

Easyriders

January, 1975

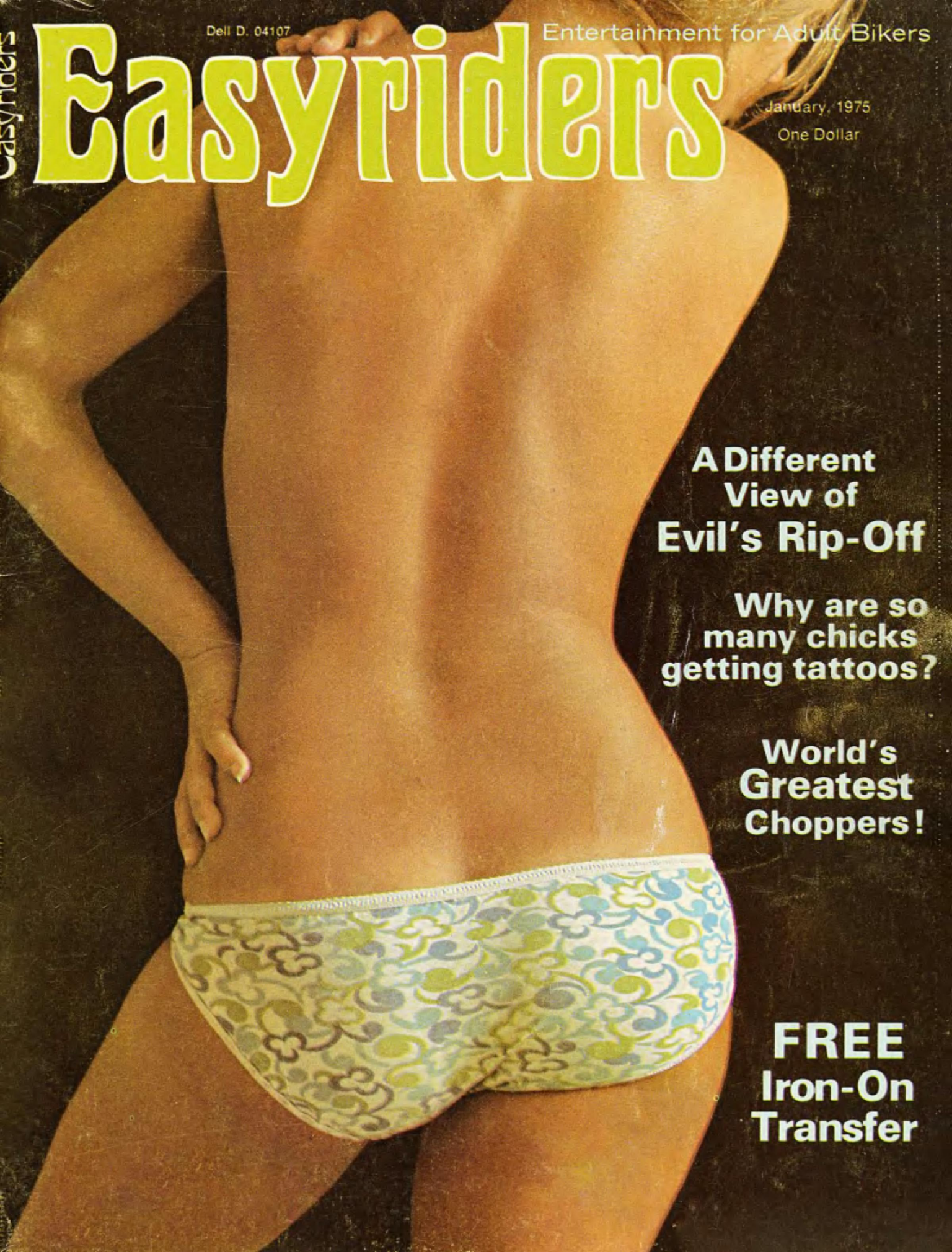
One Dollar

**A Different
View of
Evil's Rip-Off**

**Why are so
many chicks
getting tattoos?**

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Exclusively
for the
74 Chopper! and
Sportster**

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Has chromed exterior, black illuminated face with white numerals, and it has an odometer. Simple to install. Price includes cable and light.

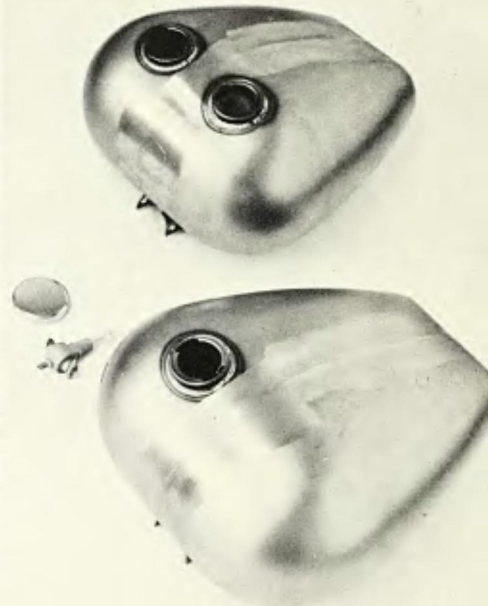
\$44.95

*No longer do you have to carry canteens full of gas, strap gas cans to your sissy bar, or stash bottles of gas in your bed roll—now you can buy a **FOUR-GALLON** tank!*

That's right—a big mutha that'll get you there and back and let you give the finger to the gas stations—while not screwing up the looks of your scoot. From the side it looks the same, from the top it looks wider, and it shouldn't change the overall appearance of your bike too much. But if it's too big for your taste, then use it for long runs and then put your smaller tank back on for short putts or profiling.

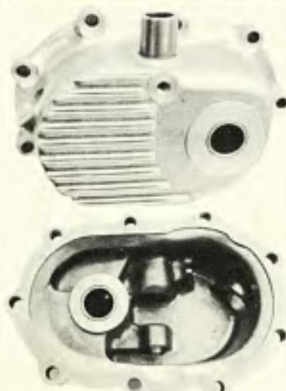
It measures twelve inches wide, nine inches deep and sixteen inches long. It should fit most bikes. It is made of 16-gauge steel and is heli-arc welded, with a Frisco style tunnel.

There are two styles available: The one-hole costs \$60. The two hole costs \$65. Chromed gas caps (\$2.50 each)



Steel Braided Oil Lines

Aircraft type for 74s only. Intake, return, and breather—all 3 for only **29.95**



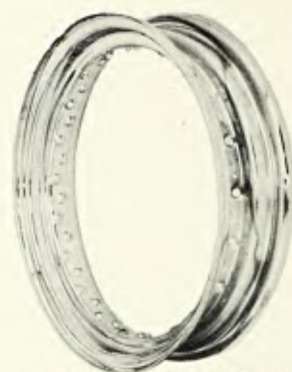
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Super strong—and reinforced! **29.95**



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Easy to read. 0 to 60 lbs. A must for long rides. Fitting supplied for 74s and Sportsters, but you must specify which one when ordering. Can be modified to fit other bikes

9.95



Wide 16" Chromed Steel Rim

For Wide 500X16 tires.

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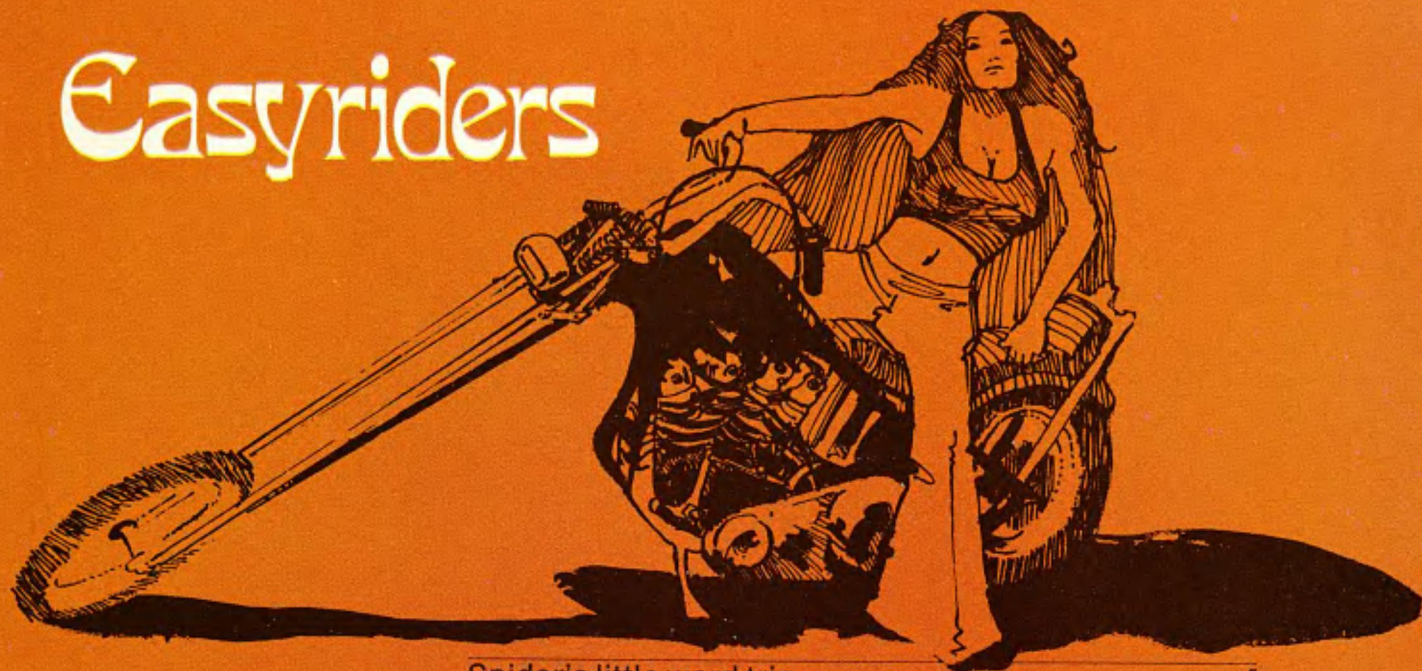
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California 91201

Easyriders



Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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Number 26

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Progress Dept.: The Vermont Bar Association has recommended legalizing the sale of pot in state liquor stores to persons 18 and older. They also suggested that the sale of marijuana be subject to regulations regarding purity, potency, and price.

Did you read about the two dudes who, after juicing it up awhile, decided to get rid of the irritating flies that had invaded their garage—by shooting them with pistols! Seventy shots later, with neighbors hitting the dirt and bullet holes all over the place, they decided to call it a day when the police arrived.

Knows his shit: A Reno, Nevada, narc dog sniffed out a stash of grass and the police took it as evidence—but when they arrived at the station, they discovered the dog had eaten all the pot. (At least that's what the officers claimed.)

You won't believe it, but Fortune magazine reported that Procter and Gamble employs a full-time professional armpit sniffer—to evaluate new deodorant formulas. I wonder if douche juice companies employ sniffers.

Visiting was restricted at San Quentin after guards on duty in the visiting area became ill. It seems someone may have spiked their coffee with LSD, because their "illness" was described as "having flashbacks." Groove, man, groove—don't fight it.

Do you have a foxy ol' lady? Do you kick the shit out of your son? If you have—and do—you're probably raising a potential rapist, according to someone who sweats out such facts.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



No-shit file: It has been proven that men with tattoos drink a helluva lot more than the average. No word on tattooed women.

A woman in Michigan was removing some plastic bags of meat from a freezer when a human foot fell out of one bag. She about had a cow. The police came, and it was discovered that there were 17 human feet in the freezer. A little checking disclosed that a local hospital, which did not have a freezer, had rented freezer space next to the woman's.

Talk about hard up: Eight Dallas vice cops were busted for forcing arrested whores to not only pose for the usual mug shot, but also for tit photos. Made 'em disrobe to shoot tit photos—can you believe it?

Sick, dumb laws file: Madison Heights, Michigan, passed a law recently making it necessary for anyone buying rolling papers to register and show I.D. before purchase. Failure to do so means 30 days in the hole and \$100 fine. But didn't they know you can roll joints out of newspapers? And then there are pipes, etc., etc.

When your ol' lady's on your ass about getting out and finding a job, tell her your arrectoresilorums are out of whack. (They're the small muscles that go rigid to give you goose pimples.)

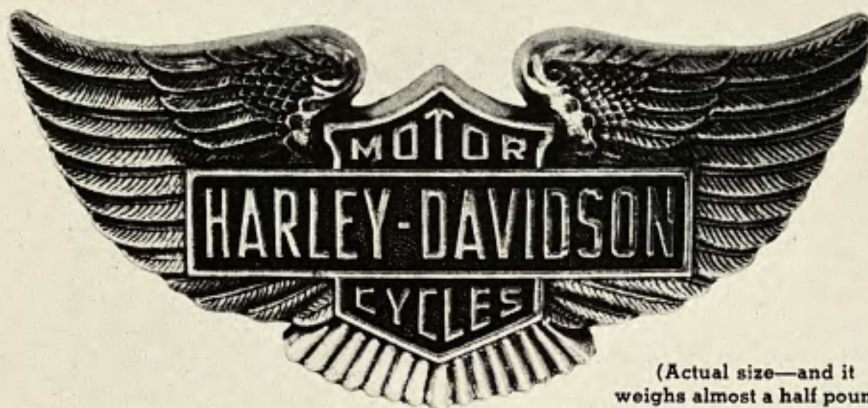
Or how about the 22-year-old Minneapolis dude who got snuffed ridding his scooter—while eating a bowl of spaghetti. Really!

Male deep throat: A prisoner in Iowa swallowed—get this—a five-inch blade. Not only that, but it passed through his stomach and 28 feet of small intestines into the large bowel—and was still moving when this was written. Everyone is waiting for the outcome.

Dog taken for a ride: Harvey, a German Shepherd guard dog that bit every one of the 366 suspects he helped capture, was stolen. His handler is concerned that the thief may be in danger from the "loot." Do you suppose one of those 366 people who got bit took Harvey for a long walk on a short pier?



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Each buckle comes with a 1½"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

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WORDMONGER

Angels on TV

☐ I saw a TV program on the Angels last week. It had Sonny Barger in it. He said he hadn't seen or heard from any of his brothers. Why the hell not? What's happened to him?

Terry Sharpe
Winston-Salem, N.C.

■ See letter that follows.

Open Letter From Sonny Barger

Hello, Lou. I don't know if you're into this open-letter thing, or not, but since your magazine reaches the largest number of outlaw riders that I can think of, I decided to write you and ask that you print an open-letter in your magazine.

On September 12, 1974, a taped interview was shown on the Goodnight America Program. The interview was taped here at Folsom Prison, by myself and Fu, another member of the Hells Angels Motorcycle Club, Oakland. When we taped the show, we filmed over one hour, knowing that it would be cut to fit the show that night. We did not realize that it would be cut to 30 seconds, and leave the impression that no one in the club cared enough to visit me. The show left out the fact that the officials here are the reason I do not get visits.

I have received many letters, from outlaws, all over the United States, wanting to know what was going on. Many of them are in prison themselves. I am not able to answer their letters, due to the fact that the officials here will not let me correspond with inmates in other joints. I do not like to have the people who support me fail to get an answer to their letters concerning my well-being. I turn to your magazine to help me inform my

supporters that I am well, and of high spirit, and cannot express my gratitude to those who took time to drop me a line and let me know they stand with me. Their support through buying tee-shirts and bumper-stickers has resulted in money to fight the injustice being done not only to me, but to every other person in prison who is being treated the way I am. Again, I say, Thank all of you for your support!

Long live the Hells Angels, Choppers, Outlaws, and Easyriders!

We will win!
Sonny Barger, H.A.M.C.
Represa, Ca.

Sneaky Bastards

☐ If your readers ever see Carol Estes' tits that you hid in the November issue, they'll pound Chiodo into hamburger. At first glance I recognized her and went diggin' into my stash of porno and there she was in the July **Penthouse** with the biggest, fullest, most succulent jugs I've ever seen—and you guys hid them from us.

Cunnilingus Kid
Zanesville, Ohio

Good Artist

☐ You fuckers might not know it, but Dave Mann is one hell of an artist.

McNaff
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

■ No shit—do you suppose that's why we feature his work in almost every issue?

Happy Reader

☐ I've been reading your bullshit for over two years—now my ol' lady has sued me for a divorce. Bless you, bless you.

Smokey
Springfield, Mo.

Wet Dreams

☐ How about having sexy, good-lookin' Armond pose

in the nude? I'd really have wet dreams if he did. Spider sounds okay, too. I've never seen him, but he sounds like he has his head in the right place.

Shelley
Winton, Calif.

■ All the chicks around the office agree that it's usually in the right place—buried.

Digs Mutha

☐ Tell Mutha I had a super wet dream about her last month.

Krant
Houston, Tex.

■ You're sick.

In Response to Mama

☐ If the only way I could go on a run was to fly a club patch, then I would stay home. Besides, who wants to ball seven or more times a night? As far as I can figure, that mama must be a nympho.

People
Jacksonville, Fla.

Another Fuck-Up

☐ Who's the asshole who dug that photo on page 28, upper right, and the same shot on page 35, lower left corner in the November issue?

Al
Vallejo, Calif.

■ Pick, pick, pick—why don't you guys give us some slack! That mistake just caused the photo editor to receive a visit from Armond, and as a result his stink finger is now fractured in three places.

Good Ol' AMF

Something was mentioned to me lately that I thought you'd be interested in. The H-D factory has always taken pride in its museum of brand new, right off the assembly line machines, one each of every model for

every year. Seems that right after AMF took over, their systems analyst declared that the overhead of electric light bill and custodial salary for maintaining the museum was too high, so they closed the museum down, crated up each of the machines, and packed them away in a warehouse! You guessed it. The warehouse was broken into, and most of the machines reportedly are missing! Sound like a put up to you? Either way, the resplendent Harleys are no more, which gives all the more reason for individual owners to restore their gems and put them into the local bike and car shows where thousands can gasp in awe over yesterday's high quality merchandise!

Chuck Myles
Sloansville, N.Y.

Far Out

☐ I've just taken up cycling and ride a Suzuki 250. Keep up the good work, but could you possibly do more road tests of Japanese machines?

M.R.
Tucson, Ariz.

■ That peyote must be pretty good down there in Tucson, eh, M.R.?

All-American Tit Freak

☐ I'm a loyal, all-American tit freak and I think you should devote a couple of pages of your rag to another catch-up feature of the **Easyriders** cover girls. Wow, this took me five tries to get my shit together.

Scattered Shit
Omaha, Neb.

A Brother Is a Brother

☐ I just finished reading "A Brother Is a Brother" by The Rabbit (Nov. '74) and I know from experience that Rabbit lived the story in order to write it.

I feel that the day broth-

Here's some Trash for ya



If you have read *Easyriders* for any length of time, you are aware of Robinson's works of art. They are meant to be cartoons, but anyone with an eye can see all of the work he puts into his illustrations (we feel they're too good to be called cartoons).

If you're familiar with his work, you also know how outrageous his drawings are — and you've only seen the ones we've had guts enough to feature — you should see the rejects!

Well, now you can — in a large (144 page, 8½ x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even *Easyriders* couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published — only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the

nitty-gritty detail — where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's heads).

We want to warn you — like his Christmas cards — some of the drawings are really rank. Gross might be a better description.

But if you want a far-out book to keep around to blow people's minds, or to get hung-up on when loaded, or to split a gut over the fantastic humor — you'd better get this book.

It's printed on top quality paper for perfect reproduction — it's a great book — but remember, it's not for the squeamish — and also remember that you have been warned!

Order Robinson's *Trash* now
— and in time for Christmas.

Book *Easyriders* Magazine

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Send me _____ copies of Robinson's book called **Trash**. Enclosed you will find \$5.95 for each copy plus 50¢ for postage.

You must be 18 years of age to order this book.

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Immediate Delivery

ers act toward other brothers
wearing different colors as
they do toward their own
brothers, then we will at
last have a true biker brotherhood.

Roach Hoffman
Highwall Jammers M/C
Arizona State Prison

☐ We just wanted to say
that "A Brother Is a Brother"
was a really together story.

Being an overseas club,
we wear our colors proudly
all over the world. Never
once were we bothered until
we came back to the States.
While visiting the Daytona
Races this year, we were
hassled by other bikers for
wearing a Florida state
rocker.

We just wish that other
bikers would think as Rab-
bit does. With all the hassles
bikers have gotten and are
getting, we gotta stick to-
gether. I know I'm not speak-
ing just for our club, but for
a lot more. A lot of clubs
have gotten the same bull-
shit treatment from their so-
called Brothers.

We don't all wear the
same colors but we've all
got one interest!

Pres. of the New Breed
Olongapo City,
Philippines

Chick Biker

☐ In a back issue was a
story called "Big Willy's Re-
venge" where the guys
ripped off a chopper and
excused their deed because
"it was only a chick's bike."

For this reason, I'm wor-
ried about getting a nice
Sportster 'cause some guys
are gonna try to take it from
me for that reason! Please
say a nice word for us girl
riders, okay? After all, how
would you men like it if peo-
ple expected you to pack all
the time and never wanted
you to have the fun of riding
your own choppers?

Ms. Rosie Sargent
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Proud Chick

☐ First off, I just want to
tell you that I'm a "chick"
and proud of it! And next,
that stupid story by Carol
called "How to Get on a
Bike With a Sissybar" made
me sick! If that bitch hasn't
got the decency or class to
treat her ol' man the way an
ol' lady should, she doesn't
deserve him. And a good ol'
lady wouldn't bitch at her ol'

man or put him down that
way just because **she** is so
uncoordinated she can't get
on his bike! He'd be smart to
dump that nag and find a
good chick to be his ol'
lady.

So here I am! Please give
this letter to him! I am 5' 4"
and 115 lbs., with long blond
hair and green eyes. I am
35-23½-34½, and I know
more than 100 sex posi-
tions. And I can cook and
clean and polish his bike
and ride for hours without
complaining or bitching
about a sore ass or being
hungry. I am 20 years old
and can give good head!

So maybe he'll ditch that
freaked-out feminist and
look for a real chick some
day! Give him my address if
he lives near me! Okay?

F.O.W.L. Chick No. 69
Garden Grove, Calif.

■ The hell with that—we're
keepin' your address.

☐ I was surprised at the
overwhelmingly negative re-
sponse to Carol's article.
Unfortunately, this attitude
only reinforces society's be-
lief that the biker is a male
who, being insecure in his
masculinity, tries to compen-
sate by assuming the role of
the big, bad chauvinist. It's
appalling that such a con-
servative article so greatly
threatened your shaky male
egos.

Midwest Ms.
Omaha, Neb.

Uppity Bitch

☐ I just read that stupid
sissybar story by Carol. I'm
glad to see that bitch finally
learned that her place is be-
hind her dude on his putt.
But I still say she's a snotty,
smartass, uppity bitch. If you
guys keep printing crap
by big-mouthed bitches like
that, all our chop chicks are
gonna lose respect for us.

Crabs
Phoenix, Ariz.

Chicks and Sissybars

☐ This is an answer to "Is
There an Easy Way for a
Chick to Get on a Bike with
a Sissybar?"

Carol: Getting on a scooter
with a sissybar doesn't have
to be awkward if you do it
right. It's a little like mount-
ing a horse. If you can get
the ol' man's cooperation,
let him get on and kick it
over. Standing on the left

side of the bike, place your
left foot on the foot peg, one
hand on his shoulder, the
other on the sissybar. With-
out putting him off balance,
stand straight up. Your right
knee should be able to clear
the seat, and with a little
twist to the front, sit down.
Learn to do it quickly. This
works well if you're wearing
a short dress and don't
wanna give those drooling,
greasy rednecks at the bar
a peek at your snatch. The
ol' man can get a glimpse if
he watches the rear view
mirror, though.

Patti
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Woman Hater

☐ I've got something to say
to Vivian Butterfield, Phy-
gario Armstrong, and that
"female mechanic," Carol,
and any other broad who
rides her own bike: No real
biker can stand a chick
biker! So quit printing stuff
for broads in your mag.
Those three bitches all de-
serve to get gang-banged
and should get their bikes
ripped off. Chicks are for
dudes to fuck and that's all!

Woman-Hater
Joppa, Md.

■ Don't forget scarfin'.

Chauvinist Pigs

☐ I've got a gripe for all the
male chauvinist pigs who
are running loose! Why don't
you all get off your ego trips
and grow up? If it weren't
for us women, you'd all be
beating your meat or corn-
holing each other.

Cherokee
Tifton, Ga.

Another Goof

☐ Hey, man, do you guys
realize that three of the
jokes in your Silly Tilly col-
umn are ones you've used
before? Now I know with a
rag as popular as yours,
things can't be getting that
tight.

Chunky
Fayetteville, Pa.

■ Loose would be a better
description of the conditions
around this fire trap.

Pressure Congress

☐ Why not pressure Con-
gress into passing a bill that
would require all cars,
trucks, and buses to have a
receiver and all bikes to
have a transmitter that would

1000 PARTS!

**Design Your Own Chopper, Using
Scale Drawings In This Issue!** See page 50

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- Hand Polishing
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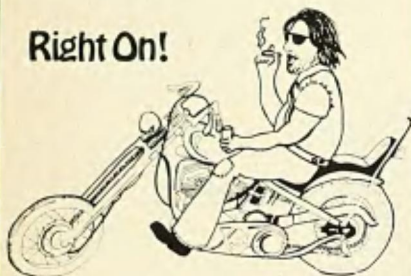
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E9

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Right On!



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- ☐ **Super Grass Growers Guide** — The modern method of growing supergrass with information on hydroponics, lighting, special nutrients, how to produce more females, and other information. B2 \$1.00
- ☐ **Marijuana Consumers and Dealers Guide** — Tells how to extract hash from marijuana, LSD from morning glory, mescaline from peyote and other discoveries, clearly explained. B3 \$1.00
- ☐ **D.M.T. Guide** — Drug manufacturing for fun and profit. Tells how to make the powerful smokable psychedelic D.M.T. and much more. B4 \$1.00
- ☐ **The Pot Book** — The story of pot, history, cultivation, and preparation, many useful facts. B5 \$1.00
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give off a signal up to say 500-1000 feet, depending on speed. The unit itself in a car would be about the size of a pocket-sized radio and on a bike it wouldn't be much bigger. A set frequency could be chosen exclusively for this purpose, and it might once and for all end that bullshit excuse "I didn't see that motorcycle."

Al Pantazi
Long Island, N.Y.

Problems, Problems

☐ I'm sittin' here on the shitter in this 8' x 5' cell, wishin' your mag wasn't four feet away on my rack.

Wizard
Mansfield, Ohio

Happy Birthday

☐ Today is my birthday, so I thought I would write you. Ken Crowl
Port Oxford, Ore.

Could Be

☐ The people who write those little letters that you publish in your magazine are more fucked up than you guys.

Concerned
San Antonio, Tex.

Impossible!

An Answer to Death

☐ In the Sept. issue you had a lot of people fussing about the June issue and all its death. What the people don't understand is that to be afraid of death you must be afraid of living.

The moment you are born you start to die. But the moment you die, you are born into another plane of existence.

Night Star
Denton, N.C.

☒ Who knows—you might even come back as a Hog.

Another Response to Mama

☐ I once was a "happy hooker" (or so I thought). Talk about variety—I had variety she's probably never heard of or imagined. I've felt more bodies next to mine than she can imagine. Only seven times a night, she'd better start humpin'.

One day, up putted a man who asked, "Do you want to go for a ride?" Well, I did. I'm still riding and with that same man.

Mama, you may think you've got the world, but

you ain't got nothing! I've got the universe!

When all those who have ol' ladies put on their clothes, where do they go? To their ol' ladies. When those who don't have ol' ladies choose one, do they choose you?

So, Mama, when you're all used up and traded in for a new one and you're standing on the outside lookin' in, remember that I told you so.

Ol' Lady
Woodland, Wash.

Iron-on Transfers

☐ If I'm not mistaken, this is the third iron-on that's been published in your rag. I dig the idea, but I, and I'm sure some other brothers out here, don't have irons.

Big D
Charlotte, N.C.

☒ Pin it to the back of your shirt and then lie back on a set of hot drag pipes.

Gets Around

☐ Just wanted to let you dudes know how much your rag gets around.

Unfortunately, I'm in the Navy on a Mediterranean cruise for six months. Can you believe that shit? Anyway, so far, I got your July issue in Bari, Italy, and your November issue in Catania, Sicily.

Pretty good I'd say.
Mole
Columbus, Ohio

Digs Us

☐ There's been just too many letters to the editor pressuring you guys to change your book into: (A) a dresser rag; (B) a stocker

rag; (C) a Jap bike rag; (D) a weekly newsletter.

Fuck all those shiteheads. You keep on makin' your mag just like you been makin' it. Take your time too—I'd rather read a well-done mag every six weeks or even every two months than read a bunch of hurried shit every month or every two weeks. You just can't find straight-on material that easy.

Seer
Golden, Colo.

On His Back

☐ Sometimes I get my ol' man on his back in the sack, but that doesn't mean I'm trying to be better than him. Why should any woman come down off her pedestal to be a man's equal?

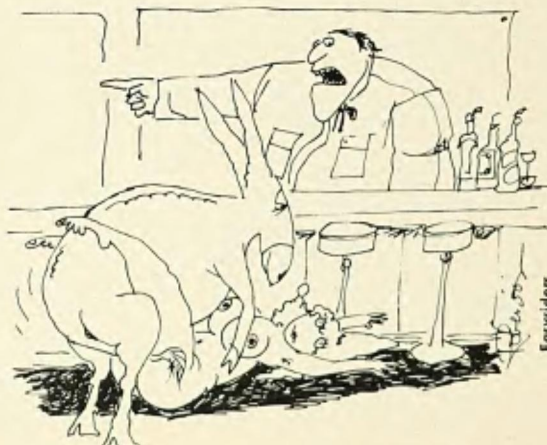
Jo Anna
Chester, Conn.

Remembering His Ol' Lady

☐ I would like to know if you people would print a few words in memory of my ol' lady, who was killed while riding with me. She used to bring your mag home to me from the City (N.Y.). She helped me build the 74 that killed her, while I was lucky enough to walk away from the accident. Her name was Lynn.

L.J.
Fairlawn, N.J.

