

Easyriders

November, 1975

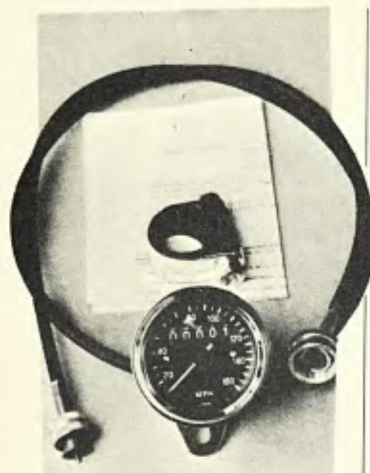
One Dollar



**State Bike
Organizations
Battle Congress**

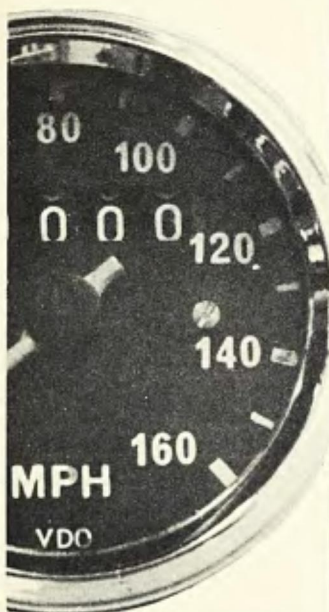
***FREE
Iron-On
Transfer***

**Tasty Choppers
and Women**

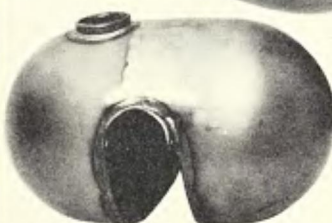
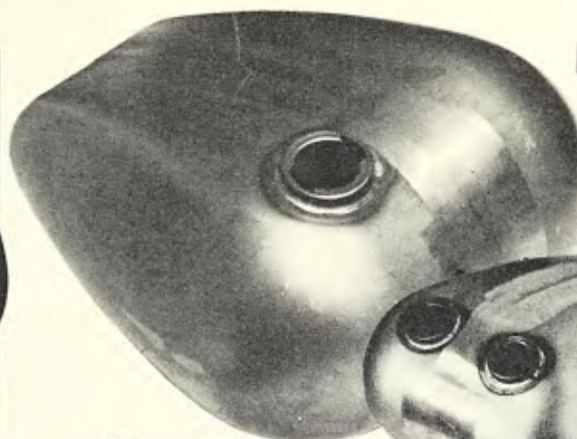


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Speedometer
Exclusively
for the
74 Chopper! and
Sportster**

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



Has chromed exterior,
black illuminated face with
white numerals, and it has
an odometer. Simple to
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\$44.95
Specify 74 or Sportster when ordering.



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

- #818A Single cap **44.95**
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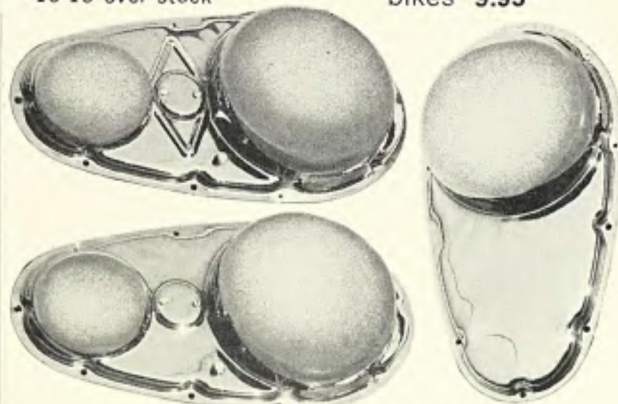


**SHIFT BRACKET
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Chromed. Stock
replacement; fits
1936 to 1954 with
foot shift assembly

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Extended
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Chromed**

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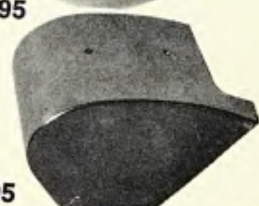
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Chrome plated.



#737

Fits 1972 to
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with large calipers.

14.95



#737A

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74 with small
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Chromed stock replacement. Fits
1936 to 1954 with foot shift
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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
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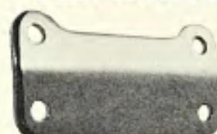


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Mounting plate and battery
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Fits all 74FX
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Entertainment
for Adult Bikers



Easyriders

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Number 32

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Did you know that it takes 154 different muscles to say the words "Fuck you"? And it might involve additional muscles—depending on whom you say it to.

You're gonna think I'm shittin' ya on this one—but I'm not. There was a dude who was arrested in Illinois for armed robbery of college coeds. So what, you might ask. But get this—his trip was to administer enemas to the chicks before robbing them. Screw in', yes—but enemas?

Here's some more shit to grit your teeth over: Your government and mine is spending our tax dollars for such strange projects as \$300,000 to study the sexual factors in learning, \$70,000 for the study of wild boars in Pakistan, \$70,000 to study Australian ants, \$260,000 to define what is passionate love, \$112,000 to study the African climate in the ice age, \$54,000 to find out why people fall in love, and \$13.9 million a year to maintain 300 military golf courses.

A Cincinnati judge sentenced a dude to one day's labor on a pig farm for calling a cop a pig.

Keep this in your wallet: "It is an automatic felony to hit your wife in California and Texas." I'm an expert on the female body but where in hell are the parts known as California and Texas?

How to Obtain Your FBI Identification Record: Since 1973 individuals have been able to obtain copies of their identification records. All you have to do is submit a written request to the FBI, Identification Division, Washington, D.C. 20537. Include a \$5.00 fee (in the form of a certified check or money order

payable to the Treasurer of the United States) to cover the cost of locating, identifying and reproducing your file. In addition, your request must be accompanied by "satisfactory proof of identity, which shall consist of name, date and place of birth and a set of rolled-in inked fingerprint impressions taken upon fingerprint cards or forms commonly utilized . . . by law enforcement agencies."—Skeptic magazine

Here's a new one: A female cop was dismissed from the Los Angeles Police Department for allegedly kissing, fondling, and making "sexual advances" to a woman she had arrested for drunk driving.

You'd better sit on the can for this one: Here's another example of our "equal" justice: C. Arnholt Smith, who was charged with 25 counts of violating the law, pleaded no contest to the biggest bank fraud case in U.S. history (misapplication of \$27.5 million). He was fined only \$30,000 (one-tenth of one percent of the \$27.5 million) and was given a suspended sentence! No question about it, folks, it pays to have bucks—no matter how you get them!

Have you got a few zits sproutin' here and there? Well, according to University of Pennsylvania researchers, it may be caused by football helmets—which could also mean biker helmets would cause the same thing, right? According to the researchers, you can get "stress acne," which is caused by pressure or rubbing.

Dog bites man: The Man (that is, a cop in Florida) had to shoot his patrol dog when the dog got fed up with the cop's shit and attacked him as if he were some kind of scooter tramp. After telling the mutt to knock if off (or promising to brush his teeth—whatever), the cop blew the dog away to make him stop munchin'.

Here's a record: A dude in Malaysia just set the new beer-guzzlin' record: eight pints in a row at 1.8 seconds per pint.

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!

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.

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.



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WORDMONGER

Down On Mutha

□ Motorcycles are a hobby of mine—and so was **Easyriders**. It seems that you must be having trouble selling your magazine or that your first interest is no longer motorcycles.

The real payoff is Miraculous Mutha—must you display man's ignorance, immaturity, and rudeness? What happened to good-looking, well-built bikes and the theme of your magazine: "**Easyriders**—entertainment for adult bikers"? What does pornographic trivia have to do with bikes? As for adult readers, I know you just lost your last one!

No Name
Baltimore, Md.

■ Mutha said to bite her ass.

Must Get Together

□ Rabbit's "Death Of A Chopper" really took a crescent to my knuckles.

Let's all get our shit together before we all have to open the big double doors and pull out that long steel ramp.

C. Austin
Dodge City, Kans.

Double Ugly

□ I have a \$2,000,000.75 bet going with a friend. I say the guy with the fucked-up face on page 35 of the May issue is real. My friend says it's a fake. So what the fuck?

Langerkopf, Germany
C. B. Smith

■ At first you'd think nobody could be that ugly—but then, there's Mutha.

Wasn't In

□ Why the fuck didn't you put Red Rider and Silly Tilly in your last rag?

H. Jennings
Energy, Ill.

■ Robinson trips out now and then, and you turds

didn't send us enough good jokes to make up a Silly Tilly column.

Public Toilet

□ I laughed my ass off on the article "Patrons Of The Public Toilet"! In your next rag you ought to have "What Goes On In The Women's Toilet"!

Va. Kid
Saluda, Va.

■ We'd get arrested.

Pornographic Trash?

□ For some time now, we have been receiving one of your publications here at the sheriff's office.

This letter is to advise you that we do not wish any more of your materials mailed to this office or to the jail.

I would like you to know that we found the reason for the extra cover that you put on your publications, being that it is a violation of the laws of Georgia relating to pornography.

I would strongly recommend that you discontinue sending this type trash to our office.

B. L. Pritchard, Sheriff
Worth County, Sylvester, Ga.

■ We send complimentary subscriptions to prison libraries for the enjoyment of prisoners—not to sheriffs or guards.

Puckered

□ Have you slobs ever considered that because your rag is so heavy, your telephones might be bugged?

Bill Quinn
Sheriden, Ill.

■ Fuck 'em. We don't print anything but the facts so we don't sweat the clicks on our telephone lines. (Of course, for special deals there's always the public phone booth in the liquor store next door.)

AMF Type Hogs

□ When AMF talks about the way they build Hogs nowadays, they've got their head up their ass. The reason the old models are still on the road today is because they were made to last.

I'm talkin' about quality material used in every part of every bike that rolled out on the street. AMF says they can't afford to build them by hand anymore. Well, that's just fine. But the fact remains, steel is steel, and tin is tin.

R. Miller
Houston, Tex.

□ A few words about N. Braddy's letter concerning the rip-off prices of AMF products. His words made sense and are most likely true.

But as for the suggestion to boycott AMF motorcycle products: Man, I don't have to boycott them. I can't even get the parts I need. I've had parts on back-order for almost 9 months.

In my opinion, the reputation of Harley-Davidson has lowered considerably since the merger with AMF. Maybe it had to be, but the merger has caused a lot of problems and complaints from Harley owners.

One last word: Harley-Davidson-AMF may not be perfect, but I wouldn't trade my Sporty ('74) for a thousand other brands.

John Kenney
Warren, Ohio

Digs Renegade

□ Just read the heavy words by Renegade called A Brotherhood of Brothers. He damn sure has a way with words. Have read a couple of his works and both went to my head. He carries a lot of truth.

John Kenney
Warren, Ohio

■ Will you people knock it

off! He'll want two pieces of raisin pie a week if you keep pumpin' smoke up his ass.

Bad Fiction?

□ I want to let you know that the story in your May issue, "No Class Chick," was the most rotten pile of shit I ever dug into, but besides that I dug your mag. It breaks the monotony, since all choppers are illegal in Denmark!

Jens Nielsen
Copenhagen, Denmark

■ That article got us kicked out of England—can you believe that?

Interesting Mail

□ You bunch of motherfuckers are all right. You got your shit together, so here's a number for the good work. Stay high.

T.J.
Portsmouth, N.H.

■ Thanks

Mama Speaks Out

□ I've been selling my ass for five years now. At my first biker party, I took on all the dudes in three well known Chicago clubs. I've had several offers to be an ol' lady! No thanks. I wore property patches for too fuckin' long. He started me selling my ass to support me, him, and the bike. Now I sit back while the ol' ladies work and go sit in bars with their guys and help spend the money they're out making at various jobs. I sell my ass now only when I feel like it! I've watched a lot of ol' ladies come and go but I'm still around. I've also seen too many ol' ladies (myself included) get the shit kicked out of them for one stupid reason or another. I have scars from my experiences as an ol' lady! I've been a Mama for seven different clubs over the last five

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.

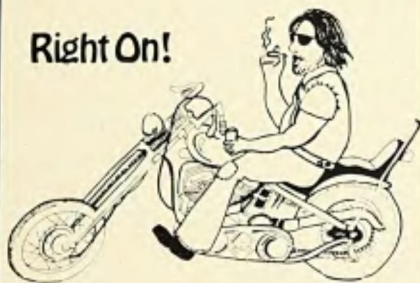
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GROW YOUR OWN!

Right On!



BOOKS

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- ☐ **Home Grown Highs** — A wonderful new guide on growing organic highs at home including information on psychedelic mushrooms, peyote and other cacti, morning glory, woodrose and more. \$11 \$1.00
- ☐ **Psilocybe Mushroom Field Guide** — This field guide contains drawings and color photographs, plus everything you need to know about hunting the magic mushroom, includes thorough identification procedures, etc. \$12 \$1.25
- ☐ **The Peyote Story** — This book explains the peyote experience and all aspects of this drug including information on the age-old Indian rituals surrounding peyote. Perfect bound, 90 pages. \$16 \$2.00

CLIPS

- ☐ **Unique roach clip earrings** fashioned in brass with gold enameled and a brightly colored bead slide. Approx. 2". \$11 \$1.00 pair
- ☐ **A silver mini-spoon on a silver chain necklace** spoon is attached to the chain by a natural earth-colored bead. Pretty & handy. \$12 \$1.50
- ☐ **A mini-roach clip in brass**, attached to a gold-colored chain to be worn as an attractive necklace. \$13 \$1.50
- ☐ **A mini-roach clip in brass**, same style as the mini clip necklace only with a full-size roach clip on the gold-colored chain. \$14 \$2.50
- ☐ **The spoon and staph**, a silver spoon attached by a small silver chain to a pocket-size sturdy little screw-cap staph jar that will hold up to one gram of your favorite snuff. \$15 \$2.50
- ☐ **The Kaleidoscope** is a well-made roach clip in brass with a detachable brass slide. When removed the square side doubles as a kaleidoscope. Approx. 2 1/2". \$16 \$1.50
- ☐ **The Cornclip**, also a brass clip with a round slide that doubles as a kaleidoscope. This clip is beautifully made. Approx. 2 1/2". \$17 \$1.50

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years and I've never been traded in. I left them all by choice. Some I even went back to the second time and was welcomed with open arms. I've got what I want with none of the hassle. My thing is giving head. I'd rather do that than fuck. I get my satisfaction out of a dude's reaction when he gets his nut! You can have your ol' lady patches. I'll settle for my club patches any day.

Mama
Rockford, Ill.

Open Letter To Sonny

☐ How are you? I've tried many times to get words to you, but people are pretty closed-mouthed nowadays —so I have absolutely no idea if any of my "Hellos" reached anyone.

I just wanted to let you know that there are still some old people out here who think of you and miss you and wish you were back on the streets, even though they don't say a whole lot about it to anyone. You absolutely wouldn't believe some of the wild questions I've had put to me about you, by strangers—especially clubs up in Canada. It's incredible, the stories that are floating around about you! I've even been asked, "Didja ever know a chick named Golo, or something like that? Heard she was blown away too." Far out! The Psychedelic Ranger just smiles sweetly.

I'd love to write to you if I could. I've got so many many things to say (but definitely not here), and to any of our other people who'd like to keep a finger on the outside world—if only to keep the grey matter working. I certainly hope this letter finds you with your head in a good place.

A.F.F.A.

Silver-Lead-Golo-Copper
South Lake Tahoe, Calif.

It Could Be Worse

☐ Recently we brothers in the New Bred M/C have been undergoing a real honest-to-Christ investigation by our military leaders. In their eyes we are a group of racist, undesirable, dope-smoking animals.

The man in charge of the trouble appears to be a mad, raving lunatic who seems to believe that he is

purifying "his" world of us by making us disband our club and forcing us into submission. He is using the threat of deporting us from the Philippines, our duty station, if we are caught wearing our colors.

All that can be said for sick people in such a powerful position is, once they die they will be laid to rest in the dirt just like us righteous brothers. We are all the same in the end.

Vice President
New Breed M/C
Philippines

Good Idea

☐ Anybody can give pictures away in a contest, but why doesn't your staff give a bit more class to the mag by having an exclusive type contest, something like offering a free date with the cover girl to the first guy who explains why he would like a date with the chick? This indeed would be a different approach to a contest, don't you all agree? It's a good suggestion!

Mike
Encino, Calif.

☐ Yes, it's a good one. But we tried it with another rag and got hassled about possible prostitution—whatever that is.

Funny Books

☐ If you assholes ever read anything except porno funny books, you'd know that the dude from Scotland, R. Ross, ripped off some of John Steinbeck's genius and called it his own. His Wordmonger note (July '75) is from John Steinbeck's **Cannery Row**, chapter 2.

Lynn Boddie
Ragley, La.

☐ Well, I'll be dipped.

Thanks A Lot

☐ You jerks have the best trash on the rack in the P.X., which ain't saying much, but I will say you have the "Porky Pig" comic book beat.

Tex
FPO San Francisco

He Likes Me

☐ Fuck you, Wordmonger, for your shitass reply to Roy Darby's letter.

Unless you know and confess Jesus Christ (that's who) before men, he (Jesus

Christ) won't know you before God. Remember that when you're suckin' down your last breath after gettin' knocked off your pan by some dumbbell in an automobile.

Leonard Ernest Kock, Jr.
A reader, pan rider, and believer (in Jesus Christ, that's who)
Tavares, Florida

☐ My sled's a knuckle.

☐ In your July issue, D.H., who signed off "With Love in Christ" and asked that his subscription be cancelled, must have taken a bad pill.

A.F.F.A.
Gramps
Leavenworth Prison

Matchmaker

☐ Haven't had a chance until now to give you my thanks for the feature you print called Mail Call. Two years ago I wrote a dude named Bed Bug, and ever since then we've had some kind of thing going. Soon he'll be released (hopefully) and we'll celebrate our second anniversary together. So thanks for helping start a beautiful thing.

Lady
Nashville, Tenn.

☐ I put an ad in your Mail Call last year, and I'd like to thank all of you at **Easyriders** for running it for me because I had about 60 chicks write in answer to my ad! And out of all those chicks, I found one that has really meant a lot to me. Her name is Kathy, and I'm going to marry her.

Sir Charles
Represa, Calif.

☐ Through "Mail Call" I found me an outasight biker doing time up here (I was in New Mexico then). So I packed up all my shit and came up here to be with him. Everything's been great, except that it's hard as hell to find your rag, but we'll live.

Sugarbare
Shelton, Wash.

New Asshole

☐ You really blew it, putting that article on "Narc Undercover Gun" in your July rag.

Got any idea how many jerks are probably out makin' one, despite your

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.

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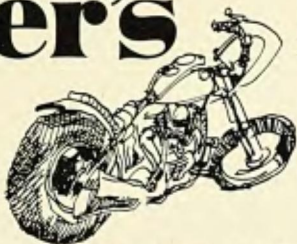
A fine quality 17 jewel slimline movement. Shock-resistant! Genuine leather band. Full color dial with red, white, and blue chopper, speeding ticket, and M.P.H. speedo design.

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"Before I read you the annual report, I'd like to give you the good news—you're all eligible for food stamps!"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Digs trikes . . .

I don't know if it shows in CC content or not, but I'm strong for trikes. I've done my share of two-wheeler riding; I know the exhilaration of leaning through corners and feeling the surge of big-mill power. But I've felt the smooth comfort and easy handling of a well-designed three-wheeler, too. To me, there is no real comparison possible, especially for long tripping. The trike is just miles ahead of the two wheeler in everything except maneuverability.

I've shrugged off hundreds of derisive comments about riding a "three wheeled car" and "an old man's machine," but I don't care. I'm convinced that on a long haul trip any halfway decent trike and rider can out-haul any two wheeler and grind its rider into a quivering mass of aching muscles until he lies in an unrecognizable heap at the roadside.

—Larry Kumferman
Custom Chopper

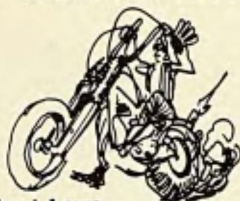
Legislated customers . . .

Have you ever wondered why our government is so seemingly preoccupied over the welfare of a few "dirty motorcyclists" that they, at times, seem to be almost totally oblivious to the lesser problems confronting the world; such as Southeast Asia, the Middle East, pollution, and the high cost of living (and the cost of dying)? Did you ever once offer a prayer of thanks to all those benevolent souls who manufacture, distribute, or sell "safety" helmets; who lie awake every night because of their concern for your wellbeing? Do you really believe that you are the apple of your mother's eye, the adoration of all women, and God's greatest creation?

Don't let all this undeserved attention turn your head. Just remain the same old plain social security number that you were born to be. The world will still keep on turning long after you're gone.

Now that your ego has been torn to shreds it is appropriate that you be told the secret of all this flattering concern for your longevity. The reason is money—your money. The DoT H9 820 095 reports that we spent \$158,582,480.00 on helmets between 1967 and 1971. That is only for four years; some states have had the helmet law for over eight years. The colloquial expression for this set of circumstances is "legislated customers."

—Charles Simon
The Motorcyclist's Post



Helmet Laws

A while back I editorialized regarding the future of compulsory helmet legislation in California, saying that our days were numbered and that California would soon be like 48 other States. Well, I was not taking the Hell's Angels into consideration, a habit I have carefully cultured for years. The legendary bad boys of motorcycling are still alive and living in Northern California.

A new California legislator, Assemblyman Paul Carpenter, a Democrat from Cypress, was quoted in the papers as saying he had changed his mind about helmets and a little piece of legislation he was working on to require their use. Carpenter was further quoted as saying, to wit: "Helmets save some lives and they also cost some lives—it's a wash."

He said that motorcyclists had presented him with some evidence that indicated headgear increases the number of fatal neck injuries while decreasing mortal head injuries. Carpenter also said that when he announced his proposed bill (an occurrence that has taken place regularly since

1967 and the enactment of the Federal Highway Safety Act), he was flooded with calls and complaints. A spokesman for the Hell's Angels was among them.

Carpenter appointed the Angel to a committee to come up with recommendations, much to the surprise of the Hell's Angel, who had never expected to get involved with established politics.

The assemblyman's revised legislation would call for more stringent requirements for motorcycle licensing. He said that even bike riders have charged that the examination for motorcycle licensing is grossly inadequate. His bill would also require motorcycle driver (rider) training in high schools, similar to that now offered for automobiles. He would, in addition, set up a program to "sensitize" automobile drivers to the presence of bikes on the road. Carpenter admitted to being aware of the fact that more than 70 percent of the accidents involving bikes and cars are the fault of the car driver.

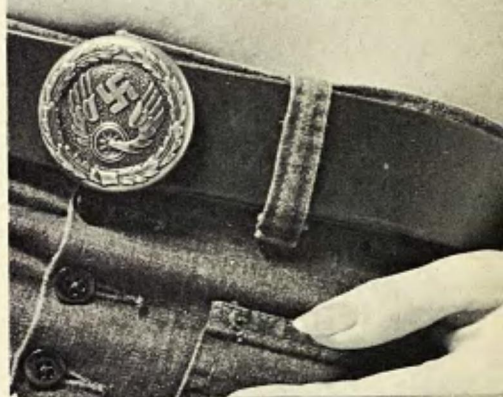
—Joe Parkhurst
Cycle World

Looking for bikers . . .

Wouldn't it be nice if every time you approached an intersection on your two-wheeled hummer you were confident the drivers of automobiles had been taught—through driver education—of the rights, responsibilities and the capabilities of an approaching motorcycle? When reference is made to motorcycle awareness programs we are referring to the inclusion of information about motorcycle riders and that motorcycles have the same rights as automobiles in traffic flow patterns—and that the motorist has to look harder for them. Hopefully, as a result of the motorcycle awareness programs, in the not too distant future every driver of automobiles will be looking for the motorcycle when he is driving his car.

