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iron horse

FOR THE ADULT MOTORCYCLE ENTHUSIAST



Lotsa Sidecars

*Unusual Places
to Stash*

Eye-poppin'
Scooters
and
Women!

*Speedway
Racing*



Great
Fiction

Far-out
Contest!



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FER BRO'S, CHICKS, & RUG-RATS.



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Big Mugs Fer Bikers. Very heavy mugs, perfect gifts!! Holds 32 fuckin' oz. & weighs 3 lbs. Colorful! Specify Honda, Suz, Kaw, Triumph, BMW, Yam, Live to Ride. Holds a fuck of a lot of suds fer the holidays. Yers fer only \$10.95 ea.



Sexy Biker Chick Bikini Sets. Show yer colors proudly. These are the best biker turn-ons we've ever sold (well... almost!) One size fits "all," (200 lb. limit). Free installation in our Denver shop. Assorted colors. Just what ya Foxy Ol' Ladies need, eh? Only \$7.95 a set.



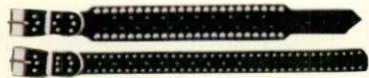
Biker Goggles. Aviator style fer keepin' the shit outa those wide eyes, bro. (great gift!) Features laminated lens, soft lined with adjustable strap. H-1) \$24.95, H-2) \$39.95, H-3) \$37.95, H-4) \$44.95, H-5) \$44.95. Tinted or clear replacement lens \$12.95 a pair.



Class Black T-shirts. Very popular X-mas gift fer heavy-weight bikers. Won't rot on the rattiest ass. Each shirt has class 2-Wheeler logo on the back. Specify design. Sizes S-M-L & Hulk. (No pockets) Only \$6.95 ea.



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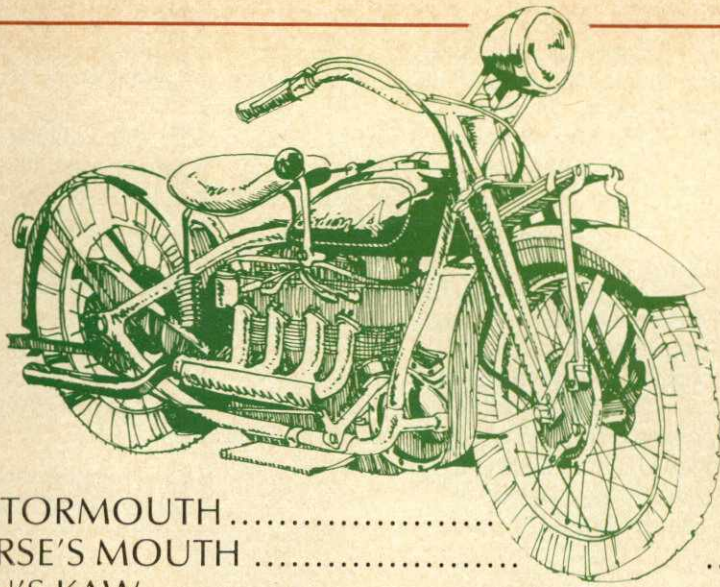
Custom Mirrors. Just what ya need to trick up yer ride, bro. Specify the name of yer scoot. Honda, Kaw, Yam Lt & Rt,

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Don't Fuckin' wait til the last minute to get yer favorite bro, old man, Ol' lady or chick a mean Christmas gift! Be sure to carefully describe the articles you want. **No Fuckin' checks!** (We've already papered the john.) Ask about our balls out catalog (\$4.95 refundable) with all our good shit and chopper accessories fer Christmas givin'. You assholes who are too fuckin' lazy to write, can call 303-433-7025 or 303-433-0564 and get even faster service. All orders sent UPS/COD. (Foreign/Overseas orders prepaid only) **Thanks! And Ride Safe!**

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Man About Town: Billy Thornbury
Office Dog: Rufus
Ensenada Connection: Juan, Magdalena, Gladys y Prince
Publishers: Lou Kimzey, Mil Blair & Joe Teresi
Circulation Director: Sanford Meyers
Administrative Assistants: Isobel Petty, & Brenda Novo

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iron horse

The street bike without city limits.

The 1980 Harley-Davidson Super Glide "Fat Bob".

Super Glide® . . . known as the ultimate street bike. But down behind that massive 80 cubic inch V-Twin, there's always been the urge to take to the highway.

The fat bob tank will take you. At 3.5 gallons and an estimated 48 mpg,* it's the perfect bike for both city and country. Grab our buckhorn handle bars and slip into our stepped seat—it's the famous Harley-Davidson riding position that gets you there in comfort.

So you've got power. Easy maintenance. Comfort. Simplicity of design. Low, lean styling. And the unmistakable pulse of the V-Twin. The Super Glide "Fat Bob" is everything you can ask of a motorcycle. Anywhere. Anytime.

But owning a Harley means more. You're taking one giant step into a heritage and tradition no other motorcycle company can hope to claim. Call it what you will. We just know a Harley-Davidson® will move you—in the city, or on the road.

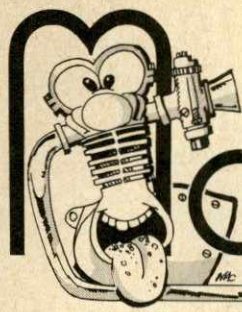
**HARLEY-DAVIDSON
DEALER NETWORK**



*You may get different mileage, depending on how fast you drive, weather and road conditions, and trip length.

We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the A.M.A. Specifications subject to change without notice.

**Harley-Davidson.
More than a machine.**



Motormouth

Roll 'em, daddy! The Nevada State Supreme Court recently ruled that gambling debts aren't legally collectible. The casinos said that's okay because they don't pay taxes on "marker" money until it's collected. Yeah, but what do the guys who make cement overcoats have to say?

Raising a rugrat alone ain't easy, so this grandma advertised in the paper for a "born-again mom and dad" to lend a hand with her four-year-old grandson. She says she just wanted a father figure for the boy, but the welfare folks think otherwise. They snatched the kid and won't consider returning him until grandma presents a psychiatric report that says she's fit to care for him.

There goes the neighborhood. An exclusive beachfront community was recently raided and the cops bagged a hundred seven-foot marijuana plants in a field, plus another forty or fifty curing in a shed. They estimated the street value at about \$100,000. Shit, don't they know that's just a little private stash for some rich dude?

Be it ever so humble: All the water in a certain podunk town in the Midwest is polluted because the underground propane storage leaked. Four big oil companies have offered to buy the town — businesses, houses, and all. But some of those folks ain't about to leave — after all, it's home.

Science marches on. There's this bigass turtle called the loggerhead and it's an endangered species. Some federal scientists decided to study its habits and — knowing you wouldn't mind — dropped five thousand of your tax dollars on a sophisticated electronic tracking device they strapped to the back of a 212-lb. shellster. So far so good. The signals indicated the beast was heading along the Gulf Coast, then he appeared to go ashore in Texas, then the signals stopped. They started up a few days later — in Kansas. The explanation? A tourist fisherman found the device washed ashore in Texas and took it home as a souvenir. He was using it as a doorstop.

Pornography set to music. That's what a Colorado anti-rock crusader is calling today's music. That's right, it's the same old bullshit line that's come down ever since Bill Haley scared parents shitless with his announcement that he intended to rock around the clock. The head anti-rocker says, "Rock has turned our young ladies into sex machines, our young men into dirt balls, and has abolished pride in personal appearance." Yeah! Let's hear it for rock and roll!

Gettin' it on early. In South Africa recently, a nine-year-old girl gave birth to a baby boy, both doing well, according to hospital authorities. She's a young one all right, but past her prime by comparison to the world record-holder, a Peruvian girl who, in

1939, delivered at the age of five years, eight months. What's behind all this kiddie sex? I'm not sure, but I suspect rock and roll.

Instant wealth: A Colorado lawyer surprised his fellow bidders by offering \$3.35 million for a shopping mall. Twelve minutes after the purchase, he sold the property at a \$750,000 profit. So much for minimum wage.

No cruisers: The California Highway Patrol, like many other law enforcement agencies, has a major bitch about their cars. Under full acceleration, it took a mile to gas one from fifty-five to sixty-five miles per hour. They are now mixing older, faster cars in with the new car patrols in an attempt to catch speeding motorcyclists, who have been blowing the new ones away. Now wouldja believe they are researchin' the idea of turbochargers?

Where'd she go? A well-dressed woman walked into an airport, signed a receipt, and had \$300,000 worth of gold and silver loaded into the trunk of her car. All was fine until the valid recipient arrived a short time later. But she said she worked for the company.

Sink or swim. A Navy student pilot was forced into his first solo jet fighter flight after a mid-air collision with a buzzard. You see, the instructor immediately abandoned ship. Meanwhile, the green jock pulled his shit together and made a safe landing. Wonder if he still has some provin' to do to get his wings.

Fore! Two broads were playin' golf in Australia when a huge gray boomer kangaroo suddenly bounded onto the fairway and sat down next to them. It looked tame, but proceeded to kick and claw at the women when they tried to shoo it away. A well-placed nine iron to the back of the neck felled the beast, who subsequently recovered and bounded away. The gal took a one-stroke penalty, I guess.

Money isn't everything: The dude left his well-off family back in the sixties because he preferred to be a man of the streets. Recently, he was informed that a wealthy aunt had died and left him \$260,000. He spent about eight grand on some "friends," but quit that when he saw they just wanted to mooch. He's not going to change his lifestyle, though he does sometimes go to the bowling alley for a thick steak and a tub of beer. He still prefers to remain in the slums. "My mind," he stated, "has never sunk as low as my environment."

Little guy wins: A small communications company filed an anti-trust case against AT&T — and won! Don't know the settlement, but the legal fees are \$92.5 million. Must be some hot lawyers, because back in the old days, if you fucked with the phone company, you wound up with a Dixie Cup and a lotta string.



NOW IN HARDCOVER

Check out this unbelievable collection of motorcycle memorabilia. 224 great pages, 8½ x 11 format (on good paper so all the photos, drawings, artwork, and type are perfectly reproduced). Together between hard covers for the first time — a collection of all the old-time advertisements, the old photos, the old fashions. You name it — the boots, the caps, the clubs, the postcards — they're all together in one gigantic book called *Earlyriders*. And it's now available in a new, durable, hardcover edition, so you can keep this valuable collector's item in first-rate condition. Here's a book every motorcycle freak and biking enthusiast would be delighted to own. And it's only \$8.95 — plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

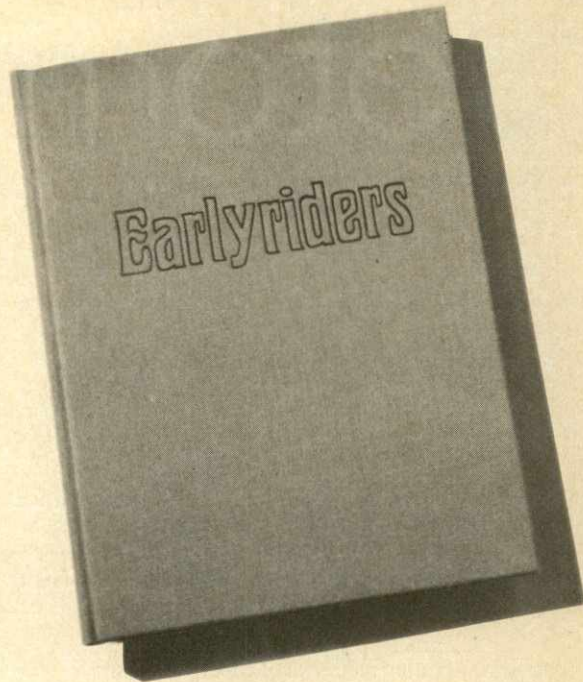
If you're into iron horses, here's a book that will bring back memories — a book that you'll read, read again, and save forever. It's got heart and you'll dig it — all 224 pages.

Send \$8.95 (plus \$1.00 postage and handling) to *Earlyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (California residents add 6% so that Governor Brown can keep the wheels turning up in Sacramento.)

Be sure to include your zip code.

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

Please print your name and address to avoid errors.



UNSCREW HANDLE FOR PIPE



CANE-PIPE

24⁹⁵

MADE OF COLD ROLLED STEEL

HANDLE UNSCREWS FOR A SHORT SELF-LIGHTING PIPE.



PIPE 19⁹⁵

LIKE HARLEY DAVIDSON IS THE CADILLAC OF BIKES FLICK-A-HIGH IS THE CADILLAC OF PIPES.

NOW SOMEONE HAS INVENTED THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY CANE EVER. IT'S MADE OF MAHOGANY WOOD WITH SCROLL WORK ON THE CANE SHAFT.

THE HANDLE UNSCREWS AND BECOMES A SELF-LIGHTING PIPE WITH A REPLACEABLE BIC LIGHTER, BUILT IN SPOON, STASH CAP AND JOINT ADAPTOR. THE CANE ALSO CONVERTS INTO AN 18 TO 22 OZ. POOL STICK AND SHORT STICK. SO NOW YOU CAN

TOKE, STROKE AND SMOKE IN STYLE.

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

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FLICK-A-HIGH™ Combination Cane-Pipe-Poolstick

39⁹⁵

POOL CUE INSIDE CANE



Send cash, check or money order to:
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Box 29
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Separate Items & Prices: Cane Pipe/Pool Stick 39.95
Pipe 19.95 Umbrella Pipe 29.95
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Address _____

City _____

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

The Horse's Mouth

Hates Smelly Bikers

Bikers' low mentalities show up in the photos of people throughout your magazine. Decent bikers are okay, but your kind are below the pits! You're like sheep, doing and saying things like all others of your kind. Your girls may have good figures, but they're no better than a town slut when showing it all to anyone and everyone (whether at the Sturgis city park or on the street)!

And the "different" gangs think they're so individual. That's a laugh! They're all alike — where one runs, they all run, like the sheep they are. The Sturgis Motorcycle Classic rally is a good example of you bikers acting like sheep — besides never getting it through your dumb heads that most people in Sturgis don't even want you and your smell! Those that do (city council and the business community) only want your money, and they lose local business in the process.

Hater of Classic and Rally
Sturgis, S.D.

No Arlen

I have just finished reading the October issue and enjoyed it very much. When I read about Halfbreed, I was impressed until I read the specs. Then I

thought I was reading *Street Chopper*, not *Iron Horse*. If I wanted to see something built by Arlen Ness, I would go out and buy *Street Chopper*. I thought you guys featured bikes built by the riders. I would rather see a kit bike featured than one built by Arlen Ness. At least I would know the guy didn't have a machine shop at his disposal.

Marv Smith
Seymour, Wis.

● A tasty bike is a tasty bike no matter how it's achieved.

To Each His Own

This is the first time we've bought *Iron Horse*, and it pissed us off when we read an asshole's letter putting down a Harley. To each his own, as the saying goes, but he ought to get his head out of his ass. We don't condemn him for riding a foreign bike.

Don and Dianna
Wamac, Ill.

American Slang?

Just read a recent borrowed copy and noticed two letters from Australians. Their use of American slang made me shudder. I suppose it's caused by too much *Easyriders* and a lack of imagination. Probably call themselves bikers too.

Smiley
Melbourne, Australia

● How could anyone get too much *Easyriders*?

A Jerk

I bought an issue of *Iron Horse* and answered a fuckin' "need an ol' lady" ad. This guy turned out to be a real jerk.

Spook
Ellicottville, N.Y.

● Ya wins some and ya loses some. By the way, are you aptly nicknamed?

Give Us A Chance

What goes? I buy your mag for the distinct purpose of seeing any kind of scoot except a Harley.

Give us bros who ride scoots other than Harleys a chance. Come on, let's see more clean bikes (Kaws, Nortons, Hondas, etc.).

K.C.
Youngstown, Ohio

● We're going to feature all bikes, including those you mentioned.

Downed Aussies

A word from us bros doin' time in Canberra City. There are three things we wait for: your mag, ol' ladies on visiting day, and parole.

Tony, Peter, and Terry
Canberra A.C.T.
Australia

Bike Restorer

I drive a cage right

now, but not for long. I am restoring a 1969 Honda 300. It's black and chrome, like they all were. When I get it finished, maybe I'll send you a picture of it.

Steve Kamhout
Chehalis, Wash.

A Question

Why do people get so upset about seeing another bike in a mag? It's not like this is the only rag on the market. Maybe they live with blinders on.

"Von" Ehrenfried
Savannah, Ga.

Buy American

Our country needs help from her people. Buy what America makes!

B.W.
Costa Mesa, Calif.

● Everyone can't afford American bike prices, to start with. They usually start with smaller bikes and work up to "the tractor."

Ol' Lady Scores

I sent my ol' lady out for an *Easyriders* mag. She came back flashin' a fuckin' *Iron Horse*. I was pissed till I read it cover to cover and back again. My Harley got lunched and I am now building a Triumph and was pleased as hell to see some of 'em in your rag.

Steve Howard
Fairborn, Ohio

Wants A Vincent

Okay, I've waited eleven issues to see a Vincent Black Shadow. Now find one and give us some righteous flicks of it.

Sal
Middlesex-Essex, Mass.

- We hear ya.

Disappointed

When I read your October issue, I noticed so much Japanese shit I looked at the cover again to make sure what I was reading. I hope you don't continue that route, because there is enough material on Japanese bikes in the country and not enough on American bikes.

M. Mellema
Ridley Park, Pa.

- You'll never know what to expect in *Iron Horse*, except good machines of all makes.

New Zealand Fan

Hey, my friends and I really dig your mag down here.

Angel
New Zealand

Sneaky, Sneaky

I thought I'd drop ya a line so I could show ya the best fuckin' stationery around, and anyone who reads your rag can have some like it. Here's how I did it. After I used the iron-on from your mag on a T-shirt, I transferred ten more copies (the same way I did the shirt) onto writing paper.

Larry Straub
Quartz Hill, Calif.

Looking For A Bike

I am an avid reader of your magazine. On page

24, bottom left-hand corner, of the August '80 issue, is a drawing by Norman Kent from Tuscaloosa, Ala. That drawing is of the bike I want to own. I was wondering if you experts could help me in locating such a bike.

Wade Madison
Billings, Mont.

- We just did. If anyone writes and says he has one, we'll pass his letter on to you.

Real Thing

In reference to nude-dude photos, I think your present policy is fine. I am a woman and like my men real. I like man-watchin', but hell, that ain't nothin', compared with touchin', squeezin', suckin', and fuckin'. I ain't lookin' for fantasies when reality is so fine, but don't misunderstand me: I can cream on a fine bike shot any time. See you all in the wind.

Barb Gaffney
Valier, Mont.

Narc Tip

Just to let those of you who haven't been busted for less than an ounce know, my lawyer asked me why I kept my dope in a clear baggy. He advised me that on a search without a warrant, it must be visible. So use a different container or a no-see-through bag.

I know I fucked up, but it may help someone else when an eagle-eyed cop can see a baggie under a case of empty beer cans.

Oh well, back to court.
E. Dailey
Glendale, Calif.

Brotherhood

There's a place up in

Wisconsin called Marshfield. It's a small town, but there are a lot of scooter folk. It's just what you guys have been talkin' about. Harleys, Hondas, Kawasakis, and Yamahas can all be seen chopped and cruisin' the streets together.

Jon Amundson
Sun Prairie, Wis.

Prison Discount

Do you give a discount to downed bikers in the joint? They don't pay us a dime here in TDC, and coin is hard to come by.

The Coop
Huntsville, Texas

- Yes. It's \$12 for twelve issues.

Urine Cleaner

Well, you four — Lucas, Dismal Dan, J. Mitchell, and F.B. Norton — made one helluva afternoon with each one of your scribes in the October issue. I've been cleaning up urine for the past week from laughing so much. Let's do it again sometime soon.

Lampshade Kenny
Smoky Mountains, N.C.

What's Profile?

Your "Earth Girl" feature in the October rag was hip. I don't want to insult her or anything like that, but how about showin' a full profile of John Teresi's scoot (aka Lou's ol' knuck)?

J.C.
Belleville, Mich.

Sure would like to get my hands on John Teresi, the dude on the cover of your October issue. Tell him if he's ever in Illinois, look me up.

Jean
Mt. Olive, Ill.

A Guy In Drag?

Been meanin' to pick up your rag for a while and just got the October issue. What a letdown! It was like finally gettin' that chick in bed only to find out that she's a guy in drag.

G.A.
Columbus, Ind.

- You mean you have to get all the way to bed to find out the obvious?

From Germany

I'm a German guy who wants to have contact with bikers in the States. Maybe you can get help for me.

Henry Wagner
Zeppelinstr. 2
7322 Donzdorf
West Germany

Where Is It?

What's wrong with you zeros? For the first time I've seen a sled that's worth a fuck on your cover. So I look through the mag and in the back I find a few photos of one of the finest sleds I've ever seen. How about showing more?

C.D. Wolff
Boise, Ida.

- It had been featured years ago in *Easyriders*, and so it was used just as a prop in the shooting of the girl feature you refer to.



*Have the urge to write? Want to let the staff know when they've blown it — or pass along a "good show" when they haven't? Love letters, veiled (or unveiled) threats, porno, chitchat, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to **Iron Horse**, Box 999, Calabasas, Calif. 91302.*

All-New Easyriders CALENDAR

Hey, we
got the
dates
right!

Buy it
at your
newsstand

52 99
£1.75

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Easyriders

1980

CALENDAR

Twelve Months of Beautiful Biker
Photography and Dave Mann Art
Every Biker's Calendar
We Even Got The Dates Right

0 1572 04104 15

Yeah, we know we blew it last year — but this year's calendar will be right, with all the dates and holidays where they belong. Plus, you'll get twelve mind-blowin' scenes — Dave Mann painting and excellent color photos. All this on very heavy slick paper, hole-drilled for hanging and securely stapled. A

first-rate calendar from a first-rate magazine. And for less than before. Available October 15, 1980 — so visit your favorite newsstand or order directly from us by sending \$2.95 to Calendar, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Not available in Canada



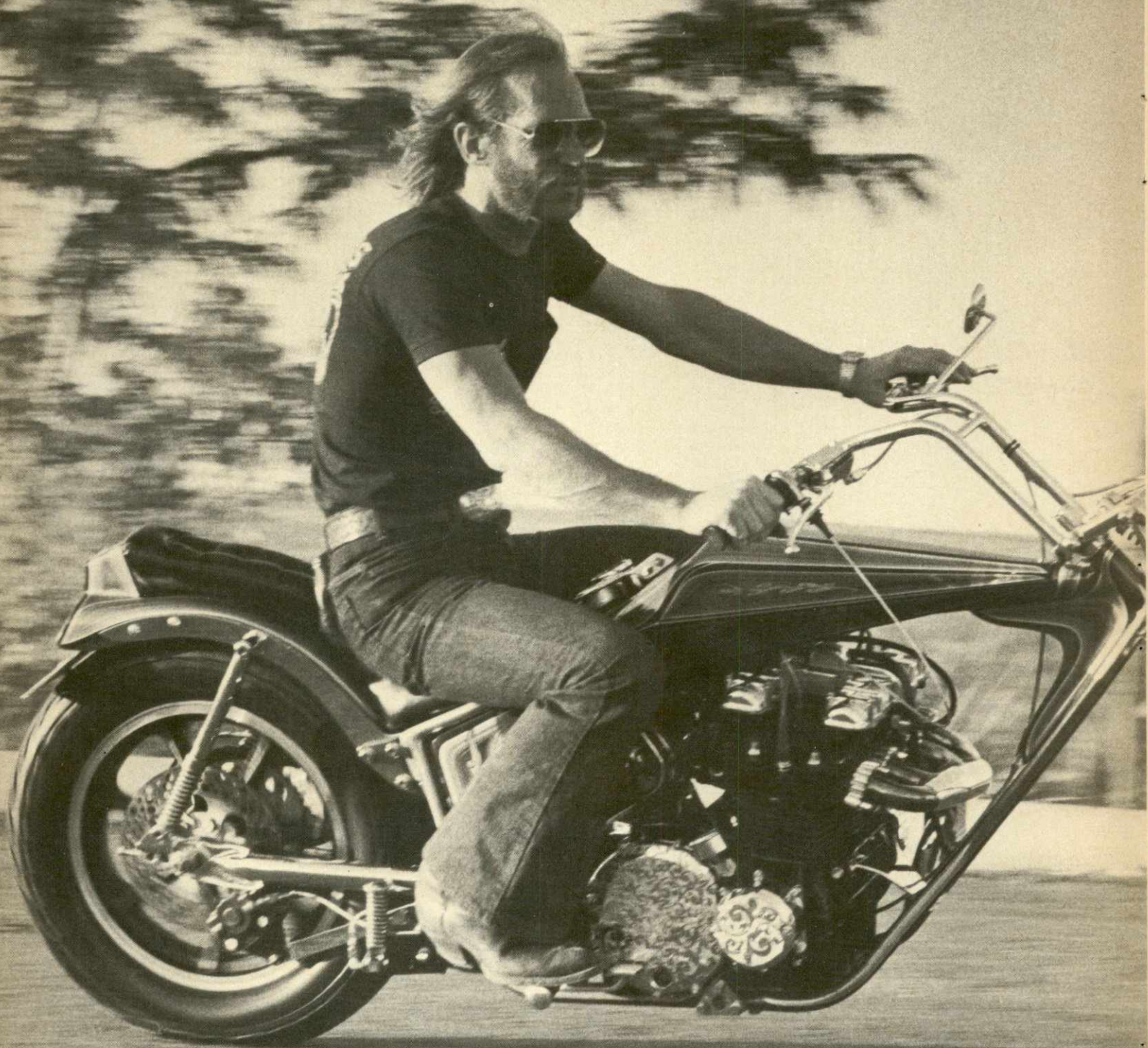
RON'S KATS



Two in the mornin', my mind stepped out hours ago with the last sixer, the ol' lady's pissin' an' moanin' for some good lovin' and there's no doubt that if this

darned feature don't get done by mornin', my ass will be a prime candidate for the wringer.

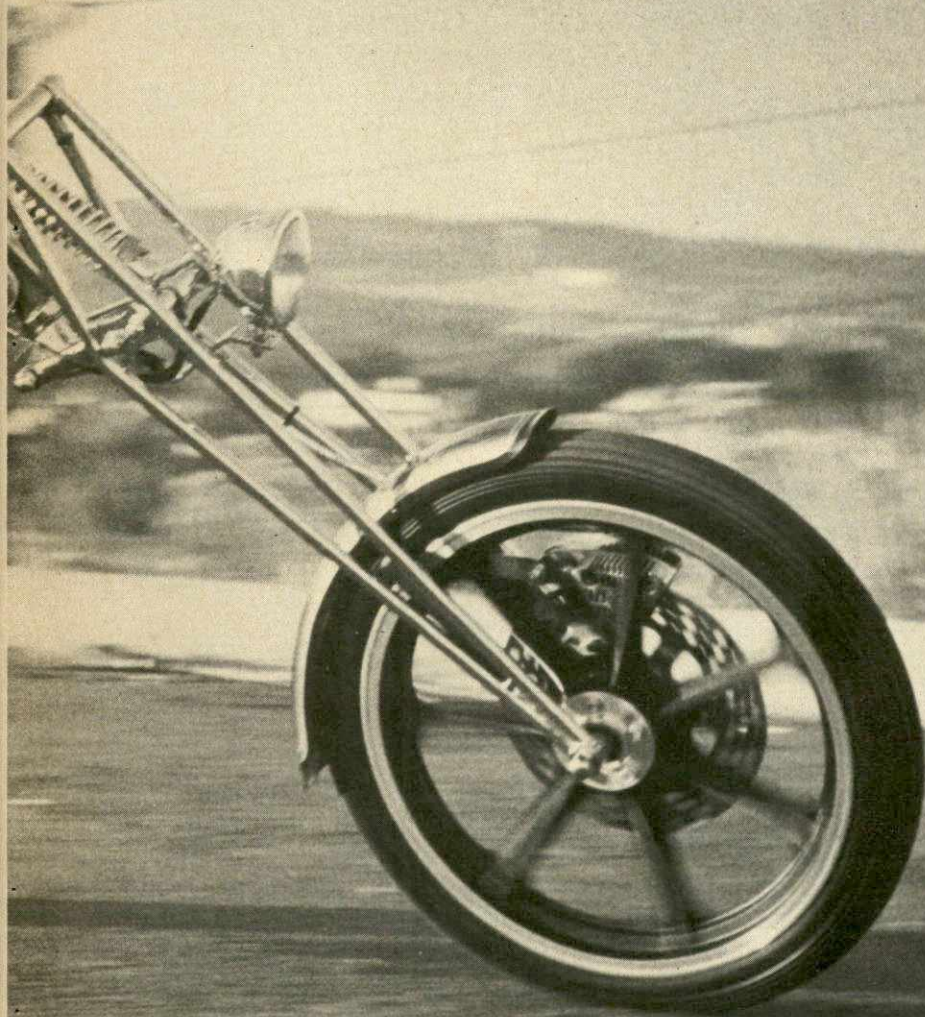
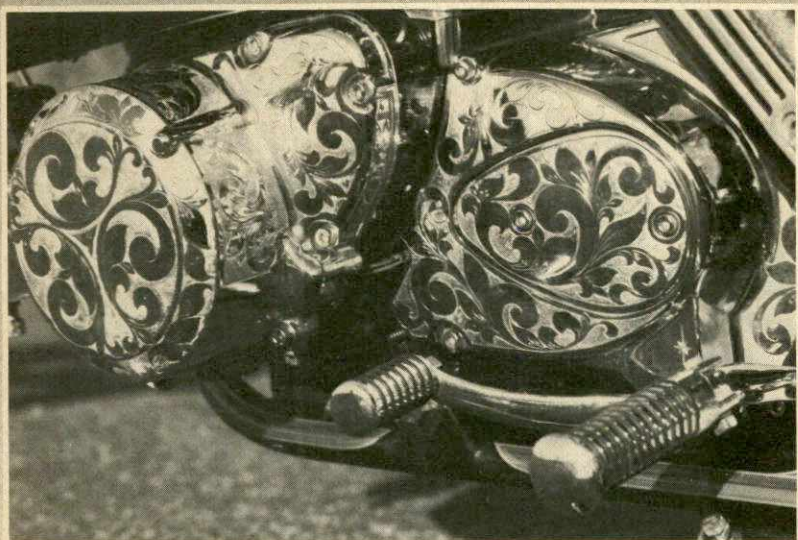
If it weren't for this rag's payment plan, namely a bag of



home-grown and a rack of beer, I'd light a match to this typewriter and do my damndest to satisfy the ol' lady's needs. But shit, my cleaner habits always seem to get the best of me, so it's back to my nose wedged between the

H&J keys — dirty habits later, mama.

Three-twenty, or thereabouts. I'm noddin' off; the feature runs a whoppin' two paragraphs of bullshit. But who the fuck cares anyway? No one reads the drivel in these



OWNER: Ron Lowe

BUILDER: Saks 5th Choppers

AREA: Lakewood, Colorado

ORIGINAL MANUFACTURER: Kawasaki

YEAR: 1979

MODEL: KZ 900

CHASSIS: custom

FRAME: swingarm

YEAR: 1979

BUILDER: Saks 5th Choppers

STYLE: custom swingarm

ALTERATIONS: stretched 9 inches, raked to 45 degrees

FRONT END

BUILDER: Smith Bros. & Fetrow

STYLE: girder

SPECIAL FEATURES: extended 3 inches

MAJOR COMPONENTS

FENDERS

FRONT: 3½-inch

REAR: 7-inch

GAS TANK: Supercycle Engineering

OIL TANK: none

SEAT: Westside Upholstery

PEGS: Drag Specialties

BRAKES

FRONT: disc

REAR: disc

WHEELS

FRONT: 19-inch Morris

REAR: 16-inch Morris

TIRES

FRONT: 2.75 Avon

REAR: 5.10 Avon

DRIVE LINE

TRANSMISSION: stock

SHIFTING: foot

PRIMARY DRIVE: 13 teeth

REAR WHEEL DRIVE: 35 teeth

ENGINE

YEAR: 1979

MODEL: KZ 900

REBUILDER: owner

DISPLACEMENT: 1015cc.

LOWER END MODIFICATIONS: Doug's Balancing

TOP END MODIFICATIONS: bored out

OIL SYSTEM: wet sump

CAM(S): stock

CARB(S): Zenith

AIR CLEANER: K&N

EXHAUST SYSTEM: American Turbo Pak

ELECTRICAL SYSTEM

WIRING: custom

HEADLIGHT: mini-Bates

TAILLIGHT: Mercury Capri

IGNITION: Martek

CHARGING: stock

FINISH

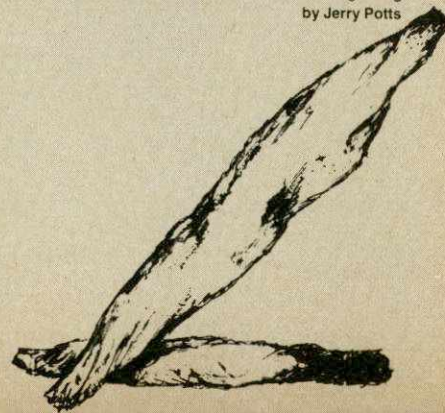
MOLDING: Saks 5th Choppers

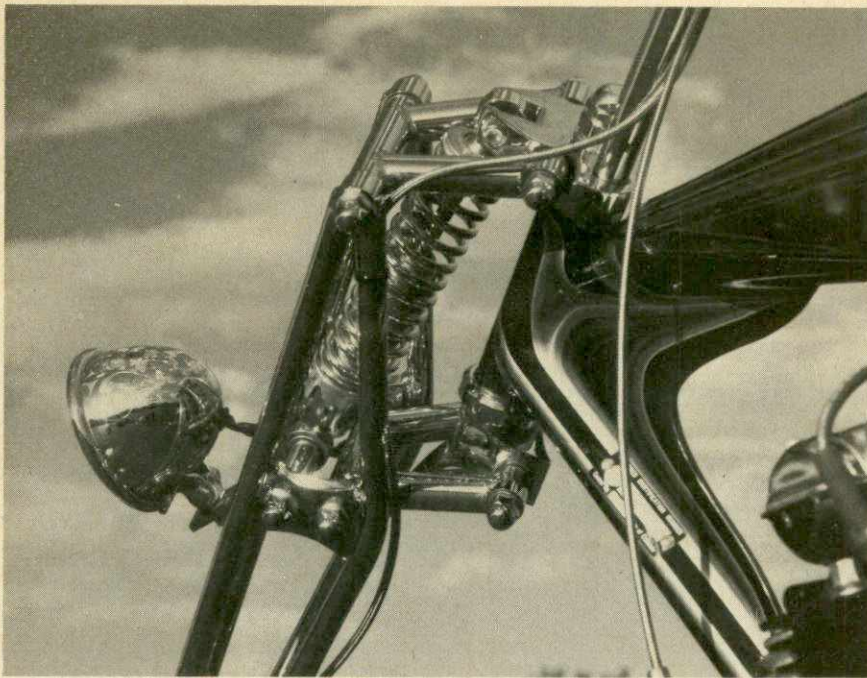
MATERIAL: bondo

PAINTER: Ron Lowe

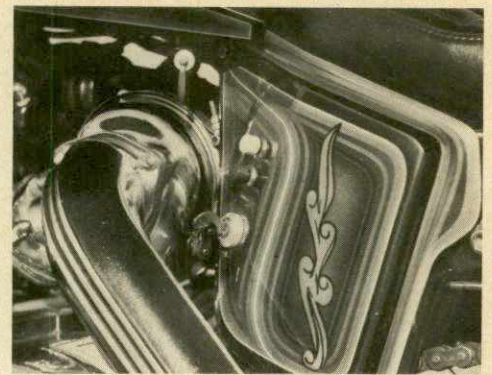
SPECIAL PAINT: House of Kolor Kandy

OTHER SPECIAL MODIFICATIONS: Engraving
by Jerry Potts





Photos by Billy Tinney



feature bike stories, except maybe the dude ownin' the scoot and his immediate kin.

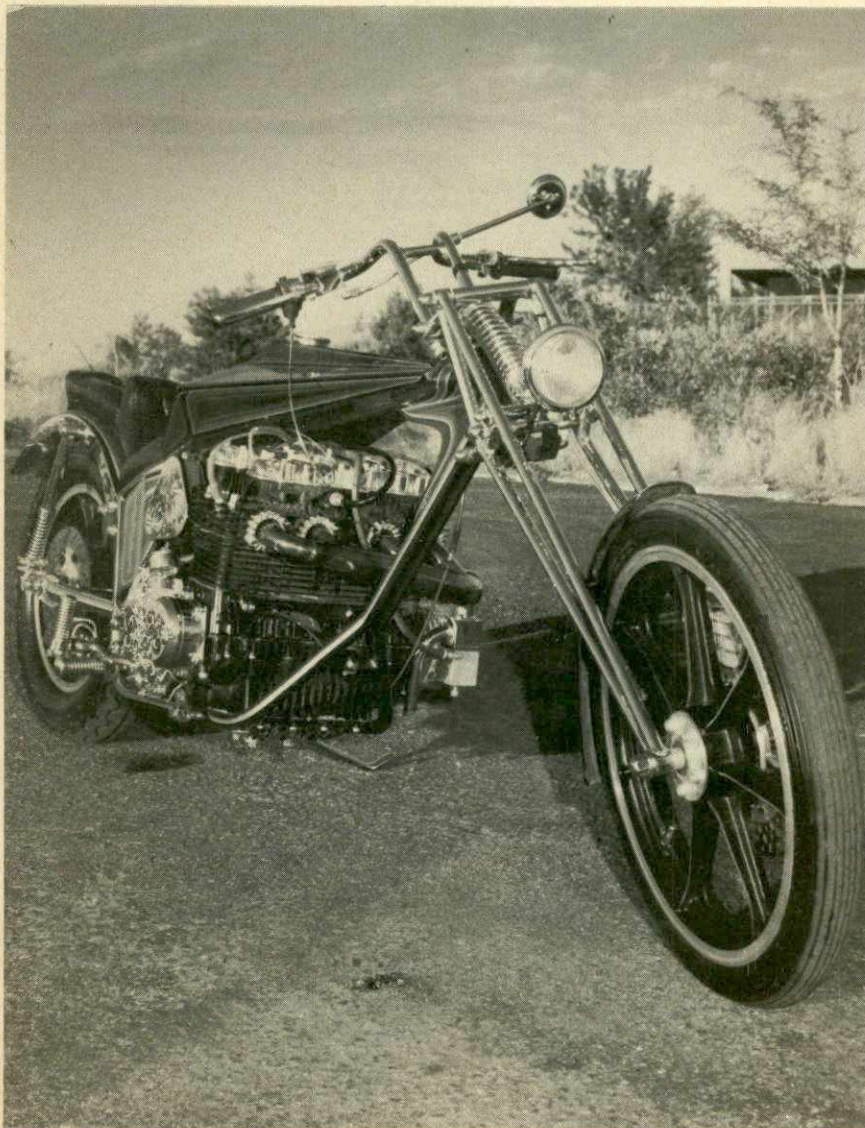
Ya know, the majority of smoke-crazed bros who buy this rag can't read worth a fuck, so there's really not much more that can be said that a few good flicks won't lay before peoples' eyes. And if ya can't see the pictures, you're too fucked up or blind — and sure as shit, we ain't into Braille.

Not bad — five paragraphs into it and there ain't even one mention of Ron Lowe's turboed Kaw. But what the hell, I'm sure the flicks have given you the idea that this scoot is a detail freak's euphoria. Ain't nothin' to hide on this scoot. Nit-pickin' inspection shows the painstakin' hours that musta gone into puttin' this Kaw together. And for an old believer in bailin' wire, Mexican chrome, and canned paint jobs, I must admit I'm impressed.

About the only thing these flicks can't tell that probably deserves mention is that Ron's red light runner will smoke most anything on two wheels.

Five-thirty-five. Hope the pictures are good enough to make up for this writin'. If not, I'll be out my dope and brew. Oh well, once in the mornin'. Wake up, mama!

— Shadow





PORCELAIN JAR

By Joseph Zeppetello

This story was told to me while I was cruising up Highway One through Maine. My bro and I had gone along the coast about four hundred miles; we'd shucked our helmets at the state line and enjoyed a day of free cruising with the wind tearing through our hair. The weather looked as if it might be getting ready to change. You have to have a lot of respect for the weather on the East Coast. It can be clear in the early morning, but change to a full-blown storm by midafternoon. So my bro and I decided to put in someplace and pick

up some food. We went out to the docks near Rockport and picked up some fresh-caught lobsters; then we located some quality beer. No mean trick in Maine. After that, we found a good sheltered spot along the highway to set up camp. We had just boiled up the lobsters and settled in for a righteous roadside feast when this dude pulled up on a laid-back XL dressed to the teeth, and then some. We dug this guy's vibes and invited him to sit down to some supper. He broke out a bottle of wine and we polished off six good-sized lobsters,

Continued on page 66





Illustration by Duffy Duggan





Girls Rollin' And Smokin'

We don't know about you, but one of our favorite viewing pleasures is that of a lovely lass at work rollin' herbs for the ol' man. Her benevolence is expressed through the careful preparation of cleaning the weed, sprinkling the head-twisting stuff into fine folded paper, then lusciously and lustily licking to provide just the right amount of stickum so that the damn thing doesn't fall apart all over your beard or chin, thus burning you to the point of rappin' that dazzlin' damsel upside the head.

Kick back, get comfortable, and take a gander at these dolls doin' their thing: smokin' and rollin' the stuff that gets us through the days and nights better than alcohol ever could.

Maybe the sweetie you're with will pick up a few tips. It's never too late.

— Sensi Buds



Born To Be A Scooter Tramp

Biker rags and High Times were all she read.
 Let's get stoned, or ride hard, die free was all she said.
 Smartass bitches were all she fought.
 Weed, speed, and downers were all she bought.
 Hitchhike or walk was how she got around.
 Bikers and freaks were all she found.
 She listened and laughed at a lot of bullshit,
 but believed a lot of lies.
 She was always dreaming she was living in the sky.
 Some folks said she really knew the world for such
 a young and crazy girl.
 She knew the world, but not herself.
 No one knew just how she felt.
 How it will end up, just wait and see.
 A scooter tramp was what she was born to be.

— Scooter



Hard Times

It's winter time
The air is cold and clear
With a starch-like crispness
No plants will grow
Times are hard
Nothin' comin' down
Can't get a lid
Not even a cap
God, I wish it was summer
We could ride at ease
Stop for a smoke
Pass round a beer
And have a fuckin' good time.

— Policeman



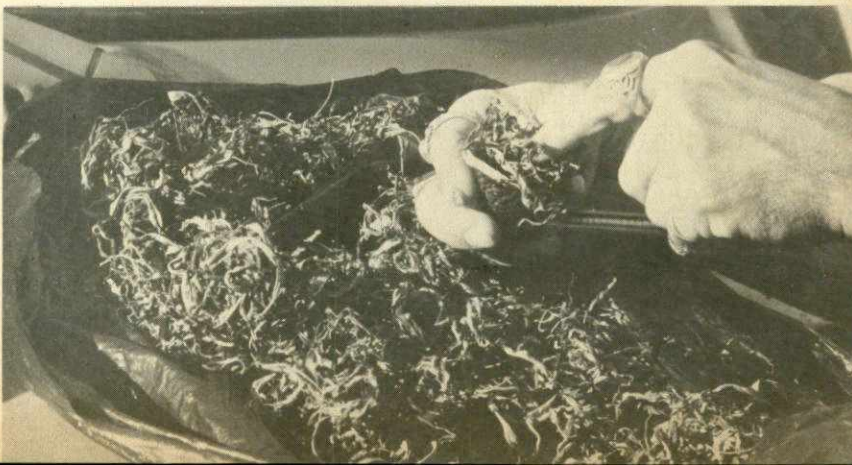
Photos by Kim Peterson and Billy Tinney



Acapulco Gold

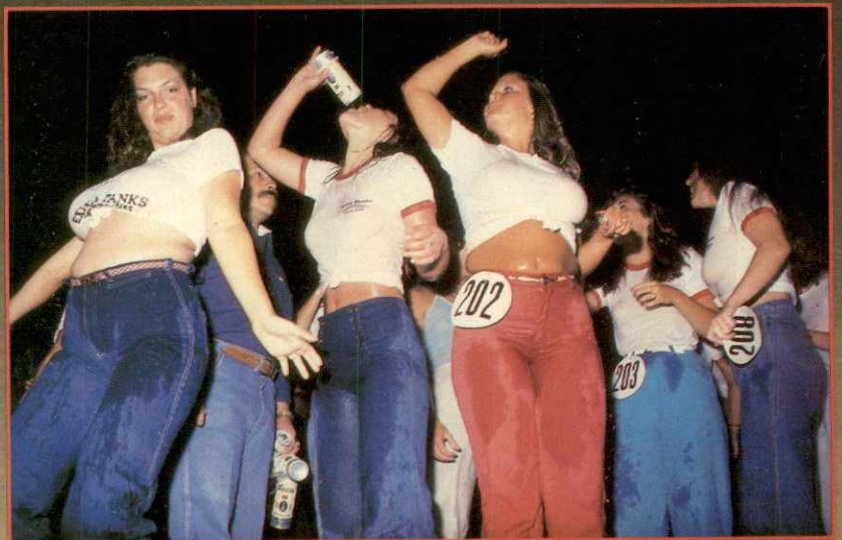
I hustle smoke from dawn till night.
Trust my word, I tell it right.
The herb I sell is the best you'll find.
It won't freak you out or warp your mind.
I'm not gonna tell you a single lie.
This stuff will get you mellow and high.
It'll make our step lighter and the
sunshine brighter,
Make old things newer and the sky turn bluer.

— Crazy Kyle





SPEEDWAY IS...



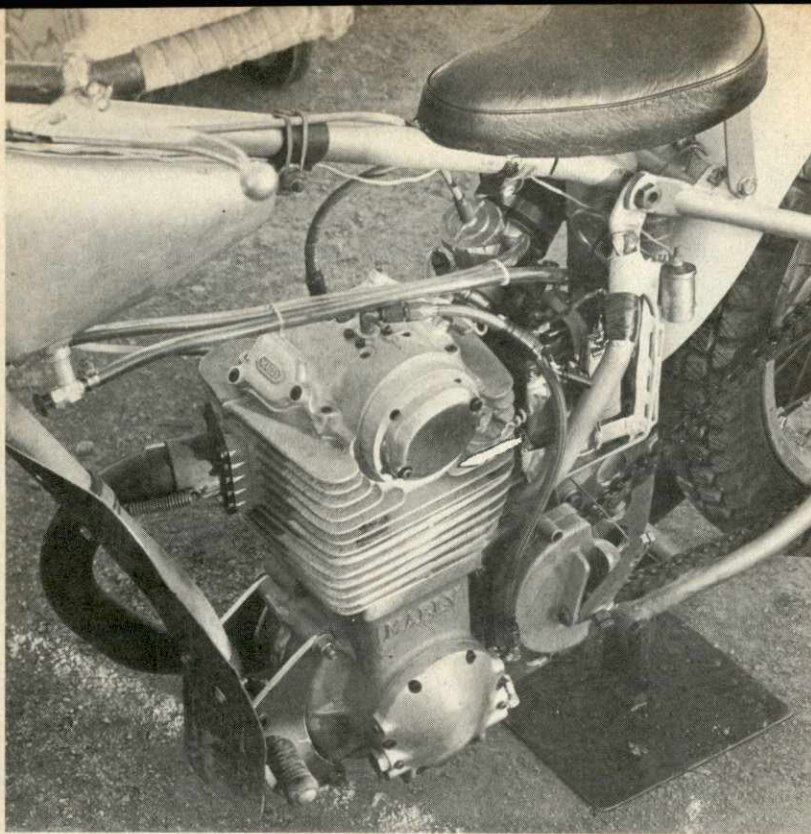


Speedway is motorcycle racing at its best. Spectators sit on the edge of their seats for the full two and one-half to three hours of continuous racing, occasionally jumping to their feet to urge their favorites on. Here, the fans leave their bike prejudices out in the guarded parking lot with their cycles and blend into the crowd and its party atmosphere.

Most fans can tell you that the racing bikes are Jawas, Weslakes, or Maelys, but few other particulars, except that they don't have brakes, a technical point that is evident the first time you watch them duel. But the fans are into the racers — the Mikes, Steves, Bruces, and so on, and even a girl or two, like Margo King.

