

DELL D. 04107

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Easyriders

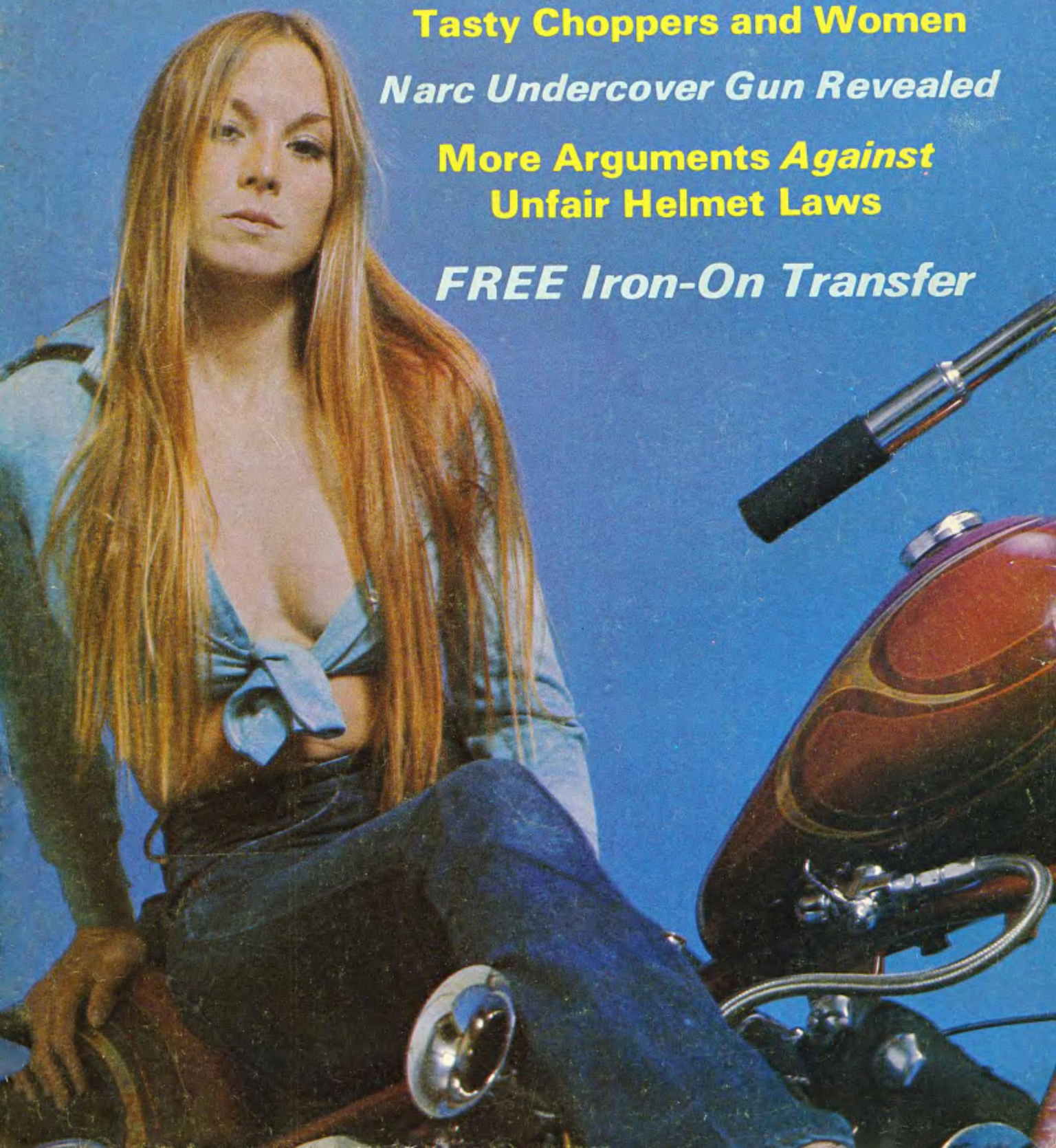
July 1975
One Dollar

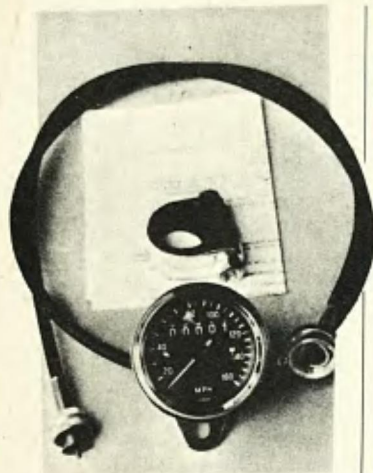
Tasty Choppers and Women

Narc Undercover Gun Revealed

**More Arguments *Against*
Unfair Helmet Laws**

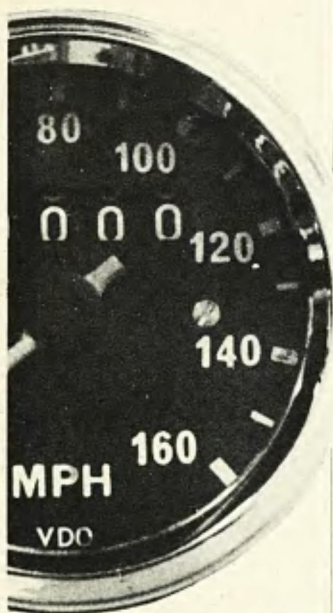
FREE Iron-On Transfer





**160 mph
Speedometer
Exclusively
for the
74 Chopper! and
Sportster**

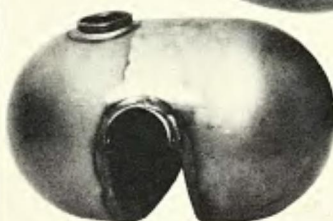
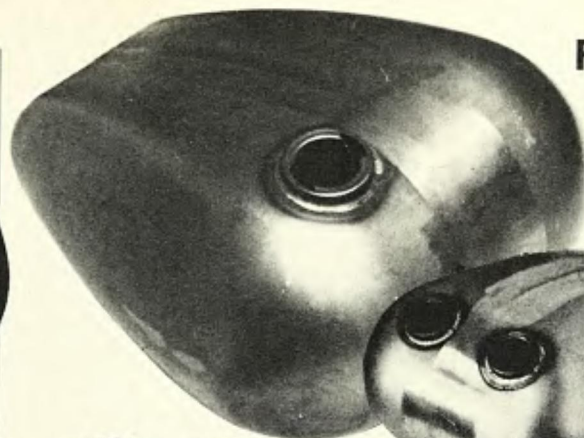
Now for the first time
you can buy this small
(only 2 3/4" in diameter)
precision, German-made
speedometer



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

\$44.95

Specify 74 or Sportster when ordering.



**AXED HARLEY
GAS
TANK**

3.8 gal. capacity.
Deeper tunnel
gives your bike
the fat bob look!

#818A Single cap **44.95**

#819A Dual caps **49.95**



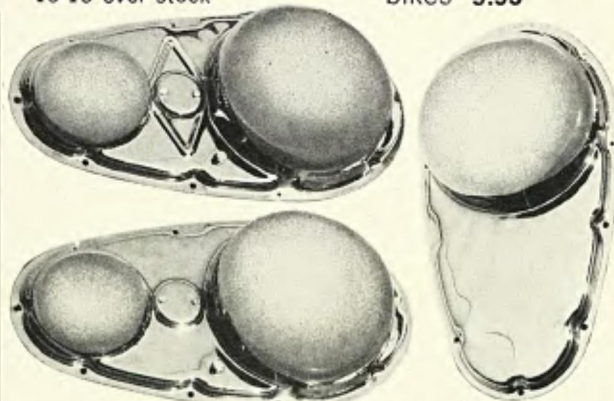
**SHIFT BRACKET
LEVER**

#203B
7.50

Chromed. Stock
replacement; fits
1936 to 1954 with
foot shift assembly

**HD 74
Extended
Kick Stand
Chromed**

6-10 over stock **\$24.95**
10-15 over stock



OUTER PRIMARIES

HD XLCH Sportster 1958-69

#761 DIAMOND STYLE **33.95**

#762 SMOOTH STYLE **33.95**

#763 SUPER SMOOTH **33.95**

**FOUR GALLON
AXED HARLEY**

4 gallon capacity; 13 1/2" wide, 16" long, 9" deep. Frisco style tunnel.

#816A SINGLE CAP **42.50**

#817A DUAL CAP **44.95**

**DISC BRAKE
COVERS**

Dress up and protect your brake caliper!
Chrome plated.

#737

Fits 1972 to
present HD 74
with large calipers.

14.95

#737A

Fits 1974 HD
74 with small
calipers;
front only.

13.95

**SHIFT
BRACKET**

Chromed stock replacement. Fits
1936 to 1954 with foot shift
assembly, will fit 1955 to 1973
with 3/8" spacer on bushing.

#203A **14.95**

Oil Gauge (Chromed)

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

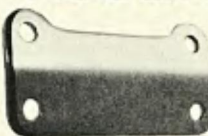


**CUSTOM
OIL TANK**

FOR ELECTRIC START 74's
4 quart capacity; side fill.
Designed for aircraft style and
FX Electric Start Battery.
Mounting plate and battery
clamp included. #746B **65.50**

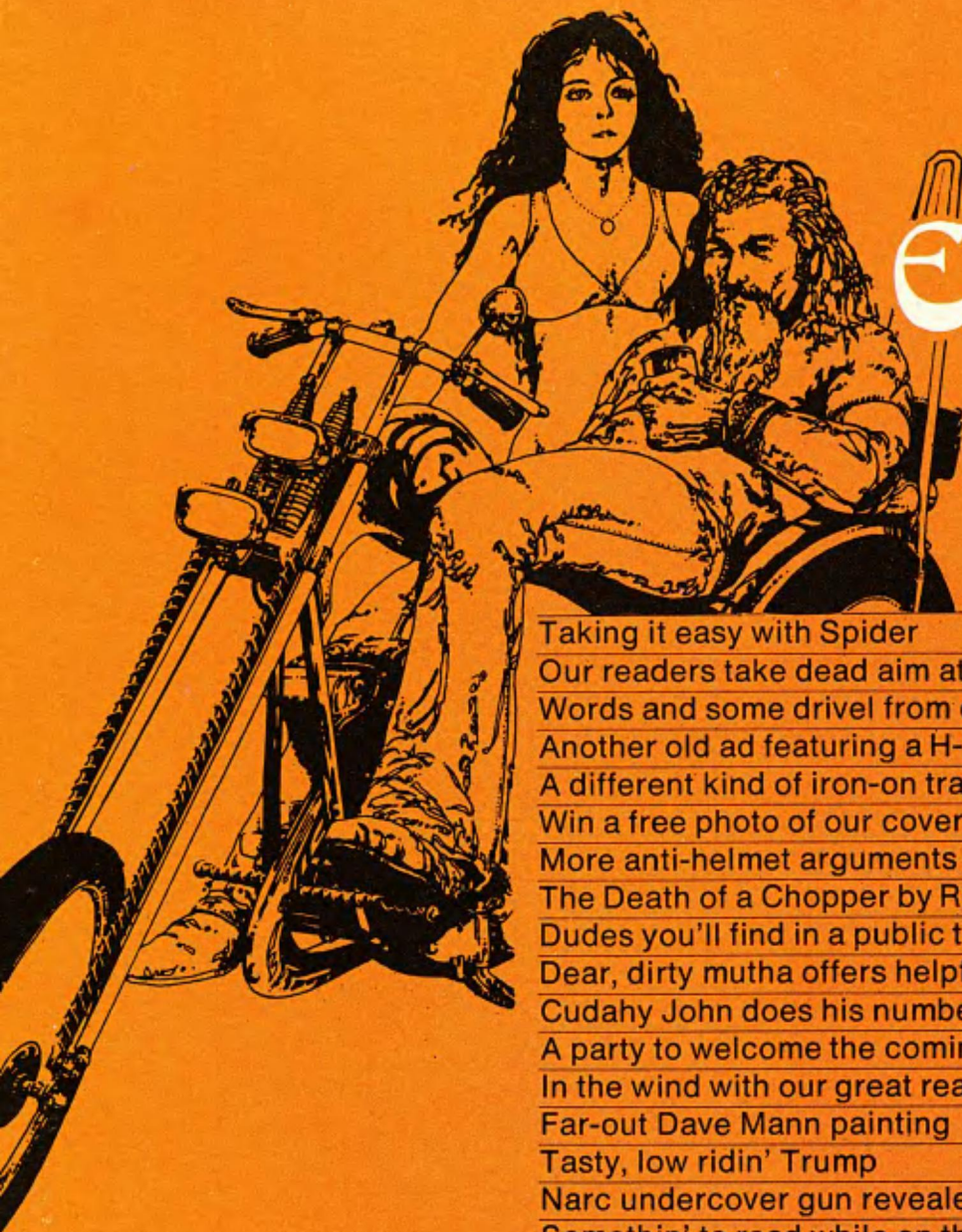
HEADLITE BRACKET

Chromed; use
on extended
front ends.
Fits all 74FX
and Sportsters.
#526 **3.50**



Terms: 50% deposit balance C.O.D. Send money order.
Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we
ship. California residents add 5%. We ship cheapest way
possible to save you money, unless you specify otherwise.

Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale,
California 91201



Easyriders

Entertainment
for Adult Bikers

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Number 30

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You're not gonna believe this: The biggest pair of shoes ever sold were size 42! They were sold to a giant who lived in Avon Park, Florida. Get ready for this: His name was Harley Davidson! What else?

Whatta way to go: Jack Lang, 81, decided to quit hasslin' life and all the illnesses he had and so he called it a day by pounding a three-inch nail directly into his heart. Now that's class!

The preacher asked if there was anyone who objected to the marriage he was about to perform. A chick in the audience did and walked up to the altar and blew the bridegroom away with a .38. It turned out that she was his former ol' lady. (Maybe it might be wise to cut out that portion of the marriage ceremony—if you're dumb enough to get married.)

Did you read about the dude who accidentally OD'd himself? It seems that in order to smuggle some coke, he swallowed 110 plastic bags—figuring he'd pass them the next time he was on the crapper. But his digestive juices corroded the bags and one pound of coke flooded his stomach. Talk about a rush!

Wantta get pissed? Well, dig this: Congress has appropriated \$375,000 to study the frisbee, \$121,000 to find out why people say "ain't," \$6,000 to study Polish bisexual frogs (really!), \$19,300 to find out why children fall off tricycles, \$98,361 to study the smell of sweat given off by Australian aborigines. And how much income tax did you pay for this shit?

Caper of the month: A Port Arthur, Texas, kidnaper told the people to put \$60,000 ransom in a certain trash can. Of course the police staked out the trash can. After a helluva long wait the cops gave up and

went over to the can to get the bread. Surprise! The trash can was sitting on top of an open manhole cover and had a false bottom. The heavy merely reached up and removed the loot and fled.

Legwetting fact file: Did you know that heroin is actually a brand name—not a chemical term? The trademark is reportedly owned by the Bayer aspirin people.

The Pennsylvania Supreme Court has ruled that a state of intoxication or drug influence must be taken into consideration in determining "the intent" of a person to commit a crime. Daniel Graves (whose conviction was reversed) was convicted in Northampton County Court on charges of being one of three men who had burglarized a residence. Graves contended that he had consumed a quart or more of wine and taken an LSD-type pill and had no recollection of the occurrence.

A woman in Cincinnati quickly telephoned the police bomb squad after a "scruffy looking" biker rang her doorbell and said he had a box of flowers for her daughter. The woman refused to open the door and the dude left the box outside. Police and firemen took the unmarked box to a disposal center where they opened it. Inside were 12 white roses. No card.

Australia gives in to Women's Lib. From now on they're gonna name cyclones by male and female names. The head government mutha said that naming cyclones only by female names puts an unnecessary stigma on the female species. Tough shit.

Speaking of Women's Lib: In Somali the President proclaimed equal rights for women. Then they shot 10 sheiks, sentenced 6 to 30 years in jail, and 17 to 20 years in jail for merely speaking out against giving the broads equal rights. So it could be worse.

Talk about barbecues! A train in Argentina hit a cow and derailed. But rather than just stand around picking their noses, the 700 passengers got off the train, cut the cow up, roasted it, and had a barbecue while they waited for help to arrive.

There's a Swedish brewery that's selling beer in cans covered with porno drawings. I can see an American version now: Beaver Brew! ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



We can honestly say that it's the best Harley buckle you can buy



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

—and at the best price!

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

Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze or silver plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is individually hand polished.

Each buckle comes with a 1¾"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

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

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Full refund
of your money
if not satisfied!



RIGHTEOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

WORDMONGER

Givin' Cop The Finger

□ Spider said in the April issue that a New York Court of Appeals held that giving a cop the finger and using obscene language wasn't considered harassment. Could you give me more details? The part about obscene lingo is one of the reasons I'm in here.

Sleepy
Folsom Prison

■ Sorry, Sleepy, but Spider shitcans all the used news items, publications and off-the-wall items submitted by readers, after he completes a column. Suggest you (and the others who've written) contact the New York Court of Appeals.

Spider's Good Deed

□ I would like to thank Spider for the piece he did about giving the finger to a pig in his column. I gave the finger to a federal pig and got a lot of shit from it. But Spider's bit saved me. I cut the piece out and gave it to him. It's now on his wall!

D. Houle
Attleboro, Mass.

Strange Writer

□ I was reading the St. Louis **Post Dispatch** the other day and I ran across an article titled "New-Breed Motorcyclists on the High Road." The author of this abominable piece of shit was some free lance writer named Albert F. Nussbaum. He lists four types of motorcycles in his article and this is how he describes a chopper.

"The chopper or show bike. Originally, outlaws would disguise stolen machines by stripping them of all accessories and ornamentation and chopping the top part of the frame to make a seat. The result was a low-slung machine

that bore little resemblance to the one stolen. Today, the chopper refers to almost any large customized motorcycle whose looks are more important than its ride."

I don't know where he got that "chopping the top part of the frame to make a seat" shit. But I know one thing. If that's how he customizes bikes, no wonder his tricycle is rough to ride.

O. B. Noxlous
St. Louis, Missouri

■ Are you sure he's not with D.O.T.?

His Ol' Lady Has Him

□ You dudes really fuck up when you put down chicks. Maybe the twelve-year-olds you party with are content to just pack, and maybe the only thing they know how to do is lie on their backs. But that doesn't mean that every chick comes out of the same mold. My ol' lady is most likely more righteous than you'll ever be, and I wouldn't be surprised if she could outride half the dudes on bikes today. So give a little more respect to the ol' ladies of the world. You'd be awful horny without them.

Joe Frog
California

Wants Sweat Hogs

□ The chicks you have in your rag are too good-looking. How about showing some real sweat hogs?

B. E. H.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Exclude Porno

□ Please cancel my subscription to **Easyriders** magazine. I recently became a Christian and made Jesus Christ the center of my life. Accepting Jesus Christ as my Savior was the greatest moment of my life, and for the first time I

could really see how the immorality and lust which abounds in our society will be its downfall.

Please consider a revision of your magazine which would exclude the pornography. I'm sure it would be just as popular. I'm reminded that God loves you and wants you to love Him. Jesus is knocking at the door of your heart. Won't you let him in?

With love in Christ,
D.H.
Channelview, Texas

■ What porno?

Alley Sweeper

□ In a recent issue you featured a semi-automatic shotgun and said that it was available to the public. Where can I get one?

Harold Sensabaugh
Blackburg, Virginia

■ It probably depends on the laws in each individual state, but here's the name and address of the manufacturer: High Standard, 1817 Dixwell, Hamden, Conn. 06514. Ask for model 10-B.

□ That big talker is not available to the public. High Standard makes and distributes it under subcontract from Colt. But only to law enforcement and the military. The monster's been on the market for about two or three years, and you're right. It's one mean mother. I've seen that bastard take out a 2-inch wooden door that was covered with galvanized sheet. All it took was two rounds of 12-ga. double-O. Any poor fucker on the other side of that door would have had his ass hamburgered.

How do I know so much about it? I used to be a member of the NYPD Tacti-

cal Patrol Forces (NYC Gestapo)—what you call on the West Coast SWAT—before I got my head on straight.

Everything you wrote about the beast is true, but it isn't available to the public. By the way, it also fires solid slugs and is available with two rates of fire, semi and full automatic. So pull your face out of Mutha's crotch and tell it like it is.

Spade
Brooklyn, N.Y.

■ We've got one. It cost \$250.

Why Not?

□ Why the fuck don't you ever have any good pictures of guys in heavy boots jumping on their Hogs? I really get my rocks off on it and bet there are lots of others who do too.

Colorado Kid
Long Beach, Calif.

■ Well, man, we can't keep up on everyone's hang-ups. See next letter for example.

New Suggestion

□ Put a few more armpit shots in your mag. They really jingle my cods.

Sniffer
Boston, Mass.

Kris' Bun

□ While lookin' through the April issue, I couldn't help noticing the article about the tattoo on Kris Fenton's ass. Just out of curiosity, who got to fondle her ass in the photos? No doubt everyone wanted a chance at it.

Li'l Bear's Ol' Lady
Muscatine, Iowa

■ You're right. Everyone volunteered, but her ol' man decided he'd rather do it.

Word of Warning

□ Fellow bikers, I enjoy your rag for what it is, but you dudes really waste

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

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.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(California residents add 6% for tax)

**Strap
A
Chopper
Watch
On
Your
Wrist**

**For
\$31.50**

**Two Year
Guarantee**

A fine quality
17 jewel slimline
movement. Shock-
resistant! Genuine
leather band. Full color
dial with red, white, and
blue chopper, speeding
ticket, and M.P.H. speedo design.

To: Rapid Mail, Unlimited

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Gentlemen: Please send me postpaid
watch(es) price: \$31.50 each.

Calif. Residents add 6% tax, \$1.58.

Enclosed find ☐ Money Order

☐ Check for \$_____ Please,

No cash by mail — No C.O.D. Orders.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Immediate Delivery

away Christians! I'm not
slapping any hands but
would appreciate it if you
would only hear me out
(as a fellow biker). Next
time you are cut off,
clipped, brushed, or smack
into a GM or Chrysler or
whatever, remember this:
Jesus holds life and death
in his hands!

Roy Darby
Painesville, Ohio

■ Jesus who?

Down On AMF

☐ Recently much has been
said in **Easyriders** concern-
ing negative motorcycle
legislation to generally
alert, and hopefully unite,
bikers against a common
enemy. There is, however,
another ogre slithering in-
sidiously close to the go-
nads of every biker riding
a Harley-Davidson product.

The reprobate uses the
otherwise respectable let-
ters AMF as a trademark
and claims to be number
one. The question then is
what makes AMF Harley-
Davidson motorcycles num-
ber one? I suggest the an-
swer to this question is that
AMF Harley-Davidson is
number one in the econom-
ic violation of their cus-
tomers, both before and
after the sale, and the
thing AMF builds into their
product is cost, both hidden
and otherwise. To substan-
tiate my answer, I submit a
felonious repair bill as it
was handed to me for the
standard overhaul of my
1970 Sportster. The parts
alone come to \$476.85.
\$118.30 for a rod set; pis-
tons \$31.60 each; and
where else but AMF can
you spend \$28.20 for a
set of gaskets? The only
bright spot on the bill is
the labor charge of
\$130.00. The parts charge
is, in my opinion, purely
and simply grand larceny.

Now when AMF takes
your money and cloaks it
under the label of the
rising cost of operating a
Harley-Davidson, they in
effect steal the means by
which one enjoys riding a
motorcycle in the same
manner as does anti-bike
legislation.

To deal with AMF I
would like to see Harley
riders boycott AMF motor-
cycle products.

Neil B. Braddy
Canon City, Colo.

Digs Broads

☐ I don't go for this bull-
shit a lot of bikers pass out
about not taking lip off
their "ol' ladies" and
knocking them on their ass.
I personally don't go for
roughing up broads. I'm
not so big a pussy that I
have to pick on a broad
like you fuckers do. In my
opinion, I would rather ride
broads the rest of my life
than a bike.

Half Crazy
Rolling Thunder M/C
Kansas City, Missouri

Money Maker?

☐ We just got a very good
idea on how to make
money. We need to contact
some club to see if we
could use 25 of their
choppers. What we want to
attempt is to jump over
them with a garbage truck.

Pigeon & Greasy
Sebring, Florida

A Mouthful

☐ I don't know about
everyone else but I'm sick
of seeing all those big tits
in your rag. What about all
us chicks who only have
enough for a mouthful?
Come on, give us a break.
It isn't our fault. After all,
don't they say anything
over a mouthful is a waste?

Sunshine
Duncan, Okla.

Immoral Conduct

☐ I teach on the Navajo
Indian Reservation and
have to drive 63 miles to
get your rag. Then they're
usually sold out and I have
to drive 130 more desert
miles to get the one piece
of reading material that
makes living in such an
isolated place not so bad.
Some of my Navajo friends
have picked up **Easyriders**
at my apartment and dig
the shit out of it. On the
other hand, my supervisor,
an Anglo fascist, saw me
carrying the rag one day
and said if she saw it again
she'd fire me on grounds
of immoral conduct. No
kidding!

School Teacher
Shonto, Arizona

All North Jersey Bros

☐ Avoid Passaic, N.J., as
they have the rag on for
anyone who rides. Five of
us were arrested for wear-
ing primary belts (which is
not illegal in N.J.) and they
are bringin' us to trial for

it. They have told us to
warn others that any bikers
(non-AMA) who tip through
Passaic will be (1) hassled,
(2) arrested, (3) beat on,
(4) greased (they forgot
that they bleed too!). So be
cool, as you now know
what to expect from your
servants in blue.

Bad Co. MC
North Jersey Chapter

Easy In Japan

☐ As it is a rare but beauti-
ful happening to see an
issue of **Easyriders** on sale
here in Yokosuka, Japan,
I was overcome with shock,
but having my head to-
gether enough to recognize
a good deal when I see it,
I bought it immediately.

B. R. Bond
U.S. Navy
Yokosuka, Japan

And In Chicago

☐ Picked up your rag at
the newsstand in the Play-
boy building in Chicago.
Hef must think well of you
guys.

John Rilke
Chicago, Ill.

Party Time

☐ The outlaws of south-
western British Columbia
and Washington State are
touring to Stanley Park,
Vancouver, for the Labor
Day weekend, beginning
early Friday, August 29.

Meatball & Spokes
Edmonton, Alberta

Class Trash

☐ Tell Robinson his book
Trash has a lot of class
here in a Japanese slam-
mer. So much they won't
let me have it. Dig this—
it's too "obscene." Shit!

Dave
Otsu Prison, Japan

On Our Survival

☐ What can it profit a man
to gain the whole world and
to come to his property
with an ulcer, a blown
prostate, and bifocals? We,
the biker breed, have
avoided the trap, walked
around the poison, stepped
over the noose while a
generation of trapped, pol-
soned and trussed-up men
scream at us, call us no-
good, blots on the town,
dope-dealing rapists, and
bums. Our father who art
in nature, who has given
the gift of survival to the
common brown rat, the

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.

\$5.95, plus a lousy buck for postage and packing. As with all Righteous Products, satisfaction is guaranteed, or money immediately refunded.

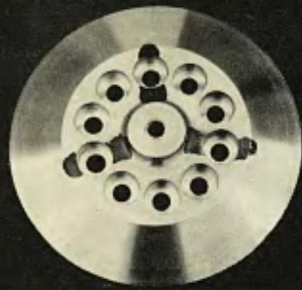
Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740.

Quality guaranteed
or money refunded





LIFETIME PERFORMANCE PRESSURE PLATES FOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON 74's

1. Provides positive clutch action. Machined surface on face of pressure plate does not flex. No spot welds to warp as in stock plates.
2. Machined surface allows clutch plates to wear longer and get more clutch area, as pressure is applied to face of clutch plate.
3. Less cable travel due to no flex in pressure plate.
4. Smooth clutch action.

Complete with instructions, installs in 1/2 hour ... \$19.95 (Add \$1.50 for shipping cost)
For immediate delivery, send certified check or M.O., personal checks held to clear.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S Performance Products

Box 2794 • Culver City, California 90230
Dept. C



Hi-capacity Fuel Shut-off

All Harleys and big inch bikes need more fuel to obtain maximum performance. This valve will provide increased fuel flow to give your bike an outstanding performance boost.

- Large fuel capacity.
- Permanently mounted screen.
- Standard 3/8" pipe fitting (fits right in H-D fuel tank).
- No loose gaskets to break or lose.
- Precision machined surfaces.
- Banjo fitting for ease of fuel line to carb coupling.
- Uses 3/8" ID hose.
- Viton O-rings on shaft and fuel chamber seal.
- All brass construction, no corrosion.
- Heavy duty spring shut-off for rapid, sure-fire closing.

COMPLETE ... \$22.50 POSTPAID

For immediate delivery, send certified check or M.O., personal checks held to clear.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S Performance Products

Box 2794 • Culver City, California 90230
Dept. C

coyote, the starling, the house fly, and the syphills germ must have a great and overwhelming love for us no-goods, blots-on-the-town bums.

R. Ross
Perthshire, Scotland

More About T-Shirt

☐ In reference to the KKK letter, there is no reason why that shirt has to be considered racist. It's a matter of pride. The blacks have their Black Power T-shirts, the chicanos have theirs, and even the Polish have theirs. It's not racist unless you are. And I guarantee if it was a Black Power T-shirt ad, Spiderman and Sundance from L.A. wouldn't have said a thing. In short, tough shit.

Snowball
Wurzberg, Germany

Obscene Rag

☐ My ol' lady sent me your rag and just as I was getting off on the fucker, the guard was making his rounds. He called me up front to check me out. Well, that's when all hell broke loose. He sees a half-nude chick in my rag and tears it up right in my face. What a trip, man—obscene literature! Well, I would have written sooner, but for your rag, I spent 28 days in the hold, got eight stitches in my head, and my balls aren't right yet, man.

Stoney
Macon, Ga.

Shot Down By Bible

☐ If it is at all possible, I would like to cancel my subscription. My reasons are complicated and would probably make you think I am nuts, but I have just lost interest altogether in your magazine since I started reading the Bible, so even if you continue sending them, I won't be able to read them. If it is possible for me to get a rebate on the unused portion of my money, I would appreciate a refund.

Thank you and God bless you.

A. V.
Bellview, Fla.

Zit Face Speaks Out!

☐ Hey, you goddam hippy-freak bastards, I happen to be a dirt bike rider and I don't have an "earpiercing pipe." Why the hell should

you faggots care if our bikes are "earpiercers?" You feds already have your ears pierced.

I may have a zit face, but you have a shit face!

MX
Boise, Idaho

■ Does your mommy know you're readin' Easyriders?

New Trip

☐ My ol' man is a righteous bike freak who owns a shov-elhead and an Indian 80 chopper. I'm not complaining, I really dig it myself. I don't mind his leathers, bike parts, and thousands of bike magazines around everywhere either, but when I got in bed the other night and there he was in bed wearing his new riding gloves, I began to wonder, What's happenin'! Could this be the start of a whole new trip?

Indiana Ivan's Ol' Lady
Medford, Oregon

■ Let us know—we're always lookin' for new trips.

Doesn't Make It

☐ What's the deal? I write a fuckin' letter and you don't print it!

"Wicked"
Dallas, Texas

■ No shit?

Biker's Ol' Lady

☐ I'm a biker's ol'lady, but I didn't really start getting into my ol' man's chop until I buried my head in your rag for a couple of months. Now I never miss an issue. I read every issue word for word, cover to cover. Thanks for doing a helluva lot for my head.

Stubby's Ol' Lady
Ridgecrest, Calif.