—AMA News

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



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

Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2 1/4" 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:

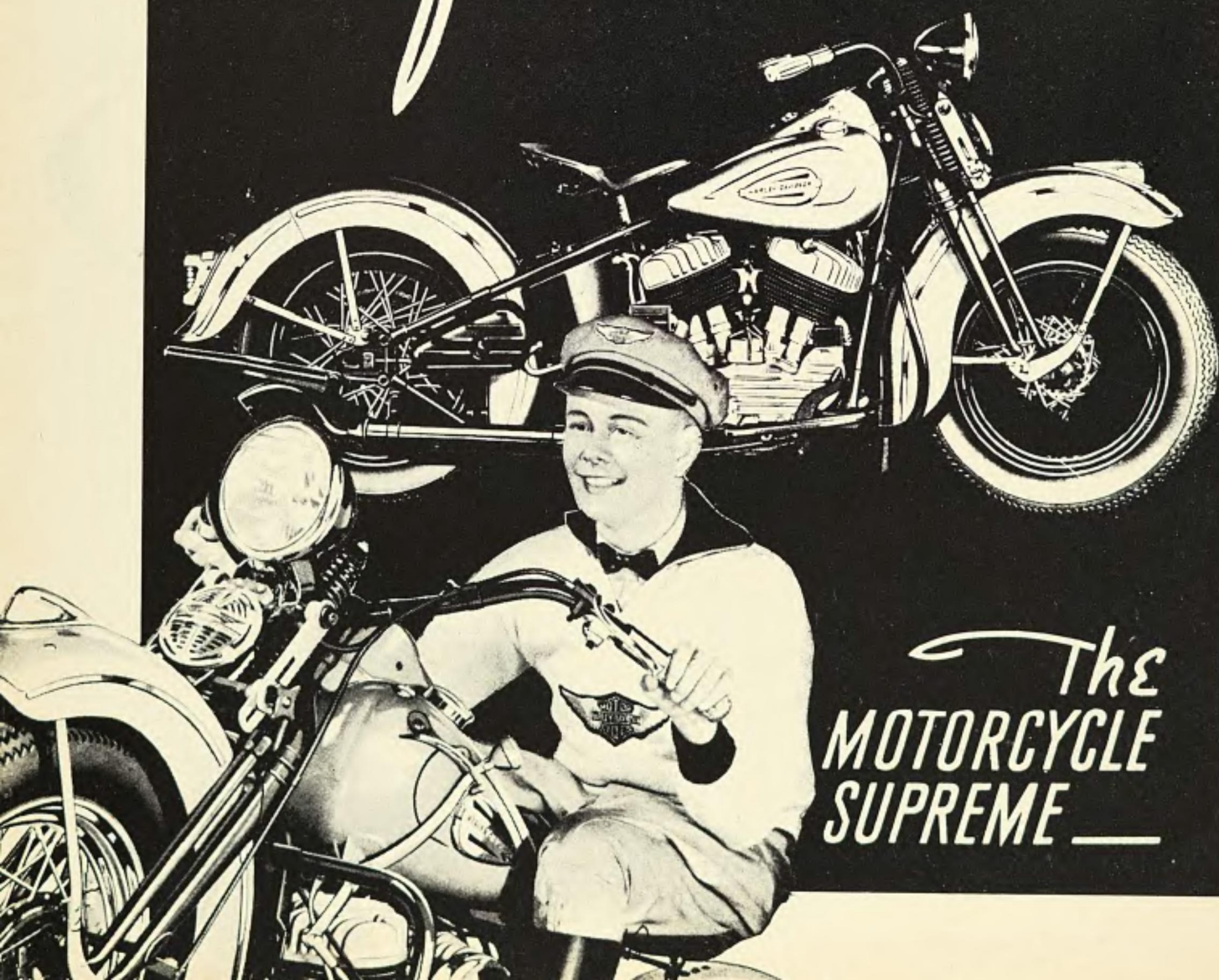
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The
**MOTORCYCLE
SUPREME** —



**TRANSFERRING
PATTERN**

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

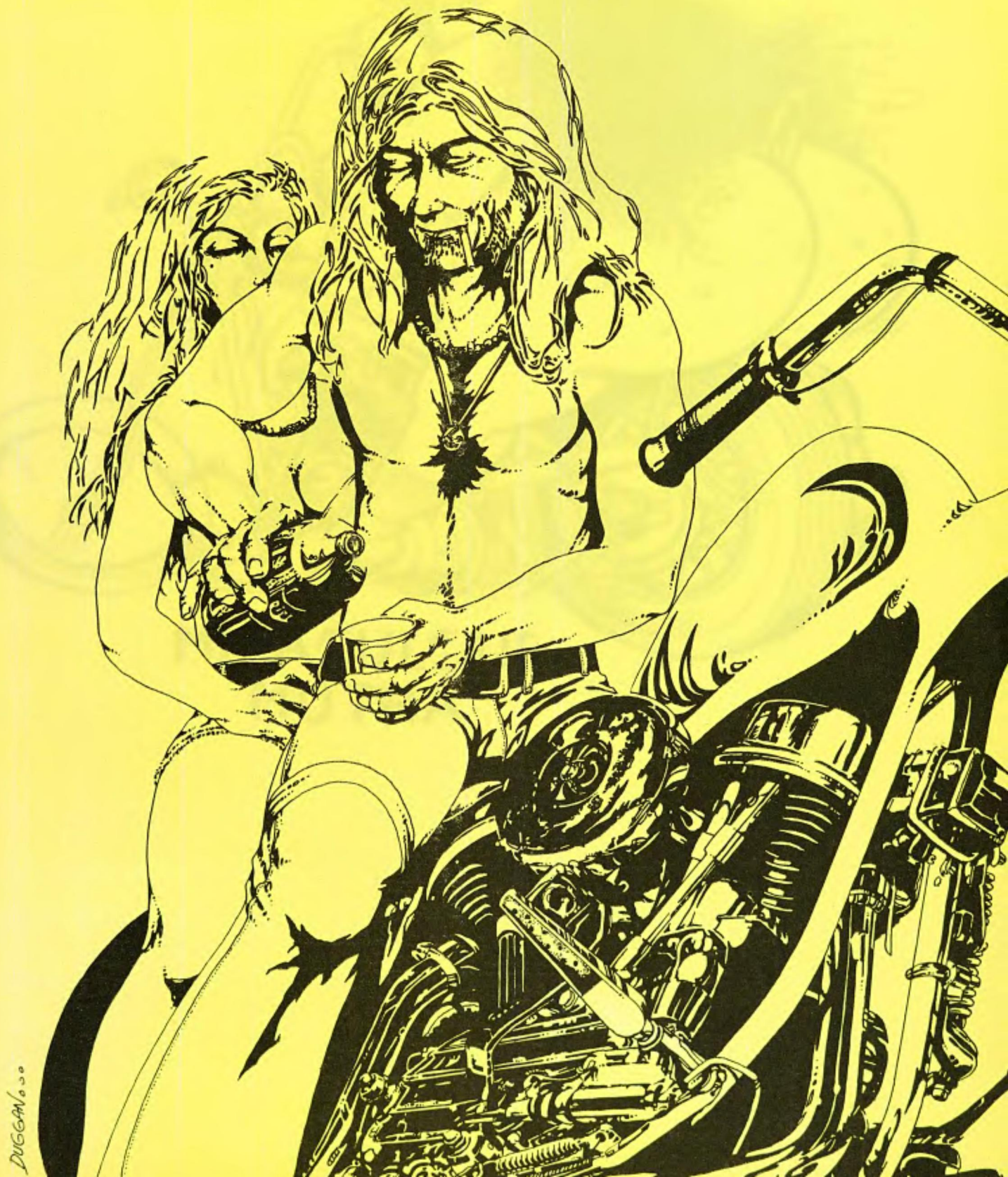
of the magazine. Place a sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer paper.

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 Snitch



Another twenty bucks shot to hell! Fuckin' traffic tickets! This is the second one this month and it's only the eighth of May! I gotta slow down, that's for goddamn sure!

"Okay, Hotrod! Time for you to get up, putt to the courthouse, and pay your ticket!"

"Bitch—one more smartass remark like that and I feed you a knuckle sandwich!"

"Don't get uptight with me, lover-boy. I told you to slow it up."

"Yeah? Well, now I'm tellin' you to shut up! And I'm two seconds off your worthless ass if you don't."

"Want somethin' to eat?"

"Where's the cigarettes?"

"On the nightstand—want somethin' to eat?"

"The fuckin' pack's empty! Now where's the cigarettes?"

"In the nightstand drawer. Want somethin' to eat?"

Preacher shoved one of the cigarettes into his mouth and threw several empty match books on the bedroom floor before finally finding one that was half full. Firing the cigarette into life, he turned over to face his ol' lady.

"I feel like somebody shit in my mouth."

"I wouldn't put it past one of your brothers."

Pointing his finger at Dingy, he spoke with a hint of anger in his voice.

"Say that again and you'll be the club mamma instead of my ol' lady."

As she walked into the kitchen, Preacher leaned back in the bed and finished off his cigarette before pulling on his grubs and boots.

"Fuck breakfast. Any beer left?"

"A Bud and a Coors."

"Get me the Bud."

Beer splashed on the table in front of him as she set the can down with a bang.

"You sure are in a fucked-up mood today! You eatin' reds?"

"You goddamn right! Every time I manage to save a few bucks, you go out and get a fuckin' ticket! That's twice this month!"

"It ain't the fuckin' money and you know it. You're just pissed

'cause I scored a little strange stuff on the Bear Lake run!"

"Bastard!"

Preacher laughed as he got up from the table and walked to where she was standing. He slipped his arms around her waist and began grinding slowly against her rear. She could feel him getting hard and tried to stay mad, but it didn't work.

She turned around slowly and faced him. Sliding her arms around his neck, she ran her tongue over the outline of his mouth.

"You're still a bastard," she whispered.

"Uh-huh. And you dig it, don't you?"

She didn't answer.

"Back to the bedroom?"

"Bastard." She murmured the word over and over as he kissed all the familiar places.

The knuckle fired into life on the fourth or fifth kick. As he waited for it to warm up, Dingy ran outside and shoved the twenty bucks into his cutoff pocket.

"Sure you don't wanna go with me?"

"I gotta go see mom today."

"Later, babe."

"Later."

With a wave, he was on his way.

It took him a full forty-five minutes to arrive at the courthouse. Old Cuz was working at the gas station, which was only half a block away and was more than happy to let him lock his scooter up inside the garage.

As he walked to the big building, Preacher silently hoped that the judge would be that old chick with the silver hair. She would usually fine you five or ten bucks less than Judge Martin.

After checking with the clerk to find out which court he had been assigned to, he made his way to Room 201 and found a seat in the front row. He listened intently to the steady flow of dumb excuses laid before the old lady judge. "I didn't run the stop sign, your honor. I just sort of coasted through it!"

Preacher tapped the bailiff on the shoulder and whispered in his ear. "Say, man, my name's Garrett. How far down am I on the list?"

Glancing at his clipboard, the bailiff whispered back, "Twelve more before you."

Nodding his head, Preacher left the courtroom and pulled a cigarette out of the pack as he headed for the men's restroom. He caught the door as another dude was on his way out and stopped inside, pausing long enough to light his cigarette. As he reached to pull open the second door that led to the restroom he became aware of voices. Maybe it was the note of seriousness that made him hesitate before entering.

"You sure that guy's gone?"

"I said he was gone, so he's gone!"

"But what if he aint?"

"Goddamn it, he's gone! I heard both fuckin' doors close! Now let's get down to business!"

"Okay, okay. Don't get uptight!"

There was a slight pause before the first speaker continued.

"You sure the D.A. will go for the deal?"

"Look, I told you once, I've told you a hundred fuckin' times. It's done! If your info turns out right and we bust those dudes with the stuff, we drop your charges from a felony to a misdemeanor and you get a few months in the county jail."

"That's it."

"Yeah. That's it. One thing though—you better be right. We get one shot at those fuckers and we gotta get 'em right. So you better know what you're talkin' about or we bury your stinkin' ass in prison!"

"My info's right. I'm one of 'em—remember?"

"You mean you were. I hear tell they kicked your ass out for burning one of your own and using the bread for heroin."

"But my info's still good."

"Let's hear it."

"Okay. They bring the stuff from Frisco."

"Who they get it from?"

"Different dude each time. Different pad too."

"How do they transport it?"

"Pickup truck. An orange Chevy, '58. Four more dudes follow in a

—Continued on page 71

Fart: To expel intestinal gas through the anus; break wind . . . a usually audible anal discharge of gas . . .

A fart is much more than this cold and emotionless dictionary definition. It is many things, none of them particularly good. As you know, farting is something that everyone does, but no one admits to doing. Let's explore this four-letter word further.

The act of emitting bowel fumes involves various colloquial terms. The act itself may be called "cutting," "letting," or "blowing." Such descriptive words are misleading. It is very difficult to cut a fart, since few people carry knives anymore, and the damn things are so very elusive. Letting a fart is inconclusive: let it do what? And blowing is even more incorrect, in that once

out, the blower hopes the whole thing will blow over. Blowing can also be confused with something completely different.

The end product, so to speak, may be the ancient Anglo-Saxon (AS) word "fart," more recent "pass gas," Victorian "break wind," or contemporary "stinker." Here, "fart" is both verb and noun; i.e., to fart a fart. "Pass gas" is merely a polite way of passing the buck. To whom, after all, would you pass one of those things? Who would want one? "Breaking wind" says absolutely nothing, and doesn't even say it well. "Stinker" means the person who actually did "pass gas" to everyone in the vicinity, free, and got no thanks at all. Life is like that, amigo.

Is there any situation where farting is permissible? Yes. Driving

down the freeway, everything wide open, you can let loose a small series or maybe a whopper you've been nurturing all morning. Remember to zip up when you reach your destination. Look innocent. With practice, no one will know what you did and people will still treat you the same. Which may or may not be good.

Farting is, if not permissible, at least understandable, when you spend 47 bucks on a blind date and she pecks you goodnight at the door. Better wait until the door closes. After all, when her girlfriends ask her who she went out with, you don't want her to say "A guy who stinkies when I kiss him." She really doesn't know what might happen if you got together in a big way.

A few select other occasions are appropriate for farting. These include:

1. Mailing your income tax check.
2. Learning your mother-in-law is due any minute.
3. Learning your girlfriend is overdue.
4. Getting an IRS "Taxes Owed" statement.
5. Greeting your mother-in-law, who just showed up.

Many other occasions are not suitable for farting. These include funerals, unless you hated the person, and then there's no need to show up, anyway. Farting in church is not considered polite in most parts of the country—not even when they pass the collection plate or the soloist is off-key. And, during very intimate situations, a fart by either (or any) party is likely to bring a halt to festivities, plus loud giggling.

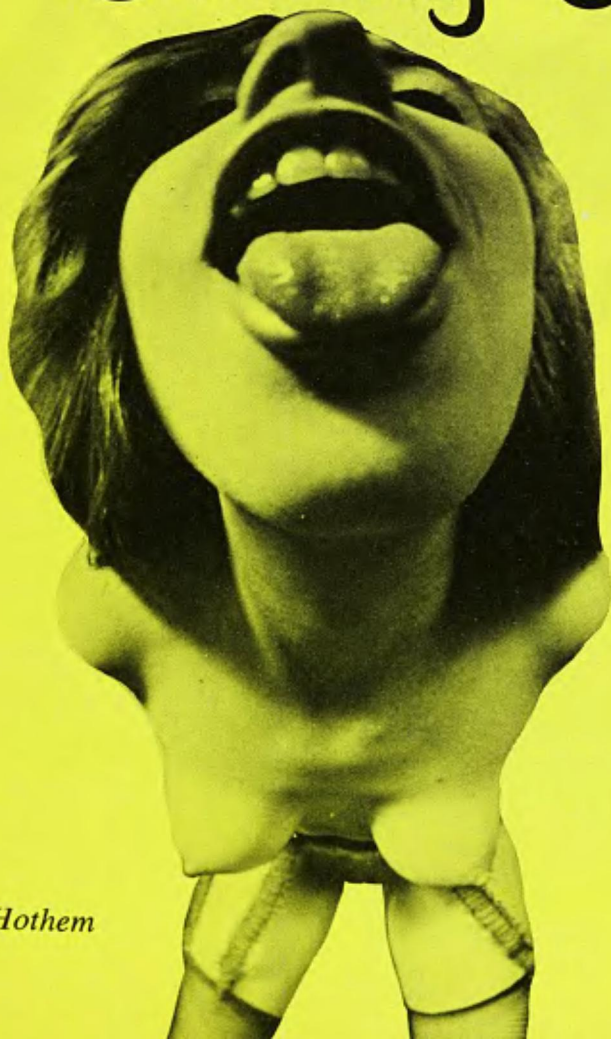
There are times when a fart is simply unforgivable, gross beyond anything. Such times are when you snarl "kiss my ass" to someone and, to your surprise, they do. A fart is no way to greet a friendly gesture. Doing the deed in a crowded elevator or a packed Volkswagen isn't very couth. Never, ever, fart when you are in a dentist's chair. Think of all the ways he could get even.

Did you ever wonder about those space flights—all sardined together for long periods? Here's a playback. Rocket to Houston. "Do you read me? Over."

R. to H. "On the next mission, delete the bean salad. We've having difficulties with the air purification system."

H. to R. "What's the problem? Temperature rising?"

The Art of Cutting One



By Lar Hothem

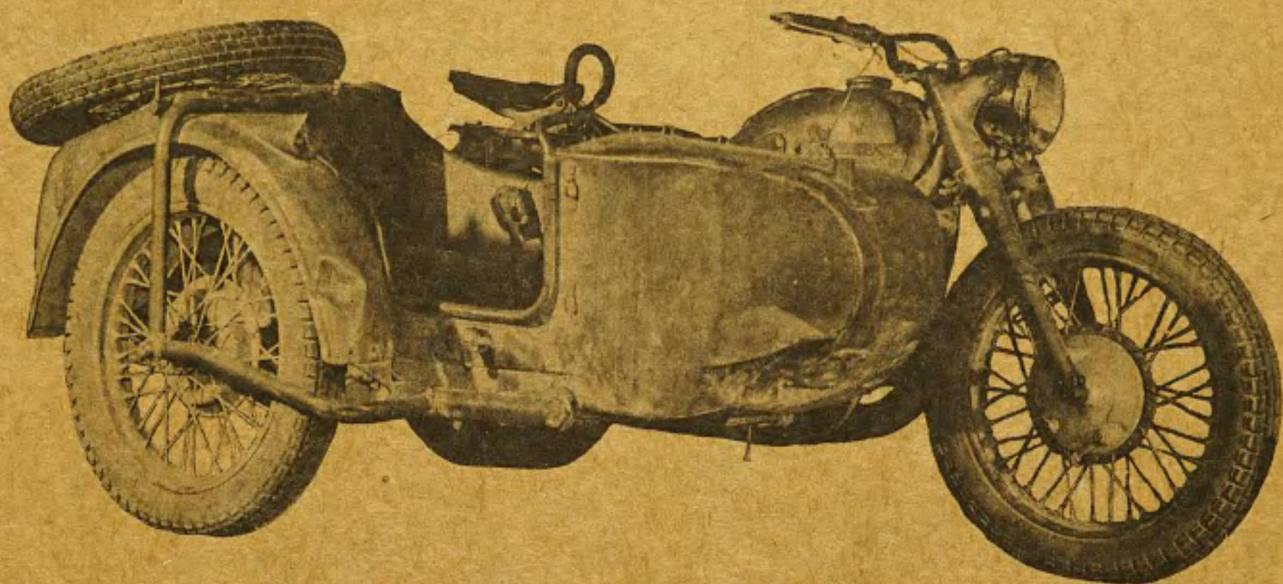
R. to H. "Brrrrrrrrrrt!"

Scunching. Sliding to one side in a chair or leaning forward, the scuncher tries to achieve a position where the fart will whoosh out instead of vibrate loudly. It's easy in

If it's audible, someone may say a real nasty like: "Well, your voice has changed but your breath is still the same." There are no real rejoinders to any of these. You're guilty

Duration is a good measure, allowing one point per second. Straining for a top rating, however, has drawbacks and may produce, toward the end, that most unwanted of all.

17



The Invention of the Motorcycle

Once upon a time, long ago, in the fairy tale kingdom known as the Union of the Soviet, the idea was born to invent the motorcycle.

The Siberian winds howled and the snowflakes swirled in an angry rage around a lone messenger, who looked like Omar Sharif, as he trudged stubbornly toward his appointed destination. Mile after mile, he followed the path laid out by the tops of telephone poles underfoot. The endless white wasteland spread before him like a freezing cold-bedsheet complete with wrinkles. With a foggy breath of air, he mumbled to himself, "Someone should maybe pour cherry syrup over all this white crud and sell as a giant sno-cone."

The hour was near midnight when he reached his goal. The bells of an onion-domed church rang an eerie call through the chill winds. Angrily, he beat his frozen fist against the unpainted wooden door of a tumble-down shack at the edge of the village. Screaming at the top of his lungs, he demanded that someone answer his call. He also mentioned some fine points concerning the parentage of the

man he was seeking as well as the actual terms of his birth. The six-and-one-half-letter dirty words, with all the R's backward, sounded vile and sinister.

Inside the tiny barn, a sniveling hulk wormed its way toward a corner. Clutching a dirty, blue blanket, Boris Narfsky waited in sweating terror. His mind recalled all the evil deeds of his past, dwelling overly long on an incident with Marsha Fleablitz-orova when he was fourteen, searching for an answer to this unexpected visit. Slowly stroking his pointed chin, he mused on the identity of his caller. Could it be the NKVD, KGB, SMERSH, MVD, UNESCO, or maybe a lost CARE package? Summoning all his courage, he sang out a greeting to the door-pounder, "Come in, Comrade Whoever-you-are, the door's not locked."

With a hellish crash, the door swung open and Boris could see the grey outline of a tall man wearing a long, dark trenchcoat and sheepskin cap. Slowly, the imposing figure moved toward Boris, shiny knee-high boots carefully missing the dung piles on the floor. An evil grin crossed thin lips as he stared at the

wretched form beneath him. Boris trembled as the messenger reached inside his tunic and pulled out a long envelope. With a curse, the messenger threw it at Boris.

Boris quickly opened it and perused the fancy, scrolled document inside. His eyes became huge reb orbs at the sight of the lacework edges. With the voice of an enraged eunuch, Boris spoke to his tormentor.

"So this is what a death warrant looks like, eh, Comrade?"

The huge man began to giggle and quickly replied, "Nyet, Comrade. Is orders!"

"But from whom, Comrade?"

"Who knows? In the Union of the Soviet, orders are only received—never sent."

"Is right, Comrade," Boris said, smiling a toothless grin. "But what do they say?"

"You, Comrade Boris Narfsky, are ordered to invent the motorcycle for the greater glory of the State."

"But the motorcycle was invented in the West over fifty years ago, Comrade," Boris replied in a confused voice.

"Is talk like that what got you sent here in the first place,

Comrade Idiot," the again angry messenger shouted.

"Is good point, Comrade—when do I begin?"

"You may begin in the morning, or noon at the latest if you are busy; we want quality—not speed."

"But I am old and tired, Comrade," Boris moaned. "I will need help."

"Is not sweat, Comrade, we will arrest and send up here the finest motorcycle engineers and mechanics in the whole country to help you." A proud, beaming look crossed the messenger's face.

"But there aren't any, you moron; we haven't invented the thing yet."

"Okay, then, we will train some, then arrest them and send them up here—how's that?"

"Is the only way, I guess," Boris said as he rose to his feet. Arm-in-arm, the two men stood silently and stared out the door at the falling snow. In the background, the theme from Dr. Zhivago filled the air. Bravely, they faced a new era.

And so it was on that dreary arctic summer evening in the tiny Siberian village of Krasnie that the motorcycle was invented. Through the long ensuing months, many happy workers flocked to the People's Motor-

cycle Factory to begin building the new machine. And they really were happy workers, for the only other place to go was the Russian Front.

As luck would have it, most of the engineers and mechanics were really counterfeiters. The end result was a motorcycle which bore a striking resemblance to the mid-1930s' BMW R.75. Dubbed the M-72, it was badly needed at the front, so no time was left for a new design. For his part in the invention, Boris was sent to the Front. There, he was to distinguish himself by staying alive and was awarded the title of Hero of Soviet Motorcycledom and then shot.

The M-72 saw service in both World War Two and the Korean conflict. Thousands of these machines were delivered to the North Koreans, who used them much the same way we used the jeep. Although the 746cc, L-head engine only developed 22bph, it was quite capable of carrying three people and a machine gun along at 50mph with the sidecar combination. The three-speed transmission could be operated from either side of the motorcycle via a left-foot shift or right-hand lever shift. Unlike the wartime BMWs, no provision was made for connecting the

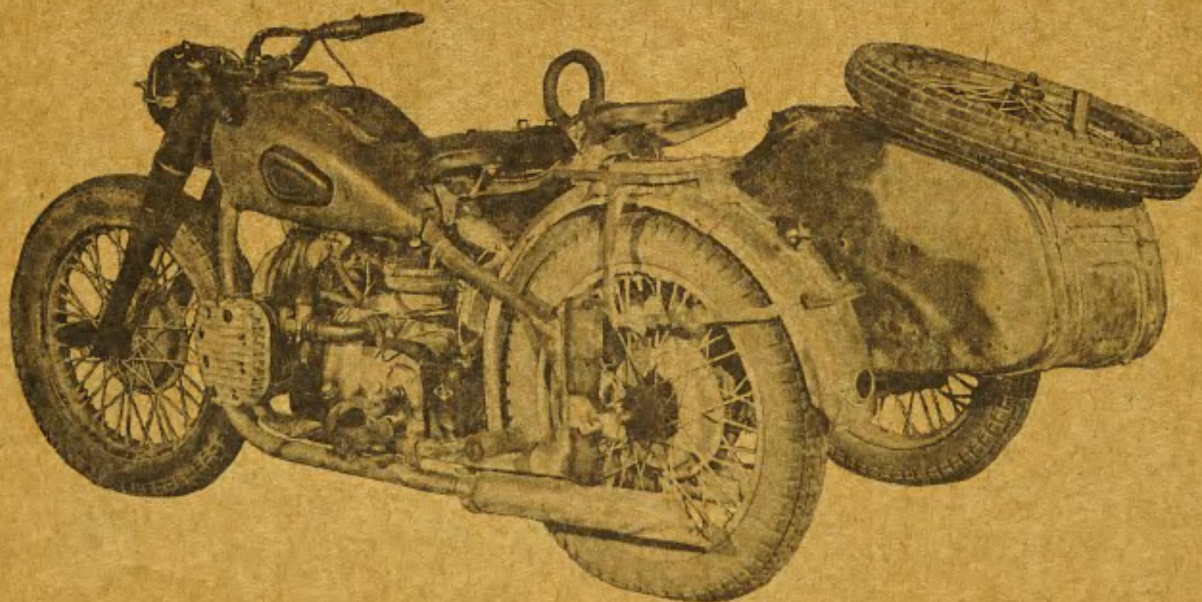
driveline through to the sidecar wheel. The 3.75 x 19 tires may have proved to be too narrow for the muddy road conditions and eventually led to the machine's disuse as a combat vehicle. In all, it was a very rugged machine and, while not polished or prim, quite handsome in appearance.

Few of these machines have found their way to the United States. Today, one very good example is on display at the Cars of the Stars Museum in Buena Park, California. Another may still be at the U.S. Army Proving Ground in Maryland. The Army made an inspection of a captured M-72 back in the early 1950s and came to the conclusion that its days as a war machine were past.

It is interesting to note that the Russians are still producing the M-72 in a civilian model called the M-66 Ural. The latest version has an OHV, 649cc engine and a four-speed transmission. They soon hope to add the United States to the list of seventy-five countries that are presently importing the M-66.

Perhaps on some dark, wintry night an old—but fearless—tall, thin stranger will trudge across the sands of the Mojave Desert to bring the message that the Motorcycle has been invented and is ready for our use. ■

By Gary P. Bricken



The Silent Treatment

Don't get me wrong, it's not that I don't dig my life the way it is, it's just that it tends to be kind of schizophrenic. I mean it's like it was two different lives, dig? On one side we present "Spook McCall, folk singer, guitarist, appearing nightly for your enjoyment," and on the other side we have just another nameless scooter tramp, appearing sporadically to affright, terrorize, and generally commit mass mindfuck. It makes sense to me—at least it does when someone cons me into thinking about it—but it seems that other folks can't understand how the same dude that sings those low and soft folk songs, you know, the mournful ballads, is the same dude with the panhead fat-bob, all blue-black and gleaming chrome. "Incongruous" is what one chiclet called me. My partner wanted to bend her skull for that, but I told him what it meant and cooled him out. So anyway, here I am, ol' Incongruous McCall, in the flesh, in fact a little more flesh than I'd really like to be in; those clubs dig to pay you with beer and burgers, and I've always had a little too much appetite for my finances to afford, so I tend to scarf up burgers by the dozen.

Whatever, I decided to take some time off and do some highway wandering, seeing as how I had some bread I didn't need right away, and I was getting itchy feet. I had also managed to plow my way through every chick in town that interested me at all, including the daughter of

the local police chief, who decided that she wanted to live with me forever. Wanted me to be an "existential hero" if you will. Her ol' man was even less enthusiastic about it than I was so he and I agreed that I would find another place to lay my bedroll. Actually, he suggested it, and I agreed. 'Bout the only time I can remember agreeing with The Man about anything. So, on down the road.

