

Easyriders

November, 1974

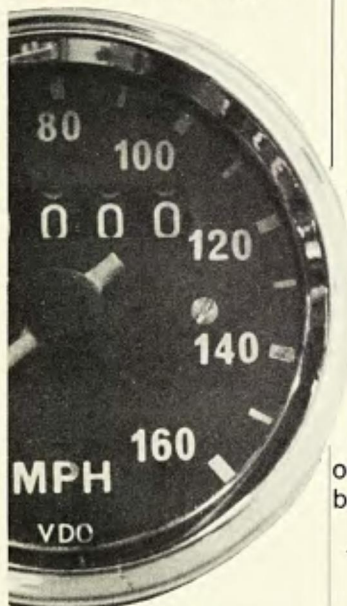
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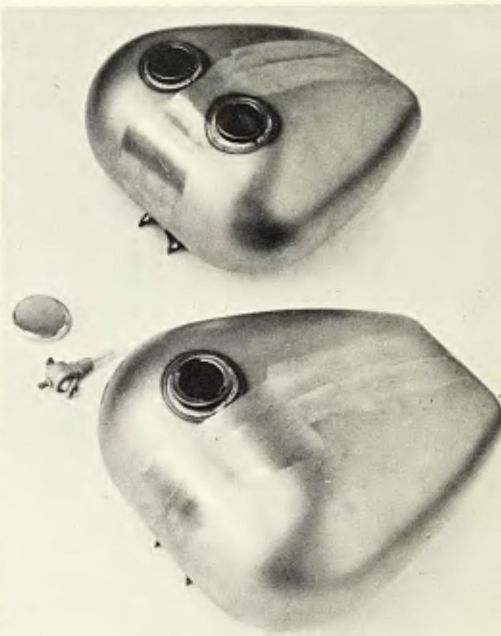
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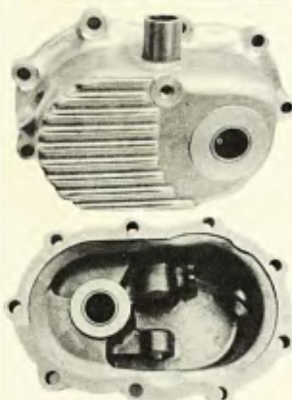
It measures twelve inches wide, nine inches deep and sixteen inches long. It should fit most bikes. It is made of 16-gauge steel and is heli-arc welded, with a Frisco style tunnel.

There are two styles available: The one-hole costs \$60. The two hole costs \$65. Chromed gas caps (\$2.50 each) and a stock Sportster type shutoff with reserve and filter (\$7.95) are also available to fit this tank.



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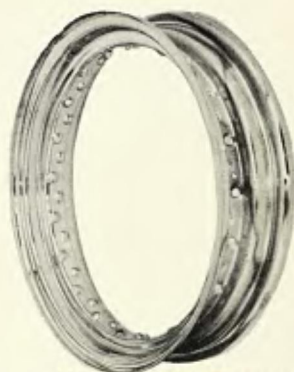
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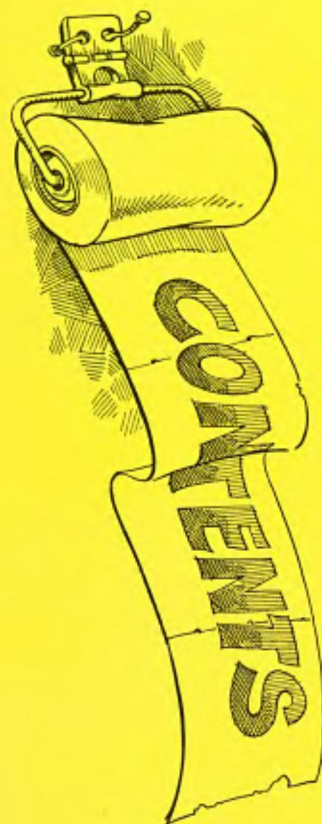
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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



Good news for rapers—a pot growing sheriff	4
Readers stick it in the editors	6
What's goin' down in other biker rags	11
How does a chick get on a scooter with a sissybar?	12
Now you can burn Miraculous Mutha!	13
An old Harley ad to freak the Hog lovers	14
Q is the scene of this month's fiction	16
The club prepares for a streak on motorcycles	18
Mutha earns her ration of raison pie (almost)	20
Do you agree that bikers are a little different?	21
Some short readin' while on the can	26
Entertaining photos from this year's Laconia run	28
Well, we made the enemies list with this one	36
A legal escape from the big mouthed ol' lady	38
Got off their asses to protest helmet law	44
There's really only one color for a Harley	48
Robinson went on vacation this issue	53
National Biker Organization keeps up the fight	54
Rotten, dumb, lousy jokes from our readers	60
Our very own marketplace of biker goodies	70

Number 24

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Cover photo of Carole Estes by Peter Chiodo

Good News for steakers: It's okay to run around naked in public in Louisiana—as long as you don't arouse the sexual desires of your viewers. That probably means us really hung dudes had better not flash our meat—Christ knows what we'd arouse.

Good news for rapers: The California assembly just rejected a bill that would make it illegal for a guy to forcibly screw his estranged wife. I can't think of anyone who would want to, but if you're ever in California, you can legally rape your ol' lady—just don't leave any marks.

Leg-wetting fact file: Did you know that more padded bras are sold in the northern part of the country than anywhere else? Do you suppose it's because it's colder there?

Tell me another one: There's this sheriff in Johnston County, Oklahoma, who has 16 pot plants growing "so people will know what it looks like." They're about three feet high and he has them surrounded by a chain link fence. He said he had 3,000 visitors last year. (So now you know what to say when The Man wants to know why you're growing that grass.) Three dudes tried to lasso some plants over the fence, and the sheriff nabbed their asses. All they wanted to do (they said) was show some other dudes what the real stuff looked like—but the sheriff said in effect, "Don't fuck with my stash, man."

This must mean something: The only chastity belt manufacturer in the world just went broke due to lack of sales. Does it mean that more guys trust their ol' ladies, or that more guys don't give a shit?

Super bust department: You've all heard about the 42-ton pot bust at the Mexican border, but did you know that they estimate

that it will take two to three days to burn it in their new smokeless incinerator? I offered my services but they thought I was kiddin'.

The power of the shitter: The police in Lafayette, Louisiana, recently made a startling discovery. All of a sudden the water pressure in the town dropped to zilch. The police ran out thinking that some smartass kids had turned on all the fire hydrants—but they hadn't. After a little checking around they discovered that approximately 20,000 people all flushed their toilets at the same time. As the police put it, "... 20,000 people flushed four gallons of water at one time; that's 80,000 gallons used in one minute!" The cause? It seems that the suspenseful motion picture *Airport* was playing on the local TV and no one got up to do their thing until the movie was over, and then they all did it at one time.

At last! The term "outlaw" defined: According to a news clipping from Billings, Montana, "100 motorcyclists, considered 'outlaws' because they are not members of the American Motorcycle Association, are camped at a public park..." The paper was speaking of the Bandidos, who had made a run to that town. I wonder where they got the idea that non-AMA-members are outlaws? Shit, I prospected, earned my red wings and everything—and to think, all I had to do was cancel my subscription to the AMA News.

They're waking up, folks! The Illinois State Bar Association passed a resolution calling for the legalization of possession and use of marijuana. They also asked the Feds to consider licensing marijuana for sale. They're slowly but surely waking up. It's just a matter of time until the "killer weed" becomes legal—then, no more hangovers!

Tit-freak dept. In case you've ever wondered, the female pig (the animal) has more mammary glands than any other mammal—28 of 'em!

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



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(Actual size—and it
weighs almost a half pound)

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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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WORDMONGER'S WORD-HEARD

Freak Out

☐ I would freak out if I ever opened an **Easyriders**—just one time—and found a 750 Honda in the centerspread. Redbird
Kansas City, Mo.

■ Get the Dec. '72 issue.

Starting To Worry

☐ I've tolerated all of your mistakes, but whose fuck-up was it to stick that Honda key near the start button on page 52 of the July issue? I almost barfed—until I realized that Cisco probably put it there just to slow down the local rip-offs, right? Whew! I'm glad I figured that out—I was starting to worry about you guys.

Smitty
Jwakuni, Japan

Iron-On Works!

☐ That iron-on transfer really works. The second one did, I mean—I fucked up the first one. Now I'm waiting for the next one so I can fuck up another shirt. Bob Vegoren
APO, San Francisco

☐ The iron-on transfer was great. So what if I burned holes in two T-shirts before I read the instructions. They finally turned out fine. Cisco
San Rafael, Calif.

☐ On the cover you get me all hot and bothered over the iron-on transfer. Then inside I find instructions written for some of Tricky Dick's lawyers. I mean what the fuck? Where am I gonna find a Muslin? The only two black dudes I know are Baptists.

Dave
Auburn, N.Y.

☐ Did you assholes have to put the iron-on transfer on the back of the beginning of

a fiction story? I dug the iron-on, but had a helluva time trying to figure out the story.

Glen Peterson
Waupun, Wisconsin

☐ Really dug your iron-on, but man, there was too many fuckin' instructions—and I don't read too well.

T.H.
Buffalo, N.Y.

☐ Do you know how frustrating it is to look for dotted lines that don't exist—when you're all fucked up?

Billy
Pittsburgh, Pa.

☐ I would like an iron-on of Mutha's box—complete with flies.

Loner
Dallas, Tex.

Satan's Slaves

☐ I am a member of Satan's Slaves—Norfolk chapter in England. I would like to get in touch with some Slaves in the States. I'm hung up right now (in the Navy), but

all mail would come to me. Rem. C. K. Knapp
D116597N
HMS Hydra
B.F.P.O. (Ships)
London, England

Not Stupid!

☐ Liberated maybe, but stupid, never. Why should I cram my massive, well-formed tits and body between my ol' man's back and a cold sissy bar? It's just as easy for us to pull our chops over so I can put my tits right where they're supposed to be—against his front, not his back.

Rick's Chick
Madison, N.J.

■ Keep it clean, now—this is a family rag, remember.

Head Scribe:

☐ Nice rag, but do us a favor. If you get any more jokes from Canton, Ohio, like the one under Silly Tilly's name on page 60, June issue — don't print them.

Bad Bob
Canton, Ohio

Barger For Sheriff

☐ In St. Helens, Oregon we recently had our primary election. But there were only rednecks running for office so I wrote in Sonny Barger's name for sheriff and **Easyriders** for state representative.

R.B.
St. Helens, Oregon

Number Three

☐ I'm sitting here with a rolled one and a cold one, diggin' on my **Easyriders**. That can be topped only by puttin' and fuckin'.

Bear
Oroville, Calif.

Two Words

☐ I have only two words to say to the dude who wrote in the July issue that any chick who has dirty feet has a dirty snatch: Kiss off!

Dirty feet, but
clean snatch
Rochester, N.Y.

☐ So what's wrong with a dirty snatch?

Dirty Ernie
Beatrice, Neb.

☐ Did you ever see a girl walk on her snatch?

Dirty Mama
Phoenix, Ariz.

☐ Man I dig snatches — no matter what condition they're in.

Eater
Denver, Colo.

☐ Shit man, I'd start with her dirty feet and work up to her dirty snatch — so what?

Fuzzy
Dayton, Ohio

Another Response

☐ I'd like to respond to Riccio's letter in the last issue. I think a cunt belongs on the back of a motorcycle. She should make money and take care of her ol' man. If she doesn't do that, then her ass should be kicked out. I also believe that tits are handles to be used while sodomizing.

Crazy George
Akron, Ohio

Spread Those Seeds

☐ As you all know, everyone has a lot of seeds left over—so how about a mass program of planting seeds wherever you go? If every-



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one did it, grass would be
growing everywhere. Just
think what that would do
to the narcs' heads.

Weed
Minneapolis, Minn.

Complaints, Complaints

☐ Instead of giving us in-
formation on scoots and
their construction, all you
seem to want to do is talk
about your perverted staff
and sex. Also, the most
sickening part of your mag-
azine is Miraculous Mutha.
What biker gives a damn
about the sex expertise of
a slut?

Harley
Dallas, Tex.

■ Mutha told me to tell you
to bite her ass.

Escape Reading

☐ I've just finished reading
your latest issue as I lie
here in bed with a bullet
hole through my foot—it
sorta took my mind off my
problems.

Haze
Macon, Ga.

What's Wrong?

☐ A lot of chicks have writ-
ten and asked you to show
more cocks. Well, person-
ally, I don't care if you do
or not.

Hog
N.C.

Long Tongue

☐ Tell Mutha the reason
they call me Lizard is 'cause
I am probably the only one
around who can lick his
eyebrows with his tongue.

Lizard
APO, San Francisco

■ She said you just gave
her goose pimples.

Against Helmets

☐ I was parked on the side
of the road talking to some
guys when a lowlife drunk
hit my trike from behind. A
tow truck had to lift the car
off me. In the hospital the
doctor told me I was lucky
I didn't have a helmet on,
because my head swelled
from the injuries and they
wouldn't have been able to
give me the emergency
treatment that saved my
life. The kicker is, the drunk
wasn't cited—I was. Faulty
taillight.

T. O'Neil
Reno, Nev.

A Way Out

☐ I think your rag is the
best thing to happen to me
since I discovered pussy.
By the way, do you have
any ideas as how to get
out of the Army?

T.G.
APO, New York

■ You could fondle the
sergeant's joint — but he
might like it.

U.S. Mail

☐ I'd like to tell that dude
in the prison where officials
were cutting off the return
addresses of chicks who
wrote to him that they can't
do it—legally. Those letters
are U.S. Mail, and they have
no right to fuck with it. He
should get in touch with the
postmaster. If that doesn't
help, the guy should write
to the Governor. If his Gov-
ernor is like ours—he'll put
a stop to that shit.

Glen Peterson
Waupun, Wisconsin

D.C. Helmet protest

☐ I just want to say that
the guys from Virginia who
invited every biker over to
their place after the Wash-
ington, D.C., helmet protest
are some together mutha-
fuckers.

Spike
Stratford, Conn.

☐ What's with the Pagans
M/C? Recently a bunch of
bikers put on a peaceful
demonstration against the
helmet law in Washington,
D.C. Cops took pictures of
everyone — the usual shit
you'd expect from them—
but the only real hassle any
of the protesters had was
with some Pagans. They
started fights and generally
tried to fuck up the happen-
ings. Do you think that
Nixon and his Department
of Transportation czars had
some "outlaws" there just
to cause trouble and make
our legitimate protest look
bad?

Jim Bryan
Baltimore, Md.

■ We did a little checking
on the situation. Some said
nothing happened and some
said the Pagans caused
some hassles. It coulda
been one Pagan with a
"reds attitude," or just a
little too much juice. We
believe that if everyone
knew what it was all about

—that it was a protest
against the Feds dictating
to us—the general Nixon
attitude — no biker would
have caused trouble. It was
probably just a lack of com-
munication. But the import-
ant thing is that the protest
was a success and should
be done again.

Helmet Protest

☐ Tell everyone that there
weren't enough bikers at
the Washington, D.C., hel-
met protest. If it hadn't been
for a few clubs and their
friends there wouldn't have
been a protest. I printed up
150 leaflets and passed
them out all over my town.
Only two went—me and my
buddy. What's with the
bikers? They gripe about
laws, but never get together
and do something about
them—they always leave it
to the other guy.

Bruce
New Castle, Pa.

Missed Out

☐ I didn't get the April
issue, and all the letters in
the issue I just read are
talking about it and I don't
know what in hell they're
talkin' about.

Eric Delmor
Great Falls, Mont.

■ That'll teach ya.

Passed Time

☐ I was sure glad to get
your latest issue—it helped
me pass the time in the
hospital after getting run
off the road by some ass-
hole in a Detroit iron.

John Herbert
Steamboat Springs, Colo.

Discrimination

☐ I went to see a brother
who was in the hospital, but
as soon as I got off the
elevator I was stopped by a
nurse. She looked me over
and said I couldn't visit him
unless I cleaned up. She
acted like I was filth or I
was gonna sneak him some
dope or something. After I
left I telephoned him and he
said he already had a lid.

Maestro
Akron, Ohio

Likes It

☐ I'm a chick who likes
being a sex object. I think
if you know when to be
quiet, cook, and be a bitch
in bed, being a sex object

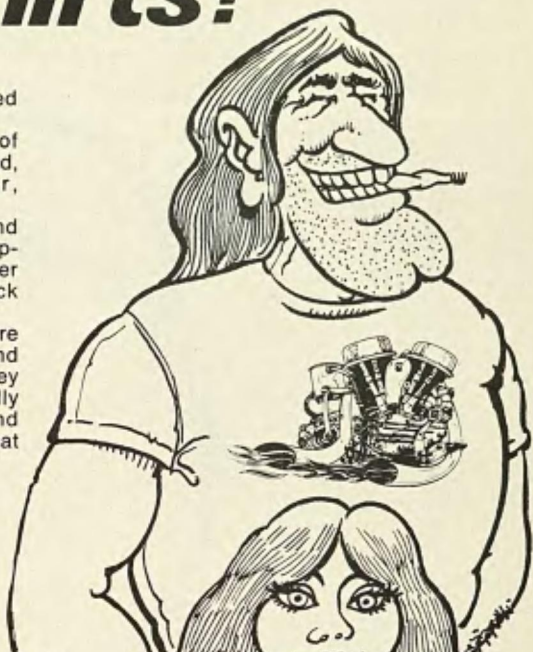
ChopShirts!

Chopshirt, the quality shirt designed exclusively for chopper freaks.

Righteous drawings by Robinson, of the Harley Wings, and the Panhead, Knucklehead, Shovelhead, Sportster, Triumph, and Honda 4 engines!

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can be one hell of a lot of
fun.

Jody Ann
Memphis, Tenn.

They Like Us

☐ We have all decided to
write this short letter to an
okay bunch of muthafuckers.
To the editors, cartoon-
ists, writers and anyone else
involved with **Easyriders**: we
want to thank you for your
rag. It is a fine piece of
shit and is a sunrise on a
black day in this overseas
world.

John Pesos
Charley A.
Charley C.
APO, San Francisco

Here It Goes:

☐ My ex-ol' man (my
choice, by the way) is a
member of the Hell's Angels
M/C. What was, was. He
isn't my problem. Some-
where along the line, some
bad rumors got in the wind.
Things are fine with me and
any guy until he learns
about my ex being in the
club—then he splits, and I
mean he burns rubber. From
what I've heard of these
rumors, any guy who tam-
pers with a chick "affiliated"
with the club, ex or other-
wise, is liable for a fine, loss
of scooter, the usual drastic
measures. If the guy hap-
pens to have a little bit of
guts, or doesn't go for bull-
shit, he thinks I'm all fucked-
out (I wish). Why do people
think the H.A.'s don't have
respect for anyone but each
other, and a chosen few
beyond that? It's always
hard to cope with people
who talk so much about
something they know so
little about. I wish a few
people would either pipe
down or grow up.

Cobb Webbs
San Francisco

Trained Snakes

☐ Seeing Beth let those
snakes crawl all over her, I
wondered if she had them
trained to do any tricks—
like movin' back and forth
real fast.

Dirty Mind
Glendale, Calif.

■ Knock it off—to repeat,
this is a family rag.

Age of Consent

☐ Spider said that the age
of consent in Delaware was

seven years of age. Well, I
asked a little girl about eight
if she wanted to ball—and
she tossed a beach ball at
me.

Disgusted
Wilmington, Del.

What's Wrong?

☐ In the article on Cisco's
scoot you stated that you
didn't care if the bike was
from Dipshit, Montana. Well,
I wanna know what's wrong
with Dipshit, Montana. I can
tell you one thing—Fairfield
County Jail's chow really
sucks.

Dipshit
Basin, Mont.

Question:

☐ Did the girl with the
snakes and the chick in the
April issue pose together
for a pictorial layout in Aug-
ust **Penthouse**? My tongue's
still hard.

Big John
Richmond, Va.

■ That's them.

Got A Gripe

☐ I've got a gripe for ya.
Why waste three whole
pages on that woman's lib
crap ("No, I Can't Bake a
Cake")? What's with all
these uppity cunts writing
Easyriders who think that
they are as good as a dude
just because they can twist
a wrench or putt a Hog? A
broad's place is in the bed-
room and kitchen—not in
the garage.

Chauvinist
Ann Arbor, Mich.

☐ Quit fuckin' up your rag
with crap about woman's
lib. Tell the female me-
chanic that she can't be

equal to men, just because
she can work on an engine.
Did this broad ever wonder
why females were called
"chicks" in the first place?
Because they're stupid, like
chickens.

Frank Berry
Fort Worth, Tex.

☐ That article by Carol was
the biggest bullshit thing
you guys have ever had in
your magazine.

Les
Whittier, Calif.

☐ At first I was going to
tell you that you were goin'
to the dogs, but after a
little thought I believe you're
goin' to the bitches.

Sweat Hog
Seattle, Wash.

☐ I'd like to tell you that
a chick has three places. In
the kitchen, on the back of
a scoot, and on her back in
the sack—and that's all. I
agree with the chick from
F.O.W.L. and the ex-mama
—chicks oughta know their
places.

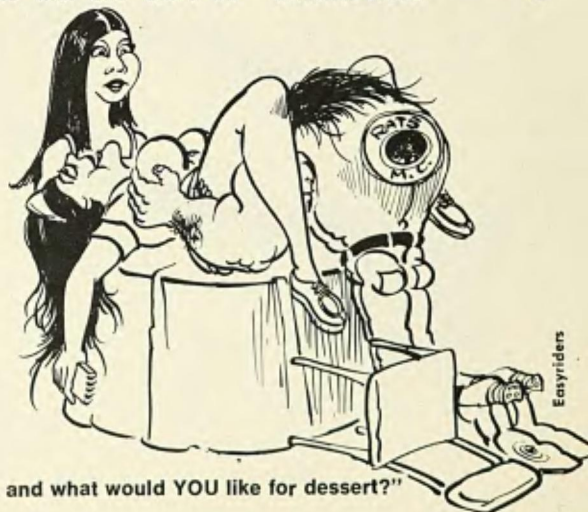
Maddog
Kansas City, Kans.

Dirty Dog

☐ My dog's name is Harley
Davidson Little. He digs
brew, sniffs smoke, balls
everything — and he even
digs the shit out of dirty
flicks.

Mack
Fairmont, W.V.

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.



"... and what would YOU like for dessert?"

Biker's Digest

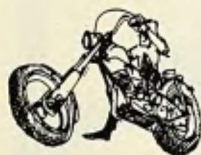


Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Seek instructions . . .

Now, and perhaps for the first time, I hope all you prospective motorcyclists out there realize that being able to drive a car does not mean that you can drive a bike. So, seek the instruction you need when or before you buy. Not after. And while you're at it, remember that the amount of instruction received directly relates to the level of skill attained. Enough said.

—Bob Atkinson
Cycle World



Missing briefs . . .

A resident of Fitchburg, Mass., recently went to the Federal District Court in Boston to obtain a copy of the brief filed by Charles Simon's lawyers in the Federal Helmet Law Challenge of 1973. This brief cost Simon \$30,000. After the clerk made an intensive search, no brief could be found, meaning that there is no record Simon ever went to federal court and presented a case.

First we have "missing tapes" and now it's "missing briefs." Next it might be "missing motorcycles!"

—Dick Ainsworth
NMA News

The most fun . . .

. . . if motorcycles are fun, cafe racers are frivolous fun—and more horsepower than you can possibly use is, has been, and always will be the most fun of all.

—Cycle Magazine

Cafe racers . . .

One gripe we have concerning the cafe racer is that they are largely disguised stockers. The average CR is a stock machine with an off-the-shelf fairing, tank, fenders, rear sets, pipes, and clip-ons. From that point on, only the paint and type of bike separate them.

—Custom Choppers

For the enthusiast . . .

For the chopper enthusiast, as well as the average biker, ABATE has helped out as much as possible. ABATE does more to curb unfavorable legislation, trying to keep motorcycling a sport, than a collage of look alike bikes.

—Street Chopper



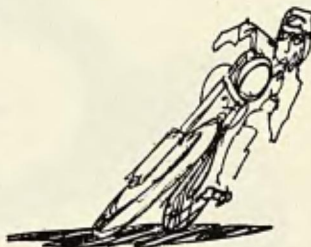
Hell-raisers . . .

The Loudon race, as popular as Louisville, but with a different sort of fan, has come under fire ever since its inception because the "outlaws and hell-raisers" try to take over the countryside. As a result of their "friendly behavior" the future of the race is in serious jeopardy.

—Motorcycle Weekly

No sex . . .

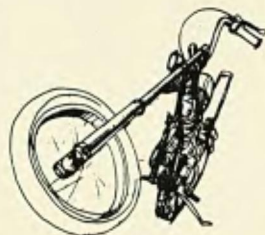
Motorcycle magazines don't talk about sex (which would give you a 50% crack at the total U.S. population if you were selling skin books). Nor do they talk about topics of broad interest like baseball, money, NFL scandals, or the weather.



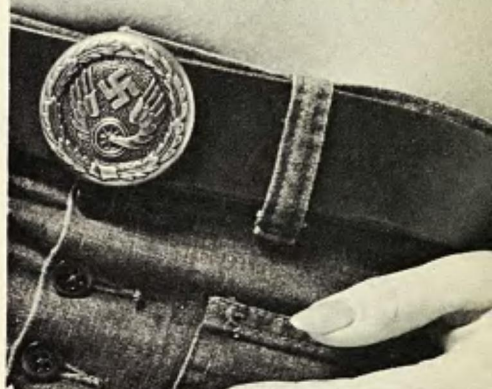
No, sirree. To read a bike mag you've got to get into road test performance, machine specs, torque curves, fork spring modifications, frame whip, how to ride mud, and stories about zitty-faced little guys who wear leather suits and make six figures a year racing in circles and esses.

