

Easyriders

Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

\$2.00
July 1982
£1.50



1972 Cover Biker

**Vote For The
Ol' Lady Of The Year!**

**Fun And Games
In Florida**

**Gettin' In Shape
For Summer!**



Drag Specialties... Where the EAGLE Soars to New Heights



A total commitment to you, the rider, with the ultimate in craftsmanship and innovation. The flight to these new heights begins with the following accessories. **A.** D.S. chrome covers with our exclusive gold anodized V-Twin Eagle Emblem, battery, 17.55-24.85; air cleaner, 38.95; derby cover, 16.99; point cover, 7.49; headlight visor cover, 12.70. **B.** Sundance™ driver pegs for FX-WG, 59.95. **C.** Show chromed Buckhorn handlebars, 23.99. **D.** Baron™ license plate lite bars (2) sizes, 97.95. **E.** D.S. exclusive chrome handlebar control components, 9.95-59.95. **F.** Custom FX seats, 77.95-198.80. **G.** Deluxe gas cap w/ or w/o vent & our V-Twin Eagle emblem, 12.45. **H.** Gold anodized V-Twin Eagle emblems w/adhesive back, 3 sizes, 2.95-9.95. **I.** Chrome lowrider style mirrors plain or scrolled, 9.20-12.25. **J.** Chrome taillight visor, plain or w/24K gold plated wing emblem, 6.15-13.50. **K.** Exclusive chrome tin primary cover for FXE, 99.95 & chrome derby covers plain or w/24K gold plated wing emblem, 7.15-12.25. **L.** '82 XL sissy bar, 55.70-71.70; Carlini custom seat '79-'82 XL, 77.95; 'M' pipes for '82 XL, 3 styles, 94.55-99.95. **M.** Chrome chain guard '82 XL, 22.50. **N.** Motormount Hiway bar '82 XL, 49.15-53.80. **O.** Chrome battery cover '82 XL plain or V-Twin eagle emblem, 12.05-20.55. **P.** Swing arm light mount w/ or w/o Baron™ light for FX-FL, 16.95 pr.-36.50 set. **Q.** Drag Specialties 1982 exclusive accessory catalog, 3.00.

Premiering in May is our new 1982 Drag Specialties catalog. 112 pages of exclusive accessories. Available for \$3.00 at any of our 8,000+ dealers worldwide. (If ordered from us, add \$1.00 handling charge.)



DRAG SPECIALTIES™
finer accessories for all motorcycles

P.O. Box 9336, Dept. E2, Minneapolis, MN 55440

Baron, Quickbob and Sundance are claimed trademarks of Drag Specialties, Inc.

Dragard is a claimed trademark of Black & Sterling, Ltd.

These suggested retail prices may vary, in regard to freight & shipping costs, depending on your geographic location.



Copyright © 1982 by Drag Specialties, Inc.



Easyriders

Number 109

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Spider picks up on little-known news	5
Praised and grazed by the readers	6
A bro and his rat, back after ten years	12
Puttin' painter has a vested interest	18
A photo stroll through Daytona's bars	20
Simplified chart for exact hole shots	26
Insane idea of a weekend warrior	28
Road vet has a rough day in the desert	30
Seven years of sweat went into his pan	32
A tribute for a fallen Blues Bro	41
Examining the latest in biking news	43
Possible tip on court case malpractice	47
Horrific jokes to make ya gag	48
Farout forecasts for Cancers	50
Squeezin' out an earned-burn payback	52
Females are gettin' ready for the summer	54
Ridin' bros are shown In The Wind	58
Beautiful refurbished knuck from Vegas	66
It's time to pick the ol' lady of the year	72
Chick recalls a super-heavy night	74
Canned Heat's burnin' boogie continues	76
She's just as rank as ever, folks	78
Potpourri of scooter-oriented ads	82

Staff: Office Manager: Rick. Office Cats: Big Red, White Rat, Willard. Executive Janitor and Connection: Spider. Subscription Complaints: Kathy Gibson. Troubadour: 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. Contributor/Photographers and Party-Timers: Billy Tinney, Kim, Woody, T-Bird, Wino Joe, David. Cartoon Editor: Asp. Production Director: Gregg Daniel. Composer: Rick Lopez. Products Manager: David Kelly. Advertising Associate: Lizette Hotinger. Advertising Graphics: Eileen Draeger. Roving Editor: Woody. Web Site: Doc. Tech Editor: Frank. Overworked Editor: Louis Bosque. Fred's Sweetie: Brenda Trolinger. Projects Art Director: Denise Pierson. Art Director: Michelle Ficks Hellman. Art Assistants: Louis Ujueta, Billy Thornbury. Artists: David Mann, Duffy Duggan, Shep, Tom Kuntze, Jody Roberts. Assistant Editors: Lin Schenberger, Kim Peterson, E.K.B. Editorial Secretary: Theresa Lapinski. Man About Town: Steve Lynch. Porno Dept.: Sioul Yezmik. Wordmaster: Frank Harding. Photo Editor: Pete Chiodo. Circulation Director: Sanford Meyers. Managing Editor: Tex Campbell. Editor at Large: Mill Blair. Events Director: Joe Teresi. Editorial Director: Lou Kimzey.



Easyriders magazine (ISSN 1045-0990) Number 109, July 1982, Vol. 12. Easyriders is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 35011 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 \$25, two years \$45 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. Los Angeles: (213) 244-7044 Toll free: (800) 835-2246 (ext. 129). This number for advertising information only.



Audited Paid
Circulation

The next liver-quilverin' issue of this rag goes on sale June 28th.

Issue Number Three cover photo by Pete Chiodo. Cover photo of Lisa by Ralph Hampton.

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.

Have you been skimmin' off cash, dealin' in drugs, makin' money illegally — like outright stealin'? Well, be warned. All income, even the illegal kind, is to be reported in your income tax return. Here's a quote from something the state of Massachusetts sent to its taxpayers: "You must include all income you receive in the form of money, property and services if it is not specifically exempt. Report property (goods) and services income at their fair market values. Examples include income from bartering or swapping transactions, side commissions, kickbacks, rent paid in services, illegal activities (such as stealing, drugs, etc.), cash skimming by proprietors and tradesmen, 'moonlighting' services, gambling, prizes, and awards. Not reporting such income can lead to prosecution for perjury and fraud." So what do you do? Clean up your act and cop to your evil deeds? Wait until they catch ya? Pretend ya didn't know they'd want tax on such things? Doesn't it seem that by takin' a cut, it sorta puts them in "business" with you? Maybe there's enough oddballs that do declare such income — once.

The FBI recently advertised for a motorcycle helmet with a microphone and speaker installed for use with a G.E. radio or an RCA Tac Tec radio. What do you suppose for?

Latest word about Ponce Inlet's police chief's beef. His attorney claimed "entrapment" by his alleged former sweetie. The DA claimed that it wasn't entrapment. The jury convicted him of unlawful possession of a controlled substance and unlawful sale or delivery of a controlled substance. At this writing, he faces a fifteen-year prison sentence.

Fast-thinkin' file: His pickup load caught on fire while going along the expressway. He pulled to the side but didn't have an extinguisher, so he thought fast. He and his buddy opened the cases of beer they were takin' to a party. He shakes up the cans, pops the tops, and sprays the shit all over the fire. He used four cases (all but two beers) to put out the blaze. Maybe it's a first.

I want you all to sleep better tonight knowing Big Brother is taking care of ya. For instance, did you know the feds have 41,000 regulations that affect that hamburger you had for lunch?

Freaks Of The Month Dept.: They finally caught the dude whose kick was to sneak up behind women with long hair and clip a chunk off. He had four shoe boxes fulla hair when they dragged him off to the local slammer. Then there's the naked jogger who swore he was sent from another planet to free earthlings from their inhibitions about nudity. Or how about the dude who was arrested for sexually assaulting cats? I tell ya, it's either chromosome damage from the drugs taken in days past, or they've got a stronger batch of shit somewhere.

It's embarrassin', man, embarrassin': He coolly walked up to the cashier, asked for all her money, and pulled back the hammer on his gun for emphasis (like in the movies). But shit, the derringer dumped the bullets onto the floor. The cashier started laughin', and she laughed even harder when he got on the floor to pick up the shells. The bungling crook couldn't take any more laughin', so he finally got up and ran—with the store clerks in hot pursuit.

Man's best friend has done it again. Yep, another cop got shot by his best pal. While he and his dog were hunting, a rabbit ran in front of the Jeep they were travelin' in. The dog got so excited at seein' the rabbit that he jumped around and accidentally stepped on the cop's rifle, catchin' a toe on the trigger and blowin' a hole into the cop's foot.

Another dipshit: He went into a power company to pay his electric bill. He left a bag containing two grams of coke sitting on the counter. Discovering his goof, he went back to get it. Too late—the cops had it and hauled him and his nose candy away. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Thanks for a decade or so of *Easyriders*, and especially for the article on the Road Knights' bash in the March '82 issue. (It's nice to see a familiar face once in a while.)

Craig Starnaman
Grand Ledge, Miss.

Felony Stupid

□ Thought you would get a kick out of this. Late last summer I got a ticket from the locals. Now, everyone knows that they are smart and we are stupid, right? The ticket read "Accesive Exceleration and no motorcycle indorsement." The spelling (or lack of it) is the cop's, not mine. What really got me is that after I went bail, as I was leaving and kidding the cops about "felony stupid," the sarge told me straight-faced that that is the way it appeared in the state code.

I am trying very hard not to believe it. Those fuckers spell as well as I type.

Whitey
Tomball, Tex.

It's A Shame

□ Just wanna say good fuckin' work to Greg Higginbotham. I'm referrin' to the letter he wrote on page 8 of your April '82 issue. He's right. Some people believe the shit they see on the tube. It's a fuckin' shame.

J.P.
Waltham, Mass.

□ Right on, Greg Higginbotham! I think that in addition to writing to our legislators, we should also write to the media, which lead the public to believe this false image of bikers that they create.

Sneaky Pete
Colonia, N.J.

No Taste?

□ Hey, man, I want to know why the fuck you don't show any '54 pans as feature bikes. You show all other years, but no '54s. Don't you assholes have any taste?

Freebird
Sacramento, Calif.

Likes "Garbage"

□ I'm down for the time being and I need something good to read while taking a (hard-to-come-by) decent shit. Your rag just happened

to be delivered on time this month. As I flicked down through the pages, I decided to check out wherever my thumb ended up stopping. It stopped on some story called "Hangaround" — and what a story it ended up being. All I can say is that it was a top story and you should give Garbage some extra raisin pie this month.

Jim Groid Page
Lewisburg, Pa.

He Checked

□ Wrong, wrong, wrong. On page 46 of the April '82 issue, your article on the Motorcycle Safety Foundation states that big bikes averaged nine thousand miles per year, which is three times the small-bike average of three hundred miles per year. Where I went to school, three times three hundred equaled nine hundred, not nine thousand. I checked with the neighbors and some people across town. They agreed that three times three hundred equals nine hundred, and they went to different schools. So it ain't us — and that leaves you.

Wrong, wrong, wrong.
A. McBroom
Starkville, Miss.

■ You had to check it out? (Actually was missin' a zero.)

Chicks For Rufus

□ Except for an occasional fuckup or a feature chick that looks like somethin' Rufus dragged in (to chew on Rufus), I have no beefs — I'd grab *Easyriders* before any skin book.

John T. Todd
So. Walpole, Mass.

■ Come on now, cut ol' Ruf some slack.

"Colors" Info

□ Hey, check it out, bro. I need a little question answered and I can't ask any of the other bros around here,

'cause I'd never live it down. Ya see, two months ago I really started gettin' into the biker lifestyle, so I went out three weeks ago and bought a '53 Harley panhead and began ridin' in the wind.

Now, I want to know what the difference is between "colors" and a club patch. Quit fuckin' laughin'! I know what a club patch is, of course, but I'm not sure about "colors."

Hey, we all had little problems when we started out. I think you probably did too, so gimme a break, okay?

Spike
Oak Harbor, Wash.

■ "Colors" and patches are the same thing. They started off as club colors, when insignia were embroidered on cutoffs. Later on, with the advent of more clubs and more members, the club colors were/are sewn on a patch which is then sewn on to the cutoffs. Some still call them colors and others call them patches, but they mean the same thing.

There are strict club rules for wearing and caring for them. They cannot be worn or sold to any nosepicker on the block. You must be a member to wear a club's colors, and it would be extremely unhealthy to do otherwise.

Booze Fighters

□ Over the past couple of years you've featured a couple of tasty old scoots owned by ex-Booze Fighters. How about an article on the Booze Fighters themselves? These guys were a part of our history, and when they're gone, so are the details.

These were the guys who laid the foundations of much of what we have today. I'd like to know what it was like to ride in those days. What were the heavies riding? What really did happen at Hollister? Where are they now? Why did the club break up?

■ They mostly rode Harleys, Indians, and Trumps. Hollister was in our December '72 issue. The Booze Fighters were the club mentioned in *Best Biker* books. We plan to do an article on them this summer.

You Too?

□ I can't understand why you dipshits get stoned before you do articles in your mag.

Rosie Greer
Killeen, Tex.

Promises, Promises

□ If you print this, I promise to give my ol' man head every night for as long as we're together.

Baby Cakes
Latrobe, Pa.

■ Okay, start payin' off.

Shirley Fan

□ Ya finally got some class! The fine-lookin' sweetie on your April '82 cover is my definition of a woman! How did you find her?

By the way, your featured nudie wasn't worth a sour asshole. I'm a man and I've got tit muscles as big as hers.

Mikie Morris
Beason, Ill.

□ Ain't my "adopted" Southern mouse [Shirley, on the April '82 cover] somethin' Love her.

"Teach"
Bristol, Tenn.

■ She's somethin' and a half.

□ Shirley can ride my bike anytime.

Diamond Dick
Herkimer, N.Y.

■ Yours too?

A Goof

□ I was just checkin' out the jokes in the March '82 issue and saw the one about broads bein' like planes 'cause of cockpits. I knew you did that one before, so I checked through some older rags and found it in the July '81 issue. So what the fuck is

WORDMONGER

Thanks for a decade or so of *Easyriders*, and especially for the article on the Road Knights' bash in the March '82 issue. (It's nice to see a familiar face once in a while.)

Craig Starnaman
Grand Ledge, Miss.

Felony Stupid

☐ Thought you would get a kick out of this. Late last summer I got a ticket from the locals. Now, everyone knows that they are smart and we are stupid, right? The ticket read "Accesive Exceleration and no motorcycle indorsement." The spelling (or lack of it) is the cop's, not mine. What really got me is that after I went bail, as I was leaving and kidding the cops about "felony stupid," the sarge told me straight-faced that that is the way it appeared in the state code.

I am trying very hard not to believe it. Those fuckers spell as well as I type.

Whitey
Tomball, Tex.

It's A Shame

☐ Just wanna say good fuckin' work to Greg Higginbotham. I'm referrin' to the letter he wrote on page 8 of your April '82 issue. He's right. Some people believe the shit they see on the tube. It's a fuckin' shame.

J.P.
Waltham, Mass.

☐ Right on, Greg Higginbotham! I think that in addition to writing to our legislators, we should also write to the media, which lead the public to believe this false image of bikers that they create.

Sneaky Pete
Colonia, N.J.

No Taste?

☐ Hey, man, I want to know why the fuck you don't show any '54 pans as feature bikes. You show all other years, but no '54s. Don't you assholes have any taste?

Freebird
Sacramento, Calif.

Likes "Garbage"

☐ I'm down for the time being and I need something good to read while taking a (hard-to-come-by) decent shit. Your rag just happened

to be delivered on time this month. As I flicked down through the pages, I decided to check out wherever my thumb ended up stopping. It stopped on some story called "Hangaround" — and what a story it ended up being. All I can say is that it was a top story and you should give Garbage some extra raisin pie this month.

Jim Groid Page
Lewisburg, Pa.

He Checked

☐ Wrong, wrong, wrong. On page 46 of the April '82 issue, your article on the Motorcycle Safety Foundation states that big bikes averaged nine thousand miles per year, which is three times the small-bike average of three hundred miles per year. Where I went to school, three times three hundred equaled nine hundred, not nine thousand. I checked with the neighbors and some people across town. They agreed that three times three hundred equals nine hundred, and they went to different schools. So it ain't us — and that leaves you.

Wrong, wrong, wrong.
A. McBroom
Starkville, Miss.

☐ You had to check it out? (Actually was missin' a zero.)

Chicks For Rufus

☐ Except for an occasional fuckup or a feature chick that looks like somethin' Rufus dragged in (to chew on Rufus), I have no beefs — I'd grab *Easyriders* before any skin book.

John T. Todd
So. Walpole, Mass.

☐ Come on now, cut ol' Ruf some slack.

"Colors" Info

☐ Hey, check it out, bro. I need a little question answered and I can't ask any of the other bros around here,

'cause I'd never live it down. Ya see, two months ago I really started gettin' into the biker lifestyle, so I went out three weeks ago and bought a '53 Harley panhead and began ridin' in the wind.

Now, I want to know what the difference is between "colors" and a club patch. Quit fuckin' laughin'! I know what a club patch is, of course, but I'm not sure about "colors."

Hey, we all had little problems when we started out. I think you probably did too, so gimme a break, okay?

Spike
Oak Harbor, Wash.

☐ "Colors" and patches are the same thing. They started off as club colors, when insignia were embroidered on cutoffs. Later on, with the advent of more clubs and more members, the club colors were/are sewn on a patch which is then sewn on to the cutoffs. Some still call them colors and others call them patches, but they mean the same thing.

There are strict club rules for wearing and caring for them. They cannot be worn or sold to any nosepicker on the block. You must be a member to wear a club's colors, and it would be extremely unhealthy to do otherwise.

Booze Fighters

☐ Over the past couple of years you've featured a couple of tasty old scoots owned by ex-Booze Fighters. How about an article on the Booze Fighters themselves? These guys were a part of our history, and when they're gone, so are the details.

These were the guys who laid the foundations of much of what we have today. I'd like to know what it was like to ride in those days. What were the heavies riding? What really did happen at Hollister? Where are they now? Why did the club break up?

☐ They mostly rode Harleys, Indians, and Trumps. Hollister was in our December '72 issue. The Booze Fighters were the club mentioned in *Best Biker* books. We plan to do an article on them this summer.

You Too?

☐ I can't understand why you dipshits get stoned before you do articles in your mag.

Rosie Greer
Killeen, Tex.

Promises, Promises

☐ If you print this, I promise to give my ol' man head every night for as long as we're together.

Baby Cakes
Latrobe, Pa.

☐ Okay, start payin' off.

Shirley Fan

☐ Ya finally got some class! The fine-lookin' sweetie on your April '82 cover is my definition of a woman! How did you find her?

By the way, your featured nudie wasn't worth a sour asshole. I'm a man and I've got tit muscles as big as hers.

Mikie Morris
Beason, Ill.

☐ Ain't my "adopted" Southern mouse [Shirley, on the April '82 cover] somethin'! Love her.

"Teach"
Bristol, Tenn.

☐ She's somethin' and a half.

☐ Shirley can ride my bike anytime.

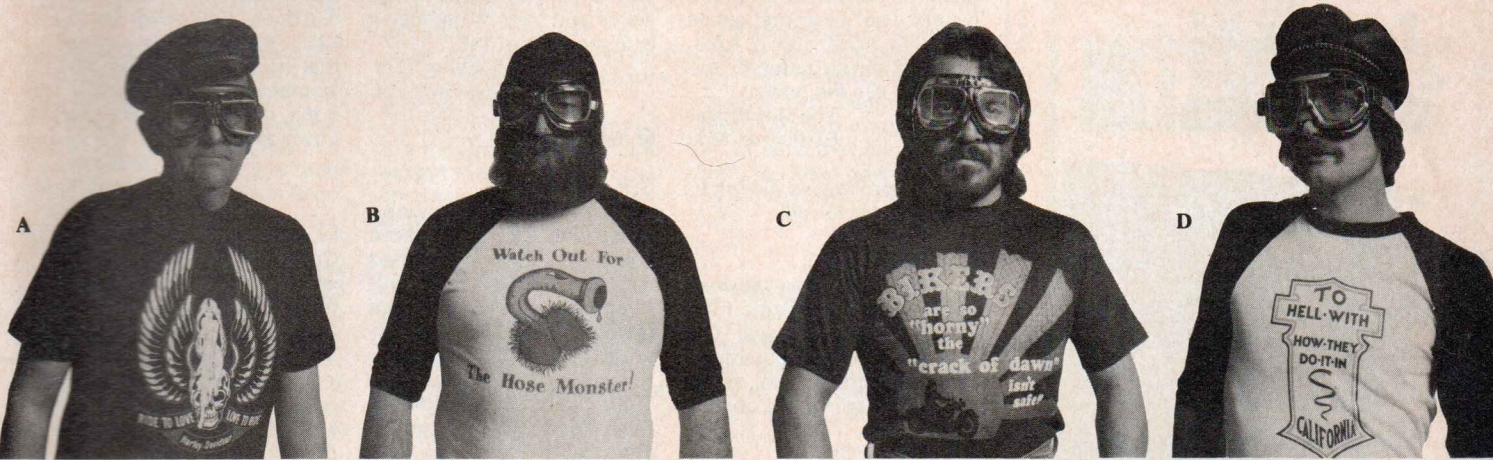
Diamond Dick
Herkimer, N.Y.

☐ Yours too?

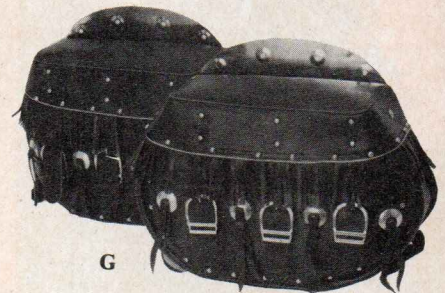
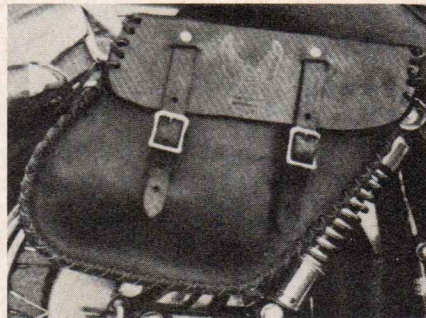
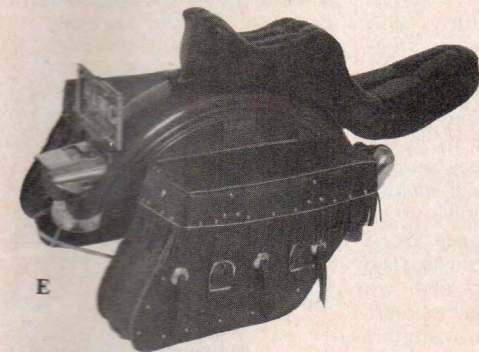
A Goof

☐ I was just checkin' out the jokes in the March '82 issue and saw the one about broads bein' like planes 'cause of cockpits. I knew you did that one before, so I checked through some older rags and found it in the July '81 issue. So what the fuck is

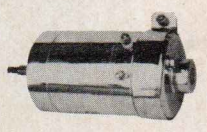
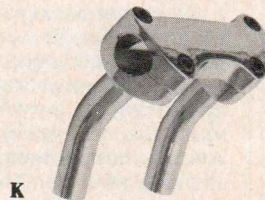
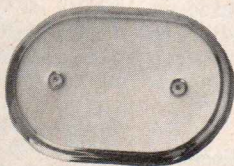
Fat "Bob" Sez It's Time Ta Ride



A.) This ass kickin' leather hat shows tradition. **S-M-L-XL \$24.95** Goggles. **\$41.95** #4 T-Shirt. **S-M-L-XL \$7.95** B.) Black leather flyers cap. **S-M-L-XL \$29.95** Goggles. **\$48.95** Hose monster baseball shirt. **S-M-L-XL \$12.95** C.) Goggles. **\$42.95** #2 T-Shirt. **S-M-L-XL \$7.95** D.) Goggles for over glasses. **\$48.95** Baseball shirt. **S-M-L-XL \$12.95** P.S All shirts have 2-Wheeler's logo on back.

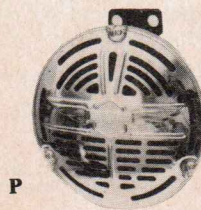
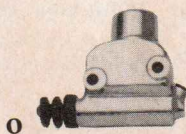
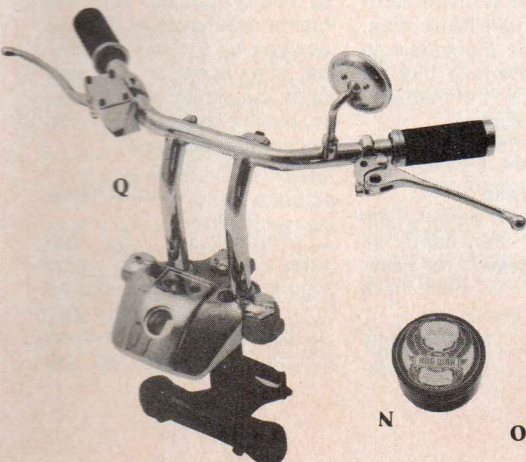


E.) **Hustler Bags:** Genuine black cows' ass with chrome buckles, snaps, and inner steel support. Neoprene backing to protect against weather damage. **\$299.95** Mounting brackets fit both Sportsters & Superglides, FX, etc. **\$54.95** **Chrome Taillight Visor:** For all 1973 & Later Hawgs. **\$6.95** **Chrome Rear Fender Trim:** For all FX's. **\$18.95** **Hawg Seat:** Bolt on for all FX's. **\$89.95** F.) **Pony Express Bags:** These fuckers were designed to fit all Hawgs with shocks. Ya can pack alot of shit in these. Thick leather, 12" long x 11" deep x 6" wide. **\$179.95** G.) **'57 Rigid Bags:** Old style Hawg bag's for rigids, comes with chrome mounting brackets, easily adaptable to custom fenders. **\$299.95**



Round, oval, & rectangular, air cleaners fit all Tillotson, Bendix, & Keihin carburetors. H.) **\$24.95** I.) **\$34.95** J.) **\$19.95** K.) **Hawg Pullback Risers:** Fits all XL or FX models. **\$39.95** L.) **Tombstone Taillight.** **\$29.95** M.) **Chrome 12vt. Generator.** **\$165.95** N.) **Hog Wax.** **\$6.95** O.) **Chrome Master Cyl.** **\$69.95** **Chrome Cap Cover.** **\$4.95** P.) **12vt. Old Style Hawg Horn 5 1/2".** **\$39.95** Q.) **Lower Triple Tree:** 73 & Later Sporty or FX. **\$89.95**, **Top Triple Tree.** **\$39.95**, **Replacement Headlight Visor.** **\$24.95**, **Stern Nut.** **\$8.95**,

Fork Nuts. **\$39.95 ea.**, **One Piece**
HandleBars, 4"-6"-8". **\$34.95**,
Chrome clutch Lever Assembly. **\$19.95**,
Sifton Chrome Master Cylinder. **\$69.95**,
Arlen Ness Mirror & Mount. **\$16.95**,
Horn Button. **\$11.95**,
Light Switch. **\$14.95**,
Sundance Grips, soft foam
with chrome ends. **\$18.95**.



2
WHEELER'S
MC
SHOP

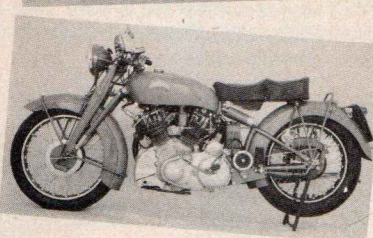
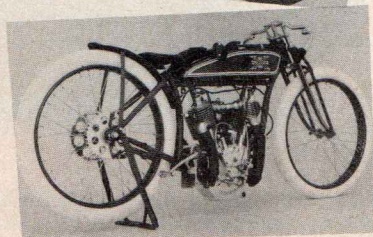
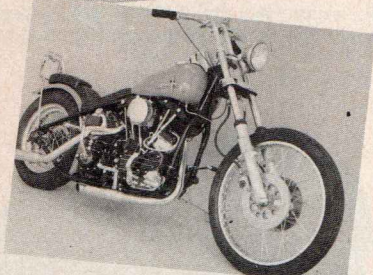
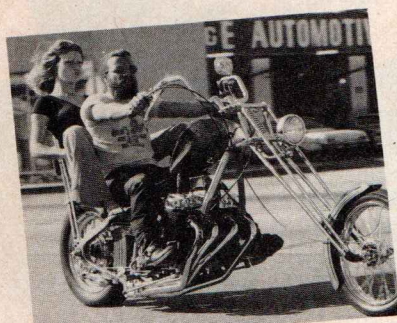
Catalog
\$4.95

Shipping
extra

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

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

There's All Types of Scooters...



and they're all in Iron Horse

Subscription Department

Iron Horse Magazine
Box 1075, Agoura, CA 91301.

Check one:

- ☐ Here's \$16 for 12 issues ☐ New
☐ Here's \$31 for 24 issues ☐ Renewal

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

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Do you own a bike?

goin' on? You must like that one. So hell, man, if you're goin' to print it, do it somewhere else. Save that space for someone else's joke, which might be better. Everyone can use the bucks!

The Motorhiker
Baltimore, Md.

■ The problem is waking up the editor involved.

On The Outs

□ My ol' lady says "no way" to Dave Mann's centerfolds on the living room wall. So I put them on the outside of our front door, to let everyone know where I'm coming from.

Che
Pico Rivera, Calif.

Tech Tip No. 1

□ You know all those used-up throwaway lighters that are lying around in your workshop? Take a couple of seconds, take the flint out, and throw it (the flint) in your toolbag. You never know when the little sucker, a pair of pliers, a file, and a little gas may start that fire ya need. Beats rubbin' sticks together.

Larry the Pervert
Germany

Ol' Man Contest?

□ For some time now an Ol' Lady contest has existed in your magazine, and you have declined to realize that there are also women out here who would like to see an Ol' Man contest.

We're not saying that we need the guys showin' their chests off (although it's not a bad idea), but it would be great to have them decked out in their leathers with their Harleys beside them, under them, or wherever. There are some loving ladies out here who read your magazine and who would love showing off their ol' man by sending a pic of him and having it published in your magazine. Then again, there are the single ladies who not only love the life of a biker but love bikers!

Brenda Medina
Mountain View, Calif.

□ What's fair is fair. Why don't you have an Ol' Man contest? That way, I can sit back and get into the bikes, the fun, and the men of *Easyriders*!

Rita
Temple Hills, Md.

Mountain View Gang

□ Our complaint is that there are no pictures of nude males and very rarely males with their shirts off!

66 ladies from
El Cajon, Calif.

■ Gimme a kiss.

Gun Support

□ Having been a scooter tramp for the past eleven years, I'm very concerned with the laws that affect our freedom and riding. I am a member of ABATE, and I appreciate what that organization is doing for us, but there's another organization that hasn't been getting enough attention.

I want all you fuckers to give some real serious thought to joining the National Rifle Association (NRA). There are a lot of assholes out there who wanna take away all our freedoms and make us behave like good little citizens (fuckin' sheep)! The right to keep and bear arms is the only thing that keeps the U.S. Constitution alive! If we give up that right, we give up all the strength we have. Don't let those communists take away everything else we have, like riding our scooters and being able to write this letter, etc. So if any of you wanna keep enjoying the wind in your face, good parties, and being able to call someone else an asshole without the KGB throwin' you in prison, it would be a good idea if you would cough up \$15 and join the NRA. The address is 1600 Rhode Island Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C.

Rabbit
Danbury, Conn.

New Use

□ I don't know if I should be sorry or grateful that I found a new use for your rag. The other night, while in my cell, I just couldn't take it any more. So I used my *Easyriders* to stamp out a whole club of roaches! Sorry, but thanks.

Dirt
Brentwood, N.Y.

Thanks For Help

□ Thanks for helping me keep my ol' man happy all winter. If it wasn't for *Easyriders* and me, he'd have gone nutty! Good mag!

Mother Monk
Bowler, Wis.

Road Dog

□ This is in response to the letter from Road Dog from Gasquet, California, in the April '82 issue. It's obvious that he has been hurt by a woman very recently, but I don't understand why he's down on all women.

S. Hood
Peoria, Ill.

□ Road Dog of Gasquet, California, said it all. Every whore I meet thinks her shit don't stink, and even if it does, you'll love the smell. They seem to think that 'cause they've got you by the balls, they can change your life and mold you like a piece of Silly Putty.

Pussy doesn't fog up my thinking and it doesn't slow my cranking. If it's so much better than two wheels and an easy lifestyle, how come it's free?

L.M.
New Windsor, Md.

■ Free? You're kiddin'.

□ There's some poor bitch out there for every bro alive. It just takes some longer than others to find theirs. Besides, if ya give up women, who's going to shine your putt or roll your joints?

Keilo
Nevada State Prison

□ Did you ever stop to think you are the one with the fuckin' problem? There are a lot of righteous women out here and we're not all skinny-assed, cross-eyed, three-holed, sniveling mama's girls.

Plasma's Ol' Lady
West Pittsburg, Calif.

□ Life is a series of gives and takes. The more you do for your man, the more he will do for you. That will get you both into Harley Heaven.

Short Stack
Los Angeles, Calif.

□ You're right, bro. All these fuckin' women think they've got you by the hairs if they pat your scoot on the seat once in a while. Women are to be appreciated, but not necessarily believed.

Doc
Trinidad, Calif.

□ We may be cunts, but there's a whole bunch of us who know how to keep their ol' men overfucked and sucked. We ain't heard no bitchin' yet — and we still

have a roof over our heads.
Stormy and Laci
Northport, Ala.

□ Everyone is entitled to his own opinion. So, Road Dog, back off, you jackoff; you're a class-A, narrow-minded, pin-wienie, dickless fucker.

Motorcycle Mama
Great Falls, Mont.

Via Fan

□ I just thought I'd let you know that Jody Via has gotta be the best fuckin' writer you've got. I have read, re-read, and read again the poem, titled "Devil's Run," in the November '81 issue. I tell you, that is a fucking good story.

Mac
Sydney, Australia

Reportin' The News

□ I just wanted to say thank you for showing and proving that you all have a lot of heart for printing that very touching piece on the biker who was buried with his putt, just like he wanted, in your February '82 "Easynews."

If only more bikers could have one half the heart that his bros and you have!

Shady Lady
San Jose, Calif.

They Don't Look

□ This letter is in response to T. Hart, who wrote to you in the March '82 issue. Many people I know have bikes. My sister has her own scooter and most of her friends do. I've always watched for bikes and small cars. I've almost been beamed myself because of my small car. Some people just don't look for any vehicle smaller than theirs. But if you see a blue Datsun with Harley wings, I won't try to blast you off the road.

Cager Who Cares
Sunnyvale, Calif.

■ They don't look, see, or care.

Downhill Slide?

□ *Easyriders* is getting worse, not better. I am sick of seeing antique Harleys and rat bikes. It would be better if you left this shit out.

And who is "The Austin Animal"? He rightly wonders how thousands can take new wave music seriously, and then goes on to run off at the mouth about how great country music is. Well, all I can say is if he's amazed at how people can take this new wave

crap seriously, I am amazed at how even dumb cow-fuckin' Yanks can take country music seriously, especially after pulling down one of the few good bands around, AC/DC.

Well, that about sums up this month's glowing tribute, except to say that *Easyriders* is still miles better than any English bike mag.

Wayne
Rotherham, England

■ Country music is our heritage, and it's understandable that it may not be appreciated by people out of this country, although there are a lot of people over here who don't appreciate it either.

April Fool's Issue

□ Since Spider didn't print this year's April issue backwards, I figured you must have a contest going. Well, I win! I found the fuckup! On page 100 of the April '82 issue, the Norton belt buckle, #B26, is upside down. I found this error exactly twenty-six minutes and fifteen seconds after I got my issue, so I must be the winner! So now that that is all cleared up, just one question — what did I win?

Paco
Marine, Ill.

■ You'll have to settle for six of Mutha's twat hairs (they're coming in the mail).

□ Just dropping a line to see who the dumbass was that put the Norton buckle upside down in the April '82 issue, page 100. You're slippin', bros.

Churchvillin
Churchville, Va.

Different Width

□ How come you made your fucking mag smaller this year? Don't come up with the same old shit that you're cutting back on expenses.

Jeff George
McLean, N.Y.

■ If you do any shopping at all, you know that everything is up. Magazine paper is over 60% of the cost of producing a magazine, and they raise the cost automatically every year. Our choice was to trim the size of the pages or raise the cover price. Most mags have been forced to do it.

□ So what the fuck is the deal? Just got through with your March '82 issue and

went to put another one of those great Dave Mann posters on my wall — and the sonofabitch was smaller than the rest. So I checked out the last few months' rags and noticed that, beginning with last month, your rag is smaller. So what the hell — are we getting less now? I want more, not less!

Skip
Moline, Ill.

□ Hey, guys! Are you trying to save some bucks? I just received your rag (March) and fuck, it's an inch smaller!

What's it gonna be in ten years, man? A 4" x 5" book?

Ti-Gros
Canada

Red Is The Color

□ I just want to say that N. Pallozza of Tucson, Arizona, (Nov. '81 issue) says that green is unlucky for bikes because it's in Capricorn, and Capricorns are accident-prone. This is total bullshit. He has his facts wrong. The only sign that's accident-prone is Aries, and their color is red. (Sorry I'm so late in complaining, but your rag takes a while to get down under.)

S. Walker
N.S.W., Australia

■ Hell, all this time I thought it was that shit I was screwin' around with.

Likes Candi

□ When I saw the pix of Candi in the March '82 issue, I about crapped. She is the most deluxe bitch you've ever had in your rag. I need to know where to get more of her. I've licked all the ink off the pages of her spread. Tell her I love her, wherever she is.

Lucky Lane
Mill Valley, Calif.

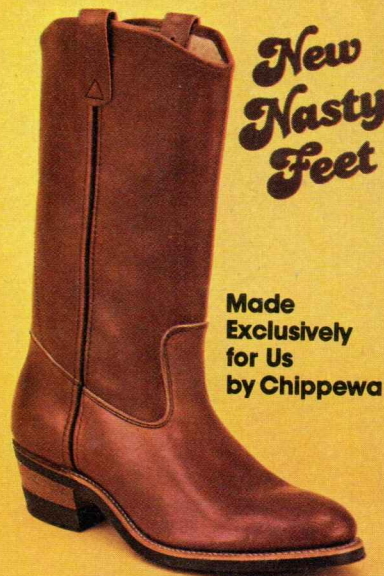
□ Well, guys, you've out-done yourselves this time. By the time I got done burning the pages of the monthly pictorial of Candi with my eyes, mama mia! My eyes are still burning. You all earned your raisin pie this time. Keep up the good work.

Mountaineer
Ridgway, Colo.

□ I would just like to tell you that the cover girl on the March '82 issue was sweet. I've seen sweet broads be-

Continued on page 84

The INTERSTATE



No shit, our secret sauce went into this one! Here's a classic "all leather" Western we've redesigned to handle the kinda stuff you'll be gettin' into, workin' or playin'.

Check out the recipe... 14 inches of primo stuff—Cayenne Callistoga leather. A sweat-proof leather insole—no crackin', no stinkin'. The front's leather lined—no cheapo canvas. Then there's a steel shank for support, Goodyear welt and a great stacked heel. Throw on a non-marking nitrine sole tough enough to get ya past any shit and now you're looking at some real Nasty Feet.

If you size up at 8½–12 in a "D" width, we'll put you in a pair for \$90.00. The coupon below says it all.

Send your order to:
Nasty Feet, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Size (Circle) 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclose \$90.00 per pair & remember these are "D" width.
Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling—inside U.S. only.
Add \$9.00 per pair—APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii.
International orders accepted—Add \$30.00 per pair.

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

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

ITS REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN ISOLATES
THE ENGINE FROM THE FRAME.

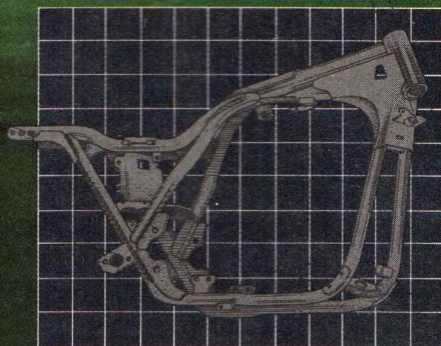


ITS AMAZING PERFORMANCE SEPARATES

INTRODUCING THE FXR. THE NEXT GENERATION.

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

But FXR has some very special



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

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

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



THE MEN FROM THE BOYS.

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

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

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

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

way ahead of them.

