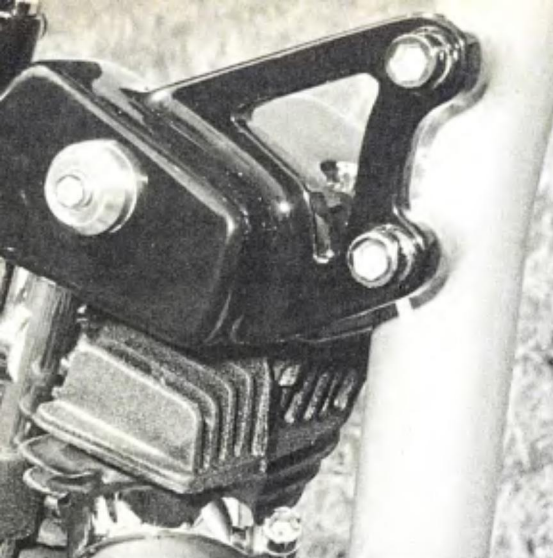






Photos by Jake





Owner: John Dalessandro		City: Mass.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: J.D. Cycles		Year: special construction	
Year and make: 1968 H-D		Builder: Ed Gillies	
Model: Sportster		Type: single loop	
Value: a lot		Rake: 1/4 in.	
Assembly by: J.D. Cycles		Stretch: 3/4 in.	
Time: two years		Other alterations: fork stops/motor mount	
Chroming by: Waltham Ind.		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1968		Risers: Harley-Davidson	
Model: XLH		Fender(s): J.D. Cycles	
Rebuilder: J.D. Cycles		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: side mount	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: Mike Pazak		Front pegs: H-D shortened	
Balancing: S&S		Rear pegs: H-D shortened	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: J.D. Cycles	
Cases: wrinkle		Gas tank: H-D	
Heads: Branch		Oil tank: aluminum	
Cam(s): Sifton		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: finned early XLH	
Carb(s): G.B.L./S&S		Seat: Chick's Auto Top	
Air cleaner: air horn		Sissybar: handmade fender struts	
Pipes: straights		Height: none	
Muffler(s): none		Material: alloy	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Sifton shifter forks		Type: Sportster glide	
Year: 1968		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D/J.D. Cycles	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: shaved lower legs	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 49		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Warren J. Alessi		Hub: Morris Mag	Hub: Morris Mag
Painter: Warren J. Alessi		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM4
Color: silver		Tire: HST Gdys.	Tire: HST Gdys.
Type: lacquer		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: Imron by Don Cardinale			
Other special modifications: Handmade chain guard, motor mounts, oil tank, caliper brackets, fender struts, taillight mount, stock stud caps.			

sure looks like they'd be classified as a minority group. I guess John, the bro who built this bike from the raw crankcase castings out, always found a way to do it stronger, or cleaner, or lighter — or just plain better than stock. Even the original Sportster handlebar controls and headlight shroud have been carefully milled out, to reduce weight without sacrificin' beef. To eliminate the top motor mount, the rocker boxes have been modified and extended to bolt directly to the frame, which, naturally, is a special single-loop design by Ed Gillies. The Z-pattern motor plates have been machined from a billet of solid aluminum. And there's an alloy spark plug wire loom meaty enough for a boat anchor.

I could go on and describe a hundred zillion other linkages, parts, and pieces that John either made or modified — but why waste this valuable space on run-at-the-mouth? These photos do all the talkin'. Besides, it's time for my ration of raisin pie.

—Sniveler

Manufactured by Carolina Boot Company since 1883.

All oil-tanned leather uppers

ONLY \$64⁹⁵

ask for Mark
(517) 278-8252



Vibram

Stock#	Size	Color	Height	Sole	Safety Toe
115	6-13, D.EE	Black	13"	Neoprene	Yes
116	6-13, Med.	Brown	13"	Vibram	Yes
902	6-13, Med.	Black	13"	Neoprene	No
117	6-13, Med.	Brown	15"	Neoprene	Yes
118	6-13, D.EE	Black	17"	Neoprene	Yes
111	6-13, Med.	Brown	17"	Vibram	Yes

Master Charge or Visa,
Allow 3 weeks for checks to clear

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.



Neoprene

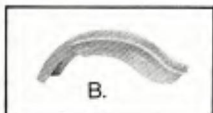
M & M Boot Company P.O. Box 373 Coldwater, MI 49036

A FEW TEASERS FROM TOM'S!!



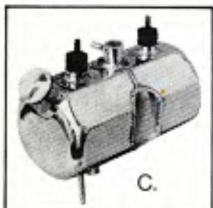
A.

A. **TRIANGULAR HEADLIGHT**-Hi-Lo beams-chromed bottom mount-look super in pairs. #P-117 **\$9.98 each**



B.

B. **FAT BOB FENDER**-all steel-a perfect replica of the original. Left (#GG-111) or Right (#GG-112) **\$29.98 each**

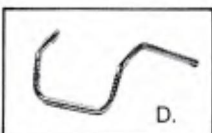


C.

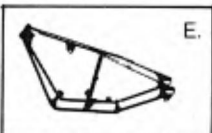
C. **ALLOY OIL TANK**-octagonal, takes Tri fitting-highly polished-2 1/2 qts-rubber mountings-for stock frames or hardtails. #C-121 **\$29.98 each**

D. **SIXBEND HANDLEBARS**-top quality-1 inch-beautiful chrome. #TOM-3A **\$19.98 each**

E. **FRAMES**-all styles-highest qualities-tell us what you need-write for prices.



D.



E.

F. **STEEL COFIN**-3 gal-low tunnel-brackets welded on-primed, ready to paint-takes English petcocks-pressure tested. #A-112 **\$29.98 each**

G. **EXTENDED KICKSTANDS**-chrome plates - #Z-111 for HD 74, #Z-109 for Honda. **\$12.95 each**

TOM'S ACCESSORIES

P.O. Box 1667

Lynnwood, Wa. 98036

WANNA SEE MORE?

Send \$3.00 for TOM'S complete catalog. To order items above, send at least 1/2 down in money order or certified check-no personal checks-we ship COD via UPS. Or send full info for Visa or MasterCard charge. **TOM'S ACCESSORIES, PO Box 1667, Lynnwood, WA 98036. (206) 355-8411**

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. 15% DISCOUNT ON ORDERS RECEIVED WITH THIS AD THROUGH DECEMBER 31, 1982.**

GRAVES PLATING COMPANY

Quality Plating Since 1945

P.O. BOX 1052 • INDUSTRIAL PARK • FLORENCE, AL 35631 • (205) 764-9487

Justice

Continued from page 18

Bob Seger bouncing across the room from the four big stereo speakers, he thought, Whatdafuck, if I had to get stuck someplace, I coulda done a lot worse.

He sucked down his beer and ordered another. One of the bikers, a big curly-haired dude flying the colors of a club he'd never heard of, moved alongside, set down an empty glass, and waited for the barmaid to refill it.

"How ya doin'?" the big biker asked.

"Not too bad, considering my age and habits," he replied.

The biker chuckled.

"Yeah, I hear ya, bro." He took a long pull on his drink. "New in town?" he asked finally.

"Well, I was just passing through, till I dumped a couple of gears. I think I know the answer already, but there ain't a decent bike shop around here, is there?"

"Man, you're in deep shit if you need Harley parts," the biker said. "There's a couple of riceburner dealers outside of town, but the nearest Hog shop's more than a hundred miles north of here."

"That figures," he grumbled. "Well, whatdafuck, how about a drink?"

"Don't mind if I do," the biker said, offering a beefy hand. "Name's Jigger. What's yours?"

He hesitated an instant, then replied: "Free. Just call me Free." He had no idea why he said that — it was the first thing that popped into his head, and for some obscure reason, he didn't want to use his real name.

Jigger invited him over to the pool tables, introduced him around, then resumed his game of eight-ball. Just as he was drawing a bead on a combination shot, he straightened up and snapped his fingers.

"Ol' man Grimes! Shit, I almost forgot about him."

"Huh?"

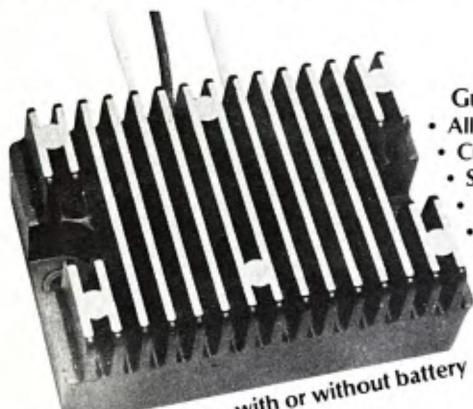
"Ol' man Grimes. He's a crusty old bastard, runs a junkyard 'bout a mile out on the River Road. He's got everything in the world out there someplace — might even have some scooter parts squirreled away."

"Hell, it's worth a try," Free said, draining his bottle. "I preciate it. Catch ya later."

Outside, he chained the crippled bike to a light pole, slung his bedroll over his shoulder, and headed down the dusty highway. He found the old

JUICE FOR HARLEYS

From **VOLTPAK**



Guaranteed Electrical Control!

- All Solid State Regulator/Rectifiers
- Cure Hard Starting & Weak Ignition
- Stop Dead & Overcharged Batteries
- No Light Flickering or Blown Fuses
- Improve Electrical Performance
- Full Two-Year Warranty
- Designed and Made in U.S.A.
- 10-Years Harley Experience

Full Lighting—with or without battery



Special chromed show quality Voltpaks available. Add \$20.00 list.



Voltpak Solid State regulator/rectifiers and relays are available for all Harley models. Voltpak installs easily to stock wiring or plug-ins. Voltpak units are impervious to damage, never require adjustment and exceed stock electrical specifications. Stock, Custom or Chopper—Voltpak has a unit for all models including foreign scooters. Send \$2.00 for complete Voltpak product brochure.



Exclusive Manufacturer of Voltpak
ACTION ENGINEERING
2726 Main St., Riverside, CA 92501
Order Desk: (714) 686-6624

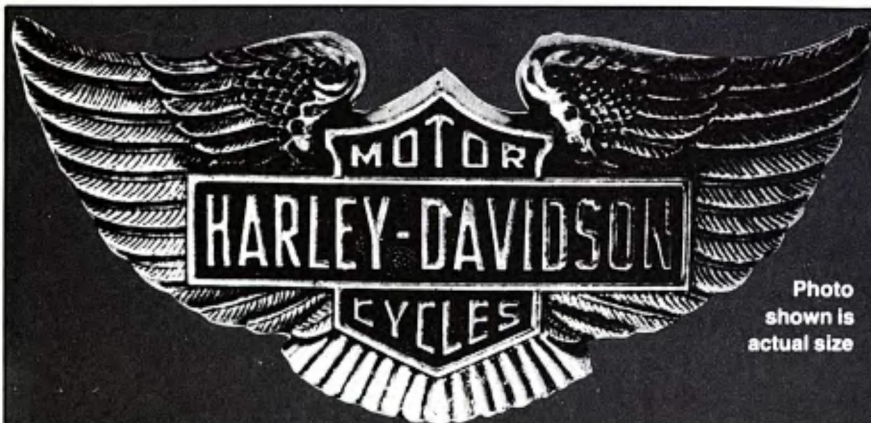


Photo shown is actual size

Buy The Very Best

Our expensive steel dies make possible a handsome buckle with the nifty-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 3/4"-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 a silver buckle orders — unless you request otherwise.

Send \$17.00 (includes postage and handling). Overseas air mail, add \$4.00 Silver on 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%.



PAIANO PRODUCTS

Post Office Box 1025 AGOURA, CALIFORNIA 91301

(U.S. Funds only. Thank you.)

man sitting in a rocking chair on the front porch of a run-down shack, feet up on the railing, shooting rats with a rusty .22.

"Howdy!" Free called out when he got within hailing range, looking for something to duck behind, just in case.

The old man didn't answer, just pressed a finger to his lips in a gesture of silence, then leaned back into the rifle sight and squeezed the trigger.

"Gotcha, ya bastid!" Grimes cackled as a dingy brown rat the size of a small dog tumbled off the fender of a '46 Dodge.

Only then did he look toward the intruder, without lowering the gun.

"Yeah?" he challenged. The old man looked crazy as a bedbug. His white hair hung below his shoulders, and bits of twigs and leaves speckled his beard. His greasy clothes hung in tatters. But his eyes were clear and sharp, and something told Free this was more than just a reclusive old whacko.

"Understand ya might have some motorcycle parts?" Free asked, his eyes glancing around the cluttered junkyard.

"Might," the old man said. "Then again, might not. Anyway, ain't got time to look now. Come back tomorrow." He picked up the rifle again and scanned the yard.

"Look," Free persisted. "I'm a long way from home, my bike's broke down, and I just walked out here from town. Mind if I look around myself?"

"Go ahead, but don't try to steal nothin'," Grimes warned, patting the stock of the ancient Winchester for emphasis.

Free felt at home, wandering through what Arlo Guthrie once called "the graveyard of rusted automobiles." He loved machines, especially old ones, and often felt more comfortable among them than he did with people. Old man Grimes couldn't afford to buy late-model wrecks, and he wouldn't let a crusher near his place, so it was a journey through the past for Free, a nostalgia trip. The Nader-inspired garbage produced these days can't compare with that old Detroit iron.

Then Free stopped dead in his tracks. He almost missed it, inside the old van, covered with years of accumulated dust and obscured by the rusted hulk of an old Jeep. But there was no mistaking the old Harley. The tank was stove-in and rusted, the handbars were a tangled mess, and the seat and wiring were gnawed to shreds. But the vital parts seemed intact. He brushed the

ACHTUNG!

BIKER "ONE LINERS"

We'll put up your favorite biker "one liner" (over "wings up" as illustrated) onto a cap or t-shirt (in breast pocket size) ... For the old lady, how about her favorite one liner on a French cut or cap?



- A** Black cap w/white front - black lettering (also available, red, green, blue, yellow with contrasting lettering) \$5.99
B Black cap w/black front - white lettering \$5.99
C Black Hanes® t-shirt w/white lettering (also available, red, navy, gold, grey with contrasting lettering) \$6.50
D Black Hanes® French cut w/white lettering (also available in yellow and light blue with contrasting lettering) \$7.99
 Heat transfer designs sold separately. \$1.25 each/6 for \$5.75 for \$10 (Specify black or white lettering)

Choose your favorite one liner from the following. All are done up with popular "wings up" designs and available on cap or shirt.

- 1-111 If little girls are made of sugar and spice, why do they taste like turds?
 1-121 When you got 'em by the balls, their hearts & minds will follow.
 1-131 You obviously misook me for someone who gives a shit.
 1-141 Better a sister in a warehouse than a bro on a Honda.
 1-151 Bikers are so horny, even the cock of dawn isn't safe.
 1-161 More I learn about women, more I love my Harley.
 1-171 Are you willing to lower your standards tonight?
 1-181 I am the person your mother warned you about.
 1-191 I would rather push my Harley than ride a ride burner.
 1-201 Older Harleys, younger women, more money.
 1-211 Harley riders do it the way they damn please.
 1-221 Gossians are like aspholm, everybody has one.
 1-231 If you don't have a Harley, you ain't shit.
 1-241 Put something exciting between your legs.
 1-251 Stop your groin" and drop your jeans.
 1-261 Put something exciting between your legs.
 1-271 Bikers have more fun than people.
 1-281 Support your local Harley rider.
 1-291 Fuck ya if you can't take a joke.
 1-301 What most call pussy, I call lunch.
 1-311 I'm here because the cock of dawn isn't safe.
 1-321 I don't care 'cause I don't have to.
 1-331 Sex is dirty only when you do it right.
 1-341 As, get, grab - nobody rides free.
 1-351 Happiness comes in small batches.
 1-361 Happiness comes in small batches.
 1-371 In case of emergency, give me head.
 1-381 I watch those [and view] around.
 1-391 A woman's place is on my face.
 1-401 Tough my life, I'll beat your balls.
 1-411 Liquor up front, poker in the rear.
 1-421 Big surprise came in little boxes.
 1-431 Harley riders have longer nads.
 1-441 Fuck imports - buy American.
 1-451 Harley Davidson - a way of life.
 1-461 I'm his 'cause he gives good fare.
 1-471 Make it with an older woman.
 1-481 Pussy builds strong bones.
 1-491 Sounds like a lot of bullshit.
 1-501 Nobody rides for free.
 1-511 Maximize rides 10%.
 1-521 Give me head 'til I'm dead.
 1-531 If you can't fix it, fuck it.
 1-541 Harley Fucker Davidson.
 1-551 Harley riders get more head.
 1-561 Harley riders eat more pussy.
 1-571 If we left out your one liner, let us know what it is and we'll make it!