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, threats of violence, love letters, and demands for payment, may all be sent to Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



"Okay Sally—get your fuckin' ass out of here!"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Unconstitutional . . .

With the DOT's long-standing threat of withholding federal highway safety and construction funds from states which fail to enact measures specified in the Highway Safety Act of 1966 (including mandatory helmet laws) at issue, California has threatened to scrap its highway safety program and close down its offices if such penalties are enacted. Such a showdown appears possible, if not likely, since informed sources indicate that the California legislature does not expect to consider helmet legislation before adjournment.

The substance of California's mandatory helmet opposition is summed up by L. G. Turner, a Reagan administration highway safety representative, who declared in a letter to National Highway Traffic Safety Administration head James Gregory earlier this year:

"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."

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 injury is approximately the same in California as for the states with mandatory motorcycle helmet legislation."

—*Motorcyclist's Post*

Hell's Angels . . .

Giving credit where due, it was the Hells Angels who originally saved the California scene. When the California legislature met to consider the helmet question in their oak-shaded imitation of Capitol Hill, suddenly, there were

the Angels, as real as chains and boots. No legislator will admit to being intimidated, but that day they voted with the Angels. Shortly thereafter, the Nixon-Reagan forces of law and order dealt with those scurvy devils in the same stark manner that they found effective in dealing with Kent students, SLA radicals, Black Panthers, white kids, and Southeast Asians. Which is to say they killed as many as possible and put the rest in jail. Some year the survivors will be tried, probably for the crimes of being foul-mouthed and dirty.

—*Cycle Guide*

No more Laconia . . .

There will be no National Road Race at Bryar Motorsport Track next year.

Members of the Executive Committee of the New England Motorcycle Dealers' Assn. who sponsored the weekend of racing each June at the Loudon, N.H. track, have concurred with findings of the American Motorcycle Assn. that no National race be held there in 1975.

Bill Boyce, director of racing for the AMA, met NEMDA president Bill Atwood last month and felt that poor conditions of the track itself, coupled with the "very poor" facilities at the track, would not meet standards for an AMA National.

Boyce also pointed out that the conditions caused by hundreds of campers along Route No. 106, where the track is located, were intolerable and presented personal risks to both life and property of anyone who might attend the races.

Earlier, the first week in July, both Atwood and vice-president Nathan Sheldon, met with the New Hampshire Governor, Meldrin Thomson Jr., at Concord, N.H., which resulted in legislation being passed against all roadside

camping in New Hampshire.

Although the Governor was sympathetic to the races and felt they were a credit to his State, he also would not permit roadside camping, as it has grown out of control.

—*Motorcyclist's Post*

Cafe Racers . . .

Cafe riding involves certain advantages and disadvantages. In order that you may serve your customers better—and in the process serve your dealership—you should understand the pros and cons. Cafe modifications are extensive and expensive, and a customer should know what he's getting into.

Appearance is improved tremendously without the safety concerns inherent in the more bizarre chopper modifications. In an environment where individuals are increasingly becoming trapped in impersonal social systems, the need for individuality is very real, and many people are willing to pay a lot for the trappings of that image.

On the debit side several disadvantages must be faced. Cafe racers can be used as tourers and commuters, but they are generally ill-at-ease in both applications. Low bars and a fairing make low speed handling tedious, and the riding position can really start to get to one's shoulder muscles and lower back after a hundred miles or so. It should be mentioned, however, that a tank pack or a rolled-up sleeping bag strapped to the tank can make an excellent chestrest, improving comfort significantly.

There are other minor disadvantages that a dealer and his customer should face together. A cafe bike isn't as suitable for two-up riding as a stock machine—often they don't even have any provisions for a passenger.

—*Motorcycle Dealer News*

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



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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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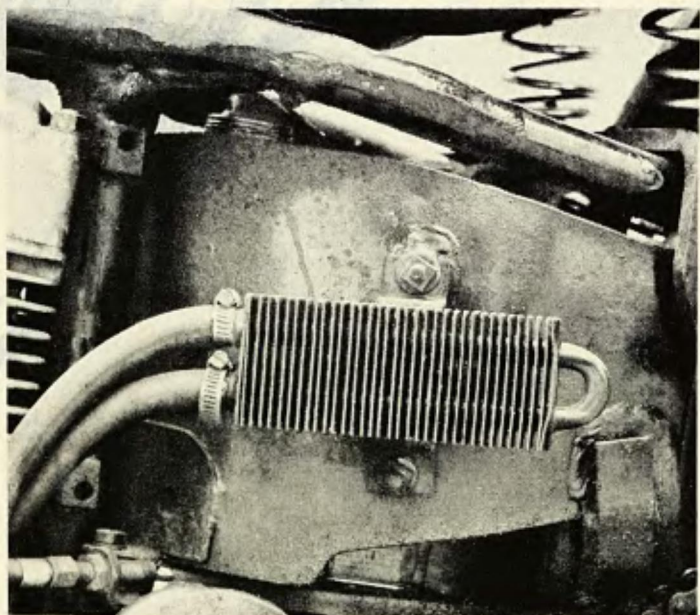
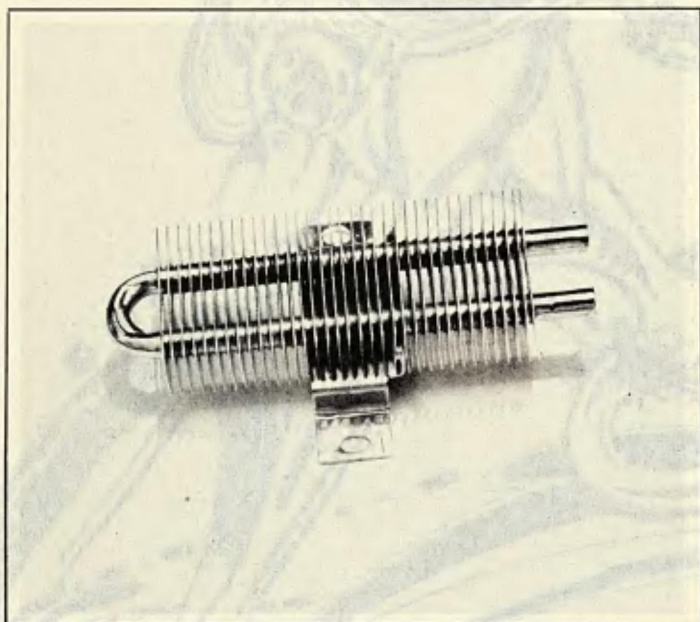
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Righteous Products

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Five-Buck Cooler System



Blasting down the road at seventy or so keeps those thumpers supplied with enough whistling air to keep them cool. But idling around town tends to thin the oil a taste—especially during the summer months, putting slow on a sweltering day can make the black-wrinkle crinkle and the oil can sometimes get downright untouchable.

Well, to keep that 10.5:1 piston from leaving its duty station, an oil cooler is in order. And for a greasy five spot the system can be complete. It seems Cadillac power-steering systems run a small, compact, beefy oil cooler (see photos). The cooler itself can be purchased at a local wrecking yard—or look under your own hood; similar coolers are used for various applications on many domestic cars. But don't tear it out of your sled; it should run less than five clams at any auto parts or junk yard. Then, with a little $\frac{3}{8}$ " oil line and some hose clamps, along with a taste of imagination, it can be spliced into the main oil return line from the pump and mounted anywhere from the handlebars to dangling from theissybar. And the more smog that sifts between the fins, the cooler the ol' mill will hum. ■



Iron this Iron-On Transfer onto your T-shirt

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, or 100% polyester T-shirt.

Transferring the pattern:

1. Use a dry iron at the "wool" 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 after allowing to cool for 60 seconds and peel it off, pulling straight up. That's it! Your Easyriders T-shirt is ready to wear.



"For Their Own Good"

By Billy Shore

It was almost time. Without consulting a clock or even opening his eyes, Jerry knew. He could feel it in the muscles at the base of his skull, feel the tension, nerves going slightly tight, pulse picking up, high-pitched hum cutting in at the middle of his mind—almost time.

In the cool dark of the room he lay quiet on the suddenly uncomfortable bed, listening to his own heartbeat, trying to slow it down. He wanted a cigarette but was unwilling to move. Not yet. In a minute or two, but not just yet. Almost time...

Beside him in the close dark his woman murmured something small in her sleep. He opened his eyes, turned his head to watch her silhouette against the lighter black of the night-colored room. He raised his hand to touch her, then stopped before it reached her body. Don't wake her. Not yet. There were things—or maybe just One Thing—he wanted to tell her, explain, promise, prove. But he couldn't think of the words, didn't know exactly where to start. Let it slide. Maybe later, in a while, in a... But, shit, it was almost time.

He rolled out of bed, grabbed a smoke from the crumpled pack on the dresser, pulled a pair of pants up over his legs and ass, padded barefoot to the room's single window and stood there looking at the night outside.

Stars shone like scattered fragments of ice, and half of a pale moon rode high off the far edge of the world. Jerry stared out at that immeasurable abyss of space, doing private thoughts, until his cigarette burned down to his fingertips. Then he turned away, picked up his boots, shirt, jacket, and riding gloves, glanced once at the bed and his sleeping woman before starting downstairs.

The big room below had been Jerry's motorcycle shop, back in the days before The State finally assumed total control of the industry, forcing the smaller, privately owned and operated shops to close down under the weight of incredible taxes and a thousand impossible rules and tight regulations. Jerry's had been one of the last to go. He'd run it at a loss for nearly two years, hoping that somehow the tight times'd get looser and The Government'd release or maybe just relax its stranglehold. But it hadn't. And in the end the shop went under—like all the others.

Now the old showroom and working area to the rear served as a combination garage-hotel-clubhouse and general meeting place for the remaining members of a once-powerful outlaw bike club. Of course the club had been "officially disbanded" when the law was passed making it a felony to wear a patch, "ride or assemble together as a group of more than two individuals" without the special written permission and legal sanction of The State. ("Remember," the Bureau of Civic Control had pointed out, "all individual freedom is a *privilege*, not a right." Needless to say, the old outlaw clubs hadn't been granted too many "privileges.") According to The State, there were no more "Outlaw Motorcycle Clubs."

But not all the old outlaws agreed. Meetings were held in secret. Jerry and his brothers, those who were left, still gathered regularly, just to rap about and recall The Good Ol' Days, or work on one of their illegal, "unsanctioned" scooters... or for something more important—like tonight.

Shrugging into the sleeves of his battered black leather jacket, Jerry reached the foot of the stairs and nodded a greeting to his people. Ralph, Mad Mike, Scotty, Loose Lonnie, Wild Bill, Carter, Little Pete,

Samson—they all turned to face the stairway, returned Jerry's short nod, saluted him with their eyes. It was almost time. A heavy wrench clattered and rang on the concrete floor behind the partition at the back of the room.

"She ready yet?" from Jerry, jerking his head in the direction of the noise.

"Should be," said Mike. "Jake's givin'er a last goin' over."

Jerry stuck his hands into his gloves and started across the floor. *Almost time.* Ralph offered him a joint as he strode past—"One for the road?" But Jerry shook his head and waved the weed aside, saying, "No, thanks, man. Smoke it for me."

Ralph shrugged. "I'll save it for when y'get back."

"Right," said Jerry, putting a grin on it. "We'll do it up together... when I get back."

Loose Lonnie grabbed Jerry's arm, held on. And then, because he couldn't think of anything else, said, "How 'bout a li'l hoota coke? Keep the ol' eyeballs bright an' the reflexes rapid."

"Later," from Jerry, slapping his long-time brother on the back, giving him a grin, passing on.

Behind the partition, Jake was wiping his hands on an oily red rag, surveying his work. He glanced up at the sound of Jerry's boots, tossed the rag aside and said, "She's ready to roll, boss." He poked a bent cigarette into his mouth, lit it, blew gray smoke at the ceiling. "She'll give ya all she's got. And she's got a fuck of a lot to give, man. I think she'll do right by ya."

"Good," said Jerry. "That's good, man." He stepped closer and ran his eyes over the big machine, the club's best, a huge Harley 80-incher, assembled entirely from rare, illegal parts, built for power and speed. It'd

—Continued on page 66



The Breeze Past The Knees

Late spring in Seattle is the best time of the year and the best place in the world to ride. That is, if you don't mind getting wet. It's usually raining. It's usually raining in the early spring too. The sun comes out so rarely that I sometimes forget what it looks like. So if you're so sweet that you'll melt, stay in California.

The shipyard. Five days a week there I am, pulling electrical cables from here to there for five bucks an hour. Now cables don't get pulled up on the weather decks, so there I am eight hours a day buried under a few thousand tons of steel, sweating like a pig in the summer and freezing my ass off in the winter. When I come up for air it rains. I'd quit yesterday except not just everybody wants to hire a bearded and tattooed freak who only shows up when it suits him.

If this mole life sounds bad, well, it would be except for the five an hour. Five an hour gets me the top floor of an old house in the university district. It gets me a window on a passing parade of co-eds. Sweet young things with well-scrubbed faces and cravings to try something dad wouldn't approve of. I know a lot of things that dad wouldn't approve of. The dollies cause me to miss a lot of work days, and I cause them to miss a lot of classes.

Now part of the package that comes with the apartment is the old wooden garage out back. That shed must have been built for a Model T, because it's a foot narrower than the old Plymouth I drive to the yard. Five days a week (more or less), that's me with a cup full of instant coffee and a sack full of Olympia beer cans and TV dinner trays

walking out before dawn, in the rain, to that old shed out back. Into the trash with my load of garbage and then a lap around to check the padlocks. I've got to be careful because there's treasure hidden in that moss-covered shack.

Treasure is chrome and dark blue. She's a molded frame, springer forks, rigid ass end, and a seat handstitched in genuine leather by a friend who now makes license plates for a living. The old non-support bust. Avon tires on chromed rims and a two and a half gallon sportster tank. She's had twelve coats of dark blue lacquer sprayed and hand sanded by yours truly. The only thing left that Harley-Davidson would recognize is the engine. That is if the chrome didn't blind them! I've put out a bundle for all that chrome and it pissed me off pretty bad when it turned blue around the exhaust ports. Pissed me off even more when some dumbass broad I picked up put her rubber heels on one of the drag pipes and covered it with melted black shit.

About that engine. I'm told it first saw daylight in 1950 as the panhead power for one of those fuzzes who used to hide behind billboards and shake down the bubblegum and penny loafer crowd. I wouldn't know; by the time it came to me it looked like a reject from a Tijuana demolition derby. It's 74 inches big, covered in chrome and loud enough to interest the King County Sheriff's Department every time I twist the throttle.

The short sissy bar gets put to use as a holder for a spare helmet in case some lovely wants to play. Helmets. Too bad the government didn't take such an interest in my health when they drafted

me! Monday through Friday I sport a plastic lid to please the boss, and weekends I gotta wear one to please The Man.

Comes Saturday morning and I'm ready to get into the wind. The Plymouth stays in the street. That old clunker is for workdays only. The weekend is mine and I'm not going to be buried under a ton of steel any more. I get out to the shed and go for the combination lock. Then there's the key lock on my homemade burglar alarm. A squeak from the rusty hinges and that rare thing—sunlight—covers my treasure. I've got three locks and two chains to go and she's free. I roll her out to start her up. Even I can't stand the sound in a closed space!

As I straddle her to give her one hell of a kick on the starter pedal. I remember that some hotshit college chick once told me that a bike was a sex thing for freaks like me. She vibrates, purrs when she's running free on the road, and roars when I squeeze her. I forget where I told the broad to shove it, but later thinking about what she said I decided she was right. So what? In a world full of used car salesmen who get off every time they screw some chump out of two months pay, what's wrong with me getting off on the wind and the sound and the feel? Now that she's warmed up I've got to point that front Avon straight down the road, twist that throttle and hang on. Sexy? You bet your sweet ass!

It's the middle of May. The sun feels warm and soft. Just a few clouds

—Continued on page 72



John A. Harper.

Trippin' to Afghanistan, or where to get the Good Stuff

Home is nice, but it can get to be a drag every now and then. A little change of scenery is sometimes in order. The U.S. is cool, but helmet laws, speed limits, and getting popped for a couple of joints can make other places look good for a while. So put a new set of points in your knuckle and putt along to Afghanistan. Fine roads, no observable traffic laws, and some of the best and cheapest hash and weed you can find.

Lay out for a passport (if you don't have too many felonies), and con the triple-A out of an international drivers license. Shake down some friends and get some

bucks. Roll an extra pair of levis and a bunch of spares into your fartsack and tie it to your sissy bar. Stick an adjustable and a screwdriver into your pocket and sky on to New York. There you put it all on a ship and sail off to the Old World. Or, if you can bear to be parted from your Milwaukee iron for a bit, lock it up in a bank vault and grab a cheap flight to Europe. There you can pick up a new Norton, Trumpet, or BM for about two-thirds of the state-side price. Or you can get a fine deal on some used machinery.

If you begin in Amsterdam, you might not want to go any further. It is the truly righteous town of Europe. Good for collecting a little stash to get on the road with. And, if you didn't bother to bring the ol' lady, finding a foxy chick to pack. But you're not into Europe this time, so don't get stuck. Put it together and rumble along through Holland, Germany, Austria, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and into Turkey.

Istanbul is the jump-off point for Asia. Check out the Pudding Shop in Sultan Ahmet Square, which is where it happens. Half the dudes are coming back from Kabul; the other half are going. This is where you get the information on what paperwork you might need for yourself and scoot, to avoid hassles at the border. Pick up a visa for Iran at the nearby consulate. And then, by bridge or ferry, cross the strip of water that divides Europe from Asia. And it will all be very different from what you've seen before. Any big scoot in Asia will do an ego trip, but a righteous chop will surely blow a whole lot of minds. Putt along to Ankara, capital of Turkey, then cut up to Samson on the Black Sea. Roll out your sleeping bag, start toking on that good

Afghani shit you scored in the Pudding, and lie back for one of nature's light shows—incredible electric storms that will do a number on your mind. At Trabzon you quit the coast and roll over the mountains to Erzurum and the Iranian border. Sort of a bad section, with shitty roads and some downright unfriendly people. Push on.

Iran is great. Fast roads, no speed limits, and little traffic. And legal opium. Motor on down through Tabriz, and put up at the Hotel Amir Kabir in Tehran. Full of heads, freaks, dope, and information. Comb your hair and score an Afghan visa. Then north over the mountains to the Caspian Sea, and hang around the beach-side opium dens for a bit. Admire the government stamps on the sticks of dope, and toke away for a couple of cents a bowl. Sweet dreams, even if you blow lunch.

A long ride up thru Meshed gets you to the Af border. On your way, check out the big, big shed at Iranian customs, built with US funds. Inside there is enough equipment to strip a bus down to the last nut and bolt. Our narcs are very generous. And now you are in Afghanistan. If they're not having a revolution, it's a righteous place. A point to keep in mind: dope is technically illegal (though you'd never guess it), but mostly it is just used as an excuse to pop somebody. The best way around that is not to piss anybody off. No one knows what a real slammer is like until they've tried Kabul's rathole. Afghanis are tough mothers by any standards, and those who are in prison are even tougher. Don't be paranoid, but be cool.

A good fast run gets you to

—Continued on page 50

By Clement Salvadori

As he puffed on his evening joint, Tink glanced across his third-story room at his clock, grimacing as he saw that it was past three. (Fuckin' speed!) Looking out the greasy window above his bed, he noticed that the local heat was on its usual across-the-street-third-shift beat, straining, no doubt, for a whiff of the evil killer weed (in order to protect the citizens bettah!) As he snubbed out his joint, he crawled into bed, secure in the knowledge that the two 74s chained below in the parking lot of the Dixie Drive-In were under the careful scrutiny of the city's finest. . . .

MORNING

Sleep was over all too soon, sorta like first gear. Jerry, the other occupant of the apartment in question, ambled into Tink's room—puffing on his morning joint, eating cereal, and scarfing up a beer; simultaneously.

"Lo, shifterbrains," he mumbled, somewhere 'twixt a snort, a scarf, and a crunch.

"Jesus shit!" exclaimed Tink, wondering as he rolled over howcum this human disposal never gained any weight. "Whafuckin' timzit?"

"Almost noon, if that's whatcha wanna know. We gonna ride over and see Porky?"

"Yeah," nodded Tink. "Soon's I get dressed." Whereupon he rolled out of bed and pulled on his jeans, which could have easily saved his ass, were he to run a little short of engine juice on a country road. Safety First!

As he walked out onto the balcony overlooking the drive-in, Tink yawned and stretched, looking out over the street; busy buildings full of tranquilized citizens. The two motors shone brightly back from below, like a chick's face when she digs ya.

He fondly recalled the night some jerk had decided to move up to a Harlev. and had cut the wire which scaled the side of the building, think-

ing that he could safely proceed with the removal of the afore-mentioned motor(s). Since the wire which scaled the side of the building didn't really do a damned thing, and the real alarm setup was entirely underground, the dude was mildly disturbed to see Jerry run butt-nekked out onto the balcony, whence he commenced to pump several rounds of buckshot at the swiftly receding ass.

"When'd you make it in, man?" asked Jerry as he walked out into the May sunshine, smoking his desert.

"Bout two. Went over and talked to Deek, and picked up on that red-headed nymph we met."

"How was it?"

"Tight, ma-man, tight!"

After the usual morning pleasantries (you know, the stuff you rap so you know you didn't get ruined enough to forget your vocabu-whatzit) the pair made their way down the flights of stairs to the street. Jerry fiddled with the lock and chain, and then both proceeded to inspect things as if they hadn't built them.

One kick, two . . . Jerry's knuckle sprang to reluctant life, spitting out the night's accumulation of shit. Tink's pan belched out a blue flame and followed suit. A minute for the heart to warm up, and the two chrome sculptures lumbered out into the "wunnerful world of asphalt and assholes," as Animal once said.

Two lights east and a right turn saw our heroes rumbling along the West-side bypass, and holding the limit as they headed for beautiful suburbia with its station wagons and pot patches and other assorted nifties.

Ten minutes of heavy cruisin' saw them at their destination. The orange-black shovelhead in the driveway was sufficient testimonial as to the whereabouts of the dude they sought. As the roar subsided, the front door opened and Porky stum-

bled forth, a tangle of black curly hair blowing about him, making him look like a madman as he toked on his dessert. He passed breakfast around, while various glances were cast around to the different machines, as is common among us civilized people.

The three exchanged greetings and walked toward the house, while up and down the street the neighbors eyed the situation from between their venetian blinds, and frantically phoned each other to confirm the date of the next KKK meeting. Inside the house, the usual bedlam, Porky's ol' lady chasing kids all over; toys and bike parts scattered everywhere.

"How inna fuck you ever get any sleep around here?" asked Tink, doing his best to be heard above the din.

"So who sleeps?" chuckled his kid-chasing chick on her 32nd lap around the living room.

"Whaddaya say we get down to business, Pork," sniffed Jerry, who mentally put marriage and two-bangers in the same category. As Porky lit another joint, Jerry counted out a bill for the next week's stash. When the joint went out, Porky disappeared momentarily—only to return with yet another joint, and a small brown parcel, which he handed to Tink, who nodded. "Good stuff?"

"Guaranteed! Only finest kind authentic treated Tibetan Ceremonial Trip Weed!"

"Oh bullshit," laughed Tink, stashing the goods beneath his jacket.

"You comin' to the party tonight?" asked Jerry as he struggled to open a beer can. "Motherfuckingshit! What fuckin' pervert designed this bastard beer can? How the hell do they expect you to open the damn thing if the fuckin' ring comes off?"

"I'll get it, fart," offered Porky

—Continued on page 45

Southern Hospitality

By Tinker



Note: In order that our regular readers don't get hurt with the price increase that became effective with this issue, we are continuing to offer (for this issue only) subscriptions at the old rate—a saving of \$3.00 over the newsstand price. Two-year subs will remain at \$9.00 (\$7.00 saving) for this issue only.

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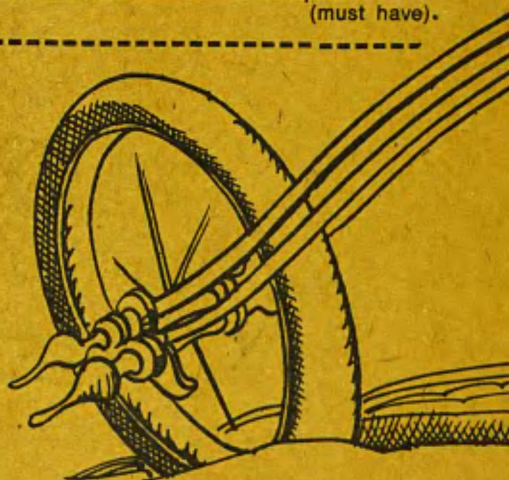
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____
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We'll send a gift card announcement telling them gift (?) is from you (or your alias).

Bug All Your Friends!
Bug 'em all year 'round!

Bug All Your Friends!
Bug 'em all year 'round!

Workin' The Streets

Recently I had to sell my scooter to get out of debt. Now my ol' lady's on my ass to get another one, and she wants me to work the streets to earn the extra money. Do you think chicks will pay for six inches?

B. Miller
Detroit, Mich.

● A six-inch tongue will make you rich.

Clean Sheets

I'm a college student and my problem is that I have a linen service, which means my sheets only get changed once a week. My sheets are a horrifying collection of hideous stains. Will you please tell the broads in Vermont to clean up their act?

Irvin
Putney, Vt.

● Sheets? What are sheets?

Hairy Request

I need one of your snatch hairs very badly—please mail me one right away.

Scurvy Dog
Memphis, Tenn.

● Can't do it. Some narc dog in the post office might smell it, go into a fuck-fit and have the postmaster.

Foaming Joint

I have been putting whipped cream on my joint and letting my hound dog lick it off. Well, now my joint has started foaming—do you think I might have rabies?

Big Ed
Johnson City, Tenn.

● You might have lockjaw, or in this case lockjoint. If you do, give me a call.

Bouncing Tits

I'm too proud to wear a bra but when I ride my ol' man's hardtail scooter, my tits

bounce and it gets quite uncomfortable. Should I wear a bra or hang on to them when we ride on rough roads?

Patti
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

● Hell no, press them into his back.

Virgin Mutha,

I would like to know what the relationship is between you and the Virgin Mary—as your names are so similar.

Nanny
Marathon, Fla.

● Even though I'm on the pill, I don't take any chances—I steer clear of any dude named Joseph.

Wrong Answer

Your answer to "Need Help" in the November issue was wrong. The proper way to shim a big pussy is to take a large smoked ham, boil it for four hours, or until tender. Gently force it into a well-greased pussy and, once it's inside, pull out the bone.

Nod
Road Agents
Dearborn, Mich.

No Problems?

I do not have any problems to discuss, so this letter is short.

Cadet M. H.
United States Military Academy
West Point, New York

● You're in the Army—you've got problems, baby.

Beer Problem

Every time I go drinking with my brother, we sit down, order a pitcher, then he pours a glass and drinks the pitcher. What should I do?

Thirsty
Rochester, Minn.

● After he pours your glass of brew, hack a clam into the pitcher.

Masturbating

Do you know of any new ways to masturbate?

Sore Wrist
Minz, Germany

● I personally dig cucumbers and I'm working up to summer squash.

Big Decision

I have decided that you are nothing but an asinine, fat, ugly sweat hog. You also seem to be very horny.

Wondering
Menominee, Mich.

● Watch that "ugly" shit.

Christmas Present

I'm working in the machine shop here at the penitentiary. I was wondering if you would give me the size of your cunt because for Christmas I'll make you a metal cock out of stainless steel.

Lover
Moberly, Mo.

● Let your imagination run wild!

Back Door

I have this thing that bothers me. Every time I walk up to a chick I flop out my meat. Needless to say, I haven't been getting any. Do you think if I stood in front of her instead of behind her, it would help?

Roached
Scottsbluff, Neb.

● With some of us, the only thing that would matter is how much you had to offer.

Another Connection

Your advice on curing hemorrhoids was wrong. The only cheap, permanent cure for them is to drop your

laundry, squat down until your 'roids dangle on the floor, firmly place your heels on top of them and then quickly stand up.

Don
Port Clinton, Ohio

Doggy Problem

My dog hasn't shit in three weeks. Please send me the Robinson picture of you—that ought to make him shit. If it doesn't, I'm gonna shoot him.

Spaniel
Lk, Telemark, N.J.

● He's safe.

Ol' Baldy

God save me! (Or anyone for that matter!) I have an old man who can go down on me like feeding time at the L.A. zoo. My only problem is that he chews gum and it really hangs in there. I've been surviving by cutting away the remains of the gum but in the meantime I could pass as Ol' Baldy. Please tell me what I can do—I'm really losing it.

Stuck
Tri-Cities, Wash.

● Don't sweat it—some dudes dig bushes and some don't. Maybe he's tired of those hairs curling around his palate.

Bent Eight Inches

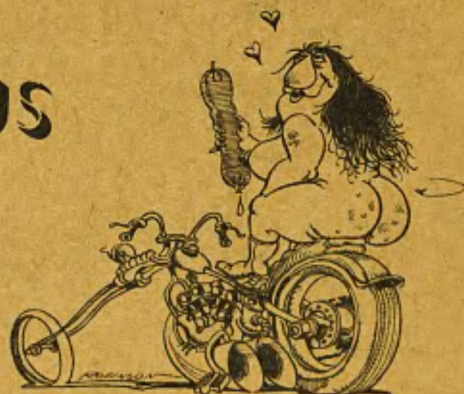
I have an eight-inch cock—but it's bent. Is there such a thing as a cock straightener?

