

Easyriders

July, 1974

75¢

**What YOU
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The Helmet Laws!**

In This Issue!
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for T-Shirts





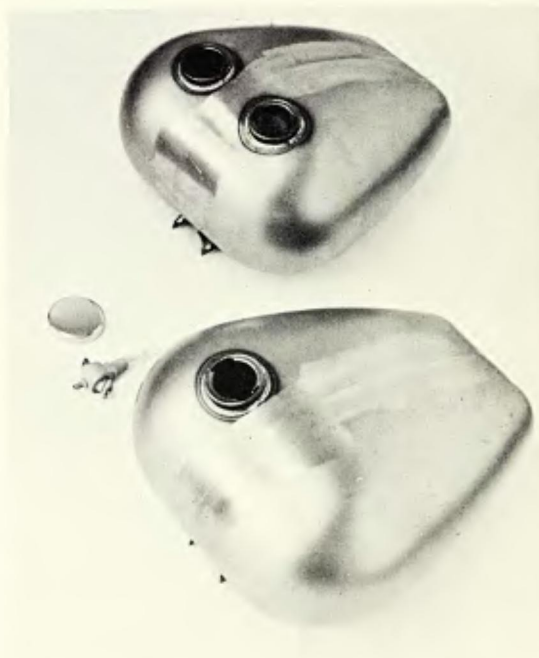
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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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Number 22

STAFF: Office Cats: Igor, White Rat and Omar. Executive Janitor and Contact: Spider. Subscription Hassles: Monica Stewart. Bookkeeper and King of the Assholes: Pillhead Smiley. Another Book Manipulator: Marleen Biehle. Young Man About Town: Lou. Arbitrator and Bill Collector: Big Armond Bletcher. Wine Taster and Chugalug Champ: Dudley. Hard Worker and Office Sex Symbol: Deon. The Elusive One: JoAnn Hansen. Resident Nympho: Miraculous Mutha. Contributing Photographers and Party-timers: James (Billy) Tinney, John Herlihy, Wino Joe, Dave Fitzgerald, Charles Flett. Cartoon Editor: The one and only Weird Harold. Art Director: Art (Hard to Please) Honcho. Artist: Dave Mann. Production: Here today, gone tomorrow Denise. Overworked Editor: Louis (License Plate) Bosque. Roving Reporter: Jake Rocca. Wordhead: Frank (The Hermit) Harding. Photo Editor: Pete (Tit Freak) Chiodo. Associate Editor: Keith (Bandit) Ball. Lecher and good guy: Big Toe Renegade. Editor-At-Large: Mil (Hog Expert) Blair. Managing Editor: Joe (Super Hog) Teresi. Editor: Lou (barf) Kimzey.

Easyriders magazine Number 22, June 1974, Vol. 4. Published every six weeks by Paisano Publications, Inc. with corporate offices at 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91502 and at additional offices. Copyright ©1974 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints, and changes of address, must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Circulation Department, Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. 1 year \$7.00, two years \$14.00 in the United States and its possessions and Canada. Add \$1.00 additional for foreign subscriptions. Single copy price 75¢. Postmaster: Forms 3579, Return to Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. Advertising: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Phone number (213) 880-4240.

Quick reference file: If you're ever concerned about balling a chick who's under the age of consent and then getting racked up for statutory rape, here's a handy-dandy guide to the age of legal consent in some states you may be travelin' through. It's 7 years of age in Delaware. In Florida, New Mexico, and South Dakota, it's 10. In Alabama, Alaska, Hawaii, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, New Jersey, North Carolina and Tennessee, it's 12. In Utah it's 13. In Georgia, Maine, and Oklahoma it's 14. In Washington it's 15. In 16 other states and D.C. it's 16. It's 17 in Iowa and it's 18 in 14 other states. Penalties range from a year in the slammer to death—so watch it.

File this under tough shit: The suburban township of Harmer (near Pittsburgh, Pa.) decided that umbrellas were bad for a policeman's he-man image and issued a ruling that they could only wear raincoats while working in the rain.

Pot farms limited to four acres: A Colorado legislative committee voted to limit marijuana farmers to four acres of land. That amendment was added to a proposed bill that would legalize growing and selling grass in Colorado. Under the proposed law weed would be sold though existing liquor outlets and would be taxed. The revenue would be used for the state's old age pension. In addition to the four-acre limit, the committee also voted to prohibit convicted felons from obtaining a pot seller's license and to make it a felony to bootleg grass.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



They said that 26 million Americans smoked pot last year and "we can no longer pay the enormous price to continue chasing marijuana smokers." Let's hear it for Colorado!

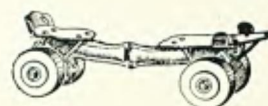
Dipshit file: Did you read about the dude in Miami, Florida, who knocked over a bank, ran outside and jumped into a waiting car and—surprise! It was the wrong car—very wrong—because he hopped right into a police car and was instantly had.

Our fucked-up world: A lot of readers sent me news clippings of this unreal situation: a dude was acquitted of snuffin' a guy whose body had been weighted and dropped into the Ohio River. A few days after the acquittal the police hit him again, only this time it was for "littering the river with the carcass of a dead animal"—the "carcass" being the dead body of the dude he had just been acquitted of murdering. Throw 'em in the trash can, man, or it'll cost ya fifty bucks.

Your suspicions confirmed: The chief psychologist of the Kansas Industrial Reformatory was recently reinstated to his job after the Kansas Civil Service Board ruled that practicing witchcraft was not in itself sufficient reason to dismiss him.

Expensive grass or awful thin joints: A news item from Georgia said that the Hall County detectives had just made their largest haul of marijuana ever—approximately nine pounds, which according to them was worth \$83,000 on the street.

Thought I was shuckin' ya, didn't ya?: Well a good reader sent me an advertisement for Boeing Electronics' **Boeing Orbis III**, which does the following: "1. Computes the oncoming vehicle speed; 2. Compares that speed to posted limits; 3. Photographs only those vehicles that violate the speed limit; 4. Photographs driver and license plate; and 5. Accurately records location, date and time." "No patrolman is involved. There's no chase . . . look at it this way," the advertisement pitches, "a trained officer with radar can apprehend about five violators per hour while our unit can handle 900." Help! They're closing in on us! ■



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Here's absolutely the best Harley buckle, anywhere!

A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Photo shown is actual size—solid metal, weighs almost a half pound.

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Each buckle comes with a 1 1/4"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

Send \$15.95 along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

This buckle is of the same high quality as the Righteous buckle you have already received. If you want only a buckle, just send \$10.00 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle.

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of your money
if not satisfied!



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

WORDMONGER'S WORD-HEARD

Piss On a Kawasaki?

☐ In a TV commercial recently a scene depicted a dog pissing on the front wheel of a Kawasaki. I was wondering if the dog's name was Harley.

Jay Albae
Plymouth, Mass.

Good Stuff

☐ Please inform all those ridin' fools out there in televisionland that Richard's Triple Peach is without a doubt the best high octane rotgut around. It's like having two inches added to your crank.

John
Bremen, Ind.

■ Send me some of that shit.

Nice Guy

☐ I ain't never ripped off a copy of *Easyriders* from a newsstand unless I was in a hurry.

Kid Gross
South Korea

How to Get Castrated

☐ I just want to tell the bastard that ruined my putt to Daytona by rippin' off my leathers that if I ever see him I will blow his fuckin' balls off with a .38 Special. If nothing else, he could send my earring to the address on the bottle of uppers inside the lining.

Punk
Augusta, Ga.

Been Sniffin' Again

☐ While taking a break from giving my lungs a nice coat of black lacquer, I was scoping out your rag. One of you assholes did it again. Check page 44 of the April 1974 issue. Now why would the owner want to change his head for one picture?

I guess I'm not the only one painting his scooter in the closet for a buzzzz.

Mike Glasney
Euclid, Ohio

Bitchin' Fiction

☐ The fiction bit "Hog Jaw" was appreciated by me on a very wet and dreary day. Those unique little phrases such as "circumcised tan shovelhead" and "chopper-induced gyn-ecological position" were just bitchin'.

Goldie
North Hollywood, Calif.

Cater to Him

☐ A few words of advice about your artist, Dave Mann. Feed him enough to keep him healthy. Cater to all the depraved habits he may have and then stay out of his shit. The man is an artist—undoubtedly the best artist the scooter people of

the world have. He has the ability to say the things we think and feel—so treat him right.

Mad Dog Culbertson
Fowler, Illinois

Owes An Apology

☐ The asshole who wrote you and said that women can't be bikers should meet my ol' lady. She rides a chopped 750 Honda that she built herself and does all the work on it too. I am writing this letter for her because I feel that the writer of that letter owes her an apology.

F. Riccio
Irvine, Calif.

■ Or she'll break your arm.

Testiclemonial

☐ I picked up your rag last night, read it from cover to cover, laughed my balls off and went to bed.

Norton
Rockville, Conn.

Infiltrating Narcs

☐ Just a mention of the narcs that are trying to infiltrate bike clubs in Utah. Not only should the establishment bastards be made to get their red wings, which would probably be the ultimate insult to their less than ant sized, puritanistic, American dream, mom and apple pie minds, but how about brown wings? That'd probably be harder on their egos that it would be on Mutha's if you didn't let her have a column for three issues.

Cowboy Carson
Big Ford, Mont.

Doesn't Dig Small Tits

☐ That skeleton you featured in the April issue blew my gourd—shit, the kid I had when I was in the joint had bigger tits than she did.

Cherokee Dodge
Winter Haven, Fla.

☐ I can't believe you couldn't find anything better to photograph than 16-year-old Cheryl. For shame. What would her mother say?

Dale Sank
Rapids, Minnesota

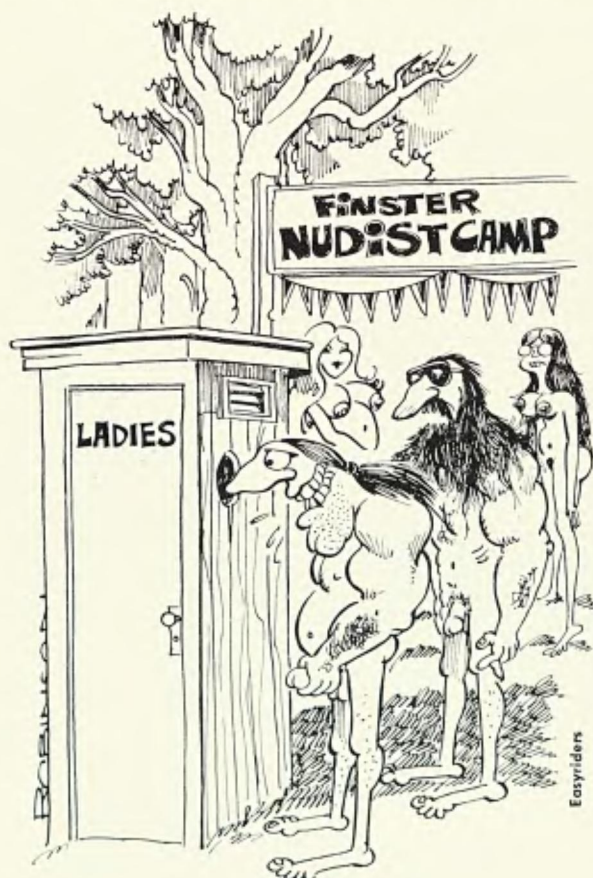
☐ So what's so funny about a pretty female mechanic? Give her credit for holdin' the wrench right. I've known broads who'd rather shove it up their box than turn a nut or bolt.

Shovelhead Fred
West Lawn, Pa.

☐ In the April issue you had a chick messing around with a scooter running a mag-neto. It also had a coil (which she inspected). Now, does the scooter have a coil/mag setup to blow her mind, our minds, or is this the new "west coast go-fast goody."

J. R.
Tucson, Ariz.

■ We wanted to make certain she didn't get all the answers right.



"Marvin, you're sick!"

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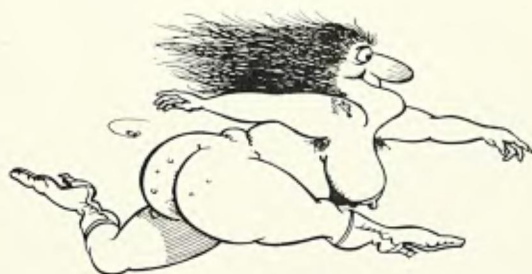
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Literary Horseshit

☐ Over the last few years I've become an avid reader of **Easyriders**. Keep up your brand of literary horseshit; it provides a truly unique view of bikes and their bag(s).

Ed Van Horn

☐ I just want to express my sorrow for ol' Black Dog. My ol' lady and I have one of those funny little monsters that we love too.

Paint by Milt
Columbus, Ohio

We Could Dig It

☐ I could dig my ol' man's bike in your mag with me on it shaking a little tit.

Deane
Melbourne, Fla.

Have To Hide It

☐ The only bitch I have about your magazine is that I actually have to hide the fucker till me and my ol' lady are finished reading it—because 10 minutes after I put it out on the coffee table, the fucker disappears forever. Every dude that falls in, putts over, or crashes here keeps his eye on my fuckin' mailbox.

Cool Breeze
Chicago, Ill.

Male Meat

☐ To all chicks and ol' ladies who write your mag complaining about the lack of male meat showing in photos, I'd like to ask what's wrong with the meat of the guy sitting next to you. Strip him, honey, and do your thing. I don't need any meat showing in your mag—my ol' man is great! (12")

T.F.'s ol' lady
Chicago, Ill.

Detrimental Reading?

☐ I'm a convict here in the Georgia State Prison and after two years of my

reading your fine rag, the administration has decided that it is detrimental to my good solid rehabilitation. They haven't figured out how to wash my brain of the past two years of reading I have done—but have faith, they'll come up with something.

Fat Frank
Chicago

No Symbolism

☐ In response to N. Hager, Oakland, Calif..

If you've ever talked to a **real** biker, you'd know why they love their bikes so damn much—not because of the "symbolism" you insist on but because a biker knows his bike is a real creation. It's something he did with his own hands. He can make it beautiful or gross. Whatever he wants, **he** can mold it instead of it molding **him**, like so many "women" attempt to do.

A bike can be ridden as hard or as easy as a man wants—or it can be put on a pedestal and admired. A bike will never bitch, never restrict a man's freedom and—most important—**never** get fat and ugly.

This chick rides behind her ol' man, and I don't really care what he calls me, just so he calls **me**. I don't know any of the chicks who are **decent** ol' ladies to their men that have your so-called "hero-worship" syndrome. I've always known it as love and respect, and if that's wrong to you, then lotsa luck.

Moses' Ol' lady
Lexington Park, Md.

Law and Order

☐ I just thought I would let you guys know how law and order worked around here when the president of our club laid his Hog down

trying to avoid a bunch of kids that ran out in front of him. The Man busted him for disturbing the peace when he tried to file a complaint against the parents of those little bastards.

Speed Gambada
Byesville, Ohio

■ Some bikers are shot for less.

We Get Around

☐ Your mag has lifted my spirits many times while in the Navy. Bought one in Panama, Australia and New Zealand. You sure get around, don't you.

Robert Mason
Kennebank, Maine

Handy Hint

☐ In answer to the guy who wanted to know how to shrink heads—tell him to boil the head for 48 hours, making certain that he scrapes all fat from inside the skin. Sew lips shut. Then pack head with sand and place hot stones all around it. Keep stones hot for a day or so. Maybe you should mail my letter to him—he may be running out of ice, and a head really smells rank when it spoils.

Mark Bowles
Cincinnati, Ohio

Expressing Freedom

☐ I believe what you guys are doing is expressing freedom. Your rag is freedom, and so if you alter it, take anything out of it like the nudes, a freedom is lost and then **Easyriders** becomes a straight rag like **Time** or **Newsweek**. Nixon has taken away many of our freedoms, so let us keep a few—like broads, booze, bikes and blowin' Mutha Nature.

Beaver
Union Lake, Mich.

Peter Fonda

☐ We just wanta know two things. In the top photo on page 34 (April issue) is the guy in front really Peter Fonda? And is the guy on the back really playing with his peter?

R.R.R.D.
Mt. Rainier, Md.

So Long, Black Dog

☐ I'm sorry to read that Black Dog went to the Harley Bone Yard—I dig cats myself, I'll be out of the

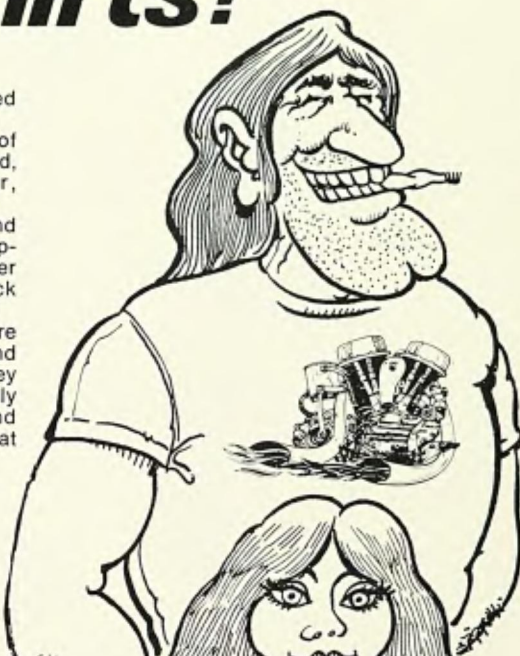
ChopShirts!

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joint in 56 days and then I'll be back with my two cats and some pussy.

Diz
Yardville, N.J.

☐ Hey dudes, dig this. The guys at school were really bent when they heard about Black Dog, so we all drug our asses down to the bar to get good and. As we were shootin' the shit we all decided that we'd hafta do somethin' special in honor of Black Dog's departure.

After some pitchers of Bud, somebody said, "Hey — let's pull a streak in front of Ralph Nader and the crowd he draws. Fuckin' cops wouldn't even let us near, so we streaked through the halls and on the grounds of good ol' Burlington County College.

Really hope Black Dog woulda appreciated it all.

The dudes at B.C.C.
Cinnaminson, N.J.

■ He would have.

Rotten Gift

☐ Would you believe that on my 21st birthday I received a copy of **Easyriders**?

Marvin
Apopka, Fla.

F.O.W.L. Remarks

☐ I think the Chick #1 who wrote in the April issue has got her shit together. It's about time someone stood up to chicks who think their pussies don't stink and are better than us because they have their own bikes.

F.O.W.L. Chick
La Belle, Fla.

☐ Mamas belong behind a club member (packing) or on their backs. Ol' ladies belong at home or packing on runs. No chick should have her own putt.

Ex-Mama
Rockford, Ill.

☐ I guess I'm qualified to join F.O.W.L. because I'm not going to let a bunch of frustrated soap opera watchers tell me I'm liberated.

I've got a triple A rating from all my past ol' men (and my current ol' man) because I'd rather feel my ol' man's back against my big tits as we sail down Hawaii's highways on his

Hog. I like feeling my stud and his stud's power at the same time—and I enjoy every inch of it!

Queen of Spades
Haleiwa, Hawaii

From Down Under

☐ Us bikers down here have about had it with dumbassed Aussies who call themselves bikers and moan and groan about how tough it is down here. We'd like everyone to know that we have only 13 million people on the same amount of land as the U.S.—which means a lot of open space. We've got good booze, easy dope laws, and spunky women. Compared to the U.S. this is a biker's paradise.

Frog
Mount Druitt
New South Wales
Australia

Prison Bummer

☐ Some time ago I wrote to have my name put in the Mail Call column for some chicks to write me. You printed my request and a chick has been writing me, but the officials here have been cutting her return address off her envelopes. Would you let her know what's happening? Her name is Mary Ann C.

Jerry (The Monk) Foster,
B-012499
Box 747-W-3-S-13
Starke, Florida 32091

Spider Fan

☐ I think Spider deserves his two pieces of raisin pie and two rations of smokes a week.

Creature
Draper, Utah

■ So does he.

Wants Mail

☐ A couple of issues back you printed a letter from

me about our Bikers Behind Bars organization where we explained about our chick bank in which we collect chicks' names and addresses and send them to brothers, upon request, who are in jail.

The response was great. Like 200 letters from brothers in the slam—but only 32 chicks.

I would like you to print my request again so that chicks out there who dig bikers will take the time to drop us a scribe. We also need postage stamps—no cash or money orders—just stamps. We now have chapters in 14 state prisons and two federal prisons.

Walt Younie, #123220
or Al Grondin, #123453
Maryland State Prison
Baltimore, Md. 21202

Dirty Feet

☐ Regarding your February cover girl—I figure any girl who has dirty feet has a dirty snatch.

Mad God
Axtell, Neb.

Who's Knockin'?

☐ I would be obliged if you would stop knocking English bikes and pull your cameras up out of your asses and point them at a BSA.

Cap
Lancashire
England

■ We don't knock anyone's bike—not even BSA's.

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



Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

A bunch of crap . . .

Another monster is looming on the horizon: the Environmental Protection Agency. They are studying pollution levels of various motorcycles with a view of proposing limits. They fear that an increase in motorcycle use will produce an increase in pollution.

They base their feelings on some limited research that showed that "on the average, an uncontrolled motorcycle emits 20 times more hydrocarbons per vehicle mile traveled than an automobile controlled to the 1976 standards."

What a bunch of crap. It is just like typical bureaucrats to react in a manner that completely ignores the obvious. It may very well be true that an uncontrolled bike emits 20 times more pollutants per mile traveled than an automobile suffering under the restricting junk hung on it nowadays to reduce its polluting ability. But it's that "per mile traveled" line that gives them the false rationale.

How on earth is it possible for a 15 or 30.5 or 45-cu.-in. motorcycle to emit anywhere near the amount of pollutants that a 200 to 400-cu.-in. car engine does? Obviously it isn't possible. But, when you measure the amount it is putting out in terms of miles traveled, you get a slightly different picture—relevant or not.

—Joe Parkhurst
Cycle World

Whoopie for cafe racers . . .

About all we can say is to look around you. Cafe racers are the coming thing. Every day less and less of the so-called chopper is seen on the road. Conversely, every day you see more and more of the

cafe racer type of motorcycle.

There are many reasons for this. The chopper type of machine has gone just about as far as it can go.

—Dick Miller
Big Bike

Hardtails hard on tails . . .

Many of you dudes cruisin' down the highway on those lay-back-feet-up choppers may someday be doing your cruisin' in wheelchairs. The switch to four wheels won't be the result of a bike accident or other mishap, but because of a ruined spine from years of riding around on a hardtail.

This grim warning was issued during a speech before the senior class of the Los Angeles College of Chiropractic by Dr. Henry P. Loignon of San Fernando, who said persons who ride choppers of this type face the risk of permanent back injury. "... Riding a chopper is particularly harmful because the operator must keep his legs elevated and arms extended, with the spine assuming the shape of a giant letter C."

When the spinal column is so arched, the discs between the vertebrae are compressed into wedges, narrow at front and wider at the rear. Each bump and jolt forces the center portion of the spinal discs, which act as ball bearings between the vertebrae, backwards, causing minute tearing of the main portion of the disc. Gradual herniation of the spinal discs results.

—Motorcyclist

Liberty or death . . .

Has this nation as it nears its bi-centennial in 1976 been reduced from a group of people who in 1776 founded a nation because they were tired of oppressive laws, to a nation that will accept any-

thing once it has been forced into passage? What has happened to "no taxation without representation" or "give me liberty or give me death"? What will the American people say when the legislation or regulation requiring us all to get eight hours of sleep a night is proposed? Will the American people ever ask why they can be forced to wear helmets and safety belts whether they like it or not, or want to protect themselves or not?

—Gene Wirwahn
AMA News

Wheelies banned?

It is a basic philosophical truth that some questions simply do not have answers; one such depth query being "I wonder what causes legislators to . . ."

What inspires the question is news that the Iowa House of Representatives has passed HB 1103 by a vote of 81 to 6, a bill which would make it illegal to perform that act so near and dear to the hearts of motorcyclists everywhere—popping wheelies.

Iowa wheelie devotees should immediately contact their state senators to voice their opposition to House Bill 1103, not because they feel that cyclists should be permitted to pop wheelies wholesale across the face of the land, but because they feel that the cyclists of the state are intelligent enough to limit their fits of joyous backwheel abandon to areas where such an act could not be termed reckless, per se.

Legislators should also be impressed with the fact that if wheelie popping is really a serious problem in Iowa then the reckless operation statutes already on the books are adequate to control it.

—AMA News

Smooth, clean lines
Outstanding design
Heavy bronze finish
Finest leather
Hand-made belt



Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze plated for a lifetime of tough wear.

Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2 1/8" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick.

Belts are hand-made from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1 3/4" wide and is available in three colors: light brown, dark brown, and black.

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

Send \$12.50, plus 50¢ for insurance and postage, along with accurate waist size, and color of belt desired to:

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740.



Iron this Iron-On Transfer onto your T-shirt —go ahead, it works!

Ya gotta admit it! Ya never know what to expect in this rag—right? Well, this time it's a first. We're the first ones to include an iron-on transfer in a magazine printed by the rotary offset process and distributed nationally.

If you like the idea, let us know, because we plan to make it a regular, exclusive feature of *Easyriders*. We'd like to know what you think of it, how it worked, and all the off-the-wall places it was used. If you've got any bitches—well, just remember it was free!

Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work.

Get together the following materials: Ironing board and an iron; razor blade; transfer from this magazine; scissors; some unbleached muslin or other firmly woven fabric, about 12" x 16"; pins; sheet of white tissue paper; and a used or new 50% polyester-50% cotton T-shirt.

Directions: Using a safety-edge razor blade, cut the transfer page from the magazine on dotted line. *Prepare the ironing board surface*—Place this issue of *Easyriders* near the narrow end of your ironing board. Lay the muslin over it and tuck the edges under the magazine.

Transferring the pattern

1. Use a dry iron at the "linen" temperature setting.
2. Slip the T-shirt over the ironing board, centering the upper front (or back) of the shirt on top of the mag-

azine. (Be sure there are no creases in the muslin covering.)

3. Place the transfer page inkside down on top of the shirt, aligning it with the bottom edge of the magazine. Place a sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer paper.

4. Pin papers to shirt at one top corner and the opposite bottom corner, 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 pattern, especially to the edges. (If you don't have a clock with a second hand, you can time 30 seconds by counting rather briskly from 101 to 127.)

6. Lift the edge of the transfer page and peel it off, pulling straight up. That's it! Your *Easyriders* T-shirt is ready to wear.

Laundering Instructions: T-shirts with *Easyriders* transfers may be machine-laundered successfully with detergent—without running or bleeding, if you follow the setting options listed below. After the first washing, the blue of the transfer mellows to a blue-jean tone. You'll find that the color will last as long as the emblem on any commercially printed T-shirt.

NOTE: Do not use bleach when laundering. Chlorine bleach removes most of the color. Powdered bleach doesn't fade the transfer nearly as much as chlorine bleach, but it does make the blue run slightly.

Machine-washing options

1. Cold water—for wash and rinse.
2. Permanent Press / colored — warm-water wash, cold-water rinse.
3. Permanent Press/white — hot water wash, cold water rinse.

Machine drying: Set at Permanent Press (or "low") heat cycle.



Did you ever get out of the sack one morning and just have a weak feeling in your gut that everything was going to go wrong? Well, that didn't happen in my case. The worst day of my life sort of eased up on me with no warning at all.