If the above stuff doesn't bore you, put you to sleep, and send you running for the nearest skin-book centerfold, you, sir, have already bought a motorcycle or you're going to buy one soon.

—Dan Hunt
Motorcycle Industry



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.



Is there an easy way for a chick to get on a bike that has a sissybar?

My ol' man has a new Super-glide. Now, everybody knows that even Harley-Davidsons, in spite of their class, beauty and price, don't have stock seats worth the plastic they're made of. Like all stock seats on all bikes, they are less than dazzling in beauty and are almost as comfortable as a concrete block — on the passenger part anyway. Not having ever been allowed to drive the thing (yet . . . scheme, scheme . . .), I can't say whether or not the front is comfy, but I know the back is murder. Even on chicks like me, with plenty of natural padding. Not only are they hard but they are just about big enough for half a butt. I bitched at my ol' man about it, and he always meant to get another seat and a sissybar made in his spare time. However, his spare time was too valuable to be spending it building things, so he spent it riding. Can't say that I blame him. Being the broke cheap-skates we are, forking over the bread for ready-mades didn't seem like the thing to do. A couple of times I came damned close to falling off the back of the bike after hitting typical Illinois bumps (small cliffs and jagged holes) and having the ol' man romp on it before I could wiggle back into position.

One drunk night he was riding with his best buddy on the back. This guy is skinny enough to fit on the seat, but he never holds onto anything except his knees. His own knees, that is. My ol' man hit a bump or romped on it suddenly or something that had the end result of this guy sliding off the seat onto the fender. Freshly waxed fenders aren't noted for their ability to hold anything on, so he kept sliding till he hit the license plate bracket. I guess he decided pretty quick that he didn't like it back there, and when he saw a shirttail flapping around he grabbed it and hung on. To make a long story a little longer, he didn't lose it but it scared them both pretty severely. The next day my ol' man finished his sissybar before doing anything else. How's that for a typical ol' man? Let the ol' lady fall off, but don't lose your best buddy! I will have to admit, though, I never came that close to falling off. (I don't hang onto my own knees, either.)

To get to the point: The sissybar has solved some substantial problems but at the same time has caused another. The stock seat is actually a little more comfortable with the sissybar because I can lean back instead of having to lean forward. It's much easier to stay on. In fact, it's impossible to fall off. But has anybody ever found a graceful way of getting on a bike with a sissybar?

I've tried everything I can think of. I tried just lifting my leg high enough to clear the seat, but my boot heel always gets snagged halfway over and I end up bouncing around frantically on my left foot while my right foot is stuck in the air dog-pissing-

on-a-tree fashion. I tried grabbing my leg and raising it high enough to clear the seat but I have the same problem. It still gets stuck somewhere on the way to the other side or I lose my balance and fall right over. (I have very large feet. Maybe my boots just weigh too much.) I tried wearing bigger pants, thinking my pants were too tight to get my leg high enough. My bones just don't seem to bend that far any more. One of the many perils of growing old, I guess. I took my time one day, contemplating what would be the best way to try next. I eyeballed the footpeg and the distance between it and the top of the seat and bar — I was going to try to mount the bastard like a horse. I decided against that for two reasons. It seemed like a sudden 150 pounds extra on one side of the bike might throw the ol' man way off and scare the shit out of him on the way down to the gravel. Then he wouldn't let me go with him at all. Also, I didn't do it because it didn't look like it would work. It looked like I'd probably catch my ankle on the top of the sissybar on the way over and I'd fall back off on my head. Not that it would hurt my head, but it would be as embarrassing as having your mother-in-law walk in on you while you're screwing on the couch. Worse yet, I might get stuck there — spreadeagled in the air — and that would be more embarrassing than having your mother-in-law walk in on you while you're screwing on the couch.

Getting back off is as much hassle as getting on. One night I was getting off, and halfway there the bike rolled back a little. That threw me farther off balance than I already was, so I grasped for anything handy to keep from falling, and that pissed my ol' man off because I grabbed his arm.

I've tried getting on before my ol' man does, forcing him to use the cheater button. That solved the problem of getting on, but getting back off was still a problem.

Now, I'm not a very graceful person to begin with. If I had to walk around with a book on my head (that's the old trick they used to use in school to teach chicks how to walk like ladies), I'd have to tie it on with shoestrings to get it to stay there. I'd settle for finding a way to get on the bike without looking like a constipated old dog with rheumatism. I just know that when my ol' man gets the new seat on it's going to be even higher, and if I keep trying to knock him over he's going to tell me to go get screwed somewhere else. That's an idea, too.

I thought about writing to Dear Abby but she'd just tell me how dangerous bikes are anyway and how I'm lucky I can't get on because I'd probably just be killed on it anyway. I don't worry about getting killed on it. I worry about getting killed while I'm trying to get on!

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; sheet of white tissue paper; and a used or new 50% polyester-50% cotton T-shirt.

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 magazine.

3. Place the transfer page inside 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.

***Iron this
Iron-On Transfer
onto your T-shirt***



The 55's are here -

Here's a little goody from Spider's leg-wetting collection:

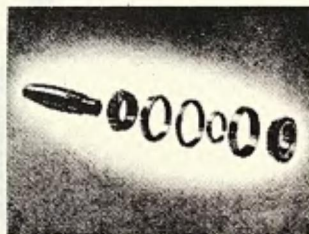
the feature-packed

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

MORE NEW ADVANCES

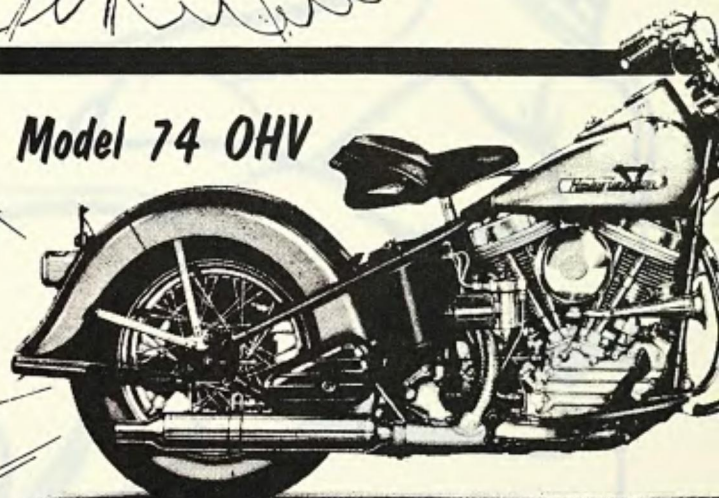


New, horizontally designed tail light enhances beauty. Lamp socket is rubber-mounted to insure much longer bulb life.



Timken bearings on sprocket shaft to better absorb thrust and radial loads — longer bearing life... cut upkeep costs.

Model 74 OHV

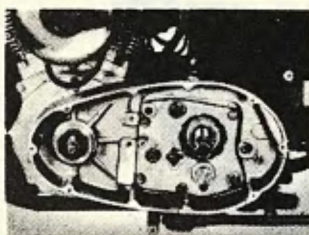


Here's the one motorcycle every rider wants to own... ever for 1955. There's new beauty and better performance in the new 74 OHV Harley-Davidson's proudest achievement.

MORE NEW ADVANCES

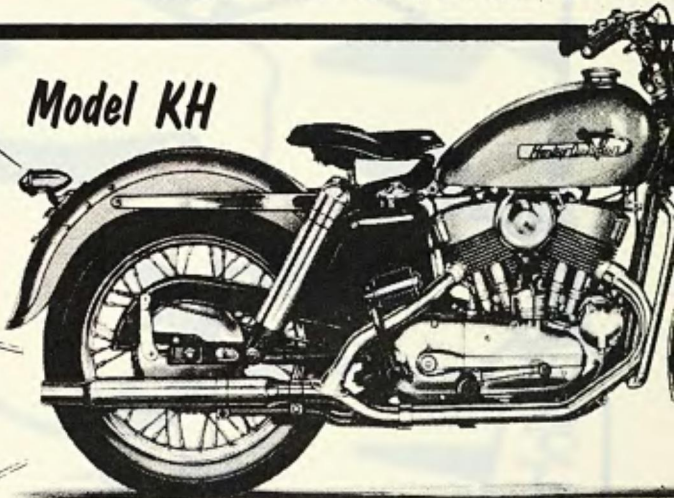


Rear wheel hub flanges and spokes larger and heavier for increased strength. Designed to take great power of KH engine.



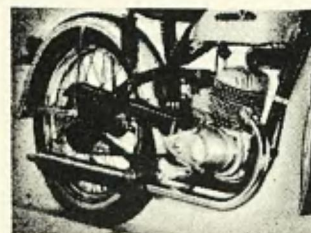
New access door built into the KH transmission case to make it easier to remove and service the entire transmission assembly.

Model KH

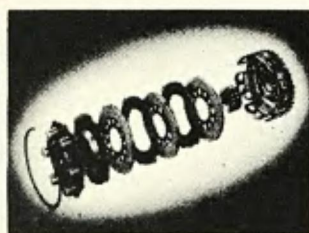


This is the 1955 version of the "winningest two-wheeler." On the road or on the track, it sets the pace, wherever you ride. Truly, the KH is America's most versatile motorcycle.

MORE NEW ADVANCES

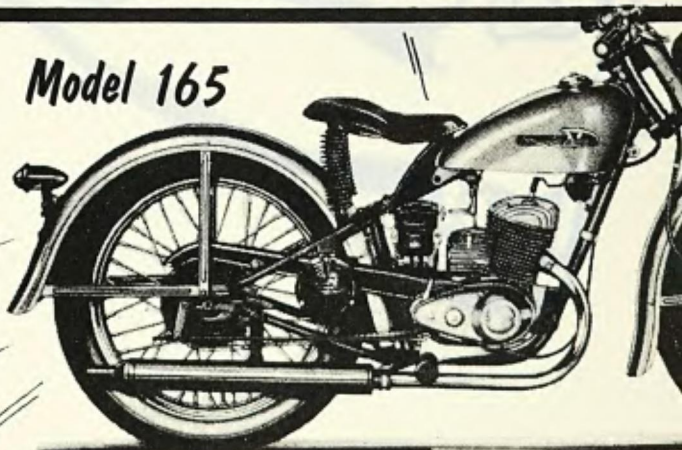


New streamlined exhaust pipe adds beauty to the popular 165. Muffler raised to provide additional ground clearance.



New — 15 ball bearings placed in clutch hub. Eliminates "drag" and movement of machine when the clutch is disengaged.

Model 165

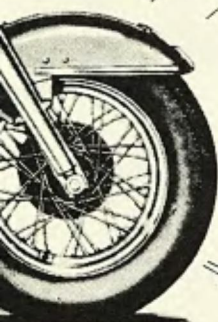


The 165 for 1955 is the answer to every young rider's dream. New beauty combined with proven safety and economy make it the perfect transportation for young and old alike.

-and ready to roll!

LEY-DAVIDSON line

MORE PROVED FEATURES



s finer than
anything to make
ent!

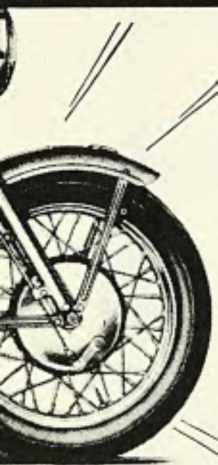


Famous Hydra-Glide® gives smoothest ride in cycling. Helical, oil-cushioned springs absorb shock — iron out rough roads.

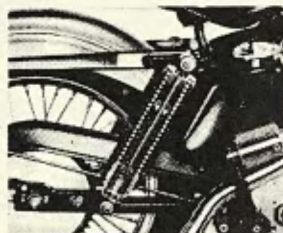


74 OHV power plant loaded with dynamite. "V" design has hemispherical combustion chamber and hydraulic valve lifters.

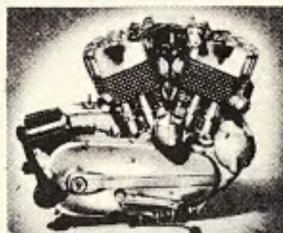
MORE PROVED FEATURES



hem all."
her.

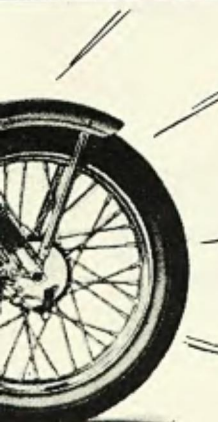


Sensational "swinging arm" rear suspension with hydraulic, automotive-type shocks . . . the talk of the motorcycling world.

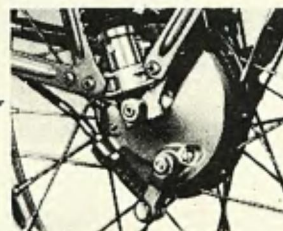


55 cu. inch, V-type power plant packs tremendous wallop on or off the road. It's engineered to keep the KH way out in front.

MORE PROVED FEATURES



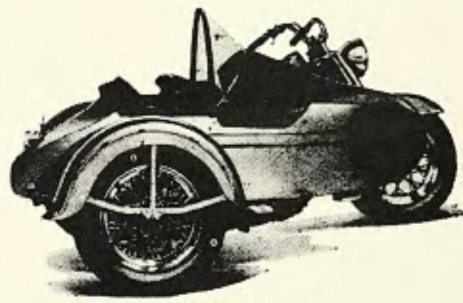
s dream.
is lightweight



Big, sure-action brakes in front and back, 5" diameter. Right handlebar operated front brake, and foot-operated rear brake.

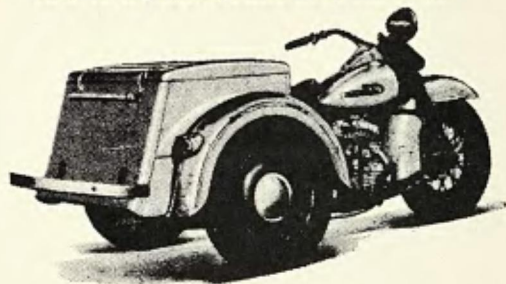


Smooth-acting Tele-Glide® telescopic forks assure smooth riding on rough roads. Oil lubricated. Attractively designed.



the Sidecar

When you're out for motorcycling fun, bring along your pal and double your fun. Sidecar features sturdy, streamlined body, easy-riding springs and deep cushions.



the Servi-Car

Work-horse of police departments everywhere. Money-makers in numerous commercial uses. Easy to park. Ideal for automotive "call-for and delivery service."

See...ride...
HARLEY-DAVIDSON

for '55

at your dealer's
NOW

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN



A Brother Is a Brother

By The Rabbit

His name is immaterial. Everybody calls him Big Junior, and they named him right: he's six-five and 279 pounds. I first met him at San Quentin Prison. San Quentin's a place where a man is stripped of most everything but a little pride. Even that is stepped on every fuckin' day—in the name of rehabilitation, of course. I've got their rehabilitation—hangin' right between my legs!

I hit the mainline with a hot five years to life for armed robbery. I didn't know too many people out here because I putted to California from Chattanooga, Tennessee, in '64 with seventeen other brothers. I didn't like the idea of leaving my home state. However, due to the fact that this chick had turned up in a "family way" and her daddy was a big shot in local government and she was last seen at a party in our clubhouse—well, an emergency meeting was called and all the brothers voted to get the hell out of Chatt., Tenn.

Things were going well for me in Sunny Cal until I introduced my '53 pan to a telephone pole in L.A. Then I looked for a shortcut to rebuilding it. Result: San Quentin.

"Hey, man, you a scooter tramp?"

I looked the dude up and down, and then replied, "Yeah, I'm a tramp." I pulled myself up to my full five-eleven and held my breath to make myself look heavier.

"Who you ride with?" he asked.

Now, I was very tempted to inform this dude that I had answered all the questions I was gonna—till I noticed that his arm was as big as my leg!

"Sons of Satan," I said, trying to sound like a non-muscular but nonetheless extremely deadly killer.

Either he didn't hear me, or the big mutha didn't give a fuck. He shoved out a hand that made mine seem withered. "Never heard of 'em. Where from?"

"Chattanooga," I replied.

"My name's Junior, bro. Big Junior." His face lit up in a grin I sure was glad to see!

"They call me Rabbit. Glad to meet-cha."

"You'll hafta go through some orientation shit, Rabbit." He jerked a thumb at the guard who was walking toward us. "I gotta split now, but I'll catch ya later. Where's your cell?"

I glanced at the slip of paper The Man

had given me when I came in through the gate. "Uh, 2-D-21, south block."

Junior repeated the location, and then said, "Okay, bro, I'll catch you later." Before I had a chance to answer, he was gone.

Two hours later I was sitting on my bunk. One thought was running through my head: What a fuckin' dump!

"Hey, man, your name Rabbit?"

I looked up to see a dude peering into my cell.

"Yeah," I said, wondering how he knew anything about me.

"My name's Smoky, bro." He pulled open the unlocked door and offered his hand. I shook it. As I did, he went on talking. "There's about twenty tramps in here, brother. We take care of our own." He threw a sack on my bed and then went on: "There's some smokes, coffee, shit like that. I ain't got time to lay the whole scene on you right now 'cause I gotta get back to work." He stepped back onto the tier. "But dig this, bro: keep to yourself. After lunch the bro's will meet you outside the chow hall. Remember, keep to yourself. There's a lot of cliques in this place, and a lot of sick motherfuckers!" With a nod of his head, he was gone.

I sat back down on the bed and fired another cigarette. It felt good. I didn't know a damn soul in this joint—and now I have more than twenty brothers! Righteous brothers, from what I'd seen so far. Yeah, it felt good—damn good!

Big Junior worked in the hospital, so he was the only one of the brothers who could get out in the afternoon. The other bros either worked or had to lock up because they were unassigned.

Big Junior and I were sitting on the bleachers down on the lower yard, rapping.

"Well, I'll tell you, Rabbit. If you left Tennessee because it was hot, then you came to a state where it's even worse."

He didn't have to tell me that. One look at the guard on the gunrail with that 30.30 was enough to convince me of something.

"You get that coffee and stuff I sent to your pad?"

"Yeah," I said. "Some dude named Smoky brought it."

"Smoky's one of our brothers. Death, Inc." He hesitated a few seconds and then went on: "But in here, we're all brothers."

We put aside the beefs we had on the outside. We have to. If we fought between ourselves, we'd all end up dead."

He turned toward me. "Bro," he said, "I'm gonna run some shit down to you. Maybe you know it. But I'll say it again. Don't interrupt me. Let me finish." He paused in thought. After lighting a cigarette, he took a deep breath and said, "There's more cliques in here than you can count. I won't name them now because you'll find out later. There's one thing you have to realize. The tramps are together because we have something in common. We stay to ourselves and take care of our own. Some of the brothers do their own thing. But when the shit comes down, we're together." He stopped talking and peered into my face. "You done time before, bro?"

"Yeah," I said. "I did time in Ohio."

"Good! Then you know how to do your own number!"

I nodded. Yeah, I knew how to do my own number. At least I thought so.

"But just remember," he warned, "this is San Quentin. A hotbed of paranoia where shit happens all the time. Keep your eyes open. Duke and Mutha are on your tier. I'll introduce you to them. When you go to chow or the show or whatever, go with them. Don't gamble. Don't fuck with the homos and don't let any of these clowns shoot you into a cross. There's a lotta bullshit games goin' around that could get you six inches of steel in the back. I ain't tryin' to scare you or impress you. I'm just statin' a fact. You can buy a motherfucker's life for the price of a couple cartons of cigarettes. Or less. Life don't mean too much in here because a lot of these dudes are dead already. They got so much time to do that mentally they're walking dead. You never know what's on a dude's mind. Maybe his ol' lady cut him loose. Maybe he ain't got a letter from home in a month or so. Maybe he's black, and a white judge sent him here. Maybe he lost too much money on a football game. Or maybe the parole board just shot him down another year. You never know. Could be he's just plain sick in the head."

Junior flipped the butt of his cigarette through the air and watched it spark as it hit the ground. Then he went on. "Dudes come in here with one year to

—Continued on page 63



The snap twist from idle caused the rear cylinder to fart-out through the carb. Better sneak up on those rev's or I'll be kick starting in traffic, he thought. The idle setting on the Tillotson was too rich for the heavy, damp night air.

The U-Haul and the van were packed with all their belongings. There was room in the van for the chop and that was all. The big move: Orange County, year round riding, sun and surf. No more wasted, frozen winters!

She seemed happy about moving. He would have to find new brothers to ride with. He suspected that she'd waited until tonight to finish her tape so he could drink farewell to and with his friends. A tv tape in Spanish about Social Security benefits. He wondered if they would get a chance to see it in Florida. She had easily gotten a transfer to Orlando. His half-brother had the new leather shop open, and had written in no uncertain terms that he should get his shit together and get down there.

The old shoe repair and leather shop was a condemnation victim, along with the whole block, which was urbanly reduced to a parking lot. They'd lost the court battle, but had come out pretty well on the damages. There was some satisfaction in knowing that his shop was the last to go. A bushel basket of rough fish dropped one by one through some loose boards in the hardwood floor was the reason. But now the fish were under four inches of asphalt and an Oldsmobile. It was time to move!

He knew where they would be. He backed the low, black shovel-head into the curb next to their bikes. This will be the last time, he thought. His remorse was mixed with anxiety about being accepted by a similar group of Orange County riders. 9:45 p.m. She had a ride home with the weather girl, so he was free for the evening.

Should pace myself on beer so I can drive tomorrow, he thought as he walked the short distance to the front door. It was Friday night and the joint was already about a foot

off the ground with quadrasonic revelry. They were sitting at a table midway between the front door and the bar. The tableful of empties and pizza mess indicated that none of them had been home from work.

Casket O'Toole, a hot-headed, lanky embalmer with the biggest fatbob in the state, was sitting there with a big grin on his pizza beard. His afternoon drinking trophy — two hundred pounds of live, squatty female body — was sitting in his lap. Hog Jaw and Spot were arguing about something, but Jaw was more interested in watching "New Guy" put the hustle on a Lady-Clairol-type thrill-seeker with a bare midriff. A well-preserved 35, was Jaw's estimate. Whammer John was there too. True to form, he was working on something young and beautiful. He was trying to organize the unlikely group for a little night jamming around town to help him make it with his youthful conversation piece (hereinafter referred to as Sugar Shorts or S.S.).

"Hey, brother! Thought you was gone!" said Casket, peering over his lap-load.

"I don't like it when my favorite embalmer thinks I'm gone," he answered. "Buy me a drink, Casket, and I'll let you help send off a live one to the real happy hunting grounds — Florida, man."

"Sure, brother. Have some of this embalming fluid," said Casket, holding up a two-ounce shot glass full of tequila and garnished with a piece of shriveled lemon that looked like a lab specimen. Casket leaned back, shifting his — and Squatty Body's — weight to his left bun so he could pull out his billfold for another round. The shift was too much for the old wooden loop chair, and the back legs collapsed under the heavy load. Her scream, the loud crash, and his moan brought the whole house's attention to their table. A big cheer went up when, unharmed, they managed to get upright again and Casket took a deep bow. The incident helped form up their new drinking group, which soon included Squatty Body's roommate (hereinafter referred to as

Roommate). When she heard he was moving to Florida, she put a case of the friendlies on him.

Then there came to pass three hours of tequila shots and margaritas celebrating Casket's survival of the chair crash. Whammer came up with a beautifully unoriginal idea: a nude run — bikedom's extension of the current college craze and the ultimate indignity to be bestowed on the four-wheeled brethren of the highways. The chicks would pack backwards and give amazed motorists the bird!

The run? Why, the Interstate, of course. Five bikes. Two columns of two, plus one tailguard — Casket and Squatty bringing up the rear on the big fatbob. They would strip at the rest stop, which would be deserted. They would cycle-streak the ten miles or so from the rest stop to the mixmaster and the truck stop. From the truck stop it was about two miles to the next exit, which led to a little-used county park, where they could party and dress in an old hay barn. Whammer had the key and custody of the building as part of his job with county maintenance.

A proper send-off caper for an ol' biker buddy! Right?

A check was cashed. Mrs. Somebody Over Thirty — thank you, lady! Fresh money; more tequila. Mrs. Somebody Over Thirty, Squatty, Roommate, and S.S. formed a little tequila democracy in the ladies' can and voted to go along with Whammer's idea. After all, it was 1974, wasn't it? Not to mention Women's Lib.

Back at the table, it suddenly got bright as hell. Ten-tequila eyeballs were trying to adjust to the closing lights that the righteous proprietor had turned on to indicate 3 a.m. 2 a.m.? Anyway, closing time. They left the mess of glasses, butts, and one broken chair, and formed up again around the bikes.

Hog Jaw wanted to eat. Spot didn't seem to hate the idea. It was agreed that Jaw and Spot would carry the two twelve-packs and pick up the group when they passed through the truck stop.

—Continued on page 61

Tequila Send-off

By Dan May

Surprise!

What do you do when you're making out with some "chick" and you reach down to cop a feel and you grab hold of a hard-on that's bigger than the one you have?

Puzzled
Detroit, Mich.

- Nibble on his ear.

Hard Problem

My problem is that I have a constant, throbbing, rock-hard hard-on.

Gator
Miami, Florida

- That's a problem?

No Underwear

I believe a little clothing is sexier than nothing, but my ol' man doesn't wear any underwear and so when he takes his naturals off he just stands there with his joint dangling—I think he'd be sexier in jockey shorts. What do you think?

Grungy's Ol' Lady
Shawnee, Oklahoma

- Dangling? Be happy you got a dude that hangs. Most of the slobbs I know have to tie a string to it in order to find it to take a leak.

Skin It Back

I have to take a shortarm inspection every day. It bothers me that no one else has to. But what really bothers me is that I'm beginning to dig it. Is there something wrong with me?

Pvt. O'Malley
APO San Francisco, Ca.

- There's something wrong with you—or your doctor.

A Little Loose

How do you shrink a hole? Since I had my baby, my ol' man complains that I'm so big he can put his fist in it.