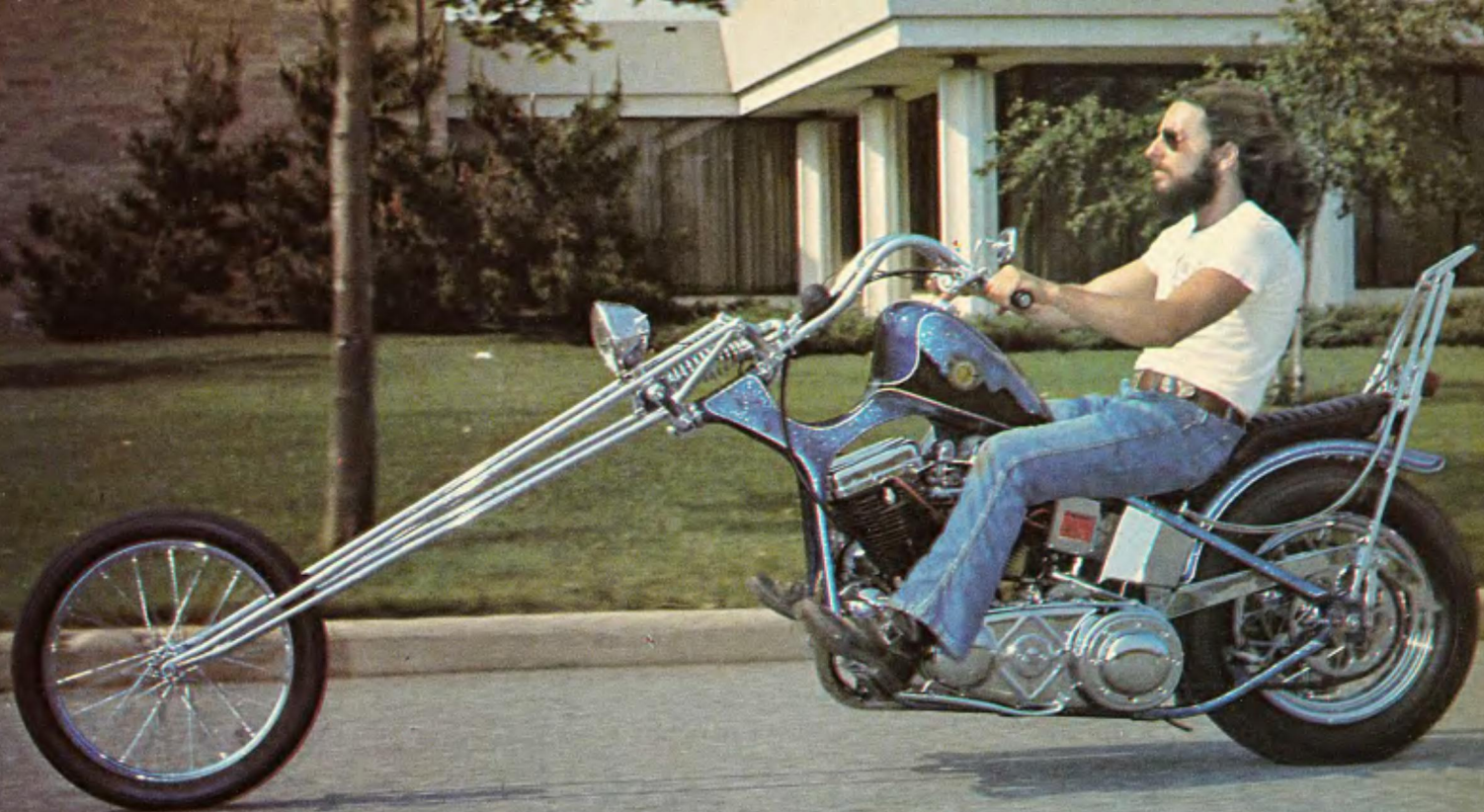
Los Angeles, Ca.
Big and Bent

● You just wrote to her.

—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





*Watch Out—Here
Comes a Gooseneck!*





Stand back! Here comes a gooseneck frame; it may break at any second and wipe out the entire town!

Horseshit.

Remember what people used to say about stretched frames a couple of years ago? You'd be lucky to turn the bastard around on a football field, they're unsafe, etc., etc. As you know, most new ideas bring out the it'll-never-fly attitude. If somebody twists my arm, even I will confess that everything invented for scooters hasn't flown—but I'll whisper it.

Maybe we should all follow what my ol' man used to run down to me. He would growl, "Take a positive attitude," just before he'd beat me with my junior high school baseball bat. Well, I did, and split. That's one way to look at new ideas. Another point I gotta throw out to you folks is that many of the ideas we see flash before our eyes aren't all that new.

Remember Ed "Big Daddy" Roth? Well, he had a scooter mag in the sixties and was featuring freaky things like extended front ends, frisco'd tanks, S.U. carbs for 74s—now get this—stretched frames, and goosenecks, only then they were called "extended yokes." Somebody was wielding some pretty positive vibes a few years back.

The sixties may not seem so long

ago, but the chopper field has been around, up, down, through and over many changes in a short period of time. Consequently, when something seemingly new wheelies down the street, the fucker standing next to you sipping suds, not paying any attention while you freak, may have been riding the same sort of setup five years ago.

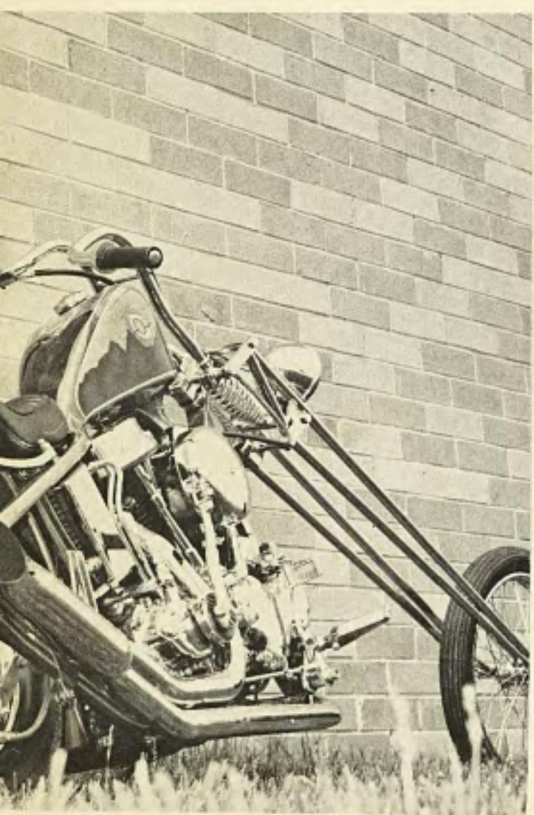
Okay, a few people might say, so what, that doesn't make a gooseneck frame safe. That's true, but if people did it in the past and are still alive today, the idea must have had merit. But that **does not** mean that every gooseneck put together is safe. In other words, there are plenty of ways to go when a bike is being built, but the important thing is how it's done. Put that scooter together right and it will stay together, but if it's put together wrong and something goes south, then a black mark will end up on that particular modification and it may find itself in a law book under no-can-do's.

Paul's goose here was put together right and has withstood New York streets for some time. Consequently, take a positive attitude toward things that might seem a taste off the wall, but be sure to see to it that the work is done right.

—The Inventor



—Continued on next page





Owner: Paul Schneider

City: Plainview, New York

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1955

Year and make: 1955 H-D

Builder: Alphabet

Model: FL

Type: goose-necked straight bar

Value: too much

Rake: 2 3/4 in.

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: 6-inch neck

Time: 1 year

Other alterations: tank molded

Chroming by: High-Grade

(breakaway) to frame

Engine

Accessories

Year: 1955

Bars: owner

Model: FL

Risers: none

Rebuilder: owner

Fender(s): 6-inch flat, frenched

Ignition: 6V Sportster coil

Headlight: Bates

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Taillight: Lucas

Lower end: stock

Speedo: none

Balancing: stock

Front pegs: Anderson

Pistons: 50 over, 10:1

Rear pegs: Anderson

Cases: chrome

Electrics: relay and 3-brush

Heads: 1964

Gas tank: Sportster

Cam: FLH

Oil tank: center, custom

Lifters: solid

Oil system: stock steel lines

Carb(s): M-74 Linkert

Primary cover: stock

Air cleaner: stock

Seat: owner and Phil Ross

Pipes: Alphabet's

Sissy bar: owner

Muffler(s): Alphabets collector

Height: 14 in. above fender

Material: 5/8 and 1/2 square

Transmission

Modifications: none

Forks

Year: 1955

Type: girder

Shifting: ratchet top

Extension: 22 in. over

Engine sprocket: 22

Builder: California Cycle Works

Trans. sprocket: 24

Special features: none

Wheel sprocket: 48

Wheels

Painting

Front

Rear

Molding: owner

Size: 18 in.

Size: 16 in.

Painter: Bill Martin

Hub: spool

Hub: Barnes

Color: sky blue

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Type: urethane, flake

Tire: Pirelli 2.75

Tire: Good'yr. 5.00

Special paint: Bill Martin

Brake: none

Brake: Barnes disc

Other special modifications: Gas tank tunnel lowered, petcock moved to rear



By Gary H. Cape
Photos by Wino Joe

Big, Wild, Gathering

A different view of the Knievel Snake River Rip-off

Somewhere in eastern Montana. Somewhere in Evel's home state. Hundreds of miles from modern civilization as we know it. Just endless thousands of square miles of sagebrush to root about in for those who dig that sort of thing.

Running about 80 to 85. In this part of the country at this time of night you see another set of headlights about once per half hour.

At this rate I'll be closing in fast on Billings, where 90 or so days ago this happened:

MONTANA GIVES BOOT TO CYCLE GANG

Billings, Mont.—The outlaw motorcycle gang known as the Bandidos is gone, literally kicked out of this Cow Capital of southeastern Montana.

The group was subjected to a pre-dawn raid, as they slept in a public park, by 100 police officers clad in riot gear and armed with shotguns.

Yellowstone County Attny. Harold Hanser denounced the raid, and the local chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union charged the gang's civil rights were violated.

They obviously feel they know how to handle bikers around here. A brand new helmet law has brought outrageous fines running into the hundreds of dollars. There's also a headlight law to contend with. What other new, kinky shit, I wonder, have they conjured up to pounce on unsuspecting out-of-state bikers with?

It was not far from here that a friend stopped his bike on a lonely stretch one very dark night to take a leak—when out of some nearby slimy pool crawled a vicious, snarl-





ing creature which immediately began to attack. It lunged forward with yellowish foam dribbling from its huge fangs. My friend slashed at the damn thing repeatedly with a Buck knife, but it would draw back only to run in again for another attack. Finally, in desperation, he began to kick the beast wildly in the head. But even this would not faze it.

My friend was tiring; the devil animal was crouching for the kill. He ran to his bike and sped down the highway like a madman. Only miles away did he turn and look behind, and—*sonofabitch!*—two green eyes were right there . . . closing in . . .

A town was approaching. Helena, the state capital. But gas was low. He didn't know if he'd make it.

The town was dead at this hour of the night. The heavy panting of the beast became louder in his ears. Racing under a street lamp he turned around to see that it was about to rip him to shreds. God! . . . a . . . rat! A giant bastard the size of a dog! A meat-eater, too, from the shining fangs and the hungry look.

The bike ran out of gas, and its rider jumped off to face the vile killer in a last desperate stand. But just then the beast stood stock still and turned its head toward a huge building standing ominously in the dark. And then, as though obeying some mysterious and twisted homing instinct, it ran headlong for the structure.

Presumably, my friend says, the evil thing is lurking still about the dark recesses of the Montana State Capitol Building. Another friend theorizes further that the unnatural creature is the reincarnation of some politician, now returned to its normal habitat.

Ah, Jesus! I've got to pull some loose ends together and justify this thing, before it unravels any worse and gets completely out of control.

Well . . . there were two big campaigns going on in the country during the summer of this crude year, 1974. One involved bringing the hammer down on Nixon, but the other was an even *more* positive thing. Someone said.

All summer long you couldn't turn on the box or the tube or flip through the paper to the bike want ads without being blasted by a story on Evel Knievel and his infamous Snake River Canyon Jump. This upcoming spectacle was evoking mild interest in most people, but it's interesting to note that the slob culture was es-





pecially high on this one: supermarkets, teenybopper radio stations, and TV game shows were giving away tickets to The Jump as contest prizes.

You couldn't turn around without hearing Kniefel rumors, tales of Evel's barroom feats, big money deals, bets, last-minute detailing of the "Skycycle." Evel buys some gaudy diamond trinket he says is worth \$2 million and hires some monster thug to follow him around carrying it in a suitcase. A real orgy of overexposure.

What transpired next is still not entirely clear now, but a combination of greed and about thirteen beers got me sucked into this fool's adventure. I made several \$25 bets giving 4 to 1 odds that Evel would make it. It was agreed I'd use the bet money advanced to me to make the trip and Check Things Out. And if the man ended up with the fish way down at the bottom, I'd owe something in the neighborhood of \$400 when I got back.

These are the kinds of bets reckless dumbfucks commonly make, and late Thursday night, getting the bike ready, I bitched hard about letting myself get screwed into this mad project. But I was committed now...

Opted to try for a room at Burley, a fast 30 miles down the Interstate from Twin Falls, after a pump jockey in Blackfoot said any available rooms would be no closer than there.

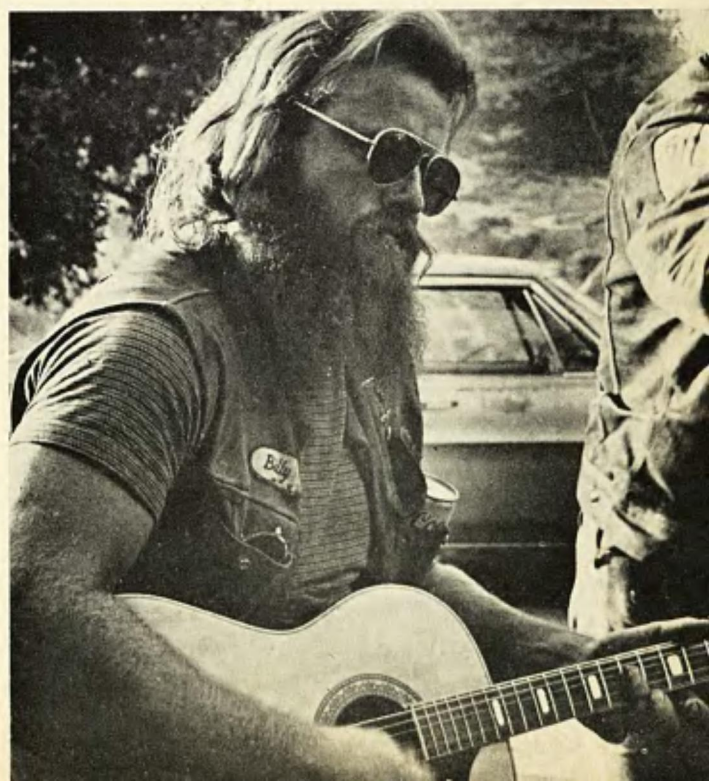
On the last stretch from Pocatello to Burley I ran it at over 80 all the way. This was due to a total lack of highway cops, all probably convened at the jump site waiting, no doubt, for some kind of inevitable riot. Six hundred National Guardsmen were also stashed away in some handy place for a quick call-up in case it was revealed that Evel had grabbed the money and run.

After some routine stuff was cleared away—a cheap room was secured and some minor work done on the Hog—I hit the last 30 miles and rode into the teeming city-on-the-canyon just about 30 hours before Launch Time.

A mass of confusion. Traffic was jammed up badly and was a weird mix of campers, custom vans, rods, dusty pickup trucks, cop cars, and a hell of a lot of bikes.

Bikers were everywhere, in fact. This—and a large freak contingent—was something I hadn't expected.

At the L.A. Coliseum in early '73, I went to a Kniefel show. Then it was mainly suburbanite, middle-



class types out with the kiddies to see a *respectable* show. Very few bikers or freaks then.

Hell, I came expecting to be solely an observer; now it looked as though I might end up being a participant. In something.

Cursing the traffic and thinking about this overheating problem when a Detroit luxury barge pulls closely alongside. Some geek discreetly lowers a window just so far and says, "What gang are you with?"

Huh? Who is this shithead?

Then some slack-jawed little fart in the back seat inches open his window just far enough to shove a fist out, and says, "Is it really true a bunch of gangs from California are coming to cause trouble tomorrow?"

Where do these kink-brained bastards pick this shit up? Are those goddam movies still at the drive-ins?

"Well, that's partly true," I shout over. "There's *one* gang—the Sons of San Clemente—they've been sitting down there for a solid month with absolutely nothing to do, building up a lot of hate and getting uglier every day. I heard they're coming up here to thrash the hell out of the town and everyone in it."

I never know when to stop.

"Yeah," I ramble on. "Their leader—funny how fast you forget a name—has been on some kind of perverted revenge trip since 1962."

They apparently believed me. At least at first. I split some lanes and moved ahead, leaving them babbling among themselves.

It's sunny and in the 80's, and I'm working up a good sweat under this hot goddam helmet. At a stop-light several bikes cross in front of me. Then about a dozen more. What? *No helmets?* Another couple dozen right behind them, and, again, none wearing helmets. There's about 50 bikes in all, with both drivers and passengers just enjoyin' the breeze in their hair.

"C'mon!" one yells. "A protest!" He beckons for me to ride along.

Hell, yesss! I tear my helmet loose and cram it down over the headlight and join the procession. Looking around, I see that my first head count was about right. Maybe 75 of us on 50 or 60 bikes. We pick up two or three more every couple of blocks.

"Yesterday we had about 200 in on the same thing," the same guy yells over. "But the goddam paper said just 150. We'd have a lot more now if the word had gotten around better."

I nodded agreement and wished I'd been around the day before. The ride lasted another dozen blocks, and afterwards everyone split up and headed for various haunts and party sites. No one bothered to put their helmets back on.

"The Man has forgotten all about the helmet law around here this week," he said.

We struck up a talk. He went by "J.D." and was from north of Denver. I admired his new Super Glide. He said he'd explain how he came by it later, but a series of parties were cranking up out at the campgrounds at Shoshone Falls, northeast of the city.

On the way out to the Falls we stopped with about 20 other bikers to drink a few beers and watch a motel burn down.

It was hard to move through town with traffic as heavy as it was. A county fair at the other end of town was drawing in large numbers of cowboy/country-type folks. Every now and then a pickup truck from some well-moneyed ranch would tangle with a camper from some affluent suburb and all hell would break loose. Only the bikes could slip through with any ease at all.

Dark was overcoming the campground where several thousand had convened. Periodic collections kept the beer flowing; timely contributions kept the pipes going. This was the final night for partying and promised to be the most potentially explosive—or the most fun, depending on which side of the line you occupied.

The law came by early in the evening to inform us that the noise was getting to a nearby bunch of good ol' boys from East Teaneck, and would we at least cut out the races after midnight? Well, okay. But not the wheelie contests.

"Seriously. This noise has to be cut down."

"Don't worry, officer," piped up a voice. "I'll quiet down this rowdy bunch of wild bastards. I'll take *personal* responsibility!"

Everyone turned to see the speaker. It was J.D.'s partner, George, so totally ripped beyond redemption that he had to hang onto some handy sissybar in order to stand up. Someone gave a quick rundown on his day's intake of booze, grass, reds, whites, uppers, downers, etc., and it was a wonder he was functioning at all.

J.D. gave me some badly needed whites. His woman was financing

their trip up here with some fair dealing.

Everyone was loose. Marijuana mist hung heavy. Outsiders wandering through were warned not to breathe heavily and keep on moving. Occasionally some hanger-on would drift in and rip off a sixpack. This did not go over, and invariably precipitated a forcible ejection minus the beer.

Someone came screaming by, babbling that a biker had ridden off Shoshone Falls.

"Holy shit!" someone said. "Last night some guy just jumped off, and broke his back doing it. And he was only the second guy ever to survive the drop."

No actual witness to the supposed dive was ever found, but twenty or so drunks readied a run into town to inform the cops. But the excitement faded fast, and such a run was abandoned. I hope some poor shit isn't still down there.

Helicopters would swoop low and hover and then take off, drowning out even the din from at least a score of similar mini-riots. I do tend to get a bit paranoid, but was told to forget it. They'd been doing it all week.

Rumors flew about: Someone had robbed a couple of stores in town, sixteen(!) kegs were missing from a liquor store, the governor had had enough and was sending that National Guard force in to annihilate us.

"Bullshit," J.D. said about the keg ripoff. "There isn't that much beer left in town."

J.D. and I knew some of the same people, one of whom was Frank from Boulder who'd been caught walking out of a local market with a 19-pound turkey. But everyone passed the hat and made the \$50 bail with pocket change contributions.

George recovered long enough to tell us of what went down at the jump site earlier that afternoon.

A crowd had broken into two beer trucks and proceeded to pass out the beer while security cops stood by and watched. Evel showed up for pictures, etc., and to "inspect" the Skycycle. Then Evel got ugly and began to wrestle with an NBC photographer. Good show.

In fact, members of the national press corps were on the shitlist Saturday. Several were shoved about roughly, and one poor bastard, roaming around outside the fence, was knocked down and had a cigarette stubbed out on his forehead.

Souvenir stands and hawkers were

stealing from everybody in sight, and someone had managed to rip off a bronze statue of Evel worth \$1000.

The rumor went around that some hookers from Reno had been brought in especially for this weekend.

"Hell, let's ride into town and bring some out!"

"Yeah—maybe they'll give us a quantity discount."

The sound of shotguns and pistols being discharged was continuous and mixed well with well-amplified rock and the races.

Around 11 p.m. the sheriff announced he would block the road into town about midnight. At least a dozen bikers raced off to Twin Falls for one last booze run.

None of us turned against each other the whole night. And of that I was glad. Ah, there was *one* fight that broke out after a debate on the merits of Evel Knievel could not be settled by any other means.

Memories fade . . . was I in on that? Anyway, there was talk about mass gate-crashing on Sunday . . . some chick from someplace in Nevada did show up . . . The Man showed up again for some insane reason . . . I agreed with everything everyone said and succumbed to my long ride's fatigue . . . and crashed.

A few women were up before I was, walking about as if in a deep trance. It was completely still when we all began to awaken. No birds sang, even in the distance; all wildlife with any sense had left about three days ago. Quite a bit of change was lying around, so I went around picking it up. Starvation was staved off with a tin of rancid sardines found in a pocket and the promise to eat a real meal sometime later.

About noon on "Launch Day," as Evel had been calling it, we found ourselves riding the road out to the jump site. It was hopelessly clogged, and hangovers combined with frayed nerves to cast an ominous pall over everything. A news bulletin blared on a nearby radio that Nixon had just been given a full pardon by Ford. For me, that put a shitmist in the air.

Traffic is crazy. I wonder if I could jump off and begin to flag it all madly off on a wild course to the canyon's rim? No, it would steal the show from Evel.

Screw all this. Bikers split lanes, weave and skirt around the edges to leave as much of the mess behind as possible. A few are wondering whether the security measures promised by Evel's henchmen and the



harried local law will amount to anything challenging.

It turned out that crowds on the west side of the dusty pasture transformed into Evel's area broke down perimeter fences about two hours prior to the launch. Masses on the east side were flattening fences more gradually as they pressed the weight of thousands of bodies against them. A little later they flooded into the area others had previously paid \$25 to enter. This was all made possible because, in the words of the local paper, "... a rowdy and hostile crowd gathered at the gate ... reduced the number of guards available ... to hold things down elsewhere.

But these were good-natured mobs, not the kind to really upset any tolerant person. Only a perverted bookkeeper would whine about money at this point; hell, Evel already had a \$6 million guarantee.

Knievel's hacks thought otherwise, and, it was said, hired bike club members "from California and Colorado"—with orange rags tied around their biceps—to help guard the gate. "They speak biker's language," one promoter was quoted as saying.

Nevertheless, hordes of us heathens crashed through other places.

Inside it is 20,000 strong, mainly young and many stoned. There is some goddam crazy circus that Evel has arranged for going on. I suspect it is some kind of diversion to keep the riffraff from going crazy and tearing down the launch ramp, Skycycle and all.

A cowboy takes a couple of shots with a slingshot at some guy walking on a tightrope, but his buddy restrains him with a punch in the mouth.

The rumor goes forth that John Wayne is here; but where is he? Why isn't he out here with us?

Some shit-brain woman reporter ambles up and asks me what I think of it all. Instead of answering, I ask her back to my room; she pauses, says, uh, no, but gives me a couple of beers from a fresh three-dollar six-pack.

Evel arrives about an hour before the scheduled feat and scurries from his helicopter to a trailer. He gives a nervous wave to the crowd yelling and screaming for his attention. One girl right next to me strips off her halter top, climbs on her ol' man's shoulders, and yells, "Over here,

Evel. Hey, Evel!" Such impromptu nudity is common and livens things up.

The crowd keeps leaning on a snow fence surrounding the immediate launch area. It soon falls ...

This yarn should mention, for those who may be hiding out in some mineshaft under Butte, that there was a canyon jump of sorts. The parachute on Evel's Skycycle popped out of the tail even before the thing cleared the ramp. The Skycycle arched up as far as it could with chutes trailing and safely dropped to the canyon's bottom. Inaudible PA systems warned people to stay away from the rim; hundreds rushed to the edge to see if Knievel was okay.

Back in the launch area feelings were mixed. Evel was flown back by helicopter, and as he stepped off it people manifested their feelings: "Ripoff!" "You're all fuckin' right!" "Fuck it all!"

I was among those yelling that last little phrase and a few others like it.

A good many were ready to get completely ugly about the whole affair and began to bitch about such unkept promises as free beer and million-dollar parties. Rolled-up snow fences, wooden concession stands, and a car got the torch shortly afterwards.

Later, security police disappeared, and portable outhouses began to burn.

Property owners on arteries leading to the main camping areas around Twin Falls kept private guards on duty throughout Sunday night.

Stoned and naked, some dude was spotted directing the heavy traffic into wrong lanes.

Most of the crowd left, but I hung around with about 600 others to talk, drink, and watch the 100 or so who were into all the wild, destructive things. Nothing of great value was destroyed. In answer to questions, people told me that, sure, the canyon jump was what brought them, but the parties were what made being here worthwhile. Couldn't have agreed more.

* * *

After a side trip to the Denver area for some professional assistance in recouping my losses, I returned home, but imminent cold weather kept me riding for days afterward.

Constantly nagging me was the thought that I should sit down and try to write something on the Twin Falls episode while it was still fresh.

An article in the Sept. 23 *Time* jolted me out of my complacency. In "The Gathered Tribes," a lone *Time* reporter said we were barbarians out to rape, pillage, burn, and do a little death-worshiping at the same time. Bikers are like that, you know; it was right there in black and white.

The reporter expressed dismay over the nudity, the shouted obscenities, petty vandalism, an alleged public blow job, and pushed the image of bikers as a collection of untrained animals. He was particularly shocked at the treatment given the press.

How does one standing on my side of this country's cultural abyss begin to answer these scumbags?

It is completely typical, of course, that non-productive fuckin' around should be criticized while the good ol' boys with their good ol' ways are pretty much untouchable. The trendy Nevada gambler types, the crass commercialism, the "stars" and "VIPs" that flitted around Evel, and, in fact, a very important part of the American Dream—where you rip off millions of bucks overnight—none of this was considered by *Time*. It's easier to just call bikers subhuman monsters and let it go at that. It'll play better in Peoria, *Time's* marketplace.

No point in dignifying that article by probing its bullshit any further. Just one parting shot: It was the party that was the real lure of Twin Falls. Evel Knievel was the excuse for making the long trip, but nothing more. No one, I believe, was actually thinking Evel would die. Just that it was a funky, wild stunt, unique as hell, but not so dangerous that it would preclude his ever spending that \$6 million he made.

The partying was crazy and uninhibited, as it should've been; however, any reporter who thinks that what went on is some kind of depraved activity reserved exclusively to bikers is damn naive. But, hell, *Time* and, it follows, its readers, are stuck in the rut of stereotyping bikers. No wonder then that whenever bikers get together and *anything* happens, the shit train tries to run us down.

Most of us would've rather been at an outdoor concert listening to Steppenwolf roar through "Born to be Wild," but this Knievel thing was the best excuse for a big, wild gathering in a long time. ■

A Man-sized Beer Mug!



Holds a
half quart
and weighs
1½ lbs!

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

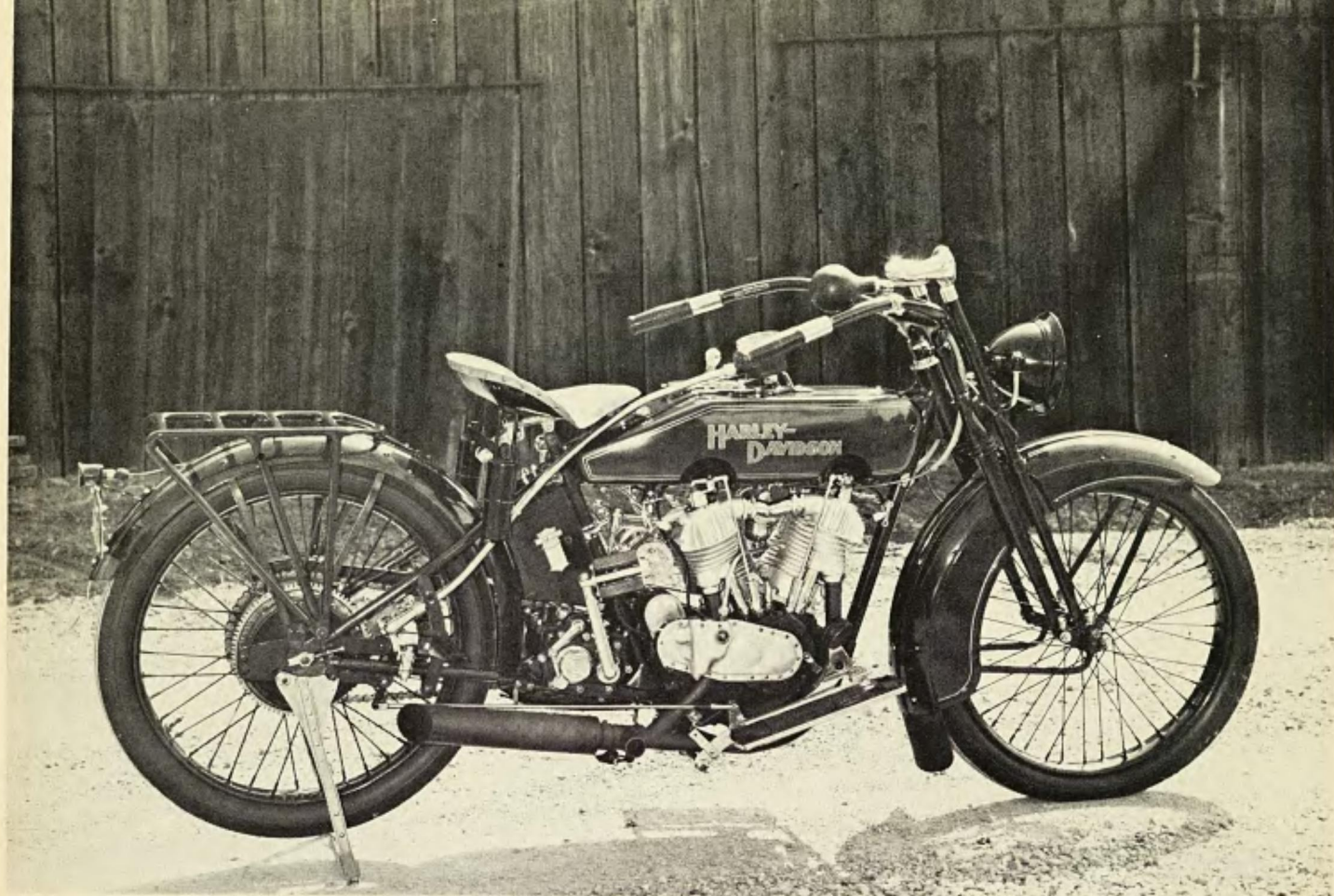
Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors. Tell your ol' lady you'd dig one for Christmas—only \$4.95, plus a lousy buck for postage and packing. As with all Righteous Products, satisfaction is guaranteed, or money immediately refunded. California residents add 5% sales tax.