After my planning for what seemed like years to take a day off from the salt mine, and having it rain each time—no, make that pour—the long-sought perfect Friday had finally arrived. The sun had been up long enough to indicate that the day was going to be clear, warm, and perfect for a run through the red-neck farmlands to the coast. Out of bed, into the naturals, and out the door; to hell with breakfast, I'll eat on the road.

The canvas I'd thrown over the Sportster was covered with dew, which made me wonder if perhaps I might have to kick my butt off to get things going. After a couple of dry slugs to loosen her up and shake my leg out, I reached down and switched on. She hit twice the first lick and I began to really feel like I might be on the verge of the most fantastic day of my whole life. Then I got the first indication that things weren't going to be quite as good as I'd thought.

On the second kick, about an inch below the top of the stroke, and with all the ass I had behind it, the goddam kickstarter flew off. After the initial bone-jarring punch from the right passenger peg, I sank into the seat, enjoying the brief numbness that followed. As soon as the pain returned, I got off and took note of the fact that the lock bolt for the starter pedal was missing. A careful examination of the ground under the bike proved without any doubt that the bolt had lost out on the last ride. A hurried, but no less careful examination of my entire dumpy pad yielded a rusted stove bolt and nut that was slightly too long, and a lot too small. Shit, man, stick it on in there, it'll hold good enough. The day is getting old.

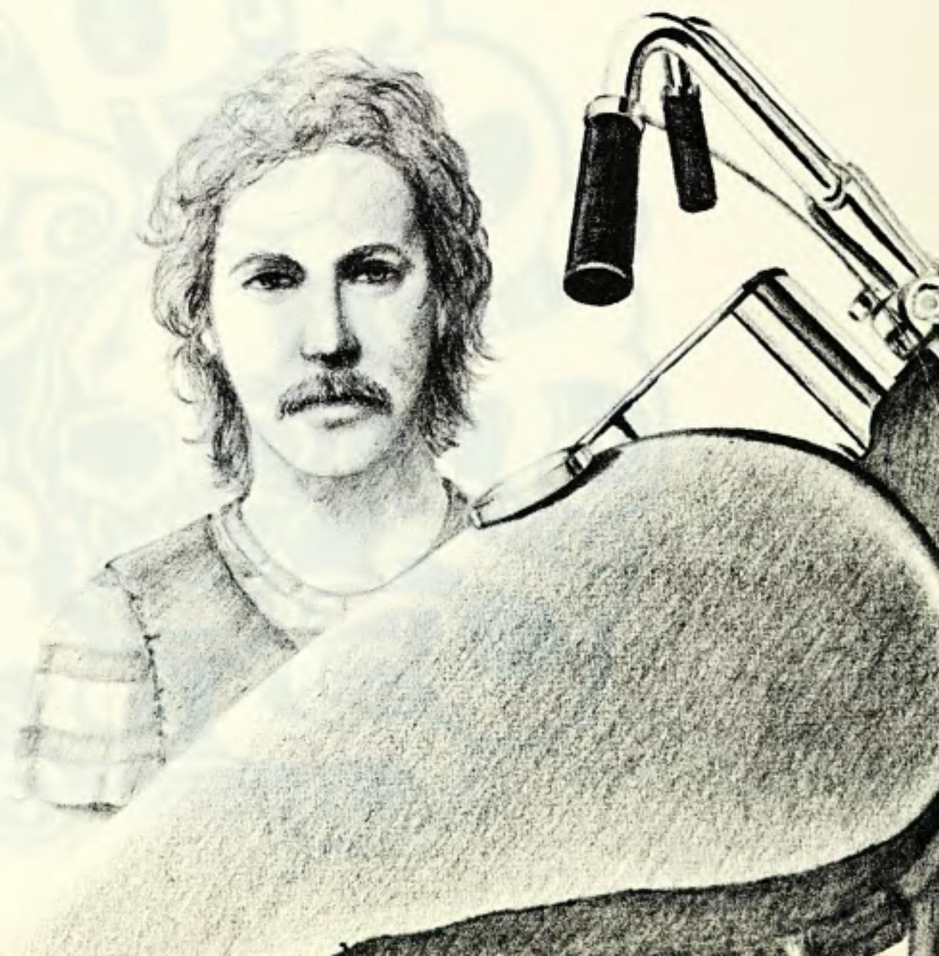
I ground my teeth and tried to

ignore the spasms in my new charley horse as I kicked it through again. Sweet Jesus, she fired up! We sat there in the yard together for a few minutes for me to regroup and for the bike to warm up, and I began to feel better. Could be everything's gonna be ok after all. Boot it into first and get out of here, fool, before you wake up the friggin'

neighbors, who will call the friggin' cops, who will give you another friggin' hassle!

At last, out of that stinking town and on the road. The air was crisp enough to be refreshing, but starting to warm up as the sun got higher. I called my helmet a goddam sum-bitch for the millionth time, punched the bike up to eighty, and held it

The Worst Day Of My Life [So Far]



there for about fifty miles, through three redneck crossroad towns, and into the flatlands. By now, the rumblings in my gut were getting louder than the bike, so I planned a stop at a trucker joint I knew of in the next town. I eased the Sportster up to eighty-five, getting hungrier by the minute. Only a mile or so to go for ham and eggs.

Watch it, man, that pickup ahead might not stop for the stop sign; no, he's slowing down, he's stopping. He sees me, go ahead now. *No he doesn't! Down the bank, through the ditch, up the bank, into the field, hang it sideways and stop!*

Where is the blind mother in the truck? Gone! Where am I?

I was looking at the world's largest roofing nail, sticking through the sidewall of an almost new Avon rib.

Now, I began to fully suspect that the day was going to go sour. I pushed the Harley back through the ditch and onto the road. Almost a mile to the hick service station at the edge of the next town, and mostly on a slight up-grade! I always thought the roads were flat down in that part of the country. I heard something on the road behind me, so I rolled the bike to the shoulder. Another pickup truck rolled to a stop beside me. A stream of tobacco juice curved lazily out the window and landed just short of my boot.

"You got trouble there, boy?" Some grizzled old fart in a John Deere hat.

"Yeah, my front tire's flat, and it's kinda hard to push."

Another stream of tobacco juice, not as close as the first. "I wouldn't have one of them damn things!"

My gig finger extended vigorously at his rear bumper as he rolled away toward the town.

What seemed like a hundred miles later, I pushed the Sportster into the service station lot. Unlike the TV bullshit, I wasn't overrun by two or three grinning idiots telling me they could be very friendly.

In fact, no one even stepped outside to see what all the heavy breathing was about. I kicked the sidestand out and went inside. Behind the counter was a man in surprisingly clean coveralls who spoiled all of his neat appearance by opening his mouth.

"Kin I hep you, kid?"

"Uh, yeah, I got a flat I need fixed."

The man rolled his eyes around, looked into the service bay, then back at me.

"Place is full now, an' my man's gone to lunch, but ya kin pull it in soon's we git this here other car out."

I knew what was next, but I spoke up like a dumbass anyway. "I don't need to get inside. I'm on a bike and I can take the front wheel off and bring it in."

"We ain't messin' with no moty-sickle!"

It was hard to remain calm while negotiating the rental of two large screwdrivers and a rubber mallet, especially after he told me it would cost five bucks to use them. Anyway, I put a five on the slob, broke the wheel down, and patched the remains, only stabbing myself once in the process. When I'd finished, I cleaned up enough to pass a citizen's inspection from anything farther away than thirty feet, got the hell out of the station and back to the bike.

By this time, it was early afternoon and I could have eaten most anything. I reached over the bike to flip out the kick start spool. It was gone. The whole friggin' thing, arm, spool, rusty stove bolt, the works! I really hated losing that stove bolt.

I walked slowly back inside the station and gave up eight more hard-earned dollars for a battered pair of Japanese imitation vise grip pliers. With those clamped firmly on the shaft, I managed to get the Harley started with a minimum of damage to my leg.

We thumped out of the station lot and headed for the nearest food. I

wasn't wild about starting the thing with the pliers again, but I was damn near caved in. One greasy spoon, coming up on the right! I pulled in the side lot, shut the bike off, hung my helmet on the mirror, and made it through the front door at something between a fast walk and a slow run. Shortly, after several sandwiches of doubtful content, I walked back to the lot, feeling a little better.

I reached for my helmet to put it on the ground before doing battle with the pliers again. Of course, the helmet was gone. Some low-life bastard had ripped off my damn helmet, for chrissake! I sat on the pavement and leaned back against the back tire, which, by some act of God, wasn't flat, and reflected on what type of nut it would take to grease a beat-up crash helmet. I couldn't figure that one out, but I did arrive at one monumental decision. Just say to hell with it all, the ride, the thieving bastards, and most of all, the day in general. Get cranked up, and get the bike home and chained before some mother steals it, too.

I could have enjoyed the wind blowing around in my ears on the way back through town, but I was too nervous about being spotted by the local heat, who would surely notice something illegal about my head. The day, so far, had been completely void of cops, though, and I began to think I might make it until the only damn traffic light in town turned red on me, and there he was, cocked and primed, sitting across from me at the intersection. The light was red for about a year, so he had time for a good close look. When the signal changed, I eased through the crossing and watched John Law make a u-turn in my mirror. I pulled over, on the verge of losing all self-control. John got out of his car a safe distance behind me. To my surprise, he wasn't fat at all. In fact, he could have walked between the legs of a narrowed

—Continued on page 63

By George Fowler

Cycle Laws Benefit All—Reduce Noise

Recent legislation by the state of Pennsylvania has greatly reduced the number of hazards for motorists, as well as minimized noise. Current law:—

REQUIRES that all persons operating or riding on a motorcycle, motor bike or scooter wear protective gear.

PROVIDES that all persons operating or riding on a motorcycle, motor bike or scooter wear eye protection.

SETS the height of handlebars to 15 inches above the saddle.

PROVIDES that no motorcycle or motor scooter be abreast of each other in a single traffic lane.

PROVIDES that no person may alter a fender on a motorcycle, motor bike or scooter after it has been manufactured.

the operation of a motor bike on a highway have been a violation of

gear needed to keep road funds

JOINES, Iowa (AP) — Iowa must enact legislation to require motorcyclists to wear protective gear or risk losing 10 per cent of its federal highway funds, according to Public Safety Commissioner Michael Sellers.

The requirement for protective headgear is one of the federal guidelines designed to help states meet the House and Senate Monday.

Iowa states require motorcyclists to wear helmets.

of motorcycles session, include for per-

Cycle Laws Have Single F

By Associated Press
Law enforcement officials across the state
down on the death and injuries along with the requirement for helmets," said Curtis.
motorcycle accident, a light, Burdge said he is about to be

Paid Political Advertisement

MOTORCYCLES AND OTHER MOTOR VEHICLES SHOULD BE SEEN NOT HEARD

The CQC believes Oklahoma City—and Oklahoma—motor vehicle noise levels can be significantly reduced thru the enactment and enforcement of a new decibel noise level limit. All citizens have the right to be able to enjoy as much peace and quiet as possible—there is no need for a few loud motor vehicles to infringe upon the peace and quiet of the majority of people who keep their vehicles from annoying others. Passage of a new decibel noise level limit requires everyone's help. We'll send you full information as to what you can do to make our dream a reality.

NOISE CAN BE LESSENED
CITIZENS FOR A QUIETER CITY
Oklahoma City, Ok. 73105

P.O. #

NEWSPAPER/76th

Sears to 5

mini-bikes and dirt bikes. In 1972 motorcycle accidents claimed 130 lives in Illinois, nearly double the number recorded in 1968 of 77. According to C.O. Swanson of the state Office of Transportation and Safety, the mandatory helmet law "had considerable effect on the motorcycle rate."

There were 9 fatalities for the year when the rate was 1.5 per 100 registered motorcycles.

death was the same time a year ago.

Carlson was driving his motorcycle east on business Rte. 20 in Elgin when his vehicle was struck by a guard railing.

one month.

Glenn E. Burroughs, 253 Newhouse Lake Park who

flaming crash. The cycle and car were badly burned and damaged.

ion after the driver was killed.

Also placing the state fire marshal's office under the peace officer retirement system; a bill specifying stiffer penalties for assault of police officers; placing clothing allowance for plain clothes officers; motels and fire regulations under the fire marshal's office.

apartment houses under the delivery of drugs and increasing the penalty that can be spent for the amount of money used in investigations were

Dear Abby

Advice on Riding Motorcycles Don't!

by Daniel N. Kulund
CHIEF OF ORTHOPEDICS AND
LANGLEY AIR FORCE BASE HOSPITAL
Murphy of Libertyville, a
employee of Liberty Loan
Cedar Lake Road.
tent accom-

Bikes, Bikers, and the Media

Cyclist to keep road funds

gear needed to keep road funds

Dear Abby

By Gary H. Cape



"No-Fault" Insurance Would Curtail Cycling According To Figures Cited By Industry

By PETE JACOBS

Increased costs, says Mintz, are a real organization out of business if it is not profitable.

Did you catch *Magnum Force*, the recent Clint Eastwood flick? Well, it was a bloody bugger, the plot concerning a group of neo-fascist rookie cops who begin systematically ridding San Francisco of certain problem personalities, using the quick, if messy, method not endorsed by civilized traditions.

The foulest pieces of gore in the movie involved 357 Magnums used in conjunction with police traffic division Moto Guzzis. The typical killing had the cop/murderer use his police bike to pull his felon/victim over to the curb, walk up official-like to the car window, and use the handheld cannon to blow some heads off. This breed of "action" was exploited to the fullest with clock-like regularity throughout the film; violence buffs never had to wait too long before the red stuff was again gushing everywhere.

In fact there was an easy to spot cue that early in the show conditioned the audience into squirming with anticipation of the next blood-bath. It was merely the head-on shot of a cop motorcycle. In the context of *Magnum Force* this simple scene held an ominous aura: The police motorcycle was equated to violent death.

Then something interesting occurred midway through the film. A street scene filled with everyday traffic had a green 750 Honda with fairing pass by. It was an everyday job with no tie-in and no resemblance to the Moto Guzzis in police drag. Yet the same conditioned reflex, the gut reaction, rippled through the audience. There was a momentary letdown; but soon things were back in shape, and the audience was treated to some great motorcycle gore including a head-on crash with a Ford and a breezy ride off an aircraft carrier.

It's no news that Hollywood several years ago milked dry the Outlaw Motorcycle Gang gimmick. But one begins to wonder if we're seeing the inklings of a new stereotype being developed by the Hollywood fantasy merchants and their counterparts in the printed media.

As bikers we're used to adverse typecasting; the past has seen enough of that. Just how are the media now portraying the biker and his machine? And where does the manufacturing of falsehoods lead—on the

streets as well as in legislative chambers around the nation?

A recent article in *Parade Magazine*, the Sunday pap and gossip newspaper supplement that reaches millions, was entitled, simply, "Don't Ride Motorcycles!"

Billed as "One Doctor's Crusade," it was laced liberally with deception, descriptions of revolting injuries, and statistics. The author claimed that never to ride a motorcycle is one's best protection.

The doctor claimed that motorcycles are "out of phase with cars," that road bikes require greater braking distance than automobiles (an outright lie), and that one must be a near-expert to bring a bike to a fast stop using front and rear brake together (another one).

Further, and here's a new one, the doc contended that crash helmets lure riders into a false sense of security and lead them into situations they might have avoided had they not been wearing a helmet!

The learned M.D. complains of increasing hours devoted to treating young accident victims. For this man, from what he's seen and the statistics he's gathered, it is then logical to prescribe personal behavior. At this point the man is no longer a healer but a necessary evil.

He admits, correctly, that most accidents involve inexperienced riders, and fault usually can be laid upon negligent car drivers. Nevertheless...

Ann Landers is America's champion critic against liquor, pot, cigarettes, long hair, premarital sex, and motorcycles. (Notice how bikes are tossed in with the rest of that evil stuff.)

Old Annie has a following of millions who take her word as gospel and believe as she believes. Her ostensible purpose for being is to "give advice" to those who are too befuddled by life to work out their own problems, however simple. That a situation exists where people plead for answers to personal problems from a woman with absolutely no credentials whatsoever—except a corner on the advice racket—is purely ridiculous in itself.

Ann Landers, however, is not content to just "give advice" to mere millions. The fact that somehow every other letter she prints contains some subtle or overt commendation for her valuable work is not enough. No, there has to be some

concrete redeeming social value. Right some moral wrongs. Not the least of which is the fact that society allows young men to risk danger on motorcycles.

Those of us who eagerly hunt each day among the society columns and recipes for Annie's column, hoping for the long, long-awaited retirement announcement, know she hasn't yet advocated the outright banning of bikes. Only that "something should be done."

Her best ruse is to print letters of pure gore from doctors and parents who describe a bad one or two and plead for remedial action. Ann says something sympathetic and agrees, yes, something should be done. The message to the citizens is clear enough.

Last summer she told a woman not to let her son buy a motorcycle because of the "blood-chilling statistics on the annual carnage resulting from motorcycle accidents." A couple of weeks later she printed a letter from a woman whose husband became a drunk, whose marriage broke up, and who became a hopeless neurotic herself after her son was killed by a car that made the classic left turn into the path of his oncoming bike. The fault of all this grief and tribulation, of course, stemmed from the motorcycle.

There are more bikes and riders out now than ever before—and gasoline prices and supply pressures threaten to bring millions of closet bikers out onto the public thoroughfares.

"What objection could there be to a phenomenon so popular?" asks an article in *PTA Magazine*.

"Well, safety for one. Or better, lack of safety."

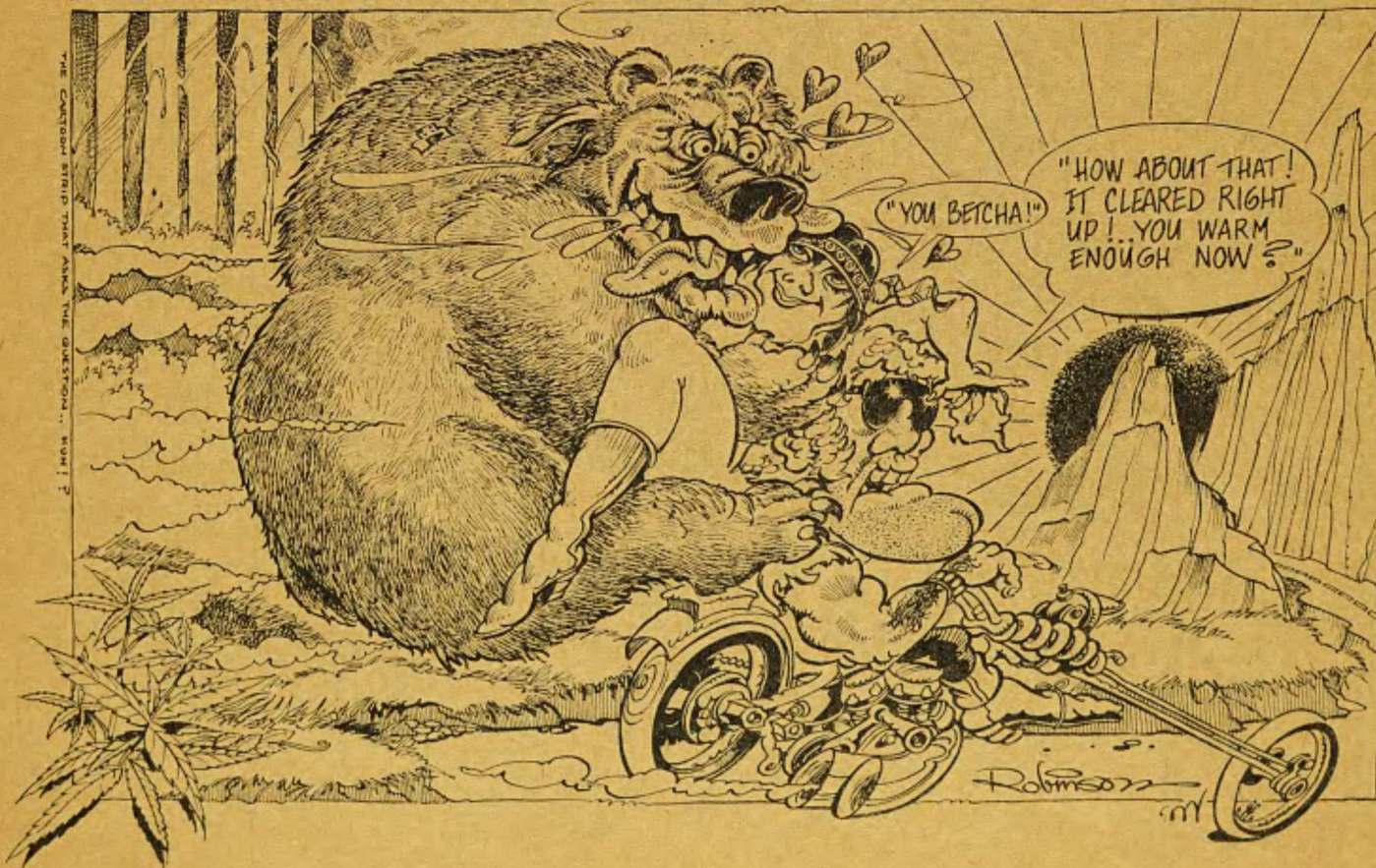
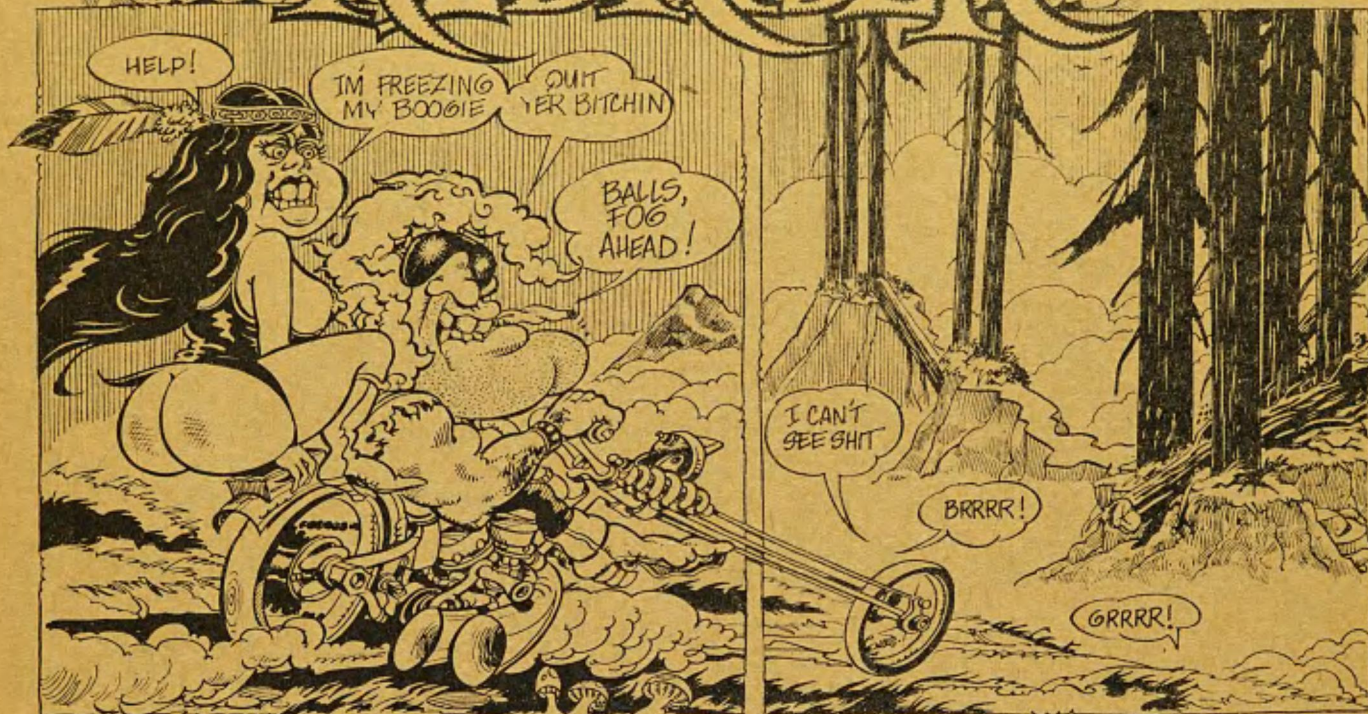
In his article, entitled "The Motorcycle Boom—The Blast Not All Young Men Survive," the writer, credited with having "driven motorcycles for many years," does tell parents a bike can help their son's maturation. He does this at the article's conclusion. After the damage is done.

"Motorcycles, it appears, are not particularly safe machines by nature," the so-called experienced writer says, "and the people who operate them are not renowned for deep wisdom."

Among the unsafe characteristics of motorcycles are "notorious instability" (you can "topple over and be pinned"), "nakedness" of the cyclist

—Continued on page 65

RED RIDER



First, let's identify the enemy. He's a big one. He's the Federal Government. Narrowing that down, we come to Congress. Congress in 1966 passed Public Law 89-564, known as the "Highway Safety Act of 1966." You can read it all day and you won't once discover how that act leads to your wearing a helmet. Yet this act is the source of the problem for us. One of its amendments establishes a National Highway Traffic Safety Administration within the Department of Transportation (the NHTSA and DOT). The DOT can establish highway safety programs which the states must meet or: "Federal aid highway funds apportioned on or after Jan. 1, 1969, to any state which is not implementing a highway safety program approved by the Secretary (Note, now DOT) in accordance with this section shall be reduced by amounts equal to 10% of the amounts which would otherwise be apportioned to such state..."

As usual for Congress, it passes an unexplicit, general, motherhood type bill, puts a non-elected official in charge, turns its back and goes on to more important things like Watergate. That non-elected person can amass a large number of employees whose job it is to make highways safer. The number of these persons grows each year. In 1968 there were 406 employees in the NHTSA, by 1971 there were 632, and in 1973, 726. These people year in and year out must continually pour out safety standards. If they stop, the whole thing collapses, and all will be out of work. Think of it. Something approaching 1000 people not reachable by the elective process can survive in their jobs only by perpetually putting out safety standards. And these standards have the force of law as if Congress had passed them. But Congress doesn't even know what's going on—they are busy with other things. Is it any wonder that someone in the government is worrying about which side of the motorcycle the brake pedal is on, and deciding that we should wear helmets? One thousand people more or less, who must keep on grinding out safety standards year in and year out—one year, five years, ten years, fifty, they'll come up with everything imaginable and unimaginable sooner or later. You have to understand they can't stop. They can't come to a point and say, there, we're done, everyone is safe and cozy now. If they do, they're dead. The wonder isn't that they have come up with telling us to

wear helmets; it would be far more amazing if they didn't. And this is only the beginning. Give these 1000 people 10 more years and you won't know what a motorcycle is—they'll have air bags, seat belts, seat ejectors, training wheels, flashing lights, steering wheels, windshields with wipers, roll bars round and round so you are in a cage, an ignition that won't cut in until everything programs OK, no end.

Know something? The DOT claims it is doing what it's doing because it loves ya! Quote from the 1971 Annual Report, page 18: "The policy governing administration of the program is one of tough enforcement coupled with humane and understanding follow-through." This is becoming known as "benevolent coercion" or "tough love." No barfing out there in Disneyland, this is true.

Here in California we fight with Sacramento. We stopped the helmet bill in 1972. But in 1974? 1978? 1984? Will the State of California bend to our will, or to the will of DOT threatening with love to withhold millions of dollars in highway funds? It's only a matter of time. And the pathetic part of it is, Congress, who passed 89-564, didn't have helmets in mind.