Listen, try Virginia one time. I mean, even though it ain't exactly the most open place in the world, and the pigs do look like they stepped out of that Dodge commercial, there are some really beautiful back roads, big trees, mountains, and shit like that. Just right for long, lazy putting. Guess that's why I always seem to come back here. People are all right. The cities suck, but goddamn they got some pretty places to putt! At any rate, dig, I was just winding around, laid back, digging that Avon 21 gobbling up the asphalt, listening to the rumble of my pan through the shotguns, and smack in the middle of nowhere, I mean exactly halfway between Bumfuck and Moondog in the middle of the woods was The Chick. Thumb out, knapsack packed, smiling like she ought to. Forty yards of gravel-slide, eight bungees, and one damn spare plastic dome (yeah, I said it was a backward fucking place) later, on down the road.

She didn't say one damn word all day; not that I was exactly heart-

broken about that, it just struck me as a taste peculiar. Figured she'd tell me when she wanted off, so on down the road. Gas stops, country store lunch, onward. A while after lunch I needed to stop and tap a kidney. Told her to stay put while I took a leak, and went off into the woods. You know how that one goes, right, musta been pissing for a year or two before I finally tapped out. Turned around, zipping up, and there she was with that smile again. Never did get back on the road that day. Didn't mind none either. Neither did she. But she

never said a word, just kept on smiling and smiling, like there wasn't nothing else in the world to do. Well, actually, she did make some noises, but you couldn't call them words, just sounds.

'Bout midnight or so, four or five bouts into the night, coming up on what had to be the main event, I began to wonder what the fuck was with this chick anyway. I mean I never heard of any chick who could go for more than ten minutes or so without saying anything and this chick had gone for about twelve hours or more without one word! Thought maybe she was a mute or something, but then remembered that she had sure enough made noise when we were balling, so that couldn't be it. Remembered a dude I met one time who was a yoga

freak telling me how he had done a word-fast sorta thing as some sort of yoga discipline. Hadn't talked for a month or something. But the chick didn't seem like the devout type to me, except maybe a devout nymph. Awhile later, when I was back to where I was thinking again, I decided that I was gonna get her to talk if it killed her. I'd already done the questions bit, and that hadn't worked worth a damn, just kept smiling and watching. I swear I don't know which bugged me the most, her smiling like that, or her looking at me like that. You know the look, it's sorta like the look a hopper gets when confronted with a righteous chop. Like the first time a puppy realizes who it is that feeds it, right? Well, mix that look with a smile that Linda Lovelace would

envy, and that's The Chick's look. Happy as shit, and all-because-of-you sort of thing. Made all my hairs stand up, which made me look about like a porcupine with his tail in an electric socket. Didn't bother her none. *Nothing* bothered her none, no pissing and moaning about the p-pad on my rigid, or stops to piss, or bugs in her teeth, or nothin'. I'm telling you it just wasn't *natural!*

Sunup, packed up, on down the road. Still no word from Silent Sal. Real nice day, sun burning the morning fog off the fields, beginning to dry out my jeans where the mist soaked them, gonna be hot today. An *idea!* Now, I don't get them often enough to be used to it,

—Continued on page 48





Last of the Badass Bikers

By Tim Martin

ROBINSON

Pete "Badass" Maddox was a real crowd pleaser. He got the nickname from the badass way he used to ride his wheels. And there was no doubt about it, that dude really knew how to make a bike talk. The really funky thing about Pete was that he was actually a real down to earth type of guy. When he wasn't out trying to break his neck on his shovelhead, he was just a filthy talkin', beer drinkin', pussy chasin' sort of a bitch. Yeah, he was about like all of us in that respect. But when all of us climbed aboard our bikes for a little action, Pete stood out like a turd in a punchbowl. He was the best. That's right, I said the best I've ever seen on a bike. Oh sure, all of us like to get it on now and then. Sometimes when we've had enough brew we even get balls enough to push our luck a little. But with Pete it was different. Whenever he kicked that toad over you knew there was about to be lottsa action. It's too bad the guy didn't have a sponsor; then he could have called himself a daredevil and hauled in the bread. But I guess to Pete it was all just fun. The excitement of a brush with death was how he got his cookies off. I'll never forget the first time I saw him on his scooter.

It was on a Sunday afternoon and a bunch of us were out cruisin' down a long straight stretch of road. We were just jammin' along real easy like, when all of a sudden I started hearing something like a faint roaring sound. I thought one of those damn dog pecker gnats had climbed in my ear so I prodded in there with my finger and came out with nothin' but a gob of wax. I shrugged it off and dumped the gearbox a notch higher. But Christ, the noise was still there, except it was a lot louder now. For a moment I thought I was trippin' out, but then he came rippin' by. Some crazy dude on a shovelhead blew by us wide open. The shock wave nearly rattled my brains out. Before I could blink and say shit, he was a dot on the horizon.

"Let's get him!" I shouted as I crammed the panhead down into low and gave her all the meat she could handle. My front end sprang up and the back tread was singing pretty to me as I started haulin' balls down the blacktop. I'll catch that show off bastard, I thought as I leaned down and wrapped my ribs around the gas tank. "Go, you son of a bitch, go!" I screamed, and the wind ripped the words from my mouth. Tears were streaming from my eyes as the Harley opened up its guts and barreled down the road at 120 plus. All I could think of was leave it open and catch that bastard. I could barely hang on to the bars as the big bike blew around a series of small turns and crested a shallow hill. That was when I saw

the sharp right-hander coming up. There was nothing I could do but pour the cock to her and hang on. That's all I remember.

I woke up in the local hospital. My buddies told me it had been five days since I took my nose dive on the asphalt. My Harley? Wrapped around a tree like a pretzel. There wasn't very much skin left on the left side of my face and I felt like hell. A bit later I found out that the asshole I couldn't catch was called Pete. I hated his guts for a long time after that, but finally came to admire the guy as one badass biker.

After I had seen Pete ride a few more times, I began to think that if he had wings on that sled he could fly it. No one would even try some of the stunts he did. Like the day we decided to mix it up in the hills. Now there isn't a biker that doesn't know a big street machine isn't made for motocross. But somebody forgot to tell Pete. He was whipping his bike around the brush like a horny jackrabbit. Then when he had enough of that he started looking for something to do that would wake him up. He found it. That crazy bastard was going to try a jump. He had found two hillsides about 50 feet apart separated by a deep crevice that looked like a good place to splatter his brains out. It didn't take long for a crowd to gather; everybody loves a little blood. I just knew that he was going to kiss it off that day. But he didn't look a bit worried as he booted the gearbox down into first and kicked it in the ass. It was one of the most bitchin' things I've ever seen. His back meat finally managed to get enough bite on the dirt and he began to pick up speed. When Pete hit the edge of the cliff his form was beautiful. He jerked the front tire up just enough when he left the ground, but when he started coming down on the other side I thought I was going to shit my drawers. It looked short! His front tire came across all right but his back tire hit short. It didn't even make the hair on his neck stand up. He just rode that bitch out. The whole bike flew off the ground when he hit and he brought it back down as easy as you please. A few Aww's, and a couple of Shits circulated through the crowd when he didn't even bother to look back but kept right on moving. I thought the whole thing showed real class.

I suppose Pete could have kept on riding forever the way he did. He was undoubtedly the luckiest bastard I had ever seen. In no time he became Mr. Badass to all us bikers. Kind of like our own personal hero. He was always outrunning the fuzz, going down Main Street at 100 plus, and nearly running over the mayor. He could do the best high-speed wheelies I've ever seen. For a

short while he was considered to be the man in our burg. That's right, for a short while. Pete's glory was shortlived.

One Friday a new biker came jammin' through town. He was astride one of those friggin' Jap machines. Oh, it was a fine looking bike and it looked like the thing would eat you alive if you got too close to it. You could tell the dude riding it knew his shit. But that didn't change anything. It was still a friggin' Jap bike. When he brought it up beside us and goosed the throttle, one of the guys ran out and pissed on his tire. Har-har, everyone had a good laugh. That was until he really got on that beast and left rubber all over the damn place. The guy who had pissed on his tire was still standing there with his pecker in his hand and his jaw hanging open. The exhaust from the Jap machine had sent a spray of piss all over everyone.

It didn't take long for the two of them to meet. It had to happen. There just couldn't be two Badass Bikers in town. After a short cut-down session they decided to go it for pinks. This wasn't going to be any of that quarter-mile shit. A course was laid out. This was really going to be some heavy action and everyone had his favorite. Myself, I wanted to see Pete win it. Both Pete and the new guy were in their glory with such a big audience. When the two of them rolled up to the line the betting was heavy. Last-minute money changed hands and last-minute adjustments to the bikes were made. When the flag came down tires screamed and engines poured their power to the pavement. The guy next to me cut a small fart as the two of them rushed into the first corner. Leaning deep into the turn, their footpegs left long dark lines on the road. They worked their way up through the gears and were neck and neck out of the first turn. The Hog's handling was a hair better in the next turn and Pete took advantage of it. But while the Jap bike lost on the turns it came on strong in the straights. Both riders were really hanging in there. They were taking the 35mph corners at 85, pouring it on up to 120 on the open road. I almost pissed my pants watching them.

I bet you're wondering who won the race. Well, I'm afraid I can't help you there, friend. What a bummer! What a friggin' bummer! The two of them had just come out of a hairpin and were accelerating to the line. I don't think either one of them ever saw the little old lady that pulled a left turn right in front of them. No, we never found out who might have won the race, but there is one thing I can tell you. Our burg can sure use another Badass Biker. ■

Wiping Forward

Is it possible that there could be a chick so dumb as to wipe her ass from the front and thereby drag it through her twat? I'm wondering because I think I just found one.

Buffalo
Terrell, Tex.

● Doesn't everyone?

Sealed With Sweat

I would like a picture of you, but before sending it to me, would you rub it on your box and then seal the letter with the sweat between its righteous lips?

Beak
Ionia, Mich.

● Sure—but it'd never make it there. The envelope and picture would rot before it got to you. I know, I've tried it before. My juices are some kind of strong stuff—bordering on rust remover.

Back Door Offer

I don't know what you think of rear entry, but I'm known as the Marquis de Buttfuck. Anytime you want to come over I'll be waiting with my crank that's guaranteed to turn you on.

Rico
Aspen, Colo.

● You're on, provided there's a little foreplay to lubricate things — say like a little ring job. (Gophering after chocolate kisses can be fun.)

Hard To Believe

I couldn't believe it. I just couldn't believe it. I had your rotten, stinkin', ugly, disgustin', sickenin' picture hangin' in my cell and some asshole stole it. Can you believe it? Who'd want that piece of shit? Anyway, will you send me another—it was the only

way I could keep the rodent population down.

Brian
Mansfield, Ohio

● Ya gotta keep your eye on those screws — they're a weird bunch. Who knows? I might even have turned one of them on.

Rotten Lie

Is it true that your armpits are so rancid that The Man canned the smell and called it Mace? How do you get them to smell so bad?

Hawg Lover
North Dakota

● It's a rotten lie. I'd never sell out to the Heat. They approached me, but I told them to shove off. As to how I get them ripe, sometimes I forget to wash off the mess that's left there after some freak has a go at them.

If It Feels Good

My ol' man wants me to spray deodorant up his ass exactly at the moment he's coming. I think he's cracking up and turning into some kind of a perverted nut. What's your opinion?

Sore Spray Finger
Newark, New Jersey

● My opinion is, if it feels good, do it. If you really want to please him, give him a shot of Raid.

Bestiality

I fell in love with a mule, but I'm afraid to slip her my twelve inches. She might kick me. But I have wet dreams thinkin' about ballin' her. What do you suggest?

Big Ringer
Monroeville, Ala.

● Put some honey on your joint — or something she'd

like to lick. Start off slowly and work up to a righteous head job. Don't rush it or your twelve inches might be reduced to a nub.

Strange Invention

A friend and I have perfected a strawberry-flavored douche, liberally laced with peyote. Do you think there's a market for it?

S. Bear
D. Boone
Missoula, Mont.

● What's a douche?

Died For What They Believed

I used your page to line my bird cage and then they stopped shitting and died. How do you explain that?

R. Powell
Silsbee, Tex.

● They had class—how could they dump their load on something righteous? Next time use a photo of Nixon.

Beautiful Music

Is it true that you have such control over your crab-infested cunt that you've trained it to whistle?

T.D.T.
St. Pete, Fla.

● Some dudes think that, but actually when I have a duck doing his number and I'm bored, instead of eating an apple I fart beautiful music to amuse myself. The ducks think it's from my box.

Big and Smelly

I'm a biker that's gettin' good and tired of being hassled by the cops every time I go for a putt. I was wondering if your dildo was big enough and smelly enough for me to stick it up their asses.

Chubby
Norwalk, Calif.

● Sorry, I don't have a dildo. If I get that horny, I use anything in sight—broom handle, axe handle, a stick—and everyone knows that my favorite is a knobby cucumber. But with a few bribes, like cleaning their bikes, being on call for instant knob jobs, the slobs around this pig pen here manage to keep me from getting too horny.

Small Problem

My cock is 13 inches long and 1½ inches around. When I ball my chick, she complains that she feels it in her throat. What should I do?

Big Stick
Jacksonville, Fla.

● Well, you can do one of two things. Quit pluggin' her in the mouth or quit screwin' around with 12-year-old girls. You'd have to wrap something around that wee-wee if you wanted me to feel ya.

A Disbeliever

Send me a picture fast. I want to see what's so great about your bod.

Curious
Denver, Colo.

● Actually, there are five things. My educated mouth and its powerful suction, two gorgeous tits with a liberal sprinkling of hairs all over them, my cavernous box that operates like a milking machine—and for the connoisseurs, my back door that has all the features of my box. By the way, my armpits are a gas too.

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

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL

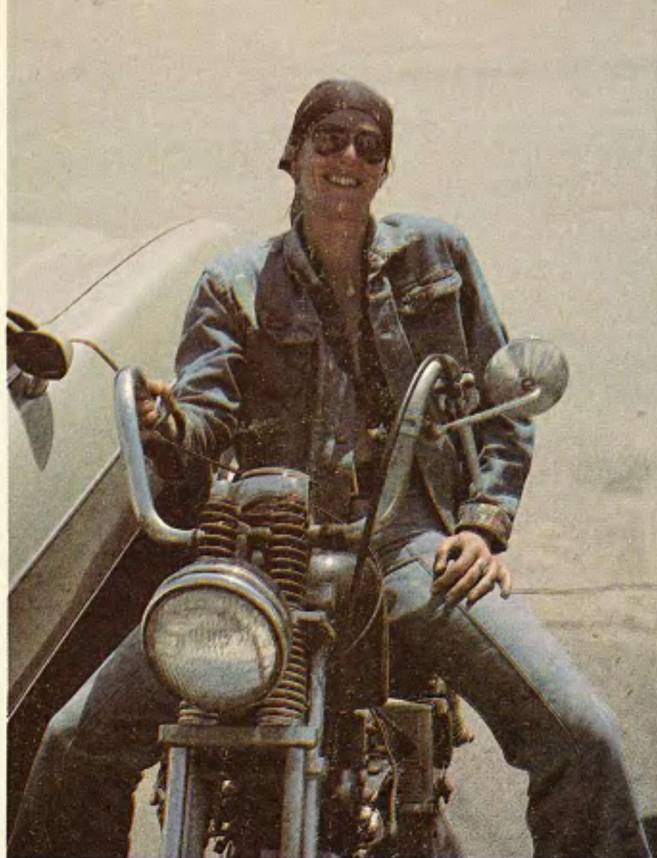




As you can see, our readers are really getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot use them. We can use only black and white prints (any size), and transparencies (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else.

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

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





—from Wino Joe





—from Billy Tinney

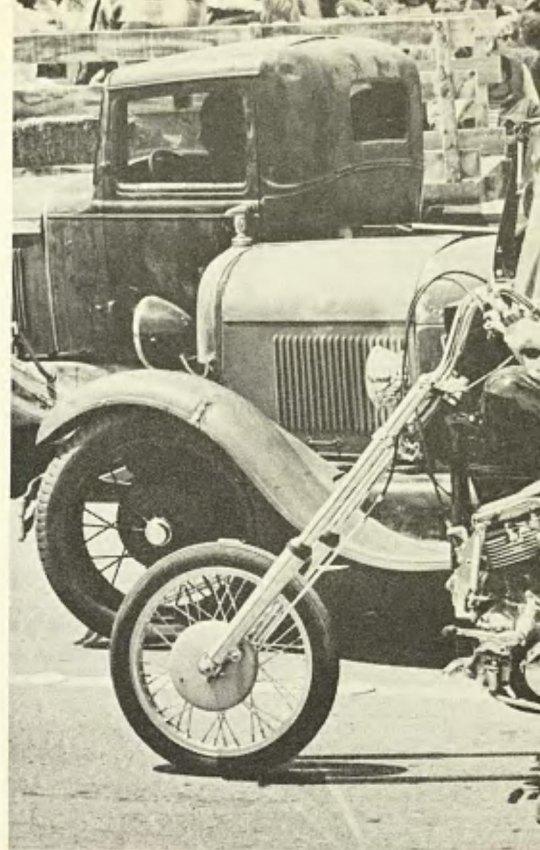


—from G. H. Baker, Gautier, Missouri



—from Wino Joe





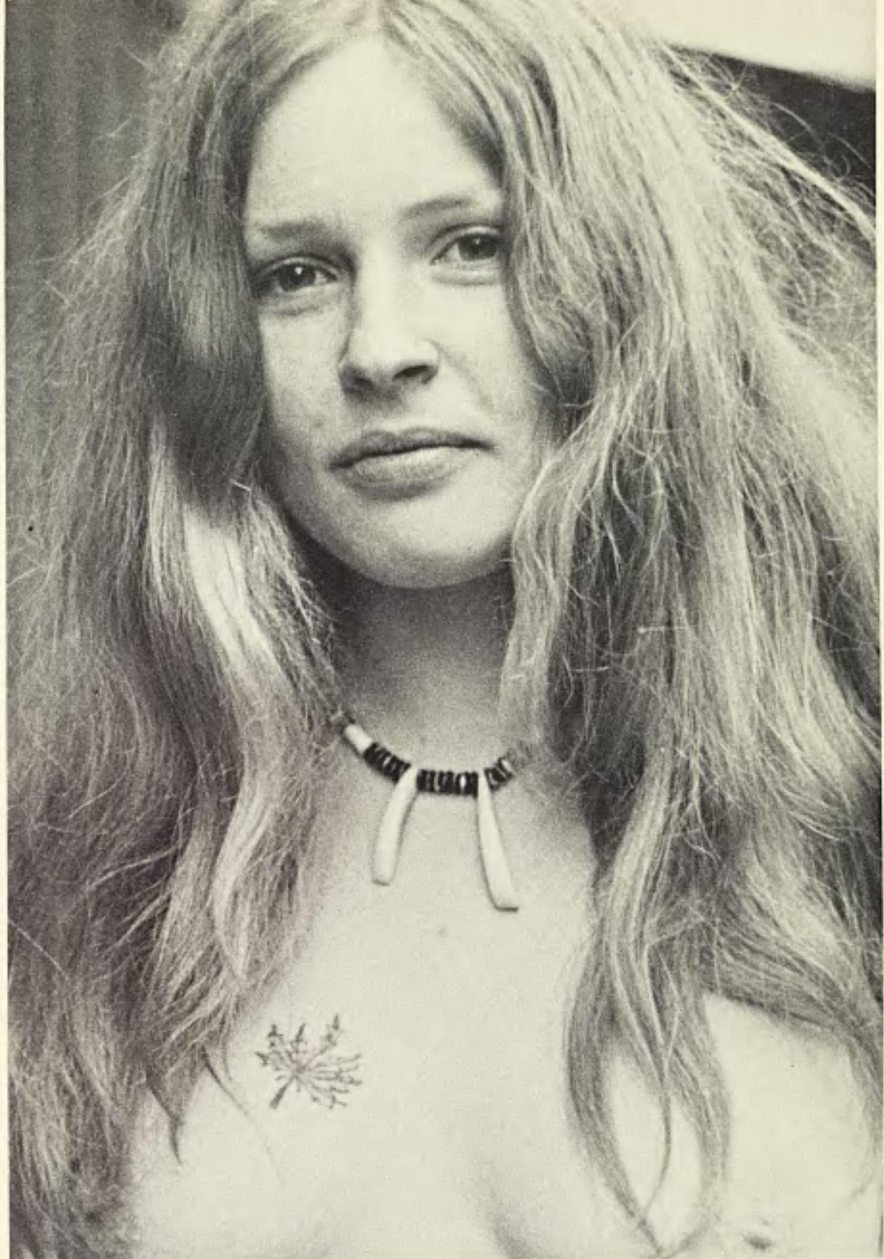
—from Apsey, Fresno, Calif.



—from Alan Roberts, Billings, Montana



—from D. L. Miller, Alpena, Mich.



—from Wino Joe





Where in Hell's Neutral?

—a nice thing to know when you're about to kiss a Chevy

If you run a jockey top with a gearshift extending off the mutha, you've got to be guessing when you reach for that neutral area between gears. And who needs to be unsure whether you're really in neutral when that old codger hangs a left right up front of your Avon? Also, if you're hip to the way Harley put those jockey tops together, it's pretty obvious that even a small hump in the road could knock that dude back into gear. And it don't help none if you're into a gearshift knob made from a bowling ball. There is no for-sure solution. But there are a couple of things that can be done to the top to keep it in neutral and make it a taste easier to find.

If the top is off the trans for one reason or another, the

modification is lightweight and won't take but fifteen minutes. First, back out the tension ball cap and check (1) the spring. If it doesn't seem to have a whole lot of life left in it, replace it. If it seems all right, the cap can be tightened down to the tension that you dig, or you can put a spacer between the cap and the spring for increased tension.

The shifting barrel can cause a hassle if the notches that the tension ball slips into are badly worn. If a trail is worn from the outer edge of the notch (from the ball riding in and out of the notch), it may slip out of gear. That problem should be repaired with some braze and filling, or you should dig up another one.

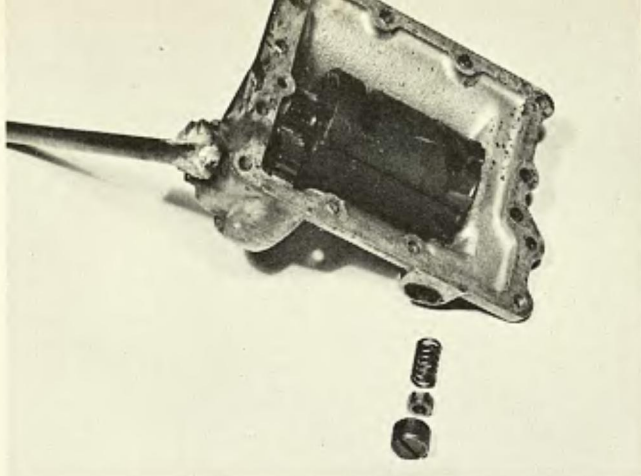
Enough of checks; we're

lookin' for neutral. As you search for that area between gears, the barrel pushes the shifting forks into neutral, but the ball has no slot to hold it there, or to indicate whether the trans is just a toenail-thickness close to fallin' in one gear or the other. So with a drill (2) or grinder, a small slot can be made between gears to give you some indication of where the shifting forks are hanging, and to keep the barrel from slipping. The slots have to be small so they won't interfere with normal shifting, but other than that they can be just as deep as needed to indicate to you that you can coast.

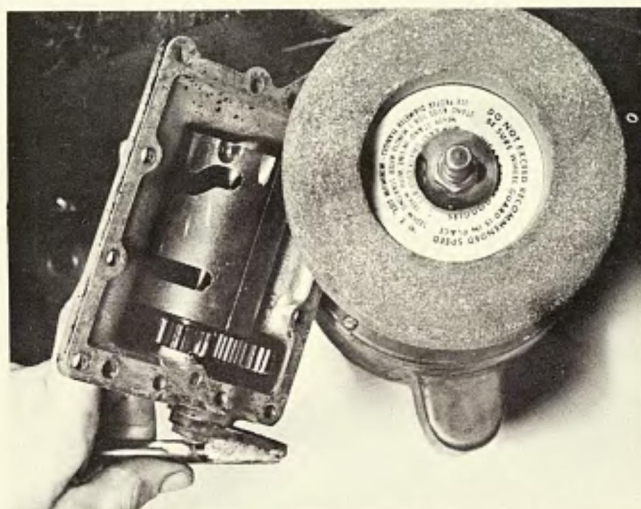
Another Flash-Jockey-Shift-Civil-Defense-Code that ol' Super Hog laid on me at a party the

other night was the clutch-it-into-neutral gig. You can set up some jockey handles so that when you shove the early model, long clutch lever forward (from 1st) with a suicide clutch pedal, it will punch your fancy jock handle into neutral (3). It kicks the trans only from number one to neutral, so it's a good trip for trippin' wasted in bottleneck traffic or a parkin' lot.

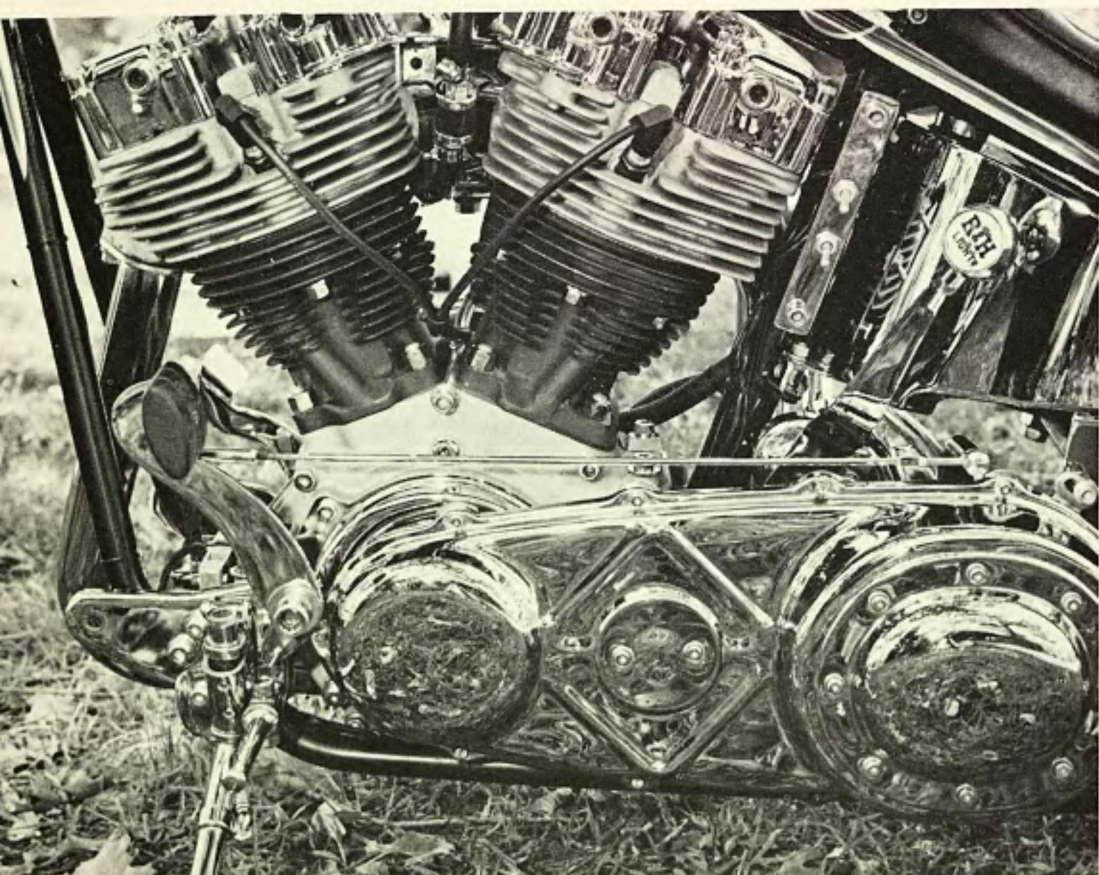
There is a helluva lot of clutch lever movement with a suicide. And it doesn't take but a third of that throw (if adjusted correctly) to engage and disengage the clutch, so the trans ain't spittin' teeth. So a portion of that distance will work to pop that shiftin' fork out of first right into neutral with a snap of the suicide pedal. No doubt some shift handles won't reach, so if you're puttin' together a suicide, keep it in mind as you install the lever (with an old oil pump as a shifting knob). — Weed



1



2



3



Another Biker Bites The Dust!