Digs Duffy

☐ I'd like to tell you that I really appreciated the line and wash illustrations done by Duffy Duggan. I would love to see more of Duffy's artistic talent. I like well done bike sketches any time.

B-G from New Hampshire
pausing in Ohio

A Word For Mama

☐ I would like to tell Mama to get her shit together. I've been that route. And I was lucky enough to meet a really far-out dude who got my shit together before I was too far gone. I am his ol' lady now and proud of it. I will forever be thankful I met him when I did. Now when I flop on his trike and we go puttin' on a run, I can really have fun without gettin' fucked up in more ways than one. As far as I'm concerned, trains belong only on railroad tracks!

Choo Choo
South Pekin, Ill.

Sell My Bike?

☐ Sold my bike that I had five grand in for the love of my ol' lady. When the bread ran out, so did my cunt. Next time, to whoever my ol' lady is, it's bike first, cunt second.

Alaskan
Stuart, Florida

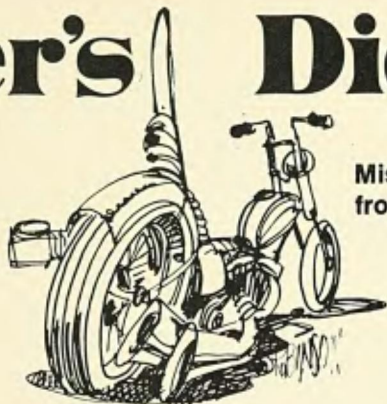
■ Ya shoulda known that the first time.

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



"Christ, lady, couldn't you wait until ya got it home?"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Good news...

The major Japanese motorcycle manufacturers could be on the verge of cutting out production of two-stroke engines for street machines, and switching over to four-stroke powerplants, within the next three years.

Yamaha dealers in Japan have reportedly been told that 80% of the Yamaha factories production after September, 1976, would be four-strokes.

Primary reasons behind "death-knell" for two-strokes is rising costs of gasoline, and the tightening up of U.S. Government emission controls.

—Motorcycle Weekly

AMA agrees...

Love objects to their owners and builders and items of derision to purists, radically modified motorcycles — choppers — have ridden a bumpy course of semi-acceptance since their emergence in the mid-50's. But beyond purely aesthetic considerations and the fact that they are often associated with the "outlaw" element of cycle society, the main bone of contention between those who ride and admire these low-slung, stretched-out creations and their detractors is safety.

Now comes evidence in the form of a study prepared by Virginia's Highway Safety Division, entitled "The Safety Aspects of Chopper Motorcycles," that chopper travel may not be as perilous an undertaking as some observers of the motorcycle scene had maintained.

The study drew on re-

search efforts by the California Highway Patrol and the Virginia State Police, neither of which can be considered conclusive because of the relative scarcity of appropriate statistics. However, they did demonstrate that there is no empirical evidence to support the notion that chopper riders are more likely to be involved in an accident than operators of stock, unmodified motorcycles.

—AMA News



Chick views...

Of all the bikers on the road these days, she regards the riders of choppers as the most hostile to women, even dangerous from the safety standpoint. "They're rough, tough, arrogant guys. Many of them are homosexuals and don't like women anyway. They especially resent a woman who is capable and competent on a bike and will try to run you off the road, scare you and race. But the funny thing is, they never do handle their bikes well."

—Doris Kloss
Rider Magazine

Overcome prejudices...

Not only should each rider do everything possible to enhance the bike rider's image, but we should also take a look at our own prejudices towards other types of riders. Over and over, I have heard one type of rider

putting another type down. Just because an outlaw rides a chopper doesn't mean that every chopper rider is an outlaw. Just because some clod revs up a dirt bike in a campground late at night doesn't mean that all dirt bike riders are insensitive to the rights of others.

Let's judge each rider as a person on his or her merits and not on what machine he rides or how he is dressed. Motorcycle riders are growing in numbers and gaining acceptance every day, but we still have old prejudices to overcome. Let's not be guilty of creating any new ones by our own actions.

—Dick Blom
Rider Magazine

On refusing ads...

Magazines are governed by a special set of very stringent laws. In spite of what CC would like to do regarding advertising, it is illegal to refuse an ad from anyone for any reason, unless it can be proven to be morally or ethically objectionable, or, unless the advertiser does not pay his bills.

Now, I'm no lawyer, and I do not know or understand many of the laws of the land, but what I have just said is essentially correct. I have seen editorial shouting in other magazines, stating that they won't stoop to running certain ads, unless they are in the biker's best interest. B.S. If they do not run the ads, it is because they haven't been paid to do so.

—Randy Smith
Custom Chopper

● Easyriders refuses certain ads constantly.—Editor.

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.

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

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740.





Duo-Glide motorcycle by Harley-Davidson.

On this quality-built Harley-Davidson motorcycle, thirty-four parts—including the handlebars, carriers, exhausts and lights—are plated with a bright double layer of nickel plus a flash of chrome. Why? It's a quality finish that stays bright...for years and years. Use it with almost any basis metal or fabricating method. Double-layer nickel-chrome plating. Plan to use it on your products.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC. • 67 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.





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

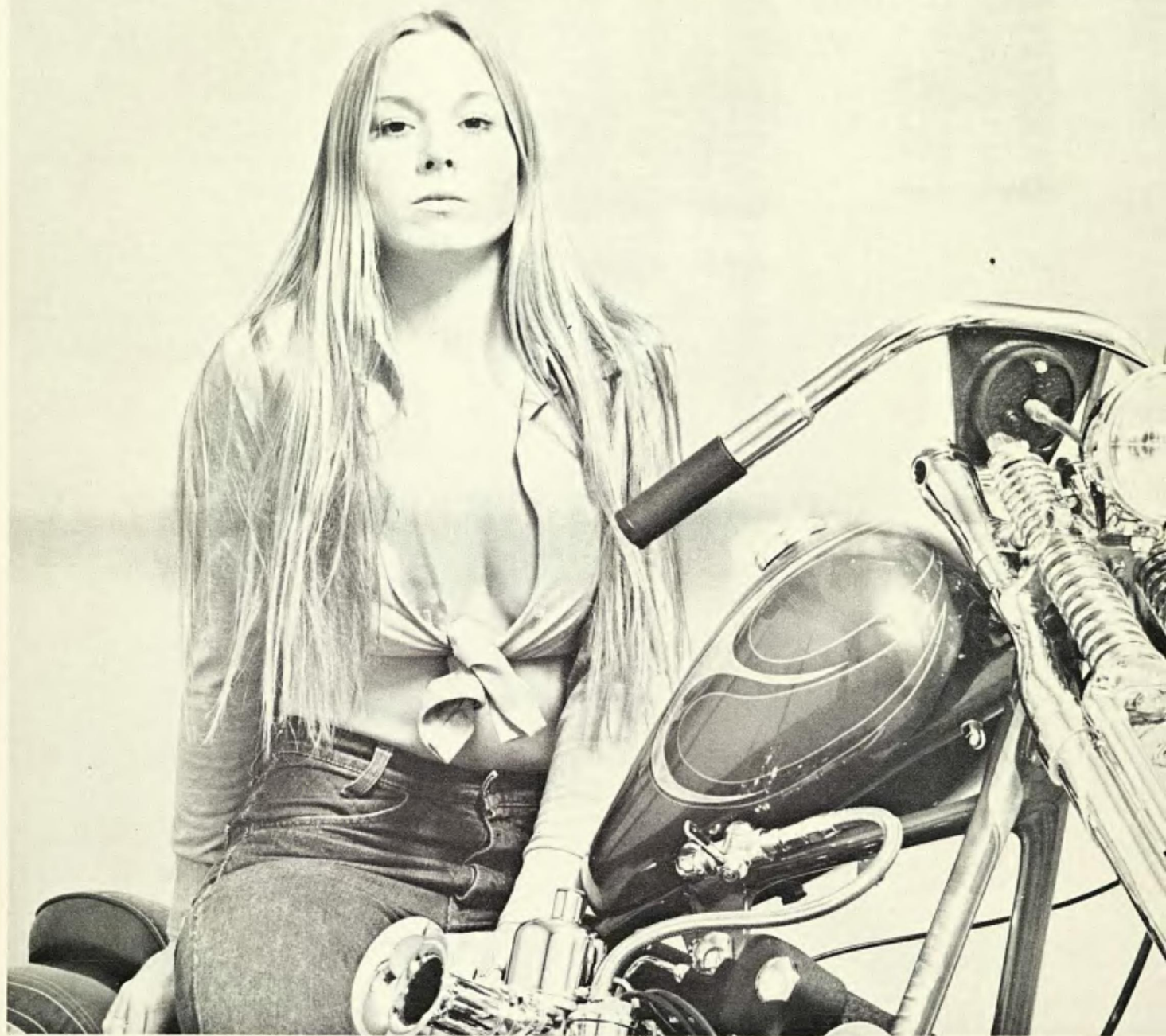
of the magazine. Place a sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer paper.

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.



This iron-on is to look like it's coming out of your pants. So iron on shirt, at belt level.





There's not much we can run off the mouth about in this issue, for we met Barbara Brett (shown here) at the same place we met the last two cover girls — and we ran that bit down to you in the last issue.

But being the heroes that we are, we're still going to give away 100 photos of Barbara to the first 100 dudes (with earliest postmark) who send us her correct measurements or are closest to them. Just put something like this on the back of a postcard (or on the backside of a sealed envelope), 00-00-00, and

the date you sent entry to Barbara Contest, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. You can enter as many times as you wish, but the figures must be on a postcard or on the back of an envelope to be considered. All entries must be in by July 30, 1975.

I know, I know, it's a dumb contest, but it fills up space with nice tender stuff, which beats the hell out of advertisements for helmets and unsafe equipment ads like raked triple trees and slugs. Right? Right.

— Spider

**Win a
free photo
of our
cover girl!**



Helmet Laws



Are For



Bucks — Not



Protection



Safety my eye. Enough of Washington interfering in matters that are my private affairs, trying to make me safe so I won't hurt myself. If the safety agencies keep up, we will be so safe by law that we will only lie and sleep and get up occasionally according to procedures set up in some regulation guide and move about only very slowly, well padded, in prescribed paths and at prescribed times reciting all applicable regulation guides in a deafening catchism to our father in Washington. Of course then, in brain and body we will atrophy and the country will atrophy. But never mind that, we'll be safe, safe. Listen out there in Disneyland, this is no joke. The groundwork is being laid now.

We have sense enough to look out for ourselves without help. Joshua Slocum, age 51, set out of Boston Harbor in 1895, sailing his self-made wooden 37-foot boat the Spray. He sailed alone around the world over all the earth's most turbulent and stormy seas known to man. He wrote after the voyage, "Dangers there are, to be sure, on the sea as well as on the land, but the intelligence and skill God gives to man reduce these to a minimum." Can you imagine today, old Slocum trying to get a permit from the US Department of Transportation to sail alone out of the Straits of Magellan to round the Horn? They'd never let him go, it wouldn't be safe. Slocum sailed six times from the Straits and six times violent winds and seas drove his tiny craft back; at least once he was at the helm for 30 straight hours. The seventh time he made it. He didn't even have a life jacket and didn't know how to swim.

Safety over-kill. For good reason the early target was the motorcyclist. He is a diverse, independent minded, poorly organized, generally discredited, and to say the least non-popular, minority. It would be easy to impose safety laws on him out of Washington and use the state and city police to hassle him into submission. There would be little problem of public support for the motorcyclist; in fact it would delight many people to see the motorcyclist caged and painted fluorescent with lights on all day to better identify him. But as people were generally pleased with the treatment of the motorcyclist¹, what they didn't know and still are largely ignorant of is that this hassling of the motorcyclist is only incidental to the larger goal. The subduing of the motorcyclist has established the government's right to interfere, with love², in matters of safety previously considered the private decision of the individual.

The best way to learn how to lie without lying is to study government

¹"Wisconsin People like the Motorcycle Laws." Traffic Safety, June, 1969.

²"The policy governing administration of the program is one of tough enforcement coupled with a humane and understanding follow-through. This is becoming known as 'benevolent coercion' or 'tough love'." 1971 Annual Report, US Department of Transportation.

issued statistical documents. As most of you know, the motorcycle laws most hated by the motorcyclists are the helmet laws and the lights on all day laws. The following are two examples of lies without lying. Repeatedly in government documents are statements that the visibility of a motorcycle in the daytime with lights on is improved more than 100% over the lights-off condition. The facts are these. The Department of Transportation (DOT) financed a series of tests³. For one test, a rider sat on a motorcycle at an intersection as if he were going to make a right turn. He sat there a long time with lights off in broad daylight while local police stopped cars a block or two down the street and asked the drivers if they saw a motorcycle back there. Out of each 100 drivers questioned, 7 noticed the motorcycle. Then the rider sat there with lights on. Out of each 100 drivers questioned, 15 saw him. Yes, no lie, over 100% more drivers saw the motorcycle with lights on. But come on, drivers, what does this mean? How many times do you drive for miles and not notice even traffic moving beside you, and the greater the angle out of your vision direction, the less and less likely you'll see an object. There simply is no reason to "see" an object, particularly a still one, that is outside your direct vision range. And even with lights on during the day, 85% of the drivers didn't see the motorcycle. Yet such tests largely are the cause for most of our states having lights on all day laws for motorcycles. The visibility is increased over 100%. True, but a lie overall. Most accidents between motorcycles and cars are at intersections. Anyone who says he can't see a motorcycle moving across the street in broad daylight ought to have his drivers license taken away until he gets glasses or until he admits he can see the motorcycle clearly.

The government says that death rates for motorcycle accidents decrease when helmet laws are passed. Actually, some states suffered an increase in death rates, such as in Kansas. Others had a decrease. But the facts are these. The US motorcycle death rate has steadily decreased for at least 25 years except for a brief period in 1964, 65, and 66, when the rate leveled off. In these 3 years, particularly 1965, the rate of change of the number of new motorcycles sold leaped to unprecedented heights, as shown on the curve. New, inexperienced riders accounted for the leveling of the death rate decline those years. Then when sales dropped back down to more normal increases each year, the death rate continued down as before. It happened that exactly in 1967, the year the % change in the number of motorcycles decreased dramatically, at least 20 states passed helmet laws under pressure from the DOT. By looking at only the year before the laws and the year after, yes, the government can say death rates generally decreased after passage of helmet

laws. True, but overall a lie. What is missing in the government story is that from 1950 at least, up to 1964, with no hassling laws against the motorcyclists, the death rates decreased every single year dramatically in total. Yet in at least 46 states today, the laws require helmets to be worn because of the government's misleading statistics.

How has a federal administrative body forced states to pass laws, often even against the state's will⁴, and always against most motorcyclists' will? Congress passed the Highway Safety Act of 1966, public law number 89-564. From paragraph 402 (a): "Each state shall have a highway safety program approved by the Secretary (Note: now DOT), designed to reduce traffic accidents and deaths and injuries, and property damage resulting therefrom. Such programs shall be in accordance with uniform standards promulgated by the Secretary. *Such uniform standards shall be expressed in terms of performance criteria.* (Emphasis added.) Such uniform standards shall be promulgated by the Secretary so as to improve driver performance (including, but not limited to, driver education, driver testing to determine proficiency to operate motor vehicles, driver examinations (both physical and mental), and driver licensing), and to improve pedestrian performance. In addition such uniform standards shall include, but not be limited to, provisions for an effective record system of accidents (including injuries and deaths resulting therefrom), accident investigations to determine the probable causes of accidents, injuries, and deaths, vehicle registration, operation, and inspection, highway design and maintenance (including lighting, markings, and surface treatment), traffic control, vehicle codes and laws, surveillance of traffic for detection and correction of high or potentially high accident locations, and emergency services..." Continuing under 402 (c): "Federal aid highway funds apportioned on or after January 1, 1969, to any state which is not implementing a highway safety program in accordance with this section shall be reduced by amounts equal to 10 per centum of the amounts which would otherwise be apportioned to such State under section 104 of this title, until such time as such state is implementing an approved highway safety program."

The charter given by Congress to the DOT at first appears reasonable. Congress obviously wanted performance cri-

teria, or specifications, written. That is, if helmets are the subject, write criteria that will force manufacturers to make helmets that will meet certain performance capabilities to assure that those who want to buy these items will receive some limited amount of safety. Unfortunately it isn't possible to make a helmet to protect a rider's head in a reasonable motorcycle accident.

The sentence in the law giving the non-elected officials of the DOT the right to withhold 10% of the highway funds to a state for not complying in total to the safety program of the DOT, is really an abdication by Congress of its power to make laws. It puts law-making power directly in the hands of non-elected officials over whom the harassed taxpayers have not even the dubious power to exercise control by voting. Law-making power should be in the hands of state and federal legislatures, free of pressure. But 46 states have knuckled under to this powerful tool of withholding highway funds and passed the infamous helmet laws.

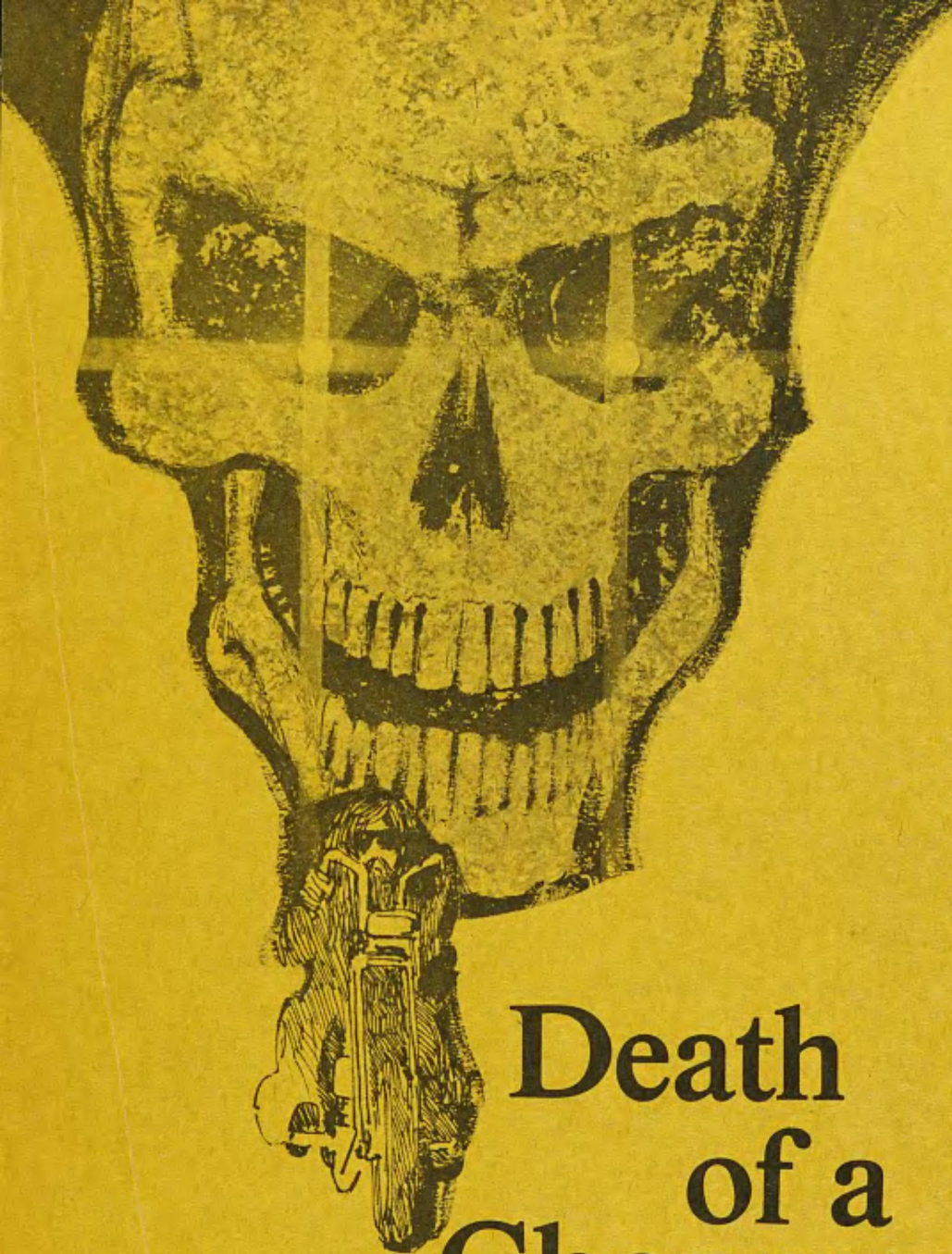
In 1973 Congress provided for an incentive award to states that reduce traffic fatalities. This could reduce the emphasis on withholding highway funds and thus ease the pressure on the states. However, the damage has already been done and now the slow fight must take place to remove the unsafe and unwanted laws passed by the state legislatures under the pressure of the 10% loss. Of course now legislators will have to face not a loss, but the possibility of a gain in money, which will still turn the head of the legislators away from your requests.

State legislators haven't minded risking the few disorganized votes of the motorcyclists over the helmet laws as long as they got the millions in highway funds. One notable exception has been California. In 1974, a California official challenged the DOT's authority to withhold California's highway funds because of his state's lack of a helmet law. In a letter to the DOT, he pointed out that California's motorcycle death rate is actually lower than the national average where 46 states have helmet laws. He also stated that if the DOT withheld highway funds, he'd close up the state highway safety offices.

A few individual motorcycle riders decided to go to court to test the helmet laws. Some went to jail. They argued that wearing a helmet was a private decision that affected only the individual concerned, not others. They argued that helmets don't prevent accidents and it was none of the state's business if a person does something that can be a risk only to himself. Laws should be to protect individuals from each other. You shouldn't do something that deliberately hurts or risks lives or property of other people. That is the basis for the police power of the state, to interfere in acts

³"Daytime Motorcycle Headlight and Taillight Operation." The National Highway Safety Bureau, PB 195 820, Aug. 1970.

⁴Governor Docking of Kansas said, when the DOT forced his state to pass a helmet law. "Too many times the federal government attempts to dictate to the states..." In 1970 I signed into law a bill which eliminated the mandatory requirement for motorcycle riders over 21 to wear safety helmets... The Federal government however disagreed... Kansas complied. If the state had failed to comply, we would have lost more than \$6.5 million..."



He jammed the truck into another gear and the curious pedestrians turned to stare when they heard the grinding noise. The traffic began to thin out as he approached the old expressway and he felt more relaxed, knowing there were very few patrol cars in this vicinity.

The signs, which once had served to give directions to the out-of-state traffic that had stopped for food and gas, were painted over now. But that didn't bother Rebel because he knew the way very well. As he reached the on-ramp, he brought the truck to a halt and climbed out of the cab. Glancing around to make sure that he was unobserved, he began dragging the makeshift barricade to the side of the road. This done, he climbed back into the truck and drove through, stopping only long enough to return the barricade to its proper place.

He didn't have to read the sign that was posted beside the on-ramp because he had it memorized: "THIS HIGHWAY CLOSED TO ALL TRAFFIC—USE PACIFIC-ATLANTIC EXPRESSWAY. TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED." Rebel let out with a long stream of spit through his front teeth and grinned with satisfaction as it hit near the center of the sign. *Up your Pacific-Atlantic asses*, he thought!

Driving to a spot where he could safely park the big rig on the side of the road, he stopped and shut off the engine. Walking to the back of the truck, he swung open the big double doors and pulled out the long steel ramp. Letting one end fall to the ground, he attached the other end to the bed of the truck with large bolts. Then he walked up the ramp and inside the trailer.

There she stood.

Adorned in all her silver baubles. Dressed in seven shades of blue and trimmed in the most expensive of black leather. Her limbs were smooth and the fragrance of gentle cleansing oil hung sweetly around her.

Rebel had picked her up from the gutter and used time, patience, and money to make her the glittering star she was today. He had sacrificed for her. Putting her before himself. Smothering her with tender lovin' care and protecting her from all who sought to bring about her demise.

The love he had for her flooded his very soul and filled him with the kind of excitement known only to those lovers who actually share the climactic moment of their love-

Death of a Chopper

By Rabbit Cole

Rebel maneuvered the big truck through the traffic and silently cursed the long line of cars that moved slowly toward the new Atlantic-Pacific Expressway. He forced his impatience under control by reminding himself of the cargo that was chained down to the bed of his closed-in trailer. The uniformed officer cast a suspicious glance through the window of his plastic ticket booth as the truck chose to bypass the on-ramp.

Holy fuck! thought Rebel. *Don't let that bastard reach for the phone!* He watched through his right side mirror and sighed with relief as he

saw the officer resume passing out the time tickets to the line of cars.

The twin exhaust stacks on the big diesel gave a throaty roar as it passed under the expressway's overhead bridge. The sound reminded Rebel of the times when he used to blast through that same spot, shortie pipes singing out the sweet song of a well-tuned Harley panhead. But those times were gone now. Thanks to the "it'll never happen" attitude that so many brothers had used in the past. Rebel cursed aloud and brought his open palm down hard on the steering wheel. *Sonsabitches!* he thought. *The blind sonsabitches!*

making. He stroked her with a gentle touch and spoke to her in poetic whispers.

"Sweet bitch! You sweet, hustling bitch! You cause me to spit in the faces of those law-makers who would dare to attack your right to be! You lie so gently between my legs and vibrate wave upon wave of pure ecstasy, right through to the very fibers of my being! How I enjoy you. Sweet, uncaring, insensitive bitch! How I love you!"

Reaching down, he removed the bolts that held the tie-downs. Then, very carefully, he removed the chains. Throwing his right leg over, he settled himself onto the cobra seat of the multi-blue panhead and rolled her forward, down the steel ramp and into the slow lane of the deserted expressway. There he paused to rub some imaginary spots from the springer front end and ran the soft rag over the rigid frame, checking the wiring connections and play of the chains before mounting her again.

Prime twice with the key off. Advance the spark. Key on. Kick! Rebel talked aloud as he applied pressure for another try. "Almost, baby! Almost. One more time, momma. Do it!" The big bike fired into life as if his command was its reason for doing so. He smiled with satisfaction as he replaced the spring on the distributor and checked the carb. Content that she was warmed up, he pushed in the clutch with his left foot, found first gear, gave her some gas and released the clutch with such speed that it sent the front end high into the air! Chromed spokes reflected the sun's rays as second gear put the springer into the air again, and only when he shifted into third did the Avon come to rest on the concrete of the expressway! Fourth gear proved that the high-speed screw on the carb was adjusted perfectly, and Rebel leaned back, relaxed, on the black leather of the familiar seat. He felt content in the knowledge that there was 80 miles of deserted expressway ahead of him, before he had to gas up and turn around. Reaching back with his left hand, he gave the 5-gallon can of gas, that was strapped to the sissy bar, a reassuring pat.

For a while he rode without thoughts, other than being aware of the on-rushing wind that brought tears to his eyes and sent his long hair blowing straight back from his forehead.

Gradually, thoughts of the past

came into his mind: the "good old days." The days before all this shit came down from the law-makers. The days when there were dudes around like Dave Mann! Goddam, could that dude paint! And the biker mags. With every issue, they warned us!

ABATE.

Remember ABATE? How they tried to wake us up? Their accounts were real. Like the one about the slick-ass politicians, in the state of Washington, who got that day-time lights-on law slipped through, by attaching it to a stolen property bill! Well, thought Rebel, we sure as hell couldn't blame ABATE for the present state of affairs!

Who is to blame, then? Not the NCCSI, nor organizations like the New York Motorcycle Rights Organization. Nor can you blame those state representatives, like the dude from Lansing, Michigan, who said he was opposed to the mandatory helmet law!

After all, what percentage of our brothers were there to protest the passing of the helmet law in California? A lot of dudes, sure. But enough? Couldn't have been enough, because a few years later we were riding with lights on and helmets that cut down on our vision as well as our hearing!

And even while we were being forced to comply, for our own protection of course, old John Doe Dipshit was still explaining how he had splattered us all over the fuckin' road by saying, "Gee, officer! I didn't see the motorsickle!"

How could the brothers have been so blind? We were so damn busy earning our patches and fighting among ourselves and fat-mouthing the ricegrinders, that we never realized how the politicians were cutting us to pieces with their vote-getting legislation! Even after we saw through their scheme and united in a single cause, it was too damn late! Nineteen seventy-three was the time. We should have backed those people like ABATE, long before we did. We should have been united then. Standing asshole deep in unity on the front steps of every fuckin' state building that housed a bill that restricted us from our cause! To ride. To enjoy. To be truly free.

Only a few responded. Only a minority foresaw the inevitable. One law leads to another restriction. Then another law. And another restriction. And the circle is tightened until it wipes out the freedom, while

wearing the hat of "doing it for your own protection"!

DOT buried us with statistics presented in such a way that they confused and, in some cases, were just plain distorted! The deceit was not aimed just at the bikers either. Even John Doe had to fork over money for a smog device that was soon to become obsolete! In the meantime, the large companies continued to dump tons of pollution into the air! Still, the driver of the auto was given an alternative. Detroit had perfected the turbine engine. But a turbine bike? Not yet. Maybe never.

Rebel pulled to the side of the road and began filling the gas tank from the five-gallon can. After the job was completed he lay down on the grassy embankment and lit a cigarette. The image of the uniformed guard in the plastic booth flashed before his mind. There's an example, he thought. An example of what we should have seen coming years ago. You drive up to the on-ramp, get a time-ticket, and if you reach your destination in less than what the law has classified as the "correct speed per distance," you are considered to have been speeding and issued a citation! The Pacific-Atlantic Expressway ran from the East Coast all the way to the West Coast and was only one of a hundred such expressways, all similarly set up. Even the secondary roads had cameras that could film your vehicle's speed, and the operator of the camera could zero in on the license number. If you were found to be in violation, you then received a citation in the mail.

In the face of all this Big Brother shit, you would think that the bikers would have seen it coming and have gotten their shit together.

Rebel crushed out the cigarette and headed for his panhead. Firing it up, he made his U-turn and started his 80-mile trip back to the truck, knowing full well that if he were caught it would mean one hell of a fine and the possibility of prison. He'd often wondered how he would react if a police cruiser pulled up behind him. Probably just open up the throttle and say fuck it! But it's kind of hard to outrun police helicopters and radios!

He thought of the article he had read about the Japanese soldiers who had been found in the caves, some 18 years or more after the end of World War Two. Would they consider him to be that kind of person? Would they call him loyal, or a sick

bastard? Probably the latter. The thought made him laugh.

The return trip was over all too soon and Rebel rode the scooter up the ramp and into position for the tie-downs. Everything in place, he reset the chains, then pulled the steel ramp inside. Closing the doors, he walked to the cab and climbed behind the steering wheel.

It was then that the sadness hit him. A large void seemed to open up inside him and he felt just as trapped as the panhead he'd just chained down to the bed of the truck.

Shaking his head to erase the thought, he tried to concentrate on his recent run. By closing his eyes he could see the entire one hundred and sixty miles of his trip.

Lighting a cigarette, he silently smoked as he waited for the engine to warm up. Once this was done, he put the big rig in gear and made his U-turn across the center divider and headed back.

Reaching the barricade, he once again replaced it, after driving the truck through. Two blocks later he pulled into a truck stop for coffee and something to eat.

Twenty minutes later, two uniformed cops walked in and took seats at the counter.

"Two coffees, Patti," ordered the taller of the two.

"Be right up."

As she set the coffee before them, she smiled and asked, "Well, what you gents been up to lately?"

"Oh, the usual cops and robbers stuff."

"Sounds exciting!"

"Exciting? Boring would be a better word! We've got two hours worth of reports to file after we go to the station tonight."

"That right?"

"Yeah. And one of them is for a chopper that we never even saw!"

The other cop laughed.

"Yeah! Can you beat that? A chopper! An old guy calls the station about twenty or thirty minutes ago and says there's some long-haired freak riding a chopper down the old expressway!"

