

Easyriders

September, 1975

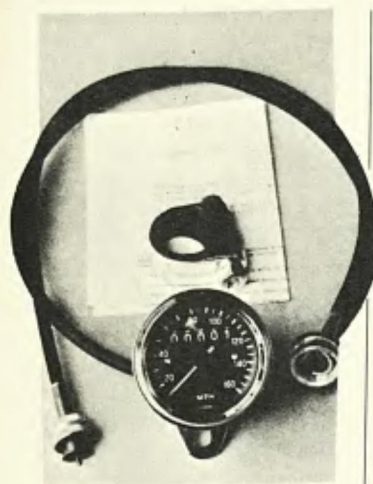
One Dollar

**Collecting
Different Beers**

**The *Uselessness*
of Helmets**

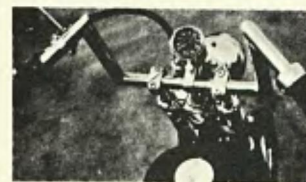
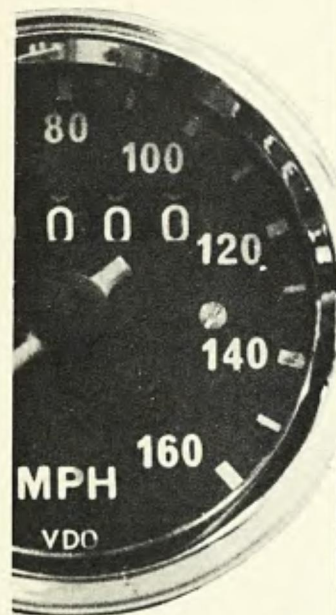
**Tasty Choppers
and Women**





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

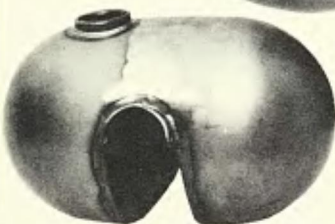
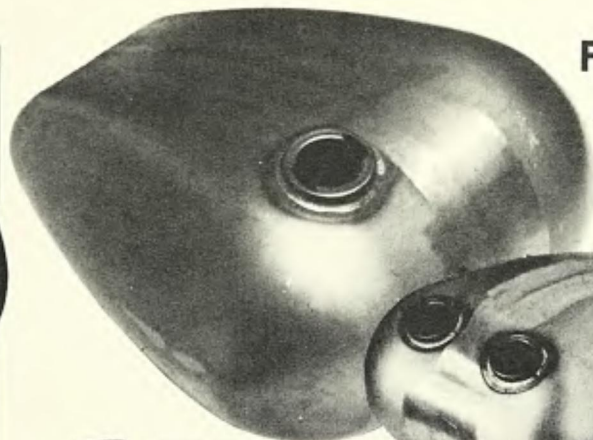
Now for the first time
you can buy this small
(only 2 1/4" in diameter)
precision, German-made
speedometer



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**



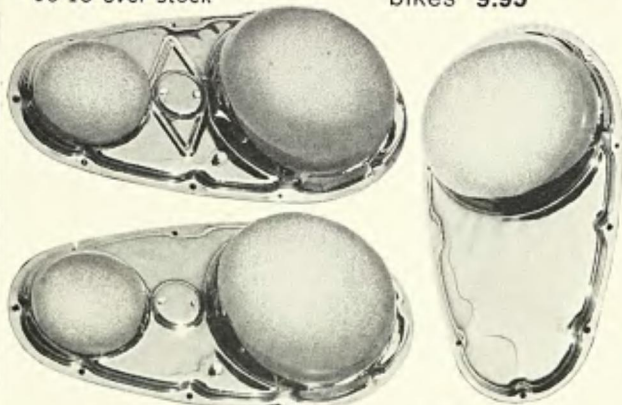
**SHIFT BRACKET
LEVER**

#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**

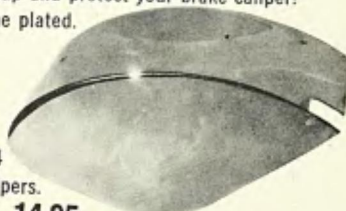
4 gallon capacity; 13 1/2" wide, 16"
long, 9" deep. Frisco style tunnel.

#816A SINGLE CAP **42.50**

#817A DUAL CAP **44.95**

**DISC BRAKE
COVERS**

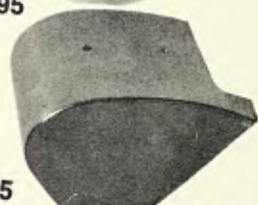
Dress up and protect your brake caliper!
Chrome plated.



#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
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California 91201

Entertainment
for Adult Bikers



Easyriders

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Number 31

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Cover photo of Maria Carlis by Pete Chiodo

Did you know that your government and mine has spent almost \$500,000 to find out that when people are angry, stop smoking, or hear loud noises, they clench their jaws? Here's a freebie for 'em. They do the same when they read about waste like that.

Grow legal pot: Some hip people in Berkeley, California, are legally growing their own pot by grafting marijuana shoots onto hops plants. The result is a hops plant that produces THC--the ingredient that gives pot its power. There is no law against growing hops plants--the plant used in making beer.

Did you know that male elephants get real romantic only about once a year? It probably takes 'em that long to work up a good elephant-sized load.

Be nice to your ol' lady week: A dude in Florida was wailing away in bed with a chick when his ol' lady walked in and caught him. She didn't say much. She just waited until he fell asleep, then tied him to the bed, poured gasoline on him, and tossed in a match. Whomp. Instant roast meat.

Did ya hear about the duck who raped this broad, then fell asleep? The asshole didn't wake up until the police threw cold water on him. He got 22 years! She musta been some kind of good!

This will come as no surprise to any of ya, but I thought I'd lay it on ya. Women are almost entirely to blame for the nation's lower moral standards, says a woman judge who heard divorce cases for almost 20 years. "Women are anxious to exercise freedoms and permissiveness promoted by the women's movement and the result is dissolution

of marriages, homes and families," said Massachusetts Judge Beatrice Mullaney.

Speaking of women, how about the first woman hired by the Tuscaloosa police department getting busted for possession of pot?

North Carolina bikers note: Due to an anti-Ku Klux Klan law enacted in 1953 it is illegal to wear a "mask, hood or device" over your face while in public. According to Chief of Detectives William Jackson of the Greensboro police department, "It is even technically illegal for people riding motorbikes to have a protective, tinted visor pulled over their faces."

In case you ever wondered, a judge in Wisconsin determined that a horse shits about 25 pounds a day, or 5 tons per year. How do you like them road apples?

Four bikers railroaded: Four members of The Vagos were sentenced to death for snuffing a dude, convicted largely on eye witness testimony. After the trial the witness said that she had lied, was forced to by sheriff's detectives--that they had put words in her mouth. But the judge refused to grant a new trial.

Speaking of bikers: The Warlocks were making their annual "Graveyard Run"--visiting graves of downed brothers--when the Pennsylvania state troopers swooped down on them. Out of 80 choppers, 113 traffic tickets were passed out to 60 of them. What for? Get this: Following too closely, extended front ends, no fenders, improper lights, loud mufflers--in short, plain ol' every day harassment.

Are you ready for this? Stanfield, Oregon, has banned all sex acts between animals within view of the public. The owners of any animal caught screwin' in public will be fined \$15 or sentenced to 25 days in jail. I just made my dog a four-armed raincoat!

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



The Original!

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



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

—in fact we guarantee it!

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 1 3/4"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

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

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

Now you can get a
universal buckle. It
will fit any 1 3/4-inch
wide belt. All you
gotta do is say that's
the one you want
when ordering. No
extra cost.

They say that the sincerest form of flattery is imitation—well bullshit. An imitation is just that—an imitation. Copies have been reproduced from our buckle, but in doing so they lost all the fine, crisp detail contained in our buckle.

The imitations are also produced more cheaply and show it—but the only way you'll know is by comparing the copy with an original.



RIGHTEOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

WORDMONGER

Worth Findin'?

□ A friend of mine turned me on to your mag last month. I think your mag's really fucked up. But there is something about it that keeps me traveling for miles just to find it.

Slick
Ft. Campbell, Ky.

■ That's what chicks say about me.

Fine Chick

□ The chick on page 30 of issue #29 with the parrot tattooed on her super-full firm right tit was the most sensuous lady who ever appeared in your slut-laden magazine.

Side note: That fuckin' Armond dude needs a gadget to make shifting easier as much as Mutha needs a tear gas pen to discourage rapists. He'd flatten Mohammed Ali in round three.

Rex
San Diego, Calif.

Men On Top

□ I think as long as women are split like they are, the men will always be on top.
Klim Kiddle Chopper
Mesa, Arizona

Square!

Paperbag

□ First off, I'd like to say how really great your rag is; even better if I can read it when I'm stoned. There's one thing your magazine looks a lot like: a dope-oriented one that came out in the Frisco area about 1966 or so called **Paperbag**. They used paper like some of the pages in **Easyriders**. I was just wondering if there was any connection. Stay high and keep on ridin' and writin'.

Capt. Grass
No. Highlands, Calif.

■ Yeah—those were the good ol' days.

Good Offer

□ My bro's say that if you print this they'll get their ol' ladies to go down on me.
Sudsucker
Orlando, Fla.

Enjoy, man!

Jailhouse Law

□ In response to the letter to guys doin' slammer time in joints where their mail is restricted, subjected to censorship, or denied because of an "approved" correspondence list: In 1974 the Supreme Court ruled in different cases that mail shall not be restricted, censored, read, or reproduced; no prerequisite of correspondents may be demanded. Anyone who is in an institution that fucks with the mail in any way should file suit with action number 1983 Title 42 of U.S. statutes. The rules are explained in *Jailhouse Lawyer's Manual*, available free from Prison Law Collective, 558 Capp St., San Francisco, California 94110. Do it to 'em, dudes!

Grassman
Rockview, Pa.

Ride To Live, Live To Ride

□ Go ahead, stay home with the rug rats, clean house, do the dishes! Stay in your golden cage. I'd rather be free, really free, building and riding bikes. Me and my ol' man sharing something we love. What better way to say I love you? Our bike will be built out of love. Strong and free. I'm a woman, but yet he will teach me his secrets about bikes. Who would think Zombie could ever share his life like this? Am I less of a woman 'cause I share the love of bikes? If you can't share his world, you had better start looking for another man. I may never get all his experience with bikes, and when I dump it, I'm up shit creek. But I'd

give my life to know I succeeded in really getting the freedom I've always wanted with my Louisiana man.

California woman
Lewisville, Texas

My Bike Is First!

□ I have a bike and I'm also someone's ol' lady. My bike, not my ol' man, comes first. My stereo equipment comes second, and he places a measly third. That doesn't mean I don't love him. I do, but I would definitely give him up before I gave up my bike or my stereo. I got him even before I got my bike or my stereo, but they both rank higher than he does. He probably digs his guitars, amplifiers, and music shit more than he does me. Big deal! I'm the same way with my bike.

Nancy Ewers
Milwaukee, Wis.

And she signs it!

More Copies

□ If you assholes had enough sense to print more than 100 copies a month, they might be more available over the counter. But I guess it makes you feel good to know you sold all the copies printed.

Norm (Star Rider)
Pitman, New Jersey

Fall Out

□ Why in hell does your centerfold always fall out? I rarely get your rag home from the bookstand before the center falls in the mud. Get your shit together.

Zammer
Lexington, Ky.

■ Our printer fucks up more than we do.

Far Out

□ In regard to the cop who had a letter in the April issue. I have to say, far out! The dude had to have some class. Only people with class buy **Easyriders**. Low class

maybe, but class! Good luck to everyone this season!

Brandy & Bob
Denver, Colo.

Good Smokin'

□ Dropped a vial of hot hash oil on page 27, April issue. That Harley not only looked good, it smoked good!

M. J. P.
Muskegon, Mich.

More Against Carol

□ We couldn't believe all the letters in your May issue from chicks who liked that bitch Carol. They must all be a bunch of women libbers. We just wanted to let you know there's a lot of us chicks out here who think the bitch is full of shit.

Judi, Rae, & Froggy
Staten Island, N.Y.

Sonny Barger

□ Sonny, regarding your open letter in **Easyriders** (January '75), when I first read that letter, it didn't sound like the Sonny I used to know. I took it to some people you and I know and they said the same thing.

So I went back and read it again, and after doing so I can see how the people who now have you under their care are really fuckin' with you and your mail. I've been trying to get in touch with you with no luck. So now I'm turning to **Easyriders** to print this so you'll know that the old timers of Hell's Angels are behind you 100 percent.

I hope you'll put more open letters in **Easyriders** so we'll know you're all right.

An ol' Angel
Swede

Pullin' a Train

□ Boy, are you guys really tryin' to turkey some poor s.o.b.! I'm referring to the answer you gave "Virgin Reader" about pullin' a train. Anyone knows that a

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)

HARLEY EARRINGS

Genuine
Gold or
Silver



Enlarged 300% to show detail

Man, you've got to hold these to feel and see the quality! They're for pierced ears and each earring is solid bronze with either 22K Gold or Sterling Silver electroplate. That means quality like you gotta have. It's far past the governments dumb specs.

The very intricate detail is damn near unreal. You can even go down on these with a glass and find more.

They're available in either post or dangly, so when you order specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly and how many. The post type even makes a bitchin' lapel pin or tie tack, or add a chain to a dangly and you've got one trick pendant.

Cost is only \$8.00 each or \$15.00 per pair. Yup...you read it right. That's so cheap for real Gold or Silver I tried to get 'em to raise the price. I got told to shut-up an' just do my thing, that Bare Essentials wasn't rippin' off no scoot folk.

They'll even give you your bucks back immediately if you ain't satisfied. So order now and fill that hole in your ear with somethin' bitchin'.



ACTUAL SIZE
GOLD OR SILVER
POST OR DANGLY

Dealers inquire on letterhead.

BARE ESSENTIALS

Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804



chick getting plugged in at both ends at the same time is getting **sandwiched**, not trained.

Trained is getting it by a line of guys, one after the other; consequently, the term **train**.

J. & R. Thom
Lincoln, Nebr.

☐ You guys are fucked up. To pull a train is to have a line of dudes waiting their turn to ball a chick. When she gets it at both ends, it's called "air tight."

Engineer Bill
Meridian, Miss.

☐ When I was in a club back in the late '60s, a chick pulling a train meant that she was on her back in front of a long (the longer, the better) line of dudes waiting their turn at her. Not that she might not be plugged at both ends at one time or other, but that wasn't the **main** idea of a train.

Of course, no train was complete without a "prospect" at the end, waiting to get down on it when everyone was done.

There was one fella who had a talent for cultivating more new mamas for the club than anyone else; he wore a striped, grey, engineer's cap everywhere he went.

Charlie Maglas
Williamsburg, Md.

Number Two

☐ This is to any guy who thinks he's number 1, his bike number 2, and chicks number 3. Go fuck the exhaust pipes on your bike, because that's as close as you're gonna come to a real fuck! I don't think any chick would waste her time on a dude like you. Now, if the pipes don't turn you on, then go find another biker with the same fucked-up opinion as yours and get it on with him. Enjoy!

Ramona B.
Douglaston, N.Y.

Think Piece

☐ Don Sharp's "Fuck It!" was right on target; it's good to see an occasional (I said **occasional**) think piece in **Easyriders**.

Readers may be interested to know that the philosophy Sharp describes has a name: **libertarianism** (meaning, respect for liberty).

Some might also like to know that there is already one organization dedicated specifically to telling Big Brother to stick it in his ass. Namely, the Libertarian Party, which has over 6,000



dues-paying members in 40 states. The LP is on record against helmet laws, the 55mph speed limit, and other such bullshit. They will be running a presidential candidate next year, and anyone who would like to help support someone who will speak out against Big Bro should write to: Libertarian Party, 550 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California 94108.

Also, if you'd like to show the power freaks that there is increasing support for the hands-off philosophy, the libertarians have their own graphic symbol (see enclosed) which bikers can help spread around the way the anti-war folks plastered their peace symbol across America in the '60s.

Jim Connors
Englewood, Colo.

☐ I'm writing about that article "Fuck It!" in your May '75 issue. It's the fucking truth to the max. We'd better get off our asses before we're walking around with a number tattooed on our cranks. Keep up the good work on your rag.

John
Westminster, Calif.

☐ I just read "Fuck It!", and wanted to say Don Sharp has definitely got his shit together. It's about time someone wrote the honest fuckin' truth about how the feds are rippin' off everyone's bread and natural rights to be different and take their lives into their own hands. Tell that mutha he drags a mean pen.

Frank
Melbourne, Fla.

Pissed Off

☐ To the zit-faced, maggots-brained, come-eating jar-head that tipped my Sporty

over, I hope you're reading this, but I doubt if you have enough fucking hair on the pussy your faggot parents gave you. I'll cut your throat and lubricate my diamond with your pale, greasy blood. With my gas-stained and dinged custom tank, I'll drench you with Arabian blue and laugh as your illuminated, shock-filled carcass sprints off to nowhere trying to rid yourself of the hot new yellow jacket. The color fits fine; the USMC colors you fly eat shit. And to help you see behind you, I'll implant the busted iron cross mirror in your eye socket. No balls to try it a second time, punk! You know who you are!

Willie The Pissed
San Diego, Calif.

Anti-Feminist

☐ Your advertisement for "Engineering Drawings" in **Easyriders** is anti-feminist in that there is no apparent reason to have the woman standing in front of the drawings. I assume the purpose is to attract the reader's attention. As a feminist, I am very disappointed in this form of advertising.

Dana A. Phillips
Student, Grossmont
College
San Diego, Calif.

No shit?

Whatthefuck?

☐ What a fuckin' fuckup. Here I'm wastin' away in the slammer for rippin' off a scoot, and it wasn't even a Hog. How the hell was I supposed to know it was against the law to rip off a Beezer?

Mojo
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

50 Times—Count 'Em!

☐ Hey, man, one for the record. At the Union Grove Fiddlers convention in Union Grove, North Carolina, they had to let Hell's Angels and other outlaws in this year, after turning them away last year. The fuckin' newspapers had a field day. They had a big write-up on the Angels for repeatedly raping a bitch (50 times) in their van. Then this bitch had the brass to tell the papers that she escaped soon after and walked to a nearby town for help.

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.

We have an imitator, folks—only it's not a very good one. Our mug is the only one that is an exact duplication of the original Harley oil can design—authentic in every detail. Don't settle for less—get the Righteous mug.



RIGHTEOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740

**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
3835 Broadlawn Dr.
Hollywood, Calif. 90068

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

All this fuckin' took place in
three hours. That included
the rapin', escapin', and the
walkin' too.

She said she wouldn't
press charges or identify
her rapists because she was
in fear of her life.

But we know why, don't
we?

Big Benny Benfield
Harmony, N.C.

■ She dug it, she dug it.

Needs Help

☐ We have about 50 bike
brothers together here in-
side these goddam walls.
We are going to ride as
one when we get out, and
we need some help in get-
ting a charter from some
damn good club. We don't
want or need some chicken-
shit club. We want a
get-down motherfucker, be-
cause we are out-front, all-
the-way outlaws.

We would appreciate any
help we can get.

Jim Christian #82852
P.O. Box 97
McAlester, Okla. 74501

Busted

☐ I bust my ass for every
fucking penny invested in
my panhead, and I feel that
the worthless bastards who
ask for donations in the
"Chopper Shopper" can
kiss my busted ass.

The Grunt
Newcastle, Pa.

When? When?

☐ When are you going to
go monthly? You said in the
December 1971 issue, page
6, column 2 (just to refresh
your memory), that you had
plans to go monthly. Well,
what happened?

C.C.L.
Detroit, Mich.

■ We're plannin', we're
plannin'.

No Class Chick

☐ In your May Issue, the
story called "No Class
Chick" had to be the best
you have come up with yet.
I almost laughed my right
nut off.

Ed Roman
Grim Reapers M.C.
Ohio

☐ What did you assholes
do! Sell out for a Honda
350? "No Class Chick" and
"Whatta Surprise" have to
be the biggest waste of good

space yet! Man, I know it's
been a long funky winter but
that's no reason to ruin the
summer before it even gets
started with shit like those
two stories.

Ragnar
Forestville, Calif.

☐ I never write to maga-
zines because I don't like to
make an ass of myself in
public, but while seized in
throes of ecstasy, I have no
control of myself. Your May
issue is the most leg-wetting
yet, but my special congrat-
ulations are for J. J. Solari
and his new classic, "No
Class Chick." A genuine
masterpiece.

Warren Lynch
Rockport, Texas

☐ In a recent issue you
printed a story called "No
Class Chick." It was the
worst fucking story I ever
read. It's hard to believe you
chose something so goddam
sad. If that's the best fiction
you can come up with, I'll
start reading the back of
cereal boxes.

Vicki
Denver, Colo.

☐ I don't know where the
fuck you guys got that story
"No Class Chick" from. It is
the grossest, most perverted
and absolutely deranged
thing I've ever read. I never
laughed so hard in my life.

Slink
Salt Lake City, Utah

Number Three

☐ This is to those bitches
who are all upset about be-
ing #2 or #3. Well, I'm #3
and I don't really care. If I
did, I sure as hell wouldn't
be with my ol' man now.

So you're upset 'cause his
scoot comes before you, but
you'll never be able to give
him what that scoot gives
him. I can see why I'm #3
every time I ride on the back
of my ol' man's Hog. If you
can't see it, then why are
you living his kind of life
and riding on his scoot? If
it's not your way of life, then
why stick around?

Bubblegum
Merritt Island, Fla.

One, Two Three

☐ In your May issue, some-
one said the male is number
1, bikes are number 2, and
ol' ladies are number 3. I'd
like to see the asshole who
wrote it fuck his bike.

Barbara (#2)
Bayside, N.Y.

Comin' to USA

☐ My ol' man and I have a
problem. We want to come
over to the States to join you
bikers there! The thing is,
we'll be coming over on a
standard Norton Commando
750 (1973 model), but once
we're there we want to swap
it for a really chopped Har-
ley 1200. Anyone interest-
ed? Also, if any outlaws,
preferably Angel clubs, want
to communicate, then write
to me at: Box No. 7022, 22
Beech Drive, East Finchley,
N2 9NY, England.

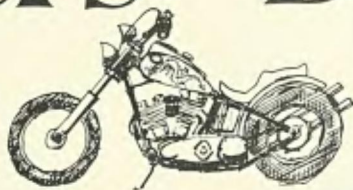
Maria Barry

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.



"Ain't ya supposed ta rape me or something?"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Write today!

Connecticut Congressman Stewart B. McKinney has introduced a bill (HR 3869) in the House of Representatives which would alter the Federal Highway Acts to prohibit the Department of Transportation from withholding tax funds from states which do not enact (or those who repeal) laws which the DOTies are pushing. If this bill passes, it will remove what the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration has bragged about being their "stick" to force the passage of mandatory helmet laws. In other words, McKinney's bill will put an end to that legalized federal extortion/bribery/blackmail thing simply by making it illegal. Congress has taken a stand against mandatory seat belt laws and interlock systems for automobile drivers but motorcyclists, still subjected to similar restraints, are victims of discrimination. HR 3869 could put an end to that. Urge your Congressional representatives to support this proposal!

—Roger Hull
Road Rider



House Broken . . .

Historically, the biker seems to bite the hand that feeds him. Such biker social events as Laconia, Elsinore Grand Prix, Big Bear, Clovis, Sturgis, and God knows how many small and local shows are either threatened with extinction, or are already gone—all because the biker as a species is incapable of tolerable conduct. He is unpredictable, warlike, short fused, argumentative, boorish, ill-mannered, and every other anti-social trait you can think of, including not house broken.

—Larry Kumferman
Custom Chopper

Biker brothers . . .

The brotherhood of motorcycle riders is a big, loose, friendly group of people from all walks of life. It's not organized or documented. It has no membership lists or formal meetings, but it does exist. If you ride a motorcycle you are a member. Your bike is your membership card and entrance fee all rolled into one.

There are a number of benefits to belonging and the dues are small. In fact if you have ever stopped along the road to help a fellow rider, you have already paid your dues. You will see evidence of this fraternity of riders almost every time you ride.

—Dick Blom
Rider Magazine



Phallic-substitute? . . .

Kawasaki, in the promo for the KZ-400, features a picture of a young lady putting on her helmet, just before buzzing off on their commuter's special.

Wonder of wonders.

Maybe a little of the obsessive, phallic-substitute pseudo-masculinity is gonna go out of the sport.

Quite an improvement over Harley-Davidson's "Great American (Male Implication) Freedom Machine," with a slicked-back Muscle Beach reject on a Super Glide, and three twittering models eyeing his bulging cylinders covetously.

—Big Bike

Cafe racers . . .

In a nutshell, that's what's wrong with the cafe racing fad. Cosmetic changes and additional horsepower are combined with a stock chassis and suspension to make a bike that may handle worse than the stocker, especially in the riding position created on many home-grown cafe racers. Up to this point the cafe racer is like other customs: a cosmetic deviation—a vehicle for profiling. But unfortunately, too many riders believe they are really riding a road racer, and they start trying to live up to the image and expectations created by the bike; they ride fast. Too fast.

—Art Friedman
Cycle Guide

Helmet Laws

For many years, the battle has raged between the pro- and anti-helmet-law people. *Cycle World* has in recent years taken the anti-position. We still don't like anyone legislating us to protect ourselves. But, we are losing. Helmet laws are in effect in nearly every state, with California being the strong hold-out to the end. With the enactment of the Traffic Safety Act, I'm afraid our days are numbered in California, too. We will still oppose it, of course, but I haven't much faith in what will happen.

Personally, I won't ride around the parking lot without a helmet. I read a quote in a magazine not long ago from a woman rider. She said a helmet is not a matter of freedom; it's a matter of plain common sense. I couldn't agree more. I also read an opinion that the helmet industry was fully behind the compulsory use laws. No helmet maker with integrity was, I can assure you.

—Joe Parkhurst
Cycle World

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.



The Speedy Wasn't Alone

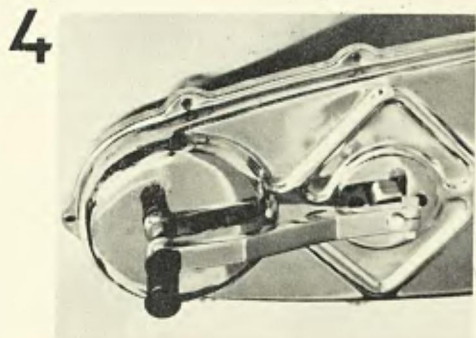
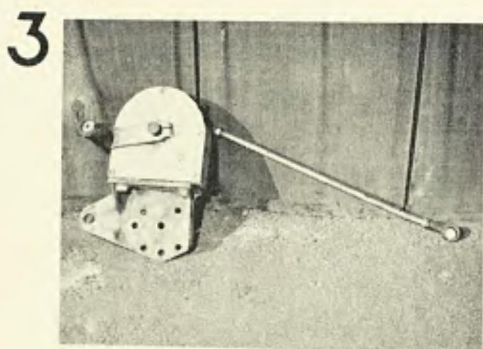
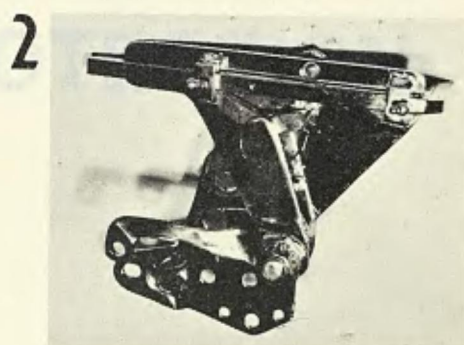
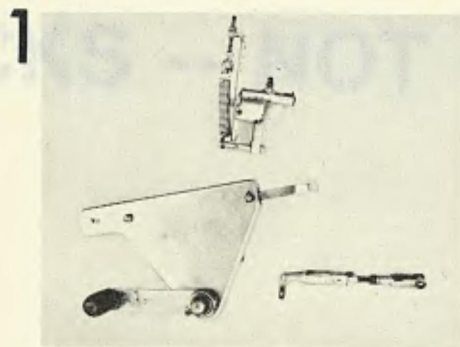
Can you imagine how dull life would be if Harley did everything right? Think of all those screwed-up parts we wouldn't have to replace, and those junk stock pieces we wouldn't have to trash-can. Shit, most of the dudes into making custom parts would be broke—and bored.

Take the Hog shift linkage for example. For years it has been a source of inspiration. The tank-mounted gearchange and foot clutch showed a lot of class in the '30s; but after the war, dudes were grinnin' at the foot shifts they had seen on Limey bikes in Europe. So before too long (1946, to be exact) an outfit up in Oregon called B&H dreamed up a conversion consisting of a ratchet linkage and clutch booster (1) to swap Hogs over to the same system. Hidden behind the cover plate was a notched bar and spring-loaded catch (2) that wasn't particularly refined, but worked. Not too long afterwards, the Thoro Corporation of Illinois added a footshift conversion of their own (3) to the market, also for big twins. It's not surprising that when H-D **did** come out

with a factory footshift in 1952, their mousetrap looked suspiciously like the B&H clutch booster, and the ratchet assembly seemed almost to be a Thoro conversion mounted right on top of the gearbox!

After the development of the most advanced accessory shifter, the Speed-e-shift (see part one of this gonad-grabbing series), dudes seemed to be satisfied with the state of the art for another 15-odd years. People futzed with the mickey-mousetrap, and hassled with the yard-long footshift linkages.