We don't know why, but Bandit went and got his ass married. It was a hard fight, but we lost. Every member of the staff tried to talk, then finally, kick, some sense into him—but the ape still wanted to take the dive. Nothing we could do would make him change his mind.

So, being good losers, we decided to help him out (we were even nice to his ol'-lady-to-be) and started to make plans for a huge biker wedding—at some secluded spot, where shootings and fights would go unnoticed. It would start on Friday night and end on Sunday night. Christ, we'd get a band, a truckload of booze and goodies, and really make it a wedding to remember.

We'd get one of the Reverends of the Universal Life Church to perform the execution . . . er . . . wedding (a scooter tramp who also worked on the staff of **Easyriders**).

The first thing to go wrong was to leave it to Bandit to select a safe place to have such an outrageous undertaking. He never found one; he, if you'll excuse the expression, screwed off until there wasn't any more time. (Maybe he didn't really want to get married.) Then the clincher

happened—an editorial deadline. And **nothing** gets in the way of getting this miserable rag out to you—not even a wedding. Or I should say, **especially** a wedding!

So what happened?

A few last-minute phone calls were made. Some threats were made—and one friend (his ol'-lady-to-be) and sixteen club prospects showed up. That was Friday night.

Saturday, the prospects were sent out to bring in some of the invited guests—or else.

The wedding was held late Saturday afternoon, after a 100mph race between Bandit and a dude who showed up on a Honda 750. The Honda got a speed wobble at about 105 and the dude's groaning over his road rash almost drowned out the lovely service.

The party lasted all night. No one knows when Bandit and Karen putted off to find a bed (all those in the house were busy), but this much is known: he was gone for over a week. And would you believe it—he was still smilin' when he drug his dead ass back to the office.

I know, I know. He's sick.

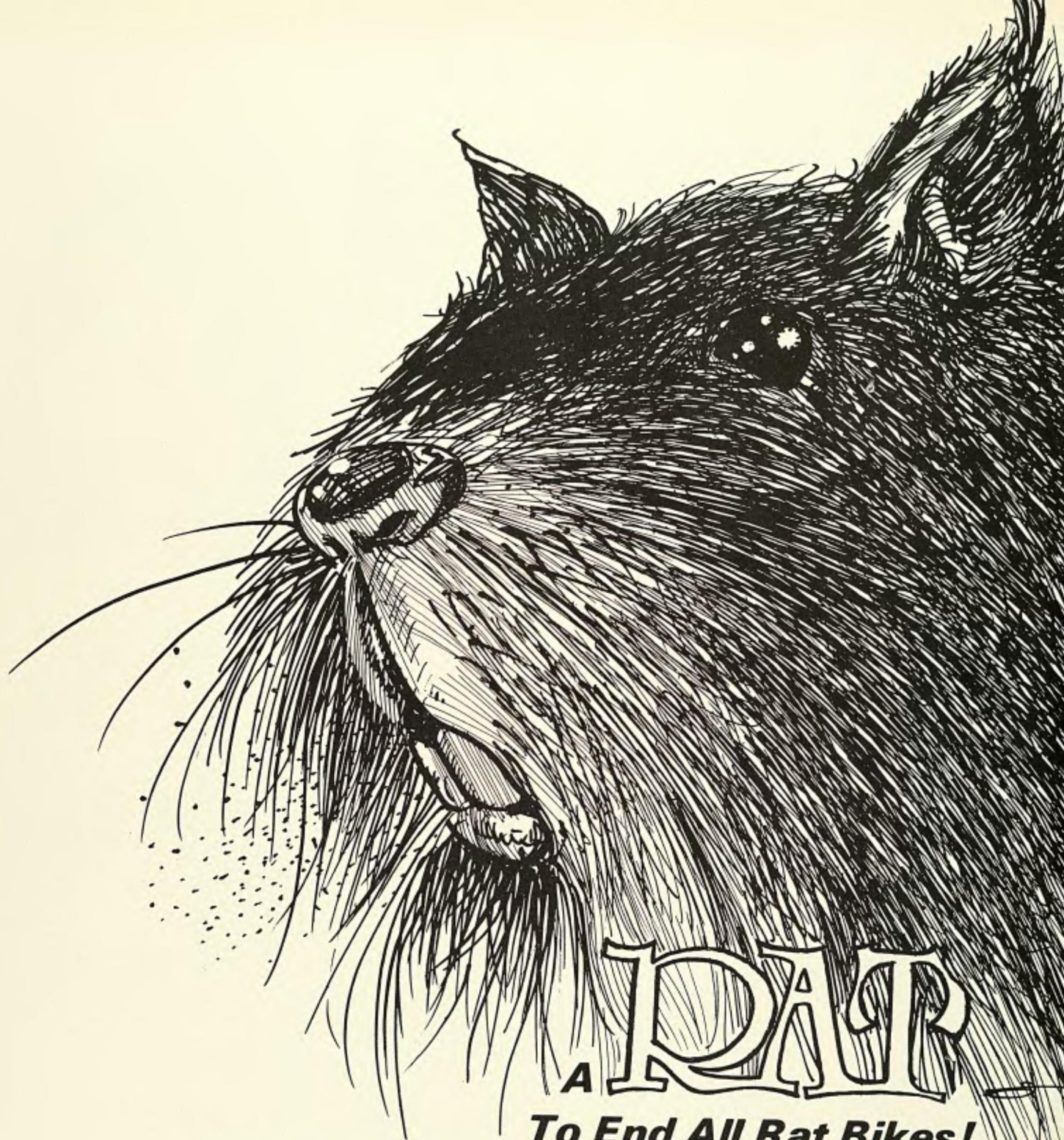
—Spider





Today is hitchin' day
 Make no mistake
 For today her hand you'll take
 Time, love and scooters have brought
 you two together
 And today you're gonna make it good
 forever
 Time has made what often dies
 grow stronger
 Through the busts and the parties
 The O.D.s and the done-unders
 The down time spent and goin' down
 And last the head trips and emotions
 You rode 'em out on a rigid frame
 It hasn't always been on smooth terrain
 You had your chuck holes and flat tires
 Times apart maybe alone or with others
 But somethin' drew you always back
 together
 Think about the rides you've shared
 Stock or long and low
 Think about the time you've spared
 To keep 'em on the road
 A few breakdowns maybe
 But you've covered the miles
 Slid through a couple of curves
 And run outta gas
 Doin' stunts and showin' class
 You may have come close but never
 crash
 So today we'll make that party a habit
 We'll make it stick through this
 ceremony
 Then time undaunted you'll never split
 Share the world and the road
 Keep on two wheels till you've grown
 old
 Keep it together like the scooters you
 putt
 And to each other may your hearts
 never shut
 So listen for this is the way it is
 And the way it will be
 You've got a life ahead
 And love to shed
 So get with the program
 Share your tokens
 For love is not just spoken
 Back each other up
 Like two brothers in a club
 And know that today you are together

—Renegade



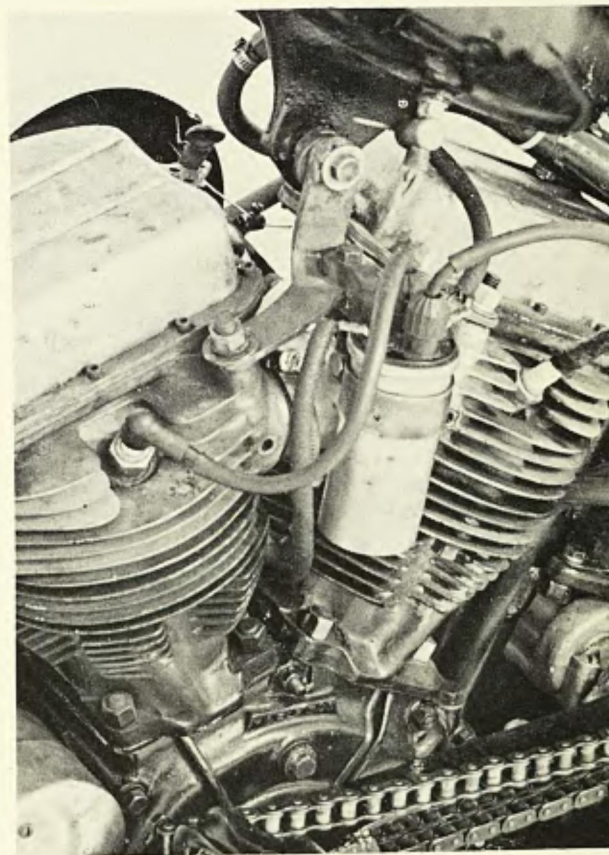
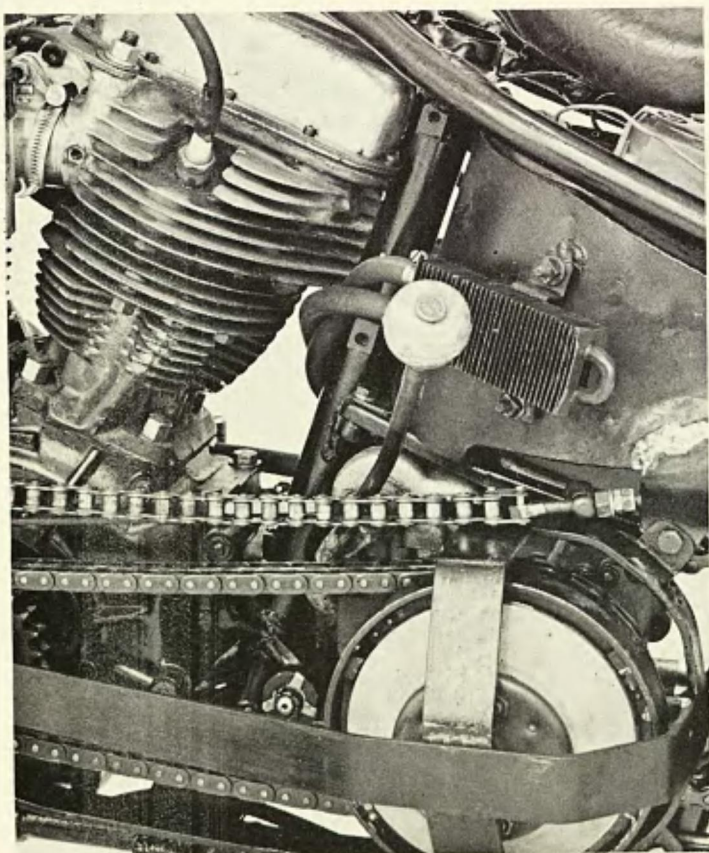
To End All Rat Bikes!

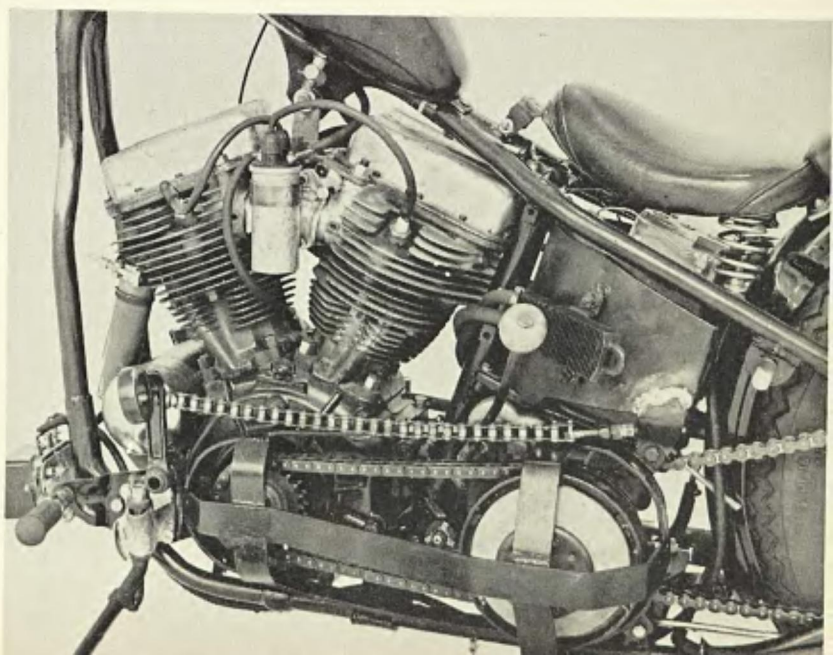
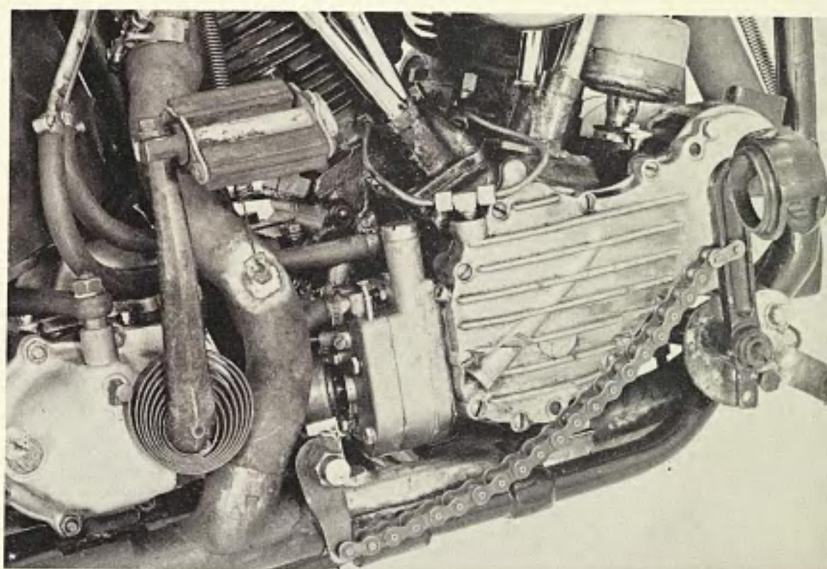
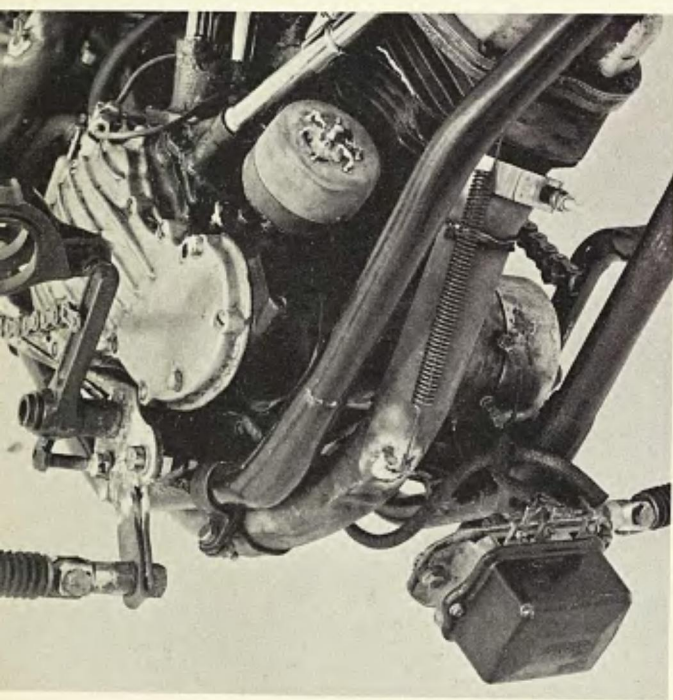
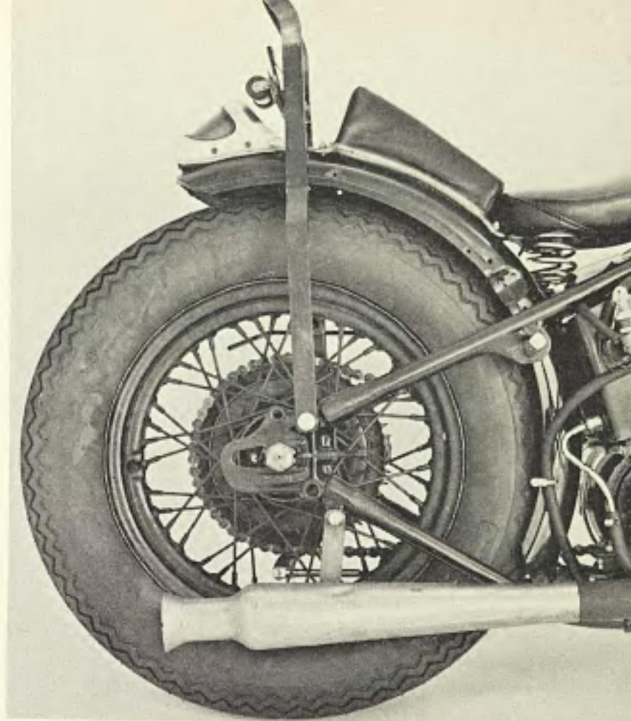
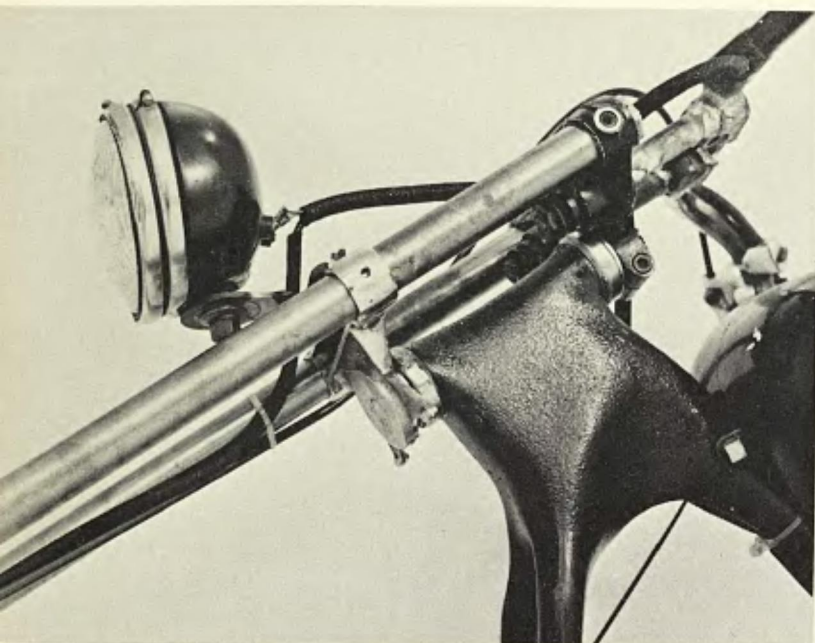
Well, here it is—Spider's rat. A sled to match the beauty of the orangutans he parties with. And would you believe that this is our first "project bike"? You know what they are—you see them all the time in other biker rags. It's a neat gimmick for a rag to get parts to build a bike with, in exchange for pages of publicity. Let's say the editor wants a front end—so all he does is feature an article on "How To Install The Greatest, The Most Famous, The

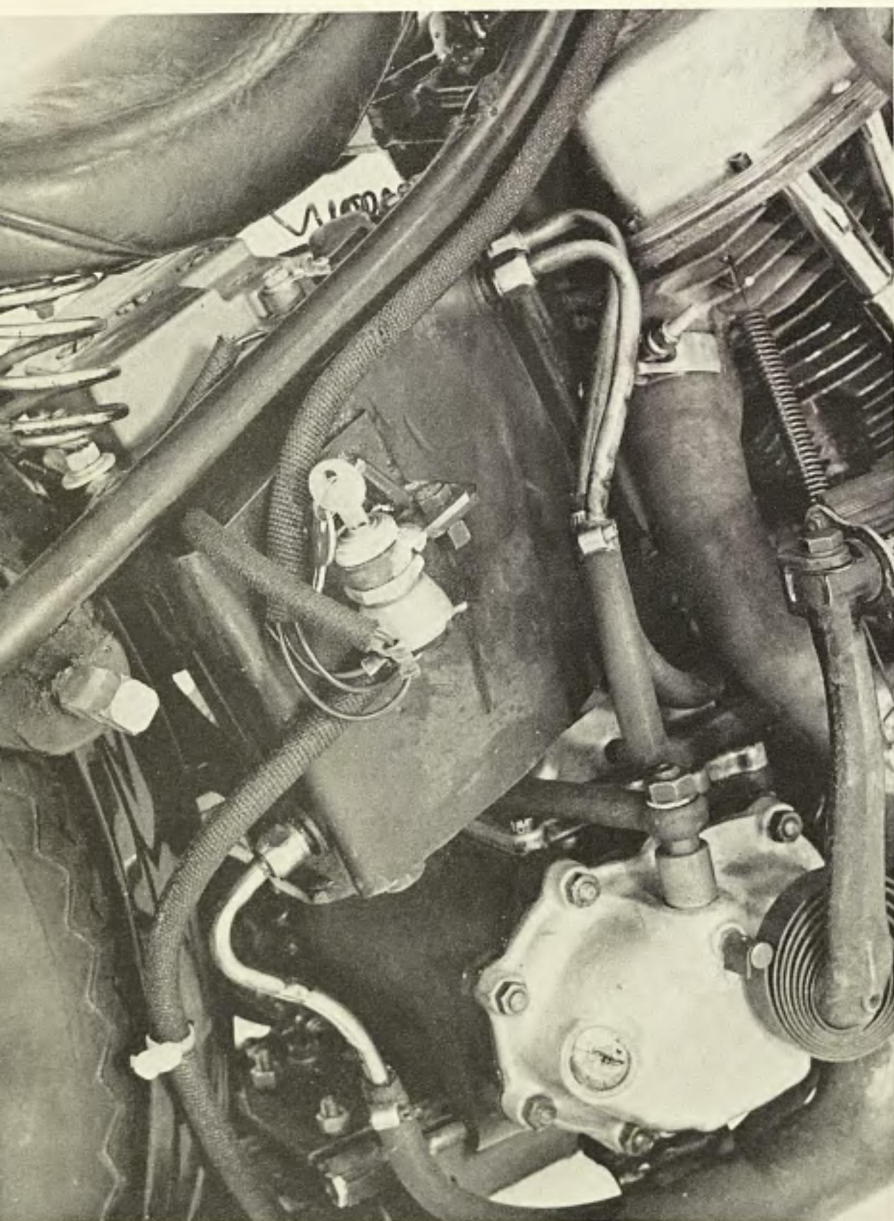
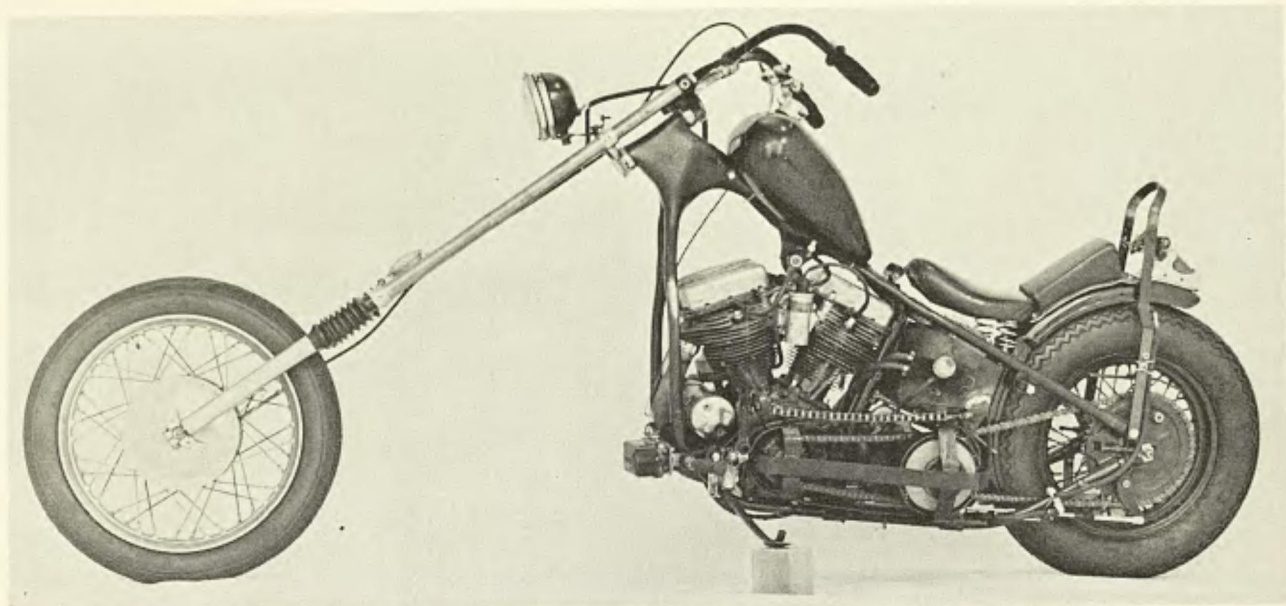
Ultimate Front End Ever." The rag gets the front end; the manufacturer gets pages of editorial publicity.

We've never done that number, because we don't want to kiss some manufacturer's tail end, nor do we want to mess with our readers' heads.

So the "project bike" you see here was done differently. It was a project because Bandit (the slob who threw this abortion together) was involved in building another bike—and it was a







helluva project to convince him that this sled came first.

It was also a project to get all the parts he needed. It required that someone go around to all the bro's and put the arm on them for any loose parts that were lying around. A dude prospecting for a job on this mag was given that project.