Tracks are very short, for the most part, and the twenty-five or so races, at an average of three to four laps each, spell fast and furious action. Just one look at a racing bike pretty much tells the story. They weigh only about 160 pounds — but the fuel-fed, single-cylinder, 500cc engine produces more than 60 horsepower. All that power is pumped to the rear wheel without a transmission, just a jackshaft to line up chains. The rear wheel sprockets are the gearing, and racers change them as the night wears on, going for more power or more top end. Frequently it is these swaps that make the difference





SPEEDWAY IS...

between the winner's circle and going home early.

The frame is spindly. There is as much attention given to saving weight as to rigidity, but the flexi-flyer frame gets the job done and doubles as an oil tank as well. This is a total-loss oiling system, where the top tube holds less than two quarts, which ends up on the track as the engine expels it through a case valve. Other points of interest are the two-quart fuel tank and a steering head that is straight up for maximum turning. A bit hairy to ride, but the bikes are sideways most of the time anyway, as you can see.

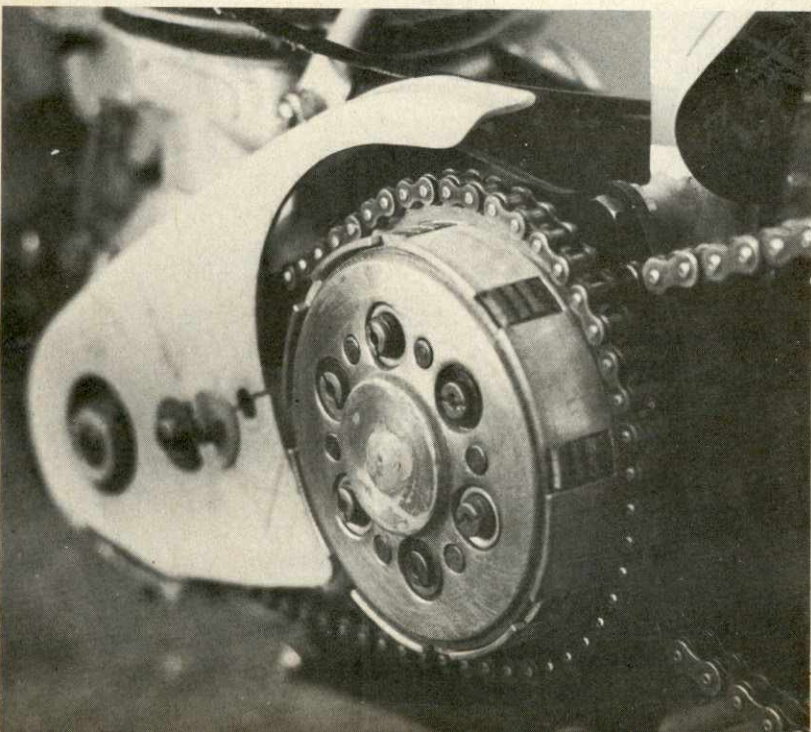
Practically every guy who knows anything about motorcycles looks these bicycle-framed race bikes over and makes suggestions about how to change this or improve that. But speedway rules and regulations result from respect for tradition as much as from competitive spirit, so the bikes stay much the same in appearance as the models of twenty years ago.

The bikes are certainly different from the usual machines. The high-revving thumper motors produce a special exhaust rattle that is appealing. Like most fans, however, I go to see the racers bump, shuffle, and use body English to get to the finish line first. Boy, do they have it together! They slam, bang, and knock each other down, shake hands, and do it over again next time. As I said, speedway is motorcycle racing at its best.

— Blanks



Photos by Billy Tinney and Steve Stillwell



SPEEDWAY IS...

Speedway in California's San Bernardino (Berdo) is bike racing and hot pants and Mike Bast and big two-dollar beers and Alan "Crazy" Christian and rah-rahin' the home boys, or girls, and Margo King and Peg-Leg Dave De Temple and firecrackers under the stands and Bobby "Boogaloo" Schwartz and pretty girls and Bruce Flanders and Levi's and cowboy hats and "The Animal," Jim Fishbeck and body shirts and paper sailplanes and Shawn Moran and mud in your beer and spectacular crashes and "Lighting Bolts" Gene Woods and sneaking in peppermint schnapps and whiskey and Kelly Moran and coppin' a buzz and fast motorcycles.

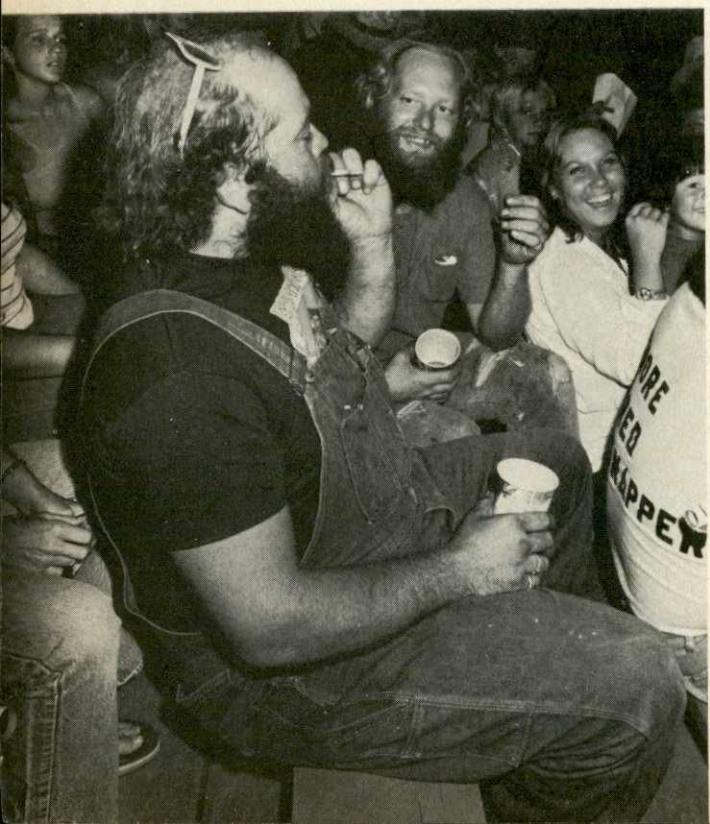
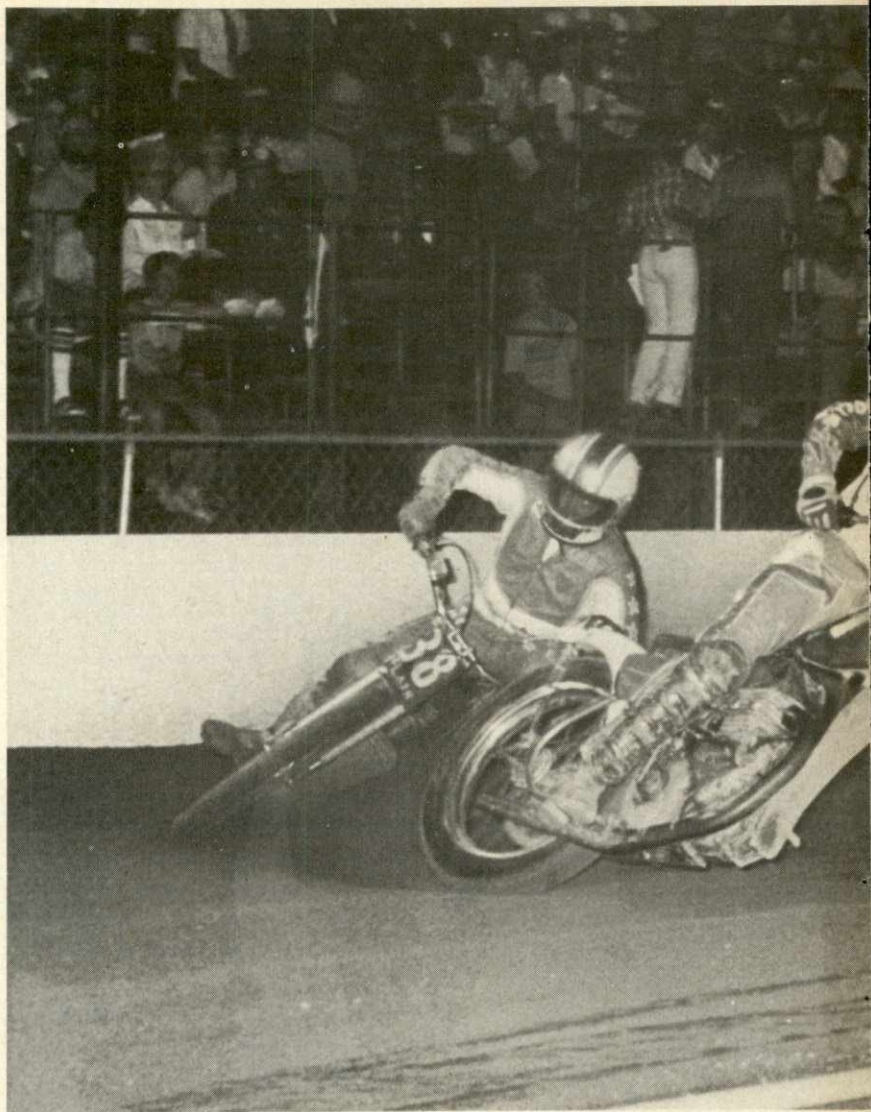
Short-track speedway racing isn't new, but here lately it's been revitalized through the power of television and some pretty slick promotion. For fun, some of the feature match races have been run on ATCs, go-karts, and even some 600-lb. choppers. To be good at most anything in life — I mean really good — you should start young. So they have kiddie riders in the show on occasion. For the novice riders, Bruce Penhill offers OJT in the form of on-the-track classes.

The races are handled very professionally. The first division is loaded with factory-sponsored racers, talented and versatile people who may be in Europe participating in a four- or five-day trials event, and then fly back to the good ol' U.S.A. to speedway race the following evening. And they do well, I might add.

There's no time to get bored at the speedway because the twenty-five-race program is packed into two and a half hours. And that's with a short intermission as well as watering and grading the track several times. All the hot dogs go at each other at the end of the evening in the last four races. These are the big-money races, because the winners receive a percentage of the gate. In Berdo, where there's always a big crowd, that's a substantial amount.

You really have to be there to appreciate it. The best way I can convey my feelings about these events is to say that I bust my ass getting there. Whatever I'm doing gets dropped Wednesday night because I'm going to the races no matter what. The event splits up the week for me, a poor working stiff, and gives me a better outlook on life.

— Harry Peters



SPEEDWAY IS...

Here I am, shivering in front of a twenty-year-old, rusted, spider-web-filled wall heater, with a shoebox lid jittering in my lap. I'm peeling and rolling potseed husks that cover all that's left of a once-proud lid.

Work was a fucking drag today. The days are so short this time of year it's like you're not even part of the human race. Warehouse manager for an electronics firm ain't a bad job. The cash is there every Friday, so the scooter stays alive and well, especially the electrics, but I never see daylight. Just once I'd like to bail out early in the afternoon and know what it's like to squint again.

But nooooo. I'm too fucking responsible, and have too much pride to let things get out of hand at work. That would give the John Q. Coat-n-ties who sign the checks the only reason they'd need to dump my ass. They already figure they're being big heroes just letting me ride my scooter to work and park it inside the warehouse. That Honda's been with me nearly a decade. Ever since I came back from 'Nam and wouldn't lower myself to AMF, I've saddled up on the dependable four.

The pinner I'm huffing is bringing racy thoughts to my undernourished brain, thoughts of those eyeball-burning, brilliant, late-afternoon streaks of light that flashed on me as I rode through the orchards on my way to the races.

Whatta rush. At least I don't buy shitty pot. If the seed husks can give you a flashback like this, wonder what the ol' gourd was doing with the buds. Can't remember, other than we were having a helluva time screaming at these maniacs throwing their Jawas into turns, sometimes twelve at a time. Sideswiping, throttle pushing, gung-ho racing on a quarter mile dirt oval. Ambulance stationed nearby. Plenty of beer, young pussy, and spicy dogs. Hell, they even had a tit contest at one of them. Some of the dudes that were jammin' the track were friends of ours, but all the speed fiends got enthusiastic cheers. Sure kicked shit all over any goddam TV baseball bore. These guys were right there on the edge of doom every lap.

Shit, speaking of edges, the buzz is gone and I'm right back on the edge of boredom. Better get a TV dinner and crash. Maybe I'll dream of some young firm tits at the speedway.

— Wing





RIGS IN THE ROCKIES

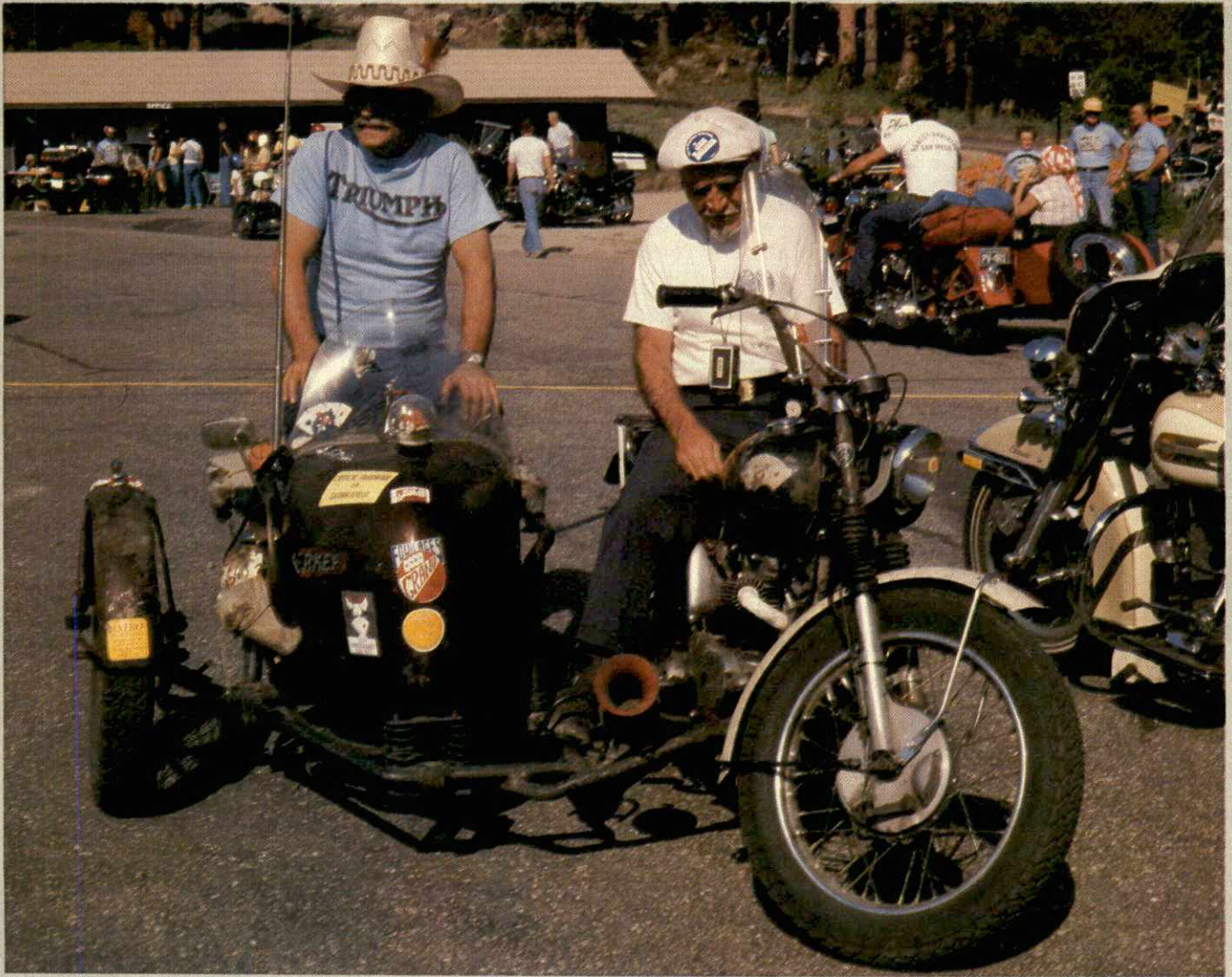
Sidecar enthusiasts call ordinary motorcycles solo bikes, and a regular two-wheeler does indeed seem a bit plain in comparison with the complexities and embellishments of the rigs you see pictured here. For many people, a sidecar seems a relic of the past, something more appropriate to the twenties than the eighties. And while it's true that contemporary motorcycle design doesn't include planning for the addition of these sizable rigs, the popularity of sidecars is on the upswing.

There are plenty of reasons why solo bike riders get into sidehacks. Versatility is doubtless a major source of the appeal. The couple who want to continue to ride after the arrival of a rugrat may find the sidecar an ideal solution to the problem; or a touring couple who have become tired of strapping everything to a sissy bar may find the sidehack arrangement more to their liking than a trailer or a trike. In a good number of instances, the switch to sidecar riding was the result of the woman's influence. Because the sidecar rig gives a greater sensation of stability while in motion, women often feel more relaxed and secure than when riding behind a man on a two-wheeler. And when the occasion calls for somewhat fancier duds than jeans and sweatshirt, a gal can jump into the sidecar without fear of shredding her sandals on asphalt or fighting to keep her skirt from blowing all over the place and turning the ride into a skin show.

Whatever the attraction of these rigs, interest in them is widespread enough to support three major annual rallies: the Griffith Park show in Los Angeles, the Mid-America Rally at varying sites in the Midwest, and the one you see here, the United Sidecar Association's national event, held this year in Estes Park, Colorado.

Estes Park is about 70 miles north of Denver, and a better place for such an event is hard to imagine — winding mountain roads, breathtaking views, and clean, cool air. Over a hundred sidecar rigs were at this year's rally, the second national get-together for the four-year-old organization. This is as many as you'll see in one place in the U.S., and possibly in the world. There was a nucleus of Colorado three-wheelers; the usual California contingent; others from all areas of the U.S., including riders from half the states; and a couple of outfits from Canada. There were even visitors from Scotland and France. A few came in trailers, but these were multi-rig families for whom it would have been a hassle to ride a long way separately, or those who brought rigs too small to ride the distance. By far, most who came rode their bikes to the event. There were a few hangers-on: some would-be sidecar owners and the usual one or two who had failed to get their rigs ready on time.

Most of the riders camped at the travel park, site of the rally head-



quarters. Superior camping it was, too — the days were some of the longest of the year, the moon was full, and it was uncommonly warm at night for 8,000 feet. Campsites were on a hillside in ponderosa pine woods in clean granite soil. Lowland humans and models of motorcycles known to have weak clutches found the hill a bit steep.

Most of the participants spent most of their time looking at all the many different rigs and talking to owners, but the event also featured a couple of tours, a sidecar clinic, games, a ranch dinner, and an awards ceremony. One

tour covered Trail Ridge Road, the highest, coldest, and windiest paved through-road in the country, a route that follows an old Indian path across the Continental Divide.

Honda Gold Wings were the most popular mounts by far. Tied for second were Harleys and BMWs, and no other single marque or model was common. Sizes ranged from the big Harleys, a 1300cc Kaw, and the 1100 Yams and Hondas down to a sub-100cc, homemade, small-boy-size rig.

The Harleys, with one exception, had H-D sidecars, either the old metal

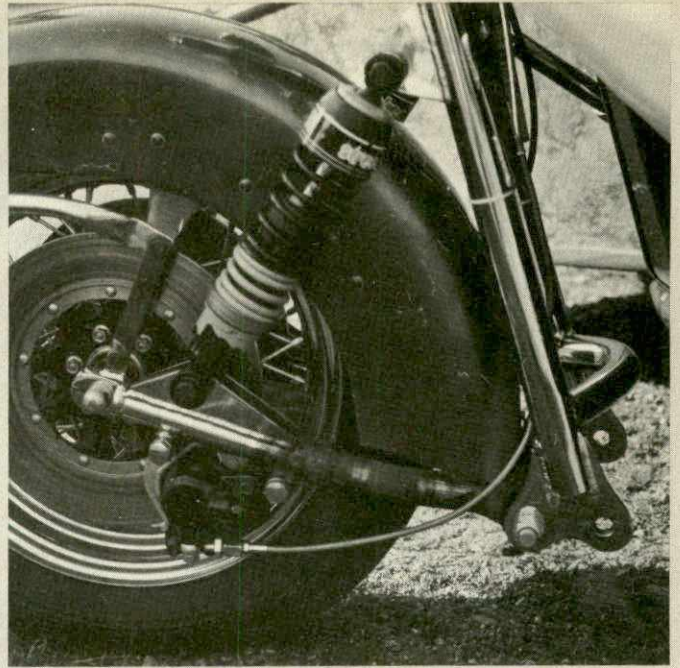


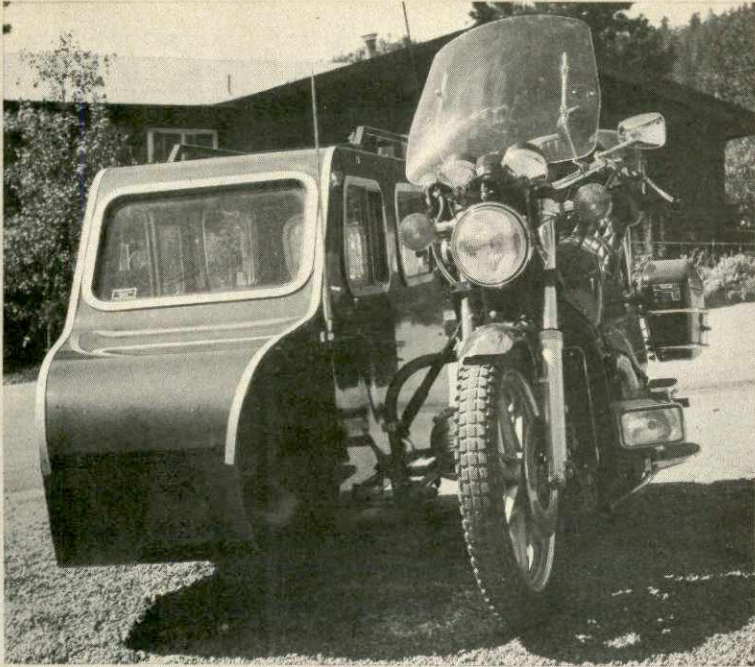
RIGS IN THE ROCKIES

chairs or the new fiberglass Classic factory setup. These H-D units were the most numerous at the event. The next most popular sidecars were the various models of Watsonians, from an old English company that, like Harley-Davidson, has been around awhile. Time was when the Watsons' factory produced 250 sidecars a week. Now most of its products are automotive; however, one assembly line still turns out sidecars, although some models are extinct. The Velorex, made by the Czechoslovakian company Jawa, was the third most numerous; then came the Globe, made in Bombay, India, a copy of a classic German Steib model. The Globes and the Watsonians are imported by Doug Bingham. Fifth in popularity was the fully enclosed Coupe Royale by Motorvation, a company located in the San Fernando Valley of California.

The United Sidecar Association is now the largest sidecar group in the world, with members in all 50 states and some in foreign countries, and it's growing at the rate of 50 members a month. Besides its national events, it publishes a monthly newsletter, helps foster local sidecar clubs, and is politically active against helmet laws, lights-on laws, and excessive tollway charges. If you're interested in sidecars or any aspect thereof, further information about membership and publications may be obtained by writing United Sidecar Association, P.O. Box 8119, Van Nuys, California 91409.

— Salty Lady





Photos by Dorde Woodruff



STRICTLY BUSINESS

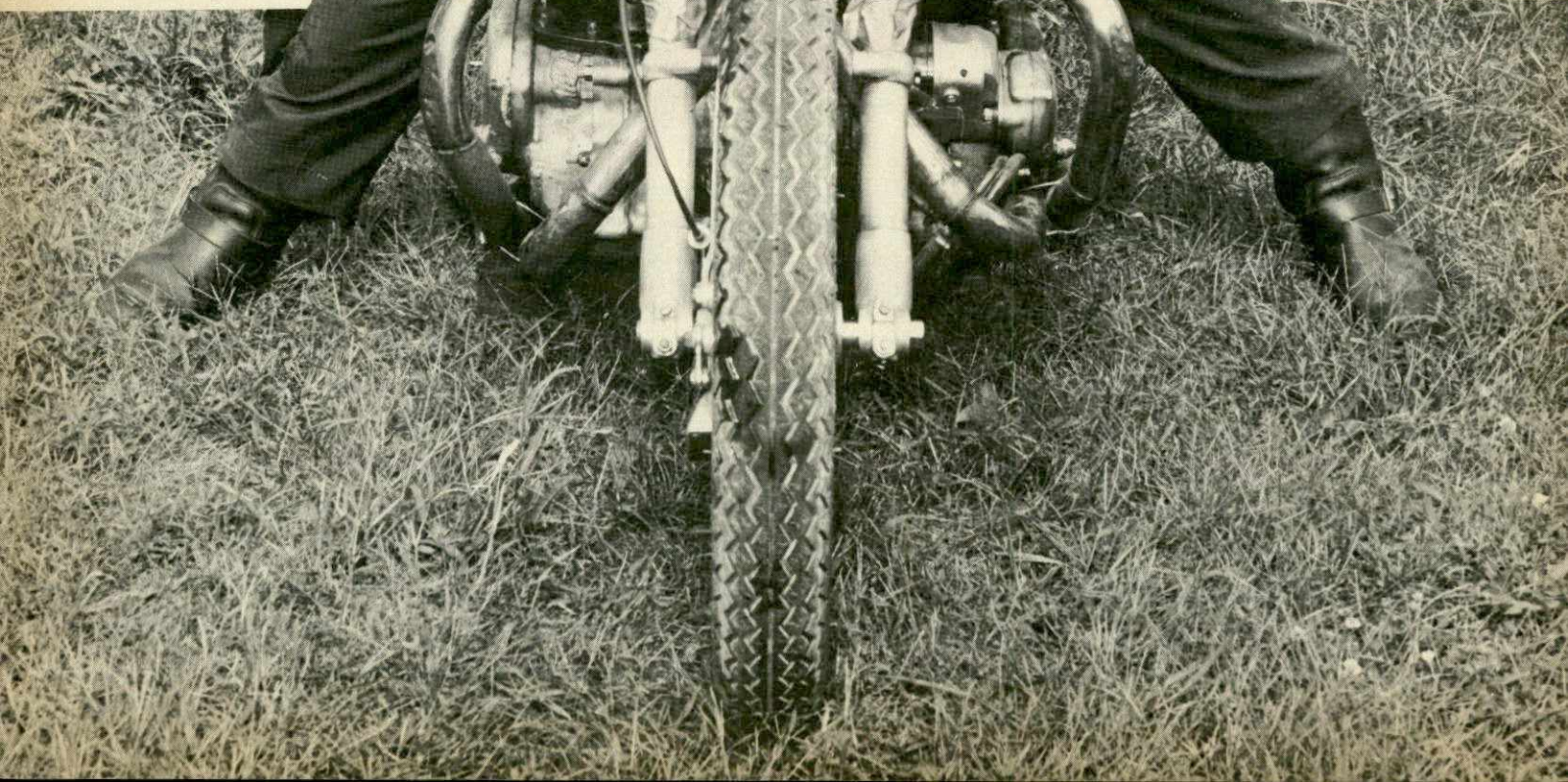
Outside the Washington, D.C., district line is the home of some of the country's quickest Triumphs. Sonny Routt, a big name in cycle racing, has been putting together record-breaking dual- and single-engine Triumphs for the last decade. So it isn't surprising that Gene Thompson, who owns a machine shop not two blocks from Routt's, built this twin-engine screamer. Gene worked as a machinist for Routt at one time and picked up on those racing secrets that make the difference between victory money and show money.

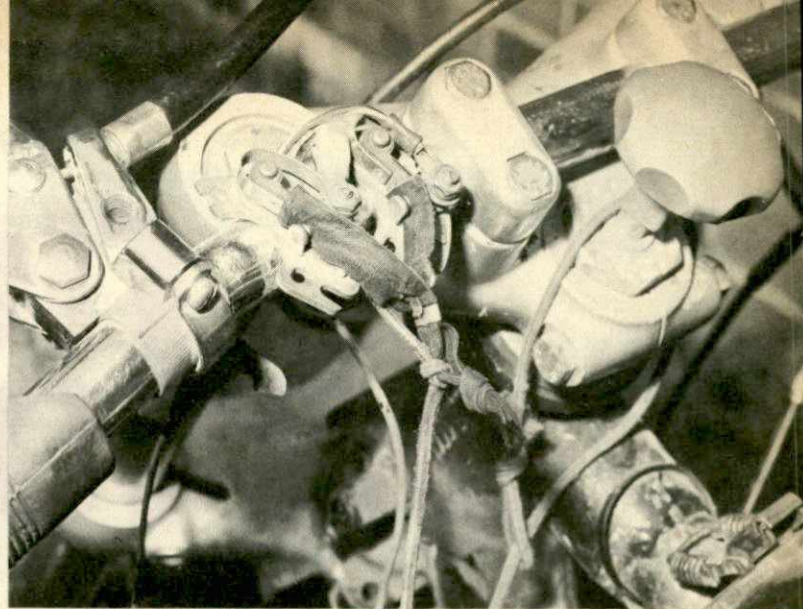
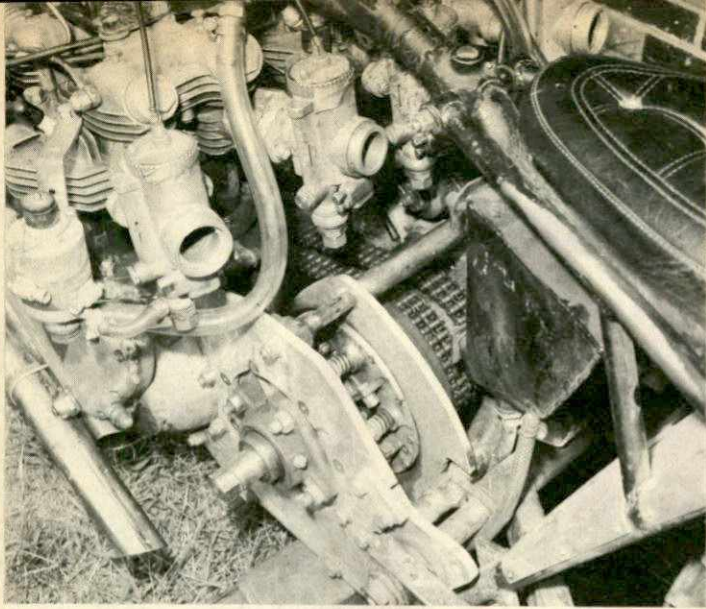
But hold it a minute; this isn't an asphalt racer. With a knobby tire, this is strictly a dirt drag bike. Gene races "Bigfoot," as it is known locally, on 1/8-mile dirt tracks. There are a number of them in the Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia area. No track is over three hours drive away, so racers don't have to spend the whole weekend on the highway.

Gene got into dirt drags because they are pretty low budget, compared with maintaining a top fuel asphalt racer that requires some tall dollars. The choice could also have something to do

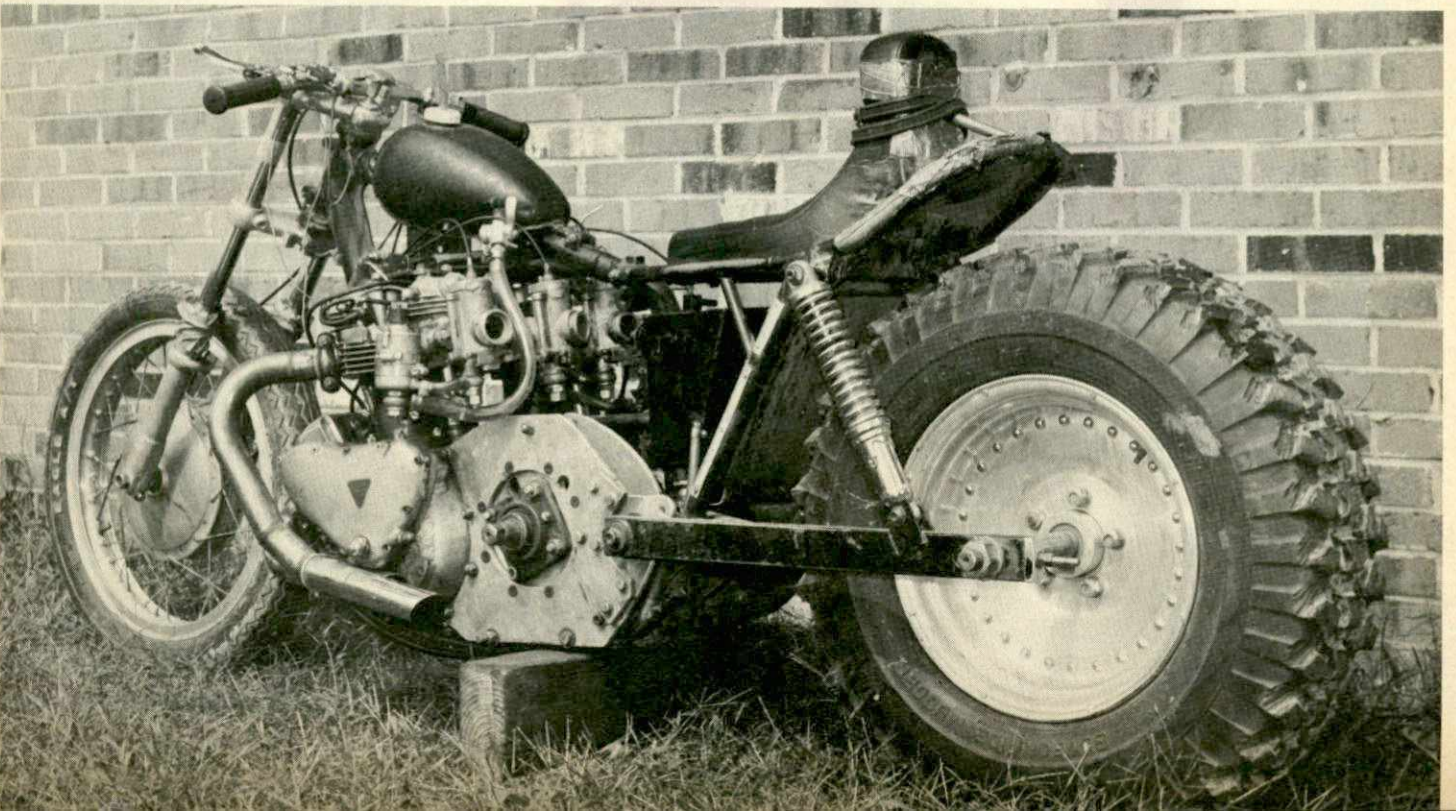
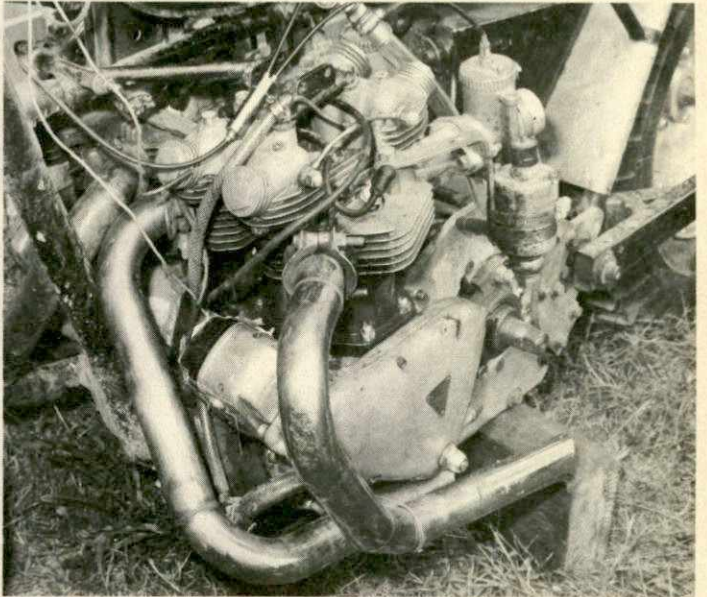
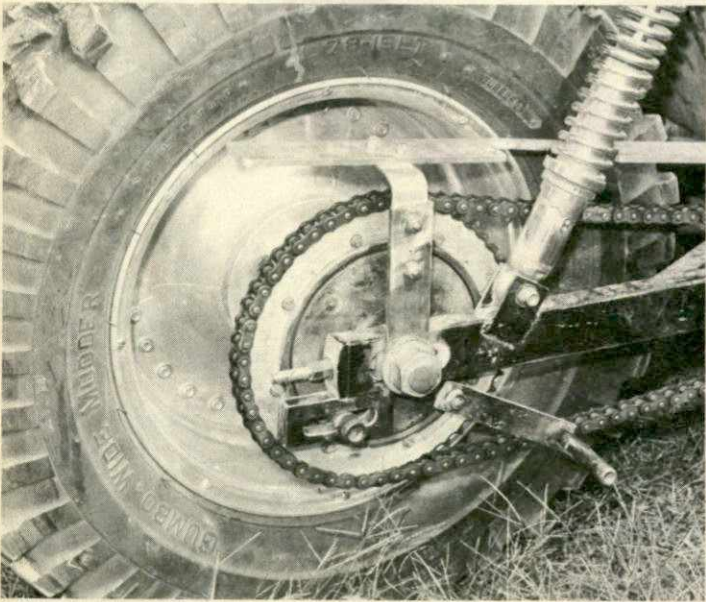
with Gene's owning a couple of motors that were just taking up room in his shop. To do something besides spectate and drink beer at the drags, he threw "Bigfoot" together in just three weeks with the help of a couple of hangarounds. The complete bike was built at Gene's, using a Triumph frame front section and also hand fabricating the swingarm, motor plates, and rear wheel assembly. The motors are about 800cc each, with four Delorta carbs feeding them. Both motors are hooked up to a jackshaft, with a double-row chain for each motor. One end of the jackshaft has a sprocket to drive the rear wheel, and the other end of the shaft is fitted with a handmade slipper clutch. There are no gears to slow this beast down. The rear tire is a mud-and-snow truck unit with the tread modified for maximum bite. Don't let the appearance fool ya; it may look like a rat, but is strictly business. Just ask the competition or the people who bet on the last race.

—Syd

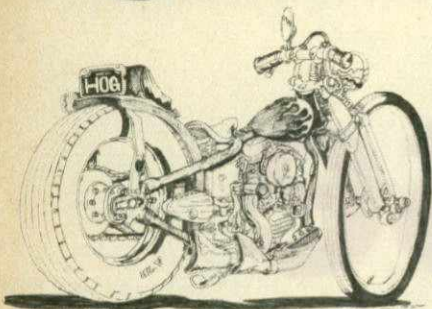




Photos by Pete Chiodo

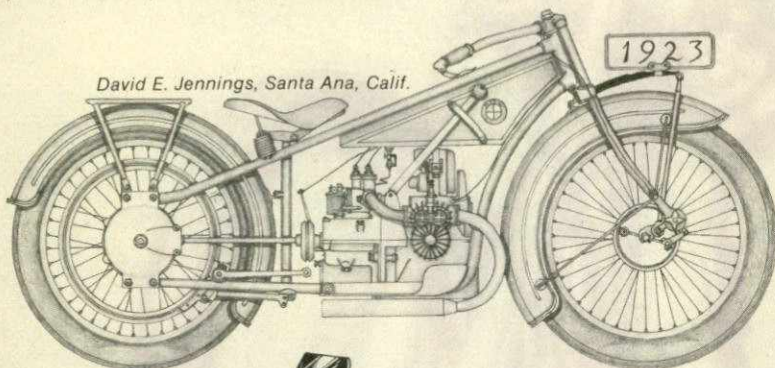


Scooter Art

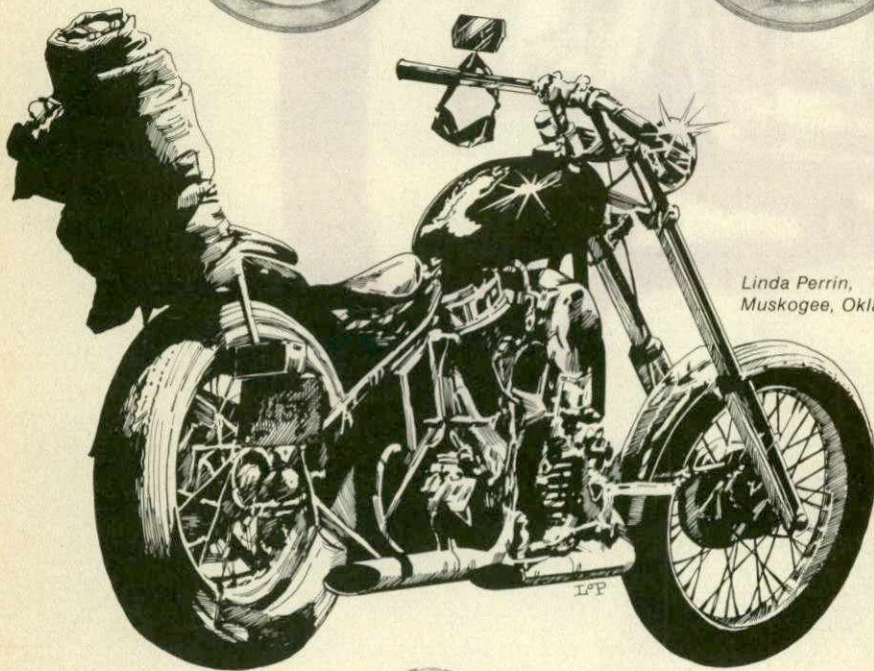


Jim Rose, Saginaw, Mich.

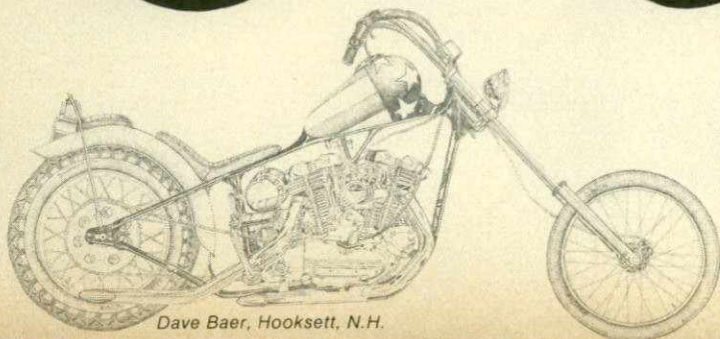
Those of us who eat, sleep, dream, ride, and love motorcycles sometimes draw motorcycles, too. Here's a chance for you to show off a bike design you've created or exhibit a favorite scoot. Line drawings, good pencil sketches, ink renderings, whatever — if it's portable, send it to us. If you can't bear to part with the original, send a quality black and white print or color slide. That way, we can even include bulkier objects like sculptures made from bike parts. Just remember it's gotta be yours and previously unpublished. All the art we use will be paid for. Be sure to write your name and address on each piece of artwork you send. Show pride in what you ride — or want to ride — by sending your art to Showin' Pride, Iron Horse, Box 999, Calabasas, Calif. 91302.



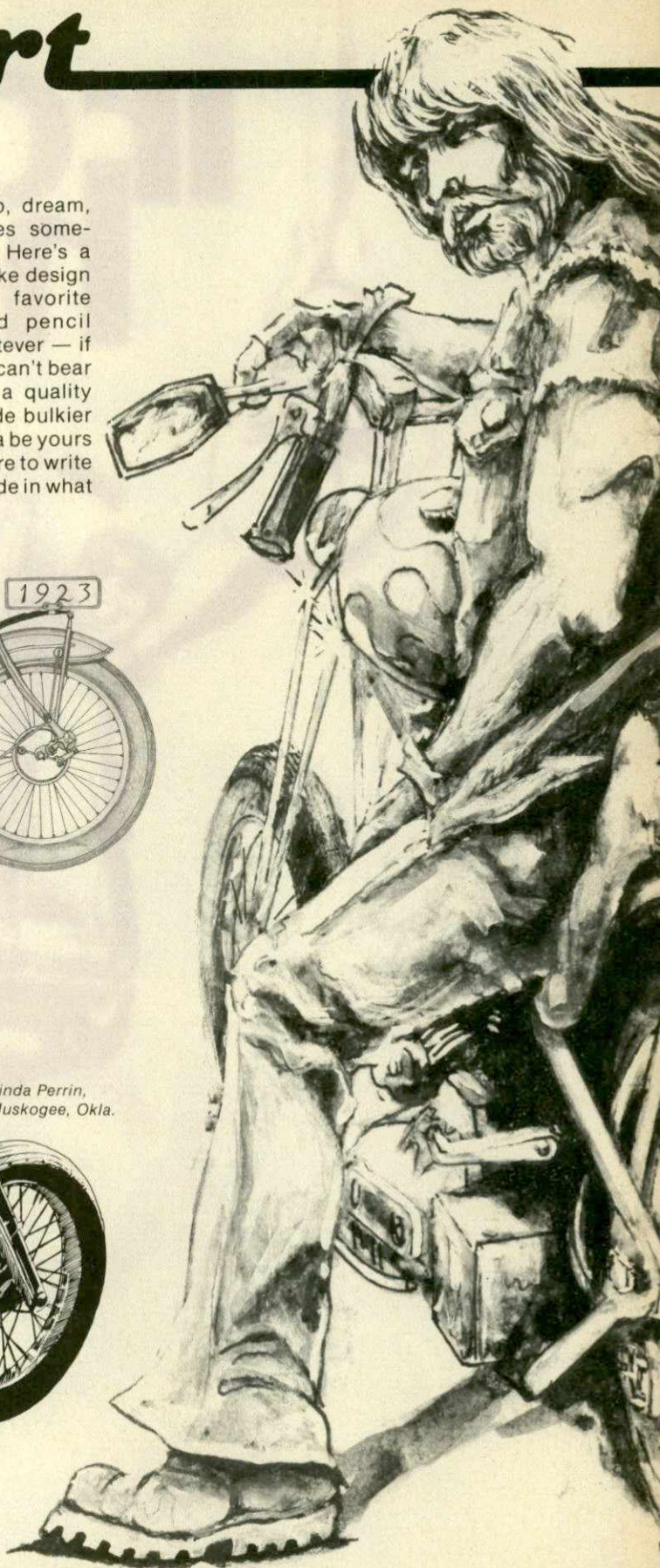
David E. Jennings, Santa Ana, Calif.