BUTTONS \$1 6 for \$5



SUPER PLATING-BRILLIANT COLORS

Fine Biker Jewelry

Post Earrings \$4.95, pr.



Following Pin On Except Where Noted



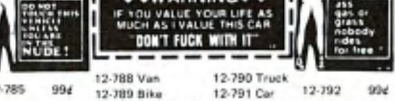
ROACH CLIPS \$3.95



For Swastika designs, see our catalog.

PRISMA CHROME DECALS 99¢

6 for \$5 13 for \$10



HOW TO ORDER

List quantity and part numbers of the items you wish on a sheet of paper, and attach order coupon below to the bottom of your order. Include 95¢ postage, \$1.00 for catalog, and tax where applicable.

USE OUR COMPLETE PART NUMBER ON EVERY ITEM YOU ORDER

TOTAL MERCHANDISE	
Send \$1 & SASE for next 3 catalogs	\$1.00
TAX	.95
POST	
TOTAL	

Adolf's DEPT. 1082R
 2607 Hennepin
 Mpls., MN 55408
 WE SHIP WORLDWIDE
 PERSONAL CHECKS DELAY ORDERS 30 DAYS

Original Harley Style Fine Biker Leather



FULLY ADJUSTABLE - BLACK VISOR \$8



LACE-ON LEATHER PATCHES \$3



3" x 6" - \$10	WALLETS	3" x 6" - \$12
11-500	Broken Wing (on left)	11-520
11-501	Harley (on right)	11-521
11-502	Harley Eagle	11-522
11-503	Triumph	11-523
11-504	BMW	11-524
11-505	Plain Black	11-525
11-506	Kawasaki	11-526
11-507	Suzuki	11-527
11-508	U.S. Flag	11-528
11-509	Confederate Flag	11-529
11-510	Harley Wing	11-530
11-511	Harley Davidson	N/A

MINI BIKER WALLETS \$7.95

2-pocket with chain. 2 1/2" x 4 1/2"



SOLID BRONZE BUCKLES \$5



GENUINE PEWTER RINGS \$16.95



CANDY PANTS
 NEW! TASTY! CANDY PANTS
 DELICIOUS (100% edible) UNDERWEAR
 Men's: 07-920 Red, Wild Cherry \$4.95
 Women's: 07-923 Red, Wild Cherry \$4.95
 Bra: 07-926 Red, Wild Cherry \$4.95

Under New Ownership Genuine Harley-Davidson Dirty Shirts

**BACK
OFF**



1.

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

I SAY

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.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.



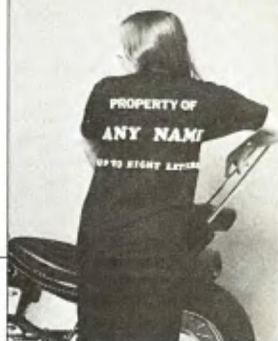
9.



10.



11.



Ladies:

Show your ol' man and the world who you're with. We'll print any name with up to eight letters at no extra charge. If your name is longer, it's okay. Just add \$1.00 extra for every letter over eight and we'll print it for you.

Send orders to:

Bikers' Candy Store

P.O. Box 3069
Thousand Oaks,
Calif. 91360

Dealer Inquiries Invited



Lifetime Clutch (and brake) Cables

New Design! Guaranteed Not to Break on Ya

That's right. Now you can travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch or brake cable ain't gonna crap out on ya in the middle of 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) 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 pulled 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

PAISANO PRODUCTS
Post Office Box 1025
AGOURA, CALIFORNIA 91301

California residents add 6% sales tax.

cobwebs off the tranny and checked out the cases. They were sound. He removed a plug and oil oozed out.

Free walked back to the old man's shack. "I need some transmission parts off that old Harley back there," he said. "How much?"

"Won't sell parts off'n that bike," Grimes said. "Buy the whole thing. Two hunderd dollars."

Free mulled it over. In addition to the tranny, the frame was in good shape, the motor seemed all there, and the old springer front end was a bit rusty, but otherwise okay. The old girl was worth two hundred easy.

"Yeah, well look," he told Grimes, "I ain't got much money, but —"

"That figures," the old man muttered.

"But I'm willing to work and I'm a pretty good wrench," Free continued.

"Pretty good wrench, huh. Well, I used to be a good hammer, myself," Grimes giggled. "But there is some stuff I need done around here that I ain't about to do myself, like shovelin' about two tons of chicken-shit outta that old barn over there so's I can use it for storage. Tell ya what. You work for me for two weeks — and I mean work — and ya can have that old bucket o' bolts. We got a deal?"

Free winced at the thought of all that hen manure, and cursed the old bandit under his breath. But he didn't have a whole helluva lot of choice.

"Sure, we got a deal," he said finally.

"Tell ya what else I'll do," Grimes said. "Work another week and I'll give ya thutty bucks cash and let ya sleep in that old camper bus in the back of the yard — if'n ya ain't scared of catchin' somethin' from the hippies I bought it from."

Free used the thirty dollars for a stash of food and a bottle of Black Jack, then borrowed Jigger's pickup to haul his crippled scooter out to Grimes's place. He showed up for work the next day.

"Well, ya made it, huh?" the old man said. "I guess I lose. I bet old Bones here a bone ya'd never come back."

The mangy old yellow dog didn't seem too impressed about winning the bet. He lifted his head wearily off the ground, sniffed once, offered a listless wag of his tail, and went back to sleep.

"Well, as long as you're here, might as well get started," Grimes said.

"This here's the shop. Make sure ya put everything back where ya got

I.R.S. Ltd.



FIVE-FOOT SCARVES

Keep warm in style, only \$12.95 + \$1.50 postage and handling.



BANNER BIG HARLEY

All nylon, nearly three by four feet, brightens up any pad or shop, \$24.95 plus \$1.00, postage and handling.



Send orders to: I.R.S. Limited, Department E, P.O. Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91359. California residents add 6% for the State. APO, FPO and overseas orders add \$4.00 for additional postage. T-shirt \$8.00 plus \$1.50 postage and handling. (indicate size).

Distinctive Biker Accessories.

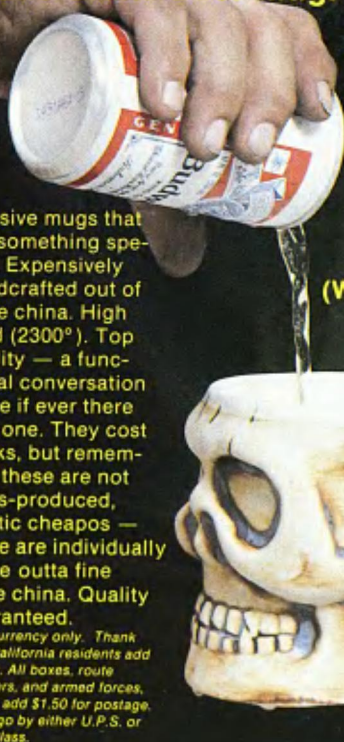
Finest Quality, Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mug.

\$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.

U.S. currency only. Thank you. California residents add 6% tax. All boxes, route numbers, and armed forces, please add \$1.50 for postage. Mugs go by either U.P.S. or First Class.

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



Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mackenzie Company

SKULL MUG
Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302

Easyriders

IN THE WIND 9

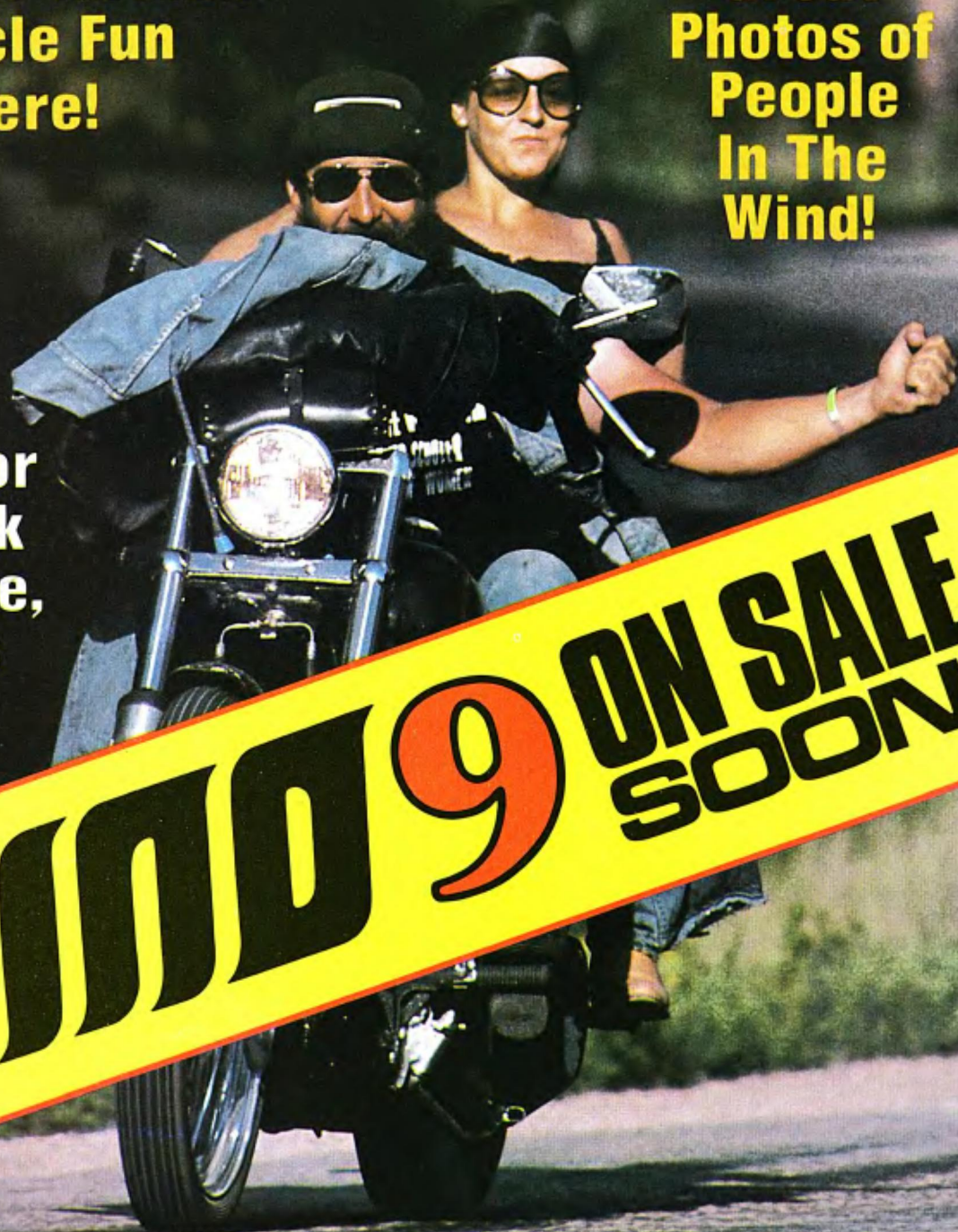
The Best Collection of *In The Wind* Photography from **Easyriders**

Lotsa Bike Women!
Motorcycle Fun
Everywhere!

Great
Photos of
People
In The
Wind!

430 New
Photos,
Both Color
And Black
And White,
of Bikers
Enjoying
the Good
Life!

WIND 9 ON SALE SOON!



it. And don't forget to clean them tools after you use 'em."

Free stared in disbelief. In contrast to the old man's unkempt appearance and his run-down shack of a home, the shop was immaculate. The tools, though ancient, sparkled, obviously polished by hand with loving care. Each hung in its place on a peg-board wall. And Christ, the old man had everything! About a zillion wrenches of every description, a screwdriver for every possible use, taps and dies, a small lathe, a compressor, air wrenches, even a five-hundred-pound torque wrench.

Jesus! Free thought in awe. You could rebuild the space shuttle in this place.

"Look around, get familiar with where everything is, and I'll meet you out by the barn in ten minutes," Grimes said as he hobbled through the door. "You're on my time now, kid."

Free chuckled to himself; it had been a long time since anyone had called him kid.

Then he noticed the yellowed calendar on the wall, alongside the curling photograph.

The calendar was dated 1936. Across the top was printed:

*Grimes Harley-Davidson
Sales and Service*

The photo showed a smiling young man in a black leather jacket and an aviator's cap, sitting jauntily astride a Harley 45. He held a huge trophy in his lap, and a pretty blonde was planting a kiss on his cheek. Across the bottom was scrawled, *Chuck Grimes, State Flat-Track Champion, 1933*. So the old fart was yanking his chain all the time. Free laughed out loud and headed for the chickenshit.

That was six months ago. He was still here.

He settled into a comfortable routine. Grimes actually needed a lot of work done, but didn't have much to pay. So they worked out a deal. Free got use of the bus, which was well equipped with a sink, stove, water tank, heater, even a chemical toilet. He also got a small commission on any parts he sold. But most important, Grimes let him pick out and keep one wreck a month from the sprawling junkyard.

Free had not just been blowing smoke when he said he was a pretty good wrench. Actually, he was an ace mechanic, one of the rare ones with little formal training but an inborn instinct for machines. And he was a pretty fair body man as well. So he was able to take those

NEW AT YOUR BROOKS DEALER:

Made in U.S.A.

411-Z A rough and ready jacket that's designed with a woman's figure in mind. This double breasted classic includes a zip-out lining and all the exclusive Brooks features.

BROOKS
LEATHER SPORTSWEAR, INC.

14511 W. 11 Mile Road
Oak Park, Michigan 48237



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 GLIDE 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

Total buckles _____
X 10.95 _____ plus 1.50 Postage

WHEN ORDERING: Please specify quantity, part number and amount enclosed. Calif. residents add 6%. Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear.

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

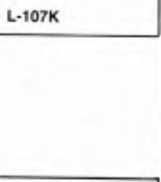


- L-106K Sportster top motor mount & coil bracket with keyhole—\$17.75

- 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

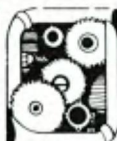
- L-111 Fender brace, chromed—\$27.50

- 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.

Lonesome MFG

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

old clunkers and have them looking and running well. What with the public demand for old cars, it turned into a fair piece of change for him.

After Free had gotten his bike back together, he thought about moving on. But he suddenly realized he had no place to be, no one to see, no deadlines to meet. So he stayed.

He got friendly with Jigger and his club, but declined an invitation to join. "Thanks," he told the biker. "But I'm too old to prospect, and anyway, I've been an independent so long, it'd be kinda hard to change now." He'd met a few chicks to ride and party with, and even won some grudging acceptance from the citizens in town — partly because of his ability to make something run when nobody else could, and partly because of his tendency to stay by himself and mind his own business.

Something else had happened to earn people's respect. About a month after he'd arrived, he was riding alone, testing the rebuilt tranny. He stopped at a bar about fifty miles away and ordered a beer to wash away the road dust. At first he didn't even see the three rednecks in the booth. But then he heard the usual wisecracks about bikers and beards and grease. He chugged at his beer, planning to finish it and vamoose before the shit came down. He wasn't particularly afraid, nor pissed off. Just weary that no matter where you went, there would be some asshole ready to climb on your case.

Finally a beefy, red-faced yokel wearing a dirty denim work shirt and a sweat-stained straw hat pulled himself out of the booth with a grunt, lumbered up to the bar next to Free, and summoned the bartender.

"Gimme another screwdriver," he said. "Hey, Charlie, since when ya lettin' riffraff in here? This useta be a nice place till ya started servin' road trash."

"Aw c'mon, Sil," the bartender whined. "No trouble, okay?"



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

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.



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. funds. **Total** _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow 4-6 weeks Delivery

PAISANO PUBLICATIONS INC.
POST OFFICE BOX 1050
ACQUA, CALIFORNIA 91301

But it was a plea, not a command.

"Hell, ain't gonna be no trouble," the redneck said, turning to face Free. "Ain't that right, scooter trash?"