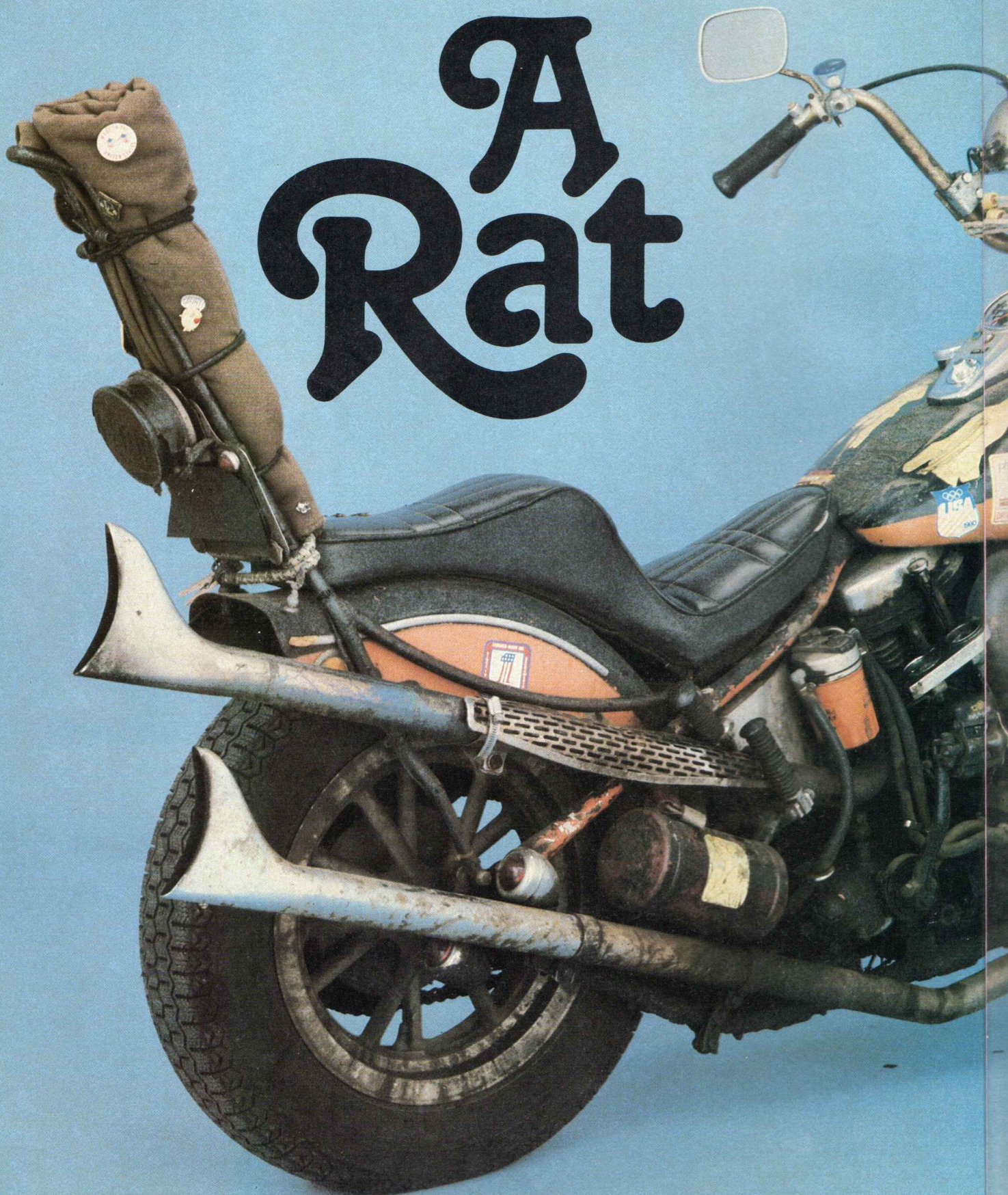
The future obviously belongs to Harley-Davidson. The next generation is FXR.

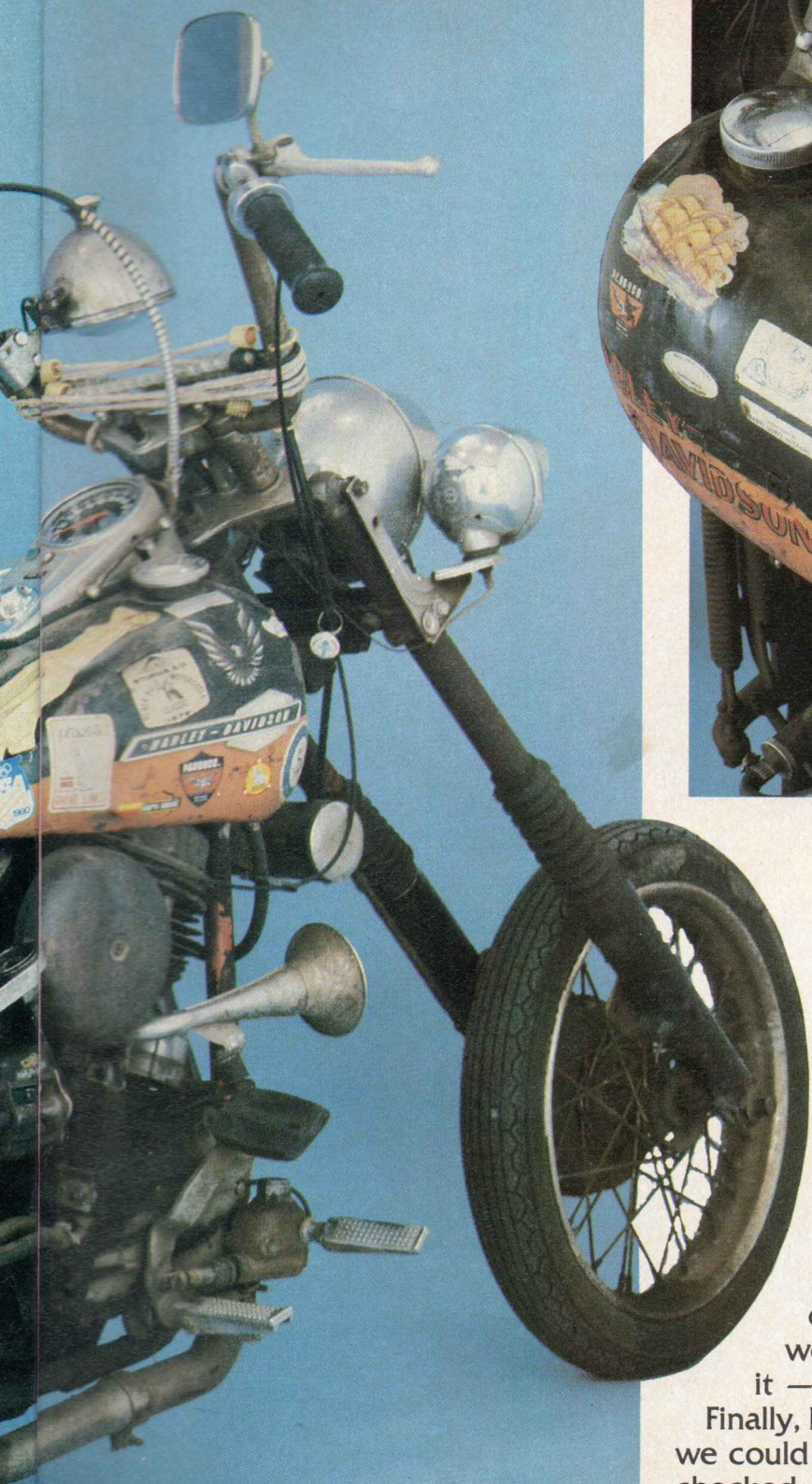
**MOTORCYCLES.
BY THE PEOPLE.
FOR THE PEOPLE.**



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

A Rat



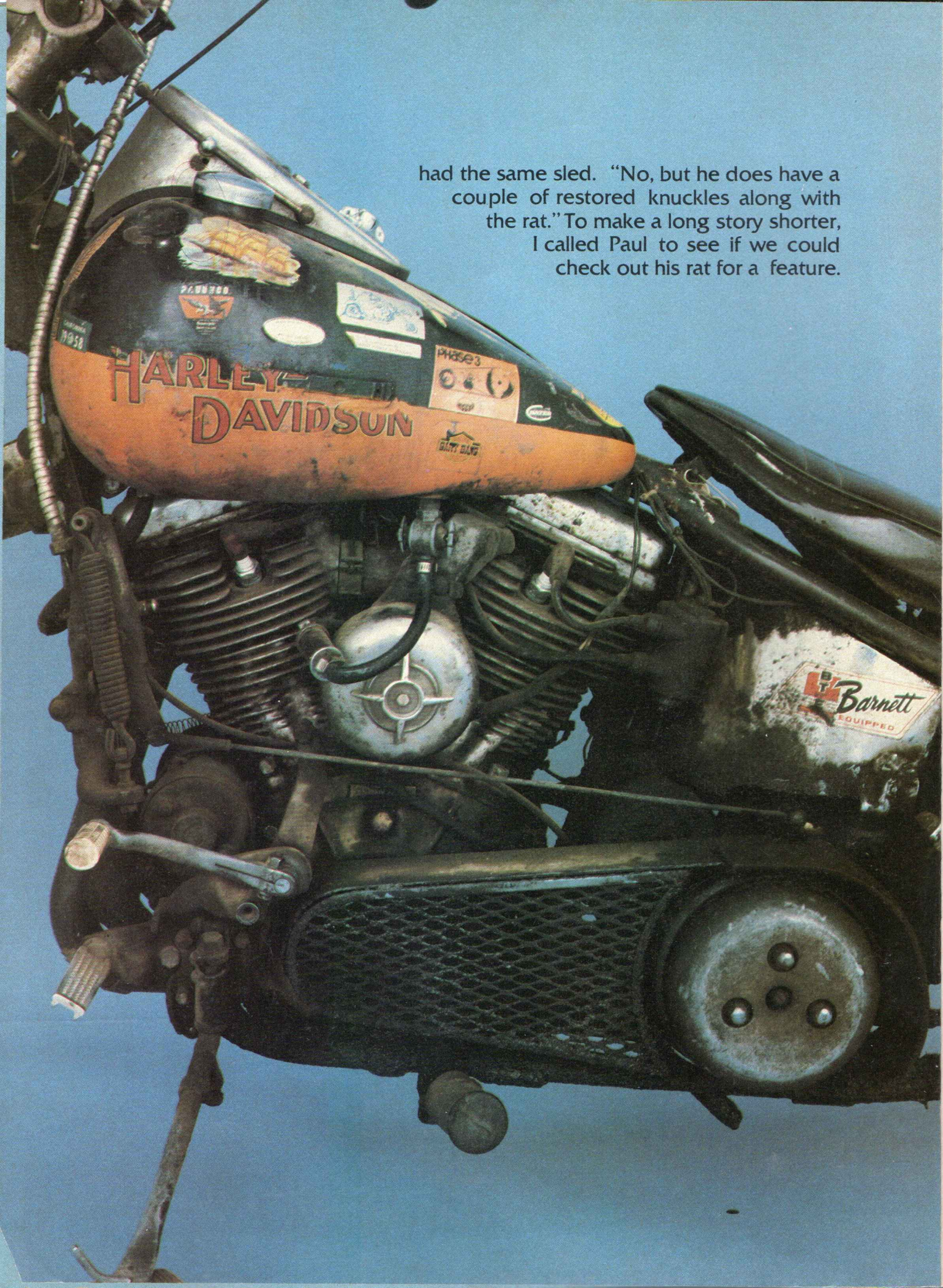


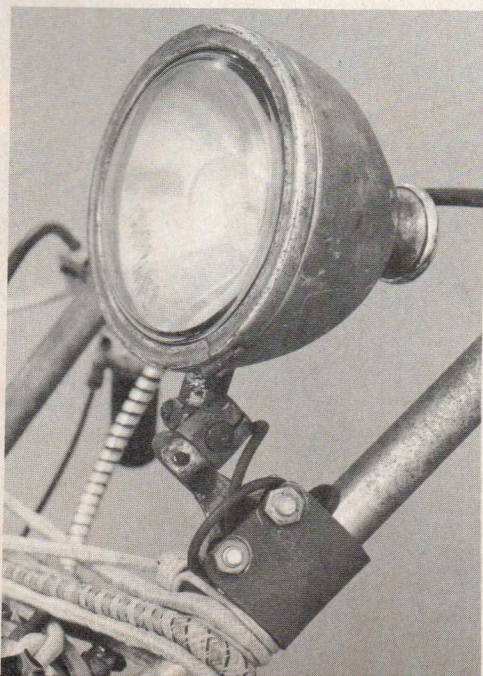
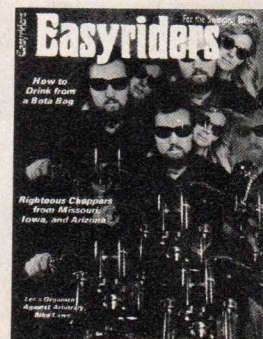
Cousin Rat: Remember that rat bike we ran in the March issue? Well, this is its cousin. When I went to Pete's for the photo session on that rat, Russell, the owner, told me about the rat you see here. He told me this bike was the inspiration behind the other scooter. As a matter of fact, the owner of the scooter you see here, Paul Wheeler, has already had another bike in the magazine and been on the cover to boot.

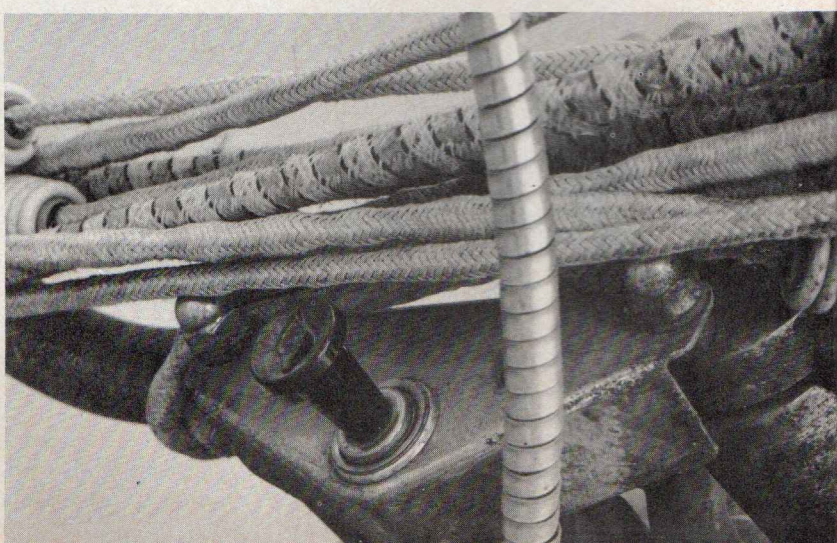
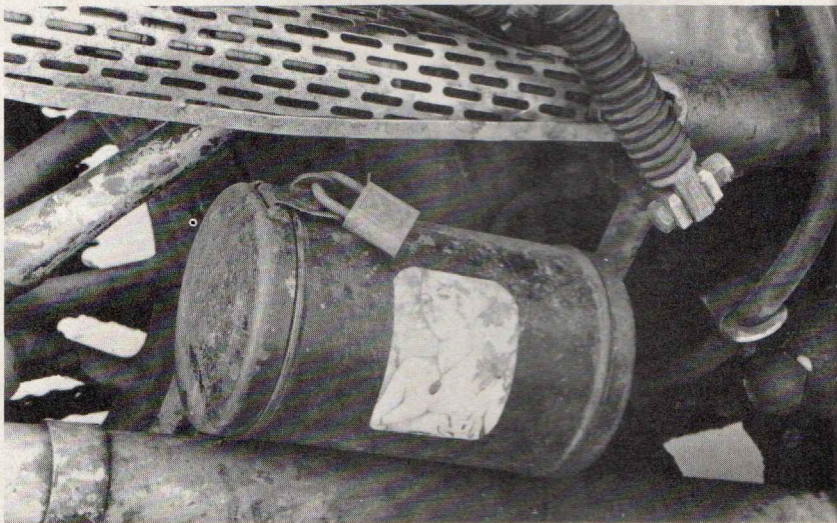
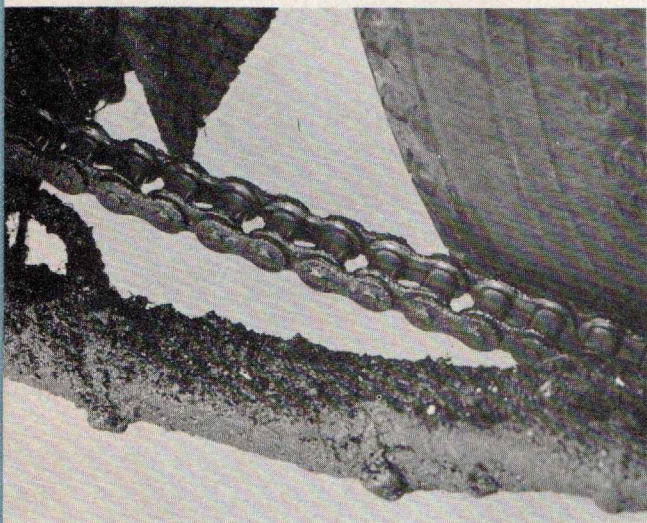
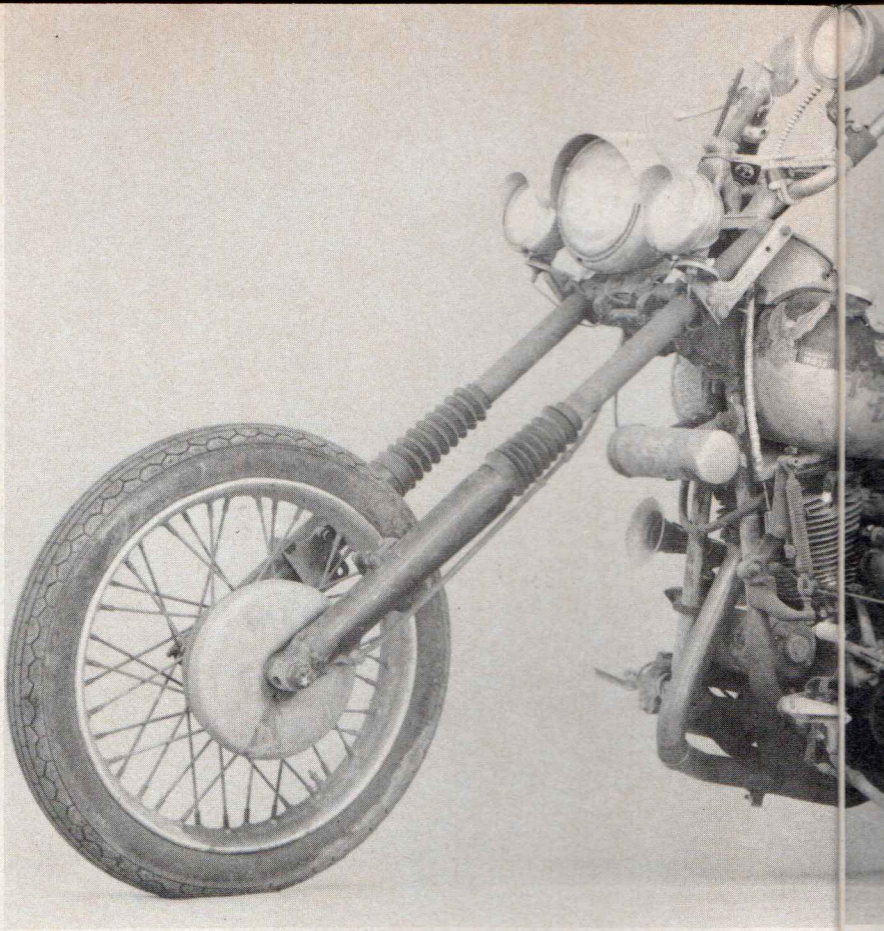
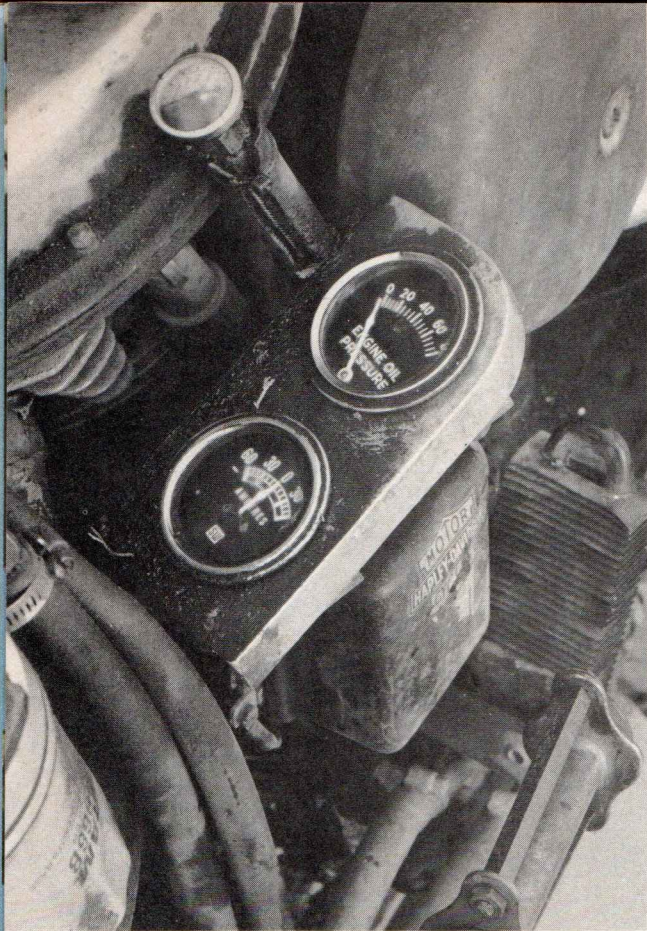
That was news to me, so I asked what issue. "The third issue," Russ said. "The one with the cover that made you think you were drunk from seeing triple." That did it — I was off in search of issue number three.

Finally, Pete dug out his personal copy for me, so we could move on with the bike feature. While he checked, I looked. And while I looked, Russell was telling me about how he shared some garage space with Paul — and not only did he have a classic rat sled, but he also had put up some of the finest restored knuckles and pans ever to cruise the roads. That last remark must have cruised through my head — all I could ask was whether or not he still

had the same sled. "No, but he does have a couple of restored knuckles along with the rat." To make a long story shorter, I called Paul to see if we could check out his rat for a feature.

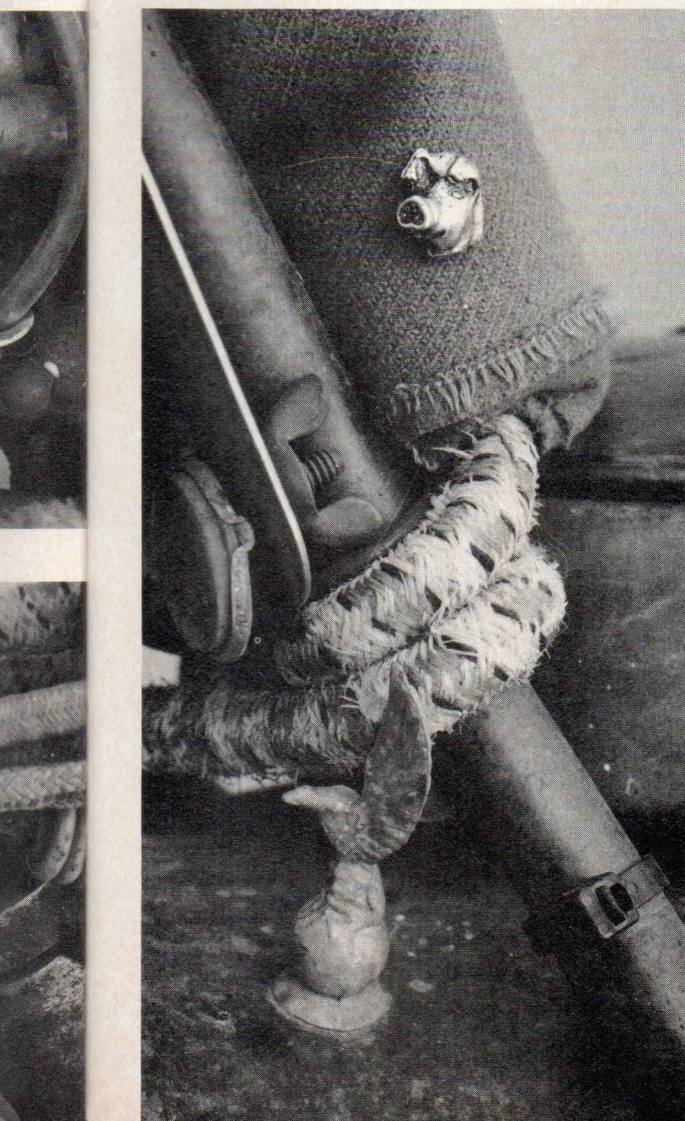








Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Paul Wheeler		City: Van Nuys, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1957	
Year and make: 1964 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FL		Type: straight bar	
Value: priceless		Rake: 3/4 in.	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 8 years		Other alterations: maybe a few	
Chroming by: dirt		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: apehangers	
Year: 1964		Risers: 3-in. H-D	
Model: panhead		Fender(s): stock springer	
Rebuilder: Williams		Headlight: early Glide	
Ignition: distributor		Taillight: 1926 Pontiac	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: S&W police special	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: .030 over		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 5-gallon	
Heads: the same		Oil tank: stock	
Cam(s): likewise		Oil system: filter, cooler, temp./pressure ga.	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: shroud	
Carb(s): MB74		Seat: Danny Gomez/army blanket	
Air cleaner: stock		Sissybar: one	
Pipes: upsweeps		Height: 36 in.	
Muffler(s): fishtails		Material: 5/8-in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: Glide	
Year: 1964		Extension: 12 in.	
Shifting: ratchet/mousetrap		Builder: Harley-Davidson	
Engine sprocket: Phase III belt		Special features: adjustable trees/rust	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner		Rim width: 4 in.	Rim width: 6 in.
Color: orange/black		Tire: Continental	Tire: Michelin
Type: spray can		Brake: H-D drum	Brake: stock juice
Special paint: krylon			
Other special modifications: Bottle opener, cigar lighter, spotlight, fire extinguisher, spark plug box, etc.			

After a few missed-by-minutes deals, I thought the meeting would never happen. But I was wrong. Soaked to the skin from the winter rains, Paul pulled the tarp from the rat and I finally got to see for myself what Russell was talking about. I was speechless for a while — but nothing good ever lasts long. Anyway, Paul agreed to share his rat with our readers, so here it is — and it's not just another rat.

—Toad

Howlin' Success



by Carl Kohler

Cozily camped beside the icy creek just a stone's throw from the road — one of those little Northern California backroads where the sound of any bike isn't often heard and where the thunder of three Harleys is as rare as the horny trumpeting of a bull elephant in heat — we heard them when they were still a mile distant.

Devildog pulled his nose from his bushy tail, stood up in the sidehack, and snarled softly.

"Knock off that shit," I told him. "We'll share this hot stew and coffee with them. Maybe even offer 'em some wine and weed. Courtesy of the road, y'know. So relax, dammit, and be still."

Spotting our campfire, they slowed and, one by one, eased from the paved two-laner down through the trees where I squatted beside the crackling fire, stirring the bubbling stew. "Stay," I ordered Devildog, who obediently eased his steel-dust bulk to a sitting position and didn't budge.

There were three of them, two panheads and a knuckle. Couple more glances at their riders clued me that they didn't seem to be patch-holders of any kind. There's an unconnected quality among loners, a lack of cohesion that I had learned to sense. Two of the dudes were bigger than me, and I stand six-three. The third one was a runt with the sly face of a ferret. As he turned to check the pack strapped to the back of his bike, I noticed that his ragged old denim cutoff had a dark blue area on the back, as if he had once worn colors but had had them taken off. Torn off wouldn't surprise me none — I doubt any righteous club would have

wanted him around long, judging by his sneaky look.

The giants looked genial enough, but gut instinct told me that I'd deserve what I got if I ever let one get behind me. Bikes leaning on stands, the trio walked toward our fire. I just kept tending the stew.

Devildog emitted a deep, chesty growl without opening his mouth. That startled me, 'cause he seldom acts that way. Apparently, he didn't like something about our company. Hearing his threat, the strangers froze stock-still in their tracks.

"Shut yer fuckin' nonsense!" I ordered him. The growling stopped like I'd thrown a switch.

"Does he bite?" the towering redhead asked cautiously.

"No," I replied, getting to my feet. "Rip and slash and tear and rend — yes, but he hardly ever wastes time just biting. Come on ahead. He'll behave now."

"Shit!" grunted the ferret-face, letting his companions take the lead as they came to the fire, warming their hands over it. Skittishly keeping his beady eyes on Devildog, the runt joined us.

"Tully Greer," said the giant nearest me, sticking out a huge open hand. "We're just back from —" His words stopped when he caught sight of the gleaming alloy I extended toward his waiting hand.

"It don't bite, either, man," I assured him, grinning.

Warily, grinning back, he relaxed and shook it.

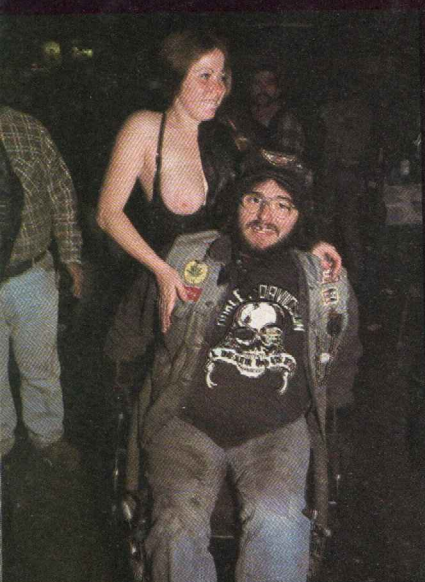
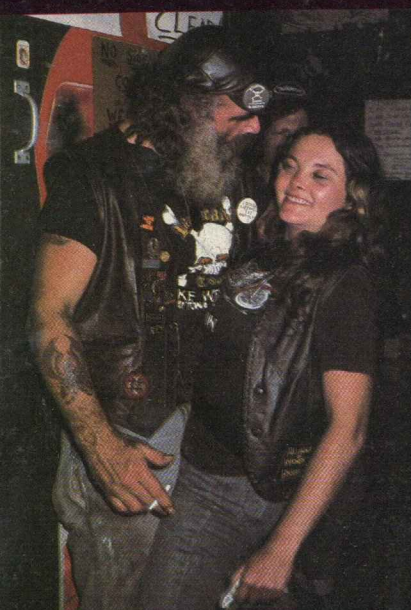
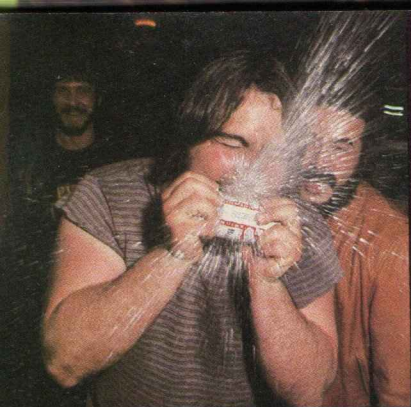
"Hey, how'ja lose both hands, man?" Ferret-face blurted, his voice loud and challenging.

"In a fuckin' crap game,"

Continued on page 85



Illustration by Duffy Duggan

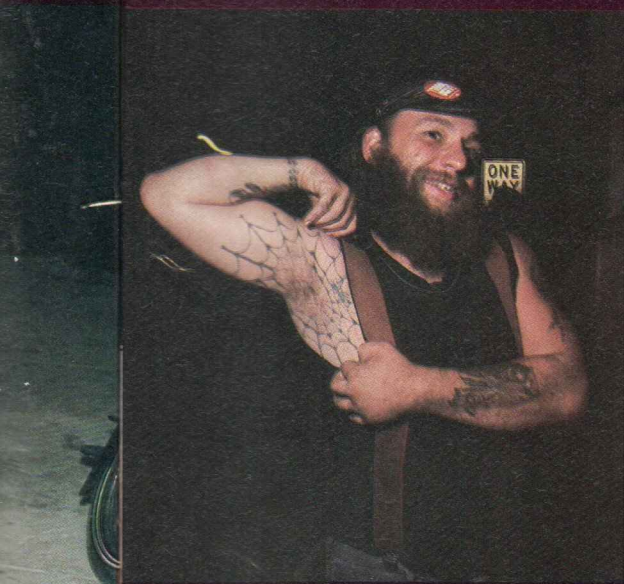
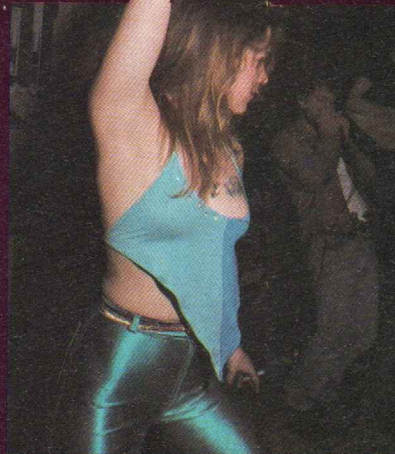


BAR-HOPPIN'

At an editorial think-tank session, we decided to cover this year's Daytona Bike Week from the inside out — that is, from the inside of the bars down there. A sort of beer's-eye view, you might say. Or is that bleary-eyed?

In years past we've witnessed the traditional events, i.e., the Sand Drags, Cabbage Patch, Rat's Hole Show, the Harley parade, and the beach scene. This time we wanted to get right in among our people. And where the hell do partyin' people go, especially when it's rainin'? In, out of the elements, that's where. It wasn't much of a year for tans anyway.

We made it our crusade to be at every bar on Main Street and as many as possible in the out-lying areas. Seven of the whiskeyest days of our lives. Bros, acts, an' sights can be remembered





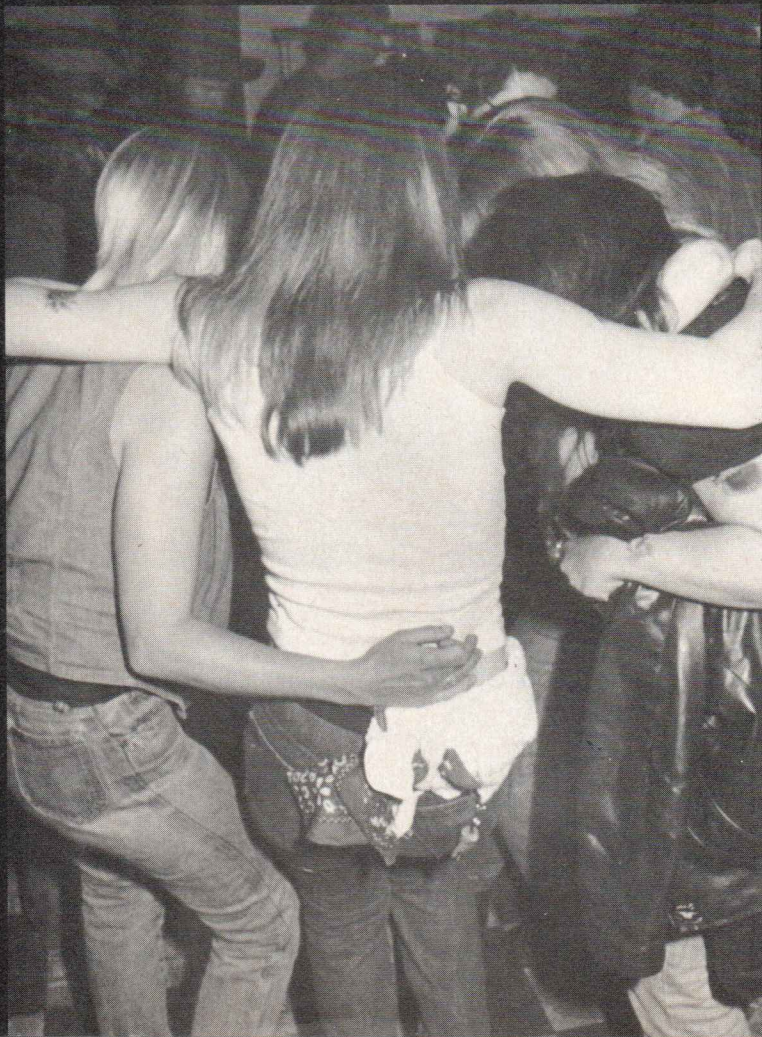


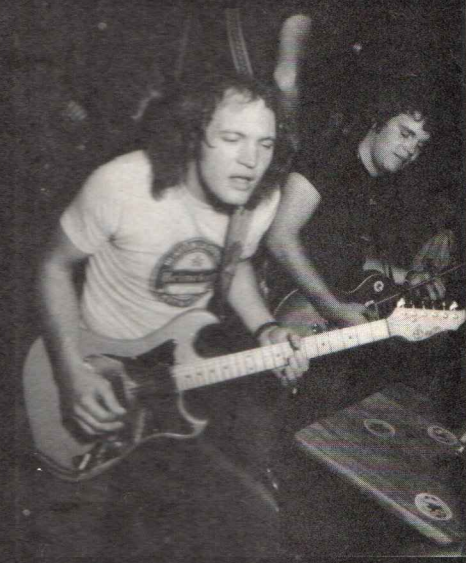
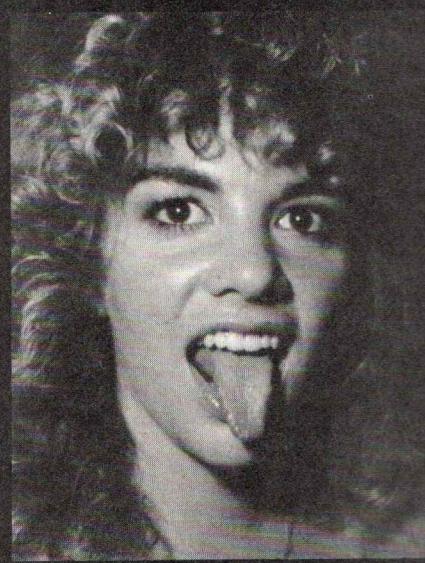
only vaguely — thank God for cameras.

People from all over the nation were tryin' their best to outdo each other, showin' pride and puttin' in a good lick for their home towns. Chicks boogied on dudes' shoulders, dancin' an' scribblin' their names an' towns on the ceiling of the Boot Hill Saloon. At the Cactus Bar, where we enjoyed Bill Van Dyke's biker songs, everyone got into backin' him up in singin' his tune "Brötherhood." Maybe we found ya packed in asshole-to-elbow at Blackbeard's, a virtual sea of Harley T-shirts, or gettin' wrecked at The Wreck.

The bar owners seemed cordial as could be; indeed some of the proprietors were bike people themselves, and went the extra mile to make out-of-towners feel welcome, like at the Iron Horse. They had it set up so those who wanted to could pull their scoot's indoors in the back, cost-free, for safety's sake. Also in line with the good vibes to bikers from local businesses was The Last Resort, where the management put on a party for a bro who decided to get hitched. Five bucks got ya all the brew and good grub ya could eat. And out of town a ways, at the Aztec Lounge, the owner literally turned his joint over to a group from Kentucky for the week, as long as they partied (an' spent) there. No problems. Great attitude.

One thing about beer: there's intake and exhaust. When the toilet's busy, and it's too short for a knot, naturally ya heed the call of Ma Nature out in the alley. Ya think you're bein' cool till ya hear the sound of The Man. "Boy, where ya think yer at?" Right away you know you're busted.







Four hours and thirty-two bucks later, if you don't have priors, you can be a free man again. There are other "hardened criminals" in the clink for such dastardly deeds as public peein', drinkin' in public, showin' tits, havin' dogs on the beach, and the worst crime of all, not wearin' a helmet. Gotta fix that one, Florida. We can handle the rest of the crap.

As the evening gets more and more liquid, the babes look better, and the frenzy in every bar reaches a wound-up pitch. Ya gotta be there to appreciate the zoo-like atmosphere of dudes puttin' lines on chicks, an' vice versa.

It's an annual ritual for longtime Daytona vets to check the taverns, tryin' to make contact with bros they've been out of sync with and haven't seen since the last time around. Sometimes old buddies hook up and the camaraderie continues. War stories from the past year fly back and forth, each tale one-uppin' the last. Bros fillin' in the voids of a long winter recount their doin's and antics.

It seems that makes us unique. We return, sure as a Harley's hard to kick, and the tide that rolls in and out, to pay our motorcycle homage. Think of it — forty-two years now of Daytona story-swappin', and each year's stories are different.