The waitress eyed him suspiciously.

"You're kidding me?"

"Nope! Scout's honor!"

"Now look, you guys. I've had a busy day. Pushin' coffee and donuts to these truckers is rough enough. And I'm sure as hell not in the mood for jokes! You know and I know your story is a bunch of shit!

Even if it was true, how'd he get by being caught by the cameras?"

"There ain't no cameras on the old expressway!"

The other cop joined in.

"Right. And the old boy who called in happens to be the Mayor's father. And he sure as hell didn't think it was a joke! Neither did the captain who told us to go check it out!"

The waitress shook her head in disbelief.

"You mean to tell me that there's still some people who ride them things? Good grief! You can take one look at them and see how unsafe they are! Who'd wanna ride one?"

The cops laughed.

"Well now, Patti, I'll tell you. There's still a few diehards around who will pull every trick in the book to keep those things. Knowing damn well that the Statistics Office published a book informing the people that they were unsafe. And, the State Psychologist said the riders have suicidal tendencies. I guess those old bikers are living in the past. You know, like the old cowboys who want to die with their boots on!"

Though Rebel was trying to ignore the conversation, he felt the blood begin to rush to his head.

One of the cops spoke up.

"And now the diehards have their machines hidden. They pull them out once in a while and take a ride. Or go on a run, as they call it."

The waitress stared, open-mouthed.

"What happens when you catch them?"

"Oh, they pay. Sometimes a fine. Sometimes jail. And of course, for their own protection, we confiscate the vehicle under the law which states that all engine-powered, two-wheeled vehicles are hereby considered unsafe for the people and are forthwith outlawed in the Continental United States."

"It took us a long time to get that legislation passed. Now that we have it, it's going to be enforced."

"Right. The bikers are a dead breed. They just don't have sense enough to lay down!"

The waitress shook her head.

"Seems a shame to me. But I guess stiffer penalties are the only thing they'll understand."

Rebel left the money for his food and coffee at the side of the cash register and walked out, unnoticed by the trio.

Thoughts rushed through his head and each one added to the anger that the conversation had started. Another law! Stiffer penalties! When will it stop? Big Brother was doing his job well! Perhaps the cops were right. Perhaps the biker's world was dead!

Outside he stopped to stare at the bright blue of the summer sky. Puttin' weather, he thought. A time when the brothers used to get it together for the run. A time for booze and chicks and parties. A time for showing off the work that was done during the winter months. But most of all, a time for freedom!

Rebel could feel the pressure building inside his head. How much more, he thought? How much more?

He thought of the hours he'd spent working on his panhead. For what? To be chained to the floor of a fuckin' truck bed? Walled up in darkness as if it was something to be ashamed of? Did the new laws also limit the soul? The right to ride free?

He found himself standing inside the truck, looking down at his blue love. He didn't remember opening the rear doors, or putting down the ramp.

He spoke aloud, directing his remarks to the panhead.

"It's time, baby. No more chains for you. No more dark trucks. No more short runs!"

He unfastened the chains and turned the bike around slowly, pointing the springer toward the metal ramp. The indecision faded from his thoughts as the pan's throaty roar filled the inside of the truck. The familiar *clunk* told him that first gear was engaged and he was ready to go. There was a cold look of determination on his face as he rolled his love down the ramp to the parking lot.

The sound of the pipes brought both cops running outside, and their mouths dropped open in pure disbelief.

The springer was pointed in their direction and Rebel felt himself smile as he cracked the throttle open and popped the clutch. He laughed out loud as the fuzz dived to the pavement to avoid the on-rushing chopper.

Laying the scooter over hard, he barely missed the curb as he turned the bike onto the main street, shifted her into second and headed for the Pacific-Atlantic Expressway.

—Continued on page 64

A Brotherhood of Brothers

*Laconia, Daytona or Indio
The biker and his scooter will always ride
alone
Alone on our machines, but together in our
lives
So when we reach for our brother's hand
His should be there in return
If we're gonna survive free in this land*

*Not a buck is on our side
And on two flashin' wheels we cannot hide
So when we let pass our brothers in need
We're drawing a blade through our own blood
If not stopped it will cause a flood
That will drown our rights
And the door to unity and freedom will shut
To be imprisoned in the citizens' rut*

*Only God knows the links we share
And what is each risk we dare
It's up to us to join our fists
And fight for the rights we've missed
Reach out with strong arms together as one
And in time we can all share freedom*

*Goddam the bureaucrats with closed eyes
Supposed intelligence in a business suit guise
We know their interest in a fin
Knowing always that facts should win
This country, like a revolver loaded with
bucks, not votes
It shoots our rights, peace and hopes
If we had the cash we could play their game*

*But through brotherhood and facts we'll
someday do the same*

*So what the fuck if an Oriental makes passes
Or if the cat is decked in laces
Brotherhood is the spirit we seek
Not separated by the biased weak
What club does it matter
As bikers we're all brothers on the same
platter*

*We don't have to kiss each others' asses
Or party with the masses
We ain't bein' forced through society's norms
We fight not to live like cons in dorms
It's just when the need arises
A downed bro or against misled officials
That we act to assist our people in need
Give a hand or take a heavy stand
Help support the weight on our brother's back
'Cause it is our turn to take in the slack*

*We can stand aloof with right on our side
'Cause we ain't lettin' freedom slide
And with a together voice and love for our
brothers strong
They'll sit up and listen, not through
demands of our way
But through unity and facts our case will
be made to stay
Bikers together as one
Will continue to ride into another generation*

— Renegade



Patrons of the Public Toilet

Besides being a biker, I am also a human being (a point of contention among some straight citizens I know), and therefore my body functions much like anybody else's, more or less. Now, social circumstances being what they are, I am unable to perform some of those functions wherever I happen to be standing when they become necessary. Let me give you an example of the most common of these occurrences: Having stood at the bar for an extended period of time, swilling one beer after another, I suddenly realize that, unless I take a leak, right now, I am going to piss all over myself. This is where those social circumstances become bothersome. I just can't hang it out right there at the bar and piss, because, at least, I'm sure to be thrown out, thus cutting off my supply of beer, and if the place is half-assed respectable, I'm liable to end up in the slams for exposing the meat.

So, I'm forced to enter the dimly lit cave of caustic odors, infestious biting insects, evil and unlawful transactions, perverted sin, and mind bending graffiti—the public toilet! While on these brief sojourns of relief, as I make room for more beer, I have noticed, through my bleary bloodshot eyes, that a man reveals a great deal of his true nature as he stands before the urinal. Although each individual has his own variations, he still falls within one of the following twenty basic categories of dudes who are forced to use the notorious public toilet:

1. **Excitable:** shorts half twisted around, can't find hole, rips shorts.
2. **Sociable:** joins friends in piss, whether he has to or not.

3. **Crosseyed:** looks into next urinal, to see how next guy is hung.

4. **Timid:** can't piss if someone is looking, flushes, comes back later.

5. **Indifferent:** all urinals in use, pisses in sink.

6. **Clever:** no hands, looks around, pisses on floor.

7. **Worried:** not sure of where he has been lately, makes quick check.

8. **Frivolous:** plays up-stream, down-stream, across urinal, tries to hit fly on edge.

9. **Absent-minded:** opens vest, pulls out tie, pisses in pants.

10. **Childish:** pisses in water on bottom of urinal, likes to watch bubbles.

11. **Sneak:** farts quietly while pissing, looks innocent, blames next guy.

12. **Patient:** stands very close for long time, reads with his free hand.

13. **Desperate:** waits in long line, teeth floating, pisses in pants.

14. **Tough:** bangs cock on sides of urinal to dry it.

15. **Efficient:** waits until he has to shit, then does both.

16. **Fat:** backs up, takes a blind shot, pisses on shoes.

17. **Little:** stands on box, falls in, drowns.

18. **Drunk:** holds left thumb in right hand, pisses in pants.

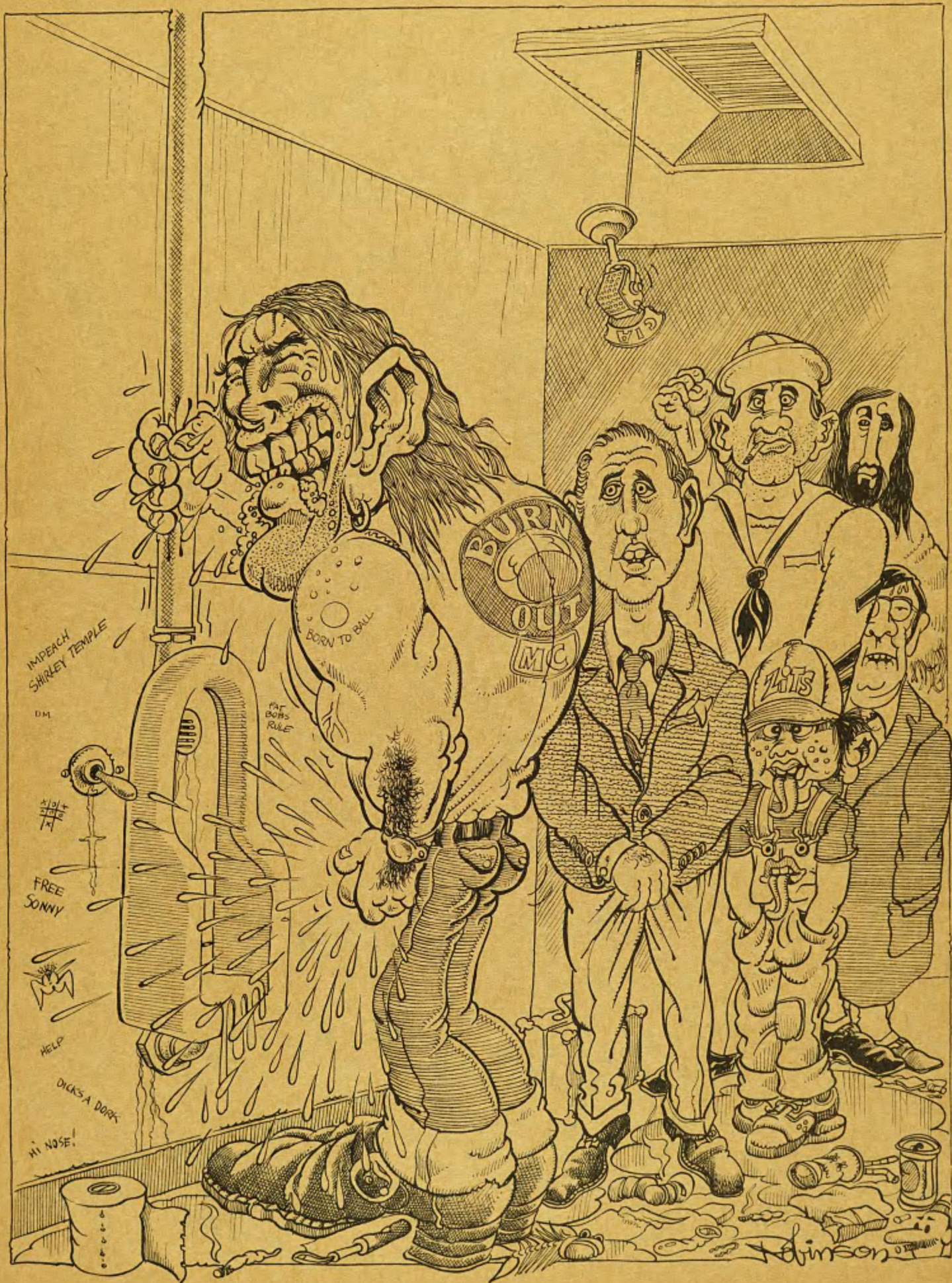
19. **Disgruntled:** stands for a while, gives up, goes away.

20. **Conceited:** holds two-inch cock like a baseball bat.

Having laid this bit of leg wetting information on you, I'm going to go back to the bar for another beer, but check it out the next time you're forced to use the public toilet.

Happy shaking.

By Troyd



Foot Rot

My ol' lady, to save money, uses one of my socks when she's on the rag. Will she get foot rot from my socks? I'd hate to get mouth rot.

Need Help
Strasburg, Ohio

Backdoor

I got caught beating my meat while looking at your picture. Now, I have to go to Captain's Mast. When I go up to see the Old Man, how should I plead?

T. E.
Merchant
FPO, N.Y.

● Not guilty! You picked up some crotch crickets when you accidentally crapped in the officers' head—and you were tryin' to shake 'em off.

Wants Picture

Send me a picture of ya. I want my ol' man to know just how good he's got it.

Turkey
Wyandotte, Mich.

● Better cool it, bitch. Your ol' man is gonna take one look at me and throw rocks at you.

Queer Dog?

I have a pedigree Great Dane that I spent big bucks for in the hope of making bread by breeding him, but the sonuvabitch isn't interested in ballin' bitches. Do you advise strokin' his joint a little to wake him up before turnin' a bitch loose on him?

Loser
Beverly Hills, Calif.

● Stroke him, hell. Fondle him—show the big brute what sex is all about. If you need any help, call me. But I warn ya, I'll probably spoil him for anything else.

Givin' Head

I want to know how to give real good head. Do you know of a book that tells how to go about it? Can you tell me how to do it in your column? Hurry, I really get turned on at the thought of it.

Dreamer
Salt Lake City, Utah

● I don't know of a book and it would take too much space to go into nitty-gritty detail here. The best bet is to find yourself a biker with a nice crank and practice on it. The dude won't mind at all—he'll gladly give free instructions.

Wants Cucumber Pic

I want to ask a special favor. I would like a photo of you wailin' away with your cucumber. Do you have one? Can you send a copy to me?

Freak
Tamal, Calif.

● I have photos of me and a giant cucumber, but because this is a family rag, I can't send one to you. Besides, if my mother were to see it, what would she think?

Off-The-Wall Idea

I've got a brilliant idea for your righteous rag. Put a centerfold of yourself in the rag and where your cunt is put one of those "scratch and smell" stickers with the raunchy aroma of your twat so that I can smell my fingertips while I cuff my dragon.

Miraculous Mutha Fucker
Lisbon, Maine

● How can you pound your meat and throw up at the same time?

Night Sleeper

I gotta ol' man whose snorings are as loud as a god-

dam sawmill in full production. I've tried about everything to shut him up! Including a few healthy raps to the chops. But all I get are a few busted knuckles covered with fang-jam and my rings get hung up in his beard. It's fuckin' 3:00 a.m., another long night for me. I got bags under my peepers that'd put a dime size to shame. So tell me, how do I shut off the saws without snuffin' the dude? I gotta cop me a few z's around here some night!

Zombie
Phoenix, Ariz.

● Sit on his face.

Tongue Knock-up

A couple of months ago I met this chick who proceeded to give me an outasight knob-job. After she finished we did a bit of smoochin' until I got the hots to tongue some pussy. Had a **fabulous** time but never saw the chick again—that is until yesterday. She comes stompin' into my pad, all blown up like a blimp, claiming I'm the padre. My pecker never came near her snatch. So I'm asking is it possible and what am I gonna do?

Pute
Seabrook, Md.

● Give her a right hook to the gut as you say, "Later, baby."

Big Problem

I have a problem. I really dig this chick and she knows it, but what can I do without a driver's license to take her puttin'?

Crazy Harold
Lyons, Kans.

● You can pick each other's blackheads and pop zits (you might even try a little stink-finger).

Armpit Lovers Arise!

I saw the letter in April's **Easyriders** from Hung-up and wanted to get off on your armpit. I'm not crazy about Right Guard anyway.

Virginal
Ft. Worth, Tex.

● If you haven't tried it, don't knock it—and I don't use deodorants. I dig the tangy aroma of sweat.

Close Friends

Please send me five of your crabs. I want to try an experiment. I want to see what it takes to kill 'em.

Killer
Butner, N.C.

● First off, they're my friends and I couldn't harm them. Second, if they were taken away from me they'd die from a broken heart.

Home Come?

How come my Honda 750 doesn't drip oil like H-Ds?

Glenn Leapley
Glendale, Ariz.

● When my box gets hot, it drips. You must have a frigid bike.

A New Record?

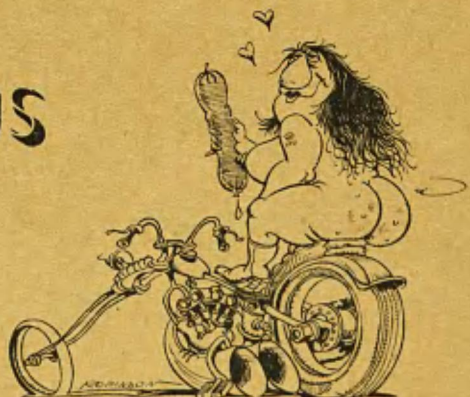
We believe that we have set the record for the longest train pulled in one day. This bitch took on 360 of us (our armored tank battalion on the latrine floor. How does that compare with your record?

C Company
Friedberger, Germany

● Only **one** battalion? Ya gotta be kiddin'.

—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



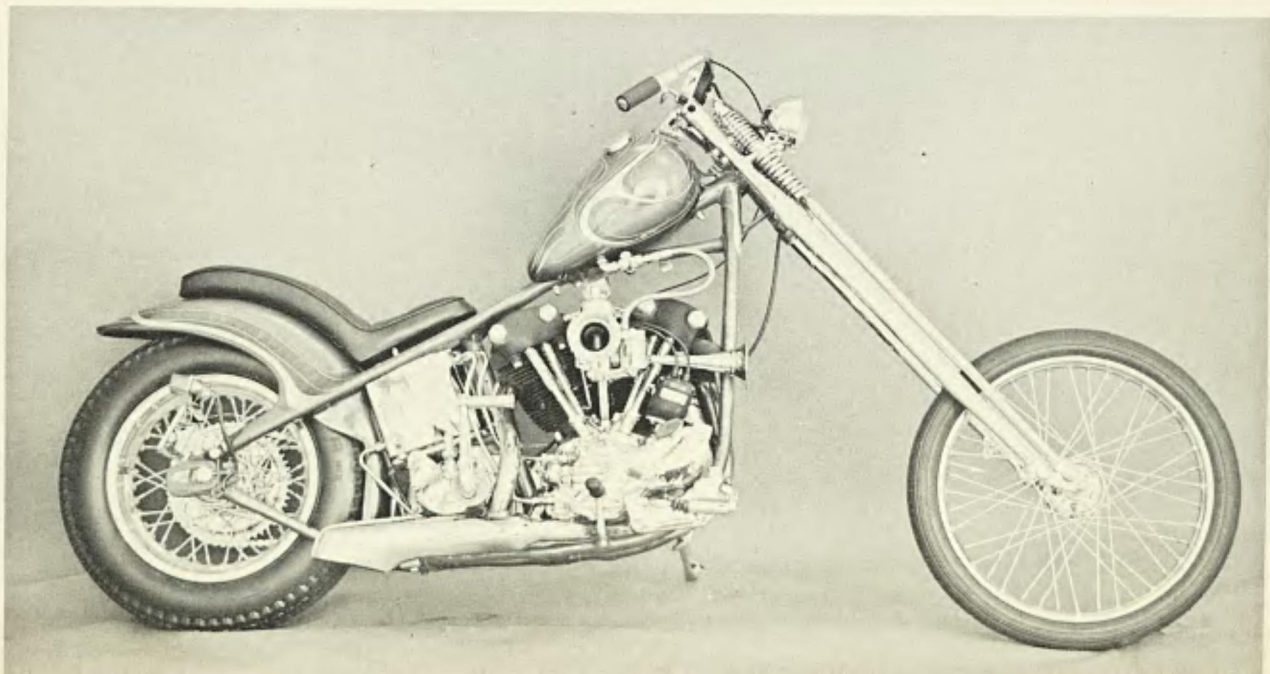
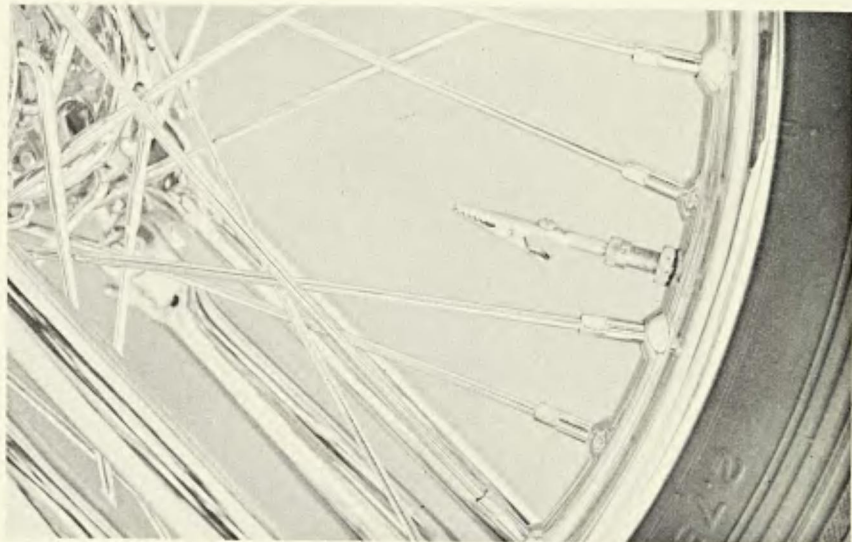


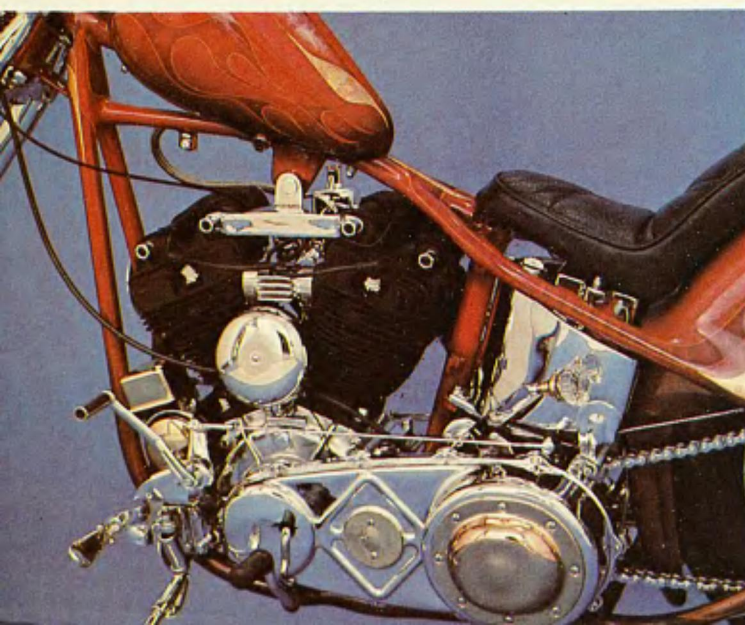
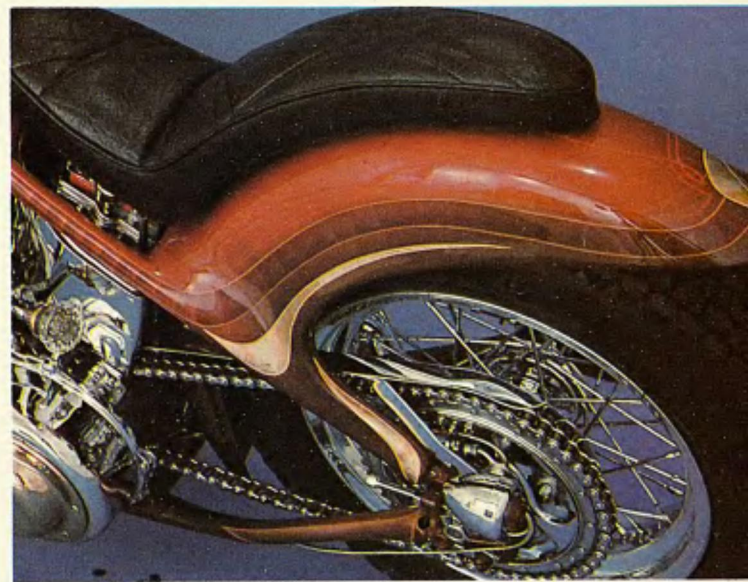
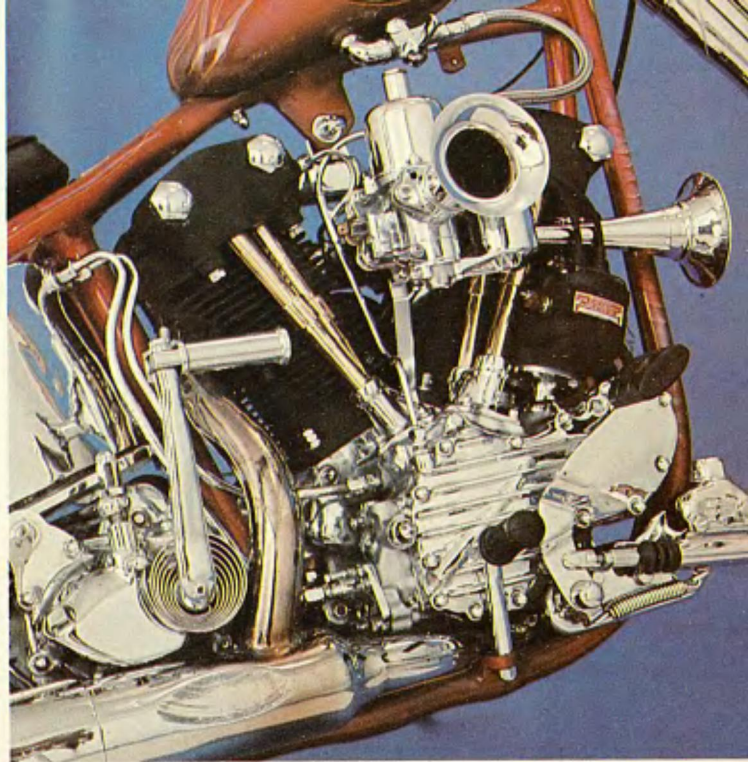
It takes time
to do it right!



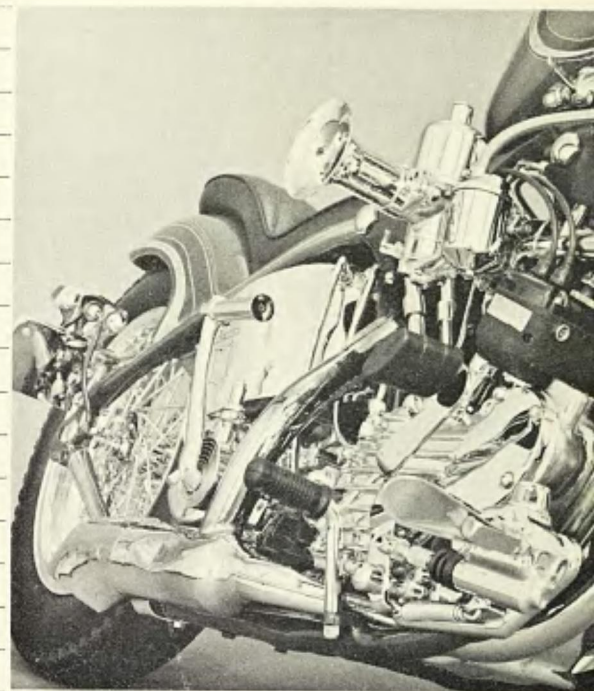
Would you believe that I wuz up at Cudahy John's a year ago and this scoot was 90 percent done even way back then? So howcum it took all that time to polish it off? (That there pun is intended, people.) Well, ya notice all them handcrafted trips like the one-piece tach and handlebars? Or how about those polished cases, reworked muffler, and special top motormount? Duz it maybe sink into our skulls that John is a dude for gettin' details right, regardless if *Easyriders*, Howard Hughes, or some big-lunged little yummy with her panties half-down is waitin' for the scoot to be done? (Are you tired of this snivelin' zit-brain askin' questions?)

'Course, righteous details ain't the only reason for the delay. John puts together putts for a lot of Fresno area bro's, so he worked on his own ride mostly during slack time. You guessed it—since the

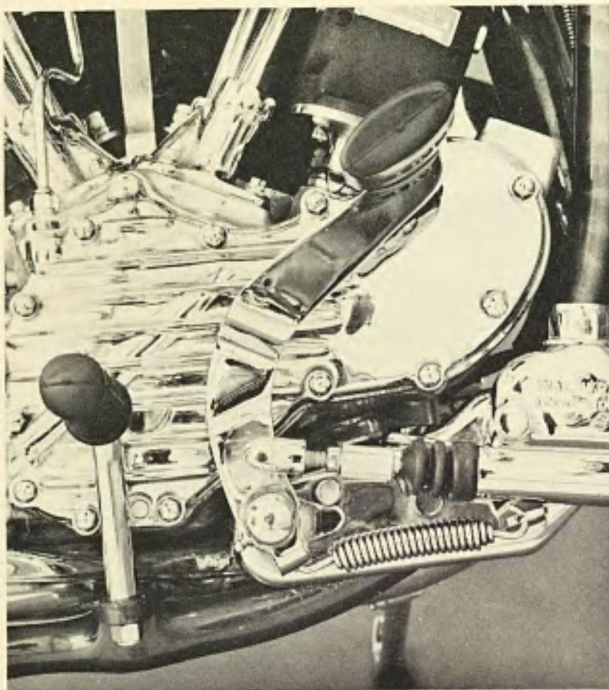




Owner: John Glasow		City: Fresno, California	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: John's Custom		Year: 1958 front, 1955 rear	
Year and Make: 1948 H-D		Builder: Cudahy John	
Model: FL		Type: weird	
Value: \$4,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: John's Custom		Stretch: 3 in., front legs	
Time: Spare time (too long)		Other alterations: molded rear fender	
Chroming by: King of Chrome		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: old trike bars, reworked	
Year: 1946		Risers: H-D glide	
Model: Knucklehead		Fender(s): molded by Jim Fuller	
Rebuilder: José, Eagle Rock		Headlight: tractor running light	
Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto		Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: Smith's (off Triumph)	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Dixie spoons	
Balancing: Hank the Crank		Rear pegs: owner	
Pistons: FL		Electrics: 6v. 2 brush gen, Sporty reg.	
Cases: polished, Dan Duebner		Gas tank: Paughco	
Heads: polished valves		Oil tank: original H-D	
Cam: '61 H-D		Oil system: chromed lines	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: original H-D	
Carb(s): 1 3/4 in. S.U.		Seat: Minestrone Leather Works	
Air cleaner: stock		Sissy bar: none	
Pipes: owner		Height:	
Muffler(s): stock, shortened 6 in.		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: H-D springer, narrowed 2 in.	
Year: 1946		Extension: 13 in.	
Shifting: jockey		Builder: Nick Carter, Fresno	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: square springs	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: John's Custom		Hub: stock spool	Hub: H-D
Painter: Cudahy John		Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 4 1/2 in.
Color: candy pearl red		Tire: 2.75 Avon	Tire: 5.00 Avon
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake:	Brake: juice
Special paint: acrylic enamel clear coat, striping by Neil Averill			
Other special modifications: gold leaf, aircraft fuel shut-off,			
Colony cam cover bolts, roach clip valve stem, Akront alloy			
rear rim, early H-D horn altered to fit, owner-built chain guard.			