The following is from PL 89-564. It's the part where Congress defines the authority of the DOT.

"Each state shall have a highway safety program approved by the Secretary (Note: now DOT), designed to reduce traffic accidents and deaths and injuries, and property damage resulting therefrom. Such programs shall be in accordance with uniform standards promulgated by the Secretary. *Such uniform standards shall be expressed in terms of performance criteria.* (Note: italics by the author.) Such uniform standards shall be promulgated by the Secretary so as to improve driver performance (including, but not limited to, driver education, driver testing to determine proficiency to operate motor vehicles, driver examinations (both physical and mental), and driver licensing) and to improve pedestrian performance. In addition such uniform standards shall include, but not be limited to, provisions for an effective record system of accidents (including injuries and deaths resulting therefrom), accident investigations to determine the probable causes of accidents, injuries, and deaths, vehicle registration, operation, and inspection, highway design and maintenance (including lighting, markings, and surface treatment), traffic

Why You Will Have To Wear a Helmet -Unless You act!

control, vehicle codes and laws, surveillance of traffic for detection and correction of high or potentially high accident locations, and emergency services . . . The Secretary shall be authorized to amend or waive standards on a temporary basis for the purpose of evaluating new or different highway safety programs instituted on an experimental, pilot, or demonstration basis by one or more states, where the Secretary finds that the public interest would be served by such amendment or waiver."

What can we do about this state of affairs? One thing is clear. It does no good to go to the DOT, for the reasons mentioned above. We can keep putting out the fire on the state level, but with the pressure in the law of withholding funds, the state must eventually give in. The source of the problem is Congress, who passed the law. We've got to go to Congress and change the law; the power of the DOT must be specifically limited with specific words. Most congressmen don't answer any letters personally. We've got to get face to face with the critical congressmen, get them to listen. Who are they?

The Highway Safety Act comes out of the Public Works Committee. The chairman is John Blatnik, Minn. The Transportation sub-committee chairman is John Kluczynski of Illinois. Other members of the Public Works Committee are: R. Jones, Alabama; K. Gray, Illinois; Harold Johnson, California; James Howard, N.J.; Della Abzug, N.Y.; J. Grover, N.Y.; J. Cleveland, N.H.; Don Clausen, California; Roger Zion, Indiana; Wm. Harsha, Ohio; and others. Action can be started through any of these or your own congressman.

Who is going to carry the fight? How about a coalition of Unforgiven Sinners, MORE, ABATE, Hell's Angels, and other MC clubs (strange bedmates, but for a common enemy, why not?). Maybe get the AAA in on this. The auto drivers of America don't like being forced to wear seat belts, which the DOT is trying to get written into a standard. With the clout of thousands and thousands of votes, force direct contact across the table with congressmen. What will be our pitch?

First, the DOT is overstepping the authority given them with the law as written. Go back to the quote given earlier from PL 89-564. Re-read the stressed sentence: "Such

uniform standards shall be expressed in terms of performance criteria." So the DOT is ordered to put out uniform standards, but they must be in the form of performance criteria. The performance criteria as the law states, shall reduce deaths and accidents by improved driver and pedestrian performance. In addition, better record systems, better investigations of accident causes, and inspection, highway design, and traffic control. Where in this is there even a hint that Congress had in mind to force people to wear certain articles like helmets, or even seat belts for that matter? It just isn't there.

With the above in mind, look at Highway Safety Program Standard 3, Motorcycle Safety. Item 1 states:

"1. The program shall provide as a minimum that:

A. Each person who operates a motorcycle:

(1) Passes an examination or re-examination designed especially for motorcycle operation.

(2) Holds a license issued specifically for motorcycle use or a regular license endorsed for each purpose."

(Note: So far so good. This is in accordance with the law passed by Congress. But look at items B and C below.)

"B. Each motorcycle operator wears an approved safety helmet and eye protection when he is operating his vehicle on streets and highways.

"C. Each motorcycle passenger wears an approved safety helmet, and is provided with a seat and footrest.

"D. Each motorcycle is equipped with a rear-view mirror.

"E. Each motorcycle is inspected at the time it is initially registered and at least annually thereafter, or in accordance with the State's inspection requirements."

There simply isn't anything in the law passed by Congress that gives the authority to DOT for items B and C. The law specifically concerns making better drivers to reduce accidents, and improving our knowledge concerning statistics of accidents. The state of Illinois had a law requiring that the operator of a motorcycle and any passengers must wear protective headgear. In March 1969 the State Supreme Court struck down the requirement in

docket No. 41624, *The People vs Donald Fries*. Fries was the operator. The question was, was it within the police power of the state to require the operator to wear a helmet. The Court said: "If the evil sought to be remedied by the statute affects public health, safety, morals or welfare, a means reasonably directed toward the achievement of those ends will be held to be a proper exercise of the police power."

The court adds: "However, 'The legislature may not, of course, under the guise of protecting the public interest, interfere with private rights.' The court goes on to explore the dangers of flying objects in the air interfering with the vision of the operator. The law also required eye protection, and the court said that was reasonable so that public safety would not be jeopardized. And finally, just beautiful, 'The manifest function of the headgear requirement in issue is to safeguard the person wearing it—whether it is the operator or a passenger—from head injuries. Such a laudable purpose, however, cannot justify the regulation of what is essentially a matter of personal safety . . . We hold that portion of the statute under which appellant was convicted to be beyond the police power of the legislature . . .'"

The coalition of motorcycle and auto clubs must convince congressmen to pass an amendment that specifically modifies the present law as follows: "While the DOT may find that it appears to them that certain articles of wearing apparel such as helmets and seatbelts are desirable features for individuals to adopt, where such safety features do not affect the safety of the public, but are of a personal nature that may affect the safety of the individual in certain accidents, the authority of the DOT is limited to informing the public of these desirable features but shall not extend to forcing the use of such articles, which remains the free choice of the individual to the extent that he wishes to protect his own safety."

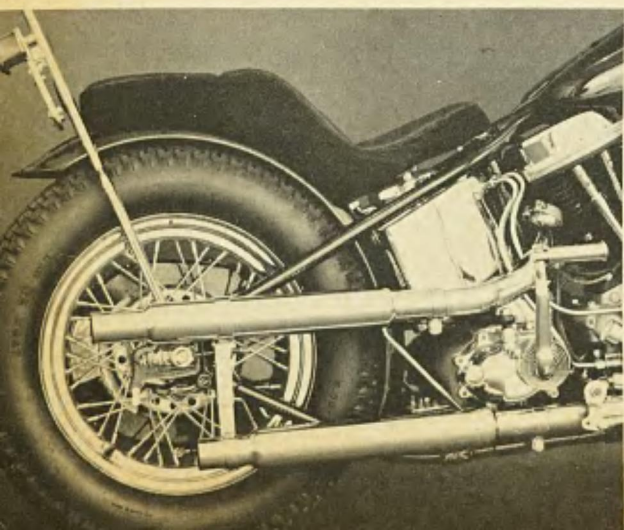
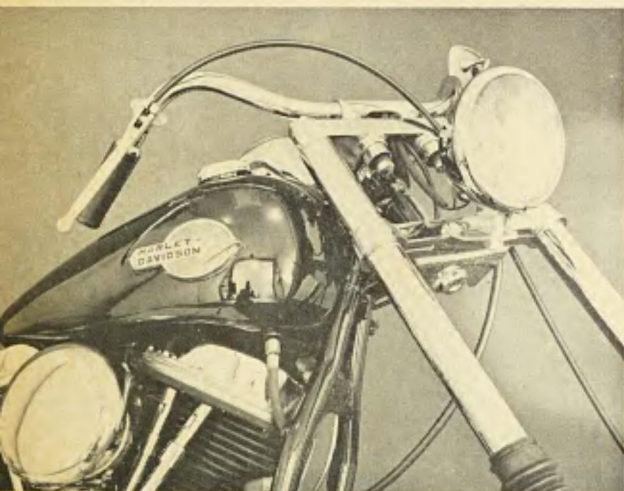
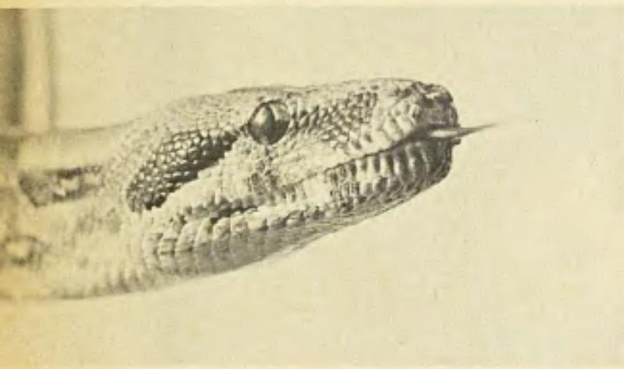
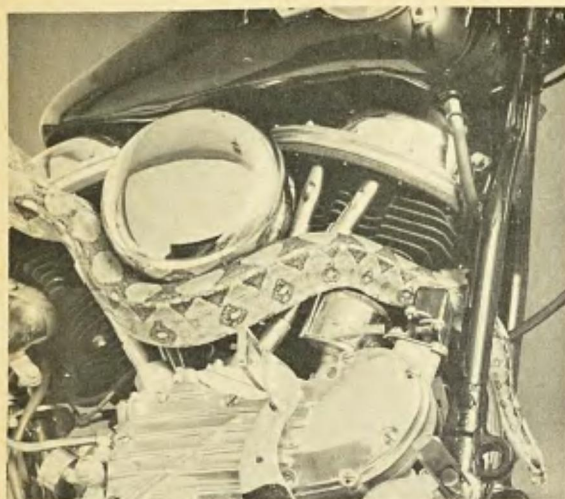
It shouldn't be necessary to do the above. But if the DOT oversteps their authority, Congress must be more specific.

Public Law 89-564 authorizes the withholding of highway funds for states not complying with DOT's orders. Congress must delete this authority. The federal government gets their money from the people

—Continued on page 59

A photograph of a woman with long, wavy blonde hair, topless, holding a large snake. The snake is coiled around her neck and upper chest. She is looking down at the snake with a slight smile. The background is a solid dark color.

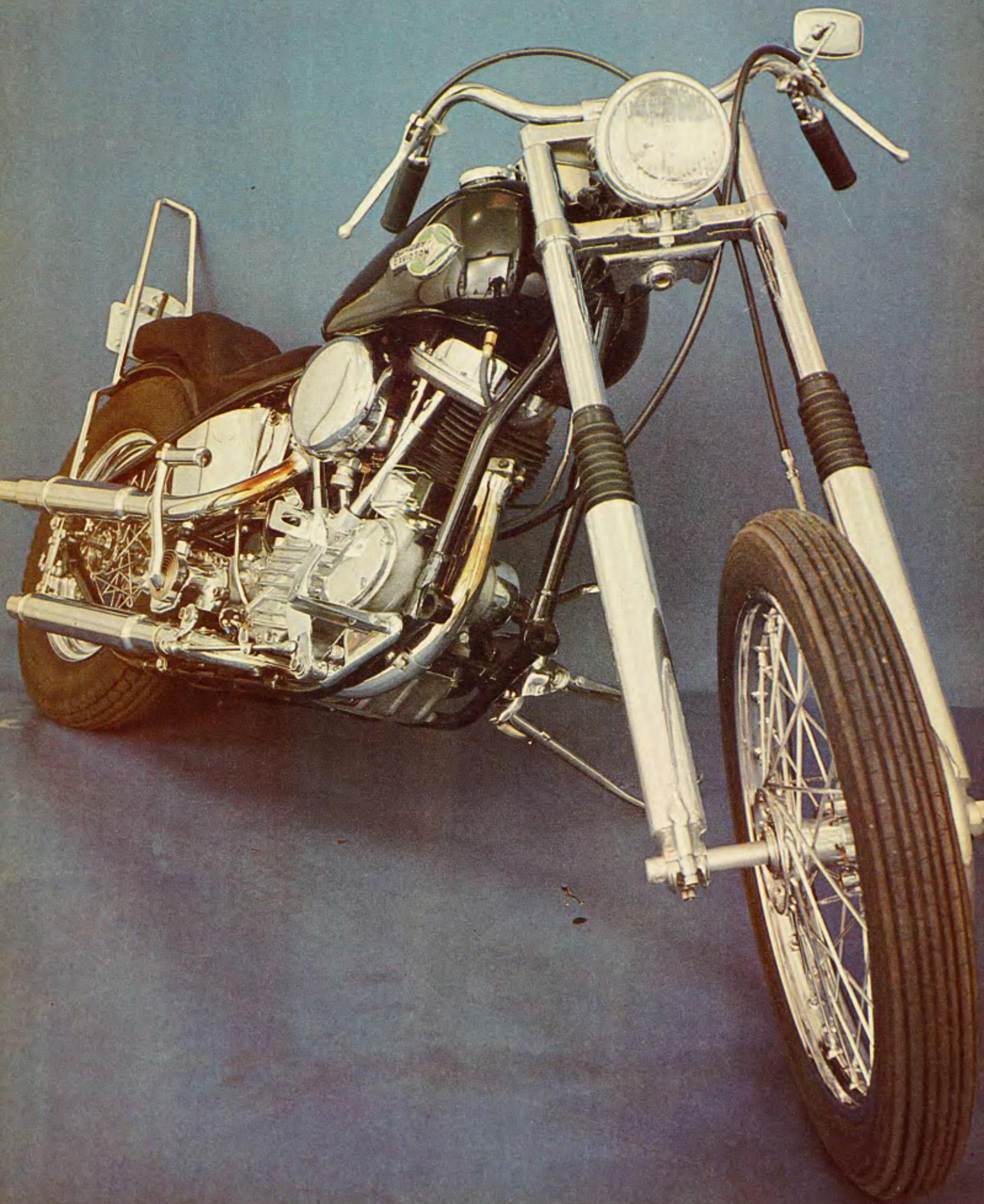
*"I don't
want any
snake crap
on my
bike!"*



We've featured Beth before, but there's something about her that we haven't told you about—she has two pet boa constrictors, Ike and Mike. We would have told you about Ike and Mike before, but we were saving that bit of info for a special feature—in that way we'd have a legitimate(spell that l-e-c-h-e-r-o-u-s) reason for revealing Beth again to our good people out there in televisionland.

Okay, so she has two boas. So how do we build a feature around that? We're not a fuckbook, so we couldn't photograph any of the ideas Spider or Super Hog came up with. No, we'd have to play it straight.

Ronnie, the snotty-nosed office boy, suggested we feature her and her snakes





with a bike. His reward for the greatest inspiration he's ever had? Miraculous Mutha wiped his face in her sweaty, hairy armpit.

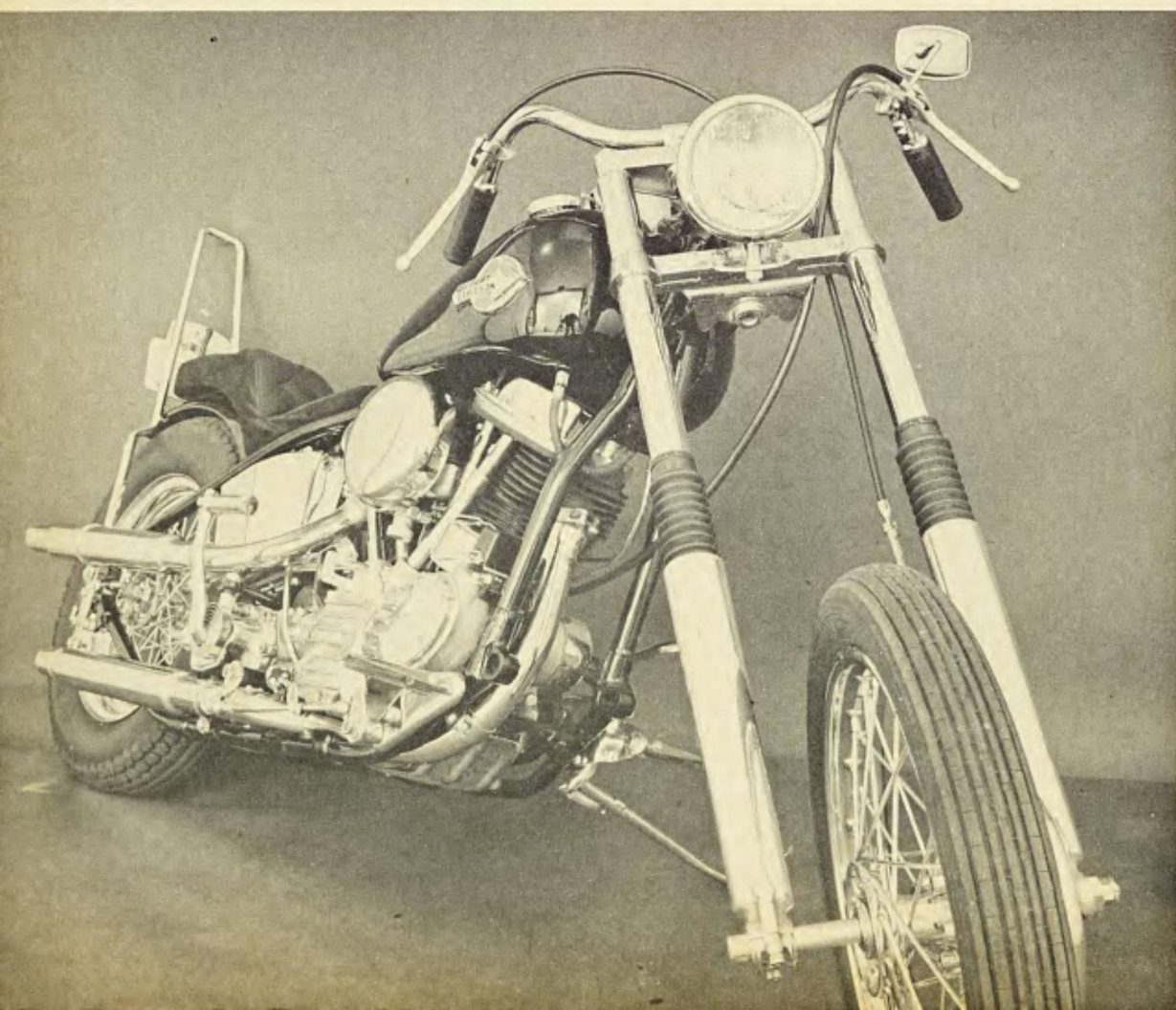
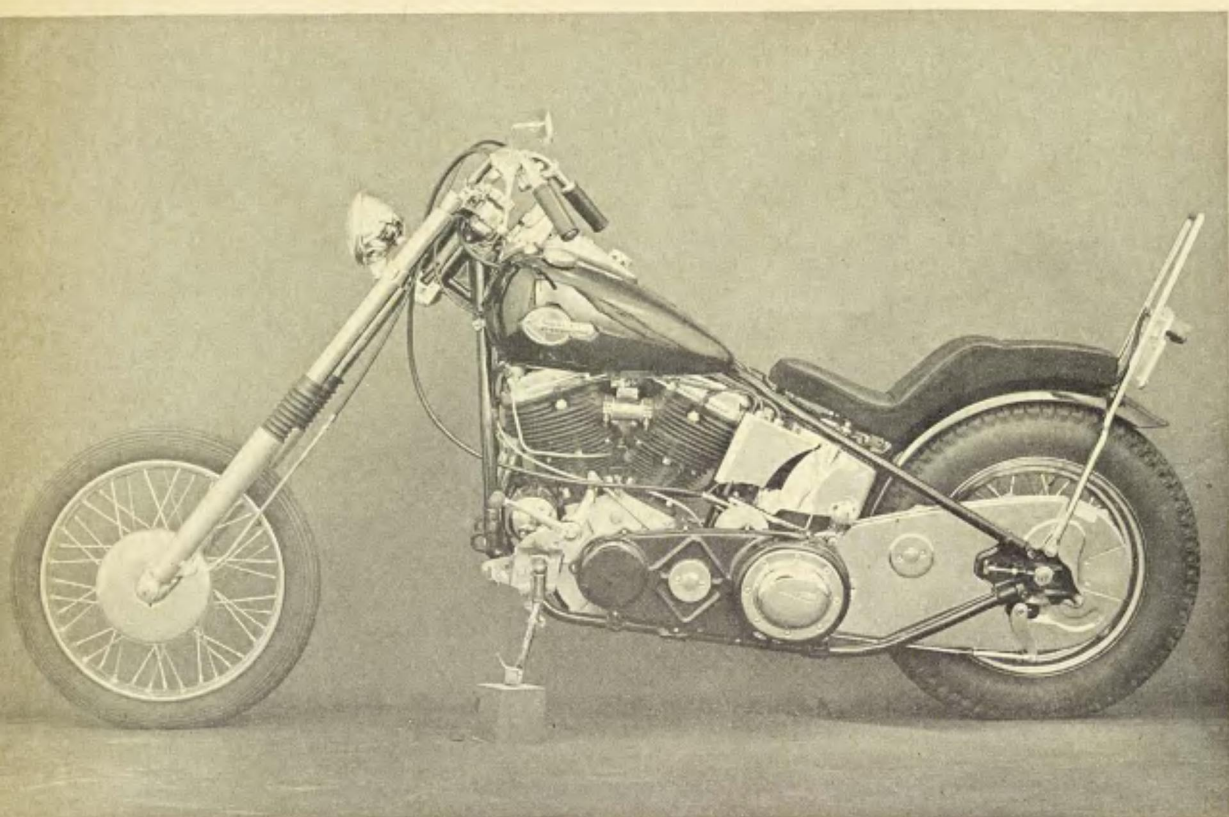
No one else in the room could come up with any "clean" ideas, so it was decided to find a scoot to shoot Beth and her friends with.

Pat Ditson (you remember Pat, he's had scoots in the Dec. '71 and Feb. '74 issues) had just finished another bike. So we contacted him, ah, make that, telephoned him. He agreed, until he found out what we were up to. "What in hell do you mean, shoot snakes on my scoot?"

At first, we couldn't figure out what he objected to. What was there about the snakes that he didn't like? Finally it came out. "What if they shit all over my paint job?"

"Snakeshit on a bike paint job?" we argued, "that might add some class." He didn't dig the humor, so we agreed not to feed the snakes their weekly rat until after photographing the bike. So after all that, here's the bike, Ike and Mike—and Beth.

—Continued on next page



Owner: Pat Ditson

City: Burbank, Calif.

General

Chassis

Fabrication by: owner

Frame builder: stock H-D

Year and make: 1953 H-D

Year and make: 1948 cradle

Model: 74 FL

Rake: stock

Value: \$2,000

Stretch: none

Assembly by: owner

Rear Suspension: rigid

Time: 1 year

Accessories

Chroming by: Father & Son

Bars: Sportster Speedster

Engine

Risers: Stock (rubber mounts)

Year: 1953

Fender(s): 5-in. rib

Model: Panhead

Headlight: Bates

Builder: José (Eagle Rock)

Taillight: Lucas

Ignition: 6V coil

Speedo: H-D

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Foot pegs:

Balancing: Hank the Crank

Front: custom steel

Pistons: FLH

Back: none

Cam: FLH

Gas tank: 3-gal. dresser (1959 H-D)

Lifters: hydraulic

Oil tank: stock

Carb(s): Linkert M-74

Primary cover: original diamond

Air cleaner: stock (early H-D)

Seat material: leather, by Ministronie

Shifter: foot

Sissy bar:

Pipes: sidesweeps

Height: 30 in.

Muffler(s): 22-in. MCM's

Material size: 5/8-in. hex

Gearing:

Forks

Engine sprocket: 23

Type: glide (shaved legs)

Trans sprocket: 24

Type front rail:

Painting

Extension: 8 in.

Molding: none

Builder: Jammer

Painter: Fat Jack

Wheels

Color: black

Front

Rear

Type: acrylic enamel

Size: 18-in.

Size: 16-in.

Hub/brake: H-D

Hub/brk: H-D mech.

Rim width: WM2

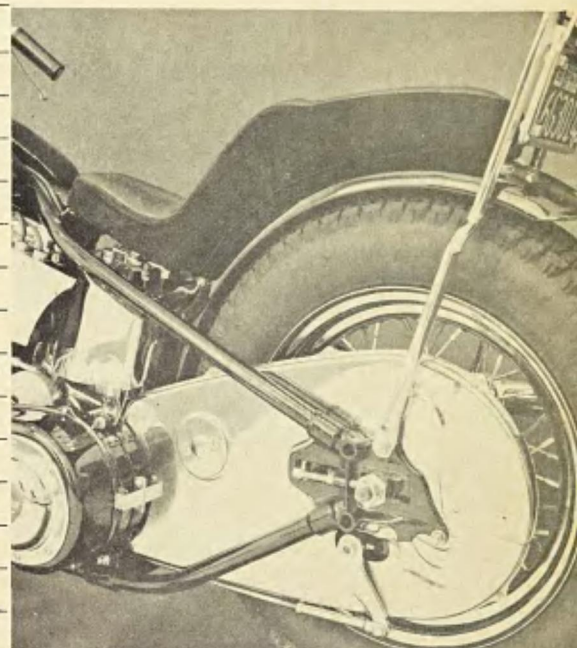
Rim width: WM4

Tire size: 3.00 x 18

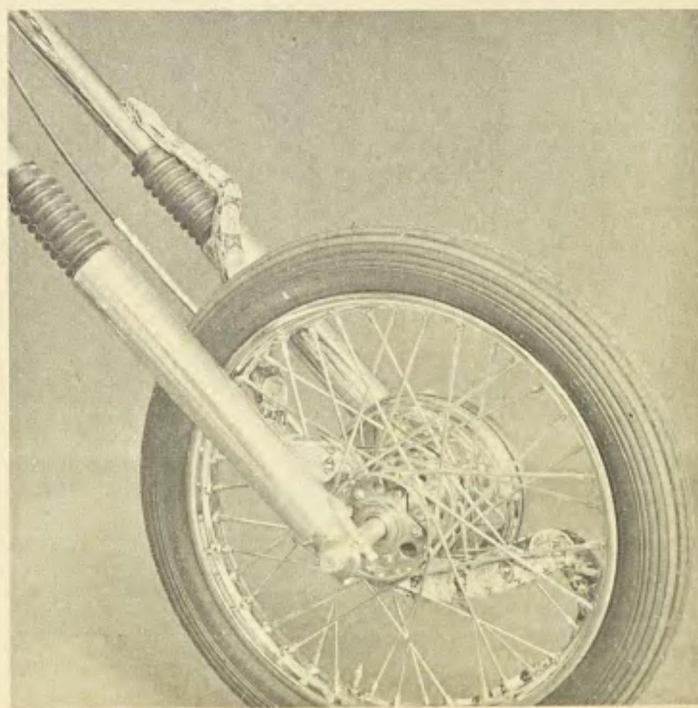
Tire size: 5.00 x 16

Make: Avon

Make: Avon

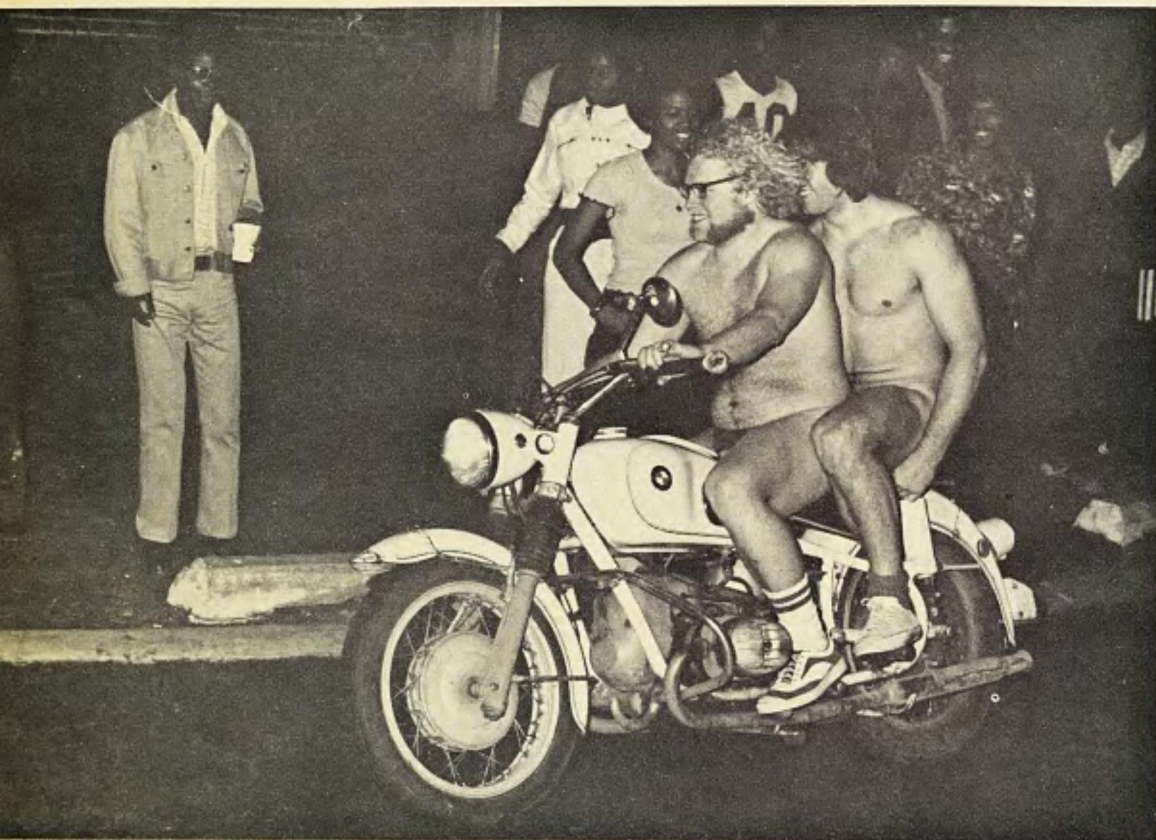


Easyriders photography by Peter Chiodo

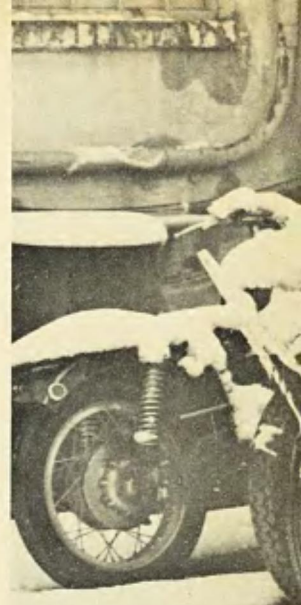




As you can see, our readers are really getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot use them. We can use only black and white prints (any size), and transparencies (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else. As we've said in previous issues, we feel the photos shown here typify the exhilaration and feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere. Nothing illustrates this freedom—
 This leaving all your problems and cares behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy kicked back, feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with their hair blowing in all directions.