—Party Animal



Photos by Mike Lichter, Kim Peterson, and Roo



Threaded Holes

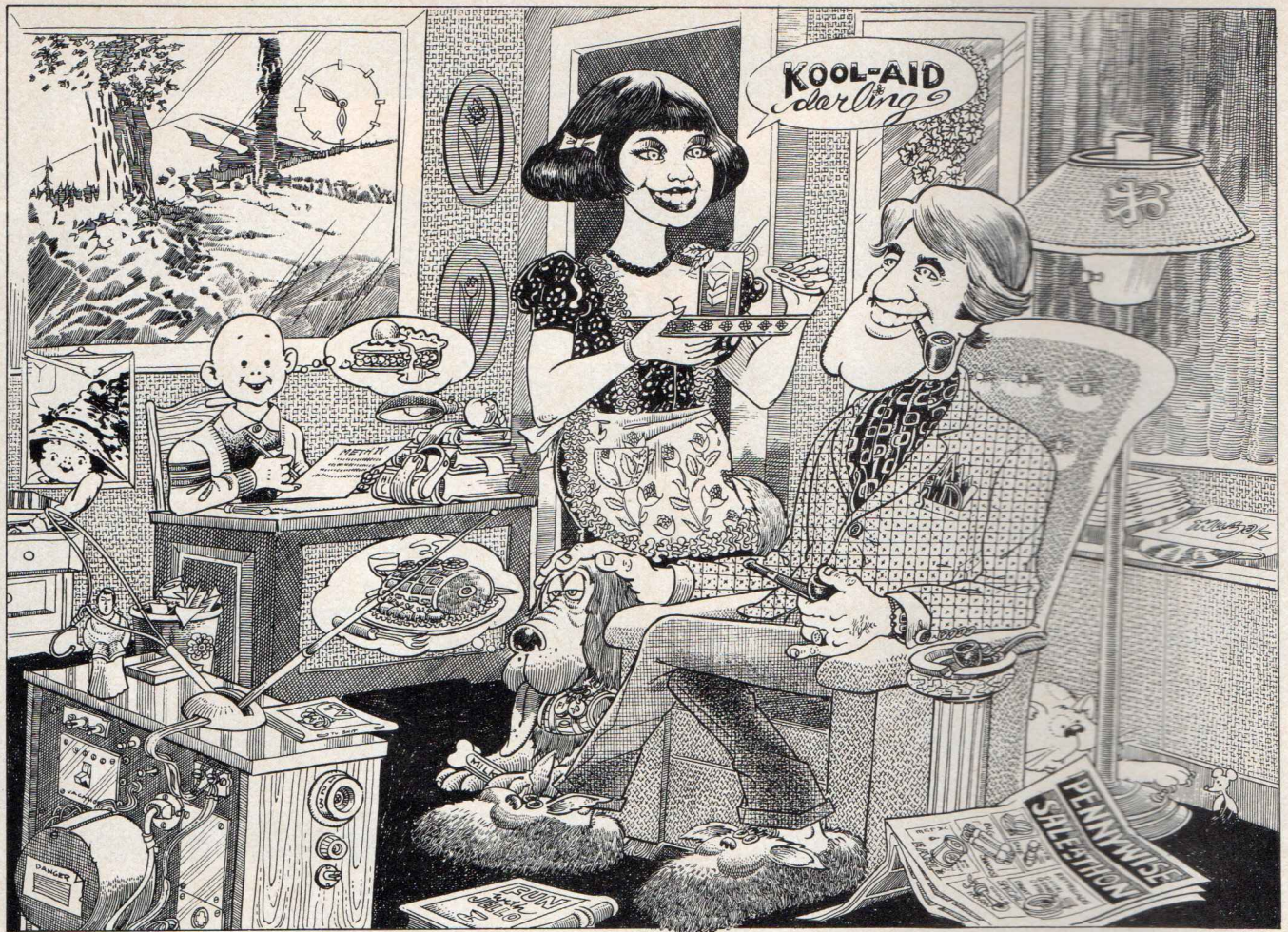
This month's tech tip is short and sweet. What you have here are two different charts for the threaded sizes of Harley engines. One chart is for Big-Twin engines and the other chart is for Sportsters. The Big-Twin chart covers knuckles, pans, and shovelheads. These charts take all the guesswork out of chasing threaded holes that have been jammed up with chrome from the plater's or glass from the bead machine. Andy Hanson has these charts hanging on the wall of his shop and allowed me to copy them so I could pass them along to the readers. These charts have already helped me out and I hope they do the same for you. —Wrench

Tap Sizes For Sportys 1957-Present

Head bolts	1957-Present	7/16-20
Rocker box bolts	1957-Present	5/16-24
Lifter stools	1957-Present	5/16-18
Top motor mounts in heads	1957-Present	7/16-20
Cylinder base studs	1957-Present	3/8-16
Trans trap-door bolts	1957-Present	5/16-18
Primary chain adjuster bolts	1957-Present	3/8-16
Engine case bolts	1957-Present	5/16-18
Rear motor mt. bolts and studs	1957-Present	3/8-16
Primary cover screws	1957-Present	1/4-20
Cam gear cover screws	1957-Present	1/4-20
C/Shaft sprocket cover bolts	1957-Present	3/8-16
M/Shaft sprocket seal cover screws	1957-Present	10-24
Oil pump bolts and studs	1957-Present	1/4-20
Ignition plate stud	1971-Present	8-32
Timer cover screw	1971-Present	8-32
Oil line fittings	1957-Present	1/8 pipe

Tap Sizes For Big-Twin Harleys

Camshaft cover screws	1941-1969	1/4-24
	1970-Present	1/4-20
Lifter stool screws	1941-Early 1976	1/4-24
	Late 1976-Present	1/4-20
Oil pump bolts	1941-1978	1/4-24
	1978-Present	1/4-20
Dist. drive stud	1941-1958	1/4-20
	1959-1969	1/4-20 L.H.
Knuckle head bolts	1936-1947	7/16-16
Pan and shovel head bolts	1948-Present	7/16-20
Dist. mounting stud	1941-1969	1/4-24
Idler gear stud	1941-1969	1/4-20
Shovel rocker box studs	1966-Present	3/8-16
Engine case bolts	All years	3/8-16
Cylinder base studs	1941-Present	7/16-14
Motor mount studs on heads	1948-Present	7/16-14
Timing plug hole	1941-Present	5/8-18
Exhaust port shovels	1966-Present	5/16-18
Primary chain cover to case	1941-Present	5/16-18
Panhead cover screws	1948-1965	10-24
Alt. mounting screws	1970-Present	10-24
Ignition plate stud	1970-Present	8-32
Timer cover screw	1970-1979	8-32
Oil line fittings	1962-Present	1/8-pipe
Crankcase breather fitting	1965-Present	1/4-pipe
Trans top cover screws	1941-1979	1/4-24
	1979-Present	1/4-20
Trans C/shaft cap screws	1941-1964	6-32
Speedo drive mount screw	1941-Present	10-24
Trans kicker cover	1941-Present	5/16-18
Trans drain plug	1941-Present	3/8-24
Trans adjusting screw	1941-1964	3/8-16
Trans case stud bottom	1941-Present	3/8-16
		7/16-14 O.S.



Biker Types 'Weekend Warrior'



"Where do you think you're takin' them magazines, bud?"



One way or another, we try to sneak each leg-wettin' issue of *Easyriders* into neighborhood bread and beer stands across the U.S. Sometimes we slip 'em in between copies of House Mouse-keeping magazine, other times we smuggle 'em in with the burritos, but once in a while we don't make it and you could miss out on an issue.

Don't chance it. There's only one way to make sure you'll get your copy of the rag every month — let Uncle Sam do it! Just use the handy subscription form at the left and let the merry mailman cure your missed-copy blues. Subscribe now and we'll throw in a free color decal just to reward ya for bein' so smart.



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

Subscription
Easyriders Magazine
Box 1050, Agoura, California 91301

Check one:

109

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,
☐ Here's \$37.00 for 24 issues. and \$6 per 12 issues
Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

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

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

BROS OF THE ROAD

by Jalil Damon

The chilly April morning wind hardened Clark Hunter's leathers and stung his weathered cheeks. He loved riding through this part of America, where Interstate 40 ties Barstow, California, to the Arizona state line. To Clark, the desert was the last refuge of freedom, the last wild thing in a country that his fifty years had seen grow too fast. He knew the desert and understood it, knew too the white, unbroken lines of I-40, lines that can send your senses into euphoric wanderings, hypnotizing you, killing you with the loneliness of its beauty and solitude, claiming you as the eagle claims the hapless jackrabbit, suddenly, coldly.

Clark knew that the desert can kill you, burying you with the sands stirred by the gravedigger wind, a distant mountain as your jagged headstone. Many bikers have died in the desert. It is a fit place to die. With no witnesses to your death, the desert offers an odd sort of immortality to those it claims. No expensive funeral borne by your brothers. No worms.

Clark had witnessed the birth of this portion of I-40. He'd seen the big Cats gouge and shape the black skin into two wide strips of virgin highway. Before I-40, he had known U.S. 66, which was now south of I-40, barely used, forgotten and neglected. He knew change and age, and death was no stranger to his thoughts.

Sandra had ridden U.S. 66 and I-40 with him. But the desert had not claimed her. Instead, life — the precious love of a new life — had claimed her. "Let's have a child, Clark," she'd said. And he had smiled, musing that at thirty-nine she was still the red-haired tomboy he had loved and ridden with for twelve years. She was always putting him on, teasing him, enjoying the quirks of his unassuming personality. "I'm serious, honey," she'd added.

"I know you are," he'd said. "But don't you think I'm too old to be a daddy? Sides, can't tote no sprout around forever on a motorcycle." He'd always pronounced it "motorsickle," and she'd laugh, as she had then. Her laughter showed the sureness of love, though, a sureness of having her way with him, too.

Last year, in the spring and summer of her pregnancy, they'd roomed with a friend in Dallas, and Clark had taken a job as a waiter in a fancy steakhouse, saving money for their child and a home off the road. "Time for us to put the old Hog in a garage and join the rat race," he'd said to her, and there was an almost enjoyable acquiescence in his words. "Can't ride forever."

* * *

He had wanted to curse the doctor, wanted to strike out at him with "Liar! Liar! No one dies from childbirth anymore!" But grief was his nature, not anger. Two days later, in a busy cemetery in a busy city far from the desert and the mountains he loved, he'd buried his woman and his child. A small, smooth marble marker, not the jagged and majestic mountain,

Continued on page 111



Lady Luck

Don't know if I'd go so far as to say this flashy pan came out of an ash-tray, but I know its name did. That goes back to when Greg pinched the lady statue from an auto parts store, rescuing her from a life of bondage standin' over burnt matches and cigarette butts — just a finishin' touch, but an appropriate way

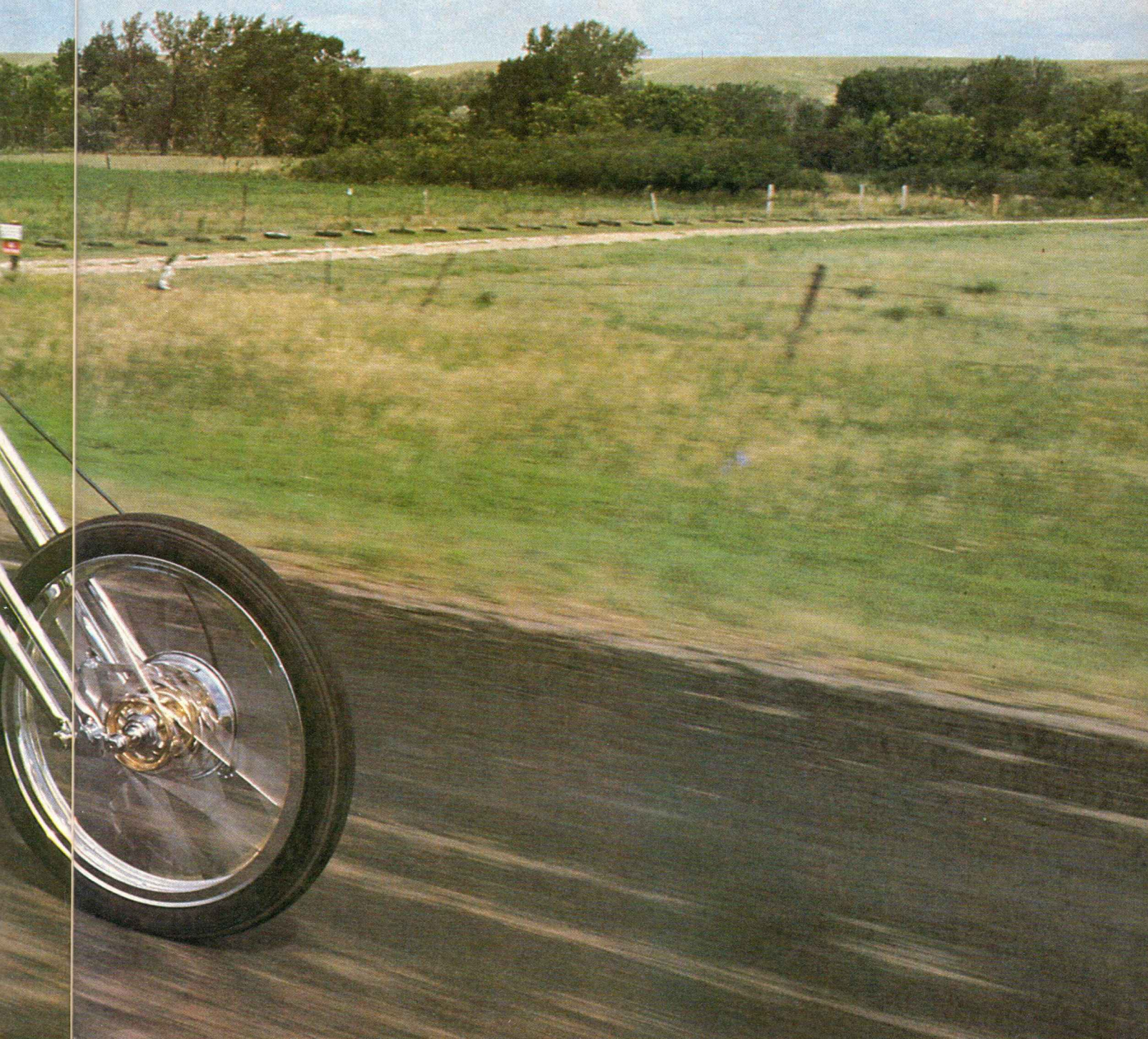


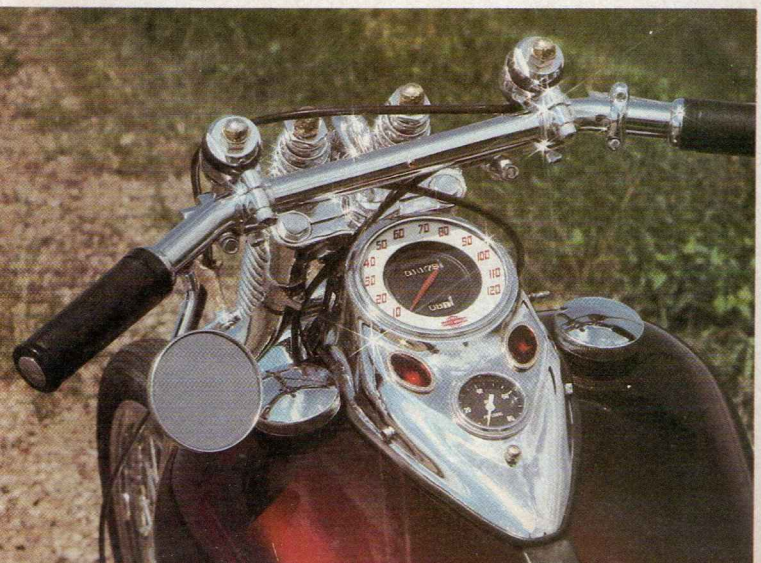
to put a bike back on the open road after years of workin' and reworkin' it.

I'm sure Greg was pleased, too, by something already clean and gone through when he bought this pan back in '73. While she looked totally different from the way she does now, I hear she still looked pretty sharp, 'specially next to

his two ratty 1942 military 45s. It wasn't a month of puttin' till he found that she wasn't as clean and tight as he'd been led to believe, so down she came for a valve job. Well, with a South Dakota winter comin' on, ya know how one thing leads to the next. . .

The years passed and so did his ideas of





just what he wanted. That was okay, so long as he had at least one of his 45s workin' well enough in the meantime to get around and make the annual trek to Sturgis. It gave him time to work on a few details you won't see anywhere else. His magneto modification was really trick, somethin' I bet a few of you guys wouldn't mind checkin' into. Knowin' that anyone can pinch almost any magneto-rigged



bike in no time, yet still wantin' to run one on his pan, Greg had to make it a little harder to mess with. That meant re-working the magneto case so that a round Coke-machine-type lock could ground out the mag and change the mind of anyone wanting to pick it. It's something to keep in mind. And who wants to be messin' with a dimmer switch in the middle of the night, every time ya got a cage

barrelin' down the highway at ya, beams glowin' brighter than the sun in your eyes? A little switcheroo in that early-style H-D left-hand grip went from spark advance to workin' a switch that dimmed the Bates.

There's a lot of other details, like the rear pegs that push into the frame instead of folding down, little brake indicator lights hidden in the bars, and some



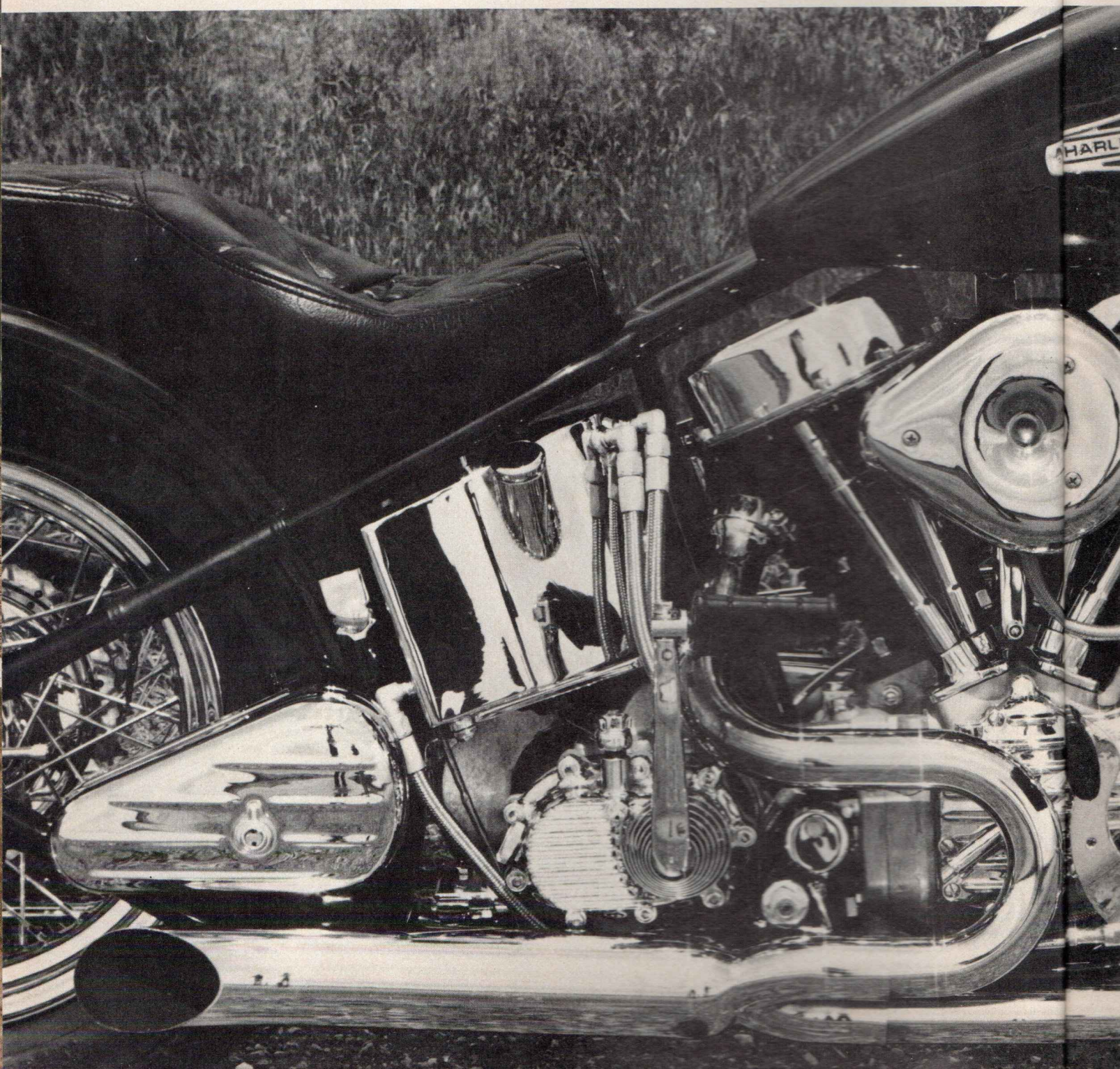
engraving on this or that. Just to be sure that some things would stay unique, he even smashed the mold after he had that one-of-a-kind brass hand cast which holds the clutch cable where he wants it.

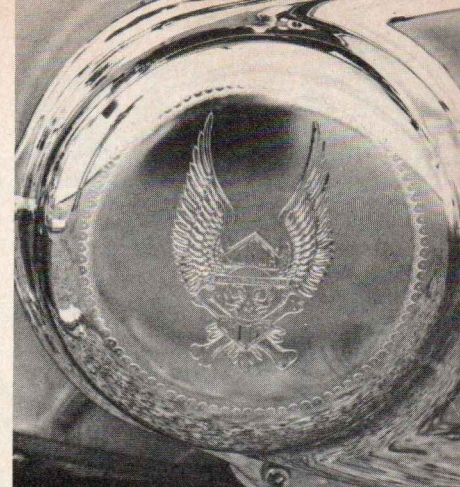
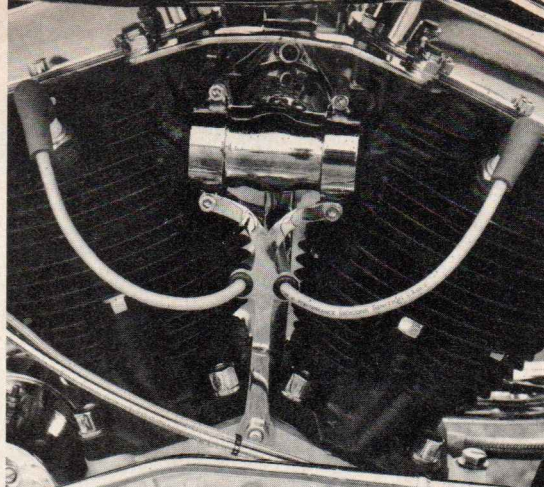
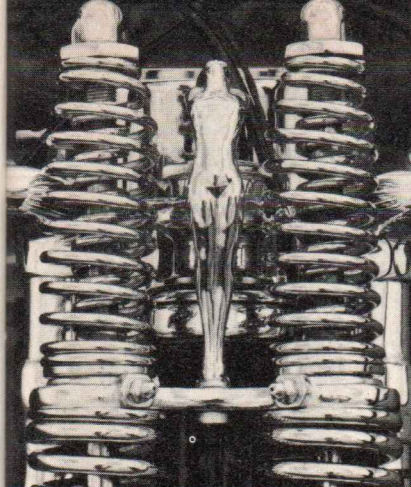
The seven years gave Greg enough time not only to pay for all this through the odd jobs here and there, but also to get a few things down right — like how to paint every one of those twenty-seven coats of candy lacquer and urethane. As a matter of fact, the last thing I remember from

when we shot this feature was the sparkle of that lacquer. The sun was pokin' through a small hole in a sky full of dark storm clouds and spotlightin' the bike.

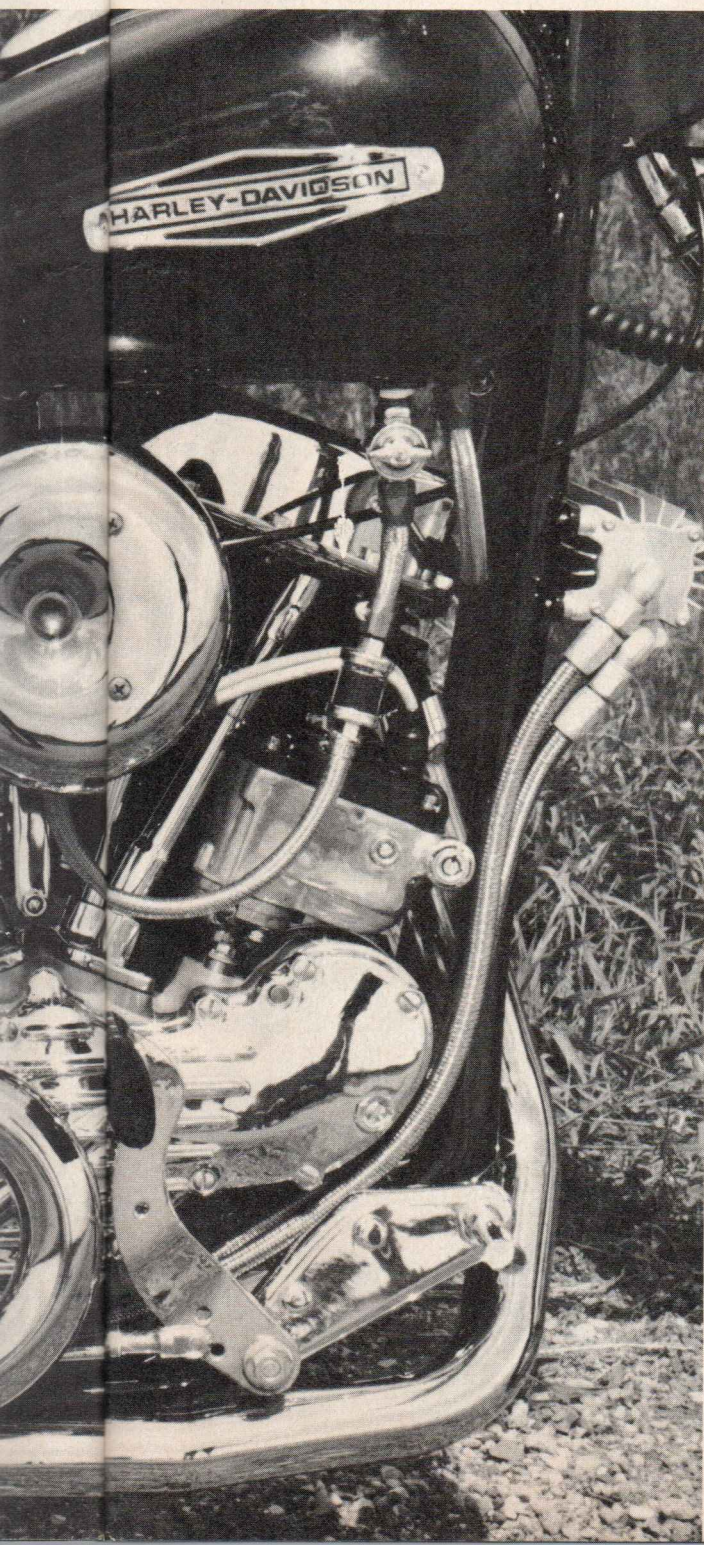
And that was it — all hell broke loose and everybody took off in different directions. The photo session was finished and another year of Sturgis was under our belts. We were hopin' we had enough stuff to show how hot this bike really is, and I think we do. Catch her yourself in Sturgis this year.

—Flash

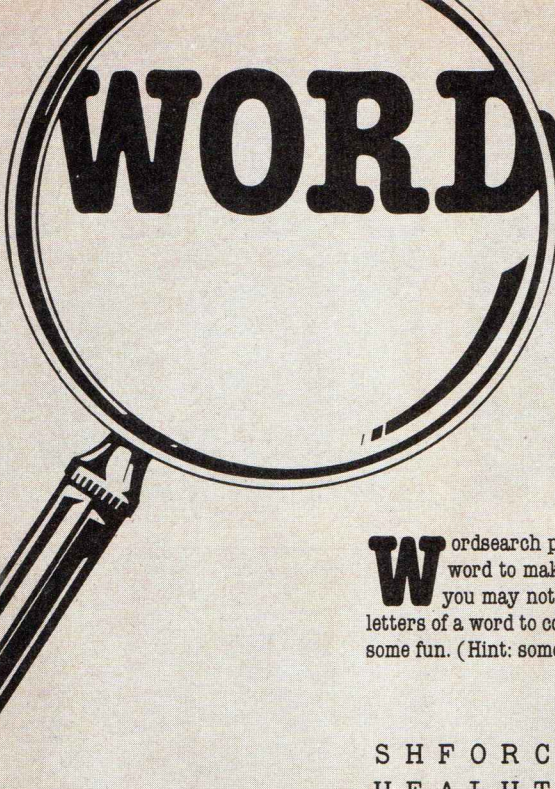




Photos by Mike Lichter



Owner: Greg Moses		City: Somewhere, South Dakota	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: knuckle	
Year and make: 1949 H-D		Builder: H-D and owner	
Model: FL		Type: rigid	
Value: big bucks		Rake: 3/8 in.	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: too long		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: modified Bates	
Year: 1949		Risers: Flanders	
Model: FL		Fender(s): just what it looks like	
Rebuilder: Lake Shore H-D		Headlight: Bates and owner	
Ignition: modified magneto		Taillight: modified Knight Light	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: Lake Shore H-D		Front pegs: owner	
Balancing: Lake Shore H-D		Rear pegs: owner	
Pistons: .040 over		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: bead blasted		Gas tank: 5-gal.	
Heads: ported and polished		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): Sifton 412		Oil system: late-model pump	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: engraved	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: owner and B&M custom seats	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: owner	
Pipes: old Dick Allen		Height: 14 in.	
Muffler(s): yes		Material: flat steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: springer	
Year: 1949		Extension: 12 in.	
Shifting: hand		Builder: H-D and owner	
Engine sprocket: 24		Special features: smooth	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: candy blackberry		Tire: Avon	Tire: Continental
Type: lacquer		Brake: H-D drum	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: urethane clear			
Other special modifications: custom cable holder			

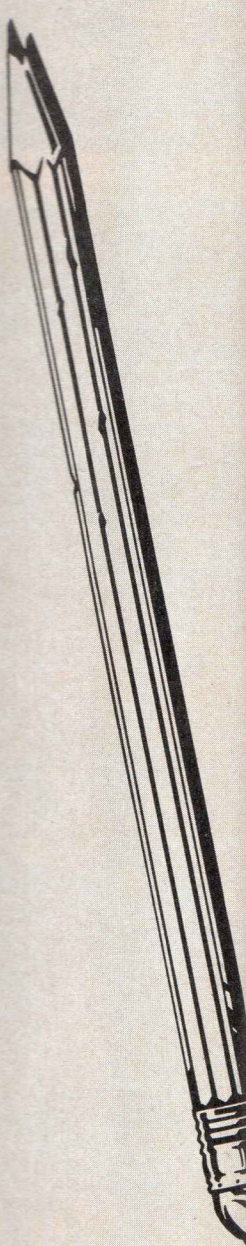


WORDSEARCH PUZZLE

By P. Martinez

Wordsearch puzzles are fun and feisty. You may not use a part of one word to make another word. Example: the word BIKERUN is one word; you may not use any of those letters for the word BIKE. You may use letters of a word to connect with the next. Example SPIDE®AG. Go for it! And have some fun. (Hint: some of the hidden words will read backward and/or diagonally.) ■

Solution on page 84

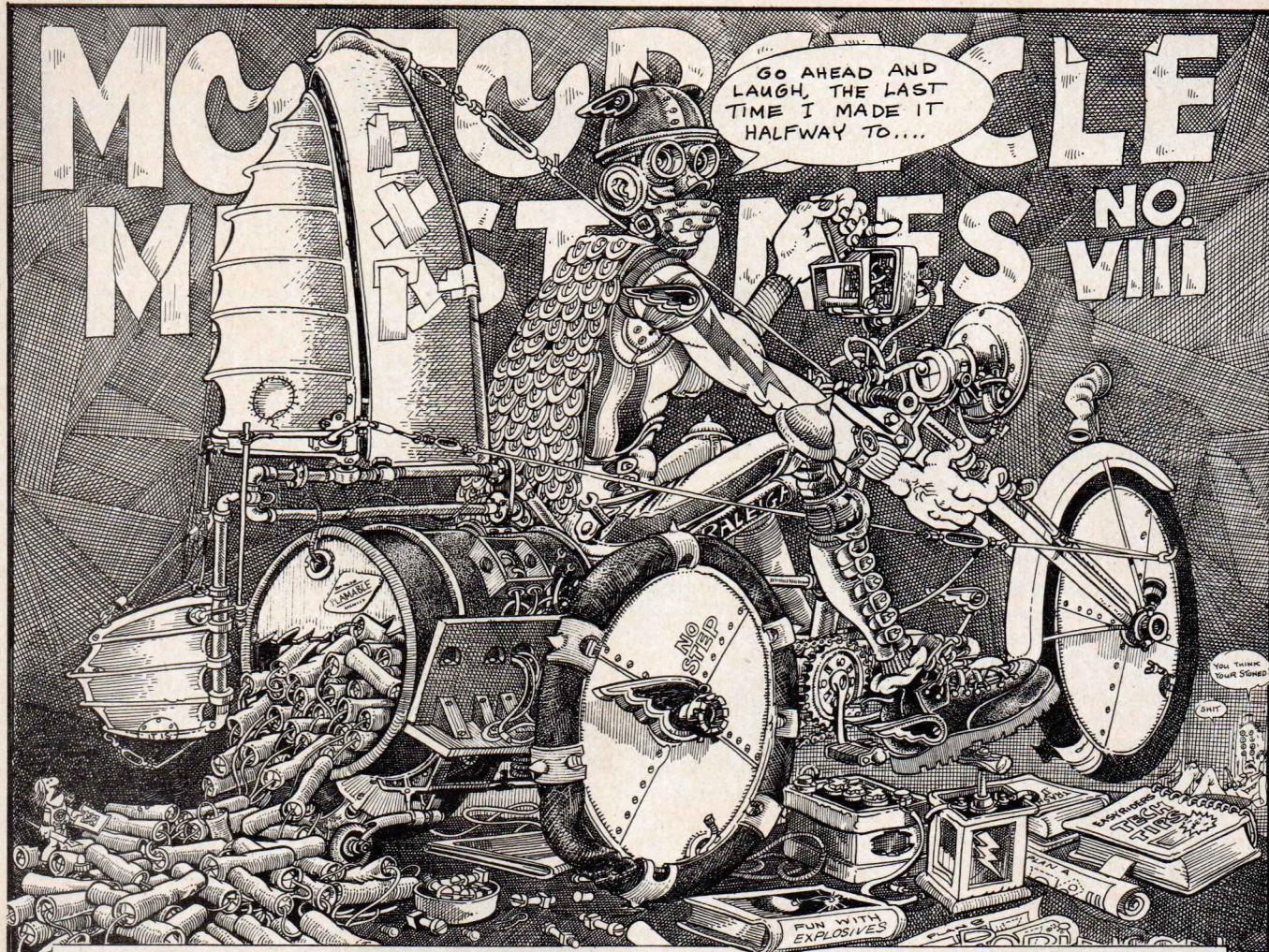


S H F O R C K C T S E T N O C Y D A L L O V O
H E A L H T N O N A I D N I G U C C I S P S K
O A T L A U U N I P N U R E K I B L D E C B N
V D F A W N C T N E C N T V O N I L E V A O U
E S L D G S K N O R S O O E L O L A N E R B C
L H A Y E O A T T P T R A F I F L C O N D T K
H T T C S M S T O I O S B T N A B E T T I A L
E I H O E I O R R O Y B T S T T L L S Y N F E
A G E V U H T R L R O S F O H B A A L F S T H
D E A C P S V R I F T T L C E O I M A O S R E
B D D O T P T D A E D T C I W T S K H U W O A
I A T E U O E F T I R U O W I O S T E R A P D
H E R L Y R D A N R P R T R N S O R R S L S S
A H M A S T B S T O N W E T D C A O N P T V T
W N A V I A D L T R R G L L R G F T W E E E R
O A L R V T S O E H N A P T O C O Y I C M P E
S P E E C B K L V O S W E N Y S A E G I L P D
P S C P O I T D M S S T O N E U R T W A E O I
I A A P B R E D I R D E R I B N S A A L H H P
D R L O U R R I E Y G O L O R T S S A V I C S
E T T H T O P A H T U M S U O L U C A R I M O
S L S C W C U N T E R S S E L C Y C R O T O M
T O S S P I E N O S D I V A D Y E L R A H O T

ABATE
ASSTROLOGY
BIKE
BIKERUN
CHOPPER
DAVE MANN
EASYNEWS
EASYRIDERS
FTW
FATBOB

FLATHEAD
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
HAWG
HELMET LAWS
IN THE WIND
INDIAN
KNUCKLEHEAD
LTR RTL
MALE CALL
MIRACULOUS MUTHA

MOTORCYCLES
OL' LADY CONTEST
PANHEAD
RAG
RED RIDER
SEVENTY-FOUR SPECIAL
SHOVELHEAD
SPIDER
SPORTSTER
WORDMONGER



The first (and if we're lucky, the last) dynamite-powered motorcycle was haphazardly thrown together in 1933 by unemployed stunt rider, Elrod Dork, Jr. Dork claimed that his dissatisfaction with the acceleration, or lack thereof, offered by conventional gasoline rigs

led to this slipshod creation. Dork quickly became the laughing stock of the motorcycling world when, amid a horde of jeering onlookers, he literally blasted his way into motorcycling oblivion, wiping out a crowd of onlookers in the process.

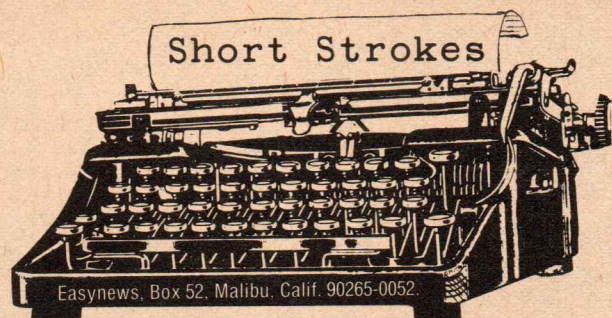


U.S. And Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	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	Yes
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes ³	Yes
Mississippi	No	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	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 ⁸
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	No
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

¹ Under 19, ² Under 18, ³ Required even if bike has windscreen, ⁴ Helmet must be reflectorized, ⁶ Lights on if bike is made after 1977, ⁷ Required for speeds above 35 mph, ⁸ Bikes of 1970 or newer, ⁹ If over 21, ¹⁰ If over 16, ¹¹ Certain cities may require lights. * Lights must be on 24 hours on all bikes equipped with automatic-on wiring when originally sold. This chart is accurate as we go to press — but keep in mind that laws are constantly changing. Send information on new laws in your area to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Short Strokes



Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

A police constable in Cornwall, Ontario, was ordered to forfeit five days' pay for breaching the Police Act by drawing his revolver and pointing it at a biker. . . a Lansing, Michigan, man got tired of trying to keep his pickup truck running and junked it in favor of a bike ten years ago. Since then, he has used his bike as his only means of transportation — riding in temperatures as low as 40 below and snow as high as three feet. The result? No accidents and fewer colds and sore throats than when he was commuting by cage.

The South Dakota Safety Council, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, has won a Motorcycle Rider Education Award of Appreciation for 1981. . . the Transportation Committee of the Mississippi House of Representatives has killed a bill to allow adults to shuck their helmets. . . A Camden, N.J., police officer, perhaps daydreaming about a promotion to the bike squad, drove his cop car through the window of the local Harley dealer. . . Maryland bikers have managed to stifle a move to reinstitute a helmet law in that state.

A bunch of bros are planning a three-day party on five acres outside of Daytona Beach, Florida. Set for June 11, 12, and 13, the rally will feature a bike show, events, trophies — and all the booze and food you can choke down. For more info, call Wayne Warley at (904) 788-2607. If it works, it may become an annual event.

Also in Florida, a courageous judge in Daytona Beach, Wiley Clayton, dismissed an "improper headgear" charge against ABATE member Berry Anderson. . . About 150 bikers in Charleston, South Carolina, showed up to donate blood in the second annual ABATE Valentine's Day Blood Drive. This year's blood drive was dedicated to the memory of Jerry Branham, killed by a truck in December. . . Madison Fox III, 26, of North Las Vegas, Nevada, has been sentenced to four years in the Nevada State Prison for running over and killing biker George Mettinger in 1980. Fox, who has a long history of DUI convictions, had a blood-alcohol count of .21 at the time of the "accident."

A prisoner in the Dallas County jail is suing the county for not letting him receive a copy of *Easyriders* mailed to him by his mother. There's one mom who knows which end is up. . . The Georgia House of Representatives has killed a plan to establish a statewide voluntary rider-education program. . . Spider's old hearthrob, Joan Claybrook, has become president of Public Citizen — an elitist lobbying group founded by Ralph Nader. Claybrook worked for Nader before taking over the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration during the Carter years.

World's Fair to feature bike-only parking areas

For better or worse, some of the most scenic riding areas in the U.S. are going to be thronged with more than their usual number of tourists this summer as the Knoxville, Tennessee, World's Fair opens for business.

Aware that the Great Smoky Mountains National Park and the Blue Ridge Parkway have long been favorite riding areas for many bikers, the organizers of the fair have designated special motorcycle parking areas for riders who decide to drop in on the exposition.

In addition, a number of area bike events, such as June's Retreads International Rally, have been scheduled to coincide with the fair.

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

Occasionally a lot of good can come from something that, on the surface, seems like nothing but bad news. Frequently this is the case in law, when the issues raised in a losing cause come back as the basis for other, more successful actions.

What we're trying to say is that a prisoner-rights case that loses in court can sometimes have a more positive impact than many cases that are won.

Though it is too early to tell for sure, it seems likely that Polk County v Dodson — 102 S.Ct. 445 (1981) — will go down in history as one of those cases.