Free looked straight ahead and ignored the insult. But through the bar mirror, he saw the fool's two companions leave the booth and begin circling toward the bar from each side of the room.

"Whatsamatter, trash, cat got your tongue?" Sil persisted. By now his friends, a pimply-faced punk in a Coors Beer cap and a nondescript guy in a white T-shirt, were on either side of Free.

Free never moved his body. He turned his head toward Sil. "Are you talking to me?" he asked.

"Who the fuck ya think I'm talkin' to?" Sil bellowed.

"Look, I just stopped in here for a beer. I don't want any trouble, and I'm gonna be gone in about thirty seconds, okay?" Free said softly.

Sil looked him over and doubt flickered in his dull eyes. Free wasn't that big — about five feet eight with his boots on. But he packed about two hundred pounds, and except for a bit of a beer gut, there was little flab. But there was something else about Free that hinted of danger, something more than the quiet, confident way he carried himself. Even a stupid man could read the warning in his eyes, blue as glacial ice and just as cold.

Once, years ago when he was working as a bouncer in a rock-and-roll bar back on the East Coast, someone had said of him, "You might beat that guy, but if you do, you'll have to beat him every day of your life. That's what makes him dangerous." One night in the bar, a kid got in a lucky sucker punch, and Free, who was too drunk to have been working in the first place, went down like a log. The kid felt pretty good — until he walked out of his house at eight o'clock the next morning to go to work and found Free sitting on his doorstep. The kid got out of the hospital in four days.

Despite the rare flash of insight that he might be biting off more than he could chew, Sil had gone too far in front of his friends to back down. He dropped his shoulder slightly to get better punching leverage. But even as he was clenching his fist, Free spun around, catching the fat man across the bridge of his nose with the edge of his hand. Sil screamed in pain and fell to the floor, his nose spurting red. Before he hit the ground, Free had kicked T-shirt in the balls, then grabbed



NEW

AT YOUR BROOKS DEALER:

505 These stylish one-piece chaps are designed for year-round protection. 2-way zippered legs, for easy on and off and double stitched for long wear. Don't get caught with your chaps down!

BROOKS
LEATHER SPORTSWEAR, INC.
14511 W. 11 MILE ROAD
OAK PARK, MICHIGAN 48237

Made in U.S.A.

THE TOUGH GET TOUGHER

1-3/4" WIDE

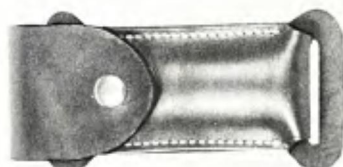


5/16" THICK

Take a tip from tough guys . . . start with somethin' that says somethin'. Thick belts, 5/16" thick, 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!

Remember, nothin's been spared on this combo! Belts in sizes 28-33, 34-37, 38-41 belong to you for \$24.95 each, postpaid. Quick-draw sheaths, black or brown are worn at \$15.95 each, postpaid. Canadian and foreign customers, please add an additional \$6 and make the full order payable in U.S. funds.

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

**Go-fast Wheels
Need Stop-fast Brakes**

PERFORMANCE MACHINE INC. OFFERS BOTH — A SELECTION OF TOP QUALITY WHEELS AND THE FINEST DISC BRAKE SYSTEMS, FRONT AND REAR, FOR STREET, SHOW OR COMPETITION.

DISC BRAKE SYSTEMS ALSO AVAILABLE FOR STOCK HARLEY WHEELS.



Performance Machine, Inc. 15520 Illinois P.O. Box 927
Paramount, CA 90723 Dept. 81 Catalog \$2.00
(213) 634-6532

Give Her Something To Grab **SURE GRIP BELT** Don't Go Biking Without It



Having your old lady grab your waist or belt loops is a thing of the past with the new Sure Grip Belt. Suede wrapped steel handles on the belt make hanging on comfortable, and a big 6" back on the "Classic" model doubles as a kidney belt too. Made in the USA, our belts are just as tough as they look. Also available are our leather

"Sport" model without the 6" back at \$39.95 and our 2" webbed "All Weather" model at \$15.95. If your bike shop doesn't have the Sure Grip line yet, order direct. To order, send check (allow 4-6 weeks), money order or MasterCard/VISA number, exp. date and signature plus \$2.50 per belt shipping and handling to:



SURE GRIP

SURE GRIP PRODUCTS

770 Pinefalls, P.O. Box 667
Walnut, CA 91789

PHONE ORDERS!

Order by phone with MasterCard/VISA by calling (800) 854-7721 outside Calif. In Calif., call (714) 594-3774.

Calif. res. add 6% tax. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s



WE ALSO OFFER A COMPLETE LINE OF LEATHER SADDLEBAGS AND ACCESSORIES INCLUDING KIDNEY BELTS, KNIVES AND MATCHING LEATHER SHEATHS. SEND \$1 FOR COMPLETE COLOR CATALOG.

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Pimples by the jacket and slammed his face down on the bar. Then he turned back to the bartender.

"Sorry, man," he said.

"Hell, don't be sorry. They've had it coming for a long time. But you better get the hell out of here before their friends show up." Word of the fight got back to town before Free did. No one mentioned it, but people began looking at him a little differently.

So life was good as he sat in his usual place on this rainy Saturday afternoon, back against the wall, sipping on a Bud and watching the world go by. Jigger and the boys were at the pool tables as usual, and nobody paid much attention when Scuzz came through the side door, headed for the bar, ordered a drink and a fistful of quarters and began dropping them into the Asteroids game.

Free frowned at the sight of Scuzz. If there was one uneasy spot in his otherwise comfortable life, it was Scuzz. There'd been no run-ins; Free steered clear of Scuzz, and Jigger and the club mostly ignored him. Sometimes you just instinctively dislike someone. That's how Free felt about Scuzz. Nothing he could put his finger on, just a feeling, and he'd learned long ago to trust his hunches.

Scuzz rode a Sportster. But he didn't treat it the way a man should treat his ride. Usually it was filthy, and Scuzz never turned a wrench himself; at infrequent intervals he rode over to Central City to have the oil changed. Everybody knew the Sporty had been ripped off in another state, and when Free found out, he knew why he had disliked Scuzz the minute he saw him. He never made an issue of it, but Free believed there were few things in life lower than a dipshit who'd steal someone else's scooter.

Free finished his beer and walked to the bar for another. While he waited for Madge to finish her conversation, he absentmindedly picked up a newspaper. A front-page headline jumped out at him:

Police Hunt Rape-Slayer Of Girl

Hunters had found the body of the 12-year-old girl about twenty miles from town. She'd been sexually assaulted, stabbed repeatedly, and strangled. And police were checking reports that a motorcyclist had been seen in the area.

Oh, shit, Free thought. We're going to get roused every time we turn around. He turned to an inside page to finish the story, and his heart jumped up into his throat. A picture of a terribly frail young

FuBaR

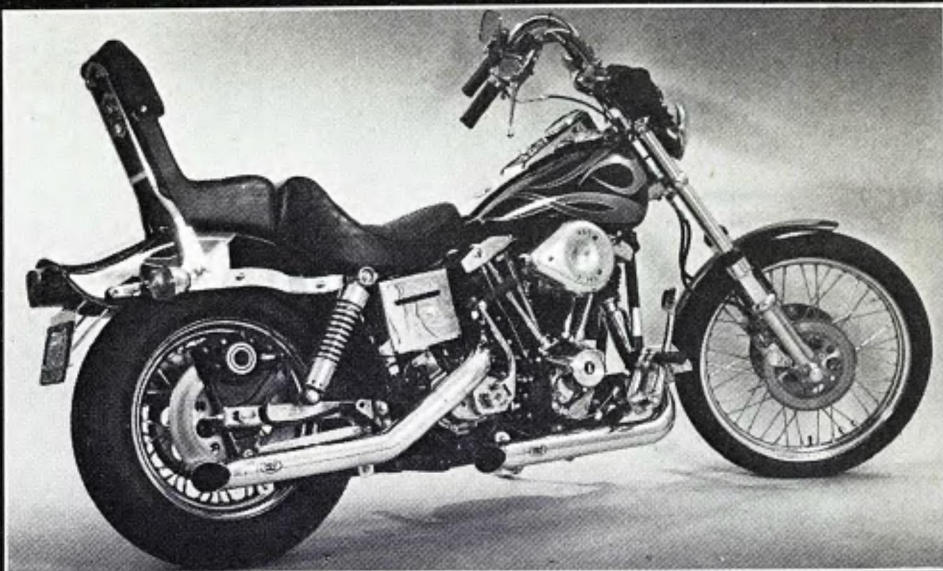
Performance
Big Bike Headers

FuBar designs and manufactures the largest selection of exhaust systems for Harleys in the world. Strip, street, or show — from dresser to performance — we've got you covered.

FuBaR

The Innovators

ELIMINATES CHROME DISCOLORATION



Fully Inclosed FUBAR Performance Exhaust System u.s. patent pending

"Also available DOUBLE WALL head pipes."

Send \$5 for fully
ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

FuBaR

1035 E. THIRD STREET, CORONA, CA 91720 • 714-734-1162

Black T-shirts with White Designs



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.



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.

"120" ALL STAR BUST QUEENS

Three Giant-Busted Women, Kitten Natividad, Kelli Stewart & Uschi Digart bare their **MAGNIFICENT BREASTS** to seduce super-stud Johnny Holmes as he interviews for a new Big Bust Film. Don't miss this wild color-filled **COLLECTORS ITEM!** Only \$7.00 (Money Back Guarantee)

64 PAGES - 200 PHOTOS
15 PAGES OF FULL COLOR.

FREE

ALL COLOR MAGAZINE

M#2 To acquaint you to H&S Sales exclusive line of Big Bust Products we're making a special introductory offer. A **FREE** all color magazine of over 85 vivid color photos of 50 of the **WORLD'S BIGGEST BREASTED** women. Send just \$2.00 for P&H (and we'll rush your free all color magazine, plus a 32 page illustrated catalog).



STRIP TEASE

Is there anything more erotic than beautiful young girls revealing their firm bodies in a tantalizing **STRIP TEASE**. This is the hottest magazine in years. Dozens of young girls in 200 photos. —they strip and stroke. Only \$7.00 (Money Back Guarantee).

INCREDIBLE FULL-COLOR SEQUENCE STRIPS

To order please check box in front of each Title or Special Offer Box. Foreign & Canada Orders add \$5.00 for P&H. Enclose Check (NO CASH)

☐ M#1 \$7.00 ☐ M#2 Free Mag (P&H Only) \$2.00 ☐ M#3 \$7.00
Special Offer ☐ All 3 Magazines for only \$14.00

Send To: H&S Sales, P.O. Box 126, College Pt., NY, 11356

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Satisfied Customers is Our Business **E2**

dark-haired girl wearing a white Communion dress smiled out at him.

It wasn't Marie, of course. She was living with her mother in another state halfway across the country. But the resemblance to his daughter was striking. At least he guessed that's how Marie looked, even though he hadn't seen her for five years.

He threw the paper back on the bar, grabbed his beer, and walked back to the table. He hadn't thought about that in a while; his work with Grimes and his bike kept him busy and prevented him from dwelling on the past. And when he got out of prison, he'd vowed to put it all behind him and make a fresh start.

But it's not easy to walk away from your only kid, and the thought of his daughter nagged at him. The last time he'd seen Marie, deputies were leading him from the courtroom, and she was screaming, "Bring back my daddy!" But Dorothy had just grabbed the kid by the arm and pulled her away. He never saw his wife again either. While he was locked down, she'd divorced him. By then, he wasn't surprised, because he'd finally scoped out what had happened.

When the cops busted in their apartment that night six years earlier, he was surprised, but not really worried. He had a little reefer and a few hits of speed around the house, but nothing heavy.

He should have been suspicious when the youngest of the detectives headed straight for the desk drawer where he kept his stash, then began tearing apart the bedroom while another cop kept Free in the living room.

When the young dick returned, he was smiling triumphantly. "We got you this time, crud. We got you good. You go away for a long time in this state for six ounces of heroin."

It was a frame, of course; long after he was locked down, Free found out his ol' lady had been seeing the young cop on the side, and they had hatched the heroin scam between them to get him out of the way.

She married the cop while Free was inside, although Free heard later she tired of him and dumped him as well. For a while, Marie wrote to him regularly in the slam, asking in her childish scrawl when he was coming home. But Dorothy put a stop to that, and after a while the letters stopped. The last he'd heard, she and the kid were living in Cleveland.

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.

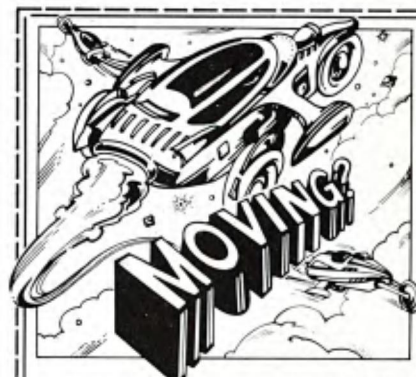
FLICKET alone, only

\$4.95

Specify right- or left-handed

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

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



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

MAIL TO EASYRIDERS

P.O. Box 1050, Agoura, Calif. 91301
PRINT NEW ADDRESS HERE:

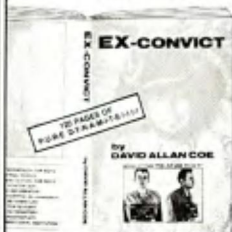
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ATTACH YOUR MAILING LABEL HERE

(Or print old address here.)

MAKIN' IT INSIDE AND OUTSIDE DAVID ALLAN COE

tells you how to pull time and
how to make parole.



EX-CONVICT, written by songwriter/singer and successful ex-convict David Allan Coe, gives you the straight

word on how to prepare for parole and how to make your parole plan. If you are in prison or are going to prison, you've got to read this book! Get your limited edition copy now. Just send your name, address and

\$10.00

to: EX-CONVICT BOOK

Box 1025 Agoura, Calif. 91301

Ship To:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

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.



Chrome and Gold Plating

Route 5, Box 534 Paducah, KY 42001
Phone (502) 554-1146

BROWN'S
PLATING SERVICE, INC.

PHOTO ID

IN FULL COLOR - SEALED IN PLASTIC
ALL STATES & PROVINCES

24-Hour Service • Moneyback Guarantee
SEND \$6.00, Name, Address, Sex,
Height, Weight, Color Hair, Eyes,
Birthdate & Small Photo.
CARDINAL PUBLISHING, DEPT. 410
3071 Emerson, Box 1200 Jacksonville, Florida 32207

PHOTO ID

When he finally got out of the joint, he figured the best thing he could do for himself and the kid was just write the whole thing off, so he dragged the shovel out of the old man's garage, packed his gear, and headed into the wind.

Now the photograph in the paper had brought it all back with painful clarity, and he wished a horrible death on the sadistic bastard who'd killed the kid.

Three days later, the cops swarmed into the bar and dragged Scuzz out, charging him with rape and murder. Most of the crowd knew he was a dirtbag, but they hadn't figured he was that low.

The papers were full of the news for about a week; Scuzz was jailed for lack of a hundred-grand bail, and the citizens looked down on the scooter people with even more disgust than usual. Then things settled down and got back to normal.

About two weeks later, a bike roared up and screeched to a stop outside Madge's, and Scuzz burst through the door.

"Whatdafuck are you doin' here?" Madge asked.

"Shit, those asshole cops forgot to read me my rights when they busted me. I had a hearing today, and the judge dismissed the charges. And told 'em they can't charge me again, either. Somethin' about double jeopardy or some fuckin' thing like that. Gawddamn! Justice triumphs!"

Free just sat at his table and took it all in. Yeah, justice, he thought darkly. Tell me about your fuckin' justice.

Later, he walked over to where Scuzz stood alone at the bar, sipping a brew. "Hey, Scuzz," he asked softly so no one else could hear. "Tell me — did you really off that kid?"

"Well, my man, let me tell ya," he said, draping an arm across Free's shoulder.

Free brushed the arm away, and Scuzz leaned close and whispered in

Easyriders



SPEEDOMETER REPAIR

(Guaranteed)

**Cable &
Housing for
Harley-Davidson
models**

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

Japan H-D Reproduction Speedo — \$79.95

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.

AT LAST!

**MOTORCYCLISTS HANDBOOK
NOW AVAILABLE !!!**



Loaded with general information — for new and intermediate bikers or would-be mechanics and sales people interested in the motorcycle industry.