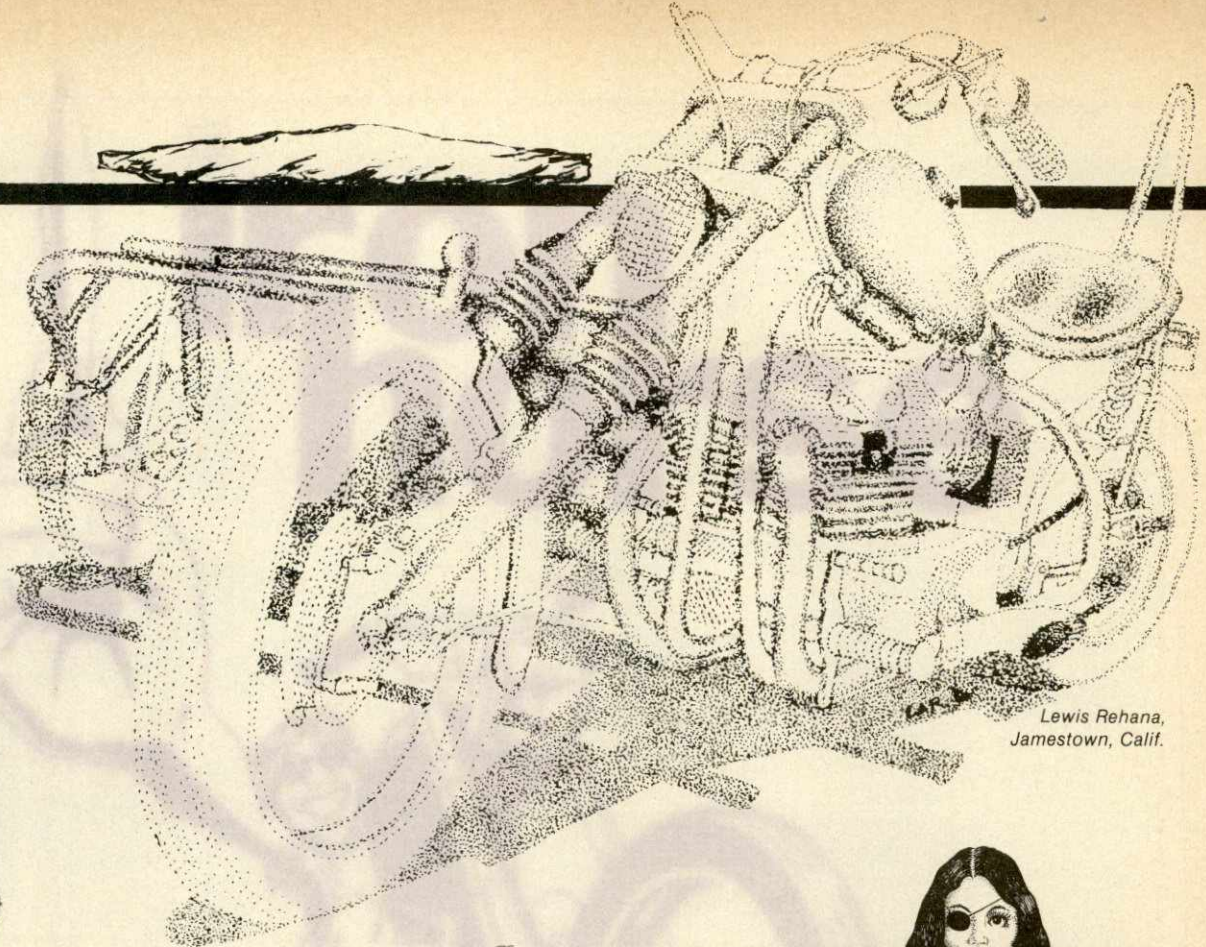
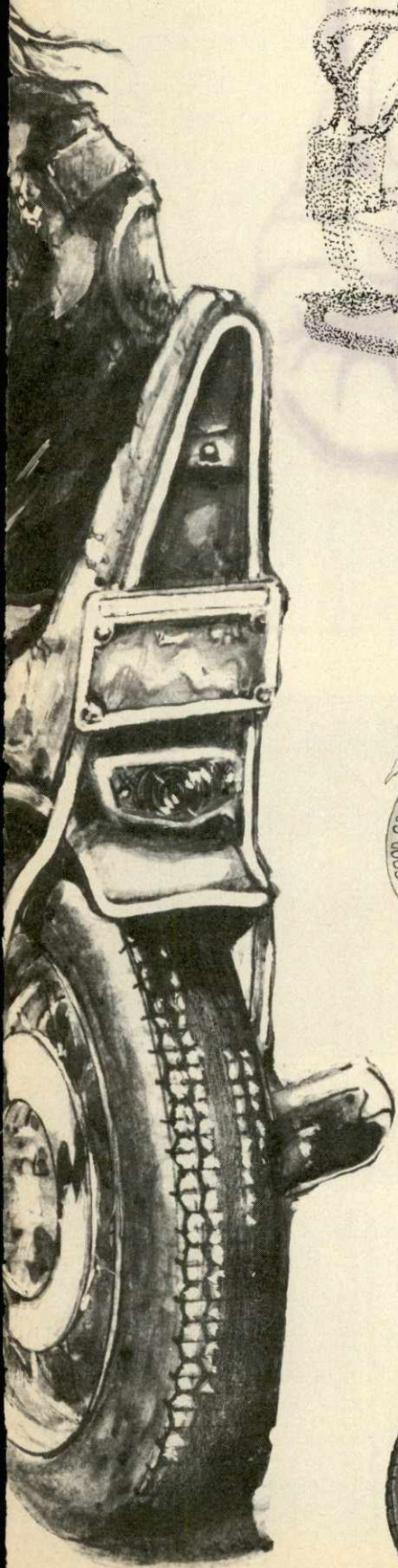
*Linda Perrin,
Muskogee, Okla.*



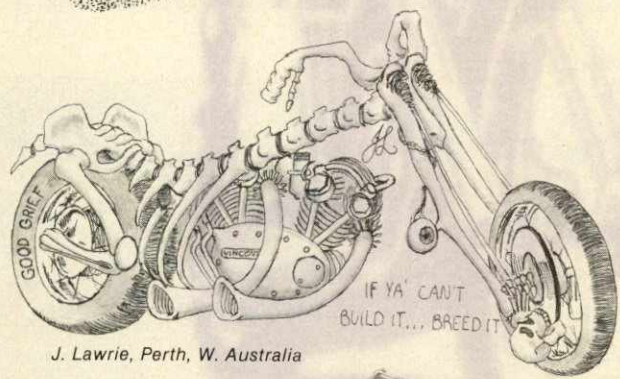
Dave Baer, Hooksett, N.H.



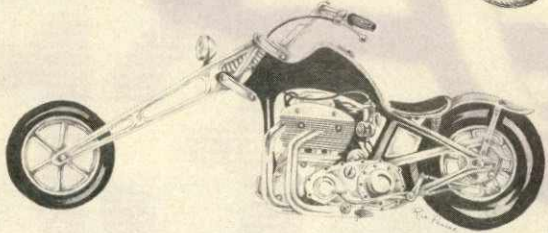
Bob Dinlocker, Sylmar, Calif.



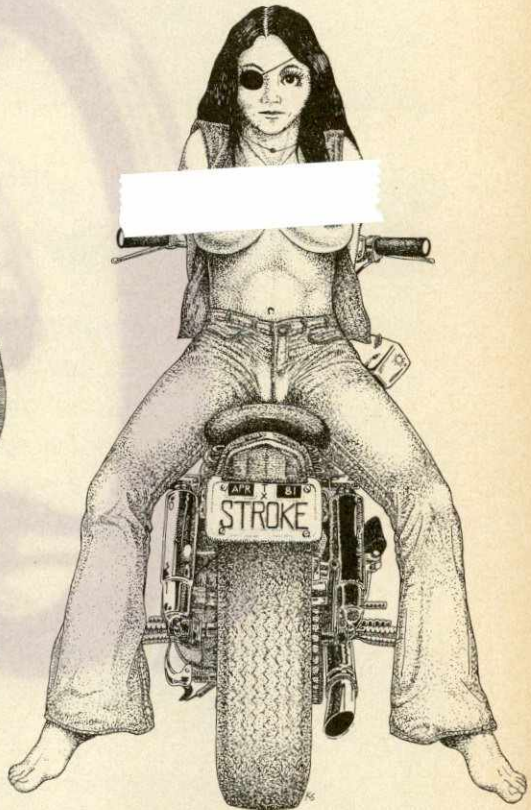
Lewis Rehana,
Jamestown, Calif.



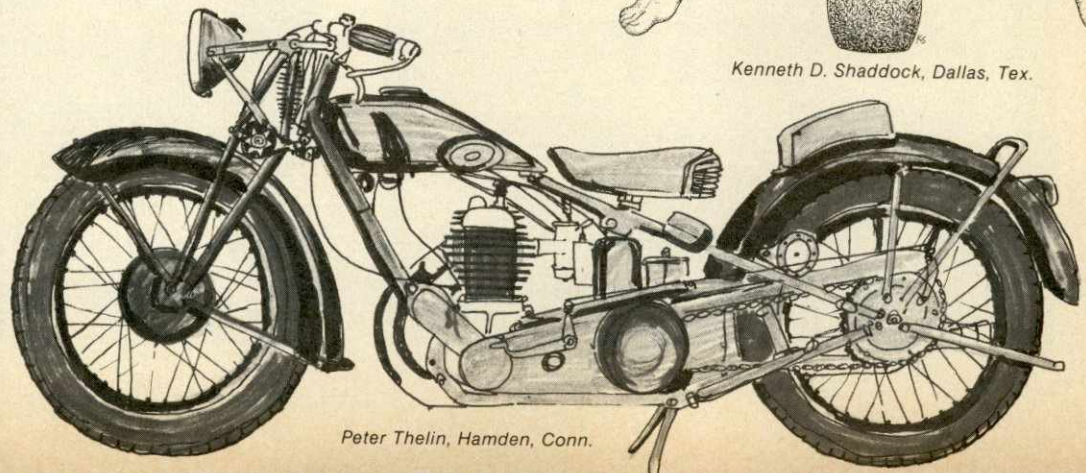
J. Lawrie, Perth, W. Australia



Rick Powers, Luthersburg, Pa.



Kenneth D. Shaddock, Dallas, Tex.

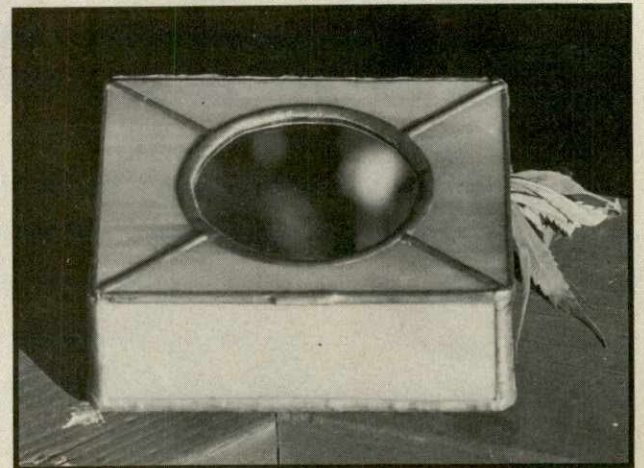
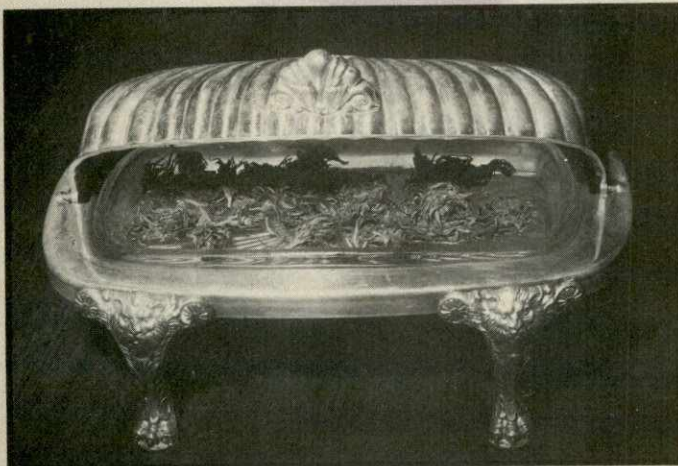
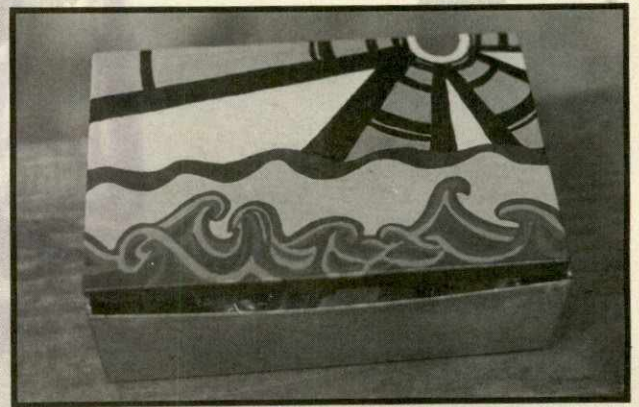


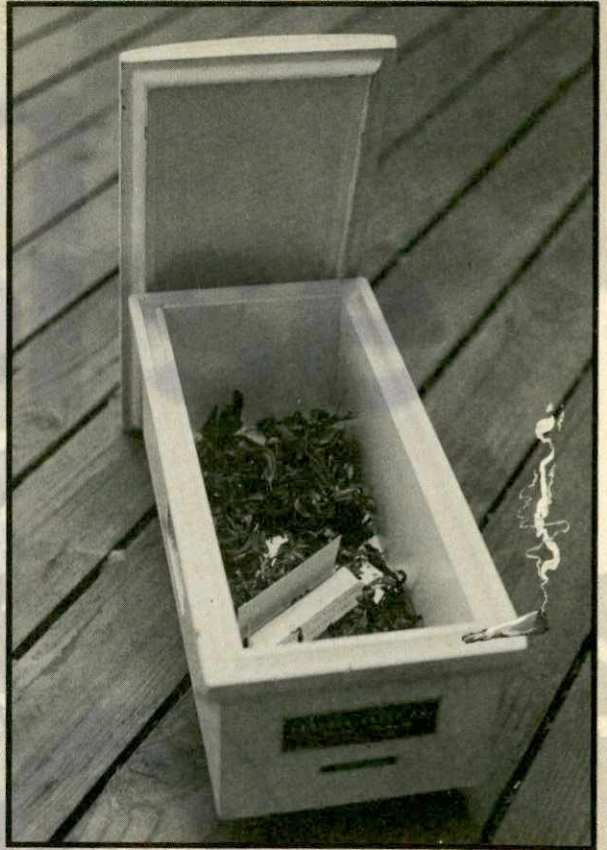
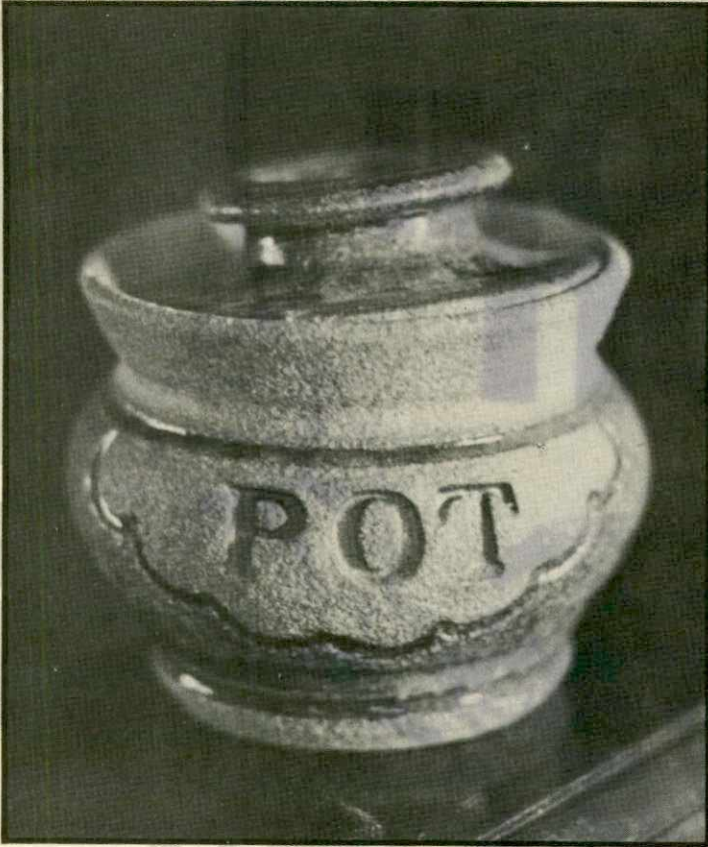
Peter Thelin, Hamden, Conn.



Stash Boxes

*We started this story on an oddball quest,
To find which stash box is really best.
Some are of glass, hardwood, and root,
Others are metal, and a casket to boot.
What looks good is no real test;
The box doesn't tell which stash is best!*
— Stems





Photos by Kim Peterson and Phill Jackson

iron horse

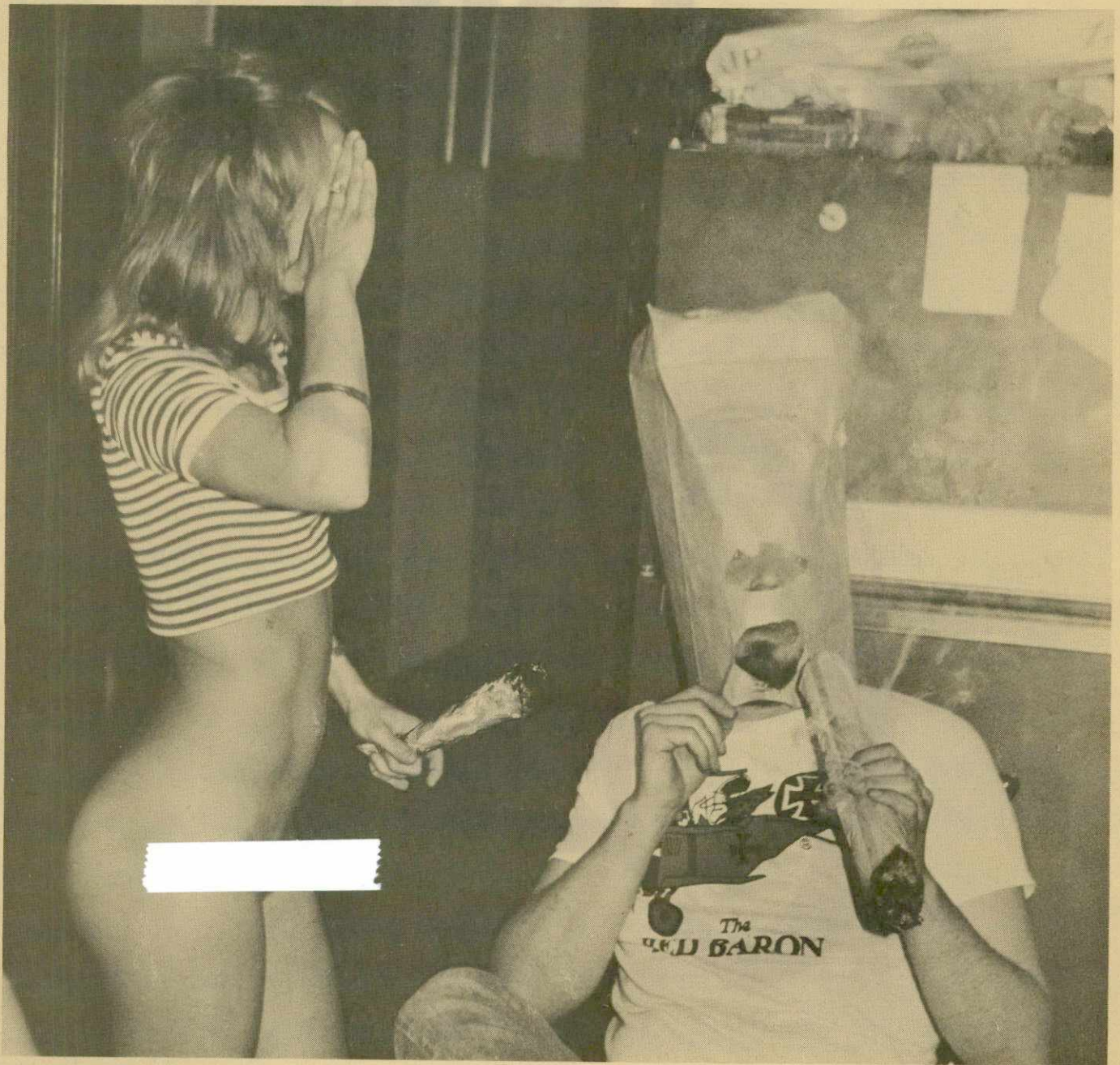


Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work. Get together the following material: ironing board and iron; scissors; transfer from this magazine; sheet of white tissue paper; piece of stiff cardboard that will slip inside shirt; a new or used 65% polyester-35% cotton T-shirt.

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.

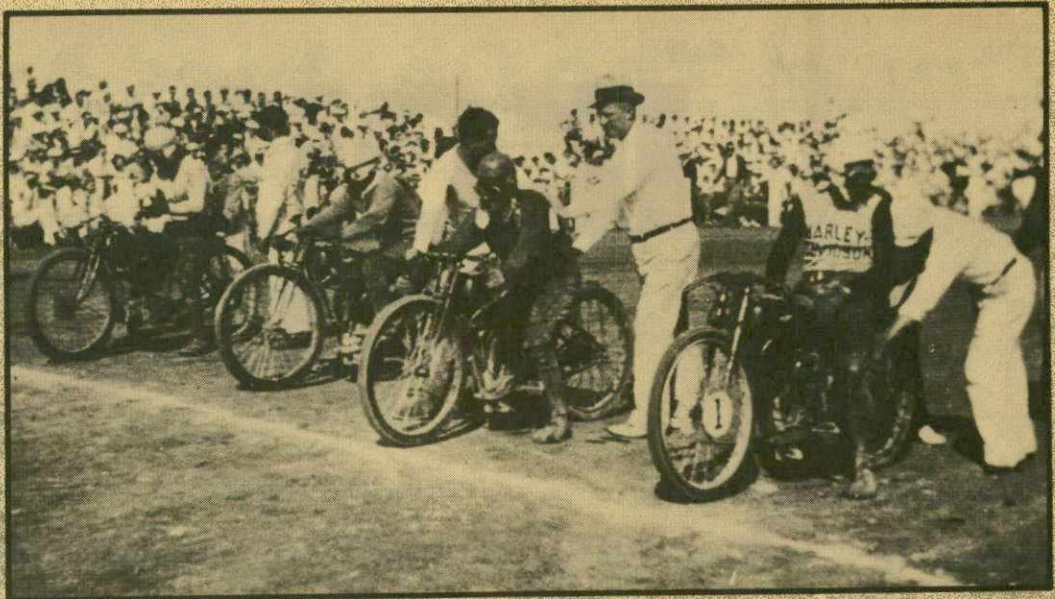
Count The Doobies And Win



Well, here we go again — another Count The WhatEVERS! But this time it ought to be a lot more fun. Count the doobies. Now, when we say doobies, we mean any reference (written, photographed, or drawn) to a rolled marijuana cigarette. We'd go into greater detail, but we think all you bros know what we're talking about. So get off the ol' lady, throw the rugrats outside to play with the pit bull, lock the scoot up, and start countin'. The deadline is February 15, 1981. All the correct answers received by then will go into the ol' oil drum and The Mighty Gimp will pull the three winners. First prize is a case of papers and \$130.00; second prize is 10 packs of papers and \$13.00; and third prize is 1 pack of papers and 13¢. Just write down your best count on a postcard or on the back of a sealed envelope. (Please don't send your entry in a letter; El Gimpo just gets mad and shitcans them.)

Send all entries to Count the Doobies, c/o **Iron Horse**, P.O. Box 999, Calabasas, Calif. 91302.

What A Way To Go

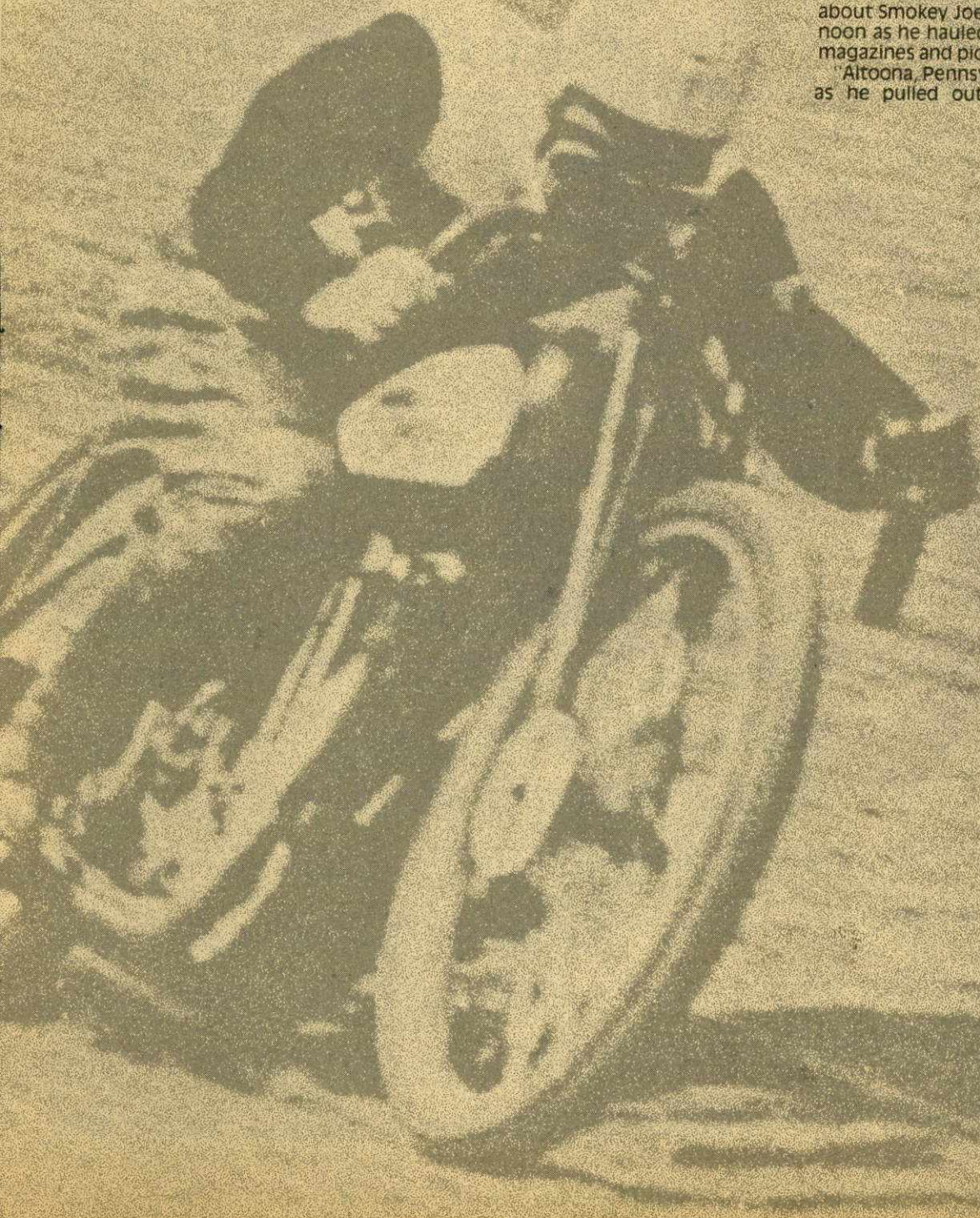


Remembering Smokey Joe Petralli

By Jim Williams

The old-timer was thumbing idly through a recent copy of *Iron Horse* when suddenly he paused and then began reading intently. The more he read, the more his face twisted in anger, then startlingly, he flung the magazine at the pot-bellied coal stove. "Bullshit!" he yelled. "Callin' these young bucks great racers! Shit, I'll tell you about great! Have you heard of Joe Petralli and all the things he did? Let me tell you about Smokey Joe." I settled in for a long afternoon as he hauled out a small mountain of old magazines and pictures.

"Altoona, Pennsylvania, by God," he mumbled as he pulled out the August 1926 issue of



Smokey Joe

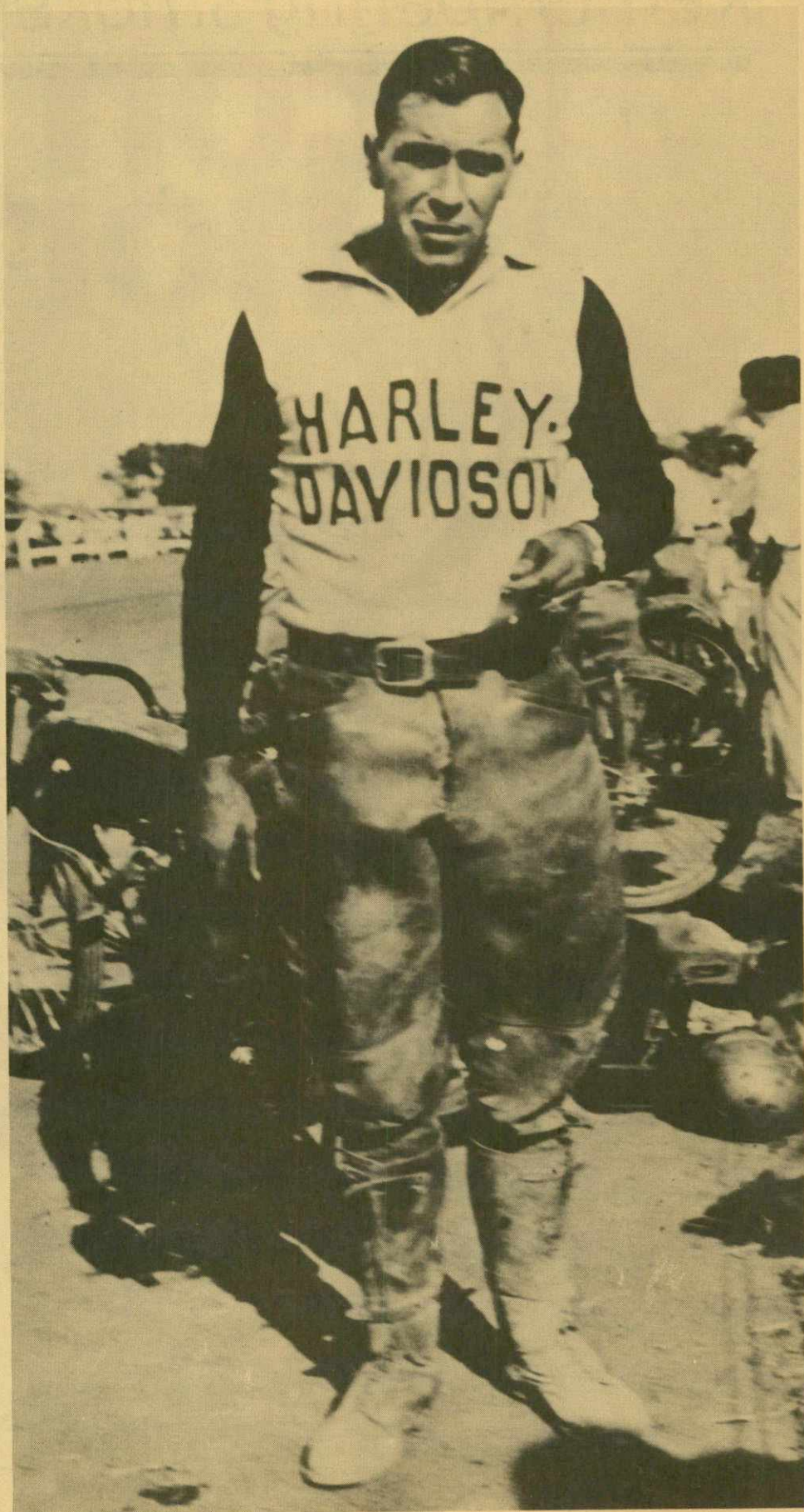
Excelsior News. "That's where I first saw Smokey Joe on that new Super X. He roared around that big old board track on that 45-cubic-inch pocket valve and set the records for one mile, five miles, and ten miles, all in excess of a hundred and one miles per hour. Look here, sonny!" he snapped as I stared out the window at my new FLH in his driveway. A copy of *Motorcycling* (including the *Bicycling World*) from August 1929 proudly proclaimed Joe Petrali to be the only rider ever to top Mount Garfield in Michigan to win the 45-cubic-inch hillclimb championship in 1929. In 1930, Joe won more hillclimb firsts than any other rider, but *Excelsior* folded and Joe switched to the olive-green motor from Milwaukee.

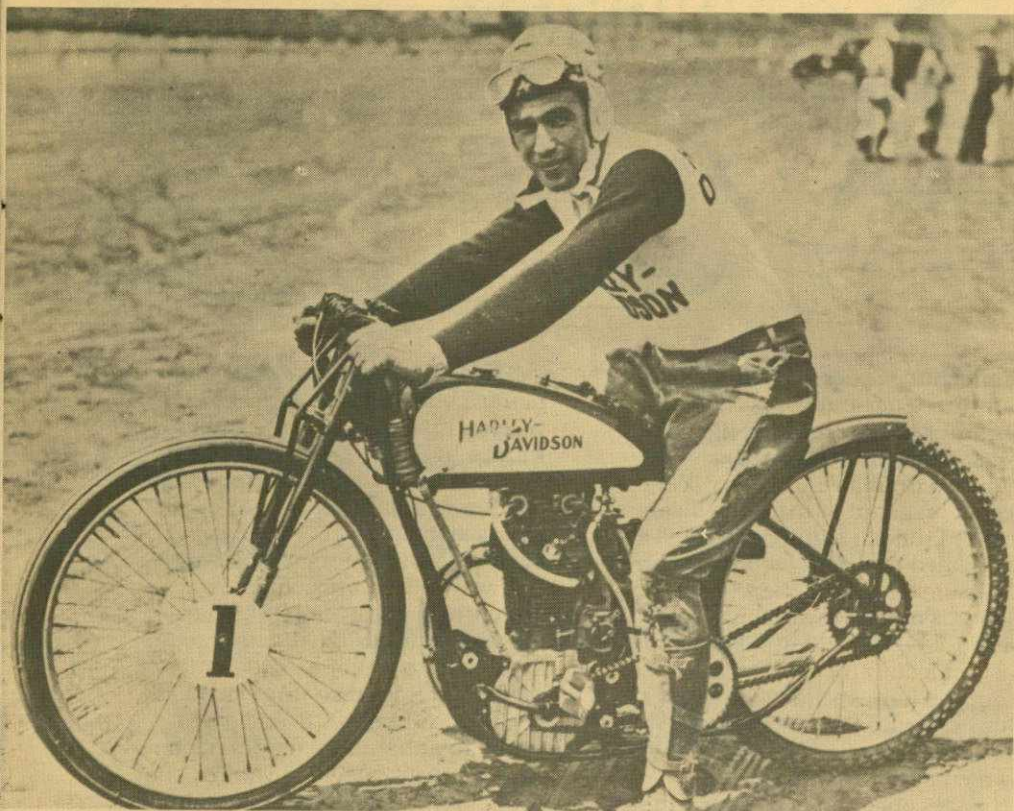
Out of a dusty old Harley-Davidson oil box, the old-timer produced a stack of factory news bulletins he had saved all during the years that he was the authorized factory dealer in Zanesville, Ohio. He read one bulletin with a sense of splendor: "Joe Petrali was equally at ease on hill and track, performing outstandingly on dirt ovals during 1931, capturing seven national championships. This gives Joe more race records than all riders of other machines combined. Joe also finished among the first ten high point winners in professional hillclimbing."

The old dude looked up at me. "Pretty good, huh — and that magazine said those young guys were great!" he growled. "Hell's fire, Joe's best years were yet to come. Look here, the 1932 hillclimb championship was claimed by Smokey Joe, and look who captured the dirt track title that year when he won five races at Ascot Speedway over such stars as Lou Balinsky, Mindy Waln, Bird McKinney, and Johnny Seymour."

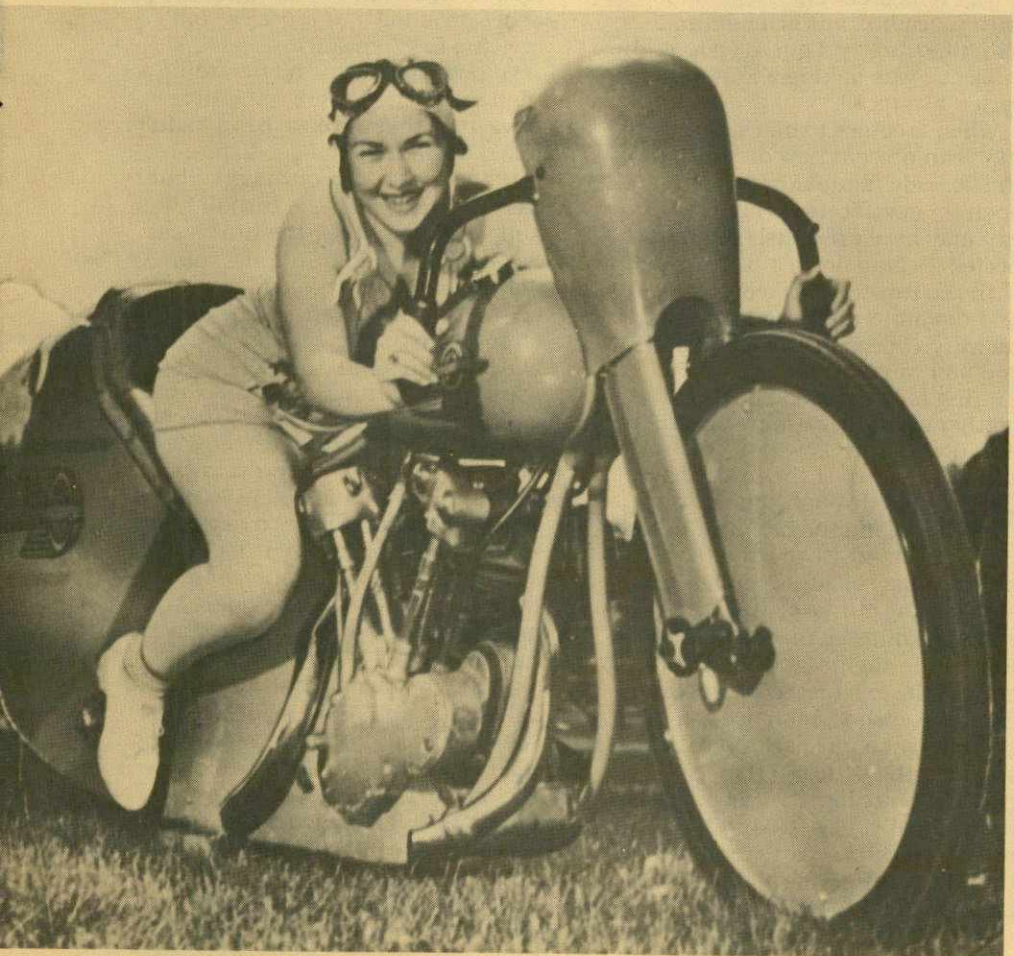
I had to admit that carrying the national number one plates in both hillclimbing and flat-track racing seemed amazing to me, so I asked the old-timer to tell me more. "Well, I'll tell you this," he said. "I've seen 'em all — Jim Davis, Billy Huber, Joe Leonard, Carrol Resweber, Mert Lawell, Kenny Roberts, and Jay Springsteen — and none of them could match what Joe accomplished. I was among the 50,000 fans at Syracuse, New York, in 1933 that witnessed one of Joe's greatest racing efforts when he won the ten-mile, fifteen-mile, and twenty-five-mile championships to win the national championship again."

The old-timer was obviously drifting back mentally to that place and time, and after several minutes of his being in Syracuse, I decided not to disturb him, so I reached into the dusty old box and pulled out another sport bulletin. Not surprisingly, it announced that Joe Petrali had won the 1933 class A, 45-cubic-inch National Championship at





Photos from Jim Williams



Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. My reading was interrupted when the old-timer told me that Joe came in second in 1934's flat-track standings but successfully defended his hillclimbing championship. "Look here what this 1935 *Enthusiast* says. Every national dirt track championship won by Joe Petrali; and never before in the history of motorcycling has one make of motorcycle or one rider ever accomplished this." I looked at the little gray magazine, and sure enough, Petrali had won at Reading, Hohokus, Richmond, Frederick, Syracuse, Milwaukee, and Nashville. He'd won every national event that year, and guess who was winning the number one plate in hillbusting that year? Yep, 15,000 spectators at Bethlehem saw Joe blast over the top of the 450-foot rocky hill in 13.12 seconds for the fastest time of the day.

As the lists grew and grew, I was convinced. I figured this motorcyclist had done about everything. Not yet. The old-timer, with a twinkle in his eye, pulled out another factory bulletin and read it: "Joe Petrali sets AMA straight-away record at Daytona Beach—136.183 mph with a new 61-cubic-inch OHV motor from Harley-Davidson." The old-timer said that he had been tipped off as to what was to take place, so he rode to Daytona Beach to watch. Sure enough, on March 7th, Joe and Hank Syvertson of the factory arrived with a blue 61 OHV complete with streamlined fairing. Also on hand to observe the historic attempt were Bill Harley and E.C. Smith of the AMA. The old-timer said that on March 13th a tachometer had been fitted to the "Bluebird" as the 61 came to be called. Joe would have to hit 5700 rpm to develop 64 wild, galloping horses. As the old-timer's ears caught the sound of the 61 coming up the beach, his eyes strained to see the tiny blue speck at the ocean's edge. The sweet purring of the OHV motor gave way to a roar as Joe blasted by. The crowd jumped and cheered when the announcement came that Joe had clocked in at 136.183 mph.

The old-timer rocked back in his chair, put in a chew of tobacco, and seemed to rest his case. Shit, he'd sure convinced me. I had become so engrossed with all this that I didn't even notice the rain outside on my new 80 motor. All the way home in that warm spring rain, I thought of how great Joe Petrali must have been and felt cheated that I never got to see him ride high in a turn with his white leather helmet above the dust or see him blast up an unclimbable hill on one of Ignaz Schwinn's Super X motors. Old Mac was right. Whenever I hear the phrase "great racer," I'll think of Joe Petrali.





The first bike I ever rode was a '52 BSA — a fire-belching, backfiring, oil-slinging, over-the-hill rat. Immediately before I soloed, a friend gave me a two-minute crash course in How To Ride A Motorcycle (left hand, clutch; right hand, gas and front brake; left foot, brake; right foot, gearshift — one up, three down). Training course completed, I pointed that venerable limey thumper toward the open road. Never quite made it, though, because by second gear I had completely forgotten which extremity did what and my well-meaning friend watched helplessly as the bike shot off the pavement, missed a huge live oak tree by half an inch, and plunged over the edge of a ten-foot-deep ravine. I spent the next few days digging oil, dirt, and grease out of the cuts on my face and watching the bruises on my thighs (a couple of them the size of a 45rpm record) turn varying hues of purple, red, and yellow.

There's no particular point to that story, except to note that I was eighteen years old, in good physical shape with excellent reflexes, and my system was completely free of drugs. I went down because I didn't know what the hell I was doing. In later life I have, on occasion, ridden a bike under the influence of everything from booze to acid, and made it safely to my destination. Now, understand I'm not advocating or endorsing the practice of riding a motorcycle while loaded, but the plain truth is that most all of us do so at least once in a while. You know — you drop by a bro's house on a Saturday and smoke a couple of joints with him. What are you going to do when it's time to split?

Anyone who appreciates the pleasures of smoking grass will tell you that it can enhance almost anything you're doing. Marijuana's most salient characteristic — for me, anyhow — is the way it involves you more closely with whatever activity you're engaged in. If I'm up at three in the morning in front of the TV watching something like "The Mexican Mole People vs. Mud Wrestlers

From Outer Space," a joint or two can turn a low-budget potboiler into a sidesplitting comedy or (if you've got some really good weed) a gripping drama whose every scene seems pregnant with subtle meaning and hidden significance. If I've fumigated my brain before hustling a sweetie off to bed, the whole experience is almost invariably improved — time slows down and I can get lost in the smell of a woman's hair, spend leisurely intervals exploring the remarkable curves and swells of her body, my own enjoyment no longer the primary concern; my pleasure and hers become indistinguishable. Why, I remember one svelte honey with cascading auburn hair and skin like... sorry, I guess I got off the subject. I was talking about motorcycles, as I recall.

When it comes to bikes, riding high can present new dimensions of this already-familiar experience and open up new facets of biking that you may have previously only suspected. Rolling down a highway with the throttle cracked open, you and the motorcycle assume a shared identity; it becomes an extension of you and you of it, the two of you uniting to become something neither could be without the other. Acutely aware now, you can feel the very texture of the road surface transmitted through the tires, up the forks, along the handlebars, and into your hands. The wind in your hair, the play of sunlight and shadow on your face, the blurred scenery along the road, the vibration of the engine, and the steady bark of the exhaust all combine to create a sensory smorgasbord. And if you've got a filly packing with you, so much the better — there's nothing quite like the feel of a gal's tits against your back and her warm breath on your neck to remind you that it's great to ride a bike, great to be high, great to be alive.

Marijuana, it seems to me, comes as close to a universally useful medicine as there is. It's both a pleasurable drug and a curative herb. I've seen people rise from

sickbeds after toking a while and many a bike rider can attest to the regenerative powers — for both mind and body — of a joint break on the road. If you're a serious rider, you know what it means to get off your scoot after a long putt, your back stiff from hours of non-stop highway miles, your hands cramping from gripping the handlebars, your gas-filled guts screaming at you to fart or explode, your neck rigid from resisting the push of the oncoming wind, and your mind dreading the prospect of more time on the road. When you feel that way, a few minutes spent smoking a joint can effect an almost miraculous transformation, soothing the aches, relaxing stiff muscles, and reviving flagging spirits.

I'd be lying if I said all my riding high experiences were fun. There have been times I've wished I hadn't toked up, like when I got so much into the sensations of the ride that I went 75 miles past the turnoff I was supposed to take. Or the time I was basking in the admiration a young dolly was sending my way as we chatted outside a bar among a fairly large group of riders. Golly, yes, she'd love to take a ride, so I fired up the bike (a Norton Commando, in case you care), had her climb on behind me, dropped it into gear, popped the clutch — and smashed to the ground immediately. In my buzzed-up swaggering I'd neglected to unlock the forks. There's nothing like making a fool of yourself in front of a group of fellow riders and a new girl who thinks you're hot shit.

Well, I could go on and on about this, but it's about time for me to roll one up. I hope nobody who's read this thinks I'm saying motorcycles are no fun unless you're blitzed. Bikes are always fun, even on those rare occasions when you're straight. And like I said, I wouldn't advocate doing anything illegal or dangerous. But if masked strangers pull a gun on you and force you to smoke a couple of joints of the dread *mota*, make the best of it and enjoy the ride home.



Ridin' High



Photos by Kim Peterson

Rollin' A Perfect Joint

All it takes is a stiff bill. . .



Although I enjoy the pleasures of smokin' the herb as much as the next guy, I could not roll a decent-lookin' joint if my life depended on it —unless I've got a buck, that is. You read that right. A dollar bill is just about as good a rolling machine as you can buy. This is also the only time that a single is as good as a hundred-dollar bill.

The photos tell how to do it, but there are a couple of tricks to remember. One is to start out with a crisp bill. Brand-new ones work best, since the stiffness keeps the paper straight.

Secondly, the grass should be cleaned to the texture of tobacco.

Now to rolling. Experimenting will show the best way for you personally to roll with a buck, but there are two basic ways. One is to start out with the cigarette paper, glue edge up, inside the loop of the bill. You fill it with stash, roll the edge of the bill up and down till it is round, and then lick the glue. A final roll will produce a fine, round, even number.

Another method is to place the stash in the loop of the buck and roll it perfectly round before inserting the cigarette paper. Slightly moistened fingers will provide some extra grip to aid in the rolling, since pressure is needed to create a firm joint.

Last hint is to insure that the paper rolls around the stash instead of sliding along with the dollar. If you can't get the paper to tuck and roll, kink the middle of the bill away from you (using your thumbs) while you are rolling.

Now, if you want to create a real bomber, start out with the paper positioned in the middle of the dollar. Next, make the loop, catching the cigarette paper in the middle, and fill it with stash. Lay a pencil in there on top of the stash and pack it down and add more till it is filled. Then, just roll her up like normal to create a giant, really bigass joint.