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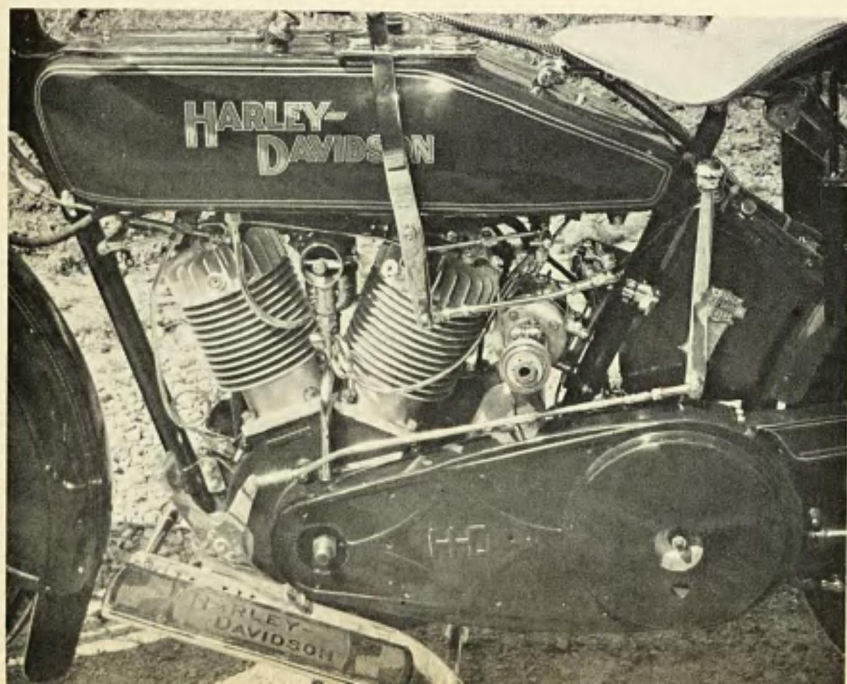
Quality guaranteed
or money refunded





Through the years with a Hog

By Timothy Kast



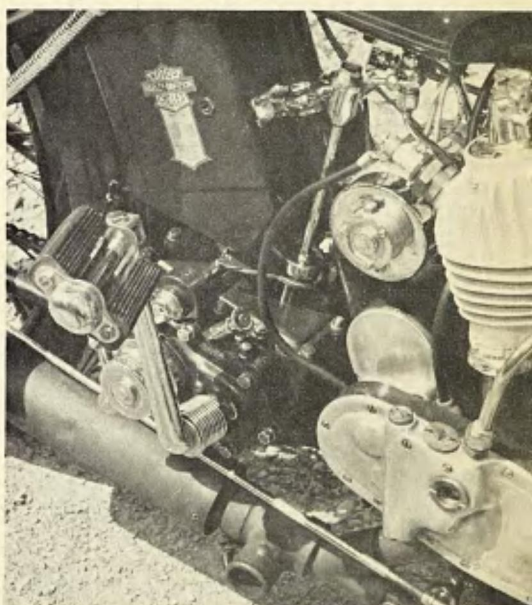
Amos read the ad out loud, his voice soaring in awe and excitement. "Harley-Davidson—The Motor Cycle Magnificent," and, reading on, he was informed by the well-worn magazine that the model 20 J equipped with electrical lights was now ready for delivery. He had to see one if nothing else; yet even then he knew that it was love at first sight and some time soon he would be the proud owner of the little V-Twin Harley.

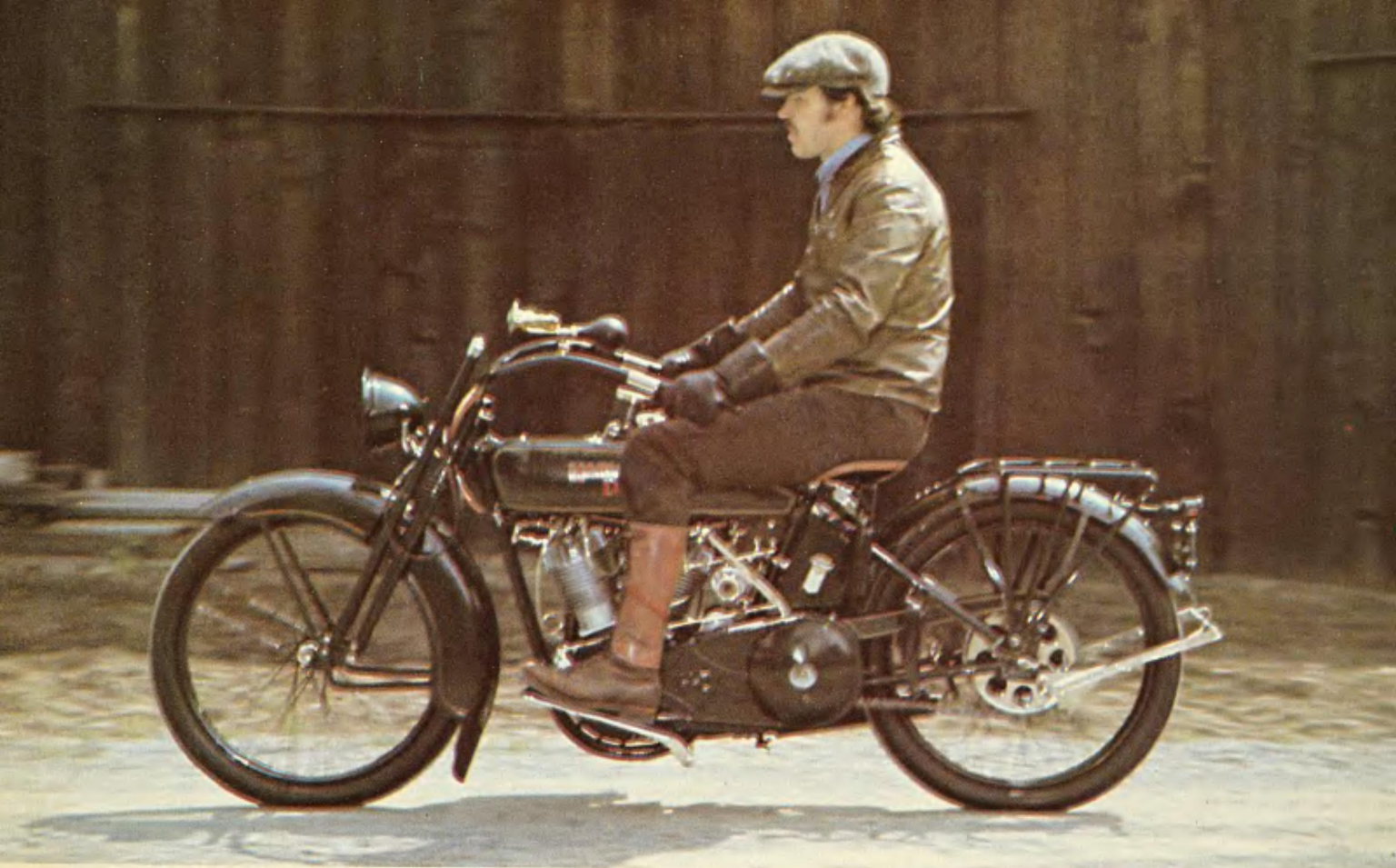
The shrill chimes tinkled their announcement as Amos walked into the dimly lit dealership showroom. Showroom was hardly the word though; except

for the clean white, black and orange banner proclaiming the new 1920 models the shop had a coating of black dust and the floors creaked merely from old age. But the bikes were there, and now so was Amos. There they sat—the Loden green paint, the soft gleam of the gracefully curved handlebars, the valanced mudguards, the red striping and the red letters on the gas tank. He rocked back on his heels and sighed; here was a machine to ride to the sun on, and back if need be, he thought. He reached over and touched the smooth tan leather of the saddle, ran a finger over the nickel plate of the headlamp, and looking quickly around gave a gentle pat on the gas tank. Yes, it was too late now, the fever was in him, it filled his senses, he had to have one now.

He had scratched and saved, bartered and burned and now, finally, now it was his. A group of other riders and hangers-on stood in front of the shop to watch his maiden voyage on the virgin bike. Another rider he had met at the shop had taught him how to ride, and now much to the amazement of everyone he pulled smoothly away from the curb and sped off. At speed he found that his eyes began to water so he pulled up his goggles to slip securely over his eyes. He had wanted to look and feel like the other riders who hung around the shop and so he had bought boots, a jersey, a horsehide jacket, goggles, and a pair of gauntlets. This was the garb of motorcyclists and Amos felt very proud and euphoric to be wearing them now. The little Harley, all 61 cubic inches, was clanking, chuffing, and clattering down the dusty road. Looking around, Amos was astounded to see the myriad of fall colors blazingly blurred as he rode. The colors had never seemed so distinct and varied as they did now, the autumnal air blew crisp around his ears and through his hair and Amos accelerated to pass a Model T, then disappeared over a hilltop.

His best friend, Leonard, was amazed at Amos's daring, or foolhardiness as he preferred to call it, and would chide Amos till his ears rang about the dangers of motorcycles to the riders and to other motorists. But Leonard spoke to deaf ears and mute lips until Amos offered the 20 J to Leonard for brief riding instruction. As fate would have it, Leonard loved it, and being a complete convert, bought the last remaining 20 J and all the regalia. He, however, was one up on Amos when he bought a black captain's hat with a winged wheel insignia over the bill. Leonard cut a jaunty figure with the hat and the Harley-Davidson. The two friends became familiar sights around New Haven and would ride long distances whenever possible, at whatever time possible. They would spend every spare moment in the saddle traveling to all points and back again. They kept a large map with all their trips penciled in red posted on the wall of the garage where they kept their bikes. Even though they put their motors to the test, they kept them immaculately clean and polished to perfection. After each run a cleaning session followed and each bike was polished, with a routine tightening of nuts and bolts thrown in for good measure. Amos and Leonard were not ones to discriminate about weather either. One time on a trip down to Philadelphia there came a cold snap that dropped the thermometer down to 10 below from an original reading of 45 above. That time they rode all the way back in record time, riding with their feet on the engine casings and warming their hands on the cylinders. That same winter Leonard died of tuberculosis, and his wife sold the Harley to pay for his funeral. Riding wasn't the same after that; the friendship had gone a long way toward making riding more spontaneous and enjoyable. Amos didn't stop riding though; Leonard would've wanted it that way. He just never





Owner: Dennis Gill

rode with the other riders; he merely became a lone wolf and branched out even farther on his long rides.

The years wore past and, as the years changed, so did Amos's motorcycles. The brand remained the same but the old 20 J was gone, gone to wherever old motorcycles are relegated to. In its place was a 1937 EL. It was faster though heavier, and was a lot more steady feeling. Amos was just as meticulously careful with this new red and white war horse as he was in 1920 with the 20 J; the times, the bikes and even Amos had changed, but the old love was the same. The selfsame feeling that once drove him to ride far and wide so many miles, so many times, was still there. Riding a motorcycle was the romance that Amos thrived on; without it he would have been restless, withered and unhappy. In another century, perhaps, Amos would have been a centurion, or a knight, or even

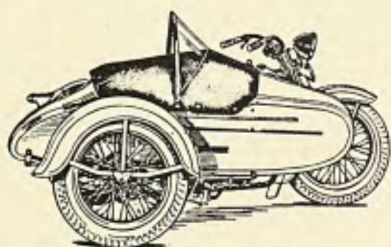
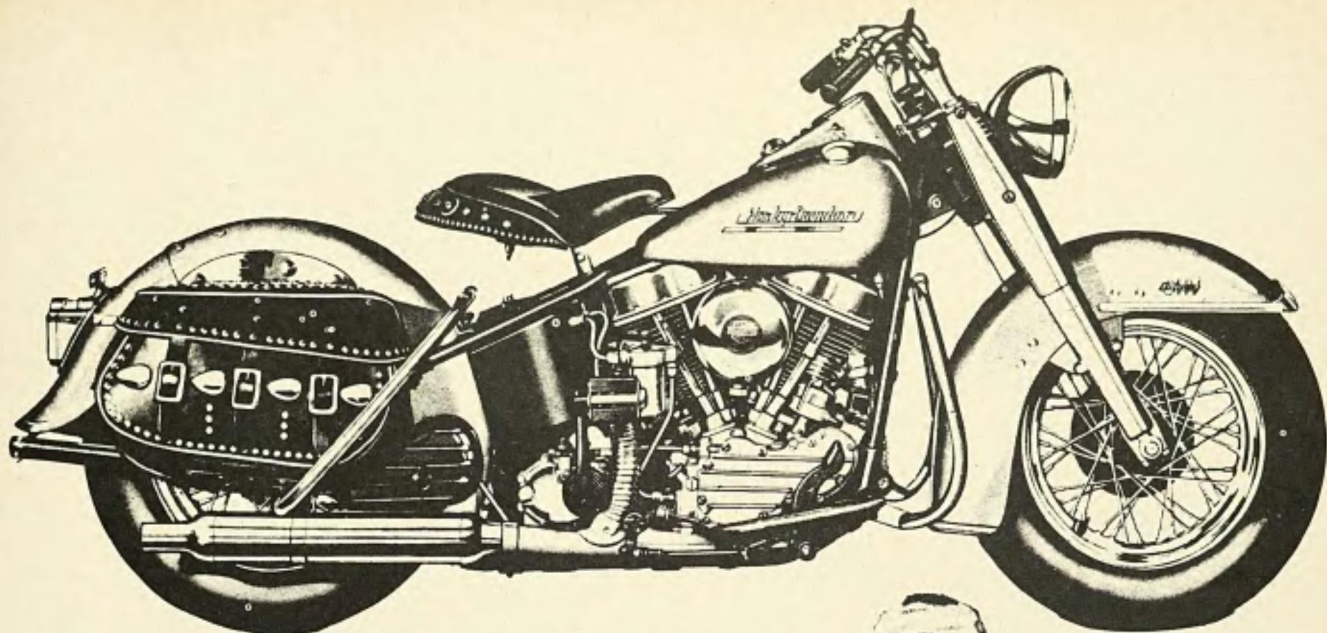
a cowhand. But this was a different era and Amos was a man just as proud, adventurous and lusty as any other men before him; he was a motorcyclist.

Now the year was 1977, and even now the feeling was still in him. Amos was 78 this year and the changes were deep inside him also. He had just gotten word that at midnight there were to be no more motorcycles ever ridden on the city streets again. All land was closed to motorcycles and now they were to become extinct. Harley-Davidson had gone out of business a year ago along with all the European manufacturers. Only the multi-million-dollar Japanese industries remained. Amos had never paid any attention to their progress until Harley-Davidson declared bankruptcy and the bank foreclosed on all the assets. Now even the Japanese giants were exiled from the land. Motorcycles were big business

as antiques, yet many were crushed into scrap as a final coup de grace on motorcycles in general.

Amos was old now and beginning to lose the vitality that he held so dear; it just wasn't the same anymore. After tonight life would lose a certain amount of joy; it was a dead era and it would take a part of Amos with it to the grave. But wait, the sun was just now setting and there was still time for one good ride.

In half an hour Amos was riding the old roads again, the old roads of memories. The visions danced before his headlight, trembled with ecstatic adventure. There he was with Leonard and there he was in '37 and again in '58. The many days and years, the many roads and highways, all flashed before him and he rode with a vengeance through sweeping turns and up and down the mountains. Hour after hour he rode, narrowing his eyes to slits, steeling his body



against the steady blast of wind at his chest. What would happen to Amos now? What would happen to the memories? Why, why were people so determined to see motorcycles killed off forever?

It didn't matter now; it was too late. It was all over; the beautiful old ragtime song had come to an end. Up ahead was a sharp right-hander and this time Amos's fingers didn't grasp for the brake. The thin guard rail didn't offer any resistance as bike and rider plunged out and over the deep ravine, to plummet downward.

It was over, all over. Amos's dying thoughts seemed to sing, and far, far away in the distance he seemed to hear the vibrant harmony of midnight chimes. And in the split second before silence became eternal, his ears also seemed to pick up the faint but unmistakable thunder of uncountable thousands of powerful Harley engines. ■

Eager power

Thrilling speed

Great stamina

It's got EVERYTHING

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
HYDRA-GLIDE®





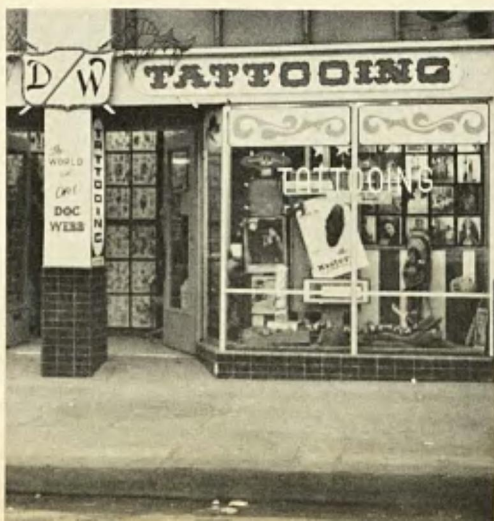
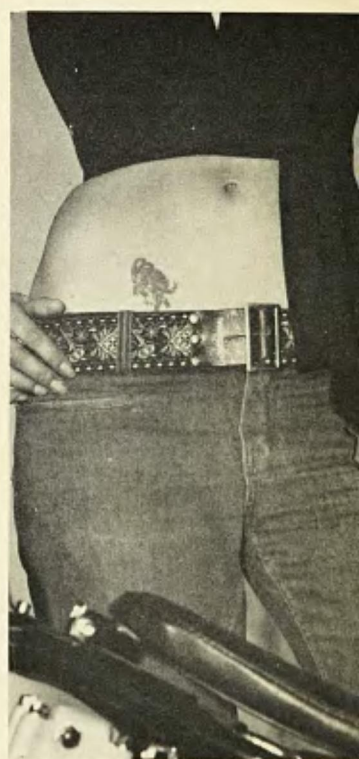
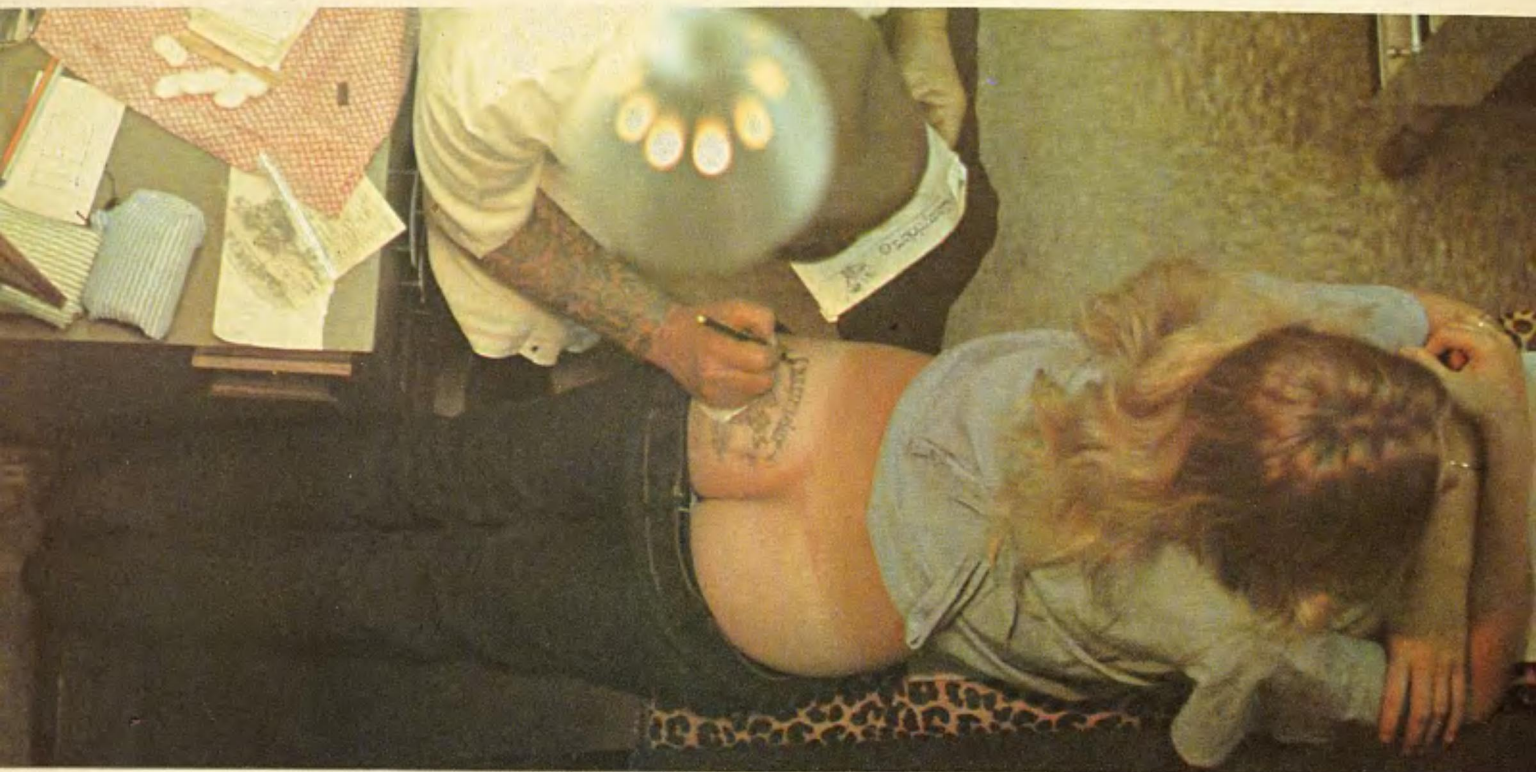
Why Are So Many Chicks Getting Tattoos?

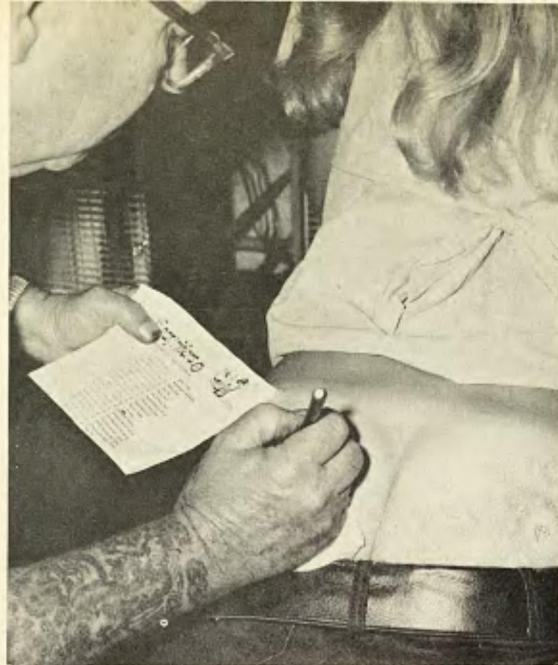


Hell, don't ask us—we just wanted an excuse to photograph some female skin. We don't even know why dudes get tattoos—and some of us here in the salt mine often wonder why *we* got tattoos. There's even one dude in the office that has a tattoo of a pile of dog shit on his arm. Another has a small rooster tattooed below his knee, so he can win a few brews—and not to mention the fact, to impress a few chickies. Having the tattoo there allows him to say that he has a cock below his knees.

Men have been getting tattoos since year one—either homemade or professionally done. Did you know that there are some dudes in Japan, and perhaps elsewhere, who actually have a complete shirt tattooed on them? All they have to do is throw on their naturals and boots, and they're dressed!

Perhaps women have been getting tattoos for a long time too—but most of theirs are hidden. You never know until she drops her drawers and you see a fox chasing a rabbit into her hole tattooed in full color. Or how about the chick





who has "hot" and "cold" tattooed over each tit?

Most chicks are having butterflies or small flowers tattooed on their hip, just above their snatch, or on the cheek of their ass. The discreet size of the tattoo is probably determined by the fact that it hurts like hell when the tattoo artist does his number.

Recently we received a letter from Kris Fenton stating she was going to get a tattoo, and was wondering if we would be interested in photographing her getting it. Two things made us contact her immediately. 1. She was going to have our *Easyriders* logo tattooed on her left bun. 2. She only lived a couple of hundred miles from the office. So, as you see here, we shot the photos of Doc Webb in San Diego tattooing the *Easyriders* logo where it's never been before—we don't think.

Are there any other brave chicks out there who have tattoos? Well, send us a photograph (black and white) of it—we dig lookin' at photos of chicks—er, tattoos on chicks. When we get enough photos, we'll feature them in the magazine. ■



Southern Hospitality

—Continued from page 21

and promptly whipped out his .38, blowing three-quarters of the top off before Jerry could think to yell.

"Thanks," muttered Jerry, as his two buddies hysterically rolled on the floor. A few minutes more of wasted conversation and planning for the evening's bash, and the three left the house. Jerry and Porky headed for the local Harley shop, and Tink headed for the nearest "authorized" stash place. As the trio went about their business across town, Deek and Animal were lighting up *their* break-fast.

Deek and Animal were kinda a strange pair. Deek was a small, sharp-lookin' dude with glasses and a bushy beard. As for Animal, go dig up yer aunt's encyclopaedia and look up "Grizzly Bear." They stumbled around with the ol' morning groggies, preparing to meet Jerry and Porky at the shop. This morning's back room discussion was to center around a subject dear to all: Party tonight!

AFTERNOON

A very important thing that you should be made aware of at this point of the story is that there are three kinds of "low life" here in the South: Spades, Hippies, and Bikers. If you happen to fall into one of these categories, tough shit. All three, and you can bet there's a warrant out on your ass. Anyway. . . .

Back at the royal third floor palladium, with all aforementioned persons present, things started cookin'. Plans were made for a midnight run to the local romancin' place atop a nearby mountain, raiding parties were sent to the local brewery, and Porky attempted to make the Guinness Book of Records by rolling no less than a gross of joints in about an hour.

Bikes, snatch, and suds arrived all afternoon, as the local boys made it into town for the first big bash of the summer. By 7 o'clock, the place was hummin'. Everywhere in the apartment there were sounds of laughter, and moans, and—well, you know. Jerry rolled the Sportster he was building out onto the balcony and fired it up, much to the delight of the rednecks gathered below in the usual Friday night, Dixie Drive-

In beer-drinking and engine-revving contest. The fuzz, strangely enough, were nowhere in sight.

Nobody was paying much attention to the intermittent cranking of bikes below in the parking lot. Every now and then, some stud would talk one of the local wenches in the Drive-In parking lot into taking a little spin. Animal had just pulled in for about the second time that evening when all hell broke loose. As he entered the apartment, he walked toward the balcony, a contented look on his face which made several of those present wonder exactly where he had just been. As Tink entered his room, which also happened to be the room with the entrance to the balcony, he was bowled over by 265 pounds of fast-moving meat.

"Get yer ass offa that motor!" yelled Animal from somewhere around the second flight of stairs.

"What the hell!" yelled Jerry, as he rushed into Tink's room and out onto the balcony, jumping over the dazed Tink to do so. From his perch above the parking lot, he stared open-mouthed at Animal's pan veering out of the Drive-In and down the road, obviously not driven by its owner, who was running swiftly some twenty feet behind it, with one hellacious string of curses floating along behind him.

"Jesus H. Christ!" hollered Jerry, loudly enough to be heard in the next county. "Somebody's burned Animal's bike!"

If you've ever seen one of those old SAC films where all the fighter pilots come pouring out of the barracks when the alert sounds, you got a pretty good idea of what happened to the party. At least 25 dudes were kickin' and cussin' as a stream of motors poured out into the street in the same direction taken by the pilfered pan. Jerry was hot in the lead, and nobody was far behind. Tink slowed and took on Animal, whose lack of wind didn't deter him from voicing the misery which was to befall the thief.

The chase led the enraged group out of town on the main westbound thoroughfare, some mile and a half behind the taillight of the stolen bike, which was no slack mover. At the city limit, Deek went down, his Triumph striking a goodly-sized dog that had timed his street crossing poorly. A pair of motors dropped back to assist, while the main pack, bound for vengeance, forged on with added zeal. Jerry and Porky, having the two strongest bikes in the group,

were slowly closing the gap between the chasers and the chased. The pair could make out the lines of their friend's motor as it turned sharply up the road which led to the local sporty-car heaven: a five-mile stretch of mountain road which was considered risky at 35 in daylight. By now, only three bikes were after the stolen vehicle: Jerry's, Porky's, and a down-home dude name of Floyd with a hot Sportster—Animal's eighty-incher proving too much for the average street machine to follow.

Shit! thought Jerry, he coulda at least picked a slower motor!

The group was seven or eight miles from the start of the chase, and it was getting tricky trying to straighten out the more hairy curves. As the crest of the mountain loomed into the beam of the headlights, Jerry thought he heard a sound ahead.

"Hot damn! Maybe the little motherfucker's run out of gas or such!"