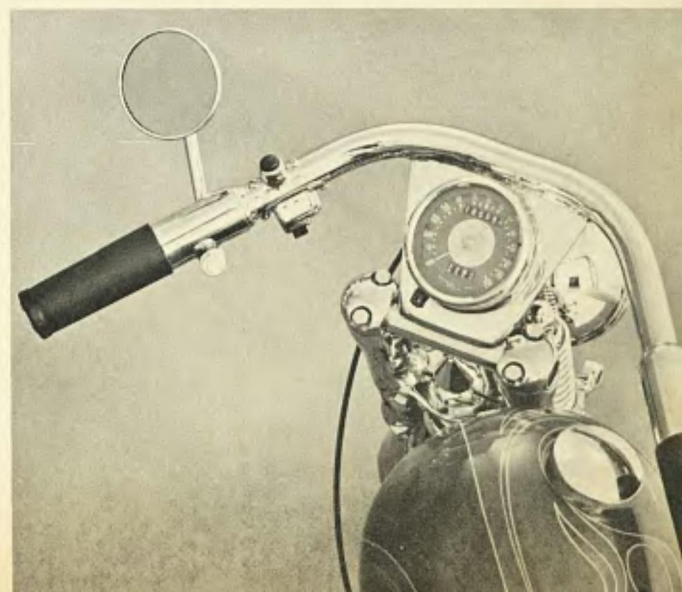
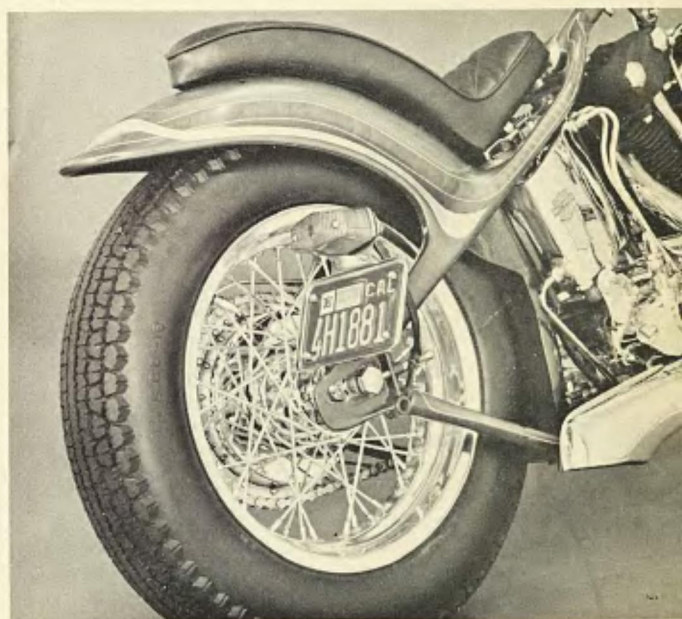
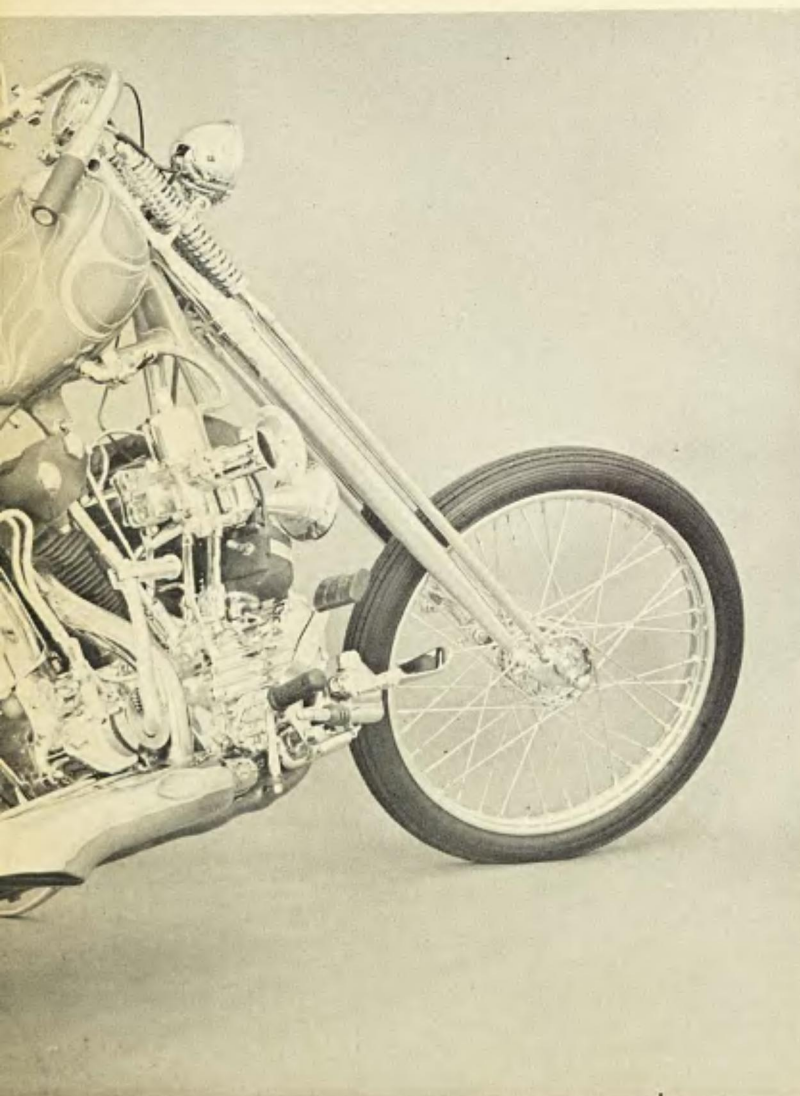
Easyriders photography by Pete Chiodo

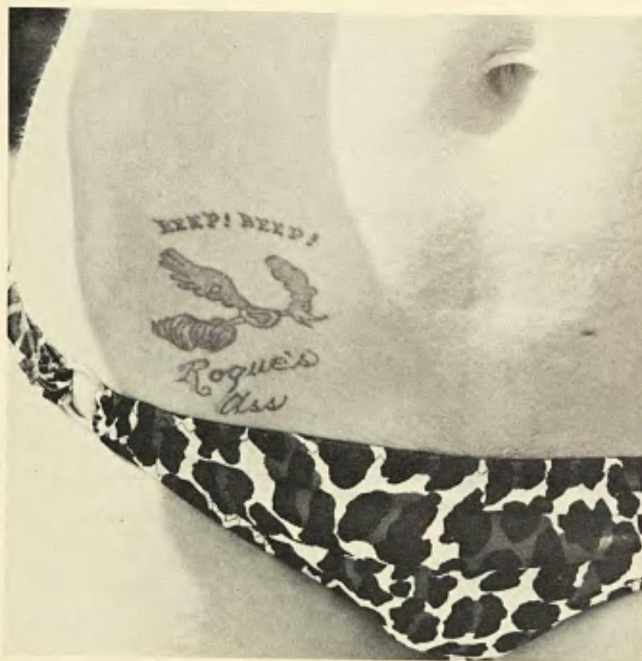
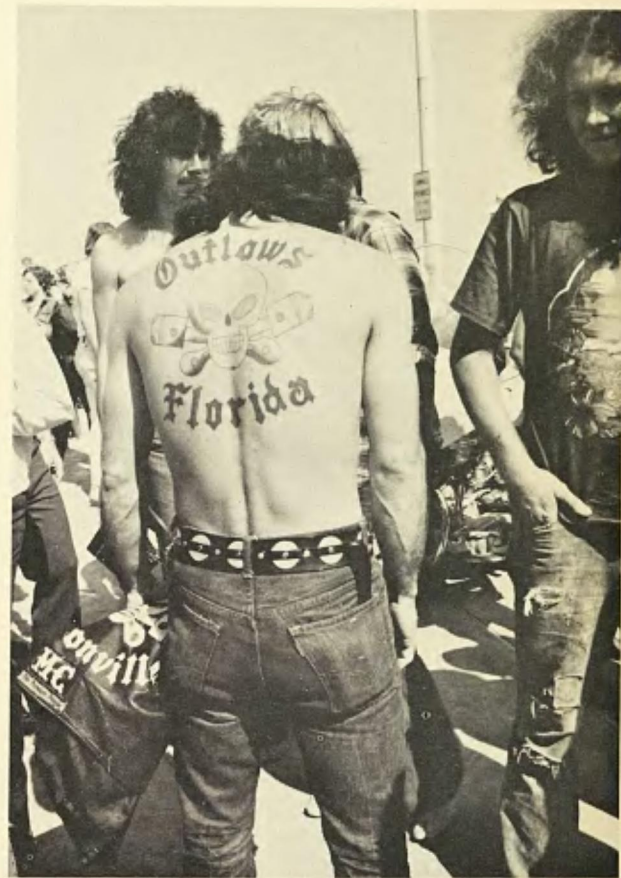


secret's been out about what kinda righteous work he does, John's had about as much slack time as a Coke machine at a girls' boarding school. So for a while there the only thing happenin' to his knuckle was a growing maze of spider spew and mouse crap as it sat under an Armond-sized hunka Saran wrap in a corner of the shop. The ol' motor musta not minded much; shit, it had kicked around since 1946. What was a few thousand days more or less? But I sorta wondered if the tires wuz gonna fossilize while they waited, or if the paint job would shrivel up, turn to dust and blow away in the smog.

Well, as you and I can see through those road-map veins in our eyeballs, they sure didn't, and John's at last gettin' in some road time on the machine. He's also plannin' another scoot. Uh-huh. Well, see ya in a couple of years.

— Sniveler

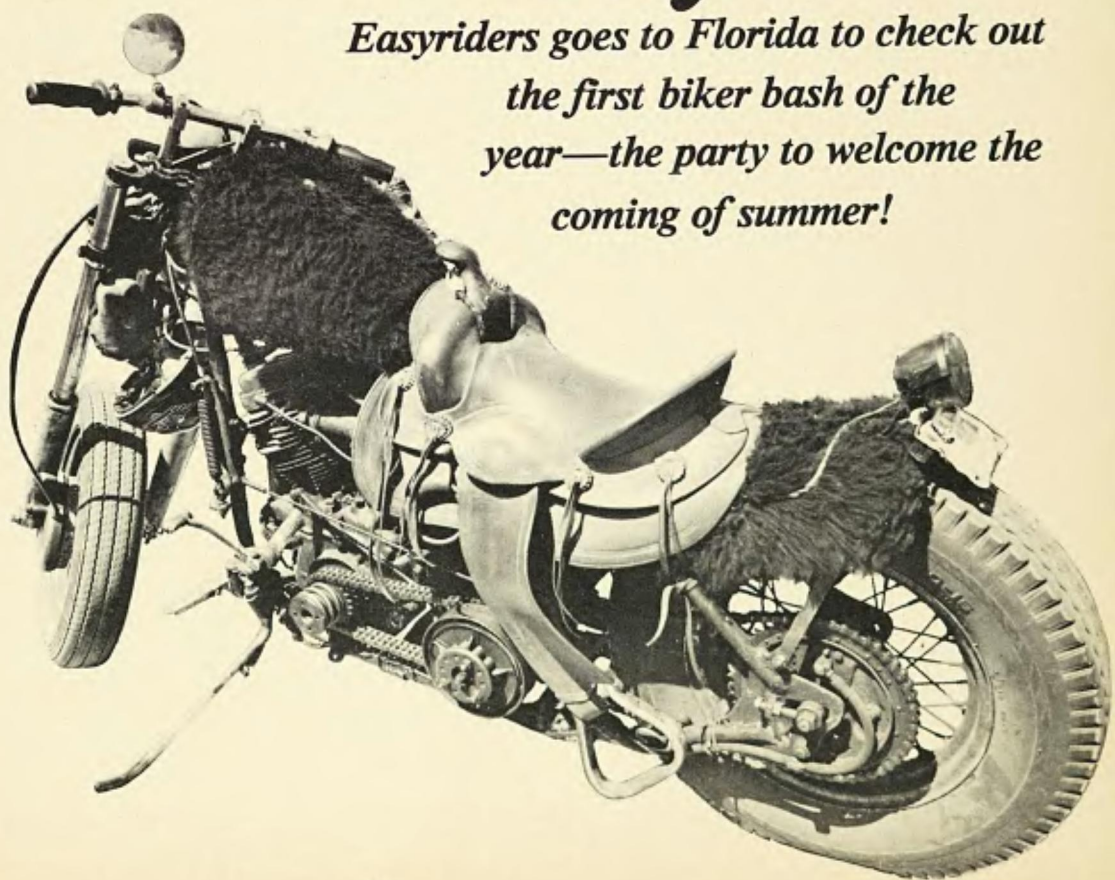






Daytona

Easyriders goes to Florida to check out the first biker bash of the year—the party to welcome the coming of summer!



No shit, it was my first trip out of the freak state of California. I just never had a mind to count the hamburger stands from one end of this country to the other. Maybe it was the redneck crap and all our brothers inside 'cause they partied in a strange state (and got popped) that held me back.

But from a DC-10 crossing the home of the brave, I couldn't see any rednecks, bro's being forced to wear skid lids or people being harassed by The Man. That's right, I wasn't able to ride this time, but I have vowed that someday I'll cross the country on my rat. Meanwhile I was loaded onto this winged aluminum Coors can with straight citizens that gawked at my naturals and long hair.

After the long cross-country plane ride, a change of jets in Miami, and landing in Daytona, I didn't get far from that pilots' drag strip when the sound of putts started seeping into my ears and back into my veins. Where the fuck is that ratty shovelhead when I need it! If I could cut off my arm and make a scooter out of it there'd have been blood on these pages—I don't like to go no place without my scooter.

I got into the sandy town of Daytona by cab and got this motel room on the beach, courtesy of the Huns of Connecticut, which was far out. And I started to take in the smell of salt, sea air, Harley-Davidsons, booze, and of course women. Rabbit and some of his Connecticut brothers invited me down to their room, so I split to find a liquor store (for some unknown reason they weren't on every corner). I returned with some wine, beer, and a sore neck from checkin' out the chicks and passin' scooters in the darkness of the early evening.

So I smoked some parsley that sent me glidin' and drank a bottle of wine, then headed for town. The roads were torn to hell from construction but that wasn't stoppin' bikers. They were almost as thick as the fuckin' cops with their riot numbers and the whole damn nine yards, and it was only Thursday. The town was all right from what I could see through my wasted eyes as I stood, swaying slightly, in front of one of the major topless joints, crowded with outlaws and surrounded by cops. One chubby officer stood on the edge of the sidewalk tapping his plastic night stick in the palm of his hand while he stared at me. I watched the motley colored lights flash and blink on the fronts of the bars that were still open. And I checked out the scooter people drifting in and out of the crowded clubs, getting on their bikes a taste more wasted than when they arrived, and splitting off to another bar or party. While I gazed and tripped on the fuckin' good partyin' that was goin' down I became aware again of this cat standing fifteen or twenty feet from me in a uniform he had grown out of, still rapping that stupid black plastic club in his flabby hand and staring at me. Well, there ain't nobody that digs a cat starin' at 'im, so what the fuck, I stared back. I wasn't breakin' any law and I wasn't afraid of the dildo he was playin' with or the .357 mag on his hip; so after he came to understand those facts, his eyes shifted to the ground, he wandered over to his other armed buddies for security, and I went back to enjoyin' my first night in Daytona. To me the party in Florida is what it's all about, dudes jammin' up an' down the streets so fucked up they can hardly make out the flashin' lights of the night joints against the thick moist air of the night. If every biker in this town was in the same club and all the street corner, walkie-talkie cops would back

off, we could party, and together we'd all be brother bikers celebratin' the coming of the summer.

Well, about three I headed my dusty boots back to the motel. The sand was drifting across the streets, being pierced by the scooters still rappin' off, jammin', weavin' and sportin' through town—it was all right!

It was already Friday when I crashed and it wasn't much longer after that when somebody wanted me up and awake. I could sense a banging, rapping noise but I wasn't too sure whether it was my head or the door. Since I didn't know a fuckin' soul in the whole state, I wasn't really expecting any visitors. But goddammit if it wasn't the door, I got to my feet and opened the rattlin' wood and glass door. A dude about 6' 2" with long dark hair and a goatee stood in the doorway. I wondered if I was under arrest; damn, I'd only been in town a day. But the dude looked like someone I might have seen in a picture somewhere. Then it came to me. "Billy Tinney, what's happenin'?"

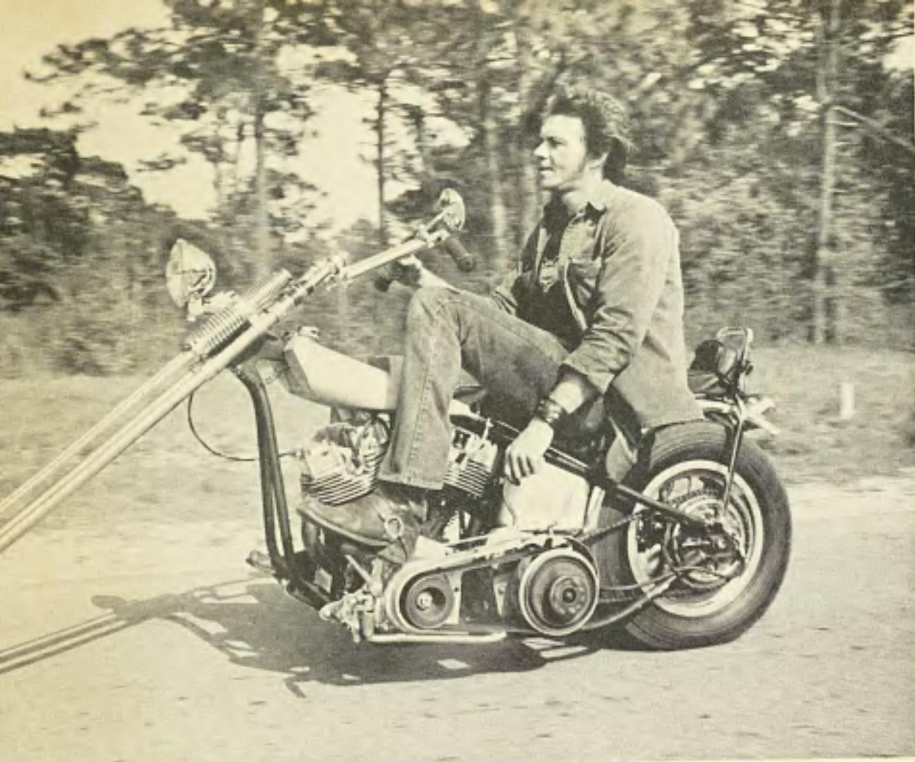
Well we rapped for a couple of minutes, then I asked him if I could meet him in an hour or so, so I could finish countin' my z's. But no sooner had I flopped down with my brain beginning to sink into never-never land when the door started its number again. Fuck! This time the banging was followed by a voice, a chick's voice. I was up as if it was reveille at boot camp, but it wasn't some fox lookin' for a lone dude. It was a fox that belonged to the Hui's Prez—Rogue. We introduced ourselves and by then I was awake enough to get moving. It was already noon so I had to get cookin' 'cause it was gonna be time to start partyin' before too long. And one thing that motivated me even more than the day and the far-out people was that Rogue had been kind enough to bring along not one but two Sportsters—far fuckin' out!

It was just after noon and after breakfast and the day was already gettin' crazy. It was as though the only place a biker could get gas in this country, on this weekend, was Daytona. And the girls, well Jesus, do I have to say somethin'—they were incredible and everywhere!

Some brothers told us that there were people pushin' big-inchers up and down some backwoods street, so I climbed into Billy's van and we went to check it out. There was this corner tavern called the Corner Tavern (natch) right out in the middle of nowhere, like someplace a married dude might go to have a beer and meet his girlfriend without gettin' caught. A few glaring rednecks stood at the battered wooden bar while the dirt parking lot was crammed with every kind of scooter. And at the four-way boulevard stop, cats were winding up their quarter-milers, burning their tires for traction, then boogying against anyone who had a mind to race. Everything was cool until The Man arrived in force and ran everyone off. But when the heat split, the mama runnin' the bar went after the tramps an' told 'em to come back—it's cool, come back and buy some more of my beer. Between races this kid rode by on his rear wheel as fuckin' casual as you please while he knelt on his seat. The dude could do it for miles like there was nothin' to it. Fucker showed so much class we split.

Comin' back toward the beach from the endless miles of flat forest, we ran across the Warlocks and Sundowners partyin' out front of an outskirts bar. It seems that The Man closed down camping around the race track, so the place where people depended on stayin' was no longer available





unless of course you had a Winnebago or some ten-million-dollar house on wheels. So these brothers were stranded. 'Course it didn't stifle partyin' while some of their people were lookin' for a place to camp.

It was almost seven in the evening when we made it back to the motel. We had taken in the sights, including the chicks on the beach, where people were allowed to putt or drive on the hard sand. We tried to push a downed Honda to get it started, but no matter what gear he'd drop it into, the bike would just slide on the damp sand, so we gave up. Another couple of brave dudes tried to ride their scooters across the soft sand to the thick layer at the water's edge, but they'd have sunk if it hadn't been for a few guys leaning heavy on their packer bars to keep 'em from diggin' in.

After dark we went downtown to the rat race again and watched the flashing lights and chrome of the hundreds of scooters lining the streets—it was gettin' more crowded all the time. We pushed our way through the crowds for a couple of hours, stopping to get a high on once in a while, then we'd move on, trippin' on the folks and the scooters.

When we got back to the motel the bikes were gone so we did a little investigatin', found out where they had split to, and went after the pack. They had putted to an old party joint that had recently turned into a faggot bar; so they blew their minds, and when we got there they were just gettin' back on their scooters to split. This time we jammed to a straights' hangout, but when we strolled in the bad vibes started runnin' strong. It was either take your hat off or no drink. So for us it was either we were gonna leave or burn the place down. No hassle intended, just a bummer for a bummer. We decided to cool it and find a better party. From there we putted to a place completely concealed with ivy, that is except for the scooters already parked out front. This place was a trip, 'cause the ivy went from the outside to the inside. But what counted was that the people were fine, and we stayed standing on each other's feet until closing time; the joint was a taste crowded.

We got back to the motel, and halfway through a fifth of Wild Turkey I smoked some shit that sent my head someplace else. At about four a.m. I struggled back to my room, where I immediately crashed. I've smoked some weed, angel dust, whatever, but this was enough to make me never want to return. The next morning I woke still flat on my face crossways on the bed. Somebody was getting in my face about gettin' up; man, a dude only gets to nod out like that once in a blue moon; at least let him wake up natural like. Along with my attitude, I was wondering what or how the fuck this dude got in my room. I barked for a while, then realized I had left the door unlocked. I ain't much for showers while partyin' but I had to know whether there was still feelin' there so I splashed around till I was wound up enough to go eat breakfast.

We ate at this place completely surrounded by dressers. When we got inside, we discovered the joint's secret. They served cups of coffee a small dude could swim in. Drink a couple of them and you'd come down off anything and have to piss like two six packs of beer and a hundred miles on a rigid frame. So we splashed around in the coffee, watched some pretty dressers runnin' around and ate some good eggs and grits.

Then we went out to where some people said

The Man—get this now—The Man had set up a quarter-mile gig on the beach so bro's could race. It was behind a little tavern called Fritze's or somethin'. The fastest scooter was an 82-inch pan with an SU and a fuel pump. Now that's not sayin' there weren't faster scooters around; the big-inchers couldn't gather 'nough traction to get through the stretch. They could let their rear wheel burn until they dug a big enough hole in the sand to bury their scooters. But the Custom Riders M/C from Atlanta dug bein' clocked by The Man at around a hundred without gettin' tickets, which was a switch.

The afternoon rolled around and the crowds were gettin' even thicker in town, when I went to get a ticket. And no, it wasn't for a rock concert. Bein' from Cal I didn't cart a helmet across the country. And I told the cop in the car who asked me where my helmet was, "Man, I don't own one." But the traffic was too thick and he couldn't stop. There were cops holding mikes, connected to phone boxes on the telephone poles on every goddam corner. But they just gawked and made weird gestures as I putted up and down the sandy main street. It was also doin' a number on the other bikers' heads as they putted up and down with their helmets on. It was a rush to putt, a taste of hassle to get used to the foot trips on the opposite sides, but it was a bummer to think that if I wanted to putt legally I'd have to put one of those athletic cups for the head on. But fuck 'em, I putted around till The Man popped me for an equipment violation.

Well, just like every day, night rolled around. It was after the races and already people began headin' out. But what the hell, a bunch of us got all fucked up and climbed into a real trippy van and went dancing at one of those joints where the longhairs style their hair and everyone looks real pretty, trying to shine like movie stars or some damn thing. No put-down intended. Everyone to his own thing. But take a load of spacy bikers and lead them into one of these joints and instantly everyone gets an attitude except the bikers—just shine it on till someone tries to get in a bro's face. But nobody got that outta line and we partied till the place started closing. A chick may look at some scruffy biker like he's mud but she can't tell if the cat can dance unless she dances with him—right?

One of the good people with us had gone into the head to get off some more, when he thought The Man was comin' in, so he had to down a chunk a taste bigger than his brain was ready for. The dude didn't let on his little secret until he drove us back to the motel and his good woman had to lead him to his room—and he had been at the wheel. The rest of my last night in Daytona was spent drinking wine, gettin' high on KW and trippin' in the sand in front of our motel with a bunch of good scooter people, while I gazed at the Atlantic instead of the Pacific. Ridin' on the sand at night while loaded is a trip, so we partied until the sun was on its way up.

That morning we were fortunate enough to catch Dave Mann and his people as they were leaving. They had also found the camping around the race track closed so they had to find a place in the woods to bed down. Well, time in Florida had run out on me and I had to split, but hopefully next year there will be an extra ratty, cop shovel crowdin' the streets of Daytona during the race week. It was a damn good party.

—Bandit





Easyriders photography by Billy Tinney





—from John Hanlon, Malibu, California



As you can see, our readers are really getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot use them. We can use only black and white prints (any size), and transparencies (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else.

As we've said in previous issues, we feel the photos shown here typify the exhilaration and feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere. Nothing illustrates this freedom—

This leaving all your problems and cares behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy kicked back, feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with their hair blowing in all directions.



— from Wino Joe

— from Joe Bisanz, St. Paul, Minnesota



— from Bob Couch, Redondo Beach, Calif.



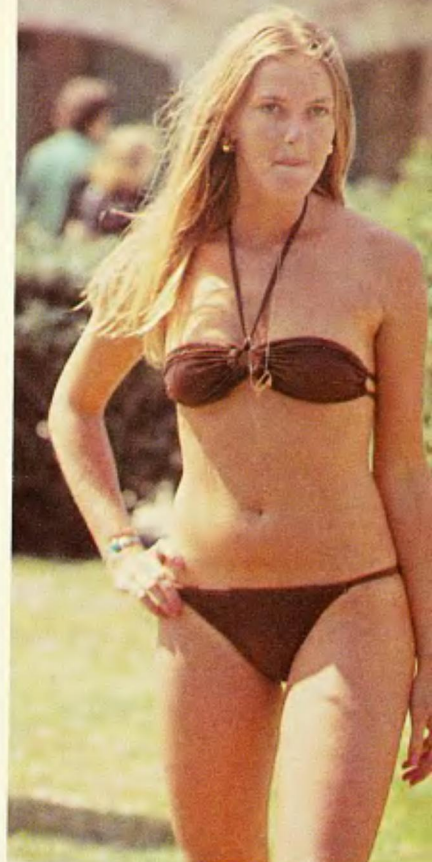


— from Warren Mason, Detroit, Michigan





— from Paul Walker, Tujunga, Calif.



—from Billy Tinney



— from Brad Stewart, Lakeside, Calif.



— from Wayne Giordano, Lyndhurst, N.J.





— from Wino Joe



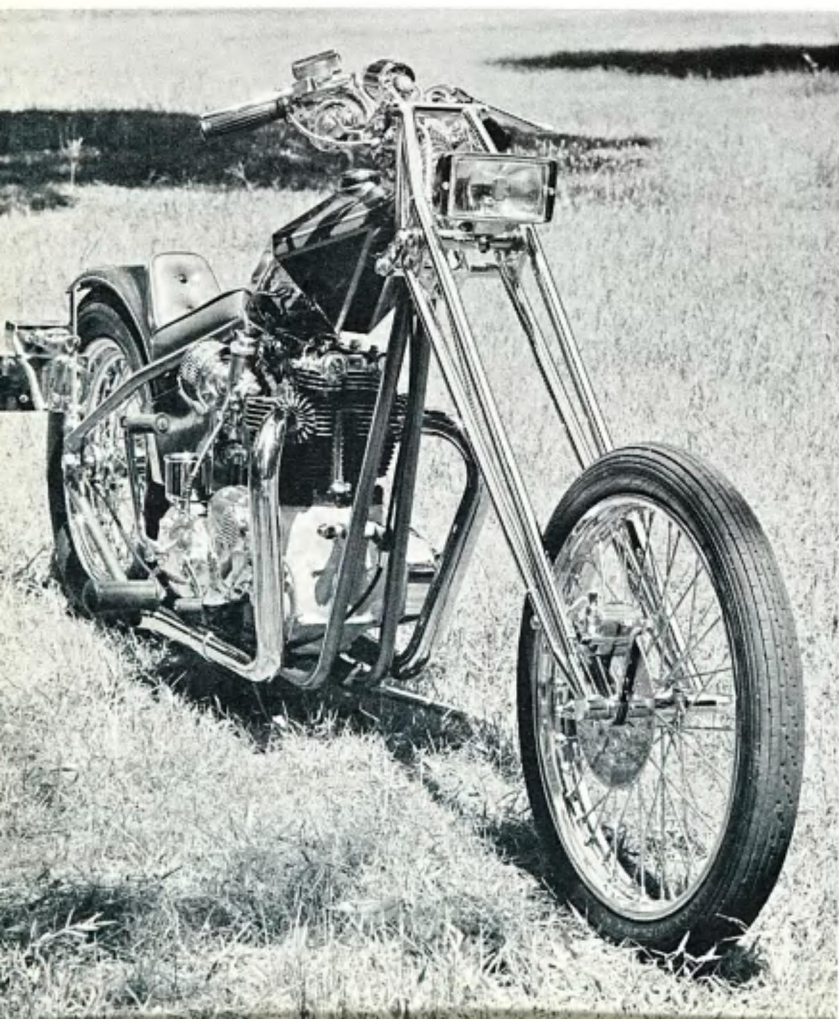
—from Crazy Jo







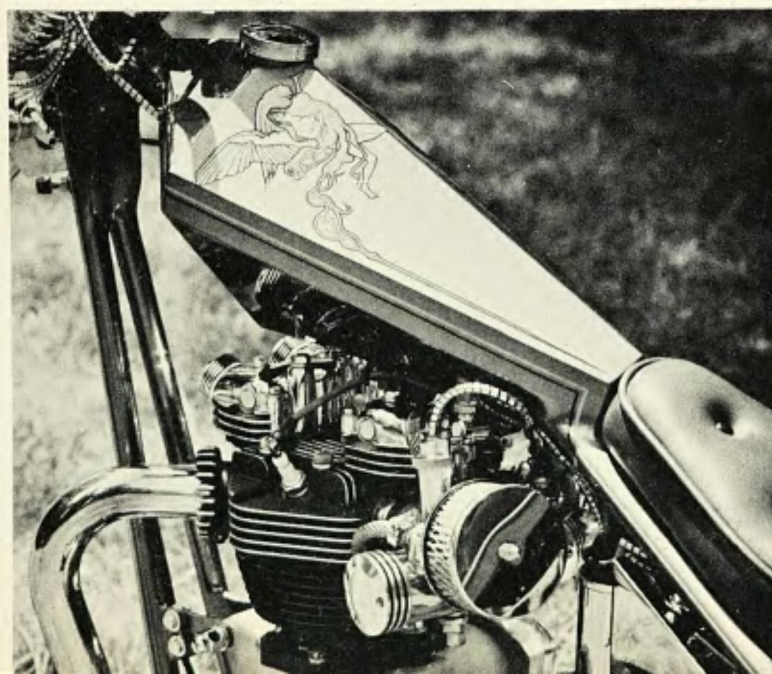
Low Ridin' Trump



Any of you ol' ladies out there who might have wet panties over the prospect of ridin' on the back of this here scoot—you better shine it on. No amount of tit flexin', hairy eyeballin' (or any other kind of ballin'), back archin' or other flirtatious bullshit is gonna get your hot thighs wrapped around the buddy seat. For one thing, there ain't any. A fox would even be hard put to discover a sissybar or extra foot pegs on this scoot—much less the extra weight of a whole 'nother ass bucket and all that limp protoplasm that would get flopped inside it.