— Alley

Illustration by Dave Summers



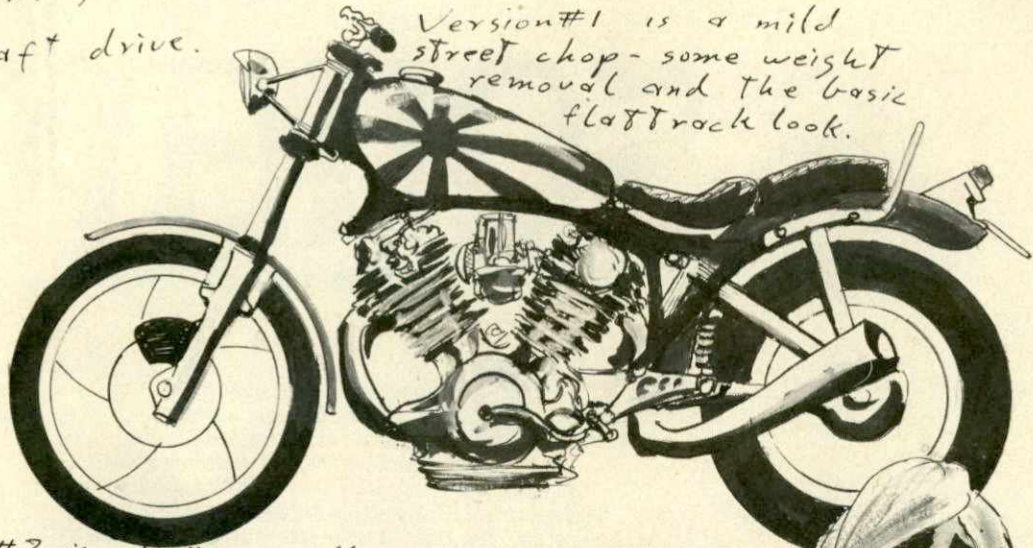
Photos by Sport



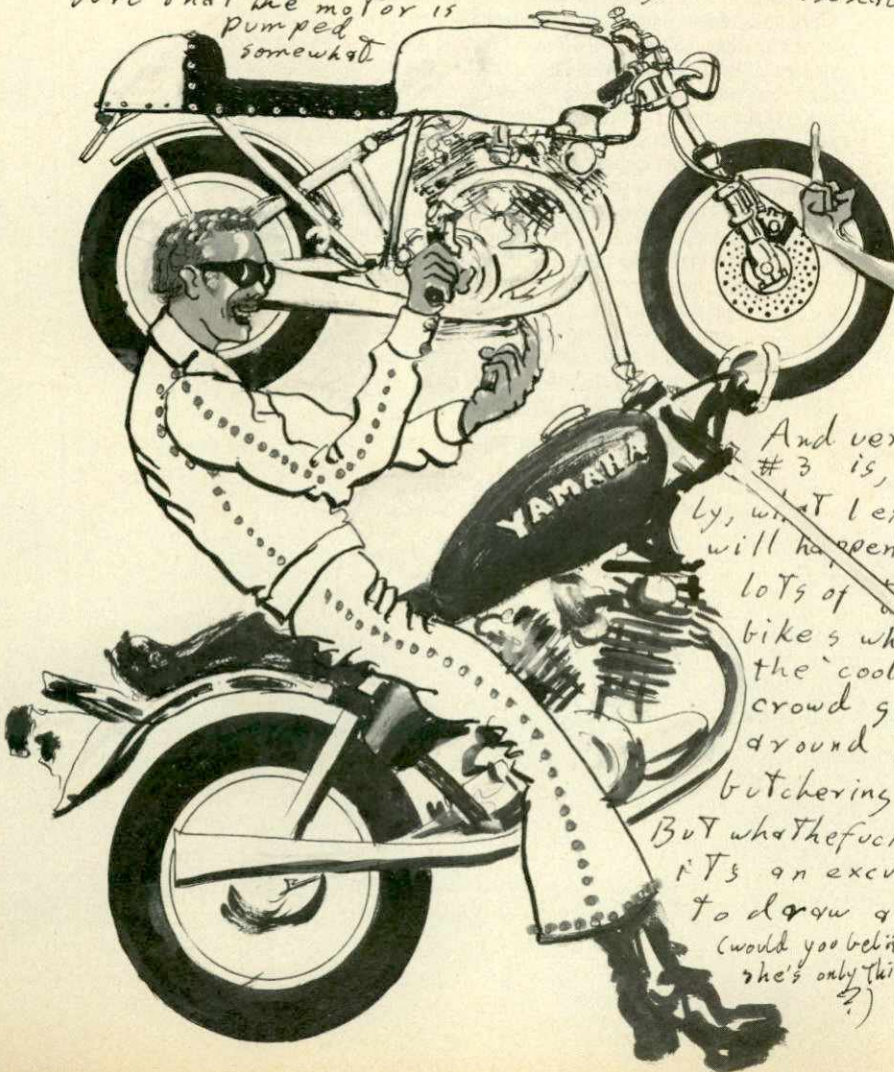
Fulmer's Wheelwork

A Japanese front-to-back V-twin! Yamaha just unveiled this new 750, which comes with a monoshock frame and a shaft drive.

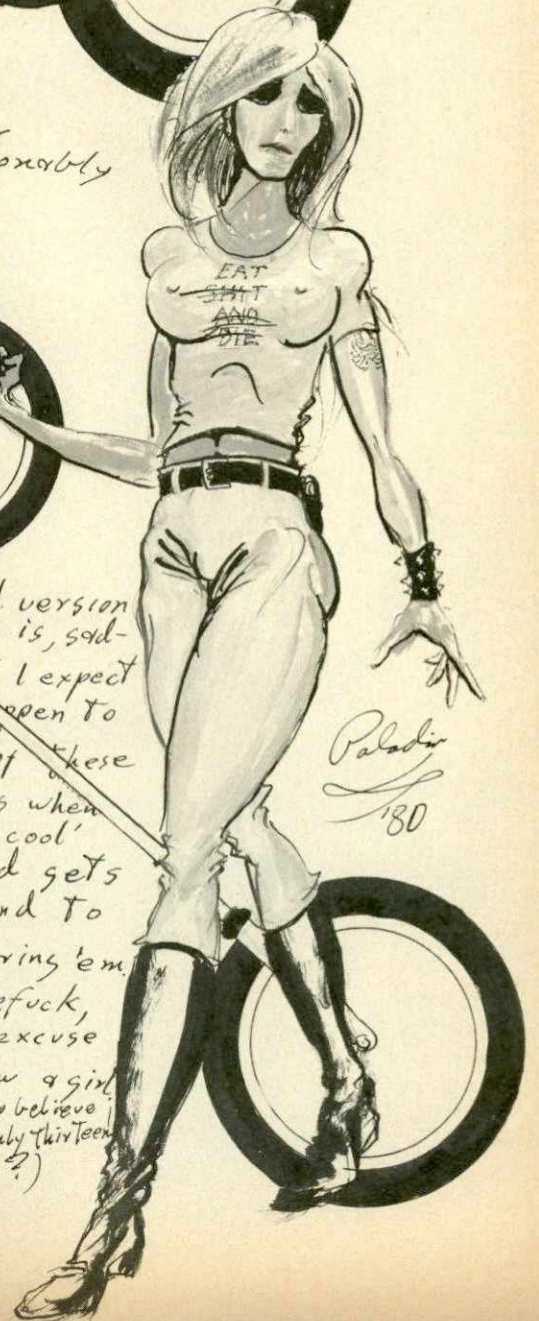
Version #1 is a mild street chop - some weight removal and the basic flat track look.



Version #2 is what we call a cafe racer of the mad-dog school. One may be reasonably sure that the motor is pumped somewhat.



And version #3 is, sadly, what I expect will happen to lots of these bikes when the 'cool' crowd gets around to butchering 'em. But what the fuck, it's an excuse to draw a girl (would you believe she's only thirteen?)





SQUAW

By Jody Via

The three-piece band was playing cryin'-in-your-beer songs and most of the drunks at the bar were singing along. It all sounded so terrible that I joined in on a tune I semi-knew, being reasonably sure my off-key whiskey warbling wouldn't do any appreciable damage in the midst of that cater-wauling din. You know, it was your average gin mill concert. "Isn't this fan-tastic!" a juicy little morsel in a skimpy halter beside me exclaimed, jiggling her boobs on my arm as she danced up and down in sheer excitement at how fantastic it was. Whatever it was, she sure was happy. "Sure is!" I replied enthusiastically. Maybe she meant that shaking her tits on me was fantastic. She was still doing it. I thought it was pretty swell myself. She climaxed, at least that was what she looked like she was doing, just as the band faked everybody out by finishing uptempo on a number, and we fell in together turning back to the bar for a drink. Studying her bouncy delights from the corner of my eye while I laid back to let the shorthair sitting on the other side of her pay for her pina colada, I made up my mind on the spur of the moment to ace the chick, to completely overwhelm her feminine defenses with my macho magnetism and make her my virtual love slave for the night with a single irresistible maneuver. None of that lightweight swiny singles social pussy-footing for me; I was coming off the line with pure class blazing. As soon as the guy on her other side finished klutzing around lighting her cigarette, I'd simply lean over and murmur seductively in her ear, "Want to go for a ride on my motorcycle, candypants?" It never does fail.

But before I could make eye contact so's

Continued on page 76



Runnin' Free



Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Be sure to write your name and address on each print or slide that you send. Oh yeah — we now pay \$20 for every black and white photo and \$35 for every color slide.)

— from Syd, Topanga, Calif.



— from Mike Rubley, Tusculumbia, Ala.



— from Billy Tinney, Houston, Tex.



— from Billy Tinney, Houston, Tex.



— from Johan Vis, Hardinxveld, Netherlands



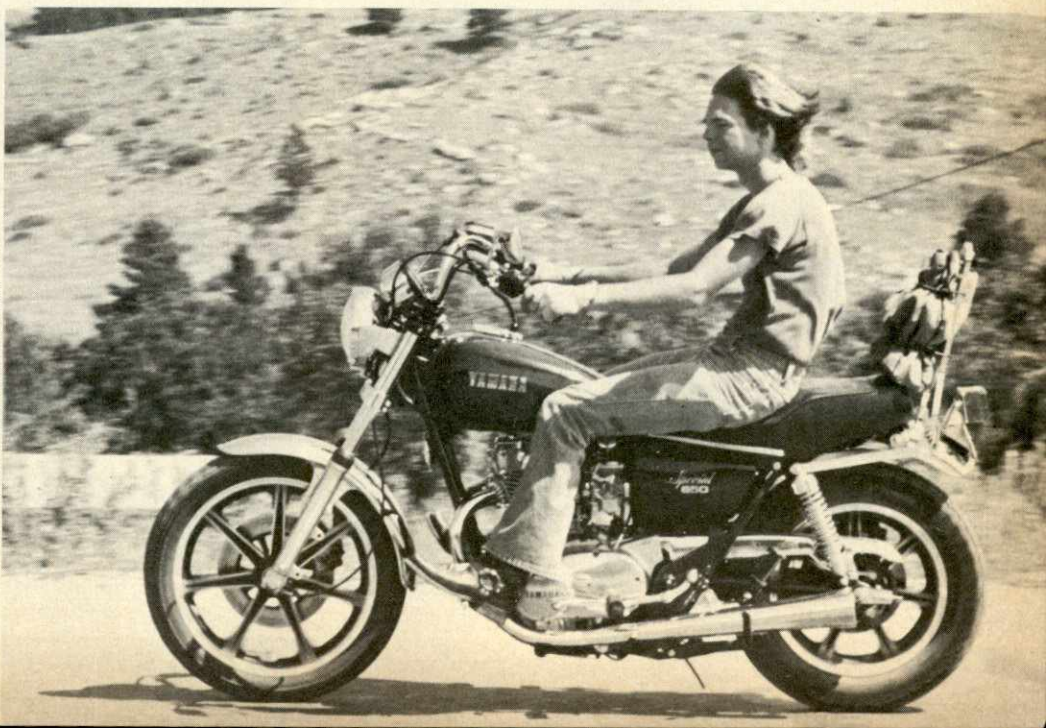
— from Freda Burluson, Drexel, N.C.



— from Treetop, Prescott, Ariz.

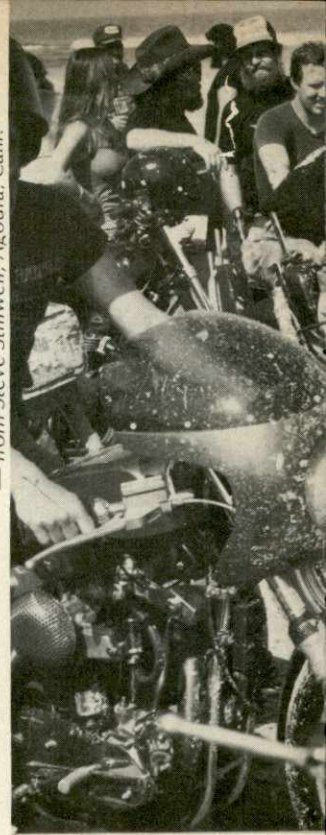


— from The Wandermere Rat, Malibu, Calif.





— from Wino Joe, USA



— from Steve Stillwell, Agoura, Calif.



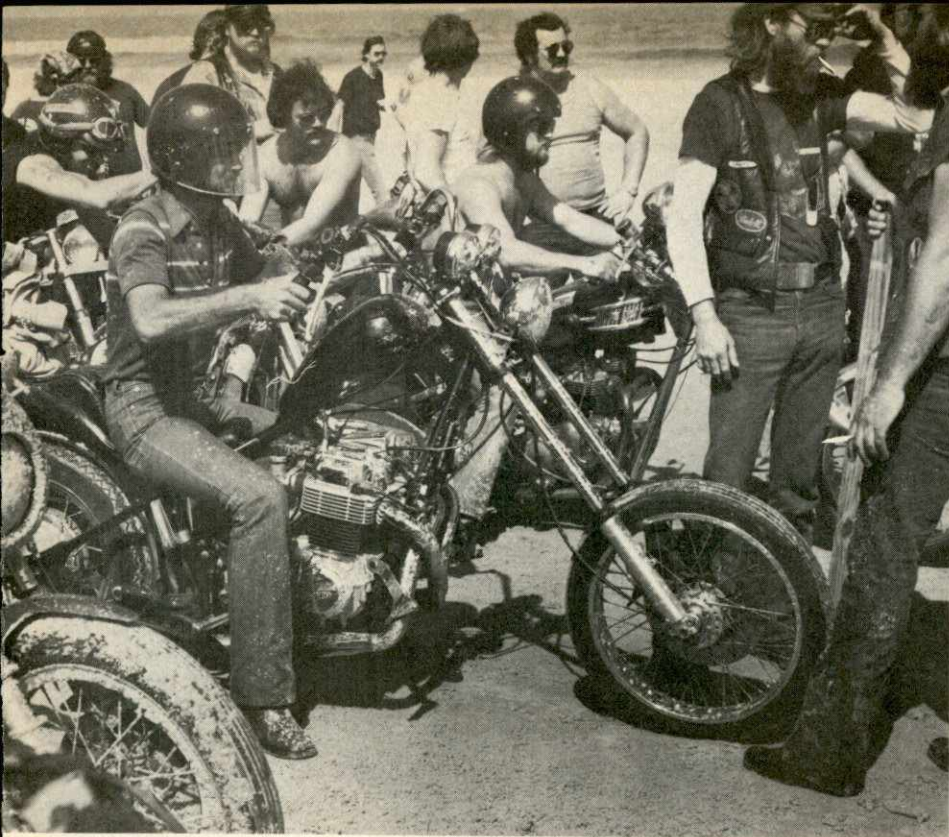
— from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



— from Susan McKinney, Renovo, Pa.

— from John Roppolo, New Milford, N.Y.





— from Tim Biglow, Pt. Dume, Calif.

— from Blanks, Daytona, Fla.





— from Dave Richards, London, England

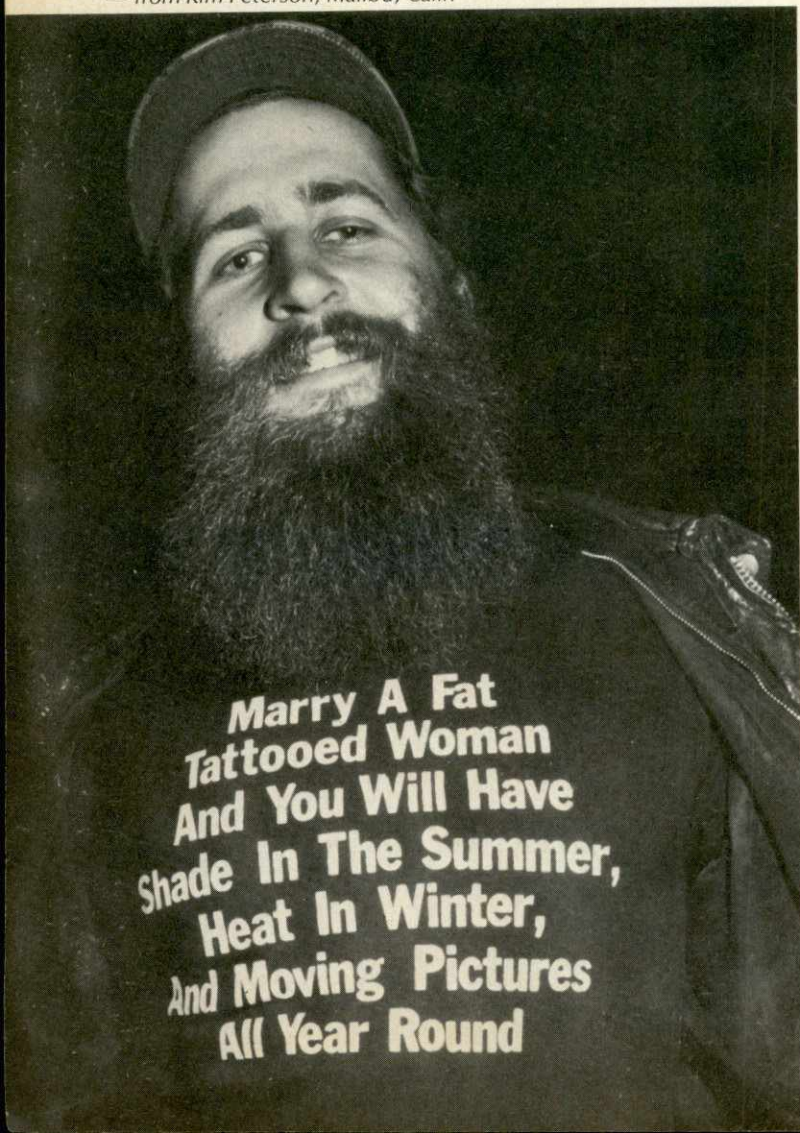


— from Billy The Kid, Houston, Texas



— from Utah Rider, Salt Lake City, Utah

— from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.



**Marry A Fat
Tattooed Woman
And You Will Have
Shade In The Summer,
Heat In Winter,
And Moving Pictures
All Year Round**

— from J.W. Evans, Columbus, Ohio





— from J. Johnson, Merrill, Ore.

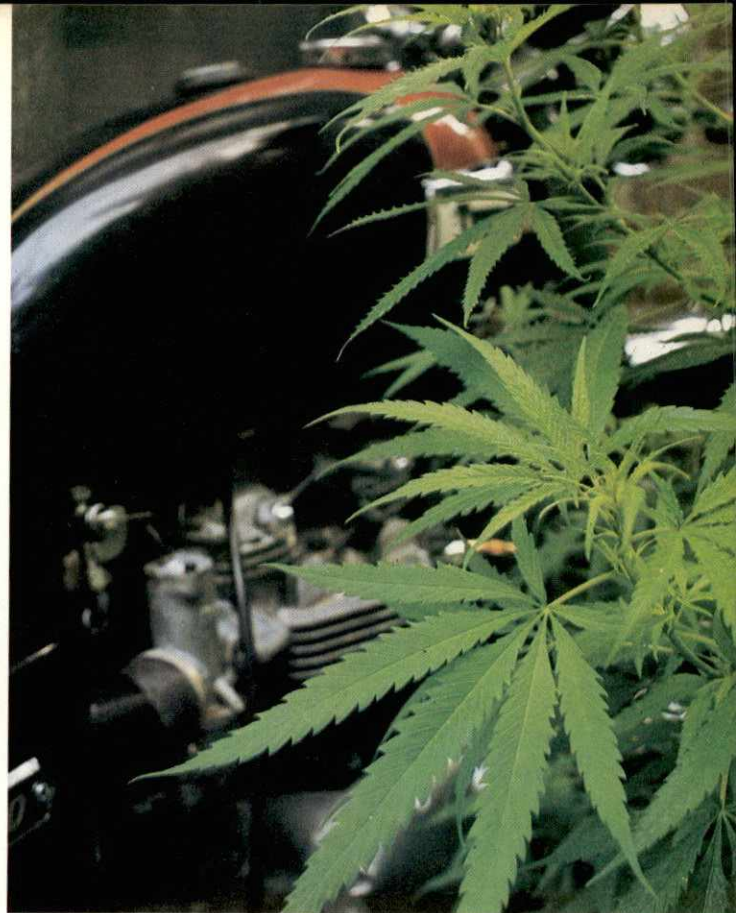
— from Shabby, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario



— from L. Buchanan, Drexel, N.C.



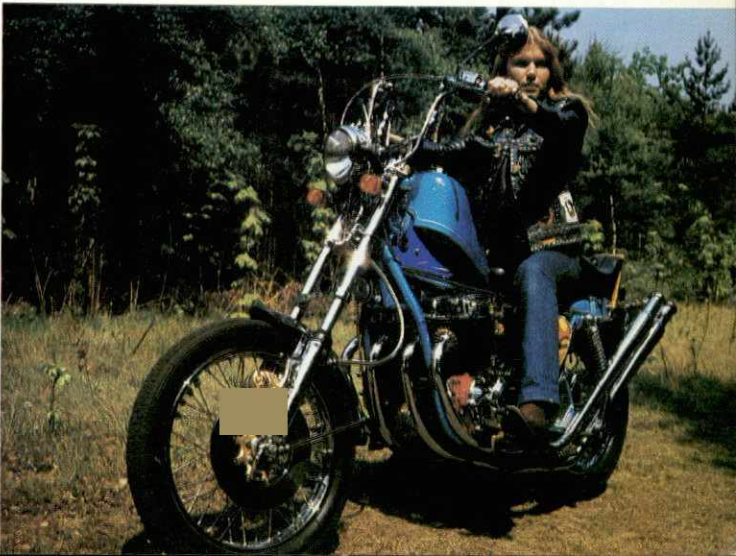
— from Walter Jegodtka, Marl, W. Germany

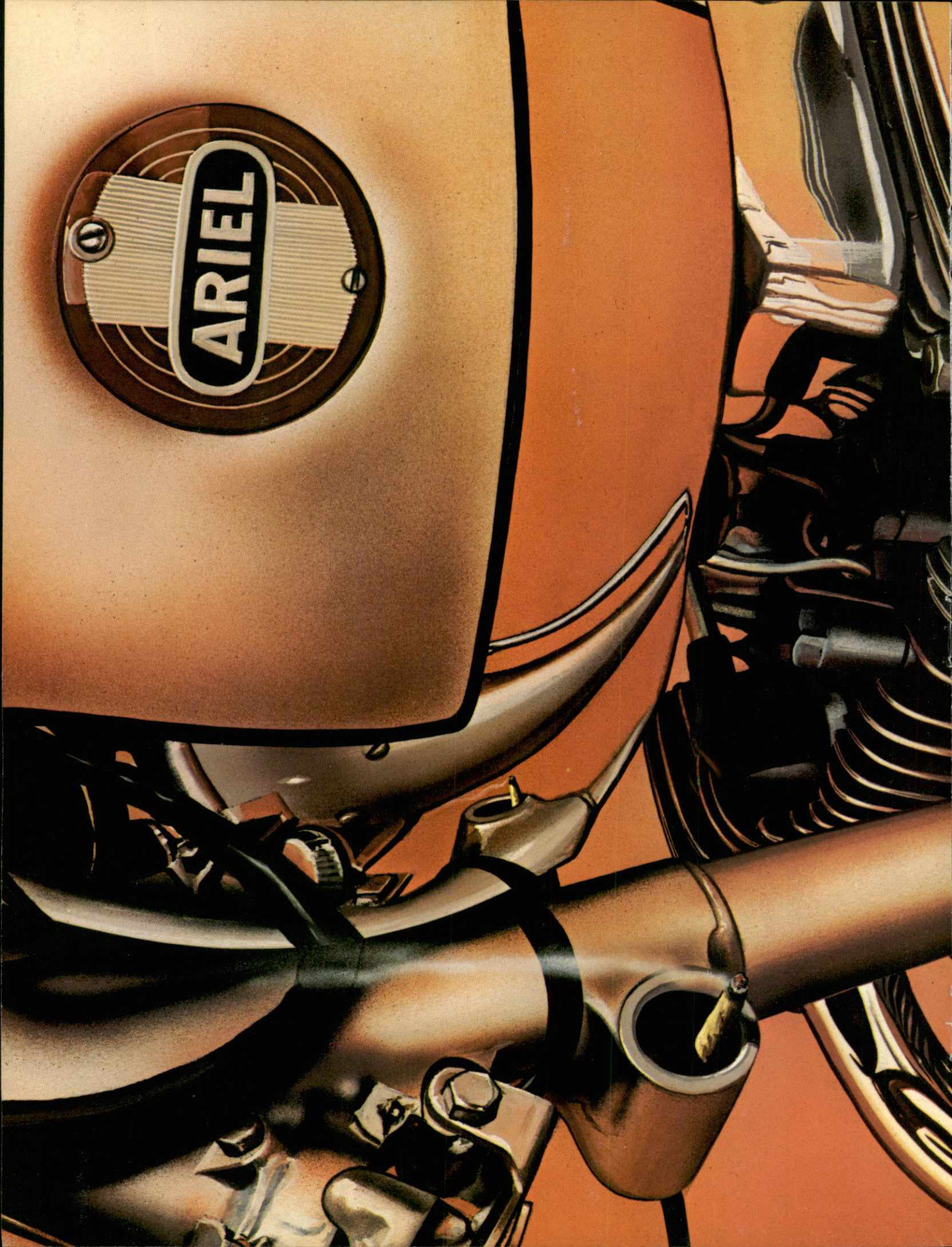


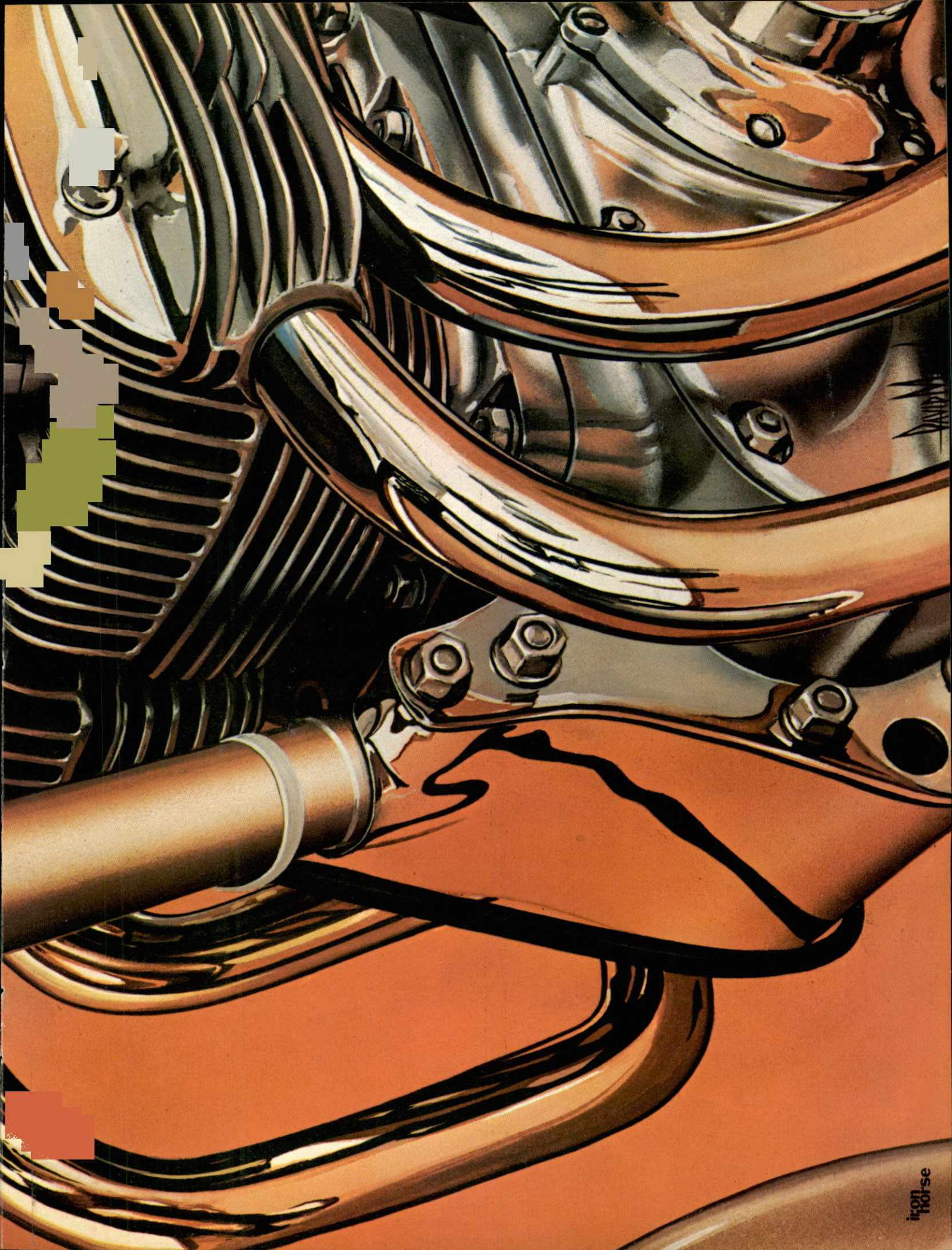
— from Alan Goldberg, Philadelphia, Pa.



— from Tony Higgins, Boston, Mass.









It's Got To Be EXOTIC

By Laid Back

Six dark-skinned Indians pulled the Los Ebanos ferry slowly across the muddy Rio Grande. I burned my last J of Puna buds, sweet and volcanic, while I tried to get my shit together.

A five-peso bill was folded for a Mexican customs inspector, money for the deal was safely stashed, and the gas tank had been filled at Sullivan's Island, three miles back. My leathers, oil-stained and tattered, and colors, smiling death at those who dared look, stuck with sweat to my body as I pondered the perfect score.

Primo stash, exotic reefer, fresh from the peaks of Michoacan, or rainbow tops from Oaxaca, or spicy red-haired sinsemilla from Guanaajuato. The names danced in my head like temple bells from Taxco. The smoke would be excellent — if we could get it back across.

The plan was simple: I would score from the Texan, give the pot to my partner, then cross the border ahead of him at Camargo. My crossing would definitely attract the customs agents like stink on shit. As they tore me down and strip-searched my body, he would boldly drive up and be waved across by the feds. Good plan, the right equipment, perfect bait; with good luck and timing I'd have exotic pot for the bros at home.

Passing the bribe to the guard, I

pulled down the dirt road to San Miguel. The Texan's yellow Cadillac was parked outside the Cabeza de Vaca bar. I parked my sled and walked inside. Definitely a sleazoid saloon: adobe, lighted with smoky kerosene lanterns; looked like a scene from the *The Wild Bunch*, with twenty Mexicans glaring at me like a hungry wolf pack.

As my eyes adjusted to the light, I spotted him in the far corner, back to the wall, face hidden in the shadows. It was either the Texan or a DEA agent. Dope dealers in Texas always dressed like heat, or the cops dressed like dealers. He wore a tailored khaki shirt, Levi's, cowboy belt and buckle, and lizard-skin cowboy boots. His short hair and moustache reminded me of a highway patrolman's. He had a gold "13" ring on his left hand, and his right was under the table. Must be my man, Padre Island Pete, all six feet four of him. Swallowing a shot of mescal, I tried to catch his eye. He didn't even see me, or he acted that way. I walked over carefully.

"You Pete?" I asked.

"Who wants to know?" he growled as he slugged down a yard of Cuervo Gold.

"Jimbo said I should look you up when I passed this way."

"Where do you know him from?"

"Seagoville."

"Were you down with him?"

"Yep."

"Remember the dragon?"

"Tattooed on his right shoulder."

"What do you want?"

"Da Kine."

"You sure you got that much money?"

Glancing around nonchalantly, I said, "I have enough, got some Exotic?"

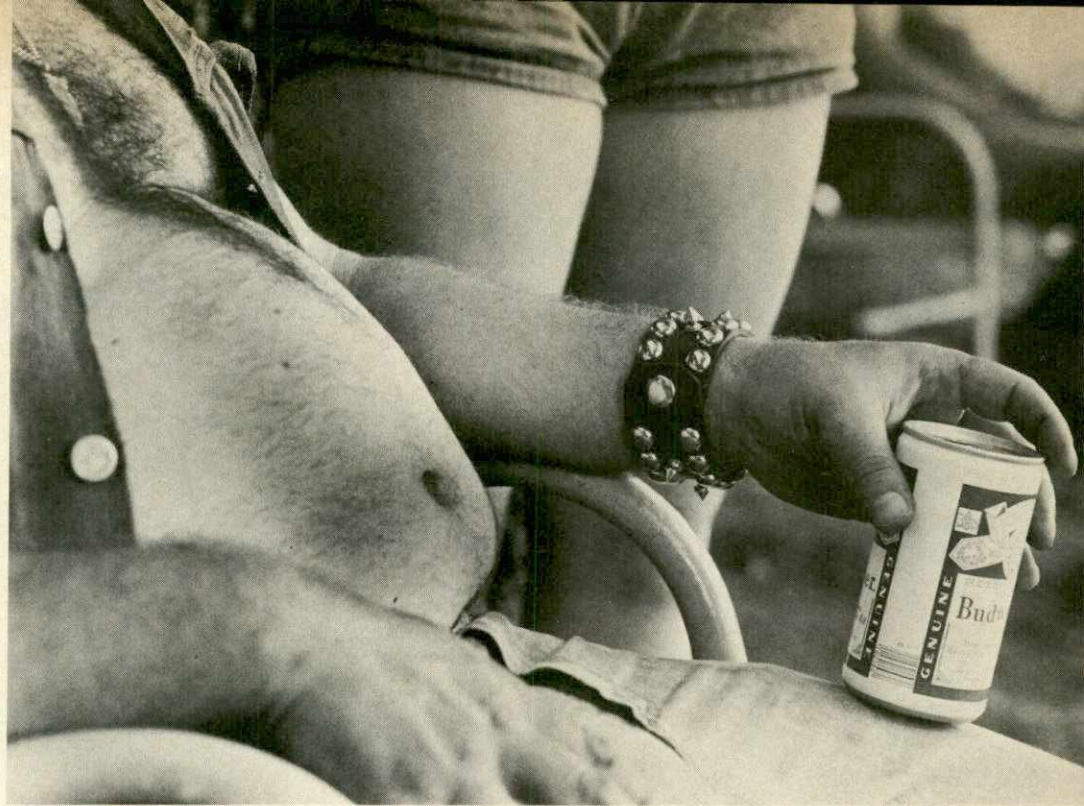
"You're one of them guys, huh? Gotta have a name on it before you smoke it?"

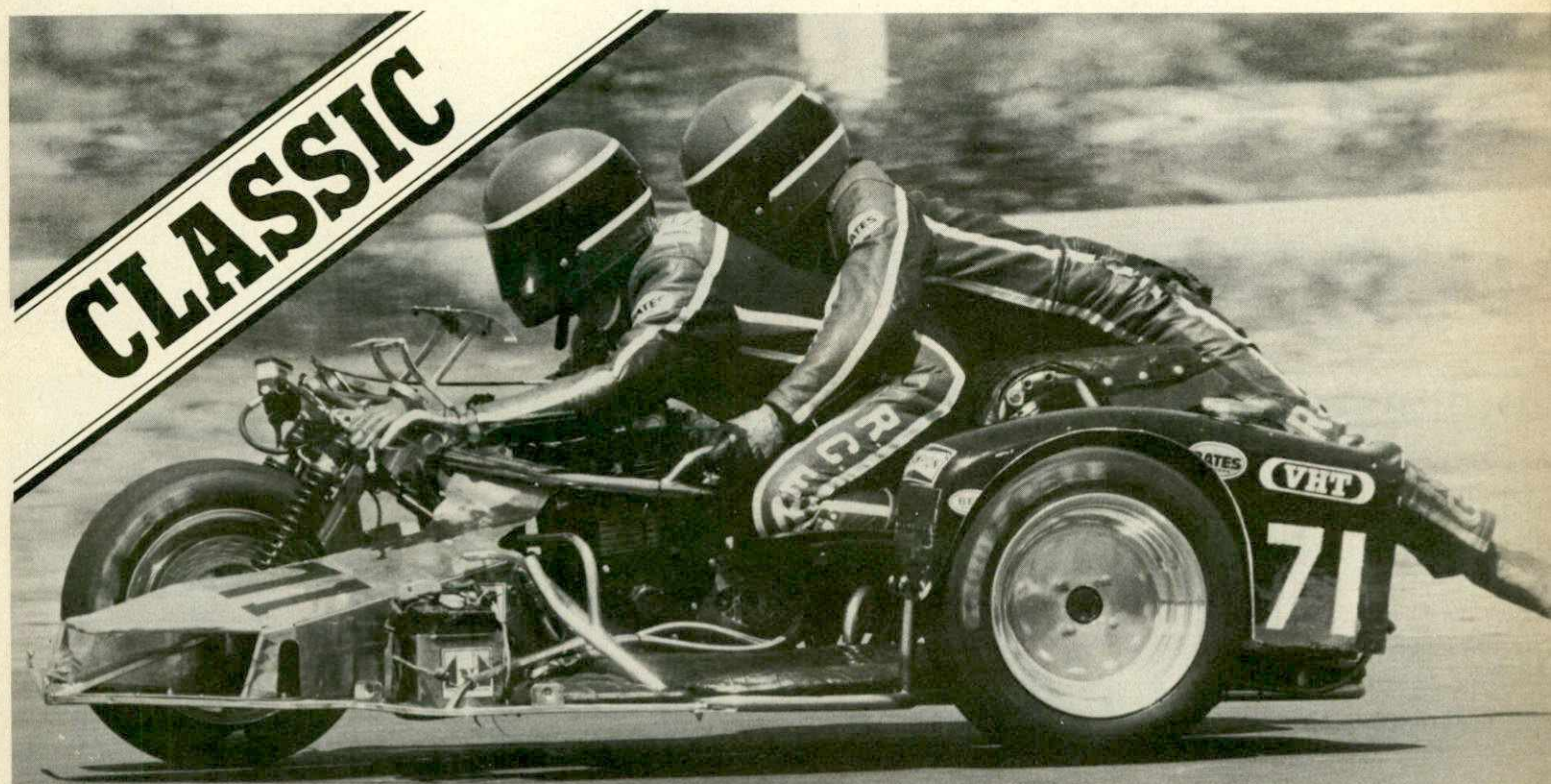
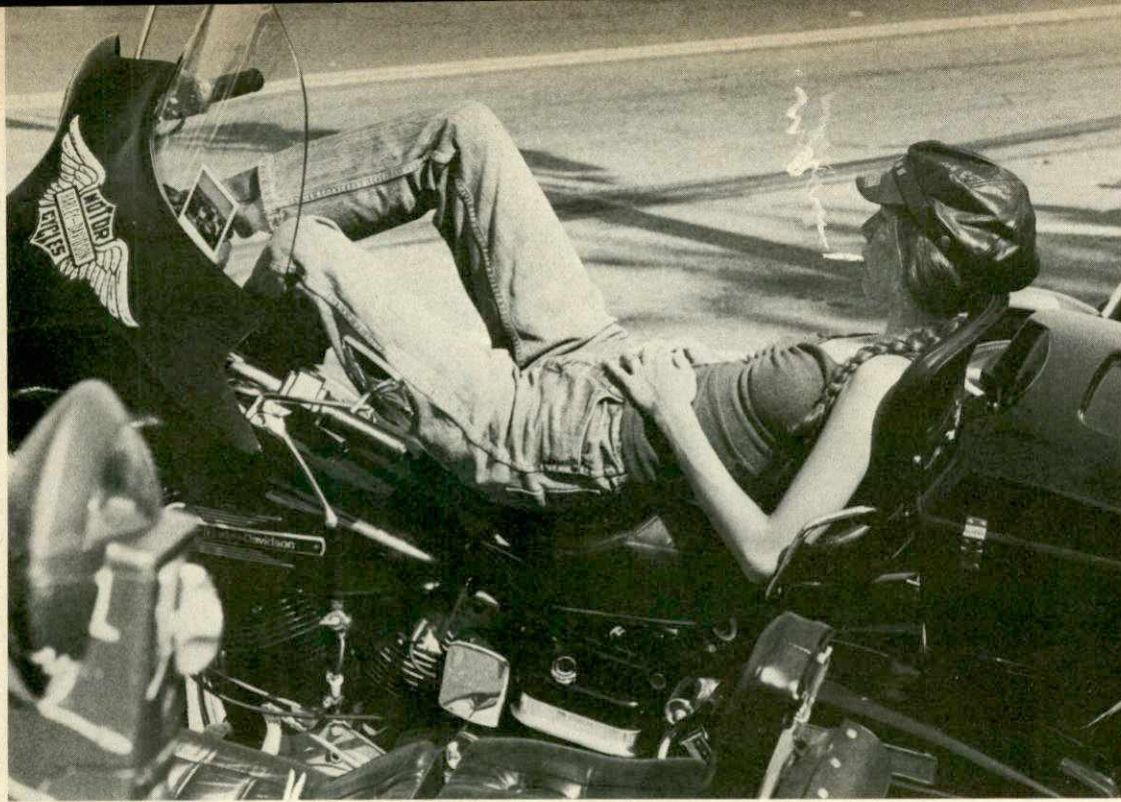
"Yep. If it ain't fancy, I don't smoke it. Got any?"

"Well. . ." He paused and looked me over. "All I have is Yucatan Yellow, San Blas Blonde, Michoacan, Rainbow Oaxacan, Guanajuato Green, Baja Brown, Santa Marta Gold, Guatemala Goofy, Panama Red, Thai, Afghani Black, Nepalese buds, Cambodian Brown, Durbin Poison, Rif Red, Black Ganj, Leb Light, Bolinas Bats, Haiku Holly, Russian River Red, Molokai, Lanai, Maui Wowie, Elephant Weed, Square Grouper, Chiba Chiba, Fredonia Red, Humbolt Sens, Falbrook Green, or Alaskan Tundrafuck. Now, what do you want? It's all Junous to me." He laughed as he handed me the only bale behind the table.

"Here it is; name it yourself." He laughed again. "Everyone else does."







Even with the cops playing heavies, it is still one of the East's biggest biking events

Big John's makes the hottest Bloody Mary along the half-mile strip of arcades, souvenir shops, and hamburger joints that make up Weirs Beach.

Now that might not sound like any kind of big deal, but when you've been puttin' and partyin' your brains out for thirty hours, it's a good fuckin' thing to know. Especially to a bro who's just been

knocked out of a soggy sleep by the roar of a thousand scooters rolling past his window at eight in the morning, for crissakes, and is wandering around town trying to keep his eyeballs from falling out of his head, find his misplaced stash, and figure out where the hell he is.

"Uhhh, coffee," he grumbles at the disgustingly bright-eyed fox who takes his order. "And eggs.

And bacon. But what I really need is something stronger."

"No problem, sir," says the smiling fox, sounding like a warden telling the condemned con he's just been handed a reprieve. "As long as you order a full meal, you can buy a drink."

Suddenly, prospects for the "Annual Motorcycle Classic" at Laconia—or, more accurately, neighboring Loudon—get much brighter.

A lot of the bros stopped making the Laconia run a few years ago when the local and New Hampshire fuzz decided to play hardball and clamped down with so many restrictions it wasn't worth the hassle of coming. But a lot of others still point their sleds toward the Granite State each summer, some to watch the races, others to boogie, making it one of the biggest bike events in the East.

The week before the run, the weather was typical New England piss-in-the-eye-maybe-it'll-even-snow, and for a while it looked like another goddam sweater-and-earmuffs weekend. But the day the gig got underway, somebody kicked Mother Nature in the slats and she booted the thermostat up a couple of dozen degrees.

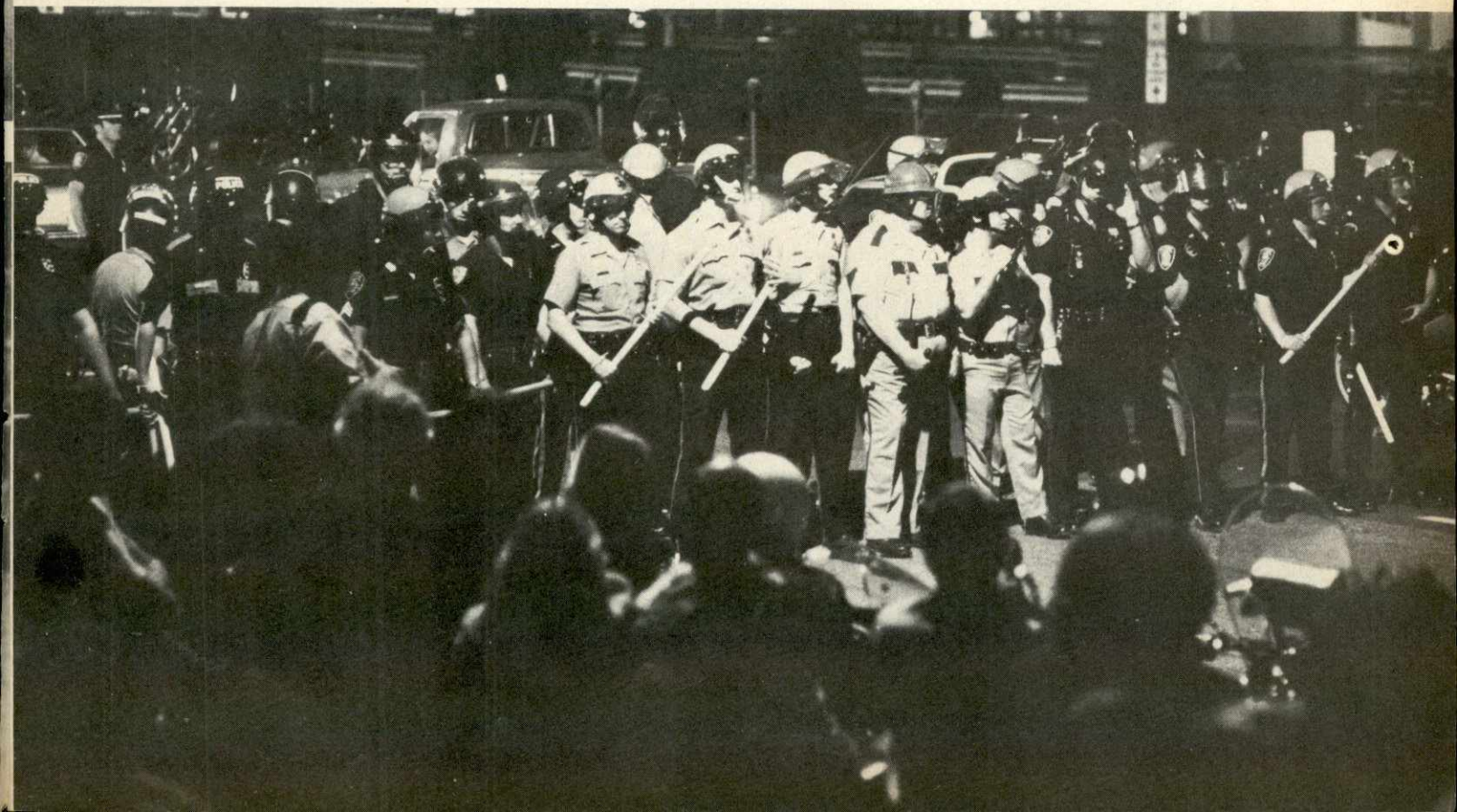
The local citizens—particularly those in the business of doing business—didn't seem to mind having their town taken over by scooter people for the better part of the week, and many seemed to genuinely enjoy the noise, the color, and the partying. After all, every damned motel room within 25 miles is booked months before what the locals call Motorcycle Weekend. Gas stations sell out of gas, bars run out of beer, and bikers sometimes run out of money.