Then, in the sixties, mousetrap eliminator kits began to appear, followed—of course—by an official factory change in that direction a few years later. And finally, Cycleology in Fremont, Calif., came up with an innovative short-cut shifter that ran directly through the primary cases (4). Yep, you guessed it. The same idea showed up in stock form on 1973 and later Superglides. No doubt the future will hold some more changes in Hog shifting—and no doubt the factory will continue to let us scooter tramps do most of their R&D work.





BUCKS -- NOT PROTECTION HELMET LAWS ARE FOR

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.

The Damned Gas Stop

*We've been ridin' choppers for many
moons now
Through nasty weather and clumsy
citizens we've made it somehow
But now the government and oil freaks
are snapping at our heels
It would seem that in one damned way
or another they should know how
losing freedom feels
So rob us of our bucks for your precious gas
On our scoots a hundred stations we'll
pass
'Til again we gotta refuel
To pay for that juice we've gotta steal
or work like mules
The bullshit they feed the public has
got to go
Either we're running out of crude or
we're not, they've got to know*

*And if they knew it was gettin' scarce
a few years back,
Who in the hell let people build monster cars like Cadillacs?
So whatta we got a government for?
Elect some smiling face and he'll pass
a law against you for sure
It might be a helmet law or one to
keep your lights on
Those people will keep passin' laws
'til the bucks are ALL gone
But us scooter tramps can still party
We know a gallon of their golden fuel
will get us forty
And we'll swap parts and keep our
scooters strong
We ain't buyin' no Detroit crap that's
changed before the year's gone
With our trustworthy scoots and our
brothers we'll survive
We'll keep 'em up ourselves, and, we'll
keep passing the gas guzzling cages
—as they try to stay alive.*



It's the punk getting his gun on the noise he makes that screws it up for the rest of us.—Wordmonger

Yeah. Punks like Squeaky Clamor. He's the type that gets his gun off on noise.

I swung my Duke to the left at the Dead End sign, then reined up in Squeaky's driveway. His Zit-Face Special was leaning on its stand outside the big garage door. Squeaky pitched a Craftsman adjustable wrench and a screwdriver into his toolbox and stood up as I approached, wiping his hands on his Levi's. He was grinning so hard he was getting earwax in the corners of his mouth.

"Hiya, Squeaky!" I hailed. "What's up? You look like a canary that's swallowed the cat."

"Dynamite, man!" he exclaimed. "Last week I put my big jugs and a trick sprocket in this fucking thing. Now I just finished bolting on them straight pipes to give her more shit on the top end. What fucking music! Listen to them."

Before I could jam my molded GE Peacemaker earplugs into my noggin, Squeaky came down hard on the starter crank and lit it up. He screwed the tach on up to eight grand, as his eyes grew bigger than Barnett clutch plates and drool trickled down his chin like Mr. Hyde. The noise was like a pointblank salvo from a battery of quad-50s. Sparrows roosting on Squeaky's house gutters plummeted to the ground, dead from shock, their tiny feet pointing straight up in the air like comical peace symbols. Across the fence, his elderly neighbor clawed frantically for his earpiece as his Beltone hearing aid exploded his vest pocket like a railroad signal torpedo. If it hadn't been for the dirt in my ears, I might have suffered a lifetime migraine.

At long last, Squeaky eased off and idled it down to a roar. Easing it into gear, he beckoned and screamed, "Come on—let's rip on out to the freeway. I wanna see where this motherfucker redlines!"

I could hardly wait.

We banked south on the entrance ramp onto Interstate 57. As I rum-

bled along at a steady 55mph, Squeaky delighted in flicking his accelerator grip in and out, boiling his rear tire and lurching ahead of me a good fifty feet with each flick. Hoping to catch him napping, I eased into third gear, cast a sly grin at him, then laid the whip to the Duke. I got out twenty feet before the thunder-clap struck. Squeaky dropped down a gear, hunkered over his replica peanut tank, then blew by me like a Nike Zeus. The turbulence, the vibrations, the shrill tommygun volley coming from those straight pipes as he rocketed past me were so overpowering and distracting that I had to squint at my tach to tell if I was still under power. Flat out and trying to catch him, I felt like Haystack Calhoun trying to overtake the whole Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey circus caravan against the wind on a 60cc Shortster. No way! It went on like that for several miles up and down the freeway, Squeaky flexing his muscles and kicking sand in my Duke's face. Finally, when I caught up with him where he was waiting beneath an overpass, I hollered "Uncle" and I leaned into an off-ramp homeward. All along the way, the victorious Squeaky kept screwing it on and off. He was enchanted by the masculine roar of those straight pipes—his triumphant warwhoop.

We reined into a service station so Squeaky could fill the peanut tank again. Inside an open bay, we spotted a stock-looking Sportster. Squeaky's eyes lit up with a twinkle. "Hey, whose fucking tractor is that?" he taunted aloud, pumping his own gas.

"Er—that's mine, Sonny," admitted the attendant, an old man who looked to be two days older than God.

"Ya wanna race me down Cicero Avenue here, to see if them saboteurs in Milwaukee put it together right, Pops?" Squeaky jeered.

"Gee, I-I don't know," the old man quavered. "Are you running stock?"

"Yeah," Squeaky lied, winking at me with a shit-eating grin. "You stock?"

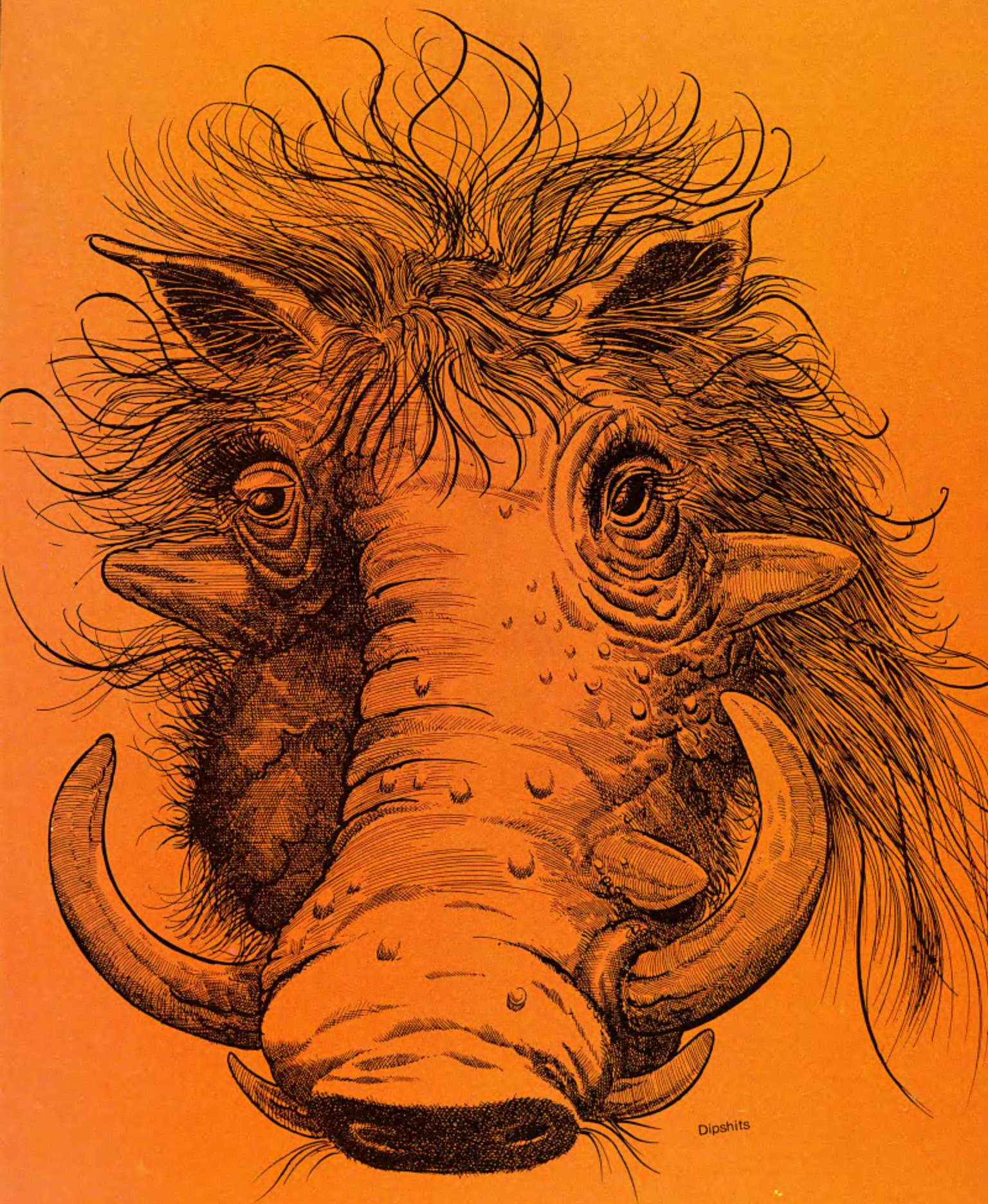
"Why, of course," the old man re-

—Continued from page 48



Zit Face Comes on Loud

By Timothy Kast



Is That Hog Laughin'?

Several months ago I was head of the bowling lanes equipment division of our father company AMF, happy as a hog in slop. Now I'm in our new company, Harley-Davidson. Three months ago the merger was completed, but we had been installed in October of last year. I was only on the advisory council to start with and had even received notice of a pay cut, not to mention the fact that I despise motorcycles. There's something about those obese old two-wheelers (Hogs, they call 'em) that just makes me see red. I even hate getting ticketed by a cop riding one of the mother-fuckers. Well, I'd have to make the best of it.

Another AMF manager and I went into a little moonlighting at our new job. There's nothing wrong with that. After all, we deserved it. Our company was saving this ancient asshole company from going under. The best they could do was lie back while Jack and I sort of liquidated their excess assets, if you know what I mean. One night we made contact with an interested party to sell some under-the-counter discount parts. The next morning, Jack and I advised the department heads to liquidate all stocks of obsolete outer primary covers (Harley-Davidson part #60506-36) and inner primary covers (H-D part #60620-36). This was just small fish, a dry run so to speak, to test out our proposed system. They were delivered to Milwaukee Scrap and Iron, where they were to be sold for the price of steel alone. The old man running the scrap yard turned all the parts over to Jack and me, and we delivered them at our buyer's door. To the tune of five-fifty apiece. A stock of six thousand eight hundred twenty covers turned a fair price indeed.

The wheels were rolling at last. Jack and I began to feign great company interest. I even rode one of the damn machines to work. We began to find new stocks of parts, which we disposed of immediately upon discovery. Our supervisors hailed us as great minds and we received raises for merely emptying their garbage. Imagine obsolete parts in warehouses gathering dust. No wonder they were going bankrupt. Not all of our parts sales were obsolete items though. Anything we could lay our hands on was soon converted into cold, hard cash. Almost all our sales were to disreputable

(or smart) custom accessory houses. So what? Those chopper freaks would buy anything.

We were soon gathering more customer contacts. I was approached by a man who represented an antique automobile and motorcycle collector. He wore a crisp black suit and sported a derby as well. Sort of a Milquetoast. Anyway, he said his employer was interested in purchasing a museum that Harley-Davidson had. I stated that the museum was Harley-Davidson property, and therefore not for sale. But this guy persisted and casually mentioned that he was willing to buy the collection of old motorcycles "using whatever means necessary." That did it; that was all I needed. I grabbed Jack, and we and the dude went out for an early lunch. Much to my surprise it was easily arranged. The "gentleman" paid for our lunch, shook our hands, and split.

Back at the plant we informed the museum officials that because of skyrocketing overhead, the museum would be closed. All machines would be crated and stored in Warehouse #11 of Milwaukee Ace Warehouses "until further notice." Yeah, until further notice. By Thursday night the crates were loaded, and unloaded by Saturday morning at their new home. Jack and I received checks for seventeen thousand apiece by Monday morning mail. Maybe these maverick murdersickles weren't so bad after all. Not when they could haul in cash like this.

Anyway, I was just on my way home tonight when this—this thing—this accident happened. I was riding my Electra-Glide (in blue, yet) home (like any good plant employee) when this low-hanging branch from that old oak over there knocked me backwards. That would have been bad enough, but then my pants leg got caught on the frame and I just kept falling backwards. The bike dragged me for fifty feet or more. I didn't think it was ever going to stop.

But why am I telling you all this? I guess I know I'm going to die, after splitting my skull like I did. I don't want to hear any bullshit like I'm "gonna be all right," 'cause I'm not—I'm near dead and I know it. So keep your mouth shut, but just tell me one thing—am I delirious or is that goddam Harley-Davidson laughing at me?

By Weird Willie



The Pasadena Run

Your Honor, I damn well appreciate you giving me this opportunity to explain the actions of my club on New Year's Day, and I want to assure you and the rest of the people here that it was not our intention, as I heard someone in the hall say, to make a shambles

of a sacred tradition. We only meant to give other bikers something to relate to with a float of our own. After all, can you think of a greater honor than ridin' in the Rose Parade?

I don't know what all the fuss is about anyway. Every year they got more horses, cars, people, machines, carnival vendors, pickpockets, pimps, whores and perverts runnin' around Colorado Boulevard than any freak rock concert on earth. So what's all the fuss about... What?

Oh, fuck it, Your Honor. These fuckers in here have heard worse talk than this from their own kids in their own houses...

...Yessir, I'll sure fuckin' try and keep it clean, sir. Yes, Your Honor.

Where was I? ...oh yeah...

So we knew that the Rose Parade was comin' up in a couple of days, and we just couldn't figure out why, since our club's been an integral part of the Pasadena civic activities now for the past twenty years, why the fuck... I mean why the... uh, why we ain't been...

...What?...

Well, how the fuck else am I supposed to talk if I can't use fuckin words! Huh?

...How? ...I ask you...

Okayokayokayokay. I'll try. But remember, you were the one who said I could tell this fuckin'... blessed, I mean... story in my own words rather than have a lawyer here, so don't for chrissakes blame fuckin' me if I can't always choose the "proper and dignified mode of communication," as you put it, to tell my fuckin' story. I'm doin' the fuckin' best I can. I ain't said pussy yet, have I? Well, that should be good for something.

—Continued on page 66



There were eighteen patch-holders sitting in a truck stop the first time I saw the dude. I watched with mild curiosity as the three scooters pulled up out front and began parking parallel to the club bikes. I jerked my thumb toward the trio and spoke to the brothers sitting in the booth with me.

"Dig this!"

Pecos laughed.

"They outta their fuckin' mind, or what?"

"Dunno. Must be!"

"Say, Pecos, you're the chapter prez, you go jack 'em up!"

Pecos took another bite out of his double burger and answered with his mouth full.

"Fuck you, Rabbit! I ain't walkin' clear out there and leave you assholes here to rip off my french fries!"

He took another big bite of the sandwich.

"Let 'em come in here!"

All the brothers fell quiet as the three approached the booth where Pecos, Mutha, Smokey, and I were sittin'.

They sure were an odd sight! One was about six-two and skinny as a rail. The second was about five-ten and fat. But the third one was somethin' else! He probably weighed in at about one-thirty-five and that was mounted on a frame that couldn't have been more than five-four!

And I'll be a sonofabitch if he wasn't the one that turned out to be the spokesman for the trio!

"We wanna talk to the prez," he informed me. I guess he directed his remark my way because I was staring at him so hard.

Without saying a word, I pointed at Pecos and found him to be pointing back at me.

The little dude caught on and directed his words at Pecos.

"We wanna know if you dudes are taking on prospects."

Pecos replied by shaking his head as he crammed home a handful of french fries.

Smokey laughed.

"Prospects? You?" He laughed again, and Mutha joined in.

The tall, skinny dude laid a hand on

the little guy's shoulder and gave him a "let's get the fuck outta here" look.

But the little dude wasn't about to give up that easy even though it was obvious his two companions sure as hell were.

"I don't see a damn thing funny about that," he remarked.

The seriousness in his voice made Pecos put a fistful of fries back on the plate. He motioned for me to slide out of the booth so he could get out. I did, and Pecos came to his feet without a sound. Looking down from his height of six-four, Pecos pointed his finger in the dude's face.

"I said we ain't acceptin' prospects. If we was, you wouldn't qualify, 'cause your ass is too low to the sidewalk! Now take your little ass outta here and carry Fats and Slim with you!"

Once again the skinny dude wanted to go, but his silent plea was ignored.

"You the chapter prez?" he asked Pecos.

"That's right."

"I hear you dudes got an invitation for prospects."

"Right again. And you gotta be sponsored by a patchholder. You ain't. Now get the fuck outta here so I can finish my food!"

"I'll fightcha for the right to prospect."

The little guy almost whispered the words, and my first reaction was to laugh. But the seriousness in the little dude's eyes told me he wasn't joking. Holy shit! Pecos stands a foot taller and out weighs him by two hundred pounds!

"Did I hear you right, man? You challenge Pecos to a fight for the right to prospect with our club?"

"That's right."

I looked at Pecos, and he was standing there with his mouth wide open, just staring!

Then he roared with laughter.

"I got a better idea, little man! How 'bout I fight you and your two partners at the same damn time?"

Pecos looked at the other two, who had now succeeded in stepping back closer to the door. Pointing a massive finger at the tall, skinny one, he said, "What about it, Bones? Huh?"

He looked at the fat dude.

"What do you say, fat boy?"

"Not me! Fuck that!"

"Me neither," chimed in Slim.

Pecos directed his next remark to the little guy.

"That leaves you by yourself, short-shit. Still wanna challenge?"

Turning around, the little dude addressed his two companions.

"Why, you chickenshit bastards! Ya talk all that garbage and now get scared! Fuck off, both of ya! And if ya ever get in my face again, I'll down your shit!"

The two mumbled something as they headed for the door.

There was something about the little dude that I liked. I don't know what and I don't know why. Three years in prison had taught me to form an instant opinion of a dude, and maybe that was it.

Turning back around, he spoke to Pecos.

"My name's Jason, man! And the idea of fightin' somebody as big as you don't much appeal to me. But I goddam sure will if that's where I have to start."

He let out a small laugh, then went on talking.

"Besides, I'm beginnin' to think I'm immune to ass-whippin's. I've been in a hundred fights. I've lost ninety-nine and tied one! So let's go out in the parkin' lot and get this shit on with!"

Needless to say, all the brothers gathered around to watch the fight.

The little guy squared off, and it was obvious that everyone who'd bet he would break and run had definitely lost their bet.

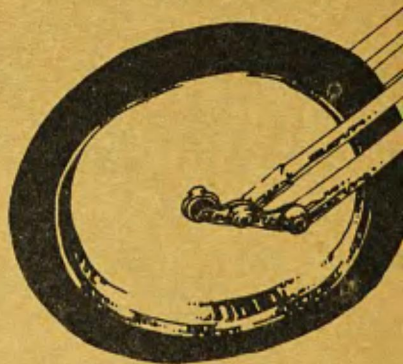
Pecos threw a roundhouse right that missed its mark. The little dude jumped straight up in the air and hung there just long enough to land a right on Pecos' unprotected jaw! The punch did absolutely no damage, but Pecos still grunted from pure surprise!

Jason threw a flurry of punches to the midsection as Pecos walked in, grabbed him by the shirt with his left hand, and hit him with a right that sent the little guy sprawling in the gravel.

Wiping the blood from his face, he came back swinging, only to find himself flat on his back again with one cheek split open.

Silently I was hoping the little dude would stay down. No way! Back he came.

THE PROSPECT



Down he went.

Even Pecos gave way to his feelings. "Stay down, Jason. Just stay down, man!"

It took him several minutes, but the little dude found his feet and stood there with blood all over his face. He spoke through broken teeth.

"Fuck you! I ain't through with your big ass yet!"

I knew I would pay the consequences, but I stepped in between them.

"I'll sponsor him!"

"You don't even know him, Rabbit."

"I know enough."

"You'd be responsible."

"I know."

Pecos shook his massive head, and when he spoke his voice was full of amazement.

"Little sonofabitch is still on his feet!"...

Mutha was packing Lucky, whose scooter was laid up for repairs, and it was Lucky who rode Jason's bike to the hospital. I packed Jason on my bike.

"Fell off the back of a bike."

The nurse obviously didn't believe it, but took Jason inside and motioned for us to wait out in the hallway.

Jason had already proved that he not only had heart but that he was also quick with humor, spiced with some damn good common sense!

Three weeks later we had left Jason outside to keep an eye on the scooters while we were having a club meeting. When I walked outside to check him out—I found him asleep.

"Prospect! You sonofabitch! Were you sleepin'?"

"Nope! Just checkin' my eyelids for holes!"

"You were sleepin', dipshit! But I got a cure for that." I took a twelve-foot length of chain, ran it through the wheels of four of the scooters, and wrapped it around Jason's neck. Then I locked it up!

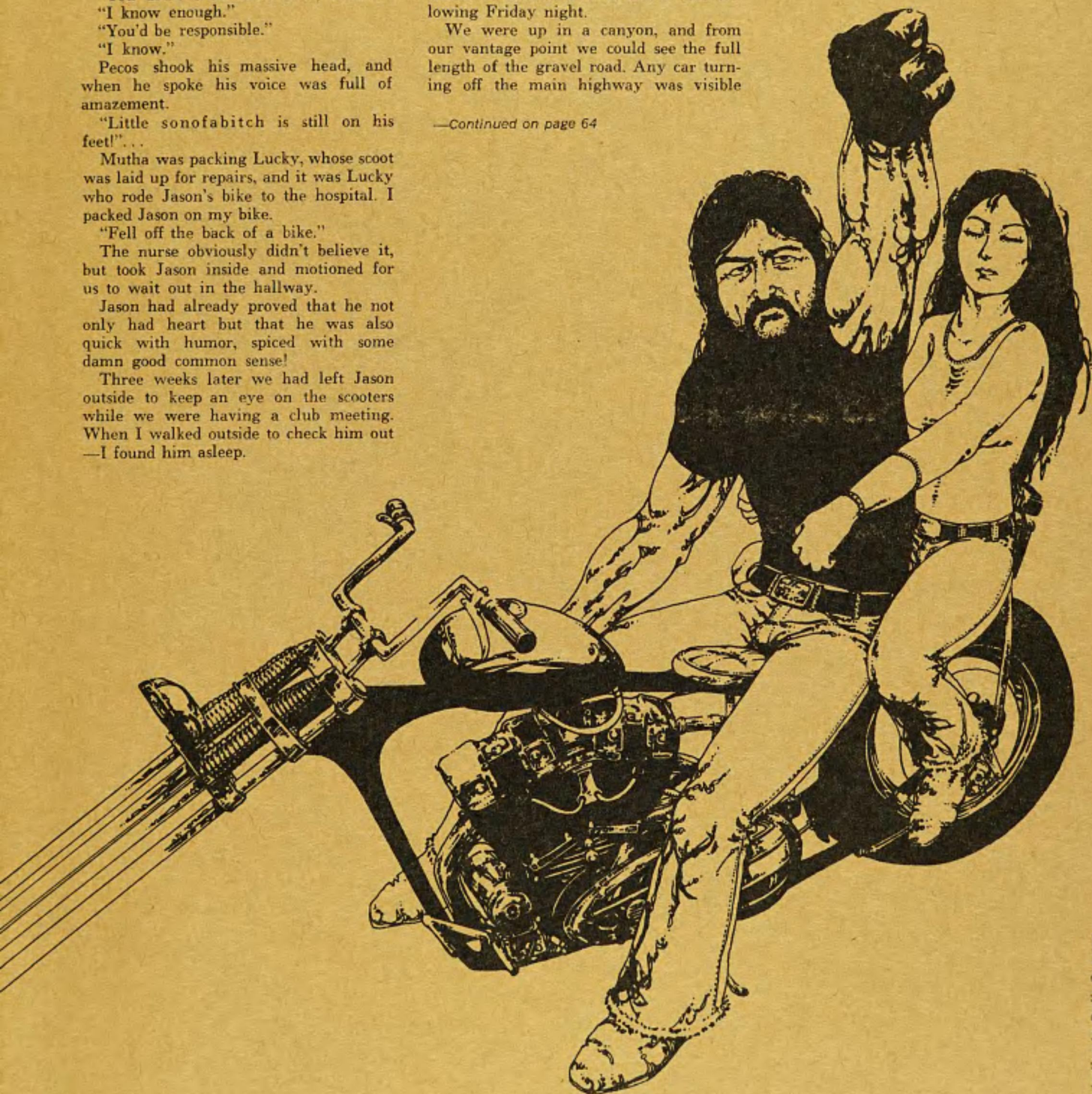
"You fuckoff! Now if a scooter is stolen they take your ass with them!"

I was still pissed off about his answer when we left for a weekend run the following Friday night.

We were up in a canyon, and from our vantage point we could see the full length of the gravel road. Any car turning off the main highway was visible

—Continued on page 64

By Larry (Rabbit) Cole



—Illustration by Duffy Duggan



A Perfect Biker Hobby

Anybody can do it. And if you're a biker you've got that much of a headstart on everybody else. Doesn't even take much time or money. Just a lot of determination. And usually some time off from work. 'Course that's an advantage. And if you do achieve any amount of success you can really add a lot of class to that disgusting dump you call home. I mean, is the ol' lady starting to get on your case about your buddies coming over every weekend and drinking until all hours? Like your place is up to knee level in empties? Is the Dept. of Sano bucking for combat pay when they come around once a week to tip your trash cans? Have you had more than eleven flat tires in the last month

running over busted bottles in the driveway? Cracked your molding all to hell when you ran over that discarded beer keg? Well, it's time you changed your tactics. Show some style. Get into *beer collecting*. I know it sounds a little strange, but it can really pay off. Since you're putting away a case a night yourself, to say nothing of your freeloading buddies, you may as well expand your horizons a little. Break out of the old rut. Give the taste buds a treat. Puke different shades of yellow into the bowl for a change. When your next door neighbor comes over again to complain that the prevailing winds are causing your breath to take the paint off his house, tell him it's for a good cause. Don't just

smack him around like usual with your metallic gloves. You're not just another chrome-plated idiot like he and the other neighbors think. You've got a real hobby going and it sure beats the piss out of stamp collecting!

Take me for example. I've got a collection of upwards of a hundred bottles. All domestic brands, don't go for those fancy foreign brews. At least not for the collection. All those different brands make quite an impressive display. I like beer, I drink a lot of beer, and most of the people I know do likewise. Of course the collection is pretty fucking impressive to some of the other guys in the club. (Festering Boils M.C.) Most of them never dreamed that some

beers are only available in certain parts of the country. Presently there's something like a hundred and a half active brands. According to so-called expert testimony there's been around 12,000 different brands on the market since 1935. (Prohibition ended in 1933 and it took a while for the breweries to gear up again.) Twelve thousand brands equals five hundred cases—that's a lotta suds!

Maybe you've read something before on brew collecting. There's a couple of national organizations that collect the old-time bottles and cans and trade stuff back and forth. Some of these clowns have over a thousand different brands in their collections. Now you're probably wondering what the hell's wrong with me if I only got in the hundred range. Right? Well, here's where my collection (and yours too if you get started) stands out from the pack. A lot of these big-time collectors are real candyasses. All they care about is getting their hands on an empty Beaver-fever Ale can—no way they'll ever have a chance to taste the stuff. I can say about my collection that I've personally sampled *all* the beers on my shelves. Also, going after current beers saves me from spending a lot of valuable time in local dumps scrounging up old beer cans and picking up rare diseases and rat bites. (That's rat bites, Bandit, not rat bikes.) The dump is where most of the old-time collectors make their big scores and you'd have to have a shot-peened brain to drink any old stuff you found there. Beer only has a shelf life of about ninety days—then it starts to go flat. And I mean that's what it's all about. What the hell's the use if you can't drink 'em? I remember the club was partying one time in an abandoned house. The junior member found an old rusted can down in the basement somewhere. It was a Ballantine—

some kind of special edition for a world's fair or something—dated in the fifties and still unopened. That crazy fucker chugged the whole thing. Too bad he had the hershey squirts for a month afterward. It was like he drank a quart of fifty weight. Like I say, the old stuff can be rough. Better to drink something fairly fresh.

Personally, my goal is to sample all the American-made beers. Right now I'm collecting only bottles and no ales or malt liquors. But that's an arbitrary choice on my part. 'Course I don't turn 'em down at parties. It seems kind of funny but the longer I wait the better my chances of getting all the U.S. brands. That's because, just like in everything else, the big guys are putting the squeeze on the local talent. In 1934 there were seven hundred breweries. Now there's only about one hundred and twenty and those one-hundred are owned by seventy companies. In a few years there may be only a handful to choose from. That's why if you want a decent-sized collection you better get your ass in gear pronto.

My collection's all in the living room. A real showcase. All those browns and a few clears and greens used to look real fine in the afternoon sun until my shithead landlord bricked up the only window. All the different labels still throw out a lot of color, though. Those bottles really add something to my shack. And with as many as I've got, I can do a hell of a lot for interior decorating, especially in terms of hiding the bullet holes. I've got about twenty-five over in one area where Big Mary passed out against the wall and knocked about sixty pounds of plaster to the floor. Real asswipe move. And then I've got to have another thirty strategically placed to cover that weird stain on the wall from that leaky toilet upstairs. Can't keep it from spreading, that's the real problem.