Send \$4.95 plus \$1.00 for postage to:

Tips on maintenance,
selling, tools and much
more!!!

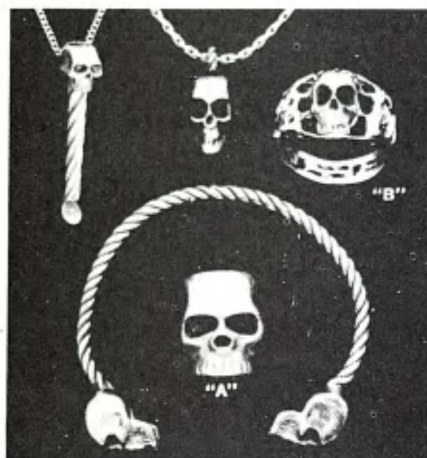
Katran Enterprises
Department HB-1
P.O. Box 10
North Branch, MN 55056

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



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



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

HARLEY-DAVIDSON PARTS

AS CLOSE AS YOUR TELEPHONE

ALL GENUINE OR CUSTOM PARTS & ACCESSORIES AT COMPETITIVE PRICES.

TUES.-SAT. 9-6 PACIFIC TIME

1-800-423-3136

CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS CALL (213) 246-5618.
A \$1 PHONE CREDIT FOR ORDERS OVER \$25

or C.O.D.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON OF GLENDALE

3717 SAN FERNANDO RD., GLENDALE, CA 91204

his ear. "That was the sweetest, tightest pussy I ever had. Too bad she had to start yellin' like that. Well, I gotta ride over to Central City. Catch ya later."

Free sat alone in the bar for another ten minutes, then walked slowly outside, climbed on the old shovel, and headed down the highway.

He was just finishing the joint when he heard the rumble of the Sporty in the distance. Then Scuzz blasted by. Free flipped away the roach, sighed, fired up the shovel, and pulled out behind him.

Scuzz, thinking someone wanted to race, gunned his machine, but the poorly maintained Sportster was no match for Free's finely tuned FLH.

Free took his time, staying on Scuzz's ass, watching for the right spot as the road raced by. When he saw it approaching, he poured on the coal and pulled alongside.

Scuzz looked frightened, but he had nowhere to go. Free wouldn't give him room to drop back, he couldn't pull away, and to the right, a three-hundred-foot cliff dropped off into the bay, separated from the road only by a slim guardrail.

Suddenly Free swerved sharply to the right, bringing his handlebar within inches of Scuzz's. He raised his right foot off the highway peg and kicked hard, catching Scuzz in the ribs.

Scuzz let out a strangled scream as his bike hit the guardrail at ninety, then flipped over. Free kept going, glancing back in time to see the other rider and his machine floating lazily toward the blue sea far below. He was happy to see the Sportster made it clean, and dropped without a sound into the water. Scuzz wasn't so lucky. He hit an outcropping of rock with a sickening plop, hung there for an instant, then dropped out of sight.

Free checked the highway; it was clear, not a car in sight. Then he settled back, dropped his speed to a near-legal sixty, and smiled to himself.

He'd stop somewhere and call Grimes to say he'd be gone for a while. Then if he rode straight through, stopping only for gas and chow, he figured he could make Cleveland in two days.

But first, he'd have to pick up a p-pad somewhere. After all, you couldn't expect a twelve-year-old girl to pack halfway across the fuckin' country on a bare fender. ■

Ass Kickin' Light Switches

Here ya are, at last — light switches that'll really turn ya on. You and your ol' lady will both get your kicks while flickin' the switch. Bitchin' nickel finish over solid "MUTHA" metal. Only \$7.95 plus \$1.25 postage. Canadian orders, please add \$1.75, and all other foreign orders, please add \$6.00 for postage and handling fees.

Make payments payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you.

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



FREE . . . World War II Souvenir

AN ORIGINAL PAIR OF WWII "ROMMEL'S GOGGLES" FREE WITH ANY ORDER FROM THIS AD! Same style goggles as worn during WWII by German Field Marshal Erwin Rommel (The Desert Fox), famed Afrika Korps commander. Excellent condition. Regular retail price: \$90.00. *\$2 (1.50) SEND FOR FREE CATALOG OFFERING 100'S OF MILITARY COLLECTIBLES



SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE AND X-LARGE
S, M, L, XL
\$25 EACH
DELIVERY CHARGE IN PARANTHESIS



CIVIL WAR KEPT
BLUE OR GRAY WOOL CLOTH
\$30 (2.75) EACH
DELIVERY CHARGE IN PARANTHESIS



Deluxe replica "Forage Cap" with truck lighter, vinyl insides, correct Union Eagle or CSA side buttons, olive strap, sweat band, spin lining.
COC-02-96 (UNION Blue) \$25 (2.25)
COC-02-96A (CSA Gray) \$25 (2.25)
INSIGNIA NOT INCLUDED AVAILABLE AT \$3 EACH

Rare Japanese WWII Combat Helmet. Original issue. In good battlefield condition. Most were ordered destroyed at end of War. Available with or without GI style replacement liner or with exact replica of original leather liner. (Insignia NOT included.)
COC-48-000 (No liner, no insignia) \$15
COC-48-000A (Replaced liner, no insignia) \$20
COC-48-000B (Repla liner w/ insignia) \$25
ADD \$2.75 FOR DELIVERY CHARGE FOR EACH ORDER

CREDIT CARD ORDERS: PHONE TOLL FREE 1-800-430-2000 (IN MARYLAND CALL: 301-933-4801) NOTE: ORDERS ONLY PLEASE! THE COLLECTOR'S ARMOURY, Inc., Dept. ER BOX 1061, 800 SLATERS LANE, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA 22313 USA

TO RUSSIA



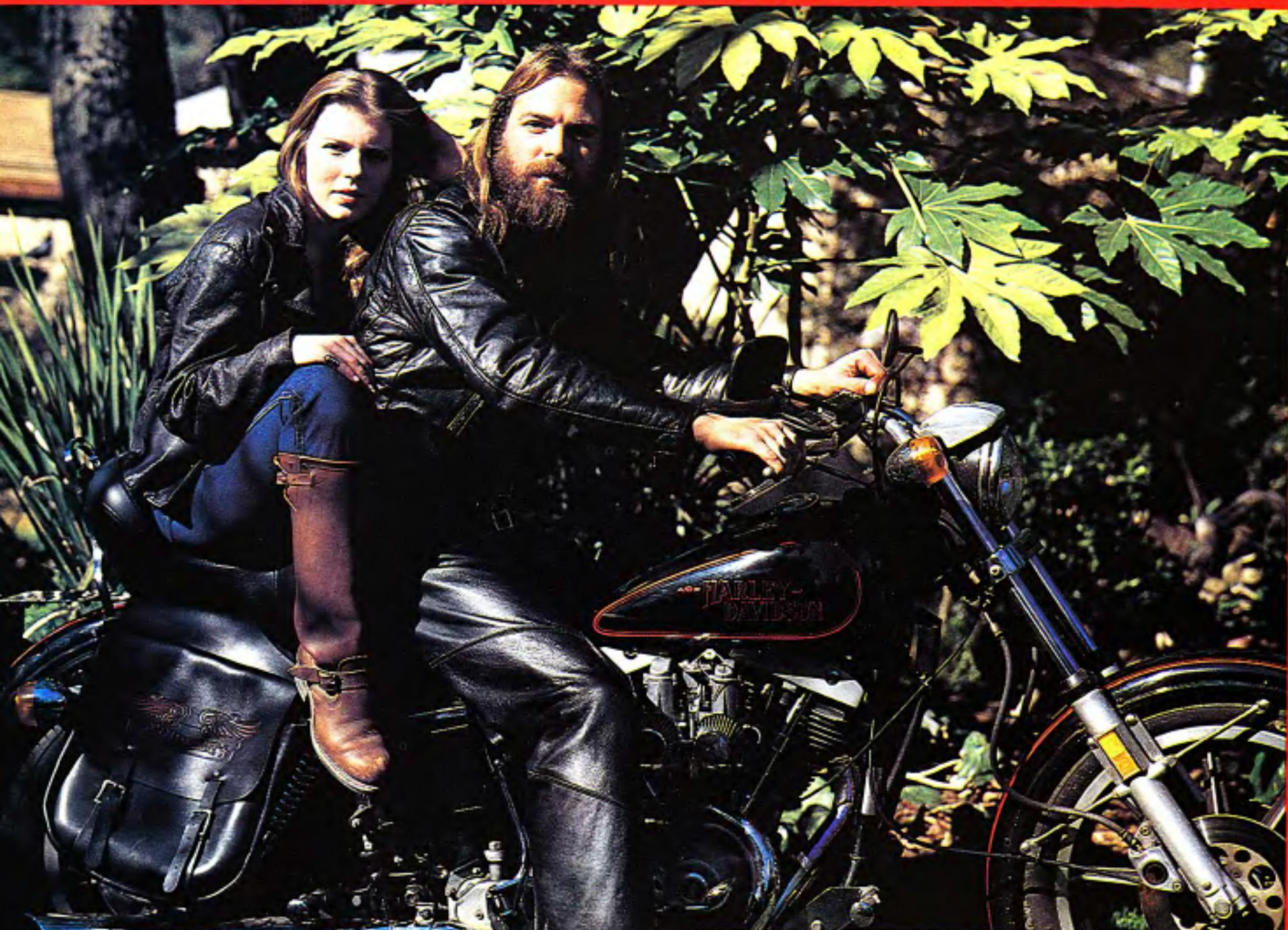
WITH LOVE

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.

NASTY FEET From EASYRIDERS

NOTHING COMES CLOSE!



You've picked your pleasures . . . the scooter, 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 pros at Chippewa. Add the largest selection of color and size available, from steel-toed 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, P.O. 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 _____

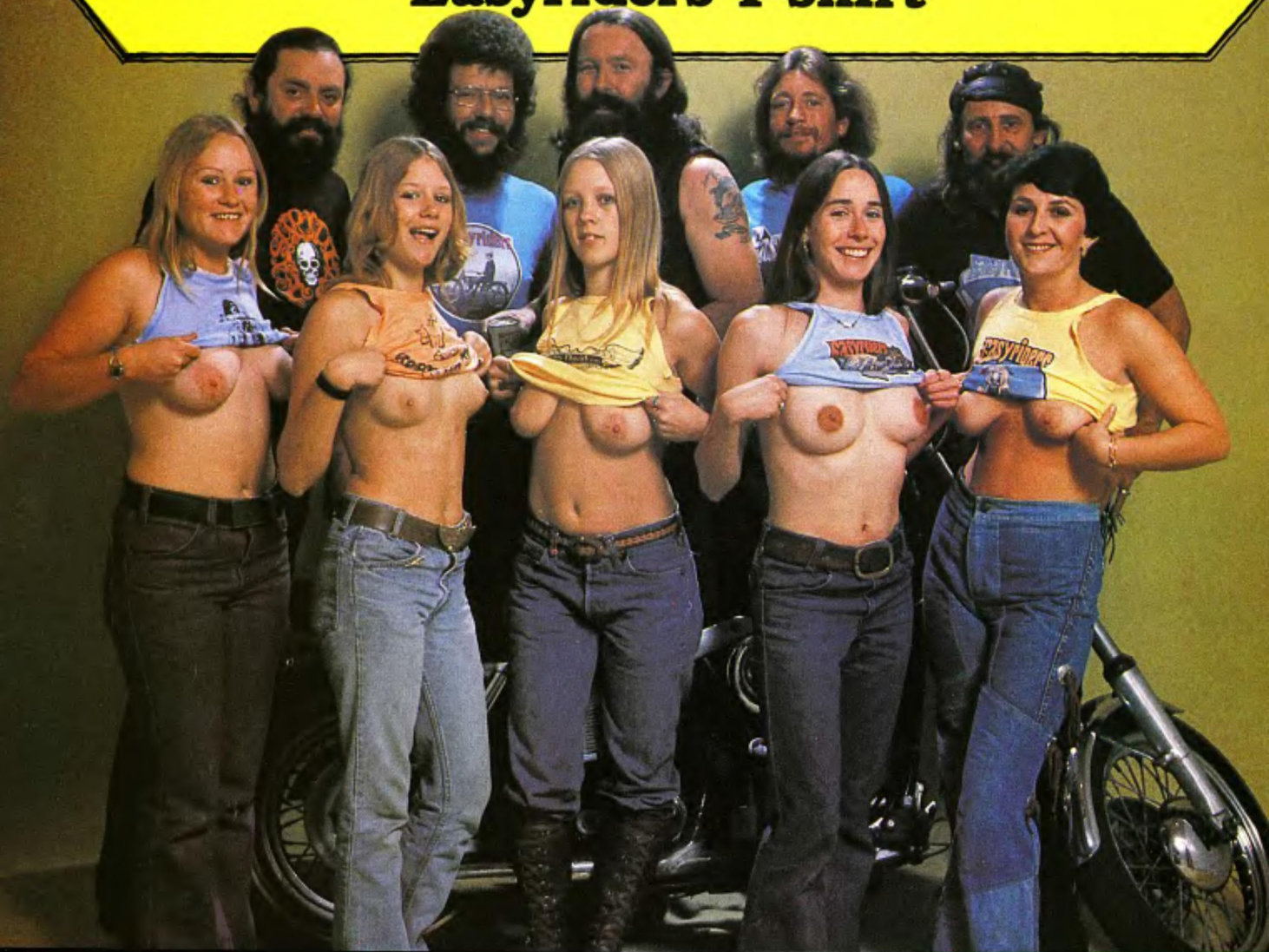
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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

Style See Photos	In Stock Sizes 8 1/2 9 9 1/2 10 10 1/2 11 D Width Only	Special Order Sizes—Allow 10-12 Weeks All other Sizes 6-14 B, C, D, E, EE Widths
A*	\$84.00	\$94.00
B*	\$84.00	\$94.00
C*	\$94.00	\$104.00
D*	\$94.00	\$104.00
E	\$104.00	\$114.00
F	\$104.00	\$114.00
G	In Stock Sizes Only — 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10, 10 1/2, 11, 11 1/2, 12 \$90.00 D Width Only	

Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.

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 sweetles he hangs out with.

Design

1



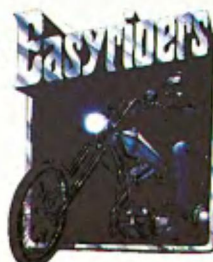
2



3



4



5



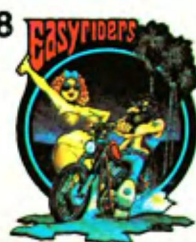
6



7



8

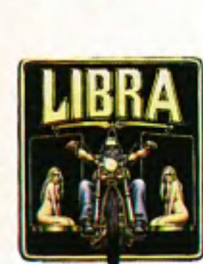
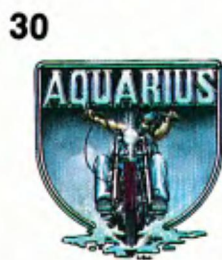
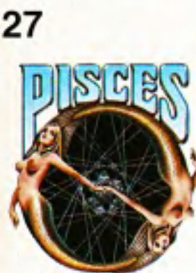
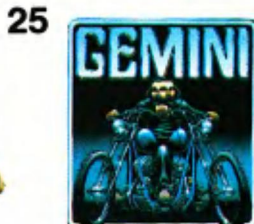
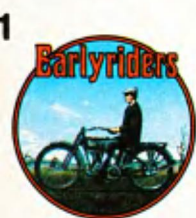
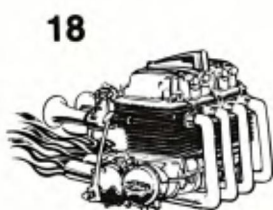


9



10





If you haven't got one of these T-shirts or Tit-tops, 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 \$7.95.

Postage: U.S. only, add 50¢ for each shirt. Canada add \$1 per shirt. All other countries add \$4.50 per shirt. Foreign orders: We can accept only International Money Orders payable in U.S. funds. Thank you.

Shirt "A"



- Gold
- Beige
- Blue
- Brown
- Black

Sizes S-M-L-XL

Shirt "B"



Sizes **Petite — Average**

Quantity	Design	Size	Type "A" or "B"	Color	\$7.95 each
Sub Total					
(California residents add 6%)				Plus tax	
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.