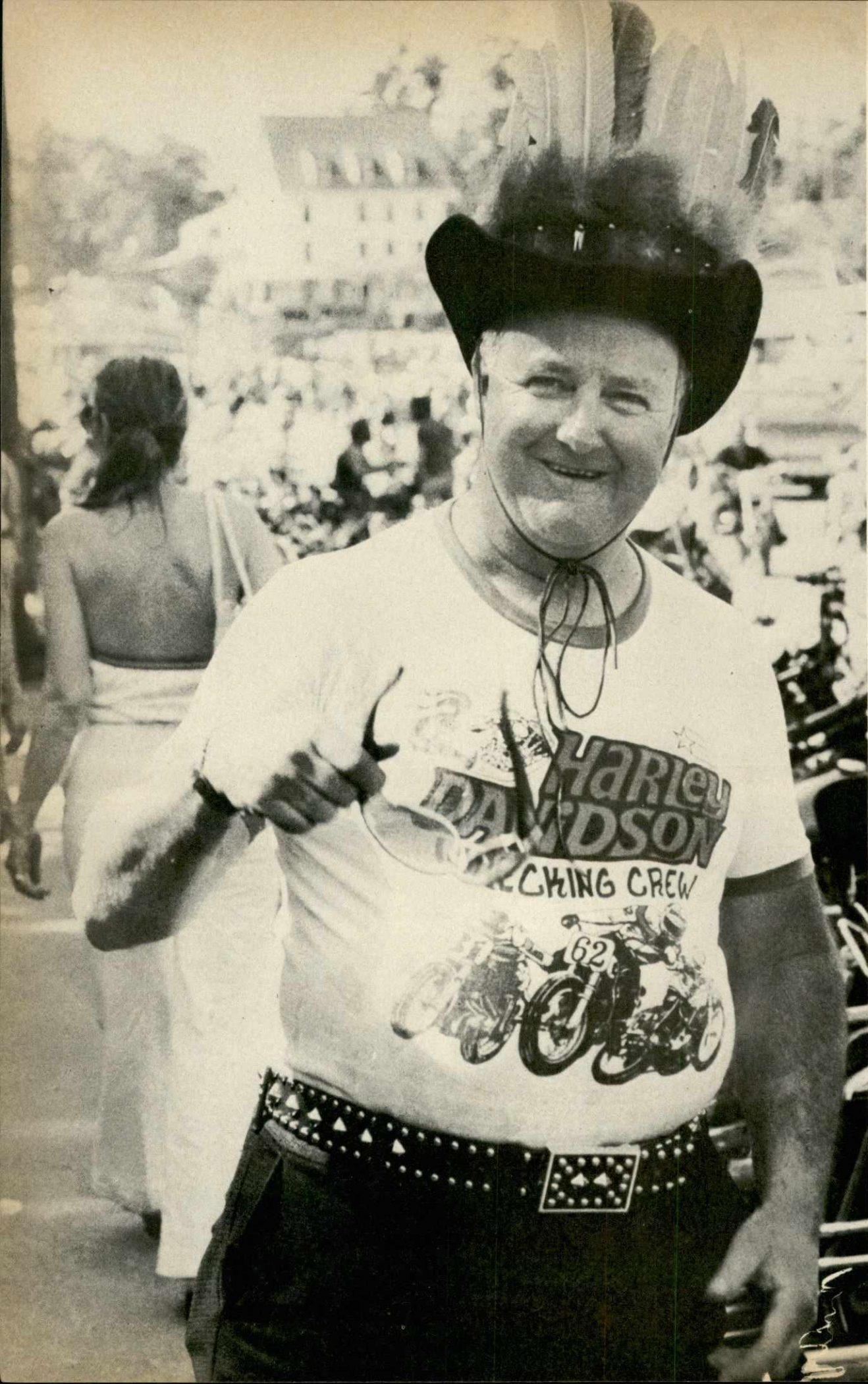
The only ones who didn't seem to have a righteous time were the fuzz, who decided enough was enough Saturday night and began lobbing tear gas canisters into the crowd. That looked like fun, so some of the bros, gettin' right into the spirit of the thing, heaved them back, just like a big game of catch.

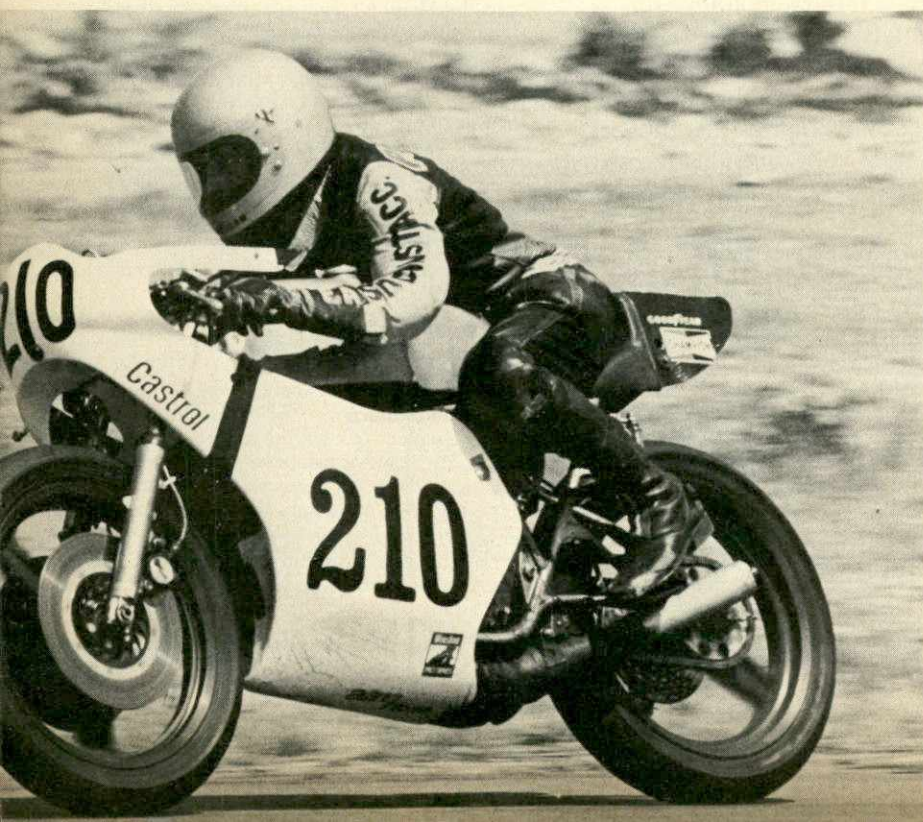
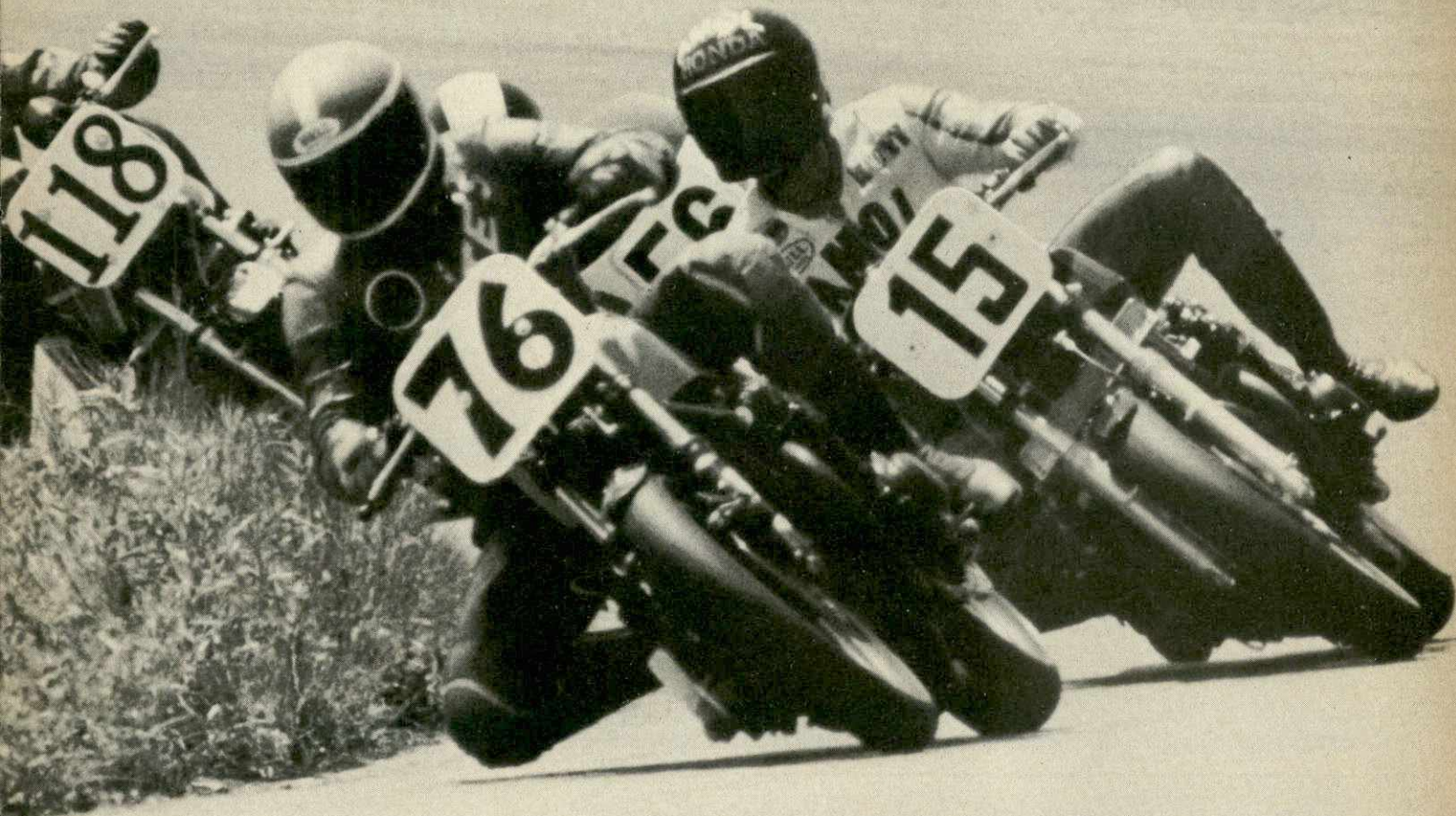


Photos by Ron Mac Neil









Things never got real heavy, though, and—what the hell—the Laconia SWAT team has to get some practice some time, right? Some of the local news reporters had a great time describing the "riot": one report had 60 cops injured, even though the entire force on hand totaled only 70. Another described how the bikers started throwing dynamite at the fuzz. Any dipshit who can't tell an M-80 from a stick of dynamite ought to have one of each shoved up his ass.

But the dude who got most uptight wasn't even there.

"The scum of the earth invaded the Lakes Region last week and gave the sport of motorcycling a bad name," wrote William Loeb, the crusty publisher of the ultra-conservative Manchester, N.H., Union-Leader. "Reports of braless women, innumerable gallons of beer, and love-making in broad daylight were prevalent at the camps occupied by the gangs.

"Females in cars were insulted at Weirs as these same outlaws held signs saying, 'Show Us Your...' These signs, obviously, referred to the breast section of a woman's anatomy.

"It is a stinking shame that hooligans marred the weekend. There must be some way to keep these undesirables from invading the Granite State."

Whatdafuck, Bill, let's at least call a tit a tit.

— Grizzly

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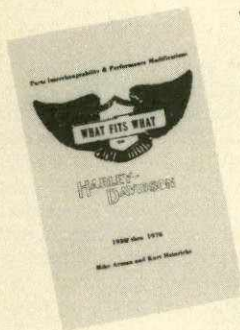


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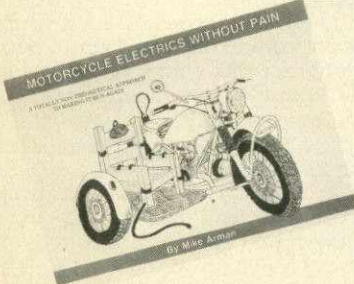
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Porcelain Jar

Continued from page 16

guts and all. Then we settled back with a good after-dinner smoke, courtesy of our new bro, Snake Willy. Snake told us some good tales about bikes, drugs, and women, crossin' the Divide, and breezin' through the Midwest.

Now, I couldn't help but get this feeling, while listening to him talk, that Willy wasn't as laid back as he tried to act. My ol' lady claims I'm psychic or something, but I can usually pick up on someone when they've got a problem they're just dying to tell. Snake Willy had all the signs: He was just a touch paranoid, glancing off into the darkness once in a while, quick-like, as if he was lookin' for something he didn't want to see. I saw him do this a few times. But what really got to him was when an ol' tomcat let out a long whine somewhere off in the distance. I swear his hands started shaking like a two-year-old ricegrinder. Now, Willy didn't look to me like a man who was scared of much at all, so I figured there had to be more to it. He really had something to get off his chest. So I asked him if he was running from the cops or something, 'cause if he was, I had a place in New York City he could stay at. The computer cops would go crazy lookin' for him there. Snake Willy just sat back and kept still for a long time. He looked up and told us that he wished to hell it was the cops, people he could handle. But it seemed that Snake wasn't up against your typical 3-5 rap. This was bigger, scarier; it really had him shook. Finally, he took a long pull of wine and lit up a cigarette. This leveled him out a little. He was getting ready to open up.

"Well," he said, "if I don't tell someone, I'll be a crazy man pretty soon."

With that, Snake Willy sat back and told us this tale:

"Originally I come from out Wyoming way, but I haven't been near there for some time now. Last summer I was in Chicago, fresh out of money and luck. I crashed with a couple of bros, Phil and Mike. Mike was the one with the job, so it was more or less his place. He didn't mind if you stayed there awhile to get your bearings. Now, Phil was a good bro too, but a bit of a mooch. I mean, he would help himself to Mike's stash and stuff without even considering paying it back. This would piss Mike off once in a while, but he was good about it. Phil usually knew when to make himself scarce.

"When Mike went out one evening, Phil and I had a poker game, playing mostly for friendly stakes. After a while Phil decided we needed some good stuff to put our heads in a nicer place. He left the room and came back with a decent lid. I was a little surprised, 'cause it was unusual for Phil to have any of his own stash. We proceeded to play cards on through the night.

"By the time the sun was creeping through the windows we were just about played out, and I was high man with about sixty bucks to the good. One by one the bros went home. I decided to roll a smoke before

Continued on page 72

HORSE LAFFS

Now that I'm old and feeble, my pilot light is out.

What used to be my sex-appeal is now my water spout.

I used to be embarrassed to make the thing behave, For every single morning, it would stand and watch me shave.

But now I'm growing old, and it sure gives me the blues

To have the thing hang down my leg and watch me shine my shoes.

— Gypsy Pete
B.C., Canada

A chick walked into a doctor's office, dropped her jeans, and said, "Look, Doc, I've got a big green spot on the inside of my thigh."

After a complete examination, the doctor told her, "Miss, I can't find anything wrong with you. Do you by any chance wear a garter belt?"

"No, I don't," she said, "but I'm dating a biker."

"Well, there's your problem," replied the doc. "His earring isn't real gold!"

— Troyd
Young America, Minn.

"Mother," the sweet young thing asked, "remember when you told me the way to a man's heart was through his stomach?"

"Yes, dear," the mother answered.

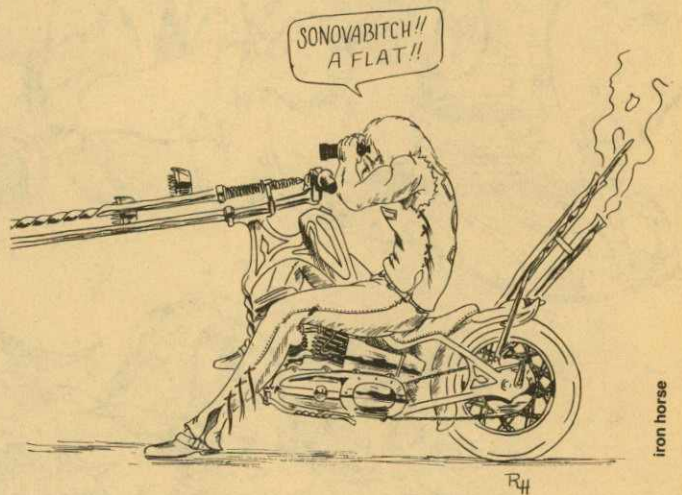
"Well," the girl went on, "last night I found a new route."

— Art Eckman
Pontiac, Mich.

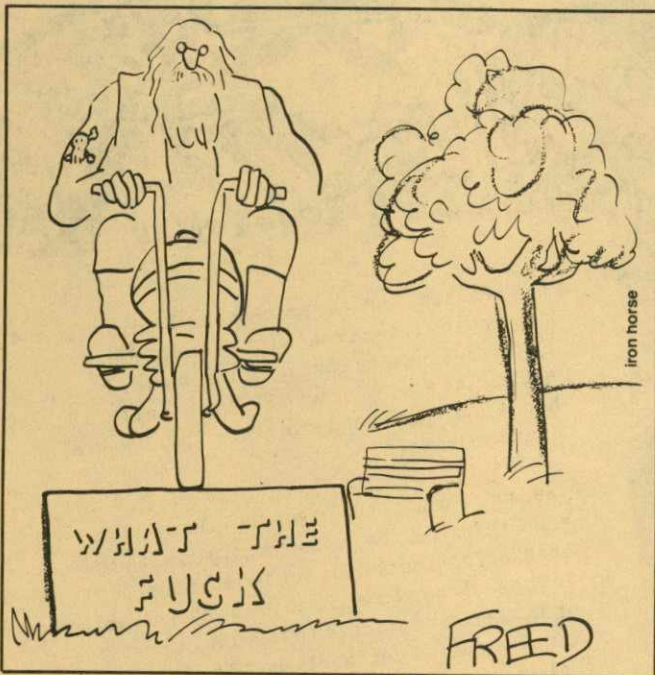
"Darling," exclaimed the former divorcee to her fifth husband on the morning after their wedding night, "I didn't know you had such a small organ!"

"Well, my dear," he replied, "how was I to know I'd find myself playing in a cathedral?"

— Paul Woodard
Hartford, Conn.



iron horse



iron horse

"I got married," said the first biker, "so that I could get laid three, four, five times a week."

"That's funny," said the second. "That's why I got divorced."

— Greg Sterling
Laramie, Wyo.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, eating his girlfriend Mary.

He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum and said, "That's a funny-looking cherry."

— Ernest Ballard
Rawlins, Wyo.

A biker and this girl were naked in the motel bed when the girl changed her mind and told him she didn't want to ball him.

"Are you going to tell me now," asked the biker, "that I'm not Mr. Right?"

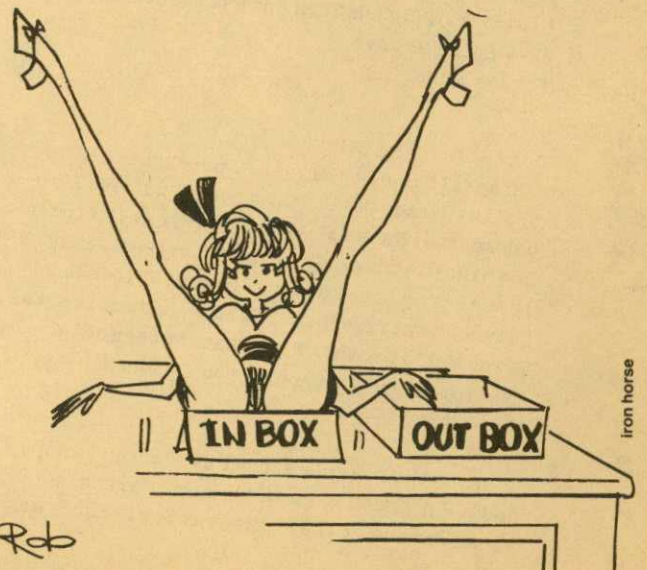
"That's a silly old romantic notion," said the girl. "Actually, I'm waiting for Mr. Big!"

— Ernest Thomas
Camp Hill, Pa.

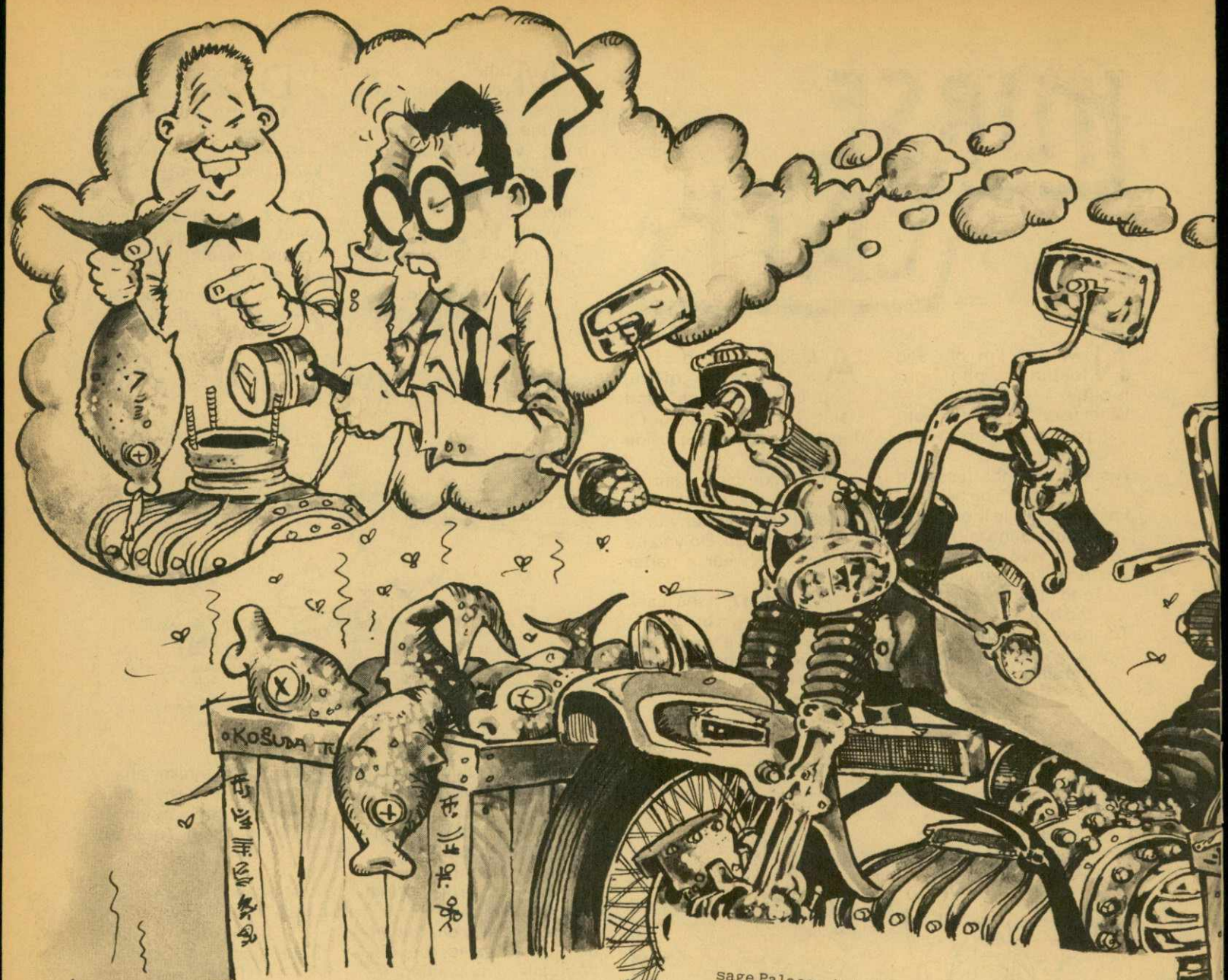
Pushing the biker ahead of him into the police station, the cop announced to the booking sergeant, "Sir, when I came across this man in the park, he was masturbating with both hands."

"That's terrible!" roared the sergeant. "Throw him into a cell and charge him with bigamy!"

— Phil McLeod
Helena, Mont.



iron horse



Mikado Motors, Ltd.
 Division of Kosuda Tuna and Ball Bearing, Inc.
 12-7 Enola Gay Ave.
 Tokyo, Japan

5/5/79

Dear Sirs:

On April 7th of this year, I purchased a 1979 5/16ths Mikado Death Star/Special Edition Auto-bahn Burner Mark IX. Although I've only ridden the bike 61 1/4 miles, I've encountered a few problems that my local dealer (Honest Vito's Used Office Furniture/Disco Wear/Mikado Sales, East Towne Mall, Grover, Wis.) hasn't been able to help me with. I am hoping you will have the answers I need.

First, the owner's manual is printed in Japanese. I managed to get a 'rough' translation from one of the workers at Suzie Kuu's Mas-

sage Palace - but the price was awfully steep and now my girl friend won't talk to me. If an English-language manual is available, I sure would like a copy. After all, I can't afford Suzie Kuu's and a bail bondsman every time I need a chain adjustment.

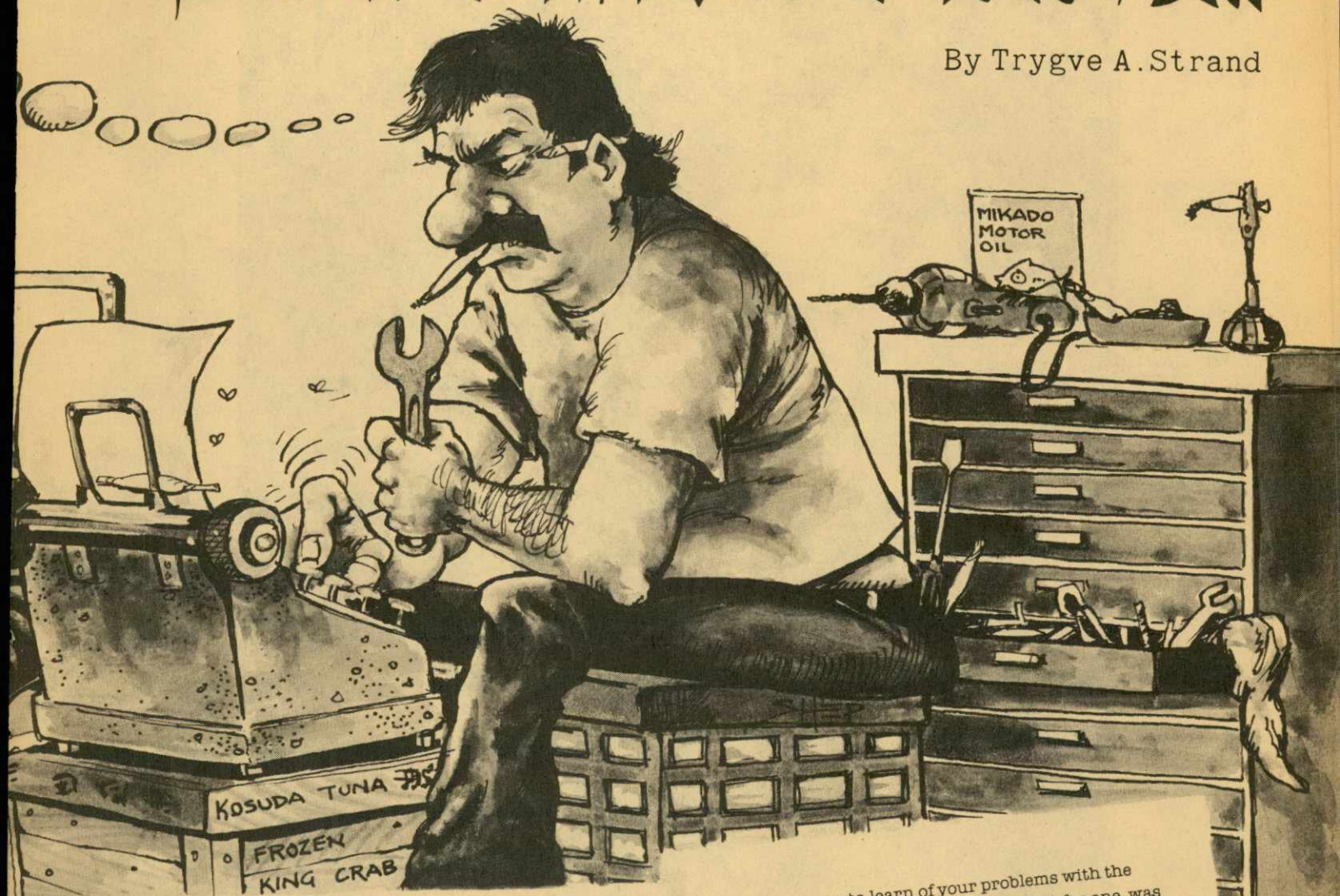
Second, I can't seem to get the bike started and I think this has something to do with the breaker/contact point set located inside the left handlebar tube. Is this an engineering goof or is there a 'trick' to tackling this situation? Anyway, I certainly would appreciate any help you can give me.

Hopefully yours,

Leglon
 Arnold Leglon
 222 Landfill Way
 Grover, Wis.

Dear Mikado Motors..

By Trygve A. Strand



KOSUDA TUNA AND BALL BEARING, INC.
Mikado Motors Div.
Tokyo, Japan

Toshiro Pearlstein
Asst. Vice-President
Midwest American Consumer Div.

5/29/79

Honorable Mr. Regron:

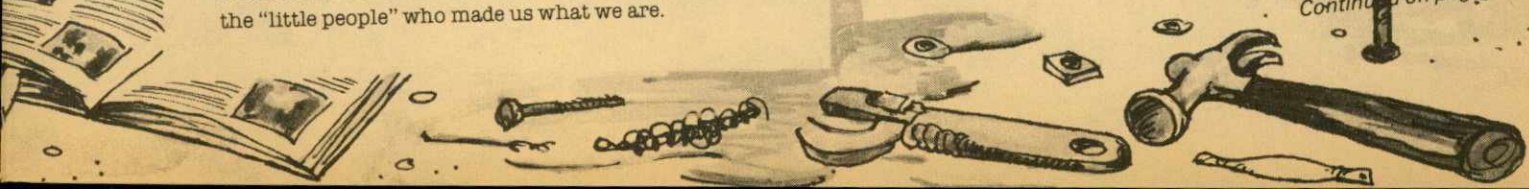
I have received your illustrious letter, and my ancestors (on my mother's side) would be shamed if Kosuda allowed your problem to go unsolved. We, of course, place great pride in our many fine dealerships (of which Vito's is a valued member), and we like to have these small problems handled at the local level. But Kosuda's greatness rests on our history of helping the "little people" who made us what we are.

We are sorry to learn of your problems with the motorcycle literature that we produce. I, for one, was greatly pleased with the first edition of our manual that came out, but the customer response to owner's manuals written in haiku was less than encouraging, so we dropped the poetry. However, that edition applied only to the 1979 3/32nd model anyway. There is an English/Turkish summary of that edition available, though, and it is enclosed.

I talked to Archie Hosada (Mikado Breaker Points-Left Handlebar Division/Death Star model) and he is most pleased to inform me that the breaker point unpleasantness has been corrected. So, if you order Part No. 113-tr-71CH Handlebar Assy., you will find that the points have been moved to a moisture-proof compartment in the disc-brake fluid chamber. Please write to me again. I love Americans!

Yours for the Corporation,
T.P.

Continued on page 102



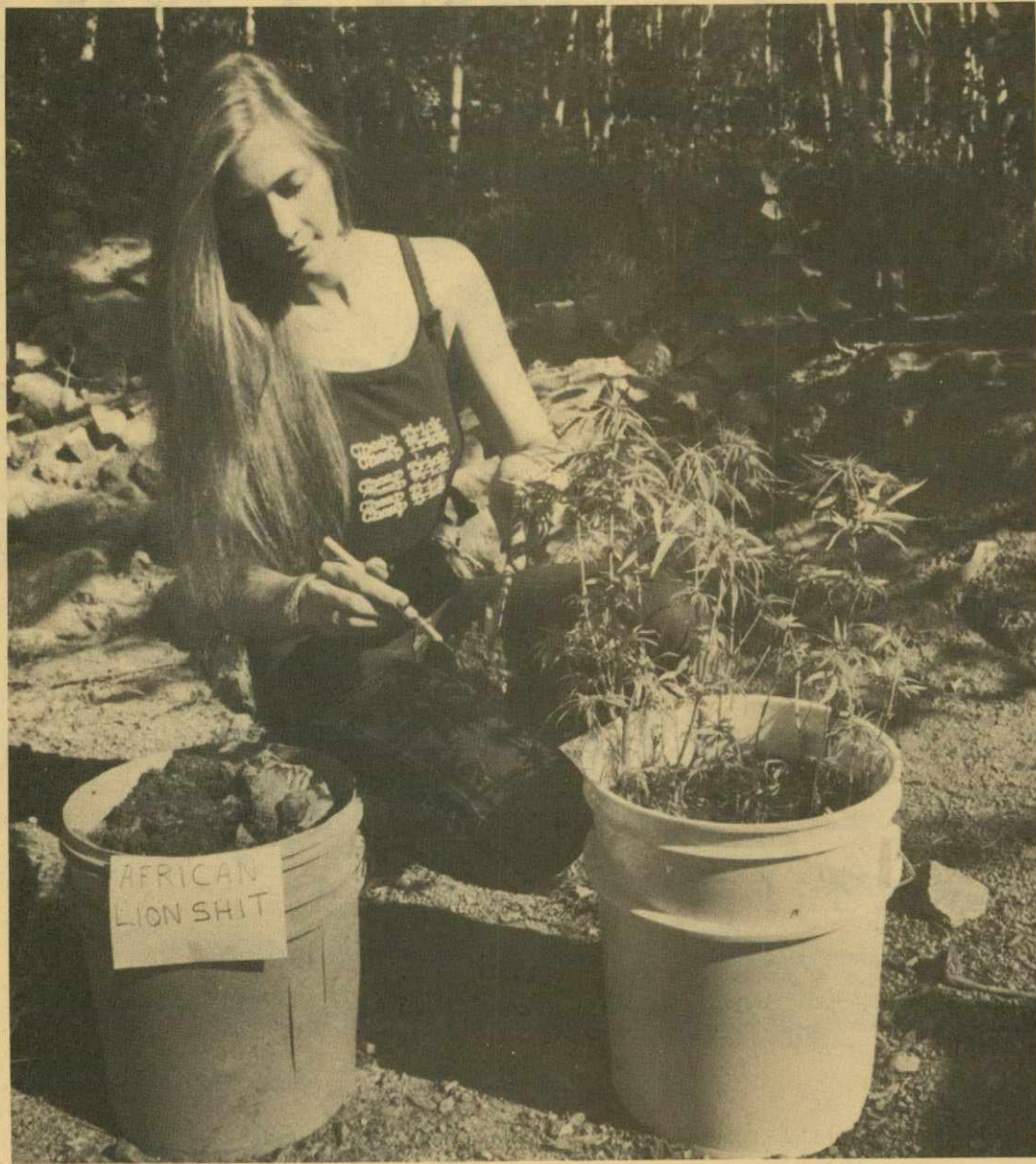


Photo by Billy the Kid

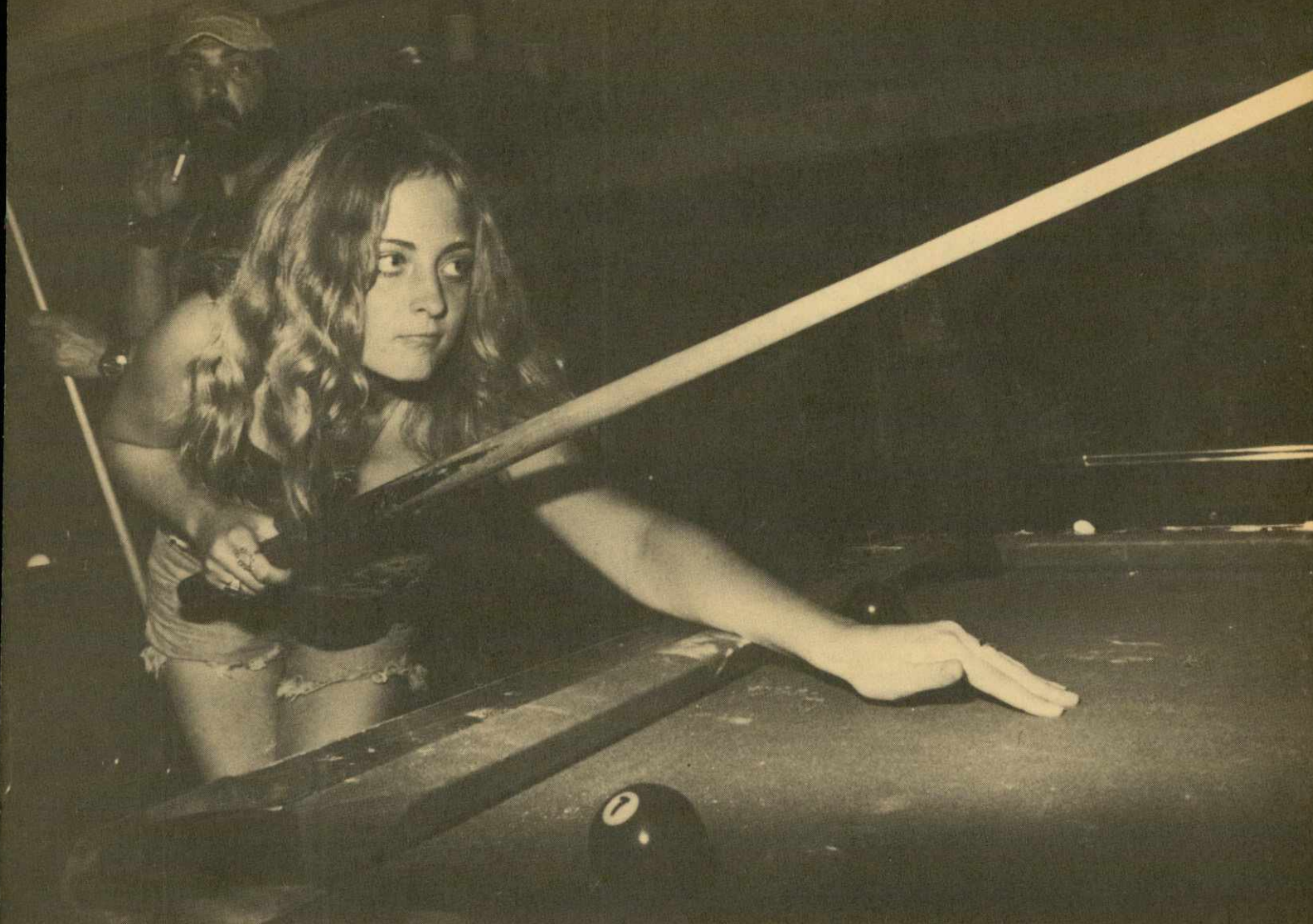
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If you care for your plants as much as I care for mine, you will go to any length to protect them. This method is guaranteed to keep grazing animals out of that private plantation.

Go to the local zoo. Find a caretaker in the big-cat section. If he looks halfway cool, tell him what you want and slip him a five along with the Hefty garbage bag you brought. In about ten minutes he will bring it back filled with the lion shit you ordered. Don't smoke it! Take it to your horticulture-experiment station and put it around your plants. Seems all grazing animals have a built-in alarm against big cats. Any brand will work; lion, tiger, leopard, and jaguar crap all seem to keep the plant-eaters away.

— Farmer



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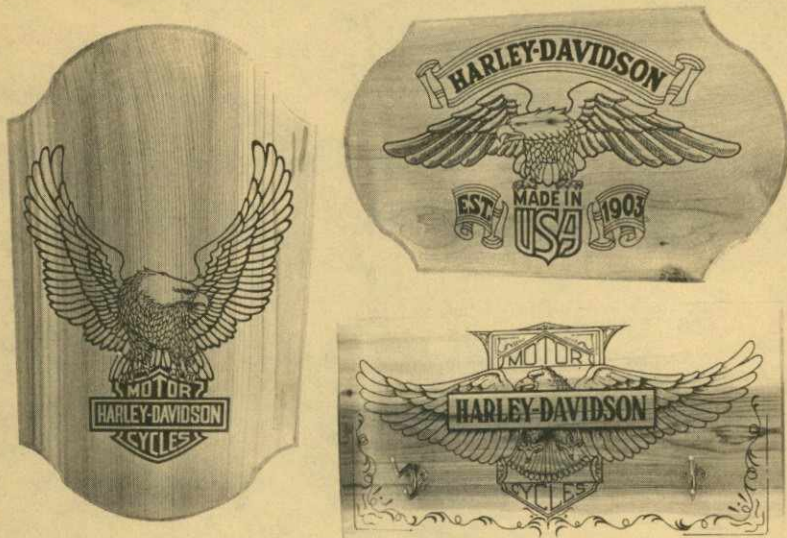
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COCO

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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Porcelain Jar

Continued from page 66

turning in, but the stash was finished. Right then I figured it must have been Mike's, and he was going to go through the roof when he found it toked to nothing. I decided to score another lid; it was the least I could do for a decent bro like Mike. So I hopped on my XL and cruised around the city. Phil and Mike had introduced me to a couple dudes who lived on the South Side, and I figured they would know where to cop. At that time I considered myself a pretty bad dude, so it didn't bother me to cruise the South Side. But one thing I'll tell you now, as a favor from ol' Snake Willy: No matter how bad you think you are, it don't mean shit to those fuckers down there."

With that, Snake took a long pull from the wine bottle. Then he lit another cigarette and looked around again, peering into the shadows. Suddenly he stopped and smiled, a weird little half smile, like he'd seen what he was looking for. He took another pull on the wine and continued his story.

"I roamed around the South Side looking for the dudes that Mike and Phil had introduced me to. But the apartment they had lived in was empty. I mean really empty; it had burned to the ground completely. Well, this dude came up to me and asked me if I knew the guys who lived there. I said yes. So he claimed that they'd moved uptown. He could take me there; it wasn't too far. Like an asshole, I followed him.

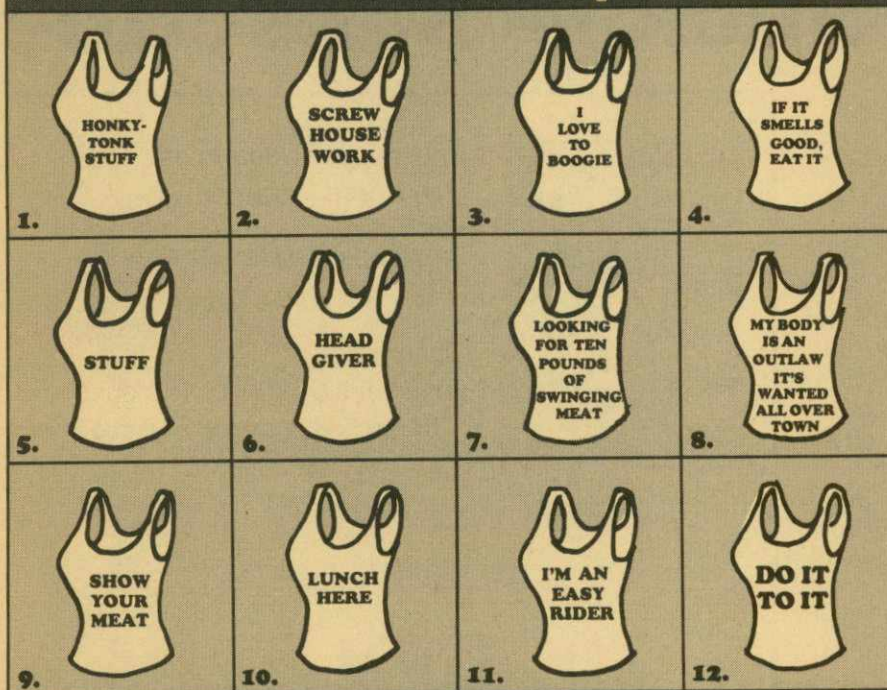
"We must have walked a mile through burnt-out projects, courtyards, parks, the whole works. Then he suddenly stopped and turned around. He had a knife longer than the forks on my scooter, and two guys were coming up the alley. I kicked the knife out of his hand, and then kicked the mother where he and his ol' lady would notice for sure. But before I could get some rompin' room, someone dropped the Queen Mary on my poor, thick head. I went down like a ton of wet shit. It was afternoon before I woke up. My jacket was gone, my money, and my blade. They cleaned me out good — definitely pros.

"I found my way back to where I'd left my scooter, and found what was left of it. Not enough to put in your pocket. Too sick to be mad, I just walked away, trying to head out of that stinking town with my skin intact. Must have walked for hours, because it was dark when I reached uptown. I was just walking, dazed as hell, not really knowing where I was going. Then I walked past this old bar; it was right out of the twenties. One of those prohibition places, with the bar in the basement.

"Just as I started to walk past it a little man came running out, excited as hell. I sidestepped, figuring he was going around me, but the sonuvabitch stopped right in front of me and did a little dance on one foot. I thought maybe a bunch of those Hollywood dipshits were making a commercial or something. But then he looked right at me and called me by name. 'Willy,' he said, 'we've been waiting for you.' Then he grabbed my hand and dragged me to the bar.

"Now, like I said, I was a little dazed, or

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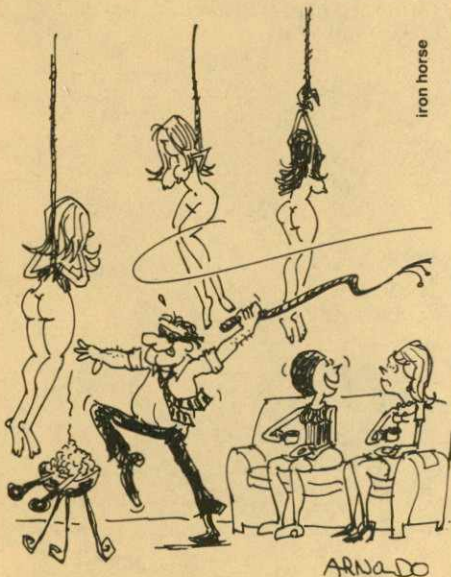


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maybe I would have said something. But ol' Snake Willy never turned down an invitation to a bar, no matter how weird. The little dude handed me a beer; just took it off a tray like he owned the place. We sat down at the end of the bar, and the beer started to clear my head. I looked this guy over. He couldn't have been more than five feet tall, and believe it or not, he was dressed all in green, with a funny little hat pulled over his ears. But his eyes were the weirdest thing about him; they were a bright green, and they sparkled when he looked at you. He looked at me very seriously and asked me where I had been, like we had an appointment or something. I just sipped my beer and gave him a stare. But he just looked at me the same way.

"Well, I thought to myself that it might be time to get the hell out of there. But something about him made me trust him enough to tell him what had happened that day. Besides, if I hadn't told someone I might have punched out a wall. My temper is usually under control, but when I'm pushed too far, it breaks loose. Thinking of my beautiful XL stripped to nothing somewhere on the South Side was starting to make me mad, a delayed reaction of some kind. So I told him about trying to score, getting ripped off, and when I got to the part about my bike, I threw my empty mug across the bar. My temper had got the best of me. But the strangest thing happened: The mug disappeared before it reached the wall.

"The little guy didn't even bat an eyelash; he just asked me if I needed a refill. I started to get a little nervous, figuring it was time to split. But, surprise number two, I couldn't stand up; it was like I was glued to the chair. The little guy came back with a beer and asked me if I wanted anything to eat. I hadn't tasted food since the night before, so I said sure. While we waited, this guy started to talk. He told me he was here for a short visit, and he wanted to know about riding scoots. So I told him about mine, or at least the one I'd had until that



"It keeps him out of the bars."

iron horse

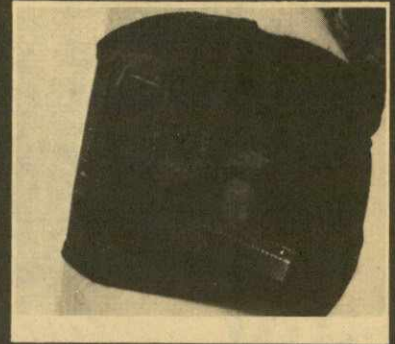
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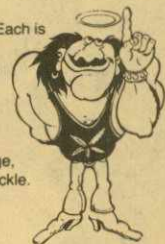
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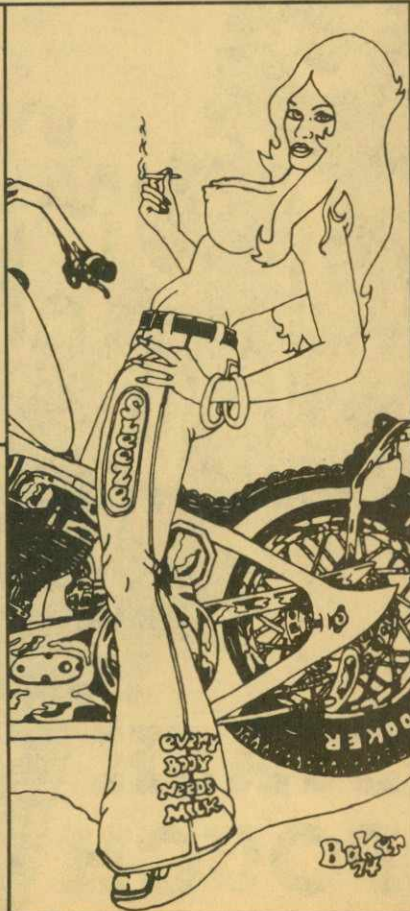
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morning. I talked about bikes and women, of riding in the wind. He really perked up, and I was having a good time too. We ate and drank and bullshitted for a long time, but all of a sudden he told me it was time for him to leave.

"Before he left, he looked at me with those strange eyes, and I seemed to read a message in them: *You love riding more than anything else in the world. And you risked your neck to pay back what you owed a bro. Because of this, you will be rewarded.* Then the guy just disappeared. I headed for the door pronto. There on the sidewalk was my XL, as good as new! I couldn't believe it; I just started touching it all over, like a blind man, convincing myself it was real. Sitting on top of the saddle was a small porcelain jar. I think I had my eyes closed when I opened it up. But after looking real close I found out that it was packed to the brim with stash, kelly-green stash. I started to get the creeps, so I hopped on my XL and blasted out of there. When I dropped it into third, I felt a little better.