It's pretty easy to get started—all you have to do is pick up a few brands from your neighborhood store. Most of them you probably know anyway from moving so much through what's left of your kidneys. After tasting the beer and rating it on a one to five, or excellent to weasel piss, or whatever, rinse out the bottle and carefully replace the cap. You just made your first contribution to your own collection. Make sure you make a note of the brand and what you decided to rate it. It's a good idea to split the bottle between a couple of people so you have more than one judge. Keep your score card with you—I carry mine with me wherever I go. You never know when a chain is gonna snap clear through your cases and leave you stranded in a place like Glendive, Montana. At times like that, you appreciate having your rating list in your pocket. You can head immediately for the closest liquor store (where you were probably going anyway) and order up a decent brand to put you in the mood for a little repair action. You've got your rating list and you know it ain't gonna be profitable to mess around with Mutha's Malt Liquor, even though the price is right. And don't give me that crap about "I'll drink anything wet" or "Beer's beer—what's the difference?" The Craw and myself were in the process of knocking off a ten-bottle string of "exotics" and the poor guy broke out in a rash on the third brand. (On his arm, where'd ya think?) Fortunately, this rare (he hopes) affliction cleared up two brews later. I don't want to mention the name of the particular brand that apparently caused the rash because it'll be a lot more fun for you to find it on your own. I will say that it came from Pennsylvania. That state also has some kind of fucked-up law that says you can only carry out twelve bottles at a time from a restaurant. That's where a lot of the prob-

lems arise—being in unfamiliar territory and trying to dredge up the local brews. I thought I'd once made a big score in the Motor City—bought some strange stuff called Hop'n Gator. Holy shit! It was brutal.

Reminded me of a beer from New Jersey that had an oil paint base. But that's half the fun of collecting—trying out the new stuff. You just have to decide what the trade-off is gonna be—how many days of the runs for each new addition to the collection.

When you do find yourself in a strange city it's always worthwhile to check and see if there's a brewery in the area that gives tours. It doesn't usually help your collection but it does give you the opportunity to tie one on at their expense. The tours are usually free and always end up with a stop at the sampling room. Since I'm somewhat familiar with the brewing and containerizing processes—I've taken the tour in my area thirty-seven times—I usually skip the walking part of the tour and motor right over to the freebie room.

It's still pretty damn cold where I'm holed up for the winter. But the temperature only has to be between minus twenty and plus one hundred and ten to bring on the urge for a cold brew. Come to think of it, I spend a lotta the winter strengthening my elbow joint tipping a few. What the hell else is there to do except shape the putt up for spring and argue with the ol' lady? Work on my collection, that's what. Nothing like a little variety. It's no lie to say that I've been getting a lot more respect around here since people found out I'm a collector. Sure it didn't change my status from registered pervert, but what the hell? Nobody's perfect. I wonder if that ugly sofa's still under all those old bottles? Can't remember seeing the ol' lady for a while either. I guess I can wait until tomorrow to rent that truck to get rid of some of these extras. May as well pop another brew. . . .

Drizzlin' Shits File:

Lighting Cigarette, Car Drifted

Shope Found Innocent In Traffic Fatality

ERIE (AP) — Westmoreland County Commissioner Dorothy Shope was found innocent yesterday in an Erie County Court trial stemming from a traffic fatality last July 26.

The jury deliberated less than three hours before returning the verdict about 3:45 p.m. in the trial which began Monday before Judge Edward Carney.

Mrs. Shope, 48, mother of seven, testified she was lighting a cigarette when her car drifted into the wrong lane along Pa. 66 near Delmont in Westmoreland County.

HER CAR TRIGGERED a four-vehicle accident that killed Robert Elliott, 18, a motorcyclist from New Bethlehem, in Clarion County.

The state Supreme Court ordered the trial moved from Westmoreland to Erie County because of publicity.

Mrs. Shope, first of 21 defense witnesses, stressed she was lighting a cigarette and not trying to pass another car when the accident occurred.

"Does it show a total and utter disregard for the lives of others by the fact that you smoke in a car?" defense attor-

ney Richard Galloway asked in his closing argument.

IN HIS ARGUMENT, Westmoreland County Asst. Dist. Atty. Morrison Lewis Jr. asked, "Was Robert Elliott's life traded for a smoke? The answer is yes."

Among defense witnesses was Oscar Fink, fire chief in North Hempfield Township.

Fink said that after his men hosed down the scene of the crash, he noticed a gradual dip in the road that might pull a car to the left.

Richard Erelac, an engineering professor at the University of Pittsburgh, said his calculations showed Mrs. Shope's car could not have traveled far in the wrong lane before the crash.

Mrs. Shope, chairman of the Westmoreland board, who is seeking renomination in next week's Democratic primary, also had 15 character witnesses testify in her behalf. They included government officials, businessmen and representatives of civic groups.



On The Road 'n' Pretty



Like every other rag in the world, we get an occasional complaint, beef, bomb or lousy vibe. One complaint we don't usually get (but once in a while somebody gets on the rag and runs it down to us) is a beef about runnin' pretty scooters. Like some of the sleds we feature are too pretty to putt.

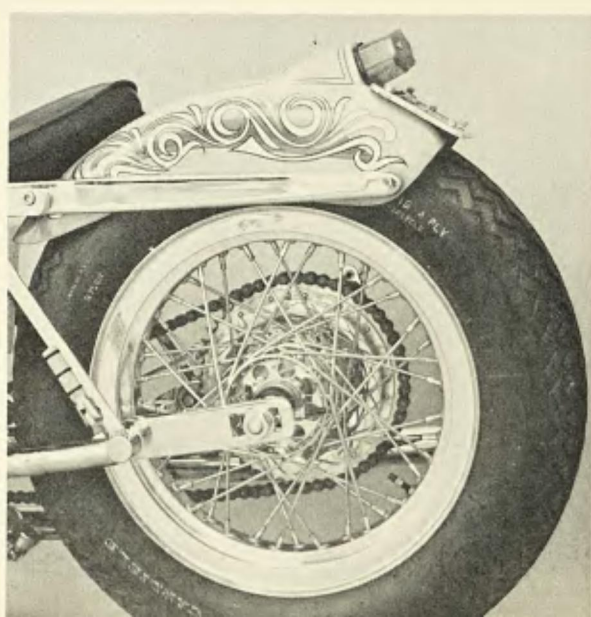
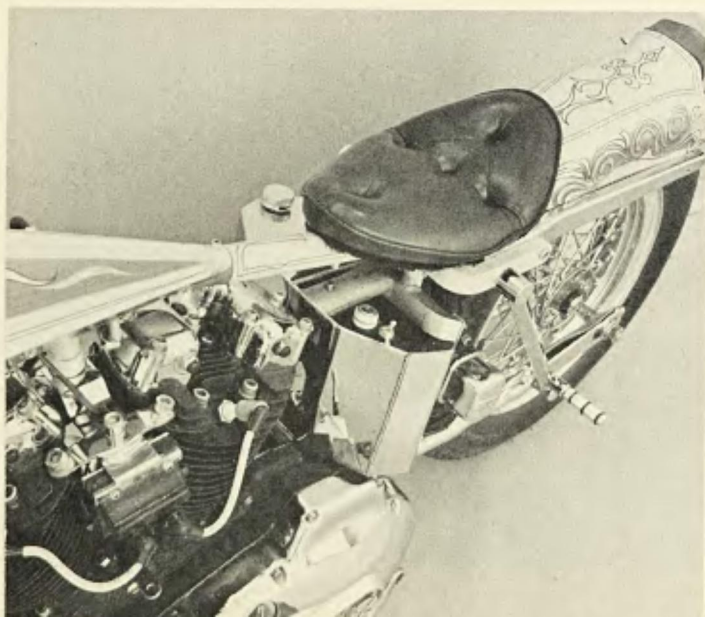
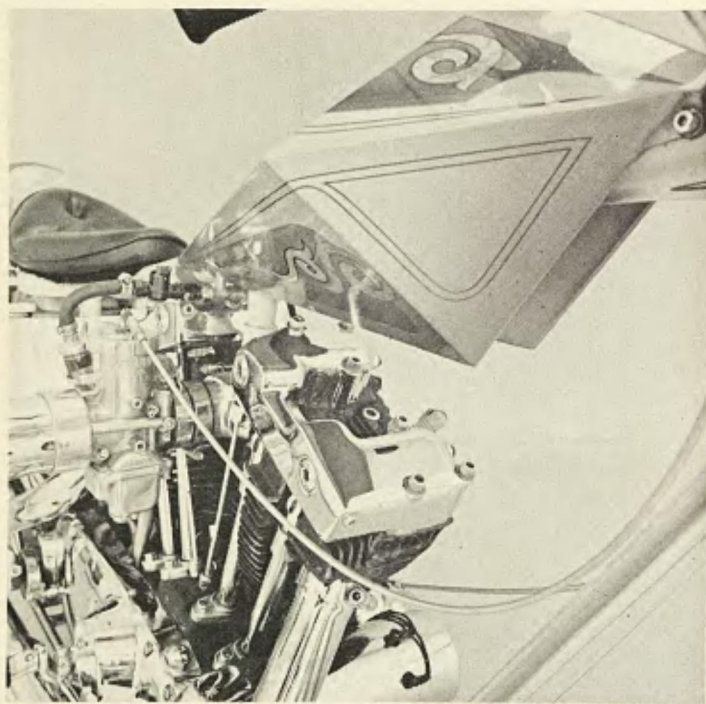
Well, some time ago, a night spent behind a bar rat-packed with the callused fists of a bunch of cowboys I called queers 'cause the name of the bar was the Gay 90s, I stumbled into the photo studio the next morning. And

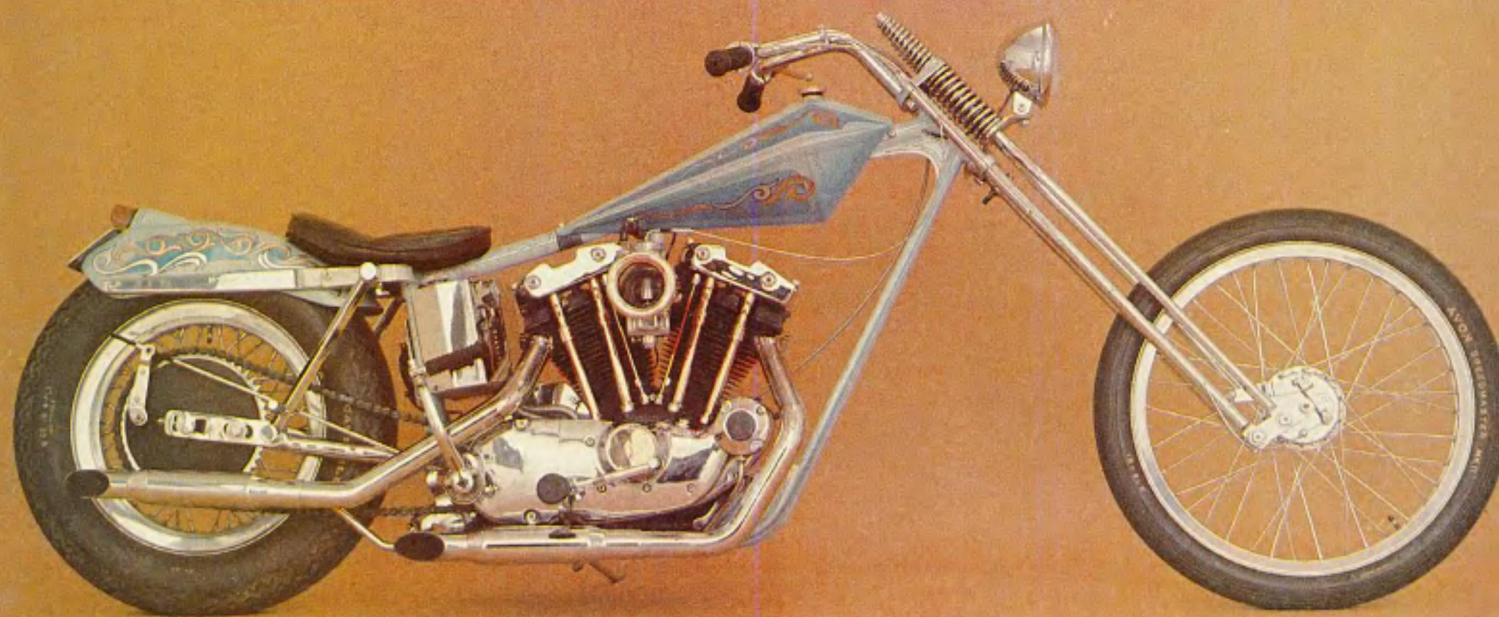


there before my glassy eyes was this Sporty posin' there like some goddam prima donna. As if my puffy, deserving skull wasn't throbbin' enough, when my eyes fixed on the glare from this flashy bitch, my ol' head started bangin' like noon at the local cathedral. I ain't much into pretty bikes, and I thought I wouldn't ride this gem even in the glass case it ought to be stored in.

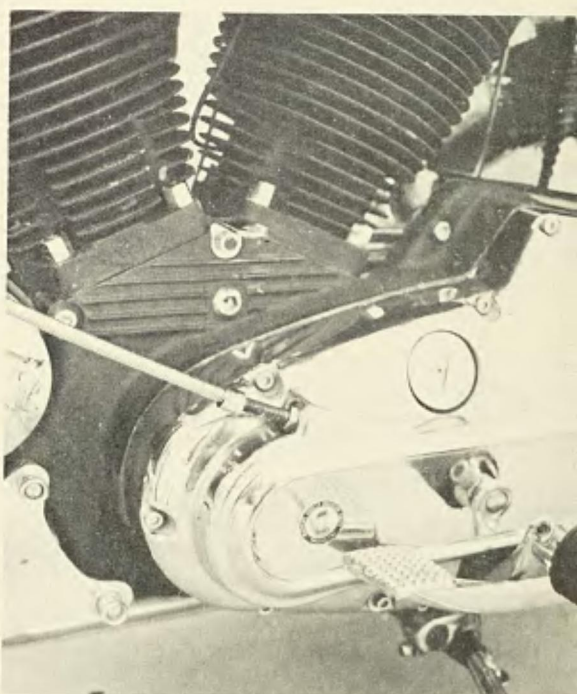
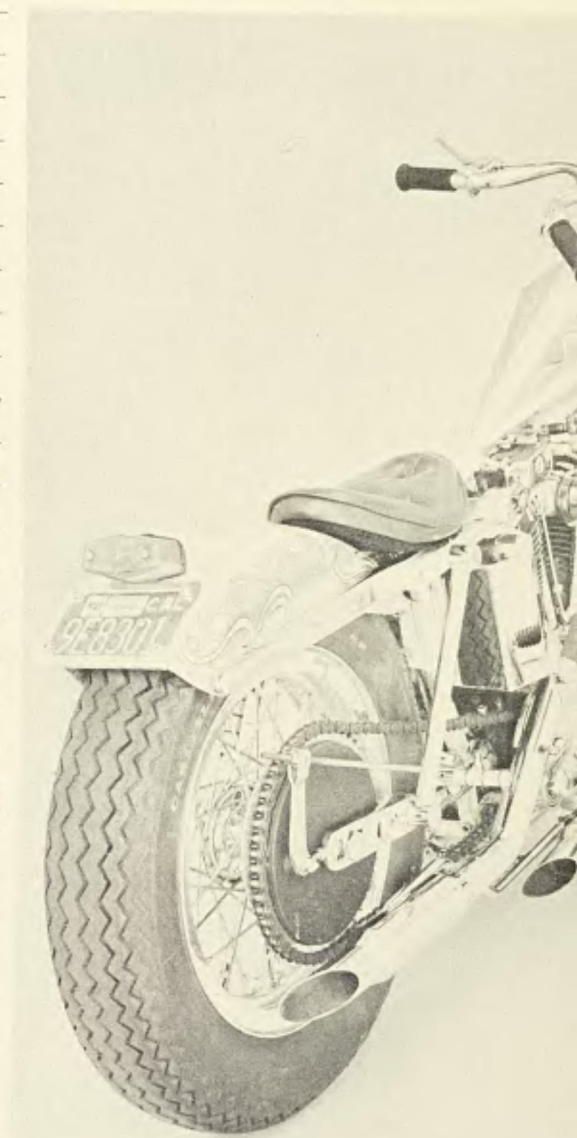
Well, all set to cop an attitude that it probably didn't run, I looked at the owner. Besides being a husky dude, he looked like someone who'd been ridin'. His hair was a taste shabby and his threads didn't look exactly Fifth Avenue. So as not to step in my own face more than once in a twenty-four-hour period, I looked out front to see if there was

Easyriders Photography by Pete Chiodo





Owner: George Chicarilli		City: Fresno, Calif.
General		Frame
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1974
Year and make: 1973 H-D		Builder: Arlen Ness
Model: Sportster		Type: hardhead front section
Value: \$4,000		Rake: 45°
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 6 in. in front
Time: 1 year		Other alterations: Ness struts
Chroming by: MecLec		
Engine		Accessories
Year: 1973		Bars: pullbacks
Model: XLCH		Risers: integral
Rebuilder: John Dove		Fender(s): Del Rio fiberglass
Ignition: 12v distributor		Headlight: Bates
Displacement: 61 cu. in.		Taillight: Bates
Lower end: polished		Speedo: none
Balancing: Edelbrock		Front pegs: stock
Pistons: 9:1		Rear pegs: Arlen Ness
Cases: black wrinkle		Electrics: John Dove, owner
Heads: by Riffel		Gas tank: Arlen Ness
Cam: H-D		Oil tank: Universal Engineering
Lifters: solids		Oil system: braided lines
Carb(s): 40mm Mikuni		Primary cover: stock
Air cleaner: Branch		Seat: owner
Pipes: drag		Sissy bar: none
Muffler(s): shorty		Height:
		Material:
Transmission		Forks
Modifications: none		Type: springer
Year: 1973		Extension: 8 in. over stock
Shifting: shift lever by owner		Builder: Arlen Ness
Engine sprocket: 21		Special features: none
Trans sprocket: stock		
Wheel sprocket: stock		
Painting		Wheels
Molding: Ron Schramek		Front
Painter: Schramek, Averill		Rear
Color: blue pearl		Size: 21
Type: acrylic lacquer		Size: 16
Special paint: gold striping by Averill		Hub: Dan
Other special modifications: alloy rims, stainless steel motor and coil mounts (by G. Chicarilli, Sr.), gold-plated allenheads and velocity stack (thanks to John Dove), compression release used for front brake lever, gas cap machined from solid brass.		Hub: H-D
		Rim width: 2 1/4
		Rim width: 5 in.
		Tire: 2.75 Avon
		Tire: 5.00 Carlisle
		Brake: Danny
		Brake: Sportster

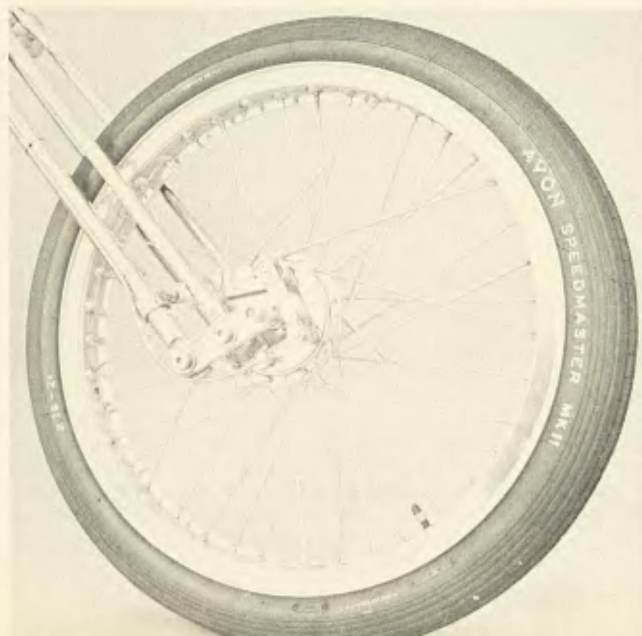
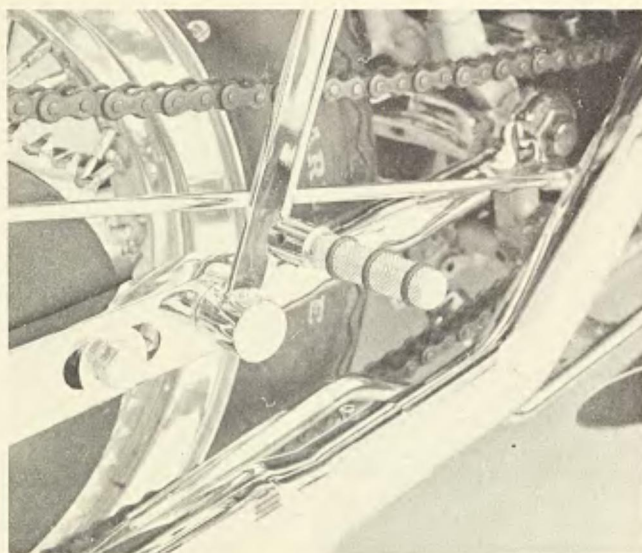




another scooter parked at the curb. Nothin'. I went out back. Still no other scoots. Well, I got real curious and came back to take another long look at the scoot. Sure enough, there was carbon in the pipes. I laid my hand casually on a shiny rocker box, and dammit if it wasn't warm. So I asked the dude if he lived in the area. Nope. Well, I found out after rapping with the cat a few minutes that the bro had come about 250 miles on that jewel just to get some photos taken.

It sorta taught me somethin'. Just 'cause the bike is pretty enough to win a fashion show, that don't mean the owner ain't ridin' the hell outta it—or somethin' like that.

—Renegade



Pappy's Last Great Fight

By Ed Armstrong

After nearly eight years of harassment, the bikers are getting organized well enough to put down anti-bike laws. These laws swept the nation state by state under the loving guidance of the DOT, whose only concern is to save our lives. This (unwanted) guidance by the DOT has as its source the Highway Safety Act of 1966. In this act, the US Congress gave the DOT the right to withhold highway funds to states not implementing into law the safety standards established by this (non-elected) body. States have been coerced (blackmailed is another term) by threats to state governors to deprive their respective states of millions of dollars for either failing to make the DOT standards into law, or repealing existing laws. However, the DOT has been very selective as to which standards they have bullied states into making into laws—the main one being the helmet-wearing standard for motorcyclists.

The meeting of the Connecticut Legislative Joint Transportation Committee, at 7 p.m., April 1, 1975, is a classic example of what is probably the only way to put down oppressive laws short of outright revolution. The subjects of the hearing were: 1. a bill to repeal the existing helmet-wearing law, and 2. a bill to require lights on all day for motorcyclists. Don (Pappy) Pittsley is president of the Connecticut Motorcycle Association, and has registered himself as a lobbyist with the state legislature. Through his work, the repeal bill was introduced. He then organized a number of scheduled speakers and he and the other clubs got out some 800 motorcyclists that night to fill the meeting hall, the balcony, and the hallways! He had TV coverage as well as newspaper and radio reporters at the meeting.

Several items will be covered in this report: 1. how Pappy keeps track of legislative matters coming up; 2. the main points presented, speaker by speaker; 3. how the motorcyclists were received by the legislative committee; 4. what must be done so we can go back to riding instead of forever hassling with courts and legislatures.

State legislatures publish daily (at least in some states) a record of bill titles, numbers, and a brief summary of each bill being introduced. You've got to get these bills at their introduction, not later, after they are passed and a note appears in the newspaper. In fact, as a public service, newspapers ought to publish this list every day so the public can protect itself more easily against government. (Ask your newspaper to do this!)

Biker clubs in every state should get some responsible motorcycle dude in the capital to register as lobbyist so that a couple of times a week he can pick up the record of incoming bills. Pappy does this in Connecticut. When he spots a potential problem for bikers, he gets in touch with a congressman.

Sometimes these things can be killed right away, even before a hearing. One way is to get the bill's sponsor to withdraw the bill, as was done recently in California on a helmet-wearing bill. It didn't even get to the committee hearing stage. With the contacts set up, the lobbyist can get his state congressman to introduce bills favorable to motorcyclists. Pappy did this in getting the helmet-wearing repeal bill into committee. He was on top of the problems all the way and had ample time to arrange for the presentations at the hearing and to get out bikers by the hundreds to show up at the hearing. If your state doesn't have a man representing motorcyclists at the capital, get one!

Now, about the presentations before the Connecticut Legislative Committee. The committee chairman, Thomas Sweeney, started with a plea for good behavior during the hearing and for the speakers to avoid repetition. He said that he and the committee were on our side and he hoped we'd not do anything to change their minds!

The first speaker concerning the helmet repeal bill was Connecticut State Senator George Gunther. The senator said that one of the worst laws on the books is the one that tells a man that he must wear a helmet that might endanger his life. It appears, he went on, that

the legislature is going to tell people what to do even if it kills them! The helmet cuts down on the hearing and seeing that are especially important in city traffic where both are needed to the full extent. The senator cited the previous helmet law repealed by the legislature, and the DOT threat of loss of funds that caused two different governors to veto the bills. He told of a Connecticut court case on helmets where the judge said she had to enforce the law, but as far as she was concerned, the bill ought to go off the books.

Senator Gunther then called the DOT threat to withhold funds a "hollow threat." Not one state has lost highway funds or traffic safety funding for failure to enact many standards into law. There is no uniformity among the states on enactment or enforcement. He concluded: "We have another shot at repealing the helmet law this year. It's time to stand up to the big boys in Washington. Tell them we think it's a bad law and it should be repealed." (Much applause and cheering.)

Another state legislator, in a brief presentation, said he has been a rider for twenty years and he normally wears a helmet, but it should be optional. He referred to Senator Gunther's speech as saying it all. He ended by saying he was in favor of repeal of the helmet law. (Applause.)

The third speaker was Connecticut's State Senator Howard Owens. He began by saying he was the sponsor of the bill and that while helmet wearing minimized some injuries, in other cases it could cause more severe injuries and death. He pointed out that there was no consistency among the states on this law and that it was a dangerous law. He urged approval of the repeal bill. (Much applause, needless to say.) This concluded the remarks of the legislators. Don Pittsley next announced his planned program of several speakers. I was introduced.

I pointed out that statistics were being used by the DOT to prove the benefits of helmets, but that the numbers were being twisted. For example, in the DOT-sponsored Illi-

nois-Michigan motorcycle accident study, out of a possible 23,000 motorcycle accidents over the two years covered, only about 4000 were included in the analysis. Of course the numbers proved that helmets were no less desirable than apple pie. My argument was, let me choose 4000 points out of a field of 23,000 and I can prove anything anyone who pays me wants to prove.

Next I presented age statistics. These showed clearly that helmets were contributing nothing to reducing death and injury. The death rate due to motorcycle accidents for 24-year-old riders and younger was twice that of riders over 24. The same result applies to auto drivers. Since there are more riders under 24, proportionally, than auto drivers, this tends to make the overall rate higher for riders than for drivers. These results show the need for better rider training and education. This training should be included in high school driver education courses.

I concluded by showing the limitations of helmets. Helmets are about one inch thick or less, and in this one inch, the impact velocity must be reduced to zero before the skull is reached and without exceeding the number of g units of deceleration the brain can withstand. It turns out that even at the 13.5 mph impact of the test, g forces already exceed what most experts claim is the limit of the brain to endure. In addition, testing only with a mock head of about 8 pounds instead of the total body weight of, say, 170 pounds, gives energy to be dissipated of only 66 foot/pounds instead of over 1000. The helmet can barely take the 66 foot/pounds. Anyone who thinks this isn't important ought to drop a 10-pound weight on his toes from about six feet, then try a hundred pounds.

The second CMA speaker was Burton Weinstein, a Connecticut attorney. He opened by pointing out that he had about a hundred helmet cases clogging the docket. Helmet laws are: 1. unfair; 2. irrational; 3. not accomplishing their purpose; 4. enforced in a discriminatory way.

He cited one court case in which a state expert engineer witness testified under cross-examination that there was a greater chance of serious injury or death in a rear-end collision with a helmet than without.

He referred to the "sub-culture" represented by the riders as he waved around the room packed with 800 riders, many with long hair, beards, and leather jackets.

"I can understand," he went on, "that some people may think that when state funds are threatened, the motorcyclist is expendable. But these people should count the cost of the clogged court system handling the additional burden of helmet cases." He concluded by saying he hoped the repeal bill would pass for the sake of the courts—as well as for the motorcyclists. (The applause shook the building!)

Don Pittsley next made his presentation. He reviewed the Connecticut situation. In 1969 and again in 1971, a helmet bill was passed by the legislature. Each time, a different governor vetoed the bill under direct threat from the DOT to withhold highway funds. At the present time there has been introduced in the US Congress, by Congressman McKinney of Connecticut, a bill to prevent DOT from withholding funds from states without a helmet law. This bill, HR 3869, is in the Committee on Public Works and Transportation (Chairman Robert E. Jones). The subcommittee on Surface Transportation will first handle the bill (Chairman James J. Howard). (Motorcyclists all over the country, write to the above Chairmen, your own Congressmen, and President Ford, to support this bill. It must be gotten out of committee and voted into law.)

Don then reviewed the California experience of having no helmet law to date, yet never losing federal funds. He read from a letter from the Governor's office to the DOT stating that helmets have not been proven to be effective and, in addition, that personal safety is the responsibility of each individual, not the government. He concluded by urging the committee to vote favorably to put the bill out of committee.

This concluded the CMA presentations. Don urged any other speakers to keep it short and not be repetitive.

During the hearing so far, TV coverage was carried out. Several newspapers and radio stations were taping, photographing, and interviewing.

Next, Mr. Frank Corbin stepped to the microphone. He said he was president of a motorcycle accessory manufacturing firm, and that he was a professional racer, having ridden a motorcycle at 191 mph. Helmets make sense in some situations, he said, but kill in others. Let the rider decide for himself. Helmets aren't the answer, he concluded, rider training and education is.

A comic was next; he wore a white half-helmet. James Owens, Executive Secretary of Hop Brook

Park Motorcycle Association. This group, he told us, is coed, 28 men and 26 girls! (Applause.) He announced that he is an all-weather rider, has been riding since 1930, and logged 14,000 miles last year. He is wearing the half-helmet to make a point, he can hear with it! In addition the helmet has other purposes, such as fending off bugs. ... (More vigorous applause.) He cited the big danger. A kid can get a big bike and a learner's permit, come back in 30 days, take a test ride around the block. If he comes out of this alive—he gets his license. (Thunderous applause.)