—From M. Denson, Towson, Md.



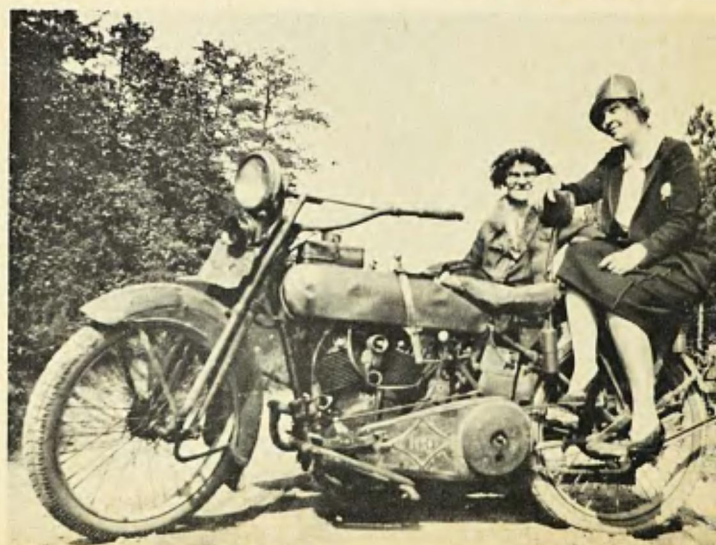
—From C. Bricchi, W. Babylon, N.Y.



—From Wino Joe, Monterey, Ca.



—From B. Snipes, Vallejo, Ca.



—From Mike Payne, Mt. Airy, N. C.



—From Tom Marascia, Bellport, N.Y.



—From W. Horton, Rochester, N.Y.



—From A. Livingston, New Zealand



—From Al Nelner, N. Judson, Ind.

—From R. Norman, Northants, England



—From Wino Joe, Monterey, Ca.





—From Joe Lefebvre, Sacramento, Ca.



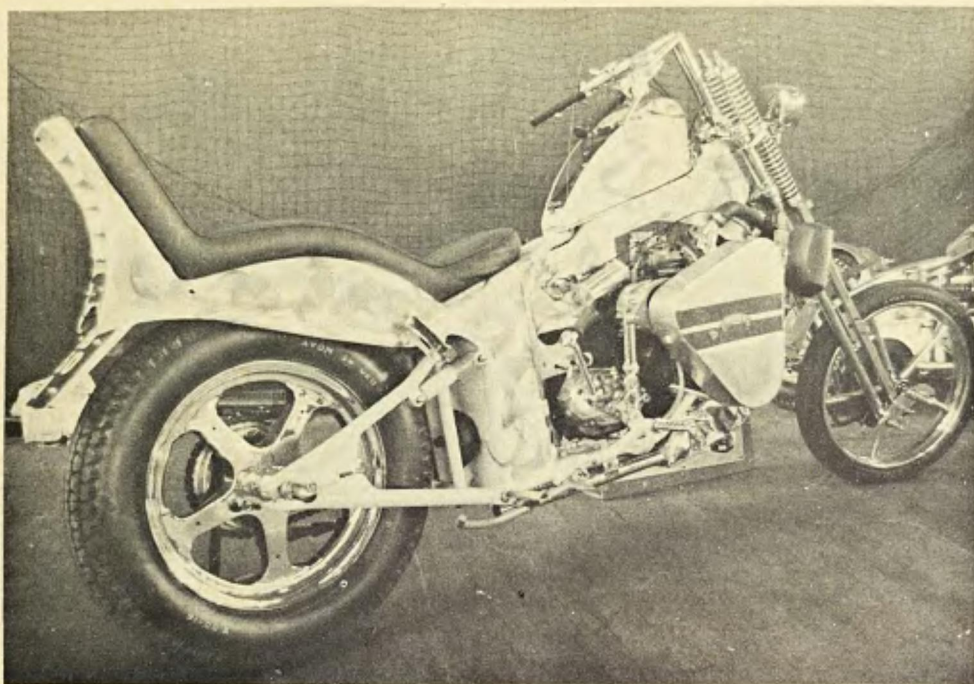
—From Gypsy, Pensacola, Fla.



—From John Reeves, Gypsum, Ks.



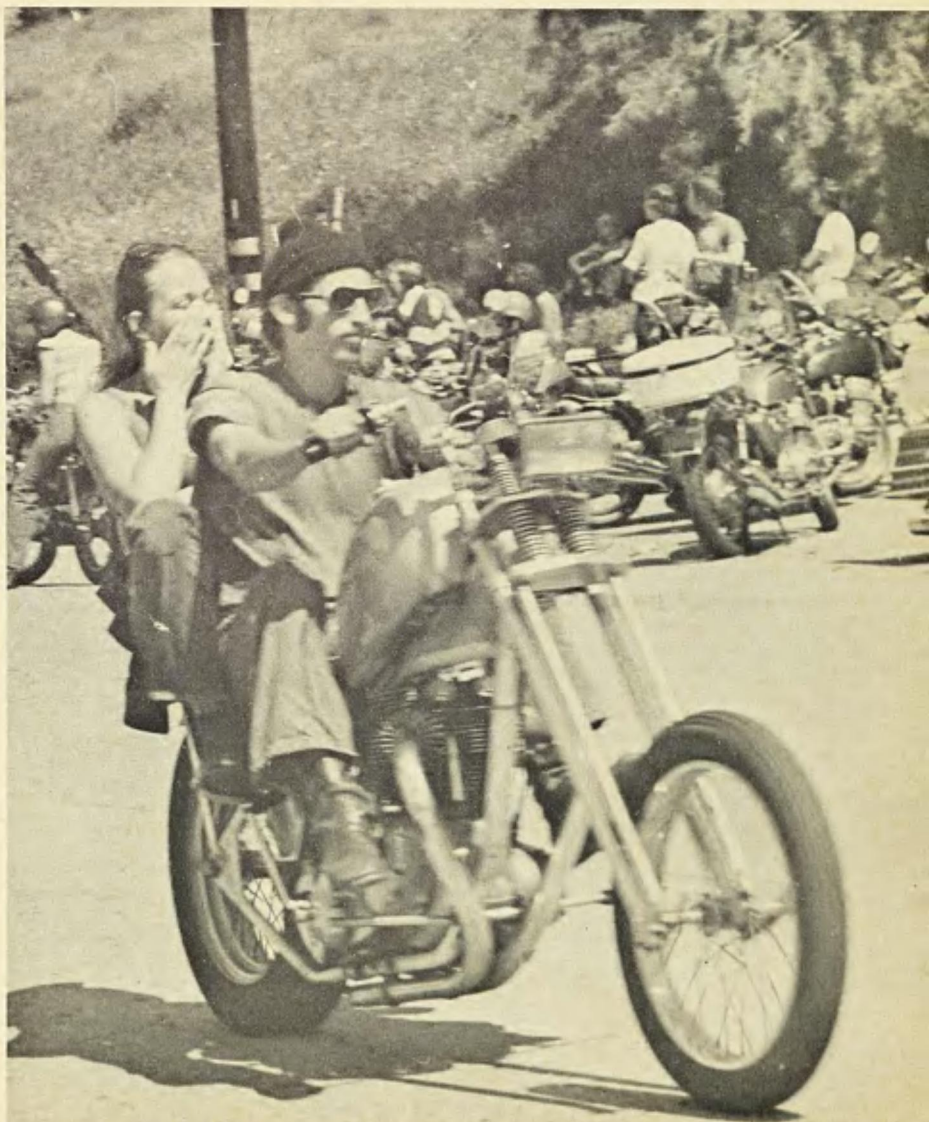
—From Phil Mather, London, England



—From the Seekers M/C, Freeland, Md.



—From Ray Jones, Whittier, Ca.



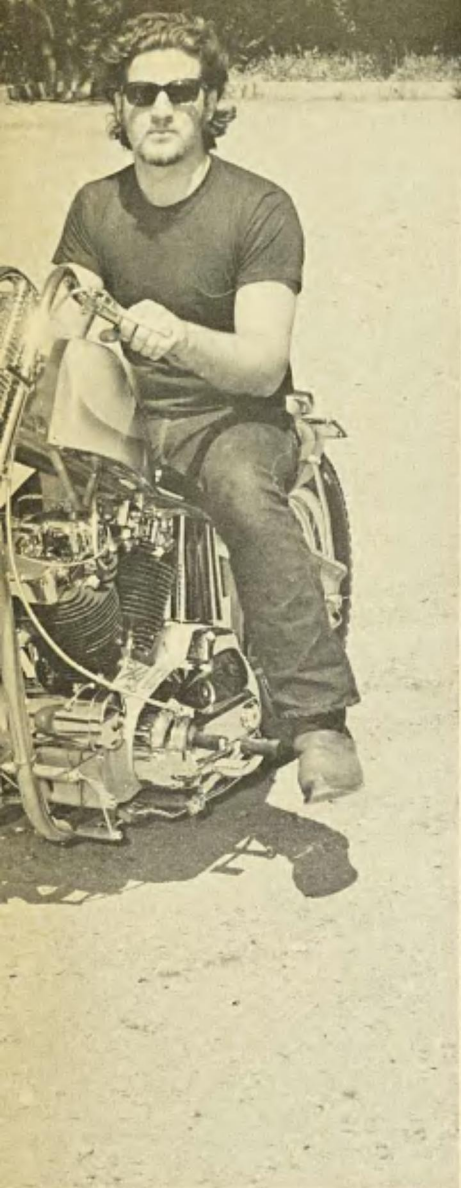
Easyriders will pay \$10 for black & white photos, and \$20 for color transparencies, of bikers in action. We prefer bikes in motion, with a guy packing a chick, although we will purchase any sharp, properly lighted action shot. Send your black & white prints or color transparencies (no color prints or color negatives) to Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, Easyriders Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. If you want re-jects returned, you must include a self-addressed, stamped envelope with submissions. Easyriders cannot be responsible for loss or damage.



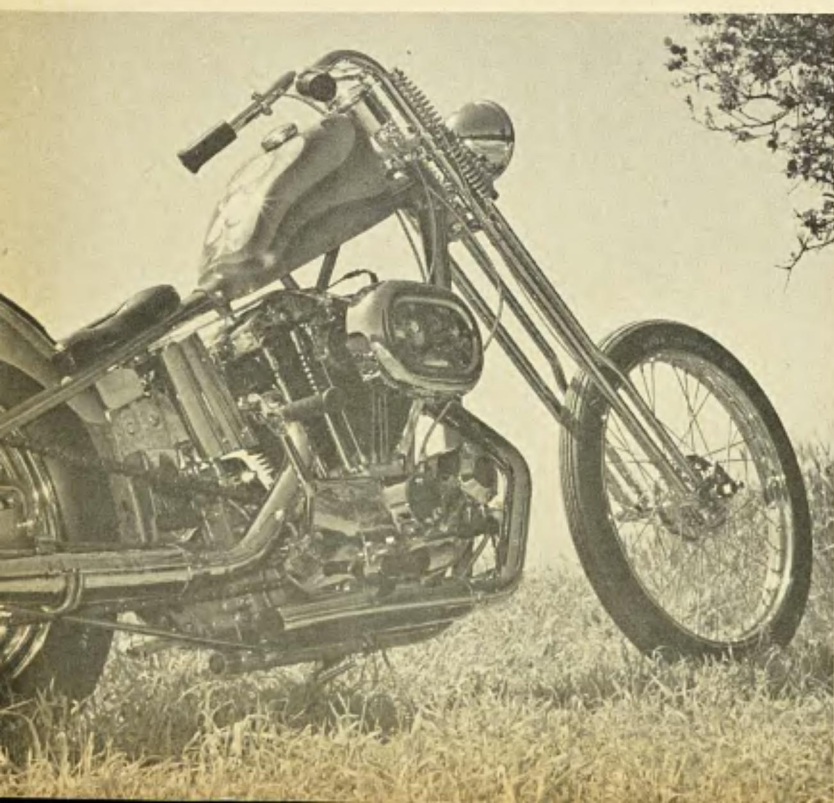
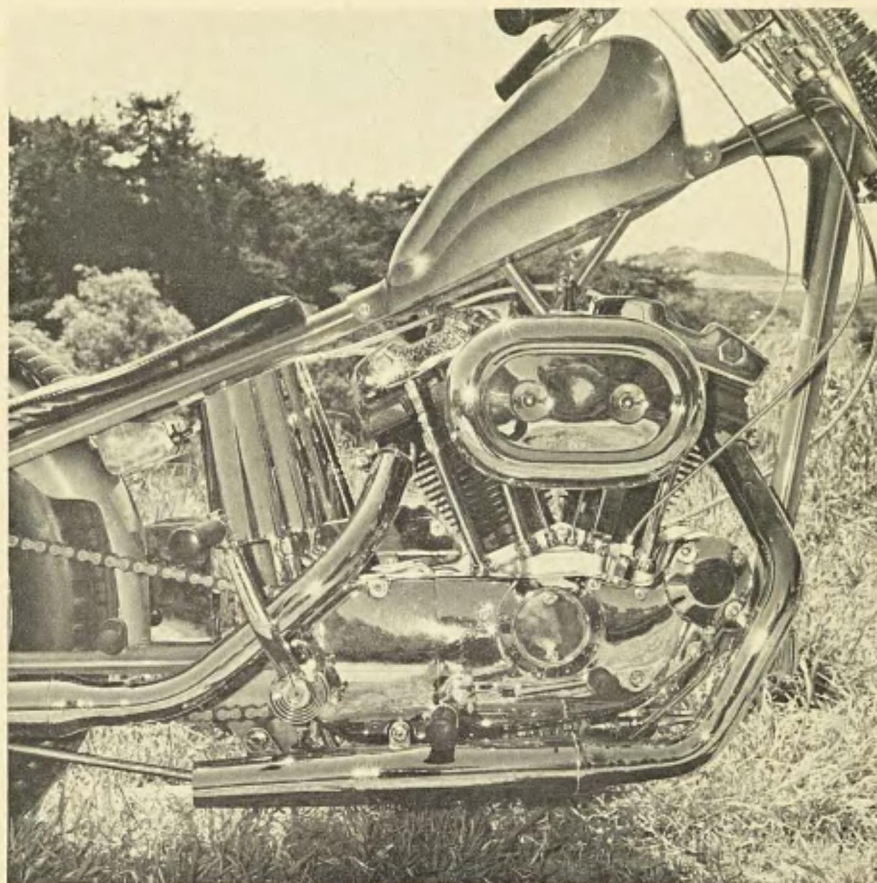


In Search Of a Snake





Easyriders photography by Jake



Having just recovered from last issue's death trip, the wasted staff decided this go-round to wail on a snake idea for a little comic (?) relief. So the pack of fearless **Easyriders** photographers was unleashed to clamber down every gully and reptile pit from the chuck-holes around the office to the Disposall in Silly Tilly's sink—at least those who weren't puckered at the idea of a face-to-face meeting with a no-legged forked-tonguer along the way.

Jake, who is known as the ace spelunker of the bunch, musta found a helluva snake hole because he emerged in the sunlight a few days later near San Francisco just across the street from Dwayne Harkov's garage. Inside was a righteous scooter and the required snake, all in one.

One half-way eyeball at Dwayne's bike and you'll probably suspect he's got the inside track on something. He

—Continued after two pages of photos

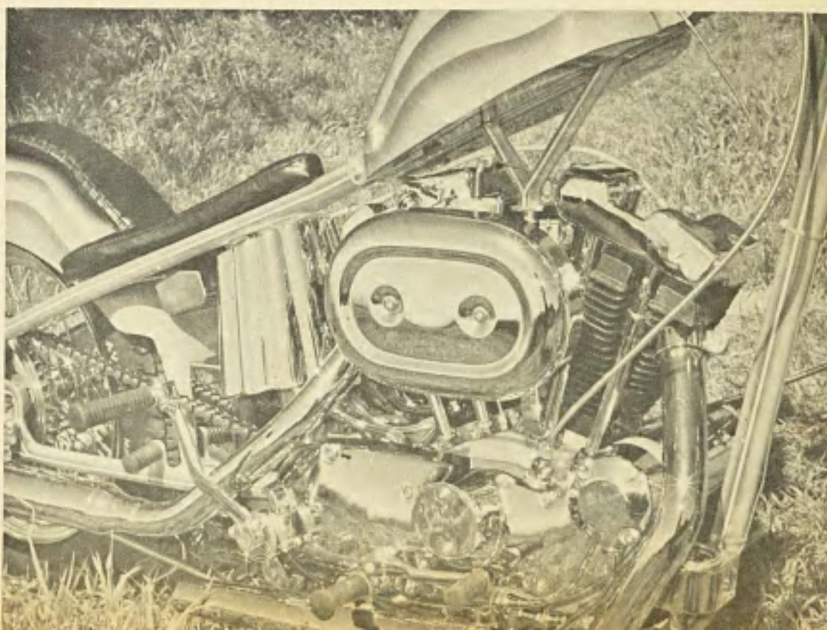
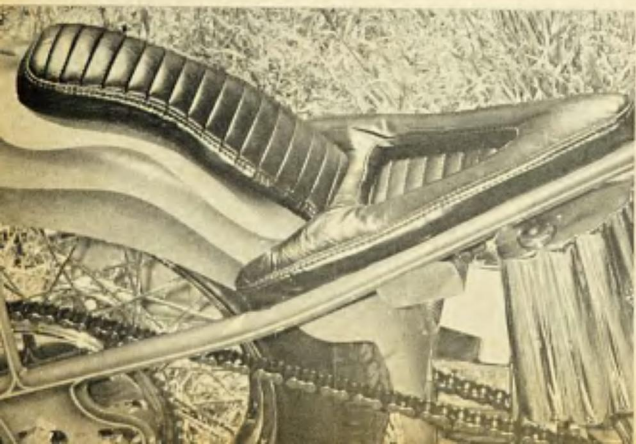
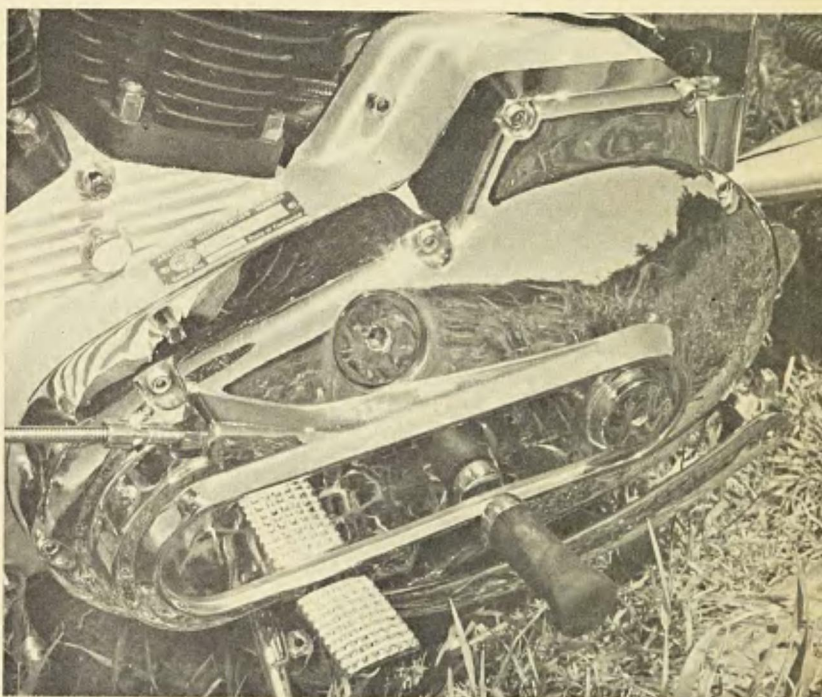
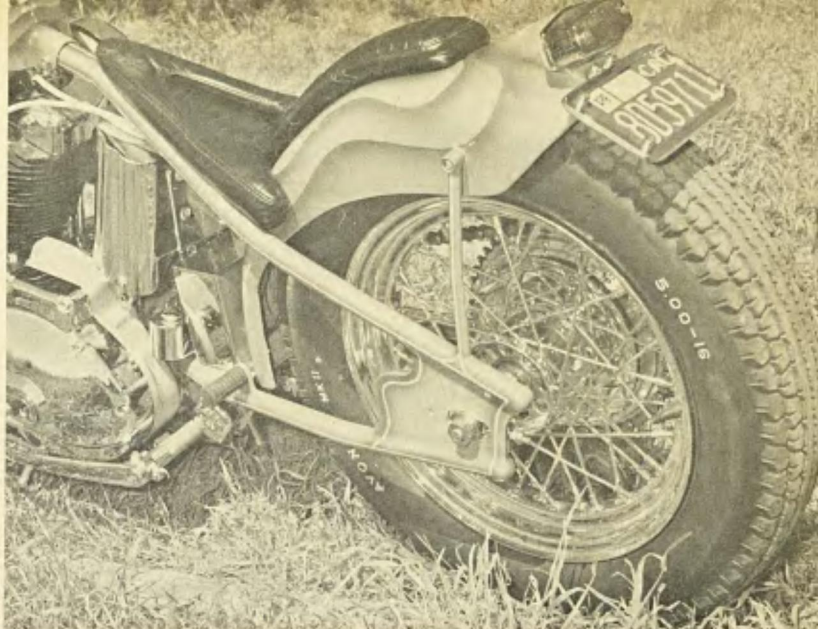


happens to be an aircraft machinist, which means during the day he makes parts to keep old Navy crates flying in the air, and after hours he does things to keep newer Harley crates rolling on the ground.

His own machine has evolved to the point where it's hardly a crate any more. Besides dripping with socket-head bolts, most of the parts are special construction, including the Century frame and front end which are still produced in limited quantities by Ronnie Nunes in Castro Valley.

Just to make sure everything was right, Dewayne rode the bike in the rusty bare-metal and no-seat stage for almost a whole year before sending out for chrome and paint.