Need Help
Charleston, N.C.

- Build up your twat muscles, but while you're waiting, go see the movie **Deep Throat**.

Taste Test

Please send me a few cunt hairs which I will subject to a feel, smell, and taste test to determine just what kind of a broad you are.

Crazy George
Youngstown, Ohio

- I don't give away anything, baby. The only hairs that I give away are the ones that get stuck in some dude's teeth.

Medical Advice

When your Preparation H bills get too large—what's a sure-fire way of curing hemorrhoids, besides letting some quack go up your ass with a knife?

Sheriff
Dayton, Ohio

- Go into a biker bar and

yell at the top of your voice that you can whip anyone in the house. A steel-toed engineer boot ought to do the job nicely.

You Tell Me

How can I make money giving people advice like you do?

S. Porth
Holbrook, Ariz.

- If you find out, tell me. I'm getting sick of my weekly ration of raisin pie.

Fan Letter

Being somewhat of a bullshitter myself, I enjoy reading the bullshit of a professional like yourself.

O. Davenport
Fairbanks, Alaska

Georgia Chicks

Why does every fuckin' Georgia chick think she's too classy to fuck? Please tell me what to do.

Unlucky
Smyrna, Ga.

- Move—or take a bath.

Needs A Man

Tell me how to get a real piece of ass—fast! I'm so horny I'm even beginning to eyeball my dog. My vibrator is broken, cucumbers are out of season, and wieners don't satisfy me anymore.

Hot and Bothered
Selma, Alabama

- Any chick can get laid nowadays — so something must be wrong with you. Until

cucumbers are back in season, maybe you'd better con Fido.

Big Horse

I recently visited a horse ranch and I was amazed at the size of their dongos. Just hanging limp and swaying in the breeze, they appear to be almost two feet long! My problem is that I actually got turned on looking at them and I was ashamed of the thoughts that flashed through my head. Am I weird, sick—or just horny?

Dreamer
Roswell, N.M.

- Nothing wrong in lookin' and dreamin', but cool it if you go any further. I had a lot of tall explaining to do once.

Needs Lessons

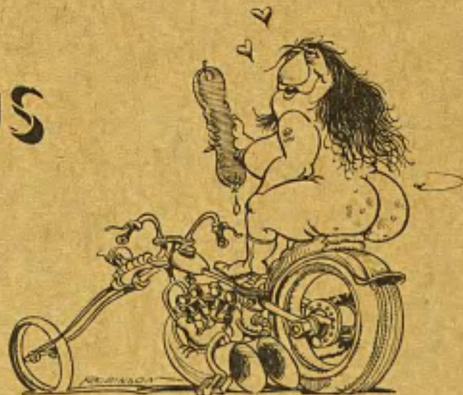
Do you know of any book that would instruct a dude on the proper way to go down on a chick. I don't seem to be able to get up enough nerve to do it, because I'm afraid of making a mistake.

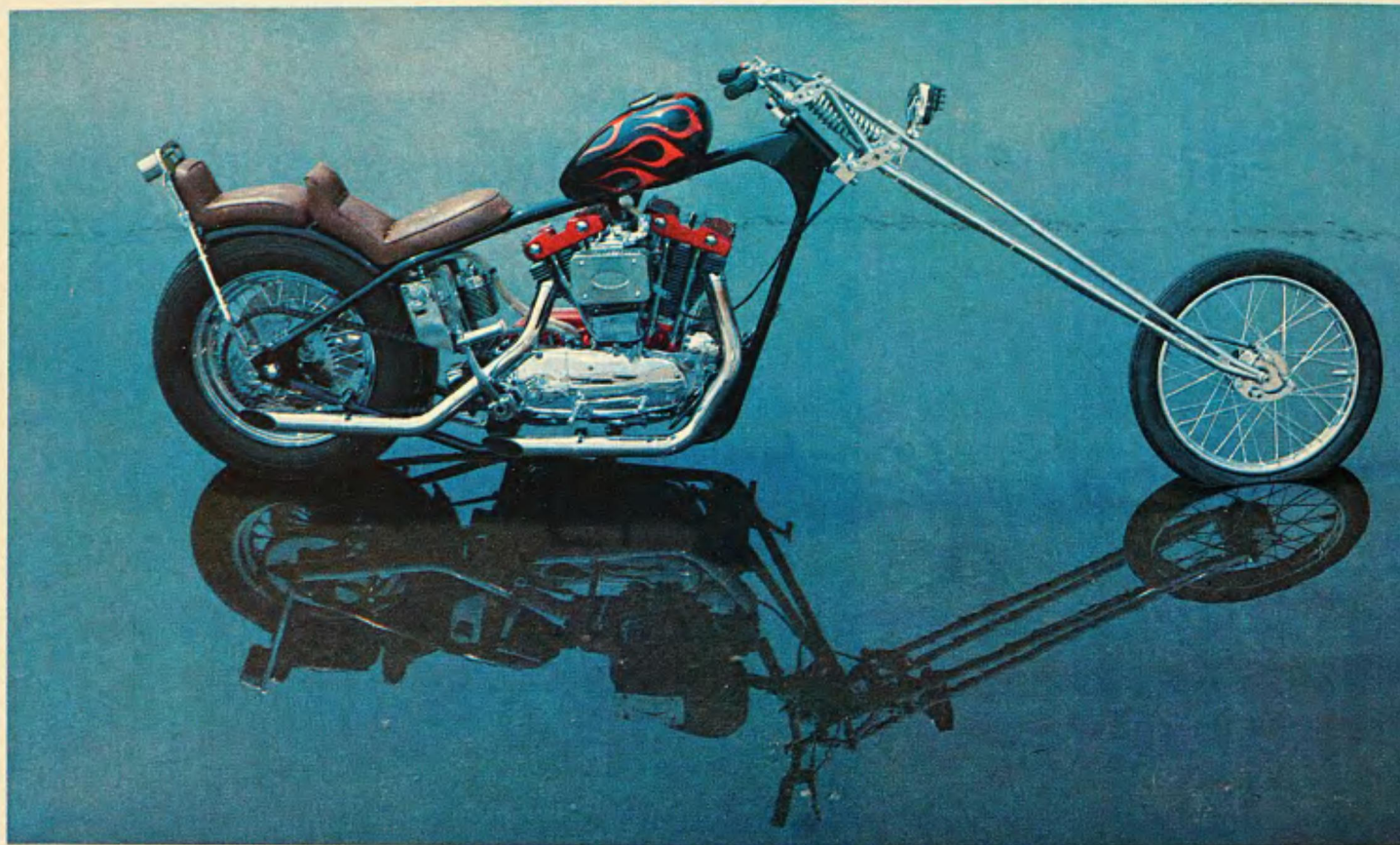
Fraidy Cat
Omaha, Nebr.

- You can't make a mistake. You can just become better at it—so jump in and get your eyebrows wet.

—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

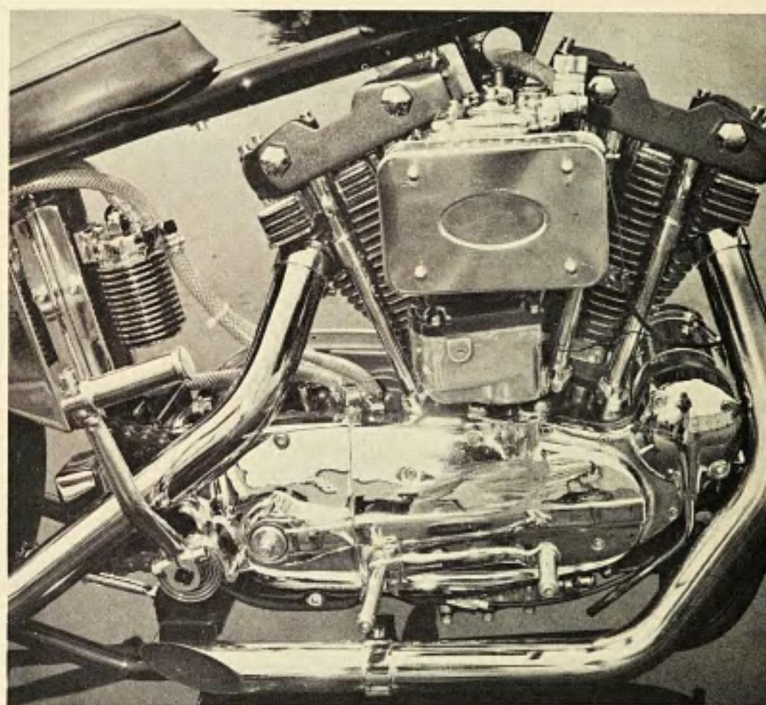
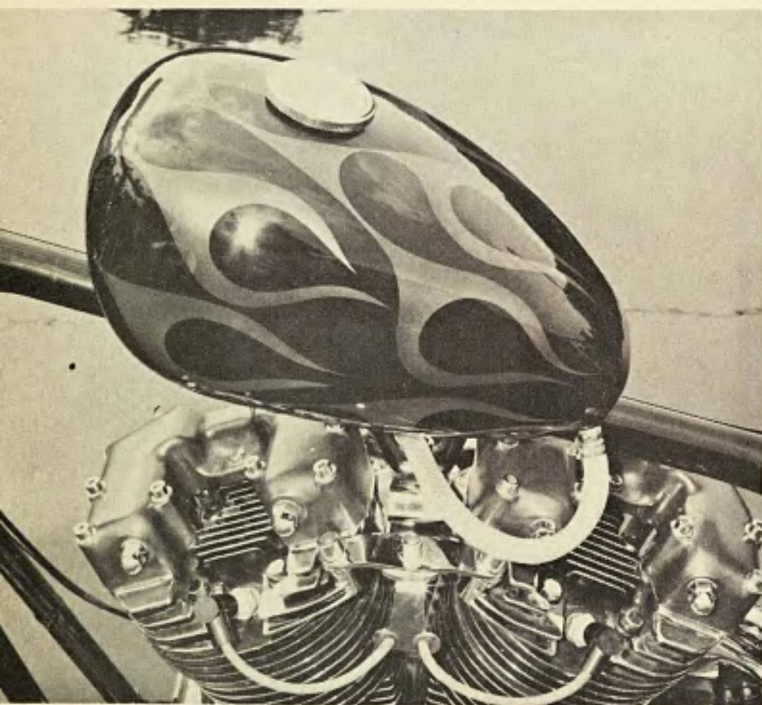
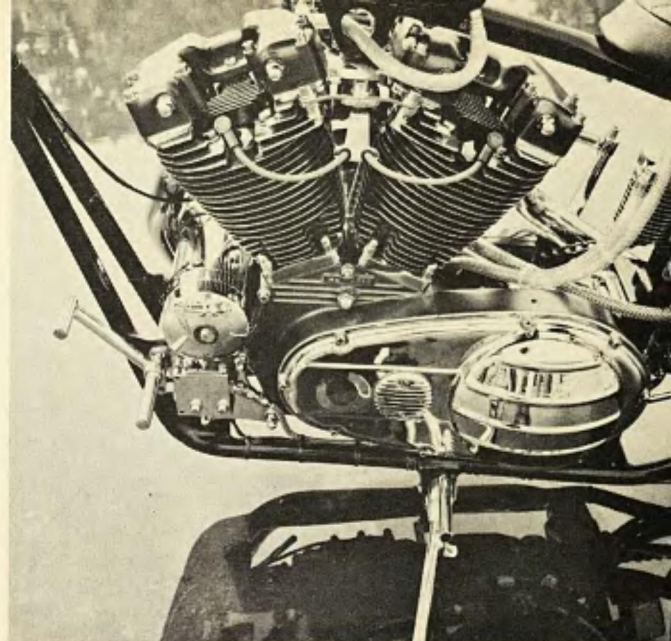
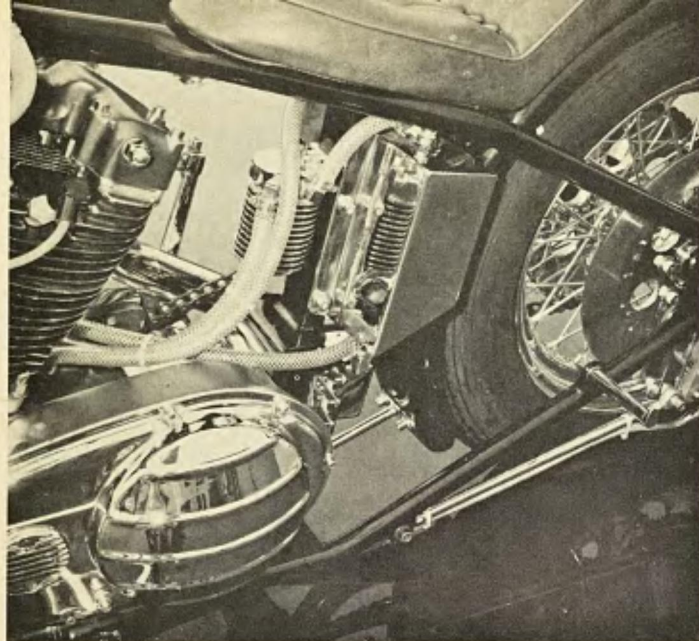




Off-the-wall Bikers

Bikers are a crazy bunch of fuckers, aren't we? We've got to be to do some of the off-the-wall crap we come up with. For example, look at how many brothers work on building un-real, fancy, pretty scooters all winter long, and then as soon as the gate is opened to let the sunshine in, run the bastards straight into the ground. Some people are employed only in the winter and spend all their free time and the bucks they can scrape together on chrome, a paint job, and new parts. Then look out! When the streets dry up and it gets warm enough to stand outside without turning into Frosty the Snowman, the job is left behind and the rubber is burnt until the summer is spent and the bike has to be towed back into the garage for another winter rebuild. Tom Brewer is into that sort of gig. He loves to put together a beautiful scooter. And once the bike is on the road, that's where it's going to stay until it dies, turns

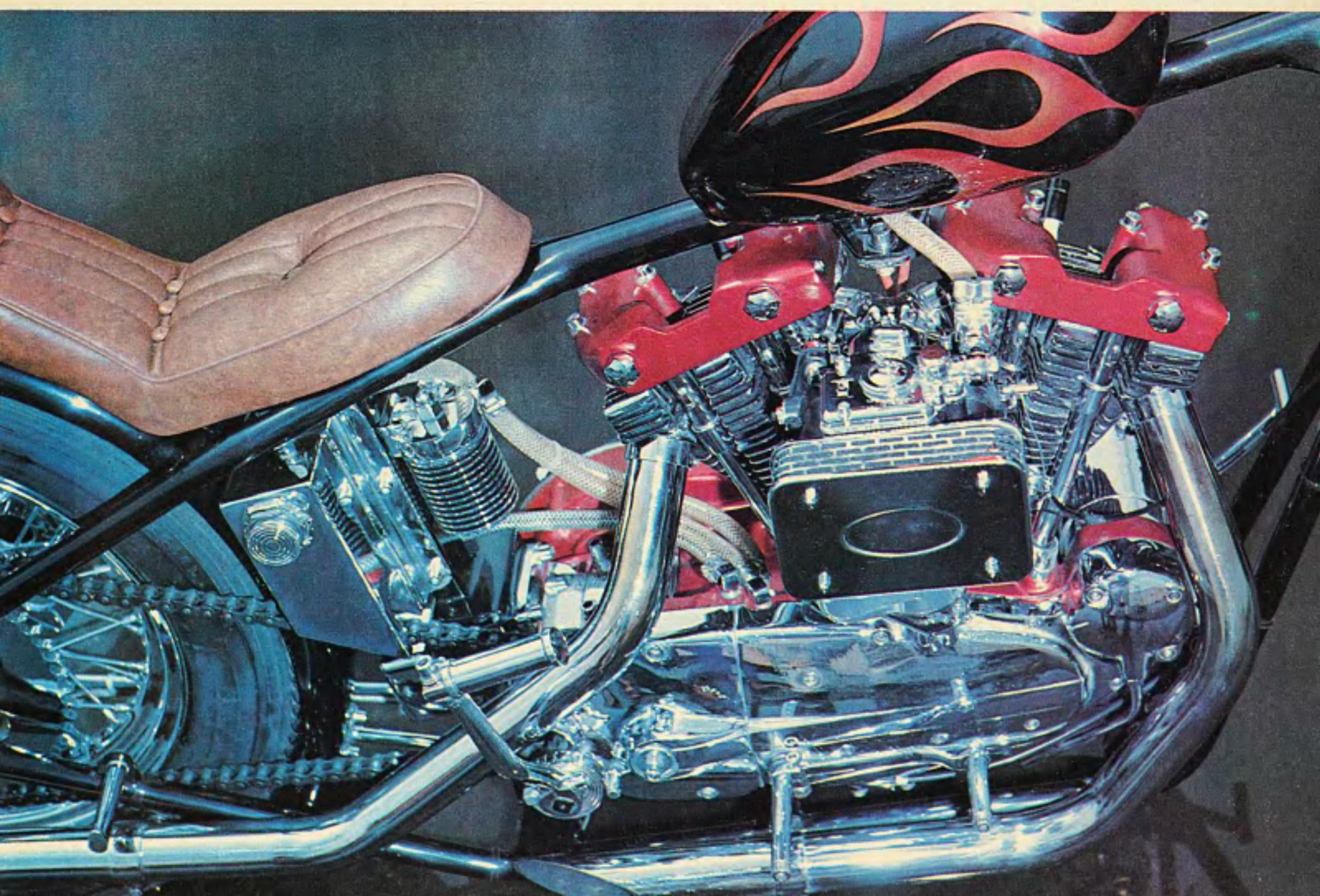




to dust, or winter storms come along. He got together this Sporty and pushed the throttle until the K model gear cover starved the Sportster mill for oil and lunched it. So he tore it down and rebuilt it with the assistance of his buddies at Custom Cycle. And shortly afterwards he was back doing his number on the streets of Malden. But it didn't take long after he got behind those drag bars to waste it. He was going down the road jammin' gears and trying to see how far the throttle would turn when he laid it down.

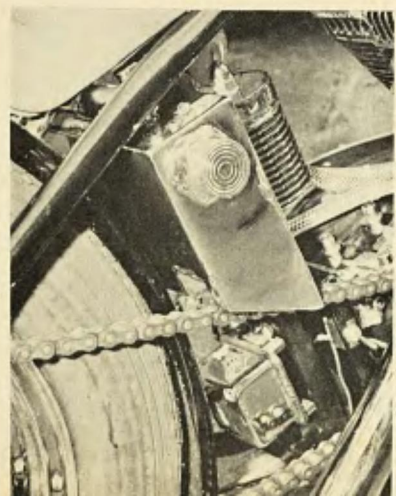
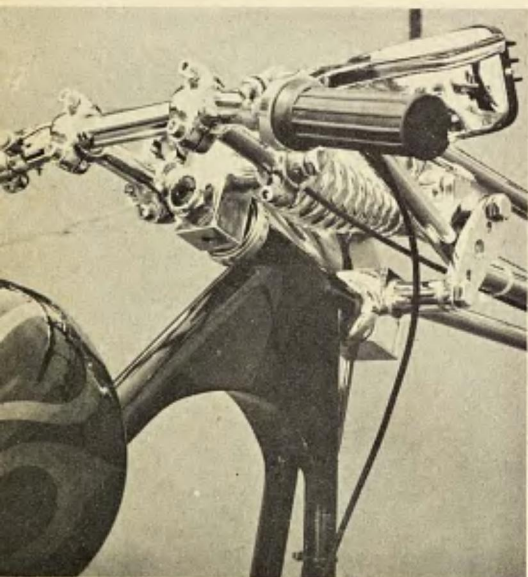
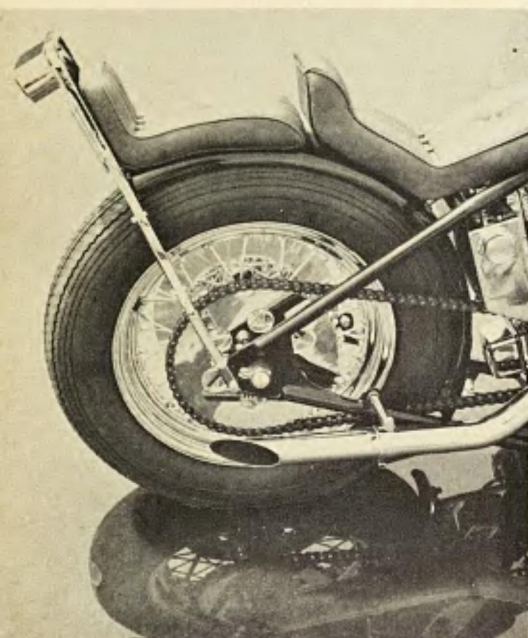
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Consequently back to the shop the putter went, all the pretty shit was put together again, and once more the bike hit the streets. But this time he called to tell us we'd better beat ass out to photograph the Sporty before he got the urge to lean

on the handlebars again. We got a photographer to him quick! So this is the way it looked then. Christ knows what's happened since then—but what the hell, whatta ya build a bike for anyway? ■



Owner: Tom Brewer

City: Malden, Mass.

General

Fabrication by: Tom Brewer

Year and make: 1969 H.D.

Model: XLCH

Value: \$5,000

Assembly by: Tom Brewer

Time: 1 1/2 Years

Chroming by: Waltham Ind.

Chassis

Frame builder: Custom Cycle

Year and make: 1974 Custom Cycle

Rake: 1 in.

Stretch: 4 in. front tubes, 4 in. rear

Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

Bars: drag

Risers: 4 in.

Fender(s): 4 in. flat

Headlight: Aris

Taillight: Horse light

Speedo: none

Foot pegs: Custom Cycle

Engine

Year: 1969

Model: XLCH

Builder: Tom Brewer

Ignition: Joe Hunt mag.

Displacement: 55 cu. in.

Balancing: Lindsdogg, Bedford

Pistons: Venolia 12 1/2:1

Cam: Sifton HH

Lifters: Lightened

Carb(s): Weber 40DCOE

Air cleaner: Bap-Geon

Shifter: foot, owner

Pipes: straight

Muffler(s): none

Gearing:

Engine sprocket: stock

Trans sprocket: 17

Front: owner

Back: owner

Gas tank: Chinese

Oil tank: owner

Primary cover: H.D.

Seat material: naugahyde

Sissy bar:

Height: 18 in.

Material size: 1/2 in. square

Forks

Type: girder

Type front rail:

Painting

Molding: Tom Brewer

Painter: Don Sammon

Color: Black & flames

Type: Lacquer

Extension: 18 in. over

Builder: Calif. Cycle Works

Wheels

Front

Size: 17 in.

Hub/brake: Hallcr.

Rim width: 1 1/4 in.

Tire size: 2.50 x 17

Make: Avon

Rear

Size: 16 in.