A sorry sight met the tired eyes as the top of the hill gave view to a half mile of down-sloping road; a huge bonfire some hundred yards away slowed the group down quickly. Jerry slid to a halt and surveyed the scene, as did Porky and Floyd. A late night Highway Patrol road check had been the last leg of the journey for the thief. Animal's motor, or rather the remains of it, were imbedded in the side of the car, both burning fiercely. Scant feet away lay a badly broken figure, the charred uniform clearly recognizable. Floyd pointed silently a dozen yards further up the road. Another figure. He walked slowly to where it lay and bent down.

He remained only a moment, and stood up. Jerry was puzzled as he saw an unmistakable look of grief on Floyd's face. He walked over to where his friend stood and gazed down at the bloody corpse of what had been the cutest little blonde chick at the party.

"God," moaned Jerry as he turned away, "she asked me three times if she could drive me around the block. Said her daddy was a bike heat and taught her how to ride."

"That he did," came Porky's strained voice from behind. "Shit!"

"We'd better beat feet, man," said Floyd, pulling Jerry toward the silent motors.

As the trio mounted up and headed back toward the apartment, the only sound on the mountain other than the receding roar, was the crackling of flames. ■



Honda or Bust(ed)

"Hey, dipshit!" It was one of the office broads. "You're wanted on the phone."

"Who is it?"

She got a what-do-you-want-from-me look on her face. "How the fuck do I know?" She started to turn away from me, then probably realizing my question didn't really warrant a shitty answer, she explained, "He said he was a colonel something or other."

I watched her as she hurried away on whatever her trip of the day was. I decided that she must have been on the rag or she had a lousy lay last night; all of us around the office actually groove with each other.

A colonel. I don't know any colonels.

Then, paranoia started to take over. It must be The Man—they musta found my plant. Or maybe somebody fingered me for shovin' a few dime bags of whites for some fun-and-games bread. The money I earn here is—but that's another problem.

As I went to the nearest phone (I don't rate one of my own), my mind flashed on all the probabilities of why a "colonel" would be calling me. The only thing I could come up with was that it must be the police. I never heard of any fuzz having the rank of colonel, but—well, anything's possible.

Not knowing what to expect, I hesitantly said, "Hello."

"Hello, this is Colonel Mundy." He



was a cop. I could tell from the tone of his cold, hard voice. "I've spoken to you before—do you remember?" Oh shit, it's that prick that roused me about playin' stink finger with that wild young chick. A cold chill flashed through me—her fuckin' parents must be pressin' charges—and they agreed not to after I gave them that kilo of weed—the bastards.

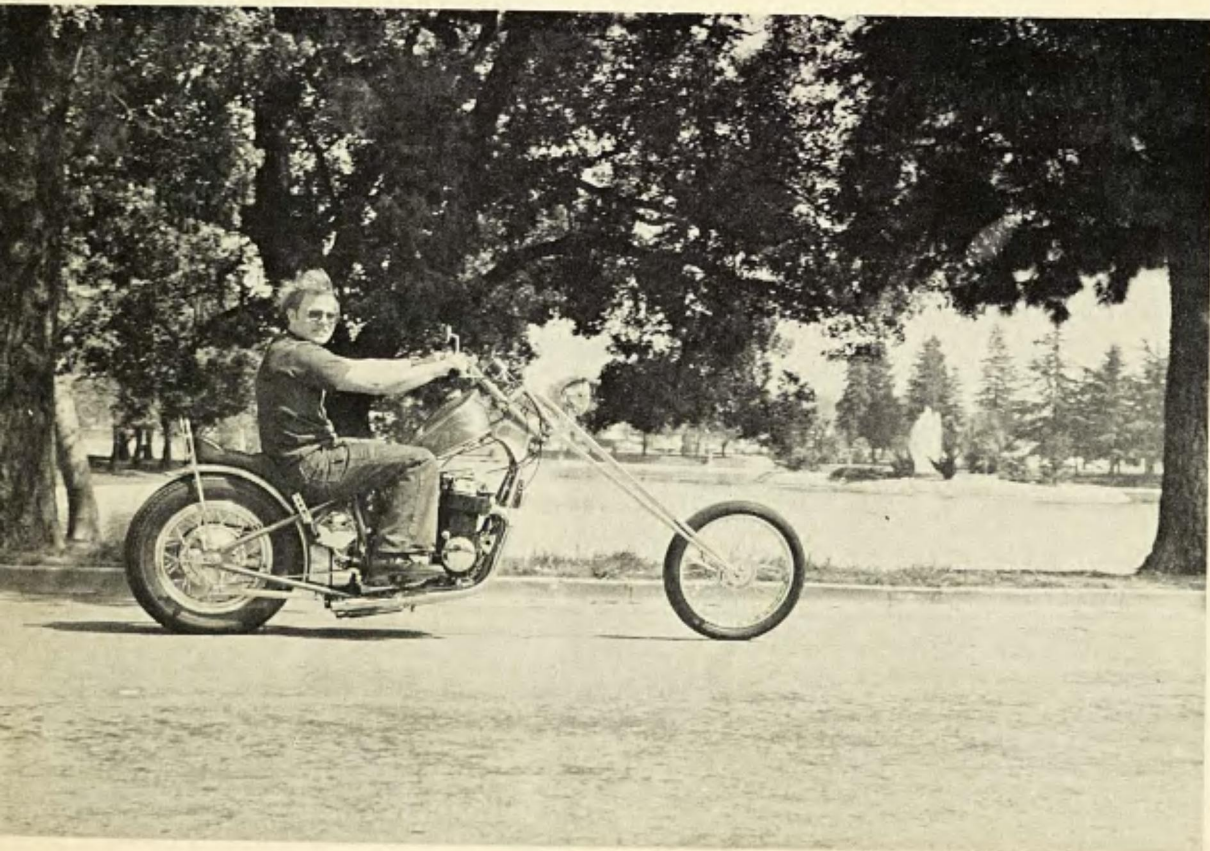
"Hello—are you there?" Yeah, I thought, it's that bird who roused me, sure as hell. Nobody has such a cold, eat-it tone, except some dude in authority.

"Yes, yes, I'm here." I tried to sound as goody-goody as I could. "What can I do for you?" I puckered as I prepared for what was coming next.

"I'm Colonel Mundy, United States Air Force." I unpuckered. "During the Nam war I flew B-52s. At the moment I have been assigned a desk job during a special emergency." Special emergency—I puckered again.

"No shit?" I tried to sound real buddy-buddy with the dude—Christ knows what the hell he's calling about.

"Yes, I've been assigned to the task of tracking down draft dodgers." With that, all circulation was shut off in the area as my pucker turned into a vise-



photos by David McElvea

Owner: Jim Mundy **City:** Spokane, Wash.

General

Fabrication by: Larry Bass
Year and make: 1972 Honda
Model: CB750
Value: \$3,000
Assembly by: Larry Bass
Time: 3 months
Chrm'ng. by: Paul's Cust. Chrome

Frame

Year: 1971
Builder: AEE
Type: rigid
Rake: 40 degrees
Stretch: 5 in. front, 4 in. rear
Other alterations: none

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1971
Model: CB750
Rebuilder: R. C. Engineering
Ignition: 12V distributor
Displacement: 900cc
Lower end: micro-polished crank
Balancing: R. C. balanced
Pistons: 900cc sleeves & pistons
Cases: black wrinkle
Heads: R. C. valve springs
Cam: R. C. intermediate cam
Lifters: none
Carb(s): stock
Air cleaner: K&N
Pipes: T&T
Muffler(s): shorty

Bars: Larry Bass
Risers: none
Fender(s): 5-in flat
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Lucas
Speedo: 350 Honda tach
Front pegs: Anderson
Rear pegs: Anderson
Electrics: 12V generator and regulator
Gas tank: Garry Littlejohn, coffin
Oil tank: Larry Bass
Oil system: Stewart Warner gauge
Primary cover: stock
Seat: Larry Bass
Sissy bar: Larry Bass
Height: 7 in. above fender
Material: 1/2-in. round

Transmission

Modifications: none
Shifting: foot
Engine sprocket: stock
Trans. sprocket: 18
Wheel sprocket: 48

Forks

Type: girder
Extension: 20 in. over
Builder: Wayne Eng.
Special features: made to fit disc brake

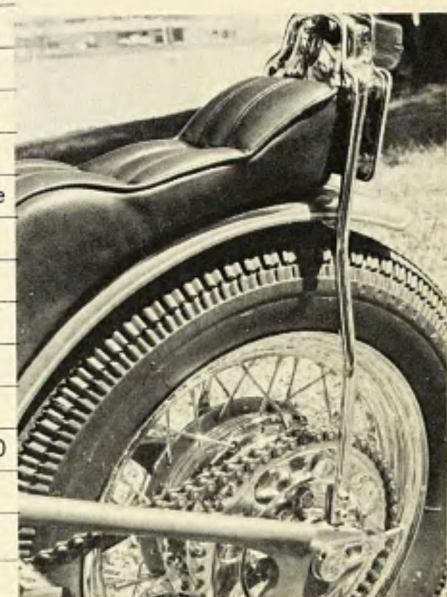
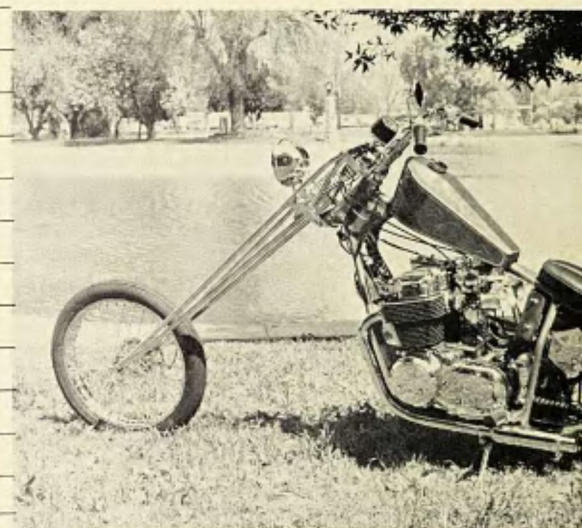
Painting

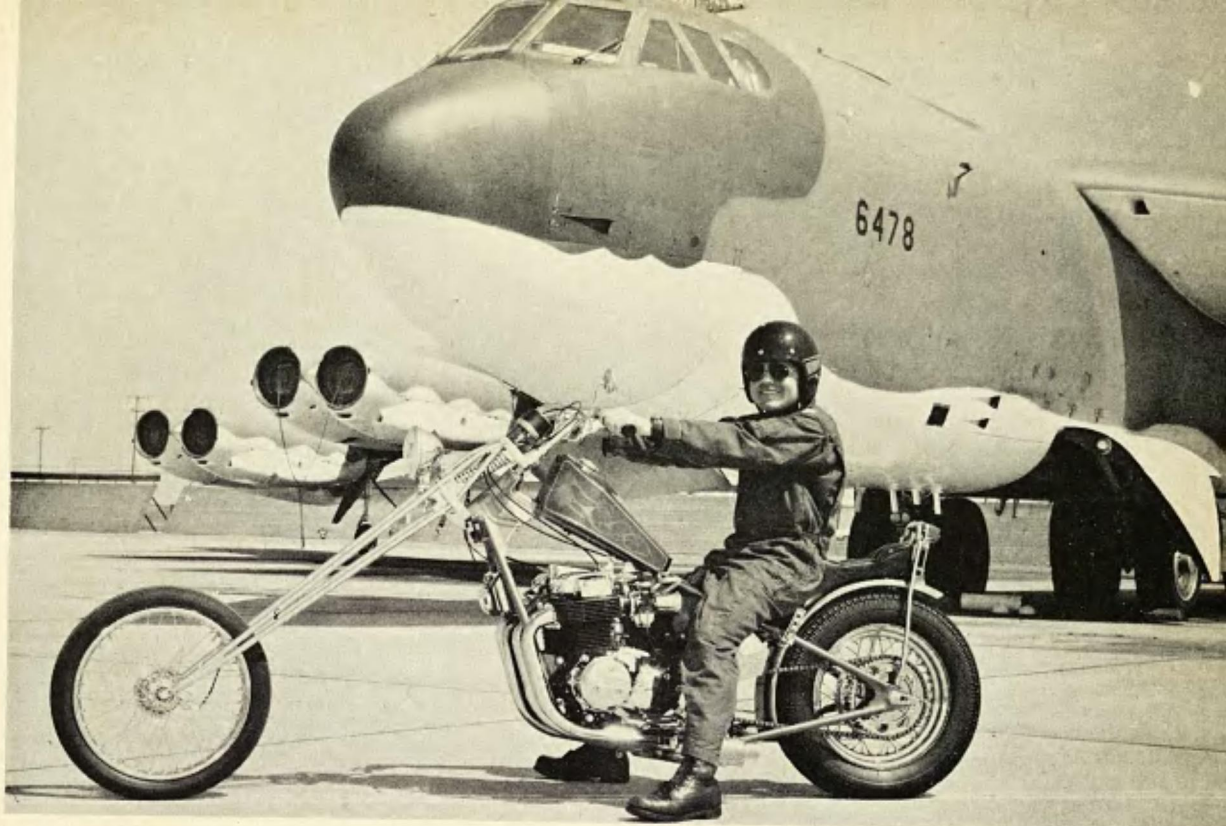
Molding: Larry Bass
Painter: Dick DeBenedictis
Color: pearl blue
Type: acrylic lacquer
Special paint: flames by Dick B.

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 18	Size: 16
Hub: Larry Bass	Hub: stock
Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: Avon 2.75	Tire: Good'yr. 5.00
Brake: mech. disc.	Brake: stock

Other special modifications: Electrical box by Larry Bass. High-performance connecting rods.





grip. "It appears," the Colonel continued, "that you've been dodging for one helluva long time."

I tried to think up defenses fast. "The war's over, man. What do you want with a pill-poppin', grass-smokin', child-molestin' scooter tramp?"

"That's exactly why I'm calling. I want to inform you that you have to turn yourself in and work off President Ford's amnesty program by January 31, 1975—or else." That "or else" made the visegrip pinch tighter.

"Oh, man, you don't want me—I'll fuck up your program."

"I know that—and that's why I'm going to give you another choice." Blood started to circulate again—but I was wary. "What kind of another choice?"

"Well, I understand that you are employed by **Easyriders** magazine. Is that correct?"

"Well, they let me hang around. I'm sort of a chopper groupie—you know what I mean?"

"Okay. Here's the proposal. I have a custom bike and I would like it featured in **Easyriders**. If you get it featured, I'll forget you're a draft dodger."

Wow, I thought, I've got it made. I almost started to feel relieved, but then I puckered again—what if he has a Vespa, or a Jawa, or any ring-ding scooter. With the visegrip squeeze returning, I hesitantly answered, "Hey,

man, that's great." Now for the key question. "What kind of a scooter do you have?"

"Scoot? What's a scooter?" He started to get uptight. "I told you that I had a custom bike. It's a 900cc Honda."

I could feel gangrene setting in from the lost circulation. "A Honda? But we try to feature Harleys—all the other mags feature all the other bikes, but we try to specialize." To make certain he understood, I pushed the point. "It's not that we're against any bike. It's just that we decided in the beginning to specialize. We don't intend it to be a putdown of any bike."

His voice was firm: "It's the Honda, alternative service—or Leavenworth Prison."

"Hey, man," I started to plead, "if I have to present this to the editorial board, it's gonna be Buck knives and axe handles to the last man!"

"That's your problem—or perhaps you'd like to work in the laundry? You have a week to make up your mind."

"But—but shit," I pleaded as he hung up.

Well, to make a long story short, I'm free, but it cost me my cherry shovel-heads and barrels. The editor took those, and I had to tear down my bike to bribe the rest of the staff with parts. They're all a bunch of whores—but what could I do? ■

—Snake

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We stock Paisano, Chilton's, Clymer, and other technical manuals. Write wants or send for free list. We also do aluminum polishing (preferably for Harleys).

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Afghanistan

—Continued from page 19—

Herat, where one should settle into the New Super Behzar Garden Hotel and start to enjoy. Dope is everywhere. One little item you should have along is an accurate pocket scale. Just to keep honest people honest. Short weight is not a peculiarly American phenomenon. For your own personal use you'll want to score a bit of this, a bit of that—a bit of variety. Chances are that as you came through the border some freak going the other way laid his stash on you, and people carry around only good shit. Hash is sold by the "tola" (11½ grams, or a little over a third of an ounce), which should cost no more than forty cents. In bulk it is cheaper, and a kilo (1000 grams, 2.2 pounds, or 35 ounces) can be scored for \$20 or thereabouts. Shop around a bit, and always take a toke to check the buzz. Pardees Hotel and Restaurant is the heavy scene, with good food, sounds, and dope. Everybody sports a **chillum**, and fine ones can be picked up all over town. Your throat will probably be ripped out for the first few days from all the smoking, but you can always bake a chocolate cake.

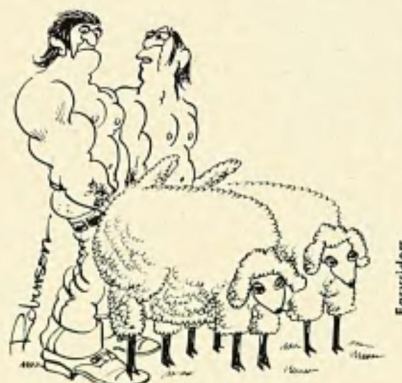
From Herat there are 400 miles of really bad dirt road going northeast to Mazare Sharif. And an even worse one goes due east

to the capital, Kabul. If you're an off-the-road freak, take one of those. But there is a fine paved road going down through Kandahar and up to Kabul. It was built half by the US, half by the Russians, and each side tried to out-do the other. A little heavy trucking is in order, with nothing much but stray camels to worry about. In Kabul you check into the Friends Hotel and really begin to party down. Chicken Road is where to hang out, and you do a number in the garden at Sigi's. Good dudes, dope, and dub.

The really great Af shit comes from up north near the Russian border, and it is a nice putt up from Kabul to Mazare Sharif. At the Saleng Pass you motor up to 11,000 feet, which will really make your Lakes suck. Then you drop into a series of canyons before you are spewed out onto the absolutely flat desert which surrounds Mazare. A lot of Af narcs hang around up there, mostly to be sure that the kickbacks are paid. If you know your shit, order it up, but have it delivered in Kabul, payment on receipt.

With all this good shit everywhere, you'll probably want to bring some little gifts home to your friends. If you're riding a Harley, there is no problem in stashing about five keys in some appropriate places. And that five keys of good shit, 175 ounces, can be scored for \$100 or so. You should be able to make the trip pay for itself, with a bit left over. European scoots are a bit harder to work with, but a little heavy thinking should put something together. Do the job right, with a bit of welding, paint, and all, and your iron has just taken a big increase in value. And few narcs are willing to hacksaw a piece of machinery to bits. A scoot can't even hold enough to interest them.

Living is cheap in Afghanistan. A bed costs forty cents or less. Eating prices depend on you, but they're low. You've come about 3300 miles from Istanbul. Hang around, and then motor on back when you're ready. Or stay and open up a chop shop. Kabul needs one.



"Quit your bitchin', you
got the pretty one."

The Hell's Angels

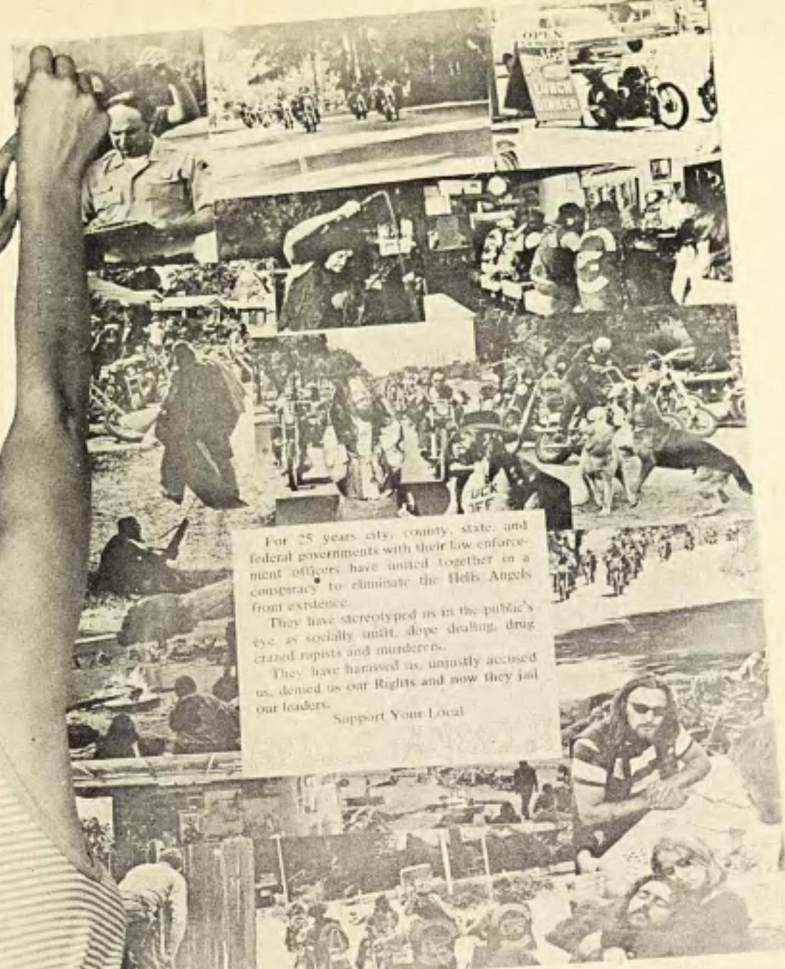
are raising a legal defense fund to finance legal fees for appealing Sonny Barger's recent prison conviction, as well as building a legal fund to defend other Hell's Angels that may need legal assistance.

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

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

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

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



For 25 years city, county, state, and federal governments with their law enforcement officers have united together in a conspiracy to eliminate the Hell's Angels from existence.

They have stereotyped us in the public's eye as socially unfit, dope dealing, drug crazed rapists and murderers.

They have harassed us, unjustly accused us, denied us our Rights and now they jail our leaders.

Support Your Local

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

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Please send me the following items:

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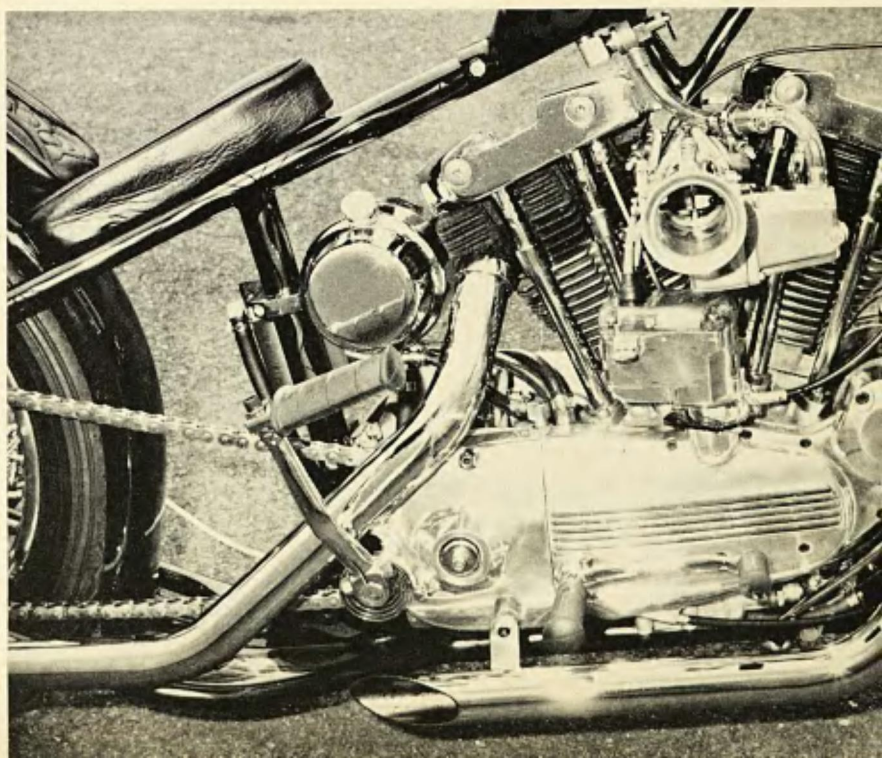
For fastest service, send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks must clear your bank before we can ship your order. Allow three weeks for personal checks to clear.

Is this Sporty fast enough for ya?



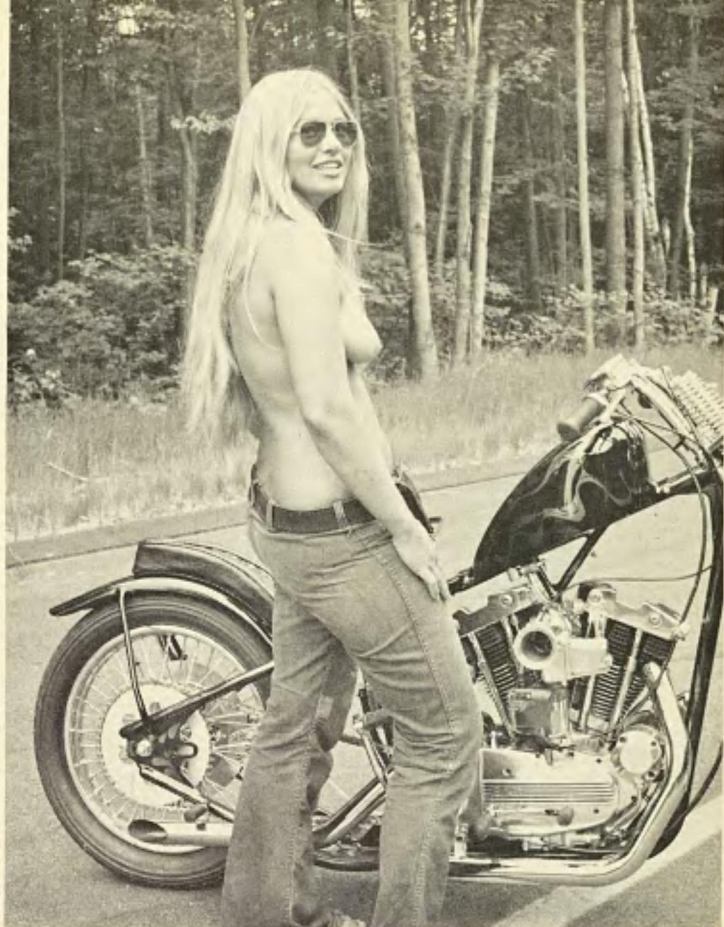
You dudes who have the stomach to run through this drivel every issue know that the staff isn't on much of a gear-head trip. For one thing, the bro's around here think that good times mean buildin' a scoot that's mellow and practical—and no squeezing that last half-horsepower out of the engine. For another, most of us are usually too wasted to do any high precision wrenching anyway.

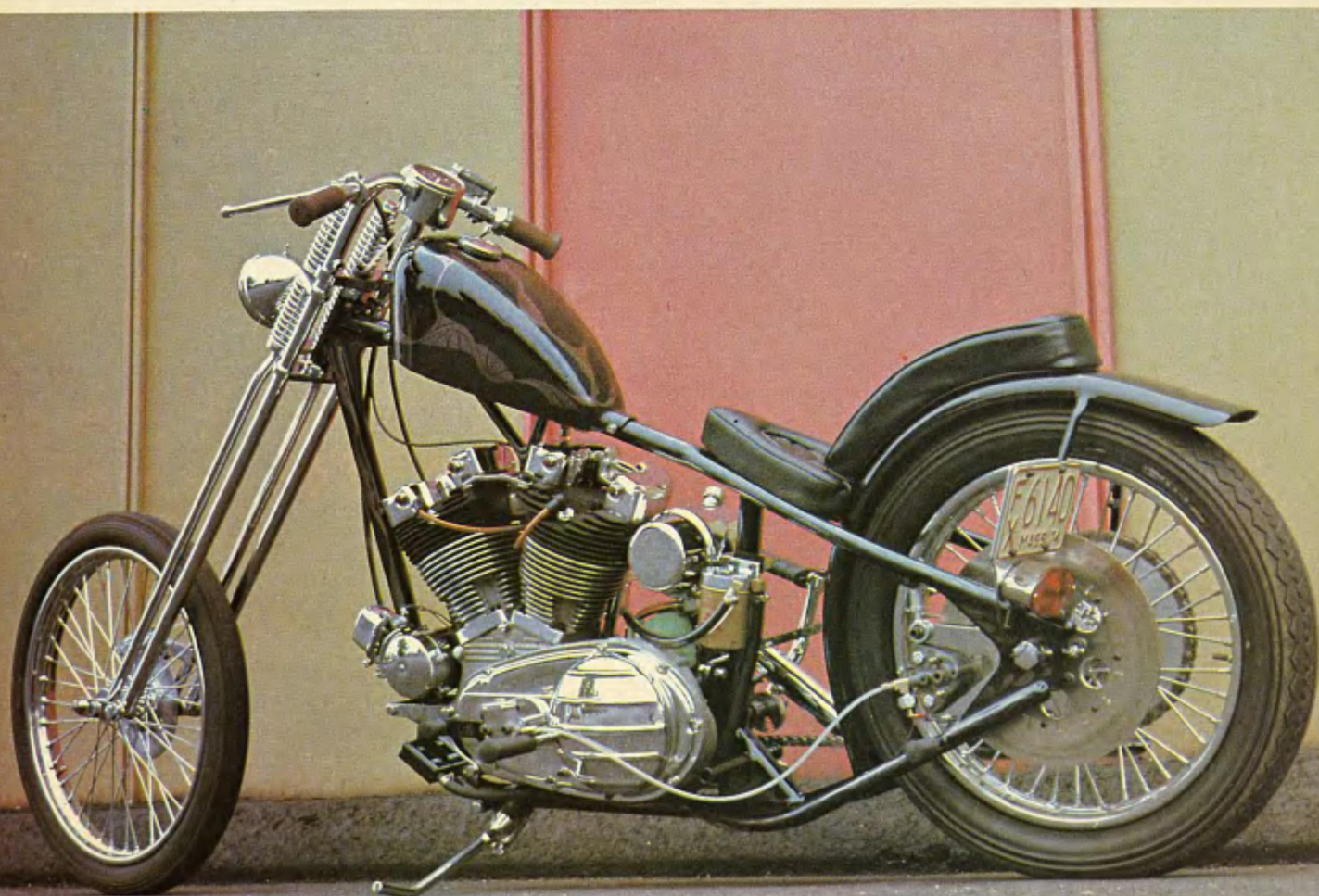
But it pisses us off how we've been hearing recently that the Sportster is over the hill, that the new models don't have the balls of the old, that any half-litre riceburner can blow the turkey off. Whatta buncha jive! Everybody knows an H-D stocker, or any stock bike, is just good raw material. It's got to be refined a little to get what you want.