Of course Jake copped out a little—it's no real snake with the bike—but in view of the redeeming feature it's curled around, we told Armond to take it a little easy on him. ■



Owner: Dewayne Harkov **City:** San Leandro, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: special constr.
Model: Sportster
Value: \$3,500
Assembly by: owner
Time: 4 months

Chroming by: Universal Plating

Engine

Year: 1972
Model: XLCH
Builder: owner
Ignition: 12 volt
Displacement: 61 cu. in.
Balancing: Donny Rich
Pistons: MC (10 1/2:1)
Cam: P cams
Lifters: solids
Carb(s): 38mm Branch Mikuni
Air cleaner: stock
Shifter: foot
Pipes: drag
Muffler(s): Sporty duals
Gearing:

Engine sprocket:
Trans sprocket: 20

Painting

Molding: Don McBride, owner
Painter: Bob Abrew
Color: lavender
Type: acrylic lacquer

Chassis

Frame builder: Century Enterprises
Year and make: 1971
Rake: 40°
Stretch: 4 in.
Rear Suspension: rigid (3-in. stretch)

Accessories

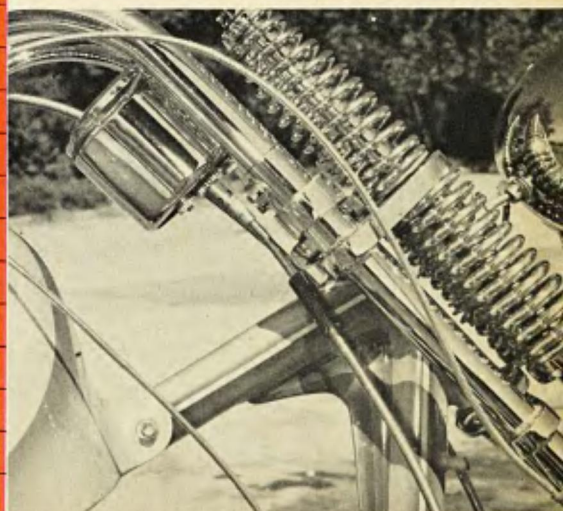
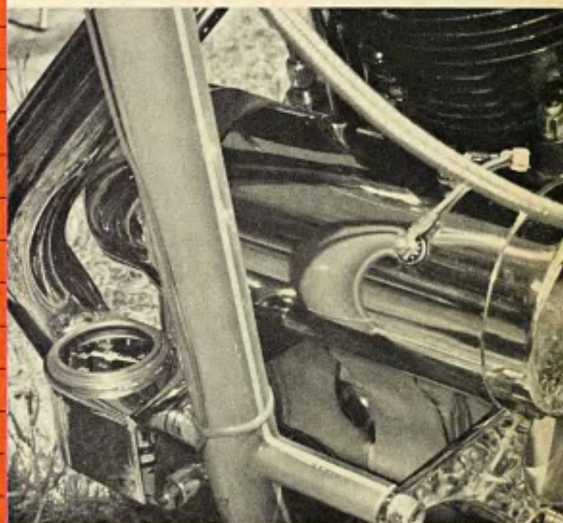
Bars: custom, by Dan
Risers: none
Fender(s): fiberglass by owner
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Lucas, inverted
Speedo: none
Foot pegs: by owner
Front: BSA kicker rubbers
Back: H-D gearshift pegs
Gas tank: Vern's flat Sporty
Oil tank: Jay Wagner and Lou
Primary cover: stock
Seat material: glove leather, Jim's uph.
Sissy bar: none
Height:
Material size:

Forks

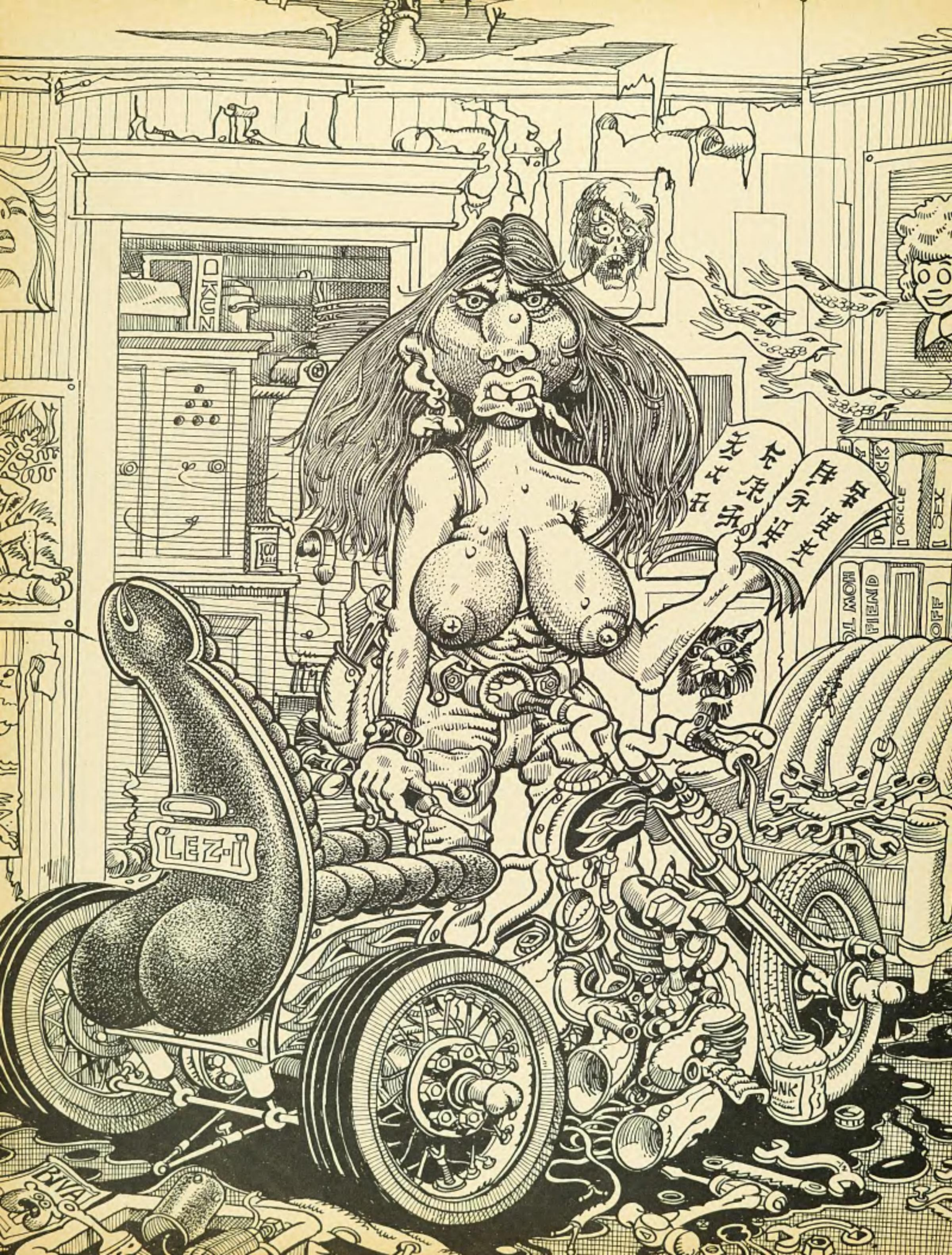
Type: springer
Type front rail: round tube
Extension: 7 in.

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 21-in.	Size: 16-in.
Hub/brk: Honda 90	Hub/brake: H-D
Rim width: 2 1/2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire size: 2.75 x 21	Tire size: 5.00 x 16
Make: Avon	Make: Avon



Other special modifications: Tank art by "The Brush," lower end by Donny Rich.
Motor has all allen bolts, coil cover & electric box behind oil tank.



NO, I CAN'T BAKE A CAKE!

I hate women's lib and I don't believe in male chauvinists. We're all just miserable people. Some of us are just more miserable than others. I do think it should be brought to your attention that there are female chopper builders in the world. Probably more than you think. Of course, female chopper builders like me aren't much fun because I'm camera shy and wouldn't pose nude anyway. Not that I have anything against the human body — just against my body. I don't want to gross anybody out, in other words. Besides, I'm not a sweet young thing anymore. I'm just a dirty ol' woman stuck with a dirtier ol' man and loving it.

To get on with my story, I got interested in mechanics when I WAS a sweet young thing. I was seventeen, and my brother, who was in Nam and didn't have much use for a car that was in the states, gave me his '59 Rambler. Don't laugh. It was a start. This car was

in its usual condition when I got it. Sitting in the garage with the transmission in front of it. It was chilly, the garage wasn't heated, and I couldn't get anybody to put the trans in the car for me. My old man (father type) said he'd try to do it when the weather got warmer. I couldn't wait. I was noted for not wanting to wait for anything anyway. That's when I developed my "if you want something done you'll have to do it yourself" attitude. So I did it. I admit to weaseling my father into helping with the heavy part. I did the rest. It never worked right but it got me where I was going.

Then I was given a '60 Ford. I drove it all over the country. It was with that car that I discovered that if you want something done right you better do it yourself because mechanics will rip you off for everything you've got if you give them a chance.

After I got married I helped my ol' man with his cars. I always got

the dirty work like scraping gaskets and cleaning oil pans but I got to watch someone who knew what he was doing. I think he married me so I could keep the car running while he was busy riding his bike.

After our first baby was born I started working at a gas station in the small town where we lived. It wasn't much of a station. Only one person worked at a time and sometimes that was too many. We did do quite a bit of garage work. Mostly people brought us their cars they'd tried to fix themselves and had failed miserably. I hated those. Most of the people who brought their cars in there knew me and didn't mind leaving their cars with me. Some were skeptical and were nervous about the idea. A few would call the manager for an appointment, thinking he'd work on it if they had an appointment. He didn't like to work on cars and he wasn't very good anyway so he always had me do the work. The only thing I never had to do was change

tires on rims. Being a chick came in handy there. The tire changer was a monster and I didn't want any part of it. The manager was a huge man who was known to pull telephone poles out of the ground and carry them over his shoulder to a truck and toss them on the truck. He said he couldn't see any better way to do it. Anyway, I once saw him changing a tire on that machine when it decided it wasn't going to do what it was supposed to do. Bill cussed and bitched and finally decided to apply some power to it. The tool he was using slipped, and the tool flipped up in the air and came down right on Bill's head. You wouldn't catch me messing with a machine that could do that to the biggest man in northern Illinois.

I worked there until a month before my second baby was born.

To get to the choppers, though. With some mechanical background,

—Continued on next page

I'm not having too much trouble learning about bikes. I'm in the process now of building a 1941 Indian. It's only a 500cc. It was supposed to be a 45 (750) but it's like 260 and 289 Ford engines. You can't tell the difference until you take the heads off and measure the bore. People get hostile if you take the heads off their bike before you buy it. You could look at the title but I'm still waiting for the title. The stupid fucker didn't have the bike paid for. Instead of paying for it with the money he got from it, he spent it on who knows what else. Of course, that could just be a story and I may never get a title for it. I know the guy we bought it from and I wouldn't put it past him to have sold the title to someone else. I guess I could buy a big dog and send him over to bite the guy's tires or something.

Anyway, this bike was the second ugliest bike in the world. It ran better than the ugliest. But that's another story. It was green. The second ugliest green in the world. The ugliest bike in the world is green, too. It had, on top of the second ugliest green, ugly black lace. A very bad job of lacing, too. What wasn't green was very, very, very thick black. Almost indestructible black, at that. Anything that indestructible is ugly, too. Have you ever noticed the painted woodwork in an old house, especially if it's a rental? The paint is always ten layers thick and is always put on over chipped paint. That's what the black paint on this Indian looked like.

The brakes didn't work at all. We later discovered that this was due to the fact that the linkage was hooked up backwards upside-down. The front brake wasn't hooked up at all. The kickstand had rusted off so it had to be parked next to trees and buildings. There were no footpegs of any kind on it. The stock "running boards" were in a box.

Every time something fell off this bike, the guy who owned it threw the part in a box and boogied.

It had stock bars on it and the grips were on backwards so the gas was backwards and didn't work right. That was solved easily by putting them on the way they belonged. You Indian freaks out there are probably saying, "dumb chick, everything is backwards on an Indian." Listen, there's a limit even to the backwardness of an Indian.

The back fender was really ugly. It stuck out like a pointer's tail when he does his thing in the woods. The seat was a small chopper seat which I thought was really uncomfortable. It's just as well, because my ol' man ripped it off for his 74 when he began chopping it and then the big bad 74 ripper-offers ripped off his 74. That left me without a seat, but worse, it left him without his 74 in the middle of the summer. He got nasty.

It had worn-out knobby tires on front and back. That's what I said—knobbies. The exhaust had been bitten off most of the way by the exhaust monsters. That's just as well, because the muffler was uglier than a bit-off pipe. It looked like chromed beer cans.

When I started taking it apart I couldn't believe it had actually been ridden without killing anybody. Maybe it hadn't. The front end had been apart many times, and each time it was apart, a part was lost. Parts had been replaced all over the bike with sockets for spacers, a giant nail for a spring stabilizer, and I even found a broken off Phillips screwdriver on it somewhere. The nuts holding the front end together were finger tight—the ones that were still there.

I had everything apart months ago and put away neatly so I wouldn't lose anything. Then we moved. I imagine everyone knows what moving does to a torn-down motorcycle.

I did hardly anything to the engine this time. Mostly because we haven't got the money and partly because a guy who is into Indians said it would be a waste of money to mess with the bottom end of an Indian. They're supposed to be next to indestructible. It ran pretty good in spite of its bad looks when we got it. I took the heads off and painted them with black heat-resistant paint, baked them and painted them again. After baking the second time I sanded and polished the tips of the fins.

I held my breath and ripped the carb apart. It was truly ugly. Somebody had got really pissed at it and beat on it severely. Carb rebuilding was never one of my specialties but I couldn't believe how easy this one was. Nothing to it.

I painted and baked the motor mounts, which on an Indian hold the engine and transmission together and serve as the bottom and lower front of the frame. When I got the two back together I was playing stupid games with the primary chain and broke the master link. No sweat. Next time I get a dime I'll slide on over to the bearing company and get another one.

After searching the country for someone who really had Indian parts I finally found one in Chicago. None of the addresses given in magazines as having anything you want had anything I wanted. Most of them no longer existed. After getting an estimate of \$65 to rebuild the front primary sprocket, I found a used one for \$13. The primary side of it (the old one) was perfect. However, one side of it is for the generator chain and it was all but smooth. After I get that dime for a new master link, the primary cover will be ready to go back on and the engine will be ready for the frame, which isn't ready.

The frame is in two pieces. The back looks like a bolt-on hardtail

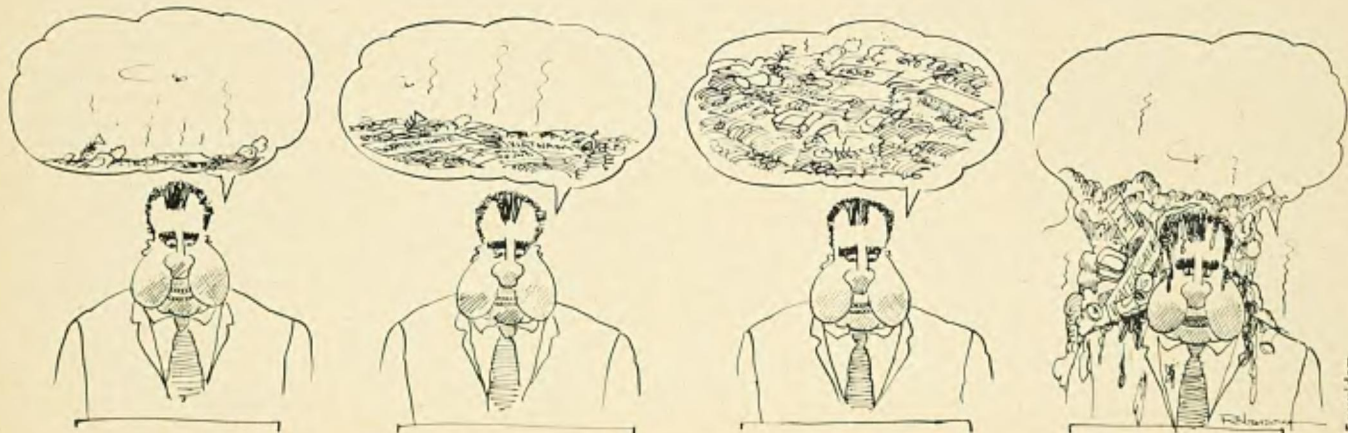
and the front doesn't look like much of anything. I have them stripped and primed but I ran out of paint and money.

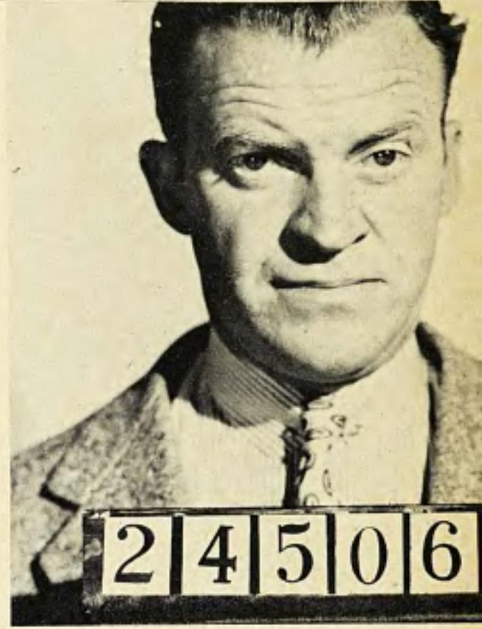
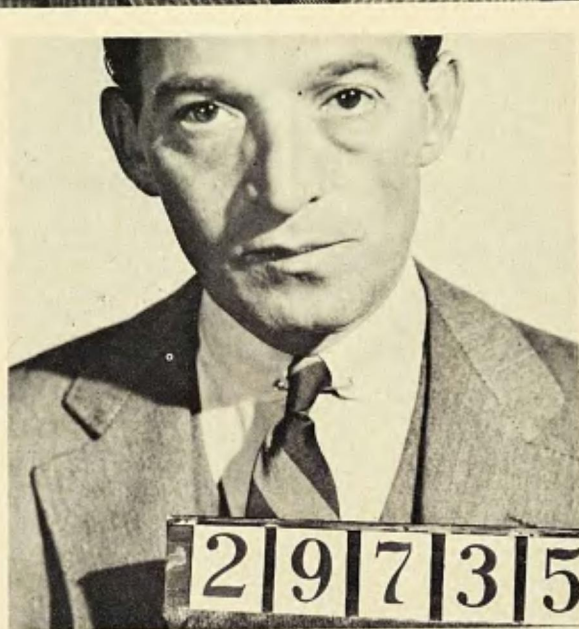
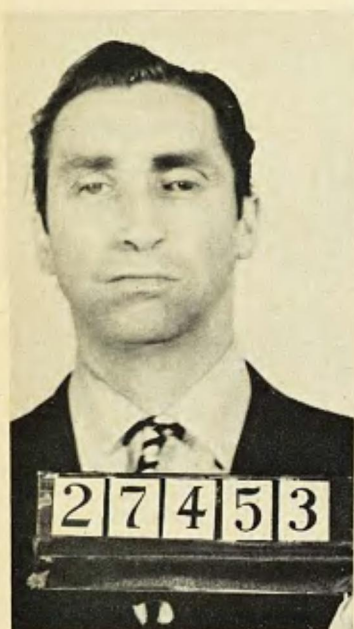
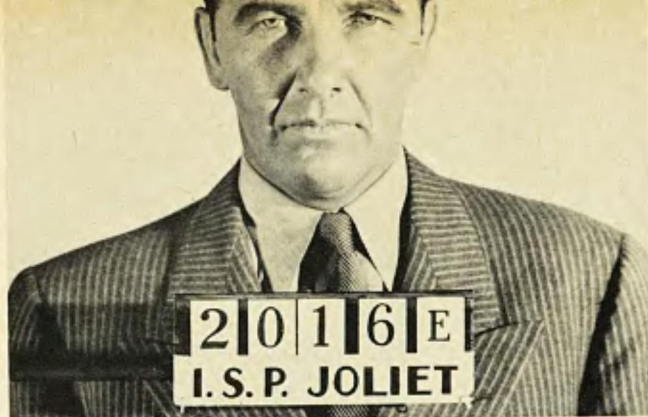
The tanks . . . well, they're bad. I'm hoping to be able to use them again because they're classy. The ugly green paint with black lace was only the beginning. Under that was thick coats of grey primer on top of the thickest, hardest coat of polish chrome (silver paint for anybody who has been lucky enough not to experience polish chrome) in the world and more grey primer under that. Under that was body putty. The tanks had been rusty and someone did a pretty good job of fixing them, but they sure screwed up on the paint job.

I intend to use the front fender on the back and can the back fender. I want a front fender but not the one I've got. Ugly!

My brother fell into a good deal on some bike parts and has bunches of good tires. One is on a rim with a brake, and hopefully I'll be able to adapt it to my bike. I'd sure hate having to tackle the paint on the hubs that were on the bike. UGLY!

I managed to get things like a new voltage regulator and gaskets and headlight glass from the dealer in Chicago. (For anybody who wants to know, that's Indian Motorcycle Supply, 9415 South 85th Court, Hickory Hills, Illinois 60457.) Everything else I need can be found anywhere with the right number of bills in the hand. This is a low, low-bucks bike and won't be cherry this time. I can't put an extended front end on it because the money isn't there, and an Indian with anything but a girder just isn't an Indian. It doesn't really matter this year as long as it looks better than it did. I'll probably drop it in a cornfield or someplace equally dumb because I don't know how to ride yet. And no, I can't bake a cake either. ■





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Check one:

Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,

- ☐ Here's \$4.99 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$8.99 for a two-year subscription.

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

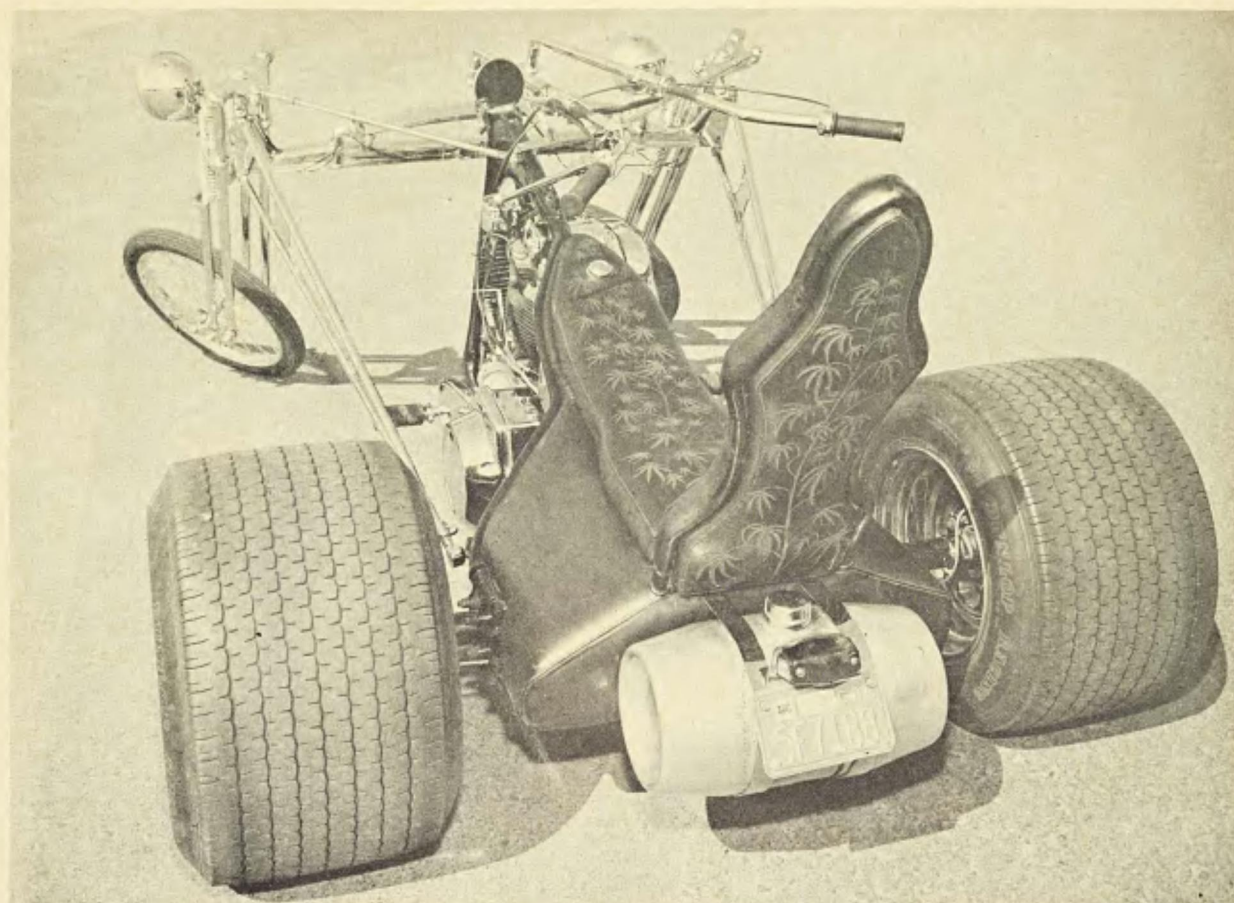
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- ☐ Here's \$5.00 for a one-year subscription.
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Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

- ☐ This is a new subscription ☐ This is a renewal
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Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____
 Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do you like
 best about Easyriders magazine? _____



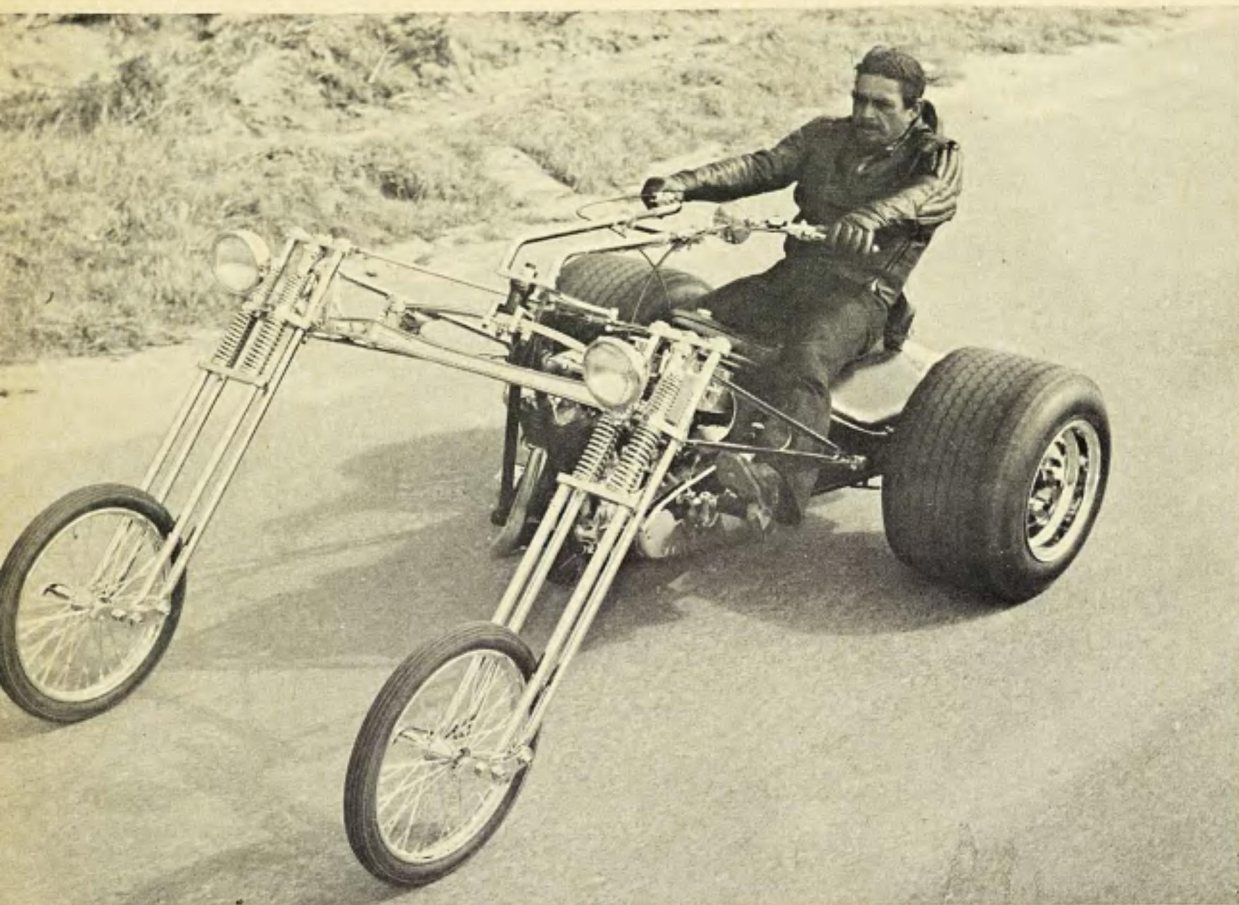
The Staff Eats It (their words)

A long time ago, when this saintly rag was just pokin' its head up out of the swill for a first look around, all the lechers, hangers-on, and waste-outs lurking in the offices agreed that we would never cop out and feature a four-wheeled machine. Even if it was dripping with warm, eager, and naked females, and even if the owner was willing to stock our filing cabinets with some particularly righteous stuff.