"Somehow I found Mike and Phil's place. After they heard me tell what had happened, they looked at me like there was something important missing between my ears. Then I showed them the jar. We tested out the stash; I really needed it by then. It was righteous indeed. Then Phil dumped some out on the table to get a better look at it. When he tried to put it back, it wouldn't fit. *The jar was full again.* Things were getting too weird for poor ol' Willy to take, so I flew back down to the bar where I'd met the little guy. But there's no bar there anymore. Just an empty lot, with this big cat sitting on a trashcan. He was just staring at me with huge green eyes; then he winked at me. Right then and there I blasted out of town. Been rolling ever since."

After he finished his story, my bro and I looked at each other and kinda smiled. We figured ol' Snake Willy had just been on the road a little too long. We said goodnight and crawled next to the fire to sleep. But just before I dropped off, about half awake and half asleep, I looked out of my bedroll. There was this big cat with green eyes sitting on Snake Willy's chest, and the fucker winked at me.



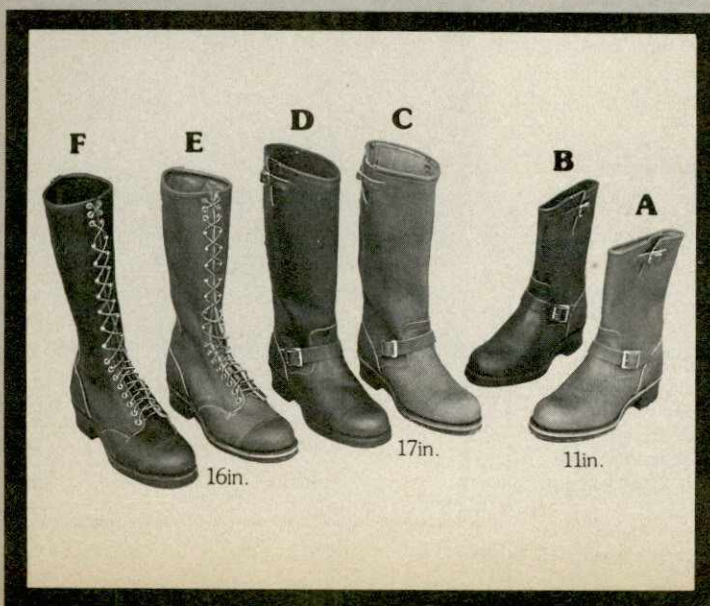
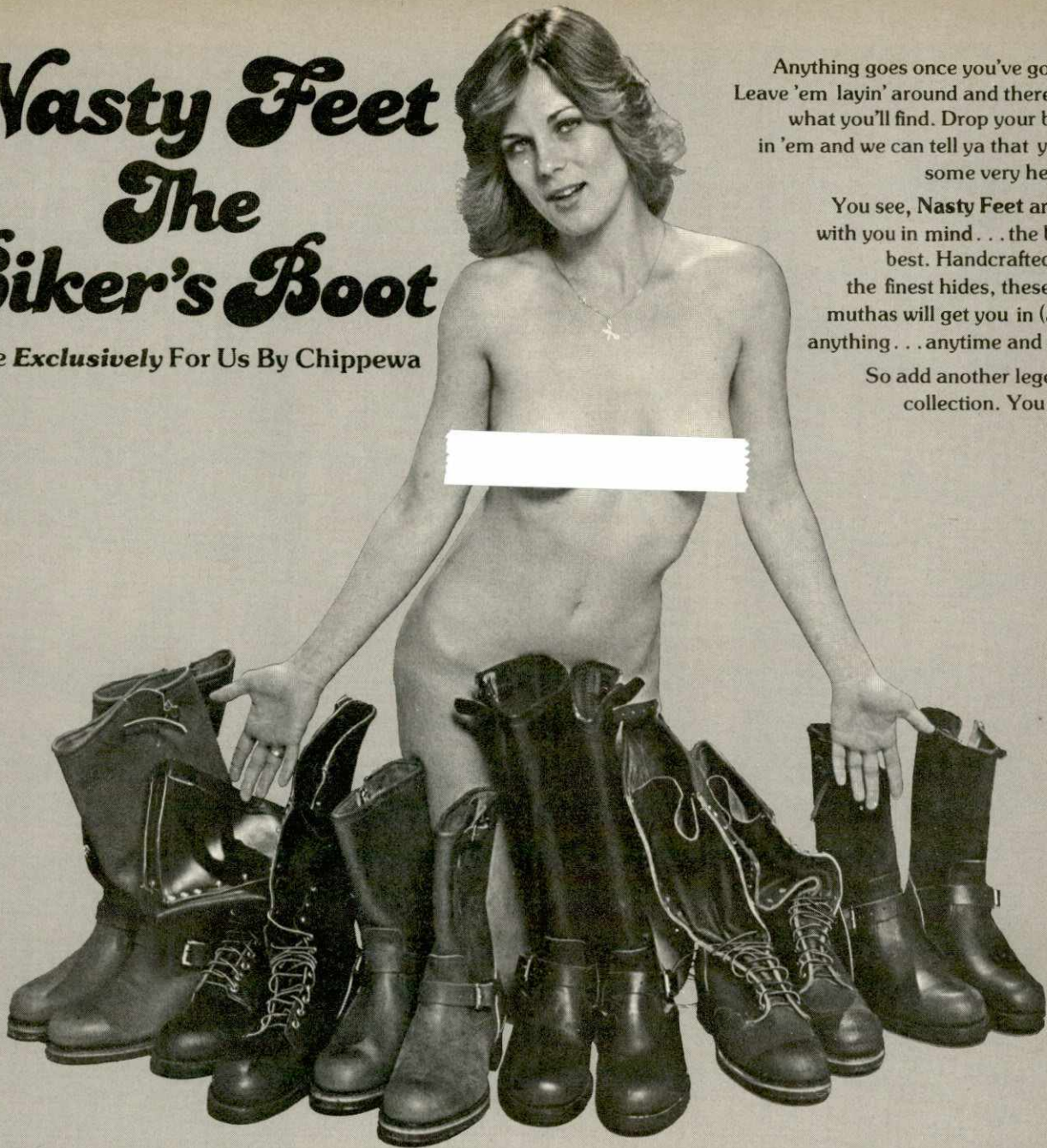
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Squaw

Continued from page 48

she would be sure to get the full force of my charisma, that Bic-flicking dude slid an arm around her waist and guided her away to a dimly lit table in the rear. What the hell, it was just as well, I reflected as I moved on down the bar. I hadn't brought a buddy helmet along, and the local guardians of public safety were enforcing the shit out of that particular example of commercially viable Big Brotherism lately. I gave a moment's disgruntled thought to damn fool laws as I took another bar seat, signaled for a fresh drink, and regrouped to go with my number-two sure-fire femme-fetchin' technique. That's the one where you walk up to the second-best-looking broad in the place and tell her she's so gorgeous you'd like to stand there and just look at her while she whacks you off. The reason for choosing the number-two fox when using this approach is that she'll be so thrilled at being picked up over the other top trollop, it'll be a cinch to parlay that hand job into something more intimate.

But there was a drawback to that seductive ploy, I suddenly remembered. It was workable only in biker bars, where the clientele wasn't likely to get uptight over somebody letting it all hang out. In a less-exclusive joint like this, it would be panicsville, even though there were several scoots parked out front and I had spotted a couple bros I knew when I came in. It was still too straight a joint for wide-open action.

As I flipped a mental coin between nonchalantly licking the end of my nose or offering to show my spider tattoo to a select audience as my next icebreaking tactic, an immediately forgettable-looking chick decked out like a lumberjack in loose flannel shirt and boot-tucked jeans plopped her ass on the stool to my right and asked if she could buy me a drink. Free booze being my favorite brand, I ordered my customary double under such circumstances. After saying thanks and tossing it down, I swiveled the other way to check out a pair of blonde bazooms mounted on ball-bearing hips just gliding through the door. Not surprisingly, the walking wet dream spotted me right away. Some guys have a certain something, an indefinable quality, that makes them stand out in a crowd. You can't explain it, it's just there. I'm one of those guys. I have some of that.

"Excuse me," the luscious creature purred, wriggling up and aiming her jugs straight at my face, "but do you always stare at girls with your eyes bugged out?"

"No," I denied.

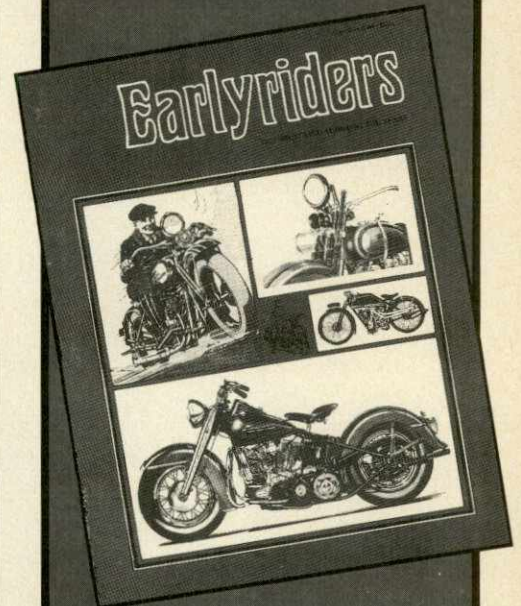
"You're drooling, do you know that?" she murmured as her heated fingertips lightly brushed the corner of my mouth.

"Yes," I admitted.

"Now say something intelligent," the scruffy wench on the next stool challenged, *sotto voce*, from behind her hand. She was going to be an aggravation, I saw, springing for one lousy round and then wanting to take over and monopolize the conversation. Some of them are like that.

"If I'm hallucinating, I'm going back and

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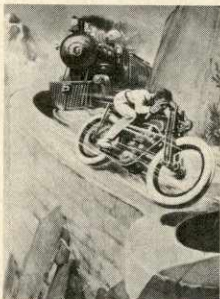
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Rough Riders



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buy a pound of that shit I smoked earlier. If you're real, this oughta be the proof," I said, rationalizing the overall situation by reaching for the wet dream's breast.

"Uh-uh! That's about business!" she chided, drawing her succulent goodies back a fraction of an inch and grabbing my hand. "How about it?" she asked, and gave my fingers a squeeze.

"How about what?"

Her nails tickled my palm. "I'm a working girl, honey. We're talking about powder-room money, you know? Twenty bucks sound okay?"

I didn't fucking believe it. Then I did. "Listen," I said, shaking my head slowly as reality sank in, "nothing personal, but I'm not in the market. I...uh, I don't buy it."

"Oh, girls stand in line to give it to you, huh?" she sneered, turning away. Her dress was so tight the material cupped even the undercurve of her pony-round ass. I sighed, it being one of those times when I considered prehistoric eras with a certain wistfulness. I mean, when ol' Joe Crow Magnum wanted a little feminine companionship he simply ambled up and went alongside some savage strumpet's head to get her attention, then dragged her off to a cozy cave for fun and games. Or else she kicked him in the gonads and ran when he dropped his club. Either way, that was that. One moment of decision, and from then on everything went down by logical progression. I'm not saying I'd want it that way all the time, now, but it has its appeal in simplicity, if you catch my drift.

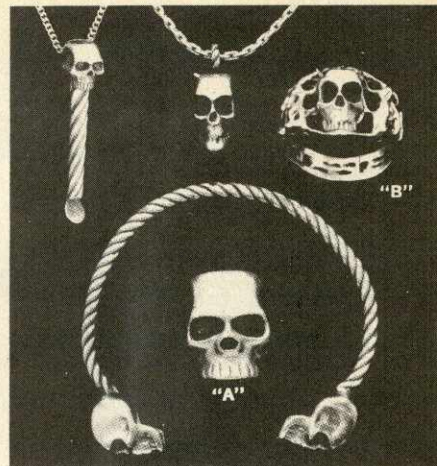
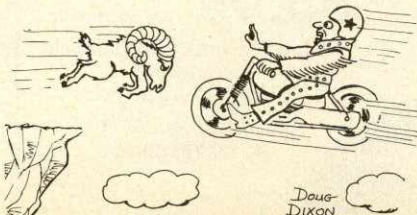
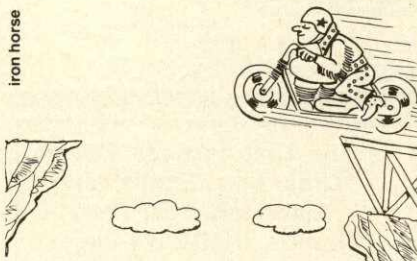
"Well?" said the lumberjack or stevedore or whatever the hell she was that I was unfortunate enough to be seated beside, as she continued to invade my privacy.

"Well, what?" I muttered, only half-listening while I watched the blonde hooker stroll out the door with a fat dude she'd picked up down the bar. His hand on her hip moved like a metronome with the motion of her walk. I sighed again.

"Well, when somebody buys you a drink it's customary to return the favor. Not that you're obligated," the wisemouthered broad cracked dryly.

"Sure. Here. I gotta go to the john," I said. Disgusted and deciding to leave, I dug a crumpled bill out of my pocket and tossed it

iron horse



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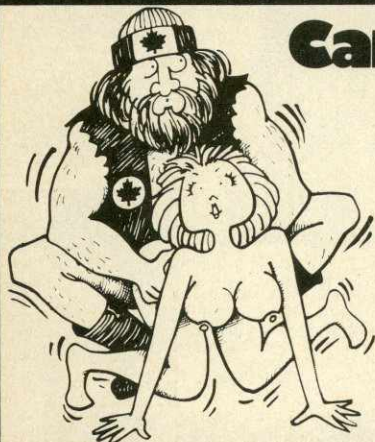
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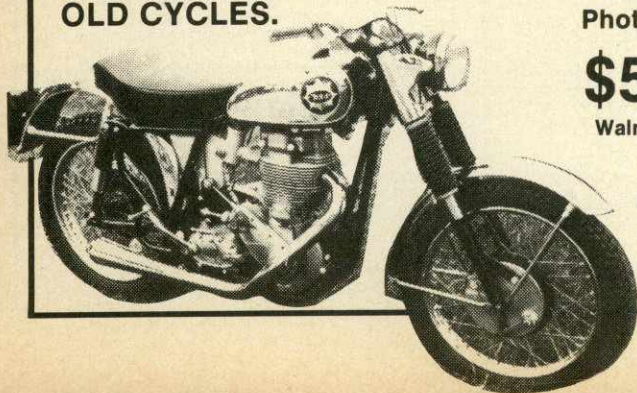
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on the bar in front of her. Then I went to the men's room and on out the rear door. The lippy chick was waiting for me at the mouth of the alley when I got outside.

"Want a belt?" she invited, holding out an open fifth of el cheapo vino.

"Is this your regular brand?" I asked with a grimace, passing the bottle back after a long swig.

"Yeah. What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing. Free for me." I took the bottle back and hit it again, since she wasn't doing anything except holding it. While I drank she looked me over like a sailor selecting a piece of Tijuana prime.

"My name's Squaw," she said.

"Hi." I handed her the fifth again.

"How about if I get you drunk and take you home and ball you?" she suggested when the bottle made its next pass.

I'd heard worse ideas, I thought as I swished a mouthful of wine. Odd thing about that wine, it wasn't nearly as bad on second taste as I'd first thought. I guessed it must be one of those unusual vintages with a bouquet that has to grow on you. In the loose shirt she wore I couldn't tell anything about Squaw's boobs, but her jeans were filled out well. And even if she wasn't pretty, she wasn't ugly. Besides, nothing else had turned up. "Sure. Which way to your place?" I asked, digging my keys out of my pocket and heading for the curb where my bike stood.

"Is that your machine?" she asked.

"Yep," I said proudly.

"Nice. I was looking at it earlier, before I went inside. I wouldn't mind going for a ride on it sometime, but what I was thinking for now is that since I've got my sled — that's it right beside yours — why don't you pack with me, then I'll drop you back here? It's only three blocks to my apartment, and your butt looks like it can handle a pea pad that far," she said, copping a feel.

Well, I put a stop to that quick, fast, and in a hurry. "Look, bitch, I don't pack behind no broads and I'm not perching on any buddy seats!" I snapped, tossing the empty vino bottle at a trashcan back in the alley. "Now, if you've got that straight in your liberated little head, we can either go on from here or not. Do you have any more of that wine at your place?"

"There's a carryout on the way. I could pick some up."

"Get something for the munchies too. I've got some grub reefer."

"Are you going to sell me a joint?" she asked dryly. It being my turn to cop a feel, I patted her bottom as we crossed the sidewalk to our motorcycles.

* * *

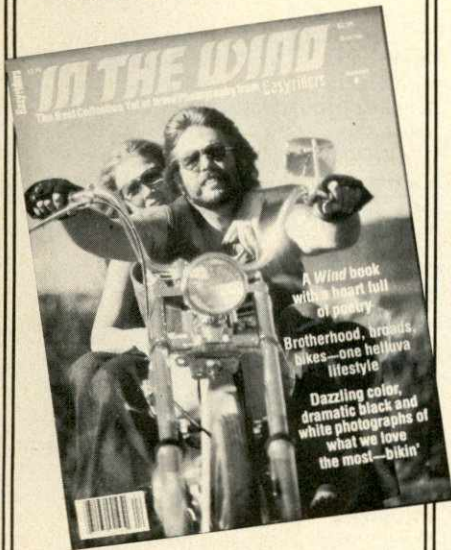
"There's something I've got to tell you," she said matter-of-factly when we got to her crib.

"What's that?" I grunted, sprawled in a chair, tugging my boots off.

"First of all, if it bothers you, don't let the door hit you in the ass on your way out."

"I don't make a habit of repeating myself, woman. What are you babbling about?" I demanded, dropping one boot on the floor with a thump.

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"I've only got one tit," she said, unbuttoning her shirt and shrugging out of it. Where her left breast should have been there was only a flat sheen of scar tissue.

She only had one tit. I dropped my other boot.

"It doesn't bother me," I lied slowly, taking care to keep my voice level. The truth was that it did bother me. A lot. It looked... like it had hurt, and I wished with a deep, swift pang that it hadn't.

"Car turned in front of me. I went down under the bike," she said by way of explanation, and then she just looked at me. Maybe it was the wine I'd swilled, but suddenly I realized that I was seeing her in a new light as she stood there half naked and defiant before me, shoulders thrown back like a pagan warrior woman standing challenge to the world. I crossed the distance between us and put my arms around her. Her eyes were deep enough to fall into when she opened them and stared up at me after we kissed.

"I'll put on a nightie top if you want me to," she whispered in an odd, half-scared and half-belligerent voice.

"Put me on," I said. I picked her up and tossed her through the air onto the bed. She hit with a whoop and a bounce and ended up sprawled half on top of me when I dove after her. Then she rolled under, hooking an arm around my neck, and laid her head on the pillow to gaze up at me with smoky lust in her dark eyes.

"Do you have false teeth?" she murmured. I propped myself up on my elbows and studied her. "You're a crazy wench, aren't you? On the real side, I mean. No, I don't have false teeth, but why in hell do you want to know something like that at a time like this?"

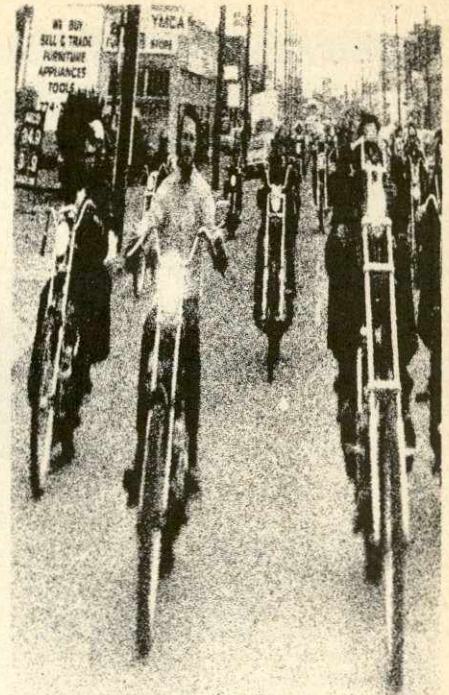
"Well," the degenerate hussy explained, "since I've only got one boob, it has to make up for the missing one by being twice as sensitive, and it would lo-o-ove some heavy-duty gum action right about now, if you know what I mean."

"Uh-huh. How about if I send in an old wine when I leave?"

"You don't have to go," she blurted. "I mean... you can stay for a while. After."



"Psst! Don't forget now. When I blink my eyes twice, dim the light."



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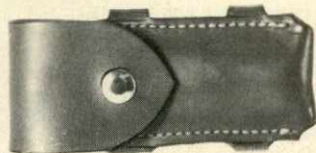
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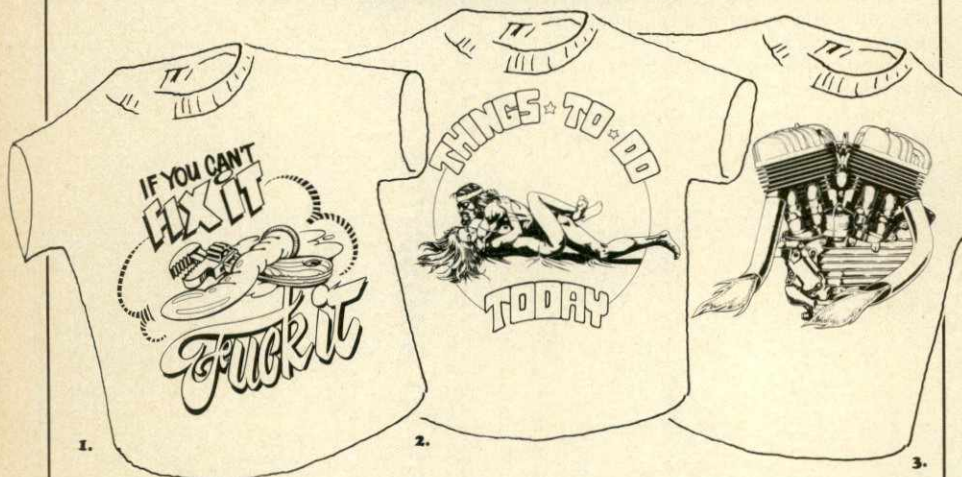
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Squaw

Continued from page 79

"I can, huh? For how long?" I asked, easing down in bed to show her that lip action was as righteous as a gum job when it was done right.

"As long as you want. As long as we're right," she said, tugging at my hair until I raised my head and met her straight-in-the-eye look.

I rested my chin on her chest and deliberated. "Can you cook?" I asked.

"Some. I'm not a chef, but I won't poison you."

"How are you on breakfasts?"

"They're my specialty," she bragged.

"I'll stay till then anyway. Come here now," I said, and bit her.

* * *

"Cornflakes and toast okay?" Squaw called when I came out of the bathroom the following morning. She was standing in the kitchen doorway wearing flippyfloppy house shoes and a sweatshirt with FUCK HOUSEWORK printed across the front, holding a box of instant milk in her hand.

"If that's all you've got, I guess so. But if I had my druthers —"

"It's all I've got," she said flatly.

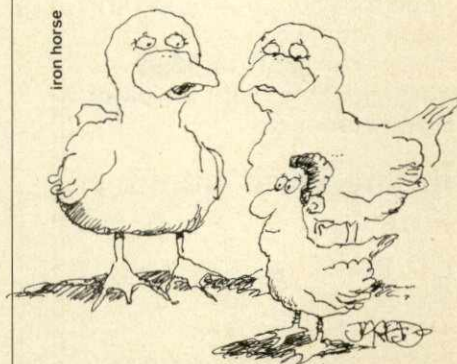
"So it'll do," I told her, but that was before I sat down at the table and got my first look at what she put in front of me. "What is this?" I demanded.

"Your breakfast, what do you think?"

"I'm not up to playing guessing games this early in the day. Look, the cornflakes — if that's what they are — are in some kind of gravy. Or something," I pointed out, poking at the lumpy brownish mess in my bowl.

"Oh, that's the sugar. I didn't have any white, that's all. And it's the powdered milk that makes it look doughy, but you can't hardly taste that over the brown sugar," she explained, just like she knew what she was talking about.

"Uh-huh," I said, accepting all that at face value for the moment. After all, she had promised not to poison me. "And what is this tidbit?" I inquired next, indicating something that popped from the toaster and sailed across the room trailing smoke.



"We haven't seen his father since they led him out of the park in a straitjacket."

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90280**

Squaw fielded it with a practiced grab and slapped it down on a stolen steakhouse plate, where she started slathering butter on it.

"Homemade toast?" she tried, eyeing me for my reaction. She couldn't be seriously trying to get that off though. It was a fucking recycled pancake, left over from some previous breakfast and trimmed like a slice of bread to fit the toaster.

"That's a flapjack!" I accused.

"Okay," Squaw said agreeably. She tossed it up in the air and caught it when it came down. "But I don't have any syrup."

"And I'm not very hungry, now that I think about it. Look, let's go for a putt and stop for grub when we gas up. What do you say?"

"Terrific idea!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands together and grinning like sunshine. Then she scrambled up from the table and headed for her clothes, calling back over her shoulder, "I want to give my chrome a quick wipedown before we go. How about you, do you want to spiff your sled up any?"

"Uh, no. Listen, I thought we'd go on my bike, so —"

She went off like a rocket ship. When she came back down and quit spitting fire long enough for civil words to flow again, she informed me that while it would be one thing to go out on a date — like dancing or to a movie for example, she said — with her front nestled against my back, it was something else again to expect her to leave her motorcycle parked at home on a sunny day when there was a ride to be gone on.

"Look," she finished up, "don't take this personal, okay? I just don't pack behind no dude. I've got a scooter, and I ride my own."

"You can fly your own broom for all I give a shit. Just don't go berserk on me like that again, or next time I'm liable to sand your ass!" I warned her. I got up and went out to the garage, where I waited until she wiped the invisible dust off her chrome; then we mounted up and headed out of town toward the river road.

There is a winding, swoopy stretch of blacktop that parallels the waterway for a dozen miles before the road begins to climb even more picturesquely into the canyons that maze the wooded foothills tumbling upcountry to the mountains. We took the curves at easy cruising speed, enjoying the scenery and the kiss of wind on our skins while we rode and watched each other, and learned each other, and smiled whenever our eyes met, which was often. The way a biker handles his, or her, machine on the road tells more than a multitude of words about the kind of bro or sister you're dealing with. By the time our bellies growled to be fed, we were a long way above the river road, approaching a crossroads village high up in the hills, and I had several miles ago determined that Squaw was worth holding onto for a while. It wasn't every day I found one I liked out of bed too.

If I hadn't been so hungry and if we hadn't been having such a mellow time, I think I would have passed up the eatery we pulled into in favor of whatever joint was over the next hill. But at the end of a three-hour putt on an empty gut, compounded by having had my strength seriously depleted

Continued on page 86



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Amie

Smitty and I had made a practice of blasting home from work every day, and even the three beer bar stops had become part of the damn-near-daily routine. But today was different; we both sat in my driveway, straddling our chops, speechless, while the bikes ticked and popped as they cooled and the aroma of heated paint and motorcycle oil rose upward. Summer had come to an end and so had our jobs as roofers.

Even though he hadn't mentioned it since spring, I remembered that Smitty had said he was headed out to Oregon when the jobs dried up. I knew that we were both thinking the same thing and neither wanted to spill the beans to the other. Hell, I wasn't going to force him into it by reminding him of his pledge.

Smitty finally broke the silence. "Hey, this is a great day. Let's go in and polish off some of those last Thai buds." Neither of us moved. Then we both went for the door like two high school kids. Surely the Budweiser had gotten to us, creating buzzing brains and bloated bladders.

Smitty started rolling one big bomber up while I scissored another pile into a tobacco-like texture, and I couldn't have timed it better if I'd tried. The snipping action shot out a Thai seed and it bounced off his forehead like a .22 bullet. Instead of yelping out as if he was hurt, Smitty started a search through the shag carpet for the villain. Next thing I knew, he was smiling like a mule eating briars. Sure as hell, that horsepower weed had fried his brain and he'd gone off the deep end. I passed the rekindled number in his direction, noticing that he was still picking up a seed here and there.

"Hey, man, my uncle who lives up in Oregon sent me an invite and I think I just found a way to take a liking to farming — for a season or two, mindja."

"Okay, but only if I get the pick of the litter. . .the seeds are yours," I said jokingly. After all, I must hold some kind of record for growing the most foot-tall hemp plants known to man. At that height, I yank 'em out or somehow they croak.



Photos by Billy Tinney





Bigger than shit, come Monday morning Smitty was gone to Oregon to get away from the rat race of city life. Hell, I forgot all about the seeds until the phone rang. Smitty. To be honest, a lot of things had changed and I had even forgotten pretty much about Smitty. All he could talk about was the "offspring of the Thai." He was so high, and it was so dry, that his "invitation to view the bumper crop" was too much to pass up.

Truly, he *had* it made. I imagined a farm cuddled in the trees at the edge of a mountain. Hell, his uncle owned the whole end of a canyon. They even used tractors. I think the token horses were just to produce fertilizer for the aunt's roses.

Smitty and I were hitting off an *el ropo* when a tap at the bungalow door sent me scampering for the back room. Here just an hour and busted by the relatives. He was reassured of his secrets when he heard a giggling at the step.

"Relax, Bud, it's only my cousin Amie."

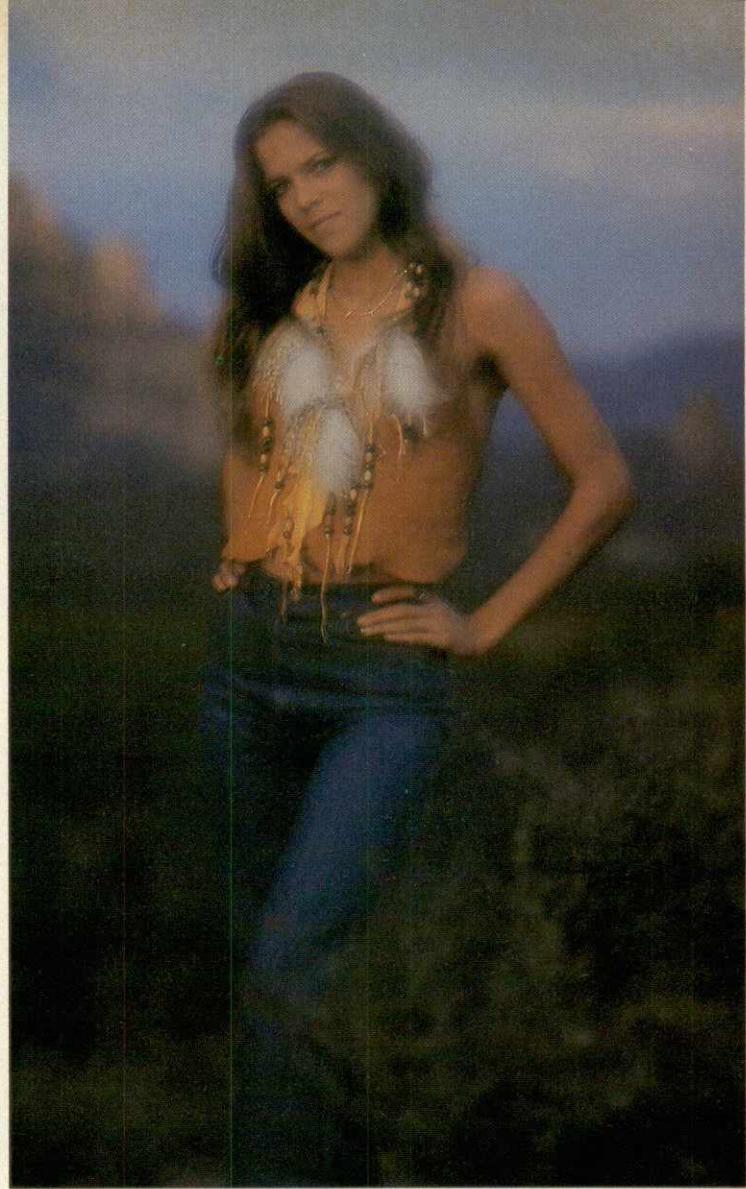
They mumbled something about an errand for her dad, and Smitty started lacing up his boots. "Party's temporarily over. I gotta run to town, but Amie'll be glad to point out some of the finest five-leaf plants this side of the Rockies." Least I think he said something like that while I rated the bumps and bulges of Amie's sparse bib coveralls.

"Wanna take a little hike, city boy?" she asked, with a little pursing of the lips to add to the temptation.

"Hell, I'm not into too much Tarzan stuff, but I'm willing to give my best effort." Smitty tossed a quarter-full baggie my way as well as a chuckle and nudged the bungalow door open.

Amie was surprised to see Smitty give away that much Witch's Green and took it as a true measure of our friendship. Either that or she was glad as hell to see that we would have that much shit to share on the hike up the mountain.

Down the rutted pasture road and a half-mile into the woods, it was time to leave the scoot behind. She said, "Let's take five." I took it as a hint to roll up a number. The damned rice papers had stuck together and my fidgeting must have given Amie time





enough to pull off her first one. Her shirt, that is. Next thing I know, she's up on a boulder with the noon sun dancing on a fine pair of stiff nips.

"Sure gets sweaty up here, doesn't it? But I like the peace. . .ful, uhh, view. Yeah, the view," I muttered, not knowing what I had really said or meant.

I quickly fired the number, with the main intention being to get this chick a little closer to my side. I'd practically ridden from the farm to the woods with nothing on my mind but her body caressing my back. Now this. No wonder Smitty hadn't come back to city life. I'd heard of kissin' cousins, but. . .

Hours later, the beam from the Bates headlamp danced onto the porch of the modest cottage as we made our way back up the rutted dirt road from out of the canyon, which Amie called Witch's Holler.

I was working on getting the kickstand set and thinking about my last brush with Amie's pelvis when Smitty hit me with a load of questions. All, I might add, to do only with his farming abilities.

"How's the taste? Like the manicure job? Purple stems on those two up on the ridge, huh? Come on, man, on a scale of one to ten, what would ya give my Thai second generations?"

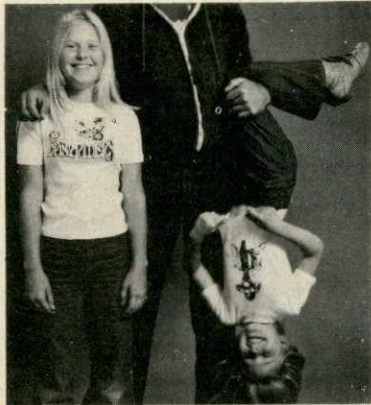
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Continued from page 81

by a single-titted sex maniac the night before, I was for wrapping myself around the closest plate of anything edible I could find. I needed refueling. And, being a chick, Squaw had to pee.

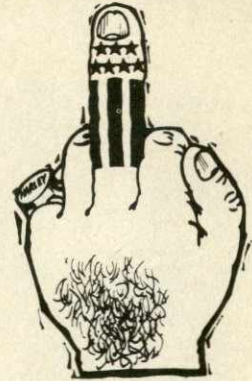
The establishment was an old independent truckstop, run down by the years and forced by isolation from the Interstates to convert to tavern and cafe trade. It was a rough-looking roadhouse. We parked in front of the window so we could watch our bikes while we ate, then went inside and took a booth in the corner. I like a wall at my back when I'm in a strange place, and two walls are even better. While Squaw went to the restroom I ordered beers and burgers. The waitress-barmaid-cook, and maybe bouncer too from the size of her, put patties on the grill to sizzle, then waddled over with our beers when Squaw returned from tinkling. We had no sooner reached for the chilled bottles when there was a squeal of rubber and the sound of flying gravel being thrown up like machinegun fire outside. The gin-mill cowboys had arrived.

There were three of them in an old Dodge pickup with wooden sides on the truck bed. It was a good thing those sides were there, too, to keep the one who was riding in back from falling out when they smoked into the parking lot and screeched to a halt not ten feet from our scooters. As it was, he dropped and broke the whiskey bottle he was waving and had to clutch the wooden braces to hold his footing. Somehow the cowboy hat he was wearing remained on his head. I watched as two more wide-brimmed good ol' boys clambered out of the front of the truck and staggered back to help him down, and then I eyed the trio closely until they had gone past the bikes without falling over them or doing any sort of damage.

"I think trouble. Maybe we ought to split," Squaw suggested in a low voice as the three burst through the door, shouting drunkenly for the barmaid to start pouring. They were celebrating their good buddy Cecil's divorce, two of them whooped, clapping the third heartily on the shoulders. Cecil, the one who had ridden in the pickup bed, doffed his hat and yelled "Yahoo!"

"Finish your beer and wait till they get settled, then we'll walk. If we move out now we'll draw their attention," I told Squaw. She didn't look afraid, and I needn't say I wasn't, but I was as ready as she to put the present situation on our back trail, and I had a hunch we were thinking alike for the same reason. Squaw was no greenhorn, and I did my growing up in what we used to call drinkin' and fightin' bars. We both knew how easily and for what little reason a gang-up could come down on two outnumbered scooter folks caught in exactly our circumstances. Sometimes all a biker has to do is be there, and I figured that to be particularly true when the rednecks came in the wild-west variety and were taking on a snootful as fast as one fat barmaid could set 'em up. I didn't anticipate any real trouble, not even if there was trouble, as unsteady on their feet as the cowboys had been just getting in the door, but it was a mellow day and I was in the mood to keep it that way if I could. As soon as all three drunks were

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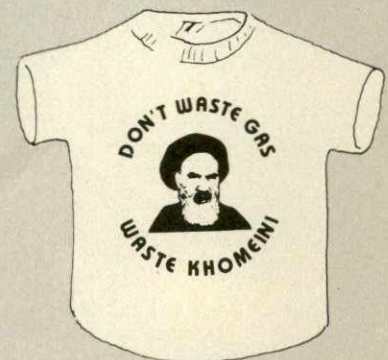


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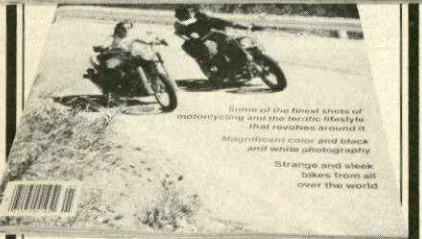
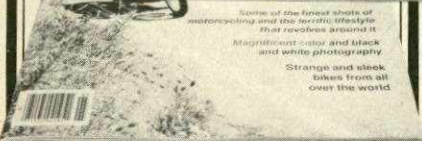
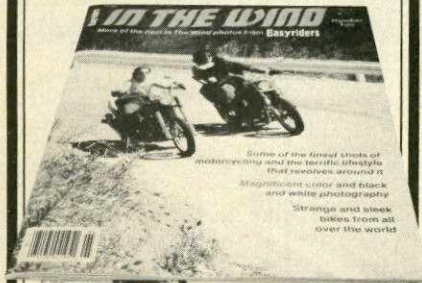
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seated with their elbows planted on the bar, we got up and started out, Squaw walking ahead of me like I motioned her to. We were halfway to the door when one of them saw us.

"Hey! Hippies!" he exclaimed, elbowing his sidekicks until they looked around and squinted us into focus.

"Them're bikies, not hippies. I seen their 'sickles outside," one of the others corrected him.

"Oh, shit," Squaw muttered.

"Hey, y'all c'mere! C'mon over here and siddown. Have a drink. We're celebratin' my divorce," Cecil slurred, getting off his stool to wave us to the bar and nearly falling down in the process. "I don't care what kinda critters y'all are, ever'bodys havin' a drink on ol' Cecil's newfound freedom. Yahoo! Say, what's your name, honey? C'mon and siddown right here beside ol' Cecil. I might even let you gimme a happy divorce kiss. Haw! Haw!"

"No, thanks, for the drink. We were just leaving," Squaw said in socially correct tones as she came even with him.

"Well, at least gimme li'l kiss to celebrate me bein' a free man," Cecil said, grabbing her arm and pulling her toward him. "How you doin' there, pardner?" he greeted me.

"You don't mind girlie here — what'd you say your name was, honey? — givin' me a li'l kiss, do you? Say, order yourself a drink and join me and the fellers here."

"Turn me loose, mister," Squaw said in a flat voice.

"Hell, your boyfriend don't care. And even if he does, Willie and Arnold Lee'll keep him from carin' too much — hey, just jokin', pardner, you know how it is. C'mere, honey!" Cecil grunted, tugging her more forcefully to him.

"No!" Squaw exclaimed angrily, twisting free. Cecil reached for her again and I stepped between them. "That's enough," I said, and it could have ended there if the damned fool had been smart enough to heed a warning when he heard one. But he wasn't.

"Arnold Lee! Willie! Y'all keep this feller outta my way, y'hear? I've made up my mind to kiss that li'l girlie there, and when I make up my mind to do somethin' I do it!"



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Cecil ejaculated, starting around me like he was really going somewhere. I flathanded his chest and pushed him back against the bar, then pivoted on the balls of my feet to face the other two.

"Think about it first," I advised them. "Before you come off those nice safe stools, think about it real seriously. Because if you move on me, real serious is how things are going to get. All we want to do, me and the woman, is walk out of here peaceably. You let us do that and there won't be any trouble; we'll be gone and you can go back to celebrating your buddy's divorce just like nothing ever happened. Try to stop us, somebody's going to get hurt. It'll be you. Since I'm sure you'll agree that the first way sounds a lot more fun, we'll be leaving now."

"I said I made my mind up!" Cecil burst out, and grabbed at Squaw again.

She spat directly in his face, then backed up a single step to set herself and squared off to rumble. She didn't look awkward with her dukes up, either. "If you touch me again I'm going to kick your ass," she told him matter-of-factly.

Cecil was taken aback, to say the least. He stared at Squaw with utter brainlock blanking his features while a dribble of spittle ran down his nose and dripped off the end. Willie and Arnold Lee, taking my advice at least for the moment, guffawed and poked each other's ribs at the hilarity of his predicament. Behind the bar the fat broad was having an asthmatic attack.

"When he comes out of it the shit'll start. When it does, try to cover my back," I told Squaw from the side of my mouth while I watched Cecil keenly.

"That goes without saying," she said. "I just hope you'll remember to look out for mine too from time to time. Something else I hope is that you're as tough as you are rough looking. Where did you get those scars over your eyes, in the ring?"

"Tire iron and nightstick," I answered. The first flush of outrage was beginning to rise from Cecil's shirt collar like a slow-burning fuse on the way to his brain. I glanced at Squaw and saw that she was calmly drawing on her gloves. "Something I've been meaning to ask you," I asked her; "can you really scuffle or do you just talk a man's fight?"

"I'm as good as a lot of dudes who've won their share. I could probably whip you if I balled you first," she said, sounding as confident as she had the night before when telling me about the breakfasts she could whip up.

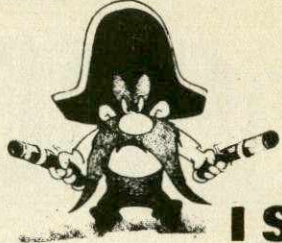
"Well, if you'll offer ol' Cecil some pussy or whatever it takes to wear him down to where you can handle him till I get there, I'll see what I can do about the other two," I said.

"Both of them, huh? And after that you're going to finish this one off too, and all I have to do is keep him busy until you get to him, is that right?"

"Right." I was pleased to see that she had a clear grasp of the overall situation.

"Maybe you haven't noticed, or can't count that far, but that makes three of them, superdude, even if they are drunk," Squaw said like she was pointing out some vital fact that had skipped my notice.

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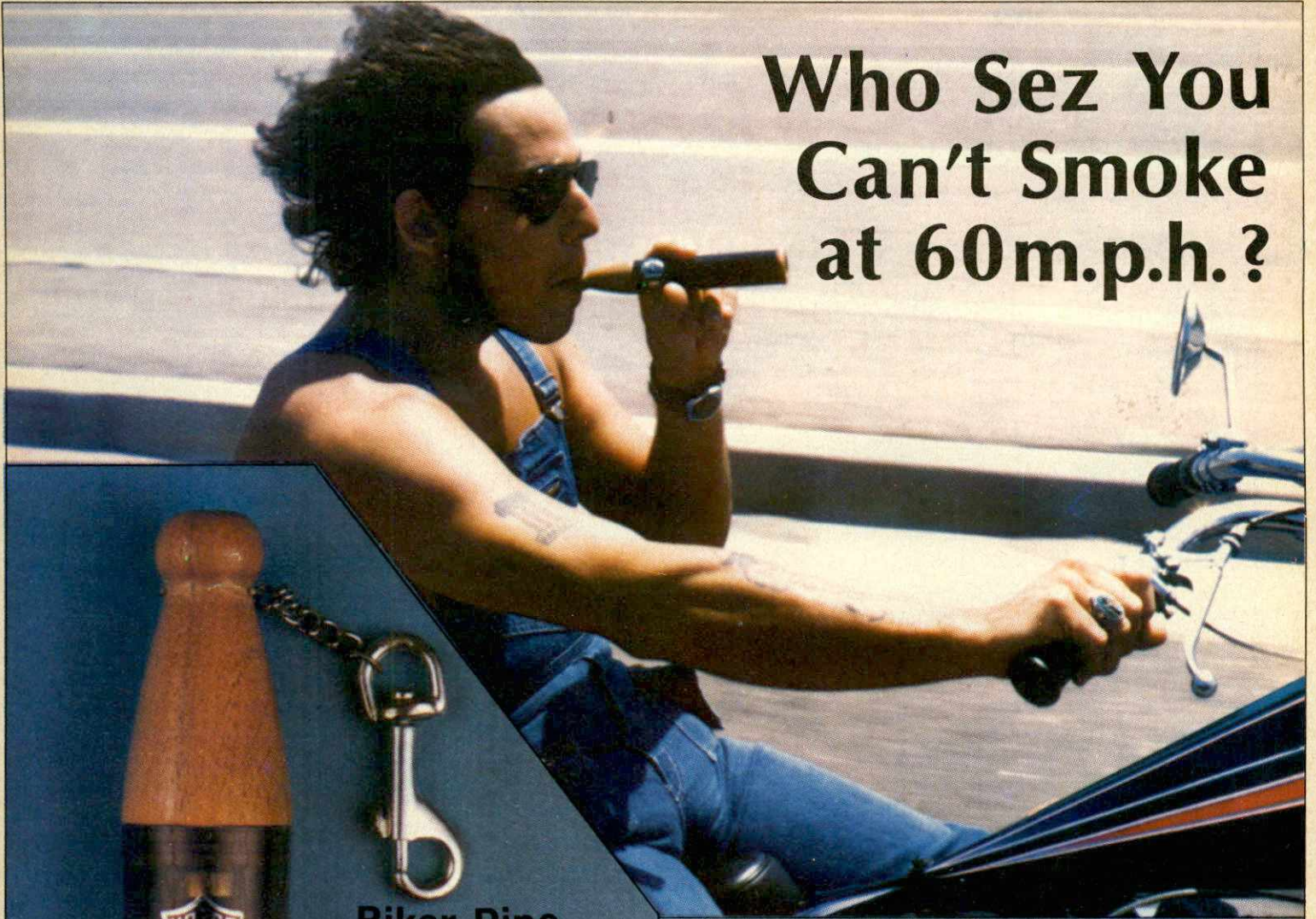
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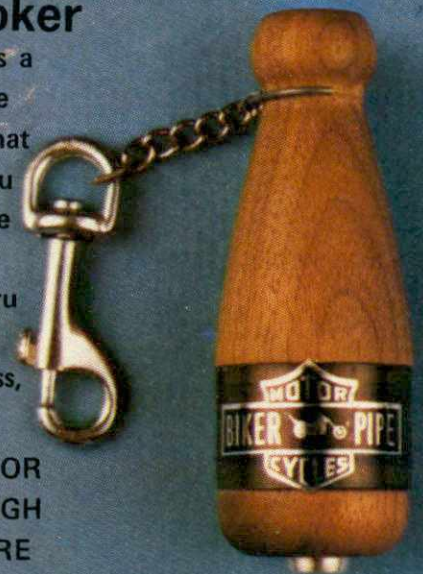


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Give the ol' pad some character. This full-color, 100% nylon banner will brighten any run-down crash pad, bike shop or garage. Or they make fantastic curtains for a cage. It's a big 40" by 30" and trimmed with white nylon fringe for class.

The big durable banner sells for only **\$16.95** plus **\$1.50** postage and handling.



Strong Silver Rings

We've re-introduced the best Harley ring we've come across and strengthened our skull ring with additional silver. Either silver ring goes for **\$26.95** and will last as long as you want to punch walls with it—or forever.

Be sure to state your size.