For example, on these pages is a chopper built by Dan Trenholm, mechanic at DC Enterprises (Easthampton, Mass.). At Lebanon Valley dragstrip in N.Y. last summer, it turned a 12.36-second, 117mph quarter mile, with skinny rear tire, rigid frame, pearl paint and all. That ain't a record—but it shouldn't be sneezed at either.

You can see that a high-performance bike doesn't have to look like a plumber's acid trip or a four-cylinder play racer. Danny built his scoot around a Sportster engine and tried to eliminate as much as possible for a clean and uncomplicated look. Even inside the cases things were





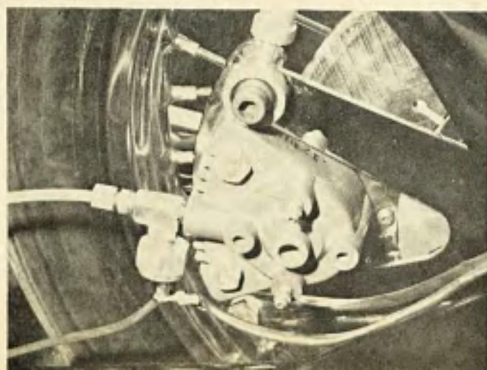
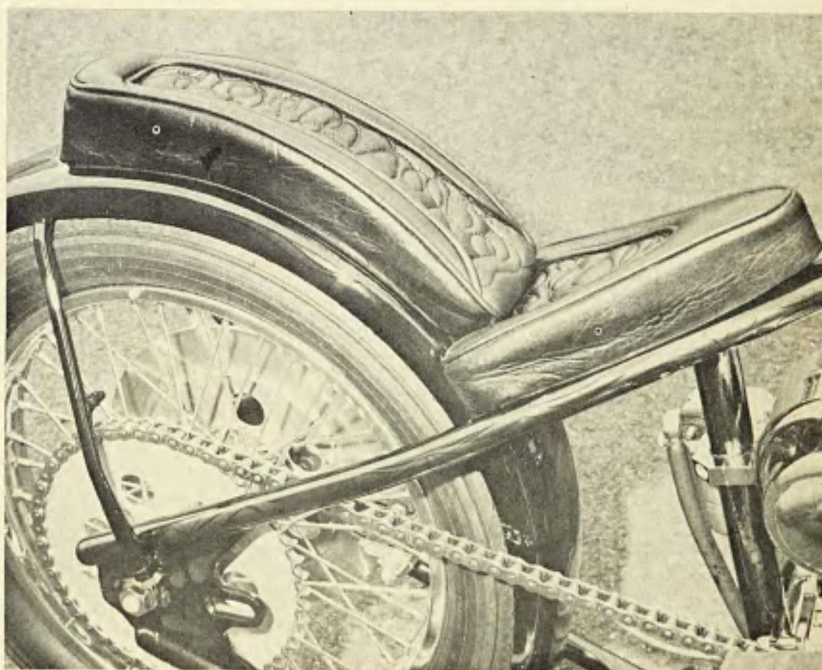
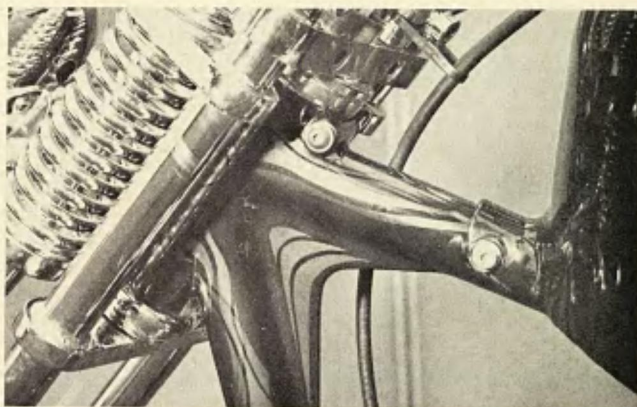


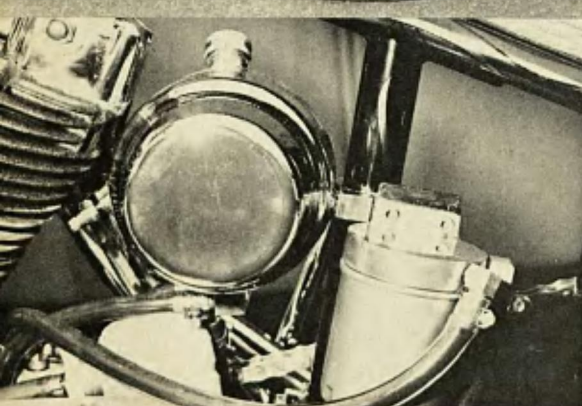
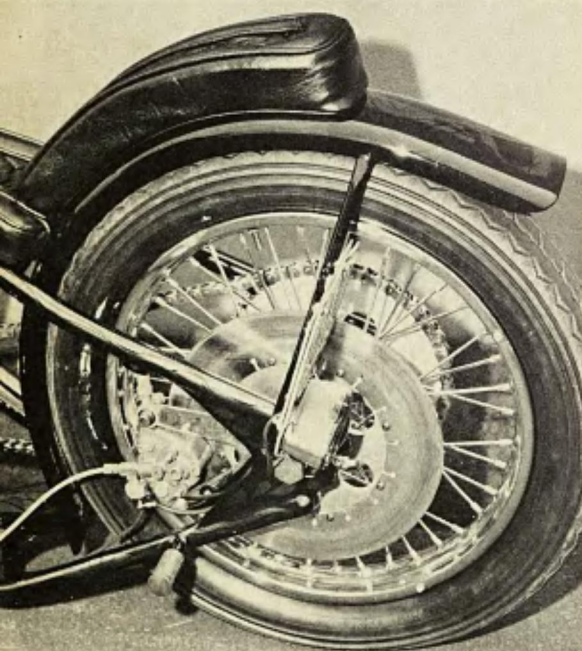
Easyriders Photography by Jake

simplified: the cam gallery was machined to do away with the oil sludge trap, and in the trans area the countershaft boss was beefed by eliminating the speedo drive.

The extra things that did go on the bike (like the oil filter, Lockhart cooler, and crankcase vent) were concealed as much as possible. Mickey-mouse linkages were avoided by connecting the rear brake pedal directly to the master cylinder, and using a hydraulic light switch that runs right off the end of the brake line, near the rear wheel.

As we said before, we don't usually get into a high-performance trip. Most stock scoots on the road can't use all the power they've got anyway—legally, that is. But if buildin' a smokin' stroker is your gig, you see that it is possible to make a bike haul ass and look good at the same time. Even with—as others would have you believe—a so-called anemic Sportster engine. —Continued on next page





Owner: Dan Trenholm		City: Greenfield, Mass.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: D. C. Ent.		Year: 1972	
Year and make: 1957 H-D		Builder: Century Enterprises	
Model: Sportster		Type: single loop rigid	
Value: \$3,600		Rake: 40 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 4 in.	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: fork stops, D.C.	
Chroming by: J&J Chrome		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag, by Century Ent.	
Year: 1957		Risers: one-piece with bars	
Model: XL		Fender(s): 4 in. flat	
Rebuilder: owner (at D.C.)		Headlight: H-D spot, snowmobile bulb	
Ignition: Joe Hunt mag		Taillight: cat's eye	
Displacement: 77 cu. in.		Speedo: Sportster tach	
Lower end: S&S Stroker Wheels		Front pegs: H-D kicker pegs	
Balancing: Lindskogg		Rear pegs: H-D shifter pegs	
Pistons: Venolia 11:1		Electrics: D.C. Enterprises	
Cases: all internals microsealed		Gas tank: Santee, Tröck shut-off	
Heads: Branch Flowmetrics		Oil tank: Century Ent.	
Cam: Sifton plus HH		Oil sys.: 1/4-speed oil pump, retimed	
Lifters: lightened		Primary cover: early Sporty, steel	
Carb(s): S&S 1 7/8 in.		Seat: Duncan	
Air cleaner: S&S stack		Sissy bar: none	
Pipes: D.C. Ent.		Height:	
Muffler(s): none		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Speedo elim.		Type: springer	
Year: 1957 "C" ratios		Extension: 10 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Century Ent.	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: balljoint spring-rods	
Trans. sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 49		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: Mark Picard		Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: Hallcraft
Painter: Spectrum Paint		Rim width: 2 1/2 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: black		Tire: 2.75 x 21	Tire: 4.00 x 18
Type: polyurethane		Avon	Michelin
Spec'l. pnt.: trans. pearl patterns		Brk.: Hal'cr'ft. disc	Brk.: Hal'cr'ft. disc
Other special modifications: Drag Specialty aluminum cylinders, Tröck transmission door, Lockhart oil cooler, polished rods and flywheel, nickel plated rear chain.			

RED RIDER



Robinson



"ONLY TWO FIFTY, FOR THE WHOLE POUND!"

"GIMMIE A TASTE FREAK-O!"

"SIR!"



"NOT BAD AT ALL!"

"I'LL GIVE YA TWO BILLS!"

LATER



"NOW TO GET THIS SHIT HOME WITHOUT GETTING MY ASS BUSTED!"



"LOOKS LIKE I MADE IT IN GREAT SHAPE! YUK YUK! (CHORTLE)"

"HERE YA GO BEAVER THIS STUFF'LL BOMB YER BRAIN!"



"FAR OUT!"

FLASH



HEH! HEH!

"DAMMIT RED, DID YOU STASH THAT SHIT IN YOUR GAS TANK AGAIN?"

END



Virginia: Safety equipment is now required of the operator of a motorcycle and all riding passengers. Both the operator and passenger must wear a protective helmet of the type approved by the Superintendent of State Police. The operator is further required to wear safety glasses or goggles or face shield, or he must have his motorcycle equipped with a windshield. The protective helmet is not required when riding on vehicles with wheels of eight (8) inches or less in diameter.

Washington D.C.: National columnist James J. Kilpatrick recently said better than we could: The House of Representatives caught the bicentennial spirit. In a burst of overflowing resentment, the House turned upon the Department of Transportation just as the colonists turned on old King George. It was a new American Revolution, and it was wonderfully welcome.

"Taken by itself, the House action may seem trivial. By a vote of 337 to 49, the House ordered an end to the DOT's maddening requirement that new automobiles come equipped with a seat belt/ignition interlock system. On any scale of values, seat belts rank somewhere down the line from the Magna Carta."

"Yet the House vote has much symbolic value. The DOT's interlock decree is a classic manifestation of Big Brother government at work. Because some citizens may not yet have encountered the decree in action, perhaps it should be explained that the interlock was invented by the same devilish genius that in times past contrived thumbscrews, the iron maiden, and the rack. The infernal device prevents a motorist from starting his car until a precise sequence of actions has been completed. The device is expensive; it is subject to constant malfunction; it is universally despised."

"Why has a benevolent government saddled this imposition upon the people? It is because a benevolent government believes it knows what is best for people. The government will compel the

people to be good. Big Brother is watching over us.

"What the House said, in language Secretary Claude S. Brinegar cannot misunderstand, was: To hell with Big Brother! The House action, taken as an amendment to an omnibus motor vehicle bill, also would prohibit the airbag, or passive restraint device, now scheduled for mandatory installation in the 1977 model year.

"Because of the parliamentary situation, the House amendment may not survive a conference committee. But the Senate happily is in a mood of similar rebellion. On July 31, New York's Conservative Senator James L. Buckley introduced a bill to accomplish substantially the same purpose. It is part of his continuing effort, he said, "to remove the grasping hand of Big Brother government from the lives of American citizens."

"Buckley's principal co-sponsor on the bill is Senator Tom Eagleton of Missouri, a practicing liberal who was briefly George McGovern's vice-presidential choice. The two sponsors have been joined by 13 other senators whose philosophies reach across the spectrum. Among those urging that the interlocks be made optional instead of compulsory are such liberal Democrats as Nelson of Wisconsin and Church of Idaho, and such conservative Republicans as Helms of North Carolina and Hruska of Nebraska.

"Because of this strong bipartisan support, Buckley and Eagleton intend to offer their bill this month as a floor amendment to a pending public works bill. It will be a popular amendment, commanding the same overwhelming vote in the Senate that Congressman Louis Wyman's amendment commanded in the House. If all goes well, motorists may soon regain a measure of personal freedom. Hallelujah!

"Both Buckley and Eagleton have made it clear that they do not oppose requirements having to do with product safety as distinguished from personal safety. In the manufacture and sale of automobiles, as in other fields

of inter-state commerce, the legislative power of Congress surely extends to the prevention of invisible hazards. Big Brotherism is something else.

"If freedom is to have any meaning in this country," Eagleton said, "it certainly must encompass the right of an individual to lead his life as he sees fit, so long as it does not interfere directly with the similar pursuit by others."

"On that vital principle of a free society, conservatives and liberals alike can find many areas of agreement. Wiping out these infuriating interlocks as a compulsory requirement is only a first step. Plenty of other steps remain."

The point in this situation is that one law was passed to eliminate another. Something of this nature could be applied to helmet laws.

Colorado: Rick Hall is a Lakewood fireman and a motorcycle enthusiast. Last year he was taught a lesson by the Lakewood Police Department.

As a result, he offers a bit of hard-earned wisdom to those who ask: "If you're going to ride a motorcycle, don't ride it in Lakewood."

Hall spent \$2,300 for his 750, and proudly mounted his machine to tour Lakewood's streets. He paid a price, however.

"The first week I had it, I was pulled over eight times," he said. Each time the flashing red light of a Lakewood patrol car signaled him to the side of the road, Hall dutifully produced his driver's license and the registration slip which showed the motorcycle belonged to him.

"They never gave me a ticket," he said. "I was never violating a law. Every time, they said they were just making a routine check."

During one check, a sharp-eyed patrolman decided one of the figures on the bike's identification number didn't look the way he thought it should.

Many motorcycle makers, it seems, use different kinds of identification numbers for different models. And when it looks as

though one kind of number is etched onto the wrong kind of bike, policemen—especially Lakewood policemen—get very suspicious.

If a bike's owner has fooled with the identification number, it could be because the motorcycle or parts of it have been stolen.

Hall said he was told his bike's identification number was a "funny number." The officer told him to park the bike in the garage and not to ride it anymore, because a "funny number" is sufficient reason for police to impound the bike and launch a lengthy investigation to determine whether it had been stolen.

Hall took the bike home and called the Denver Police Department where a friend of his, Detective Rich Jones, earns his paycheck for working 40 hours a week in the Auto Theft Bureau.

He prevailed on Jones to run a check on the cycle. Jones said it took him two days to find that none of the bike's parts had been stolen, that the alleged "funny number" was legitimate, and that Hall's cycle was "street legal."

Hall called Lakewood police and told them of Jones' findings. They said they would have to conduct an investigation of their own, came to his home in a pickup truck, and carted his bike to the auto pound.

Four weeks later, they, too, became convinced the bike was "street legal."

"The police just wouldn't let me have it back," Hall said. "It really surprised me. Police and firemen . . . well, have a lot in common and usually we try to help each other out. I even had the chief give them a call. It didn't do any good."

When he did get the cycle back, he sold it—for \$300 less than he paid for it.

The open area in the car pound where the bike was kept did nothing for its resale value. It had rained several times during the machine's stay, rusting its gaudy gauges, spotting its chrome and ruining its foam rubber seats, according to Hall.

Also, he said, the bike's horn was broken off and there was a chip in the gas tank and a new dent in a fender.

Hall, at least, got his bike back. Others haven't been so lucky.

Robert Appolson, of Detroit, roared into Lakewood Aug. 19 for a long-awaited motorcycle vacation. On Aug. 23 he ran afoul of Lakewood policemen who impounded his vehicle because its old identification number had been replaced with a new one.

Appolson's explanation that the new number was assigned to him by Michigan authorities—an explanation verified by the News—has done him no good. His bike sits in the Lakewood car pound.

Norm Poteet and Jim Sickles, both of Temple, Arizona, were passing through Lakewood en route to Idaho, where they planned to witness the jump of cycle king Evel Knievel across the Snake River Canyon.

Maybe they should have tried to leap Lakewood. On Aug. 30 their bikes were impounded by Lakewood policemen who stopped them on a routine check and discovered the bikes' identification numbers apparently had been altered.

"We didn't steal these bikes," Poteet said. "We bought them." The Lakewood Police Department is investigating. The bikes sit in the car pound. —Frank Moya, Rocky Mountain News.

Idaho: S. David Swayne, ABATE State Coordinator in Idaho, is beginning a push against the helmet law. With the assistance of Pappy Davis in southern Idaho and another brother in the northern part of the state, they hope to organize and protest the helmet law, and they'll need your support. Contact Dave at 882-8540.

New York: About 200 motorcyclists protesting mandatory helmet laws and other bike regulations, staged a "Freedom of the Road" demonstration in Albany.

The motorcyclists rode slowly to the Capitol where they parked their machines in a long row along Washington Avenue. Motorcycle policemen, who escorted the huge throng along Central Avenue, patrolled the area and joked with the protestors.

Following the demonstration, the motorcyclists rode to a north Albany picnic area where a party ensued.

Warren Bennet of B & B Cycle Works plans to have more and stronger demonstrations in the future. Supporters should contact Warren at B & B Cycle Works, 1219 Central Avenue, N.Y. 12205, for information concerning future protests.

Wisconsin: Everyone bitches about the laws, but when someone really gets into it, most everyone is all talk and no do. I had my name in ABATE not too long ago to try and get something going for the Wisconsin laws, but we received letters from only three guys (one was from out of state). We thank those guys, but without the support of all the bikers in the state, there is hardly any use

trying to change the laws. Since the law is already in effect, we need a state-wide movement to change things, or what kind of a chance do we have? Beowulf M.C., c/o Don Tyrer, 401 S. Iowa St., Dodgeville, Wis. 53533.

Iowa: C.O.M.E., Committee on Motorcycle Education, successfully defeated the helmet law in 1973 and is now working against the current compulsory helmet bill.

Under the enthusiastic leadership of Mark Spragg, C.O.M.E., is fighting the Bill in a committee of the Iowa House of Representatives at present. They stand a 50-50 chance. Last year C.O.M.E. scheduled a ride-in at the Iowa State Fair where there was a "No Motorcycles Allowed" sign. They called the State Police, the Fair Board, and the Attorney General so that they could get arrested and make a test case of it. However, the bureaucracy, gutless as it usually is, took the sign down before the pack got there.

For more information, Iowa brothers should contact James P. Gould, M.D., c/o C.O.M.E., 1028 4th Street, Des Moines, Iowa 50314.

New Hampshire: A new law: Tourists and campers. Stay out of New Hampshire—if you prefer to travel on vehicles with less than four wheels. You will not find any camping areas open to you and you will be insulted and threatened with calls to the police if you ask why.

It matters not that you are fifteen-year veteran family campers who have recently discovered the pleasures of motorcycle touring, or that you have camped across the country several times. You will be refused a place to sleep in New Hampshire. Nor does it matter that you are a N.H. resident or that you are a vacationing executive whose salary exceeds that of the governor. If you drive a vehicle with less than four wheels, you must go home or leave New Hampshire to sleep. Even Governor Thomson would be rudely evicted if he drove in with a Honda and would have to drive to Maine, Massachusetts, or Vermont to camp.

There will be no signs outside the campground to warn you. You must ask to be demeaned. Tourist information stands don't tell you, nor does camping literature, but the bigotry is there. If you are on two or three wheels, get out of the state before dark. N.H. campgrounds are so paranoid that even ten-speed bikes must be pushed to the highway before riding. It's not for safety; ten-

thousand-pound, sixty-foot-long Cadillac-Airstream rigs have no such restrictions.

It will be amusing to watch the inevitable future unfold. The price of gasoline rises to \$1.50 a gallon in, say, four years and large campers and motor homes become parked permanently in back yards and resort-area shantytowns. The roads will contain only underpowered trucks, minicars, and motorcycles. Private campgrounds will go bankrupt left and right, and the few remaining tourists (largely cyclists) will stay at nearly empty government camping areas. Cycle tourists will have the last laugh.

In the meantime, I reiterate my warning: If your vehicle has less than four wheels, The "Welcome to New Hampshire" signs really say, "Keep out of New Hampshire, Undesirable! This Means You!"

Even if you live in N.H. (as I do), I recommend touring Maine. There you can camp like any other motorist, without this unfair discrimination.

I am sending a copy of this warning to you in the hope it will prevent another tourist from making an unexpected ninety-mile drive home in cold, rainy weather late at night with a child aboard, as I did, and turning their camping weekend into a nightmare.—Jordan Spofford.

Rhode Island: A reckless driving charge, resulting in the death of a passenger on a motorcycle, against Ronald E. Tennet, 33, of 15 Algonquin St., Providence, was dismissed on a motion of the prosecutor in district court, Warwick.

Mr. Tennet had been charged by Coventry Police in connection with an April 28 accident resulting in the death of Candice Deus, 20, of 46 Wakefield St., West Warwick. Mr. Tennet was the operator of a car which collided with the motorcycle.

Brothers: The Rhode Island thing is something that we all must live with and a problem that pisses all of us off. It just so happens this one is really a bummer. The car cut in front of the bike and the scooter hit him broadside. The biker and his wife went over the car, and she was killed. When the guy got out of his car and looked, he just shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Oh, well, just another cycle bum down." For the first time in my life I wanted to kill somebody. I wanted to shatter his brain all over the ground. I can't help feeling for the brother. They were married less than a year. She was

buried in her wedding dress. Just thought I'd put this in to show that we must stand together all over the U.S. It's the same all over. The names are changed, but the heading reads just about the same every time.—Barbarian.)
Florida: I'm a real pig, but I want you to understand something.

First of all, I fight every damn bill that is proposed by the State concerning chopper legislation that is restrictive and stupid, and some that are plain unconstitutional. House Bill 3365, which goes up before the State Senate shortly and deals with muffler modifications, was one of the bills I have fought the hardest and one that I brought to the attention of a custom shop here in town. The feeling in the Senate is that the bill will be defeated.

Since this is the state capital, I can keep an eye on things pretty well, and I try to stay abreast of what's happening.

By the way, I have a '67 H-D completely chopped. So not all pigs are pigs—some do try, even if we were born wearing a uniform.—G.E., Tallahassee.

Michigan: At a time when a provision for optional exclusion of motorcycles has been included in a federal no-fault insurance bill recently passed by the Senate and when motorcycles have been excluded in the vast majority of states which have approved such laws, a recent court decision threatens to turn the relatively stable no-fault situation into a turmoil.

Wayne County Circuit Court Judge Horace W. Gilmore recently held in a Michigan suit that while the state's no-fault insurance act is basically constitutional, certain provisions of it are unconstitutional. Included in those provisions was the section of the act which excluded motorcycles from mandatory no-fault coverage.

The original exclusion was granted after "motor vehicle" had been defined as having more than two wheels for purposes of the act. Judge Gilmore ruled that the resultant exclusion of motorcycles created a separate class of motor vehicles designed for operation on public highways and that creation of such a separate class violated the Equal Protection clause of the 14th Amendment and certain tenets of the Michigan constitution of 1963.

Testimony at the trial, which lasted a total of 13 weeks, indicated that prohibitive cost was at the basis of motorcycle exclusion from no-fault insurance. Judge Gilmore ruled that avoidance of higher costs is not a purpose rea-

sonably related to the legislative goals of the Michigan no-fault act and that the act's classification of motorcycles discriminates against a class of pedestrians who might be struck by such vehicles and others who are not owners and operators of such vehicles.

The Michigan no-fault decision is currently undergoing careful study by the American Motorcycle Association, the Michigan Motorcycle Dealers Association, and the motorcycle committee of the National Association of Independent Insurers. Appeals being planned by several of the insurance companies involved in the case could have far-reaching effects on the national no-fault scene. If the decision is upheld, it could mean that motorcycles will not be excluded from no-fault laws enacted at the federal and state levels.

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-

Washington: On July 24, the state's mandatory motorcycle "head-lights-on" law went into effect. This law requires both headlight and taillight to be on at all times when the motorcycle is in motion on public highways.

As reported in the Seattle Motorcycle Trade newsletter, a strict reading of this law would mean cycles being towed or on bumper racks would have to be lit any time the vehicles were being moved. (There is no reference in the amendment to self-propelled cycles only.)

A problem might result if the police do not enforce the law in this strict sense, because then it might be possible to challenge it on the grounds of selective enforcement or because of ambiguous language. Think about it.

A noise tolerance survey was recently conducted in Spokane (Exdo '74) by Richard Loucks a

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!

You can let politicians on every level—federal, state, and city—know your feelings—and in a very effective, positive way.

All you have to do is vote.

Pullman, Washington, attorney. Of 260 Spokane residents questioned, only 22% reported they were not bothered by motor vehicle noise; most of the remaining respondents were bothered by interruption of thought, aggravation, invasion of privacy, and interference with sleep. Motorcycles were felt to be most responsible for vehicle noise by 68%; 24% blamed trucks, and 19% felt that passenger cars were responsible for the most noise.

Regarding possible changes to existing laws, 38% thought sellers of motor vehicles should be regulated to lower the noise produced by new vehicles; 31% said manufacturers of motorcycles should be required to weld the muffler equipment in place in order to increase the difficulty of converting them into excessive noise producers; 54% said manufacturers should be required to produce motorcycles as quiet as ordinary passenger cars.

The data compiled in this survey were used to gain passage of noise control ordinances in Pullman, Washington. Concerning the small sample size, Loucks says that he has assumed the sample answers would deviate from the total attitude of the Spokane citizenry by less than 6%, with a 95% probability.

Ohio: Ohio's motorcycle lights-on proposal (House Bill 273) recently died in the Senate Rules Committee. The AMA and Ohio Motorcycle Dealers Association (OMDA) had fought this legislation on several grounds: lack of data on the effectiveness of mandatory lights in reducing accidents, inability of many motorcyclists to comply with such laws, and the discriminatory nature of the legislation. Now that lights will not be mandatory, the AMA and the OMDA have joined with the Ohio Department of Highway Safety to urge their state's motorcyclists to burn their headlights voluntarily during daylight hours.

The following is a new bill recently introduced in Ohio. It has not been passed into law.

H. 1412: (Stano) To establish a state system of motor vehicle inspection.

California: Senate Bill 1750 (Bidle) authorized the State Air Resources Board to adopt, by regulation, emission standards for motorcycles. Up to this time, motorcycles have been exempt from vehicle emission standards. The EPA has proposed such standards beginning in 1976, and SB 1750 was designed to extend authority to the Air Resources Board to incorporate such standards into the the California program. Motor-

cyclists have no desire to be guilty of air pollution unnecessarily, so we have gone along with such legislation as long as the standards apply to motorcycles to be manufactured in the future, and are not retroactively applied. However, in the shuffle, an amendment was made to SB 1750 that included the following wording:

"Such standards shall apply only to new 1976 and later model year motorcycles registered or identified by the Department of Motor Vehicles which are sold in the state on or after July 1, 1975, or such later or date as established by the board.

"The board's cost in administering this section during any fiscal year shall be apportioned between the Motor Vehicle Account in the State Transportation Fund and the Off Highway Fund in the same proportion, as indicated by the records of the Department of Motor Vehicles for the prior fiscal year, of motorcycles registered and motorcycles identified, respectively, under the Vehicle Code."

Delaware: The following are new bills recently introduced in Delaware. They have not yet been passed into law.

H. 358 (Knox): The Department of Public Safety shall have the power and duty to:

a. adopt regulations, after public hearing, establishing the standards, test procedures, and instrumentation to be utilized in the control of noise from motor vehicles;

b. adopt regulations, after public hearing, necessary for the inspection of noise control and abatement equipment of vehicles to assure compliance with the noise standards promulgated by the Department.

H. 436 (Dillman): Every motor-driven cycle and motorcycle, when driven upon a highway within this State, shall display lighted lamps at all times.

H. 982 (Crow): This is an Act to make it unlawful to alter or forge or to use an altered or forged certificate of title, manufacturer's certificate of origin, registration card, vehicle warranty, certificate sticker, vehicle identification plate, or other documents or numbers relating or pertaining to motor vehicle identification.

Louisiana: H. 275 (Leblanc): Every motorcycle, other than a motor-driven cycle, registered in this state and manufactured or assembled after December 31, 1972, shall be equipped with multiple-beam road-lighting equipment.

The uppermost distribution of light, or composite beam, shall be

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.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Can you help us in your state? _____

Comments: _____

so aimed and of such intensity as to reveal persons and vehicles at a distance of at least 300 feet ahead under all conditions of loading.

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.

National: On June 18th, Congress sent the President H.S. 14368 amendments to be Clean Air Act, to be titled the "Energy Supply and Environmental Coordination Act of 1974." In the Congressional amendments, the interim 1975 auto emission standards would be applicable for 1976 and 1977 model years. The regulations applicable to emissions of oxides of nitrogen from light-duty vehicles and engines manufactured during model year 1977 would contain standards which provide that such emissions from these vehicles and engines may not exceed 2.0 grams per vehicle mile.

Additionally, at any time after January 1, 1975, any manufacturer may file an application requesting the suspension for one year of the effective date of any emission standard required above with respect to such manufacturer for light-duty vehicles and engines manufactured in model year 1977. At this printing, the President has yet to act on H.R. 14368.

Meanwhile, back at the EPA... In the Advanced Notice of Proposed Rule Making: Emission Regulations for New Motorcycles, the oxides of nitrogen standard anticipated for 1976 is identical to the existing 1976 interim standard for light-duty automobiles.

The EPA is considering limiting exhaust emissions from 1979 and later model year motorcycles to the same levels as the statutory emission standards for light-duty vehicles. The agency's reasoning is that since motorcycles serve primarily as passenger automobile substitutes in urban areas, like standards for both automobiles and motorcycles are appropriate.