Next we had two speakers, David Vesce and Andrew Melechinsky. Both covered constitutional rights. Both quoted the Constitution and, with great force, showed that compulsory helmet wearing violates constitutional law. One of the speakers brought out the point that some jurisdictions are reducing non-helmet-wearing penalties so that the "offense" comes just under the level where you're entitled to a jury trial. And here I was a naive slob who thought that by the Constitution I was entitled to jury trial in any case.

The problem with two speakers on one subject is that the fact irritates the busy committee members. In addition, some committee members are lawyers, and all deal in law, and thus know that, right or wrong, some 25 out of 26 state high courts have declared compulsory helmet wearing to be constitutional. In other words, we've lost on constitutional grounds. So one talk on the Constitution is enough, and then concentrate on showing how helmets can kill by reducing vision and hearing, cause discomfort and neck and head aches, decrease reflexes, and break necks. Concentrate on limitations of helmets, and how the limit of testing is equivalent to your helmeted head rolling off your shoulders to the sidewalk while you're sitting on your bike in your driveway.

The constitutional speakers were rewarded with long applause, which shows of course that the common man knows very well what his rights are, even if judges do not.

Next, Pappy wound up the talks with a plea that the lights-on bill be killed in committee. He cited AMA data that showed that seven of eight states with lights-on laws in effect long enough to obtain data, experienced an overall increase in the accident rate since enactment of the law, not a decrease!

A gentleman of the AAA had signed up to speak against helmet law repeal. However, he did not

respond when his name was called. I hope he did not chicken out because he was afraid in this environment of the motorcycle sub-culture. I am sure that the limit of what would have happened is lack of cheers and applause.

It was evident that the bikers were well received by the committee. Several of the committee members stayed for an hour after the long hearing to talk to us about the situation. The key was the overall good behavior of this large group and the obviously well prepared presentations with strong arguments, well presented.

A week or so after the meeting Pappy sent me a clipping from the newspaper announcing that the repeal bill had been voted out of committee. The article went on to explain that the committee hoped the bill would pass and become law. However, the chairman expressed fear that the DOT may again threaten the governor with loss of funds, and if this loss became imminent, the legislature would have to re-enact the helmet-wearing law. Therein lies the crux of the problem.

What the motorcyclists have to do so that they can work on the state level with reason and facts, is destroy the DOT's power to threaten states with loss of money over the lack of helmet laws. This can be accomplished by passage of HR 3869, previously mentioned. This bill is of overriding importance. Until this bill is passed by the US Congress, we cannot be successful in convincing states to repeal helmet laws. The states have it in their power, of course, to repeal helmet laws regardless of loss of funds. They should do this for the safety of motorcyclists in spite of fund loss. If enough states would repeal the law, the DOT might be forced not to carry out their threats. But with the federal law on the books authorizing the DOT to withhold funds in case of no helmet laws, the threat is always dangling there, and can be brought out and used at any time. We must get rid of the law-imposing power that presently rests in the hands of the non-elected body known as the DOT. Many tens of thousands of letters, telegrams, and personal contacts are needed to get HR 3869 out of committee and then passed by the US Congress. Since Ford has to sign it, send copies of your letters to him also. This bill must pass, or we'll be wearing for the rest of our lives all the helmets and other stuff the DOT will dream up.

Let's have repeats of the Connecticut hearing in other states!



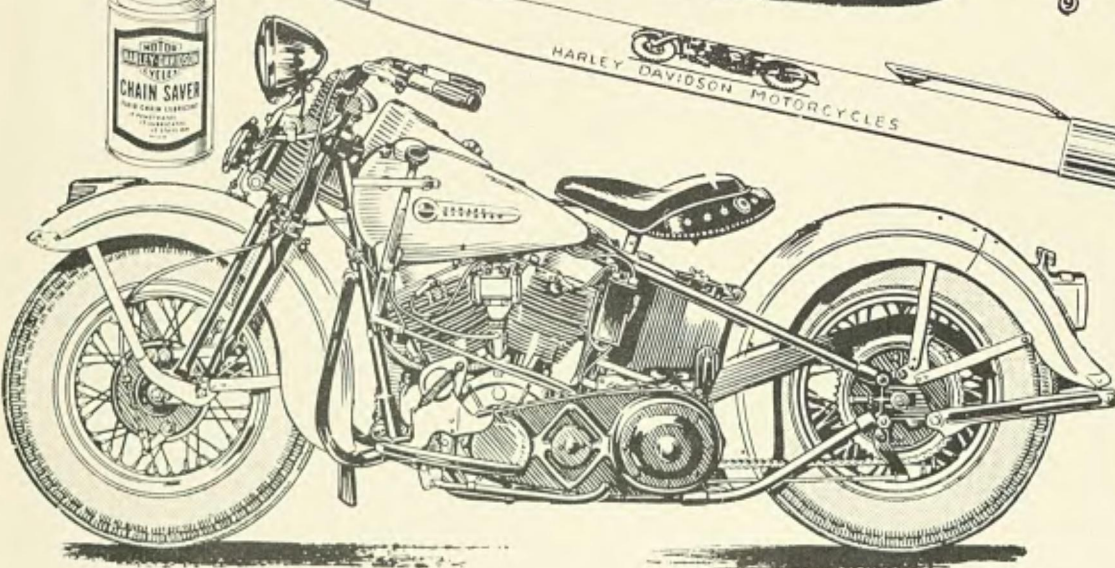
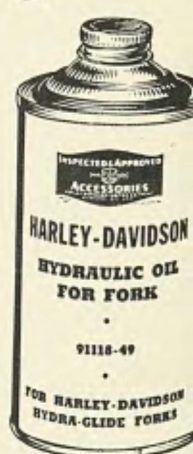
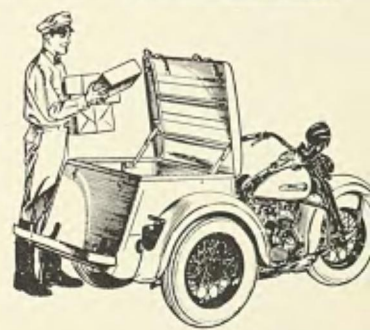
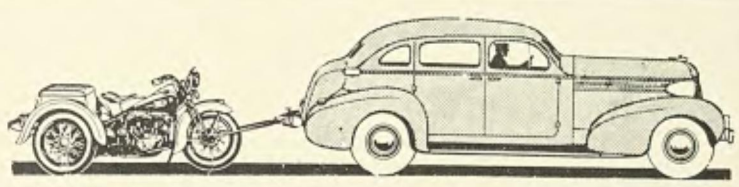
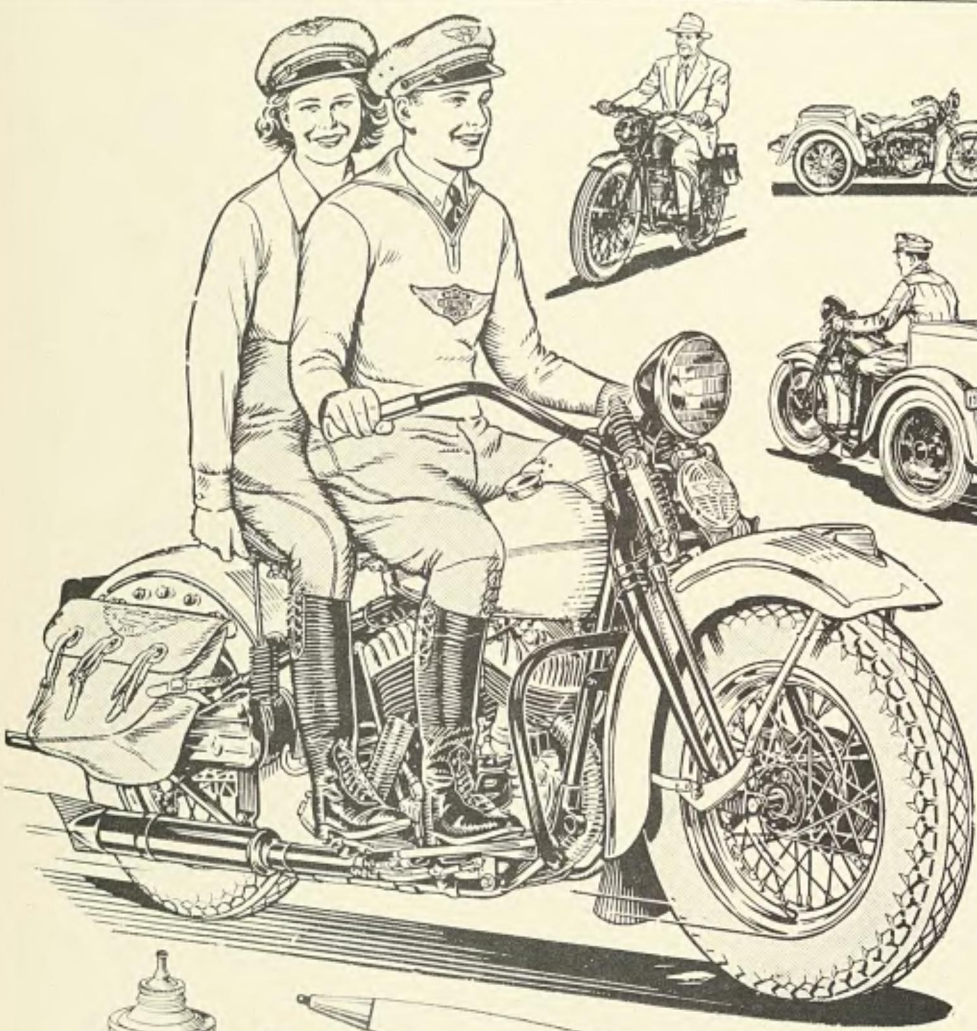
Don "Pappy" Pittsley, a Connecticut Motorcycle Association leader, a brother Hun, a legislative lobbyist for Connecticut bikers, and a brother to all brothers of two wheels, died on Sunday, May 18, as a result of a heart attack. The attack came while hassling the helmet law question with a cop.

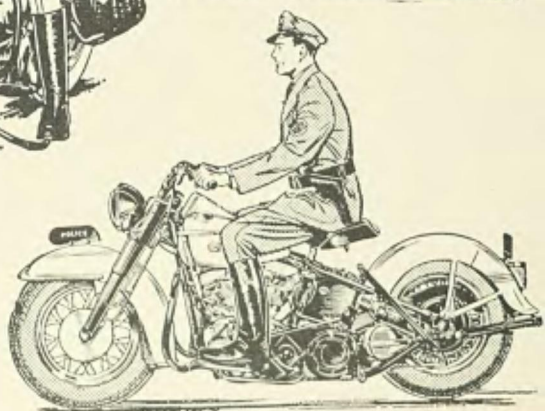
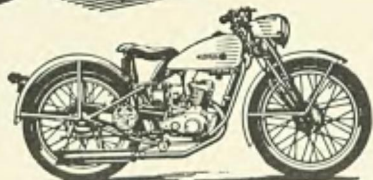
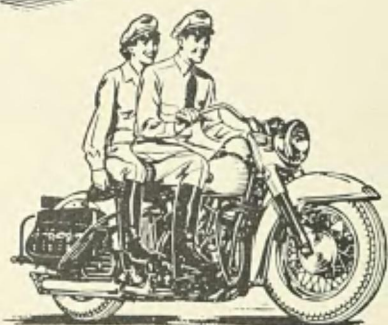
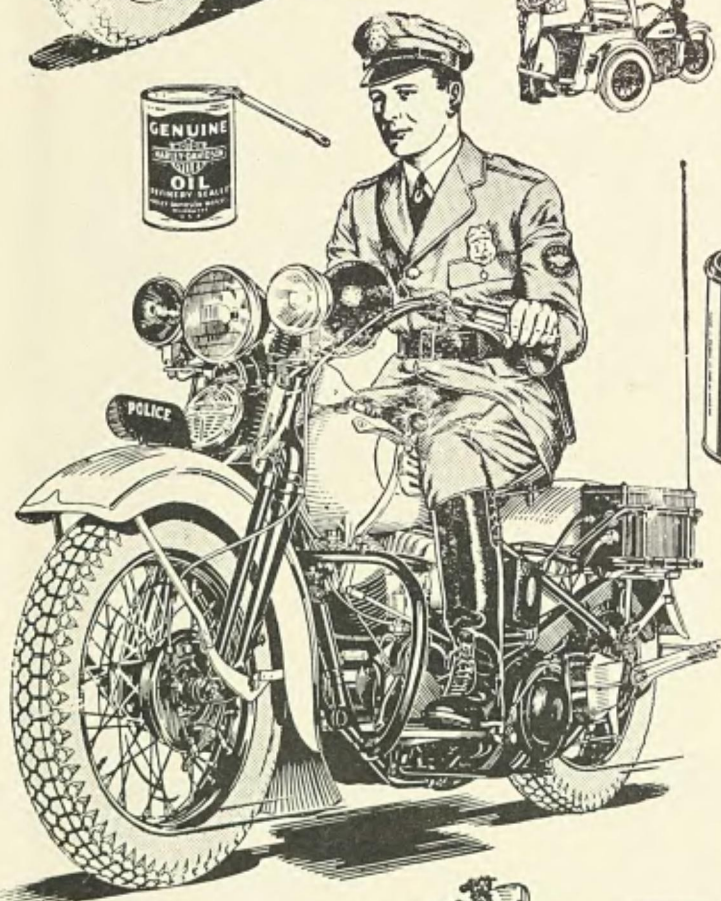
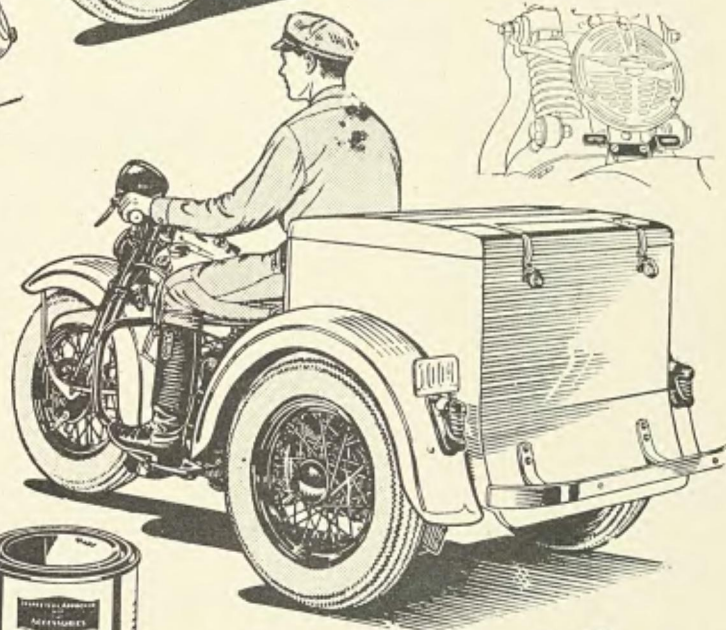
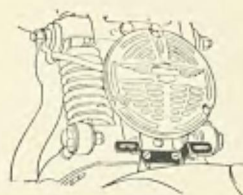
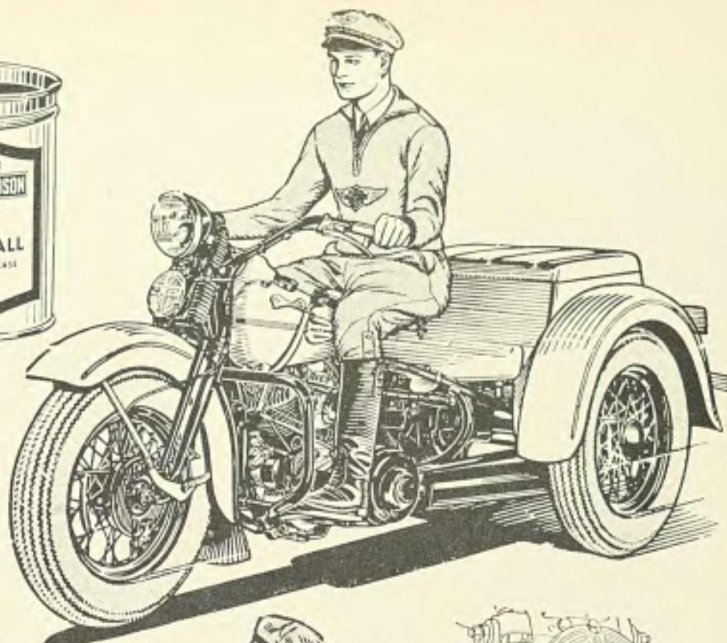
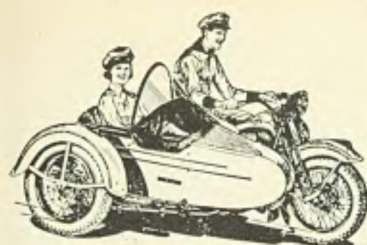
We as bikers are always familiar with death. Too often we lose a brother, partner, acquaintance, or someone we occasionally putt with, and it's always a bummer, but we know what it is and face it.

Pappy fought for our freedom and safety here on earth and we're sure he'll always do the same in spirit—keep the faith.

—Easyriders

Spider's Hang-Up







—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.



—from Choo Choo, Valley, Calif.



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 Jim Turner, Roanoke, Virginia



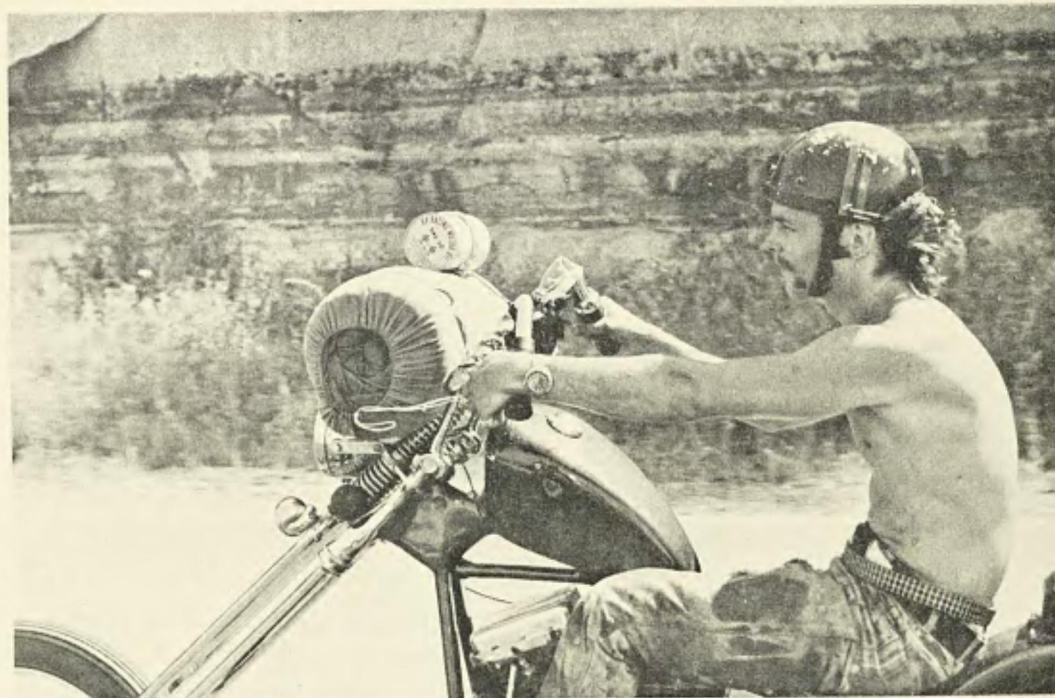
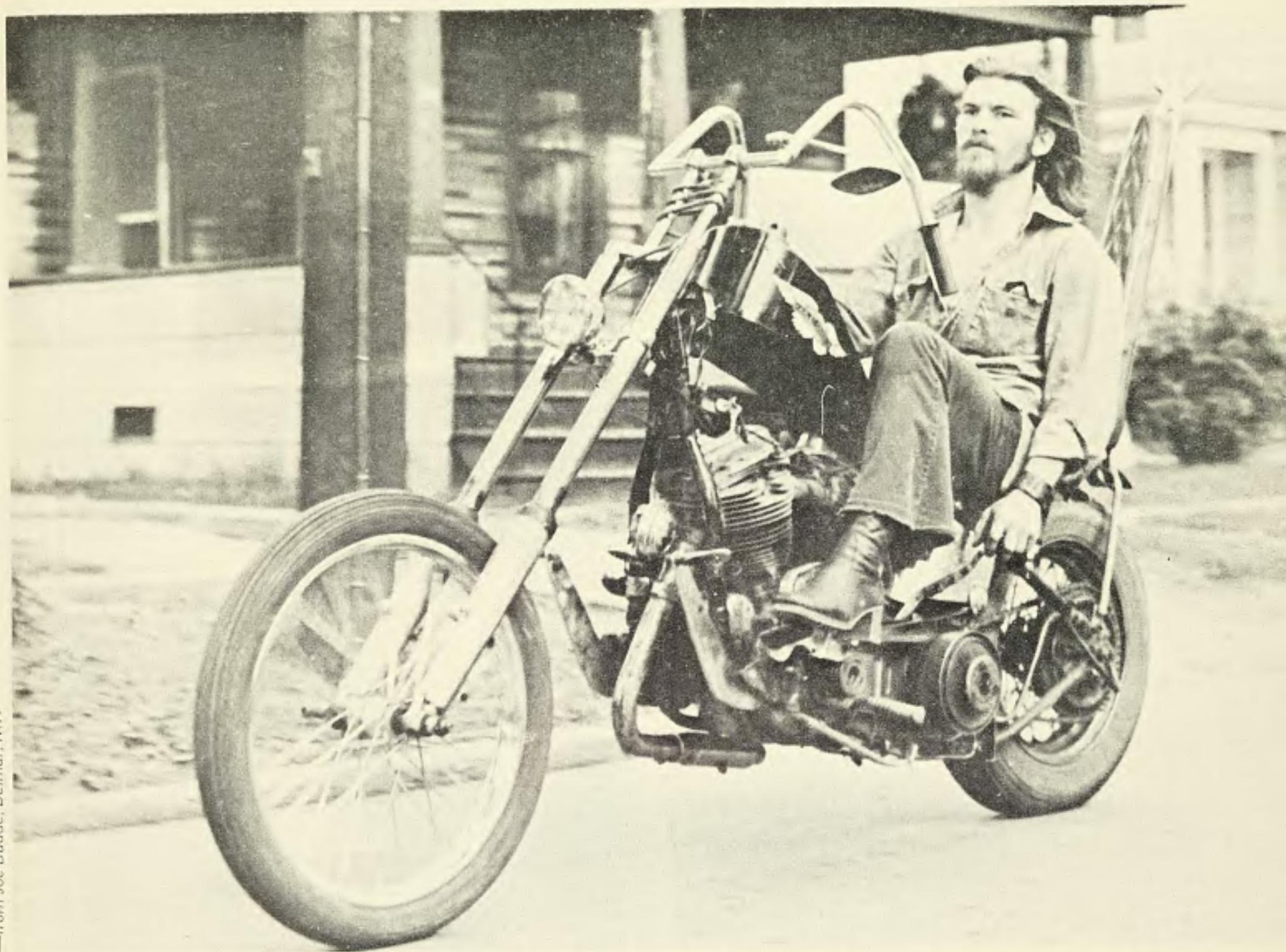
—from Mel, N.Y.



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.

—from Donald Engler, Thorofare, N.J.





—from Joe Bisanz, St. Paul, Minn.

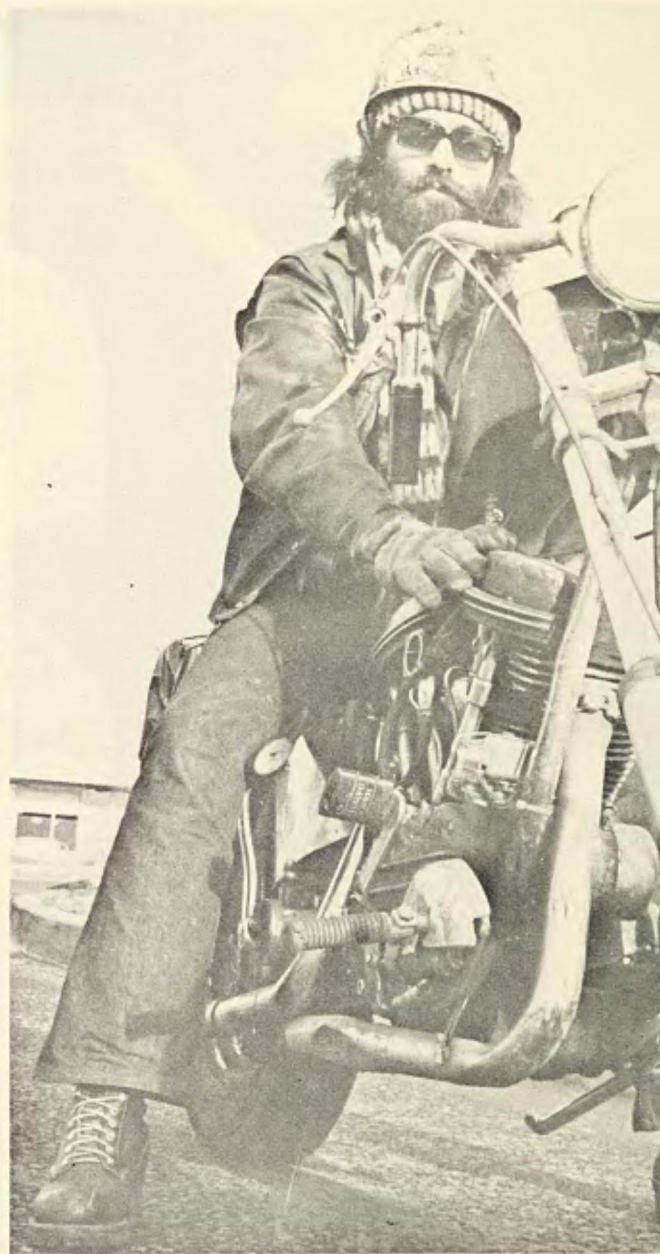


—from Billy Tinney, Houston, Texas



—from David Camelio, Rochester, N.Y.



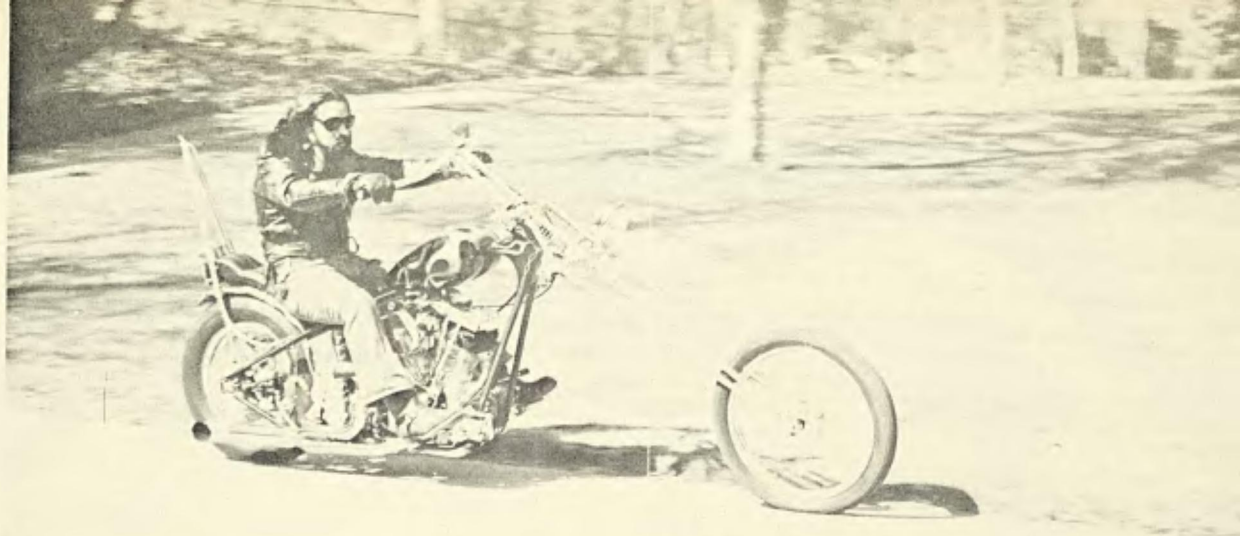




**“But Officer,
I Didn’t See
The Motorcycle!”**

(Bullshit!)

Easyriders

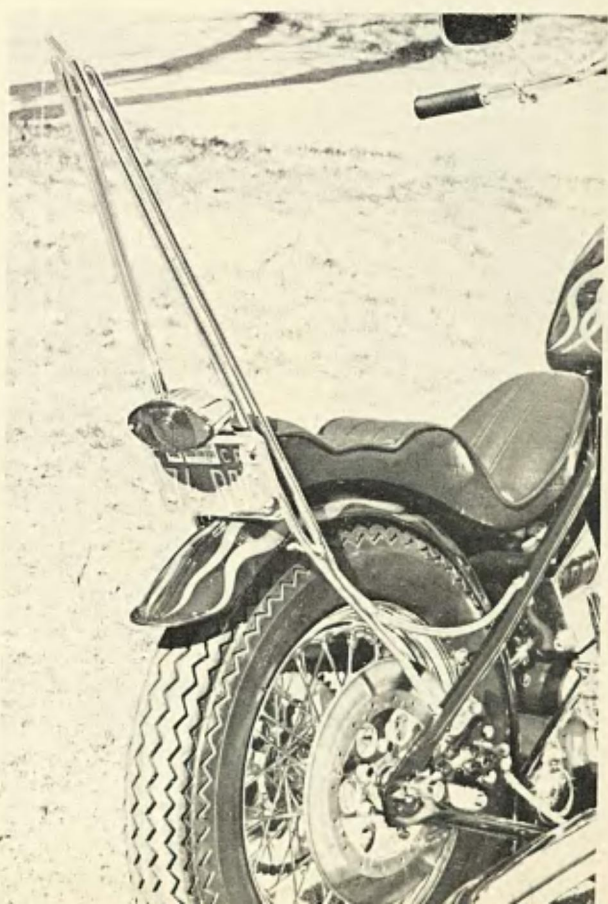


Right up front this ain't no happy tale.