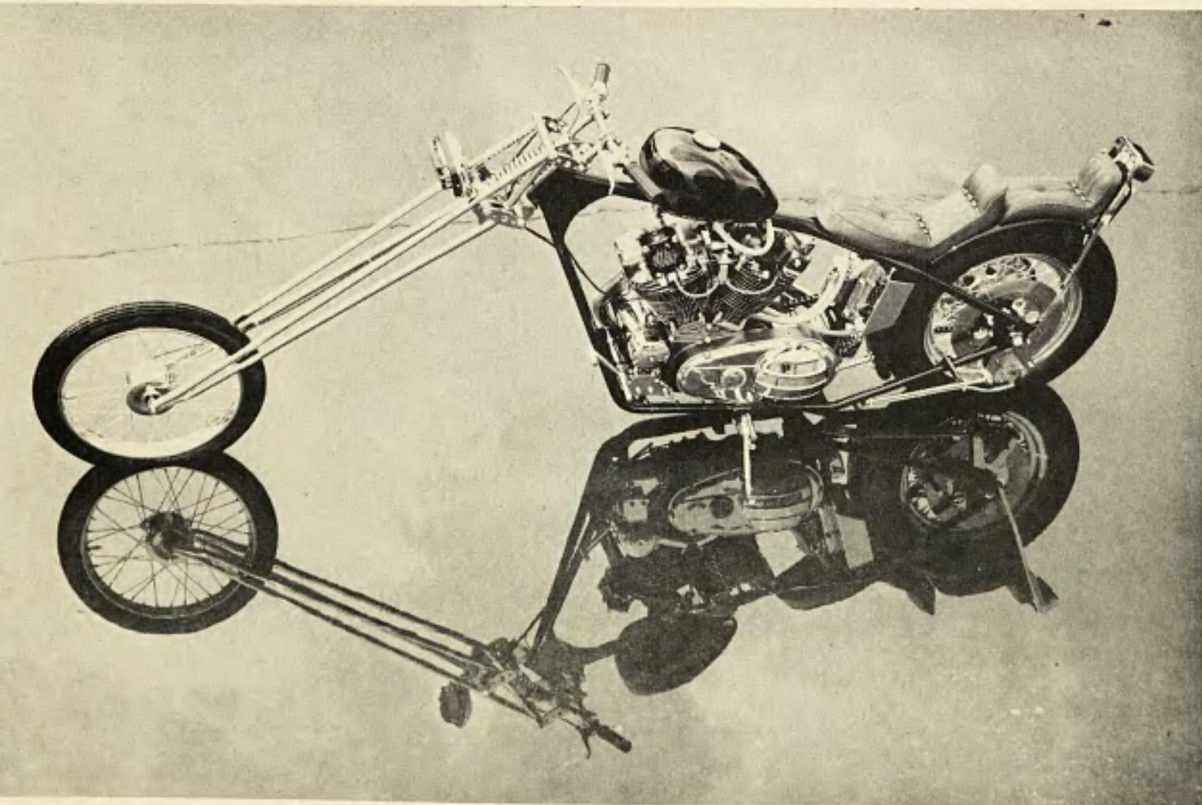
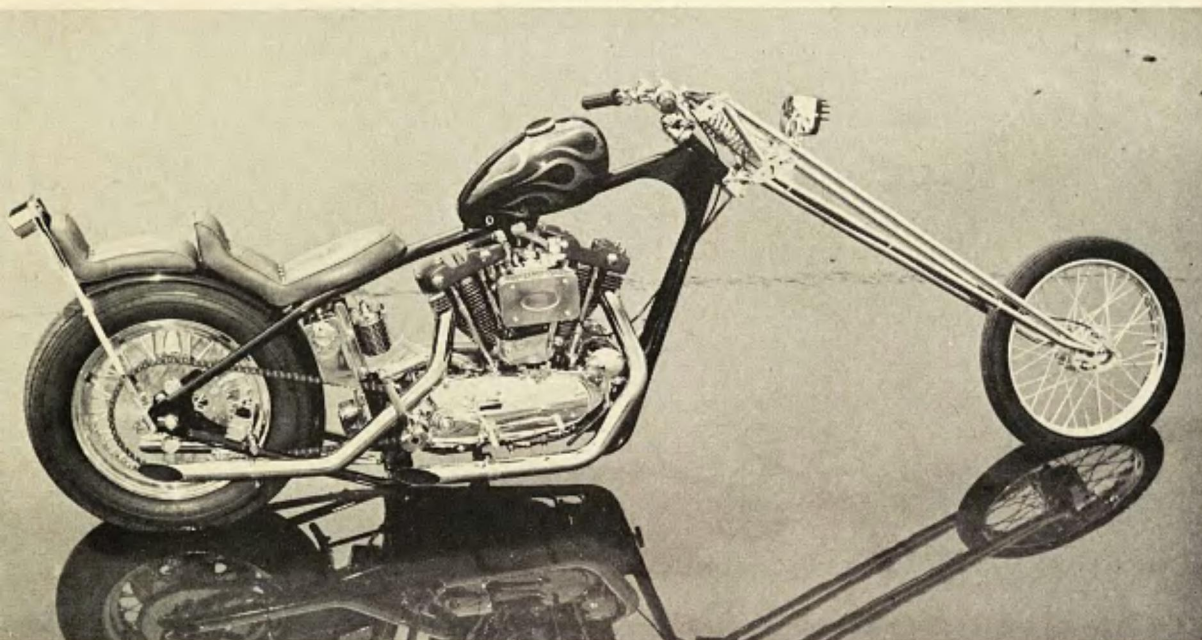
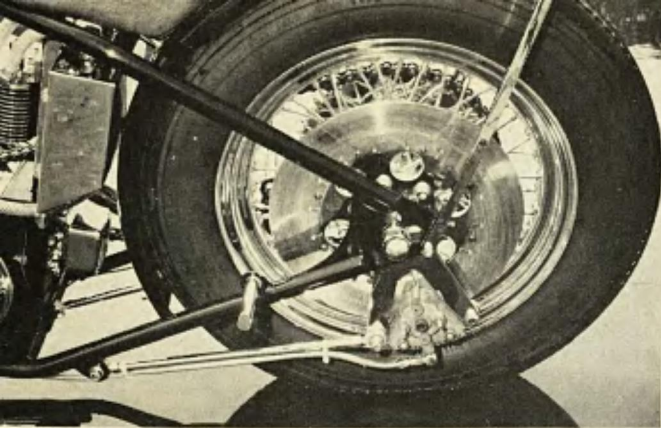
Hub/brake: Hallcr.

Rim width: 4 in.

Tire size: 5.10 x 16

Make: Goodyear

Other special modifications: Cases polished by Jim Papia and red anodized; H&C oil cooler & oil filter.



Easyriders photography by Jake

The Tale of Grumble Rumble

Once upon a time (about last week) there lived a grizzled old biker named Grumble Rumble. He got his name because whenever he wanted to race he would pull up alongside you, grumble something you couldn't hear, and rumble his engine a taste. Needless to say, thanks to this sophisticated technique, and to his having a face so ugly that he got a reputation as a mind fuck, anybody he raced just couldn't handle the Grumble Rumble experience, an experience known to cause the baddest of dudes to fall victim to puking beer through the nose and a bad case of hershey squirts at the same time.

Well, this one fine morning, Grumble Rumble awoke and filled his eyes with his ol' lady's bod, which consisted of size 44 tits and a 48 waist. He then filled his gullet with a gallon of genuine hardcore rotgut antifreeze, not being content with any ordinary brew. Continuing his daily routine, he jumped on his monster 102-inch shovel (which he fueled with his own piss because it had such a high octane rating) and burned out of the bedroom, spun a few doughnuts in the kitchen, and pulled a huge wheelie through the living room, going out through the front door, which his ol' lady got open almost in time. Blasting out to the street, Grumble creamed his quota of old ladies and sidewalk commandos and then centerpunched a hearse leading a solemn procession of nose-picking citizens mourning the death of the family's pet chicken.

"The beginning of another far fuckin' out day," grumbled Grumble to himself.

While Grumble went through his daily routine, the town bikers were busy draggin' each other down the main strip, the winner getting a chance to show his true balls by having the honor of racing Grumble

and risking the aforementioned ailments. The eventual winner today turned out to be Hard Luck Harold. Winning made Harold feel especially macho, which made the other bikers chuckle because they had sandbagged Harold into winning, they being well aware of the fate that awaited him.

Grumble finally rumbled up to the line, which consisted of a row of choice joints laid end to end, and glared at Hard Luck Harold with a yellow, semi-toothy grin. The other bikers gasped as Grumble meticulously went through his routine, first that all too familiar grumble in which although the words couldn't really be understood the meaning was clear, then let his shovel rumble a taste. Three of the bikers started making noises like yucchhh, two others just plain passed out, and murmurs of things like holy shit passed through the crowd as Harold met his fate. First he doubled over as the beer poured from his nose. This caused him to slide off his cobra seat because a sudden attack of the squirts made his ass lose traction. Grumble merely grumbled a sinister snicker as a couple of the still-coherent bikers dragged Harold and his Hog off to the side of the street.

"Enny bod' el'?" Grumble grumbled to the remaining bikers, knowing full well none of them would take him up on it.

Days passed and Grumble repeated this feat on every one of them till one day there was a strange stillness in the air and all the town bikers knew this was to be a day of a different color. (Either that, or that shipment of Colombian had finally come in.)

Eagle Frank (called that because of his good eyes and his big beak) suddenly called out, "Who's that comin' down the road?" All eyes

moved along the only highway that went through town, to a dot that quickly grew into the form of a dude on a bike. "I don't know, but it sounds like the pipes been stuffed with old dogshit," remarked Harley Herman, the most devout Hog freak in the bunch.

The bike finally got to the bar where all the bikers were hanging out and drew an immediate crowd. "Wow, man, what is it?" somebody said in a disgusted tone and, "Who the hell are you?" somebody else asked the rider. "My name's Notorious Norton, and this here's my bike and it's called a Norton," answered the dude on the bike. "Any of you fellas wanna race?" All the bikers snickered and one by one they all lined up to race him and one by one he beat them all, partially because he was cheating by picking his nose and flicking the boogers in the other cats' eyes.

"What a disgusting motherfucker," said one biker about Norton, adding, "We oughtta kick the shit outa him," and starting to stomp over to where Norton was wiping off his bike with a rag. "Hold it a second, don't be a dumbfuck, man," said Hustle Hank. "Jus' think. If we could set up a match between this cunt and Grumble, man, we could sell tickets and clean up." "Far out," said the first biker. "You're always thinkin' of ways to suck people in." "Fuckin' A, Jack," said Hustle Hank, and set his mind to workin'.

"Hey, nosebleed!" yelled Hank as he approached Notorious Norton.

"The name's Norton," said N.N. in a slightly pissed off voice.

"Yeah. Right," continued Hank, not really listening. "Now look, Norbutt, you managed to put us all down, but we been holdin' someone

—Continued on page 58

By Arco Mole



Easyriders is not for every type of biker!

Would you believe that there are actually some dudes out there who take offense at some of the stuff we slave so hard to put together? And that there are others who want us to change this or stop that?

Need we say this rag is not for those types?

But there are so many who are with what we're doing that the newsstand usually sells out fast, and as a result there's always the horrible possibility that you might miss an issue. So save yourself an unnecessary shit-fit by subscribing and having **Easyriders** delivered to your door (in a plain wrapper, of course!)—and you save a lot of your bike, booze, and broad bread.

Think of it, one free decal with every subscription!

All this for less than five measly bucks for a one-year subscription and less than nine lousy bucks for a two-year subscription. That's right—for less than five bucks you get eight issues, and for less than nine bucks you will get sixteen issues of this unreal rag delivered right to your door by a uniformed messenger.

To take advantage of this once-in-a-lifetime offer, merely fill out coupon (if you don't want to cut magazine, just put same info on another sheet of paper) and mail it, along with the bread, today.

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Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

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.

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

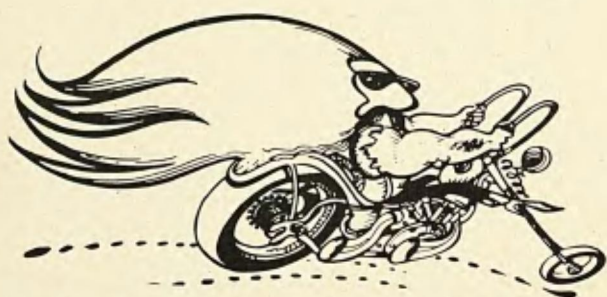
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Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

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

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

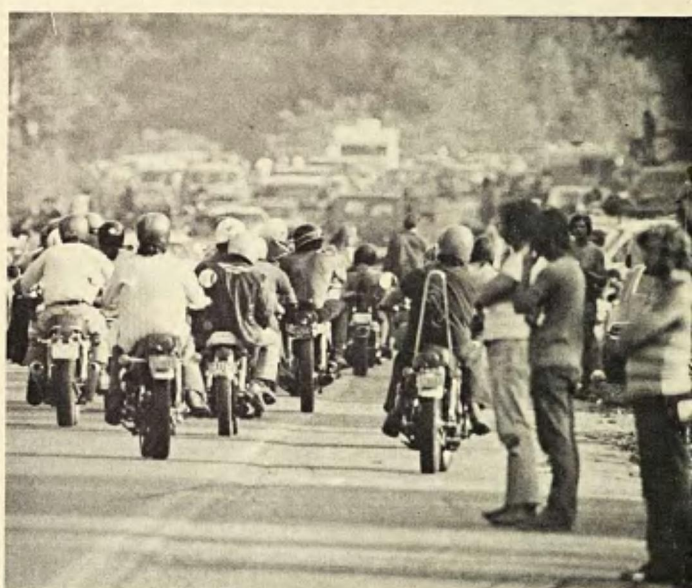
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In The Wind at Laconia

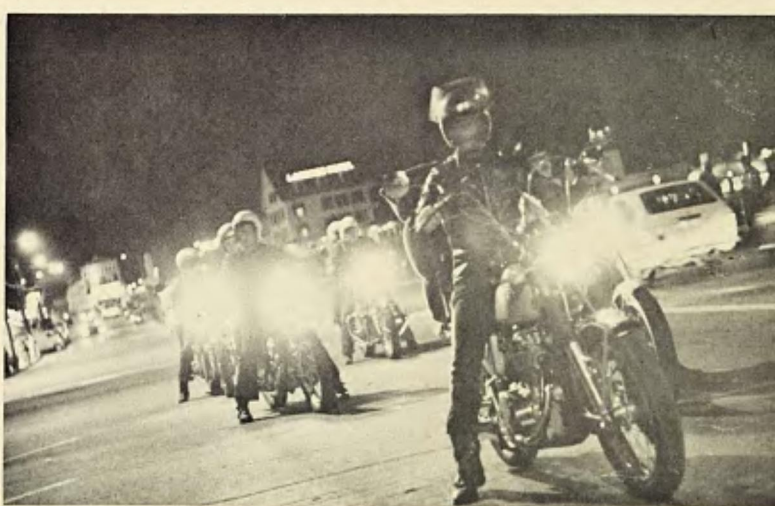
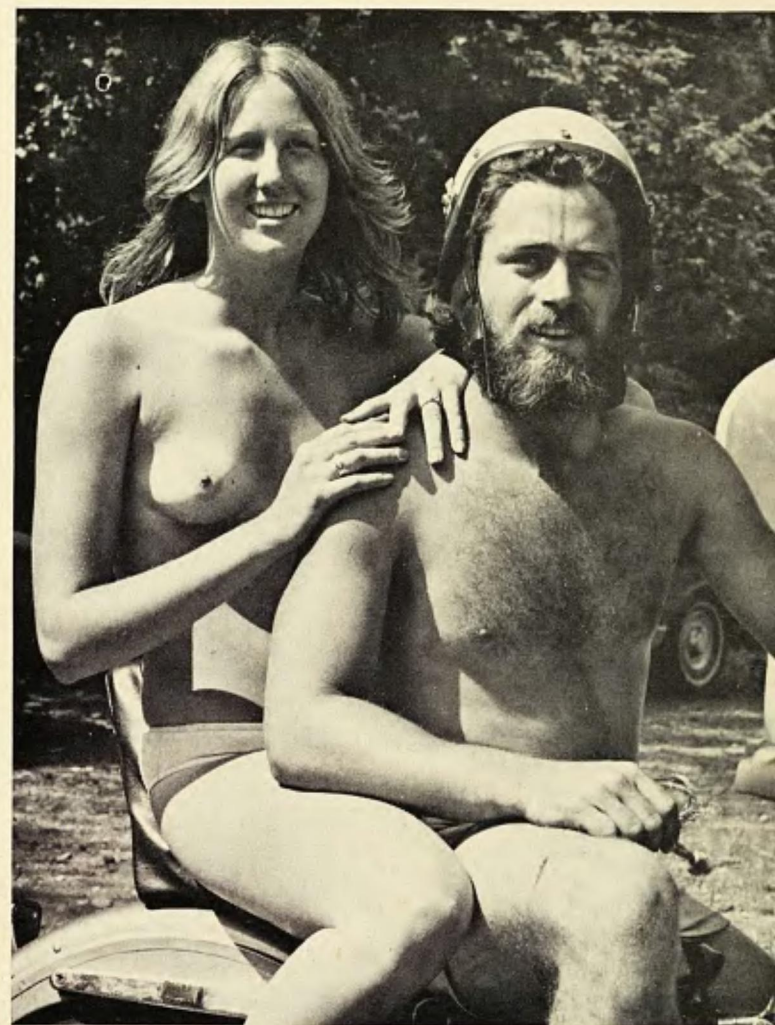
What would happen if you took every righteous partyin' bike freak east of the Mississippi and laid 'em along every inch of an unsuspecting country highway in central New Hampshire? You'd have Laconia, that's what. There aren't too many big runs up in that end of the country, so when one comes along, people really get it on. Although the races are held on the weekend, dudes begin to show up on Wednesday and Thursday the week before, and by Saturday 10 or 15 miles of State Route 106 surrounding the track is sort of a two-lane Woodstock. There's all kinds of streakin', and partyin', and foolin' around within about twenty feet of the pavement, and shit, we won't even mention the stuff that goes on in the bushes. Every goddam trooper in the state is called up and they manage to harass some people, but they can't see far enough in the campfire and maryjane haze to do very much. Farther up north, in town,

—Continued after two pages of photos





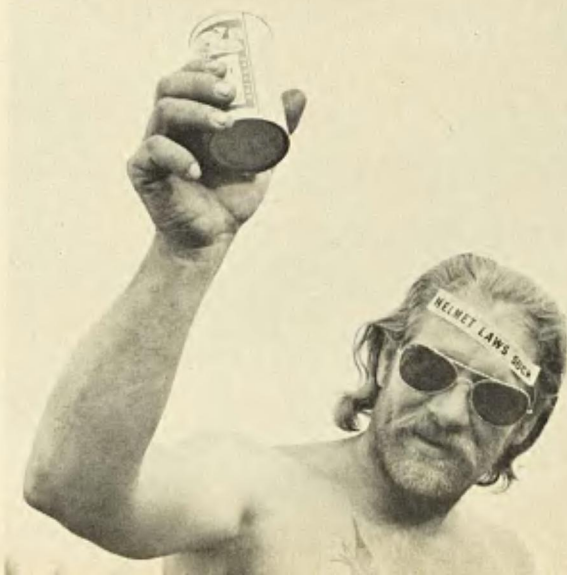
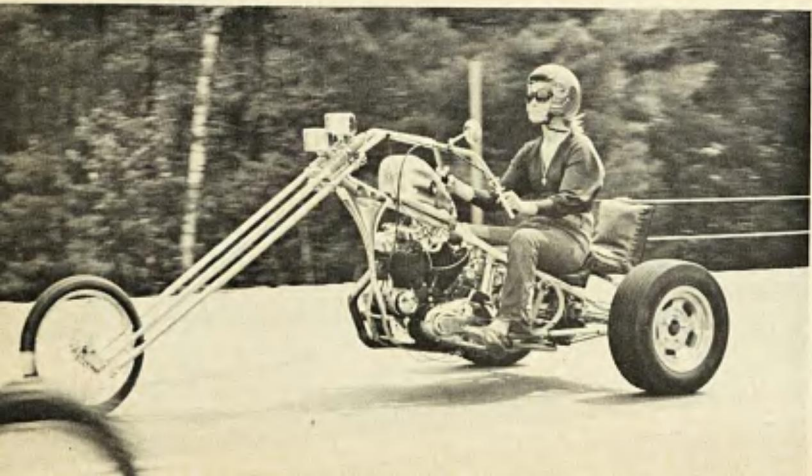
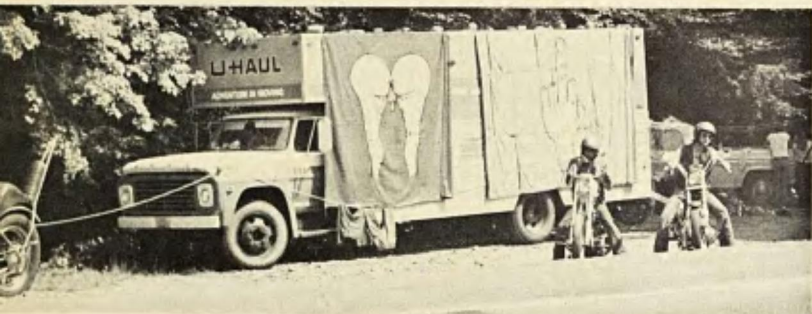
Easyriders photography by Jake

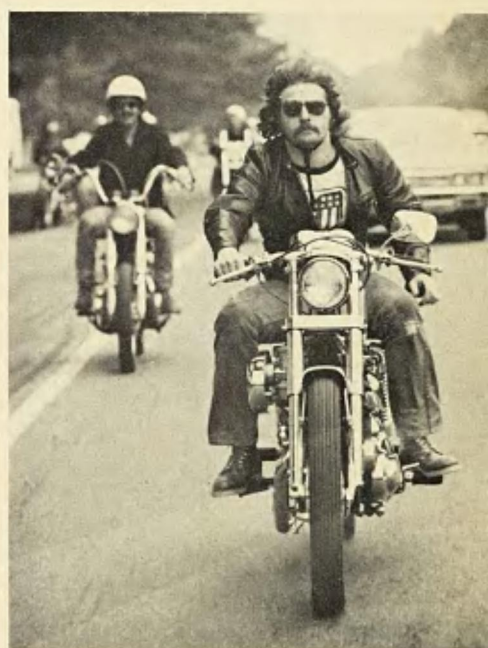






the local natives wouldn't miss it for the world. They sit out in their lawn chairs in the front yard, watching all the unimaginable shit that wheels by on the road—righteous choppers by the blockload, contingents of ass-up cafe racers, long streams of lit-up chugging dressers, and row upon row of rat chops, stocks and semi's. That road must see more fucking motorcycles in one weekend than the honorable Soichiro Honda has seen in his life time: foreign tags from any state within five hundred miles and then some—Quebec, Florida, Texas, California; scoots loaded down with sleeping bags, tents,







—Tom Stawasz photo



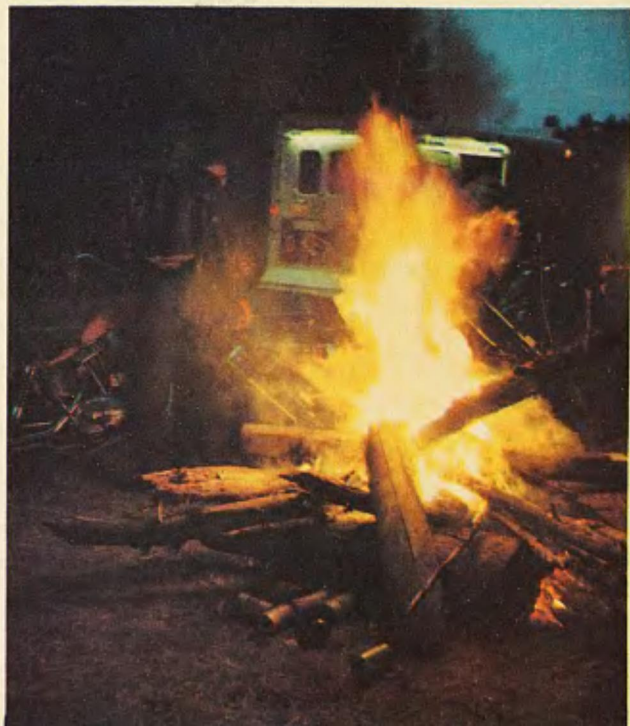
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—Bill Page photo



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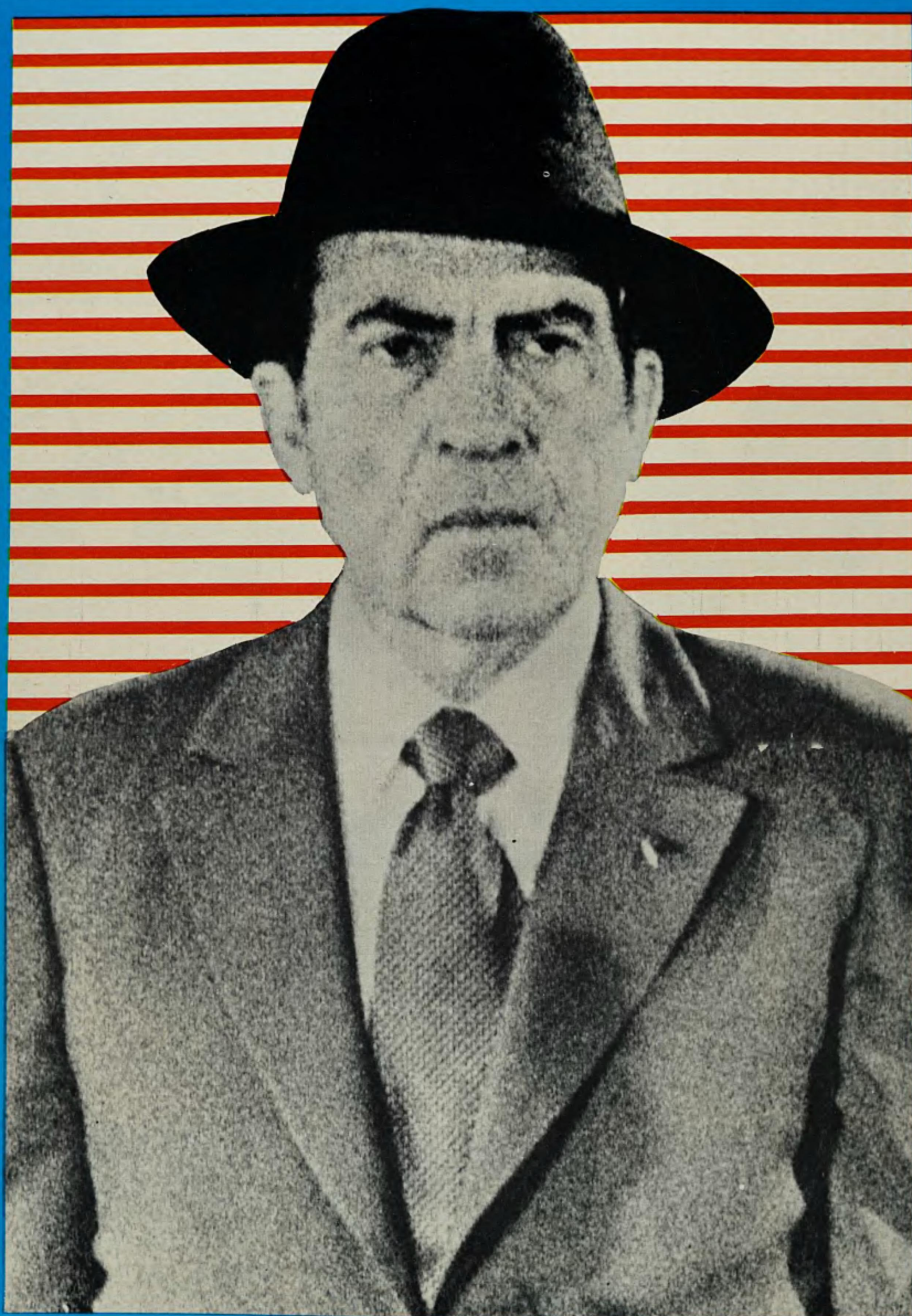


cases of beer, gas cans, poly bags, and tools. Out of the 50,000 types that arrive, it seems like at least half of them are little honeys intent on baring as much as possible (and some more). Their excuse is that they want to get a tan—it's usually an advertisement for some late-in-the-day fun.

That's Saturday. Just to remind everyone that the whole universe hasn't turned to bikes and partying, on Sunday morning it turns cold and rainy—but not quick enough to prevent one toke for the road and a last putt up to Weirs Beach to see what's what. After all, it wouldn't really be Laconia without some White Mountain weather somewhere along the way.