That's 'cause Barry built this bike as a low-weight, low ridin' screamer—shit, we were lucky to find it standin' still long enough for these photos. He made an effort to chop off as much extra stock garbage as possible, and as a result the whole damn machine weighs only about as much as Spider's stash and stands just a c-hair higher than your belt line.

So you won't find an eight-track radio caddy wifflin' from the handlebars or a vanity mirror and make-up kit rattlin' in a saddlebag on the side. You **will** find a lot of shiny polished shit inside the



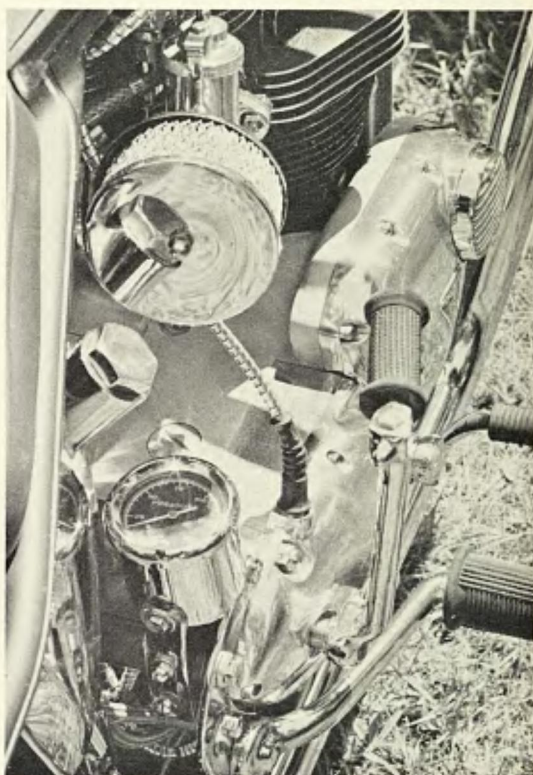
Easyriders photography by Joe Greeves

Owner: Barry Duncan		City: Severna Park, Maryland	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1973	
Year and make: 1966 Triumph		Builder: owner	
Model: T 120		Type: double loop, rigid	
Value: \$4,000		Rake: 42 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 4 in., front legs	
Time: 5 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Amos Judd		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: cut-off apehangers	
Year: 1966		Risers: none	
Model: Bonneville TT		Fender(s): owner, 14 ga. stainless	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Stanley quartz-iodide	
Ignition: Diamond coil		Taillight: box type	
Displacement: 40 cu. in.		Speedo: VDO 1.65:1 ratio	
Lower end: lightened flywheel		Front pegs: modified Triumph	
Balancing: Pete Barrett		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: 20 over, 10.5:1		Electrics: RCA capacitor & rectifier	
Cases: glass-beaded		Gas tank: Univ. Engineering, reworked	
Heads: Myers Cycle Engrng.		Oil tank: 4 qt., by owner	
Cam: Triumph Q series		Oil system: braided stainless lines	
Lifters: solids, lightened		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): Amal monoblocs		Seat: owner, naugahyde, 2 pc.	
Air cleaner: VW, reworked		Sissy bar: none	
Pipes: drag, turn-out ends		Height:	
Muffler(s): none		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: stock		Type: girder	
Year: 1966		Extension: 10 in.	
Shifting: stock		Builder: Calif. Cycle Works	
Engine sprocket: 29		Special features: none	
Trans sprocket: 21		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 41		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: disc	Hub: Triumph
Painter: owner & Chip Duncan		Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: candy over pearl		Tire: 2.75 Avon	Tire: 5.10 Goodyear
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: Hallcraft	Brake: Lakewood
Special paint: pin striping, tank top yummys in acrylic			
Other special modifications: Routt valves, springs, and steel rods; Sun oil pressure guage; frame heliarc by Bob Stancliff;			
Sun Tach; engraved license plate from blue plexiglass.			

40-inch mill that assures it'll tear up the streets without tearin' up itself. And so much handmade stuff on the outside that it'd be fairer to call the fucker a Duncan instead of a Triumph on the pink slip.

Oh yeah, there's one last reason why that rear fender is forbidden territory, and it's got nuthin' to do with any lard butts that might weigh down this machine. Barry's already got one eyeball-poppin' fox of an ol' lady at home—and if she can't even get near the scooter, what kinda chance do you think you have?

— Br'er Foxe



ya mean, you're out of Easyriders?



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☐ Please extend my present subscription

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____

Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do you like best about Easyriders magazine? _____

Narc Undercover Gun



**—or have you
ever been shot by a wallet?**

Well, the title to this bit says it all—at first glance it looks like a wallet. It even feels like a wallet—so much so it could even pass a cursory pat-down. Actually, it's thinner than most biker wallets.

We understand that the undercover narc who must have a gun, but can't pack one in any of the usual places, really goes ape for this "wallet gun."

It's strictly an emergency mutha, for it only fires twice without reloading—but it shoots .22 calibre magnum dum-dum bullets.

The gun is a Derringer .22 model D-101 and costs about \$74.00. The leather case is hand made by a leather shop for around \$10.00. The only modifications to the gun were to remove the ornamental side plates off the hand grip and to use

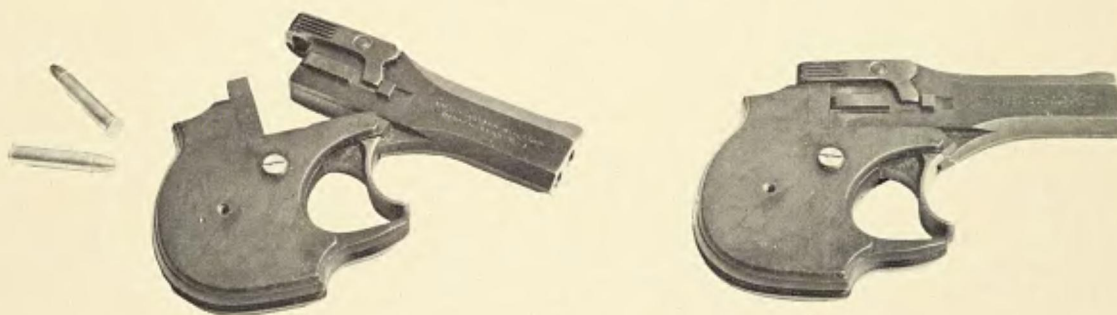
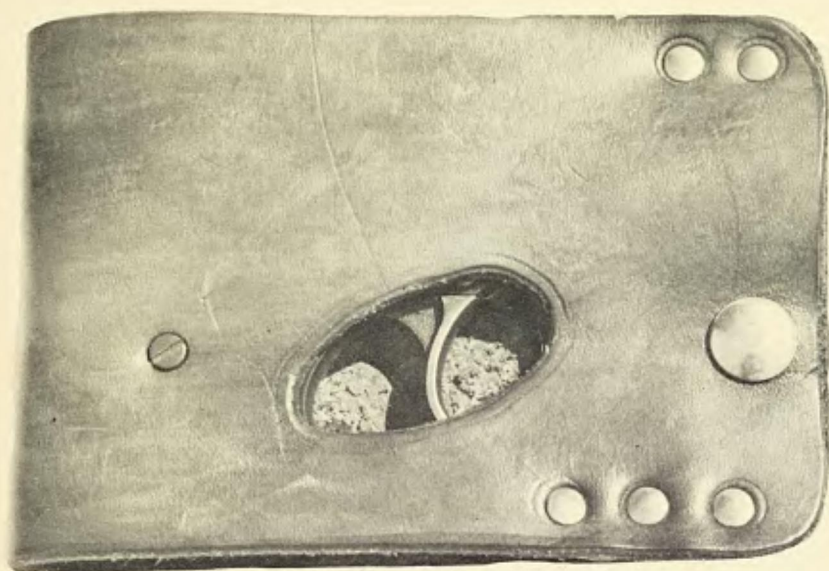
the plate mounting screws to hold the pistol in the leather case.

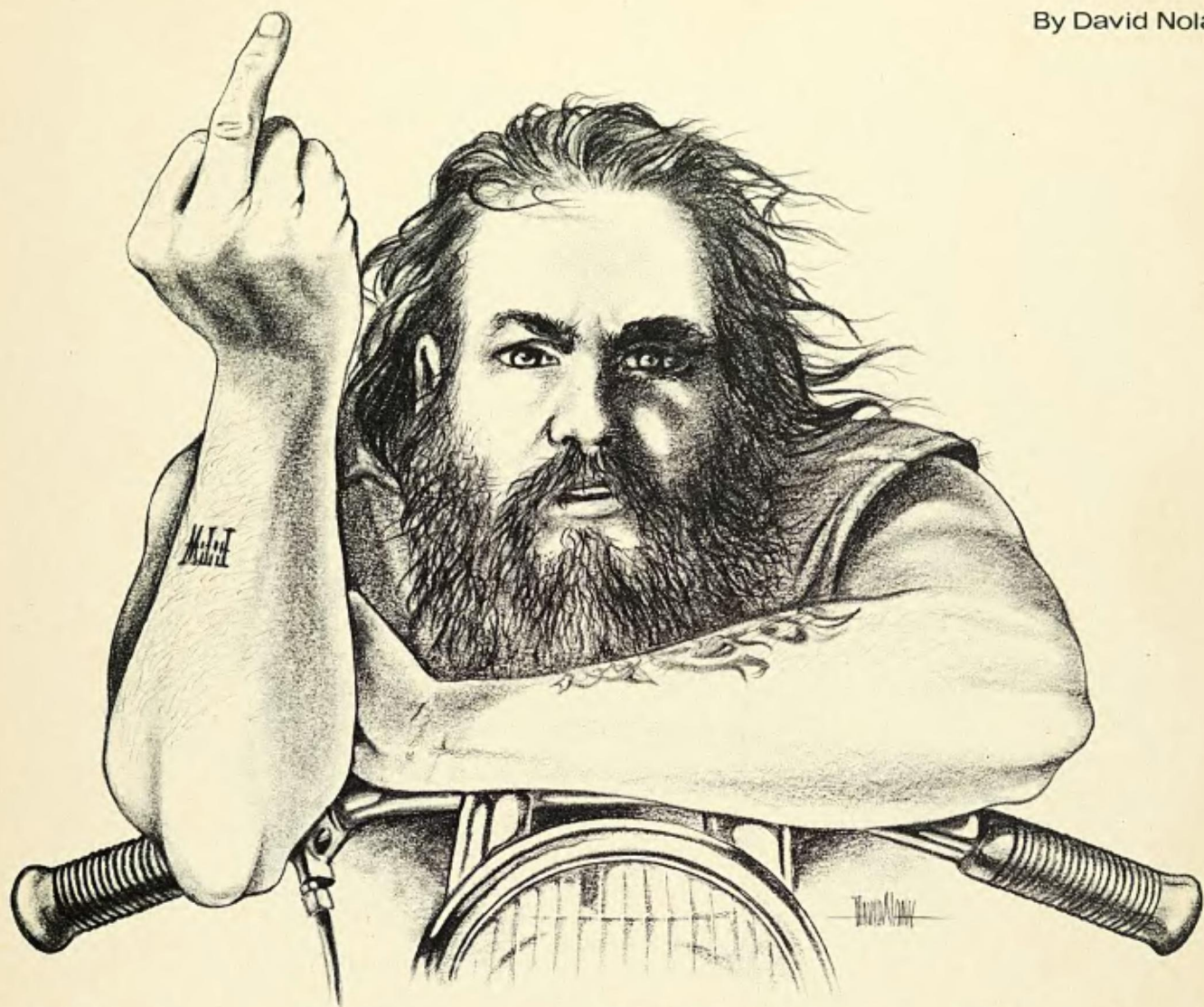
The gun is made by the High Standard Sporting Firearms Co., 1817 Dixwell Ave., Hamden, Connecticut 06514.

A word of caution to anyone who would want to copy this narc trick. It is, without a doubt, an instant bust (for concealed weapon) if you carry it on you. There would be no logical explanation as to why you are carrying a gun disguised as a wallet—and even if you came up with a good sounding reason, the next problem would be getting The Man to believe you.

And remember the next time some strange dude asks you too many questions, ask him to take out his wallet and show you his ol' lady's picture.

—Spider





See How They Run!

Nobody knows to this day where Billy Joe Martin got his mysterious power. Hell, most folks still don't even know that he *had* any special powers, although there's a lot who've got their suspicions.

Among those who knew, some thought it was a gift from God; others said he got it from the Devil. Me, I don't know, and don't much care. I reckon it was some kind of ESP, as they say on the TV shows. But whatever it was, he sure had something. And he sure raised a lot of hell with it for a while there.

I don't know exactly when he first got the power. He and I went to school together, and he didn't have it then . . . or else he kept it hid real well. And that wouldn't be

Billy's style.

Probably picked it up when he was in Vietnam, back in '65 and '66, I guess. Maybe from one of those gurus, or whatever you call 'em. Anyhow, one day soon after he got back from over there, I ran into Billy down at the White Lightning—that was a tavern that was popular back then—and we got to talking.

Seems like Billy Joe wasn't havin' too much luck when it came to money. He'd taken all the money he got when he left the service and spent it on a new Harley, and he still had a pile of money owin' on the bike, and no job to speak of. All he'd been able to locate was a part-time bit, pumping gas down at the Texaco station.

Well, he was pretty bitter about the whole thing—began pissin' and moanin' about how the country wasn't doin' right by its veterans, and all that. After a few beers, he got to be downright obnoxious, and some of the folks nearby began to give him a bad look.

So over comes Big Jim Ferguson, who owns the place, and he tells Billy Joe to pipe down or else get out. Now Big Jim was about six-foot-four and must have weighed near two hundred and fifty pounds, with damn little of it fat. When he told folks to wise up, they paid heed—and up to then I'd never seen Big Jim back down from anyone.

Now Billy Joe knew Jim, and what he was like, so I figured he'd

clam up fast. But he didn't. Instead, he stands up, sorta unsteady, and squints up at Jim and says something like "Oh yeah, who's gonna make me?" So Jim grabs for him, and I figured it was all over for Billy.

But just as he's about to grab onto Billy, Jim gets a kinda funny look on his face, and he backs off real sudden. Then he mutters something like "Excuse me, folks," and makes a mad dash for the john.

Well, Billy Joe just busts up laughing, and then he looks down at me and says "Reckon we better get on outa here, Len," and turns to go. So I get up and follow him, and after we get outside I ask him, "What the hell did you do to Big Jim, Billy Joe? I've never seen him back off like that before in my life." But he won't say; he just keeps snickering to himself.

By the time we've walked over to the parking lot where his Harley and my old Triumph are parked, he's managed to stop snickering, and we say "Good night" to each other, and we both get on our bikes and ride away. I thought about it a bit, riding home, and then put the whole incident out of my mind.

Then a couple of weeks later, I'm just pulling into the parking lot over at the diner to get a bite to eat, when all of a sudden about twenty people come busting out of that place like it was on fire. Well, I sit there for a couple minutes, and nothing seems to be wrong with the place, so I walk up and stick my face in, real cautious. And who do I see, sitting there all by himself, but Billy Joe Martin. He's got this silly smirk on his face, and the counter-man is looking real mystified and kinda pissed off.

Billy looks up and sees it's me, and he says, "Hiya Len, why don't you join me?" Well, seeing as I'm hungry anyhow, I say "Sure," and buy a hamburger and sit down with him. After a few minutes of bull-shitting around, I finally say to him—very quiet, so's the counter-man can't hear—"All right, Billy Joe, what was that all about? I know you had something to do with all those folks leaving here. You did something to 'em, just like you did to Big Jim Ferguson the other night, didn't you?"

Well, he just snickers again, like he did the other time, and finally he says, "Okay, Len, I'll tell you after we finish our lunch." And after lunch, we go outside, and I say,

"Well? What did you do to those folks, Billy? Kick 'em in the nuts, real fast-like, when they weren't looking? Zap 'em with the world's most horrible fart? Cloud their minds with a secret power you learned in the Orient?"

He just sorta smirks, and after a long pause he says, "You're closer than you think, Len. Actually, it is a secret power I learned in the Orient... but it's got nothing to do with folks' minds."

"Oh, come off it now, Billy," says I. "What did you *really* do?" And then, no sooner were the words out of my mouth, than I suddenly got this terrible feeling in my gut, like I was about to get the world's worst case of the runs. The pain lasted for maybe five seconds, and just as I was sure I was about to let loose, it stopped as sudden as it started, and I felt perfectly normal again.

And then ol' Billy Joe started laughin' his head off again, and I make the connection.

"You mean that was it? That, uh, feeling I got just now was caused by *you*?"

He just nods, and keeps on laughing.

So then I say, "Can you do that to anyone? Any time? How do you do it? And what if you don't stop real quick, like you just did with me? Do people, uh, well, you know..."

Well, Billy just grins at me, and says "One question at a time, Len. Yep, I can do it to anyone—at least as far as I know. Never failed yet. The only catch is, they've gotta be within about a hundred yards of where I am."

"As for how I do it, I can't explain. I just sort of concentrate on the person's insides, imagining them real good, and then I imagine their gut muscles getting all loose and watery. That's all there is to it. I can just zap 'em a little bit, and make them think they're gonna go, or I can really let 'em have it, and it's all over."

"Well, what about those folks back at the diner?" I ask. "And Big Jim the other night?"

"I just tickled the folks back there," says Billy Joe, "but I didn't have time to fine-tune it with Jim. I gave him the full treatment, and he musta just let go. I'm kinda sorry about doin' it, but I figured he was about to whomp me one, so I had to act fast."

Somehow, the thought of Big Jim letting go in his BVDs kinda struck

me as funny, so I started laughing. Billy Joe started laughing, too, and pretty soon the two of us were whooping it up like a couple of crazies.

Well, we hop on our bikes and start peeling on down the road, still laughing, and before you know it, we're going about ninety, when out from behind a billboard comes a cop. He turns on his flasher and takes off down the road after us, doing about 120.

Naturally this sobers us both up, and we slow down to maybe sixty. So the cop pulls up right behind us and waves for us to pull over.

Now Billy Joe had always been a real law-abiding type person; sure, he was kind of a joker, but he'd never actually defied an officer of the law before. However, like I said earlier, he was kinda low on money right about that time, and kinda pissed off that he wasn't getting a better deal after coming back from the service, so he wasn't in any mood to get any ticket.

Well, the cop is getting real insistent about Billy Joe pulling over—waving his arm and flashing his flasher and generally carryin' on—and it's obvious he isn't about to go away. So, after about a minute, Billy Joe finally scowls a bit, looks in his rear-view mirror, and then closes his eyes real tight for about three seconds. And right that moment, the cop speeds up and goes whizzing past us like a bat out of hell.

We pull over, after he's gone by, and I look over at Billy Joe. He doesn't say anything, so finally I ask, "Did you give him the full treatment, or just the tickle?" He looks over at me and just kinda grins, and to this day I don't know if that cop shit in his drawers or not.

I do know that after that episode ol' Billy Joe went completely hog-wild with his funny little talent. I never did figure out if that line about "a secret Oriental power" was truth or fiction, but I guess it doesn't make much difference.

Anyhow, once he'd become an outlaw, so to speak, Billy Joe started doing his little trick just about every time anyone so much as looked at him funny. I personally witnessed him zap a couple of drugstore-cowboys that used to hang around in front of the courthouse hard-timin' people, and an old biddy that was giving him a lecture about his appearance. Plus, I know that Billy Joe never had to wait in line for

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anything after that day; the folks in front of him always just seemed to change their minds and leave.

It got so bad at one point that the state health commission sent a team of doctors down to investigate our water supply, and the *National Enquirer* ran a story on our town's "mysterious diarrhea outbreak." Billy got a big kick out of that; he tore the story out of the paper and tacked it up on the wall of his room over at Mrs. Morgan's boarding-house.

He might have still been at it, too, if he hadn't gotten carried away with himself and bitten off more than he could chew.

The turning-point came one night when Billy Joe was watching TV down at the White Lightning. They had a ball game on, and Billy was sittin' there with a bunch of us, drinkin' beer and watchin' the game. Well, the game got over and the ten o'clock news came on, and there was old LBJ mouthing off about something or other, and Billy Joe starts pissing and moaning about what a bastard LBJ is, and how much he hates him.

I already mentioned how Billy Joe was real unhappy with the way Vietnam veterans weren't getting what Billy considered a fair shake. Well, that was just one reason Billy hated LBJ; he'd kinda turned sour on the whole war, by this time, and he was also griped about LBJ's "Great Society," too. He was always sayin' that if they stopped the war and cut out the welfare bullshit, there'd be enough money for veterans' programs.

After listening to him piss about LBJ for nearly ten minutes, I finally leaned over and whispered to Billy, mostly as a joke, "So why don't you zap old LBJ, if you hate him so much?" Well, Billy got all turned on by that, and began laughing to himself like he often did, and then the news got over, and everybody shut up and watched the late movie on TV until Big Jim came around and said it was closing time.

I didn't think any more about it until about a week later, when I stopped in at the Texaco station to get gas, and Billy wasn't there. The manager told me Billy had quit and pulled out of town.

Next day, I got a postcard from Billy, with a picture of the Washington Monument on the front. All it said was "I'm here to do the job," and it was signed "Billy Joe."

Well, I began to get a little scared.

I mean, kidding around is one thing, and actually zapping the President of the United States with the screaming shits is another. I figured that dumbass Billy Joe was sure to get caught, and when he was, there was a fair chance he'd get me involved somehow.

But as weeks went by, and the Feds didn't appear at my door, I stopped worrying. Every couple of weeks, another card or letter from Billy would arrive; most of them just told about his new job—he'd been hired as an assistant bartender—or about all the good-lookin' secretaries they have in Washington.

Occasionally, though, at the end of a letter there'd be the word "zap," all by itself, down at the bottom. When I wrote back, I always made real sure not to ask about what those "zaps" meant. I had a pretty good idea, and I didn't want anything in writing, connecting me with Billy's little project, in case he got nabbed.

As time went by, the "zaps" began to get more and more frequent. And I began to notice that each time old LBJ was on TV, he looked worse and worse.

And finally, one week, I got three postcards from Billy, each with a "zap" on it—and the very day I got the third one, LBJ announced that he wasn't going to run again... for President, I mean.

And that would've been the end of it, I guess, except that ol' Billy Joe never could keep his mouth shut. I don't know exactly what happened, but I guess Billy said the wrong thing to the wrong person, and a few days later the FBI came by and arrested him. I hear they had to send in a special squad of agents with rubber underwear to get him, too.

Well, I still get postcards from Billy, only now they don't have pictures of the Washington Monument on the front; the ones he sends now come from Leavenworth, Kansas, where he's kept in a special building all by himself, and I guess he doesn't pull any stunts, or they cut off his food.

He should be out in another couple of years, if he behaves himself. The sentence they gave him was pretty much made up accordin' to the judge's personal feelings, after all, because they didn't really have any previous cases to go by.

And as far as I know, Billy Joe Martin is *still* the only person ever to be put away on a charge of "Conspiracy to Commit Diarrhea."

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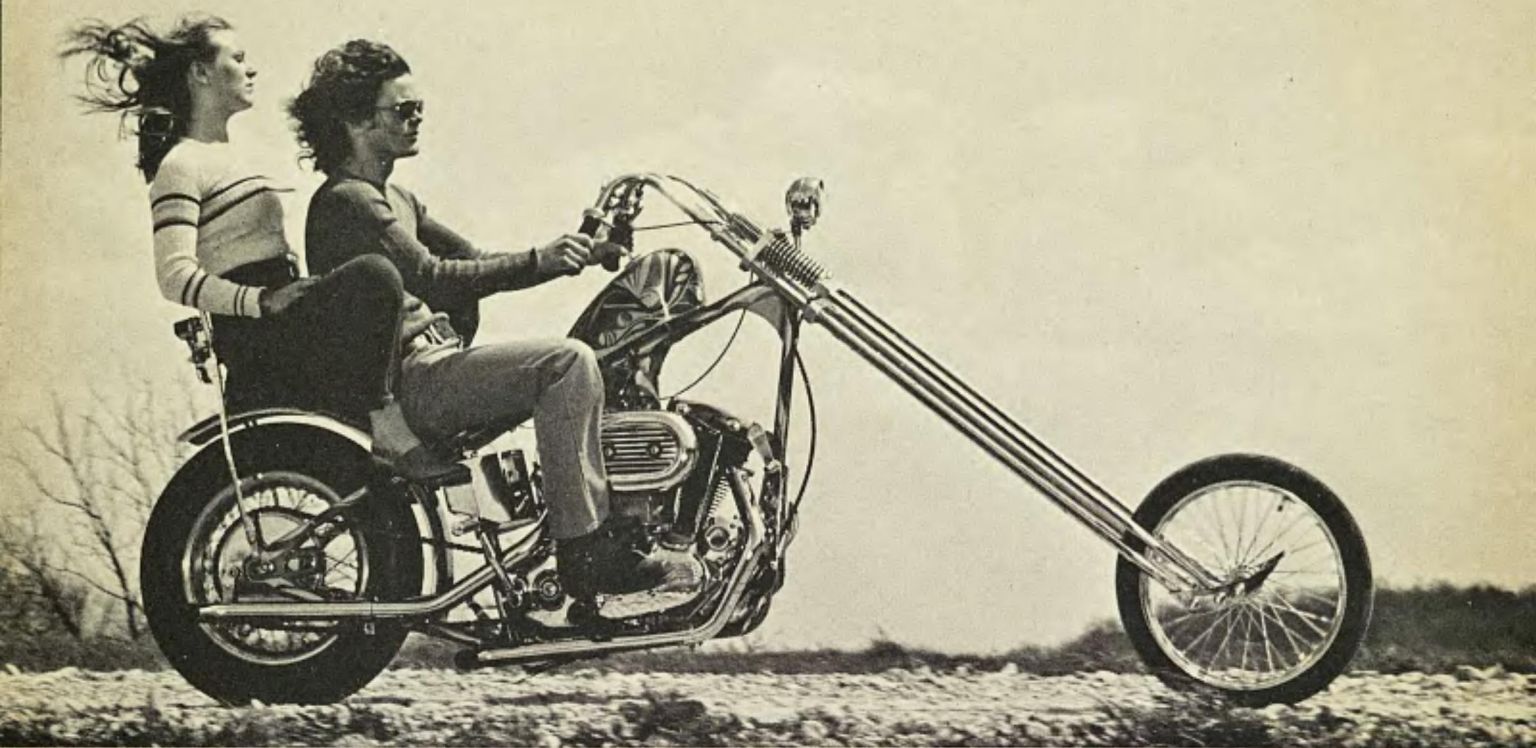
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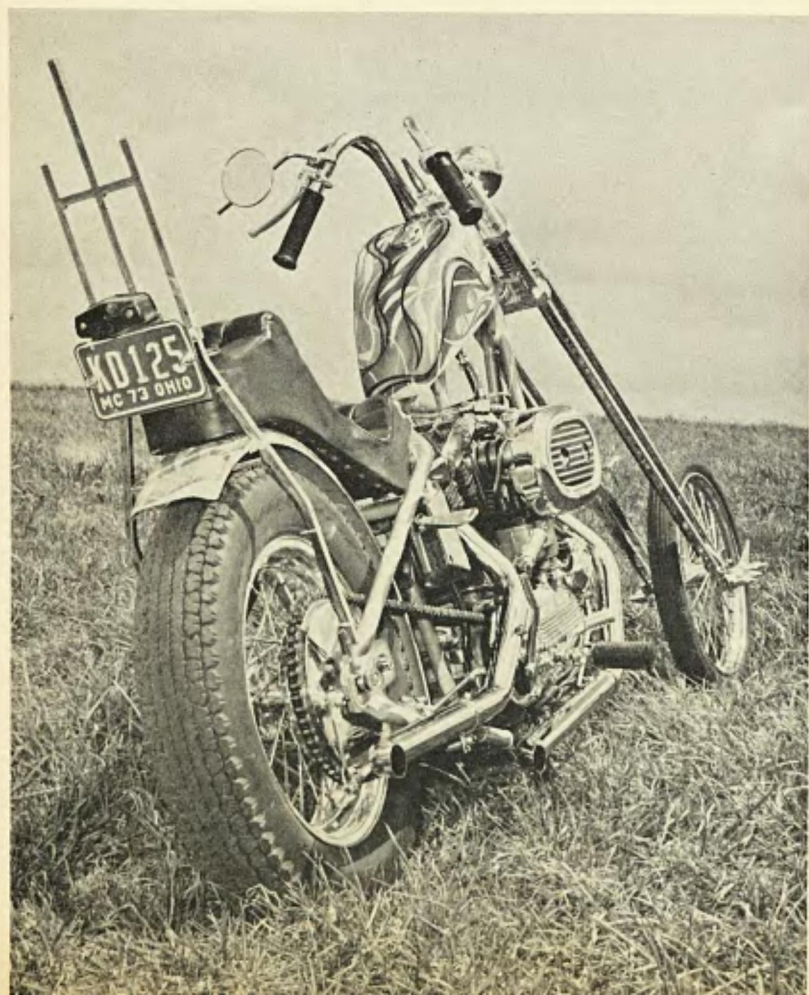
Scooter Meets New Dawn

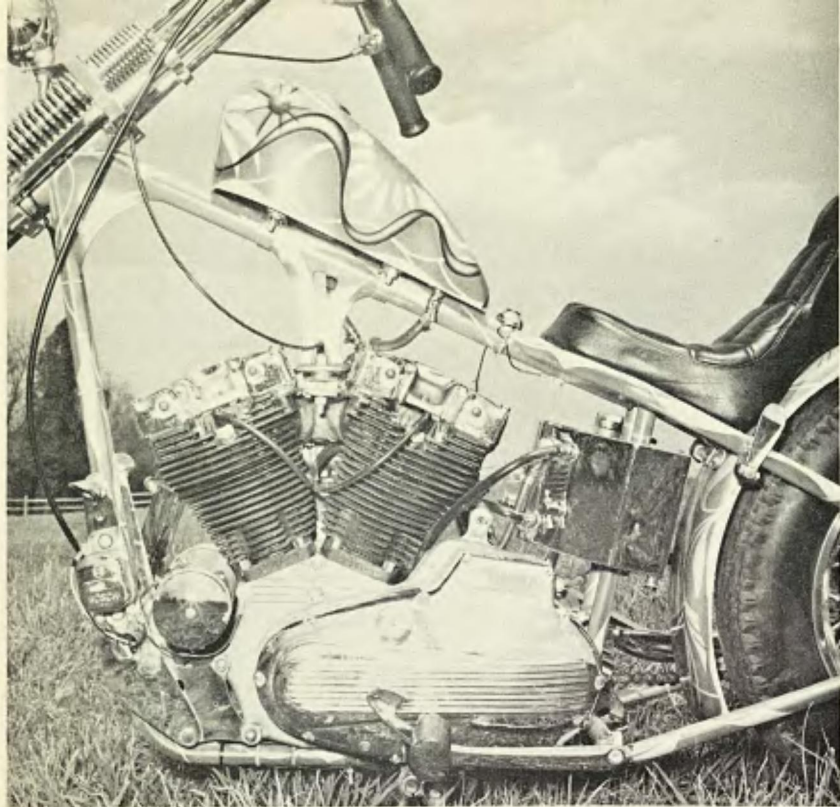
Built through the long Ohio winter, it is now free to roam through the short warm summer

The dude that put together the Sporty you see on these ragged pages described, in writing, the feelin' of the night before his first ride on his newly built scooter. It was his paws that screwed the bolts in place to hold the sled together, and it's his hand that put that last long night on paper as the weather cleared, opening the next riding season.