GIGANTIC

DAVE MANN POSTERS!

All sizes — 1½' x 2½'



M-7 "Run Heat"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-9 "Hollywood"



M-10
"Starburst"



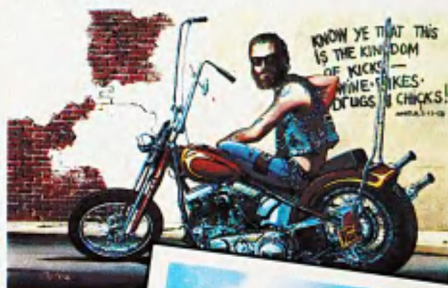
M-11
"Easyriders
Forever"



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"

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.

EASYRIDERS POSTERS,

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

Enclosed is \$_____ for the posters indicated below.

@ \$4.00 each. Four for \$12.95

U.S. \$1.00 on orders less than \$8.00; otherwise, postage paid. Canada add \$1.50 for orders less than \$8.00 and add 75¢ for each additional poster. Foreign add \$3.50 for each poster ordered.

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



M-12 "Country Style"

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. **Easysiders** 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 **Easysiders**, 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®. This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper—it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new 100-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the pros, pros, and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog U.S.A. \$3; foreign \$5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186 (119)

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

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

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

45 rider-collector club now in its 2nd year. 2- and 3-wheelers. Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Send \$15 for one-year membership; club newsletter and T-shirt sent to all members. Send to 45 Riders Club, P.O. Box 6044, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603. (120)

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. (120)

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)

Quality antique H-D saddlebags, seat re-covering. Custom chaps \$95. Free brochure. Leathershop, Box 65, Florence, Mass. 01060. (413) 586-6334. (112)

Doing time; another 4 1/2 years to go. Will draw your portrait from your clear, close-up photo (head and shoulders only). Send photo and \$10 (money order only) payable to "Joseph Roberge #C-31954 and Calif. Dept. of Corrections." Send them to Joseph Roberge, Box 2000, N-216-L, Vacaville, Calif. 95696. (120)

"The Tattooists" hardcover book! Color and black and white photographs of tattooists and their art. Featured in Easysiders. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." Tattoo News, \$36 plus tax. Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. (119)

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)

Karen: "Bullshit walks." I love you and want you and Kyle in the wind with me forever. (112)

Cash paid fast for old boots—engineer, western, Frye, etc. Any size, condition, even if not wearable. Chuck, Box 511, Altadena, Calif. 91001. (213) 797-0195. (112)

I'm not going to snivel about being in prison, though I am totally disgusted with thoughts and night moves of devoted Miss Thumb and her four boring daughters. Asking women to correspond, preferably with dancer characteristics or just plain sweet. Desperado on desolation row, age 27. Release date 10-10-84. Johnny "Cowboy" Nichols #C-29070, Box A-E, Rm. 2161, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-001. (112)

Midwest area only: White male, age 40, divorced, 6 ft. tall, 195 lbs., self-employed, gentleman biker, doesn't use drugs, social drinker only. Looking for a straight lady. Come ride my Super Glide. J.H.C., c/o Easysiders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (113)

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 ("Risqué"). 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)

To whom it may concern: World's Finest Tattooing Equipment® is the registered trademark of Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. Any other individual or tattoo supply firm using this trademark is in direct violation of the law and will be prosecuted in a court of law. If you don't believe it, try it. You won't like it. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (119)

Australian soldier/biker would like to hear from any biker or lady. Address all mail to Cpl 316074 M.J. Waixel, District Support Unit, Singleton Army Barracks, Singleton, New South Wales, Australia 2331. (112)

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)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (112)

Skinny old bastard with dreams seeks sensitive, ballsy bitch with grubstake money for fast-moving egalitarian/family future. Write Clyde Austin #15546, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764-0099. (112)

Ladies: Lonely white male, 19, looking for foxes to write. Pics a plus. Jim Moore, 1703 George Place, Southaven, Miss. 38671. (112)

My fuckup ol' man left on his scot and dumped me and two rugrats. Need ol' man 35-45 with scooter to ride in the wind. Serious, sincere, no clap, no prison fuckups. Pat (408) 730-5074. Sunnyvale, Calif. (112)

Restless riders! Fantastic new overseas job opportunities (short-term or permanent). Exotic people and places. Top dollars (\$20,000 to \$62,000). Call Anita Lucas (312) 274-9600, ext. 404. (112)

45-year-old white male prisoner, jazz musician, wants female pen pals. Richard Smith #23948, B-94, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071. (112)

Porno-lovers and wife-swappers. Write a fellow adulterer. James Moore #273638, Rt. 1, Box 150, Coffield Unit, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861. (112)

T-shirts from the home of the Harley. Black with eagle design, or grey with Milwaukee Iron print. All with our name on back. Specify size. Send \$9; we pay postage. Milwaukee Harley-Davidson, Inc., 6312 W. Fond du Lac Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53218. (112)

Buffalo Joe: Happy Birthday 12-11-82. Have a good one. I still love you. Dumpy. (112)

Real human skulls. Medical specimens. Legal title \$125, postpaid. Money orders only; one-month delivery. Guaranteed. Skulldugery, Box 16812, Portland, Ore. 97216. (112)

W/m. 33, blk. hair, green eyes, ex-marine and outlaw, looking for foxy ladies with sincere outlaw hearts to write, send pics, and visit. If living close enough. William Joseph Fountain, Jr. #74482, Box 500, Bks. 13, Grady, Ark. 71644. (112)

Meet sexy women nationwide: Call Tracy (312) 262-9800, Box 59238-ER, Chicago, Ill. 60659 (114)

Swingers accept singles! Wild swinging action for singles nationwide. Melinda (312) 274-9600, or write SSCD, Box 300-S, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (114)

Downed w/m. tattoo artist, needs letters and pics from serious, open-minded lady who likes to draw, travel, and share business, love, and fun. Stephen "Chip" Sowers #165619, Box 511, OPD, Columbus, Ohio 43216. (112)

Two Southern tramps down in Alabama. Going free in '83 and want to hook up with free-spirited ladies. If you have a heart and like to party, then send letters and flicks to J.L. Wood #115581, or Rickey Parrish #112650, Rt. 2, Box 37, Holman Station, Ala. 36503. (112)

Mexican and American ladies for dating, friendship. Photos, details, write Box 685-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (112)

Little Jesus: A damn good bro and true 100% Ride free. Your brother always. Wizard. (112)

Duke, in Westerly: Thanks for all the puts. I'll ride with you any time, any place. Keep yourself in the wind. Love. TAT. (112)

Exiles, important: Beast and Dirty Harry, contact Greg (815) 544-6620. (112)

"The Tattooists," oversized hard-cover book featuring interviews, color and black and white photographs of tattooists and their art. "A must for every fan." Tattoo News. "A bargain." Fetish Times. "In-depth exploration of tattoo art." Los Angeles Times. Send \$35, plus \$1 postage, to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. Calif. residents add 6% tax. Photographs featured in Easysiders. (118)

Tom: Riding beside you or packin' behind, there's no place I'd rather be than in the wind with you. Happy birthday, babe, 10-13-52. "Oh, What You Do To Me." Love. J.P. (112)

Boob II: It's been two years (7-29). I love you more than I ever thought possible. Maybe someday you'll believe in forever, too. Boob. (112)

Country: Happy birthday, babe. 7-6-57. The kids and I love you. Hope we're together always. Your ol' lady and rugrats. (112)

Tattoo artists: Huck Spaulding and his staff want to thank all you great people out there in the tattoo world for your support during 1981. We have lots of new equipment and products for 1982, made possible through you, our #1 customers. Don't miss our new 100-page color catalog. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (113)

Join the Rebel Breed of the Confederate States of America Motorcycle Gang. Send \$2 to Ronald Wallace, Drawer Q, Lima, Ohio 45802. (112)

Buffalo Joe: The time has come for you. My dreams have been yours are yet to be. My heart shall forever bleed for what I've done to you. But know this in your heart, my love, I'll always be your friend. Dumpy. (112)

Kathy: Happy 27th birthday, my lover, my friend, together until the end. Love, Jack. (112)

Surplus jeeps, cycles, trucks, and vans. Many items sell for under \$75. Call (312) 931-1961, ext. 5015, for information on how to purchase. (112)

Happy anniversary. Cisco and Bev, 8-18-82, from your loving bro, Monk. Say "hi" to everyone back in Baltimore. (112)

Keith Parker, Waco, Texas. Contact Kerbrat, Write S. Kerbrat, P.O. Box 2517, Bell Gardens, Calif. 90201, or call (213) 589-1209. Need to hear from ya, bro. (112)

Bart: To my best bro ever. Happy birthday 10-9-82, Willy, Freak Bros MC. (112)

Eli: How's Italy and family, bro? Stay free; see you in three. Write, Brewster. (112)

Downed bro, 27 years old, looking for that certain lady, 17-37, marriage-minded, honest, one-man woman. Send pic with first letter. Write today and let's get something going. Lee Gonzalez #303-029, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851. (112)

Swap meets: Aug. 22, I-70 Drive-In, K.C., Mo. (112)

Looking for old friends: Duncan (Mack) MacNichols and Roger (Dork) Pomerleau, call Larry (Hair Bear) Davis in North Carolina. (919) 875-4085. (112)

Biker looking for house mouse to take care of him, house, and bikes. Send pic to Nasty, 227 Gordon, Kirkwood, Mo. 63122. (112)

Here's to Silly's and Buffalo, the best biker bar and the best manager in the state of South Carolina. Thanks for the hospitality. Fat Bob. (112)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Trade secrets, valuable tips, tattooed women's photos, removing formulas. Expert instruction, illustrated. 72 pages, \$22.95. Tattooer, Box 242-Z, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (112)

Doing some time and could use some sweet female correspondence. Kenny Cardwell #30, C-34151, Box 3535, Norco, Calif. 91760. (112)

Joe Cool looking for word of Lynda Brooks, Linda Lou Zalinsky, and Debbie (Little Bit) Ross of Jacksonville Beach, Florida. Last seen working at Papa's, 537 West Church St., Apt. B, Ridgecrest, Calif. 93555. (112)

Happy birthday, Clanc. I love you. Your ol' lady, lover, and best friend forever. Love, Lynda Lee. (112)

W/I Scorpio needs Harley-riding ol' man with hairy face, unruly hair, over 30, and right attitude. No heavy drinkers or hard drugs. Kak V., 1818 E. Bell Rd., D116, Phoenix, Ariz. 85022. (112)

1%er locked down in Virginia. Be free in '83. Looking for a lady with all possibilities available. One picture says a thousand words. Dexter Dunbar #125096, SCC, Staunton, Va. 24401. (112)

Buckles Unlimited. Club logos. Free estimates. 401 S. 8th St., Colorado Springs, Colo. 80906. (112)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$2 brings photos. Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (112)

Accident? White male wants to hear from female casualties, especially chicks on crutches. Amputee welcome. Send photo; I'll reply. P.O. Box 214, Syracuse, N.Y. 13206. (112)

Half-breed Oklahoma Indian doing time in a Texas joint, desires correspondence with sincere ladies. Send photos, if possible. No flakes or assholes need reply. Orville Leigh #271460, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583-9015. (112)

Kentucky bro, w/m, 34, 5'8", 180, doing time: I'm lonely and need letters and photos from a sweet and sexy lady who cares. Ronnie Hightower #84213, KSR, Dorm 8, LaGrange, Ky. 40032. (112)

Snowbird, caged up for fifteen years, needs letters from carling bros and sisters. Please, James Smith, PMB #90563, Angola, La. 70712. (112)

Wanted: To buy single or all unavailable Easyriders back issues. Send offer to Dean Bystrom, 1548 E. 2nd St., Milan, Ill. 61264. (112)

You—yes, you: Do you want to get a strong, stable motorcycle gang together and "bustproof"? Send \$12.50 and get a cassette tape and other information on how to do it, brother. Tape, 4773 Chapel Square, Baltimore, Md. 21227. (112)

Leather: Saddlebags, \$39; chaps, \$79; plus more, including T-shirts. Free catalog, Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, Pa. 16041. (123)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Chris Romanowski, who was released from St. Cloud Correctional Facility in Minnesota on January 18, 1982, please contact Mary L., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (112)

Banding Bob (John): Get in touch, 543-2383 or 282-2161, Tenn. Debbie. (112)

Leah: I took you for a ride, now you're by my side; many days have passed without one single cast, and they call me Crash! Happy birthday. Your ol' man. (112)

Dinky Deardorf: Love you, thinking of you, miss you more than you know, babe. Call sometime, even if collect. Your ol' lady here on Stonedale Farm, Joan. (112)

Hollywood photographer needs hairy girls, 18-35, for the hairiest beaver contest. Send telephone number and three snapshots of your dark, thick, and bushy cunts to G.A.L. Productions, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (112)

One-Shot, get in touch. Grey Eyes. (112)

Biker in need of love. Looking for a good ol' lady 18-30 for a long relationship. I'm 29, 5'7", 160. I'm called B.J. Send a picture. I'll answer all. B.J. Barrett, P.O. Box 1821, Sioux City, Iowa 51102. (112)

Happy birthday Jim. 9-6-82. You're my heart, my soul, my life. Forever! I love you. Lanette (112)

The best in handmade-to-your-order leather chaps. \$175. For info send \$1 to Tim Broyles, RD 1 Hill St., Felton, Pa. 17322. (112)

Free information on low-cost tattooing outfits, instruction manuals. Bargain Tattoo Supply, Box 242-Z, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (112)

Confidential remail / forwarding service. Write for details. R&J Enterprises, 420 Pier Ave., Suite 138-1, Hermosa Beach, Calif. 90254. (112)

Tattoos: Lou's Tattoo in Fayetteville, N.C., featuring the finest in pattern and custom work available. Two shops to serve you, bright colors, sterile equipment. 2833 Bragg Blvd., (919) 484-9230; or 475 Hay St., (919) 483-1222. (114)

To my 1% scooter tramp, Dave. Hey, Miller, I'm loving you more than ever. As long as there's a place in your world for me, I'll be here. Thanks for sharing it. Happiest 26th ever. Your ol' lady, Dani, and David. (112)

Tattooing outfits, easy to learn with. Low cost, modern. Artist, Box 242-Z, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (112)

Mudd: Happy birthday, 8-3, to the lion who makes his swan happy, fulfilled, and content. You're the best and I love you. Wild Witch. (112)

Giant: I'll love you forever. I hope we are together by the time you read this and nothing will part us again. I need you to exist. You're my whole life. Love ya, Sprout. (112)

Wanna be able to remember the ol' lady when she's gone? Wanna still see those cute little things she did to you? Would you like pictures of yours and your bro's scoots and good times? Here's your chance. A special for-bikers-only deal. A genuine 35mm camera, with variable exposure, glass lens, and a hot shoe for flash, just 50 bucks, including certificates for 100 free rolls of Kodak film. Ya can't beat it with a stick. Send \$50 to Mansfield Photo Agency, 31220 La Baya, Suite 110, Westlake, Calif. 91362. (112)

Need scribes and flicks from ladies, Ricky Washburn #324324, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (112)

Lady, blonde, green eyes, 5'10", is looking for a professional, financially secure man who loves the wind, desert, mountains, ocean, a little rock, a little country, Budweiser, and good times. I've been the route, and would really dig a man who understands my life, wants, and needs, too, as I would his. I could and would be a great friend, partner, and who knows what else. Interested? All letters answered; please detail. Photo not necessary, but will exchange one for one received. KKC, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (112)

1946 80-inch flathead, looks stock. 12-volt generator, foot-shift, and magneto. \$3,500. (913) 887-6626. Topeka, Kansas. (112)

Lonely prisoner wants to hear from females who care. Tom, Box 6151, Minneapolis, Minn. 55406. (113)

Bob Teffetteller: Happy birthday, babe, 9-13-82. All my love, Michelle. (112)

Mature female desires vacation with Harley owner, share expenses, no drugs or alcohol abuse. Lives in Finger Lake area of New York. Information exchanged, Jean c/o Easyriders, Box 32, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (112)

Downed bro, 25 and 30, out soon, seeking marriage-minded ladies 18-35. Write with photo soon, Jonathan "Big" Mack #308111, or Tim Merriman #285945, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851. (112)