The next project was to build (?) a scooter to groove with Spider's strange lifestyle. You see, he parties—just a taste. And more often than not he gets a little wasted—to the extent that he has wandered, been carried, dragged, (you name it) away from a party or from one of the booze-and-brawl joints that he frequents. Because of his condition at the time, he forgets that he putted there on his scooter. And of course, when he goes back to find it (after he remembers where he left it), the scooter has gone south in someone's van.

It wasn't long before he decided he needed a scooter that he could park on a biker's lawn for two years without it being touched. He needed a bike that a thief would think was a total waste, and curious punks would be afraid to touch. So naturally we woke up Bandit from hibernation and shoved the project in his face. If ya snooze, ya lose, so he got the job.

So when it was completed, he rolled this pan-knuckle-shovel around front of our shed—and no one wanted to get within ten feet of it. It's sorta the kind of bike that if it don't eat ya, it might get ya where you're goin'—that is, if ya got the balls to mount the sucker.

—Shotgun

—Continued on next page



Owner: Spider**City:** Pigcity, Calif.**General**

Fabrication by: Bandit

Year and make: 1936-73

Model: who cares? 74

Value: plugged nickel

Assembly by: Bandit

Time: Dfll

Chroming by: none

Frame

Year: 1955

Builder: H-D, Bandit

Type: cradle

Rake: 1/2 in.

Stretch: 4 in:

Other alterations: who knows?

Accessories

Bars: narrowed springer

Risers: Bandit

Fender(s): front Sportster

Headlight: Sportster

Taillight: knuckle

Speedo: none

Front pegs: Super-Glide

Rear pegs: suffer

Electrics: 6V 2-brush generator

Gas tank: leaks

Oil tank: center

Oil system: 1973 pump

Primary cover: Bandit

Seat: solo

Sissy bar: Bandit

Height: 10 in. above fender

Material: what ever was around

Transmission

Modifications:

Year: 19-?

Shifting: jockey

Engine sprocket: 23

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheel sprocket: stock

Forks

Type: Sportster

Extension: 22 in. over

Builder: H-D

Special features: ?

Wheels**Front**

Size: 19 in.

Hub: Sportster

Rim width: 3 in.

Tire: 3.50 x 19

Brake: Sporty

Rear

Size: 16 in.

Hub: stock

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire: 5.10 x 16

Brake: stock

Painting

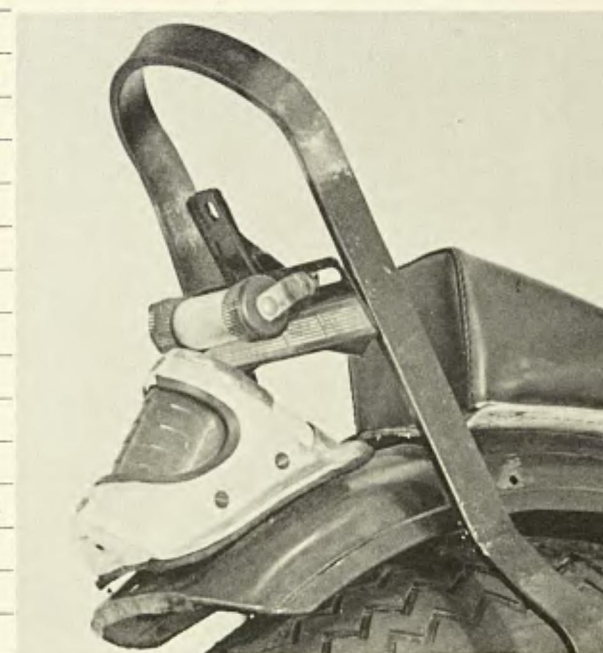
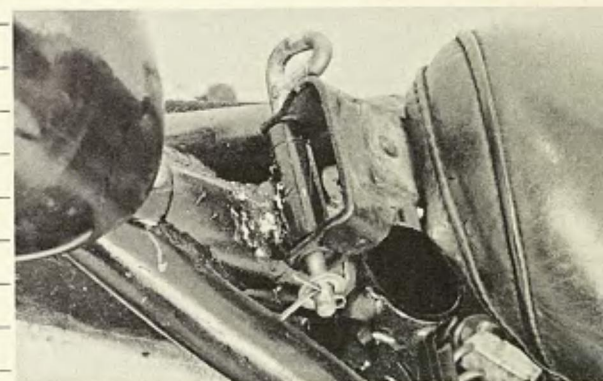
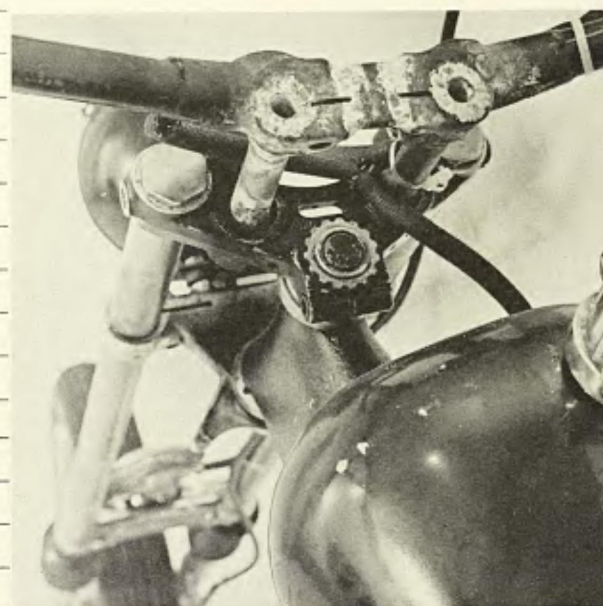
Molding: left over

Painter: Bandit

Color: what else?

Type: rustoleum

Special paint: by brush





Parts ain't just around the corner for many of us . . .



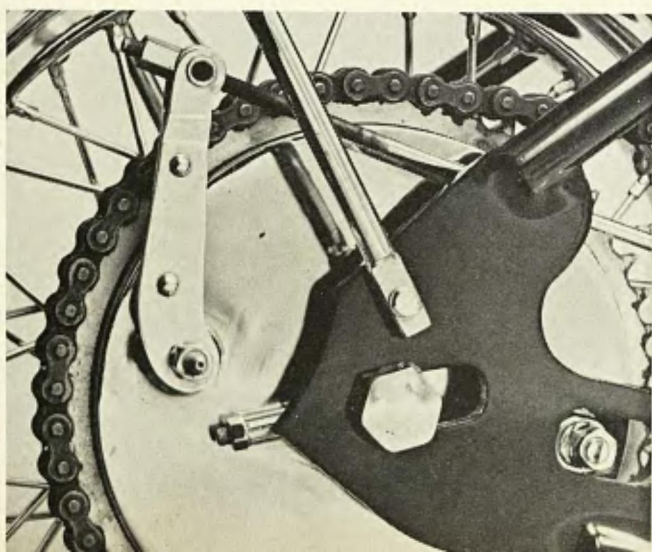
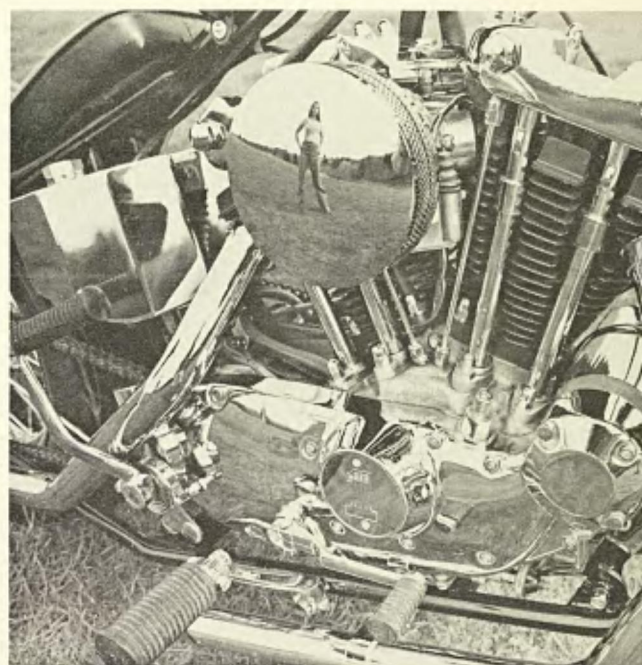
Long-Haul Sporty



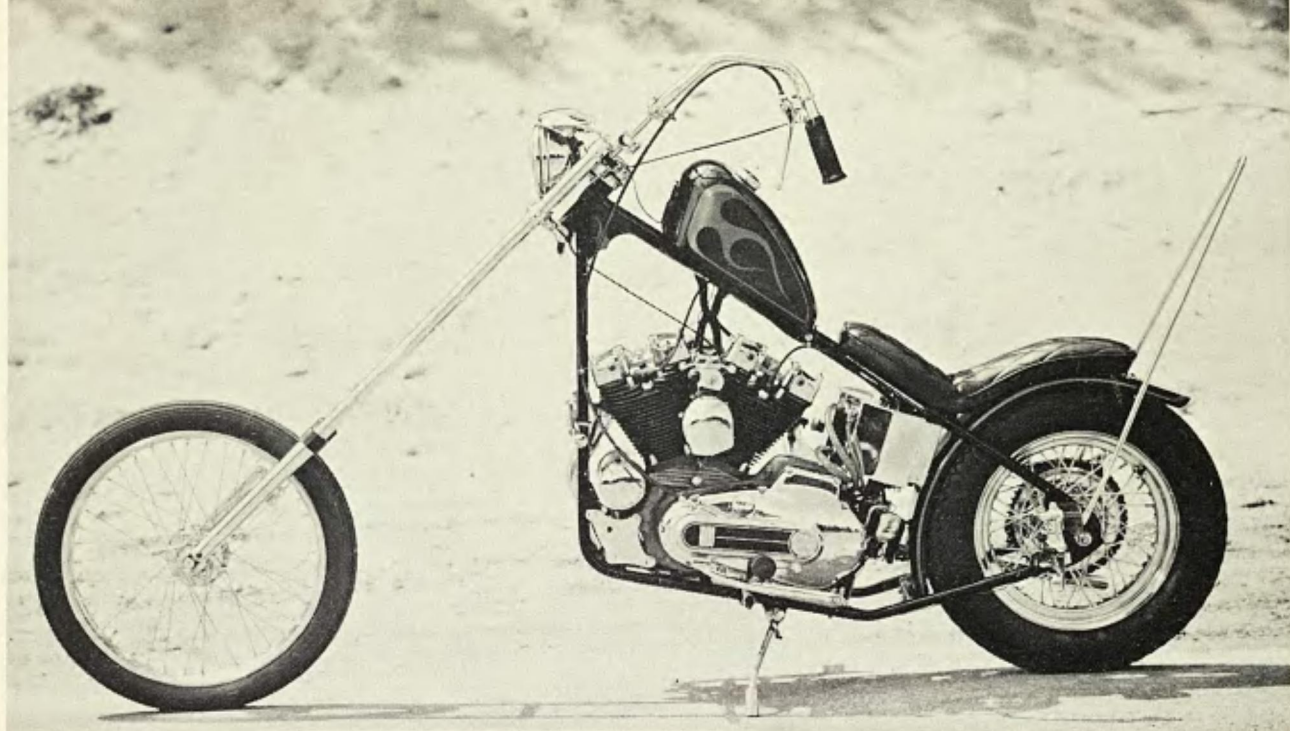
We all had our hangups and problems with the first putt we put together—right? Like I remember when I made a dozen trips to a Hog shop in one day just 'cause my memory is about as long as a lower end bearing. And sure as hell, after I'd returned to the shack I call a garage and looked down at the partially completed barge again, I'd notice somethin' else I needed from the H-D gold mine down the street. But I had it easy: I only had a five-mile hike to grab the parts. And in the city I could panhandle for the bucks, or while on the way I could hold up a gas station.

Okay, so I had life easy in the bike buildin' department. But ol' Kelly here had it a little different. The cat lives in the sticks someplace. Now grab onto your last quart of H-D oil. The nearest shop to Kelly is seventy-two miles—and if they ain't got it, he's got a hundred-mile trip to the closest chop shop. (I'd sure hate to drop an oil pump key in the dirt after a trip like that. I'd dig a well lookin' for the little s.o.b., or grind one out of a nickel.) With that distance hanging over his





Photos by Kelly Mays



head, Kelly built his first custom bike.

When I rapped with him he said that in the beginnin', buildin' the turkey was rough. With the distance to get the pieces such a pain in the ass, he would have to be damn sure of what he needed, and he'd always be wrong. Once, when the bike was gettin' close to the road, Kelly made three trips to the Hawg shop in one day. He started out early one Saturday mornin' to pick up some oil (he figured the oil was all he needed to get his putt rollin'). He headed for the shop in a good mood, but soon after he returned he discovered his carb wasn't right. He thought that he still might have a chance to get it on the road that Saturday if he could get to the shop to have the carb straightened out and be back before the day was gone. So, slightly frustrated, he cranked up the ol' pickup and headed out again for another 144-mile parts run. Tired and bored he returned to his pad with the supposedly repaired carb. It still didn't put the mixture to the engine right, and Kelly was goin' insane. He had put a lot of time and skin into the Sporty, only to run into a last-minute hump in the road—so he tore the carb apart himself. This bein' his first creation, he didn't hold years of experience on his side, but he managed to find that the main jet wasn't right. So the mutha hopped back into his pickup and made a mad dash to get that vital, \$1.25 jet. Man, what us bike freaks won't do to get on the road.

—Continued on next page

Owner: Kelly Mays **City:** Lincoln City, Oregon

General

Frame

Fabrication: owner	Year: 1973
Year and make: special const.	Builder: Corbin-Gentry
Model: Sportster	Type: rigid
Value: \$3,600	Rake: 35°
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: 7 in.
Time: 5 months	Other alterations: none
Chroming by: Apollo	

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1972	Bars: 6 in. bends
Model: XLCH	Risers: 4 in.
Rebuilder: Walker's Cycle	Fender(s): 5 in. flat
Ignition: 12 Volt	Headlight: stock
Displacement: 61 cu. in.	Taillight: Lucas
Lower end: stock	Speedo: none
Balancing: stock	Front pegs: Drag Specialties
Pistons: stock	Rear pegs: Sportster
Cases: stock	Electrics: stock
Heads: stock	Gas tank: stock
Cam: stock	Oil tank: D & D
Lifters: stock	Oil system: stock
Carb(s): Bendix	Primary cover: stock
Air cleaner: Drag Specialties	Seat: naugahyde
Pipes: drag	Sissy bar: owner
Muffler(s): none	Height: 20 inches above fender
	Material: 1/2 in. round

Transmission

Forks

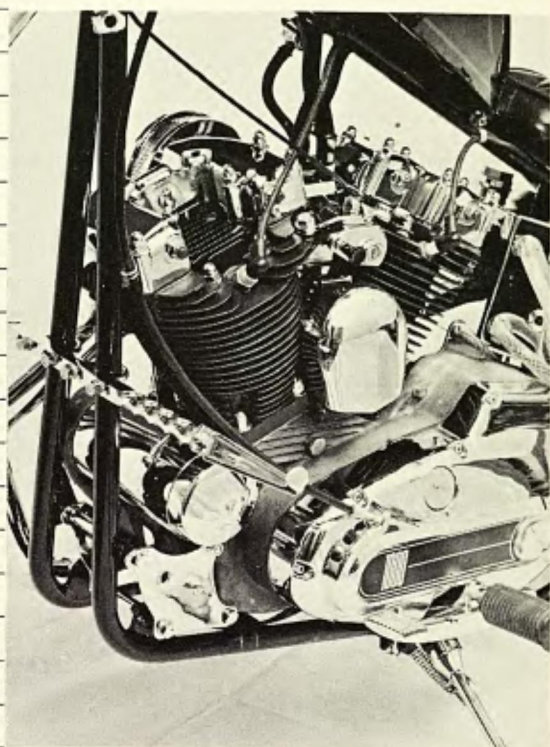
Modifications: none	Type: glide
Year: 1972	Extension: 18 in. over
Shifting: foot	Builder: custom
Engine sprocket: stock	Special features: tweak bar
Trans sprocket: stock	

Wheels

	Front	Rear
Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.	
Hub: custom	Hub: Sportster	
Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 5 in.	
Tire: 2.75	Tire: 5.00	
Brake: custom	Brake: Sportster	

Painting

Molding: owner
Painter: Walker's Cycle
Color: black, purple
Type: acrylic lacquer
Special paint:
Other special modifications:





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Silent Treatment

—Continued from page 21

so this one caught me by surprise. If I could make the ride rough enough, she'd have to tell me about it, right? So over to the shoulder, into the chuckholes, over dead branches in the road, the whole bit. Now I've got a sprung solo, and I'm hurting like hell, so I know that she's got to be shook up like a go-go dancer's last beer, but not one word. *Nothin'!* Damn near busted my back tire, but damned if she'd make a sound.

All right, bitch, if that's the way it's gonna be, then we'll see whose kidneys are in better shape. Suffer, bitch, I thought. Gonna fix this bitch yet. I guess you know who gave out first. I swear, man, the whole world was a yellow fog when I finally pulled up that Hog, but still no word.

This calls for some drastic shit, I decided. Didn't quite know what that drastic shit was gonna be, but it sure called for some. Spent all evening after we stopped, trying to figure out how to do it. Well, a lot of the evening trying to figure out how to do it. Finally got it. Absolutely guaranteed to make her holler. Waited till she was about half asleep, and told her that I was going to take a leak. Went out and hunted till I found a snake. That wasn't the easiest thing in the world to do, but sure enough, about a half mile down the road was this big black snake flopped in the road trying to soak up what was left of the day's heat. "My friend, you are gonna have all the heat you ever needed in about ten minutes," I told him.

Back to the bedroll, in with the snake. Right down in the bottom, so he'd want to climb out, and below her feet so that's the way he'd go. Then just lay back and wait, and try not to chuckle and wake her up. Sure enough, up came the snake. Son of a bitch crawled all the way up her leg, across her body and up to her neck, and all she did was smile in her sleep. Shit, she was digging it. Probably thought it was me. However, when that snake crossed her lips, she woke up real quick. Grabbed that sucker by the head with one hand, a little below that with the other and just twisted till she snapped his spine and threw him off in the general direction of the fire.

Damn! Lost again. She didn't even get up, let alone talk. I didn't sleep so good the rest of that night; I mean I was so pissed off I couldn't even lay down. Woke her up again and told her that goddamnit if I couldn't sleep she wouldn't either. All she did was smile and look at me. I finally told her just to go back to sleep. I couldn't stand it any more.

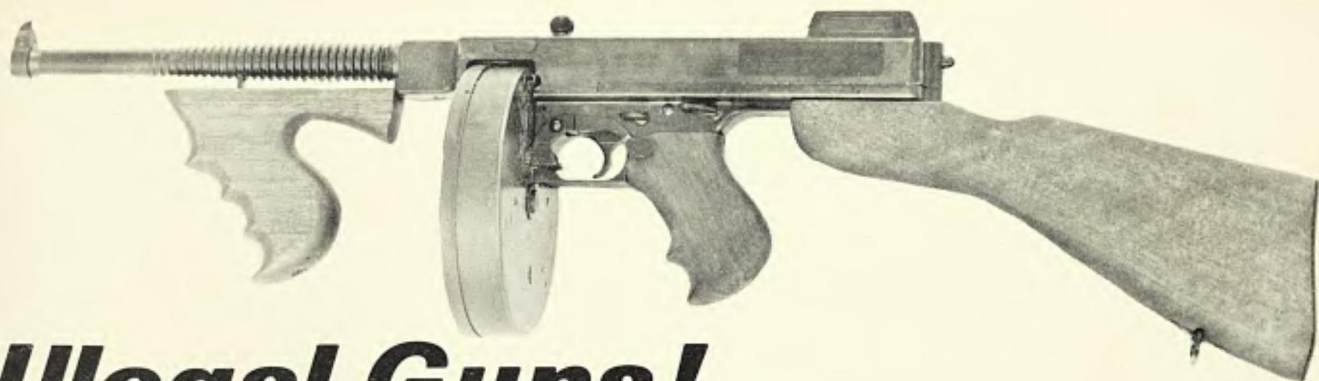
That's the way it went for damn near a week. My nerves were shot, my sleep was ridiculous. That bitch was just fucking away my energy and smiling away all my sanity. I tried everything I could think of. I chained her up to a tree all night. I set fire to my own bedroll. I put tabasco in the stew. She gathered wood, built fires, cooked, cleaned, balled and packed but she wouldn't talk. If she had said one word, I would have been tickled half to death to shack with her for a long time. But she wouldn't talk and it drove me right up the fucking wall.

I just couldn't take it any more. I mean it was either dump the bitch or go berserk. I had already tried going berserk, and her bruises were beginning to fade, but it hadn't made her talk, so I decided that I had to dump her. The next town we came to, I put her off.

Right there in the middle of what turns out to have been the town square, I did it. "Off, bitch. I have had it with you. You win. Goddamnit, you don't have to talk, but I'll be goddamned if I'll pack you any more."

That's when she said it. All this time I'd busted ass trying to get her to say anything, it didn't matter a shit to me what, and she had to pick that moment to talk and she had to pick that to say. She just gave me that same look and that same smile and opened her mouth and said, "You're cute."

"Cute! I'll fucking show you who's cute, you miserable fucking bitch!" And as I felt her front teeth give under my fist and saw her head snap back limp, I also saw the local sheriff step out of his doorway not ten feet away, looking right at me. By the time she bounced the second time, his gun was out, and as she slid to a stop I just knew I was about hip deep in shit. So that's how come I'm sitting here waiting on my trial. I ain't worried at all; I mean who could possibly argue that it was anything more than aggravated assault, maybe even self-defense, right? ■



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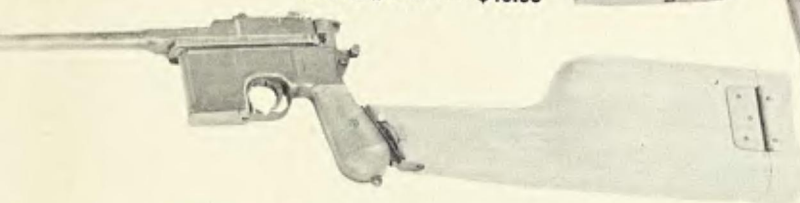
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Break Out The Stop Watches

If you think you've got your shit together when it comes to tool-breakin' Harley work, check out this little gem from the original "Suggested Job Time Schedule for Harley-Davidson 74 OHV Motorcycles," direct from the ol' Milwaukee iron works.

Foreword: This suggested time schedule has been prepared by the Harley-Davidson Motor Co. to guide dealers in performing and estimating service and repair jobs which may be required for the 74 OHV model motorcycle.

Job Description: The job description provides a brief identification of the work to be performed, and includes all operations necessary to complete the job. No other job is to be added unless specified.

When performing a job that specifies operations listed under another job:

- (1) Charge time for the major job only.
- (2) Perform only the more detailed operation.

Time: Time for each job is shown in hours and tenths of hours. For example, one-tenth equals 1 to 6 minutes; two-tenths equals 7 to 12 minutes.

Use actual time when a job is not covered by suggested time.

Accessories: When performing a job and it is necessary to remove and reinstall accessory equipment, extra time required should be charged according to the time shown for jobs under "Accessories."

Use actual time when a job is not covered by suggested time.

CHASSIS

- Remove and install front wheel2
- Remove and install rear wheel3
- Tighten spokes and true one wheel—after wheel is removed8
- Rebuild one wheel with new rim and spokes — after wheel is removed. Does not include balancing ...1.8
- Remove and install tire and tube on one wheel—after wheel is removed2
- Replace handlebars (1959 and earlier models with standard equipment) ...2.3
 - Includes the following operations:
 - Disassembly
 - Assembly
 - Control Adjustment
- Replace frame (new or rebuilt)12.0
 - Includes Jobs 184 through 192, plus 197 and 198.
- Replace front fork lock5
- Remove and install lined rear brake shoes8
 - Includes the following operations:
 - Remove wheel and brake
 - Installing wheel and brake
 - Adjust brake
- Remove and install both tanks8

ACCESSORIES

Suggested time shown is for removing Harley-Davidson accessories for repair or replacement.