If you're into H-Ds as much as we are, it sorta hurts when one gets wasted in one way or another. For example, recently a bro saw where a farmer had cut a side-hack body in half to use as a feeder! Whatta drag.

And then, not too long ago, Ed Martinez, owner of this nice shovel, sent us some scribes and a few shots of his putt, 'cause he thought we would dig it. We did and contacted him. But between the time he had written and the phone call, his scooter had burnt to the ground.

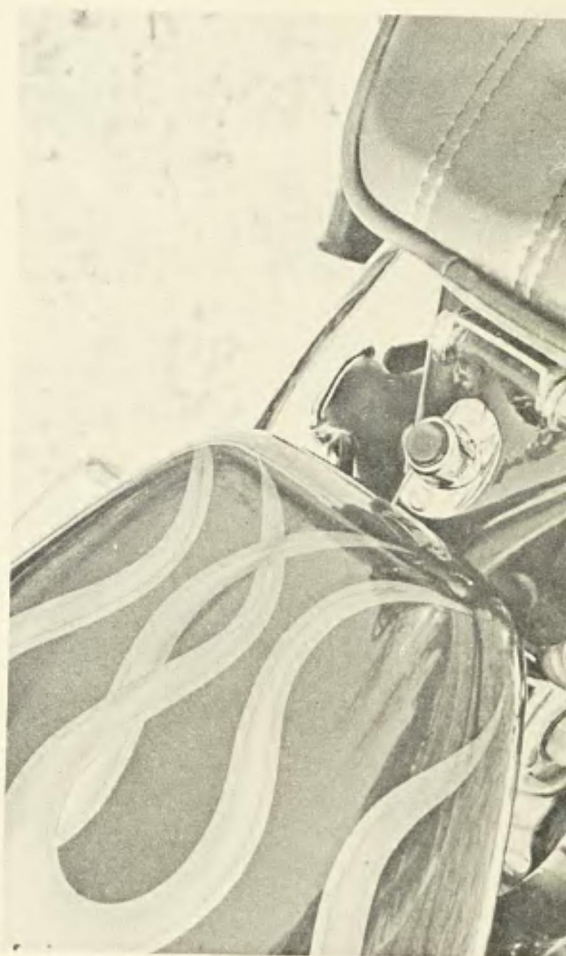
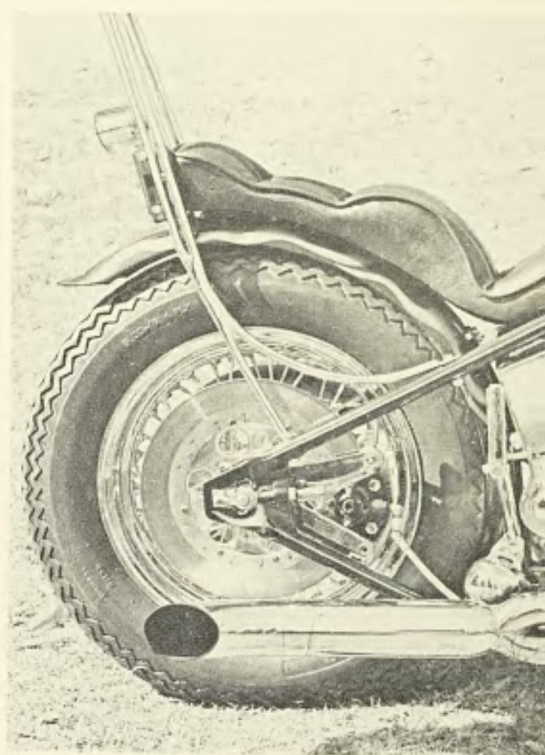
He's been keepin' his shovel in, out of the rain, in his garage for some time now, and he never thought twice about

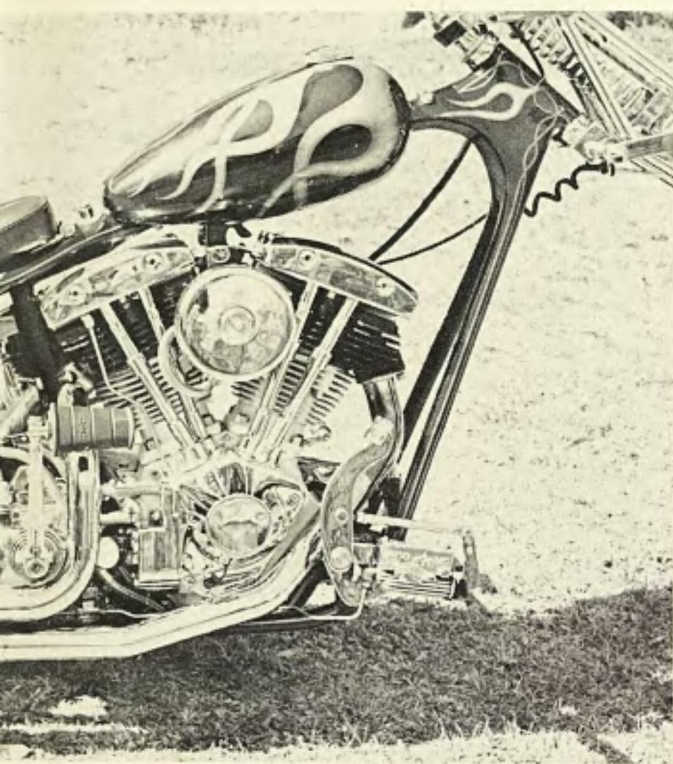


From Ashes Back To The Road



Owner: Ed Martinez		City: South Gate, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Mass. Chassis		Year: 1974	
Year and make: 1972 H-D		Builder: Denver's	
Model: FLH		Type: rigid	
Value: \$4,000		Rake: 45°	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 4 in., down-tubes	
Time: 1 year		Other alterations: 2½ in. rear stretch	
Chroming by: Christenson		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: owner, modified for H-D throttle	
Year: 1972		Risers: owner	
Model: Shovel		Fender(s): Bates rib	
Rebuilder: Laidlaw's H-D		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: 12v, coil, distributor		Taillight: Cat-eye	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: Speed-omotive		Front pegs: Gary Bang	
Balancing: Speed-omotive		Rear pegs: Gary Bang	
Pistons: 9:1, H-D		Electrics: Owner 5/16 brake line hose	
Cases: metallized		Gas tank: Paughco 3-gallon	
Heads: Branch Flowmetrics		Oil tank: Alphabet's	
Cam: 412 Sifton		Oil system: stainless braided lines	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): Bendix Branch		Seat: Cheatah	
Air cleaner: Gary Bang		Sissy bar: owner	
Pipes: World Motorcycle Products		Height: 36 in.	
Muffler(s): with pipes		Material: ½ in. double round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: metallized		Type: round girder	
Year: 1972		Extension: 16 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: World Motorcycle Prod.	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: brake cable thru leg	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19	Size: 16
Molding: Brothers' Paint Shop		Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: Hallcraft
Painter: Brothers' Paint Shop		Rim width: 3.25	Rim width: 5.00
Color: blue murano over candy		Tire: Avon	Tire: Arco
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: coffee can	Brake: Disc
Special paint: pinstriping by Nez			
Other special modifications: Action Pack battery, oil cooler from Ford power steering, braided brake lines, switch panel on starter motor.			



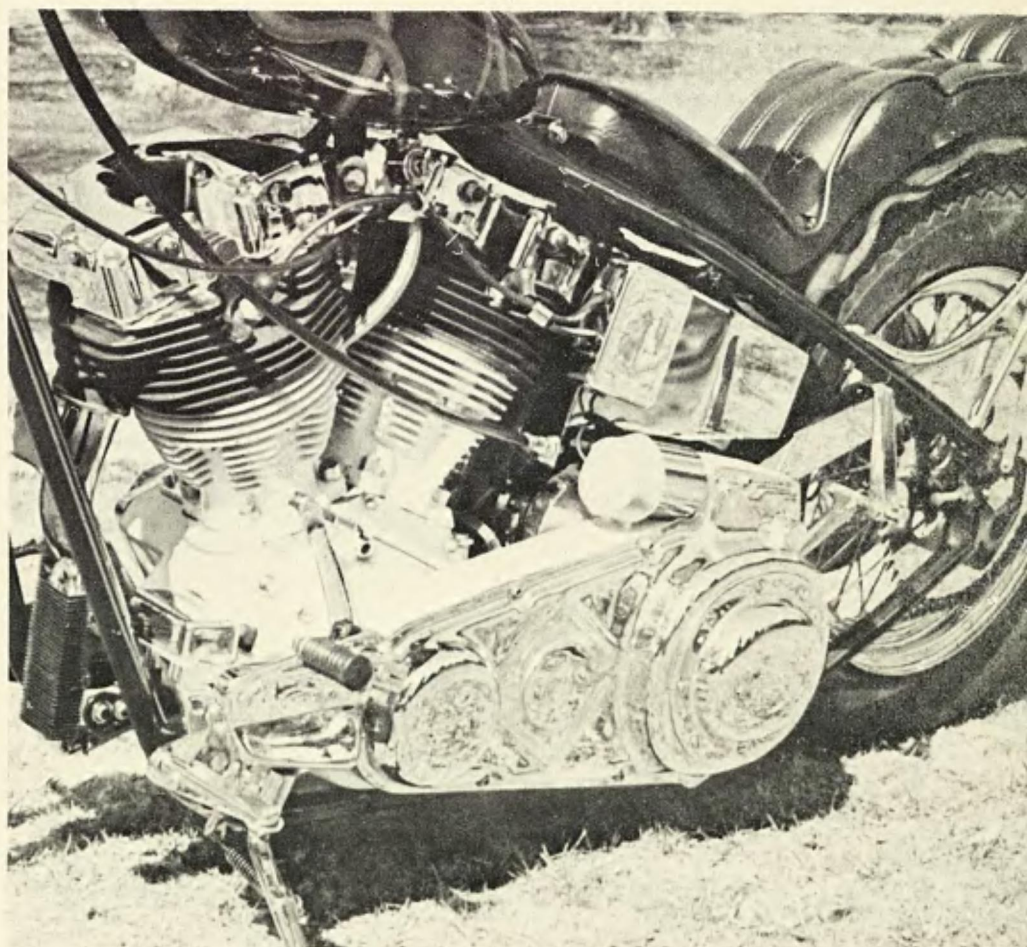
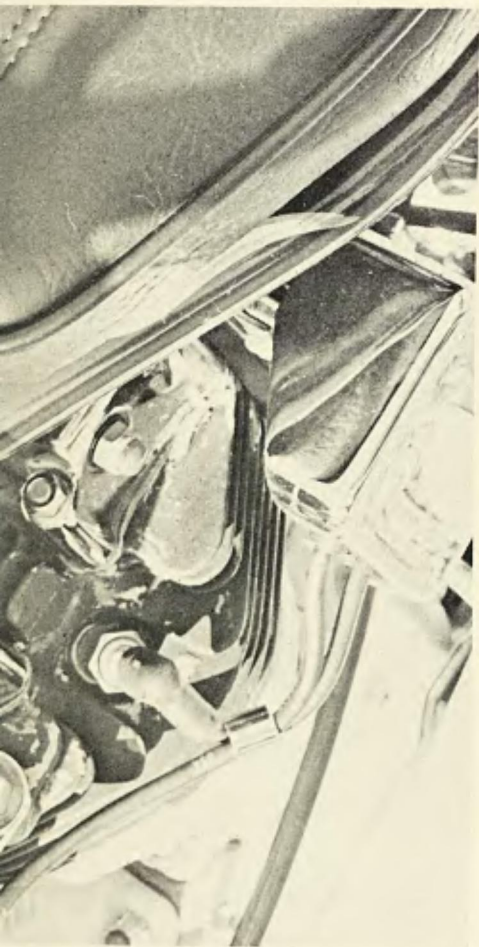


where he should park it in its home. So one glum day he left it next to his water heater. The gas fumes from the sharp putt were ignited by the exposed flame of the heater and turned his scoot to dust.

Even if a bike doesn't leak gas, there are still fumes runnin' around the vent in the gas cap, creepin' out the mouth of the carb or seepin' off the air cleaner element. And if the ol' shack has got one of them gas water heaters it best have a shield over the burner, and even then the scoot shouldn't be anchored too close to that fire.

Well, bro Ed faced a grim downer, but it didn't take him long to bounce back onto the road with another scoot. And this sled looks just as fine as the dusted one. But now Ed takes his weekly rub 'n' scrub in cold water, 'cause his water heater is full of buckshot.

—Bandit



No Love

I spent many years in jail and for sex I dug takin' it in the ass. Now that I'm old and on the streets, no one wants me any more. On the inside I was appreciated, but on the outside I'm considered an old weirdo.

Dust Hole
San Francisco, Calif.

● I suggest you go up to the nearest cop and kick him in the nuts—that should put you back with dudes who appreciate you.

Hot Mama

You seem to be a pretty hot mama. Is there any particular spot on your body that gets you more hot and bothered than any other?

Curious
Chicago, Ill.

● It's not any particular spot but rather the dude who's touchin', tonguin', bitin', pokin', kissin', humpin', maulin', and hurtin' that gets me on.

Hash Marks

Every time I take my chick's pants off there are brown hash marks all over them. Seeing this sorta turns me off about draggin' my nose through her bush. Do you think I'm justified?

Bushman
Dallas, Tex.

● Shut your eyes—what you don't see won't hurt ya. (If I let things like that stop me, half the slobbs around the office would be cut off.)

Wild Granny

My grandmother goes down on all my boyfriends, and I can't hack munchin' on some dude's meat—so what happens? I lose them to her! Even if I did want to com-

pete, I couldn't; how are you gonna compete with someone with no teeth?

Acid Out
Omaha, Nebr.

● How does your granny feel about chicks? You might consider switching—it has a few things going for it—no head cheese and shit like that.

Deep Throat

I just saw **Deep Throat**. How come they didn't use you in that movie? You can eat more than Linda Lovelace, can't ya?

Tojoe
Whaleysville, Va.

● I shot a deep-throat movie with a couple of my barnyard friends, but you'll only be able to see it at stag shows, for some reason.

Hairy Problem

Every time I dive on a chick I wind up with her twat hairs curled around my palate and I have a helluva time getting rid of them. Any suggestions?

Hair Breath
New York, N.Y.

● I've found that it's the curly-haired dudes who are the worst—so be selective or have her shave her bush off. Those Brillo pads can be a hassle.

Bugs Split

I received your picture today and hung it on my wall, and almost immediately there was a mass exodus of bugs, cockroaches, fleas, spiders, etc. Where the fuck do you think they're goin'?

Danny
Hampton, Va.

● They're comin' home, asshole—they saw their creator and are heading back to mama.

Cuffin' The Carrot

Is it possible for a guy to beat his meat too much? Lately I've been pounding my pud and nothing happens when I climax—not a drop.

Curious
Denver, Colo.

● You should wait at least a half hour between whippin' times.

Some Problem

My crank isn't very long, but it's about as thick as a beer can. Do you consider that to be a problem?

Stump
Boise, Idaho

● I don't, but the guy you're livin' with might.

My Cucumbers

I'm a vegetarian and I sure could dig scarfin' on all of your **used** cucumbers.

Unk
Frazier Park, Calif.

● Sorry. Ronnie, the snotty-nosed office boy, gets 'em to get off on. (The smell is as close as he comes to actual sex.)

Oversized Crank

Do you know how to shrink an oversized cock? My ol' man's got the biggest, cheesiest crank in the country. Please help, before he stretches me all out of shape.

Loose Lips
Willmont, Wis.

● There is no such thing as an oversized cock.

Wild Dream

For the past few years I've had the same dream over and over and I always die before I wake up. This big fat chick sits on my face, and the only

air I can breathe is the air that's in her. Her snatch is stretched around my face and the air soon turns into carbon dioxide and I die. Now I've been terrified of all fat broads over 400 lbs. Since I was told "if you die in your dream, that's how you really die," would you mail me your picture? The suspense is killing me. I've got to see if it's you.

Smothered
Corona, Calif.

Granny's Day!

I've got this irresistible urge to eat out an old grandma, but I can't find one who'll go along with it. What should I do?

Pastor
Schwabach, Germany

● Go to Central Park in New York City like everyone else does and grab off one.

Off-sided Question

I'm a one-legged biker and I would like to know if you have ever balled a dude with a stump.

Easy
Menard State Pen

● Have I ever—stumps are somethin' else!

Loose Chick

I find a lot of slack between the piston and the cylinder wall when I ball my chick. How can I make the piston fit tighter?

Big John
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

● Get an over-sized piston.

—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.

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Zit Face

—Continued from page 15

plied, looking as innocent as an unborn fetus. "I ain't got nothin' in it but this here gasoline."

Two minutes later, they squared off downrange of the gas station. At the ready, Squeaky revved her up to such an earsplitting pitch that I thought he'd make it rain. You couldn't even hear the "tractor" through all that racket. Suddenly, they dropped the hammer and all hell broke loose. I mean, it was just plain *adios*! I don't know what that old geezer had in that "tractor," but *somebody* put it together right. In vain, I gave chase to see how bad we got our lunch. The closest thing to me was Squeaky. That old man and his "tractor" dissolved from view, New Orleans bound. Squeaky was flabbergasted. Idling homeward again, he explained over the racket of his pipes that he would have exterminated that "fucking Milwaukee diesel," if this and if that. I nodded sympathetically. Somebody was going to pay for Squeaky's downfall. I thought to myself. Minutes later, all of us bikers started paying.

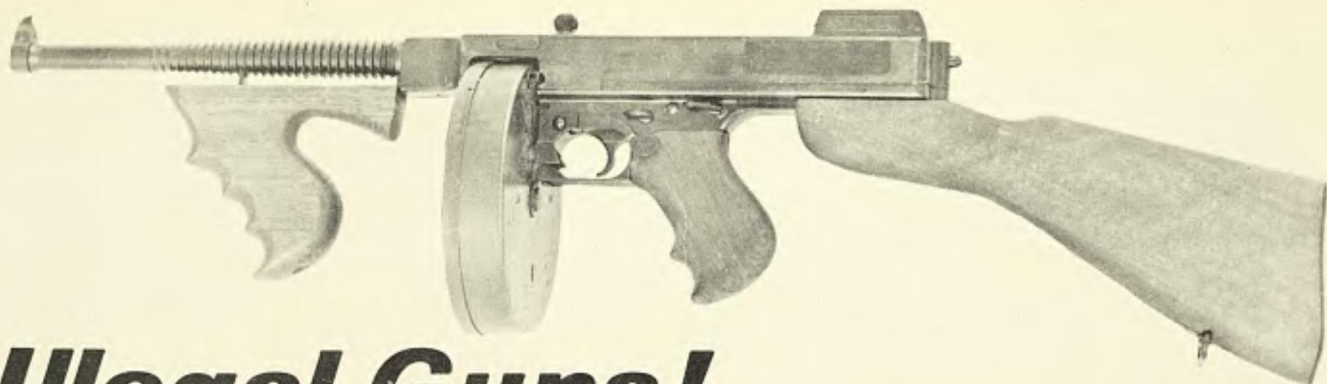
One block south of "The Crossroads of America" (U.S. 30 and Illinois 1), a limousine braked curbside of the St. James Hospital, anticipating a gang of school kids horse-playing too close to the street. The sudden stop infuriated the already indignant Squeaky. He didn't give a hoot about the campaign sign mounted on the limo's roof, the one reading *Elect Senator Floomflaw*. Nor did he recognize or give a flat rat's ass about the six figures seated inside behind the chauffeur. Like Senator Ignatz Floomflaw, our Police Chief, and our honorable Mayor and their wives. Senator Floomflaw had just left our public library on a campaign speaking tour, where he doubtless praised our peaceful community and its upright and responsible citizens. Squeaky was about to give *them* a piece of his mind for causing a tailgating cyclist to haul it down suddenly; and he did it smack-dab in the middle of the nation's most prominent intersection.

As the limo sat waiting for the traffic light, Squeaky bullied along-

side between the crowded lanes and went into his act. Peering into the limo's open window, he shouted to the chauffeur, "How do you like *these* apples, Mister Motherfucker?" Then he wrung the right grip and nearly wrenched his tach cable from its casing. That Zit-Face Special revved to its endurable limits. I actually *saw* its engine headbolts loosening, and had the clutch cable snapped just then. . . . The occupants of the limo winced and recoiled in holy terror. Windows flew up. Nearby pedestrians grabbed at their ears. Stray pooches howled in torment. Neighboring autoists poked their heads into their glove compartments, and I fancy I saw a few grope under their seats for loaded hoglegs. The intensity of those straight pipes grew unbearable. I saw diamond-shaped exhaust patterns like those you see in static rocket tests at Cape Kennedy or Huntsville, Alabama. Blasts of exhaust ricocheted off the concrete and buffeted my jacket and pants legs. Patients in the adjacent hospital lapsed into catatonic comas. The electronic beeps on electrocardiographs leaped off their screens. Surgeons performing tonsillectomies and vasectomies butchered and castrated their patients. A glazier's truck pulled up in the left-turn lane, its racks loaded with plate glass plastered with LOF and PPG stickers. As it sat there, I watched the glass vibrate. Suddenly, it shattered and cascaded onto the street. It sounded like the whole percussion section of a philharmonic orchestra letting loose with a crescendo. At that same instant, the light changed to green. When Squeaky started to shove off, his grip faltered on the clutch lever and the raucous machine lurched forward and stalled right in the midst of all that traffic.

As a dozen autoists sprang from their cars, rolling back their sleeves, and as Senator Floomflaw headed for O'Hare Airport with new motorcycle laws on his warped mind, I made my move. Threading across lanes at grave risk to my own life, I abandoned the hapless Squeaky and took a rather devious route home.

Just let Squeaky head out toward my pad looking for a riding partner sometime. I can hear him coming and have plenty of time to vamoose.



Illegal Guns!

(Well, almost!)

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They're great to display on your wall, freak your friends, or they could be that unusual gift you've been lookin' for.

Don't mistake these as some dumb shit ten-cent store toys—they look and feel real. We back these words with a 10-day money back guarantee if you don't agree.

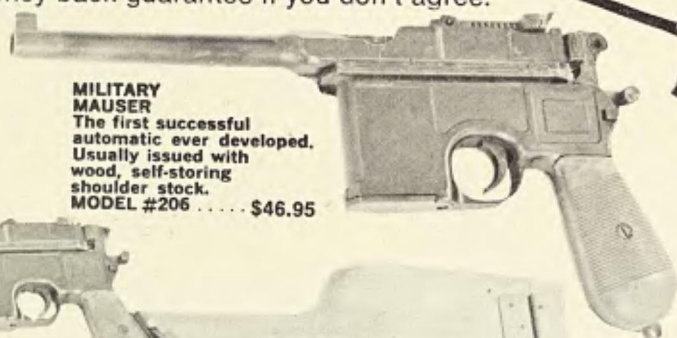


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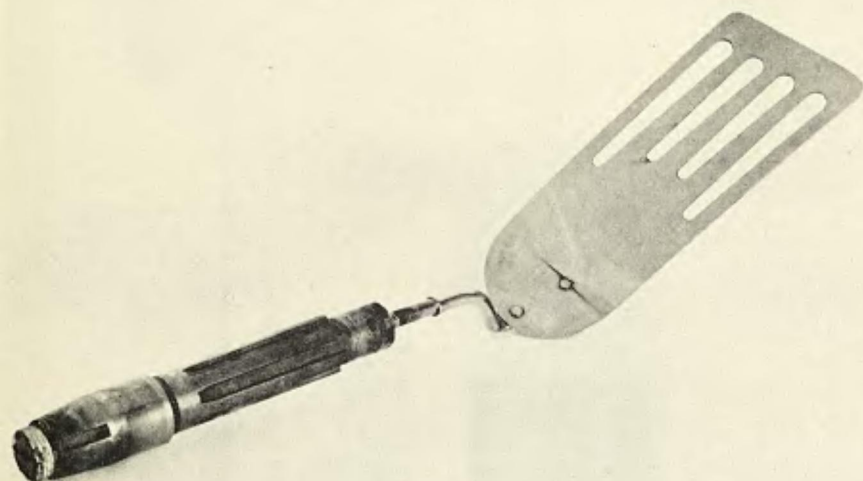
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Who wants to buy Ma a spatula, when you need a part for your scooter?



This goddam money hassle is a drag—to say the least. If ya party hard for one solid weekend, the ol' paycheck is dusted. And then there's no tellin' if the coal mine job will be there Monday.

Every dime I see reflectin' off the shiny surface of a bar I scarf up to keep my scooter on the road. I don't need no utensils fallin' apart on me. And if the bastards do, I ain't about to shell out my coin for new ones. So like the tight-fisted mutha I am, I'll jam out to the garage and braze the little turkeys back together. Or I'll dig around till I come up with some kind of replacement part, like an old crank pin, pinion shaft or piece of a bent handlebar. Then in no time I'm back on the road (so to speak) in the kitchen.

—Renegade

Seats

Hi-Step Seats

Quilted and Diamond patterns. Expanded naugahyde. High density foam.

Length: 29½"

Width: 8"

Plate: 12 gauge steel

Will fit rigid frame bikes.

Made in U.S.A.



#770 Quilted Diamond, built-in sissybar \$64.00

#772 Quilted Square, built-in sissybar \$64.00

#752 Quilted Diamond \$38.95

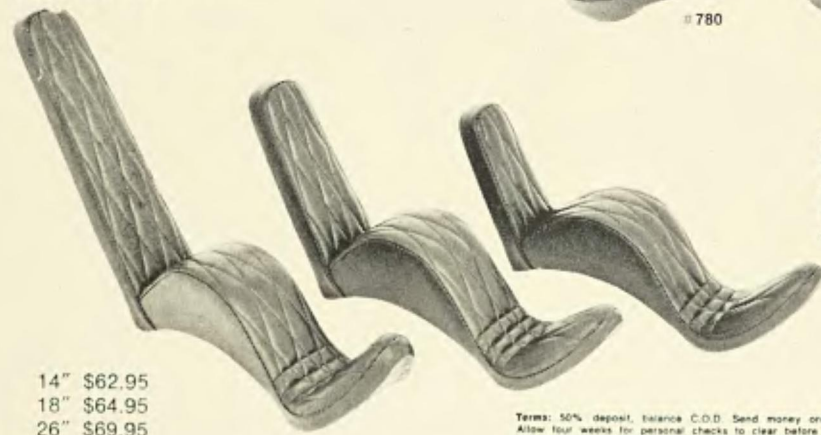
#754 Quilted Square \$38.95

#760 Quilted Square with buttons \$44.95

#756 Diamond with buttons \$44.95

#780 Quilted Diamond \$44.95

#782 Quilted Square \$44.95



14" \$62.95

18" \$64.95

26" \$69.95

They fit: (all come with brackets)

1971 Honda 500
1971 Honda 750
1972 up Honda 350 (2 cyl.)
1972 up Honda 350 (4 cyl.)
1972 up Honda 500

1972 up Honda 750
1970 Triumph 650
1971 up Triumph 650
1973 up Triumph 750
1971 up Yamaha 650
1971 up Yamaha 750

Be sure to specify your model

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.

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Number 3

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Just off the presses—the new '75 Jammer's Handbook is the most complete catalog of latest style, safe, dependable chopper parts available... and you can use your BankAmericard or Master Charge to order.

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Please send me the new Jammer's Handbook. I am enclosing \$3.00 (\$2.95 + one lousy nickel toward postage and handling).