Wrist/Watch Band

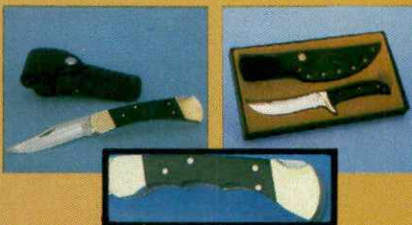
It's a **hand-made**, two-inch-wide hunk of fine leather that has a leather flap riveted on one side, with the other side snapping shut over your watch for protection. The top of the flap comes either plain (so you can do your own thing), with a Harley emblem, or "Ride to Live. Live to Ride" emblem branded in the thick leather **\$8.50** plus **50¢** for postage and handling. (U.S. Currency Only, Thank you!)



Scooter Wallets

Branded with either Harley-Davidson or "Ride to Live." The large trucker's wallet is made of heavy cowhide, has three pouches and comes with a safety chain for only **\$17.75** plus **\$1.00** postage and handling.

Our most popular wallet is the riveted biker wallet. Heavy leather and strong rivets make this a life-time wallet. It also comes stamped with Harley-Davidson or "Live to Ride" and with a healthy safety chain for **\$11.50** plus **75¢** postage and handling.



Buck Knives

Famous for holding an edge

Model #402, Akonua, a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade. **\$54.95** plus **\$2.50** postage.

Model #110 (photo on left), the traditional biker's knife. 4-inch locking blade, brass bolsters and Macassar ebony handle. **\$24.95** plus **\$1.75** for postage.

If you'd like that special grip feeling on your 110 Buck, we ran across a craftsman capable of the job. For 10 bucks, he will notch the ebony handle and brass bolsters, then buff the custom crafted knife back to the original shine.

Cecil finally regained control of his mouth muscles and was opening up to bellow when I raised my hand like a traffic cop to forestall him. "Be with you in a minute, man," I said, then turned to address Squaw again. "I whipped that guy with the tire tool," I told her, "and wasn't doing half bad on the one with the stick until he called up reinforcements. You set?"

"Go!" she said, and hit Cecil with a straight left that snapped his head back and bloodied his lip.

I'd never call a broad a bro, it not being genetically correct, for one thing, but Squaw whipped that sonuvabitch man-style, hooking and jabbing. She didn't do it easily, but like starting a bike on a cold morning, she got it done. Come to think of it, not a helluva lot of stand-up pissers I ever saw could make kick-starting a cold sled look like a snap, and some of them might not have been able to handle ol' Cecil much better than she did.

Arnold Lee and Willie attempted to join the fray without consulting each other first, and fucked that up so bad the broad behind the bar started having epilepsy. When they lunged from their stools they bumped shoulders, jostling themselves off-balance. Willie stumbled and fell over a chair, hitting his head on the floor and knocking himself out without my laying a finger on him. As Arnold Lee careened past I tagged him behind the ear, then hit him one more time going down to make sure he'd stay there. I spun around, both fists cocked to slash the third one down to Squaw's size—and saw to my glee that she already had him there. Matter of fact, she was giving ol' Cecil the blues.

She nailed him with a crisp right hook, then side-slipped his wildly thrown fist and hit him again. When he rushed to grapple her she darted out of reach. They raced around a table until Cecil tired of that and swept the obstruction aside to get at her. Squaw caught him solidly in the midriff with a head butt that made him *whoof* like a winded bear, and before he recovered she nail-slashed his face, drawing a yelp from him. When he backed up that first step, he was done for, even if he did make a half-assed comeback that bloodied her nose and sent her sailing through the air to sprawl across a table just before the end came. He might have won then if he hadn't made the mistake of thinking he already had. But instead of following through and making sure Squaw was out of the fight, he hitched up his pants and turned around to see how Arnold Lee and Willie were doing with me. There was just enough time for him to gawp in surprise at my smiling face before Squaw launched herself off the table and body-slammed him to his knees. A flurry of small, hard fists sent him the rest of the way to the floor with his arms wrapped protectively around his head. Then Squaw planted one of her boots solidly between his buttocks and we left, that being that for the ass-kicking.

Back at her place, Squaw got out the Band-Aids and stingy stuff and we patched each other up. I had dinged a knuckle on Arnold Lee's head. Squaw was a mess, but

Continued on page 98

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Number Nine

Some Of The Best ■ 100 Bikes Shown
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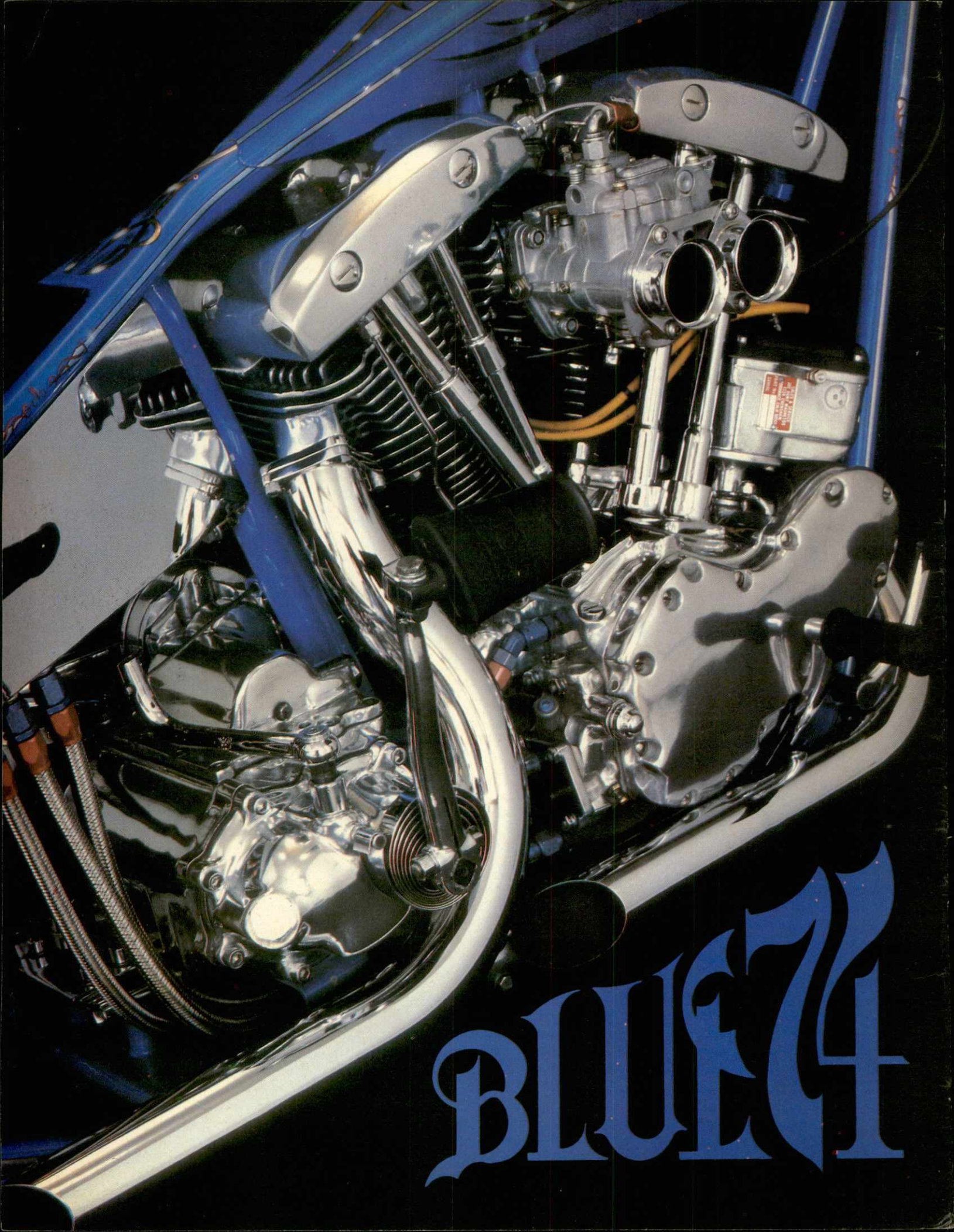
Beat a path to your nearest dealer and ask him to cut loose of a **Jammer's Handbook Number Nine**. This one's the latest... full of color, full of scoots, full of your kind of parts.

Remember, your man at the shop can get it all for you. Ask him to get on the horn and call us. All you gotta worry about is pickin' your pleasures.

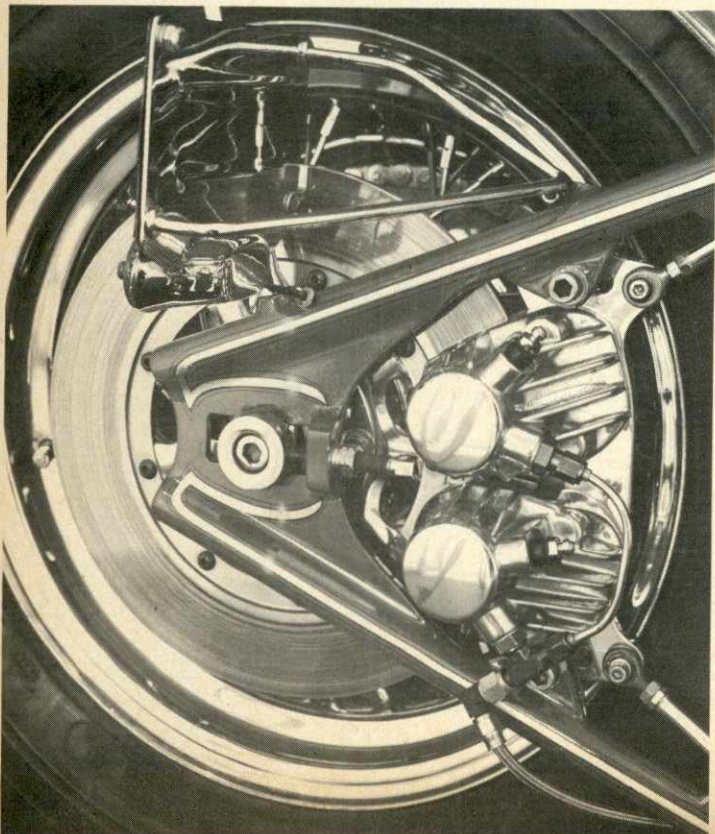
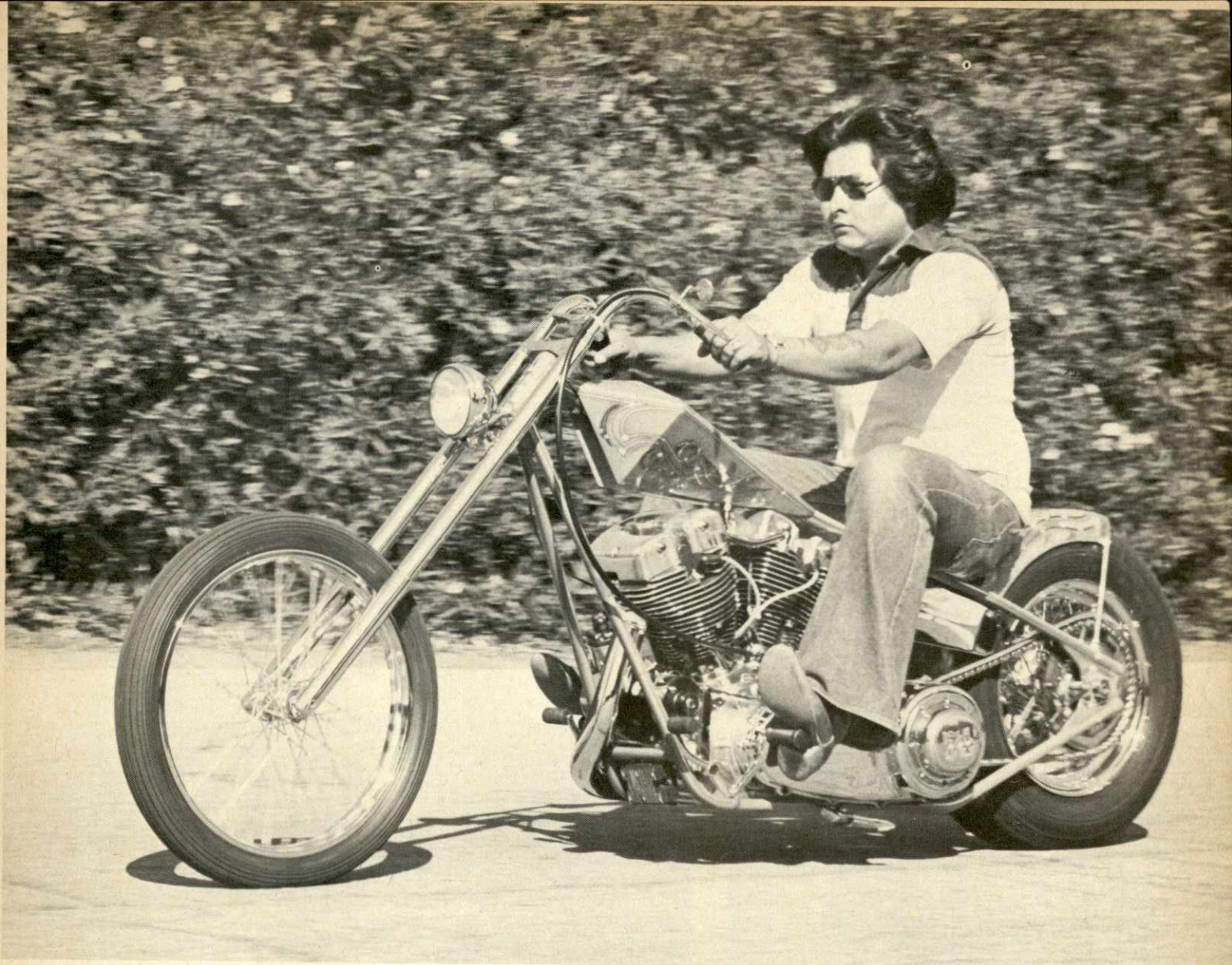
Listen, if you're days away from a dealer, check your local magazine rack. If they're sold out, we'll mail you a **Jammer's Handbook** when you mail us \$3.95 (a buck of this gets it to ya).

Make no mistake. You'll find it all... on any day!

Jammer Cycle Products, 801(ER) S. Main St., Burbank, CA 91506



BLUE 4



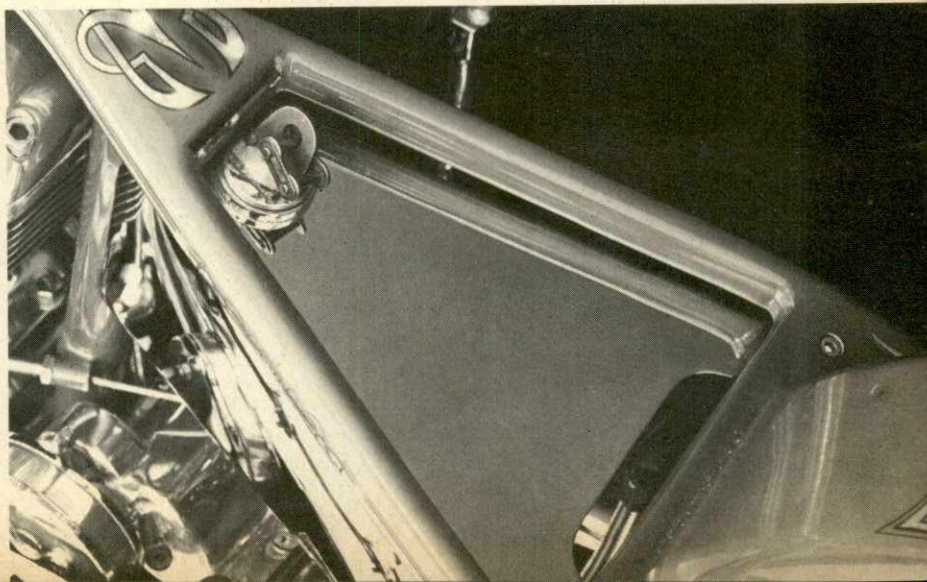
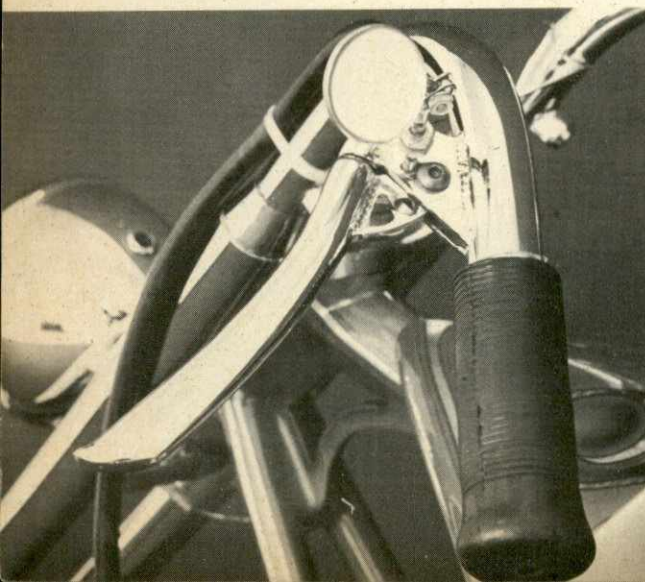
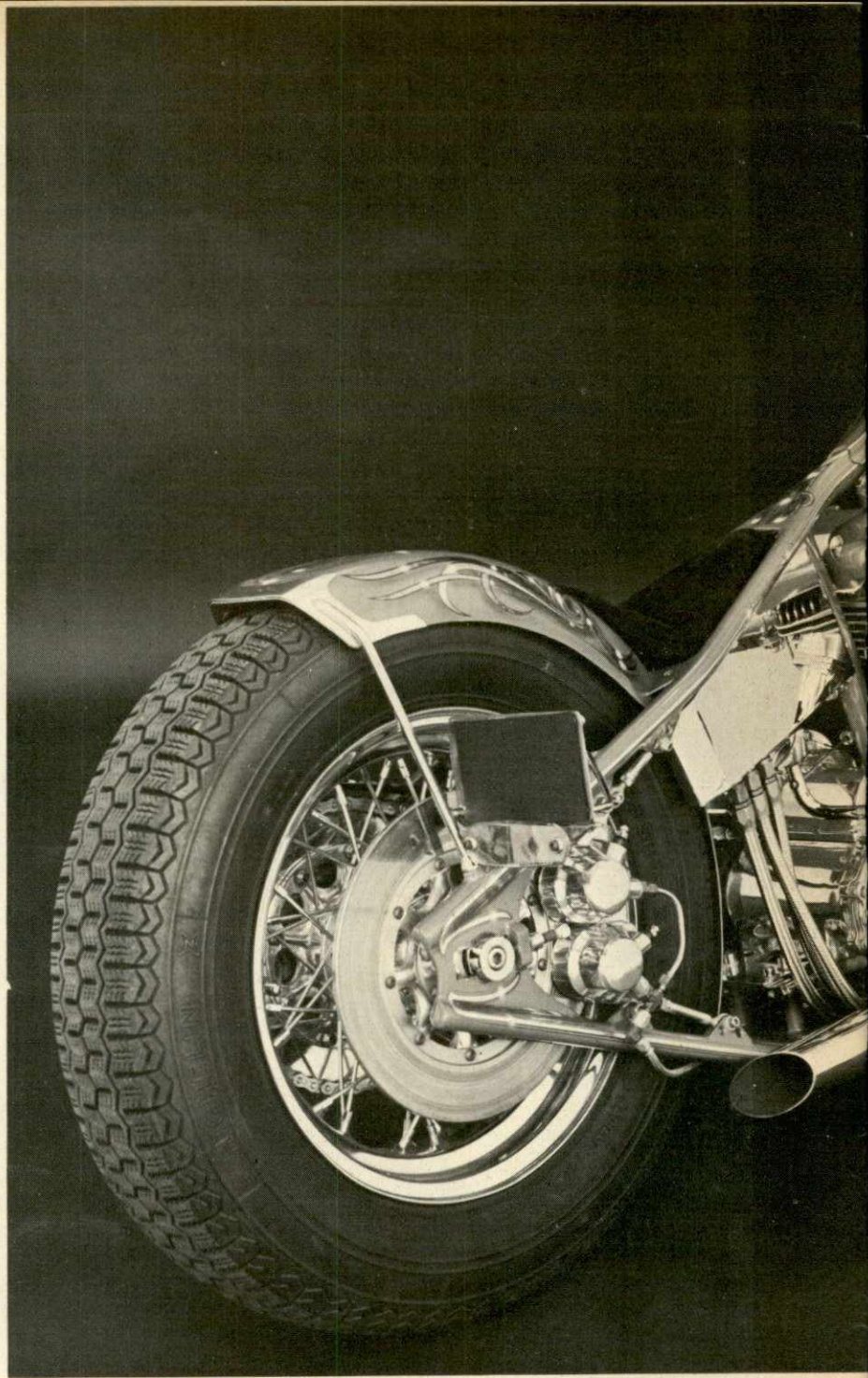
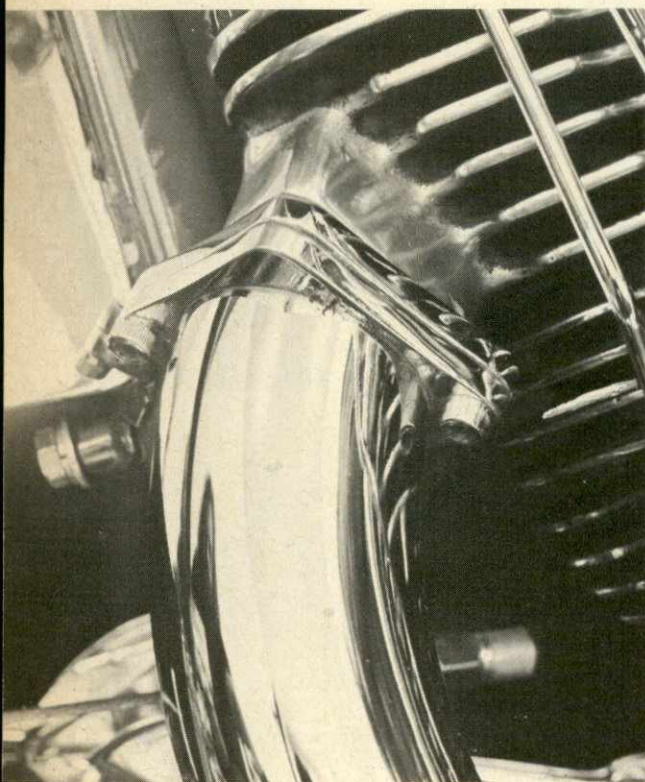
We first laid our eyeballs on Mike's primo chopper at Artistry In Iron, a bike show sponsored by Harley-Davidson. There was always a crowd of gawkers checking out the details on this hand-built custom, but it wasn't until I was on my hands and knees, looking at the thumb-sized kickstand, that this righteous chick pointed out the — to her — most important feature. The bike has only one seat and it's just a patch of black velvet. No wonder the bike is so clean. It's as solo as you can build one. But hell, this honey was six feet tall and four of that was legs, so she would have to strap herself to the forks to catch a putt on this scoot anyway. Not to worry, though. We found her a ride — film at eleven.

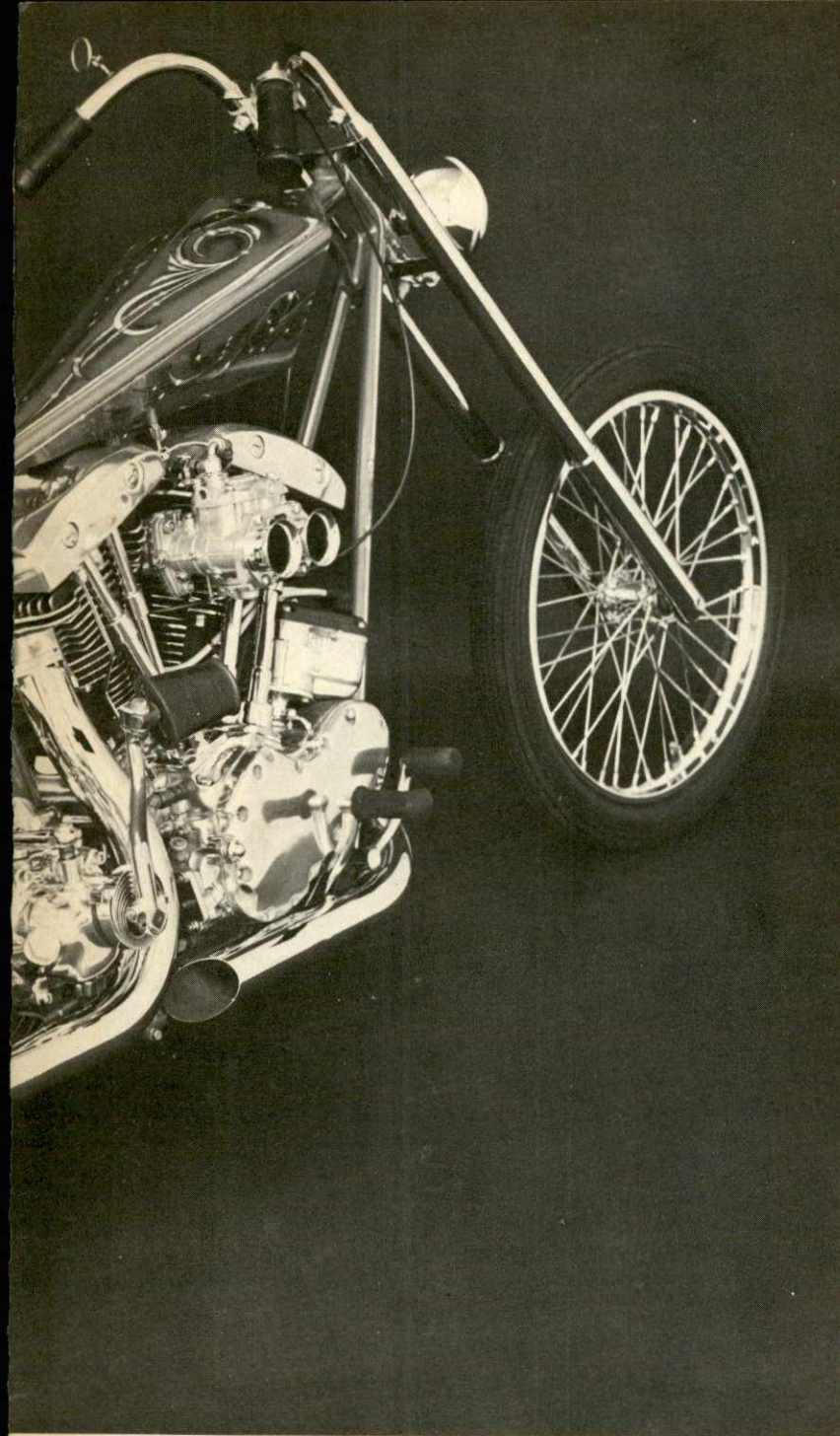
Don't get us wrong. Mike is definitely into hauling the chicks, but just couldn't bring himself to mount a pillion pad and, worse yet, ruin the low profile of his scoot by adding any kind of sissybar. As you can see from the tech chart, he thinks a bar is strictly bullshit. The Blue 74 is a profiler built for blasting up and down the boulevard with an occasional red-light shot when the situation arises. As it turns out, the wide, flat fender is just about as comfortable as his conservative swatch of padding, and the clutch lever and primary cover function quite well as pegs. Shit, everybody has to put up with some degree of inconvenience. If you can live with chain oil being slung all over your back, then you can ride without a seat.

On a more serious note, though, Mike's scooter features a mass of hand-built and customized parts. Take the forks, for instance. Although they look like those of a glide, the tubes and legs were all machined by hand and there are no bearing cups or triple clamps. To a Harley freak, the trickiest part on the engine will be the double-bolt exhaust flanges that won't leak. And there's also unique bracketry and polished heads and cases. There's plenty more, such as the missing gas cap, dual rear calipers, and brake and shift linkage.

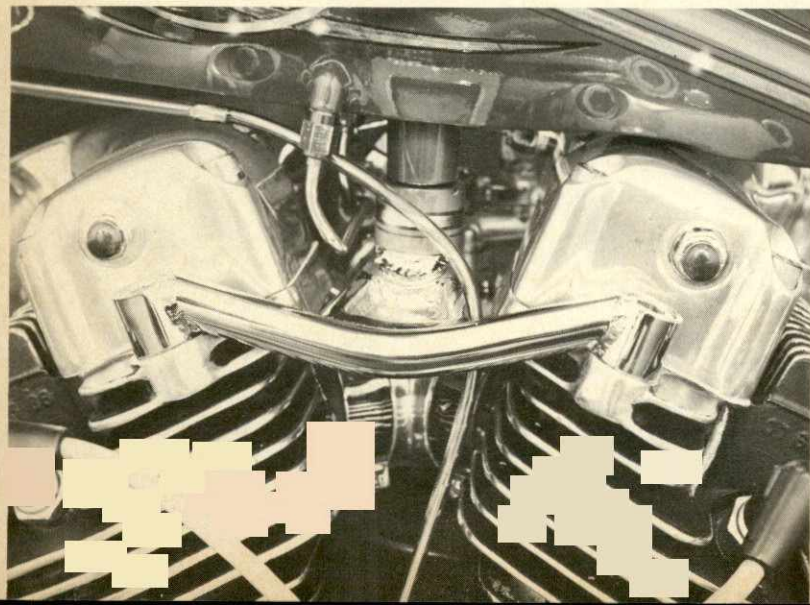
Maybe you are into pussy too much to own a solo ride, but you gotta give credit where credit is due. Mike's scooter is really righteous and, when you get past the blue-pearl paint and glitter, there are a lot of one-off parts that can keep you droolin' for hours.

— Gear Head





Photos by Pete Chiodo



OWNER: Mike Dong

BUILDER: Ed Hyder

AREA: Fresno, Calif.

ORIGINAL MANUFACTURER: Harley-Davidson

YEAR: 1967

MODEL: FL

CHASSIS

FRAME: custom

YEAR: 1978

BUILDER: Ness and Hyder

STYLE: rigid

ALTERATIONS: stretched 6 inches, raked to 45 degrees

FRONT END

BUILDER: homemade

STYLE: tubes

SPECIAL FEATURES: 4 inches over, custom tubes and legs

MAJOR COMPONENTS

FENDERS

FRONT: none

REAR: six-inch

GAS TANK: custom diamond; flush cap

OIL TANK: Hyder

SEAT: builder

PEGS: Hyder

BRAKES

FRONT: none

REAR: dual 750 Honda

WHEELS:

FRONT: 19-inch spool

REAR: 15-inch

TIRES

FRONT: 2.75 Avon

REAR: 165 Michelin

DRIVE LINE

TRANSMISSION: Andrews gears

SHIFTING: custom footshift

PRIMARY DRIVE: chain

REAR WHEEL DRIVE: chain

ENGINE

YEAR: 1967

MODEL: FL

REBUILDER: Ed Hyder

DISPLACEMENT: 74 cu. in.

LOWER END MODIFICATIONS: balanced

TOP END MODIFICATIONS: polished

OIL SYSTEM: steel lines

CAM(S): FL

CARB(S): Solex Mikuni

AIR CLEANER: never

EXHAUST SYSTEM: 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch drags

ELECTRICAL SYSTEM

WIRING: through frame

HEADLIGHT: cop's red light

TAILLIGHT: custom

IGNITION: Hunt magneto

CHARGING: stock

FINISH

MOLDING: builder

MATERIAL: bondo

PAINTER: Paul Shramek

SPECIAL PAINT: blue pearl

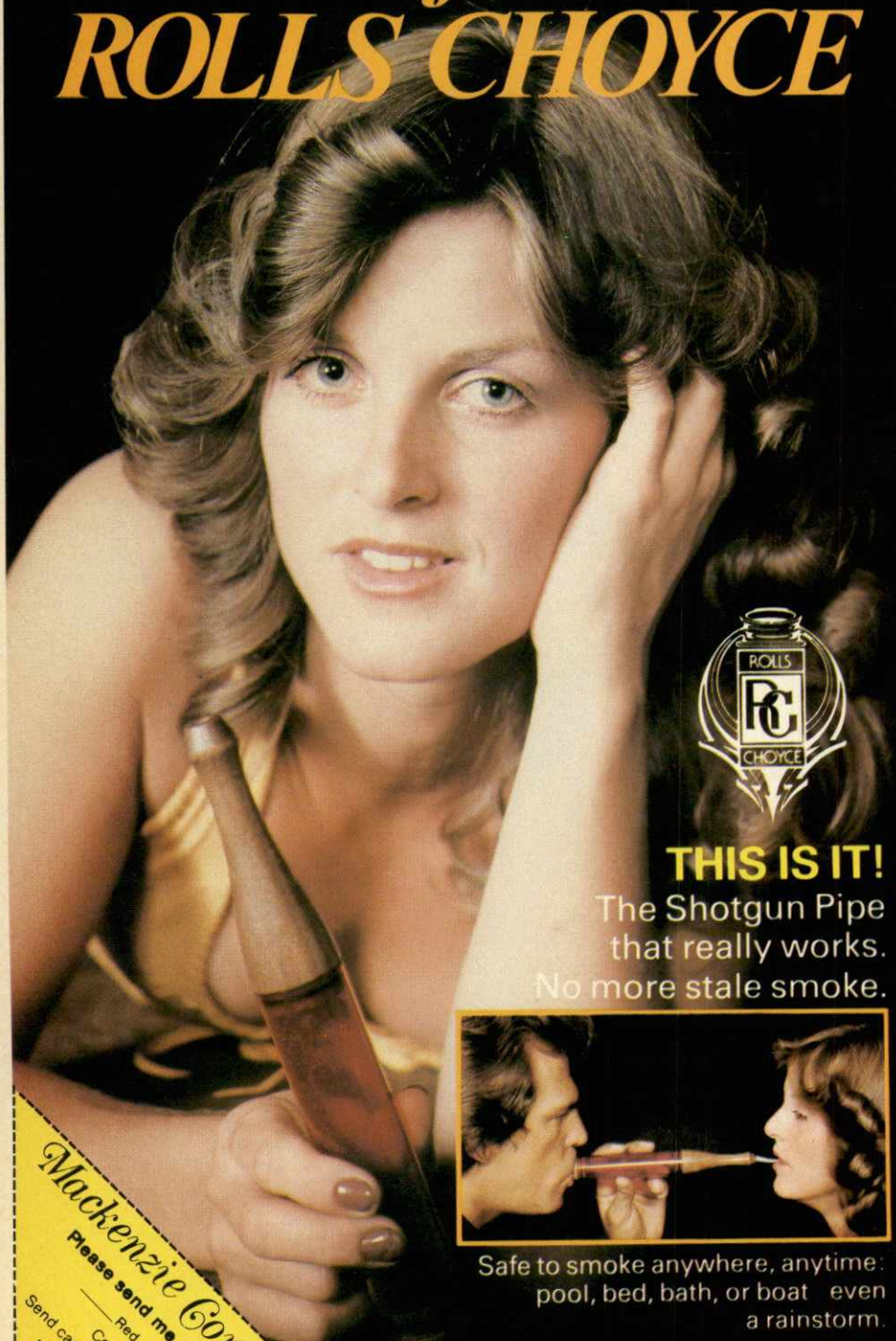
OTHER SPECIAL MODIFICATIONS: Bob Lovac art work and finish.



BLUE 74



A Touch of Class ROLLS CHOYCE



THIS IS IT!
The Shotgun Pipe
that really works.
No more stale smoke.



Safe to smoke anywhere, anytime:
pool, bed, bath, or boat even
a rainstorm.

Our patented one way valve allows
you to enjoy it all.

Neat and simple to use, this pipe dis-
assembles for easy cleaning.

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Address _____
City _____
State _____
Zip _____
Send cash, check, or money order
Red _____ Blue _____ Green _____ Yellow _____
Colored Plastic - \$5.00 Brushed Aluminum - \$6.00 Smoke
Limited amount of Brushed Aluminum
Please add 75c for postage and handling
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Squaw

Continued from page 90

luckily most of it washed off. Her bloody nose was just that, nothing broken, and a gash above one eyebrow turned out to be only a shallow scratch where Cecil's ring must've scraped her skin.

"Where did you get this scar?" I asked, touching a crescent line on her temple while I dabbed antiseptic on her forehead. I hadn't noticed the scar before, since her long hair covered it except when she was sitting on the can with her head tilted back being doctored on.

"Souvenir of my ex-ol' man. Two exes ago. He hit me with an ashtray for not fixing supper to suit him one night. It wasn't the first time he hit me, but it was the last," she said.

From what I had seen of her culinary skills so far, an occasional tap on the noggin might not be entirely unjustified, I thought, but didn't voice the thought. One rumble a day was plenty. "So you split, huh?" I guessed.

"Nope. I threw his ass out, and tossed his clothes behind him."

"So what happened then?"

"You mean with him? What did he do and all that?"

"Yeah."

"I don't know and don't care. He never came back. Oh, I got a letter from him about a year later. He was in jail and needed some money, said I could come visit him if I had my shit together."

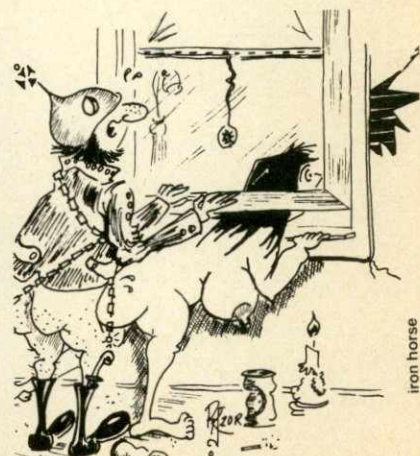
"What did you do?"

"I sent him a few bucks. Not much, what I could afford. And a card on his birthday, but he was out by then and the card came back. Next, since we're on the story of my life, I met another guy and had his miscarriage after he went back to his wife. Not much else to say about that. So" — she made a wry face — "I decided I could take better care of me than my dudes had been doing. And I have. I've been soloing for a while now, making it okay too."

"Only," I said.

"Huh? Only what?"

"Well, for starters there's me. Last night, I seem to recall, I was invited to park my



iron horse



A GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT!

And it's man-sized, too! It's this bitchin' beer mug. The design is an absolutely perfect reproduction of the old, original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black and white. The colors are exactly like the original oil can—authentic in every detail.

Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.

\$6.95, plus \$1.50 for postage and packing. As with all Righteous Products, satisfaction is guaranteed, or money immediately refunded.

You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of \$21.95 plus \$4.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$7.85 over the single mug price.)

Either way—one, or four at a time—it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

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Check 'Em Out!

New Nasty Feet
Made Exclusively for Us by Chippewa!



A. 14" INTERSTATE

When it comes to coverin' your flippers there ain't nothin' better than a pair of **Nasty Feet**.

Like all our boots, the new **Interstate** and **Road Ranger** are eye-stoppers designed to handle the kinda stuff we know you'll be gettin' into.

Each pair of Feet are made from full grain Cayenne Calistoga leather. They're water repellant and resistant to most any shit you'll come across. The insoles are sweatproof leather that won't crack, discolor or get eatin' by fungus. The front's leather lined—no cheapo canvas. Finally, you'll find an arch supporting steel shank and a non-marking nitrine sole topped off with leather welting and genuine Goodyear welt construction that make all our Feet easily repairable.

If you size up at **8½-12** in a "D" width, we'll put you in a pair for **\$85.00**.



B. 12" ROAD RANGER

Send your order to:
Nasty Feet, Box 638, Burbank, CA 91503

Style (A or B) _____
Size (Circle) 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12

Enclose \$85.00 per pair & remember these are "D" width.
Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling—inside U.S. only.
Add \$7.00 per pair—APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii.
International orders accepted—inquire for shipping costs.

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

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

New Improved

Finest Quality, Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mug.

New Improved

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



\$13.95 each
includes postage
and handling

U.S. currency only. Thank you

California residents add 6% tax

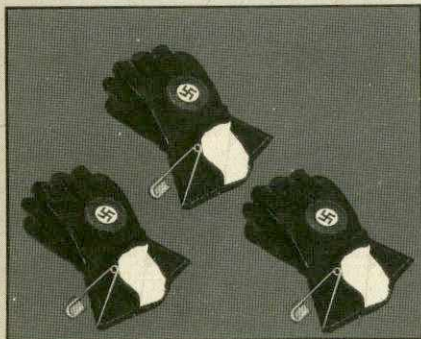
Need it for Xmas? Send Money Order.

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

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

*Mackenzie
Company*

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Strong Gloves

Calstar and Survivor heavy leather riding gloves with built-in liners with gauntlets measuring 5 inches from the wrist — high enough to tuck your jacket sleeve into. \$22.00 plus \$2.00 postage and handling. Upon request, we will sew on stars, swastikas, or ship them plain. Available in "casual brown" or "beyond black." Please state glove size small, medium, or large.

**Order today from:
HIGH POCKETS
Box 294
Cypress, Calif. 90630**



Hero Gaskets

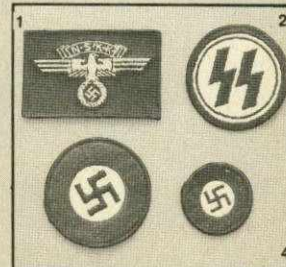
Why didn't someone think of this before? Recyclable H-D primary cover gaskets made from Neoprene rubber to keep the primary sealed like it's supposed to be. Can be used over and over again. Covers all H-D 74 and 80 primaries, from 1965 to present. H-D primary gaskets only \$7.00 plus \$1.50 postage and handling. Sorry, no Sporty primaries.

All leather goods can be ordered in either "beyond black" or "casual brown." Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. California add 6% sales tax. Canadian and foreign (APO & FPO) orders add an extra \$2.00 for postage.



Jackets

Four (4) pockets on the front and two (2) larger ones on the inside of these heavy protective leather jackets. Jacket features a flap down the front and straps on the sleeves — especially designed to keep the wind out. A real bargain at only \$75.00 plus \$3.00 postage and handling. Sizes 38 to 48. They come in black or rustic brown.



**Buy
American**

Patches

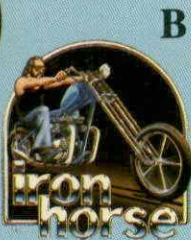
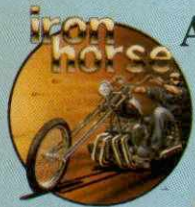
- (1) M/C patch \$2.50
- (2) E patch \$2.50
- (3) Large S.W.P. \$2.50
- (4) Small S.W.P. \$2.00



Each sturdy, embroidered patch is an authentic reproduction.

Here they are!

Brand-new Iron Horse T-shirts with designs by Dave Mann!

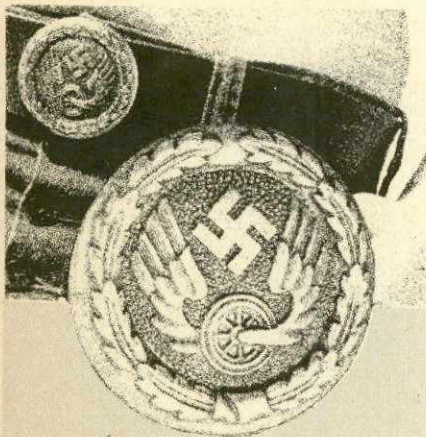


You can order these righteous T-shirts in gold, beige, blue, brown, and black (specify S,M,L,XL). The same designs are available on tit-tops in blue, peach, and yellow (specify petite or average size). Order design A or B.

Send \$6.95 for each T-shirt (California residents add 6%) to:

Iron Horse T-shirts
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Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze plated for a lifetime of tough wear. Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2 1/4" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick. Belts are hand-made from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1 3/4" wide and is available in either dark brown or black. Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

Send \$13.95, plus 50¢ for insurance and postage, along with accurate waist size, and color of belt desired to:

RIGHTIOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740



boots under your bed without a meter running. How do you hook that up with this lady lone wolf rap?"

"Yes, there is you, isn't there?" Squaw mused. Then she shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe it won't hook up. Maybe one of us will squeeze the toothpaste tube the wrong way or something. But it seemed like a good idea last night, and it doesn't sound like a bad one today, so the invitation still holds if you want to give it a try. Do you?"

"Answer a question first," I said, then frowned, not sure exactly what it was I wanted to know or how to articulate it. "Why did you pick me to follow out of that bar last night?" I asked, going all the way back to the beginning.

She gave me that Tijuana Special look again. "Because you're the best-looking hunk I've laid eyes on since the time I caught crabs from a go-go boy in Detroit," she said when she was finished ogling me.

"You ought to stay out of those dives," I advised.

"I met you in a dive," the wench retorted, taking that line of conversation about as far as it was going.

"Well, you're going to have to learn to cook if I'm going to eat here," I told her.

"No, I'm not. I already know how to cook. I might not feed you the way your ma used to, but your ma hasn't been feeding you for some time now, has she? And you haven't exactly starved, I notice. Where have you been eating?" she inquired.

"In restaurants," I replied logically. Where else is there?

"Okay, there's a good one right down the street if my cooking doesn't suit you. Do you like dago grub? Lasagna?"

"Yeah."

"They've got the best lasagna you ever tasted. Cheap too. Do you want to go get some?"

"Sure." A man has to eat somewhere.

"So let's go!" she exclaimed.

So we did. On my bike too.



"He's part pointer. . ."



and part shepherd."

iron horse

MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

Big, wide, old-style fireman's suspenders with sturdy clasps — no buttons required. Fits all sizes of men (and women). Either black with an orange stripe down each outer edge or orange with a black stripe down each outer edge. Indicate either black or orange suspenders, your name and address when ordering.

Quality is fully guaranteed and money will be refunded if not completely satisfied. Immediate delivery. \$7.95. Personal checks require three weeks to clear.



Send money order or check for \$7.95 per pair to:

Good
Products
Box 807
Yucca Valley, Calif.
92284

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





Old Style All Leather
**BIKER
CAP**

Here's an all leather cap that'll keep the scraggly mop you call hair in order and give your overall appearance some class — imagine. It's all black (also in dark brown) and it's bound to win over some broad.



RIGHTIOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
CA 90740

Enclosed is \$19.95 for each biker cap. I understand that I may return the cap for a full and immediate refund if I am not satisfied with its quality and workmanship. It is the same fine quality I would expect from Righteous Products.

Note: Canadian and overseas orders, \$1.00 for additional postage and handling charges. Add \$2.00 additional postage if you want it shipped air mail anywhere. California residents add 6% tax for Governor Brown.

Be sure to indicate size and color:

Black Brown
Sm Med Lrg Ex. lrg.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

U.S. Currency Only Thank you!

Mikado Motors

Continued from page 69

Mikado Motors, Ltd. 7/2/79
Division of Kosuda Tuna and Ball
Bearing, Inc.
12-7 Enola Gay Ave.
Tokyo, Japan

Dear 'T.P.':

Thank you for your letter of 5/29. I thought I'd drop you a line and let you know how things are progressing with that piece of sh...uh... motorcycle that sits in my room at the 'Y.' The manual you sent me certainly seems to be one of a kind. Unfortunately, had you taken the time to read it, you might have noticed that the only text that is not in Turkish is the brief opening paragraph detailing the history of tuna fishing in Japan. While this is probably of some interest to a tuna, it don't help me! And the one lady living in town who was supposed to speak Turkish has had a sex change operation and is now living with my ex-wife. They don't talk to nobody.

To continue, I ordered your 'improved' 113-tr-71ch Handlebar Assy. from Honest Vito seven weeks ago. It didn't come. It still hasn't come. You know what did come? I'll tell you what came. A 125-lb. box of Col. Kosuda's Frozen King Crab in White Sauce, that's what came.

To close, I'd like to say that I don't like seafood. I don't like Mikado, and I'm scared shitless of 'Honest Vito.' Either cure these problems for me, or else!

Reglon

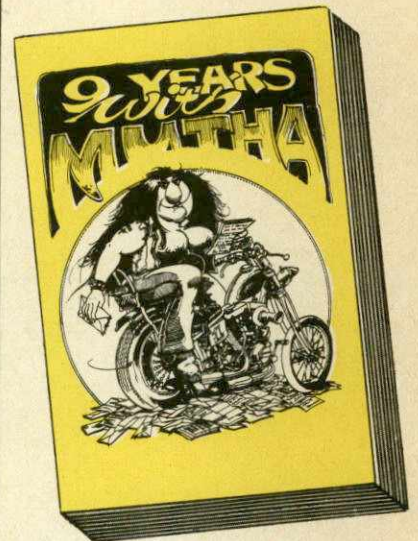
Yours with a threat,
Arnold Reglon
Grover, Wis.