- Set of plastic saddlebags and carrier (pair)6
- Windshield4
- Chrome exhaust pipe covers .1.5
- Chrome front fender tip3
- ENGINE
- Engine Tune-up—1960 and earlier models1.0
 - Includes the following operations:
 - Service air cleaner
 - Clean fuel strainer
 - Adjust carburetor
 - Clean, regap or replace spark plugs
 - Service ignition points and timing
 - Adjust chains
 - Service crankcase oil passage screen.
 - Road test
- Remove carbon, grind valves and seat both cylinder heads5.5
 - Includes the following operations:
 - Removing and installing cylinder heads
 - Remove carbon
 - Servicing valve guides
 - Grind valves and seats
 - Testing springs
- Replace piston rings both cylinders4.5
 - Includes the following operations:
 - Removing and installing cylinders and heads
 - Fitting new piston rings
- Recondition both cylinders .6.0
 - Includes the following operations:
 - Removing and installing cylinders and heads
 - Boring and honing
 - Fitting new pistons and rings
- Complete Engine Upper-End Overhaul8.0
 - Includes the following operations:
 - Stripping motorcycle for cylinder head, cylinder and piston repair
 - Remove carbon, grind valves and seats
 - Testing valve springs
 - Recondition rocker arm bearings
 - Replace piston rings
 - Service hydraulic units
 - Clean carburetor bowl
 - Replace crankcase oil passage screen
 - Drain oil tank and refill with fresh oil
 - Service oil filter
 - Check and add oil to transmission
 - Oil all control joints and parts
 - Grease motorcycle chassis including compensating sprocket

- Inspect and service air cleaner
- Adjust chains and brakes
- Check lubrication of front chain and adjust chain oiler
- Check lubrication of rear chain
- Tighten wheel mounting bolts
- Check level of solution in battery and add distilled water
- Clean and regap spark plugs
- Check lighting system and tire pressure
- Clean fuel strainer
- Check ignition points and timing, and if necessary, replace ignition points
- Adjust carburetor
- Road test
- Clean carburetor1.0
 - Includes the following operations:
 - Removal and disassembly
 - Chemical clean-out
 - Assemble, install and adjust
- Complete Engine Overhaul .16.0
 - Includes the following operations:
 - Operations under Job 317, "Complete Engine Upper-End Overhaul." Removing engine from chassis. Disassembling engine including crankcase and flywheel assembly
 - Refitting bearings
 - Servicing gear case, tappets, oil pump and generator
 - Installing engine in chassis and adjusting controls
 - Road test
- Service and adjust clutch ...1.0
 - Includes the following operations:
 - Cleaning and installing new parts
 - Assembly, adjustment and test
- Adjust hand clutch booster (mouse-trap)3
- Overhaul complete transmission4.5
 - Includes the following operations:
 - Removal and disassembly
 - Cleaning, inspection and repair
 - Assembly, install and adjust
- Rewire complete motorcycle .6.0
- Service generator brushes (standard)5
 - Includes cleaning commutator and lubrication
- Replace single circuit breaker points and check ignition timing (1960 and earlier models)3
- Replace condenser (1960 and earlier models)2

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Number 3

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The Chopper King

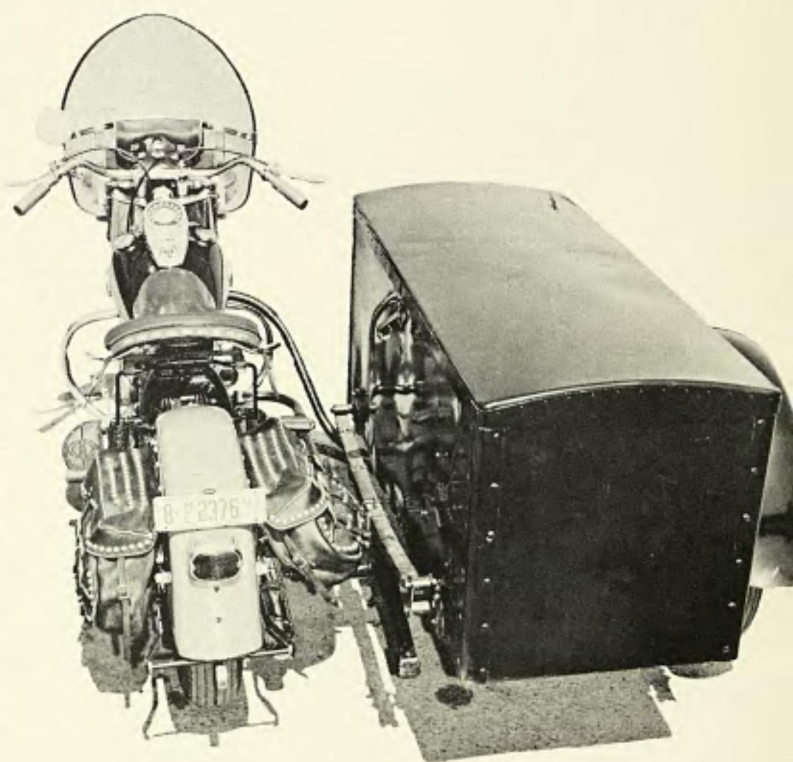
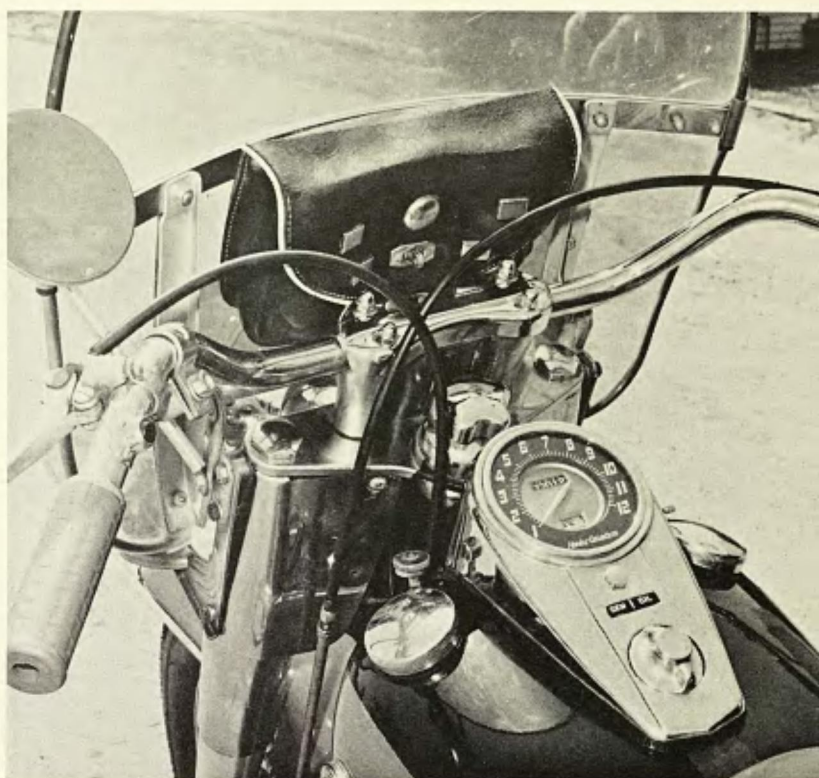
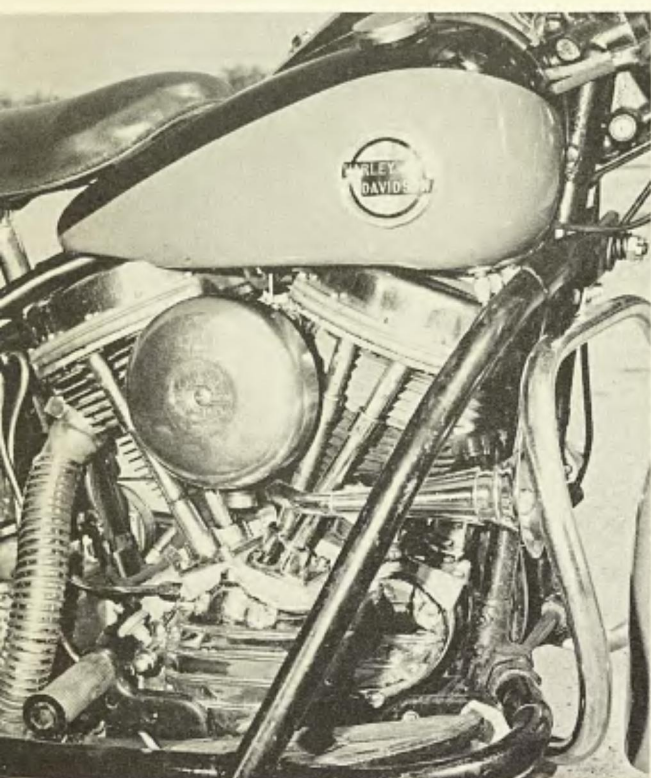
A once radical scooter returns to its original skin

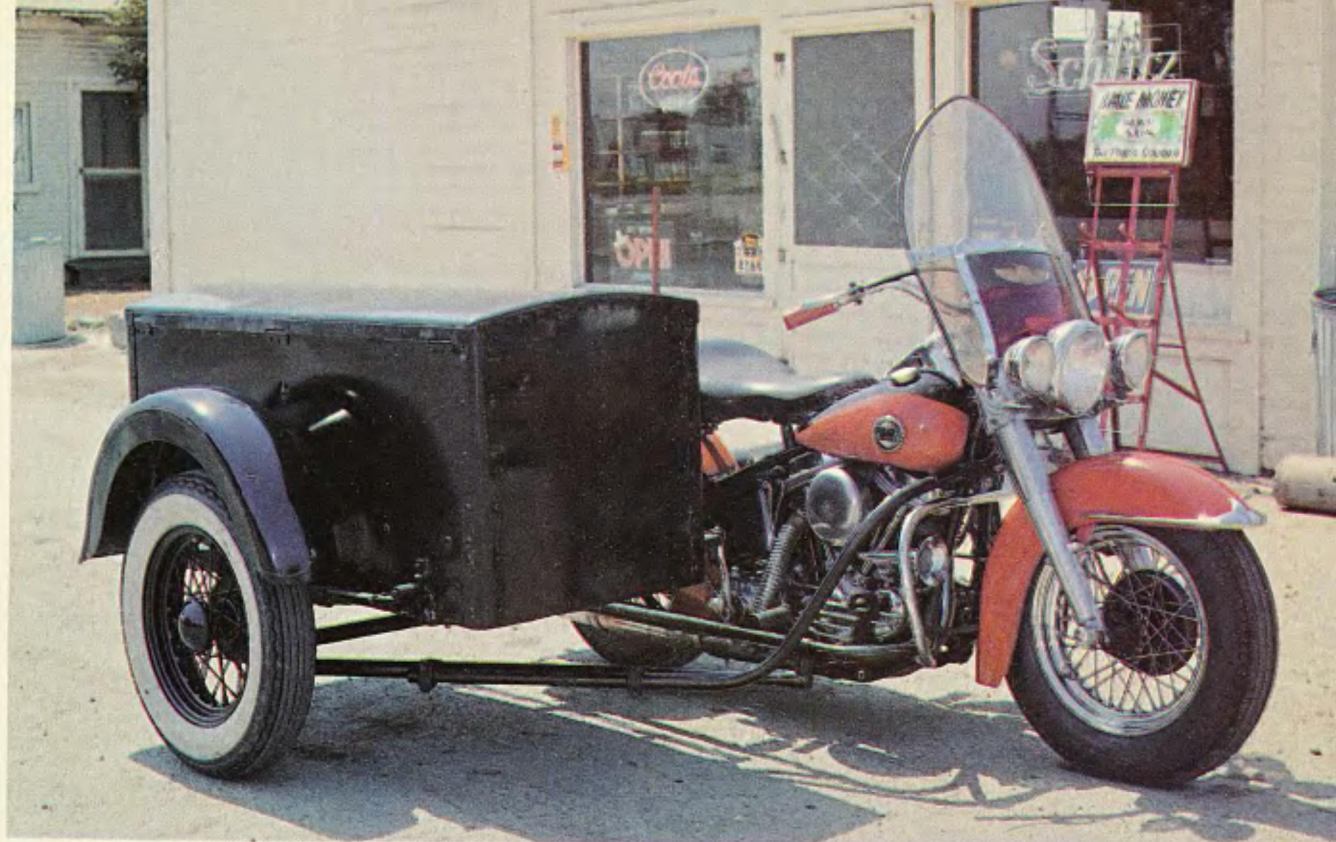
To its owner, this Hog is "Clyde." Now if you've been down long enough from last night's action and your memory bank has kicked in again, you may remember a scoot named Clyde. We featured this '57 in June of '73. Except at that time ol' Clyde had a 1½-inch rake and a 33-over, extended stock springer—a taste radical. It wasn't a fatbob and had drag pipes. Well, Clyde has been through some changes. I was rappin' to Terry, the owner, and found Clyde has some kinda history.

Terry got onto this pan over seven

years ago, and dig this: It was the very first scooter he straddled. And if that ain't enough to tweak your head, there was snow on the ground when he went for his virgin putt.

Well, Terry bought the Chopper King (called that 'cause for years the '57 pan was known to be the most primo H-D to chop), and after his first icy putt he proceeded to become an H-D freak. In the seven years he's been pushin' Clyde around he has never laid it down, not even on that first ride. Ol' Clyde has been through three major engine

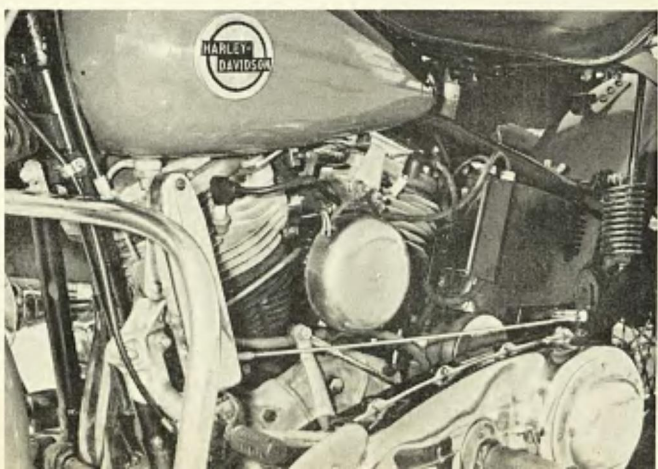
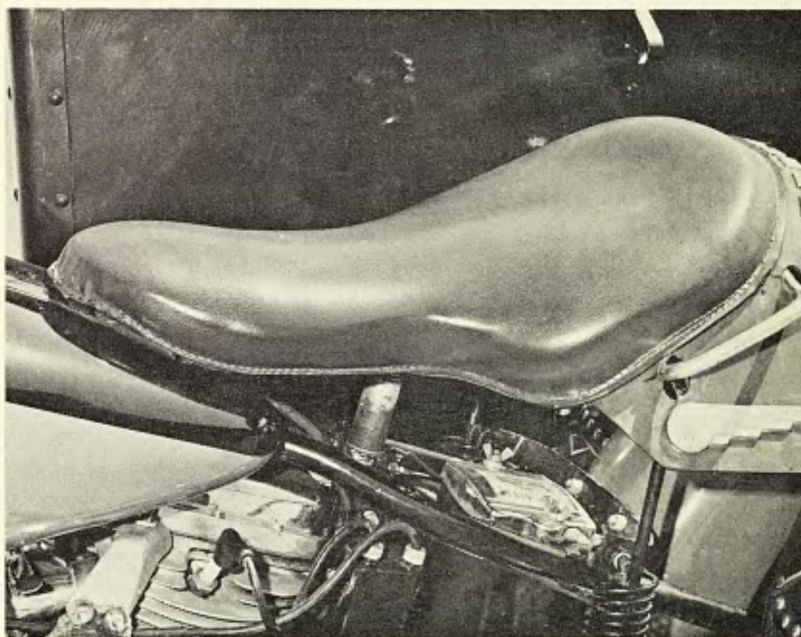




overhauls, and Terry has taken it back and forth across the country a few times.

It had its share of redo's, but when the nostalgia thing hit, Terry began to feel compassion for the original H-D and decided he wanted ol' Clyde to return to its old ways. So he scrounged all the original stuff back together, so that when it was time for another major, he could fit it with Hog threads again—complete with a stock '57 straight bar frame.

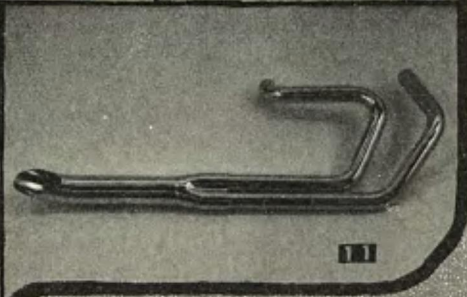
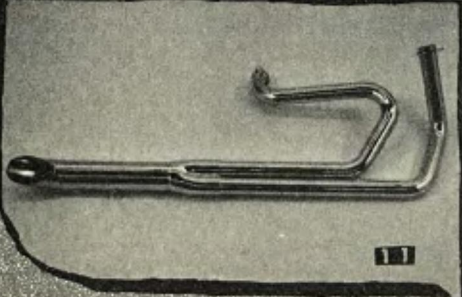
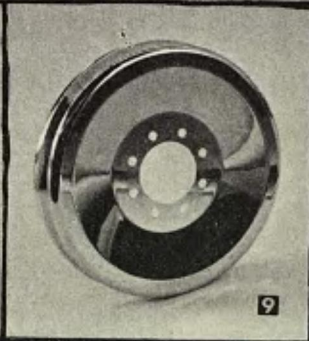
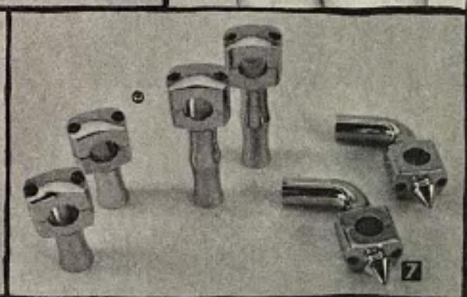
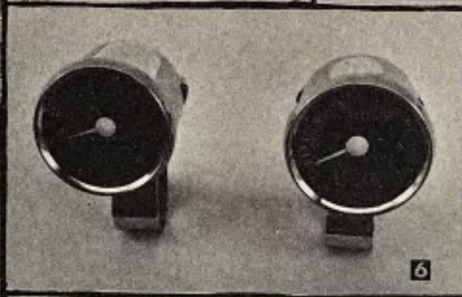
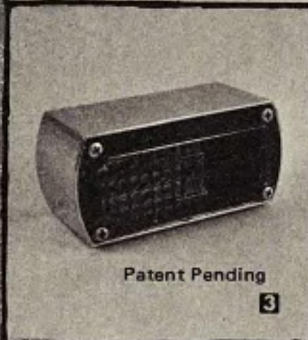
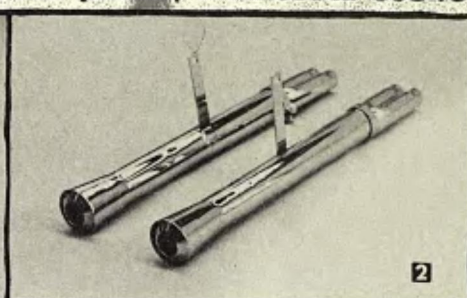
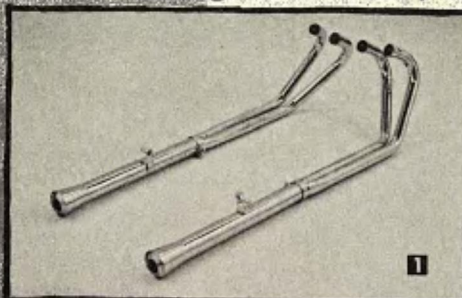
Just so you sceptics don't run off that Terry had it easy on his first ride with a side-van attached, an explanation is in order. Terry copped the original side-van much later. In fact he doesn't feel that ridin' with the van is ridin' a two-wheeler—it's more like puttin' a trike. —Bandit





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Unsafe Helmets

By Ed Armstrong

Ever since 1966 when Congress passed the Highway Safety Act, helmets have not only been ballyhooed by the DOT like a car manufacturer ballyhoos cars—baseball, hotdogs, apple pie, and Chevrolet—but forced on us by arrest, jail, and fines. The problem is, why? Anyone, with a little thinking, will realize that in about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch (helmet thickness) you can't stop a 170-pound man in a helmet dropped on the concrete. The DOT boys know this as well as anyone, and so do all the helmet manufacturers. That's why they devised the helmet test for only a 6-foot drop with only an 8-pound head in it—that's all the helmet can take! From here it isn't hard at all to figure out that if they'd put a 160-pound mock body on that mock head at the test, and kept the same kinetic energy, the impact velocity would be 3.5mph!

With the helmet good for about a 3.5mph impact, is it any surprise to you to learn that the US motorcycle fatality rate trend was **unaltered** by the wave of helmet laws from 1966 to the present? Without the power of the DOT to bribe states to pass the helmet laws, today there wouldn't be any helmet laws. The question keeps coming back: Why does the DOT force helmets when they know helmets do nothing to prevent accidents, can cause accidents, and do almost nothing to prevent injury and death in an accident? One must surmise it is a drive for power, aided and abetted by the helmet industry who covet more money. Industry has a right to make money, but not by force. In other words, like Chevrolet, let them advertise about apple pie, hot dogs, and helmets—but don't arrest me, throw me in jail, and fine me with a megalomaniacal fury for not buying their product!

This article will show you why a helmet can't be made any bet-

ter than to protect your head in a 3.5mph impact. Here's my free information:

First, a test that any rider can do in his backyard to show he's partially blinded and deafened by a helmet, and can't tell what direction sound comes from. Second, a short calculation a freshman college student or even a good high school science student can do in an hour.

The test. Go into your backyard with a brother rider. You stand in the middle of the yard with a blindfold on. Your friend takes a piece of paper for a chart and, from positions around you 30 to 35 feet away, claps his hands once sharply. You point to where the sound comes from. He notes on the chart his position and where you point. Do it a dozen times. If you can hear okay you'll be within a few degrees every time. Now put on a helmet that comes over your ears, stay blindfolded, and do the test again. The results will be "hilarious." I really don't feel like laughing, but it is funny when your friend claps in front of you and you point 180° to the rear. While you're there, note how the sound reception is reduced.

Next, take off the blindfold and glance from side to side. See the helmet edge? You can estimate how much vision is cut off for the time when you're riding and glance back to see what cars are crowding in your lane. In the test, glance sideways at a tree or window on the house without the helmet. Then put on the helmet and glance over; watch the object disappear!

These little tests should convince you that a helmet can cause an accident. With this knowledge, you have to weigh the protection it offers in return. This shouldn't influence a rider one way or the other, whether he wears a helmet

or not, but it should help anyone decide if a rider ought to be forced to buy a product from the helmet manufacturers and be treated like a criminal if he doesn't.

For the calculations, the following Newton type equations are used.

$$\begin{aligned} KE \text{ (Kinetic Energy)} &= WxH \\ &= \frac{1}{2} W/g V^2 \\ V &= at \\ a &= \frac{1}{2} at^2 \end{aligned}$$

- V Velocity
- W Weight
- H Height
- g Acceleration of gravity
- t Time
- a Distance

I also borrowed some information from a document¹ that must have cost the DOT (taxpayers) at least \$100 K. The human brain can take 50 g's more or less over a long duration defined as about 10 milliseconds (ms) and longer. For shorter duration some experts think the brain can take more, like 100 g at 5 ms and 200 g at about 2 ms.

Before I present the results, note this (which the DOT knows and so do all the researchers and the helmet manufacturers, but no one tells you). The helmet has two incompatible jobs to do within its about $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thickness. One, it has to stop your flying head and body from whatever the impact velocity is—20, 30, 40 mph in any important crash—before your skull is cracked. Think of it. Your 170 pounds flying through the air; head hits hard surface. In less than $\frac{3}{4}$ inch the impact velocity must be reduced to zero and the hard surface must not reach your skull. Secondly, the deceleration g's mustn't exceed the values given above. Now I present to you that the above two orders are impossible to fulfill in $\frac{3}{4}$ inch no

matter what you make the helmet out of. If the material is hard enough to stop you within the $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in any impact over about 3.5 mph, the deceleration will get you and make some kind of mush out of your brain. If the helmet is soft enough to decelerate you safely, then the impact will go through the helmet and smash your skull. There is no way to design around this, given the approximately $\frac{3}{4}$ inch of thickness which is about all you can carry around, considering that already the helmet is heavy and hot and interferes with seeing and hearing. Any engineer knows, and you'll understand, that to absorb more energy, the helmet must be thicker and be relatively soft.

The National Health Institute (taxpayers) subsidized some university researchers to do a study on helmets². After ten pages of math incomprehensible to anyone except a Ph.D. math student, the researchers concluded only that the helmet must be light and soft! No word on thickness.

So, brothers out there, note that if you fly off your bike at only 30mph and hit a hard surface with your head, you'll need at least 7 inches of carefully designed material between your skull and the outer perimeter of the helmet. Any good engineer puts in a safety factor of at least 0.7. So divide 7 inches by 0.7 and you get 10 inches thick! Try that helmet on for size!

I have to keep coming back to telling you that the DOT, the helmet manufacturers, and the dozens of researchers know this. Yet we've been fed the baseball, apple pie, and helmet baloney by the DOT for so long that most people believe it—except the majority of riders.

Keep in mind also, when your valuable head strikes a hard surface, helmet on or not, that your neck and back are very weak links. They break. Also the helmet/strap combination is equivalent to a hangman's noose. A slight blow on the helmet can break your neck in precisely the same way a hangman's noose breaks necks.

There are of course some accidents where a helmet with all its deficiencies can save you. In some of these cases, however, the accident itself may have been caused by wearing the helmet in the first place! Some riders might feel safer wearing the helmet anyway. Let there be no law prohibiting you from wearing a helmet if you feel better with it on. On the other

¹Performance Requirements for the Motorcycle Helmet, June 1970

²Package Cushioning for the Human Head, King Lui and K. B. Chandran, Tulane Univ. Schools of Medicine and Engineering, 1974.

hand, let there be no law forcing you to wear one!

There is no way to win this fight except by smashing the DOT's authority. The only way to do this is through the US Congress, who gave the DOT the power in the first place and assumed (falsely) they'd use it wisely. We've got to educate Congress that we must not be harassed as criminals for not wearing a product that is only token tested by necessity and cannot be designed to offer protection and be wearable. Congress must break the DOT.

There is a good bill in the US Congress now, HR 3869. This bill will deprive the DOT of the authority to bribe states to pass helmet laws. But a more direct law is needed. There must be some biker around the country who can convince his Congressman or Senator in the US Congress to introduce the following bill. It will be the same as the present HR 3869 except to delete the references to any motorcycle operator or passenger 18 years of age or older and say only, "... motorcycle operator or passenger ...". In addition, the following must be added to HR 3869, "In addition there shall be no law, rule, or regulation in force that shall either prohibit or require any motorcycle operator or passenger to wear a helmet or headgear of any kind. This does not in any way prevent or limit the Secretary from issuing performance specifications for helmets as already provided for in this Act."

The above law, gentlemen, will end once and for all a Washington bureaucrat from taking responsibility for protecting a person's head. It will return that responsibility to the people!

No excuses —write letters

Okay, dammit, we all know our hottest beef for many moons has been the helmet law. We also know that each year we get more together, and repeal bills get that much closer. But in every case the repeal dies on account of the DOT's heavy-buck pressure on the states. All right, so now we have two bills at the main-man Capitol to take this punk power away from the DOT: HR 3869 and HR 6211.

And people are still snivelin' about helmet laws. There is no damn excuse not to take five minutes and write your congressman. Listen, if you have only a paper bag for paper, use it. And if you don't know who your congressman is or where he's at, call the library. Or write the Chairman of the Sub-

committee on Surface Transportation (Mr. Chairman, Subcommittee of the House Public Works Committee, Congress of the U.S. House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. 20515). Tell these people the bum experiences you've had with helmets. Tell 'em you don't think it's up front to have non-elected bureaucrats running your life. Remind these high-rollers of your rights, the Constitution, and the seat belt law. And be sure to tell 'em to vote for HR 3869 and HR 6211. Tell these people your feelings; get off your tail and do it!

State News

Illinois: One of the last two states free from helmet laws is being pushed to pass the law. HB 2206, introduced by Assemblyman Gerald Shea, 2135-S Maple Ave., Berwyn, Ill. 60402, will bring the helmet law back to Illinois. Now quick, before it's too late, write Shea and your assemblyman, then write ABATE of Chicago or ABATE of Illinois for more info. Three letters ain't bad, considerin' it's your freedom you're writin' for.

Virginia: "We busted our asses on the May 4th protest run in Richmond. We spent every nickel we had to print posters and get people together. We've got to have support from our bros if we are going to push the helmet law down. I'm beginnin' to think the bikers here are afraid of somethin'! If they don't get off their asses soon, we might as well hang it up."—Fuzzy Davy, ABATE of Virginia.

New Mexico: "As you know, during this legislative session, I introduced Senate Bill 220, which is a Federal concern allowing for people over the age of 18 years to drive a motorcycle without a helmet."

"However, on the day the bill was to be heard in the Senate Public Affairs Committee, I was told by a representative of the Federal Government that if this legislation were to pass, New Mexico would be cut 6.8 million dollars in Federal highway funds. So regretfully, the bill died in committee."

"Nevertheless, I will observe closely the states that have passed a bill such as the one I introduced, and if everything goes well, I will gladly reintroduce the same legislation next year." This was from State Senator Eddie R. Barboa.