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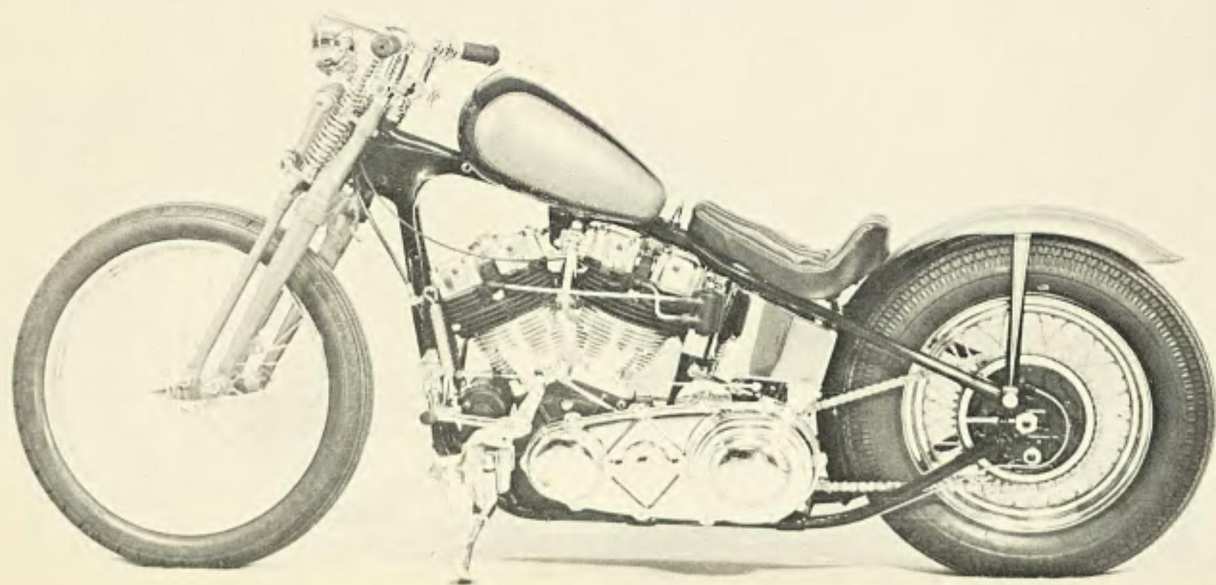
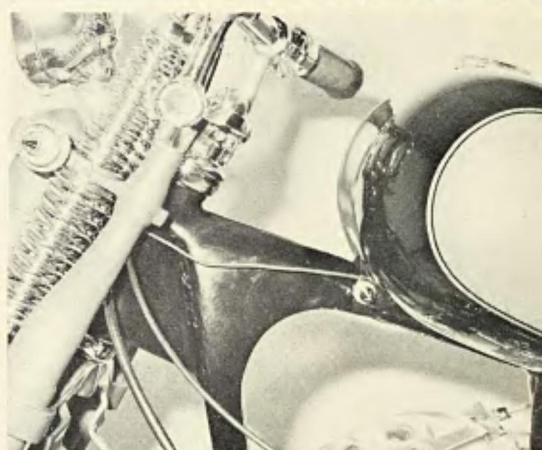
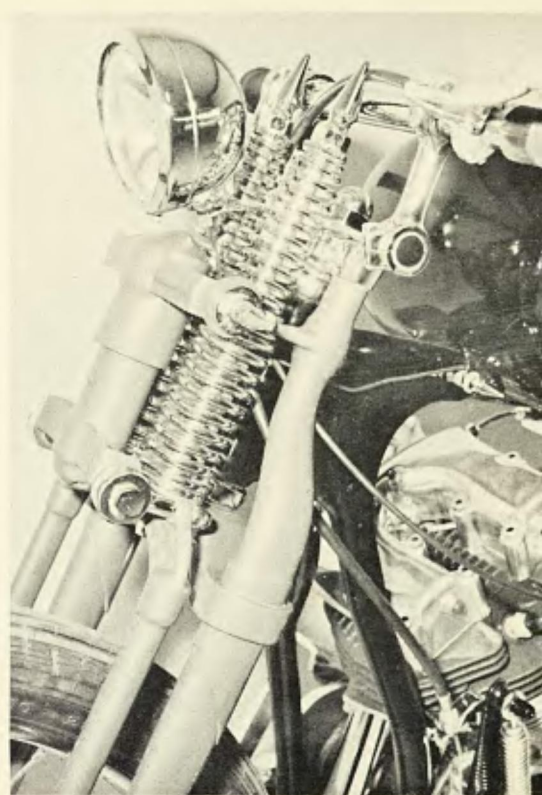


Lowdown, mean, and nasty!

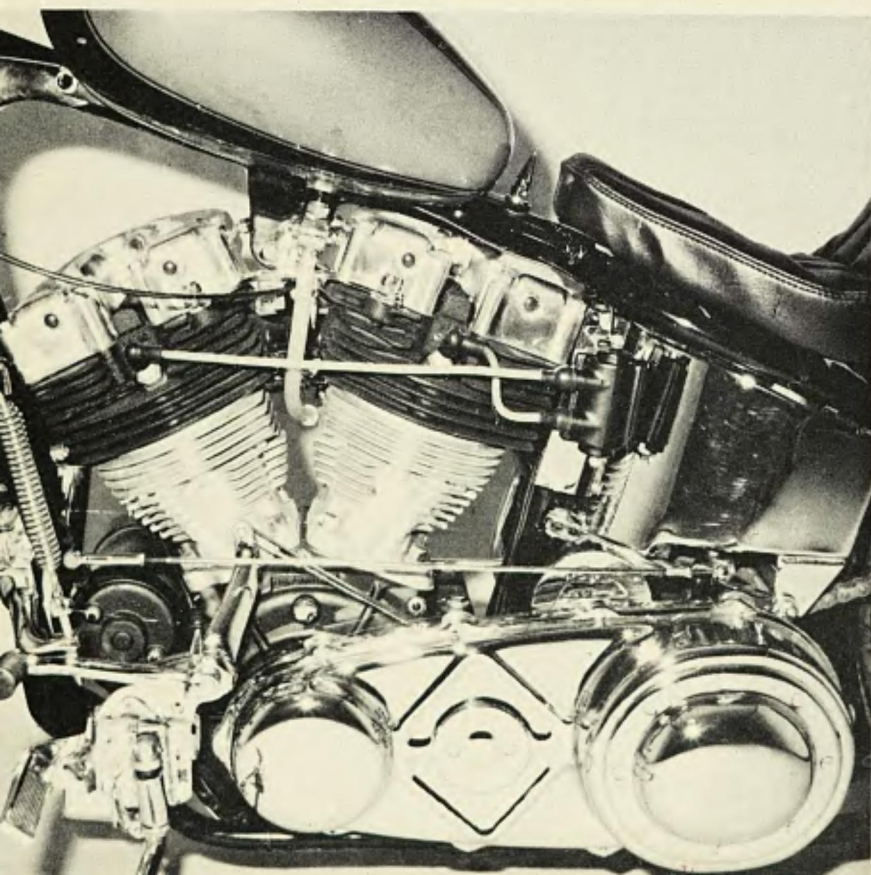
Scooter people may never change, but their putts sure do. Sometimes it's just a different head trip for this season. Or maybe the reason is a little more powerful than that—like some oatmeal-brained turkey decided to derake last year's frame and pretzel the front end with his Detroit barge 'cause he "didn't see" us.

The bro who built the stocky scoot flickerin' on these pieces of our rag, Rick

Ostromecki, had a long, nasty stretcher—in more ways than one, the way he tells it—back when all the others were bumpin' their uglies on long front ends. Now, to properly manage with all the trash on the roads, and gasless Sundays, he's come up with a mean-ass low-ridin' pavement glider that handles as well as it looks, and's got a monster fuel can that even Mutha's jealous of. Well, so this lazy dude can start partyin' early this



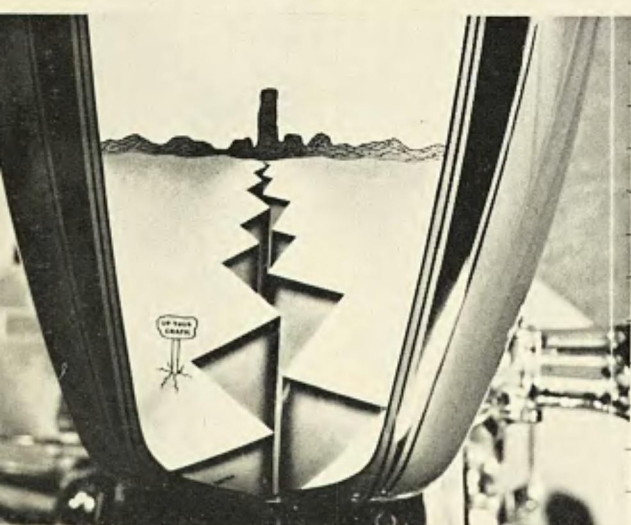
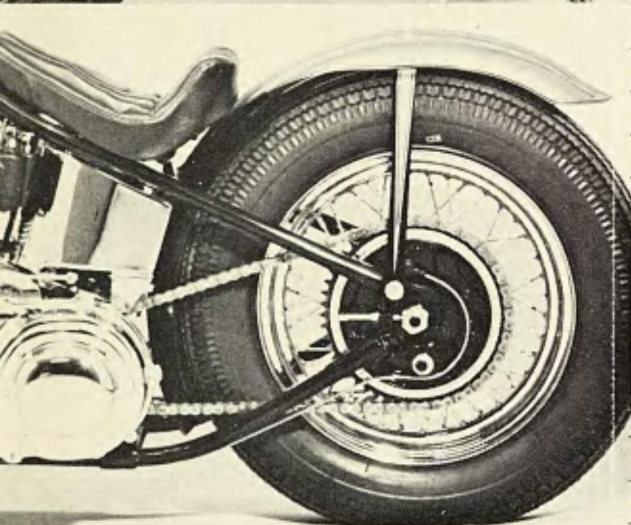
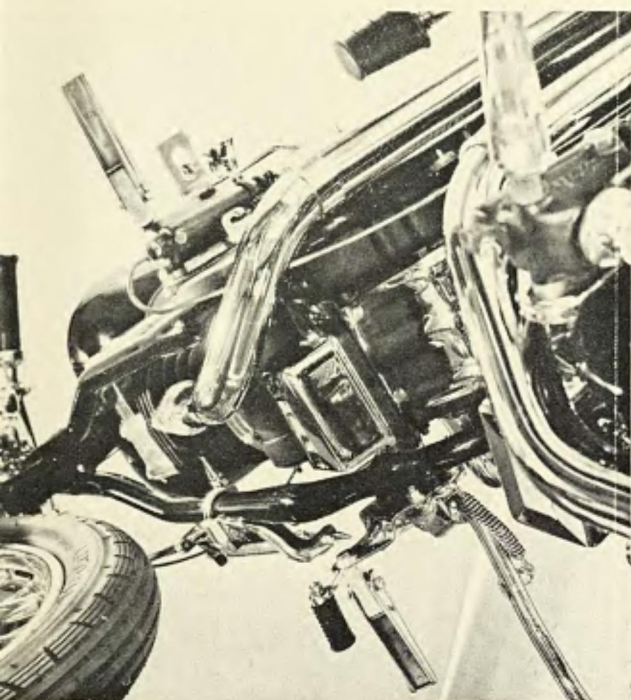
Photos by Joe Ofria



weekend, here are Rich's own words about the trip:

"Bike was mapped out first; then the parts hunt started. Finding the shock for the springer was like tryin' to score a crab outuva Brillo pad, but I got one in Vermont, no less. A decent cradle was next; looked at four of 'em till I copped one that hadn't been put to the torch yet. The early shovel had been in cold (very cold) storage for over a year. I rescued her from a two-wheeled slave ship carrying a full load (dresser, maybe?).

"This bike is blowin' a lot of minds because of the radical difference from my other one (featured in the June 1974 issue). In fact that was one of my main reasons for buildin' it. I was gettin' sick of comin' out of bars and findin' my old scooter bein' used for limbo contests, and havin' every Tom, Arnold, and Tricky Dick point a pimply finger and say, 'What's the purpose of that there thing?' It gets to ya after a while, but the topper was you guys questioning its handling abilities. That was a **stone** freak, and as soon as I get out of this body cast, I'm gonna break yer necks!" ■



Owner: Rich Ostromecki

City:

General

Frame

Fabrication by: Tom & Rich Ostro

Year:

Year and make: 1966 H-D

Builder: modified by Cycle Stuff

Model: FLH

Type: '55 H-D

Value: \$4,000

Rake: none

Assembly by: Tom & Rich Ostro

Stretch: none

Time: 6 months

Other alterations: top bar removed

Chroming by: Waltham Ind.

Accessories

Engine

Bars: drag

Year: 1966

Risers: dogbones

Model: Shovelhead

Fender(s): ribbed

Rebuilder:

Headlight: dresser fog light

Ignition: stock

Taillight:

Displacement: stock

Speedo: none

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: Hollywood

Balancing: stock

Rear pegs:

Pistons: FLH 8 1/2:1

Electrics: owner

Cases: flat black

Gas tank: 4 gal. Paughco

Heads: stock

Oil tank: Paughco seamless

Cam: FLH

Oil system: stock

Lifters: hydraulic

Primary cover: Paughco tin

Carb(s): Bendix

Seat: naugahyde, Corbin Gentry

Air cleaner: velocity stack

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: drag

Height:

Muffler(s): none

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications:

Type: springer

Year: 1966

Extension: none

Shifting: ratchet top

Builder: H-D

Engine sprocket: 24

Special features: shock abs.

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: stock

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 16

Molding: Rich Ostro

Hub: spool

Hub: H-D

Painter: Tom Ostro

Rim width: 3.00

Rim width:

Color: black, orange candy

Tire: Inoue

Tire: Good

Type: lacquer

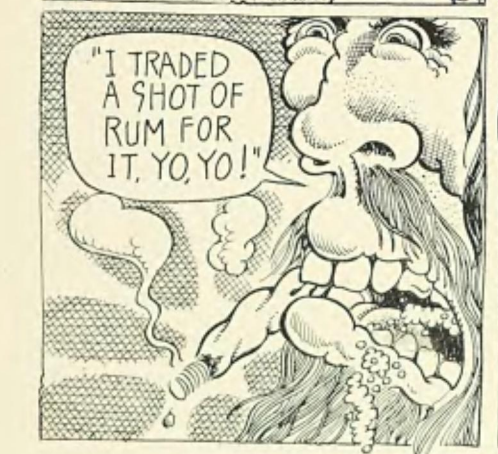
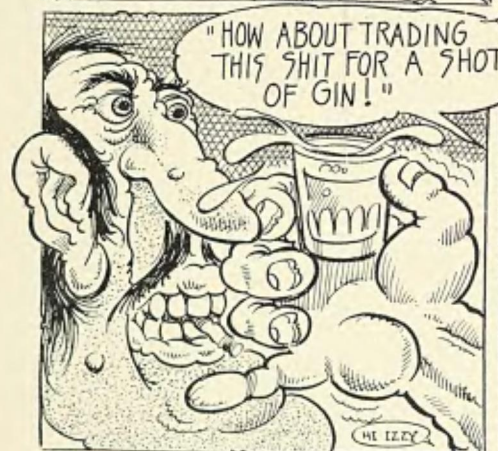
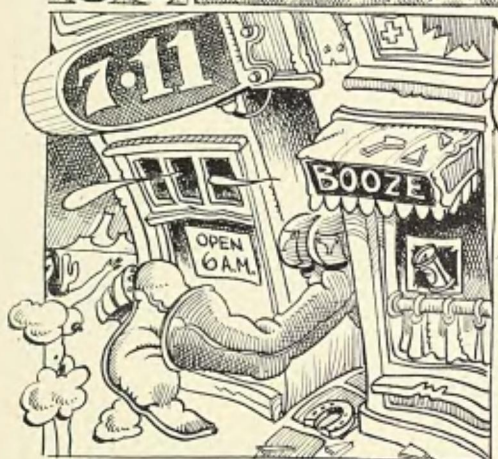
Brake: none

Brake: drum

Special paint: mural by Tom & Rich

Other special modifications: rocker boxes, carb & kick cover polished by M & P Specialties, Waltham, Mass.

OOO



THE STRIP THAT ASKS THE QUESTION - HUH?



The Uselessness of Helmets

By Grease

Idaho Fatalities Point Out Uselessness of the Helmet

Idaho has the distinction of having the most motorcycle registrations per capita of any state in the United States. This doesn't mean that it has the most motorcycles but, that of the people who live there, more of them own motorcycles than in any other state. Out of a population of about 710,000, there are over 40,000 motorcycles registered, or one for every 22 people. (In addition to the registered bikes, there are probably almost as many that are operated illegally off-road without being registered.) This is an increase of 35,000 registered motorcycles since 1962, while the population of the state has grown about 100,000. In other words, an increase in motorcycle registrations of over 400% while the population increased 5%.

Because of the relatively small number of units involved, we have done a study of the accident statistics available in Idaho to determine if any patterns of significance can be found.

The information we have available indicates that from January 1971 through June of 1974, there were 64,223 auto accidents reported, of which 770 were fatal. During the same period, there were 1,690 motorcycle accidents of which 65 were fatal; 351 bicycle accidents, in which there were 13 fatalities; and 593 pedestrian accidents, with 68 fatalities. From these figures, it could well be deduced that just about any means of transportation is safer than walking.

In percentage fatalities to accidents, about 1% of auto accidents are fatal. This is probably loaded in favor of the auto, since any accident involving \$100 worth of damage must be reported, and so far as automobiles are concerned,

a pretty minor accident can produce \$100 worth of damage. About 3% of the reported motorcycle accidents were fatal, while 11% of the pedestrian accidents were fatal.

When we turned our attention to the causes of motorcycle fatalities, we found that there were records available only from January 1967 through August 1972. The helmet law was passed in 1967, so accidents were reported only for a few months prior to its going into effect, and as near as we can tell, just one fatal accident took place during the period when helmets were not required. There was no record kept of whether helmets were actually worn by the later victims, but we can assume they were.

During this period, there were 74 motorcycle fatalities. The reports on 6 of them did not specify the cause of death, many showed multiple injuries, usually involving broken arms or legs, there were 3 chest injuries, two abdominal injuries, and 8 bled to death.

There were 63 injuries involving the head. Obviously many of these were in conjunction with the other injuries listed, but the fact remains that 85% of the fatal motorcycle accidents involved head injuries. Of these, 23 involved injury to the top or front of the skull, or the report did not give sufficient information to indicate the specific location of the injury. Even so, 21 indicated basal skull fracture or broken neck, 18 reports indicated bleeding of the brain or brain injury, often without positive indication that the skull was fractured.

Brain hemorrhage, basal skull fractures, and injuries to the cervical spine (broken neck)—all were usually products of the whiplash phenomenon in the cases studied. They can be identified in 62% of the fatal head injuries. If the reporting system were more accu-

rate, we could expect a greater percentage.

Only four cases can be positively identified as not being of this nature: two where the skull was crushed, one where the bones in the side of the skull were fractured, one where the injury was to the face. In one other instance, there was a basal skull fracture and injury to the front of the skull.

The large percentage of whiplash-type injuries raises some serious questions as to the utility of the helmet. In all whiplash-type cases, it probably contributed to the injury by increasing the mass that was projected. In the case of the basal skull fractures and broken necks, it may well have been the cause of death. A recent Navy investigation identified a particular type of injury as being produced by the leverage of a helmet impinging on the victim's neck, and it appears probable that this would have been identified in a number of these cases had the examining physician been alerted to it.

It should be pointed out that the brain-hemorrhaging injury, which is caused by the skull moving violently and tearing the brain loose from its supporting membranes, is what the helmet is supposed to prevent, yet in 28% of the cases of head injury, this was the cause of death.

In view of the helmet's restriction on hearing and vision and its apparent inability to reduce head injuries significantly, coupled with some strong evidence that it is causing a significant number of deaths which occur in motorcycle accidents, we believe that it is imperative for the helmet law to be taken off the books. Those who feel that the helmet does have some advantage to them would still be able to wear one; those who feel it might well kill them could refuse to take that particular risk.

California: The Modified Motorcycle Association is after an old, hassle, bogus law. Most states have a "no modified exhaust" ordinance. Well, the MMA is seeking to have it changed, so that scooter people can modify their exhaust systems as long as they don't make them louder. In the process of passing such a repeal they have been forced to start a certification program so The Man can detect a legal setup. The repeal number is AB736 and will alter section 2751 of the California Vehicle Code. Don't sit back polishing your drag pipes and mumble that it's far out. Join the MMA and support the brothers backin' you.

Arizona: "Dear Mr. DePasquale: I want to take this opportunity to let you know that last week I introduced a bill, H.R. 6211, that would remove the Federal requirement that forces the States to require motorcycle operators or passengers to wear helmets when operating or riding a motorcycle. I am hopeful that we can get hearings on this bill and get it moving at an early date. If you have any questions, or if I can be of assistance, please let me know. Best wishes. Sincerely, Sam Steiger, M.C."

The foregoing letter was written by Congressman Sam Steiger, 3rd District, Arizona, 2432 Rayburn Building, Washington, D.C. 20515.

Between this and Stewart McKinney's (Connecticut) bill, HR 3869, we have something substantial for our Congressman to support—Little John De Pasquale, President, Arizona Association of Concerned Motorcyclists.

Maine: "ABATE: Dear Sirs: I became aware of your group through your articles in your magazine *Easysiders*. I have introduced into the Maine Legislature three bills, which I have enclosed, that deal with motorcycles: L.D. 1084 which repeals the requirement for wearing helmets, L.D. 1088 which repeals the mandatory headlight law that Maine now has, and L.D. 1087 which would change the requirements for the height of motorcycle handlebars.

"I would appreciate any information or support your group could send me to add in my attempt to free the motorcyclist from restrictive legislation.

"These bills will be heard by the Joint Standing Committee on Transportation sometime this spring, as yet no hearing date has been set. Sincerely, Harland C. Goodwin, Representative, Committee on Health and Institutional Services, State House, Augusta, Maine 04330." Write and assist this together Representative!

Connecticut: On Monday, April 14th, the Transportation Committee voted approval of the helmet repeal bill. The bill will now go before the Senate and House sometime before the legislative deadline of June 4th.

During the lengthy helmet controversy, much of the legislative concern has focused on the question of whether the federal government will, in fact, cut highway

funds if Connecticut repeals the helmet law. It was this blackmail threat in 1969 and again in 1971 that led both Governor Dempsey and Governor Meskill to veto repeal.

To counter this threat and to prevent a veto by Governor Grasso we have also taken our fight to Washington.

We now have a bill in Congress, introduced by Congressman McKinney, to prevent the Dept. of Transportation from withholding these highway funds if a state repeals its helmet law. This bill, HR 3869, needs your support. Write a letter to your Washington legislators urging support and speedy passage of this bill.

We must not surrender to the threats of the non-elected officials who mandate their personal beliefs over the legislative process of this country. The seatbelt-ignition interlock requirement on 1974 automobiles was repealed by Congress because of resentment of the people. It has a parallel in the helmet law. Also send a letter to the Subcommittee Chairman, James J. Howard of New Jersey.

Now that you're in such a good letter-writing mood, send a letter to the Governor asking her support for repeal.

The support for helmet repeal is growing. Other states have joined us in support of our Washington bill. A National Helmet Protest Day is being planned for June 29th in every state.

This month marks the start of our bi-centennial celebration of the American Revolution and the Constitution. The helmet issue may seem like a trivial issue amongst the grave problems of today's world. However, it is of large scope, a scope which encompasses state rights and the intervention by government in the lives of its citizens, an act of big brotherism by government agencies.

Now is the time to write those letters and let your views be known. "Let Those Who Ride Decide."

Committee Bill 456, Repeal of the Compulsory Motorcycle Helmet law:

Statement of Purpose: To eliminate a hazard for motorcyclists under certain conditions. Compulsory headgear can interfere with proper vision and hearing in some circumstances, and individual operators can make the best decision as to when protective headgear will contribute to their safety.

Connecticut's Senators and Representatives can be contacted as follows:

U.S. Sen. Abraham A. Ribicoff—321 Old Senate Office Bldg. Washington, D.C. 20510

U.S. Sen. Lowell P. Weicker, Jr.—342 Old Senate Office Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20510

U.S. Rep. William R. Cotter, 1st Dist.—213 Cannon Office Bldg. Washington, D.C. 20515

U.S. Rep. Christopher Dodd, 2nd Dist.—429 Cannon Office Bldg. Washington, D.C. 20515

U.S. Rep. Robert Giaimo, 3rd Dist.—2265 Rayburn Office Bldg. Washington, D.C. 20515

U.S. Rep. Stewart B. McKinney, 4th Dist.—504 Cannon Office Bldg. Washington, D.C. 20515

U.S. Rep. Ronald A. Sarasin, 5th Dist.—511 Cannon Office Bldg. Washington, D.C. 20515

U.S. Rep. Toby Moffett, 6th Dist.—1008 Longworth Office Bldg. Washington, D.C. 20515

New York: We have done it again, only this time 13 times better. We have a total of 13 co-sponsors on our daytime headlight and mandatory helmet repeal bills.

We have remained persistent in our cause, and this riding season we may be rewarded by being able to exercise our right of freedom of choice! If we lose, our legislators know that we will be right back in there fighting again next year. It is our primary goal to keep on educating our legislators to the dangers of mandatory helmet wearing and to increase our co-sponsorship on each try that we make, even if it takes the whole legislature as a co-sponsor!

We hope that our bills will help give some inspiration to those other states that are struggling for their freedom. We must stick by our guns. Let's continue to fight for a country that reflects the dreams and visions that our forefathers gave their very life's blood to mold. If you are a resident biker of another state and you need additional info to support your fight, write to me, Jed Tranquill, Statewide Coordinator for the NYMRO, 1062 Main St. East, Rochester, New York. I have been fighting the mandatory helmet law since 1963 and have accumulated some 10,000 pages of anti-mandatory-helmet material.

Following are the bill numbers and the people to write. Get with the program and scribe to these people. To get anywhere we have all got to push together—now. Helmet Repeal #A-6924, Daytime lights Repeal #A-6631:

Assembly Transportation Committee: Chairman: Thomas R. Frey, 308 Merchants Rd., Rochester, NY 14609; Joseph Ferris, Legislative Off. Bldg., Albany, NY 12224; Philip B. Healy, 32 Frankel Rd., Massapequa, NY 11758; Rolland E. Kidder, 252 Hazzard St., Jamestown, NY 14701; Matthew J. Murphy, 139 S. Transit St., Lockport, NY 14094; Roger J. Robach, 171 Hewitt St., Rochester, NY 14612; Daniel B. Walsh, R.D. #1, Franklinville, NY 14737; Elizabeth A. Connelly, 94 Benedict Avenue, Staten Is., NY 10314; Alexander B. Granis, 501 E. 87th St., New York City, NY 10028; Neil W. Kelleher, 406 6th Ave., Troy, NY 12182; G. Oliver Koppell, 3124 Henry Hudson Pkwy. E. Bronx, NY 10463; Clarence D. Rappleyea Jr., 11 Ridgeland Rd., Norwich, NY 13815; Frederick D. Schmidt, 85-14 86th St., Woodhaven, NY 11421; Lewis J. Yevoli, 29 Serpentine La., Old Bethpage, NY 11714; Don W. Cook, 1508

Lehigh Sta. Rd., Rochester, NY 14467; Vincent J. Graber, 248 Elmsford Dr., West Seneca, NY 14224; James Hurley, 28 High St., Lyons, NY 14489; Vincent A. Marchiselli, 4320 VanCortland Pk., Bronx, NY 10470; Lloyd S. Riford Jr., W. Genesee Rd., Auburn, NY 13021; Ronald H. Tills, 43 Union St., Hamburg, NY 14075; Gerald B. Solomon, 23 North Rd., Glens Falls, NY 12801.

Each person should write to every one of these Assemblymen or women. When you address an Assembly member the correct way is to use the term Hon. Don't ever use the abbreviation Ass. for them. If you would like to know the status of the helmet or daytime headlight repeals you may call this number TOLL FREE: 1-800-342-9860.

Senate Transportation Committee
Helmet Repeal Bill #S-5082.

Daytime lights Repeal #S-4741: Chairman: Senator John D. Caemmerer, 11 Post Avenue, East Williston, NY 11596; Vice-chairman: Senator Frank Padavan, 84-48 Radnor Road, Jamaica, NY 11432; Members: Senator Owen H. Johnson, 6 Learner Street, West Babylon, NY 11704; Senator William T. Smith, 3407 Olcott Road, Big Flats, NY 14814; Senator Joseph A. Tauriello, 713 Busti Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14208; Senator James D. Griffin, 420 Dorrance Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14208; Senator James H. Donovan, 9409 Elm Street, Chadwicks, NY 13319; Senator Jess J. Present, 41 Chestnut Street, Jamestown, NY 14701; Senator Edwin E. Mason, Main Street, Hobart, NY 13788; Senator John J. Santucci, 111-29 116th Street, South Ozone Park, NY 11420; Senator Chester J. Straub, 678 Manhattan Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11201; Senator John D. Perry, 181 Lafayette Parkway, Rochester, NY 14615.

This committee is most important to our (ABATE, CAUCUS & NYMRO) cause! We know the truth about helmets and daytime headlights.

Make sure that they know it! Be respectful!

Maryland: "It is because I disagree with your feelings of the unfairness of forced helmet wearing that I cannot help in repealing such legislation. I believe that wearing a helmet is more beneficial to the safety of motorcyclists than not having that protection, however minimal that protection might seem."

"Also, this law does not seem to me a matter of constitutionality. Many laws that affect our daily lives are not those that we have voted on—Congressman Edward Beard, 20th District, Rhode Island."

This is a letter I think Rhode Island bikers should be aware of coming from one of their congressmen, Edward Beard. How can a man turn his back on facts and the constitutional rights of his voters? I will admit I voted for this man, figuring he would be a good change

and most of all would serve with an open mind and the feelings of his constituents coming first and foremost, which is why he is "representing" Rhode Island—not to follow his own personal beliefs, which, it appears, concerning motorcycles are very uneducated. I wonder if he received any mail supporting helmets.

In my letter to Mr. Beard, I tried to briefly give some of the arguments against helmets. From his reply I wonder if he even read my entire letter.

Another point of contention—the man was not turning just me down, but the entire association. Would his answer be the same if everybody had written? Until they do, we won't ever know. Just keep sitting on your dead ass and that's the kind of representation you'll get!

If you care about the laws that affect you, then tell the man your feelings; otherwise he will only protect himself or whatever he "thinks" the majority wants whether they are affected or not. Only motorcyclists are affected by helmet laws.

My final question concerning Mr. Beard is: How would he feel about the constitutionality of the seatbelt, if it were a law and affected him personally?—Walt Boober, ABATE of Maryland.

New York: Legislation and activities from ABATE of New York: Motor Vehicle Registration in the U.S. is now over 130 million. 1973 figures showed 10.6 million autos, 23.3 million trucks, 5 million buses and 4.3 million motorcycles and scooters. Add another 3 million unregistered trail bikes, etc. Federal DOT now projects motorcycle sales will someday stabilize at 10% of total passenger vehicle registration or twice the current rate of registration.