In this case, an Iowa prisoner, Russell Richard Dodson, acting as his own attorney, sued his former public defender, the Polk County (Iowa) Board of Supervisors, and the county Offender Advocates Office for violating his civil rights under Section 1983 of Title 42 of the United States Code, which among other things, allows prisoners to sue for monetary damages if their rights have been violated. According to Dodson, his public defender, Martha Shepard, was acting in the interests of her employer, the county, when she asked the Iowa Supreme Court to allow her to withdraw as Dodson's attorney because she felt an action he had pending was "frivolous." In Dodson's view, such conduct violated his right to be represented by counsel and he filed his Section 1983 action, seeking \$175,000 and injunctive relief.

In her response, Shepard claimed that she was not acting as a state advocate while representing Dodson, and that her "undivided efforts" were directed toward the benefit of her client. She further claimed that rules of appellate procedure in Iowa required that all attorneys, whether public defenders or privately hired counsel, withdraw from cases that they considered

frivolous. Shepard also claimed that, because she had withdrawn with the state supreme court's sanction, her client did not have a valid claim that she had violated his civil rights.

Dodson filed his case in the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of Iowa, which dismissed the case against all defendants. Upon appeal, however, the Court of Appeals reversed the district court, ruling that Dodson's claim should be liberally construed and that the defendants were not entitled to "absolute" immunity from such action, even though they were employees of the state.

The United States Supreme Court agreed to review the case to decide the issue of "whether a public defender acts under color of state law when providing representation to an indigent client." In other words, whether a public defender can truly go all out to win a case for his client, despite the fact that such a victory might be contrary to the interests of his employer, the state.

In ruling against Dodson, the Supreme Court said that a public defender does not act under color of state law while representing clients. In the Court's view, a public defender becomes an adversary of the state from the moment he is appointed to represent a defendant and is expected to "represent the undivided interests of the client."

In the Dodson case, the Court noted that Shepard had reviewed the client's claims on appeal and found them frivolous. "It is the obligation of any lawyer," the Court noted, "whether privately retained or publicly appointed, not to clog the courts with frivolous motions or appeals." Therefore, the Court reasoned, since Shepard was doing her job as well as she could, consistent with her responsibilities under the law, she in no way violated Dodson's civil rights.

In throwing out the civil rights

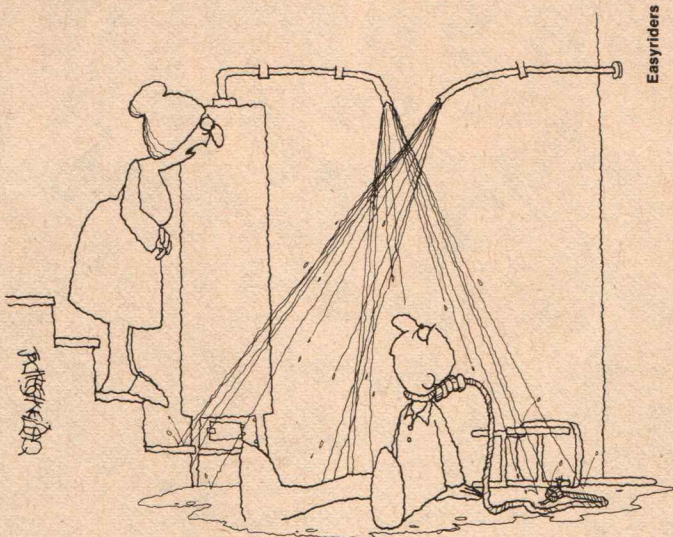
action, however, the Court opened another door that may provide an entrance to justice for many prisoners who feel they were unfairly convicted because their public defenders lacked the necessary skill, ability, or interest to win an acquittal.

"In essence [Dodson's] complaint asserted an ordinary malpractice claim, which would be equally maintainable against a retained attorney or appointed attorney," the Court ruled, indicating that had Dodson filed a malpractice suit against Shepard in state court, he might have had a greater shot at winning a judgment.

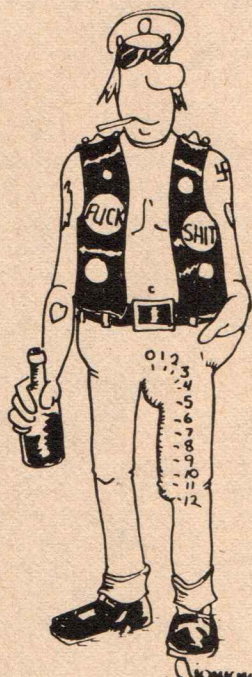
Emphasizing that their ruling against Dodson was based strictly on the fact that Shepard's performance did not violate Dodson's civil rights, the Court again made it clear that incompetence on the part of appointed attorneys could be redressed through appropriate malpractice action. "We intimate no views as to a public defender's liability for malpractice in an appropriate case under state law," the Court stated.

As with medical malpractice, legal malpractice is a tough charge to prove. You'll need to have all your facts and documents together and you, or a sharp jailhouse lawyer working for you, will have to carefully research both the specific malpractice laws in your state and the precedents, if any, for malpractice cases based upon the same kind of errors your lawyer committed.

Still, if you really feel you've been screwed by a public defender, or even a lawyer you hired, a malpractice suit could be the way to go. Further information on malpractice actions, and sample forms for filing one, are available from: The Committee to Safeguard Prisoners' Rights, National Headquarters, Box 4305, Waco, Texas 76705. ■

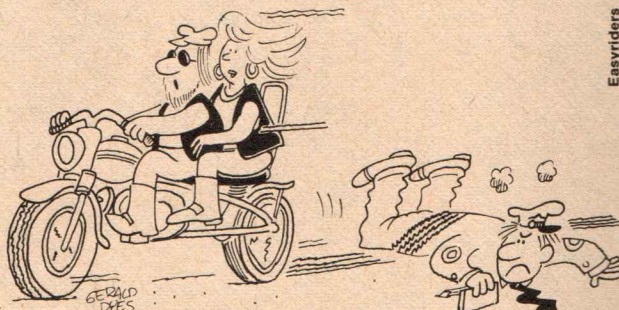


"Howard, you unmitigated asshole, can't you do anything right?"



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his girlfriend dry. Stuck in his tongue, pulled out some come, and said, "This is a helluva lot better than pie!"

—Mike Gearman
Madison, Minn.



"Damn speed bumps!"

Question: Do you know why a dog licks his balls?
Answer: 'Cause he can!

—Mark Gluss
Larchmont, N.Y.

This couple divorced, but remained good friends. One night, the man, who had a broken arm, called his ex-wife and asked her to come over and help him take a bath. She agreed and hurried over.

After she had helped him into the tub and began washing his back, she noticed a gradual change in his anatomy.

"Now isn't that sweet," she cooed. "Look, Jack, it still recognizes me!"

—Jack Hansom
Grand Rapids, Mich.

A biker and his ol' lady got married and they were both happy about the whole thing. He was happy about the hole and she was happy about the thing.

—James Cole
Newport News, Va.

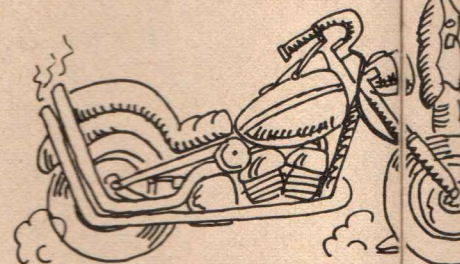
Did you hear about the club mama who went to the bar? She went in, sat down on a bar stool, and fell all the way to the floor.

—Greg Hutchinson
Omaha, Neb.

On an outhouse wall: Texas is like old pussy. You know it's down there, but who cares?

—Loner
Denver, Colo.

Easyriders



"You're right, it's got g

A biker was talking to his daughter and he asked, "What's the difference between a man and a shower?"

She thought a minute and then said, "I dunno."

"Well," he said, "you'd better find out before you get under one."

—David Jens
Mayville, N.Y.

Two bikers were arguing about how far back they could remember.

One said, "I can remember how mad my ol' lady got when I shit my clean diapers as soon as she put them on me!"

"Aw, that's nothing," the other bro said. "I can remember hiding behind my ol' lady's liver to keep my ol' man from poking my eyes out!"

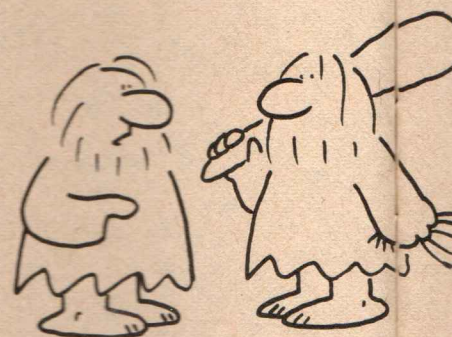
—Tom Misercola
Watertown, N.Y.

What does an Eskimo get when he sits on his igloo? Polaroids.

—Don Linn
Madison, Neb.

WITTY WILLIE'S REVENGE

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



"When you drag them face down like

Old men are like the holid-
ays. . .they come too fast
and don't last long enough!

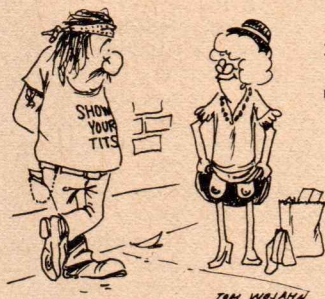
—Crazy Ed
Fairbanks, Alaska



right, it's got great brakes!"

She's got an elevator cunt —
always room for one more.

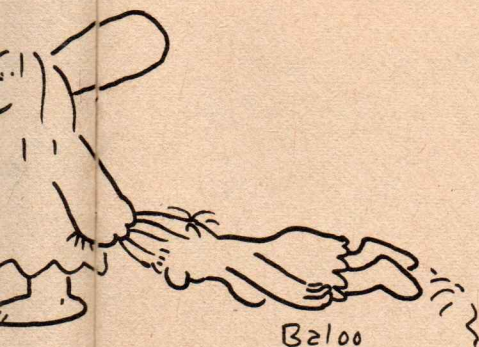
—Tree
Vacaville, Calif.



A gynecologist was about to
examine a patient who had
an extremely large cunt. As the
doctor approached the table,
the woman stretched her legs
until the veins stood out on her
ankles.

"You needn't open up so
wide, ma'am," the doctor told
her. "I plan to stand outside to
work."

—The Phantom
Greenville, S.C.



like that, it messes up their tits."

A blind man was calmly walk-
ing down the street with his
seeing-eye dog when he sud-
denly grabbed the dog by the
collar, picked him up, and
started swinging him around
his head.

Seeing this, a cop ran up and
asked the blind man what the
hell he was doing.

After putting the dog down,
the blind man replied, "Just
looking around."

—Jasup Hoffman
Youngwood, Pa.

Why do fishermen make
better lovers? 'Cause
they're used to the smell.

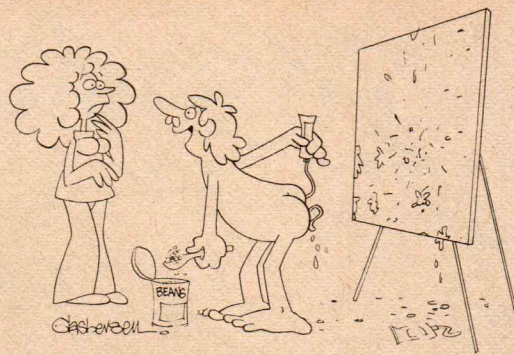
—Charlie Goodman
Sepulveda, Calif.

Why do they call chicks
from the South "Southern
Belles?" Because they always
have a dong in them.

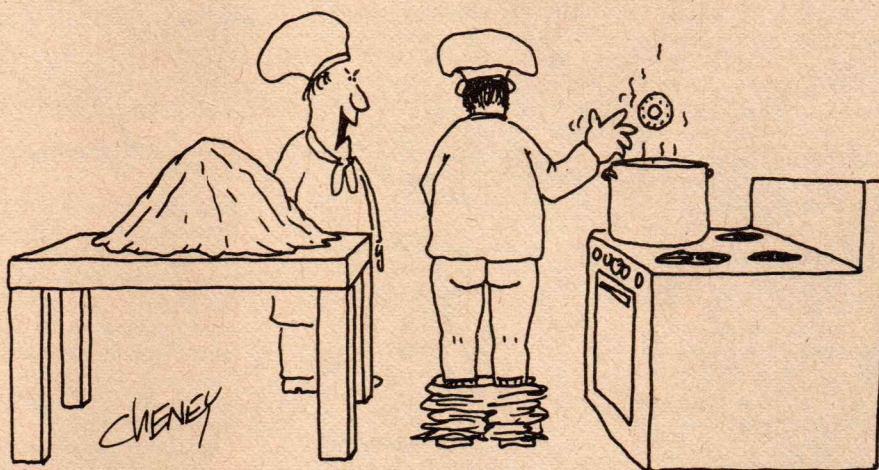
—Renegade
El Paso, Tex.

Did ya hear about Martha the
midget? She went into a bar
and kissed everyone in the
joint!

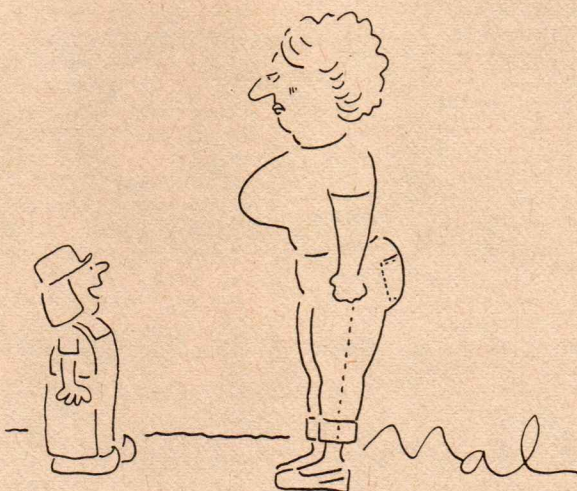
—C.K.
Simi, Calif.



"It's my newest creation. I call it fart art!"



"I don't care, Marvin, that's not how we put holes in doughnuts around here!"



"Hi, ma'am, I'm looking for a dyke that I can
stick my finger into."

How about the newlyweds
who decided to try oral sex,
so they stood on opposite
street corners and yelled,
"Fuck you!"

—Rick Browning
Marietta, Ohio

One bro said he liked screw-
ing a mule all night. "Yeah,"
his buddy said, "but you gotta
go such a long way 'round to
kiss her."

—Bob
Vacaville, Calif.

Here's to the biker's ol' lady,
most beautiful vine. Blooms
once a month; can bear fruit
every nine. The sweetest little
creation this side of hell. Can
get nectar from your nuts with-
out ever cracking the shell.

—Gypsy
Roseville, Mich.

A drunken biker staggered
into the bar, slid down on a
bar stool, and yelled for the
barmaid to give him a fuckin'
beer.

The barmaid gave him a dirty
look and said, "Sir, that's no
way to order a beer! Come
around here. You be the bar-
tender and I'll be the customer
and I'll show you how you
should ask for a beer."

She put him behind the bar,
sat herself down and said,
"Good afternoon, sir. May I
please have a beer?"

The biker eyed her for just a
minute and then said, "Fuck,
no! You wouldn't give me
none!"

—Rebel
Jacksonville Beach, Fla.

Asstrology

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

An arrangement that was a ballbuster in the past may now be definitely raggy. Unless someone is putting in a plug for you, don't put up with this messy situation. Grab the ripcord and bail your buns out. You may have to wade in and get your socks wet before things clear up. Worse yet, the shit might hit the fan first.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

You'll need more than a motor manual this month. What you need is a money-back guarantee. Parts you've recently purchased might work better if stuck up the dealer's ass. You're too financially fucked to get stuck with a lemon — even if your pucker's cute! You need to cut loose and unwind for a few days, so that mind-bogglin' head trips won't ruffle the hairs on your ass.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

Best keep your eyes open and your ears closed to bullshit rumors; otherwise, a scheme could backfire and you could get burned. Temper flare-ups can also have you doing a slow singe. And if you're not careful with what you say, the less lovely side of your past could become a real assgrabber. Invest in a muzzle, just to be on the safe side.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

Happy birthday! Be prepared for someone from the past to invade your birthday bash with a bonus that will boggle your brain and tickle your funnybone. Getting frisky with the wrong filly can leave your nuts in a knot; otherwise, you can dive in for a second helping of hair pie at party time. This month you can keep your head and have some too. (If you play your hand right and don't fumble.)

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

It's high time you got hold of yourself and took inventory of your assets. If you're breaking your balls and not getting anywhere, as usual, it could be that your approach is wrong. Remember, all problems can't be solved with a shoving match or a set of dotted eyes. Try using some tact for a change. The results will be worthwhile if you polish up that ol' Leo charm.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

If you're waiting for a tight partner to 'fess up to a recent fuckup, don't throw in the towel yet. Cut him some slack, kick back, and wait a while. If he's a tad lame, toss in a few subtle hints (send anonymous threats). Just don't kiss ass, or everyone will start lining up and bending over. Unless you're into playing spin-the-bottom, forget it!

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

If you're the kind who figures that liquor is quicker, you could reach an all-time low this month. Your usual good health could take a dip and leave your dick in the dirt. Best dust yourself off and shape up (dry out). Remember, your sign is highly prone to kidney problems, and you're not really allergic to water. Spending time in bed is no fun — alone.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

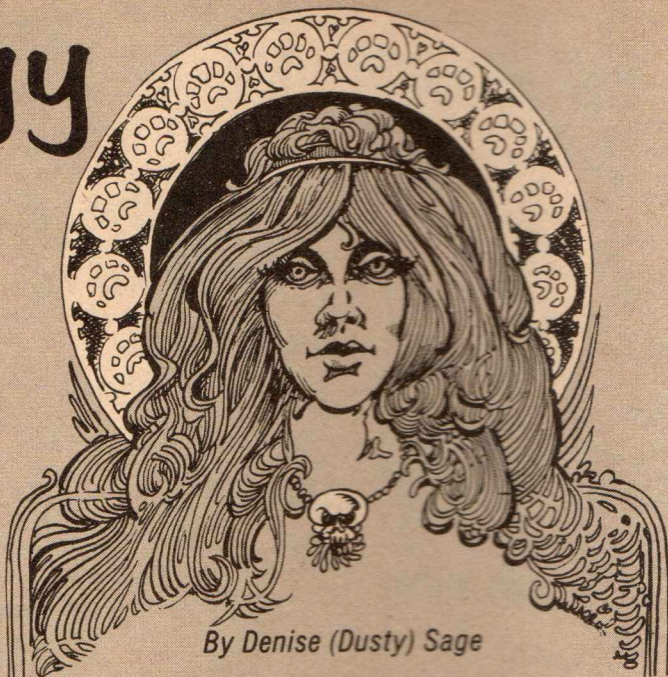
You're so accident-prone this month that you may need training wheels on your machine and safety belts on your bed! You'll have more than your share of skid marks on your shorts, and you can scrape your knees while putting on your shoes. Slowing down and taking a few precautions should take care of you; but if you're really a klutz, buy a case of Band-Aids and wear a parachute around the house.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

Sorry, it's still tough-titty time. You could really make a dipshit of yourself with some blabbermouth tactics. Best stick to talking about what you really know, even if it's only dope, sex, and putting. You're better off exposing yourself than your ignorance. Just don't overestimate your ability to rap about a lot of things, 'cause others might know more.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

You're up to your nose in nookie this month, but the situation may be short-lived if you smell and tell. And more so if it's a piece you're sneaking on the side and your ol' lady has a nose for news. There's some out-of-the-ordinary tripping on the agenda. Just don't let it drag your balls down until you're tripping over a limp nutsack. Keep things down to a low roar.



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Cancer

Cancers are so overly sensitive that when things don't go their way they either clam up immediately or dump on the entire world. They often pull a real mind-blowing Jekyll-Hyde routine around home base because they're extremely protective of their pads and possessions.

Even those who seem to be easygoing are likely to be smoldering beneath the surface and inclined to worry, even if it's only what to worry about! Cancers do have an over-active imagination, but sometimes their intuition borders on the psychic. They should follow their own instincts, which are usually reliable.

On the negative side, Cancers are generally big pigs who overeat, overdrink, and overfuck (is that possible?) — and then wonder why they fart, belch, and have dripping dicks. They are prone to ulcers and nervous stomachs and can

turn into real butterballs if they aren't careful.

Cancers are excellent at saving bucks and anything else they can get their paws on. They hate to throw away or otherwise part with anything. They also have a good eye for valuables that others pass up as junk. They're often into old cars and early cycles.

Cancers are not loners and make loyal friends who'll drop everything to bail out a buddy. They are great in the sack because they're sensitive and aim to satisfy.

Some famous Cancers are: Alexander the Great, John D. Rockefeller, James Cagney, Yul Brynner, Ringo Starr, Linda Ronstadt, Red Skelton, Cheryl Ladd, Neil Simon, Charles Laughton, Ernest Hemingway, and Natalie Wood.

Your Cancer buddy may be moody, get on your nerves, and eat you out of house and home — but he's still an unbeatable buddy.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

There's a strong chance that the second half of this month will find you looking for a new place to park your playpen. Maybe your job has petered out, or maybe you'll be getting a new career opportunity. If so, don't waste time yawning and scratching your nuts — or belching, farting, and counting your dingleberries. Get moving before someone else goes for it. If you snooze, you lose.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

Right now, there are more than a few jealous assholes sniveling at your good fortune, so don't let your ego show. Better to keep your ears pricked for a slip of the tongue or a flap of the jaw. Keep your snout free from any brown-nosing of your boss. Pack it with some righteous snow instead. Proceed to work yourself into a better position and pass up the pissers and moaners.



FREE IRON-ON

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

Transferring the pattern:

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

Perfect PAYBACK

by Spindle

Weasel had pissed me off one time too many. Now, I gotta tell you from the gate that the beef wasn't anything worth killin' about. I knew he'd had his eye on my ol' lady for quite a while, and I can't say I blamed him. She had a pair of bra-bustin' 38-Ds that stretched even the most demure top to the breakin' point — tits with big, pale pink nipples thrustin' against the fabric, boobs that made a man want to grab a double handful and gobble mounds of soft female flesh till he choked.

No, I can't blame Weasel for gettin' a hard-on over Sarah. Plenty of guys have felt the same way in the past and plenty feel the same way today. What can I say? I

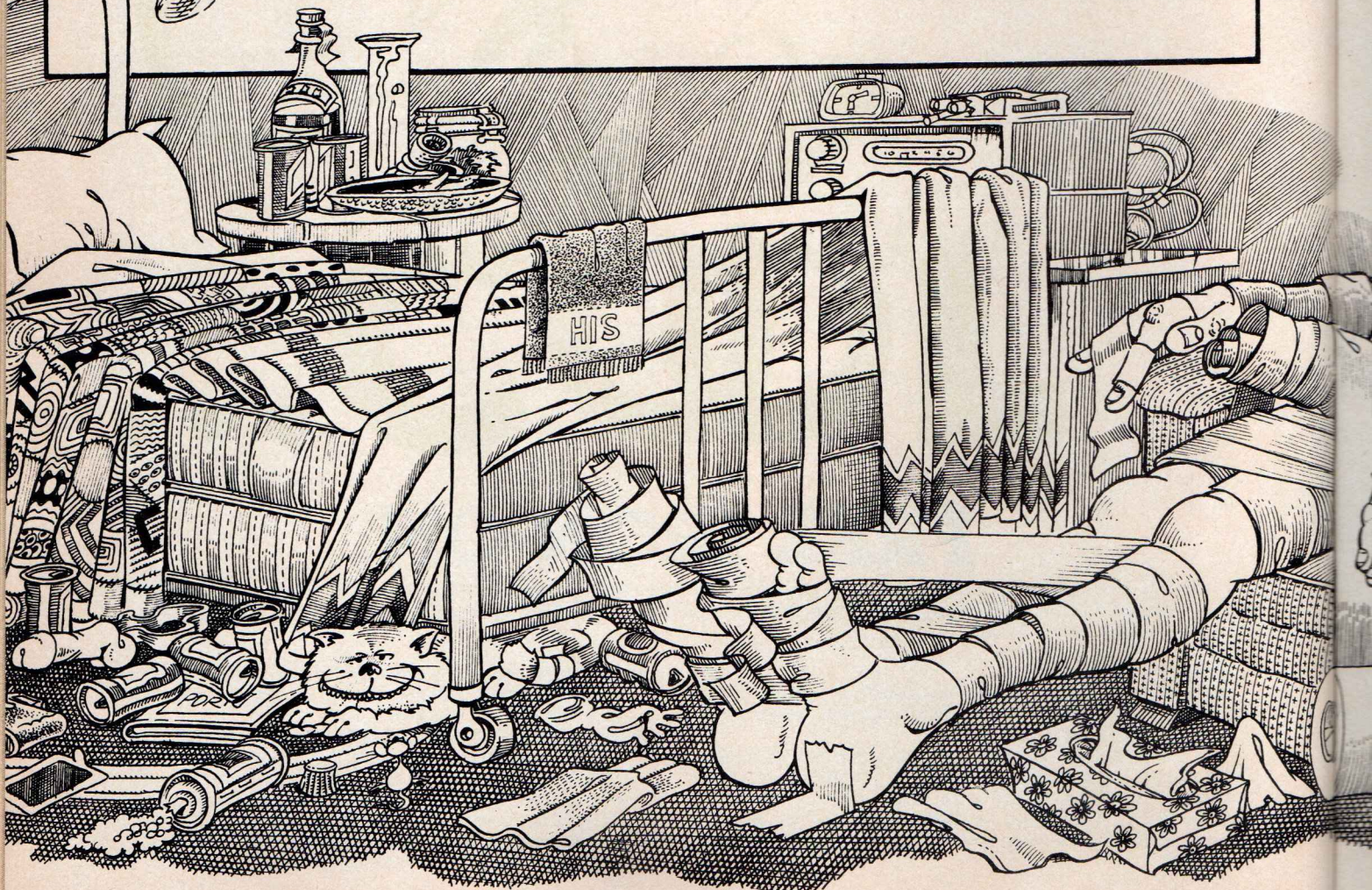
went berserk over her the very first night I

ever saw her. She was a vision of beauty sittin' on a stool at Dixie's, the local biker bar: full, pendulous tits, a trim waist, long, tapering legs, and a face that would tempt a saint. She had soft blond hair and slanty, cat-like eyes over a pair of lips so full and ripe that just to look at them made me dizzy with obscene fantasies.

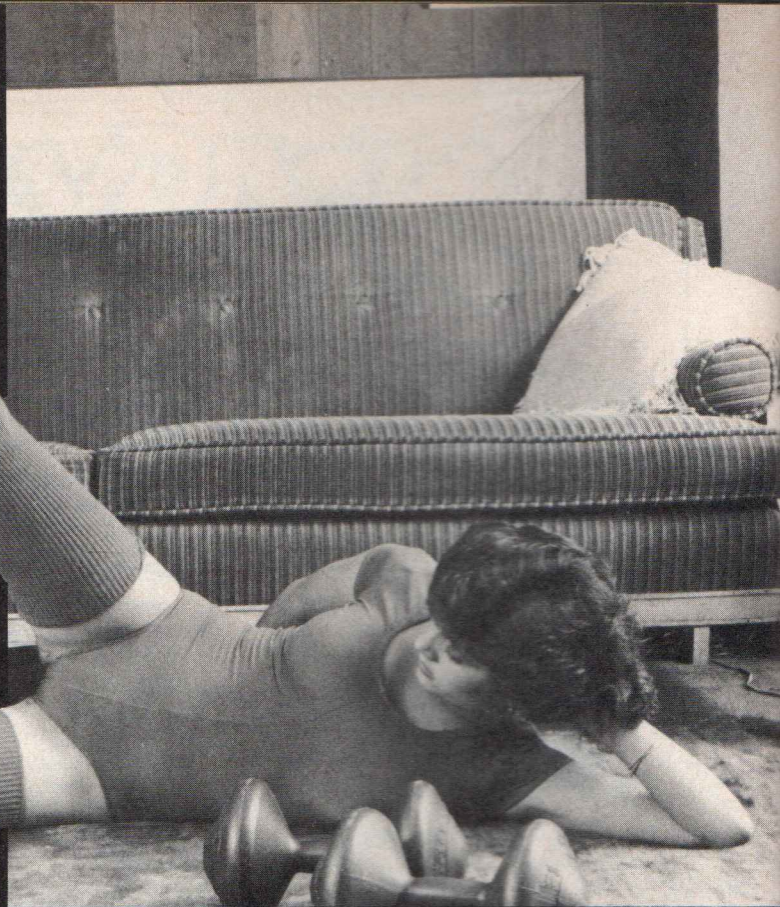
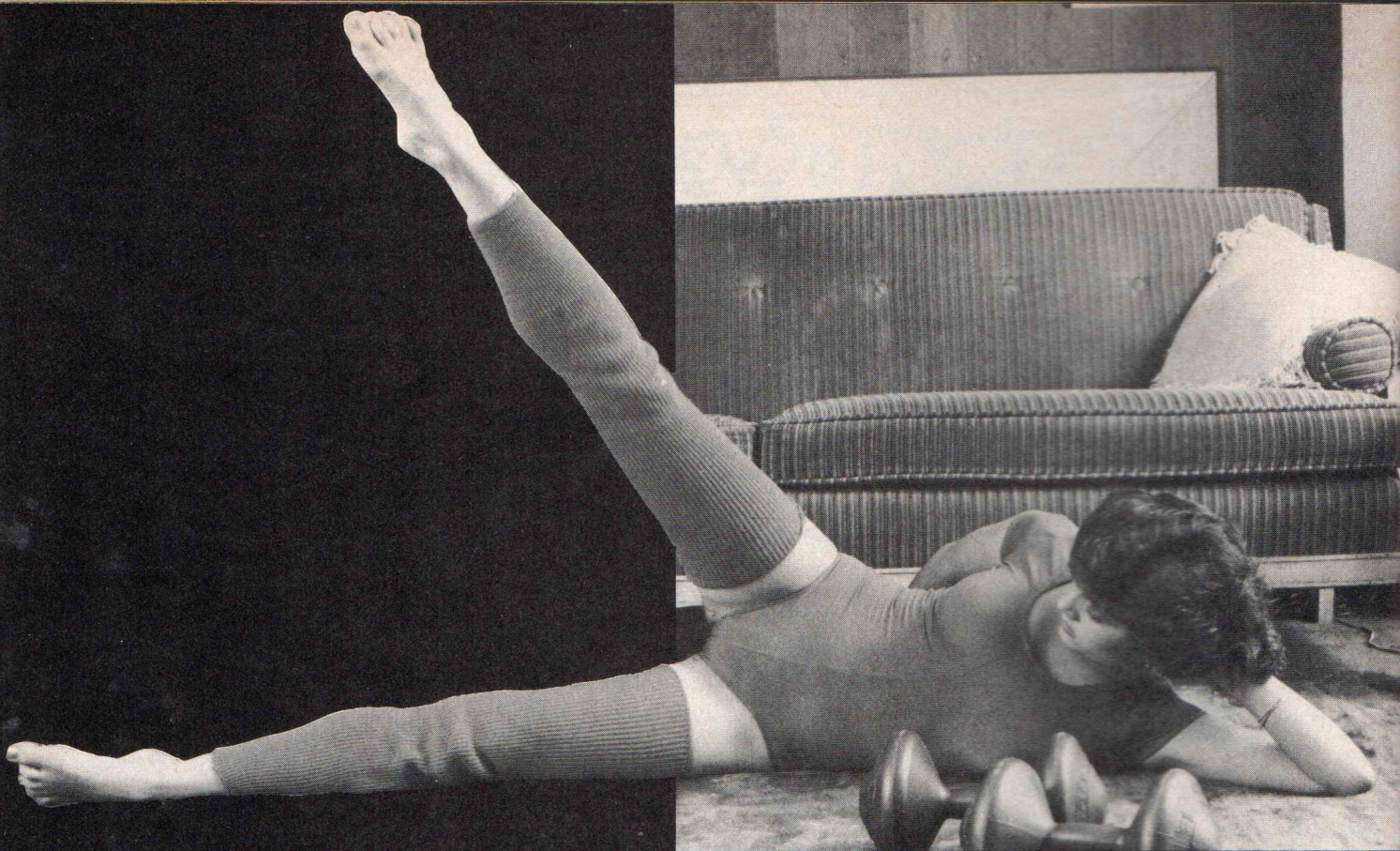
She was no blushing virgin, not by a long shot. That's why I say it wasn't Weasel's attraction to her that pissed me off. Shit, before I ran into her, the bros already knew her as Sarah Suck-Off, and I found out why the first night I met her. After a little small talk and a couple of beers, Sarah walked me outside to a dark corner of the parking lot and gave me the kind of head I thought existed only in sex-saturated porno novels. It was a warm summer night

with a full moon. Hardly believing my eyes, I watched my stiff dick slip in and out of that beautiful mouth until, delirious with lust, I pumped a shot glassful of hot come down her throat out there between the garbage cans and the busted beer bottles.

I guess she dug it as much as I did, 'cause she packed behind me from then on. We rode home on my pan that same night, and a couple of hours later I discovered that her oral talents were just an appetizer. I drilled her the dork three times before morning, and each time I thought I was gonna explode. Man, I filled that broad with enough sperm to fill a primary case. Shit, the stuff was still dribblin' down her thighs eight hours later when we got outta bed for breakfast. *Continued on page 99*







**WORKIN'
OUT
TO GET A BIKER**





Bros beware! This is the time of year when the chicks are preppin' themselves for the summer slaughter. Soon they'll be rovin' the streets an' bars, on the prowl — lookin' for a dude on a scooter to fill those full-moon, half-moon, an' no-moon summer nights.

It ain't exactly summer yet, but the broads aren't wastin' a minute of the rays. Even now, sun-drenched goddesses of love can be found on remote patios an' beaches, goin' for an all-around tan to lure their unsuspectin' victims.



Others, like Lisa, the perspirin' (women don't sweat, ya know) darlin' ya see in these pages, can be found in living rooms, toning and tightening their bods with leg lifts, sit-ups, curls, and stretches. Dumbbells become a part of the furniture. Within months they'll be able to flex their muscles anywhere — around a dude 'way back from the p-pad, twitchin' on the dance floors, or playin' tag-team in the sack.

After a pussy-poopin' workout, a lotta gals like to lube up with a bottle of baby oil to get the skin all smooth an' slick. Shit, it makes my tongue hard just flashin' on it.





Photos by Ralph Hampton



Anyhow, you've been warned, bros, 'cause sure as shit, as soon as winter rolls around, so will the fat. And the attitudes. You know, the "Not Tonight, Honey, Blues." That's when the broads are in scant supply, a natural cycle completed.

But right now it's almost summer and the meat on the hoof is hot, lean, mean, an' — needless to say — highly horny for biker flesh and the labia-lubin' thrill of ridin' king and queen seats on swingarms or rigids. 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.

— Victim

IN THE WIND



—from Ginger Brooks, Clifton, Colo.

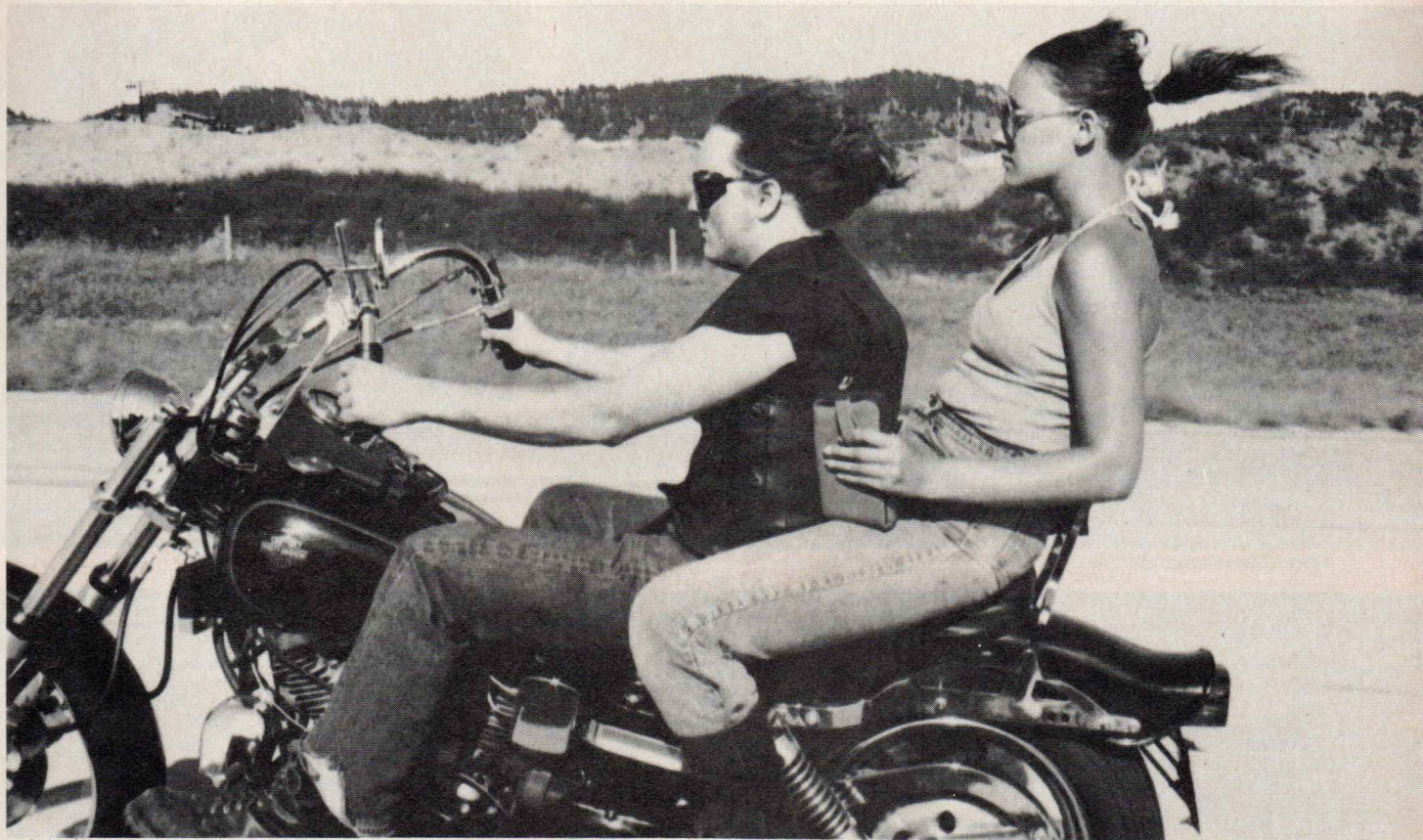
—from Dan Maust, Flagstaff, Ariz.



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 2¼x2¼) — 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 Kris Coughlin, Seattle, Wash.

—from Dennis The Welder, USA

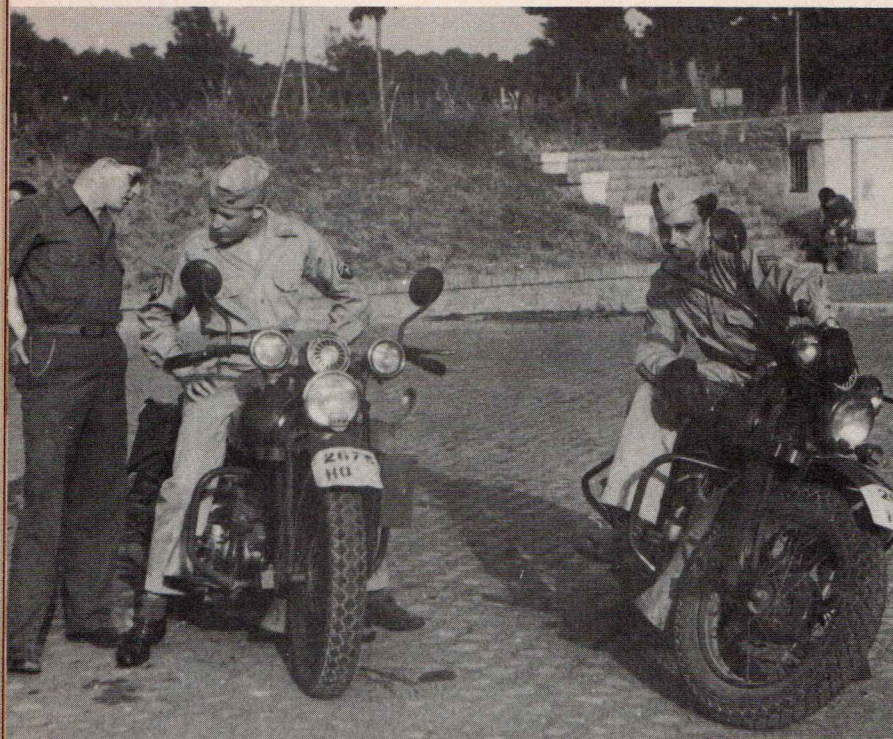


—from Kim Peterson, Los Angeles, Calif.



—from Scott Crist, Rochester, N.Y.





—from Jim Kemp, Baltimore, Md.