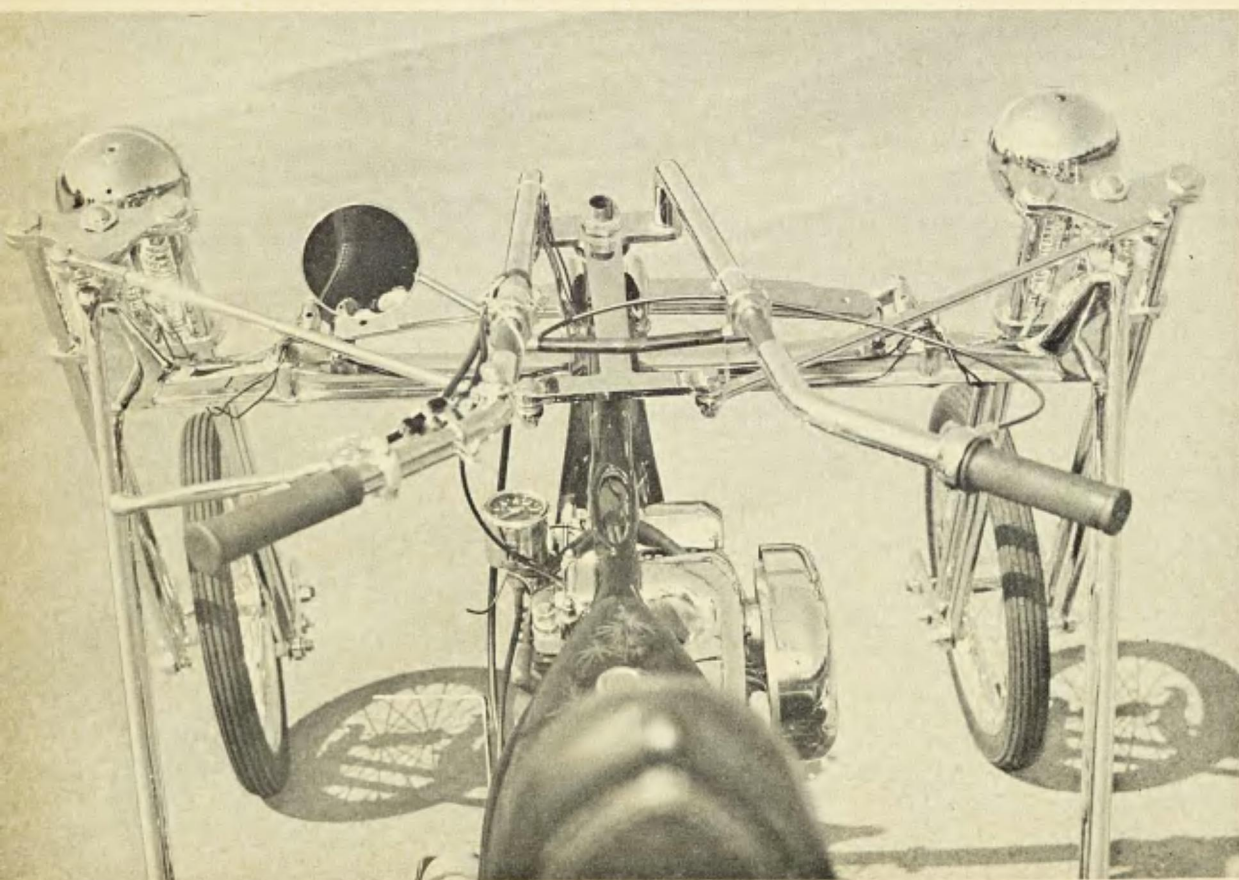
Well, we should have said four-wheeled *automotive* machine, because along came Paul Serrato and now we have to eat crow (first cousin to Harley-bird).

His machine, although containing two more wheels than your average motorcycle, is about as far from car as you can get. In fact when Spider first laid





Easyriders photography by Richard Critz





Owner: Paul Serrato

City: Vista, Calif.

General

Chassis

Fabrication by: owner

Frame builder: owner

Year and make: spec. constr.

Year and make: '57 straightbar/trike

Model: 4 wheeler?

Rake: 1 in.

Value: \$7,000

Stretch: none

Assembly by: owner

Rear Suspension: H-D 45 trike rear

Time: 2 years (started in 1964)

Accessories

Chroming by: Lemon Grove Plating

Bars: tiller bars by owner

Engine

Risers: none

Year: 1961

Fender(s): none

Model: converted to shovel hd.

Headlight: Bates

Builder: owner

Taillight: Bates

Ignition: 12V

Speedo: Jammer

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Foot pegs:

Balancing: stock

Front: H-D

Pistons: H-D

Back: H-D

Cam: FLH

Gas tank: two beer kegs, by owner

Lifters: hydraulic

Oil tank: owner

Carb(s): Bendix

Primary cover: electric start

Air cleaner: H-D

Seat material: tooled leather

Shifter: foot

Sissy bar: integral w/seat back

Pipes: by owner

Height:

Muffler(s): special ends, owner

Material size:

Gearing: tranny has reverse.

Forks

Engine sprocket: stock

Type: twin springers

Trans sprocket: stock

Type front rail: round

Extension: 15 in.

Builder: owner

Painting

Molding: owner

Painter: owner

Color: black-green

Type: lacquer

Wheels

Front

Rear

Size: 17-inch

Size: 15-in.

Hub/brake: Hallcraft

Hub/Brake: H-D juice

Rim width: WM2

Rim width: 13-in.

Tire size: 2.75 x 17

Tire size: 13.60

Make: Inoue

Make: Dunlop racing

Other special modifications: Twin forks are mounted on Ford Model T axle and semi-elliptic leaf spring. Steering by remote ball-ended links.

eyes on this scoot, he thought all those years of partying had finally doubled his vision permanently. There are two springers, two spool front wheels, two fat rear tires, three fork necks, and even two Bates eyeballs. All those steering components are controlled from a set of long central tiller bars and a pair of ball-ended links that run to the top triple plate of each springer. The only auto parts Paul used are the 13-inch-wide Dunlop racing tires mounted on specially made rims, and a Model T Ford axle and spring assembly (chromed and narrowed nine inches) with a fork neck welded at each end to hold the two springers. The tee axle is supported at each end by a pair of triangular struts that pivot on ball ends mounted back on the trike rear axle, which was spliced to a '57 straightbar frame.

So even though there are four wheels, only one woman smiling on the back, and nothing in the cabinets, we put it in.



The Hell's Angels

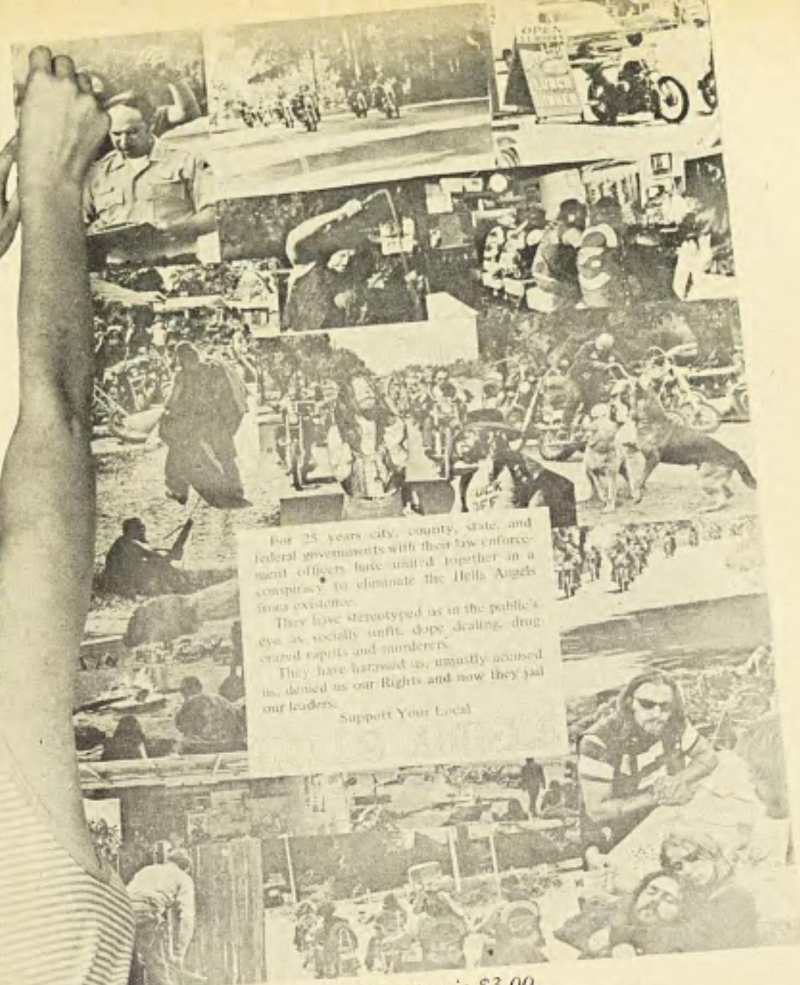
are raising a legal defense fund to finance legal fees for appealing Sonny Barger's recent prison conviction, as well as building a legal fund to defend other Hell's Angels that may need legal assistance.

To do this we are selling t-shirts and tank-top shirts with the lettering "Free Sonny Barger" on them.

We are also selling bumper stickers: One measures 10 1/2" x 3" in red, white, and blue and simply says "Free Sonny Barger"; the other measures 2" x 7", printed red on white background, and says "Support Your Local Hell's Angels."

We also have a heavy poster that should be in every biker's pad. It measures 2' x 3'. It is black and white and depicts numerous scenes of Angel brothers doing all sorts of things. In the middle of the poster, we state our case—a case in which we're sure you'll agree.

There may be some of you who will want to aid us in our effort, but don't have use for the above items—and would just as soon send a contribution. We can dig it. Any amount will help—legal battles cost money, so contribute what you can.



For 25 years city, county, state, and federal governments with their law enforcement officers have united together in a conspiracy to eliminate the Hell's Angels from existence. They have stereotyped us in the public's eye as socially unfit, dope dealing, drug crazed rapists and murderers. They have harassed us, unjustly accused us, denied us our Rights and now they jail our leaders.

Support Your Local

All we want for each poster is \$3.00, plus 50¢ for postage and a special mailing tube.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HELLS ANGELS

The bumper stickers sell for only a lousy buck each.

★ **FREE SONNY BARGER** ★



"Free Sonny Barger" t-shirts and tank tops sell for only \$5.00 each, in all sizes—small, medium, large, extra large.

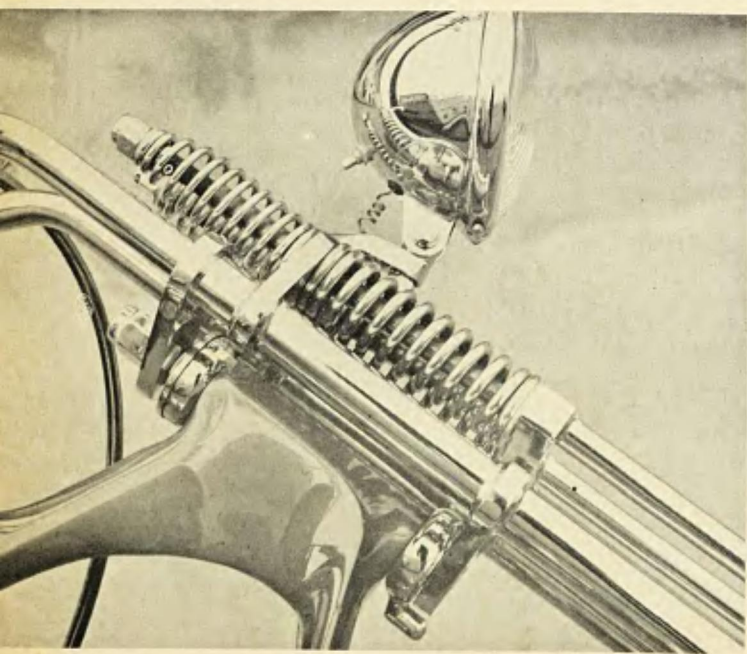
Send your orders to
Free Sonny P.O. Box 5295
Oakland, California 94605
Please send me the following items:

Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 5%

For fastest service, send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks must clear your bank before we can ship your order. Allow three weeks for personal checks to clear.

Highway Hauler



We've heard what some of you have called us poor workin' slobs here at the license factory. Some of you must think that all we do is kick back and hack out a few bike features and spend the rest of our time puffin', puttin' and partyin'.

It's even come to us that we've been referred to as a bunch of California high rollers. Now that hurts.

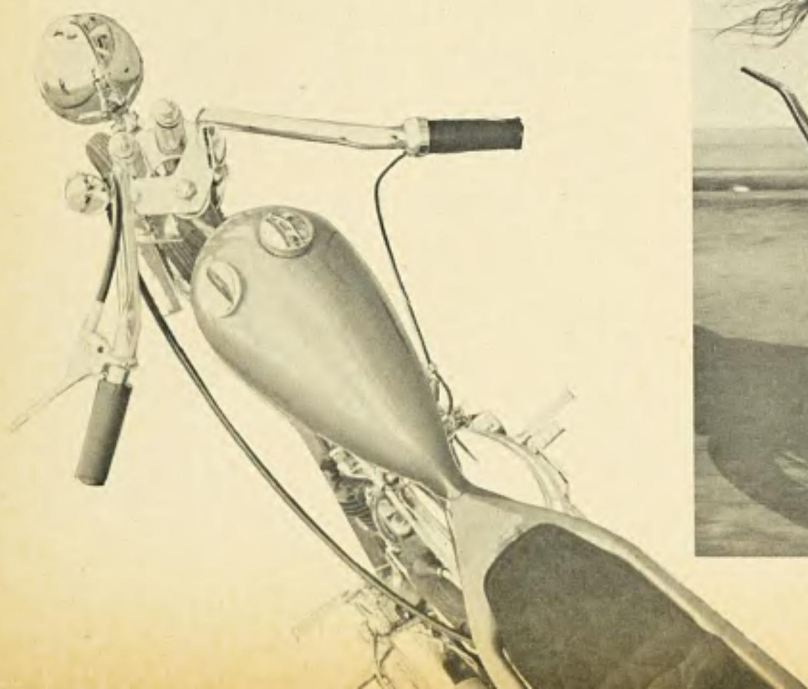
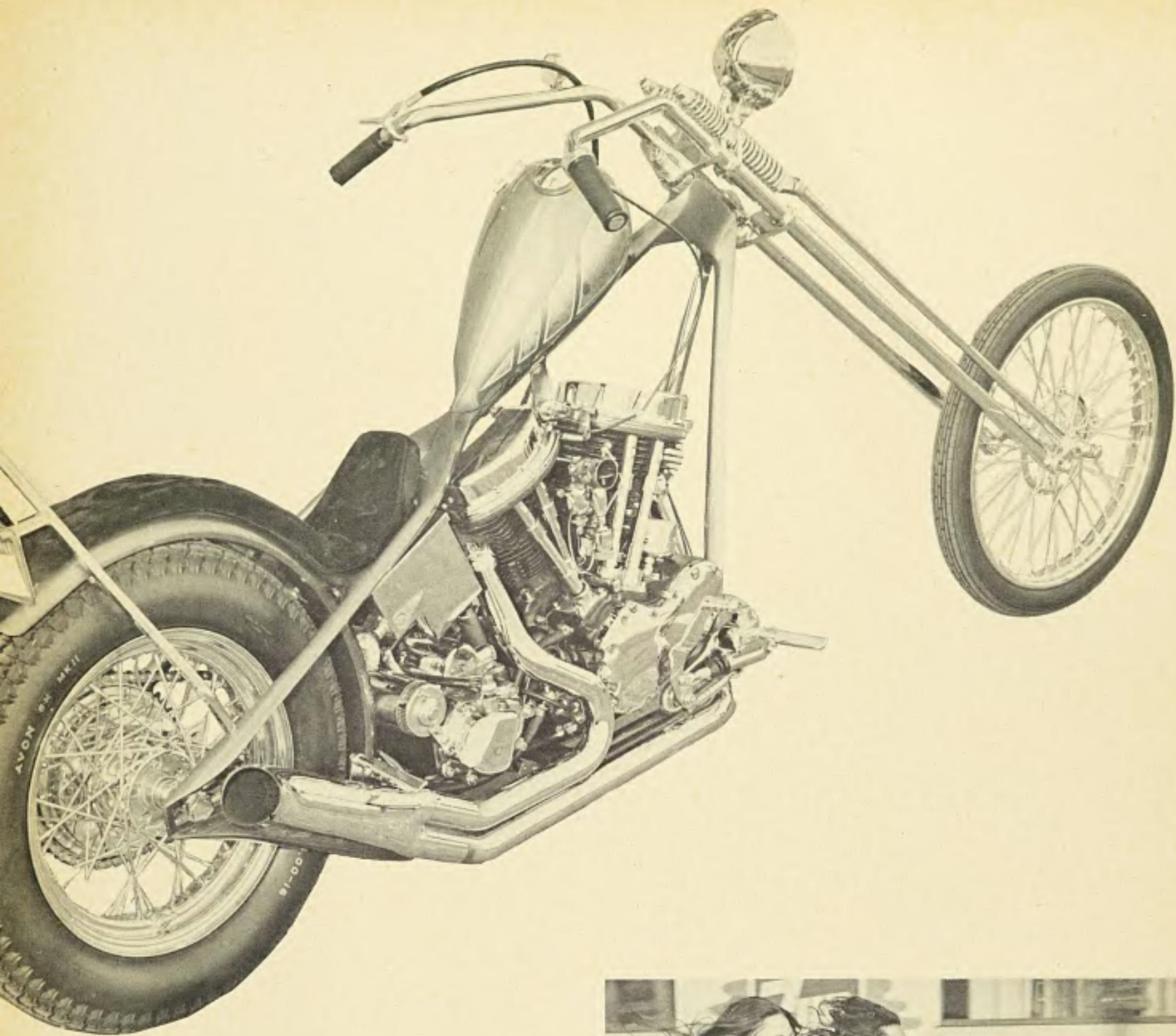
We know that comment had to be meant for some of the other rags with their hot and cold Lear jets and all that shit—but not for us poor biker trash. The feeling, we've been told, started because all the biker rags are produced out here in the land of fruits and nuts, and they all seem to dwell on California scoots with their "trick" this or "trick" that. The feeling some dudes have gotten is that the west coast rags even think that their shit is crushed pineapples and their piss is sweet port wine.

As our regular people know, **EASY-RIDERS** features bikes from everywhere. As a matter of fact, so that we won't be accused of being a California rag, we go out of our way to be fair with our coverage.. If you don't think we're fair, pure, straight arrow, and all that shit—just ask us.

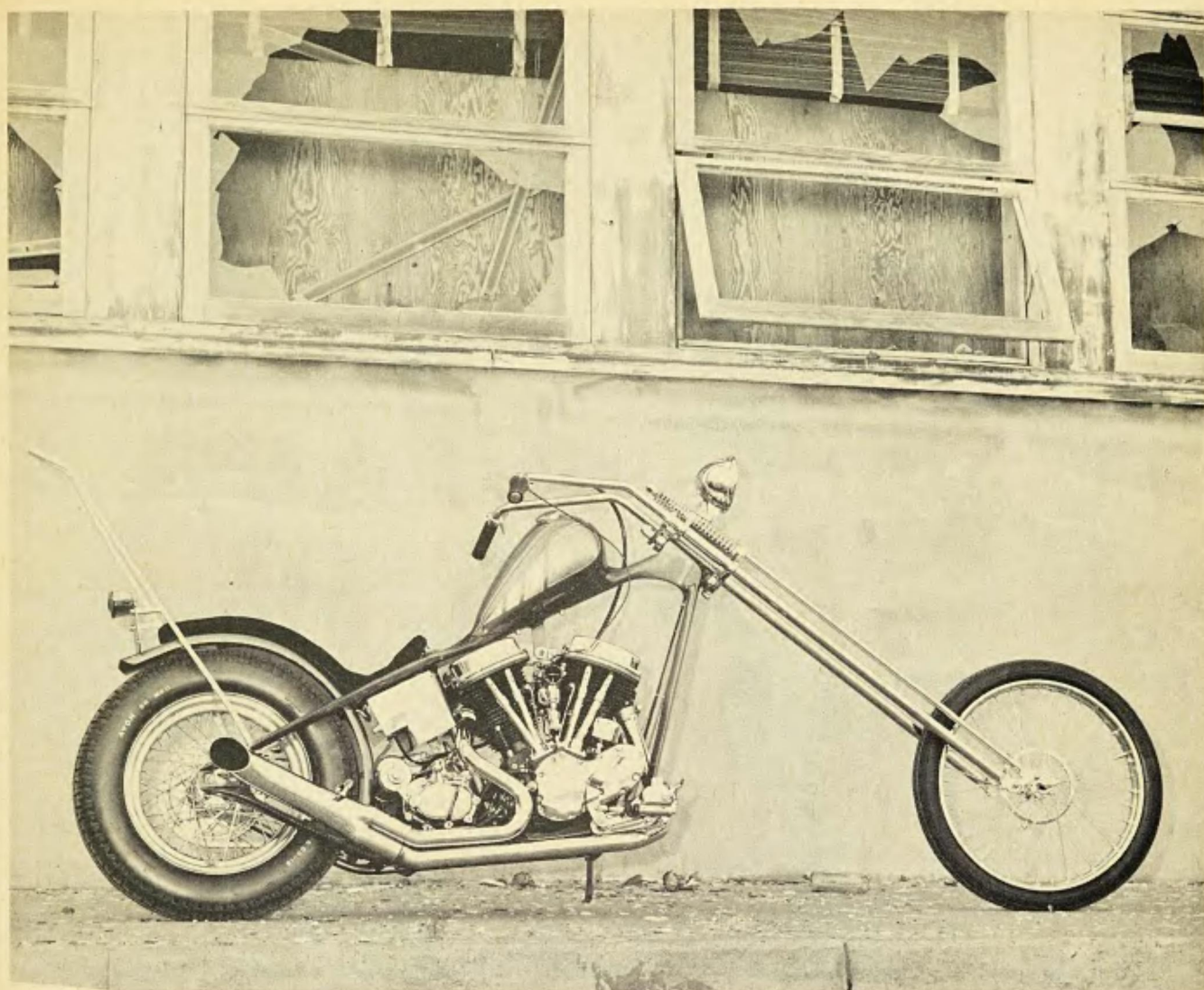
So what's all this bullshit about?

Well, we'd like to make a comment about some California scoots and we don't want to get a bunch of shit back about it. They could be from Dipshit, Montana, and we'd still feel the same about them.

Most of you read, or skim through, all the chopper publications. Those of you that







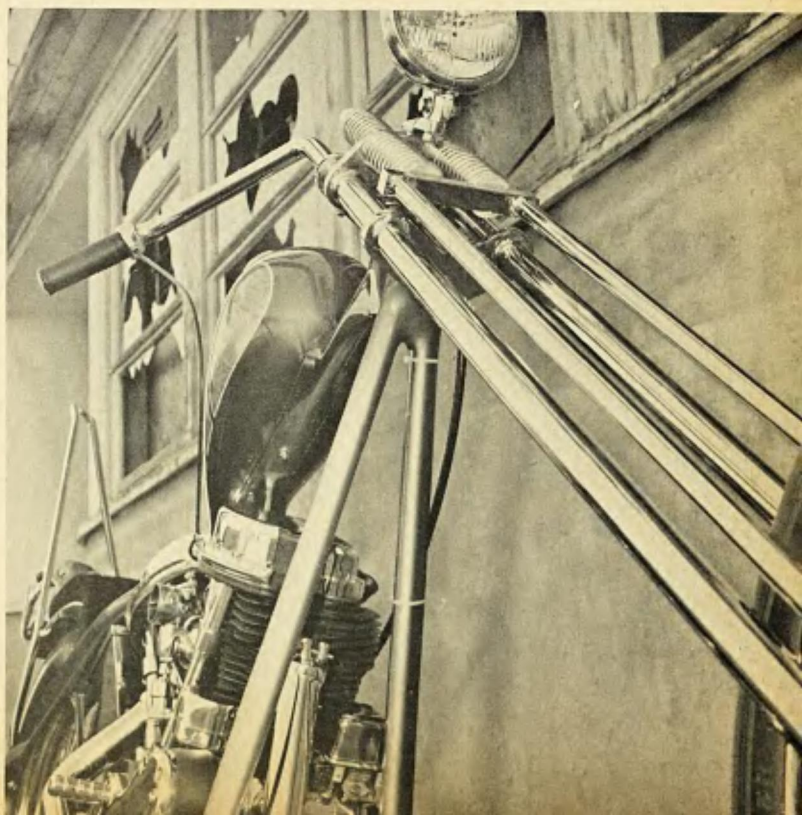
do, we're certain, will agree with us on the following: They sure turn out some bitchin' bikes in northern California. They're not pussy bikes, but actual street machines of show quality.

Take Cisco's bike here. At first glance you don't even dig on the fact that it's an electric start. With its stretched Berdoo style frame it not only looks like a highway hauler—it is.

Like bikers in other sections of the country, the northern California bikers tear down their bikes every year and rebuild them—even though the weather doesn't demand it as it does elsewhere.

We dig Cisco's masterpiece, and most of the other bikes we've seen up north, and we thought enough of Cisco's that we wanted to share it with you. So don't give us any shit about pushin' California bikes. If we like 'em, we print 'em, no matter where they're from.

—Continued on next page



Owner: Cisco

City: California

General

Chassis

Fabrication by: owner

Frame builder: Denver's, Berdoo

Year and make: 1965 H-D

Year and make: 1973

Model: 74 FLH

Rake: 40°

Value: ???

Stretch: 4 in.

Assembly by: owner

Rear Suspension: rigid

Time: 2½ months

Accessories

Chroming by: Calif. Electropl., Oakland Bars: Denver pullbacks

Engine

Risers: none

Year: 1965

Fender(s): Denvers oil tank (see below)

Model: panhead

Headlight: Bates

Builder: owner

Taillight: Cat-eye, Verns, Oakland

Ignition: electric start 12V

Speedo: none

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Foot pegs: custom steel

Balancing: stock

Front:

Pistons: 8.5:1

Back:

Cam: FLH

Gas tank: chopped dresser tanks

Lifters: sifton solids

Oil tank: 2½ qt. rear fender oil tank

Carb(s): M-74b

Primary cover: Paughco

Air cleaner: none

Seat material: black velvet, by Chico

Shifter: foot

Sissy bar:

Pipes: Alphabets Custom West

Height: 30 in.

Muffler(s): Alphabets Collector

Material size:: ½-in. square

Gearing:

Forks

Engine sprocket: 24

Type: springer

Trans sprocket: 24

Type front rail: round

Painting

Molding: Denvers, Berdoo

Extension: 22 in.

Builder: Denvers

Painter: Len Barton, Hayward

Wheels

Color: purple pearl, gold leaf

Front

Rear

Type: lacquer

Size: 21-in.

Size: 16-in.