Here it is right up front, the reason why we all have to write and support HR 3869 and HR 6211.—Chris Derrick, ABATE of New Mexico.

Utah: The Barons M/C has challenged every bike club and loner to ride with them to Washington, D.C., on Labor Day. If you're interested in the cross country run to show The Man how much we believe in what we're doin', contact Wheelz, Road Captain, Barons M/C, 462 S. 2nd West, Salt Lake City, Utah 84100—quick. Following is a list of the clubs that pledged to send representatives to the Capitol: Barons, Salt Lake City; Sundowners, Ogden; Righteous Ones, So. Calif.; Ravens, Oakland; Axemen, San Diego; Maltese of Colorado; Highwaymen, Lewiston, Idaho; Cossacks, Tyler, Texas; Road Masters; Loners M.C.; Branded Few, Reno; Reapers, Texas; Brother Speed, Logan, Utah; Free Spirit M/C, Jacksonville, Fla.

Connecticut: "Here in Conn. the repeal just missed being passed, the reason being the fear of losing all this federal cash. If HR 3869 is passed, the helmet law is as good as gone in Conn."

"The bikers here have got their shit together as evidenced in massive turnouts at committee hearings and helmet protests. The lawmakers are starting to take notice. We just have to get tougher and louder to get our rights. Even the newspapers are getting hip to how asinine helmet laws are."

"The point I'm trying to make is that passing HR 3869 would help us all in every state."—Peter Johnson.

North Carolina: A group of bros in Charlotte decided that there was a need for an organization in their state. These people began the Concerned Bikers Association, for the express purpose of retaining the freedom to ride. Carolina brothers can contact the CBA in care of Claude W. Chavis, Jr., 701 Sheryl Circle, Charlotte, North Carolina 28201, or phone (704) 536-8535 or 527-3050.

California: "California has five Reps. that are members of the two Committees that will hold hearings and decide the fate of HR 3869. Write to each of the committeemen and ask them to support HR 3869. They are Harold T. Johnson, 2347 Rayburn Bldg.; Glenn M. Anderson, 1230 Longworth Bldg.; Norman Y. Mineta, 510 Cannon Bldg.; Don H. Clausen, 2433 Rayburn Bldg.; and Barry M. Goldwater, Jr., 1421 Longworth Bldg., all Washington, D.C. 20515."—Vonnice Douglas, S.R.R.A. News.

South Carolina: "Feel like I'm

fightin' the helmet law alone. Hear a lot of bitchin' but no action. I need some support and some assistance. Anyone interested in working with me to repeal the helmet and headlight laws, please contact Sammy Campbell, Route 1, Box 47, Hartsville, S.C. 29550.

"Here is another reason I would like to scrap my helmet. Riding a few days ago, a bug hit me in the face and blew into my helmet—almost in my ear. I jerked my helmet off and got my shovel off the road and stopped. The bug in my helmet—crawling around—was a large black wasp, capable of stinging the crap outa anybody. But I was lucky. A dresser-riding uncle of mine was not so fortunate. He had a wasp fly into his helmet a few weeks before my incident. He was stung so many times before he could get his helmet off that he required emergency treatment at a hospital. The treating physician said my uncle's stings were so severe as to 'poison his system and any further sting would probably be fatal.' All this because a wasp couldn't get out of a helmet."—Sammy Campbell.

Idaho: The Idaho Cyclists for Safety and ABATE of Idaho are circulating petitions to repeal the helmet law. If you're in a club, organization, outrider group, or own a shop, whatever, write to these people for a copy of the petition and get it filled with signatures. We have already made an impression on The Man; now we need to show that we're together and strong.

Most bros who work for organizations don't make a dime. But if their operating costs aren't met, they no longer operate. You can help by droppin' a buck or a couple of quarters in the envelope when you write to any group. Fifty cents buys a few stamps—dig?

Oregon: The Brother Speed M/C in Oregon, on November 27, 1974, had it out with the Portland cops at the Slow Pitcher Tavern. Fifteen of their bros were beaten bad; consequently, the Brother Speed went into legal battle with a total of \$4.5 million in lawsuits. They feel (as do many of us) that police power has gotten way outta hand, and they set out to do somethin' about the outrageous harassment of bikers. If you've run into this problem in a radical way, you may want to contact these people and find out what they've learned.

Also, the B.S. would like to stage a helmet protest in August. Oregon bros ought to see by now that these clubbers are gettin' it together and support 'em.

Fact Library

Maryland: "To fight daytime headlight laws you need to send \$7 to National Technical Information Service, U.S. Dept. of Commerce, Springfield, Va. 22151 and ask for PB 195 820 LK."—Gary Zager, ABATE of Maryland.

Kansas and Missouri: ABATE of Kansas, ABATE of Missouri, and COOL are puttin' on helmet protests every 2nd and 4th Sunday (noon) at City Park, 26th St. and Park Drive, Kansas City, Kansas. If you live anywhere near City Park, you should kick your ass if you don't make it. Ted Oakes, ABATE of Kansas, is headin' this action, and every Kansas biker should know this dude—he's done a helluva lot for your rights.

"We intend to take every (150) one of the helmet tickets we receive to trial. At (nat'l avg. cost) \$1500 each just for trial, they can never recover the money and will be forced to either kill us or back off (kill us is a rather touchy subject now; keep your gun loaded). We only need 4800 of these tickets a year to spend the \$6.8 million the DOT has promised to withhold if we drop the helmet law."—Ted Oakes, ABATE of Kansas.

Indiana: "Since I last wrote you on the helmet repeal for Indiana, I have been doing a lot of writing. I have at least gotten some attention to the issue from our state representatives. I have written several letters to Congressman John Brademas and feel he will be favorable to us on the federal level. I have requested his personal support to the repeal of helmets from the National Safety Standards with Mr. Kearney. Locally I will be appearing before the Elkhart County Traffic Safety Committee in an effort to gain their support on a helmet-headlight repeal. I have been told this committee is the most powerful one in our state.

"Indiana seems to be a backward state and support will be hard to come by, but we're going to try, since everyone else seems to be burying their damn heads!"—Wanda Hummel, ABATE of Indiana.

Montana: "An Outlaw Brother in the Montana State Prison would like to try to get all bikers in the state, both AMA and outlaw clubs, together to try to do something about the daytime lights, helmet laws, and other repressive motorcycle ordinances here in the state.

Let's stem our prejudices to form a "Brotherhood Against Repressed Freedom," for if we don't, I'm sure we can all see the day when Rabbit Cole writes about motorcycles as an outlawed thing of the past."—Richard D. Payne.

Wisconsin: "All bikers are asked to write to this committee: NCUTLO, 1776 Massachusetts Ave., Washington D.C. 28510. Also write to these members of the Federal House of Representatives, asking them to support bills HR 6211 and HR 3869: Les Aspin, 515 Cannon St.; Alvin Baldus, 509 Cannon St.; Robert W. Kasten, 1113 Longworth; Robert W. Kastenmeier, 2232 Rayburn; David Obey, 308 Cannon St.; Henry S. Reuss, 2186 Rayburn; William Steiger, 1025 Longworth; Clement J. Zablocki, 2184 Rayburn; Robert J. Cornell, 1512 Longworth. All are Washington, D.C. 20510.

"At least one letter will be required of all attending rallies. We want you to write the letters and return them so all can be mailed."—Dick Smith.

Maryland: "On June 9, Fuzzy, ABATE of Virginia, visited 30 NCUTLO subcommittee members' offices. Several of the Legislative Assistants (L.A.) seemed very interested and some were very enthusiastic, including William Walsh, Henry Nowak, Elliott Levitas, James Stanton, and Bo Ginn. In addition, Senator Buckley's (New York) L.A. informed Fuzzy that the Senator sold his motorcycle when the New York helmet law was passed because of his opposition to wearing helmets, and especially being told to do so.

"But upon visiting Bud Shuster's (Pa. Dist. #9) office, Fuzzy was told by the L.A. that 'the Congressman has already made up his mind and does not want to hear any more about it.' Fuzzy questioned the L.A. as to how Shuster could be so closed minded about the desires of his constituents and was told 'You are wasting your time and mine!'

"Needless to say, Shuster needs some polite but to-the-point mail on this matter, especially from our Pa. brothers and sisters. This is the perfect opportunity to show closed-minded officials that our views cannot be ignored while we are paying their salaries. Therefore, we must inform every Pa. biker and bike shop that Shuster does not care how his constituents feel and what to do about it.

"Don't forget to write Howard and ask to be put on the Surface Transportation Meeting Notice

List. This subcommittee starts meeting on July 23 and HR 3869 will be heard around this date."—Gary Zager, ABATE of Maryland; Fuzzy Davy, ABATE of Virginia.

Florida: The Free Spirit M/C has begun to hold helmet protests in Florida. One of their recent events took place in a shopping center mall where they put on a small bike show. The bikes drew the public, then they were encouraged to look over a booth the bros set up to show the pros and cons of the helmet law. They also passed out post cards for people to write comments on and send them to legislators.

With personal interviews, letters, and some basic information, they have managed to get two partial commitments from legislators to introduce a helmet repeal. The legislators told the bros that if they felt the people (letters) were behind it enough, they would get it movin'. Their names and addresses are:

Mr. Stephen Pajcic, 100 Laura St., Jacksonville, Florida 32202, and Mr. Thomas Hazouri, 3733 University Blvd. W., Jacksonville, Florida 32216. Scribe to these people and show them that Florida bikers want the helmet law repealed.

Louisiana: Perry Thigpin of the Perry Co. has organized enough support in his state to get a helmet repeal moving. He has bros in each county of the state in order to keep track of any anti-bike action. He needs reps in Monroe, Lake Charles, Lafayette, and the New Orleans area. He also needs all the bros who have balls enough to write some letters to support his efforts for La. bikers.

California: California Air Resources Board will have authority to adopt, by regulation, emission standards for new motorcycles, beginning with the 1976 model year, as it does presently for automobiles and trucks. The authority is granted in legislation signed by Governor Reagan. The standards would apply to new motorcycles only; retrofit of existing vehicles would require additional legislation.

"Motorcycles emit far greater amounts of hydrocarbon and carbon monoxide (CO) than do 1975 automobiles," Air Resources Board Executive Officer William Simmons said. "For instance, 1975 cars will be limited to .9 grams per mile of hydrocarbon emissions; two-stroke motorcycles as they are presently produced pour out from 5 to 25 grams per mile of hydrocarbons. Even relatively clean four-stroke

motorcycles emit up to 4.8 grams per mile hydrocarbons, according to Air Resources Board tests.

"The carbon monoxide statistics are similar. The 1975 standard for automobiles is 9 grams per mile. Today's two-stroke cycles emit as much as 50 grams per mile CO, and four-stroke cycles up to 46 grams per mile."

The new law applies to all motorcycles registered or identified by the Department of Motor Vehicles which are sold in the State.

System Works in Canada

"I am writing you this letter to let you know that motorcyclists in Manitoba remain the only ones in Canada that are not compelled to wear helmets. As you know, our Provincial government tried to make helmet wearing compulsory, but after listening to our arguments against helmets, the law amendments committee voted the act down and it did not even get to the assembly.

"Thanks to bike people throughout the city getting together to defend their right of freedom of choice, we were able to keep this unfair and dangerous legislation from becoming law. We would especially like to thank ABATE for the information and statistics you sent. I am sure they helped immensely as the members of the law amendments committee were very interested in factual data. — R. Spooner."

"Thank you for the literature you sent me concerning the lights on in the daytime law. The information you sent me was the clincher we needed. In particular the lawyer's part. What I am trying to tell you is we beat the bill. I do not know what we would do if not for Associations like yours. I speak not only for myself but for the rest of our members when I say thank you for your fast help.

"I hope that our success will help other Associations in the U.S.A. and associations in other Provinces of Canada to win their battle against the lights-on bill. We are willing to help these people in any way we can, to achieve success in any fight against an unjust bill. As you know, the U.S. is the leader; whatever bills are passed there Canada is trying to follow.

"Well, I have to close now as we are getting ready for a small celebration; I wish you could be here to enjoy this party with us.—Ugly, National Chairman, Canadian Modified Motorcycle Ass'n, P.O. Box 5914 Terminal "A", Toronto, Ontario, Canada."

—Continued on next page.

State Legislation Fighters

Through responsive state organizations legislative problems can be met!

Each month ABATE receives requests for membership and recommendations naming groups and organizations that need support. We have all seen the rise and fall of too many national organizations. And the ones that do survive seem to have little or no interest in legislation, street bikers, or chops. Throughout the years, it seems the smaller state bike associations are the ones to react to our legislative needs.

It's a bummer, but it takes a lot of cash to run national groups, and the larger the organization, the more bucks it takes. Consequently, to operate a big association (too many) made by the group must be directed toward pullin' in the green (rales, shows, races, and whatnot). However, most people have seen through these highrollin', so-called bike organizations. Now, we don't intend to put anyone down. If an organization begins on the premise of group activity, that's fine. But don't tell us that the money is going toward the repeal of helmet laws, then purchase new offices while state after state enacts more restrictive laws. This problem has caused too many bro's to shine on the entire business and simply not get involved.

Well, we've discovered that many small state groups are truly sincere in their efforts. It has taken a few years, but we've found that the responsive group is the small state organization, dedicated entirely to freedom of the road. Many state groups have started under the name of ABATE, and we are certain of their motives. Almost all of the smaller organizations are made up of bikers like you and me, and some are even founded by clubs. But no matter what the name of the group is or who started the ball rollin', as long as they are working actively toward better and less MC legislation, we want to support them. We also want their state bro's to support them. If they are going to do the job, they will need your backing, through letter writing, protests, and a couple of bucks now and then to keep 'em alive.

Following is a list of concerned groups across the country. Many of them are too small to afford newsletters, membership cards, etc., but they fight for your rights, and through your support they will be able to improve the job they already do. If you are aware of other such groups, feel free to write

ABATE, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265, so that we can get the word out to their state riders. We don't want to hear about petty competition, but just as we want bro's to know of groups sincere in their efforts, we also don't want to misguide anyone.

Some of the listings below contain only an individual's name and address. Many states don't have any active people against bum legislation, and a few have only a club or a few individual brothers to keep the state's scooter people on the road. If we support active bikers, then they may become able to start an organized group and the biker voice in that state will grow.

Also, in a couple of states, two groups are mentioned. This sort of situation can be fine, but at the same time it can be a bummer. We hope that they won't feud and bicker but will work in conjunction with each other so that unity and strength are shown among the state's street riders.

It's up to us to back these people; they support us in the battle against bum legislation. Don't close your eyes to the problems we face. Most of these people are within riding distance in your own state and are your brothers of the street. Listed by state:

Australia: Bikes Unlimited, P.O. Box 169, Victoria Park, 6100, Perth, Western Australia

Alabama: Alabama Bike Riders, 306 Upper Kingston Rd., Prattville, AL 36067

Arizona: ABATE of Arizona, c/o Kerry Robbins, 788 W. Florence St., Tucson, AZ 85705

Arizona Association of Concerned Motorcyclists, 93 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85003

California: Modified Motorcycle Association, 2202 16th Street, Sacramento, CA 95818

Connecticut: Connecticut Motorcycle Association, P.O. Box 62, Waterford, CT 06385

Florida: Hiwaymen M/C, 5818 Causeway Blvd., Tampa, FL Free Spirit M/C, c/o Ken Odom, 7524 Bowden Rd., Jacksonville, FL 32216

Free Spirit M/C, 2543 Southside Blvd., Jacksonville, FL 32216

Georgia: William C. Strickland, Rt. 3, Box 36-A, Jesup, GA 31545

Hawaii: Street Bikers United, P.O. Box 1314, Honolulu, HI 96807

Idaho: Idaho Cyclists for Safety, 139 Johnson Ave., Box 786, Orofino, ID

ABATE of Idaho, 208 S. Main, Moscow, ID 83843

Illinois: ABATE of Illinois, c/o Bill Orce, P.O. Box 152, Prospect Heights, IL 60070

ABATE of Chicago, c/o Ed Armstrong, 215 Grove Avenue, Fox River Grove, IL 60021

Indiana: ABATE of Indiana, c/o Wanda Hummel, 1700 Northwood Drive, Elkhart, IN 46514

Iowa: Committee on Motorcycle Education, 1028 4th Street, Des Moines, IA 50314

Kansas: ABATE of Kansas, c/o Ted Oakes, 2530 S. 37th Street, Kansas City, KS 66106

COOL, 919 S. Highland, Chanute, KS 66720

Louisiana: Perry Thigpen, 2415 Lee St., Alexandria, LA 71301

Allen Ford, Rt. 1, Box 187, Delhi, LA 71232

Maine: Saracens M/C, call Bob at 375-4450

Maryland: ABATE of Maryland, c/o Gary R. Zager, 12307 Windbrook Dr., Clinton, MD 20735

Massachusetts: Charles Simon, 121 North Street, Foxboro, MA 02035

Michigan: ABATE of Michigan, c/o Frank B. Johnson, P.O. Box 504, Dearborn, MI 48121

Missouri: ABATE of Missouri, c/o Ralph Chambers, 520D No. Chrysler, Independence, MO

Montana: ABATE of Montana, Rick's Custom Cycle, 725 S. Arizona, Butte, MT

Richard D. Payne #24003, Montana State Prison, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Montana 59722

New Hampshire: New Hampshire Motorcycle Rights Organization, 555 Valley Street, Manchester, NH 03103

ABATE of New Hampshire, c/o Sherman Packard, 72-A Old Dairy Rd., Londonderry, NH

New Jersey: ABATE of New Jersey, c/o Terry Thomas, 1532 Cedar Ave., Hadden Hts., NJ 08035

Mike "Indian" Monroe, Cycle Lords M/C, 423-14 Franklin Tpk., Mahwah, NJ 07430

New Mexico: ABATE of New Mexico, Box 368, Gallup, NM 87301

New York: ABATE of New York, Box 5172, Albany, NY 12205

New York Motorcycle Rights Organization, P.O. Box 3899, Rochester, NY 14601

North Carolina: Concerned Bikers Association of Charlotte, c/o Claude W. Chavis Jr., 701 Sheryl Circle, Charlotte, NC 28210

Ohio: Wesley L. Meyer, 418 Cuyahoga Street, Akron, OH 44310

Jeff Fraley, 2110 Vermillion Rd., Vermillion, OH 44089

ABATE of Ohio, c/o Bruce Baker, 2390 Airport, Toledo, OH 43605

Oklahoma: Dan Johnson, 4115 S. Robinson, Oklahoma City, OK 73125

Oregon: Lew Taber, 7457 S. E. 63rd Ave., Portland, OR 97206

Luke Metcalfe, Pres., Brother Speed M/C, 2424 S.W. Jefferson Rd., Portland, OR

Pennsylvania: ABATE of Pennsylvania, c/o Bill Keller, 423 Center Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15221

West Pennsylvania Motorcycle Association, Box 6, Wildwood Sample Road, Wildwood, PA 15091

Motorcyclists Against Unfair Legislation, 3414 Rosedale Ave., Laureldale, PA 19605

Rhode Island: ABATE of Rhode Island, c/o Walt Boober, 90 Rosemary Drive, North Kingstown, RI 02852

South Carolina: Sammy Campbell, Route 1, Box 47, Hartsville, SC 29550

South Dakota: STOP, Rt. 2, Box 654-M, Rapid City, SD 57701

Texas: Elbert Byrd, 1437 1/2 Hall Place, Houston, TX 77008

T.M.R.A., P.O. Box 552, Bellville, TX 77418

Utah: W. C. Wheelz, 462 S. 2nd W., Salt Lake City, UT 84100

Virginia: ABATE of Virginia, c/o Fuzzy Davy, 5709 Artemus Rd., Gainesville, VA 22065

Washington: Committee on Traffic Law Modernization, c/o Jack Zektzer, 6308 1/2 18th N.E., Seattle, WA 98115

Roger Goodwin, 1807 3rd Street, Cheney, WA 99004

Shawn Davidson, 1517-21 N.E., Auburn, WA 98002

Warren F. Edinger, Jr., P.O. Box 124, Union, WA 98592

Washington State Motorcycle Rights Organization, P.O. Box 85, Auburn, WA 98002

Wisconsin: ABATE of Wisconsin, c/o Robert Vetter, 734 W. Main Street, Waukesha, WI 53186

Wisconsin Better Bikers Association, 1012 Williamson St., Madison, WI 53703

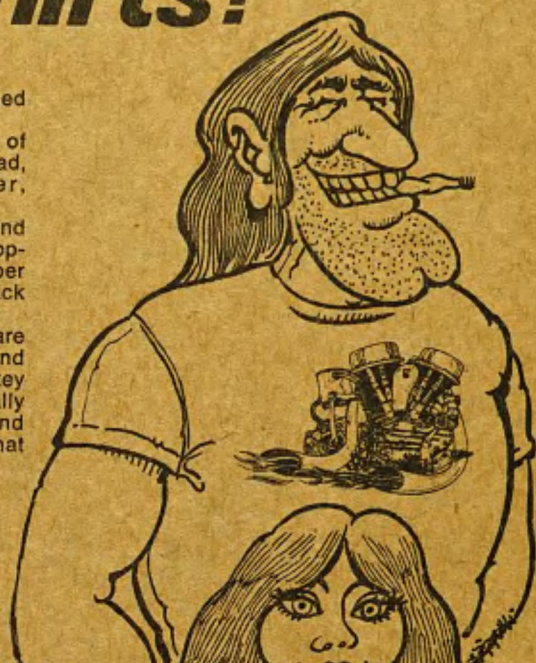
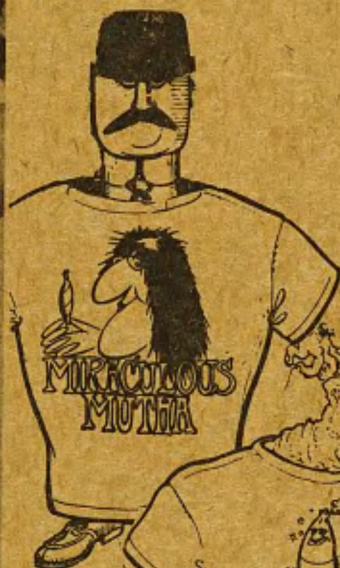
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_____ Honda 4 _____ Keep On Tokin'

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

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

They have stereotyped us in the public eye as socially sinful, drug dealing, drug-crazed capitalists and murderers.

They have harassed us, unjustly accused us, denied us our rights and now they fail 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 3¾") to the left of the photo.

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

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

The Hell's Angels

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

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

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

We also have a heavy poster that should bain

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

There may be

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

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HELLS ANGELS

★ FREE SONNY BARGER ★

The bumper stickers sell for only a lousy buck each.



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

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Art of Cutting One

—Continued from page 17

the bubble fart. These burblers, in turn, can produce residue, indicating an automatic 10 points and a fast trip to the laundry.

Fart rankness is a very subjective rating, in that everyone rates their own farts low on the scale; everyone else rates them pretty high. Here, by the way, is a chance for some enterprising scientist to make a fortune. There's no such thing as a good fart, right? Only various degrees of bad.

Now, how about a pill that will turn all that stink into nectar, change the fetid gas into perfume? Then, the farther—instead of being negatively received—will be applauded and asked for an encore, orange or strawberry this time. (With modern, liberated sexual standards being what they are, few would be so uncouth as to ask for cherry.) Sound farfetched? Listen. If they can prevent unwanted kids, they can prevent evil farts.

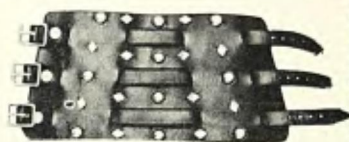
Perhaps a small device will be invented that can reverse the intestinal process and turn the gas into a burp, a much more accepted form of gas expulsion. Supposedly, a few yoga experts have managed this rather difficult maneuver, and they no longer offend people with farts. They don't smile much—brown teeth, you know.

Fart-lightning has a long and honored history, cracking up generations of schoolboys, offending numerous girlfriends and causing countless minor burns. Yes, Virginia, farts do ignite. Few people stoop to such low-brow entertainment, but some people get their kicks in funny ways. Most farts go up with a hearty yellow-green *whoosh*, a flickering marsh gas will-o'-the-wisp that delights and astounds all fart-lighters. A sturdy pair of blue jeans will prevent flash burns, and a lighted kitchen match does the trick nicely.

You can get a lot of free drinks in bars this way, especially if everyone is a bit crooked and the bartender has a sense of humor. Make sure that each one lights, though. Beer and pretzel farts are among the heartiest known.

Is there any way in advance to detect whether a person is a farter? Simple. *Everyone* is a farter. Some do more, some less. Some far more

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Hand made from the most righteous grade leather we could get together. Designed with three adjustable straps so it will fit comfortably and support any wrist size. Sold only as shown for a mere \$14.50 for a four-inch gauntlet and \$16.50 for a five-inch wide band, plus 50¢ for postage. Specify either black or dark brown. (Warning: They're heavy lookin' muthas.)

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than their fair share. This last group can easily be identified. They are the people who still drive around in convertibles even though they are dangerous.

People who sit alone at parties are either very shy or well-known, even notorious, fartars. How to tell? Size, sex or body shape alone are no determinants. Everyone assumes that fat people fart a lot, but there's no scientific evidence to back this up. The cutest little beauty can crank out some real rankers.

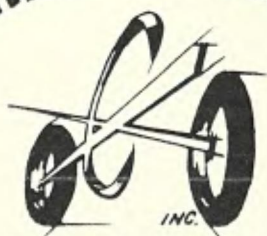
Sidle up and sniff the air, trying not to be too obvious. Or if the person "steps out" now and again, you can be sure that farts are the reason. Scunching, hunching 'way down, and crossed eyes are a sure sign a fart is on the way. And anyone who moves repeatedly from one place to another for no apparent reason has probably vacated a disaster area. Watch for the small signs.

If you are really unlucky, you may find yourself in a dreaded "blending area," which means that people on either side of you have simultaneously blown baddies. Trapped. You can't turn away without being impolite; you can't hang

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around without being strangled.

At a church wedding reception it's hard to just walk away, because people will think you're the guilty one. No, stay and fight fart with fart. Whip up a whopper, audible if possible, then turn and glare fiercely at the person behind you. Look disgusted and offended. If you're sitting in the last row, well... the next move is up to you.

Most farts assail the two senses of hearing and smelling. An extremely rare fart is the "visual," which can, under the right conditions, be seen. Ever watched a flick where divers were wearing scuba gear and a lot of bubbles were rising to the surface? Next time, forget the pretty fish and watch where those bubbles are coming from. You'll be surprised.

Ever been around a cigar smoker who seems to be smoking dried doggie-dos? Before you blame the stogie, notice if the cigar chomper is trailing a faint blue haze—even when the cigar is out. Right. Another one.