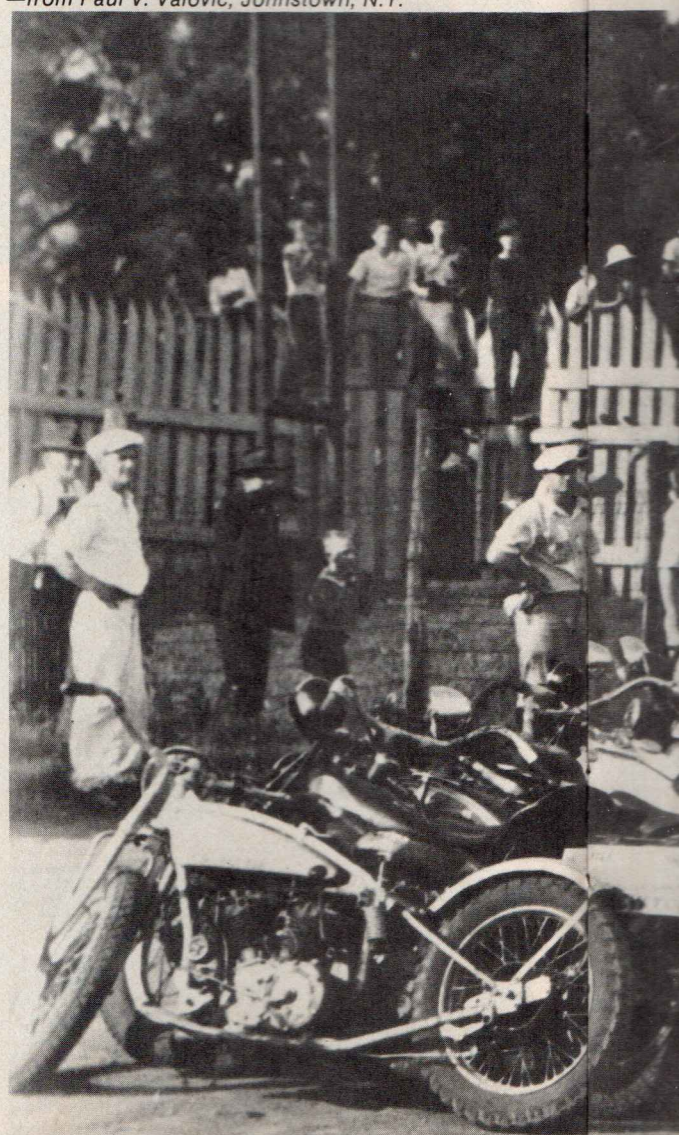


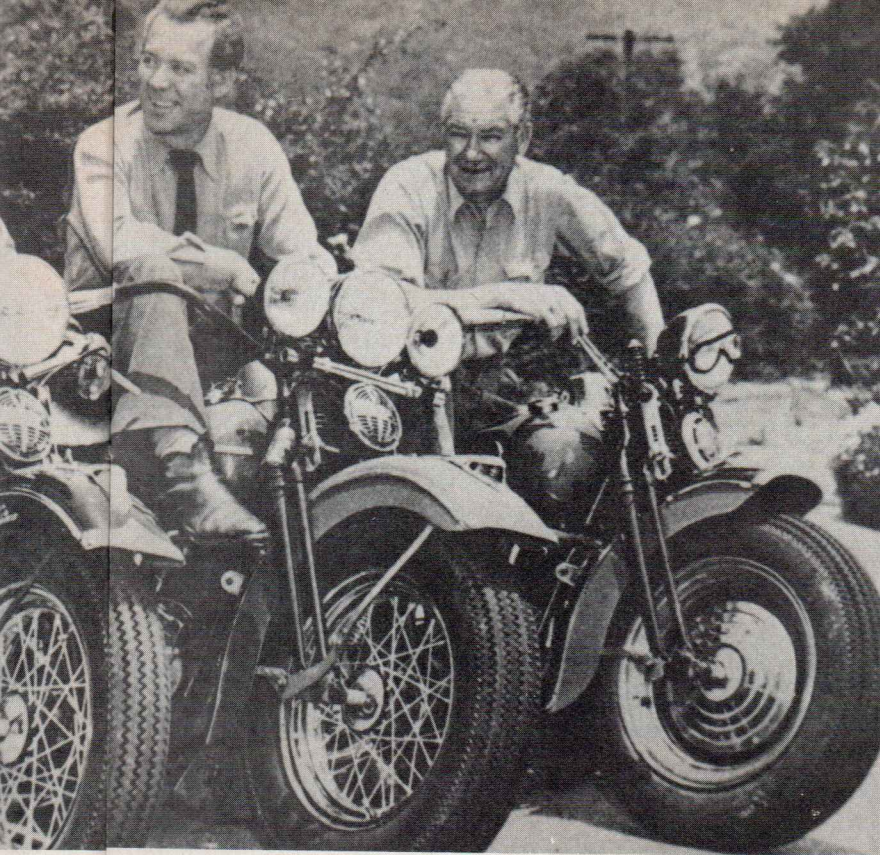
—from Paul V. Valovic, Johnstown, N.Y.



—from Jim Kemp, Baltimore, Md.

—from Jim Kemp, Baltimore, Md.

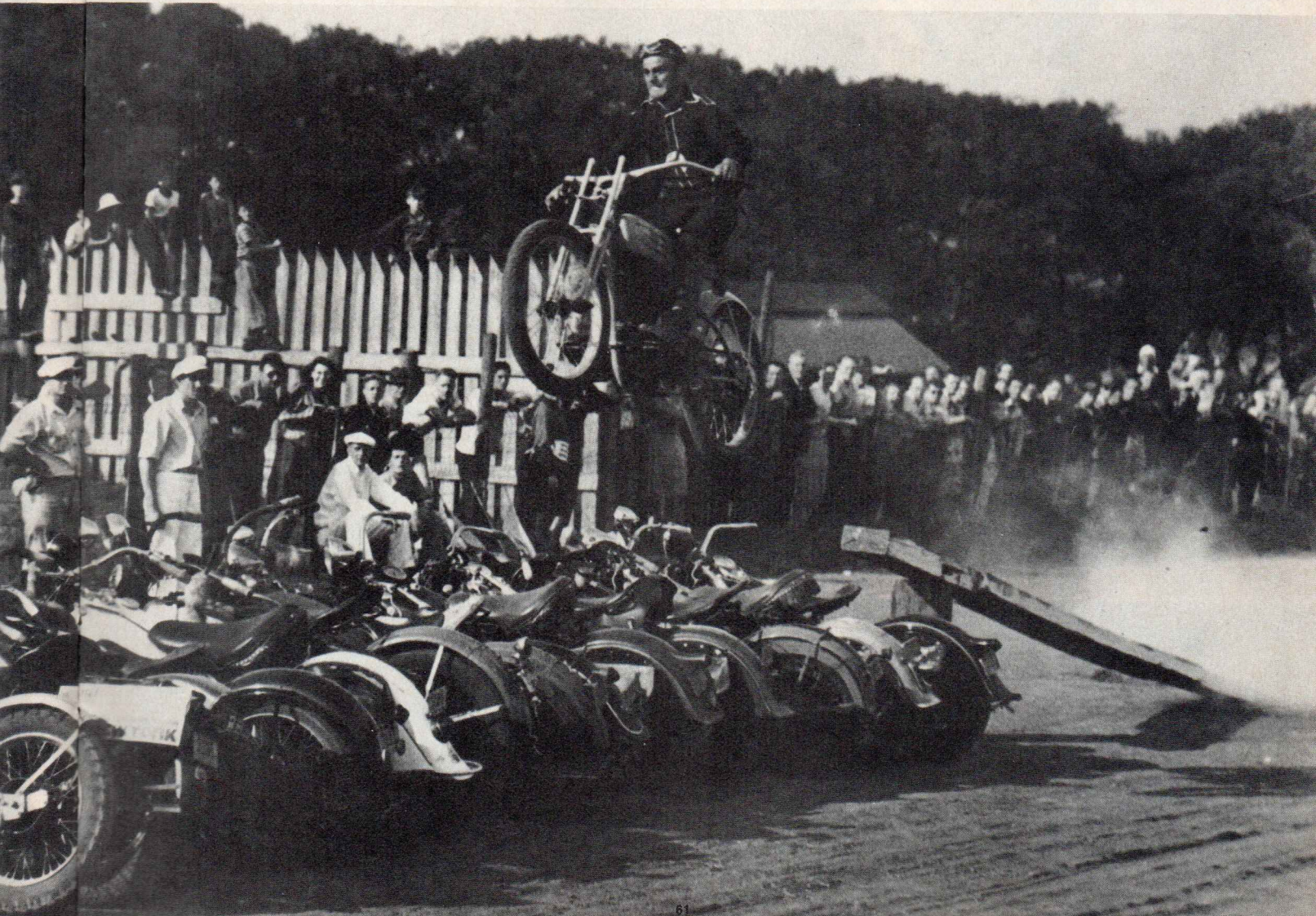


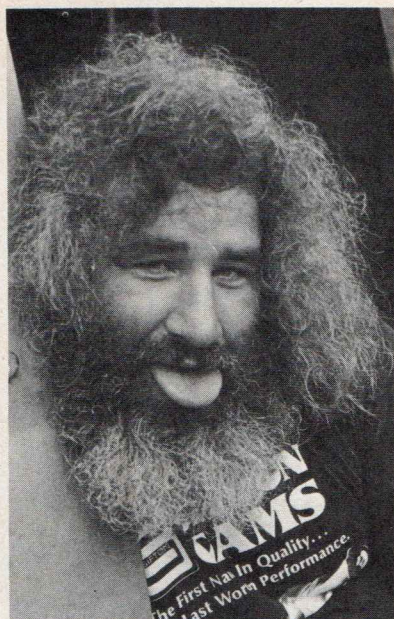


—from Big Jim, Zanesville, Ohio



—from Big Jim, Zanesville, Ohio

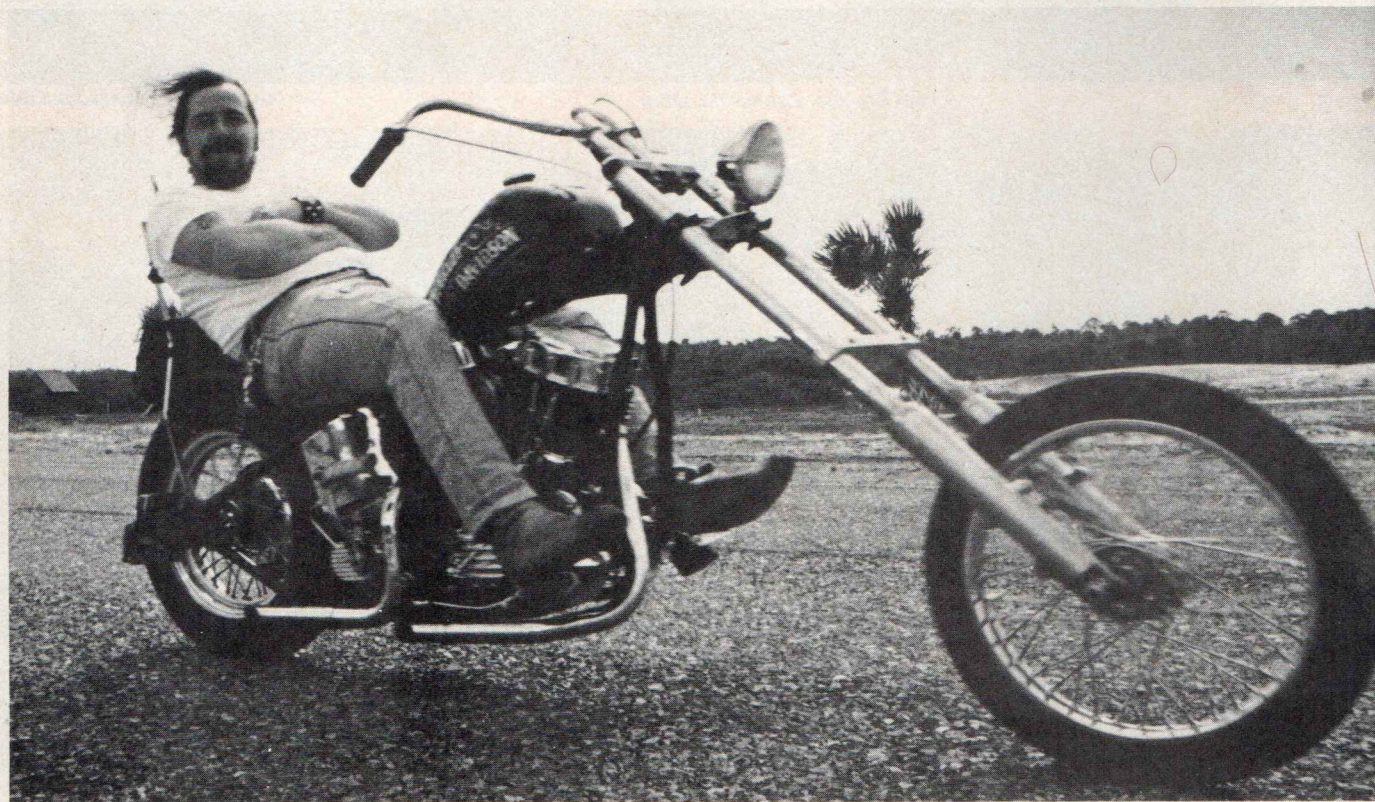




—from Wild Bill, Houston, Tex.



—from Scott Crist, Rochester, N.Y.



—from Bill Yehl, Portville, N.Y.

—from Bill Yehl, Portville, N.Y.





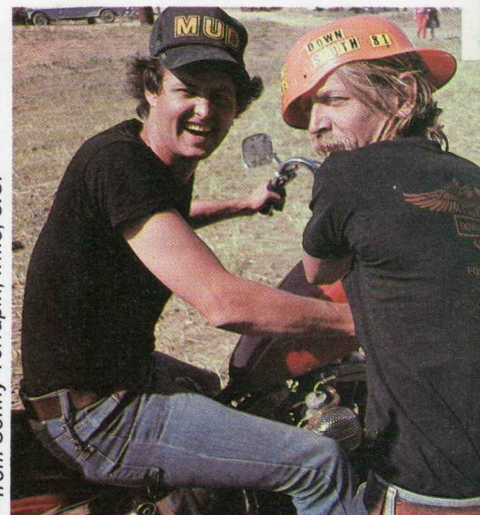
—from Jane Lysebo, Somerville, N.J.



—from Bob Jamison, Wilmington, Del.



—from Steve Martinez, Livermore, Calif.



—from Sonny Terrapin, Irmo, S.C.



—from Ellen, Amsterdam, Holland

RACEWAY *Pit Stop*

ONE WAY

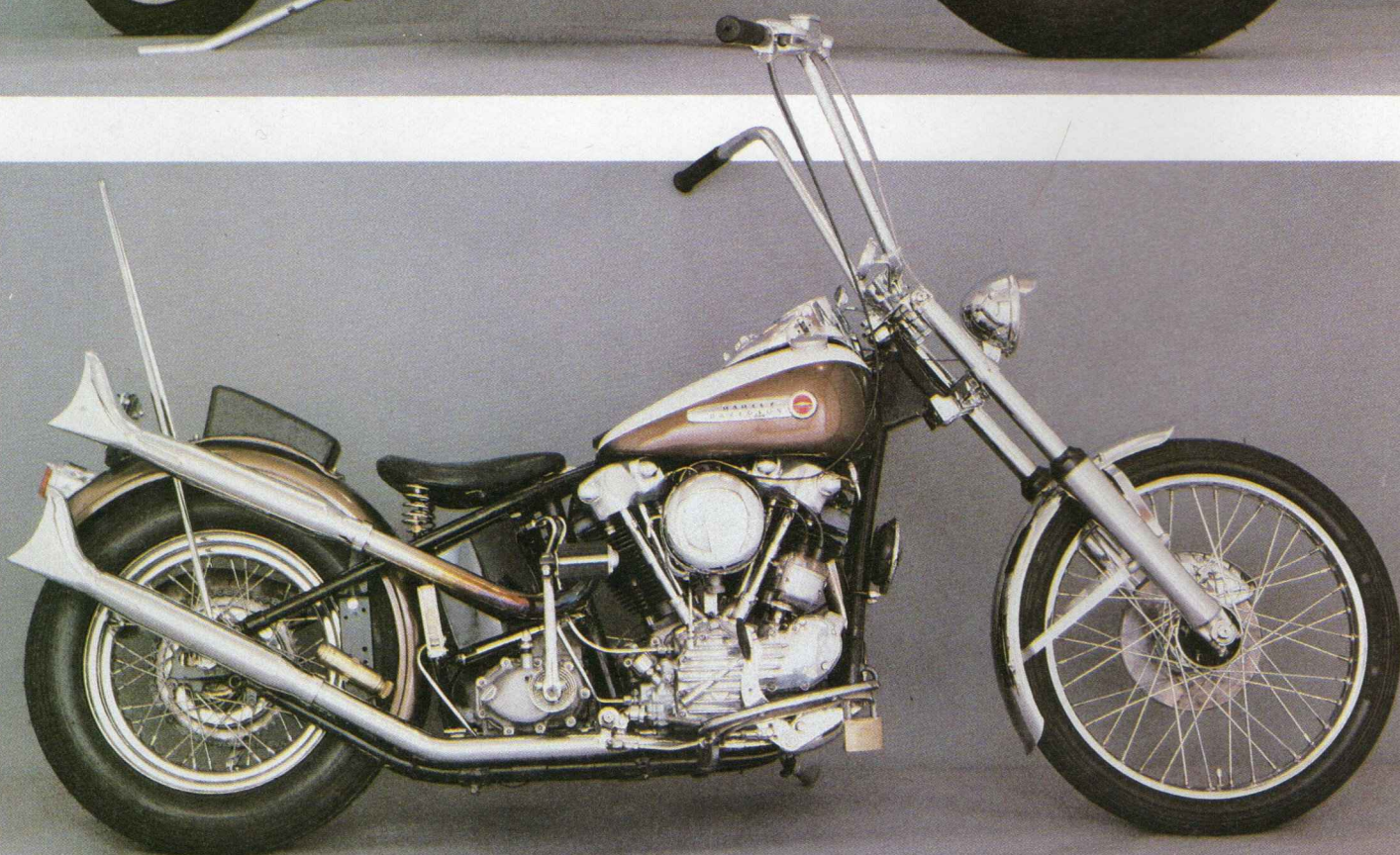
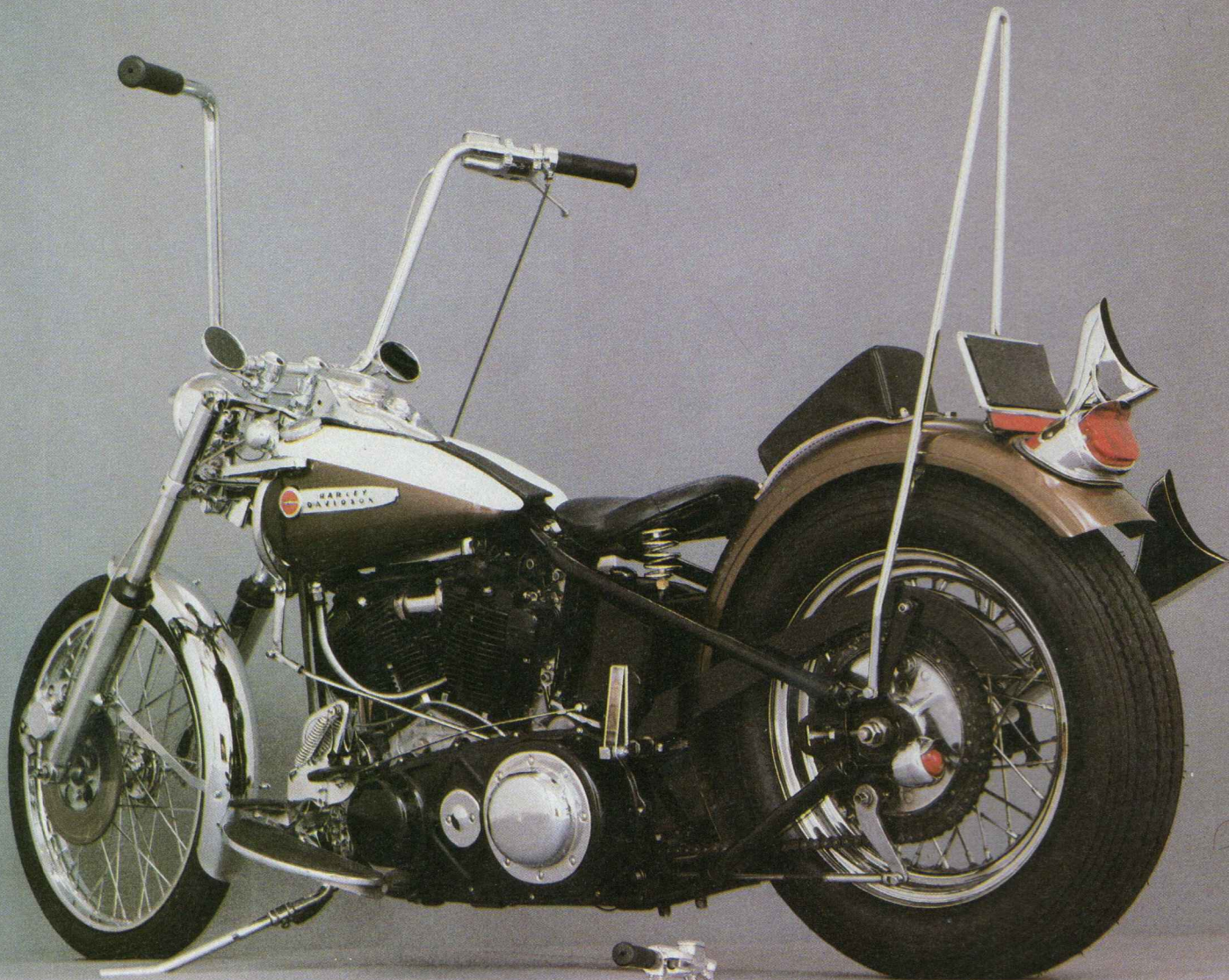
YEP, I'M CRAZY!





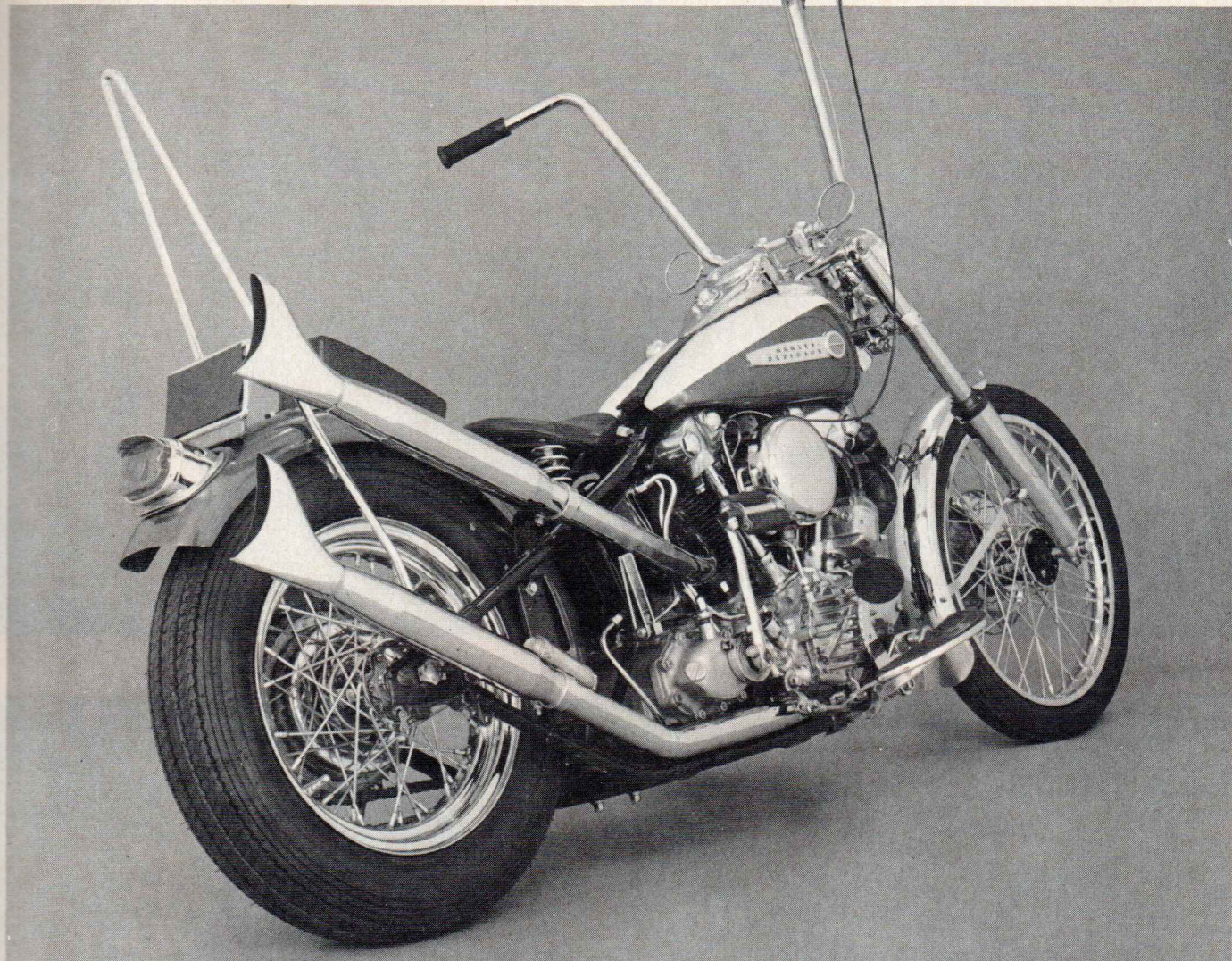
DAVID MANN

Easyriders Magazine



4
T
ug
im
of
le
sl
fa
ba
ty
on

T
ho
W
er



A Vintner's Noble Knuckle

Thinkin' about wine an' bike folk can conjure up some bloody, vivid images — like gallon jugs of Ripple or Red Mountain left drained beside a slumbering body lyin' face-down in a pool of barf. Used to be a fairly typical scene at one point or another on any run.

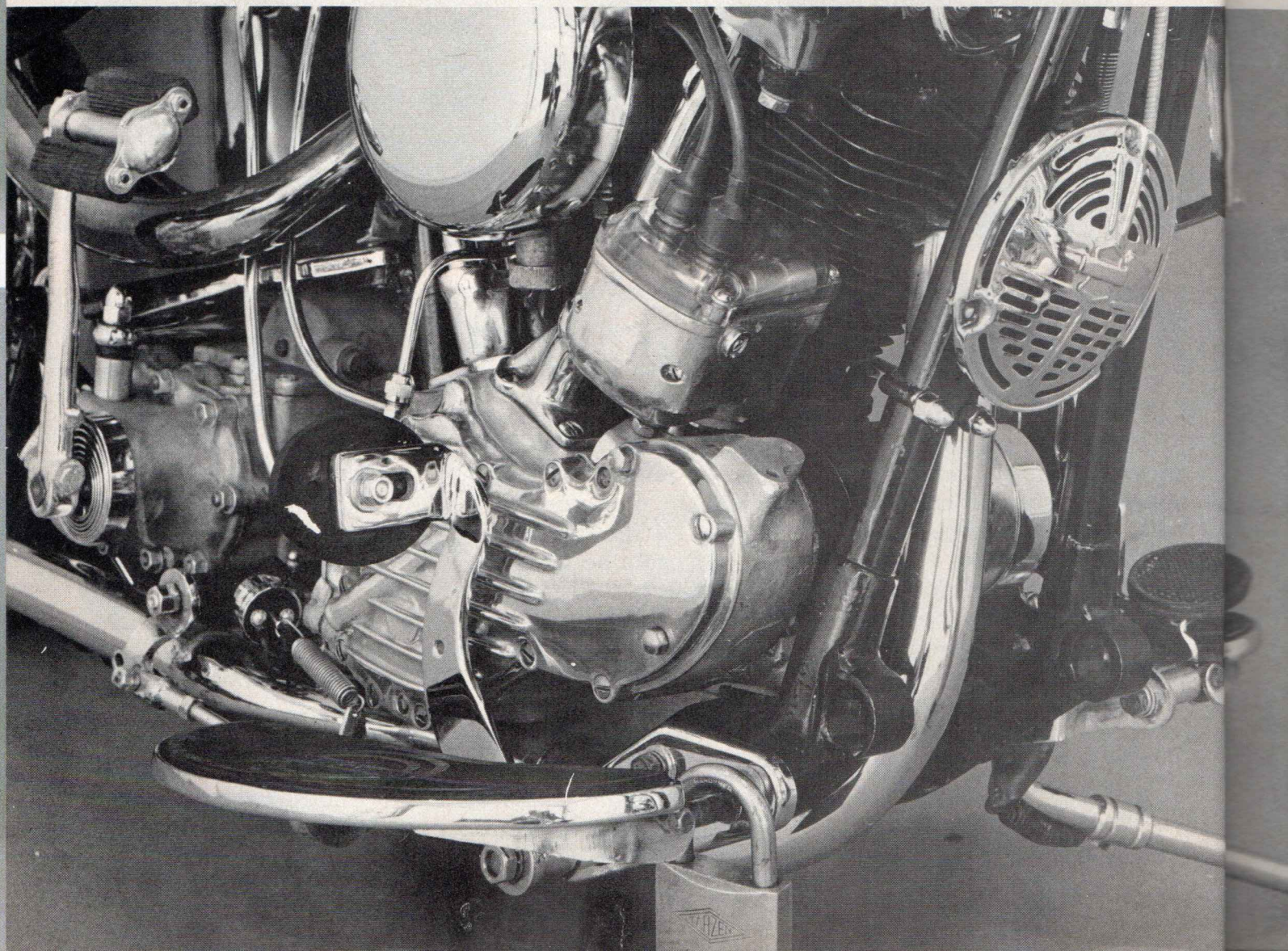
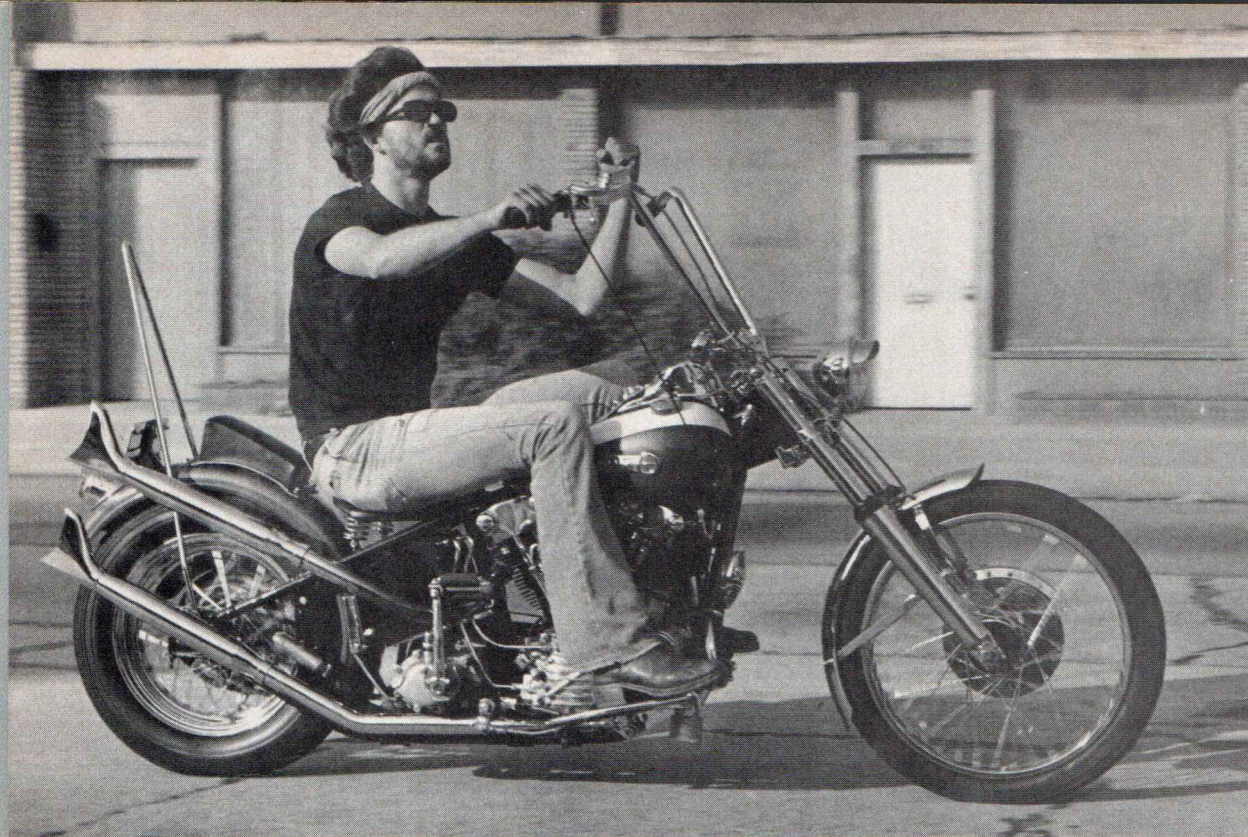
Times have changed. Take this guy, Greg — he's part of the new breed. When he's out on a weekender, after a day of put-

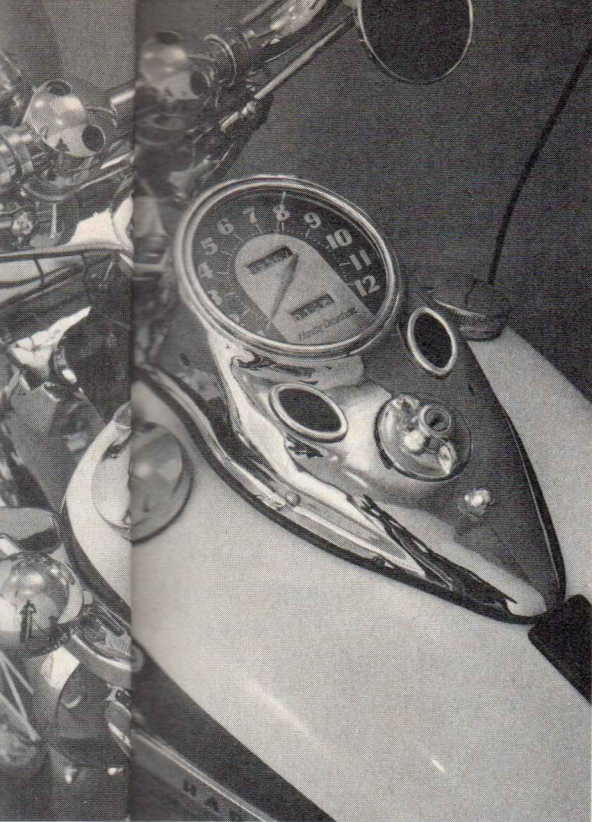
tin' his magnificent knuckle, he ain't gonna be found around the campfire, suckin' on no ordinary grape. Like his scoot, the juice has gotta be vintage. Greg's both a student of wines and a part-time winemaker. He's discovered the finer stuff, and now he enjoys a goblet of '74 Cabernet Sauvignon when's he's done puttin' on his bike. Both improve with age, he says.

In between carafes, he

managed to tear down his last ride, a shovel we featured back in January, 1980. He then sold off whatever parts weren't destined for his new ride, the 1944 knucklehead you see here. Greg's redone this mount to near stock.

The scoot's been in the Las Vegas area in one form or another for at least the last 25 years, perhaps also doing a desert stint as an army war machine during World War II.





A friend of Greg's first came across the bike in 1970. The same friend bought and sold it three times during the following decade. Every time the scoot would return with a different look, each as individual as a fine wine's bouquet, ya might say. It appeared in radically chopped, bondo'ed and molded versions, including one with an eighteen-over front end that barely kept the bike in one county at a time.

With the present owner's being into fine wines, women, scoots, and what have you, he appreciated the classic look of the original bobjobs from the past. So he took steps to bring it off again, while also giving it the wild look with upswept pipes that could fry your legs like the Vegas sidewalks would an egg. The same wild look accounts for the ten feet of



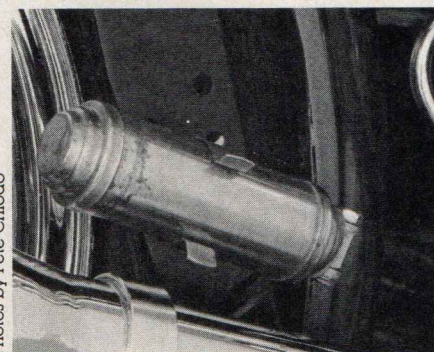
Owner: Gregory R. Haase		City: Las Vegas, Nev.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1944	
Year and make: 1944		Builder: owner	
Model: big knuckle		Type: hardtail	
Value: \$7,500		Rake: none	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Mac's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Big Time Apes	
Year: 1944		Risers: 1-in. risers	
Model: knuckle		Fender(s): custom	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: it's there	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: cat's eye dash	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: boards	
Balancing: Show Bike		Rear pegs: trim fit	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: glass beaded		Gas tank: 3-gal.	
Heads: 74 knuckle		Oil tank: stock	
Cam(s): stock		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: diamond tins	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: Bates	
Air cleaner: stock		Sissybar: owner	
Pipes: upswept		Height: 10 feet overall	
Muffler(s): tails		Material: titanium	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: stock		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1944		Extension: 2-in.	
Shifting: tank shift		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: adjustable sidecar trees	
Trans sprocket: stock		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Show Bike		Hub: stock	Hub: star
Painter: Show Bike		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: 2-tone/root beer and white		Tire: Avon	Tire: 5.10 Gdyl.
Type: lacquer		Brake: disc	Brake: mech. drum
Special paint: lear Imron			
Other special modirications: fire extinguisher. Special thanks to Show Bike.			

sissy bar and "the tallest ape hangers in town."

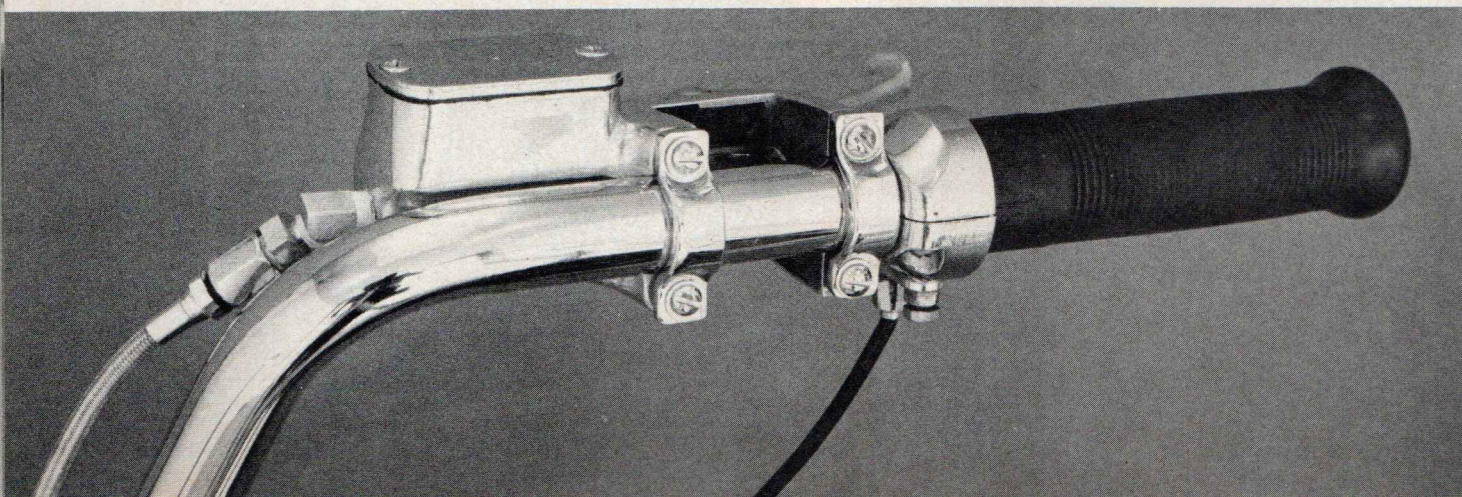
Greg used the front end, floorboards, rocker clutch, and tin covers from his shovel. Now that the rebuild has set him free, he's ready to fill up the gas tanks and his trusty bota bag, and get in some spirited desert riding around Boulder City, Lake Meade, and anywhere else in Nevada.

The heat doesn't get the dependable knuck down, as it takes 70-weight in its oil lines and 90-weight in the tranny. Vegas riders have even come up with a tip for the mandatory brain buckets: drill an inch-wide hole in the top for some air flow. Here's an even better one: organize to shitcan the damn things altogether.