The race? Oh yeah, well it's held at Byrar Motorsport Park in Loudon, N.H. Who won? Er, ah, well—uh—could someone from the AMA please call and let us know?—Jake





**Would You Buy a Used
Motorcycle From This Man?**

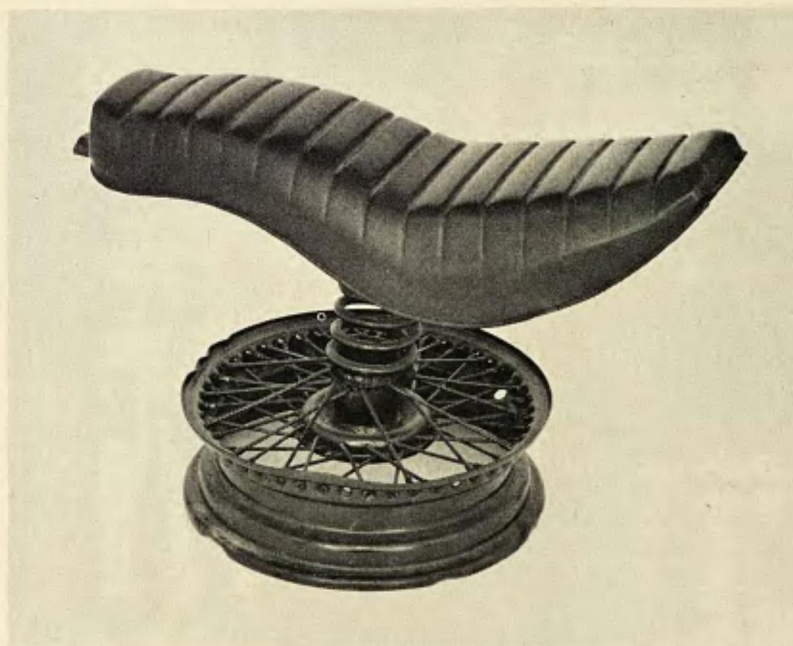


Secret To a Happy Marriage

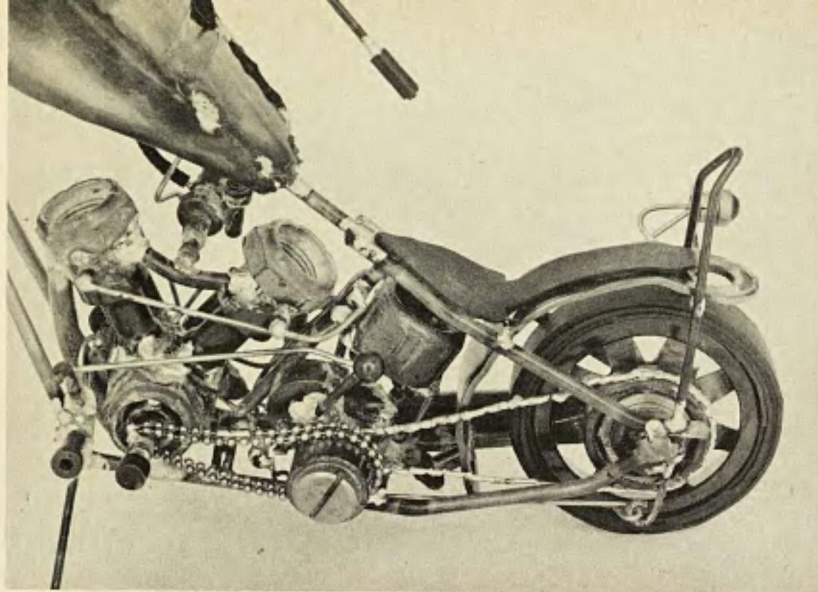
Okay, so she's blowin' in your ear about never taking her out, or has some other bullshit beef. Along with her harangue, the rug rats are trying to see who can shout down the other one, while Captain Kangaroo blares out from the idiot tube.

Of course, you can always let her have five where it hurts most, but the last time, the doctor bill cost you a week's wages. You could hold the brats under water for five minutes, but you would probably be arrested. So what do you do to get away from it all?

Well, you might do what Renegade does. He schemes different ways to get out into the garage—to fix something, work on his scoot—anything—as long as he can get away. The working on the scoot's a great excuse—until you finish it. Then you work on your brothers' bikes, but that becomes a drag in a different way, after a while. So he devised a new scheme. Build little goodies for the home. The ol' lady gets turned on because she thinks he's thinking of her and the pad, and she







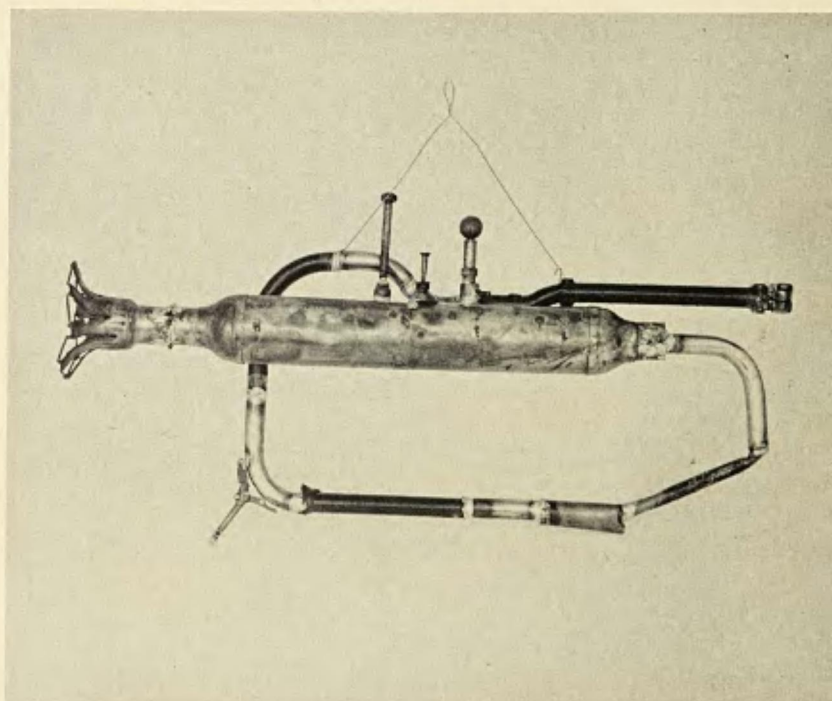
has something to rap to her mother about.

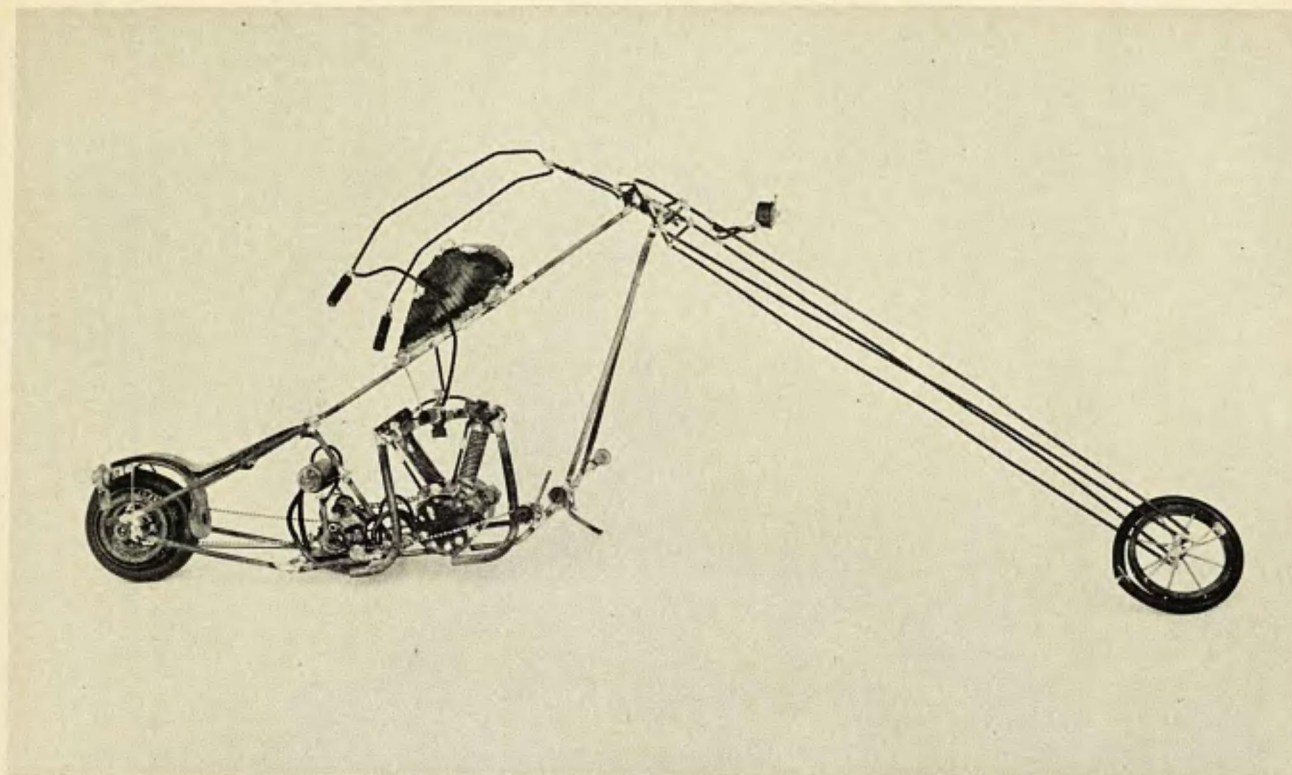
What he does is take old Harley parts and makes clocks, ashtrays, wall decorations, coffee tables, lamps—you name it. His plan works like this: He splits to the garage and starts on some project that will groove with the house. His ol' lady gets turned on and stays inside glued to the tube, all secure as she takes a toke now and then to mellow out the noise from the apes. In a short while she nods, and then Renegade splits to make the bar scene.

Now if you're not too artistic and some of the shit you create is so bad she won't allow it in the house, then lay it on her that you're building things to sell—to make some extra money. That always gets 'em. The point is to get out of the house and into the garage. You could even tell her the stereo has to be in the garage in order to get you into a creative mood.

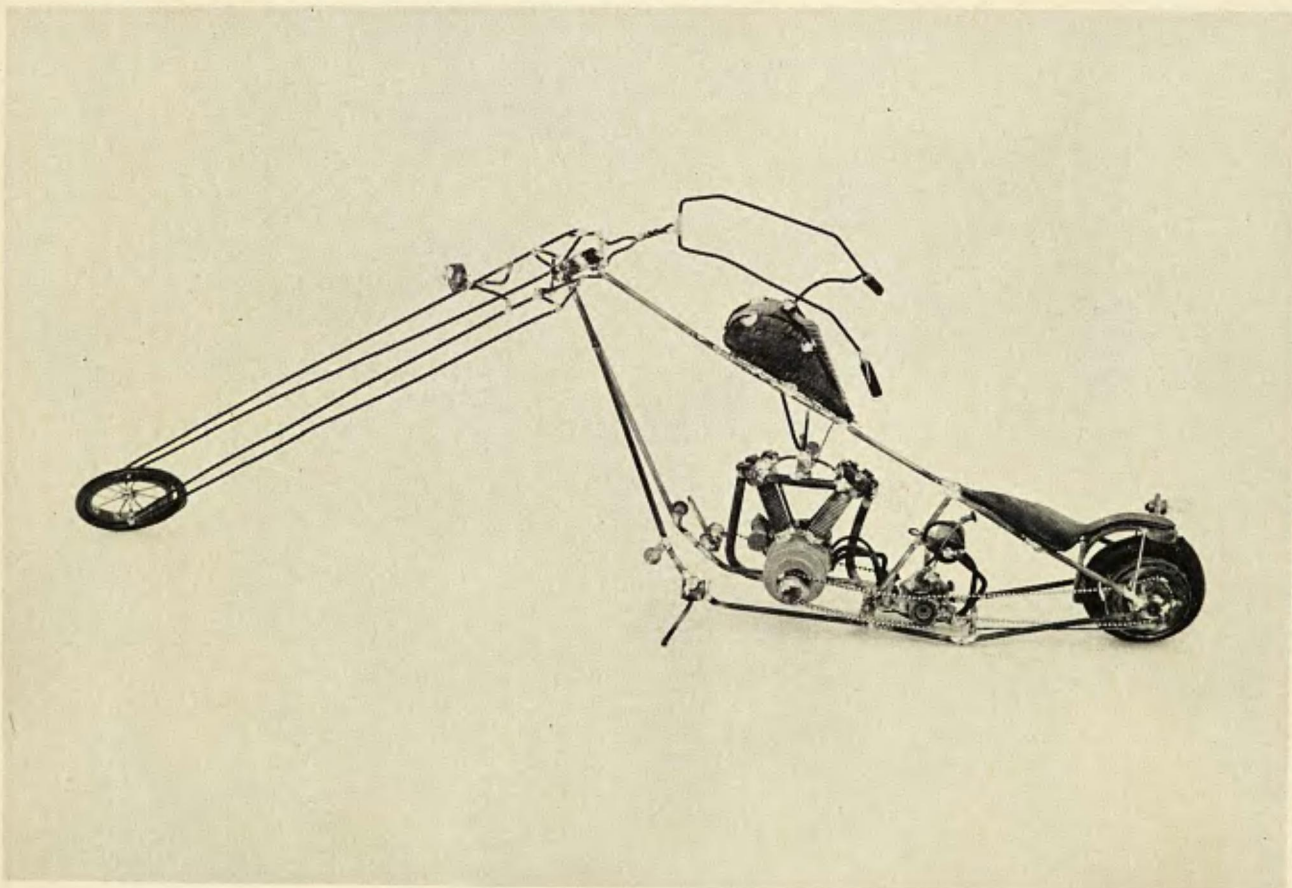
As you can see on these pages, Renegade has it down to a science. He says that some of his first stuff was really bad, but as he went on, each thing improved. His latest is a mailbox made out of a primary cover. It blew the postman's mind.

To help him out with his little scam, the editor agreed to buy one of his scoots to give away in this issue (See, bitch—I'm making money, too!). All you have to do is guess the distance between the front axle and rear axle on the contest scoot pictured. Print your guess on a postcard or on the back of a sealed envelope—no letters. Send it to Contest, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Contest ends on October 30, 1974. The one with the earliest postmark wins. (Oh yes, the chick is this month's cover girl. Her name is Carole Estes—and ain't she yummy?) ■





Guess the distance between the front and rear axles on this bike and it's yours
—if you're the first one to send in the correct answer, or come closes to it.



Easyriders photography by Pete Chiodo

HARLEY UNCHAINED



THE BELT DRIVE IS HERE!

BELT DRIVETRAIN
The all new BELT DRIVETRAIN that replaces vibration and rattle with quiet smooth PERFORMANCE from pulley to pulley.

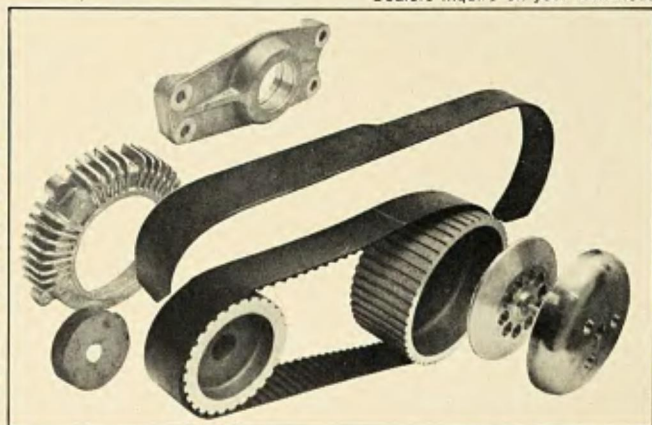
THE PRIMARY BELT DRIVE
Takes off pounds in a hurry!
Reduces Vibration 75%
Reduces Noise
Needs no lubrication
Outlasts the Primary Chain
many times over. Belts by Uniroyal.
YOU GET LONGER ENGINE LIFE
MORE SPEED BETTER PICK-UP
LESS BREAKDOWNS,
FEWER TUNE-UPS
Retail Price: from \$250 up
50% deposit balance C.O.D.
Specify Year, Make, Model

Made only by
Phase III Corporation
14124 Orange Ave.
Paramount, California 90723
(213) 634-2134

This product is a
precision machined
unit. The pulley teeth
are not a casting.
They are precision
machined to fit the
pulley belt perfectly.
Accept no imitation!

PHASE III is the first
and only name in
motorcycle belt drive.

Patent Pending
Dealers inquire on your letterhead



Poster A



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

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 10½" 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.

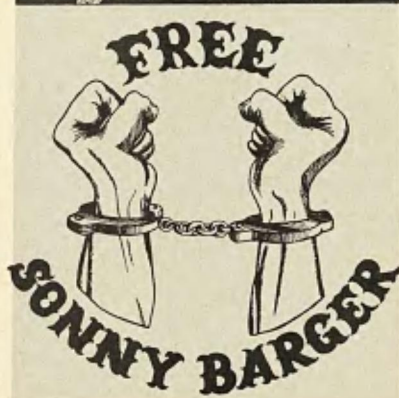
There may be

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.



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

Poster B



**SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL
HELLS ANGELS**

★ **FREE SONNY BARGER** ★

The bumper stickers sell for only a lousy buck each.

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.

800 Motorcyclists Ride To Protest Helmet Law

By JON SCHOENHORN

Over 800 motorcyclists roared through downtown Waterbury and Watertown Sunday in a massive demonstration against the state law requiring them to wear helmets.

With police escort, the helmetless riders, including many who were not members of motorcycle clubs, left the Arian's parking lot in Waterbury at 3 p.m. Their route took them up South Main Street to Scovill Street and then from Scovill to East Main Street, through Exchange Place and around the south side of The Green.

Waterbury Police Supt. Frederick Sullivan pledged Saturday night that local police would not enforce the law during the demonstration.

Police reported the bikers were orderly and only one cyclist was arrested. Donald Karvoski, 23, of New Britain, was charged with reckless driving.

Police Capt. Paul Salvatore praised the orderly way the participants acted. "They behaved themselves very well," he stated, adding, "everything went fine."

Donald "Pappy" Pittsley, president of the 2,000-member Connecticut Motorcycle Association (CMA) and one of the organizers of the Waterbury demonstration, said, "It was a really nice job coordinated."

He stated that the helmet law, which was passed in February,

measure was repealed last year, was "vague to enforce" and said many helmets were unsafe. Citing figures from the federal Department of Transportation, Pittsley said 90 per cent of the motorcycle helmets on the market fail to meet minimum performance requirements set by the industry.

Gary Garrison, vice president of the CMA and a Waterbury resident, explained why

"can help cause accidents" because, he said, it impairs hearing and cuts down on peripheral vision.

The national chairman of the Huns Motorcycle Club, who identified himself only as "Rogue," said "People should be able to decide for themselves what they want to do."



At last! Some people are getting off their asses and doing something about the mandatory helmet laws!



On June 2, 1974, a helmet protest was held in Waterbury, Connecticut, with 1000 bikes and as many as 1500 people attending. The protest started in Hartford at 1:00 p.m., when 250 cycles fired up and proceeded down Interstate 84 to Waterbury, where they reorganized and rode through the city streets.

The campaign has been going on ever since, with attendance figures growing every week. Rogue, national president of the Huns, said that the people are going to continue demonstrations every Sunday until the law is changed. Each week the run starts in the capital and



goes to a different major city.

These protests were started by big bike clubs in conjunction with the Connecticut Motorcycle Association to rid the state of helmet laws and prevent other unjust legislation.

The effort has served two purposes. It has shown the state that there is a large number of bikers who are voters and are against discriminatory laws. It has also brought the major outlaw clubs together in a common effort. Clubs that have had differences and even wars with each other are now brothers in the fight against unjust ordinances.

There has not been one problem or hassle involved in the protests.

Prior to each demonstration, presidents of participating clubs meet with local police and work out details of crowd control, traffic problems, and activities. The cooperation of police departments and clubs has been beautiful and has contributed to making these actions a huge success.

Some of the picket signs read: Bikers Become Voters, Helmets Suck, Helmet Laws Are Unconstitutional, Get Rid Of Kozlowski (Motor Vehicle Commissioner). Kozlowski has now resigned to run for Senator from Connecticut, but they're sure they can stop him from being elected.

Some children were also at these protests with picket signs: Please Don't Kill My Daddy By Making Him Wear A Helmet!

Each week, it's getting more together. The gatherings have become super bike parties.

If these local protests don't take the law off the Connecticut books, a super protest is planned. All local bikers will leave the state capital and travel down U.S. 1 from one end of the state to the other, picking up brothers as they pass through each town.

If the clubs in Connecticut can do this, why not the rest of the clubs throughout the country? We're willing to help clubs (outlaw or otherwise) set up protests in their states.

Contact Rogue at the Hun headquarters at 1 Islandbrook Ave., Bridgeport, Conn., or at P.O. Box 1660, Bridgeport; or you can write Don Pittsley of the Connecticut Motorcycle Association, of which he is president, at P.O. Box 62, Waterford, Conn. 06385.



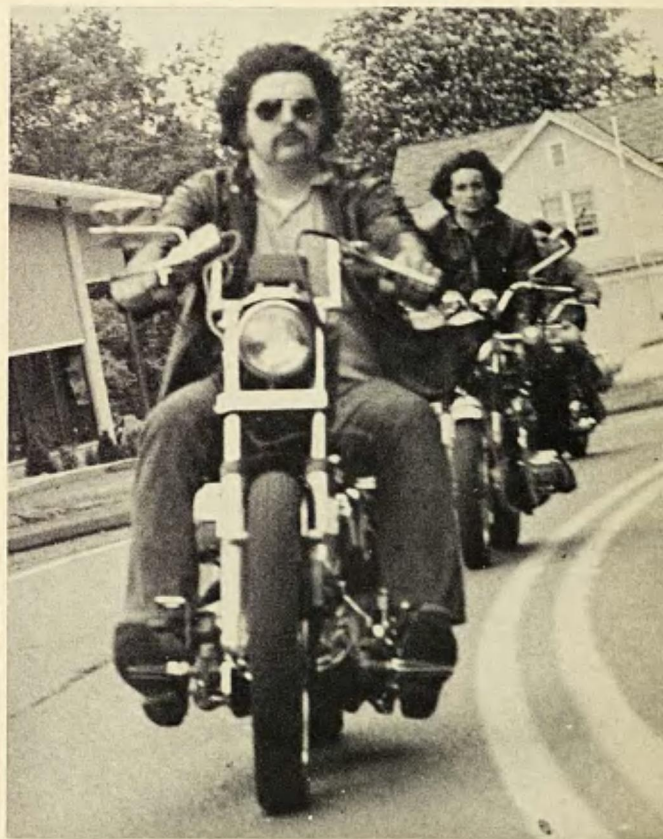
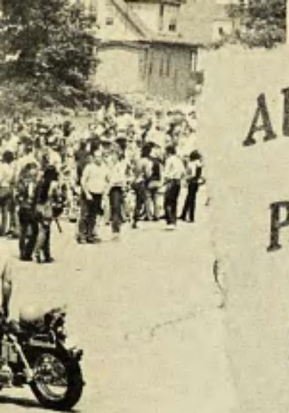
Almost 1,000 Protest Cycle Helmet Law

By JOHN SCHWING

Close to 1,000 motorcyclists paraded through city streets yesterday afternoon in an organized protest against the state law requiring them to wear helmets.

No incidents or arrests were reported by police during the demonstration which ran from the parking lot behind Kennedy stadium to Seaside park and back.

The action, according to representatives from the various motorcycle clubs which participated, was aimed as a protest against the new state statute requiring cyclists to wear protective headgear while driving.



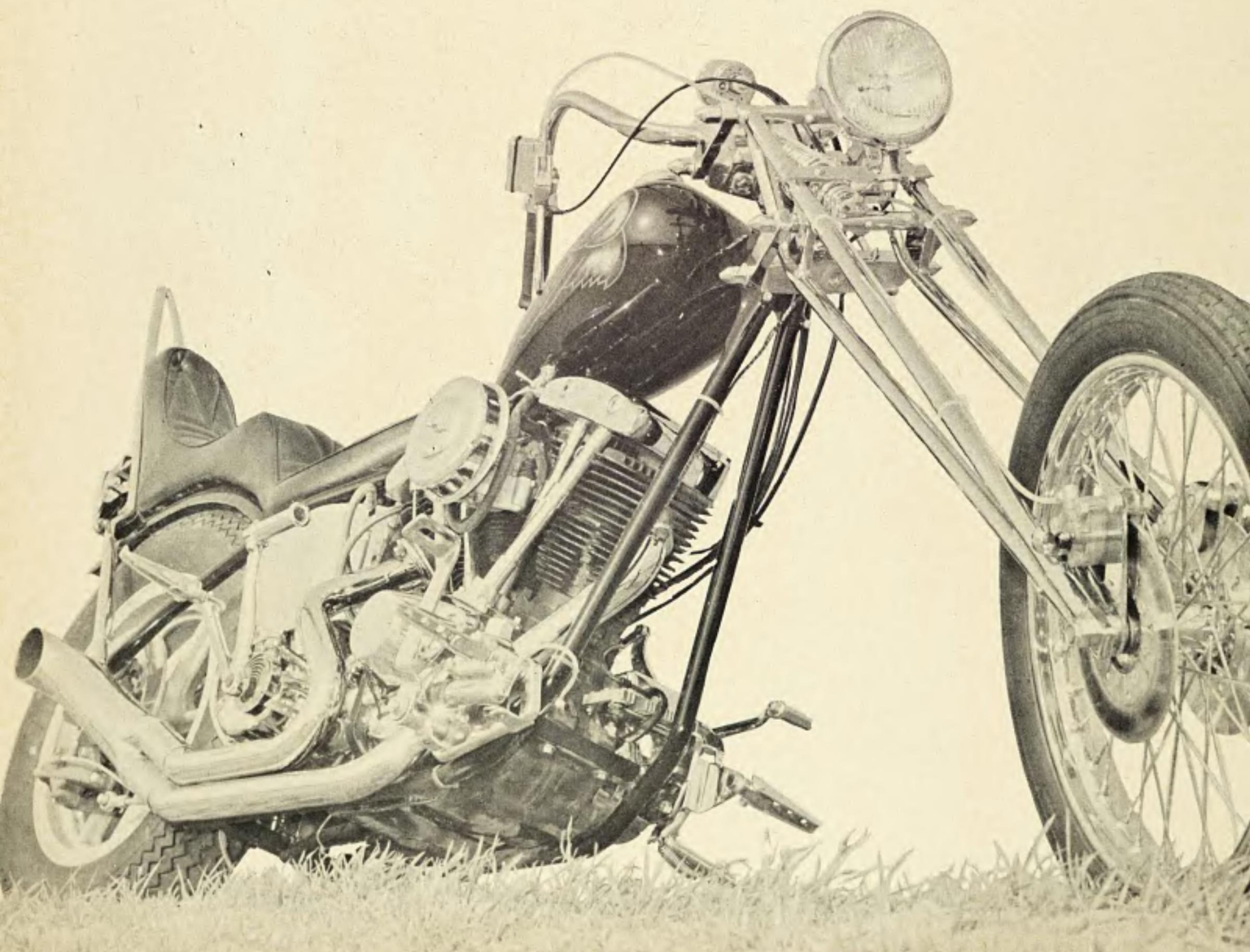
Paint it any color you want— as long as it's . . .