Dirty Christmas Cards

HERE IS A LITTLE
SOMETHING
FOR YOUR SOCK!



**Outrageous
Cards to be
given only
to your
closest
friends!**

We wanted to come up with some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out—sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow their minds.

To be different we decided to create some really rank cards—something heavy—strictly for guys. So gross that even some guys would groan when they saw them.

To get in a creative mood we decided to hold a juice-and-smoke session, after hours, with all of the strange ones in the office attending. As the session got loose, the card ideas got dirtier. It wasn't long until the chicks left. Finally, when Weird Harold came up with a particularly gross idea, complete with rough sketch, even Miraculous Mutha decided she had to go take a leak. She didn't return.

What we came up with is six different cards. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad—but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. They're not for the squeamish. **Remember, you've been warned.**

\$5.00 per set Two sets \$8.00

Price includes postage
and handling costs.

Christmas Cards

Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Please send me _____ sets (six different cards and envelopes per set.) of rank Christmas cards. I realize that they are outrageous. I also state that my age is _____ (You must be 18 years of age to order these cards)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ALABAMA
 Wheels Inc 1808 Duval St., Mobile, Ala.
 Done By Dave, Inc., 3501 Lower Wetumpka Rd., Montgomery, Ala.
 H & H Customs 3200 12th Ave. N., Birmingham
 Sportster Specialties 654 St. Francis St., Mobile, Ala.
 The Custom Center 2909 Huntsville Rd., Florence
 The Choppin Center 2909 Huntsville Rd., Florence

ALASKA
 Barry's Custom Cycle 2439 Spennard Rd., Anchorage, Alaska

ARIZONA
 Ken's Cycle & Supply 2190 E. Apache Blvd., Tempe
 The Scooter Shop 4380 E. Speedway, Tucson, Ariz.
 Moto Tech 4400 E. Speedway, Tucson, Ariz.
 Roadrunner Cycles 1430 W. Wetmore Rd., Tucson

CALIFORNIA

B & B Cycle Factory 2001 Fulton Ave., Sacramento
 Bell Gardens Cycle 6601 Eastern Ave., Bell Gardens
 Bikes Shop 1608 Locust, Walnut Creek
 DAG Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
 Custom Bike Supply 9922 Balsa Ave., Westminster
 Energy Crisis 630 East Holt, Ontario, Ca.
 Discount Chopper Parts 2610 Orangeflower, Fullerton, Ca.
 Fast City Cycles 514 E. Haley St., Santa Barbara, Ca.
 HD West 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey, Ca.
 Jackson Motors Kawasaki PO Box 25, Half Moon Bay, Ca.
 Knight Kustom of Pasadena 2315 E. Foothill Blvd., Pasadena, Ca.
 Mike's MC Shop 4025 Howard Ave., Los Alamitos
 Donald Myers MC Acc. & Parts 3993 San Leandro St., Oakland, Ca.
 Santa Maria Cycle Parts 2160 W. Lamita Blvd., Lamita, Ca.
 Enjoy Choppers 620 Wilbur Ave., Antioch
 Vikes's Honda Custom Shop 3500 Fulton Ave., Sacramento, Ca.
 C J Custom Cycle Parts 2224 Waterloo Rd., Stockton, Ca. 95205
 D&D Jammers 800 S. San Fernando Blvd., Burbank, Ca. 91502
 Elson's Cycle Center 3546 Barnett Ave., San Diego
 Carl Spatt's HD 3045 Grass Valley Hwy, Auburn
 Alphabet's Custom West 821 W. Gardena Blvd., Gardena, Ca.
 The Bike Shop 14438 Victory Blvd., Van Nuys
 Hollidays 180 N. Lewis Rd., Camarillo, Ca.
 House of MC Parts 291A El Camino Real, San Bruno
 The Indian & HD Shop 65 Fix Way, Ventura, Ca.
 Merced Custom Bikes 131 W. 17th, Merced, Ca.
 Melo Cycles 733 N. Santa Fe, Vista, Ca.
 Motorhead Eng. 691 E. Valley Blvd., Colton, Ca.
 Uncle Sam's West 45825 Warm Springs Blvd., Fremont, Ca.

COLORADO

2 Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 98th St., Denver, Co.
 Midnight Cycle 2560 S. Federal, Denver, Co.
 74th Dimension 2020 S. Prairie, Pueblo, Co.

CONNECTICUT

DN Custom Cycle Shop 1160 Wilbur Cross Pkwy., Berlin, Ct.
 The Cycle Works 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 184, Grafton, Ct.
 The Other Horse 345 Forbes Ave., New Haven, Ct.
 Custom Cycle Acc. U.S. Rte. 7, Brookfield, Ct.
 K&P Cycles 2015 Stratford Ave., Stratford

DELAWARE

Hall Cycles 414 Maryland Ave., Wilmington, Del.

FLORIDA

Cycle Boutique 515 24th Ave. N., Lake Worth, Fla.
 L&K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 NE 44th St., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
 Jades Custom Cycles 1329 S. Dixie W., Pompano Beach
 Florida MC Rebuilding 1203 S. Dixie Hwy., Hollywood, Fla.
 Larry's Scooter Depot 14635 Nebraska, Tampa
 B & D Chopper Shop 1414 N. Magnolia Ave., Ocala, Fla.
 Cycle Eng. 423 S. H. St., Lake Worth, Fla.
 Jesses Bike Shop Rt. 3, Box 211, Sarasota, Fla.
 Shadow Custom MC 805 Park St., Clearwater, Fla.
 Florida MC Rebuilding 1204 Dixie Hwy., Hollywood, Fla.

GEORGIA

The Pit Shop 3123 Victory Dr., Columbus
 Glen's Cycle Shop Rte. 5, Cedartown, Ga.
 Metro Cycle Supply 2860 Deans Bridge Rd., Augusta

ILLINOIS

Cycle Delicatessen 811 Penn Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.
 Chicago Ray's 5730 W. 87th St., Burbank, Ill.
 Kap's HD Sales & Serv. 306 S. Schuyler Ave., Bradley, Ill.
 Cycle Jammers Shop 3159 23 Ave., Moline, Ill.
 Aurora Cycle Eng. 723 Aurora Ave., Aurora
 Chopper Parts & Stuff 1515 W. Springfield Ave., Champaign, Ill.
 Psycho Chopper 3790 E. William St. Rd., Decatur
 House of Cycles 11109 S. Western, Chicago
 E & H Choppers 1108 Mill St., Plainfield, Ill.
 Ricks Chopper Shop Rt. 1, Harrisburg
 Rats Cycle Shop 5900 Ewing Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Sandys MC Supply 20335 Rand Rd., Valerine
 Gordon Shaw & Co Choppers 516 N. Chicago, Joliet, Ill.
 Lingo Racing Engines 5932 S. Pulaski, Chicago, Ill.

INDIANA

B-J Chopper 2122 Calhoun St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 BEM Performance 2404 1st St., Lafayette
 Brand's HD Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash, Ind.
 Cycle Specialties 2012 S. Calhoun, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Chopper Shop 103 Hazel St., Daleville, Ind.
 J.M.E. Chopper Spec. 2832 169th St., Hammond
 S & W Cycle Shop Custom Paint By Gene 809 Mary St., Evansville, Ind.
 HD of Michigan City 1804 Franklin St., Michigan City, Ind.

IOWA

Contemporary Guild 1732 S. Federal, Mason City
 Custom Cycle Design 900 1st Ave., Carrollville

KANSAS

Custom Cycle Builders 311 N. Arkansas, Wichita, KS
 Cycle Acc. 609 S. Main, Hutchinson, KS
 Jerry's Custom Cycle & Acc. 1128 Main, Parsons, KS

LOUISIANA

Jack's Cycle Shop 720 Clairborne Dr., New Orleans
 Lee's Chopper Shop 2513 Mission Dr., Baton Rouge

MARYLAND

Weldart Cycle Rt. 4, Box 317, Waldorf, Md.
 Rault's Cycle Center, Inc. 4633 42nd Pl., Hyattsville, Md.
 Royal Palm Ice Co. 7410 Stuart Ln., Clinton, Md.
 One Eyes Custom Cycle 401 Mace Ave., Baltimore
 R & R Speed & Cycle 8404 Stamp Rd., Temple Hills
 John Spicer & Sons Box 3 Rd 1, Bel Air, Md.

MASSACHUSETTS

D.C. Ent. 107 Union St., Easthampton, Mass.
 The Hawk Shop 83 Main St., Worcester
 Cape Cod Choppers & Custom Bikes Inc. 2476 Cranberry Hwy. P.O. Box 624, Wareham, Mass.
 Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton St., Worcester
 Calif. Chopper Spec. 233 Hillman, PO Box 125, New Bedford, Mass.

MICHIGAN

Detroit Cycle Eng. 8533 Southfield Rd., Detroit, Mich.
 Cyclestuf G 5274 Cornelia Rd., Flint, Mich.
 Dirt & Chrome Shop 800 E. Columbia Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
 H&D Kustom Cycles 1322 Shakespeare, Kalamazoo
 Heavy Custom Cycles 11389 Jefferson, River Rouge
 Carlini Cycle Creations 25245 Ford Rd., Dearborn
 GM Cycle 8812 Greenfield, Detroit, Mich.
 Mild to Wild Kustom Acc. 2409 Parkview Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.
 MM Custom Cycles Box B 351 W. Fernwick Rd., Fernwick, Mich.
 Jade Custom Cycles 2284 Oakdale, Drayton Plains, Mich.

MINNESOTA

The Chopper Shop 218 E. Clark, Albert Lea, Mn.
 Northern Leisure Corp 23 N. Benton Dr., Sauk Rapids
 Michigan MC Acc. 3227 20th St., Grandville, Mich.
 D&D Jammers 658 Decatur Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn. 55427
 Northeast Chopper Supply 1654 Central Ave., NE, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Valley Enterprises 5605 Chicago Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
 W.A.S. Super Stock Choppers 3449 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
 Robs Cycle Supply Co. 6629 Penn. Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

NEBRASKA

West Point Cycle 660 S. Main St., West Point

NEVADA

Shadow Kustom Cycles 3049 Rigel Ave., Las Vegas
 Cays Custom Cycles 3031 E. Charleston, Suite G, Las Vegas, Nev.

NEW JERSEY

The Bike Barn 275 River Rd., N. Arlington, N.J.
 Bob's Custom Cycles Inc. Rt. 38, Mt. Holly, N.J.
 Competition Cycle Inc. 220 E. Blackwell St., Dover
 Middlesex Co. Cycle Sales 54 Matawan Rd., Old Bridge, N.J.
 The Chopper Shop 597 Rt. 1, Edison, N.J.
 Cycle Shock 602 Sag. Tavern Rd., West Trenton
 HD of Camden 100 S. Blackhorse Pike, W. Collingsworth, N.J.
 Custom Cycle Engine 703 E. 29th St., Paterson, NJ
 MC Mender 501 Fairview Ave., Fairview, NJ
 Skips Custom Cycle 128 Main St., Franklin, NJ

NEW MEXICO

New Mexico MC Salvage 827 Isla Blvd. SW, Albuquerque, N.M.
 All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold NE, Albuquerque, N.M.

NEW YORK

Choppers Unlimited 1863 Bailey Ave., Buffalo, NY
 Choppers Unlimited 28 Madison Ave., Endicott
 J&G Cycle 52 Boulevard Ave., Calverton
 All Cycle Acc. Shop Box 54, Helene, N.Y.
 All's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome, N.Y.

MISSISSIPPI

Larrys Custom Parts Chopper Rd., Corinth, Miss.
 Mississippi Cycle 632 W. Division, Biloxi, Miss.

MISSOURI

County MC Parts 7348 N. Lindbergh, Hazelwood
 Doug's Choppers 4026 N. Cleveland, Kansas City
 St. Joe HD 402 S. 9th St., Joseph, Mo.
 Cycle & Rider Acc. 4400 Truman Rd., Kansas City
 Choppertown USA 5228 Gravois, St. Louis, Mo.
 Cycle Specialties 2902 Clark Ln., Columbia, Mo.

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 Northeast Chopper Supply 1654 Central Ave., NE, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Valley Enterprises 5605 Chicago Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
 W.A.S. Super Stock Choppers 3449 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
 Robs Cycle Supply Co. 6629 Penn. Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

NEBRASKA

West Point Cycle 660 S. Main St., West Point

NEVADA

Shadow Kustom Cycles 3049 Rigel Ave., Las Vegas
 Cays Custom Cycles 3031 E. Charleston, Suite G, Las Vegas, Nev.

NEW JERSEY

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 Bob's Custom Cycles Inc. Rt. 38, Mt. Holly, N.J.
 Competition Cycle Inc. 220 E. Blackwell St., Dover
 Middlesex Co. Cycle Sales 54 Matawan Rd., Old Bridge, N.J.
 The Chopper Shop 597 Rt. 1, Edison, N.J.
 Cycle Shock 602 Sag. Tavern Rd., West Trenton
 HD of Camden 100 S. Blackhorse Pike, W. Collingsworth, N.J.
 Custom Cycle Engine 703 E. 29th St., Paterson, NJ
 MC Mender 501 Fairview Ave., Fairview, NJ
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NEW MEXICO

New Mexico MC Salvage 827 Isla Blvd. SW, Albuquerque, N.M.
 All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold NE, Albuquerque, N.M.

NEW YORK

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 Choppers Unlimited 28 Madison Ave., Endicott
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 All Cycle Acc. Shop Box 54, Helene, N.Y.
 All's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome, N.Y.

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 St. Joe HD 402 S. 9th St., Joseph, Mo.
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 HD of Camden 100 S. Blackhorse Pike, W. Collingsworth, N.J.
 Custom Cycle Engine 703 E. 2



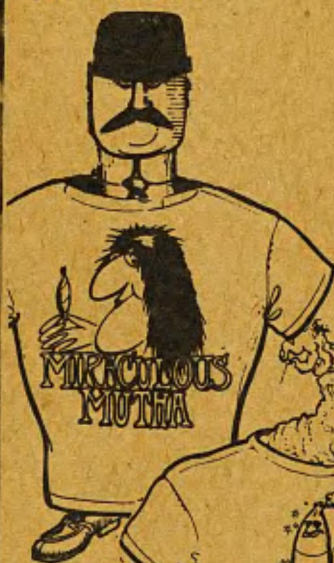
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\$afety Fir\$t

Motherhood, the American Flag, and Safety are three sanctimonious subjects that no one has the audacity to publicly criticize. Everyone is gung-ho on the idea of safety; provided that it in no way attenuates their profit-making capabilities. These hypocrites continually preach the gospel of safety while doing everything that their wealth permits them to do in opposing any actions that would enhance public safety, if this enhancement could possibly restrict their profit-making. Unfortunately, this predilection for money rather than safety is not confined to just a few avaricious individuals or mercenary business concerns; the disease infects the state governments, the federal government, and the whole of mankind.

Every year for over a quarter of a century I have seen the government reports that annually state with monotonous regularity that over 50% of all highway fatalities involve drinking. So, the logical approach to this problem (in Massachusetts) was to lower the legal drinking age. The State of Massachusetts is the annual recipient of 60 million dollars in tax revenues derived from the sale of alcoholic beverages. Now, if we project these figures over 50 States, it becomes readily apparent why highway safety must remain subservient to the profits of the liquor industry, and to the State and Federal tax collectors' piggy banks.

"Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health." This inconspicuous warning appears in small print on every pack of cigarettes; and from no lesser medical authority than the Surgeon General. Why are we still constantly being enticed in the cigarette ads by some voluptuous female, who, drowning us in her seductive glances, holds our hand as we walk off toward the nearest cancer hospital? The answer is all too obvious when you realize that, for example, the State of Connecticut "lost" over 9.3 million dollars in tobacco tax money during the first six months of the cigarette cancer scare. Again, private profit and State tax collections must have priority over public safety or public well-being.

Many motorcyclists may wonder why the

States did not make the wearing of seat belts compulsory for car drivers in the same manner in which most of them made helmets compulsory for us. The answer is simple when you realize that legislation is often prompted by pressure from commercial interests.

To assure the sale of helmets, it is necessary to make people wear them. But the sale of seat belts can be assured merely by making the fitting of them to cars compulsory at the time of new car sales. An unused seat belt in a car does not promote safety—it only promotes sales (and profits); and that is what it is really all about.

Let history record that the first piece of legislation in the President Ford era sprang right from the hearts of conservative philosophy. The arena of freedom was the sacred tabernacle of the American way of life, the automobile. The U.S. House of Representatives on August 12, 1974, decided to eject bureaucracy from the driver's seat and to ban the tyranny of the seat belt law by a vote of 339 to 49.

The arguments offered by the U.S. Representatives in opposition to the seat belt law were all too familiar to helmeted bike riders. "Unconstitutional, invasion of privacy, big brotherism, the mandatory aspect is ominous in principle and outrageous in practice, the Federal government has no right to intrude," and last but not least, "the people of our country are fed up with regulations by the Federal government in all aspects of their lives."

Years have elapsed since the one-sided regulation was introduced forcing motorcyclists to wear safety (?) helmets; but now the legislature decides against making car drivers wear seat belts. Either penalize both for not wearing safety equipment or leave both free to make their own decisions for their personal safety.

In our system of "democracy and fair play" where ostensibly everyone is equal, it seems strangely inconsistent that some are always more equal than others.

So what else is new? ■

(Charles Simon personally fought the mandatory helmet law all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court.)

By Charles Simon

Gigantic Dave Mann Posters! Over 2-foot by 3-foot size!



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Our Own Good

—Continued from page 15

taken Jerry and his people more than three months of almost constant labor to piece that mean machine together, tune and re-tune it, check, double-check and then check it over again. All for a single purpose. All for the protest run tonight.

The bike was painted flat black. No chrome. No decoration of any kind. Up front, a single powerful headlight. A small, reliable tach was mounted on the bars. There was no speedometer, no taillight, no mufflers, no license plate—no frills and absolutely no bullshit about it. The machine had been built to do just one thing. Perform. Go. Fast. Tonight. And it was almost time.

Jerry stretched the elastic band of his goggles around his long, dark hair, letting the eye-pieces rest on his forehead. He threw a leg over the hard, unsprung saddle. A deep breath . . . and then, "Okay—so let's fire 'er up, man."

The massive engine caught on the first kick and thunder filled the room, bounced off the walls, echoed and roared and rumbled. The tach needle trembled, rose and fell as Jerry twisted the throttle and revved the magnificent engine. Blue flame danced at the tips of the tuned straight pipes when he backed it off to a low, ragged idle. The radical cam made the whole machine shudder and rock. Jerry cracked the gas grip again, gauged the fantastic response, and was satisfied. His right hand nursing the throttle, he used his left to shake Jake's. "It's a good job!" he shouted over the engine's storm. "A fuckin' good job, man!"

The rest of the brothers had come in to stand in a half-circle around the snarling cycle. Jerry saw their lips move and read rather than heard them wishing him luck, telling him to hang tight, promising high times and mad parties when he returned. Hands slapped his shoulders, gripped his arms, pounded his back.

It was Ralph who brought out the old club colors, a faded, tattered, stained, worn and weathered patch sewn to the back of a sleeveless Levi jacket. A felony in itself, the old patch had been hidden away for years, waiting for something special, something important—waiting for tonight.

They watched in almost reverent silence as Jerry slipped the outlaw patch over his leathers. Past flashes crawled through their brains. Images

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14. Gas Stop (8 3/4" x 14")



6. Bike Wedding (8 3/4" x 13 7/8")



1. Bike Heaven (9 3/8" x 14 3/4")



3. Tijuana Jail Break (10" x 15 3/8")



15. Booze Run (9 3/4" x 15 3/8")



4. El Forestero New Year's Party (8 3/4" x 14")



8. Ride Hard—Die Fast (9 1/2" x 14 3/8")



7. Motorcycle Funeral (9 3/8" x 14 3/8")



13. Building A Chopper (9" x 14 3/8")



17. Outlaw Motorcycle Parade (10" x 13 3/4")



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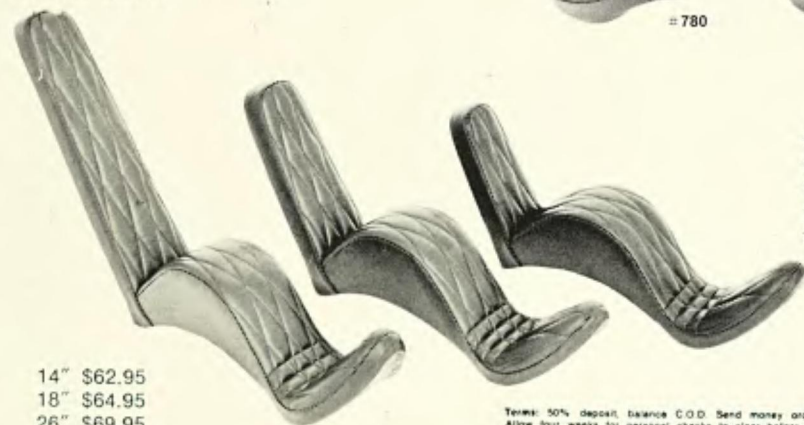
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formed and faded. They all remembered.

And now it was time. Jerry locked eyes with each of his brothers, one by one. He snapped the throttle once, backed it off, toed the transmission into gear.

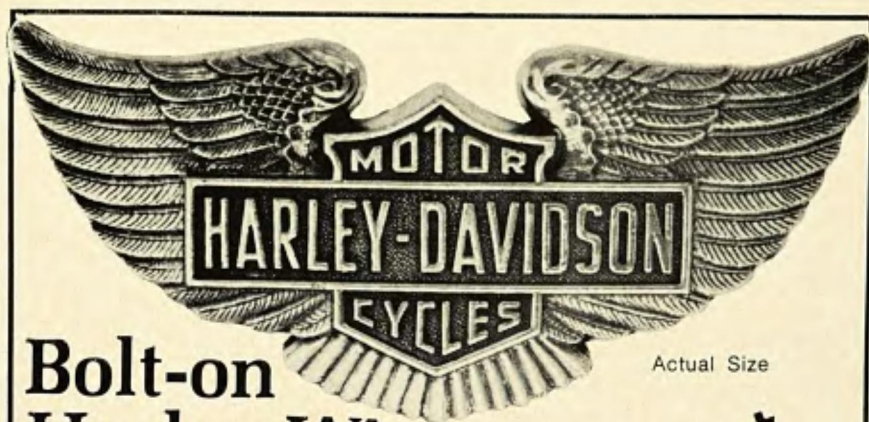
Over the engine's racket and roar Carrie came into the room. Jerry's woman, awake now, her light brown hair tangled and tossed from recent sleep. The waiting brothers glanced quickly at her, then turned away, not from embarrassment, mostly out of respect, for both the woman and the moment. Carrie knew it was time. She stood apart from the others, quiet, expressionless, watching her man.

Jerry brought his eyes up to his woman's. His gaze touched hers and held. A space of frozen timelessness—no words said—nothing to say.

Then Mad Mike unbolted the big rear doors and shoved them open... because it was time. Jerry switched the ultra-bright headlight on, pulled goggles over his eyes, bobbed his head once to the assembled crew, released the clutch lever and burned out into the back alley, growled out into the city night. His brothers stood in the open doorway and watched him disappear around the alley's corner, heard his engine race down a side street, listened until the sound was lost in the distance. Then they closed the doors, bolted them, opened beers, fired up joints and settled down to wait.

Carrie climbed the stairs slowly and went to her bedroom—hers and Jerry's. Alone on the still-warm bed she sat in the dark and stared at the black square of window glass...

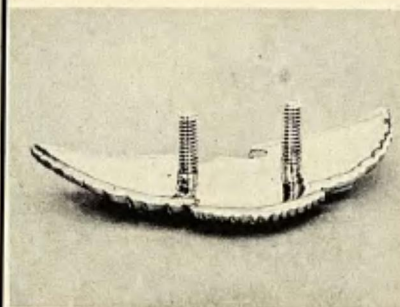
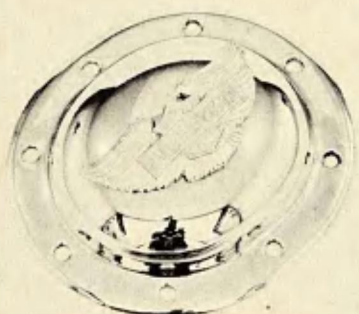
At the outskirts of the city, already eight miles into his run, Jerry let himself relax long enough to groove behind the sheer, solid joy of the big machine's perfection. The rush of wind snapped his flying hair, pulled his mustache away from his lips and tore at his breath. On a long straight-away he stomped the bike into fourth gear and cracked the throttle wide open. The sudden surge of unleashed power jammed his ass hard against the rear fender and he fought to hang onto the grips. Chancing a single quick glance at the glowing tach, he saw that the quivering needle hadn't even swung near enough to kiss the redline. The road's broken dividing line turned into stuttering dots, then the dots merged to form an unbroken ribbon of white. And the machine still had more to give—much more!



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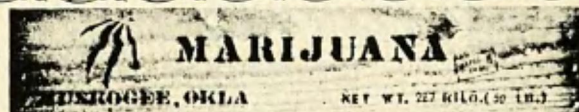
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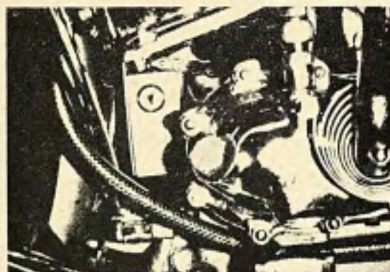
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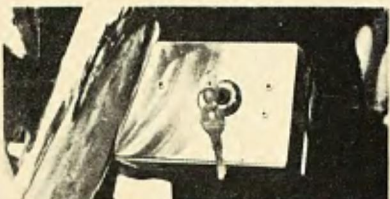
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Honda Alarm

\$14.95

(It is not self-contained)

A series of tight curves forced him to shut down long before he'd found the bike's top end. But there were more straight stretches of highway ahead. There'd be another chance to open it up.

The heavy machine swung through the curves like a dancer, graceful, sure and perfectly balanced. Jerry downshifted for a hard hairpin to the right, slid through easily with the pipes burping their back-off tune, then he rolled the throttle open again and leaned into a short sharp left . . .

And that's when the pursuit car tied onto his tail. It'd been lurking on a frontage road with its lights off, had picked him up on radar two miles away, and now moved in for the kill. Jerry actually *felt* its ominous presence behind him even before he saw the flashing lights and heard the howling siren. He slowed just enough to let the car pull alongside, let the two uniforms inside get a good look at the full extent of his "crime." Then he saluted them with a stiff middle finger—and punched it! The chase, as they say, was definitely on.

Through a long, winding S-curve, then out onto the straight, Jerry wasn't just riding on the bike now; he was part of it. And every part of that machine was flat-out hauling ass! Behind it the pursuing siren screamed, wailing in red anger, howling in impotent outrage.

Only a few miles later a second scream joined the first. Then a third added its whine to the chorus. Jerry poured it on, followed by a yowling band of shrieking banshees. Lost souls in noisy torment, hunting a wild brother still running free.

A pair of headlights appeared on a side road at the top of a hill and raced down to cut Jerry off. They rushed toward him, looking like the blazing eyes of a squat monster, red fire flashing on top of its head. The scream of sirens filled the night.

Jerry swerved onto the shoulder of the road. His rear wheel locked for a split instant and skidded in the loose gravel. Momentarily out of control, about to lose it completely, Jerry grabbed a fistful of throttle, twisted it hard and would've done some praying if he'd had the time. For a sick eternity the machine continued to slide. Then the rear wheel caught solid asphalt and sudden traction. The front tire leaped high and the bike shot forward, swerved precariously, straightened out and pulled away from the fire-eyed mon-

sters, the siren screams, the flashing red hell-world lights. They fell behind, tangled and confused. But not for long.

Uncluttered open road tunneled into the night ahead. Jerry kept the throttle three-quarters open, cruising, resting his body and his machine—until he heard the sirens cut in behind him again, coming closer. Then he twisted the right-hand grip another notch and ran, playing the game. A game, he began to think, that he just might win. Not much farther to go. If he could make it to the abandoned barn three miles past the crossroads he'd have half a chance. Hang in there just a little longer and he might just fuckin' make it. . . .

The chase lasted nearly sixty miles from start to finish but took only twenty-four minutes from beginning to end. The police set up their machineguns at the crossroads. When Jerry came over the rise he was sorry but not terribly surprised to see the bright bursts of orange flame from the line of automatic weapons. He felt the first two slugs that found their target. But not the next eleven. And he didn't feel the beautiful big machine go down, didn't feel the asphalt under him. It was cool. And dark.

The cops hurried over to the fallen body, poked it with gun barrels, turned it over with the toe of a boot. The pursuit cars arrived and more uniforms joined the crowd.

"Whattid he do?" asked one of the cops who'd been behind a machine-gun.

"Riding without a helmet," answered one of the cops who'd been behind the wheel of the first car.

"And he was flying illegal colors," added his partner.

A sergeant shook his head in disgust, saying, "When'll they learn? We're doin' it for their own good! Those laws are for a *reason*! They're to *protect* these guys, keep 'em *safe*! Jeezuz, ridin' one of those motorcycles without a helmet is *dangerous*!"

Uniforms nodded their heads in vigorous silent agreement. One of them made the observation, "Hell yes—a guy could get *killed* . . ."

Back at the old shop the brothers waited till morning for the word. When it didn't come, Loose Lonnie brought out a deck and they cut for high card. Samson drew the Queen of Spades. It'd be his turn to make the protest run next month. ■

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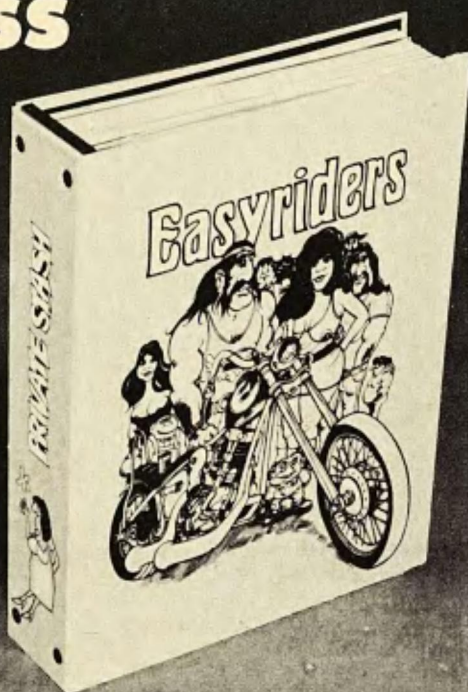
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The Breeze

—Continued from page 17

around. Behind me are the Cascade Mountains, tall and cold, still covered in snow. To the right the Olympics and to the right Mount Rainier. Someday that old volcano is going to puke fire twenty miles high. Just let me be stoned when it happens. Onto the Interstate now and I let her roll. Feet up on the pegs, smooth at about sixty. No hurry, just enjoy. The wind is pushing my beard flat against my face. I pass a convertible full of waving bubblegummers. I wave back. I'm all smiles now. The bike's running right, the world's running right. I head over to Alkali beach to see who else is diggin' on the sun.