A biker wanted to know: What's the thruway authority rule on motor bikes?

In order to be legal on the new state thruway, a motor bike must have a gross unladen weight of 300 lbs. or more, a wheel diameter of 16 inches or more, and a tire width of 3 inches or more.

Moped legislation introduced: It is expected that Senator Caemmerer will introduce to his committee legislation authorizing the use of the moped on public streets. A preview of the proposal indicates the final proposed bill will be quite comprehensive with provisions and rules for use. (No helmets), licensing, insurance and registration. Standards will conform to federal guidelines with speeds allowable up to 25 or 30 mph, up to two horsepower, and so forth. It is too soon to know what reception the bill will get.

New bicycle regulations, effective 1/1/75 (for those who sell them) require special reflective tires with add-on side reflector kits unless the shop or manufac-

turer receives temporary exemption in order to sell out their inventory.

Wisconsin: Why not apply to the FDA for a hearing on whether or not helmets are hazardous? In a proceeding of this kind, there are no legal issues. The hearing is based on engineering reports and tests. If helmets are proved to be hazardous, the FDA is required to take them off the market, or restrict their sale. I thought it was pretty nutty too. Until I realized that it was the FDA that took toys off the market because the toys presented health hazards to children. Since helmets contribute to accidents by narrowing the field of vision, restricting the ability to hear, and cause whiplash injuries, the very least the FDA could do is to rule that no one should be required to wear something that may cause that person injury or death.

Just to show what is possible with something like the above: In Chicago, some anti-gun nuts are asking the FDA to ban ammunition because it's a health hazard. And if they can prove their case, the ammunition will be banned. Since the FDA is a federal agency, its decisions have a nation-wide effect.

—James Jeffery Smith
Georgia: I've got a problem—I live in Georgia, where most bikers are asleep when it comes to banding together to fight the helmet law. I read all the ABATE stuff and never find anything about Georgia bikers. What's wrong? Are they all willing to let things slide? Or would they like to do something? We need to unite! Can you help me get in touch with someone who's with the program? William C. Strickland, Rt. #3, Box 36-A, Jesup, GA 31545.

From Virginia, to The Rest of The Country: I don't know if you're aware of the National Committee on Uniform Traffic Laws and Ordinances, but recently they had a sub-committee hearing with the proposal to delete UVC section 11-1306, which is the skid lid regulation. With some of the best people on the subject there with a two-and-a-half-hour presentation, we still lost, but it was close.

In late June the entire committee will review the Uniform Vehicle Code section and decide whether or not to reject the proposal. Well, a report was written on the sub-committee's findings at the hearing, the rebuttals offered by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, and the sub's recommendation: "Reject the proposal." And right from the gate, the manner in which it was written was about what you might expect.

Below are sample excerpts taken from the sub-committee's research, to be submitted to the full committee—they seem to have left out the specific statistics submitted to them by our brothers.

1. There is no evidence showing that requiring use of helmets reduces deaths, injuries or accidents. Studies in several states indicate an increase in fatalities after the

requirement was adopted. Helmets have not decreased deaths or injuries.

To this, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration responded: It is possible that fatalities increased in several States after adoption of helmet laws. In some cases the benefits of helmet use may not have been able to totally off-set the increase in accidents, injuries and fatalities resulting from greatly increased motorcycle usage. Motorcycle registration has increased more than 470 percent in the last ten years. More specifically, the second part of the first answer points out the consistently lower fatal crash rate for the helmet law group of States. We have not made an attempt to document the experience in each State, but we have included several items that were available in our files on specific jurisdictions. The first is from Hawaii. It shows that in the two years prior to enactment of a helmet law 33 deaths occurred. In the first two years after the law, 16 fatalities occurred. A second deals with Michigan where 104 deaths occurred in the year prior to the helmet law and 86 the first year of helmet law effectiveness. A third item from Ontario, Canada, shows a 35.5 percent reduction in fatalities the first year following adoption of a helmet law. We believe that these examples are fairly representative of what has occurred in most States after adoption of helmet laws.

Some motorcyclists disagreed with the methodology and implications of the above statements. They also felt that other factors could explain the decreases in deaths.

2. Motorcycle helmets are heavy and increase the number and severity of neck injuries. In one study, serious neck injuries increased 750%.

To this, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration responded as follows: NHTSA statisticians have looked at all available sources of data alleged to have proved an increase in neck injuries induced by motorcycle safety helmets. None actually did and only one source indicated a possible significant increase in neck injuries for helmet users. This analysis was done as a result of the recommendation by the National Transportation Safety Board that we study the possibility of helmets inducing neck injury in crashes. We are seriously considering conduct of such a study which we believe would entirely resolve the issue of helmet-induced neck injury.

3. Motorcycle helmets cause crashes. They reduce hearing. They reduce side vision to 105 degrees, when the minimum desirable is 140 degrees.

In response to the contention that the use of helmets causes death, injury or accidents, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration responded as follows: To the best of our knowledge no

factual data exist to support this contention. Very many studies support the effectiveness of helmets.

Two are enclosed. The most recent is dated March 1974 and is NHTSA's analysis of motorcyclist helmet effectiveness in Michigan (which has a helmet law) and Illinois (which does not have a helmet law). The study found that accidents in Illinois resulted in almost three times more serious or fatal head injuries than similar accidents in Michigan. The second document is an analysis of fatal motorcycle crash rates in the United States for 1966-1970. This paper shows a consistently lower fatal crash rate for the helmet law group of States with an average difference of 1.43 fewer fatalities per 10,000 motorcycles for the helmet law group of States.

Some motorcyclists disagreed with the Michigan-Illinois study.

As to hearing and vision loss, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration stated: Let us consider that helmets are a hazard because they impair hearing. First, there are helmets which do not cover the wearer's ears, so they cannot possibly impair hearing. Other types of helmets do cover the ears. Wearing a helmet of this type does limit hearing slightly, but far from the point of being a hazard. Several full-coverage helmets have vents over the ears to improve hearing and ventilation. Anyone who has ridden a motorcycle knows that they are exposed to engine noise and often it is difficult to hear over the engine whether wearing or not wearing a helmet. A motorcyclist wearing a helmet can probably hear as well, if not better than a driver in a car with the windows closed, the air conditioner operating and the radio turned on. With regard to impairment of vision, the assertion that helmets create a hazard is not supported by accident studies or a thoughtful analysis of the circumstances in which motorcycle safety helmets are used. The 290.1-1966 Standard promulgated by the American National Standards Institute and adopted by a number of States recommends that a helmet provide a range of peripheral vision of approximately 120 degrees. Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standard Number 218, Motorcyclists Helmets, requires a minimum of 105 degrees. Additionally, a skilled motorcyclist will continually turn his head from side to side to get the fullest view of the surrounding traffic. This technique, coupled with the field of vision requirements in the standards, would assure that the motorcyclist's peripheral vision is not significantly impaired by the use of an approved helmet.

7. "New York, with a helmet law, has a much higher motorcyclist death rate than California, which does not have the law."

In response, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration wrote: California's rate is not that low. For 1972 it was 93 per 100,000 motorcycles compared to an aver-

age of 69.8 for those States with effective helmet laws. Even so, we don't believe that a direct comparison of the death rate per 100,000 registered vehicles is the best way to measure helmet effectiveness. For instance we don't claim that Alaska's record low of 9.2 deaths per 100,000 motorcycles is solely a result of the helmet law. We believe that a comparison of death rates per 100,000 motorcycles for several years before and after helmet law implementation would show a more accurate picture of helmet law effectiveness.

Note: Following is an impression of the committee's actions, by Fuzzy Davy of ABATE of Virginia.

"The rebuttal of each of the statements we made to the NCUTLO explains why Buchanan, of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, didn't have anything to say at the subcommittee Meeting February 27.

"Furthermore, at a later discussion with Mr. John English (Director of Research), I asked what would happen to the NCUTLO if the DOT withdrew their portion of the funding. He replied, 'We'd be out of a job.'"

Bill HR 3869 would take away the power a group of non-elected highrollers are allowed. Force them to listen to the people—write your Congressman and tell him to support HR 3869 and HR 6211—and don't say you'll do it tomorrow!

Kansas and Missouri: Since you want the right to choose whether you wear a lousy helmet, show strong opposition to being forced to wear the cruddy things. The hated helmet law is forced self-protection, the same as the DOT's proposed seatbelt law for cars.

We were told MC deaths would drop with introduction of the damn helmet hoax. Instead they almost doubled! Find out why by meeting with others opposed to the law, every 2nd and 4th Sunday at noon, City Park, 26th St. & Park Drive, Kansas City, Kansas. Route will include Missouri. In case of rain, meet next scheduled date.—COOL, ABATE of Missouri, ABATE of Kansas.

New Mexico: "I wish to encourage brothers to write to the newspapers' letters-to-the-editor columns. I feel that this will lead to general public knowledge of the facts."

I wrote a letter to the Albuquerque Journal, which triggered a rebuttal, and a rebuttal to the rebuttal which I rebutted again, etc. Albuquerque just passed a city law declaring helmets unconstitutional, which probably encouraged some letters; however, I feel that newspapers may be a great aid. Papers are read by everyone, including politicians as well as the general public. You want to make some noise, this is one place to do it—Chris Derrick.



Silly Tilly

Heard any good ones lately?
Well, clean 'em up a little and
send them to Silly Tilly, Box
52, Malibu, California 90265.
She'll pay \$10 for every one
she uses.

"Hey man, what's wrong with your lips?" a dude asked a friend he ran into in a bar.

"They're chapped," the cat explained.

"What's that crap you got on 'em?" the first dude wondered.

"Chickenshit," his buddy said.

"Fuck, I didn't know chickenshit was good for chapped lips," the surprised dude exclaimed.

His bro looked at him, sorta astonished, and said, "It ain't, but it sure as hell keeps me from lickin' 'em."

—Harold Gossert
Waynesboro, Pa.

A bro was in a bar the day after gettin' married, rappin' to his partner. "Man, I'm really sweatin' this marriage. I got up this morning, forgot where I was, and put five clams on the dresser."

His buddy didn't flinch. "Hey, man, that ain't nothin' to worry about; she probably didn't even notice it."

"That ain't what bothers me," the concerned biker exclaimed, "it's that she gave me three bucks change and yelled, 'Next.'"

—Harold Gossert
Waynesboro, Pa.

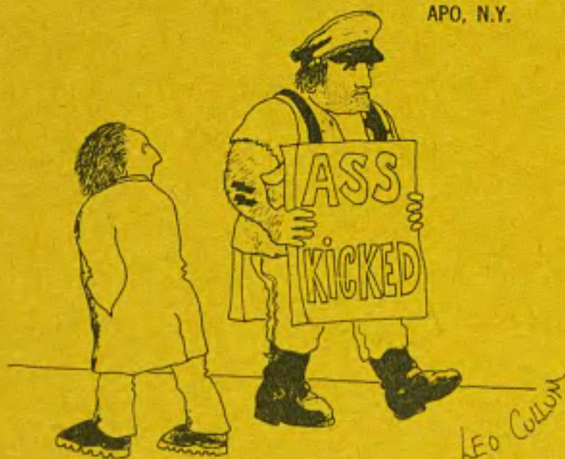
One day at the local school, a biker's son was asked by his teacher who signed the Declaration of Independence.

The kid replied, "How the hell would I know?"

Of course the teacher had a shit-fit and sent the boy home with instructions to bring his parents to school with him the following day.

The next day, as the kid's father stood in the back of the room, the teacher asked him the same question and the kid gave the same answer. Hearing that, his father took him out into the hallway to rap. "Now look, son, you know I haven't had much of an education, but us scooter tramps already have a bad enough reputation, so if you signed that fuckin' paper, you get your ass in there and say so!"

—Slim Pickens
APO, N.Y.



A brother was arrested for indecent exposure in a grassy field off the main highway.

"I plead not guilty, your honor," he told the judge. "I went there only to get relieved."

"I accept your explanation," replied the judge, "since there must be some allowances made for emergencies."

"That's all well and good, your honor," interjected the arresting officer, "but what about the young lady who relieved him?"

—Keith Coburn
Bayside, N.Y.

When this scruffy biker was asked what his translation of puttin' was, he replied, "It's just like fuckin': once I get on, I don't ever want to get off."

—Ralph
Malden, Mass.

The biker's big toe and cock were complaining to each other just how bad they were being treated.

The toe started, "Man, life sure sucks. I haven't had a bath for so long I got fungus growin' on me. He puts on these old woolen socks full of holes that couldn't keep me warm in hell and then shoves me inside an engineer boot that stinks like rotten fish."

"You think you've got it tough?" said the cock. "He keeps me in shit-stinkin', brown-stained, bug-crammed shorts all day. When he takes them off, he shoves me in a black tunnel that makes the city dump smell like roses, just to do push-push until he makes me barf. Man, that's what I call having it tough."

—Peppy
Sudbury, Ontario

News flash: Medical science has come up with a potency pill for men. It works so fast that unless it is swallowed immediately, the man's throat will get hard.

—Troyd
Hopkins, Minn.

This shop owner talked a fox into dropping her panties and bending over his counter for a piece of action.

When his wife asked him why he came home so late he replied, "Jesus, give me a break; I was at the shop working like a dog."

—Keith Coburn
Bayside, N.Y.

There was a young couple who lived on love. The ol' lady warmed dinner by sliding down the banister.

—R. C. Lalley
Bothwell, Ontario

This patch holder's ol' lady goes trippin' into the doctor's office 'cause she wants to know why her ol' man hasn't kissed her in two weeks. Well, the doc opens her jaws and peers in.

"Mmmmmmm," he says. Then he tells her to shed her threads, and he looks up her ass. "Mmmmmmm," he says, "you got a bad case of the Akames."

"What in hell are the Akames?" the chick questions.

The doc backs away a taste and says, "It means that your mouth smells just like your asshole."

—Joe Boyd
Mt. Clemens, Mich.

This red-freak was in a gin mill with an old whore drinkin', when he turned to her and said, "Lemme see your snatch."

She shrugged and lifted her mini-skirt.

"It's a wonder," he said, and went back to his drink. A little while later, he repeated his request. And she again raised her dress.

And again he commented, "It's a wonder," and went back to drinkin'. "What's a wonder?" she questioned.

"It's a wonder," he replied, "that your guts don't fall out."

—Spaniel
Dover, N.J.

A high class chick entered a bar, sat down, and ordered a bottle of Schlitz. When the bartender served her, she chugged it and ordered another. She drank that one down and ordered a third one. As soon as she had finished the third, she passed out on the bar.

The bartender carried her to the back room and balled hell out of her. Then he invited all the guys in the bar to have a go at her. When they were done they took her back out and sat her at the bar. After a while, she woke up and went home.

The next day she returned and ordered a Schlitz again. She proceeded to do the same number she had done the previous day. After her third Schlitz, she passed out. The bartender took her to the back room and balled her. Then he invited all the dudes in the place to have a go at her. When they were done, they took her back out front and sat her at the bar. After a while she woke up and went home.

The following day she returned to the same establishment and ordered a bottle of Oly.

The bartender was surprised. "But I thought you drank Schlitz."

"Yes," the chick replied, "but I had to give it up. It made my box ache."

—The Wandering Jew
Cornelius, Oregon



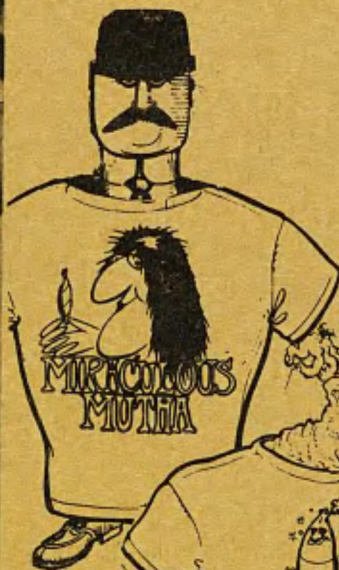
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For 25 years city, county, state, and federal governments with their law enforcement officers have worked together in a desperate effort to eliminate the Hell's Angels from existence.

They have strangled us in the public eye—occasionally with deadly, drug-induced rackets and murders.

They have taken our property without us, denied us our rights and now they jail our leaders.

Support Your Local



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 3¼") 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.

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★ **FREE SONNY BARGER** ★

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The Prospect

—Continued from page 21

instantly and the goodies could be stashed in an emergency.

"Hey, prospect!"

Jason sauntered over.

"Yeah?"

"Time for a beer run. Get the bread from Big Mama and go get the booze."

"How much?"

"Take enough for twelve cases. Six Coors and six Budweiser."

"On my way!"

"One other thing, prospect. Since you seem to have trouble stayin' awake, I want you to bring all twelve cases on your motherfuckin' scooter! And you better not dent one fuckin' can! Understand?"

Jason's face lit up in a grin. I had intentionally told the ol' ladies not to bring more than four cases so I could watch Jason run his ass back and forth with that beer all night. I knew damn well he'd have to make those very carefully. It was thirty-eight miles to the nearest liquor store, so he'd also have to haul ass to get the beer supply up to party.

As he got ready to kick his shovelhead over, Pecos yelled at him:

"And by God you better not stay too long! We've got enough to last us a couple hours at the most!"

"Be right back!"

And he was gone with a roar.

"Rabbit, you're a cold motherfucker! He'll have to make four or five trips!"

"That's right! I figure he might get two or three cases on his scoot. Strap two to the sissy bar and one on his lap, and that's it."

The brothers had a good laugh as they thought of little Jason trying to balance a case of beer on his lap.

"He's so damn short he won't be able to see over it!"

It was exactly one hour and forty-seven minutes later when we saw the single headlight and heard the noise. Obviously it was a scooter, but no one could figure out what the fuckin' noise was. Nor could anyone account for the shower of sparks that seemed to be following the bike. By the time the scoot got close to camp all the brothers and the ol' ladies were still puzzled.

"It's the prospect!"

"What the fuck is the sparks?"

"What's the fuckin' noise? He blowin' that thing up, or what?"

All their questions were answered when Jason pulled into camp with his cargo. Shutting down the shovelhead, he walked over to me with a big grin on his ugly mug.

"Got the beer. Six Coors, six Bud. Twelve cases. All on my motherfuckin' scooter and not one can bent."

I couldn't believe it. Walking to the rear of his bike, I found twelve cases of beer! The slick little sonofabitch had taken the hood from a car, turned it

upside down, stacked the twelve cases on top of it, and then chained it to his sissy bar and dragged the mutha all the way back to camp!

The laugh was on me. And, by God, there was enough to go around.

I opened a can, took a long pull from it, and handed it to Jason.

"You earned this, fucker! Join the party!"

Did you ever wish you'd never opened your fuckin' mouth? Somehow I kept gettin' the feeling this goddam prospect was going to be the death of me...

I wasn't the only one that Jason put in the shitcan, though. He was told to empty his pockets at a party one night and pulled out a moldy hamburger that was obviously a couple of weeks old. Pecos made the mistake of asking what he was doing with that in his pocket, and he replied, "Well, you never know when a brother's gonna get hungry!" This remark prompted Pecos to send Jason on a fifty-mile trip to a drive-in restaurant with an order for a fresh hamburger.

Returning, Jason handed it to Pecos. "This fuckin' thing better be hot, prospect."

"It is. I put it in between the barrels."

"Okay, smartass, I just changed my mind. I want a cheeseburger!"

Reaching into his left boot, the prospect produced one! Before Pecos could say anything, Jason pulled some french fries out of his right boot and quipped, "You want some ketchup for the fries, bro?"

Pecos jumped straight up in the air. Everyone was laughing.

"You fuckhead! You slick? Now let's see you give me the waitress that served you this shit at the restaurant!"

Jason dropped his eyes to the floor.

"You serious, bro?"

"You fuckin' right, prospect! Now let me see you handle that one!"

"Uh, bro?"

"What, prospect?"

"She's outside."

He said it so low you could hardly hear him.

"Who's outside, prospect?"

"The waitress you wanted."

And, by God she was!...

The Man had jacked me up and I was on my way to jail for an overdue ticket.

Jason was clean, so The Man let him go. I told him to contact Pecos and have the bail money ready so I could get the fuck out of jail.

The cell was small, but then, most hick town jails are. I flopped on the steel slab and tried to sleep. About an hour later I was awakened by the sound of the cell door being opened. Thinking the bros had somehow made the six-hour trip from the clubhouse to the jail with the bail money, I swung off the bed and got ready for my release, only to find the door blocked by the town's sheriff.

"Got a friend for you."

Stepping aside, he pushed the familiar face into the cell with me and relocked the door.

"Jason, you fuckhead! What are you doin' here?"

"Well, after I called the bros to bring the money for bail, I figured you might dig some company. So, I pulled a wheelie down through town and past the local cop. Got a ticket for careless operation, refused to sign the ticket promising to show in court, and so they brought me here until I either sign the ticket or post bail."

I stood there, shocked, half-mad, but mostly, very proud. Before I could form any words, Jason produced a small baggie from one of his many pockets and started rolling a joint.

When he had fired the weed into life, he leaned back with a shit-eatin' grin on his ugly mug.

"You know, bro," he quipped, "we gotta stop meeting like this!"...

Tension was high. Jason almost blew it two or three times, but somehow managed to maintain. He'd been a prospect for sixteen months now. The brothers had been really rough on his ass. It was almost time for the Big Bear Lake run. This would be the meeting of all the chapters. But more than that, it would be the time when a vote would be taken to see if Jason had earned the right to fly the patch as a member.

The hundred-mile trip to the lake was a long one for Jason. The brothers suddenly found all kinds of things for him to do.

Once we had arrived at the cabin, owned by the club, it was suggested that we take care of club biz before we party.

Jason was sent to guard the bikes, along with two other prospects from other chapters.

I missed most of the meeting. My mind just wasn't in it. I found myself waiting for the voting of the prospects to members.

And, at last, it was time.

I knew how Jason must feel right now. I knew because I had stood out there in the darkness myself. Eight years ago. With another prospect. Waiting for the vote.

Finally, it was over.

Jason was called inside. The look on his face showed the hell he'd been put through these past months. And I knew he was trying to read the faces of the officers who sat in the room. He shifted his weight nervously from foot to foot as he waited.

Liberty was international prez. The member vote had already been taken. The final vote would be among the officers. Finally Liberty spoke up.

"Vote now for membership on Central Valley Chapter's prospect Jason."

The nods were tallied.

Back outside, I stood next to Jason. There was no obvious outbreak of emotion. But it was written on his face.

He was staring into the darkness of the lake, and when he spoke, his voice was low. He was fighting for control.

"You know, bro, I sure do pity the fucker that prospects under me!" ■

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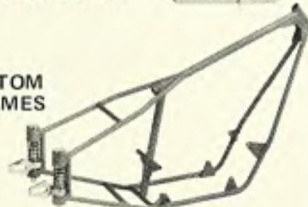
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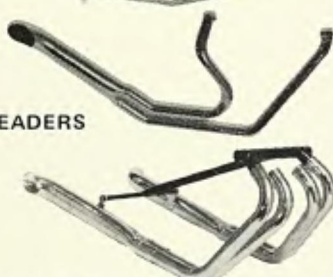
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Pasadena Run

—Continued from page 21

I usually say pussy about a zillion times in the course of...

...What?...

Okayokayokayokay.

Like I was sayin', we couldn't figure out why we ain't never been asked by the Rose Parade Committee or one of them other fine groups to be in the Rose Parade. Hell, every fuckin' Christmas we... I mean... during each Yuletide season... we always bring for the fuckin' orphan kids all kinds of...

...I'm tryin' to watch my language, fucker! Quit interruptin' me, will ya?...

Jesus Christ, I'm sorry, Your Honor. Listen. It's nothing personal, ya know? I just ain't used to these public speeches, ya know? Jesus, I didn't mean to say that.

Okay. Let's see now...

... Every... Christmas... we... club members... provide... for... the... less fortunate... children... of the community... toys... games... and other pleasantries... for their... edification... and... fuckin'... enjoyment... so that...

Oh, what's the fuckin' use, Your Honor! I just can't control my fuckin' mouth. But really, ain't you people in here old enough to cope with my language for a while? I mean, can't you? Holy fuckin' shit: you fuckers work with all the dip-shits and fuckheads roamin' the fuckin' streets, don't ya? And what does the public expect when they come into a courtroom? Stories about little girls bringin' cookies to gra'ma?...

... Yessir... I'll try anyway... Yessir... Nosir... It ain't my intention to make a mockery of the fuck... of the Court, I mean... Nosir... Yessir.

Anyway, on Christmas we always bring toys to the kids, and on Thanksgivin' we always round up whatever winos ain't so rotted away with syphilis and pneumonia that they can't move, and bring them fuckin' turkey and hot coffee, and shit like that, ya know?...

... Yessir, I'll try, sir...

Incidentally, it's a funny thing about them winos. Most of them have "hot" tuberculosis, ya know?... and it's really a challenge to keep out of the way when they cough up and spit them green mucus-balls all over the place; and hell, a couple of hours dodgin' them flyin' boogers and our reaction-time improved a hundred percent to where we could ride at eighty miles an hour around the steepest curves and not... What?...

Yessir... I'll stick with the main issues, sir.

... So we figured in light of all the good we been doin' for the community, the least they could do in return was to offer us a spot in the Rose Parade and let us build our own float, ya know? Hell, Your Honor, we got some people in our

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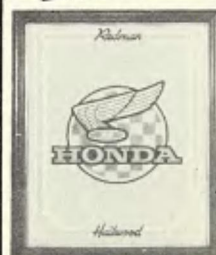
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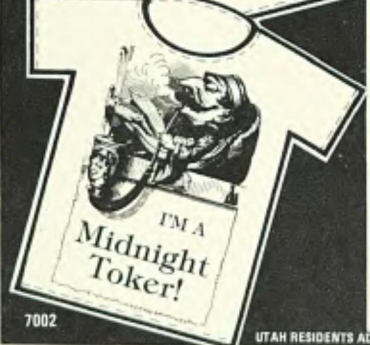
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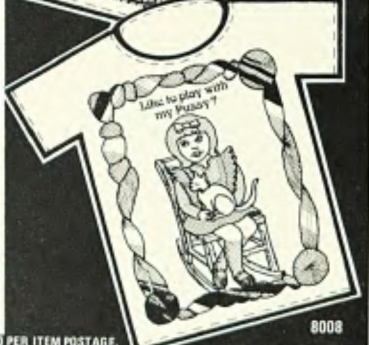
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club that are almost creative geniuses when it comes to decoratin' and shit. Have you seen our emblems? ... Where's my fuckin' jacket? ... here it is ... Look at this emblem ... did you ever see anything so righteous in your fuckin' ... blessed, I mean ... life? Look here ... Three guys on choppers all ridin' atcha out of the horizon givin' the finger to the naked broad here in the foreground that's carryin' a sign that reads "Liberation Now!" Look at the detail and realism. You can see that they're gonna run this whore down without even so much as a 'Beg yer fuckin' pardon, Ma'am' ...

... What? ...

... Oh ... I see ... Well, I just thought the Court might want to see that I wasn't bullshittin' about the artistic genius of the fuckin' crew ...

... Yessir ... No, I won't show it again, sir ... Nosir ...

Well, like I say, we'd been doin' good things for the community and we just thought that maybe the community would return the favor by lettin' us ride in the Rose Parade. Now does that seem so out of line? Christ, it wasn't as though we had asked the fuckin' Chief of Police to run through the fuckin' corridors of the police station jackin' off and screamin' "Wugga-wugga-wugga!" Ya know? No. All we wanted was to ride in the Rose Parade.

Well, this idea took ahold of us pretty good, and so we went to the Rose Parade Committee to see if maybe they couldn't reserve a spot for us in the Parade; maybe at the head of the column as kind of goodwill ambassadors for the fuckin' city, ya know? Well, one of the guys down there nearly spit up two weeks' worth of the coffee and stale donuts that they got there in the machines and wouldn't even discuss it! He just said for us to get our ... and I quote ... "two-bit asses, our greasy motorcycles and our cheap slutty bimbo girl friends out of the building" ... or he'd call the police.

Now, he had no right to hint that we don't take care of our putts, and I guess we got a little pissed ... er, rather, a great sadness came over us at hearing his estimate of our cleanliness with regard to our vehicles, is what I mean to say, Your Honor ... and we fuckin' dragged his desk out of the building and tossed it on the hood of what we hoped was his car.

And as far as I'm concerned, that was our only real crime, because as it turned out it wasn't his car at all, but belonged to one of the receptionists. When we found out about this we offered to make it up to her; Dennis "The Clothesline" Ousely—we call him Clothesline because his cock starts right about here and runs on over into next Tuesday—went there himself to give her the money for the damages, and he was so upset about the accident that he didn't even take the time to change into a pair of pants that didn't have the zipper busted off the front ... but she just kept makin' like he didn't even exist, and finally when he grabbed her by the front of her dress



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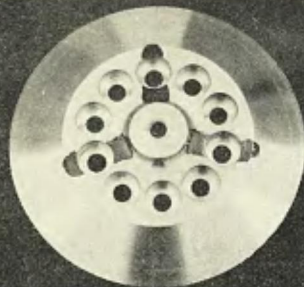
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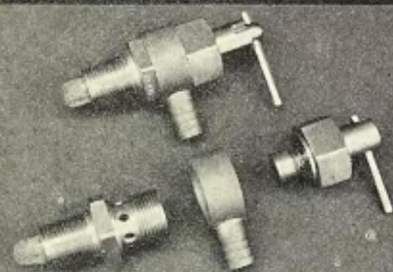
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and hoisted her up out of her chair and sprawled her across the desk so she could see him face to face and give him her full attention... why, the bitch started screamin' and carryin' on somethin' awful. So Clothesline just left and said fuck it... or phooey, or somethin', Your Honor... and that's the fuckin' truth! I swear!