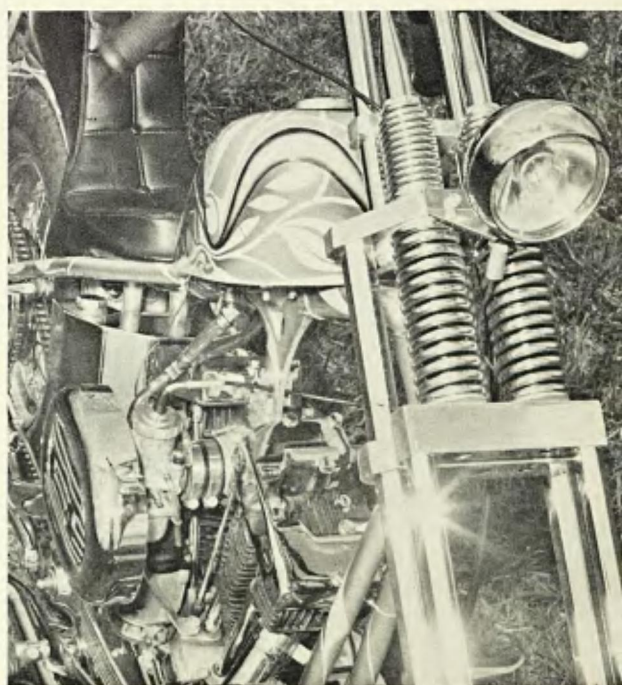
— Bandit

It was a long, hard night unlike the previous days and nights during the cold winter. Remembrances of frozen knuckles smashing against the frame from an untimely slip of a wrench drift through my mind. The howls of pain and anger at a machine which has all but broke both wallet and patience. But these thoughts are forgotten; this is the night final preparations are made for morning. A last double check for loose





Easyriders photography by G.L. LeVeck





nuts or bolts and an extra film of wax will add the finishing touch that's needed. For tomorrow will be the day the beast will speak, belching its song of freedom into the cool spring air of an Ohio morn.

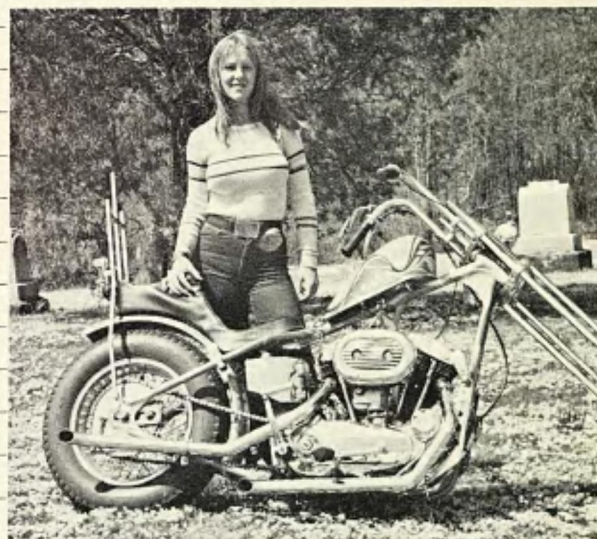
As the night turns into another day the beast is started. It blows the coldness and troubles of the winter away with the first, rich, black cloud of smoke that exits through its illegal drag pipes. She's purring and the untimely force of the exhaust note speaks out one name, Harley-Davidson. The sun is rising higher now as the last running adjustments are made. Up off its stand and rolling

backwards out of the dark garage that has been home for so many months, it comes into the world. The first rays of sun play on the beautiful chromed and painted bike and it seems to come alive soaking in the first sweet breezes of spring.

A supreme feeling of peace blankets the mind as a country road unfolds before the scooter, and the satisfaction of being one with a machine is discovered. This is the payoff for the time, work and money spent putting a bike together. It is a beginning of a love affair and an end to a cold winter.

— Mark Hughes

Owner: Mark Hughes		City: Lancaster, Ohio	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1972	
Year and make: 1972 H-D		Builder: Corbin-Gentry	
Model: Sportster		Type: rigid	
Value: \$3,600		Rake: 45°	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 6 inches	
Time: 5 months		Other alterations: 5 in. ext. hardtail	
Chroming by: Franklin Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: 2-piece pullbacks	
Year: 1970		Risers: none	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): 6-inch flat	
Rebuilder: Reiser Services		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: Lucas	
Displacement: 900cc		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: stock	
Balancing: Reiser		Rear pegs: spoon type	
Pistons: 40 over H-D		Electrics: generator & regulator	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: rebuilt		Oil tank: hex wrap-around	
Cam: Siftons		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): Mikuni 40mm		Seat: Corbin-Gentry, Mark II	
Air cleaner: stock		Sissy bar:	
Pipes: drag		Height: 30 inches	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 1/2-inch square	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: larger sprocket		Type: springer	
Year: 1970		Extension: 20 inches over	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Columbus Custom Cycle	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: hex down tubes	
Trans sprocket: stock		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 17	Size: 16
Molding: J & S		Hub: spool	Hub: stock
Painter: J & S		Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: tangerine orange		Tire: 3.00 Avon	Tire: 5.00 Avon
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: stock
Special paint: angel dust sparkles			
Other special modifications:			





Sightseeing

The pipe's gone around a few times and everybody's feeling mellow. It's raining outside, not a fit night to ride, but in here there's a fire in the fireplace and I'm huddled in a circle with some old friends I haven't seen in a year. The last record on the turntable comes to its inevitable conclusion and, after the loud click-clack, some one breaks the silence to suggest that I tell a ghost story, something that happened to me out on the Coast.

All right. It just happens that I have one. . . .

It's late evening and it's overcast and gloomy with the threat of rain. You're riding your chop through a hilly area without very many buildings, what there are mostly nondescript factories, closed now, silent under a layer of accumulated dirt. You're not quite sure exactly where you are, but you're far from being worried about it. You know the general area and you're certain you'll recognize a street sign or a route marker before you go very much farther. You've been riding aimlessly, obliviously, trying to think of somewhere to go or something to do in a city where you have no friends.

Up ahead you see another chop at a stop sign, just waiting there in the left half of the lane, idling. The bike is a pretty machine, all black with just a few pieces of chrome, everything polished up to an immaculate sheen. In contrast to his mount the rider is dressed in tattered and oil-stained rags, a man wider at the hips than the shoulders, but far from skinny anywhere. In fact, he looks like any of a thousand chopper jocks you've seen. Or been.

You pull your bike up next to his and give him a closer look. Now you see it's not a brother biker at all. It's a figure in a hooded black robe. He turns to you and you see a wide expanse of lipless teeth and empty black eyesockets stark against white bone. Pieces of discolored flesh are stuck at intervals to the bone. His jawbone drops and you hear a hissing sound over the grumble of the two bikes, and the smell of putrefaction makes your gut

knot up in spasmodic revulsion.

You look again and see you were mistaken. It's a fair-haired girl with milk-white skin. Her eyes are of an indeterminate color between an iceberg's blue and the gray of a thundercloud. She parts her pink lips with her tongue and then she shows her opalescent teeth in a smile that sends a shiver down your back and you know that she's got you hooked. She raises her hand from the throttle and momentarily crooks a delicate finger, then drops the clutch and slowly moves across the intersection.

And you follow.

She advances slowly down the open road, then faster as she goes up through the gears, then faster yet. Now the sun is just a red line on the horizon and the slipstream of her increasing speed whips at the hem of her gown, revealing legs too thin, too white.

The road begins to wind up into the mountains and she's doing eighty. It begins to rain. It gets so dark that the only things your headlight illuminates are the reflectors and the painted lines of the narrow road. The only other thing you can see is her taillight just ahead of you. You twist the throttle, but she runs consistently just in front of your high beams, her taillight glowing balefully through the rain like the eye of a maddened animal. The rain begins to fall in sheets and the road has become a spillway with torrents of water spouting across its surface.

Suddenly you're blinded by a flashing bolt of lightning and when you unclench your eyes the red taillight has disappeared. It is replaced by two white lights, tiny but growing larger by the second. They get brighter and brighter until they burn like hell-fire, looming up in front of you until they acquire the magnitude of bonfires and one is on either side of you. Then there is a jerking shock and you hear your engine scream and a shriek that sounds as if someone is being tortured with white-hot poker. You lose your grip on the handlebars and your body is hurled end over end through the blackness.

The last thing you remember is the sound of metal being torn and an obscurity descends as black as ink. . . .

You awake to find yourself lying on the road. The rain has stopped, but the night is still interrupted at occasional intervals by flashes of lightning. You see your bike a short distance farther down the road, lying on its side. You climb to your feet with difficulty. Your head hurts and you feel a warm, moist substance on your face.

Then a bolt of lightning shows you an automobile lying next to the road, upset at the foot of an embankment. It has been split open like a coconut. More lightning. You see smaller objects on the ground around the wreck of the car. Lightning. You recognize the figures of people. Lightning. You see a ring of bodies scattered about the hulk of the car, each of them the husk of a human being smashed and broken open and dismembered. Five persons lie brutally dead in front of you, a man, a woman, and three children. You are horrified and sickened by what you see revealed with each successive electric flash. Mercifully the lightning ultimately ceases and you stand in pitch blackness and utter stillness with your pain and terror. . . .

A single light stabs the darkness; the rumbling of an engine interrupts the silence. The engine sounds go up and down in scale and volume like the railings of a monster. There is a momentary pause, as of hesitation. Then the white light swings to one side and is replaced by a red one that slowly grows smaller, apace with the diminishing noises of the engine.

When nothing is left to be seen or heard you turn and begin to walk away from the carnage in the direction from which you'd come. And as you walk and bleed and hurt you think about death and how she, or it, can take different forms for different occasions. And how sometimes she comes to take you with her forever, and sometimes she just takes you sightseeing. ■



A Repeal Bill That Affects Every State

HR 3869 would amend the Federal Highway Acts to prohibit the Department of Transportation from withholding funds should a state not enact (or should repeal) any of the recommended (DOT) laws. This, of course, includes mandatory helmet laws.

The NHTSA (National Highway Traffic Safety Administration) has had to date the ability to withhold funds as their "stick" with which they would force all states to enact and enforce mandatory helmet laws. HR 3869 is our chance to eliminate that stick.

We ask that you support this bill by writing to members of the Committee on Public Works and Transportation, and also the Congressman from your home district. If we can get this legislation passed to stop the blackmail threats of the Department of Transportation, repeal of the helmet law in your own state would be much more easily accomplished.

Committee on Public Works and Transportation
Robert E. Jones, Alabama, Chairman
Members with an asterisk (*) before their name form the Surface Transportation Comm.

This is the Subcommittee for HR 3869.

ADDRESS:

Congressman _____

House Office Bldg.

Washington, D.C. 20515

*Jim Wright, Texas

*Harold T. Johnson, California

David N. Henderson, North Carolina

Ray Roberts, Texas

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James D. Abdnor, South Dakota

Gene Taylor, Missouri

Barry M. Goldwater, Jr., California

*Thom Hagedorn, Minnesota

*Gary A. Myers, Pennsylvania

Oregon: There is one glum fact that patch holders have to contend with almost anywhere in this country. This fact is that a club brother is almost fair game to any cop, citizen, whatever. Well, it's for the birds and we know it. Consequently when the crap starts flyin' we've gotta stand up tall and bitch twice as loud as any citizen.

This sorta trip came down in the Slow Pitcher Tavern last November. Some members of Brother Speed M/C and Gypsy Jokers M/C got into a battle with the local Man while in the tavern. Now, naturally, a bunch of the brothers are in the slam on account of it. If you're a patch holder and would like to know more about what came down, what can be done to prevent The Man from over-exercising his power or would like to help these bros, write the Brother Speed Defense Fund, c/o Frank Desimone, 1610 Oak, Lake Oswego, Oregon 97234.

All Over: Just a bit of info and a good idea from bro Glenn Schreiber. Most of our problems with these crazy laws comes from the chump politicians we have in office. So if you're active, it wouldn't hurt before elections to write the dudes running for office and find out where their heads are at, then spread the word before it's too late.

South Dakota: Recently South Dakota tried to pass a headlights-on law, but it was stopped by a newly formed group called STOP. The organization, headed by Bill Napoli and George Powers, Rt. 2, Box 654 "M", Rapid City, South Dakota 57701, is now after the helmet law. These people need South Dakota brothers' support.

Oklahoma: House Bill 1228 is the damn helmet law. Oklahoma bro's got to break out the paper and pen and get to writin' your Reps quick. For more info you might contact Dan Johnson at Freedom Choppers, 4115 S. Robinson, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73125 (405-631-2065).

California: Look out! Under the provisions of

the new mandatory insurance law, the owner of a motor vehicle must carry insurance on all such vehicles under his ownership, or be prepared to show proof of financial responsibility in the event of an accident. The new law hands out stiff penalties for violations, including loss of driving privileges and the loss of license plates and registrations for all vehicles registered to persons not having insurance at the time of an accident and not settling judgments against them within 30 days.

Pennsylvania: Little Jesus, the bro who put on the first bike protest in Pennsylvania, has gathered enough support to begin a group in his state. Bill "Little Jesus" Roth started the West Pennsylvania Motorcycle Association in conjunction with the C.M.A. in Connecticut. He will be staging future protests in Pennsylvania and needs the support of all the scooter people on the road there. Contact Jesus at Box 6, Wildwood Sample Rd., Wildwood, Pa. 15091.

Oregon: A brother in the state just above California is tired of being pushed around by The Man. He is ready to work with interested bro's to fight bum laws and straighten out our rights. If you are also down 'cause the heat and laws have been hassling you, contact Lew (The Smoker) Taber, 7457 S. E. 63rd Ave., Portland, Oregon 97206.

Arizona: The helmet repeal passed through the Senate 19 to 10, due to the efforts of the AACM and Jerry Timm, ABATE of Arizona, Box 13103, Lake Havasu City, Arizona 86403. So now the hassle is with the Chairwoman of the House Transportation Committee, Ruth Peck. Dig what Rep. Peck has to say about SB 1047 from the Arizona Republic (Feb. 28, 1975).

"I can assure you this is one bill that is not going to be brought up in the House Transportation Committee. I am not accustomed to holding bills in my committee the past eight years that I have been chairman, but this is one bill that is going to be held."

Write that woman!

New Hampshire: Another mandatory headlight law has been killed. The New Hampshire Motorcycle Rights Organization, headed by Sherman Packard and John Mrozed of 555 Valley St., Manchester, N.H. 03103, saw the law die 22 to 1 in the Senate. Congratulations, brothers!

New Mexico: Action in N.M. is heavy. SB 220 is a helmet repeal; scooter people should write Senator Eddie Barboa, State Capitol Complex, Santa Fe, N.M. 87503. Or you can contact Ted Carsas (505) 885-4565 as to the latest developments of the repeal.

Also House Bill 93, if passed, would require bikers to conform to the daytime lights gig. Write your righteous representative and contact Chris Derrick, Box 368, Gallup, N.M. 87301 as to any other support that may be needed to stop the bill.

Note what President Ford had to say when he signed the repeal of the bogus seat belt interlock system. From the *Evening Times*, Trenton, N.J.: "In signing the seat belt measure, the President said he could understand why drivers might object to being

forced by the federal government to buckle their seat belts." You'd think he might understand our objection if it was pointed out to him.

Florida: A couple of months ago we listed the Hiwayman M/C as some active gents in Florida. Well, it seems that at the time we spelled their name wrong; so one more time, only corrected. The Hiwaymen M/C along with the Renegades M/C are trying to get something together against the helmet law in Florida and they need your support. Hiwaymen M/C, 5818 Causeway Blvd., Tampa, Fla.

Wisconsin: Beware, for this coming summer all the state cop agencies are gettin' together all the info they can on Motorcycle Gangs. Frank Meyers of the State Justice Department's Criminal Investigation Division is headin' all them bad vibes into somethin' they're callin' a central switchboard. Guess it's so they'll know every step a patch holder will take this summer. That's justice?

Utah: The House of Reps voted to repeal the Utah helmet law, and if the Senate had agreed, Utah bro's would no longer have to wear skid lids while they tuned their scooters in their garages. But get this: On a set date, at midnight, the Senate recessed without voting and that was the ballgame for a year. And like firing up your new bike and having the rear balloon go flat, the helmet repeal came within just half a dozen bills of being voted on before they blew the whistle.

Well, you can guess why the Barons M/C from Utah are receiving bunches of mail from brothers all over the country who plan to make the run to Washington D.C., on Labor Day. To say the least, they are bummed about losing their helmet repeal. The Barons M/C, 462 S. 2nd West, Salt Lake City, Utah 84100, challenges every loner and club to meet them in D.C. on Labor Day to show those people that we are behind our beliefs.

Idaho: We have just incorporated ICS, Idaho Cyclists for Safety, which we hope will become a vehicle in which different individuals and clubs can get together to work on defeat of the helmet law and undertake any other projects which we feel will contribute to welfare and safety of motorcyclists in Idaho. The way it is set up, either individuals can be members or an entire club can be chartered as a chapter.—S. David Swayne, 208-476-5516.

New York: The daytime lights repeal has recently passed the assembly unanimously. That's a switch. James Tranquill, the main man behind this action, feels that if this law is booted there is that much stronger chance with the helmet repeal, which has been held over since last year. Support this dude; he's been after these laws for many moons. James Tranquill, c/o NYMRO, P.O. Box 3899, Rochester, N.Y. 14610.

Also ABATE of N.Y. would like to offer our services to all bikers who might want to fight anti-bike laws. We have quite a bit of info, reports, etc. We ask \$1.00 to cover postage, as we're using all our cash to fight for the helmet repeal. ABATE of N.Y., Box 5172, Albany, N.Y. 12205.

A Library Against Helmets

Ted Oakes, ABATE of Kansas, compiled this list of reports and publications. Each source contains material against the helmet itself or the mandatory use of helmets. This list is as current as possible, but is not necessarily complete. If you have further sources of information, please forward it to us immediately. ABATE of Kansas, 2530 So. 37th, Kansas City, Kansas 66106.

Pat Ehrlich, Administrator, Idaho Traffic Safety Comm. State House, Boise, Idaho 83720.

Dept. of Motor Vehicles, Accident Div., Raleigh, No. Carolina.

Dept. of Public Safety, Div. of State Police, P.O. Box 430, Dover, Delaware 19901

Motor Vehicle Dept. Statistics Div., Salt Lake City, Utah

Dept. of Public Safety, Safety Inspection & Accident Records Office, Bldg. #2, Pierre, So. Dakota 57501

Motor Vehicle Dept. Accidents & Statistics, State Capitol Bldg. Columbia, So. Carolina

Randall Lewis, Safety Specialist II, State Highway Comm., State Office Bldg., Topeka, Kansas 66612

Registry of Motor Vehicles, State Office Bldg. Providence, R.I. 02903

Dept. of Motor Vehicles, Accident & Statistics Div., State Capitol Bldg. Montpelier, Vermont

Ronald S. Coppin, Chief of Research & Statistics, Dept. of Motor Vehicles, P.O. Box 1828, Sacramento, Calif. 95809. Also contact: Mr. Robert A. Bieber, Operational Analysis Sec., P.O. Box 898, Sacramento, Calif. 95804

Nat'l Technical info service, (U.S. Dept. of Commerce) 5285 Port Royal Road, Springfield, VA 22151. Ask for: DMV report 28, The California Study (7/68) PB-178443. (\$3.00.)

Hwy. Patrol Bureau, Helena, Montana 59601

Dept. of Transportation, Commonwealth of Penn., Harrisburg, Pa. 17120

Nathan Johnson, Supervisor, Veh. & Watercraft records Div., 8351 Billboard Hwy. Lansing, Mich. 48918. Also contact: Dept. of State Police, Lansing, Michigan

Div. of Motor Vehicles, 25 S. Montgomery St. Trenton, N.J. 08666

Dennis Oelschlager, Analyst, Accident Records Bureau, Dept. of Roads and Highways, P.O. Box 94759, Lincoln, Neb. 68509

Langhorne Bond, Dept. of Transportation, 2300 So. Dirksen Pkwy. Springfield, Ill. 62764

Motor Vehicle Dept., Statistics Div., State Capitol Building, Salem, Oregon

Dept. of Highway Safety & Motor Vehicles, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304

Dept. of Safety, Div. of Motor Vehicles, Concord, N.H. 03301

Aurora Berenguel, Chief, Research & Statistics, Administrative Div., Dept. of Public Safety, Lucas State Office Bldg. Des Moines, Iowa 50319

Thomas Gullikson, Public Information Officer, Traffic Safety Commission, P.O. Box 1399, Olympia, Wash. 98504

Motor Vehicle Dept., Statistics Div., State Capitol Bldg., Columbus, Ohio

Motor Vehicle Dept. Statistics Div., State Capitol Bldg., Hartford, Conn.

Motor Vehicle Dept. Statistics Div., State Capitol Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Dept. of Public Safety, Montgomery, Alabama 36101

Dept. of Public Safety, 5805 N. Lamar Blvd., Box 4087, Austin, Texas 78773

Dept. of State Police, Trenton, N.J. 08666

Commissioner of Public Safety, Jackson, Miss. 39205

Dept. of Revenue & Taxation, Cheyenne, Wyo. 82002

Note: For all states not specifically listed here, address inquiries to: Motor Vehicle Dept., Statistics Div., State Capitol Building, (Capital city, and State.)

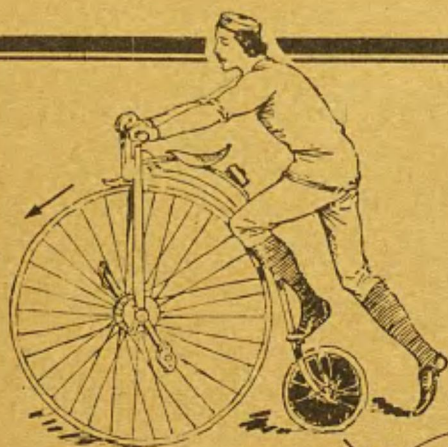
Maine: A member of the Saracens M/C made up a new word that fits our situation in too many cases. Bro William Stone said that we've got to stop these people (legislatures) from "lawing" us off the road. And his club got their first taste of the action recently by stopping a face shield law from being enacted.

The sponsor of the bill, Senator Linwood Graffam, R-Gorham, told somebody that the only reason he introduced the thing was because of a constituent's request. Far out! You can get in touch with William by phoning 207-357-4450.

Hawaii: Street Bikers United, P.O. Box 1314, Honolulu, Hawaii 96807, have introduced a helmet repeal in the senate. If you want to see SB 269 through to the governor, get in touch with these bro's.

Iowa: The helmet law bill has not been passed in Iowa yet! I can now understand what bikers from other states are bitchin' about. Come on, people, don't let them push us around—write your congressman. This law not only takes away the rights of the citizen and is dangerous, but it sucks.—Bob Christensen, R.R. 2 So. 69, Ames, Iowa. Other people involved are: Tom Neary, 1723 Waterloo Rd., Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613, and Dr. James Gould, 1028 4th St., Des Moines, Iowa 50314. ■

Motorcycle Design



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.

Motorcycles identified: (1) Derby (2) Singer (3) Brown (4) Royal Enfield (5) Minerva. All those who correctly identified four or more, raise both hands—and feet. You're flying high.

This vehicular vasectomy won its designer a free pit pass to a rattlesnake hunt. His girl friend designed the suit for him during a union dispute. Inset drawing shows perpetual motion action of rear power wheel. The free-rolling steel balls move down and outward toward rim, causing wheel to rotate clockwise. At same time they raise balls on other side which roll inwards, lessening weight on side going up. What makes this a fun bike is that the operator is planning to have the big wheel go counterclockwise. Comes equipped with folding loading ramp for use at bottom of hills—and a baseball bat to help you with resale problems.

Can you identify these others? Remember: If you can get them rolling toward the starting flag—you're headed the wrong way. The top one utilizes a chain from the motor driving a friction wheel which is pressed on the back tire by a bell-crank lever. Driver did well on practice track in pecan grove until squirrels found him. No. 2 has motor and all appurtenances, including fuel tank, within rear wheel, which, with exception of control rods and levers, is independent of the rest of cycle. Motor is hung with its crankshaft below the axial center of the wheel.

On similar models from Tel-Aviv, do not use imported oil. Last man who put a tiger in his tank had two inches bit off his exhaust pipe.

Go too fast on No. 3 and you can touch your knees without bending your toes. Large pulley wheel is belt driven. Low road clearance makes one appreciate recessed nuts. No. 4 has motor in front but drives direct by long crossed belt to rear wheel pulley. Weekend model can support fifty-gallon beer thermos on back, along with buddy seat, twin bedroll, and two rolls of quarters for the Texas gum machines. Paint job could be improved by brushing entire vehicle with bridge abutment. No. 5 can accelerate like pregnant hippo with hangnails, and shouldn't be taken outdoors when moon is full—or driver. If Opportunity knocks, you won't know it if the motor's running. If you hear sound of warm-up laps on this one—you are too damn close. Making repairs on weekends will help keep your mind off all that sufferin' on television. Plenty of room in back to add rear pegs and seat for chicks—all thighzes. Tuned up, will sometimes catch merry-go-round horses on circular track. Best feature: Fits snug under arm for carrying back to the garage.

—H. Dick Clarke

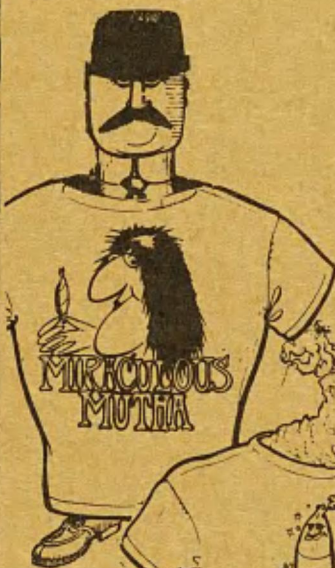
ChopShirts!

Chopshirt, the quality shirt designed exclusively for chopper freaks.

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

Completely washable, durable, and 100% colorfast. All **Chopshirts** are top-quality American-made shirts. Chopper drawings printed in masculine black on a virgin white (what else?) shirt.

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Please send me _____ shirts. I have enclosed \$4.45 for each shirt ordered (\$3.95 plus 50¢ for postage and handling).

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☐ Knucklehead ☐ Shovelhead
☐ Panhead ☐ Skull
☐ Sportster ☐ Miraculous Mutha
☐ Honda 4 ☐ Keep On Tokin'

Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

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Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

That's right—a free copy of Easyriders is yours, when you make a measly \$10.00 purchase from any of the chopper shops listed here.

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ALASKA
Barry's Custom Cycle 2499 Steadman Rd., Anchorage,
Alaska

ARIZONA
Mac's Sweater Shop 300 E. 8th St., Tucson, Ar.
The Scooter Shop 4389 E. Speedway, Tucson, Ar.
Moto Tech 4406 E. Speedway, Tucson, Ar.
Roadrunner Cycles 1430 W. Wetmore Rd., Tucson,
Kees Cycle & Supply 316 N. 24th, Phoenix, Ar.
Ocean Side HD 12815 N. Cave Creek Rd., Phoenix, Ar.
T & T Custom Cycle & Supply 1426 E. Broadway,
Mesa

CALIFORNIA
B & B Cycle Factory 2001 Fulton Ave., Sacramento,
Bell Garden Cycle 6601 Eastern Ave., Bell Gardens,
O&O Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Classic Ent. 208 S. Ramona Blvd.,
San Jacinto, Ca.
Energy Cycles 500 East Holt, Ontario, Ca.
Discount Chopper Parts 2610 Orangefield, Fullerton,
San, Ca.
Tat 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 Custom of Pasadena 2315 E. Foothill Blvd.,
Pasadena, Ca.
Mike's MC Shop 4025 Howard Ave., Los Alamitos,
Donald Myers MC Acc. & Parts 2995 San Leandro
St., Oakland, Ca.
Santa Maria Cycle Parts 2160 W. Loma Blvd.,
Lombard, Ca.
Mazini MC Parts 450 N. Blackstone, Fresno, Ca.
Vicker's Honda Custom Chops 3500 Fulton Ave., Sacra-
mento, Ca.
C J Custom Cycle Parts 2224 Waterloo Rd., Stock-
ton, Ca. 95205
B & B MC 7412 Talbert Ave., Huntington Beach
D & O Cycle Repair 8993 Sierra Ave., Fontana
The Shop - Indian/HD 65 Via Way, Ventura, Ca.
Carl Spelt's HD 3045 Grass Valley Hwy, Auburn,
Alphabets Custom West 821 W. Gardner Blvd., Gari-
fano, Ca.
The Bike Shop 14438 Victory Blvd., Van Nuys,
Holladay 180 N. Lewis Rd., Camarillo, Ca.
Janner Cycle Products 800 S. San
Fernando Blvd., Burbank, Ca.
Harold Custom Bike 131 W. 17th, Merced, Ca.
Male Cycles 733 N. Santa Fe, Vista, Ca.
Metalhead Eng. 591 E. Valley Blvd., Calhan, Ca.
Uncle Sams West 45825 Warm Springs Blvd.,
Fremont, Ca.
Chopper Acc 5909 Atlantic Blvd., Maywood
Cycle Boutique 3520 Crenshaw, Los Angeles
Cycle Odyssey 6524 Wilshire St., Daly City
Fishwhippers 15146 Westgate, Westminster
Handy Cycle Shop 12954 W. Washington Blvd.,
Los Angeles
MC Emporium 712 E. Aloha Ave., Glendora
Hog Power 12517 Lambert Rd., Whittier
Elsens Cycle Center 3546 Barnett Ave., San Diego

COLORADO
Cycle West 601 W. Chardonnas, Colorado Springs
2 Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th St., Denver, Co.
In The Wind 122 East Mill St., Colorado Springs, 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 Man 345 Forbes Ave., New Haven, Ct.
Custom Cycle Acc. U.S. Rte. 7, Brookfield, Ct.
K&P Cycles 2015 Stratford Ave., Stratford
USA Choppers 435 Moneypot Rd., Stratford

DELAWARE
Holt Cycles 14 S. Union, Wilmington

FLORIDA
Custom Cycle of St. Pete 2241 Central Ave., St. Peters-
burg, Fla.
Cycle Boutique 515 24th Ave. N., Lake Worth, Fla.
L&K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 NE 44th St., Ft.
Lauderdale, Fla.
Jackson MC Shop 2725 E. Main St., Lakeland, Fla.
B & D Chopper Shop 88 13th St. SE, Ocala, Fla.
Larry's Scooter Depot 14835 Nebraska, Tampa,
Cycle Eng. 423 S. H. St., Lake Worth, Fla.
Jesse Bike Shop Rt. 3, Box 211, Sarasota, Fla.
C & C Cycle 516 S. Dixie Hwy., W. Pensacola Bch.
Florida MC Rebuilding 1204 Dixie Hwy.,
Hollywood, Fla.