Hub/brake: spool

Hub/brake: H-D juice

Rim width: WM1

Rim width: WM4

Tire size: 2.75 x 21

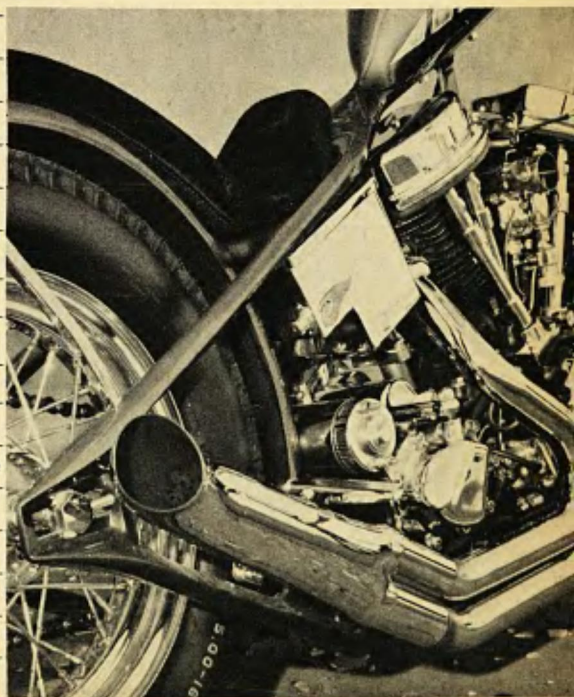
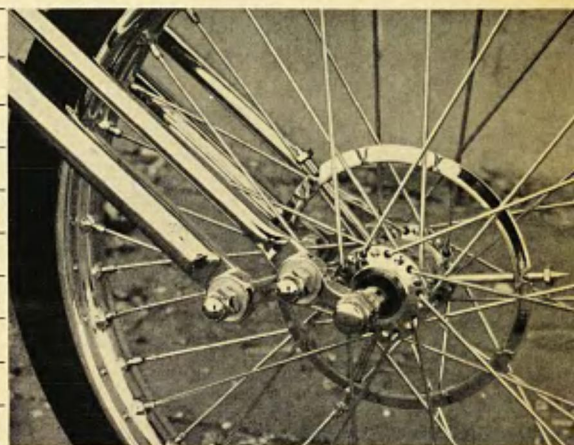
Tire size: 5.00 x 16

Make: Avon

Make: Avon

Other special modifications: special battery box houses all electrics.

License plate bracket one piece with sissy bar. 12V Delco-Remy regulator.



Dog Fashion

Me and my ol' lady have this thing for ballin' dog fashion. Everything has been great until last night when the bitch jumped off the bed and then ran under it—and now she won't come out? What can I do?

Bupp
Marked Tree, Ark.

● Try Dog Yummies. If that doesn't work, Alpo is supposed to be good stuff.

Best Friend

I gave my best friend's wife the clap. My conscience is getting to me and I need your advice. Do you think I should warn him?

A. T.
Crockett, Ca.

● Who? Your ol' man?

Where Is She?

The other night I wanted to putt instead of ball. While I was gone my buddy took my ol' lady to the bushes and I haven't seen her since. What should I do?

Chicago, Ill.
Art

● Kiss off. Next time, remember to ball her before, during, and after a putt—if you want to stay with it.

Tit Problem

My ol' lady's tits started to really grow after we were married and now she's so

big that she's got to wear a bra. The cost is fracturing my budget — can I shrink them down some way?

Leaper
Colonia, N.J.

● Take her to the doc and tell him she wants a mastectomy.

Love Letter

If my ol' lady knew that I loved ya she'd cut off my balls.

Bad Bob
Rapid City, S. Dak.

● Christ, I think these love letters are gettin' to me.

Whatta Drip

My boyfriend always comes back from the restroom with piss stains on his trousers. I am a lady, but I know he's doing something wrong because I don't see other men doing it. Tell me what I should do.

Sally,
St. Paul, Minn.

● You'd better cool it or you're gonna get a tire iron upside the head for staring at other men's crotches.

Proposition

I would really like to have one good freak session with you, and if you couldn't keep up with me, I'd revoke your pervert permit.

Corkscrew
Soledad, Calif.

● Pervert permit? You're kiddin'. Man, I'm an outlaw pervert—they throw my type in a padded cell.

How Come?

How come you always stand with your legs so wide apart?

Absere
England

● My bush gets rather full during the winter months.

Tit Debate

I can't stand the Great Tit Debate going on in your column. What happened to the legman?

Mouldy Merle
APO, New York

● I don't know. Most of the letters I get are from crotch cannibals.

Gettin' Off

I'm never able to get off when my ol' lady is givin' head. What should I do?

Super Dave
Las Vegas, Nev.

● Maybe you need some grit. Have her eat a bag of peanuts just before having at you.

A Poet, Yet

I was in the closet, looking at your picture while cuffin' the carrot, when you in-

spired me to conjure up a poem, but I forgot it.

P. Simonis
Grand Rapids, Mich.

● Thanks.

Big Problem

You and I have a big problem, sweets. There are a bunch of scoot riders around here who are spreading an ugly rumor that you and I are one and the same. I admit the resemblance, but I don't think it's fair that some stoned freak started all this, and now I'm getting credit for all your comments. I've even started getting weirdos at my door wanting advice. You and I think a lot alike and for a couple of fucked-up broads we do okay. Do you think perhaps we are related? Ann Landers and Dear Abby are twins, you know. If you can think of anything to say, though, to set all these dudes straight, say it. And if we are related, don't let me know.

Mother Nature
Wichita, Kansas

● I don't know about you, but I wish I was fucked-up right now.

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

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL





Legal Murder Of Bikers

Motor vehicle legislation is supposedly proposed and enacted to save lives. Highway traffic laws—and their proper enforcement—should allow anyone to use the roads with safety. Why is it then, in so many news clippings that cross our desk, that a motorist who causes an accident with a motorcycle, after injuring or killing one of our brothers, may drive home completely scot free by simply stating to the officer at the scene that he didn't see the cyclist? Words cannot express the anger and dismay brothers have for such a policy. If the motorist cannot see the cyclist, will he be able to see even smaller targets, like a child crossing the street or a bicycle at night?

Such a half-baked and inhuman excuse should not be acceptable after an accident. At least the motorist should have his license revoked. After all, the ability to see another object in the road, especially a licensed and tax-paying vehicle like a motorcycle, is a basic and necessary driving skill. Licenses should not be issued to half-blind motorists who do not have those skills. Perhaps separate lanes should be established for motorcyclists to protect them from unseeing motorists. Then no longer would such drivers be free to run down bikers without fear of prosecution. Until action is taken to remedy this situation, all the trumped-up legislation in the world won't decrease the accident rate but can only give the cyclist a deadly false sense of security and furnish an excuse for enforcement officials to harass brothers on minor violations while neglecting their safety in major accidents.

Helmet Update— Repeal Efforts Snowball

With the growing desire and efforts of bikers across this country to eliminate the helmet hassle

from all the other hassles we are forced to put up with, keeping brothers informed of news concerning this issue has become a vitally important duty of ABATE. Respect for bikers is mounting in the various state legislatures; this, along with the growing influence of the peoples' rights issue, is bringing into question past legislation concerning mandatory helmets. Consequently, with growing organization, public awareness, and involvement by brothers, the repeal of helmet laws will soon take place.

One state in which efforts are gaining the needed support and positive action is Hawaii. Patrick A. Thiele (967 Prospect St., Apt. 24, Honolulu, Hawaii 96822) set up a run to the state capitol and a mass petition signing to back bill HB 2397 which would repeal the mandatory use of helmets. The bill was introduced by Rep. Peter S. Iha, chairman of the House Transportation Committee, and is now in that committee.

The helmet repeal bill in Washington State (SB 2685) has been promised action in the April session by the chairman of the Senate Transportation Committee, Gordon Walgren of Bremerton. For more information about the Washington effort contact the Committee on Traffic Law Modernization, Chairman Jack Zektzer, P.O. Box 15415, Wedgewood Station, Seattle, Washington 98115. Phone is (206) LA 4-6253.

In Michigan Don and Bob Smith of Cycle Stuff (G-5274, Coruna Rd., Flint, Michigan 48504) are passing out petitions to support the helmet repeal. If you can help, write Cycle Stuff or Rep. Perry Bullard, Michigan House of Representatives, Lansing, Mich. 48901.

Given Tepley (4117 W. 41 Ave., Denver, Colorado 80212) was one of the six plaintiffs to contest the helmet law in court when it was passed in that state in 1969. They won in the district courts but lost in the Supreme Court. That was

some time ago and since then a cloud of apathy has covered the state. But recently Judge Carpenter of Larimer County declared the law unconstitutional because it denied due process, was vague and indefinite and an unlawful delegation of legislative authority. Unfortunately the ruling only applies to Larimer County; however, now Given is making an effort to get Denver bikers involved in an effort against the helmet law again.

The Iowa motorcycle helmet-headlight bill is soon to come before the House for debate, which is the critical and final step to determine whether the bill will become law or not. Each Iowa brother should write or call (515-281-3221) his state Representative and express his views against the two laws. Feel free to contact Mark Spragg, 936 Creston, Des Moines, Iowa (home phone 243-3959, office 283-1975), or Dan Stamatos, 930 Grand Ave., West Des Moines, Iowa. Phone 274-3851 with any questions.

Wesley L. Meyer, 418 Cuyahoga St., Akron, Ohio 44310 (434-6287), after corresponding with Governor Gilligan and the Department of Highway Safety, has begun to collect signatures on petitions to file with the Secretary of State in order to support a referendum vote. He is hoping that he can collect the needed signatures in the county surrounding Akron and hopes bikers in other counties will do the same.

Ted Karas and Dan P. Nichols of Crusader Cycle Supply (P.O. Box 121, 1511 West Green, Carlsbad, N.M. 88220) have been investigating the possibility of withholding payment on 10% of their income tax as a protest to the helmet law. For more information on the protest and the helmet repeal in New Mexico contact Ted or Dan at Crusader Cycle Supply.

Wheels, the road captain for the Barons MC, 462 South 1st, West Salt Lake City, Utah 84100, has been working with Congressman Wayne Owens and plans to initiate a repeal in the next general session. Bikers from Utah inter-

ested in supporting such a measure should contact Wheels at the above address.

The New York Motorcycle Rights Organization, P.O. Box 3899, Rochester, New York 14610, has come very close to repealing the daytime headlight law and is also pushing very hard against the helmet law. Along with the NYMRO, an individual who contacted ABATE concerning the helmet repeal, George Vigers (11 Massachusetts Ave., Albany, New York) is circulating petitions; but his problem is that he is only familiar with the Albany area and is having a difficult time obtaining names and addresses of shops throughout the rest of the state. His goal is to show the lawmakers in New York that bikers from all over the state are against this infringement on their rights and that it should be repealed or changed. Contact George or the NYMRO to see this repeal through.

After a seven year controversy over the helmet law in Nebraska the Public Works Committee again brought the issue before the legislature. Since 1967 court challenges against the original law have kept it down. Although the new law may be passed (if not protested in time) it has had an amendment attached by opponents of the law that states that, if he's convicted, points will not be assessed against the offender's license. That is by no means a cure; however, it may give Nebraska bikers the grounds to find the law unconstitutional. The opponents of the law and people to contact with reference to stopping or contesting the law are the Nebraska Motorcycle Dealers Association and specifically a Lincoln Attorney, Charles Noren, the lobbyist for the dealers association.

The following is a statement by Cool (Box 8113 Topeka, Kansas 66608) based on statistics from the Kansas Highway Safety Commission, Topeka, Kansas.

"In 1973 when the newest Kansas helmet law was in effect for the first full year, motorcycle fatalities almost doubled to 40 from the previous year's total of 22, while registrations were up only 12% over 1972. The same thing happened when the very first helmet law was passed in 1967. Helmets help only after the accident has already happened. During normal street riding, the limitations of vision and hearing, and heat fatigue cause accidents. Your chance of being killed has been doubled by the helmet law!"

Penalty legislation for the helmet law in Montana has been introduced by Senator Len Vainio of Butte and others. Richard W. Pylypuw, 725 South Arizona, Butte, Montana 59701, discovered that

the fine was to be raised to \$500 and the offender given up to six months in jail. His comment was, "Can you believe that bullshit?" He can be contacted at the above address concerning the progress of the bill and chances of stopping it.

In Minnesota, "Spock," (1367 Breda Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 55108) is interested in the possibility of a repeal (helmet law) and would like to encourage anyone interested in fighting for such a cause to write him.

The ABATE State Coordinator for Illinois, Bill Orce, P.O. Box 152, Prospect Hts., Ill. 60070, set up a booth at a local car and bike show for the purpose of collecting signatures to combat the proposed helmet bill, which he succeeded in defeating. At the show 1500 signatures were collected, and 800 supporters were recruited by Mr. & Mrs. Del Ozzo of Romeosville, Ill.

Beowulf MC (c/o Don Tyer, 912 Bequette St., Dodgeville, Wisc. 53533) is interested in the prospects of challenging the helmet law and is eager to gain support for the club's effort in Wisc.

The helmet issue has grown to such an extent that if the bikers of this country stand behind their brothers involved with legislation, at least partial repeal of helmet laws is certain. The lawmakers are now beginning to respect brothers and to realize that bikers are aware of the dangers of riding, and self educated in the techniques of dealing with those dangers. What is left now is to educate the motorist, eliminate inappropriate legislation, and adopt legislation that will deal more accurately with the problem of preventing accidents.

State-by-State News

New York: Jed Tranquil of the New York Motorcycle Rights Organization informed ABATE that the state's lights-on repeal is now out of the Transportation Committee. The lights-on law is now in the position of being 90% repealed. For more information, contact the NYMRO, P.O. Box 3899, Rochester, New York 14610.

Wisconsin: James Scott (818 Willis Ave., Ashland, Wisc. 54806) is fighting the maximum rake limitations in Wisconsin.

Washington: The lights-on bill (HB 110) introduced into the House Transportation Committee and the next year in the Traffic Safety Committee failed to pass. However, Rep. Richard Kelley (P.O. Box

3302, Tacoma, Wash. 98499), who originated the bill, didn't quit but tacked it onto a stolen property bill at the end of the session and it was inadvertently passed!

National: The "National Motor Vehicle No-Fault Act" (United States Senate Bill S.354, Hart-Magnuson Bill) is a definite threat to the bikers of this country. Efforts to exclude scooters from this bill have failed and the bill may be enacted in 1974 if something is not done. The effects on motorcycles will be to increase insurance rates by four times. Bikers across the country must write their U.S. Senators, tell them to vote **NO** on United States Bill S.354, and express their views on the bill.

Maryland: There is a new ordinance, House Bill 925, introduced by Rutkowski and Wyatt, in the Maryland legislature dealing with the height and minimum width of motorcycle handlebars. It will be scheduled for a committee soon. Beware, Maryland bikers! Contact H & R Jack, 2921 Paper Mill Road, Phoenix, Maryland 21131, for further information.

Iowa: A major bill in the Iowa legislature is a motorcycle equipment bill (S.135) which has been approved by the senate and is now in committee in the house.

Nebraska: Nebraska may lose over 8 million in federal funds if they do not enact the helmet law. Aurora Senator Maurice Kremer was sent a telegram from the Dept. of Transportation which confirmed and emphasized the threat. (Note: helmet update.)

Virginia: Bill Otto revealed to ABATE that the Virginia legislature has formed a committee on scooters and that all Virginia dealers and bikers were being represented by one man. A Virginia dealer named Neblett convinced the committee that he solely represented the M.I.C. and dealers in his state; therefore the committee need not contact any other authorities. His stand and recommendations were totally against custom bikes and any modifications. Bill recommends that Virginia bikers communicate with Mr. Neblett (3339 W. Cary, Richmond, Va. 23221) before he has chops outlawed altogether.

Florida: F. R. Forte of Forte Cycles (R1 N. Beal St., Fort Walton Beach, Fla. 32548) says with regard to his contact with Rep. Tolton: "Based on past telephone conversations, letters, and now a personal meeting, it appears that Florida bikers have found a man

to plead their cause to on a state level. We in the north part of the state are enthused about this possibility and encourage all custom bike owners to keep in touch with us or to write to Jere Tolton himself. In an effort to facilitate organization, which is mandatory for action of any sort, the State Representative has suggested that shops establish contact among themselves. We are doing just that in this area and would greatly appreciate hearing from any shop owner who is genuinely concerned for the rights of the Florida biker." Jere Tolton, Florida Representative, P.O. Drawer 1447, Fort Walton Beach, Fla. 32548.

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The following shops are giving a 10% discount to ABATE members. If other shops would like to be listed, just send us your name and address on your letterhead. **Munch**

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Reprints of ABATE engineering reports that prove the safety of extended and raked front ends are being mailed all over the country in response to ABATE member requests for ammunition to fight anti-bike legislation.

This is just one of the services that ABATE performs, and even though there is much being done, we never have enough funds to do all of the things we know, first hand, that must be done.

If you gnash your teeth at the injustice of some laws, imagine the frustration that we feel when we receive pleas for help, for personal appearances at legislative hearings, and are not able to do more than send our printed mate-

Choppers 3921 South Archer Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60652. **Villa Park H-D** 305 East North Avenue, Villa Park, Ill. **The Hawg House** Box 2, 612 S. 17th, Matoon, Ill. 61938. **Chopper Specialist** Box 97, Liverty, Ill. 62347. **Dan's Hog House** 425 N. 5th St., Lafayette, Indiana 47901.

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Through the efforts of the ABATE members we now have a fairly complete file on every state. The laws, the legislators, the highway traffic officials. This information is supplied free to anyone requesting it and sending along a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Some noise—any noise—is better than no noise. It's the old story: if the bully thinks he can hassle you and get away with it, he will. But if he knows that even though he is more powerful and would no doubt win a fight, but that you'd put up a helluva scrap—and he just might get hurt along with his victory—he'll think twice about hassling you.

rial, whereas an engineer, in person, would carry much more weight.

We don't want to be corny, but ABATE needs your support—and you need, or will need sometime, somewhere, ABATE's support. ABATE has no commercial ties. Its only purpose is to protect the rights of the street biker.

If you haven't joined, then join today. The need is today. ABATE needs you, and you need ABATE.

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- ☐ Here's a contribution to ABATE to aid in their nationwide efforts to combat anti-bike legislation and to educate and inform lawmakers, the police, and civic leaders to the facts about choppers.
- ☐ Here's a \$5.00 contribution for a year's membership in ABATE. Send me my membership card and decal and keep me informed of laws that affect me as a biker.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Can you help us in your state? _____

Comments: _____



SPIRIT BIKE

You should have seen Chuck and me before that drunk hit us. Man, what a pair!

We were headed out of Phoenix on Black Canyon Highway toward Flagstaff when we came around a curve and this dude was coming right at us on our side of the road. Bam! He hit us head on.

Chuck died instantly. I flipped off the front bumper into a ditch, about twenty feet from the road. They charged the drunk with reckless driving and driving while intoxicated—a big fat fine of \$250.

After all the excitement, a guy and a chick came by and picked me up. I was in a hell of a mess, all busted up. They decided they could use me. After they fixed me up, we went traveling all over, just the three of us. We had some great times. One day I heard him talking about us going to a bike show in California. That'd be great. I hadn't ever been to one.

When we got inside, I found it was my kind of world. My kind of people. And the bikes! Fantastic! There were Harleys and Triumphs, trikes and choppers of all kinds. I was almost sick when we had to leave. I wanted to stay in that world of class bikes and people.

After being home for about a month, they started making plans for another bike show. Great! We were really going back into that magic world! We'd won the best in show last time. That was worth \$500. I wondered how much we'd win this time.

I was sitting in the back of the truck, with them in the front. We were almost there when the front tire blew. It was the story of Chuck and me all over again.

Now I'm sitting in a used bikes and parts store, waiting for someone to pick me up and make me the best in show once more. ■

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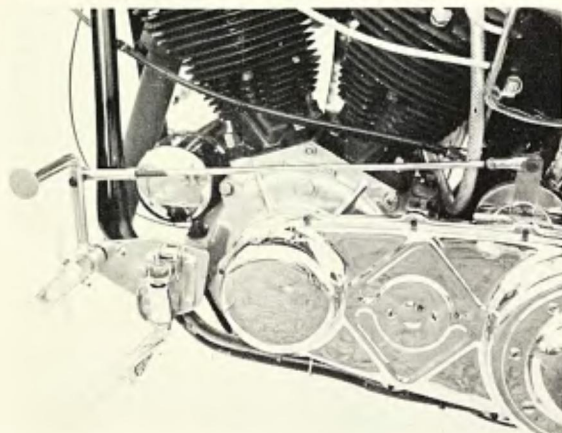
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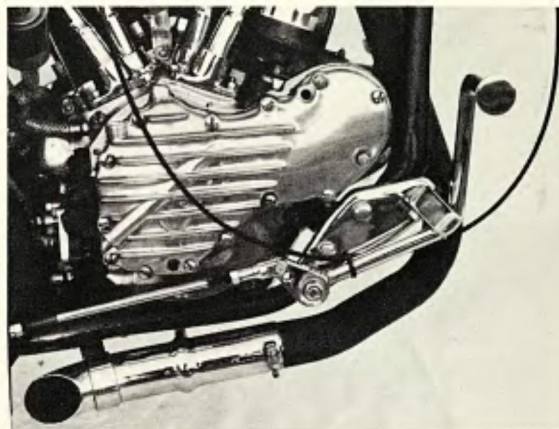


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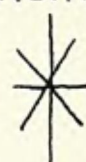
MAXIMUM
COMFORT
BY
SHIFTING
IN
A
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STOCK (UGH!) PATTERN IS CHANGED TO : BRAKE UNIT MOUNTS TO STOCK BRKT.
KICK FORWARD FROM 1ST TO 2ND USES STOCK LINKAGE.
KICK FORWARD FROM 2ND TO 3RD PUTS BRAKE IN COMFORTABLE
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ILLUSTRATED BY J. MASTORIS

Helmet Laws

—Continued from page 20

in the states, and a non-elected official must not have the right to hinder the return of that money to the people of the states.

Last but not the least important, Congress must include in the amendment to PL 89-564, provisions to unwind the DOT's NHTSA by a timetable reducing the number of people over say five years, 1975 to 1980, by at least 150 people a year. This can easily be done since Congress must appropriate money for NHTSA. Simply roll back the funds year by year for five years sufficient to cut out 150 people a year!

The remaining 200 or so people will have the job of gathering and analyzing statistics and urging the states to adopt further safety functions NHTSA believes important as a result of statistical studies. A parallel example: The government doesn't prohibit cigarette smoking because "The Surgeon General has determined that cigarette smoking is dangerous to your health." Cigarette smoking can affect only the individual and the Surgeon General's power is limited to putting the above statement on each pack of cigarettes. The DOT can if it wishes cause to be imprinted on the interior of all helmets, and the exterior for all I care, "The DOT has determined that failure to wear a helmet is dangerous to your health." Helmet wearing is like cigarette smoking: someone in the government believes their use or disuse is dangerous to the individual. In either case let the individual decide since it affects only his own health,

negligent in this activity. The following shows some of the nonsense that comes originally from the DOT. In the Dec. 1973 issue of California Traffic Facts (obtainable from the Calif. Traffic Safety Foundation, 4111 Broadway, Oakland, Calif.), a statement on page 3 says: "A list in Status Report indicates the US DOT found 45 states deficient in meeting Federal traffic standards, most with several major shortcomings. California had but one, *lack of a motorcycle helmet law*. A DOT study shows that states with such laws on the books have a 27% lesser Fatal Crash rate for motorcycles than those with no law. *How much longer must the killing go on?*" (The emphasis was in the original!) You can write to the Traffic Safety Foundation or the DOT and ask for the backup statistics. My information (random example) shows the following: The state of New York in 1971 had a helmet law. There were approximately 85,000 registered motorcycles and about 105 deaths. California in 1971 with no helmet law had about 615,000 registered motorcycles and about 480 deaths. A division shows that New York with a helmet law had one death for 810 riders, and California with no helmet law had one death for 1,070 riders! The fact is, California had nearly a 27% better record than did New York, not a 27% worse record!

It is further incorrect to compare a state with no law to one with a law, when you consider that most riders wear a helmet, law or no law. Over a period of a few days I did some counting on my own. The sample is small, but I can't do DOT's job.

Date	Location	Distance	Helmets	No Helmets
1/24/74	Hiway 17 San Jose to Santa Cruz, Calif. and return.	60 miles	9	3
1/26/74	San Jose to San Francisco and return.	100 miles	52	10
1/28/74	Around town in San Jose about 1/2 day.		31	8
			92	21

not that of others.

Now go back to that part of PL 89-564 that instructs DOT to work on accident records and statistics. The DOT has a clear mandate to gather statistics and keep records. So far the DOT has been extremely

The above small sample is an indication that about 80% of California riders wear a helmet without a law. For meaningful statistics to be given regarding helmets vs no helmets, the statistics must show the death rate for helmeted riders and



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"BRING A FRIEND.....!"



Silly Tilly

Two dudes were arguing about who had the ugliest ol' lady. After a couple of brews and much hassling, they decided to get a personal look at each other's ol' lady in order to settle the argument.

The first dude showed his wife, and the other agreed that she was ugly, but still not as ugly as his.

So they went over to see his wife. When they got there, he yelled, "Hey, bitch, come out here."

The woman inside the house replied, "With the sack over my head?"

"No," he answered, "I don't wanna fuck, I wanna introduce you to my friend."

—James Fain
DeCatur, Georgia

Three bikers were sitting around a biker bar arguing how tough they were. Finally the Triumph rider called the barmaid over and told her to get a big knife. When she came back, he asked her to cut off his thumb. She did.

The Honda rider wasn't going to let him get away with that so he asked her to cut off his hand. She

cut it off and then waited to see what the Harley dude was going to do.

He smiled, stood up, and flopped his meat on the table. The barmaid gasped at the size and said, "You don't want me to cut that off, do you?"

"No," said the Harley freak, "suck it off!"

—I. Anderwood
New Zealand

There was this old bag who came bursting into the room shouting at her ol' man "Lookie, Charley, I joined the Women's Lib." She tore open her blouse. "See, I've even thrown away my bra!"

Her ol' man looked up from the evening paper, startled. "Why, Martha, you look 20 years younger!"

She was so pleased at what he had said that she had to hear it again. "You mean it—really? 20 years younger?"

He looked up from his paper again. "Yeah, your tits sag so much they pull the wrinkles right out of your face."

—David Friedrichsen
Grants Pass, Oregon

This weird cat was walking into the supermarket when a cop came up to him and asked, "Hey, is that your dog tied up there?"

"Yeah, man," the weird dude replied.

"Did you know your dog is in heat?" the cop questioned.

"No, man, I tied him up in the shade," the cat replied.

"No, that isn't what I meant. Did you know your dog needs to be bred?"

"No, man, that can't be, I fed him this morning," the dude again replied.

"Listen, buddy, your dog needs to be fucked!" the cop said, getting hostile.

"Listen, man, it's cool. I always wanted a police dog."

—Mike Frazer
San Diego, Calif.