Dennis McDermott: Are you still coming home? Call me! I love you, Sam. (112)

Unc: Happy 8-18-34. You'll never know how much these two years have meant to me. They tried to keep us down, but didn't succeed. Let's keep putting! I love ya, Sil. (112)

Happy birthday, Wimp Lover, 6/27, from those still in the wind and still in God's saving grace. Kraut, Heidi, and Terria. (112)

Kodak color film—25¢ a roll any size, slides or prints. Why pay three or four or more dollars a roll for film to take on your next run? For \$25, we'll send you coupons for 100 rolls of fresh, in-date, genuine Kodak film, any size, when you use our processing at 40 percent off the retail price. Don't worry about film getting old or stale while your bike's down, and you've got nothing to shoot. Just send us the coupons as you need the film and we'll mail you factory-fresh rolls. Send \$25 for 100 rolls to Mansfield Photo Agency, 31220 La Baya, Suite 110, Westlake, Calif. 91362. (112)

Doin' time; need letters and photos from ladies 17-35. Will answer all who write. Robert McEwan #293419, and Don Pierce #323772, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (112)

Steve: Happy 22nd, babe, 8-26. I love you. Your ol' lady forever, Angie. (112)

Does your motorcycle club need custom-made patches? Embroidery to your specification by The Emblem Shop, 1139 Broadway, Anderson, Ind. 46012. (317) 643-5566. (112)

Tattooing supplies: Huck says, see our ad this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (119)

Tall, handsome, easygoing biker, 37, intelligent, educated, very active, independent, all-round nice guy, good job, nice home in the country, would like to meet an attractive, tall, slim, large-breasted young lady without children, who is honest, sincere, a hard worker, non-smoker, ready to settle down and start a new life. Write and send photo to Joe, 2307 Seminary Rd., Milan, Ohio 44846. (112)

College students! Improve your grades. Term paper catalog, 306 pages, 10.27\$ topics. Rush \$1 to Research, Box 25916ER, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. (213) 447-8226. (112)

Bear: Missed last year's. Sorry. Happy anniversary, happy birthday, I'll love you forever. Your Sugar Babe. (112)

Tattooing outfits, instruction manuals, at prices you can afford. Economy Tattoo Supply, Box 242-Z, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (112)

Wanted: Shovelhead basket or wreck w/tile. (312) 286-3899. (112)

Easygoing Sportster fanatic, 24 and lonely, seeks slim, long-haired, small-breasted lady any age to share good times. Must be honest, sincere, and affectionate. I am 6'2", 170 lbs., red hair, grey eyes, and financially secure. Send letters and pics to Mike, 523 Simpson St., Greensboro, N.C. 27401. (112)

Calling all southern California men! Independent one-man woman leaving this icebox called the Midwest and need special man to show me what California living is all about. I'm white, 32, 5'8", and 135 lbs., with good job. Looking for gentle, bearded, employed Harley rider over 6' and 180-plus lbs. to share living, loving, and riding (I'm riding my own rice-rocket, but saving for a Harley). Partying A-1, but no addicts, alikes, or 1-ers, please. Will consider another move from West L.A. for right man, but not to snow territory. Pix with address and phone numbers answered first. Bootsie, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (112)

Nutsy (Chuck in Canada): I miss you so very much. Need to hear from you. I love you so very much; please write or call. P.S. Lover (Chris in Florida). (112)

Doin' time; need letters from loving ladies, also flicks. Send to James "Trapper" Claxton #314-229, Darrington, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (112)

Satanic wizard, seeking to join group of practicing satanists. Also seeking satanic witch for relationship/marriage. Write to Lokl, 3703 Everton St., Wheaton, Md. 20906. (112)

European bros: Established club looking for bros interested in joining us and also starting new chapters in Europe. Not on power trip, or looking for punks. Must be at least 20 and white. Write to Preben Vestbjerg, Silkeborgvej 1, 6660 Lintrup, Denmark. (112)

Wild Bill's Tattooing, Roseville, Calif. By appointment only. (916) 783-9090. (112)

Rolling papers. Job 1.5. Harley-Davidson, E-Z Wider, \$11 per box of 24; 80 brands available. Send \$1 for price list. Paper Connection, Box 952, Albemarle, N.C. 28001. (112)

I'm down again till '83 and want a solid scooter-trash bitch who can take care of business. Danny Wing, Box 351, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (112)

In loving memory of my ol' man, Wolff, killed 5/20/81. I can't believe I've made it a year without you. Jamie and I will always remember you. You'll ride in our hearts forever. Your ol' lady, Melody. (112)

Lyon, butterfly kisses are forever. S.L. (112)

Hand-crafted leather. Saddlebags \$49.95, chaps, H.D. T-shirts, plus more. Free catalog. Karen, Box 69, Karns City, Pa. 16041. (112)

Oriental ladies want to write you. Cherry Blossoms, Honokaa, Hawaii 96727. (115)

Wanted: Issues one through fifteen of Easyriders. Pay fair price. Tel. (617) 345-6813. (112)

Biker down with a lot of heart. I've been around! Age 27, looking for a righteous woman to share life with, Michael Assidio #62867, Drawer N, Trenton, N.J. 08625. (112)

Lonely man wishes to meet righteous young lady for possible future relationship. Must like tennis, swimming, and the outdoors. Must be ready to live in the great Southwest. David Dauchy, Box 87, Menard, Ill. 62259. (112)

To those beautiful ladies in the following rag issues: #105, pg. 20, center of page; #108, pg. 40, two babes in lower left-hand corner; #109, pg. 20, lower left-hand corner and also pg. 24, center of page. If any of you are free, drop a line to this lonely tramp doin' time. Steve T., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (112)

Chris: Missed you real bad; glad you're back. I love you more than ever. Moner. (112)

Wife wanted for Bill Faor. Must be compatible and willing to help, quiet home life, small-town setting. Life task is H-D mechanic; hobbies are drag racing, some easy street riding, snowmobiling, and karate. Send photo with qualifications and statistics. Serious inquiries only. Bill Faor is 33 years old, Virgo with Capricorn rising. Other information on request. P.O. Box 362, Ingalls, Ind. 46048. (112)

New York-New England area. Small club looking for bros to start new chapters. Not out to rival other clubs, just looking for partys, reliable, trustworthy bros. No bullshitters or punks with attitudes. Must be at least 20, white, and ride H-D or Indian. Write to New Bros, P.O. Box 511, Coventry, R.I. 02816. (112)

27-year-old down bro would like to hear from some ladies who have their heads together and would be willing to make time a little easier for me. I'm six months short. Should be into good music, ridin', campin'. Include a flick. Benjamin Gastline #142452, Lock Box 500, Ionia, Mich. 48846. (112)

William "Willie" Russell, born April 5, 1982. May he ride forever free. Love. Tim and Judie. (112)

Jim "Snuffy": Happy birthday 9-13-82. I'll love you and ride with you forever. Your Harley honey, Vicki. (112)

Kid: You okay? She cares! I'm going to N.J. again, same place. H-D this time, Ma. (112)

Born to ride, David Matthew Miller, May 8, 1982. (112)

For sale: Lots in small towns. All have electricity. \$75 to \$600 each, some with houses, \$350 to \$4,500, also some small acreages. For complete pictures, maps, details on all property, send \$2 to "Owner." Box 1152ER, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57101. (112)

Riverside County: Biker running for U.S. Congress. Register to vote for Marc Wruble, Libertarian, and write to P.O. Box 523, Anza, Calif. 92306. (112)

Any ladies: I would like mail. I'm 270 lbs., 6', and white. Write James "Trouble" Cramer #80A-181, 900 Kings Highway, Warwick, N.Y. 10990. (112)

Cowboy, Good Ol' Boys MC: Through rain or storm or sleet, on sunny days, in boiling heat, till death do us part. I vowed to ride on chopper, dresser, or Super Glide. So I'll pack with you and we'll be free. I love you, Cowboy. Happy anniversary. Thunderbox. (112)

Brothers and sisters: The ol' man's pan is down. Help me help him bail it out. \$1 and sane brings you my best Kahlua facsimile recipe. Cissy, Box 231, Newport, Maine 04953. (112)

"Willie" Bruckner Davis, contact Vicci at 525 So. Vine St., Escondido, Calif. 92025. (112)

This is to one true bro, Night Prowler. Have a safe trip back east and to Germany, bro. You never let us down and were great to be with and party with. All the babes will miss ya. Keep cool, brother. Don't forget us. Your bros at Fort Ord. (112G)

Susan Barger, where did you go? You came and went like fresh-fallen snow. This is Blue Magic down in Fresno callin' you. We met in Apple Eddie's at the bar; you said you were comin' back to see me when you were done visiting your father. Please get in touch asap. Got some good news for you at (209) 266-0382 or 266-0832. (112G)

Tattooing Outfit: Complete with two points (outliner and colorer) plus four bright colors. Comes in handy carry case. Runs on two "AA" batteries. No electricity needed. Weighs only 9 oz. Use it anywhere. Pick up extra bucks or for fun, \$99.00 plus \$3.00 postage. Send money order only for \$102 to S&W Tattooing, P.O. Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (115)

Say, Christina: This is your ol' man. Please drop me a few lines. If anybody knows any info on Christina R. (Lovell) Walton, please send the info to Thomas Walton #403-84-3489, Drawer A, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. 66027. (112)

White male, 32 years old, 6'3", 200 lbs., brown hair and hazel eyes. Getting out soon and would like to hear from some women from Columbus, Ohio, or Knoxville, Tenn. Robin "Clint" Mayes #163-134, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216. (112G)

Jerry, if you read this, write me a letter, so I can find out where you are, Jon R. Clay, Nottingham Woods, Apt. 13, Oxford, Ala. 36203. (112G)

Kathleen Louise Aldridge of St. Louis, Mo.: Where have you gone? I would like to get in touch with you. If anyone knows her, or how or where I could contact her, please write Arville Duncan #331896, Box 16 (T-14), Eastham Unit, Lovelady, Tex. 75851. (112G)

Wanted: Complete rear-end section for trike setup, Jacques D., P.O. Box 246, Lake Hughes, Calif. 93532. (112)

For sale: \$38,000. Harley collector wishes to retire. Entire collection as package deal. 1949, 1961 trikes; 1939, 1942, 1947 45 solos; 1949, 1957, 1959 panheads; 1967, 1968 shovelheads. Many spare panhead, knucklehead, and flathead engines. Frames, transmissions, etc. Enough to complete ten more motorcycles, plus another tractor-trailer load of spare parts. Many N.O.S. items, chopper stuff too. Cherry leather saddlebags, seats, glides, springers, tanks, etc. For more information contact Snake, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (112)

Flathead 80 speed secrets. Complete guide to more power from your UL; includes catalog. \$6. KNS Cycle, Box 289, North Baldwin, N.Y. 11510. (112)

Talk to Dr. Ray and Dr. Donnie: Specializing in erotic rap. Need someone to air those mental fantasies to? Not sure how to explore those far-out thoughts? Feel like talking about what you never thought you could even mention? No rap too far-out. French, Greek, B&D, S&M, water sports, leather, and whatever. Any age, any race—but female only. Donnie Wingfield, Ray Hutchens, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (112)

Crazyman Tester: Happy birthday 9-4-82. I just hope I've made you as happy as you've made me. Thank you for making life complete. I love you! Your ol' lady, Marty. (112)

Sagittarius rides again, 38 years young, 5'11", 230 lbs. If you are 5'2" or shorter, any age to 35, and wish to ride behind me, but walk beside me for life, write to Gary Stueve, P.O. Box 847, Wrangell, Ark. 99929. (112)

Mike "Doc" Phelps: Where the fuck are ya? Gunduck, Shanley, Milley, The Snipe. "V3JFK" (112)

Jack Z.: We miss you, and we'll keep on lovin' you no matter what. Don't forget us. Love. Jennifer and H.R. (112)

Rick: We love you, miss you, and need you. Please come home. Eileen and the girls. (112)

If you like doin' 'ludes and fuckin' all night, you'll love The Burnt River Band's live swap meet album. Send a measly \$9 to Wild Turkey Productions, 13840 Sacramento, Cleveland, Ohio 44111. (112)

Russ: You're still an asshole! Peace and love. Bosco Schwendemann. (112)

Adrien: Happy birthday, sweet-heart. Will love ya always. May we spend many more together. Yours forever, Bobbi. (112)

Preacher, from Vancouver: Happy birthday 9-19-47. You touched upon my life. Unforgettable years of living, loving, and riding. Could your ol' lady hear from you or anyone who knows what's happening? I am going South. Love you. Dotty Farrar, Box 781, Fitchburg, Mass. 01420. (112)

W/m, 29, 5'11", 160 lbs., good-looking, would like to meet easygoing, attractive female for meaningful relationship. Ohio area. 21-35; send pictures. Richard, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (112)

Straight razors, Surgical steel, \$8 each, 2 for \$15, Traderjo (ER), Box 420, Folly Beach, S.C. 29439. (112)

\$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) 842-5000, ext. 7145. (112)

Wildman: Happy 30th birthday. You're 30 years young. You can still be mellow and married; you always were. Who'll be the one to turn to, or on, when you're old? Me. You're my one and only forever. Let's ride with the wind. I love you, Marie. (112)

Righteous ol' lady, white, age 32, just moved from Texas. Needs righteous ol' man, 30 or older, to share life with and apartment in Michigan. Please have Harley Classic dresser, Cynthia or Little Italian, 15025 Aubrey, Bldg. #3, Taylor, Mich. 48180. (112)

Dubby: Happy 11th anniversary 10-29. You still turn me on after all these years. I love you, Jan. (112)

To Biker: Ride on, baby. I'll love you forever. Don't forget me, or us. Love. Jo. (112)

Tattooing supplies: Huck says, see our ad this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®. Others your #1 tattoo supplier. We got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (119)

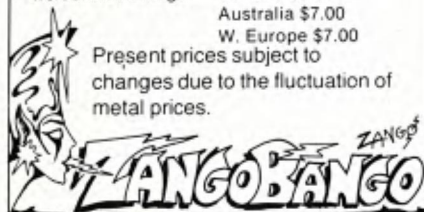
SOLID STERLING SILVER



Send money order or cashier's check (Calif. residents add 6% tax). Add \$3.00 for postage & handling in USA. Goods sent airmail, 1st class, insured. Custom & club inquiries welcome. Postage — Canada \$5.00

Australia \$7.00
W. Europe \$7.00

Present prices subject to changes due to the fluctuation of metal prices.



P.O. Box 146, Hermosa Beach, Calif. 90254

Sterling Silver



Actual size 3 1/4" long

Harley Pins

100% Sterling Silver, with pin or prongs on the back. You can get these great pins for only \$25.00 (this includes postage and handling).

Send check or Money Order to:

T-SHIRTS ENTERPRISES

P.O. Box 112, Chatsworth, CA 91311

*Please specify pin or prongs on the back.



Harley-Davidson
& Indian Motorcycle
Reproduction, New
old stock, replacement
parts & accessories.

New & Used Parts —
Restoration — Exporting
Send \$5.00 for 150-page
Vintage Parts Catalog.
Foreign \$12.00 (air mail).
Send \$3.00 for Used Parts Catalog,
foreign \$5.00 (air mail).

M.F. Egan's Vintage Motorcycle

P.O. Box 738
Los Alamitos, CA 90720 USA

(213) 596-6241

Biker Quiz

Continued from page 23

(30) Do you like your coffee:

- ☐ a. Black.
- ☐ b. Light and sweet.
- ☐ c. Iced.
- ☐ d. Irish.

(31) (Ladies only):

- ☐ a.
- ☐ b.
- ☐ c.
- ☐ d.

Sorry, I see there are no ladies present. Next question.

(32) Pick your most memorable childhood disease.

- ☐ a. Measles.
- ☐ b. Chickenpox.
- ☐ c. Clap.
- ☐ d. Mumps.

(33) If you had only \$5.00 left, would you spend it on:

- ☐ a. Beer.
- ☐ b. Horses.
- ☐ c. Drugs.
- ☐ d. All the above.

(34) Your best subject in school was:

- ☐ a. English.
- ☐ b. Math.
- ☐ c. Gym.
- ☐ d. Extortion.

(35) Which country do you hate?

- ☐ a. Iran.
- ☐ b. Russia.
- ☐ c. Cuba.
- ☐ d. All the above.