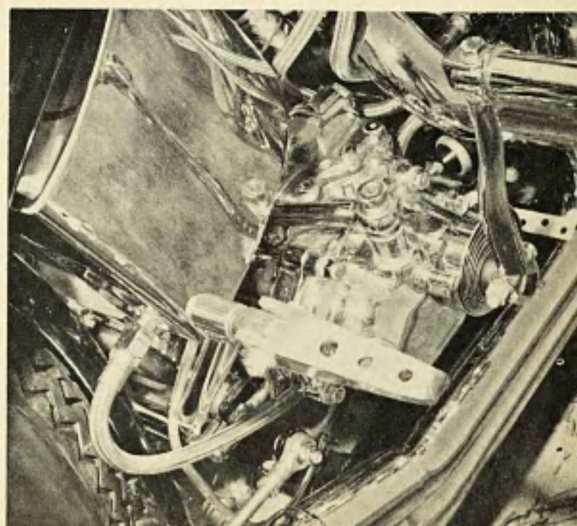
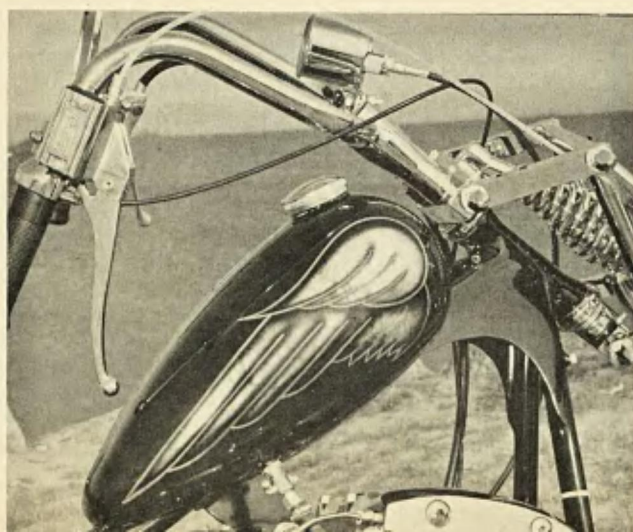
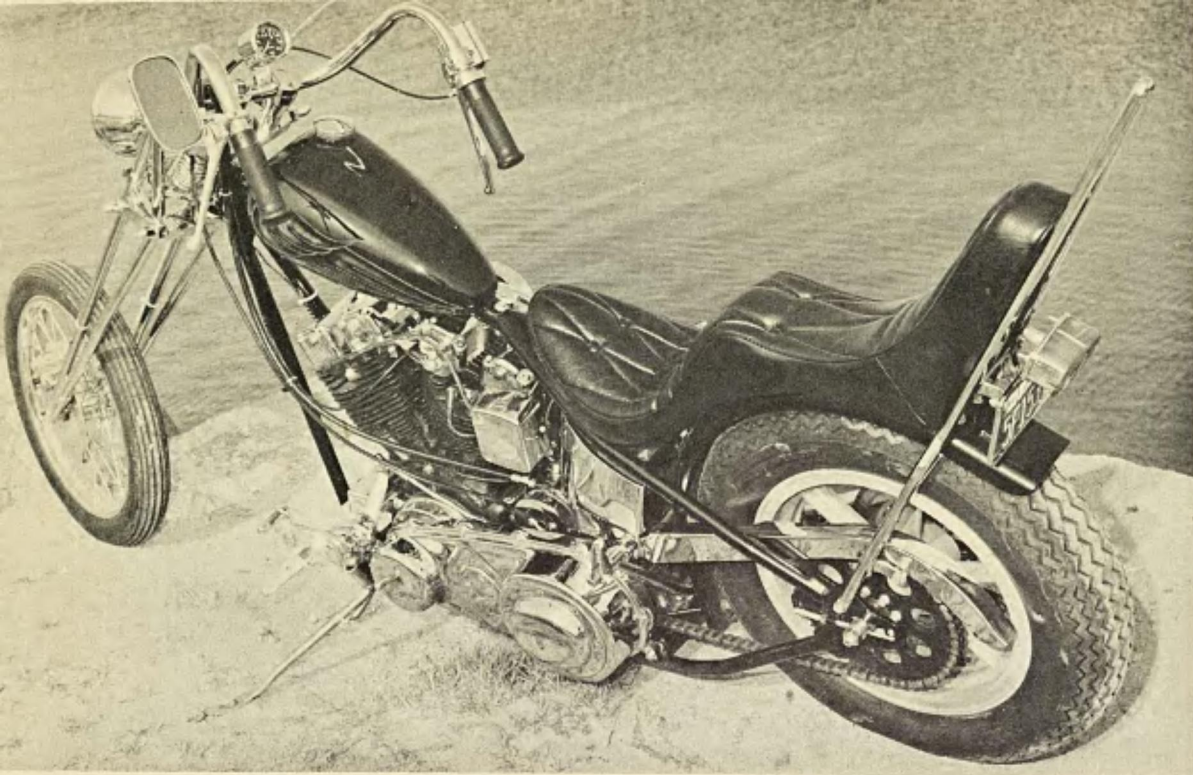
Black. Frank Hudson worked in one of Ol' Henry's car plants (before the lead balloon got busted by the gas shortage), and maybe he got the old-time black-is-best philosophy there—even though you now can have a Detroit toilet in anything from beetlebarf blue to babyshit yellow.

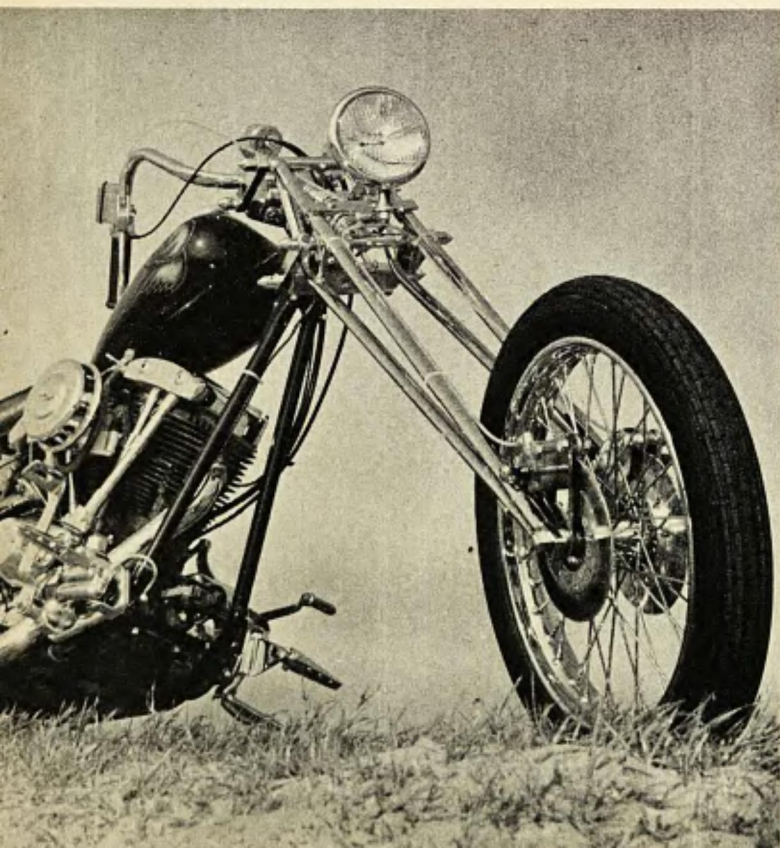
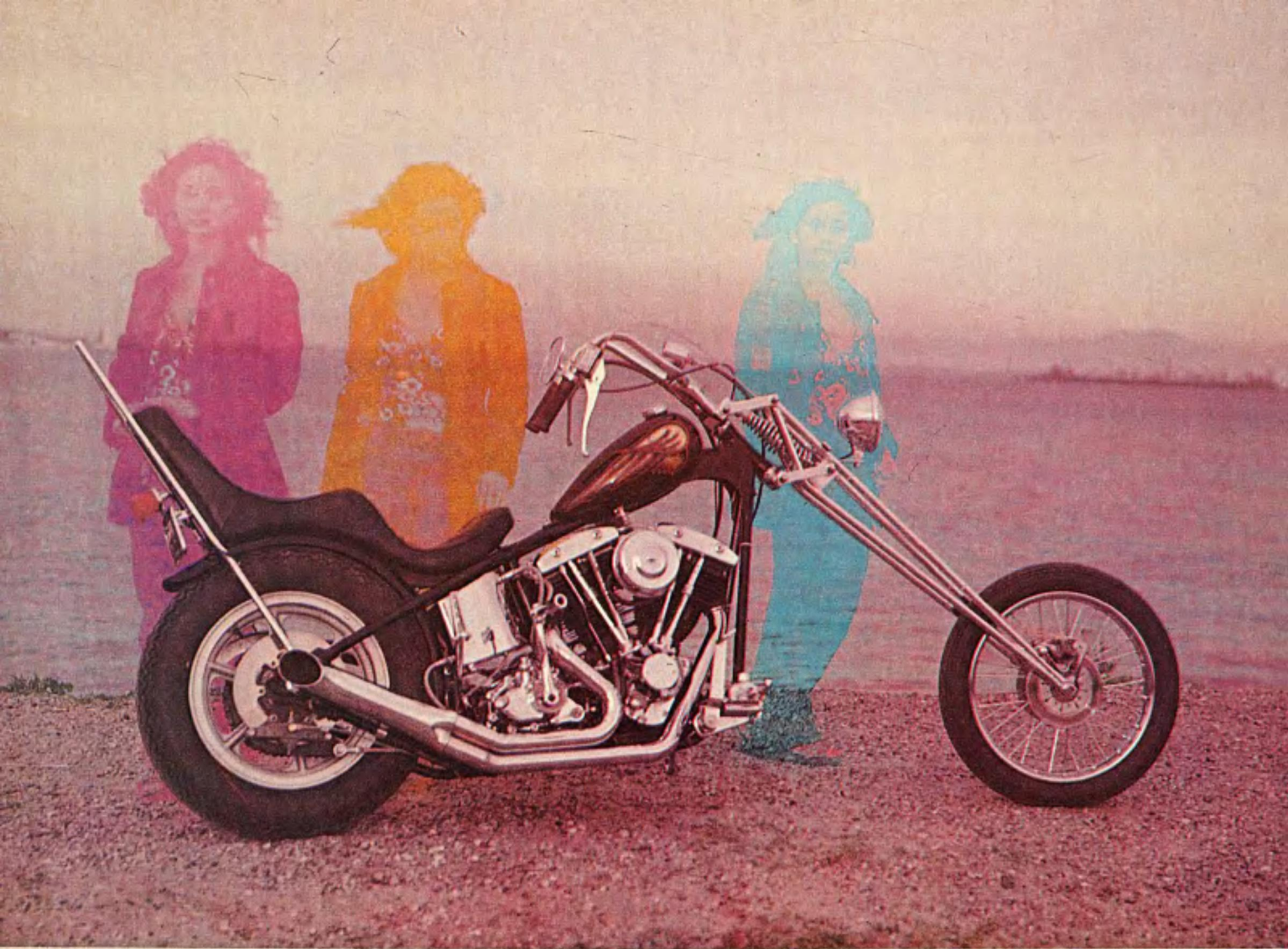
Or maybe black seemed appropriate

because all churchgoing Christians know a motorcycle is just naturally supposed to be dark and mean and nasty and all that evil shit. Wouldn't want to disappoint all those obviously heaven-bound souls, y'know.

Even with those reasons, it's still a hell of a lot easier to do a bike in any other color scheme. A smooth black







lacquer job will make any little imperfections in the bondo stick out like Carol Doda's erect nipples unless they're carefully cherried out. And as for the acne wreaked by road rocks on a black lacquered frame—well, the less said the better.

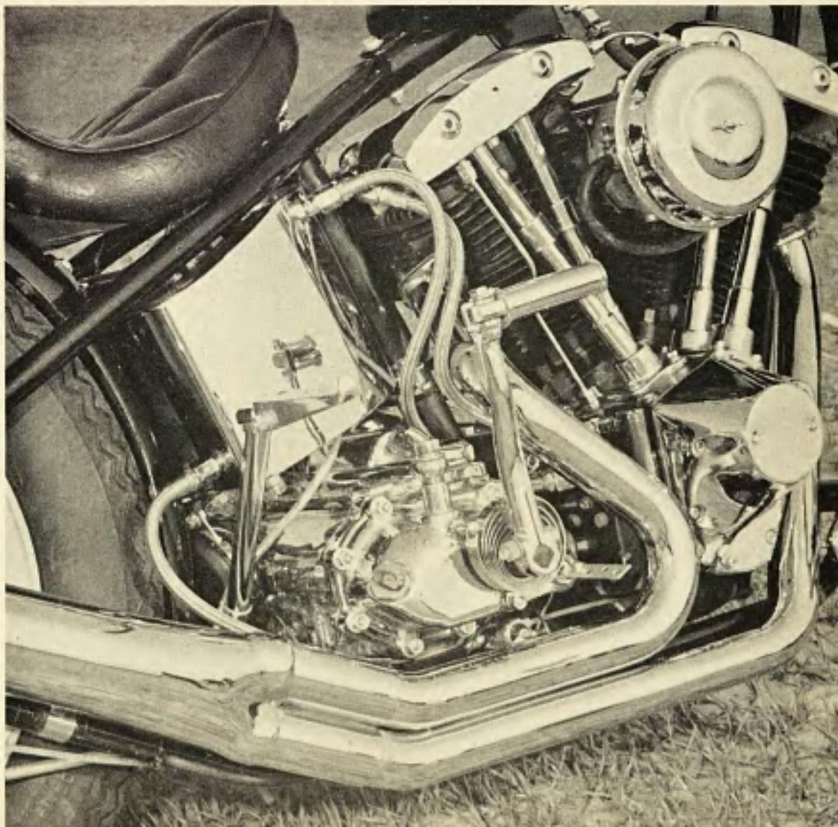
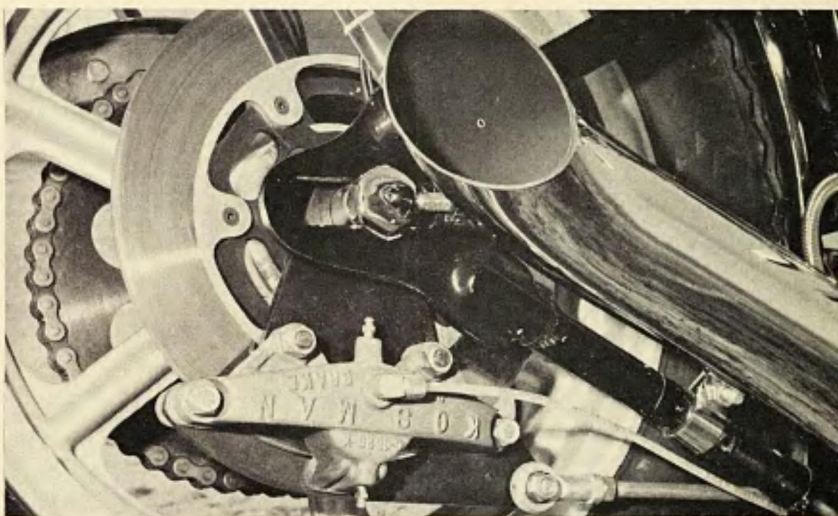
At any rate, when Frank finally decided to turn the pile of Superglide parts he had into a bitchin' basic black machine, he took all the stuff down to Alphabet's Custom West. They had Bruce Parrish add a little color with gold leaf and red pinstriping pattern on the tank, but more than made up for that with a black anodized rear sprocket and disc brake carrier, plus a cast aluminum wheel that is as nasty-looking as they come.

The late shovel engine was deemed sufficiently evil in near-stock form, thanks to the flat black cases and cylinders and various chromed goodies.

But maybe all this sniveling about color—or the lack of it—is beside the point. Most Hogs produce all kinds of black stuff, and you're really wasting your time making an H-D any other color. Keep it black and none of the swill that leaks or is flung out will ever show.

—Continued on next page

—photos by the sniveler



Owner: Frank Hudson

City: No. Long Beach, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: Alphabet's C.W.

Year and make: 1973

Model: Shovelhead

Value: \$3,500

Assembly by: Alphabet's

Time: 3 months

Chroming by: Supreme Plating

Chassis

Frame builder: Jammer

Year and make: new

Rake: 10 degrees

Stretch: 2 3/4 in.

Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

Bars: 1-pc. pullbacks

Risers: 4 in.

Fender(s): 5 in. flat

Headlight: Bates

Taillight: Lucas

Speedo: VDO

Foot pegs:

Front: CCE "holy pegs"

Back: same, on Jammer mount

Gas tank: Paughco Mustang

Oil tank: Alphabet's (5 qt.)

Primary cover: Paughco

Seat material: naug., BAR Entrpr.

Sissy bar: Alphabet's

Height: 36 in.

Material size: 1/2 in. round

Engine

Year: 1973

Model: FX 74

Builder: H.D.

Ignition: stock

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Balancing: stock

Pistons: 8.5:1

Cam: FLH

Lifters: hydraulic

Carb(s): Bendix

Air cleaner: Alphabet's

Shifter: foot

Pipes: Alphabet's collector

Muffler(s): Alphabet's baff. col.

Gearing:

Engine sprocket: standard

Trans sprocket: 25 tooth

Painting

Molding: Parrish Arts

Painter: Bruce Parrish

Color: gold leaf over black

Type: acrylic lacquer

Forks

Type: girder

Type front rail:

Extension: 15 in.

Builder: Durfee

Wheels

Front

Size: 19 in.

Hub/brake: Haller.

Rim width: WM2

Tire size: 3.00 x 19

Make: Avon

Rear

Size: 16 in.

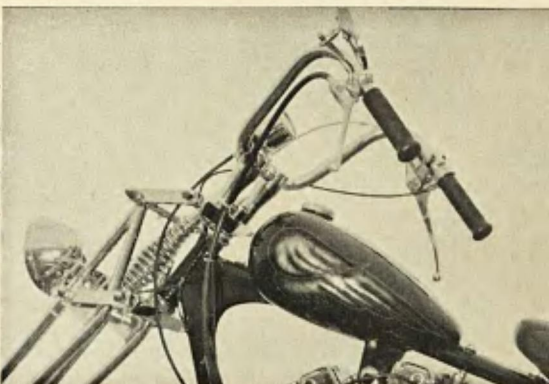
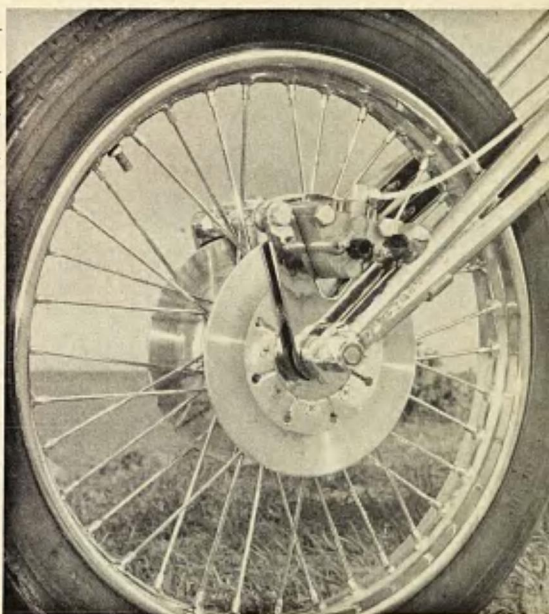
Hub/brake: Alp./Kn.

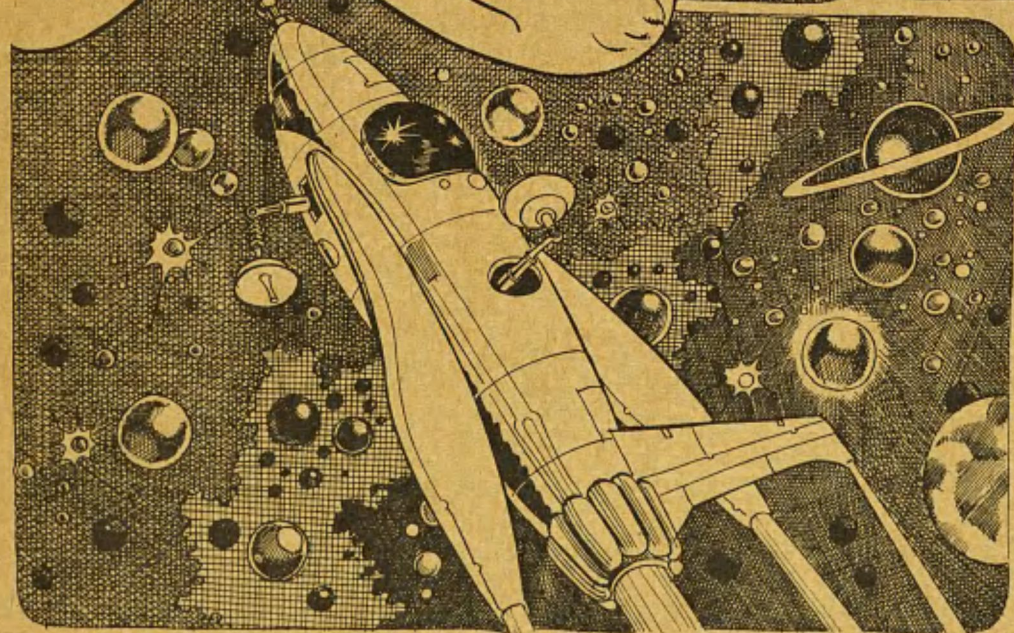
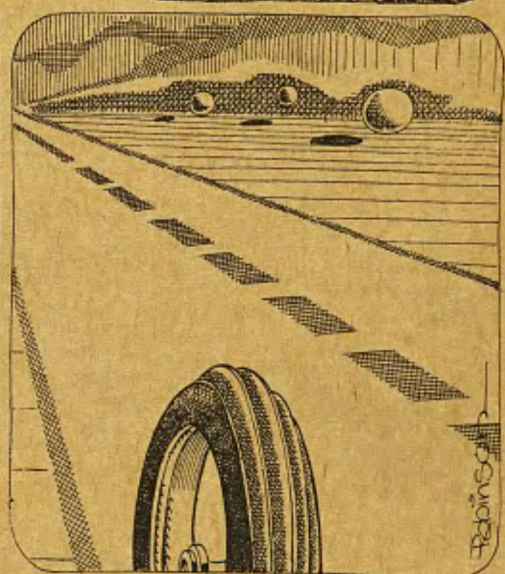
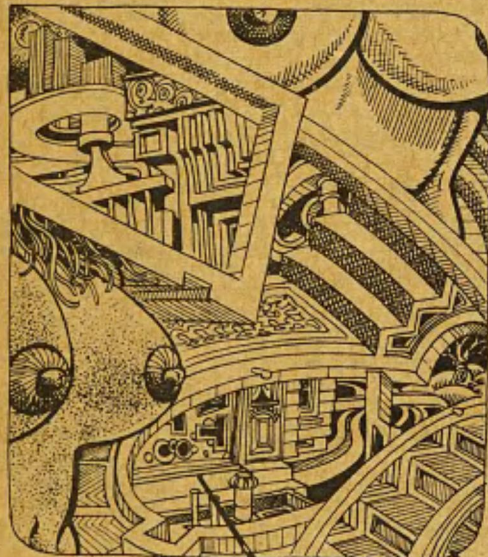
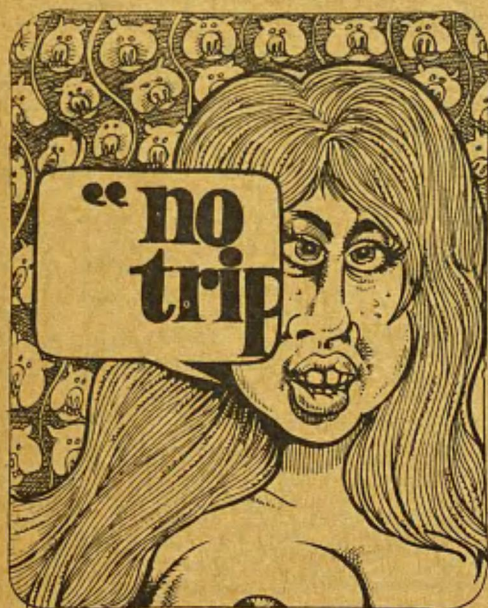
Rim width: WM4

Tire size: 5.00 x 16

Make: Arco

Other special modifications: braided stainless oil lines, Andrews close ratio gears, Alphabet's rear mag wheel, anodized sprocket & disc spider.