KOSUDA TUNA AND BALL BEARING, INC.
Mikado Motors Div.
Tokyo, Japan

From the desk of... 7/20/79
Toshiro Pearlstein

Honored Mr. Regron-San!
What can I say? We here at Kosuda are

HERE SHE IS—



in all her rotten glory!

The all Miraculous Mutha book (with Robinson cartoons). Nine years of her sick advice and comments—all packed into a 5½" x 8½", 96-page book!

We'll send it in a plain brown wrapper and we'll even pay the postage and handlin' for only two and a half bucks.

Warning! You must be 18 years of age or over to buy—and be sure not to leave it around where granny may see it, because she'll at least wet her long johns.

Mail your check or money order to **Paisano Book Division**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. California residents add 6% for dear old Governor Brown.

(U.S. Currency Only, Thank you)



This book will be sold only through the mails and will not be on the newsstands—shit, we'd get arrested!



Please print your name and address to avoid errors

most distressed concerning your misfortune. The entire second shift at Kosuda Transistor Memorial Plant (#17) has offered to commit hara-kiri. Their fate is in your hands. One bright note — our shipping department is most overjoyed with finding out what happened to that crate of King Crab, and I am pleased to inform you of our gift to you of 100 lbs. of "Mother Kosuda's Prime Raw Carp Stuffed with Head Cheese!" Here at Kosuda, we know how to show our gratitude.

I am happy to inform you that the English owner's manual problem has been totally solved! You may now order (Part No. UEGO 1169) Video Tape Recording of the entire owner's manual. It costs \$89.95 and is narrated by Wayne Newton! Quite a value, I'm sure you'll agree.

And finally, your handlebars. Mr. Kosuda (or "Big Tuna" as we call him around here) has used his own illustrious powers and located your handlebars. They are currently en route from a truck stop in Needles, Calif. to your friendly dealer (Honest Vito, a hell of a guy!) and should arrive before the NFL playoffs.

I hope that this will resolve all your misfortunes with our fine example of Kosuda Craftmanship. Please write to me again. I love Americans!

Yours for the
Corporation,
T.P.

Mikado Motors, Ltd. 8/6/79
Division of Kosuda Tuna and Ball
Bearing, Inc.
12-7 Enola Gay Ave.
Tokyo, Japan

All right, buster:
How many ways are there to say "Pork off!" in Japanese? Or Turkish, for that matter? As many ways as there are, I wish them all on you! I don't have to take abuse from you, Honest Vito, or the whole goddam second shift at the Kosuda Transistor Memorial Plant (#17) anymore. You wanna know why? Because I finally pulled my brain outta my butt and did what I should have done before I ever laid eyes on your die-cast hunk of smegma. Yeah, I traded in that worthless piece of Yak-dung for a real, honest-to-John-Wayne, Made in USA Snarly-Richardson Motorcycle.

Leglon

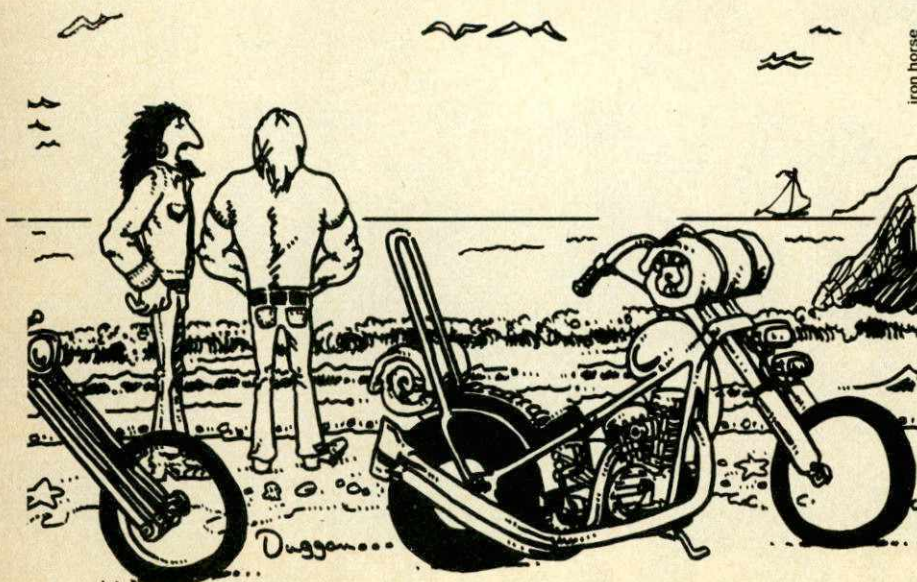
Finally, please feel free to take this letter and the box of carp that it's glued to and tuck it in your tush. Good Goddam Bye!
Arnold Leglon... you stupid shit!

Snarly-Richardson
Motors, Ltd. 8/21/79
A Leisure Service of
Kosuda Tuna and Ball Bearing, Inc.
Miscellaneous Investments Division
13-13 Enola Gay Ave.
Tokyo, Japan


Dear Sirs,



iron horse



"You'd roar too, if you had seaweed growing all over your rocks."



Originally sold for \$17.50
Now it's yours for \$10⁰⁰

California residents add 6% sales Tax.

It's a beautiful hardcover book, with 176 pages (including lots of color photos) of 40 different famous old bikes you've heard about but seldom see any more.

This book will appeal to the purist, for the bikes featured are guaranteed turn-ons for the dude who prefers the old machines, — large or small, simple or complex, two-stroke, four-stroke, single engine or multi.

A few of the bikes featured: the Triumph, for its commercial success; the Ducati, for its audacity; the Velocette Roarer, for its enterprise; the Ariel Square Four, for its individuality; and the Motor-Guzzi single, for its inspiration.

These are just a few of the bikes featured — the book even includes the Indian vee-twin! And remember, these are not new or late model bikes — only the old-timers that have made motorcycle history.

This book is a must for your library shelf. Order yours today. Send \$10.00 (U.S. Currency Only. Thank you). (we pay postage) to:

Paisano Book Division
Box 52 Malibu, California 90265

Magic Won't Do It!



Once the back issues of *Iron Horse* are gone, they're gone for good. That's the way it is with Issue 9 — so hurry before they're all out of reach. Issues Nos. 1-8 and 10-12 are still available for \$1.75 each.

Send to *Iron Horse*
P.O. Box 638
Burbank, Calif. 91503

(U.S. currency only. Thank you.)
Canadian orders please add \$1.75 for each issue ordered. Foreign orders add \$3.50 (except Australia and New Zealand, please add \$4.50 per issue ordered).

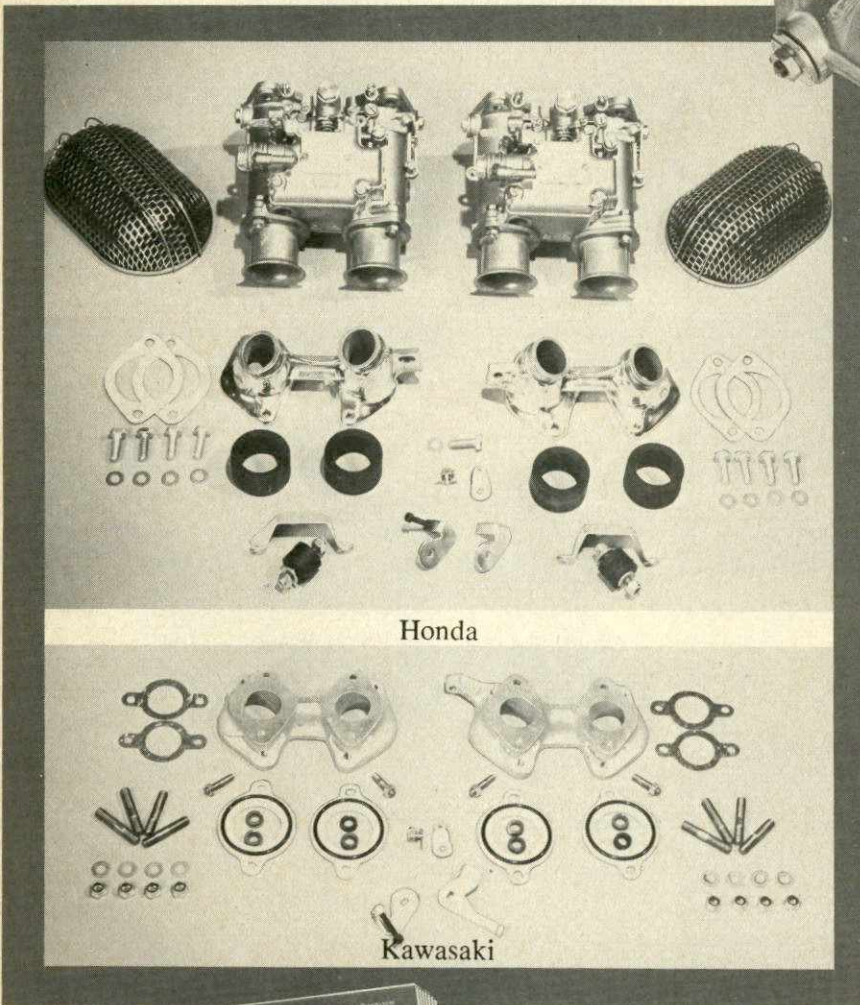
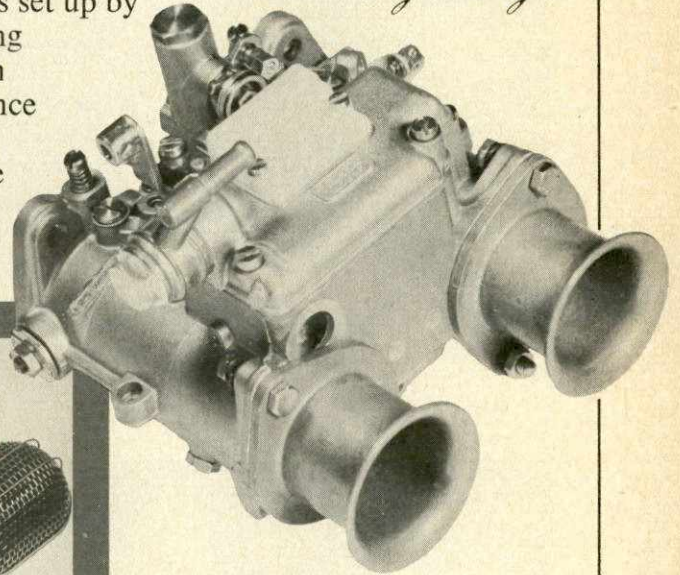
How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 108)

DELL'ORTO CARB KITS Honda-Kawasaki

ADVERTISEMENT

Add performance to your stock Honda 750 ('69 & up) and Kawasaki KZ 900 & 1000 models. Dell 'Orto carburetors set up by Rivera Engineering offer you a most effective kit featuring matched components to provide your machine with both improved gas mileage and overall performance gains. Since these Dell 'Orto carburetors are completely tuneable, most adjustments can be made without disassembling the carburetor. These kits will bring out the horses without sacrificing smoothness, making the miles pass quickly.

Rivera Engineering



Dell 'Orto Kits

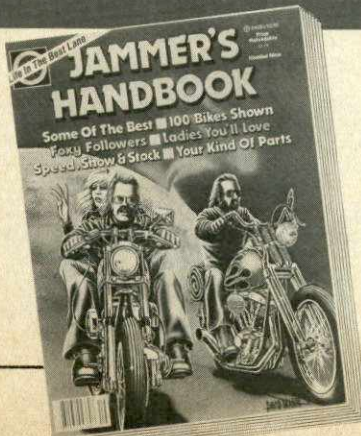
- 135044. . Honda 750
1969 & Up 399.00
- 135045. . Kawa KZ 900
& 1000 399.00

Each Honda and Kawa kit includes two 40mm DHLA Dell 'Orto carburetors set up for motorcycle application and two tuned balanced aluminum cast manifolds with two high performance air cleaners. Also included is all necessary hardware, throttle sync levers, gaskets and mounting and tuning instructions. All Rivera Dell 'Orto carburetor kits will be set up for stock or near stock engines. The kit will be jetted as such. Spare jetting for the primary and main circuits will be included in every kit. This will accommodate engines of stock bore and stroke that have head work and cams. For stroked engines of any size contact Rivera Engineering, Pico Rivera, California.

Manifold Kits For Dell 'Orto & Weber Carbs

This complete kit is designed to bolt on stock heads. It will accept 40mm DHLA Dell 'Orto carburetors or 40mm Weber side draft carburetors. Included in the kit are two tuned balanced aluminum cast manifolds and all necessary gaskets and hardware for easy bolt on installation.

- 135047 Honda 75.00
- 135048 Kawasaki 75.00



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

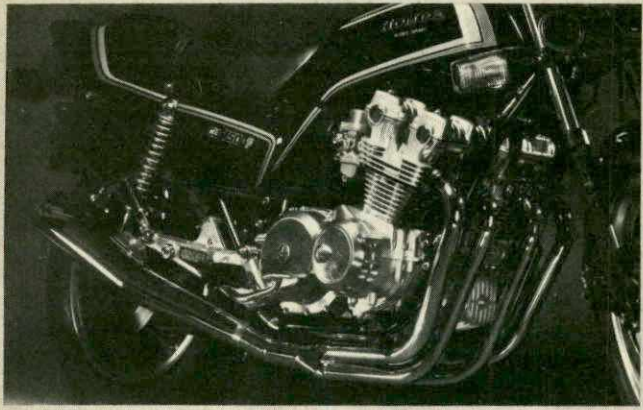


How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 108)

ADVERTISEMENT

PERFORMANCE EXHAUST SYSTEMS

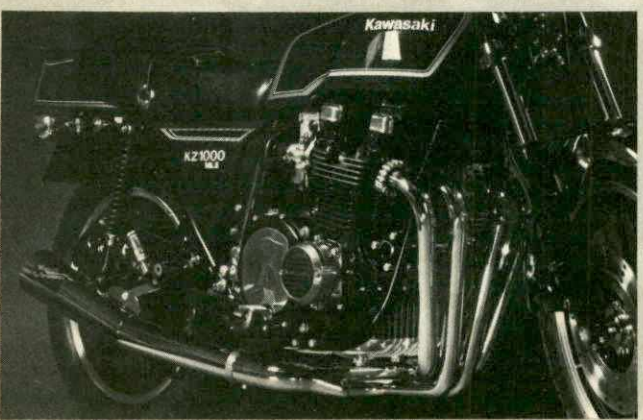
Honda-Kawasaki Yamaha-Suzuki



- Honda**
- 151059.....CBX, '79-'80, 6 Into 1287.50
 - 151060.....750 K, F, LTD, '79-'80, 4 Into 1199.50
 - 151061.....750 K, F, '77-'78, 4 Into 1189.50
 - 151062.....750 K, '69-'76, 4 Into 1189.50



- Yamaha**
- 151065.....XS 1100, '78-'80, 4 Into 1199.50
 - 151066.....750 Triple, '77-'80, 3 Into 1189.50
 - 151067.....650 Twin, '70-'79, 2 Into 1114.00



- Kawasaki**
- 151056.....KZ 1000, '77-'80, 4 Into 1199.50
 - 151057.....KZ 900, '73-'76, 4 Into 1199.50
 - 151058.....KZ 650, '77-'80, 4 Into 1189.50

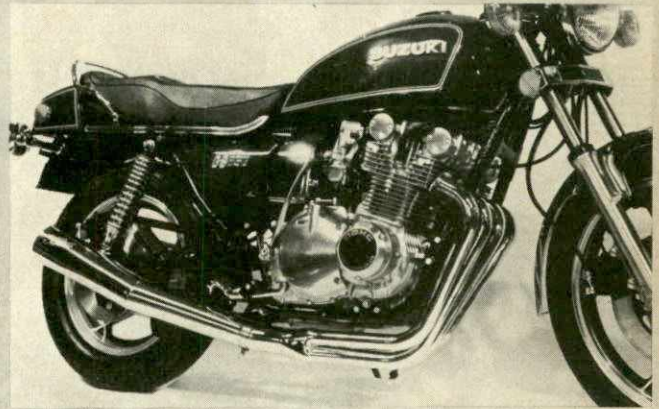
We now have a full line of Winning performance exhaust systems for your riding pleasure. Replacing your stock pipes with these systems will offer you changes you won't be able to ignore or want to give up.

Looks . . . Hand-crafted quality, immaculate welds, luxurious chrome all end up on your scooter, making it look better, much better.

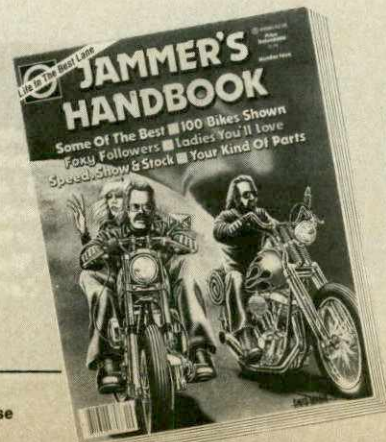
Fit . . . Carefully constructed, each system is constantly monitored as it becomes assembled. The result is a sure and proper fit without using your persuader.

Sound . . . Head out with a low throaty exhaust note that will make heads turn while being quiet. Hard to believe? It's true.

Performance . . . Increased gas mileage, decrease in weight, improved combustion, low and midrange power boost and an incredible increase in torque all say the same—why wait, your time has come!



- Suzuki**
- 151063.....GS 1000, '78-'79, 4 Into 1189.50
 - 151064.....GS 850, '77-'79, 4 Into 1 &
GS 750, 4 Into 1189.50

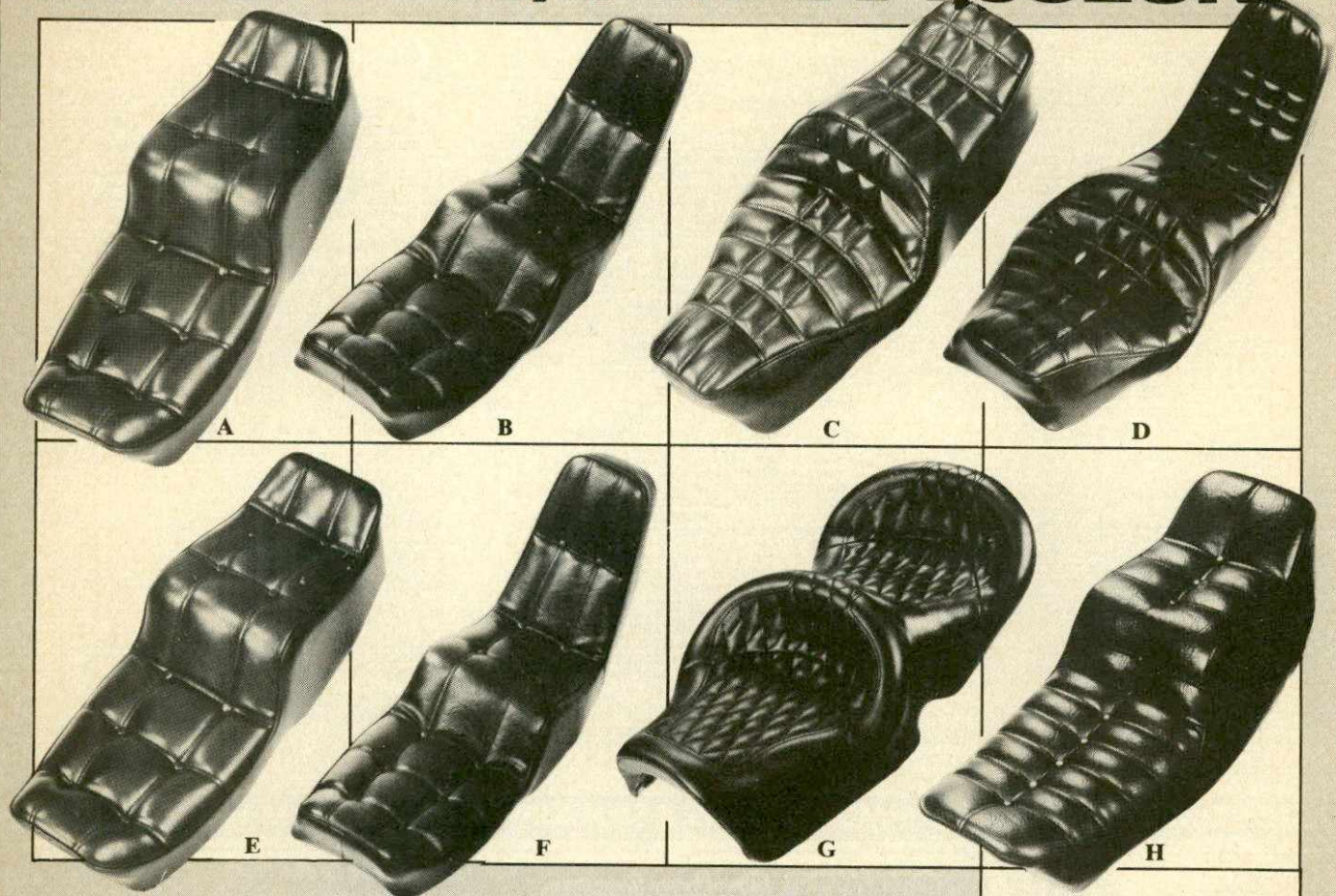


Get your taste of eyeball heaven now! Send \$3.95 (a buck goes for postage) to Jammer Cycle Products, 801 (IH) S. Main St., Burbank, California 91506.

How To Get 'Em!
[See Page 108]

Le Pera Seats KAWASAKI, YAMAHA, SUZUKI

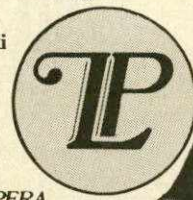
ADVERTISEMENT



More quality cushions for your Kawasaki, Yamaha and Suzuki models. Kawasaki 650, Yamaha and Suzuki riders . . . check out our line of Monarchs—you won't be disappointed. Make sure you order the appropriate bracket where specified. If not specified, use your existing bracket and hardware.

- A. Marquis II-Kawasaki**
A narrow profile seat that provides maximum comfort and lowers you two inches for a contoured ride. Fits all 900 & 1000 KZ & KZ1. Requires bracket from the listing.
114061 Black 71.44
- B. Marquis I-Kawasaki**
14" back. Built-in sissy bar. Fits all 900 & 1000 KZ & KZ1. Requires bracket from listing.
114062 Black 93.44
- C. Marquis Touring II-Kawasaki**
A customized touring type seat that still retains the sleek look but provides touring comfort. Fits all 900 & 1000 KZ & KZ1. Each of these seats requires a bracket from the listing.
114069 Black 88.00
- D. Marquis Touring I-Kawasaki**
14" back. Built-in sissy bar. Fits all 900 & 1000 KZ & KZ1. Requires bracket from listing.
114070 Black 108.84
- E. Universal Marquis II-Kawasaki**
Custom Style and comfort for Kawasaki 400s. Requires bracket from listing
114059 Black 71.44

- F. Universal Marquis I-Kawasaki**
14" back. Built-in sissy bar. Fits your 400. Requires bracket from listing.
114060 Black 93.44
- Kawasaki Marquis Brackets**
114052 400 4.00
114053 900 & 1000 KZ & KZ1 4.00
- G. Grand Monarch Touring I-Kawasaki**
Engineered expressly for comfort this deeply contoured double bucket allows freedom of movement yet gives you and your passenger full support for the ultimate ride. Mounts like stock with your stock bracket and hardware.
115021 All 900 & 1000 KZ & KZ1 165.00
115022 All 650 KZ 165.00
- H. Monarch II - Kawasaki, Yamaha, Suzuki (Standard Only)**
A great seat that incorporates all deluxe features and is designed to mount like stock using your existing bracket and hardware.
115023 Kawasaki 650 KZ 83.94
115024 Yamaha 650 '75-'79 83.94
115075 Suzuki GS1000, to '80 83.94
115076 Suzuki GS550 & GS750, '79 & Earlier 83.94



LE PERA
ENTERPRISES, Inc.



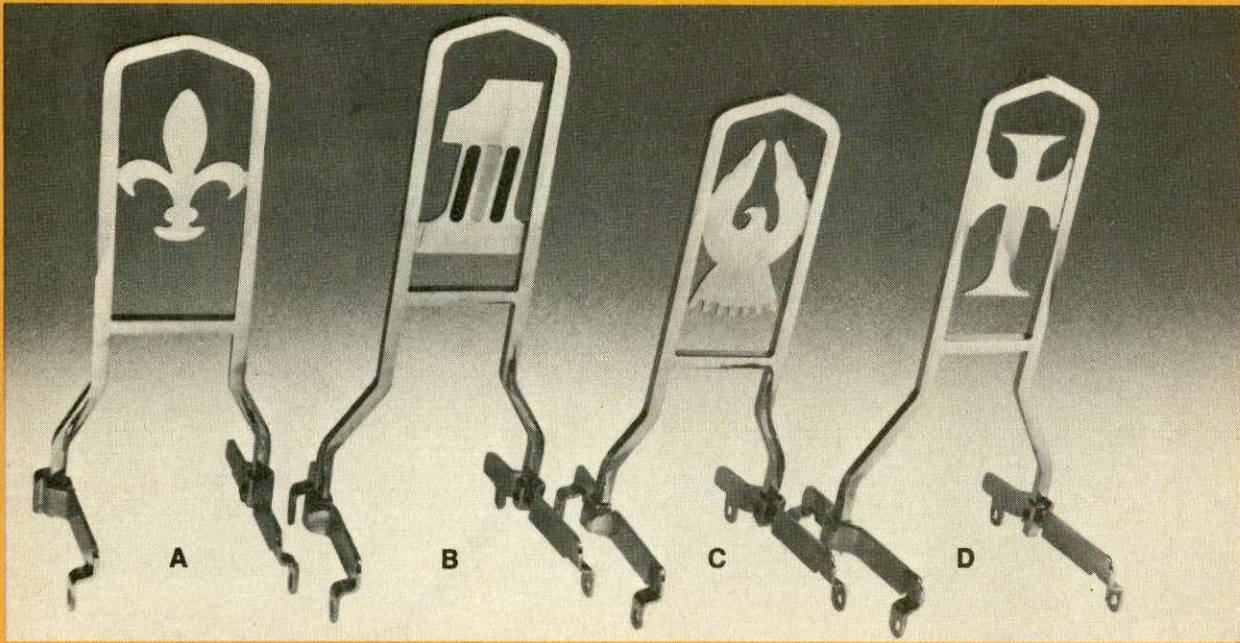
- I. Monarch I - Yamaha, Suzuki (Standard Only)**
14" back. Built-in sissy bar. Use your stock bracket and hardware.
11508 Yamaha XS750, Spec. '78-'79 115.00
115025 Yamaha XS750, '77 1/2-'79 115.00
115026 Yamaha XS650 Spec. Thru '79 115.00
115027 Yamaha XS650 '75-'79 115.00
115028 Suzuki 1000, to '80 115.00
115073 Suzuki GS550 & GS750, '79 & Earlier 115.00

How To Get 'Em!
[See Page 108]

ADVERTISEMENT

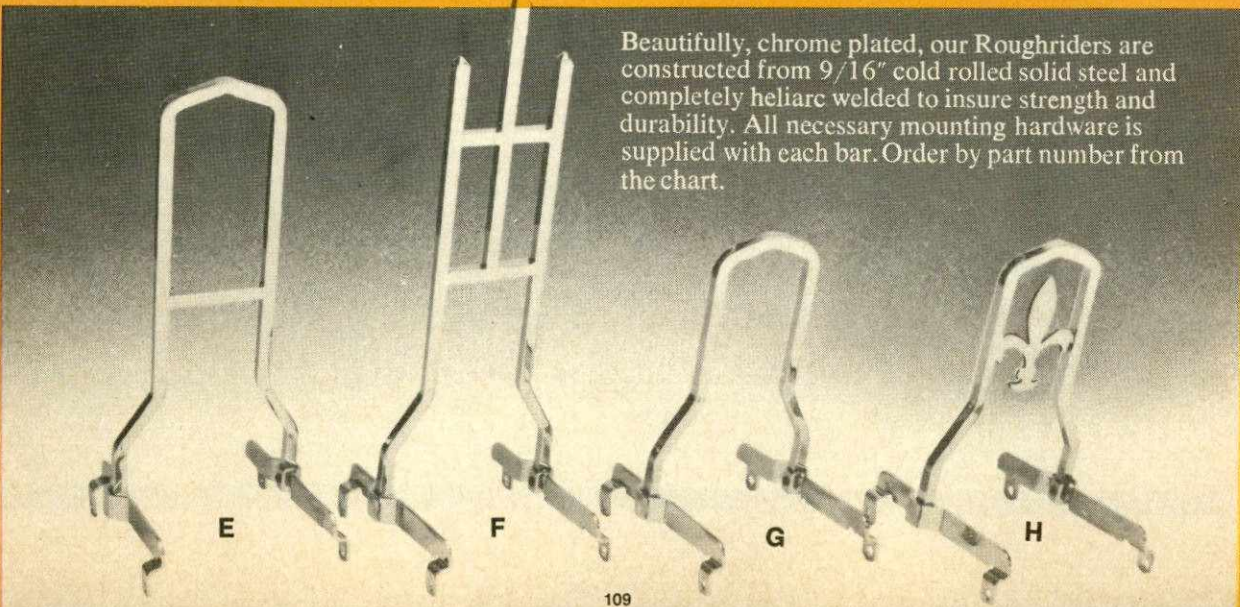
ROUGH RIDER SISSY BARS

Step out in style! Jammer's new line of Roughrider bars for your swingarm will set you apart from the rest.



Make & Model	Sissy Bar Style		A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
	Sissy Bar Price		\$65.62	\$65.62	\$65.62	\$65.62	\$62.50	\$66.67	\$47.20	\$65.62
Harley FX '72 Up—All Models	7601	7602	7603	7604	7605	7606	7607	7608		
Harley Sportster, All Years w/o Turn Signals	76011	76012	76013	76014	76015	76016	76017	76018		
Harley Sportster, Years with Signals Except '79	76021	76022	76023	76024	76025	76026	76027	76028		
Harley Sportster '79	76031	76032	76033	76034	76035	76036	76037	76038		
†Honda 750K '69-'76	76041	N/A	76043	76044	76045	76046	N/A	N/A		
Honda 750K '77-'78	76051	N/A	76053	76054	76055	76056	N/A	N/A		
Honda 750K '79-'80, CB750F '79-'80	76061	N/A	76063	76064	76065	76066	N/A	N/A		
Honda 500-550K '71-'76	76071	N/A	76073	76074	76075	76076	N/A	N/A		
Kawasaki 900/1000, LTD 1000 '79-'80	76081	N/A	76083	76084	76085	76086	N/A	N/A		
Kawasaki 650-KZ	76091	N/A	76093	76094	76095	76096	N/A	N/A		
Kawasaki 650—SR/LTD	7701	N/A	7703	7704	7705	7706	N/A	N/A		
Yamaha 750SE '78-'79	77011	N/A	77013	77014	77015	77016	N/A	N/A		
Yamaha 650SE '77-'79	77021	N/A	77023	77024	77025	77026	N/A	N/A		
Yamaha 650 & 500 TX '74-'76	77031	N/A	77033	77034	77035	77036	N/A	N/A		
Suzuki GS 1000/850/750/550 '76-'80	77041	N/A	77043	77044	77045	77046	N/A	N/A		

*All Honda have Turn Signal Mounts included, when needed



Beautifully, chrome plated, our Roughriders are constructed from 9/16" cold rolled solid steel and completely heliarc welded to insure strength and durability. All necessary mounting hardware is supplied with each bar. Order by part number from the chart.

CLIPBOARD

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$1.20 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly-written copy. No charge for zip codes.

Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.) Send to **Iron Horse**, Classified Department, Box 999, Calabasas, California 91302.

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

Cheap pot. What were you smoking last summer? Tired of paying \$35 for a bag of seeds? Hawaiian quality home-grown. Top quality sinsemilla. With this technique you can surpass the Californians. How to grow super sinsemilla anywhere! Revolutionary! Bring production all back home. This is for real. Send \$25 to Phoenix Enterprises, Box 26, Fennville, Mich. 49408.

Prison Subs. Free copies of **Iron Horse** are available to all prison libraries. To quality, prison librarians should make written request on official prison stationery. It would be too costly to grant free individual subscriptions, but we will now sell subs at a reduced rate for prisoners. Send \$10.50 for twelve issues to Prison Subs Dept., **Iron Horse**, Box 999, Calabasas, Calif. 91302.

A monster-sized Harley orange beach-blanket towel (72"x45") with black Harley wings, only \$18.50, plus \$1.25 shipping. Matching companion orange bath towel (24"x48") with black Harley wings on both ends, only \$11, plus \$1 shipping. Black twill riding visor cap with orange Harley wings, one size fits all, only \$5.50. Graduate with class: Harley University T-shirt, gray with black rims, with orange Harley University crest, only \$7, plus 50¢ shipping. Specify s.m.l.xl. "Property of Harley University" black sweatshirt with "Hogs" imprinted on back, only \$10, plus 75¢ shipping. Specify s.m.l.xl. Calif. residents add 6% for state's stash fund. No C.O.D.'s. Checks require 4-6 weeks. M.O. shipped fast. Bro Products, Box 207, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. Dealer inquiries invited.

Achtung! Campers, hunters, builders, bikers, cavers, and divers: Check out our righteous new catalog. Send \$2 (refundable) to Axis Surplus Sales, Box 9933M, Atlanta Ga. 30319.

How does a decent girl meet a biker? Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301. We match up bikers with ol' ladies. Send a buck and find out.

Kitchen Pharmacist: Step-by-step instructions to synthesize LSD, STP, many others, \$9.95. Jim Multaler, 1558 West Arrow St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53204 (15)

Simichrome Polishing Paste—Terrific on any metal: super on chrome. Even works great on glass, plexiglass, and plastic. Will remove blue from exhaust pipes, will remove rust, and will not leave scratch marks. As advertised in Popular Mechanics and Car Craft, this amazing paste is yours for only \$2 for a 50-gram tube. Also available in 250- and 1,000-gram cans upon request, but try the small tube first a very little goes a long, long way. Write El Cetera by Ladybug, P.O. Box 717, Tijeras, N.M. 87059. New Mexico residents add 4% sales tax. If you send a check, allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

Chokers from Greece for only \$5.95 plus \$1 postage and handling. Gleaming Greek chokers of gold and silver-toned metal curves adorned with colorful Grecian beads, all threaded on a leather thong. Choose a color and send a check or money order to A. Ball, P.O. Box 592, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740.

Subscribe to Tattoo News. Full of interesting articles and photos. Four issues, \$10. Box 252, Pendleton, S.C. 29670.

Artists! Iron Horse is seeking high-quality artwork and cartoons which depict the unique world of motorcycling. All work must be original and previously unpublished. Submissions should be sent to Art Director, c/o **Iron Horse**, Box 999, Calabasas, California 91302.

Rigid Knives, the toughest, longest-lasting, and best-looking knives made are now available to you at prices you won't believe. Some over 25% off suggested retail! Whether it's the smooth, safe operating action of Rigid's unique folding mechanism, or the strength, utility, and beauty of a full-sized skinning or hunting knife, you'll find what you need in a Rigid. Each Rigid Knife carries a lifetime warranty, and knife kits, sheaths, honing kits, and oil are also available at discount prices. Supplies are limited and you won't find these prices anywhere else, so don't delay. Include sase. Write to Gypsy, P.O. Box 16, Ventura, Calif. 93001.

Mad Man's Book of Formulas: How to make, step by step, goodies like knock-out drops, poisons, and many others. A must in completing your library. Fifth printing at only \$9.95. James Multaler, 1558 West Arrow St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53204 (15)

Writers! Iron Horse is seeking high-quality fiction and non-fiction of interest to motorcyclists. Stories and articles should be between 1,000 to 5,000 words and must not have been published previously. Fiction should emphasize the fun, excitement, and unique lifestyle of motorcycling. Submissions should be sent to Fiction Editor, c/o **Iron Horse**, Box 999, Calabasas, California 91302.

Domestic grower's supply catalog \$1 (refundable). Contains hand- and battery-powered water pumps, collapsible nylon water tanks, drip systems, battery-operated water timers, and large poly growing bags (12-gallon size). DGS, Box 8091H, Cave Junction, Ore. 97523.

Belt buckles, custom made. Design your own, any saying ya want up to three lines, with 12 characters per line including spaces, for only \$8 per buckle ordered. These are brass buckles with an inlaid plate for personalized message. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Send to Coco Company, P.O. Box U, Calabasas, Calif. 91302.

Catch a buzz with the newest high in the U.S. Utopia, only \$6 per oz. La-Rosa Co., Box 194, Charlottesville, Va. 22902.

Free: White nationalist newspaper. Send two 15¢ stamps. Vanguard, 455 Pine St., Manchester, N.H. 03104.

Have some tasty ladies in Kansas, Texas, California, New York and North Carolina. Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301. We match up bikers with ol' ladies. Send a buck and find out.

Birth charts \$15. Send date and time of birth to Box 5586, Sacramento, Calif. 95817.

Letters desired from ladies into bikes. Write WRG, P.O. Box 920, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010, Australia.

Chemicals, fine labware, and accessories. Wide selection. Catalog \$1. Send to Isotron Company, Inc., P.O. Box 7986, Buffalo, N.Y. 14240.

Kitchen Pharmacist: Step-by-step instructions to synthesize LSD, STP, many others, \$9.95. Jim Multaler, 1558 West Arrow St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53204.

Unique catalog: Over 50 illustrated pages. Quality tools, military, weapons, camping, clothing, diving, and more. Send \$2 (refundable). Axis Surplus Sales, Box 9933F, Atlanta, Ga. 30319. (14)

Third Reich photos in Heinrich Hoffman's photo catalog! Hitler's personal photographer sold photos and paintings of all the top Nazi brass. Now you can purchase a top-quality reproduction of his entire catalog. A 9x12 book with 480 pictures of posters, postcards, photos, paintings, and more, of all the leaders of the Third Reich. A collector's item, and so authentic it can be used as a reference book. Perfect reproduction on top-quality paper. Not a cheapo book—this is it! Send \$7.95 to Deon & Co., P.O. Box 6041H, Burbank, Calif. 91506.

Money-saving knives: Boot (over 20), survival, combat, folding specialty. All knives below retail. Illustrated catalog \$1. PHMA, P.O. Box 44153, Brooklyn, Ohio 44144. (14)

Not just another buckle. That stamped-out shit doesn't do a thing for me, so I made my own belt buckle. It's an all-brass spoked wheel, and it's handmade—about three inches in diameter. The reason for a classified is that I make them myself, and I want to take my time with each one. Besides, I can't afford a righteous ad. No two buckles will be alike. I figured a fair price was ten bucks. Send cash or money order (make M.O. payable to Weed) P.O. Box 3069 Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360.

Hey, Knute: Lillilck me! Boots.

Sincere, righteous bro, down for short time, looking for a lady. I'm 6'2", 200 pounds, light-brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for heart above all else. Mark Smith, Box 711-10587, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Attention, bikers: Join the Road Rash Blues Club. Get patch, card, certificate. A great gift for only \$5. Tyson, 61860 Richfield, S. Lyon, Mich. 48178.

Giant black and white photograph, 20"x24", of your ol' lady, scoot, favorite nude, you and the ol' lady gettin' it on—any photograph you want enlarged. You name it—we blow up anything. All you have to do is send us your snapshot, Polaroid, color print, whatever, along with \$7 to Big C, 7131 Owensmouth, Rm. 6A, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303.

Confidential mail depot. Use street address. Forwarding and message service available. Remail 50¢ per pre-stamped envelope. Postal Express, 2170 W. Broadway, Anaheim, Calif. 92804.

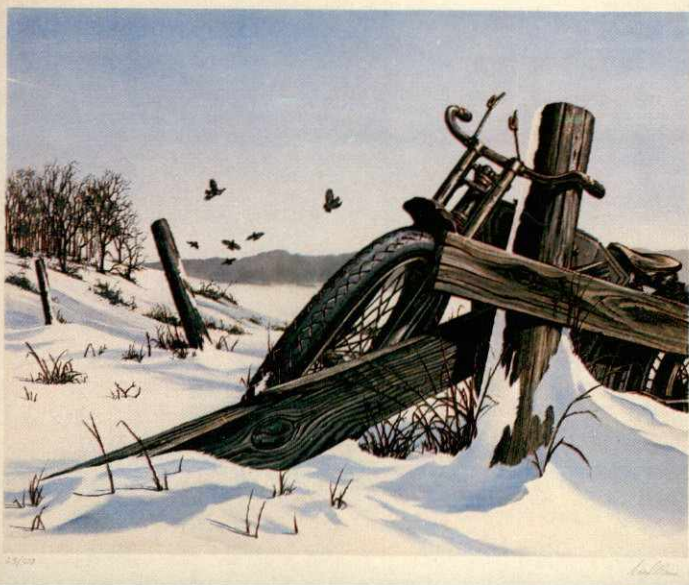
Limited Edition Personally Signed and Numbered Dave Mann Prints

(only 300 of each print—no more will be printed)

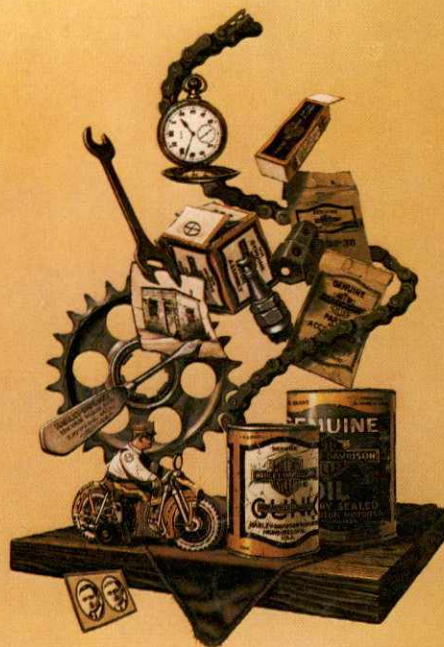
**SPECIAL LIMITED HALF PRICE
XMAS OFFER
NOW \$62.50 EACH**



A.



C.



B.

Here are three Dave Mann prints, painted exclusively for us. Only 300 of each painting were printed. Each one is personally signed and numbered.

An ideal investment, for it will appreciate in value each day you own one. Be one of only three hundred people having one. To get a low number, order yours today. They are printed lithographs on high quality, heavy paper—all ready for you to put into a frame. Mailed to you in sturdy mailing tubes. Each print is guaranteed to be only

one of three hundred and to be personally signed—Dave Mann's signature is not printed.

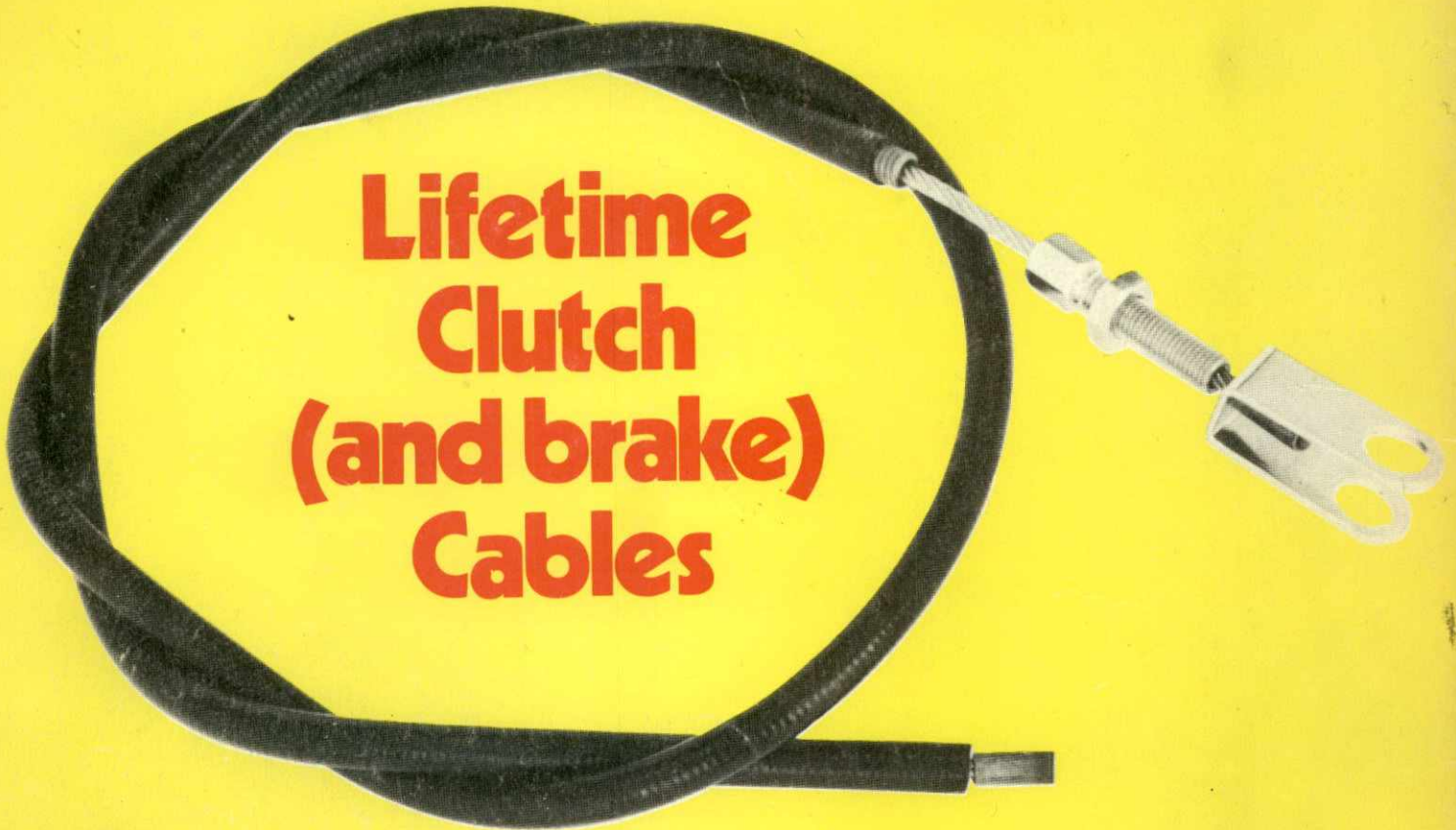
Once in a lifetime offer. \$125.00 each (remember, it will start increasing in value the day you receive it and especially when all 300 of each are sold). First come, first served—order yours today. Money orders shipped immediately. Allow 3 to 4 weeks for checks to clear. California residents add 6%. We pay all handling and shipping costs.

Mail orders to: ***Mackenzie Company***
Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302.

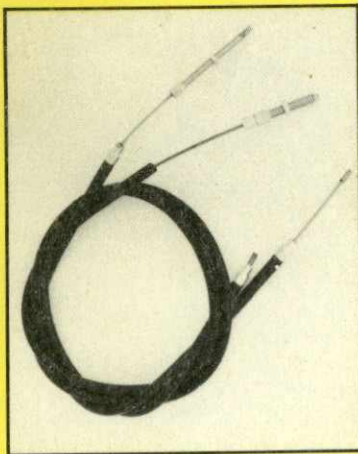
(c.o.d.s accepted with \$50.00 down, balance upon delivery—you pay c.o.d. charges. We'll pay all costs of shipping and handling for money orders.)

(U.S. Currency Only. Thank you.) (Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

Lifetime Clutch (and brake) Cables



New Design! Guaranteed Not to Break on Ya!



That's right. Now you can travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch or brake cable ain't gonna crap out on ya in the middle of Tightwat, Texas—where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard drivin'. Your worries are over! Get these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or next gallon of gas is coming from—because you **never** have to worry about your cable goin' south on ya anymore!

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

Each cable is preformed and prelubed—thus eliminating stretching and lubing. It has a minimum breaking strength of 2000 lbs. In assembling the product we use coil wound outer housing with a nylon inner sleeve to prevent cable abrasion. All of the end fittings are pneumatically swedged 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	\$19.00
Extended mousetrap cable	\$20.00
Old-style Sportster	\$22.00
Extended old-style Sportster	\$23.00
Current-style Sportster	\$22.00
Extended current-style Sportster	\$23.00

Postage and handling included



RIGHTEOUS

Box 361, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740

California residents add 6% sales tax