Here's the final situation. Caught in the act. You farted and everyone knows you did. What can you say? Some will attempt to cover up by muttering something about a medical problem, as if it were highly unusual. Horsepuckie! There's nothing unusual at all about a fart. They are the most natural things in the world; to make an abject excuse is to apologize for being alive—a thing some people do even when they don't fart.

No, the way to handle this is to pull yourself out with a sophisticated flair, with casual wit. Here are some comments you can make that will immediately establish you as a suave man-of-the-world.

1. Gosh. Must have been that dead skunk I ate.
2. Anyone for tennis?
3. You should have heard the one that got away.
4. Is there a doctor in the house?
5. A good fart, true. But not a great fart.

Someday a scientist—maybe the same one who makes farts smell nice—will learn to harness this vast waste of power. Today, with the energy crunch upon us, farts are doing absolutely nothing to add to the nation's power. The crisis is reaching national scandal proportions. According to Republican spokesmen, this one cannot be blamed on Nixon. Be that as it may, something must be done—and fast.

Consider: Two-hundred-plus-million generators and all this combus-

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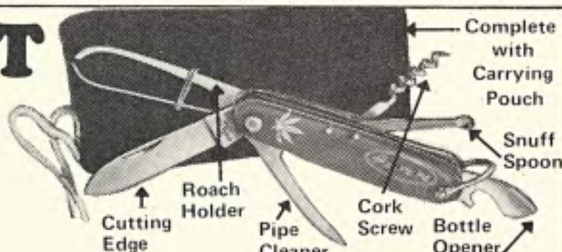
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16. A Taste of Honey (8 7/8" x 13 7/8")



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



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



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



20. Psychedelic Love Temple (8 7/8" x 14")



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



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



9. Hollywood Run (10" x 17 1/2")



21. Untitled (11 1/4" x 17 1/4")



10. Tecote Run (10 3/8" x 18")



2. The Blackboard Cafe (12 1/2" x 18 3/8")

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12. Bike Zodiac (8 5/8" x 14")

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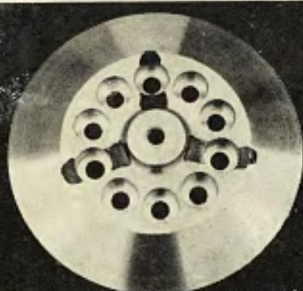
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3. Tijuana Jail Break (10" x 15 3/8")



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



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tible effusion producing no electricity or horsepower or energy reserves. And think of the human energy wasted in trying to pretend that farts don't even exist or that only other people do them or walking around real fast hoping your last one isn't following you. A shame indeed, and a blot on American efficiency and technological know-how.

The sad charade continues. Elderly ladies blame their dry squeaks on poor little Fifi. Brawny workmen pretend that a diesel horn was blowing. College professors hand out icy stares and "D" exam papers to hapless students who fart or who may have noticed the professor's farts. Lovers cringe when the partner blasts out at just the wrong moment. The list of deception and wasted human resources and misunderstandings goes on and on.

What, you may ask, is the future of farting, given the long history of this favorite pastime? The question is more difficult than it might appear. The easy answer is that farting is as old as intelligent life on earth and will be around for a while. (Given man's sad history of attempting to destroy his own species, some may argue that intelligent life has not yet arisen.)

Less cynical observers simply note that farts have been the pleasure and perplexity of human beings for a long time, and no end (strictly speaking) is in sight. A few wags have noted that a fart is only a hint of things to come; other wry humorists may insist that farting beats the shit out of them. But this is a sticky subject.

As a prediction, the day will certainly come when farts:

1. Are harnessed, to propel dog sleds and inflate children's party balloons.
2. Will light and heat the average mobile home.
3. No longer tarnish silver and zippers and reputations.
4. Can be reservoired underground, like natural gas, but at half the cost.
5. Are used to control homosexuals, exhibitionists, and politicians.
6. Become accepted form of audience applause, instead of the senseless beating together of hands.

Let us then look forward to the future, knowing that an enlightened society will make an honored place for the once-lowly fart.

Okay, let's hear it, everybody! ■

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The Snitch

—Continued from page 15

car behind the truck. Couple more in a car in front of the truck."

"They armed?"

"You fuckin' right!"

"Okay. Then what?"

"The stuff's delivered to a pad in L.A."

"And?"

"The brothers take it to the connections."

"How many connections?"

"Four."

"Where?"

"Two in Watts, one up on Hollywood Boulevard, one in the Valley."

"Addresses?"

"Don't know."

"So what it amounts to is your brothers are high paid delivery boys, huh?"

"In a way, yeah. But we get attorneys for nothin' and a few favors here and there."

"The truck. It goes to the pad on 24th Street?"

"Yeah."

A third voice spoke up for the first time.

"We got the pad on 24th staked out. Rented a house right across the street. We could watch and follow them as they leave for the connections, then bust the connections as the stuff is handed over."

"We'll check with the narco boys first. And let's not discuss it in front of the Snake here. He turns on his own kind, he may turn on us too."

Preacher eased the door shut and headed back to the courtroom.

Holy fuck! A motherfuckin' snitch! Stood in there and gave up his own fuckin' brothers! Preacher's head was still filled with a maze of thoughts and the bailiff had to call his name several times before he answered. As he stood in front of the judge, he completely forgot the excuse he was gonna lay on her concerning the speeding ticket.

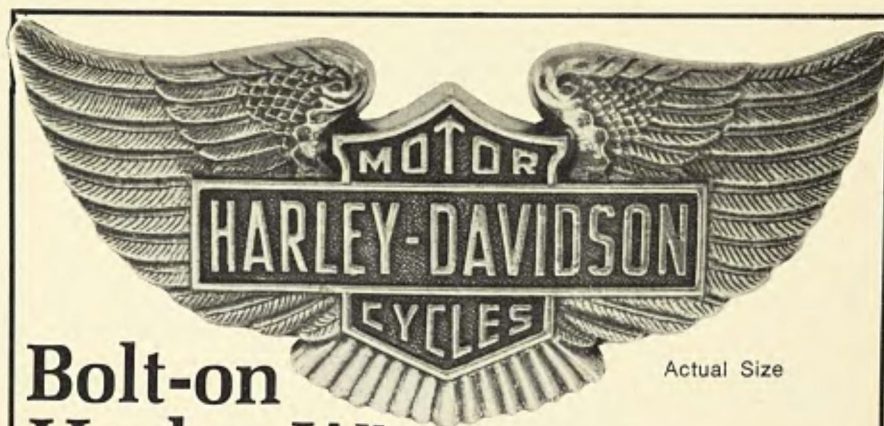
"How do you plead, Mr. Garrett?"

"Huh?"

"How do you wish to plead?"

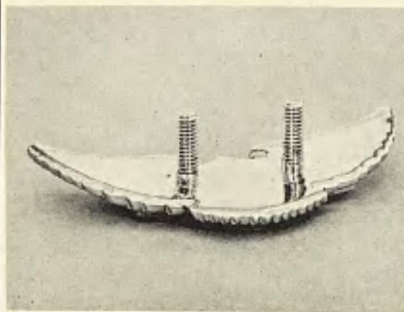
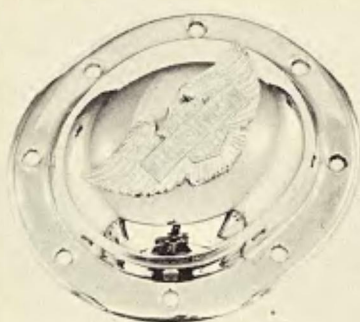
"Hey, judge, you know what? I've sat back there and listened to all those excuses and stories these people been layin' on you. I ain't got no excuse. I was speeding and didn't even realize it until the pig—I mean the officer—pulled me over! So I plead guilty."

The old judge stared at him intently, then smiled.



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

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

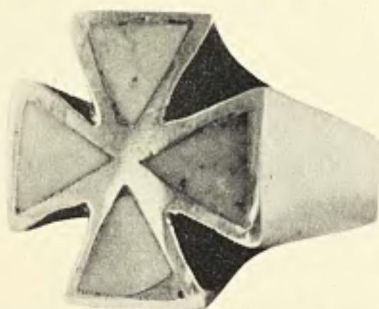
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Just what every panhead owner should have. Full sized engineering drawings of each side of the panhead engine. Accurate in every detail. Drawn by an automotive engineer. Overall size of posters are 25" x 38" (posters of the right and left side of the engine are available).

"Best excuse I've heard all day long! Twenty dollars fine plus court costs. Suspended—except for five dollars. And I'm imposing that five dollars to serve as a reminder to you to use the word officer instead of pig! Next case!"

Preacher paid the fine and headed for the gas station to get his scooter.

Fuck! he thought. I shoulda waited to see what Patch that snitch was wearin'. Probably none. Wonder what club he rides with. Then the thought hit him. Cuz! Old Cuz knew every bike and every biker from here to hell and gone! Preacher quickened his pace as the station came into sight.

Cuz had a car up on the rack and was busy greasing it when Preacher arrived.

"Cuz! Hey, Cuz! Hey, man, you know what patch would have a clubhouse around 24th Street?"

"24th Street?"

"Yeah, 24th."

"Knights."

"The Knights?"

"Yep. Seen one go by early this morning."

"Where on 24th?"

"Dunno. Must be close. Probably between Spring and North Broadway. Why? You planning on sumthin'?"

"I gotta find their clubhouse. It's an emergency."

"That's them dudes your patch's been fightin' with for years, ain't it?"

"Yea, right."

"And now you gonna ride in flyin' colors, huh?"

"I gotta do it, Cuz!"

"Well, in that case, why don't you just leave your scooter here? That way I can sell it and pay the fuckin' tab you been runnin' up on me for two years, 'cause it stands to reason them boys gonna blow your fuckin' head off soon's you get there!" Cuz started laughing.

"Up yours, Cuz! You're about as funny as an empty CARE package!"

Cuz was still enjoying his joke as Preacher pointed the springer toward 24th Street.

He spotted the bikes in the driveway but drove on past and stopped at the corner under a big tree.

He was sitting there on his bike, smoking a cigarette and trying to figure out a way to get to the house without getting his head done in.

"Are you a real biker?"

His thoughts interrupted, Preacher stared at the little girl who had

asked the question.

"Huh?"

"I said," she repeated, "are you a real biker?"

"No. No, I'm not. You see—this thing I'm sittin' on is the left half of a station wagon. My brother used the other half."

"Liar." She said it matter-of-factly and her green eyes never wavered from his.

"It's a knucklehead. I know 'cause my brother in New York has one just like it."

"Yeah. Right. It's a knucklehead. Now go way!"

"Will you take me for a ride?"

"No."

"Why?"

"'Cause."

"'Cause why?"

"'Cause you ask too many questions, talk too much, and to top that off, I'll guess you're about thirteen years old and I don't intend to go to jail for the rest of my life. Now go away!"

"I'm almost fifteen!"

"I wouldn't give a good diddly fuck if you were almost a hundred! Now go!"

"I can ball!"

"Yeah, well, I'm a virgin myself. Now take a walk, kid!"

She stood there.

"You gonna go to the bikers' house down the street?"

Her question served to answer Preacher's own question of how he was gonna get into the Knights Clubhouse.

"You been there?"

"Yeah. Sorta."

"What you mean, sorta?"

"They ran me away from there too!" Her voice showed obvious hurt at the rejection.

"Is there a back yard to that pad?"

"Yeah. Back in the alley, there's a gate, but it's chained shut."

"So much for the back door approach."

"Huh?"

"Nothin'. I was thinkin' out loud. Look, kid, will you take a note up to that house for me?"

"Why should I?"

"Look, what if I promise to take you for a ride tomorrow? Deal?"

"You promise?"

"Scout's honor."

"Well, okay."

Locating a pencil stub in his cut-off pocket, Preacher dug through his wallet for a piece of paper to write on. This found, he tried to think of what should be said and

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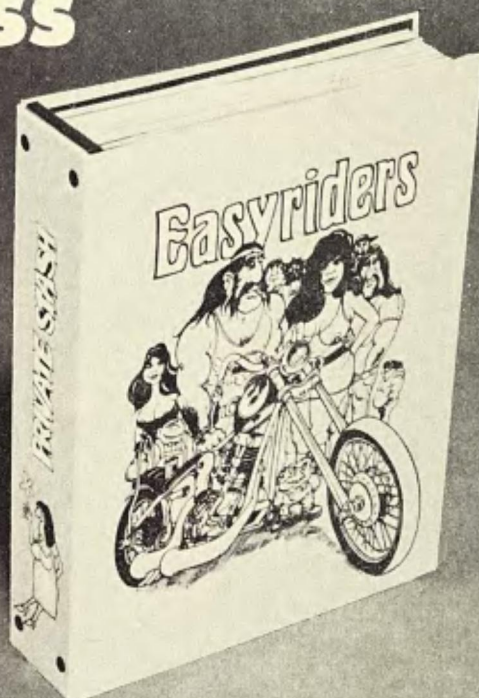
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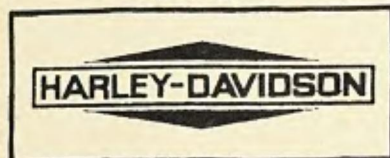
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finally wrote: "Brothers. Cops know
orange pickup truck. Snitch. Gotta
see you out back."

After delivering the note, the
teenager walked back to where
Preacher was parked.

"The guy said he'd meet you at
the fence. Can I ride over with
you?"

"Yeah, get on."

Preacher took the main street,
rode over to 23rd, then into the
alley and pulled up at the back
gate where he found himself cov-
ered by a sawed-off shotgun. He
shut down the scooter and told the
kid to split. Holding his hands out
from his sides, he approached the
gate. The Knight with the shotgun
watched him closely.

"That's far enough, so freeze.
What's that note supposed to mean?"

"Just what it said, brother. You
got a snitch job done on you and
the police have you staked out from
the house across the street." When
both of the Knights facing him
failed to respond, Preacher started
talking again.

"Look, man, this is no game!
We're at odds with each other, but
I'm telling you The Man's on your
ass! Now can I come inside before
someone sees us out here?"

"What you think, Monk?"

"Has to be good. How else he
gonna know 'bout the truck?"

"Okay. You'll have to climb over
the fence. We ain't got no key for
the lock."

Once inside the house, Preacher
ran the whole story down to them.

"That fuckin' Snake!"

"You can't trust a motherfuckin'
hype!"

"Damn all that! Call Frisco. Tell
the bros it's off!"

Several minutes later one of the
ol' ladies returned from the living
room.

"No deal, Monk. They left hours
ago!"

"Fuck!"

Preacher chimed in. "Can you
stop them anywhere?"

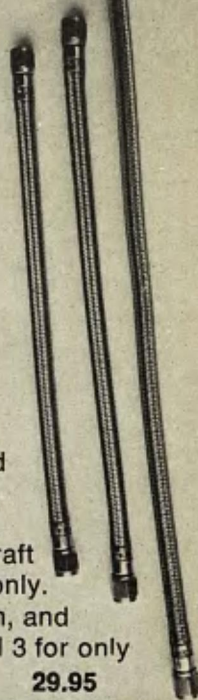
"Don't know where they'll stop.
And if The Man's across the street,
he's sure to get suspicious if we
walk out front to our scooters."

"They don't know I'm here. One
of you go with me. Maybe we can
spot them. Which way they comin'?"

"Coast Highway. Think The
Man's followin' them right now?"

"Don't know. I didn't hear 'em
say anything about that. But since
they plan on followin' your people
to the connections, I'd guess no, I'd

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say they'd flood this area with unmarked cars and radios. Then follow you when you leave."

"Wait a minute! Don't Booger Red have an ol' lady that works at the truck stop up by Grapevine?"

"Yeah, so what?"

"You dumbass! He'll stop there for gas! Call that place and see if Stella's workin' tonight."

Monk made the call, and after being informed that Stella came on duty at 3 p.m., he let out a yell!

"All fuckin' right! Now dig this, people. Sit out on the front porch. Drink some beer. Let those fuckers across the street think we're all still here. Me and Preacher'll head for the truck stop!"

Out on the expressway, Preacher let the knuckle out full throttle.

"We owe you one, brother."

Preacher answered over his shoulder, "Then let's make that one a peace contract."

Monk didn't even hesitate with his answer.

"You gotta deal, brother!"

Nothing else was said as the Avons ate up the concrete on the way to the truck stop.

The gas station attendant was busy crushing a zit on his acne-covered face as the bikers rode in next to the pumps.

"Say, man, hate to interrupt your pimple poppin', but you seen a orange Chevy pickup and a gang of tramps come in here?"

The dude looked Monk up and down and evidently decided it was best to ignore the remark about the pimple. That was probably due to the fact that Monk was 6'2" and weighed in at about 220 pounds.

"Nope. No one like that been in here."

"What now, Monk?"

"Let's go up to the truck stop and have some coffee."

After several cups of the black stuff and some weird looks from the waitress, Stella came in.

She greeted Monk with a wave of her hand and a smile that faded when she recognized Preacher. Answering the question in her eyes, Monk said, "It's okay, we're together."

She sat down next to Monk.

"Booger Red stopping to see you?"

"Yeah. Said he'd be in about six. What's up?"

"Business. Sure he's gonna stop?"

"Yeah. Called early this morning, said he'd be here around six."

"Fantastic!"

As Stella went to punch the time

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clock, Monk and Preacher drank coffee and watched the night chase the light of day into tomorrow. They talked about bikes. They talked about patches. They talked about runs. Then they fell silent and started peering intently through the dusk of evening, watching for the orange truck and the scooter escort.

Monk glanced nervously at the clock and let out a "damn" that brought curious stares from the customers.

"Six-fifteen! Where is that fuckin' brother of mine?"

Stella refilled the coffee cups for the umpteenth time.

"He's always late, Monk. Booger ain't never on time. I always said he's gonna be late for his own funeral."

Monk ignored her.

"There they are, Monk!"

"What? Where?"

"There! Pulling up to the pumps."

A look of relief flooded Monk's face. Rising from the booth, he ran to the gas station. He was yelling at Red at the top of his voice.

"Red! Red, you sick sonofabitch! You're runnin' late!"

Red's surprise was obvious.

"Late? Whatta you mean late? And what the fuck you doin' here anyway?"

"You bastard! Stella said you told her you'd be here at six. It's damn near six-thirty!"

Red threw a glance at Preacher, but continued his conversation with his brother.

"Well, for one thing, I didn't know you were checkin' up on me. And for another, I always tell Stella six if I'm gonna get there at six-thirty. It makes her worry and it makes it clear I couldn't give a fuck less whether I'm on time to see her!"

"Fuck Stella. And I wasn't checkin' on ya."

He took Red by the arm and led him a safe distance from the station. Lowering his voice he went on: "Snake turned snitch."

"What?"

Monk said the words slower: "Snake . . . turned . . . snitch!"

"How do you know?"

"Preacher overheard it all at the courthouse."

"How you gonna trust a dude that flies that patch?"

"Simple. He knew the whole damn plan! Even the pickup truck!"

When Red hesitated, Preacher volunteered the whole story again.

The other brothers walked over and listened intently. When he was done, nobody said a word for several minutes.

"Now what?" asked Red.

"Get Stella's car. Deliver the stuff yourself. The brothers take the pickup and drive on to the pad. Same as usual."

He turned to Preacher.

"Preacher? Call your bros. Tell them the war's off. We're gonna have a party at the pad on 24th. Tell 'em The Man's on our ass and don't bring nothin' but booze and broads."

Preacher nodded agreement.

"Since the cops intend on waiting till we deliver the stuff, we'll let 'em wait a long time! Booger? You tell those connections it's our last delivery. I'll call Frisco and cancel the agreement there. We're out!"

"This is unit four. Surveillance to station one. Do you copy?"

"We copy, four. Go ahead."

"Uh, we request permission to abort surveillance here. All we have is about thirty bikers who've been partying for five days!"

"Station to four. Continue surveillance."

"Ten-Four!"

Detective Harolds turned to his partner with a long sigh.

"Shit! I don't know how, but I do know that those fuckers burned us!"

"I agree. Well, one thing for sure, that goddamn Snake won't get this deal and I'm gonna see to it they bury his lyin' ass in jail!"

"Yeah! I shoulda known better than to trust that creep!"

Booger Red staggered into the house after making a beer run. He carried the local newspaper like a banner and was laughing like hell.

"Dig this! Dig this! Billy 'Snake' Wilkins found guilty on four counts of possession of heroin for sale. Sentenced to state prison for five years to life!"

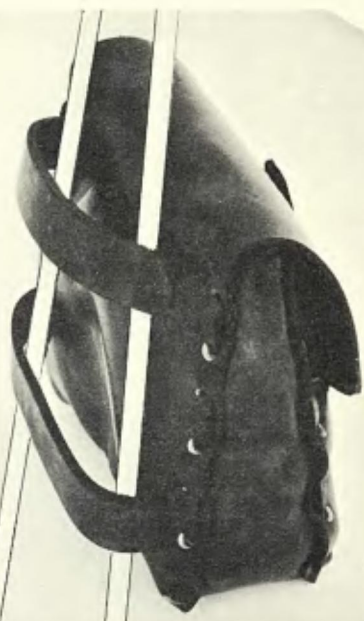
"State Prison, huh? Ain't we got a couple bros up there?"

"Yep. Willy and Digger."

"Well now, let's give 'em a call! I mean, we wouldn't want our ol' brother Snake to go up there and not have a welcoming committee!"

Detective Harolds watched as the bikers crowded around reading the paper that the redheaded dude had brought in.

"Twelve days! Twelve goddamn days! Don't these fuckers ever stop partying?"



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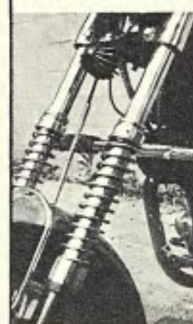
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Need scribes from chicks with their shit together. George B. Tate, Rt. 8, Box 500, Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

Down and alone. Please write. Jesse James Robinson, P.O. Box 1000 — 94303-131, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

Leo in prison needs scribes. Herbie Lee Johnson #91810, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Ohio biker would like correspondence. Bobby Crowder #71505, P.O. Box 188, LaGrange, Kentucky 40031.

Any woman, any race. I'll fill your place. Joe Donnie #5386, P.O. Box A-E-B46802, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Real man needs to share some love. Wendell Nance #27284, Box 900, J Hall, Jefferson City, Missouri 65101.

Need some bitches to write to. "Wildman" Bo Le Bourgeois #104997, B.C.C., Bland, Virginia 24315.

Write me anything — it's cool. Larry R. Eyer #140-601, P.O. Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Bro's need H-D manuals for pen shop. Rick Halpin #627697, Washington State Penitentiary, Walla Walla, Washington 99362.

Bro wants to start a bike salvage yard upon release — needs info and connections. Tim DeVille, P.O. Box B-55432, Soledad-Central, Soledad, California 93960.

Where is the Foxy Momma? Gary (Chancy) Gatis, Box AE 5205, San Luis Obispo, California 93409.

KW put me here, please write. Michael Manning, York Co. Prison, York, Pennsylvania 17403.

I'm climbing the walls for some outside comfort. Carl R. Outman III, 553-94-8146, Drawer "A", Fort Leavenworth, Kansas 66027.

Want to hear from people with A.O.A. style. All broads too. Thomas "Boneyard" Pieratt #141180, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Need freaky lady to write. Bill Bacol #6094, P.O. Box 127, Plainfield, Indiana 46168.

If you've the time to write, I damn sure have! Gary Milligan B-50693, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I can write to anyone. Nathan Gray 88051-132, P.O. Box 1000 (LUC), Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

Would like to hear from you biker broads. David Robert Fero #B24060, P.O. Box 2000, Segregation Unit (Solitary) (Hole #305), California State Penitentiary, Vacaville, California 93688.

Write me, baby! R. W. Ramsey #50723, Drawer A, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas 66027.

I'm hung and can write. W. L. Bagley #17316, Box 911, Sioux Falls, S. Dakota 57101.

Lost Soul needs scribes. James C. Mitchell #10249-51, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, North Carolina 27603.

Two downed Angels would like to correspond with chicks. Robert (Big Bear) Hill, Michael Kober (Mad Dog), Box 2000, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740.

Doin' life, could dig hearin' from some of you good people. William M. Johnson, Box B-28486-B, Folsom Prison, Represa, California 95671.

If you care for a temporarily retired biker, write: Jim L. (Snake) Collision #4135, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

I'd like to hear from some bike crazy chicks. Leigh Schrodt #41858, P.O. Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Hip chicks write! Chuck Javor #133131, P.O. Box 500, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

Need some heavy chicks' words. Roger Dziadkowiec #41157, James Lanham #40729, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Wherever you are, I need some news. Mike S. Walk #A-85005, P.O. Box 441, Chino, California 91710.

Will somebody write me? Phil Romero #B-61632, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, California 95376.

Send this one lonely son of a bitch some mail. Crazy Harry Ball, 101 El Paso Boulevard, Manitou Springs, Colorado 80829.

Like to write a freak? Head-on. Elias Dean Geaslin (Gypsy), P.O. Box 667, #041146, A-19-T, Bushnell, Florida 33513.

Northern Cal. biker would like to hear from foxy chicks. D. L. Meredith #B-51323, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Hey, Kathy of Grants Pass, write. Capoeaman "Speedin' Bull," #35427 CH, Box 1000, Stellacom, Washington 98388.

Pump some sunlight to me. Write. Jerry Carpenter, P.O. Box B-58319-A, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Mail is one good trip. Larry Croble, Box B-43462 Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

In jail, no bail, no tail, need mail. Jimmy "Mac" Kenzie, P.O. Box 55598 CTFC, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Free world, write me. Ernie McCurdy, P.O. Box 366, Pleasanton, Calif. 94566.

Need positive, hip women to aid my time. David World #026679, P.O. Box 747-P.1/N.S. Starke, Florida 32091.

Busted, not rusted. Write. Little John McClain 116318, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49200.

Let's get the pens together! Gary "Stoner" Evanger, N40558 Dorm #17, Mike "Twettiebird" Amloette N39724 Dorm #17, P.O. Box 535, Corona, Calif. 91720.

Mail is all I have to look forward to. Joe Incorvala #11192, Wallkill Corr. Facility, P.O. Box G, Wallkill, New York 12589.

Write three bro's in the clink. Martin L. Washburn #041175, Zon E. Thomas #040464, Robert M. Pierce #040248, Apt. 3T-2, Union Corr., Raiford, Florida 32083.

Chickies please write. Helmut Lenx #36405, 2605 State St., Salem, Oregon 97310.

Just write us, will ya? Sid (Judge) Sumerlin, Ken (Tweek) Walker, P.O. Box 100, Camp Camden, Camden, Alabama 36726.

Hope this will hook me up with a chick. James Rellly #124157, Box 554, Jessup, Maryland 20794.

Lookin' for a beautiful relationship. Gary Vasko #5114, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Two lonely cons need companionship. Skip Chartrand #135869, Keith Forwood #131520, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

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