California Tells DOT Where to Get Off!

California has threatened to scrap its state highway safety program and close down its offices if the Department of Transportation penalizes the state for failing to enact a motorcycle helmet law. Two other states—Maryland and Nebraska—also are in danger of losing funds for failure to enact various safety measures. However, neither of those states shares California's hard-line opposition to the substance of the requirements.

Last year DOT told 38 states and Puerto Rico that they would have to enact a range of specified highway safety measures before the close of their 1974 legislative sessions or face the penalty, spelled out in the Highway Safety Act of 1966, of losing all of their federal highway safety money and ten per cent of their highway construction funds. (See *Status Report*, Vol. 8, No. 19, Oct. 17, 1973.) Most of those states have already complied with DOT's requirements for this year, or still have time to comply before their legislature adjourns. California, Maryland and Nebraska cannot or will not comply this year, however. With additional DOT requirements coming due for most states next year, governors and their safety staffs across the country doubtless will be watching DOT's handling of the California, Maryland and Nebraska cases.

California: Although California's legislature will be in session through December of this year, no mandatory motorcycle helmet law is expected. Likewise DOT officials see little prospect that the required helmet legislation could be enacted there because of what they describe as Gov. Ronald Reagan's opposition to such laws on what he considers constitutional grounds.

In a recent letter to NHTSA's regional administrator, Reagan's highway safety representative, L. G. Turner, asked for an early decision on whether California will lose its federal safety funds. "If the proposed federal sanctions are imposed (for failure to adopt a

helmet law), the California Office of Traffic Safety will cease to exist as of June 30, 1974," he said.

The following day, in a letter to NHTSA Administrator James Gregory, Turner described California's opposition to helmet legislation: "California espouses the philosophy that personal safety is the responsibility of each individual citizen and government should not attempt to protect the individual from himself." An HHS-funded study of California motorcycle injuries found that nearly two-thirds of the injuries surveyed resulted from crashes between motorcycles and another motor vehicle. (See *Status Report*, Vol. 7, No. 21, Nov. 13, 1972.)

Turner claimed in the letter that California's motorcycle fatalities per 10,000 registered motorcycles "is approximately the same as the national average" and that the "downward trend of deaths per 10,000 registered motorcycles and deaths per injury is approximately the same in California as for the states with mandatory motorcycle helmet legislation." California "needs proof positive that helmet legislation will further reduce fatalities," Turner told Gregory. He suggested that motorcycle helmets might even "cause riders to be overconfident and become involved in more severe accidents." In 1969, DOT reported to the Congress that, for 1966-68, states with helmet laws had fewer deaths per 10,000 registered motorcycles than states without such laws.

According to a senior NHTSA official, the agency has not responded to Turner's letter. However, NHTSA continues to feel very strongly about the need for motorcycle helmet laws, he said.

Nebraska and Maryland have already completed their 1974 legislative sessions. Neither state enacted all of the measures that NHTSA said would be necessary in order to continue getting federal safety funds. Maryland was told to get in line with other states by

lowering its presumptive intoxication level from 0.15 to 0.10 per cent blood-alcohol concentration. Nebraska was told it needed a helmet law for motorcyclists and a program for training and certifying ambulance attendants. These requirements, among others, are part of DOT's Highway Safety Program standards that were issued in 1967.

Nebraska: Although DOT officials claim that a final decision to withhold funds has not been made, Nebraska's Governor J. James Exon, in a recent letter to Transportation Secretary Claude Brinegar, said that DOT regional officials had told him "that the present position of NHTSA is to not approve funding for Nebraska's Highway Safety Program after June 30, 1974. This I feel would be a tragic mistake."

Exon said that "every effort was made by this office and Nebraska's office of highway safety to secure the passage of the required legislation." He expressed "keen disappointment" that the measures were not enacted.

"A tremendous injustice will be rendered to the people of this state and the cause of highway safety if Nebraska's Highway Safety Program was forced to dismantle because of a failure of our legislature to pass the mandated legislation."

He added, "On May 6, Nebraska will be recognized jointly by the Highway Users Federation and the National Safety Council as one of the top five states in the nation in the area of excellence in highway safety public involvement."

Exon's safety representative, John Sullivan, told *Status Report* that the state legislature "reacted violently" to DOT's threat to cut off funds. He said that one of the required measures—ambulance attendant training—"would have passed had DOT's tactics not been strong armed." Sullivan said that Nebraska will contest any fund cut-off in court. Transportation Secretary Brinegar had told Exon in a

letter that "the failure of the legislature to enact essential legislation represents a decision by the citizens of the state through their elected representatives, not to implement the program and, therefore, to accept reductions in federal funds."

Maryland: Maryland officials are "frankly not concerned" about losing the state's "relatively small amount" of federal safety money, according to the state's Motor Vehicle Administrator, Ejner Johnson. However, the state also stands to lose about \$18 million in highway construction funds if the penalty is invoked. "That would hurt," he said. "Technically, Maryland is in compliance" with the federal guidelines, he told *Status Report*.

—The Insurance Institute of Highway Safety

Guide to NHTSA Rulemaking

In December, 1966, the first federal motor vehicle safety standards, or "rules," were proposed. The rulemaking process begun then has been repeated more than 200 times in the seven-year history of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration.

In each of those 200-plus rule-making actions, persons or organizations interested in highway loss reduction have been given the chance to tell NHTSA their views on all rules, such as highway and motor vehicle safety standards and other loss reduction regulations, proposed by the agency. The rule-making files—known as "dockets"—on the agency's proposals contain comments from auto makers, insurers, federal and state agencies, legislators, consumer groups and individual consumers.

The following brief description of NHTSA's rulemaking procedures is presented to assist *Status Report* readers in understanding—and participating in—the agency's rule-making activities.

Proposals: Agency proposals—either to create new rules or change current ones—are published in the *Federal Register*. The *Federal Register* is published daily and contains, among other things, announcements of federal agency rulemaking activities. Subscriptions for the *Federal Register* and *Code of Federal Regulations*, which contains all previously issued rules now in effect, are handled by the Superintendent of Documents, Gov-

ernment Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20420. Many major rule-making activities also are reported in **Status Report**.

Although not required by law, NHTSA begins some of its rulemaking by inviting public comment to an "advance notice of proposed rulemaking" (ANPRM) that announces the agency's intention to establish a rule, but does not propose the details of the rule. After weighing public comment, the agency generally publishes a formal "notice of proposed rulemaking" (NPRM), which is the legally required first step in the rulemaking process. An NPRM lists the detailed requirements of a proposed rule. For instance, NHTSA recently issued an NPRM detailing requirements for passive restraint systems in 1977 vehicles. That was accompanied by an ANPRM seeking comments on the idea of upgrading occupant protection to 45 or 50 mile per hour crashes for 1981 model year vehicles. (See **Status Report**, Vol. 9, No. 6, March 26, 1974.)

Although each proposal has a deadline for comments by interested parties, NHTSA, "to the extent possible," also considers comments submitted after the deadline.

Comments: Comments on an agency proposal may, but need not, contain technical information; they may be no more than an expression of general views and arguments. For example, the majority of comments to the agency's rulemaking docket proposing built-in speed control devices in vehicles were letters from individuals expressing their opinions of the rule. This case is atypical since, with few exceptions, most comments and suggestions on agency proposals come from auto makers, are opposed to tough rule proposals and are at least partly technical in nature. (See **Status Report**, Vol. 9, No. 5, March 5, 1974.)

NHTSA considers all the comments received. Then, it may issue a rule, as proposed or with minor changes that do not strengthen the original proposal. If the agency feels that major or strengthening changes are necessary, it will issue a new proposal and again invite public comment.

Reconsideration: Within 30 days after a rule is published, any individual or organization can ask NHTSA to reconsider its rule by filing a "petition for reconsideration." NHTSA's policy is to answer such petitions within 120 days from publication of the rule. It will either deny the petition, leaving the rule as it was issued; or grant the petition, making at least some of the changes requested in the petition.

The 1966 National Traffic and Motor Vehicle Safety Act allows persons or organizations to sue NHTSA in order to challenge a rule. Such suits must be filed within 60 days of the final agency action on the rule. Several auto makers brought such a suit in April, 1971, seeking to overturn NHTSA's passive restraint standard (FMVSS 208). As a result of the suit, NHTSA was ordered by the court in December, 1972, to revise the standard. NHTSA recently issued its proposed revision of the passive restraint standard.

Petitions: Any individual or organization, in addition to participating in rulemaking activity begun by NHTSA, may seek to initiate rulemaking action on their own by means of a "petition for rulemaking." The agency is required to consider, and either grant or deny, all such petitions. For example, NHTSA's recent proposal to delay the effective date of its air brake standard was issued in response to 36 vehicle manufacturer petitions for rulemaking. (See **Status Report**, Vol. 9, No. 8, April 16, 1974.)

State-by-State News

California: A suit challenging the state's controversial automatic lights-on law (to go into effect Jan. '75) has been filed in the U.S. District Court at the state capital. Plaintiffs in the action are the Motorcycle Industry Council, Kawasaki, Triumph-Norton, and Western Scooter. The suit challenges the opinion of California Attorney General Evelle Younger, who claims that the lights-on law is not pre-empted by applicable nationwide Federal regulations. Co-defendants with Younger are Walter Pudinski, Commissioner of the California Highway Patrol, and Robert Cozens, Director of the California Department of Motor Vehicles.

Federal officials, when asked for a legal opinion, claimed that the state law requiring that all motorcycle headlights illuminate automatically whenever the engine is on is in conflict with other Federal motorcycle headlight regulations and is therefore unenforceable. Stuart Philip Ross, MIC legal counsel, said that the issue before the court was not one of comparative safety, but rather one of pre-emption. As he put it, "Manufacturers cannot be asked to produce 50 different motorcycles for 50 different states."

Federal: On May 16 the U.S. Senate passed a federal no-fault insurance bill containing an amendment giv-

ing state legislatures the option of excluding motorcycles from the coverage. According to Gene Wirwahn, AMA Legislative Director, the fact that motorcycles have been excluded from no-fault in 19 of 21 states thus far, bodes well for the optional exclusion policy.

National: In Issue 22 (July '74) of **Easyriders** there was an article titled "Why You Will Have to Wear a Helmet Unless You Act." The article, by Ed Armstrong, pointed out that our problems with legislation are based on the overabundance of power given the DOT. Recently Ed pinpointed to ABATE the committee that gave the DOT the right to make laws and withhold funds. Every biker in this country should write the U.S. Senate (Public Works Committee), Washington, D.C., and voice strong grievances against non-elected officials being allowed such powers, specifically the DOT.

Join and/or Contribute

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-

New Jersey: The State Assembly has passed the Garden State Parkway Bill that would allow motorcycles on the Parkway. The bill was passed by an overwhelming vote of 53-8 on May 17th. Get it on, Jersey brothers!

10% Discount ABATE Members

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 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, Mattoon, Ill. 61938. **Chopper Specialist** Box 97, Liverty, Ill. 62347. **Dan's Hog House** 425 N. 5th St., Lafayette, Indiana 47901.

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.

The Power!

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All you have to do is vote.

ABATE
Box 2280,
Seal Beach, California 90740



- ☐ 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.

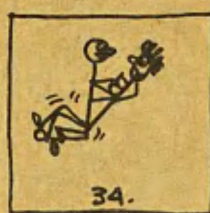
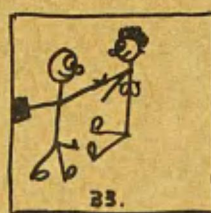
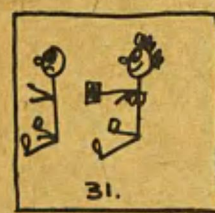
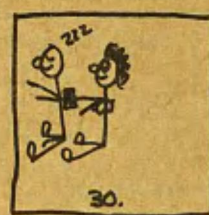
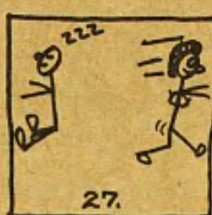
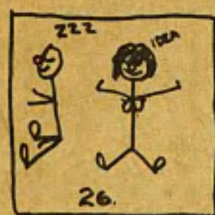
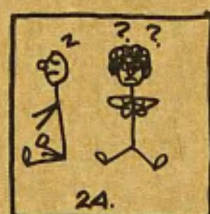
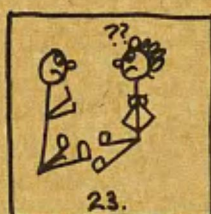
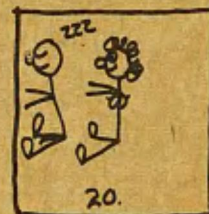
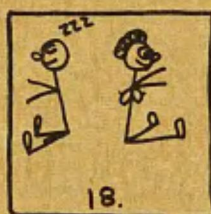
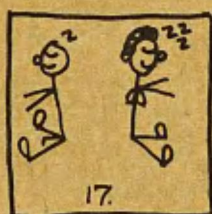
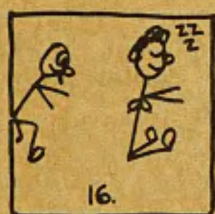
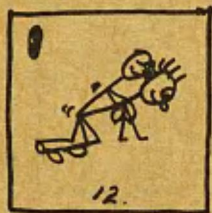
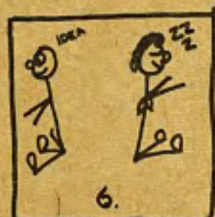
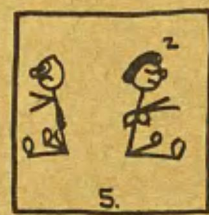
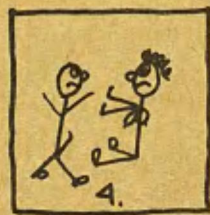
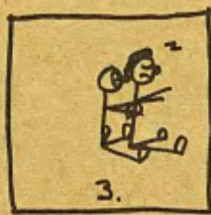
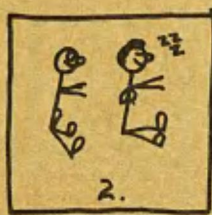
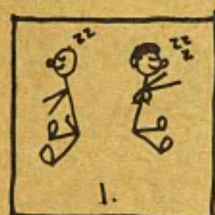
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M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



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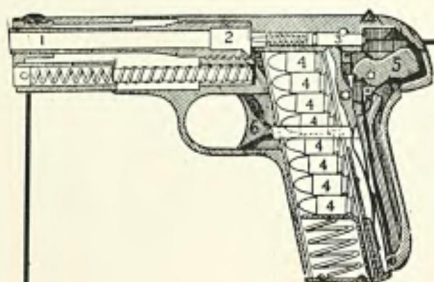
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We've been warning ya and warnin' ya—and now it's finally happened. We sold out issues number one, three, five and nine. That's right—even the immortal, historical, leg-wetting first issue!

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Note: Before ordering, see back-issue binder ad in this issue

Send \$1.00 for each copy (we pay postage) to:

BACK ISSUES

Box 711, Burbank, Calif. 91502

Grumble Rumble

—Continued from page 26

back. Now, this man goes by the tag of Grumble Rumble. Think you got the balls to face 'im?"

"Shee-it, man, I'll take on anybody you can put up against me," said Norton with just a slight hint of suspicion in his tone. "Bring 'im on."

Just then Grumble rumbled up and grumbled out, "Who gonna race me?"

Hank ran over to Grumble and said, "Tell ya what, man, we're gonna set ya up for the contest of your life. You run against this dude over here" — he pointed to Norton, who was picking his nose — "and if you win you get a percentage of the take."

"How much I get?" grumbled Grumble.

"How about sixty-fourty—I get sixty, you get forty?" said Hank, hoping.

"Dunno I like the sound o' that," Grumble grumbled.

"Okay, man, how about this?" Hank used his best con voice here. "You get forty an' I only get sixty."

"Sounds more like it," said Grumble, almost distinctly.

"Outtasight, man. Show up tomorrow over by Clifford's Cliff at high noon. I'll set it up."

"Check," grumbled Grumble. He let his engine rumble a taste, brought the revs up, dropped the clutch and split in a cloud of exhaust fumes. "Whew!" said Hank. "I sure wish he'd use reg'lar gas. What a stench!"

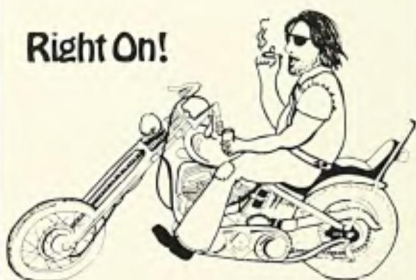
After he told Norton the details of when and where he was supposed to go, Hustle Hank went off to sell tickets. (He almost managed to sell one to an old lady who thought he'd said copper instead of chopper.)

Now, Hank had made a wise decision in choosing Clifford's Cliff, because this was where a former biker named Clifford blew it and rode straight into the cliff, making both him and the cliff famous to all the local bikers. The only thing Hank forgot was that there was no way he could make people pay to go somewhere where there weren't any ropes or gates to keep them out. So it was destined to be a free show.

The next day arrived and Grumble Rumble woke up to a double dose of his ol' lady and antifreeze. And then a third ration of antifreeze. After all, this was an impor-

GROW YOUR OWN!

Right On!



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"BRING A FRIEND..."

tant race. The pride of all local bikers was at stake. Plus, Grumble was hoping to make out financially. He got on his bike and just casually rumbled over to Clifford's Cliff.

When he got there, Notorious Norton was already waiting with Hustle Hank and a bunch of other bikers who were just hangin' around, waiting for the show to begin. Grumble let his bike drift in beside Norton and grumbled something about what kind of a wimp had Hank lined him up with.

Hustle Hank then stood in front of the contestants and in his best announcer's voice (something like the way you might talk with a fish-bone stuck in your throat) said, "Okay, men, this here ain't gonna be a question of who's fastest but who's got the most balls. At the sound of Shotgun Sheldon's gun, both of you take off at full speed, heading straight towards the cliff. The first one to chicken out is the loser. You guys understand?"

Norton picked his nose and said yes and Grumble grumbled something that didn't sound like no, so Hustle Hank gave Shotgun Sheldon the signal. Sheldon aimed his gun at a tit-shaped cloud and fired, shooting down a turkey that came from Christ knows where.

The two bikers took off side by side toward the cliff, speed climbing. 40-50-60-70-75-83-90. Grumble grumbled something. 96. 103. Norton picked his nose. 109. Suddenly, they were only about 200 feet from the cliff and Norton put on his binders hard and went down, sliding to a stop, leaving a trail of flesh and Norton motorcycle parts.

Grumble turned his head and, feeling victorious, grumbled a hearty laugh as he ran straight into the cliff at 118-plus.

All the bikers gasped, jumped on their bikes and jammed over to the cliff. When the dust finally cleared, all they could see was a sissy bar and Grumble Rumble's raunchy ass sticking out of the side of the cliff.

All the bikers chipped in their bread (a total of about \$14.38), bought some beer, and had a hell of a party. Hank, feeling guilty because he had set up the fatal race, took all the empty beer cans and, with the help of Machinist Mike, made them into a shield and hung it over Grumble's ass. On the shield was engraved: Here Lies the Tail of Grumble Rumble.

(Moral: If you're gonna blow it, do it with class.) ■

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left side.) Two posters (both sides of engine) \$4.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling. Printed on yellow poster paper and mailed in sturdy mailing tubes.

First National Nothing,
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503



Silly Tilly

A biker's kid just started school and before long it got to be snack time. The teacher passed out graham crackers and milk until she came to the biker's kid. He took one look at the crackers and said, "I don't want none-a that shit." Shocked, the teacher called the kid's parent to come in for a conference.

The next day the biker drove up on his Hog, got off and went into the classroom.

Seeing the parent, the teacher said, "I want you to hear this," and she started to hand out the crackers and milk again. When she came

to the biker's kid, he said, "I don't want none-a that shit."

The teacher looked at the biker. "Did you hear that?"

"Well," the biker grunted, "if he don't want none-a that shit, then fuck 'im, don't give 'im none."

—C. S.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

This skag walked into a biker bar and ordered drinks for everyone in the place. After everyone got their drinks the bartender asked the broad for \$30.50.

She grinned and said, "I'm sorry, but I don't have any money!"

"What!" The bartender screamed. "How the hell are you gonna pay for all those drinks?"

She lifted her dress, and not having panties on, pointed and said, "With this."

The bartender looked and then disgustedly asked, "Don't you have anything smaller?"

Worcester, Mass.
—Curt Goodrich

Big Joe the outlaw was wasted on reds and wine. As he sat at the bar he noticed a bitchin' blonde

sitting across the room. He decided that she was for him, and being a man of few words he walked right over and flopped his meat out onto her table. "Hey baby, guess what this is?"

She casually looked at his joint and said, "Well, it looks something like a prick—only smaller."

Worcester, Mass.
—Curt Goodrich

Upon awaking one morning this dude's ol' lady exclaimed, "I had a wild dream last night. I dreamed there was a candy store where they sold 10-inch pricks for \$10.00 and 8-inch ones for \$8.00."

The dude, amused, asked, "Well, how much did they sell my size for?" She grinned. "Fifty cents a carload."

The next morning the dude woke up and exclaimed, "I had a dream last night. It was about a pussy store and they sold them the size of a nickel for \$10.00, and the size of a quarter for \$8.00."

His ol' lady asked, "Oh yeah, how much did they sell my size for?"

"Well, they only had two your size. One they used to cool the beer in,

and the other was used to store the empties!"

—Howard Caton
Center, Ohio

After leaving the zoo, little Bobby asked his father, "What was the thing hanging down on the elephant?" "Oh, that was the elephant's trunk," answered his father. "No, I mean that thing in the back of the elephant," said Bobby, big-eyed. "Oh, that was his tail." "Naw," said Bobby, "that big thing between his legs." The father, taking a deep breath, said, "That's the elephant's penis." "Oh, that's funny," Bobby mused. "The last time we were here, Mommy said it was nothing." "Well, son," replied his father, "you must remember your mother is a very spoiled woman."

—Eve Wirth
Shoreham Village, N.Y.

Heard any good ones lately? Well, clean 'em up a little and send them to Silly Tilly, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740. She'll pay \$10 for every one she uses.

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Vista Chopper Products
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Tequila Send-off

—Continued from page 19

Jaw and Spot left with a competent air, shorties blasting and Spot carrying a twelve-pack under each arm.

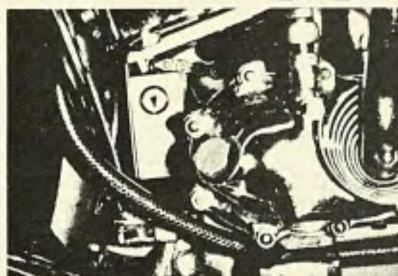
The novice chicks were impressed. It looked fun and easy to pack on the back of a scooter. But there was one difference: The remaining brothers couldn't hold their liquor like Hog Jaw. New Guy forgot to twist-valve his gas supply and nearly succumbed to a case of tequila exhaustion from kicking over the tight 1200. Whammer got his machine fired up right off and S.S. easily slipped on behind him. He was yukking at New Guy and nearly cap-sized when he leaned over to turn the valve on New Guy's petcock. Meanwhile, his own machine died. S.S. had to get off, and their team had to start all over — and he flooded it. New Guy finally got his machine going. Mrs. Somebody had her head over his shoulder and was holding him around the chest so tight he couldn't breathe — even though they weren't moving.

Casket had electric start on his fatbob. He also was having his problems. Because of his lanky build, he was running a high-mounted, old-style sportster seat with a low sissy bar. The seat proved to be too high for his squatty passenger to climb onto while he was on the saddle. He had to get off. He had her stand at one side of the fatbob while he stood at the other. Roommate, seeing the difficulty, dismounted and came over to help. She leaned against Squatty Body at a 45-degree angle to act as a human brace. When supported, Squatty was able to get her left ankle over the seat. Casket grabbed her ankle and pulled, while Roommate pushed. Squatty hopped on her right foot until she was airborne and finally astride the high seat. Roommate returned to the black scooter that should have been loaded on the van by now, and finally everybody was ready.

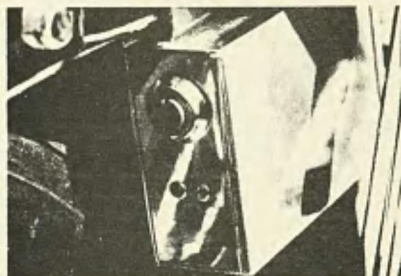
They all pulled out together, each low-speed wobbler trying to avoid all other low-speed wobblers. The chicks, of course, couldn't balance worth a damn, and of course the tequila was having its effect on the whole operation.

Fortunately, the streets were deserted. They were able to keep the chops away from each other and between the curbs. Casket pulled out in front. At least, he was going to get to lead out to the rest stop.

A Chopper Alarm!



Alarm location on rigid 74.



Alarm location on Sportster.



Alarm location on swing-arm 74.