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52, Malibu, California 90265.
She'll pay \$10 for every one
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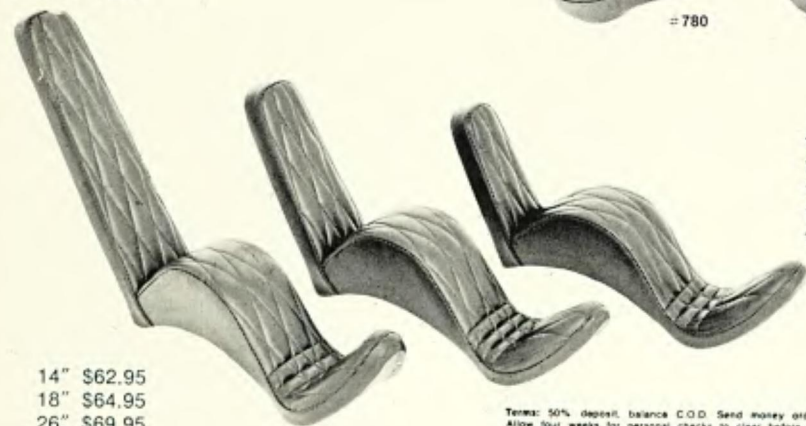
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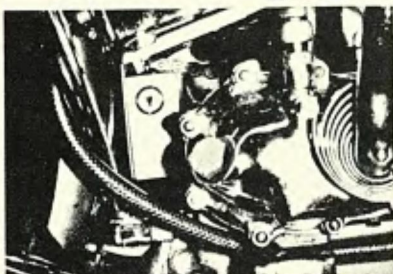
Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201

for non-helmeted riders, regardless of whether there is a law or not. In California in 1971 for example, how many of the 480 killed in motorcycle accidents were wearing helmets? The DOT should urge all states to gather such statistics.

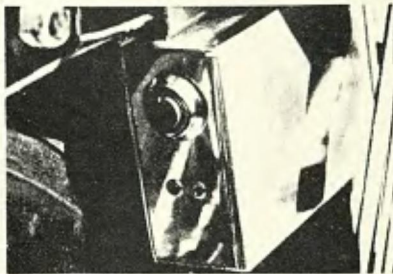
Every year the booklet *Accident Facts* (National Safety Council, 425 N. Michigan Av., Chicago) shows statistics for auto drivers broken down by age groups: under 20, 20-24, etc., to 75 and over. We need this breakdown for motorcyclists also. It doesn't exist. The problem is, motorcycle riders are younger on the average than auto drivers, probably 24 or 25 years old average compared with 35 to 40 for auto drivers. The auto driving record of drivers 20 to 25 in 1971 was about one death per 1000 drivers, while in the range of 35 to 39 and 40 to 45, the deaths were less than half that. Note that the auto drivers under 25 rate of 1 death in 1000 compares with California's motorcycle death rate! We need to compare the records of under 25 year old motorcyclists with under 25 year old auto drivers. Age group by age group we may not appear so bad as the averages indicate. Inexperience is without doubt a big factor in both motorcycling and auto accidents. Better age statistics could point to another mandate given the DOT by Congress: better standards for driver testing and training. The DOT could learn from the state of Iowa where the governor endorsed a statewide "Eye that Cycle" campaign with bumper stickers, TV shorts, and news articles. Part of the program was clearly aimed at making the auto driver aware of the motorcyclist.

The above indicates that the DOT can occupy itself for years with statistics, and they have a clear order to do so by the law. Further, motorcycle clubs should work with the DOT to review all statistics that are published by the DOT to make certain that the published numbers are not misused to bias the reader against motorcycles. In nearly all publications giving statistics on motorcyclists the numbers are misused to bias the reader. Just a random sample, I received from the State of Illinois, Dept. of Transportation, Bureau of Traffic, an 18-page document dated March 1972 called *The Motorcycle in Traffic Accidents in Illinois—1970*. On page 9, for example, they show that about 69% of motorcyclists killed were

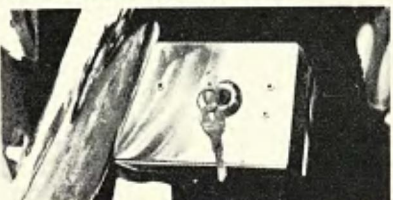
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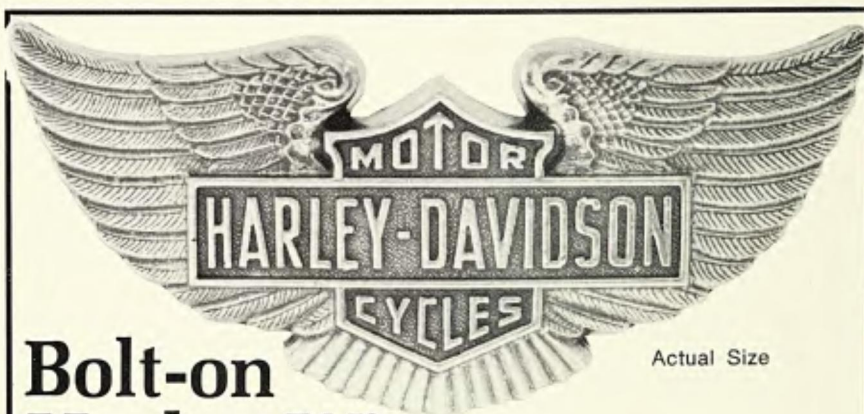
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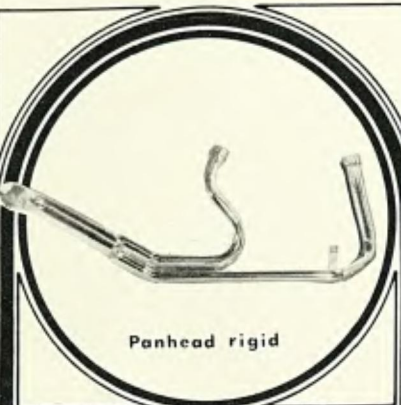
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under 25 years old, whereas for auto drivers, only 33% were under 25. For this not to be biased against motorcyclists, the table should show the percentage of riders under 25 in both cases! But that information is absent! It might be that something near 69% of motorcyclists are under 25 and 33% of auto drivers are under 25. Anyway, you see what I'm driving at.

Let's summarize the findings in the article:

1. Since Congress passed the basic law under which the DOT operates, if we don't like the way the DOT operates, we must go back to Congress. It is a waste of time to go to the DOT since they are non-elected persons who do not respond to voters. Congress gave the DOT certain powers which I have shown they have exceeded. Congress must therefore write and pass an amendment that will be more explicit in defining the DOT's powers. The DOT must be explicitly denied the right to require the wearing of any apparel where such apparel affects the state of health of the individual himself. The DOT may encourage individuals to wear a helmet or a seat belt and show their statistics, after review with motorcycle clubs and auto clubs, to attempt to prove that such apparel will be beneficial to the individual.

2. Congress must reduce the funds available to the DOT so that the number of employees will be reduced. The amendment can encourage the DOT to use the people remaining to gather statistics to support certain safety features they wish the states to adopt. Present statistics are biased and inadequate.

3. The DOT should be encouraged to engage in national campaigns to make driving and riding safer. The example given was Iowa's "Eye that Cycle" campaign, partly designed to make the auto driver aware of the motorcyclist.

4. It is necessary to keep fighting on the state level until such changes can be made in the basic law. It must be realized that fighting on the state level in the end will lead to defeat for the motorcyclists. The states cannot defy the decrees of the DOT so long as the DOT has the power to withhold funds from the states for disobedience. Therefore the amendment must specifically cancel the right of the DOT's non-elected officials to withhold funds from the states for non-compliance with the DOT's regulations.

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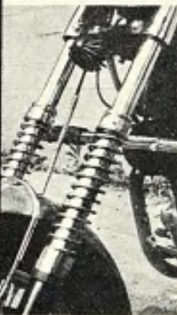
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Worst Day

—Continued from page 15

springer without turning sideways. He hadn't forgotten his badge though.

"Let's see your driver's license and registration, sport."

Where does he get off with this "sport" shit? I handed him everything he asked for, a little amazed that I hadn't lost my wallet, considering everything else.

"You don't have on your protective helmet."

An outstanding observation I didn't dignify with any reply.

"Well, what about it, sport?"

There was that "sport" again. Time to see if my voice still works. "Somebody stole it."

"Yeah? Well, why didn't you report it?"

"I just did."

"Don't get smart with me, sport."

I took a deep breath. "I'm not getting smart, I'm just reporting my stolen helmet."

With obvious enjoyment, John informed me of the dangers of riding without a protective helmet, not the least of which was himself. I couldn't shake the feeling that he'd been reading up on the subject the night before. He also said that without the helmet there wouldn't be any more riding today. By this time, I could



"Ya got any rubbers about an inch and a half long?"

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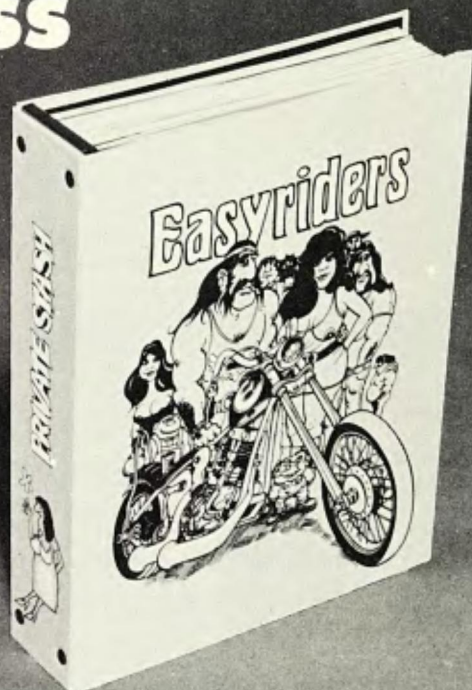
If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

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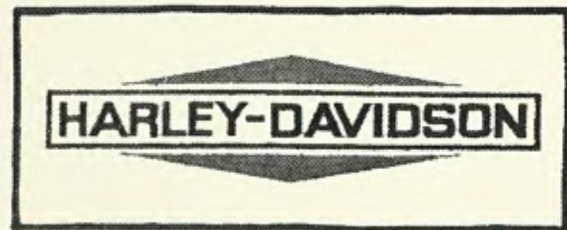


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think of worse things than that, so I excused myself for a moment and called a brother who owned a bike trailer and had been known to help out in case of emergency. I was a living, breathing emergency!

When he showed up after a couple of hours, took in the full situation—me, the bike, and our babysitter—he almost started to crack up. Something about my eyes and my white knuckles around the eight-dollar vise grips caused him to choke down the laugh.

We loaded the bike without conversation, after which I informed John that I would be all right now and he could go and help out someone else.

Several minutes later, with the Harley trailing behind us, I continued to give my rescuer the evil eye. The veins in his neck were sticking out a mile as he unsuccessfully attempted to keep from breaking up. When he did begin to laugh, I swung a roundhouse right, limited only by the nearness of the windshield.

He leaned back out of the way, but not before I knocked hell out of the beer he'd just put down. It didn't surprise me at all to see the suds run uphill along the dash and drip down on me. Of course, old brother just had to laugh his ass off. It hadn't occurred to him yet that some of my misfortune might rub off.

Our arrival back at my place was welcomed by the grinning faces of several of my neighbors who, no doubt, figured that my bike was busted and they wouldn't have to listen to it for a while. My mind began to formulate plans for giving them a bad night, which, with the help of a few other drunks, I was able to do easily.

It's all right to laugh at what happened to me, brothers, but try and remember that you could have such a day lurking somewhere in the future, if you haven't already had it, and if you *have* had it, and laughed at me anyway, I hope to hell you have another one tomorrow!



Bikes and Media

—Continued from page 17

when on his machine" (streakers take note), and "the sheer power of the motorcycle."

This shit might be hilarious to read while stoned. That's the only way I'd recommend it to anyone into bikes even in the slightest way. But a biker of long standing is supposed to have *written* it. Hell, I don't even know of any Nixonite "sportcyclists" who could stomach this kind of crap.

The balance of the article sounds off on high death and injury rates. And while this safety-freak view was presented in a low-circulation magazine, it's the kind of drivell appreciated by cause-seekers.

Even some of the skin rags are getting into it, though indirectly.

With chicks posing on bikes, the brief attendant copy focuses on wondering how these luscious, young female bods could ever consider riding "these crazy, dangerous machines" (as a recent *Cavalier* put it.)

One of the young girl's mothers was quoted, "Whenever my daughter gets on that seat of fire, I go into a panic."

One of the chicks said that of course bikes were dangerous as hell, "but we believe in live and let die."

The April issue of *Easyriders* (#20) carried a reprint of a *National Observer* column denouncing bikes as "an unjustifiable threat to public safety."

Bullshit of this type is doubly hard to swallow for those of us who have never considered ourselves to be part of the faceless "public." Still, this is high-powered shit for those who can't tell a dresser from a mini-trail.

It must be said of the writer, Edwin A. Roberts, Jr.: any journalist who goes to the government for his information is suspect anyway, but the use of such quotes by Lewis Buchanan of the Nat'l. Highway Traffic Safety Admin. as "A pencil held at arm's length will obscure a cyclist only 100 feet away" shows how far Roberts is from being on top of the problem.

He quoted plenty of government statistics and urged the states to adopt all of NHTSA's "recommendations" (an offer the states can't refuse).



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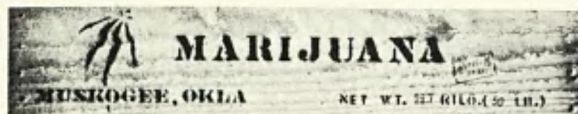


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Pissed-off feelings aside, it's good to go back and re-read the goddamn pack of lies with an objective mind. Notice this time the bias that runs throughout, poking out like a festering zit here and there and bursting into outright lies. It never took much cleverness to lie to the crowd that pays an extra couple of hundred to have plastic wood tacked on the sides of a new station wagon.

In the last paragraph the shit comes home to roost: "But even after all that can be done . . . we are left with the nature of the motorcycle itself. It is not a suitable machine . . ." (Italics mine.)

There seems to be no conscious campaign to portray the motorcycle as an insidious maimer and murderer of youth; rather, scattered potshots at the same target describes the situation more aptly.

Articles are occurring randomly in a variety of publications bent on proving that motorcycles are simply inherently dangerous, unsafe in and of themselves. It is being implied or advocated outright that their use be banned or radically restricted. Fortunately, the impact on public opinion has not been major thus far.

However, if thousands of novices now taking to the streets to beat the gas ripoff add appreciably to the annual fatality toll, next year's legislative sessions could well be finding inspiration from a frenzied barrage of hate articles.

(One can envision a *Readers' Digest* obligatory monthly exposé entitled, "The Shocking Truth About Motorcycles!!!")

Television and films rarely miss a chance to support the notion that bikes are blood-spillers.

The now-defunct *Mission Impossible* was a good one for staged bike crashes. One good'un had a ready-to-race-the-Baja husky doing wheelies up and down the San Francisco hills with a Lincoln limo fulla gangsters hot in pursuit. Ridden by former desert-racer turned stuntman J.N. Roberts (who should be giving more of a damn about the kind of image he's helping to push), the expansion-chambered dirt bike got off one last wheelie before Peter Lupus drove a fake taxi into its path.

Prime-time stuff.

Or what about the Evel Knievel industry? As some have pointed out, correctly, ol' Evel is motorcycling to much of the non-biking public (bikers are conspicuously absent at

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a Knievel extravaganza), and what
they see is pure Vegas on two
wheels. In fact, Evel was once a
smash hit at Caesar's Palace.

Knievel emphasizes the danger,
and the public readily agrees, agree-
ing also, among themselves, that he
is absolutely crazy.

When Knievel periodically crash-
es and burns, re-breaking bones in
the process, it gets a good splash by
the media, and the portion of the
public who identify all bikers as
having a bit of Knievel in them has
its attitude reinforced.

Every feature film or boob tube
flick presenting bikes in even a
minor capacity has to include an
obligatory crash or two, the chase
in *ElectraGlide in Blue* being a good
example.

Conditioning is at work here.
You've seen so many bike crashes
on the screen that the mere sight of
a motorcycle in a film causes that
automatic reflex—you *know* the rider
is about to upset or crash into some-
thing. If this occurs in those of us
who recognize these bullshit delu-
sions for what they are, what pos-
sible effect can it have on the citi-
zens—who've already been informed
of the dangers and the shaky minds
inherent in biking?

So the cries and shrieks of a fac-
tion of repressive safety freaks in the
press are being augmented by the
entertainment media, together im-
age-building the motorcycle as peri-
lously accident-prone. The question
is whether in the next couple of
years this crap could form the basis
for a new prejudice form ripe for
exploitation by jerkwater legislatures
around the country.

There are folk knowing more than
I who are confident that *motor-
cycling* is finally on the verge of
True Acceptance. An unstoppable
wave of popularity, spurred on by
the energy shortage, is about to take
place.

Ah, well, this may be true. De-
mand for an alternative to cars is
burgeoning. The major bike makers
are increasing street bike advertising
while depressing dirt bike produc-
tion. Some of the signs are there.

You must remember, though, that
many of these same people were
making the same prediction years
ago. It was the "You meet the nicest
people . . ." era when the Hell's
Angels had not yet been brought to
the public eye in a big way for
vilification and subsequent exploita-
tion. We were going to have True

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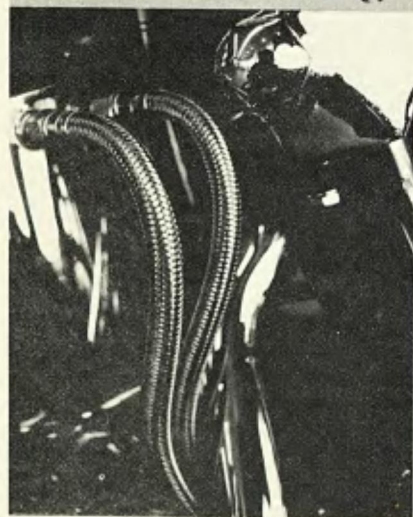
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No one could foresee then an onslaught of anti-biker bullshit by the printed media and the ensuing exploitation films. But by the time the shit was flowing, we were being inundated by a tide of restrictive laws, many of which were precipitated not by safety considerations as was claimed, but by anti-bike prejudices stirred by media-conjured images.

Today the fact is that the hate for bikers the American public held dear to its heart a few years back is being replaced, bit by bit, by a perverse loathing directed toward the machines themselves. Weird, but not surprising.

It's part of a twisted new type of reasoning that proposes to assign True Blame: It's *your fault* if you leave your keys in your car, and some punk steals it; it's *your fault* if you get hurt while driving a car with seat belts unfastened, even if someone else runs into you; and now, of course, if a car creams you while you're out riding, it's *your fault* simply because you were on a bike in the first place.

Apply this malformed logic—nurtured as it is by assorted safety freaks in the press—to everyday driving situations where cars and bikes encounter each other, and the why of the sick attitudes car drivers actively put into practice becomes all too clear.

We can hope the ugly rumblings will stay at a relatively low level. We can hope. Like the *Cycle* editor who told his readers in the May '74 issue that ABC News' Harry Reasoner's recent diatribe against bikes wasn't really that important. Maybe the media will never latch onto motorcycle safety as a pop issue.

But, hell, the probability is there. The government would like such a campaign for generating support for their imbecilic proposals. And some in the press are always agreeable to a cheap shot.

Hindsight on how we got fucked over the past few years is plentiful. Its only use now is in aiding foresight. And foresight now shows that motorcycle safety as a pop issue has all the characteristics of a shitpile: it can start out small but get out of hand fast; we'll have such a big stink it'll require us to get right out there with the pigs that made it and work like hell until the mess is cleaned up. ■



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B&M Custom Cycle Eng. PO Box 339, Monticello, Ind.
Brondt's HD Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash, Ind.

Cycle Specialties 2012 S. Calhoun, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Chopper Shop 103 Hazel St., Daleville, Ind.
Custom Bikes By Bot 414 Western Ave., Connersville, Ind.
J.M.E. Chopper Spec. 2832 169th St., Hammond, Ind.
S & W Cycle Shop Custom Paint By Gene 809 Mary St., Evansville, Ind.

IOWA

Contemporary Guild 1732 S. Federal, Mason City, Iowa

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Custom Cycle Builders 311 N. Arkansas, Wichita, Ks.
Cycle Acc. 601 S. Main, Hutchinson, Ks.
Jerry's Custom Cycle Acc. 1128 Main, Parsons, Ks.
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Lee's Chopper Shop 2513 Mission Dr., Baton Rouge, La.

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R & R Speed & Cycle 4808 Stamp Rd., Temple Hills, Md.
John Spicer & Sons Box 3 Rd 1, Bel Air, Md.

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The Howg Shop 1183 Main St., Clinton, Mass.
The Chopper Factory Inc. 1195 Bedford St. Rt. 18, Abington, Mass.
Cape Cod Choppers & Custom Bikes Inc. 2476 Cranberry Hwy., P.O. Box 624, Wareham, Mass.
Calif. Chopper Specialties 233 Hillman, New Bedford, Mass.
Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton St., Worcester, Mass.
Calif. Chopper Spec. 233 Hillman, PO Box 125, New Bedford, Mass.

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Dirt & Chrome Shop 800 E. Columbia Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
H&D Kustom Cycles 1322 Shakespeare, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Heavy Custom Cycles 11389 Jefferson, River Rouge, Mich.
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Mail Call

The following names and addresses are bikers who are in jail and would like to hear from girls. We've had to condense the listings in order to get as many as we can listed every issue. Be sure to use entire address given, exactly as given, to be certain your letter is received.

Fowl Cock needs to hear from P.O.W.L. Chicks. Been in slam for two years, memories getting weak. J. A. Chambers, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Wa. 98272.

I'm a lonely ol' man doing time, looking for a fox of an ol' lady to write. Dave Smith, #31923, Cooper Hall, Ft. Grant Training Center, Fort Grant, Ariz. 85643.

Could dig the scribes, if you can dig my situation. Arnold Faut, 030320, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Need help in selling country songs, and T.V. commercials. Corky Clark, P.O. Box A-89158-Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Would like to hear from some together chicks. Stan File, B-50466, P.O. Box 608, 3-30, Tehachapi, California 93561.

I could dig correspondence with any heavy chick. Louis M. Ferryman, 20342-175, P.O. Box 1000, Sandstone, Minn. 55072.

Would enjoy writing mellow chicks into rock, bikes, dope, and other fine things. Bill Mirfield, 136244, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Brother requests mail for his bro, in the joint. Johnny Schatz, Box B-32898 North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm a 22-yr.-old brother and would very much like to hear from girls who are cool. Ronald Mendes, Box 52, RFD Readsboro, Vt. 05350.

I am a Chicago outlaw and could really dig some mail. Dennis Seyfald, #3625, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

I am very lonely and would appreciate corresponding with some females. Hall Davidson, R.D. #1, Box 500, Smyrna, Del. 19977.

If it is possible for someone to write I could really dig it. Robert Thomas, D001092, Reception & Medical Center, Box 628, G-3-L, Lake Butler, Florida 32054.

Will be down in the hole for quite some time. Could really dig a letter or two. Wayne Buch, 131-095, P.O. Box 5500, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601.

Looking for a chick who isn't bashful. To write to, Confederate Angels Brother of Richmond, Virginia. Paul Bishop, #19612, Box N. 888, Ashland, Kentucky 41101.

I'd like to write some swinging chicks and brother bikers. Dave Dery, #56699, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434.

This is to any chick who would want to write a scooter tramp. Robert Weston, R-B-127, P.O. Box B-50888, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Busted for four felonies. Parole violation for weapons. Ain't got a damn thing left. Please write. Marlin Fisher, 95017 A/B, Box 800, Ontario, Calif. 91761.

Need some tramps to write to bad. Robert Ralton, B41677, P.O. Box A-E, Rm. 2260, San Luis Obispo, Ca. 93409.

Could dig corresponding with any people age 18-40. Oddie V. Talley, 12877, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

Just started a 6 to 15 and could dig some mail from some of you youngbloods. Jeff Johnson, Bluewater Hwy., Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Need the scribes. Chicks over 18 write. Raymond S. Hickey, P.O. Box B-48787, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Could sure dig some scribbles from some sweet young things. Ted LeBlanc, B-32654-A South, and Gary Haver, B-38511 South, Soledad, Ca. 93960.

I am extremely lonely and need someone to correspond with. Robert Wayne Jewell, #034444, P.O. Box 747, P-I-N-14, Starke, Fla. 32091.

I need someone to write to before I go bananas. Don Henderson, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Need an interested chick to drop me a few lines. Chuck Osborn, #83854, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

If any chick would care to write I could sure dig it. Shad Hultgren, #29172-138, U.S. Penitentiary, P.O. Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

I'm lonely. A letter would sure help. Gerald Lee Smith, P.O. Box 2839, Asheville, N.C. 28802.

Come on, you chicks, a few letters and snaps to a lonely bro. Ronald W. Howard, 127057, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Are there any girls who would like to write a Cincinnati Outlaw? Rick Graber, 88307, Lebanon Correctional Institute, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

I am a very lonely biker in prison and would like to hear from some young lady. Charles Carpenter, Box B-1395-A, Represa, Ca. 95671.

Would like to hear from a chick who's not tied down. Ray Abila, P.O. Box 87, Pleasanton, Calif. 94566.

Doing 18 months on three lids, which isn't too cool, please write. Steve Moniz, P.O. Box 87, Pleasanton, Calif. 94566.

Looking for women who would like to correspond and rap about what they like. Tom Bush, #2103, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

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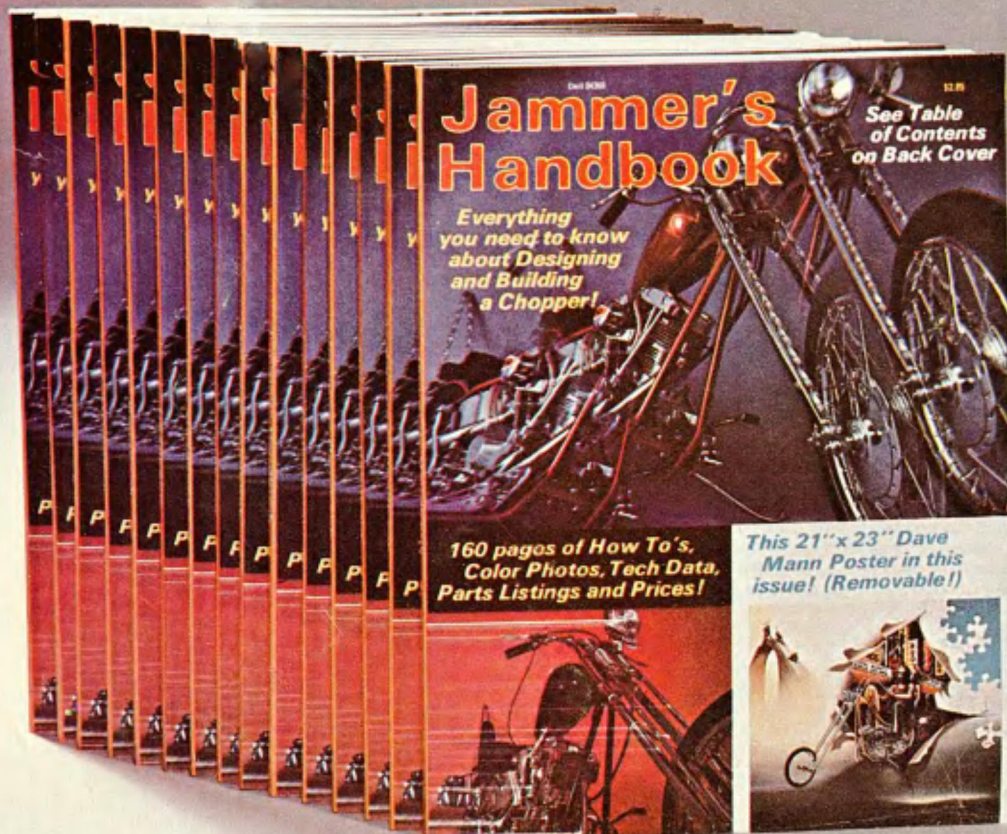
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