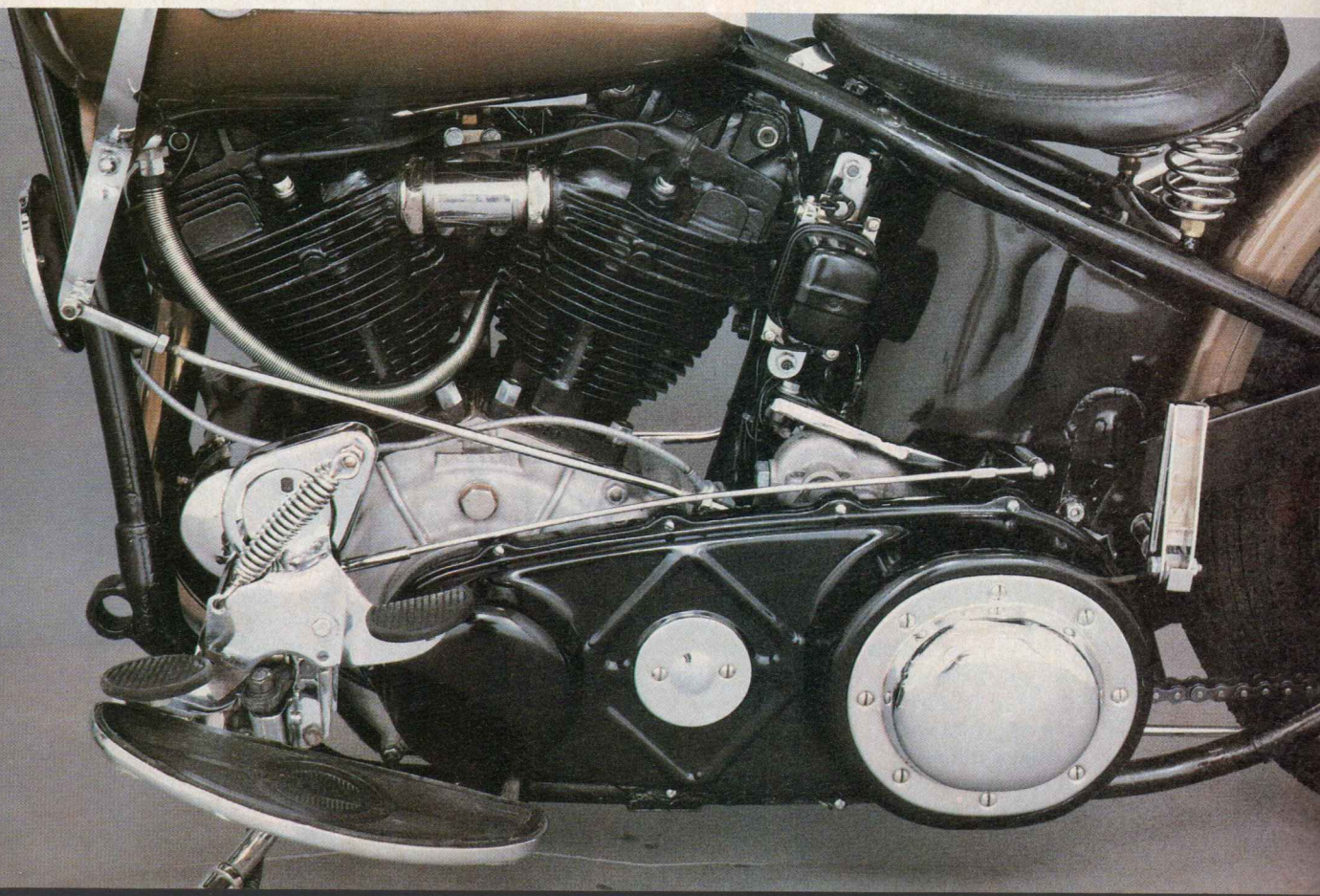
—Rebel



Photos by Pete Chiodo

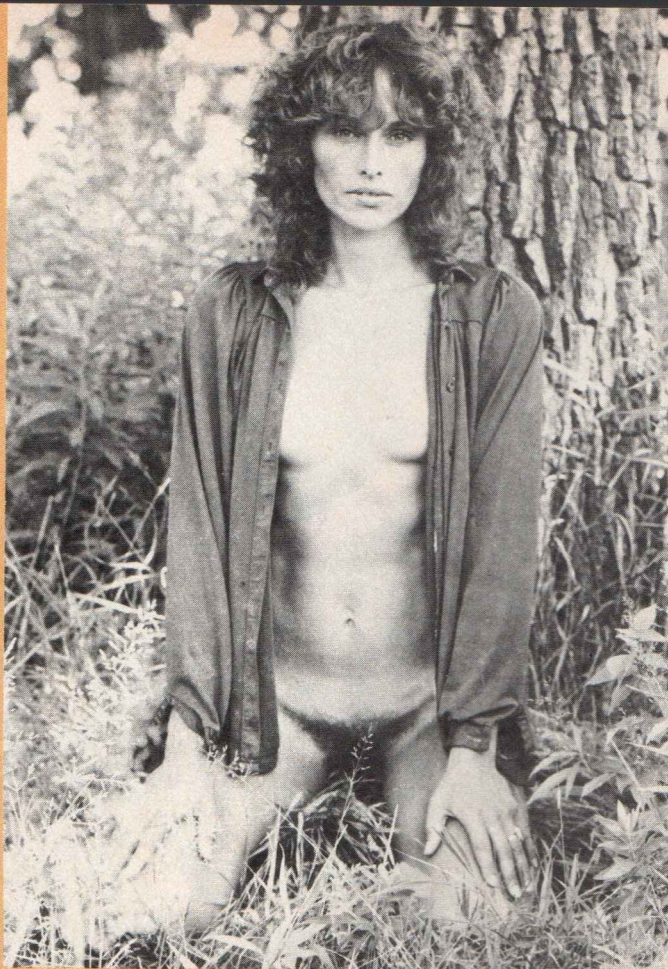


est
end,
utch,
e,
e
d
me
any-
the
vn,
its
in
s
h a
rain
n
ize
ngs
ebel





JULIE



NANCY



PAM



BARBARA



Twelve Tasties

Okay, bros, it's time to vote for the numero uno, the main squeeze — the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year, who will win \$1,000 and a free trip to sunny California to party with the staff. (Whaddaya mean, why does the winner get both the grand prize an' the booby

prize?) As usual, the Ol' Lady of the Year will be selected entirely on the basis of your votes — Spider's perversions ain't allowed to have nothin' to do with it. So uncup a brew, polish up your eyeballs, enjoy the pictures, and vote for the chickie of your choice.

Mail your vote, written on the back of a post card or sealed envelope, to: *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. Deadline for voting is June 29, and the winner will be announced after we get straight enough to count all the ballots.





CAROL



SERENA



BARB



LOU ANN



MICHELLE



BAMBI



LIN



LAURA

DOWNTOWN

by *The Austin Animal*

If the music industry ever decides to award a Grammy for guts, heart, pride, and sheer determination, that award should go to Canned Heat, hands down. Rock and roll history is littered with the wreckage of bands — some of them very good bands — that couldn't weather adversity, bands that have broken up because of interpersonal rivalry or the desire of one or more members to go solo or because of a faddish change in public taste.

Hell, compared to the shit Canned Heat's seen come down, those problems are on the order of a hangnail. Here's a band that's endured the whimsical fluctuations of public taste, the tragic deaths of two key members, several personnel changes, and has still kept comin' back for more, continuing to churn out the boogie, and gettin' the fans off their asses and onto the dance floor. Fifteen years after the release of their first album (cleverly titled **Canned Heat**), the band is still going strong, still working gigs all over the United States and Europe, and still making the kind of blues and boogie that people will be listening to long after Barry Manilow's supper club horseshit is nothing but an obscure footnote to pop music history. The band's latest release, **Kings of the Boogie**, stands as a testament to the group's gritty endurance as well as to the timeless power of rhythm

and blues played by musicians who have paid their dues (and then some), and who respect and enhance the tradition they're working in.

It's impossible to talk about Canned Heat without covering a little history of the band. They came together around 1966, the leader of the group being Bob "The Bear" Hite, a growling, talented singer steeped in the history of the blues. (Hite had one of the best — if not *the* best — collections of old blues records in existence.) Perhaps no other blues band was so totally authentic and American as the early Canned Heat; reaching back for inspiration to the obscure origins of the blues, Hite and company rocked out a music as red, white, and blue (in the best sense of that idea) as you're ever likely to hear this side of Blind Willie McTell.

The other pillar on which the early band stood was Alan ("Blind Owl") Wilson, an extraordinarily talented guitarist and harp player whose high-pitched vocals were the band's most distinctive trademark. Under the leadership of Hite and Wilson, the group had two Top 20 hits in 1968 — "Goin' Up The Country" and "On The Road Again." Tragically, two years later Wilson was dead. Nearly blind and a victim of chronic depression, he died of a drug overdose.

But in the years that followed, the band stayed

together (with a few personnel changes, of course), working consistently and remaining true to its origins for an entire decade. Then, without warning, Bob Hite collapsed and died after a routine performance in Los Angeles. A few months ago, discussing Hite's death with the band's manager, Ray Chambers, I asked if the group came close to breaking up at that time.

"Well, we were reeling, man," he said. "That's for sure. But we decided his spirit and his energy was gonna continue. You recall Bobby's famous saying: Don't forget to boogie. So here we are, going on and on and on."

That comment brings up one of the unfortunate reactions to any current mention of this venerable band. Whenever I happened to mention to one of the bros that we were getting ready to cover Canned Heat, the most common response was, "Are they still around?"

The reason for that reaction, probably more than any other, is the whimsical nature of today's pop music fan and the ephemeral nature of the whole pop music scene. While the United States was briefly caught up in the nonsensical fad of the crazy disco bullshit, Canned Heat was playing to appreciative audiences abroad.

"Basically, what happened was that the band remained very large abroad," Chambers explained.



Photo by Cal Khoury

"While we continued to release albums in America, the disco/new wave movement was in and the boogie-type stuff didn't work, commercially speaking. American music remained very big overseas — disco never did a damn thing in the market over there."

It's that attitude, that recognition of the fickle reality of fans and trends, that makes Canned Heat's determined survival so remarkable. While other groups have gone belly-up because the lead singer didn't get a case of Perrier and a Pac-Man console in his dressing room each concert, Canned Heat has hung tough and played anywhere and everywhere. Anything to keep the message alive — boogie! Like Chambers says, it just goes on and on and on.

And on and on they go,

Photos by Kim Peterson





blazin' the boogie right into the '80s with their Destiny Records release, **Kings of**

the album also features Henry Vestine and Michael Halby on guitar, Rick

"The more down-to-earth the audience is, the more they identify with us. We never ceased to exist. We always worked. We worked the night Alan died. We also worked the night Bob died. That's the way it's been — you know, the wheel of life."

—Fito De La Parra

the Boogie. Anchored by fifteen-year veteran Adolfo (Fito) De La Parra on drums,

Kellogg on harmonica, Raul Rodriguez on bass and — fortunately for all blues fans

everywhere — some harp and vocals by the late, lamented Bob Hite. It's a rockin' album, filled with the kind of relentless boogie that's been synonymous with the name Canned Heat for fifteen years now.

By the way, the other night I dug out my copy of the group's second record (they have a total of about nineteen now), **Boogie With Canned Heat**, just to see how well the old stuff stood up to the test of time. I'm happy to report all is well on all fronts. Both albums (new and old) had me snappin' my fingers and twitchin' across my living room floor, much to the amazement of my girlfriend, who hasn't seen me dance since 1975, when I got drunk at a Clifton Chenier performance at Antoinette's in Austin, Texas — but that's another story.

Just to round out this review, I should mention that Canned Heat was and is a favorite rock band with bike riders everywhere. A couple of members — Ernie Rodriguez and Fito De La Parra — own motorcycles and ride regularly. Moreover, the band has always been a hit with the motorcycle crowd, playing more biker bashes than you can count and always ready to party down with scooter people.

What can I say — ya just gotta respect tradition, loyalty, and heart. Ask any Harley rider. And believe me, this band has all that in spades. If Canned Heat shows up in your area, go see 'em and tell 'em the Animal sent ya. If not, buy their album and check out the '80s version of a sound that'll never grow old.

Here's to ya, bros. ■



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 ★

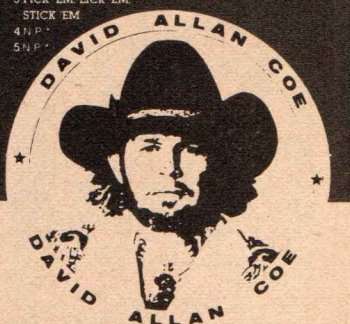
PARTY RECORDS. NOT FOR AIR PLAY.

UNDERGROUND

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

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

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



NOTHING sacred

side one

1. jimmy buffet doesn't live
in key west anymore
2. 3 biggest lies in the world
3. i was into whips & things
and she was into pain
4. lay me down some rails
5. N.P.* blues

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

side two

1. nothing sacred
2. N.P.*
3. N.P.*
4. i made linda lovelace gag
5. N.P.* aneta BRIANT

Wordmonger

Continued from page 9

fore, but she beats all. Put more of those ladies in there, and I'll be buried with my *Easyriders* under my head.

Lover Boy
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Self-Respect

☐ I must admit that the women who ride with bikers are to blame for most of the bullshit that we get from bikers in general. I am continuously reading in *Easyriders* (yes, I do read it and like the mag) about what a thrill it is for them to rest their tiny rears on their ol' men's bikes, and how it means so much to them to polish the chrome, etc., etc. It makes me want to puke. Don't you women have any self-respect? How can you ever expect to get any respect from your ol' man or anyone else when you go around acting like some air-headed hose rag? Yes, I'll polish my ol' man's bike if I want to, and I do enjoy riding with him, although I would rather be putting alone sometimes. But believe it, I don't consider it any big favor when I get to ride with him. I consider it my due for helping him put it on the road, and I feel as much pride in myself as he does when I'm back there with him. The thing I have a hard time with is that 90 percent of the bikers I've met in the past ten years on a one-to-one basis will sit and talk with you as a person, treat you with respect, and appreciate your good nature. But get that same biker in a group with his bros and he'll treat you like a piece of dirt. Why? Because it's cool. Because that's what biker macho is all about. Well, I think that sucks.

Blondie
Oswego, N.Y.

Another Error

☐ Listen, I sent you a "Tribute to Brothers Lost" letter and you printed it in your April issue. It was for Kirt Hockworth. But you fucked up because you signed it "Your Old Lady, Little Ric." But I wrote "Little Ric and his old lady." Now you made me sound like a fuckin' queer. And I don't like it.

Little Ric
Santa Ana Heights, Calif.

■ Sorry for the error, Ric.

Stayin' Married

☐ Just thought I'd drop a line telling you that after reading "Why I Ride" (January '82 issue), I offered my ol' man a divorce, so he could do what he wants to without any strings and ride free. I told him I'd still be around for him and only him (I've got a property tattoo to prove it). He turned me down. Said staying married would get us more money at income tax time. That's fine with me, 'cause I love him and make him happy by staying in my place — behind him.

Little Bitch
Toledo, Ohio

H-D Switch?

☐ Was wondering if anyone had noticed what is probably an amazing about-face at Harley-Davidson. Looks like getting out from under AMF is the best thing that could have happened.

Remember back a few years ago when AMF Harley-Davidson decided it wasn't good for their image to be associated with "bikers," even though we were the backbone that supported H-D and *Easyriders* magazine?

Have you noticed the sudden appearance of advertisements by Harley-Davidson Motor Company in *Easyriders*? Quite a change from the turmoil of a few years

back. Maybe it's a good indication of what we can expect from H-D in the future. Oh yeah, by the way, I agree with the concern over all those sudden TV shows with the "crazed biker" themes. It definitely does us no good.

Freebird
Concord, Calif.

Help! Help!

☐ Please, help! I'm sitting here in Gillette, Wyoming, bored as hell. I haven't seen one biker or tooted one line. Worst of all, I haven't been laid once since I've been here. I was wondering if Snake was available for about two weeks, so I could catch up. I hope you'll answer in your mag, 'cause I'm so desperate that I think I've become a virgin all over again.

"Butch"
Gillette, Wyo.

■ Always willin' to help — but your name makes us wonder if you're serious.

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. ■

Solution to puzzle on page 38

S H F O R C K C T S E T N O C Y D A L L O V O
H E A L H T N O N A I D N I G U C C I S P S K
O A T L A U N I P N U R E K I B L D E C B N
V D F A W N C T N E C N T V O N I L E V A O U
E S L D G S K N O R S O O E L O L A N E R B C
L H A Y E O A T T P T R A F I F L C O N D T K
H T T C S M S T O I O S B T N A B E T T I A L
E I H O E I O R R O Y B T S T T L L S Y N F E
A G E V U H T R L R O S F O H B A A L F S T H
D E A C P S V R I F T T L C E O I M A O S R E
B D D O T P T D A E D T C I W T S K H U W O A
I A T E U O E F T I R U O W I O S T E R A P D
H E R L Y R D A N R P R T R N S O R R S L S S
A H M A S T B S T O N W E T D C A O N P T V T
W N A V I A D L T R R G L L R G F T W E E E R
O A L R V T S O E H N A P T O C O Y I C M P E
S P E E C B K L V O S W E N Y S A E G I L P D
P S C P O I T D M S S T O N E U R T W A E O I
I A A P B R E D R I D E R I B N S A A L H H P
D R L O U R R I E Y G O L O R T S S A V I C S
E T T H T O P A H T U M S U O L U C A R I M O
S L S C W C U N T E R S S E L C Y C R O T O M
T O S S P I E N O S D I V A D Y E L R A H O T



You Won't Win A Medal

Having a complete set of **Easyriders** back issue isn't like opening a Cracker Jack box. There's no prize, no medal, no slap on the back or gold watch. What you do get from an **Easyriders** collection is thousands of pages chock-full of bikes, broads, and information. More important, you get the feeling of pride that comes from knowing that you have, in your pad, the Encyclopedia Britannica of bikerdom, the only complete history of your lifestyle. Ride with pride, and keep the tradition alive. Some back issues are already sold out, and many are in short supply. Order the copies you need today.

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.

I have enclosed a total of \$ _____.

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. currency.
Please print to avoid errors.

Howlin' Success

Continued from page 18

I said pleasantly.

"C'mon! How'ja really —" he began persisting.

"Git outta the man's face, asshole," Greer advised him. "Jist fer once, mind yer own goddam business, Zeller."

"Vern Ames," offered the other big man, along with a handshake that fuckin' near snapped the shoulder control straps of my phony arms.

"Don't pay no mind to our little dipshit here. He ain't got the sense God gave a fuckin' gnat."

"No offense taken," I said, shrugging. "There's beef stew with fresh vegetables an' hot, just-made coffee. Biscuits from last night." I gestured toward the gurgling creek. "And two kindsa wine chilling over there."

"Damnation!" Greer said delightfully, grabbin' a clean bowl and spoon while starting to dip stew. "Yer the fuckin' soul of hospitality, man!"

"Got a name?" Zeller probed disdainfully, moving to the food.

Added dislike for this sawed-off shithead flooded my mouth with a souring taste. "Sure," I told him stiffly. "Jason Parker. Wanderin' through from Nevada and all points east. You guys locals?"

Greer nodded, his mouth bulging with food.

"Wot's the poochy's name?" Zeller demanded flatly.

"It's his secret. And mine." I returned his sneering stare with a burn I usually reserve for those worth it. "Why don't you jist fill yer belly, huh?"

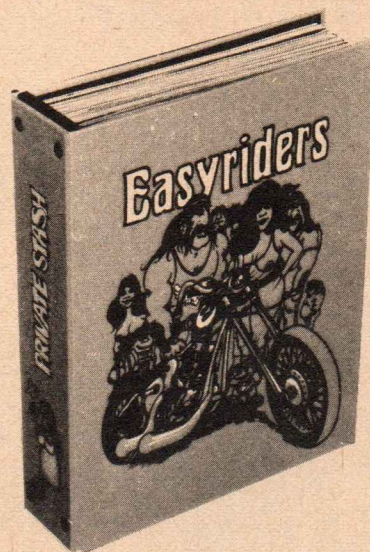
Zeller dumped the contents of his bowl into the fire, damn near extinguishing it.

"Naw," he said coldly, "wot I oughta do — crip or no damn crip — is stuff them hooks up yer ass."

"You're welcome to try," I invited cheerfully, holding both prosthetics level with his face. "I call 'em hooks, but they're really more than that — more like claws. There're two separate steel fingers than can spread and grip. I control 'em through nerve impulses from my stumps. They're the latest thing."

"Something else," I continued, spreading the claws. "The under edges of these gizmos are razor-sharp. If I'm lucky, I might be able to carve you a better face before my friend over there reaches ya — and mangles yer fuckin' jugular vein."

Zeller's face paled, tiny eyes dart-



CLASS BINDERS

\$8.50

plus \$2.50 for postage
and handling.

Now you don't have to stash your copies of **Easyriders** in strange places in order to protect them from being harmed by someone wanting to wrap fish, line a cat box, or paper-train a dog.

All ya gotta do is get yourself the binder you see here. It'll hold twelve issues of this rag, yet will lie flat so you can go back to any issue and sneak a peak with ease.

Our binder is like no other — strictly class — none of that stereotyped, embossed, cardboard crap for our readers! Our's features scribbings 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

The postage cost on each binder is \$2.50 for U.S.; Canada \$3.50; and foreign \$10.00. This is not per order; it is for each binder ordered.

Name _____

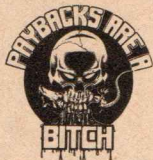
Address _____

City _____

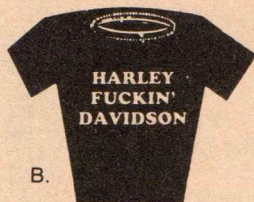
State _____ Zip _____

Calif. res. add 6% sales tax.

Black T-shirts with White Designs



A.



B.



C.



D.



E.



F.



G.



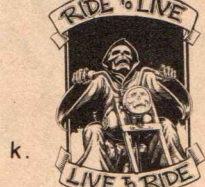
H.



I.



J.



K.



L.



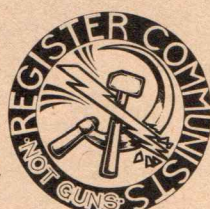
M.



N.



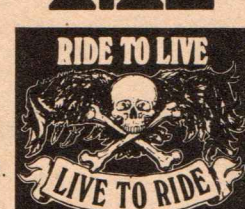
O.



P.



Q.



R.

S. And on the 8th Day GOD Created Motorcycles. T. I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head. U. Gimme' Head Till I'm Dead. V. My Ol' Lady Yes, My Dog Maybe, My Motorcycle Never. W. Born on a Mountain, Raised In a Cave, Biking and Fuckin', Is All I Crave. X. I'm a Pervert, In Case of an Emergency, Gimme' Head. Y. I Snatch Kisses And Vice Versa. Z. Fuck Ya If You Can't Take A Joke. AA. I'm A Lover, I'm A Fighter, I'm A Motorcycle Rider. BB. If God Hadn't Meant For Man To Eat Pussy, Then He Would Not Have Shaped It Like A Taco. CC. Scooter Trash. DD. I Am The Person Your Mother Warned You About. EE. Better Your Sister In A Whorehouse Than Your Brother On A Honda. FF. Warning!!! The Surgeon General Has Determined That Fuckin' With A Motorcycle Rider Is Dangerous To Your Health. GG. Bikers Are A Crazy Bunch, What Most Call Pussy, They Call Lunch. HH. Like You Are. . . I Once Was. . . Like I Am. . . You Will Never Be. II. Bikers Are So Horny The Crack Of Dawn Isn't Safe. JJ. Put Something Good Between Your Legs. . . ME. KK. My Philosophy Is Quite Simple, If Ya Can't Eat It Or Screw It — Piss On It!

Send \$8.00 plus 50¢ shipping and handling with size (S,M,L,XL), color (Black, Yellow, Light Blue, or Navy), and wording. (We also carry white in XXL only).

Send Orders To: **Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302.** Allow 4-6 weeks for personal checks to clear.

*Outside U.S.A. please send money orders (U.S. funds) for shirt price plus \$2.50 additional for each shirt ordered.

ing between me and Devildog, who was taut and trembling visibly with anticipation — my motion with the hooks having triggered his readiness. The slanty golden eyes gleamed with feral hope — a demonic light that never fails to send a shudder through me.

"Whattaya waitin' fer, Zeller?" taunted Ames, grinning at him.

"Yeah, gnat-prick," Greer laughed, gulping coffee. "Ya gonna let a pair of tin hooks and a fuckin' man-killer make more of a pukin' coward outta ya than ya already are?"

Zeller slowly backed away, trying to watch Devildog and me at the same time. That swiveled his head a lot — the beast and me bein' at least thirty feet from each other. I decided to help the mouthy little shit on his way.

"Splittin' is a good idea," I said calmly.

"I don't hafta take all this shit!" Zeller muttered, still movin' backwards. "Fuck ya — all of ya!"

After Zeller had gone, I went over to my shovelhead and dug the weed from the assortment of stuff contained in the ancient sidecar. Handin' the baggie around, I collected the wine bottles from the creek. The sun was all the way up now and we didn't need the fire, so I doused it and joined my guests on the ground.

"That's some dog," Ames said admiringly, gazing at Devildog, who seemed detached now that Zeller had left, and was sprawled with his immense paws over the sidehack's cockpit, blinking sleepily. He looked deceptively peaceful and harmless.

"German shepherd and timberwolf," I explained. "He's not a pet. He's his own person and we happen to be friends because I raised the feisty bastard with kindness and care."

"Beautiful coat," observed Greer, squinting at the sleeping animal. "I've seen a few dog-wolf combos, but never with that coloring. Really unusual, bro."

"Closest word that describes it is steel-dust," I said, "and yer fuckin' well right about him bein' unusual. He was born in a whorehouse."

"Yer puttin' me on!"

I shook my head. "Nope. I paint, see? Not pictures, but signs and houses and shit like that. I'd done a touch-up job for this whorehouse in Minnesota. Them broads wanted their chapel prettied up."

"Chapel? In a cathouse?" Greer exploded with disbelieving laughter. "Aw, c'mon, Parker!"

NASTY FEET

From

EASYRIDERS

NOTHING COMES CLOSE!

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

Everyone's wearin' 'em. Well, why not! Here's the finest specially-treated leather, lots of it, combined with some heavy duty hardware for soles, heels & shanks, then all meticulously handcrafted to our high standards by the bros at Chippewa. Add the largest selection of color and size available, from steel-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**



11 in.

17 in.

16 in.

14 in.

Send your order today to:

Nasty Feet, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

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

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

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

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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

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

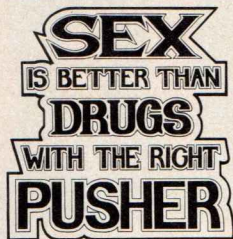
Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.

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.*

"Who's shittin' ya? These cunts had formed their own coven."

"Wot the fuck's a coven?" asked Ames, grinning.

"A churchy-group kinda," I told him. "Only fer worshippin' the damned devil and all. Anyway, I did such a good job and they were so happy with the fuckin' touch-ups, they gave me him as a bonus. He was only about a month old."

"I knew he wasn't no ordinary yard dog," Ames mused, frowning thoughtfully at Devildog. Suddenly, Devildog's eyes opened wide and he was staring intensely at Ames.

"Kin he read minds or unnerstand human talk?" Ames whispered, an uneasy expression on his face. Greer was regarding me with attention, too. I knew it was time to get off the whole fuckin' subject before I said anything that might be regretted later. So I got up, gatherin' up all the dirty bowls and cups. "Listen," I said evenly, "you're polite dudes but I've seen ya eyein' these hooks and I know ya probably wonder about 'em."

Instant protests shifted their minds to the new subject.

Ignoring their protest, I continued. "Never even sat on a scoot until after my accident. But I couldn't stand the sight of cages after losin' all my fuckin' fingernails to the elbows in one. So I bought that shovel, had the controls changed to foot pedals, and been ridin' it fer the past ten years."

"Need the sidehack fer added balance?" Greer asked.

I nodded. "Originally, yeah. But now I only need it to haul the dog and a short ton of paintin' supplies with me. I'm ready to do business anywhere I stop."

They nodded in unison.

"Well, time to head fer town," I babbled jovially. "Bucks-down and gotta hunt up some jobs."

"Ya had the dog before yer accident?" Greer asked casually.

"Yup."

"Shit, he sure don't look that old!"

I winked. "Bro, few damn things in this crappy world are ever as good or as bad as they look. Appearances are not only deceivin' — they're downright, flat-out misleadin'!"

They were still throwing fascinated glances at Devildog over their shoulders as they rode back to the pavement.

While I was securin' my two-man tent onto the shovelhead's rear, Devildog watched me, a canine grin following each movement I made.

"I know yer goddam wild blood is

gettin' stronger all the time and ya crave freedom," I said, settlin' my ass onto the seat, "but I need yer help guardin' these expensive brushes and paint fer a little while longer. Once I've settled into my own shop, where all that stuff can be kept under lock and key, I'll send ya into the woods as often as ya want and for as long as ya want. My fuckin' word on it, bro."

The bushy tail wagged slowly as though he understood.

* * *

Work was plentiful along the chain of small towns across the forested area, each link in that chain providing lots of retail businesses in need of new signs or old ones freshened up.

Two or three times I saw Zeller puttin' by, always wearin' his raggedy cutoff for a shirt. Meanwhile, I was daubin' letters and words on small shops along the main streets of various towns. When our paths crossed, Zeller only glared at me, never stopped, never gave me any shit. Every time Devildog saw the runt, he'd start that menacing snarl — and that probably kept Zeller from bein' dumb enough even to attempt a conversation.

One night, sitting in a dimly-lit bar with some newly-made friends and the foxy ginch I'd just met, I heard a blast of sound from outside.

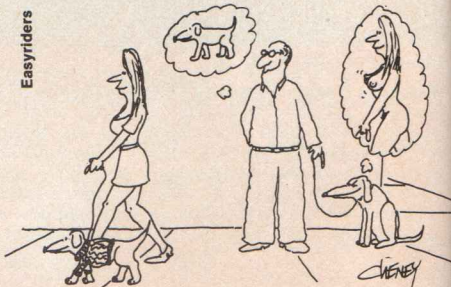
"What the hell was that?" I said, startled.

"Car backfirin', probably," the broad said, smiling knowingly at me. "God, you're tense, lover. You need some beddy-bye action to help ya unlash!" Her hand crept to my lap.

"I dunno. It sounded more like somebody poppin' caps."

"Stop workin' yer imagination overtime," she urged softly, the busy little hand under the table now caressing my naked crank, stroking it hard. "Relax, man. Let yer fuckin' imagination go in other directions, huh? I'll jist bet yer an expert with yer tongue and mouth — not havin' any hands or fingers, huh?"

"Ya don't understand," I said, sliding out of the booth and stuffin'



my sausage back into my jeans with both hooks. "I've left a friend in the alley, keepin' an eye on my shit. I gotta go check him. Be right back."

"Hell, I'll go with ya," she insisted, smirking. "Ain't gonna let no dude with a cock that big git away from me!"

Devildog was sprawled clumsily in a widening puddle of blood a few feet from my bike. His enormous head was all but gone, leavin' jist a few splintery white bone ends, shattered neck muscles, and oozy pulp. Nearby, my scooter and sidehack blazed frenziedly, the flames getting higher and hotter. Running forward, I clamped both hooks around one of the dog's powerful hindlegs. Draggin' the hefty carcass farther from the burning machine, I flinched as the gas tank exploded, fiery hunks flyin' in all directions.

Now the alley was filling with people and sirens wailed in the distance. I stood, numb with shock, starin' down at the mutilated remains. Shotgun, my mind raged — somebody blew his head away with a fuckin' shotgun. My eyes lifted for a few seconds to the red-hot tangle of metal that had been my shovelhead and sidecar. Killed my friend, shrieked my mind, and killed my machine! The glowing metal threw its light upon the blood-spattered body at my feet.

I knew who had done it.

Ignoring the thickening crowd of gawking onlookers jabbering behind me while milling up and down the alley, I dropped to one knee. Using practiced motions, I got my knife out of its sheath, opened it, and began carefully slicing through the dog's chest and belly.

"Hey!" the doll screeched in horror, "what the fuck do ya think yer doin', fer crissakes?"

I kept on, the sharp blade flowing through that tough hide.

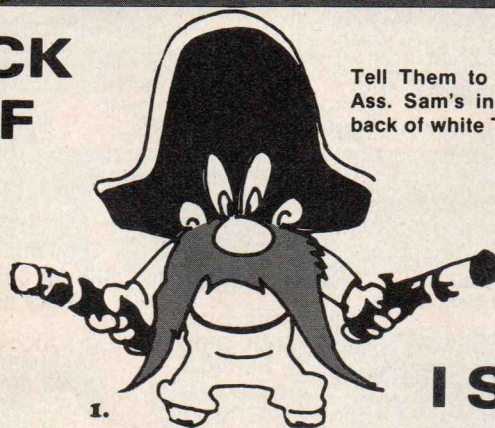
"Gawdamighty!" a hushed voice said hoarsely from somewhere behind me. "Th-that weirdo's skinnin' the goddam thing!"

"Sk-Skinning yer own pet?" The chick's voice went higher with disgust, fear, and revulsion. "Wot kinda pervert are ya? Shit, and ta think I wuz gonna fuck ya!"

By the time I was finished the cops had arrived and cleared the alley. They listened while I explained what little I knew about the bike and the dog — their eyes returning again and again to the bloody hide crumpled beside the naked, meaty carcass at my feet. I made no accusations, mentioned no suspicions or names. I played dumb through all

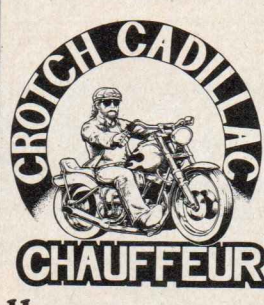
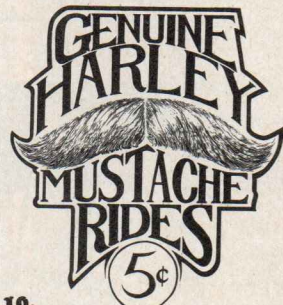
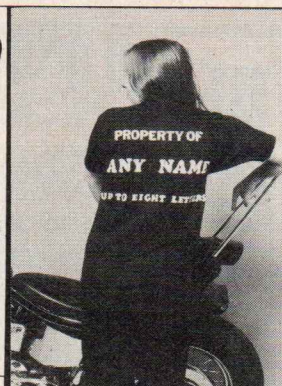
Under New Ownership and S Dirty Shirts

BACK OFF



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

I SAY



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 \$8.00 plus \$1.00 shipping and handling with size (S, M, L, XL), color (Black, Yellow, Light Blue, or Navy), and wording wanted. We also have men's baseball shirts available (white body with black sleeves and neck) imprinted with any of designs 2 through 11 for \$12.00 each plus \$1.00 shipping and handling.

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

Send orders to:

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

Dealer Inquiries Invited

HEY! CANADIANS YOU WANT IT — WE GOT IT



COMPLETE QUALITY HI PERFORMANCE SHOP —
BLASTING, BEADING, BORING, CHROMING, WELDING,
POLISHING, MACHINE SHOP WORK, CYCLES BUILT TO
ORDER, CUSTOM STROKER CENTER.

PETE SMITH'S
Motorcycle Supermarket
6695 South Transit Rd.
Lockport, New York 14094

Write or Phone
716-625-8271

UPS 2 DAY
MAIL ORDER
SERVICE

CANADIANS
WE'RE JUST
20 MINUTES
FROM THE
BORDER.

SEE YOUR REBUILT MOTOR
RUN ON OUR ENGINE TESTING
STAND BEFORE PICK-UP.

Stocking Dealer Of
JAMMER CYCLE PARTS
DRAG SPECIALTIES PARTS
GARY BANG CYCLE PARTS
MANLEY, SIFTON,
PAUGHCO, ANDREWS &
S&S PRODUCTS

THE CANDY STORE FOR
BIKERS

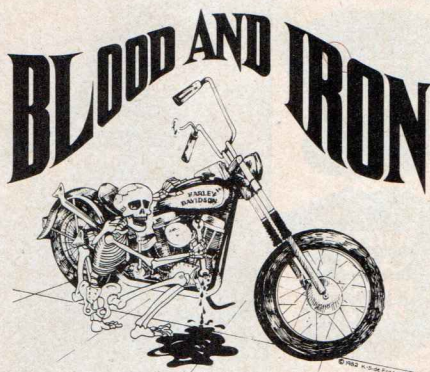
LORD BASKERVILLE "KILLER"
STEEL SPIKE DOG COLLARS
\$30.00 UP

Distributor for Colony Machine & Tool Products
Exclusive Dist. of ACU-TIME TIMING DEVICES

Send \$3.00 for Catalog, Prices & Postage
Refundable on first order

SUPERMARKET T-SHIRTS \$9.00 EACH - includes postage

The T-Shirt that says it all!



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

Multicolor photo silk-screen
Finest quality T-Shirts (Black only)
Specify quantity & size (S,M,L,XL)
ONLY \$8.95 EACH

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

P.O. Box 1175

El Granada, CA 94018

Allow 4-6 weeks delivery Fully guaranteed

K-SIDE ENTERPRISES

Bikers' Cookbook

GUARANTEED
FAR-OUT

THE BEST OF ONE PAN COOKIN'

Written By An Ol' Lady Especially For Scooter People.

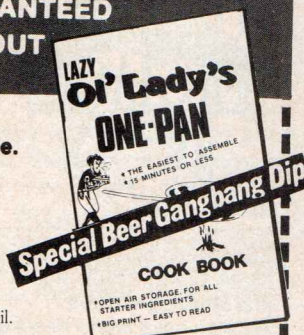
Great for travelin' or at home. Not just another cookbook. Quick
and easy-to-fix delicious biker recipes. No fridge is needed. Carry
the stuff with you. A handy 5 1/4 x 8 1/4, 64-page book.

Send only \$2.95 plus 75¢ postage.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Foreign and Hawaii add \$3 for air mail.
U.S. money orders only. Thank you. Checks take 4 weeks to clear.
Cash or m.o. Prompt delivery.



CHARLEY COMPANY
Box 335, Agoura CA 91301.



*FREE with every book ordered
Biker's Peanut Brittle Recipe
and Bikers Booze Recipes

their questions, except the last one they asked: "Mind tellin' us why the hell ya skinned yer own dog, Mr. Parker?"

"Guess I jst wanted a memento," I mumbled, keepin' my eyes aimed at my boots. "Jist sumpin' to remember him by."

I didn't want the nosy bastards to see the hate and fury that I could feel glitterin' in my eyes.

A year passed.

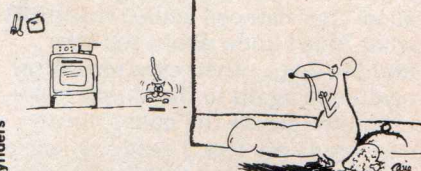
Having been lucky enough to have had all my earnings on me the night my bike was burned, I bought more supplies and walked from job to job until I had earned enough to make the down on a '58 swingarm pan-head. Stayin' in the same area, the same chain of towns, I began buildin' a business.

Longer hours, taking every fuckin' sign and paintin' job I could latch onto soon paid off, and havin' a weird reputation actually aided the whole process. It wasn't too many weeks before damn near everybody in that valley knew about the armless dude who wore his own dog's hide as a furry vest and painted the best fuckin' signs that ever designated and ornamented a business.

A couple times I ran across Ames and Greer, but they'd heard about me and didn't seem too eager to be tight. A few words of exchanged nothings while they stared at the steel-dust vest — and that was that.

The months slid through the calendar and soon I was able to afford a leased building and a helper. Then another helper. Both were practicing winos, but sober enough to meet my sign standards and good enough to hang around, freeing me to drum up yet more business when I wasn't hackin' out work alongside of the rummy bastards. The money poured in and I stashed a lot of it in an old-fashioned safe bolted securely to a huge steel plate imbedded in concrete flooring. Deliberately, planning my revenge, I let word of that get around town.

Once, I thought I'd spotted Zeller, but I couldn't tell for sure. The dude looked like the rotten little mutha, but the chopper was a shiny new custom and he was beyond my line



"Here kitty, kitty, kitty!"

of vision and lost in tourist traffic before I could make a positive ID. Other than that instance, Zeller might as well have been on the dark side of the moon for all I saw of him.

Scrunched down in a booth one afternoon, pleasantly stuffed with burgers, fries, and suds, I was having a leisurely smoke before returnin' to the shop — where I now had a dynamite little secretary who sucked and fucked almost as good as she did paperwork and handled the phone — when I realized the matched set of zit-faced jerks in the booth behind me were discussin' Jason Parker. So I listened.

"— wears this far-out vest made of some kinda screwy fur and has metal hooks instead a hands," gabbled the first voice, "but he gits all the foxiest broads in three towns because he's got money comin' out his ass and both ears."

"Yeah," piped the second voice. "And I've heard he's a mean fucker! They say he made that damn vest from his own dog — after stabbin' the poor hound ta death in a drunken binge when he ran amok, burnin' cars and slashin' at people and —"

Grinning, I silently shook my head. My, my, how truth gets twisted and stretched into warped stories, I thought. I stood and walked to the next booth, where I let both hooks clank onto the table top with unnecessary noise and violence, dentin' the shit outta the surface.

Jaws dropped. Eyes widened. The little shitheads sat paralyzed with disbelief and terror.

"Do me a favor," I said quietly. "Keep that bullshit circulatin'. It's makin' me richer by the minute!"

With that, I walked away, laughing like a madman.