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2.40 Batteries

1.50 Postage

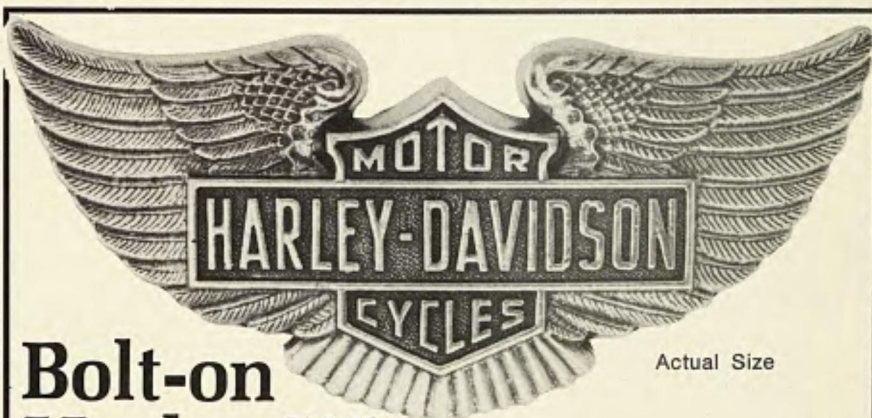
\$28.85

Honda Alarm

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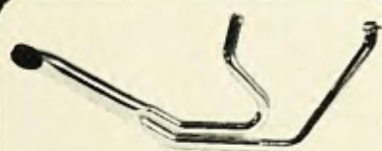
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Following Casket through the moist, heavy night air, they made it to the Interstate. The pace seemed to have a sobering effect on the group, and as they approached the truck stop, Squatty had a come-overance. "The quivering hungries!" She insisted that she couldn't cycle-streak on an empty stomach. Casket was starting to sober up too, and breakfast sounded more appealing than having her expose herself.

The other bikes followed him in and they all parked next to Hog Jaw's bike under the big neon restaurant sign. Unsurprisingly, Roommate and Casket didn't have to do a reverse number on Squatty to get her off the bike and into the restaurant.

Jaw didn't even look up when they joined him and Spot at the big corner table. Everybody feasted. Mrs. Somebody cashed another check with the aid of her Conoco card. Thank you, Mrs. Somebody!

Was the nude run going to happen? They went outside and had a serious discussion in the dawn's first light. The discussion was interrupted by a flight of Japanese bumblebees buzzing in from the west. Eight little Jap bikes with a combined total of 1200 cc's and 56,000 rpm. Sixteen helmets with bubble shields—and that's all. No colors and no clothes. Through the parking lot and back onto the Interstate—naturally. Had there been a spy in their drinking group back at the saloon? Son-of-a-bitch! Well, at least the chicks didn't have the imagination to pack backwards and give the citizens a one-legged peace sign.

It was starting to rain anyway. Time to sober up on a few beers in the barn and let the chicks bid a proper goodbye to the Florida-bound brother. The key worked. The barn was dry and warm, with an abundance of baled hay.

The sun was hot that Saturday afternoon as they dropped the exhausted ladies off back at the saloon where it had all begun.

By mid-afternoon the chop was loaded on the van and they were on their way to Orange County. After about a hundred miles, at 55 per, with the sun blazing through the van's windshield, she asked: "Did you go spear-fishing again last night, or did we just pass the manure section of the world's biggest feedlot?"

"I dunno," he replied wearily, looking back at the black chopper sleeping in the back of the van. "It was a tequila send-off."

NOTICE

We'll purchase **GOOD** photos from **ANYONE**—but that's after we see and approve them. So if a photographer comes up to you and tells you he's shooting for **EASYRIDERS**—he might be—but he could be doing it **IN HOPES** of selling to us. Staff photographers will have ID. Others will have a letter authorizing them to photograph a bike or an event.

We had to say the above because a number of dudes have been going around photographing bikes, events and even a funeral, claiming they work for **EASYRIDERS**. One dude even told the people the issue the photos would appear in (something that we never do ourselves!) We never received the photos nor did we know the photographer.

As we said earlier, we'll buy **GOOD** photos from **ANYONE**. But if some dude comes up to you and wants to shoot your scooter for us, he is either a freelance photographer **HOPING** to sell to us (which is okay, but he can't make any promises) or a staff photographer with proper ID; or one of the contributing photographers listed on the masthead, or a free lance photographer with a letter authorizing the assignment. If in doubt, call us.

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A Brother Is a Brother

—Continued from page 17

life, five years to life. They don't know how much time they have to do. Maybe five. Maybe ten. They don't know. We got a brother named Roach. He's got a five to life. The dude's been shot down a year at a time for six fuckin' years straight. Can you dig that? He lines up a job and a place to stay and—bang—another motherfuckin' year!"

I felt myself tighten up inside as I listened to Big Junior. I could almost literally feel the anger and frustration in the big man. But I felt something else, too, something that impressed me more: his concern for his brother. I knew that if it had been simply a matter of a good fight to determine Roach's release, Junior would have had him free in a matter of minutes. Junior took a deep breath and let it out in a gust. Then he went on again.

"They can kill you in here, bro. They reach inside you and try to rip you apart mentally. They leave a hole. A hole inside you that a lot of guys fill up with hate." He shook his massive head. "Not at first, you understand. At first you hope. You hope against hope. Maybe this year. Maybe next year. After a while you get tired of writing your people. You run out of possible reasons for your denial. And you wonder how much longer your ol' lady will stick. Mine lasted two years. That's about average. The glamor of knowing a convict in San Quentin wears off. Next thing you know, the man is walking right past your cell at mail call. You ask yourself how much more—how much more before I say fuck it? That's when the hate sets in, bro."

Junior shifted his weight and resettled on the hard bench.

"There's hundreds of dudes on this yard who have already filled up with the hate. The parole board answers to no one. They operate like self-appointed gods. You might go to the board a couple of months after some dude's killed six or eight people. The citizens are screamin' about it. So the parole board gives 'em what they want: more time for the guys already in prison. They say that's bullshit. But it ain't. I've seen it happen too many times."

He turned to look at me. "So you see, bro, we gotta stick together. Not only to keep a knife out of our backs, but to help each other stay together mentally. When you get something on your mind, you come to your brothers. Bitch about it. Get it out. Don't let it build till it blows you up!"

He threw his big head back and laughed. "Shit! The Man looks at us bikers like we're sick! He don't understand that throwin' food or coffee or grab-assin' around is our way of doin' a number known as group therapy. That's how we do it, Rabbit. That's why we do it."

Ironically, I thought. I've known Big Junior for only a few hours, but I feel like I've known him all my life.

He interrupted my thoughts. "Time to

Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

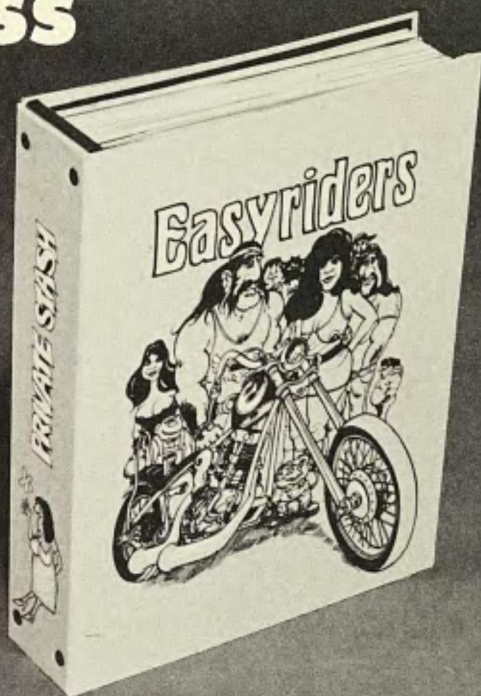
If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

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needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain it is really wanted.

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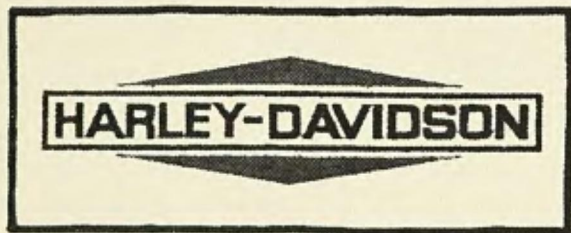


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go in, bro." He stood up and waited for me. As we walked toward the cell block, he repeated something he'd said earlier. "Wait for Mutha and Duke when you go to chow. They'll be at your cell right after the doors open." He jerked his thumb to one side. "I gotta go this way, 'cause I'm in the north block. Catch ya later."

I watched with respect as he walked away. He's light on his feet, I thought. I was soon to learn that there were a lot of things the big man did that commanded respect.

It didn't take me long to learn firsthand what Junior had been telling me. In fact, I'd say it was about ten minutes after I'd left him. I was standing on the tier when I heard someone yell, "Fuck you, bastard!" Then a body came tumbling from the fifth tier to the concrete of the first tier. I was to see and hear a lot more of that before I got out. Some would turn out to be my own brothers.

I could go on and run down a lot more now. But I won't. The things that go on in a place like San Quentin can be really known only by those people who are directly involved. You probably wouldn't believe some of it anyway. And words can't adequately express some of it. People often get so caught up in the descriptive part of the violence that they fail to realize that it's a human being that's ripped apart or knifed to death. And that's sad!

Grubby Mike was one of my favorites among the brothers. He was only 21, but he really had his head together. I had now been in Quentin for three and a half years. A lot of brothers had gone. Some new ones had come in. According to the paper in my shirt pocket, I was on my way home in just sixty-two days! Come on with that!

I watched Grubby as he made his way to where I was sitting. You could spot him coming at ten miles in the fog, with that gait of his.

"Hey, Rabbit, where the fuck you been? I looked all over for ya!"

"Grubs, I don't wanna confuse your head with any facts, but I've been right here for two hours."

"Yeah?" he said. "Well, I got some news for ya, Rabbit." He fell across the bench next to me. "Fell" is the only way to describe how Grubby sat down!

"Good news or bad?" I asked.

"Good, I guess. Junior got a job in the firehouse."

"Is that right?" I studied his face to see if he was pulling one of his bullshit games.

"That's right," he affirmed. "He's been after that job for a long time." Reaching into my pocket, he helped himself to a cigarette. Sticking it into his mouth, he asked, "Gotta light?"

I missed a good chance to signify on Mike about the cigarette trick because I was thinking about Junior's new job.

"You know something, Grubs? If The Man's lettin' Junior go to the firehouse, that may give him some action at the parole board. Whatta you think?"

Mike shrugged. "Dunno," he said. "But I do know of dudes who went out there thinkin' like that, and ended up with a year's denial. Then they get brought back inside the walls. You know you can't tell what the board'll do, Rabbit."

"Yeah. Maybe you're right."

A while later, Big Junior came up and sat down with us.

"Heard you got the firehouse job, bro," I said.

"Yeah," he answered. "The sergeant just told me."

"Think that means you got some action comin' at the board?"

"Shit, Rabbit, I got ten months before I go to the board. You know by now that you can't predict what those fuckers'll do!"

After being close to him all these years, I knew there was something else on his mind. I waited.

"What's botherin' you, bro?" Grubby asked.

"Splittin'," Junior said.

"Splittin'?" I asked.

"Yeah." He looked around to make sure we were out of hearing range of anybody else, and then explained.

"From the firehouse it ain't shit to do. That's outside the walls, and you can get a few hours head start."

"You could be blowin' a chance for a parole date, bro."

"Yeah, and I could be denied another fuckin' year and brought back inside the walls!"

Grubby chimed in. "Yeah. It happened to Red last year."

We all fell silent. Junior would make up his own mind. We'd back his play, either way.

At last Junior broke the silence. "Tell the brothers to get me some bread together. I've got to make some arrangements. Then—I'm gone."

I just nodded. More to say I understood than to confirm the money thing. For obvious reasons, I can't go into details. If The Man gets this—well, suffice it to say that I'm not a truthful person.

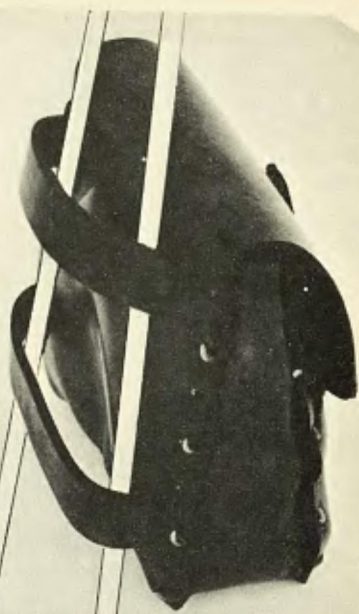
Two weeks before I was to go home, I got the news from Duke. "Junior made it, bro!" He was grinning from ear to ear. "Yeah," he went on, "Big J. got clean away!" He put on a look of mock amazement. "How you s'pose he did that?"

I started laughing. "Dunno, bro! Maybe he got lost fightin' a fire."

It was beautiful! The Man stared cold-eyed at us on the yard. We knew. He knew we knew. And he also knew we'd never tell him what we knew. Yeah, beautiful!

At the time, it seemed the story would end there. Big Junior was still gone when I left. I never suspected that I'd meet him again—and that he himself would be the one to tell me the ending.

I was out for two years. I married a chick with three small boys, and I loved them all. I bought a couple of cars. Cleaned up my act. I bought a house, and I thought I had it made. But there was a big hole inside me. Something was missing. And I knew what it was. Nine months



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after my release, I bought it. A '53 pan-head! I thought I could mix the two worlds. My ol' lady wasn't a biker chick. Oh, she tried to understand. She even managed to lie about it for seventeen months! Then one night it all came out. I faced that age-old choice: her or the scooter. And like so many brothers, I took my motherfuckin' scooter! I dearly love Harley!

I'd underestimated the ol' lady, though. Soon I was asshole deep in trouble with my parole officer. Net result? I caught a technical violation for a bad attitude and was on my way back to the joint. Fuck!

"Rabbit! Hey, Rabbit! You long-eared, cotton-tailed motherfucker!"

My depression was erased. Because there to meet me at the gate of San Quentin was none other than Big Junior!

"What the fuck are you doin' back here, Junior?"

He laughed and dropped a big arm around my shoulders. "Screw you, Bugs Bunny! What are you doin' back?"

"Well," I said, "I just couldn't handle all that responsibility. Besides, it was too hard to find gas out there. So, I got a tech violation—and here I am. What about you? What happened, bro? How'd The Man get you?"

His smile faded, and I knew I'd hit a sore spot.

"It's a weird trip, Rabbit," he said. "I'll run it down to ya later."

"Sure, bro. Sure."

Two days later we were lying on the yard. Junior seemed to know what I was wondering about, even though I hadn't said a word about it since he'd met me at the gate. He interrupted my thoughts.

"Everything went as planned, bro. By eight that night I was on a new shovel-head." He lit a cigarette and lay back on the grass as he spoke. His voice was sad.

"I was out on the expressway doin' the thing I do best—puttin'. Kicked back. It was beautiful. I should say, almost beautiful. Somehow, I couldn't get into it like I wanted to, bro. Every car was a highway patrol. Or so I thought. I kept gettin' the feeling that a big hand was gonna reach out and snatch me off that scooter. Or that I'd wake up and find myself in a cell at Quentin. If there'd been a road block around the next curve, I'd have opened up the throttle and said fuck it! The road block was in my mind, bro, and I couldn't shake it loose."

He shook his head as if to erase the memory.

"I didn't stop to eat. Just gas. I'd stop along the highway for a smoke and to let my scooter cool off. Going through Nevada, I was doing about eighty when one of those hard-shelled junebugs hit me in the forehead. It really shook me up, bro! I thought the cops had found me and were shootin'! Maybe it was those mini-bennies I took to stay awake. I don't know. I pulled over for a smoke. Then a Nevada Highway Patrol car pulled up behind me. I didn't know what the fuck to do! The cop walked up and asked if everything was all right. It took me a couple of seconds before I could answer the dude. Finally, I said,

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'Yeah, I'm just restin' my scoot.' 'Been ridin' long?' he wants to know. I tell him, 'Yeah, couple hours.' Then he says, 'Nice scoot you got there.' Ain't that a bitch, Rabbit? I'm expectin' the dude to throw down on me, and instead, he compliments me on my bike! Before I can even comment, he turns and walks back to his car. Just before he gets in, he yells to me, 'You look tired, man. You should stop somewhere and get some sleep.' 'Yeah,' I tell 'im, 'yeah, I'll do that!' Then he splits."

Junior crushed the dead cigarette in his hand and lit another.

"So, anyway," he went on, "I'm thirsty and feeling sort of hungry. So I take the next turn-off and go to this little drive-in restaurant. This little carhop comes out. She's lookin' pretty good, and me and her rap for a while. I tell her I'm from southern California and been on the road umpteen fuckin' hours. Now dig this, bro. She lays the keys to her pad on me and tells me how to get there! I figure fuck it! She can't know me, or that I'm an escapee. I make it to her pad, and ten minutes later I'm asleep on the sofa.

"When I wake up, she's home. She fixes me up with some bacon and eggs, and now I'm feelin' great! Next thing I know, me and her is in the bed and I'm doin' the ol' scarf number on her. I stay at her pad for three days! Like, I guess I'm just too tired from all that sex to kick that shovelhead over."

Junior roared out a laugh, and I put some sympathetic words on him. "Fuck you, Junior! Can the signifyin' and run the trip down to me!"

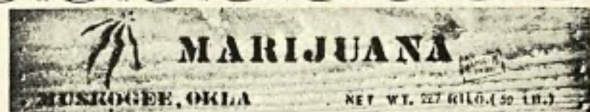
He laughed again, and then turned serious.

"Well, I split from her pad, and a week later I'm in Dayton, Ohio, at Dago's pad. Me and Dago rode together back in the 'fifties with a club called the Raiders. I run the whole trip down to him while his ol' lady's on the phone, fixin' me up with a chick.

"Dago tells me the Raiders are at war with the Knights out of Cincinnati. He tells me eight of the brothers have already been downed. So I ask if they've been gettin' back. He tells me they got three of the Knights. Like, I'm really loaded by now, bro. I ask Dago why they ain't got more of the Knights. He says it ain't like it used to be. Things have changed. I tell him that's no fuckin' excuse. I ask him what happened to words like *class* and *heart*. He tries to quiet me down, but the tension from all the other shit comes out. I tell Dago that if he don't go with me right now to get some of those fuckin' Knights, I'll rip his colors off his back! He don't want to go, Rabbit. Not that he's afraid. But things *were* different. Maybe because of being in the joint, time had stopped for me. I couldn't see the change.

"Anyway, we get our scoots outta the garage and head for the Knights' clubhouse. I got a sawed-off shotgun and Dago's got a .45. We park the scoots about a block from the Knights' pad. We walk up, and there's five or six of 'em layin' around loaded and drinkin' beer. So I

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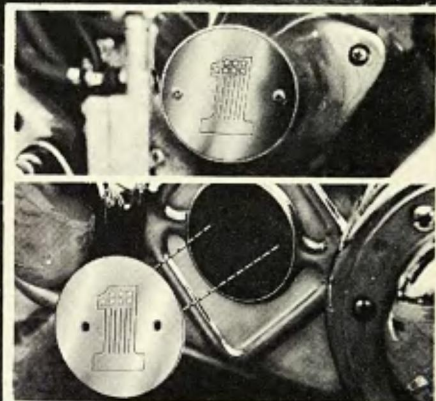
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walk right up and yell, 'Hey, motherfuckers! Big Junior's back! Now you pay for the Raiders' patches!' They freeze. Then they dive for cover. One of 'em comes up with a gun, and I level the sawed-off in his direction and fire. He goes sprawlin' from the blast. Blood all over him. I get off four more shots, and I'm loadin' again. Dago fires a clip, and then slams home a fresh one. He yells to me, 'Let's get the fuck outta here before the cops get here!' We head for our scoots on the run. Dago covers me, and I start the bikes. The Knights're poppin' caps at us from a block away. Dago pulls away as soon as I get both bikes started. Then mine stalls! He hangs a U-turn and pulls up behind me. He's returning the Knights' fire, shot for shot. Finally I get that shovelhead started and we hit the expressway. I'm laughin' my ass off! I'm thinkin', that'll teach them motherfuckers! I look over and see Dago bent over the gas tank, holdin' his gut. I get up next to him and ask him is he okay. He tries to answer, but I can't make out his words. Then he holds up his left hand. There's blood all over it! He's hit!"

Junior's voice trailed off, and he slammed a huge right fist into the palm of his left hand. I waited for him to go on. When he did, his voice was lower, sadder. And he was fighting to control it.

"It seems like hours before we get home. I carry him inside. We take off his colors and tee-shirt to see how bad he's hit. It must have been a rifle, or a .45—something big. It was bad, Rabbit. Real bad. So I say, fuck a bust! And I tell his ol' lady to call an ambulance, fast! I keep tellin' him he's gonna be all right. He keeps tryin' to say something. Finally, I understand what it is. You know what it is, Rabbit? You know what he's tryin' to say? 'My colors,' he's sayin'. 'Put my colors back on me!' I pick up his cutoff, and just as I get his left arm through the sleeve, he coughs. He coughs—and then he's dead, bro!"

I could hardly hear the last words. I watched Junior rub his face with both hands, but he couldn't wipe away the terrible pain that showed there. I had to strain to hear him when he went on.

"He didn't want to go, Rabbit. He didn't want to go. I killed him with words, just as I killed that brother from the Knights with the shotgun. Two brothers. Two good brothers! I killed them both!"

He pointed an enormous finger at me—and this time I didn't have to strain to hear. His voice was strong, heavy, almost but not quite threatening. It sent a chill through me. I knew these were the most sincere words he'd ever spoken in his life:

"You'll be back on the streets in a few months, Rabbit. When you get back out there, I want you to remember one thing. A brother is a brother, regardless of the patch! If he's a righteous brother, then the patch on his back don't mean shit!"

Yeah, I'll be back on the streets in a few more weeks. Junior won't be. But his words will always be with me.

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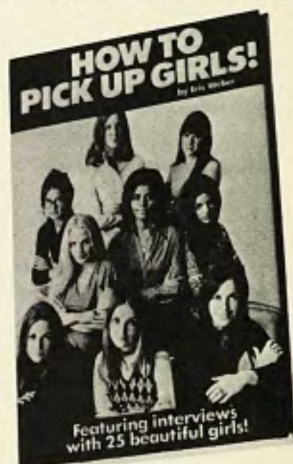
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Mail Call

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

Chicano brother needs letter or two. Richard Elizalde, #B48613, B20, P.O. Box 107, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561

I could really dig some scribes. Rick Denney, #96269, Southampton Farm, Capron, Va. 23829.

Comrades are interested in corresponding with some for-real bitches. Charles Robert Clarke, #5657-A; Bear Phillip, #20553; William Manor; Donald Gipsen; P.O. Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

Help lonely biker—need beautiful Indian chick. Glen Peterson, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

Two brothers away in prison, could dig hearing from some chicks. Bob Wells or Ed Lesiak, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Looking for liberal minded chick to correspond with. Donald Davis, Box P.M.B. 95718, Atlanta, Ga 30315.

Would like a chick for some together correspondence. Larry Lickler, #B35326, 2A9 San Quentin, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

I could dig hearing from some heavy chicks. John Nichols, #735-37, Tennessee State Penitentiary, CE Station A West 3/2, Nashville Tennessee 37203.

I am a 27-year-old biker and could dig hearing from a chick. Danny Mellott, #B46412, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

I'm 300 miles from home, have no one. Like to find a female companion to write me. Tommy T. Rose, P.O. Box 2839, Asheville, N.C. 28802.

23-year-old scooter bum, brown hair and eyes, needs woman. Tony Welch, P.O. Box B-41716, C.T.F. Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm 20 years old, doin' 12½, got nobody to write to. Would like some words from a chick. Mark D. Taylor, P.O. Box 35894, 2005 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310.

How about a few lines from a fine chick to bring me out of the blues? Dave Toomis, 127373, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

P.O.W. of Uncle Sam needs mail. Any righteous people please drop me a line. Bob Reaume, #130764, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Been in the slam for 7 years, would like words and photos from some out-of-sight chicks. Arthur Schisky, #13107, Box 338, Napanoeh, N.Y. 12458.

Low rider would really dig lines from a woman or two. Tommy Thomas, P.O. Box 47213, C.T.F. South, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Brother from Sacramento needs scribes. Mike Curtion, #B-54235, P.O. Box 2530, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Would like to hear from chicks who ain't tied down. Daniel Buettner or Roland Linhart, P.O. Box 147, Fox Lake, Wisconsin 53933.

Goddam, a letter would look good. Ken Rosell, #132-518, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Write a pal in the pen. Michael McSwiggon, P.O. Box 014, Maple Prison Unit, Maple, North Carolina 27956.

Please send scribes my way. Thomas Donald Bassett, #40556, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

Doin' 35 yrs. Christ, somebody write! Marty Washburn, #041175, Cell #A-19, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, California 32083.

I sure could get off on having a lady to write to. Huey Brewer, #629436, P.O. Box 900, Shelton, Washington 98584.

Could dig writing to chicks, bikers or any others. Billy Brown, #77076; Kenny Diebold, #76883; P.O. Box 1000, Petersburg, Va. 23803.

Could get off writing a nice chick. Terry Dunn, #85594, P.O. Box #788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Ex-outlaw needs scribes. Frank Gilbert, #52721, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Inside 6 years; need to rap with righteous folks. William L. Goreham, #021434, P.O. Box 221, F-12, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Could dig hearing from anyone outside these walls. Ron Snook, #629674, Cedar A-7, Washington Correction Center, P.O. Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Need a pen pal. L. Charles Richards, #38201-115, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

These gray walls don't write back. Herman Deutschman, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Wish to correspond with females on the outside. Samuel Dunfee, #96406, P.M.B., Atlanta, Georgia 30315.

Hey, Baby, please write. Louis M. Ferryman, #20342-175, P.O. Box 1000, Sandstone, Minnesota 55072.

Black putter needs ol' lady. Robert Williams, Rt. 2, Box 13, Raymond, Mississippi 39154.

Artist needs chick's photo to paint. Aubrey Wright, Jr., #26595, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Need a letter from a young freak. George T. Lovell, #34886-136, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

Please write while you're tokin'. Joseph Parker, P.O. Box 428, Newland, N.C. 28657.

Three downed brothers need lines. Jim Junior, Louie Culbert, Mike Schutt, Box 147, Fox Lake, Wis. 53933.

Lost in the dungeon—need mail. Walt Koester, #138-791, P.O. Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Lonely; need someone to write to. John R. Sly, R.M., Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

Would like to hear from all warm cuddly broads. Mike Velasquez, Box 7, Terminal Island, San Pedro, Calif. 90731.

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