(36) Which is your favorite holiday?

- ☐ a. Valentine's Day.
- ☐ b. Martin Luther King's Birthday.
- ☐ c. Groundhog Day.
- ☐ d. None of the above.

Easyriders



"You dumb bastard, I said sit!"

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.

COLLECTORS OF PIN-UP PHOTOGRAPHY

1 sample color photo
and catalog - \$2.00

Dreaming sets of lovely
young women. Special-
ty sets featuring sexy
panties, sheer bras, sexy
garters, etc. and stock-
ings.

PM CORPORATION

P.O. Box 33326A • Decatur, GA 30033

WORLD WAR II SOUVENIRS

ORIGINAL JAPANESE
\$20 (275)
ORIGINAL JAPANESE
\$15 (12.75)
ARISAKA
\$30 (12.75)
RAYONET
NO LINER (1W LINER)
DELIVERY CHARGE
IN PARCEL POST



ALSO: GERMAN WWII and Civil War items
The COLLECTOR'S ARMOURY, Inc., Dept. ER
800 SLATERS LANE, ALEXANDRIA, VA 22314

TATTOO REMOVING

WITH THE TATEX METHOD
The Chemical "Do-It-Yourself" Kit

WITHOUT PAIN,
NEEDLES OR
UGLY SCARS

The TATEX METHOD will remove any
tattoo, regardless of age! Use safely in your
home.

ASK FOR FREE FOLDER NO. C

TATEX LTD.

P.O. BOX 494 • PICKERING, ONTARIO L1V 2R7

FREE CATALOG!!!

Write today for Adam & Eve's all new 1982/83
catalog! Condoms by mail, sexy lingerie, sizzling
sex books, and dozens of exciting products to im-
prove your sex life. Finest selection of adult pro-
ducts in America. Send your name and address to:

Adam & Eve, P.O. Box 900,
Dept. ER-47, Carrboro, NC 27510.

WIND 8 IS NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE



Back issues of the other *Wind* mags are still available. Just fill out the coupon.

In *The Wind* #8 from the pages of *Easyriders* and *Iron Horse*. Great new photos of bikes, women, partyin', more women, drinkin', and more women. *Wind* #8 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.

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			
In The Wind #8	\$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.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____

Sub
Total \$ _____
Calif.
Tax 6% _____
Total \$ _____

For A Few Measly Bucks, This Cap Does Three Things For Ya!

1. Keeps your 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.)

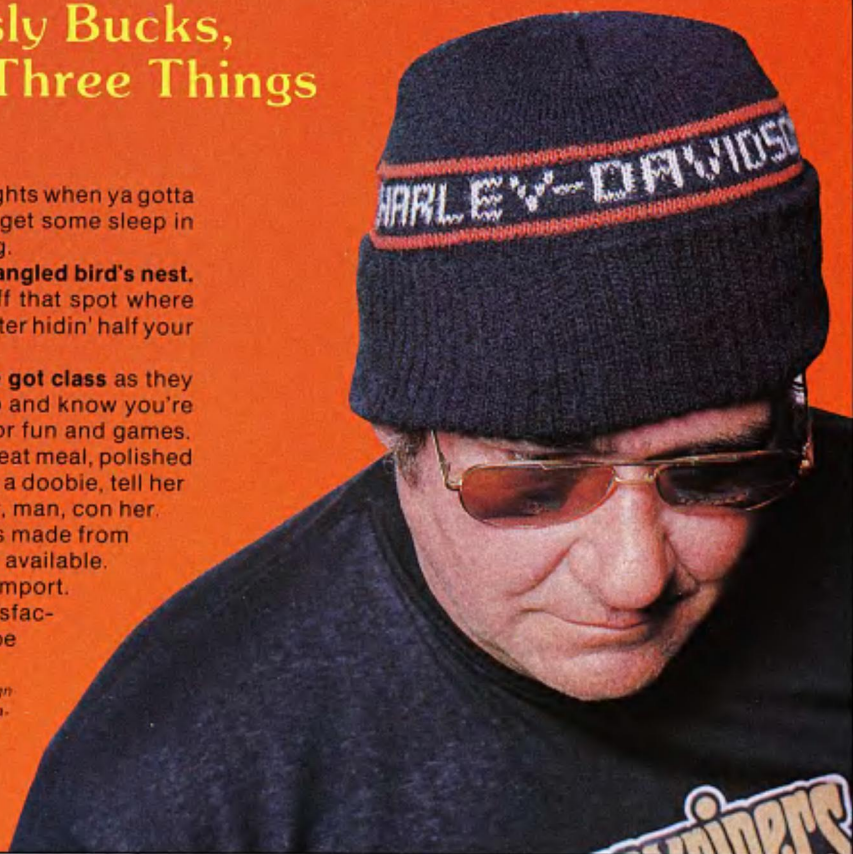
3. Keeps people rememberin' you've got class as they flash on the Harley name on the cap and know you're no wimp who rides a Sears moped for fun and games.

Remember, after she's fixed ya a great meal, polished your scooter, given ya a 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.

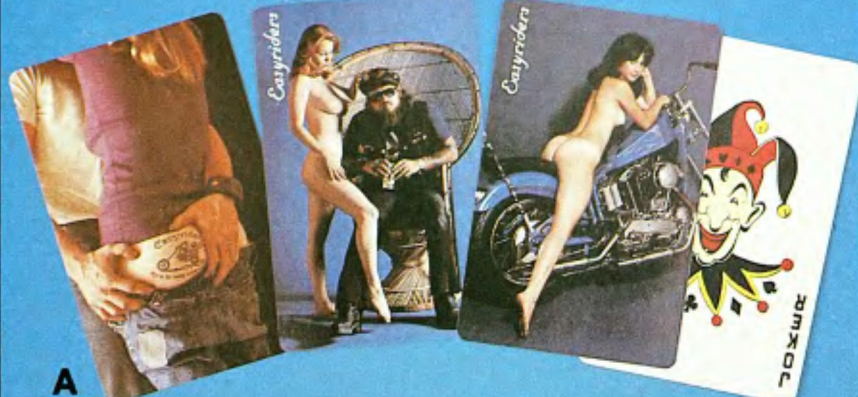
Only \$5.95 plus 75¢ postage. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded.

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.



PAISANO PRODUCTS
Post Office Box 1025
AGOURA, CALIFORNIA 91301

Easyriders' Stuff!



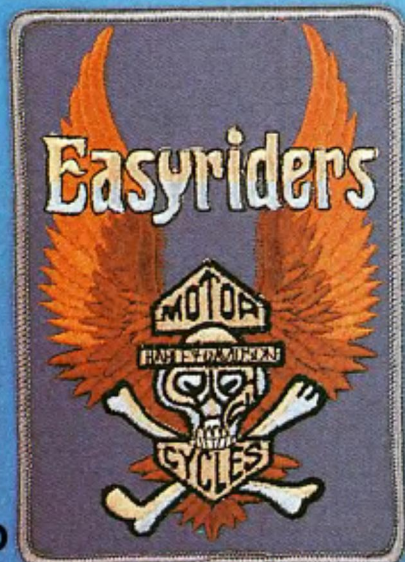
A

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 \$

(37) Do you:

- ☐ a. Borrow money.
- ☐ b. Give away money.
- ☐ c. Steal money.
- ☐ d. Print money.

If you answered b. or d., get in touch with L. Ray Raimonda, c/o Miraculous Mutha, as soon as possible.

(38) Have you been:

- ☐ a. Married.
- ☐ b. Married and divorced and married and divorced and married and divorced and. . .
- ☐ c. Living with someone.
- ☐ d. Living with a lot of someones.

(39) When someone gets you a cruddy gift, do you:

- ☐ a. Spit in his face.
- ☐ b. Give it back as a gift.
- ☐ c. Accept it with a smile.
- ☐ d. Give it to the dog to play with.

(40) Your bedtime is:

- ☐ a. 9:00 p.m.
- ☐ b. 2:00 a.m.
- ☐ c. Every other 2:00 a.m.
- ☐ d. When you get lucky.

(41) The neighbor's kid just released your custom chopper down the hill. Do you:

- ☐ a. Release him after it.
- ☐ b. Commit hara-kiri.
- ☐ c. Take the neighbor's house and wife in trade.
- ☐ d. Laugh it off.

(42) There'll never be another:

- ☐ a. James Dean.
- ☐ b. Knute Rockne.
- ☐ c. Bozo the Clown.
- ☐ d. Jimmy Carter.

Hint — a. and d. are acceptable.

(43) Complete the following. I like to:

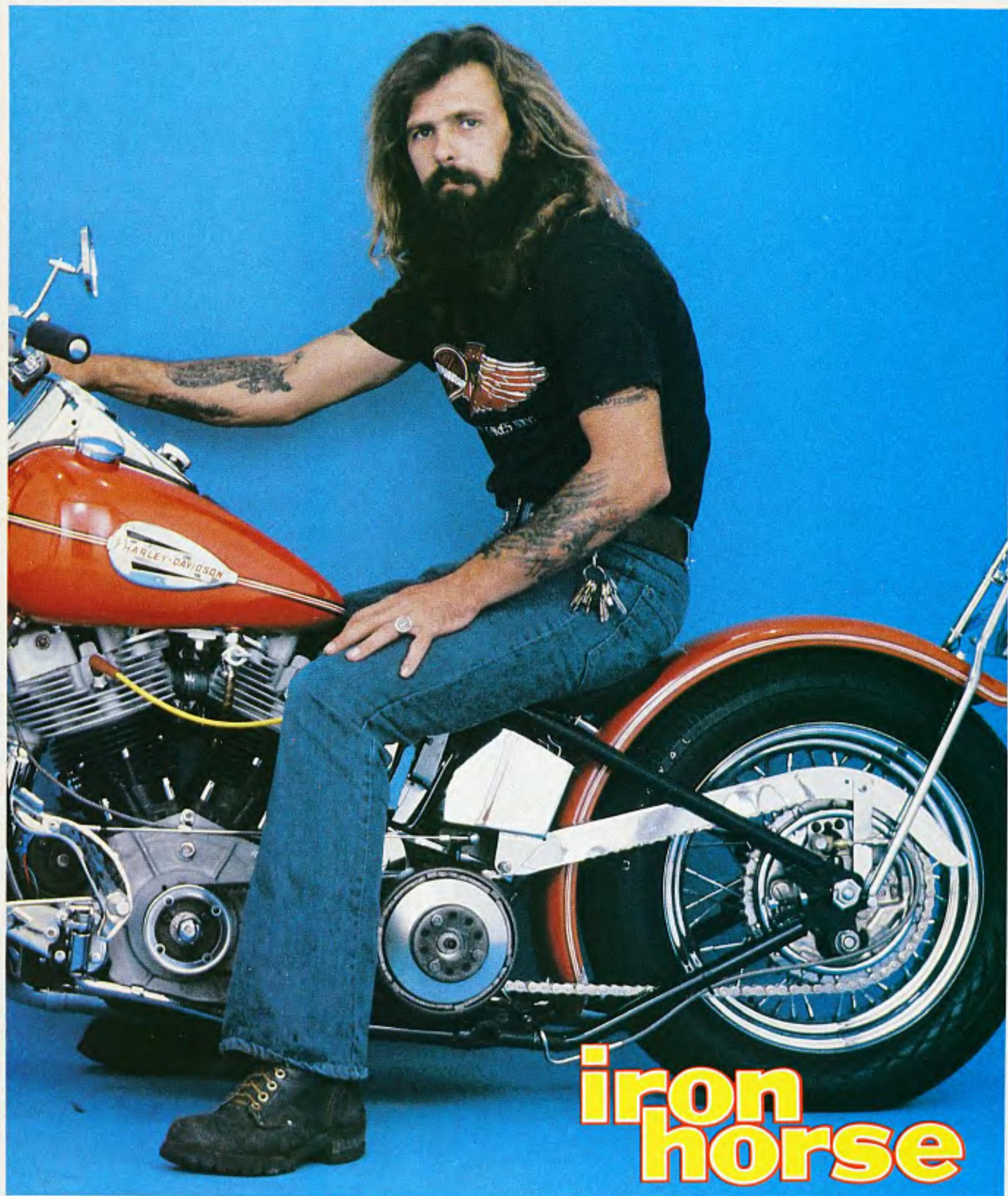
- ☐ a. Collect stamps.
- ☐ b. Ride my bike.
- ☐ c. Putter in the garden.
- ☐ d. Sing in the choir.

This ought to thin out the crowd.

(44) How many tattoos do you have?

- ☐ a. None.
- ☐ b. One.
- ☐ c. A lot. (More than one.)
- ☐ d. One big one — all over my body.

**Discover Why *Iron Horse* Magazine Is
Second-Largest Selling Newsstand
Motorcycle Magazine (*Easyriders* Is First!)
All Types Of Bikes Are Featured
Check Out A Copy — On Sale Everywhere!**



LOW-COMPRESSION HOG PISTONS

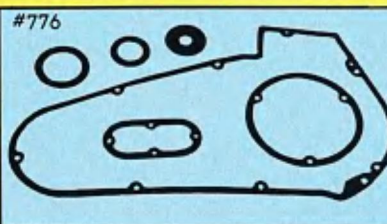
#777



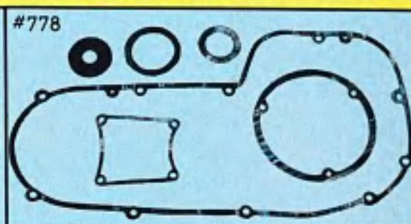
Low-compression pistons made for low octane gasoline. Save that old pan or early shovelhead. These 74 pistons are manufactured exclusively for High Pockets by one of America's leading piston makers. They can be ordered 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, or 60 over bore. Complete with high-quality piston rings, wrist pins, and lock rings. Shipped only in pairs. \$128.00 total includes shipping in the continental U.S.



Buy American



#776



#778

RECYCLABLE RUBBER GASKETS

Recyclable primary cover, gas cap, and oil bag gaskets made from neoprene rubber. Primary cover for all Hogs 74s and 80s from '65 to present, including R&T series.

Completely owned and operated by scooter people.

ORDER FORM



Order today from:
HIGH POCKETS
Box 294
Cypress, Calif. 90630

- ☐ H.P. #776 \$ 10.00
☐ H.P. #777 \$128.00
☐ H.P. #778 \$ 10.00

NAME _____

Shipping Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Calif. add 6% sales tax. Canadian and foreign (APO and FPO) orders add an extra \$3.00 for postage. International Money Order or money order payable in U.S. funds.

Limited Edition Personally Signed and Numbered

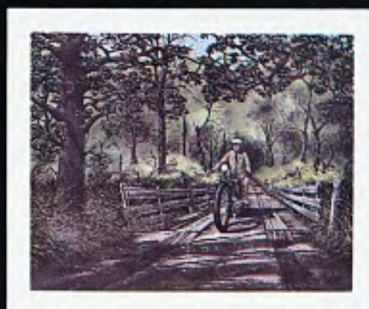
(only 300 of each print — no more will be printed)

Dave Mann Prints

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 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 — \$62.50 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. (COD's accepted with \$25.00 down, balance upon delivery — you pay COD charges.) We'll pay all costs of shipping and handling for money orders.

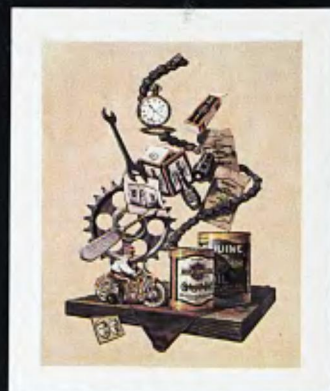


A. 29" x 24 3/4"



C. 29" x 24 3/4"

GREAT XMAS GIFT.



B. 30" x 23 3/4"

Mackenzie Company

Box 29,
Calabasas, California 91302

(45) Is your hair:

- ☐ a. Short.
☐ b. Long.
☐ c. Everywhere, from the eyebrows down.
☐ d. For sale.

(46) Have you been arrested for:

- ☐ a. Possession of drugs.
☐ b. Indecent exposure.
☐ c. Influencing the morals of a minor.
☐ d. All the above. Several times.

(47) Do you spend more time on your:

- ☐ a. Job.
☐ b. Machine.
☐ c. Personal development.
☐ d. Girlfriend. (On to be taken literally, here.)