* * *

Three nights later, at twenty-two minutes before midnight, the lush help had gone home and my secretary was sittin' on my peg while I devoured her big-nippled jugs. Slowly, moaning with pleasure, she lifted her naked ass up a few inches — shrill little noises escaping her mouth as she lowered her pussy down over my throbbin', swollen meat while I gobbled a bit more enthusiastically on her knockers.

Faintly, I heard the rear door bein' forced open. The broad didn't notice the sound so I stayed put — waiting and hoping.

Feet stealthily moved through the darkened part of the building. Voices muttered. The broad on my

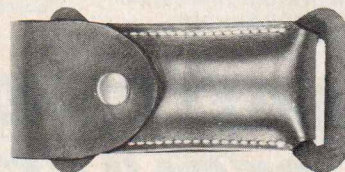
THE TOUGH GET TOUGHER

1-3/4" WIDE



5/16" THICK

Take a tip from tough guys . . . start with somethin' that says somethin'. Thick belts, 5/16"s worth, rough or smooth grain, black or brown and each fitted with a big, bold brass buckle. Throw on our matching quick-draw sheath for your favorite blade (wear this one sideways or vertical) and the tough get tougher!



Just as you'd expect from heavyweights, nothin's been spared on this combo except our take. Belts in sizes 28-33, 34-37, 38-41 belong to you at \$19.95 each. Quick-draw sheaths, black or brown, are worn at \$12.95 each.

Lay it on us . . . size, color, grain and the funds . . . we'll lay it on you!

**Davis Leather
Box 446**

Arcadia, Calif. 91006

Allow 4 weeks for Personal Checks to Clear.
Calif. Residents Add 6%.
Dealer Inquiries Invited On Your Letterhead

Bitchin' Buckles



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

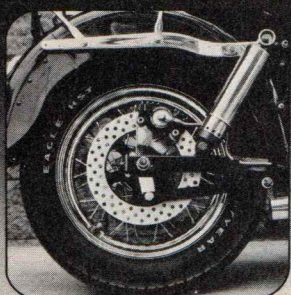
Name _____ # _____ Total buckles _____
Address _____ # _____ plus 1.50 Postage
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED ON YOUR LETTERHEAD

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

Go-fast Harleys Need Stop-fast Brakes

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



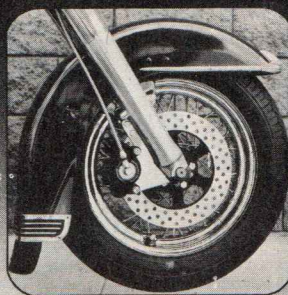
11R Rear Disc Brake System
for HD74 & Sportster



Performance
Machine, Inc.

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

(213) 634-6532
Catalog \$2.00



11D Front Disc Brake System
for HD Wide Glide

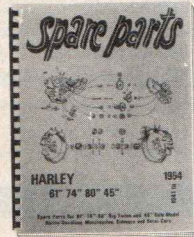
HARLEY DAVIDSON SERVICE MANUALS



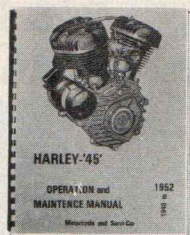
A



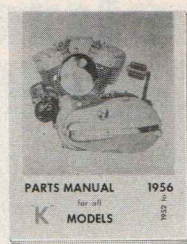
B



C



D



E

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

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

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

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

Sub

Total \$

Calif.

Tax. 6% \$

Total \$

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____

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

tool heard them and went straight up in the fuckin' air, scrabbling away from me just as Zeller strutted into the lighted room. I sat back, relieved that he'd finally arrived when I was there. My greatest fear had been that he'd try robbin' the place while I was gone. But here the vicious runt was, leering at Delfy as she frantically stuffed both tits back into her opened blouse. Behind Zeller came a guy closer to my size, but with a vacant-faced expression that told me he wasn't too swift in the head.

Zeller hefted the shotgun. "It's the same one, dog-lover. The same one I used to blow yer dumbfuck mutt away."

"Figures," I murmured.

"Now I'm gonna take yer money away from ya. Maybe take this sweet thing along for sharin' with Bruce here, and I might jist hafta torch that goddam motorsickle out back for the pure joy of bein' able to watch yer stupid face while it burns this time!"

Bruce, also toting a greener, moved in on poor, frightened Delfy, nuzzlin' and gropin' her while she squirmed and whimpered helplessly. I doubted that bein' felt up and nuzzled was new enough to scar her little mind, so I remained relaxed.

"Gee," I said dully. "Ya might burn down the whole damned building. Can'tcha jist take the money instead?"

"Hell, no!" Zeller shot back. "I like what ya jist said. So getcher ass over there and open that fuckin' safe — now, asshole! Ya ain't got no dog to back ya up anymore!"

I raised the hooks. "Can't do it with these," I lied. "Delfy can open it if Bruce can bear to part with her long enough for the chick to run through the combination."

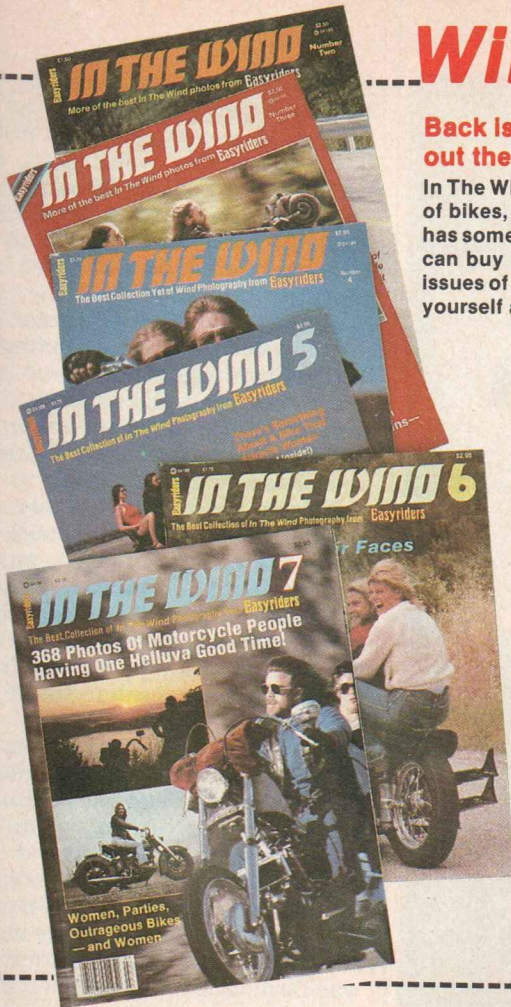
"Let the cunt go!" Zeller snapped.

Grumblin' and moving with her, his hands still busy, Bruce accompanied a wild-eyed Delfy to the safe, where he allowed her to squat before it, her hands pushin' his hairy paws away from her crotch as she spun the dial.

"Stand up," Zeller ordered.

I stood, some gut instinct assuring me that the runt wasn't going to waste me. He was after better revenge than that right now. He wanted me humiliated, degraded. Maybe he'd dust me before leaving; but right this minute, he had all kinds of cute plans. I could almost see them written across his ferret-like face.

"Take off yer little puppy vest," he laughed. "I've been gettin' tired of this beat-up old cutoff anyway."



Wind 7 is now on sale everywhere

Back issues of the other *Wind* mags are still available. Just fill out the coupon.

In The Wind #7 from the pages of *Easyriders* and *Iron Horse*. Great new photos of bikes, women, partyin', more women, drinkin', and more women. Wind #7 has something for everybody. If the local newsstand is out, don't worry — you can buy this masterpiece directly from us. And don't be left out of previous issues of In The Wind. Issue #1 is already sold out, so don't wait, make it easy on yourself and fill out the coupon. Do it now before they're gone.

Send Your Order To:

In The Wind c/o Easyriders,

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

Item(s)	U.S.A.	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
In The Wind #2	\$3.50	\$4.50	\$10.75			
In The Wind #3	\$3.50	\$4.50	\$10.75			
In The Wind #4	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$10.75			
In The Wind #5	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$10.75			
In The Wind #6	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$10.75			
In The Wind #7	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$10.75			

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

Sub
Total \$

Calif.
Tax. 6% \$

Total \$

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____

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 head, rolled you a doobie, tell her you **might** get her a cap too. Con her, man, con her.

As with all Righteous Products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available.

American made — not a cheap-ass import.

Only \$5.95 plus 75¢ postage. Satisfaction

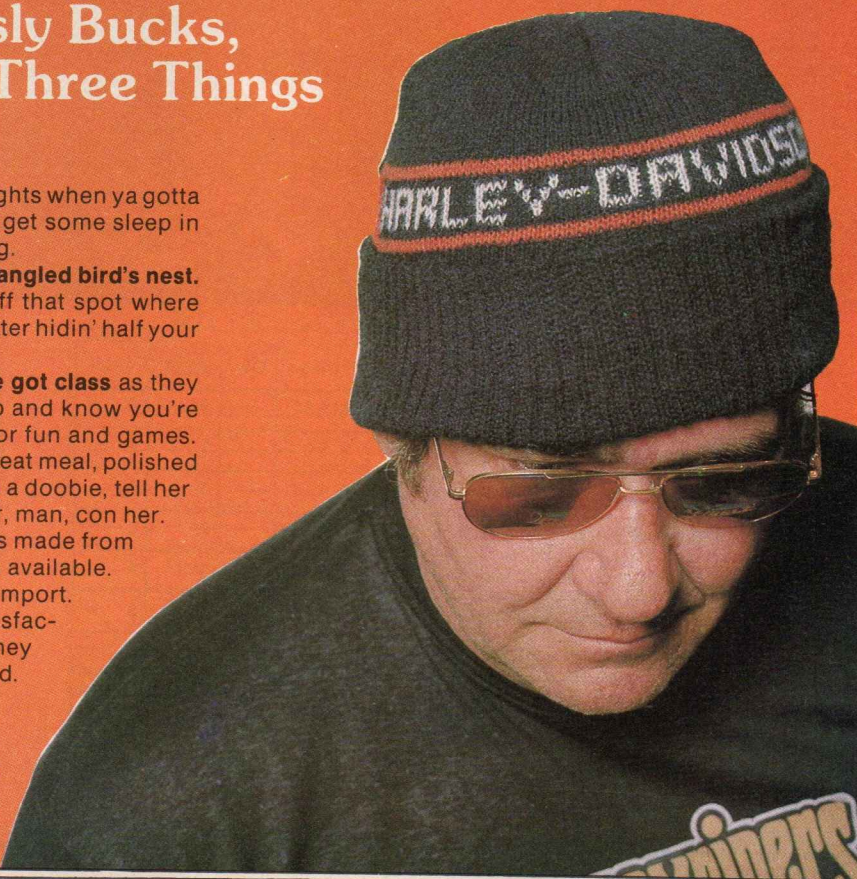
is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Canadian and foreign orders: Payment must be made in the form of an International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. currency.



Products,

Box 361, Seal Beach, CA 90740



Easyriders' Stuff!



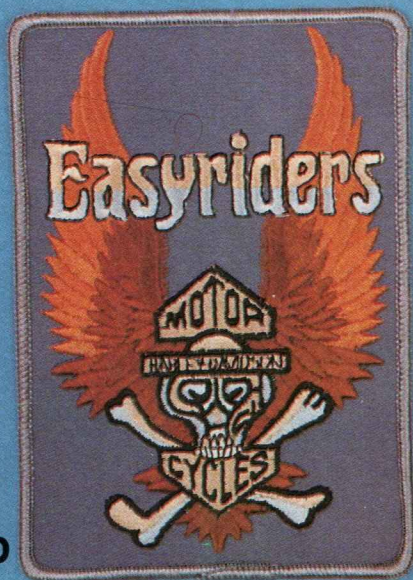
A

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 \$

Dealer inquiries invited

Might as well replace it with a huntin' trophy."

I obeyed, removing the vest from over my heavy wool shirt and watchin' his tiny eyes follow the thing as I threw it a few feet distant to the floor. He slid the cutoff off his bare back and donned the vest. Instantly, I carefully aimed the 12-gauge under my desk at the safe.

Controlled by a cable leading from its hair trigger to a lever next to my foot, it did its work and tore Bruce — who had been busy stuffing wads of greenbacks into a sack — apart.

Zeller swiveled, watching his partner go down. In the instant, before he could turn back and re-aim his shotgun, I whipped loose the skeleton-framed .22, specially modified for my metal fingers from its slide mount under the desk's center drawer and calmly let off three shots that passed close enough to Zeller to allow him to smell his own skin burn. It's really amazing how steadily a stainless-steel appendage can hold a gun.

Screaming and weaving and dodging, Zeller ran from the shop, leaving behind his dead partner, my stacked secretary, and all my money. All he got out of his ripoff attempt was Devildog's hide and, though he didn't know it, that was exactly what he was supposed to get.

I gave Delfy a hundred-dollar bill along with a couple of 'ludes and told her to get home and go to sleep. I'd call the cops and take care of everything. Then I wedged a few clothes in one side of a pair of leather saddlebags, stuffed the other side full of bills, and threw the bags over the fender. Everything else could be left behind. I was through painting for a while, maybe forever. The only pattern I wanted to create was the shadow of me and my bike moving down the concrete.

Ready to split, I had one final card to play — the payback card. I reached for the phone and dialed my own number, the number that was supposed to make my pocket pager beep when I was out on a job — only this time, I knew that the pager, carefully stashed inside the lining of my Devildog vest, would not beep. It would, instead, cause a relay to close, a relay that would complete a circuit between a nine-volt battery, a detonator cap, and a quarter-pound of plastic explosive.

From far across town I thought I heard a faint explosion and — over it all — the wild high howl of a soul set free.

Hog Run

Continued from page 75

ten minutes on Friday and Saturday nights. Forget the cops — hell, those guys know better than to try coming into the Jug. There's a fish tank behind the bar, too. It's got water, weeds, rocks, and a model of a chopper with a little skeleton on it. It's got everything except the fuckin' fish. Tiny ate the piranhas one night when the Worm bet him he wouldn't. I think that was the same night he puked on the pool table.

Now some may ask why the fuck this righteous chick is working in such a scumhole. Simple. It's the bikers. There's something about rubbing my tits against a leather jacket and burying my busy little fingers in some guy's jeans while his Milwaukee iron vibrates between my thighs that turns me on. Now, don't get me wrong — I really dig these bros, but there ain't no way I'm gonna get attached to one of them animals. 'Cause sure as shit, if it came down to choosin' between me and that scooter, his last words would be, "Don't let the door hit your ass on the way out."

It was mid-August and hot. The sweat kept pouring between my tits and sticking my shirt to 'em. Hell, I didn't care if the bros saw; there's been many a wild night that I discarded the shirt (among other things) altogether. Around eight, Tiny and the Worm showed up and ordered a couple pitchers of suds. Tiny and the Worm sit at the end of the bar under this electric thing that fries bugs when they hit it. On really boring nights, after about ten or twenty beers, the Worm does kamikaze bug imitations.

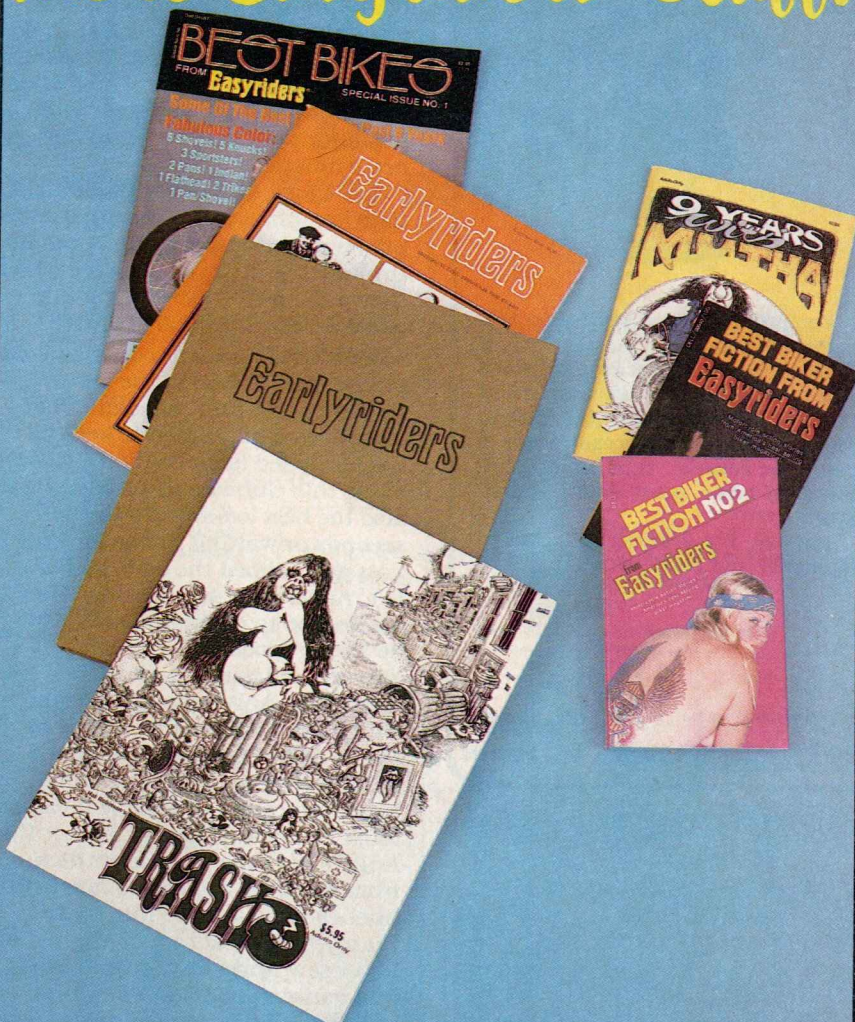
Tonight they had this glazed look that comes only from mega-brews or some mighty fine weed. I couldn't smell any alcohol, so I opted for the weed. "What are you two slimebags up to?" I smiled sweetly.

"Keep talkin' so nice to us and we may take you home," threatened the Worm, trying to grab a bountiful handful of ass.

"We got some serious slutting to do," snarled Tiny, slamming down his second beer. Just then a couple more of the regulars strutted in. More brews, more smartass talkin' — something was up.

Someone finally announced that it was the night for the club's Hog Run. Now in case you don't know, a Hog Run ain't got nothin' to do with ridin' a big scooter. You see, these

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			
	Earlyriders Hardbound						
C	Earlyriders Hardbound	\$12.95	\$16.95	\$25.00			
D	Trash	\$6.95	\$9.00	\$15.00			
E	9 Yrs-Mutha	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$9.00			
F	Best Biker Fiction #1	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			
G	Best Biker Fiction #2	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			

Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail. (Send U.S. funds only). Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

Name _____ Sub Total \$
 Address _____ City _____ Calif. Tax. 6% \$
 State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____ Total \$

MUTHA PATCH



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

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

Thanks,
Mutha



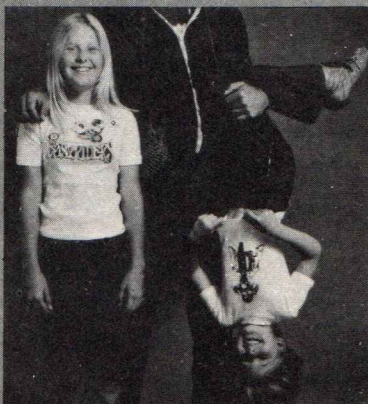
(U.S. Currency Only, Thank you)

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740

Products

NOW!

EASYSIDERS T-SHIRTS FOR YOUR RUG RATS.



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

Send your order to:

KIDS T-Shirts, Box 1025

Agoura, Calif. 91301

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

tramps have a yearly contest. Everybody kicks five bucks into the kitty, then they go out and search for the homeliest chicks they can find. Each dude has to be back with his hog by midnight. At one o' clock, when the band played its last song, the bros had to take their hogs out on the floor for a dance. Then, after all that, each dude had to plant a big, juicy smacker just below his hog's mustache.

Jed, Angel, and Grandpa came in together. I had set up a couple more pitchers long before they ever came through the door. You can tell when they pull up — their bikes sound like a freight train full of gravel.

Jedediah Montana took his usual place in the middle of the bar. Nobody called him Jedediah. That is, nobody who wanted to keep all his teeth. Jed is probably the closest thing this club has to a leader. He's also the best looking. No sloppy seconds or waiting in line for him.

Angel grabbed the stool to Jed's left. Angel's the strange one. He's the second in command. Together he and Jed look really tough. You see, Jed is real dark with short hair. Angel, though, is light with blond hair that he braids to the middle of his back. He's got a light in his eye that tells a chick right away she's in trouble if things don't go his way. Rumor's got it that Angel's got callouses on his dick from screwing around so much. Bar bitches hang around him more than Jed. It's real rare, though, that I ever saw Angel leave with a broad, and I sure as hell never saw him pull in with one. Lots of nights he's the last to leave. Accordin' to the club's groupies, he's a lot like a Harley — a little hard to start, but once you get him going, ain't no way to stop that fuckin' machine.

Grandpa sat all alone at the end of the bar nearest the door. I ain't never seen anyone tighter with his money than Grandpa. He waits for guys to come in the door. He grabs them by the arm, thumps them on the back and hollers, "How the fuck you doin'?" Grandpa keeps his glass half full. So the guy sits down to shoot the shit for a while. Well, the guy finishes his first brew and then yells, "Hey, Lisa, gimme a beer and while you're at it, give one to Harry."

They decided to let me hold the money for the Hog Run. I was really flattered. Usually those bros don't trust nobody any farther than they can throw him. I thought I was different until Tiny threatened to braid my tits if any of the dough was

missing at the end of the night.

It was around eleven-thirty when Angel arrived back at the Jug with his date. By that time, the bros who had been appointed judges had stolen all my napkins and drawn big numbers on them to rate the hogs. Angel plopped his porker down on a stool. The stool was immediately swallowed up by the massive rolls of lard that the sow had tried to squeeze into a pair of jeans. Actually, her legs looked like two big blue sausages. Angel draped an arm around her pimply shoulders. In a voice that could have shattered lead, she ordered a Pink Squirrel.

Now, I've seen my share of rats in my time, but this dame made my eyes water at five paces. Close up, I wasn't sure where the stench was coming from; but she could have used a bath and a douche — with something like Janitor in a Drum.

Jed and Grandpa came in together. Jed's wench wasn't so bad. She had big, fresh-looking welts on her face and her pimple-sized tits seemed to have shriveled in the summer heat. But, hell, in the dark with a bag over her head, she could almost pass for human.

Grandpa's chick wasn't bad at all. Other than looking like a toad with a constipation problem, she seemed okay. They called her CC, but until a few weeks later I didn't know what it stood for. (It meant Canyon Cunt.) CC was loaded with the bucks. She just kept peeling twenties off this big wad of bills. Then she'd shove the whole roll and change into her less-than-ample cleavage. It made her look like she had three tits. This routine went on till closing. Even after that night, CC would hang around with the club. I don't think she really realized what happened that night. She was really loaded.

Tiny and the Worm staggered in just before the midnight deadline. The girls they had were supposed to be sisters. Tiny's was only mildly ugly, compared to her sister.

The Worm's wench, on the other hand, was ugly. I knew this chick had all the others beat hands down. She kept yelling, "Mister Worm, Mister Worm, can you get me one more teensy drinky-poo?" It was



Easyriders

awful. This chick could drink any of those bros under the table. After about her third pitcher, I began to wonder if she would be all right. She looked a little green. Mr. Worm assured me that she always looked a little green — and furry.

At last, the final dance was called. One by one, each bro lead his hog to the floor. I haven't seen so much tonnage in one place since Tiny brought his family in for the Jug's Friday Fish Fry.

The Worm was having trouble trying to persuade the queen hog to dance. Finally he looked deep into her shit-brown eyes, and said, "My dear, with looks like yours, I would want to show them off."

She looked at him uncertainly for a second. "Aw, you're shitting me."

"Would I kid a nice girl like you?" asked the Worm. "Hell, with looks like yours I would do ads for septic systems or something."

Obviously, she had no idea what a septic system was, because the next thing y'know the Worm was whirling her out on the floor. The band really put their all into the last tune. It went on and on. Angel's girl danced okay, but the rest really weren't up

for all the dancin'. They looked more like a cattle stampede than a bunch of lovelies shakin' ass. Finally, the song was over and, one by one, the bros kissed their hogs while the others rated them. Of course, the Worm's chick won for ugly.

Nearly closing time. I served them all one last drink. About halfway through, Jed and Angel got up to go to the can. I didn't know what happened to them until I found the window in the can jimmied open. Grandpa suddenly had to show Tiny something on his bike. That left two more hogs on their own.

At two o'clock, I'm left alone with all these bitches screaming, "Where the hell is that no-good SOB?" If you think that they were ugly in a good mood, you should have seen how ugly they got when they were pissed. It took a whole lot of suds and pizzas to keep the cattle under control long enough to find them rides.

I was washing up the last glasses when the Worm and his prize-winning hog wandered through the door. Worm was snapping his jeans and she was smacking her chops.

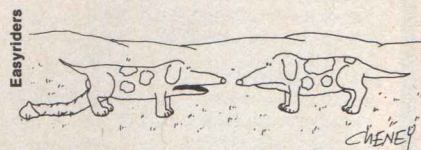
"Night, Lisa," he yelled, stumbling over the pattern in the cheap lino-

leum. He leaned over the bar and whispered drunkenly, "Ya know what? She says if I'm a good Mr. Worm, she's going to show me the tattoo on her chest that says 'Mother' and the tattoo on her thigh that says 'Slippery When Wet'."

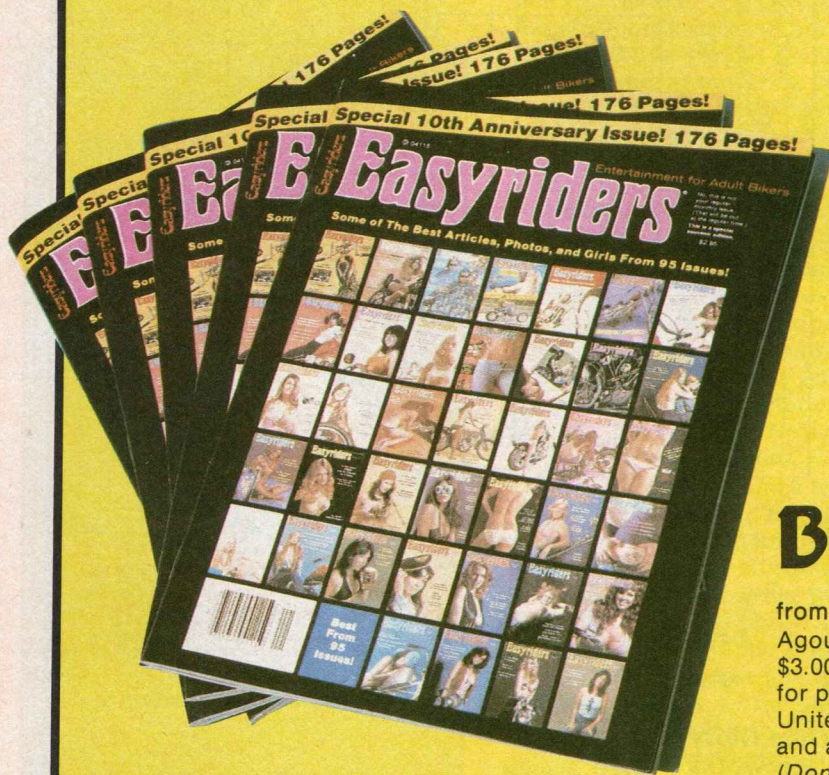
"That's wonderful, Worm," I said, yawning.

"And if I'm really good, she said she'd show me that one that says 'Servants' Entrance In the Rear'," he said, excitedly grabbing me by both arms. "Ya know, I ain't never been to bed with an ugly woman before. Woke up with quite a few, though. Yup, this is a first for the ol' Worm."

Nobody saw the Worm for two weeks after that. And of course, by that time he'd forgotten all about the loot he was supposed to have collected. It's better that way, I s'pose — I had to use it to feed those porkers. ■



"My mother was a chihuahua, and my father was a St. Bernard."



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.)

Perfect Payback

Continued from page 52

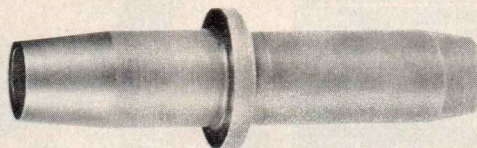
Anyway, I guess what I'm drivin' at is that it wasn't Weasel's excessive attention to Sarah that finally pissed me off so bad. Shit, I watched her make 500 bucks on a clubhouse pool table after hours one night, suckin' and fuckin' all comers. What the fuck — I'm a broad-minded guy and her sideline work helped pay the rent (to say nothin' of financin' my new belt drive), so I wasn't complainin'. No, basically, it was Weasel's smug, arrogant asshole that finally tore it with me. He kept makin' smartass remarks like I didn't know what was goin' on, needlin' me about how he was pourin' the pork to my ol' lady and shit like that.

To make a long story short, I cooked up a special payback for Weasel, somethin' befitting a real dickhead who couldn't keep his wisass cracks to himself. Now, before I go on with this little tale of revenge, lemme make it clear that I could have taken a more traditional approach to gettin' back at him. For example, I could have massaged his teeth with a crescent wrench or kicked his nuts up between his ears or planted a roach-killer boot tip several inches inside his asshole.

Shit, for that matter, I could have snuffed the cocksucker. I mean, I've got a piece that'll leave a hole in ya the size of a front spool. But that would have been the easy thing to do, and since I was bored with things generally, I decided to use my imagination and come up with a novel approach to retribution. Fuck, it just wasn't worth killin' the creep — I didn't want to go to the slammer just because I'd offed a scumbag barely one step up from a polecat. And I didn't want to fuck him up in some obvious fashion either, figurin' it just wasn't worth months and months in the county slammer in exchange for the pleasure of bashin' the guy's nose into mush or nailin' the turd's skull with a beer bottle. No, it wasn't that he was porkin' my ol' lady — lotsa guys were gettin' a piece of that sweet meat. It was just that he thought he was gettin' away with somethin' and was tryin' to rub it in. So I resolved to show him what I thought of that kind of high school bullshit.

Now, I wanna make it absolutely clear what I'm talkin' about here. Sometimes, for whatever reason, you just gotta take retribution. A payback is the only thing that will satisfy you — nothin' else will calm

FLATHEAD VALVE GUIDES For Harley-Davidson V-Twins



Finally, Valve Guides for H-D 45, 74, & 80 S.V. Models! Manufactured from continuous cast gray iron (ASTM A-48-64 Class 40), this material offers consistent density and hardness, increasing toughness of the end product. This means greater durability and dependable performance. Each valve guide is hand-honed to finish inside diameter. Outside diameter is machined to consistent dimensional specifications to ensure proper fit, OD accuracy, and concentricity. Available in standard to 0.004 o.s.



American Standard Supply

1407 Main Street
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44221
216/929-5737

Finest Quality, Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mug.



\$13.95 each
includes postage and handling.

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

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.

Mackenzie Company

SKULL MUG

Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FuBaR
Performance
Big Bike Headers

ELIMINATES CHROME DISCOLORATION

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



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

FLICK-A-HIGH™

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

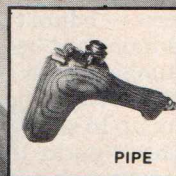
**TOKE, STROKE AND
SMOKE IN STYLE**

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

Combination Cane-Pipe-Poolstick

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

PIPE
\$19⁹⁵



PIPE

POOL CUE
INSIDE CANE
\$49⁹⁵

\$24⁹⁵

HANDLE UNSCREWS FOR A SHORT SELF-LIGHTING PIPE.

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

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

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____

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

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

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

the gut-twistin' feelin's of offense and indignation. But most people don't fully appreciate the possibilities of a payback. In fact, most people are pretty stupid about it — hotheads acting impulsively and screwing themselves as badly, or worse, than the object of their anger.

Think about it. Suppose you take your revenge by killing the turd who's fucked you over. Where's the satisfaction in that? For one thing, the creep is no longer around to appreciate the revenge you've taken on him — a brief moment of pain and then he's out of the picture, escaping the humiliation or the long-term misery he deserves. Revenge is effective only if the fuck-face is fully aware that you've paid him back — with interest.

Furthermore, there aren't that many things — given the penalties — worth killin' over. Put a round through a dude 'cause he wet his noddle in your ol' lady's box? Don't make me laugh. He gets instant oblivion, while chances are you get ten or twelve pussyless years in the slammer — ten or twelve years for you to become a dim memory in your (former) ol' lady's mind, givin' you plenty of time to think about all the dudes she's screwin' while you're poundin' your pud behind bars. Who's the real loser in that deal — the shithead blown to hell or the poor sucker stampin' out license plates?

No, real paybacks can be fully appreciated and savored by everyone involved without leaving anybody dead or mutilated — unless the fucker's killed a brother, in which case, it's an eye for an eye. Otherwise, all that's required is that you leave the asshole thoroughly humiliated and teach him a lesson he'll never forget.

So anyhow, I listened to Weasel's smartass cracks and put up with his sarcastic bullshit and laughed off his nasty remarks about Sarah — like how many inches of cock she could swallow without chokin' or how she'd scream like a banshee when she came, squirtin' pussy juice all over the sheets. But while all that was goin' on, I was busy puttin' together a very special payback for the fucker.

* * *

I rode the pan over to Dixie's Bar, intendin' to slug down a few brews and lookin' forward to slammin' the meat to Sarah later on that night. I noticed Weasel slip outta the bar

Jim Byrd P.O. Box 1434, Citrus Heights, CA 95611-1434.



(D) (A) (B) (C) (E) (G)

(F) **American Made**

(A) **Teardrop Sunglasses** \$3.39. Colors: Smoke, Brown, Mirror Blue, Mirror Smoke. (B) **Saddle Bags** Lg. 13x15 \$69.99 (\$2.00), Med. 11x12 \$64.25 (\$1.75); Sm. 10x10 \$58.99 (\$1.00). (C) **Sunglasses/squints** \$3.39. Colors: Smoke, Blue, Green, Rose, Mirror Smoke, Brown. (D) **Headband & Hair Holder** \$5.00 pr.; Feather Band, Handmade, \$17.95 ea. (E) **All Leather Jackets** \$123.95 (\$2.00). Men's or Ladies'. (F) **Halter Tops** \$31.95 (30¢). Colors: Deer, Lamb (Black). (G) **Heavy-duty Vests** \$65.95 (50¢). Brown or Black. (H) **Plain Chaps** \$100.20 (\$2.20). (Measure: in-seams, thigh, knee, also from top of pants to ground.) Silver braid also available. Heavy-duty zipper on inside, 3 snaps or Velcro. Sewn with nylon thread. Colors: Black or Brown, Fringe added — \$35.00 more. Foreign orders: additional postage in ().



Cuffs, Thumb Cuffs 7 7a 7b

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 7a 7b 8a 9 10 12 13 14 15 16 17

Cuffs — \$10.99, Thumb Cuffs — \$6.95, 1. \$26.95, 9 inch Schrade only, 1 yr. guar. Lost 2. 5", \$5. 3. 7", \$8.99, 4. 8 1/2", \$19.95, 5. 6 1/2", \$13.95, 6. 8 3/4", \$15, 5.6 and Boot knives. 7. case with 7a or 7b. 7a. 1-ft. \$9.99, 7b. 1-ft. \$9.99, 8. and 8a. 9 1/2", \$13.99, 9. 8 1/2", \$10.99, 10. 7", \$9.59, 11. 9", \$8.95, 12. 7", \$7.90, 13. Stainless steel, \$10.99, 14. 6", \$4.89, 15. 9", \$14.99, 16. 7", \$12.99, 16. 7", \$12.99, 17. 5", \$R Knives measured while open. State Part No. for knives Postage: Small \$1.00, Med. \$1.29, Lge. \$1.59. Handling is included on all products.

SHARE THE COST OF LIVING.

American Cancer Society
2,000,000 people fighting cancer.



Buy The Very Best

Photo shown is actual size

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

This is a huge, man-size buckle made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze-or silver-plated for a life time of rugged wear. Each is individually hand-polished, and comes with 1 1/4"-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 all silver buckle orders — unless you request otherwise.

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

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





M. F. Egan's VINTAGE MOTORCYCLE

P.O. Box 792
Los Alamitos, CA 90720
U.S.A.

**HARLEY-DAVIDSON
& INDIAN MOTOR-
CYCLE REPRODUC-
TION, NEW OLD
STOCK, REPLACE-
MENT PARTS &
ACCESSORIES.**

HARLEY REPRODUCTION Exhaust & Footboards

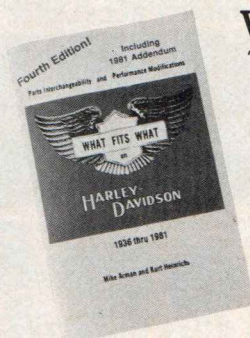
1930-36 VL pipe set	\$48.00
1937-48 UL-ULH pipe set.....	\$55.00
1942-65 45 pipe set	\$48.00
1926-47 EI & FL pipe set.....	\$65.00
1936-47 Knuckle pipe set	\$65.00
1948-57 Pan pipe set	\$65.00
1930-36 VL muffler.....	\$60.00
1936-40 VL & EL muffler	\$60.00
1932-48 45 muffler	\$60.00
1950 up 45 muffler (no fin) ...	\$60.00
1941-49 FL muffler.....	\$60.00
1950-57 FL muffler.....	\$60.00
1940-65 Steel ftbrds., pr.	\$79.95
1940-65 ftbd. rubber mat, pr...	\$16.00
1914-65 ftbd. rivet set	\$ 2.50
Solo seat & Glide headlamp	
1926-46 Solo seat, black	\$89.95
1947 up Solo seat, w/skirt	\$99.95
1949-65 Glide headlamp w/ mounting bracket.....	\$99.95

NEW & USED PARTS — RESTORATION — EXPORTING

TO ORDER: Send cashier's check, plus 10% USA (shp. & hndl.) 20% outside
US, to above address. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. (213) 596-6241.

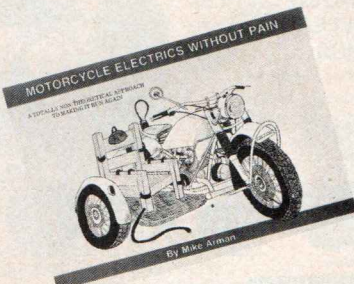
SEND \$3.00 for used parts catalog

Must Books For Bike Owners



What Fits What

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



Motorcycle Electrics Without Pain

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

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



RIGHTeous

Products Box 361, Seal Beach, Cal. 90740

excuse for a brain — or did I have something even worse in mind?

That's what I mean about creative revenge — you gotta fuck with the asshole's head and let him imagine what he's in for. I wanted Weasel to have plenty of time to conjure up lots of horrible revenge scenarios: imagined scenes of a rusty razor blade sawin' off his peter; usin' sewing needles to play pincushion with his eyeballs; pourin' boilin' 60-weight into his nostrils.

To give him time to think, I split without a word, leaving Weasel to mull over his sins all trussed-up and bug-eyed on the bedroom floor. Outside, I kicked over the pan, dropped it in gear, and took a leisurely putt over to Las Casuelas, my favorite Mexican food joint. I dearly love pepperbelly grub, and all that fuck-bustin' and duct-tapin' had really given me an appetite.

As soon as I'd settled into a booth, Rosita, my favorite waitress at the place, trotted over, all smiles and holas. Handing me a menu while depositing a basket of tortilla chips and a bowl of salsa picante on the table, she leaned forward and treated me to a generous view of her ample tits, spilling over the low-cut neckline of her embroidered peasant blouse. I smiled up at her, admiring the heavy fullness of her drooping tits and the wide circles of her dark nipples. I ordered a pitcher of Carta Blanca while I studied the menu.

A few mugs of chilled brew later, my eyes still glued to Rosita's bulging tits, I gave her my order: a plate of nachos and a plate of quesadillas, a double order of guacamole, six tacos, three enchiladas, a couple of chile rellenos, four tamales, a dozen flour tortillas, and another pitcher of Carta Blanca, the first one bein' all but empty.

Now, Rosita was used to the idea that I was a tad eccentric. Shit, who am I kiddin' — she thought I was nuts. She called me El Loco when I'd wander in all fucked up and cravin' mashed pintos. But this order was a bit much even for El Loco. With a skeptical look on her face, she asked me if I really wanted all that chow. Assuring her that I fully intended to consume every bite — with some flan and pralines for dessert, for that matter — I dunked a chip into the salsa while fighting down the urge to grab those tan titties swayin' invitingly only a foot or so away.

I really packed it in that night. I continued to stuff food in my face and guzzle beer long after my turgid

Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

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

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

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

101 SEXUAL POSITIONS



That's right! Over 100 illustrated sexual positions are included in this all-new photo book of sexual love. In 101 Sexual Positions, you will learn techniques handed down through the ages and lavishly illustrated in dozens of never-before-published photos. 160 pages. Introductory price, only \$4.99.

FREE PHOTO BOOK!



To introduce you to Adam & Eve's exclusive line of sexual bestsellers, we're making an unprecedented introductory offer! A FREE 176-page book bursting with dozens of explicit close-up photos of the most arousing sexual positions you've ever seen! Send just \$2 for postage and handling and we'll rush your free photo book plus illustrated 48 page catalog.