What do you mean, "I know"? That it's the fuckin' truth? ... Never mind? ... Okay. Fuck it.

Anyway, we decided that since the fuckin' heads of the committee didn't for one reason or another seem too interested in havin' us ride in the Parade... well... we decided that we were gonna take care of things ourselves.

Now listen, fucker... we had no experience a-tawl in constructing any kind of...

... What? ... Oh, I'm sorry. You see, just 'cause I call someone "fucker," that don't mean I'm tryin' to be smart. It's just the way I address people. Hell, some people say "Mac" or "Bub." I just say "fucker." is all. Besides, it's a lot more truthful, if ya know what I mean, 'cause in reality, everyone you call Mac or Bub ain't necessarily a Mac or a Bub. But if you call someone fucker, you got a ninety-nine percent chance of being accurate because nearly everyone fucks. Right? *Wouldn't you people in the gallery agree? Ladies... ain't that right? ...*

... Don't yell at me no more, fucker! I'm just tryin' to explain, is all, for cryin' out loud!

Shit.

Are you done? Okay. I apologize. (Holy fuckin' shit, you try and level with these fuckers and they get all fuckin' tense and shittin' blimps)... Huh? Oh, I ain't sayin' nuthin'. Just mutterin' to myself.

Okay now. Where was I? ... oh yeah! ... The float.

Well listen, that fuckin' float was a fuckin' work of art. We went down to the docks and got one of them big fuckin' loadin' crates they use for everything and are about the size of a bus, ya know? Well, we got one of them...

... Ya know, Your Honor, while we were at the docks, we got into this circle jerk, ya know? ... Do you know how far Ed "The Squirt" Salmaski jizzed? That fucker must have hit a fuckin' gas well in his balls, 'cause he shot a stringer of come about...

... What? ... Fuck, you don't seem to want to hear about none of the really pertinent shit about these holiday activities, do you!

Okayokayokayokay. I'll stick to business.

Well, we cut this crate down to where we made a pretty decent platform out of it and wedged "Bellrope" Louie's trike in a compartment that we built, and put some wheels in the corner of the fuckin' thing, and had a not-too-shabby framework, if I do say so myself.

"Bellrope?"

That refers to the man's penis, Your Honor...

Yes, I figured you would be.

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Well, the next thing we were gonna need would be some flowers. There was a mortuary not too far from our garage, and we figured that if anybody wouldn't mind gettin' ripped off durin' the holiday season, the stiffs they got down there wouldn't, so we scrambled myself and a couple of the other guys down there and, man, it was a veritable fairyland of shrubs, so we didn't have too much trouble gettin' all we needed in just one trip. I might add that the guys they had laid out there were so fuckin' neat and trim that we fuckin' took them too so we wouldn't have just us grubby guys on our float. They do pretty good work down at that place too, 'cause them corpses kept pretty well all durin' the parade and I don't think anyone suspected, until maybe the end, that they were dead guys. Anyway, we still didn't have no roses...

...Your Honor? ...are you sleepy? ... Well, I saw you put your face in your hands ... I thought maybe you were tired. Can I get you anything? ... some coffee? ... anything? ...

... Okay.

Anyway, we still didn't have no ...

... Some whites maybe? ...

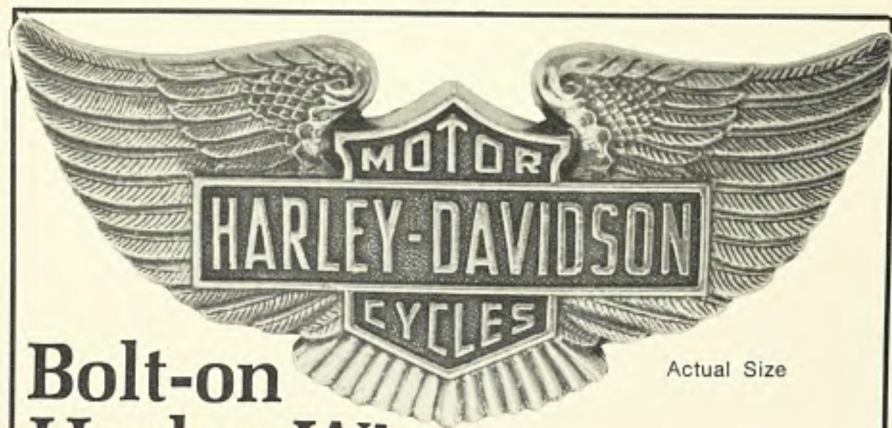
Okayokay!

Anyway, we still didn't have no roses for the parade, and the chances seemed so slim of gettin' any on such short notice that a lot of us thought maybe we ought to forget the whole thing and just spend New Year's gettin' wasted, like usual. But this met with such violent disapproval from the majority of the club that we finally figured we had a moral obligation to at least try.

There's one good thing I can say about the County of Los Angeles: when they say they have a rose garden in Exhibition Park which is available to view the year-round and is maintained in excellent shape at the public expense, them fuckers ain't exaggeratin'. When we crated them plants home, our workshop and headquarters smelled like fuckin' heaven! And I hope you don't think I'm one of them fuckin' faggots for sayin' so, Your Honor. You don't think I'm a faggot for sayin' them flowers smelled good, do you? God, I hope not. I wouldn't want to give you or any of the other people here the wrong impression about myself. Fuck. Ain't no fucker gonna stick his pecker in my mouth and ... What? You say I've made my point? Whew. Thanks, Your Honor.

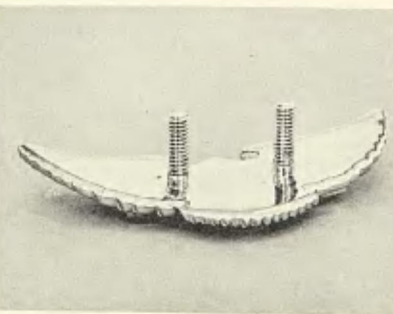
Now then. Let's see. Oh yeah.

Well, we had a pretty good-lookin' float in progress, but we didn't have no title for it. We didn't have nuthin' that was in keepin' with the theme, ya know? Well, the theme was Heritage of America. We wanted something that not only followed the theme, but would be creative enough to maybe win a prize from the judges, ya know? We knew we were up against some stiff competition—why hell, entire corporations sponsor floats, and even States!—and we were just some local citizens with only enthusiasm to encourage us. Anyway, we thought and thought and thought and thought, but



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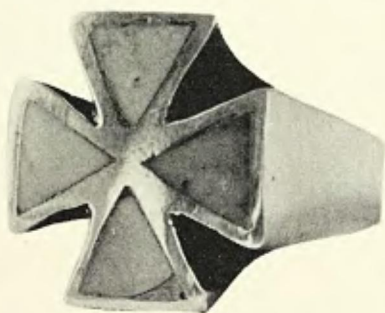
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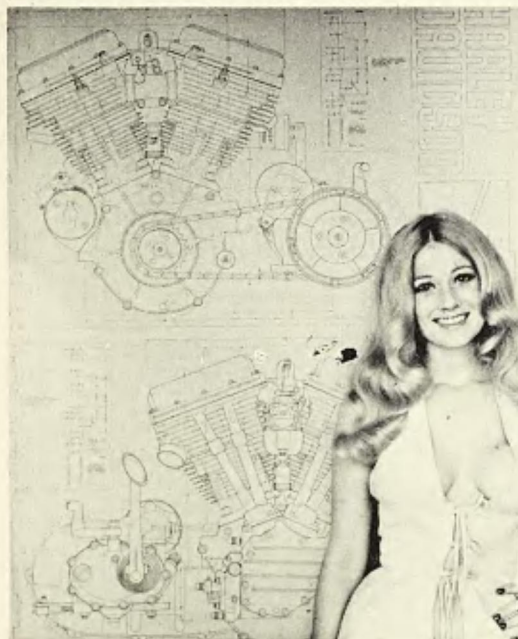
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we couldn't come up with just quite the right idea, ya know? One of the chicks thought we could cut out cardboard replicas of the germs that cause venereal diseases, but we didn't have anybody could draw, so that was out. What seemed like it could work was to have some of the less popular members of the club get up on the float to show the various degrees of syphilis it was possible to get, but our second-stager died, and that was out too. Another guy said maybe we should make costumes to put over people on the float to show the history of the development of marital aids... you know, have 'em dressed as rubbers, ticklers and vibrators and shit like that, but we didn't have one of them seamstress fuckers in the club, so we shitcanned... I mean discarded... that idea. One idea that everyone thought was kind of nice was a notion to represent Pasadena itself. The idea was to simply have a sheet draped across the side of the float and paint brown smudges on it and underneath it have a banner reading "Liver Spots on the Assholes of the Pasadena Old Ladies."

This seemed like the best idea so far, but I felt it didn't quite capture the spirit of blending present history with past.

I thought we should have something about the environment.

Your Honor, this country was once the free range of many animals which have been disappearin' and may someday be fuckin' gone altogether. Everyone is talkin' about the environment and I felt that if we could do something to demonstrate the plight of our vanishing species, and do it in front of a national audience, it would put us bikers in a better light in the eyes of the public and show them we have feelings too.

It sounds incredible, Your Honor, but in twenty-four hours, we had ridden to Los Padres, climbed mountains higher than a horny giant's cock, cut or bruised fuckin' near every inch of flesh on our bodies, rigged up some bitchin' traps, and after showin' more patience than a ten-cent whore waitin' to see an eight-dicked macaque, we captured and killed a California condor and returned to make it the center piece of our float.

It was beautiful, Your Honor. You have any idea how big them fuckin' vultures are? This sucker must have had a wingspan of fifteen feet. Fuck. I can see why the fuckin' ecology freaks are so impressed by these birds. Fuck, it was big! We also got some condor eggs, but we didn't feel like waitin' around for them to hatch because the parade would have been over by then and they couldn't have done us any good, so we fried 'em up and ate 'em on New Year's Eve. We put the shells on the float, but hell, I doubt if anyone could see them, and even if they could, they probably wouldn't have known what they were.

Anyway, by three a.m. New Year's Day we had finished the float and it was lookin' good. The condor was spread-eagled—if you can fuckin' "spread-eagle"

a condor—across the top between two posts and danglin' from its feet was a cloth on which we wrote "Save American Wildlife." We hung the condor on the side that all the network TV stations cover, so the people on the other side were only gonna see the back of the bird and "efldiW naciremA evaS," and we wished to hell we had two condors to give the people on the other side a look-see too. But we didn't, so we gave them The Preacher instead.

The Preacher is a guy who only appears a couple of times a year, stays for a week or so and then disappears again. He says he has a mission in life to bring religion to all the nation's biker clubs, so he travels around "healin'" us fuckers of VD and forgivin' us our sins. He wears a wide-brimmed Mormon hat and one of them long godawful tailcoats they used to wear in the 1880s. We can never get much sense out of him, but the fucker's dedicated, so we figured he'd lend something to the Heritage of America.

The four dead guys were all squared away, and they just stood around smilin'—probably from feelin' the broomsticks we shoved up their asses to keep them from bendin' or snappin' in half—and in their suits and ties they didn't have much to do with the Heritage of America, but they looked so good we left them there anyway to kind of add a conservative touch to the proceedings.

We dressed Carbuncle Carla—we call her that because she's got them funny red marks around her ass that you get from God only knows what—we dressed her up like a pioneer woman and let her wave to the crowd. She wanted to go nekkid and have herself be fucked by one of the guys dressed as a maraudin' Indian on the rampage, but we felt that in the Rose Parade we should try and exercise some taste, so we made her put clothes on. The Indian idea sounded pretty good though, so we had one of the guys put on some Indian flap pants—you know them two pieces of cloth the Indians used to wear that would flap all over and show their cocks and butts?—and let him grab her tits every once in a while like he was gonna rape her and Carbuncle Carla would throw her arms to her forehead and start swoonin' and makin' like she was faint.

Boy! You talk about fakin' it! The day Carbuncle faints because some goon grabs at her tits is the day I'll... well... no point in goin' into that, I suppose.

Well, Your Honor, I know you probably hear shit like this every day, havin' a job like you got, but I think I really should tell you something about the parade itself so that you won't think we weren't really serious about wantin' to be in it. It's been real quiet in the courtroom for the last few minutes and you ain't even said nuthin' yourself for a while, so I suppose you're gettin' pretty bored and want to get on with some of the really interestin' cases.

But I feel I should at least mention the parade, if for no other reason than to show the Court that we weren't just

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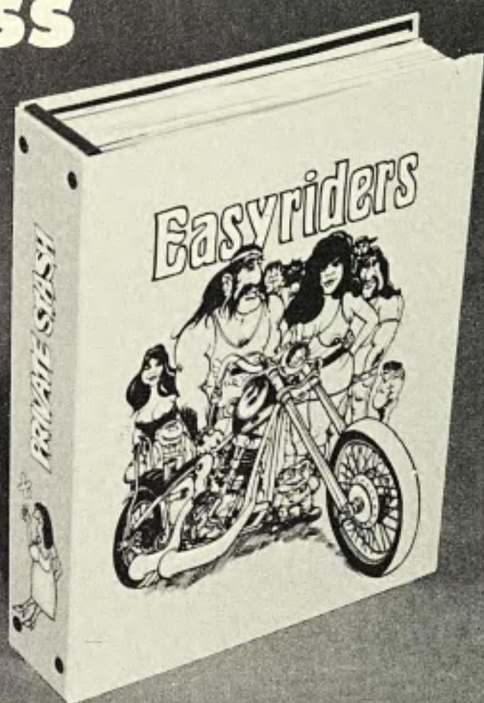
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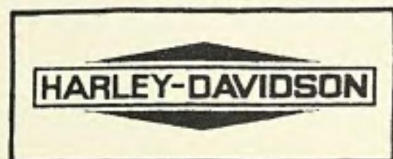
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tryin' to fuck around. I apologize for
takin' up the Court's time, but I'll try
and be as brief as I can. Okay?...
Okay?... Say somethin', Judge. Nod your
head or somethin'... Awright. That's
better...

Anyway, by New Year's mornin' we
were all pretty well...

... Hey, bailiff fucker! This your
water? ... Can I have it? ... Thanks,
pal...

... by New Year's mornin' we were
all pretty destroyed from no sleep and
drinkin' and smokin' all night... but
there was no fuckin', Your Honor! Nosir.
That's how much the sight of that fuckin'
float had inspired us. We were gonna be
the first motorcycle club in the Rose
Parade and we weren't gonna shame the
occasion by debauchin' ourselves in come.
That's how moved we were by this
honor. We were gonna do this thing up
right so the city of Pasadena would be
proud of us.

Anyway, at dawn we all got to shinin'
our bikes up and sewin' on new swas-
tikas, steam cleanin' our chains, and
some of the fuckers even washed up. We
draped a big parachute over the float so
we could sneak it up to the parade route
without spoilin' the surprise for every-
one.

When we got there, most of us just
parked ourselves along the curb to wait.
Shit. People are always sayin' that you
got to get to Pasadena days in advance
to get a curb spot, but fuck, we didn't
have no trouble gettin' clear spots. Sure,
they were crowded enough before we got
there, but the people seemed only too
willin' to allow us to get through and
park wherever we wanted.

Well, we stationed ourselves along a
hundred-yard stretch of the parade route
and had it all figured out how we were
gonna get involved in the damn thing
and when to swing the float out onto
Colorado Boulevard.

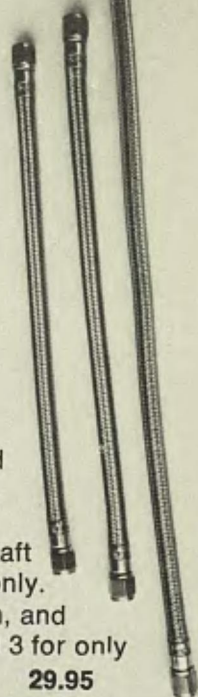
The float, I might mention, wasn't so
easy to get located, but we finally got
it under one of the grandstands across
the way there, and then all we had to
do was wait.

The parade was a real dazzler, Your
Honor, with sluts layin' down in beds
of flowers and dresses blowin' in the
wind—from where I was located under
the grandstand I could look up and—
well, I musta seen at last fifty different
varieties of vaginal canals, Your Honor,
and if I had a camera I could have took
some pictures that would amaze the
Court.

Finally, after a lot of waitin', we got
the break we were waitin' for. One of
the floats took a shit about a hundred
yards from where we were, and by the
time the dudes in front of it got word,
they had advanced another two hundred
yards... and that gave us our big chance
to become a part of this great tradition.

From all sides all you could hear was
this sudden explosion of motorcycle en-
gines startin' up, and out from beneath
the grandstand comes this huge float of
ours that when it creaked and squeaked

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mouths and enjoy the show. and, fuck, none of us could see how things could possibly go wrong, ya know?

We didn't know at the time that The Preacher was loonier than cartoons at a funeral.

It wasn't uncommon for the parade to come to a complete halt because of breakdowns of the floats and from horses sniffin' their shit and stuff, and we had several pauses, but nobody seemed to mind; Carla and the Indian still tussled and fussed and waved and smiled, and us guys and chicks in the column had plenty to do givin' the finger in unison to the band behind us every time they started to play the same song over and over again, but apparently things were goin' on in The Preacher's mind that none of us could have known about. We knew he was dedicated, but we didn't know that he considered himself the Messiah.

At one of the stops The Preacher was standin' before the crowd, holdin' a Bible to his chest and sayin' "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!" through his bullhorn.

Suddenly, some old woman who was sittin' right in front, nearly in the street and clutchin' the sides of her wheelchair, decided The Preacher was a fraud and started screamin' "Heeethin! Heeethin! Ya damned sinful ruffian! Ya got no right wearin' the clothes of holy men and clutchin' at the book of the Lord!"

Well, The Preacher, like I say, is convinced that he is God's messenger on earth, and he jumps down off the float with the bullhorn in his hands and he says into the lizard's face: "Unbeliever! Blasphemer! So that you will know that the power of the Lord is in me, I command you to stand up and walk!"

Well, this withered old senile derelict is havin' a hard enough time keepin' her skinny body from blowin' away just from the sunlight beatin' on her, even though she's lashed into that wheelchair, but The Preacher was determined to open the skies for this heretic and he just keeps sayin': "Walk! I command you! There is no salvation without the Lord nor any task too great for Him Who made us all! Walk, I say!"

Finally the old lady had enough of all this and was beginnin' to get scared from everyone lookin' at her, waitin' for her to do handsprings down Colorado Boulevard, and finally she just settles herself under her blanket some more and said, "Aawww, get away from me, you drunk-en fool."

This paganism was too much for The Preacher and he suddenly reaches way back into his pants and pulls out a fuckin' ball and cap pistol that's as big as a fuckin' log, shoves it into the woman's jowls and says: "I said walk, you atheist trollop, or I'll blow your fuckin' brains out!"

Well, the woman's eyes bulged out so big I thought she grew two new heads. Her mouth doubled its size and her hair fuckin' near took flight. Her arms started wavin' and she began to jounce around in that wheelchair like a broncbuster. In

fact, she did everything except walk. That seemed miraculous enough to us, but The Preacher wasn't satisfied, and he untied her strap, spun her chair around, braced the sole of his boot against the back and said, "By God, you'll walk or wish you had!" and shoved that woman down the street against the flow of traffic for about twenty feet until she swerved and was thrown into the air. Just before she crashed on her face she actually did take one or two amateurish steps and The Preacher snapped his head down as if to say, "I told you you could walk, you old whore," and jumped back up on the float again and immediately fell into some heavy hell and damnation preachin'.

He may not have got that old relic to walk, but he certainly won the attention of the crowd, especially from brandishin' that howitzer, and a great silence fell over them as The Preacher began to recite the life story of God through the bullhorn. Even us guys behind the float on our bikes had let our engines die, but not out of reverence. Lookin' over at the old woman lyin' face down in the gutter and not seein' her breathin', our hands kind of went limp on the throttles, and we somehow felt, as if by some vague sixth sense, that things were gonna suddenly turn against us, ya know what I mean?

Felt? Fuck. Two minutes later, the cops let us know for sure.

Well, we all got away, but eventually we drifted back, and I decided for the good of the club that I'd better at least give a rundown of the activities before we went on the wanted list forever. I hope you realize it was The Preacher who did all the hell-raisin' and that the rest of us only wanted to try and give a good show to the people of the parade and show our appreciation of the Tournament. Serves us right for lettin' an outsider into the activities in the first place. As to what happened to the fucker, I don't know. I guess maybe with all the preachin' and healin' he did, he just ascended into Heaven.

And I guess... well, I guess that's it, Your Honor.

...Your Honor...

...Your Honor?...

...Judge?...

Remember, you said you had been advised that The Preacher had done all the bad shit and that he was the only one bein' sought for prosecution, and that you just wanted to get the details from at least someone who was there since we never made it to the camera locations and since Pasadena has put a lid on all news stories about the event to preserve the integrity of the parade, right?

Right, Your Honor?

...Your Honor?...

...Well, I'm goin' home now. Okay? ...Okay?...

...I'm leavin', Judge. Judge!... I hope you feel better later.

...Bye...

Hey, Bailiff! Thanks for holdin' the door. You didn't have to do that. Fuckin' A—You're all right, fucker. Later. ■



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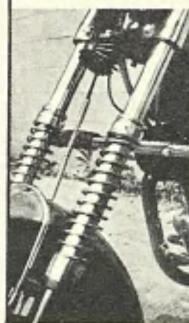
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New biker touring Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin. Need chick to show way. Reply Box H, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (31)

Please help. Have scooter fever. Help me ride again. Please send donation and address. John David Shehee, Rt. 1, Box 273, Coffee Springs, Alabama 36318. (31)

Discount quality custom parts. Square Deal Chopper Supply, 700 W. 7th St., Atlantic, Iowa 50022. Hours 9:30-4:30 Mon.-Sat. 1-712-243-2334. (31)

Wanted: Roth's small "Choppers" magazines, his "How To Build Choppers" book, any Roth Angel posters, any "Colors" magazines. Pay 1/2 price, any condition. Richard Ryan, 1419 S. Acoma, Denver, Colorado 80223. (31)

Human skull, trade for Harley parts or sell. Gross, Box 293, Indianapolis, Pennsylvania 15051. 412-282-7911. (31)

WARNING—If you value your own life as much as I value this bike, don't FUCK with it. Clever and amusing sticker, put it on your bike, gets the message across. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-7, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (31)

FUCK HELMET LAWS or HELMET LAWS SUCK. Pick from these two stickers to show your feelings for helmet laws. Stick them on your bike or helmet. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. HL-4, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (31)

LEGALIZE VICTIMLESS CRIMES—Bumper stickers. \$1.00 ea. or 5 for \$4.00. Greg Roberts, P.O. Box 14254, Phoenix, Arizona 85063. (31)

Wanted—In Chicago area. Together chick to putt this summer. Dude, 23 yrs. old. Write to Curt, Box L, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (31)

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

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)

Back issues wanted. Send price list. Dolowy, 12917 Muskegon, Chicago, Illinois 60633. (31)

IMPROVISED MUNITIONS HANDBOOK: Very limited number available. The book used exclusively by the Green Beret Special Projects Teams as their "Black Book of Dirty Tricks." 160 pages, illustrated, step by step instructions. First time available. Send \$10 money orders. The best handbook ever printed for guerrilla techniques and methods. Jay's Information, P.O. Box 813, Orange, Conn. 06477. (31)

Went over the high side. Still trying to pay meds to stay out of collections court and slam. Need some donations to put together another scooter. How about helping a bro? "Crazy" Carl Witt, 607 1/2-10th St. No., Moorhead, Minnesota 56560. (31)

REMEMBER—The life you save may be your own. Don't Fuck with my bike. Amusing sticker, gets to the point. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. RS-1, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (31)

Wanted! Correspondence with "The Kid" of So. Calif. who had "Wasted" article in Wordmonger column in May issue of Easyriders. Joe "The Wolf" of Philadelphia, Box F, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (31)

Danny, get word back to Gary (Otis) at the Manor; find some way, you fuckin' prick. (31)

Lonely Georgia biker chick looking for new ol' man to putt and what-ever. Must be free, white, and unattached (except to Harley). Roover, P.O. Box 38064, Atlanta, Georgia 30334. (31)

Dig. Want to putt this summer. Looking for biker who has room and wants companionship. Dig power. Pam Searles, 906 E. John, #404, Seattle, Wash. 98102. (31)

Would like to buy a Harley sidecar for a '69 H-D. J. Miller 1625 29th St. West, Birmingham, Alabama 35208 (205) 780-8522. (31)

Free illustrated catalogue of full color T-shirt designs including spectacular new "Ride To Live—Live To Ride" freedom shirt. Leigh-ton Smith Enterprises, Dept. D, P.O. Box 2707, Rocky Mount, N.C. 27801. (31)

Wanted: Easyriders back issues. Quote Exton, Box 1761, Rockford, Illinois 61110. (31)

"Book McIntyre," get your shit together. I'm in Jacksonville, Florida. Ken Odom, Box O c/o Easyriders Magazine, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (31)

Motorcycle Watch Fobs in colored porcelain. Beautiful. \$2.50. Large colored buckles \$5.00—Patches 75¢—Stamp for free list. Dealers write: Hoover's, 120C Fruit, Peru, Illinois 61354. (36)

I am in the Navy and they have stuck me in the middle of the Indian Ocean. The two things I miss are my Harley and breads. Chuck Walker, N.C.S. COM 17D, PPO San Francisco, Calif. 96685. (31)

For sale: Bitchin' shovel featured in this issue. \$3200. Call Ed Martinez at (213) 563-1310 evenings. (31)

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.

Have moved from previous address. Would like to change my ways and write to females. (Presently in the slam for writing checks.) Tom McKinney, 855874, WC-28, P.O. Box 535, Corona, Calif. 91720.

Get a good trip goin'—write, Robert Temple #B61900 (8233-D), Harold Robbins #B55572 (8234-D), C.M.C.-East, Post Office Box "A", San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I could really dig the mail if I get any. D. Handlon, Box 147, Fox Lake, Wisconsin 53933.

Lonely outlaw from Florida would like to hear from some good-looking young girls. John Loose, 043828, G-15, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

In the pen—Christ, somebody write! Herman M. Spell #027369, (Cell #J-55), P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Women 8 to 80 write lonely biker in desert pen. Johnny R. Markul, Box B-33300, Florence, Arizona 85232.

Would like some sweet chicks to write, John D. Koop #20735, P.O. Box #2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

Would like to hear from chicks to help shorten this bit. Jim Collins #92347, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Hot head needs scribes. Ken Laurensen #032427, Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091.

Give this black dude a break. Joshua Butler, Jr. #121488, Box 2000, Route 3, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740.

Write fast to Don Fowler #B-37984, M-204 and Arthur W. Green #B-36084, I-261, P.O. Box 2000, Vacaville, California 95688.

Ohio biker downed in Florida. Floyd J. Morgan #029687, P.O. Box 221—3-T-2, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Would like to hear from some central California chicks. John A. Howard, Box B-48650, and Don Blake, Box B-45824, Central, Soledad, California 93960.

Home girls in San Jose write. Dave E. Russell, Box 12970, N. SR-331, Soledad, California 93960.

Inside black needs concerned correspondence. Donald Hibbler, B-57811 3712, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, California 96130.

Will some chick please write me? Randy Carrievau #624998, P.O. Box 520, Walla Walla, Washington 99362.

I would like to correspond if I had someone to correspond with. Wm. Shoff, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

I got life so you got plenty of time to write. Kenneth Arnold Stebbins, #042016, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Foxes, drop a few lines to a lonely biker to help my time. Norman Buck #137400, Lock Box 500, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

There ain't nothin' like a letter. A. D. Meyer #4790, Box 7, Terminal Island, San Pedro, California 90731.

If there are any scooter-minded young ladies out there, please shoot us a kite. Kevin Noble #B-61295, Danny Malone #B-61497, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, California 95376.

Sick tramp wants to hear from perverts, sickies, reptiles, etc. James Fries #B-57299-A, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, California 95376.

Cycle tramp would like to hear from sweet young California girls. Tom Lawrence #B35291, P.O. Box 686, Soledad Central, Soledad, California 93960.

Scribes would sure relieve the hives. Willie Lemon #014801, P.O. Box 747, P-1-N-1, Starke, Florida 32091.

Loner gettin' short. Mark Reaves #06318, c/o Y.T.S.P.O. Box 800, Ontario, California 91761.

Ohio bro needs some chicks to write to. Joe Manriques #139-323, P.O. Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Top Cat will be back before J. C. will, so write, girls. Wesley "Top Cat" Mitchell, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Mail sure looks good in jail. David "Blacky" Crow, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310.

Lonely biker needs some scribes. Write, damn it! Clifford F. Dodson #104989, P.O. Box 27264, Richmond, Virginia 23261.

I may be weird but I got a pen. Frank Shamp, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, California 95376.

One letter in a year ain't too cool. Gary Theiss #88450, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

A downed bro needs scribes. Jack W. Hawkins, Shasta A-252, P.O. Box B-56198 "N", Soledad, California 93960.

I'd dig hearing from chicks. James C. Brand #26111, Box 7-2B-403, Moberly, Missouri 65270.

Almost done my time. Alfie Holmes, 106 1/2 S. Main, Hope Mills, North Carolina 28384.

Looking for an ol' lady to run for me. Bruce Moore, P.O. Box B-37163, Tama, Calif. 94964.

Nothin' looks better than a letter. Jack Vanderberg, #043696-B-29-B, Box 1500, Cross City, Florida 32628.

Need some sweeties to prospect for me. Y0584 Jack E. Matson, Box A, RD3, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania 16823.

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