(48) Instead of living with your folks, would you rather:

- ☐ a. Roustabout.
☐ b. Join the army.
☐ c. Live in a sewer.
☐ d. Blow your brains out.

If all answered Yes — I'm with you.

(49) (Girls only): Do you:

- ☐ a. Like it Greek.
☐ b. Like it oral.
☐ c. Like it straight.
☐ d. All the above.

If you answered a., b., c., or d., get in touch with L. Ray Raimonda, c/o Miraculous Mutha, as soon as possible.

(50) Your mind is usually:

- ☐ a. Hazy.
☐ b. Confused.
☐ c. Borderline.
☐ d. Would you repeat the question?

Not much of a choice, I agree.

To find your score, turn to page 85



"Do you want to jot that number down?"

More Easyriders' Stuff!



Send Your Order To:
Easyriders, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
A	Best Bikes	\$3.95	\$5.00	\$11.00			
	SOLD OUT						
	SOLD OUT						
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 _____ Sub Total \$ _____
Address _____ City _____ Calif. Tax. 6% \$ _____
State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____ Total \$ _____

Build

Our 1982 Jammer project bike is one of the most talked-about scoots we've ever built. Everyone seems to relate to the good-lookin, go-fast image that our parts have given this beauty.

Since we've already received countless photos of similar bikes patterned after ours, how about lettin' us turn you on to some of those great Jammer products that make this bike, and thousands of others like it everyone's favorite!

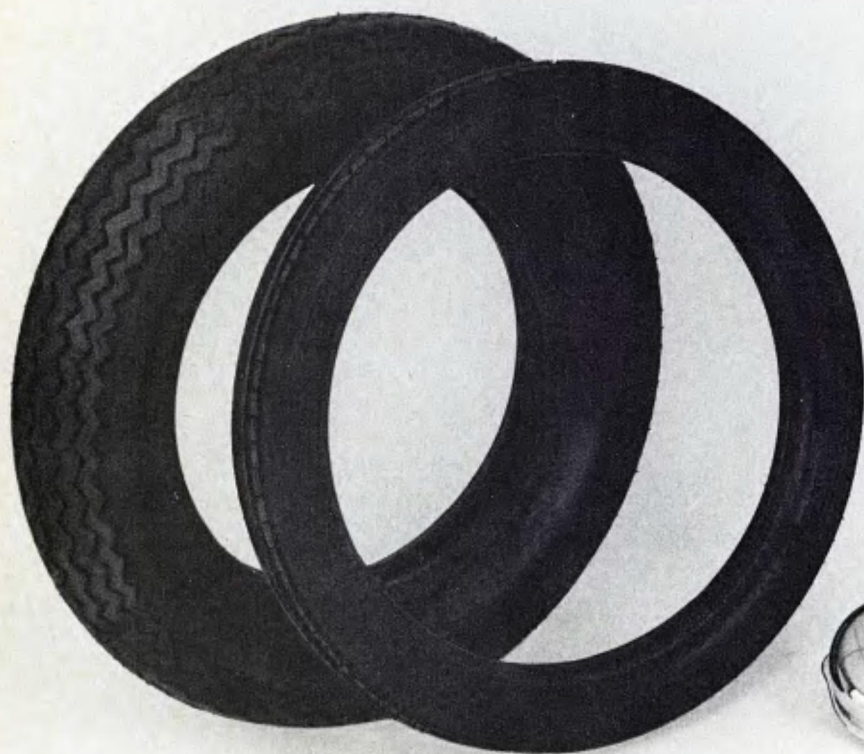


Yours With Ours!



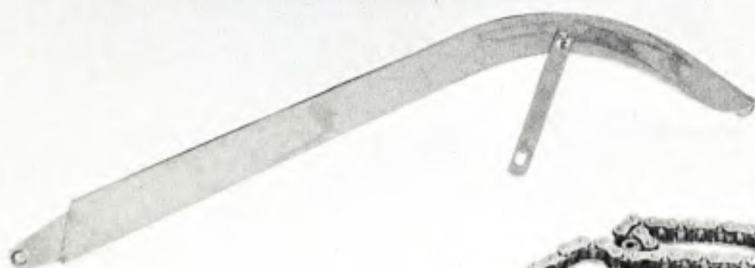
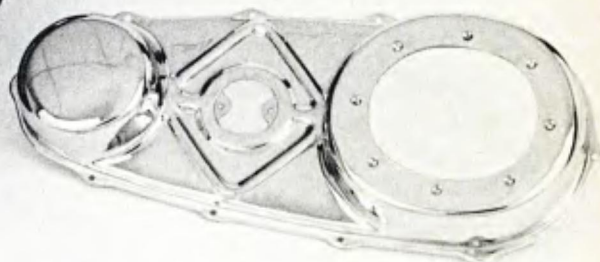
**How To Get 'Em
(See Page 123)**

Five gallon split tanks #36022/\$136.50, Original style bobbed fender #74012/\$41.95, Round 21" sissy bar for bobbed fenders #83015/\$59.95, Taillight & license backing plate #9207/\$7.25, Chromed license plate frame #9308/\$3.50, Cat's eye oval taillight #9205/\$21.95, Ride-to-live, live-to-ride solo seat #117021/\$41.95, Bolt-on solo seat mounting bracket for rigids #117033/\$21.95, Pair of chromed 3" solo seat springs #11703/\$7.40, Chromed universal seat bracket #11706/\$5.25, 11mm belt drive unit for 1965 & later kickstart 74s, 80s & big strokers #143064/\$204.75.

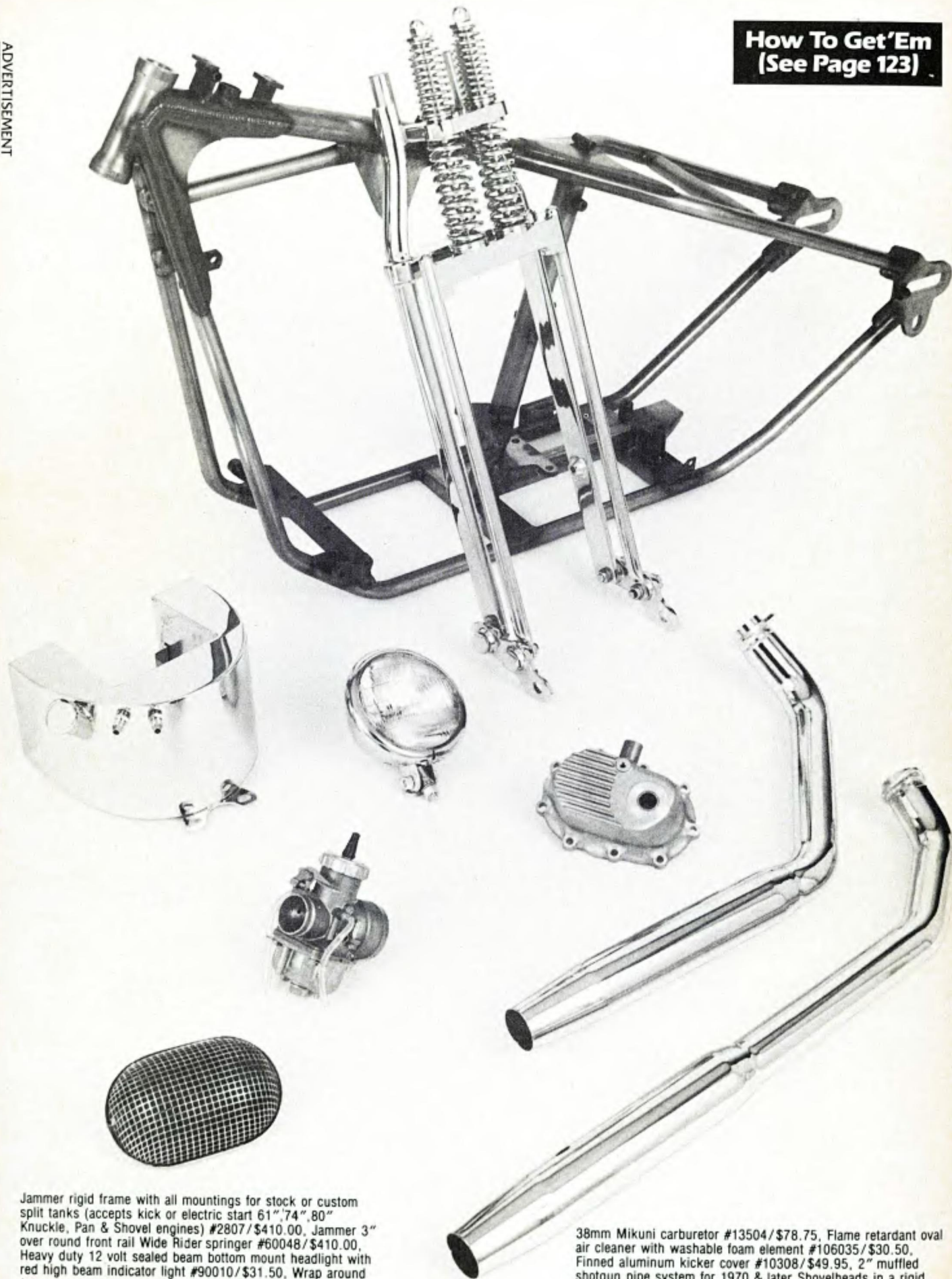


Arco rear tire, 5.00x16 #73011/\$76.75, Avon Speedmaster front tire, 3.00x19 #72054/\$45.50, Show chromed steel diamond primary cover #10501/\$69.95, Bolt-on rigid frame chain guard #12001/\$20.95, Jiffy kickstand with flattened base for extra support #15504/\$40.95, Nickel plated 530x100 chain #145036/\$46.50.

How To Get 'Em (See Page 123)



**How To Get 'Em
(See Page 123)**



Jammer rigid frame with all mountings for stock or custom split tanks (accepts kick or electric start 61", 74", 80" Knuckle, Pan & Shovel engines) #2807/\$410.00, Jammer 3" over round front rail Wide Rider springer #60048/\$410.00, Heavy duty 12 volt sealed beam bottom mount headlight with red high beam indicator light #90010/\$31.50, Wrap around four quart side fill oil tank (kickstart only) #3702/\$99.95,

38mm Mikuni carburetor #13504/\$78.75, Flame retardant oval air cleaner with washable foam element #106035/\$30.50, Finned aluminum kicker cover #10308/\$49.95, 2" muffled shotgun pipe system for 1970 & later Shovelheads in a rigid frame #150020/\$109.95.

Build Yours With Ours!

Our 1982 Jammer project bike is one of the most talked-about scoots we've ever built. Everyone seems to relate to the good-lookin, go-fast image that our parts have given this beauty.

Since we've already received countless photos of similar bikes patterned after ours, how about lettin' us turn you on to some of those great Jammer products that make this bike, and thousands of others like it, everyone's favorite!



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. funds.

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. Silkscreened 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.



PAISANO PRODUCTS

Box 1025
Agoura, Calif. 91301



Lockdown

Continued from page 50

mean it. Listen to what the executive director of the Connecticut Humanities Council has to say: "He or she will be able to experience everything — we're going to lock that philosopher up."

See? The man means business. Does that sound like the comment of a comedian to you? What? You say it's the first thing that made you smile this week? Really? Well, maybe you're right. It does sound like some kind of joke, after all. Not the kind of joke you split your sides laughing over, more like the kind that makes you groan at the punch line — like when the stripper rips off her top and turns out to have more hair under her arms than in her crotch.

DECISIONS, KITES, AND NEWS

Shoot To Kill

Rep. Mario Biaggi (D-N.Y.) has introduced a bill that would tack one to ten years onto the sentence of anyone caught wearing a bullet-proof vest or soft body armor of any sort while committing a crime.

"Criminals have long acted with virtual impunity," Biaggi said. "We should be fighting their efforts, not assisting them."

Juvenile Joints

About 480,000 juvenile offenders in the U.S. are currently locked up in adult facilities. In addition to contributing to discipline problems and overcrowding, they also run a strong risk of not completing their sentences alive and intact. They have, in fact, a suicide rate eight times higher than that of juveniles in separate facilities and non-incarcerated juveniles.

Responding to this, Congress, in 1980, passed a law requiring that all juveniles in custody be removed from adult facilities by 1985. As a first step in implementing that requirement, the Justice Department has given 17 institutions throughout the country grants totaling \$3.8 million to develop pilot programs for the release or relocation of locked-up kids.

Though the amount of money being spent isn't enough, by itself, to make much of a dent in the problem, the Justice Department hopes the programs developed will serve as examples for states and counties to follow in their attempts to comply with the 1980 statute. ■

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.

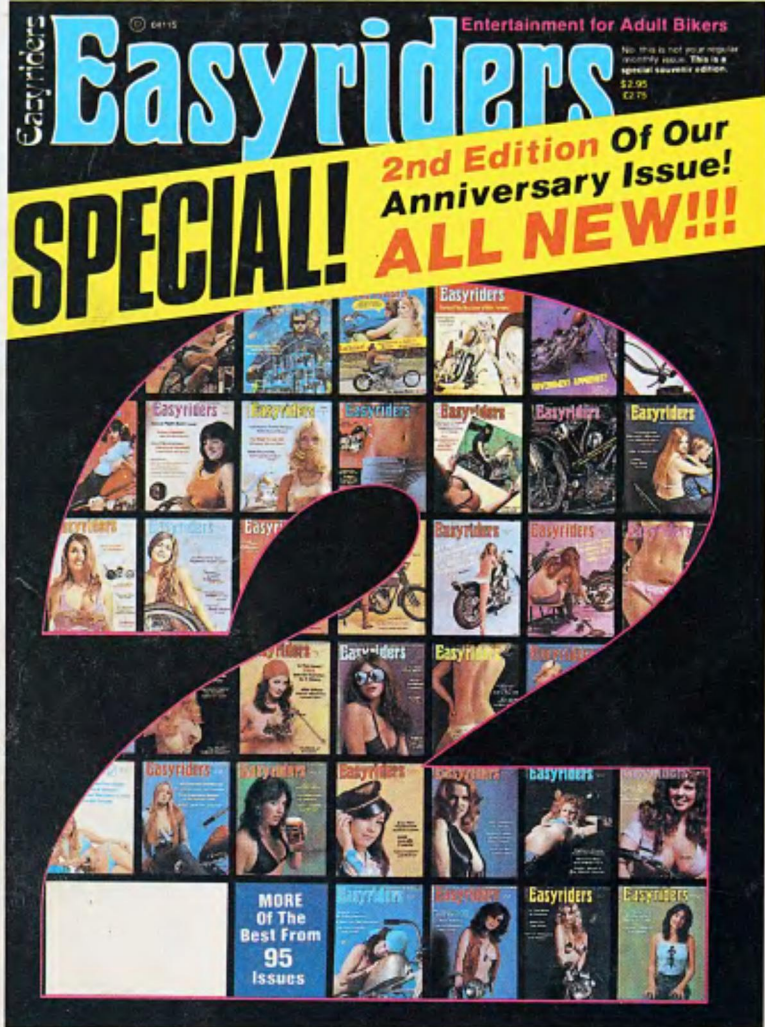
H.R.E. P.O. Box 1000, Westminster, CA 92683

Everything For Ridin' Hard

The parts, the bikes, the women . . . we've got 'em all! Start your season off with a trip to your nearest motorcycle dealer or accessory shop. He's got Jammer's Handbook #12 for you and lots of our famous stock, show and go-fast winners right there in the shop.



There's also your local newsstand. If he's sold out, mail \$3.95 (includes a buck for postage) to us at Jammer Cycle Products, 801 (ER) S. Main St., Burbank, CA 91506.



When we finished the 10th anniversary issue of *Easyriders*, we found that we had too much righteous material left over — after all, it was ten years of the best shit we had published.

So we put all the great stuff that remained into a *second* issue — another best of ten years.

Not to confuse the two, we call it the *Easyriders Special*. We promise you it's as good as the first.

EASYRIDERS SPECIAL **ON SALE NOW OR BUY DIRECT**

from Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 1025, Agoura, California 91301. Just send \$3.00, check or money order, plus \$1.00 for postage, if mailed within the continental United States. Add \$2.00 if mailed to Canada, and \$7.00 for (air mail) foreign postage.

(Blame the post office for that!)

(California residents add 6% sales tax.)