SEXUAL POSITIONS

Would you believe 12 variations of the Missionary Position alone? This incredible turn-on of a book is just bursting with the most imaginative sexual positions ever, with new photographs never before published anywhere! 224 action packed

pages in color and black and white — plus a special feature, flip-corner "movies" of a couple in action. Just \$8.95. Your money refunded in full if you are not completely satisfied.

GOOD VIBRATIONS!

Give your favorite person the VIP treatment with this flexible, multi-speed vibrator. It has all the best features. It's flexible and textured. And now it's variable speed! A quick twist at the base adjusts the massager from a low tingle to a powerful throb. Made of pliable rubber, it yields to body contours, a full 8" long. Only \$9.95. If you are not completely satisfied your money will be refunded in full.



Please send this coupon with your name and address to:

Adam & Eve, PO Box 900, Dept. ER-44
Carrboro, NC 27510

- | | |
|--|---------|
| ☐ #9L 101 Sexual Positions | \$ 4.98 |
| ☐ #FB2 Free Photo Book (P&H Only) | \$ 2.00 |
| ☐ #H4 Sexual Positions | \$ 8.95 |
| ☐ #7A Vibrator | \$ 9.95 |
| ☐ #HH2 All 3 Books | \$12.95 |
| ☐ #6DD All 4 Products | \$19.98 |

was payback time and he oozed mindless fear. He riveted a baffled, horrified gaze on me as I extracted from a drawer the gas mask, funnel, and eight feet of neoprene tubing.

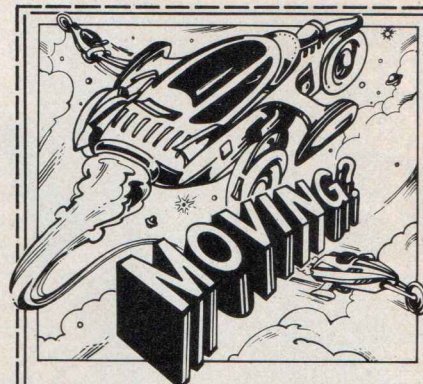
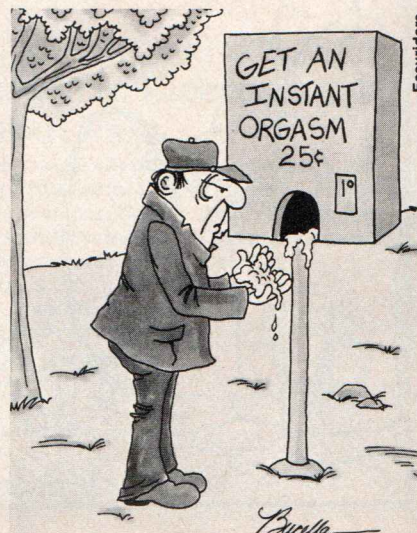
Before he could scream or plead, I clamped the gas mask over his nose and mouth, cinching it tightly with the rubber straps behind his head. Making sure it was secure but that Weasel was able to breathe, I slipped one end of the neoprene tubing into the intake valve. I stood back and laughed at the silly-looking fucker.

Weasel was flippin' out with fright, and God knows what bizarre thoughts flashed through his mind as he watched me undress, finally standing naked before him, holding in my hand the free end of the plastic tube leading to the mask on his face. I worked it over the small end of the funnel and held the wide mouth tight against my ass as — gingerly — I lowered myself onto the camp stool, my butt hanging off the edge.

Leaning forward a bit while holding the mouth of the funnel tight against my butt, I snapped on the television set — none too soon, I realized, because the beer and Mexican grub were kicking up a storm in my innards, and it was time to take care of business. My distended belly churned with the gaseous by-products of a \$27 Las Casuelas meal.

The TV picture resolved itself and I gazed at the familiar face of John Wayne. Sure, I'd seen "Rio Lobo" before, but I was having fun, so what the hell. It promised to be a long night, since "High School Hellcats" came on next, and right after that was "Ghost Of Dragstrip Hollow."

The rumbling in my gut told me a blockbuster fart was on the way. ■



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.)

PRIVACY GUARANTEED!



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

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED!

COCO COMPANY
P.O. BOX 451
CALABASAS, CALIF.
91302

GIGANTIC DAVE MANN POSTERS!

Some are 2' x 3' and others are 1½' x 2½'



M-7 "Run Heat"



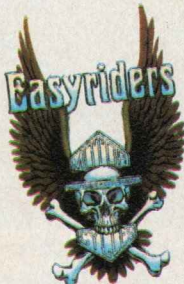
M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



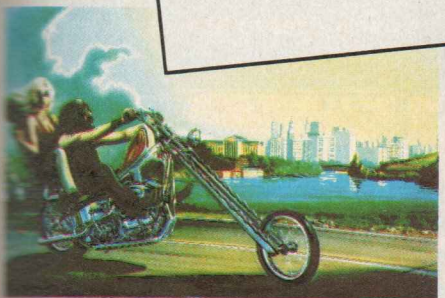
M-9 "Hollywood"



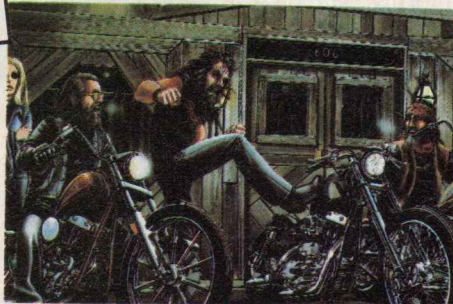
M-10
"Starburst"



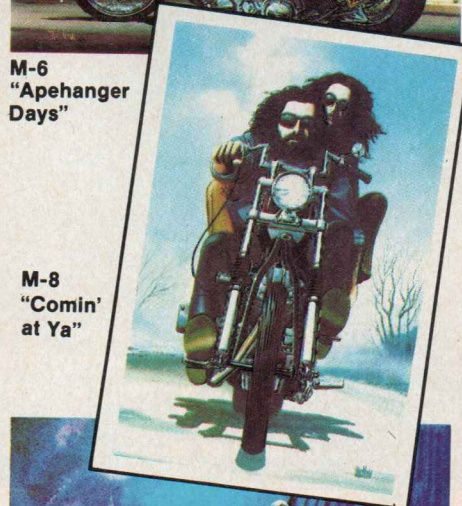
M-11
"Easyriders
Forever"



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.

EASYSRIDERS POSTERS,

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

Enclosed is \$ _____ for the posters indicated below.

@ 14¢ each. Four for \$12.95

US\$ \$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



M-12 "Country Style"

Show up in the streets with an Easyriders T-shirt



No shit, we've got T-shirts and tank tops to flash, dazzle, get ya picked up, put down, held up, ripped off or make ya look downright ritzy. And we've got patterns to show what ya ride, smoke, where yer from, yer birthday, the women ya like or the proud magazine ya read — *Easyriders*.

If yer interested, they're American made, the finest quality we could find and sizes to fit every bro and his ol' lady or all the sweeties he hangs out with.

Design

1



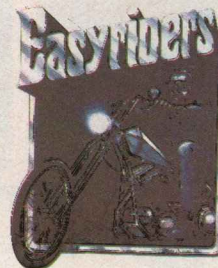
2



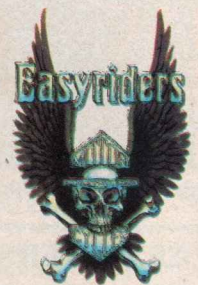
3



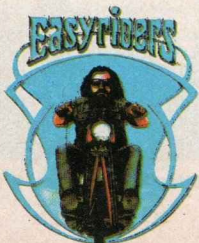
4



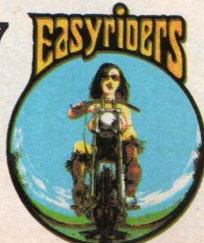
5



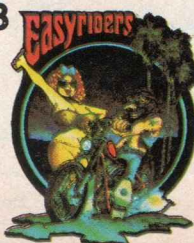
6



7



8

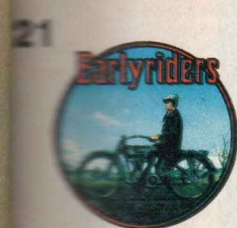
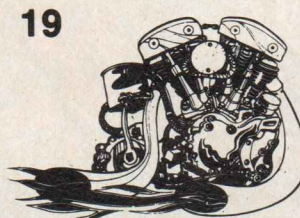
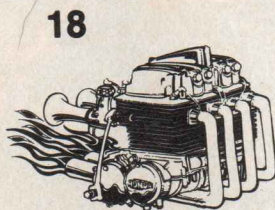
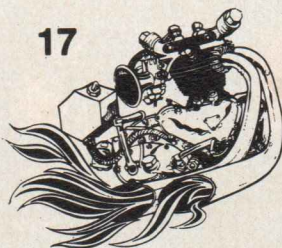
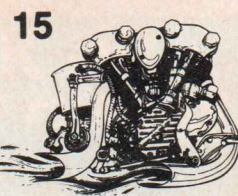
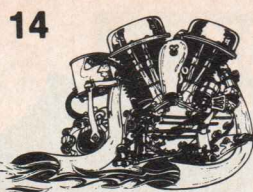
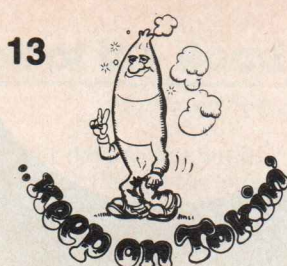
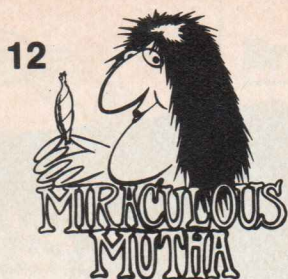


9



10





If you haven't got one of these T-shirts or 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 \$6.95.

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.

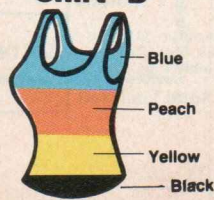
Shirt "A"



Size S-M-L-XL

- Gold
- Beige
- Blue
- Brown
- Black

Shirt "B"



zes **Petite — Average**

Quantity	Design	Size	Type "A" or "B"	Color	\$6.95 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.



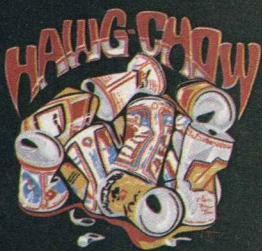
TA-11B Pan Head



TA-3B Pig Iron



TA-12B Shovel Head



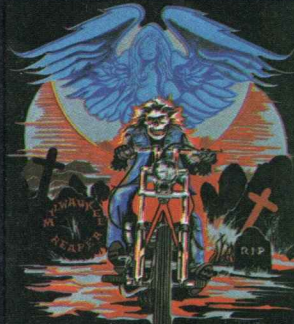
TA-14B Hawg Chow

Full Dress T's

- Patterson Originals
- Do Not Mistake Our Quality with Others
- 7 Color Direct Screened Image on 100% Top Quality Heavyweight Cotton T
- These Are Not Iron Ons
- Fully Guaranteed
- Dealer Inquiries Invited



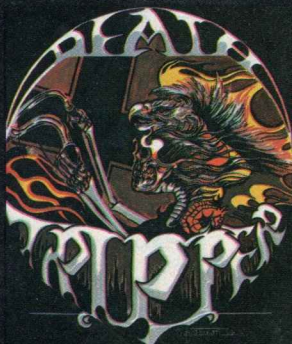
TA-6B Outlaw



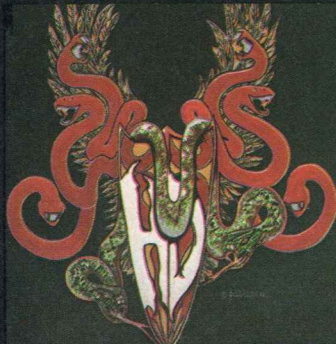
TA-8B Milwaukee Reaper



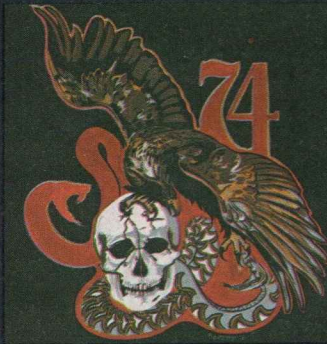
TA-13B Milwaukee Iron (5 Color)



TA-2B Death Tripper



TA-10B Hell Dogs



TA-15B "74"

PRICE:
\$10.95
EACH

Sizes
S, M, L, XL

All Designs
on
Black Shirts
Only

CUSTOM SENSATIONS Dept. TA
P.O. Box 12352, Florence Station
Omaha, Nebraska 68112

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Cash, Check or Money Order.

Personal Checks Must Clear.

Foreign Orders—U.S. Funds Only.

Add \$4.00 Airmail, Postage and Handling for first shirt

and \$1.00 for each additional.

Quantity	Design No.	Size	Price
Subtotal			
\$1.50 postage and handling—U.S. and Canada, \$2.50 Airmail, First Class. Nebraska residents add 4% tax.			
Total Enclosed			

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 \$5.50 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.

Slider

the paperless joint

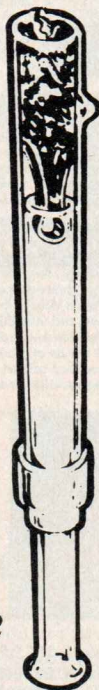
no more papers to hassle! what you load is all you taste! a "screen" that never clogs!

— only \$5.95 plus 75¢ postage.

California residents add 6% sales tax.

PYREX®
does it!

(shown 60% actual size)



slider action
for easy loading and cleaning

Mackenzie Company

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

Bros of the Road

Continued from page 30

told of her days in the wind:

*The eagle flew to the mountain
to find the mountain gone
Even the eagle flies wearily
without a home*

Sandra Jean Hunter
and child
Beloved Woman
Child Without Joy
1941-1980

The truck's air horn pierced the chilly morning air.

Clark's hands and arms jerked and stiffened on the bike's handlebars, his head snapping up, his mind and body suddenly together, collected from their melancholy daydreams. The big 74's tires sprayed sand and gravel into the air, and the noise against the undersides of the fenders was like hail on a tin roof. The rear of the bike fish-tailed as he fought for control. Instinctively, he shut down the throttle, and as he did so the big bike's front tire trapped itself in a mound of sand and the scooter upended, pitching Clark into a slow somersault onto the sand at the highway's edge.

The trucker stopped, pulling in behind the fallen bike, and the youngster driving the rig hopped down and ran toward the bike and Clark. Clark was already getting to his feet, brushing at the sand on his clothes.

"You okay, man?"

"I think so."

"Bad stretch. Put you to sleep?"

Clark smiled. "No. Mind just wandering. I'm all right. Thanks for stopping."

"Your bike?"

"It's taken worse falls; even taken on a few rigs like yours over the years."

The youngster smiled. Clark picked up the bike, his shoulders smarting somewhat. Mounting it, he kicked the starter. The 74 coughed and started.

"There's a choke-and-puke up the road, at the border. Buy you some coffee?" the trucker offered.

"I'll buy you some."

Clark followed the silver trailer's tailgate at a safe distance. When they reached 60mph, the trucker held that pace. The Arizona state line was still another 25 miles, and in those miles Clark's mind occasionally wandered. But it was not the desert, not the white lines coming so steadily and

PICK UP MORE GIRLS!

This incredible, world-famous book has helped more than 1,000,000 men do better with girls. And now it's bigger and better than ever, with more opening lines, Eric Weber's World-Famous

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS

more interviews with luscious women, and more pictures of big-breasted, long-legged, sexy young chicks. You will learn: • What makes women horny • Over 100 Great Opening Lines • Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking • How to make shyness work for you • The World's Greatest Pick Up Technique • And much, much more!

Don't waste your money on flimsy imitations. Get the original—the only full-length, hardcover book ever written on the subject—HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS! Costs less than a tankful of gas, yet guaranteed to help you pick up any girl you want!

To order HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS send just \$12.95 plus \$2.00 shipping to: SYMPHONY PRESS, INC., Dept. ER-G, P.O. Box 515, Tenafly, N.J. 07670. MC & VISA accepted. Cardholders may also order by phone: Call toll free anytime: 800-631-2560. Allow 1-3 weeks. Canadians add 15%.

Name _____
Street _____
City, State, Zip _____
☐ Send me your FREE 12 PAGE CATALOG!

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

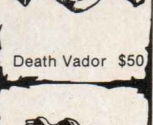
\$4.95

Specify right- or left-handed

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

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

SOLID STERLING SILVER

 Bones hand ring \$40	 Reaper Ring \$45	 Death Vador \$50
 Wind ring \$35	 Sm. Dragon \$30	 Sentinel ring \$75
 Reaper ring \$75	 Tiny Skull Ring \$17	

Send money order or cashier's check (Calif. residents add 6% tax); Add \$3.00 for postage & handling in USA. Goods sent Airmail. 1st class insured custom & club. 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.

ZANGO BANGO

P.O. Box 146, Hermosa Beach, Calif. 90254

"It's freedom," Clark said tersely. "Coffee's cold. Want some more?"

"No, I got to put it on the road, make some miles today. Figure on rolling into Albuquerque late tonight. You ready to roll?"

Clark shook his head. "No, think I'll drink another cup and rest awhile more. Little accident shook me up some. Got to let it get out of my system."

The trucker nodded and reached for the food check. Clark put his hand on it. "My turn. Another time, friend," he said, putting out his hand. They shook in a brothers' handshake, and the trucker was gone, leaving Clark staring out the window.

He sat there for another fifteen minutes and two cups of coffee, watching the mountains, thinking about yesterdays and today, but not tomorrow. When he got up to pay the bill and leave, his eyes were dry and his heart light. He had made up his mind. He would die today.

The big 74 lay on its side, the fork bent and the front wheel mangled. Clark looked at the scratches in the gravel and pieced together what must have happened. A truck had apparently backed its trailer over the bike; it appeared to have been an accident, maybe even unknown to the trucker who had done it. If a trucker had wanted to waste his bike, he'd have given it a direct hit.



Easyriders

Make Money on the Gas Shortage

Be A Motorcycle MECHANIC!

Train at Home in Spare Time
Motorcycles use far less gas than cars. And the more bikes on the road — both new and used — the greater the need for maintenance. Grab your piece of the action! No need to quit school or job. Easy-to-understand home-study course shows you everything step by step... you learn by doing. Special cycle tools, test instruments, lessons, manuals included. **Rush Coupon for FREE FACTS!**

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MOTORCYCLE REPAIR
4500 Campus Drive, EUO72 Newport Beach, CA 92660
Rush free brochure on how I can train as a Motorcycle Mechanic at home in spare time. No obligation. No salesman will call. Check here for GI or VA ☐
Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Fireworks

Largest Variety of Class C FIREWORKS IN U.S.A.

- * Fountains, Sky Rockets, Firecrackers, *
- * Sparklers and Novelty Assortments *
- * **Send \$2.00 For Our Giant Catalog** *
- * **Refundable On First Order** *
- * Call Toll Free 1-800/321-9071 *
- * **B.J. Alan Co. Fireworks, Inc.** *
- * 12900(X) Route 14 & 16, P.O. Box 3 *
- * Columbiana, Ohio 44408 *
- * 1-216/482-5595 *

Allan Bird

Attorney at Law

Specializing in left-turn cage/scooter victims

Berth 77 • Ports O'Call Village
San Pedro, Calif. 90731
(213) 547-9944 • (213) 775-6051

Chrome and Gold Plating
Route 5, Box 534 Paducah, KY 42001
Phone (502) 554-1146

BROWN'S

PLATING SERVICE, INC.

MOTOR CYCLES

OBSOLETE HARLEY PARTS
GOV'T SURPLUS H-D PARTS
OLD H-D TOOLS & ACCESSORIES

HUGE CATALOG \$4.00
ANTIQUÉ CYCLE CEDAR SPRINGS, MI 49319

SAY IT!

A T-shirt that'll blow minds

These heavy T-shirts are designed in two styles, white on black or black on white. Specify color and size (small, medium, large or extra large). They go for \$6.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling. Calif. residents add 6% for The Man.

Send \$1 for additional Designs!
F-Shirts, P.O. Box 367 Dealer inquiries invited.
Oakview, Calif. 93022



We feed the American mind.

Take a bite.



Your body needs nourishment about three times a day. Your mind has an insatiable appetite. It's the world's most intricate computer. It feels, senses, hears, absorbs. From the printed word, for example. Meaningful ideas, concepts, thoughts. You'll find magazines and paperback books at 135,000 stores all across this land. We think they're the kind of nourishment you need. More and more.

Bite into some good reading today.

MEN'S REG., WOMEN'S TANK



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



YOU
TOUCH MY
TITS
AND I'LL
BUST YOUR
BALLS

A WOMAN'S PLACE
IS ON MY
FACE



Send \$6 plus \$1 postage per shirt;
state size. Money orders fast service.
HOTH CO., 8705 Batavia Pike.
Cincinnati, OH 45244.
\$2.50 postage per shirt foreign

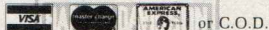
HARLEY-DAVIDSON PARTS

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



HARLEY-DAVIDSON OF GLENDALE

3717 SAN FERNANDO RD., GLENDALE, CA 91204

Road Rider magazine

... for the touring motorcyclist

Send \$1.50 for a sample copy, or
\$15 for a full year (12 issues) sub
P.O. Box 678
SOUTH LAGUNA, CA. 92677



SHARE THE COST OF LIVING.

GIVE TO THE
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY.

As it was, the damage wasn't really all that serious — except that he was out in the middle of nowhere. Getting a new wheel and fork could mean a trip into Vegas or Phoenix. He didn't want that. He wanted to die. Today. Quickly. On his bike. In the desert among the mountains and memories of yesterdays. He stood motionless, not thinking, not reacting, stunned, like a stranded man wondering whether to go east or west.

A chromed chopper led six bikes into the truck parking lot. A three-wheeler brought up the rear. All six bikers were packing women. The brother on the chopper was the first to spot Clark and his downed bike, and he turned his head and motioned to the others. In a moment, they were gathered around Clark.

"Ridin' alone, man?" the leader asked.

"Yeah. Like a fool, I parked the scooter in the truck lot. Brains got scrambled in a spill this morning. Wheel's no good no more and the fork's bent."

"Well, you're in luck, brother. We're packing a parts stash. Hey, Lugnuts! Bring up the trash box. See if we got a good wheel in there."

The three-wheeler pulled up even with Clark's bike, and a beer-belly dude with glasses got off and opened the trunk lid. "What's happenin', man?" he grunted at Clark.

Clark smiled briefly. The other bikers and their ol' ladies were off their bikes too, examining the damaged scooter and making comments.

"Ain't got no fork, for sure, Red Rooster. Got a wheel, though. That should work okay."

"We might get a torch from the garage and bend 'er back in shape," said the red-haired leader. "Gimme a tool box. Charlie, help us turn her over. Snake, bring up a pan for the gas. Linda," he said to his ol' lady, "you and the gals grab us some coffee. This is going to take a while."

Ignoring Clark to some extent, the brothers began to work on the bike.

"Appreciate the help, man," Clark said to the leader.

"No sweat, friend. Been in some fixes myself." He looked at Clark, at the weathered leathers, the Harley cap, the gray beard, the re-heeled boots, and he knew by all the signs that he was looking at a brother. Also, no Sunday scooter freak had a bike like this one. The motorcycle showed love, a masterpiece of craft and pride. Red Rooster wondered why Clark was alone on the road, particularly on this strip. Few bikers

TAKE IT ALL OFF!!

Rip off
Bra/Bikini for
Her
Brief for Him

Superstretch
spandex for
fantastic fit —
velcro tabs at
sides of brief
and bra center
for easy pull
apart fun.



SURPRISE SOMEONE!

His — \$9.99

Hers — \$19.99

Electric Blue — One Size Fits All

Send _____ His at \$9.99 ea.

_____ Hers at \$19.99 ea.

Add \$1.50 shipping plus .50 for
ea. additional item

Calif. residents add 6%.

Money order payable in U.S. currency. Total _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Allow 4-6 weeks Delivery

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, CA 90740

FOR BETTER PERFORMANCE

Change your existing muffler system to straight pipes. Fast, easy, inexpensive. Don't chance stripping head bolts. For use on Collector, or 1-or 2-piece staggered duals, use existing brackets. (Designate which.) \$35 per set, postage paid in U.S. Overseas add \$4.00. Cal. residents add 6% tax.

No personal checks. Price subject to change (inflation)

Heath's Pipes & Pipes

3387 Del Rosa Avenue North #244
San Bernardino, Calif. 92404

(714) 882-3804 Bus. Lic. #44684

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.

\$6

2 or more
\$5.00 EACH

Order with friends!

More Details: 25

CARDINAL PUBLISHING, DEPT. 410

2071 Emerson, Box 5200 • Jacksonville, Florida 32207

PHOTO ID



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.

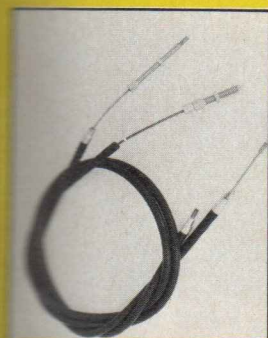
ASK FOR FREE FOLDER NO. C

TATEX LTD.

P.O. BOX 494 • PICKERING, ONTARIO L1V 2R7

WIND 8

ON SALE SOON!



Lifetime Clutch (and brake) Cables

New Design! Guaranteed Not to Break on Ya!

That's right. Now you can travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch or brake cable ain't gonna crap out on ya in the middle of Tighttwat, Texas — where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard drivin'. Your worries are over! Get

these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or next gallon of gas is coming from — because you **never** have to worry about your cable goin' south on ya anymore!

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

Each cable is preformed and prelubed — thus eliminating stretching and lubing. It has a minimum breaking strength of 2000 lbs. In assembling the product we use coil wound outer housing with a nylon inner sleeve to prevent cable abrasion. All of the end fittings are pneumatically swagged and pull tested to 500 lbs. this insures no slippage and negates the possibility of heat damage to the cable strands. The 7 x 19 cable design is for super flexibility, thus it can be used in areas of bending and flexing without causing any damage, or wear.

It is common knowledge that most clutch cables break at the clutch release handle pivot pin. It is also a fact that all stock and replacement clutch cables are made utilizing the 1 x 19 (1 strand of 19 wires). We use 7 x 19, not 1 x 19 — and we won't break!

This is the first flexible cable that will not break due to flexing, binding, or kinks.

74 clutch cable	\$22.00
Extended 74 clutch cable	\$23.00
Mousetrap cable	\$22.00
Extended mousetrap cable	\$23.00
OSSP	\$22.00
Extended OSSP	\$23.00
CSSP	\$22.00
Extended CSSP	\$23.00

Add \$1.00 for postage & handling



RIGHTeous

Box 361, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740

California residents add 6% sales tax.

Special Offer-Buy 5-Get 1 Free!

CAL METAL ART



CAL METAL ART

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED ON YOUR LETTERHEAD

#	#	#
#	#	#

Total Pins _____ X4.95 _____ plus 1.50 Postage

WHEN ORDERING: Please specify quantity, part number and amount enclosed. Calif. residents add 6%. Send \$1.00 for WW1 & WW2 Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear. Authentic Original Replicas Catalog

A humongous-sized beer mug that holds 16 ozs., yet is authentic enough to be on display when not in use.



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

A perfect reproduction of the old original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black, and white —exactly like the original.

Besides being used as a beer mug, we've seen 'em used as book ends, pencil holders, flower vases, or just with the handle turned so that it looks like a glass can of Harley oil.

A different gift. Silk screened and individually handled. \$7.25 plus \$1.75 for postage and safe packing. Satisfaction guaranteed or money immediately refunded.

You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of \$24.95 plus \$5.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$6.05 over the single mug price.)

Either way — it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

Foreign orders add \$1.25 per mug. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740



travel the desert alone. "You got family, man?"

"Just me and the Hog."

"Heavy trip alone, bro. Well, we'll get you fixed up to ride shortly.

Which way you headed?"

Clark thought for a moment. Which way was he headed? "Dallas," he answered finally.

Red Rooster smiled. "Good town, Big D. I did a stint at the fed hospital in Ft. Worth once. Spent some time in Big D. My ol' lady's from Houston. Your ol' lady split on you?"

"She died last year in Dallas."

"Sorry, bro. Didn't mean to pry."

"It's cool. You didn't know."

The gals returned with carry-out cups of coffee. The brothers had gotten the fork off and taken it to the garage behind the truck stop.

"Lugnuts is good with a welding rig. He can heat up a piece of iron and sculpture it. That old Hog's got some good years left in it. Be good as new in another fifteen minutes."

"You ridin' far?" quizzed Red Rooster's ol' lady, a blonde wearing tight jeans and a leather jacket.

Red Rooster frowned at her. "He's going to Dallas. You ask too many questions."

"Think I'll go in and see how it's coming along," Clark said, wanting to take the strain off his new-found friend.

When Clark had disappeared into the garage, Red Rooster turned to the blonde. "His ol' lady died last year," he said.

"I'm sorry, baby. I wouldn't have said anything if I'd known. He looks —"

"— alone," Rooster finished for her. "Heavy dude. Class. A real brother. Bet he was riding that Hog long before we were sprouts."

"Rooster?"

"Yeah, sugar?"

"You sense something about him? I mean, something more than just being on his own?"

Rooster had ridden the desert alone one time. Today, the instant they had pulled up next to Clark, he had seen the look on the man's face, seen the freedom in the calm eyes. But with Clark, he had seen more than just the calm eyes — he had seen the sadness. He had seen death.

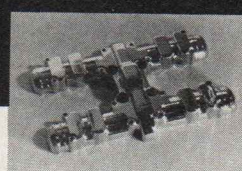
"Maybe he needs family," the girl said.

Rooster shook his head. "No, babe. He needs something more than family. He needs to be what he is. We need him, not the other way around. We owe those Harleys there to him. I mean, dudes like him made a Harley a Harley."

The girl poked Rooster in the ribs.

CUSTOM CHROME PLATING

STEEL • ALUMINUM • POTMETAL



All parts triple plated (copper, nickel, chrome). We also offer nickel and 24 karat gold plating. FAST SERVICE. Write for a free price list.

GRAVES PLATING COMPANY

Quality Plating Since 1945

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

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

Biker Pipe

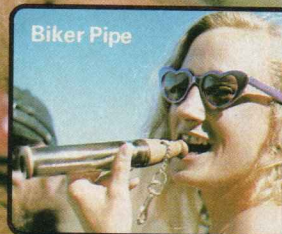
Stick your doobie inside
... fire it up. . .

Chain Smoker

No smoke lost. Pocket
rocket. . . just load and light.



Chain
Smoker



Biker Pipe

WHETHER
YOU RIDE
ON THE
WEEKEND
OR LIVE IN
THE SADDLE,
YOU CAN
RIDE HIGH
WITH THESE
FAR-OUT PIPES.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send to: Mackenzie Company Box 29, Calabasas, CA 91302

\$6.50 each
including postage

☐ BIKER PIPE

☐ CHAIN SMOKER

Calif. residents add 6%

(U.S. Currency Only. Thank you)

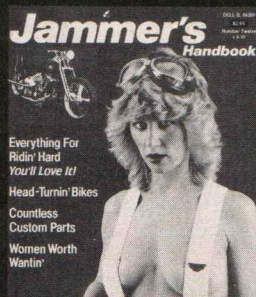
OUR BUSINESS... STOCKING & SELLING THE BEST!



We stock and sell thousands of products, each carrying with it a long-standing Jammer reputation for dependability, service and style.

Being able to offer the best requires gathering the best. That's our business... assembling the most sought-after products from manufacturers who know quality counts, who rely on and trust us to market their best.

The following pages are a mere taste of what's waiting for you (our Jammer's Handbook has it all). Look us over carefully... we're sure you'll agree we know our business!



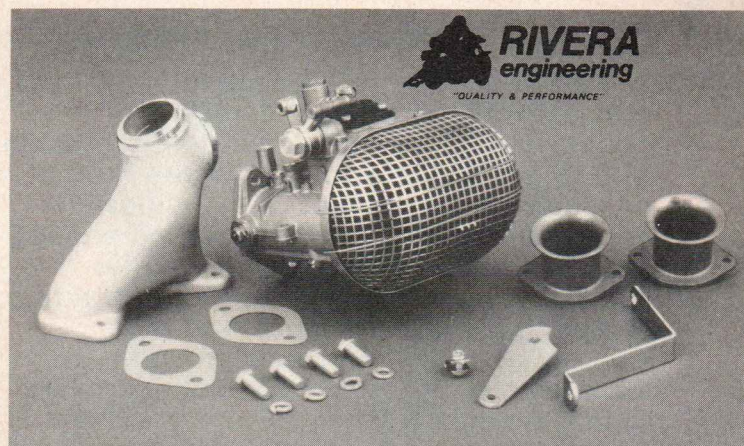
Get your taste of eyeball heaven now! Send \$3.95 (a buck goes for postage) to Jammer Cycle Products, 801 (ER) S. Main St., Burbank, California 91506.

Jammer's

ADVERTISEMENT

Dell 'Orto Carburetor Kits For Harleys

Here's bolt-on high performance for your scooter. Lots of time has been spent in research and development to adapt this carb for motorcycle use. What you're getting is a dual barreled sidedraft carburetor with dimensions identical to a Weber or Solex. The Dell 'Orto is actually two carbs in one, siamesed by a common float bowl. It utilizes dual throats containing individual venturies and separate jetting. This 40mm beauty is available with either a straight-out or new plenum manifold which angles 25° to the front of the bike, eliminating the common leg clearance problem. All our kits include the carburetor, manifold, velocity stacks, breather type air cleaner and all necessary hardware for easy installation on yours. Complete tuning



instructions are also included. Each Dell 'Orto kit is priced at \$229.95. #135041 comes with angled manifold and fits Shovelheads & Sportsters. #135042 is delivered with straight manifold. If you've got a Panhead, order #135043.



Morris Magneto For Harley Big Twins

If you own a 1970 and later Big Twin Harley here's magneto power, performance, convenience and styling now engineered for easy starting. This unit is "manually retardable," making starting much easier. Once the engine is running, timing advances automatically. Another big bonus is that this magneto mounts upright eliminating a common fear of potential damage. Supplied complete with a new cam cover, all necessary hardware and installation instructions are delivered with this unit. Order yours by #13605 for \$349.95. You'll love it!

Electric Start Belt Drive For Harleys

Get behind a real winner! Any Harley 74, 80 or big stroker up to 106 cu. in. will come alive with this unit. Featuring a tough 1½", 11mm Uniroyal belt that's 60% lighter than your stock chain drive and designed to live longer, this kit will improve the overall performance of your bike. With pulleys machined from a prime aluminum alloy and hardened to aircraft specs along with engine shaft inserts machined from 4130 chromeoly, this unit can handle all you give it. Besides being Bonneville and dragstrip proven, thousands of everyday riders



**How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)**

continue to make the switch. Believe us... runnin' with the belt is a must! Get yours today for any 1965 and later Big Twin by ordering #143066, priced at \$225.00.

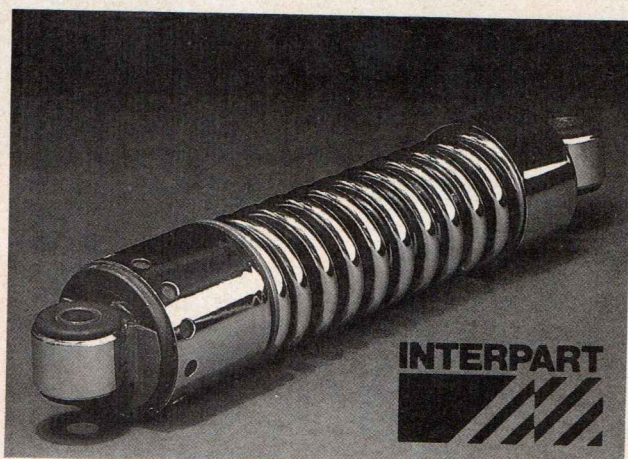
Jammer's

Chrome Oil Cooler For Harleys

You know the damage hot oil temperatures can do. Well, here's your cure! This oil cooler will reduce hot oil temperatures 20 to 80 degrees. Since each 20 degree drop in oil temperature doubles, yes doubles, engine and clutch life that's reason enough to run this chromed medicine. Besides looking good, cooling takes place rapidly. Featuring a patented inner swirl core design hot engine oil is swirled and turbulated as it passes through the cooler. At the same time, external fins force the outside air against the cooling surface. This combination of inner and outer swirling



provides twice the cooling power, making this unit the overall choice in its field. Get yours now by ordering #37042 for Harley Big Twins and Sportsters, priced at \$109.90.



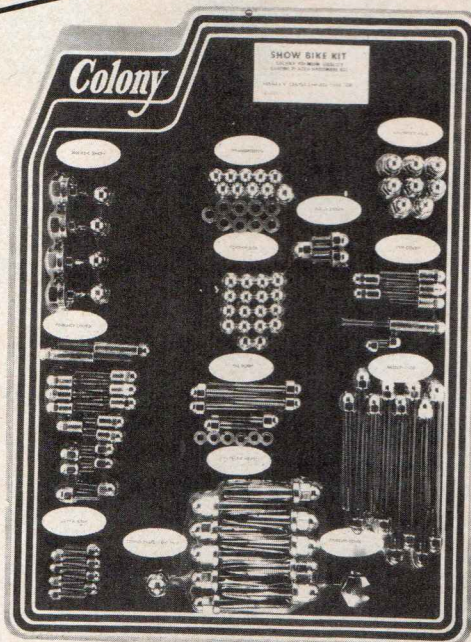
Mulholland Shocks For Late Model Harleys

If you're looking for a heavy duty replacement shock set for your tired old ones, we've got 'em. Our complete kits will do the chores without complaint. Any 1973 and later FL or FX model (except FLT) will ride better after this quick and easy installation. Featuring mirror chrome springs & cans, this set is delivered completely assembled and ready to ride on. They are design engineered to work and look right for your model . . . this makes the difference! Selling for \$159.95 a set, order #78031.

Chrome & Gold Show Bike Kits For Shovelheads

Take a long look at the hardware on your engine and transmission. It probably doesn't do much towards bringing out the real beauty of your pride and joy. Our chrome and gold show bike kits are designed specifically for enhancing the other work that's gone into your bike. What we've got for you is all the necessary replacement hardware for the rocker shafts, primary cover, lifter base, cylinder base & head, oil pump, motor case, rocker box, cam cover, air cleaner, transmission and plug. Once installed, we know you'll wonder why you waited so long. Any 1978 and later Shovelhead should have one. Our chrome plated kit is \$172.00 (#124043), 24 carat gold is \$230.00 (#124059).

COLONY



**How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)**

Jammer's

Pushrod & Lifter Conversion Kits For Harleys

If you're tired of hydraulic lifters collapsing, yet you don't want solids because they have to be adjusted too often, we've got the cure . . . our pushrod and lifter conversion kits. This item is also a must when you're running a hot cam, but it's also a great improvement even with a stock cam. You're not going to gain gobs of horsepower without using a cam with them, but you won't be losing any because of a hydraulic lifter being half collapsed either. Installation is very simple and we supply everything necessary, including four aluminum alloy adjustable tubular pushrods. Each kit is yours for \$39.95. #140015 works on 1953-1965 Big Twins, #140016 on 1966 and later Shovelheads.

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)



Joe Hunt Magneto For 1937-1969 Harleys

Designed for 61", 74" and stroked OHV Big Twins, this magneto is a living legend. Ask anyone who's been around . . . they work, they look good and they'll do wonders towards increasing the performance of your bike. You can run this beauty without a battery for hassle-free ignition as well as pull the r's assured you'll get the spark you need. So, why not replace the ol' distributor and do what so many have for years . . . switch to mag power. Delivered complete with points and condensor for \$229.26 (#13602). Remember to order the hold-down clamp for installation at \$3.95 (#136021).



High Performance Pistons For Harleys

These are our choice for overall performance, dependability and quality. Manley's pistons are forged from special high silicone aluminum to ride smooth and skuff-free in the cylinders. The unique skirt design, along with the special cam profile and barrel shape, result in giving you a piston up to 100 grams lighter than competitive brands without sacrificing seal and power. Add to this the original dome shape for maximum flame travel and compression without blocking the spark plug, and you've got everything worth wanting! Each piston is shipped with pins, lock rings and piston rings.

Forged Aluminum Pistons					
Part #	Application	Size	Comp. Ratio	Price Each	
12601	74 Stock Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75	
12602	74 Stock Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75	
12603	74 Stock Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75	
12604	74 Stock Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75	
12605	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75	
12607	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75	
12608	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75	
12609	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75	
126011	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75	
126012	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75	
126013	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75	
126014	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75	

Forged Aluminum Pistons					
Part #	Application	Size	Comp. Ratio	Price Each	
12605	80 Stock Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75	
126010	80 Stock Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75	
126015	80 Stock Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75	
126020	80 Stock Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75	
126016	Sportster 1000	.010	10.5	58.75	
126017	Sportster 1000	.020	10.6	58.75	
126018	Sportster 1000	.040	10.7	58.75	
126019	Sportster 1000	.060	10.8	58.75	

**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!**