Now most of Alkali ain't a real beach like Malibu. It's just rocks, but it does have a grass strip where a man can lay back, feel the breeze and the sun, and watch the world go by.

I cruise in slow. Up and down the beach twice to check the action and let the action check me. There's plenty of lovelies out today and plenty of other bikers out too. A few I know, a few I don't want to know. Today I'm not looking for a rap session on where to find the cheapest chrome plating or who got busted last week. Today I'd like to find some fresh meat, so I just park her in a likely spot and settle back to see what I can make happen.

I'm not even real comfortable yet when right behind my Treasure stops the longest, reddest Eldorado I ever saw. Out steps some dude's prize kitten. Silver blond hair all piled on top of her head and held together by about two quarts of hair spray. She's wearing big plastic sunglasses, some sort of a beach coat, and carrying a bag crammed full of God knows what. Probably more hair spray. Normally I'm not into the Clairiol and spray set, but I'm no prude.

Just guessing, I'd say she runs about five feet four and twenty thousand dollars. If those legs are any guide to what else she's holding, this looks like the kind of horseflesh that an old country boy like me would do something stupid for.

Now I'm not even trying to be cool. I just lay back with my hands behind my head and stare right at her. She picks out a spot about fifteen feet from me and pulls a big towel out of that bag. I'm still staring. Next, out comes a transistor tape player. I'm still staring. She looks around like she's satisfied. Same stare here. Then she slowly removes that sack she's wearing and—sweet Jesus—gang busters! Now I'm drooling like a hound. She's about two-thirds legs and the rest is ass and boobs. Long trim stems, big, round boobs with just a trace of bluish veins, and the ass you'd love to touch. This whole package is almost wrapped in the littlest blue bikini that ever tried to

cover that much woman. Since blue is my favorite color I figure that we have enough in common to have a beautiful friendship.

When she turns her back to me I get a fresh thrill. About three inches of the crack in her ass is showing above that strip of blue and down below is the nicest set of dimples this side of the Rockies. She pulls out some book and lays down to soak up some rays. As if she doesn't know it, she is also soaking up my attention. Remembering my old dad's words that "you'll never know until you try," I proceed to close in on this delicious creature.

I get up real close and give her my best line right up front. "What are you reading, luscious?"

She turns her head my way real slow and lifts those plastic shades from her eyes. The greenest eyes this boy has ever looked into. Now I **know** I've got to play some games with this doll. Still moving real slow she says, "What do you care?"

Not much of an opener but better than the "fuck off" I've heard before.

"Oh, I'm pretty much of a book lover myself."

"I'll bet."

I have gotten off to better starts but this number is just too nice to give up on. "Yeah, I read a lot." Well, I do look at the pictures in **Playboy**. That must count for something.

She flashes the cover at me. "If you really must know, it's **The Exorcist**."

"Heav-vy." I always was a smooth talker.

I can see that I've got to get this conversation going the right way fast, so I give her my big one. "You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen on this beach."

That gets a smile out of her. "Well, thank you. I thought you bike freaks only cared about your motorcycles."

"Oh, we have other interests." At this point I'm looking at the five inches of pink skin between her navel and her bikini.

"I can tell." I guess she saw where I was looking.

I pry my eyes off the bod long enough to notice the rings on her left hand. One of those diamonds looks as big as the Lucas on Treasure.

"Does hubby always let something as valuable as you run around loose?"

"Don't worry about hubby." She said that like she meant it. Chalk one up for the home team.

She glanced at the bike. "Isn't it dangerous to ride one of those things?"

Now the talk was going in a direction I can handle.

"Not if you know what you're doing. You want to go for a ride?"

"No, I couldn't." She took a long look at Treasure, then around the beach, and then back at me. "Maybe some other time."

I'm floating about three feet off the ground now, figuring I got this deal sewed up.



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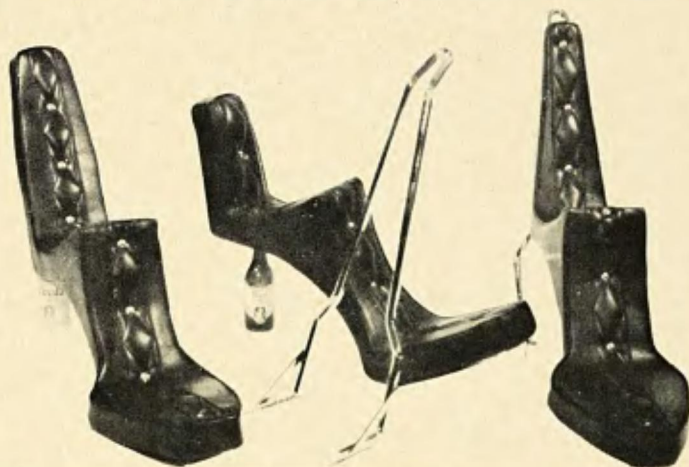
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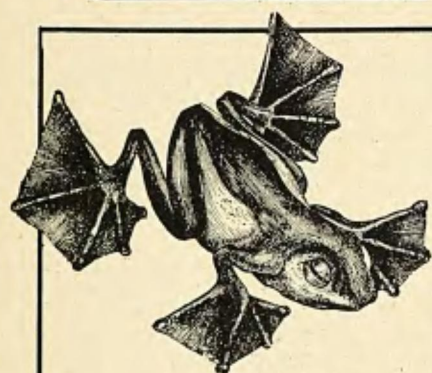
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BACK ISSUES

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We talk back and forth this way for about a half an hour. I'm ready to jump her right here on the beach by this time. I've got to cool off. "Let's go get some beer," I say.

She agrees to that quick enough, but she still isn't hearing getting on that bike. Too bad, because we all know what all that vibration and power does to uptown little ladies like this.

We take the Eldorado instead. That is, after I chain Treasure to the nearest tree, padlock the back wheel, and worry about her all the way to the store and back. After we return, things take a big change for the better. A couple of six packs loosen us both up. If she got any looser she wouldn't be able to walk. Finally she says, "I'd like to ride on that thing now."

"Always ready to oblige a lady," I tell her. I'm getting smug now.

Oh, I do like the way she holds on. She's either drunk or one hell of an exhibitionist, because she doesn't put the beach coat on. She lets it all show. To say we got some looks ain't the half of it. Must have been quite a sight. Six feet two inches of hairy-faced, greasy-booted Pete Winters (that's me) and one hundred ten pounds of mostly naked Francine Grayson. The weight is a guess. I picked up the name on the way to the beer store. Now if you have never felt the soft, warm flesh of a bare belly against your back and smiled back at the outraged stares of a couple of thousand citizens, you ain't ready to graduate from training wheels yet!

When we return to our spot she announces in a little girl voice that she's cold and wraps herself up in that tent she was wearing when I first saw her. What a shame. I was just getting around to memorizing the back of her left knee. I already had the rest of her anatomy wired. I don't know who invented sun tan lotion but here's to him. Rubbing that cream on a nubile young body is the second greatest feeling in the world. Well, maybe the third greatest, because Francine hit me with the big question about the time she finished wrapping herself. "Do you have any grass?" There was that little girl voice she started using as soon as she got off of Treasure.

"Sure," I said. "I've got enough smoke back at my place to get a platoon stoned."

"What's a platoon?" she asked. Then, "Never mind that, but I don't think I'd better go to your place. What I meant was, do you have any with you?"

"Well yeah, a little." I always keep a few J's hidden in Treasure's guts.

"Can we smoke some?" That little girl voice again.

"Of course," I answer. "But not here."

"Well then, let's go to my house. It's kind of far but I'm sure it's safe."

"Where is it?" I'm calculating now. I'd rather keep this thing on my own turf, but then again I'm not going to kiss off the whole deal just to get my own way.



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"Over on Mercer Island," she explains. Of course. Where else would a high class chick like her with an Eldorado of her very own live?

"Okay," I say, "I'll follow you."

As we're leaving I know I just made a big mistake offering to follow because sexy, beer-soaked Francine wants to show the whole world how fast her Cadillac will go. We make it to her house, more mansion than house, in record time. I rode the whole way expecting The Man to fill up my rearview mirror.

She waves me around to the back of the place, where I park Treasure and remove enough of her bowels to expose my stash. Four joints of the finest Colombian. Made my eyes red just holding them.

After the first number, things naturally got a little fuzzy. But I do remember a naked Francine, the foxy bitch, dancing real slow to some Moroccan rock. At least it seemed like a slow dance at the time.

While we were drinking and smoking I found out who pays for the layout and how. It seems that Mister Grayson is the J. Thomas Grayson, attorney for the elegant. I've never balled a lawyer's ol' lady before, but if she's willing I won't argue.

I won't go into all the sordid details. Mainly because I don't remember and I was too busy to take notes. I can say that there was a lot of moaning and whimpering. And after the third joint the bed started glowing.

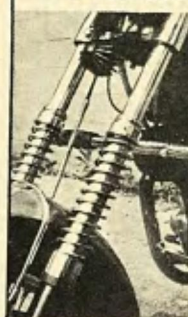
We were recovering in a bathtub as big as a swimming pool with the last J and a bottle of wine good enough to have a date on it, when nature called me.

I had been standing there for about three hours watching a stream of yellow fall twenty feet or so to the bowl when I heard that sound that only burglars, teenage sneak smokers and stoned bikers still weak from somebody else's ol' lady know. The key in the front lock sounded like the last door to the electric chair was being opened just for me. J. Thomas Grayson had arrived. "Honey, I'm home." God, the bastard sounded cheerful. I'm thinking on my feet now. My bare feet, because my clothes are downstairs in the den. I could go out a window, but then I'd have to come back inside to retrieve my duds. J. Thomas was solving the problem for me. I hear him coming up the stairs.

I'm listening through the door and I don't like what I hear. He found Francine quick enough, and some low-pitched conversation I couldn't make out came from the other side of the door. I think he was suspicious, because I heard the next words well enough. "What the hell's been going on here?" he screamed. Right off I knew he wasn't going to ask me to stay for dinner.

I decided on a crashout. Through the

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bedroom, down the stairs, grab my pants, the hell with the rest of it, and out the door. Good plan so far. Now comes the hard part. I have to do it.

I pull the door open and look right at a somewhat surprised corporate lawyer. He doesn't move, so I do. I holler in my best Marine Corps attack scream and run past him. I hope that yell scared him, because it sure scared me. I make it down the stairs, around the corner, down some more stairs and into the bar area where things had been a lot more comfortable a few hours ago. Grab the pants and out the door. I'm trying to pull the key out of my pocket when I hear Grayson yelling at me. Something about stop or I'll shoot. Man, if I stop I'll wish he had shot me. Now I don't know what sweet Francine told him or even if he stopped to ask her, but I got all kinds of ideas. I'm a burglar—twenty years in the slammer. I'm a rapist—twenty years. I'm both—forty years. Or, I'm some animal who had been scrogging innocent young Mrs. Grayson, in which case I get shot like a dog and the proper Mr. Grayson gets congratulated by the judge.

As I straddle Treasure I beg her to fire on the first kick. Instead, Grayson fires on the first kick. Lucky for me his aim is no truer than his wife and all I get is another scare. As if I needed one.

Treasure starts and I leave rubber all the way out the driveway. I don't know my way around this end of town but I don't need a road map to tell me I'd better put some distance between me and where I've been. Fast!

On the road, I know I don't look too conspicuous, casually riding along at eighty miles per hour bareass naked, sitting on my pants. It occurs to me that if I stop and put the pants on along with that damn helmet I just might be able to avoid the suspicions of the heat. Right now I don't feel like explaining what I'm doing streaking on the back roads of Mercer Island, Washington. I don't look like the college prankster type.

I pull over and get off the bike about the time a pair of headlights round the curve behind me. Quick like, I jump the fence and dive into the trees. Some passing citizen just got a shock if he was looking close. He was looking close. Unfortunately he was one of those citizens who sport a badge. He stopped with a squeal of tires about a hundred yards up the road. That leaves me with two choices; well, three if you include giving up. Forget that; ol' Pete likes his freedom. I can take off through the woods, or I can jump on my scooter and ride off like the Lone Ranger. I decide to play Lone Ranger. I don't feature running through the woods butt-naked in the middle of the night, and I sure as hell don't want Treasure winding up at some police auction.

Coming back across the fence I lose my grip on the pants, but I haven't got

time enough to go back for them. I leap on Treasure, grab a handful of throttle and **HI YO SILVER!** We throw about fifty pounds of gravel in the air and I lose some meat off my left foot turning back down the road.

After an hour or so of turning and running I'm sure I've lost the fuzz so I start figuring what to do next. The law must have found the wallet I left behind in my pants, so I can't go back to my place, and I can't keep riding around. Somebody is going to notice a man dressed only in a beard riding around in the middle of the night.

There are only two ways off this island. The bridge to Bellevue or the bridge back to Seattle. I decide I'll try for the Bellevue side. I've got friends over there who can help me. If I make it that far, God, I could use a dime to phone somebody to come and help me but all my money is in those damn pants and I'm not real sure I remember where I left them. They're probably evidence by now anyway. If things weren't bad enough already, that damn drizzle has started!

I take off for the bridge without a whole lot of hope. Ever tried to hide behind a set of high-rise handlebars? The breeze across my knees is getting colder the longer I ride.

Coming slowly down a side street in a residential section, trying to make as little noise as possible, I see my salvation. A clothesline! I kill the engine and roll up slowly into the yard. I ease over the low fence and grab what looks best. It's dark, so I can't make out the colors, and the fit is nothing to brag about, but anything is an improvement. I slide back onto Treasure and let her roll down the hill for a block before I start her up again. I put on the spare helmet that's been hanging on the sissy bar ever since the foxy Mrs. Grayson wore it. I wish I'd never seen that broad!

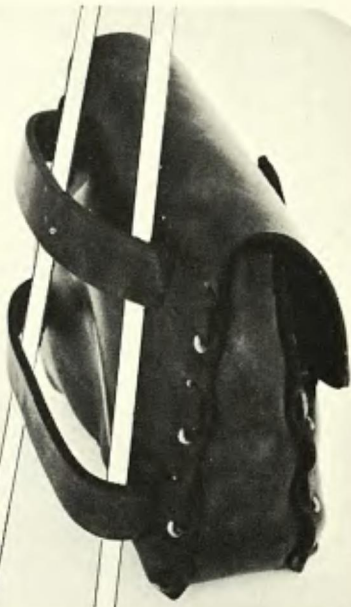
For the first time in hours I feel like I just might make it through the night without seeing the inside of the slammer. I figure that unless somebody gets real curious and real close they won't notice that I haven't got any shoes on and that the britches I'm wearing are at least six inches too short, as is the shirt.

I make it across the bridge all right and take the back roads to Fred's apartment. I'm hoping he's home because I'm fresh out of ideas and my place is bound to be surrounded by now.

Standing on his porch and listening to him work the three dead-bolt locks he thinks will save him from a bust, I consider what I'm going to tell him.

By the time the door swings open I've got my line figured.

"The first shithead that says anything about the way I'm dressed gets his ass drop-kicked across the room!" After all, what's unusual about a grown, smelly-assed man wearing a red plastic helmet, a pink lady's sweater with rhinestones on the front, and purple stretch pants?



At Last a Hip-lookin' Bike Bag That Works!

Adjustable, to fit tight over a sissy bar alone, or can easily be expanded to fit over sissy bar and seat.

It's the kind of idea that makes you ask, why didn't I think of that? The adjustments are made inside of bag, so that when you adjust bag to fit your bike, it looks custom-made for it—it fits that perfectly.

Made of high quality leather. Surface has design tooled on it, for an added

touch of class. Ideal for carrying your chain, a jug of Boone's Farms, or a douche bag—you name it. **\$16.95**

Plus \$1.00 for postage

When ordering, indicate if you want this design (wheel with wings) on the flap. It only costs 50 cents more. Be sure to add the 50 cents to the total.



Vista Chopper Products Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201

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No—don't confuse these with similar rings you may have seen—these are top quality—and they're sterling silver!

You'd expect to hock your scooter for something this good, wouldn't ya? But—get ready—they cost only \$14.95 each.

There's two styles available. Style (A) the original Harley emblem design, and style (B), the later style.



A

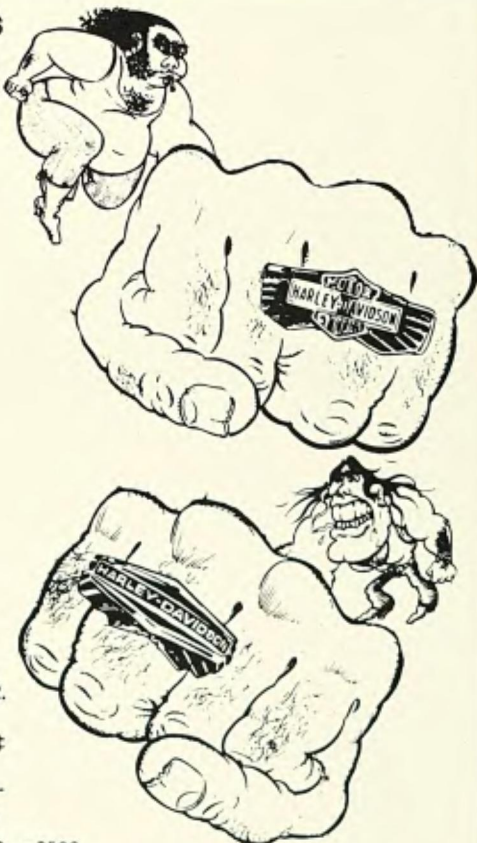


B

Available in only the following sizes: 6½, 7½, 9½, 11, and 12.

So all you have to do to get one is fire \$15.45 (\$14.95 plus 50¢ for postage) along with the size and style you want. Who knows—you might be the first one on the block to get one!

Send your order to: **Vista** Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201



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able, with mail being forwarded, unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$1.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

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FOR SALE

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

WARNING—If you value your own life as much as I value this bike don't Fuck with it—Clever and amusing sticker, put it on your bike, gets the message across. 50¢ each, 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-3, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101.

One week chroming and polishing plus a complete line of custom shit for all models at Cycledelic Choppers, 1147 Penn. Ave., Reading, Penn. 19610.

In hurting condition. Came home from service. Parents booted me and scooter out! Need some green bad! I ride a Hog. Darrel Almasi 1489 Maplecrest, Youngstown, Ohio 44515.

BUILDERS—Avoid the retail rip-off. We've got everything you need to get your scooter together. Guaranteed top name and quality products, at lowest prices possible. Send for our catalog. Square Deal Chopper Supply, RR2, Atlantic, Iowa 50022.

Help! Getting released from prison soon. Need another bike. Help me build one. Please send contributions to: Bill McLain, 1924 Hammerlin Ave., Orlando, Fla. 32803.

Besides righteous scoots, **Easyriders** is always interested in photos of bitchin' biker women. The only requirement is that you be eighteen years of age or more. Anyone interested in posing nude, semi-nude, or whatever for photos like those we have published in the past should send a few sample flicks to Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. Professional photographers are also invited to submit sample photos of women. Photo rates upon request, model rates \$100 per session. For return of photos, please include a stamped return envelope.

For Sale: Solid Copper Bracelets, wide clasp or chain. For your lady—narrow clasp or chain. \$3.00, any two for \$5.00. Write: The Poppy Patch, P. O. Box 182, Northville, N.Y. 12134.

Jody, Come get my kitty! Love forever, Kitten.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON PARTS. We carry a large supply of impossible and hard to get parts, all models. Try us! Call or write. Order now for early delivery on Sportsters and Superglides. We ship worldwide. Brooklyn Harley-Davidson, 1160 Utica Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203. (212) 629-1180. (27)

Full-color biker patches. \$1.00 brings 5" oval patch (bike's name, please). Highest quality embroidery & catalogue. Den Enterprises, 4104 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60618.

Protect your bike from being stolen! Complete plans and drawings for a sensitive, foolproof alarm system anyone can install for under \$20. Send \$1 to Contemporary Electronics, 2915 Wingate, Memphis, Tenn. 38127.

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H-D Chrome Plating: We specialize in Harley parts only. Call or write Poet's Place, Rt. 1, P.O. Box 614, Vine Grove, Kentucky 40175. (502) 828-2201.

STOCK REDUCTION SALE: Peanut tank, steel construction \$19.95, cap \$1.00. Complete line of custom, chopper, and stock parts at low, low prices. Catalog \$1.00. Write to: Custom Cycle Supply, 1537 Mulberry St., Reading, Pa. 19604.

CHROME decal. WARNING: If you value your life as much as I value this bike, don't fuck with it. Get the message across: 50¢ each, 3/\$1.00. Chicago Ray's 5730 W. 87 St. Burbank, Ill. 60459.

CHICKS looking for additional kick. Model for glamour magazines or your own use and earn scratch same time in this area. Inquire: E. P. Box 1106, Sandusky, Ohio 44870.

Friends, bought new Sportster and cannot make payments. Please don't let them take her away. Help. Jim Grady, Box 1671, Bisbee, Ariz. 85603.

PRECISION ENGINE BALANCING—Means longer engine life—less vibration—better gas mileage. High performance work done on H-D, Tri, BSA, Honda, 900 Kaw. Strokes, cams, porting, and polishing, etc. All engines test run before returned. All work guaranteed. Gordon's Show & Go Choppers, 516 N. Chicago St., Joliet, Ill. 60432. (815-722-9100).

Frustrated underground writer needs female correspondence. I'm 6'1" blond hair, 2 bedroom blues and an empty mail box. Photo would be far out. Danny Wheeler, c/o Easyriders, P. O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Pagans M/C: Mac (Mushroom) and Janie drop your works and write me a letter. "PR" Tony (Miami), Box P. U.S. Embassy, Phnom Penh, Cambodia.

Rust Remover: Guaranteed removal without harming base metal. 4-gallon size \$6.00 postpaid. Motormedics, P. O. Box 2101-C, Baltimore, Maryland 21203.

Will sell my soul to devil for financial gain. Write Dennis, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Indian Chief 74". Just rebuilt, 6" over front end. Mike, 1-707-528-1901.

To Willie (Mistfits M/C): When in need you were there. A brother indeed 'cause you care. This is sent to you on wings of Harley and meant with the deepest of respect and love: Thank you, brother: Bozo and Punkin.

Two Australian girls would like to correspond with bikers, preferably Hell's Angels. Pat McCarthy, 19 yrs. old, 14 Palau Crescent, Lethbridge Park, 2770 N.S.W., Australia; and Nerelle Oocenhham, 18 yrs. old, 25 Wangaroa Crescent, Lethbridge Park, 2770 N.S.W., Australia.

HELP! Am from Laconia, dig bikes, and am lost in Denver (Wheatridge), Colorado. If you have HD, Indian, or Triumph and are looking for a chick to ride with, write Leslie, c/o Box 504, Wheatridge, Colorado 80033.

Biker needs lady rider—has been loner. Girl who likes to ride, camp, and knows where it's at. Write to: "Head Hunter," 265 Janet Street, S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich. 49508.

HD CHROME PLATING. We specialize in Harley parts only. Call or write Poet's Place, Rt. 1, P.O. Box 614, Vine Grove, Kentucky 40175. (502) 828-2201. (25)

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.

Scribble some scribes, will ya? Richard Noel 133680, P.O. Box 72, Freehold, Mich. 49411.

Friend needs friend, Chuck Warren, P.O. Box 107, Apt. B-42, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Need letters from any young ladies. James H. McRae #019550, Live-2-T.24, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Two bikers lost contact with chicks. Danny Mellott B46412; James Winters B27738A. Dorm 209, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

You don't have to be nice, just write. Donald (Horse) Hunter, Box B4052B, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm a tramp, down, and heartbroken. Please write, John (Tramp) Stauber, Box A52203, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Please write a lonely con. Ted Turie #137562, P.O. Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Chicks! Send those scribes on out. James A. West #116937, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Nasty needs nasty women to write. Nicholas (Nasty) DeGodwin, P.O. Box 107, B-30, Tehachapi, Ca. 93561.

Get high and write, I'm lonely. Jeff Sidock #137413, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

People build walls instead of bridges. Think about it. Lawrence Buckley #25275, Housing unit 2B41, Box 7, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Righteous chicks, please write Roach. Leonard (Roach) Estes #74004, Box R., Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Need foxy ladies to scribble to. Jeff Kartzin, P.O. Box 2000, N-351, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Been down since '72, could dig some mail. Walter Barenco 12686, P.O. Box W-1 Unit, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Hey chick, what's the story? Theodore E. Tabor, 2310 Atascocita Rd., Humble, Texas 77338.

Would like to hear from some loose females. Rich McClenahan, Box B-45961, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Could dig some sweet-smelling letters. Leon Phoenix, Box 107, D-37, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Five to life, got time to read. Please write, Luis A. Rodriguez, P.O. Box B-45214-A, San Quentin Prison, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Chicks who like Easyriders write me. John J. Lydon, P.O. Box B35954, San Quentin Prison, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Hope to hear from someone soon. Larry Staten #1111, P.O. Box 28, Indiana Reformatory, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

21-year-old stud seeks scribes from decent young chicks. Gary A. Groff #125757, Maryland Correctional Center, Route 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Somebody write! Ron Hotchkiss #88850, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Come on, baby, it doesn't take that long to write. William A. Corley, Ex. 700, #C-2693, Jessup, Md. 20794.

A few words from a fox would help to kick this beef in the ass. Danny McCall #39177, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Need to catch some rap from a lady. Abdullah M. Nasiriddin #129470, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, Md. 21202.

Do a good deed, write a tramp. Russ Scaduto, P.O. Box B41187, North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I got to hear from some F.O.W.L. chicks. Jack L. Stolle #128268, P.O. Box 900, Shelton, Washington 98572.

Bro needs to hear from some get-down scooter chicks. Orville Gray (Rebel) #B54129, CTF North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I can write, but need someone to write to. Bill LeBlanc #50221146, La Tuna Box 1000, Anthony, N. Mex. 88021.

All you jammin' chicks out there write me, dig? Robert Voss #3816, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Maybe some loving, kind-hearted chicks could shine some light on us. Vandy Paul Ackel, Doug Gremillion, C/O Rapides Parish Prison, Alexandria, Louisiana 71301.

Request source of communication, female. David L. Campbell, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091. P-3-S-10-038534.

Writer would now like to change his ways and write to females. (Presently in the slam for writing checks.) Tom McKinney #B55874, P. O. Box A-E, Room 4277, San Luis Obispo, California 93409.

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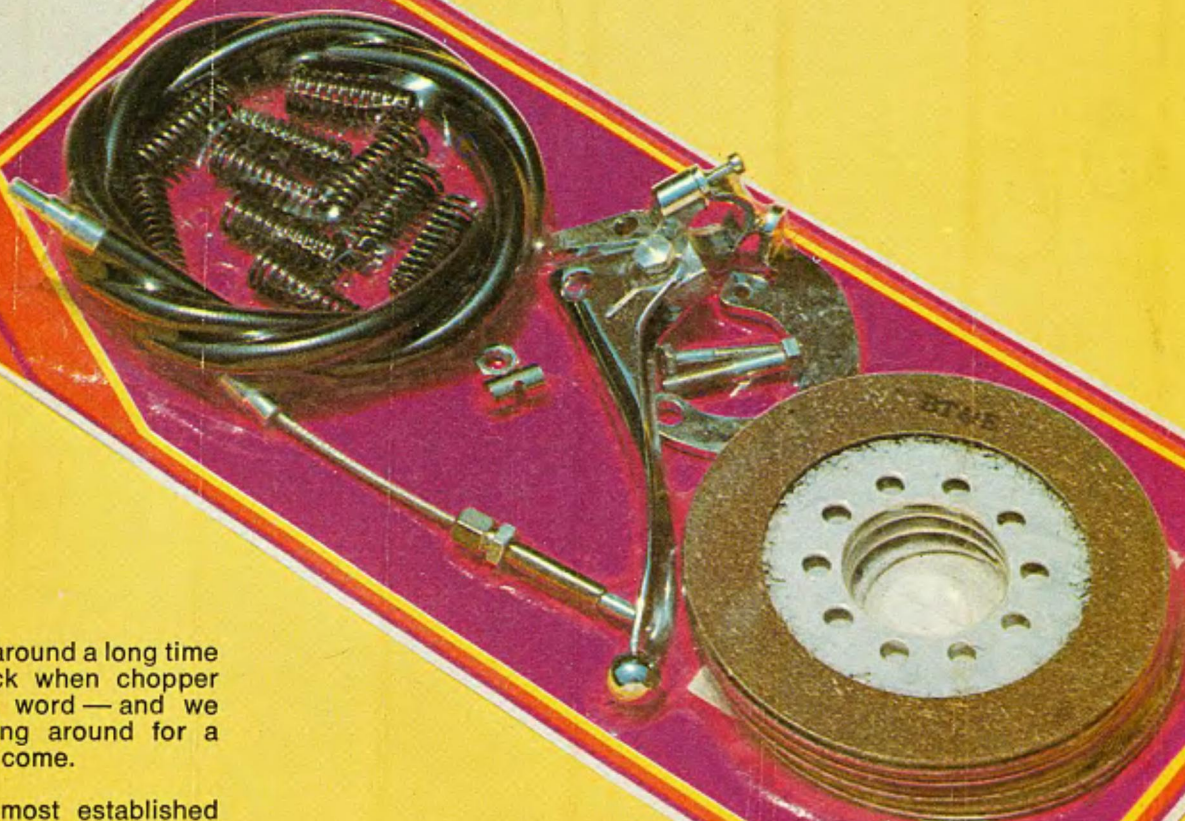
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