GEORGIA
The Pit Shop 3123 Victory Dr., Columbus
OT MC Supply 3155 Buford Hwy., Doraville
B & H Motors 104 Greenville St., La Grange

ILLINOIS
Britlin Cycle Sales 5790 E. Williams Rd., Decatur, Ill.
Chicago Ray's 5790 W. 87th St., Burbank, Ill.
Senders MC Supply 1250 S. Lake,
Mundelein, Palatine, Ill.
Cycle Janner Shop 3159 23 Ave., Moline, Ill.
Lingo Racing Engines 5932 S. Pulaski, Chicago, Ill.
Chopper Parts & Stuff 1515 W. Springfield Ave.,
Champaign, Ill.
K & R Custom Cycle 524 N. Douglas St., Shelbyville
Just Bikes 2542 W. 59th, Chicago
House of Cycles 11109 S. Western, Chicago
R & H Choppers 1108 Mill St., Plainfield, Ill.
Rite Cycle Shop 9900 Ewing Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Jans Custom Cycle City St., Roadhouse
Garden Show & Go Choppers 516 N. Chicago,
Joliet, Ill.

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B-J Chopper 2122 Colburn St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Charlie Point Ce. 106 E. S., "B" St., Glen City
Brandt's HD Inc. 1817 S. Wabash St., Wabash, 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.
Custom Choppers Unlimited 2820 S. Madison St.,
Muncie
The Cycle Shop 1409 S. Western Ave., Marion
Frank's Scooters 211 S. Union St., Westfield

IOWA
Contemporary Guild 1732 S. Federal, Mason City,
Custom Cycle Design 900 1st Ave., Carrollville
Custom Sport & Service Hwy. 169, Humbolt

KANSAS
Cycle Acc. 609 S. Main, Hutchinson, KS.
Jarry's Custom Cycle & Acc. 1128 Main, Parsons, Ks.
Cycloparts of Manhattan 210 Payton, Manhattan
C & N Cycles 1620 James Ave., Garden City

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

MARYLAND
Bud & Bob's Cycle 7778 Goldwing Rd., Baltimore
Burt's Cycle Center, Inc. 4833 42nd Pl., Hyattsville
Uncle Sam's Cycle 1300 Ritchie Rd., Forestville, Md.
Royal Palm Ice Co. 7418 Stuart Ln., Clinton, Md.
Oss Eyes Custom Cycle 401 Mate Ave., Baltimore
R & R Speed & Cycle 4804 Stans Rd., Temple Hills,
John Spier & Sons Box 3 Rd. 1, Bel Air, Md.
Custom Cycle Choppers 7 H Aylesbury Rd., Timonium,
B & C Custom Cycle R. 4 Box 110, Waldorf

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D.C. Ent. 107 Union St., Easthampton, Mass.
Cape Cod Choppers & Custom Bikes Inc. 2476
Granbery Hwy. P.O. Box 624, Wareham, Mass.
Chopper Parts City 99 Standish, Worcester, Mass.
Calif. Chopper Spec. 223 Hillman, PO Box 125,
New Bedford, Mass.
G & L Cycle 720 Dover St., Fall River
Southern Cycle Parts 1385 Wash St., Weymouth
Primo Chopper Shop 11 S. Main St., Uxbridge

MICHIGAN
Put-Fit 8314 Portage Rd., Portage, Mich.
Detroit Cycle Eng. 8533 Southfield Rd., Detroit, Mich.
Cycledad G 5274 Crenshaw Rd., Flint, Mich.
Dirt & Chrome Shop 800 E. Columbia Ave., Battle
Creek, Mich.
H&D Custom Cycles 1322 Shakespeare, Kalamazoo,
Heavy Custom Cycles 11389 Jefferson, River Rouge,
Carline Cycle Creations 25245 Ford Rd., Dearborn,
GM Cycle 8812 Greenfield, Detroit, Mich.
Wild to Wild Custom Cycle, 2409 Parkview Ave.,
Kalamazoo, Mich.
MM Custom Cycles R. 8 351 W. Fernwick Rd.,
Farmville, Mich.
Michigan MC Acc 3227 20th St., Grandville, Mich.
J & M Cycles 114 Hall St., Jackson
Larry's Custom Cycle 133 S. Winder St., Adrian, Mich.
Cafe Racer Customs 20934 Grand River Ave., Detroit
Melson, Inc. 27539 John Rd., Madison Hgts.

MINNESOTA
The Chopper Shop 218 E. Clark, Albert Lea, Mn.
Northern Leisure Corp. 23 Wabash Dr., Sauk Rapids,
Janner Cycle Products 358 Decatur Ave. N. Minneapolis,
Northeast Chopper Supply 1854 Central Ave., NE,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Valley Enterprises 5605 Chicago Ave. So., Minne-
apolis, Minn.
W.A.S., Super Stock Choppers 3449 Cedar Ave.,
Minneapolis, Minn.
B&B Cycle Supply Co. 6629 Penn. Ave. S.,
Minneapolis, Mn.
B & J Custom Cycle 214 Grant Ave., Egleth, Mn.
Newlands HD Box 501, Wadena
B & J Custom Cycle 122 Chestnut St., Virginia
Marv Jorgensen's Chopper City 3126 Lyndale Ave.
N., Minneapolis

MISSISSIPPI
Mississippi Cycle 832 W. Division, Biloxi, Miss.
Gills Bike Shop The Harley Shop, PO Box 475 Hwy. 11,
Purvis, Miss.

MISSOURI
County MC Parts 7348 N. Lindbergh, Hazelwood,
Cycle Specialties 2902 Clark Ln., Columbia, Mo.
Doug's Choppers 3009 Hwy 10, Avondale, Kansas City,
St. Joe HD 402 S. 9th St., Joseph, Mo.
Cycle & Rider Acc. 4400 Truman Rd., Kansas
City

NEBRASKA
B & G Cycles RFD, Roca

NEVADA
Shadow Custom Cycles 3049 Rigel Ave., Las Vegas
Johns Custom Cycle 3031 E. Charleston, Las Vegas

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Bills MC Gear Corless Hill Rd., Meredith
New England Chopper 9 Whitford 111A, Nashua N.H.
Mels Choppers 1181-1183 Main St., Berlin, N.H.

NEW JERSEY
R & C Dist. 129 S. Main St., Cape May-Court House,
The Bike Barn 275 River Rd., N. Arlington, N.J.
Beb'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 Shop 602 Bear Tavern Rd., West Trenton,
HD of Camden 100 S. Blackhorse Pike, W. Collings-
worth, N.J.
Custom Cycle Engine 703 E. 29th St., Paterson, NJ
MC Mender 501 Fairview Ave., Fairview, NJ
Slaps Custom Cycle 128 Main St., Franklin, NJ

NEW MEXICO
New Mexico MC Salvage 827 15th Blvd. SW, Albu-
querque, N.M.
All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold NE,
Albuquerque, N.M.

NEW YORK
Choppers Unlimited 1863 Bailey Ave., Buffalo, NY.
J&G Cycle 52 Boulevard Ave., Calverton
All Cycle Acc. Shop Box 54, Helene, N.Y.
REV Sales C&Y Rt. 400, Wolcott, N.Y.
Brooklyn HD 1160 Union, Brooklyn, N.Y.
The Chrome Link 121 Lake St., Elms
Cycle Works Inc. 27 State St., Middletown, N.Y.
Joh Chopper Shop Atlantic Ave. & Church St., Bx 108,
Seaford, NY.
Diamonds Custom Machine 101-04 101 Ave., Ozone
Park, Queens, New York
Cyclenart, Inc. 815 Smiley Ave., Brooklyn
KC Choppers 527 Husted Ave., Mamaroneck
Custom Fabrication 901 William St., Buffalo, N.Y.
East Coast Choppers, Inc. 352A, Broadway, Bathpage

AL's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St. Rome, N.Y.
Locomotion Choppers 144 E. Main St., E. Nepo
V & L Chopper Shop 8 Little Neck Rd., Centerville
Cycle City, Inc. 111 Sunrise Hwy., Amherstville
New York Choppers 161 28 Cross Bay Blvd., How-
ard Bch.
Ushin Custom Cycle 2325 Boston Post Rd., Larch-
mont

NORTH CAROLINA
The Custom House Rt. 3 Box 34, Rutherfordton
Indian Chopper Specialties 603 Swannanoa
River Rd., Asheville, N.C.
Stons Chopper House 3411 South Blvd., Char-
lotte, N.C.

OHIO
The Bike Shop 1112 S. State St. 19, Fremont, Ohio.
Cleveland MC Supply 4530 Pearl Rd., Cleveland
CW's Motor Shop PO Box 462, Rd. 13 A, Napoleon, Ohio.
G & R MC Eng. 627 Dresden Ave., E. Liverpool, Ohio.
J&S Choppers 4500 Warren Sharon Rd., Vienna, Ohio
Sebring Custom Cycle 287 N. 15th St., Sebring
Ashland Cycle Supply 284 E. Main St., Ashland,
Van Ard Custom Cycle 3591 Springgrove
Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Taleo Choppers, Inc. 209 1st., Toledo, Oh.
Mt. Vernon Custom Cycle 305 S. Main, Mt. Vernon
Janner Discount Cycle 9410 Detroit Ave., Cleveland,
Cincinnati Custom Choppers 7711 Blue Ash Rd., Cin-
cinnati, Ohio.
Motorcycles, Inc. 11712 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.
L.A. Chop Shop 670 Wootter Rd. No. Burlington
Anything Cycle Shop 4025 E. Main St., Columbus
Cycle Shop Rd. 1 Rt. 39, Salineville
Cycle Works 4955 Brannard Rd., Chagrin Falls
Cycle King, Inc. 8008 York Rd., No. Royalton
Chopper City, Inc. 892 N. Bend Rd., Cincinnati

OKLAHOMA
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Chopper Shop II 2842 Sawmill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
Cycle Barn Bx 206, Cinnansville, Pa.
Dyren's E-Z Rider Shop 1011 Elder St., Shrodsburg,
The Graveyard 8100 Garmanstown Ave., Chestnut Hill
Action Eng. 823 Paradise St., Erie, Pa.
The HD Shop 311 Walnut St., Vandergrift, Pa.
Reese's HD 550 E. Main St., Plymouth, Pa.
Scam's Chopper Shop 110 Sherman Ave., Vander-
grift, Pa.
Cycledelic Choppers 16 George Ave., Wyomissing, Pa.
Cyclomates Inc. 158 Pennsylvania Ave., West Read-
ing, Pa.
Car Sea Ent. Inc. 218 S. Main St. Old Pk. 309,
Sellersville, Pa.
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville, Pa.
Shunks Cycle Shop Rt. 2, Smithport, Pa.
H.P. Hawkey Creations Rt. 2 Box 511, Northampton, Pa.
B & S Cycle Shop 230 Westwood St., Mineville,
D & M Glitte City 2627 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia
Cycle Ingenuity 2749 Rosewood Dr., Columbia
CP Bassett Cycles 2672 S. Park Rd., Bethel Park
Hondo of Charleston 2117 Savannah Hwy., Charleston

SOUTH CAROLINA
Chopper Village Rt. 7, Box 51 Ridland Ave. E.,
Aiken, S.C.
Columbia Cycle Shop 1925 Main St., Columbia, S.C.
Southeastern Choppers 300 West Ave., N. Augusta,
The Chopper Den 508 Travis Ave., Saluda, SC.

TENNESSEE
Randy's Cycle Sales 130 N. Tennessee Ave., Etowah
Bundys Chopper Shop US 11-W. Kingsport Hwy.,
Blountville, Tn.

TEXAS
Andy's MC Sales 1408 E. Lancaster St., Ft. Worth
R&J Custom Cycles 8745 E. No. Lamar, Austin, Tx.
Mid Cities Chopper Supply 1104 Enterprise Dr., Grand Prairie
Chandler Cycle 3136 E. Lancaster, Ft. Worth, TX.
Lorrie's MC Service 217 S. "B" St., Hallinger
Cycle Center 1320 NE Loop 298, Potts
American Sport Riders 220 Interstate 10, So., Ben-
mont
Harris Cycle Supply 1009 Ferguson, Nacogdoches
Gateway Cycles 2430 Galloway Dr., Port Arthur
J & J Choppers 7210 Gower, Wichita Falls

UTAH
Sand & Cycle 311 24 St., Ogden

VIRGINIA
Cycles Unlimited 104 E. Broad St., Falls Church, Va.
Departure Bike Works 3593 Hull St., Richmond, Va.
Cycle & Head Boutique 9 Whyte St., Petersburg
Casey's Cycle City 634 Clyde Morris Blvd., Newport
News, Va.
Cycle Shed 2003 Mt. Vernon Ave., Alexandria, Va.
Scorpion Eng. 9907 Warwick Rd., Newport News
Jinx Custom Cycle 1012 First St., Redland
K & S Cycle Core Rte. 60, P.O. Box 557, Toano
Cor & Cycle Spec. 1119 W. Broad St., Rt. 7, Falls
Church

WASHINGTON
Bradford MC Specialty 3729 S. G St., Tacoma, Wa.
Bo-Vin Custom Cycles 4419 Rainier Ave. S., Seattle
Boondeck Choppers 2813-15 Whetson Way, Bremerton
Universal Choppers 6232 S Tacoma Way, Tacoma, Wa.

W. VIRGINIA
Kustom Kastle 422 N. 4th St., Clarksburg
HD of Huntington 4903 Waverly Rd., Huntington, WVA.

WISCONSIN
Chopper Specialties Rt. 2, Box 89-B, Berlin, Wisc.
Bunnys Choppers Inc. 105 N. Parker Dr., Janesville,
Bike Pit Shop 3711 W. North Ave., Milwaukee
Big Al's Pittskee Cycle Shop 729 Madison Ave.,
Ft. Atkinson

WYOMING
Sheridan Custom Cycle 751 S. Sheridan Ave., Sheri-
dan, Wyo.

LATE ADDITIONS
Cycle Motion Inc. 2741 Martin Luther Jr. Ave. SE, Wash-
ington, DC.
Galena 171 S. Broadway, Blackfoot ID
OZ Performance MC 15 Gooding Ave., Bristol, RI
National Cycle Supply 2358 Grandview Hwy., So. Van-
couver BC Canada
Pure Joy 115-4th St., Hood River, Ore.
Mich's Classic Cycle 4811 St. Puyall, Portland, Ore.



Here's our latest T-shirt design. A big photo (12" x 7") of Sonny Barger in the center with the words "Free Sonny Barger" and the drawing of the cuffed hands (3½" x 3¾") to the left of the photo.

When ordering, be sure to specify Photo T-shirt. Oh yeah—it's the same price as the other T-shirt on this page (\$5.00).

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

The Hell's Angels

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

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

We are also selling bumper stickers: One measures 10½" x 3" in red, white, and blue and simply says "Free Sonny Barger"; the other measures 2" x 7", printed red on white background, and says "Support Your Local Hell's Angels."

We also have a heavy poster that should be in

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

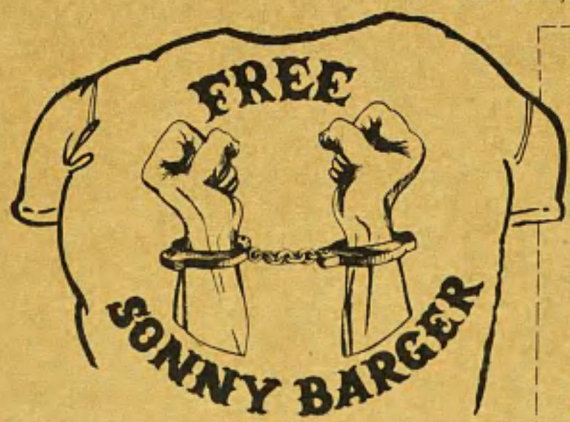
There may be

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

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HELLS ANGELS

★ **FREE SONNY BARGER** ★

The bumper stickers sell for only a lousy buck each.



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

Send your orders to
Free Sonny P.O. Box 5295
Oakland, California 94605

Please send me the following items:

Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 5%

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

Death of a Chopper

—Continued from page 20

In five minutes they'll know who I am, he thought. They'll run a check through the truck license, and the Department of Vehicle Registration will flash my picture across the television screens mounted to the dashboards of every police car!

He laid the bike over hard to the left as he made the turn into the on-ramp of the new expressway.

The astonished officer at the plastic booth dropped his time tickets as the blue panhead roared through the uplifted barrier and headed for the mainstream of the rush hour traffic.

The drivers of the turbine-powered cars had their concentration shattered as the chopper sped past them.

Rebel shifted into fourth and began cutting back and forth between the slower-moving lines of traffic.

Like the old days, momma! he thought. Now I'm gonna bust that Ford from the right, cut back in front of him and blow by that station wagon on the left! If we miss in our timing, we're going to get splattered all over this fuckin' highway! Ready, bitch? Now! Left, baby, hard! Hey, hey, momma! How sweet you are!

Dig that!

The kid in the Chevy laid the peace sign on us! Right on, kid! Right fuckin' on!

Rebel's thoughts were broken as he spotted the flashing red light of the turbine-powered police cruiser.

Shit! While I'm back there socializin', I'm forgettin' The Man has himself a special lane, used only for police cars!

He worked the panhead across the two lanes that separated him from the State Express lane. Though the cruiser was only 60 yards behind him when he got there, he knew their top speed was less than 90 and his was over 120! Twisting the throttle to a full open position, he grinned as his rear view mirror told him the cruiser was falling behind!

Rebel laughed and spoke aloud to himself.

"Dumbshits! You think just because the people's cars are governed to run at only sixty miles per hour that your fuckin' ninety is enough! Wrong assholes! Wrong!"

Then the smile faded from his face as the whine of a turbine engine screamed in his ears. Looking

up he saw the blue and gold police helicopter. He saw the officer who was sitting next to the pilot as he reached for the microphone connected to the outside speaker.

"Attention, please! Attention, please! Your two-wheeled vehicle is in violation of State Law three-three-point-four of your Government's Vehicle Code. For your own safety you are hereby ordered to bring your vehicle to a stop! I repeat! You are hereby ordered to bring your vehicle to a full and complete stop!"

The copter had moved to the left and was now flying directly beside the speeding chopper. Rebel could see the officer clearly. Slowly he raised his left hand, first with the fist clenched, and then with the second finger fully extended!

"Up your fuckin' ass!"

Another copter appeared off to the right and paralleled the panhead. On the side it bore the call letters of the People's Television Station. Its outside-mounted camera was pointed at Rebel and he knew that every car on the expressway was now being shown the picture of him and his blue panhead.

The police helicopter made two low passes at the chopper, and Rebel ducked his head instinctively as it passed. Another police cruiser came speeding from an on-ramp, but the chopper pulled away, leaving him far behind.

Then Rebel heard a voice coming from the speaker attached to the belly of the television copter.

"Attention chopper. Attention chopper. Your ride is being aired, live and in color to the people. If we lower a microphone, will you submit to an interview?"

Rebel spit through his front teeth as he shook his head.

"Don't do anything! Continue your pursuit. We will apprehend at the Cal-Nev border!"

"Acknowledged, commander. Will comply."

Rebel was still trying to figure out why the helicopter seemed content to fly next to him without any further attempts to make him stop, when he finally realized why.

Roadblock!

He started to maneuver the big Harley back across the expressway.

Some of the traffic was watching the spectacle on their car televisions and began waving as he passed. Some made an obvious attempt to give him room as he worked his way between the slower-moving cars. The T.V. copter stayed

close, with its camera pointed directly at him, while the police copter moved slightly behind now.

"Gotta get to a fuckin' off-ramp!" Rebel smiled as the sign came into view. "Exit Number 33, 1/2 mile, Exit Speed 30mph." But the smile faded quickly as he spotted the red and yellow lights that were flashing from the top of the police car blocking the exit.

Cutting back across the four lanes, Rebel made it to the police express lane once again.

Catching movement from the corner of his eye, he looked up and saw that the television copter had extended a microphone connected to a portable boom.

"There is a roadblock approximately 20 miles ahead at the Cal-Nevada line. Do you plan to surrender?"

Rebel shook his head, silently wishing the copter would fly into the side of one of the overhead bridges.

"What are your intentions, then?"

How the fuck do I know, thought Rebel. Should I stop? What can they do to me? Prison? A fine? Take my scooter?

The last question caused a cold shiver to run up his spine.

Suddenly he had made up his mind and he felt himself relax.

The cars were almost at a standstill now, as he approached the roadblock. Five miles, he thought. Maybe less.

Bringing his feet to rest lightly on the highway pegs, he leaned back, relaxing free and easy as the wind blew through his hair.

He reached down with his left hand and ran it slowly over the multi-blue gas tank of the panhead.

"Well, baby. What do you say? Do I let them take you to the reclamation center to be dismantled and made into a turbine?"

The panhead seemed to miss and Rebel laughed aloud.

"I didn't think so! I didn't think you would go for that shit! Now then, let's show these assholes what the word *class* is all about!"

Raising his left hand above his head once again, he clenched it into a fist showing one finger, and the smile never left his face, even as he crashed into the three big buses that were being used as a roadblock.

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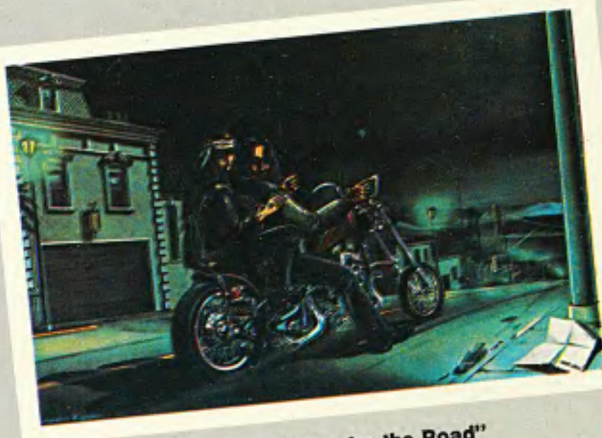
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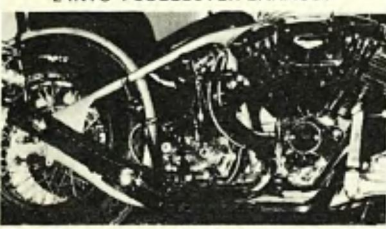
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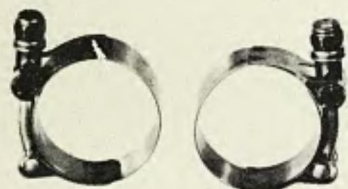
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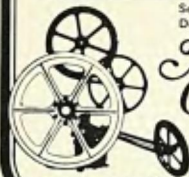
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Helmet Laws

—Continued from page 17

that injure other people. So how does the state come to meddle in the affair of helmets and be backed up by the courts? There is no need to review all the repetitious cases where judges arbitrarily upheld the convictions. A North Carolina court stated: "And very slight head or hand injury by gravel, small stones, or other objects thrown backward could easily cause a motorcyclist to veer from his course into the travel lane of other vehicles on the highway . . ." No example was given of this event actually happening here or in any other case. Most important is the argument that finally evolved: that not wearing a helmet does harm to society as a whole. The Federal District Court of Massachusetts in a helmet case, stated: "The public has an interest in minimizing the resources directly involved. From the moment of injury society picks the person up off the highway, delivers him to a municipal hospital and municipal doctors, provides him with unemployment compensation if, after recovery, he cannot replace his lost job, and, if the injury causes permanent disability, may assume the responsibility for his and his family's subsistence." Another court stated: "Even allegedly remote public safety benefits are sufficient to uphold a State motorcycle helmet use law if the occurrence of such benefits can be reasonably assumed." (Emphasis added.) In other cases it was stated that a person injured not wearing a helmet, and who therefore cannot work, deprives the state of taxes. This is the legal principle with such far-reaching consequences that it will eventually lead to the government paralyzing our every move, any move that even might only be assumed to affect the public by causing someone else in any way to care for us or cause us not to be able to pay taxes even for a brief time.

The claim is made that if a rider has an accident on a motorcycle without a helmet, and is hurt or killed, the following harm to society results: doctors, hospitals, and supporting services have to take care of him at public expense, the rider and his family must be taken care of at public expense, his job is lost and the government cannot collect taxes from him. Doctors and hospitals have to take care of him and therefore the public is harmed. How do you expect doctors and hospitals to earn money? It looks like this keeps money in circulation. Money spent on doctors and hospitals isn't lost money as the government and courts would have us believe. Someone has to build hospitals, maintain them, design equipment, haul goods, provide food and drugs—all part of the gross national product (GNP) that the government is trying desperately to show all the time

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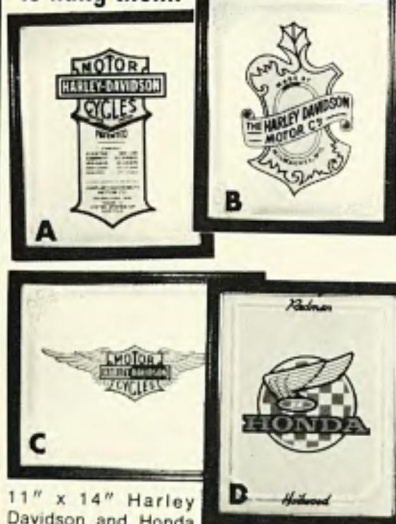
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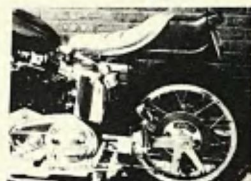
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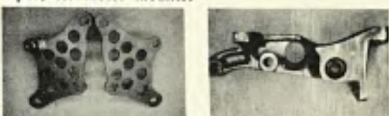
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is increasing or is bigger than some foreign country's. If not wearing a helmet really does cause all the doctors and hospitals and related services to work harder and gain more money, let us rejoice that this increases the GNP and puts money into circulation.

It is completely false that money spent on motorcycle accidents or any other type of accident is a cost to society or the government. Most people have insurance at work and/or forced workers compensation through the state, or liability insurance on their vehicles and home. We pay the premiums, and some of us collect. How is that figured as a cost to society? We pay taxes and social security, ever higher every year. All the money the state has to spend on anything from war goods all over the world to paying doctor bills for the few of us hurt or killed without funds, that money

⁵"Mandatory helmet legislation has been upheld 21 times in 20 state supreme or highest courts and declared unconstitutional once by the Illinois Supreme Court. In lower court decisions, the constitutionality has been upheld 17 times and rejected 9 times." From Mandatory Motorcycle Helmet Analysis, Office of Traffic Safety, California, Jan. 1974.

⁶"Statistically, the airborne particle does not cause much concern." Face & Eye Protection for Motorcyclists, June 1969, 112 pages, Contract for DOT. The study shows that the researchers could find no case of particles causing accidents. They go on however to conclude eye protection is necessary, because the possibility exists.

⁷Bisenius vs. Karns, 42 Wise, 2d 42. This case went to the US Supreme Court. See footnote 15.

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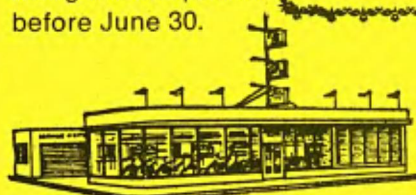
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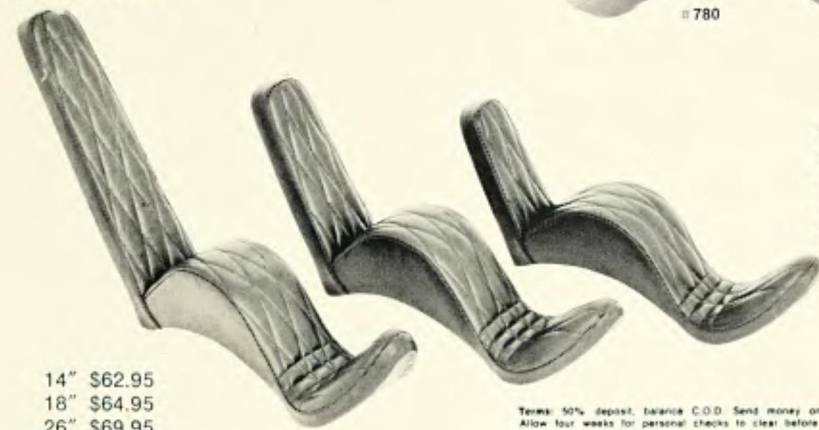
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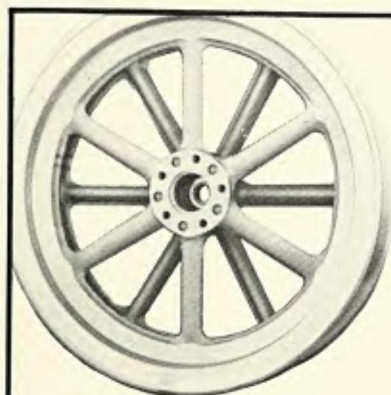
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Here is an application of the legal principle to an actual case. To prove motorcyclists ought to keep their lights on all day, the document on motorcycle lights referenced earlier cites that the 1968 cost per motorcycle fatality was \$290,000. The cost of all motorcycle accidents was \$550,000,000. "The cost per death is based on the *actual loss to society*, that is, loss in anticipated future earnings less living expenses." (Emphasis added.) This is the weirdest, most fallacious, misleading, asinine argument imaginable. In the first place, anticipated earnings less living expenses is about zero these days. In the second place, this country has an unemployment rate that is—what?—somewhere between 5% and 6%. In other words, out of the nearly 85 million workers, 4 to 5 million are out of work at any time. Let's be brutal about this. If you don't wear a helmet and you are killed on a motorcycle, or in a fall from a ladder for that matter, society saves money. Some guy on a relief payroll will be able to step up and take your job, thereby saving the relief bill. Society can bury you for about \$200 in the remote case you haven't even got that much. If you are injured and laid up, well, insurance takes care of you, either private, or governmental through social security or other taxation. The government goes right on collecting its taxes from the guy who takes your job. You put money in the hands of doctors who invest it which gives more money for companies to borrow and expand business and build buildings etc. If the courts and the government are really anxious to save society money, and increase business in general and the GNP too, then if they believe helmets save lives they should prohibit us from wearing them. This leads to the greatest benefit to all.

Why do riders wear helmets? In 46 states it's the law. Most wear helmets in those states because they have to or get fined, usually heavily. (It's \$37 on the spot to the patrolman, or jail, in Wisconsin.) But in still free states such as California, Iowa, or Illinois, by simple observation and counting, at most 25% of the riders wear helmets in the summertime. In the winter, in California, I counted for two days every bike I saw on a trip and about 70% of the riders were wearing helmets. This means that riders will put their helmets on when it is rainy or cold. Helmets make efficient rain hats. But in the hot summer weather, they are really uncomfortable. So riders leave them off. Another reason some riders wear helmets is for the police/authority image. Certain groups



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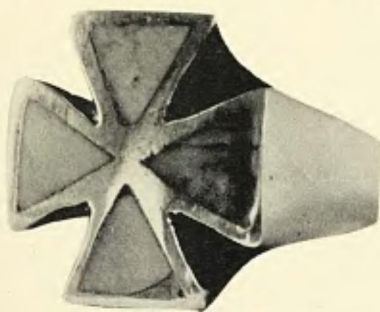
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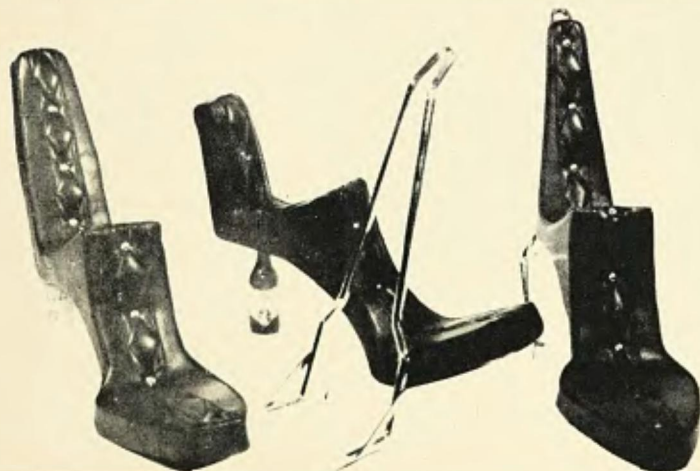
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such as chopper riders never wear helmets (except by force) for the image of being care-free. Some riders may actually believe helmets can save their heads in accidents. Others may believe a helmet has some safety features but still do not want to wear a helmet because they feel it hinders vision and hearing and causes discomfort.

Although there has been mountains of publicity by the government to wear helmets for safety, it is clear riders don't want to. They are being forced against their will to wear helmets in 46 states.

A book is available for the new rider called *The Beginning Rider Course*, published by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation*. Chapter 7 for example, outlines how to anticipate and avoid potential points of conflict. These safety actions might take years for you to discover on your own. On page 20, however, the booklet states: "The most important piece of personal equipment for safe riding is the safety helmet. If your head is protected, you have adequate protection against serious head injury. For this reason, both you and your passenger must wear a helmet." (Emphasis in original.)

This quotation is poppycock and downright dangerous. It gives the new rider a false sense of security, leading him to ride over his ability. The best and only protection against injury and death on a motorcycle is knowing how to ride defensively and within your ability.

Why aren't helmets in general going to save heads in accidents? In theory helmets are supposed to protect in two ways. One, the helmet is supposed to absorb the energy of the impact through crushing, but not crush down to break the skull. The second intent is that the crushing of the helmet will decelerate the brain from impact velocity down to zero, at deceleration g's low enough to prevent concussion and other brain injury (assuming the helmet prevents crushing of the skull per item one). The above two jobs are a big order for a helmet that must operate within material limits and also meet certain human requirements: weight, thickness, visibility and hearing range, general comfort, and styling. Helmets generally weigh around 3 pounds. Thickness is at least 3/4 inch. If a person is prone to neck or head aches, a helmet will give him just that. The rotational inertia of the extra weight both slows down reaction times and contributes to neck and shoulder tiredness.

Helmets in most states have to meet one or the other of specifications like the Z90 and the Snell Foundation. Stickers inside the helmet tell which tests supposedly were passed. Many helmets have several stickers and some with stickers may not be tested at all*. On the Snell sticker is printed in fine letters: "Some reasonable, foreseeable impacts may ex-

*1001 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

ceed this helmet's capacity to protect against severe injury." Very beautifully put, these words should be printed in large letters on the outside of the helmet instead of hidden inside in tiny letters. As shown below, the level of protection is low, low. In practice and in theory the level can't be raised very much within the limits of foreseeable materials available and within the above-mentioned human factors.

The main impact test goes like this. A mock instrumented head is placed in the helmet and the approximately 11-pound outfit is dropped 6 feet or so such that about 66 foot-pounds of energy must be absorbed safely. That is, the helmet must not crush so that the skull can be reached, and the deceleration on the mock head must be within the specified g limits.

First, the deceleration problem. On "safe" decelerations, the experts as usual disagree*.

Long duration "safe" impacts of over 10 milli-seconds (ms or 1/1000 second) is near 60 g's limit; short duration, up to 200 g's and higher. The Z90 specification gives a limit of 150 g's for deceleration time greater than 4 ms. The reference goes on to say: "However, current head tolerance levels for 'long-duration' accelerations should be set at from 40 to 80 g. Thus the 150 g requirement is also dangerous." Another page in the reference states: "The 40 g level would provide adequate protection for all forms of concussions." Page 6-13 defines safe decelerations: Peak accelerations of 200 g's, if the time of such acceleration, measured at the 80 g level, does not exceed 1 ms." In other words, there are a lot of numbers put out with meager evidence by the experts, ranging from 40 g's for long duration impacts (over 5 ms) to 400 g's for short (1 ms) durations. Now look at the actual g's in a motorcycle impact.

$D = \frac{1}{2} vt$, where D is distance traveled, v is velocity at impact and t is time. This formula assumes the end velocity is zero, that is, in crushing the helmet about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, it goes from initial velocity of impact to final velocity of zero. How long does it take to decelerate?

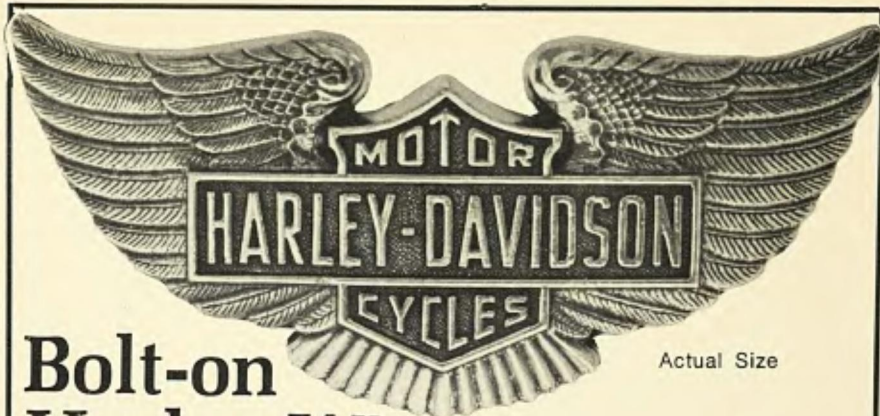
$$t = \frac{D \times 2}{v} = \frac{\frac{1}{16} \text{ foot} \times 2}{20 \text{ ft/sec}} = \frac{1}{160} \text{ sec} = 6 \text{ ms.}$$

The 20 feet/second is 13.5 mph, the impact velocity at the test rig". The 6 ms is what the experts call long duration and the g's shouldn't exceed 40 to be safe. What are the g's?

*"The American National Standards Institute does not conduct the Z90 tests . . . When you see a Z90 sticker in a helmet, you are taking the manufacturer's word for it that his helmets exceed these standards. ANSI does not police the manufacturers and even if one of a manufacturer's helmets passed the tests, it does not necessarily mean the one you buy does." *Cycle News*, Jan. 12, 1972.

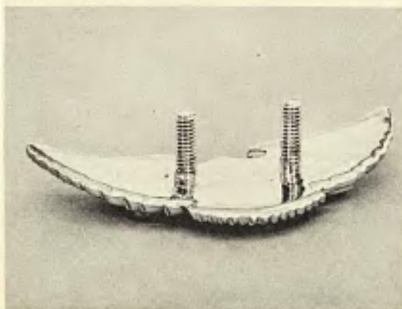
**"Performance Requirements for Motorcycle Helmets." June 1970, prepared for the DOT.

*** $h \times w = \frac{1}{2} w/g \times v^2$, $v = \sqrt{h \times 2g} = 20 \text{ ft/sec} = 13.5 \text{ mph.}$



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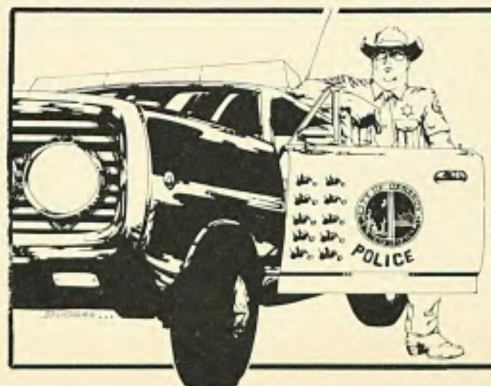
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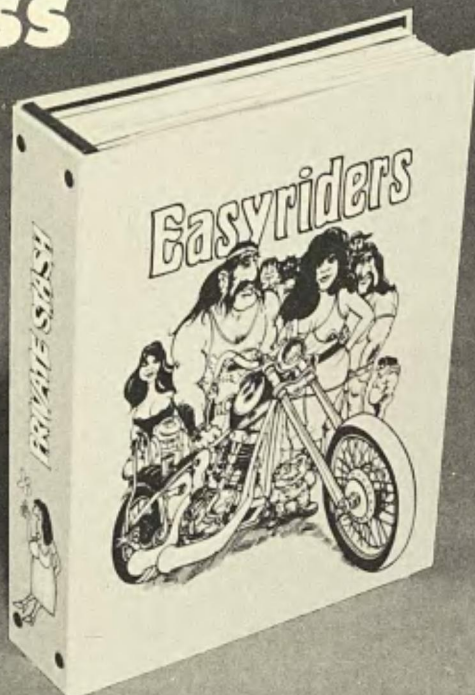
If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

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Deceleration = v/t , which is 20 divided by $1/100$ divided by 32 to get g's. The answer, about 100 g's. So at the test rig, with an impact velocity of only 13.5 mph, the g's meet Z90 requirements but exceed the 40 g safe limit.

Now consider what happens at direct impacts of 30 mph, still quite conservative for a motorcycle accident. This is of course beyond the test. The mock head and helmet would have to be dropped more than 6 feet to get a higher impact velocity. The helmet will crush through to your skull as shown below. But pretend the $3/4$ -inch helmet will hold and not crush your skull. At a 30 mph impact, 500 g's will result in about 3 ms. At 60 mph, 2000 g's at about 1.5 ms. (Remember that 400 g's at 1 ms are dangerous.) You see the problem. Even if you could build a helmet within the $3/4$ inch that would not crush through to your skull, the deceleration will get you. It is obvious that the test for helmets was devised backwards, not from safety, but from the real theoretical limit of materials and human considerations. If that is the limit, OK, say so, we shouldn't be lied to by the government.

Next, look at the problem of crushing the helmet through to your skull. Here is a real joker. I had wondered why the test was performed with an 11-pound test rig of helmet and mock head, without a 160-pound body attached to the head. The government says that the impact velocity is independent of the weight. That is true, but the energy to be absorbed isn't independent of the weight. The energy that the helmet must absorb can be written, $E = hw = \frac{1}{2} w/g v^2$. Energy is in units of foot-pounds and the test rig gives about 66 foot-pounds. Put a 170-pound body with the helmet instead of an 8-pound head and let it drop the 6 feet (keep the 6 feet so the impact velocity will still be 13.5 mph) and you have over 1000 foot-pounds. At 1000 foot-pounds what about the poor helmet, or more to the point, what about the poor head? The helmet that just barely passed the 66 foot-pound test and perhaps just didn't crack your skull—now—*pow!* There goes your \$40 helmet and million-dollar head. And remembering the previous analysis on deceleration, add to this a 30 mph impact velocity instead of 13.5 and you might be dead twice—once from a crushed skull and once from deceleration g's. Actually some of the 1000 foot-pounds of energy (considering only 13.5 mph impact) will be absorbed by other weak links in your body such as neck and back. These may snap also depending on angles etc. Also you might hit a hay bale and all the energy will be absorbed by the hay. Don't count on it.

In order to tell someone else the limitations of a helmet you have to understand it yourself. In summary, a helmet has $3/4$ inch of material to crush on impact. Any more than $3/4$ inch, and human limitations of carrying the hel-

met and seeing and hearing set in. In $\frac{3}{4}$ inch the helmet must take an impact from impact velocity to zero without crushing to your skull and without excessive deceleration. To go from 13.5 mph (one standard test) to zero in $\frac{3}{4}$ inch already exceeds safe g deceleration. A thicker helmet would give more stopping distance, hence less g's, but thickness is at a practical limit. If the impact is 30 mph, the problem is greater. If you put more than a head on the helmet (the standard test is with head only) the helmet must be tougher or thicker; if it is tougher it stops the velocity sooner and the g problem returns.

Notice in the following real engineering problem, the normal application of the rules. Our problem involved absorbing energy of a pipe break under high pressure. The formula used was:

$$PxI(4+.7H)$$

$$A = \frac{S \times .7H}{S \times .7H}$$

The Area of the crushable material can be fixed. As Pressure increases we can keep the relation by increasing Strength and/or Height of the crushable material. In this real engineering problem at work, we could increase for example S up to the limit of available materials and H up to the limit of space, which was about a foot. But on a helmet, if the P is increased, that is, the weight and velocity of the impacting man and helmet, we cannot increase S and H. If H is increased significantly, it interferes with vision and comfort. If S is increased, then deceleration increases, which the brain cannot take.

Scare tactics? No. It's only blowing away the myth that helmets equal safety, perpetuated by the government, that many people actually believe¹². It's a deadly myth. A rider has to ride defensively, that is, give way to larger vehicles, right or wrong, just as cars give way to trucks and buses, right or wrong.

Not only are helmets ineffectual, as shown above, but they are actually killing riders. They kill riders by two means (not counting the accidents caused by lessened reflexes due to tired necks, reduced vision and hearing). First, the DOT by concentrating on compulsory helmet wearing and other equally stupid laws, and ignoring training for new riders, is condemning thousands of new riders to death for lack of proper training. Consider the death rates. Up to about 1962 the number of new riders added each year was within reason and the death rate steadily declined. With the explosion in new riders starting in 1962 up to about 1967, the death rate suddenly leveled off. When the new-rider increases each year leveled out

¹²It isn't surprising to find the editor of the respected motorcycle magazine *RoadRider* writing in the August, 1974 issue, "Buy the best (helmet) you can get but never overestimate its true protective value. Even the best helmet provides limited protection against impact, so try to keep it off the road and/or vehicles and such while your head is in it."

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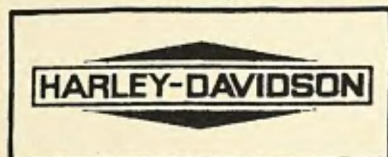
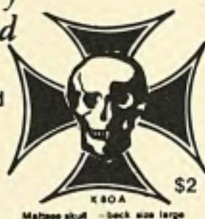
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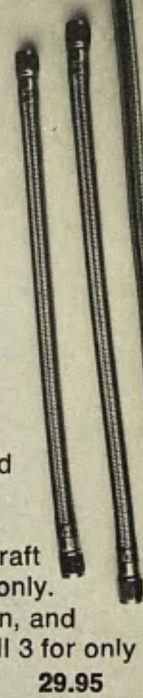
again after 1967, the death rate on motor-
cycles again began to decrease. If these
new riders had been trained instead of
forced to wear helmets, it is very pos-
sible that the death rate would have
continued down. At least it wouldn't
have leveled out about 5 years before
starting down again. The point is that
they had no training, and further-
more, no training was available. This
was not an accident, that no training was
available. The DOT wrote on page 1 of
NHTSA Technical Report DOT HS 801
137: "An additional problem during this
period (the 1960s) was that teaching
people, especially young people, to ride
motorcycles, no matter how safely, was
not a good idea. It was rejected on the
grounds that the result would be to en-
courage more youths to ride motor-
cycles, which was considered a less safe
mode of travel than other options." So
lack of training has signed the death
warrant for many new riders. Even the
DOT has reported that riders with less
than 6 months experience have an acci-
dent rate double that of more expe-
rienced riders.

The second means by which helmets
kill riders is by effectively hanging
them. In other words, when you are
forced to wear a helmet, you are ex-
posing yourself to death by hanging.
The U.S. Navy in a paper¹³ reports the
following: "The Hangman's Noose An-
alogy. The inferior edge of the helmet,
when visualized as part of the contin-
uous circle completed by the nape strap
and the chin strap, forms a loop that
can be likened to a hangman's noose." Now
this article is about aviator's hel-
mets. They are similar to motorcycle
helmets. The paper goes on to study in
detail the death of an aviator who,
ejected from his plane and making a
nice parachute landing, nevertheless
died shortly after as a result of a trans-
verse laceration of the cervical spinal
cord. (The cervical spinal cord is at the
base of the skull, the most vital area of
life-sustaining functions.) A study
showed this was the result of a blow on
the helmet that did little damage to the
helmet; however, the energy for the
fatal lesion was transmitted through the
helmet into the posterolateral neck and
the pilot died of injuries such as he
would receive had he been hanged! I
reported as early as Dec. 1971 in an
article in the AMA News that New

¹³The Cervicocranium and the Aviator's Pro-
tective Helmet, by Cdr. E. J. Colangelo, MC,
USN, printed in US Navy Medicine Journal,
Vol. 64, Oct. 1974.

¹⁴Easyriders, April, 1974, page 54, for exam-
ple. "The Medical Reports on all state motor-
cycle fatalities from 1965-1971 found no sig-
nificant difference in the proportion of fatal
head injuries between June '65-July '67 (.50)
and August '67, Dec. '71 (.46) but shows a
sharp proportionate rise in neck injuries." The
quote here came through research by the
King County Medical Examiner in the state of
Washington. Washington's helmet law was
effective Aug. 1967.

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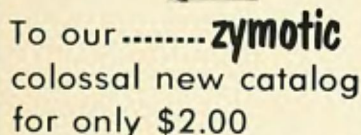
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The problem is clear. Congress sets up an administrative group with defined power to write and enforce laws. The administrative agency that forced helmets is the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) within the DOT. Congress gave the DOT the power to withhold state highway funds from

WV State Safety Belt Use Laws and Due Process." National Highway Transportation Safety Administration, DOT, Nov. 24, 1973. It is implied in this document that the US Supreme Court upheld the helmet laws. The complete decision of the Court was: "The motion to dismiss is granted and the appeal is dismissed for want of a substantial federal question." This means what it says, the Court only ruled that the case lacked federal question. It did not uphold the decision of the State (Wisconsin) Supreme Court.

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DEPT. 675-R



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states that did not comply with their recommendations. The NHTSA and the DOT then went far beyond the power granted them to write performance specifications. The worst part is, you have no recourse to the DOT by voting. The DOT head is safe behind a fortress of administrative rules to build up to nearly 1000 people within the NHTSA. These 1000 or so people are committed to forever write safety standards or lose their jobs. You have to understand, there is no way for them to stop except by further congressional action. At first there were a few performance criteria that needed to be written. But the job can be done in a year with a few people. What happens after that, in 5 years, 10 years? Other agencies will come to life. None can stop. They'll write every safety regulation imaginable and unimaginable and force them into law until you will be unable to move without reciting verses and donning gear.

Bicycle riders are next. From a newspaper early in 1974: "The Safety Helmet Council of America announced today the initiation of plans for development of standards and criteria for manufacturing safety helmets for bicycle riders . . . Babbitt said some state and federal officials have begun discussing the possibility of making the wearing of helmets compulsory for bicycle riders on main streets and highways where traffic is heavy. There are currently some 80,000,000 bicycles in use today . . ." The Safety Helmet Council is surely the cause of federal officials discussing compulsory bicycle helmets for us¹⁶. The Council is eyeing that market of 80 million. What better way than to get a law that says bicycle riders must wear helmets? If you were a peanut butter manufacturer wouldn't you like to see a law that said everyone had to eat a half-pound of peanut butter a week (for health's sake)?

From the analysis on helmets given above, it makes more sense for bicycle riders to wear motorcycle helmets, since the helmet test is only good for 13.5 mph impacts. (But notice they are going to set new criteria!) On the other hand, the cars that hit bikes are going much faster and we're right back where we started. Further, can you imagine buying a \$40 helmet for each of your two or three kids every two years? No kidding, another law is being considered that would date all helmets (including of course motorcycle) and make it compulsory to replace them every two years. The reason: some deterioration takes place in the materials. Think about it. That Sunday afternoon ride with the kids on the bikes will be an expensive ordeal, not even considering the kids losing the helmets every other week, and rampant helmet thievery.

¹⁶A subcommittee of the National Committee on Uniform Traffic Laws and Ordinances met in Wash. DC for 3 days beginning Feb. 26, 1975. The main item on the agenda: Bicycle Laws.

And what after that? Why not in the home where old folks and kids and housewives fall and hurt and kill themselves? There is or will be an agency to cover this somewhere. Wear a hockey suit and motorcycle helmet around the house and yard for your protection and to save the government money. How can that be enforced behind your castle walls? Easy. Make it so the watchers can watch you. A telescreen in everyone's home so the local safety control station can check in on you at will for compliance. All for the public good of course. And the dozens of other private and government agencies that want a peek? These telescreens will be as private as your income tax return.

With the legal principle, 1984 can easily be here in 1984. Which isn't at all what any of us really believed when we read the book. Maybe in 2084, safely out of our lives, but not really 1984.

It doesn't do any good to write the Department of Transportation or any other administrative agency with complaints. They are senseless, not reachable by voting. Your state and federal congressmen and congress ladies are the people to reach. Write or telegraph or telephone, in your own words and your own way, on any or all of the points listed below. Send a copy of your message to Congressman John Blatnick, Chairman, House Public Works Committee, Washington, D.C.

1. Congress must stop giving open law-making authority to administrative agencies. Restrict such agencies to collecting data and advising. Require full, open, and advertised hearings available to the public before legislatures pass bills on the advice of these agencies.

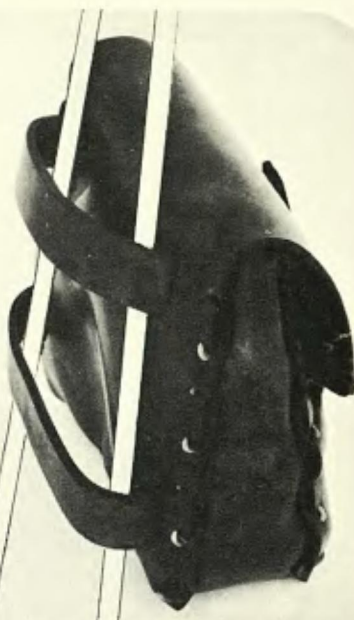
2. Congress must specifically prohibit the application of the legal principle in the original bills. It must be specified that paying money out to the people, collected from the people by insurance both public and private, does not damage society nor does it cost the government money.

3. Congress must specify in charters to administrative agencies, in positive words, that they have no authority in any way to ever threaten states with loss of federal money (people's money) for not complying with their recommendations. State law-makers must be free to hear both sides of questions without such threats. Even incentive money is a bribe and places unfair pressure on congressmen.

4. Congress must set definite limits to administrative agencies formed to promote particular safety functions, limit the number of people, and limit the life of the agency with an end date to complete a task.

5. Tell Congress you don't want to always wear helmets on motorcycles or bicycles, and that the best way to make riding safer is to educate and train new riders.

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Harley-Davidson speed parts. Stroker flywheels. 74's are \$165 pr. Sport \$145. Stroker pistons. 10:1 pistons — cams Sifton and regirds. Lots of used parts. Check us out. Truett & Osborn Cycle Service, 3345 East 31st South, Wichita, Kansas 67216 (316-682-4781). (30)

SHOW CHROME PLATING. Specializing in aluminum and all types of metals for motorcycles. Augusta Plating Co., Inc., P.O. Box 3181, 2340 Walden Drive, Augusta, Ga. 30904. (404) 763-9450—Jimmy Rose. (30)

BEAUTIFUL COLOR SLIDES OF MODELS for the photographer and collector. Send \$1.00 for sample slide and brochure with total selection. Pretty Girl International, 707 Washington, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (31)

Twenty-year-old female would like to spend summer riding with dude on a Harley. Write Mary, 217 Mercer Street, Beckley, West Virginia 25801. (30)

Help! I am only 19. Would like to build a scooter. Please help me ride to Arizona. Terry Abrams, c/o Jim Wilson, Route 4, Savannah, Tenn. 38372. (30)

Wanted: Back issues of **Easyriders** #1, 3, 5, 9, 11, 14, 15 for personal stash. Must be in V-good condition. Name your price. Stephen K. Fortin, 004-50-1789, HHC 4/6, APO New York 09742. (30)

Chicks who dig partying and sex are invited to contact Been, Rogue's ol' lady, the international President of the Huns M.C., to party with us. Are you woman enough? Send photo and info to Been, P.O. Box 1660, Bridgeport, Conn. 06601. (30)

Attention! Harley fans, my ol' man's 74 was ripped off. Need funds to replace. Surprise birthday coming in June. Please help. Debbie Luehbert, P.O. Box 893, Rolla, Missouri 63401. (30)

My biking chick split for Denver. Need girl in Illinois or any state who loves riding and camping. White. Please enclose photo. Dick Dill, 505 West Cherry Street, McLeansboro, Illinois 62859. (30)

ARIZONA BIKERS—ORGANIZE! Shops, clubs, individuals, drop us a line. We'll keep you informed. ABATE of Arizona, Jerry Timm, Box 13163, Lake Havasu City, Arizona 86403, A.A.C.M., John DePasquale, 93 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, Arizona 85003. (30)

Nazi arm band \$2.50. Swastika earring \$3.95. Refundable 1975 catalog \$1.00. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Street, Lansing Michigan 48910. (31)

California people: I'll be splittin' for California soon. But when I get there, all I'll have will be my pan. I'm gonna need a place to crash till I get my shit together. Any help would be a rush. Denny Travaglio, Box 103, West Sunbury, Pa. 16061. (30)

Harley-Davidson '70 Sportster springer, chrome, trick paint, rigid frame. \$2,800 or best offer. Call Ernie (301) 271-7680. (30)

Please help. Got out of service. Built scooter. Got ripped off before I got it on the road. Thumbed to Louisiana. Rednecks won't give me loan for new scooter. Please help. Can repay on time. Mike (Big G), P.O. Box 63, Addis, Louisiana 70710. (30)

Send bucks rebuild '52 Harley. any basket cases will be helpful. Send today. Dave Smith 4381 SM-52, Owosso, Mich. 48867. (517) 723-1132. (30)

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¢ ea. 3/\$1.00. Chrome roach clips to fit valve stem on front wheels \$1.89 & 50¢ handling. Chicago Ray's, 5730 W. 87th Street, Burbank, Illinois 60459. (30)

Old man's in the can for 18 months. Electricity bill climbing. Monetary assistance would ease some hassles. Fenner, P.O. Box #48, Rockville, Maryland 20852. (30)

Help! Need chopper or semi-chop Harley-Davidson only. Have \$800 to start. Write Roger "Justin" Reclus, c/o "Big" Mike Stalkup, 2012 North Robinson, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73103. (30)

Stranded Ohio biker needs help. Ripped off for bike and ol' lady. All donations and help appreciated in getting bike together. Fred (Tonka) Prine, P.O. Box 2634, Vancouver, Washington 98661. (30)

Bona fide players are interested in corresponding with some bona fide bitches. T. L. Lyle and Steven C. Truillo, 1600 West 24th St., Pueblo, Colorado 81003. (30)

Crazy's 45 is up for grabs. 1234 West Vine Street, Shady Village Trailer Park, Lot #156, Radcliff, Kentucky 40160. (30)

Rare Finds for High Minds. Send for Free color catalog of Outrageous Headgear or send one dollar for Stash Bag with 20 Silver Screens. Rare Treasures Dept. EZ, 30-30 Northern Blvd., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101. (30)

Totaled my chopper and am left in a wheelchair paralyzed in my legs. Would like to hear from some chicks to help me get over my disability. Send pictures if you can. John Fisher, P.O. Box 16, Elysburg, Pa. 17824. (30)

Ohio's largest motorcycle swap meet. June 14-15. Free camping. Ohio State Rt. 113, 3 mi. east of Milan, Ohio. Bill Allen, P.O. Box 167, Huron, Ohio 44839. (30)

Mail Call

The following names and addresses are of bikers who are in jail and would like to hear from chicks. We've had to condense the listings in order to get as many as we can in every issue. Be sure to use entire address given, exactly as given, to be certain your letter is received. Unfortunately we have only so much space; consequently, we can list only a limited number of the requests.

Two Mississippi scooter tramps wish to hear from white honky chicks. Steven (Mad Dog) Jones B-35875-A #D 3005, Pat (Spanky) Dowell B-56270 #D 1811, Calif. Camp Center, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

I need some mail or I'm gonna go apeshit. Fred Kenney #57216, Drawer A, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas 66027.

I am a lonely brother who needs some sisters to write to! Joe Lugo, B50511A, CTF North, WB-311, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

If any of you Easyriders has a heart, write me. Willis Tygart, Box 900—25193, Jefferson City, Missouri 65101.

Looking for some letters to be coming. Frank Bauer #134702, P.O. Box 779, Marquette, Michigan 49853.

I'm in the joint; you get the point? Ernie Ziegler 91870, Box 36, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Have moved from previous address. Would like to change my ways and write to females. (Presently in the slam for writing checks.) Tom McKinley, B55874, WC-28, P.O. Box 535, Corona, Calif. 91720.

Need scribes. Please write. Jim Penland, B-17687-A, WC #8, P.O. Box 535, Corona, Calif. 91720.

Dopey Dave needs scribes. David Meyers, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Wish to get it together with uninhibited females. Jean-Phillipe De Ruisse, P.O. Box A-73545-A/CTF-C, B-119-U, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Sugar and spice, send us something. Mike Carroll, N-36150 Dorm-08, Tony Nunez, N-39708 Dorm-08, P.O. Box 535, Corona, Calif. 91720.

Felicia—from Dayton, O. I'm out to lunch again! Get hold of me, pronto! "Mad Wesley" Garrison #138 963, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Black bro needs pros. Maxie Williams Pr. #007780, P.O. Box 221, Apt. 27, 18, Ralston, Florida 32083.

Write me, crazy women. Jesse James Robinson, P.O. Box 1000—#94303-131, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

Any chicks who care to write—please do. Kent Kambo, Box 147, Fox Lake, Wisconsin 53933.

Free world people, write. James Gatties 29391-C-N, Box P.M.B., Tallahassee, Florida 32304.

Loose ladies, write. Paul C. Harris, P.O. Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Need the scent of female scribes. James Spiller, (Halfbreed) Cherokee, P.O. Box B-13571, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Friend needs friends. Wm. E. Moseley, B-3399-A Dorm 8 Bed 37, P.O. Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Take my mind away from this trip. Doug Thayer #85985, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Doing life, lonely as hell. Christ somebody write. Don W. Jollymore #041680, P.O. Box 221 J-45, Ralston, Florida 32083.

Doin' a short ten years. Please write. Keith Reynolds 36966, 2605 Stat Street, Salem, Oregon 97310.

Got to have me an ol' lady to scribe to. Larry Perrington, Richland County Jail, 1400 Huger St., Columbia, S.C. 29202.

Forgot what an envelope looks like. Tim Butler, P.O. Box 592, Boone, N.C. 28607.

Get high and write us. Gary Solez #135595, Gus Pulley #138424, Cassidy Lake Technical School, Chelsea, Michigan 48118.

Lonely black prisoner would like to correspond with any females. Levert Henley, California Conservation Center, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, California 96130.

Need affectionate white chick to write to. Phil Duarte, P.O. Box 2210, B-55902, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Need freaky ol' lady. Dave El Drabeo Drabe, P.O. Box 27264, Richmond, Virginia 23264.

Would like to hear from some outside chicks. No mailing list needed. Ranny Tabor—65152, Tucker Prison Farm, Tucker, Ark. 72168.

Could dig writing some sweet lady. Arthur Howe, 74-787, Box R, Buena Vista, Colorado 81211.

Get on the stick an' write, will ya? Goat J. M. Rivera, Jr. 701 S. Abel Ave., Milpitas, Calif. 95005.

If you've got some spare ink, please use it. "Sam" Sanders 2214, Box #100, Vienna, Illinois 62995.

Only five bikers in this slam, and they all need scribes. Dave Ackerson, Mike Wichman, James Kidd, Richard Mayo, James McCurry, P.O. Box 590, Bradenton, Florida 33506.

They're blue and looking for you. Wilton (Blue) Bergeron #37830 and Jack Lamson #37920, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Don't let me slide, write Sherlock Holmes #103559, Southampton Corr. Center, Capron, Virginia 23829.

Scooter tramp lookin' for some correspondence. James DeVolder #101337, Southampton Corr. Center, Capron, Virginia 23829.

Lookin' for a beautiful relationship. Perry Hawkins, P.O. Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Ladies interested in a for-real thing, write. Brian Owensby, 1600 W. 24th, Maximum Security Unit, Pueblo, Colorado 81003.

Horny as ten motherfuckers. Write Smokey Bean, Box 797, Reading, Pa. 19603.

If you have time to write, I sure as hell have! Mike Wemple, P.O. Box B-30069-F/217, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

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